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Vol. XX.-No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE RENOWNED EDWARD BLAKE, AFTER A TEMPORARY RETIREMENT, RETURNS TO THE STAGE, AND MAKES HIS FIRST BOW AT BOWMANVILLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given that under the Canada Joint Stock Com panies' Act, 1877, letters putent have been issued unde the Great Scal of the Dominion of Canada bearing date the first day of October, 1879, whereby the shareholders of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, being a subsisting and valid corporation duly incorporated by letters patent bearing date the fourth day of November, 1874, under the anthority of the Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act of 1869, and carrying on the busi-

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing,

in the City of Montreal, and all or every such person o persons as shall or may at any time hereafter become a shareholder or shareholders in the Company have been incorporated as a body corporate and politic with per petual succession and a common seal by the name of

The Burland Lithographic Company (timited)

with all the rights and powers given by the said first mentioned Act and subject to all the terms and provisions thereof, and for the purpose of carrying on the

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing,

throughout the Dominion of Canada, with a total capita

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

divided into two thousand shares of one hundred dollars

Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada this third day of November, 1879.

J. C. AIKINS,

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by The Burland Lithographic Company (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 it not paid strictly in advance.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return

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TEMPERATURE,

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As observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK KNDING

Nov. 23rd, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878			
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, November 29, 1879.

The cable announces the death of the widow of CHARLES DIOKENS.

THE Countess DE MONTIJO, mother of the ex-Empress of France, is dead.

SPAIN has not yet seen the end of her troubles in Cuba. Another army of 19,000 men is to be sent out.

A sign of the times is the decree just issued by the Turkish Government ordering twenty years' compulsory military service. Large standing armies are the order of the day in Europe.

The news which the cable brings us from Afghanistan are so meagre that no

definite opinion can be formed as to the state of affairs in this latest British acquisition. The special correspondents are now so fettered by military red-tapeism that everything is painted couleur-de-rose.

WE trust we shall be pardoned for faintly expressing a suspicion that the reception of General Grant in the United States is overdone and looks very much as if it were gotten up for partizan purposes. General GRANT will appear before the world a much greater man than he is if he would cast aside all this flummery and allow a spontaneous expression of public rejoicing on his safe return from a voyage of circumnavigation.

Ir is satisfactory in the interests of our public ethics that the celebrated Nova Scotia libel suit of Senator MILLER against Editor Annand has come to a sudden termination by a full apology on the part of the latter. The grievance was that Mr. MILLER had sold himself on the question of Confederation for the bauble of a Senatorship. We trust that Mr. MILLER'S example will be followed and that every responsible party will be brought to law that charges any of our public men, this especially applicable to the Province of

The ex-Empress Eugenie passed through Paris on her way to see her dying mother last Friday, but arrived too late. Whilst in Paris, the ex-Empress received Prince Napoleon and the ex-Queen of Spain. To the former the ex-Empress is reported to have said she had now put all thoughts of politics aside and she is doing wisely, for like the Count DE CHAMBORD she is now a mere cipher. She passed through France unobserved but by a few, who with French gallantry raised their hats to Casar's widow. Poor lady, her cup is full.

A GREAT many Liberals will probably regard it as some compensation for the Provincial defeat on the 20th inst., that Mr. TARTE is about to retire from journalism in disgust and nurse his Achillean wrath on a farm. For ourselves we do not credit the rumour, feeling certain that a man of such feverish activity cannot remain idle very long. We are no admirers of either Mr. TARTE's principles or conduct, but he is in some respects a remarkable man, who might make himself useful if he would only not step beyond his natural sphere.

THE news from Ireland have been of a rather alarming character lately, but it is satisfactory to learn that the Government has taken measures promptly to repress all sedition. PARNELL and other agitators have been rebuked by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, who evidently calls a spade a spade, and who boldly and honestly says that if just debts fairly demanded are not honestly paid, a principle will be established that will be fatal to the interests of Ireland. But then it will be a hard thing to convince the Irish peasantry that the present land laws must be judicially enforced.

WE have two humorous cartoons in the present number referring to the election of Mr. BLAKE. That event is an important one in the narrow domain of our political world, the new member for West Durham being confessedly with one or two exceptions the ablest public man in Canada. We make the exceptions not in an intellectual sense, for in that respect Mr. BLAKE has no superior, having a Websterian head, but because he somewhat lacks a knowledge of men and that secret of higher statesmanship, the talent of manipulating them, his intellectual gifts have sometime come to naught. Wo are concerned to find in the Liberal press and notably the Hamilton Times that the election of Mr. BLAKE will re-open the

representing the Liberal or moderate wing, and Mr. MACKENZIE the Grit or radical phalanx of the party. The choice will much depend upon the attitude assumed by the Globe, and we refer to this fact in the pleasant little picture in the last page.

QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

Last week we put forth our views on what we considered the duty of the new Government of this Province, adding the surmise that the elections of the Ministers would not meet with serious difficulty. This week we may recur to the subject with the same assurance, now that our previsions have been realized, and the CHAPLEAU Cabinet sustained by an overwhelming popular vote. It needed no sagacity to conclude from these elections that the Government are singularly strengthened by them a fact which even Opposition journals are disposed to admit —but this very strength gives additional point to the remarks which we made in our last issue respecting the bounden duties of the Government; Mr. CHAPLEAU forced all public opinion by enunciating his programme at Levis, a programme which rests upon two pillars, conciliation and economy. We need not say that uothing more will be asked of him, but that much he will be sternly required to fulfil. We are all tired and sick of political wrangling, which has made this Province an object of dubious curiosity all over the continent. We want no more obscure men making names and positions for themselves through chicanery and demagogy and we are all resolved to cut loose the lobbyists, the office-seekers and the corruptionists who have so long been fattening on the contents of a depleting exchequer. The new Government must absolutely turn over a new leaf in all those respects; it must work and economize. We trust the rumour is true that Mr. CHAPLEAU intends convening the Assembly at its regular season in January—a custom unwisely departed from during the past two years-and that taking Parliament into his confidence he will deliver a strictly correct statement of the Provincial finances and propose an efficient scheme for their recuperation.

The majorities recorded in favour of the Ministers in Sherbrooke, Brome and Levis testify clearly as a fact that the electorate are by no means so indifferent or so ignorant as some people would make us believe. They understand public issues clearly and act upon them with decision. This was apparent in the last Provincial elections in Ontario, where the same people who voted for a National Policy that was to benefit them, also voted a few months later for a local Government which had done its honest duty by them. In June last Mr. Joly triumphed in four counties successively, because the people believed they were securing him a strong Government whereby he could carry out all his honourable and patriotic intentions. Failing this, the same people support Mr. Charleau by overwhelming majorities with the understanding based upon his promises that he shall make his Government strong and pure and practical. The hon. Premier has sagacity enough to understand this, and he knows full well that his tenure of power is based solely and simply upon his literal adherence to his promises. We repeat what we said the other day, that no young man ever had a finer opportunity to make a name for himself, and if he has the stuff of statesmanship which his friends claim for him and which we ourselves are willing to recognize, his Government will turn out a benefaction to the Province, compensating for all the mischief which gave rise to it.

FAITH IN CANADA.

Some remarks of ours published in a late issue, respecting the bad habit of a few contemporaries of alusing their country or copying derogatory articles from question of the Opposition leadership, he foreign papers, have received considerable

attention, and we can only hope that the effect may be to check the tide of this unnatural abuse. If Canada were a great deal worse than she is,—if her resources were less and her prospects inferior,—that would be no reason for damping the hopes and aspirations of those who have linked their future and fortunes with this northern land. When the contrary of all this is the case, when the country is improving in all those elements which promise national greatness, it is simply inexplicable that certain Canadian journalists should be found to sneer at her progress and attempt to belittle her destiny. Let us not forget two facts: that we possess the larger half of this continent, and that the racio of our increase bids fair to vie with that of the marvellous Western States. If the signs of the times are not delusive. there will be such an immigration into this country next spring as has never been witnessed before. Forty thousand is the figure allotted to Manitoba alone. The tenant farmers' delegates, who were lately here on an official visit, have reported and are reporting so favourably that we may expect a large influx of this better class of settlers in many of the counties of Ontario itself. The census of 1881, schedules for which are already in contemplation, will tell a tale of growth and prosperity which will prove a surprise even to the croakers, while the published tables of our revenue for the present year establish the pleasing fact that our credit will not this year be tarnished by a deficiency. In reviewing the general field, we may

be pardoned calling special attention to the Province of Quebec. All is well in the North-West; Ontario takes good care of itself, and the Maritime Provinces are keeping abreast of the times. But, for some reason or other, the Province of Quebec does not seem to avail itself of all its opportunities. The miserable political crisis which has agitated it for the past twenty months must be taken into account. Quite independent of this, there has been a want of tact and energy in the prosecution of both immigration and colonization schemes, in the distribution of Crown Lands, in the exploration of the forest and the mine, which is not altogether creditable either to our people or their rulers. It is safe to say that none of the provinces of the Dominion have palpably more advantages than Quebec, or, at least, that none are in a better position to gather all the fruits of these advantages. Let us hope that a new Government may make it a special feature of their policy to raise the agricultural standard of this Province, for that is our mainstay here. The large majority of the producers of this Province are farmers, and the large majority of these farmers are French. The French farmers have altogether different methods from us, and we think that they ought to have found out by this time that many of their obsolete methods are positive checks to the advancement of agricultural interests. Mr. CHAPLEAU is not a farmer, but he is Minister of Agriculture, and we are pleased to see that on the day of his election at Terrebonne he addressed himself almost exclusively to this phase of his programme. If he perseveres in this course, our faith in Canada will no longer run the risk of being weakened by any mediocrity on the part of its oldest Province.

LORD BEACONSFIELD IN THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY."

In the C. I. N. for November 15th, is an article referring to "The Carrier Pigeon," written by B. Disraeli in Heath's "Book of Beauty". for 1835. In 1833 he appears under the same auspices as a poet. Lady Blessington, Lord Abinger, Sir Lytton Bulwer, Bart., L. E. E., &c., grace the same volume.

Disraeli's contributions are two-one accompanying an engraving of the portrait of the lovely Lady Powerscourt, by Ross, the other performing similar attendance on Lady Mahou's likeness by Lucas.

Lady Powerscourt is represented with a book, "some treasured tonic," in her hand. The background of the picture is described in the opening lines of the pocu. Lady Mahon stands on a terrace looking out upon a park.

Stellarton, N.S.

D. C. M.

AN ELECTORAL HARDSHIP AND ANOMALY.

Among the results of the late elections in Ohio, none are more interesting to the outsider than their bearing on the future of Senator Thurman. That gentleman's term expires in March, 1881. The Legislature which elects his successor, and which has itself just been elected, meets during the course of the present year. This Legislature being Republican, will chose a Republican Senator and Mr. THURMAN who is a Democrat will be left out in the cold. In nine cases out of ten, as Senators go these days, there would probably be no harm in this change, but in the case of Mr. THURMAN, the substitution assumes the proportion of a national misfortune. Judge Thurman is one of the two or three great men in the United States at present, a tribute which is cheerfully given Democrats and Republicans alike. In the Senate, he has kept alive as far as might be, the traditions of CLAY, WEBSTER and CALHOUN, while his moderation and tact have done more to keep down the bad feeling of the civil war than any other single agency that we can think of. Yet in spite of all these merits Mr. Thurman is practically ruled out of public life, for according to American practice, every member of the Senate or of the House of Representatives must necessarily be a resident of his State or County. It is not right to conclude that this meaningless exclusivism has been a persistent cause of the mediocrity of American statesmanship. In England and on the Continent, the whole country is open to the services of public men and in Canada we should be poorly off indeed if we restricted our representation within the limitations of residence. The cry has often been raised here, but generally with scant effect, both Liberals and Conservatives recognizing its absurdity and injustice.

Following out this idea, we may refer to an article by Horace White in the last number of the Fortnightly Review, in which this authoritative writer says that the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of Government was not contemplated by its framers. "It has to deal with the fact that everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. The doctrine of rotation in office is too prevalent and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period and another elected because he has never held office at all."

As a whole, our Canadian parliamentary governmental and administrative institu tions being founded upon English practice and precedent work smoothly enough, but where there is anything anomalous, it is precisely in those departments which are peculiar to ourselves as a Confederation. We allude first to the Legislative Councils in the provinces. The use of these has always been problematical, with the experionce of Ontario against them, and after what has lately happened at Quebec, lessened of those who still uphoid this branch of legislation. We may refer also to the Federal Senate which is a larger subject and more open to argument. During the late Liberal administration, the Senate was liberally made use of and some of the best editorial friends of the party were admitted thereto, but since its downfall, Mr. MACKENZIE has announced that he will probably make this one of the prominent points of future debate. One thing is certain, the Senate is safe so long as the Conservatives remain in power.

MARK TIVAIN ON BABIES.

A NEW-FASHIONED TOAST.

At the banquet given to Grant in Chicago on Thursday night by the Army of the Tennessee, Mark Twain was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Babies; as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivi- deurs and responsibilities as to be giving his Officers of the steamships Abana, from Carties." Mr. Clemens said: "I like that. We whole strategic mind at this moment to trying diff; Bristol, of the Hull line; Britannic, of

have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been Generals or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to any thing. If you will stop and think a minute-if you go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a great deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You become his lackey-his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of machinery of tactics, and that was the double quick. treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounded in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but, when he turned on the terrors of his warwhoop-you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff-just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk—a touch of sugar to modify the colic-and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff. And how many things you learned as you went along. Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book, that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh! you were under good discipline, and, as you went falterng up and down the room in your undress uni form, you not only prattled undignified baby tried to sing "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what die you do? You simply went on until you drop-ped in the last ditch. The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.) Twins amount to a permanent riot And there is not any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present Fifty years from now we shall all be dead I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive, and let us hope it may, will be floating over a republic numbering over 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething; think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but little interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of the other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying-and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future Presi dent is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching gran-

to find some way to get his big toe into his mouth -an achievement which, meaning no dis respect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded.

LIFE TO BE PROLONGED BY PROGRES-SIVE ABSORPTION OF LEMONS.

According to Dr. Wilhelm Schmoele whose voluminous treatise, entitled "Makrobiotik and Eubanik, two scientific methods for the prolongation and embellishment of human life," has cently been subjected to somewhat severe criticism in the German press, one of the four great natural secrets that have baffled investigation for at least a score of centuries has at length been discovered. This precious liquor, gifted with the inestimable faculty of protracting existence for an indefinite term—the panacea for the greatest of those ills that flesh is heir to, is no cunning distillation of weird and costly drugs, no essence of the dreadful broth brewed by witches from such grisly "stock' juice of toad and oil of adder. It is a fluid with which all are familiar, chiefly in convivial associations with hot water, sugar, and a more or less copious modicum of alcohol. Blended with these materials, humanity has hitherto gratefully acknowledged its genial and exhilerating qualities, little dreaming that infinitesimal doses of immortality were floating perdus among the aromatic contents of the punch bowl. It was reserved to Dr. Schmoele to gladden the world with the disclosure that lemon juice is the elixir vila. To rival the patriarchs in numbers of years, to blunt the edge of Death's sickle in such sort that it shall not avail to sever the slenderest of life threads, all that the aspirant to immodete longevity has to do is to absorb a sufficient quantity of lemon juice daily; or, better still, to eat a fixed number of lemons, having relation to his or her age or sex, every morning and evening. Dr. Schmoele's work contains the most elaborate and exhaustive rules for the practice of the lemon treatment, which may be commenced with equal certainty of ulterior success at any time of life. The professor also adduces several instances of the efficacy with which the consump-tion of lemons stimulates aged persons to evade the assaults of the phantom on the pale horse. He is as yet unable to mention one case in which the inhibition of lemon juice has enabled any human being to live forever; but he confidently hopes, in future ages far remote, to supply posterity with an illustration, in his own person, of his theory that "He who eat lemons enough need never die." Fulfilling a living example of indisputable immortality, such as would carry conviction to the soul of the most hardened skeptic, Dr. Schmoele directs our attention to the celebrated painter, Count Waldeck, who died in Paris a short time ago at the somewhat advanced age of 120 years. The professor seems advanced age of 120 years. The processor seems to fancy that this tough artist proves the correstness of the above quoted theory, because Count Waldeck was in the habit, every springtide, of devouring huge quantities of horse radish soaked in lemon juice. "It was not horse radish," says Dr. Schmoele, "but the lemon juice, that prolonged his life for so many years." But we have only the professor's word for the But we have only the professor's word for the truth of this postulate. It may be that the vehement pungency of the horse radish kept Count Waldeck's vital spark aglow for such an inordinate length of time, and that the secret of immortality lucks within that firry root. Besides, the count died after all, so that the lemonjuice or horseradish, or both combined, only enabled him to stave off the evil day for a period of time which, considered in relation to eternity, cannot but be accounted as brief and unimpor-

" Makrobiotik and Enbanik" teaches us what we are to do in the way of swallowing lemonjuice in order to attain an age to which that of Methuselah was, so to speak, mere immature adolescence. To ladies over 40 and under 50, commencing citronian system, he prescribes two lemons per diem, while gentlemen between those ages must "assimilate" at least three lemons daily. Between 50 and 60 the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four lemons a day. One lemon more dained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily, if men, no fewer than nine.

OCTOBER GALES AT SEA.

While the past month maintained its reputation as a breeder of storms on the ocean, the casualities and damages, so far as heard from, wore far below those of former years. Shortly after eight o'clock on the night of the 29th ult. when the Inman steamer City of Brussels was about fifty miles off Sable Island, she was caught in a cyclone which raged with terrific force for four hours, the waves breaking completely over the high bulwarks of the vessel. The officers were obliged to cling to the railings of the bridge to escape being swept overboard The steamship State of Georgia encountered a storm on the 28th off Newfoundland, in which Captain Smith was obliged to heave-to until the next day. Fourteen days were occupied by the North German Lloyd steamship Weser in making the trip from Southampton to New York, the passage being an unusually stormy one throughout.

the White Star line : Mercator, of the Belgian line, and the British steamer France, reported strong gales on the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and very difficult passages, but no serious losses. Nearly all the sailing-vessels that arrived at New York a fortnight ago reported similar experiences. Crptnin Higgins, of the bark Julia, from Marseilles, says on October 28th, off George's Banks, a heavy westerly gale set in and lasted for forty-eight hours. In the mean-time the vessel was hove-to under low topsails and staysail. The seas were very heavy, and the bark shipped great quantities of water. One of the topsails was blown away before it could be takin in. The ship *Harrester*, from London, was sixteen days on this side of the banks of Newfoundland, with head winds. On October 30th, in latitude 40 degrees and longitude 60 degrees, a terrific gale was met. The wind came rom the west, and the gale continued without any abatement for twenty-four hours. The wind and sea then went down somewnat, but a hard gale was still blowing, and it lasted for three days. Captain Pennell, of the brig Beatrice, from Rio Janeiro, says that he was nine days north of Cape Hatteras, beating his way against heavy head gales. During the last ten days of her passage the bark Hants County met with nothing but a succession of strong westerly gales. The schooner J. D. Robinson, from Rouen, was nineteen days west of the Banks, with severe westerly storms. The ship Spartan, from Liverpool, experienced a cyclone on September 22nd, which was so violent that the lower sails, set at the time, were blown from the bolt-ropes. Although the upper sails had been snugly furled, they were blown from their gaskets and lost. The steamships Bothia. Uroft, and Vaterland, which arrived on November 4th, met with heavy weather.

FASHION NOTES.

BOURETTE goods, which were so fashionable ast senson, are old style now. The demand is for goods with smooth surfaces, no matter how variegated the col orings may be

NEW jet buttons for coats of satin or velvet are of smooth, pelished jet the size of a silver half dollar, and are sawed on through two gold-rimmed eyes that

NECK ruchings of lace have four rows, sewed to a narrow band or a row of narrow lace insertion. Two philtings stand around the neck, and two fall outside the dress.

NEW house sacks are made of pale blue, cream or white cloth of smooth surface, and are trimmed with a row of wide galloon in the richest Oriental colours and

HUMOROUS.

An Iowa farmer fired at a quail and shot a

It is a wise paragrapher that knows his own

THE soldiers who retreat are those who come out of the contest with flying colours

MONTREAL makes her streets for car horses last en years. The passengers wear out in about seven.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angol," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shell.

A CONNECTIGUT small boy has written a com-position on the horse, in which he says it is an animal on four logs, "one at each corner."

A two-year-old, who was asked where he pro-posed to sit during family prayers, promptly replied, "With my beavenly Father."

"IAFE is full of golden opportunities," re-marks a philosopher. It is, it is; but they aren't worth their face when you try to cash them.

THE best cure we know of for insomnia is a cheerful bed-room, a flokering fire, the recollections of a good joke and a little something hot. A MUSTARD plaster is a good thing in its

place, but the best place, as far as experience goes, is to have the mustard plaster on a ham sandwich.

DR. TUPPER, the proverbial philosopher, asks: "Where are the pure, the noble and the meck?" Travelling doctor, travelling on their cheek. If that's not the answer to your continuous we give it up.

What has become of the good old days when n greenhorn travelling by rail could buy a 25 cents package containing 50 articles worth \$1 such and then

"How far is it to Cub Creek ?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoost a little vays." Is it four, six, eight or ten miles!" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the the stranger. 'Yas, I d unmoved gate-keeper.

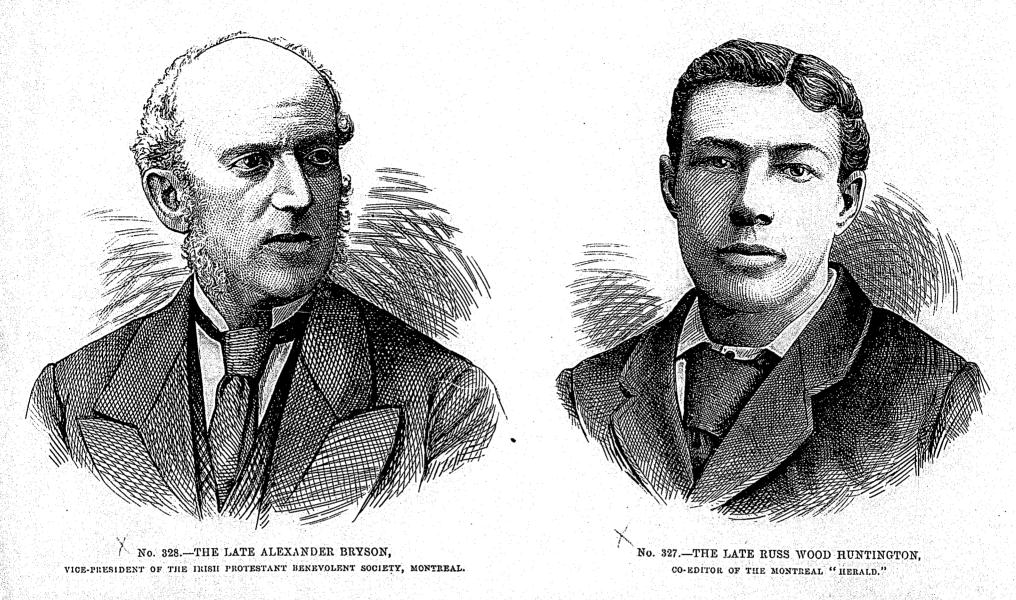
"YES," said Jones, "I was at the church today and enjoyed it profoundly." "Ah," remarked his plous landlady," "I din'nt see you; on which side of the church did you sit?" "Ahem—ahem—well—yes—ahem"—stammered the disconcerted boarder, "I sat on the nutside."

"My son is a good boy and would succeed in life, but he won't make, an endeavour," said a fond parent to his neighbour." "What, no endeavour?" "Well, hardly endeavour." Their pistels were discharged at each other simultaneously with fatal effect, and now they both sleep in one grave.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and who then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little wille, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that that is just the kind of thing they'd

WAGGS went to the station of one of our rail-WAGOS Well to the station of one of our rairroads the other evening, and finding the seats all occupled, said, in a low tone: "Why this car isn't going!"
Of course these words caused a general stampede, and
Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off.
In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned:
"You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't
then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



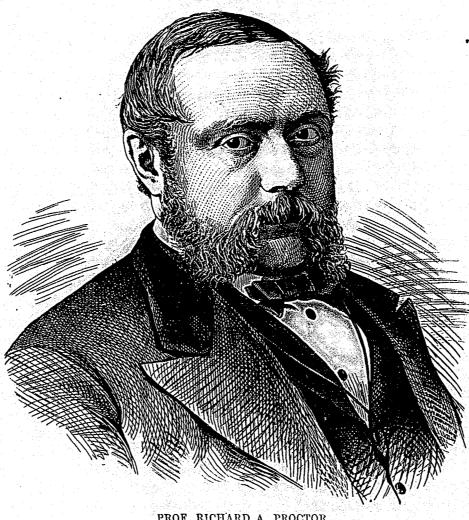


ASKING THE HAND OF THE ARCH-DUCHESS MARIE CHRISTINE FOR THE KING OF SPAIN.

R. A. PROCTOR, THE ASTRONOMER.

Richard Anthony Proctor, B.A., was born at Chelsea, March 23rd, 1837, and in boykood was educated chiefly at home, having had bad health for several years. subsequently he pursued his studies at King's College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He graduated 23rd Wrangler in 1860. He was appointed a honorary fellow of King's College, London, in 1873; Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1866. He was appointed Honorary Secretary of that Society, and Editor of its proceedings in Feb., 1872, but resigned those offices in Nov., 1873. He has at no time been a candidate for any appointment or salaried office of any kind, but he has not proceeded to his M.A. degree for the reason that it is not, like the B.A. degree (at least at Cambridge), a title representing work done, but money paid. Having analyzed results collected by the Herschels, Struve and others, and carried out a series of original researches, including the construction of a chart of 324,000 stars, Mr. Proctor was led to a new theory of the structure of the Stellar Universe; investigated the conditions of the Transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, and published many illustrative charts. He maintained on theoretical grounds, in 1869, the since established theory of the solar corona, and also that of the inner complex solar atmosphere, afterwards discovered by Young, of America. His works are: "Saturn and its System," 1865; "Handhook of Stars," and "Gnomonic Star Atlas," 1866; "Constellation Seasons, Sun Views of the Earth," 1867; "Half-Hours with Stars," 1869; "Other Worlds than Ours," and large "Star Atlas," 1870; "The Sun," "Light Science for Leisure Hours," and "Elementary Astronomy," 1871; "Orbs Around Us," "Elementary Geography." "School Atlas of Astronomy" and "Essays on Astronomy," 1872; "The Moon," "Borderland of Science," "Expanse of Heaven" and two series of "Light Science," 1873; "Universe and Coming Transits," and "Transits of Venus," 1874. Mr. Proctor lectured on Astronomy in America in 1874.

He is on another tour at present, and will lecture in Montreal on Thursday evening, November 27th, on "Other Worlds and Other Suns." A study of the subject of life in other worlds in the light of the most recent researches and discoveries in Science, concluding with a consideration of the infinite variety observable throughout the universe. Friday evening, November 28th, "The Birth and Growth of Worlds."



PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR,
THE ASTRONOMER.

Saturday evening, November 29th, "The Life and Death of Worlds." These lectures will be brilliantly illustrated by the use of the Oxyhydrogen lantern. This will be the only opportunity offered in this city of hearing the most eminent living astronomer.

THE GLEANER.

THE number of slaves in Cuba has decreased since 1870 by 136,000.

THE Empress Eugenie is said to be fond of the music of the bagpipes.

SECRETARY EVARTS is preparing a note to the British Government on the fisheries ques-

IT is stated that the Duke of Cumberland contemplates definitely renouncing his claims to the throne of Hanover.

Mu. Spurgeon said the other day that now, as in days of Luther, men stand staring at the truth like cows at a new gate.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is shout to start from London for a four months' tour in America, principally in the Southern States, the object being to avoid bronchitis.

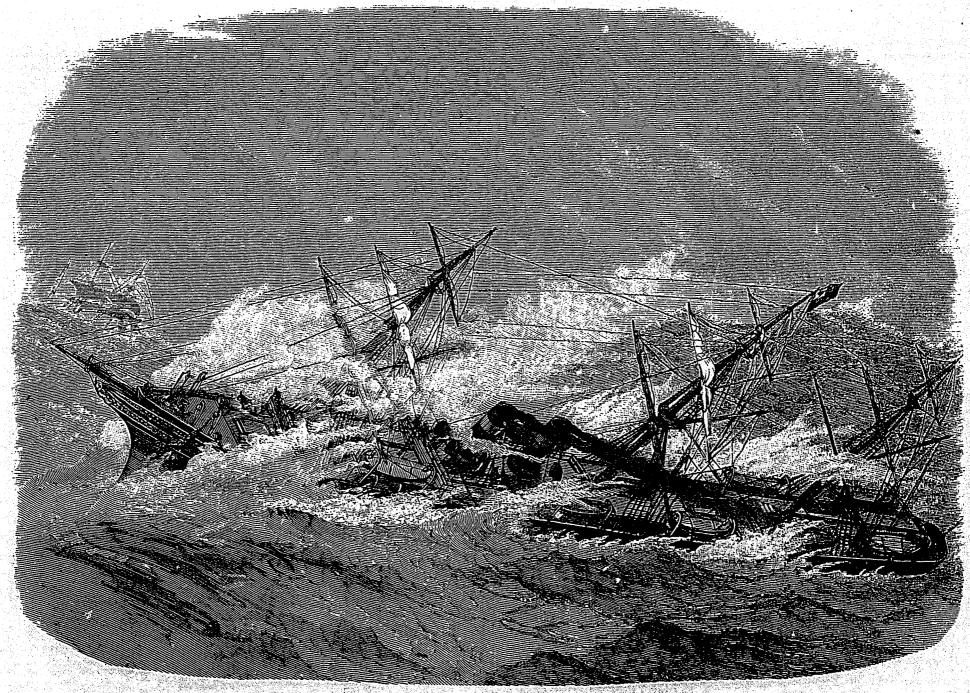
The finances of France are in so flourishing a condition that for the ten months of the present year ending the last of October the excess of revenue over estimates is 123,000,000 francs.

THERE have just been discovered in the shop of a Parisian bookseller 45 volumes in MS. written in utterly unknown characters; and the French savans can make nothing of them w atever.

The Duke of Argyll has written an interesting account of his recent visit to Canada for the November number of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Mr. Froude will also contribute a remarkably attractive paper.

A ROMAN cloaca has been unexpectedly found at Ratisbon, near the spot where the Roman Palatium stood. It is a colossal piece of masonry, firmly constructed, one metre and a half in height, and sixty centimetres in breadth.

The employment of women in the telegraphic service in France on a large scale has now begun in Paris, where 240 girls are undergoing an apprenticeship of three months on trial. They are cheaper than men, getting only \$200 a year, whereas men get \$300 and \$400. The girls are not expected to do night work.



SS. CITY OF BRUSSELS CAUGHT IN A CYCLONE OFF SABLE ISLAND.

THE IRON PEN,

Made from a Fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the Handle of Wood from the Frigate Constitution and bound with a Circlet of Gold, inset with three Precious Stones from Siberia, Ceylon

I thought this Pen would arise From the casket where it lies— Of itself would arise, and write My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it to me under the pines, I dreamed these gems from the mines ()f Siberia, Ceylon and Maine Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain Of Bonnivard might retain Some verse of the Poet who sang Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the trigate's mast Might write me a rhyme at last, As it used to write on the sky The song of the sea and the blast,

But motionless as I wait Like a Bishop lying in state Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there, Caressed by the fragrant air, With the shadow on your face, And the sunshine on your hair. I shall hear the sweet low tone

Of a voice before unknown, Saying, "This is from me to you— From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain I shall answer, and thank you again For the gift, and the grace of the gift, O beautiful Helen of Maine.

And forever this gift will be As a blessing from you to me, As a drop of the dew of your youth On the leaves of an aged tree.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

We offer this delicious poem to our readers as further proof of the proposition which we intelly discussed in these columns, that the author of *Ecangeline*, has not, in his old age, lost anything of his youthful grace and finish—[Ed. C. I. N.]

"WITH A SILVER LINING."

Ш.

The funeral had taken place, the few neces sary arrangements been made, and Vera awoke from the pain and lethargy of grief to the startling fact that she was alone in the world, and penniless.

What little money her father had just sufficed to pay the necessary expenses of his death-bed; but for her there was nothing save the cottage. she lived in it, what was she to do to earn her bread-to support herself and the faithful old woman who had lived in their service for over twenty years, and mourned her master's death as deeply almost as his child?

To be poor was nothing very terrible to one who had never known riches; but the necessity of doing something, of turning from dreams to work, from dependence on another to dependence on herself alone, at first fell upon her with the cruel sharpness of necessity, and a sense of the bitter helplessness of youth and womanhood.

The rector's wife advised her to become a governess, though she had so few accomplishments, and promised to write and interest friends on her behalf. Vera had never liked the tussy, patronizing little woman, and liked her still less when she came, full of advice and suggestions, to intrude on her grief.

Human interests and human sympathy seemed alike indifferent to her now. It was so terrible to think of the love she had lost, the sympathy and tenderness and care which had guarded her life so long, and were now forever fled beyond recall.

It was about a week after her father's death when, as she sat alone in the little parlor in the summer dusk, old Doreas, the servant, en-

a strange-looking body without who wants speech of you. She says she comes from the Glebe." "If you please, Miss Vera," she said, "there's

The girl raised her pale sad face from her

"Tell her to come in here," she said, list-lessly: "I will see her."

A moment after, an old, bent, witch-like wo-

man entered—a woman with a brown wrinkled face, and hard fierce eyes, and long, bird-like, quivering fingers that clutched her ragged shawl as she spoke.

"You wished to see me?" said Vern, gently.
"Ite bade me come," mumbled the old creature, indistinctly. "He bade me haste and say he was ill—a-dying, he thinks. He would see went to rece."

you at once."
"Whom do you mean?" asked the girl, in

"My master-the miser, they call him. and a miser he is, sure enough, and gold heaped up there like dust, and he stinking and starving and hoarding all the time. But he is ill now

very ill. He would see you at once.

"He lies a dying," she repeated, as though she found some inward pleasure in the sound of the words; "and all the good gold heaped up, and none to gather—none to gather—kith and kin all dead and gone. Ah, it is a fine world a fine world!"

"Is he really so ill?" "He lies a-dying," she repeated. "He bade me come: he would have no doctor—none, only you. Are you coning?"

"Yes; I will follow you."

"Indeed, miss, and you don't go to that heathenish place at this time of night alone," interposed old Dorcas, who was still lingering

near the door.

"Who will harm her, do you think?" chuckled the old crone. "Not he, the old miser—he is a-dying. Alack! the good gold! who will have it now?"

And nodding her head and muttering half aloud, half to herself, she turned and went out of the open door, Vera following, and old Dorcas, staying only for a shawl to wrap around her, started in nursuit.

Along the quiet roads and through the dewy fields they moved slowly and silently, Vera bewildered by the strange summons, the old

women each engrossed by her own thoughts.

It was some twenty minutes before they reached the absolete, neglected-looking abode known as the Glebe, and then the old crone paused, and took a key from her dress and unlocked the door, which creaked hideously as it opened. Then she led the way up the weed-covered, moss-grown path, and to the back entrance of the great, gloomy building, which was almost falling to pieces with long neglect.

Quite silently, and half awed by the weird, in-

tense stillness that brooded everywhere, Vera and her companion followed. Through the old dim kitchen and dreary passages and carpetless rooms they passed, till at last, pointing to a door beneath which a faint ray of light stream-

ed, the old woman bade Vera enter.

Whispering to Dorcas to remain outside but within call, the young girl opened the door, and moved quickly and almost noiselessly across the shadowy chamber.

It was a gaunt, musty, dreary room, very bare and very cold; even the summer heat that reigned without seemed chilled here, and Vera shivered as she stood beside the great functional bedstead, and looked down on the withered face all gray with pain, and lined with the weariness of great age. He glanced up as the shadow fell

"You have come?"

"That was all his greeting. Vera touched his restless, feverish hands with her cool, slim fingers. "Yes," she said; "you sent for me."

"And you could humor an old man's fancy even in your griet?"

"I was sorry for you—are you very ill?" "My hour has come, I suppose?" he said, grimly. "I do not complain; I have already lived fifteen years beyond man's allotted span. Do you wonder why I have sent for you?"

You need help, or nursing perhaps? "Help—nursing! No such woman's follies for me! No, girl, I sent for you for far different reasons. Let me look at you first. Ah! there is a change. The shadow has fallen, has it not?"

The pale lips quivered, the beautiful eyes

filled with tears. Can you ask ?" she said, sadly.

"I was a true prophet, you see. Well, on the whole, I am sorry--the gladness suited you better. Now a few words will tell you why I sent for you here to-night. You are poor, and you are alone?"

Yes," she said, sorrowfully, as he paused. "I know all, and I hear all, you sec-the old

miser is neither so blind nor so deaf as folks say. Well, you can be rich-ay, rich as any lady in the land; you can have everything your heart desires, everything that woman loves, if you will. Does the prospect allure you?"
"No."

" No ?" He laughed a short, caustic laugh. "Well, you are different to most of your sex, then—for gold they would sell their very souls. Let me paint the other side of the picture. In the life before you, you will be poor, nameless, dependent, at the mercy of women more pitiless on the weak and dependent of their own sex than any man would have the heart to be, you will drudge and slave and toil; you will miss all sympathy, kindness, forbearance; you will lose your beauty and your youth in the ceaseless effort to gain your daily bread—a life of hard-ships of which you can not dream and tortures you can not imagine opens out in your future. On the other hand, I would offer you peace, wealth, honor, the power to benefit others. Ah! that touches you, I see—the opportunity of doing endless good, of winning happiness, of bestowing it as you please. All this I give you with gold—for gold is the compeller of all things good and great, the key that unlocks all doors and opens them to fame, success, greatness. Nay, do not speak yet. I have neither kith nor kin; I will give all I have to you for no other reason save that your beauty and gladness attracted me long ago by their very contrast to my own decrepitude and hard-heartedness. I mean to make you my heiress; but first I place two alternatives before you—poverty and degradation, or honor and wealth with but one condition attached."
" What is that?"

she interrupted. "If the gold was yours, had you not the power also ?" His face grew dark and stormy.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH TITLES.

THE TRUE TITLES OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY-BOGUS CLAIMS TO NOBILITY

A conversation is supposed to take place between a newspaper reporter and an old baron, a French edition of Sir Bernard Burke. The former, wishing to know the reason of the multiplicity of titles, of which every Frenchman appears to possess one, calls upon this baron of the old regime, who lays down to him the law upon titles, a law which Frenchmen all transgress: "I am not astonished at your surprise at the immense number of titles in France, and I am delighted to give you some particulars. To begin with, you too easily confound gentleman (gentilhomme) and nobleman. God makes the gentleman, and the king makes the nobleman, so that nowadays the creation of noblemen is impossible. Every gentleman is noble; but, on the other hand, a nobleman of recent date, without ancestors, however high his title may be, is not a gentleman, nor can he ever become one; his grandson will be the first gentleman of his

"The French titles of nobility are duc, marquis, comte, viscomte, baron, chevalier, ecuyer and vidame. Since 1816 these last have fullen into disuse. Prince is not a French title; it is only the generic name given to members of the royal family and to such old sovereign families as the Bouillons and Bohans. The exceptional appellations of Prince de Condé, Prince de Conti, Prince de Joinville and Prince de Lamballe only prove the rule, as do the titles of Prince de Marcillac, Prince de Broglie and Prince de Sagan, whose title was authorized by Napoleon

"The head of a family alone has a right to a title, whatever it may be. All the other members of the family have no right to it or any other, save by special decree, as in the case of the Graymonts, the Talleyrands the Rohans, or the La Rochefoucaults, as the marquesite does not derive in any way from a dukedom, it is contrary to all heraldic rule for the sons of a duke to take the title of marquis during the father's lifetime. This is, however, constantly done, and as sons of marquises, earls and viscounts take the title immediately below that borne by their father, this accounts for the numberless titles one nects with in France. But, I repeat, no child has a right during his father's lifetime to bear his title or one inferior to it, even by adding his Christian name. At the father's death the eldest son only inherits his title, his younger brothers having no right to a title of any kind. If this rule were strictly observed our aristocracy would be select indeed.

"The impartial noblesse has three titles only —due, comte, and baron; all the others are merely borne by courtesy. In all times absurd usurpations have taken place, but at no time have abuses been more flagrant than during the present republic. The Due de Broglie during his tenure of office as garde de sceaux tried to put some order in the matter, and issued, on the 22nd of July, 1874, a ministerial circular, but from the first it remained a dead letter."

In this causerie the writer only speaks of those who, belonging to good families, think they have a right to the titles they bear; but there is another numerous class of persons who, taking the name of the town or village where they were born, or, again, putting their Christian name after their sirname, gradually usurp any title to which they aspire. I will take a fictitious example. A Lefebyre is christened, let us say, St. Hilaire, and he calls himself, first, Lesebvre St. Hilaire, then L. de St. Hilaire, until one day his visiting cards unblushingly give him forth to the world as Marquis or Comte de St. Hilaire. Probably the old baron would have classed such a person outside the pale of houest men.

EARLY DAYS OF VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo was born in 1802, and in his parentage we find a two-fold influence which has affected his character; from his father, who was a General of the Republic, and an ardent admirer of Napoleon, he drew his Democracy and his here-worship—from his mother, the daughter of a ship-builder at Nantes, the Royalist lervour of his early opinions, the devotion to throne and legitimacy which produced "Louis XVII." and "Le Sacre de Charles X." His first years were years of wandering, as the exigencies of the service demanded. General Hugo and his family removed from Resement to Merseilles, from Merse removed from Besaucon to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Paris, and thence into Italy, where the young imagination of the little Victor was nourished in the very land of poetry and of beauty. His earliest recollections were of the "silver sparkle" of the Adriatic, the Bridge of St. Angelo, with its imposing statues, and Naples, glistening in the sunshine, fringed with azure sen. General Hugo was appointed Gover-nor of Arellino, but before long was summoned to Spain by King Joseph, and the children were sent with their mother to Paris for education. They were lodged in the ancient convent of the She mumbled and muttered the words in "Wait a moment. I wish I could paint the Feuillantines, whose chestnut alleys and tangled strange disjointed fragments as Vera sat gazing power you will inherit better than I do." vines were the delight of the three boys. Victor at her, half in wonder, half in fear. "Why did you not use it better yourself?" showed a great aptitude for study. At nine

the second of the second

years old he taught himself Spanish in a few weeks, with the help only of grammar and dictionary, and spoke it passably, only hesitating as to the pronunciation. The family of General Hugo joined him at Mudrid in 1811, and already the feeling for architecture which afterwards so strongly distinguished the man was wards so strongly distinguished the man was taking root in the mind of the boy; a deep impression was made upon him by the towers of Angoulême, which he drew long after from that early memory of travel. The boy was placed with his brother at the College of Nobles; the Spanish solemnity, the rigid monastic severity, of this institution, where the French children were naturally looked upon as intruders, chased their expansive natures; and it was with joy they prepared to follow their mother back to Paris. The affairs of Napoleon were going ill in Spain; General Hugo judged it prudent to place his family in safety. The restoration of the Bourbons found them once more at Les Feuillantines, where they were joined by the General, now deprived of his command, and occupying himself with the future of his children. During these schooldays at Paris it was that Victor Hugo essayed his first verse. A chivalrous and dreamy character stamps them; the child repeated in his lines the beliefs of the mother; her passionate love for royalty and hatred of the revolution breathe in these early and faltering stanzas. The Academy would have crowned his poem on "The Happiness Afforded by Study," had they not considered it impossible such verses could have been written by a lad of fifteen. His earliest prose work, "Bug Jargal," also dates com this age, and was written in a fortnight, as the fulfilment of a wager among some young students of the College Louis-le-

DE QUADAM MORTUA AMICITIA.

Ah, child, it is not Love is dead, but Friendship's self. Were it but Love, small mischief had been wrought, for

The boy, lives on, though faith and trust be dead. (Not

90 Indeed, that older Love the Grechin poets knew). The careless rogue would but have laughed and left. unburt.

with firt of wings; flown off to-day, to come, hot haste, Back home to-morrow with a thousand added charms, But she, sweet Friendship, with the trusting, faith-

But she, sweet Friendship, with the trusting, faithful eyes,
So tender, meek and pure,—she could not help but die,
So cruelly you struck with heedless, selfish hand.
How could you be so blind? so weak and foolish? Why
Say you were poor and sick, her health and wealth were
yours;
Faint, worn and weary, who would raise and soothe like
her!

Say you were cold, her own soft bosom's warmth she

gaye; Say that the whole world shunned you, she had open

Say that the whole would arms,
arms,
Rendy to share your griefs; be glad when you were glad;
Met you with sneers and frowns? she scattered them with smiles;
Shame could not hurt, so thick her mantle's fold.
Was she not Friendship; constant, though the world

changed?

She could not change. And yet, this gracious Presence,

you, With many blows, repelled; beat down all faith and

And so, at last, she died.

And so, at last, she died.

How does the fable fit
Your case and mine? Why, thus—

When first we met and where
It matters nothing. By the law of nature, came
That influence magnetic, unexplained, through which
Man draws to woman, woman too to man, called "Love."
Was it some spell of lithesome form? some turn of neck?
Some curve of rosy lips? or peach-soft bloom of cheek?
Some rounded grace of throat, or glance of eye? Who
knows!

Some rounded grace of throat, or glance of eye? Who knows!

And slowly, but full surely, were we building up A tiny home for Friendship, made of trust and love. Until one day I said, "The child has power to hurt." The next, I saw your soft complacent faithless hand Held by another, whilst your little wanton tongue Chattered small spiteful nothings to a newer friend Of all that we had said and done, so laying bare. The sacred secrets love and friendship gave to both. Because, good lack! your pretty childish whims and mine. Had disagreed, this way you chose to show your mond

It was a pain, yes, for a while, as sharp as though A dozen nerves at once had leit the surgeon's knife; Then, with a fine painted smile, gay words, but aching

I bid good night, and left. You should not know you hurt. So then sweet trust was killed, and Friendship could not

Thenceforward, I could laugh at all your wiles, and

say—
"My pretty maiden, you have now no power to hurt!"
And after you became, for my philosophy,
A pleasant, curious study, as half humming bird,
Half spider, wholly excellent for microscope. I used to watch how oleverly you caught your flies; But never wondered at the flies being caught; I had been fly myself, aye, had been eaten too, But for the grace of God.

So now, you live your life, Content if but some two-legged thing may press your haud,
Whisper smooth pretty words into your pearl shell ear.
Fill up your silly, giddy, graceful head with praise,
Or, with caressing arm about your pliant waist,
Where in the valse the thistle down of girls.
Lovers you have, and will have—while your rose-bloom
lasts
That is __but at a care.

That is—but not a friend; poor child! Hard words you

But who gives heart in whole, gives mind and soul and

To you, a toy; no more; which at your slightest touch Dilates or shrinks, grows warm or chill: a charming

toy.

Say that an infant grips your crystal goblet, graved,
By cunning Florentine, about its dainty marge
With such and such fair fancios; all a life long toll
For hand and eye, and brain before its grace could be.
One idle look—a crash! and—good-bye Florentine!
Who blames the silly child? The fault was yours alone;
It knew no better; put your Florentines cleawhere;
Give children cakes and counfits, things they understand.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT.

BY B. DISRAELI, ESQ., M P.

A valley of green hills, with circling shade, Closing the world from contemplation's view, Save at one gentle cutrance, where the glade Spreads into rich campaign, with many a hue Of azure mountains bounded, and arranged Of azure mountains bounded, and arranged
In promised harvests, such as prophets drew,
In radiant visions of that teeming hand,
Vowed to the labours of the sacred band
When wandering in the desert. From the brow
Robed with the spreading onk, a tall cascade—
Tall, and yet delicate, as if it played
For beauty, not for power—forth gushes now
With summer strength; and, with voluptious ease,
Reviving, not destroying, the fresh trees
That sir their graceful branches to its flow,
As they would hall some renovating breeze.
Making their glowing beauty still more glow!
Fair scene! Yet fairer at this noon tide hour,
When from the stately palace of her race,— Fair scene! Yet fairer at this noon tide hour,
When from the stately palace of her race,—
Fresh as the fragrance of some unculled flower
That is not half so sweet as her bright face,—
Forth comes in all the pride of beauty's power,
The gentle POWERSCOURT with airy grace:
Bearing some treasured tone, with pensive mien,
To muse upon its music mid the scene.

LONDON SOCIETY.

BRITISH MATRONS TRYING TO EMULATE THE GLORIES OF HOLLAND HOUSE-FAIR DIS-CIPLES OF BRILLAT SAVARIN DON THE COOK'S APRON.

Holland house is a thing of the past. Lady Palmerston, who did so much to hold together the party to which her husband belonged, has been gathered to her rest, and the death of the Countess of Waldegrave has extinguished the gayety of Strawberry hill. It may be said, in-deed, that the salon, considered as a power in political life, is almost extinct among us; but nevertheless the influence of woman makes itself felt even among those who savay cabinets, and it may be said without exaggeration that it is a distinct disadvantage to the liberal party that the Marquis of Hartington is not a married man. For when the leader of a political party has a clever wife who knows how to make the admissions to her entertainments, as it were, the blue riband of society, she can do a great deal to forward his interests. Her smiles are indeed much more likely to win votes than the eloquence of her lord, and many a wavering adherent has been won by a judicious invitation to a dinner or ball, while new recruits even are sometimes gained by the same means. It is not complimentary to the House of Commons, but it is nevertheless true that year by year there are more men within its walls who have obtained seats at St. Stephen's mainly with a view to social advancement. Such men, who are usually parvenu millionaires, have ambitious wives and marriageable daughters, and with a fine discrimination as to political matters, not always guided by the purest patriotism, these ladies are sure to be in favour of that political party which promises them the best chances of an entree into society. True, they never obtain an admission into the vie intime of the great houses whose drawing-rooms they throng on the occasion of big entertainments; but, sprung from nothing, they are content with little, and the aspiring member of Parliament has very often to vote as the ladies of his family desire. Here, then, we see that although women in this Here, then, we see that atthough women in this country are denied the franchise, they can assuredly exercise a great deal of influence in political matters. It is the same in the country as in the town. The house of the great magnate of the country is the goal of the ambitious professional men and others for many miles around it, and no one knows better than the wife of the country gentleman with political as-pirations, or a nobleman who desires to serve his party, how much she can do in the months preceding a general election by the judicious issue of invitations. It does not matter if they come no more after the election is over, and readers of Thackeray will remember the laments of Major Ponto in the "Book of Snobs" over the cruel treatment he received from the political magnate in his neighbourhood when the contest for the county was ended and he had openly "ratted" to oblige his wife and daughters.

AUTUMNAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

This autumn there will be a great deal of this political entertaining going on. A general election is not, perhaps, so imminent as some of the Radical papers would make us believe, and, indeed, I learn from authoritative sources that it is not likely to happen till next year, but nevertheless now is the time to pave the way for success, to exercise such influence as you may happen to possess in the county, and to conciliate men of opposite opinions in politics by discriminating invitations to themselves, their wives and families. Here, then, the chatelaine of a country house can show herself a better electioneering agent than the sharpest attorney, and the sight of the Duchess of Omnium's card will do more to win adherents than the most logical and convincing arguments which the Duke's candididate can put forward. "Fine words," says an old proverb, "butter no parsnips," but the practical benevolence of an invitation to a great house is remembered with gratitude when the time comes to assemble at the ballot-boxes and perform those electoral functions which are popularly but erroneously supposed to be dearer to the bucolic Briton than beer. "They dine their men more than we do," says a character in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, commenting on the success of a political party; and the remark comes from one who above all men un-

derstands the value of cultivating society and using great houses for political purposes. He has been credited of old with an amiable weak ness for dukes, and now that he is a member of that order which so often gets the oyster and leaves the commoner the shells, he is still less likely to underrate the social power which he and his associates possess as factors in the coming political campaign. Thus it happens that you hear a great deal now of plans for autumnal entertainments, county balls and the like, and many people will keep open houses solely for the furtherance of political aims. Bribery and corruption in the old sense of the words are, it may safely be said, pretty nearly extinct among us nowadays, and voters are not bought in these times as in the era when Walpole truthfully remarked that every man had his price. But the sort of corruption—if, indeed, it deserves so hard a name—of which I have been speaking is common enough, and kind words and gracious smiles are much more potent than pounds, shillings and pence.

SOCIETY AND COOKERY.

Society has of late been very much exercised in its mind on the subject of cookery. First, we had the establishment of the School of Cookery, which, like everything else at South Kensington, was accompanied by much more noise and puffery than honest work. For of South Kensington it may assuredly be said, to parody the words of the Latin proverb, "Nil tetigit quod non vitiavit," and the School of Cookery was no exception to the rule. Lectures were delivered, and plates and omelettes were made before delighted audiences of fine ladies, who possibly learned something, but who regarded the whole thing as an addition to their list of amusements, and Mr. Buckmaster showed them how to play at cooking so prettily that it became a formid-able rival to Prince's and Hurlingham. Then the school took to educating young women in the culinary art, sent them to teach classes in the country at a higher price than they received from the school, that omnivorous institution pocketing the difference. Yet it may be conceded that the establishment of the School of Cookery did some good, though it did not teach in a very satisfactory fushion, for it called pub-lic attention to our shortcomings in this respect, and the British householder, who above all things likes a good dinner, began to ask himself whether he was as well fed as he ought to be. The British matron was thereupon driven frantic by demands for curious and appetizing foreign dishes. The menus of famous French houses were studied with eagerness, and the worthy citizen waxed furious because it was not possible in his modest establishment, albeit he paid a "professed cook" very high wages, to produce dishes that would rival the chefs d'œuvre of Brebant's or the Calé Anglais. In many cases the skill to do great things was present, but the batterie de cuisine was found to be painfully defective. And, apropos of such a discovery, here is a little anecdote: Once upon a time, some years ago, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, went to dine with Mr. Gladstone, who, if I remember rightly, was in those days Prime Minister, and who, at all events, resided near to Lord Granville, on Carlton House terrace. "The people's William" was, of course, most auxious to provide a fitting fare for his distinguished guest, and, feeling that his own cook might not be quite equal to the exigencies of the situation, he borrowed Lord Granville's chef for the occasion, feeling safe in the hands of a man who cooked for so noted a gourmet as his lordship. There is no need to say anything about the banquet, but Lord Granville, being curious as to his cook's experiences of the Gladstonian kitchen, asked him how he got on.
"Ma foi," said the professor, shrugging his shoulders, "what could I do? There were not enough saucepans." "THE DOCTOR IN THE KITCHEN."

The mania for cookery which still exists in fashionable society has of late received an additional impetus from a series of papers by Mr. Ernest Hart in the British Medical Journal, in which, under the title of "The Doctor in the Kitchen," he gave us some very good advice as to the dietetic value of certain kinds of food, and showed us what to eat, drink and avoid. Such warnings were certainly needed, for as a rule society certainly overeats itself. Dinners are far too elaborate and far too long, and though Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, who has also lifted up his parable on the same subject, has often cautioned us, we still continue piling one entree or another, taking half a dozen different wines during the repast, and, after try ing our stomachs in every possible way, we de-liberately arrest the process of digestion by swallowing ice pudding at the end of a hideously heterogeneous meal. No wonder that there is an amount of dyspensia in the country that sorely taxes the resources of the medical profession, and there is nothing left for us at the cud of the season but to rush off to the German spas and recruit. Half the people you see walk-ing in the early morning under the limes at Homburg, listening to the "Morgensterne" waltzes and taking periodical tumblers of the Elizabeth Brunnen, are gathered there simply because they have neglected the hygiene of the table and have dined not wisely but too well through all the London season.

THE fashionable English weddings are solemulzed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon by a special license, which costs \$100. People who cannot afford so expensive a ceremony have their banns called and are married by fore 12 o'clock.

CANADIAN SONNETS.

We republish the third part of a paper contributed to the November number of the Canadian Monthly by John Lesperance on Canadian Sonnets. The enumeration is satisfactory so far as it goes, but the author might have mentioned the names of George Murray, Barry Dane and others, many of whose most beautiful Somets were originally published in the News, thus confirming what we lately stated with pride that this journal has been the first vehicle of publication of many of the best works of Canadian literature.

III.

Canadian poetry is a narrow domain, but it is fairly well stocked with names and works. The pity is that it is not appreciated even among ourselves, and is practically a scaled book to the outer world. It is our bounden duty to do it at least common justice, whenever opportunity offers, and the pages of the Canadian Monthly are the natural field for such rehabilitation. In the restricted sphere of the sonnet our Canadian verse is specially meagre, but it happens that the little we have to offer is so very good as to compare favourably with anything which we have presented in the fore-

going pages.

I shall doubtless surprise everyone of my readers by claiming for John Reade the second place, after Longfellow, among the sonneteers of America. The judgment, however, is a deliberate and conscientions one, and I invite the sceptics to give Mr. Reade's works that critical examination which alone can convince them whether I am right or wrong. It is altogether too much the fashion to depreciate native pro-ductions to the advantage of foreign talent, simply because we are personally acquainted with the authors and elbow them in the round of their every-day duties. It is an additional drawback with our writers that they have not the chance to appear before us in the tempting presentations of creamy paper, new type, and elegant binding, which so often entice one to read and affect to relish what one would not otherwise care for. Not having facilities of permanent publication, they throw off their fancies in the columns of newspapers, or the pages of periodicals, and thus receive at best only an ephemeral notice. Mr. Reade has published a fine work, "The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems," but his sonnets are not in them. These are the fruits of his maturer years. Pending their collection in book form, I cannot do more than select one or two of his sonnets as proof of the high position which I claim for

God help the man who mortgages his life For patriot dues! Henceforward he is sale No more. His noblest virtues only chale The bydra that he serves to last of strife. His self-respect, his every social tie, All that for which the world's best heroes fight Must be surroundered by unless he die. All that for which the world's best heroes light
Must be surrendered, or, unless he die,
He is a shave—mayhap a despot slave,
Like Dionysius, fearful of the light,
Or Bellsarius, begging to the grave
Torough streets o'er which his conquering banners
wave.
And his reward—to have poor poets sigh
Above his dust the requiem of the brave.

Here is another of the finest classic mould:

If Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates If Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates
Had never lived in virtue's cause to die;
If the wild chorus of the circling seas
Had never echoed back poor Sappho's sigh;
If Sparta had not, with the purest blood,
Trace ten all time the name "Thermopyla;"
If Greece, united through the surging flood
Of Persian pride, had not arisen free;
If nought at great or wise, or praye, or good. of Lersand price, and not arisen free; if nought of great, or wise, or brave, or good Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou was to be; Save that thou dids't create "Autigone".—
Thou still hads in the van of antions stood.
Fallen are thy noblest temples, but above Them all still stands thy shrine of Woman's Love.

I must be allowed to transcribe a third, on personal theme entitled "Tulit Alter.

Monores ! Shall I thus complete thy plaint, Honores I Shall I thus complete thy plann, O older brother? Or, the actual wrong, Is it much lighter? Those who would thy quaint, Immortal verse have chimed could not for long Deceive or prince or peasant. If the song Worthless had been, Bathyllus had not sinued— Wortness and been, burying and on smear-that is thy praise, my great, long silent friend, And Heaven's best gifts to all munkind belong. Birds, sheep, and bees, and oxen, are they less Happy because they go uncrowned of men? Or better for thy praise, Pythagoras, Who would have brought the golden age again! Like them should we to duty yield our days areless alike of human blame or praise

If John Reade is a genuine poet, Charles Heavysege is one also. Here at least are two names which do not go forth to the world on sufferance, or on appeals ad miscricordiam They stand upon their own merit and need not fear comparison with any contemporaneous poets. We have a right to be proud of them, for they shed as much lustre upon this young country as any of the public men of whom we are constantly writing. This is not the place for an analysis of Heavysege's genius, to which, have attempted to do justice in another quarter, and of which I may have occasion to speak more fully on a future occasion. I have to do with him now only as a sonneteer. His compositions of this kind are not numerous, and all are found, believe, in the volume which contains his Jephthah's Daughter." The following is a magnificent instance of the sublime in thought and expression and, I, for one, am quite willing to set it beside most of the sonnets which I have already cited.

Tis solomn darkness; the sublime of shade Night, by no stars nor rising moon relloved; he awful blank of nothingness arrayed, O'er which my cyclalis roll in vain, deceived. Upward, around, and downward I explore,
E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air;
But cannot, though I strive, discover more
Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
Oh. Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two houris fair,
Thou stand'st between the evening and morn?
I took thee for an angel, but have wooed I took thee for an angel, but have wood. A cacodemon in mine ignorant mood.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY has been the receptacle of much clever verse of native production, and many of the sonnets which it has published from time to time are worthy of reproduction. I would instance those of Mr. A. W. Gundry and Mr. Francis Rye. In the number for December, 1876, I find the following credited to the well-known initials, F. A. D.:—

True love is like no fickle sunbeam's ray, In April days to shine awhile and fade; But rather like the ivy overlaid, Ungraceful columns in some cloistered way, Which upward grows by slow degrees and sure, From tiny plant to sturdy, trusty stem, Until it twines a leafy diadem. Around the carven charms of marble pure. No weaker grows its triendly firm embrace, Come sun, or rain, or night, or heat, or cold, And ever through the years it spreads apace With tenderties, which ever grow so bold, It clasps with binding tendrils every grace, And, constant, love each better being old.

The following is from "Spring Wild Flowers," volume of poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.

True love is lowly as the wayside flower, That springeth up beneath the traveller's trend, And lifteth trustfully its lovely head, Content to bless therewith the passing hour; Unheedful of the wealth of Heavenly dower Unheedful of the wealth of Heavenly dower
It lavisheth upon a path bostead
With the coarse trafficking of sordid meed,
So it lie open but to sun and shower.
And love no less deals with unstinted hand:
Lavish to others, beedless of reward:
Decuning no sacrifice of self too hard,
So that with fruitful arms outspread, she stand
Sowing around home's hearth her burvest treasure;
Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered down in
affinent measure.

The exiguity of space interferes with my proposed rehearsal of French-Canadian poetry, which I will have to postpone until another time. I must say, however, that the subject is inll of interest, and will be replete with pleasant surprises when fully treated for English readers. I will confine myself, in conclusion, to two somets from the pen of L. H. Frechette, late M. P. for Levis, and a p-et of undisputed genius. In his latest work, "Pêle-Mêle," he has a collection of sonnets, which are perfect in form and sentiment, and mainly devoted to domestic themes. It will be observed how scru-pulously Mr. Frechette follows the Italian standard. The following is on "Belceil Lake," imbedded in the mountain of that name, on the banks of the beautiful Richelieu.

Qui n'alme à visiter tà montagne rustique, O luc qui, suspendu sur vingt sommets hardie, Daus son lit d'algue verte, au soleit respieadis, Comme un joyau tombé d'un écrin fautastique?

Quel mystère se caobe en tes flots ongourdis † Ta vague a-t elle fteint quelque cratère autique t Ou bien Dieu mit-il là ton urne poétique Pour servir de miroir aux saints du paradis †

Caché, comme un ermite, en ces monts solitaires. Tu ressembles, o lac! à ces ames austères Qui vers tout idéal se tournent avec foi.

Comme elles, aux regards des hommes tu to voiles ; Calme, le jour—le soir, tu souris aux étoiles; Et puis il faut monter pour aller jusqu'à toi!

This is addressed to Miss Chauveau, a daughter of the late Premier of Quebec. A quoi done revent-ils, vos beaux yeux andalous,

Quand, voilant à demi sa lueur incertaine, Votre regard s'en va se pordre loin de nous, Comme s'it contemplait quelque image lointaine? Quand yous semblez chasser toute pensée humaine.

Et que, sur le clavier au son plaintif et doux, Sans but, las et distrait, votre doigt se promène, Jenne fille réveuse, à quoi songez-vous? Oh I sans doute qu'alors votre ûme ouvre ses alles

Et s'en va retrouver, dans des spheres nouvelles, Coux que le ciel emporte, helas! et ne rend pas l

Nous vivons dans un monde où presque tout s'oublie ; Mais il reste toujours quelque chaînou qui lio Les anges de là-haut aux auges d'ici-bas !

With these beautiful verses, as a delicate perfume in the nostrils, this short paper may be appropriately closed.

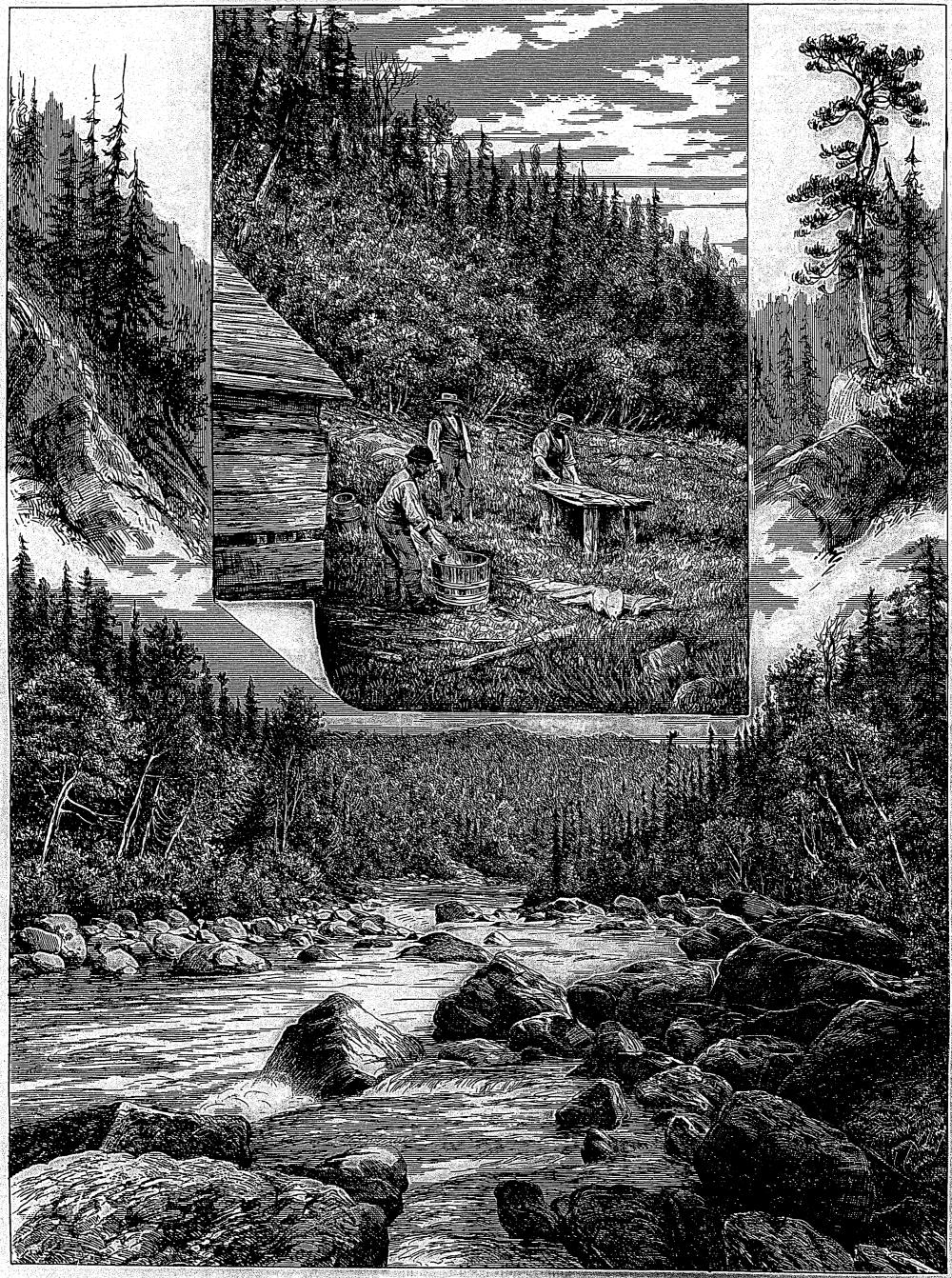
"Tying bonnet under her chin," is the title of a promisenous poem of anonymous ownership. Probably by a woman who ties her's back of the left oar.

An English fashion is to give parties at which the guests appear as some flower, fruit or vegetable. The lady who goes as a sugar-beat is asually said to be dressed in the best taste.

THEY were meandering, arm in arm, up the THEY were meandering, and in arm, up the street, and a short distance ahead of thom walked a young lady very handsomely attired. The sun was about setting, and its light was throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a rather subdued tone of voice: "How beautiful perfectly grand?" etc. "Well, I don't know," was the response from the fair one by his side, "I don't a third her style, and the dress is a mighty poor fit." He weakened, and the sunset interested him no more.

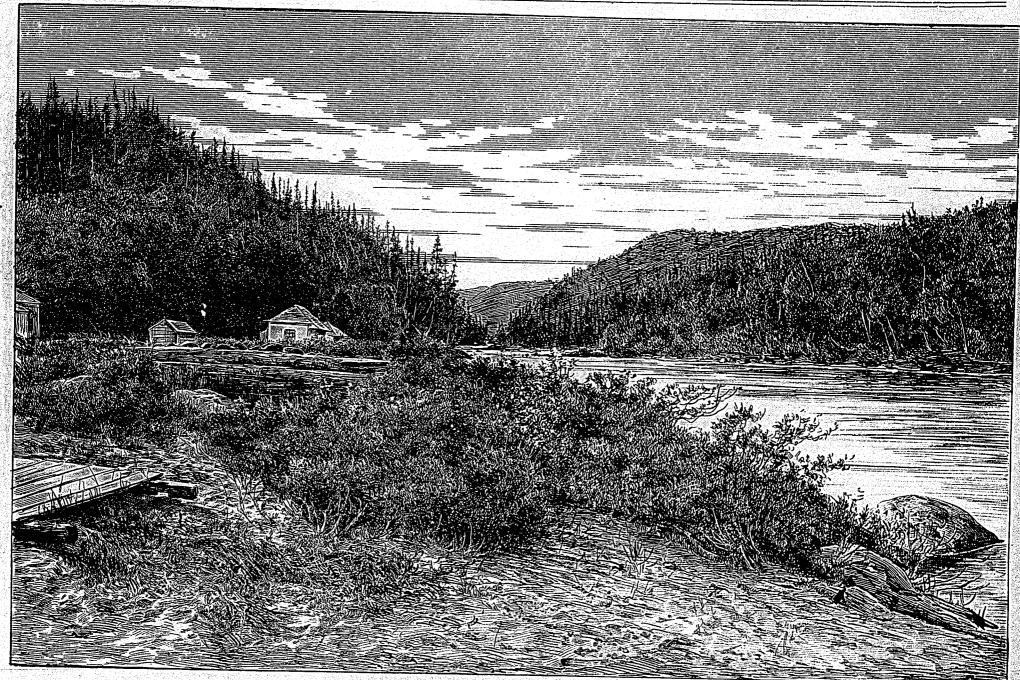
A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D. New York City.

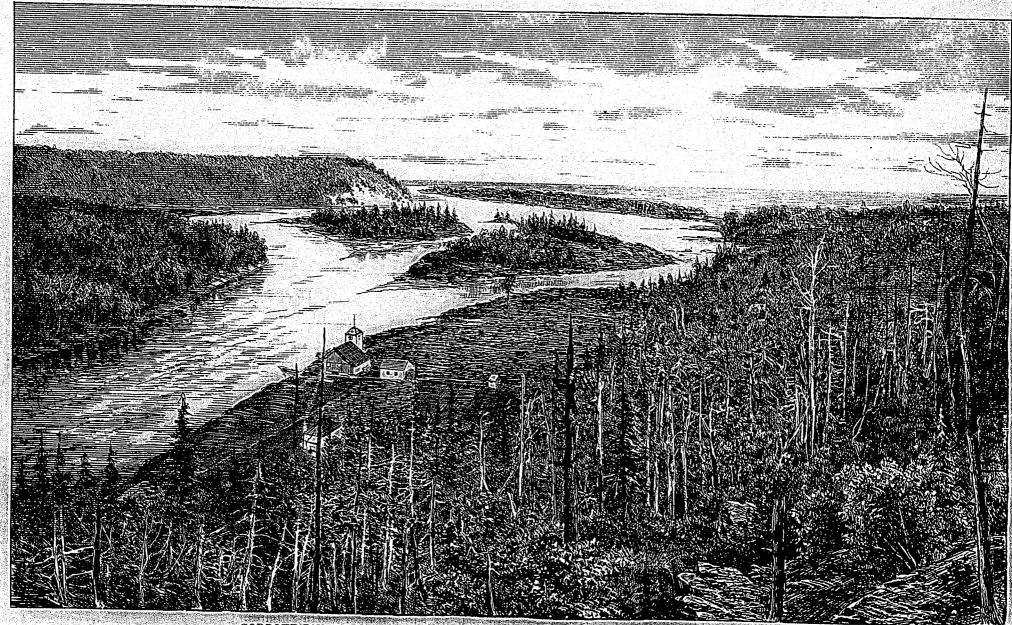


WASHING AND SALTING SALMON! RAPIDS ON GODBOUT RIVER.

CANADIAN SALMON FISHERIES.



GODBOUT RIVER FROM GILMOUR'S LANDING.



GODBOUT RIVER LOOKING OUT TO SEA, SHOWING MR-ALLAN GILMOUR'S RESIDENCE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ARMSTRONG.

CANADIAN SALMON FISHERIES.

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CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book VI.

REPARATION AND ABNEGATION.

XVII.

I REDEEM MY PROMISE.

I shall make no apology for mentioning a last time so humble a personage of this story as Gaston. I had not forgotten my promise to Toinette. She never alluded to it in these years, but often when she met me there was an appeal in her eyes which would have reminded me, even if I had forgotten. Since the departure of Gaisso, Toinette had been Ory's confidential servant, and her conduct in that situation was exemplary. This circumstance contributed also toward deciding me to do something for Gaston. Now that our experiment at the quarry succeeded even beyond our expectations, and that I had a little money to spare for the purpose, I resolved on negotiating for the boy's return. I had never received an answer to my letter to him, nor any tidings whatever. I had therefore to apply to the man Hobbes to assist me in the matter. He promised to do his best. A few months later, he informed me that he had heard of Gaston as broken down in health and almost good for nothing. The fellow had always been more or less rebellious; had had more than his share of the Yankee overseer's lash, and was finally reduced by the marsh-fever to a state of chronic debility.

"His master would have sold him quick enough," added Hobbes; "but I wouldn't take the responsibility of buying him. When any nigger gets that bad he is not worth having.

The sooner he drops off the better."

I told Hobbes to buy him at his next trip, no matter in what state he found him. If the poor lad was in a decline, it would be some comfort to him to die among his own; but I had the suspicion that his ailment was mainly due to ill-treatment and loneliness, and therefore hoped that he would recover on returning to his friends. Hobbes did as I bade him.

"The chap was fit to die when we started,

but he picked up wonderfully on the way, and by the time we reached St. Louis he looked as well as I did. I bought him in your name for five hundred dollars and passage paid. My commission is fifty dollars, but I will knock off five year cent. five per cent. to help a little in your good work," he said with a grin.

M. Paladine, at the desire of Ory, insisted

on paying one-half of the purchase money.

I would have wished that those who make it their business to culuminate the negro race had witnessed the meeting of this poor boy with Hiscinthe, Dada and Toinette, and heard the pathetic expressions of his gratitude to me.

I placed him in the quarry with the other blacks, and he soon become one of my strongest and best workmen. I need hardly add that, not many weeks later, I consented to his marriage with Toinette.

XVIII.

FORCING MY HAND.

I now approach the great act of my life. Once fairly established in business and, unless some unforescen disaster overtook me, on the high way to fortune, I was urged on all hands to take a further step, by making myself a home. My mamma was particularly solicitous about it; so was Uncle Pascal; so was M. Paladine. It is curious to recall now in what different manner and from what different points of view, these three persons, to whom I owed so much, advanced their pleas.

M. Paladine, whenever he referred to it, did mn and almos What he particularly insisted on was that a young man able to maintain a wife ought to a cold, positive man, who had never been more marry young. His own bitter experience of the marry young. His own bitter experience of the contrary was invariably cited as a lesson which I ought to learn from. The old gentleman sought only my good. He never even hinted a word about his daughter in connection with the

My mamma was more yearning and pathetic. She, too, aimed only at my welfare, but she had always that old love of Mini's in mind, and never failed to bring it up gently, yet affectionately. Not a word, however, against Ory, whom she continued to cherish always more and more.

Uncle Pascal was offhand as usual. He was wont to tell me bluntly to marry Ory Paladino and be done with it.

When M. Paladine spoke he made me dream when manimi spoke she made we weep; when

when manima spoke she made we weep; when that Carey?"

Uncle Pascal spoke he made me laugh.

It was a long time before I could bring myself to look this matter full in the face. It was not that I did not share with my friends and incisive. It ruffled me, nevertheless, contine desire of an establishment, but the difficulty siderably. I replied in consequence:

"Why, uncle, have I done or said anything,"

suspect. So long as this decision remained dimly distant in the future, it rather excited my mind than depressed it, and I toyed with it cowards do with a hypothetic peril. But whenever it presented itself as a fact, I put it off, finding my courage fail me. I should probably have continued my procrastination much longer if an unforeseen incident had not forced me to take final action.

During a visit which they made to Chicago in the previous summer the Raymonds had fallen in with a young lawyer by the name of Shelton, a splendid fellow of good family and fine promise in his profession. He took a fancy to Mimi from the first, and acted as her chaperone in all her visits through the city and its beautiful environs. A friendship naturally sprang up between them which, in the case of the youth, soon ripened into a more tender sentiment. Indeed, his passion was not slow in declaring itself most demonstratively. Scarce a month after the return of the Raymonds, the lawyer, on pretence of some business, came on to St. Louis and, during his stay, he called daily on Mimi with whom he enjoyed many a ride and promenade. Less than this would have been required to set the gossips a-going. The tidings speedily reached my ears that Mimi was deeply engaged with Shelton. I made no ac-count of the rumor, but Mimi's father did. Being very much taken up with his new friend, he availed himself of these stories to sound his daughter's views with regard to him. I suspect, too, that the young advocate made certain advances to the old gentleman.

Mimi listened to her father with amazement. She protested that though she admired Shelton for his high breeding, perfect propriety of manners, generous sentiments and ripe intelligence, she knew of nothing in her conduct or, indeed, in his, to warrant the commentaries which her father repeated. The old man insisted. He maintained that the lawyer seemed desirous of making his court to her, and that he might be expected to come again in the course of the winter-probably at the Christmas holidaysin order to renew it.

Mimi replied that if such was the case, he ought to spare himself the trouble, as his visit would certainly be useless.

Her father detailed his qualities, position and prospects of the young man. He was a most excellent party who should not be lightly dealt with.

Mimi admitted all this, but said it had no

influence on her.
Why? Didn't she like him?

Yes. She liked him very well, as she had al-ready said. But she did not love him, could never love him. Never love him? That was a rash speech.

Why not?

Mimi here began to weep, wondering that her

ther did not understand.

Her father had never busied himself with such things. He understood nothing, knew nothing. She must tell him.

She then confessed to him that her heart was

already engaged. Already engaged ! To whom ?

Mimi broke down completetely and could say no more. So the father consulted the mother. The mother, of course, knew all. What can escape a mother's eye? She whispered my name. The father then determined to see me at once.

XIX.

I KICK AGAINST THE GOAD.

Can I ever forget that visit? I was seated in my office at the quarry when Mr. Raymond world would I consciously do her a speck of inwas announced. This particular uncle of mine—the reader must perceive by this time that I "I am not given to eating my own words, but in my office at the quarry when Mr. Raymond -the reader must perceive by this time that 1 was blessed with a large avuncular heritage—was I did not particularly care. When I saw him onter my office, for the first time since I occupied it, I felt that his call was going to be an interest of the same unpleasant one. However, I received him with

studied politeness.
"Carey," said he, without further preamble

'I have come here on business.' "Ah!" I replied, assuming an attitude of attention, "I am, then, at your service."

"Your frequent visits to my house have been known to me, of course, but I always regarded them as the unceremonious calls of a near relative. In the case of Mimi, more especially, your interviews never appeared to me to be than the meetings of cousins who sympathized together. I am told now, however, that they had far deeper aims and results. How about

at any of these meetings, which can call for your animadversion? Have I offended anybody

"Oh, no! it is not that. All I want to know are the facts."

"What facts?"

"Come now. Don't you know that Mimi loves you?"
"I do, sir. She loves me dearly and I feel

proud of it." "And you-?"

"I love her dearly." " And then?"

I looked at him inquisitively.

Is that all ?" "That is all I know of. If you know more, I would thank you to be informed of it."

"I came to get, not to give information.
You will allow that I have the right to know all about such things."
"Most assuredly, uncle."
"And that it is the duty of a loyal man, as

take you to be, to disclose his mind on the subject."
" Certainly."

"Then speak. I listen."
"I have told you all I know."

Mr. Raymond made a movement of impa-

"Have you never spoken to Mimi of marriage ?" "No."

"Never proposed to her?"

" No.'

"No word of betrothal has ever passed between you!" "None."

"That is satisfactory. I will tell you now why I asked." And he entered into a long story about the Chicago lawyer. "I fancy," he added, "that the young man would be particularly pleased to know that he had found favor with my daughter. I hope he will succeed, but for this he must have the assurance that she is not bound to another. After what you have told me, I can now give him that assurance. Of course, I will likewise report this conversation

"I would rather you did not, sir."

"Why not?" "It might pain her."

"But she must know the truth."

"The truth may be misinterpreted."
"I don't half like this, Carey. It looks like shuffling. I don't want to have my daughter trifled with. I hoped you have not amused her in one of those many ways which young men have of befooling girls.

I did not answer, but crossed my arms and looked stonily at the speaker. I was indignant.
He continued in the same rasping voice:
"We are now in October. Between this and

Christmus the question must be decided between you, for by that time I expect Shelton. You and Mimi have frequented one another long enough to know your minds. You are now in a fair condition to settle down and support an establishment. As to Mimi, her marriageable years are fast passing. In the interval named, therefore, choose one way or the other, and for

good. I shall tell Mimi the same thing."
"That is categorical, uncle," I said dryly.
"I mean it so."

"Too categorical for me by half. With all respect, I will inform you that I am not in the habit of being driven. In this, of all other things, I want to abide my time."
"Do you refuse then?"

"I neither refuse nor promise. If I see my way to do as you dictate, I will do so; if not, then I will not do so."

"You are frank, Carey. I don't dislike that.
Only be as frank with Mimi. The poor child
has been pining long enough. I never noticed her, but her mother and your mother have. Speak up to her like a man. Declare your in-You know how women are the slaves of men's wills. Don't stand in her way. If you will not have her, don't prevent her from taking advantage of other honorable and fortunate chances. I hope you have sense and delicacy

enongh for that."
"Now, unde," said 1, "you speak as I like to hear you speak. Let this conversation rest between ourselves. I will see Mimi and have a complete understanding with her. Not for the

for this once and for Mimi's sake, I will consent to wait, to give you three days' grace, as creditors say. I rely on your word. Don't disappoint me."

And the old man departed not much more cordially than he had entered.

THE TRIUMPH OF RESIGNATION.

I had kept my countenance with Mr. Raymond. The moment he was gone my spirits collapsed. The great difficulty of my life was never so sharply, so frightfully presented to me. At last there was the dread necessity of action. I could no longer put it off, no longer cradle my heart in delusive hopes. The vague trust that time would bring a change, that the problem would somehow solve itself, without

When left to myself, however, I decided duty. that it was in every way best to act at once.

I gave myself two days to gather my thoughts and nerve my resolution. I then sought and obtained the critical interview. Was it mockery of my sorrowing mood that I found Mimi as playful as a bird? Was it to mark a contrast with the tears which we were going to shed, that she was so lively, brilliant, sarcastic, exuberant? It was only after many futile efforts and the most delicate precautions that I succeeded at length in making her understand the real object of my visit. What was my astonishment to find that the announcement did not affect her painfully. She ceased her merriment, but her good humor remained. Seeing the embarrassment which I experienced, the real sorrow of my looks and words which I did not attempt to conceal, she took pity on me and interrupted me in my speech.

"Don't go further, Carey. I know exactly what you wish to say, and how trying it is for you to say it. I know too what has brought on this declaration of yours. It was my fault. I had a moment of weakness in papa's presence the other day, forgetting myself completely when I found that he was gently forcing a stranger's love upon me. The words I then uttered were taken up and have been repeated te you, for I learned that papa called upon you the same afternoon. Judging from the decision of his character, I suspect he went further and tried to bend your will. Hence your visit to-day. I can divine what this visit has cost you. Your dull eye, your blanched cheek, your haggard appearance, all tell me of the tempest which you have passed. But be calm, Carey. Excuse my indiscretion. It was a momentary faintness. It will never recur again. For more than a year my mind has been made up and though the combat was long and terrible it ended by leaving me in a state of comparative serenity.

I looked vacantly at her. Her last words were a mystery and seeing that I did not understand her she continued:

"I know that you have loved me, Carey. I know that you love me still. But I know, too, that your love is not undivided. Do not start, my dear. Let me say all. For a long time I lived in the blessed illusion that all your love was mine, as all my love was, and still is, yours. Even after your acquaintance with Ory Paladine, I never cherished a misgiving about you. You remember the interview we had together in this very room, when you went into full explanations and we thought we understood one another thoroughly. Oh, how happy I was after that meeting. How beautiful the future ap-peared before me. But the reality flashed upon me at last. I learned the truth suddenly, though unmistakeably. You seem to ask me when and how? Ah! Carey, do you mind that winter evening at Valmont when we visited the frozen spring together? Your manner there opened my eyes. You were kind and pleasant, but the whole-souled cordiality with which you had until then treated me was wanting just a little. It might have been imperceptible to others. I am sure it was unknown to yourself. But for me it amounted to a revelation. Since then a thousand things have confirmed this belief. You have been as regular in your visits to me as ever; you have never spoken a word or done a deed which I could construe into the shadow of a slight, but a certain warmth had cooled, a certain brightness had paled, and in my heart the gay hope gradually died out."

"These are hard words," Mimi," I mur-

"They are not harshly meant. I am speaking the truth, that you may be spared the torture of telling it yourself. I am prepared for this, Carey. You are not. I have schooled mythis, Carey. You are not. I have schooled my-self to the great lesson of resignation, while you are still reeling under the stroke of fate. You have been honestly, honorably, heroically trying to be faithful to both Ory and me. You have tried to reconcile these loves. You dreamed of a beautiful impossibility. But I have faced the reality and accepted my share of it. You might love Ory and myself, but you could marry only one of us. Ory and I could go together hand in hand up to a certain point, but there one had to step before the other. That blessing has been reserved for Ory. I will not say that I rejoice at it, but I am content. Every woman has her destiny in love. This is mine and

embrace it Mimi's voice gradually lowered as she spoke these last phrases and she stopped to calm the emotion that was rising in her.

"Mimi," I said, "it is a terrible humiliation or me to assist at this dissection of my heart by your hands. All has been a whirlwind of confusion in my brain, a tempest of passion in my soul. I had expected to pour a volley of wild words in your ear. Instead of that, it is you that place a frightful alternative before me with a clear, cold precision. Alas I what am I to do ?"

"Follow your heart, Carey," she replied with animation. "You are not master of your affections. God has implanted them, and He shapes your destiny, as He does mine. Ory is worthy of all your love. Your life and hers have been intermingled by a series of most wonderful, mysterious circumstances. Do not fancy that I was blind to that. Indeed, I never knew of two beings who were so imperiously drawn to each other. You cannot help loving Ory. She cannot help loving you. She was predestined from eternity to be your wife."

"But you, Mimi, you? What would become of you?"

"Ah! do not imagine, Carey, that I will be unhappy! Married love is not the only form of human happiness. It is indeed the highest, but there are lower grades of contentment. I will accept mine. I will continue to love you, Carey, and that love will always be my bliss. I will rejoice in all your joys. Do not speak of heroism. There is more selfishness in it than you can imagine. One year ago I should have gone mad if called upon to accept what I now accept. I rebelled against this decision, suffering so that I shudder even to think of it. But meditation, the advice of friends, the exhortations of my priestly director, brought me at length to a sense of my duty. I was told and made me to feel that, however we might meet with disappointments, this was not a world of despair; that we must ever look at the bright side of things and thank God that we fare no werse. I am yet young. I have no wish to spend the rest of my days in wretchedness. Such is the spirit of resignation which I have found at last. My life will not be flooded with golden light, but neither will it be steeped in midnight darkness. A soft silvery radiance will permeate it. Do you begin to understand now,

I was seized with a great admiration and an immense pity. I believed every word Mimi said, but I thought she veiled her sacrifice even to herself. She was immolating herself for me, but did she not presume too much upon her strength? And could I be so cruel as to force

upon her this rôle of Iphigenia?
"Ah! Mimi," I exclaimed, "it is true we are not masters of our destinics. But how can we know them till they are thrust upon us ! Mark this, O my dear, before you set the torch to the pyre of your life. Nothing is yet decided. I have never spoken a word about marriage to O.y. Truly and literally, I have never brought my mind to bear fully on the subject. It is not

yet too late. Oh! If I knew—''

"Stop, Carey. Do not tempt me again. Remove that fantastic mirror from my eyes. I have no real claim upon you beyond my love. You have a right over me, for you saved my life at the peril of your own. It is, therefore, not for you, but for me, to implore favours. I have one, and only one, to ask. Promise me, at this supreme moment, that you will always regard me as a sister; that you will never allow the love which you have had for me to be an obstacle to free intercourse with me. As I am incapable of envying Ory, there need be no afterthought, no false shame in our undisturbed relations. Promise me that, and all will be well. No, Carey. Withdraw the words you have just spoken. I repeat that neither of us must cherish the illuory hopes which they suggest. Ory will be your wife; I will be your sister. That is now decided, is it not?

eiently thank you for these good words ! If had known you before as I do at present, all might have been different. But you are right; you have seen more clearly than I. All that you son nave seen more clearly than 1. All that you ask will be granted. Nay, I will say more. Notwithstanding all you have said of my duty and destiny, I would not marry if—"
"What! you would condemn yourself to a life of misery?"

I would work night and day to drown my thoughts. I would create for myself a new

"Then both of us would lose you?"
"And I, Mimi? Alas, how much I would

"Erough. You once promised to be my hero. You have kept your word. When you made me that solemn pledge, you probably put another interpretation upon it. But Providence has determined its meaning for you and me. Let us bow to His will."

This conversation has been very painful to both of us, Mimi. I should wish to close it. But there is another point upon which I must speak to you. It relates to your father. afraid he will misunderstand everything.'

"I hope not, Carey." "But this Shelton -?"

"Oh! Don't mention him. His name is now hateful to me after all this.

But your father will hold me accountable for the change. He will say that I have blasted

"No, Carey, he will not. Papa now knows Yesterday, before that you were coming, I implored him to cease all solicitations on the subject, because it was decreed irrevocably that I should never marry."

"Oh, Mimi! "Hush!" she whispered. "Listen to that serenade. How sweetly it comes to us through the moonlight stillness."

And gliding to her piano she took up almost inaudibly the distant strain. It was the plaintive song in La Sonnambula, so appropriate to the circumstances:

"Ah! non credea mirarti Si presto estino, O fiore!"

She continued playing softly and weaving variations on this theme till far into the night. I sat listening without daring to interrupt her. When at length we parted it was with a close embrace and burning heart.

XXI.

APOLOGETIC.

Is the reader satisfied with this solution of an intricate difficulty? Perhaps not. He would probably have preferred sobs, sighs, screams, a swoon and an attack of brain fever, to say noth-

ing of an aneurism. But I cannot help him. I must relate the events of my story as they took place. It is no fault of mine that Mimi was not dramatic enough to bring on a catastrophe.

Some people would call her strong-minded and philosophical. Be it so. I call her religious.
Others will think that I was let off too easily

that I should have been most signally punished for amusing myself so long as I did with the love of two feminine hearts. Here my friends are at fault. I suffered far more than they ever can know, and as I trust never to suffer again. Mimi's magnanimity caused keener regret than her resentment or her reproaches would have done, and the certainty that she condemned herself to a single life on my account was an addi-tional regret. I have not to this day pardoned myself for being the innocent cause of her wasted

XXII.

GROUPING.

I allowed a whole year to pass before I recurred to the subject of marriage. When friends mentioned it I put them off peremptorily. I thought I owed the delay as an acknowledgement of Mimi's abnegation. But when, at the expiration of that time, I did approach Ory, the event was soon decided. There was a meeting of glances, a pressure of hands, and the union sealed with a kiss on that white brow which my lips had never yet touched.

Years have passed. Years of gladness, years of sorrow for our household; all of them useful years for me. My business has absorbed my time, and I am pleased with my success in it. Ory has proved a capital manager. The Quarries, which was her marriage portion, I leave entirely to her. Sae attends to the interior, her father

to the exterior.

M. Paladine had a short-lived experience in business. He lacked both capacity and taste for it, as he himself recognized, and he soon made it all over to me. The old gentleman returned to his garden and his books, though regularly, twice a day, he walked or drove out. into society a good deal, and was a constant receiver at his own house, where he did the honors with lordly grace and liberality. He still survives, hale and hearty, and, I may add, happy, for now he is an humble believer in religion and looks forward to a more perfect state. He gave us an edifying proof of his conversion by making an auto-da-fe of all his anti-Christian works and removing from his library the busts of the principal of their authors.

Neither Bonair nor Gaisso ever returned from the mountains, but we were in constant communication with them. Bonair had thriven in his adventure according to his best expecta-tions. He became one of the wealthiest, as he is now one of the most influential citizens of that country, which has since been transformed from a wilderness into the flourishing territory of Montana. Gaisso proved a prolific mother. In proportion as her children grew, she sent them down to us for their schooling. We have two of them with us at this moment—a boy and a girl-and as lovely children as any one would wish to sec.

The years as they passed made ravages among those whom we have learned to love together. My mamma was one of the first to die. I have already consecrated a page to the memory of her virtues. Valmont is as beautiful as ever, but we seldom go there now, because it seems no longer the same place since Uncle Louis and Aunt Aurore were taken away. And alas! the Marigny Rooms are closed. One after one the patriarchs disappeared—Pere Duprez, Bonhomme Papish, Mon Poup and dear old Uncle Pascal. M. Paladine, who had been reconciled to them all, closed their eyes and conducted their burial.

Nain still remains my foreman. I have never had the least occasion to repent of the service I rendered him. He is no longer a Voudou. Gaston and Toinette are still with me at The Quarries, but Hiacinte and poor Dada are gone.

And what shall I say of Mimi? One word only, for that word resumes all. She has been and is our sisterr. She visits us frequently. The old gaiety is not extinct in her yet; there are occasional sallies of wit and raillery, but her usual mood is a placid, careful contentment. A shadow may sometimes fit across her memory, and there are times when her eyes look far away in sadness. But the mood is only momentary. She was the godmother of our first child, and all our children call her "Aunt Mimi."

She has been several times asked why she did not take refuge in a convent. Her answer was that she did not consider herself dead to the world. There were beauties which she loved. there were enjoyments there still, in which even she could participate. Besides, she had no admiration for the Heloises who take the veil in desperation, or for the Evangelines who give to God the ashes of a consumed heart.

And now, as I write these last lines, with my little daughter Rita on my knee, 1 stop to gaze dreamily into her beautiful eyes—so like her mother's. There in those serene depths 1 see the past and retrace as in a mirror all the events which I have recorded in these pages. But it is for a moment only. The eyes close, and those dear old times vanish forever. In another generation Creole customs, language and traditions will have left no vestige behind. This is the reason that I have attempted to preserve a memorial of them in the present book which I dedicate to the few who, like myself, still take pride in their Creole origin.

THE END.

INKERMAN.

THE CELEBRATION OF ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNI-VERSARY .- RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

On the 5th day of last month the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Inkerman was celebrated by a banquet in London, as well as by dinners in every regiment of the British army which took part in that memorable engagement Many of the officers of the different regiments who served in the Crimean campaign are still on active service, but few, if indeed any, of the subordinate and private ranks are to be found on the present muster-roll of the regiments to which they belonged on November 5, 1854, the period of enlistment seldom exceeding twenty-one years. Many soldiers of the Bri ish army who had enlisted for a term of ten years, after its completion emigrated to the country, and during our late civil war, not a few Crimean heroes could have been found in the Union army, while others are now residents in many of our cities, who have come here to follow up the different pursuits in which they had been engaged previous to enlist-

Among the latter we have to mention a compositor, who is employed in one of our large printing establishments in this city. The regi-ment to which he belonged is the Twenty-first Royal North British Fusiliers. For ten years he was attached to No. 2 company; his regimental number was 2,875. He culisted at Newcastle-on-Type on the 13th of August, 1851. When war against Russia was declared he embarked at Cork for the seat of war on the 13th of August, 1854—exactly three years after his "taking the

shilling."
After landing in the Crimea they marched for Fourth division, in reserve, and were not called into actual fight; one man of the regiment was killed. After the charge of Balaclava came the battle of Inkerman. On a drizzly and foggy Sunday morning in November, the Russian forces attempted to surprise the British lines with overwhelming masses. Everything was in their favor. It is now matter of history that for several hours not more than 8,000 British troops held the heights of Inkerman against 50,000 of the enemy by the sheer dint of hand-to-hand fight. The Twenty-first regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Ainslie. Arriving at Inkerman, with the Sixty-third regiment on their right, they were ordered to lie down. Lieut.-Col. Sweeney of the Sixty-third was in conversation with the Twenty-first's commander, when a picket sentry of the Forty-first came up the brow of the hill, exclaiming, "Look out, boys! they'll be on top of you in less than quick-time." Ainslie and Sweeney were instantly on time." Ainslie and Sweeney were instantly on the alert. "How shall we act?" said the Sixty-third's commander; "we have received no orders." "I will charge," said Ainslie. Immediately both officers gave the command to their regiments to charge and cheer. In an instant, with bayonets down, did the two regiments drive right in front into their enemy ranks, which were speedily broken. Then followed hand-to-hand encounters, and, when hickly wedged together, the butt end of the musket was brought into play, and even the fist was used. In the onslought Lieut.-Col. Sweeney was killed and Lieut.-Col. Ainslie mortally wounded. This was the first and last battle of these officers. Ensign Hurt of Derbyshire, who carried the colors of the Twenty-first was killed, and several officers more or less wounded Sir George Catheart, general commanding the Fourth division, also fell. The command of the Twenty-first, after the commander was killed should have been taken up by the senior major, but that officer had been previously detached with a party, on some special service in the vicinity of the Windmill, and the command vas, therefore, virtually in the hands of Lord West, who ever was in the thickest of the affray, cheering on his men. His horse was shot, and on foot his lordship contested the ground with his handful of men till the battle was won, when he led the regiment out of action.

During the course of the battle, as mounted officers were shot down one after another, the command devolved on young officers, each acting on his own responsibility. Soldiers of different regiments found themselves mixed up with half a dozen different corps, under the leadership of any officer who chose to assume community. command. Sometimes no officer was to be found, and every man was left to fight it out as best he could. On this account Inkerman is known as the "Soldiers" battle." Toward the latter end of the fight the compositor alluded to received a bullet wound in the arm, causing him to drop his musket. Being in a thick crowd of his own comrades, who were pushing up a ravine, and hurried on by the pressure behind, he failed to regain his musket. In this emergency he, with the assistance of a comrade, released the musket from the death clutch of a dead soldier of the Thirtieth regiment. The musket was useless, for the charge in the piece was wet. The battle being virtually over, and bayonet charges over also, he assisted out of the field a severely wounded man of his own company and took him to the hospital tent, where the poor fellow was attended to. His own wound was only a flesh wound, though it smarted not a little.

The regiment, headed by Lord West, came out of action, after the battle was gained, and marched into camp. When formed up in front of their own tents, Lord West addressed the survivors in these words: "Men of the Twentyfirst Royal North British Fusiliers, some time | N.Y.

ago, when on parade in Dublin, I said that I would have every confidence in the regiment, if ever called into action on the battlefield. Today, my confidence in you has been more than realized. You have behaved well and bravely. I am no flatterer; but your soldierly conduct, put this day to the severest test, is beyond all flattery and praise. The true soldier corries his life in his hand, ready to lay it down at a mo-ment's warning for his sovereign and country, and at duty's call. This you have not failed to do. To single men this should be easy. To those who have wives and children at home it may be somewhat of a trial. Let me assure such that, should they fall in battle, a generous and grateful country will be the guardians of their widows and fatherless children. In the name of our beloved queen and country, receive the heartiest congratulations that can be given for your noble behavior this day." The famished and well-nigh spent men replied by loud hurrahs! Then they went to their tents to cat a morsel of salt pork and hard biscuits, and snatch an hour or two's rest for they had to do duty in the weary trenches that same night. In such like manner as above related acted every other regiment in the field. To the soldiers' indomitable pluck, and even at the more than recklessness of his own life, were the Heights of Inkerman fought and won. In the trenches duty was hard and sorties frequent. Then followed the unsuccessful attack on the Redan battery on the 18th of June, when the general commanding, Sir John Campbell, was killed. Finally Sebas-

The printer mentioned who took part in all these affrays is Alexander Howitt, a native of Stirling, Scotland. After the war was over, he went with his regiment to Malta, staying there three years and a half; thence to the West Indies, where the Twenty-first were stationed four years. In Barbadoes, Hewitt's ten-year term of service expired, when he was sent home to be discharged. He received two medals—one the Crimean, with the clasps Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Sebasto-pol. The other medal was given by the sulton of Turkey. Hewitt came to this country about eight years ago.

On this year's anniversary of the battle of Inkerman he might have been seen quietly and industriously arranging single types in lines and columns—strange contrast to the lines and columns in which he, a single file, figured a quarter of a century ago on the farfamed Heights of Inkerman.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Lucca is likely to return to this country next

THE probability that Irving will visit Ameriuson becomes stronger.

Mus. Scorr-Stopons has the heroism to deny nat this is her farewell senson in America.

HERR RUBINSTEIN'S opera, Der Damon, will be given for the first time in Moscow during this month.

WAGNER is going to spend the winter in Pausilippo, Italy, where, it is said, he intends to write a

MARIE PRESCOTT fainted in Boston lately while playing Camille at the Globe. Matilda Heron is the authority for the statement that no well woman can play the part.

T. J. McBride, of New York, has hit upon a happy thought in publishing a little hand-book, for pucket use, giving diagrams of the scats in each of the theatres of that city. It is valuable to theatre-goers RUBINSTEIN is indignant at the manner in

which his new opern, "Koopets Kalashnikoff" (Mer-chant Kalishnikoff) has been treated by the shears of the Russian cousor, and is half determined to suppress it. GENTLEMEN who attend the opera at Her Ma-

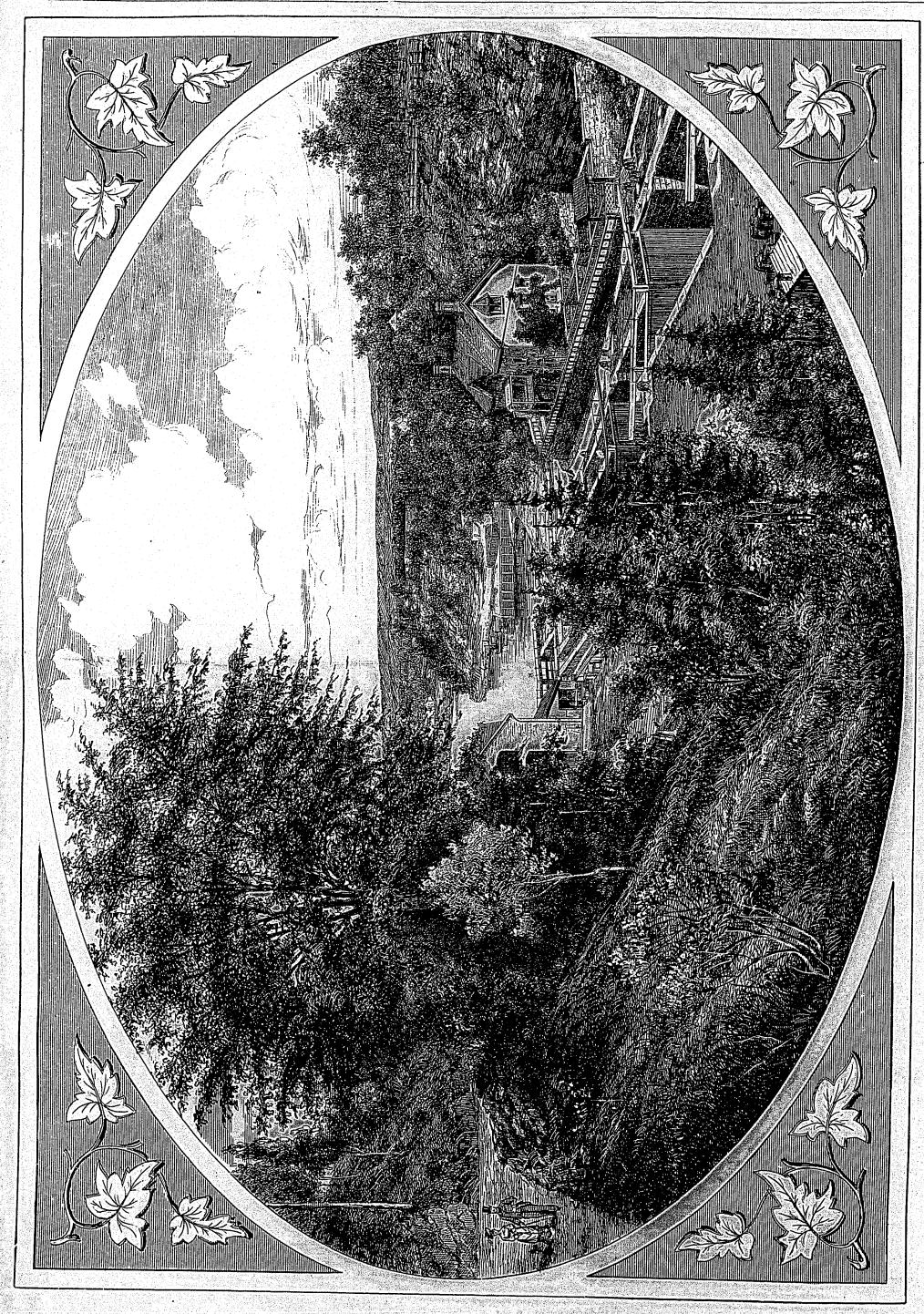
jesty's Theatre, in London, are no longer obliged to wear full dress. This sensible regulation is the result of Manager Mapleson's experiments in Republican Ame-MME. PATTI and Signor Nicolini are to enter on their engagement at the Royal Opera in Berlin on the first of next month, Faust, La Travinta and Lucia have been selected by the diva as the operas in which she is

Miss Minnik Hauk has just appeared in London as Mignon, and the Daily News of that city says that the performance "was one of special excelence, and there can sourcely be a doubt that Miss Hank's Mignon will prove as attractive as her Carmen."

Molle. Heilbron recently refused to appear as Marguerite at the Grand Opera with a blonde wiz. Lucca. Allsson, and sometimes Patti sang Marguerite in their natural bair. Gouned entirely approved of Malle. Heilbron's idea and sent her his score with the words written by his hand, "A ma brune Marguerite."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice. having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cur-of consumption, bronchilis, entarth, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sheir, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester.



OTTAWA.-GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOCKS FROM SAPPERS' BRIDGE-FROM A PROTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



VIEW NEAR GRANBY, CONN. -- BY VAN ELTEN.

OUR AUTUMN FRIEND.

Whose song is on this brown, bleak hill, Where Fall's pale sunbeams shiver still? The crickets,—well he clings to it! It fills the stubble roundabout, Save when the louder winds starts out, And short quietus brings to it.

You, cricket, are a silent sprite When wanders spring on plain and height,— You give us but a stray touch then; But when the summer dream is past, The bright leaves in the hollow cast, You're ready for a gay touch then.

You ring us, then, a roundelay
in the cold nooks of earth all day
And half the night or all of it.
Your heart is a song, and every beat
Sends out a measure clear and sweet,
With cheer in every call of it.
C. L. CLEAVELAND.

Knowlton, P.Q.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF WOLFVILLE, N.S.

In our issue of September 27th appeared a pic ture of the new college building at Wolfville, This is one of a group of three new buildings for educational purposes, all built and controlled by the Baptist denomination of the Lower Pro-They are situated on rising ground in the rear of the village, and command a view in some respects unequalled in the Dominion, comprising, as it does, the fine alluvial plain of the Cornwallis, Canard, Habitant and Precax rivers
-the immense stretches of dyked marsh, reclaimed from the sea by the "Acadians" of "Grand Pré;" the beautiful land-locked "Basin of Minas," of Lougfellow's "Evangeline;" while, skirting the horizon on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, stretches the long blue line of the North Mountain range, terminating in the bold promontory of Blomidod. The beauty of this site, combined with its exceptional healthfulness, renders it one of the most desirable localities for a college to be found in the Maritime

There are three distinct institutions at Wolfville, under the same general management—viz., the University of Acadia College, Horton Collegiate Academy and Acadia Seminary. These schools, though under denominational control and supported largely by denominational funds, are in no sense sectarian, as their teaching staff includes members of four religious bodies, and the pupils have an equally representative character.

The largest of the three buildings mentioned above and the one shown in our illustration is an imposing structure recently erected at a cost of about \$21,000. Its architecture is a har-monious combination of the Greek and Italian, accommodated to modern tastes and requirements. The length of the college, including the end towers, is 150 feet; each wing being 30 feet front and 70 feet deep, while the central part is 78 feet long and 50 feet deep. The corner towers project 20 feet above the roof, and the central tower, from the ground to the finial, is about 110 feet.

The main approach to this building is by an avenue leading from the street to the base of the elevation on which the college sits. The grounds in front are graded and terraced, and two flights of steps lead to the vestibule. The first story of the college is devoted mainly to class-rooms, of which there are ten in all, including two in the second story. On the second flat are the Museum Library and Assembly Hall. These rooms have a height of 20 feet. Galleries surround three sides of the first two, and two sides of the latter.

The library contains over 3,000 volumes, carefully selected and well adapted to the wants of the students. It has, besides, valuable portraits of the founders of the college. The Assembly Hall is a spacious room capable of scating about 1,000 persons. It is finished in ash, with deeply panneled ceiling.

The Academy Boarding-House is a building

in the modern style, four stories high, with French roof. It is 80 feet by 40, with an L 30 x 40 and three stories high. It contains a dining-hall, 40 x 40, with accommodation for about 200 boarders. The other parts of this building are for studies and dormitories.

Acadia Seminary is 45 x 90, and four stories high. It is thoroughly modern in its construction and equipment, being heated throughout by hot-water radiators and having bath-rooms with hot and cold water on every flat. The furniture of this building was made to order by Ontario firms, while the table and bedroom ware came direct from the manufacturers in England. Every piece of this ware has the name, "Acadia Seminary," stamped upon it by the makers. In the healthfulness and attractiveness of its site, in the architectural beauty of its exterior and the comfort and elegance of its interior, this building is without a rival of its kind in the Lower Provinces, perhaps in the Dominion.

The institutions at Wolfville came into ex-

istence in 1828 by the founding of Horton Academy. Ten years later a collegiate department was organized, to which the name of "Queen's College" was given. This name was subsequently changed to "Acadia College," as the management were unable to obtain a charter under the former name, the home Government refusing their assent. In the Act of Incorporation secured in 1851, the institution is denom-inated the "University of Acadia College." This Act grants to the Governors and Fellows the right to confer degrees in Arts, in Divinity, in Law, &c., and at the same time forbids the imposition of any denominational tests upon student or teacher.

By great sacrifices and the most persevering a building was crected in 1843 for college dormitories and class-rooms. This building was 150 x 35 and four stories high, with a fine dome and a facade of four large Ionic columns with entablature. In Dec., 1877, this fine structure was entirely consumed by fire. The loss was heavy, but the Governors set about re-building at once, and, with the assistance of the friends of higher education throughout the Maritime Provinces, were enabled in scarcely more than a year to erect and furnish the present stately college edifice.

The institutions at Wolfville are under the Presidency of the Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D., a graduate of Dartmouth College and a gentleman of rare mental endowments. The teaching force represents the best culture of the old world and the new, some of the professors having studied at Oxford and Leipsic, and others being graduates of Harvard and McGill. The Rev. J. M. Cramp, D.D., so favourably known as an author, was for many years President of this college.

The course of study pursued here, leading to graduation, is about the same as that of the smaller New England college. The standard smaller New England college. The standard of matriculation, compared with Dominion col-leges, is high, and four years study of nine

months each is required for the first degree.

A Theological Department, with two Professors, has been attached to the college, but the inducements offered are not yet sufficient to attract many divinity students, while American thoological schools, with their superior equipments, are so easy of access.

Acadia College has added largely to the culture and intellectual wealth of the Maritime Provinces, but her influence is by no means limited to this area. Her alumni are to be found in many countries and following many avocations. Wherever they go they are able to compete with students from older and larger universities, and they are often found, in theological seminaries and medical schools, leading graduates of Harvard and Brown.

Among the older students at Wolfville, who have become prominent public men, we may mention Edward Young, Esq., for many years Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington; the Hon. Dr. Parker, of Halifax, and Sir Charles Tupper, Dominion Minister of Public Works.

Among the graduates are Judge Johnson and Judge Weatherbee, of Halifax; the late Super-intendent of Education for Nova Scotia; the present Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick; that eminent geologist, who died two years ago in Brazil, Prof. C. F. Hart, Professor at Cornell, and companion of Agassiz in his Brazilian tours; Prof. J. E. Wells, of the Literary Institute, Woodstock, Ont; four pro-fessors at Wolfville, two professors at the Normal School, Truro, besides many eminent lawyers and physicians, and about eighty ordained ministers. Dr. J. L. Bishop, author of an ex-ceedingly valuable work, "History of American Manufactures," was one of the first graduates. Professor James Demill, whose fame as a writer is almost coextensive with the English tongue, is another graduate.

It will thus be seen that this college, though a humble member of the great family of univer sities, is exerting an influence almost world-wide, illustrating her motto—In pulvere vinces.

STANDING ARMIES OF EUROPE.

There can be little question that the present prostrate condition of continental trade is in great measure due to the enormous burdens laid on the people by the military policy of their How heavy these burdens are some rulers. details taken from a report lately issued by the Hungarian ministry will show. According to this report (the object of which is to exhibit the relative weakness of the Austro-Hungarian forces and advocate an addition to them), the military strength of Russia consists of 3,046,800 men, of whom 600,000 belong to the reserve and 2,446, 500 to the standing army. The regular army of France comprises 1,689,000 soldiers of all arms, the territorial army 1,208,000; total, 2,289,000, to be increased in 1892 by the addition of 300, 000 reserve men to 2,723,000. The German power of all classes is represented by 2,004,300 men, of whom 1,076,200 belong to the standing army, 307,200 to the landwehr and 620,900 to a militia of 310,000. In 1892, when the reserve will number 1,016,200, her total strength will reach 2,024,200. Austro-Hungary possesses a standing army of 800,000, a landwehr of 209,318 and a reserve of 95,000 men; total, 1,194,318. The grand total of all these forces amounts to 16,471,918, the standing armies alone numbering 7,925,000. But it must not be understood that all the latter are now under arms; at least half of thom are on furlough. They form the first line, and all would, of course, be at once called out in the event of a general war. It is nevertheless true that the great military powers have at their disposal 16,000,000 men who have learned, or are now learning, the soldiers' art, and are bound to re-enter the ranks when re-quired. The mind refuses to grasp the full signi-ficance of these portentous figures; but it may safely be affirmed that, so long as these bloated armaments are suffered to exist, Europe can count neither on lasting commercial prosperity nor on a long continuance of peace.

THE Persians have a saying that "ten mea-sures of talk were set down upon the earth and the we-man took nine."

THE LATE ALEXANDER BRYSON.

The deceased gentleman came to this country with his family in 1810 from the vicinity of Belfast, in Ireland. His father, soon after his arrival, started in business as a chandler. He died a few years subsequently, leaving four sons, of whom Alexander, the eldest, was then quite young. Through the care of the loving and active mother, the boys, having received a fair education, were respectably settled in life, the subject of these remarks entering a well known grocery establishment. In a few years he had made such progress as to be appointed manager of the extensive wholesale and retail firm of Mess.s. John Torrance & Co. Having remained there for a few years, his character and intelligence induced the house of Forsyth, Richardson & Co., to employ his services for their hardware department. To that branch of business he henceforth devoted his attention, ongaging in it on his own account a few years later, first as one of the firm of Ferrier & Co., and subsequently alone. Not finding the latter enterprise a success, he for some years did business as an auctioneer, until, on the death of Mr. Bell, he was appointed hardware appraiser for this city, a position which he continued to hold till his death. During the troubles of 1837 and 1838 Mr. Bryson did his duty to his country as a loyal man. He was a zealous member of the Unitarian congregation of this city from the time of its organization, and was entrusted again and again with important offices in the church. He had from his earliest youth distinguished himself as an advocate of the cause of temperance, and had the happiness, by his advice and example, of reclaiming not a few from the error of their ways. But neither in religion nor in anything else was he a bigot or given to obtrude his opinions on others, though none could be more faithful to the principles which he deemed right. In the old days when it was non-sectarian, he was a member of the St. Patrick's Society, and he was one of the framers of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, of which, we believe, he was Vice-President at the time of his death. His charity was well known, though few were aware of the extent of his benevolence. He was emphatically a philanthropist, and to witness distress was with him to relieve it, of whatever race, creed or color might be its victim. Better than any ribute which we could pay are the words of Rev. Dr. Cordner at the funeral of Mr. Bryson. 'He was an honest man—the noblest work of God. His post in the latter part of his career was a post of trust in the Government service, and how diligently and conscientiously he performed its duties even to the last hour I need say here, in the presence of those who knew him. At seventy years of age, and in seriously impaired health, he was surely justified in secking relief from incessant work by superanu-ation; but before such relief could be obtained, it has been his lot to fall in the harness and die. Let us hope that this will be taken into consideration in the proper quarter, and that the Government will show in some substantial way its appreciation of his faithful and conscientions services. It was said to me on the day of his death, by a merchant of this city—he might have been a richer man if he had been purchasable. But he was an unpurchasable man. In temper he was impulsive. In manners he was retiring. But throughout the whole of his bearing we could all see the uncompromising sincerity of his purpose. He had the courage of his convictions. He was incapable of dissimulation or compromise in the matter of honest thought. He was my ready helper in several departments of the work of this congregation, more especially in the distribution of its literature and in its benevolent work. His interest in the cause of temperance is known to all the community. To him I had recourse when any special and trying case of destruction by strong drink came under my notice, demanding my attention, and I always found him ready."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 251 Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 250.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-ceived of Problem No. 248. We answer your query n our Columu to-day.

We see it stated that at the Manhattan Chess Club in New York recently Captain Mackenzie gave an exhibition of his skill by playing simultaneously against twenty antagonists of very good standing. He succeeded in defeating fifteen of his opponents, four were so fortunate as to obtain draws, and one player, Mr. Junathan Ward, was enabled to secure a victory over his formidable adversary.

A notice appeared a few days ago in the Chicago Tri-bune of a Chess Tournament to be held at Auburn. New York, on the 17th inst. Thirty well-known players had signified their intention of being present and fifteen bad entered the lists as contestants

Our American cousins are rejoicing at the victory which Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., has achieved over Mr. Gossip, the English player, in the International Correspondence Tourney. We are also pleased to be able to congratulate the lady player on her proficiency in the Royal Game, especially as we feel sure that her skill in chess, which is of so marked a character, will lead ultimately to a larger number of the fair sex devoting their talents to the game than is the custom at the present time.

Chessplayers generally will be pleased to learn that one of their number, Mr. Murton, was contertained at a dinner a short time ago by the members of the City of London Chess Club, on the occasion of his completing

his 89th year.
This circumstance will help to prove the truth of the statement made by M. Delaunoy that the practice of chess as an amusement is conducive to longevity.

We are informed that the members of the Seaforth Chess Club are anxious to have another contest with the Toronto players, and that it is suggested that the fight should take place this time over the board at some locality which might be selected as equally central for both parties. This method, when it can be carried out, is much better than a telegraphic encounter.

Mr. Blackburne visited Glasgow last week, and on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., he gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the Working Men's Club, Trongate, nitaneous play at the Working Men's Club, Trongate. The proceedings opened with an address from Sheriff Spens, who eulogized the remarkable chess genius of Mr Blackburne, after which that gentleman opposed twenty-one selected players simultaneously. In the result, Mr. Blackburne won nineteen games, lost one to Mr Court, of the Working Men's Club, and drew one with Mr. Gourlay. On Friday he played ten games sans voir against some of the most skilful Glasgow players, winning eight games, losing one game, and drawing one.

Mr. Blackburne proceeded to Edinburgh on Monday Mr. Blackburne proceeded to Edinburgh on Monday last, and on that afternoon played eight games sans vor, bits opponents on the occasion being Drs. Capple and Smith, Messrs. Boase, Fraser, Meikle and Glong. After a contest extending over five hours, the champion won three games, lost one to Mr. Boase, and drew against Messrs. Fraser and Gloag.—The Illustrated London

Mr. D. F. Starbeck, in a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: "Captain Mackenzie hus received a letter from Mr. Blackburne, stating that if the first prize in the National Tournament can be made \$500, he, and perhaps Mason and Zukertort, will come over to compete for the honours of victory."—Hartford Times. Conn.

We are enabled on the authority of a private letter received from London to state definitely that Mr. J. B. Blackburne, the eminent blindfold player, is coming to this country shortly. The primary object of his visit is to give a series of exhibitions of his wonderful skill at playing chess without sight of board and men; but we are informed that, if the rules permit, he will enter the grand Tourney in January. The same authority states that Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Bird await the promulgation of the programme, being ready to come if all things therein are favourable —Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Extract from Minchin's Review in The Abademy ior November:—"It is, of course, the games of the great masters that are most worthy of record; and it will be a treat to all chessplayers if a match can take place between the two great opposites. Steinitz and Zukertort, and the games appear with their own annotations in the pages of the Chess Monthly. Chess has not stood still since Morphy flashed like a meteor on the chess world; and in this match, to which all chessplayers are looking forward, whoever might prove the victor, the games would be accepted by all as the highest example of living chess skill." Extract from Minchin's Review in The Abademy ior

PROBLEM No. 252.

By Thomas Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba.

BLACK. Å **2**

WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves

· GAME 379TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Played between Mephisto and an amateur. (Evans's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mephisto.)	BLACK (Amateur.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to B 4
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. Q to Kt 3	7. Q to K 2
· 8. Custles	8. P to Q 3
9. P takes P	9. B to Kt 3
10. P to K 5	10. P takes P
11. B to R 3	11. Q to B 3
12. P takes P	12. Q to Kt 3
13. Kt to Q B 3	13. K Kt to K 2
14. Kt to Q 5	14. Kt takes Kt
15. B takes Kt	15. B to Q 3
16. Kt o Kt 5	. 16. Kt to Q sq
17. Kt takes B P	17. B to B 3
18. Q to Kt 4	18. K to Q 2
19. Q to K 7 (ch)	19. K to B sq
20. Kt takes R	20. Q to IC eq
21. B takes B	21. Q takes B
22. QR to Q sq and wi	n8.
	<u> 25 - 27 </u> 12 12 12 23 24 25 26 26 26 26 26 26 26

GAME 380TH.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following game, played about a year ago, was the first of a series recently contested between two members of the Adelaide Chess Club at the odds of P and move:

(Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawu.) WIIITE.—(Mr. Elliott.) BLACK .- - (Mr. Charlick.) I. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 1. Ktt. QB 3 2. P to Q 4

A defence to which Bluck is very partial. His preference was shared by the English champion, the late Mr.

Howard Staunton. The eminent Victorian expert, Mr

A. Burns, also wields it with rare skill.

3. P to K 5
4. B to K 3
5. K t to K B 3
6. K t to R 3
6. P to E 3. B to B 4 4. P to K 3 5. Kt to Kt 5 6. P to B 4

A departure from the books. If P be taken at move or 8 Black continues with ${\bf Q}$ to R 4

7. P to B 3
8. Kt to B 2
9. P to Q Kt 3
10. B to Q 2
11. Kt to K 3
12. B to K 2
13. Castles
14. Kt to B 2 (weak)
15. P takes P
16. Kt to Kt 4 (bad)
17. P takes B
18. B to B 3 7. Kt to Q B 3 8. P to B 5 9. P to Q Kt 4 10. K Kt to K 2 12. Kt to B 4
13. B to K 2
14. Castles 15. Kt P takes P
16. B takes Kt
17. K Kt takes Q P
18. Kt takes B (oh)
19. B to R 4 18. B to B 3 19. Q takes Kt

Black can win the exchange by B to Q 6, but he i flying at higher game.

20. Q to K 3 20. R takes Kt

Leading to a brilliant and instructive termination. 21. Q to R 5 21. P takes R

Much better than P to Q 5 on account of the reply White 22, Q to K 4

22. P to B 4 White cannot escape. If K to R, Black wins by Q to R 6. If K to Kt 2, then follows R to K B. 22. P to Q 5

23. B takes P

A slip, overlooking that if White plays 24, Q takes Kt, Black posts B at K B 6, forcing mate. White's best play was as follows:

23. Q to K 4 24. K to R 25. Q takes Q 26. K to Kt

23. Q to Kt 5 (ch)
24. Q to B 6 (ch)
25. B takes Q (ch)
26. P takes B and wins 23. Kt takes B

White resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 250.

WHITE. B to K B 4 Q to Q 2
 Q or Kt mates acc.

1. P takes B

BLACK.

There are other defences

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 248 White. Black.

1. Q to K 7 2. B to K R 5 3. Q mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 249. BLACK. WHITE.

Kat QKt7 Qat Q7 Rat QR4 Bat QR5q Bat KKt4 Ktat KB5q Pawns at Q2, QB2,

Kat K 5 Bat K 4
Kt at Q Kt 5
Pawns at K B 5 and Q 5

and Q Kt 3 White to play and mate in two moves.



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Department of Railways and Canals, Cottawa, November 20th, 1879.



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WILLIAM WHITE,

Post Office Department, Canada, l Ottawa, 13th November, 1879.

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