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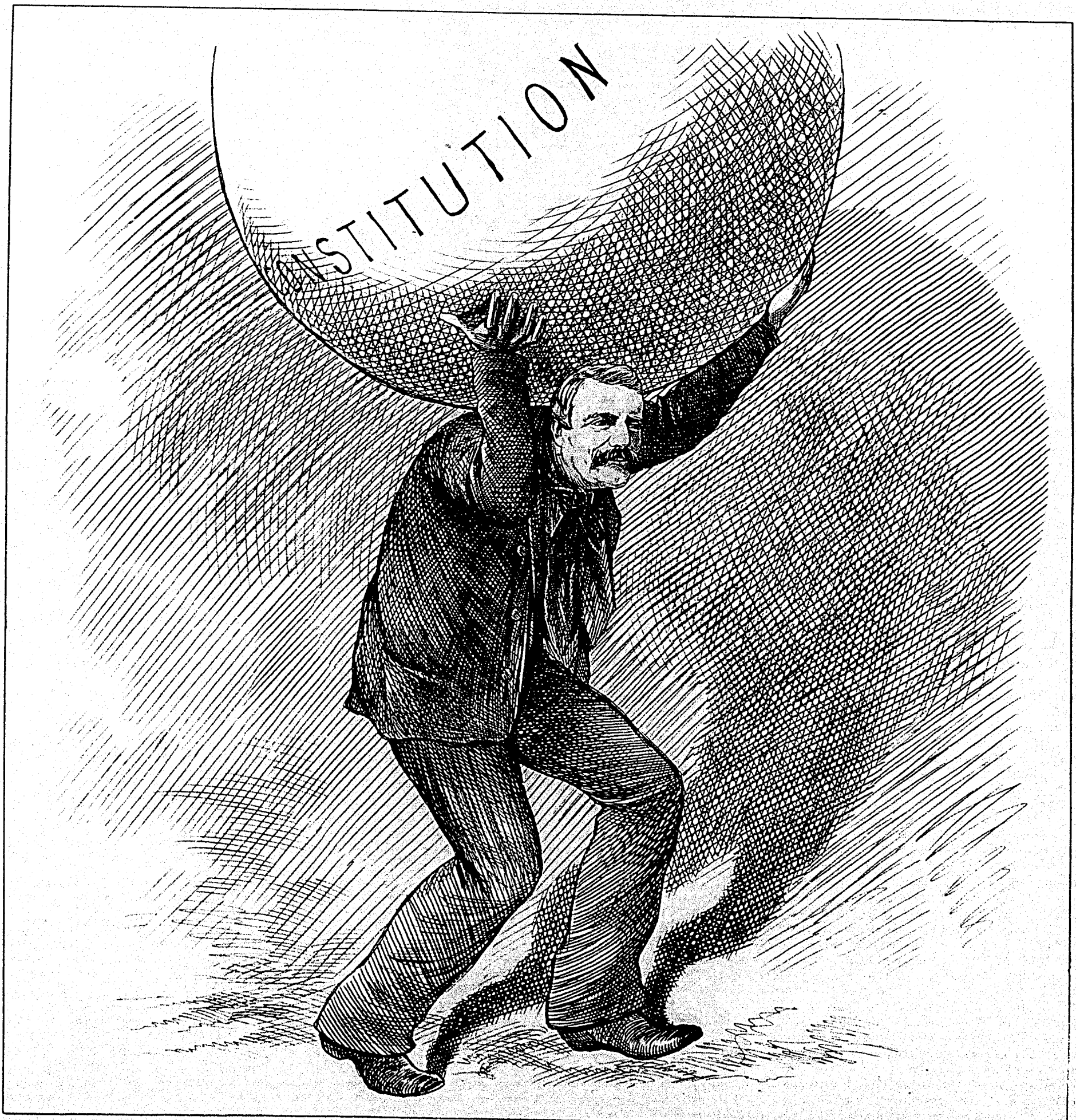
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# AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XVII.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
{ 4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE MODERN ATLAS.  
"I shall carry this burden safely, in spite of all."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 6th, 1878.

### REPUBLICANISM IN FRANCE.

Even those who may be opposed to Democracy in the abstract, cannot do otherwise than rejoice at the progress of Republicanism in France, because they must see in that fact the living proof of a return to stability and prosperity. That the Republic is making rapid and substantial progress in France is evident to any one who observes the course of events in that interesting country. We need not refer to the result of the October elections, nor to the invincible force of public opinion which literally wrenched submission from Marshal MACMAHON. We have events of a more recent date upon which to found a judgment. On Sunday, the 3rd March—Sunday is strangely the usual polling day in France—seventeen legislative elections took place. Two of them were held to fill seats rendered vacant by the deaths of M. RASPAIL and M. DUCAMP, both Radicals, and in them the success of the Radical candidates was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Fifteen were held to replace fifteen deputies of the Right, whose elections had been invalidated by the Chamber for irregular practices. Of these the Monarchists failed to gain more than four seats, in spite of the local influence possessed by the majority of the invalidated members. This, then, is a clear gain of eleven Republican votes, a result all the more remarkable that official candidatures have been abolished, and that full liberty was accorded to every class of voters.

Another signal triumph for the Republic is the secession of the Constitutionalists from the Opposition. These Constitutionalists were a group of thirty-five Senators, under the leadership of the Count de BONDI, who acquired reputation and importance from having frustrated, last December, the various schemes put forward for continuing the policy of resistance, notwithstanding the result of the elections. These Senators are not Republicans, and have usually sided with the Opposition, but lately, in presence of certain essential bills introduced by the Government, it was found necessary to choose between a policy of resistance, with the risk of the most serious complications, and a policy of conciliation and submission to the will of the country. Twenty-two Senators out of thirty-three have resolutely chosen the latter course, and the step has added materially to the strength of the Dufaure Administration.

The two events which we have just chronicled, with other manifestations of public opinion which could not be overlooked, have enabled the Government to pass some organic laws which will amplify the security at the same time that they will expand the liberties of the French people. The budget, which had been thrown into confusion by the crisis of the 16th May, has been voted by a large majority. The law conferring the right on the Executive of proclaiming the state of siege only in case of foreign invasion, has also passed by a strong vote. The effect of this measure in diminishing the chances of *coup d'état*, and the prostitution of the army to political purposes, is incalculable.

In her foreign policy, the French Republic has acted with a prudence which has strengthened her position abroad,

while it has contributed to the peace and quietude of the country itself. The fruits of this abstention from foreign complications will be abundantly reaped in the forthcoming Exposition, the success of which is assured if only war does not break out between England and Russia. The partial stagnation in trade will be relieved not only by the money of thousands of visitors, but also by the sales of French products of all kinds which will necessarily follow their display in the Trocadero Palace.

### THE BRITISH FLEET AT THE DARDANELLES.

The following article contains full particulars with regard to its passage of the Dardanelles:—On the 9th, Saturday last, Admiral Hornby acting under instructions from home, took five of the ships under his command up the Dardanelles. We steamed up to Chanak, asked permission to pass, were refused, and came back to Besika Bay. Bitter was the disappointment, loud the groans, when our British sailors saw their ships turn back to the old anchorage; but a gleam of hope remained in the fact that orders were given to bank fires ready for ten knots steaming at twenty minutes' notice. We remained in a condition of excitement and extreme tension for the next three days, for it was well known that the Admiral was keeping up constant telegraph communication with the Admiralty, and the signal "Telegram on shore" was constantly being made. On Tuesday, the 12th, a rumour got about that the fleet had orders to enter again the Dardanelles, and this was confirmed by the circumstance that the Admirals and Captains of the fleet held a meeting on board the *Alexandra*, Admiral Hornby's flagship, a meeting which was neither more nor less than a council of war. And our surmises proved true. When the Captains returned on board their ships it was made known that tomorrow the fleet was to go up the Dardanelles, and at all hazards to force the passage, leave or no leave. Now arose in the fleet such excitement as had not been known in the British Navy for many a long day. Sir John Duckworth and his famous passage, seventy-one years ago almost to a day, were the staple subject of conversation, while maps were studied and books of naval history referred to. Admiral Hornby's orders were lithographed, and a copy sent to each Captain. They contained perfect and explicit instructions what to do, how to act, together with plans of the principal fortifications; in fact they were models of despatches, clear and precise. On Tuesday night the weather, which had been threatening, became very bad. The barometer fell, a strong wind blew, and a heavy sea got up from the N.E. When the hands were turned up in the morning the topgallant masts and all superfluous gear aloft were got on deck; hammocks put into the tops for the riflemen, and the Gatling guns ranged alongside them. The morning was dreadful, rain came down in torrents, a dense haze over the water obscuring the land, the weather high and bitterly cold, the sea rough and tempestuous. At 8.30 a. m. the ships formed into two lines, passing up the coast in the teeth of a gale of wind which increased in severity the closer the squadron got to the narrow entrance of the Dardanelles. At 10.15 a. m. the fleet passed the Castles of Europe and Asia, steaming in the following order:—Starboard Division—Asiatic side.—*Alexandra* (flag), *Sultan*, *Téméraire*. Port Division—European side.—*Agincourt* (flag), *Achilles*, *Swiftsure*. About eleven o'clock snow began to fall, blinding those on deck, and completely obscuring the land—in fact, the dangers of navigation seemed almost worse than the gauntlet of the forts. The officers had an early meal, as also the men; and, this over, quarters were sounded, and then the Admiral's plan of attack was made known. The guns were loaded with heavy charges of powder and Shrapnell shell, trained on the beam, and run out just level with the battery ports. But the messengers of death had a smiling face upon them, for the tompions were in, and everything looked peaceful. The tops were filled with riflemen, and Gatling guns and all torpedo defences prepared, but nothing warlike was to be seen. Admiral Hornby's instructions were to pass peacefully, if possible; not to make any demonstration calculated to excite the Turks into a breach of the peace; but if the forts did open fire on us, then— These words were the orders: if any of the forts fired at and hit any ship of the squadron, the two divisions were to attack and to silence the two forts above Chanak—Forts Namazieh and Chanak Castle. At 2.30 p. m. the ships arrived off the first point at which any serious resistance was expected. This was a 40-ton Krupp gun, mounted in an earthwork some three miles below Chanak. The orders respecting this formidable piece of ordnance were:—The ships will pass within 200 yards of the gun, their broadsides bearing on it in succession; if the Turks fire it, it is to be dismantled and the works around it destroyed. At a speed of eight knots, surrounded with a dense fog, the snow falling thickly, the wind howling through the rigging, the squadron groped about for this wretched gun. It was luckily seen; so, in pursuance of orders, the ships formed into single line and awaited the result. Breathless silence reigned over the ships, broken only by the dull thud, thud of the engines; yet beneath that quietude was the great

est excitement. At the guns stood their crews, one man ready to slip out the tompion, the others to run the gun out, while the captain of the gun stood immovable, lanyard in hand, one jerk of which would have sent the enormous shell spinning on its errand. Our hearts were in our mouths as the flagship came abreast of the Chanak gun; the little puff of smoke, the flame, the crash were eagerly watched for, while minutes seemed years. At last relief came; we had passed in peace, and the tension was removed. Let me pause a moment to recount the power of the English ships; and, as armour is not of much utility at 200 yards, we may dismiss the construction of the sides of ships at once to number the guns. The *Alexandra's* broadside was composed of five 18-ton guns and one 25-ton; the *Agincourt's*, of seven 12-ton guns; the *Achilles*, of eight 12-ton guns and one 9-ton; the *Sultan's*, of four 18-ton guns and one 12-ton; the *Téméraire's*, three 25-ton guns and four 18-ton; the *Swiftsure's*, five 12-ton guns, and one 9-ton gun, or a gross available total of forty guns. Having passed the gun our attention or rather our ears, were riveted to the two forts above Chanak. As the big gun did not open its fire upon the squadron, we did not expect to hear much of the great batteries which we were now approaching. I have said "hear," for it was absolutely impossible to see anything of the shore. As the town of Chanak was passed the wind increased in strength, the fog thickened, the snow and sleet fell worse than before, blinding the officers on the bridges, and biting ears, cheeks, and noses. The current, too, was dead against us, and was running nearly four knots. In this fearful weather, when neither ships ahead or astern were visible, and guided only by the hoarse cry of the leadman in the chains, did the squadron pass the narrows of the Dardanelles, here only three-quarters of a mile broad. At a speed of eight knots against the wind and current the forts of Chanak and Iscala and Namazieh were passed. Breathless silence prevailed on board the ships when these formidable batteries were being passed; they were the only point of serious resistance, added to which the Turkish authorities had given us the pleasing information that torpedoes had been laid down between the two opposite forts. But, no; nothing occurred to bar our progress up the Straits; no torpedo exploded under our bottom, and no shell came crashing against our sides. For the next two miles were passing smaller forts and redoubts, but of these we took no notice, as they could all have been easily disposed of by a few shells.

Fort Namazieh would not have been such an easy nut to crack. It mounted twelve 18-ton Krupp guns behind heavy earthworks faced with stone. The magazine, however, was much exposed, and had one of our Shrapnell struck it the whole would probably have exploded. The rear of the fort appeared wholly undefended. At 3.30 p. m. we passed Cape Sestos; not that it could be seen, but the position was judged from the soundings. Here the passage widens, and remains so to about two to three miles across. So, having passed all danger, and there being no more fortifications to encounter, the orders were given to unload the guns and to return the shell and powder to the magazine. With a feeling of relief the guns were reduced to peaceful condition. Speech that had been pent up during the past two hours now came forth, and tongues that had been tied were loosened in an incessant chatter. A flood of excitement was poured out: what would have been done had the Turks fired upon us, and how disappointed many were that we had been allowed to pass in peace, and yet that peace was a close shave of war. The Constantinople authorities had given orders to the forts to resist the passage, and it is stated that it was only the interference of a person high in authority in the Turkish service that prevented bloodshed; this official at the last moment, countermanded the Constantinople orders on his own responsibility. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the fog was so thick that the gunners in the forts could hardly have seen the ship. The circumstance was, of course, mere chance, a meteorological freak. Off Karakova, in the Hellespoint, the fog suddenly lifted, and, with a clear passage before us, we rattled on at full speed, anchoring before the town of Gallipoli exactly as the clock struck six, having been eight hours on the journey.

Gallipoli was apparently deserted; but the fact was that the inhabitants had retreated to their homes and had barred themselves in. The poor things, mostly women and children, had taken fright at the sudden appearance of the English squadron, and were under the impression what we were about to bombard the town while the Moscovs assaulted the lines.

Part of the squadron (*Agincourt* and *Swiftsure*) remained there to watch the movements of the belligerents; the remaining ships (*Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Achilles*, and *Sultan*) got under weigh the next morning and proceeded to the Sea of Marmora. The morning was bitterly cold, a cutting northerly wind was blowing; but there was no snow or sleet, and the sun shone brightly. We passed close to the Gallipoli lines, and could see Fort Victoria, and line after line of white tents stretching across the hills, while the soldiers were very busy throwing up rifle-pits and making various kinds of defences. The fort had one very big gun pointed towards the spot whence Gourko and his troops are expected to issue.

On the morning of the 15th the squadron anchored off Prinkipo, Prince's Island, some ten miles from Constantinople. Very disap-

pointing to see the minarets of the city in the distance only. No officer is allowed to visit the place at present.

Our stay at Prince's Island was very short, because we were within the lines laid down by the terms of the armistice to be held by the Russians, and soon received notice to quit. The squadron was rapidly coaled, and left on the 17th for Tuzla Bay. This place is about eight miles distant east from Prince's Island. It is a snug, sheltered anchorage, and just outside the boundary line. Evidently we are not going to be caught asleep. Steam is kept up ready at a few minutes' notice, night or day, and after sunset the little black torpedo-launches go prowling round and round the squadron. *Si vis pacem, para bellum* is evidently Admiral Hornby's motto. Our future movements are, of course, very uncertain; but one question fills all our minds, "How and when shall we make our return passage through the Dardanelles?"

### H. M. S. ALEXANDRA.

The flagship of Vice-Admiral Hornby, commanding the Mediterranean fleet, now in the Sea of Marmora, is H. M. S. *Alexandra*, the largest masted ironclad vessel, with broadside armament, that has yet been constructed, and the best contrived for an efficient all-round firing of her guns. This fine ship is 325 ft. long between perpendiculars, 63 ft. 8 in. broad, and 18 ft. 7½ in. deep, with a burden of 6950 tons, and 942 tons displacement; her draught is 23 ft. forward and 26 ft. 6 in. aft. Her ironplate armour and its backing weigh not less than 2350 tons. The water-line is protected by a belt having a maximum thickness of twelve inches of iron, which is carried forward down over the bows and ram; the machinery and magazines are protected aft by an armoured bulkhead with plates five inches thick; the batteries are protected by armour from 8 in. to 5 in. thick. The construction of the hull is such as to give the greatest possible strength, with a massive longitudinal bulkhead extending to within forty feet of the stem and stern, and with several transverse bulkheads, dividing the different sets of engines and boilers and of magazines in so many compartments; besides which the ship has a double bottom, with a space of four feet between the two bottoms. The engines, constructed by Messrs. Humphreys and Tennant, of Deptford, are on the compound system, with an aggregate indicated power of 5000 horse, for both sets of engines together; they work a pair of twin screw-propellers, which are 21 ft. in diameter. With these making sixty-seven revolutions in a minute, the speed attained was fifteen knots an hour at the official trial; but the estimated maximum speed of the ship, with her full armament and load on board, is fourteen knots an hour. She can also, under favourable conditions, attain twelve knots and a half under sail. Her masts are hollow iron, serving as tubes for ventilation. The decks are lofty, spacious, and airy, with a height of 2 ft. 6 in. on the main deck, 19 ft. 4 in. on the upper deck, and 11 ft. 6 in. on the living or mess deck, the comfort being as great as in an ordinary dwelling-house. The battery of the *Alexandra* consists of two Woolwich rifled muzzle-loading guns of twenty-five tons each, and ten of eighteen tons each. The two larger guns are placed in a central battery on the upper deck, forward, so that they can be trained to fire right ahead, while two of the other guns, placed aft in the same upper-deck battery, can be trained to fire right astern. On each broadside four to six guns can be fought at once. The sides of the ship, forward of the main-deck battery, are set back, above the level of that deck, so as to allow two guns on each side to be fired right ahead. This facility of commanding almost as great a range of fire as a turret-ship possesses is the especial merit of the *Alexandra*, and would give her a powerful advantage in fighting the enemy.

Vice-Admiral Geoffrey Thomas Phipps Hornby is a brother of the Rev. Dr. Hornby, Head Master of Eton School, and a cousin of Lord Derby. He is the son, by a sister of the late Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, of the late Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, who served in the French wars at the beginning of the century, was a Lieutenant on board the *Victory* when she carried Lord Nelson's flag, and got a medal when in command of the *Volage* in Sir W. Hoste's action off Lissa. The present Admiral, born in 1825, entered the service on board the *Princess Charlotte*, in 1837, and was present as a midshipman at the bombardment of Acre by Sir Robert Stopford and Sir Charles Napier. He afterwards served under Admiral Percy at the Cape of Good Hope; under his father Sir Phipps Hornby, in the Pacific, and on various other stations. He has been twice round the world. Admiral Hornby has worked hard all his life at the theory and practice of his profession. When a young captain, he got leave for a year and studied steam in the dockyard at Portsmouth. It was he who commanded the first flying squadron as Captain, with the rank of Commodore, taking the squadron round the world. He has besides had great experience in manœuvring fleets. He was Flag Captain to Sir Sidney Dacres when that officer commanded the Channel Fleet, and subsequently, as Rear-Admiral, he himself held that post, succeeding Admiral Wellesley. In addition to his professional acquirements, Admiral Hornby is thoroughly acquainted with official business, having served under Mr. Ward Hunt as a Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, as his father had served in that of the late Lord Derby.

THE NEW QUEBEC MINISTRY.

HON. H. G. JOLY.—Although we have had several opportunities to publish Mr. Joly's portrait and biography, we take pleasure in reproducing both again, on the occasion of his accession to office. Henry Gustave Joly is the son of the late Gaspard Pierre Gustave Joly, seigneur of Lotbiniere by Julia Christine, daughter of the late Hon. M. F. G. A. Chartier de Lotbiniere, Speaker of the Quebec Assembly from 1794 till 1797, and afterwards member of the Legislative Council of the same Province. He was born in France 5th December, 1829, and educated at Paris. On coming to this country he chose the profession of law and was called to the Lower Canada Bar in March, 1855. He married the daughter of Hammond Gowau, Esq., of Quebec. He is President of the Reform Association of the Parti National of Quebec; of the Lotbiniere Agricultural Society No. 2; of the Quebec and Gosford Railway Company; of the Society for the Promotion of Canadian Industry; Vice-President of the Royal Humane Society of British North America; and of the Society for the Re-wooding of the Province of Quebec. He sat for Lotbiniere in the Canada Assembly from 1861 till the Union, when he was elected by acclamation both to the House of Commons and the Provincial Legislature. He held the two seats till 1874, when he retired from the Commons to confine himself to the Local Assembly as leader of the Opposition. He declined a Senatorship in 1874, and again in 1877, when he was offered a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture.

HON. P. BACHAND.—The new Provincial Treasurer was born at Vercheres, 29th March, 1835, and educated at the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe. He was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1860. Mr. Bachand has been twice married, his second wife being the daughter of Louis Marchand, Esq., of Montreal. He is a member of the Executive of the Reform Association of the Parti National of Montreal, and President of the Banque de St. Hyacinthe. He was first returned for Parliament in 1867, and has ever since ably represented the County of St. Hyacinthe.

HON. D. A. ROSS.—This gentleman is new to political life, but well known in the professional circles of Quebec, where his legal standing is very high. He was born in the city of Quebec, about fifty years ago, and educated at the Seminary of the same place, a circumstance which has given him a mastery over the French language, and intimate sympathy with the French-Canadian population. Without abandoning his profession, Mr. Ross will be able to devote more than usual time to politics, inasmuch as he is in possession of a large fortune.

HON. F. G. MARCHAND.—The Provincial Secretary is still in the prime of life, having been born in 1832. He belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families of his native town, St. Johns. Mr. Marchand stands at the head of his profession as a notary, and has also devoted much time to the volunteer movement, having risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel commanding 21st Battalion Richelieu Light Infantry. He has been in public life since 1867, when he was returned for St. Johns to the Provincial Assembly and repeatedly re-elected since. In 1875 he was elected a member of the Executive of the Reform Association of the Parti National of Montreal. He is editor and proprietor of the Franco-Canadian, a journal devoted to the Liberal cause. Mr. Marchand is the type of the gentleman and the man of refined culture. He is the author of several published works, in prose and verse, and it is almost a pity that he should be so absorbed in politics as to neglect those paths of literature in which he might make for himself an enduring name.

HON. FRANCIS LANGELIER.—This gentleman is a native of the County of Bagot, and is about 40 years of age. Intellectually he has no superior in the Cabinet, and his scientific attainments are very high. After finishing his classic studies at the St. Hyacinthe College, he studied law at the University of Laval and received his degrees in 1861. In the same year he was called to the Lower Canada Bar. Later he was appointed Professor of Civil Law and Political Economy, as well as member of the Council of Laval University, positions which he still holds with honour. Mr. Langelier was Secretary of the first Colonization Society formed in Canada, and has been President of the Canadian Institute of Quebec. In 1873, he was elected to the Provincial Legislature for Montmagny, but 1875 was defeated by a narrow majority. He is at present a candidate for Portneuf.

HON. ALEXANDER CHAUVEAU.—The Solicitor General is the third son of Hon. Sherill Chauveau, and was born in 1847. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at Laval and McGill Universities, at which latter he took the degree of B. C. L. in 1867. He was then called to the Bar and became the partner of Richard Alley, Esq., Q. C., member for Quebec West. Mr. Chauveau first entered the Legislature in 1872 for Rimouski, and was since re-elected by acclamation.

HON. HENRY STARNES.—The President of the Council is the oldest member of the Cabinet, being past his 60th year. He was born at Kingston and educated at the Montreal College. He was for many years a member of the wholesale firm of Leslie, Starnes & Co., and subsequently a Director of La Banque du Peuple; Manager

in Montreal of the Ontario Bank; President of the Metropolitan Bank; Warden of Trinity House; Vice-President of the Board of Trade; President of the Montreal and St. Jerome Railway; Director of the Richelieu Steamboat Co., and associated with a number of other financial and public institutions. He was also Mayor of Montreal in 1856-57, and 1866-67. He sat for Chateaugay in the Canada Assembly from 1857 to 1863; declined a seat in the Quebec Cabinet in 1867, but accepted a seat in the Legislative Council for the Division of DeSalaberry which he still represents.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

We hear that General Baker has been elected unanimously a member of the Marlborough Club by the Committee.

THE loan exhibition of art furniture, to be held at the Bethnal Green Museum, promises to be one of the finest displays of its kind ever seen in this country.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone has the intention of giving a series of semi-political conversations as soon as the season fairly commences, and for that purpose—his Harley-street house being limited in dimensions—will use a large apartment in Devonshire House, which has been placed at his disposal.

The great feature in the world of art just now is the exhibition of the Turner pictures in New Bond-street. They are the property of Mr. Ruskin, and much regret is felt that at the very time when he is giving the art world in London such a treat, he himself should be so ill in the north.

REPORTS relative to the new opera-house on the Embankment are conflicting. One is that it is to be let out in flats—after, we presume, a little alteration and finishing; the other report is that it will be an opera-house, after all, as a quarter of a million of money has been advanced by a distinguished amateur composer, once a magnate of the East, now a star of the West.

THERE is every reason to believe that one of the conditions to be insisted upon by the Government in recognizing the claims of the volunteers to further pecuniary and other assistance, will be the abandonment of grey, green, and other uniforms, in favour of those of a scarlet colour, with the view of assimilating the various corps more closely with the regular army. Light helmets will also supersede shakos.

It having been found that the extended organization of Liberal "hundreds" has absorbed in the Liberal ranks nominally at least a large number of Irish voters in the metropolis and large towns of Great Britain, the Executive of the Home Rule Confederation has determined to initiate a Home Rule "Hundred" in London, which is to comprise the leaders of the movement from the ten metropolitan boroughs. In the large constituencies of Great Britain a similar system of organization is to be founded, the basis being existing branches of the Home Rule Confederation.

A SYSTEM of "official reporting" has just been established in the House of Commons. So far it is only tentative. It aims at nothing more than supplementing the newspaper report, and there is no regular corps of official reporters, Mr. Hansard having only one representative in the gallery. But a sum will appear on the estimates this year for "reporting," and if the experiment succeeds—that is to say, if the House thinks the reporting of speeches worth the money, an official corps will probably be organized next session to do the work more completely than it is done at present.

LORD SANDON, in replying to Sir Wilfrid Lawson recently, announced that forty six cattle had died in Lincolnshire of drinking water. An ardent teetotaler in the House of Commons promptly penned the following:—

I. When forty-six cattle have perished by water, To alter our system it's time to begin; Let a feed them in future on beer or on porter, On rum, or on brandy, on whisky, or gin. II. Like beasts let them drink without stoppage or pause, Refilling their buckets again and again; Till at last we are able to say with ease, "These beasts are as wise and as worthy as men." III. Then hail to the system promoted by Sandon! Henceforward our life will more pleasantly glide; When our flocks and our herds shall all water abound, And our cattle lie peacefully drunk by our side.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE large aquarium at the Exhibition Palace is being filled with water and will be very soon in order. It is announced that the rarest display will be made in this interesting portion of the Exhibition.

THE serious illness of Madame Rossini, widow of the great maestro, is announced. She resides at Passy in the villa built upon the large tract of land presented to Rossini some years since by the City of Paris.

THE artist Brasseur, who is to assume the

management of the Theatre des Nouveautés, on the Boulevard des Italiens, has accepted, as the second play to be produced by him, a comedy by the now famous Hennequin. The principal part will be given to Mlle. Céline Montaland.

AMONG the exhibits from Philadelphia to the Paris Exhibition will be one from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, embracing over 160 specimens of drugs indigenous to North America. These have been selected with great care, and each is enclosed in a handsome tin case, with glass front and printed label.

ALTHOUGH the low admissions of the Paris theatres necessitate their being subsidised by the State, their gross income is subject to the levy of a fixed percentage for the poor, and manager after manager fails. A bill has been brought into the Chamber to transfer this levy from the receipts to the net profits.

M. TEISSERENC DE BORT has resolved that advantage shall be taken of the presence of leading men in art, science, and industry at the Exhibition by organizing lectures and congresses on questions connected with the production, sale and patent rights of all classes of articles exhibited. The proceedings will be collected in a volume, which will form the veritable Golden Book of the Exhibition. A grant of 10,000fr. is accorded towards the expenses of these meetings, the programme of which will be settled by eight Commissions.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE orchestra of La Scala, Milan, has announced its intention of appearing at the Paris Exhibition.

OLD English and Irish songs and ballads are now the features of many of the concerts given in Great Britain.

DCMAS' wife is a Russian lady, and they have two daughters, Milos, Colette, and Jeannine, who are said to be charming, witty, and intellectual.

Mlle. FECHTER has made a successful debut at the Adelphi as Marguerite in Faust. She is possessing in appearance, graceful and sympathetic in her acting, and has a pleasing voice, which has been well tutored. Of course, as yet, she is but an operatic bud.

M. CHARLES LECOQ has dedicated his new opera, Le Petit Duc, to Mlle. Granier, young artist who has played his works with great success. Upon the first page of the copy sent to her he has written:—"In inscribing your name at the head of this work, I desire to display my admiration for your marvellous talent, and the incomparable manner in which you will interpret your rôle. My warmest thanks to the little Granier, who is a great artist."

THE Prince of Wales, upon his arrival in Paris, having vainly endeavoured to secure a loge at the Theatre de la Renaissance, where the run of Le Petit Duc is so great, wrote to M. Koning, the director of that place of amusement, wishing to know whether a box might not be reserved for him. Of course, this request was immediately complied with the fortunate director prevailing upon parties who had engaged the box to give it up to the Prince and suite.

FASHION NOTES.

COMBINE broaded silk with your black suit for spring, as velvet is too heavy.

SILK slippers of the material of the dress are most worn for evening, but kid slippers and boots are also worn.

CHEEK materials of dark green or blue, set off by cherry or gold-coloured stripes, are being worn. Whole outfits are being made of them.

The voice of the best Parisian couturieres is for plaids. If plaids win the day, the Princesse dress is doomed to fall, and if the former is becoming to slim persons, the latter is remarkably so to stout ones.

A TASTEFUL innovation lately imagined by milliners, consists in embroidering felt bonnets with white, gold, silver, steel or jet pearls. These edge the front of the bonnet in a plain row, or in a coquettish fringe, and nothing can be prettier or more becoming.

WHITE repped pique and gray linens are most used for the summer dress of boys of four years. They are made all in one in princess shape, with deep collars, or else with a kilt skirt and jacket. The kilt skirt is often worn with a shirt waist without the jacket.

FICHUS, mantelets, and scarfs are the shapes chosen for the most dressy spring wraps. The materials are principally black camel's hair, and black Steiffene; cashmere in the flannel woven. French twill has lost its prestige, but the rough-surface cachemire des Indes is still in favor.

ARTISTIC.

GERMANY will be represented in the Fine Arts Section, and Paris looks upon this as a sign of the maintenance of European peace.

ON May 1st the Paris Exposition Universelle will be opened; the Salon will be opened on the 15th of the month, and remain open for a month longer than usual.

M. CLESINGER, the sculptor, has been entrusted with the execution of a colossal statue of the Republic for the Paris Exhibition. The Government asks the city to pay half the cost.

MR. HERKOMER, whose picture of the Chelsea Pensioners attracted so much attention three years ago, has chosen for this year's Academy, a row of women paupers in the Westminster workhouse.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN continues dangerously ill at Constan. An eminent medical man has been summoned from London to attend him. Mr. Ruskin is suffering from brain fever, brought on by overwork.

A VERY beautiful statue in white marble, representing a woman larger than life, and in a perfect state of preservation, has been dug up at Djimillah (Algeria). This work of art, which, it is said, will bear comparison with the best Greek sculptures, is believed to represent the Empress Julia Donna.

MR. A. L. HENDERSON was summoned to Windsor, where he had the honour of submitting to Her Majesty the Queen a number of enamels intended for the Paris Exhibition. Of these Her Majesty expressed her approbation, and retained for her own selection several of the specimens.

THE decease at Paris is announced of C. P. Daubigny, aged 60, one of the most distinguished landscape painters in France. In 1849 he exhibited a "St. Jerome in the Desert," which was highly appreciated. His "Pond of Gylien," bought in 1853 by Napoleon III., and the "Entrance of a Village," finally established his reputation, and procured him a medal of the first class.

A NOVEL ALPHABET.

Will you please publish the following for the little people:

- A was a traitor hung by the hair.—Samuel xviii, 9.
B was a folly built high in the air.—Genesis, xi, 9.
C was a fountain overlooking the sea.—I. Kings, xviii, 42-45.
D was a mouse buried under a tree.—Genesis, xxxv, 8.
E was a first-born, bad from his youth.—Hebrews, xi, 16.
F was a ruler, who trembled at truth.—Acts, xxiv, 25.
G was a messenger sent with good word.—Daniel, ix, 21.
H was a mother loaned to the Lord.—I. Samuel i, 27-28.
I was a name received of the Lord.—Genesis, xxxiii, 22-23.
J was a shepherd in Arabian land.—Exodus, iii, 1.
K was a place near the desert of sand.—Deuteronomy, i, 10.
L was a pauper begging his bread.—Luke, xvi, 20-21.
M was an idol, an object of dread.—Leviticus, xx, 23.
N was an architect years ago.—Genesis, vi, 13-23.
O was a rampart to keep out the foe.—II. Chronicles, xxvii, 3-4.
P was an isle, whence a saint looked above.—Revelations, i, 4-9.
Q was a Christian saluted in love.—Romans, xvi, 23.
R was an obscure, yet a mother of Kings.—Matthew, i, 5.
S was a Danite, who did wonderful things.—Judges, xiv, 5-6.
T was a city that had a strong hold.—II. Samuel, xxiv, 7.
U was a countr' productive of gold.—Jeremiah, x, 9.
V was a Queen whom a King set aside.—Esther, i, 19-22.
Z was a place where a man wished to hide.—Genesis, xix, 1.
Read II. Timothy, iii, 15.

HUMOROUS.

SOME people use glasses for the eyes. Others cannot get them above the nose.

THE rector of a fashionable West End Church is now affectionately spoken of in clerical circles as 'The Apostle of the Gentiles.'

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the New York merchants to do away with drummers. We suspect this is an attempt to close up the saloons in small towns.

IF the adage "Love thy neighbour as thyself" were generally carried out, it strikes us that some people we know would be dreadfully fond of their neighbours.

SIGN at a tavern near the French cemetery of Rouen: "The Mourner's Return. Choice wines and liquors. Private rooms for guests who wish to weep in private."

THE following was the decision in a recent coloured debate: "De committee decide dat the sword has de most pints and de best backin', an' dat the wroole ting is about a stab' o'."

THE editor of a child's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, recently, in which was written: "Our Annie died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

A YOUNG man in New York, who had lived in a certain boarding-house for many years, received a legacy from the landlady as a mark of appreciation of his tolerance in never complaining about his meals.

A BARBER was called in to shave the face of a dead man recently, and the "ruling passion" prompted him to give the corpse the whole history of the silver bill, the rise and fall of gold, and attitude of the foreign bondholders in the premises.

A DISTINGUISHED professor of chemistry suggests that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl and Morphia.

"LOVE, and how to keep it," was discussed upon the other evening by a Boston doctor of divinity. The best way to keep it we know of is to feed it on gloves, opera-tickets, and bun-bons, and in emergencies, a solitary diamond engagement ring. On that diet love always thrives.

THE following is coming into extensive use as the Song of the Wreckers:

"A little stealing is a dangerous part, But a calling largely is a noble art; 'Tis wrong to rob a hen-roost of a hen, But stealing millions makes us gentlemen."

THE exhilaration with which a man will walk up and plank down a ten dollar bill at the dedication of a church he never expects to attend, can only be counterbalanced by the indignation that permeates every fibre of his being when he is presented with a bill for five years' subscription due on his home paper.

BABIES are occasionally spanked, but, as modern statistics prove, not half often enough. The only real pleasure that a baby ever attains is to the man that does the spanking. There is a noble spirit of might, of grandeur, as it were, in the breast of every man who gets hold of the spanking end of the infant, and realizes that his is to be hand that chasteneth.

A MINNEAPOLIS boy was sent by his teacher, a woman, to the superintendent to be whipped. The lad suspected the contents of the note, and hired a boy he met on the street to deliver it, giving him ten cents. The superintendent didn't discover till after the chastigation was over that the boy he had flogged had not seen the inside of a school-house for a month.

THE Londonderry Journal gives the following instance of a pulpit bull: A clergyman preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following observation: "But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning."

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSFOZONE has never been known to fail in performing after a fair trial all that is claimed for it. The most skeptical readily acknowledge its surprising curative powers after taking a few doses, as its action is always rapid and certain. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosfozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favourable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

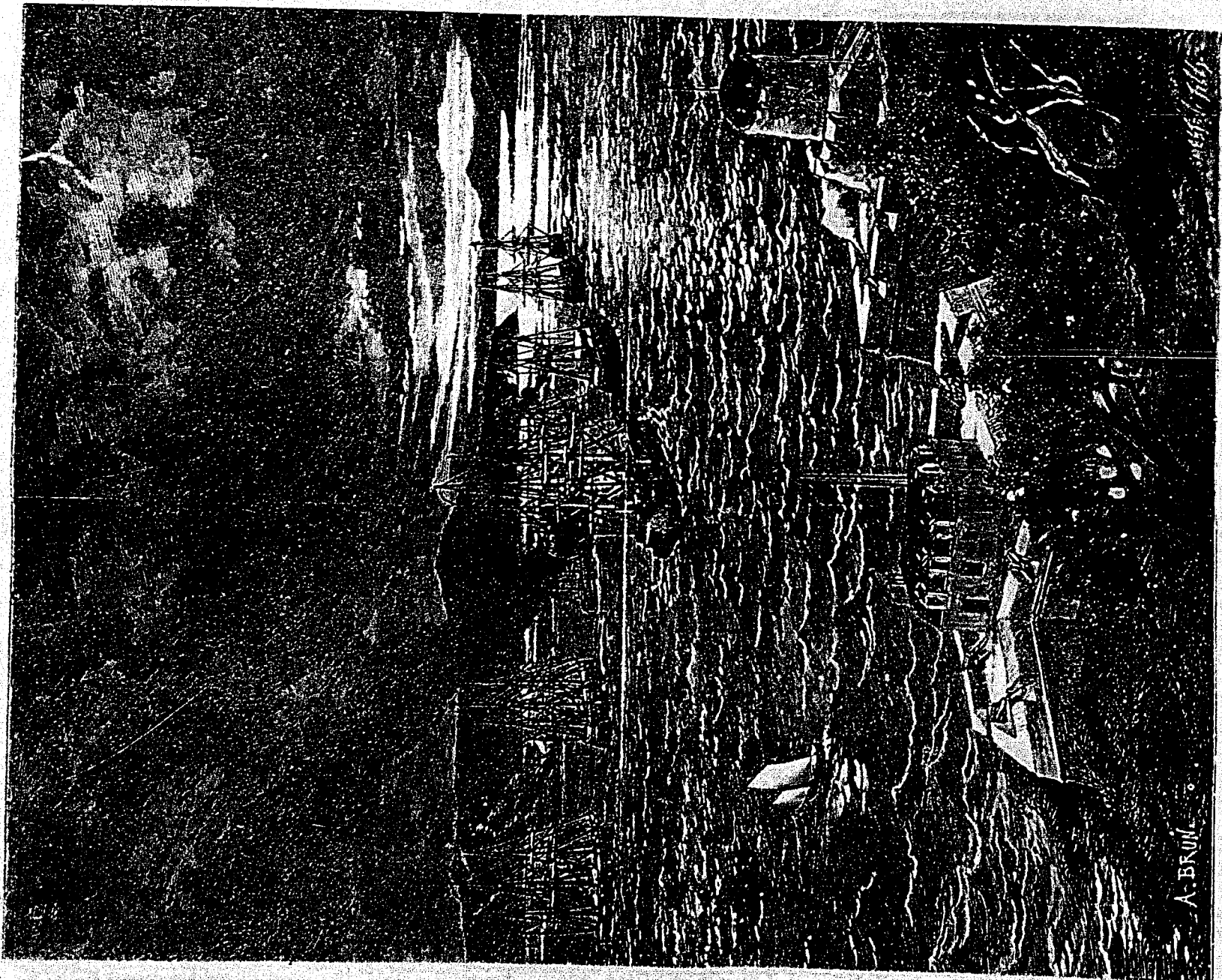


ROME.



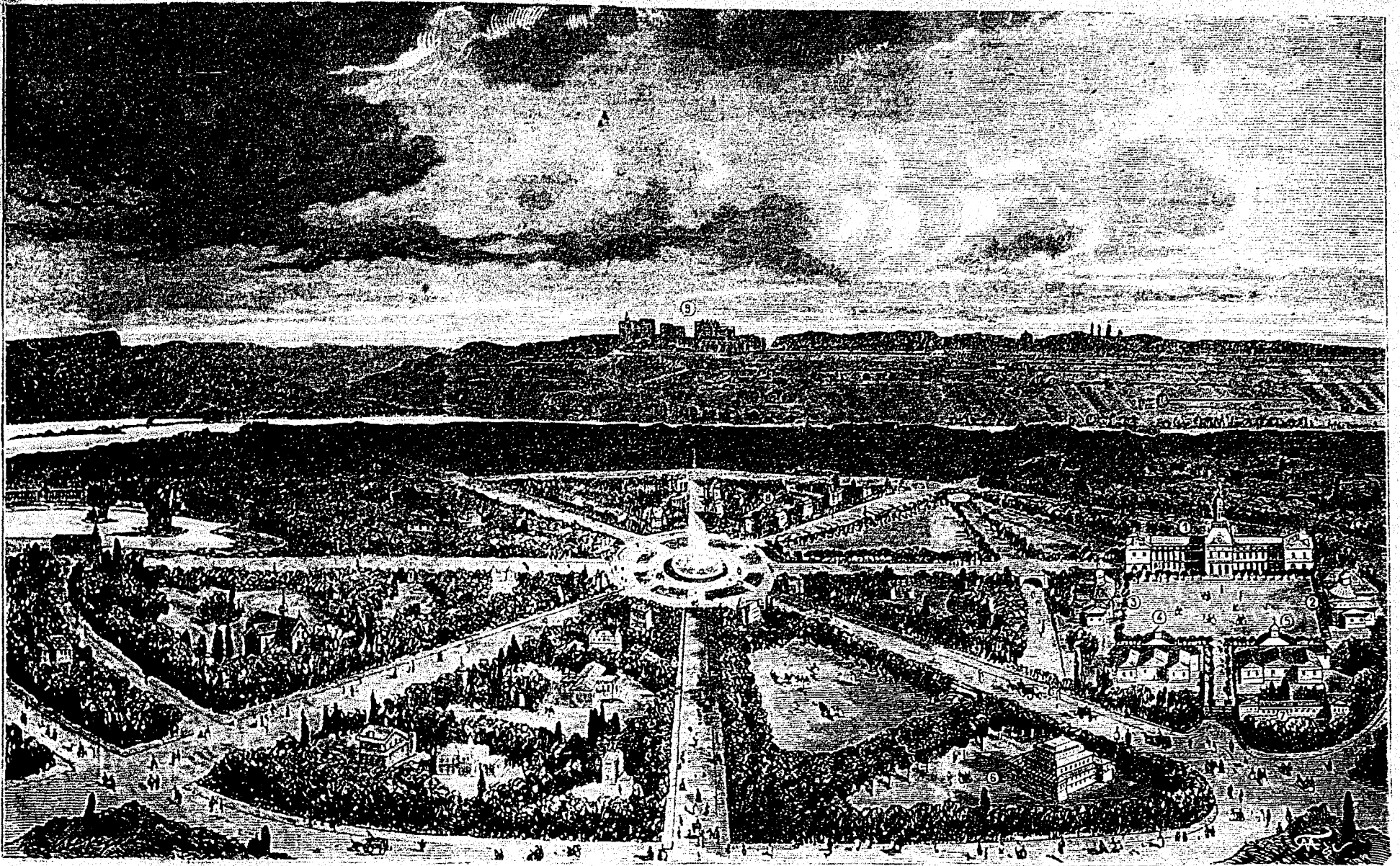
GREECE.

TWO CLASSIC STATUES BY KARL ECHTERMEYER.



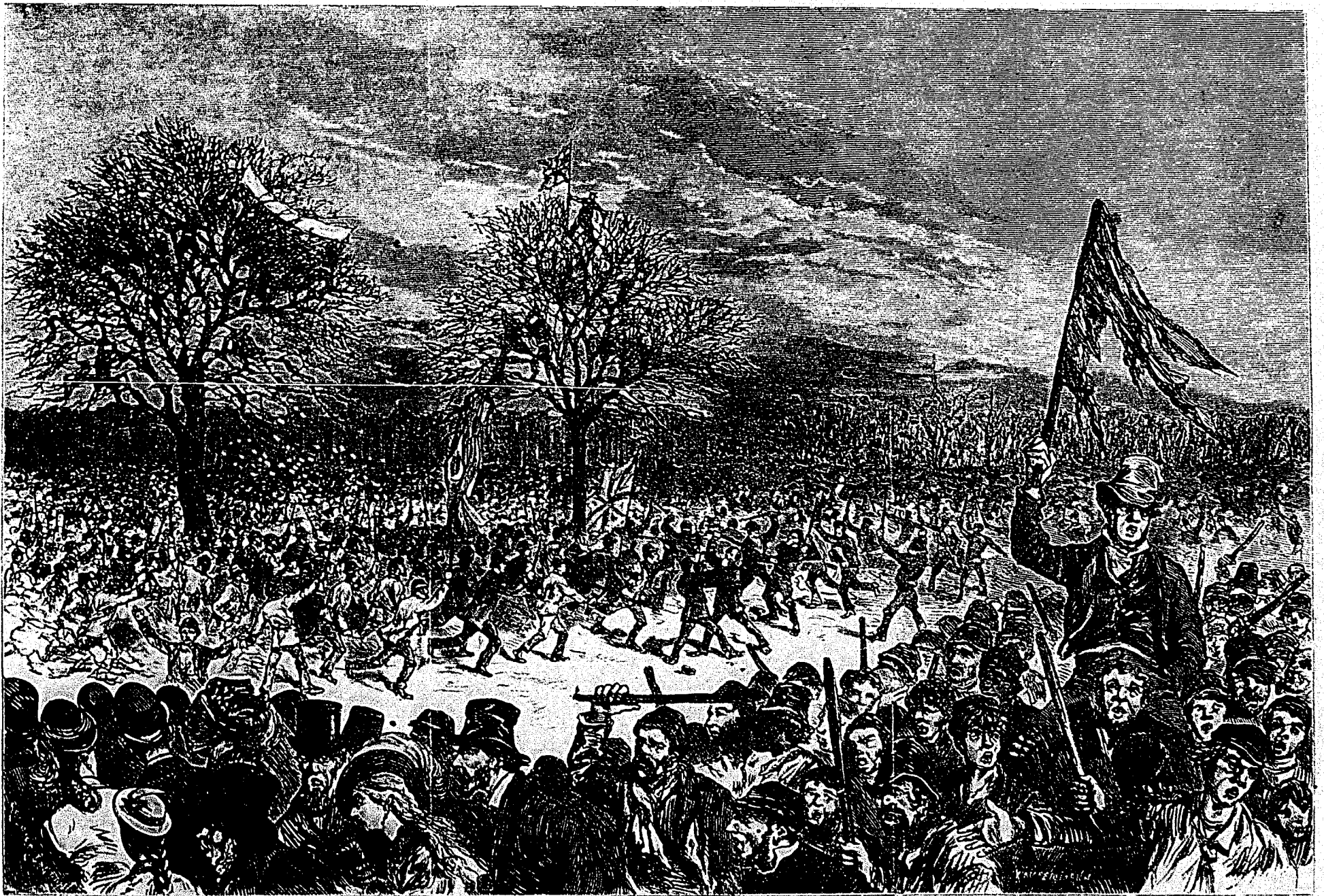
THE ENGLISH FLEET PASSING THE DARDANELLES.

A. BRUNN.



1. CENTRAL BUILDING. 2. MECHANICS AND FINE ARTS. 3. CHEMISTRY. 4. PHYSICS. 5. NATURAL HISTORY. 6. GYMNASIUM, RIDING, BATHS, &c. 7. MUSIC.  
8. SCHOOL VILLAS. 9. CHATEAU AND TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

PARIS.—VIEW OF THE SCHOOL-TOWN TO BE ESTABLISHED AT THE VESINET.



CROWD DRIVEN BY THE MOB.

CROWD SINGING "RULE BRITANNIA."

LONDON.—THE GREAT PEACE MEETING IN HYDE PARK.

## THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

## I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from  
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-  
three!"  
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "For God I am  
no coward!"  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of  
gear,  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
quick,  
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-  
three?"

## II.

Then spoke Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no  
coward;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again,  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
Howard.  
To these inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that  
day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer  
heaven:  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the  
land  
Very carefully and slow.  
Men of Bliford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below:  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left  
to Spain.  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the  
Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to  
fight,  
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came  
in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather  
bow.  
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?  
Good Sir Richard, let us know,  
For to fight is but to die!  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."  
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English-  
men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the  
devil.  
For I never turned my back upon Dun or devil yet."

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a  
hurrah, and so  
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the  
foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick  
below:  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
were seen,  
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long straits  
between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks  
and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little  
craft  
Running on and on till delay'd  
By their mountain-like San Phillip that, of fifteen  
hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great San Phillip hung above us like  
a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard  
lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great San Phillip, she bethought herself  
and went  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-  
content:  
And the rest they came aboard us and they fought us  
hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-  
queteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes  
his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over  
the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight on the one and the  
fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship the whole night long, with her battle  
thunder and fame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
her dead and her shame,  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so  
could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before!

## X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck,  
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was  
gone,  
With a grisly wound to be dead he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly  
dead,  
And himself was wounded again in the side and the  
head,  
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all  
in a ring:  
But they dur'd not touch us again, for they fear'd that  
we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be,  
And we had not fought in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonade and the desperate strife:  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
stark and cold.

And the pikes were all broken orbent, and the powder  
was all of it spent,  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again!  
We have won great glory, my men!  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in  
twain!  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

## XII.

And the gunner said "Ay ay," but the seamen made  
reply:  
"We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives,  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let  
us go:  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the  
foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
foreign grace:  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
and true:  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"  
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dar'd her with one little ship and his English  
few:  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for ought they  
knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,  
And they man'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien  
crew,  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her  
own:  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke  
from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blow,  
And the wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake crew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts  
and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd  
navy of Spain,  
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island  
craze  
To be lost evermore in the main.

## A CAPITAL STRATAGEM.

My uncle was a kind-hearted, eccentric old  
gentleman, very fond of having his own way, and  
of managing other people's concerns as well as  
his own—in which latter propensity he had been  
over-indulged, as I consider it, because he hap-  
pened to be a bachelor, and the only rich man  
of the family.

My father, who had several children to provide  
for held an office under Government, and resided  
in the unfashionable wilds near Les In-  
valides, while my uncle inhabited an elegant  
house in the Chaussee d'Antin.

"Adrian, my boy," would my father con-  
tinually repeat to me, "try and please your un-  
cle: it will be all the better for you."

Now I was of an age to be wholly dis-inter-  
ested in money matters, therefore these worldly-  
minded maxims my father was endeavouring to  
instill into me, found but little responsive echo  
in my heart.

Still, I loved my uncle as a good nephew  
should, and was ready to please him, provided  
his inclination did not run counter to my own.  
Thus, he would fain have made a merchant of  
me, that I might earn a large fortune, as he had  
done in another line; contracting for the army.  
But my vocation was already decided, and I  
chose to be a painter.

"This is a pity," said my father, shaking  
his head; "but of course you must take the  
consequences."

The consequences were that in a few years'  
time, I had gained the prize for Rome, whither  
I was sent at the expense of Government; and  
there, after spending the usual period, I painted  
a picture that was purchased for hard cash,  
as I begged my father to inform my uncle, by an  
English amateur.

On my return to France, after passing a  
couple of days with my family, my father suggest-  
ed the propriety of my going to pay a visit to  
my uncle, who was staying at Auteuil, where he  
had purchased a villa. I accordingly set out  
one morning, with my sketch-book in my pocket,  
going, not by the shortest way, but in search of  
the picturesque as I went along.

Having forgotten the precise direction given  
me for finding my uncle's villa, I became en-  
tangled in a labyrinth of pretty habitations,  
each of which lay snugly embowered amongst  
trees, like so many birds' nests; and that one  
of them contained a singing bird, I presently  
became aware, on passing by the green Venetian  
blinds of a ground floor. I had grown difficult  
to please in matters of voice and music since I  
had visited the land of song, but the rich flood  
of melody that streamed forth from that house  
seemed to penetrate my very soul.

Yet it was but a simple tune—there was no  
straining after effect, no running up and down  
the scales; it was, in short, the difference be-  
tween a rustic beauty and an artificial one. I was  
entranced, and felt unable to stir until the voice  
had ceased; and then a wish to catch a glimpse  
of the fair musician made me advance cautiously  
and endeavour, with more enthusiasm than dis-

cretion, I own, to dart a glance through the op-  
en window, screened only by the closely fasten-  
ed Venetian blinds.

The lane I was in was at the back of the villa,  
and I could walk close up to the window; so as-  
suming the sauntering gait of a mere passer-by,  
I slowly turned my head towards the blinds as I  
passed, fervently wishing at the moment that I  
could have been shadowless like Peter Schlemil.

What a charming interior met my vagrant  
gaze! Books, flowers, music, ladies' work, all  
blended in picturesque confusion—that disorder  
which is an effect of art, as Tusso says—  
though in this case there was, I am convinced,  
no art in the question; it was merely the un-  
studied result of the elegant occupations of the  
divinity that inhabited the temple.

And what a divinity she seemed! Seen  
through the dim twilight of the blinds, she ap-  
peared like some beautiful cameo, as her deli-  
cate features stood out in relief from the dark  
background of the further end of the room.

It was but a glimpse, however, for I dared not  
pause; but certainly the beautiful, when indis-  
tinctly seen, borrows an additional charm from  
that indistinctness, as the imagination fills up  
the rest at its own sweet will.

Thus I had not the least idea of the color of  
her hair—to me she remained the lovely  
cameo, independently of the hues of life, and I  
instinctively took out my sketch-book to en-  
deavor to trace a faint resemblance of her fault-  
less profile.

I cannot say how long I wandered about after  
this, but I must have gone over a good deal of  
ground, and performed a number of turnings  
and twistings, like a meandering stream, for it  
was only late in the afternoon that I finished by  
reaching my uncle's.

He received me very cordially, complimented  
me on my success, and though not exactly caring  
to own that I was justified in having followed my  
choice of a profession, he showed he entertained  
no ill-will on that score, as he offered me the  
use of a room in his house, which I might con-  
vert into a studio, and come and spend as many  
weeks with him during the summer as I might  
deem convenient or agreeable.

I accepted his offer with a degree of readiness  
that evidently pleased my uncle, who—poor man  
—laid it all to the score of my dutifulness, while  
I most honestly confess that the beautiful  
"cameo" was running in my head; and I  
thought it a most fortunate hit that I should have  
an opportunity of taking up my abode in her  
very neighborhood.

In my eagerness to ascertain who she was, and  
concluding my uncle knew all the inhabitants  
of the place, yet not of course, choosing to ask  
any direct question, I inquired whether he had  
many acquaintances amongst his neighbors.

"Hardly any," replied he; "but you need  
not fear being dull here, for my friends are con-  
tinually coming to see me from Paris, and you  
may bring whom you like."

I scarcely took time to thank my uncle, before  
I went on to say, "What a pretty house that is  
with the green blinds—who does it belong to?"

And my heart beat as I uttered the words.

"As there are several scores of houses with  
green blinds hereabouts," said my uncle, "you  
must be more explicit. Was there a pigeon-  
house near it?"

"Yes, to be sure," said I at random.

"Why, that belongs to the old Countess de  
la Roche, who is now at law about—"

"No, no, no, uncle," interrupted I, not wish-  
ing to embark on the troubled waters of a law-  
suit. "I remember there was no pigeon-house;"

then suddenly recollecting that the old dowager  
might have a lovely daughter or grand-daugh-  
ter, or even niece, I exclaimed, "What family  
has the Countess?"

"How random the boy talks!" said my uncle.  
"The Countess has no children, or else the  
law-suit would not be necessary for—"

"I see—I see!" said I. Of course it would  
not.

"I don't think you even see straight before  
you, Adrian, by the foolish manner in which you  
talk," resumed my uncle. "What is it you do  
mean?"

"Nothing," said I; "only I'm mistaken  
about the Countess and the pigeon-house, but  
there were green blinds, that's all I remember."

"And some water in front of the house!" said  
my uncle, trying to come to an understanding.

"No—trees at the back of it," replied I.  
My uncle declared that my data were too  
vague—because, if as aforesaid, so many houses  
had green blinds, still more had trees in their  
vicinity.

Perhaps I could tell how far the house I  
meant might be from his own? But I had not  
the faintest idea of the distance—all had been  
like a dream since I had seen the beautiful vi-  
sion, and for aught I knew, I might have gone  
over the same ground two or three times.

However, once domiciled in the neighborhood,  
I should be able to reconnoitre without any-  
body's assistance; therefore I asked no further  
questions for the present, but let the subject  
drop.

The week following saw me domiciled at my  
uncle's villa, whither I had transferred my  
case and all the paraphernalia of my art.

But though my studio commanded a charm-  
ing view of the gardens, and I could enjoy all  
the quiet and retirement a painter could wish  
for, I felt less inclined to study than to roam  
about.

"Why don't you keep to your work more  
steadily?" said my uncle, one day, on finding I  
had scarcely touched a brush after a ten days'  
residence at his villa. "How do you expect to

make a fortune if you are always strolling, in-  
stead of minding your brush."

"I stroll," said I, "in search of the pictur-  
esque."

"Have you found it?" said my positive un-  
cle.

"Sometimes I think I have," answered I;  
"and then again it seems to elude my grasp."

For the truth was, not all my wanderings had  
been able to bring me back to the house with  
the green Venetian blinds.

I fancy that either what the phrenologists call  
the organ of locality must be very small in my  
head, since wishing so ardently to retrace my  
steps to that same spot, I was unable to do so;  
or else, that having paid no attention to neces-  
sary details, and having only adverted to the  
blinds as being a hindrance—the plurality of  
green blinds, as my uncle hinted, might render  
it well-nigh impossible to pitch upon the iden-  
tical house again.

Certain it was that in vain I listened at every  
window for that ravishing voice; it seemed to  
have returned to its native skies, to resume its  
place amongst the celestial choir, for I heard it  
no more.

Perhaps I looked dreamy as I thought of my  
disappointment, for my uncle shook his head,  
and observed, "I hope, boy, you have not mis-  
taken your vocation, after all."

"No," said I, "but perhaps I strive after  
an ideal perfection that I may never reach."

This had a double meaning, one for myself,  
and one for my uncle.

"Pshaw!" said the latter; "your ideal is al-  
ways the enemy of the real. Do the best you  
can; perfection was not made for man."

To satisfy my uncle, I resumed my pallet  
with fresh vigor, but my thoughts would play  
truant in spite of myself; and one day that he  
entered unperceived into my studio, he found  
me, pencil in hand, gazing at the blank canvas.

"I'll tell you what it is, my boy," said he;  
"you are one of those who only work by fits  
and starts; and, therefore, if you'll be guided  
by advice, I'll show you how you may follow  
your caprices, and yet become rich."

"I should like to hear, uncle," said I, won-  
dering whether he meant to offer me half his  
fortune.

"Can't you guess, you young rogue?" said he,  
trying to look arch; "why, by marrying an  
heiress."

"An heiress would object to a poor artist."

"Perhaps not," said my uncle; "if you can  
offer her a name, and she brings you money,  
the bargain would be pretty nearly equal. But  
what would you say if such a match were offered  
you?"

"I should decline it, with all due respect for  
the young lady," replied I.

"Decline it?" echoed my uncle, the pleased  
expression fading away from his face, and giving  
way almost to an angry one. "Indeed, you  
shall do no such thing!"

"Then there is an heiress, I suppose, ready  
and willing to marry me?" said I, shrugging my  
shoulders.

"There is, my young philosopher! Ha! ha!  
you thought I was only joking, did you?" said  
my uncle, rubbing his hands.

"Joking or not, sir, I am quite serious in  
what I said," replied I, "and I have no intention  
of marrying for the present."

"And so you refuse a young, beautiful, and  
rich bride, do you, sir?" said my uncle, whose  
anger was gradually simm'ring, ready to boil  
over.

"I do," said I.

"And pray why? I insist on a reason," said  
my uncle.

"Why, because though I have no doubt she  
is young and rich, as you say, yet, in point of  
beauty, I depend on no one's judgment but my  
own."

"Vastly well, sir," said he, "you think your  
old uncle has neither taste, nor sense, nor judg-  
ment. Well, then, sir, I insist on your see-  
ing Mademoiselle Anselme Dampierre, and you  
will be convinced to the contrary."

"I must beg to be excused," said I.

"I will not excuse anything of the kind,"  
said he, getting into a regular passion. "Does  
the puppy think he'll break the girl's heart, if  
she should not obtain the honor of his hand?"

"No, uncle," I replied, with a degree of quiet  
respect that seemed to provoke him still more;  
"but not wishing to be ungracious or malignant,  
it is much simpler not to see the young lady,  
than to refuse her after seeing her, which I  
should do any way."

"This boy has sworn to drive me mad, I  
think," cried my uncle. "But suppose all the  
preliminaries are arranged, and the match al-  
most made, how can I call off?"

"Simply because you had no right to dispose  
of me without consulting my inclinations," said  
I. "Do you think I am going to be bartered  
and sold like a piece of gold?"

"My old friend Dampierre, formerly captain  
of a privateer, will never put up with such an  
affront being offered to his daughter," cried my  
uncle, in a rage.

"I shall be happy to give him satisfaction;  
moreover, I am an excellent shot," I replied.

There is no saying how long the conversation  
might not have continued on the same footing,  
had not the arrival of a visitor necessarily put  
a stop to it.

My uncle went to the sitting-room to receive  
his friend, while I went to pack up my port-  
manteau, and that same day I returned to Paris,  
on pretense of having some business to transact,  
but in reality to escape being persecuted about a  
distasteful subject.

My sudden re-appearance at home caused my father to suspect some disagreement had taken place, but he forebore questioning me, and, the following day being Sunday, he went to Auteuil to see his brother.

On his return, my father appeared to be in great consternation. "Do you know, Adrian," said he, "your uncle is set upon this marriage. I fear it will be very unwise to thwart him."

"I am ready to take the consequences," said I.  
"You think so just now," said my father; "but only reflect on all that you will lose by displeasing your uncle. Dampierre, as your uncle's old friend, was willing to give you his daughter's hand, while your uncle bound himself to bequeath the bulk of his large fortune to yourself and Mademoiselle Aurelie. Do be reasonable, my dear boy, and don't throw away your only chance in life for some foolish whim. I hear the young lady is charming."

"Not my only chance, father, I hope," said I, with the conscious pride of an artist; "my pencil is left me."

My father shook his head, as though he thought that a very slight tenure; and then my mother and my sisters tried to persuade me I was wrong to displease my uncle; but I thought differently, and, to maintain my independence, I set off for a tour through Holland without even referring to Auteuil.

I had the good luck to sell one or two pictures in the native land of Vandyke and Rembrandt, and even to be employed to paint the portrait of a royal personage; and the winter months passed by before I thought of returning.

Toward the spring, however, I once more set off for Paris. Although I had taken no leave of my uncle before my departure, I had written to him since to say that I hoped he bore me no resentment about my determination, which was irrevocable, and that I trusted the subject would never be mentioned again.

He attended thus far to my request that he never wrote me a line either on that or any other topic, so that on my return I was fain to ask my father how stood the thermometer of my uncle's good graces.

My father replied that he really did not know, for he had not had time to see his brother for several weeks, but that he had received a letter from him no later than the same morning enclosing one to me, which he desired my father to give me the moment I arrived.

I tore it open somewhat hastily, being curious to see what he would say to me, when I learned, to my surprise, that, in consequence of my disobedience to his wishes, he had himself married Mademoiselle Aurelie Dampierre.

I could not help laughing as I handed the letter to my father, saying, "This is a curious piece of news."

But my father turned pale with vexation. "Married!" ejaculated he; "and we knew nothing about it!"

"Married! who is married?" cried my mother, entering the room and catching these words, uttered in a most disconsolate tone.

My father showed her the letter.

"Oh! my poor Adrian, what have you done?" exclaimed she. "Should your uncle have a family, you, children, will be cut off from all hopes of ever inheriting a farthing of his money?"

"I never thought of that," exclaimed I.

"I told you often enough, Adrian, how foolish you were to refuse the marriage your uncle was set upon," said my father; "though I confess I never expected he would go the length of marrying the young lady himself."

"But how, and why, can my brother-in-law have married thus secretly?" resumed my mother. "Was he afraid that we should remonstrate? What can be the meaning of such a proceeding?"

"He might well be ashamed, at his age, of marrying a mere girl like Mademoiselle Aurelie," said my father.

"Stay," said I; "here's a postscript which we overlooked."

And I then read aloud, "As I hear you have acquired great skill in painting portraits, I wish you to take Aurelie's likeness. Of course, I do not ask you to do it as a friend, but as an artist who has plenty of employment for his time. If you can come to-morrow between two and five, Aurelie will give you a sitting."

Of course, I had no objection to go, though I secretly determined I would give him the portrait when finished to his satisfaction.

I was curious to see the young lady who had so quietly taken up with the uncle in the place of the nephew—a proceeding on her part which, had I been disposed to regret my precipitate refusal, would, I confess, have convinced me I had had a good escape; since, with all due respect to my worthy and eccentric uncle, a girl of her age could only have married him from interested motives.

But I harboured not the slightest particle of regret, and as I walked along through Auteuil, the tones of the beautiful voice seemed to be vibrating through my "mind's ear," like an unforgettable melody heard in early youth.

If I analyzed the secret feelings of my heart, I could not disguise from myself that I had sacrificed what the world calls an excellent match, to my admiration for a voice belonging to a person I had only dimly seen—without, indeed, having positive proof that the voice and the face belonged to the same person.

On reaching the villa I found my uncle in the garden. He seemed in excellent spirits, and welcomed me without the least shade of resentment. I, on my part, congratulated him on his

marriage, just as cheerfully as if I had nothing to lose by it.

"Is this sincere?" said the eccentric old man, almost looking me through.

"Quite," I replied; "and now pray introduce me to my aunt."

He then led the way into the house. Just as we crossed the threshold a flood of melody came gushing down the staircase from one of the rooms above.

I involuntarily started. It was the voice I had so vainly longed to hear again. Did my uncle know her? Could she be a guest at his home? In a perfect tumult of delightful emotions, I inquired, in as firm a tone as I could muster, whose voice that was.

"It is your aunt's, boy," said the old man, gaily.

"My ———"

No, I couldn't repeat the word, but I stopped short, and turned pale.

"What is the matter, Adrian?" said my unconscious uncle.

"The heat of the day, I believe," murmured I, scarcely knowing what I said.

"You must have got accustomed to heat in Italy, I should think," rejoined my uncle.

"And then music—at least, certain tunes have a thrilling effect upon some organizations," I began, when he interrupted me.

"Fiddlesticks! Don't rhapsodize," he said, "young man. There! Aurelie has done. Now, shall I show you to your old quarters, where you will find all the implements you left on your abrupt departure?"

I followed mechanically, and the moment I entered the studio, busied myself with the material preparations for the sitting, and resumed my painting costume, which I had left with all the rest of my things.

Presently my uncle returned, leading in his bride. By Jove! how unutterable a pang shot through my heart on recognizing the beautiful "cameo," which I now found to be identical with the exquisite voice, and what was worse still, both the voice and the face belonged to my uncle's bride.

I had not a word to say—I could only bow profoundly.

"Do you believe your aunt will make a good picture?" said my uncle.

To think of that glorious creature being my aunt, when she might have been——But it was maddening to dwell on such reflections!

My uncle had repeated his question before I found presence of mind sufficient to answer, "If there can be found an artist to do her justice."

"This is the first symptom of modesty you ever showed, master painter," said my uncle, smiling, "a pretty compliment for a nephew, is it not, Aurelie? He actually owns your beauty to be superior to his talent."

Aurelie smiled in turn, and then said, "Your nephew underrated the one and overrated the other."

She might have said "my nephew"—I thanked her in my heart for saying "your nephew" instead.

She now sat down, and I began sketching; but I could do nothing to satisfy myself.

Presently my uncle was called out of the room to speak to his gardener, and we remained alone.

I felt I ought to have addressed my beautiful original, as a mere matter of courtesy, but for the first time in my life I found nothing to say to a lovely woman.

She now kindly came to my relief.

"You have been in Italy, I hear," said she.

"Yes," replied I; but instead of amplifying on the theme she supplied me, I only relapsed into silence.

"It is the land of beauty, I have been told," added she, "both as to its landscapes and its matchless daughters."

"I once thought so," said I; "but I find I was mistaken."

"Indeed!" said she, with a bewitching smile. "Can Italy have altered so much? Ah, well! her music is left her still—nothing can rob her of her supremacy in that respect."

"I have heard lovelier voices—at least, a lovelier voice," said I, more as if thinking aloud than actually addressing her, "since I left the classic land of song, than when on the banks of the Tiber."

She coloured slightly, and I resumed my work. My uncle now returned.

"You get on very slowly, boy," said he, on glancing at the canvas; "but I can't spare you the original any longer for to-day, for we have an engagement. Can you come again to-morrow at the same hour?"

This was tantamount to turning me out of the house, where I had expected to dine and spend the evening with my fascinating aunt.

However, I felt it was best I should not remain there any longer than necessary, and concluded my uncle prudently thought the same. Any way, I promised to return on the morrow.

When my family questioned me about Aurelie, I said, as coldly as I could, that she was very handsome, and that my uncle had shown his taste in his choice of a bride, but carefully concealed the bitter feelings fermenting in my heart.

"What a pity!" said my father. "To think she might have been your bride instead, but for your headstrong refusal even to see her—for of course you would have fallen in love with her, if you had."

The next day I resumed my task, well resolved to work vigorously and finish the portrait as soon as possible; for I found it was only in-

creasing my own torment to have to dwell on those exquisite features in the hope of portraying them correctly.

As before, my uncle left us alone a long while, and then came to inspect my work. Aurelie rose, and he sat down in the chair she had quitted, opposite the portrait, to decide if the attitude was natural.

"But the face is not more advanced than it was yesterday," observed he. "How is that, Adrian?"

"I have not been able to satisfy myself," said I. "I have rubbed out—I have altered! I told you it was a difficult task—and now," added I, stooping down to the level of his ear, "I acknowledge it to be impossible."

"So you refuse to paint your aunt?" said he, abruptly.

"It would take too long, I fear," replied I, evasively.

"Then," said my uncle, bursting into a hearty laugh, "I see how it is—I must give you a lifetime to do it; and if you can't paint your aunt, you will perhaps succeed in painting your wife!"

Aunt—wife! What was the meaning of it all? My brain seemed to reel round, and I believe I grasped the arm-chair to steady myself. But the delightful meaning was at length made clear to my understanding.

My uncle, finding he could not conquer me by threats or by force, had, like a clever general, taken recourse to stratagem—calculating on the perversity of youth, as he since told me, for my falling in love with Aurelie the moment I should think an insuperable obstacle stood between us.

And when the lovely Aurelie consented to act the part of his bride and sit for her portrait, she was actuated by a spice of revenge against the obdurate nephew, who refused even to see her before he declined her hand.

She did not know then what she learned since—that she was her own rival in my heart.

Neither had my uncle the remotest idea, when I questioned him about the house with the green blinds, that I only required a little help just to go the very way he wanted to lead me. For it must be observed that Aurelie was staying a few days at Auteuil at the house of a friend of hers.

However, it was all for the best; and although I suffered enough at both sittings to revenge both Aurelie and my uncle, I should never have relished my subsequent happiness half so well if I had simply and prosaically married Mademoiselle Aurelie Dampierre, instead of falling in love through the Venetian blinds, and at last obtaining my uncle's supposed bride.

THE GLEANER.

NAPOLEON'S diary on St. Helena is to be published shortly.

JEFF DAVIS is described as being very thin, and looking old and broken.

OF 404,424 persons married two years ago in England, 71,326 could not read or write.

Two thousand London preachers preached in favour of war on a recent Sunday.

THE Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

ENGLAND is prepared. Well, so is baking powder, artist's gelatine, compressed yeast and condensed milk.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has become a governor of Christ's Hospital, being the first lady governor in 400 years.

MEASURES are being taken in Paris with the view of having all the bridges across the Seine illuminated with the electric light instead of gas.

A PARIS journal estimates at 50,000 the number of American visitors who will spend freely the dollars of their daddies at the Paris world's fair.

THE subscription list published by the *Univers* for what it calls "the gift of the joyous accession of his Holiness Leo XIII.," already amounts to nearly 45,000 francs. The gift is to take the form of a tiara.

It has been decided to issue to the men of all cavalry regiments first for service, a new and improved forage cap, the invention of the Duke of Connaught. The cap possesses the advantage of being pliable and easily carried on the person when not in wear.

BEACONSFIELD is one of the best dressers in England; he has on the average a plug hat a month, his trousers are usually of a light lavender, and his coats perfection in fit. His valet is scrupulous about the arrangement of his curls, which are numbered.

THE Confederate soldiers of New Orleans and vicinity have warmly received the proposition to join the Union veterans in a re-union of the blue and gray at Cincinnati in September or October next, and a formal call will probably be issued in the course of a few weeks.

EVERY day a copy of the *New York Herald*, with the name of the writer of each article written across it in blue pencil, is sent to James Gordon Bennett, with copies of each of the other papers. He reads them all carefully, and if there is anything he does not like, over comes a cable-gran.

THERE is said to be an association of rich business men in Philadelphia who, when an old merchant fails, pensions him off liberally for life,

unless there is fraud involved. Their names are kept secret, and they always refuse to start the bankrupt in business again.

WHEN asked for their signatures in autograph albums, it is said that Messrs. Moody and Sankey never fail to write them, Mr. Moody adding to his a text or reference to a text, while Mr. Sankey does the same, but selects only verses of Scripture having reference to the praise of God.

THE young Spanish King, being separated from his bride by the rigid court etiquette and public affairs for several days each week, had his private apartments connected with her palace by a telephone, through which the royal lovers communicated without interference or annoyance.

THE Dutch, if a pauper who is able refuses to work, put him into a deep cistern and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump with which the cistern is furnished he keeps himself from drowning. Wonder that our philanthropists have not thought of this in considering the tramp question.

THE Germans have discovered a new mental malady, which they call *Grubelsucht*, or "the metaphysical mania." Dr. Oscar Berger writes learnedly on the subject in one of their scientific serials, and it would seem, according to him, that the symptoms of this disorder "consist in an irresistible current of ideas taking the form of useless inquiries as to the how and why of everything."

DURING the past thirty-seven years fifty-six Atlantic steamers have been lost. The number of British vessels was forty-two; American, five; French, four; German, four; Belgian, one. The causes of disaster are given as follows: Wrecked, thirty; burned, four; collision with other vessels, five; collision with icebergs, two; foundered, two; lost in fog, two; never heard from, nine. No less than 4,430 persons lost their lives in consequence of these disasters.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"I AM so happy!" said a little French girl on her seventh birthday. "Why so?" "Oh, today I am 7; my sins begin to count."

FELT gray is a popular colour for ladies' spring suits. Felt blue is the popular colour for the husbands who have to pay the bills.

WOMAN consumes thirty-six buttons on her single pair of kid gloves, whereas man buttons his suspenders with a shingle-nail.

THE Wisconsin legislature has refused to make insanity a cause for divorce. It believes if ever a man wants a wife it is when he is crazy, or words to that effect.

THE women still strive to appear as manly as possible in Derby hats, cut-away coats, waist-coats and Stanley cravats. Small walking-sticks will be the next feminine eccentricity.

A WOMAN will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government.

A CAPTIOUS Chicago lover wrote letters to his sweetheart in ink that would speedily fade out, so that when she desired to use them in a breach of promise suit they were only blank paper.

MRS. DENISON, says an exchange, has made enough money out of "That Husband of Mine" to purchase a Washington residence. It's not strange; many a woman has made enough money out of that husband of hers to go into all sorts of extravagances.

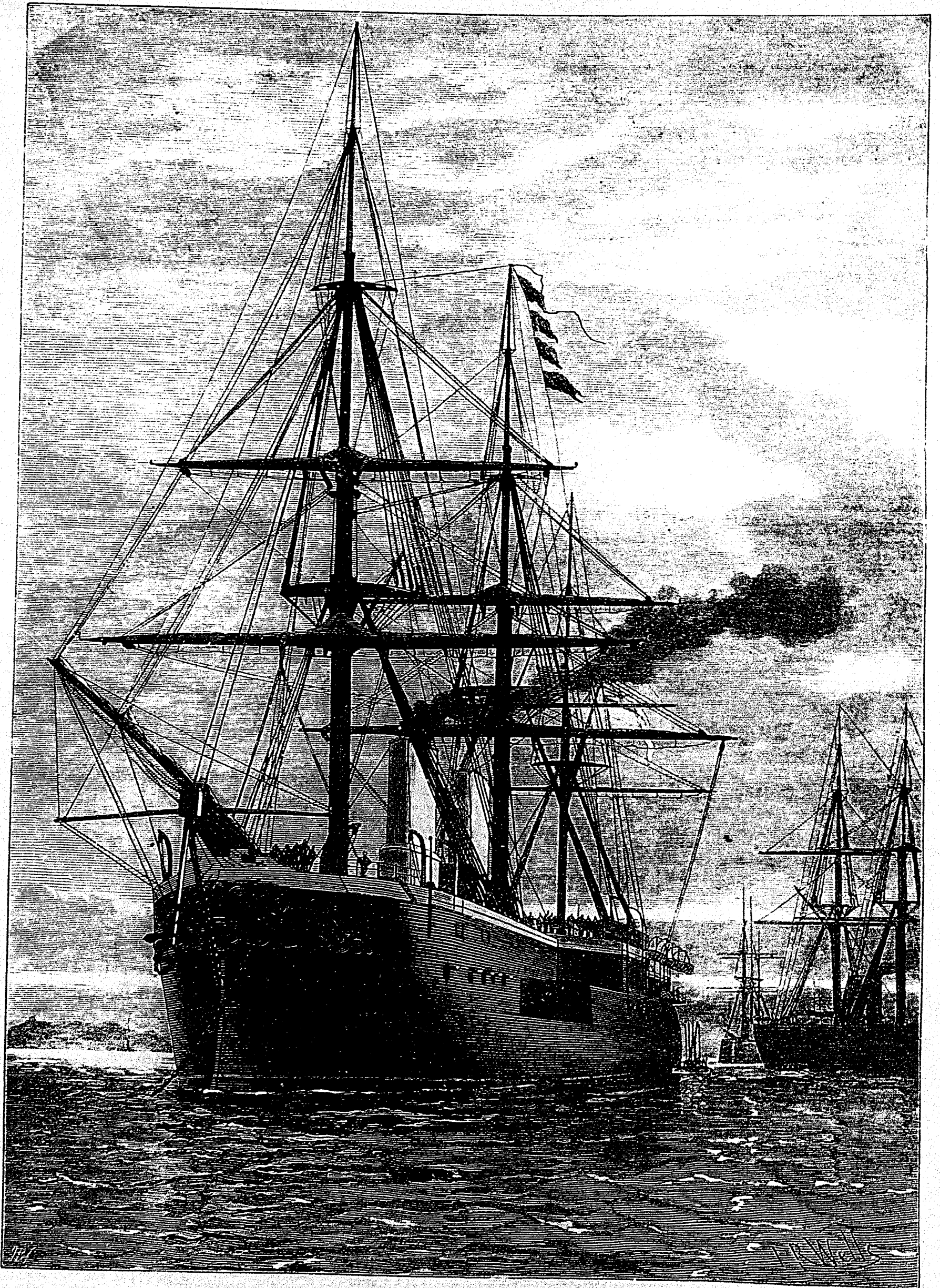
A LADY who objects to profanity because it is both wicked and vulgar, writes to know what she ought to say when a clothes line breaks and lets a week's washing fall into the mud. She ought to say: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" but probably she will not think of it.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

With the return of spring, comes the prospect of a musical and artistic revival in our midst. It is only right that the opening of the flowers and the first song of the birds should be acclaimed by the glad poetry of men who love the beautiful and good. This week there is the second concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, which offers a programme of rare excellence. M. Lavallée has in rehearsal all of the sweetest of French light operas, *La Dame Blanche*, which I recommended to him one year ago, when he first produced *Jeanne D'Arc*. I shall have more to say about this opera later. Another novelty is an eloquent monologue, entitled *The Passions*, texts from Collins' Ode, and illustrations from Shakespeare. I have assisted at a rehearsal of this composition, and predict for it a legitimate success, if properly mounted and interpreted. The author is Mr. T. D. King, and the presentation is entrusted to Mr. Neil Warner. The idea is a new one—a merit in itself—and the elaboration appears to have been done with conscientious labour and ability. Judging from my own experience in hearing it, I am prepared to say that nowhere else have I met with a more striking exemplification of Shakespeare's miraculous versatility in the reading of the human heart. As an analysis, therefore, of the great dramatist, the study will of itself be important, while the graduated manifestations of the different passions, in the hands of an artist like Mr. Warner, must prove a popular attraction.

Piccoto.





H. M. S. *ALEXANDRA*, ADMIRAL HORNBY'S FLAGSHIP, IN THE SEA OF MARMORA. THE LARGEST MASTED IRONCLAD AFLOAT.



HON. D. A. BOSSY,  
Attorney General.

HON. P. BOUCHARD,  
Provincial Treasurer.

HON. F. G. MARCHAND,  
Provincial Secretary.

HON. H. G. JOLY,  
Premier, and Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

HON. P. C. S. LANGLIET,  
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

HON. A. CHAUVEAU,  
Solicitor General.

HON. HENRY STARNES,  
President of the Council.

THE NEW CABINET OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

## "THE SONG OF HARD TIMES."

A PARODY.

With footsteps weary and worn,  
With pockets minus a red,  
A merchant sat in unmercantly style,  
Resting his aching head.  
Loss—Loss—Loss.  
The dollars as well as the dimes,  
While still with a voice that told of the blues,  
He sang "The Song of Hard Times."

Break—Break—Break,  
While the wives are making calls;  
Break—Break—Break,  
While the daughters are going to balls,  
It's Oh! to be a slave,  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where man has never a cent to save,  
If this be a merchant's work.

Break—Break—Break,  
While over the books I skim;  
Break—Break—Break,  
Till in comes poverty grim.  
Stocks and dollars and notes,  
Notes and dollars and stocks,  
Till over the books I fall asleep,  
And dream of the missing rocks.

Oh, women with husbands dear,  
Oh, women with brothers and sons,  
You ne'er would buy such monstrous bills,  
If you knew of the awful duns.  
Loss—Loss—Loss.  
In counting-house, office and bank;  
Deprived at once with lightning speed  
Of money as well as of rank.

But why do I talk of rank!  
'Tis a being of fancy's own;  
When yesterday he who stood so high  
To-day is standing alone.  
Yes! to-day is standing alone,  
As gold and silver have fled;  
Alas! that friends should be so few,  
When a man is wanting for bread.

Break—Break—Break,  
The creditors still keep hold;  
And what are they gaining? A few bank shares,  
Some railroad stocks—no gold;  
That battered sign and this empty store;  
A ledger, some old blank books,  
And the clerk's old hat, that even a rat  
Wouldn't wear on account of its books.

Break—Break—Break,  
From the millionaire down to the clerk;  
Break—Break—Break,  
No matter how hard we work,  
Notes and dollars and stocks,  
Stocks and dollars and notes—  
All, all going: while over my brain  
A vision of madness floats.

Break—Break—Break,  
In Boston as well as New York;  
Break—Break—Break,  
In London as well as in Cork.  
While the West is blaming the East,  
And the East is blaming the West,  
And the merchants are drawing their money from bank,  
But can't tell how to invest.

Oh! I'm sick of breathing the air  
Of this crowded and dusty street,  
Where the men I once regarded with care  
Are treading me under their feet.  
Oh! for one short hour,  
To feel as I used to feel,  
When my purse was full and my suit was whole,  
And my friends were as true as steel.

With footsteps weary and worn,  
With pockets minus a red,  
A merchant sat in unmercantly style,  
Resting his aching head.  
Loss—Loss—Loss.  
The dollars as well as the dimes,  
While still with a voice that told of the blues,  
Would that the rich would pay their dues,  
He sang "The Song of Hard Times."

## PANSIE.

I.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note—

"Chubby, if you say that out loud again,  
I'll—"

"Well I suppose I must learn my lessons—  
stupid!"

I know that Chubby is putting on a detestable and impudent face, and shooting out his lips abnormally. I know that Nell, with eyes ablaze, is glaring at him across the table, as she looks up from the delights of *Invahoe*, and yet I will not raise my head from the paper whereupon my pen is hurriedly tracing words that someone's eyes will gloat over to-morrow morning.

It is more than a week since I have been able to find a moment to write to Dick, and he will be hungry for a letter; at least I think so, judging by my own sensations, when three or four days go by without bringing me a big envelope, directed in a clear hand, to "Miss Merivale, Morncliffe, near York." It is a good thing I am the eldest of the Merivale family, for my Christian name might provoke the postman into a disrespectful smile.

"Pansie"—a quaint name truly, but mother and I know what it means, and we love it; at least she does; and I love it because it sounds so sweetly from her lips when she tells me that I am her "Heart's-ease." Well, as I was saying, things have seemed to come in a crowd of late, and mother has been suffering more than usual, so that I have left Dick without a letter for more than a week.

"Not a drum—"

Crash!  
*Invahoe* has taken flight through mid-air, and Chubby is "hard bit."

There is a horrible gasp from Maud, who is seated by the window hemming a pocket-handkerchief, and pricking her little pudgy finger at every third stitch, and then she flings her work upon the ground, and lifting the

corner of a not particularly clean pinafore, makes strenuous efforts to wipe poor Chubby's face, whereon combined tears and dirt are tracing sorry streaks of woe.

I look up at Nell, and see her standing before me a veritable figure of penitence; her head droops, her long black lashes lie upon her rose-flushed cheek. What a beautiful picture of shame and sorrow the little lassie makes!

But I am in no humour to appreciate the picturesque side of things, just now. One of my rebellious fits is on me; I feel all one protest against the atmosphere of discomfort that pervades Morncliffe. I have none of the heroine's pleasure in trials and annoyances; I am simply weary of petty strife and miserable anxieties; and this noisy rioting among the youngsters seems to be the last straw that is doomed to break the back of that sorely-tried camel—my patience. Instead, therefore, of reproving the combatants, as in duty bound, I leaned my head upon my hands, and splash goes a tear upon the paper before me, making a great blur on Dick's letter.

"Pansie—Pansie—oh, dear—I am so sorry." Thus Nell's voice, broken by sobs, pleads for pardon, the while two arms steal round my neck.

"I think it's me you ought to say that to," puts in Chubby, setting grammar at defiance, as he sits on the floor ruefully rubbing his injured crown.

"Well, and I am sorry—there!" says the offender, and then falls to hugging me again.

"Nelly ish solly," proclaims baby Maud triumphantly, smiling at poor Chubby, and standing a-tiptoe to investigate the nature of his injuries.

"I'm sure Nelly is sorry," I echo with an air of grave conviction, "and now she will help Chubby to finish learning his poetry."

Nell's bright eyes look somewhat pitiful as I stoop to pick up the prostrate *Invahoe*, and deposit him on the bookshelf above my head; but she accepts my suggested expiation of her wrong-doing, sits down bravely by Chubby's side, and the two little dark heads bend over the same book, and attack the difficulties of Sir John Moore's famous obsequies.

"I wish they hadn't never buried him at all," mutters Chubby, as these difficulties prove hard to surmount.

"You mean you wish nobody hadn't never written about it," rejoins Nell, with all the superior wisdom of twelve over eight and a quarter.

But I refrain from rebuking the superabundant negatives contained in these remarks. I am writing at railway speed—writing to tell Dick that at last the obstacles in the way of my leaving Morncliffe for four whole delightful weeks, seem to be overcome.

Aunt Emily, mamma's only sister, is coming to take charge of the house and children—I wonder how she and my dear undisciplined Chubby will hit it off!—and so, for the first time since I can remember, I am to go away upon a visit.

A long way, too, down to the Cornish coast, where, in a grand old manor called Merlewood, dwells Mrs. Colquhoun, Dick's married sister. I have never seen any of Dick's relations yet, so this visit is rather a formidable affair to me; but for all that I look forward with great delight to the change. I suppose it is that when one is young, and in faultless health, the instinct that leads one to wish to enjoy life is strong. Looking back through the vista of my seventeen years, I cannot say that I have done much in that way hitherto. You see, what with the children, and mamma's bad health, and bills—and—well, and other things, too, that papa and I know of—there isn't much time to think about enjoying oneself.

Our old nurse, Janet, who has lived with us ever since I can remember—sometimes getting her wages at spasmodic intervals, sometimes going wages-less altogether—says, that the worst piece of ill-luck that ever befell the Merivale family, was Cousin Stephen leaving Morncliffe and five hundred a year to papa.

Until that happened he used to work in a desultory kind of way, but still profitably, at his profession; afterward, he just let his connection drop, and took to trying to live like an independent country gentleman; developed a taste for the turf, and—well, it is hard to tell the rest.

Mamma's health gave way under the ceaseless pressure of anxieties, and so it came about that I, Pansie Merivale, cannot remember ever feeling young. As soon as I had sense enough to think, it seemed as if mamma and I were all at once the same age, and weighed down by the same burdens. Then, as time went on, and she—dear patient martyr!—grew weaker, and suffered more and more bodily pain, I seemed to grow the older of the two, and it began to feel a sort of sin to let things come to her knowledge, if I could possibly bear them on my own shoulders alone. Of course, some things she was obliged to know. When papa came home late, and brought noisy companions with him, I used to creep up to her room, and, crouching down upon the floor by the side of her couch, lay my head against her shoulder, and hold her hand—how thin and worn a hand! in mine. As now and then a louder burst of merriment came from below, she would press my hand close, and whisper to me that my love was precious to her, and that I was her dear, dear "Heart's-ease."

When the guests went away, and we heard papa coming up to his room, she would put me gently from her, and say: "Go now, darling,"

and kiss me with lips that trembled yet spoke no words of dread. And so I had to leave her, to what words of jeering cruelty, what sneers at her helpless pain, who could say? I used to steal softly and stealthily to my own room, and kneeling by my bed, pray that the God of the fatherless and the widow would look down in pity upon those who were worse than fatherless, and upon that gentle, loving woman who was worse than widowed.

Strange experiences these for a girl! Well might all the buoyancy of youth die out under such cruel discipline. But when Dick came I seemed to grow young again all at once. It was as if I had been some swimmer fighting along a stream, bearing up against the dead weight of a burden that threatened every moment to drag me down; and all at once, just when my heart began to fail me, lo! a blessed sense of help and comfort came upon me, and the weight of the burden that had seemed well-nigh too heavy to be borne, was suddenly lightened. God's hand had led me across the path of one who was fated to be my aid and comfort. A new courage, a new strength was infused into my soul; nothing seemed too hard to bear, because there was Dick to share it with me. And now, as if all this light and gladness were not enough, Aunt Emily has come home from abroad, and so I am to go and see Dick's sister, and Dick is to be there too; and I am dazzled with so much happiness at once, like one that the sunlight blinds.

I have never allowed to myself before, how weary I have been sometimes; but now I do; and more than this, the excitement of this strange new life that is coming has upset my mental equilibrium, and I am irritable with the noisy young ones, and what baby Maud calls "coss."

Last night Janet was closeted a long while with mamma, and then went out on some mysterious errand. When she came back she was laden with parcels, and among their varied contents were yards and yards of black silk, enough to make me one of those trailing, rustling dresses that I have seen ladies wear at our grand old Minister, and that I have "coveted" with every fibre of my young heart, in spite of the decalogue plainly set forth upon the wall above my head. When Janet called me into mamma's room and I saw the rustling silk laid across the couch by the window, saw the happy smile—how rare, how rare a thing to see—upon her lips; saw the dear hands trembling with eagerness as they fingered the delicate laces and ribbons that were scattered all about—when I saw this sight, and knew that the great love of the mother-heart had thought of me so tenderly, I scarce could find words to utter, and in my troubled happiness it did not cross my mind how dearly the pretty things had been purchased. But later on, as we three—mamma, Janet and I—were holding solemn conclave on the matter of the form and fashion of my dresses, I missed the sparkle of a certain ring from mamma's finger.

Like a sudden revelation it came upon me then what she had done for me, and, catching her hand in mine, I kissed it once and again, weeping for very joy to think of how well she loved me, and yet of all "the pity of it."

All this only happened last night, and I am hating myself for looking forward so eagerly to this coming visit. I am hating myself for my impatience with Nell's passion and Chubby's resentment. I have hardly patience to thread baby Maud's needle, for the fourteenth time; and my hand shakes so, as I write to tell Dick that it is "all right" about the going to Mrs. Colquhoun's, that he will certainly fancy I am suffering from ague.

At length—at very great length—the Burial of Sir John Moore is disposed of, and I am thankful to see the children scampering about the ill-kept, neglected garden that surrounds Morncliffe on all sides, and of which I am so heartily ashamed. I have struggled to keep the flower-beds that are directly under the windows in something like order; but I can hardly wield a scythe, or remove the broken pedestal of an old sun-dial that uprears itself from amid a tangle of dock-leaves and nettles, and gives a dispiriting graveyard aspect to the whole. I don't think I ever realized how bad things at Morncliffe were until Dick had to see them. Then I'm sure my cheeks must have got tired of blushing. True, Dick never seemed to see what an out-at-elbows household we were; perhaps it was for my sake he made believe to be blind—or was it that he saw only me, and had eyes for nothing else!

What a grand gift is the power of intuition in a man! Dick has it to perfection. It never seems necessary to explain matters to him; he understands just at once, not only how things are, but exactly how they affect one, and the look or word that can help most is always ready. When you have struggled against things and fought against giving in for year after year, and suddenly find a helping hand, you abandon yourself utterly to the exquisite happiness of having some one to cling to. It is the happiest experience to feel like this; but I wonder is there a lurking danger under its sweetness—a danger of falling into the sin of idolatry?

"Oh, what a tired, white face to greet a fellow with," said Dick, one morning, as I went into the long, low school-room, whose broad bay window commands a delightful view of the monumental column. "Have things been going very badly, little one?" he went on, stroking my head, that lay against his breast.

"Yes, yes," I almost sobbed; "very, very badly. But I don't mind—I don't care—as long as there is you." Then the thought of his exceeding preciousness came over my heart like a

flood; I flung my arms about his neck, and held my head back, so that I could look into his dear true eyes. "Oh, Dick, Dick!" I cried, in the passionate gladness that my sympathy had called into being, "what should I do, my darling—if I lost you?"

Something in my words, or in my face, or in both combined, seemed to touch him strangely; and I saw, almost with fear, a mist gather in his eyes, as he turned away from me.

"He is afraid that I love him too much; that I am making an idol of him," I thought to myself, in reviewing the matter afterward.

But one day the time was to come—the bitter, cruel, weary time—when I was to know why Dick turned from me then.

The eve of my flight from Morncliffe has come at last. My modest luggage is corded, and stands in the back passage. Janet and I came to the conclusion that it was wiser to put it there than in the square front hall, for papa does not look with a favourable eye upon my departure, and the signs of that departure might call forth unpleasant comments.

Aunt Emily has come. She and mamma have not met for years, and each is shocked with the change in the other; for auntie has had much sorrow, and is now a childless widow. She looks old and worn, but there is something that wins one's trust about her face, and a certain dignity in her carriage that I think frightens papa—a fact I am wicked enough to rejoice in.

When the morning comes I go away; I hurry over saying good-bye to mamma. It is our first parting—our very first since seventeen years ago I lay upon her breast, her first-born, the flower that God sent to be her heart's-ease amid the troubles that even in those days of her married life were closing round her. The children gather at the window to see me start; I catch a glimpse of a hand that waves farewell to me from the upstairs room, and with a choking sensation in my throat, I lose sight of Morncliffe, as the cab that is my only chariot turns the corner of the road.

It is late in the dark autumn night when I reach my destination; yet the long day's journey has not seemed weary to me, for is there not Dick at the end of it?

Yes; he is there at the station to meet me, and oh, joy and gladness, he is there alone! Mrs. Colquhoun's carriage waits outside, and very soon we are bowing along through the dusky night; but it is not dark to me, for Dick is by my side.

"I hope you will like my sister, Pansie," says he, as we turn into a long avenue, densely dark with the shade of overhanging trees.

His arm is around me, and my hand nestles in his; so I am in a frame of mind to promise to like anybody and everybody. "She is much older than I am, and was a sort of mother to me when I was quite a little fellow. She is a woman of many sterling qualities and great common sense, but if her manner is a little cold at first you mustn't mind. It's Harriet's way to be reserved at first."

Thus says Dick as we traverse that funeral avenue.

But there is no time to wonder any more; the hall-door is open; Dick is handing me from the carriage; and there, at the top of the steps, stands a tall stately woman, while peeping over her shoulder is a little sandy-haired man, a head shorter than herself—Mrs. Colquhoun and her husband.

II.

I have been ten days at Merlewood. When I come to think of it, it is strange that I, a visitor in the house where Dick is also a guest, should spend so much time looking through that window, and watching the cloud-shadows play hide-and-seek with each other in the rocky dells. The fact is, the atmosphere doesn't suit me. To put it plainly, I find that I don't like people who possess "many sterling qualities," in other words, I don't like Dick's sister.

Every hour since I came to Merlewood, every day that Dick and I have been together in the society of Harriet—Mrs. Colquhoun—I have felt as if an awful, intangible something was drifting Dick from me; and as if I were some poor, helpless child, standing on the bank of a dark river, whose current bears away the sweetest blossom that my hands have ever gathered.

When we started for an after-dinner stroll, we were a *partie carrée*—Mrs. Colquhoun and her husband, Dick and I. We had fallen into the usual procession these expeditions resolve themselves into, Dick and his sister leading the way, with the diminutive owner of Merlewood and myself bringing up the rear, when all at once some one—upon whose pathway in life may all blessings rest!—required the presence of our hostess, and with an unwillingness that not all her tact could conceal, she left us. Hardly had the stately figure of his wife vanished from our sight, when Mr. Colquhoun's little green-grey eyes gave me a meaning and sympathetic look, and, presto! he, too, moved quickly off among the golden-brown beech-trees that surrounded us on all sides. Having mentally hugged the little man for his considerate departure, I caught fast hold of Dick's arm with both my hands, and tried to put into words the content I felt.

"Oh, Dick—darling—I am so glad!"

He gave a comprehensive look round, and seeing no indication of our solitude being disturbed, drew me to his side, and I stood on tiptoe to meet the kiss that dropped upon my happy mouth. I dare say it was very undignified to show my gladness and my love in such open

fashion; but it seemed as natural to me to let Dick read my most inward heart, as it is to a flower to unfold its blossom when the sun shines upon it.

All through those ten days of restraint I had been garnering up things to say to Dick, when I should get the chance; and now that the chance had come—behold, I was dumb! For the greater number of the questions I had meant to ask, had reference to his sister Harriet, and something warned me that they would sound unwelcomely in his ears; I had gradually come to realize the fact that some subtle strength of influence about her character had been a life-long power over Dick, and that even while at times he winced under it, he could not shake it off. So I was silent; happy, too, for the time being, with the moonlight shimmering down upon us, and here and there a glimpse of the curling sea showing through the gaps in the massed branches of the trees. We paced slowly on, Dick's curly head bent low, his eyes full of a restful, tender light, his hand on mine.

Is it nothing, think you, to be perfectly happy just once? To have one day—one evening—one hour—to look back on and say, "It had no flaw?"

We are going to a party to-night. It is the first bit of dissipation that has offered itself since my arrival at Merlewood, and I am anxious to make a creditable appearance. I feel that if my toilette is unbecoming, Mrs. Colquhoun's deliberately critical inspection will make me shrivel up, and feel as if I ought to apologize for offending her sense of the beautiful. My resources are limited, very much so, in fact; but we Merivales, though often almost reduced to penury as regards our wardrobes, are not deficient in good taste; and a slender figure goes a great way toward making the plainest dress look presentable.

This is my first experience of "society," and I am quite dazzled by the glare of light and the crowd of people. I am presented to the hostess, a little fat woman, who greets Mrs. Colquhoun with gushing fervour, and then Dick and I wander away together through the suite of drawing-rooms. As we are entering the third—a small octagonal room, luxuriantly furnished as a lady's boudoir, and lighted by a hanging lamp—Dick stops suddenly, and as I look up at him I see, to my great terror, that all trace of colour has left his cheek, and that his eyes are fixed in silent wonder, and with something in them that is half fear, half joy, upon a woman who is standing just where the light falls full upon her lovely haughty face and graceful form. She too is strangely moved, and grows as white as the pearls that wreath her raven hair and clasp her milk-white throat, while the same mingling of passionate gladness and nervous dread dawns in her eyes as they meet his. A moment or two and she bends low, yet with the dignity of a queen; and Dick—my Dick—trembles as he returns her greeting, while I feel that his moustache hides a lip that quivers with some sudden emotion that the sight of that woman has evoked.

Then Dick and I pass on in silence. I am choking, and could not speak though my life depended on my eloquence. It is as though a gulf had suddenly yawned at my feet, and across its dark abyss I gazed at the man I love, for ever and for ever parted from me.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," says an even, quiet voice at my shoulder, and there is Dick's sister. I see a meaning look pass between them, pleading as it seems to me on his side, almost threatening on hers; and then I find myself drifted to a couch, while Mrs. Colquhoun subsides gracefully into a place by my side, and I know that I shall never get rid of her again the whole evening.

People come and go, and make clever remarks and imbecile remarks, and comment on the weather, and the harvest, and the birds that are the yield of that season's shooting, and the various ailments and misfortunes and good fortunes of their friends and relatives; but Mrs. Colquhoun never leaves my side, and Dick has vanished, and I am "a-weary, a-weary," like that mournful maiden in her moated grange. Indeed I begin to think I shall see Dick no more that evening, when all at once I catch a glimpse of him towering above his fellows, and looking earnestly—yearningly—and as if spell-bound against his will, at something.

A moment more enlightens me as to the object of his gaze, for through the archway that leads into the farther room we have a view of the piano; and there, slowly drawing off the gloves from her slender white hands, stands the lady of the raven locks and gleaming pearls. She takes her place upon the music-chair, strikes a few plaintive chords, and then soft, full, low, vibrating notes of melody rise and fall, and every voice is hushed under the spell of their surpassing sweetness.

We've journeyed together so long, sweetheart. That it's sad to be parted now.

How distinctly each word thrills to the hearts of the hearers, with what passionate longing is each tremulous tone laden! If a man had ever loved that woman, how could he look and listen, and forget?

As we drive home through the still, dark night, Dick's hand does not seek mine. Once I hear him softly hum the refrain of the song that her lips had uttered, and as we pass through the dimly-lighted streets of a country town, I see a self-complacent smile on Mrs. Colquhoun's lips.

When we reach Merlewood, it is Mr. Colquhoun, not Dick, that hands me from the carriage. The little man's face wears a troubled look, and his hand presses mine in a squeeze that I know is meant to be comforting and re-

assuring. In some way or other I have long since intuitively recognized the story of this man's life—learned that Harriet Ferris, in the zenith of her youth and beauty, married him for his possessions—married him to be the mistress of Merlewood and the sharer of his ample rent-roll; that she had never had even the feeblest love for him, and let him know this quickly enough, once the advantages that alone made him desirable as a husband in her eyes were secured.

I hurry into the house, lie down upon a sofa, hide my face upon my hands.

Dick and his sister come hurriedly into the next room. It is lighted up by the faint disc of a reading-lamp, while the one that I am in has no light beyond the glow of a few dying embers in the grate, and the heavy portieres are more than half closed.

"Harriet, did you know that Margaret Power was here—in Cornwall? Did you know that we should meet her to-night?" says Dick, in a voice that is bereft of all its usual calm.

"Yes, I did know that we should meet Margaret Power to-night; and the result of that meeting has, I think, shown you the state of your own heart. Dick, you must not marry that girl—you must not marry Pansie Merivale. I have never told you so yet, but now I may say plainly that I do not like her."

"What has that to do with my marrying her?" says Dick, and I know by the sound of his voice that he is white with rage, and has taken up arms in my defense.

"Nothing, if you choose to count it so," she answers, still in the same measured tones, "but I am free to hold what opinions I choose, and I say again that I do not like her. She is insignificant in body and mind, and I see no quality about her that is any compensation for her being the penniless daughter of a—black-leg."

I have never heard this term applied to my father before, I have assuredly no right to hear it now; I am doing the meanest action which anyone can be capable of—listening to a conversation that is not meant for my ear. But evil possesses me; my great agony dulls my sense of right and wrong—my perception of honor and dishonor. I clench my teeth as Mrs. Colquhoun's words hit like blows; but I do not stir. To add to my pain a voice within me cries out, "It is true; it is true. You know it is; you are just that and nothing more—the penniless daughter of a blackleg! You have nothing to bring to this man—nothing save the great love that is even now rending and tearing at your heart, and blinding your eyes with tears. Think of that woman's face as her glance fell upon him, and ask yourself if you are any better dowered in love for him than she is!"

"Of course, my opinion may be—allow me to say it is, for the first time, Dick—nothing to you; but there is a stranger reason why you should not marry this girl whose colorless character and sentimental love for you soothed your wounded self-love, sore from that parting with Margaret Power—you do not love her."

I slip from the couch as Mrs. Colquhoun speaks; I fall upon my knees in the darkness, cowering down as from a blow that I know is about to fall.

"Harriet, you shall not speak such words to me. She loves me, my poor darling, my little Heart-sease, with all her gentle heart!"

In that moment I have read the story of the past. I know it all, as though some tongue had told it over to me, word by word, and I know that Dick has never loved me as he once loved Margaret Power; or as he loves her now when she has once more, in her beauty and charm, crossed his pathway.

"You are not the first man," I hear Dick's sister continue, "who has fancied his heart caught on the rebound; and I can well imagine the child's admiration of you soothed the old pain; but if you want her love for you, I can match the boast, Margaret Power quarreled with you—loving you all the while; sent you from her—loving you all the while!"

There is a smothered exclamation from Dick; but she takes no heed.

"In the passion of her pain and her resentment she promised to become the wife of a man, at once titled and a millionaire—loving you all the while; but at the last, at the very last, she dare not, could not carry out her pledge. She told him all the truth, and he released her—"

"I never knew—you never told me!"

The words come from Dick's lips like a city of pain.

"It was too late; you were engaged, to that child whom you had met, and in whose love you told me you had found rest and healing. I know you well enough to know you would be true to her, for honor's sake, unless by some coup d'etat I could unveil to your eyes the enormity of the sacrifice, and the state of your own heart—and Margaret's—"

"Oh, my God!"

I know the words are uttered by white lips; white with the anguish that her words cause. He would not care for my being the "penniless daughter of a blackleg;" he would not sell his soul for wealth and position, as his sister had done; but he loves this dark-eyed woman with a passion and intensity that he never has given, and never can give to me!

What a beautiful thing is the death of a day! A line or two of pale orange-pink on the horizon; overhead just a faint rose-tint here and there; an opal-tinged mist in the distance; the river lying dark and still, a mirror in which each separate pollard has its clear reflection—a

reflection so clear as to be a duplicate of itself; and above all, the grand massive towers of the Minster keeping watch over the venerable city.

It is at the close of such a fair eventide, that once again I near the city of York. I have traveled all day, from early dawn; and I suppose the usual number of hours have been consumed in the journey. I cannot, however, gauge or define the duration of time; for surely it is a lifetime since I crouched in that darkened room, and listened to words that sounded in my ears as "the crack of doom."

There has been nothing romantic or mysterious in my flight from Merlewood. No one is uncertain as to my route, nor yet is it needful to have the grounds searched or the bay dredged for my possible corpse. I do not believe in interviews, and scenes, and picturesque partings between people who must be torn asunder. "If 'twere done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," is to my mind one of the wisest sayings on record.

Somehow, I hardly know how, I got to my room that night, after hearing the story of Dick's "first love;" somehow, I wrote to him, and though I daresay the words were tremulously penned, and I know that a tear splashed down upon the paper more than once, I am sure the sense of what I wanted to say was clear and to the purpose.

"I could not help it, Dick; I overheard you and your sister talking to-night. I know all about how you love Margaret Power, I am glad I have been some little comfort to you, sometimes. When I have written this I am going to push it under your door. Then I am going to pack up a few things in my hand-bag, and walk to the station in the early morning before any of you are stirring. I shall catch the first train that passes through to the North. No one need be anxious about me, no one to come and see after me, for I am going straight home to mamma, and I know the children will be pleased to have me back. There is only one thing I want you to do for me, and that is—never try to see me, and never write to me about anything. Nothing can do any good; and that you know as well as I do. Good-bye, dear Dick." I did not sign any name to the letter; he would know quite well, without that, that it came from her whom he used once to call his "little Heart-sease." Sometimes, even now, when life's journey is very far traversed, I seem to see, as in a dream, that other journey, when a wan, white-faced girl lay huddled in the corner of a railway carriage, and moaned in the exceeding bitterness of her pain, "Oh Dick! I thought you loved me dear, indeed I did!"

And then I fancy I see her—poor young weary creature—walking slowly up the avenue, through the ragged and neglected garden of her home, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but ever straight on—straight on, toward one whose love she knows can never fail. At last, reaching the "haven where she would be," I see her sink upon her knees beside her mother's couch and beat her cry.

"Mother—it is I—your child—Pansie—come to you, never to leave you any more! Dear—it is you who must be my 'Heart-sease' now!"

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

NOT FOUND IN THE BIBLE, SHAKESPEARE, POPE OR HUDIBRAS.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast.—[Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.—[Ib.

She walks the waters like a thing of life.—[Byron's Corsair.

How happy could I be with either, were'thether dear charmer away.—[The Beggars Opera.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—[Burns.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—[Burns' Tam O'Shanter.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.—[Byron's Don Juan.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star upon the horizon's verge.—[Ib.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—[Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

Like angels' visits, few and far between.—[Ib.

His back to the field and his feet to the foe.—[Campbell.

Procrastination is the theft of time.—[Young's Night Thoughts.

A gilded halo hovering round decay.—[Byron's Glauco.

The thunder, conscious of the new command, rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house.—[Keats' Hyperion.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—[Milton.

The stern joy which warriors feel in foemen's worthy of their steel.—[Scott's Lady of the Lake.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.—[Thompson's Castle of Indolence.

His pity gave ere charity began.—[Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Even his failings leaned to virtue's side.—[Ib.

To party gave up what was meant for mankind.—[Goldsmith's Retaliation.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—[Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.

A little bench of needless bishops here, and there a chancellor in embryo.—[Shenstone's Schoolmistress.

Made a sunshine in a shady place.—[Spencer's Faerie Queene.

Airy tongues that syllable men's names.—[Milton's Mask of Comus.

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.—[Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

Love, the faith whose martyrs are the broken heart.—[Byron's Child of Harold.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—[Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—[Keats' Endymion.

A flower of meekness on a stem of grace.—[Montgomery's World Before the Flood.

'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, deserve it.—[Addison's Cato.

Like dead sea fruit that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips.—[Moore's Lalla Rookh.

Just prophet, let the damned one dwell full in the sight of Paradise, beholding heaven and fearing hell.—[Ib.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—[Campbell.

All went merry as a marriage bell.—[Byron's Child of Harold.

Where youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—[Ib.

A SINGULAR SONG.

In a volume of poems, "Songs of Singularity," by the London Hermit, recently published in England, is the following specimen of alliterat prose:

My Madeline! my Madeline! Mark my melodious midnight moans; Much may my melting music mean, My modulated monotonies.

My mandoline's mild minstrelsy. My mental music magazine. My mouth, my mind, my memory, Must mingling murmur, "Madeline."

Must'er mid midnight masquerades, Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien, 'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids, Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make Much melancholy music mine; Many my motives may mistake, My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood Much mollifies my mind's machine; My mournfulness' magnitude Melt—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making may may machinate, Manoeuvring misses me misween; Mere money may make many mate, My magic motto's—"Madeline!"

Melt most mellifluous melody, 'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine, Meet me my moonlight—marry me, Madonna mia—Madeline.

LITERARY.

MR. TENNYSON is said to be engaged upon a new historical drama which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon great characters and events in English history which the Poet Laureate originally contemplated, and of which two, Queen Mary and Harold, have already appeared.

MR. ALBERT VANDAM, the well-known translator of Dutch novels and author of "Famous Bohemians," is about to publish a work called "The Ancestry of Great Men." The subject will be treated more as a psychological study than for the purpose of introducing literary anecdotes.

BARON ERNOUF is about to publish a "Life of Maret, Duc de Bassano, the First Napoleon's faithful Minister." He has consulted State papers and incorporated letters and notes furnished by Maret's family, and the work is expected to contain interesting revelations on the diplomacy of the Empire and the period preceding it.

A NEW weekly paper has appeared in Florence called "La Rassegna Settimanale." It is of the same scope and character as the "Saturday Review" in England, and though largely political, it admits occasional essays and reviews of books. It is a new experiment in Italian journalism, and was set on foot by some of the younger professors of the University of Florence.

THE memoirs of the late Prince Metternich will be published in English, French and German simultaneously. The literary work connected with the eight volumes in which the German original will be printed will be performed by Herr von Klinkowstrom. Prince Richard Metternich, it is stated, is now going over the work and omitting such portions as are likely to prove painful to the feelings of living personages.

THE museum of the Louvre has just acquired a copy of the "Book of the Dead," which bears the name of a Princess named Nedjem, mother of Herhor, the high priest of Ammon, who usurped the royal power at the close of the dynasty of the Kamases, the fifteenth dynasty of Manetho. This large and important papyrus, which is in admirable condition, will be on exhibition very shortly in the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

IF all literary men were as industrious as Mr. Anthony Trollope, who presided recently at the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, there would be very little need of the fund. During his recent visit to South Africa, and the voyage home, he wrote the whole of the work on the country which has just been published. The number of his novels is past counting. For all that, he gives himself every day three hours of good hard reading, chiefly the classics, quite distinct from his professional work. Latterly he has been reading the Greek historians.

Piano Playing Learnt in a Day.

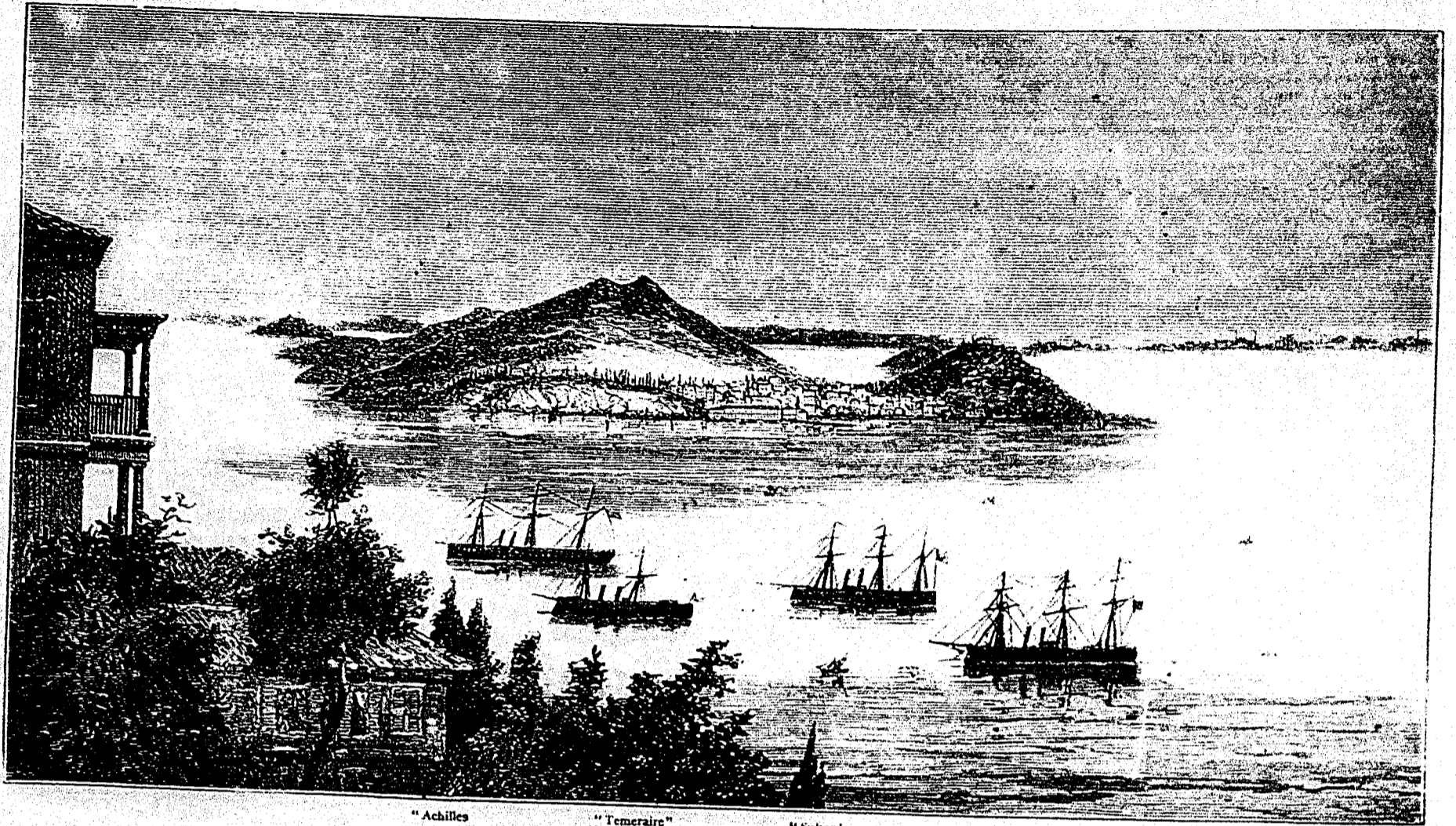
Strange as it may seem, it is true. The wonderful machine called Mason's Chart, enables one who knows nothing of music to play in a day. Music teachers themselves acknowledge it to be the greatest invention of the 19th century.

The Finest Stock of French Regatta Shirtings in Canada, at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

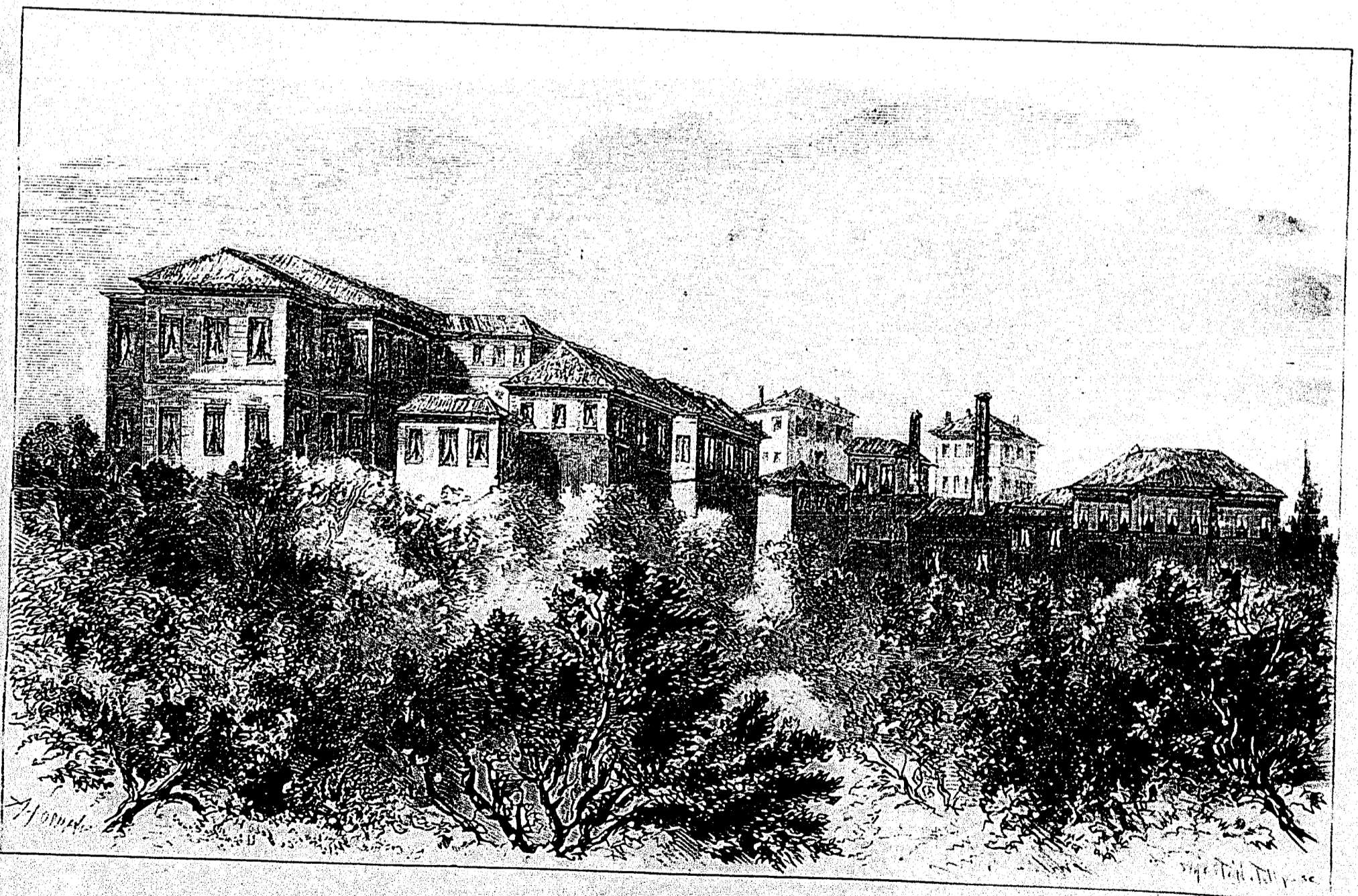
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

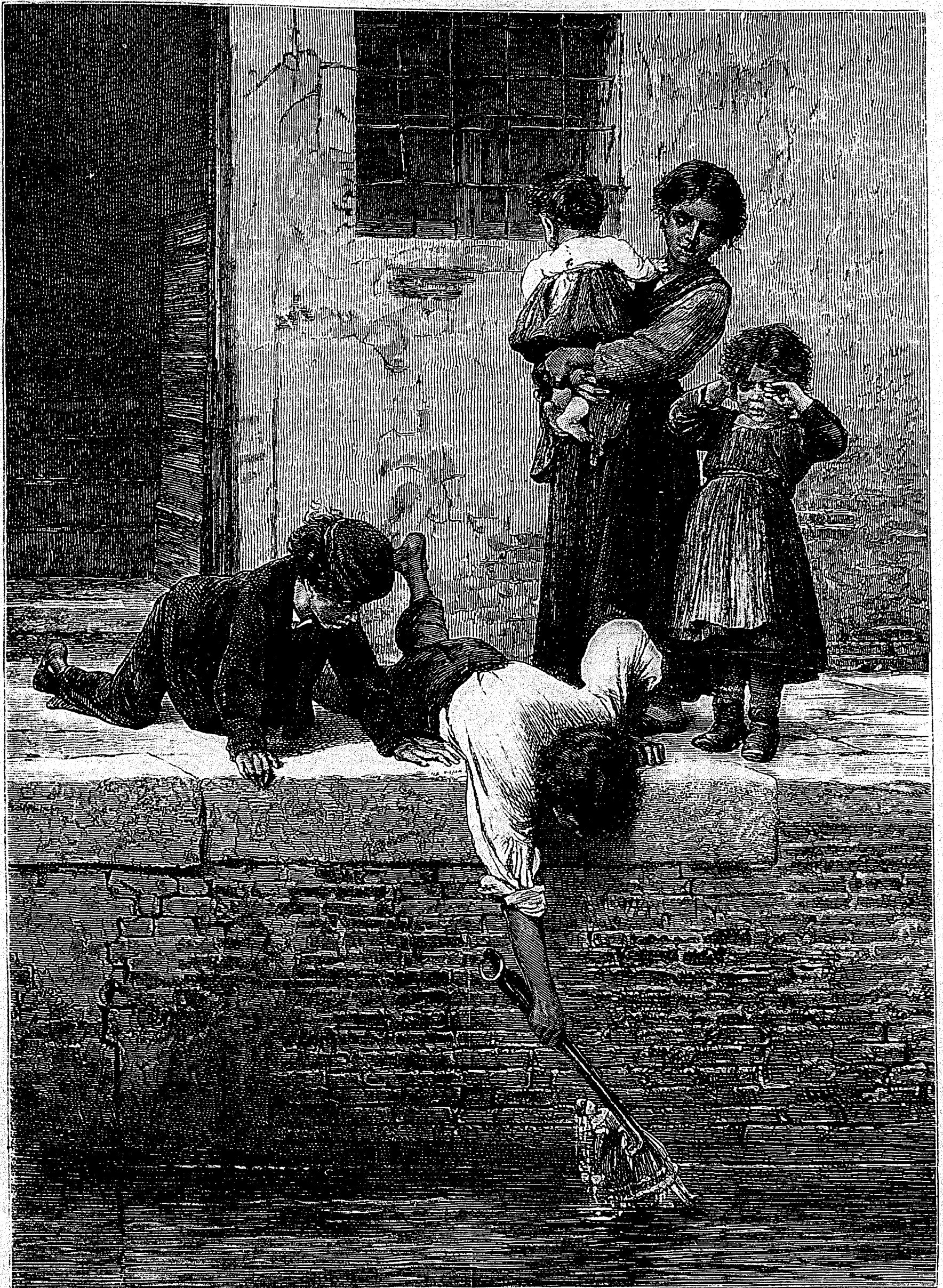
New French Regatta Shirtings just received at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.



THE BRITISH FLEET OFF THE PRINCES' ISLANDS, SEA OF MARMORA. — SKETCHED FROM PEISKISS.



THE VILLA DADIAN, AT SAN STEFANO, WHERE THE PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY WAS SIGNED.



"TO THE RESCUE."

## THE FALL OF SEDAN.

VICTOR HUGO'S MAGNIFICENT DESCRIPTION OF THE OVERWHELMING OF THE FRENCH.

The second volume of Victor Hugo's "History of a Crime" appeared at Paris on the 14th ult. It is divided into three parts as follows:—

Third day—The Massacre.

Fourth Day—The Victory.

Conclusion—The Fall.

In accordance with our custom of giving our readers the first taste of all literary novelties as they appear, we make room to-day for this splendid paper, to the exclusion of much other matter.

I.

I was returning from my fourth exile—a Belgian exile, which is not much. It was during the latter days of September, 1871. I entered France by the Luxembourg frontier. I fell asleep in the railway carriage. Suddenly I was aroused by the jolt of a stoppage. I opened my eyes. The train had stopped in the midst of a charming country. I was interrupted in a half hour's sleep; my ideas, indistinct and straying, floated half dreamingly between the reality and myself. It was the vague bewilderment of awaking. A clear stream flowed beside the railway around a gay and verdant island. The verdure was so thick that the ripples of the stream on reaching it sank into it and disappeared. The river flowed across a valley which seemed to be a deep garden. There were apple trees there which recalled thoughts of Eve and willows which made one dream of Galatea.

It was, as I have said, in one of these equinoctial months when one feels the charm of the dying season. If it is winter which is going out we hear the song of approaching spring; if it is summer which is departing we see on the horizon a vague smile, which is autumn.

The wind ceased and harmonized all those happy sounds which make up the hum one hears on plains. The tinkling of bells seemed to lull the hum of the bees; the last butterflies found themselves with the first bunches of grasses. This period of the year combines the joy of living still with the unconscious melancholy of approaching death. The sweetness of the sun was beyond description. Fine fields cut up with furrows and dotted with cottages of honest peasants; under the trees the grass covered with a shadow; the lowing of cattle, as in Virgil, and the smoke of hamlets enlivened by rays of sunlight—such was the ensemble. Distant anvils were heard ringing—the rhythm of toil in nature's harmony. I listened; I meditated confusedly. The valley was admirable and tranquil; the blue sky seemed placed upon a lovely circle of small hills. The voices of birds were in the distance, and quite near me the voices of children, like two songs of angels mingled together. An universal clearness surrounded me; all this grace and all this grandeur put an aurea in my soul.

All at once a passenger asked:—"What place is this?"

Another answered:—"Sedan!"

I trembled. This paradise was a sepulchre. I looked around me. The valley was round and hollow, like the bottom of a crater. The stream was quite tortuous and resembled a serpent; the high hillocks ranged one behind another, surrounded this mysterious place, like a triple row of inexorable walls. Once there, one must stay in it. That made one think of the circus. An unspeakably disquieting verdure, which had the appearance of a prolongation of the Black Forest, overran all the heights and became lost in the horizon, like an immense impenetrable snare. The sun shone, the birds sang, the waggoners passed along whistling; there were sheep, lambs and pigeons here and there; the leaves trembled and whispered among themselves; the grass—that grass so thick—was full of flowers. It was dreadful.

It seemed to me that I saw trembling on that valley the glitter of the angel's sword. That word "Sedan" had been like a torn veil. The landscape had become suddenly tragic. These indistinct eyes which the bark designs on the trunks of trees are looking at—What! Something terrible and vanished.

There it was, in fact, and at the time I passed through thirteen months all but a few days had elapsed. It was there that the monstrous crime of the Second of December had come to end its career. What a formidable wreck! The dark itineraries of fate cannot be studied without a strong palpitating of the heart.

II.

On the 31st of August, 1870, an army found itself reunited and massed under the walls of Sedan, in a place called the hollow of Givonne. This army was a French army—twenty-nine brigades, fifteen divisions, four army corps—90,000 men. This army was in this place without knowing why, without order, without object, pell mell—a heap of men thrown there as if for the purpose of being seized by an immense hand. This army had not, or seemed not to have, for the moment, any immediate uneasiness. It was known, or believed to be known, that the enemy was far off. Calculating the day's march at four leagues a day, the enemy was distant three days' march. However, towards evening, the chiefs made certain wise strategic dispositions. The army rested in the rear on Sedan and the Meuse; it was protected by two lines of battle, one, consisting of the Seventh corps, extended from Floing to Givonne, the other, comprising

the Twelfth corps, extended from Givonne to Bazelles, forming a triangle of which the Meuse was the hypotenuse.

The Twelfth corps, composed of three divisions—Lacretelle's, Lartigue's, and Wolff's—ranged in a straight line, with the artillery between the brigades, was a veritable barrier, having at its extremities Bazelles and Givonne and its centre Daigny. The two divisions of Petit and Lhéritier, massed in the rear on two lines, formed the supports of this barrier. General Lebrun commanded the Twelfth corps.

The Seventh corps, commanded by General Douay, had only two divisions, those of Dumont and Guibert, and formed the other front, covering the army from Givonne to Floing on the side of Illy. This front was relatively weak, too much exposed from the side of Givonne and protected only on the side of the Meuse by the two cavalry divisions of Marguerite and Bonnemains and by the brigade of Guyomar formed in square and resting on Floing. Within this triangle camped the Fifth corps, commanded by General Wimpfen, and the First corps, commanded by General Ducrot. The cavalry division of Michel covered the First corps on the side of Daigny; the Fifth had its back to Sedan. Four divisions disposed each on two lines—Lhéritier's, Grandchamps', Goze's and Conseil-Duménil's—formed a sort of horse-shoe turned toward Sedan and connecting the first line of battle with the second. The cavalry division of Ameil and the brigade of Fontanges acted as a reserve for these four divisions. All the artillery was in the two lines of battle. Two portions of the army were misplaced, one to the right of Sedan, beyond Balan, the other to the left toward Iges. Beyond Balan was Vassoigne's division and Reboul's brigade; toward Iges were the two cavalry divisions of Marguerite and Bonnemains.

Those dispositions indicated a feeling of profound security. For that matter the Emperor Napoleon III. would not have gone there if he had not felt perfectly safe. This hollow of Givonne is what Napoleon I. called a basin and what Admiral Von Tromp called a *pot de chambre*. There could be no packing so complete. An army there is so much at home that it is too much so; it runs the risk of not being able to get out. This was the feeling of some valiant and prudent chiefs such as Wimpfen, but it was not listened to. "At the worst," said the people who surrounded the Emperor, "we are always sure of being able to gain Mezières and, in case of dire extremity, the Belgian frontier." But was it necessary to provide for such extreme contingencies? In certain cases to foresee is nearly to offend. All were of one mind, then, in feeling at ease.

If there had been any uneasiness the bridges over the Meuse would have been cut, but this was not even thought of. Why should it be done? The enemy was far away. The Emperor, who was well informed, affirmed the fact.

The army bivouacked in a somewhat pell-mell fashion, as we have said, and slept tranquilly during that night of the 31st of August, having, in any event, or thinking it had, its retreat on Mezières open behind it. The most ordinary precautions were disdained. No cavalry reconnaissances were made; no grand guards even were placed. So says a German writer. They were separated from the German army by at least fourteen leagues, three days' march. It was not known exactly where it was, it was believed to be scattered, adhering badly together, badly informed, directed somewhat on chance toward several objective points at the same time and incapable of a converging movement on a single point like Sedan. It was believed to be known that the Prince of Saxony was marching on Chalons and that the Prince of Prussia was marching on Metz. Everything connected with this army was ignored—its chiefs, its plan, its armament, its effective strength. Did it still follow the strategy of Gustavus Adolphus? Were its tactics those of Frederick II.? It was not known. It was certain the French would be in a few weeks more in Berlin. Bah! The Prussian army. This war was spoken of as a dream and this army as a phantom.

During this same night, while the French army slept, this is what was done.

III.

At a quarter to two in the morning, at the Monzon headquarters, the Prince Royal, Albert of Saxony, put the army of the Meuse in motion. The Royal Guard were at once under arms, and two divisions took up the march—the one on Villers-Cernay, by Escumbré and Four-aux-Bois, the other on Francheval, by Suchy and Four-Saint-Remy. The artillery of the Guard followed.

At the same instant the Twelfth Saxon corps sprang to arms, and, taking the high road to the south of Douzy, skirted Lamecourt and marched on la Moncelle; the First Bavarian corps marched on Bazelles, supported at Rully-sur-Meuse by an artillery division of the Third corps. The other division of the Fourth corps passed the Meuse at Monzon and was massed in reserve at Mairy, on the right bank. The three columns held their positions, overlapping each other. The order was given to the advanced guard not to commence any offensive movement before five o'clock, and to occupy silently Four-aux-Bois, Four-Saint-Remy and the Douay. They had left their knapsacks with the baggage waggons. The trains did not move. The Saxon Prince was on horseback on the height of Ablincourt.

At the same hour, at the headquarters of Chémery, Blumenthal made the Wurtemberg

division throw a bridge over the Meuse. The Eleventh corps broke camp before daylight, crossed the Meuse at Virgny-sur-Bois. The artillery followed and commanded the road from Virgny to Sedan. The Wurtemberg division guarded the bridge they had made and commanded the road from Sedan to Mézières. At five o'clock the Second Bavarian corps, artillery to the front, took one of its divisions and brought it by Bulson to Frénois; the other division passed by Noyers formed before Sedan, between Frénois and Wadelincourt. The reserve artillery was massed in battery on the heights of the right bank of the river before Donchery.

At the same moment the Sixth division of cavalry started from Mazery, and, going by Bolzeourt, reached the Meuse at Filze; the Second cavalry division left its cantonnement and took up position on the south of Boutancourt; the Fourth cavalry division took its stand on the south of Frénois; the First Bavarian corps installed itself at Rémilly; the Fifth cavalry division and the Sixth corps were placed to observe, and all, in line and in order, massed on the heights waited the coming of the dawn. The Prussian Prince was in the saddle on the hill of Frénois.

At the same time all along the horizon other similar movements took place from all sides. The high hills were suddenly held by an immense black army. Not a cry of command. Two hundred and fifty thousand men came in silence to make a circle around the basin of Givonne.

And this was the circle:—

The Bavarians, right wing, at Bazelles on the Meuse; near the Bavarians the Saxons at la Moncelle and at Daigny; in front of Givonne the Royal Guard; the Fifth corps at Saint-Menges; the Second corps at Flaigieux; on the bend of the Meuse, between Saint-Menges and Donchery, the Wurtembergers; Count Stolberg and his cavalry at Donchery; on the front before Sedan, the Second Bavarian army.

All this had shaped itself in spectral fashion, in order, without a breath, without noise, across the woods, the ravines, and the valleys. A march tortuous and sinister—the lengthening out of reptiles.

Scarcely could a murmur be heard under the dense leaves of the trees. The silent battle swarmed in the shadows, waiting for the day.

The French army slept.

All at once it awakened.

It was prisoner.

The sun arose, splendid from the side of God; terrible from the side of man.

IV.

Let us fix the situation.

The Germans have numbers on their side. They are three, perhaps four, against one. They avow 250,000 men, but it is certain that their front of attack was over eighteen miles long. They have position; they crown the heights; they fill the forests; they are covered by all these steep, they are masked by all this shadow; they have incomparable artillery. The French army is in a basin, almost without artillery and without munitions, stark naked under shot and shell. The Germans have on their side an ambuscade, the French on theirs heroism alone. To die is beautiful, but to surprise is good.

A surprise, that was this feat of arms.

Is this good war? Yes, but if this is good war what is bad?

The same thing?

That said, the battle of Sedan is recounted.

We would wish to halt there, but we cannot. No matter what the horror of the historian, history is a duty, and that duty must be fulfilled. There is no more imperative descent than this—to tell the truth. Who adventures it rolls to the bottom. It is necessary. The justice due is condemned to justice.

The battle of Sedan is more than a battle fought; it is a syllogism completed, the terrible premeditation of destiny. Destiny hastens never, but reaches always. In its hour, behold it. It lets pass the years, but at the moment when least we dream of it it appears. Sedan was fate unexpected. From time to time in history the divine logic makes sorties. Sedan was one of these sorties.

The 1st of September, then, at five in the morning, the world awakened under the sun, and the French army under the thunder.

V.

Bazelles takes fire, Givonne takes fire, Floing takes fire; it commences with a furnace. All the horizon is aflame. The French camp is in this crater—stupefied, dismayed, madly astir, funeral swarming. A circle of thunder envelops the army. It is surrounded by extermination.

This mighty massacre begins from all points at once. The French resist and they are terrible, having nothing but despair. Our cannon, almost all of olden model and low range, are soon dismounted by the fire so rightful and precise of the Prussians. The denseness of the rain of shells on the valley is such that "the earth is all striped by it," says a witness, "as by a harrow." How many guns? Eleven hundred at least. Twelve German batteries on la Moncelle alone; the Third and Fourth abtheilung, terrible artillery on the crests of Givonne, with the Second horse battery in reserve; in front of Daigny ten Saxon and two Swabian batteries. The curtain of trees of the wood to the north of Villers-Cernay hides the mounted abtheilung, which is there with the Third heavy artillery in reserve, and from this shady copse comes

forth a formidable fire; the twenty-four pieces of the First heavy artillery are in battery in the clearing close to the road from la Moncelle to la Chapelle; the battery of the Royal Guard sets fire to the wood of la Groune; the bombs and balls riddle Sushy, Francheval, Four-Saint-Remy and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; and the triple and quadruple rank of fiery muzzles is prolonged without a break in continuity up to the Cavalry of Illy—the extreme point on the horizon.

The German soldiers, seated or lying down, watch the artillery work. The French soldiers fall and die. Among the corpses which cover the plain, there is one, the corpse of an officer, on which will be found after the battle a sealed note containing the order, signed Napoleon:—"To-day, the 1st of September, repose for the entire army." The valiant Thirty-fifth of the line disappears almost entirely under the overwhelm of the shells, the brave infantry of the marine hold for a moment in check the Saxons mixed with Bavarians, but outflanked and overpowered, retire. All the admirable cavalry of the Marguerite division, hurried against the German infantry, halts and melts away and midway, exterminated, says the Prussian report, "by a well directed and steady fire." This field of carnage has three issues, all three barred; the Bouillon road by the Prussian guard, the Carignan road by the Bavarians, the Mezières road by the Saxons. The French have not dreamed of barricading the railway viaduct; three German battalions have occupied it in the night. Two isolated houses on the Bolan road could be the pivot of a long resistance; the Germans are there. The park of Montvillers, tufted and deep, might hinder the junction of the Saxons, who were masters of la Moncelle, and the Bavarians, masters of Bazelles; they were distanced, and found there the Bavarians cutting the hedges with their bill hooks.

The German army stirs all of a piece with a unity that is absolute; the Saxon Prince is on the hill of Mairy, whence he dominates the entire action. The command in the French army oscillates. At the commencement of the battle, at a quarter to six, MacMahon is wounded by the bursting of a shell, at seven o'clock Ducrot replaces him; at ten o'clock Wimpfen replaces Ducrot. From instant to instant the wall of fire draws closer, the roll of the thunder is continuous, sinister pulverization of 90,000 men. Never was seen the like, never was army destroyed under such a shower of shot and shell. At one o'clock all is lost. The regiments, pell mell, take refuge in Sedan. But Sedan begins to burn, the Dijonval takes fire, the ambulances are ablaze, there is no possibility but to cut their way out. Wimpfen, brave and firm, proposes it to the Emperor. The Third Zouaves has given the example. Cut off from the rest of the army, it has cleared for itself a passage and has gained the Belgian frontier. Fight of lions!

All at once, above the disaster, above the enormous heap of the dead and dying, above all the ill-fortuned heroes, appeared Shame. The white flag is unfurled.

Turenne and Vauban, both were there—the one in his statue, the other in his citadel.

The statue and the citadel assisted in the horrible capitulation. These two virgins—the one of bronze, the other of granite—felt themselves made prostitute. O face august of Fatherland! O blush eternal!

VICTOR HUGO.

## AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.

In the summer of 1864, a party of tourists, while visiting the Alps, climbed, with great difficulty, to an elevated and snow-covered plateau, in order to obtain a better view of Swiss scenery, and contrast the richness and beauty of mid-summer below with the bleakness and sterility of midwinter around and above them. In play they rolled the moist snow into large balls, they crowded it over the edge of the plateau. In falling it struck softer snow, which immediately gave way, and soon an avalanche was tearing down the mountain side burying and destroying everything in its course. As the handful of snow became the irresistible avalanche, so the hacking cough with sore throat and Catarrh, if neglected, speedily develops into that dread destroyer, Consumption. In the early stages, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect a cure, though if the blood be affected or impoverished it must be purified and enriched by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the liver and bowels kept active by his pleasant Purgative Pellets. Many who despaired of life and had been given up to die by physicians and friends, owe their restoration to the above remedies.

ELI, Linn Co., Iowa, May 5th, 1877.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir.—I was prostrated some three years since with pleuro-pneumonia, which left me with a troublesome cough, that gradually grew worse until physicians gave me up to die with consumption. I tried several remedies that are advertised to cure consumption, but without obtaining any relief or benefit. Seeing your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets advertised, I concluded to try them and I found them to be all you claim for them. My restoration has remained complete for over two years. Inclosed find \$1.50 for a copy of your Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Ever gratefully yours,  
JASON C. BARTHOLOMEW.

ONE hiring a lodging said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I am so much liked that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "Perhaps," said she, "you always went away without paying?"

WHEN two men look round at each other in the street each feels as mean as if he had been sheep-stealing. It is different with women. Two of the sex will turn square around after they have passed each other, take an upward survey of each article of attire worn by the other, slowly and critically, until their eyes meet, when a cold stare will be exchanged, and then both will start on their several ways looking as sweet as roses in June.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received; much obliged, also, correct solution of Problem No. 166.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 166 received.

G. B. S., Arkona, Ont.—Correct solution of Problem No. 165 received. Many thanks for the other communication. We have inserted it, as you will perceive.

J. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 162 received.

Saxon, Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 164 received. Correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 164 received. Correct.

The Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney is progressing most satisfactorily. The Conductor, J. W. Shaw, Esq., has nearly completed his list, and already some of the competitors have received the names of their first opponents, and are actively engaged in the friendly struggle.

We have no hesitation in saying that, in all respects, whether as regards the number of competitors, the value of the prizes, or the mode of organization, this Tourney will bear favourable comparison with any contest of a similar nature at present engaging the attention of Chess-players.

We have to congratulate the Chess-players of Arkona, Ont., on the establishment of their Club, and the following list will give the names of the office-bearers for the current year:

- G. B. Stephenson, President.
G. M. Everest, 1st Vice-President.
John T. Vetter, 2nd Vice-President.
George Dunn, Treasurer.
Wm. M. Brott, Secretary.
A Committee has also been appointed.

(From Level and Water.)

A Chess event of a somewhat unique character is to take place at Moulton's Hotel, on Saturday, the 10th inst., viz., a public blindfold exhibition, by Mr. Blackburne. He proposes, it appears, to invite the local metropolitan Chess clubs to send each one of their members against him, to the number of eight altogether. Naturally, each association will select the strongest player it can find willing to uphold its honour, and in this way an unusual interest will be imparted to the performance.

Some narrow-minded critics think that Mrs. Gilbert is not properly matched in the International Correspondence Tourney. Fudge! who better than a lady can appreciate a lively gossip!—Hannibal Herald.

We have just had the pleasure of looking over one of the latest numbers of the French Chess Journal, La Strategie. This periodical, which is the leading Chess magazine in France, is full of interesting matter.

The games published are chiefly connected with a match played two years ago at St. Petersburg, and a late consultation encounter at New York. There is also the score of the game which obtained the prize for brilliancy at the late Grantham Tourney.

The details of a blind-fold match played by M. Rosenthal, at Paris, against eight antagonists, is well worth attention, but we have not space for the particulars.

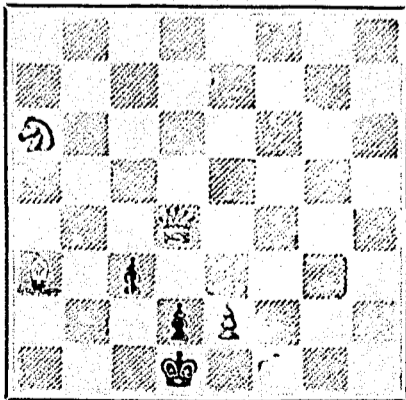
Important intelligence is promised in the following number respecting the International Congress which is to take place at Paris this year during the time of the great Exhibition.

It is with much regret that we read in the latest Chess news from Europe that the eminent player, Mr. J. Cochrane, died in London at the beginning of the present month. From the full accounts of his Chess career which have come to hand, we hope to be able to select a few particulars for our Column next week.

PROBLEM No. 168.

By THOMAS SINCLAIR, St. Andrew's, Manitoba.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

GAME 251ST.

One of a few played at Bath between Mr. Thorold and Professor Wayte in December last. The results were very even, Mr. Thorold scoring the odd game.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

- WHITE. Mr. THOROLD. 1. P to K4, 2. B to B4, 3. Q to K2, 4. P to Q B3, 5. P to Q3, 6. B to K Kt5, 7. B to R4, 8. B to K Kt3, 9. P to K R4, 10. Kt to Q2, 11. P to B4, 12. P takes P, 13. Castles, 14. P to Q4, 15. Q takes Kt, 16. P takes P, 17. P to K5, 18. Kt to K2, 19. Kt to Q B3, 20. K R to B sq, 21. P to Q5, 22. Q Kt to K4, 23. P to Q B (d), 24. Kt to Q5, 25. Q Kt to B3, 26. Q to Kt3, 27. P takes P, 28. K to Kt sq, 29. Kt takes B (f), 30. B to K B2, 31. P takes R, 32. Q to Kt6, 33. K to R sq, 34. B takes Q, 35. R takes P, 36. R takes Kt and wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Rarely good at so early a stage, 7 Q to K2 appears best.
(b) This unusual looking move is justifiable, and perhaps necessary, as White threatens Kt to Kt3.
(c) The Pawn should have been taken first in my opinion. I do not find that either 15 P to K5, or 15 P takes P is so dangerous as it seems.
(d) This dashing advance brings on a highly interesting and very complicated position wherefrom White emerges, and so far as I have seen, deserves to emerge with the better game.
(e) If he takes the Pawn, the reply is Kt to Kt6, winning the exchange.
(f) Strongly played and lassoing victory.
(g) Professor Wayte, by checking at K5 could win back the exchange, but not with any good results, e. g.

- 32. K to R sq, 33. Q to Kt6, 34. R takes B, 35. Q to R7 ch, 36. Q to R8 ch, 37. Q takes P ch, 38. P to Q7 ch, or R to K sq.
31. Q to K5 ch, 32. B to R5, 33. B takes R, 34. Q to K7, 35. K to B sq, 36. K to Q2, 37. K to K sq (Q sq no better).

There are of course other lines of play, but White wins in all of them.

(h) The game is gone, but this advances the result. Kt to K5 seems his best.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 166.

- WHITE. 1. K to R6, 2. R to Kt7, 3. R to K8 mates.
BLACK. 1. K to K3, 2. K takes B.
There are other defenses.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 164.

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PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 165.

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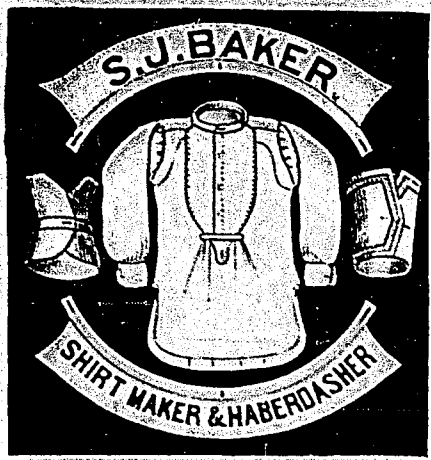


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