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AMERICAN Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.

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THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.—FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA

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

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

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

MORRISBURG ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number we will present the second of two large double-page illustrations of Morrisburg, Ont. It consists of views of prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the *Montreal Star*, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for the first of this Morrisburg Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

NOTICE.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

Owing to some unaccountable delay, we did not receive the advance sheets of this serial in due course, and must, in consequence, postpone the publishing of the closing chapters for one or two numbers. Meantime, we give our readers the choice of two very beautiful short stories.

NOTICE.

THE DUFFERIN NUMBER.

In this number our paper is almost entirely devoted to

Lord Dufferin's Visit

to Montreal. The sketches comprise:

- The Great Ball, on the 12th.
- The Visit to Mackay Institute, on the 13th.
- The Conferring of Degrees by McGill, on the 14th.
- The Art Association Conversation, on the 15th.
- The Military Drama, at the Academy, on the 14th.
- Together with new portraits of their Excellencies, and an excellent view of the

WINDSOR HOTEL.

In regard to these sketches, we have to say that, while we have done our best, the little time allowed for execution must be taken into consideration, and every one acquainted with the matter will acknowledge that to produce seven or eight engravings, with a large number of figures on each, is a task of some difficulty, when required to be done within three or four days.

WANTED.

The call for No. 2 (January 12, 1878), of THE NEWS was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have this number, and are willing to part with it, would oblige us by sending it to us, in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the number.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice have sent their portraits to Mlle. Albani, with the request that she will give her own in exchange.

COMPARATIVELY a few years ago, when M. Sardou wrote "Nos Intimes," his income amounted to \$60 a year, now it is valued at \$16,000 a year. Besides being the cleverest and most successful dramatist in France, M. Sardou is a good business man, and generally invests his savings to advantage. His pieces are put upon the stage in a more costly manner than those of any other French playwright. The dress and scenery of "Patrie," at the Porte St. Martin Theatre cost the management \$10,000.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 16th, 1878.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO MONTREAL.

A detailed account of every day's proceedings to accompany our engravings.

So far from offering an apology to our readers, we are certain that we are only fulfilling their wishes in devoting nearly the whole of the present issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to a pictorial and literary description of Their Excellencies' late visit to this city. Every one of the principal events of the week will be found engraved, and a continuous history of each day's proceedings completes the recital. Thus, in a single paper, our readers and their friends, at home and abroad, will have a full record of this memorable event.

I.

THE ARRIVAL.

At about 6 o'clock p. m., on Monday, the 11th inst., the Governor-General and his suite arrived from Ottawa as the guests of the citizens of Montreal. The Vice-Regal party consisted of:

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Dufferin.

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton and Hon. Mrs. Littleton.

Miss Hamilton.

Mr. Webb C. Hayes.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt.

Capt. Price Blackwood, R.A.

Major G. R. Hamilton.

Capt. Fredk. Ward, A.D.C.

F. R. Hamilton, Esq., A.D.C.

J. E. A. Harvey, Esq., A.D.C.

Long before the arrival of the party the approaches to the Bonaventure Station and within its confines were crowded with loyal and anxious citizens, and not less than 10,000 people were present. The depot offered a gay and animated appearance. From the rafters on the north side of the depot, flags of all nations were hung in endless quantity, but with excellent taste, and along the whole length of the platform a beautiful Brussels carpet was spread. A cordon of police formed in open ranks from the partition in the centre of the depot to the ladies' reception room, and beyond the partition there were formed in open file a Guard of Honour consisting of one hundred rank and file of the Montreal Garrison Artillery. When the locomotive came in sight a loud huzza rent the air, which was again and again repeated. On alighting from the train the party was formally received by Sir Francis Hincks, Ald. Nelson, Ald. Grenier, Ald. Mercer, Mr. Joseph Hickson, and Mr. C. J. Brydges. The usual salute was given, and, after "recovering arms," the guard was inspected by the Governor-General, the remainder of the party being escorted, amid the cheers of the assemblage, to where the Citizens' Address was to be presented. After inspecting the guard, Lord Dufferin complimented Captain Currie on the fine soldier-like appearance of the men, and then followed to the waiting-room, the crowd cheering as he passed through their midst, the compliment being gracefully acknowledged by His Excellency. Assembled in the waiting-room, His Worship the Mayor read an address of welcome to which His Lordship made a suitable reply. His Excellency was then introduced to the members of the City Council and gentlemen present, and the party proceeded to the Windsor Hotel.

In the Mayor's sleigh, which was drawn by four white horses, there were Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin, Sir Francis Hincks and His Worship the Mayor. Lt.-Col. the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton and the Hon. Mrs. Littleton, Judge Coursol and Mr. C. J. Brydges, occupied the last-mentioned gentleman's sleigh, and the rest of the party were provided with sleighs set apart for their use by private citizens. At the Windsor the assemblage of citizens equalled that at the depot, and was swelled by the swift arrival in sleighs and on foot of those who had been at the depot. The cheering was most enthusiastic. A Guard of Honour, consisting of one hundred rank and file of the Prince of Wales' Rifles in command of Major Bond, Captain Watt and a Lieutenant, were drawn up in front of the hotel on Dorchester street, and received the party with the usual salute. His Excellency inspected the guard, and subsequently complimented them in high terms of praise through their commanding officer. In the hotel, the spacious and gorgeously appointed corridors and reception rooms were crowded with the *élite* of the city. The party were escorted into one of the reception rooms by the Executive of the Citizens' Committee, where His Worship the Mayor in a few words bade them a hearty welcome to the hospitalities of the city.

Lord Dufferin replied:—"I am quite overpowered by the reception which I have received here. I knew well I should be welcomed amongst you, because whenever I have been in Montreal, or elsewhere, on previous occasions, as the Queen's representative, I have always

had extended to me a hearty and cordial welcome. But there are circumstances attending the welcome which you have given me to-night, which are exceptional in my experience. My only fear is that after having become acclimated to the luxury and splendour of this palace, I shall scarcely find, on my return to Ottawa, the humbler rooms of the Government House capable of containing me."

The gentlemen and ladies present were then introduced to the Governor-General and the Countess.

The Citizens' Address was engrossed on parchment, in a most artistic manner, and as a work of art excels anything of the kind ever seen in Montreal. The lettering was in eight different styles, the catch-lines being brought out with marvellous neatness and finish. The border represented a plain square frame, each Alderman's name being brought out as if on a visiting card. Above the address was the Canadian coat-of-arms.

II.

THE SECOND DAY.

I. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Their Excellencies paid a visit to the studio of Messrs. Notman & Sandham, which is, without exception, unrivalled anywhere, either in Europe or America. Canada may be modest in her boasts but at least she has the satisfaction of knowing that the name of Notman has never been second to any, in all the International Exhibitions of the last twenty-five years. Among other works which Their Excellencies admired were two large pictures of the Victoria Bridge, and one of the International Bridge at Buffalo, especially prepared for the Paris Exhibition. They would do credit to even the long-established reputation of the establishment, and will serve both to show at Paris what manner of country Canada is, where such engineering works are undertaken, and the skill of Canadian photographers. The pictures will remain on exhibition a few days longer, and the public will find them well worth a visit.

II. After paying their compliments to Messrs. Notman & Sandham, the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin lunched with Mr. Joseph Mackay, and in the afternoon formally opened the new Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, built by the munificence of Joseph MacKay, at Cote St. Antoine road, a short distance west of the city. At the hour appointed, 3 o'clock, a large and distinguished company had assembled. Amongst others present were the Most Rev. the Metropolitan of Canada, the Dean of Montreal, Rev. Gavin Lang, Rev. Dr. Wilkes, Rev. Dr. De Sola, Rev. J. Laing, Rev. L. Gaetz, Joseph Mackay, Hon. John Hamilton, Messrs. W. Robertson, T. Cramp, Ald. Clendinning, Chas. Alexander, C. J. Brydges, David Greenshields, and W. F. Thomas. On the arrival of His Excellency and party, they were received by the Committee and conducted to a dais or improvised throne that had been erected in the school-room where the company was assembled. The proceedings were opened by the reading of a portion of Scripture, after which the Metropolitan offered an appropriate prayer. Mr. Joseph Mackay then came forward and delivered an address, concluding by presenting His Excellency with a deed of gift of the building for the use of the institution. An address to His Excellency was read by Charles Alexander, to which he replied in his usual felicitous manner.

III. After inspecting the building, Their Excellencies drove out to the Convent of Villa Maria, Monklands. Hon. Chief Justice Dorion, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, M. C. Mullarky, Hon. Letellier de St. Just, Mr. Arthur Murphy, the Curé des Toutes Graces, Mr. Marechal, and others, were present in waiting. At about 4 o'clock, Lord Dufferin and the Countess Dufferin were conducted to the raised dais just opposite the entrance, and confronting the lady pupils. The party at Villa Maria had been now augmented, and Mr. C. J. Brydges, Charles Garth, Rev. Messrs. Fleck and Gordon, Rev. Mr. Dixon, Rev. Mr. Belcher, Rev. R. Lindsay and a large number of ladies were present. As Their Excellencies entered the room, the harps and pianos with one accord pealed forth a grand triumphal march of welcome, and the manner in which this was performed simply defies criticism. It was a concerted piece for 38 hands on organs, pianos, and harps, and some idea of the power may be inferred from this statement. The scene at this point was very brilliant. Misses Bond and Myers read a poetic tribute, followed by a sweet child of six or seven, who presented the Countess with a beautiful bouquet of natural flowers. "Home, Sweet Home," was then performed by Misses Stubbs, Kelly, Hayden, A. Royal and G. Cusson, and in a strikingly beautiful manner was this morceau performed, the variations especially being well executed. Miss Royal and Miss Trudel next came forward and read the addresses, which were executed in needle work on satin, and in a remarkably neat style. The reply of Lord Dufferin was in excellent taste, and he paid a glowing tribute to the ladies who sacrifice themselves in the education of the young. Another grand musical piece was performed, and Miss Selby presented another beautiful bouquet to the Countess Dufferin, after which "God Save the Queen," played by forty hands on the organ, piano and harp, closed the ceremonies, and, having bade adieu to the ladies of the convent, Their Excellencies and party were soon on the return home, and the Windsor Hotel was reached shortly after five o'clock. Previous to leaving Villa Maria Their Excellencies were presented to Misses Dunn, McDonald,

Ferron, Bond, Decarie, Leblanc, McGarvey, Archambault, Trudel, Royal, Myers and Carrol.

IV. THE GRAND BALL.—This was, without exception, the most brilliant event of the kind ever held in Canada. The dining hall of the Windsor Hotel, used for the occasion, is 127 ft. long by 53 ft. wide, the height from floor to ceiling being 27 feet, and to the top of the main dome 40 feet. It was beautifully decorated. At the head was the Canadian coat-of-arms, while the walls were draped with the national flags of England, France, and the United States. Kully one thousand persons were present, including the best citizens of Montreal, a large number of visitors from the United States, and numbers from Toronto and the west, Ottawa and Quebec. Invitations were extended to President Hayes and Vice-President Wheeler; the Governors of all the States in the Union, and the Mayors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, etc. None of them, however, were able to accept, but President Hayes' son, Mr. Webb C. Hayes, who accompanied Lord Dufferin from Washington to Ottawa last week, was present. In all 1,000 tickets were disposed of in the city, and about 150 in the United States. A temporary wooden floor was laid in the ball room. Between the windows, on either side of the room, were massive iron pillars placed against the wall and around the room, while against the ceiling were thirty magnificently executed oil paintings of American scenery. The ceiling was pierced by three domes, a large one in the centre and two smaller ones at either end. From the ceiling three immense gaseliers were suspended, with three tiers of jets, and about the room projected a large number of branch lights. The frescoing of the ceiling and walls was magnificent, the colours harmonizing charmingly, and the designs were suitable to the character of the room. The frescoing of the ceiling principally represents the sky, and is so well done as to relieve it of any appearance of heaviness. At the rear of the room was a gallery erected for the musicians, but on this night the orchestra was placed on the floor, the sound not coming out well from the gallery. The dance music was furnished by Gruenwald's orchestra of 14 pieces, and between the dances selections were played by the band of the 6th Fusiliers stationed in the hall of the ball-room. This hall is about 200 feet long, and for half that distance some 40 feet wide, forming a magnificent promenade. The guard of honour from the 6th Fusiliers was stationed in and about the hotel during the evening.

At half-past nine precisely Their Excellencies and party entered the ball-room, which, even at that hour, was thronged with people, and soon after the first quadrille was formed. The following were in the set at the head of the room:—Lord Dufferin and Mrs. Senator Ryan, Sir Francis Hincks and Lady Dufferin, Mr. Webb Hayes and Miss Hamilton, Senator Ryan and Mrs. Littleton, Sir Selby Smythe and Miss Macdonald of Toronto, Mr. C. J. Brydges and Mrs. Chief Justice Moss. Miss Dow, of Montreal, danced the first waltz with the Governor-General. The ball-room from the first was uncomfortably crowded, and hundreds were obliged to content themselves with an outside view of it throughout the evening. Pleasure in dancing was out of the question. The room was divided off into sections A, B, C, and D, for the convenience of gentlemen in finding their partners. The Governor-General, when not dancing, occupied a raised dais at the head of the room.

Lady Dufferin wore an ecru embroidered silk draped with Brussels lace looped with scarlet poppies, a diamond coronet, bracelets of massive Indian gold, and a diamond necklace. The dress was exceedingly rich and handsome. Lord Dufferin was dressed in a scarlet dress coat with heavy epaulettes, and wore his numerous orders. The dresses of the ladies were exceedingly rich, and so varied were the colours that none can be said to have predominated. The officers of the volunteer corps were all in uniform, adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. The belle of the ball, according to the correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*, to whom, although he communicated by telegraph, we are indebted for one of the fullest and most graphic accounts of the ball, was Miss Campbell, of Montreal. The Turkish Ambassador at New York was present dressed in a black suit and wearing the *fez*. Almost everybody of prominence in the city was present, including the Judges of the different Courts, the Mayor, and many members of the City Council and leading merchants. Toronto was represented by Mayor Morrison, Chief-Justice and Mrs. Moss, Miss Macdonald, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor, and others. Quebec was represented by Mayor Murphy and wife, and many leading merchants. The programme was an unusually handsome one. On the front was stamped the crest of the city, and on the back the crest of the Governor-General. There were twenty-one dances in all, including the usual square figures and waltzes, galops and polkas, the latter figuring prominently. The supper was held in the smaller dining-room, and the hour having arrived therefor, Mr. M. H. Gault, who had conducted Her Excellency into the ball-room at the opening, led the way thither, followed by His Excellency and others. The intermission over, dancing was resumed, and the last number was reached about four o'clock, when the National Anthem drew the whole to a satisfactory conclusion. The band of the 6th Fusiliers was in attendance in the grand promenade, and, under the leadership of their bandmaster, Mr. Henry Prince, performed a very choice selection of music—very welcome to the promenaders who thronged the corridors and

parlors during the evening. The correct list of the ladies with whom His Excellency danced is: Mrs. Senator Ryan, Miss Dow, Miss Wurtele, Miss McDonald, Miss Johnson, Miss Hamilton, Miss Gordon, Miss Abbott, Miss de Salaberry, Miss Victoria Campbell, Miss Brydges, Miss Carrie Campbell, Miss Pinsonneault, Miss Angus, Miss Rae, Miss Gault, Miss Scott, Miss Young.

Her Excellency's partners were—Sir Francis Hincks, Hon. Chief Justice Dorion, Mr. Brydges, Dr. W. H. Hingston, Hector Mackenzie, and H. J. Loranger, Q.C.

THE COMPLETE LIST OF GUESTS

at this memorable ball is very long, but we print it, in rei memoriam, at the request of scores of our friends, especially ladies, whose will is our law.

Miss Roger, H C Smith and wife, Dr F W Campbell and lady, W D Lighthall, A M Perkins, L J Seargeant, Mr Peck, J W Ford, Mr and Mrs Roe, W Grindlay, Arthur H Murphy and Miss Murphy, Quebec, Mr Reekie, Mrs Cantin, Miss Cantin, Mr J B Cantin, Mr C A Cantin, Dr Craike, C Sprague, C J Brydges, R Cowans, Douglas Moore, Miss Flannigan, San Francisco, Mr and Mrs J T Molson, Mr and Mrs E L Bond, H Graham, Miss Graham, A McT Watt, Mr and Mrs Strathey, G H Labbe, Dr D McCallum, Mr Jack Allan, Hugh Paton, R Hampson, D McCormack, Jas Rose, T M Hall, J J Arnton, R A Routh, Miss Routh, J R Foster, Andrew Robertson, Thos Pringle, Capt Shepherd, W A Foster, Mrs and Miss Foster, Belleville, J S Hunter, H S Hunter, Mr and Mrs D J Cogan, Mr and Mrs Gnaedinger, Dr T O'Reilly, W H Anderson, H Reinhardt, S Waddell and Mrs Waddell, Mr Urquhart, James Dakers, Mr and Miss S J Foote, C H Tuggey and wife, C F Donally and Miss Donally, J Higginbottom and lady, J D Millale and lady, D McEachern and lady, Albert H Samuel, E P Hannaford, Mrs and Miss Grandley, A D Swinford, Andrew Robertson, Mr W F Lewis, Mr John Lewis, E L Pease, Mrs and Misses Pacaud, E K Greene and lady, R Meredith, Mr and Mrs Dyer, Mr T Bush, R McKenzie, F Robertson, R B Angus, J Johnson and lady, J Johnson, Jr, and lady, Mr and Mrs L A Hall, J H Redfern, Mrs A Force, Mr Henry Bulmer and lady, E B Ibbotson and Mrs Greaves, Miss Ramsey, J W Pell and lady, Jas Roy and lady, Ald Genereux and Miss Genereux, Mr and Mrs Lane, J A McMartin, C H Stephens, Mr, Mrs and Miss Brown, D McTaggart, A H McTaggart, R Hepburn and Miss Hepburn, F E Nelson, H T Willgress, J R Meeker, H Osborne, C D Proctor, L Bath, L C Bagg and lady, Lorne Campbell, A Lormer, W T Childs, Geo Reinhardt, L M Loss, Mr Kerry, W W Ogilvie, J Hickson and ladies, C F MacIntosh, M M Tait, J B Abbott, Andrew Darling, J A Pitt, T Wilson, Mr and Miss McGrail, J McPherson, Mr and Mrs McDougall, S E Dawson, G Stephen and lady, G Boivin, Mr J B Renny, Dr and Mrs Howard, J Hodgson, L M Benjamin, John S Hall, Jr, F Reinhardt and lady, Sir A T Galt, T Smith and lady, C Egan and lady, James Reed, D Cumberland, John McDougall, C D Roberts, H Lawscn, Miss McIver, Mrs Kimpton, Mr R Hawlie, G Seybold, E I Foster, Oliver Faucher and daughter, Mr Buntin, Mr A A Wilson, Mr and Miss Mathew, Mr and Miss A Dunlop, Miss Eden, Mr Barnston, Mr E Starke, Mr and Miss Ewing, Mr and Mrs A H Ewing, Miss Leatham, Miss Muir and Miss Nelly Muir, Mr F H Reynolds, J B Sancer, J H Archibald, W Crawford, Mr and Mrs Nott, E A Prentiss, Mr Wonham, Capt. Kirwan, Herbert Darling, Mr R Blackwood, Miss McLaren, Miss Sergeant, W J Alloway, Geo E Wilson, C J Alloway, Mrs Luke Moore, Mr and Mrs Real, Mr W Real, Miss Hagar, C Chapman and lady, T F O'Brien, Lieut McArthur, W Macculough, Mr & Mrs Schwob, W H Stamer, Miss Fould, A W Ogilvy, R Patterson, J Moigan, Frank and Thomas Magor, A Baumgarten, Mr and Mrs Burney, E W Lovelace, J W and Miss Henderson, J T Lamare, F Aylmer, Miss Young, W A Charlebois and lady, Mrs C H Lefebvre, Mr Riddell, Frank Pretty, Miss Judge Johnson, William Angus, A G McPherson, A M Cassils and lady, Mr and Mrs Payman, F W Walker, G M Kinghorn, F Levy, Dr W H Burland, Wain Griswold and lady, Mr Reinhardt, S D Stewart, B Empey, G W Gardner, A Sheriff, John Allen, Mr and Mrs Thomas, Miss Victoria Campbell, M Nolan DeLisle, Miss Leslie, Mr Muir, Mrs Gruenwald, Mrs Kendall, Ed Muckay, Robt Benny, Miss McFarlane, H K Lusk, Col McRae, Napoleon Lefebvre, L Fisher, Geo McDougal, Mr, Mrs and Miss Ogilvy, Wm Leath, Mr and Mrs P Holland, Charles Holland, Dr and Miss Gardiner, Mrs and Miss Hanna, Mr E Hanna, Harold Schie, John Black, W E Cheese and wife, H Tomkins and lady, W Lester Eager, Mr Davies, Joseph Moss, H Judah, Chs Grant, Mr F W H Snodgrass, Miss Strathy, J M Kinghorn, Miss M A C. McDonald, Mrs G F Hart, Mr and Mrs R Reed, Mr Van Buskirk and lady, B Ibbotson, Misses A L and E Ibbotson, Mrs C A Tyne, Miss A J Meeker, J L Adams, W H Hutton, O'Hara Baynes, C R Chisholm, Mrs Dr and Miss Wheeler, E Volkel, S Thompson, J Gould, C Gould and Miss Gould, Mrs and Miss Tills, C S Drummond, M Bethune, and S H Bethune, H Schmidt, Mr and Mrs Joseph Tiffin, Mrs. Harmburger, A Stuart, E L Pease, Charles Garth, H M Rowles, Angus C Hooper, A W Hooper, J Phillip Scott, Miss L Scott, Mr Raphael and lady, Miss Raphael, Charles Monk and J G Monk, Daniel McIntyre, Jr, Mrs E Irving, Leopold Galarneau, Miss Pin-

sonneault, Sir Hugh Allan, Mr and Mrs Cheney, Mr Geo Garonier, Miss Heubach, Mr Massey, and Miss Massey, Dr Osler, Mr and Mrs Auld, Geo McQuillan, Mr W H Griffin, James M Paul, Wm Laird, W E Hagar, G C Dunlop, D Heath, G R Wilson, W Wilson, J B Graham and lady, Thomas Edward, Miss M L McDonald, Mr Pipon, Mr and Mrs H G Whitney, Miss Minnie Cuvillier, Mr Wm Lills, Mr and Mrs. Hawson, Miss McNaughton, Phillip Reaves, Duncan and Misses Macdonald, J W Hardy, Paxton Shaw, Henry P Bovey, W H Edwards, A H Riddell, C H McDougall, W M Lewis, Miss Shapleigh, Wm. Denning, Mr R C Dobbs, Mr. Sclessor, W S Lawrence, Miss Kinghorn, G S Hubbell, J O Wilgress, A S Snowden, Mrs. Snowden, O J Roy, Dr Alf Wright, John McDonald and lady, D McNaughton and lady, Mrs J H Howard, Mr Grotzie, Mr G H Griffin, Mr Judah, Joseph Robert, Jr, Gustavus Gouard, Mr, Mrs and Misses Thomas, Charles Rolier, W H Meredith, J Pangman, Mr Kilby, A Saunders, James Gilmore and ladies, Mr Burroughs, Dr and Mrs Simpson, Miss Plummer, J C Griffin, Miss Griffin, Alex Stuart, George R and Miss Stark, Mrs. J B Boyce, J R Brown, F W Smith, Lem W R Cushing, Mr Esses, W Edward, Miss McDonald, Mr and Mrs J S Brown, Miss Phillips, S C Hunter, J A Walker, C C De Zouche, Mr Gillespie, R C Simpson, W J Turpin, A W Smith, Fred E Mussen, J Robertson, J B Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr and Miss F S Lyman, Miss Seymour, Mr and Mrs Innes, M Taylor, Frank and George Caverhill, Mrs. Wonham, H G Forsyth, Mr and Mrs Frank Bond, Mr and Mrs. Kortosk, A Bourgeois, John J Raphael, Robert B Ross, Mr and Mrs D P Beattie, Mr and Mrs. Oliver, J Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, R H Tyler, A M and Miss Tyler, G J and Miss Pitt, Miss Purkiss, H Judah, Alex M Perkins, Mr Wolfe, Mr and Mrs Harnett, James Guest, Capt Charles G Geddes and lady, Chas Geddes and Miss Geddes, J W Gregory, W Grant, and lady, M E David and lady, Mr and Mrs E Bulmer, Theodore Labatt, Capt Milburn, C S White, Mrs Allan, Mrs M A Allan, J L de Martigny, John McIntyre and lady, George Cushing, Alfred Brown, Mr and Mrs R A Lindsay, Miss Adele Lindsay, Mr Rush, Dr E P La. chapelle, Miss de Rocheblave, Mr and Mrs B Tooke, Miss Easty, Mr Skelton, John Nelson, Jr, Frank Burch, Capt David Seath and lady, Charles D Edwards and lady, John Fulton, John McLean, C P Davidson and lady, Mrs Kimball, Lt Colonel Crawford and lady, M T Egan, Miss A T Egan, Miss Brackley Shaw, Robert Dalglis, Mr and Mrs Jno W Gordon, Mr and Mrs. Hollinshead, Miss McDougall, H Bouthillier, P J V Bowden, C A Hopkins, Miss Jones, W J Sarge, J W Saunders, J S Sinclair, Alex McDougall, R Archer, W A Holland, G H R Wainwright, J D Stuart, F C Henshaw, H Bawtree, M Frelaigh, Miss Gibson, G O B Trelleigh, N J McGillivray and lady, Mrs McLean, Fred S Vaughau and lady, A R Pinsonneault, Miss Pinsonneault, Geo A Hughes, A Archambault, Jas Colfax, Miss A Colfax, Jos Green, Robert Simms, Geo Kay, Mr and Mrs. Hopkins, D E Bowie, Mr and Mrs Rawlings, C E Cushing, J R Cowans, O McGarvey, Mrs F H F Jackson, Miss Jackson, H J J Jackson, George W Craig, W Stuart, Mr Keroack, Charles Duchesnay, Miss C Leclerc, L Davis, A McCullough, A Allan, Miss McDougall, Miss Ermatinger, Mrs and Miss Gilbert, Mr and Mrs Gray, James B Leslie, W F Cochrane, Mr and Mrs Benson, H F Mussen, J H Horace and Miss P Joseph, Mr, Mrs and Miss Normandeau, Mr McDonnell, Miss Emma Wood, Alf J Reed, W. H. Loss, Charles J Chisholm, Mrs C J Chisholm, Miss Robertson, George Lightbound, Miss Dickinson, Mr J H Bartlett, Mr E A Small, H B A Cross, Henry Joseph, J K Harper, Miss M Hill, Wm Stephen, John Atkins, James M and Miss Mitchell, Mr and Mrs Robert Mackay, Mr and Mrs Beaufield, W Peters Price, Thos McDougall, Mrs McDougall, Miss Fairs, Ed Rankin, Mr Vanneck, Mr and Mrs Wm Donahue, M P; B Verrett, J F Clarke, Mr Forbes and Fred Torrens, Mr and Mrs Dr Hancock, E Eaves, W F Sarge, J W Saunders, Mr, Mrs and Miss Dr Godfrey, Alma McPherson, Mr and Misses Murphy, Miss Vass, Kenneth Paterson, Duncan C Campbell, H J Ingham, H L Snowden, J Rielle, J S Millar, Mrs J S Millar, the Misses Millar, Miss Spring, C C Abbott, E McLennan, Hector Mackenzie, C C McFall, Jos Arthur Boyer, E A King, L Munro, W J J Malsburg, N A McGillis, the Misses McGillis, Mr and Mrs Gillespie, T N Howe, H Shorey, Robt Douglas Wurtele, J H Williams, N C Hamilton and ladies, A P Morin, Capt A Bowie, O M Gould, John E M Whitney, Alex Campbell, Mrs Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss C Campbell, C A Tifton, A W Leitch, H C Scott, Mr Stevenson, G M Kendall, W J Learmont, J W Mills and lady, Mr Robt Lindsay, Alf Atkins, Henry Atkins, J M Andrews and family, J H Breslin and family, Mr Buck, J T Blanchard, C H Ballard and wife, C W Bunting, J C Bentwick and family, Mrs Butler and daughter, Boston Daily Globe, Chas Bottrell and wife, Mr Campbell, G Cherry, Chas Casper, W A Charlebois, Mr Cowen, C E Durkee and wife, J A Dodge, J Fry Davis, J A Eminger and wife, Mr and Mrs Foote, W Band Gage and wife, Fred Gould and party, Mr Graham and lady, J W Gordon, Peter Grant, J Albert Grant, J D Gilman and wife, C F Higgins, Miss Carrie Hamilton, Mr and Mrs Harding and friend, Mr Hays, Mr Huot, Mr Harwood, S H Halstead and family, E L Hill and twoladies, Geo Lelane, Mrs Long and party, Mr and Mrs Loss, Jas M Marvin and wife, Mr and Mrs McIntyre, Miss Macdonald, Mr Ferguson, John McDonald and wife, C R Mullibin, T Mc-

Gaw, and wife, Mr Denis Mulcahey, Capt W A Malloy and wife, J McImmy, H J Marcey, T McKay and wife, Charles Magee and wife, Mayor Morrison, Potter Palmer and wife, R R Pringle, Capt Roe, J W Sprong and wife, Mr and Mrs Sippell, Sir Edward Smythe, Lieut-Governor St Just, O M Shaw, Mr and Mrs Sourini, St Denis and wife, F W Vanderbilt, E H Virgil, Mr and Mrs Walton, F A White, James H Wright and wife, L E A Barthe, Tom Winchester.

III.

THIRD DAY.

I. AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY.—The conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws on Lord Dufferin by McGill University was an academic event, not only of unusual splendour, but of remarkable significance. It had been arranged that a team of fifty should meet Their Excellencies at the college gate and draw them in triumph to the door of William Molson Hall, wherein the ceremonies were to take place, and the honour of belonging to this team was conferred upon the following students: Messrs. Torrance, Guerin, Taylor, C Lyman, T Sweeney, McLaren, Stevens, Howard, McConnell, Lane, Wood, H McN Robertson, Redpath, Bull, C Scriver, J Scriver, Weir, R McGibbon, Macpherson Thornton, P D Ross, Campbell, J Ross, Cochrane, O'Dwyer, Power, W F Robertson, Smith, Duddridge, Busted, Hague, Swan, R B Rogers, Elder Jones, White, Pedley, R Cunningham, Ogilvie, Anderson, Mackenzie, Craig, McIntyre, Bennett, McNab, Darey and Muir. At Molson Hall were assembled a large number of invited guests, who had arrived long before the appointed hour, and among them were Senator Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, General Sir Selby Smythe, Mr H Gault, Sir A T Galt, the Rev Canon Ellegood, the Rev Mr Damoulin, Rev Leonard Gaetz, Lady Hincks, C J Brydges, Mrs J H R Molson, Mrs Judge Torrance, Mrs Smythe, Mrs Judge Dunkin, Mr William Lunn, R M Gault, Consul-General Dart, Mrs Principal Dawson, Mrs Russell Stephenson, Mr Hayes, Capt Smythe, Hon John Hamilton and Mrs Hamilton, Mr Joseph Mackay, and others.

The Members of Convocation who were present, as nearly as could be learned, were as follows: Hon Justice Torrance, Justice Dunkin, Peter Redpath, Rev Dean Bond, Registrar Baynes, W H Kerr, Q C L L D; E Carter, D C L; Rev Dr MacVickar, Rev Dr Wilkes, Dr Johnson, Venerable Archdeacon Leach, Prof Robbins, Prof Murray, Dr Reddy, Dr Girdwood, Dr Baynes, Dr Scott, Dr Osler, Dr Howard, Dr Thayer, Prof Lareau, Dr Bell, M M Tait, B C L; Dr Nicol, W S Walker, B C L; Prof Magraf, Dr Loverin, F E Gilman, B C L; R S C Bagg, B C L; C J Brydges, Rev Mr Dart, M A, Prof McDuff, His Lordship the Metropolitan, Prof Fenwick, Dr Munro, Dr Webb, C J Fleet, B A; A McGoun, B A; Andrew Robertson, Q C; De Courcy Harnett, B C L; J F Torrance, B A; C A Rochon, B C L; Rev R Laing, M A; R A Ramsay, M A, B C L; Prof Harrington, Prof McLeod, Prof Gardner, Prof N W Trenholme, Dr Campbell, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine; J R Dougal, M A; Chas Cushing, B C L; Sir Francis Hincks, Dr Alloway, J J McLaren, M A, D C L; C P Davidson, Q C; Hon J J C Abbott, Q C; Prof Bibaud, C L Lariviere, B C L; Dr Wolfred Nelson, Prof De Sola, Dr Leprohon, H H Lyman, B A; A W Atwater, B A; Ald D R McCord, Prof Archibald, M A, B C L; T P Butler, B C L; Prof Kelley, J N Greenfields, B C L; Dr Trudel, Dr Blackader, Prof G Doute, D C L; Dr Godfrey, F A Knapp, B C L; Prof Bovey, Dr Hingston, Lecturer Robidoux, Dr Turgeon and Thomas Nichol, M D, B C L.

The Vice-Regal party left the Windsor Hotel at about 3 p.m., escorted by the cavalry, under command of Captain Tees, proceeding to the entrance to the College. The day being a delightful one, crowds of citizens had congregated at the entrance to the grounds, bent upon obtaining a glimpse of the Governor-General and his lady. As the party neared this point they were greeted with loud cheers, and just as the coachman was about to turn into the enclosure, the chosen team of McGill's students harnessed themselves to the carriage of their Excellencies and dragged it in triumphal procession to the main entrance, the rest of the students and citizens cheering all the way, and when the entrance to William Molson Hall had been reached, three times three were given with vigour.

Lord and Lady Dufferin were received at the door by the College officers, and while His Excellency was conducted by the Chancellor to the library, the Vice-Chancellor conducted Lady Dufferin to the Convocation Hall, where she was received by the ladies. The Vice-Regal party followed, and took seats which had been arranged for them in front of the platform. The students now entered and took seats or stood up, as was most convenient. His Excellency was then robed in the library, when the members of the Convocation were presented by the Registrar, W. C. Baynes. The members of the Convocation having entered, took up their positions on either side of the platform, every seat being occupied, while the Governors were very largely represented. Shortly afterwards the procession was formed, and with some inconvenience reached the platform, where His Excellency occupied the central seat, with the Chancellor, the Hon. C. D. Day, on his right, and the Vice-Chancellor, J. W. Dawson, on his left. Captain Littleton and Lieut. Hamilton occupied positions at each side and in rear of His Excellency, and there were also on the platform His Lordship the Metropolitan and Chief Justice Moss, of Toronto. The procession over, the glee club of the College sang the

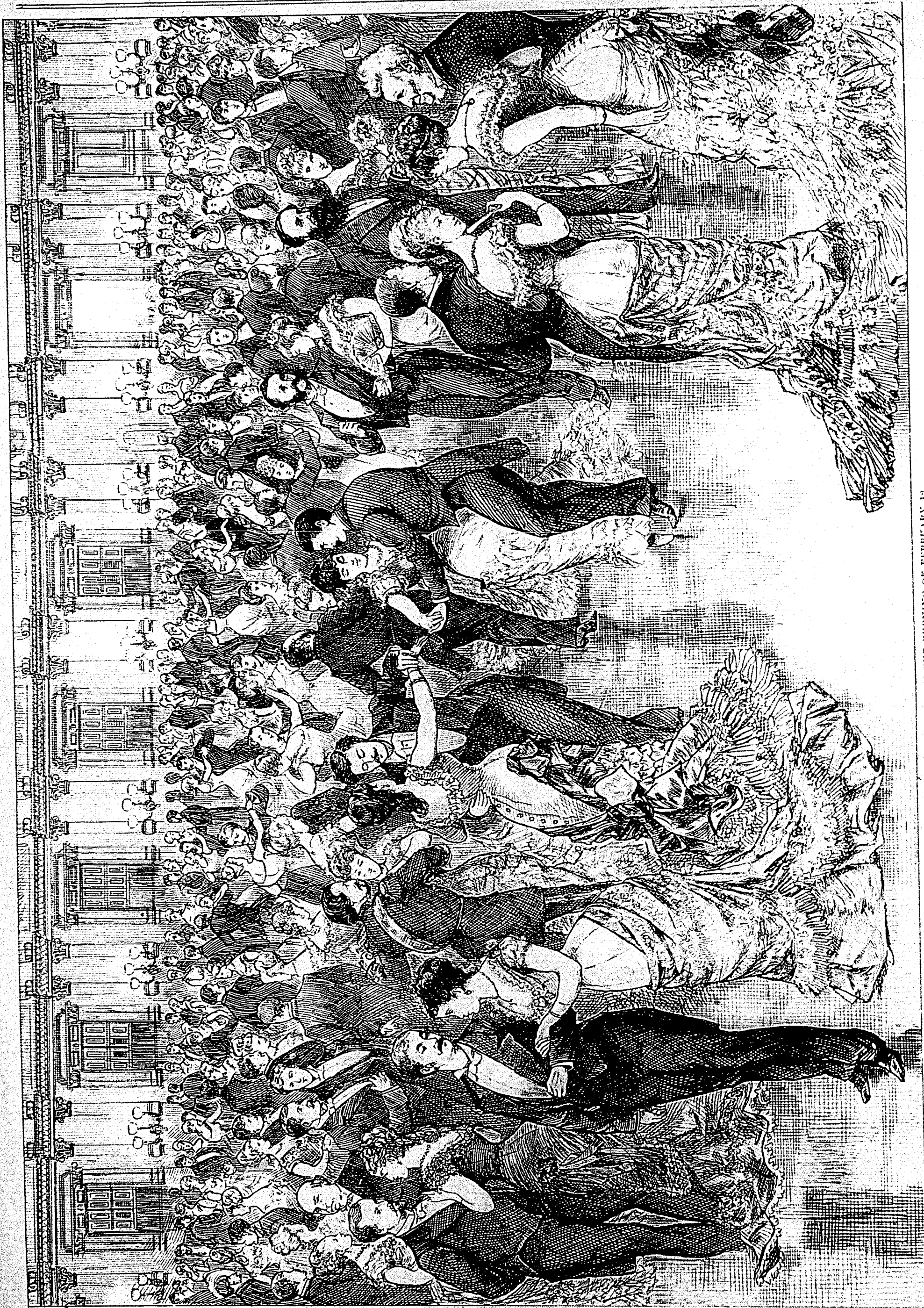
National Anthem, all present standing, and this having been concluded, Mr. Torrance, a student in arts, came to the front and presented a beautiful bouquet of flowers to Lady Dufferin, the graceful tribute being seconded by a burst of cheering.

Archdeacon Leach then said the opening prayer, after which Chancellor Day read a fine address to His Excellency in the Greek language.

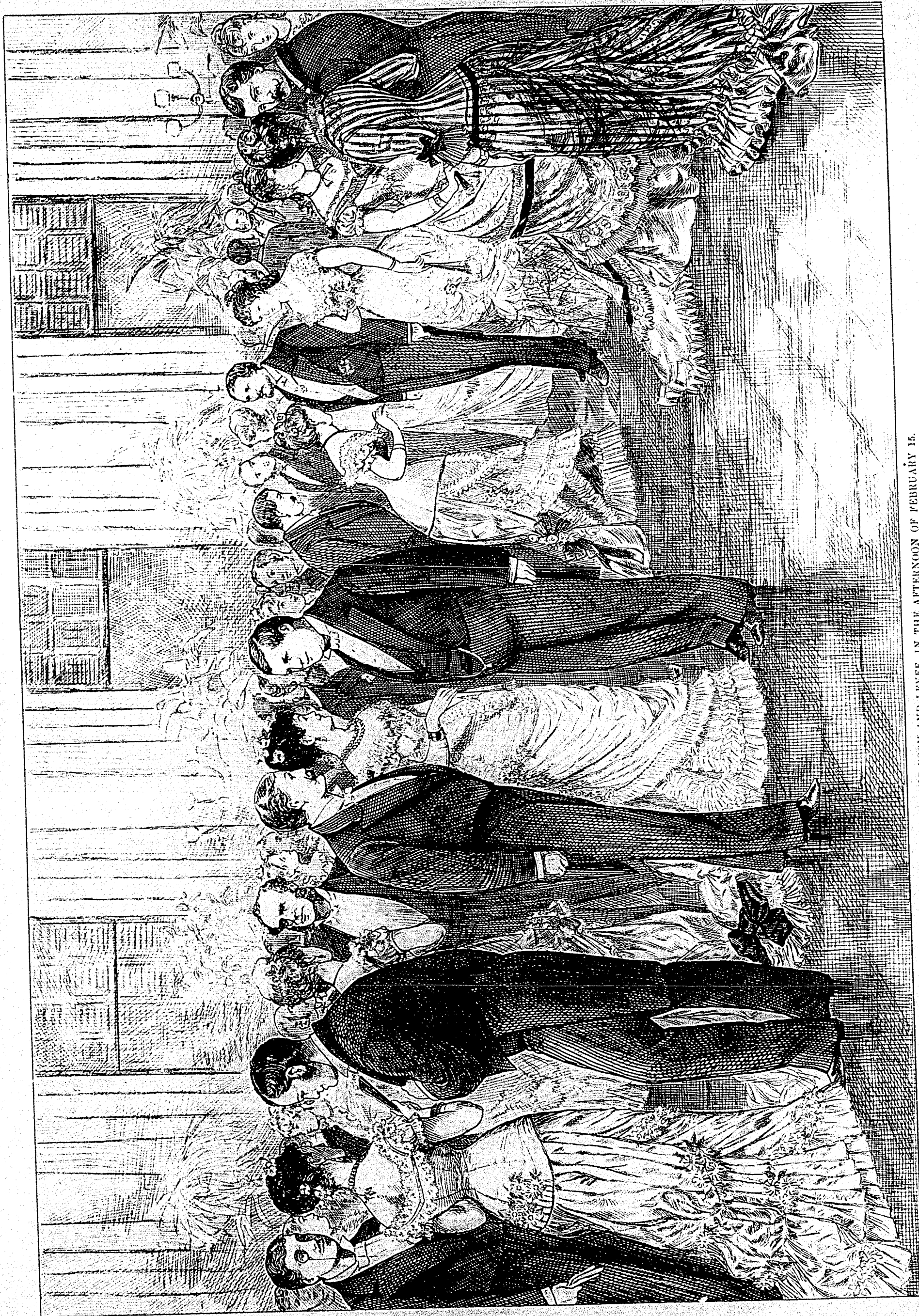
His Lordship replied with the readiness of scholarly familiarity in the same language. We append a translation of his discourse, which bears the flavour of the old classic tongue:

I have listened with great pleasure, Mr. President and learned gentlemen of the Faculty, to all the courteous things you have said of me. It has given me peculiar satisfaction to hear the accents of the Attic tongue; and I can never think without emotion of the commendation which has been bestowed upon me in the language of Plato and Demosthenes. You will allow me to couple with this expression of my thanks a few words not perhaps unfitting to be spoken here and now. For those who, like myself, are incessantly occupied with public affairs, there can be no such relief from the cares and anxieties of political life as is to be found in shutting out the din of the passing hour and the noises of the world, at one time by turning aside into the groves of the Academy, at another by pacing the marble pavements of the Porch, to renew in the one or the other ancient ties of friendship and of interest. Certainly no one can fail to rejoice when he beholds this quiet abode of letters and of peace. Nay, if the whole truth must be told, who would not be glad to tarry here—here in sweet converse with valued friends to share in and to enjoy the progress of all useful knowledge and of true science? Nevertheless, I must not dally too long with such reflections, remembering that I administer the government of a young nation which is just entering resolutely on the paths which lead to glory and to prosperity, and which, not yet having attained its full stature, has need of many services such as we believe this University is fitted to render it. In the actual condition of our affairs everyone must deeply feel how close the connection is between this great institution of learning and the fairest hopes of the country—and I most of all am conscious that in these youths I see the future strength of Canada. Upon them, in the due course of time, it will devolve to take up and to carry forward to grander results the work now entrusted to our hands. As we now behold their zealous industry, and their success in pressing up the steep and narrow way which leads to all sound learning, we must feel that we may implicitly rely upon them, and that we may confidently leave the commonwealth to such inheritors. It is with considerations such as these, most honourable gentlemen, that I tender you the thanks I owe you for admitting me into your fellowship. I recall the years which, when a youth, I passed at Oxford as the happiest of my life, nor can any name fall more sweetly upon our ears than that of Alma Mater. It is but natural then that I should prize and promise to hold in the highest esteem the honour you have conferred upon me. One word more let me add on behalf of my wife, the Countess of Dufferin, and of my family, and in acknowledgment of the good wishes you have so cordially lavished upon us: May God grant you all the happiness you have asked of Him for us.

The Degree of LL.D. was then announced by the Vice-Chancellor, Principal Dawson, in a most appropriate discourse, to which Lord Dufferin replied in English. Chief Justice Moss, of Ontario, was then invited to speak, and he did so in a masterly manner, thus introducing himself to a Montreal audience, in a mode that fairly electrified them by its eloquence. He congratulated the College upon the visit it had received from His Excellency, and he felt in alluding to him the truth of the saying that when using the language of truth it had a tendency to trench upon eulogy, and thus he had thought until otherwise instructed that the University of McGill College was much of the same mind, as they had chosen another language in which to convey to His Excellency their kind wishes. He then paid a high tribute to the statesman, litterateur and scholar, Lord Dufferin, and while regretting that Toronto University could not now make His Excellency a fellow-student of his (Mr. Moss), did not do so out of any feeling of jealousy to McGill, to which College he entertained feelings of the kindest courtesy. He then alluded to the differences between McGill and Toronto Universities, in that the former was the work of private munificence, and wondered whether he would ever see such a thing in Ontario. He heartily commended such munificent patriotism as had been shown by McGill, Molson and Redpath to the consideration of others, and looked for a closer union in the bond of sympathy between McGill and Toronto Universities; eulogized McGill for the stand taken by her in maintaining the high standard of education for which she was famous, and referring in thankfulness to the good fortune of Toronto University in having secured Dr. McCall at a time when such a man was necessary, he looked forward to a time when the better class of people would aim to give their children a higher grade of education than at the present time, in which he contended they were taken away from school at too early an age for the counting-room and money-making pursuits. In conclusion he wished increased prosperity to McGill College and advised increased effort on the part of her students and professors, being loudly applauded. His Lordship the Metropolitan now came



THE CITIZENS' BALL ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 12.
THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO MONTREAL.



THE DRAWING ROOM AND LEVEE, IN THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 15.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO MONTREAL.

forward and pronounced the benediction, after which the Hall was soon cleared and the Vice-Regal party moved slowly down the avenue, loudly cheered by the assembled hundreds. The bouquet presented by Mr. F. Torrance, on behalf of the undergraduates, was contained in a holder specially made for the occasion by Mr. R. Hendery, and was appropriately ornamented with Canadian emblems together with the University arms and a suitable inscription. The diploma of the degree conferred on Lord Dufferin was enclosed in a box inlaid with native Canadian woods, and having His Lordship's monogram and coronet on one side, the University arms on the reverse. The box was the workmanship of Messrs. James Wright & Co., of this city.

II. AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. In the evening Watt Phillips' military drama, "Not Guilty," was presented in honour of Their Excellencies, under the auspices and by the co-operation of the Montreal Field Battery, under Col. Stevenson, Captain Oswald, Lieutenant Green, and Surgeon McEachran. The Academy had been decorated for the occasion, and facing the stage were the Royal Arms, with the American and British flags festooned on each side. His Excellency's box, on the right of the stage, had also been decorated and festooned with bunting in a tasteful manner. Over the main entrance had been placed branches of gas jets, which, on being illuminated, represented the Crown in the centre, and "V. R." on either side. This lit up the whole street, and besides being an ornament was of great service otherwise. The Victoria Rifles furnished the Guard of Honour, and inside the building were drawn up in two lines the members of Montreal Field Battery with sloped swords. The house had rapidly filled, and it was a scene of unrivalled splendour that awaited the arrival of their Excellencies. Shortly after 8 o'clock the echo of the military commands announced that the Vice-Regal party had arrived, and in a few moments more the band of B Battery from Quebec, stood up, and the national anthem pealed out by them called every soul in the house to a standing position. Their Excellencies having entered their box and been seated, the vast audience which filled every available space followed suit, and after an overture by the B Battery band the curtain rose upon the play. While all went well, we have space for the description of only the military tableau, represented in our engraving. It was the shipping of troops from Portsmouth to Madras. A large steamer moored at the wharf was exposed to view, while artillery, infantry, rifles and engineers embarked. First came Stevenson's Battery, with guns, horses and equipage, Col. Stevenson at their head. His appearance on horseback was the signal for a general outburst of applause, and as one gun followed another, Capt. Oswald, Lieut. Green and Surgeon McEachran coming in mounted, the applause was deafening. "Halt," "Unlimber," were the commands given, and from each gun the men jumped with all the alacrity for which they are celebrated. The guns were run up the platform upon the steamer's deck, stowed away, and the horses taken to their quarters. Then came the rifles, represented by the Prince of Wales' Regiment and the Royal Fusiliers, the Montreal Engineers followed. Last of all came the landing of the stores, as the whole troops stood upon the steamer's deck and the curtain dropped, one volume of applause continued, and the curtain was raised again and again before the audience were seated with the grand sight. It was a review of the troops brought to the guests of the Battery, and was seen with a degree of comfort not often consonant with military displays, out of doors, at least.

When the Governor-General left the Academy the Victoria Rifles presented arms, the band as usual in the salute playing a few bars. The members of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, numbering about one hundred, sang the national anthem, *sans tuques*. The horses had already been removed from the Governor-General's sleigh, and long drag-ropes supplied their place. Those were manned by the members of the Snow-Shoe Club, who also provided an escort to the party, who lined each side of the sleighs. The President, Mr. Grant, accompanied by "Monday," commanded the whole, and on leaving the Academy, the Club proceeded along St. Catherine street, singing "Eva," "Tuque Bleue" and other snowshoe songs on the route, which lay along St. Catherine, down to Drummond into, Dorchester street to the ladies' entrance. At Drummond street corner the "tally-ho" was given, and there ensued a run to the Windsor which must have startled Their Excellencies not a little, and given them some idea of the speed and endurance of the boys. Having reached the hotel speed was slackened, and on stopping at the door, the President called for three cheers for the Queen, which were given as only snowshoers can cheer. He then called for three cheers for Her Majesty's noble representative our Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, which were given in a manner that made the welkin ring. Meantime Their Excellencies had alighted, and standing upon the steps of the ladies' entrance, Lord Dufferin spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Montreal Snowshoe Club:—Allow me thank you on behalf of Lady Dufferin and myself for the noble escort which you have afforded us this evening, and before retiring indoors, allow me also to express to you my regret that I was not able to accept your kind invitation to accompany you on your tramp. I see no reason, other means having failed, why the snowshoers of Canada may not start for the

North Pole. (Laughter.) He then bade them good night and retired, while the snowshoers started along the street for their various destinations, cheering for His Excellency on the way home, and the evening's work was over.

IV.

FOURTH DAY.

I. TO SAULT-AU-RECOLLETS.—Their Excellencies and suite left the Windsor Hotel shortly after eleven o'clock *en route* to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Sault-aux-Recollets. The drive was a most enjoyable one. Arriving at the Convent the company were received by Mother Thomasini, the Superioress, and heartily welcomed. Beside the Vice-Regal party there were also present Bishop Fabre and Canon Dufresne Rev. Father Leclere, Father Poninville, Father Marechal, Lieutenant-General Sir Selby Smythe, K.C.B.; Chief Justice Dorion, Hon. and Mrs. John Hamilton, Chief Justice Moss and Mrs. Moss, Dr. Hingston and Miss Macdonald, Captain Smythe, A.D.C.; Mrs. Smythe and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stevenson.

After partaking of coffee the party were ushered into the large hall, and there addresses were made and a dramatic and musical entertainment held. His Lordship crowned the festival by obtaining a "double holiday"—*deux jours*—for the young ladies. After inspecting the building, the company were invited to a cold collation. The tables were elegantly laid out and decorated with pyramids of blush roses that shed a sweet fragrance on all around. Lunch over, each gentleman was presented with a "button hole" and each lady with a bouquet and they then prepared for the drive home. By this time a large number of inhabitants, male and female, from Terrebonne and the Back River, had assembled to pay their respects to the distinguished visitors. At Lajeunesse's the people mustered in force and greeted Their Excellencies in regal style, which greeting his Lordship duly honored. At the Mile End Their Excellencies and suite branched off and took the Mountain road home to the hotel, where they were received by the usual concourse of citizens, who never tired doing homage to Her Majesty's honoured representative.

II. THE CITIZENS' DINNER. The complimentary banquet tendered to His Excellency took place in the evening. Amongst the guests attired in the uniform of the several regiments to which they belong we noticed:—

General Selby Smythe, K. C. B., Captain Smythe, *aide de camp*, Col. Dyde, C. M. G., Lieut.-Colonel Lyman, Lieut.-Col. Crawford, Col. A. A. Stevenson, Capt. Oswald, Lieut.-Colonel D'Orsonnens, Lieut.-Colonel Harwood, Lieut. and Adjutant Kinnear, Lieut. Williams, Ensign Wilgress, Lieut. Reekie, and Surgeon McEachran.

The Governor-General was attired in the uniform of the diplomatic corps, and adorned with all his orders, and Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just was in the uniform of his official position.

In the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, through illness, Sir Francis Hincks worthily filled the chair.

Trumpet-Major Clapham, of the Cavalry, announced the arrival of His Excellency to the banqueting room by sounding a royal salute, and on His Excellency entering, the band played the national anthem, and the audience applauded incessantly.

After supper and a royal salute—Trumpet-Major Clapham announced the arrival of Lady Dufferin, upon which the audience rose and applauded most enthusiastically. Her Ladyship was accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Littleton, Mr. Russell Stevenson, Miss Hamilton and Lady Tatton Sykes.

At this memorable banquet the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and many excellent speeches were made, but we can make room only for the two pronounced by His Excellency. After the health of Her Majesty the Queen had been received with all honours, Lord Dufferin said:—

Although it is very unusual for the guest of the evening to intrude himself upon the notice of his entertainers at so early a period, I have ventured to ask permission of your Chairman to intervene for a few moments for the purpose of introducing a toast. That toast, ladies and gentlemen, is the health of the President of the United States. (Cheers.) Coming, as I do, straight from the country whose Government he administers—the consideration for Canada he has been pleased to evince in his personal courtesies to myself fresh within my recollection—my heart still warm and glowing with the memory of the extraordinary kindness, attention, and hospitality with which I have been honoured by every American citizen with whom I came into contact (Loud applause), whether at Washington or New York, or indeed in any other part of the country (Renewed applause)—you will readily understand I should wish to lose no opportunity of giving expression to my gratitude, and of emphasizing my regard for the great Republic, its ruler and its people (Loud applause); and I indulge my inclination the more readily because I know I am only interpreting your own sentiments (Hear, hear), and my experiences have been yours, and that probably there is not a single individual present who cannot testify in his own person to the genial good nature, urbanity and friendliness of our neighbours across the line. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen—Upon the personal or upon even the political claims of the people of the President of the United States to the confidence and affectionate regard of his people, it would

be out of place for me to dilate. It is not either in his personal or political capacity that he presents himself. It is not for us to concern ourselves with the traditions and circumstances under which the Chief of the American Executive attained to power. In our eyes he is solely and simply "the elect of the people," (Applause,) the head of one of the greatest and noblest nations of the earth (Loud applause),—the representative of their majesty and imperium, the repository of their power, the mighty chief of their glorious commonwealth (Great applause), and when we drink his health it is the American people we desire to honour (Cheers),—it is to the American people that we wish happiness and prosperity, it is to the American people we extend the right hand of fellowship and affection. (Continued applause.) And, gentlemen, the more I know of them, the better I have become acquainted with their views and aspirations, the more disposed I feel to bid you cultivate their friendship, and to rely upon their generous regard and sympathy. (Cheers.) As far as I have observed, from the President downwards, there is not a human being in the States who does not wish you well, who is not anxious to salute your independence, who does not desire to see you prosperous and powerful. (Applause.) In the fresh, free atmosphere of liberty which sweeps their land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, no noxious root of jealousy can grow, and if there is one characteristic by which they are more distinguished than another, it is that of generosity, the inherent attribute of every educated democracy. (Renewed applause.) Nay, I will add that if Europe wishes to learn to what perfection kindness can be brought, to how great a degree genuine hospitality can enhance the graces of social intercourse, it is to this continent they must come for information. (Loud applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to think that the cheers which my toast has called will not die away altogether in silence. We have amongst us to-night three distinguished citizens of the States. (Cheers.) We have our old friend, General Dart, the Consul-General of the United States, who, by his courtesy and ability, has won the respect of all who know him. (Applause.) We have Mr. Bierstadt, one of the most eminent and distinguished artists of the present generation (Cheers), and I have the happiness of seeing near me Mr. Webb Hayes, the son of the President of the United States (Cheers), to whom your city has extended its hospitality, and in drinking his father's health, and in bidding him and his other two friends welcome to the Canadian soil, I am sure that he and they will understand that if instead of three representatives of their nation, the whole people of America were amongst us to-night, our hearts, if not our hotels, would be big enough to receive them all. (Tremendous applause.)

To this splendid tribute, Consul-General Dart replied in a sterling speech.

In answer to the toast to his health, eloquently given by Sir Francis Hincks, His Excellency said:—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, before attempting to express to you the deep gratitude I feel, not only for the kind reception you have given to the mention of my name, but still more for the round of honours and hospitalities with which I have been greeted during the present memorable week, there is a little matter of business which, since it has been referred to by the Consul-General of the United States, I feel, perhaps, it would be desirable for me to mention in order that once for all I may reply to a query which has been put to me by almost every friend who has heard of my recent visit to Washington. Well then, gentlemen. No! No! I have not brought them back in my portmanteau. (Laughter.) Our five millions and a half of fish money were not handed to me across the counter by the President of the U. S.—(Great laughter)—as many persons imagine—(Renewed laughter)—to have been the case. What is more, I did not even ask for them, nor look as if I wanted them, or indeed as if I knew anything about them. (Roars of laughter.) And in assuming this attitude of reserve, I am sure I consulted the delicacy of your feelings—(Renewed laughter.) Some of those present—I trust not many, for money is difficult to come by in these hard times—(Laughter)—occupy the position of creditors. Well, how do they demean themselves under such circumstances? Why, however resolutely they may be disposed to put the law in force against the fraudulent debtor, when they see the man who owes them money scraping together every sixpence within his reach, with the view of discharging his liabilities—appropriating his wife's pin money—(Laughter)—cutting down the allowances of his younger brother and sisters—stopping his children's schooling—and talking—as if he really meant it—of curtailing his own daily consumption of cigars and cocktails (Great laughter), he naturally feels it would be impious to trouble the serenity or to embarrass the self-respect of so right-minded a personage by dunning him for payment. (Renewed laughter.) If he knocks up against such a one in the street he slinks down the nearest alley (Laughter), or shirks behind a shop door rather than disturb, by his own obnoxious and compromising presence, the self-satisfied cogitations of so much virtue. (Roars of laughter.) Well then, gentlemen, that was exactly the conduct I pursued during my visit to the States. I was perpetually hiding behind doors (Laughter), and running round street corners (Great laughter), so satisfactory did I find the public temper in regard to our little matter; nor did I move a

muscle of my countenance when I was confidentially informed by an enterprising newspaper interviewer how General Benjamin Butler, and other influential personages, had been overheard to propose the sale by auction of the furniture of the Treasury Buildings at Washington rather than that the Great Republic should remain an instant longer in the debt of Canada. (Uproarious laughter.) And yet I did not altogether refrain from diplomatic action. When asked by the Secretary of State to dinner, I ostentatiously abstained from taking fish (Roars of laughter and applause), a demonstration the force of which Mr. Evarts met and acknowledged by the maintenance of a precious and pregnant silence (Laughter) on the subject of the Halifax reward. Now, some uninstructed gentleman might imagine this silence to have been of ominous import. Such an inference only shows how ignorant some people are of the subtle manner in which the representatives of great nations interchange ideas. (Laughter.) Ambassadors do not dispute like washerwomen across a tub. (Great laughter.) When they meet they imitate the lofty reticence of those two famous augurs of ancient Rome—a nod, a wink—(laughter)—a *demi-mot*, or, as upon this occasion, no word at all conveys the most important decisions. (Laughter.) In Mr. Evarts' taciturnity I read—as all of you would have done—a reference to the ancient Greek aphorism, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold"—(Great laughter)—and by remaining speechless Mr. Evarts intended me to understand—and the information upon the subject of our friend the Consul-General is not correct—that not only did he intend to pay up like a man, but that he intended to pay up in gold like a gentleman—(Tremendous cheering and laughter)—and as our friend the Consul-General, with better information, has most justly stated, the President himself has confirmed this solemn undertaking of his Ministry by handing over to me his son as a hostage—(Laughter and applause)—though, to save appearances, in the guise of a friendly visitor; but we have had a narrow escape. If, by a stroke of Machiavellian policy, he had only substituted his daughter, we are so gallant I believe we would have kept the young lady and let the money go. (Cheers and laughter.) And now, gentlemen, having disposed of the only serious matter before us, we can afford to make a night of it, and in order that you may do so the more agreeably, I will hasten to conclude the task your kindness has imposed upon me. And yet before I sit down I cannot help desiring to express more fully than I have yet had an opportunity of doing, my very deep sense of the extraordinary kindness I am receiving at your hands. For an entire week, myself, my family, my friends, my staff, my household, have been the guests of your city, lodged in a palace, and welcomed to a series of entertainments of unparalleled splendour and interest. (Great cheering.) The beauty of the Province has decked itself in its most irresistible charms to grace the occasion. (Applause.) Thanks to the munificence of one of your eminent citizens, my visit is destined to become associated with as noble an act of charity as has ever illustrated the annals of the Dominion (Loud applause), while Education, Art, the Drama, and many other elements of our national life, have received a fresh impulse and additional proofs of the interest and sympathy felt for them by your fellow-citizens in virtue of your having permitted me to become the interpreter and exponent of the general sentiment in their regard. Such a prolonged ovation has seldom been extended, I believe, to the head of any executive, and, if a proof were wanting of your loyalty to our Sovereign, it would be found in this succession of graceful courtesies to one whose only claim to your consideration is the fact of his being her representative. (Great cheering.) For, gentlemen, God forbid that I should mistake for a moment the significance of these glorious demonstrations. Unless intended to exhibit your devotion to the throne and person of our gracious Queen—your reverence for the constitution under which you live, they would be empty, meaningless and vain. (Applause.) It is only in this sense that I could either enjoy or accept them. (Cheers.) It may be, however—and it would be affectation on my part to ignore the fact—that circumstances of a peculiar nature have invested the present festival with a character more personal to myself than those with which I have been hitherto so frequently greeted. (Applause.) It is probably for the last time I have the pleasure of finding myself in your presence, and although I dislike extremely touching upon any egotistical topic, such a reflection naturally evokes within my mind many and many a regret. (Great applause.) During a period of six years I have frequently come amongst you, mingled with your society, taken part in your sports and pastimes, interested myself with your affairs and business, become one with you in thought and feeling, and never have I received at your hands, whether in my public or in my private capacity, anything but the kindest consideration, the most indulgent sympathy, and the warmest welcome. (Cheering.) I have known many of you long and intimately enough to have watched your little children grow up into young men and maidens, your maidens into wives and mothers, and there is scarcely a family amongst those I see around me with whose domestic joys and sorrows I have not been permitted to sympathize. (Applause.) But, what is still more significant, this brief period, hardly exceeding a lustre, has enabled me to mark the extension of your city, the multiplication of your public buildings, of your

churches and of your charitable institutions. (Applause.) But, best of all, it will have been during my administration of your affairs, and under my nominal auspices, that will have been laid, in the widening and perfecting of our Laurentian navigation, the ineradicable foundations of your future prosperity, nay, of your commercial supremacy and absolute dominion over the north-eastern section of America. (Tremendous applause.) Well, ladies and gentlemen, ties that have been so deeply rooted, ties that have been consecrated by such endearing reminiscences, can never fail or wither, and to my dying day I shall remember with feelings which cannot be expressed in words, the extraordinary marks of confidence and good-will I have received from the citizens of Montreal. (Great applause.) And yet, if there is one thing more than another which causes me satisfaction in all that you have done, and are doing for me, it is the reflection that the springs from whence your generous benevolence, your princely hospitalities ascend, are perennial, inexhaustible, and independent for their overflow upon the accidental qualities of him to whom they are immediately addressed, and that it is in something deeper, more lasting, more significant, than in your mere good-will to an individual official, who is here to-day and away to-morrow, that they have their sacred origin. (Cheers.) After all, the Viceroys of Canada are but fleeting shadows, and evanescent *eidolons* that haunt your history, but scarcely contribute a line to its page. Should we leave behind us a single kindly memory—should our names hereafter mark a date, or identify a period, it is the most we can aspire to. Half a column of a biographical dictionary would suffice to exhibit the sum of our united achievements; so imperceptibly do we come and go, play our small part, and fade from off the scene. But unsubstantial, phantasmal, and impersonal as we may be individually, we nevertheless represent and symbolize in our uninterrupted succession, some of the most solid realities of which the modern world can boast, for are we not the living proofs and exponents of the love of a mighty nation for the children she has sent forth to enlarge her dominion, and enhance her crown (Great applause); the affection of a great colony for a mother country, that has endowed her with absolute freedom and legislative independence; the reverence of a free people for constitutional liberty as secured by monarchical government; the recognition by the owners of half a continent of their right to share a still mightier imperium—the love and loyalty of two chivalrous races towards the purest woman, and the most duty-loving Sovereign that ever wore a crown or wielded a sceptre (Long continued applause), the unswerving confidence of a modest, God-fearing community in their ability to vindicate their independence, to elaborate their own destiny, and to guard and embellish to the utmost the glorious inheritance with which they have been endowed by Providence? (Loud and continued applause.) In one respect we are, indeed, but insignificant factors in the system of your national existence, in another we are more than the equals of the greatest autocrats that ever terrorized mankind. If, then, ladies and gentlemen, I now acknowledge, with all the emphasis of which language is capable, the satisfaction I have experienced by the exhibition of your affection and good-will towards the Governor-General of Canada, it is not the individual who thanks you, but the interpreter and representative of those indestructible principles of constitutional government, of Imperial unity, and of natural affection, which are the foundations of your private happiness and public prosperity.

The Army, Navy and Volunteers was ably responded to by Lieut.-General Sir Selby Smythe and by Colonels Dyde and de Lotbiniere Harwood.

Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just acknowledged the toast of the Lieut.-Governors, and ex-Mayor Hingston, in reply for the Ladies, paid a graceful tribute to the Countess of Dufferin.

About midnight this memorable banquet closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

V. FIFTH DAY.

I. AT THE THISTLE CURLING RINK.—On arriving, at eleven o'clock, Mr. D. J. Greenshields, President of the Thistle Curling Club, assisted by the Board of Directors, received His Excellency, and the party were escorted to the reception room. Having interchanged courtesies with the members of the Three Rivers Club and others, the Vice Regal Club teams were soon on the ice. Here a splendid besom, manufactured expressly for the purpose by H. A. Nelson & Sons, was presented to His Excellency. It contains, engraved upon a shield of silver which ornaments the handle, the crest and monogram of His Excellency. The game was soon opened, and ere long the Vice Regal team had secured a lead of five points, while the air rang with the plaudits of curlers as a splendid shot marked triumph for their side. Keen curling, careful and steady play on the part of the Three Rivers men soon changed the aspect of affairs, and after a very close contest they defeated the Vice Regal team, as will be seen from the score given below:—

VICE REGAL.	THREE RIVERS.
NO. 1 RINK.	
Lt.-Col. Littleton,	W. C. Pentland,
T. Rowell,	A. McDougall,
His Excellency—Skip 12C. A. Boxer—Skip 15.	
Twelve ends.	Eleven ends.

NO. 2 RINK.

W. Robertson, L. Brunelle,
T. Hamilton, P. N. Martin,
Capt. F. Ward—Skip 17P. B. Vanake—Skip 15.

Ten ends. 29 Eleven ends. 30.
The party, having finished the game at about a quarter to two o'clock, adjourned to the dining room, and when they had been seated, the Chaplain of the Club, the Rev. Robert Laing, asked the divine blessing, and in a few moments thereafter the curlers, with appetites whetted by the keen enjoyment of the game, were discussing the wholesome fare.

A feature of the occasion was the presence almost during the entire game of Her Excellency Lady Dufferin and suite, and except for the interval which elapsed during Her Excellency's visit to the Victoria Skating Rink, they witnessed and enjoyed the game.

The colours of His Excellency were used as prominently as possible in decorating the rink, the orange and blue being in pretty contrast on the ice, while the handles of the stones were also marked with rosettes of the same colours.

II. AT THE VICTORIA RINK.—Her Excellency, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Littleton, Mrs. Russell Stephenson and Miss Hamilton, visited Victoria Rink about eleven o'clock, and were received by the Directors, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Lewis, the Secretary, Mr. Chipman, being also in attendance. There were on the ice a goodly number of spectators, principally ladies, and Her Excellency joined them, accompanied by Miss Hamilton. Some time elapsed before the distinguished skater tired of the exhilarating exercise; and having done so, she retired to the Directors' room, and soon afterwards the party left the Rink.

III. THE DRAWING-ROOM AND LEVEE.—This took place at the Windsor Hotel, at 3 p.m. Long before the hour named the hotel was thronged with citizens anxious to pay their respects to the distinguished guests. Nearly every officer of the several volunteer corps was in attendance in full dress. The Victoria Rifles furnished a guard of honour of 100 men, under the command of Captain Charles Torrance. The men were drawn up in line in the grand corridor of the hotel, immediately in front of the grand reception rooms. Their Excellencies, on appearing, were greeted with the usual salute. The presentations were unprecedentedly numerous.

IV. THE CONVERSATION OF THE ART ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL.—This was held in the billiard room of the Windsor, transformed for that purpose. Shortly after half-past seven the visitors commenced to assemble in numbers, and by the time eight o'clock had been reached, the room was filled with an audience brilliant in beauty and fashion, and representing, it is fair to say, the intelligence of our city. A guard of honour of 120 men from the Fifth Royal Fusiliers had been drawn up from the foot of the grand staircase to the door of the billiard-room, thus forming a passage through which the procession was to pass. Meantime Their Excellencies and suite had been received by the President of the Association, Sir Francis Hincks, in the room of Mr. Notman. They were there presented to the Vice-President, Mr. Justice Mackay, and the Council, composed of the following gentlemen: Rev. Dr. Cordner and Messrs. F. B. Mathews, Wm. Notman, W. B. Lambe, Peter Redpath, John Hope, John Popham, Charles Gibb, W. F. Kay, Richard White, Edward Mackay, C. Holland and R. W. Shepherd, Treasurer.

After an interchange of courtesies, the procession formally proceeded to open the Conversation. His Excellency, dressed in his official uniform, was preceded by his suite, and the Countess and the ladies were escorted by the members of Council. As the procession passed along, His Excellency was repeatedly cheered. On reaching the rotunda, he was received with the general salute, and in a few moments reached the dais erected for the accommodation of their Excellencies. Here he was received with the greatest cordiality, and after having surveyed the scene before him—a room literally packed with refined and elegant humanity—Sir Francis Hincks, having asked for perfect silence on the part of the ladies and gentlemen while he read it, delivered a suitable address.

The reply of His Excellency was in his happiest vein, and it was distinguished by two incidents—the presentation of a cheque of \$500 from His Lordship to the Association, and the promise of an important contribution from Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the renowned American landscape artist.

Their Excellencies then mingled with the throng, and inspected the various works of art, and returned to their apartments at about a quarter to nine, the procession being honoured in the usual manner as it passed across the floor of the rotunda and ascended the grand staircase.

VI.

THE SIXTH DAY.

I. THE RUBBER FACTORY.—His Excellency, Lady Dufferin and suite arrived at the Rubber Factory shortly before 11 o'clock, and were received by the Directors—Sir Hugh Allan, President; Adolphe Roy, Vice-President; Joseph Barsalou, James Benning, and F. Scholes, Manager. Sir Francis Hincks, Chairman, and Messrs. Andrew Robertson and C. J. Brydges, the Executive of the Citizens' Committee, and E. Holton, Secretary, accompanied the Vice-Regal party. Messrs. G. Boivin, M. H. Gault, J. Stewart, and representatives of the daily press were also present. Much interest was taken in

the work which was progressing, and the process of working the rubber was eagerly enquired after by Lady Dufferin and His Excellency.

The road to Hochelaga had been profusely decorated with bunting. Streamers were thrown across the street, and evergreens decked the buildings, while flags floated over many of the buildings, and the whole of the approaches to Hochelaga by St. Mary street were brilliantly ornamented.

II. THE HUDON COTTON FACTORY.—On arriving Ald. Grenier, on behalf of the Directors, read an address to which His Excellency replied. The Vice-Regal visitors were thereupon conducted through the factory by Mr. Victor Hudon, President of the Company; R. M. Gault, Vice-President; Alderman Grenier, Senator Thibaudeau, Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Dubord, Directors, and Mr. Whitehead, Manager. They afterward adjourned to a lunch supplied by the officers of the establishment.

III. AT HOCHELAGA.—The party having bid farewell to the Directors, were soon again in their sleighs, and a short drive through the cheering crowds, past the guard of honour, with presented arms, enabled them to reach the depot of the Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railway, where the Municipal Council were in waiting to receive them. The passenger station was literally covered with bunting, and upon a raised platform covered with carpets and cushions, were chairs, placed for His Excellency and suite. Mayor ROLLAND then read an address on behalf of the Council and citizens of Hochelaga, to which His Lordship replied.

He was repeatedly cheered by the assembled multitude, several thousand being present, and having bid adieu to the Councillors, he was soon on board the train, accompanied by Lady Dufferin and suite, while the Executive Committee were also present, and in addition there were on the train Alderman T. D. Hood, the only representative of the City Council, Mayor Rolland, Mr. Justice Coursol, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Mr. Geo. Horne, Col. Harwood, Col. D'Orsonnens, ex-Ald. Rivard, Messrs. Globensky, Nantel, James Stewart and Archambault. Mr. Duncan Macdonald was present, looking after the comfort of their Excellencies and party, and superintending the direction of the train.

The Montreal Field Battery, always on hand when a display of loyalty is necessary, were posted on each side of the track, and as the train commenced to move, a salute of seventeen guns was fired, while the torpedoes on the rails supplied a sort of *feu de joie*, as an obligato to the heavier music of the Field Battery's bulldogs; the crowd cheered vociferously, and the band playing "Auld Lang Syne," the whole being an ovation—fitting termination to Montreal's tribute to the representative of the British Crown.

IV. HOMEWARD BOUND.—At every station between Montreal and Ottawa, preparations had been made in honor of Their Excellencies. Addresses were presented and replies made. There was this order of things at Ste. Thérèse, Ste. Scholastique, Lachute, Hawkesbury, Papineauville, Thuro, Buckingham and Hull.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL.

There is perhaps no single circumstance connected with the visit of their Excellencies, which better deserves special notice than the grand building which he inhabited while in the city, which, indeed, he may be said to have inaugurated, and which will always be associated with his name. Lord Dufferin himself called the Windsor Hotel a palace, and the designation is a just one. There is no finer edifice of its kind on this continent, and Montreal may well be proud of having such an institution, gotten up by the energy and public spirit of some of her own citizens. We present many views of the Windsor in the current number, both separately and in connection with the event of the Vice-Regal visit. In addition we may add the following interesting particulars which ought to be publicly known and remembered.

The building was commenced in the spring of 1876, and prosecuted with energy until the spring of 1877, when the total of the capital stock subscribed, amounting to about \$400,000, having been expended, and it being found impossible to get further stock taken up, a Syndicate was formed from the Board of Directors and the contractors and a few of their friends who undertook to finish the building. They raised a further sum of \$420,000 with which to complete the building. The Executive Committee of the Syndicate, consisting of Messrs. Andrew Allan, James Worthington, W. C. Macdonald, Charles Garth, James Shearer and William Notman, deserve great credit for their exertions in successfully completing the building, and Mr. Worthington, the lessee, for the responsibility he has assumed in carrying it on. The building was opened for guests on the 28th of last month, and so far the encouragement received has been all that could be expected. The total cost of the building and furnishing up to the present date, has been about \$920,000, and when completely furnished the cost may be put down at about \$1,000,000.

HERR VON FLOTOW is shortly expected at Paris with his opera "La Rosellana," which is to be produced at the Théâtre Italien during the season.

A TRAGIC scene took place at the second representation of "Carmen," at the Theatre-Royal at Antwerp. In the last scene of the fourth act, at the moment when Don José kills his faithless mistress, M. Rodier threw so much reality into the acting that the corset of Mlle Reme was stained with blood. Happily the theatrical poniard is not a deadly weapon, and the wound was but slight, the incident not being even perceived by the spectators.

FROM OTTAWA.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the tone of the debates in the House of Commons during the past week is not to be taken as an earnest of the style which is to characterize the discussions of the session. If it is, it will be highly desirable that, in addition to the promised measure for the better securing of the Independence of Parliament, a bill should be speedily introduced for the better securing of the *dignity* of Parliament and the suppression of unprofitable recrimination. If the debates go on as they have begun, we may expect to see a cheap edition of the *Hansard* brought out in London for the special benefit of the cabmen and omnibus drivers of the metropolis, whose vocabulary of abuse and retort would be greatly enlarged by a careful study of that interesting publication.

Mr. Masson struck the key-note on Monday by a violent attack upon the new Minister of Inland Revenue (Mr. Laurier), concluding by a remark with which the general public will cordially coincide, "that what was wanted by the Province of Quebec was honest legislation and honest dealings in public life." This maxim is probably capable of even a much wider application.

Mr. Laurier, whose quiet and finished style of oratory was in marked contrast to that of his opponent, made an effective reply, using, of course, the favourite *tu quoque* very liberally.

Mr. Langevin expressed his opinion that a great Conservative reaction had commenced in the Province of Quebec, and denied that religious questions had anything to do with his election.

Mr. Taschereau was astonished at this denial and quoted the Hon. gentleman's "organ" in contradiction of his statement. Mr. Langevin was understood to reply in effect that he did not grind the "organ" referred to.

The subject was pursued *ad nauseam* by other members and led to a remark by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie that the discussion had taken a very narrow range and that the debate had got into an old groove which was not a very desirable one to run in. As it appeared, however, that a number of members on both sides of the House had an accumulation of bile of which they were anxious to get rid, the debate was adjourned till Tuesday, when it was resumed by Mr. Mousseau who accused the Government of wholesale bribery and corruption and of using the cry of Protection in order to catch the old National Party of Lower Canada.

Mr. Jette replied, and was succeeded by the Hon. Mr. Huntington, who maintained that "if the accusations of the Opposition carried proof along with them it was a sufficient reply to say that they had only committed the sin in which the Conservatives had gloried." The hon. gentleman deserves credit for the boldness with which he expressed his opinions, but it is scarcely a creditable thing to find the enunciation of such a doctrine received with cheers by a party which came in on a cry of purity. He made a powerful speech in his usual fluent and effective style, recapitulating all the old misdeeds of the Conservative party and defending Mr. Cauchon from the attacks made upon him by the Opposition and their press, saying, in effect, that since that gentleman had joined the Liberal party he had become quite an immaculate character.

Hon. Mr. Tupper accused the Government of wasteful extravagance and corrupt expenditure, and prophesied that the Finance Minister would have a deficit of \$1,500,000 to add to the two millions deficit of last year, whereat the Opposition cheered lustily as though it was a matter of jubilation. The hon. gentleman then attacked the Minister of Militia (Mr. Jones), whom he accused of disloyalty, and, as the mantle of prophecy had apparently descended upon him, he ventured another prediction to the effect that at an early day the Reform party would be swept from power. Whatever may be the result of his last anticipation, it is fervently to be hoped that he may be incorrect in his first, and that like the prophet of old his curses may be turned to blessings.

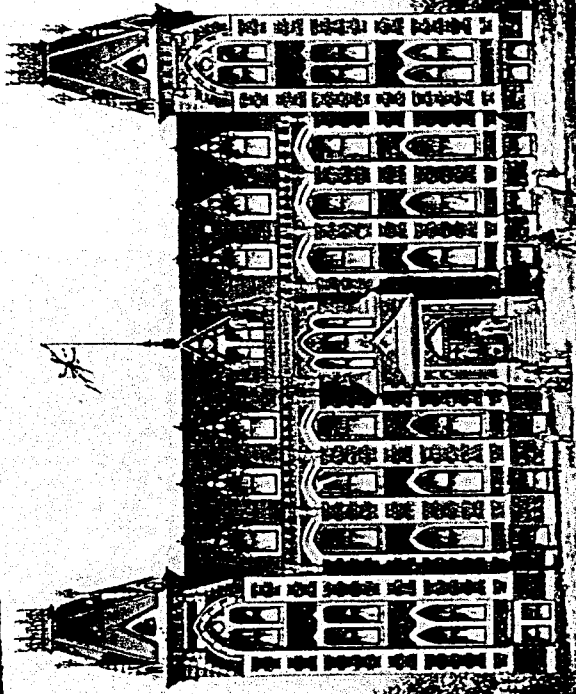
Hon. Mr. Jones retorted in a style quite in keeping with the general tone of the debate. He accused Dr. Tupper of falsehood, corruption, misrepresentation, and, in fact, of every crime of which a politician could well be accused. He denied, and very fairly explained, the charge of disloyalty made against him. He brought up the old charges against the member for Cumberland with reference to the Hollis street house-letting transaction, the Pictou Railway, Spring Hill Mines, and concluded a two hours' speech of eloquent abuse by predicting that the Doctor would find himself in a warm place at the next general election. Our friends from the Maritime Provinces are certainly adepts at this style of oratory—can it be the fish? If we remember rightly the ladies who attend Billingsgate Market possess a similar faculty.

The debate was resumed on Wednesday by Mr. Plumb, who advocated Protection as a cure for the depression.

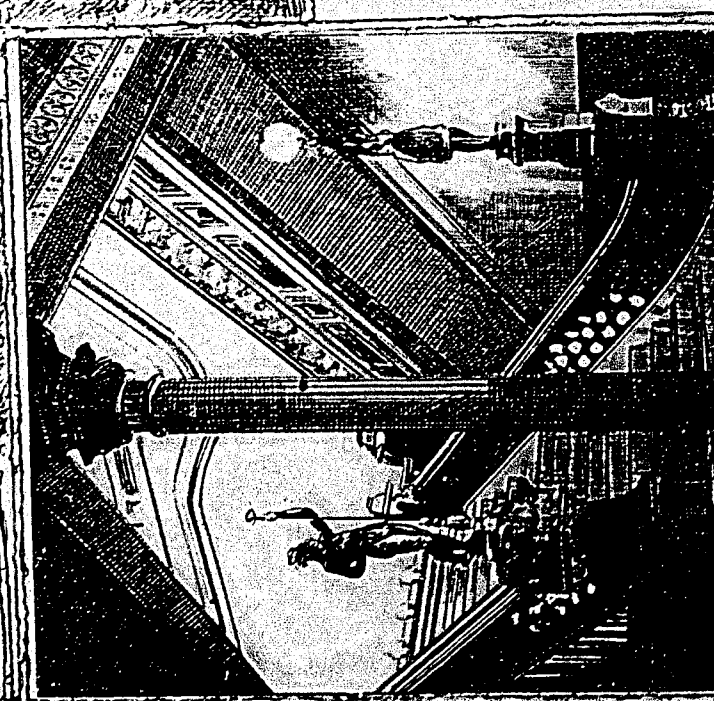
Mr. Bowell referred to the "big push" letter of Mr. Senator Brown and taunted Mr. Huntington with his copper mine transactions, being interrupted by allusions to the "Grand Junction Railway."

Mr. Huntington denounced the persons who made the charges as "slanders and traducers," to which Mr. Bowell retorted that if the member from Sheffield were not "as base as he was cowardly, he could long ago have brought before the courts those whom he now denounced as traducers."

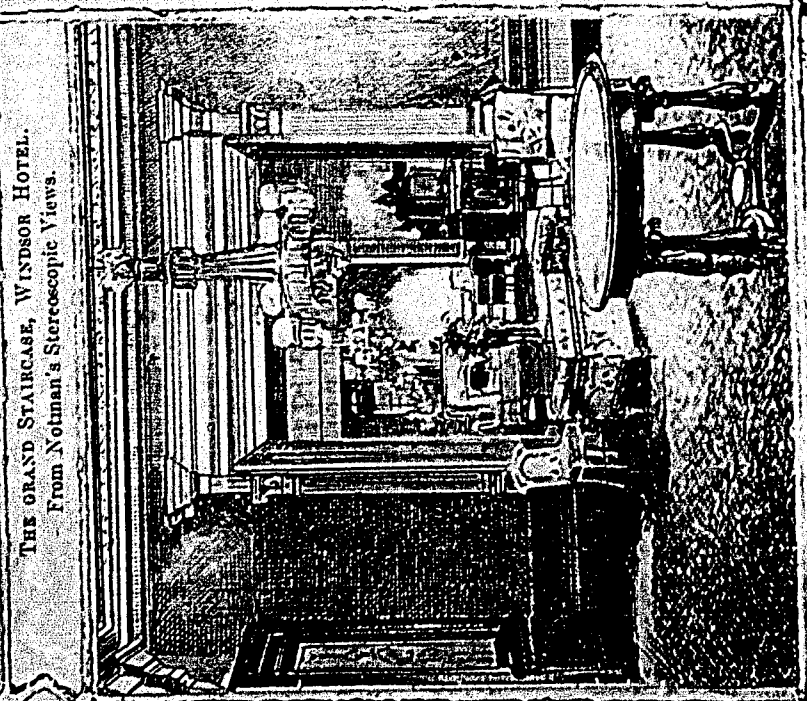
Mr. Cook defended his own course in spending \$15,000 on his election, on the ground that he



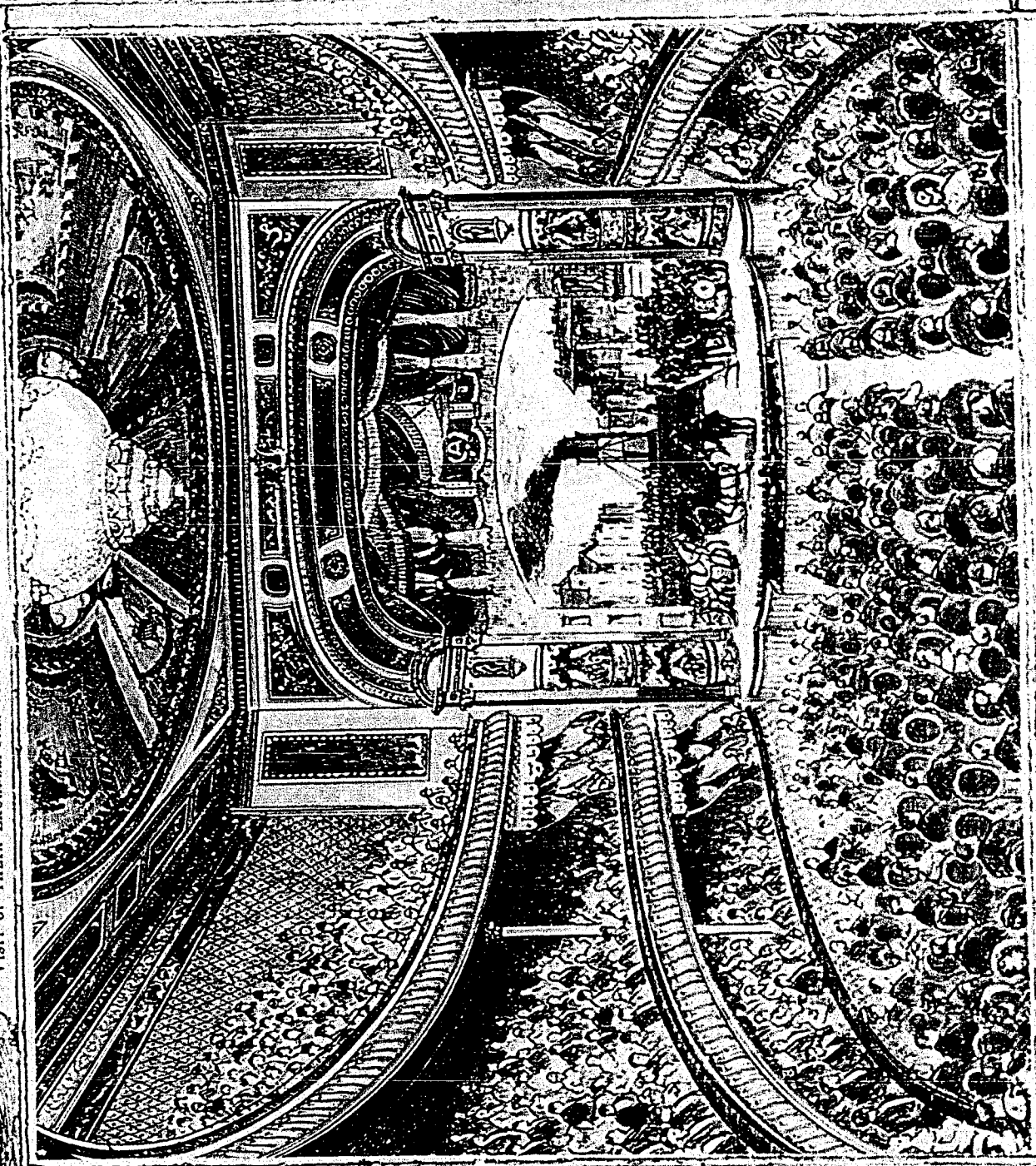
VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES TO THE MACKAY INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.



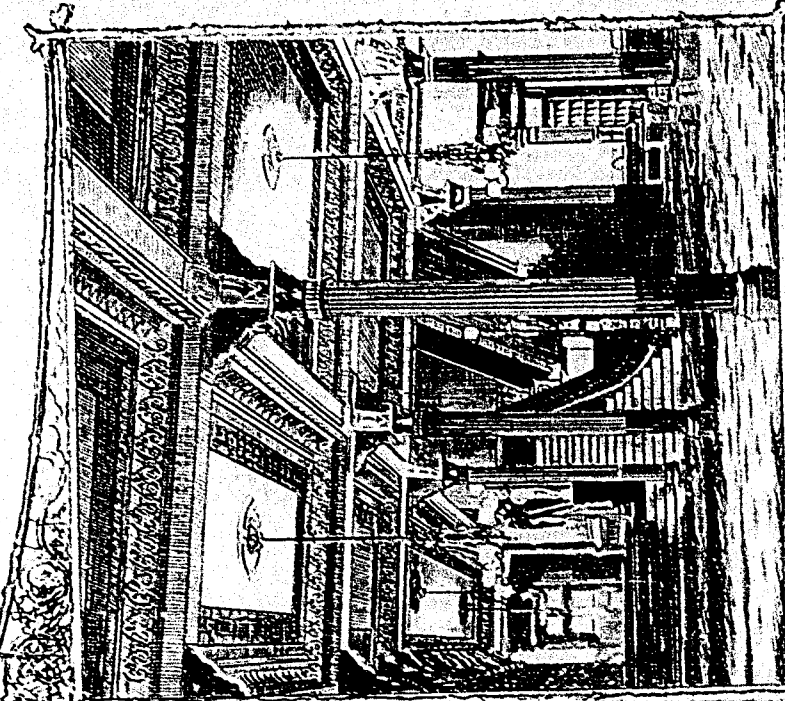
THE GRAND STAIRCASE, WINDSOR HOTEL.
From Notman's Stereoscopic Views.



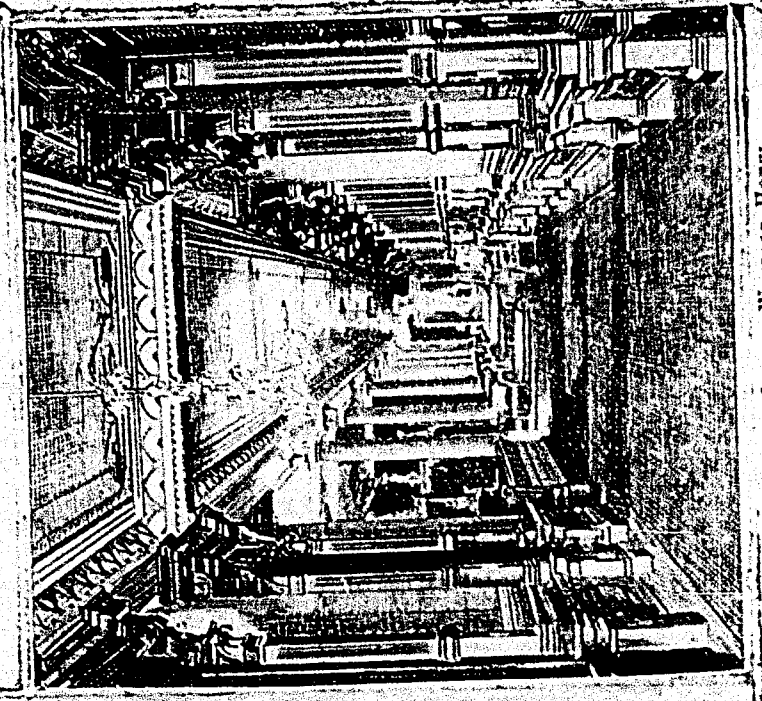
THE LADIES' PARLOR, WINDSOR HOTEL.
From Notman's Stereoscopic Views.



THE MILITARY DRAMA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 13.

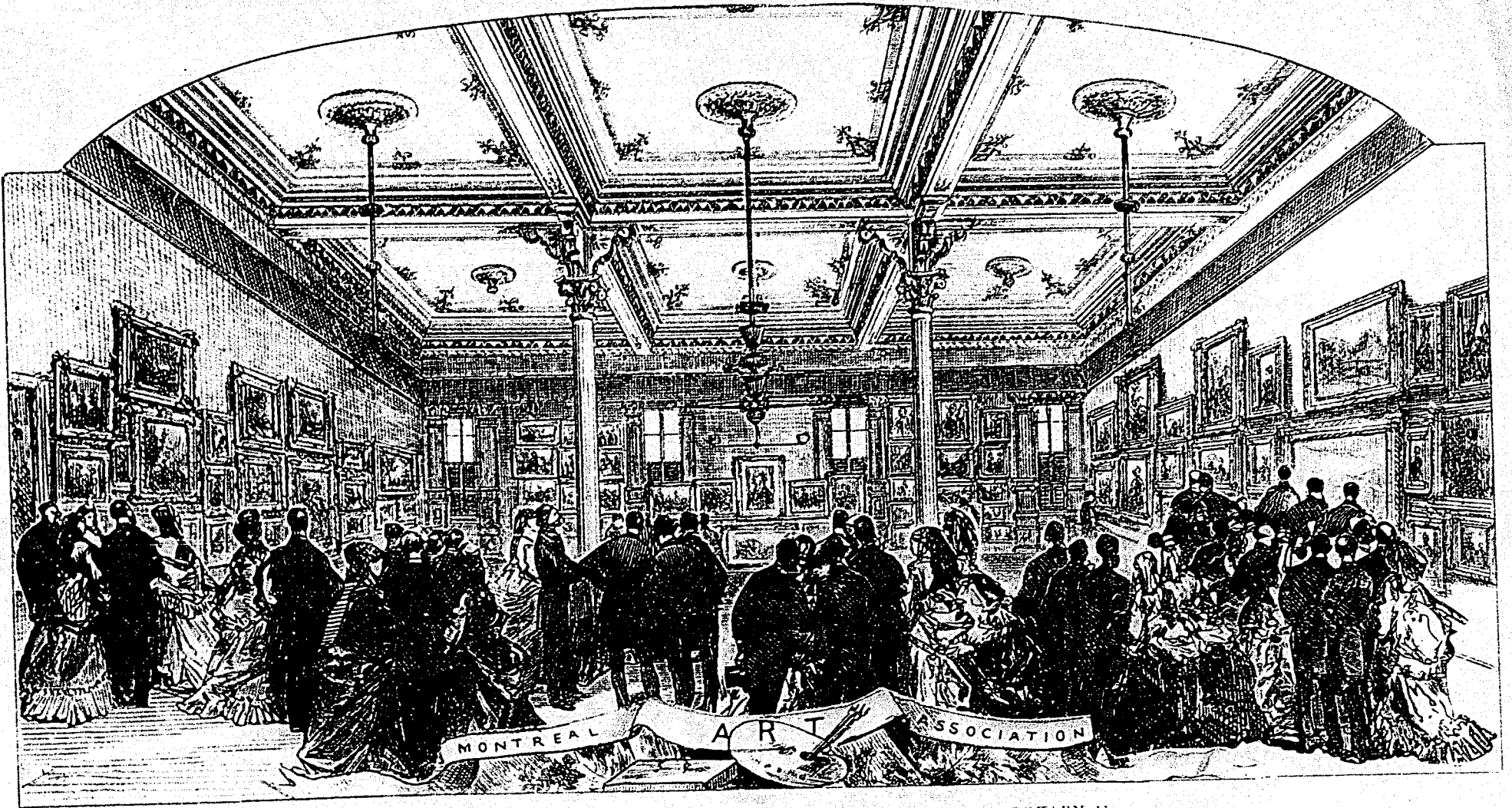


STAIRCASE, WINDSOR HOTEL.
From Notman's Stereoscopic Views.



THE GRAND LOBBY, WINDSOR HOTEL.
From Notman's Stereoscopic Views.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO MONTREAL.



THE ART ASSOCIATION CONVERSAZIONE ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 17.



THE WINDSOR HOTEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.
THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO MONTREAL.

had been "compelled to fight old Nick with fire," and Mr. Dymond said a few words on behalf of the Hon. George Brown.

The debate was again adjourned and resumed in the same strain by Mr. McCallum, Mr. Young (Waterloo), Mr. W. H. Gibbs and others, until the Premier was compelled to suggest mildly that the members were rather overdoing the thing. It was, however, of no avail, and the House was again adjourned. The debate, if debate it can be called, is still going on and is likely to last over the balance of the week, by which time the members will possibly feel that they have thoroughly done their duty by their constituents, a sentiment in which it is more than doubtful whether the country will coincide.

ARGUS.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

For the last two days the time of the House has been occupied with the most unfortunate series of occurrences, and the result is anything but creditable to those on the Government Benches either as politicians or gentlemen. At the same time the Opposition have brought the result on themselves by their manner of debating, which has been extremely discourteous, to say the least of it, to those on the other side of the House. Both sides are to blame, and where both are wrong the weaker of the two always suffers.

The circumstances are these:—On Tuesday afternoon, shortly after 5 o'clock, the gas which had been burning very dimly, suddenly commenced to jump and nearly half of the jets in the large centre chandelier went out. On perceiving which, the Sergeant-at-Arms immediately had the gas turned off, leaving only those in the reporters' gallery alight. On this several members on the Government side called out 6 o'clock, while on the Opposition side they cried "No! No! Go on," whereupon the Speaker said "I declare it 6 o'clock," and immediately left the Chair.

After the recess the Speaker read an explanation of his conduct in which he stated he believed it to be the desire of the majority that he should leave the Chair in consequence of the darkness and he had done so. Mr. Joly expressed himself satisfied with the explanation, and added it had been his intention to take the opinion of the House on the subject, but after the explanation that had been given he would take no further steps. The following afternoon Mr. Joly pointed out that the explanation of the Speaker did not appear on the Records of the House. Mr. Angers argued it was unnecessary and the Speaker decided it being in the hands of the House, he should not put it on the Records of the House unless directed to do so by motion. This challenge was immediately accepted by Mr. Joly, who moved that in leaving the chair as he had, the Speaker had infringed the rules of the House. A hot discussion followed on this and the motion was ultimately voted down.

Mr. Mathieu then moved that none of the proceedings relating to the question be entered on the Records of the House. The debate on this motion lasted till 6 o'clock and was renewed after recess, when Mr. Joly in speaking to the motion said in the heat of debate, that the majority ruled the House by brute force (*la force brutale*). This the Speaker decided to be unparliamentary, when Mr. Joly said "Very well; I won't use them again." Mr. Chapleau, however, demanded the retraction of the words, stating they were insulting to the House. The Speaker accordingly requested Mr. Joly to retract. Mr. Joly answered that believing the words were true, he declined to do so. The Speaker being called on to rule what should be done, postponed his decision till the following afternoon, and the House immediately adjourned, the Opposition objecting. On Thursday afternoon, on the opening of the House, the Speaker again asked Mr. Joly if he would retract. Mr. Marchand raised a point of order by objecting to the subject going any further, as there was nothing in regard to it on the votes and proceedings of the previous day. The Speaker overruled the objection, when Mr. Joly said, "As this proceeding seems to me to be irregular, I do not think I am obliged to reply." The Speaker then said, "Owing to the position taken by the honourable member I have now a painful duty to perform, which is to submit his conduct to the judgment of the House." On this Mr. Angers moved that Mr. Joly be reprimanded in his seat by the Speaker. On this the Opposition raised point after point of order, all being decided against them and the decision supported by appeal to the House. This lasted till 6 o'clock, when Mr. Anger's motion being carried, the Speaker said to Mr. Joly, "I admonish you," and the House took recess. After recess Mr. Mathieu's motion that nothing on the question should appear on the Records of the House was carried, but notwithstanding this the votes and proceedings of the House contain a full account of Mr. Joly having been reprimanded, while not a word is said about the Speaker's volunteered explanation and its concomitants. This afternoon Mr. Marchand made a motion protesting against the above entry on the votes and proceedings and directing them to be struck off.

Another discussion, another division, and the minority are again crushed.

Concerning the above I cannot help a few remarks expressing the opinions of many who looked on, taking no part in it and who differ in politics. Mr. Speaker was wrong in not entering his explanation on the Records of the

House, as was expected by nearly every member in the House. Mr. Joly was wrong in not bowing to the decision of the Speaker, who certainly made a great mistake in postponing his decision till the following day, as the Records of the House, containing nothing about the matter, made the whole of the proceedings of Thursday irregular if not illegal, and lastly the taunts of the Opposition openly thrown in the teeth of the Government side aroused the passions of many members and disgusted all but their immediate supporters. A little concession on the part of the Government would have gone a long way to prevent the breach that now exists between the Right and the Left, and which bids fair to last till the end of the Parliament.

A little incident that happened this afternoon will bear me out. While Mr. Angers was speaking to Mr. Marchand's motion, he was frequently interrupted from the Opposition side until Mr. Lafromboise, one of the interrupters, was rebuked by Mr. Houde, of Maskinonge, whereupon Mr. Lafromboise taunted Mr. Houde, who at one time was a Liberal, with being led by his new masters, to which the old gentleman replied, "I left my old masters because they were no good."

Now for matters more attractive, but before leaving the subject I must apologise for the length to which I have gone, the uniqueness of the affair being my sole excuse.

In my last letter I pointed out one mutual admiration society in the House, now I have discovered another one which, however, would be better styled the applauding quartette. They are Messrs. Larue, Dupont, Lavallée and LeCavallier. They all sit near one another, and so soon as Mr. Larue, the leader, shouts "Yare, Yare," then the others join in. As applauders they are a tower of strength.

From the floor to the gallery. The Press galleries have been badly treated, not a word has been said about them. Now I will mention them for the first and last time. They contain desks for 21 journalists; between 30 and 35 individuals have obtained that right. Out of that large number not more than six or seven do any reporting, the others are principally composed of young students who obtain credentials from country papers and there loaf away an hour or two with their faces poised on the tips of their fingers staring widely at the ladies' galleries, then suddenly remembering an appointment they swagger out with more style than a dog with two tails. There are a number of journalists who, although they do no work in the gallery, occupy a seat there because it is easier of ingress and egress than any other gallery, while there are others, very few, who sit and ponder over the proceedings for editorial purposes. The great difficulty is to keep our gallery clear of outsiders. There seems to be an idea, here, that a journalist's life is a very enviable one, or anyhow to be thought to be one, is the height of many a young man's ambition. Therefore we are overrun with boys just out of their teens, who draw pictures, talk and otherwise interrupt those who work, and in fact do all they can to make themselves as disagreeable as they possibly can.

The Quebec Gas Company of Quebec is deserving of a note of censure. For several days during the session the gas has been abominable, sometimes it refused to burn altogether, and then candles would be lit, one for every two members and distributed around the House, causing a picturesque appearance certainly, but giving very little light. Since the result of too little gas, however, the light has been all that could be wished.

Speaking of the Right and Left sides of the House, I must mention that notwithstanding there is plenty of room on the Opposition Benches, Messrs. de Beaujeu and Cameron, who invariably vote against the Government, persist in sitting on the Right side, to the exclusion of those Conservative members who are crowded on to the other side.

There is, at present sight, but little doubt that the session will last for another fortnight or three weeks, so you will hear from me again.

KRIS KRINGLE.

TO A CHILD.

As on the pages of some fairy book,
With rapt, delighted interest we look,
Reading in every line the magic lore
That makes our world-worn spirits young once more,
So look we, lovely child, upon thy face,
So in each line some tender record trace,
Of pleasures pure as might the angels know,
Could they come down to walk with us below.

Gazing, we muse and murmur can it be
That life's sad cares must come to such as thee?
Must those soft eyes, so full of gladness now,
Grow dim with tears, and meet that radiant brow,
Where sweetest, tenderest characters are writ,
Be'er by anguish or wild passion knit?
And that entrancing smile, whose winsome grace
Plays like swift sunshine o'er thy dimpling face,
Must Time and Sorrow even that efface?

Ah! sweet it were if love could learn some charm
To shield thy darlings from the touch of harm!
But Love can only breathe a pleasing prayer
To One who holds us all in heavenly care.
As he doth keep a star of holiest light
Safe in its orbit thro' the darkness night,
So may He keep, dear child, thro' perilous youth,
Thy soul secure in Innocence and Truth;
And if the mists of Error round thee rise,
If Evil lure, or Sin her witchery tries,
Still may thy heaven-protected spirit be
From every dark and baleful influence free;
Free as the morning star in yon bright plain,
Which takes from blackest clouds no hurtful stain.

E. S. S.

New York, January, 1878.

VARIETIES.

SIR EDWARD CREASY, the historian, author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," died lately, aged sixty-six.

IDLENESS NOT HAPPINESS.—The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned the better for everyone. If you doubt the proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they the idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves. Why, the slave at his enforced labour, or the hungry toiler for bread, were supremely happy in comparison.

SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.—In Dr. Schliemann's collection of relics from Troy and Mycenae there are no fewer than 8,700 small golden jewels. The work on them is in some instances almost microscopic. Pegs, buttons, pins, dice—even shirt-studs are among them. There are six golden bracelets, somewhat injured by fire. There are over sixty ear-drops, generally made of fine gold wires closely compressed, and in some examples soldered, with much skill, and unlike any hitherto discovered. Two of them are a pair of beautiful serpents; four others are serpentine. In the chains there are no links; the beads and oblong bits of gold are soldered together or fastened to each other in some inscrutable way.

SENSIBLE WOMEN.—A true woman honours her duties and delights in her home. She knows what portion of life's work is naturally assigned to her by the fitness of things and the best division of her labour, and she does it, finding in the exact performance of those duties which nature and custom have laid on her both her place and her pride. She does not disdain to examine closely her grocer's book and her butcher's bill. She does not think the keys of the store-room her symbol of degradation, nor hold the nice condition of the linen something below her dignity to ensure. Sometimes she even undertakes that kind of deft embroidery known as darning, and does not leave all to the housemaid, whose fingers are hard and her needles sure to be large.

NOVELTY IN PAPER.—When the usefulness of compressed paper for railway wheels was demonstrated two or three years ago, people asked "What next?" The question can now be answered. The latest use of paper appears to be for chimney-pots. They are made in Breslau, and are light and durable. Before the paper pulp is moulded and compressed into the required shape, it is treated with chemicals which render it non-inflammable. Specimens of paper and cloth made from the California cactus were recently exhibited before the Maryland Academy of Sciences. The cactus grows abundantly in many of the Western States and Territories, and it is found on arid soil where nothing can be cultivated. The success that has been met with in making paper from this plant is so marked that the business will probably be attempted on a large scale.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AND VENESESECTION.—In view of the fatal termination of King Victor Emmanuel's illness, the fact that he was bled, even to a small extent, is much to be regretted, as it is to be feared that it will increase the prejudice against blood-letting which now so largely prevails. It appears that in the late King's attack so large a proportion of the lungs became intensely gorged that no treatment could have been attended with satisfactory results; but there is no doubt that the abstraction of a few ounces of blood often gives enormous mechanical relief in cases of acute pulmonary disease. A healthy relation between the heart and the lungs is re-established, and the further development of the disease checked. It is probable that many lives would be yearly saved in this country if practitioners had the courage to oppose the deep-rooted prejudices against phlebotomy which now so sadly cripple their action.

"HEAT IS LIFE—COLD IS DEATH."—The saying "heat is life—cold is death" has a striking illustration and confirmation in the reports now regularly submitted to the Glasgow Sanitary Committee. The death-rate rises and falls with the regularity of the thermometer. So many degrees less heat, so many more deaths, *vice versa*. In a recent fortnightly report Dr. Russell says:—"The death-rate in the first week of the fortnight was twenty-one; in the second week twenty-five. The mean temperature in the former week was 40.8 deg. F., in the latter 39.5." He attributes the low rate of the first week to the high mean temperature of the preceding fortnight, which was 47.3 deg., and adds:—"This is a good illustration of a law which we frequently observe in these reports of temperatures and death-rates—that a week of low temperature produces a rise in mortality the week following." This explodes another popular notion, not specially of the old, but of the young and strong, that a good sharp frost with a plentiful accompaniment of snow is the most healthy weather we can have.

TWO NEW ANECDOTES OF TURNER.—Turner was staying once in a friend's house at Knockholt, where there were three children. Turner had brought a picture with him of which the

distance was already carefully outlined, but there was no material for the nearer parts. One morning, when about to proceed with this drawing, he called in the children as *collaborateurs* for the rest, in the following manner. He rubbed three cakes of water colour—red, blue and yellow—in three separate saucers, gave one to each child, and told the children to dabble in the saucers and then play together with their coloured fingers on his paper. These directions were gleefully obeyed, as the reader may well imagine. Turner watched the work of the thirty little fingers with serious attention, after the dabbling had gone on for some time, suddenly called out, "Stop!" He then took the drawing into his own hands, and added imaginary landscape forms, suggested by the accidental colouring, and the work was finished. On another occasion, after dinner, he amused himself in arranging some many-coloured sugar-plums on a dessert plate, and when disturbed in the operation by a question, said to the questioner, "There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE press and public of Italy are making a decided stand against the extravagant salaries demanded by leading singers and actors. The official returns given to government disclose the fact that at the first appearance of Mme. Patti as *Violetta* at Florence the total receipts were £1,200. At her second, as *Rosina*, the receipts dwindled down to £264. Her share was £500 a night.

MME. MODJESKA, the admirable Polish actress, over whom New York is crazy, is about forty years old, having been on the stage in her own country as far back as 1850, and having a son full twenty years old.

AMONG some autograph letters lately sold was one written by Kitty Clive and David Garrick, in reference to the stoppage of her salary, in which she says, "I hope the stoppage of money is not a french fashion." This brought something over seventy-five dollars. Another letter, which was sold for twenty dollars, was written by Mrs. Piozzi and contained this critical sentence, "But I would rather talk about Shakespeare, whose knowledge of colloquial Italian seems proved in each his 'taming of the Shrew'."

In one of the "Reviews" now in progress at a Paris theatre one act is played in the audience by actors scattered here and there, and the most intense excitement prevails in consequence. One of the leading actresses sings a song in the dress circle.

LITERARY.

A MARRIAGE is arranged and will take place at Westminster Abbey during the first week in March between Mr. Lionel Tennyson, youngest son of the Poet Laureate, and Miss Eleanor Locker, daughter of Mr. Frederick Locker and the late Lady Charlotte Locker.

THE forthcoming report of the Royal Commission on Copyright will recommend that an exclusive right of dramatization shall be secured to novelists.

MR. TENNYSON has several new poems nearly ready for publication. One of them is something in the style of the famous "Northern Farmer."

THERE will shortly be published "Practical Legislation; or, The Composition and Language of Acts of Parliament," by Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B. Our Canadian law-givers should lay in an abundant supply.

THE prose remains of Mortimer Collins have been collected by his widow, and will, under the editorship of Mr. Tom Taylor, be brought out.

PROF. STANLEY JEVONS has in preparation an abridgment of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for the use of students. The volume will contain a large amount of original matter in the shape of notes.

THE poet Close has just been gladdened in the acceptance by the Queen of a copy of his "Christmas Book." She has likewise sent him a letter of thanks. Mr. Close, it seems, has had a severe illness all the winter, and is in a very weak state of health.

CLOUD BANNERS OF THE ALPS.

Among the most exquisite scenes which delight the eye of the European traveller are those wonderful rose-coloured cloud banners, floating from the Alpine cliffs. But it is only in the sunlight that Nature hangs out those beautiful tokens. So it is only in the glow of health—the sunlight of our inner being—that nature reveals those physical cloud-banners, the "rosy cheek" and "cherry lip," to praise which every poet of the earth has evoked the Muse to aid him. But they are as rare as the cynical Hood conceived Christian charity to be. Woman, eager to retain this charm, resorts to French art and rouge. The effect is similar to that which would be produced by substituting auctioneers' flags for the delicate glowing cloud-banners of the Alps. If woman would aid Nature instead of adopting art, would seek health instead of vainly trying to mask disease, she would not only win the greatest charm of womanhood—health—but she would avert much misery both from herself and others. Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription has received the highest praise from thousands of pale, delicate, suffering women. One bottle often affords more relief than months of treatment by caustics and other medicines. It is harmless in any condition of the system, and its use often renders the modest invalid exempt from that most trying of ordeals—a personal consultation with a physician. It is the duty of every woman to become familiar with the causes and symptoms of the many diseases to which her peculiar organization renders her liable, and also to learn the proper means of preventing these maladies. The People's Medical Adviser contains an extensive treatise upon "Woman and her Diseases." The Author also advises courses of domestic treatment, which will often render the services of a physician unnecessary. Every woman should read it. A copy of the Adviser can be obtained by addressing the Author, Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N.Y. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

A DREAM OF VENICE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I.

High over my head, carved cornice, quaint spire,
And ancient-built palaces, knocked their gray brows
Together and frowned. The slow-creeping scows
Scraped the wall on each side. High over, the fire
Of sudden-born morning came flaming in bars.
While up through my chasm I could count the stars.
My God! Such damp ruin! The dark smell of death
Came up the canal; I could scarce take my breath!
'Twas a fit place for pirates, for women who keep
Contagion of body and soul where they sleep.

II.

Great heaven! A white hand did beckon to me
From an old mouldy door, and almost in my reach.
I sprang to the sill as one wrecked to a beach;
I sprang with wide arms: it was she! it was she!
In such a damn'd place! And what was her trade?
To think I had followed, so faithful, so far,
From eternity's brink from star to white star,
To find her, to find her, nor wife nor sweet maid!
To find her a shameless poor creature of shame,
A nameless lost body, men hardly dare name.

III.

All alone in her pride, on that damp, dismal floor,
She stood to entice me. I bowed me before
All-conquering beauty. I called her my queen.
I told her my love as I would have told
My love, had I found her as pure as gold,
I reached her my hand, as fearless a man
As man fronting cannon. I cried: "Come forth
To the sun! There are lands to the south, to the north,
Anywhere where you will. Dash the shame from your
brow:
Come with me, forever; and come with me now!"

IV.

Why, I had turned pirate for her! I had seen
Tall ships burned from seas, like to stubble from field.
I would not now forsake her. Why should I now yield,
When she needed me most? Had I found her a queen,
And beloved by the world—why, what had I done?
I had wooed her, and wooed her, and wed till I won!
Then, if I had loved her with gold and fair fame,
Would not I now love her, and love her the same?
My soul hath a pride. I would tear out my heart
And feed it to dogs, could it play such a part.

V.

I told her all things. Her brow took a frown:
Her grand Titan beauty, so tall, so serene.
The one perfect woman mine own idol queen!
Her proud swelling bosom it broke up and down:
Then she spoke, and she shook in her soul as she said,
With her small hands upheld to her bent, aching head:
"Go back to the world! Go back and alone,
Thou strange, stormy soul, intense as my own!"
I said: "I will wait! I will wait in the pass
Of death, until Time he shall break his glass!"

VI.

"Don't you know me, my bride of the white worlds
before?
Why, don't you remember the white milky-way
Of stars, that we traversed a life-time through?
We were counting the colours, we were naming the
seas
Of the vaster ones. You remember the trees
That swayed in the cloudy white heavens, and bore
Bright crystals of sweets, and the sweet mauna-dew?
Why, you smile as you weep, and you lift up your brow,
And your bright eyes speak, and you know me now!
You know me as if 'twere but yesterday!"

VII.

"Now, here in the lands where the gods did love,
Where the white Europa was won—she rode
Her milk-white bull through the same warm seas—
Yea, here in the lands where the Hercules,
With the lion's heart and the heart of the dove,
Did walk in his naked great strength, and strode
In the sensuous air with his lion's skin
Flapping and treading his knotted thews,
Where Theseus did wonder, and Jasou cruise—
Lo! here let the life of all lives begin.

VIII.

"Lo! here where the Orient balms blow in,
Where heaven is kindest, where all God's blue
Seems a great gate opened to welcome you.
Come, rise and go forth, and forget your sin!"
Then rose her great heart, so grander far
Than I had believed on that outermost star;
And she put by her tears, and calmly she said,
With hands held low and with bended head:
"Go thou through the doors of death, and wait
For me on the innermost side of the gate.

IX.

"It is breaking my heart: but 'tis best," she said,
"Thank God that this life is but a day's span,
But a wayside inn for weary, worn man—
A night and a day, and to-morrow the spell
Of darkness is broken. Now, darling, farewell!
Nay, touch not the hem of my robe! It is red
With sins that your own sex heaped on my head,
But go, love, go! Yet remember this plan,
That whoever dies first is to sit down and wait
Inside death's door and watch at the gate."

X.

Then I grew noble. Yea, I grew so tall
I could almost reach to the golden hair
Of that poor, pitiful Cyprian there,
I did let my mantle of self-love fall,
And I stood all naked, so weak, so small.
I wondered that I could ever now dare
Lift up my prayer to Heaven at all.
And I accepted her lesson. I said,
With hands clasped down and declining head:
"I will go, I will wait by the gates of the dead."

XI.

"And you, O woman! go patient on through
The course that man hath compelled you to.
Then back to your mother, the earth, my love;
Go press to your bosom your beautiful brow,
Till it blends with your clay, and so purifies
Your flesh of the stains that so sully it now;
Lie down in the loam, thou populous loam,
Yea, sleep for the seas with death; then rise
As white, as light as the wings of a dove—
And so mad—holy, O love, come home!"

XII.

"Farewell for all time! And now," I said,
"What thing upon earth have I left to do?
Why, I shall go down through the gates of the dead,
And wait for your coming your long life through.
As you have commanded, lo! I shall obey,
I shall sit, I shall wait for you love, away—
I shall wait by the side of the gate for you,
Waiting, and counting the days as I wait—
I shall wait as that beggar that sat by the gate
Of Jerusalem, waiting the Judgment Day."

SAVED BY A DREAM.

That was a serious day for young Hubert Collins when, during the financial panic of thirty years ago, the firm of Woolsey & Pollard succumbed to the pressure, and went the way, with thousands of other concerns all over the country, to irretrievable ruin. Hubert, though but 21 years of age, held a responsible position under these unfortunate merchants, and was in the enjoyment of a lucrative salary. He was highly esteemed by his many acquaintances for the good qualities he possessed, as well as for the talent, aptitude and energy he evinced. Besides, he was liberal to a fault; and, this, of itself, was enough to gain him innumerable friends, however questionable or brittle may be the bonds of amity pertaining to many of them.

Hubert had been married some three years when this fatal tide in his affairs engulfed him, and was the father of two very interesting specimens of babyhood—a little girl, some two years old, and a bouncing boy, who had attained the mature age of six months or so.

Virginia Collins, the wife, was a sweet-tempered little woman, scarcely 20, and seemed to live, and was contented to live only, for her husband and little ones. She was not an extravagant wife, though, like the rest of her sex, it is safe to assume that she yearned for the many feminine trifles in the way of dress and the like; but she knew that Hubert could not afford them, and she silently submitted to the inevitable. It would have been infinitely better for her husband had he practised the same economy in his out-door life; but Hubert was generous and full of hope, and liked his billiards and his wine as well as the rest, and he enjoyed them too. He was never at a loss, neither, to find some one to join him, and graciously permit him to settle therefor, which isn't a singular fact.

This prodigality had its due effect, however, when Hubert found himself without employment or money, and with three helpless beings dependent on him.

On the evening of the day on which his employers had failed, he turned with a heavy heart in the direction of his home, bitterly, but uselessly, bewailing his misfortunes and the profligacy which had only rendered his situation incalculably worse. Happy in her ignorance of the day's events, his joyous little wife met him with her usual welcome; but, with a woman's quick perception, she easily discerned, despite his efforts to appear natural and self-possessed, that something unusual had eventuated to make Hubert abstracted, uncommunicative, and altogether unlike his happy, careless, frolicsome self.

Supper had been discussed, and the table cleared. The little ones had long since placed their tiny feet in dreamland, and Hubert and his wife sat alone. In grim, oppressive silence, he smoked his accustomed cigar, while the busy fingers of his wife plied diligently the maternal needle, ceasing only occasionally to raise her large, gray eyes in dumb questioning to Hubert's clouded face and gathered brow. Though sharing, in common with all Eve's daughters, a woman's curiosity, she never asked the nature of his evident trouble, but patiently waited for him to break the silence. At last he did, with the single dissyllable, "Virgi!"

"What, my dear?" she replied.

Another moment of undisturbed quiet followed, when he again laconically said, "We're beggars."

"Beggars, Hubert?" she ejaculated. "Why, what do you mean?"

He briefly but fully acquainted her with the day's disaster, concealing nothing regarding their critical and hopeless condition, and concluded his unhappy recital with bitter curses on himself for his improvidence when he might have saved, and thus have provided in advance for a contingency which, had he been a prudent man, he should have feared, if not expected. Tears of mingled anger and penitence filled his eyes and roiled unheeded over his cheeks. Man's boasted strength had broken down in the face of present evil; but woman's nobler courage, ignoring that present, pointed only to a future pregnant with hope and happiness.

"Well, never mind, dear," she soothingly answered. "This financial storm will soon blow over, and you'll have employment again. In the meantime—"

"Yes," he interrupted, as he despondently echoed: "In the meantime—"

"We can live for a little while without work," she continued, gayly, "for I have over twenty pounds which I saved from time to time, and deposited in the Britannia Bank—"

"The Britannia!" he exclaimed, again interrupting her. "Poor girl, that, too, has failed."

"Well," she calmly rejoined, "that's what I feared, and so drew out my little hoard a week ago."

Poor Hubert was overwhelmed. Tears of unavailing remorse would not be repressed; and he knelt at the feet of his prudent wife, imploring her pardon for his forgiveness. She gently raised him from his supplicating posture, and bade him say no more about it. But troubles come in groups. Hubert and the baby were taken sick at once; and by the time each had recovered, the twenty odd pounds were exhausted, and they were in truth beggars.

Virginia had some wealthy connections, and a home was offered her and the little ones if she would leave her husband, whom, for some reason, they disliked. Like the true wife, she refused, though urged to accept the offer by Hubert himself; for he too well knew what trials and depri-

vations his loved ones must undergo in his hopeless fight with the world. But, no! Her place, she said, was by the side of him whom she had taken for richer, for poorer. She had shared his prosperity, and would not forsake him in adversity.

Severe, indeed, was the struggle. Business was completely deranged. Clerks were continually being discharged, and there was no room for others. Days, weeks, and months passed. The dreaded winter was full upon them; and the little family, sinking lower and lower in the chill depths of poverty, suffered untold misery. At last, poor Virginia succumbed, and lay tossing on the apology for a bed, in a high and dangerous fever.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,"—and the truth of this was exemplified even during that terrible crisis. While thousands sank beneath the weight of liabilities they would never be enabled to discharge, others welcomed the storm that cast such richly-freighted wrecks upon their shores. Hubert felt this keenly, as day after day, in his solitary ramblings in the city, he met the well-dressed bankers and merchants, whom he knew by sight. There, in his wretched quarters, lay the fever-stricken form of his wife; and there were his half-starved, ragged little ones, suffering acutely for the want of food and fuel. A tithe, even, of what some wealthy merchant spent on a dinner-party or ball would relieve their every want. Why should it be? Could there be a God and such injustice at once? He sought work and found it not. They sought only pleasure, and, lo! it was at hand. These reflections maddened him. Smarting under his troubles—stifling the voice of conscience, and seeing only the emaciated, shivering forms of all he loved on earth—he thought; and the deed was conceived. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself, and the deed was born.

Not a penny had the poor fellow earned the whole day; not a crust remained; and starvation stared the little family grimly in the face. Goaded to despair by his terrible surroundings, he seized his hat, and resolutely grasping a stout staff, he set out. The night was favourable to his fatal purpose. Dark clouds hid the moon and stars, and a freezing wind swept wildly through the almost deserted streets. For hours he walked—walked until the clocks tolled the noon of night.

Hark! a step, uncertain as the tipsy voice accompanying it to some bacchanalia melody. Hubert seeks the friendly obscurity of some convenient alley-way. Nearer and nearer the same uncertain step approaches; and now it stops under the sickly glare of the street-lamp. From his hiding-place Hubert sees the reveller draw forth a costly watch and consult it. Diamonds glisten on his shirt-front, and he has every appearance of being a rich prey.

Unseen by his intended victim, Hubert stealthily advances. With a murmured "Heaven forgive me!" from his lips, the heavy staff descends, and the unsuspecting, convivial reveller lies stunned and bleeding at the robber's feet!

Too late to recede. On, Hubert, on! Your wife and little ones are perishing! And he obeys the voice. Watch and money are quickly transferred; and Hubert turns tremblingly away from the scene of his first crime. He lingered too long, however. His movements have been witnessed, and now the police were in hot pursuit. The startling cry, "Stop thief!" echoed on the night air, and the rushing winds bore the shout along. Hubert ran wildly, closely followed by the police, and several men and boys who had joined in the chase. The pursuit was destined to be a close one, however; for Hubert fell on the treacherous ice, and, in a moment, he was in the strong grasp of the law.

The trial was over; and the sentence pronounced; a woman's shriek rang piteously throughout the court; and Hubert Collins, the convicted felon—the victim of circumstances—was remanded to gaol, preparatory to his transportation to Australia.

Still loving her, Virginia's relatives came to her relief, and provided generously for her. But the loving wife, again remembering her vow to take him "for better, for worse," refused to listen to any overtures hinting at eternal separation from her husband; for, believing him the soul of honour, and attributing the commission of the crime, which he was then expiating, solely to his love for her and his children, she determined, when his sentence should expire, to join him, under any circumstances, and, seeking him where they were all unknown, to begin life anew, filled with better purposes and hope.

Sixteen years had glided into the irrevocable past—years fraught with painful longings and wretched doubts to Virginia Collins; for Hubert's sentence had long since expired, and not a word of him had reached her. She knew that he had served his time, and was discharged alive and well; but whither he had bent his steps, or what had been his employment, she never learned. Refusing to believe him dead, and trusting that he would yet return to her, with the little money left her by some deceased relative, she retired to a quiet village with her children, and, under the assumed name of Greenwood (which we shall continue to call her), patiently waited for him to come. Her daughter, Virginia, had developed into a fine-looking, intelligent girl of 18, and she was justly proud of her; but her intense love centred in her boy. He was the counterpart of his absent father; and,

for that, if nothing else, she worshipped him. He was a noble lad, and entertained the highest sense of honour—thanks to his mother; for she had striven to inculcate throughout his early years, the best principles in him, and had succeeded.

The daughter, Virgy, as she was called, had numerous suitors; but, respecting her mother's unexplained reasons, she rejected all offers, and was still heart-free.

The family was highly esteemed in the village, and Mrs. Greenwood was supposed to be a widow. She had never said as much, but took no pains to correct the supposition. Their lives passed in one uninterrupted current of quiet and domestic sunshine; and, though the heart of the poor mother was heavy with her burden, she maintained a calm exterior, and her children, as well as the rest of the world, were ignorant of the existence of any sorrow. Their house, though small, was neatly furnished, and an air of cultivated refinement pervaded its inviting interior. Though not rich, Mrs. Greenwood possessed enough to satisfy every reasonable want, with a little to spare occasionally for the afflicted, while the wages earned by her son augmented the general fund. Nightly—nay, hourly—the poor wife besought heaven to restore her wandering husband. For years, upborne by a holy faith, she had ceaselessly prayed, but, as yet, without result. The time approached, however, when her entreaties were to be answered, though not in the way she had fondly anticipated.

For several days rumour was busy with the accounts of many robberies which had been perpetrated in a neighbouring town, and all efforts to unearth the criminals had proved futile. Fears were entertained by the villagers of Linden, where our friends resided, that they, too, might be visited by the daring burglars, and every precaution was therefore adopted.

On a clear October night, in the year 1855, the figure of a man, closely muffled, emerged from the stretch of woods in the rear of the village, and cautiously stole along till it halted at the house of Mrs. Greenwood. Carefully approaching one of the windows, the man scientifically and noiselessly wrenched the shutters apart, and, in a moment after, stood within the kitchen. Pausing a moment to ascertain if his surreptitious entrance had occasioned any alarm, he drew forth, and lighted a taper. With stealthy tread, he explored every corner and closet; but finding nothing to satisfy his cupidity, the burglar quietly proceeded to the floor above. Reaching one of the rooms, he entered it. In the bed lay the sleeping form of young Virginia Greenwood, while close at hand, under a pretty little mirror, stood her toilet-table, upon which lay glittering, under the light of the intruder's taper, her watch and other jewellery.

Advancing to possess himself of the trinkets, the robber was arrested by a movement of the girl in her sleep. Satisfying himself that she still slumbered, he was about to seize the jewels, when his ear caught the sounds of words issuing from the sleeper's lips. Shading the taper with his hand, he approached the bed, and noiselessly bent his head towards the sleeper's face. Why does he pause so suddenly in his movements? The lips again moved in utterance, and these words fell brokenly upon his ear: "Father, dear father, come—"

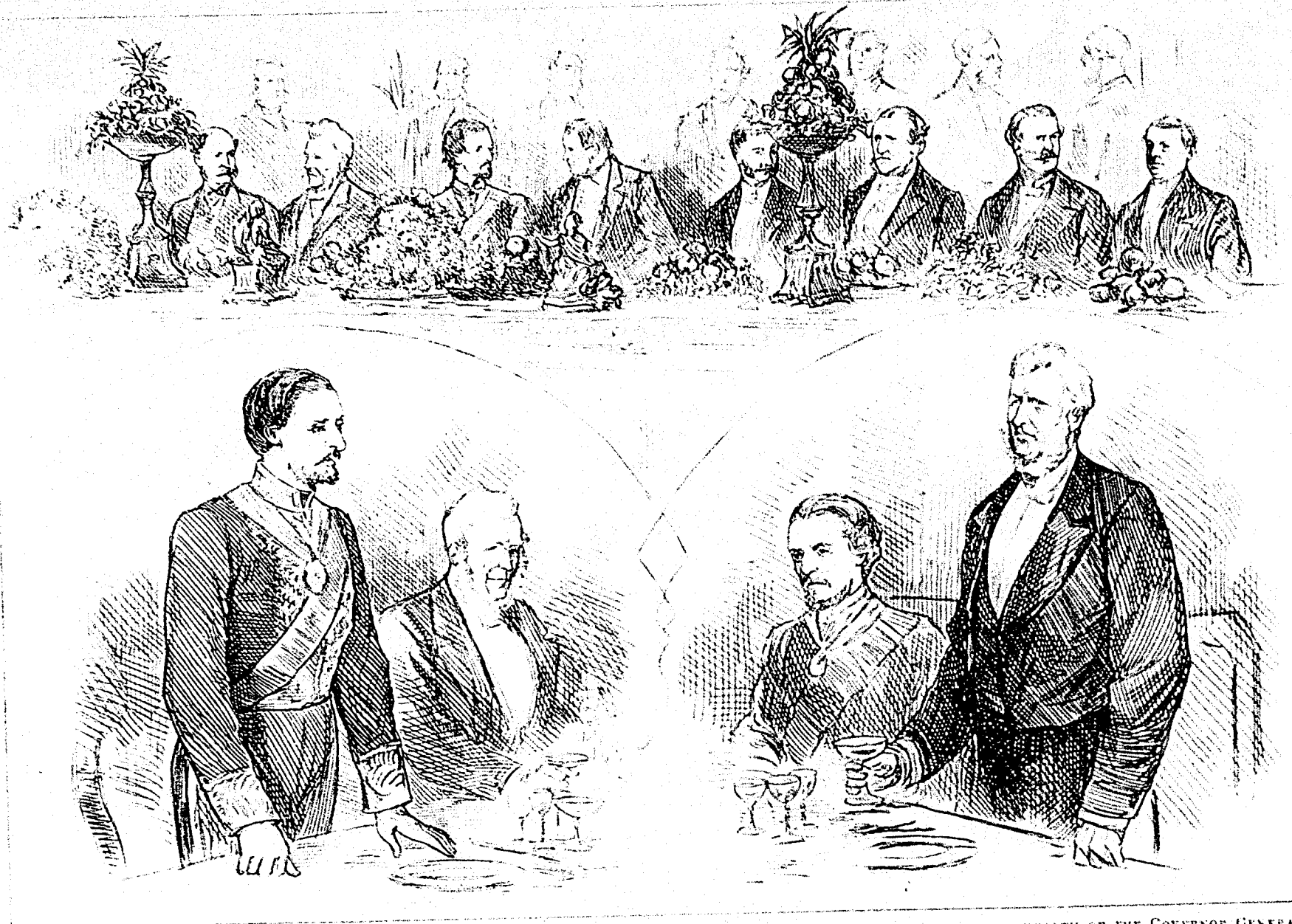
And the voice died incoherently away. Then he gazed upon the unconscious features. What was there in them that caused his hand to tremble, and unnerved the robber's arm? Again he looks; and, this time, he starts back, and the taper falls from his hand. There, before him, lay the living picture of the wife he had been torn from sixteen years ago. Then the words the daughter had spoken in her dream were fully understood; and with the cry, "Wife—daughter—oh, heaven!" Hubert Collins sank heavily to the floor.

In an instant all was confusion. The daughter's shrieks awoke her mother and brother, who came rushing excitedly into the room bearing lighted candles. There knelt the burglar, who, extending his arms towards his wife, said, with choking voice and streaming eyes, but one word—"Virginia!"

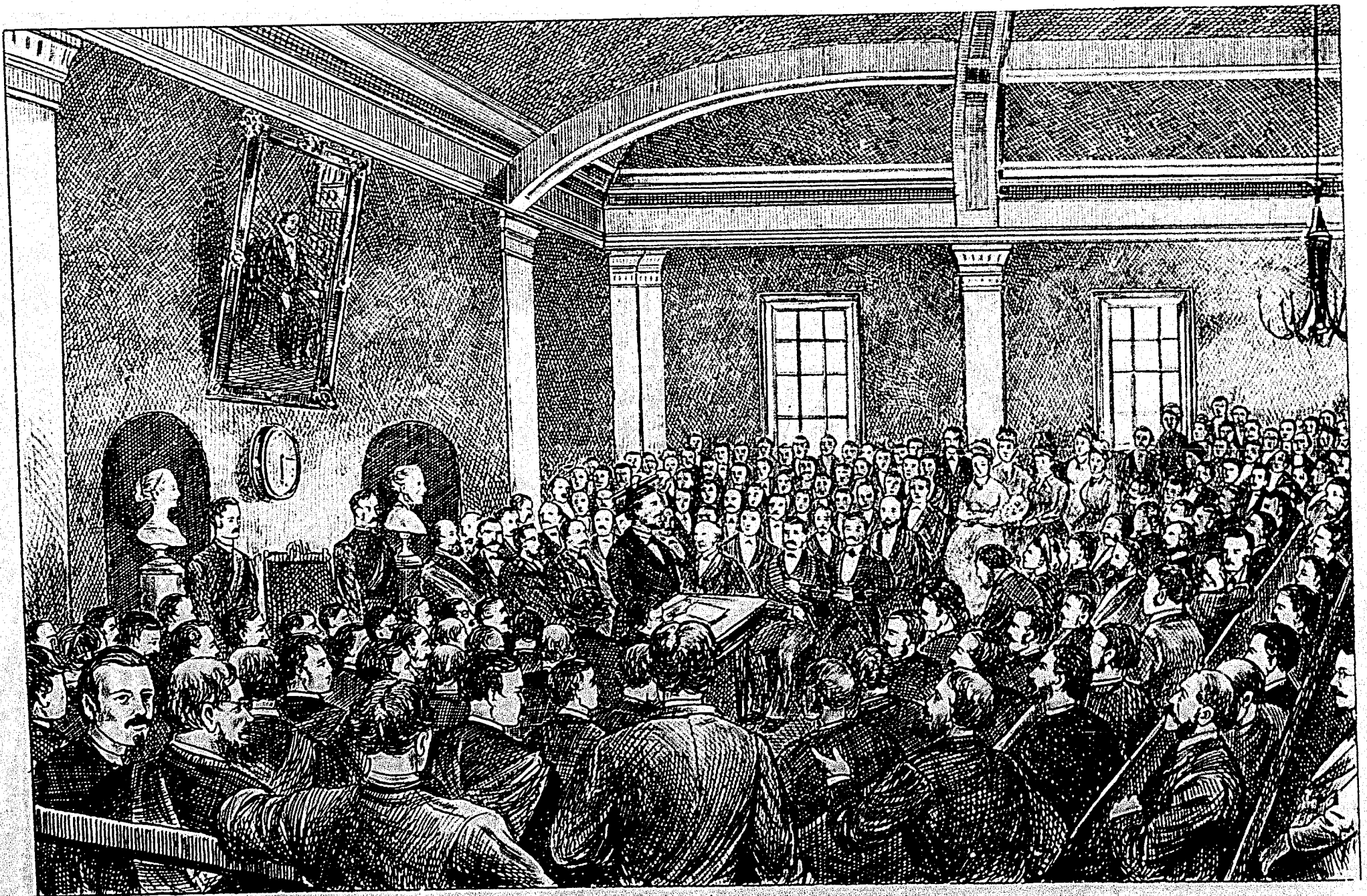
Wonderingly she approached him and closely scanned his bearded face. There was nothing familiar in it save his large, unchanging, handsome eyes, lighted by the sacred flame of his old love. Those she recognized, and, with a joyous cry, she clasped his neck, and said, "Hubert, darling Hubert, thank God you've come at last!"

There was no more sleep in that house that night. The children and father were made acquainted, and all were happy. He showed them how he had gained entrance, and, in the presence of the children, said he only wanted to surprise them. But when alone with his wife he confessed all. When he had completed his sentence he determined to clear his name from every stain by becoming again a man of honour and respectability. When he should have succeeded in attaining this commendable end, then, but not till then, he would seek his family. He worked his passage back to England; but, on his arrival, vainly he sought employment in every direction. A short-sighted, hollow and uncharitable society had placed its ban upon the prison-bird; and, having no testimonials, he found no employment. Rejected by society, he was forced to companionship with other released prisoners, and joined a gang of depredators. When this step was taken, he relinquished every hope and intention of again seeing his loved ones; but accident, that night, had thrown him among them.

The next morning he drove with his son to a



LORD DUFFERIN PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. SIR FRANCIS HINCKS PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.
 THE CITIZENS' BANQUET.



CONFERRING OF THE DEGREE OF LL.D. ON LORD DUFFERIN BY MCGILL UNIVERSITY. HIS EXCELLENCY ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.



THE VESTAL TUCCIA.

neighbouring town, where, after having his grizzly beard entire shaven off, he procured new and becoming clothing. His wife scarcely recognized him on his return, so complete was the transformation.

The news soon flew throughout the village that Mrs. Greenwood's husband had returned from several years' captivity among the Patagonians, or Feejee Islanders, they didn't know which. It is needless to say they were never satisfied; for another morsel of wonderment was thrown among the gossips with the fact that every article robbed from the adjacent town had been mysteriously restored.

Shortly after, Hubert and his family, under the name of Greenwood (the children had never known any other) migrated to Canada. Before he went, however, he communicated anonymous information to the proper authorities, who were thereby enabled to effectually break up the band of which he had been a member.

The children never knew their father's history. In Canada he became a rich and respected member of the community. Saved by a dream, to be sure; but he owed all that he attained on earth, and, doubtless, the mercy and forgiveness of his Maker in heaven, to the devoted love, the unvarying affection, the bountiful faith, and the untiring patience of a true and loyal wife. Are there many such?

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The city authorities are having made at present panoramic views of Paris, which will figure at the Exhibition. Some of these views and plans are of enormous size, and will be exceedingly attractive. Months have been spent in their preparation.

The gourmards are looking forward to the Exhibition and *concours* of fatted cattle which will take place during next month at the Palace of Industry, in the Champs-Elysées. An exhibition of agricultural implements will also be annexed to the show of animals.

The Government intends taking advantage of the plethora of gold in the country, by bringing out several national loans, to execute works under its direct guarantee. The experiment will be new. Hitherto only foreigners had a chance of picking up spare cash in France. Turkey and Peru have done much to alter taste.

The director of the French section at the Exhibition has decided that a library shall be formed there, composed of the technical works presented by the authors, and relating to the different manufactures, &c. Even the works of deceased authors will be admitted, provided they are presented by persons having a right in the said publications. A catalogue of those useful works will be compiled. The parties exhibiting these works will receive cards, such as are given to all other exhibitors.

The whole art and science of finding a husband by correspondence is now so well understood in Paris that no properly conducted popular paper is without a fair sprinkling of matrimonial advertisements. The offices or houses where the happy couples are paired off are all, of course, conducted on principles of "absolute discretion." In some of them the young ladies, or perhaps it should be said the ladies of all ages, are exhibited at fixed hours on certain days of the week. Their attractions are set forth in the *Petite Correspondance* of the *Figaro*, and no Parisian bachelor can be expected to look unmoved upon the lists thus published day after day.

PRICES of hotel accommodation in Paris have made a tremendous leap in view of the Exhibition. At the Grand Hotel, at Paris, the cards, stating the price of each room, which used to figure on the walls, for the guidance of the inmates of the rooms, have disappeared, and the daily charge has been augmented. A correspondent writes to say, that he asked for an explanation of this, and that he was told that it was because "1878 is the Exhibition year." This hardly seems a ground for abstaining from Exhibition prices. Nor, even admitting that, during the Exhibition, travellers are to be fleeced, ought the process of fleecing to commence before the Exhibition is opened.

The well-known Russian capitalist, M. Gunzburg, who resided in a suburb mansion in the Rue de Tilsitt, died last week, and the obsequies, which took place on Tuesday last, were on a very grand scale. All the members of the family, thirty-six in number, resided with M. Gunzburg, whose magnificent fetes during the days of the Empire were proverbial. The dwelling in the Rue de Tilsitt is filled with the rarest and most costly works of art. Prince Orloff and the attachés of the Russian embassy attended the funeral, as did the leading members of the Russian colony, also a large number of the notabilities of the financial and commercial circles in Paris. M. Gunzburg made his enormous fortune as a contractor during the Crimean war.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is stated that the attention of the House of Lords is to be called to Dr. Pusey's book on the confessional.

The Prince of Wales has been pleased to accept a copy of Captain Crawley's *Billiard Book*,

dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness, and to express to its author his high appreciation of the beauty and completeness of his work.

It is a matter of some general interest and importance, that it has been foretold by one of the prophets of the almanacs that there will be a "Popocatpetal" in England in the month of June, 1878, and that country is warned to beware. Every one knows what a "Popocatpetal" is.

It may be interesting to note that the cartoon for Raphael's "La Belle Jardinière," now at the Grosvenor Gallery, was a treasure unsuspected by its possessor, the Earl of Leicester, until Mr. Boehm, turning over a portfolio of old drawings, discovered it; also that a series of designs by Botticelli for Dante's "Inferno" are in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton.

It would appear that the irrepressible showman, Yankee and English, has been bidding large sums for Temple Bar. Of course Barnum's agent was to the fore, prepared to buy the structure as it stood, remove it at his own cost, and export it to America. George Sanger, the circus proprietor, was ready with a cheque for three thousand pounds to purchase the materials, with the object of having Temple Bar reconstructed as the entrance to his summer establishment, "The Hall by the Sea," at Margate.

The Shah of Persia, strictly *incognito*, may be expected in England about May next. It is to be hoped that he will bring his own umbrella with him this time. On the last occasion, when on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland, and being caught in a shower of rain, he borrowed an umbrella from a gentleman, but on reaching the house he chucked the machine into the air, and away it went whirling to its destruction, to the great indignation of the owner.

GLEANER.

The remainder of the Fenian convicts are to be liberated.

JOAQUIN MILLER says he wants to be cremated after death.

At last! It is proposed to abolish Wellington boots in the cavalry.

GEORGE EDWARD TOWNSEND, "Gath," has gone on the lecture platform.

It is reported that Dom Pedro has serious intentions of settling permanently in Brazil.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL, recently, at Monaco, accomplished the feat of hitting with a pistol a hundred pennies in succession as they were thrown into the air. Unprecedented.

THE Sicilians will present Garibaldi with a shield, on which are inscribed the names of his sixty-one battles, as well that of Anita, his heroic wife, which is engraven on an oak crown.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S moustache was so long that he was never able to eat without fastening them up on each side of his face. Consequently he never ate in public, even at state dinners, though he sat through them all with great patience.

DEAN STANLEY says that when he and Gladstone were at school together near Liverpool, they were both noted for their dullness at figures. The Dean adds that he never improved, but that Gladstone has become one of the best mathematicians in Europe.

A NEW kind of cloth will soon find its way into the market, made of feathers from fowls and other birds generally. It is stated to be lighter and warmer than woollen cloth, to be waterproof, and capable of being dyed beautifully and at little expense.

THE King of Italy engages to settle his father's liabilities—36,000,000 lire—out of his own private means. He will sell Castel Porziano, a vast hunting estate bought by the nation as a present to Victor Emmanuel. All the King's acts hitherto have been prompted by wisdom and self-denial.

A TROY, N. Y., paper is authority for the story that Ira D. Sankey, previous to his connection with Mr. Moody, was an itinerant seller of patent medicine called "Instant Relief;" that he went over the country in a gaudy wagon from which he sold the medicine, having first collected an audience by singing.

It is rumored from St. Petersburg, that the Czar is seriously indisposed—weak and so thin that he sits on pillows and soft cushions to prevent the bones coming through the skin. He is depressed, too, with a presentiment of his approaching death. No Romanoff has lived beyond sixty, and he will be sixty in April.

"The world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one," says Mother Shipton. It is now explained that she meant Stanley would come to the end of the world about that time. The north pole is "the end of the world." Stanley is to sail in the *Pandoro*; and about 1881 the "end of the world" may be reached.

PARIS is crazy over a new toy. It is a two penny card bearing a picture of a family on moving day. They are passing by a tree and their cat has escaped. "Where is the cat?" is the question, and after the purchaser has vainly puzzled to find anything resembling a cat in the picture the vendor holds it in a certain position, and lo! there is the missing cat filling

the whole foliage of the tree. On New Year's Day the boulevards were literally crowded with people hunting for the cat.

HON. A. G. JONES,

MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

A descendant of Josiah Jones, who emigrated from England to Boston, and grandson of Stephen Jones, a graduate of Harvard College, and an officer in the King's American Dragoons, who, with several brothers, came over to Canada at the close of the American Revolution, as U. E. Loyalists; three of the brothers, Josiah, Simeon and Stephen, settled in Nova Scotia, the others locating themselves in and around Brockville. The late Guy Carleton Jones, son of Stephen and father of the Hon. Mr. Jones, was born at Weymouth, N.S., where he for many years held the office of Registrar of Deeds for the County of Digby, N. S. The Hon. A. G. Jones was born at Weymouth, N.S., in the year 1824, and was educated there and at Yarmouth Academy. He now ranks as one of the most extensive shipowners and West India merchants in the Maritime Provinces, is Governor of the Protestant Orphan's Home and of Dalhousie College, President of the Nova Scotia Marine Insurance Company, Halifax, and a director of the Acadia Fire Insurance Co. He was for several years Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 1st "Halifax" Brigade of Garrison Artillery. Sat for present seat from 1867 until 1872, when he was defeated. Again returned at last general election. The particulars of the recent contest in Halifax, which carried the Hon. Mr. Jones into the responsible position he now holds by a handsome majority, are too fresh in the memory of our readers to require lengthy comment. He will be a great acquisition to the present Administration, and Mr. Mackenzie may be congratulated on having secured the assistance of so able a statesman as Mr. Jones has proved himself. It is generally believed that Mr. Jones has repeatedly been invited to take a seat in the Cabinet, but until now has declined the honour, which is a convincing proof that the hon. gentleman did not enter public life for the sole purpose of crowning himself with political honours and emoluments.

BURLESQUE.

MISS MACFRESNEY'S INNOCENT STRATAGEM.—He never told his love, but she had, a great many times. He was Mr. Henry Summerlaw, and she was Miss Macfresney. He was an estimable salesman of dry goods, in a retail store, an unexceptionable dresser, with a manner that was as charming as possible. He had a broad, white, expansive forehead, large dreamy black eyes, hair parted in the middle with an exactness that was well-nigh miraculous, and which occupied a great deal of his mind, wonderful elegance in dress, and a salary which, in his opinion, was very much below his deserts. "It's a shame," he was wont to exclaim, "that a fellow of such style that the best ladies come to the place to gaze on him, is compelled to live on \$600 a year." And then he would talk of the time coming when business should be done in such a way that the bloated capitalist would not get all the profits, but that the creators of business would have a fair showing, and hint as vaguely as a well-dressed man could at communism.

Miss Macfresney was a school-teacher, with dramatic and musical aspirations. She could sing pathetic songs in a manner that compelled tears from her auditors, whether they would or no. Indeed, it was not uncommon, when she sat down at the piano, for many of them to leave the room abruptly. "I am too susceptible," they would each remark, "to endure so much pathos. It tears me up." And then her recitations! Her "Little Mabel with Her Face Against the Pane," was a masterpiece, and as for her "Bridge of Sighs," it was asserted and believed in that boarding-house that no reader on the platform was worthy of being mentioned in connection with her. "She lays over 'em all," was the common remark of the young salesman who stayed to hear her.

Miss Macfresney had long been in love with the elegant Summerlaw, and acknowledged authority of the house in all matters of elegance, but Mr. Summerlaw did not reciprocate. He had no especial objection to her, for she was not, as he said several times, a "baddish-looking girl," but her circumstances were not such as would justify his looking at her from a matrimonial stand-point. When her salary was \$1,000 a year he did think of it, for at that time his employers had promised him an advance of twenty per cent. But when the School Board cut her down to \$300, and his advance did not occur, he dismissed the idea at once, and permitted her to pine. But, unfortunately he had committed himself just far enough to give her hopes, and she determined to possess him at all hazards.

Miss Macfresney and the landlady had a long conference one morning, and immediately thereafter a radical change was observed in the character of her entertainments. Instead of "Little Mabel" and innocuous recitations of that kind, she took to those of a more blood-curdling nature; those that required the letting down of her back hair, and furious rolling of the eyes, and the terrific rolling of the R's, and much grinding of the teeth and contortions of the face, and of various muscles of the body. She did the mad scene in Hamlet, as Ophelia, of

course, and assayed Meg Merrilies and Helen M'Gregor, and did these things so regularly as to give rise to various rumours as to the ultimate end of all this labour.

At last it leaked out. The landlady disclosed to an ancient spinster boarder, in strict confidence, so that it would be rapidly circulated, the fact that Mr. Stephen Fiske had seen Miss Macfresney in recitations, and had promptly decided that she was as much superior to Mary Anderson as daylight is to darkness, and had immediately engaged her at a thousand dollars a week, and was having a drama written for her in which all her powers were to be given full scope. Her character was at once pathetic, humorous, tragic and musical. That Palmer was trying to take her out of Fiske's hands, as was Jarrett, Wallack and Duff. But she was true to her first engagement, and would appear at the Fifth Avenue, and was only waiting till the piece was finished, before commencing rehearsals.

Mr. Summerlaw cogitated. He had sold goods to actresses and had envied their husbands. It must be an excellent thing to be the husband of a lady who could command \$1,000 a week, having nothing to do but to count the money and stand around the lobbies in the evenings, going out ever and anon with the boys to take something. It was a certain thing and better than marrying a fortune, which he had determined to do. One might lose a fortune, but the talent of an actress was everlasting.

Mr. Summerlaw was a man of great decision of character. Fearful that some one else would snap up the prize, he proposed immediately, was as promptly and vigorously accepted, and speedily united to the object of his heart's adoration.

A few days after the ceremony had been performed, he ventured to ask how long it would be before the piece would be finished and rehearsals begin.

"What piece, darling?"

"The piece in which you are to appear, love," was his answer.

"I appear in a piece, you ridiculous thing—what do you mean?"

"Aren't you going to appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in a high-toned blood-curdling drama, at \$1,000 a week, and aren't you—"

"Why, of course not. I never heard of any such thing. Stay! Mrs. Ash did start something of that sort among the boarders, as a joke upon me. You know she never did like my recitations, but I never paid any attention to it." Out into the pitiless night rushed that unfortunate young man. He never came for his clothes, never went to the store for the arrears of salary due him, and was never heard of more. Miss Macfresney, or rather Mrs. Summerlaw, left the house a few days after. There was a bitter dispute between her and the landlady on the subject of a shawl. Mrs. Summerlaw insisted that as Augustus had run away she could not be considered a married woman, and the landlady insisted with much warmth that she couldn't help that—she had done all she had agreed to. The only moral to this is, be sure you are right before you go ahead.

FASHION NOTES.

HAIR jewellery is not worn at present, but will probably come into vogue again.

Most of the large furnishing stores sell India borders for shawls in their shawl department. Many ladies use the India galleons in preference when trimming wraps or house dresses.

USE black velvet with your pearl-coloured silk. Have a princess dress with a plastron vest of the velvet; also side panels of velvet beginning on the shoulders and extending all the way to the foot of the dress.

CHINCHILLA is the most fashionable for this season, and is preferred to all others by young ladies; but, of course, ladies who have Russian sable furs do not discard them because gray or black furs are most in style.

AT a dinner where you and your husband are the only guests, there will probably be little formality; hence you need not wear light gloves, and should remove those worn to the house when you take off your wraps.

BLACK and white striped silk looks well made up as a polonaise, with plain black silk for side panels, beginning on the shoulders and extending to the foot of the garment. There is no colour that will look well with it.

THERE are new bourettes for spring and summer of mixed silk and wool, or else barege, in several colours combined, that will make excellent over-dresses to wear with a skirt of bright green silk. Some of these have moss and myrtle shades, with pale blue and scarlet introduced; others are gray grounds with threads of green and rose-colour.

A CHEMISE RUSSE is simply a blouse-waist. The best models do not have a belt, but cut the garment long enough to pass over the hip beneath the dress skirt. There is a drawing-string around the waist, and a belt of ribbon conceals this. Made in this way, the garment's less liable to tear under the arms when the arms are raised suddenly than when the waist is gathered into a belt.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[The following poem was written by General Robert H. Lytle. At the time of its publication it had wide currency on its merits, and the gallant author's death at the head of his brigade in the Federal army, on the disastrous field of Chickamauga, created a new interest for it. Since then it has been almost forgotten, but to us it seems not unworthy to follow the verses on the same subject that have preceded it in these columns.]

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Rear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
'Twas his own that dealt the blow—

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendours of thy smile.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Solution of Problem No. 159 received. Correct. Your solution of Problem No. 161 is correct. It is not the one given by the author, who seems to have overlooked the weakness of his position.

J. W., Halifax.—Letter containing the scores of two games received. They shall be published very shortly.

A. B. W., Woodstock, Ont.—There is no Pawn which the Kt can take on problem No. 157. Solution of Problem No. 158 is correct.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 160 received. Correct.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for young players No. 158—Correct.

T. R. C. J., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 159 received.

T. A. R., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 159 received.

We are anxious to call the attention of the Chessplayers of the Dominion to the following rules and regulations of the proposed Correspondence Tourney.

From an annexed letter it will be seen that a Chess-player of Montreal has generously promised a gold medal to be competed for in the contest. This is a good beginning, and augurs well for the success of the enterprise. We trust that the Chess amateurs of the Dominion, who intend to take part in the Tourney, will send in their names as soon as possible to the Conductor.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The following are the rules and regulations of a Correspondence Tourney proposed to be shortly commenced under the direction of Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal Chess Club:

I. The Tourney to consist of 21 players, at an entrance fee of five dollars each.

II. The prizes will be:
1st. A Silver Cup, value \$50
2nd. A Set of Chess-men and Board, value 20
3rd. 15
4th. A Chess-table (inlaid squares) 10
5th. Works on Chess. 5

III. The entrance fees (P. O. order or cheque) to be sent to the Conductor of the Tourney J. W. Shaw, 26 Windsor Street, Montreal, who will be responsible for the management of the Tourney, and who shall settle any dispute that may arise.

IV. Each player to play one game with every other, and conduct four games simultaneously (drawn games counting one-half to each).

V. A time-limit of 72 hours between receipt and posting of moves (Sundays not being counted), to be strictly observed, the penalty for exceeding which shall be settled before play in the Tourney is commenced. One postponement of a week will be allowed to each player during each game, but a further postponement may be permitted under exceptional circumstances, leave for which can only be obtained from the Conductor of the Tourney.

VI. The games whilst in progress must not be set up in any Club-room, or shown to any one under any circumstances (except, when necessary, to the Conductor of the Tourney), under penalty of forfeiture.

VII. The winner of any game, and the first player in duty on its completion, to send a copy of such game, immediately, to the conductor of the Tourney, and to have the option of sending such game for publication to any one of the journals designated as follows:

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal, Q.
Toronto Globe, Toronto, Ont.

New Dominion Monthly Magazine, Montreal, Q.
L'Opinion Publique, Montreal, Q.
Western Advertiser, London, Ont.
The Torch, St. John, N.B.

Such selection to be notified to the Conductor of the Tourney.

VIII. Any private arrangement between the players as to clerical or other errors, will not be recognized in case of appeal to the Conductor of the Tourney, who shall render his decision in such cases in accordance with the "Rules of the Game by Correspondence," as laid down in "Staunton's Chess Praxis."

IX. The player making the best score to win first prize: second best score, second prize, and so on. The prizes may be changed at the option of the winners for anything of equal value (or for the money, if desired).

X. The Conductor will take the opinion of the players as to the way in which the games, both played and unplayed, of retiring players (if any), shall be dealt with, and the wish of the majority shall guide him to a decision in the matter.

N.B.—The entrance fees will not be called for until completion of the list of players, and settlement of all preliminary questions connected with the Tourney.

Montreal, February 14, 1878.

To the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

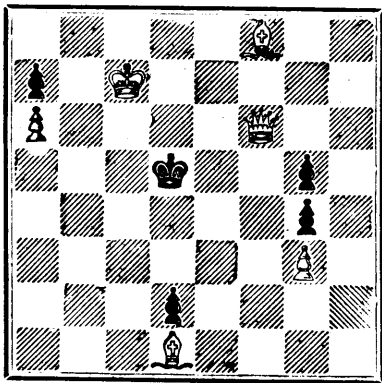
DEAR SIR.—I am happy to inform you that I am authorized by a member of the Montreal Chess Club, a well-known player and patron of the game, to offer a special prize of a gold medal, of the value of twenty dollars (or the money, if desired), to the winner of the best game in the proposed Correspondence Tourney, conditionally on the filling up of the list of 21 players. I am, dear sir, yours respectfully.

J. W. SHAW.

PROBLEM No. 162.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND, GAME 241ST.

Played at the St. George's Chess Club, between Messrs Wayte and Warren, the former giving the odds of Pawn and a move.

(Removes Black's K B P.)

- WHITE (Mr. Warner.) 1. P to K4, 2. P to Q4, 3. P to K5, 4. B to K3, 5. B to Q Kt5, 6. Kt to K2, 7. Kt to Kt3, 8. Castles, 9. Kt to Q2, 10. Kt takes Kt, 11. P to Q B4, 12. Kt takes P, 13. Kt to Q R5, 14. Kt takes Kt, 15. B to R4, 16. B to Kt3, 17. R to B sq, 18. B to B2, 19. B takes B, 20. Q to B2, 21. Q takes Q B P, 22. R takes Q, 23. R takes B, 24. K to R sq.

And White resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 160.

- WHITE. 1. P to Q B3, 2. Mate accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 158.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q Kt3, 2. R to Q R3 ch, 3. R takes B mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 159.

- WHITE. K at K Kt3, Q at K6, R at K7, B at Q B8, Pawns at K B4, K R3 and K Kt2.

White to play and mate in four moves.

"PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE,"

Edited by Geo. A. BAYNES, M.D., &c., &c.,

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UNCLE MOSES' LESSON.—Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday-school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive right under his nose. "Ordah! chillen, ordah! Don't yer heah me, chillen? Leetle Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talking like a cunsterble on 'election day.'"

When Jimmie ceased his conversation, the chief executive resumed: "I calls de detenshun ob de school ter de way youse bin a carryin' on dis bressed day. Wot yer bin a doin'? Yer knows! An' de way yer tongues is a bin a carrusticatin' is scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and the black chin forward. "Now, I puts it ter yer, on' and do you all lissen, an' you, too, Lize Millins, I ax yer dis question: How menny eyes you chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"How menny mouves yer got?"

Unanimously—"One."

"What does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice es much es yer tells. Now how menny yeres yer got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"An' how menny mouves?"

"One."

"Dat means yer mus' heah twice as much es yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers roun 'fors we jines in prar."

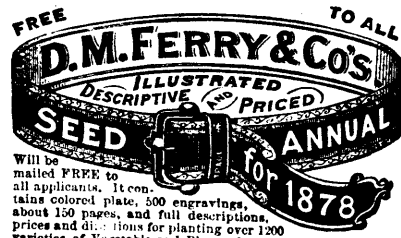
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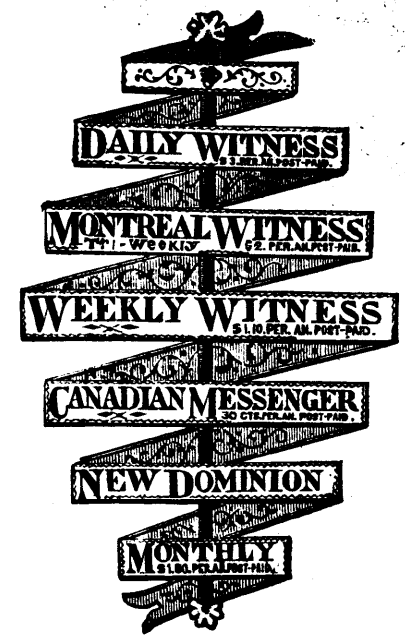
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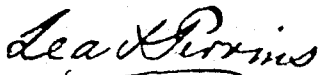
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