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THE MONTREAL WHOLESALE NEWS

Vol. XIX.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

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"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE!"
THE DISCONSOLATE OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE ON HEARING OF THE REPEAL OF THE INSOLVENCY LAW.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain, as promised, the second series of GUELPH VIEWS.

including the portraits of the present Mayor, the ex-Mayor, and the City Clerk and Treasurer. Also, a portrait of the Rt. Rev. ARTHUR SWEATMAN, M.A., the newly consecrated BISHOP OF TORONTO.

We shall have also several sketches of the GREAT FIRE at St. Jean Baptiste Village, with the last of the

BROCKVILLE VIEWS.

Now is the time to subscribe.

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

As observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Table with columns: Max., Min., Mean, corresponding week, 1878. Rows for days of the week.

Beautiful bright weather during the week. Steamers plying regularly between Montreal and Quebec. The Allan steamer "Circassian" first arrival from sea. Lachine canal opened.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 10, 1879.

OUR FISHERIES.

It was only a couple of weeks ago that we had occasion to refer to the necessity of preserving our forests in view of the ruthless destruction of timber which is everywhere going on. This week we may mention something analogous in connection with another source of our national wealth—the fisheries.

fisheries till several American vessels were seized, when another convention was held, and a treaty signed in 1818, by which England was once more foolish enough to give the Americans the right of fishing along the greater part of the coast of Nova Scotia, and besides, gave them the right of fishing at the Magdalen Islands and coast of Labrador.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

We have had frequent occasion to inform our readers of the progress of the memorial intended to be erected at Stratford-upon-Avon, to the immortal memory of William Shakespeare.

ternal fittings of the theatre are not yet all finished, the inauguration was held on the 23rd of April. The building, which is capable of holding about 800 persons, was completely filled by an audience, among whom the ladies contributed at least one-half of the number.

AMUSEMENTS.

Montreal is always indebted to Mr. DE ZOUCHE for hearing the best musical and vocal talent which appears on this continent. On Friday and Saturday of this week, the Swedish Lady Vocal Quartette Company, accompanied by the Blaisdell String Quartette will give their farewell concerts at the Mechanics' Hall.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

OTTAWA, May 2.—It is at least a curiosity to notice how the rumours in the Letellier matter spread. Every body almost immediately knew that important telegrams had been received by the Government by cable on Saturday last.

isted; and the political decapitation of His Honour is sure to come. Col. Littleton, the able and judicious Secretary of Lord Dufferin, and for a while holding the same position with his successor, but now in England, has apparently become exercised over the controversy, and has written a letter to the Times to explain and defend the position which the Governor-General has assumed.

aversion, and they will not be sorry that its consideration has been postponed by Mr. Tilley until another session. The object of proposing it now was undoubtedly to give time for consideration.

Mr. Mackenzie has asked for the production of that despatch of the Marquis of Lorne, referred to in the cable despatch from England, as explaining the National Policy to the Imperial Government. This does not seem to be an unfair request, for the reason that that despatch must have been advised by the Ministers, and they are, therefore, responsible to Parliament for it. It appears from the news telegram that the ground taken is that a protective policy is necessary to prevent our manufactures being swamped by those from the United States; and this is really the strong point of the policy. I notice, too, that Mr. Tilley has taken the ground that the Tariff will not, on the whole, decrease, but, on the contrary, increase the trade with England; and this fact is apparent to any one who studies the figures, some special lines excepted.

Dr. Bergin introduced a bill to regulate the labour of children in factories. Experience has proved that some sort of legislation of this kind is necessary in populations where there are large factories. But the Government should undertake such legislation, and perhaps they will. But it is too late this session.

The bill for the separation of Mrs. Campbell from her husband, not the divorce, for the reason of cruelty and desertion, has been passed through the Senate, under the able advocacy of Mr. W. McDougall, and will probably pass through the House, where it has been introduced. The Courts of Ontario cannot offer the same relief as those of Quebec in cases of application for separation from bed and board.

On the vote for the Geological Survey and Museum, it was represented by several of the members that the Museum ought to be removed from Montreal to Ottawa. Probably the ultimate result will be to have the specimens divided, and part kept in Montreal, part in Ottawa.

In the Banking Committee Mr. Donl's bill relative to the protesting of Inland Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes in Nova Scotia, was reported, as respects notes of not less amount than \$50. The fee for protest to be 75 cents.

The petition against Mercantile Agencies has been printed and circulated amongst members. There is evidently a good deal of feeling in this matter, and somebody is very active against the agencies.

The preamble of Mr. Domville's Bank Clerks Holiday Bill was adopted in the Banking Committee on a vote of 27 to 13.

The 9th and 15th of May are spoken of as the days for closing the session; and from present appearances one of those days may see the end. The House is sitting as I write on Saturday, and the Senate Fathers have a great deal to do.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GUELPH'S VIEWS.—In connection with these sketches will be found, in a separate column, an interesting account of the Royal City from the pen of Mr. C. Acton Burrows, late editor of the Guelph Herald.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION.—In connection with this interesting event we publish to-day two more original sketches of scenes on the Montreal quays. Also, a little sketch on the last page representing the small boy's method of enjoying the opening of the waters.

"ANTI-SECESSH."—Our little sketch is meant to illustrate the above words of Sir John Macdonald, when Mr. Mackenzie asked him the other day what he would do, as member for Victoria, if the threatened secession of British Columbia was proposed in earnest.

VIEW AT QUEBEC.—This is another of those picturesque bits of Quebec City quaint scenery, of which our special artist has prepared a number, and the first of which appeared a fortnight ago. They deserve to be kept not only for their artistic, but for their antiquarian value also.

THE KING-FISHER.—Two weeks ago we produced two magnificent art pictures descriptive of the sparrows. To-day we supplement these by two more on the king-fisher from the same pencil—that of the unrivalled Giacomelli. We have the French verses of André Theuriot, one of the sweetest of French poets, just as they are, commending them for their beauty to those of our readers who know French. We tried to translate them, but found it impossible to do justice to the *concetti* which they contain.

THE OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE.—The cartoon on the first page is an illustration of the state in which the numerous Official Assignees of the Province find themselves on the repeal of the Insolvency Laws. That bill, prepared by Mr. Bechard, the member for Iberville, strips them at once of their occupation, and indeed, even if Mr. Colby's bill had passed, they would not have been much better off, inasmuch as one of the clauses of that bill made away with Official Assignees. The situation is made the more ludicrous from the fact that the Government had appointed a large number of Assignees.

ADELINA PATTI is said to be worth \$2,000,000—all made by issuing her own notes.

OLD CANADIAN FAMILIES.

THE late Mrs. Rodier was wife of the late Hon. C. S. Rodier, member of the Legislative Council, and ex-Mayor of Montreal, whose life and portrait appeared in our number of 24th Feby., 1876. Born at Laprairie, and bearing the French name Lacroix, she was of German origin. Her father, Paul Lacroix, was grandson of an Alsatian officer, who fought under Louis XV., doing honor to the cry for Maria Thérèse: *Mariamur pro rege nostro*. Of a titled family, Von Kreutz, he was unable to live up to the dignity of his title, nor entertain those of his rank as his cordial urbanity suggested, and so he sent his eldest son with a changed name, Lacroix, instead of de LaCroix, moderate means and a father's heartfelt blessing, to seek his fortune in the colonies, or New France, his last words being: "Be honorable and true, my son, to the name that shall bear no title now but what it claims on your honor." With promises of being ever faithful to his king Paul Lacroix started for Quebec. Born in Strasbourg and speaking both French and German, he soon learnt the Indian language. He was "Grand Voyé" and Government interpreter in the fur and other tradings with the Indians, gaining by his integrity the equal confidence of both.

To his great surprise, among other articles of traffic, was one day brought him, amid shouts of rejoicing, a beautiful American girl, some twenty-two years of age, who had been taken by the Indians "Comme otage." They had cared for her in their own rough way, and carried her many hundred miles. Though worn with fatigue from her many hardships, he was struck by her singular grace and beauty. The Indians had looked upon her as a great prize, and placed a large price upon her. This he readily paid, and now becoming, for the first time, an interpreter of his own heart, a language well understood by the grateful American, they were betrothed the same day, and shortly after married in Quebec. This, his first wife, was not spared him long. She had been through an ordeal too trying to her delicate constitution, and the climate proving also too severe, she died a few years later without issue.

His second marriage was also in Quebec to a Miss Louïère, of Parisian family, who bore him seven children. He lived to 85 years of age; of his children, Marie Louise Lacroix, the late Mrs. Rodier, was the sixth child, who died at the age of 84. Two of her sisters saw their golden wedding in the cloister of L'Hotel Dieu; the one died at 86, after 57 years of profession, and the other, the last of her family, is 83, and over 60 years in the cloister.

With patriotic pride and paternal fondness, Mrs. Rodier related of the time when she and her sisters played with their father's old coat and hat, riddled with bullets on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, under Montcalm, when yet a mere boy, and they cried for their brothers who had gone to the fight. Of their brothers, Pierre-Paul fought at Chateauguay in 1813 under the hero, Col. de Salaberry, whose niece Lacroix afterwards married. Gabriel was captain, and fought in 1812, when the Americans were repulsed at Lacolle. Thus the martial spirit followed from father to son. Mrs. Rodier was lady-Mayoress for five years, and as such shared her husband's honors at the reception of our future king. She was to open the great ball given to His Royal Highness, but could not attend, and gave her place to her eldest daughter, Mrs. Frank Brown. A fond mother and faithful wife, she was kind and courteous to all. She was married in 1825 and had six children. Two alone are living. A victim to social courtesy, she grieved to her dying day the loss of her boy Charles, whom she had taken with her when she and her husband escorted the Prince of Wales to New York in 1860. Catching a malarial fever he died during the trip.

A very interesting conversationalist, she told a story with remarkable *finesse* and *narrated*. Her plainities spirituelles, her cordial urbanity and genial spirit made for her many warm friends, who are left to mourn her loss.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A SORT of official confirmation that he has gone over has been made by Lord Derby, though the fact is a year old. In acknowledging the receipt of the report of the Lancashire Union of Conservative Associations, Lord Derby has written to express his regret that, under existing political circumstances, he can no longer act as a member of that body, and has accordingly withdrawn from it.

ALFRED TENNYSON is reported to have written, in 1852, "I am for free trade in the book-selling question as in other things." A London critic asks, whether free trade has had anything to do with the frequency with which, from time to time, the Laureate has changed his publishers? Between 1830 and 1879, he has had a round dozen of publishers. He is very sharp in his dealings with "the trade."

MR. TAYLOR, an architect by profession, has invented a species of furniture, which will become very popular. He calls it "Chair Furniture," and the idea is to combine as many articles of furniture as possible in one. Thus the chairs and tables are like Japanese puzzles. The turning of a handle or the adjustment of a spring

* Both of *Opinion Publique* and CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

transforms them into beds or ottomans or sideboards. They are really very ingenious, and may be useful to some people.

THERE is a custom in the marriage of the Royal Family which is not generally known. Each of our princes on his marriage adopts a facsimile of his bride's wedding ring, and he wears it on the fourth finger of the left hand—the marriage finger. Thus the Duke of Connaught had made a plain gold hoop of twenty-two carats, with the name "Marguerite" engraved on the inner side; his Duchess's marriage-ring being exactly similar, with the name "Arthur" on the inside.

THE party managers of the Liberals are stated to have made a calculation showing that a general election would probably give them a majority of fifteen. This calculation was made prior to the introduction of the Budget, and it is considered that the effect of subsequent events would be likely to increase the majority. The Conservative managers naturally take a more favorable view of Conservatism, and are certain that the constituencies would give them a majority, although it might be a decreased one.

SOME new and remarkable photographs of Lord Beaconsfield have just got into one or two windows. They are strikingly life-like, and represent the Premier as he is at the present time, which none of the usual photographs do. The features with which the public are familiar are those of the Premier as he was some ten years ago, for since that time he has never until lately had himself re-taken. Probably if he had been left to himself, Lord Beaconsfield would not have given a sitting even now, for these photographs bear the superscription that they have been taken at Osborne, "by command of Her Majesty."

COMMUNICATIONS of a very cordial character passed between Lord Beaconsfield and the Czar on the occasion of the recent attempt on His Majesty's life. The Prime Minister telegraphed through Prince Gortschakoff his congratulations to the Czar. His Majesty replied directly thanking Lord Beaconsfield for his friendly message, and expressing his belief that the preservation of a condition of good feeling between Russia and England was essential to the best interests of Europe. For the maintenance of that good feeling the Czar counted upon Lord Beaconsfield.

It will interest the Prince of Wales, at least, to learn from the *Carnarvon Herald* that there does not appear any doubt that the Stuarts were a Welsh family, the true story being that Ffence, the son of Banquo, having fled to North Wales for safety, was kindly entertained by Prince Gryffydd ab Llewelyd ab Sitsyllt. Ffence was put to death for a breach of morals and bad return for hospitality, but his illegitimate son by Nest, the daughter of Prince Gryffydd, having been upbraided with his illegitimate birth by a companion, slew him, and then fled to Scotland, where in time he became Lord Stewart of that kingdom, and all his descendants after him took the name of Stuart. Nest was afterwards married to Trahaern ab Caradoc, Prince of North Wales.

LADY COTTIS LINDSAY has kindled in the hearts of a number of her friends and acquaintances the desire to provide some other recreation for the "people" than is to be met with in "penny galls" and low public houses. Almost simultaneously in half a dozen of the poorer quarters of London, concerts of good music performed by competent amateurs and lightened by good singing have been started. The result so far has been decidedly successful. The rooms have been filled with quiet, orderly audiences, who by their attention showed they were quite willing to profit by good music and elevating talk if such things were placed in their way. In some instances a small entrance fee—a penny or twopence—has been charged, but in most cases the admission is free. Tea and coffee at the cost of the visitors are provided, and everything is done to make the atmosphere one rather of ease without license than of constraint. The intervals between the pieces, recitation or reading being mixed with vocal and instrumental music, are long enough to permit of conversation and discussion. In fact, the aim of Lady Lindsay's object has been to establish aesthetic music halls, without either pipes or priggishness.

DR. SALVIATI, the celebrated restorer of the ancient Venetian glass manufacture, was summoned by the Queen from Venice to Bavaria. He brought with him a very remarkable collection of specimens of his beautiful productions, from which Her Majesty selected a large number of pieces. Dr. Salviati expressed his surprise at the artistic discernment with which the Queen selected all the pieces most remarkable for elegance and beauty of form or antiquarian interest. One very fine tazza, enamelled with the representation of a boar hunt, was sent the same week to the Prince of Wales. An extremely interesting cup, now belonging to Her Majesty, consists of a combination of the vitro Cristiano, found in the Roman catacombs, with the vitro murrino, famous among antiquaries, which, till recently rediscovered by Dr. Salviati, has been unknown since the fourth century. The cup Her Majesty has bought is the first specimen in which this combination has been achieved. Dr. Salviati obtained permission to present to the

Princess Beatrice, on her birthday, a very magnificent beaker of mediæval form, and which was made in twenty-four hours expressly for that purpose, with a "B" in open work in the centre of the stem.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.—Was there ever a case of a man going straight from the gallery of the House of Commons to its floor? Men who have been reporters have first distinguished themselves in other fields and then become members of the representative assembly. Mr. John Dunbar was once on a time in the gallery, and after a time spent in India, where he made a name, he returned to his native country, and New Ross chose him to represent it rather than a local colonel, who has now succeeded him. But Mr. Justin McCarthy has for years spent all his evenings in the Press gallery. There he has written his nightly leader for the *Daily News* to issue next morning. There he sat at times when he occupied the editorial chair of the *Star*. And he steps from that high perch to take his place as representative for Longford. Mr. McCarthy is not only an able man, but a versatile man. He is a novelist. He is an historian—his history of the present century, which is in all men's hands, is the best account of recent times that has been penned, and is as engaging as a novel. Personally he is a man of wonderful charm of manner, quiet, reserved, humorous.

A HORSE TRADE IN COLORADO.—An honest miner sat in a contemplative mood before the door of a saloon in one of the crowded thoroughfares of Denver. He had "taken sugar in his n" several times, and now cast a wistful look at intervals towards unsuspected regions in the foothills where he hoped to strike a tellurium lead, now that "the placer diggings was played out." Slowly down the street came a solitary horseman, ill-mounted, poorly clad, meagrely equipped, and stopped in front of the saloon.

"Stranger," said he, "I want to sell yer a horse."

"Stranger," was the reply, "I don't want him."

"Stranger," rejoined the wayfarer, "yer reely must buy him. You never see a better horse for the price."

"What is the price, stranger?" asked the contemplative man.

"A hundred and fifty dollars and dirt cheap at that."

The inquirer meditated for a few moments and then blandly remarked—

"Stranger, I'll give yer five."

The equestrian dismounted, saying with earnestness, "Stranger, I won't allow a hundred and forty-five dollars to stand between you and me and the trade. The horse is yours."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IT is said that Nilsson and her husband are about to separate.

HERR THEODOR WACHTEL is expected in Vienna, where he intends taking up his permanent abode.

RUMOR has it that a number of gentlemen are eager and anxious to become Mr. Clara Louise Kellogg.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN is promised us for October next, when he himself, promises a new opera all to Americans.

THE veteran Henry Russell, composer of the music to Morris' song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," recently appeared on the London stage at a benefit.

THE English opera in London is crowded nightly by the leaders of the fashionable world, and the papers predict that Mr. Rosa will succeed in making English opera a permanent institution in the English metropolis.

IN Paris an effort is shortly to be made to naturalize a negro minstrel troupe who will sing American songs. It may take, and in that case it would be a great success, for the Parisians are exceedingly fond of the grotesque.

MISS EMMA THURSBY made her first appearance in Paris lately at the Châtelet, where she made a brilliant success. The Parisian musical critics appear to be astounded at the sweetness, flexibility, and brilliancy of her vocalization, and are unanimous in their praise and admiration.

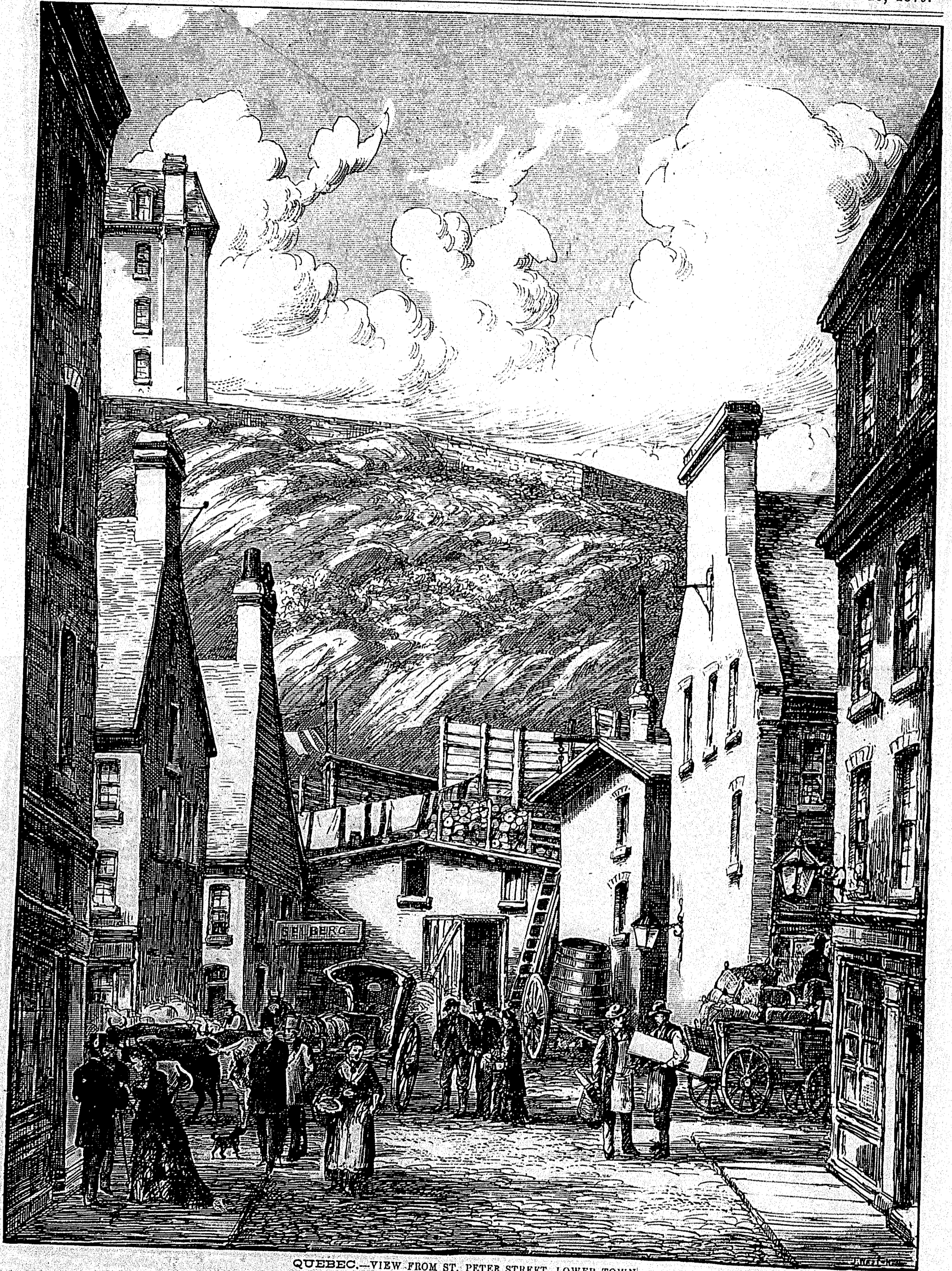
AT a performance in Chicago recently, when Den Thompson, the actor, appeared as *Joshua Whitcomb* his father, then on his way to Swasee, N. H., for the first time saw his son in the celebrated character, and his enjoyment of the take-off of himself and fellow-townsmen is described as immense.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD appeared at the Boston Theatre recently as *Jane Shore*—thus making her first theatrical appearance in Boston. The occasion was brilliant and interesting, and the effort of this excellent actress was recognized as triumphantly successful.

THE new opera which Mr. Arthur Sullivan is writing in collaboration with Mr. Cellier, for the London Alhambra, is in four acts, and is founded on Hans Christian Andersen's tale, "The Little Mermaid." The author is Mr. Desprez, and the action of the first act is entirely in pantomime, taking place at the bottom of the sea.

HERR WAGNER, it is reported, is now endeavoring to collect all the manuscripts of his literary and musical works, most of which have been scattered in various directions. He is still seeking to find out what has become of, among other productions, the manuscript of an opera libretto he wrote for his friend Reissiger, the composer, since dead.

IN Boston the Rev. M. J. Savage delivered a sermon recently in regard to the theatre and the church, and closed an enlightened argument with the following: "I would rather my child would learn religion and think of Shakespeare than to drink in the ignorance, the superstitions, the sentimentalisms, the horrible dogmas, the improprieties, and theological nonsense that are dripping and filtering down from the marshes and swamps of the middle ages, which the healthy sun of this age would have dried up if they had not been covered up by the ignorant adherents of the beliefs of those days. The church that proposes to reform the theatre must clean its own skirts."



QUEBEC.—VIEW FROM ST. PETER STREET, LOWER TOWN.

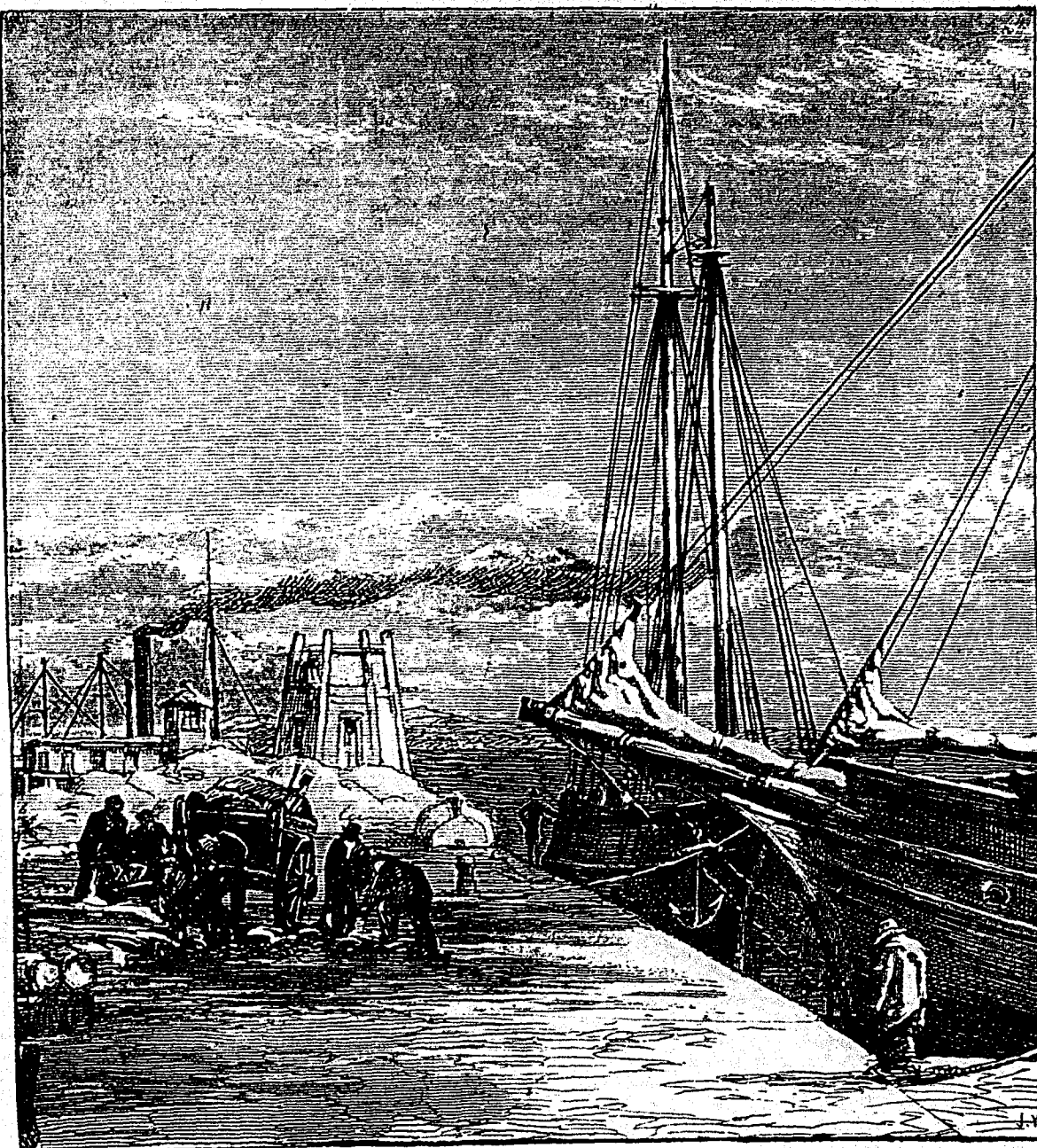
FORT ROUILLE.

A huge, granite boulder, originally a portion of the fort itself, is set upon a cairn, and contains the following inscription, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Scadding:—

THIS CAIRN marks the exact site of FORT ROUILLE, commonly known as FORT TORONTO, an Indian trading post and stockade, Established A.D. 1749. By order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendation of The Count de La Galissoniere, Administrator of New France, 1747-1749.

Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A. D. 1878.

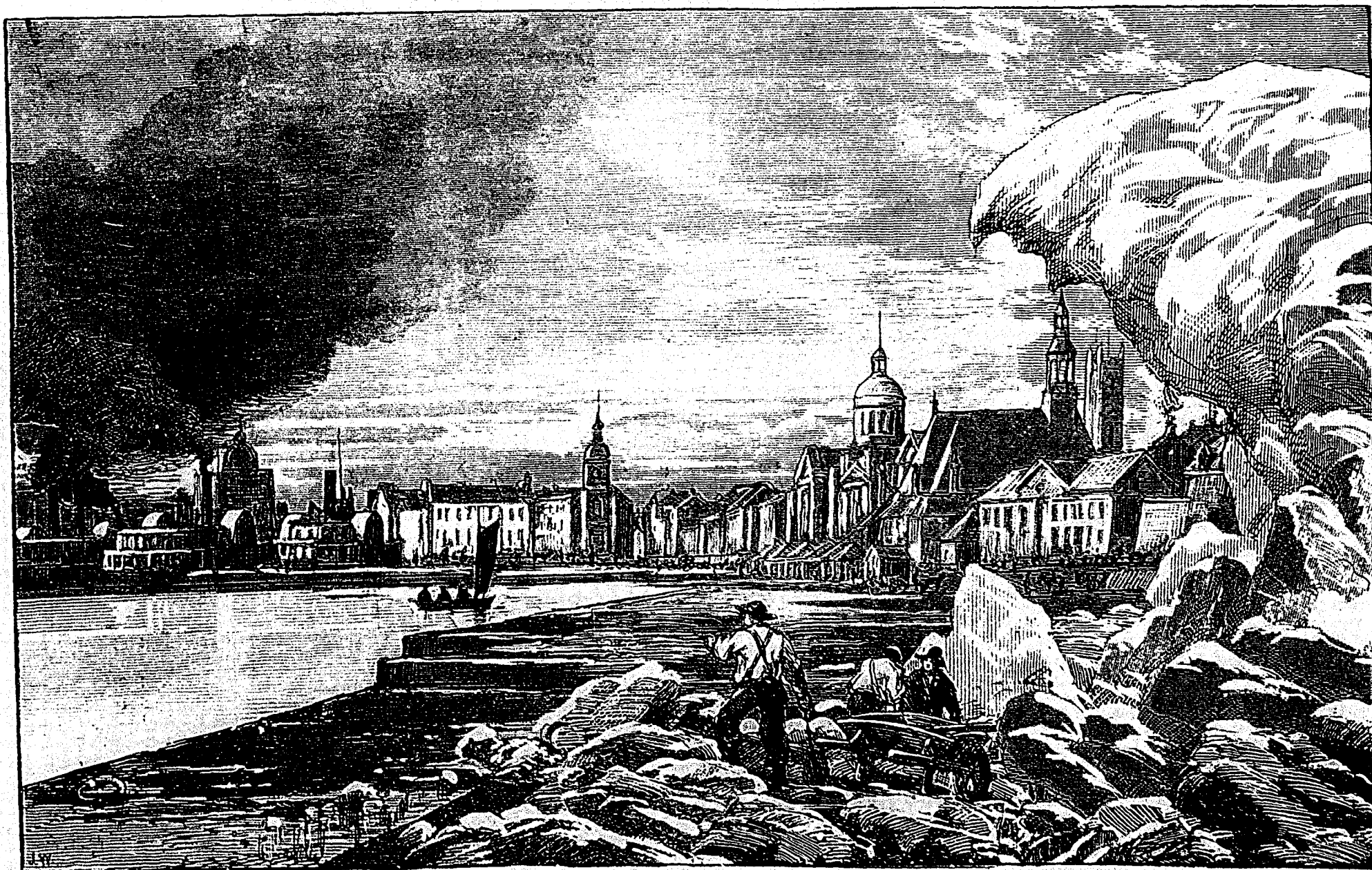
Although the inscription speaks for itself, it may be interesting here to state briefly the circumstances which led to the establishment of the fort by the French. Previous to 1749 Forts Frontenac and Niagara were the only posts to guard the interior of Western Canada from the incursions of the Iroquois of New York State, who had always been a source of great annoyance to the inhabitants of Canada. It was customary for the shrewd English Colonists of New York to despatch bands of Iroquois to Canada to traffic with the native Indians for furs, and they generally returned from these expeditions with a moderate supply of furs and a very liberal supply of scalps. The two existing forts proved insufficient to shut out the traders and marauders, who made their way into the North-West by the route of the Humber River. The agitation for a protecting fort at that point had been renewed again and again, but nothing was done. By the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the establishment of a French trading post there had become a necessity in consequence of the rising importance of the post established by the English at Choueguen, now called Oswego,



MONTREAL.—ISLAND WHARF. PUTTING UP THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

where some of the Canadian Indians had become accustomed to take their peltries, instead of to Frontenac or Niagara. In the year 1749, therefore, a trading post, fortified by a stockade, was built on the eastern head of the inlet now known as Humber Bay. Its official designation was Fort Rouille, after a French Colonial Minister of that name, but this title seems to have been employed in official documents only. In common parlance, it was known as Fort Toronto, from the "place of meeting" of the Huron tribe. The establishment of this fort gave an impetus to trade; but in 1759 French domination in Canada practically came to an end, and almost immediately afterwards Fort Toronto ceased to be maintained as a trading post. It was demolished and deserted by its former occupants, and never again renewed. The shore has receded considerably since the days of French occupation, and part of the foundations have been undermined by the waves and washed away, but enough remain to mark the spot. By descending to the water's edge and looking up at the bank, the visitor will have no difficulty in perceiving such remains as time and the encroachments of the lake have left undisturbed.

It is said of the late Asa Otis, of New London, who left nearly \$1,000,000 to the cause of foreign missions, that probably no man in the United States spent less money for personal adornment than he. He was never shabby or untidy in appearance, but he clung with a love surpassing that of woman to a linen suit of scant measure in the summer time, and a suit of pre-historic pattern clothed him in the winter season. He kept no horses, and did his marketing himself, carrying home his purchases in a large willow basket.



MONTREAL.—LONG WHARF. CLEARING AWAY OF THE ICE.

AT POZZUOLI.

At Pozzuoli, on the Italian coast. A ruined temple stands. The thin waves flow Upon its marble pavement; and in row Three columns, last of a majestic host Which once had heard the haughty Roman's boast. Rise in the mellow air. Long years ago The unstable floor sank down. Now from below The shining flood of sapphire—like the ghost Of youth's bright aspirations and high hopes, More real than castles in the air, and laid On some foundation, though of sand that slopes Seaward to lift again—it comes arrayed In olive seaweed; but a raven mopes Upon its topmost stone, and casts a shade.

Fredericton, N.B. CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

THE HURONS OF LORETTE.

By J. M. LEMOINE.

Of the powerful tribes of the aborigines, who in the remote period of Champlain, infested the forests, lakes and streams of Canada, none by their prowess in war, wisdom in council, industry, intelligence and lofty bearing, surpassed the Wendats, or Hurons. They numbered 15,000 souls, according to the historian Ferland, 40,000 according to Bouchette, and chiefly inhabited the country bordering on Lake Huron; they might, says Sagard, have been styled the "nobles" among savages in contradistinction to that other powerful confederacy, more democratic in their ways, also speaking the Huron language, and known as the Five Nations (Mohawks, Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas), styled by the French the Iroquois, or Hiraquois, from the habit of their orators of closing their orations with the word "Hiro," I have said.

It would take us beyond the limits of this sketch to recapitulate the series of massacres which reduced these noble savages, the Hurons, from their high estate to that of a dispersed, nomadic tribe, and placed the Iroquois, or Mohawks, in the ascendant.

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-9, at their residences, or missions, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, the first mission being founded in 1615 by the Friar LeCaron, accompanied by twelve soldiers sent by Champlain in advance of his own party. The Jesuit missions were first attacked by the Iroquois in March, 1648; Ste. Marie, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Jean, successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Brebeuf and Lalumiere have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. A party sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekanotou. Others succeeded in obtaining protection on the south shore of Lake Erie, from the Erie tribe, only to share, later on, the dire fate of the nation who had dared to incorporate them in their sparse ranks.

Father P. Ragueneau (the first writer, by the way, who makes mention of Niagara Falls—Relations de 1648,) escorted three hundred of these terror-stricken people to Quebec in 1650, and lodged them temporarily in the stronghold of French power, where they met a party of Hurons, who in 1649, on hearing of the massacre of their western brethren, had asked to winter at Quebec. For ten years past a group of Algonquin, Montagnais and Hurons, amidst incessant alarms, had been located in the picturesque parish of Sillery; they, too, were in quest of a more secure asylum. Negotiations were soon entered into between them and their persecuted friends of the West; a plan was put forth to combine. On the 29th March, 1651, the Sillery Indians, many of whom were Hurons, sought a shelter, but not a very secure one, in a fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eleonore de Grandmaison, purchased for them at L'Anse du Fort, in the Island of Orleans, on the south side of the point opposite to Quebec. Even under the guns of the picket Fort of Orleans, which had changed its name to Ile Ste. Marie, in remembrance of their former residency, the tomahawk and scalping knife reached them; 71 of their number were carried away captives by the ferocious Iroquois, and on the 4th June, 1656, they had to fly before their merciless tormentors. The big guns of Fort St. Louis, which then stood at the north western extremity of the spot on which the Dufferin Terrace has lately been erected, seemed to the Hurons a more effectual protection than the howitzers of Anse du Fort, so they begged from Governor Daillaboult for leave to nestle under them in 1658. This was granted. When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees bade adieu to city life and to city dust. Two years later we find them ensconced at Beauport, where others had squatted on land belonging to the Jesuits; they stopped there one year only, and suddenly left in 1667 to pitch their wigwams for four years at Cote St. Michel, four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre Dame de Foye, now called Ste. Foye. On the 29th December, 1673, restless and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest seek the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields of Ancienne Lorette.

The French named the Wendats, Hurons, from their style of wearing their hair—erect and thrown back, giving their head, says the historian Ferland, the appearance of a bear's head. "une hure de sanglier."

The Dutch called them Maquas, which subsequently was corrupted to Mohawks.

This parish was called after the celebrated Church of Santa Casa, of Loretto, in Italy. Their missionary, Father Chaussonot, had arranged their huts round the Church, which he had erected in imitation of the Loretto Chapel in Italy.—(Pere Martin.)

Here they dwelled nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the past still fresh on their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of more abundant game, they pack up their household gods, and finally in 1697 they go and settle on the elevated plateau, close to the foaming rapids of St. Ambroise, now known as Indian, or Jeune, Lorette.

"This here we shall now find them, 336 souls all told,* living in comparative ease, exemplary Christians, but fast decaying Hurons.

"The Hurons," says Ahatsistari, "are divided into four families: that of the Deer; of the Tortoise; of the Bear; of the Wolf. The children hail from the maternal side. Thus, the great Chief Francois Xavier Picard—Tahourenché—is a Deer, and his son Paul is a Tortoise, because (Her Highness) Madame Tahourenché is a Tortoise; a lithe, handsome, amiable woman for all that.

Each family has its chief, or war captain; he is elected by choice. The four war captains choose two council chiefs; the six united select a grand chief, either from among themselves or from among the honorary chiefs, if they think proper.

The Lorette Chapel dates back, as well as the Old Mill, to 1731. (In 1862 the Chapel suffered much by fire.) The tribe occupies land reserved by Government, under the regulations of the Indian Bureau of Ottawa. Of "free and independent electors" none here exist, the little Lorette world goes on smoothly without them.

No Huron on the reserve can vote. No white man is allowed to settle within the sacred precincts of the Huron kingdom, composed, 1st, of the lofty Plateau of the village of Indian Lorette, which the tribe occupy. 2nd. Of the forty square (40 x 40) acres, about a mile and a half to the north-west of the village. 3rd. Of the Rocmont settlement, in the adjoining County of Portneuf, in the very heart of the Laurentine Mountains, ceded to the Hurons by Government, as a compensation for the Seigniorship of St. Gabriel, of which Government took possession, and to which the Hurons set up a claim.

In all that which pertains to the occupation, the possession and the administration of these fragments of its ancient extensive territory, the usages and customs of the tribe have force of law. The village is governed by a Council of Sachems; in cases of misunderstandings an appeal lies to the Ottawa Bureau, under the control of the Minister of the Interior (Downing street wisely abstaining to interfere except on very urgent occasions). Lands descend by right of inheritance; the Huron Council alone being authorized to issue location tickets; none are granted but to Huron boys, strangers being excluded. Of course, these disabilities affect the denizens of the reserve only; a Huron (and there are some, Tahourenché, Vincent and others) owning lands in his own right elsewhere, and paying taxes and tithes, enjoys the rights and immunities of any other British subject.

From the date of the Lorette Indian settlement in 1697, down to the year of the capitulation of Quebec—1759—the annals of the tribe afford but few stirring incidents: an annual bear, beaver, or caribou hunt; the return of a war party, with its scalps—English, probably—as the tribe had a wholesome horror of the Iroquois; an occasional pau-woie as to how many youths could be spared to assist their trusted and brave allies, the French of Quebec, against the heretical soldiers of Old or New England.

We are in possession of no facts to show that these Christianised Hurons differed much from other Christianised Indians; church services, war councils, feasting, smoking, dancing, scalping and hunting, filling in agreeably the daily routine of their existence. Civilization, as understood by Christianised or by Pagan savages, has never inspired us with unqualified admiration. The various siege narratives we have perused, whilst they bring in the Indian allies, at the close of the battle, to "finish off" the wounded at Montmorency, in July, 1759; at the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759; at Ste. Foye, in April, 1760, generally mention the Abenakis for this charming office. The terror, nay, the horror, which the use of the tomahawk and scalping knife inspired to the British soldiery, was often greater than their fear of the French sabres and French muskets.

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less of campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with very remunerative contracts each fall for thousands of pairs of snow-shoes, caribou moccasins and mittens for the English regiments tenanted the citadel of Quebec, whose wealthy officers every winter scoured the Laurentine range, north of the city, in quest of deer and caribou, under the experienced guidance of Gros Louis, Sioui, Vincent, and other famous Huron Nimrods.

The chronicles of the settlement proclaim the valour and wisdom of some of their early chiefs; conspicuous appears the renowned Ahatsistari I, surnamed the Huron Saul; death closed his

* A census of the settlement taken on 19th January, 1879, exhibits the population as composed of 336 souls, divided as follows:—Adult Males, 94; Adult Females, 137; Boys, 49; Girls, 56. Total, 336. 143 males to 193 females; bachelors must have been at a premium in the settlement. We understand that a complete history of the tribe is now in course of preparation by the Revd. Prosper Vincent, a son of Chief Vincent.

An excellent sketch in French has been published of Tahourenché and his tribe, in the Opinion Publique, under the nom de plume of Ahatsistari, which we think ourselves warranted in crediting to the elegant pen of A. N. Montpetit, one of their honorary Chiefs.

career, on the verdant banks of Lake Huron, in 1642.

At the departure of the French a new allegiance was forced on the sons of the forest; St. George and his dragon for them took the place of St. Louis and his lilies. The Deer, the Bear, the Tortoise and the Wolf, however, have managed to get on well with the Dragon. In 1776, Lorette sent its contingent of painted and plumed warriors to fight General Burgoyne's inglorious campaigns. The services rendered to England by her swarthy allies in the war of 1812 were marked; each succeeding year a distribution of presents took place from the Quebec Commissariat and Indian Department. Proudly did the Hurons, as well as the Abenakis, Montagnais, Micmac and Malicite Indians bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloths and hunting-knives awarded them by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at midsummer, the Indian canoes, with their living freight of hunters, their copper-coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, rushed from Labrador, Gaspé, Restigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a point of land at Lévi, hence called Indian Cove, the city itself being closed to the grim monarchs of the woods, reputed ugly customers when in their cups. A special envoy, however, was sent to the Lorette Indians on similar occasions. The Indians settled on Canadian soil were distinguished for their loyalty to England, who has ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

What with war medals, clothing, ammunition, fertile lands specially reserved at Lorette, on the Restigouche, at Nouvelle, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, &c., the "untutored savage, shielded by a beneficent legislation, watched over by zealous missionaries, was at times an object of envy to his white brethren; age or infirmity, and not war, tore him away from this vale of sorrow," to join the Indian "majority" in those happy hunting grounds promised to him by his Sachems.

The sons of the forest were ever ready to parade their paint, feathers, and tomahawk, at the arrival of every new Governor at Quebec, and to assure Ononahio* of their undying attachment and unswerving loyalty to their great father or august mother "who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake." These traditions have descended even to the time when Ononahio was merely a Lieutenant-Governor under Confederation. When it was fashionable to honour French Canadian Lieutenant-Governors, we recollect meeting, in plumes and paint, on the classic heights of Sillery, on the 31st March, 1873, a stately deputation, composed of twenty-three Hurons from Lorette, returning from Clermont, the country seat of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, where they had danced the war-dance for the ladies, and harangued, as follows, the respected Laird of Clermont, just appointed Lieut.-Governor:—

ONONAHIO:— Aisten tiotih nonsa** tisohon dekha hiatsous-tati disonasendis daskemion tosonantai demonsa ation datotosantais tesanonrouhSa nioude, aouSa desonasaendio desadesakatade; aseti desanonroukSanion datitosanens chia ta skenvaliethe kiolaontouision tothi chia hia aseti dechiena totinahoutati desten de sendite ataki atichia aseti alatonthara deskemion ichionthe desten tioteti aisten orachichia.

Rev. Prosper Sasatonen. The Memory Man. (Rev. Mr. Vincent, a chief's son, then Vicar at Sillery.)

Paul Taourenche, 1st Chief. The Dawn of Day.

Maurice Agnotin, 2nd Chief. The Bear.

Francis Atsonharahas. The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard Ondariatete. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe Theonsatata. He stands upright.

Joseph Gonzaque Odilonsahawain. He who does not forget.

Paul Jr. Theianoutake. The Sentry.

A. N. Montpetit Ahatsistari. The Great Warrior, and others; in all, 23 warriors.

[TRANSLATION.]

The chiefs, the warriors, the women and children of our tribe greet you. The man of the woods also likes to render homage to merit; he loves to see in his chiefs these precious qualities which constitute the statesman—all these gifts of the Great Spirit: wisdom in council, prudence in execution, and that sagacity we exact in the captains of our nation; you possess them all in an eminent degree.

We warmly applaud your appointment to the exalted post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and feel happy in taking advantage of the occasion to present our congratulations.

May we also be allowed to renew the assurance of our devotion towards our august Mother, who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake, as well as to the land of our forefathers.

Accept for you, for Mrs. Caron and your family, our best wishes.

(From "Quebec, Past and Present," pp. 455-6.)

** The S is pronounced oui. Quebec, 1st May, 1879.

It is stated that the experiences of the young Prince Imperial in South Africa are to be recorded in a journal, and to appear in instalments in Paris and London.

* Means the Great Mountain; the name they gave Governor de Montmaguy and his successors.

ARTISTIC.

The volume of the new edition of Thackeray containing his ballads will be illustrated by the drawings of Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., Mr. Du Maurier, and Mrs. Butler, among others.

Mr. ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A., represents Napoleon leaving his carriage to escape on horseback from the field of Waterloo, the old Guard keeping off the flying rabble of the French army to facilitate his escape. The title is "On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo."

FASHION NOTES.

NET lace is coming in vogue. NARROW trains are de rigueur. DOLLY VARDEN styles are revived. NEW parasols are generally lined. ROUND trains are generally preferred. CLUB handles for parasols are revived. GREEK or berthwa waists have revived. TRAINS may be either rounded or square. SHORT dresses for country wear have paniers. SHORT dresses for city wear do not have paniers. EVERY fashionable dress has satin for a part of it.

BLACK Breton bids fair to take the place of black French lace.

THE newest wraps have paniers and are bouffant in the back.

SOME showy parasols have the ribs gilded, silvered or coloured.

BLACK tulle veils with tiny gold thread dots are recent novelties.

CHANGEABLE and shot silks are seen again on dry goods counters.

SILK handkerchief over-dresses are worn with plain foulard skirts.

JAPANESE parasols come in new and improved styles this spring.

THE season for cotton satweens and mummy cloths will soon be here.

NETTED jet trimmings are much in vogue for black spring wraps.

WOOL uses shot silk in two colours for some of his most effective costumes.

SOME of the new ostrich feathers and marabouts have tips of camel's hair.

BLACK silk is combined with white polka dotted black satin for steel costumes.

EASTER wings are more sought for as Easter gifts for little folks than Easter eggs.

PASTON flowers form part of the trimmings of many fashionable evening bonnets.

THERE is a return to the fashion of facing up the back of the corsage of evening dresses.

THE newest evening dresses have trimmed skirts with separate corsages and basques.

LONG sharp points back and front are a marked feature in the new spring evening dresses.

WHITE wood parasol handles are preferred for plain puggee or twisted soft silk parasols.

THE small carriage parasol or sunshade, turning over the handle when raised, is revived.

THE passion flower appears among other large floral decorations for evening confections.

THE marked feature in the spring openings is the revival of Marie Antoinette and Watteau styles.

WHITE wood, polished and carved with thread traceries, imitates ivory in parasol handles.

THE neck feathers of the Impeyan pheasant make the most effective tipping for ostrich or marabout plumes.

NEW parasols have quaint but finely-cut and carved handles of wickel wood, emitting a delicate perfume.

SOME of the new black tulle gold thread dotted veils have borders of gold thread embroidery in light patterns.

THE new white lawn and organdy muslin dresses for house wear have panier basque and Pompadour polonaises.

BAMBOO, tonkin, Japanese birch, sweet brier, rose thorn, and ebony handles of parasols are finely carved.

BUGS, alligators, beetles, toads, and all sorts of quaint, queer and curious things, are found a mong the carved ornaments of parasol handles.

WHEN the corsages of evening dresses are made with long points front and back they are made to fit like a glove over the hips, but are quite short at the point, allowing the panier draperies to show below.

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 cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, 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. Sherar, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE. The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, Treble makes the shirt for you. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

RONDEAU—"HESPER APPEARS."

Hesper appears when flowing gales
Have filled the sunset's fervid sails,
When down the low dim Orient hills
The purple gleaming soft distils,
To nestle in the crowning vales.

To fretted hearts whom want assails,
Whom Youth, nor Hope, nor Love avails,
To loose their wearying load of ills,
Hesper appears.

Lifting the sordid dusty veil
That wrap us till our courage fails,
Ah, vexed hearts! the hour fulfill
Your yearnings with its peace, and stille,
For now, man's myriad fretful wails—
Hesper appears. C. D. ROBERTS.

THE ROYAL CITY.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Few, if any, places in Canada have made more satisfactory progress than Guelph, the last erected city of Ontario. Until St. George's Day, 1827, what is now the centre of a rich agricultural district, the site of a prosperous city, teeming with a large artisan and mercantile population was still covered with the primeval forest and apparently beyond the reach of civilization. But on the 23rd of April, Mr. John Galt, the distinguished agent of the Canada Company and the author of a number of works of fiction and poetry, took the first steps towards founding what he confidently predicted would soon become the City of the West. The ceremony of cutting the first tree being now invested with such great interest, we give below Mr. Galt's account of the proceedings as written by him on June 2, 1827, to a friend in Edinburgh.

"The site chosen was on 'a nameless stream's untrodden banks,' about 15 miles, in the forest, from Galt, a great future city, founded by a friend of mine, with a handsome bridge over the Grand River, and of which I had never heard until it had a post office. Early on the morning of St. George's Day, I proceeded on foot towards the spot, having sent forward a band of woodmen, with axes on their shoulders, to prepare a shanty for the night—a shed made of boughs and bark, with a great fire at the door. I was accompanied by my friend Dunlop, a large, fat, facetious fellow; of infinite jest and eccentricity, but he forgot his compass and we lost our way in the forest. After wandering up and down, like the babes in the woods, without even a blackberry to console us, the rain running in jubilee, we came to the hut of a Dutch settler, in which no English was to be obtained. However, after much jabber, loud speaking and looking at each other, with mouth, eyes and nostrils, in addition to ears, Mynheer gave tongue that he could speak French, which he did, no doubt, perfectly; as in telling us that he had cleared a farm in the States, which he had exchanged for his present habitation, he expressively said, 'Je Swape.' We hired him for our guide.

"It was almost sunset when we arrived at the rendezvous, my companion being wet to the skin, unclothed and dressed himself in two blankets, one in the Celtic and the other in the Roman fashion, the kilt and the toga; the latter was fastened on the breast with a spar of timber that might have served as the mainmast to some great admiral. I kept my state (as Macbeth says of his wife at the banquet) of dripping drapery. We then, with surveyors and woodmen (yankie choppers) proceeded to a superb maple tree, and I had the honour and glory of laying an axe to the roof thereof, and soon it fell 'beneath our sturdy strokes,' with the noise of an avalanche. It was the genius of the forest unfurling his wings and departing forever. Being the King's name day, I called the town Guelph, the smaller size of office having monopolised every other I could think of; and my friend drawing a bottle of whiskey from his bosom, we drank prosperity to the unborn metropolis of the new world. The place thrives wonderfully, almost already like a village in the Genesee country, where steeples grow like Jack's bean stock. Pedlars, with wagons, visit us. I have had ladies, too; and my friend, the Bishop, has also been here. In this business I am attempting to carry my colonial system into effect; corrected by the experience of the great land associations in the State of New York; but I fear the gentry in St. Helen's place are too impatient for returns. They expect the ship to be earning a freight before she is launched. They have their own business to attend to and they have not time to learn mine. It is upwards of 20 years since I first paid attention to it, and can safely say it is not to be learned by only reading a prospectus calculated for the capacity of the stock exchange. If care be not taken, considering how much joint-stock companies have become tainted in public opinion, the shares in the Canada Company, if we made difficulties from our own fears and ignorance, will soon be low enough, although it is no subterranean concern, but all above ground and property obtained for every shilling that is laid out.

"For my next town Captain M—— is to stand godfather. You know who he is, a nephew of the Earl of D——, and the eldest son of Mr. R—— M——, of P——, whom perhaps you know, he being a Whig, like your lordship; but he is in the lower House. I do not allude to that appointed for all Whigs. He sent me a bottle of Highland whiskey to christen the town. What will you send me for the baptism of yours? Hitherto we have had no adventures in Guelph, not even one Sabine scene; but an incident in the clearing was magnificent. De-

sirous of seeing the effect of a rising ground, at the end of a street where a Popish church, about twice the size of St. Peter's at Rome, is one day to be built (the site was chosen by the Bishop, and we have some expectation that his condutor, Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, is coming here), I collected all the choppers in the neighbourhood to open a vista, and exactly in two hours and ten minutes, 'by Shrewsbury clock,' or my own watch, an avenue was unfolded as large as the long walk in Windsor Park, and of trees that by their stature reduce to pigmies all the greatest barons of the English groves."

From the first the history of Guelph was one of steady progress. It would take too much space to refer to even the most important events of which it has been the scene, nor does there exist any necessity for doing so, as a very complete and interesting record of its history—"The Annals of Guelph,"—was compiled in 1877, under the direction of Mr. C. Acton Burrows. In 1851, Guelph was incorporated as a city; in 1856, as a town; in 1877, the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation was celebrated with great éclat, and on the 23rd of April, of this year, by virtue of a special act of the Ontario Legislature it was declared a city, and named the Royal City, in compliment to the Imperial dynasty whose name it bears.

The geographical situation of Guelph has materially aided its progress, and the rich agricultural country surrounding it has given it a steady home market as rich as is possessed by but few places of equal size. Building stone of excellent quality and appearance is quarried in the immediate neighbourhood and the buildings—nearly all of which are of stone—present an unusually solid and comfortable appearance.

The trade done by Guelph manufacturers is not only local, but world wide, many of its manufacturers having carried off high honours at the Philadelphia, Paris and Australian Expositions. Sewing machines are manufactured on a large scale, woollen goods provide employment for a large number of hands, and agricultural implement works, engine works, foundries, a wholesale confectionary, several large carriage works, a carriage spring and goods manufactory, cigar manufactories, two breweries, and extensive flouring mills combine to make Guelph an important manufacturing centre.

The inauguration ceremonies on the 23rd of April, were of an imposing and enthusiastic nature. The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise who had been asked to attend and at first consented, were unable to go, but notwithstanding this fully 30,000 people took part in or witnessed the inauguration. At early morn a royal salute was fired, at 9 a.m. the whole of the school children were regaled, and at 11 a procession of immense length proceeded through the principal streets, its composition comprising the two local batteries of artillery, two rifle companies, the corporation and their guests in carriages, the Board of Education, the national societies, Guelph and visiting fire brigades, the butchers mounted on horseback, representatives of trades, ten bands and several pipers, and a large number of private citizens.

On other pages of this issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be found a number of views of the city, &c. Where not otherwise mentioned they are from photographs taken by Mr. W. Marshall or Mr. W. Burgess, and for the collection we are indebted to Mr. C. Acton Burrows, formerly Managing Proprietor of the Guelph Daily Herald, and now of Ottawa.

The contrast between the view of the settlement in 1831, and the city in 1879, will be studied with interest. The 1831 view, taken from an engraving in the possession of Mr. H. J. Chadwick, was sketched by a lady and sent for publication in *Fraser's Magazine* by Mr. Galt. The view taken from a hill to the east of the town, embraces the whole of the settlement. The river Speed is crossed by a wooden bridge a few feet above the site of the present railway bridge. The Priory, the largest house in the settlement, looks much as it does to-day. Nearly opposite its entrance, enclosed by railings, is the stump of the first tree felled. Beyond, near the present site of the Royal Hotel, is a stone building used as an office by the Canada Company, and still further on the Market House.

The 1879 view is taken from nearly the same spot. The other views comprise the Roman Catholic Church of our Lady, modelled after the celebrated Cathedral at Cologne; the City Hall, the Government Buildings and Victoria Block, the Central School, erected at a cost of over \$70,000; the *Herald* Buildings, erected in 1877, by Mr. H. J. Chadwick, for the use of Acton Burrows & Co., publishers of the *Daily and Weekly Herald*, of which firm he was then senior and is now sole partner; the Wellington Hotel, conducted by Messrs. Watt & Bookless, who, with the proprietors of the Royal, Messrs. Bookless & Galer, provide the traveller with every comfort. Portraits are also given of Mr. John Galt, the founder of Guelph, from an engraving in Mr. Burrows' possession; of Mr. John Harvey, City Clerk and Treasurer, who was Mayor in 1861 on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit; of Mr. Frederick Jasper Chadwick, Mayor in 1877, the jubilee year, and of Mr. George Howard, the present Mayor. Guelph has undoubtedly a brilliant future before it. It will interest our readers to learn that John Galt, the founder of Guelph, was the father of Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. Mr. Justice Galt, of Toronto, and John Galt, late Registrar of Huren-

PRIMITIVE CONSCIENCE.

In this age of scientific thought, it is of vital importance to the deaf-mute and society at large that the mental and moral state of the former, before instruction, be correctly understood. A serious injustice may easily be committed, either by drawing too flattering a picture of his condition, thereby debarring him of the sympathy and aid which Society owes him, or by dragging him to the level of the brute, and thus release him from duties which he owes to society. This being the case, it is evident that no pains should be spared by Christians and philanthropists to arrive at a truthful conclusion, and as your love of knowledge led you to broach the subject, upon which opinions seem to differ, a further discussion of the matter may not be amiss. A great deal has no doubt been written on this and other knotty points, which subsequent experience and facts did not support. Justin, an ancient legislator, regarded this whole class of children as incapable of knowledge, and went so far as to deny them the common rights of humanity. How erroneous such views were, Christian benevolence and devoted effort have ultimately proved. A century ago, Sicard, a no doubt able, but boastful, instructor of the deaf and dumb, wrote, that "the deaf-mute, before instruction, has no moral sense; knows not right from wrong," and this is the point at issue. This opinion, thrown out a hundred years ago, when deaf-mute education was in its infancy, when the disabilities of those unfortunates could be magnified with a certain effect—when enthusiastic instructors were prone to show the prodigious transformation they had operated—is the original from which speculative teachers of the present age draw such dark, doleful and appalling pictures. That the physical defects of the deaf-mute are a serious hindrance to his enlightenment, no one ever doubted; that he should possess exact ideas of the Supreme Being is a thing not expected of people with all their faculties, far less of him; that he be morally and legally responsible to the extent of hearing individuals, or of those of his class who are educated, no one ever assumed; but to make moral sense dependent on a certain bodily organization—to insist that the mind and soul, with their noble aspirations, are restricted to the possession of one or two physical senses—to argue that conscience must be *acquired* in books, is, in my judgment, to take a most erroneous view of the matter, in fact, advocating the most pernicious doctrines of materialism. Such reasoning, pressed to any extent, would entail the gravest consequences. If deaf-mutes, as such, must be denied a conscience, why not deny them faith also? Faith cometh through hearing, we are told; deaf-mutes have no hearing, therefore, how can they have faith? Abbe Lambert, the present able Chaplain of the "Institut Royal de Paris" (which I had the pleasure of visiting last summer), asks, in his book called "La Clef du Langage," the following question: "Independently from all methodical and special instruction, can the deaf-mute have just ideas upon morals and God?" To which, after observing that the differences which separate them from us have often been exaggerated, and taking exception to such as were born with a tendency to idiosyncrasy, answers, "that from the abstract deductions of science as well from experience, all the faculties of soul and intellect are there from the first, but, as it were, dormant; that the varied spectacle of nature creates upon the deaf the same impressions that it does upon the hearing child, between whom equality ceases only at the moment the latter enters into the possession of speech; that the moral world is not entirely closed to him; that he can elevate himself to the presentment of a Superior Being, although incapable of forming an exact idea of Divinity." That is the opinion of one of the veteran deaf-mute instructors of our day. Collins Stone, well known to the profession, writing on the religious state of the deaf and dumb, says: "It is hardly necessary to remark that the deaf-mute, in common with every rational being, has a moral sense. His own observation has shown him a difference in the moral quality of actions. A thousand scenes have been enacted in his presence upon which he has involuntarily passed a judgment as to their being right or wrong. He is, therefore, accountable, and must be held strictly responsible for obedience to the dictates of the stern and faithful monitor within." The Rev. T. A. Welsh, in a paper written for a conference of head teachers of institutions, held two years ago in London, Eng., treating of the moral condition of the uneducated deaf and dumb, asks: "How does the mute, previously to being educated, arrive at the knowledge of the law of right and wrong? Is that knowledge innate, or is it the effect of external influence? Is it derived from the gestural communications of those into whose society he is thrown from infancy upward, or does he fashion it for himself from the workings of his own mind and his observations and reflections on the conduct and actions of those around him? or is it a spontaneous growth natural to his intellect, as might be the exercise of a faculty in the physical order?" To this he answers, that—"Taking the deaf-mute as we find him, growing up in civilized society, it would appear that the origin, the foundations, the first principles of that obscure knowledge which he undoubtedly possesses, are *imprinted in his own breast by the Creator*, are a part of his moral nature, but that these elements of the moral law depend upon social communication for their subsequent development." In these views I fully concur. Home training is incapable of infusing into the

mute that sense of shame which he feels after wilfully offending natural law. It is equally impotent to convey to his mind the obligation of being truthful in his daily transactions with others, yet what ingenuity in his attempts to palm off a falsehood for truth, in order to evade punishment, and how evident his embarrassment when he is found out. Adult uneducated mutes, committing murder, rape or theft, are amenable to punishment. They have seen others punished for identical offences and have drawn their own inferences; but as their knowledge is obviously limited, chastisement cannot be co-extensive with that of hearing offenders. Attempts to ascertain from deaf-mutes their exact condition antecedent to receiving technical instruction, have often been made, but with questionable success. Their pre-educational notions soon disappear before the splendour of the sun of knowledge, and they are apt to confound their former thoughts with ideas acquired at school. I am aware that there are teachers of far more experience than I can claim, who entertain opposite views upon the moral responsibility of uneducated mutes. I can only say that the above are the honest convictions of one who wishes the deaf and dumb well, the conclusions at which he has arrived after some years of conscientious study and observation.

Belleville, 27th April. PAUL DENYS.

HUMOROUS.

Loss of Englishmen are "out" on Parole. The commercial editor reports cheese "fairly active."

AN exchange has a poem in which "Solomon" is made to rhyme with "baekgammon."

Mrs. PARTINGTON says she has hunted and hunted and can't find out who said, "That Ruth crushed to earth shall rise again."

ONLY wait till Cetywayo meets Kickawayo, the chief of the American mules. Then you will see a fight as is a fight.

AN exchange makes "smiles" rhyme with "boils." This is ridiculous. A man who has a boil doesn't smile—unless it is spiritually.

A CHOICE of evils—Mamma: "Now, Arthur, be a good boy and take your medicine, or mamma will be very angry." Arthur (after mature deliberation): "I would rather mamma was very angry."

It is our good nature and not fine furniture that makes home attractive. But when all the bed-slats fall out of place, and waken you up with a crash about midnight, what becomes of your good nature?

YESTERDAY, when an organ-grinder appeared on the streets wearing a gold watch-chain, twelve mechanics quit work and resolved to become musicians. It's just such little things as this that demoralize labour.

THAT was a clever Oakland boy who, when he was given \$2 to dig up his aunt's garden, hid a two bit piece in it, and then told all the boys in the neighbourhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.

"I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning; to which a clergyman who was passing replied: "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world."

NOTHING is so painful at this season of the year as the disheartening spectacle of a nine-year old hen looking through the fence at a man digging a garden, while she exercises her rugged legs and incisive claws on the plank walk, just keeping in practice until the garden is ready.

PEOPLE have already ceased to wonder at the telephone, the phonograph has become an old thing, and what the public demand of Mr. Edison now is a machine that will stand at the kitchen door and knock the head off the first tramp that asks for a lemon ice and two kinds of cake.

THE comedy of "Our Boys" has been played 1,376 times consecutively at a London theatre, and will soon be followed by "Our Girls." It is different in this country. Here our girls are followed by our boys. But perhaps it is leap year in England.

WHEN a bill is due and you offer to settle it for fifty per cent of its value, and the debtor gives a knowing wink and remarks, "I have better offers every day," it is evident that the man's business education has been very thorough as regards himself.

"How long will it be before you get this work done?" said a lady to an apprentice who was painting her house on Third street. "Well, I don't know, ma'am," said he. "The boss has just gone to look for another job. If he gets it, I'll be done to-morrow, but if he don't, I'm afraid it'll take me all next week."

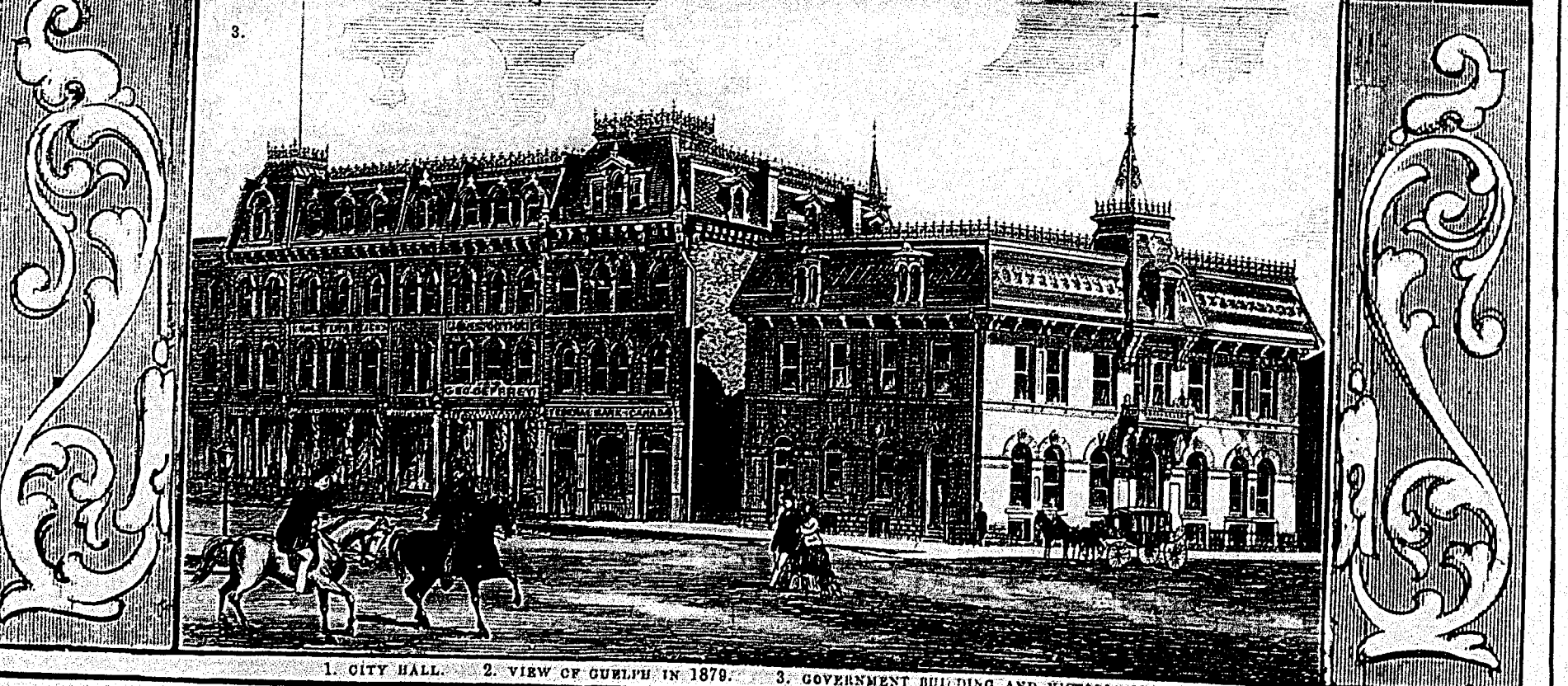
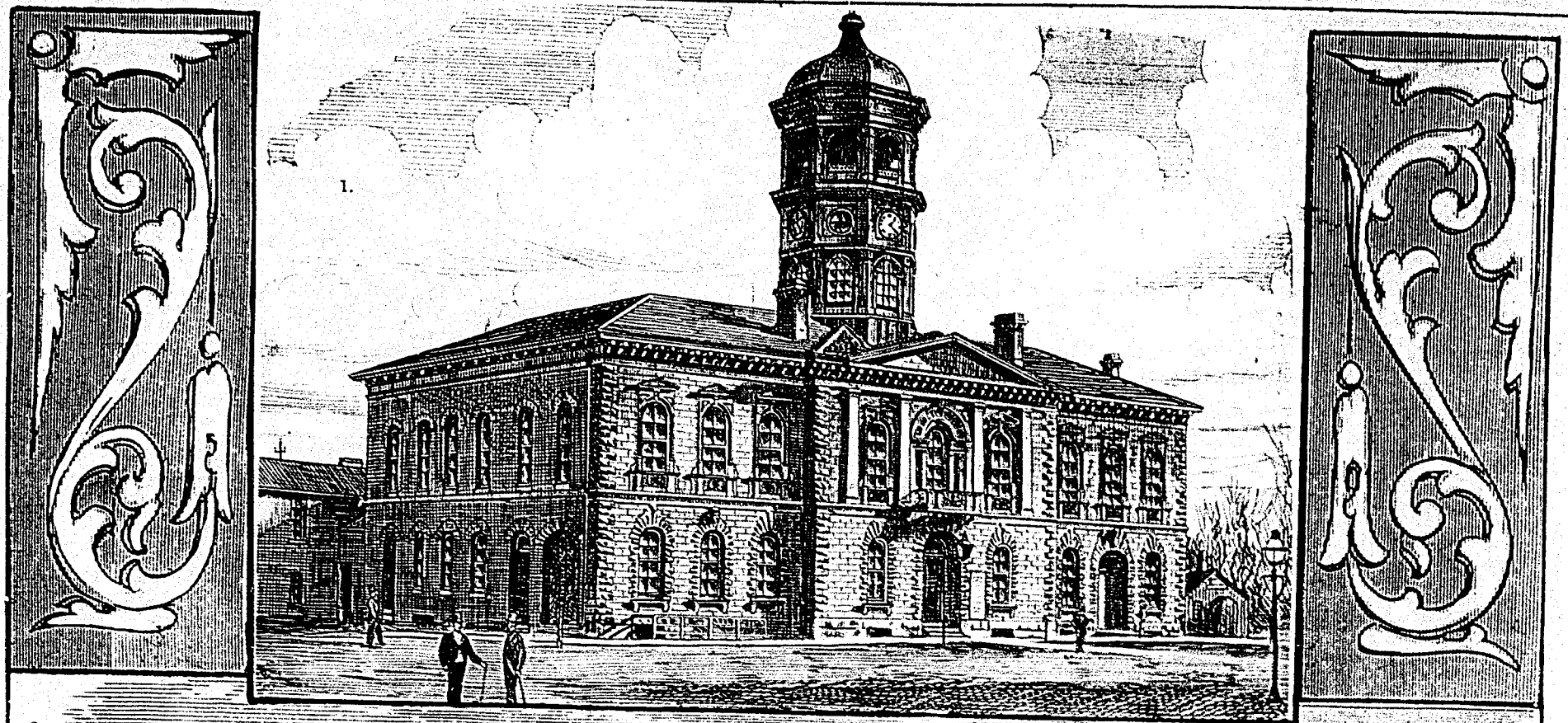
"It is bliss," remarked some love-born dreamer, "to take lessons in love, because woman is our teacher." "Well, but there must be some other reason than that for the bliss, because woman is also our teacher in the art of dressing the baby, but is the same degree of bliss likewise apparent also in that, all the same!"

EMMA ABBOTT writes to an Eastern paper. "To this day I love the school girl who gave me half her apple one day when I was hungry." "We can see your half apple, Emma, and go you a bushel better. We still love the school-girl out of whose grandfather's orchard we used to steal gallons and pecks of apples when we weren't a particle hungry. And now, if you could just see her baby—oh, Emma!"

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, *at once*, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

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 P. ISMAN, Station D, New York City.



1. CITY HALL. 2. VIEW OF GUELPH IN 1879. 3. GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND VICTORIA BLOCK.

VIEWS OF GUELPH, THE ROYAL CITY.

ARABESQUES.

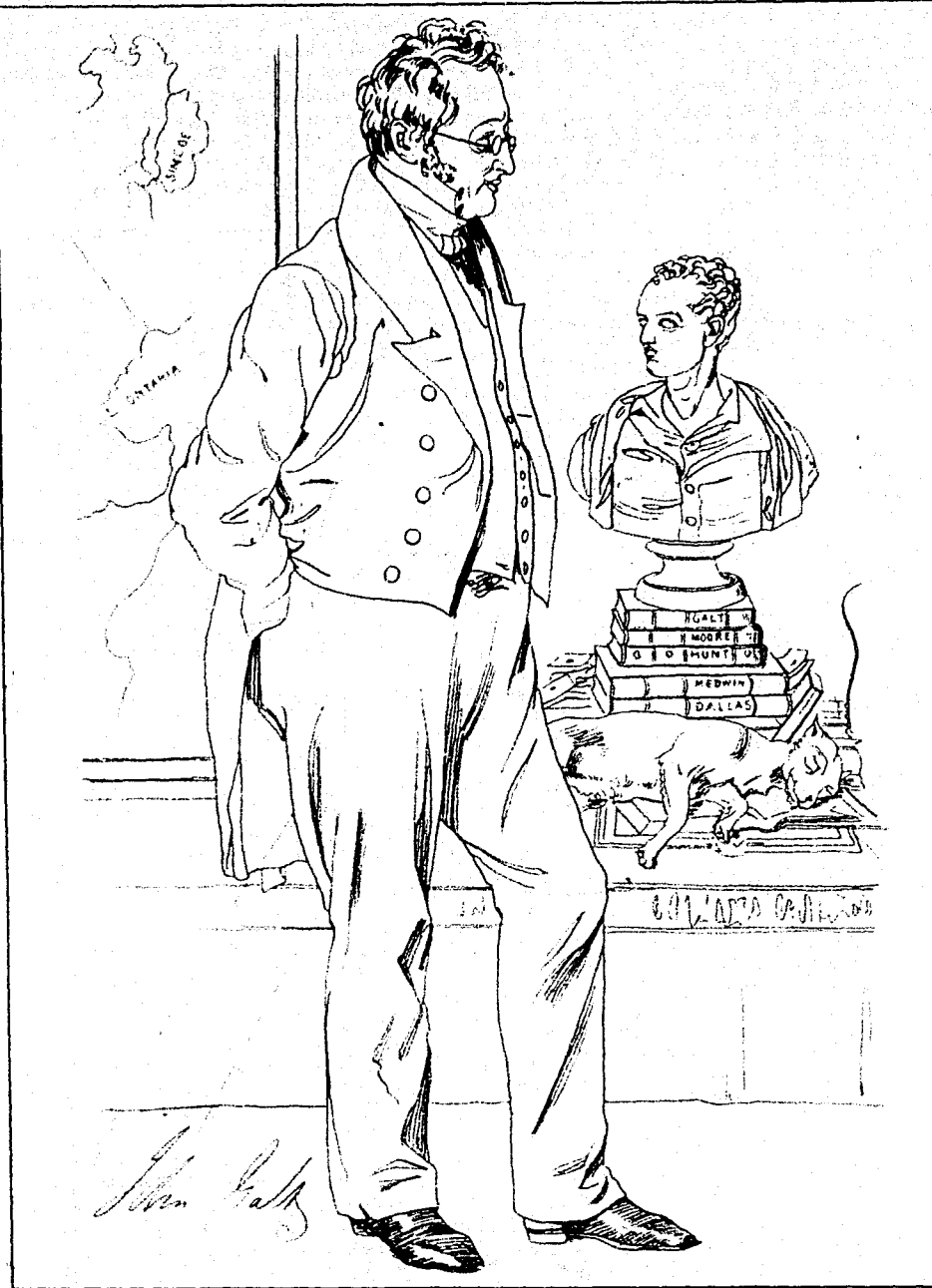
Practising for Wimbledon :—
 The captain of a firing squad scolds an awkward shot :
 "Give me your rifle, man, and look. It is the simplest thing in the world."
 He fires and misses. But, keeping cool, says :
 "That's your way. Now, attention !"
 He fires and misses again.
 "That's the way others do."
 Finally he makes a bull's eye. Then, in the most natural tone possible, he returns the weapon, saying :
 "That's my way."

On the eve of New Year :—
 "I make no calls to-morrow."
 "Why not ?"
 "Through mourning for a friend."
 "That's well. For my part I never make calls."
 "And why not ?"
 "I abhor visits."
 "You are wrong there, my boy. A visit never fails to give pleasure, if not when you enter, at least when you go out."

This, of course, from a Tory :—
 A Liberal, who assumed to have claims upon his party, complained to M. Joly that in the distribution of offices his whole family had been overlooked.
 "I promise you the next vacancy," said the Premier, "and in the meantime I am willing to do something for your father."
 "But my father is dead."
 "That's nothing. We will make him a Justice of the Peace."

A lady who had been overtaken in the first snowstorm of the season found her feet so damp that she stepped into a friend's house.
 "My dear," she said, after taking a seat, "I wish you would tell your maid to fetch me a pair of your shoes."
 "Certainly, but — will you be able to put them on."
 "Oh, yes, by inserting an extra sole in them !"

Hard on a miserly banker.
 "Do you know why old X — always rides third-class to his country house ?"
 "Certainly. Because there is no fourth-class."



JOHN GALT, THE FOUNDER OF GUELPH.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ALWAYS best when rare—Family broils.
 LOVE-LETTERS, though they may be treasures, are never registered.
 IT does not follow that women are cobblers or blacksmiths because they are good hands to shoo hens.

IT is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being very much heard.
 A MAN who wants to earn a woman's gratitude has only to invent a new hair-dye or an invisible face powder.

A Pennsylvania boy of seventeen has just married a widow of thirty. Some men call their wives "mother," and we would recommend this youth to do the same.

KISSING by telegraph, says the New Haven Register, is a new way of sparking. It is perfectly harmless, paroxysmally innocent, and free from any danger of diphtherial contagion.

THERE is only one subject in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

"WHAT is love ?" inquires a poet whose verses appear in the Philadelphia North American. The idea of a poet not knowing what love is. It's so long ago that we almost forget, but so far as we can remember, it was a sort of heart toothache.

STICKING to it. "My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you ?" "Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

A NEWLY-MARRIED lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend : "What do you think ! My husband has laid out ten dollars for a large baboon on purpose to please me !" "The dear little man !" cried the other. "Well, it is just like him !"

"SEE the idiots !" said Jones, indicating a crowd of women who were performing an ecstatic war-dance before an exhibition of new bonnets on Washington street yesterday : "they've no business to block the sidewalk in that style ; it's outrageous !" And he crossed the street and joined a knot of men who were looking at a lot of spring suits in a window



VIEW OF GUELPH IN 1831.

CANUTE AND THE WAVES.

This pleasing tale is told:— Canute, the Dane of old, wore England's Crown. His Courtiers said: "O King, thy great renown Could quell the might of ocean wild and bold. And make the waves bow down."

To chide the foolish boast, The Dunc said to the host: "Place here my seat. O waves, with homage due your Sovereign greet. Advance no farther on the hallowed coast. Nor dare to wet my feet."

The rising billows dashed Against the rocks and lashed the shifting sand. And, as they lashed at will across the strand, Canute spoke to his Courtiers abashed. With chiding noble grand.

"What strength has mortal King! The crisping wavelets fling their white sea-spray Against my robe, and seem to mock as they From sand and rock re-eddy whispering Their ceaseless roundelay."

"Have I Almighty will That I should seek to still the boundless sea? Am I a god, to hold such power as He Who, in the hour when storm-winds bellowed shrill, Calmed raging Galilee?"

"Ah! mortal pride is blind! This golden band shall bind no more my brow. But on the graven type of Christ shall glow: His word subdued the winds and waves combined In awe-bushed peace to bow."

Fredericton, N.B.

HARRY STRATON.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEAR THE GATES.

"Horace!" repeated Hayward, after Hilda had told her ill news.

"Yes," said Hilda, slowly, and she sat wearily down on a chair near the door, as if she were quite worn out. "He has not been well for days," she continued. "I have noticed how tired and depressed he seemed, and this morning he saw the doctor—and—and—"

"Well, we must hope he will throw it off," said Hayward, kindly. "I am glad that you sent for me, Hilda."

"It was by his wish," said Hilda. "As soon as he heard that he had taken the fever he asked me to telegraph for you."

"Yes," said Hayward, "and he has asked several times for you—but at the same time, if you have any fear—"

"I have none," said Hayward. "I shall be glad to go to him at once."

So Hilda led the way to her husband's bedroom, and as Hayward entered it and looked at Jervis, a certain feeling of awe came over his heart.

Jervis was asleep—an uneasy, fevered sleep. As they stood and looked at him he moaned and tossed. Then he opened his eyes, which had a far-away look in them, unlike their usual cheerful and serene expression.

"Horace," said Hilda, gently, and at the sound of her voice something of the old familiar look stole back.

"My dear one," he said, and held out a hot, thin hand.

"Do you see—Mr. Hayward?" said Hilda. Then Jervis looked at Hayward, and a faint quiver, and then a faint smile, passed over his lips.

"I am glad you have come. Thank you for coming, Philip," he said, the next minute.

"But I'm sorry to find you ill, Horace," said Hayward.

Then Jervis smiled again—a strange, solemn smile.

"I have received my summons, Philip," he said, quietly. "I believe I am going to eternal rest."

There was no fear in the young man's voice—no shrinking. He was going to rest, and latterly there had been some disquiet, some sharp pangs of mental pain within his heart.

"Oh Horace!" wept Hilda, "do not talk thus—do not leave me—"

Again Jervis smiled.

"It is all for the best, dear one," he said. "Our Father in Heaven is watching over us now."

"But, Horace," said Hilda, kneeling down by the bed, and taking his hand, "why do you think this? Do you feel so very ill?"

"Yes," answered Jervis, slowly, "and I have much to do in the little time that I have left. This is why I sent for you, Hayward," he continued, looking at Hayward. "You must not leave this poor little woman alone in her time of trouble."

"I will do anything. What can I do?" asked Hayward, much affected.

"First, I want you to help me to make my will," said Jervis. "I will tell you what I want to do, and then will you draw a rough draught out, and take this to some lawyer, and have it properly prepared, and then bring it to me to sign?"

"Of course I will," said Hayward, speaking brusquely and shortly to hide his emotion.

"Go, dear Hilda, 'then, until this is done," said Jervis. "It would only be painful to you, and I wish to see Hayward alone."

Then Hilda left him, with streaming eyes; and after she had gone, in a calm, clear voice Jervis told Hayward how he wished his moderate fortune to be left.

Everything to Hilda—but he also left certain directions and bequests regarding his many charities. To these he prayed "his dear wife" to continue his subscriptions, and left in her hands the sacred trust to give, as far as her means went, to those who needed.

It was a very simple will, and Hayward wrote down Jervis' words just as he spoke them. Then Jervis said a few words about Lady Hamilton.

"Don't let her drift further down, Philip," he said. "She will live now, the doctors say, so stand by her, and act as her friend."

"But—," hesitated Hayward.

"Remember the poor weak woman has an everlasting life to live," urged Jervis. "Try to make her not forget this—you and Hilda—try to keep her straight by being her friends, now when she will have so few."

Hayward thought a moment, then he said: "I will try."

"That is right," said Jervis, with some of his old frank manner. "And now," he added, after a few moments' thought, "I have a few words to say to you, Hayward—that you must remember are spoken now, because I do not know how long speech may be left to me."

"What are they, Horace?"

"About Hilda," said Jervis, and for the first time his voice faltered. "About the dear woman—I have loved too well—"

"Too well—," repeated Hayward, as Jervis paused, evidently deeply affected.

"Yes, too well," he said solemnly and slowly, as soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, "for my love blinded me—to the feelings of her heart."

"What do you mean?" asked Hayward, sharply.

"The bitterness is passed," said Jervis, as if he were thinking rather than speaking. "But I know now that for her sake—I am better gone—"

"Why do you say so?" said Hayward, almost passionately.

"Because," answered Jervis, "because I learnt too late that this dear woman—this woman whose love was so precious to me—whose love I believed was entirely, most truly my own—had yet a secret from me—"

"What?" said Hayward sharply, as Jervis paused.

"A secret that she had kept, because she thought it was her duty to keep it," continued Jervis. "Can you guess now, Hayward, what I mean?"

Hayward was silent, but a deep, red flush spread over his face.

"I see you guess," said Jervis, and for a moment a pang darted into his heart. But the next, the serene faith of the man triumphed over this momentary weakness.

"She is a good girl," he said, "good and pure, and it was by no fault of hers that I learnt that what she gave to me—was not—"

"Do not speak of it," said Hayward, much agitated, and beginning to pace the room.

"In a little while," continued Jervis, with a ring in his voice so holy and so sweet that Hayward ever after remembered it, "for her, the sorrow for my death will be over. This is why I have conquered the weak—the last weak mortal pang that will stab my heart—and God has given me strength to conquer it. Do not think I did not suffer, Hayward. She was the one woman I had ever loved—but I loved God. He comforted me. His love is all-sufficient for me. He has given me strength to tell you this; after I am gone, you must love Hilda."

"Oh! hush! hush!" cried Hayward.

For a moment or two there was silence in the room after this. Then once more, in that sweet and ringing voice, Jervis continued:

"It was shortly before Lady Hamilton's illness that I learnt this. It was by a simple incident—incident I cannot call it. You had left your photograph lying on the table for Marion. I was sitting reading behind the window-curtain in the dining-room, and Hilda came in. She never saw me. She took up the photograph—and—and—I watched her look at it, as she had never looked at me. Then she lifted it up, and pressed her lips against it, and then the next moment hung it passionately down. I will not go on—Next I heard a woman praying, Hayward—praying that she might always make me happy—asking God there on her bended knees to give her strength to conquer the feelings of her heart! It was a bitter moment—nay, I will not deny it—but—but with God's grace I bore it. With God's grace I am able to tell it to you now."

As Jervis ceased speaking, a sob broke the silence in the room—a passionate, heart-wrung sob from Hayward.

"I—I—told her once," he said, in a faltering and broken voice, "that your heart was half in heaven, Jervis, but—but I never knew before there was a man on earth who lived so near to God."

After a little while Hilda came into the sick-room, and Hayward left it. There was no trace on Jervis' face, when Hilda returned, of the painful and unselfish words he had just spoken. His serene serenity had always been one of the

characteristics of this man's faith, and a great calm seemed to fall upon his spirit now. He had conquered the last mortal weakness of his heart when he told Hayward of Hilda's love, and his last days were spent in perfect peace.

He did not linger long. The unhappy woman beneath his roof—the vain and beautiful Isabel—had lain for many, many weeks on her bed of fever and of pain. But the pure-souled Jervis had a brief passage to the grave. Before he went he sent a message of farewell to Isabel by Hayward, and she wept some very bitter tears when she received it.

"What, dying?" she said. "It cannot—cannot be!"

"I fear there is no hope," answered Hayward, much overcome.

Then Isabel cried out, "He is too good to live! and I have killed him; I—I brought this fever to his house, miserable woman that I am!"

"He is fit to go—he is truly fit to go, Isabel," said Hayward, trying to say some kindly words to her. "Let this console you, Jervis need have no fear."

But Isabel would not be comforted. She cried and moaned until Hayward began to fear some serious consequences to her own health would be the result. He hinted this to her, and Isabel grew afraid.

"I dare not die," she said, shudderingly. "Hayward, I dare not die!"

It was close on midnight when Jervis left them. For some hours he had been apparently insensible, but just before the end came, he opened his eyes and looked at the tear-stained faces gathered round his bed. He moved his lips as if to speak, but his voice was gone. Then he looked at Hilda and Hayward. He smiled, and with a last effort held out his hand. They both clasped it—both held it fast during the next few moments—for in these next few moments the angels came for the soul of Horace Jervis.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"THERE ARE NO TRICKS IN PLAIN AND SIMPLE FAITH."

During the next dark, dreary days—the days when the good man's form lay still in the home which he had truly made a shelter to the homeless, there were bitter, bitter, bitter tears shed for Horace Jervis.

The young widow, with her hands clasped over her hot and swollen eye-lids, lay in her darkened room crushed down with self-reproach and grief. Ah, had she known of his last tender thoughts—of his unselfish words to Hayward—what could she have felt? As it was she recalled, with bitter and heartfelt regret, his constant kindness, his unfeeling consideration and affection for herself.

And had she failed? How often she asked herself this question. Had she ever by look or word betrayed her secret—the secret that she had hidden in her breast,—and struggled with so long and sorely? She knew not, and guessed not, that the good man who had left her had learned this; that it had been a bitter blow to him. Jervis had never even hinted this to her. She had watched and waited on him, and when his last hours drew nigh, almost with awe she had seen his calmness, his peace, his serene and perfect joy.

Once or twice in her sorrow she cried out, when he was giving her some directions about duties that were to be fulfilled after he was gone.

"Oh! Horace," she said, with streaming eyes, "have you no regret at leaving me alone?"

"I am not leaving you alone, my dear one," he had answered. "I am leaving you in the care of God."

He knew at that moment that he was leaving her an earthly protector also, but he said no word of this. It was better for her, he thought, that she should not know, and as he had lived thinking of others, so he died.

There was a long procession followed him to his grave. But of whom did it consist? Not of the rich or the great of the vast city where he had toiled. In that long procession were the widowed, the fatherless, and the fallen—to all to whom he had been a friend.

There was one poor girl—one of those gay daughters of sin—a girl yet young and handsome, whom Jervis had tried most earnestly to save. She heard of his death, and when he lay in his coffin she came to his house, and asked to look upon his face once more. Her message was taken to Hilda, but Hilda had learned from the lips that now were closed, "that most excellent gift of charity," and she sent down a few kind words to her erring sister.

So the girl went upstairs and looked on his dead face. Then she fell down by the side of the coffin, crying and weeping, saying that it was the face of an angel, and from that hour she would sin no more.

She followed him to the grave. Dressed in mourning, and crying bitterly, she stood by while the solemn beautiful words of our funeral service were read in a broken and tear-choked voice by one of the many who had loved Jervis well. Then, just at the last, she sprang forward, and flung a great bunch of blue forget-me-nots into the grave.

"I will never forget you!" she cried. "You were a good man—you tried to save me—and your words shall not be lost!"

She kept the promise that she made beside

his grave. In after days Hilda, who had heard of the incident, helped her, and stood by her faithfully as a friend. Thus many of his good deeds lived after him, and his name was blessed when he had long been dead.

When the first bitter days of bereavement were past, Hilda and Lady Hamilton went to a quiet spot by the sea side. Change was necessary for them both, the doctors told Hilda, and Isabel was only too glad to learn that she might go.

She was recovering from her dangerous illness slowly and feebly. But the sea air worked wonders for her, and in a little while the bloom began to steal back to her lovely face. When she saw this she grew inwardly restless, and impatient of the seclusion in which they lived. She hailed, therefore, joyfully the news that Hayward was coming to see them after they had been about a month at the little sea-washed spot on the coast, which he had chosen as a fitting retreat for Hilda during the first weeks of her widowhood.

Hilda, watching Isabel, saw her on the day that Hayward was expected, throw aside the dress that she usually wore, and don a more becoming one. Then she began twisting her golden hair into some new fashion, and brought out her rings and ornaments. It was like a glimpse of the Isabel of old—the Isabel who had tried to win the admiration and love of every man who approached her.

But Hayward when he came scarcely looked at her. He looked at the sweet, sad face beneath the widow's cap, and saw at once how ill, anxious, and weary Hilda still looked.

After the ordinary greetings between the three had passed, Isabel rose somewhat restlessly.

"My dear Hilda," she said, speaking and acting so like the Isabel of old, and so unlike the terrified, trembling woman that he had seen lying on her sick-bed, that Hayward could scarcely help smiling. "I would like to have a few words on business matters with Mr. Hayward—if you don't mind leaving us alone?"

Hilda's face flushed, but she at once rose to comply with Isabel's request.

"Why should Mrs. Jervis go away?" said Hayward, quickly. "She knows of everything that we can have to talk about."

It was now Isabel's turn to flush, but she answered coldly and haughtily:

"You forget, I think, that by that name will, Sir George left you the guardian of my son?"

"No, I do not forget that," said Hayward; but by this time, Hilda was at the room-door.

"Let me know when you have finished your conversation," she said quietly, and she left the room as she spoke.

Then Isabel took a turn across it, as if she were thinking, but presently stopped before Hayward.

"Well," she said, "about the boy? Do you mean to bring him up to hate his mother?"

"No, certainly not," answered Hayward, energetically. "And I trust and hope, Lady Hamilton," he added, "that you will give me no cause to wish to do so."

"You mean you hope I'll turn good and walk in the straight path, eh, Hayward?" said Isabel with a little uneasy laugh.

"Yes," said Hayward, "I mean, I hope that none of us will forget—what ought, what must be a lesson to us all—the death of Horace Jervis."

For a moment Isabel was silent. Then she said, "He was a good man—the only good man, Hayward, that I have ever known."

"He—," he began, "he was—" began Hayward, but he could not go on. The memory of Jervis' last unselfish words to him, of his last hand-clasp, utterly overcame him, and he turned away his head to hide his emotion.

"But we can't all be like Mr. Jervis," said Isabel presently. "He was born good, I suppose, just like most of us are born—the other thing."

Hayward did not speak.

"But I was not born good," continued Isabel, "and, in truth, Hayward, I am weary of living this quiet life down here."

"Where would you go?"

"Abroad—people won't cast up their hypocritical eyes quiet as much at me there, you know. And as I shall be pretty well off as regards money—"

"Yes, you will be well off as regards money," said Hayward, as Isabel paused. "But, Lady Hamilton—"

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Isabel.

"Shall I tell you," continued Hayward, in a trembling voice, "what the good man who is gone said to me about you before he left us?"

"No, no," said Isabel hastily. "I would rather not hear, it will only make me uncomfortable."

"But he charged me solemnly," said Hayward, "to look after you. He said I was always to be your friend, and if you go away, Isabel—"

"You think I will go to perdition, no doubt?" said Isabel, again with that light, uneasy laugh. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "for the boy's sake I won't do that—perhaps for your sake, though you have not been over kind to me—but I can't stand the dullness here."

"But," hesitated Hayward, "you are a widow now—would it not be the best and wisest thing that you can do to marry Captain—"

"Captain—"

"Captain—"

"To marry Captain Warrington!" repeated Isabel, her face turning suddenly scarlet. "Do you know what that coward wrote to me, Hayward, on the day the trial went against me? He who ought to have stood by me! He wrote to say that after such a public exposure he must decline to have anything further to say to me! What do you think of that?" she continued, passionately. "It was a gentlemanly action, wasn't it?"

"It was a cowardly action," said Hayward, "to strike you then, but—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," said Isabel, still in a rage. "You mean that perhaps I would have married you before that if you had asked me? So I would—but he didn't know it, and he behaved like a scoundrel."

"We will not discuss it, then," said Hayward. "What I meant was, you would be better married."

Isabel laughed.

"I had a happy experience, hadn't I?" she said. "No. I am free now, and for a while at least I mean to remain so."

Then she began asking Hayward about her money, and how it was to be sent, and making other arrangements for living entirely abroad. In vain Hayward argued with her.

"I mean to go," she said, looking at him, smilingly. "Will you come over to Paris to see me, or do you think I am too wicked for you to trust yourself with me?"

"I hope not," said Hayward, gravely. But he saw it was no use. Isabel meant to go. She was weary, as she told Hayward, of living with Hilda.

"She is always thinking," she said, "and I hate to think. So I want to live where I shall have no time to do so."

And thus she went away. She was a little—just a very little affected when she parted with Hilda.

"Good-bye," she said, and she kissed Hilda's cheeks, which was a rare action of hers. "You have been very kind to me—you are not a bad kind of young woman—and I suppose by and by, you and Hayward will be making a match of it."

"What folly, what nonsense," said Hilda, blushing scarlet.

"Oh, I dare say it will all come right," said Isabel. "And then—sometimes I'll come over, and see you—and Reggy."

Long afterwards Hilda told Hayward of Isabel's parting words about her little boy. And then they often talked of them. These words left them a kind of hope—a hope which, as time went on, and rumours of Isabel's life reached their ears—that they clung to in vain, for she has never come back. She lives in Paris, and when good women speak of the beautiful Lady Hamilton they cast down their eyes and sigh. But there are other women who envy her—envy her beauty, her diamonds, her gay, careless, easy life. But these women were not with her when she lay in the darkened room in Jervis' house in her deadly pain. They were not with her when she was ashamed to live, and afraid to die. She hates to think, she told Hayward, but sometimes dark thoughts must come back to her. Sometimes the skeleton that she hides away so well—hides beneath her gay attire, her laughers and the excitement and whirl in which she lives—must shadow-like reappear, warning her that the day will come when the dark hours of dread and fear will inevitably return.

But twelve months and more had passed away after Jervis' death before Hilda told Hayward that Isabel had spoken of coming back to see her little child. By this time Hayward had asked Hilda to be his wife. He did this even then with a certain feeling in his heart that he was speaking too soon. But he had a reason for doing so apart from Hilda.

This reason was that Marion Marston, who had lived with her sister during the last eight or ten months, had once or twice given him what she called "a hint." As we have seen, Marion Marston lacked, in a very great degree, the sensitive and refined temperament that distinguished her younger sister Hilda. So as she thought that Hayward came too much about the house without ever distinctly saying what he came for, and as she cherished certain ideas about becoming Mrs. Hayward herself, she contrived to allow him to see pretty clearly that she did so.

But if Hayward had ever thought of her she ended her chances on the day when she gave him her "hint." Hayward laughed at the time, said something pleasant, and then turned away. But the next time he went to the house he asked Hilda to be his wife.

When the faltering words had passed his lips faltering and broken, yet understood by the blushing and agitated woman who listened to them, Hilda was silent for a moment, and then looked up into his face, and held out her hand.

"Oh! Philip," she said, "is it not too soon—to forget I—to be so happy—"

"He, too, is happy, my dear, and he wished it," answered Hayward, and as he spoke Hilda's head fell on the breast of the man whom she had loved so faithfully and so well.

THE END.

AS IMPROPTU mock auction sale of women was amusing and profitable at first, in a Racine (Wis.) church fair. The young men bid liberally for the attractive girls, and it was all very funny, indeed, until an ugly, but influential, sister was put up. The auctioneer was compelled to knock her down at 25 cents, and she was so angry that she put on her things and went home.

HEARTH AND HOME.

STEADINESS.—It was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

KINDNESS.—The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading kindness of the heart.

HOME.—What an inexhaustible source of pleasure and profit abounds in that home wherein a tender mother dwells, and from whom may be derived the wisest maxims and rules of happy life! In such a home ought to be found the dutiful daughter and the tender and affectionate son. In that home may be acquired the beauties and knowledge of the world, without the danger of being infected by the bad example abroad.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.—Woman's true strength lies in her quietness. The noisy, blustering, self-asserting of the sex make the air hot with their voices, and trouble the world with their superabundant activities. But this is not real strength—it is more generally just a sham and a show, which breaks down under the pressure of personal and private trial; while the true power of those who, as wives, influence the present, and, as mothers, mould the future, lies hidden from the public, all the more valuable because of its reserve.

INFLUENCE.—Perhaps we cannot estimate correctly the extent of our influence over every one with whom we come in contact, because in the majority of cases we are not trying to wield any influence. We meet casually with half a dozen acquaintances in the course of a day—we talk on indifferent subjects and part, and straightway we forget all that passed between us, or we think we do. But the impressions given and received are as ineffable as they may be slight, and we can never hold converse for a brief half hour with any fellow-creature without leaving some mark and carrying some away.

TRUTH, AND WHEN TO SPEAK IT.—There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue; concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and communicates all he sees or hears; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not. He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

HOME EDUCATION.—One of the most important duties of the matron or mother of a family, and for which she should always arrange to have time, is the home education of children. By this we do not mean a routine of lessons from books, but that beneficial oral instruction, those practical lessons on the duties of life, which should pervade entirely her intercourse with children. It is thus that lessons of love, forbearance, truth, kindness, self-denial, and generosity may be deeply impressed on the ductile mind, and the seeds of true piety and upright behaviour scattered carefully over the prepared soil. The first care should be to distinguish between the different dispositions which nature has given to children—to strengthen the weak and vacillating, soften the obstinate, encourage the timid, and repress the forward—to eradicate weeds, and sow the good seed.

VARIETIES.

A REMARKABLE WALKING-STICK.—A walking-stick for tourists and botanists, recently patented in Germany by Herr Herb of Pulsnitz, is furnished with the following articles: One side of the handle is a signal-pipe, and on the other side can be fixed a knife (which is above the ferrule.) In the middle of the handle is a compass. The handle itself can be screwed off, and within is a small microscope with six object-glasses. In the stick under the handle is a vessel containing ether or chloroform. Outside the stick there is inserted on one side a thermometer, and on the other sand or minute glass. Above the ferrule is the knife already referred to, and to the ferrule can be screwed a botanist's spatula, or an ice point (for glacier parties.) Lastly a metre measure is adapted to the stick.

TENNYSON'S BROTHER.—A private letter dated London, April 12, says: "Alfred Tennyson's brother, Charles, is lying very low at Cheltenham. He has had several attacks of paralysis, and has now lost his powers of speech. He is so frail that all his writing is done by an amanuensis." One of the rarest of modern books is "Poems by Two Brothers," Alfred and Charles Tennyson, published half a century ago. Since that time the latter has assumed the name of Turner, and published a volume of sonnets. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, and two years the senior of the poet-laureate, having been born in the year 1808.

VICTOR HUGO.—Victor Hugo's room where he receives callers in his new Paris house: "You find yourself in a square parlour of ample dimensions. The walls and ceiling are concealed beneath full draperies of a Persian patterned silk, in gay yet harmonious colours, relieved against a groundwork of crimson. The mantel-piece is hidden beneath a splendid covering of crimson velvet, wrought with antique embroidery, and a bright wood fire blazes on the hearth. Here and there a gilt bracket against the wall supports an antique Chinese vase. The carpet is a rich moquette, with a white ground, covered with an arabesque pattern and with a bordering of vivid blue. The furniture is of fine Aubusson tapestry, with gilt woodwork. In the corner stands a statuette, on a pedestal, representing Victor Hugo in a musing attitude."

FORTUNY IN HIS COFFIN.—A Roman letter, from Anna H. M. Brewster, says: "A few weeks ago the remains of Fortuny, the great Spanish painter, were removed from the receiving vault at the Campo Verano into the fine large vault which his widow had built on the bluff of the Pincetto or hill in that same cemetery. Over the vault stands a marble column, on which is placed a bold sketchy bust in bronze of the celebrated painter. The coffin had to be opened before it was placed in the new vault in order that the contents might be verified. Some persons who were present have given me this interesting information. The embalming, it was found, had hardened and darkened the body. The effect was both startling and imposing. There lay the fine, vigorous form of Fortuny, for he died suddenly, as you know, in full health and in the prime of manhood. This strong, well-made body was hard as marble. The handsome face—each feature—was firm and sharp cut, as if chiselled in black basalt! About his head was a white drapery. 'He looked like a Bedouin Arab sleeping,' said my informant."

WILHELMJ.—The distinguished musician began to use the violin at the age of four. At seven he exhibited his accomplishments for the entertainment of Henrietta Sontag, who was on a visit to his family, and she was so charmed with the exactness of his execution, and the purity and beauty of his tone, that she embraced and kissed him, and predicted for him a splendid future. When only eight he played in quartets of Haydn. When sixteen he played the set out for Weimar to submit himself to the judgment of Liszt, for the elder Wilhelmj insisted upon training his son for the law, and would not permit him to take up the violin unless some high authority found in him the promise of a great artist. When he got through playing for Liszt, the latter, who had accompanied him, rose from the piano, and exclaimed, "What! they thought of making you a lawyer! You were born for music." A few days later young Wilhelmj went to Leipzig to study under the eminent Ferdinand David, whose niece, Baroness Liphardt, he afterward married.

"HANS BREITMAN" IN LONDON.—Charles Godfrey Leland, best known by his "Hans Breitman" humour, is said to be living very pleasantly in London, where he has spent the last 10 years, and is yet without any definite idea of returning to his native country. He is described as looking very little older than when he settled down in England; he might be mistaken for 40 or thereabouts, though he is 55. Like other literary Americans who have taken up their abode in London, he is very busy in making manuscript. He is writing a serial novel for one of the magazines, and such parts as have appeared show that it will be a marked success. He is also preparing a life of Abraham Lincoln for the new "Plutarch Series," to be issued by a London house. His chief work, which he has just planned and found an enthusiastic publisher for, is to be a series of art and artisan primers under the general title of "Profitable Work for all Classes." Its purpose is to introduce the study of artistic design, practically, into as many mechanical departments as possible. The conception is in entire harmony with modern thought, and has awakened deep sympathy in Great Britain. Leland's home is the centre of many literary and artistic celebrities, and his talents and scholarship are fully appreciated by his English friends, who are particularly pleased with his genial humour and sprightly speech. As a rambling talker and an after-dinner orator he has not many superiors.

BURLESQUE.

HE WAS NOT A VETERAN.—An aged man came into our sanctum yesterday. Deep eyed sadness sat on his eyebrows, like a frog on the shore of a mill pond. His attire was faultless in regard to ventilation; in fact he looked as if he was a model for some house that manufactured ventilators. His shoes showed two long slits for admitting air, which could come out at his knee, elbow or hat, the whole system of ventilation being perfect and complete. He hung his hat up on the third hook from the door, being the one set in diamonds, and drawing our new morocco footstool up to our feet sat down and opened fire.

"I am probably the only survivor of one of the most desperate charges at Gettysburg," said he. "I was on the very spot which the rebels and the Union soldiers charged over ten times, and I never stirred out of my tracks. I was right where fifteen cannon balls tore up the earth in every direction, tearing men to pieces and finally flinging back the torn armies in confusion."

"Did you escape?" we asked.

"I did."
"You escaped? But you were wounded?"
"No, sir, I was not touched."
"You were not even wounded?"
"Not much."

"But certainly your clothes were pierced with bullets!"
"Not a bit of it. Nary a bullet."
"And yet you want money. No, sir! Had your head been shot off, or a cannon ball torn you in bits, or 229 bullets been lodged in your body, we might have given you ten cents, but as it is charity must begin at home. John, bring us a five cent cigar."

"But I'm the only survivor," persisted this veteran.

"Then go and hire a hall and charge ten cents for the exhibition."

"Exhibition be hanged," said he. "Give me ten cents and I'll tell you how I didn't get killed."

It was a tempting bait and was taken. Then he sidled towards the door as he remarked, "I was on the very spot where that charge was made, I stood where the bullets fell like rain, but—'twas a month after it happened."

JUDGE BOGAN.—When Judge Bogan was a practising lawyer in Georgia he weighed about 300 pounds. He was a short man, and had no coupling pole betwixt his head and his shoulders. His back was as broad as a cellar door. Of course he was a good-natured man, but sometimes was very sarcastic in the use of language before a jury. One day he had a case in a justice court in one of the upper counties of Georgia, and there was a little lawyer on the other side named Wiggins. Wiggins weighed about ninety pounds and was game and sassy, like most all little men, and had a voice as fine as the E string on a fiddle.

Well, the judge was rollicking along in a good-natured way to the jury, and made some allusions that insulted Wiggins' dignity. Whereupon Wiggins hopped up like a kildee and hit the judge a lick on the back.

The judge looked round a little, and says he, "What you 'bout, Wiggins—what you 'bout?"

"I'm a fitin'!" says Wiggins.

"Set down and behave yourself," said the judge, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he continued his rhapsody of random remarks. Pretty soon he chafed Wiggins again, who, rising forward, tumultuously popped him three or four times more, making as much impression as if he had hit the side of a house.

"What you 'bout, Wiggins? What you tryin' to do?" said the judge, as he winked at the jury.

"I tell you sir, I'm a fitin'," screamed Wiggins, and he popped him again.

The judge reached his arm back and gently "squashed" Wiggins down to his chair, saying, "Sit down, Wiggins, and be quiet, or I'll take you by the nap of the neck and seat of the breeches and throw you up so high the bluebirds will build in your jacket-pocket before you come down. Be still, I say."

Wiggins "beed still," but he studied the code of honor for a few days and then went back to his tailor's trade.

When the judge was elevated to the bench he didn't give the juries very much latitude in making up a verdict. If the verdict didn't suit him he charged 'em over again and sent them back. One day Col. Foster was defendin' a fellow who was sued on a promissory note, and wound up an eloquent speech with "these are the grand principles of the law, gentlemen, which control the case. They are as old as England, and as solid as the Blue ridge, and have come down to us untarnished by the tide of time or the wreck of bloated empires, and so will his honor charge you."

The judge was leaning forward, his eyes sparkling and his mouth twitching at the corners. Hardly waiting for the colonel to sit down, he said: "His honor won't charge you any such thing, gentlemen; fo' those eternal principles my Brother Foster has elucidated have no more to do with the case than the Koran of Mahomet. This defendant admits that he signed this note, and if you believe him, then all these dilatory, nugatory, purgatory pleas that he has ripped up, tripped up, dug up, stumped up and trumped up, won't avail him. What do you say to that, Brother Foster, eh?"

"Nothing sir; only that I am obliged to differ with the court," said the colonel.

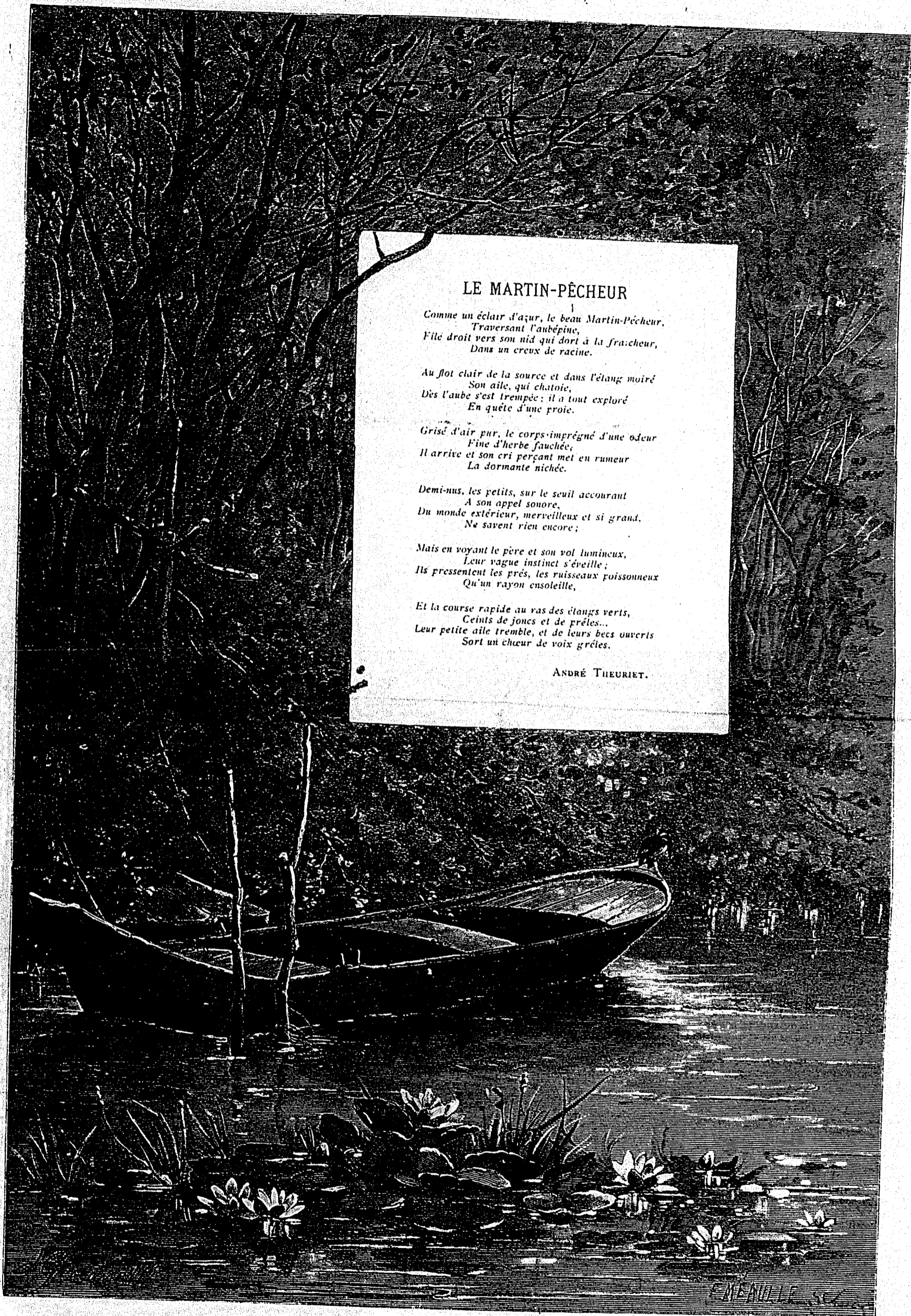
"Yes, sir, you can differ; you have the right to differ; but where the court and the counsel differ, the court prevails, and that's the law of this case, gentlemen. Retire and make up your verdict."

THE Beaconsfield Club, which is close to the Prince of Wales' house, and, indeed, overlooks the grounds, is a great success—so great that some Liberals are seriously alarmed lest it should do the party material damage, especially if the Heir Apparent attends it so assiduously as he did its predecessor on the same premises, and a plan for starting "an Opposition Shop" is now in course of preparation.

QUEEN VICTORIA is known to be an excellent woman of business. Her Majesty's family administration is very thorough. Her extensive family connections throughout the whole of Europe she maintains by an active correspondence, devoting one whole day in the week to writing letters to absent relatives. All accounts, bankers' pass-books, and estimates of expenditure are, in some shape or other, personally presented to her.



THE NEST OF THE KINGFISHER.



LE MARTIN-PÊCHEUR

*Comme un éclair d'azur, le beau Martin-Pêcheur,
Traversant l'aubépine,
File droit vers son nid qui dort à la fraîcheur,
Dans un creux de racine.*

*Au flot clair de la source et dans l'étang moiré
Son aile, qui chatoie,
Dès l'aube s'est trempée: il a tout exploré
En quête d'une proie.*

*Grisé d'air pur, le corps imprégné d'une odeur
Fine d'herbe fauchée,
Il arrive et son cri perçant met en rumeur
La dormante nichée.*

*Demi-nus, les petits, sur le seuil accourant
A son appel sonore,
Du monde extérieur, merveilleux et si grand,
Ne savent rien encore;*

*Mais en voyant le père et son vol lumineux,
Leur vague instinct s'éveille;
Ils pressentent les prés, les ruisseaux poissonneux
Qu'un rayon ensoleille,*

*Et la course rapide au ras des étangs verts,
Ceints de joncs et de prées...
Leur petite aile tremble, et de leurs becs ouverts
Sort un chœur de voix grèles.*

ANDRÉ THEURIET.

THE KINGFISHER.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

The physicians and temperance men of Chicago are very much excited over a new remedy discovered by Dr. Robert D'Unger, which is said not only to cure intemperance, but to leave the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spirituous liquors.

"This is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. Dr. D'Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used-up, demented, loathsome sot, and in ten days makes a well man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor.

A correspondent of the New York Sun lately called on Dr. D'Unger, and relates his interview as follows:—

"You are just in time," said the doctor. "I'm just going to call on a patient who, though a rich man, has been a debauched drunkard for years. For six weeks he has been in bed, as helpless as a child. His memory has even gone. He has been taking my medicine for four days."

"Is Mr. — in bed?" asked the doctor, as he gave our hats to the servant.

"Oh, no! he's in the parlour, reading; walk in."

And there was the drunkard, still weak, but mentally cured. When the doctor asked him if he had any longing for liquor, he said:—

"No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed, I am strong, and wouldn't take a drink of liquor for the world, and—"

"Oh, doctor!" interrupted his wife, as she took both his hands, "you have saved George, and we are so happy!" and then her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Will that man ever drink again?" I asked the doctor.

"No. I've never had a patient cured by cinchona cubra return to drink again. They hate the sight of liquor."

"Now, doctor," I said, "what did you give this patient? or, in other words, tell me in plain English what your medicine is, how you prepare it, and how anyone may give it so as to cure the habitual drunkard—I mean a drunkard with inflamed eyes, trembling hands, bloated body, and intellect shattered by habitual drink."

"My medicine," replied the doctor, "can be bought at any first-class drug store. It is red Peruvian bark (cinchona rubra). Now, there are eighty varieties of this bark. I use the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Drug-gists call it the quill bark, because it comes from twigs the size of a quill."

"How do you mix it?" "I take a pound of the best quill red Peruvian bark (cinchona rubra), powder it, and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half-pint—so it is a pound to a half-pint. Anyone can prepare it."

"How do you give this medicine?" "I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can't fall by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half-spoonful, then to a quarter-spoonful, then down to fifteen, ten, and five drops."

"How long do you continue the medicine?" "From five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty days. Seven is about the average."

"Now please tell me the philosophy of this medicine—why it cures drunkenness, and how you happened to make the discovery."

"Well, first you must understand that intemperance, first a habit, finally becomes a disease. It becomes a disease of the nerve cells, or, if talking to a physician, I should say it becomes a disease of the sensorial ganglia. I found, while dissecting the brain of a man who died of delirium tremens, that the cells of the quadrigeminal body, or the cells that send the nerves to the eye, were in an unnatural state on the outside, while, within the nerve cells themselves I discovered a yellow yeasty-looking deposit."

"Now, I ask myself, what is this yellow deposit, and what causes this abnormal look of the cells? It is caused, I learned after much research, by the ethereal part of the alcohol going straight to the outside of these cells. Now, if I drink milk," continued the doctor, "or eat food, it will take four hours to pass through the digestive organs, be taken up in the blood, and be passed to the nerve cells from which the brain is fed; while, if I drink alcohol, it will go straight to the nerve cells in three minutes. This shows that alcohol is not digested. It is not food; it is a poisonous fluid electricity, which goes over the sensitive nerves as electricity goes over a wire, straight to the outside of the nerve cells, which it stimulates artificially, when they should be stimulated naturally through the blood."

"If the spirit part of alcohol," continues the doctor, "were digested like soup, the kidneys and liver would extract it from its poisonous properties as they extract the injurious salts from our food, and this poison would never reach the brain. Once stimulated unnaturally by a poisonous substance like whisky, the nerve cells call for larger and larger doses, till by and by a man can drink two quarts of whisky or eat seventy grains of morphia a day. Cinchona rubra stops the call for alcohol."

"Do not red Peruvian bark and alcohol both stimulate the nerve cells? Then why can one cure the other?" I asked.

"Well, alcohol is a fermented, distilled stimulant with poison in it, while my medicine is a natural stimulant, containing no poison; so my medicine stimulates the nerves, and, not being poisonous, allays inflammation—that is, it holds the cells open until the morbid deposit is forced out and the cells accustom themselves to receive their stimulus naturally through the arteries. It stops all craving for alcohol."

"Please explain the passage of food and poisoned alcohol to the brain again," I said.

"Well, when a man drinks alcohol, it goes, like electricity, straight to the nerve cells; thence to the eye through the optic nerve; then to the brain, making a man talk lively; then to the spinal centre, limbering the back; then to the muscular system, and when it finally gets to the stomach he vomits. Food goes just the opposite way. Food goes to the stomach first, then into the heart, and finally through the arteries to the brain."

"Then red Peruvian bark stimulates and builds up the nerve cells until they begin to receive nutrition from the blood?"

"Yes, that's it. The only credit I claim is making this discovery, and discovering the location of the disease known as dipsomania."

"How did you discover that red cinchona bark would cure drunkenness?"

"Well, I first discovered it down in Maryland, twelve years. An account was published in the Sun at that time. I had a case of a drunkard, Bill Stevens, who also had an intermittent fever. It was a hard case of fever, and so I tried red Peruvian bark instead of quinine. To my surprise, it not only cured his fever, but he never wanted to drink whisky afterward. When he went into a saloon, and the boys asked him to drink, Bill said:—

"I can't, boys. That dogon red bark the doctor gave me not only killed my fever, but it spoiled all the whisky in Maryland for me."

"What conspicuous cures in Chicago can you refer to, doctor?"

"Well, Dr. S. B. Noble. He had the alcoholic disease. His nerve cells were poisoned. He was once President of the Illinois Dental Association. He got to be a hard drinker. His mind began to be affected, though a scholar and a gentleman beloved by everybody. He tried red Peruvian bark three weeks ago. He's a well man now, and everybody in Chicago looks at his cure as a miracle. Dr. Noble knows it was a disease, and don't object to being referred to."

I am satisfied that, if the physicians of New York will give Dr. D'Unger's discovery a trial, they will do more for temperance in a year than Gough and Murphy have done in all their lives. It is the first remedy ever discovered that kills the disease and the inclination to drink at one and the same time.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN AN EDITOR.—The man who knows how to run a newspaper came into the Derrick office yesterday. He sat down in the chair, pulled all the exchanges into his lap and began his criticism.

"I ought to have been an editor," said he, "just to show you fellows how easy it is to run a newspaper. Why don't you pitch into the city council? People want some kind of excitement. Give the police thunder for not attending to business, it will wake the people up. Caesar! wouldn't I make it hot for 'em if I had anything to do with a paper."

"Suppose you run this office for two hours to suit yourself?" "All right, just let me do it. I'll show you the hottest articles you ever saw. Give me the pencil."

We left him sitting in the editorial chair working away for dear life. On the stairs we met Jim Jones a driller from Alamagpozelum.

"Where's the editor?" said he. "Up stairs at his desk," was the reply.

Jones had blood in his eyes, and he bounded up two steps at a time, while we waited at the foot of the stairs for developments. In about two minutes, we saw the dictionary fly out of the upper window, then there was a sound as of a chair being smashed, followed by loud yells, and in two seconds the door flew open, and the would-be-editor came rolling down the stairs.

"What's your hurry?" we asked, as he flew by us. "Sit down and tell us how to run a newspaper," we continued, as he struck the sidewalk. But he never stopped. He just flew across the sidewalk and fell on his back in the gutter. And such a sight. His nose was knocked crosswise, one eye was black as a thunder-cloud, his hair stood on end, his coat was ripped down the back and one sleeve torn out. Jones was coming down the stairs and the would-be editor, jumped and ran up the railroad with Jones close at his heels, yelling "I ain't the editor," at every jump he took. He hasn't returned. We fear his youthful dream of running a newspaper has been nipped in the bud by the frost of adverse circumstances.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several valuable communications. Correct solution of Problem No. 223 received.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 223.

W. B.,—We are afraid that there is some mistake in the position.

J. H. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 223.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 222.

We see it stated in the last number of the Westminster Papers that a taste for Chess has increased of late years among the poorer classes of society, but that according to the judgment of the editor of that journal, it has diminished in the higher.

As regards the latter, we should be very sorry if it could be proved that chess is losing interest with them. Inasmuch as a knowledge of the game has always been associated with the well educated classes of society from the fact, that it is undoubtedly the most intellectual of pastimes. In speaking of this, however, it occurs to mind that in England the great seats of learning, which are principally attended by the sons of those who stand high in the social scale, are far from manifesting any marked indifference to the game, as the recent chess contests between the rival Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, will abundantly testify.

We trust the Editor of the Westminster Papers will ultimately be led to modify his judgment after more mature consideration, but at the same time, we may say that he has had, from his connection with the Chess fraternity, ample means from which to form his opinion.

It must, however, be evident that the statement made with reference to the spread of a taste for Chess among the poorer or middle classes, admits of no doubt whatever. The rapid increase in the number of Chess Columns in newspapers and periodicals which have their greatest circulation among these classes testifies to this, in a very significant manner, and so does the establishment of clubs among those, who, a few years ago, confined their attention to amusements of a character which had little or nothing in them of an intellectual nature.

We must all rejoice at so great a change, not merely for the sake of the game itself, but because it is a strong evidence of the slow but steady influence of education among the masses. To the poor man, chess must be, to a great extent, a home amusement, and here is the advantage gained. The rich have so many means to make home agreeable that, if they neglect the checkered board, they have many things at command to supply its place.

In an extract from an American paper which we gave last week, it was said that the chess-board was now a necessary part of the furniture of every family in some parts of the United States, so that we may reasonably infer that on both sides of the Atlantic Chess is obtaining a footing among those to whom its influence will ultimately be more than the result of a mere amusement.

(From Turf, Field and Farm.)

SOMETHING ABOUT CHESS-BOARDS.—The smallest board of which we have any account is one described by Zeiler, a German writer; it was only one inch square, yet every square was perfect; the men which accompanied this board were of exquisite workmanship, and were kept, when not in use, in a common quill. Professor D. W. Fiske, the eminent Oriental scholar, informs us, in his voluminous writings on things pertaining to chess, of many curious things concerning the board. The distinction of color is a modern innovation, and in Asia and Africa to this day the board is all one color. The Moors are accustomed to mark off a table board on the ground as occasion requires, and they play on it with black and white stones of various sizes; Louis XIII. carried with him in his travelling carriage a chess-board, quilted on a cushion the men being fitted with a long pin, by means of which the king could play while in his carriage.

Pocket chess-boards were first devised by the author of the "Thesaurus of English Works," Dr. Roget. La Bourdonnais introduced the custom which prevails in Europe, of piercing the sides of the board with holes in order to mark with pegs the number of games won. The Caliph of Bagdad, Al-Mamun, habitually played on a board two cubits square. The board used by Charles I. is still in existence; it is of alternate squares of ebony and ivory. For many years boards have been made of plate-glass, the squares of black and white cloth or paper under the glass, the whole inlaid on the top of a table; the boards at the Cafe Engel, in this city, are of this kind. We read of boards made of Jasper and Chalcedony, and of solid gold and silver; the most valuable board in America to-day is the one presented to Morphy by the citizens of New York in 1859. It is of one solid piece of ebony, the white squares being inlaid pearl. The chess men being of gold and silver; the board is ornamented with the arms of the city and appropriate inscriptions inlaid in silver; the whole was gotten up by Tiffany & Co., and cost over \$1,000.

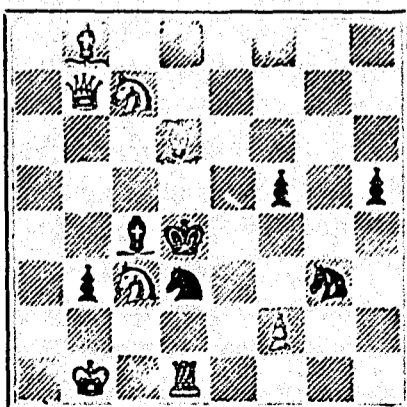
On the 25th ult., the members of the Breslau Chess Club held a general assembly, which was numerously attended, and at which it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Anderssen, the great German Chess-player, in his native town. The meeting at the same time decided to make known their determination to all the clubs of Germany, and to solicit from them, and from other friends of the noble game, especially Anderssen's pupils, contributions in aid of the project.—The Field.

PROBLEM No. 224.

From "Chess Gems"

By Conrad Bayer

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 359TH

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

A fine game played in a match between Messrs. Phillips and Hammond, of Melbourne, the latter giving the odds of pawn and move.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

Chess game notation table showing moves for White (Mr. D. S. Phillips) and Black (Mr. Hammond) from P to Q 71.

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) White has now an excellent game. (b) The advance of Q P is better here. (c) A had move: R to Q sq is better. (d) Had again. (e) White's game is now hopeless.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 222.

Solution table for Problem No. 222 showing White and Black moves.

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 220.

Solution table for Problem for Young Players No. 220 showing White and Black moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 221.

Table showing White and Black moves for Problem No. 221.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Advertisement for Robert Miller, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and Wholesale Stationer, 397, Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.



Province of Quebec. PARLIAMENT HOUSE. PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges...

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the first two weeks of the Session. BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE, Clerk Leg. Council.



PUBLIC ATTENTION is directed to the following Provisions of the Fishery Laws in the Province of Quebec: Pickerel, (Hors) cannot be caught from the 15th April to 15th May.

Fisheries Department, OTTAWA, 2nd April, 1879. W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries.

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on Monday, the Second Day of June next.

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Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

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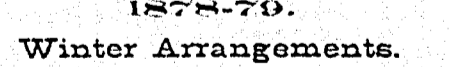
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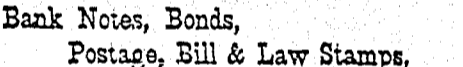
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