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# Montreal News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

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 { \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



FISH AND FISHERMEN.—By our SPECIAL ARTIST.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

## TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## THE WEEK ENDING

May 15th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 76°	45°	60° 5'	Mon.. 75°	45°	60°
Tues.. 64°	45°	54° 5'	Tues.. 75°	55°	65°
Wed.. 80°	55°	67° 5'	Wed.. 74°	56°	65°
Thur.. 74°	49°	61° 5'	Thur.. 68°	48°	58°
Fri.. 70°	53°	61° 5'	Fri.. 55°	40°	47° 5'
Sat.. 69°	48°	58° 5'	Sat.. 57°	39°	47°
Sun.. 66°	46°	56°	Sun.. 65°	45°	55°

## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fish and Fishermen—The Allan Banquet—The Manor of Robert Gifart—National Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich—The New York Music Festival—Sketches in Dakota—Inspection of the Shad Fisheries on the Delaware.

THE WEEK.—The Allan Banquet—The Late Baron Cleasby's Will—The Electric Light in Montreal—The Real Trouble in Egypt—Disinfectants.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Allan Banquet—The Chateau of Robert Gifart—Our Illustrations—Amusements—Review and Criticism—The Oldest Town in Canada—News of the Week—In Memoriam—The Professor's Darling—Musical and Dramatic—Appearances—My Nellie—The May Festival in New York—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Varieties—Hearth and Home—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 21st., 1881.

## THE WEEK

The banquet given to Sir HUGH and Mr. ANDREW ALLAN on Thursday of last week was a success in every way, as regards the number of guests, the quality of the dinner, and the harmony of the sentiments expressed. All were unanimous to do honour to the pioneers of our ocean trade and the commercial interests bound up in the success of steam navigation. A full report of the proceedings will be found in another column.

The late Baron CLEASBY has added another name to the long list of lawyers who have failed to leave behind them an intelligible or legally constructed will. There exists in the heart of man an inherent inability to apply to his own case those tests or remedies which he is in the habit of applying to others. A well-known Irish gentleman of the last generation was noted for his marvellously accurate estimate of the powers of a horse outside his own stable; but once within it, and every animal in turn was "the finest horse in the world." Thus, while he made money in backing his friend's horses, he ever lost upon his own nominations. This fact is, it would seem, better appreciated by the medical than the legal profession. When Mr. ROBERT SAWYER succumbs to the attack of a disease beyond the cure of his customary remedy, he does not turn over the pharmacopia on his own account, but applies to his friend, KNOCKEMORE, M.D., for a prescription in due form. But the legal profession apparently despise such friendly interference, and after spending their lives in interpreting the law for other people, they usually make some absurd blunder the first time they attempt to put it in practice on their own account. As such attempts are most frequently made in the direction of a testamentary disposition, and as the eminent testator has an opportunity of obtaining "leave to alter" when the omissions or errors of the document come before the Court, the practice has produced the somewhat remarkable spectacle of a long list of disputed wills, the work of distinguished legal luminaries. Every one remembers Lord Westbury's omission to appoint any executors to his will, and Lord St. Leonards, the people's authority on will making, left none of his own that could be found, and raised all sorts of troublesome questions as to his "intentions." Whatever these may have been, the great Blackstone certainly exceeded his powers of disposition, and now Baron Cleasby's testamentary wishes will

fail of being carried out by reason of a misdescription of his personal property. Barristers and judges will learn no doubt in time to profit by these warnings and

"take a lesson  
From a neighbouring profession."

in confiding the expression of their last wishes to the skill of some brother learned in the law,

MONTREAL is not to be behindhand in the application of the Electric Light. The exhibition at Hochelaga on Friday last was a complete success in every respect. The supper-room in which the invited guests partook of the Company's hospitality, was illuminated by 35 lights, subdued by tinted globes, and producing a soft and pleasant light, hardly greater than that of gas. The possibility of applying these to domestic lighting purposes was thus proved to the entire satisfaction of all present. The Canadian Electric Light Company will thus be encouraged to proceed to the great work of supplying the electricity which, it seems probable, before long must take the place of gas in all our houses. We imagine that the gas companies alone will object to the change. And now almost simultaneous comes the news of experiments in electric heating in the States, which seem to predict another use to which the giant which is superseding steam in so many of its applications, may yet be put. When we can lay on sufficient electricity to warm and light our houses, we shall need only those charming automatons, which BULWER LYTTON describes, to do all our menial work, in order that we may enjoy all the pleasures and conveniences he predicts for the "Coming Race." Indeed, were the great novelist to re-write his book at the present day, he would have to exercise his imagination far more strongly in order to make his description at all wonderful. We don't think much of his wonderful "Vril" nowadays.

There is trouble in the land of Egypt, trouble, however, that has no connection with the finances of the Khedive or the manoeuvrings of Continental diplomacy. "A British Matron" has written to the editor of the *Egyptian Gazette*, complaining bitterly that the British community in Egypt "does not distinguish itself in the marrying line." To the "British Matron" this seems the more odd in a country where the inhabitants are allowed as many as four wives apiece, and she reflects, with a melancholy worthy of Sturm himself, upon the fact that she has two marriageable daughters and more "coming on," none of whom seem likely to be taken off her hands by ardent wooers. In eloquent despair the "British Matron" points out that marriages are being celebrated every week among the Italian, French, and Greek colonies in Egypt, and she asks dolefully how it is that the "resident sons of Albion" are so behindhand in the desire to take unto themselves wives. She explains that most of the Englishmen living in Egypt are well to do, and could easily afford the expenses of the married state. Wildly she demands why the British Consular Court could not enforce a tax upon bachelors, and, if not, she implores the pulpit at least to deal with the matter, and to thunder with all the strength of ecclesiastical invective against the wicked young men who will not wed.

We have been till now without any reliable disinfectant, in the sense of being at the same time an anti-septic. The public generally confounds disinfectants, that is to say, compounds capable of destroying bad smells, with substances efficacious to destroy morbid germs. In contagious maladies, how frequently has chloride of lime been employed? It destroys—a little—some odors, but more especially masks them by its own. Still, its action in the germs of contagion is nil. Carbolic acid should be employed in preference, but even this is not efficacious as an anti-putrescent unless diffused in such quantities in an

atmosphere as to render respiration impossible, being dangerous. And, following Sternberg's experiments, it is not certain if carbolic acid can kill all species of disease germs. Ozone and other oxidants are excellent, but their value depends on their being employed in high doses, and if so employed they grip the throat and irritate the tissues. M. Peyrusson claims to have discovered a product, certain at once as a disinfectant and an anti-septic. While producing no irritation of the tissues, one-eighth of an ounce suffices to disinfect an apartment covering 100 yards. His substance is azotized ether, being the product of a mixture of azotic acid of 36°, and four parts of alcohol at 90°. M. Peyrusson has placed in vases beaten eggs, blood, meat, &c., and allowed putrescence to do its work. He next placed in the vases bottles, unstoppered, containing azotized ether. They protected the contents intact from further decay, while a vase left free advanced to the last stages of decomposition. The experiments were renewed with chloride of lime, carbolic acid and ozone. The first did not stop putrefaction, the second delayed it, the third checked decay at first, but after three days it was inefficacious. The azotized ether proved faultless. But it has also been tried in in some hospital wards, and with marked success. At Limoges, in an hospital ward cubing 300 yards, and containing 12 beds, the atmosphere was positively repulsive; three ounces of the ether poured out on as many saucers, completely purified the air, and hastened the recovery of the inmates. Similar results followed in other hospitals.

## THE ALLAN BANQUET.

Between four and five hundred persons assembled at the Windsor last Thursday to do honour to Sir Hugh and Mr. Andrew Allan. The principal features of the banquet have been already fully set out in the daily papers, and there is little to do but to add our testimony to the success of the evening. The dinner was sumptuous and unusually well served, and a feature of the tables was the floral display, which comprised 20,000 cut flowers and a variety of valuable specimen plants. Suspended from the central chandelier was a miniature model of the *Parisian*. The hull, resting upon a bed of choice exotics, was composed of white and carmine pinks, while festoons of smilax represented the sails. The funnels were composed of immortels of red, white and blue, the colour of the Allan Line, and the smoke issuing from the funnels was naturally enough represented by a dark feathery grass. The Canadian ensign surmounted the foremast, and the Union Jack fluttered at the mainmast. The Mayor presided at the centre table, and in company with the guests of the evening was conducted to his place after the company had been seated by the pipers of the 5th Fusiliers, who on several occasions during the course of the banquet did honour to the country of Sir Hugh's birth.

After the toasts of the Queen, the Royal Family, the Governor-General, and the President of the United States had been duly given, the latter being responded to by Consul-General Smith, the Army, Navy and Militia called forth Col. Dyde and Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, and last, but not least, Lieut.-Col. Ouimet, who, in response to an enthusiastic call, delivered in French what was probably the most eloquent speech of the evening.

These disposed of, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, remarking that, in 1826, he had been present when Sir Hugh, then a lad, landed in this country. Mr. Felix Sourier had pointed him out with the prophetic words, "There goes a lad, who will be a man some day." Sir Hugh, on rising to respond, was enthusiastically greeted. He expressed his and his brother's gratification at the compliment paid him by the warmth of their reception, and declared that the respect and approbation of his fellow-citizens was more to them than all the honours recently bestowed on him in other places. They claimed no special merit for their share in the development of the resources of the country, since their efforts had been of course primarily devoted to the advancement of their own business, but the fact of having been instrumental in benefitting their own city and country was most gratifying. The *Parisian* was alluded to as a necessity in face of the improvements in the New York trade, and Sir Hugh expressed his belief that other and finer vessels would have yet to be built. Referring to the deepening of the channel, which alone made it possible to navigate such a vessel as the *Parisian*, he made a graceful allusion to the services of the late Hon. John Young in this matter, and expressed his hope that the scheme for erecting a monument to his memory would be carried out. Mr. Andrew Allan also responded to much the same effect.

The Chairman then proposed "the Senate and the House of Commons," which was responded to by Hon. Messrs. Ryan and Huntington, and

Messrs. Coursol, M. P. Ryan and Thos. White. "Our Railway and Shipping Interests" brought an interesting speech from Mr. L. J. Sergeant of the Grand Trunk; Mr. Thos. Cramp and Mr. P. S. Stevenson also responded. Mr. F. W. Henshaw presented some interesting statistics in reply to "Our Manufacturing and Commercial Interests," and Mr. Andrew Robertson pointed out that the Allan Line had increased the tonnage of Montreal port four-fold in a quarter of a century. "The Press" was responded to by Messrs. James Stewart and Richard White, and "The Ladies" by Mr. R. D. McGibbon. Music was furnished during the evening by the Victoria Rifles' Band.

We must not forget to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Notman & Sandham for their assistance in photographing the large dining-room of the Windsor for the use of our special artist in his drawing of the banquet.

## SEIGNIORIAL MANOR OF THE FIRST SEIGNEUR OF BEAUPORT 1634.

We are indebted to Mr. Le Moine of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for the sketch from which our illustration has been taken. A special interest in the old manor has been recently aroused by the discovery of a circular plate of lead or pewter amongst the ruins of the building, which was destroyed by fire two years ago. Although much injured by the flames, a portion at least of it is decipherable and refers the date of the manor back to 1634. The plate when discovered was rolled up and is said to have contained a document and a few coins. The former however crumbled to dust and the latter has vanished to our regret. The inscription is as follows, according to Mrs. Gury, of Darnoc, Beauport, to whom it was brought:—

I. H. S. M. I. A.

LAN 1634 LE

NTE

29 IVILET IE ETE PLA

PREMIERE P C GIFART

SEIGNEUR DE CE LIEV

This is rudely but deeply cut into the plate and underneath may be seen in patches traces of a fainter etching, part of which may be a coat of arms, but this is uncertain; underneath can be seen a heart reversed, with flames springing from it upwards. All these are enclosed in a larger heart, point downwards.

This rude inscription of 25th July, 1634, gives priority as to date to the Beauport Manor over any ancient structure extant in Canada this day. The erection of the manor would seem to have preceded by three years the foundation of the Jesuits' Sillery residence, now owned by Messrs. Dobell and Beckett, which dates of July, 1637. A writer in the *Quebec Chronicle*, whose letter should be reproduced were it not too long, offers some interesting comments upon the discovery and makes some conjectures as to its history and engraving, ending with the interesting description from Francis Packman of the ceremony of *Foi et hommage* as performed by a recalcitrant vassal of the Seigneur, the stone mason and *savant* Jean Guion, possibly the very man who engraved the plate itself. In the presence of a notary, Guion presented himself at the principal door of the Manor-house of Beauport. Having knocked, one Boule, farmer of Giffard, opened the door, and in reply to Guion's question if the Seigneur was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boule, was empowered to receive acknowledgments of faith and homage from the vassals in his name. "After the which reply" proceeds the act, "the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees on the ground with head bare, and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words: 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on account of my fief Du Buisson which I hold as a man of faith of your Seigniorship of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in this season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid.'" (*Old Regime*, p. 246-257).

We will close this article with Mr. Le Moine's own description of the chateau as it stood previous to 1759. "The familiar old pile alleged to have been the headquarters of the Marquis of Montcalm, during the siege of 1759, and in which so many generations of Duchesnays and some of Col. Gury's children were born, became the prey of flames in 1879, it is said, by the act of a vandal, an incendiary; thus perished the most ancient stronghold of the proud feudal Lords of Beauport—the stone manor of Surgeon Robert Gifart—the safe retreat against the Iroquois of the warlike Juchereau Duchesnays, one of whose ancestors in 1645, had married Maria Gifart, or Giffard, a daughter of the bell-couse Esculapius from Perche, France, Surgeon Robert Gifart. The massive manor stood in front of the more modern dwelling Col. Gury had erected at Darnoc, in 1865, and rather intercepted the view to be had from this spot of Quebec. As one of the memorable landmarks of the past, it has furnished a subject for the pencil of Col. Benson J. Lossing, author of the "American Revolution" and "Life of Washington," who, during his visit to Quebec, in July, 1858, sketched it with others for *Harper's Magazine*, where it appeared, over the heading "Montcalm's Headquarters, Beauport," in the number for January, 1859, page 180.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH the spring begins a new era for the fishermen, and we trust no evil disposed persons will find any fault with the "fishy" character of the present number.

ANOTHER page represents the recent inspections of the shad fisheries on the Delaware. Among the States which have of late years devoted attention to the preservation and culture of food fishes, none has pursued a more liberal policy or accomplished more satisfactory results than New Jersey.

YET another half page in the same interest, the National Fisheries Exhibition which was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, last month at Norwich. The articles contributed to this exhibition are divided into six classes, as follows:—1. Pisciculture and shell-fish culture;

districts fit for agricultural settlement. For the grazing of cattle it is, perhaps, better adapted like much of the Western prairie land. The only town of any importance is Yankton, near which are mines of iron and coal.

AMUSEMENTS.

LOVERS of the drama have had a revelation in the visit of Janauschek to Montreal. Like the rest of the world I had heard so much of this actress that, being moreover of a somewhat distrustful disposition, and having recently learnt through the medium of the press that Litta had "reached the zenith" of something or other, and that Rosa d'Erina was the greatest singer on the continent, I had my misgivings lest I might fail to agree with the newspapers.

It is impossible in the space of a notice like this to attempt to complete description of the four plays which were presented at the Theatre Royal during the week. Suffice it to say, that Janauschek's greatest triumph probably was in "Black House" in which she essayed with remarkable success the two entirely distinct parts of Hortense and Lady Dedlock.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

AN instructive contrast between the works of the old and the new school of French fiction is afforded by the simultaneous issue by Messrs. Peterson of English versions of the *Dame aux Camelias* (1) and *Nana* (2) the best known work probably of M. Emile Zola.

its very artistic charm lies the danger. In spite of ourselves we are constrained to admire and love what is in itself mean and vile, veiled though it be by all the glamour which the consummate art of the novelist can skill to throw over it.

THE same publishers are issuing the charming little stories by which Mrs. Burnett made her reputation, and which were written in the first instance for *Peter's Magazine*.

THE name of Mr. J. G. Bourinot is familiar to all readers of the *Canadian Monthly* in connection with the essays upon literary subjects which have from time to time appeared in its pages over his name.

WHICH IS THE OLDEST TOWN IN CANADA?

The usual answer to this question, and the one to be found in any History of Canada, is "Port Royal or Annapolis;" and there seems to be no doubt of its correctness.

Le Sieur de Monts, who has been appointed the French King's Lieutenant General for Acadia, came out in 1604 with several followers, among whom was Champlain, and about a hundred colonists. After exploring a great part of the coast, he settled at the mouth of the St. Croix river; but this place was found to be badly chosen.

(3) "The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People," by J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons. 1881. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

the South side of Annapolis Basin, and a fort was built there of which the ruins are still to be seen.—See Moreau, *Histoire de l'Acadie*, and *Winthrop's Journal*. It is this second Port Royal which was taken by Major Sedgwick in 1654, by Phipps in 1690, and finally by Nicholson on the 13th Oct. 1710, when the name was changed to Annapolis in honour of Queen Anne.

R. H. O'B.

"IT WAS I," OR "IT WAS ME."

In volume I at page 113 of Dr. Steven's "Life of Madame De Staël," occurs the following sentence: "It was I that it intoxicated." The use of the nominative case of the Personal Pronoun in this sentence would appear to be perfectly correct, when one recalls the old rule of Lindley Murray that the verb "to be" takes the same case after it as before it.

TEETOTUM.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A NEW Cabinet has been formed at the Cape. The liabilities of W. & G. Schroeder, of London, are placed at £500,000.

ONE Levey, a relative of O'Donovan Rossa, has been arrested under the Coercion Act.

RUMOURS are current of Mr. Gladstone's intention to retire from public life.

BISMARCK is said to be greatly annoyed at the rejection of the Exemption Tax Bill.

RENDS in the northern governments of Russia are being lowered from 30 to 65 per cent.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has been imprisoned for an indefinite term in the fortress of Dunaburg.

CARDINAL MANNING has prohibited the use of Catholic buildings for Land League meetings.

THE second part of Wagner's Nibelungen Trilogy was performed in Berlin recently for the first time, and was a grand success.

GENERAL MELIKOFF, Russian Minister of the Interior, has been compelled to resign on account of serious illness.

MR. GLADSTONE's health is said to be much improved, and he has resumed his seat in the House of Commons.

THE French General Beyard had an interview with the Boy recently, which terminated in the signing of a treaty.

THE Anchor Line steamer *Columbia* has been awarded £4,500 for towing the disabled Cunarder *Batavia* into Fayal some time ago.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria threatens to resign his crown on account of the behaviour of his Ministers and the impossibility of fulfilling his mission with success.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

NEVER marry for money, but, if ever you meet a nice girl with plenty of tin, try to love her.

WORRIED father to anxious mother: "Don't forbid their staying out there and coaxing. Just paint the gate every day."

TEXAS now calls itself civilized. The fashion of wearing bowie-knives in the boot-legs is discontinued—they are carried out of sight at the back of the neck.

THERE is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

JONES thinks a man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. Jones.

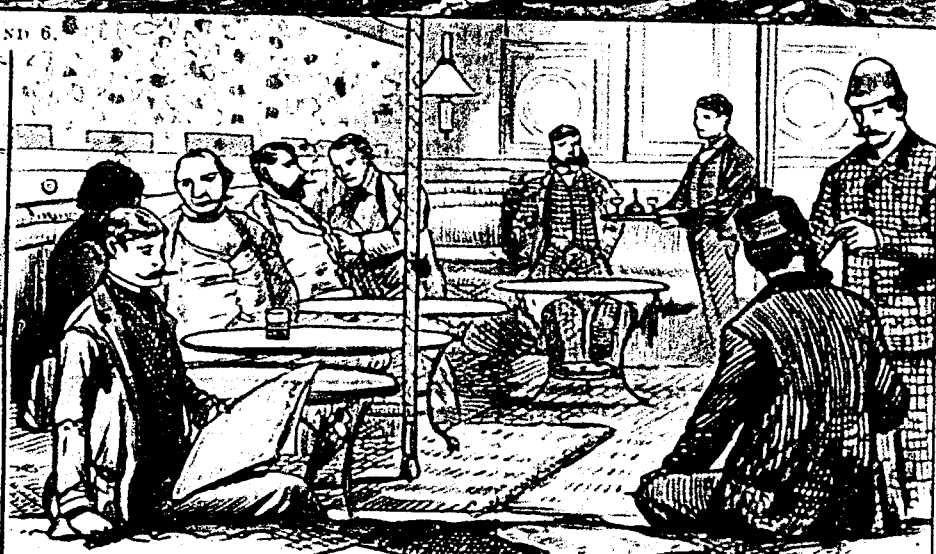
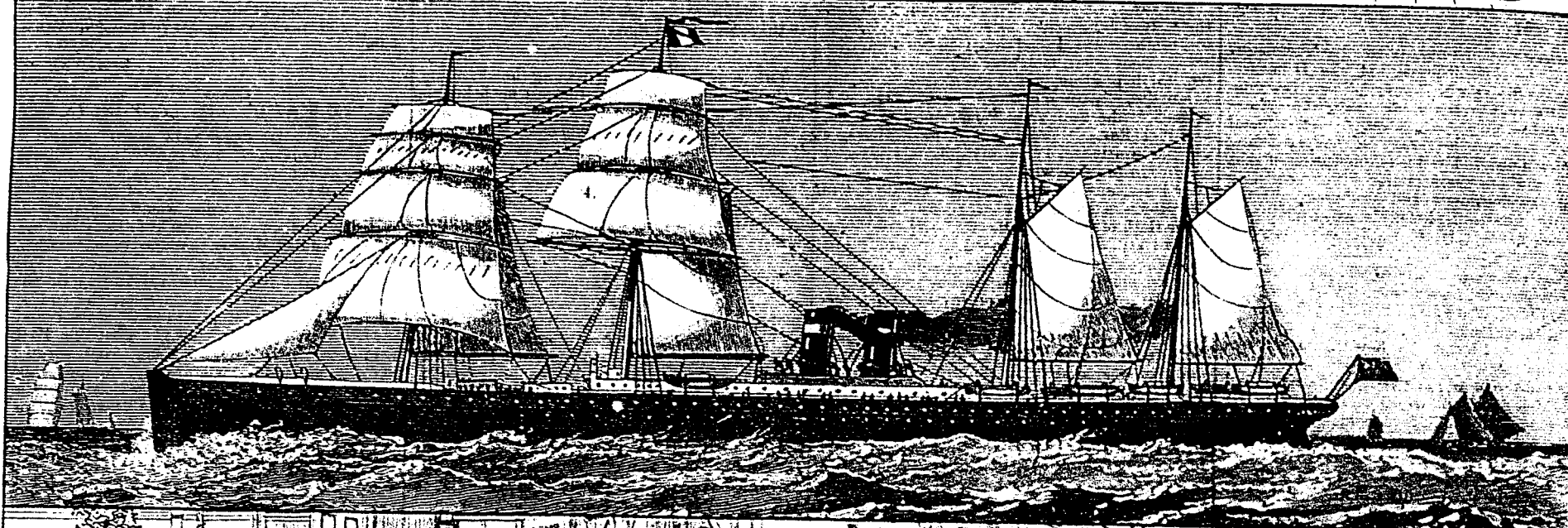
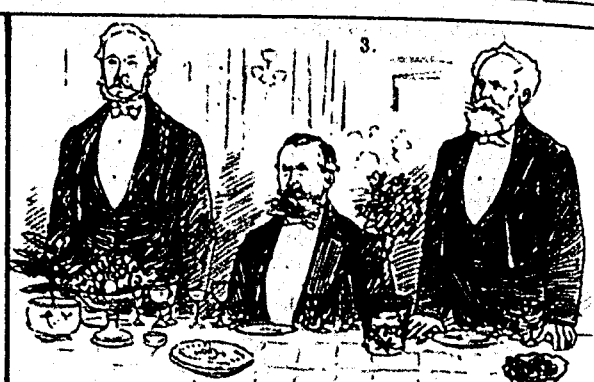
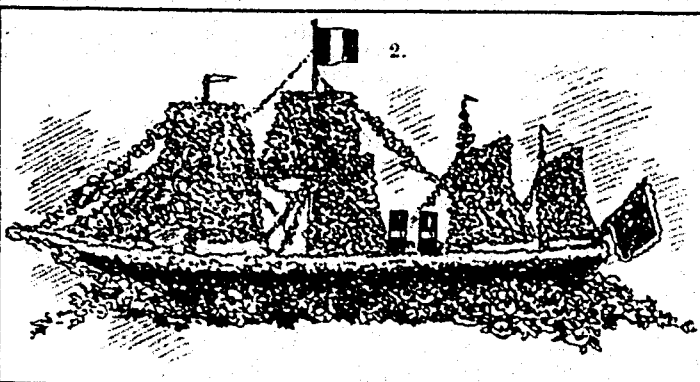
MISS MIDAS: "You're the first commoner I've ever danced with, Captain Protzman!" The Captain: "No, really? Why, what is there about you for commoners to avoid?"—*Punch*.

MAMMA: "You'll be sorry when Uncle Dick leaves us to-morrow, won't you, Tommy?" Tommy: "Oh, no, I sha'n't!" Mamma: "Why not?" Tommy: "Cos Uncle Dick always gives me a shilling when he goes away!"—*Punch*.

THE death is announced of Comte Léon, who was always reputed to be a natural son of Napoleon I., whom he resembled in a remarkable manner. The Count had died after a long and terrible illness at Pontoise, where he lived very quietly with his wife and his four children.

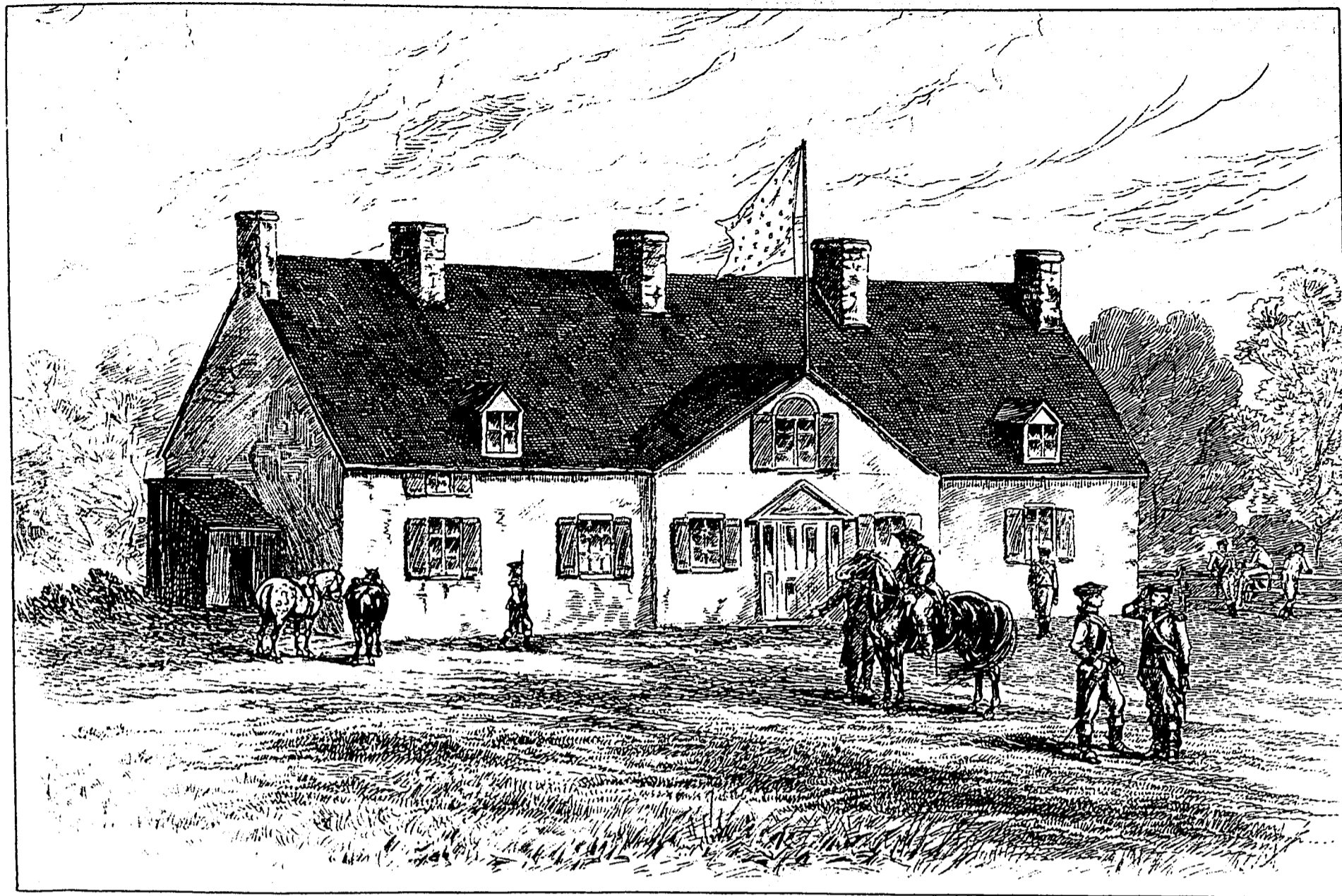
(1) "Camille," by Alex. Dumas, Jr., Sarah Bernhardt edition. 1881. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

(2) "Nana," by Emile Zola, translated by John Strinling. 1881. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

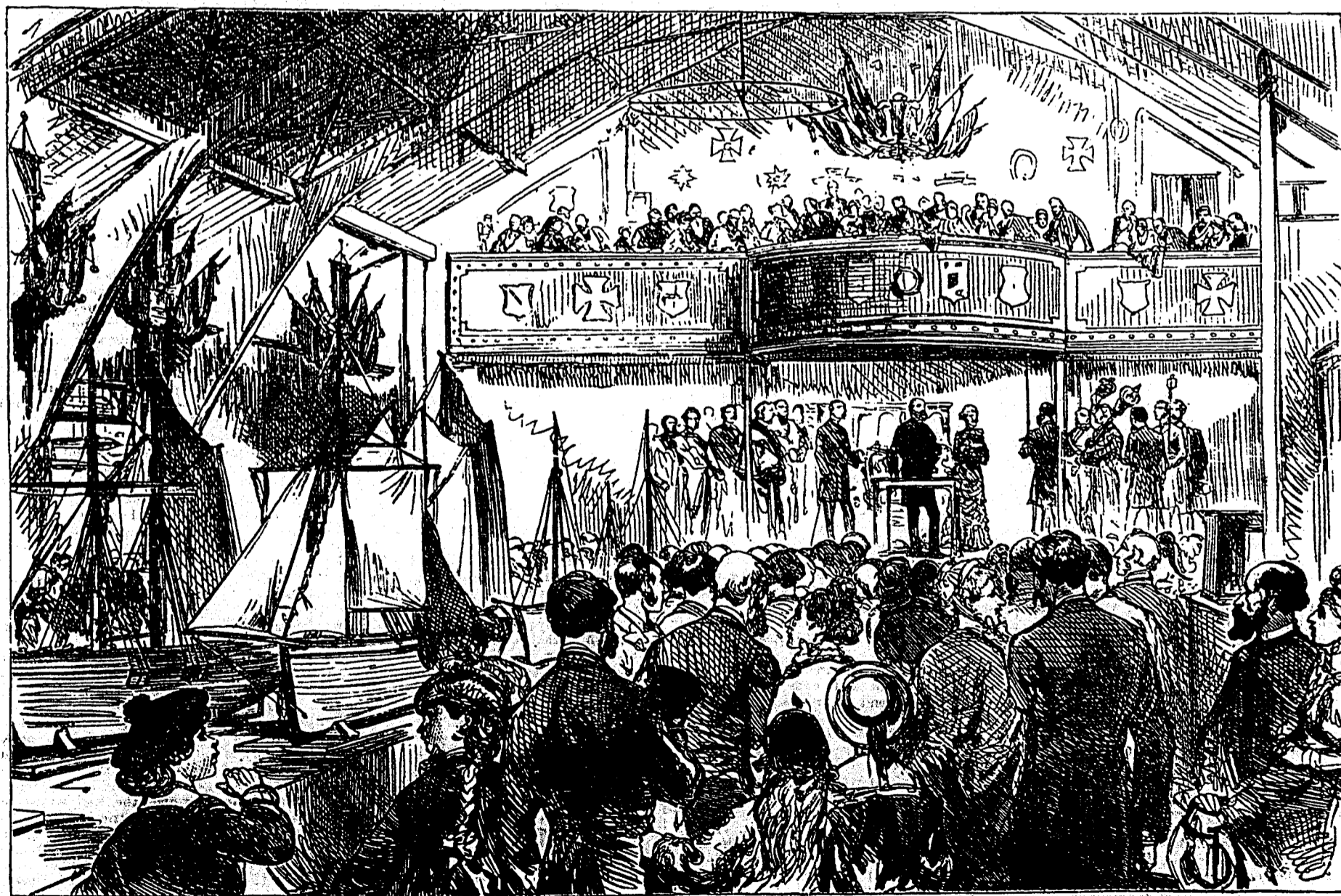


1. ENTRY OF THE GUESTS    2. THE FLORAL MODEL OF THE "PARISIAN."    3. SIR HUGH REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF THE EVENING.    4. THE S.S. "PARISIAN."  
 5 AND 6. INTERIOR OF THE VESSEL.    7. THE BANQUET.

MONTREAL.—COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET TO SIR HUGH AND MR. ANDREW ALLAN AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL.



MANOR OF ROBT. GIFART. 1st SEIGNEUR OF BEAUPORT.—(HEADQUARTERS OF MONTCALM, 1759.)



THE NATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION IN THE DRILL HALL, NORWICH.









THE NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL

DRAWN BY T. DE



IN THE 7th REGIMENT ARMORY.

T. H. B. S. P.

APPEARANCES.

BY G. HUNT JACKSON.

Hast thou e'er seen the moon reflected,— Impressed upon the azure air? Reason, by science undirected, Would see, not one moon, but a pair. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

Ofst thou seen the rainbow's glow, A semi-circle to thy gaze? While these upon the mountain's brow Beheld complete a circle's rays, Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

Hast thou not seen a human face All pallid through suspended breath? Physiic n's eye alone could trace 'The signs of life, and not of death. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

How many a villain's heart has been Concealed, through subtle management? His deeper nature was not seen, Nor he held in disparagement. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

How many a noble soul, and true, Has married, through long years, a stain? Because one sin to outward view, Was seen, as was the curse of Cain. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

MY NELLIE.

AN IDYL OF THE STREETS. TORONTO, 188—

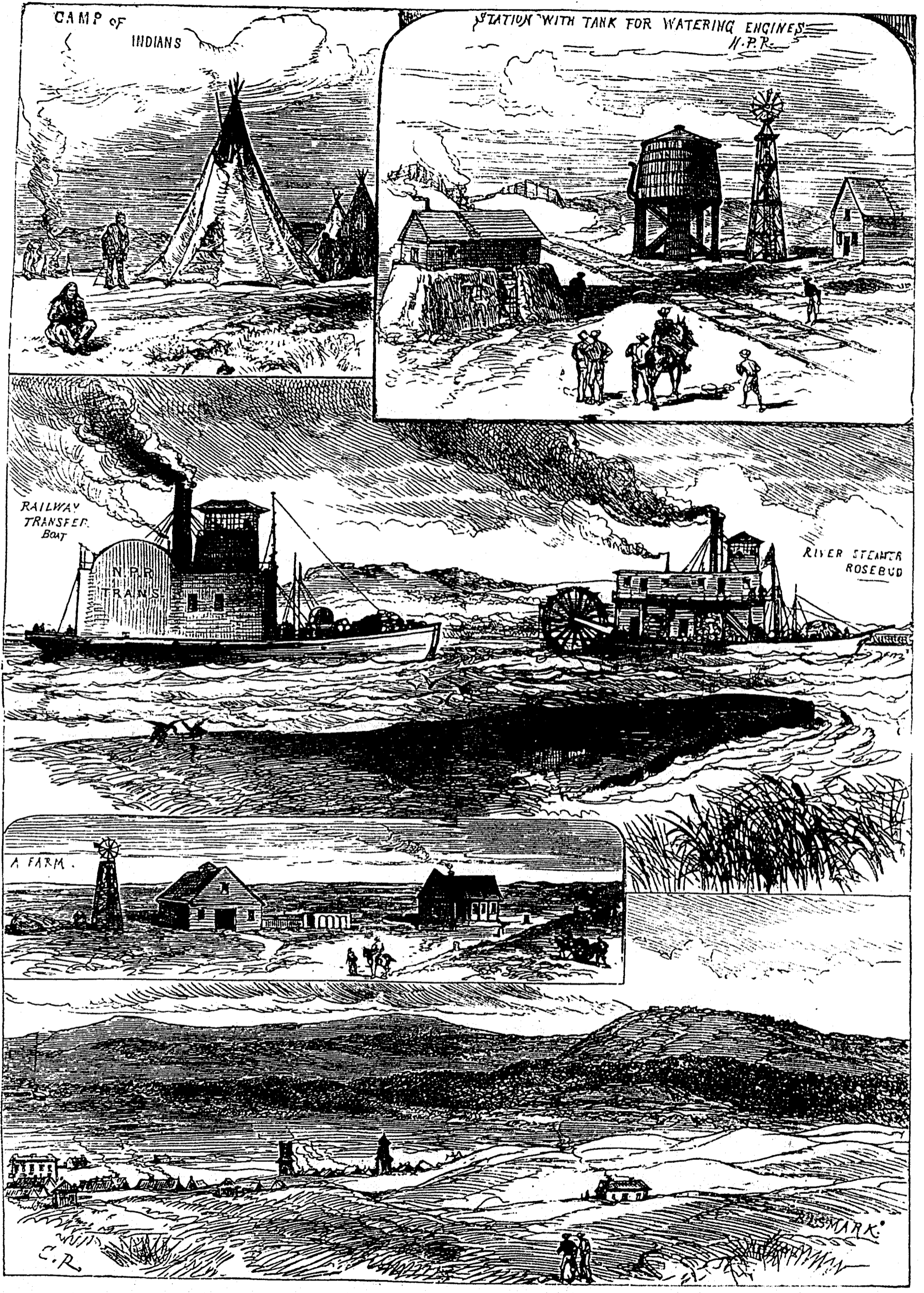
Twelve o'clock noon, and as the great town clock struck the hour leisurely, the shrill whistles of the many factories, the mellow-sounding gongs from the warehouses that lined the wharves near, joined their discordant tones, the big bells on the Cathedral towers clanging out their share in the noontide melody; every narrow by-way, open doorway and outlet from dark passage sent forth a living stream of work-people—young women, their wearied faces strangely sad under the faded finery of their shabby hats, the worn shawls or buttonless jackets, needing closer folding about their thin forms to protect them from the chilly, brisk May air after the close atmosphere of the crowded rooms: men putting on their coats as they strode up the street, some still retaining the elasticity of youth, but many, alas! with the shambling gait, betraying the close hours, absence of out-door exercise, and the heavy drag of a struggle with poverty: coal-heavers, black and smutty from the nature of their work; oil-begrimed workers at the boats and engines, all on the one object intent—their dinner. Turning away down King street as the bells ceased, one found it comparatively quiet; a few carriages standing at the shop doors, a waggon or two, a farmer's team quietly munching a wisp of hay, while their owner and his "old woman" told their aches and pains to a sympathizing druggist's clerk, who had sold them a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-killer as a panacea for all their ills, and sent them away happy. The streets east—then running only to Yorkville and up Queen street—crossing at the switch, near the market, a solitary shopper or two, clerks hurrying home to their dinner. The doorways of the newspaper offices, even the mouth of the dirty lane leading to the old Leader office, without the usual crowd of ragged vendors of the daily papers. The sun shone warm on the closed doors and brick walls of more than one Company's office, glinting on the door-plates and emblazoned signboards, dashing with all its warmth and light on the pretty little figure in dark grey that took its way so slowly along the north side of the street, swinging her tightly-furled umbrella with apparent carelessness, as if she had no thought beyond, but the rapid, half-aside, backward glances from the brown eyes under the broad-leaved hat, told a different story. As she nears the corner of Yonge street the pretty forehead is wrinkled into a frown, and the umbrella tapped impatiently against the well-fitting boot on my lady's tiny foot, and the steps grow slower and slower, the backward glances more frequent. Then, with a sigh of disappointment the corner is almost turned, when the frown gives place to a smile that speaks volumes. Turning, she stoops to look in a window, her figure hidden by an old post that had stood for many years half leaning against the house; only a moment, when, walking very fast, one hand in his pocket, the other swinging and switching a light cane, came a handsome man—dark-skinned, dark-eyed, gentlemanly and refined in appearance, but, in spite of all, with a something wanting in his face, a solidity of purpose to carry him through a great undertaking, or set at defiance wills that might clash with his own. He was energetic enough now, as he reached the corner, with a muttered, "D—n it! Too late again. Just my luck!" He was about to turn away. "Don't swear, Tom; it does not sound nice, and went out of fashion with our grandfathers," and Nellie held out her hand. "Oh, you're there all right. But what did you hide for, you little minx?" and the tall fellow looked down fondly at the dear little girl, as he took her hand. "For fun. You know you are late; it must be quite ten minutes past. I have walked all the way from the Cathedral since the clock struck. Then—"

"What a long walk in ten minutes," laughed Tom, as he held the face of his watch toward her, the hands pointing to barely five minutes after the hour. "Oh, you are slow!" she retorted. "Well, finish your sentence, Nell. Then—" "You interrupted, and cannot expect me to go on now." "Yes, I do. I apologize. Come. Then—" "What a silly boy you are! It is nothing!" "Well, never mind. Tell me." "How absurd. Well, if you really will have it, I wanted to know if your sorrow was genuine when you missed me, or only humbug!" and Nellie buttoned and unbuttoned her glove as if that was obliging her to speak out. "Well, and was the result satisfactory?" asked her companion, after a pause. A bright glance, and Nellie answered: "You are about the most concealed, self-satisfied individual I ever knew!" "All right, if you say so; I'm agreeable." "Then, Tom, don't let us talk any more nonsense. What is going on? Where have you been? I have not seen you for three days, you know! Were you at Miss Thompson's last night? Who was there?" "Softly, softly, Nell. I can't answer a dozen questions at once; one at a time!" But, all the same, he told all, and more than was expected of him, to judge by the apparent flow of conversation between them as they strolled up Yonge street, across by Gerard and down Church street. Talked of all the girls whom Nellie knew well by sight and hearsay, which, with her bright, clear eyes and true woman's instinct, as yet untouched by jealousy, gave her a truer knowledge of them than even Tom had: of the drudgery of the office, which he hated most cordially, and would gladly leave upon any pretext, but Nellie had learnt now to coax him, for the time, at least, out of his ill-humour with it and its surroundings, and send him back to it with a smile. Talking thus, the time passed quickly, and it was nearly one o'clock ere they turned up Yonge street. Tom, chaffing Nellie upon the temptation to pick pockets, the handkerchief was half thrust into the outside pocket of her jacket; he had pulled it out, seizing the opportunity of giving the little presenting fingers a squeeze perchance, was startled by Nellie—"Breakers ahead, Tom!" and quickening her pace slightly, left a couple of yards between them in a moment, and no two people could be more apparently unconscious of the other's presence than they were, when passing a rather stout, pompous-looking, elderly man, with dangling eye-glass, who stood at the door of the Express office talking to a man with a pea behind his ear. The eye-glass was raised a moment and turned towards Nellie. As it dropped, he recognized Tom with a nod, and muttered, "Bless my soul!" he let him pass. Tom, remembering the handkerchief which he still held, strode on, and, lifting his hat as he overtook Nellie, was rewarded by a slight bow and apparent "Thank you." And in reality it was, "He knows Tom; I saw it in his face!" yet, despite the tears so near the surface, her eyes were sparkling with fun. And Tom's reply, as he walked past, was: "Who cares! I'm sick of this farce." And what of the man who "knew?" "Who's the lady, Timmins?" "Don't know, sir. See her often pass this way at noon." "Well, that's all to-day. Shall look in on you again to-morrow. By-bye," and the man with the eye glass, too, went his way. Timmins turning into the office, chuckled, sotto voce: "Guess that little game's spoiled, Master Tom. Not quite clever enough this time for the old boy!" A Warm sunny afternoon, the town clock chiming the half-past four; King street thronged with carriages, the coachmen in quiet undress livery, with white-gloved hands, holding in their horses to a proper pace to enable the fair freight to scatter smiles and bows to their friends on the pavement, who, in the most taking of costumes, promenaded on the fashionable side; men from the banks, clerks from the Government offices, students from the college, in the hated cap and gown, thronged up and down, "studying human nature from four to six," they said. Drawn up at what was generally considered the unfashionable side of the street, and certainly the quietest, was one of the handsomest equipages; the low, luxurious cushioned seats, occupied by a stout old lady in spectacles, and a fair, slight, undeniably handsome girl, her straight features and clear complexion set off by all the advantages of dress and style; yet the want of warmth and flexibility in the thin-lipped mouth, made many wonder where others found the beauty in her face. She was looking her best just now as she leant slightly forward to talk to the tall, dark man, who, with one foot on the carriage step, was listening to her with apparent interest, unheeding the impatient haste of the fair, slight man who was waiting for him. But everything comes to an end some time; with a nod and smile, which would have been bewitching had the mouth been softer, she said: "Mr. Morton is getting very impatient, so we'll say good-bye until to-night;" just, however, as the man was about to drive on, she called out: "Oh stop a minute, Tom," she went on, when he came to the carriage. "I am going to wear white to-night; no colour, and want my flowers to match. Don't forget, and don't be late."

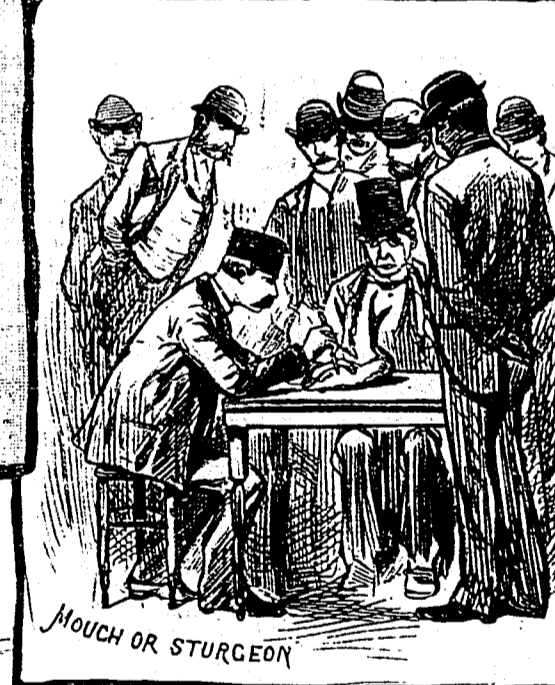
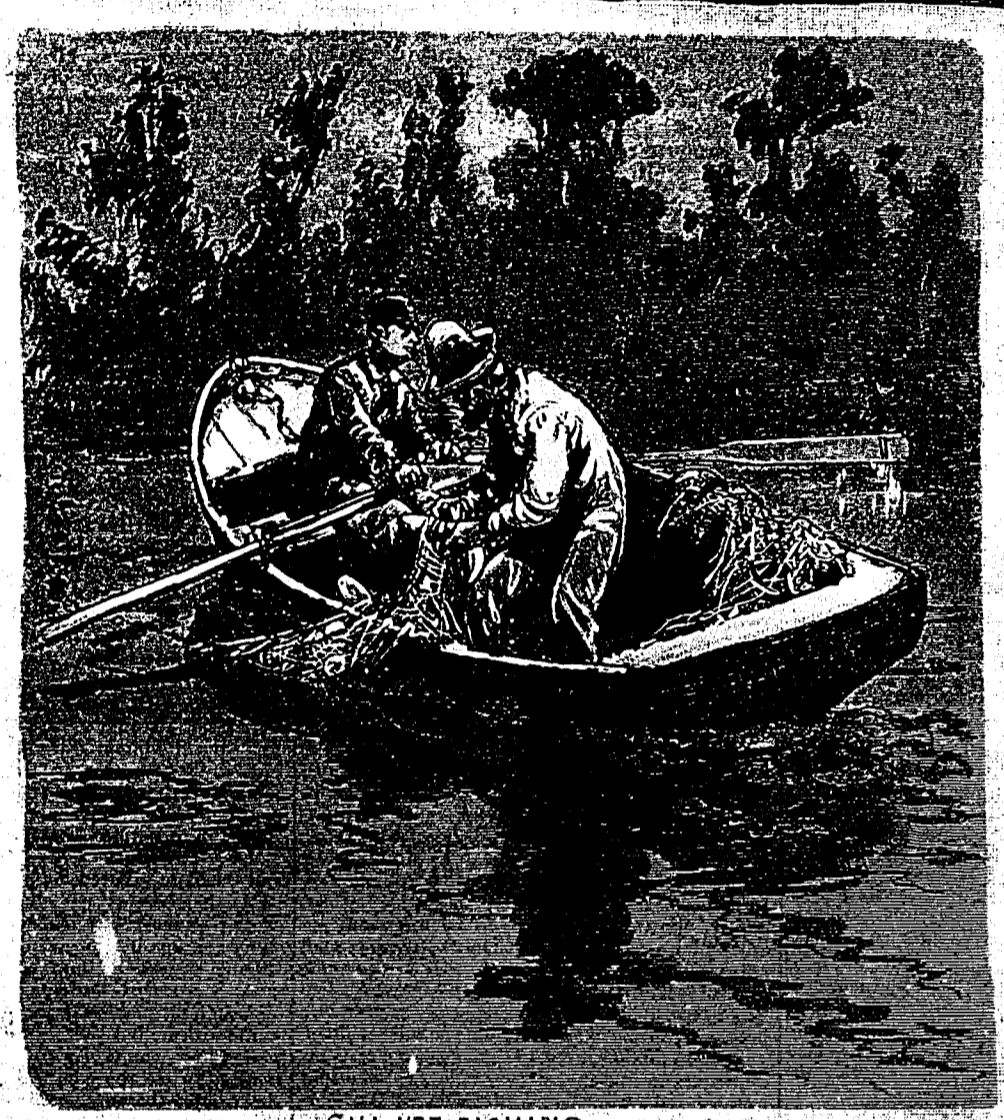
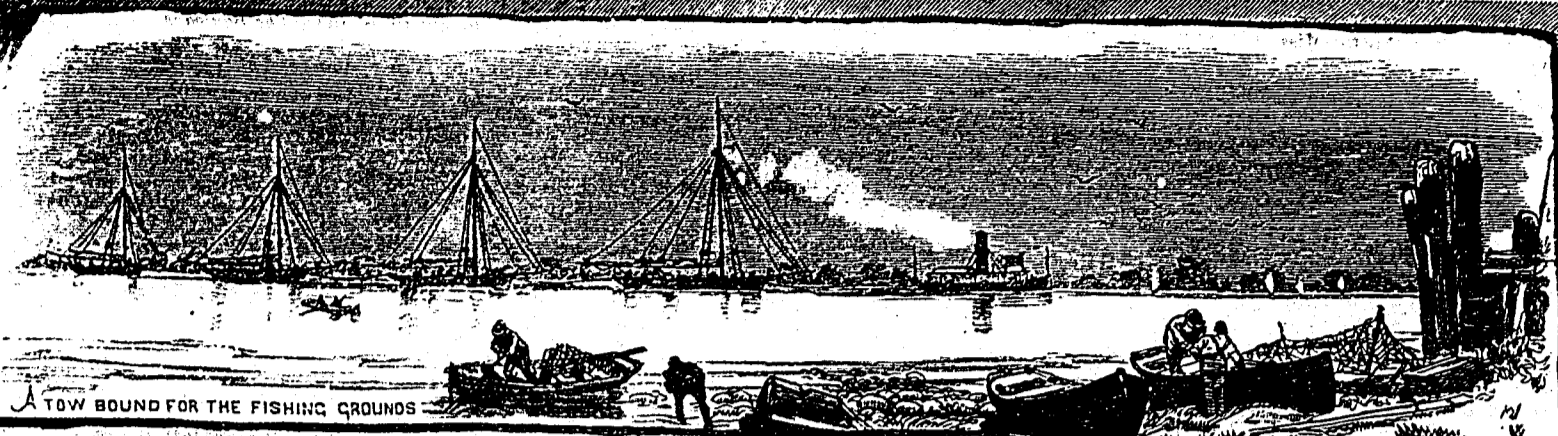
What evil genius made Nellie pass just then, in time to see the smile and hear the response. "Not I, while you wait! The whitest roses shall be yours too, Charlotte." "Come along, Tom," said Mr. Morton, as the carriage drove off, "I thought you were going to stop all day. Tell you what I saw the neatest little body in town while you were waiting your smiles on that icicle. All right, old fellow," he added, as an exclamation escaped his companion, "I apologize; but if you knew the little girl I mean you could not help drawing comparisons. The deuce is I don't think she recognized me, and I didn't know she was in town until this minute. I must find out where she is stopping, and pick up the old flirtation." "Who is she? You're quite warm, Morton." "The nicest little thing in girls Tom, and the veriest flirt you ever met. First saw her in Newmarket last summer, when up about that business of old Toper's, you know. It was plaguey dull work, so I went in for a bazaar that was going on—not expecting much fun, but by Jove I had. She was there, got up in pink ribbons and lace, and in half an hour I hadn't a cent in my pocket, and if I had had any time for that sort of thing I should have gone in to win in earnest and settled down." "It's a pity you hadn't, Jack, as you seem to feel it so still. But what's her name?" "Cranstone; I think the other girls called her Nellie. "Hello!" he added, "there's the man I've been hunting all day. Ta ta, I'll see you again." And Morton sprang across the street heedless of his friend, unnoticed the frown upon his face. "Nellie! by all that's holy," he muttered. "It's likely enough though; they are all alike," he added angrily. And Nellie, what of her? The words as well as the expression on the girl's face who so laud her commands upon Tom, and his answer were a trouble to her; the knowledge that socially Tom was far above the music teacher, a lurking fear that alone in the world as she was, the many hints and varied warnings upon the wickedness of men generally, which she had heard so often reiterated by her married friends (God forgive them) might be true, and Tom no better than the rest, was making his love for her but an interesting amusement *pour passer le temps*; and thought it no sin to throw her aside when weary of it or something better turned up. The anxiety he had shown to avoid being seen with her by his own people giving colour to the fear. So the small end of the wedge of distrust was drawn slowly but surely in by unacknowledged jealousy. Angry with herself for harbouring the thought for a moment, her sensitive pride accused her of letting him see too plainly her love for him: how often she had gone to meet him, let her hand lie in his unreprieved, taken so much for granted—manner and looks for plain words, in spite of novels and novel writers of "stories from real life." Now few men make the long speeches, utter the well turned sentences when telling their love that are attributed to them. Thus Nellie worked herself into a determination to go to meet him no more; if he wanted her he might find her, and if all stories were true the hint would make him like her better. Poor Nellie, it was no new feeling, how many have felt the same and made themselves feel miserable without a cause. Hot broiling days had given place to the balmy ones of spring, 80° and 90° in the shade had driven all who could afford it to the seaside; those who could not, to some quiet country place, there to rusticate in the fond imagining that their fashionable friends at Caccouna would think they were at Murray Bay and *vice versa*, leaving only the few detained by business or poverty to choose the shady side of the streets, and try to persuade themselves it was not very hot after all. When Nellie and Tom met again, past the Rossin over the old uneven flagstones they walked, her face flushed and indignant, his jealous and angry, biting his moustache viciously, the veriest bystander could tell they were quarrelling. Jealous accusations and indignant denials followed quickly upon one another, neither willing to give in without some sign of relenting on the other's part. Hampered by their surroundings—ah! how little lovers quarrelling in some dimly lighted conservatory or firelit drawing-room know the value of the touch that breaks the cruel barrier of pride and sends a thrill of reconciliation through heart and head—our lovers quarrelled on. "I don't believe you care that for me," and Tom snapped his fingers defiantly, "and would just as willingly flirt with any other fellow that came along. You are all alike, one fellow's back turned the next will do just as well, provided he's fool enough; so we might as well part first as last, it will come to that in the end." "As you will. If you cannot trust me entirely we had better—part," and something very like a sob rose in her throat, but she bravely gulped it down, and with clear unflinching eyes looked straight into his face. "Now at once," and tearing off the tiny glove, heedless of the the flying buttons, she took off the ruby ring as if it burnt her, she had dropped it into his hand and turning into the many entrances to the hotel, had closed the door and sped half way up the long staircase before he had recovered himself, the ring in his hand recalling his scattered senses at last to throw it down and with a muttered curse grind it into the ground with his heel, enraged at the girl for her haste in accept-

ing a release he never meant seriously to give her; scornful of himself for loving her, he went his way to be the merriest, wildest at the club, making the room ring with the laughter provoked by his wit and fun an hour afterwards. And Nellie—wounded pride, the whole weight of her own love thrown back upon her heart, angry with herself because she could not quench it then and there, feeling satisfaction in having shown him how little she cared for his love when he was so ready to renounce hers. All her nerves quivering, her head in a whirl, her eyes shining like stars, she never knew how she got through the music lessons of the next two hours or home to her lodgings in the quiet streets, and when night came after gazing out on the silent street until the dawn was near at hand, she threw herself at last on her bed to sleep the weary, dreamless sleep, in which there is only cessation, no rest. Eight o'clock in the morning, housemaids sweeping doorsteps, beating mats and gossiping with the milkman; a boy with a telegram; a cab on which a white-faced brown-eyed girl was rattled away in over the stones to the railway depot to go to the brother dying at school of scarlet fever; the sorrow of yesterday as nothing in the presence of the misery of this later grief, was all that the dwellers in the street saw. A day or two afterwards and several successive days they noticed a tall, dark man come up the street, make inquiries at the door of the boarding-house, but apparently not receiving satisfactory replies he too disappeared, and the street saw him no more. Easter day, the glad chimes ringing out the happy morn, the streets thronged with church-goers all in their best, up the pathway to Holy Trinity, its altar gaily decorated with flowers, its font a pyramid of pure white lilies, its pews rapidly filling with worshippers and many alas, who came but to see the decorations. Among the last, two young men who taking a seat near the door continued their conversation in an under tone which however was distinctly audible to the slight girl in deep mourning and heavy crape veil kneeling in front. "Who's the tall girl in slight mourning just gone up the aisle," said one. "Miss Torrins, Tom Falconer's cousin; you remember him, don't you? Not know him? Well, you missed an awfully good fellow. He was in old Falconer's office, but the old fellow packed him off to England and bought him a commission, people said because he was angry with him for something—debts probably; the regiment was ordered to Abyssinia where Tom was killed. Miss Torrins put on mourning of course and people say she was engaged to him, but I have my own opinion about that, for I am rather a pet of the old lady's and happened to be there when some of his things arrived which he had asked a brother officer to send home for him if he fell, and she showed me a photograph of a lonely, soft-eyed girl in a drooping hat under which the words "My Nellie, God bless her," were written, which she said was in the pocket-book he always carried, so I would not give much for his fair cousin's chances had poor Tom lived. But I don't know why I tell you all this when you did not know him. Why indeed! Could he have known the exquisite pain yet unspeakable joy with which the heart of the kneeling figure near was filled by his random words, he would scarcely have questioned the reason why. OTTAWA. MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. IRVING and Booth are acting together as announced. The New York Musical Festival has proved a complete success. THE TIMES thinks Irving's *Jago* inferior to Booth's. The *Globe* says it is more dramatic, while Booth's is the most human. THE Mapleson Opera Company has received a very severe blow. Madame Trebelli has accented to Mr. Gye and the Royal Italian Opera. A NEW theatre, erected on the site formerly occupied by the Menus Plaisirs, has been opened in Paris. From the selection of the company its ambitious title, "La Comédie Parisienne," seems but half deserved. It is said that Salvini on his return to Italy will settle in Florence and devote his time to teaching the art of which he is probably the greatest living exponent. MR. TERRY, the comedian, has been elected a member of the Richmond Board of Guardians to represent the district of Barnes, with the Rev. H. R. Wakefield, the curate of the parish, as his colleague. "AESTHETICA; or, the Times and the Managers," is the title of a comic opera which Charles F. Pidgite, of Boston, Mass., proposes to produce next season with original music by five American composers. THE Festival of the Three Choirs will be held at Worcester this year, and by permission of the Dean and Chapter, oratorios will be performed in the nave of the Cathedral, suitably arranged. MELLE. HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, the famous opera bouffe actress, is selling her Jewels by public auction at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, where crowds of her admirers assemble to purchase them. ORGAN FOR SALE. From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.





IN THE FAR WEST.—SKETCHES IN THE DACOTAH TERRITORY.



OFFICIAL INSPECTION OF THE SHAD FISHERIES OF THE DELAWARE.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. BECKER.

A SHOT AT RANDOM.

I am in the theatrical profession. My wife, before I married her, was in the theatrical profession too. She was known as "little Miss Smith."

Little Miss Smith was about twenty years of age when, in October, 1850, she first came to Elgin to join us. She had not been with us a week before every one of our army, from manager down to call-boy, was ready to die for her.

November arrived. In the meantime I had made but poor progress in my love affair. I had taken my dear one home from the theatre many times, but that was all. In that month the manager engaged a "star."

I had an interview after this with Random. I told him that, as Miss Smith and I were promised to each other, I would thank him to turn his attentions to some other quarter.

The night came when we were producing a new play. It was called "The Troubles and Temptations of a Soldier's Wife; or, Virtue Triumphant."

A ship leaves Glasgow for Port Elizabeth, Cape Town. Among the passengers is a soldier's wife who, with her child, is on her way to join her husband out there.

stroke. Quick as lightning she flies across the cabin, seizes a pistol and fires at the buccaner, who falls instant.

Random had the rôle of the rascally captain of the *Robbie Burns*, for which, to my thinking, he needed no make-up.

On this—the first night of the play—the house was full, and everything seemed to go well. Thunders of applause greeted the mock-thunder of the sheet-iron and the mock-fight on the deck of the *Robbie Burns*.

Who put the bullet in the pistol? That was the question. I was puzzled and provoked by doubts and fears. A terrible idea occurred to me.

Random lay on a homely bed, breathing heavily; and, till the doctor arrived, the manager and myself washed and bandaged the wound.

"Thank God, you're not hurt!" he hoarsely cried. "I am glad of it—glad I've been hung with my own rope."

"Stop, Random; don't commit yourself," I interrupted, as I cleared the room. The manager left with the others.

"Now, Random, tell me what you have to say," I said.

"I have injured you much," he rejoined, "I hated you. You are a much better man than I. I don't wonder at Miss Smith showing a preference for you."

"What have I to forgive!" I asked, wishing to hear his confession.

"You know well enough," was the hurried response. "I wanted to murder you. I loaded the pistol. But I could not see it out."

I told him I forgave him with all my heart. But I thought that man was a great coward, and do so still.

Next day he was insensible. But as the days wore on and the end of the year came near, he got better; and one morning when I made my usual call at the inn, I was told that Random was missing.

It was the new year. By most of the company Random was soon forgotten, or only thought of now and then.

On Hogmanay night a bumper house attended an influential audience at the theatre for the benefit of Miss Smith and myself.

PLUCK.—Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEVIL'S CRADLE.—In a church not far north of Aberdeen one of the members was in the habit of sleeping every Sabbath during the sermon.

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.—Says Lord Macaulay, "We are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labour one day in seven."

"Eloquent!" said the Chicago lawyer of his partner. "He's able to reason the kick out of a mule."

ABOUT the time of the great exhibition of 1851 a lady unknown to him wrote to Mr. Disraeli several times, asking for an interview with him.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is curious that Boulogne has not yet had its own English paper. That alarming deficiency is to be put an end to by the establishment of *The Boulogne*.

ON May 5th was held a banquet in celebration of the abolition of slavery in the French colonies, which banquet was presided over by M. Gambetta.

Mlle. Louise Michel has been airing her views on the Tunisian question. "The movements of the troops in Algeria, the sums voted by Parliaments, the blood of the soldier which is about to flow on African soil, all these things are due to the discovery of an old stock of equipments, old gaiters, and old shoes dating back to the time of the Empire, and which must be utilized as speedily as possible if they are not to be thrown away as old rubbish."

A group of young girls, chosen from among those of the Paris schools who intend devoting themselves to a professional career, is at the present moment visiting London, under the guidance of Miss Wilby, a director of a Photographic Association.

The readiness and ingenuity shown in Paris to cater to and profit by ephemeral whims and pre-occupations, can rarely have been more fully demonstrated than by an advertisement which has been lately published in a number of Paris papers, to the effect that the advertiser will forward on application a microscope (increasing objects to seven hundred times their real size).

WALL DECORATION.—Tapestry is gloomy and holds dust, and silk and satin are too delicate to stand the smoke and dirt of town atmospheres.

POLIWKA'S STANDARD GOODS. THE "FAVORITE" GELATINE.—Having for many years sold Gelatine in bulk and in one pound packages, we have often been asked by the Grocery Trade why we did not give the public a Gelatine in a more convenient shape.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th inst., at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, by the Rev. Charles Hamilton, Lorenzo, son of George Evans, of Southport, England, to Elizabeth Mary, younger daughter of Henry H. Mills, LL.D., D.C.L., late Protestant Secretary of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B., Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand. Thanks.  
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 317.  
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—You are right. There are two solutions to Problem No. 324.

Correct solution received of Problem No. 328.

The first number of the new periodical, *Brentano's Chess Monthly*, has come to hand, and we feel convinced that this new magazine will meet with the ready support of chessplayers on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is got up apparently with every determination on the part of editors and publishers not to spare any expense either as regards chess matter, or chess illustrations. The embellishments are all that could be wished, and in this respect we must not forget the outside cover, which is attractive and highly chessical.

The number before us contains notes on chess matters of the day; sketches from the chess world, being a translation from the German of Ernst Falkbeer; an article by Alphonse Delaunoy, entitled "A Gallery of Great Masters of the Regiment," besides useful intelligence from the best chess sources of the day.

The article from the pen of the old French writer is highly interesting, and we shall anticipate with pleasure a continuation of his sketches. Three portraits illustrate this part of the number. The game department is well filled, and fifteen problems will, we imagine, satisfy for the present, the keenest appetite for combinations of this nature.

Considering the manner in which every part of this new monthly has been attended to, so as to make it acceptable to the chess world, we are astonished at the price, which is only \$2.50 for the year.

We congratulate the chessplayers of Ottawa on the progress of chess in their city this winter. Since the last meeting of the Dominion Chess Association there in February last, their chess meetings and tournaments have testified to an enthusiasm existing among them, which, we trust, will be maintained, and set an example to be followed by other cities in the Dominion, where such activity would be truly refreshing.

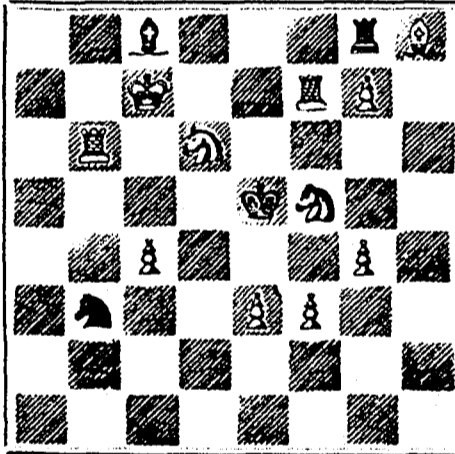
In an English newspaper, the *Schoolmaster*, devoted to educational matters, there appeared lately an advertisement for an assistant master for a collegiate school in the north of England.

Among the qualifications expected, "Classical English and Cricket" were said to be indispensable.

We are glad to see that instruction in modes of recreation and amusement is beginning to be recognized as forming a part of youthful training, as in this way there is a likelihood of their being practised in a scientific and beneficial manner. What about chess, however? Will a master be required to teach the royal game to the pupils in the same school, so that they may profitably, and at the same time agreeably, pass the long winter evenings, when cricket is no longer available?

Herr Zukertort has been giving exhibitions of his blindfold and simultaneous play at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Eng., under the auspices of the Huddersfield Chess Club. Of eight players with whom he contended without sight of board or men, not one was able to score a game. His simultaneous encounter with twenty opponents was not concluded, owing to want of time. At a social gathering after the simultaneous play, in thanking the meeting for the kind way in which he had been received, he stated that the holding of annual meetings in connection with chess clubs was instrumental to a great extent in maintaining their prosperity.

PROBLEM No. 329.  
By J. Paul Taylor.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 456111.  
THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.  
(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

Ninth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Roy Lopez Knight's Game.)

- |                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| White.—(Mr. Judd.) | Black.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) |
| 1. P to K 4        | 1. P to K 4             |
| 2. Kt to K B 3     | 2. Kt to Q B 3          |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5     | 3. P to K B 4 (a)       |
| 4. Castles         | 4. B P takes P          |
| 5. B takes Kt      | 5. P takes Kt (b)       |
| 6. B takes B P     | 6. P to Q 4 (c)         |
| 7. R to K          | 7. B to Q 3 (d)         |
| 8. B takes Q P     | 8. Kt to K B 3          |
| 9. B to Q Kt 3     | 9. Kt to K Kt 3 (e)     |
| 10. P to K R 3     | 10. Q to K R 5          |
| 11. P takes Kt     | 11. Q B takes P         |
| 12. R to K 4 (f)   | 12. P to K R 4          |
| 13. Q to K         | 13. Castles             |
| 14. P to Q 3       | 14. Q to K B 3          |
| 15. Kt to Q B 3    | 15. Q to K Kt 3         |
| 16. Q to K 3       | 16. B to K B 4          |
| 17. Q to K Kt 5    | 17. B takes R           |
| 18. Kt takes B     | 18. Q to K              |
| 19. Q takes K Kt P | 19. K to Q Kt           |
| 20. Q to K B 7     | 20. Q to Q B 3          |
| 21. B to K Kt 5    | 21. Q to K B            |
| 22. Q to Q 5       | 22. Q takes Q           |
| 23. B takes Q      | 23. P to Q B 3          |
| 24. B takes Q B P  | 24. P takes B           |
| 25. Kt takes B     | 25. K to B 2            |
| 26. Kt to K 4      | 26. R to B 4            |
| 27. B to K R 4     | 27. K to Q 2            |
| 28. R to K         | 28. R to K B            |
| 29. B to K Kt 3    | 29. R to K B            |
| 30. Kt to B 5 (ch) | 30. K to Q 3            |
| 31. P to Q 4       | 31. K to Q 4            |
| 32. B takes P      | 32. R to K              |
| 33. P to Q Kt 4    | 33. K R takes B         |
| 34. R takes R (ch) | 34. R takes R           |
| 35. P takes R      |                         |

And Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A somewhat risky defence to the Roy Lopez.
- (b) Black would obtain a much better development by Q P takes B, followed by Q to Q 5, should White capture Q P with Kt.
- (c) A bad move, which loses at least a Pawn.
- (d) If 7. Q to Q 3, White replies with Q to K 2, and if 7 P to K 5, the answer is P to Q 3.
- (e) Inferior to B to K Kt 5. The text move was made by Mr. M., with the intention of sacrificing the piece, but he failed to take into account White's twelfth move, which completely nullified the attack.
- (f) An excellent counterstroke, leaving nothing for it but retreat.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 327.

- |                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. K to B 2          | 1. K to K 4  |
| 2. B to K B 8        | 2. Anything. |
| 3. Mate accordingly. |              |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 325

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| <b>WHITE.</b> | <b>BLACK.</b> |
| 1. R to K 6   | 1. K to Q B 4 |
| 2. K to K 4   | 2. P moves.   |
| 3. R mates.   |               |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 326.

White. Black.

- |                      |            |
|----------------------|------------|
| K to K R 3           | K to K B 4 |
| R to Q R 6           | R to K 4   |
| B to Q 5             |            |
| B to Q Kt 2          |            |
| Kt to K R 2          |            |
| P to K R 4 and K B 3 |            |

White to play and mate in three moves.

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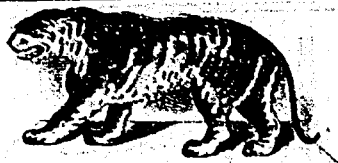
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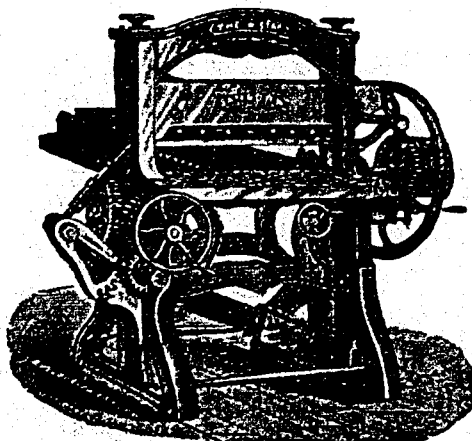
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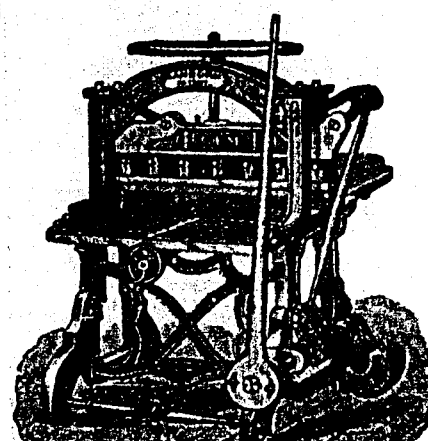
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