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Illustrated News

Vol. VIII.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION APPOINTED TO ENQUIRE INTO THE PACIFIC RR. CHARGES.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Austrian," (Allan),	Hallfax, from Liverpool, about Sept. 5.
SS. "Caspien," (Allan),	Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 7.
SS. "Texas," (Dominion),	Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 7.
SS. "Ismailia," (Anchor),	Hallfax, from Glasgow and Liverpool, about Sept. 11.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 7.—	Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, Sept. 8.—	Nativity, B. V. M. Lennoxville, Que.: Matriculation examination, Bishop's College. Toronto: Annual Meeting Provincial Insurance Co.
TUESDAY, " 9.—	Archbishop French born, 1807.
WEDNESDAY, " 10.—	Quebec: SS. "Palestine" for Liverpool. Toronto: Annual General Meeting Shareholders T. G. & B. R. II.
THURSDAY, " 11.—	Quebec: SS. "Ambassador" for London.
FRIDAY, " 12.—	Siege of Vienna raised, 1683.
SATURDAY, " 13.—	Quebec: SS. "Prussian" for Liverpool.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be commenced

A NEW STORY

BY

MISS M. E. BRADDON.

ENTITLED

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD,"

for the publication of which, in Canada, the proprietor of the NEWS has acquired the sole right.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

THE Great Pacific Scandal, as it is the fashion to call it, has "dattered our Volscians" with a vengeance. Even our clerical friends have caught the infection, and our usually rather insipid Sunday polemical hashes have been of late seasoned and made palatable with political spice. The first to open the ball was the Rev. Gavin Lang, whose privilege it is to number among his flock the Knight of Ravenscraig, the "Deus ex Machina" of the whole affair. This reverend gentleman, fully appreciating the beauty of the proverb that "charity begins at home," naturally looks with an indulgent eye on the peccadilloes of his distinguished parishioner, and though his conscience will not allow him altogether to justify his client, yet he mildly, and not unreasonably, suggests that his accusers are not so immaculate themselves but that they might have some little consideration for an erring brother, whose fault is not so much that he has tripped as that he has been caught tripping; and that, in fact, they are all pretty much "tared with the same brush." For this the *Globe* pitches violently into the reverend gentleman, whom it accuses of prostituting the pulpit for the purpose of condoning a glaring iniquity, and generally deprecates parsons meddling in politics. It is due to Mr. Lang to say that he *does* make some sort of an attempt to cover the special subject of his sermon with a garb of generality; not so the Rev. Doctor Cordner, who next follows suit, and who takes the bull by the horns with a straightforwardness and singleness of purpose no doubt highly praiseworthy in an Unitarian. He makes no bones about the matter, but boldly jumps at once to the conclusion that the Ministry are decidedly guilty and ought to be kicked out at once because the enquiry was postponed, a result which the doctor has no doubt was brought about by the machinations of our disreputable rulers. It is singular, though possibly not significant, that the doctor's proclivities are of a gritty nature, and the leading member of his congregation is a distinguished Oppositionist. It is also worthy of remark that the *Globe* has not yet thought it necessary to pitch into him. Now might we be permitted to suggest to our clerical friends that they can do little good, and may probably do much harm, by thus importing political subjects into their pulpits. On treating of matters such as these, it is simply impossible to prevent their conclusions from being biased by their predilections. We are not too prone to reverence our spiritual advisers, and we can ill afford to entertain doubts of their sincerity and disinterestedness. Surely in the wide range of human vices and frailties there is ample scope for reproof and warning, for advice and exhortation. Let them confine themselves to this. They may be, probably will be, dull, but they will cease to be dangerous.

APROPOS of the "Scandal," everyone who reads the newspapers must have remarked the amount of indiscriminate scurrilous and clumsy mauling that has taken place between journals of opposite shades of politics. The neat cuts and clever thrusts are few and far between. The literature of the Pacific Fraud, is, it must be confessed, of a very inferior type, consisting mainly of angry accusation and savage retort. Among the rare clever hits that have been made the best we have come across is from the *Hamilton Times*. Says that

paper:—"The subsidized journals"—this is one of the mildest epithets the "factionist" organs bestow upon their opponents—"are very much perplexed to account for Mr. George Brown's absence in Europe at present. We believe his main object there is to obtain possession of Mr. Richard White, of the *Montreal Gazette*, and send him back to Canada in time for the Parliamentary investigation into the Pacific scandal. "Mr. Richard White is the business manager of the *Gazette*, and consequently the one who would have charge of those little financial arrangements with Sir Hugh Allan. As Mr. White set off in hot haste to Europe just before the Committee commenced sitting in Montreal, it has been thought that he had good reasons for being out of the way, and as his evidence may be useful it is considered desirable to have him back if possible." Score one to the *Times*. A keen thrust like this is too good to be lost.

THREE RIVERS, August 23.—Between one and two o'clock this morning a boiler explosion occurred in Mr. Stoddard's mill in this town, by which the fireman, Joseph Rondeau, lost his life, and several others severely scalded and otherwise injured. Further particulars shortly.

LATER.—The cause of the boiler explosion at Stoddard's mill this morning is attributed to the bad state of the boiler, which has been in the mill for upwards of twenty years, and been in use for the last twelve years. It is said there was no water in the boiler when they commenced pumping in, which caused the explosion. The public here think there ought to be a Government inquiry into the cause of the explosion, as there is some culpable neglect somewhere. Francois Lacroix, one of the scalded, is not expected to live an hour.—*Press Despatch*.

After asking a careful perusal of the above statement, and having given to it that careful perusal ourselves, we exclaim: To what a simple issue is this steam boiler question really confined! An agricultural people, namely the Canadian, takes it into its head to cultivate manufactures. The decision is rather suddenly come to and rapidly followed out. Of course its proprietors know very little about machinery, and they employ men for the charge of the boilers who know still less than themselves. The result is low-priced and defective boilers, and worn out boilers—many of them purchased at second-hand—scattered broadcast over the country, to the scandalous risk of life and limb to the working people generally, and with constant results such as we now behold. This is man's slaughter most unquestionably, and those who set aside social ameliorations for merely organic questions must be considered parties to it. The plain issue should be plainly stated, and it is simply whether a constitutional government on the modern plan is capable of compelling a proper care for human life. We sincerely trust so, but certainly we can desire no more platitudes in regard to the question such as those we are receiving from Three Rivers.

The country's credit is at stake in the sight of the emigrating world of Europe, and it should promptly demand the inspection of boilers and the proper certifying of the men in charge. We have many lawyers in parliament. Perhaps some one of them will at once begin to prepare the law.

BEFORE we begin to discuss the want of social clubs in large cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, it will be as well to define what we either mean or do not mean by the term. We do not mean such clubs as those described in Addison's *Spectator* No IX., viz.—The Hamdrum and the Mum Clubs, made up of very honest gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing until midnight; nor the Beef Steak and October Clubs, which, from their titles, we may suppose consisted of men who met together for the sake of eating and drinking.

But we mean clubs where men can meet together for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or to relax themselves from the cares and business of the day by an innocent and cheerful conversation upon matters connected with art, literature, and science, and the general topics of the day—always excepting religious polemics, and party politics—and can partake of a cup of coffee or tea and smoke a friendly pipe. It may be difficult to combine the two elements—social conviviality and literary conversation—to get together in either city men partaking of the nature of Sir Roger de Coverley—lovers of mankind, with a mirthful cast in their behaviour, doing nothing with sourness or obstinacy: or, like the Bachelor of the Inner Temple, excellent critics, men of great probity, wit, and understanding; or, like Sir Andrew Freeport, merchants of great eminence, whose notions of trade are free and generous, and the perspicuity of whose discourse would give the same pleasure as wit in other men; or, like Captain Sentry, men of good understanding, and possessing invincible modesty; or, like Will Honeycomb, men who are usually called extremely well-bred gentlemen; or, like the Clergyman, men very philosophic, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and most exact good breeding.

But we may get together a few tolerably well read men, acquainted with some of the wondrous discoveries of modern science and travel, the memoirs and biographies of distinguished men and women; men who have an appreciation for the fine arts and polite literature, painful searchers into reverend antiquities, and a certain familiarity with the lore of the ancients; all possessed of pleasing conversational powers, and having intellects which put into motion the intellects of others. As oil runs to that part of the lamp where there is heat to use it, and the animal spirits in like

manner to the occupation that can absorb them, so let there be a club room where our young men can congregate, or, as it were, run to the society of those who can draw them away from the frivolous and often polluted conversation heard in places of public resort to wholesomer thoughts, helping them to discern some of those principles which infuse strength and order into men's minds. Or, again, to stir up their minds and set them thinking, or to throw light upon any point of enquiry connected with their study or reading. What is wanted is a club room in a quiet but central part of the city; a place for conversation without anything that comes under the head of personality, which is always spiced with more or less envy or malice. We find it difficult to define the precise nature of the club we should like to see established: a place in common to all members, a comfortable, cosy, homely set of rooms, with a few maps and good books of reference, where young men of literary pursuits can be brought into innocent, cheerful fellowship; rooms, redeemed from the coldness of those in the Mechanic's Hall or Institution, the Mercantile Library, and the Young Men's Christian Associations,—all, doubtless, good in their way, although, to our mind, they have a tendency to chill all the social nature of man, where the enforced silence bars out the frequenters from the sympathies of a common humanity. A cheerful set of club rooms are to a city what the village green is to the country; the one is a social relaxation, the other refreshes the way-worn traveller wearied with the "interminable hedge-walls with which 'restless ownership' excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon."

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Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A.

FYTTE YE SECONDE

- I.
Besyde ye loftie Royale Mounte
There standyth hygh and faire
Ye stately seate of Ravenscraig,
Syr Hugh he dwelleth there.
- II.
Syr Hugh hee is a wealthy knyghte,
And mickle golde hath he,
And manye shyppes greate and smalle
Whych sayl upoune ye sea.
- III.
And he wolde faine ye contracte have
To builde ye railwaye longe,
I wis whenne firste he thought of itte
He meante to doe no wronge.
- IV.
Butte he dyd manye letters write
To people in ye States,
To helpe hym rayse ye monie for
Thys undertakyng greate.
- V.
Now in Chicago dwelt a carle
McMullene hight was hee,
As meane a lyttel Yankes manne
As ever you didde see.
- VI.
And hee has taken ye pryvate letters
The whych Syr Hugh dydde write,
And published them in the newspapers
A thyng whych is notte righte.
- VII.
Some saye he didde litte alle for spyte:
But others doe suppose,
Thatte to obtayne these pryvate letters
Ye grits payed through ye nose.
- VIII.
And theyse letters sayd Syr Hugh dyd buye
Ye monie full a score,
And monie lent to Syr Francis Hinckes
Syr John and manye more.
- IX.
Soe then ye Grits were all agogge,
And deemed thatte they were sure
To quickye sucke ye Ministry
And soate themselves in power.
- X.
Everye blacke must have its whyte,
And everye sweete its sour,
And soe ye Grits dyd soone find oute
In an untimelye houre.
- XI.
For when ye Comynytte litte didde come
In Montreal to sitte,
They found there was a mighty hytch
It coude notte worke a litte.
- XII.
Because ye bill wherebye litte was
Empowred to putte ye oathe,
Was disallowed as contrarye
To law and custome bothe.
- XIII.
Oh then, ye *Globe*, thatte organ greate
Dyd make a mighty fusse,
And sayd litte was ye Premierse
Thatte caused alle ye musse.
- XIV.
And thatte forsoothe he was afrayde
To face an enquire,
And so had gotte ye bille thrown oute
The whych is alle ye eye.
- XV.
And then they urged Lord Dufferene
A session quicke to calle,
And from hys counceils to expelle
These traytours one and alle.
- XVI.
The Governoure he is a manne
Who knoweth whatte is whatte,
And soe he calmye closed hys eye
And sayd he hadde rather litte.
- XVII.
Untyl this charge is fairlye proved,
I have noe righte, sayde hee,
To doubt the hono'rye and faithe
Of thys my Mynystro.
- XVIII.
Ye Mynysters were gladd to harte,
And thought that alle was well,
A second Fyt of ye Premierse—
Another I wyll you tell.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MOHAMMED.

(From the French of Voltaire.)

BY JOHN BRADY.

I am ambitious: so is every man.
But King or Pontiff, chief or citizen
Never conceived a scheme so vast as mine.

Each race in turn has flourished on the earth
By laws, by arts and, above all, by war,—
And now Arabia's day has come at last.

This noble nation—far too long unknown
Buried its glory in the desert sands.
Lo! now its hour of triumph is arrived.

From North to South the world is desolate.
The Persian bloods; his throns is overturned;
The Indian is a slave; Egypt has fallen;
The splendour of Byzantium is eclipsed;
The Roman Empire totters to its fall;—
Its giant body torn, its scattered limbs
Languishing without honour, without life.

Arabia on the world's wreck let me raise,
Found a new worship and new fotters forge.
To the blind universe give a new god.
Zerdusht in Asia, by the Nile Ostris,
Minos in Crete, Numa in Italy.
To races without manners, gods or kings,
Gave rule and rude laws fitted to their state—
A thousand years ago. These boorish laws
I'll change and to the nations of the world
Bring a more noble thralldom. The false god
I will abolish, for my purer faith
Is of my new-born greatness the first step.
Say not that thus my country I betray!
I but destroy its weakness and its errors;
Under one King, one God I re-unite it;
And make it great by glorious servitude.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A VISIT TO CACOUNA.

It requires as much courage to say you like Cacouna as to say you like African Port, or Rye Whiskey; yet I confess I like Cacouna. It is a favourable resort with young widows, too, the most interesting member of the fair sex if she does not happen to be your own. I was walking on what might be termed the esplanade one evening, when one of these charming bereaved ones passed me. "There's another," exclaimed one of two ladies who were seated in front of a charming little cottage, "how many does that make?" I guessed at once they were playing at "wives, widows and spinsters"—a popular amusement in some watering places, which consists in counting up, to the best of your knowledge, how many of each of the three classes pass in the course of half an hour—the game being in favour of the player who can number the most of either.

One of the chief charms of Cacouna is its being so thoroughly homely in character, you meet with so many hearty recognitions; for three hundred miles off a man gives you a cordial shake of the hand, who would hardly vouchsafe a passing nod at home; you can even get a passing chat with the ladies. One evening I was down on the beach below the cliff, engaged in helping my little ones to successfully launch a canoe in one of the indentations of the shore, when I heard some one in a bluff voice sing out behind me:—

So never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe;

The all-popular refrain of this all-popular song, marked as it is with much philosophy in a general point of view, possessed in this particular instance a peculiar and personal wisdom; for all oblivious of the present Pacific Scandal, and the Royal Commission which is to settle the fate of John A., and the stringency in the money market, I had become as thoroughly interested in the satisfactory putting to sea of the little canoe as though it were the first of a fleet of steam yachts; while the peculiar risk on my part was nil. "Never sit down with a tear and a frown, but paddle your own canoe"; the principle is an old one and may be found in no less than seven passages in Solomon's proverbs. But it loses nothing of its cheery freshness from familiarity; it gives the *coup* to puling and repining; preaches up self-reliance, and inculcates good humour. I thanked my friend for his song and his sentiment, too, and nothing ashamed of my juvenile pastime, proceeded with my naval experiments.

Without being able in these days of high discounts, and dull trading—"nothing doing"—to enter fully into Longfellow's lofty sentiment,

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps on the sand of time,

you may pass away a couple of hours each day most pleasantly on them, in company with the little people with the little spades and the little buckets. I became at last so well known to the infantine community at Cacouna that I found I had not only the charge of the circle of which I was the paternal centre, but the nursemaids were content to leave me the custody of more than one small family, which could assert no more right to my protection than is contained in the noble sentiment "Nil humani me alienum puto"—Nothing human can fail to interest me. Now and again, when from the effects of the pure air I fell asleep, I rarely woke without finding myself, like the Sphinx in the desert, half buried in the sand by the nimble hands and wooden spades of other people's babies as well as my own.

"I do assure you, sir," said one ambitious nursery maid, who discovered me in this half-buried state, "you quite reminded me of Mr. Gulliver and the Lilly Prussians, with the little dears all around you at work, like so many small sextons."

Unfortunately that speech, innocent though it was, was overheard by my wife, who came to call me to dinner, and who thinking it was part of a long colloquy, intimated "it was not quite the thing for persons of my age and gravity to be falling into easy conversation with every person one met on the beach at Cacouna." I took the hint, and kept awake for the future, so that there should be no more comparisons between Master Gulliver and myself.

Let no one say people cannot show children in undress at Cacouna. Ours, before we quitted the place were almost in no dress. My wife and I were seriously debating letting our

little boy Tommy have his Sunday clothes in common use, he so shredded himself and his every day apparel on the sands, when my eye fell on this reasonable heading in the facetious column of the Montreal Gazette—"How to make a boy's jacket last." "Here," I cried to my wife, "my dear is the very knowledge we are in search of." "Well," said she, "how can we make a boy's jacket last, for Tommy's in shreds and tatters." Reading from the newspaper, I replied, "By making his trowsers first." "Stuff," ejaculated my better half, equally disgusted and disappointed, "I never read such rubbish as is put in what you call the funny column of the Gazette."

But if Cacouna is bad for the clothes it is good for the whooping cough. My two youngsters had been for at least two months in full cry with it—every remedy or specific had been tried, from cream of tartar and cochineal to tarred rope and goose grease. "There's nothing for it" said the doctor "but change of air." That made me try Cacouna, it having been recommended for its salubrity. The first difficulty we experienced when we arrived was getting lodgings; aye, there was the rub, and we were in great fear we should not succeed. From cottage to cottage we trudged—a touching spectacle—enough to bring tears to the eyes of a statue—but lodging house keeper after lodging house keeper shook her head, and refused us and our money. We were, as the Turks say, "Compromised," and like the Otobeitans "taboed." We resolved to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; but there was no need of any gratuitous display of veracity. We could not have kept our secret if we would. The two children told their own story at every cottage: "they came with a whoop, they came with a call, they came with a good will," but as far as accommodation was concerned, "they might as well have not come at all." No one would have us for love or money, and we began to think, as the shades of night were falling fast, that we should have to get a wigwam or bathing machine, when we luckily found a place where the lodgers were only four old ladies. The landlady, who was a widow, didn't know whether the ladies would object, but she'd ask them. Three of them on being asked whether they had ever had the whooping cough, were quite sure about it, the fourth was not positive, but rather liked the idea of catching anything that was juvenile, even though it was a complaint. We were therefore taken in and done for just as the clock struck nine.

Shakespeare says something about "plain unaccommodated man." Yes, privation is an element of philosophy. How to do without some things which at home are deemed vital and essential is one of the little items of knowledge which we learn in a yacht-voyage or in a fishing excursion, or in camp, or at the sea side. At home we grumble if Worcester Sauce is wanting to our matin-chop, but we are very thankful to get the chop without sauce when at either of the latter. A household of Sybarites at the one is animated with the spirit of Mark Tapley at the others. "Thus the world wags."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

KID GLOVES.

BY

I picked up a kid glove the other day—a delicate little perfumed thing, primrose coloured, and just 4½ in size. Wanted, the owner of that glove and if I have a prince on hand with a dark moustache and broad shoulders, the Floribel who can put on that glove shall be wedded, and they shall drive away in a great silver and glass carriage and be so happy, so happy—till after the honeymoon. Can reasonable man, in possession of a stray kid glove, promise more?

There is something suggestive about a glove, it takes us away from our partners of last night—from the queenly Alice, the exquisite little Mabel or the darkly languishing Marie—whose small gloved hands on our shoulders, (I saw you, sir, dancing and flirting outrageously) set us all *en émoi*; it takes us away from the perfume and the music, back to the time of old Homer, who tells of Laertes at work in his garden with gloves on his hands to secure them from the thorns; we hear Xenophon describing the effeminacy of the Persians and sneering at their gloves, and Musonius declaring that it is shameful that a person in perfect health should cover their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings. But *nous neons change tout cela*, we all go about gloved; you, *mes belles*, in your little Jouvins and others in their great leathern eights.

Has not a glove often a tender episode? When I was young I snatched a glove from the fair Glyceria. It is true it was a little frayed about the finger tips and slightly soiled; but I looked upon it as a treasure then, for had it not pressed the ivory whiteness of her cheek? I hung above that glove and kissed it and hid it away in a side pocket, as being nearest the heart, and made a fool of myself; *volentibus annis*, a whole shopfull of gloves could not raise such emotions now!

Advance ladies and hold up your hands. Fie, fie, what deception! What squeezing of fat fingers into delicate kids, what skeleton claws are hidden out of sight, what warts, what stains and blemishes, and nothing seen but the lavender or the primrose that you delight in. What useless hands, brought up in idleness, and whitened with Magnolia Balm and kept hidden up in oatmeal poultices at night: take off those gloves, mademoiselle, and what can you do? Can you sew, can you cook a chop, can you make a pie? Oh, what a chorus of negatives. Then I'll have none of you. Your delicate hands and "gloves as sweet as damask roses" are too expensive a luxury for such as me. My lovely Floribels, you must wait for Prince Prettman to keep you in idleness. I am moral, and preach thus for your good; but come into the confessional, draw the curtain and I own I have a *défaut*. I passionately admire a plump white hand, and a closely fitting glove is a delight. This is *entre nous*. When I get into the pulpit I declaim against vice, but in private shall I not have a darling sin?

Young ladies are kid glove creatures—*souple comme un gant*—but they like men who take up subjects bare-handed. They like to see hard hitting, and though the timid darlings will scream at a spider and faint should a mouse cross their paths, they will take the great rough soldier to their arms and fondle his rugged, weather-beaten chops and take off his battered helmet and remove his blood-stained sword. Venus still nestles in the embrace of Mars, and takes his hand with silky touch while he relates his hair-breadth 'scapes. They don't like those squeamish young men who go delicately, who mince their words into little pieces, who smile in a lady-like way and in all their actions wear kid gloves. *Ma foi*, neither do I. Let us have some straight hitting from the shoulder. If a vice has to be handled, let it be done firmly, and if a vice

is to be indulged in, let it be in a manly natural way. I join with you, *ma belle*, those sickly little blonds, with their waists in stays, and their feet in prunella boots, are an abomination. They add water to their sherry and haven't the courage even to get drunk. Not that we approve of such a thing; no, no, but then that jolly boisterous laugh of Captain Rubicheck, with the dash of colour on his flaming nose, as he cackles and roars over his fourth tumbler, does one more good than the simpering of a regiment of Ensign Snippers, sipping their *eau sucrée*.

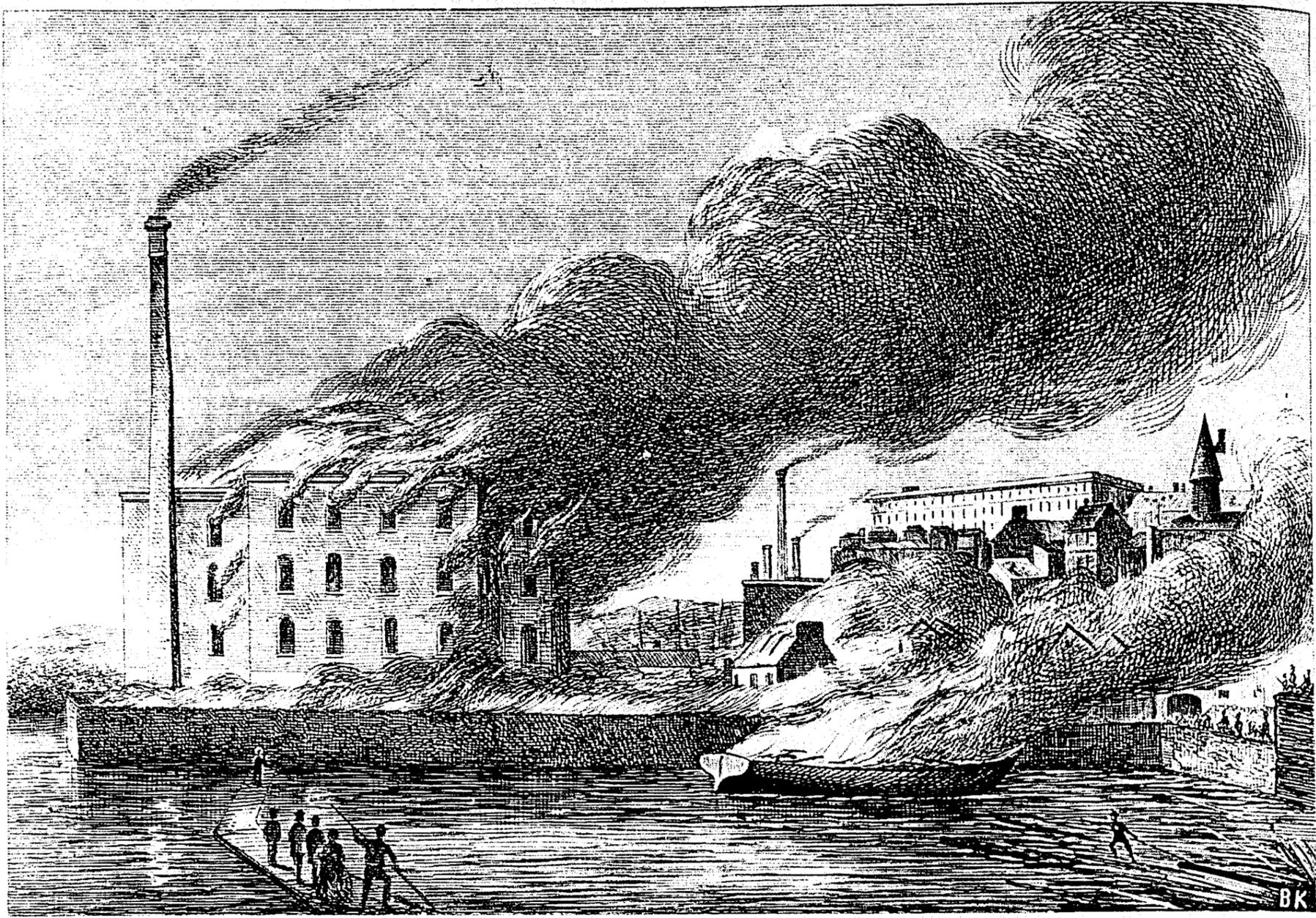
Then we have the kid glove parson, the young man of consumptive tendencies with the angelic smile (a little weak) and a habit of looking heavenward and sighing. How he minces his subject and perpetually reminds one of water gruel. Why cannot he take off his glove and give us some hard hitting? The devil will never be circumvented by those delicate scoldings nor will people be lured into the right path by his mealy platitudes. Stand up like a man, sir, and tell us of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, let us hear both the thunder and the still small voice; but don't pelt us with little poetic pellets, wrapt up in rose-coloured silk. I heard a clergyman—in confidence mind you—characterize an empty little swell as a damned prig, and there was a heartiness in his expression that made me grasp his hand—which I couldn't do with the perfumed fingers of his weak-kneed brethren!

Eheu, ehéu! Are there not some of us who smart inwardly when we see a kid glove? Jack Tomkins, you remember that night you flung yourself into my chamber with a pale face and a wild expression of pain in your timorous eyes? You were tender about Bella Cruyton in those days, and followed her hither and thither and whispered soft *mots d'amour* to her slyly, and held her hand softly in yours and peered into her eyes while your heart came palpitating to your lips. You made your declaration and Belle Cruyton laughed in your face and gave you the mitten. And you came to me wild with mortification and flung yourself into my apartment and vowed terrible vows against the sex, and declared you would never get married, and then, sir, you got terribly drunk on my brandy—kept strictly for medicinal purposes—and three weeks after you married the pretty little Maud Methersaw. Those terrible mittens! We do not carry them above our hearts, but the recipient is apt to make vigorous quotations not found in the church catechism!

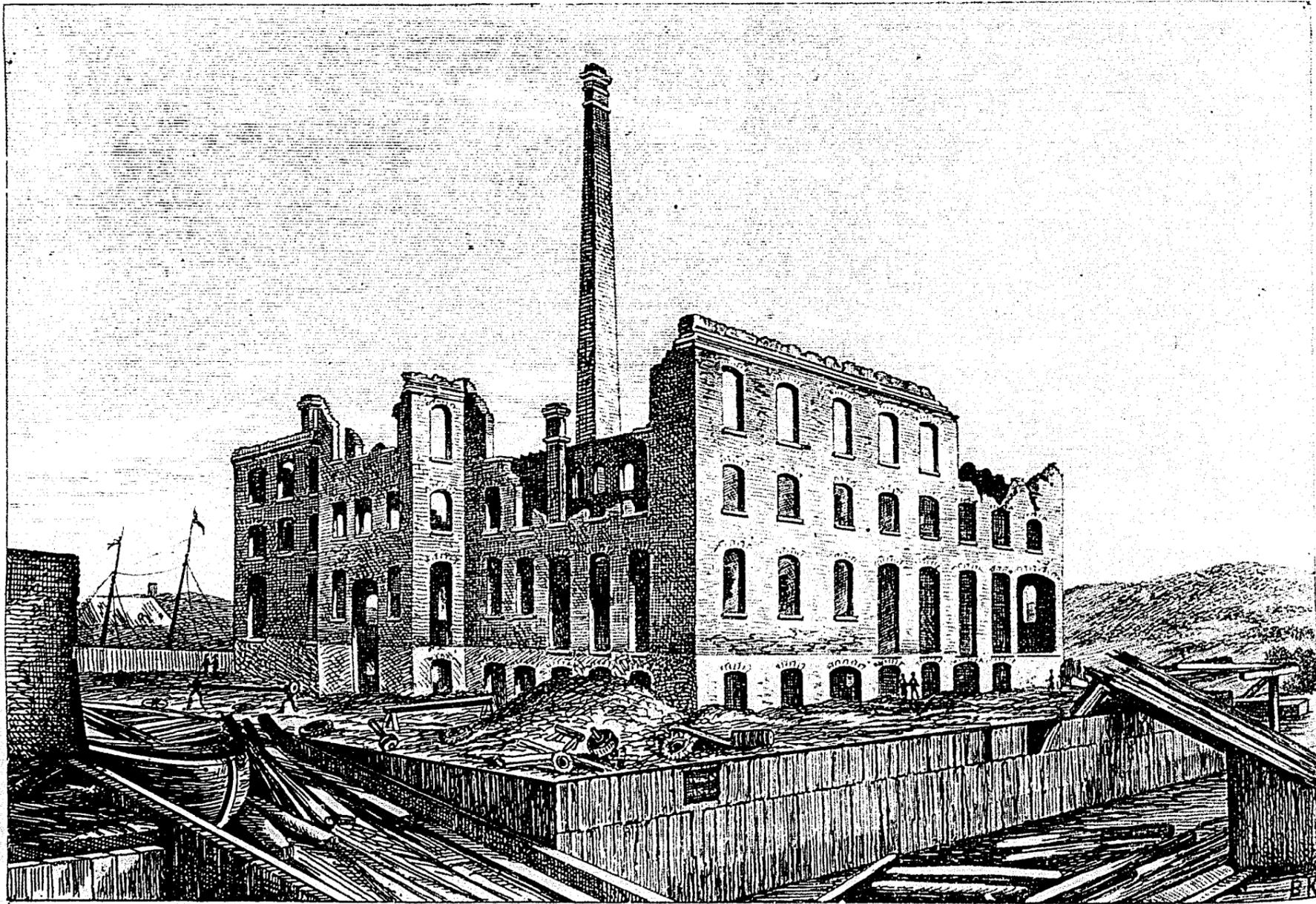
A small white hand and a delicate kid glove are very well from an æsthetic point; but they have drawbacks. They are skillful in the *manège*, and like holding the ribbons of the domestic chariot. I have run too long in single harness to make a good match and would be apt to turn out sulky. I would not have my bachelor ways disturbed, I would not give up my club and my rubbers of whist for homely bread and butter. I know I am to blame; but Glyceria fixed my fate in the Long Ago. Then—bah, my liver is out of order, I grow sentimental. John, take that old glove to the kitchen and throw it into the fire and bring up the brandy and the iced water.

AN EPISODE OF THE WINTER OF 1870-71.

A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives us a very interesting narrative of one of the petty local contests of the late war, which contains—unconsciously on the part of the writer, M. Louandre—a sufficient justification for much more severity than the Germans, in this case at any rate, showed to armed peasants. The place spoken of is Longpré, a large village about ten miles on the road from Abbeville towards Amiens, and the period just after the fall of the latter city into the hands of General Manteuffel. The inhabitants of Longpré, having suffered from certain Prussian requisitions, took up arms individually with the intention of avenging themselves and preventing a repetition of the demand. They resolved, to quote their own words as reported by M. Louandre, "s'amuser sur les Uhlans;" and they succeeded, by occupying bits of ground near the roads with armed parties, in driving off several patrols of the dreaded cavalry. One of them in particular, who had sworn to avenge the loss of a horse upon the Uhlans, and in his turn to cause as many of them as possible, in his own phrase, to dismount, kept his word to the full. Vengeance for this sort of thing was of course to come sooner or later; but the commandant at Abbeville, willing to protect the bold villagers as long as possible, sent a detachment of 500 Mobiles to garrison Longpré against any small force detached to punish it. A preliminary skirmish in which an advance guard of Prussians—very probably a mere reconnoissance, as it seems to us—was repulsed by the Mobiles, was followed next day by a real advance made by Colonel Pestel, who was sent from Amiens with three companies of Infantry and a strong body of cavalry to take the place. After a short fight, in which some of the Mobiles behaved decidedly ill, he effected his object. But it was late in the day, and the bulk of the Mobiles got off towards Abbeville, leaving 120 of their number in the hands of the Prussians, and abandoning to their fate the unlucky villagers. Trusting to the darkness, some of these threw the fowling-pieces which they had used in the fight into ditches and hid themselves in their cottages. Others more prudently fled across the marshes of the Somme for security. The Prussians plundered the place, but forbore to destroy it, from fear, says M. Louandre, of the garrison of Abbeville; but, as we judge from what came later, much more probable from motives of humanity. Retreating that night as far as Atraines, the next village towards Amiens, they carried off their prisoners of course, adding to them twenty-two "hostages," picked out of the male adults found in the village, for the express purpose of being publicly shot at Amiens as a punishment to the offending place. The prisoners were kept in the village church of Atraines, where the curé proved to be a man of good address and venerable air, who at once interested himself warmly in favour of the unfortunate hostages. In vain, however, did he address himself that night to Colonel Pestel. The Colonel was polite but inexorable. "An example has to be made, and they must go on to Amiens and undergo their fate." On repeated solicitation, however, the curé obtained the promise of the life of the oldest of the captives, a villager of sixty-five. Not daunted by his poor success, the venerable man renewed his suit in the morning when the troops were preparing to march off. The old man was given up to him. He turned to the colonel and begged hard for the lives of all the rest. "After all, they have but defended their own homes. Would you slay them for that in cold blood? The laws of war cannot—I appeal to the God of mercy as my witness—justify such a deed." The colonel listened for some time in silence, then stretching out his hand he said—"You may have them all; let them go to their families." The French writer, with national exaggeration, speaks of this as the sole act of mercy shown by the Prussians during the war. Despite what we know of Abis, Nogent, and Fontenoy, we are very far from believing this. If Colonel Pestel, of whom this is told by a hater of his countrymen, be indeed the same who so gallantly defended Saarbruck at the beginning of the war with three companies against Frossard's whole corps advancing under the eye of the Emperor, it is but a new proof that the highest courage and the truest humanity are often to be found together.

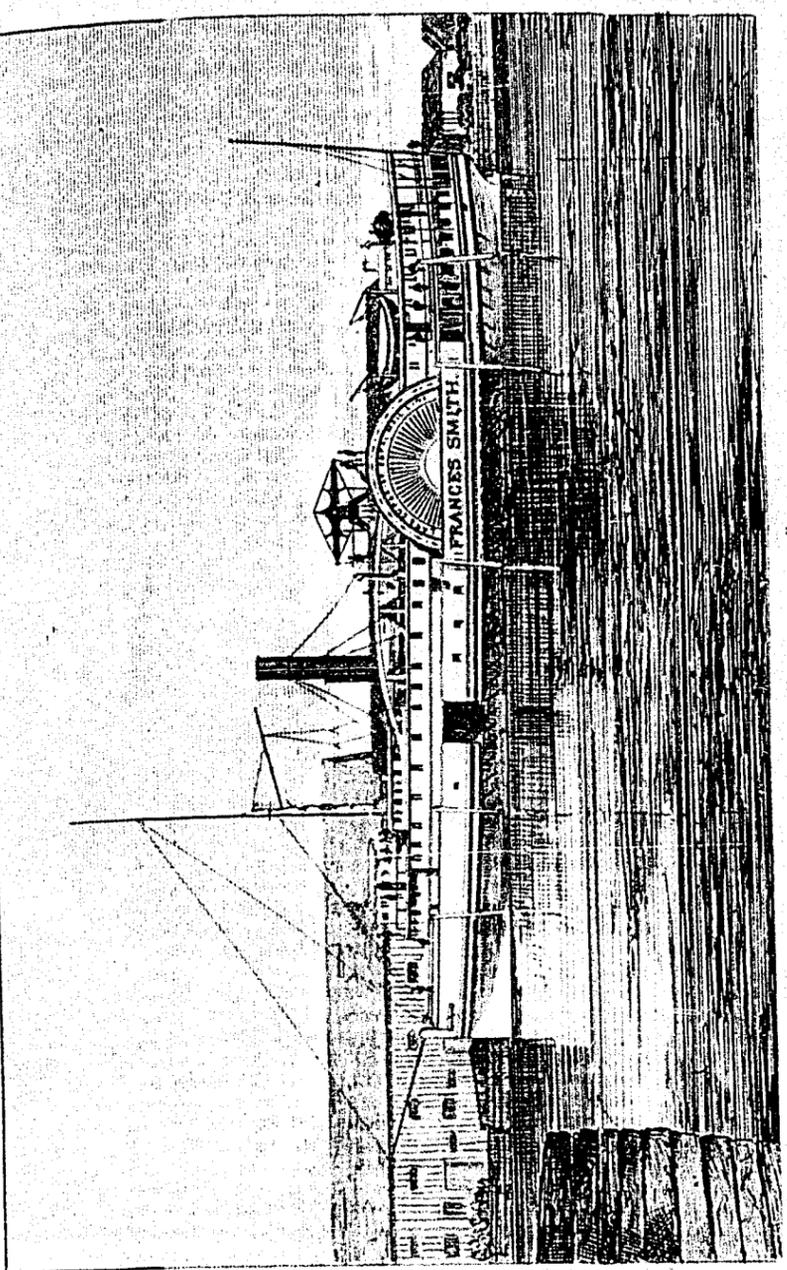


DRUM'S FACTORY IN FLAMES.



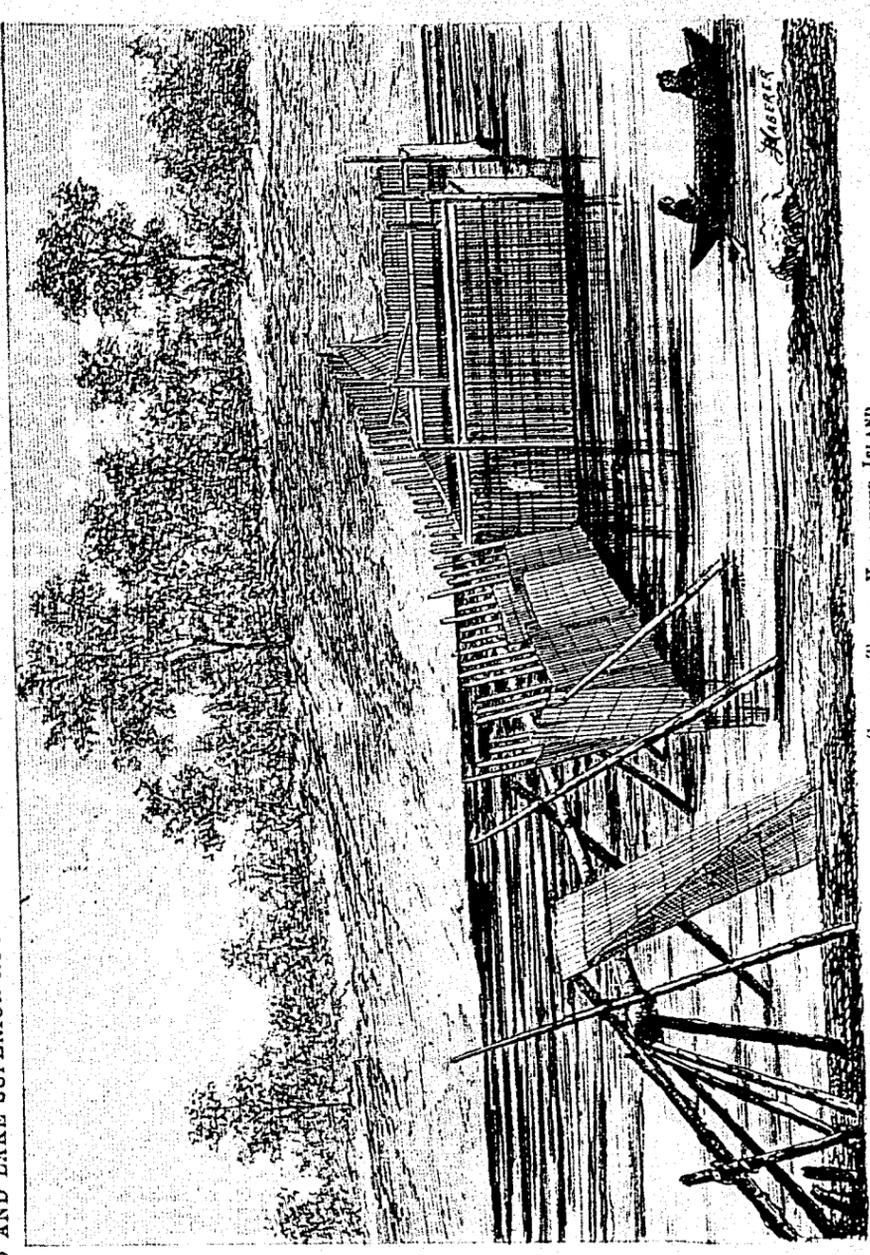
AFTER THE FIRE.—RUINS OF DRUM'S FACTORY.

THE FIRE AT QUEBEC ON THE 19TH ULT.

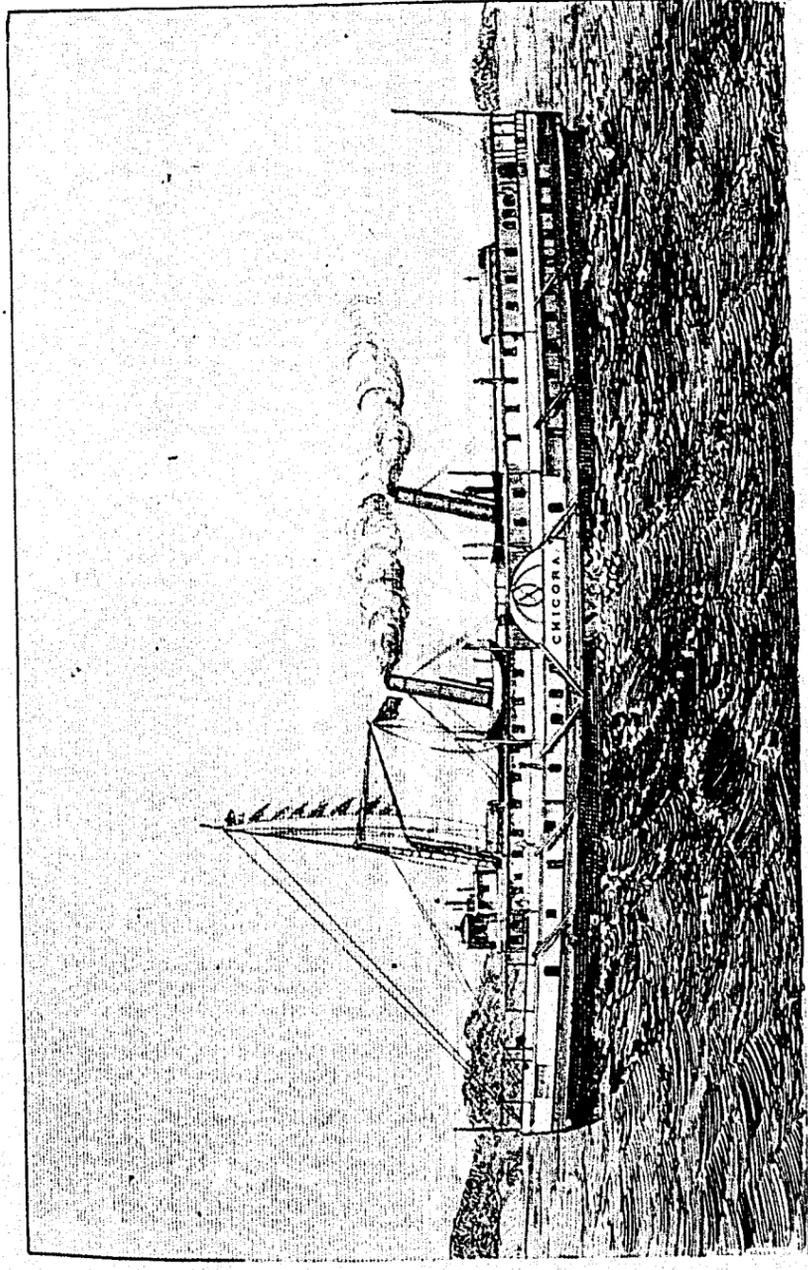


THE "FRANCIS SMITH."

THE FAVOURITES OF THE COLLINGWOOD AND LAKE SUPERIOR ROYAL MAIL LINE.

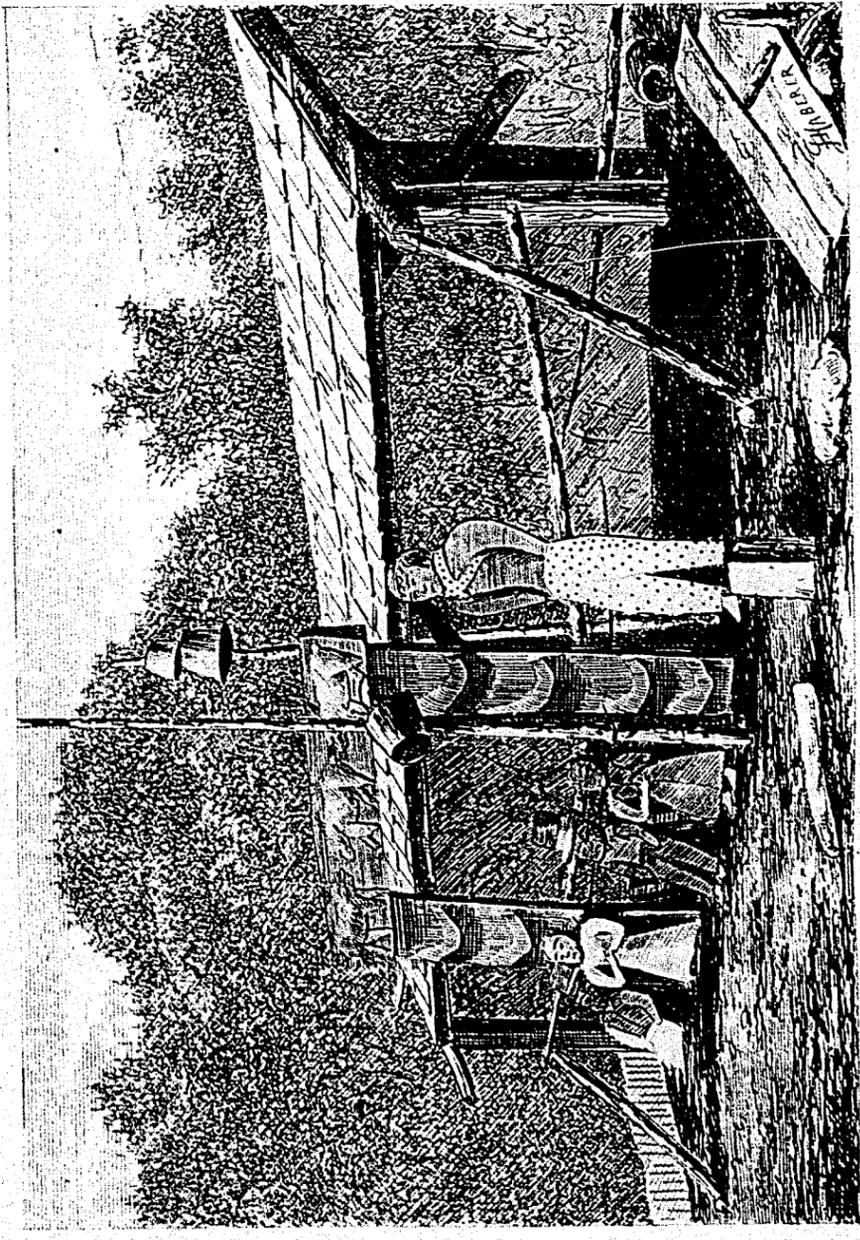


QUAMICHAN SALMON TRAP, VANCOUVER ISLAND.



THE "CHICORA."

THE FAVOURITES OF THE COLLINGWOOD AND LAKE SUPERIOR ROYAL MAIL LINE.



INDIAN GRAVE ON CARIBOO ROAD, BELOW LYTTON.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CARPE DIEM.

'Tis not our deeds which give us when reviewed
Cause for repentance
When, on ourselves, we pass in solitude
Judgment and sentence.

'Tis not the memory of things done which stings
And makes us moan
Our idle o'erdishes, but of the things
We left undone
Which makes us cry "thou fool!" the openings missed.
The chances thrown away:—
And yet we add omissions to the list
Of our sins, day by day.

To all men there are open roads to fortune.
And avenues to fame;
Yet we live lives of failure and abortion
And die without a name.

Learn we the lesson which our past should teach—
To seize the passing hour
Gathering all fate places in our reach,
Nettle or flower.

Among our maxims let us keep in view
This above all.
TO DO WELL, ALL THAT WE FIND WORTH TO DO
Or great or small!

NED P. MAH.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LAURA NELSON'S STORY.

BY NED P. MAH.

"Die Eifersucht ist eine Leidenschaft, die mit Eifer sucht und
Leiden schafft."

I.

Rich, young, robust and handsome, beloved by two women at once, both charming and beautiful, Eric Talbotson was surely to be envied. If he had an annoyance surely it could only arise from an *embarras de richesses*, from the difficulty of choosing between two gems so equally fair. Was it this, I wonder, that caused him to pace rapidly up and down the hotel sitting-room, biting his moustache in seeming perturbation of spirit? or was it something in that letter which he draws from his pocket and re-peruses, and finally sits down to dash off a reply to, at the table in the centre of the room.

He writes quickly and with energy, commencing on a sheet of note paper with the crease towards his right hand, turning it over on the blotting pad when he reaches the bottom of the page, filling a second, and finishing with a postscript low down on the first page of the inside of the sheet.

Then he directs an envelope, blots it likewise, extracts the necessary stamps from his pocket-book, and goes out to post himself this momentous epistle.

Raven-haired, jet-eyed, Juno-like, Laura looks in from the ladies' sitting-room presently where she had been jingling the keys of the piano and wondering that Eric did not appear at the magic signal, and perceiving that there is no one in the room, advances to the table. There she catches sight of Eric's well-known, black, crabbled characters upon the pad, and with the curiosity of a woman in love, and jealous to boot—she rips with a tiny penknife the sheet from the pad. There is an old superstition about knives; some old adage about cutting love in two. Take care, Laura, who knows what may happen in your case.

Holding to the light the severed sheet, she turns pale as she reads through it the few words she can make out.

There are three several places where words are legible: first, where the first page was blotted, the two or three last lines upon that page, the same in the second, and the signature and postscript on the third; besides these there is the address upon the envelope.

These are the words that make her flush, and pant, and turn deadly pale:

"Since she's false I'm well rid of her. Send me news of the marriage as soon as you like, it will assure me that I have escaped a great"—"the bye, since I saw you, I have grown a great, tawny beard, you—no, Mary herself could scarcely recognize me"

"—— Id brick,

Eric.

P. S. Do all you can to facilitate the marriage. Spread a report of my death if that would put a spoke in the wheel. E."

It was Laura's turn now to walk up and down the room in perturbation of spirit.

"The villain!" she cried, clenching her fist, "so he's married already, is he? And he presents himself here under the guise of a single man. Why, he might have married me if fortune hadn't thrown his secret in my way, and he may marry Nettie yet if I don't choose to prevent it. Well, he's in my power, any way, now, and if I cannot be happy myself I can make him as miserable as I like," and her face hardened as she thought of revenge.

II.

It was twilight; the twilight of a beautiful summer's evening.

Eric was losing a game of billiards to Mr. Trevalyan—he always managed to lose when he played with a possible papa-in-law. Mr. Trevalyan had retired complaining of head-ache. Nettie Trevalyan and her cousin Laura were sitting on the steps of the summer-house on the brink of the stream that meandered through the grounds of the rustic inn above the falls.

"Laura," said Nettie, caressing her cousin's hand nervously between her own, and looking up timidly in her cousin's face, "Laura, I have something to say to you. I shouldn't have dared to say it a month ago, but lately you have been so kind and tender and affectionate again—so much more like you were before we—I mean so much more like you used to be at home, that now when I want somebody to confide in and to advise with, it seems that I must talk to you about it even before I tell it to mamma.

Laura knew what was coming, she only said, however:

"Well, darling; what is it? Go on."

Nettie nestled closer to Laura till her flushed face was nearly touching Laura's cold, pale cheek, and whispered, "Eric—Mr. Talbotson, has proposed to me."

Laura grew even paler as she moved a little away and coldly asked:

"And you have accepted him?"

There was a change in Nettie's voice as she answered, half timidly, half defiantly, for she had noticed Laura seemed to shrink from her—"Yes."

"Then it is a little late in the day to ask my advice, isn't it?"

Nettie fired up. "I know of only one reason that could have induced you to advise me to do otherwise than I have done, for you cannot have a word to say against my Eric who is everything that is good, and noble, and handsome, and manly, and true; and that reason is that you wanted him for yourself."

This stung Laura as Nettie had intended. She sprang up, but controlling herself by an effort, she advanced to Nettie who had also risen and said:

"Dear Nettie, I see it would be worse than useless now to offer you advice or to tell you what my advice should have been or what reasons I had to give; only remember, that if any trouble should come to you, you have in me, though you may not believe it now, your truest friend. But I would ask you to believe, though I am afraid that is equally useless, that I am not jealous.

She had taken Nettie's hand, as she spoke, lowly and sadly. It remained passively in hers, and dropped to Nettie's side when she ceased to hold it. She turned silently away and went slowly into the house.

Laura locked herself into her own room and rested her head upon her two hands at the open window and looked out into the still night and thought.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps and low voices in the grounds beneath, and the white moon came out from behind a cloud and showed her Eric and Nettie walking together as only lovers can walk; Eric with his arm round the tiny waist of Nettie who clung to him as the parasite clings to the oak. A month ago what would Laura have given to have occupied the place she occupied, to have felt his strong arm circling her waist, to have lent her weary head on that strong breast, to have heard him tell her that he loved her. She drew back even now and hid her head, and sighed, and refused to look upon their happiness. Ah! Laura, can you say you are not jealous now?

They passed into the house, and she was left again to her thoughts.

What should she do? Should she let his wickedness go un punished and leave him to enjoy his ill-deserved happiness? For Nettie's sake she felt almost tempted to do this. Yet, could she, conscientiously? Would it not be very wrong to do so knowing what she knew? Yet, how disclose her knowledge? Would not the means by which she had arrived at that knowledge seem a little mean? She lit her lamp, she held the paper again to the light, she read again the accusing words. She read; too, the name and address of the friend to whom they were written.—"Gerald Danvers, Esq., Hotel Bellevue, Schonbock, Germany," and as she read a thought struck her. She had money, she was her own mistress, she was not well; a journey with a definite object to occupy her thoughts and rouse her energies was the very thing she needed. What if she were to go and sift this matter on the spot? The idea had its fascinating, and was it not almost her duty?

Laura was a strong-minded, a "to dare, to suffer, or to do" sort of girl; before another hour had passed her resolution was taken. By twelve o'clock she had arrayed herself in a plain, dark travelling dress, and collected her money and a few necessaries in a little travelling bag which she could carry easily; ten minutes later she had crept noiselessly down the hotel stair-case and along the corridor past the door of the billiard room—where a couple of belated towns-folk were playing a last game before facing the curtain lectures which awaited them at home—into the dark and empty dining saloon and so through the glass doors out into the grounds and through a little white wicket into the ill-paved street. At a quarter to one she sat with shrinking form, bowed head, and veiled face, almost trembling at her own boldness and in abject fear of recognition in the darkest corner of the waiting-room at the railway-station, listening for the shrill whistle of the night express. At one she was seated in the corner of a first-class carriage fairly launched on the first stage of her voyage of discovery.

III.

Laura learned many things before she reached Schonbock; chiefly, however, that a young woman simply clad, travelling alone and without baggage is looked upon by hotel keepers with suspicion. She had taken an early opportunity, therefore, of remedying the defects of her equipment; and when she made her appearance at the hotel Bellevue it was in the guise of a fashionable and well appointed lady. But she found a great drawback still in her want of escort; she was no longer looked on suspiciously or slighted it is true; on the contrary, she received so much attention and such marked gallantry that the change threatened to be equally embarrassing. But Laura was a bold girl and knew how to take care of herself, and was not less vain of the admiration which she could keep within proper limits as well as any woman living, than were others of her sex. There was a kind of intoxication about the absolute freedom which she now enjoyed, which exhilarated her spirits wonderfully, and never in her life had she looked more beautiful than now.

She was the cynosure of all eyes when she took her seat at the Bellevue table d'hôte. She was a little late and took the seat assigned her below the other guests on the right of the table. Opposite her were two chairs evidently reserved for guests who had not yet made their appearance, for their backs rested against the edge of the table. After a few minutes two young, well dressed, handsome men entered gaily, appropriated these seats, called for their soup and a bottle of claret and commenced their repast. Their conversation soon attracted her attention.

"Where is our Venus, to-day, Gerald," said the younger of the two, after some inaudible remarks—of which she herself had, to judge by the glances which she could feel were directed

at her, been the topic—had passed between them, "is she not going to grace the banquet with her presence?"

"I do not know," replied Gerald, "she has had a retiring fit lately and often dines in her own room."

"Sulky, eh? or is she mourning for her Eric's death. I suppose you have broken the news to her?"

"Oh, yes."

"And how did she bear it; did she take it much to heart?" with an absurd mockery of condolence in his tone which made his companion smile.

"Not at all as regarded his personal loss, but a good deal as losing all possibility of revenge. But the coast is clear and you can woo and win as hard as you like now."

"Ha, ha! Well I might have gone further and fared worse, Danvers. But talk of the —angels and you hear their wings rustle," he continued, as the door opened and admitted a pretty girl apparently of some fourteen years, but dressed in an absurdly childish style that made a rather precocious development the more noticeable, followed by an extremely beautiful and ravishingly-shaped woman of probably some thirty summers, though she might have passed for less, and only owned to twenty-five. She advanced to the table, bowing graciously to the gentlemen opposite, and took the seats designated by the obsequious waiter for herself and the child next below Laura.

Laura recoiled at the self-possessed beauty, redolent of subtle essences, settled her voluminous muslins to her satisfaction by her side.

"His wife," she muttered, and commenced a depreciating catalogue of her charms.

The lady thus honoured lent over and bestowed some affectingly solicitous caresses upon the girl.

"His child," she mentally exclaimed, "but she isn't the least bit like him!"

IV.

Gerald Danvers was leaning over the rail which surmounted the cliff overlooking the harbour, and formed the boundary of the Bellevue grounds, smoking lazily and watching the boating parties setting sail from the beach below, when his ear caught the rustle of a lady's dress. As Gerald was not yet of an age when a petticoat ceases to be an attraction, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should turn his head to see who the wearer might be. He could not see her face, for she had already passed him, but he recognized at once by the colour of the hair and the graceful contour of the slowly-receding figure the beautiful stranger who had been seated opposite him at dinner, and midway between him and her he espied upon the grass a little square of lace-edged cambric, which was doubtless property of hers. Always ready for anything in the shape of an adventure, he lost no time in picking it up and hastening to restore it to the owner. She received it with a gracious smile and a becoming blush, and apologizing for giving him trouble on the ground of the incomplete information furnished by her guide-book, requested that he would instruct her as to the exact whereabouts and best mode of conveyance to a certain ruined fortress in the neighbourhood. He pointed it out to her in the blue distance at the mouth of the estuary, and begged she would command his services to procure her a boat and a trustworthy boatman.

Laura thought the afternoon too warm to be suitable for a voyage to the fortress, "yet," said she, subsiding into the never-failing topic which fills so conveniently the vacant places in all conversations, "it is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"I thought so," he replied, "till you appeared upon the scene."

There was something in his tone and the broad look of admiration that accompanied it that reminded Laura that she was a pretty woman travelling without escort, and that he knew it.

"I abhor compliments, and will thank you never to address another to me," she said, "just as I was going to accept your offer of services, too," she added, with an air of coquetry.

"I am sincerely sorry to have offended you. Shall I then make arrangements for the boat?"

"No, it is not in that way that you could do me a favour."

"Then you must enlighten me as to the way in which I can serve you. Rest assured you may command me."

"I want you, when I have told you who I am, to give me an introduction to the lady who sat next me at dinner."

"What, to Mrs. Christianstjerne?"

"So," thought Laura, "Eric presented himself to us not only under a false character but under a false name."

"Yes," she replied aloud, "I am an American, my name is Laura Nelson, and while travelling in America I made the acquaintance of a person who once knew this Mrs. Christianstjerne intimately. It is important, for the interest of those who are very dear to me, that I should hear from the lady in question particulars concerning this person's earlier history which she alone can furnish. Will you, on these grounds, when I assure you of the honesty of my motives, grant me the introduction?"

"Most assuredly."

"Perhaps it would be best," continued Laura, with heightened colour and a charming embarrassment of manner, "that you introduce me as an old friend of your own. Have you sufficient faith in me to do this?"

"Certainly. But you must make up your mind to visit the fortress despite the heat of the afternoon. My friend Jacobsen and Mrs. Christianstjerne are going to sail there this afternoon. If you do not object, we can form a *partie courée*."

"With pleasure!"

"Then the matter is easily arranged. Will you please walk this way?"

The introduction was effected. Mrs. Christianstjerne looked a little surprised, but a whispered communication from Danvers made all right, and she became immediately very gracious.

The breeze freshened when they had proceeded a little way from land, and the sail to the ruined fortress was a very pleasant one.

After surveying the ruins, the gentlemen, picking out a romantic, shady spot as a rendezvous, went in search of fruit and refreshment to some pleasure gardens in the neighbourhood, and the ladies were left alone.

"Curious you should meet your friend Mr. Danvers here," remarked Mrs. Christianstjerne; "where did you make his acquaintance? Are you an English lady?"

"No, I am an American. A little strong-minded of me to be travelling alone, isn't it? But I have an object in view. I am making inquiries, in fact, as to the antecedents of a gentleman who is affianced to a very dear friend of mine."

"Indeed! I hope you will find them satisfactory. Ah! those men; I fear they are all naughty alike. I have very little faith in them. Do you know, my dear, I was actually engaged to be married to one, and he went off to America,—he was a countryman of yours, my dear—on the plea of the death of his father, who was a tragedian or something of the sort in New York, and immensely rich, and I never heard of him again until the other day I was informed of his death, which I am very sorry for, for I had resolved some day to have my revenge by attacking his pocket, which he might possibly have felt, since he had no feeling in his heart."

During this voluble speech, for Mrs. Christianstjerne never lost an opportunity of expatiating on her wrongs, Laura was a prey to contending emotions—joy at discovering that Eric had only broken an engagement and was not contemplating bigamy; humiliation to think that she had been duped by her own hasty conclusions on the faint evidence of a piece of blotting paper; jealousy at finding that she had given way to the rivalry of Nettie, and by withdrawing from the field had lost her own chance of happiness and Eric; wonder to think that the words which she had considered such conclusive evidence of Eric's guilt could have been misconstrued. All these conflicting sensations had place in her mind and made her answer only in monosyllables to the light prattle of her companion till the return of the gentlemen laden with strawberries and effervescent drinks turned the conversation into another channel.

"Mr. Danvers," said Laura, with her most winning smile, as they returned in the boat and hidden by the canvass from their companions, "may I, on our short acquaintanceship, venture to ask you another favour? I may as well confess at once that the inquiries I designed to make relate to no other than your dear friend Eric Talbotson, and that my estimate of that gentleman has undergone a complete change during the past half hour. I am now prepared to speak as highly in his praise as you, his devoted friend, could desire. Would it be a breach of confidence, do you think, if you were to show me a letter that he wrote you some six weeks since, when I tell you that my only motive for the request is that I may finally dissipate my unjust suspicions in regard to him. Of course, if you object, I shall be satisfied to hear its substance in your own words."

"I would prefer," returned Gerald, producing the letter from his pocket-book, "that Eric should speak for himself. The accuracy of your information as to his correspondence is, permit me to observe, a little astounding. Heaven preserve us poor men when the ladies are interested in discovering our secrets," he fervently ejaculated. "Here is the letter, Miss Nelson, read for yourself."

She read as follows:

"RAPIDS HOTEL, Blankington, N. Y.

"DEAR GERALD,—Thanks for the delicacy and immense amount of beating about the bush with which you imparted what you very naturally thought would cut me up a good deal—as it would have done three months ago—but now, *nous avons changé tout cela*. My dear fellow, your news was the most welcome news that you could have told me. I have two splendid girls spoons on me here both better than Mary, and since she's false I'm well rid of her; send me news of the marriage as soon as you like, it will assure me that I have escaped a great danger. Better she should prove inconstant before than after marriage."

"Yes, two girls spoons on me, both beauties, and both different styles; I don't know which to choose! One is a dark, strong-minded, commanding, haughty beauty; the other golden-haired, blue-eyed, clinging, confiding, in fact it's a regular how-happy-could-I-be-with-either-were-t'other-dear-charmer-away sort of business. *Bye the bye, since I saw you I have grown a great towny beard; you, no, Mary herself could scarcely recognize me now.* I am as happy as the day is long squiring the damsels about, doing museums, picnics, picture galleries, theatres, operas, churches, fishing excursions and water parties. Of course they're as jealous as two—well, two anything you like. It was just the beauty of the thing that there were two; one would never have cared for me, probably, if jealousy of the other hadn't egged her on."

"I get the "Thunderer" tolerably regularly. Those articles of yours are really first-rate. I enjoy them. Good-bye, old brick!"

ERIC."

"P. S.—Do all you can to facilitate the marriage. Spread a report of my death, if that would put a spoke in the wheel."

E."

So this was the letter that had done so much mischief!

There was no obstacle now to the union of Nettie Trevalyan and Eric Talbotson; and, of course, in due time they were married.

Our story has gone far enough to point its moral. Beware of jealousy, and listen not to its promptings to believe those whom we love guilty on insufficient evidence. Above all, descend to no ignoble means to obtain that evidence. This is the lesson we may learn from the story of Laura Nelson.

As regards the future of this young lady, and of Mrs. Christianstjerne, we leave our readers to form their own conclusions. Yet it is our own belief that Schonhook now comprises among its inhabitants both a Mrs. Danvers and a Mrs. Jacobsen.

TOBACCO IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

One thing which has struck me in my perusal of the Waverley Novels is the sanction which Sir Walter Scott gives throughout them to the use of tobacco. Smoking, snuffing, and chewing are all mentioned with pleasing frequency, and with fully more than tacit approbation. His characters of all classes indulge in the Indian weed. Peers and peasants, professional gentlemen, and military men, landmen and seamen, clergymen and laymen, the learned and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the bold and the timid, honest men and vagabonds, all worship at the shrine of St. Nicotine. Now it is a duke and then a beggar, now a parson and then a dominie, now a sailor and then a smuggler, now a sheriff and then a cairn. They all use tobacco in a manner peculiar to their age and class, and all with the general approval of the great wizard who created them.

Sir Walter Scott was too accurate an antiquarian, and too observant a student of the manners and customs of different times, to be guilty of an anachronism. Hence we find no notice of the Virginian plant in those works where the scene is laid prior to the introduction of its highly-prized leaf into this country, as in "Ivanhoe," for example, or "The Fair Maid of Perth." But we can almost trace its use historically from "Kenilworth," where Sir Walter Raleigh himself is one of the *dramatis personæ*;

through the reign of the royal author of the "Counterblast," in "The Fortunes of Nigel;" the days of the Commonwealth, in "Woodstock;" the gay and profligate times of Charles II., in "Peveril of the Peak;" the Covenanting struggles in Scotland prior to the Revolution, in "Old Mortality;" the '15, in "Rob Roy;" the '45, in "Waverley;" the latter days of Jacobite pretensions in "Redgauntlet;" the end of the last century, in "The Antiquary;" the beginning of the present in "Guy Mannering;" and the still more modern times of mineral spas in "St. Ronan's Well."

There is no lack of the use of tobacco in "Waverley," though with the exception of a casual reference, it takes the shape of snuff. That exceptional allusion is in the form of an illustration, and occurs in the description of the arrival of Waverley at Tullyveolan, the castle of the Baron of Bradwardine, where the first person he met with was the half-witted Davie Gallatley, described in the country phrase as "an innocent," but said by the baron's butler, when the hero was about to send him an errand, to be "more knave than fool," and who seemed to justify that observation by twisting his features at him when he was looking another way "into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bowl of a German tobacco pipe."

The Baron of Bradwardine aforesaid—a dignified Jacobite, who had been bred to the bar and had afterwards seen service as a soldier in the armies of France—was a persistent snuff-taker. In the village change-house, kept by Lucky Maclear, where the baron is accompanied by the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancure, he condescends to sing a military air which was a particular favourite of Marshal Duca de Berwick. When Balmawhapple retorts in high disdain with a ballad written and composed by Gible Gaethroughwit, the piper of Cupar, declaring that there is more sense in it than in all the *derry dongs* of France, "the baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt." This gentleman's snuff-taking habit is alluded to by the characters in the story as well as by its order. During his stay in Scotland, Waverley received a letter from his Aunt Rachel, in which she "desired to be informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took as much Scotch snuff and danced as unweariedly as he did when he was at Waverley Honour, about thirty years ago." Colonel Talbot, the English soldier, who disliked the baron, and characterised him as the most intolerable pedant he ever had the misfortune to meet with, said afterwards, when speaking of Waverley's proposal to marry his daughter Rose, that he hoped her papa, "with his brogue, and his snuff, and his Latin, and his insufferable long stories about the Duke of Berwick, will find it necessary hereafter to be an inhabitant of foreign parts." Talbot afterwards understood the baron better, and proved his fast friend. When the latter was surprised at Tullyveolan, by hearing that the colonel was the new owner of the house, "he drew a long breath and took a long pinch of snuff." When he found that the bears, the badge of his family, had been restored to the places from which they had been removed by the Royalist soldiery, he sought relief to his feelings in "another long pinch of snuff."

The baron is not the only snuff-taker in "Waverley." Another is Mr. Morton, the worthy clergyman, and Duncan McWhebbie, the baron-bailie of Tullyveolan, ranks third in the category.

In the fine Gallovidian romance of "Guy Mannering; or, the Astrologer," tobacco is used in a variety of ways, and we are introduced to smoking and chewing as well as to the taking of snuff. One of the principal characters in the story is Dominie Sampson, the scholastic bookworm, the silent pedagogue, and the affectionate retainer, whose qualities as an excellent listener commended him strongly to the Laird of Ellangowan. We get the first intimation of his smoking propensities after Mannering has been introduced to Godfrey Bertram, and when the voice of Meg Merrilies is heard singing on the stairs; "It's Meg Merrilies, the gipsy, as sure as I am a sinner," said Mr. Bertram. The dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, drew in the large splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicularly, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between his whistles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. "What needs ye groan, dominie? I am sure Megs sangs do nae ill."

"Nor good neither," answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untameable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak; and, as he had been watching with some curiosity when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him.

Then, when the dominie's patron was dead, and his daughter, Lucy Bertram, driven forth from her father's house and glad to take shelter with a stranger, he picked up a few pupils and began teaching them; and, though not too well paid, "still, however, he gained something; and it was the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr. MacMoran weekly, a slight pecunium only subtracted to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch. The worthy man's object in this was to indemnify that gentleman for his charges in his own behalf, "and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram."

Mr. Paulus Pleydell, advocate and ex-sheriff, is a shrewd humorist, an able lawyer, besides being "a man of good family, and of high general estimation." After the funeral of Margaret Bertram, of Single-side, when the orphan girl is crying over the kind proposal of Dandie Dinmont to take her to Charles Hope, we are told that "old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box." We see from this and from other instances how useful the snuff-box is to conceal emotion which may be felt but which should not be seen. It is also useful for showing contempt; and so we find that when the pettifogging knave, Glossin, claimed acquaintance with him, "Pleydell took snuff, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic." In like manner, it is mentioned that Sir Robert Hazlewood, to whom Glossin on the same occasion made a profound salutation, and who had begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's-paw of him, "inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way."

Meg Merrilies, the gipsy queen already mentioned, is a patron of the pipe. This we discover at the time when she first comes under the notice of Henry Bertram, at the small public-house on the borders where he met with Dandie Dinmont. She is described as "a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, having the appearance of a tinker or beggar;" and she was "busily engaged with a short, black tobacco-pipe," which she at once dropped when she heard the news of Godfrey Bertram's death. In the Kalm of Dornieuch, while Meg was caring for the safety of the heir to Ellangowan, she "hastened to display pipes and tobacco" to the ruffianly smugglers and gipsies who had come there to pass the night.

Dirk Hatteraleck, the Dutch skipper and captain of a smuggling lugger, the murderer of Frank Kennedy, and the kidnapper of little Harry Bertram, uses tobacco appropriately in the sailor's style. In a conversation with Glossin over the probable end of all their villainy, when the rascally attorney is so affected that the "sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings," Dirk, "the hard featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate." Subsequently, when he is buoyed up with the hope of returning to his native country, Hatteraleck draws an imaginative picture of his future residence: "I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh Dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgomaster's." Then Glossin completes the

description with: "Ay, and a woodenlon at the door, and a painted sentinel in the garden with a pipe in his mouth."—*Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

Our Illustrations.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

We present our readers this week with portraits of the three gentlemen appointed to the Royal Commission to examine the charges brought against the Government by the Hon. Mr. Huntington. They are all known as men of elevated standing, high legal attainments and well-proved ability. Judge Day, who acts as chairman, was, it will be remembered, one of the arbitrators in the dispute between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec relative to the division of the credits, liabilities, assets, etc., of the late Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Mr. Day's legal career commenced in 1827 when he was called to the Bar. Ten years later he was created a Queen's Counsel, and the year following that he was appointed Judge Advocate in attendance on the Courts Martial which were then frequently held for the trial of political offenders. In 1839 he was named Solicitor General and called to the Special Council for Lower Canada, where he sat until the following year, when he was summoned to the Executive Council. He held his seat in Parliament, where he represented the County of Ottawa, until 1842, when he accepted a Judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench for Lower Canada. In 1849 he was transferred to the Superior Court and sat for ten years. In 1859 he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the codification of the Civil Law of Lower Canada, and shortly after the completion of that great work accepted a position on the Committee of Arbitration already alluded to. Judge Day also served on the Commission appointed in 1865 for settling the amount of the subsidy to be paid to Railway Companies by Government for carrying the mails. Since 1857 he has been President and Chancellor of the University of McGill College.

Judge Polette is one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Lower Canada. For a long time he represented Three Rivers in the Canadian Assembly, and was elevated to the Bench in 1860. He served in 1856 as a Commissioner for the consolidation of the Statutes of Lower Canada and Canada.

Judge Gowan, the third member of the Commission, bears a high reputation for depth of legal knowledge. He was at one time a partner of the Hon. James Small, Solicitor General, and in 1843 was appointed a County Judge. He was selected in 1857 to aid in the preparation of the Consolidated Statutes of Upper Canada, and has since that time been a commissioner for amending the laws relating to County Courts, and was also on the commission for the fusion of Law and Equity. For many years past he has filled the office of Judge of the County Court of Simcoe, Ont.

Our portraits are from photographs; that of Judge Day by Notman, Judge Gowan by Schroeder, of Dublin, and Judge Polette by J. Topley, Ottawa.

FIRE AT DRUM'S FACTORY, QUEBEC.

The fire which destroyed Drum's cabinet factory on the 19th ult., was the most serious with which Quebec has been visited this year. At one time the city was actually in danger and the fire department was compelled to telegraph to Montreal for assistance. The efforts of the men of the Fire Brigade were assisted by the men of B. Battery and the crew of the French frigate "D'Estaing," then lying in the harbour.

Our illustrations are from sketches by the well-known artist Mr. J. Dynes, of St. John street.

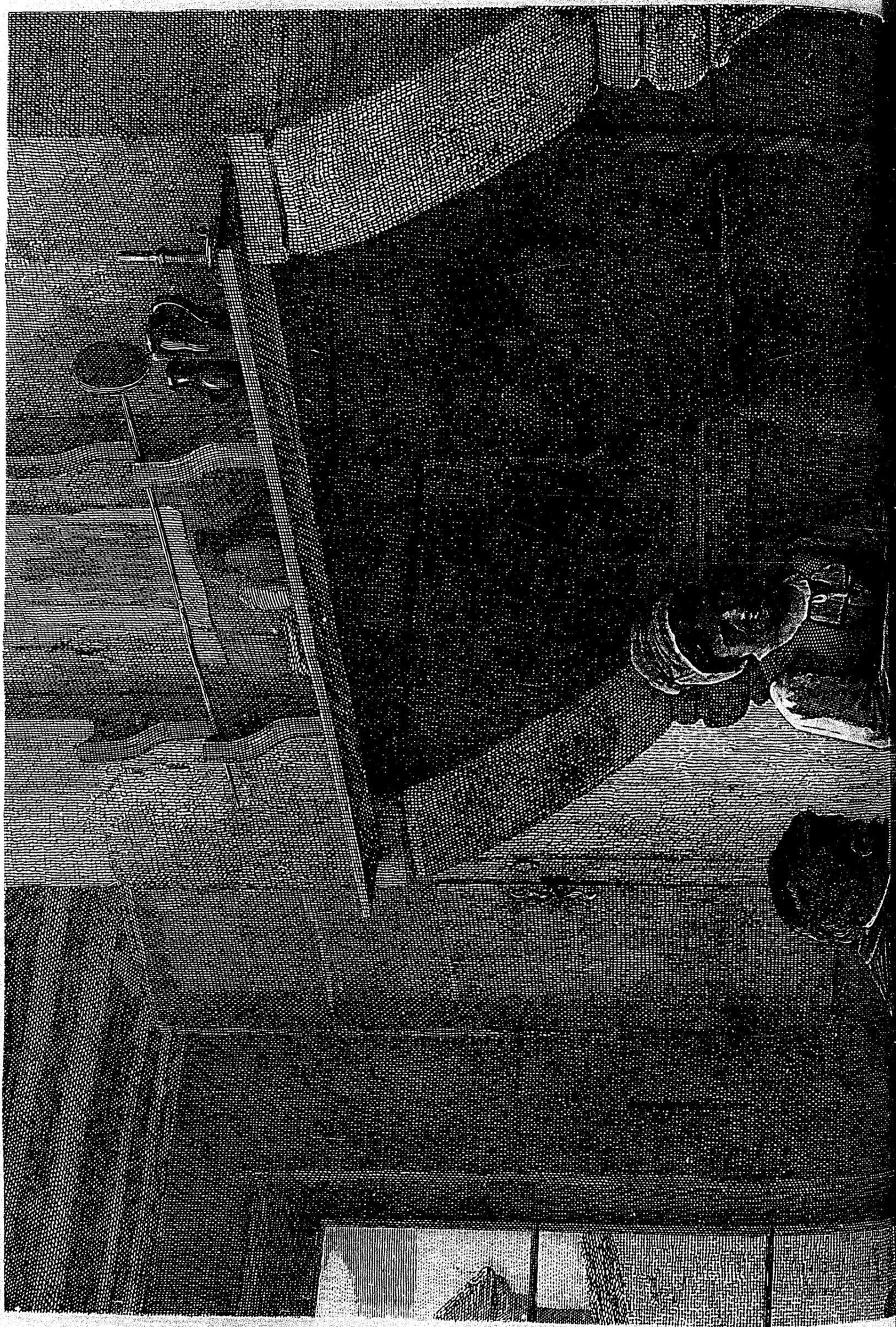
THE "CHICORA" AND "FRANCES SMITH."

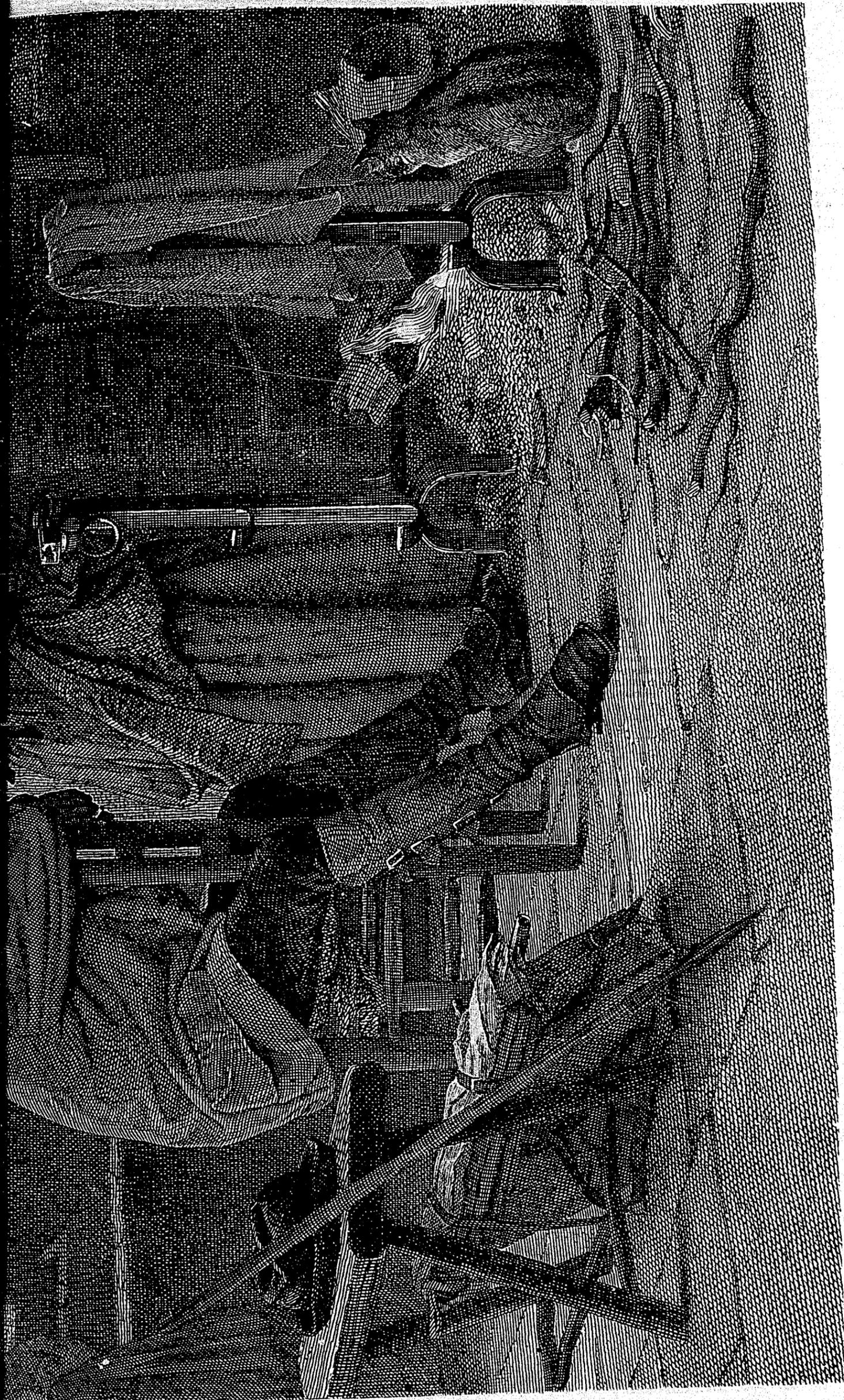
These two steamers, the finest of the Collingwood and Lake Superior Royal Mail Line, are justly recognized as the two favourites of the Lakes, both for superior accommodations and speed. The "Chicora," commanded by Captain J. Orr, with Mr. J. T. Rose as Purser, is the largest and fastest steamer on the route, while the "Frances Smith," Captain W. Tate Robertson, with James J. Robertson as Purser, is not far behind, and when the proposed alterations which are to be made for next summer have been completed she will have no superior on the Lakes for speed. As "doing the Lakes" is now recognized as the proper thing for pleasure seekers during the summer, these steamers have been crowded far beyond their sleeping capacity; such was their popularity that people preferred putting up with a "shake down" in the saloon to missing the trip. Those who have not made this trip can have no conception of the beautiful and varied scenery to be seen along the route. From Collingwood to Thunder Bay the eye never tires of feasting on the constantly changing scenery. One point of interest follows another in rapid succession, Killarney, Little Current, Spanish River, Bruce Mines, Devil's Gap, Little Detroit, Sault St. Marie, Prince Arthur's Landing, and above all the Neepigon, are some of the principal points of interest. Time is generally allowed at each stopping place for a short visit of inspection. Few places on this continent can compare for beauty of scenery with the Neepigon, and viewed by sunset the effect is enchanting. Hither the sportsmen flock for the sake of the fishing; every steamer has its party for this place, who remain for a time to revel in the pleasures of camp life, and the admirable sport that is to be had. Plenty of amusement is always provided on board during the evenings; not one night passes that there is not a ball or concert gotten up by the officers and passengers. It is evident that as this route gets to be better known, it is destined to be the fashionable trip of this country, as each season shows its doubly increasing number of pleasure seekers.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the Rev. Mr. Dawson's letters, published three years ago in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, some very valuable and interesting information was given respecting the customs of the Indians of British Columbia. The writer described, among other things, the various methods employed by the Indians in catching salmon and salmon trout. The method shown in our illustration would seem to be a modification of that in use for trapping salmon trout in shallow water, described as follows by Father Dawson:—"Baskets of various dimensions, some of them fifteen feet in length and six in circumference, are woven of split vine, maple and strips of cedar bark. These are placed in the centre of the stream with dams of lattice work extending on each side to the banks so that it is impossible for any fish to ascend the river except through the trap."

A "grave" is rather an anomalous title for the last resting-place of the Indian in British Columbia. The corpses are put





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

A N I N T E R I O R .

into canoes which are raised on props to a height of about six feet from the ground and covered with blankets. Sometimes a roof is placed over the canoe-coffin and the whole is ornamented with images and old tinware.

The photographs from which the illustrations are made were furnished by Mr. C. Wood.

AN INTERIOR.

This is the fellow engraving to the "Summer Landscape" produced last week.

LORD DUFFERIN AT THE ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB.

The entertainment given by the Royal Halifax Yacht Club to His Excellency the Governor General, during his visit to that city, was a very successful affair. The club took the initiative in the round of balls, dinners and fêtes to which Lord Dufferin was subjected. His well-known nautical tastes and thorough seamanship gave to his visit an additional charm, especially so with the members of the R. H. Y. C., who have expended a large sum in the erection of their fine club house, and the appliances pertaining to such an institution, and are happily in a position to do suitable honour to such an illustrious visitor. On the day of the entertainment the club house was gaily trimmed with bunting, and the many pretty yachts belonging to members of the establishment anchored off its wharves. At the time appointed for his arrival the principal officers of the club assembled on the pier, among whom we may mention Commodore John Wild, Esq., and the Secretary, Alexander Scott, Esq., a most enthusiastic yachtsman and indefatigable labourer in the interests of the club. To the surprise of all present instead of a 12-oared barge with His Excellency on board making its appearance, a trim little yacht with Lord Dufferin unattended, modestly rounded up on the west side of the club and let go her tiny anchor amidst the booming of the guns from the men-of-war boats and the stunning cheers of those assembled to welcome an amateur "brother salt."

The Royal Halifax Yacht Club is the only institution of its class in America, many that were founded in the United States having broken up. It is now really well off and "doing a good business." Its popularity increases every season. It is a complete model in a somewhat diminished scale of its great English contemporary. Its present position is due in a great measure to the executive ability of its Secretary, Alexander W. Scott, Esq.

Our sketch taken at

THE HAMILTON REGATTA

shows the start of the four mile four-oared inrigged boats. The entries were the "Ruby," "Lotta," and "Deceiver." The "Lotta" took the race and forty dollars in 26m. 5s., and the "Deceiver," proved to be not such a great deception, making a second in 26m. 55s., and earning the ten dollar prize.

J. G. McKay, of Hamilton, made the sketch from which the picture is taken.

AN AQUATIC FETE AT AMIENS.

The fête in question took place on the last Sunday in July under the auspices of the "Society of Nautical Sport." Two large hollows outside the city were flooded, and on these improvised lakes a blazing squadron of quaint forms, temples, animals, gondolas, and what-not cruised about during the evening to the great delight of the *bons bourgeois*.

Miscellaneous.

A Thoughtful Action.

Among many other things it was said that the Shah of Persia, having been induced to taste the German porter-beer during his visit to Berlin, at once ordered a dozen bottles to be forwarded to an uncle in Teheran, whom he suspected of growing too popular during his absence, adding, as he pocketed the receipt given him at the parcel delivery office, "If he can stand that I have nothing more to say, and must bow to the will of Allah!"

Telegraphic Metamorphosis.

The following telegraphic conundrum was recently received in London—"Galatz 20 July—Fehlers Ibia and Dux Ibrail Sulina with maize for steamer Squedouth Castle pool, were in collision below Tulcia with Netti from Necaport Ibi Lycun Alred dunks cargo damaged Nellie's bows smashed." Which being interpreted means, "Lighters Ibia" and "Dux Ibrail Sulina" with maize for steamer "Tynemouth Castle" were in collision below Tulcia with "Nelly" from Newport. "Ibia" foundered, "Dux's" cargo damaged, "Nellie's" bows smashed.

German 'Cuteness.'

Great complaint comes from the Vienna Exhibition. It appears that the Germans, spectators and note-book carrying, have contrived to accurately copy everything in the English machinery which is worth copying, and hurrying to the German-Austrian patent offices, have patented for their respective countries inventions which were made by Englishmen in the hope of a large sale in the continental districts for which they were particularly suited. Meanwhile the German newspapers are congratulating their countrymen on the grand opportunity they have had of sucking the English brain.

A Youthful Enthusiast.

Two years ago there was found at the gate of the Prefecture of Nancy a deserted child. The German Prefect's wife Madame von der Heydt, took charge of the child, and put it out to nurse. At the end of two years she desired to see the child, and it was brought to her while her *salon* was filled with company. Immediately the child perceived Madame von der Heydt it began to call out in good French "Vive la France." The nurse to whom the child had been entrusted had braved all risks to be able to play this strange trick upon the wife of the German Prefect.

A Roland for an Oliver.

A woman living in a town in the Canton of Zurich recently resorted to a curious mode of revenge. Her cat, of which she was exceptionally fond, had for some reason or other been killed by an official. She accordingly procured several mouse traps and caught some fifty mice, which she immediately enclosed in an appropriate box, and sent to the offending person. He, suspecting nothing, opened the package, and was horrified to see a swarm of mice spring out of the box and run all over the place. At the bottom of the box he found a note containing the following words—"You have killed my cat, I have therefore the honour to send you my mice."

The Flirts of Paris.

The most magnificent flirts in the world, writes M. H. B. to the *Missouri Republican*, are found in Paris, male and female. America turns out some glorious specimens of the she-flirt, but for the male order Paris is king. You sit down in your restaurant for your dinner. The multitudinous mirrors hold on either side reflections of gushing creatures, who, the instant they catch your eye, raise their glasses and silently pledge their vows to do their level best to carry on the delightful flirtation they seem to live alone for. And these gorgeously gotten up messieurs would be less amusing if one didn't know that nine times out of ten the gentleman was not a perruquier or "un tailleur," or, worse still, "le mari" of madame who is fluting your overskirts in the Rue Seize, or the proprietor of that shrill-voiced little creature who makes chemises des hommes in the Rue Rivoli.

Father Hyacinthe's Chapel.

Some one who has been to the place in Geneva where Father Hyacinthe preaches says that, having just before visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, where he had gained his great popularity, they could not help contrasting the gorgeous treasures and appointments of the one with the meagre simplicity of the other. "The altar is a very simple affair. A small platform, about eight inches in height, is erected in front of a window, which is shaded by a green blind and a white drapery of linen. Above these is a festoon of shrivelled ivy leaves. The altar is, in fact, a shelf in front of a window, in the centre of which stands a crucifix, bearing the dead Christ in silver. Flanking this, right and left, are three-branched candlesticks and two vases of flowers upon scarlet cloth, relieved by white lace. Plants are also ranged behind. Completing the whole is an oil-painting of the Christ. M. Loyson, as Father Hyacinthe is now called, wears at his ministrations the usual robes in use in the Roman Church."

Regicidal Mania.

According to the *Paris Figaro* the dog-days of July have a singular fatal and murderous effect upon many people, that month being the most productive of regicides. On July 12, 1584, William I. of Orange was assassinated by Balthazar Gréard; Prince Ivan VI., son of Anne of Russia, shared a similar fate on July 15, 1767; and Iturbide, Emperor of Mexico, was shot at Padilla, on July 19, 1823. Fieschi's well-known attempt against Louis Philippe took place on July 27, 1835; on July 18, 1844, the King of Prussia was shot at, and a second effort to kill Louis Philippe was made by Joseph Henry on July 20, 1846. On July 5, 1853, whilst Napoleon III. was on his road to the Opera Comique, an attempt took place to assassinate him, and on July 14, 1861, the Emperor of Germany was shot at by a student at Baden.

Paris Cooking.

Henry Watterson, writing to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, says of "living" in Paris, that beef and mutton form the basis of everything. By the aid of truffles, mushrooms, and olives they are tortured into a thousand forms; and, to this extent, one has no right to complain. He can not complain of good beef. He can not complain of good mutton. He is an ass if he complains of truffles, mushrooms, and olives. But, in the long run, a man grows tired of 'em these luxuries, and begins to "boan" after something plain and simple, after something *au naturel*, such as a bit of stewed terrapin, or a crisp, soft-shell crab, or a canvas-back duck, or a pompano, or a plump, fresh partridge, or a young, contraband prairie hen, or even a broiled chicken. He can get none of these in Paris. Their game is nearly always foul. If you get it pure and sweet it is by chance. In cities of such magnitude as this the keeping of game is a sort of necessity. This being the fact the Paris caterers long ago got out the notion that game is better the longer it is kept—a rank and poisonous lie.

Humours of Nevada.

The *Gold Hill News* says: An Irishman, resident of this city, noted for his wit upon all occasions, and also for his successful attacks on the tiger, was proceeding home the other evening, and, when he had reached the Divide, was stopped by some footpads with the request to "hold up his hands." The robbers knew he had made a large winning and got off with it, and had preceded him for the purpose of waylaying him. Pat did not scare worth a cent, and when stopped, quietly asked the robbers what they wanted. They answered, "We want your money!" Pat, quietly proceeding to light his dudheen, said: "O, murther, murther! but ye fellers are awful thick to-night." "Awful thick?" said one of the robbers; "what do you mean?" "I mane," said Pat, "that this is the fourth time I was stopped since I left Virginny!" One of the men, disgusted with himself to think that others of the profession had got in ahead of him, struck Pat on the neck and then kicked him, saying: "Git out of here or I'll blow the top of your head off." Pat did "git" willingly, and arrived safely home with \$700 in coin in his pocket.

Circular Ironclads.

While the English Admiralty is forsaking perhaps prematurely—the type of the *Devastation* and *Fury*—to revert to an older form of vessels in the *Invincible*, the Russians are constructing war ships on a model which has at least the merit of novelty. Those who are conversant with the progress of marine architecture may remember that to Mr. E. J. Reed, C. B., is due the shortening of ironclads by at least one hundred feet. This principle has been pushed to its extreme limits by his more enthusiastic disciples. By the courtesy of the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, we (*Iron*) have been favoured with a view of photographs of the remarkable circular ironclad now at Nicholasieff. Admiral Popoff is responsible for the design of, perhaps, the most remarkable vessel that has floated since Noah's Ark. The ship is perfectly circular, and is driven through the water by six screw propellers. So far as handiness is concerned, nothing could be more perfect. The propellers disposed around the ship—it would be useless to talk of stem or stern, or beam—afford unlimited power of locomotion. Ahead, astern, or spinning round like a top, the vessel is equally at home. In a seaway the behaviour of circular ships is said to be peculiar, but for buoyancy they are difficult to surpass.

The Treasures of the Sultan.

The treasures of the Sultan of Turkey outshine those of the Shah. Their value is \$27,500,000, and they lie in a rather plain kiosk immediately adjoining the Turkish transept and surmounted by a crescent and a star. The domed ceiling is painted in arabesque, and pendant from it are five large golden walls. Here may be read the history of the Sublime Porte from the days of the conqueror of Byzantium, Mahmoud

II., to the present Padishah, Abd-ul-Aziz. The golden throne of Nadr-Shah is here, which was renowned in the East before the peacock throne of the Great Mogul at Delhi was dreamed of. It is marvellous in its workmanship, large enough for a coach, and weighs four and a half hundred weight. It is enamelled in celadon, green and crimson, and its patterns of arabesque are in rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Above it hang the turban and armour of Sultan Murad, heavy with gold and gleaming with jewels. Near it are the horse caparisons of Selim III., with the heavy Mameluke stirrups and Arab bit of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds. Scabbards, where nothing but diamonds can be seen; cinctures of diamonds; bowls of China porcelain, their patterns marked out in gold and reset with rubies; clocks encased in diamonds and glistening with crescent moons and stars; hookahs with golden bowls; and chibouques whose amber mouth-pieces are encircled with rings of diamonds, gleam and glisten everywhere.

After the Circus.

The customs and manners of Pacific society are graphically illustrated by a local item in a recent copy of the *Vallejo Independent*: When the New York and New Orleans circus was in town, a young gentleman called at the residence of his adorable in the evening and requested the pleasure of escorting her to the performance. Another young gentleman, however, had arrived before him and obtained the young lady's consent to accompany her to the circus, and when No. 2 arrived he was apprised of the state of affairs and informed that he had come too late. He went off in a towering rage, swearing vehemently, and, it is said, defaming the young lady's character. The young lady was informed of his conduct, but she took no notice of it at the time, and enjoyed the evening at the circus as if nothing had occurred. Next morning, however, she determined to inquire into the matter, and was reliably informed concerning the abusive talk the young man had indulged in concerning her character. Calling around at his place of business she saw the young man in person and questioned him about the matter; but he feigned total ignorance. He was brought to his senses quite suddenly when the young lady drew from her pocket a six-shooter, which she cocked and pointed at his face. A man feels peculiar when looking down the barrel of a revolver which is momentarily expected to be discharged; at least this man did. He remembered everything he had said and made a full and ample apology for the same. The apology was accepted, but he was warned against ever doing the same thing again.

Scraps.

A "National Training School for Cookery" is to be established in the English metropolis.

Paris is to have an aquarium which will rival those of Brighton, Sydenham, Hamburg, Berlin, etc. It is expected it will be completed by the middle of next year.

The German navy consists of eight iron-plated frigates, one ship of the line, five plated corvettes, eight other corvettes, nineteen gunboats, advice boats, yachts and transports, all propelled by steam: two sailing frigates and three brigs.

Canon Woodford, who succeeds the Bishop of Ely, translated to Winchester, was at one time chaplain to the late Bishop of Winchester.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her senior partner have each given \$75,000 to form a fund for the widows and orphans of those who die in the employ of the bank.

A French writer suggests that the red colour of the continents of the planet Mars may be due to a red herbage and vegetation.

In the last three years 1,638 sailors in the British merchant service were committed to prison for refusing to go to sea.

It is affecting to learn that the late Dean of Winchester, who had well-nigh reached one hundred years of age, died at last "through taking medicine too strong for him." Moral: avoid strong drinks, medicines especially.

A railway engineer has invented a hot-water pump with which to squirt hot water on to deaf persons who walk on the line. Thus another course of interesting items is ruthlessly cut off by inventive genius.

During his journey in Austria the Shah was attended by the Emperor's first cook who had instructions to supply him with ices and cooling drinks. Happy Shah!

In one respect the Prince of Wales follows the example of his father—he keeps at Marlborough House a mark-book, in which is noted the progress of his children in their studies and the praiseworthiness of their conduct. So an American—not always the most trustworthy—authority informs us. Strange how interested these Republicans are in the doings of royalty.

At Nablous, in Samaria, there has been discovered a record kept by the priests of Sechem of all important events that occurred during their time of office. In this record occurs the following statement, written by Shaffer, the priest of the synagogue in the time of our Saviour:—"In the 19th year of my priesthood, and the 4,281st year of the world, Jesus of Nazareth, son of Mary, was crucified at Jerusalem."

Upon a block of handsome offices just erected in Leadenhall-street, London, the ground floor of the back block—simply a room under 50 feet by 40—lets for one thousand guineas a year, on a twenty-one years' lease, and all the other rooms in proportion. Good to be the owner of the block.

The late Bishop of Winchester on the 6th of January last wrote the following remarkable passage:—"I have a far more sustained sense than formerly of the nearness of the end. Otherwise I cannot say that I feel much older."

The Parisians do not err from excess of confidence in their Government. An art connoisseur recently asked a Parisian dealer why under the Republic pictures were more sought after than statuary. "Because," was the reply, "when the Revolution takes place the former can be quickly rolled up and packed away, while it is impossible to remove bronze or marble at short notice."

An attempt is being made in England to revive the game of cards called Ombre, which was so fashionable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is said to be a much better game than *besique*.

An extensive political agitation has commenced in Iceland with the object of effecting a complete separation of that island from Denmark.

The son of the poet Laureate is to be made a baronet, Mr. Tennyson having himself refused all titular distinction from the Crown.

The exiled Jesuits, driven from Germany by the recent edicts of Prince Bismarck, have definitely settled at Dillon Hall, about nine miles from Liverpool.

It is stated that Sir Bartle Frere is to be created a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, in recognition of his services in connection with the Zanzibar mission.

Amidomonio-chloro-benzenesulphonie is a new acid, the discovery of which is just announced by the *Italian Gazette* of

Chemistry. One should take a long breath before attempting to pronounce the name.

The Russian Government is about to construct a canal between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt.

The Burmese Embassy conclude their report on Great Britain by saying:—"Now that a lasting friendship has been formed with the golden city of Mandalay the city of London will prosper more than heretofore."

A grand convention of Orientalists meets in Paris on the 1st prox.

The United States Postmaster General has decided that postal cards bearing matter other than the address on the address side, shall be charged at the letter postage rate.

Music and the Drama.

Mlle. Di Murska, who is the second prima donna for Maretzek's company, has left Vienna for this country.

Madame Ristori has appeared in a round of her most famed impersonations, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

Miss Cooper, an English actress, has appeared as Ophelia in Paris with considerable success.

Mr. Burnand has made a new version of "La Belle Helene," and it is to be produced at the Alhambra.

Nilsson's real name was Tornernjelm, but she couldn't risk the reputation of her voice every time she had to tell who she was.

Miss Agnes Ethel is rumoured to have married a gentleman of Buffalo, and intends making her home in Paris.

Mdme. Camilla Urso appears next season under the auspices of the American Literary Bureau.

At the approaching Birmingham Festival four unedited compositions of Rossini will be performed for the first time. They consist of an "Ave Maria" for four voices, two sacred compositions, and a piece called "The Cantata of the Titans," which is to be sung by six hundred bass voices, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa.

Mauzoni has left an unpublished opera, founded on the Reign of Terror in France.

Rubinstein is at St. Petersburg.

The Broadway Theatre, New York, opened on Monday last with the Almée troupe in "La Fille de Madame Angot," Offenbach's last. On the same day the Olympie opened with the Lydia Thompson troupe in a musical travesty entitled "Mephisto; or the Four Sensations." Booth's also opened on Monday.

The season at the Union Square begins on the 29th inst., with a new play by an English author; the Fifth Avenue on the 15th October with a play from Mr. Daly's pen; and Wallacks on the 29th inst., with Sothern in the new play written for him by Mr. H. J. Byron.

Ole Bull is going to spend two or three years in Norway.

The Italian opera season, at the Academy of Music, New York, commences on the 29th, under the management of M. Strakosch. Besides the familiar operas, Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Verdi's "Aida" will be produced. Mme. Christine Nilsson is announced as the leading cantatrice, with Mlles. Marosi and Torriani as the dramatic prime-donnas.

Wienawski intends visiting Brazil.

The popular English comedian, John S. Clarke, is about to make a trip to the United States.

Mr. T. C. King, a well-known London actor, appears with an English company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Monday, in "Notre Dame."

The following is a return of the works produced during the recent season at the Royal Italian Opera, London, with the number of times each was performed:—"Mozart: "Don Giovanni," 5 times; "Nozze di Figaro," 2. "Flauto: "Martha," 3. "Meyerbeer: "Huguenots," 3; "Dinorah," 2; "L'Etoile du Nord," 2; "L'Africaine," 3. "Weber: "Der Freischutz," 2. "Auber: "Masanella," 3; "Les Diamants de la Couronne," 1. "Ambroise Thomas: "Hamlet," 2. "Verdi: "Traviata," 1; "Trovatore," 2; "Il Ballo," 2; "Rigoletto," 3; "Ernani," 2. "Bellini: "Sonnambula," 5; "I Puritani," 1. "Gounod: "Faust," 7. "Rossini: "Il Barbiere," 6; "Guglielmo Tell," 4; "Otello," 2. "Donizetti: "Lucia," 4; "Linda," 3; "Favorita," 2; "Elixir d'Amore," 1. Mme. Adellina Patti's characters were Rosina, Zerlina, Dinorah, Catarina ("Etoile du Nord"), Catarina "Diamants de la Couronne", Leonora ("Trovatore"), and Elvira ("Ernani"); she also sustained Valentina once. Mlle. Albani retained possession of the parts of Amina, Lucia, Linda, Marta, the Countess Almaviva, Ophelia, and Gilda.

Lucille Western will soon resume the duties of her profession.

Minnie Hauck and Santley are mentioned in connection with the Kellogg English Opera Troupe.

The London papers severely rebuke Christine Nilsson for her refusal to fulfill her contract by appearing in the "Talisman."

The Orchestra well says: "These are the whims encouraged by the enormous petting with which we spoil our clever singers. . . . It would be well if audiences reflected on the consequences of the ill-judged rapture with which they welcome ability in performers above the average. It takes a strong head not to be turned by adulation—more especially when, as is often the case, the favourite of fortune has emerged from a youth of comparative insignificance to find himself or herself rich, courted, and flattered beyond reasonable measure."

The Imperial Opera House at Vienna has granted an annuity of 100 florins to the indigent niece of Beethoven.

The Italian Opera season at St. Petersburg will open on the 6th October.

There is no theatrical news of any importance from London this week. At the Crystal Palace "Satanella" has been revived.

The Lyceum Company were performing Mr. Willis's "Charles I." at Liverpool, with the original cast and scenery. The Court Company were performing "The Happy Land" at Birmingham, with the original "make up" of the characters representing Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton, the Lord Chamberlain having no jurisdiction at Birmingham. Mr. Burnand's extravaganza "Kiss Kiss" has been brought out at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. Mr. Stoyles's resemblance to the Shah being, it is said, "so good that the impulse to applaud and laugh overcomes all consideration for Persian susceptibilities." Mdme. Ristori has been appearing at Glasgow in a series of her most successful impersonations.

Perfect Digestion means perfect health, and is secured by using Colby's Pills.

GIRLS' COOKING CLUB.

Boston has no end of clubs, but the latest freak in that direction is the formation of a cooking club by the young ladies of our first families. This is the most sensible fashion yet introduced, and Sarah Joy tells us all about it, as follows:

"All manner of experiments are tried; old family recipes are hunted up that have been hidden away because they have been useless, and yet were kept in the family like a tradition. French cook books are studied with more earnestness than was ever given to French grammar. The regulation cook looks on aghast but as yet says nothing. She is a trifle more supercilious: she is very skeptical; she does not believe that this new enthusiasm will last; she does not dream that her sceptre is falling from her hands to the dainty white ones open to receive it. Isn't this the beginning of a social revolution? Every week a supper or dinner or breakfast is given at the house of one of the members, and every one has to contribute something to the feast. The mysterious "something" comes in a handbasket, carefully packed, and is given into the hands of the ones who arrange the tables. Then there is such a flutter of anticipation and eagerness until the doors are opened into the dining-room, when they all flock eagerly out, first to look at and then to test each other's cooking. 'How nice that bread looks. Who made it?' 'Oh! these delicious almond cheese-cakes, where did they come from?' 'I brought them,' calls one, 'and what a time I had with them. I didn't butter my tins enough and they broke dreadfully when I took them out; but I mended every one, and you never would know.' 'Parker House rolls! Who is up to that, I wonder?' The blonde beauty of the club acknowledged the rolls, and her sister, a young matron, laid claim to the bread, while the chicken croquettes were owned by a bright, black-eyed girl, who, when her duties as active member of the cooking club permit her, translates biographies from the German and writes pretty letters for the papers. Of course all these girls are very careful of criticism, and they praise everything that comes to the table, as they feel in duty bound to do. But there is beyond that a test by which everything is really tried. After the supper is over a general talk on cooking ensues, and recipes are exchanged. If a recipe is not asked for the unfortunate dish is never again offered at that table."—Dexter Smith's Paper.

THE "OTHER SIDE" OF EARLY RISING.

Then there is early rising. In the whole string of virtues, major or minor, cardinal or otherwise, there is not one about which the professors are so abominably conceited as this. People endowed with so uncomfortable a gift are entitled to some little indemnification; but no degree of self-mortification could justify the preposterous airs of superior virtue which people who turn out of bed earlier than their neighbours always give themselves. Nobody was ever ten minutes in the society of a confirmed early riser without being made aware of the fact, and, directly or indirectly, snubbed for not being one himself. Now, is early rising such a virtue, and are these early birds so very virtuous, that we are bound tamely to submit to this? Of course we know all the stock arguments; they impress them upon us often enough. It is they who get the worm. Well, for our part, they are welcome to it; we don't want worms. Then, they gain so many hours over us who lie abed, in proof of which they point out that the Waverley novels were all written before breakfast. Very good; let them produce their Waverley novels; meanwhile, we shall take leave to remain sceptical as to the reality of this gain of time. The practice is a healthy one they say, and they always brag of their superior appetites at breakfast, as if there was something meritorious in an extra consumption of ham and eggs. Now, the simple fact of the matter is that in at least nine cases out of ten your early riser is merely a fidgetty, restless animal, who is incapable of reposing after the fashion or at the season ordained by civilized mankind; and as to his inhaling the pure morning air, that is all moonshine; it is pure self-conceit that he inflates himself with. In fine weather he struts abroad crowing over a slumbering world; in wet he moons about the house, a reproach and hindrance to the servants settling about their morning ministrations; and all through the period of family prayers he is filled with pharisaical pride that he is not as other men whom the prayer-bell sometimes catcheth at their toilet. That he makes any use of the hours so gained is, in general, pure fiction. But even if he does, what then? He adds to his day very much after the fashion of the man who tried to lengthen his blanket by sewing on to the top what he cut off from the bottom. He is very brisk, not to say arrogant, in the morning; but he is useless for all sociable purposes in the evening. Drowsy after dinner, torpid after tea, he hibernates like a bear during the social season ushered in by the candles, and is most lifeless when civilized men enjoys life most. But, even in that abject condition, he finds something to brag of; for, with an insolent yawn, as he takes his bed-room candle, he reminds us that he was up four hours before any of us were stirring.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

Correct solution received of Prob. No. 94 and Enigma No. 30 from Alpha, Whitby. Thanks for the Problem.

R. H. R.—In your last two-move Problem there seems to be some omission in the diagram: suppose Black play 1. P. to Kt. 5th, can he not take the Kt. next move?

J. H. G.—Two of the Problems received are marked for insertion. We much prefer the ordinary mates.

J. A. R.—Both will appear in due course.

In the autumn of 1865 a tourney by telegraph took place between the "ancient capital" Quebec and Montreal. Eighteen games were played, the former city winning eleven, the latter six, and one was drawn; the following are two of the parties contested on that occasion:

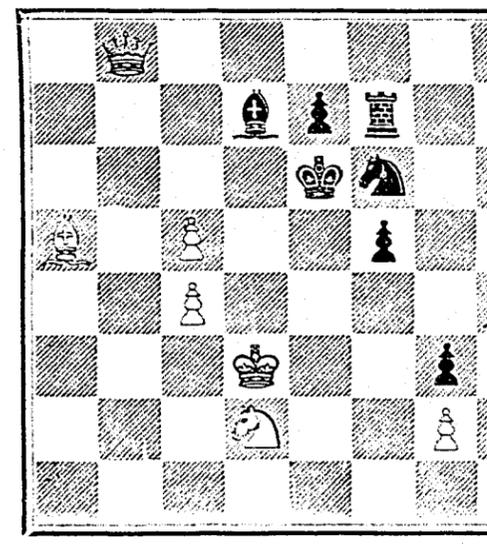
- French openings. MONTREAL. White.—Prof. Howe. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. P. to K. 5th. 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 5. B. to K. 2nd. 6. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 7. Castles. 8. P. to K. R. 3rd. 9. K. to R. 2nd. 10. Q. Kt. to R. 3rd. 11. Kt. to Q. B. 2nd. 12. P. to Q. 4th. 13. B. to Q. 3rd. 14. R. to K. sq. 15. Q. R. to Kt. sq. QUEBEC. Black.—C. G. Holt, Esq., Q.C. P. to K. 3rd. P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. B. 4th. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. P. to Q. R. 3rd. K. Kt. to R. 3rd. B. to K. 2nd. K. Kt. to R. 4th. P. to K. R. 4th. P. to K. R. 5th. Q. B. to Q. 2nd. K. Kt. to Kt. 6th. Castles. (Q. R.) P. to K. B. 3rd.

- 16. Q. P. takes P. 17. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 18. B. to K. 3rd. 19. Kt. takes B. 20. Q. to Q. B. 2nd. 21. B. takes Kt. 22. Kt. to Q. B. 4th (a). 23. Kt. to Q. 6th ch. 24. Kt. to Q. 4th. 25. Q. takes P. (c). 26. Q. to Q. B. 2nd. 27. P. takes P. 28. Q. to Q. 2nd. 29. P. to Q. B. 4th. 30. P. takes P. 31. K. Kt. takes Kt. 32. Q. to Q. 4th (d). 33. Kt. takes B. 34. Q. R. to Q. B. sq. 35. Q. to Q. Kt. 6th ch. 36. R. to Q. B. 7th (e). 37. K. to R. sq. B. takes P. B. to K. B. 7th. B. takes B. K. Kt. to K. 5th. Q. Kt. to Q. R. 2nd. P. takes B. Q. to Q. B. 3rd (b). K. to Kt. sq. Q. to B. 2nd. P. to K. B. 4th. P. to K. Kt. 4th. K. R. to Kt. sq. Q. R. to K. B. sq. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. Kt. takes P. B. takes Kt. R. takes P. P. takes Kt. Q. to K. Kt. 2nd. K. to R. sq. R. takes P. ch. H. to R. 7th ch.

And Black wins by force in a few moves. (a) White should win from this point. (b) This loses time, as the Queen must again retire; Q. to B. 2nd would have been better. (c) Kt. to B. 7th would have been a hazardous line of play for White here, as a brief examination will prove. (d) P. to Q. R. 4th seems more speedily effective, although the move made, followed up with ordinary care, must have scored the game. (e) Overlooking, evidently, the check at his K. R. 2nd.

- QUEBEC. White.—C. G. Holt, Esq., Q.C. 1. P. to Q. 4th. 2. P. to Q. B. 4th. 3. P. to K. 3rd. 4. B. takes P. 5. P. to K. B. 3rd (a). 6. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. 7. Castles. 8. P. takes P. 9. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 10. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 11. Q. B. to Kt. 2nd. 12. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 13. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 14. Q. Kt. to K. 4th. 15. Q. R. to B. sq. 16. K. R. to Q. sq. 17. B. takes Kt. 18. Q. to B. 3rd. 19. Q. R. to B. 2nd. 20. Kt. takes B. 21. Q. to K. sq. (b). 22. Q. to B. 2nd. 23. R. takes B. 24. R. to K. 5th. 25. P. to K. R. 4th. 26. Q. to B. 3rd. 27. R. to K. 1st sq. 28. Q. to B. 4th. 29. Q. takes Q. 30. R. to K. 4th. 31. Q. R. to B. 4th. 32. K. R. to B. 3rd. 33. K. R. to B. sq. 34. R. to B. 2nd. 35. Resigns. (a) White should rather have played K. Kt. to B. 3rd. (b) An oversight, apparently, which loses a valuable Pawn; but White has an inferior game, owing principally to his 5th move. Black plays throughout with great precision. (c) The winning coup: White cannot now avoid further loss.

PROBLEM No. 96. By Alpha, Whitby, Ont. BLACK.

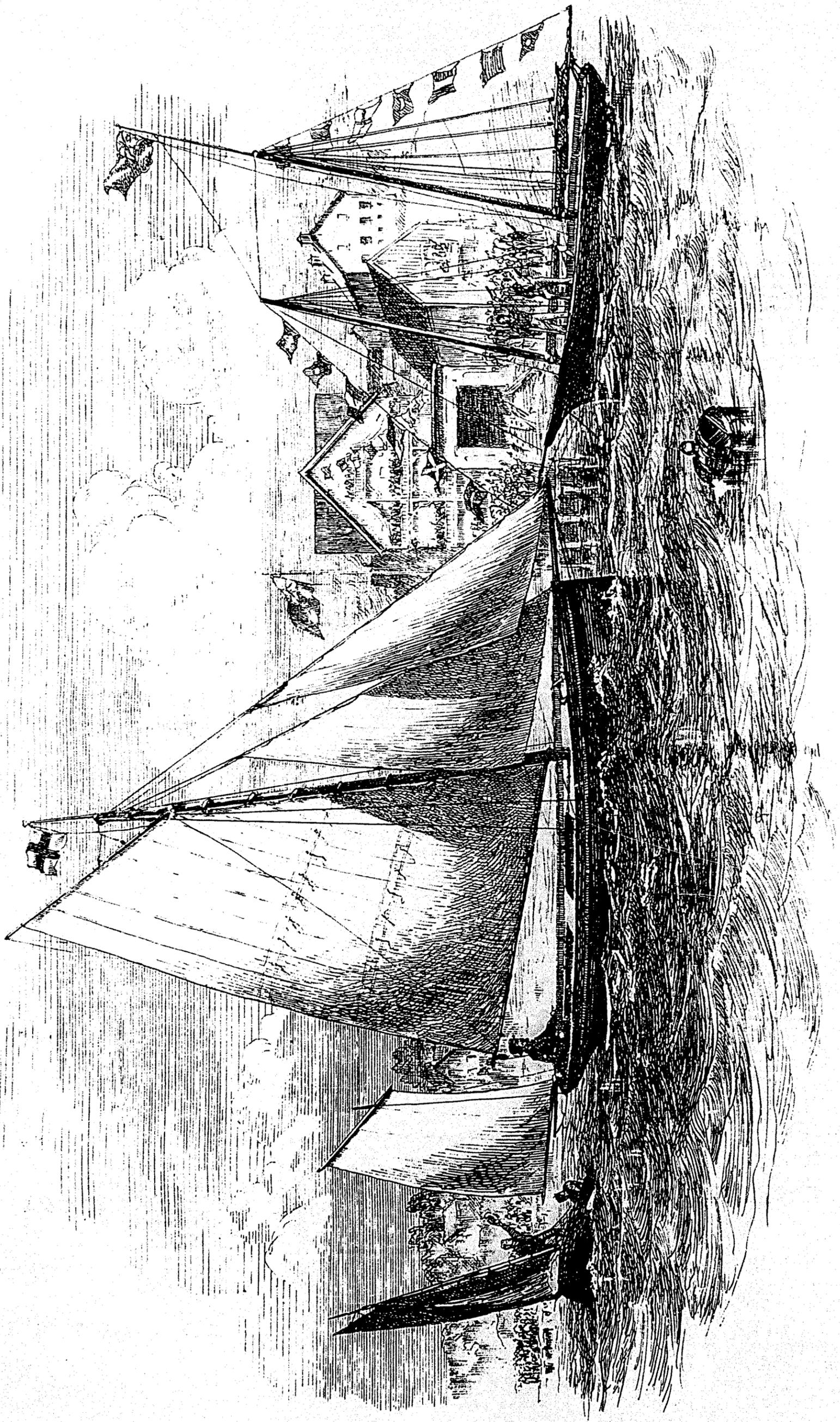


WHITE. White to play and mate in four moves.

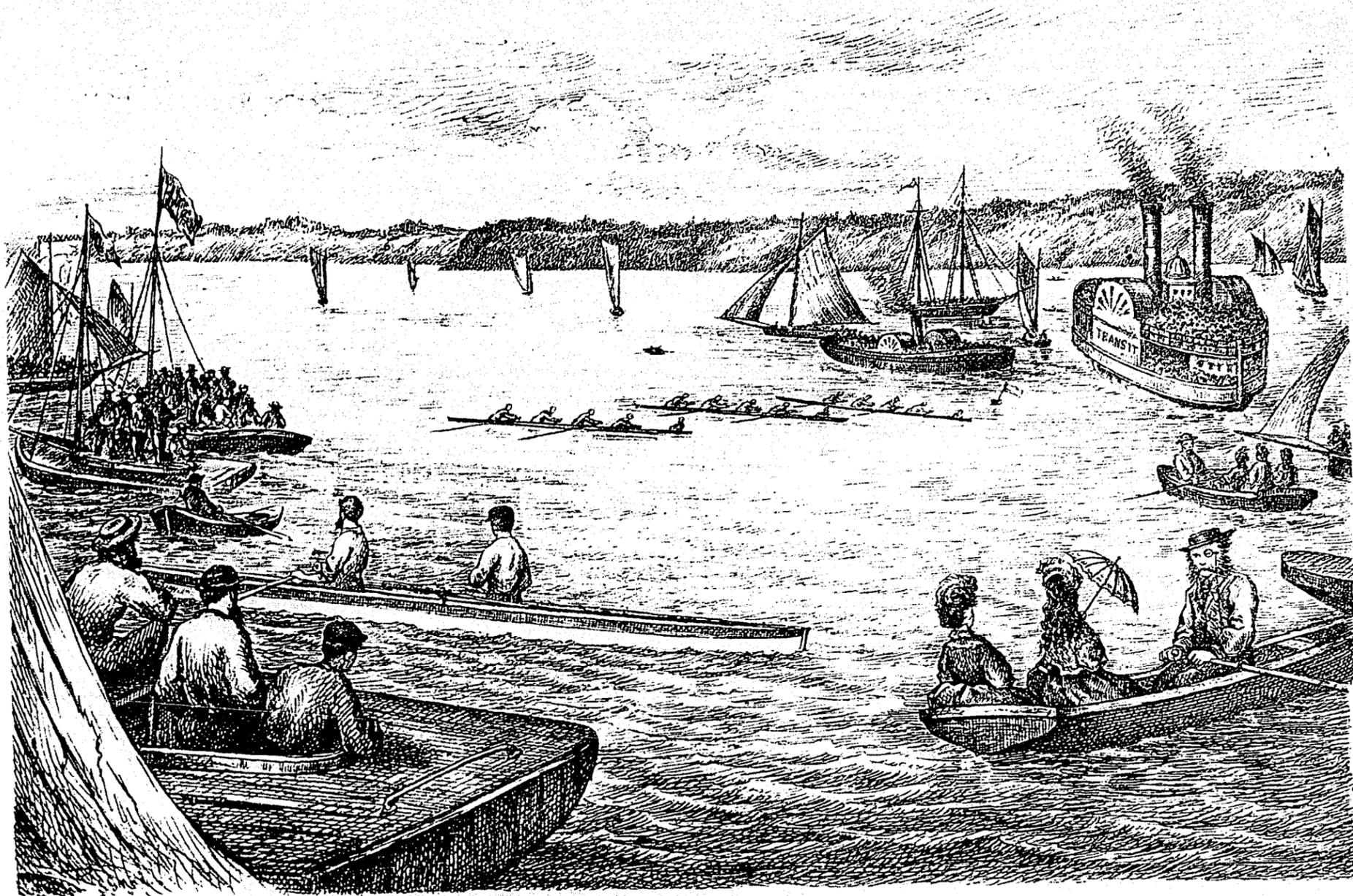
- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 96. White. 1. B. to K. Kt. 4th. 2. Kt. to B. 5th ch. 3. Q. to R. 3rd ch. 4. Kt. to B. 2nd mate. Black. B. to R. 4th or Kt. 5th. K. takes B. K. takes Q.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 94. White. 1. R. takes R. 2. B. to R. 7th. 3. Q. to Kt. 7th. 4. Q. to Q. 4th mate. Black. P. takes R. (or a b) K. to B. 5th. K. moves. K. to Q. 4th. K. moves. K. to Q. 6th. K. moves.

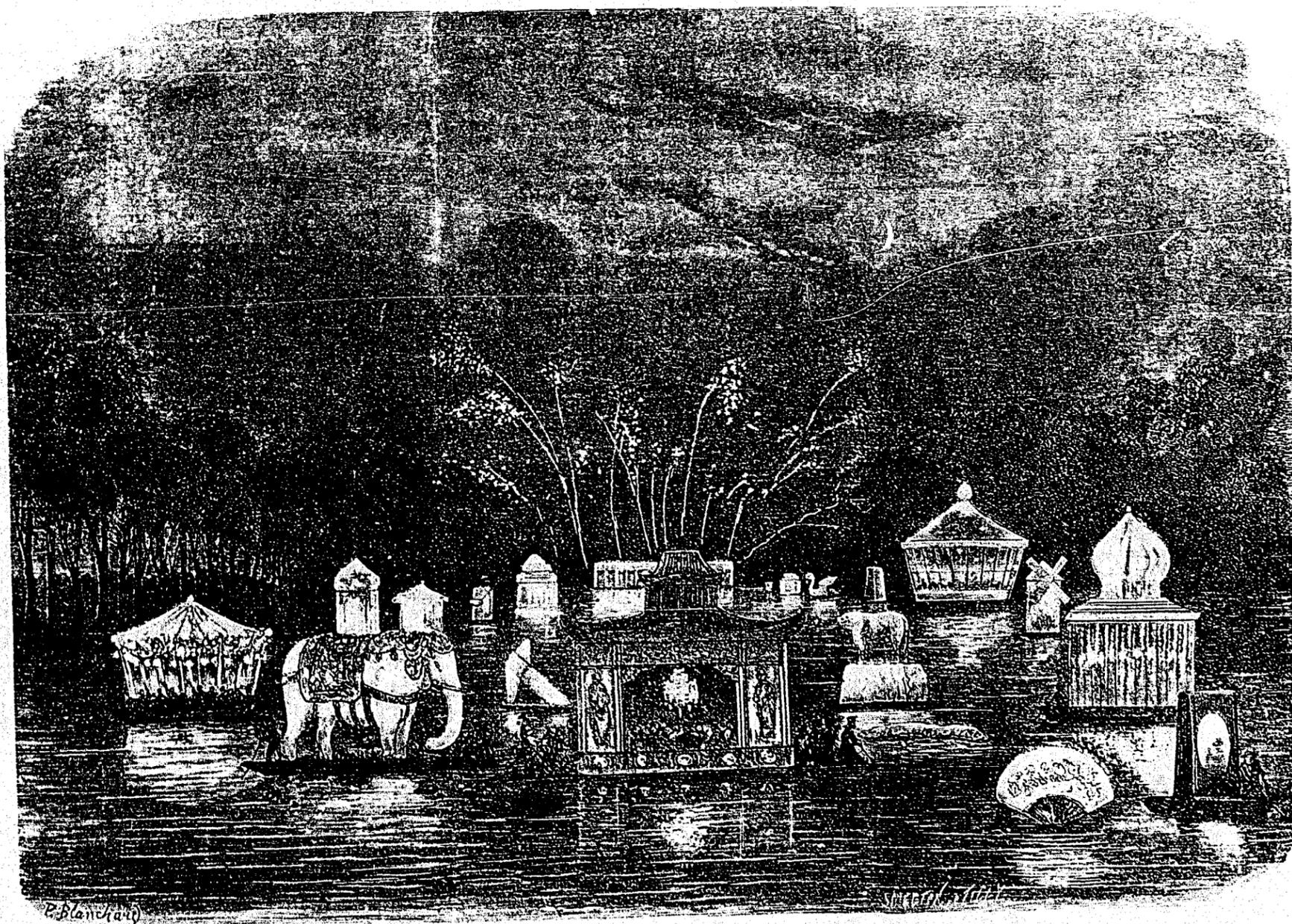
- SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 30. White. 1. Kt. to K. 6th. 2. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd. 3. K. to Q. B. 4th. 4. Q. to Q. B. 3rd. 5. Q. to Q. 4th mate. Black. P. takes Kt. (best) P. moves. P. takes P. P. moves.



HALFAX.—THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB ENTERTAINMENT TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.—ARRIVAL OF LORD DUFFERIN AT THE CLUB HOUSE.



HAMILTON, ONT.—THE REGATTA.—THE FOUR OARED IN-RIGGED BOAT RACE.



FRANCE.—THE EVACUATION OF NANCY —DEPARTURE OF THE GERMAN TROOP'S RESERVE.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

FASHION NOTES.

Fashionable young ladies have discarded long chatelaine chains for fans quite as rapidly as they adopted them a few weeks ago. Now it is the correct thing to have your fan suspended at the side by black velvet, or a string or ribbon corresponding in colour with the dress. This is far prettier and more genteel.

Frills and ruffs around the neck of high or open dresses, says *Le Follet*, are much worn; but ladies of fashion do not carry them to the exaggerated extent and *outré* size of many seen in the shop windows. There will always, unfortunately, be persons who are only attracted by eccentricities, but all extremes are avoided by real *élégantes*.

The skirts of promenade costumes are now worn very close to the figure, and made without any fullness about the hips. To produce this, dresses are now heavily fringed or have lead sewed in the bottom of the skirt. In front the skirt is cut sufficiently short to exhibit the shoes, and at the back trains considerably. This, we are assured, is the very latest French fashion.

Among the prettiest summer redingotes for street wear are those made of white Turkish towelling and trimmed with black velvet. They are double-breasted, and without being closely fitting, they outline the figure so closely that a sash is not necessary. The revers and collars are covered with velvet: there are two rows of black velvet buttons down the front, and the button-holes are bound with velvet; three buttons and imitation holes are on each cuff and each square pocket, and the edge of the garment has a wide velvet binding. This redingote is to be worn over a black silk skirt, or else, according to the present fancy, with a black velvet skirt.

Black silk polonaises are made very long, with a straight, square, scarf-like front falling open below the waist, and drawn tightly back to the elaborately draped back. Guipure insertion is set in down the front, and the garment is edged with a laced flounce. A laced jabot is on the back of the corsage, a ruff around the neck, and a large bow catches the back of the skirt in a puff that is very full, but is not allowed to stand out prominently. Ecu poncee polonaises are made of similar shape, with yak insertion and lace of the same shade. Black grenadine polonaises with wide stripes have large Marie Stuart ruffs, very high behind, and sloping away to the belt.

A tasteful dress of white grenadine—not square meshed, but a firm lustrous surface like Chambéry gauze—has the skirt trimmed with five bias-lapping flounces edged with narrow blonde lace. The heading for this cluster of flounces is two narrow erect ruffles and two turned-down ruffles, separated by a bias band of grenadine. The overskirt and low waist are of striped grenadine. Two bias folds and wide blonde lace trim the overskirt. The neck of the corsage has a ruff with two folds below it.

A Modern Carry-all.

The full-rigged young lady of the period wears suspended from her belt eight articles, namely: A sun-umbrella, vinaigrette, pocket-book, fan, bunch of keys, glove-buttoner, small case for thimble and scissors, handkerchief, and, on Sundays, an ornamented prayer-book; and she looks more like a walking hat-rack than a fashionable *belle*.

Slavery in the Nineteenth Century.

An old invention has recently been made for the benefit of those mildly-mannered dames who foolishly and perversely imagine that "the sphere of woman is home." This invention is a combination of ropes and pulleys, and bolts and nuts, and hooks and staples, and levers, &c., by means of which a cradle, a rocking-chair, and a churn are kept going at the same time. Madam, gently rocking in her chair, sets the ropes in motion which are attached to the cradle and the churn, while her hands are at liberty to darn stockings or hold a novel. This is what it is to be an oppressed slave!

Glass Bonnets.

Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to America, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion" next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened together by a gutta-percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, coloured so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small. Glass dresses will next be introduced for those who dare to live in glass houses.

Female Brick-layers at Vienna.

Vienna has furnished visitors with one spectacle not put down in the programme of the Exhibition. On many of the streets, almost any day, women and girls could be seen at work with the masons, climbing the highest scaffolds, carrying bricks, stones, timbers, and mortar for the men to use. Remunerative employments open to women in that city are so few and crowded that they are only too glad to do the work of hodmen. Of course, it is much better for them to do this hard but healthful work than to suffer or to be driven to vice; but the spectacle of these sunburned and blackened women, hardened and coarsened by the roughest toil, forms a decidedly unpleasant contrast to the scenes presented by the Exhibition, with its gay attendants and visitors from all nations. If woman must work, it would seem the part of justice and political wisdom, to say nothing of gallantry and philanthropy, to make her yoke easy and her burden light.

Something About Women's Shoes.

An unbeliever writes as follows to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*: "Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, why it is women are always complaining about their shoes? I never knew a woman whose shoes satisfied her. They are always a misfit—'large enough for an elephant.' No one ever hears a woman say her shoes are too small. If she limps and hobbles in her walk, and hastens to snatch them off when she gets inside the

house, it is only because her bunions aches so, or her 'pet corn' is so sensitive. 'Oh, they're plenty large enough—indeed, half a size larger than I wear usually.' And who ever saw a woman that did not own a 'pet corn?' It disheartens me when I go home to see my wife scuff around the house in an old pair of gaiters, torn at the sides, out at the toes, and with heels knocked off. Now, she's not particularly slovenly—quite the contrary—but her slippers pinch her toes, and her new boots, with 'such a love of a heel,' make her think she is walking down hill. And by the time either or both recover they are quite as shocking to the eye as the first pair, and thus it goes to the end of the chapter. She never enjoys a sermon because her 'feet pain her so,' and a lecture is quite out of the question. In days gone by I have suggested that a more sizable shoe would bring the desired relief; and then ensued arguments enough to turn the balance of an election, proving that she never wore too small a shoe, and she was glad she was sensible enough not to pinch her feet. She's a young woman yet, Mr. Editor, and enjoys average health, but can't walk out even to shop without limping home as if she was rheumatic, and I'm sure I don't know what to do."

A Husband of Parisian Growth.

A Paris correspondent writes of having encountered several times, in the quarters of a *blanchisseuse*, a magnificent-looking fellow. Faultless clothes adorned the man, a magnificent expanse of shirt front, unexceptionable gloves, a dainty cane, and a faint odor of Oppopanax accompanied him. Some heavy swell, no doubt, thought I, who believes, like me, in seeing after these dilatory laundresses. The laundress in question was a yellow, skinny, withered old creature of forty odd, with three children forever climbing on the table at which she forever stood ironing. I encountered this swell gentleman at the Café Chantant, met him in the Bois de Vincennes, driving in much solitary state, with a nosegay on the opposite seat, and finally the last time I rushed to Madame, the washerwoman to get all my traps in travelling order, there stood Monsieur, the magnificent, without his coat, in the inner room, and it was his home, and the washer, starcher, and ironer was the partner of his bosom. He did nothing at all, so the poor woman informed me, but dress up and parade the Boulevards, occasionally acting as "commissionnaire" (a very comprehensive business in Paris), earning a few francs which served to pay for the necessaries of life—voitures, gloves, perfumes, and bouquets.

The Mole of Vienna.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Baltimore American* writes: "How do the Vienna ladies dress?" Well, the ladies of Vienna wear no bustles. In all other respects they follow the same fashions that the ladies of America adopt. Their dresses and over-skirts have all the folds, frills, pleats, points, ruffles, laces and trimmings that are to be found in Paris, and their skirts drag in the dirt of the pavements just as long, and gather up as much filth as those of the sisterhood of the rest of civilized nations. The only difference that we have observed in this respect is that they wear all their underskirts with trails also, and when the pavements are wet and dirty they let them drag much more recklessly than the ladies of Baltimore do. They seldom raise them to avoid a puddle, but move on as unconcerned as if their skirts were trailing over a velvet carpet. "How do the Vienna ladies wear their hair?" In answer to this query, we must first inform our querist that most of the ladies wear their own hair. Being compelled to dress in simple plats whilst children, and until they enter society, it is not prematurely destroyed by crimping irons, frizzing, and twisting into tight knots, but obtains its full natural growth. Thus, most young ladies have a splendid head of hair—"all their own"—which costs nothing. Perhaps, for this latter reason they do not value it as much as they would if it depended upon purchase, and hence they do not evince much skill or good taste in dressing it. It is generally gathered into a loose and careless-looking knot on the back and top of the head, or carelessly poked into a net, and looks as if it had been tossed about in a wind storm. Sometimes there is a flower stuck on the side of their head, without regard to size or quality, so that it is red. The practice of "banging" the front hair, and allowing it to struggle over the forehead, is almost universal among the young ladies, and detracts much from their personal beauty. They do not wear their hats down over their eyes, but they are placed on the back of the head, leaving the front hair and the "bangs" exposed in reckless and careless abandon, which seems now to be the ruling fashion. But, notwithstanding this neglect of the greatest ornament of the sex, they look beautiful as they promenade the streets; and, if in conversation, the countenance is always beaming with animation and the eyes sparkling with fun; some, however, wear ringlets hanging down their backs. The Viennese, whether male or female, are intent on the present enjoyment of life, and are always in a merry mood. They never think of to-morrow, "nor meet troubles half way." They are not censorious or proud, but treat every one who behaves like a lady or a gentleman in public as if their record was untarnished. They all live a free and easy life, and if any of them choose to carry their freedom to extremes they regard it as their own business and nobody else's.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Bellew makes his re-appearance in New York on the night of October 2, in the Church of the Rev. G. H. Hepworth—the edifice, at Fifth-ave. and Forty-fifth-st., known as the Church of the Disciples.

It is said that Washington Irving received about \$20,000 for his entire literary labours, and that no American author has equalled him.

Robert Browning, the poet, is an amateur sculptor. He has just produced a bust of Shelley, of which the critics speak very favourably.

A translation of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" is appearing in Paris, in the feuilleton of "L'Opinion Nationale," but the magic power of the author is none of it there.

Mr. Gibbon, author of "Robin Gray" and "For the King," has a new historical novel in the press.

Mr. Longfellow's new volume of poems, which will be entitled "Aftermath," will be published simultaneously in London and New York.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are about to publish the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which will, it is computed, involve an outlay of £200,000. The editor will be Mr. Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrews.

Rinaldo Rinaldi, the sculptor, and last remaining of the scholars of Canova, died on the 28th July, at the age of eighty years.

M. Victor Hugo has nearly finished a novel, which will be published in the month of February, 1874, under the title of "Quatre-Vingt-Trois," with the sub-title of "Premier récit: la Guerre Civile." The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost entirely in the Vendée. The relations of the Vendéens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Breton coast, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told.

The subject of Gustave Doré's latest picture is the night of the crucifixion, and the scene shows us the City of Jerusalem, with the three crosses upon Mount Calvary standing out clearly against the lurid lighting that darts out from murky clouds. The people are in a fright, crowded confusedly under the shadow of the houses, and shrinking from the open street, where the wild light plays with fantastic vividness. One, an old man, has ventured out from the crowd, and his weird form is reflected in bright, sudden shadow upon the ground. The composition has the characteristic faults and merits of the painter's work. The skillful massing of light and shade is of the most effective kind. Brightness and gloom alternate in violent contrast, and in thus seeking for the more obvious triumphs of his art it is to be expected that all the more subtle qualities of form and colour should be abandoned. The drawing of the figures is under-terminated and even ragged in outline, and the general harmony of the tones of a broad and simple kind.

Some interesting figures are published in a trade paper relative to the circulation of London newspapers. The *Daily Telegraph* takes the lead with a daily circulation of 170,000 copies; the *Standard* follows with 140,000; the *Daily News* has 90,000; the *Echo* 80,000; and the *Times* 70,000. The morning and evening papers of London altogether give a sum total daily of 589,000 copies.

Fun.

John Brougham says Pocahontas invented the game of poker. It is remembered distinctly that Smith called her on a bluff.

A Boston woman wanted to elope, but when her husband gave her money to go she changed her mind—it took all the romance away.

A Western paper tells us that a favourite hotel is to be kept this season at one of the watering places "by the widow of Mr. —, who died last summer, on a new improved plan."

Upon the arrival of a train, an old lady affectionately greeted a stylish young lady as follows: "Well, how'do, Marlar? Why how funny you look! Didn't hardly know ye! Got your false teeth, ain't ye?"

"Let go that jib—let go that jib, be quick!" shouted the captain of a down-east sloop to a raw hand in a squall. "I ain't touching yer old jib," replied Jonathan, indignantly, as he jammed his fists deeper into his trousers.

An Irish gentleman of a mechanical turn took off his gas-meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with arithmetical correctness that the gas company owed him eight dollars and fifty-seven cents.

The most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives just across the street from the Navy-yard. The other day they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

A middle-aged lady met a bridish-looking lady in the post-office recently, and the following conversation followed: "Mary, is it true that your mother is dead?" asked the former. "It is," said Mary. "And were you married before she died?" "No," said Mary, "not until three days after." The middle-aged woman stared at the bride for a moment and then slowly and bewilderingly said: "Do you mean to say that your poor mother died without—without seeing what you were married in?"

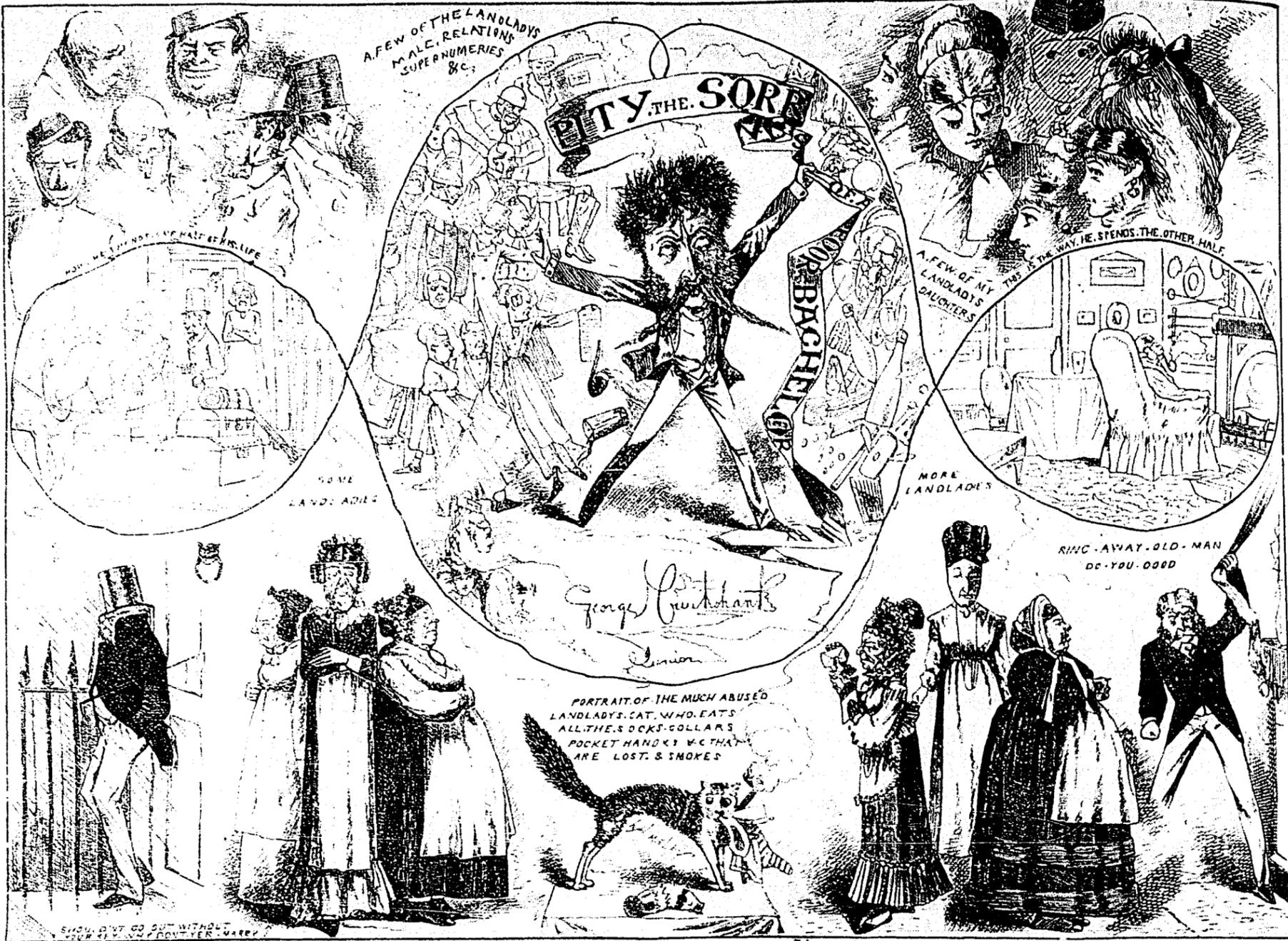
A young married friend tells a good joke on himself perpetrated by a little three-year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the heart and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until after tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to the fullest extent in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said: "What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?" "My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says, 'Godeemighty, what a supper!'"

A pocket-diary has been picked up in the street, and is now in the finder's possession, awaiting its owner. From the following extract it appears the loser was a medical man: "Case 230, Mary An Perkins, Bismes, washwoman, sickness in her bed. Fisk some blue pills a sorperlix; age 52. Fed me 1 kuarter bogus. Mind get good kuarter and mak her tak no risk. Case 231, Tummes Krinks, Bismes, Nirkshman. Lives with Paddy Maloney, who keeps a dray—Sickness, digg in ribs and tow black eyes. Fisk to drink my mixer twice a day of saspertily ber and julep and fish ile, with wiseddity to make it taste fishy. Rubbed his face with kart grease liniment, aged 39 years of age. Drinked the mixtur' and wuddn't pay me for it because it tasted nasty, but the mixtur'll work his innards I reckon. Case 252, Old Misses Boggs. Ain't got no bismes but plenty of money. Sickness awl a humbug. Gave her sum of my celebrated 'Dispejorian,' which she said drank like cold tea—which it was too. Must put something in it to make her feel stik and bad. The old woman has got the roks."

Book of the Periods.

An eminent clergyman of Boston, who is debarred from pulpit labour by physical infirmity, says the *Literary World*, has improved his leisure by the elaboration of an idea which is really unique. It was suggested to him by the custom of making birthday presents, which, in many cases, are books. It seemed to him that a volume might be prepared especially appropriate for this service, and for fifteen years he has been working, at odd moments, to that end. He divides the life of man into periods, and into these gathers facts illustrative of them—biographical particulars of men and women who did such and such things at certain ages, &c., interspersed with pertinent reflections and lessons. The book will, of course, be suited to all ages and all conditions, since all of us are embraced within the span of human life; and, moreover, it can never grow stale, and will be as valuable in 2573 as it is in the current year. It is likely that it will be given to the public during next autumn.

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