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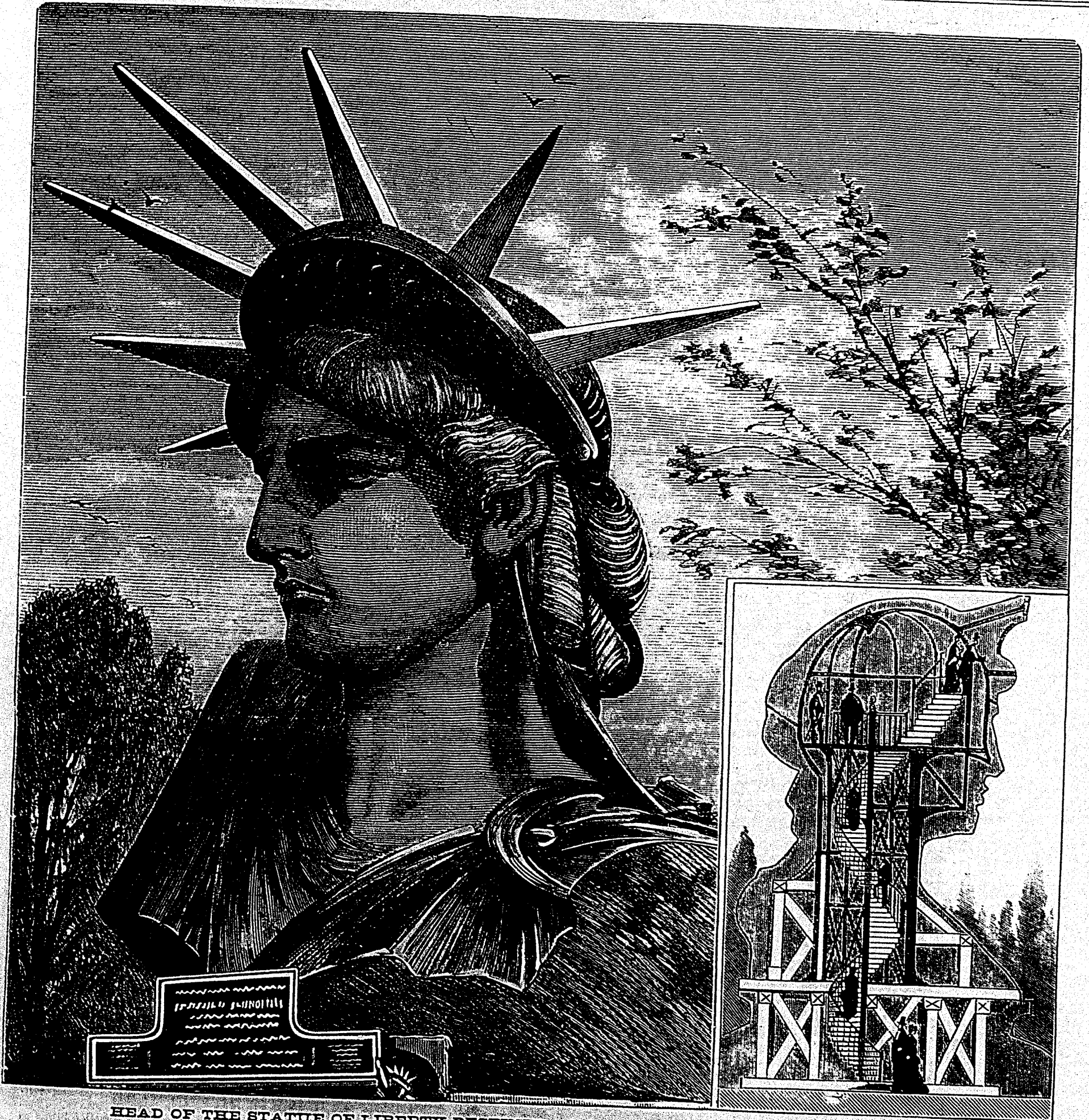
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NOTICE.

We have acquired the sole right for the Dominion of publishing in serial and later in book form,

BENEATH THE WAVE :

A NEW NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

The publication will begin early in November. We shall take occasion next week to say more about this enterprise of ours. Meantime we append the following notices of this new and promising writer's works.

OPINIONS OF THE PREES ON DORA RUSSELL'S NOVELS.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

"Footprints in the Snow" is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year. — *Graphic*.

"With a deep knowledge of the ways of wicked aristocrats." — *Standard*.

"Miss Russell uses the pathetic, and uses it with effect." — *Queen*.

"The incidents are skilfully dealt with." — *Pictorial World*.

"The interest is fairly sustained throughout the book." — *Saturday Review*.

"Several characters are drawn with a skill that deserves much praise." — *Spectator*.

"Elizabeth Gordon's character is well drawn. The story is fairly told." — *Athenaeum*.

"Elizabeth's struggles for independence in London are particularly well described." — *Whitehall Review*.

"Footprints in the Snow" is a novel which can be read with satisfaction and even enjoyment." — *World*.

"Miss Russell's story is unquestionably clever, extremely amusing, and will, we doubt not, be a favourite in the libraries." — *Academy*.

"There are here all the elements of tragedy, enough to have satisfied Webster or Marlowe, and Miss Russell's scenes are of a dramatic kind." — *Daily News*.

"A plot which will highly interest romance readers." — *Stamford Mercury*.

"Miss Russell has effected considerable progress as a novelist." — *Carlisle Journal*.

"Miss Russell writes with so much vigour and gives so much flesh-and-blood interest to her novels." — *Scotsman*.

"Novel-readers should find 'Footprints in the Snow' very much to their taste." — *Birmingham Daily Post*.

"The best and truest thing we can say of it is, that it is extremely popular." — *Warrington Guardian*.

"Miss Russell has made herself a name by this work which must bring her considerable fame." — *Bury Times*.

"The authoress has displayed considerable skill in the way in which she has put her figures into contrast one with another." — *Bradford Observer*.

"Will be read with interest. . . . There is a good deal of originality in the plot, and its elaboration is skilfully carried out." — *Leeds Mercury*.

"We have read this story with great pleasure, and consider it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English fiction." — *Monk's Herald*.

"There is a freshness of description and a facility of expression which is a treasure beyond price in these days. . . . One of the best novels that have come under our notice for some time." — *Nottingham Guardian*.

"A really interesting and well-written story, and one which we can heartily recommend to our readers. When we say that it is rather sensational we have mentioned almost the only fault we have to find with it." — *Hereford Times*.

"Racily written, and full of stirring incident, brilliant description and spirited dialogue, the tale is one of the most successful and interesting pictures of modern life which have come under our attention for several years." — *Kent Messenger*.

"Is well—and in parts powerfully—written; will become—and deservedly—a popular story. . . . The female characters are admirably drawn, the style is excellent, and the incidents are so varied that the interest never flags." — *Sheffield Telegraph*.

"Is one of the really good novels which have been published during the last few months. . . . It shows a firmer and more practised hand, has more strength of plot, and is altogether more complete and artistic than any of the writer's earlier stories. Miss Russell is steadily marking out a line for herself." — *Newcastle Chronicle*.

"We regard Miss Russell as a very successful follower of some of the most popular novelists. . . . The characters are fairly and consistently drawn, while the leading one only falls slightly short of real excellence. . . . 'Footprints in the Snow' is the work of one who has a real talent for this species of literature." — *Sussex Daily News*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 19, 1878.

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.

We learn from our latest European exchanges that the Ameer of Afghanistan had forewarned the Government of India some time since that Russia would advance into his country, and that he wanted England to guarantee him its assistance if what he feared should occur. If he was really in earnest in asking this assistance on that occasion, when a Russian advance was only a thing of the future, and a state of things he professed to dread, what, it may be asked, is it that has so altered the Ameer's views of Russia's movements in Cabul that he can now receive her envoy with apparent satisfaction, and by his conduct leave the English in ignorance whether he will receive their mission? The answer is not difficult to find. When the Ameer sent his representatives to the English, what better opportunity could there have been for creating a firm foothold at the Ameer's Court? Why should they have refused what he asked, unless it was to drive him to listen to the first Power that flattered him? The Ameer, being human, will no doubt have some little wish to side with the Power least likely to crush him. The advances of Russia in Central Asia of late years may make him consider if the wisest plan after all may not be to side with England, especially if it can be proved to him that it is the wish and intention that Cabul should remain independent. He must be made to see, however, that he will be courting subjection if he favours Russia and allows her a footing in his territory. He ought to understand that he is safe as long as he trusts England, but that if he confides in Russia he not only runs the risk of being invaded by British troops, but that Russia must have something tangible to gain by acting in direct opposition to her statement that she considered Afghanistan as outside her sphere of action.

Yakoob Khan, who will be perhaps now declared heir-apparent to the throne of Cabul, dislikes England and has rather a liking for Russia, so that it is to be hoped the mission to Afghanistan may not be delayed. Abdoola Jan was the son of Shere Ali's favourite wife, whom he married in his old age. It is supposed that by her influence the Ameer was induced to raise her son regardless of his other offspring to the position of heir-apparent, a step that produced ill-feeling in Afghanistan. Yakoob Khan is a very warlike person, with much determination, and his succession to the throne of Cabul will be more likely to secure internal peace to that State than that succession of Abdoola Jan would have been. There is no proof at present for the statement that Abdoola Jan has been poisoned, but, if it is true, the story will not be authenticated for some time. Ghuznee is said to be the place to which Yakoob Khan has escaped.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

It is well to remind our readers that a permanent conference on the subject of the metrical system, in which thirty States are represented, exists since 1870, and has its seat at Paris. This conference is about to order the manufacture of international standards.

The metrical system exists in Spain since the 1st June, 1852, and partially in Portugal since 1864. The kingdom of Sardinia, now Italy, adopted it in 1845-46, and Belgium as far back as 1836. Holland admitted the metric even before France, but the designations were Dutch. At present, however, the French names are coming into vogue. In Germany, the metric system which was optional in 1868, became obligatory in 1872. In Austria proper the obligation was enforced in 1876, and Hungary will probably soon follow the example. In Serbia the obligation

will begin in 1880; in Roumania it dates from 1865. It likewise exists in Greece and Egypt.

Among the nations where the metric system does not as yet exist, England stands first. Its optional use is authorized and it is taught in the schools, but there is no telling when it will be made obligatory. Still a first step has been made, inasmuch, as a member of the union, England has admitted the unity of weight of 15 grammes which corresponds to nothing in her present system. But England does not confine herself to resistance within her own borders; she carries it into her colonies. India having adopted the system, it was vetoed by the Imperial Parliament, so that only the optional use exists in India, where the metre is called the *sen*. It is the same for Canada.

In Norway, the introduction of the metric system dates from the 1st July, 1878. Sweden will follow suit very shortly. Denmark has been refractory up to the present, but the example of the other Scandinavian States will probably shortly have its effect upon her. Russia is still backward, and Turkey ordered 70 standards, six years ago, but nothing has been heard of them since.

In the United States, the optional use of the system exists since 1866. An association, having its centre in Boston, and represented in the Congress by Mr. Appleton, is carrying on an active propaganda by means of pamphlets and explanatory fly sheets. Mexico has the metric system as well as the South American States. Switzerland is as backward as Russia.

The nations which employ the system represent a total population of 600,000,000. This mass will surely serve as a centre of attraction for the rest of the globe.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET CLUB.—The match of the Australian eleven against twenty-two Montreal cricketers took place on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th inst. It was so completely one-sided in favour of the Australians, that we do not consider it worth while to describe it. But we append the score:

	SCORE.
Murdoch, b McLean	45
C Bannerman, c Badgley b Gordon	125
Horan, c Bell b Badgley	32
Spofforth, stumped out, b Badgley	18
Gregory, c Starke b Dawson	4
Boyle, c Hare b Badgley	19
Garrett, b Hare	15
Bailey, b Dawson	22
Conway, c Bell b Badgley	3
Allen, not out	7
Blackham, not out	2
Byes	19
Leg Byes	2
Wides	6
Total	319

RUNS PER WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	96	181	217	257	265	269	289	300	310

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

	Balls.	M.	O.	Wkts.	Wides.	Runs.
McLean	108	16	27	1	1	16
Dawson	256	33	64	2	0	25
Hare	64	7	16	1	1	19
Gordon	100	2	25	1	1	71
Badgley	128	7	32	4	1	60
Brodie	84	12	21	0	1	13

The above is the analysis of six of the principal bowlers.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The external dimensions of the building are 75 x 200 feet, with a centre transept on either side 20 x 75. Externally the design is Italian, with bold, projecting cornices, airy gables and minarets, and a lofty, grand central convex tower. The height of the latter from the main floor to the top of the deck is one hundred feet. The main room is a finely illuminated, clear story, 46 x 200 feet, and has an elevation above the aisle roofs of 18 feet; height of nave, 54 feet. The internal arrangements are complete and ample, and will afford a convenient space for a grand exhibition. The main floor's total area—75 x 100 feet—is supplemented by a gallery 16 feet wide, extending around the entire building, a distance of 550 feet, which is rendered accessible by four grand staircases, and will afford a fine promenade, commanding delightful views of the entire exhibition and a vast amount of space for the display of light wares, fabrics and art works. The end gallery opposite the main entrance is elevated about four feet above the side galleries to give it prominence as a musical dais, and on the main floor, directly below, a speaker's spacious stand has been devised, which

may be moved on rollers to any position desired. The construction is entirely of wood, with heavy timber trusses, slatted and well bolted, the style of the truss being a triple stilted arch; and the view from either end through the interlacing curved lines and powerful but very graceful bracing of the roof is decidedly fine and fanciful, giving great vista to the interior. The transepts are to be occupied as committee rooms, and a portion is set apart for the accommodation of a first-class restaurant. The floors are well supported and laid from good material, well smoothed up, and may be very pleasantly employed for dancing, or conveniently used for drilling a regiment of soldiers, when not occupied as an exhibition hall. The well-broken and ever-varying outlines, and bold, clear details of the building, heightened by the waving of the national standards from numerous points around it, produce an effect at once pleasing and picturesque. Its projectors deserve great credit for their enterprise, and the Celestials may congratulate themselves upon having in their city one of the handsomest exhibition palaces in Canada. We are indebted for this description to our excellent contemporary, the *St. John Telegraph*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE American colony is described as the gayest portion of Parisian society.

FRIDAY being unlucky, the captive balloon records reduced receipts on these days.

It is announced that it has been definitively decided the Exhibition shall remain open till November 20.

Père Hyacinthe is thinking of erecting a church in Paris, and is about to apply to the Government for the authority.

THE latest novelty in lace copied from the Paris Exposition is a mixture of black and white leaves on a groundwork of black Chantilly.

THERE is some talk of a grand *fête exotique* to be offered to the Parisians by the foreigners resident in Paris. A committee has been organized, amongst the members of which is Sir Richard Wallace.

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN proposes, in *La France*, to close the Exhibition on October 31, but to reopen the Champ de Mars on May 1, next year, for another six months, the exhibitors having the option to remove their goods, to replace them, or to give up their space altogether. *La parole est aux exposants*. Six months is too short a period to study all the products of France.

THE fashion in Paris is to have a private railway carriage built for one's self, as costly as possible, of course. They are moved on to the line like the travelling furniture vans. If one of them should be the cause of an accident, and a loss of life some day, there will be a people's outcry against the rich. That they are in the way is shown by the fact that the companies will not take them by express trains.

MACADAM is the odd name given by the Parisians to the sweet white wine of Bergerac, the arrival of which is one of the signs of approaching winter. Already the wineshops in the quarter of the Halles are beginning to display a magnificent card bearing the inscription, *vin doux de Bergerac, récolte de 1878*. The final sign of the arrival of winter will be the appearance of the roasted chestnut sellers.

FROM some interesting statistics published by the *Temps*, we learn that the Français played during the past year seventy-six pieces, of which twenty-five belonged to the ancient and forty-seven to the modern repertory, while four were new. Next in the order of number of plays performed comes the Gymnase with fifty-eight pieces, the Palais-Royal with forty-six pieces, and the Odéon with forty pieces, of which thirty-two were pieces of the ancient repertory played at *matinées*, and the remaining eight were new pieces.

THE change which has come over the spirit of France has effected none whatever in its national gaiety. The Republican institutions seem to be favourable to diversion, as the receipts at the Exhibition continue to increase with rapid strides, the average receipts at the theatres having also progressed rapidly since the adoption of the present régime. At the close of the Empire the receipts of the operas and theatres and other places of public amusement amounted to sixteen millions; they have annually increased up to twenty and twenty-eight millions, and this year they will surpass thirty millions of francs.

A FRENCH authority has just published an interesting study on the relative number of accidents by rail and road, and some elaborate statistics showing the proportion of accidents to railway travellers in various European countries. From the figures adduced, it appears that there is no comparison between diligences and railways in the matter of safety. In France, in pre-railway times, there was one traveller killed to every 335,000 carried, and of every 30,000 one was wounded; whereas out of 1,782,403,678

passengers who travelled on the railways of France between September, 1835, and December, 1875, only one of every 5,178,890 was killed, while the proportion of wounded during the same period was one to 580,450. This is highly satisfactory to all except to the one.

M. DEPELLEY, a gentleman connected with the French postal administration, has just brought to the notice of the public a new envelope, possessing the property of reproducing upon the letter within it the post-marks printed upon its exterior. This result, which is not without its advantages for business correspondence, is obtained by means of a simple preparation, in which the envelope is steeped, and which causes the date or name of the town printed on the outside by the post-officials to be reproduced on the enclosure in legible characters, more visible and clear, M. Depelley assures the public, than those on the exterior, which are not unfrequently blurred and indistinct in consequence of the stamp used to impress them being either too liberally or too sparingly supplied with ink. The new envelope has yet to give solid proof of its worth; but if the promises held out be fulfilled it will rally to itself the suffrages of the commercial and mercantile world, and obtain favour with all persons having voluminous correspondence, who find themselves spared much trouble and time when obliged to refer back to the date of letters by this simple innovation.

A SERIOUS writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, summing up his final impressions and those of his cultivated friends, on the English display at the International Exhibition, says a few sensible things which English art tradespeople would do well to read; but M. Henri Houssaye—clever man as he is—has taken no note whatever of the vast improvement in English taste which the last ten years have shown. He and his friends still labour under the traditional belief that nothing can be worse than our taste in colour. "La population anglaise n'a nullement l'instinct de la couleur." The bourgeoisie of London, he adds, goes about in crude and horrid hues; by which, of course, he must mean the magentas and purples, which really have well-nigh disappeared even from Islington and Newington Causeway; and not the sage greens and olive browns which even the parlour-maid, on her Sunday out, has been wearing all through the season. He says we cannot blend colours in carpets. That is true enough; but somehow no one can who was born west of Smyrna. He declaims against our wall-papers, but knows nothing of the influence of Queen's Square. Our coloured table glass displeases him, and perhaps he is right that no one has quite got the secret of old Venice. He finds our goldsmith's work coarse—no lightness, grace, nor delicacy. And, finally, his finger is put on a weak point when he examines our bookbinding. M. Houssaye has seen our faults, in other respects, more keenly than our virtues.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. BROCK has been commissioned to execute a statue of Mr. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools. The statue will, it is believed, when completed, be erected on the Thames Embankment.

AN experiment now being made in the Marylebone Board Schools is one of the most hopeful educational moves that have been made for some time. The boys are being taught French. The success is marvelous. The lads take to it with a vigour and an intelligence which were hardly expected. They relish their lessons most appetizingly.

FIVE hundred different people have ordered electric lamps, and they will be put up in various parts of the Metropolis immediately. It appears the inventor has found a way of keeping the lamp burning for twenty-one hours without changing the carbon points, and that he can now work lamps 500 yards apart with the same steam engine, reckoning about one-horse power for each large lamp.

THE Lyceum, under Mr. Irving's management, will remain closed until after Christmas unless the negotiations for an autumn and early winter season of English opera are successful. An endeavour is being made to secure Mr. Sims Reeves for three nights a week, but the great tenor is said to be doubtful of his powers of endurance. It is only natural that Mr. Irving should be desirous of letting the theatre when he is not using it himself. His rent is £5,000 a year.

THE promised visit of the Comédie Française company to London will be made next year, when all the *artistes* will appear for a season of six weeks in June and July in the whole of their *répertoire*. This will be the first time they have ever migrated to England in their entirety, and they will not appear again under the same condition for ten years. M. Perrin, keeping an old promise, has left the matter for the present in the hands of Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. M. L. Mayer.

IT is said that a new secret society having for its short title, the "O. C. R." has come into existence. Tyrants need not tremble, for the

watchword of the new association is *Beati pacifici*. The objects of the society are to effect changes in the Church. According to the founders of this order "a crisis has arisen with which existing religious societies are powerless to deal, for it is found to the sorrow and shame of many, that the spiritual freedom of the Church, together with the actual jurisdiction of its Episcopate, is practically extinct."

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager in London finds himself unable to use the electric light inside his theatre, for the extremely sad reason that it threw up the facial defects of the actresses so severely as to make it evident that nobody would come to look at them if the light were not softened. "Bless you," he remarked, "the paint and powder on their faces were as plain as if in broad daylight. I tried a little coloured glass over the light; but it was almost useless; they looked as ugly as hobgoblins. I very soon had to put the light out, and use gas."

THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, PEMBROKE.

The above hotel is in all respects a very superior establishment. The guest gets a very good idea of the house directly he enters the doors. The office is large, lofty, tastefully fitted up, light and cheerful, and these are the characteristics of the hotel throughout. From top to bottom, all is first-class. Dining-hall, drawing-room, parlours and bedrooms all reveal the same good taste and careful attention to details—an air of comfort prevades the house, and everything is so nicely arranged and managed that one feels quite "at home." The drawing-room is a magnificent apartment, handsomely furnished; the bedrooms are simply splendid—all are large, well furnished and command a pleasant outlook. For families, or persons of luxurious habits, there are rooms *en suite*. There is a bath-room upon each floor. Commercial gentlemen have the choice of a range of excellent sample-rooms. The hotel is situated in the best part of the town, near the railway station, and from its elevated position commands magnificent views of the lake, which is Pembroke's great charm. In front are the beautiful grounds of the Supple estate, a portion of which, including a fine croquet lawn, has been secured for the use of guests. Occasionally promenade concerts are given by one of the bands of the town, the grounds then being prettily illuminated. The rates at the Metropolitan are very reasonable. The proprietors, Messrs. C. B. Jones and A. B. Macdonald, are gentlemen who thoroughly understand their business, and such as would make any house popular. The hotel has enjoyed a very fair run of business this season, and now that the News is making the beauties of the Upper Ottawa widely known, the prospects are that it will command a large share of public patronage, especially pleasure travel, in the near future.

FLORAL BEAUTY.

Most girls love flowers, and their taste and industry can hardly be put to a better use than in designing floral adornments for their homes. Under the windows plant running vines—honeysuckles, morning glories and nasturtiums. Don't forget nasturtiums, for they thrive in any soil or any weather. In the dry season, without being watered at all, they will keep on blooming bravely, and the foliage will not suffer as much as the foliage of most other plants. And with what wonderful rapidity do the vines grow in rainy weather! They remind us of Jack's bean-stalk. They fairly revel in the rain. We may sally forth in waterproof and rubbers, and gather the half-open nasturtiums, with their dripping green leaves, and we shall find them as beautifully fresh and lovely as Venus emerging from the bath. The foliage of the nasturtium, rarely destroyed by the insects, is one of the greatest charms. A few brilliant nasturtiums, each accompanied by its own stalks and leaves, arranged in a slender vase on a bracket in the shaded summer parlour, form an exquisite bit of ornamentation. So much for this, our favourite vine. Then there is the arrangement of flower-baskets to look after. For about sixpence each very serviceable wire baskets can now be had; and a half-dozen of them filled with suitable plants and vines will go a great way towards rendering the door-yard and porches attractive. Or exercise your skill in putting rustic frames round old flower-pots. Flower culture ought to be added to the accomplishments of our girls. A fashion for it would be much more sensible, and lead to greater and more pleasing success, than the mania for dabbling in "art" or doing fancy work.

VARIETIES.

TOMATOES.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in half, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread-crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely chopped parsley, pour a little oil over, and bake in a good oven.

A WITTY Frenchman, noticing a faded belle occupying the position of wall-flower at a grand party, remarked to his companion: "Do you see that woman? When she came out, it was 'who will I have?' Ten years later, it was 'who will have me?' and now—it is 'good Lord, anybody! with her.'"

THERE is not, as yet, to be a King of Servia, although Prince Milan is now as independent as any other sovereign prince in Europe. His Council of Ministers have suggested that he should assume the title of "Sovereign Highness" for himself and the Princess, and the title of "Most Serene Highness" for the hereditary Prince, with all of which Prince Milan seems content.

IT appears from report of German friends that when the murdered Mehemet Ali Pasha was in Berlin, he took the opportunity of paying a visit to his birthplace, Magdeburg. Here he was so touched by old reminiscences that he declared that he should lay down his military duties in Turkey as soon as possible, again become a true German, and settle for the remainder of his life in some pleasant town in the Hartz.

BEEFSTEAK A LA PARISIENNE.—Take a piece of rump-steak about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the cutlet-bat, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it until done; eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt, and serve with a small quantity of finely-minced parsley and a piece of butter mixed together, and placed over or under the steak. Garnish with fried potatoes.

THE BONAPARTE VIOLET.—The origin of the emblem is this:—The violet blooms in spring—it was intended that Napoleon should return to France from Elba in this season. Accordingly, a colored engraving of a bunch of violets was prepared with the inscription beneath it "*Il reviendra avec le printemps*," (He or it will return with the spring,) and the leaves and flowers were so arranged that they embodied profiles of the emperor, his wife and son. These engravings were circulated among the Bonapartists and served as the signal for the new revolution of 1815.

FRENCH HOMES.—A writer in *Blackwood* says:—The English home, in its main outlines, is a massive fortress which its occupiers defend against all comers; the German home is a woman's laboring place, which offers weak attractions to men; and the French home is a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them. There are exceptions everywhere in quantities; but who that knows and can compare the daily life of the English, the Germans, and the French, will deny the general accuracy of these rough definitions?

MOTHER.—It has been truly said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his direst difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that the labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

HOUSEWORK.—"I am so tired of housework," sighs the tired wife. "And after all, what does it amount to? I seem to be a mere cipher in the world." Don't you feel one bit discouraged, my dear little woman. Your work is of just as much importance as any man's. Even if it is nothing but sweeping and dusting, mending and darning, broiling and baking, over and over again, it is a business that would wear out a stout masculine heart. Let your round of ever-repeating duties be neglected for a few days, then the importance of your work is painfully visible. Home is what man works for, and what we all live for, and without the tiresome duties are faithfully and pleasantly performed, a truly "sweet home" is never obtained. The humblest lot in life may be honoured by cheerfulness and fidelity.

MILK AS A VEHICLE FOR QUININE.—Mr. R. L. Batterbury, M.B. Lond., Berkhamstead, writing to the *British Medical Journal*, observes:—"It is not, I believe, generally known that milk is an elegant and convenient solvent for quinine, and that it disguises to a great extent its bitterness. If one grain of sulphate of quinine be dissolved in an ounce of milk, we shall find that the bitterness of the draught is hardly perceptible; with two grains there is rather more bitterness, but it is not at all marked. A dose of five grains may be taken in two ounces of milk without an unpleasantly bitter taste; and, if the same quantity be put into a tumblerful of milk, the bitterness is all but lost. This method of administering quinine must in some cases be preferable to the ordinary way of dissolving it in acid or spirit, especially where the bitter taste is objected to—as in the case of children—or where the required dose is large; and it will doubtless be found to possess other advantages."

THE ORIGIN OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."—A singular anecdote is related of Goldsmith's last journey to Edgeworth's Town, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh, where it was necessary for him to sleep, at nightfall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had

no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlour, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humoured his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him; accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

THE GLEANER.

THE amount of money paid to the press for advertising in America, annually, exceeds £60,000,000.

THERE is still living a member of the House of Lord who succeeded to his title before the deaths of Pitt, Fox, and Nelson. The Earl of Clanwilliam inherited his Earldom on his father's death, in 1805. He was then a minor, a boy of ten years old.

THE *Journal du Loiret* announces the coming publication of documents showing that Napoleon III. offered Egypt to England in consideration of the occupation of Morocco by France, and that, notwithstanding the refusal of Lord Palmerston, he persisted in this proposal for two years.

THE Shah is in treaty with an Austrian firm for lighting Teheran with gas. His Imperial Majesty has also under consideration a projected new road between Araxus, Tauris, and Teheran, and the establishment of direct postal communications between the latter place and Tiflis.

CAPTAIN CAMERON has left in her Majesty's troopship *Orontes* for Cyprus, a passage thither having been granted him by Government. The gallant officer, after a short stay in the newly acquired island, will proceed on a mission having for its object to ascertain the practicability of the Euphrates Valley for railway communication with the North-western Province of India, and the elucidation of the most desirable line to be taken to that terminus, when the course of the great river must be abandoned on its nearing the Persian Gulf.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WIENAWSKI, the great violinist, recently refused an offer of \$3,000 in gold for his favourite violin.

ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN, the composer and pianist, has a brother, Nicolas, who is winning great applause in Paris as a violinist.

MUSICIANS will be interested in learning that the ancient organ played upon by the famed Sebastian Bach for four years is being repaired at Arnstadt.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS arrived in Cincinnati last week, and will assume at once the dictatorship of the new College of Music, in the success of which he has great confidence.

THE fund raised in England in Signor Mario's behalf is about £3,000, and his friends have decided on purchasing him an annuity which will amount to £300 per annum, and thus secure the famous tenor from pecuniary difficulties in the autumn of his days.

FEW would think that so quiet a man in public life as Sir Stafford Northcote is in private capable of taking a leading part among amateur theatricals, but it is said that in a short time, probably next publishing season, there will appear a selection from the dramas with which he has already delighted many juvenile circles.

COL. MAPLESON is a great, tall, powerful man, of splendid presence, with sinew and muscle strongly developed; a large head, sparsely covered with hair, with a wide forehead and bold, striking features. There is a wonderful air of freshness and youth about this veteran manager, whose hair still resists the first tinges of gray.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR HUGO is understood to be completing two volumes of poems, which are expected in the beginning of winter.

A monthly illustrated review, *Annales de l'Extrême-Orient*, has been started in Paris, the object of which is to keep the Western world informed of the literary, artistic, and scientific progress of Southern Asia, the Malay Archipelago, and Australia.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, has presented to the town of Lancaster the sum of \$1,000, for the benefit of the town library, the income to be expended in the purchase of books in the department of history. It is to be called the Samuel Ward fund, in honour of Captain Ward of that town, who assisted Mr. Bancroft in defraying his college expenses.

PROF. WESTERGAARD, one of the greatest authorities on the Sanskrit and old cuneiform Persian dead languages, died recently at the age of sixty-three. His principal work, the "*Zendavesta*," is a standard book for all students of Indian literature. The deceased never quite recovered from the sufferings and fatigues which he went through during his journey in Persia and India.

THE widow of the late Mr. Charles J. Matthews has put, it is said, into the hands of Mr. Charles Dickens abundant material for a life of the famous comedian. This material includes, for the early life, an autobiography, prepared for publication by Mr. Matthews, together with notes for the continuation of the same, letters, &c. Mr. Dickens intends further to supplement this matter by all the letters and information bearing on the subject that he can collect from other sources.



W. MURDOCK.



J. BLACKHAM.



G. H. BAILLY.



F. ALLAN.



F. SPOFFORTH.



T. GARRETT.



H. BOYLE.



J. CONWAY.



D. W. GREGORY.



T. HORAN.

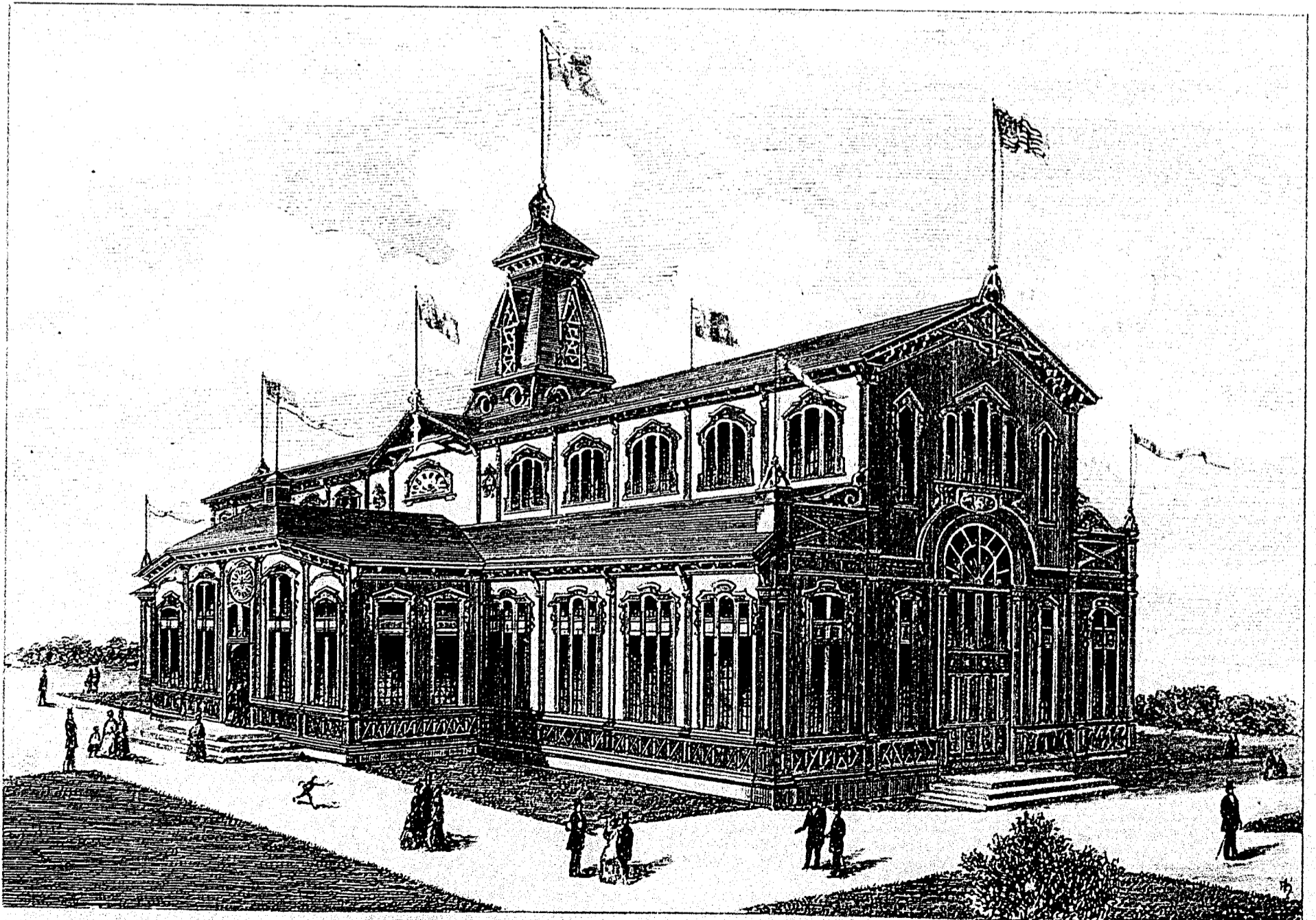


A. BANNERMAN.



C. BANNERMAN.

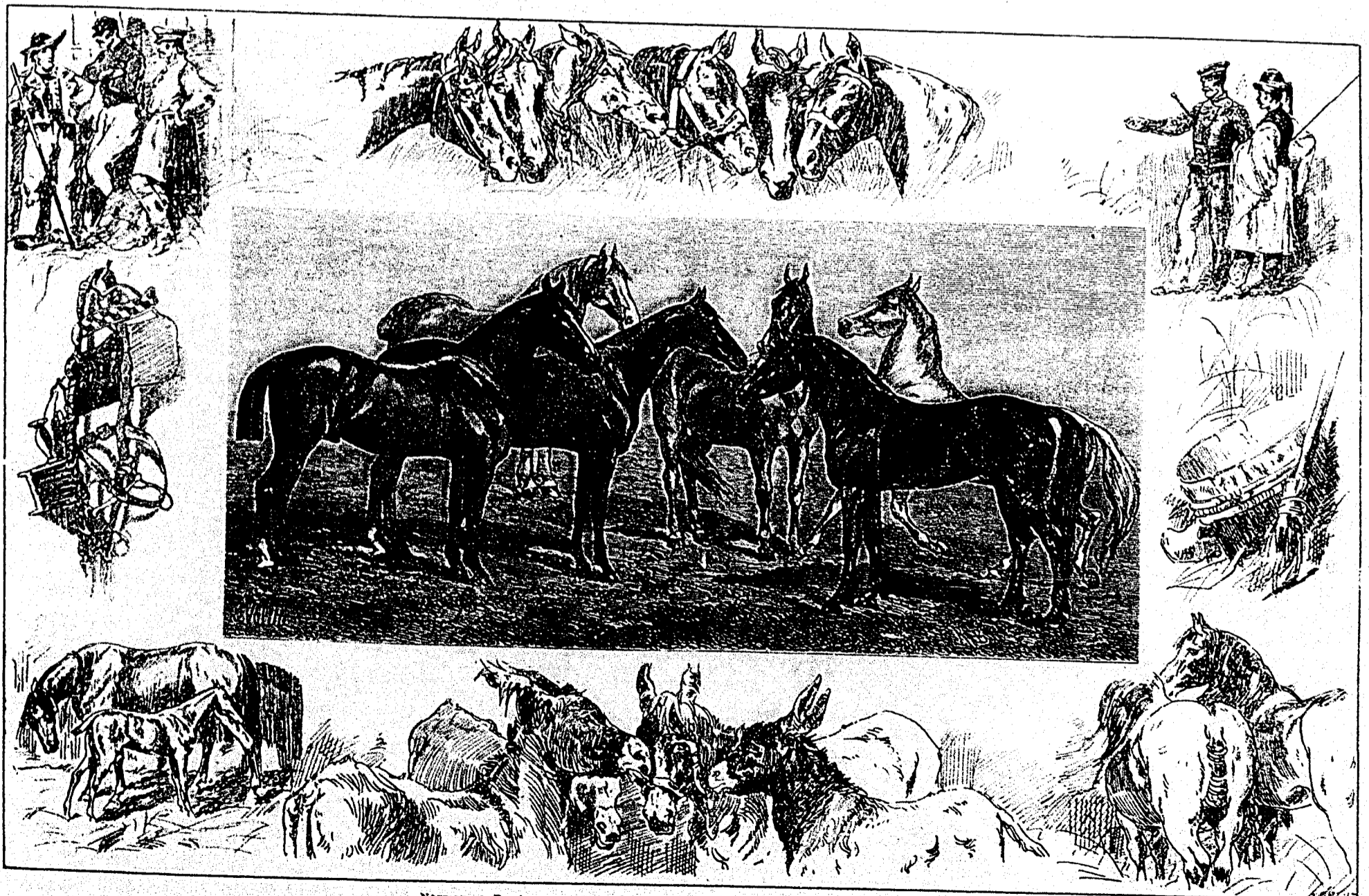
THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.



FREDERICTON.—THE NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBITION BUILDING.



PARIS EXHIBITION.—Drouze, Grand Duke Nicholas' war horse during the Balkan Campaign.



Norman. Percheron. Thorough Bred. Mixed Breed. Russian. Arabian.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—THE HORSE SHOW.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Campbells are coming, d'ye hear, d'ye hear?
Canadians be ready to cheer, to cheer,
And greet ye with gladness as larks the May morn—
And welcome your Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

They're coming across the wide main, wide main,
They're coming to govern our fair Domain;
Canadians, with gladness as larks the May morn,
Will welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

Arise and be ready, ye sons of the Gael,
Tune your pipes ready, ye sons of the Gael,
And play the grand Slogan, be foremost that morn
To welcome your Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

The red men will march from their glades in the wood,
The red men will march in their happiest mood;
And bright coloured feathers their heads will adorn
To welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.

The rich and the poor will be joyous that day,
The old folk so happy, the young ones so gay;
For loyal Canadians disloyalty scorn—
They'll welcome their Princess and Marquis of Lorne.
Chatham, Ont. A. MACFIE.

A ROMANCE OVER WHITEBAIT.

BY MRS. ADOLPHE SMITH.

"I've done it, Glyde!" cried Edmund Dudley, as he entered his friend Glyde's rooms in Bond street, on a brilliant June morning. "Do you mean to say that you have not had your breakfast yet?"

"Now, don't talk, but have a kidney while it's hot," responded Glyde, pushing a chair towards his friend, and indicating the dish containing the dainty he had mentioned.

"No, no, my dear fellow," said Dudley, sinking into a chair, "I can't eat."

"Can you drink?" asked Glyde laconically.

"Yes, I fancy so," replied Dudley moodily. "Then all is not yet lost. Don't howl and rail at your fate, and so on, if you can still enjoy your weed and your peg," said Glyde.

He finished his breakfast tranquilly, and when he had lit his cigar he said,

"What is it that you have done, Dudley? Murdered your tailor because of a misfit?"

"I've proposed to the girl I mentioned to you," said Dudley, almost sullenly.

Glyde gave a loud whistle.

"Oh, I see," he muttered; "and you have been accepted?"

Dudley nodded, and went on smoking in silence.

"I don't see, however," said Glyde presently, "why you should not look at the matter more cheerfully. Of course matrimony is a nuisance, because it is a tie, and one loses the present sense of irresponsibility, which is the greatest charm of life, I think. But if you begin as you mean to go on, there is no reason why she should be too much of a tie upon you. And then, think of the neat sum of money she represents."

"I know, I know," said Dudley fretfully; "but just think of what all the fellows will go about and say of me everywhere—that I am mercenary, and that I am marrying in order to pay my debts."

"As to that, you know," said Glyde, "when men tell the truth there is nothing—"

"But the point is that men, and much less women, never do tell the truth, unless it be unpleasant," said Dudley. "There are plenty of truths about me that I should rather like to be circulated in society; but depend upon it, not a word will ever be breathed but about the one incident I would rather have kept quiet."

"When did you do it?" asked Glyde.

"Yesterday evening," said Dudley, his tone and aspect by no means those of an accepted lover. "We were at the Pomeroy's together; so I took her into the conservatory, and swore, till I was black in the face, that my very life depended upon her answer. I thought at first that she was laughing at me; but at all events she accepted me; so it does not much matter whether she were laughing or not laughing."

"But what do you suppose was her reason for accepting you?" said Glyde.

"I am sure I can't tell," said Dudley—

"that's the most extraordinary part of it all."

Here Glyde burst into a hearty laugh.

"You're a convivial suitor, I must own," he exclaimed, "and I hope—"

But his aspirations were never revealed; for at that moment a third young man entered Glyde's room, crying,

"Glyde, I've got a little party on to-day at Greenwich. Will you join us?"

"Very sorry, dear boy," responded Glyde gravely; "but the calls of friendship are imperative, you know. I must stand by Dudley here in his affliction."

"I beg your pardon, Dudley, said the newcomer; "I didn't see you at first. How do you do? What's the matter—have you lost any one?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary," said Glyde; "he's won some one—that's what is the matter with him. He has consented to try a remedy for his ills in the form of matrimony; and though the pill be gilded with sixty thousand pounds, it sticks in his throat. We had better take him down to Greenwich, Russell; he will soon regain his spirits with us."

In vain Dudley protested that he had promised to call on Miss Lovel that very afternoon. His friends would hear no excuse. They forced him to write a note to her, pleading a previous engagement, and they insisted on his joining the merry, if not strictly reputable, party to Greenwich.

Dudley was presently the gayest of the gay,

and forgot his new duties and responsibilities in the piquant conversational charm of certain of his friends.

The party consisted of four men and two women; and when they all reached the Trafalgar, and a private room was suggested, the feminine element strongly resisted the idea.

"We do not want to hide ourselves," cried Mdlle. Tata.

"Nor our cavaliers," said Mdlle. Toto.

So a table was taken in the public room by the wall and near the window. The ladies, having divested themselves of their wraps, seated themselves at the table, and prepared to have a "good time."

Russell, and his bosom friend Hobson, who were the hosts, ordered a considerable quantity of wine; and jokes were falling so thick and fast that the laughter of the party attracted general attention. At one moment there was a sudden influx of visitors; and Dudley, who was bending towards Mdlle. Tata with great *empressement*, did not notice the new arrivals as they entered. He was sitting with his back to the public, and consequently could see very little of that which was going on in the room.

"By Jove! what a handsome girl!" cried Russell, who was opposite Dudley, as he looked straight over Dudley's shoulder. The other men signifying their concurrence in the opinion, Dudley turned round.

His face fell considerably as he recognized in the object of his friend's admiration Beatrice Lovel, his betrothed! She was alone, with her father only a yard or two off; and as he realized this bewildering state of things his eyes met hers and she smiled and bowed, while he responded with an awkward nod, muttering to himself that he was the unluckiest dog alive.

From that moment all Dudley's vivacity and enjoyment were over. He exerted himself by fits and starts to talk and laugh. He tried to resume his jokes and absurdities, he was assiduous in passing the wine, he paid the most forced compliments to his pretty neighbour, he related the wildest anecdotes; but there was no real animation in it all, and the boisterous party soon began to joke him about his sudden digression.

"Dudly, you must have seen a ghost," said one.

"Or a creditor," said another.

"Or the pater," suggested a third.

"Perhaps Mr. Dudley thinks his wife is not far off," hazarded Mdlle. Toto, with a malicious smile.

"Impossible, I assure you," began Dudley.

"Because he's not married yet," added Glyde significantly.

"I see," said Mdlle. Tata; "then perhaps he has seen a vision of the chosen fair one. That would of course be very terrible, especially if Mr. Dudley were considering matrimony as a genteel form of bankruptcy."

There was a general laugh at Mdlle. Tata's speech, and Dudley muttered to himself that they were all deucedly ill-bred, and that he was deucedly sorry that he had ever consented to join the expedition. His game was of course entirely up; Miss Lovel would never forgive him—women were invariably severe on such matters—the sixty thousand pounds had disappeared, as far as he was concerned; and not only was he distressed about the money, but he felt as well a vague and lingering regret which he would have been puzzled to define. What could he do to mend matters? he asked himself again and again. He could not leave his party and join the Lovels; to begin with, it would be monstrously ill-bred on his part; also, Miss Lovel would certainly not receive him well; and he should only be laughed at generally. Yet it would be decidedly unpleasant to see her leave the room with her father, and to know that she had made up her mind to throw him over. He was utterly bewildered; and in order to get rid of the tiresome influence of these thoughts, he helped himself copiously to champagne, and certainly succeeded in making his troubles seem lighter.

In the mean time, the young lady at the neighbouring table had been by no means unobservant. She and her father had only been seated a few minutes when she leant across to him and asked,

"Do you see whom we have close to us, papa dear?"

Mr. Lovel, who was a good-hearted, easy-going man in everything disconnected with the business in which he made his fortune, had seen his future son-in-law immediately on entering the room, but would not have drawn his daughter's attention to the fact.

"Well, yes, my dear, I do see," he answered now.

"But what's to be done, papa?" inquired Miss Lovel.

"I can't hardly say," answered Mr. Lovel tentatively. "What do you think of it?"

"I think, then, we won't talk of it just now, papa dear," replied the young lady decisively.

"You shall have your dinner in peace, and we shall return to the subject after the whitebait."

"So be it," said Mr. Lovel, nothing loth; and the father and daughter went very tranquilly through the lengthy list of dishes, disturbed only now and then by the boisterous merriment at the table beside them. When the four successive dishes of whitebait had been placed before them, and the exquisite fish in their different dresses had been duly tasted, Beatrice Lovel said quietly to her father,

"I hope you don't feel very angry with Mr. Dudley, papa, because of his being with that party—a very mixed party, is it not?"

"Well, my child, the party certainly is mixed—indeed, excessively mixed—and I'm afraid there is very little character to speak of at the table," replied Mr. Lovel, glancing discreetly at Dudley's companions as he spoke; "still, I am not so irate at Mr. Dudley's behaviour as some persons might be. You see, young men will be young men. But I wouldn't have you distress yourself on the subject. You know, young men are led into things without thinking."

"I know, papa," said Miss Lovel, "and that is why I am not inclined to be so severe. The thing is, that if we are judicious, we may save him from future harm."

"God bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Lovel, looking up at his daughter in amazement, "I never heard such a generous speech come from a woman before."

"But do you think I am wrong, papa?" asked Miss Lovel.

"Certainly not, my dear," replied her father. "I think that if women could more often be as liberal, young men would not be so unmanageable. Still, I don't quite understand what you see in young Dudley to induce you to overlook so much."

"My dear papa," said Miss Lovel, "I was interested in him when I first met him, because I thought there was something in him—something good in his nature—and I devised a little scheme by which I hope to do him a genuine service that will be of use throughout life. You have allowed me to do what I like—have you not?—and now I am going to surprise you."

Mr. Lovel shrugged his shoulders and shook his head and smiled indulgently at his daughter. She was an odd person, he was in the habit of saying, and had many whims and fancies.

Presently the moment came when Mr. Lovel and his daughter had finished their dinner.

"Now, my dear, what do you propose to do?" said Mr. Lovel. "Are you going to leave young Dudley here?"

"Why, yes, papa," said Beatrice. "You wouldn't have me go and fetch him. We must leave directly, and we can drive back to town before dark."

As she spoke she rose, and the party opposite had a full view of her tall slight figure and handsome head. Dudley's heart sank as he heard the comments of his temporary friends. For a moment or two he saw the waiters bowing and making way, he heard the rustle of silk, the indescribable *frou-frou* of a woman's skirts, and in desperation he looked up and met the dark eyes of his betrothed, fixed upon him with something of the expression that had puzzled him during his interview with her in Mrs. Pomeroy's conservatory. She smiled and bowed again, and passed out of the room, followed by her father.

Men are more friendly to each other than are women, and Glyde, by this time guessing the position of affairs, came to Dudley's rescue, exclaiming,

"I say, Dudley, are you not going to say a few words to your friends? You can catch them up at the door, and tell them the necessary conventional untruths. I am sure these ladies will excuse you for a moment rather than that you should appear rude."

Mademoiselle Tata having declared that it was useless trying to save appearances in that direction, and Mademoiselle Toto having signified her willingness to dispense with his company *in toto*, Dudley muttered a few apologetic words and made his escape. He felt exceedingly foolish when he reached the broad doorway. Miss Lovel and her father were standing there, waiting for the carriage to draw up, and he was conscious that his face was flushed and that he was not so clear-headed as he might have been. As Miss Lovel turned to greet him, he heartily wished himself back beside Mademoiselle Tata in the dining-room.

"I am glad you contrived to come and say a few words," she said, smiling brightly, and noting at the same time the young man's disturbed appearance. "You are a gay party, are you not?"

"Very gay indeed, I should say," muttered Mr. Lovel, who thought it was his duty to be somewhat severe. "Here is the carriage, Beatrice."

"I am ready, papa," she replied. "It's a pity we can't drive you back with us, Mr. Dudley. I hope you will get home safely," she added, with an expressive glance.

He muttered a few unintelligible words as he handed her into the carriage, and he heartily wished he could go back with her as she suggested. Then when she leant out of the carriage to give him her hand and to murmur in a low voice, "You will come to see me to-morrow, will you not, Edmund?" some strange feeling stirred within him and found expression on his face, and Miss Lovel saw she had produced the effect she desired.

When, the next afternoon, Glyde returned, after his drive, to his rooms in Bond street, in order to dress for dinner, he found Dudley sitting by the open window.

"Well, Dudley, what's the matter now?" he exclaimed. "Have you had too fierce a fire about your head respecting yesterday's joke? When a friend displays such assiduity in his visiting one always knows there is something wrong. What has happened? You can tell me while I dress; but you must not be too diffuse, for I must be in Cleveland square by eight o'clock. Now, then, have some brandy-and-soda, man—you look quite disturbed—and tell me your troubles, while I paint the lily; and don't say I am not a good friend."

"Oh, you're a good friend enough," muttered Dudley, leaning his head on his hand; "but I

wish I had not been induced to join you and your friends in your expedition to Greenwich yesterday; that little party has cost me all the prosperity that had come upon me."

"What, even the prosperity that dawned upon you in the conservatory the other evening?" laughed Glyde.

"It's no laughing matter, I can assure you," said Dudley. "I feel like a cur that has been whipped."

"Have you been hounded down by your creditors, then?" suggested Glyde, with another laugh.

"If you laugh in that absurd manner every moment," said Dudley, impatiently, "I shall throw something at your head."

"Keep cool, Dudley," said Glyde. "I am getting to the serious part of my toilette; tell me the climax of your dismal story while I am tying my white cravat. Seriously though, my dear fellow, what's wrong?"

"This is what has happened," said Dudley.

"When I saw Miss Lovel into her carriage last night she asked me to call upon her to-day, and of course I went to the house after lunch to-day. She received me with the utmost kindness; she asked me several questions about my affairs, and at last she said that she knew quite well how I was situated; that I wanted a certain sum of money to pay my creditors, rather than a wife; that yesterday's incident showed her that I could not love her, which was not surprising, since I knew her so little; that she had accepted me the other night as a slight punishment for my recklessness; that she had never intended to marry me, but that she wished to keep me for her friend; and, finally, that she had put twenty thousand pounds in my bank to my credit, which she hoped I should devote to the paying of my debts instead of taking refuge in such a spirit in matrimony, and which I might return when I liked and as I liked."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Glyde, "that's a woman worth cultivating!"

"But what am I to do?" said Dudley despairingly.

"What are you to do, man?" said Glyde.

"Why, you ought to be delighted now, since you have got the money, and it's not saddled with the wife. Twenty thousand is not of course so desirable as sixty thousand; still, if you had had to take the girl with the larger sum you would have had many extra expenses, and there would have been settlements; as it is, you have the twenty thousand clear; and I dearsay she would lend you more if you really wanted it. I should not waste too many regrets over the forty thousand difference. Twenty thousand will help you along a little. For my part, I think you are very lucky to get out of it all so well."

"But, Glyde, you don't understand me," cried Dudley; "you don't understand that I feel humiliated to the lowest degree by this girl's generosity. She has put her money in my bank; how am I to restore it? She says I can pay it back to her when I like; but when shall I ever be able?"

"My dear fellow, I shouldn't quarrel with Fate, if I were you," said Glyde; "I should let the money remain at your bankers', to be used at your discretion. I should think of it and talk of it as a loan, and should think of and talk of and to the lady as if she were a friend, like a man. I don't see that the position is very trying, I must own."

"But, Glyde," cried Dudley again, with singular energy, "I should like to marry her without the money!"

Glyde turned to look at his friend gravely, and then said, shaking his head as he spoke,

"If you have fallen in love, as the common saying runs, Dudley, why I can't have you here any more. My chums may come and tell me what they like about their pecuniary difficulties, and I am always ready to sympathize with them, but I cannot put up with the ravings of lovers, their entire absorption and selfishness; so pray keep away, my dear fellow, until the attack is over. Are you severely hit, or do you think it is likely to be lingering?"

"You may laugh as much as you like," said Dudley; "but I tell you what it is—I have made up my mind to do all I can to win her."

"And get the remaining forty thousand?" said Glyde.

"And get Miss Lovel herself," said Dudley decisively—"a brave and generous woman—"

"And what is more to the purpose—a rich one," put in Glyde.

"Who deserves to be appreciated by the man who wins her; and by Heaven I will win her!"

"Now, Dudley, my dear fellow, you must go," said Glyde quietly. "I recognize the first stage of your disease, and shall send you away before it develops itself, and threatens to endanger the peace and prosperity of all your friends. I shall be very glad to see you when you are convalescent. Good-bye, dear boy; think of your future and keep cool."

And, with a laugh, Glyde went off into his bedroom; while Dudley went out of the house, half vexed and half amused.

"I will win her!" he muttered to himself, as he walked along, a new feeling in his heart, a new ambition in his brain.

And eventually he did win her; and they dined at Greenwich on each anniversary of their wedding.

It is stated in clerical circles that even without establishing official relations with England, the Vatican has decided to send an Apostolic Delegate or a Chargé d'Affaires to London, and that a proposal to this effect will shortly be submitted to the British Government.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

OPENING OF THE LECTURE SEASON—RUMOUR—A MYSTERY.

The "tremendousness" of the events which have transpired in such rapid succession of late has played sad havoc with the "nameless" club. It cannot be said that the several members are any more wide-awake, or sensitive, than other intelligent people, but their habits of observation have been largely developed, and nothing affords them more pleasure than to collect and analyze the phenomena of the day, which enables them to interpret what are generally known as the "signs of the times." They are members of the cosmopolitan school, and their penetrating gaze is of the far-reaching order. There is nothing contracted about them. Although keenly alive to the importance of a thorough knowledge of home matters, yet the affairs of the world at large is wherein they most distinguish themselves. The extent of their knowledge in this respect is simply astonishing. They are familiar with everything everywhere. They are prepared at all times to give a decided opinion in regard to almost any question concerning any country under the sun. They could have told you, more than a year ago, as to what changes would be made in the map of Europe; Stanley's discoveries in the "Dark Continent" only corroborated their surmises; they knew there would be trouble in Afghanistan; that the fishery award would be repudiated by the United States; that socialism in Germany would become a danger to the State; that the Indians of the Far-West would, sooner or later, awake to a consciousness of their rights; that there would be a ballot revolution in Canada and that the Mackenzie Government would be overthrown. They know the extent of the population, national debt, general resources, etc., of all nations, and they have measured the advancement made by the various peoples in the sciences. They have a knowledge of the art and literature of almost every country, and they are prepared to speak of the system adopted by each for their encouragement. Still, the members of the club are not puffed up with vanity, but are plain, unassuming people. They are quiet and inoffensive, and their habits are very simple. They retire late and fare on the plainest diet (from choice, not from necessity). If there is any one thing that gives them more uneasy concern than another, it is the meagre encouragement which literature and the fine arts receive in this, their native country. This deplorable fact has been to them a grievance of long standing, and they have frequently endeavoured to devise a means by which the country might be aroused from its apathy. It pained them to behold genius struggling to make itself felt amid all the adverse circumstances which combined to keep it down. It seemed strange to them that not one of the wealthy men availed himself of the splendid opportunity to make himself immortal, and have his name honoured by future generations, by donating a fund for the endowment of an Art School. Then the Government might be induced to appropriate a handsome sum annually for the purchase of the best work of art produced by native talent. What a grand stimulus that would be! Then would native genius have something to hope for.

Thus, the friends silently mused, the other evening, as they sat around the grate in which the fire had been kindled for the first time this fall. The countenance of each wore a thoughtful expression and seemed touched with a gentle sadness. The red coals glowed and faded and the curling smoke assumed fantastic shapes as it ascended up the chimney just as naturally as in winters gone by. The rooms were brilliantly lit up, but they might as well have been left in darkness, for the seconds, minutes and hours went by all uncounted, except by the little clock on the mantle. Slicer was the first to arouse himself. Walking over to the sideboard he poured out some refreshments for himself and then invited the friends to join him.

"Autumn; delightful autumn is once more at hand," observed Fitzwiggles, as he proceeded to refill a pipe.

"It is indeed," replied Snuffers, placing his glass upon the table.

"O that youth and summer-time would last forever," exclaimed Heavyseige, half mournfully.

"A beautiful thought," observed McGuffinsby.

"We will investigate it some 'er time."

"Strangle Guffy," suggested Heavyseige.

"His own puns will strangle him some day, if we let him alone," said Fitz, "but think of our torture in the meantime."

"You will wiggle through it, I guess," replied McGuffinsby.

"Friends!" observed Slicer, seriously, "the season is coming on. We must be up and doing. We have a duty to perform; a duty to art, to ourselves, to our country."

"And to our grocer," interrupted Heavyseige; "come, fellows, drink up."

"As I was about to remark," continued Slicer, "a scheme begins to dawn upon me by which we can help on the great cause in which we are all so deeply interested. We must agitate the people and cause them to begin to interest themselves in the development of art. I suggest that a series of able lectures be given during the coming winter."

The suggestion was received in silence. After a little while Fitzwiggles exclaimed emphatically,

"The idea has my hearty approval."

"And mine," said McGuffinsby.

"And mine," repeated Heavyseige. "For my part," observed Snuffers, rising to his feet, "I am glad Slicer's proposition meets with such hearty approval. I have long been of opinion that course of lectures delivered by competent persons who have the subject at heart, would do an incalculable lot of good. The people will—"

"I rise to a point of order," interrupted Fitz.

"We are not the people—it is not necessary to lecture us."

"Bear with him for a moment, friends," pleaded Slicer. "It may be that Snuffers is just practising a little. The whole matter has been arranged by him and myself. The first lecture is to take place next month; here are the cards." Slicer then served each of the party with a card upon which was printed in clear letters:

First of a Series.

LECTURE.

"THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO ART,"

BY

CLARENCE AUGUSTUS SNUFFERS, Esq.

"Great goodness, Snuffers, are you mad?" asked Fitz, in astonishment.

"No, no," replied Slicer, "a beginning has to be made by some one, and Snuffers has consented to run the risk of kindling the fire."

A few days after the announcement of Snuffers' intended lecture had been made public, the friends might have been seen seated around a table in their comfortable rooms in solemn council. All traces of mirthfulness had for the moment disappeared from Fitzwiggles' face. Indeed, each looked as serious as a coxswain in a jury box. Slicer was gazing intently at a mysterious-looking bit of paper which he held in his hand, and which had previously been examined most minutely by every one of the party. It was a message in cypher. It had been handed into the club in the early part of the day, and, upon the outside was written "Private and confidential." They read, and re-read, backwards and sideways; they studied, and compared, and speculated, but no one could arrive at any satisfactory solution of the curious missile.

"Bah; it's some kind of a love-letter," exclaimed Fitzwiggles, after a long pause.

"No, no," said Snuffers, "the more I reflect, the more confusing it becomes."

"I hope it's not one of these infernal distress warrants in disguise," observed Heavyseige.

"It's my opinion," remarked McGuffinsby, "it's nothing more or less than an offer from some one who wants to deliver a lecture."

Meanwhile, Slicer had never taken his eyes off the paper. His diligence was rewarded, for he surprised the party by exclaiming, "I have it, fellows. By transposing a few of the letters I can read: 'Members of the nameless club, your hearty co-operation is most earnestly desired in the establishing of a free and independent newspaper. One that will be untrammelled by party ties, but will boldly advocate the welfare of our common country on the broad basis of 'Canada First.' Think well over the matter. You will hear more from me in a few days.'"

"Nothing more than I expected," remarked McGuffinsby.

"I am not at all surprised," added Heavyseige.

"It will be a grand success," said Fitzwiggles; "I'll take stock in it."

"There never was a better opportunity for such a venture," observed Snuffers; "the country is ripe; such a paper would be hailed with delight everywhere. It could battle for the best interests of this country, and its influence could do more to help our cause than all the lectures that could be delivered between this time and the day of judgment."

"We are all in favour of the movement," said McGuffinsby, "let us adjourn."

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

A MERCILESS CRIME.

"As you are to be my wife, Valerie, for my sake stop flirting with those abominable fops who attend the parties and receptions that are being given now."

And the speaker, a tall, handsome young man, dressed in an evening suit of dark broadcloth, stood leaning against the arm-chair where sat Valerie Pearl, the acknowledged belle of the little seaside circle, and betrothed to young Gerald Grey, the son of a wealthy city merchant.

"Gerald, I shall do just as I please. The young men pay me attention, and I shall make no outcry against it."

"Then you do not believe me sincere in my regard for you, Valerie."

"I have no reason to doubt it yet, Gerald. You are evidently jealous, and needlessly so; for here in this idle place what else is there to do but to flirt and play the part of a coquette?"

"Valerie, you are heartless—utterly devoid of feeling. You do not care to obey my wishes."

"And you would have me make a nun of myself, and keep away from society. No, Gerald, I do not care to obey you, if that is your desire."

"It is very evident that you care more for the silly attentions of others than you do for me."

"And if I do, what then?" she asked, her blue eyes looking him full in the face,

"You cannot have the consideration for my feelings due from a promised bride; that is all."

"Haven't I plighted you my whole heart once—to you solely? What else is there for me to do?"

"Say that again, Valerie; say that you will be mine," said Gerald, stooping and clasping the white hand which lay upon her pink muslin dress in his, and pressing it to his lips.

"All yours, Gerald. There, don't feel slighted because I now and then look at the people here. Nothing will come of it, I'm sure. Now, Gerald, say that you are sorry for doubting me."

"Well, then, I am sorry," said the lover, pressing a kiss upon her alabaster brow; "and I will try not to be jealous any more."

And presenting his arm to the fair girl, they passed from the verandah of the hotel into the parlour.

In an alcove, partly concealed by draperies, they paused before a little mahogany chess-stand.

Valerie knew the power she held, and she did not scruple to cast side glances now and then towards an adjacent table, where sat several young men playing cards.

The truth was she loved society and excitement, and was as unfit to be the wife of Gerald Grey (who had a naturally jealous disposition), as he was to wed a virago.

"Zounds, what a pretty woman that is in the alcove, Jack!" remarked one of the young men at the table.

"You say pretty; why, that is classical loveliness. She is our regal highness, the queen of the place. By Jove! but you should know her, Harry. She will make you giddy-headed the first ten minutes, and at the end of half an hour desperately in love. But there is young Grey who has her heart and hand; he is terribly jealous, so they say."

"Well, he should take her away to some solitary island where lovers of female beauty cannot spy her out."

"He would, if she cared to go. But, Harry, there is not so much affection between them as there might be; at least, not on her side."

"Perhaps not," responded Harry, languidly. "Come, I have a little scheme in view. I will go and get my flute, and play a few notes under the window just to try the effect upon the nerves of young Grey."

Accordingly, the party rose and quitted the room, leaving the two lovers sole occupants for the time being.

"There, those inquisitive persons have gone. I hope they will learn manners enough not to stare when they come again," said Gerald.

"I don't think they did so purposely. Young men must use their eyes," said the fair flirt.

"But they stared, and that is an impertinence they will have to answer for," said Gerald, as he arose and abruptly left the room.

He had not been gone long before the low, melodious tones of the "Last Rose of Summer," played upon the flute, came through the window, and ebbed and swelled with the gentle evening breeze until it seemed to be very near, then died away with a low, long-drawn cadence as sweet as the chimes of a silver bell.

"Oh, how tender!" murmured Valerie, as she went out through the open window upon the balcony.

The performer was concealed by some dark bushes, but his presence could be detected by the sound.

Soft and low, thrilling and throbbing, now loud and distinct, then deep and far away, but always tenderly melancholy, it seemed to her the perfect ideal of knightly minstrelsy when lovers went forth to serenade their fair divinities.

She hardly dared think it was meant for her, but breathlessly watched and listened, totally unconscious that the moon had slowly risen from behind some trees, and was shining directly upon her.

Gerald Grey, coming up the avenue from the beach, where he had been smoking his evening cigar, saw her, with the moonlight streaming over her, long before he heard the music of the flute.

He noticed with admiration the almost statue-like mould of her features, and thought as most lovers think, that she was thinking of him.

Alas, how misguided he was! Coming nearer, he could see the lips parted over the pearly teeth into a smile that expressed perfect trust in the present and contentment for the future.

What, then, must he have felt when the music commenced again?

It would be difficult to tell what his feelings were, but there came into his face a terrible light—a passion that convulsed his whole frame, and made him surge to and fro like a drunken man.

"She is false to me! At last I have found out what I suspected; she holds secret meetings with strange parties. She is false! Oh, my Valerie, you are mine no more. Farewell for ever!"

Like a snake with stealthy, noiseless tread, and with dilated, bloodshot eyes, he crept upon the unknown musician. A sound of a falling weight, a low, gurgling groan, and the prostrate form of a man lay behind the clump of foliage where the morrow's sun revealed it to the inmates of the hotel.

The party of young men supposed their friend safe in bed. Could they have known the true situation, and the blanched, horror-stricken face of Gerald Grey on beholding what he had done, they would not have slept so soundly.

Hours afterwards he had put out to sea in a sail-boat, and was far away when the body was discovered the next morning.

The sad event taught Valerie Pearl a practical lesson that a lifetime will never efface.

She may not have loved Gerald Grey as she should have loved him, but the promise was given, and the stigma placed upon her name by the result will never wear away.

Persons travelling abroad now and then meet with a broken-down man who expresses in every lineament of his face the despair from which a judicious woman might have saved him.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

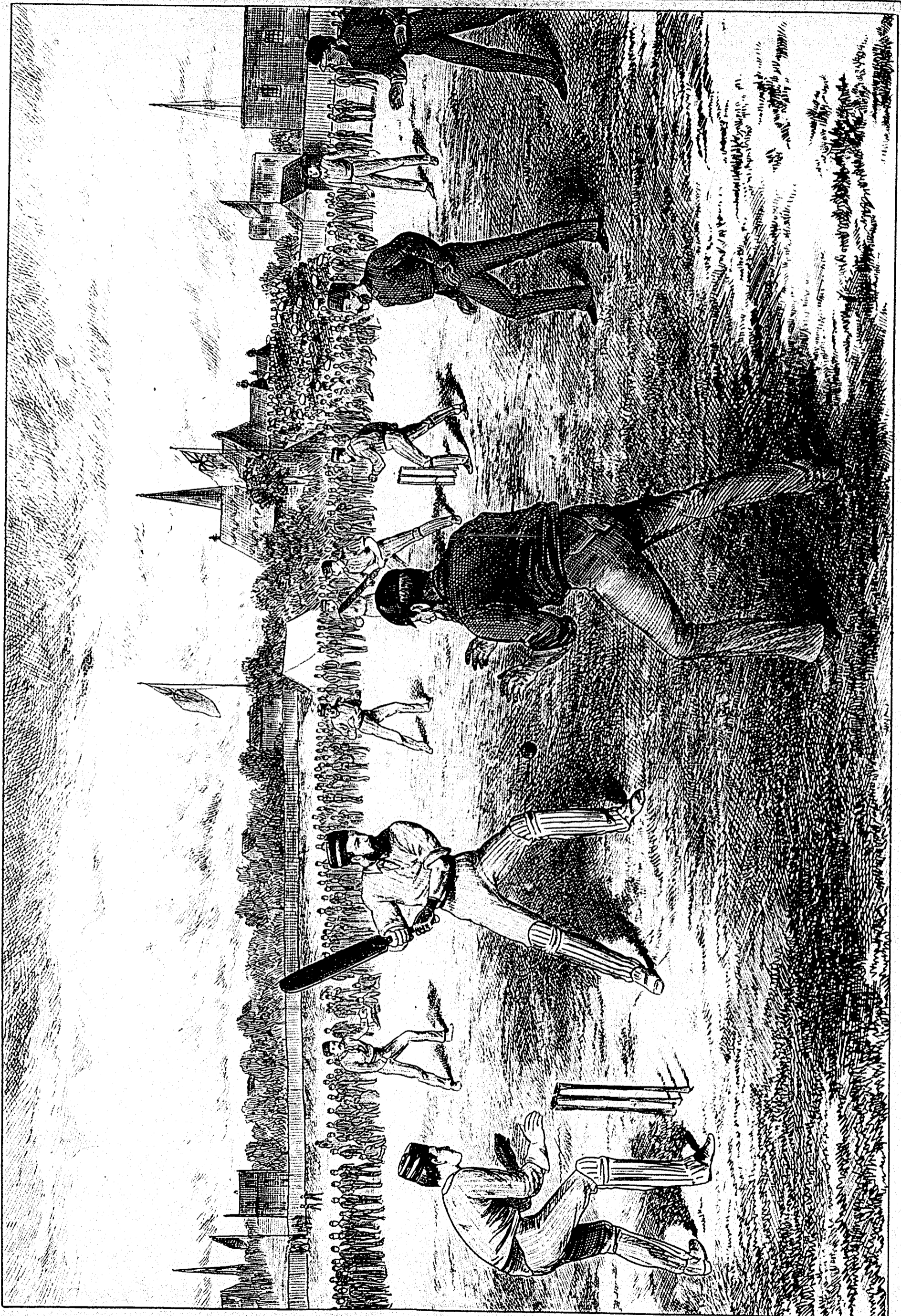
On first appearance, there does not seem much difficulty in arranging a room and the table for a five o'clock tea; but, nevertheless, everybody is not equally happy in managing even such a slight reflection, especially when guests are expected. A few hints, therefore, may not come amiss with regard to this so-called feminine pastime. Anything approaching confusion or disorder should certainly be avoided, and everything should be in its place at the appointed time. The drawing-room nicely decorated with flowers, the hostess at her post, the servants waiting to respond at the slightest sound of the bell, and all things in readiness.

And now with regard to the arrangement of the table. This should be either a round one, or a table made with an undershelf for cups and saucers. It is usually kept solely for the purpose, and should be wheeled into a convenient spot in the drawing-room, where the hostess can comfortably do the honours and entertain her guests at the same time. A tablecloth worked with a crewel work border is used; but this latter does not harmonize so well with the softer shades of colouring now seen in most drawing-rooms, nor appear in quite such good taste as the ecru tints usually used for art needle work. Then the tea-tray, with the cups, teapot, and cream, and milk jugs, sugar bowl, &c., is put on the table, the silver urn also; and let it be remarked that all these needful accessories should be in the best possible style. A pretty cosy may with advantage be used, as, besides keeping the tea hot, it has the farther advantage of throwing a little colouring on the table when needed. The tea must be strong, if possible; it should not, however, stand too long, as that renders it unwholesome. It is better to make it in relays when guests are expected at different times. Black tea is best to use, and it must be of good quality. Cakes, biscuits, bread and butter cut in slices and neatly rolled, should be on the table, or another close at hand. At this season, especially in the country, where there is abundance of fruit to be easily obtained, some kinds may be placed ready; but these are by no means important, and of course entail tiny china or glass plates, which are not otherwise requisite. The lady of the house, her daughter, or some young relative pours out the tea, and hands it with the cake, bread and butter, &c., to the friends assembled. If there are any gentlemen present, their services are put in requisition. There should be plenty of pretty occasional tables about the drawing-room, on which cups, &c., may be put down; but they must be put in such positions that they will not be easily knocked over.

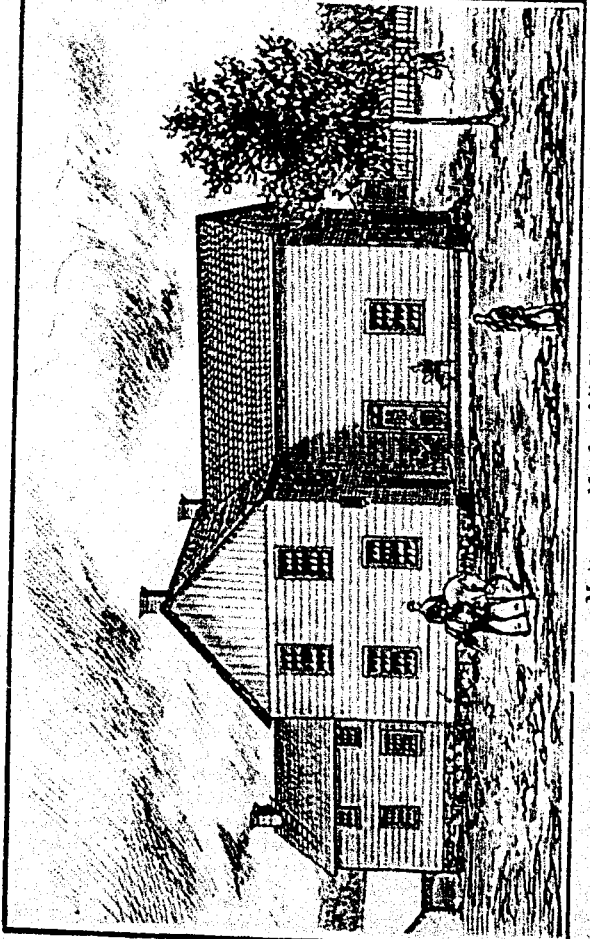
Where expense is no great object, much taste and refinement may be wisely displayed in the choice of the silver, and also that of the china used on these occasions. Very pretty curious sets, suitable for five o'clock tea, are to be seen in most of the best china shops in our cities. Real old china, too, cups and saucers of quaint shapes and patterns—when not too valuable to use—may with advantage be utilized by way of variety. These afternoon teas, also, are first-rate opportunities for displaying dainty little cream jugs, strangely devised sugar bowls, old-fashioned teaspoons and sugar tongs, and the like, which are too often "hidden under a bushel," or in a cabinet, but which, when thus used, add an air of finish and refinement to the otherwise commonplace appearance of the tea-table.

Of course, to a certain extent, most of these remarks apply to a tea when many guests are expected, but much the same applies to the cosiest of cosy gatherings, an afternoon tea for some few—four at the outside—special friends; and for people living in the town or country it is a charming way of entertaining one's friends, selecting a few congenial ones each time. Then it is true fewer things are wanted, but not less taste, either in the display of china or plate. Small delicacies and choicer "brands"—if we may use the term for tea—may be introduced with advantage; such dainties as would, perhaps, be almost wasted in a large party, but which could not but be appreciated in choice little coteries. Generally, for small gatherings of this kind, a tiny little table is all that is necessary, and usually no urn.

In the winter coffee may be occasionally substituted for tea; but buttered toast for the thin bread and butter, or for the cakes. In the summer—and here again this applies to the country, or at least to the suburbs—the garden is undoubtedly the right place to choose as a meeting place for this pleasant meal; but care must be taken to provide really comfortable easy chairs, dry grass, or at least footstools for the feet; and above all, a shady spot, as free from cold draughts or from hot sun as possible. Enough hints, however, have been given to young housekeepers for the arrangement of this meal, which, after all, is the least arduous of all to order. The rest must be left to individual tastes and peculiar idiosyncracies, which may be brought to bear even upon such an apparently trivial matter as afternoon tea.



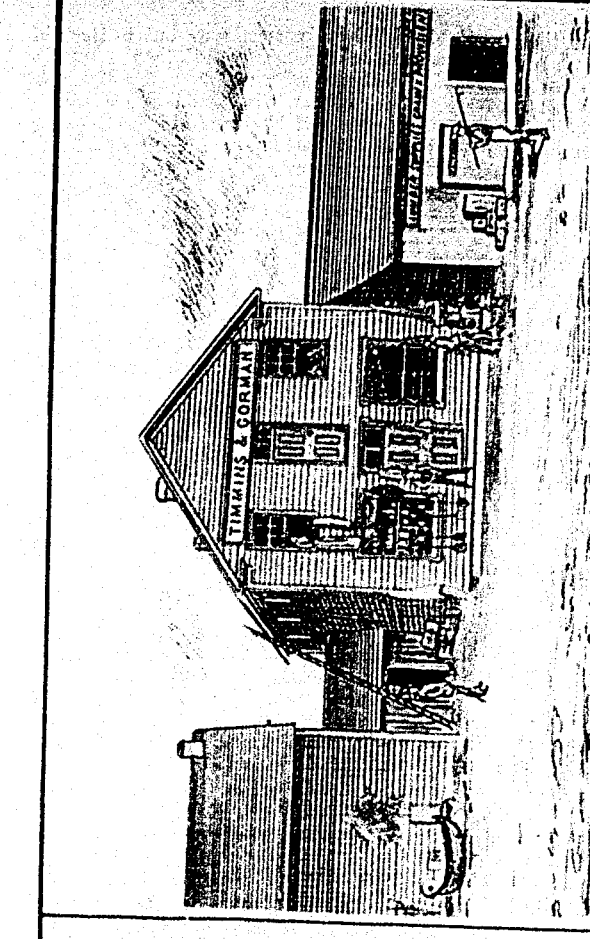
MONTREAL.—THE CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE AUSTRALIAN 11 AND 22 MONTREALERS.



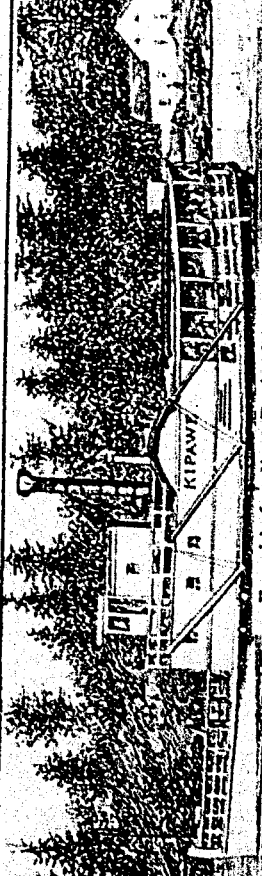
Mattawa : Macdonald's Hotel.



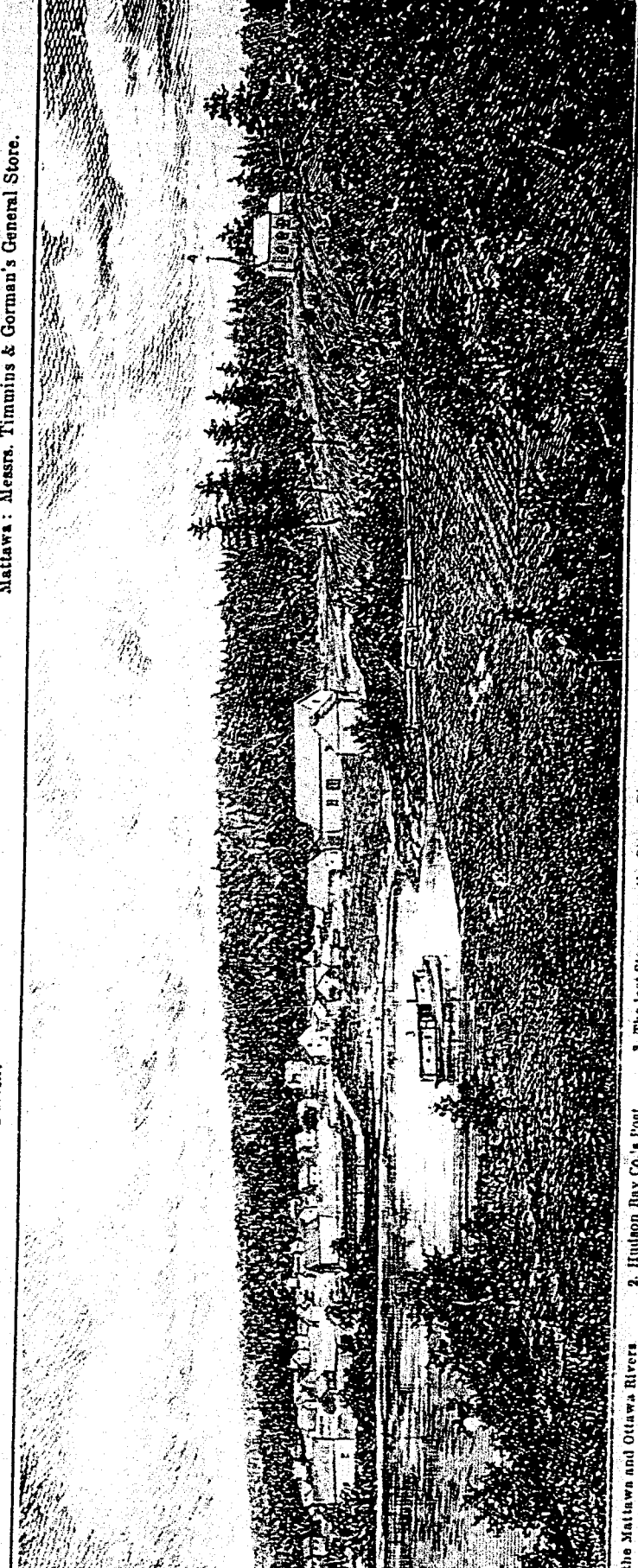
The Oiseau Rock.



Mattawa : Messrs. Timmins & Gorman's General Store.



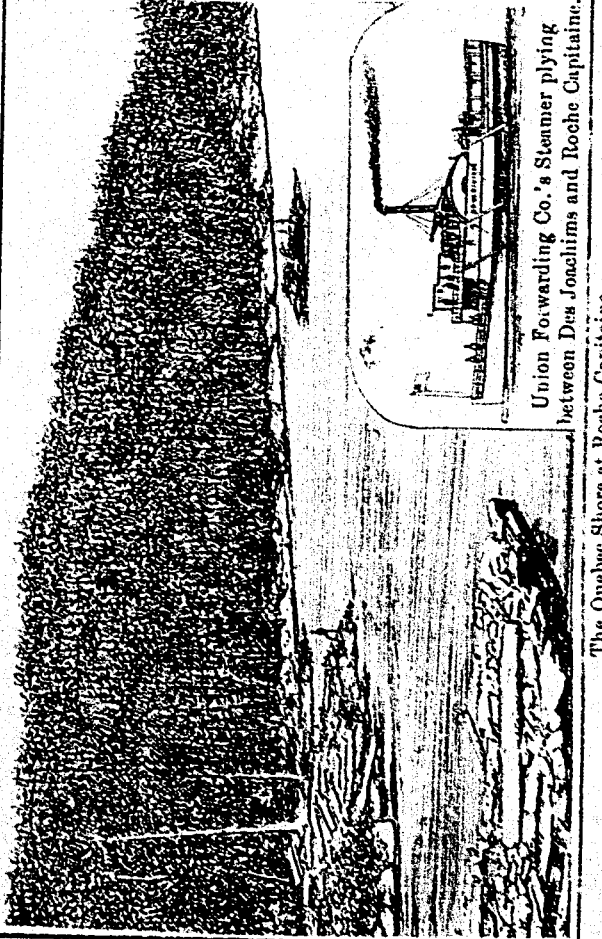
French's Landing, Roche Capitaine.
Union Forwarding Co.'s Steamer plying between Roche Capitaine and Deux Rivieres.



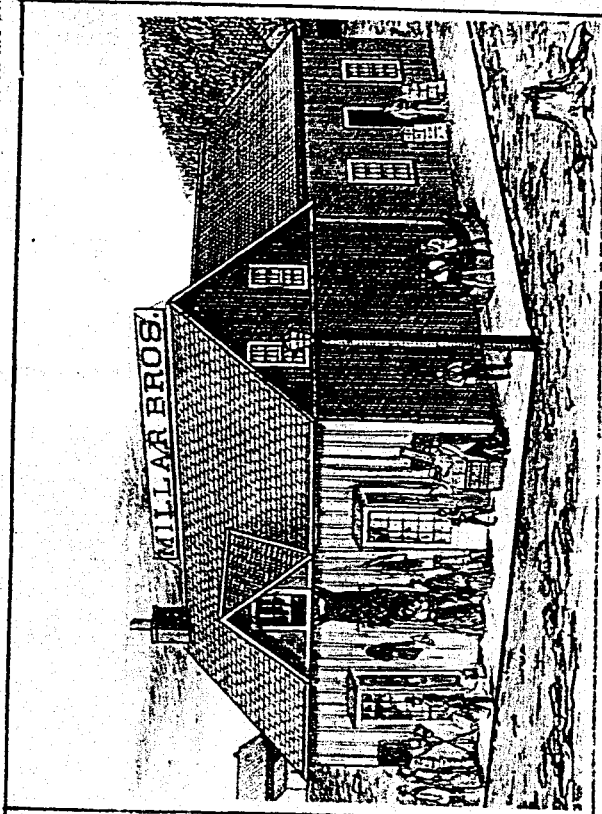
MATTAWA : 1. Junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers 2. Hudson Bay Co.'s Post.

3. The last Steamer on the Ottawa River.

4. R. C. Church.



The Quebec Shore at Roche Capitaine.



Mattawa : Millar Bros.' General Store.



At the Foot of the Rapids, Deux Rivieres.

PEMBROKE TO MATTAWA.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XII.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

FROM PEMBROKE TO MATTAWA.

The steamer *John Egan* leaves Pembroke at 7 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Des Joachims, where rapids put an end to the navigable stretch formed by Lake Allumette and that portion of the Ottawa known as "Deep River." The run is exceedingly pleasant; the steamer is large and well fitted up, and the scenery is most charming. Soon after leaving Pembroke the boat threads its way among pretty islands of all shapes and sizes. Ten miles up, the Petewawa—a famous lumbering stream—enters the Ottawa. Five miles above is the mouth of the Chalk river. Both are on the Ontario or south side of the lake. Chalk River is noted for the size and gameness of its bass. In the country about these rivers excellent deer-shooting is to be had—one man is known to have shot thirty-seven in a week. Opposite Chalk River is Fort William, till within a few years a Hudson Bay Co.'s post, now the nucleus of a small village and a favourite camping ground with the aborigines. Twenty miles from Pembroke the lake narrows, and the course of the stream takes a sharp turn to the left. Here the Laurentian Mountains touch the river for the first time, and from this point to the Rapids des Joachims the water stretch is known as the Deep River. The change in the scenery as compared with that from Pembroke up is very marked. Henceforward the river flows through a deep valley, as it were; the mountains rise precipitously from the water's edge, and the glimpses obtained occasionally of the country behind show that these mountains extend back many miles. Two miles from the entrance to Deep River is situated the famous

OISEAU ROCK,

which seems to have been the result of a mountain splitting in half, one piece falling into the river. Sheer from the water this great bald rock rises several hundred feet high; not a shrub or blade of grass on its face, but pines and brush growing plentifully to the very edge of where the great split took place. Near the summit there is a lake of considerable size, said to contain trout. The tumbling of this enormous mass into the river has not interfered with navigation in the slightest—the steamer passes by the rock so close that a landing could be effected by running out the gangway; indeed, this is done in the case of picnic parties visiting the Rock.

Twenty-five miles through scenery of the same mountainous character brings to view the Rapids des Joachims, where the river takes another acute turn to the left. At Des Joachims—it was amusing to hear some American visitors attempt to pronounce this name;—for the benefit of those coming after, I may as well say that it is locally uttered as if spelled "Der Swisher"—at Des Joachims, the run of the *John Egan* ends, and after a stay of about two hours, during which time the traveller can view the rapids and lumber slides, she returns to Pembroke, dinner being served immediately after starting. My motto was "Onward and upward," so, with others, I mounted the mail stage and crossed the portage or space intervening between Deep River and the next stretch of navigable water. The distance is about two miles, through a rather pretty bit of mountain country. On the other side the steamer *Kippewa* was in waiting, and in a short time we were speeding on towards Roche Capitaine, eighteen miles distant, where rapids once more necessitate a portage. On the Quebec side, eight miles up, the DuMoine, a wild stream flowing through a fine lumbering district, enters the Ottawa. Six miles further, on the Ontario side, the boat calls at Rockcliff, which is not a village or town, but the residence of Mr. W. H. McIntyre, farmer, postmaster, agent for the Montreal Telegraph Co., and clerk of the weather—Rockcliff being a meteorological station, and the one giving Canada the greatest breadth. Mr. McIntyre was agent for Messrs. Bronson & Weston, lumbermen, for twenty-three years. He purchased for them some limits, which proved very profitable, and when he signified his desire to resign his berth, the firm made him a present of the Rockcliff homestead. The country in rear of this point is very fair, and contains a good many settlers.

AN AWFUL SPOT.

The river opposite Mr. McIntyre's is alarmingly deep. One day, being desirous of ascertaining the depth, he and a friend rowed to the centre of the stream and began to let down a weighted line. When the line had run out—it measured nearly 100 feet—the pair were somewhat scared and got ashore as soon as possible. Soon after, Mr. McIntyre joined several lines and fastened a clock weight to the end. He gravely began letting out line hand over fist, and kept at it until he was about to conclude that at some remote period of the earth's history the bottom had fallen out of this particular part of the river. Just then he felt the weight bump, and to make sure that he had reached hard pan, he bumped it several times. Tying a piece of

rag round the cord to mark the depth, he hauled in and pulled for the shore. It was a good afternoon's work to measure the line with a two-foot rule, but perseverance is one of Mr. McIntyre's special traits, and he went on with the job manfully. The end of it was, he found he was living on the brink of a water-filled valley three hundred and ninety-seven feet deep! He says if the water were run off, he wouldn't stay in the place a moment—the sight would be too terrific—but, as it is, the kindly element conceals the awful depth, and the youthful McIntyres swim about the gigantic pool as unconcernedly as if they could touch bottom with a four-foot pole.

NAVIGATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Above this, the river is broken by several rapids, which, during the latter part of the season, render steamboat navigation impossible, necessitating transhipment to row boats. The water stretches above—between Roche Capitaine and Deux Rivieres, and the latter point and Mattawa—are subject to the same conditions. I am informed that the improvements required to enable the steamers to make complete trips throughout the season could be accomplished with comparative ease and a moderate outlay. So far, I believe, not one cent of public money has been expended in this direction, yet it is plain that nowhere would a judicious expenditure be more justifiable. Being the highway to the chief lumbering and fur-producing districts of the Dominion, the volume of travel is very considerable, and the inconveniences above referred to are felt just at the time when means of transit are most in request—lumberers going to the woods and merchants getting in winter supplies. During the period of low water, one of the rapids referred to is surmounted by the *Kippewa* in a rather ingenious manner. When the steamer arrives at the foot of the rapid, a boat is launched containing two men, a coil of line and a small barrel. The men row up the eddy, and, by hook or by crook, reach a point beyond the head of the rapid. One end of the line they attach to an anchored buoy, and the other to the aforesaid barrel. The latter being let go is speedily carried down stream straight for the steamer, where a man is on the look-out to catch the line with a boat-hook. The barrel being detached, a few turns of the line are taken round the paddle wheel shaft and the machinery is set in motion, the result being that the boat pulls herself up the rapid in gallant style.

The Roche Capitaine rapids are among the roughest on the river, and many a sturdy raftsman has found in them a watery grave. The portage is about two miles, over a very excellent road. At the landing reside a most hospitable couple named French—the husband a farmer and blacksmith and right good fellow; the wife an excellent housekeeper, and possessing the same kindly disposition as her helpmate. Parties intending to camp at the trout lakes in this vicinity will find the French's ready to do all in their power to make things pleasant. Thanks to Capt. Prigg, of the *Kippewa*, I spent a day most enjoyably at Dixon's Lake—a beautiful sheet of water about a mile and a half off the portage road, and I shall not soon forget the delicious flavor of the fine speckled trout we brought back. The Captain is a jovial soul, a great traveller, been round the world, enjoys a joke and can tell a good story, ever thoughtful of the comfort of his passengers—in short, just the sort of man to make a pleasure route popular.

A LOVELY LAKE.

There are several fine lakes in the vicinity. The one I visited is approached by a lumber road, diversified by picturesque bits of woodland scenery such as Jacobi or Edson would delight to study. The lake is situated between two precipitous mountains, and is not visible until the visitor finds himself right upon its shores. It is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters broad. The water is so clear that a five cent piece can be distinctly seen at a depth of thirty or forty feet. It is said to be over one hundred feet deep in the centre. The trout are of a very beautiful species, most brilliantly marked, and, gastronomically speaking, they are as good as they look. The woods on the shores of this lake afford good partridge shooting, and if more exciting sport is desired, it is said to be quite easy to stir up a bear or two. Soon after getting on the *Kippewa* on the return trip, one of these monsters was pointed out by a passenger. Mr. Bear was close to the water's edge feeding on blueberries. He did not seem to notice the steamer until the Captain sounded the whistle. This quite upset his dignity, and he put for the dense bush in a most unceremonious fashion, nearly turning head over heels.

At the head of Roche Capitaine rapids there is a Post Office—not such as the average citizen would look for, but a neat little cottage by the roadside. The Postmistress is a tidy, civil little body, who seems to take pleasure in attending to the mails. At the landing, Capt. Hunt, with the neat little steamer *Deux Rivieres*, was in waiting to convey passengers to the next portage, about twelve miles distant, for which

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY

seems to have had an especial liking, judging from the prevailing nomenclature of the points of interest in the vicinity. For instance, I was shown "The Devil's Portage," a mountain gully of the roughest description, through which the winter road is made: also "The Devil's Chair," a circular hole in a rock high up on the mountain side. This hole is about three feet wide and five feet deep, perfectly round and beautifully

smooth. Similar holes are common along the Ottawa, having been caused, it is said, by the friction of stones propelled by whirlpools; indeed, at the bottom of the holes, a stone, quite smooth and round, is usually found. The peculiarity about the "Churn" is its height above the present water level and its great size.

At this point there is an hotel, kept by Mr. Thos. Murray, who is quite a notable character in his way. He owns and "runs" the portage to the head of the rapids, about four miles distant, and is likewise Postmaster and Montreal Telegraph agent. He does a considerable staging business, carrying raftsmen to the head of the rapids, where he owns another stopping place. In the year of high water—not the deluge—but the year when the Ottawa rose higher than the oldest inhabitant along its shores can remember ever having seen it before, Murray's hotel was nearly washed away. It is now built upon an artificial island, made of crib-work, filled in with boulders. Mr. Murray has already \$13,000 invested in his business, and is now engaged in erecting an hotel for the accommodation of travel by the wagon or Government road, which lies about a mile back from the river at this point.

The portage here is occasioned by three rapids known as the "Deux Rivieres," the "Trou" and the "Leveller." For some distance the road runs by the side of a pretty trout stream. In the vicinity there are lakes abounding with splendid fish. Between the head and foot of the rapids the River Magnassippi flows into the Ottawa. The scenery up this river is described as very picturesque. Three fine rafts were brought down the Magnassippi last season.

Deux Rivieres is the terminal point of the Union Forwarding Company's operations, the next stretch of twenty-four miles to Mattawa being traversed by a fast propeller owned by the Captain, B. J. Mulligan, and Mr. Timmins, both of Mattawa. These gentlemen deserve great credit for the plucky manner in which they went to work to supply a long-felt want. It is pleasing to be able to add that the speculation has proved quite a success. On her way up the "Mattawa" calls at "Klock's Depot"—the headquarters of an Aylmer lumbering firm. The river here is very prettily dotted with rocky islets, and indeed the whole route from Pembroke up is of a character to send the appreciative admirer of nature's varied beauties into raptures of delight.

MATTAWA

is situated upon a point formed by the junction of the river of the same name with the Ottawa. As a site for a town it is probably one of the most remarkable in Canada; indeed I question if anything like it is to be found the world over. It would seem that the river Mattawa at one time took a much shorter turn than it does at present, and consequently that where the town now stands was the bed of the stream. Except where earth has been brought to make a garden, there is not enough soil to fill a flower-pot. The whole area is one mass of boulders, many of enormous size. It is locally affirmed that here Noah discharged the ballast from the Ark. On the opposite point or shore of the Mattawa the Hudson Bay Company's post is situated. Two places more dissimilar can hardly be imagined. The one a sterile, stony tract; the other a very paradise by contrast—boasting meadow, farm and garden. The post commands most charming views both up and down the river—indeed it is invariably found that the Hudson Bay people in selecting sites for their posts displayed excellent taste and great wisdom, natural beauty and natural advantages of a more material order being generally blended in the happiest manner. The post is in charge of Mr. James Warnock, and embraces his residence, a store, well-stocked with every description of goods and provisions which are given in exchange for furs; several splendid warehouses for storing supplies intended for stations up the country, and the necessary barns, stables, &c. Attached to the post are about 150 acres of land, and a short distance up the river there is a farm of nearly 200 acres. These Hudson Bay posts remind one of the Coast Guard Stations along the British coast in so far as neatness and cleanliness are concerned. They are all pretty much after the same model; the buildings are always brilliantly whitewashed and the grounds are kept in a style indicative of "Rules and Regulations." The officers I have always found to be thorough gentlemen in every sense of the term, and when I say this I only echo what has been affirmed repeatedly by travellers who have had a much wider experience than I can boast. Of the Company and its operations I shall have something to say later on.

Mattawa village is an outgrowth of the lumber trade, though the Hudson Bay Company were the first settlers—the original post being on the Quebec side of the Ottawa. It is the last village on the river; the head of steamboat navigation and the pivot point as it were from whence supplies can be most conveniently procured for those sections of country where lumbering operations are now chiefly carried on. These advantages will be greatly enhanced when the railway extension from Pembroke (now building) is completed, as it is expected to pass within six or eight miles of the village, which will be connected with the line either by a branch or a good wagon road. At present Mattawa is "nowhere" so to speak; in maps of comparatively recent date it may be looked for in vain; its inhabitants are not enfranchised; it is somewhat like the settlements in the "territories" of the United States, a kind of "no

man's land," legally speaking, but to the uninitiated visitor it is as any full-fledged village enjoying all the benefits which an Act of Incorporation can confer. It is about forty-five miles from Lake Nipissing—the intervening country being represented as well fitted for settlement. A good wagon road to this lake is much wanted, and the Ontario Government might well expend a few thousand dollars upon the work, as it will open up a fine tract of land. I could not get the exact census of Mattawa, but should say it contains at least 400 souls, French and English speaking. There are several general stores, the chief being those of Messrs. Timmins, and Gorman, & Millar Bros. The former embodies, besides a general store, dress-making and tailoring departments. The warehouses are extensive, the firm dealing largely in lumberer's supplies and doing a considerable business in raw furs. The Montreal Telegraph Company have their office on the premises—a fact which parties intending to go on a sporting expedition should note, as Mr. Gorman is at all times willing to aid such folks in the matter of engaging Indian guides, &c. During the spring months the firm opens a branch at the mouth of the Kippewa and dispose of an immense quantity of goods in a short time to the shantymen who are then coming out of the wilds where they have been immured since the fall. The store is the oldest in Mattawa and enjoys a large patronage. I was present when a number of rafts arrived at the head of the Mattawa river and gained some idea of the sort of business done by these up-country stores. The store, roomy as it is, was literally crammed with raftsmen eager to purchase. Some wanted only a straw hat, others wanted a complete outfit. All were speedily accommodated. Some would go in for the cheapest and get a full suit of under and outer clothing for say \$9.50; others would act upon the motto that the best is the cheapest and expend perhaps \$20 upon the work of replenishing their wardrobe. Some were as hard to please as city belles; others took the first offered. A few paid cash; the majority were given credit—the bills being accepted the next day, probably, by the owners of the raft and the amounts deducted from the wages due the men. In an hour two or three hundred dollars' worth of goods will be thus disposed of. I saw three different crews served one evening. As fast as one lot were satisfied they left and the next came in. Messrs. Timmins & Gorman have recently started a brick yard which will soon work a great change in the look of the village. At present all the buildings are of wood.

The Millar Bros. are keen competitors, having stores also at Pembroke, at Des Joachims, and sending out a traveller with heavily laden teams to visit the shanties up country during the winter. There are five brothers—all sharp business men who have by dint of perseverance and foresight built up a large business. They will open a store at the Kippewa next spring. Their business is similar to that of the last mentioned firm, and the struggle for supremacy may be said to be "nip and tuck." Though only established at Mattawa twenty months they were already enlarging the store. The Pembroke store was established eighteen years ago.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

Among the several hotels at Mattawa that of which Mr. William McDonald is host must be given the palm as regards a desire to make the best of the situation and afford the best accommodation means will permit. Every year things are improving in this respect, but at present fresh meat may be placed among the almost unheard of luxuries along the Upper Ottawa. But in season there are to be had partridge, duck, moose and the various fresh water fish—and I have this to record of host McDonald: whatever spoils the sportsman may bring in will be promptly and skilfully cooked—and that is more than I can say of many so-called "hotels" where it has been my lot to sojourn. In these remote localities game laws are out of place; indeed are unknown. If anything is killed "out of season" it is not for mere wantonness, but because food or change of diet is really wanted. I feasted on moose-meat twice and thought it delicious, as it really was, after a month of everlasting pork *alias* ham; I also shot ducks whenever I could, because I thought that something should be done to mitigate the terrible consumption of dead pig. I always tried to have a supply of fresh fish for breakfast or dinner, and usually found no trouble in securing a good string. It is the rule, though, at all river-side places, for the inhabitants to ignore the supply of fresh food which Providence has placed at their feet. Of a large population it will be found that not one in one hundred ever thinks of putting a line in the water. They will eat pork, pork, morning, noon and night, from New Year's Day to Christmas, though the finest food that ever man tasted swarms at their very doors. As in any place not poisoned by mills, a man can catch enough fish after supper to serve a family for at least a day, I am prompted to say that laziness is at the bottom of this disregard for the wholesome food so lavishly provided by nature. But, as I have said, Mr. McDonald does the best he can; he gives you a good clean bed-room, and his table is furnished with whatever the place affords, while personally he is very obliging and anxious to contribute to the enjoyment of his guests.

RELIGION.

As at most of the settlements along the Ottawa, the missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church have been industriously at work at Mat-

tawa. There is a very fair church on the Hudson Bay Company's side of the river dedicated to St. Eustache, and in the village there is a building which embraces a room for week day services, the priest's residence and apartments for four Sisters of the Congregation of Grey Nuns of Ottawa. The church was built in 1864; the pastor is the Rev. Father Poitras. His flock embraces 115 families: 62 French, 34 English speaking and 19 Indian. Some of these come a distance of twelve miles to church—padding their own canoes. The Sisters have charge of an hospital for sick shantymen and conduct a school.

THE SCENERY AT MATTAWA.

The up river view at Mattawa extends perhaps a mile and a half, when there is a sharp turn to the right. On both sides of the stream are lofty mountains, some sloping gently, others rising almost sheer from the water's edge. Mountains meet the gaze at the end of the water stretch, rising one above the other, the slopes and vales shewing by their different coloured patches that the husbandman has followed upon the footsteps of the lumberer. The effect of sunshine and shade upon these heights is very beautiful—here a patch of dark pines, there a field of ripening grain almost ready for the harvest close by, a pleasing contrast to the bright yellow, a field of maize vividly green, looking deliciously cool. Opposite the village there are two short rapids—not of great moment, indeed the little steamer *Mattawa* frequently ascends the currents—but adding considerably to the charms of the locality. I heard an old resident remark "Ah! I couldn't live here but for those rapids," and indeed there is a great and indescribable pleasure connected with the sound and sight of splashing water. A small island is situated in the centre of the rapids. When the timber is passing down the scene is one of great animation. Rafts, looking quite picturesque with their little cabins and great cookeries, are then seen as far as the eye can reach; in the centre, perhaps one being towed by the steamer. At the head of the rapids, cribs being sent off in quick succession, gaining speed as they near the tossing waters and then suddenly taken as if by magic power and whirled down the rapid, stretch between the island and the towering mountain shore. At the foot, cribs all over the bosom of the river, their crews flying the huge sweeps to bring them to the "snubbing" place where they are once more joined and formed into rafts.

I went eighty-five miles further up the Ottawa, but must reserve details for another issue. The trip was made in a bark canoe, a craft composed, as a Yankee once said, of a bit of bark, a few shavings and a little gum."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

REMEMBER Lot's wife, and avoid letting anything turn your head.

PROF. WATSON and Ann Arbor, his w.f., are happy. It's a boy planet weighing 11 pounds.

THE man who married an incorrigible shrew declared to a friend that he had contracted a dangerous scold.

SAID he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." SAID she: "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

IT is now an established fact that the female mosquito only bites; the male does the sitting on the rail and growling about hard times.

I LOVE men, said Queen Christine of Sweden, not because they are men, but because they are not women.

BEING the first bachelor and the first benedict, how stands Adam's claim to being first in peace and first in war?

A FELLOW says: "Home with a scolding wife and upset beehive are one and the same to him, as in either case he gets tongue more than he wants.

IOWA has twelve thousand school ma'ns. Young man, grasp the opportunity. Iowa offers it and eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine over.

AN exchange calls on young men who don't like to work, to cheer up. Twelve of them in one little town have lately succeeded in marrying school mistresses.

THE paragraphists have discovered the best method of heating a street-car. "Carry a woman half a block further than she wants to go. It will be hot enough."

ON the body of a man who was struck by lightning last week four autograph albums were found. Cut this out, young woman, and paste it in your own album.

MRS. Janville has "put up" twelve cans of peaches, nine jars of plums, and a bushel of pears, while her husband has only "put up" two stoves and his gold watch.

A HACKENSACK boy about four years old said to his mother the other day: "Oh! mamma, I looked up at that little star in the sky and he winked at me. Wasn't he naughty?"

LADIES will wear fancy aprons now, because they cost \$2 apiece, and some of them would perhaps wade through their kitchens once in a while if they had to pay \$10 for the privilege.

THIS country is terribly demoralized, and soon the greatest crimes will excite no wonder. We should not be surprised to hear of a young

man we know of sleighing his girl before the year is out.

THE Baltimore Saturday *Gazette* says that homely women must be treated just as well in all respects as handsome ones. That's so, and we move that the editor go right home and put his theory in practice.

A LITTLE girl wanted more buttered toast; but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

If a boy comes to his mother on Saturday and wants holes in his pockets mended, it is best to keep him thoroughly in hand next day, for he wants to go chestnutting, and will not hesitate to run away from Sunday-school.

IT is a lamentable fact that a piece of pasteboard with verse on it, given as a reward of merit in a Sabbath-school, has not half the charm for the boy as the same size piece of pasteboard with the simple talismanic words, "admit one."

ANY sharp wife can now take down one of her husband's half-dozen dressing-gowns, rip off the collar, deepen the pockets, change the facing, and have his Christmas present all done and off her mind before snow flies.

IT requires some pluck, in a small way, to maintain in unembarrassed serenity your seat in a crowded horse-car, when a tall, calm-faced woman stares from the vicinity of the bell-rope, at an imaginary line of space between your lap and your neighbour's.

"DON'T you love her still?" asked the judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

A VIRGINIA woman offers to sell her husband by auction, and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire."

A LITTLE girl asked an old gentleman who hated conundrums: "What is the difference between a potato and a lemon?" "I don't know," snarled the old man. "Don't know!" exclaimed the child; "then I don't want you to buy any lemons for me."

"Yes, mamma, I took three lumps of sugar out of the cupboard," says the little girl, contritely. "That was very naughty, indeed; but as you have confessed it I shall forgive you. Go and sin no more." "Then give me the other lump—I only took two."

A FATHER induced a croupy little boy to make a healthy meal of buckwheat cakes and molasses, but the latter proved to be syrup of squills. The boy said that he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

LAST week a Fulton boy got angry with his mother, and went to bed without supper that he might wring her heart with sympathy. When he was creeping down stairs to get some pork and beans after the family were asleep, he collided with a door-casing and broke his toe! Moral.

THIS extract from a school grammar gave a pupil brain fever: "A future contingency is best expressed by a verb in the indicative mood, and a new supposition with indefinite time by a verb in the subjunctive present, but a conditional circumstance, assumed as a fact, requires the subjunctive imperative."

JOHNNY, who goes to a crack school, went a-fishing the other day. "What did you catch, Johnny?" said his mother on his return. "I captured an Anguilla Bostoniensis, mother, a fine specimen of the malacopterygious fish," answered Johnny promptly. Of course, his mother knew he had caught an eel.

THE good man slammeth the gate and bangeth the door and maketh a noise, for his heart is without guile and he feareth not the grievous words of his wife; but the naughty man shutteth the gate softly and stealeth up-stairs in his stocking feet, and stumbleth over the rocking-chair, and the last condition of that man is worse than the first.

THEY were looking at the fall style of bonnets. Said she, "Oh! dear, look at that bird in the crown; what a pretty bill!" And because he turned away, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and murmured: "I should say it was a pretty bill," she became melancholy and threatened to leave him and go home to her mother.

THIS is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

LITTLE Johnny has peculiar views as to the origin of sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanor, when he pleaded, "It wasn't me, mamma dear; it was the bad man." "Well, Johnny, I am going to whip the bad man out of you." "Ah, yes, but that will hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

A MAN may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand and

wondering whether it will hurt less to put the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in or push it on through.

THIS cynical paragraph is from *Puck*: "You should not always judge by appearances. Because a man gracefully and smilingly yields his seat to a lady the moment she enters the crowded car, you must not immediately rush to the conclusion that he is the very soul of gallantry. If you take notice, you will almost always find that he was going to get off at the next corner, anyhow."

IT is written in a fine female hand. It is a poem, and asks: "What Was the Dream of Your Life?" It is signed "Elfrida." We haven't room for the poem, but just to quiet Elfrida we will answer her conundrum. The dream of our life has been to be rich enough to put on a clean shirt every day and to have two suits of clothes with a pair of suspenders to each pair of pants. But it has never been realized, Elfrida. Castles in the air.

A DISTINGUISHED M.D., thinking to say something complimentary to a fascinating widow, one of his patients, placed his pulpy hand on her well-rounded shoulder, and, with a poetic sigh, exclaimed: "This is the nicest and softest place in the world for a weary head to rest on." She turned quickly to him, and replied, "Doctor, give me your hand and I will put it on a still softer place," whereon she quietly put his hand on his own bald pate.

THEY had been engaged about fifteen minutes, and she nestled her head a little closer under the shadow of his monumental shirt-collar, and whispered, "And now what are you going to call me, Algernon?" "Birdie!" he whispered rapturously, while his voice trembled with tender emotion, "always and ever, nothing but Birdie!" And she fairly cooed with delight. He kept his word, although, with the growing precision of middle age, he has become specific, and does not deal in sweeping generalities any more; and so it was that day before yesterday a neighbour going in the back way to borrow the axe, a cup of sugar and the cistern-pole, heard him call her an old "sage-hen."

HEARTH AND HOME.

SECRETS.—A secret which requires to be permanently hidden under an appearance of perfect unreserve and easy simplicity is generally a more or less guilty secret. Justifiable secrets can generally venture to wear an appropriate air of quiet reticence—not such as shall necessarily suggest a mystery. Every one has a right to be visibly unfathomable, but nobody ought to have a cunningly-constructed false bottom to his mind.

MONEY AND KNOWLEDGE.—It is well to make money "for the glorious privilege of being independent;" but knowledge is more precious than gold. There is hardly anything that people will not part with for money; but we never knew any person who would be willing to be deprived of his knowledge and become ignorant for any price. This shows the superlative value which all persons put upon the knowledge which they have in their possession. Knowledge is a treasure at once priceless and imperishable. Strive above all things to be rich in knowledge. You get more than the value of whatever you give in exchange for learning.

HOUSEKEEPING.—Let no one call housekeeping a menial occupation, neither suppose that no ability is needed to carry it on. When it comes to be considered how much is to be embraced under the general term "housekeeping," used in its best and full sense, it is plain to be seen that there is an ample field for the exercise of the most extended and enlightened education. Book learning is not wasted; there is every day occasion for its use, and the more readily and intelligently artistic and scientific knowledge is applied in domestic affairs, the more easily the work is accomplished, and the more pleasure is given in its results to all who are participants therein.

SILENCE.—Silence has its right place as well as speech. There are subjects veiled by natural delicacy, and facts marked off by confidential barriers, and trifles which a healthy mind shakes off like dust, and wounds to be gently shielded, and delightful discoveries to be reserved for favoured explorers, and many other spots sacred to silence. The difficulty is how to combine the perfect preservation of these sanctuaries with the openness which inspires perfect trust. We can no more confide in one whose mind seems to be full of dark places than in one who lays everything bare. We look to a friend for sheltering wings to brood over your confidences, not for magic tricks of concealment.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams—"on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long,

weary path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

THE HEART.—Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affection it must beat on for a lifetime. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labours. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memories of lost loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it as the early snow-drift cover the tender plants; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth, and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, heats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelids the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while it sleeps; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.

HUMOROUS.

ABOUT 367 newspapers will remark that the Afghanistan trouble is ameer trife.

SOME lawyers might become great if they would be content with one admittance to the bar.

A SHORT horse is soon curried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the next township.

IT is darkest just before day, but Sambo says that it is the very time when a chicken is the widest awake.

BLUE Ribbon—"Memento mori" means remember death, not remember more rye; but it comes to the same thing in the end.

A BURGLAR broke into a New Jersey house, devoured a quantity of mince-meat and dropped dead at the gate. Nevertheless, pass that pie.

AN exchange declares that a man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

WHEN an artist climbs over a fence to get a better view of a handsome bulldog, he must take the chances of his sketching the dog, or the dog's ketching him.

A justice of the peace in Arizona ruled out the evidence of all witnesses, chased both lawyers out doors, knocked the bailiff over a bench, and decided "no cause of action."

AN old granger, who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with a handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

A CLERGYMAN who was recently called up to hold services in the state prison at Sing-Sing, prefaced his remarks to the prisoners by saying that he was "glad to see so large a number present."

THE Cincinnati *Saturday Night* says that the man who claims against the railroads and says that they have ruined the country and ought to be wiped out, makes the biggest kind of a fuss when the train is ten minutes late.

THE grandest, purest manhood that ever blessed this old world, was evolved from suffering and born in anguish, but somehow a man never seems to think of that when he spills a tablespoonful of red-hot solder in his shoe.

THE most eminent swindler, the condensed milk fiend, never feels so terribly chagrined and crest-fallen as when he discovers a regulation tin measure in the area instead of the conventional pitcher.

EDITORS like brevity, but a man who was recently hung in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said: "I'll see you later," and then the trap fell.

A LECTURER, addressing a mechanics' institute, contended that: "Art could not improve nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming: "How would you look without your wig?"

WHEN Benjamin Franklin arrived in Philadelphia he calmly walked up the street with a loaf of bread under his arm. But he couldn't do it nowadays. Somebody would steal his bread before he got half a block away from the river.

AT a public reading recently a cockney was attempting to recite a part of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, but with indifferent success. A brawny Scot in the audience, indignant at the ruthless murder of his native tongue, bawled out, "Whaur's yer awksent, mun?" "Why, you've got it!" answered the cockney, to the intense delight of the audience.

A SCEPTIC, who was badgering a simple-minded man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied an honest old believer, with meaning emphasis: "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man, as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

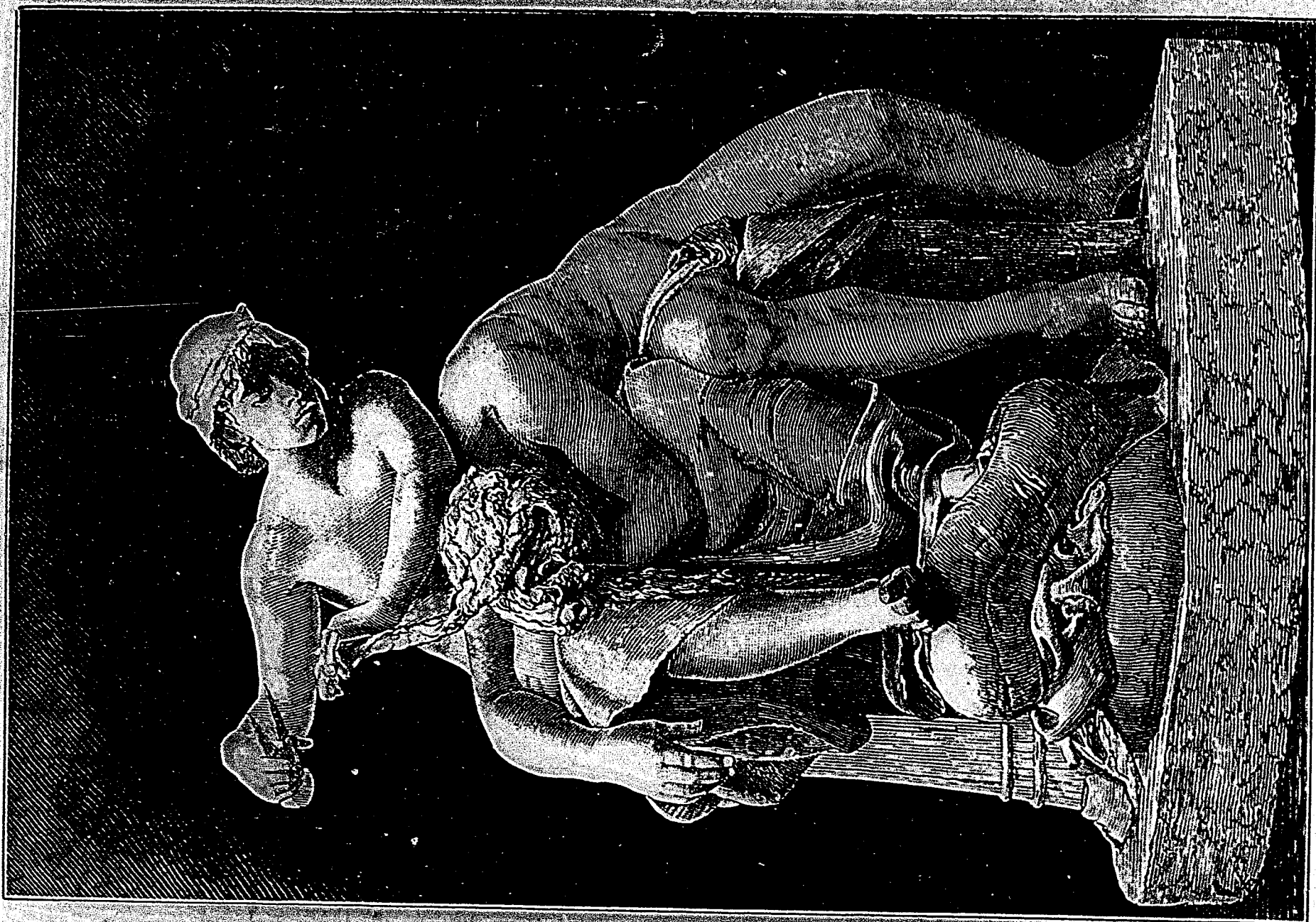
WHEN a man, turning around to look back at something he ought not to, thumps himself against a tree, he first—before he does anything else—looks forward, picks up his hat, and then darts a glance of dignified reproach at the tree, as though it was not attending to its business and he was.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

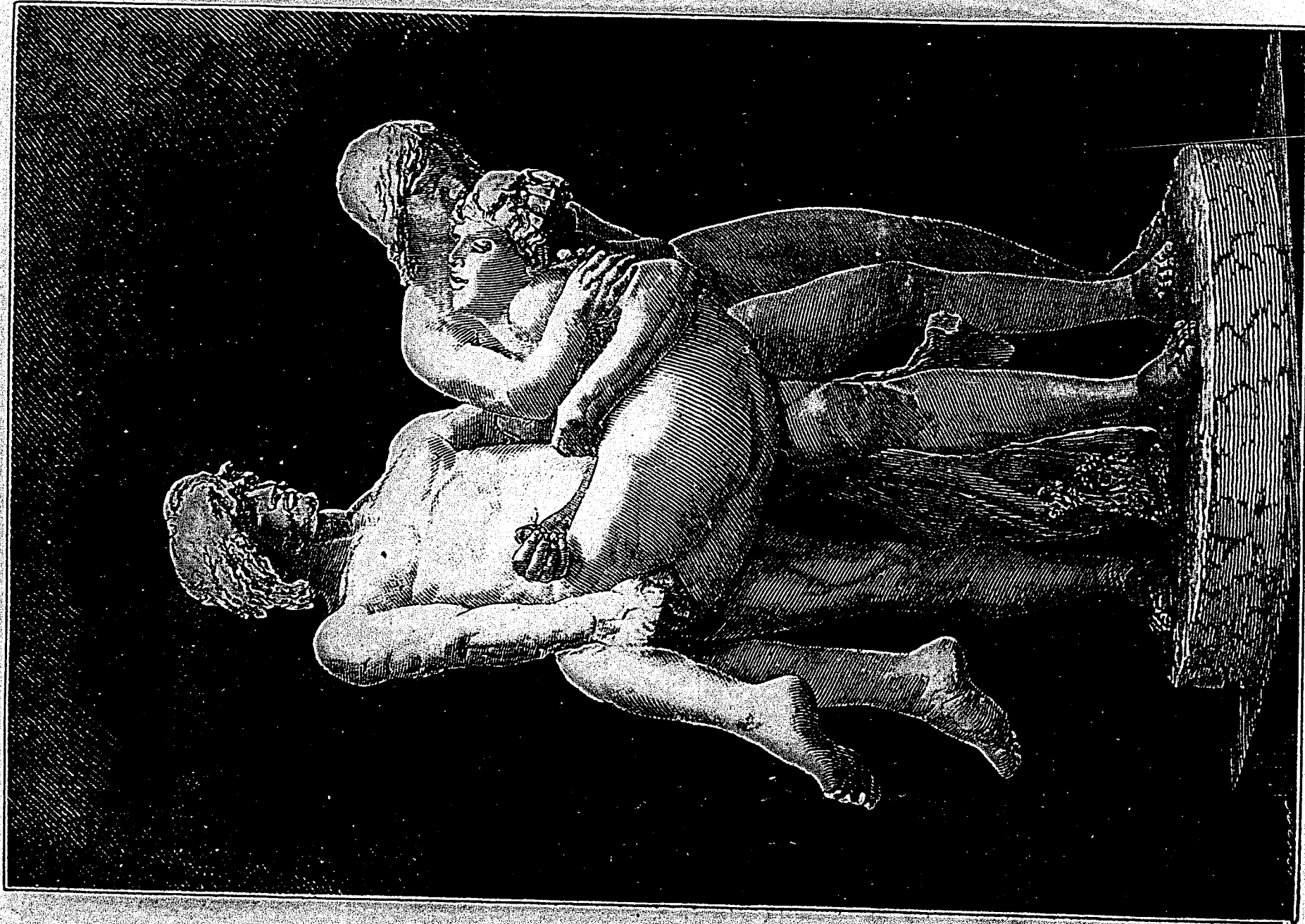
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

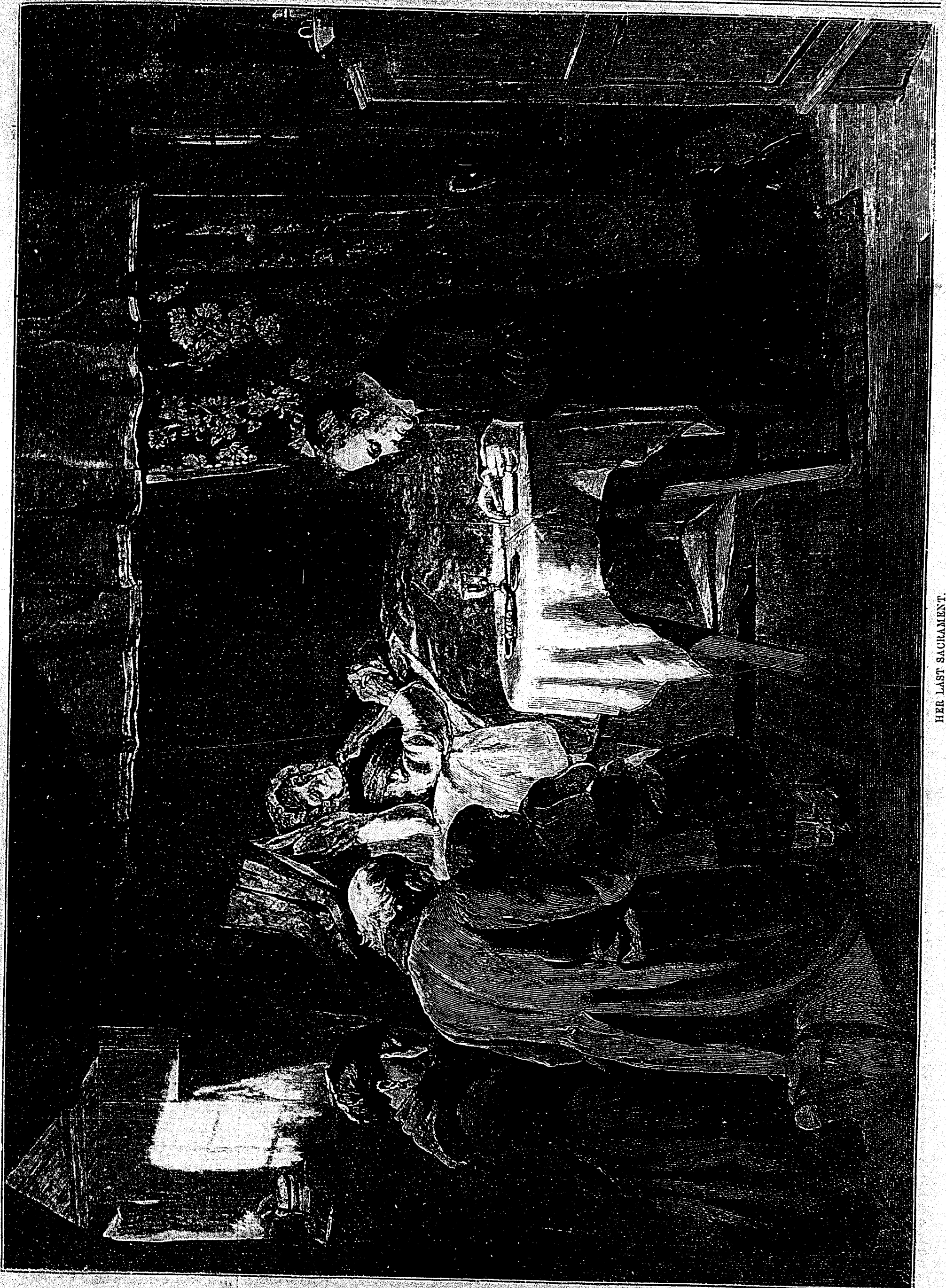
HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



SAMSON AND DALILA.—A PLASTER GROUP BY LEMAIRE.



FIRST FUNERAL.—A GROUP BY BARRIAS.



HER LAST SACRAMENT.

AFTERWARDS.

Where shall we two be, Sweet,
After an hundred years?
Our lips shall have ceased to meet,
Our hearts shall no longer beat,
Our eyes shall have shed their tears.

Well, if it be so, Sweet,
Why do we weep and wail?
A lifetime is all too fleet
For prayers that in vain entreat,—
Or cheeks that are tear-washed pale.

Ah! it is bitter, Sweet,
No one will say thee nay:
Glance from your love-lifted seat
Down to the soul at your feet,
Has it a happier day?

But let us brave it, Sweet,
Brave it as best we can;
In struggle against defeat,
Till all things are made complete,
We stand pure woman and man.

B. D.

MY ADOPTED CHILD.

"Is that Oldtown Church, yonder, if you please, sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There are women of sixteen. This was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse and vulgar about her unless it was her hands.

"That is Oldtown Church, my dear," I said; "are you going there?"

"Yes sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once—would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing treacherously, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed that I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me, trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me so wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too, from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, sir—I wish he did!" said the child.

"He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What can he do, though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untaught grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half-child, half-woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, beautiful and kindly, I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companion had not been in my roll at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister would I have had beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stair, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last, Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" half sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! Look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand and looked at me, her eyes sparkling.

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked.

"Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh how pretty, how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep down beside me.

"Poor man, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and she put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

"Is it all over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said, "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, sir. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said, and her little leather shoes patted over the aisle and down the stairs,

and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gypsy head and those beautiful long fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said; and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said.

"But there's a gal there wild about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl lay flung herself. I knew the gypsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress, and the sun-bonnet, hung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor: and I bent over her touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So I had thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but led her to another room, while two men bore the dead man upstairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After awhile she drew closer to me, and sitting on a stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave, and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl shan't go until I hear from you, sir," she said. "Indeed I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless; and such a child for her age! Thank you, sir."

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild—the sun-browned waif, so simple and ignorant and friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five and twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty,—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden ground, and had my usual kiss across the garden fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself coming to see an old lady like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty."

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Bertie?"

"Bless me! in my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child, Master Albert?"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl.

"I have money enough," I said, "but no female relative. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted? Why?" I asked.

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever were caught yet."

Then in a moment more she added, "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush.

"Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I am going to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed.

"You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day, she said. "Why at your age, life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close grasp with her horny, hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then good night! I'm ready for anything that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always, now, I suppose, but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully at me, knowing as a mother might have known the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me pain, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so well, even by the old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why,

this is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

She obeyed. "I'm only Nellie Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it don't matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had sent her to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt.

The girl was growing tall, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession, too. I had hand and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still: and we had such pleasant talks, such odd unworldly chatter! These walks and simple tea drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrel and quibbles and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the tread of woman's light-shod feet, had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell.

"An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarreled, and she had made him wofully jealous, it is said, and all his property save a mere pittance was willed to stranger.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I saw Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throb. I felt as though she were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too much occupied to undertake anything more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears as she rose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "cruel to leave me so poor, but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said.

"I did not love him—I never loved but one—and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes if I did not understand her, and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her pretty little ears. I could not help looking into her eyes and touching her hand with mine. When I left her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered "good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child, and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke

of one and the other young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose," I said. "There is nothing so easy lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked; "have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face that I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose. You couldn't—such a sweet innocent thing—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound would heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert? How could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would die rather than harm her."

"And yet you have made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you would never love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown, and this crutch. I've had one dream broken; don't set me dreaming again for heaven's sake."

Old Betty looked at me, then caught my face in both her hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I shan't tell you a word more; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape vine: her face was wet with tears. I sat down by her, and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I do love you dearly, Nellie. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you cannot, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's affection, Nellie."

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself I loved her madly—I felt it now—better, far better than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

"Nellie!" I said; "Nellie!" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes did not dare to lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on the wedding day. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed so many happy hours. I felt that this living life, sprung, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the dead, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her wife. And the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world; and, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we are loving and being loved youth can never die, and while we live I and my Nellie must love each other.

THE Emperor William does not submit to be overcharged by his tradespeople. During his stay at Teplitz, a carrier was employed to convey to the railway a large quantity of luggage belonging to the Imperial household, but on presenting his bill, the steward of the palace thought the charges too high, and refused to pay unless a reduction was made. The carrier declined to make any, and has summoned the Emperor before the Tribunal of Teplitz.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters, &c., received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 194 received.

A. G., Renfrew, Ont.—Correct solution of Problem No. 192 and 193 received.

B. R. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Postal received. Many thanks. Shall be most happy to carry out your proposal.

H. B., Montreal.—It is not yet terminated.

The following extracts, the one from *Turf, Field and Farm*, and the other from *Land and Water*, will show that Chess on this side of the Atlantic is obtaining a considerable amount of public attention, and at the same time it is pleasing to remark with reference to Canada, that she can claim a fair share of credit in the matter. So far it is well for the past. But what about the future? Is our Canadian Chess Association, of which our American contemporary speaks so highly, still to maintain its efficiency? Have any measures been taken to secure a full representation of Canadian players at the next Congress? Where, in the wide Dominion, is the next Congress to be held? These are important questions which we should like to be able to answer to any anxious inquirers.

We have been watching with great interest the progress of the grand Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association, now approaching completion at Montreal.

According to the Detroit Free Press (U. S.), the remarkable success that has attended the late series of game and problem tourneys in America has given a great impetus to the game of Chess.

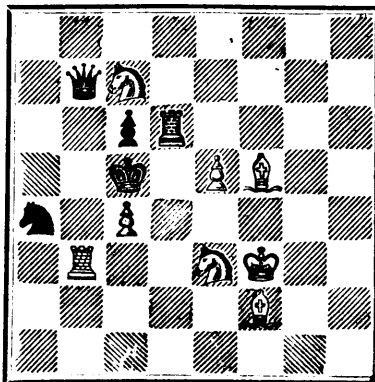
The following is the latest score in the International Postal Card Tourney: British Gains—J. Copping, J. T. Palmer, Wm. Nash, E. Palmer, H. Monck, R. H. Philip, H. Brewer, one each; J. Parker and Col. Sergt. Woods, two each—11; G. W. Stevens and D. M. Latta have drawn one each.

PROBLEM No. 196.

By W. C. COTTON.

(From English Chess Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

GAME 303RD.

Played between Mr. J. Foster and Mr. G. P. Black, both of Halifax, N.S.

WHITE—(J. S. Foster.) BLACK—(G. P. Black.)

- 1. P to Q B 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q R 3
4. P to K 3
5. P to K Kt 3
6. Q to R 4 (a)
7. P to Q Kt 4
8. P takes P
9. Q B to R 3
10. Q R to Kt sq
11. Q takes Kt
12. B to Q 3
13. P to K R 4
14. Kt takes P
15. B takes Kt
16. B to Q 5
17. Kt to K 2
18. Kt to Q B 3 (7)
19. Q Kt to K 4
20. P to to K R 5
21. P to K B 3
22. P to K B 4
23. K to K 2
24. P to Q 3
25. K to K B 2
26. Kt to Q B 3
27. P to K 4
28. K to K Kt 2
29. Kt to Q Kt 5
30. Kt to Q B 3
31. Kt to Q sq
32. K to K R 2
33. Kt to K B 2
34. K R to K sq
35. Kt takes B
36. Q to Q 2
37. Q to Q sq
38. P takes P
39. Q takes R
40. Q to K 2
41. R to Q Kt 5 (h)
42. B to K 4
43. R to K Kt 5
44. R to K R 5 (ch)
45. Q to Q R 2
46. K to K Kt 5 (ch)
47. Q to Q R 4
48. Q to Q sq
49. P to K B 5 (i)
50. Q takes K Kt P
51. B to Q 5
52. P to K B 6 (ch)

NOTES.

- (a) The object of this move is not very apparent.
(b) This move brings the White Q into a better position, and leads to immediate trouble on the part of Black.
(c) P to R 3 would, perhaps, be safer.
(d) Kt to B 4 is, also, a good move.
(e) B to K Kt 5, checking, would be preferred by many.
(f) The position is interesting at this point.
(g) We prefer here P takes K Kt P, followed by R to K Kt sq.
(h) The right move.
(i) This and the following moves are very well played by White.

CHESS IN DENMARK.

GAME 304TH.

A brilliant skirmish played some time ago between Mr. S. A. Sorensen and Mr. Ludvigsen.

WHITE.—(Mr. L.) BLACK.—(Mr. S.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. Kt takes K P
4. Q to K R 5 (ch)
5. Kt takes Kt P
6. Q takes K B P
7. Q to K B 3
8. B to Q Kt 5
9. Kt to Q B 3
10. Q to K Kt 3
11. Kt takes B
12. Q to K 3
13. P to Q 3
14. Q to K 2
15. Q R takes B
16. Castles
17. Kt takes Q B P (ch)
18. P to K B 4
19. P takes Q
20. K takes R
21. K to Kt sq
22. K to R sq

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 194.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 5 1. Kt takes P
2. B takes R P 2. Anything
3. B or Kt mates Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 192.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 6 1. Any move
2. Kt or B mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 193.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K R 3 K at K Kt 3
Q at K 5 R at K B 4
R at K B 3 B at K Kt sq
Kt at K 3 Pawns at Q 2 and
Pawn at K Kt 4 R 3
White to play and mate in two moves.

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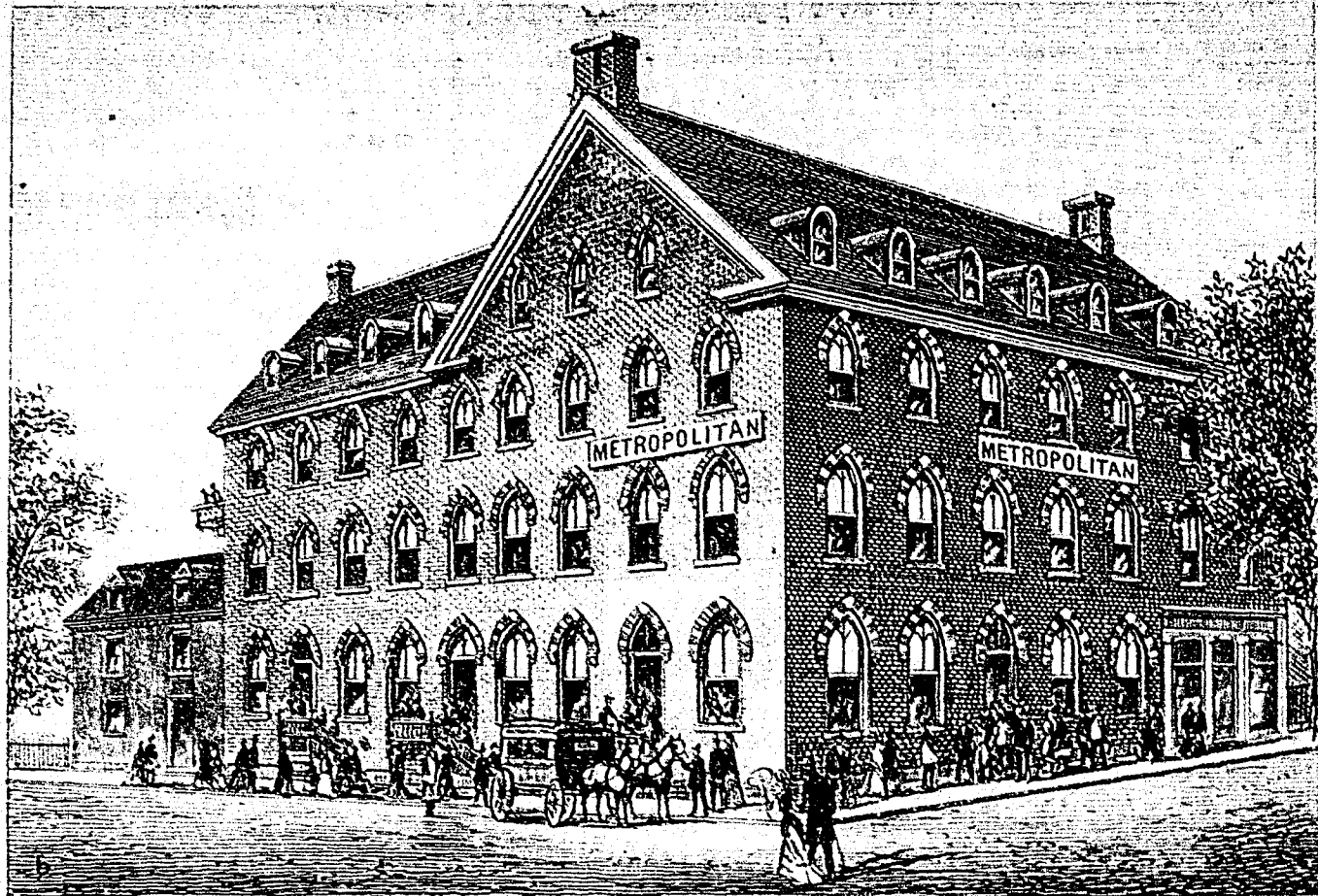
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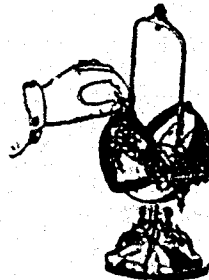
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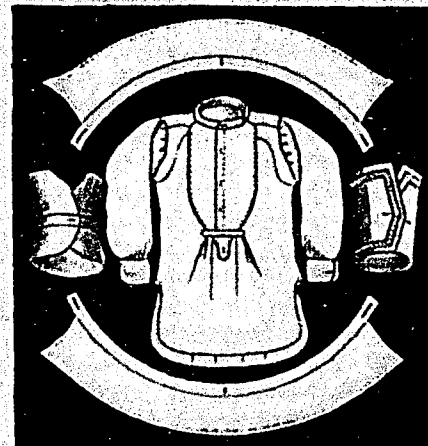


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