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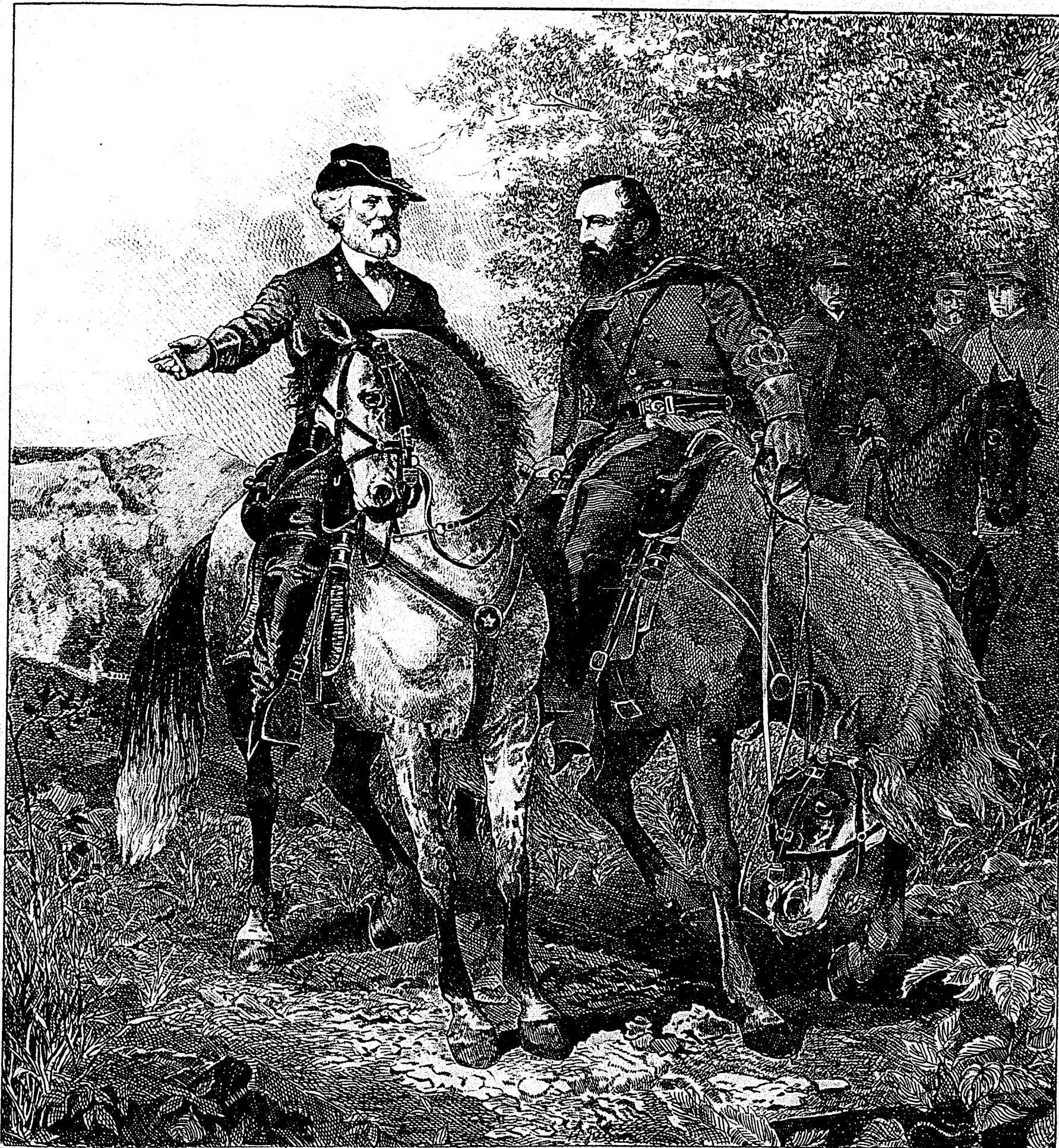
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THE WESTERN NEWS

VOL. XVI.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

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THE LAST MEETING OF LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON.—ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING. BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS.

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NOTICE.

IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will be published a view of

STEVENSON'S BATTERY IN CAMP,

on the outskirts of Montreal. Also sketches of the

Montreal Swimming Club

at St. Helen's Island, and a view of the grounds, at Cote des Neiges Cemetery, of the

NATIONAL CARTIER MONUMENT.

There will also be a portrait and memoir of the late

DR. NICHOLLS,

Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, with a view of the arrival of the Irish Canadian Pilgrims from Rome.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, August 18th, 1877.

THE WAR AGAINST CAPITAL.

The laborer in every respect is worthy of his hire, and his wages should be commensurate with the duties and importance of the position he fills, and the current rate paid generally to men filling like positions in other lines of labour or trade. If he considers that he is not paid proportionately with others, he can, if dissatisfied, leave his employment, and, if a steady man, will readily find employment elsewhere, but he has no right to dictate the rate of wages that shall be paid to him, and, if refused, to unite with any organized body to stop the great arteries of commercial communication and upset the industries of a country. There are some industries and some descriptions of labor of such importance to the world that they should no more be allowed by the Government of a country to be suddenly stopped or interrupted by an organized force of employees, than a ship's crew would be permitted to mutiny, and should be punished accordingly. And if the Governments of Canada and the United States passed a law that any body of men employed on railroads, coal mines, and public works, and striking without giving a month's notice to leave their work, even if acting peaceably, and thereby disturbing the prosperity of an industry, should be punished by making it a penitentiary offence, such scenes as have just been witnessed in the United States could not again easily occur. Strikes like those which have just taken place, vibrate like

the shock of an earthquake through a large portion of the community in many sections of the country, and are felt with more or less disastrous results according to the importance of the industry or public work that is directly affected by it. It shakes to the foundation public confidence, closes the doors of banks, and brings misery to thousands; not only to the strikers themselves, but to those who are not of their body, yet still indirectly affected by the destruction and ruin brought around them.

Many American papers consider that the strikers have some just cause of complaint, and that their rates of wages are too low for the arduous and responsible positions filled by the class of railway employees who this time formed the strike. To some extent, perhaps, this may be correct, but whilst those men complain of a reduction in their wages, have they given a thought how fortunate they are in these times to have any employment at all? have they ever reflected for a moment that there are thousands of men, many of them far worthier than they, who have not during the whole of the past winter been able to earn a single day's work, and who would gladly fill their places to-morrow at the reduced wages if quietly permitted to do so? Any reflective and intelligent person who has travelled through the New England States (as the writer has done) and made enquiries on the subject of unemployed labourers and mechanics, will tell you that such is actually the fact, and that a large proportion of these men are natives of the country, descendants of those who fought and bled for it one hundred years ago, whilst the majority of the strikers are men of foreign birth, who came to this country to better their condition, and have done so, and many of them, too, "left their country for their country's good."

These latter are the class of men who, where they are employed, are always the seditious instigators of evil among the rest, they are the firebrands that burn houses and cities, that they may either revel in their hellishness or profit by plunder. Probably, two-thirds of the men who so recently struck, if left to their own feelings and not compelled to act as they have done from having enrolled themselves into Trades Unions and Molly Maguire Societies, would have shrunk from the lawless actions and wilful destruction of property which characterized the late riots, and no doubt feel humbled now at the action they have been forced to take with others in these disgraceful scenes.

Now let us compare the position of the employees on the railroads with other classes of the community. In the first place, as before stated, whilst the railroad men have been enjoying constant employment, and have certain small privileges besides, there are thousands of artisans in the country who can obtain no employment whatever. If the railroad men consider they have a right to strike for higher wages at any moment they please, and by so doing throw the country into a state of anarchy by burning down property, stopping the main thoroughfares, and the mails too in the very teeth of the Government, have not the unemployed men of the country, who are willing to work contentedly at the same rate of wages, and who are natives of the country, a greater right to rise *en masse*, and say to the railway companies: We are starving, let those discontented men who are now employed by you, these foreigners who have not felt the hard times and pinch of hunger during the past winter, go to one side for a time, and give us employment too until better times arrive. We are willing to work, aye, and peaceably too, for even less wages rather than want; then why should we be shut out, and a preference given to those men who, like the Israelites, having come into a land of plenty, are for ever grumbling and rebelling against the powers from which they derive more freedom, more comforts, than they

ever knew before, whilst we, natives of the United States, cannot participate in a share of the earnings of the industries and public works of a country which was raised to its present prosperous state by the industry, intelligence, and wealth of our forefathers? We say have not these men even a greater right, if such a word may be used in a sense of wrong, to demand that a large portion of the railroad men should be dismissed, particularly foreigners, on the same principle that Californians demand the dismissal of the Chinese, and these places given to them? But why do the unemployed mechanics of the United States refrain from making such a move? Simply because these men have all received a plain useful education—they have been taught to reason, to respect the law, to respect the rights of others, and common sense tells them that the depression in the times is not because the money of the country is in the hands of a few who prevent it from circulating, but from the reasons stated in the first part of this article, viz., that a general depression has fallen upon every branch of business, and no man, however desirous he may be to invest his capital to any extent out of the ordinary lines of general commercial business, can see his way clearly to realise even the smallest margin of profits. But as soon as a more healthy feeling returns, and more general confidence is felt between business men, one with another, than the wealth of the country will issue forth from many channels, and a moderate prosperity again be felt by all. Those men who have patiently borne with their troubles and endeavoured to bridge over their difficulties until better times arrive by small earnings from little industries of their own, and by frugality and economy at home, are the men who form the yeomen and real defenders of the country.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

In each House of Parliament, on July 24th, an answer almost identical was given with respect to the despatch of troops to the Mediterranean. Lord Granville questioned Lord Derby, who replied as follows: "What has happened is this—the Mediterranean garrisons are at present, I understand, below their full complement, and, in the uncertain and disturbed condition of Europe, it has been thought desirable that they should be strengthened to the extent of about three thousand. That is the sole foundation for the statements in the newspapers." In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in answer to the Marquis of Hartington, that "the Government thought it right, in the present unsettled state of the Mediterranean region, to raise the garrison of Malta to its full complement, and that a number of troops is about to be despatched for that destination. That is the sole answer I can give to the noble lord." These replies are variously commented on by the leading journals of the Metropolis, the Opposition organs generally expressing themselves as not thoroughly satisfied therewith. On the other hand, the Government papers take a lofty tone, calling upon the Government to act out their intentions without fear of cavil. They hold that the great majority of the nation are prepared cordially to support the Government in any steps they may take for the maintenance of the British honour and interest. A British Minister can make no greater mistake at a crisis like this than to expect to satisfy public opinion by vague assurances of peace and dubious words of caution. If there is any danger of war, it is better that the people should know it as soon as possible. If Englishmen have taken, or are likely to take, any decided step in assertion of the national rights, the Government cannot too early let the people into their confidence. It could not be supposed but that a sudden order to the troops at Aldershot to prepare for embarkation and the assembling of transports at Portsmouth would lead to some public excitement and anxiety. To be told that

there is nothing in all these preparations beyond such a measure of precaution as is required by the uncertain and disturbed state of Europe is only to whet curiosity and to increase uneasiness. The very assurance that the Government will undertake nothing rashly or without deliberation makes the public more anxious for fuller information respecting this apparently abrupt determination to strengthen the garrison at Malta. No one can doubt but that the time is rapidly approaching, even if it has not come, when Britain must make up its mind as to what it should do in a certain event which may happen within the next month. The mere reinforcement of the Mediterranean garrisons cannot be all that is proposed to meet that contingency. It is either too little or too much: too little if England means to defend Constantinople against Russia, too much if she intends to let events take their course in Turkey. And it cannot be doubted that Ministers understand that whatever approval they have won by this and by some other acts of vigour in their Eastern policy, is founded entirely upon the conviction that they are but an earnest of the spirit in which it is proposed to maintain the interests of England, whenever and by whomsoever they may be assailed.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

After hearing so much of those Bulgarian atrocities which have contributed, under the manipulation of Mr. GLADSTONE, beyond anything else to propagate a hostile feeling against the Turks in the present war, it is a sad duty to be obliged, in the interests of justice, to call attention to similar barbarities on the part of the Russians. A number of correspondents, attached to papers of every tinge of opinion, have over their signatures published a document, in which they declare it their duty to sum up the narratives they have separately addressed to their newspapers on the acts of cruelty committed in Bulgaria against the inoffensive Mussulman population. They declare that they have with their own eyes seen and have interrogated, both at Rasgrad and at Shumla, women, children and old men wounded by lance and sword thrusts, not to speak of injuries from firearms, which might be attributed to the accidents of legitimate war. These victims give horrible accounts of the treatment the Russian troops, and sometimes even the Bulgarians, inflict on the fugitive Mussulmans. According to their declarations, the entire Mussulman population of several villages have been massacred. Every day there are fresh arrivals of wounded. The undersigned declare that women and children are the most numerous among the victims, and that they bear lance wounds. This statement is signed by representatives of the *New York Herald*, *Cologne Gazette*, *Journal des Débats*, *Neue Freie Press*, *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Illustrated London News*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Times*, *Français*, *Pesther Lloyd*, *Wiener Tagblatt*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Scotsman*, and *Manchester Examiner*.

It is further proclaimed that constant acts of barbarity are committed by the Russians in the cities and villages they invade. They do not limit themselves to plunder the Mussulman population of all it owns, but they also subject the women and children to the most shameful and dreadful tortures, and that even the day after a proclamation by the Emperor Alexander, wherein was promised to the Mussulman inhabitants security and justice for their persons, for their families and property.

The following are some of the recent acts of cruelty which have been brought to the knowledge of the public: The inhabitants of Terns, near Tirnova, having, on the approach of the enemy, taken refuge in the mosque, were burned alive in the enclosure. The enemy having met three hundred carts filled with fugitive families, destroyed them with cannon shots, then completed their work of extermination in massacring all the men and women they

could find in every suburb and village occupied by Russian troops. The dwellings of the Mussulmans were given up to the flames. The Bulgarians, excited by the example of the Russians, committed against the peaceful and resigned Mussulman population acts of barbarity and outrages still more atrocious and horrible than those perpetrated by the invaders. It is necessary that the civilized world should be acquainted with these horrors to express its indignation, and to brand them.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Mr. Habberton, having achieved an extraordinary success with "Helen's Babies," became at once the victim of the commercial greed of publishers, and to meet their demands has put forth no less than five books in one year. Of course, he wrote himself out completely. The second of these works, however, which is a sequel to "Helen's Babies," may be regarded as exhibiting much of the author's originality and freshness of humour. Whoever has the first book must needs procure the present one, which is entitled "Other People's Children." It is published in a handsome volume by Belford Brothers. It is to be hoped that Mr. Habberton will husband his resources so as to retain that quaint, and sometimes even ungrammatical, freedom from conventionality which is the distinctive feature of his talent. If he continues to write to order, he will soon subside into drivel.

Mr. R. D. McGibbon, B.A., student at law, has published a volume, through Dawson Bros., entitled, "The Great Fire Case. James Johnston vs. St. Andrew's Church." This work comprises the pleadings, and the judgments of the Superior Court, of the Court of Appeals for Lower Canada and of the Supreme Court of Canada; the remarks of all the judges, and of their lordships the justices of the Supreme Court, with an introduction and an appendix. While the present year may be said to have been pre-eminently a year of theological controversy and ecclesiastical discussion, it is probable that no case, on account of its material importance and of the five points of law which it involved, has attracted more attention throughout this country, and even in Great Britain, than the one whose complete history is set down in these pages. Not only will lawyers require to have the book for reference, but members of the Presbyterian Church will wish to preserve its record, while to many a man of the world the reading will be interesting because of the curious issues which it brings out. Mr. McGibbon deserves credit for his painstaking and accurate labours, and we trust that the success of his work may encourage him to continue in the same career.

A very pleasing instance of enterprise is the publication of the "Story of the Great Fire at St. John, N.B.," in a handsome volume, by Belford Brothers. The writer, the well-known *littérateur*, George Stewart, jr., was assigned a fortnight to do the letter press, the Burland-Desbarats Company were given the same time to do the numerous illustrations, and the publishers, seconding their efforts, have been enabled to print, bind, and place the work upon the market, within six weeks after the great catastrophe. And no part of the work bears traces of haste. Mr. Stewart's account is well written, and abounds with a great deal of information. The engravings reflect the highest credit on the large and popular establishment whence they emanate, while the material appearance of the volume is all that could be desired. Writer, artists, and publishers are to be congratulated on their success. We are the more gratified at this success, as an American account of the fire was already announced, and it would have been too bad if Canada had not been able to hold her own.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON.—This beautiful engraving is taken from a painting in oils, which was exhibited throughout the South some years ago. It represents the two heroes of the Confederate army, and admitted the two greatest generals of the civil war, as they meet for the last time on the field of Chancellorsville. A few hours later, the immortal Stonewall Jackson was borne away through the dark piney woods, stricken unto death, and a few days later he was no more. It was the final blow of the Confederate cause. But of Jackson it may be said that for so fortunate a general he was *felix etiam opportunitate mortis*.

BATTLEFORD, N.W.T.—The "Police Barracks," on the site of the future city of Battleford, are situated between the Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, and one mile above the mouth of the latter, on a level plain nearly two miles wide, by eight long, and as level as a floor, with not a tree or bush on its surface. It is about ninety feet above the river level. There also is the Boarding House, where the men passed the winter, and which, after their departure, will be used by the Mounted Police as their cook and mess room. Sketch No. 1 is taken from the Governor's house, on the opposite side of Battle River; sketch No. 3 is taken from this plain, and shows "Telegraph Flat," which is the "town proper" at present. There are the telegraph and post offices, three stores, one saloon, and a few settlers and Indian houses. It was

formerly a Cree village, and a small remnant of the tribe still linger, "too lazy to work, not too honest to steal," and ekes out a miserable existence by hunting buffalo through the summer, which they manufacture into pemmican, to eat through the winter. It is when they come in from the plains in the fall that the great rejoicing commences, and the "voice of the Tom-Tom is heard in the land," and the noble "Aborigine," in place of fire-water, will drink a vile decoction of tea, tobacco, and pain-killer, drink, dance and sing until the pemmican is all gone, and a few miserable half-starved dogs have died and been eaten, until nobody will feed him, and he can find nothing more to steal. Then and only then will he fold his tent and silently steal away to the hunting grounds again. On the level above the flat stands the Governor's (Laird) house, with Messrs. Richardson's, Ryan's and Scott's residences on the right, all at equal distances from each other, and the view from there is enchanting, standing, as they do, nearly one hundred and seventy feet above the river level. The country is spread out like a vast panorama for miles in every direction.

THE HON. W. V. WHITEWAY.—Since we published the full gallery of the gentlemen who act, in a representative capacity, at the Fisheries Commission, Halifax, Mr. Whiteway has been appointed counsel for the Province of Newfoundland. We, therefore, take pleasure in publishing his portrait to-day, only regretting that it was impossible for us to obtain any account to his professional and official career.

THE COUNT DE PREMIO-REAL.—This distinguished gentleman was born at Xeres, in August, 1840. His family name, De La Vallée, appears on the rolls of Spanish nobility as far back as the year 1718. The Count also inherits the title of San Antonio de Vista Alegre. He was also formerly an aspirant to the Duchy of Regla. In 1857, at the age of seventeen, the Count entered the career of diplomacy in the Foreign Office at Madrid. In 1861 he was sent abroad in the same capacity, serving his country in Europe, Africa, twice in Asia, and twice in America, culminating as Consul General of Spain for the Dominion of Canada and the British and French possessions in North America. His honorary and scientific distinctions are as follows: Master of arts, civil engineer, honorary superior-in-chief of civil administration in Spain, grand officer of Isabella and of the Nisha, Commander of the Concepcion. He wears eight decorations, both Spanish and foreign, and is a member of eighteen learned societies. Under the pen-name of *Fieldata*, the Count de Premio-Real is the author of several works written in Spanish, French, English, and Italian. He recently published in Canada two works in English, one literary and the other scientific. He is also the author of several musical compositions.

THE FELICIDADE.—The history of this vessel proved her name to be anything but an appropriate one. Having been captured by the boats of the "Wasp" in the Bights of Benin, on February 7th, 1845, a prize crew was put on board. They, overcome with three nights and days of fatigue, were overpowered by the prisoners and murdered. The "Felicidade" was again captured on March 6. In a book called "Our Sailors," by W. H. G. Kingston, will be found an account of her being upset, the forming of a raft, on which ten persons took refuge, only four of whom survived, and the miseries endured for twenty days, existence being prolonged by capturing sharks in a running bowline knot, and water collected in a sail, whilst broiling under a scorching sun by day and chilled by cold dews at night. The picture of this vessel is given in connection with the remarkable account of the slave trade, the second instalment of which we publish to-day.

SLAVE TRADING.

(Concluded from our last.)

Things went on as smoothly as (under existing circumstances) could be expected till April 6th, when fresh water began to run short, and the possibility of all perishing from thirst became unpleasantly prominent. At one time fourteen of the slaves became delirious, and had to be secured, as probably if loose they would have jumped overboard; they had become mad from drinking salt water. Sickness increased, and during the whole of a calm fiery forenoon we were drifting among the dead which had been thrown overboard. The calm described by Coleridge was applicable to the occasion.

"Down dropped the breeze, the sails drooped down,
Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak, only to break
The silence of the sea."

But the idea of the Ancient Mariner that silence was a characteristic of intense sadness, would probably have changed had he been surrounded by more than three hundred naked Africans, several of whom were screeching with delirium. A scene of Dante's *Inferno* would better describe the reality.

I was also apprehensive of renewed attempts to gain "Hades" by diving into the sea, but evidently many trusted that a good time was coming, and the unvarying cheerfulness of the men of my crew must have strengthened their hopes; and they were to be realized, for on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth day we found bottom in twenty-eight fathoms, but saw no land. We had not seen any for a month. At midnight we anchored in ten fathoms, ardently hoping that our calculated position was correct.

Having weighed anchor before daylight, it was with intense delight that, as the sun rose, the Sierra-Leone rose bright before us, and all our previous misery was forgotten. At 9 o'clock we anchored in the harbour, having at breakfast finished our last half barrel of water. Whilst sailing into port the laughing darkies had been plentifully supplied with palm oil wherewith to brighten their skins, which frequent splashes with salt water had deadened into an unwholesome slate colour, and which this lubrication likened to highly polished ebony. On the succeeding day the slaves were counted and landed, fourteen had died, and four were eaten by sharks, having leaped overboard during the passage.

Two or three days afterwards I visited the negroes in the comfortable, well-arranged quarters established for the temporary residence of liberated Africans, and received from our late proteges such a reception as showed a full appreciation of their present prospects, and a thankfulness for services rendered; this was satisfactory, proving that our few weeks of trouble had brought freedom and years of comfort to the rescued slaves. Probably some of our party have never been so usefully employed for the same length of time.

The captain's narrative is concluded, but does not give all the difficulties the liberating squadron had to contend with. It is related of Lord Palmerston, that, a deputation having waited on him urging that more stringent measures be taken to stop the slave trade, the statesman replied that the Government had a strong desire to put down the traffic, but were not seconded by the Admiralty, whose sympathies were not in the matter. It may be imagined that there was some truth in the remark, when knowing the class of vessels employed. As a Scotch mess-mate of mine observed, when a slaver showed us her heels, we having found ourselves close to her at daylight one morning: "Ye might dust as weel send a coo to catch a man." Had White, of Cowes, been sooner commissioned to build a few cruisers, half the number we had employed would have suppressed the traffic. An officer was often placed in a most unenviable position. The emancipationists wished the slave trade to be suppressed at any cost, whilst the peace party argued that the traffic be stopped without fighting and loss of life. Captain Stupert was sent to England to give evidence against the murderers of the "Felicidade" prize crew; they were sentenced at Exeter, but their counsel protested, arguing that English law did not extend to vessels not condemned in a mixed commission court. The case was argued before the Judges at Westminster Hall, and decided in favor of the prisoners. At the first trial it was hinted that Lieut. Stupert had run too great a risk. His very characteristic reply was, "Whatever the Judge and jury may think, I should be proud to run the same risk again, if the officers and men shirked risk they had better quit the service; and if once a system of hesitation is introduced, the loss of life caused by the increased boldness of the slaves would greatly exceed the previous average."

THEATRE ROYAL.

The new scenery at the Theatre Royal, Cotté street, has now been completed and last week a private exhibition by gaslight was given. It consists of what is generally known as stock-scenery, woods, streets, interiors, &c., and a very handsome proscenium with tormentor wings, all of which are excellent specimens of scenic painting; and lastly, but by no means least, a new drop-curtain. The subject chosen by the artist, Mr. John Watson, of New York and St. Louis fame, is "Balmoral Castle," and he certainly deserves the highest credit for the successful manner in which he has painted his picture. The curtain is bordered by an elaborately painted frame of Grecian design which encloses the picture. The first thing that catches the eye is the heath-covered hills in the central background purpled by the driving mist, precursor of the thunder storm bursting over the hills to the right, a really fine piece of artistic skill. The buildings then claim attention followed by the water in the foreground, with a gleam of light glancing across, causing the reflection of the foliage on the banks to appear very distinct. A small trout pool with the mossy bank reflected in the water with a slight ripple crossing it, is one of the finest effects in the picture, set off as it is by the silver beech with beautiful light foliage starting from the verdant bank immediately above. Mr. Watson has been especially successful in his clouds, the varying hues of which are well brought out forming a splendid accompaniment to the whole work. The picture as an artistic production is perfectly correct, as the eye is at once concentrated on the centre, and then gradually wandering over the whole scene finds out each individual excellence and is assisted by the beauty of the light shade.

HYGIENIC.

The air contains about one-fifth of its volume of oxygen.

The worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar—an ounce dissolved in a pint of water, to be drunk at intervals, when cold. It is pronounced "a certain, never-failing remedy."

HUNDREDS of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple recipe:—A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water,

and swallowed as soon as possible, acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that, when travelling in the Upper Sikkim, Himalaya, at elevation of about 12,000 feet, he took whiskey in small quantities, to counteract the effects of strong exertion in a cold, rare atmosphere. The consequence was the reverse of what was expected, being drowsiness and lassitude, lasting an hour or more. Cold tea, on the contrary, was found to produce a feeling of exhilaration and capacity for renewed efforts.

A FRENCH physician recommends the following for dyspeptic patients. Two pounds of lean meat chopped into pieces are put into a china pan with a pint and three-quarters of water containing a two-thousandth part (eight or nine drops) of hydrochloric acid; the pan containing this is put into a Papin's kettle and boiled for fifteen hours, and the contents are then crushed and returned to the kettle for a similar period. The substance thus obtained is neutralised with carbonate of soda and evaporated to the consistence of pap. When seasoned and made palatable, it is very acceptable to patients, and may be varied with the addition of milk and pounded biscuits.

THE evils arising from compression of the chest and body in early life are not exclusively restricted to the female sex. Schoolboys and youths constantly practice the habit of binding up their clothes round their bodies by means of a belt tightened firmly above the hips, instead of wearing the brace over the shoulder. Some boys and youths are also taught the plan of putting on an extra belt for "holding in the breath," before they run or leap. In the pursuit of certain active businesses in which weights have to be carried this same system of wearing a tight belt is adopted and practised by workmen, until the artificial and ingenious support, as it is assumed to be, becomes like the corset of the woman, a veritable necessity. To the belt the same objection applies as to the tight band and corset. It impedes the free action of the abdominal organs; it impedes the freedom of the respiration; it interferes with the circulation; in the young athletes who wear it while they are running, rowing, climbing, wrestling, it tends to bring on hernia—rupture.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMÉE is about to be married to Darcy, the tenor of her company.

MADAME TITIENS remains in a critical condition at Worthing.

CHARLES FETCHER and Madame Januschek appear together next season for a series of special performances.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' daughter, Colette, is shortly to be married to Louis Denayrouse, the well-known French dramatic author.

It is said by a New York paper that one of the *débutantes* who appeared at Booth's recently, paid £200 for the privilege of acting *Juliet*.

AMBROISE THOMAS' "Françoise de Rimini" will be put into rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris, immediately after the performance of "L'Africaine."

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is engaged upon a new play, which, as all his recent plays have had some theory to serve as basis, is to deal with the doctrine of natural selection.

JOAQUIN MILLER's play, "The Danites," will be produced at Duff's Broadway Theatre, New York, August 20. It somewhat resembles "Sandy Bar," but it is said to be an improvement on that.

LAWRENCE BARRET, the actor, has bought a dramatized version of W. D. Howell's story, "Counterfeit Presentment," and will appear as the hero during the coming summer.

HER Majesty the Queen has, in the most gracious manner, presented to Mdle. Etelka Gerster, a magnificent medallion, having a very large ruby in the middle, and surrounded by a cluster of pearls and diamonds.

IN Paris the blind are preferred as tuners of the pianoforte by the piano-makers and the managers of the conservatories of music. It is said that they acquire a nicety of ear, a power of discrimination, and combination of musical sounds, almost incredible to a seeing person. One of the leading pianoforte-makers of Boston regularly employs graduates from the Institution for the Blind in South Boston.

THE Khedive of Egypt has a music box which plays no less than 132 tunes. It is as large as a full-sized side-board, and was manufactured at Geneva expressly for him at a cost of 20,000 francs (or \$4,000). It was eighteen months in construction. The case is of ebony, and the interior includes all the latest improvements, including flute, flute basso, drum-bells and castanets.

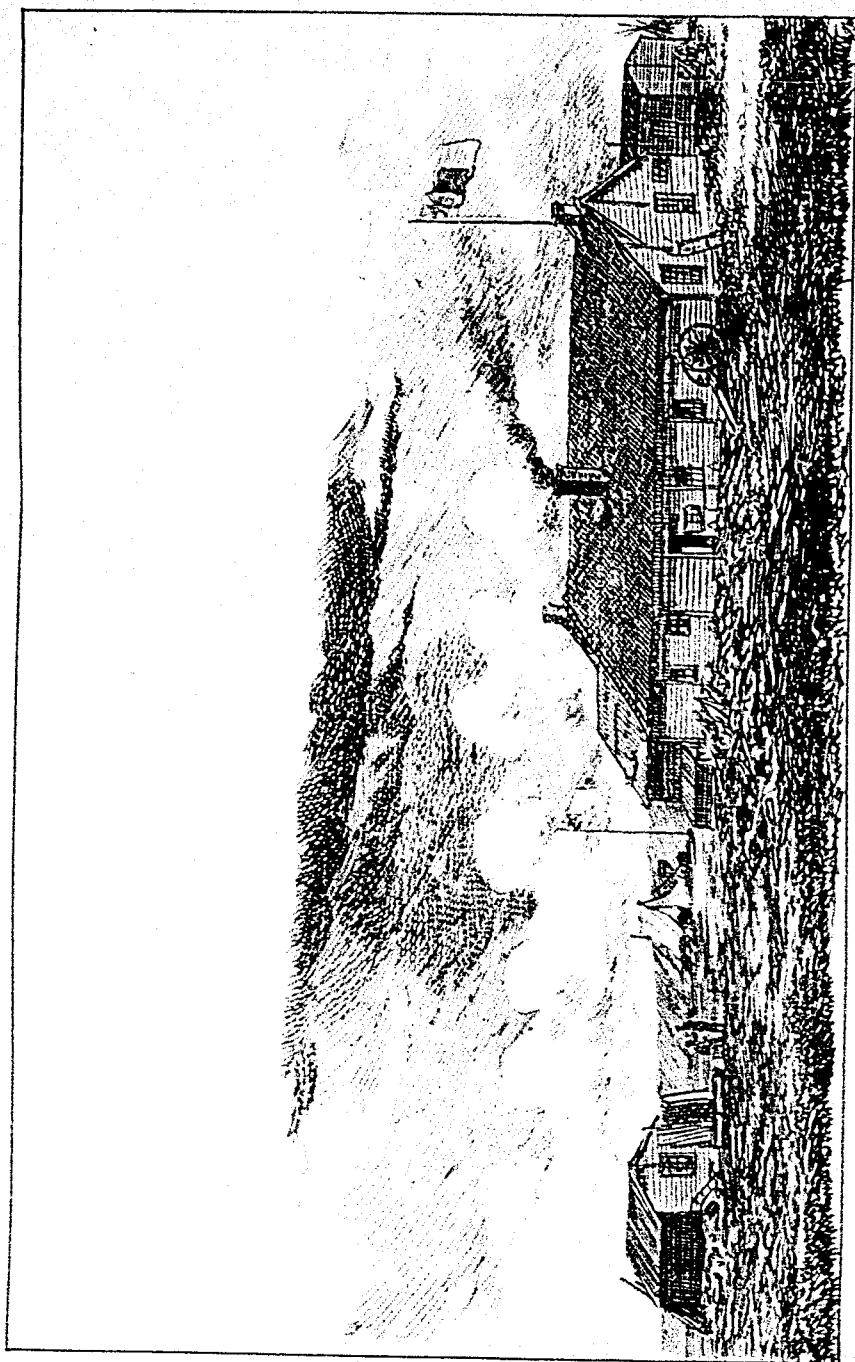
"CANKER IN THE BUD."

You watch its development with expectant solicitude—the choice, exquisitely moulded bud which promises to unfold with the perfect flower. You perhaps think how it will adorn the drawing-room vase, and anticipate the pleasure of showing it to your flower-loving friends. But some morning you find its head drooping, its fragrance fled, and an ugly purple spot on one of the delicately-tinted petals. It is the poet's "canker in the bud." How often the loathsome canker blights the cherished "infant blossoms" in our household gardens—those human buds which give earnest of a brilliant future. The noisome canker, so long concealed—scrofula at length reveals its dreaded presence and to our bright hopes succeeds the most agonizing fear, for we know the fatal sequel it portends—pulmonary consumption. It is estimated by eminent medical authorities that at least one-fifth of mankind are afflicted with this insidious malady. But its ravages are so secret, that even its victims are unaware of its presence until it suddenly discloses itself in some of its myriad and oftentimes fatal forms. A slight cutaneous eruption is often the only indicator of its presence. The only means of exterminating this disease from the system is by a thorough course of constitutional treatment. This treatment must fulfill three indications, namely, promote nutrition, alter or purify the blood, and arrest disorganization of the tissues and the formation of tubercles. No more efficient alternative can be employed for these purposes than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. While imparting strength and tone to the digestive organs it cleanses the blood and heals the diseased tissues. Test its virtues ere the deadly canker has blighted the life you prize.

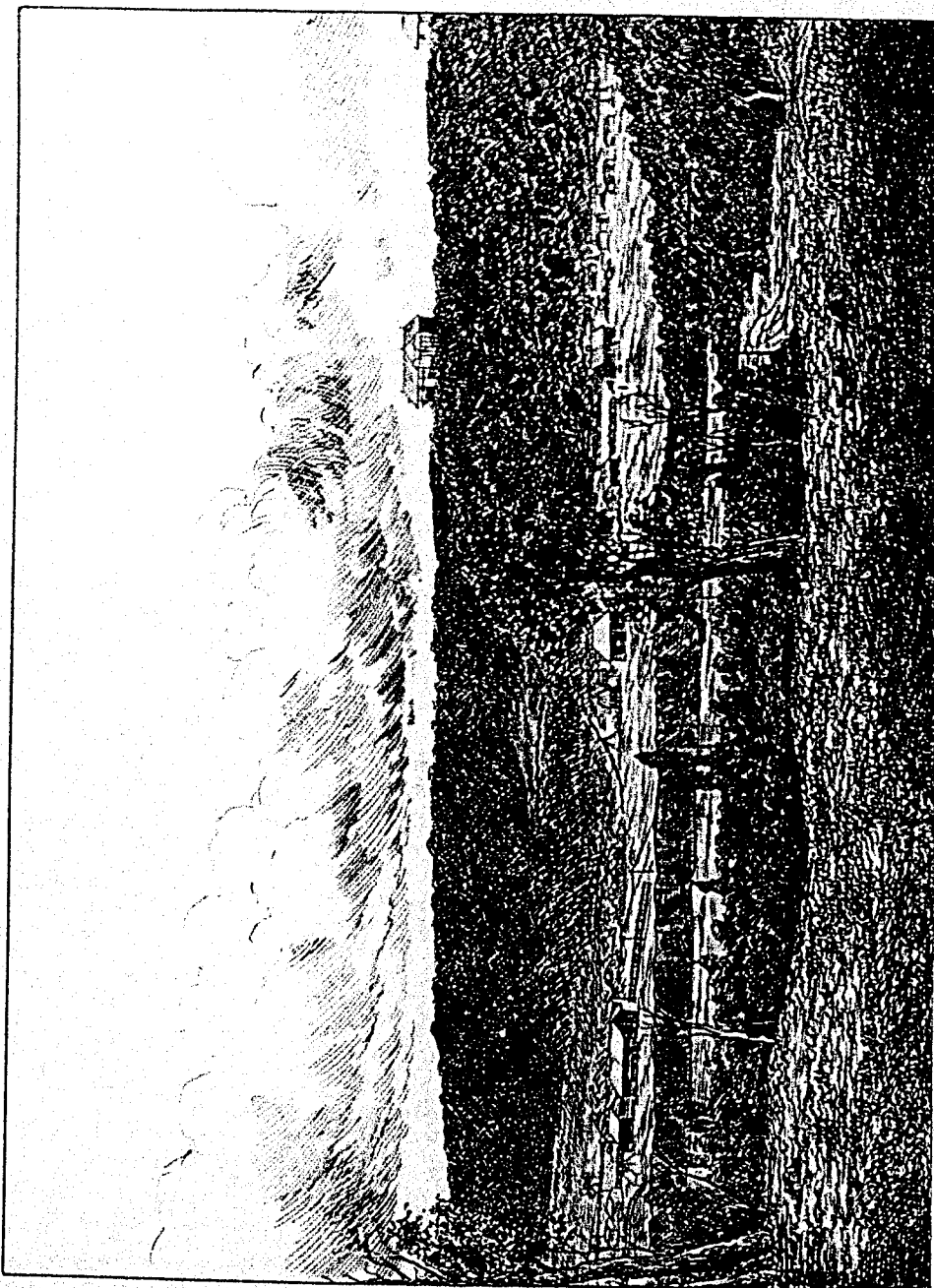
BATTLEFORD, N. W. T.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. D. FORTIER.



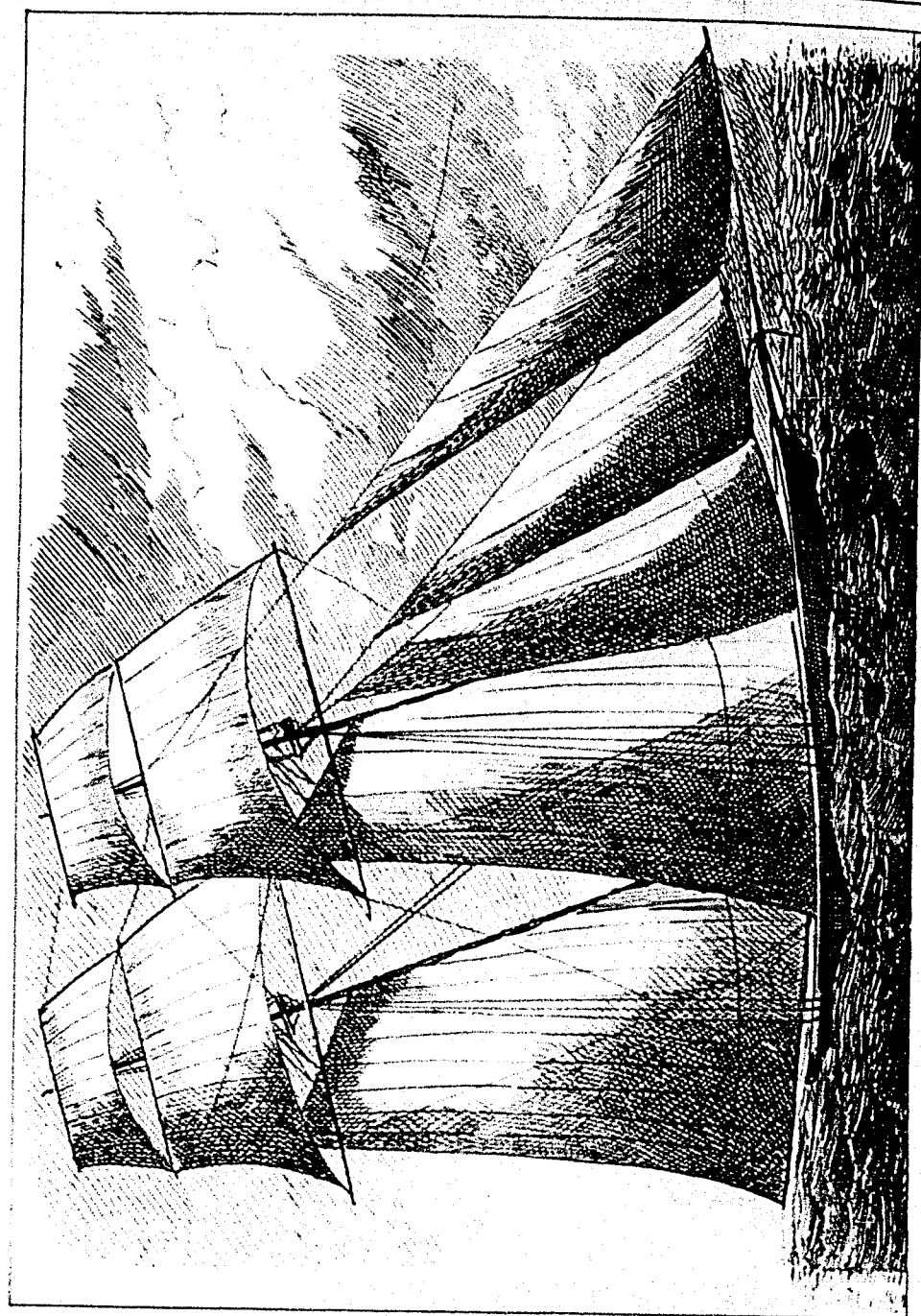
GENERAL VIEW.



THE BOARDING HOUSE.



TELEGRAPH FLAT.



THE FELICIDADE.



THE HON. W. V. WHITEWAY, Q. C.,
AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND BEFORE THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.



THE COUNT PREMIO REAL.
SPANISH CONSUL GENERAL AT QUEBEC.



HAMILTON.—PICNIC OF THE CANADIAN ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS AT OAKLANDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. G. MACKAY.

THE GLORY OF WAR.

At daybreak on a lofty hill, that caught the sun's first glow.
A gallant youth with graceful mien gazed on the scene below,
The while with wild and wildered looks clung sobbing to his side
The fair-faced, gentle loving girl, that he had made his bride.
"I cannot let you go!" she cried. "Yet go I must!" said he.
"List how the martial music sounds its summons unto me!
From vale and hill rise high the notes that thrill my very soul,
And kindle in my throbbing breast a fire beyond control;
And see the gorgeous hosts that march in glorious array,
With banners swaying with their beams the rising orb of day,
While just above the pageant placed appears a starry crown.
The guerdon fair of deathless fame and radiant renown.
I'll win the crown and wear it, too!" he cried in pride and glee.
"And thou wilt share the honor, too, when I come back to thee."
He pressed her form, he kissed her lips, then tore himself away.
And she with brimming eyes beheld him hurry to the fray.
He sped along with bounding step, led by the luring sound,
Across the intervening space unto the battle ground:
When, lo! he saw that what had seemed bright banners from afar
Were but the crimson creeks of gore left in the wake of war;
And what had seemed those martial sounds were shrieks and grunting groans;
While overhead the starry crown was but a mass of stones,
Round which the famished vultures flew in clusters thick and fast,
To gloat with glee upon the dead in horrible repast.
A moment only gazed he round, then, well'ring in his gore,
He sank to rest upon the sod, his glorious mirage o'er.
When evening shades were painted deep, and day was nearly done,
And shouts triumphant rang afar proclaiming vict'ry won,
His anxious bride with eager step sped swiftly 'mong the slain,
And soon the rising moon disclosed his form to her again.
With bated breath and tender touch she lifted up his head,
But vain, alas, was each caress, her darling one was dead.
Her voice rang out one fearful scream, her heart made one fierce bound,
Then senseless fell she at his side upon the bloody ground.
And when the darkness passed away, and day had sprung to life,
They found the husband stiff and cold, clasped by his lifeless wife.

CHARLES E. JAKKWAY, M. D.

Stayner, Ont.

SUMMER'S GOLDEN DAYS.

BY BEATRICE DUNPHY.

CHAPTER I.

"Woman is at best a contradiction still."

I have an intense inexpressible desire to go into the country; I have a wild unutterable longing to see the green fields, and to hear the murmur of the river as it flows smoothly through the meadow at the end of auntie's garden; I have a mad impulse to throw myself down in a hayfield, and to toss the hay about till I am weary; but I can have none of these glorious things, for it is the height of the London season, and mother will not let me leave home. I think it is very hard of her; but she believes she is doing her duty by keeping me in hot weary-some London; and she thinks I ought to have my chance as well as the other girls, so she takes me about to concerts, garden-parties, balls, fetes, and flower-shows, until I am in such a whirl of excitement that it is quite by chance that I say the right thing to the right person, and do not do something to make myself ridiculous and to vex my sisters. Mother thinks that it is high time one of us was married; and as I am the second, and am twenty-one, all her energies seemed to be expended on me this season.

I suppose it is because Barbara, my eldest sister, is such a lovely girl that there is no fear of her being put on the shelf, and there is plenty of time for Helen, who is only just out, that mother pitches on to me to torment unmercifully just now.

June is so hot in London, and I do long for the country; and yet I am so strong and well that my longing does not make me look pale, and late hours do not even take the lustre from the roses in my cheeks, or I might appeal to mother's heart, and then she would let me go to the country to freshen up my beauty.

I am not a bit beautiful, though; only I am young, and all the Haseltines have good mouths and pretty figures, so I come in for those two attributes just in the same way as I get my name of Lois Haseltine.

I am all this time dreaming of the country and of pleasant things instead of dressing for dinner, and the bell will ring directly and I shall be late, and father will look grieved, and mother will scold, and I shall not be one bit nearer Coolmory.

In the midst of my meditation Helen comes into my room, and says father is waiting for me before he tells us all a piece of news.

I quickly change my dress while Nellie gets out my ribbons and frills, and before long we are all eagerly listening to father's story.

He tantalises us by making us guess his news and after refusing to do so, we all make the most lamentable failures in that line, until I say (my mind still full of the country),

"Has it anything to do with the Coolmory people?"

Then father says,

"Lois's guess was the nearest, for Maggie is going to be married this day fortnight, and she wants Lois to go down at once to help her make preparations to be her bridesmaid."

"And how did you hear it, father?" Barbara asks, as she absolutely looks interested about Maggie; for we are all very fond of our only cousin.

"Well, the young man came to see me at the office to get my consent as I am her guardian; but as your aunt and Maggie had already settled everything, there was nothing for me to do except to give them my blessing, which I did most heartily."

Mr. Stafford is a gentlemanly young fellow, and has been curate at Coolmory for a year; he has just been presented with a living, and nothing will content him but to marry Maggie off hand, so that they may take a holiday and wedding-tour in one, before they settle to his parochial work down at Westbury.

"It is very annoying that Maggie's wedding is to take place just now," mother says; and then continues, "Why could she not have asked Barbara or Helen to be her bridesmaid instead of Lois? but they always were such friends, I suppose I must let her go!" and then father decides the question at once, and adds,

"Of course Lois must go, and after the wedding she must stay with aunt Mary until Maggie returns from her honeymoon expedition."

Already I am wildly happy at the idea of leaving London, and happier still when I think that I shall be out of all the gaieties that are set down in the engagement-book, and which stretch out until the end of burning July. How I commiserate my sisters when I think of what they will have to go through while I shall lazily enjoy the lovely summer-weather down at Coolmory!

Don't think I am not fond of gaiety, and even of London; but I am weary of it all just now, and particularly weary of mother's efforts to get me married.

I have never seen the man I could love, so I have never wanted to be married; but mother will insist on it, and seems to think it reflects discredit on her tact that she has still her three daughters on her hands.

I am quite content to wait until the others are married, and then I trust she will let me alone to enjoy myself in my own way, and keep father company, while she goes about finding husbands for other people's daughters.

I have no reason to grumble just now though for my wish is gratified, and I am going down to Coolmory for six weeks' holiday, and shall only return just in time for the general migration to the coast or the Continent.

Mr. Stafford has been to see us, and we all agree with father in thinking him an unexceptionally agreeable young man; and mother considers Maggie a lucky girl to have already secured such a prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He proposes to take me down to auntie's on Monday morning; and as Maggie also signifies her approval of this plan in her letter of invitation, I agree to it, and am radiantly happy during the next three days, though I am taken about a good deal more than I consider good for me. Monday at length arrives, and amid kisses from the girls and innumerable directions from mother about the length and fit of my bridesmaid's gown, father slips a clean crisp ten-pound note into my hand. Mr. Stafford and myself are at last driven away.

Then, and only then, I realized the gratification of being on my way to the country, and at the same time as happy a girl as was to be found within the bills of mortality, as somebody says. I am leaving behind me all the gaieties and so-called pleasures of the metropolis, and all dear mother's plans for my future happiness which cause me so much weariness of spirit in the present.

CHAPTER II.

"Words are easy like the wind;

Faithful friends are hard to find."

SHAKESPEARE.

The wedding is over, and I have just sent home an elaborate account of it. Auntie has gone up to her room to shed unlimited tears, for she thinks it the proper thing to do; and I feel rather dull and lonely now that the excitement is over and Maggie is gone.

The wedding was very simple, but we made everything look as pretty as possible, and transformed the house into a perfect bower of roses. The church was crowded, and Maggie was so contented and happy that she looked really pretty. I was the only bridesmaid, and had to do a good deal of signing, as that I felt quite a person of importance. Then there was breakfast; then Maggie went away; then all auntie's friends went to their respective homes; and auntie and I are left alone to enjoy each other's company. The best man, a young surgeon named Philip Graham, is staying at the rectory, and I think he might stroll over to know how we are after the fatigues of the day. What I have seen of him I like very much, for he is tall and dark, and appears to be of a serious turn of mind; but he is not really serious, for he has an immense fund of humour, and generally amuses me to such a degree that I laugh to an immoderate extent, and I am always in dread of being reproved by auntie; but she seems to enjoy his conversation, and never checks my mirth as mother would. We saw a good deal of him before the wedding, as he used to come over and spend the day here with Mr. Stafford, and naturally we used to go

about a good deal together, so as not to interrupt the lovers. I wonder if we shall ever see him now his friend is gone, and how long he will remain at the rectory. With all my self-love I can see that he does not care a bit about me, and that there is no danger of his making love; so if he does contemplate leaving Coolmory at once I trust we shall have some pleasant walks and talks together. Next morning auntie has recovered her usual spirits, and is already looking out for letters from Maggie. Before we have finished breakfast Mr. Graham comes in, in just the same easy way as if Mr. Stafford was following him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lisle; how are you after your fatigues of yesterday?" he says; and then they begin to discuss the wedding, and talk it all over, which to my mind is very often the best part of entertainments.

I look out of the window and think how pleasant it must be under the shade of the alders down by the river's bank, and I fervently wish that Maggie was here, and that we might go out and spend our morning there, as we did every day last week.

Evidently Philip Graham thinks the same thing, for turning from auntie to me, he asks if it would not be pleasanter out of doors this lovely morning, and if I will stroll down to the river with him. I look towards auntie and dutifully ask her if she will accompany us; but she declines, and says she will spend the time we are out in packing up Maggie's presents. I feel I ought to offer to help her; but the sun is shining so dazlingly, and there is such a fresh breeze down by the river, that my good resolution melts away, and in another minute my hat is on, and Philip Graham and I are sauntering through the dewy meadows, and I am enjoying pleasant Coolmory even as much as I anticipated.

We wander on through a good many fields, and finally settle down to rest in quite a new spot. It is very lovely, and the scent of the clover intoxicates me to such a degree that I throw myself down in it, and take a long sniff before I look up to see what my companion is doing. He regards me in quite a superior way and I cannot help laughing as it strikes me he looks very like Landseer's dog Dignity; while I feel like Impudence with my rough hair and my hat very much at one side.

After my frolic I smooth my hair, put my hat straight, open my parasol, and then ask Mr. Graham for a remark; he answers me slowly as he says,

"I was thinking what a child you are, and wondering whether you had any depth of feeling or force of character."

In a moment I am serious, for his words chill me somewhat; and then I tell him that I am having a summer's holiday, and am just a child again for a month, during which time I want to leave all my worries at home. Then he laughs in his turn at me, and inquires my troubles; and before I know what I am saying I tell him all about mother and the girls, and when our walk is over I feel as if I had known Philip Graham all my life. The rest of the day auntie and I devote to paying visits, and in the evening we answer Maggie's letters.

All our days pass pretty much in the same way. Every morning Philip Graham and I take a walk—sometimes down to the river; and occasionally to the little town two miles off, to fetch the letters that arrive by the afternoon's post. Aunt Mary is always busy in the morning, and never comes with us. She is such a dear sweet woman, and always reminds me of father. I have been with her a great deal for the last two days, for it has been raining incessantly, and I have not been able to leave the house even for a turn in the garden. Wet days in the country are more unbearable than in London; for I feel as if they deprive me of so many modicums of fresh air that legally belong to me. We have seen nothing of Mr. Graham and I miss him very much, a great deal more than I thought possible; perhaps it is because I have neither Barbara nor Helen to talk to, about little things that do not interest auntie.

At the end of the second rainy day there is a little excitement in the house, because we receive an invitation for a dance at the rectory next week. Auntie and I find plenty to say, about what we shall wear and who will be there and I go to bed in a pleasant frame of mind, but with an intense desire for the following day to be fine, so that I may go out for a walk with Mr. Graham. It is just as fine as I could possibly wish, and at the usual hour Philip Graham saunters in; and without waiting to be asked, I put on my hat, and once more we are out in the clear fresh air. Everything appears to have benefitted by the rain; the flowers and grass looked so refreshed that I exclaim, "The world seems as if it was just made, and I am delighted to be out again."

"Did you find it dull the last two days?" Mr. Graham asks me; and I confess that I did, and that I wished he had come to see us.

"I did not think you would have liked it Miss Haseltine; because I understood you to say you did not wish to be bothered during your visit to your aunt."

I look up to see if he is laughing at me, but he is perfectly serious; so I tell him that he does not bother me, and ask him if we have another wet day to call at auntie's, so as to break the monotony and interrupt our *l'été-été*. This he promises, but adds that he is leaving Coolmory next week, and is going to India as doctor on board one of the mail-boats.

"Why did you not tell me before, Mr. Gra-

ham?" I ask; and I feel as if he had wronged me by not telling me sooner.

"I have only just got the appointment, and only knew it myself an hour ago; and I hastened over here to tell you because, Miss Haseltine, I look upon you as one of my dearest friends."

O, how his words delight me! At last I have met a man who is honest enough to tell a girl he looks upon her as a friend, and who does not mask his friendship behind a flimsy veil of flirtation.

"I am so glad you look upon me as a friend, Mr. Graham. Now I can tell you that you have made my visit to auntie much more enjoyable by your friendship, so let us shake hands on it and vow eternal fidelity."

I put my hand out to him, and raise my voice to a theatrical pitch, and then look up at him with my eyes full of laughter; but his are looking at me so tenderly that I drop mine to the ground, and cannot raise them again even when he says, in his usual voice,

"Thank you, dear little Lois. I think you are a woman who will prove as good as your word on all occasions; and I think you are one whose friendship is true enough to last through life."

He speaks so sternly now, that I am quite relieved when he continues in a lighter tone,

"Since we are to be real friends, Lois, you must call me Philip."

"Yes, Philip," I answer, and then add hastily, "And we shall be always friends, what ever happens, Philip; even if we never meet again."

Somehow I have a presentiment that after to-day we won't see much of each other; so I want to go down to the river and spend one more pleasant morning.

We lazily enjoy ourselves, discuss our favourite books, compare our ideas upon music and I can scarcely believe it is as late as it is when I see auntie approaching us, with the tidings that luncheon has been ready for more than an hour and that she has come to fetch us in.

It was such a glorious July day when Philip and I became Philip and Lois to each other, that so long as I live it will stand out in bold relief from all others.

Never can I forget the golden glow of that summer time.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Although 59 years have elapsed since the great fight, there are still surviving, even amongst the officers, a fair sprinkling of those who took part in it. Two of the present Field-Marsals, Sir Wm. Rowan and Sir Charles Yorke, were both on June 18th, 1818, captains in the 52nd Light Infantry, and the latter was serving as extra aide-de-camp on the Duke of Wellington's staff. Amongst the generals may be named Sir Thomas Reed, Lord Rokeby, George Macdonald, Sir Francis Warde, George Whicheote, J. A. Butler, and the Earl of Albemarle; Lieutenant-Generals Sir W. B. Ingilby, and T. Charlton Smith; Major-General Trevor, and some two or three score others of subordinate ranks, some of whom are still on the strength of the army, or on half-pay, whilst others have altogether retired from it. In addition to Field-Marshal Yorke and General Sir John Bloomfield—both of whom were on Wellington's staff—may be mentioned Sir John Woodford, now retired, but serving at Waterloo as Assistant Quarter-Master-General, and Lord William Pitt Lennox, at that time a cornet in the Blues, made extra aide-de-camp to Sir Peregrine Maitland.

TELLING BAD NEWS.—A miner whom we will call Hughes fell down a winze in one of the Comstock mines several years ago and was killed. His companions gathered up his remains and, putting them in an express wagon, started for his home. Another miner, a fine, good-hearted fellow was sent on ahead to bear the sad news to the bereaved family. All the way along he was discussing with himself as to how he should tell the terrible story so as not to crush the unfortunate household, but he reached the house before having settled definitely upon his plan. Meeting Mrs. Hughes at the door he accosted her in the usual manner of acquaintance, and then said:

"Where's George to-day, Mrs. Hughes?"

"He's at work in the mine, as usual; thank you, sir," replied the woman.

"How is he feeling to-day?" was the next question. The news-bearer was becoming desperate. He was a brave man who would not have feared a caving drift or a delayed blast, whose heart was so tender that he did not know how to tell a woman of her husband's death.

With some show of surprise Mrs. Hughes answered the last question. "About as well as he generally does, I believe."

The man was desperate, and not knowing what to say, he blurted out: "I'll bet you ten dollars he's dead, and here comes the body in a wagon."

He swallowed a big lump in his throat and wiped a piece of porphyry out of his left eye with his shirt sleeve. Afterward, in talking over the matter with his comrades he said it was the greatest trial he had ever experienced and that hereafter when a man was killed they might call on somebody else to tell the news.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.—The Cotter's Saturday nights of which Burns wrote, and over which he has thrown the halo of poetry, ro-

mance and religion, evidently were very unlike the Saturday nights of this day and generation. Of his "Cotter's Saturday Night" Burns sung:

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Our Saturday nights are not even given to "making old clothes look almost as well as new," nor does the "gudeman" of the house, as a rule in modern society, give reverent thanks over his Saturday night's supper for the blessings of the week. Our Saturday nights are nights of torture, worryment and fierce contortion; nights in which all the troubles of the week accumulate and dart horrors into the innermost soul, and hence to many they become nights of dissipation.

On Saturday eve the ever-vigilant creditor promptly makes his rounds—death is not more prompt than he is in his calls; grocers, bakers and butchers must be paid, and even that nuisance to California, the Chinese washman, must be settled with a or "no can had them shirts for Slundee." These are a few of the horrors that congregate Saturday night and make one fervently wish the night was blotted out of the calendar, or that the devil would fly away with all pestilent duns; and may Jupiter confound the man who invented credit and other adjuncts on civilization!

But to some Saturday night comes, as if with healing on its wings, a messenger of hope and pleasure. Callow lads and callow lasses, fooled to the top of their bent with the deliciousness of love's young dream, hail its approach for it is the time when lovers can meet, whisper soft nonsense into willing ears, sip the cool ice-cream, suck the succulent candy, and generally make themselves ready to enter upon the miserable future which, happily, they cannot foresee.

ELI PERKINS ON QUEBEC.—"I consider Quebec, decidedly, the most charming city on this continent. It is so quaint, so strange, and so full of historic memories. It has all the antiquities of St. Augustine, Florida, all the quaint situations of the City of Mexico, and all the old embattlements of San Antonio with its historic Alamo. But to Saint Augustine, San Antonio and Mexico, Quebec adds all the additional grandeur of Corinth and Gibraltar."—To the question: "How does the view from the citadel strike you?" Mr. Perkins replied, "It is the grandest in the world, sir. The view from Inspiration Point down into the Yosemite Valley is not so grand as the magnificent view down into the St. Lawrence from the heights of Quebec. It is these magnificent views, your quaint churches, and antique embattlements which draw the thousands of American tourists here every summer. I tell you, no American ought to go to Europe until he has seen Quebec." "But come of our residents are in favor of doing away with our old fortifications," suggested our reporter. "Tell them not to do it," said Mr. Perkins. "Quebec without her fortifications would be like Rome without St. Peter's. Quebec without her historic monuments would be like Niagara, with the falls taken away; like Salt Lake without Brigham Young and the Lion House. Who would visit San Antonio if the reminiscence of David Crockett and the Alamo were taken away? Who would visit Mount Vernon, if vandal hands should take away the tomb of Washington? And what tourist would come to Quebec, if her grand old fortifications were laid low? I should as soon advise your people to blast away the falls of Montmorency, and cart the remains of Montcalm over to Point Levis. No sir, Quebec is the show town of the American continent, drawing thousands of curious tourists to it every year, and your people ought to keep so."

ACTING CHARADES.—A word is chosen of two or more syllables, each of which syllables forms a complete word in itself. Each syllable is represented by a scene, and then the whole word is acted. Some charade actors introduce the word verbally into their conversations, while others think it only necessary to act the word. For example the word "Infantry" shall be taken. The first scene might be an inn—travellers arriving and ordering dinners, teas, suppers, and beds. The obsequious landlady, the officious waiter, the active chambermaid, the pert barmaid, the busy boots, are characters which might be introduced. The second syllable "fan," might be represented by an evening party of ladies and gentlemen; this, though seemingly commonplace, may be made very entertaining if wigs and whiskers, curls and moustaches are assumed, and a few distinguished foreigners make their appearance. The last syllable "try," could be exemplified by a dame's school. To represent the whole word an old soldier might beg for alms from the spectators, and tell his tale of the war and his wounds; or if it happened that no actor was able to sustain that part, the scene might be a tent-hospital, the soldiers being attended by lady doctors, as well as lady nurses. In order to make a character successful, a few hints should be remembered, and followed, which are these:—Let one person be chosen to organise and direct a band of actors. The choice should fall on one who is quick to decide on the suitability of words and scenes. The scenes should be of short duration, the conversations kept up with spirit, the risible muscles well under control. If the number of actors will allow of two parties, let them act alternately, for long pauses between the scenes weary the spectators. The more complete the transformation the greater the fun.

BURLESQUE.

AN EPISODE.—A Middle-street man was laboriously shoving a lawn mower around his yard, yesterday, when a red-nosed individual stopped in front of his house, leaned over the fence and said:

"Demosthenes never did it."
"What's that?" enquired the Middle-street man, stopping in his labor.

"Neither did Socrates," returned the red-nosed man.

"Well, what if he didn't?" said the Middle-street man, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Confucius would have scorned the action," continued the man.

"Would he?" returned the shover of the mower; "what makes you think so?"

"Julius Caesar, too," said the man.

"What's Julius got to do with it?" queried the Middle-street man, beginning to get mad.

"How do you think Napoleon Bonaparte would have looked?"

"You clear out," growled the Middle-street man, angrily.

"Alexander the Great would have died first," observed the man.

"You'll die a blamed sight quicker," exclaimed the Middle-street man as he reached over the fence and grabbed the red-nosed individual by the hair.

"George Washington was greater than any of 'em, but he never allowed a man who shoved a lawn mower to pull his hair," remarked the red-nosed man, as he hauled the Middle-street man over the fence, and rolled him in the dust and crushed his hat and tore his collar.

"Israel Putnam, William Oliver Shakespeare, the Duke of Wellington and Doctor Mary Walker were all great men," mused the red-nosed man, as he moved down the street, "but when they were grasped by the hair they invariably rose up and howled, and I wonder where I am to get a drink."

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS.—"Do not judge me by my looks," said a seely-looking tramp recently to an official at the court house on whom he had called for assistance. "I was once in affluent circumstances, but reverses came, and one by one my coffers were emptied until I hadn't a red left. Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and having a natural aversion to work, I lived on until the gaunt wolf stood at my very door. Then I rushed forth in search of employment. You will see my clothes are a little the worse for wear, my shoes have gone out to grass, and this hat which is now a most shocking bad hat was once as—by-the-way, do you chew?"

On being informed by the officer that he did not chew, the tramp proceeded: "As I heretofore remarked, I am in straightened circumstances and need a little assistance. I am weak and weary, having travelled seventy-five miles more or less since twelve o'clock last night. Little did I ever think when rolling in wealth and driving Goldsmith Maid (I once owned the Maid), that I should ever be like O'Leary, the perambulating pedestrian, without a nickel with which to buy a herring. My situation is to be deplored, sir, I am an orphan without home or friends. I am as hungry as a famished rat in an empty flour barrel, and will do anything to earn money enough to buy my breakfast. I therefore appeal to you as a brother Christian to aid me, for which favor I will ever remember you in my prayers."

The officer informed the tramp that he could obtain employment in the country as a harvest man, if he would furnish bonds not to cut the throat of his employer, or steal him out of house and home. That if he didn't like that kind of employment, he could pass on to Minnesota, where they were paying railroad hands one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. The tramp remarked that he was troubled with hay fever, and working in harvest fields was conducive to the disease. That he didn't mind the walk to Minnesota, but being opposed to railroads on general principles, he would not work on them. And rather than seek some honest employment where his board, if no more, would be guaranteed him, this lazy, thieving, dirty, drunken specimen of the genius tramp, left the court house, and wended his way to some other place, in hopes of working upon the sympathies of those whom he might meet.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOVE.—There is a mysterious influence in nature, which renders us, in her loveliest scenes, the most readily susceptible to love. In all times, how dangerous the connection, when of different sexes, between the scholar and the teacher! Under how many pretences, in that connection, the heart finds the opportunity to speak out.

CIVILITY.—Civility is to man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite equally excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

DEATH IS BIRTH.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here

death is the most terrible word we know. But, when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to a sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be into God's sunlight.

MENTAL LABOUR.—The notion that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labour with the hands is fallacious; mental labour causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labour which the organ is required to perform. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fortieth of the weight of the body. The fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers need more food and better food than mechanics and farm-labourers.

DEATH TO FRIENDSHIP.—Many a friendship has been broken and destroyed by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often so satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and we believe that is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and their countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as they utter a welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are or at least should at once be ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our very attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

A TRYING ORDEAL.—Marriage, in Paris, is rather a serious undertaking. The regular publication of the banns in the newspapers subject the prospective brides and bridegrooms to the capital to a singular annoyance—a deluge of trade prospectuses. The former suffer most from dressmakers and milliners; upholsterers furnish their list of prices; baby-linen warehouses invite their addresses to be noted down—a stitch in time saves nine; stationers supply estimates and enclose specimens of cards and letters of invitation; charitable societies beg that on the happiest day of your life you will remember the poor; there are stockbrokers who volunteer to invest the wife's fortune, which appears like mirth at a funeral when the bride has only her good looks and a loving heart for the dowry. Even servants offer their services. The interested pair, have in fact, no peace; they find themselves regarded as mere objects out of which money may be made; and the wedding day is hailed with joy as being that of their escape from persecution.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—A young ladies' boarding house.

"MISERY loves company." So does a marriageable young lady.

WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she makes classes of lasses.

SOME men will pay to have their dog registered, when they will not have their baby vaccinated.

"LOVE is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat," said an old forwarding merchant.

THERE'S one thing the ladies can't do in the modern style of dress. They can't laugh in their sleeves—that's certain.

IT is a well-known truism that people learn wisdom by experience. "A man," says Jones, "never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh."

"No," she said, and the wrinkles in her face smoothed out pleasantly. "No, I don't remember the last seventeen year locusts. I was an infant then."

A TEACHER, after reading to her scholars a story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little boy raised his hand and said, "I know; it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

A GENTLEMAN from Chicago lately called upon Mr. Emerson, and introduced himself with the remark, "I hope I don't intrude." "That depends," said the philosopher, "upon how much we have in common."

A DRY-GOODS clerk told a man that gloves of the "half-grown lemon" shade were appropriate for young girls, "because they are a reminder to your heart-smasher that the hands they are on are not fit to squeeze yet."

"WILL you take a kiss?" asked a young beau of his sweetheart, as he passed the plate of confectionery at table. "Why, Augustus!" exclaimed the blushing fair one, "not before all these people!"

"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and bluffly said, "Oh, them inyun's? Tenpence."

A YOUTH, at his sister's evening party, began to sing, "Why am I so weak and weary?" when a little brother brought the performance to a sudden close by yelling out, "Aunt Mary says it's 'cause you come home so late every night."

SHE who travels through life afoot and alone for forty odd years, may often yearn for a manly breast to lean her head against, but her hands are free from callous places and broken finger nails, caused by pulling off her husband's boots.

A YOUNG man in Lower Gold Hill visited his sweetheart last night, and when he left stole the dog of the house and got half a dollar for the brute at Marshal McCleery's canine asylum. A man cannot afford to spend his time for nothing these hard times, not even when courting.

A BELLE's summer outfit for a fashionable watering-place:—

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses for breakfast, and dinner, and ball;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all.

A MAIN street man stood inside the blinds the other day and spent fifteen minutes trying to brush a streak of sunshine off his pants with the clothes-brush, before he discovered what it was. He was so mad then that he jawed his wife, whipped three of the children, and sulked all the rest of the day.

SHE was fond of conundrums, and when she learned that *mulier* was latin for woman, she asked her husband what was the difference between herself and a mule. As he had been married several years, he was too thoughtful to trouble her by guessing, but kindly remarked that he had never been able to see any.

A HAYWARDS woman believes in having everything in readiness. She purchased a coffin for her sick husband ten days prior to his death and kept it in the house; she also had a stylish mourning suit made in anticipation of the event. Most any man would be willing to die if he had such a thoughtful wife as that.

SOME mistaken genius has invented a pocket photograph apparatus. You meet a woman who pleases you; you draw out the machine, and before she has time to be astonished you have her likeness in your pocket. A man operating with such an apparatus is warranted to have an eye poked out with a parasol several times a day.

EVERYBODY thought it was a match, and so did he, and so did she, but last evening at a croquet party she hit her pet corn a whack with the mallet that sounded like a torpedo, and he—he laughed. "We meet as strangers," she wrote on her cuff and showed it to him. "Think of me as no more," he whispered, huskily.

LITERARY.

SWINBURNE has in press a study of Charlotte and Emily Brontë and their writings.

IT is said that no fewer than four gentlemen are at the present moment amassing material for a biography of Carlyle.

JOSH BILLINGS makes more money than any other American author. And he never wrote a line for print till he was forty-five. He nets \$25,000 a year.

A NOVEL is in course of collaboration by Annie Thomas and the Duke de Pomar; one supplies the framework and the other the pathos and colouring.

THE following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter—"Tell him (1) will see; (2) to use black ink; (3) to round his letters; and (4) that there's no h in exorbitant."

MR. F. C. PRICE is engaged upon the production of a series of facsimiles illustrating the labours of William Caxton at Westminster, and the introduction of printing into England. The impression is limited to a very few copies, privately printed for subscribers, and will be issued in the Roxburgh style.

M. ALFRED FIRMIN-DIDOT has sent to Athens, assigned to the Mayor of that city, the portrait of his father, Ambroise Firmin-Didot, which was exhibited in the Salon this year. Accompanying this present is a collection of all the Greek works published by the Didot firm at Paris, and handsomely bound, which are to be placed in one of the apartments of the Town Hall at Athens.

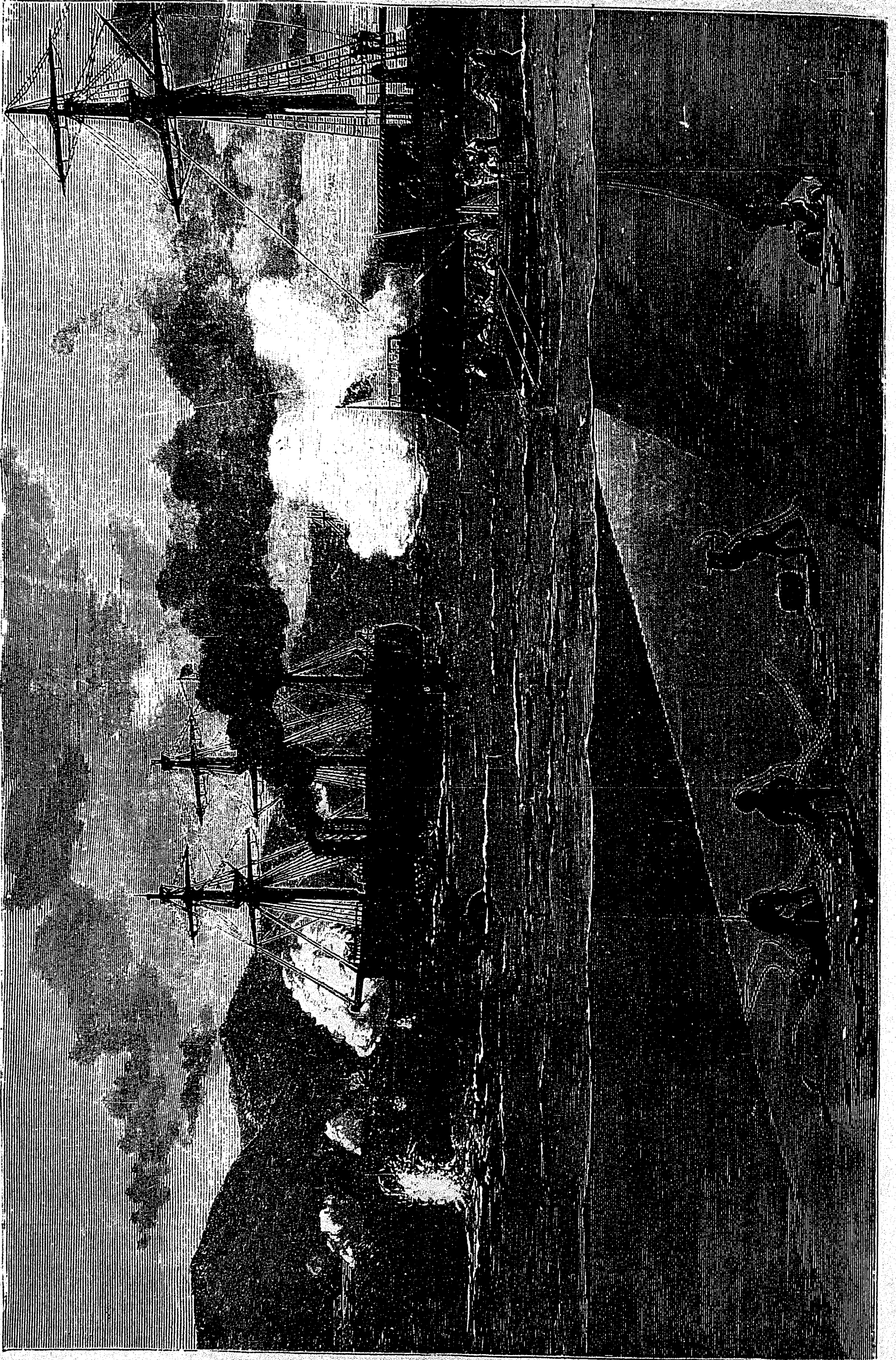
MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is engaged upon a new work upon Lord Bacon, which will shortly be published. A special feature of interest in the work (says the *Examiner*) will lie in the portion devoted to the consideration of the Bacon-Shakespeare question, with regard to which Mr. Hepworth Dixon is said to have collected a large number of proofs upholding the Baconian authorship of the plays.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMOR, Lock-box 903, Covington, Ky.

PHOSFOZONE.

Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.



THE EASTERN WAR.—TURKISH MODE OF DIVING FOR RUSSIAN TORPEDOES AND DESTROYING THEM.



THE EASTERN WAR.—BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF NIKOPOLIS BY THE RUSSIANS.

EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness.
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

If Mr. Rollo was good at reading faces, he might see that remarks about him were considered quite too much her own personal property to be repeated to anybody in the world but himself. Wych Hazel sat silent, stirring her coffee.

"We are ready to hear the rest," he remarked with a smile. "Go on to the broken arm. How did you get hold of that?"

"One of the children came for you. And somebody had to go," she answered simply.

"And 'somebody' had to keep the broken arm in place, I suppose. But how came you to think of doing that?" said Rollo, who all the while was looking after the comfort of his two guests in his own fashion of quick-eyed ministry.

"I did not, till I had the child in my lap," said Hazel; "and then I remembered all of a sudden something in one of my old Edgeworth story books. So I tried, and succeeded."

"I wish every one read story books to as good purpose," said Dr. Arthur. "There is no describing from what you saved the child. But at first I suppose she made great resistance?"

"Very great."—Hazel did not want to enlarge upon that part of the subject. And here Reo entered.

"Ha, Reo! are you made up for your journey already?" said Rollo. "You can report to Mrs. Bywank that Miss Wych was too much fatigued to take the drive home; and bring the carriage over in the morning."

Wych Hazel looked up, but her courage failed her for a protest. She was obliged to let the order stand.

The fire was bright, the coffee was excellent, the little party so oddly thrown together were happy in mutual confidence and sympathy. Such hours are not too common, and a certain kindly recognition of this one sat upon every face. Gyda was busy preparing a room for Miss Kennedy and had not joined them.

"How does the work of the world look to you, Arthur, from this corner?" said Dane, when they had subsided a little from supper to the consideration of each other.

"Every spot of true Christian work is a centre," said his friend. "The 'corners' are for

darkness—not light. Work is the most enticing thing in the world to me, Dane!"

"Gyda's fireside was the corner I meant,—it's not dark just now!—and I was thinking, that from this nook of quiet the work looks easy. So it is! It is a hand to hand and foot to foot battle; but it is easy to follow the captain that one loves."

"I don't know that it is always easy," said Dr. Arthur; "but it can be done. Once in a while, you know, we are sent to carry a redoubt with only his orders before us. The Lord himself seems to be in quite another part of the field."

"That is, to those who do not know."
"Of course. I speak only of the seeming. But I like the fight, and I like the struggle. I like to measure battlements and prepare my scaling ladders, and lead a forlorn hope. It suits me, I believe."

"Battlements?" Hazel repeated. "Do you mean heights of difficulty?"

"Guarded by depths of sin," said Dr. Arthur.

Hazel looked from one to the other. Yes, she could like that too, if she were a man. How much could she do, being a woman?

"And that is all seeming too, Arthur," his friend went on. "Really, the fighter need never be out of that 'feste Burg.' I was thinking just now not only that work looks easy, but that it looks small. Individual effort, I mean; the utmost that any one man can do. It is a mere speck. The living waters that shall be 'a river to swim in,' are very shallow yet; and where the fishers are to stand and cast their nets, it is a waste of barrenness. You have never been on the shores of the Dead Sea, Arthur; you do not know how a little thread of green on the mountain side shews where a spring of sweet water runs down through the waste."

"What then, Mr. Rollo?" said Wych Hazel.

"It is such a tiny thread of life upon the universal brown death."

"Is that what the world looks like to you?" said Hazel, wondering.

"And the work is even far smaller than that, if you look at it in its minute details. Did you ever read the life of Agnes Jones, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"Prim lent me the book; and I found a good word in it the other day. The writer says, I cannot give you the exact words,—'If we do every little thing that comes to us, God may out of our many littles make a great whole.' Therein lies the very truth of our work. It is so in Morton Hollow. Not building schoolhouses or making villages; anybody can do that; it is the word of interest to one, the word of sympathy to another; the holding a broken arm; giving help and refreshment in individual cases. Love, in short, like the sun, working softly and everywhere. As those threads of green on the mountain side are made up of multitudinous tiny leaves and mosses, nourished by countless invisible drops of spray."

"Working in all sorts of ways," said the doctor, while Hazel sat thinking of the green that was beginning to line the banks of Morton Hollow. "You may notice that a real spring goes literally wherever it can. Men may wall it in with stone channels, or force it into the air; but let it alone, it follows every possible opening. The deep main stream, and the little side rills, and the single drops that go each to a single leaf."

Rollo looked up and smiled. "There is Gyda coming to fetch you, Hazel."

"Well," said Hazel. "And you will go on talking all sorts of things that I ought to hear."

She rose up and stood looking down into the fire. The other two rose also and stood looking at her. It was a pretty picture. Gyda, a little apart, watched them all with her little bright eyes.

"But," Hazel began again,— "to do that,—for every little drop to do that—there must be a head of water. It is not the mere trickling down of something which happens to be at the top!"—Whereupon the little fingers took an extra knot.

"Each drop may do the ministry of one, may it not?" said Rollo. "You need not count the drops. The only thing is that they be living water."

"Yes, the living water comes with a will. I remember—in Mme. Lasalle's brook—how busy the drops were. Not in a hurry, but in such sweet haste."

"True!" said Dr. Arthur. "Each with a clear bright purpose, if not a plan."

"Perhaps, best not the plan," said Rollo.

She stood gravely thinking for a moment, then looked up and shook hands with Dr. Arthur, wishing him good night. But no words came when she gave her hand to Mr. Rollo; only—perhaps in default of words—a beautiful, vivid blush.

The room to which the old Norsewoman conducted her was a very plain little place, with whitewashed walls and the simplest of furniture. Gyda manifested some concern lest her guest should suffer for want of a fire. "But the gentlemen had to have the other room," she said.

"O the fire is no matter," said Hazel. "But where do you sleep—with such a houseful?"

"I have my little nest just by, my lady. I'd be glad to keep it! And yet this is a strange place for my lad to have his home; and it's been his home now for a year nearly. How much longer will I keep him, my lady?"

Gyda asked the most tremendous questions with a sort of privileged simplicity; she looked now for her answer.

"Keep him?"—Hazel repeated the words in a maze.

"Yes, my lady. I know I must lose my lad from this home; but when is it to be?"

"A great while—I don't know—nobody knows," said Hazel, very much disturbed. "Nobody thinks anything about it yet. So you need not even recollect it, Mrs. Boerresen."

Gyda looked at her with a tender, incredulous, pleased smile upon her face. "Do you think he will wait a great while, my lady?" she said. And then she came up and kissed Wych Hazel's hand, and went away.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREES.

Mr. Falkirk did not go out to breakfast that Sunday morning; and no one at Chickaree but the two old retainers knew how Miss Wych had tired herself, nor where she had rested overnight. Monday came and went in uneventful rain, and Tuesday was the day of the party in the woods.

A simple enough affair,—just chestnuts and lunch; but rarely had the young lady of the domain been so hard to please in the matter of her dress. For words do leave their footsteps, drive them out as we will; and this Prim's words had done. Not quite according to Prim's intent, however; for the one clear idea in Wych Hazel's mind, was that Mr. Rollo was (or would be when he noticed it at all dissatisfied with her dress. And that was precisely the line in which she had never before met criticism. Hazel took off one colour after another, until Phoebe was in despair and Mrs. Bywank turned away and smiled out of the window.

"And dear me, ma'am," cried Phoebe at last "there comes a carriage!"

Hazel looked towards the window, caught the old housekeeper's eye, and suddenly embellishing her proceedings with a pair of scarlet cheeks, she opened another press, seized the first white dress that came to hand, and put it on without more ado. A dainty white piqué, all on the wing with delicate embroideries and lace, and broad sash ends of the colour red gold.

"But, Miss Wych!" Mrs. Bywank remonstrated. "The wind is very fresh."

Wych Hazel made another plunge after seal-skin jacket and cap; turned over a box of gloves till she matched her ribbons; gave Mrs. Bywank a laugh and a flash from her eyes, and was off. But that carriage it seemed had rolled by, and there was no one at the meeting place in the woods when the girl seated herself there to await her guests.

"Do you think Dane will like to have you dress as you do?"—so ran her thoughts.

"Well,—how do I dress?"

She sat looking into the soft silence of the October air, feeling that for her life was changing fast. The old bounds to her action had somehow now stretched out to take her will; her own pleasure now often in the mood to wait, uncertain of its choice, till she knew the pleasure of somebody else. There was the least bit of rebellion at this here and there; and yet on the whole Wych Hazel by no means wished herself back in the old times when nobody cared. Ah, how lonely she had been!—and how full the world seemed now, with that secret sense of happiness pervading all things! Meanwhile, as Prim had said, what was she going to do about dress?

It happened that the first interruption to her meditations came from a visitor who did not intend to be a guest. No less than Gov. Powder; a portly, gentlemanly, somewhat imposing personage, who was less known to society than were his wife and daughters. However, without wife and daughters here he was.

"Good morning, my dear, good morning!" he began blandly, shaking Wych Hazel's hand with a sort of paternal-official benignity. "Your guardian has not come upon the scene yet? I thought I should find him here. Why how cool you look for October!"

"Yes, sir—I like to look cool," said Hazel, conscious that she could not accomplish the feat. "Especially when I have the world on my hands. Just now I am undefended, Gov. Powder; but I suppose both my guardians will be here by and by."

"What do you do with two guardians, eh? Keep 'em both in good humour?"

"One at a time is as much as I often try for," said Hazel. "But Gov. Powder, I wish you would let me have a little fun right over the heads of them both."

"I!" said the ex-governor, somewhat surprised. "Eh? It does not often happen to me now-a-days to have the honour of such an appeal—unless from my own mad daughters. In what direction do you want me to come over your guardians, Miss Kennedy? and which of them?"

"O it is nothing mad at all, in my case," said Hazel. "And neither of them must know. But will you walk a little way down the wood with me, sir? I did not want them even to see a consultation."

A man must be much set in his own purposes who would not go more than "a little way" after such a voice; and Gov. Powder was but an ordinary man. So, finding the white ruffles a very pretty sort of a convoy, the ex-governor strolled down among the golden hickories and ruddy oaks, and never once guessed that he had a siren at his elbow.

"Last winter," Hazel began, speaking fast now, to keep pace with the minutes, "I had quite a large legacy left to me."

"Somebody who wanted to protect you against misfortune, eh?" said the governor.

"Or who did not believe in guardians, sir; for mine were to have no control over it whatever."

"I see!" said the governor. "Pocket money to purchase sugar-plums."

"But perhaps you know, sir, that we girls like sugar-plums of many sorts."

"Miss Kennedy, do you know my daughters?"

"Well, sir," said Hazel weighing her words, wondering to herself whether diplomats get along without telling fibs; and if they do, how they do,— "it would be quite a novelty of a bonbon to invest this money in some splendid way, all by myself. Not the whole of it, you know, sir,—only a few thousands." She was so eager! and so terribly afraid of shewing her eagerness.

"That is a sort of bonbon that is very tempting to old fellows like me; but, pardon me, I should think it was more in Mr. Falkirk's way than in yours?"

"Mr. Falkirk may admire it afterwards, if he chooses, but I want to make the investment. And I learned from somebody," said Hazel careful of her words, "that the best thing I could do, was to buy that bit of land of yours, Gov. Powder, lying just at the head of the Hollow. It is not worth more than twenty thousand, is it?" she went on, suggestively. "And I was told, sir, that you were ready to dispose of it."

"Somebody spoke too fast," said the governor, looking unmistakably surprised this time. "Really, I am in no hurry to dispose of that piece of land. Its value is in its water power. You don't want to build mills, do you?"

"No, sir,—the whole of my legacy would not cover that. And I would rather not invest more than twenty thousand at first."

"Twenty thousand" has a pleasant sound to a man with "mad" daughters, and other expenses! Nevertheless the governor looked steadily into the face of facts.

"My dear Miss Kennedy, I must remark to you, that if you do not want to put mills on that ground, it would be a very poor investment for your twenty thousand. The water power is all the value there. And Paul Charteris has been trying to get it of me for his own purposes. Now I know what he wants; but I do not see what you want with land in Mill Hollow."

"Why, Governor Powder," said Hazel, "Mr. Falkirk would go to sleep in luxury, if he could only see why I want things! One might as well be a man—or Mr. Paul Charteris—at once!"

"Isn't Paul Charteris a man?" inquired Gov. Powder laughing. Hazel laughed too, but returned to the charge.

"I shall not invest in him," she said, "even so much as an opinion. What I want is the land, and the water power and the fun."

Gov. Powder stepped back and took a survey of the little lady.

"You mustn't break your teeth with a bonbon," said he. "Suppose you let me speak to my friend Mr. Falkirk about it?"

"No indeed, sir! Mr. Falkirk never approves of anything he does not suggest himself. All great men have their weak points, Gov. Powder," said Wych Hazel.

"Well, let us say Rollo then. I think he is a wild man with his own fortune; but I reckon he would look out for yours. By the way! he may want the land for himself? eh?"

"Of course he may," said Wych Hazel, "but not half so much as I do. To consult him, would be saying no to me, Gov. Powder. And you know you are going to say yes."

"I don't understand doing business with ladies!" said the poor governor, shaking his head. "I can get along with my own sort. Miss Kennedy, there are certain complications, which I cannot explain to you. Paul Charteris has been at me to get those very acres that you want. What would he say, if I threw him over and sold them to you? I guess you must let me settle with him first."

"Tell him you sold the land to somebody who offered more," said Hazel. "That is easy enough. How much would he give, sir?"

"Ah but, the thing is, there are complications,—there are complications," repeated the governor. "Give? He don't want to give above the half of your twenty thousand; and I couldn't in conscience take the whole. The land is not worth so much as that, Miss Kennedy. But young ladies don't understand complications," he added with a smile. "I can't just throw Paul over, without a word."

"Push him off," said Hazel. "Nobody can teach me anything about complications!—Push him off, sir. Just give him a negative and do not say why."

"What do you want it for?"

"Just now," said Hazel, "I want to get ahead of Mr. Charteris."

"I may tell him I have an offer of twelve thousand?" said the governor, who was badly in want of money.

"Certainly, sir. If you will first say three words to make sure Mr. Charteris will not get ahead of me."

"Well, well!" said the governor—"here come people, Miss Kennedy,—he shall not get ahead of you. At any rate, I'll settle nothing with him without letting you know. He can't outbid you—you're pretty safe. Do I understand that you want this affair kept private, between you and me?"

"O yes, sir!" cried Hazel softly,— "it is to be terribly private. And if you will only let women vote, Gov. Powder, I will certainly vote

for you. Mr. Falkirk, if you knew how long Gov. Powder has been impatient for you, you would be grieved to have left him so long with me!"—And Miss Kennedy flitted off, with eyes in a sparkle that was dangerous to come near. I think Gov. Powder's eyes sparkled a little too, poor man; they had grown a little dull with looking so long into ways and means.

And after this little bit of business, the pleasure of the day set in with a flood tide. You have all seen such days. Nature had laid out a wonderful entertainment to begin with; and put no hindrances in the way; and it appeared that every creature came with spirits and hopes on tiptoe. Dresses were something captivating, so much attention and invention had been exercised upon them. And the facilities for flirtation which the scene and the sport afforded, were most picturesque. The parties in the trees could display their agility; the parties on the ground could show their costumes in charming attitudes. For a time the care of the hostess was needed in assigning the people to their proper posts of usefulness or pleasure; but when all were come and all was in train, the thing would run itself, and Wych Hazel became as free as anybody else.

"Look here," cried Josephine Powder, "I've been waiting all day to speak to you. Nobody wants you now, Hazel; come here and sit down. I'm in awful trouble."

Wych Hazel sat down and pulled off her gloves, and then the glittering fingers went diving into her pocket after chestnuts.

"Well?" she said,—"what now? There is a big one—try that."

"I used to like chestnuts once," said Josephine looking at it. "I wonder if there'll be fun in anything ever any more for me?"

"Depends a good deal upon where you look for it," said Miss Kennedy, biting her nut. "Are you playing pendulum still, for pity's sake?"

"Pendulum? No. I'm fixed. I've accepted John Charteris."

"Have you!" said Hazel, thinking that her business interview had been just in time. "How much down, Josephine? and how much on bond and mortgage?"

"What do you mean?"

"The trouble is, you can never foreclose," said Hazel. "Are the diamonds satisfactory?"

"You are not," said Josephine energetically. "Now, be good, Hazel! I came to you, because I thought you were the only creature that would have a little feeling for me. Everybody else says it's such a grand thing."

"Well, I have some feeling for you, and so I don't say it. Much more feeling than patience. Why do you sell yourself, if you do not like the price, Josephine Powder?"

"What can one do?" said the girl disconsolately.

"Let me see the first instalment," said Hazel. "Is it paid in?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Josephine. "I tell you, they were all at me, and said I should be such a fool if I let it slip; and that I should be very happy;—but I don't feel so."

"Not when everybody says you are?" Hazel enquired with slight scorn.

"Of course one likes to have other people think one is happy," said Josephine; "you don't want to have them pitying you. I thought I should feel better when I was engaged and the whole thing settled. I wish people could live without getting married!"

"Well," said Wych Hazel, "there is one thing I could not do without,—if I had to marry John Charteris."

"What is that?"

"A pocket pistol."

"A pocket pistol, Hazel! He isn't as bad as that. What's the matter with him?"

"Just a trifle. You do not love him."

"They said that would come," said Josephine dolefully.

"By express, from the land of nowhere," said Miss Wych nibbling her nuts. "Marked 'Very perishable!'"

"But I don't find that it comes."

"No," said Hazel coolly, "that land is a good way off. Isn't it cold work waiting all alone with the diamonds?"

Josephine displayed a magnificent finger. But she looked at it with no reflection of its light in her eyes. "You speak very coolly," she said, then letting her hand drop. "I thought you would feel for me somehow."

"I tell you I do, or I should not take the trouble of pinching you to see if you have any feeling left for yourself. Does not that ring make you shiver?"

"Sometimes. But what can I do, Hazel? It may as well be John Charteris as anybody else, as long as one can't please oneself. One must marry somebody. You know one must!"

"Look at them," said Hazel. "As cold and hard as he is. Flashing up nothing deeper than the pocket they came from."

"There is no fault in the diamonds," said Josephine sulkily. "They ought to be hard. And these are beauties. And Charteris isn't harder than other people, that I know of. It is only that—I don't want to marry him. And he is in an awful hurry. If it was only a long way off, I wouldn't mind so much."

Wych Hazel dropped her chestnuts.

"Josephine," she said gravely, "do you see these rings on my hands?"

"Yes. I have seen them and admired them often enough. There's a splendid emerald though. I never saw that before. O Hazel!" the girl cried suddenly. "It's on that finger!"

The hands were something to look at, in their glitter of strange old-fashioned rings, with many-coloured stones and various settings. Only a close observer would have noticed that the emerald alone was a fit.

"Every one of all the eight is a betrothal ring," Hazel went on, not heeding; "every one has been a token between people who chose each other from all the world. They are not all rich, you see,—here is a poor little silver hoop among the diamonds. And they were not all happy; for this ruby has seen a death-parting, and the pearls are no whiter than the face that had waited for twenty years. But not one ring has the stain of a broken troth, nor the soil of a purchase. The people suffered, they waited, they died,—but they never so much as thought of any one but each other, in all the world!" Wych Hazel folded her hands in her lap again, looking at Josephine with eyes that were all alight.

"But that's yours," Josephine went on impatiently. "Who put it on?" The girl's accent was of more than curiosity.

"There are several of them you have never seen before," said Hazel. "Josephine, do you understand what I say to you? People starve to death upon diamonds."

"Ah well, but do tell me!" said the girl, with a curious mixture of coaxing and distressful in her tone, "do tell me who it was, Hazel. I just want to know."

"You just want shaking, I think," said Wych Hazel. "I did not see anybody put it there. And I thought you wanted to talk of your own affairs? If not, I will go and attend to my guests."

"You are very cruel," said Josephine, quite subdued. "Just tell me if it was—Stuart Nightingale?"

"No, I shall not. You have nothing to do with Mr. Nightingale. You belong to Mr. Charteris."

"You put me off!" cried Josephine, laying her face in her hands for a moment. "It don't matter. I can find out some other way; there are ways enough."

She looked towards the opening where gleams of colour could now and then be seen flitting among the trees. Wych Hazel laid one little hand on her shoulder.

"Josephine," she said, "I wish you would break this off!"

"What!"

"Any sort of engagement with John Charteris."

"I can't," said the girl drearily. "They all want me to marry him. There'd be an awful row if I broke it off now. And what difference does it make? If you can't have what you would like, all the rest is pretty much one thing. It's a bore; but one may as well get all out of it if one can."

"See!" said Hazel in her sweet persuasive tones,—"you never know what you can have. And you can always have yourself. I would break it—feeling as you do—if I were half way through the last year."

"Yes, it will do for you to talk," said Josephine; "but everybody is not rich like you. And even you, I suppose, don't choose to live as you are for ever. You'll marry too; your finger says so. And I must, I suppose. But I can't tell you how horrid it is. I tell you what, Hazel; one must like a man very much to be willing to give up one's liberty!"

Hazel was not fond of that way of stating the case, even yet. She went back to the former words.

"Horrid!" she said,—"there is no English strong enough. And 'must' is absurd, so long as your liberty is in your own power. If ever I 'don't choose,' as you say, it will be because I don't choose."

Poor Josephine rose up, straightened herself, with a bearing half proud, half defiant, and looked away. Then in another minute, seeing her chance, she darted or glided from her covert, and before Hazel's indignant and pitying gaze, plunged into a gay bit of badinage with her lover who was passing near. No trace of regret or of unwillingness apparent; Josephine was playing off her usual airs with her usual reckless freedom; she and Charteris were presently out of sight.

"And she presumed to bring him here without my leave, and then came down upon me for pity! Well—the supply is unlimited,—she can have all she wants." And Hazel looked down at her own ring, which meant so much; thinking of the diamonds which meant so little; and went off among her guests, to keep them in more respectful attitudes than even ever before. For Miss Kennedy was extremely remote this day, placing herself at such a dainty distance as was about equally fascinating and hard to bear. Somehow she evaded all the special little devotions with which she was beset; contriving that they should fall through so naturally, that the poor devotee blamed nothing but his own fingers, and followed the brown eyes about more helplessly than ever. Only one or two lookers-on saw deeper. Mr. Kingsland smiled, pursuing his studies.

"This ethereal power which one cannot get hold of," he remarked to himself, "becomes truly terrific in such hands. Now there is young Bradford,—he picked out those chestnuts solely and exclusively for the heiress of Chickaree,—and in some inexplicable way she has made him hand them to Molly Seaton. Not a cent but what her brothers may give her. And how Tom Porter comes to be walking off with Miss May, nobody will ever know but the sorceress herself. She will none of him,—nor of anybody else. Who has won?"

"You are expecting more guests, I see, even at this late hour," he remarked aloud to Mr. Falkirk.

"Why do you judge so?"

"I notice a certain absence," said Mr. Kingsland. "Also a vacant place which no one here is allowed to fill. 'Trifles light as air,' perhaps,—and yet—"

"Where is your associate counsel to-day, Mr. Falkirk?" said Kitty Fisher, interposing her pretty figure. "Do you and he take it 'off and on'?"

Now this young lady being Mr. Falkirk's special aversion, he deigned no reply to her impertinence; confronting her instead with an undeclarative face and manner of calm repression.

"What is on the carpet?" said a new comer.

"Now whatever possessed you to come on it?" said Miss Fisher with a pout. "We were just going to scare up a German!"

"Perhaps I can be of some slight assistance."

Kitty Fisher clapped him affectionately on the shoulder.

"Thanks—my dear fellow," she said. "We all know what your 'slight assistance' amounts to in such cases. Too mean of you to come! And Hazel has not had one bit of fun yet this whole day."

"What have you been doing to her?"

"It's a wicked shame," Kitty went on. "And Sir Henry coming and everybody. I was going to take out Mr. Falkirk—it's leap year, you know; and he might be short of partners," said Miss Fisher, prudently dropping her voice at this point.

"What is a shame, if you please?"

"For you to walk in and play marplot."

"Let me walk you off instead, and be useful. You can explain to me your plans as we go."

"I can help you find the brown eyes, poor things!" said Kitty. "Well, they do lots of mischief when you're not by,—that's one comfort."

Through the bright woodland, from group to group of chestnutters, the gentleman and the young lady went. The scene was pretty and lively, but Wych Hazel was not with any of the groups; having in fact escaped from her admirers into the deeper shadow of trees that did not bear chestnuts. At last Miss Fisher's curiosity waked up. Bidding her companion keep watch where he was, in a shadowy corner of red oaks and purple ashes, she ran off, "to beat the bush," as she said; and hardly were her footsteps out of hearing, before lighter ones came through the wood, and Hazel's white dress gleamed out among the colours. She was walking slowly, quite alone, the brilliant fingers twisted together in some knot of a puzzle; but even as Rollo looked from his corner still other steps were heard, and another lady and another gentleman came on the scene.

"O here she is!" cried Miss Burr. "Et toute seule—by all that's lucky. Here fair lady, I've brought you an escort. I knew Sir Henry Crofton might come without being invited."

And Miss Burr, conscious that she had done a bright thing, walked off to find an escort for herself. Then ensued a peculiar little scene.

The gentleman advanced eagerly, holding out his hand. And Wych Hazel, taking not the least seeming notice, stopped short in her walk, and leaning back against one of the red oaks began to fit on her gloves with the utmost deliberation.

"Sir Henry Crofton knew," she remarked, "that it was the only possible way in which he could come."

"You have not forgiven me!" said the young man with much mortification.

"No," said Wych Hazel. "I think I have not."

Sir Henry was silent, watching the hands and the sparkling fingers, and the gloves that went on so ruthlessly. Then burst forth with words, low spoken and impetuous, which Rollo did not hear. Hazel interrupted him.

"I said I had not forgiven you," she said.

"I will forget you—if you will give me a chance. That may answer as well."

"Forget!" the young man said bitterly,—"I shall never forget you!"—but he turned off abruptly and left her; and Hazel came slowly forward, with a troubled face.

"Are you 'due' anywhere?" said Rollo, suddenly standing, or walking, at her side.

"You!—yes, I am due everywhere, at this precise moment."

"Except—to me, that means."

"Your notes are not payable till afternoon. And if I do not go and end the morning comfortably with luncheon, afternoon will never come. See what it is to have a logical head."

"I am content!" exclaimed Rollo. "What can I do to hurry up the luncheon?"

Hazel paused and took her former position against a tree stem, leaning back as if she was tired.

"I should like to leave the whole thing on your hands," she said,—"and then I could lose myself comfortably in the woods, and when everybody was gone you could come and find me. No, that would not do, either."—She roused herself and walked on. "There is nothing for it to-day but to go straight through. I think people are all bewitched and beside themselves!"

He laughed at her a little, and let her go with a consoling assurance that they "would soon end all that." And as the day was wearing on, and the pleasure of such pleasure-seekers as then filled Wych Hazel's woods was especially variety, they were very ready to quit the chestnuts and saunter up to the house; in hope of the luncheon which there awaited them. Mrs.

Bywank knew her business; and the guests knew, not that, but the fact that somebody knew it and that the luncheons at Chickaree were pleasant times and very desirable. So there was soon a universal drawing towards the hill top, from all the forsaken chestnut trees, which were left by no means despoiled of their harvest. They had served their turn; now came the turn of patties and cold meats and jellies and ices and fruits. The gathering was rather large; larger than it had shewn for in the woods. The Chickaree house was full and running over; and chestnutters were found to have fearful appetites; and flirtations took new life and vivacity in the new atmosphere; and the whole of it was, people would not go away. Not only Wych Hazel, but both her guardians had sharp work for hour after hour attending to the wants and the pleasure of the guests; who at last, when the day was waning, and not till then, slowly made up their minds to take their departure, and one by one took leave of their hostess with thanks and flatteries expressive of highest gratification and admiring delight. Party after party Dane saw to their carriages and bowed off; the house was emptied at last; Mr. Falkirk had betaken himself to the seclusion of his cottage already some time before; and when the afternoon was really darkening, enough to make the glow of the fires within tell in ruddy cheer upon walls and curtains, Dane left the hall door and the latest departure and went into the house to find Wych Hazel and get his "notes" paid.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, the poet and artist, has sold his picture, "Venus Astarte," to a member of the House of Commons, for two thousand guineas.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, the artist, will shortly take the painting which he has been engaged upon at Jerusalem for some time to England. It is about completed.

THE statue of King Alfred the Great has been unveiled at Wantage, the king's birthplace. It is executed by Count Gleichen, the Queen's cousin, at a cost of £2,000. It is sculptured in marble, and stands on the site formerly occupied by the Wantage Town Hall.

AN original Albrecht Dürer has been discovered in Hamburg. The picture represents "Christ on the Cross." It is said to have been painted in the year 1500. The painting was in the possession of an old patrician family in Hamburg, and was there discovered by Dr. Ernst.

D. B. SIEFMAN, the Brooklyn sculptor, has finished a model for an equestrian statue of General Lee. It is to be submitted to a committee of citizens at Richmond before September 1st, with other competitors. The appropriation for the statue is \$75,000. Two years will be required to complete the work.

HUMOROUS.

DOM PEDRO thinks of taking a run through Brazil.

HOOD called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion "a wooden oath."

A SNOB is a person who does not want to know you, and a cad a person you do not want to know.

THE painter, when he first sees a baby eat whortleberry pie, begins to comprehend how limited is the power of his art.

THE reason for a day laborer dropping his tools with such accuracy when the clock strikes twelve, and his rapid speed toward dinner, is that he may make up the time that he will lose in getting back to work.

A MAN may be a graduate of the best college in the land, and be capable of ruling nations, and yet not know enough to refrain from breaking out into a wild and exasperating whistle as soon as he enters an editor's office.

"So," observed a friend to the father of a pupil who had carried off a prize at the Paris Conservatoire, "your son has earned his spurs?"—"Yes," replied the practical sire, "and now he has to earn his boots."

THE characteristic of the umbrella is its power of changing shapes. You can leave a braun new silk with an ivory or rosewood handle at any public gathering; within three hours it will turn into a light blue or faded brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, with a handle like a telegraph pole, and five fractional ribs.

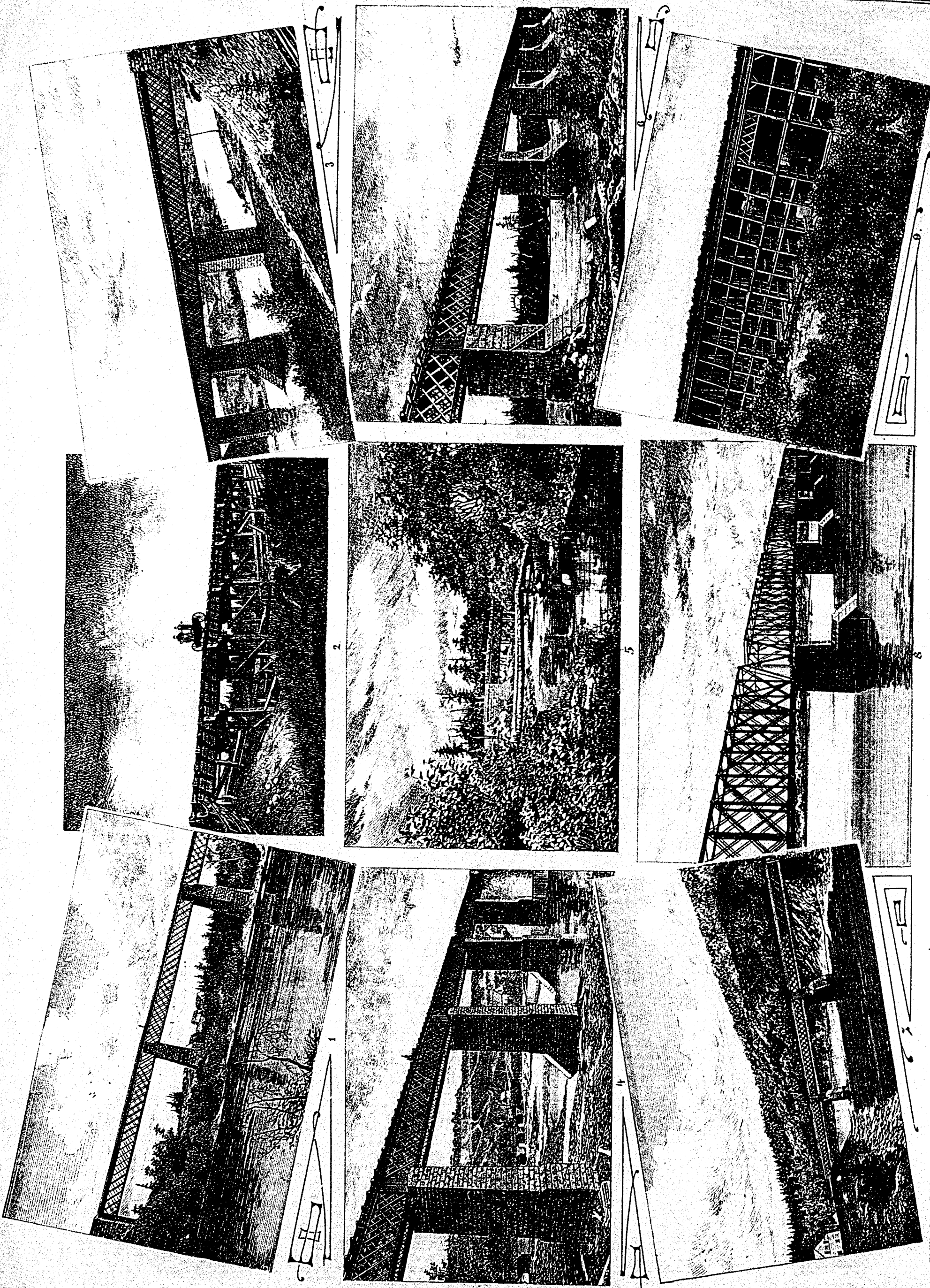
"PATENT Keyholes" are advertised. The idea suggested itself to the inventor on a certain occasion when he went home at midnight and found a circle of twenty-five or thirty holes in his front door, and not one of them would hold still long enough to permit him to insert his penknife, which he mistook for a key.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

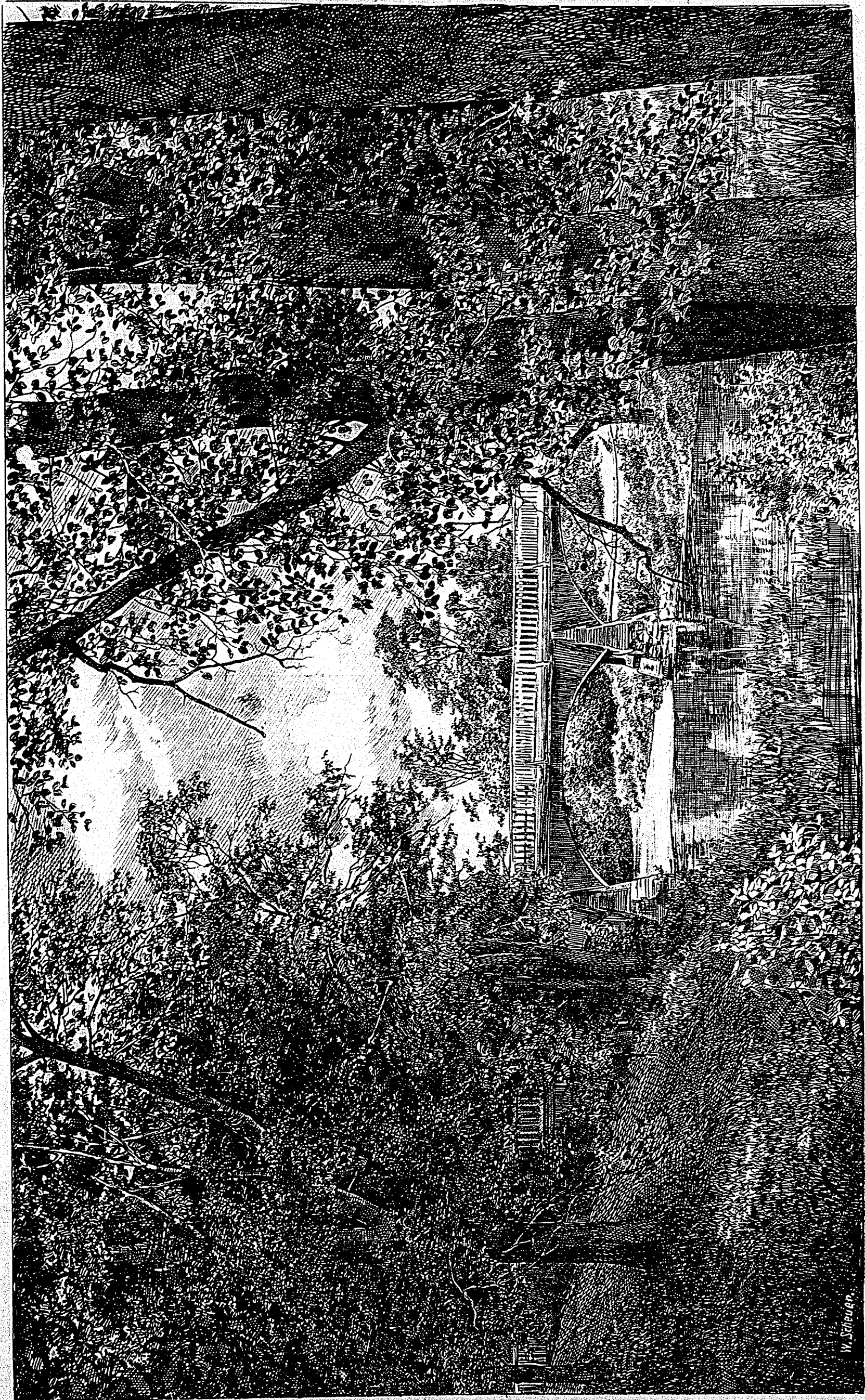
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.



1. Phillip River Bridge. 2. Aulac Bridge (N. S.) 3. Grand Méris Bridge. 4. Trois-Pistoles Bridge. 5. Kouchibouguais River. 6. Nipisicuit Bridge. 7. Causajacal Bridge. 8. N. W. Miramichi Bridge. 9. Acadian Mines.

BRIDGES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON, MONTREAL.



RIVER LA TORTUE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON, MONTREAL.

W. Scheuer

THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

The tall house lowers grimly,
Deformed by smoke and rain;
And the bleared sunshine dimly
Blinks on the window-pane.

Though sore and numb her fingers,
And slowly fades the light,
The girl nor rests nor lingers,
But sews from morning till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
And falls her gentle breath;
Her fair young form is shrunken,
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows
That she has never seen;
Of the wonder of song in the meadows,
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,
The nimble hands are slow,—
The voice she dreams of ever
Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,
With only a crust to eat;
But a fountain of light is springing
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,
Or whether he sings in glee,
He hopes that the world to-morrow
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning
With words no man e'er said,
The world would be turning and turning
If to-morrow he were dead.

Only, both late and early,
The girl, as maidens will,
Dreams when the voice comes clearly
Up to her window-sill.

A brave face has she found him,
A manner frank and gay,
And long ago has crowned him
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
A plume on waving hair,
A cloak that drapes him proudly,
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness
He sings, he has won the prize,
When he brings the light of gladness
To a dying maiden's eyes.

J. R. S.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."
VIII.

CARLETON—MARIA—NOUVELLE—POINT SCIMINAC—CROSS POINT—THE BREECHES OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—THE MIC-MACS OF CROSS POINT—REV. MR. FAUCHER—INDIAN WRONGS—INDIAN REVENGE.

Having elsewhere described Carleton and Maria, two thriving settlements near the top of the bay, I shall not dwell further on them; the first recalls one of our most popular early administrators, Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester); the second, Maria, the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Effingham, Lady Maria Carleton, the genial hostess of the Château St. Louis, at Quebec, whose kindness of manner was commemorated in prose and in verse more than one hundred years ago, in that old repository of Canadian lore, *Nelson's Gazette*, founded in 1764. Carleton is the birth-place of two men of note—Judge Vallières and Dr. J. Landry. The road on leaving Nouvelle—a tolerably good one—at times skirts the sea-shore, at others, to cut off points, runs in the interior. We met, however, with a fallen bridge—this gave us the choice of fording the river (at low water only)—with a spot in the centre marked by a boulder surrounded by tolerably deep water; this deep water was so narrow that the horse (if smart) and waggon was expected to leap over it; or else, picking our way over a lofty and very dangerous ridge of mountains. Our horse not having been trained to "leaping with a waggon behind him," we chose the smallest of the evils, and ventured through the narrow path over the rocky ledge. Another feature of Gaspé land-travel is the scow; on a calm day, and with a sober-minded horse, there are many modes of transit worse than a scow; but with wind and rain, and a fiery, shying horse, the scow is not desirable—*evade caperto*. Sometimes "Rosinante," being dry and blown, will persist in putting his head over the side, when a lurch of the scow may precipitate him, waggon and all, in the stream. Such was the fate of a horse shortly before we crossed. With the shades of evening descending, I sought the hospitable roof of an obliging Scotchman keeping a rude hostelry at Point Sciminac, by name Daniel Brown. At dawn next day Monsieur Brown was attending to his salmon nets, from which he brought, alive and kicking, a splendid salmon, which two or three hours later was served up, fried, piping hot, a dish fit for a king. Five minutes' walk from Brown's hotel,

"In the zeazon of the year,"

there is excellent front fishing, and in September the woods all round teem, we were told, with hares, grouse, and cariboo. Of the feathered tribe (it was then the 9th June), we heard, with break of day, some hermit thrushes singing right merrily. A most romantic drive under groves of maple, spruce and pine, skirting a delicity, with occasional glimpses of the far-reaching bay, soon brought us to the Township of Mann; we skirted a natural meadow, rich in hay, periodically watered by high tides. Much of this moist land, we were told, belonged to John Fraser, Esq., of Cross Point, the esteemed

Warden of the County, and formerly of Her Majesty's Customs at Paspebiac. Soon we debouched on the ancient rambling white dwelling of the worthy Warden. This was for long years the happy and picturesque home of our well-remembered old friend the late Robert Christie, the historian and renowned member for Gaspé. Mr. Christie, Secretary in 1823 to the Commission named to investigate the claims of the Restigouche Indians, had acquired, in 1824, this homestead at sheriff's sale from Mr. Mann, who had purchased it with money borrowed from a well-to-do Scotch settler, Mr. Ferguson. With Mr. Fraser as cicerone, I enjoyed a drive through the Indian Reserve at Mission Point. The Indians have much improved their financial position through the ready sale they found at Campbellton for their canoes, baskets, and all kinds of Indian work, whilst the Intercolonial Pactolus was flowing through the Metapedia Valley. The new Chief, whose selection was confirmed by the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, resides in a very nice cottage in the centre of the settlement, green fields, flocks of sheep grazing in front of the house, and a double avenue of ornamental trees leading to the front door. These and other surroundings seemed to indicate that the wild Aborigines of the forest had at last been transformed into a civilized being. I was complimenting my kind friend Mr. Fraser on this beautiful change, when, on looking more closely, I saw the Micmac breeches and the Micmac shirt of the chief streaming to the breeze, conspicuously hung on the lawn from the limbs of a graceful maple tree. If civilization had penetrated as far as the house, they had yet to reach the breeches and shirt of the venerable sachem. A white man, owning the pretty cottage, would have established the laundry in rear, I thought. Though the census returns are not encouraging for the Restigouche Mission, there is vast improvement in the place since I first saw it in 1871. I find, in a work just published, some interesting particulars of its origin. Some fifty odd years ago, Bishop Plessis had confided the spiritual charge of the Restigouche Mission to an energetic, devoted, and athletic missionary, who seems to have completely won the heart of the Micmac warriors. Various were their modes of marking their love for their devoted and generous pastor. During his annual sojourn among them, his hut each day was most bountifully provided with salmon, venison, hares, wild ducks, grouse, &c. Life, however, was not always *couleur de rose* with his reverence.

"One day," says Mr. Faucher, "the spiritual ministrations having concluded, the *patiache*, as he was styled, was preparing to return to Carleton, noticed around him an unusual and mysterious reserve, foreboding no good. For some years past, the tribe had loudly complained to the British authorities that the Old Country colonists, on the Restigouche, were encroaching on their rights and immunities; even to their means of subsistence which were endangered. Each season, the British, they alleged, were in the habit of closing with their salmon nets the Restigouche—which at the entrance was close to one mile wide—thus depriving them of the salmon ascending the stream—their daily food. They were consequently left to eke out an existence on the scanty supply of game they might shoot or trap in the forest. These complaints, although duly forwarded to the Government, remained unredressed. Much ill-feeling was the result. Soon another incident brought matters to a crisis. A rumor got afloat that the English were taking possession of the natural meadows created by the tide on the marshes of the *Rivière-du-Loup* stream, in the adjoining township of Mann, cutting and removing the hay therefrom without any regard to the rights of the Indians.

The time was unfortunate for such a rumor to circulate. It so happened that the warriors of the different settlements had just met at the Mission of St. Anne, on the Restigouche; the gathering was very large. A secret pow-wow of the chiefs had been called, and one dark night a unanimous vote was arrived at to make short work of all the English inhabiting the *Bain-des-Chaleurs*. This bloody resolve once settled, an order was issued to arm forthwith, to get the canoes in readiness, and in order to strike surely to lose no time. That very night, the sentry watching at the entrance of the council wigwam was struck down by a powerful arm, and next minute the gigantic form of the missionary confronted the assembled chiefs. The man of God quietly scanned the faces of the startled warriors, not a muscle moved, all stood up immovable and silent. "Chiefs and warriors," said the priest, advancing in the centre of the circle, "something strange and wicked must be going on here, since you hide from me, whom hitherto you have treated as your father. The friend of the Great Spirit, however, cannot be deceived by those over whom it is his heavenly mission to watch. I have come to beseech you to reveal me your sorrows, so that I may unite my tears with yours and help you to endure troubles in a way befitting the sons of a great tribe of the children of God." A deep shudder crept through the whole meeting, but no reply was made.

"Well, Great Chief," rejoined the missionary, crossing the circle and placing himself before the oldest and most respected of the tribe, "have you nothing to say in reply to your father? Is your tongue tied by the spirit of obstinacy, or, rather, has the demon of revenge become master of your heart? There is blood in the very air, and your glance usually so grave, so kind, now darts forth the lightning of revenge. Do not forget, great warrior, that the Deity gives old age to man merely to prepare for

his long sleep, and that before lying down to rest it is his duty to teach others experience and wisdom, instead of instilling hatred and opening up the way to hell. Speak, O Chief, 'tis yet time. I adjure you in the name of the living God to tell me what is going on here!"

The aged warrior, drawing himself up majestically, with measured and firm utterance, thus held forth: "Father our patience is exhausted. The decree has gone forth. The hour of the English has come. To-day, your place is not among us; stay behind. As to you, brother warriors, make ready. I have said."

All rush to their canoes—shove off, uttering the ominous war-whoop. The missionary remained alone, but his heart failed him not. A squaw, who knew where was the first *rendezvous* selected by the tribe, came to the missionary and told him how the work of blood was to begin at Battery Point. The man of peace, without losing a minute, seizing a paddle pushed off in a crazy old canoe, considered unfit for the expedition, and paddled vigorously in the direction taken by the infuriated savages. The dread of being too late seemed to increase tenfold the agility and muscular power of the black-robed giant. The frail craft seemed to fly with wings over the silent stream; there was death hovering over so many quiet homes. Soon he overtook the relentless host, when, with tears and entreaties, the missionary begged of the Micmacs to alter their resolve, promising in the name of God and of the great King of England that justice would be rendered to the oppressed Indians.

There was so much earnestness—such manifest truthfulness in the appeal, that the chiefs began to waver.

"Can you promise," said one of them to the missionary, "that within a year from this date our rights will be recognized and respected hereafter?"

"I do promise, my children."

"Well, Father, should we find ourselves deceived, the English of the Restigouche will have lived one year longer," rejoined, in a ferocious tone, the great chief, and the order was given to return.

True to his promise was the good missionary. The parliament of Lower Canada, shortly afterwards, passed an Act—the 4th George IV., Cap. I. to guarantee and regulate Indian rights. This law was sanctioned on the 9th of March, 1824, and it was His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, our Governor-General, who himself was the bearer of the good tidings to the swarthy sons of the forest of the Restigouche, which he visited this year. Thus, through the exertions of a R. C. missionary were saved the lives of many well-to-do English colonists on the banks of the beautiful Restigouche—the most noted of whom at that time were Messrs. Mann, Ferguson, and Crawford. This worthy priest was the late Rev. M. Faucher, for thirty-three years pastor of Lotbinière, who expired at Quebec on the 11th of August, 1865, and who, before dying, went to make his adieu to his cherished neophytes on the green banks of Mission Point. Thus a promise perhaps rashly made, but loyally fulfilled by the Earl of Dalhousie, was the means of saving many, many English lives."

*From *De Tribord à Bâbord*.—Faucher de St. Maurice.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

NOT 2 per 1,000 of the population of Roumania can read or write.

MISTRESS Martha Washington's old house in Fredericksburg has been sold for the small sum of \$1,225.

It is stated that the sales of sewing-machines since their first introduction in America in 1853 have amounted to 4,000,000.

HEARNE, the well-known cricketer, was, whilst playing at Brighton, struck with paralysis. He is progressing favourably.

THE census gave Paris, in 1876, 1,988,806 inhabitants. The number by December, 1877, will reach two millions. The next census will be in 1880.

It is reported that Baron Grant's house will probably be bought by a company to be utilized as a grand hotel with permanent residences for small families.

ONE of the novel features of next year's great exhibition at Paris will be that instead of being closed at dusk, it will be opened in the evening and illuminated by electric light.

THE Sultan of Turkey is said to show unexpected energy. Every day he attends the councils of his Ministry, and busies himself closely with military works and the docks.

THE Senate of the University of London have, by a considerable majority, decided in favour of admitting women to degrees in the other Faculties, as well as in the Faculty of Medicine.

LAST year in France, out of 300,000 young men drafted for the army, there were but from 500 to 600 who did not respond. In Germany, during the same year, out of 400,000 drafted, 40,000 failed to respond.

A RUMOUR is current that the proposed marriage between King Alfonso and Princess Mercedes has been abandoned, and that a union is arranged between the King and the second daughter of King Leopold.

A FRENCH writer has published his defence of Mary Stuart, and proves that she was a model of womanly purity, a fond and faithful wife. She never betrayed any of her husbands, but

was basely murdered for her fidelity to them and her religion.

THE Pope has expressed a wish that the American Catholic Church should be directly subject to the Pope instead of being governed through the medium of the Cardinal prefect of the Propaganda, and steps are being taken in that direction.

A CORRESPONDENT remarks that nearly all the Russian officers wear a ring with a turquoise stone. The latter is said to secure good luck. In the language of stones—for that exists, as well as one for flowers—the turquoise means protection against violent death.

THE eldest brother of a notable family has just died, Mr. Bulwer, of Heydon. He himself was not a man of genius, but he was brother to a great novelist and dramatist, and to a diplomatist of high rank, both of whom closed their political career in the House of Lords.

BANK of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn; they have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot, Laverstoker, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees.

A PRIEST of Arezzo is now making, in the paper mills of Tivoli, a fire-proof fabric from the asbestos found in the valley of Aosta in the Italian Alps. This paper is manufactured at a cost of four francs per kilogramme, and it is said to be successfully used for the decorations of theatres, &c.

M. WORTH, the king of French fashions, has made up his mind that the next change in female attire shall be in the direction of very short petticoats, coloured clocked stockings, visible to the swell of the calf of the leg, and the low-cut buckled shoes of the early part of last century.

A STUD comprising twenty-five Canadian horses, recently imported from Montreal, were sold lately at Aldridge's repository, London, under the auction hammer. The horses, which were young and well-shaped for harness purposes, created a spirited competition among buyers, and realized prices varying from thirty-five to sixty-five guineas.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Rome, holds 54,000 people; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, at London, 35,600; San Petronio, at Bologna, 24,400; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 12,400; St. Dominic, at Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's, at Bologna, 11,400; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's, at Vienna, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130 received. Many thanks for the game, which, as you will see, was inserted in last week's Column.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Problems received. Many thanks. They shall appear very shortly.

On Tuesday next, the 21st inst., the members of the Canadian Chess Association will meet at the city of Quebec for the purpose of holding the Annual Congress and playing the usual game Tourney.

We have full confidence that there will be such a gathering of Chess votaries at the ancient capital as will prove that Canada is keeping pace with the old country and the United States in cultivating a taste for the Royal Game. We hope to be able to give in our Column an account of the meeting, and, also, particulars connected with the contest which is to take place.

The fact that the Chess match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort has been interrupted, after two games have been played, will prove a great disappointment to players on both sides of the ocean. It would be injudicious to make any remarks on the cause of so unusual a termination of a long expected contest until further particulars reach us. The first game, according to some accounts, was very easily won by Mr. Blackburne, owing to careless play on the part of his antagonist, but it seems singular that either player should neglect to do his best in an encounter of such a nature. The following remarks on the contest, as far as it went, will be interesting to our readers:

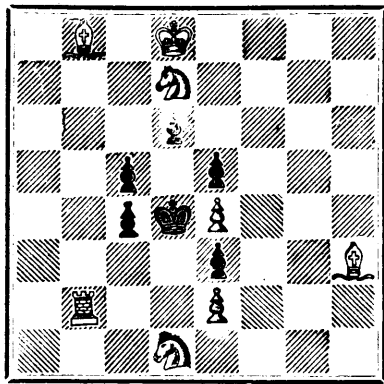
THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. BLACKBURNE AND ZUKERTORT.—Owing to the preparations not having been completed on Monday, the 25th ult., the players agreed to commence this highly exciting contest on the following Wednesday, when, accordingly, the first game was played in a private room of Monico's Restaurant, Tichborne Street, W., before a select number of spectators. Mr. Zukertort having won the toss for the first move, opened with P to K4, but his opponent evaded conclusions of an open game by sacrificing a piece, but both players seemed to be suffering from want of practice, and neither appeared to come up to his real force, for opportunities of gaining clear advantage were overlooked on both sides. Ultimately, however, Blackburne succeeded in forcing the game with a well-conducted, powerful attack against the adverse K side, after three-and-a-half hours' play. On the following Friday the second game was opened by Mr. Blackburne with a Ruy Lopez, which developed into a novel variation. The first player having lost time in the opening, his opponent gradually gained upon him, until, by a timely initiated counter-attack, Mr. Zukertort wrested a piece from his adversary. The game was afterwards stubbornly contested by Mr. Blackburne, who, however, could not avert defeat, and ultimately resigned, after a fight lasting four hours. Play will proceed every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, until the conclusion of the match.—*Figaro*.

Mr. Mason recently gave an interesting exhibition of Chess skill at the Café International, New York, in which he conducted seventeen games simultaneously, winning fourteen and drawing three.

PROBLEM No. 135.

By C. CALLANDER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 194TH.

Played in London, Eng., some time ago between J. H. Zukertort and an Amateur, the former giving the odds of Queen's Kt.

Remove White's Q. Kt. (King's Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(J. H. Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. Kt to B 3, 4. B to B 4, 5. P to Q 4, 6. Castles, 7. P to K Kt 3, 8. P to B 3, 9. R to B 2, 10. P takes P, 11. R to K 2, 12. P takes P, 13. Kt takes P, 14. Kt to K 6, 15. B takes P, 16. Kt takes B (ch), 17. B to K 6 (ch), 18. B takes P, 19. B to Kt 5 (ch), 20. R takes R, 21. R to Kt 2, 22. K takes Q, 23. K B takes Kt, 24. B to B 5, 25. Kt takes B and wins. BLACK.—(Amateur.) P to K 4, P takes P, P to K Kt 4, B to Kt 2, P to K R 3, P to Q 3, Kt to Q B 3, H to R 6, Kt to B 3, Kt takes K P, P to Q 4, P takes P, P to K B 4, Q to Q 3, H to Kt 5, K to Q 2, K to Q sq, R takes P, Kt to K 2, Q to Kt 6 (ch), Q takes R (ch), B takes Q, B to Kt 5, B takes B.

GAME 195TH.

The following brilliant little game, played many years ago, we copy from Land and Water.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Dufresne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. P to K R 4, 5. Kt to K 5, 6. B to B 4, 7. Kt takes K B P (b), 8. B takes R (ch), 9. P to Q 4, 10. B takes K B P, 11. B to Kt 5, 12. Castles, 13. P to K 5, 14. Q to Q 3 (ch), 15. K to B 7, 16. P takes B (ch), 17. R to Kt 7 (ch), 18. Q to R 3 (ch) (c), 19. P to Kt 3 (mate). BLACK.—(Wilberg.) P to K 4, P takes P, P to K Kt 4, P to Kt 5, P to K R 4, R to R 2 (a), R takes Kt, K takes B, P to Q 3, Kt to Q 2, B to K 2, K to Kt 3, B takes B, K to R 3, K Kt to B 3, K takes P, K to R 5, P takes Q.

NOTES.

- (a) This defence is old-fashioned, and certainly inferior to 6th Kt to K B 3. (b) The sacrifice of the two pieces for the Rook and Pawn is of course unsound, but it may be ventured in off-hand games for the sake of the attack. (c) A neat finish to a very lively little game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 135.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q R sq, 2. Mates accordingly. BLACK. 1. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 131.

- WHITE. 1. Kt takes Kt (ch), 2. K to Q B 7, 3. R to Q B 8, 4. B mates. BLACK. P takes Kt, P to Q B 4, P moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 132.

- WHITE. K at Q Kt 2, Q at K B 7, B at K R 8, Pawns at K Kt 3, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3. BLACK. K at Q 5, R at Q 7, B at Q 3, Pawns at K 3 and 4, Q B 3 and 4, and Kt 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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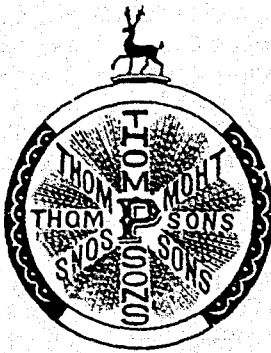
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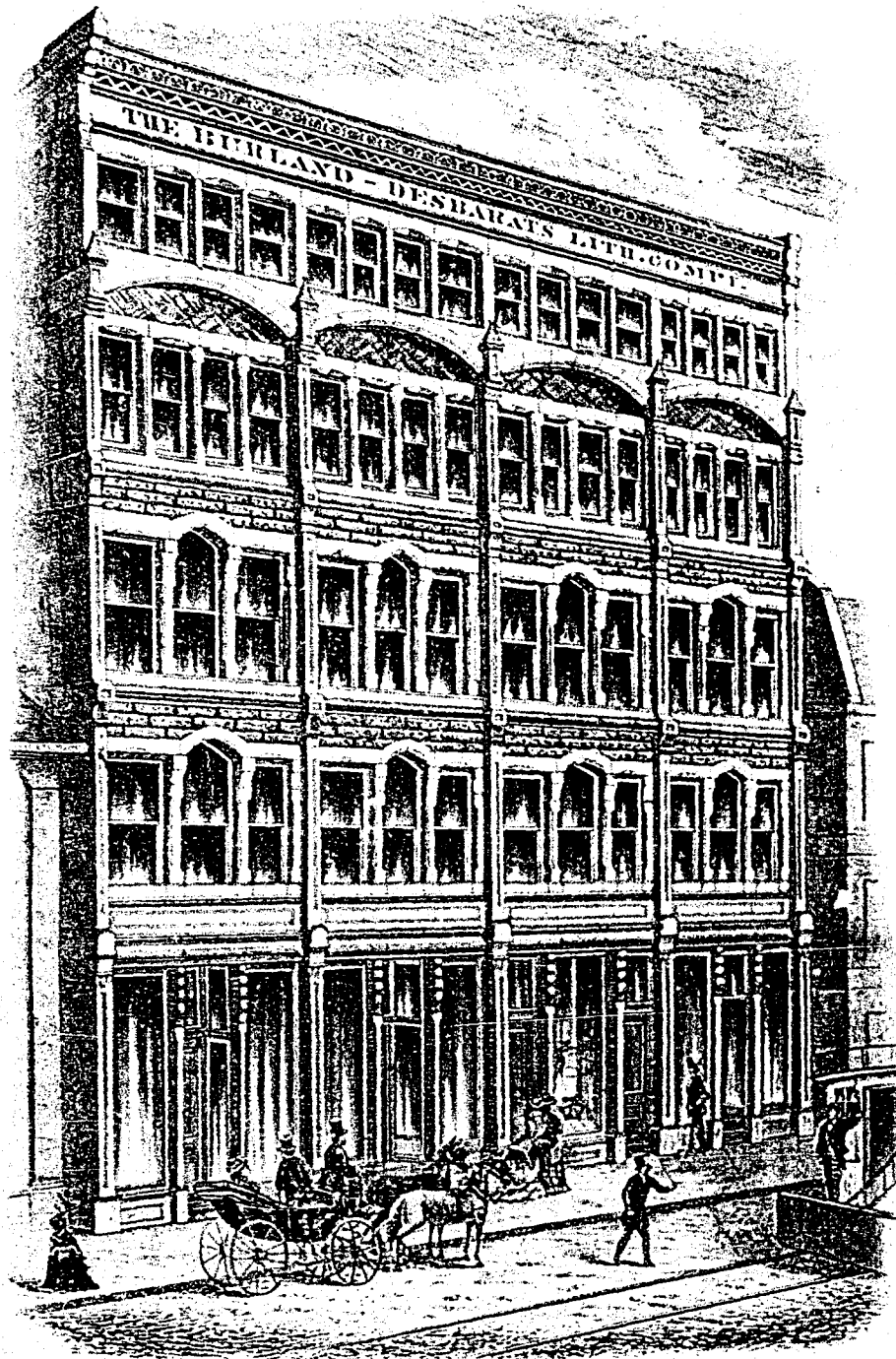
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