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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877.

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MONTREAL.—THE GREAT FIRE OF APRIL 29TH. SCENE ON THE SKINNER LADDER WHEN THREE FIREMEN FOUGHT THEIR WAY DOWN THROUGH A SHEET OF FIRE.

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 post-masters in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 12th, 1877.

THE GREAT MONTREAL FIRE.

It is a source of pride to be able to say that Montreal is disposed to do its whole duty towards the heroic men who lost their lives at the late fire. We are called upon, like all our fellow editors, to express our views on the subject, but the sentiments of His Lordship the Metropolitan, at the public meeting of last Saturday, being so much better than anything we could write, and representing as they do the general feeling so eloquently, we cannot do better than to summarize them here. His Lordship declared that the accident which had caused so much sorrow and affliction, was, as many such calamities, one of those cases in which good may result from evil if proper attention be paid to the lesson. Many things had been developed by it which it would be wrong if we paid no attention to. He would not allude to the bad and faulty buildings that had been erected and still were in process of construction, but would pass on to what the accident had developed in the men who met their death at duty's post—their devotion, their noble character, and all that went to make them the men they were. The citizens had come to look upon the firemen as men of iron. They must henceforth look upon them as men of steel—nay, men rather of pure gold. They had been looked upon as men of indomitable courage—of stolid, unflinching endurance. Now, they must be looked upon as men of a high sense of duty, noble and generous in their patriotism, unswerving and loyal in their character. He felt that their conduct—the conduct of those who had been wounded and survived as well as those who had died—had been as brave after the accident as during the progress of the fire when they had unhesitatingly rushed to the rescue of their fellow creatures, and so doing died. He had heard of their heroism in times gone by which had made them face danger and death to save the property and people of Montreal. But he was aware, personally, of what their conduct had been in hospital in the scenes he had there witnessed. And he had reason to thank God with all his heart for that institution. If in its memorable history it had never done any good before, it had, in the calamity they were met to discuss,

done that which was worth all the time and expense previously devoted to it. The brave fellows conveyed there have been attended with the most unremitting care, their hurts and bruises dressed with the utmost tenderness. He had both seen and heard of the conduct of these men in hospital—of their patient endurance, their humble submission to the affliction under which they suffered, their fortitude in pain, and their great gratitude to those who, having been wounded, had ministered to their wants. He also could say that those who had been called away were keenly alive to their spiritual duty, and gave abundant evidence of their faith in God and trust in His mercy. Proud of our firemen before the recent calamity, respecting them at all times, their characters have proved such that Montreal had risen an hundred-fold in the estimation of every person. Knowing and feeling this himself, and having heard it expressed on all sides, His Lordship was certain that he expressed a universal desire in hoping that something would be done to develop the sympathy experienced in the most practical manner, with a view to supporting the widows and orphans of the killed, and in any other manner deemed necessary. He was not aware of the nature of the financial condition of the bereaved relatives of the firemen, but many of them must surely have been dependent upon the bread-winner, now no more, and the very least the citizens could do now in appreciation of the sacrifice of these brave men who died for our lives and property, is to come forward by private as well as public subscriptions, and endeavor to supply the places, so far as it can be done, of those who are now with their Maker—come forward and show in the most practical manner possible that we appreciate the services of those men whose last act of duty was done on the perilous occasion on which they laid down their lives. These noble sentiments were endorsed by the following resolutions, which we reproduce in order that they may be widely known: That this meeting desires to express the earnest sympathy with the bereaved families of the members of the Fire Brigade who lost their lives in the brave performance of their duty, at the lamentable fire which occurred on the morning of Sunday, the 29th of April, and recognizes the claim which they have upon the substantial aid of the citizens generally. That as the most practical method of extending assistance to the families of the deceased firemen, it is the opinion of this meeting that the Corporation should make a liberal grant towards the provision to be made for them, as well as for the family of Mr. LYNCH, the foreman of the Water Works, who lost his life in the performance of his duty on the same occasion. That this meeting expresses its satisfaction at the manifestations of practical sympathy already made by the different insurance companies, by the members of the Corn Exchange, and by other citizens, in their contributions towards the fund in aid of the families of the deceased firemen, and is of opinion that an effort should be made to supplement any grant which the Corporation may make by private subscriptions. That a committee of nine be appointed whose duty it shall be to wait upon the Corporation to urge upon them the making of a grant in accordance with the foregoing resolutions, and to receive any private subscriptions that may be needed for the same purpose. That this meeting cannot separate without expressing its sympathy with the families of citizens who lost their lives on the occasion of the recent fire, and that the committee just appointed be requested to make inquiry as to the position of the families of the deceased, with a view of extending to them such assistance as may be necessary. That this meeting desires to express its strong conviction that the by-law relating to the erection and inspection of buildings within the city limits recently enacted should be rigidly enforced, and that no consideration be permitted to interfere with that enforcement.

MONEY IN LITTLE THINGS.

There are many things beside wheat, corn and potatoes which will bring money to the farmer. We were quite surprised, the other day, to notice at a station just over the lines, a quantity of barrels of common moss, called "Princess Pine." This was to be forwarded to New York; it was sold at three dollars per barrel, and was used by florists in making bouquets and floral decorations. An acre of such land would yield greater returns with no cultivation whatever, than an acre of wheat upon which ten days labor had been expended. From one station in New Hampshire, we were informed several thousand barrels had been forwarded. No country furnishes more of this moss, or evergreen, than Canada, and in the country where there are large families, this could be gathered and sent to town. The price averages 7 to 8 cents per pound, and if made in wreaths for Christmas decorations is sold at 5 cents per yard. All people in towns like to surround themselves with something to remind them of the country. How eagerly would moss and wild flowers be purchased if brought to town in spring. A few years since, a German procured from Isle Jesus a caleche load of Pitcher Plant which realized in Germany \$300. Fern roots, with which our woods abound, meet with ready sale in towns. Dried grasses and flowers now form quite an important trade. One family of young ladies in a country village have become quite famous for dried flowers and grasses. Then again all kinds of fungus growths are coming into use and will meet with ready sale. The merelle dried can be sent to New York or Paris, where it will bring \$4.00 per pound. We have pointed out a few things by which our country readers can gain money outside of the farm. We have no doubt many things will suggest themselves, and once a trade is commenced it will greatly increase. We know of one habitant who sends about 20 barrels of moss a year to one florist, for which he receives \$300 per barrel. There are fern collectors in New England whose sole business is to collect and dry ferns. Several farms are engaged in this trade which is very profitable.

THE BOATING SEASON.

There is a pretty general concurrence among experienced people that "open boats are unsafe" and if they were to give the grounds of their opinion, they might add, because when freighted with people, light open boats are top-heavy, having the centre of gravity raised too high; because, in addition to such defective adjustment, they are often overloaded in proportion to their draft of water, and because, when managed by occasional pleasure-seekers, ignorance comes in to add to the other dangers.

In the late lamentable accident in Montreal, from the falling of a wall, the first step should have been to have overhauled the Building Inspector. In the case of boats we have no inspector, and there is the more need that every one should have an inkling of the truth affecting the question.

There can be no doubt whatever that open boats for sails or oars ought to receive additional stability by fixed ballast. This ballast should be cast in iron, exactly to fit the inside of the boat, and a part of the ballast might be placed below the keel. In addition to this, the weight to be carried by a pleasure boat should be regulated on the Plimsoll principle by a "load-line" painted on the outside to indicate how much she will bear. But all will be unavailing if there be not in those on board sufficient promptness of mind and control of muscle to keep the boat in trim, handiness with the oars and canvass, and skill and quickness with the helm, with some perception of wind and currents and the course of other vessels; but it is seldom we find these qualities in casual amateurs, who, nevertheless, with the usual confidence of Canadians, do not often take on board a skipper to direct

matters. And so, no season passes by without a painful record of what are called "accidents while boating." The neglect of the rule "never to stand up in a boat" also conduces to the lamentable results we once more bring before our readers.

THOMAS CARLYLE has published a letter in the *Times*, on the conflict between Russia and Turkey, which produced a marked sensation. CARLYLE thinks the present policy of England is drifting the nation warwards. He most emphatically declares no British interest whatever needs protecting, except the Suez route. He speaks of the ignominy of England in being connected with Turkey at all, and asserts that the only hope for the Turks lies in the Russians angering them and gradually drilling them into the knowledge and experience fitting them to govern themselves. CARLYLE adds that the newspaper outcry against the part taken by Russia proceeds from ignorance, egotism and paltry national jealousy, which is no more respectable than the howlings of Bedlam. He says a rumour prevails that DISRAELI, despite the Queen's neutrality proclamation, intends to send the English fleet to the Baltic, or do some other feat which shall compel Russia to declare war against England. Latterly the rumour has shifted from the Baltic, and become still more sinister on the eastern side of the scene, where a feat is contemplated that will force, not Russia only, but all Europe to declare war against us. This latter he says he has come to know as an indisputable fact. He calls the attention of the friends of their country to his statements, lest in a few weeks the maddest thing that the British Government could do should be done, and all Europe be in war.

TRANS-VAAL has been annexed to the British Empire, and the British flag hoisted at Pretoria. Mr. SHERSTONE informed President BURGESS that he could wait no longer, and proclaimed the Trans-Vaal British territory on April the 12th. President BURGESS has issued a protest against annexation, but at the same time counselled peaceable submission. Messrs. JOHNSON and PAUL KRUGER, two leading inhabitants, will proceed to Europe and the United States to protest against annexation to powers who have recognized the Republic. A body of British troops entered Trans-Vaal. Some rioting is thought likely, but armed resistance is impossible.

A correspondent, noticing our request for suggestions as to the forthcoming Caxtonian Exhibition, writes that he thinks it might be well combined with the Provincial Educational Exhibition promised by the Superintendent of Education in his late excellent circular. He also suggests that both be held at Sherbrooke at the time of the Provincial Convention of Teachers. The only objection to this, he adds, is that Montreal people will aid nothing that goes on outside the Island City. This is surely a needless attack upon our liberality of sentiment. The Caxtonian Committee might take both suggestions into consideration.

THE Cabinet is thoroughly united about the protection of British interests, but is divided about what those interests are, and how far English communications with India will be imperilled by the Russian advance in Asia.

THE STORY OF A NIGHTCAP.—Doctor Barney who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson after his victory of the Nile—"Honor est à Nilo" (Horatio Nelson)—was shortly afterwards on a visit to his lordship. He had omitted to provide himself with a nightcap, and borrowed one from his host. As his custom was, he sat down to study before retiring to rest, and was shortly afterwards alarmed by the nightcap catching fire from his candle. He collected the burnt remains, and returned them to Lord Nelson with the following lines—

Take your nightcap again, my good lord I desire—
I would not detain it a minute.
What belongs to a Nelson, whenever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

REV. JAMES ROY, M. A.

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS BY HIS CONGREGATION—THEY DECIDE TO ADHERE TO HIS FORTUNES AND SHARE HIS FATE—MR. ROY'S REPLY.

The unusually large attendance at the Wednesday evening preaching service in Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church, showed that something unusual was expected to happen. The services progressed as usual, however, until the concluding prayer, when Mr. Thomas Costen requested the audience to wait for a few moments on some very important business. A deputation consisting of the leading members of the church then proceeded to the vestry, whither Rev. Mr. Roy had retired, and informed him that his return to the lecture-room was desired, for the purpose of receiving an address from the members of his congregation. On his return, the following

ADDRESS WAS READ:

To Rev. James Roy, M.A.:— The undersigned, office-bearers and members of the church and congregation worshipping in the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church having heard that a charge has been laid against you of publishing heretical doctrines, desire to approach you with the assurance of our sympathy with you in the trials to which you are subjected, and to testify our very high esteem and regard for you as a true and faithful minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Having that knowledge of your views of God and of His truth which has been acquired by our having for nearly two years listened from Sabbath to Sabbath to your most scholarly expositions of the Holy Scriptures, and yet plain, practical and loving enforcement of God's truth, we are not anxious about the estimate that may be formed of your doctrines and teaching by persons who have not enjoyed the opportunities which we have had of forming an opinion.

We venture to hope that those whose province it may be to sit in judgment on your case will come to the conclusion, that, although you may differ from others in the phraseology you employ, and in the lines of thought you pursue in the study of God's Word, and the preaching of His truth, that the Methodist Church of Canada still retains enough of John Wesley's breadth of view and large Christian spirit, to admit of your continuing to exercise your office and ministry within its communion and under its direction. But if it should be otherwise determined, we desire to assure you that having that confidence in you which is begotten of our observation of your manly, upright character, of your godly life and conversation, of your humble Christian spirit, of the performance of your duties as preacher and pastor, of your zeal for God and fidelity to the religion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we will still adhere to your fortunes and share your fate.

Thos Costen, Mrs T Costen, E W Costen, A G Costen, T W Costen, Jennie E Costen, Maria Suedden, Geo W Costen, Thos Costen, sr, T A Crane, Alice A Crane, Jas Popham, Emma Popham, H R Popham, Miss Popham, Miss Lizzie Popham, Miss Louisa Popham, P Hood, F J Hood, Sarah T Korke, Jenny Korke, F B Dakin, Mrs F B Dakin, W C Pridham, E Pridham, M Pridham, G Pridham, Chas H Pridham, Jas C Pridham, E J Pridham, G B Burland, Jeffrey Hale Burland, H R Burland, G N Burland, Mrs Burland, Charissa J Burland, Mrs H Matthewson, G Matthewson, H M Matthewson, Wm S Gillelan, J T Gillelan, Nellie Korke, Mary Wyard, Sadie C Wyard, Arthur E Palmer, Miss Ethel Linton Popham, Ann Palmer, Annie Palmer, Emily Palmer, Edith Palmer, Arthur Palmer, W Armstrong, Agnes Armstrong, Maggie Armstrong, Mary Johnston, Wm Goodbody, Miss Williamina Goodbody, Ellen V Goodbody, Sophia Goodbody, Wm McGowan, Annie McGowan, W R McGowan, Annie F McGowan, Jno H McGowan, Mary Morris, Lillie Morris, Amy Morris, A Gillelan, T J Gillelan, D T Gillelan, George James Bowles, J Bowles, H M Bowles, G Bowles, Edward Russell, M A Pickup, Catherine Pratt, J Henderson, E Patterson, C L Korke, A E Kemp, T Wm Rodden, David Watson, Hannah Watson, W T Johnson, A E R Johnson, Ellen Johnston, Maria R Johnston, John A Watkins, C W Black, R Black, Jno Wilson, Kate Wilson, Annie Farquhar, H Morgan, Mrs H Morgan, Mary Clark, Ruth Morgan, H A Morgan, J Douglass, C G Douglass, Sam Matthewson, Mrs Sam Matthewson, Jane Wilson, Sarah Risebrough, Mrs Day, Mr Day, Thomas Day, Miss Day, Robert C Ayer, John Ballard, M A Ballard, Maria Ballard, Mary R Ballard, Mrs H Ransom, Henry Price, Mrs H Price, Mrs J Price, Mrs S Price, C A Wilson, H E Wilson, J Wilson, R Wilson, M Wilson, F N Wilson, A M Wilson, George Bridgeman, M A Eastman, L A Bridgman, L E Russell, A E Kemp, Wm Rodden, Rachel Henderson, David Watson, Hannah Watson, C W Hilliard, John Sinclair, Mrs Sinclair, W Taylor, Jeanette Henderson, Thomas Davis, Alice Davis, Esau E Phillips, J F Raymore, Henry Raymore, John Cooper, Miss Cooper, J A Cooper, Charles Wesley Cooper, Wm Arthur Cooper, Charles Gyle, Crawford Johnson, Phillip J Elliott, Mrs P J Elliott, Norman McLeod, Frederick Baker, Mrs F Baker, James Purr, Ann Purr, James Barker, Brown, Abner Brown, George Yale, Maggie Walker, Mrs John Featherstone, Jos Percival, Jas Backer, Maria Phillips, Thomas Dumas, Janet Henderson, Thomas Davis, A Benfield, William J McMillan, Wm H Kerfut, M Kerfut,

Carolina Roberts, Lizzie Peyton, Lily Henderson, Jennie Peyton, Isabella Henderson, Mr Wyard, Esther Lindsay, John McMillan, Elizabeth McMillan, Mr J B Clearihue, Mr J B Clearihue, Mr. George Brown, Mrs George Brown, Mrs S Brown, F E Brown, J C Brown, A Brown, George Korke, Ebenezer Popham, Mrs E Popham, Maggie Price, Mr and Mrs Lamb, Miss Hill, W B Matthewson, M Matthewson, Miss M A Baker, S M Baker, Henry Yale, Murray Yale, A M Yale, D Yale, Z Yale, S J Yale, H Y Yale.

THE REPLY.

Rev. Mr. Roy replied as follows:— Mr. Costen and dear Friends: I wish I could fitly express my gratitude to you for this expression of your sympathy with me in a time of great trial. If any one had told me, less than two years ago, that in so short a time an attachment so strong as to produce this testimonial would have sprung up between us, I should not have believed him. It is known to some of you that for fourteen years I have been undergoing a kind of living crucifixion, not because of any immoral conduct on my part, but simply because I have persisted in interpreting the Bible according to my own judgment, and not in subjection to that of any other man. But this expression of your confidence repays me for anything I have suffered. From my earliest childhood, before anyone had ever said to me that I had a soul, it has been my ambition to be a true and faithful missionary of the Cross; and my desire has ever been to be a follower of Him who shrank not from death for us, I have had, and have no higher desire than to cry, at the end of life, "Behold, behold the Lamb!" Yet, while desiring this most earnestly, I have determined that I must do it in my own way, and not under bondage to the creeds of any man, even the best that ever lived. I am glad to know that you sympathise with my determination to maintain my Protestant right of liberty of thought and speech, even when you may not be able to coincide with every one of my views. I wish I could tell you how much I feel your kindness to me; but I cannot, and you must just believe me when my heart is full. I can only say, God bless you.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Forces, is the younger brother of the Czar, and, until the recent mobilisation of the Russian army, commanded the troops in the military circle of St. Petersburg. Of his military talents very little is known out of Russia, as during the Crimean War he was scarcely twenty-four years of age, having been born in 1831, while since his appointment he has been lying between life and death with an attack of typhoid fever. He was married in 1854 to Alexandra, the daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, and has two sons, the eldest of whom, Nicholas, aged twenty, is with him at Kischineff.

ABD-UL-KERIM PASHA, the Generalissimo of the Turkish army, has distinguished himself of late by his successful campaign against the Servians. It is somewhat doubtful, however, whether the credit of this should not go to the generals who served under him, as Abd-ul-Kerim achieved little himself in the field, but remained at headquarters at Nisch until a way had been opened for him to Djunis, and thence to Alexinatz. Abd-ul-Kerim, like many of the leading men amongst the Turks, received his education in Europe, having studied at Vienna under General Hausslab. In appearance he is somewhat corpulent and a trifle lame. He is said to have very pleasant manners, but to be extremely taciturn except when at table, to the pleasures of which it is reported he is somewhat addicted.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.—Our information, as to the Professors of the Medical College at Kingston, was erroneous, in so far as the Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine is concerned. Dr. Yates, who has occupied that chair for 23 years, occupies it still. Dr. K. N. Fenwick has this year received the appointment to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence and Histology.

BURLESQUE.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST.—"The other day a delightfully pretty woman bowed and smiled in my direction in the cars. I didn't take any notice at first for I thought she meant some other fellow. But after a while I saw she meant me and I bowed back. Then she said: "Why, Mr. Clemens, I'm so glad to see you again." I said I was glad to see her again, though I didn't know if I'd really seen her before, whether it was in Egypt or England or the Sandwich Islands or San Francisco. We talked a while and she said: "How is George?" I didn't know who George was, but I said that George was pretty well, and trusted to luck for the truth of it. She said she was real glad George was pretty well, and asked how Henry was getting along. It was hot work, but I risked it, and said Henry didn't get along so well lately as we had hoped he would. I didn't know who Henry was, but I was sorry I said what I did when she looked sad and said she was sorry he didn't get on. Then she said, "Oh! Mr. Clemens, what did they name the baby?" and I didn't even know what kind of a baby it was. But I thought of a name that would do anyway and I said, "Oh, the baby! Yes, they called

the baby Francis." And she said it was a pretty name and I told her I thought so too. And after a while she said: "It seems a long time since we were in Virginia City, doesn't it?" And I shouted: "Why didn't you say Virginia City at first, and then I would have known who your George and your Henry and your baby were, and who you were."

THE TRAMP.—The tramp is a cross between a camel in endurance and a pair of seven-story stilts in getting over ground. His legs are his salvation and his feet the foundation of his fortune. His path through life is full of troubles and crosses. He despises monopolies and shovels up intense hatred upon the embankments of grasping, iron-souled railroads. Wash-women are classed by him among the monopolies and he endeavors to crush them by wearing his socks till the heels melt away into nothingness and the toes glide away into the emptiness of space. Red liquor is his stronghold. In it he sees and feels the full swell of ecstatic bliss and elegant enjoyment. In three fingers of rye there is a panacea for every ailment and a balm for every wound. The world may vibrate, shake and quiver in its convulsive death-throes, the millions of poor, unsaved souls may moan their anguish and cry out aloud for bread and salvation, but the tramp with his three fingers of red liquor looketh not at the raging storm nor lendeth an ear to the bewailing of the multitude. He sinketh himself into the utter depths of forgetfulness and the three red fingers tickleth his soul in dreamy ecstasy. The world is his home, the railroad track his place of business, and the next town his highest ambition. He starts on his journey without good byes and kisses, and receives no cordial welcome at the end. He has no friends, not even among his fellow tramps, because friends are too much trouble. He prefers to exult from town to town alone, unfettered and fancy free. Conversation detracts from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, besides two chews eat away a plug of tobacco sooner than one.

WHERE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS AT FAULT.—"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" He was not a very large spark, but he declared that his love for her could never be extinguished. More than once she had acknowledged to herself that he had quite fired her heart. Often when she thought of it her cheeks burned, and she felt that she was, indeed, his little flame.

They were sitting in her father's parlor, the other evening, on the South Side. As to that, however, it matters little which side they sat upon. Suffice it to say that they sat side by side. That is, he sighed to her while she sighed to him.

They sat upon a sofa. "Sophia," said he, "I met Charlie Jones this afternoon, and he said that he had seen you weighed, and—"

Sophia started, not as if she were going somewhere, but as if she had been struck in the very smallest of the back with a base ball.

"Seen me wade?" exclaimed the little lady, while her eyes lit up like savage watch-fires.

"Yes," continued the lover, "and he says you weighed a great deal more than he supposed you would; but then Charlie don't know you as well as I do," and he winked and pinched her plump arm knowingly.

The little lady was dumbfounded and confounded. She could not account for the scandalous story.

"What! I wade!" thought she. "Preposterous!"

It weighed heavily upon her.

She mused as one in a dream: "I have not been gathering shells; neither have I been with any fishing excursion; besides the water is not warm enough to wade," and she buried her face in her jewelled hands.

There were two faces at the funeral. The one that was buried, and another that sighs to be buried beside it.

"Well, dearest," said he, after a moment's reflection, "this troubles you, although I don't see why it should, and we'll say no more about it. Sing to me, pet."

It was her time to reflect for a moment; and she did—in a manner opposite; and then seated herself at the piano.

She could not wholly dismiss the subject from her mind, so she sang—

"Water the wild waves saying I"

She thought perhaps they were saying something about her, although she knew she had not been near them, and when Charlie Jones said he had been, he simply—and she could prove it.

She returned to the sofa.

He also moved nearer to Sophia. "You know, darling," he said, hoping to divert her mind from the recent conversation; "you know in South Carolina Chamberlain has withdrawn in favor of Wade—"

"There you go again!" exclaimed she, the watch-fires in her eyes flashing up as if a bucketful of benzine had been thrown upon them. "If you want to break off your engagement and go back to that flat-nosed Sue Mulligan, just say 'wade' to me again. When Charlie Jones, or any other Jones, says he has seen me wade, he tells me a lie as big as the State of Pennsylvania, and he knows it."

"Why, really, my little love!"

"Yes, I am becoming aware of our little love," snapped she; "and if it gets much smaller you won't be able to find it!"

"For the life of me," returned he, almost beside himself, and altogether beside her; "for

the life, I can't see what there is to be angry at. Charlie Jones merely said he had seen you weighed, and that you were a great deal stouter than he had sup!"

"Seen me wade!" Stouter! Charley Jones!" gasped the little lady, snatching her skirts closer about her; "O, that I had the wings of a—O, O, that I had that hateful fellow by the hair of the head; I would make him sing for this! I would teach him what it is to wade! I would turn his hair gray in a holy second!"

As she uttered these words a ray of light broke in upon the fond lover like a burglar with a bull's-eye lantern.

The same ray made a raid upon the lady's intellect.

"I'm sold!" exclaimed she.

"And so am I sold," said the young man, grinning from ear to ear, as if he had intended the whole business as a stupendous joke.

Apologies and explanations were not called for, and the regular order of business was at once taken up. The first matter disposed of was "ten kisses short as one, and one as long as twenty." A recess of a second and a quarter, and then 320 kisses a trifle shorter than one, and one as long as any mortal could hold his breath and live. Adjourned at 1 a. m. to meet at the same place on the following evening.

A SERENADE.—C. Claude Culpepper came down from Dayton Wednesday evening with an intention. During the bright Lexington of youth he had met a Baymiller street belle who smote him heart and soul. Mr. Culpepper's intention in coming to Cincinnati was to serenade his love. So, gathering a quartet of his tuneful friends, he started Wednesday evening for the house of his heart's idol. It was twelve o'clock when the boys anchored under the window of what C. Claude believed was the sheltering fold of his dear laub. It wasn't however. He had made a mistake of one hundred in numbering the houses, and it was John Sanscript's humble abode that was about to be favored with the serenade. John, however, is one of those misanthropic men who never seem to recognise a favor when they meet one; and when he was awakened from his slumbers by "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" sung in one treble, one tenor, two basses and four keys, he was, to draw it mild, ruffled in his temper. Mrs. Sanscript heard the melody, too, and whispered:

"Them's serenaders."

"I'll serenade them," snarled John, getting up, opening the blinds slyly and looking down upon the choristers below.

"What in the name of the Numidian lions are you going to do, Sanscript?" asked Mrs. S. rather uneasily.

"Just wait and see," said he, gathering up an armful of boots and laying them down handy near the window.

Just then the boys turned up on

"Thou art so near and yet so far."

"Not so far as you imagine," growled Sanscript, as he dumped the coal from the scuttle conveniently by the window. Then he tugged the brimming slop-bucket across the room and added it to his armory just as the gay gambolers switched off into

"What has a poor girl

But her name to defend her!"

"She sometimes finds her father to do that pleasing duty," muttered the desperate man. The boys were singing a medley, and while Sanscript was gathering in the tongs and shovel they began to warble:

"My heart is broke, God knows it is!"

"And your heads will be in the same condition when I get through with you," panted the avenger. Then he added the family Bible and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the pile of missiles by the window at the very moment there floated up from below:

"I shall ne'r forget the day!"

"Nor will you ever forget the night when you came to serenade my house," smiled the old man, reaching for the coal oil can.

"Oh, my heart is gone."

sang the boys under the window.

"Yes, and if you saw me piling up these bricks from the fire-place you'd follow your heart mighty quick."

"Thou art sleeping, my love,

Thou art sleeping,"

chimed the quartet.

"I'll be hanged if I am," declared Sanscript, as he scooped up the hair-brushes and toilet set from the dressing-case. While he was totting the ottoman across the room the boys pitched into

"Don't forget your little darling."

"Oh, I'll not forget you, never fear, and you won't forget me either after I'm through with you."

"Open the window, my sweet one."

sang the choristers.

"Blast me if I don't," grinned Sanscript, as he added a painful of ashes to the pile of destruction by the window.

"Come, birdie, come—"

"I'm coming, you yelping hounds," yelled the old man, thrusting his head out of the window. It took him only ten seconds of standard time to pitch boots, shoes, coal, hair brushes, books, toilet-sets, ottoman, slops, ashes and all upon the heads of the horror-stricken serenaders below. Before the quartet realized the situation, the storm was over. They all survived, but were unmercifully demoralized. And when a voice came from above, articulating in the key of J the one word

"git," they got.

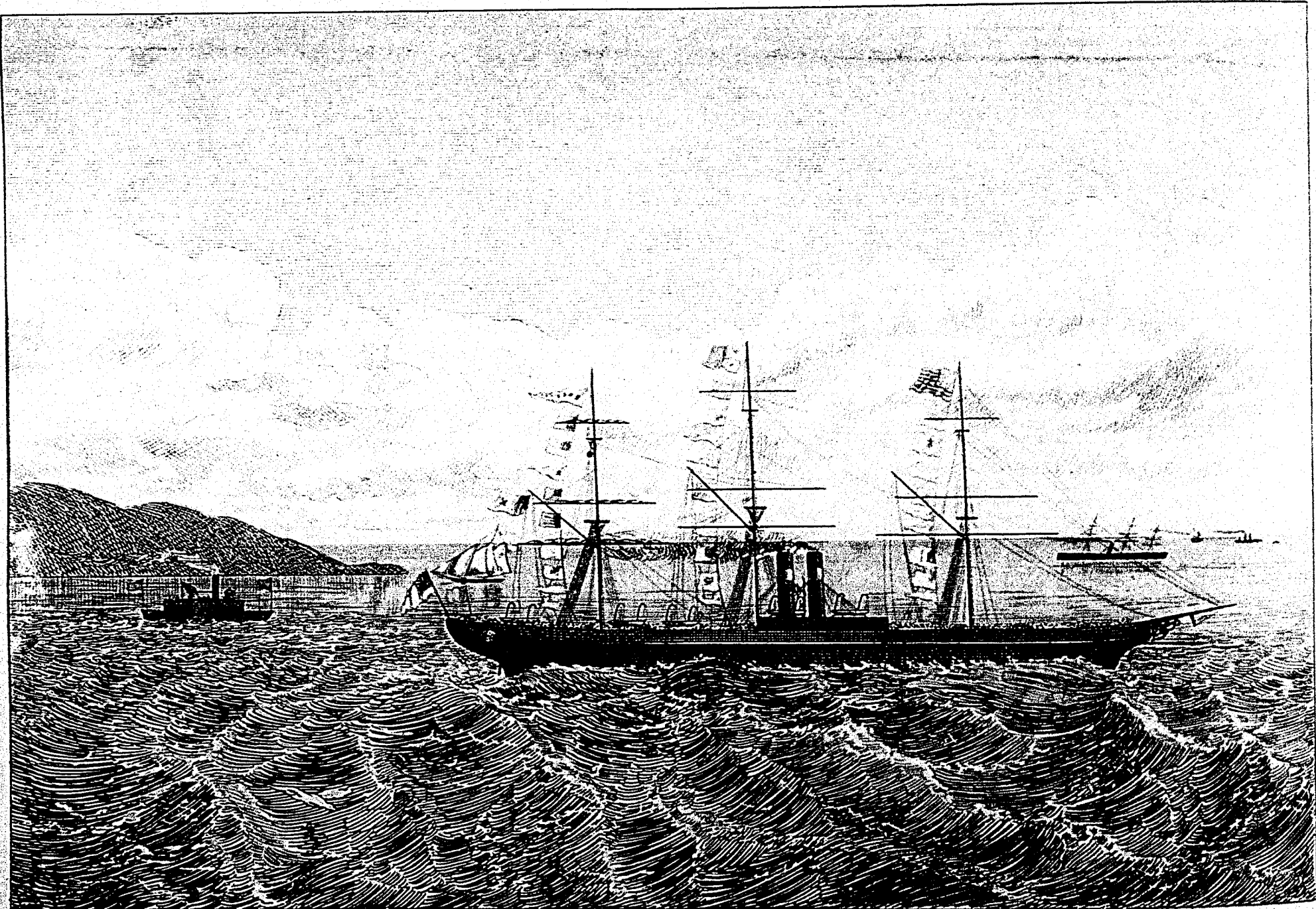
THE EASTERN WAR.



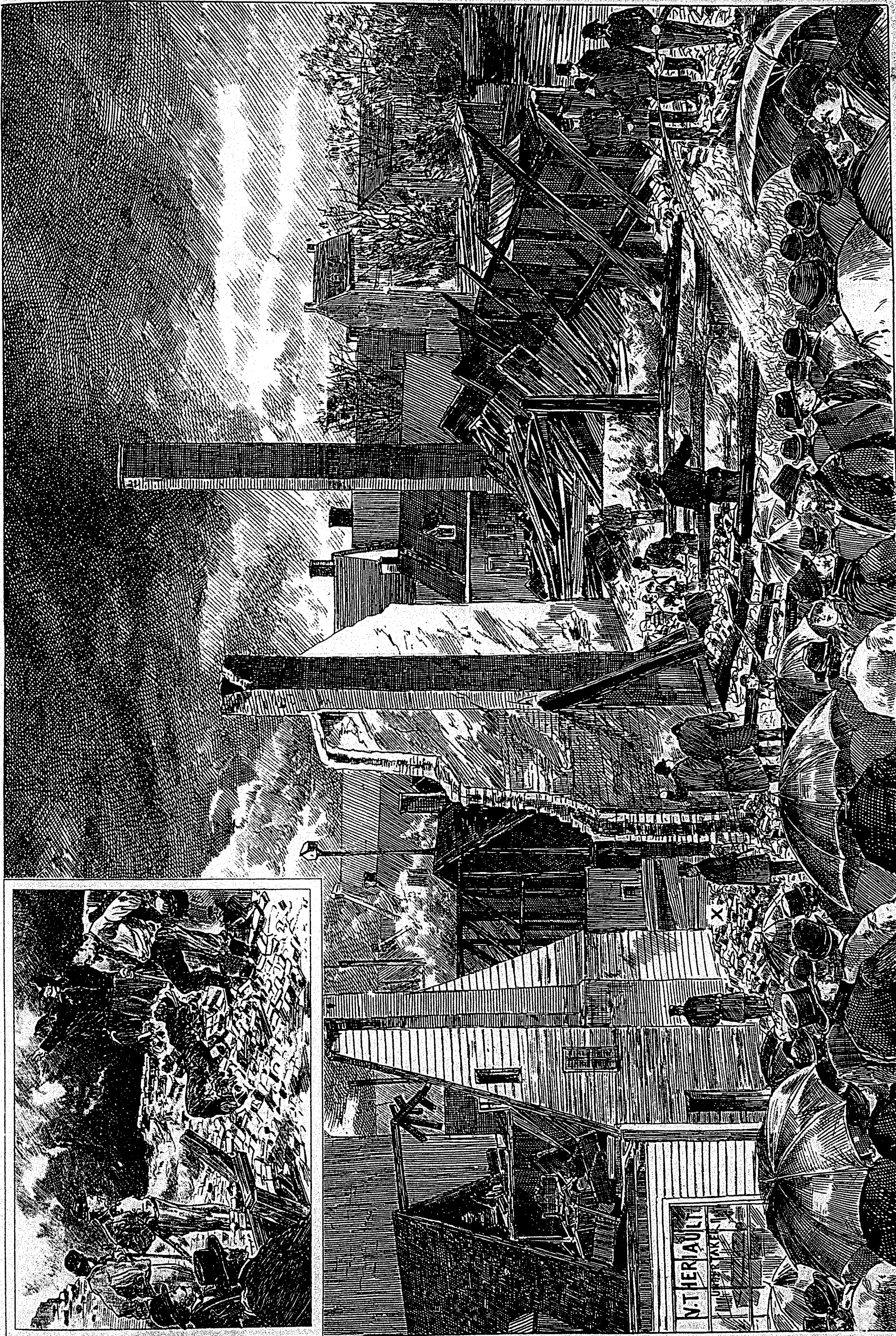
THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES.



ABD-UL-KERIM PASHA, GENERALISSIMO OF THE TURKISH ARMY.



THE S. S. CITY OF BRUSSELS, BEARING THE IRISH CANADIAN PILGRIMS TO ROME, OFF SANDY HOOK. THE STEAMER SETH LOWE PARTING COMPANY.



MONTREAL. — GREAT FIRE OF APRIL 29TH. THE RUINS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CATASTROPHE. X MARKS THE ALLEY OF DEATH, THE PRECISE SPOT WHERE SO MANY MEN WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED. THE UPPER LEFT-HAND CORNER CONTAINS A SKETCH OF THE RECOVERY OF THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.

"AEQUAM SERVARE MENTEM."

(From Horace.)

PETER A. HENDRICK.

Since thou, O man, so soon must die,
Be cheerful in adversity,
Nor be your joy too loud confessed,
If you, by fortune's smile are blessed,
And whether life be dark with care,
Or Bacchus' nectar thou dost share,
Ere health and joyous youth are fled,
Ere fate has snapp'd life's slender thread,
Enjoy yourself as best you may,
'Twill perish with the passing day.
On fruit and ruby wine regale
Reclining in some mossy vale
Where cowslips breathe the perfumes sweet,
Where breezes fan your cool retreat,
Where spreading oak and stately vine
To give you shade their leaves entwine,
And merry brook its forest song
Sings as it quickly glides along,
The rich from tower that stands in pride
Upon the moss-banked river's side,
From shady grove, from house of state,
Must part when called by sable fate:
An heir who mourns in meek distress
His high piled riches shall possess,
Nor shall the poor man's sorrows last;
His storm of life will soon be past,
The name of each lie in the urn,
And death will draw them forth in turn,
Enjoy your life, then, while you may,
'Twill perish with the passing day.
Fordham 1877.

FOR MY OWN HAND.

"Well, Harry, old man, why don't you get married and settle down now?"

So spoke my old college chum, Bob Linton, or as he preferred to be called, Mr. Robert Linton, one quiet evening in June as we were strolling down Broadway. Bob had been my dearest friend ever since I had forsaken pinafores, and after graduating with me at Harvard was now a young lawyer, waiting for his first brief. I myself, who had intended to kill or cure under the name of Harry Ford, M.D., had been fortunate enough to come in for the life-earnings of a wealthy uncle, before I had penetrated very far into the mysteries of *materia medica*, and was now engaged in helping Linton to spend his superfluous time, which meant his whole time.

"I suppose that it is because I have never met my fate yet, Bob," I answered. "You know I'm impressible enough."

"I don't know anything of the kind," retorted Bob. "You're a regular piece of cast iron, and look at pretty women as if they were statues. However, I'm tired of loafing round New York, so I'm going down to the country to see a cousin of mine in whom I have a particular interest; you can come if you like."

"Masculine cousin?"

"Not much. Will you come though? We can take the 5 o'clock train to Hillsbury tomorrow, and just drop in in time for tea—no six o'clock dinners in the country."

Glad of a chance to get some fresh air in the bright June weather, I agreed to go, and next day saw us on the road. What road concerneth not the reader; suffice it that in about an hour we arrived at a little station surrounded by a most beautiful tract of country. We had not forwarded any notice of our coming, and of course there was no one to meet us; and we had some difficulty in securing a conveyance to take us over the two miles intervening between the station and our destination. At last we were compelled to jump into a rickety milk-cart, and in such *distingue* guise rattled up to the friendly door.

I suppose that we were warmly received, that the table was well spread with the fresh delicacies so esteemed by the denizens of the dusty town; I cannot speak from remembrance, for all that I remember is the impression that the first sight of Grace Linton made upon me. A clear proud face, with large beautiful eyes, and hair brown and wavy; I had met my fate in one whom I believed to be already secured by my chum Bob Linton. While she remained in the room I was silent, almost afraid to speak; but when she left to settle some household matter my anxiety to take a favourable impression enabled me to say enough to prevent being considered a fool, and whatever she thought of me, I managed to make a firm friend of Mr. Linton.

On retiring that night I did not fall asleep immediately as usual, but spent a long hour in a confused argument with myself of which the ever recurring refrain was that if I stayed there I would lose my heart and make myself miserable; that I must leave Hillsbury on the morrow; and when I had dropped off into a sleep, it was troubled and restless.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and from my window I surveyed a scene of delightful freshness. Below in the garden I could see the cherries darkly red among the leaves moist with the fresh morning dew. The bright beams of the sun, the green fields and beautiful scenery inspired me with new courage and chased away the half-formed resolutions of the previous night. Why should I not stay instead of running off like a coward? Why be afraid of a woman, I who had seen so many. If Bob had already engaged her affections I could do nothing to affect his happiness, and I might as well stay as go.

When we met at breakfast I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible, and had the gratification of succeeding, for my hostess remarked that the journey down must have tired me a good deal, which meant I had been pretty dull the evening before. Bob gave me a conical look, for he knew that a trip of an hour, so serious to the quiet old lady, was a

mere nothing, and although I do not think he had any suspicion of the true state of the case, still he could not suppose the journey had made any impression on me. After breakfast we had a canter to the post to get any letters for ourselves or the family, and then had a look round the estate, a large and fertile one. Bob proposed to stay two weeks or so, and most of that time had passed in quiet enjoyment to both of us when an event happened which somewhat disturbed the usual routine. Meanwhile Miss Linton's behaviour to me was somewhat shy, and to Bob rather freer, but still more reserved than the manner of ordinary girls. Bob did not seem to be much impressed, and I began to wonder what was the real state of affairs. Whatever it was, my own heart was gone hopelessly, although I was not as yet fully aware of the fact.

A peculiarity at our host's was the large amount of antique silver plate daily displayed. It was an heirloom in the Linton family, but unlike the usual run of possessors of such things, the owners liberally used it on ordinary occasions, and it was therefore well known throughout the neighbourhood. I had expressed my surprise that more care was not taken of it, but Mr. Linton said that they had no rascals in their vicinity and that there was not the least danger. Indeed he had gone on as he was doing for the previous twenty years, and therefore experience supported him; but he was to learn that civilization was progressing, and Hillsbury becoming less of a rural elysium before long.

Grace Linton was in the habit of walking to the church (which lay about halfway to the railway station) on certain mornings to practice on the organ, which she played on Sundays. Bob and I had been in the custom of walking there with her, leaving her and then returning to escort her home. One morning Linton could not come, so I went with her alone. When we reached the church we heard that a man had been injured some distance off, and I went to offer what slight assistance my knowledge of surgery might be able to give. It was nothing serious and I was soon retracing my steps; but I met a lady coming from the church who told me that Grace, not knowing when I would return had decided to walk home alone. Thanking her for the information, I took a short cut across the fields which brought me to the main road within a quarter mile of the house. I had just entered the main road when I heard voices around a bend a few yards ahead, one of which was Miss Linton's and seemed to me to have a slight tone of fear. I hastened forward and found her talking to a ragged but powerful-looking man, who seemed to be more threatening to her than was pleasant. When I appeared Miss Linton turned to me with an air of great relief, and the beggar went off somewhat reluctantly. I found that he had been soliciting alms, but seeing her alone and wearing jewelry, had been getting importunate.

I did not notice particularly the appearance of the man, but the same day he called at the house nominally begging, but not seeming to be in much need of any support; and then I was struck with his great size and sinister face.

I forgot to mention that the reason why Bob was not with us in the morning was that he had been called back to town on some petty matter. He had intended to come back by the evening train, but about dusk we received a telegram from him saying that he would not return till the next day. Although we all missed Bob's fun and chat, I managed to spend one of my pleasantest evenings at Hillsbury, and retired at ten o'clock well satisfied with myself and all the rest of the world, only wishing that Grace Linton would not keep such confounded early hours. I slept soundly, but was awakened seemingly by a muffled attempt to open my door, which I had bolted. Still half asleep, I was not sure at first what was the matter, and was dozing off again when I heard a slight scraping and whispering in the passage. I got quickly out of bed and slipped on some clothes; and waited for a few moments, and was about to call out who was there when I heard sounds of a struggle in Mr. Linton's room which was next to mine. Thoroughly aroused I went quietly to the door, opened it, and in a moment a rough hand was at my throat and I heard a stick striking the door-piece above my head with a violence which would have effectually quieted me had it reached my head.

I grasped my assailant and a hard struggle ensued, but as soon as I had collected my scattered senses I found myself to be more than a match for my unknown opponent. I am physically of large frame, had paid considerable attention to bodily exercise at college, and since graduating had not suffered my strength to remain altogether without use, so that I was not at all contemptible in a personal conflict. Still the man struggled on with the strength of despair, and I might have taken some time to overcome him completely, when a shriek rang out in the dark house. I knew it was Grace's voice and it inspired me with redoubled strength. We were struggling close to the staircase; and exerting all my power I lifted my opponent from the floor and hurled him down, then sprang to the room from which the sound had come and found there a man attempting to gag Miss Linton. He turned to me as I dashed in, and in the weak starlight coming through a near window I saw the evil face of the beggar who had twice met me the previous day; and I saw, too, the glimmer of a knife in his right hand. He made a thrust at me; I dodged and the point

ran along the side of my neck, drawing the blood. The next moment we had closed and were wrestling desperately, I compelled to keep an iron hold on the hand in which was the knife. I soon found that I was not equal to this new foe, and would probably have met my fate before long, when at the crisis of the conflict the rascal stumbled over a chair, and not only dropped his weapon, but was so confused that I easily threw him heavily before he could recover himself. The struggle went on on the floor, but I was not long in danger, for lights soon flashed into the room, and the gardener with a couple of other men rushed in and secured my gigantic enemy, who from some cause or other, resisted but faintly. Grace had fainted before I had come to her rescue, and was lying white and senseless on the floor. A dash of water revived her, and then came payment for my exertions. For a moment she did not know me; then, as she saw the blood which had flowed rather plentifully from the scratch I had received, her face grew paler and with almost a sob she cried, "Oh, Mr. Ford, you are hurt!" and almost involuntarily placed her hand upon my arm. A momentary spirit of recklessness came over me, and catching her in my arms, I strained her to my breast. She did not attempt to escape at once, but soon we heard the sound of returning footsteps, and breaking from me she fled from the room. I must not omit to mention that we were in the up-stairs sitting-room, where most of the plate was kept. Grace, as well as myself, had been aroused by the incautious proceedings of the burglars, and divining their object had gone at once to this room, but was surprised by the big wretch before she could shut herself in.

When matters were explained in the morning, we found that the burglars had first entered my host's room, and bound and gagged both him and Mrs. Linton. Then one of them stationed himself at my door, after trying in vain to open it, while the other had gone to secure the plate, not taking Miss Linton into consideration at all. They had thought themselves to be quite safe as I was the only obstruction, Mr. Linton being old, and all the men servants sleeping without the building. The man I had first encountered was found stunned at the bottom of the stairs, with a couple of his ribs and his arm broken by the fall, which had been a very violent one. His big companion, whose strength had given away so suddenly at the last, turned out to be severely wounded, having fallen upon his own knife when I threw him. He was well known to the New York police, and his bad character, attempt at robbery and attack upon me, secured him a permanent situation at Sing Sing. The other man got off more easily.

That day Grace did not appear until dinner-time, and then, she kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on the table-cloth, and I tried in vain either to get a word or a look from her. This in no way discomposed me, for I put it down to its true cause, and besides had no longer any fear concerning Bob's peace of mind, as I know now from Mr. Linton, whom I had interviewed with regard to my lady, that there was no affection, beyond cousinly, between them. Grace soon left the table, and I followed her as quickly as was consistent with dignity. I found her in the garden.

"Grace, why are you afraid of me?"

No answer.

"If you dislike my presence, I will go back to New York." She looked up quickly into my face, but seeing a sort of triumphant air there, she turned and attempted to leave, but I caught her in my arms, and there and then obtained permission to hold her fast for the rest of my life.
Montreal. HARBANT.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

The Art of Printing having been introduced into England in the year 1477, by William Caxton, the importance of the recurring centennial has suggested, both in England and Canada, the advisability of celebrating the event and rendering due homage to the author of its introduction.

The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, having undertaken to hold a *Conversazione* on the 26th of June next, and an Exhibition on the two following days, with this view, would feel grateful for the loan of such articles classified in the appended schedule, as may be in the possession of either private individuals or public institutions throughout the Dominion, the Society undertaking the cost of transmission, the rare and custody while here, and the immediate return of the Exhibits, at the close of the celebration.

It is desirable that the commemoration, although under the auspices of the Society, should partake of a national character, and be illustrative of the increasing energies and resources of the Dominion, and it is hoped that a widespread interest may be awakened, and contributions worthy of the importance of the event be forwarded from all parts of the Dominion.

It is intended to publish a descriptive catalogue, and contributors are respectfully requested, on account of the short interval allowed for preparation, to forward the Secretary an immediate list of all proposed contributions, giving details as to author's name, title of book, printer's name, date and place of publication, and any other particulars relating to the work in question.

SCHEDULE.

1. Missals or manuscript books, prior to the art of printing.

2. Books from the press of William Caxton, Colard Mansion, Wynkyn de Worde and Pyn-ton.

3. Books from the invention of the art, to 1650.

4. Books subsequent to 1650, having merit in illustrating the special development of the art, "Editio Princeps," uncut editions, large paper editions, rare and curious books, works from celebrated printers.

5. Early and rare editions of bibles and prayer books.

6. Illustrated and illuminated books from the earliest epoch to the present day.

7. Books having reference to the early history of Canada (Nouvelle France.)

8. All books and newspapers printed in Canada prior to 1840, thereafter, books illustrative of the progress of the art in Canada.

9. Prints, etchings, woodcuts and engravings up to 1800, thereafter, specimens illustrative of Canadian engraving.

10. Specimens of Calligraphy, up to 1700.

11. Maps and plans relating to America prior to 1800.

12. Coins and medals.

Mr. Hart read a letter received from the Governor-General's Secretary in which His Excellency had voluntarily given his patronage to the celebration, and regretting that his official visit to Manitoba would prevent him from being present. The letter also stated that His Lordship would be happy to loan three of the Governor-General's medals to the proposed exhibition.

Answers were also read from the following societies and gentlemen:—Natural Historical Society of Quebec; Catholic Commercial Academy of Montreal; the Curator of the Laval University; Principal Dawson, McGill College; Dr. May, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Scadding, Toronto; Messrs. J. Subra & Sons, New York, and a number of others, the general tone of which was in favor of the proposed celebration.

The President stated that over \$500 had been guaranteed for the object in view.

On motion it was decided that the Secretary ascertain under what conditions it was possible to get the use of Molson Hall for the occasion.

The meeting then entered into an informal discussion as to the best means for arranging the various details, after which it adjourned.

LITERARY.

MISS BRADDON may be defined as the best and largest manufacturer of romantic shoddy of the present generation.

THE death of the famous Spanish authoress, Cecilia Azon Bohl de Faber, known to the literary world under the name of "Pernau Caballero," is reported at the age of eighty-one.

MRS. SARAH JOSEPH HALE, who has edited Godley's Lady's Book for forty years, is now eighty-two years old, still vigorous in body and sound in mind. Beside her editorial work she has written and compiled about thirty volumes, embracing plays, poems, romances, and cook books. She is represented as a very amiable and interesting lady, full of anecdote and to collections of noted persons she has met during her busy life.

THE number of journals in Spain in 1876 was four hundred and forty-three. Ninety-five were political, sixty-five religious, seventy-eight literary, one hundred and five scientific, artistic, and industrial, and one hundred were miscellaneous. The *Correspondencia de Espana*, at Madrid, has the largest circulation, having circulated during the last year nearly twenty-one millions of copies, beside about two millions of extra sheets (supplements).

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. GOUNOD'S "Cinq Mars" is a great attraction in Paris, despite the badness of the book and the weakness of the cast. The music gains on every hearing, and the execution in the *ensemble* is very effective.

THE rehearsals of Massenet's opera *Le Roi de Lahore*, are being pursued with redoubled vigour, and the first performance is delayed from week to week in order to render the representation more perfect. Those musical critics who have been admitted to the rehearsals declare the music of *Le Roi de Lahore* to be something marvellous. The third act (in *parade*) is full of genius and originality, and the only fear entertained by the critics is that the whole work may be found of too high an order for comprehension by the ordinary public.

ALBANI, the American *prima donna*, is in high favor in the Parisian world of music and art, evidenced, among other ways, by the contributions to the *Album*. Lucy Hooper, writing from Paris concerning this album, says:—Some of the drawings are very fine, particularly an Oriental head, in pen and ink, drawn by Mr. Bridgman; D. R. Knight's sketches in water-colors, and a group of chickens in India ink from the pencil of Mr. Baird. A lady admirer of *la diva* has ordered from one of our rising young artists, Mr. George Rowland, a sketch for one of the as yet unfilled pages of the album. It represents "Fame," her trumpet lying at her feet, seated, and supporting with one hand a tablet on which she is inscribing the names of the great *prima donnas* of our century. She has written the names of Catalani and Jenny Lind, and has just completed that of Albani. A little cherub at her side is playing on a lyre, while her temple is illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, is visible in the background.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

IN MEMORIAM.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1877.

Honour to the brave,
Who gave their lives to save
Our loved ones and our homes from fire!
In the murky depths of night,
In the awful solitude
Of sleep,
They keep
Sharp watches, and they brood,
With bended ear and sight,
Over the least alarm
Of harm.—
And they never, never tire!
When the lurid flames shoot high
Velling the starry sky,
And clouds fly like rain
Blown in a hurricane;
When the infant's cry rings shrill,
And the mother, kneeling wild
Upon the window sill,
With long hair disarrayed,
Calls out for manly aid
To save her burning child;
When strong men in their fright,
Circled by walls of fire,
Forget their mind and might,
And sink upon the floor,
As victims on a pyre,
To rise no more;
Who come like lightning sped,
With strong arm and bright eye,
With stout heart and cool head,
The fiery beast to tame,
And rescue from the flame
The souls that else would die?
OUR FIREMEN!
Honour and guerdon then
To heroes such as these;
Grudge not a paltry wage
To cheer their hours of ease,
Or to assuage
Their illness and old age,
And when their lives they yield
On duty's glorious field,
Shed the tribute of a tear
Upon their hallowed bier,
As I do here.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL.

MEN BURIED AND BURNED ALIVE.

The Civic Funeral.

One of the most disastrous fires that ever took place in Montreal, occurred on Sunday morning, April 29th, in a building situated on St. Urbain street, and occupied by the Oil Cabinet Novelty Works Company. At five minutes past five o'clock the fire was discovered, and the alarm that was given quickly brought the whole of the department to the scene of the conflagration. The flames were at first confined to the upper story of the building. They were most dense, but now and again lacked in heading, but quickly, as if fed with oil, they gushed forth again from the windows. The firemen were working with untiring zeal in every portion of the building, as well as outside, when the flames seemed to descend to the lower story with extraordinary rapidity. Desperate in their efforts to subdue the flames, the men raised the Skinner ladder and three of them ascended with the hose. The water they poured on the lower storeys seems for the moment to have obtained the mastery, but a sudden blast of wind caused the flames to envelope the whole front of the building. When the wind changed again the brave firemen who had ascended were found at the front of the ladder, with fire above and below them, as shown in our front page picture, and there was a terrible moment of suspense, as the brave fellows fought their way down. This they succeeded in doing, after being badly burned. The heat on St. Urbain street was so terrible that the shingle roofs, doors, and window frames ignited, but were prevented from blazing up by the firemen. The latter laid themselves out to protect a large lumber yard which has its entrance on Craig street. It was closely watched, and it may be said miraculously escaped, as well as extensive saw-mills which adjoined the blazing pile. At six o'clock the wind assisted the flames more terribly than before, raising clouds of red hot splinters from the wreck, and depositing them on the roofs of the adjoining buildings. On Vitre street the occupants of the wretchedly built tenements became alarmed, and shifted their goods in remarkably short time. The heat from the blazing works set fire to the roof of a saloon kept by Ridley and the buildings adjacent, but a continuous flow of water soon put that out. The fire in the upper flat did not appear to abate in ferocity, even when the very basement had become ablaze, and the roof, which fell in by small sections, without lessening the glare, increased the fuel that fed the flames below.

After the whole of the roof had fallen in, the upper portion of the two gable walls bulged laterally outwards, and as the volume of flame within their confines increased, as the several floors fell in, it was apparent to all the on-lookers that the walls were sure to fall, and that nothing could save the adjacent buildings

—common wood shanties—or the firemen who were in that locality. Chief Patton, who had sent his men into an adjoining alley connected with an undertaker's shop, was awake to this fact, and rushed into the alley to call his men out. Reddy, Nolan and Holtby, of No. 1, were on the roof of Beauchamp's store, playing on the houses in Vitre street. The chief had hardly the words out of his mouth, calling them away, when the rear portion of the wall fell and buried the chief himself, who received dreadful injuries. The cry instantly went up that the men were buried. Beekingham, of No. 2, rushed into the alley with two others to endeavour to preserve the buried men. Holtby by this time had worked his way out of the ruin, but the other two, buried almost up to their necks, were powerless, though conscious, and were literally cremated alive.

Those who were not present can easily imagine the agonizing excitement that followed. Who was amongst the ruin none could tell, and a general roll call took place. The firemen rushed frantically about looking for comrades. It was found that the falling wall had razed to the ground the rear portion of the undertaker's store, and there amid the ruins lay the bodies. Within a foot of the surface was found a heap of bodies, some lifeless, others in the throes of death, and some few just conscious. The maimed were as tenderly carried as, under the excitement of the occasion, could be expected, to an ambulance and taken to the hospital. The dead were placed in the coffins which were close at hand from the undertaker's store. The south gable wall also fell and demolished half of Shade's furniture store, the part saved being that in which he lived. All the surrounding property was protected, but the pile continued to burn with terrific fury within what was left between the gable walls. The fear of the fire extending abated somewhat about seven o'clock. The works were stocked with all kinds of domestic utensils, including refrigerators and children's toys. Nothing whatever was saved.

The list of those who perished is as follows:

- T. Higgins, driver of the Skinner, from No. 1 station.
- Richard Choules, No. 2, who leaves a wife and three children.
- Michael Barry, No. 3, widower, who leaves a little child.
- Win. Perry, No. 9, single, who leaves an aged mother of whom he was the sole support.
- George Lynch, for many years foreman of the Water Works Department, who leaves a wife and four children.
- Mr. Beauchamp, jeweller, St. Lawrence Main street, married, two children.
- Antoine Sanders, stone-cutter, married.
- John Hamel, labourer.
- Joseph Parker, machinist, and Pierre Camelle, labourer.

In addition the following were injured more or less severely:—Chief Patton, severe scalp wounds and a large gash on the right temple; a severe abrasion of the right knee, and another

on the left arm. He is also very much bruised and burned.

J. Nolan, guardian No. 1 station, legs badly fractured, one broken, and bruised about the head.

John Livingstone, foreman of the Skinner, one leg badly smashed, and afterward amputated. He died on Tuesday, May 1st.

Ben Harrison, Skinner ladder, back injured, still living.

Chas. Reddy, Skinner, head bruised.

W. Ferguson, leg broken and head bruised. He died on May 3rd.

Chas. Buise, Skinner, badly hurt.

Alfred Holtby, No. 1 Station, burned badly about the hands and face.

Israel Bishop, No. 5, leg broken and badly burned about the head.

Besides the above, many civilians were badly injured, and carried to their homes by their friends.

On Tuesday, May 1st, the funeral of the unfortunate victims took place at the expense of the city, and was one of the most impressive demonstrations which we ever witnessed in Montreal. The funeral of Michael Barry occupied the morning; in the afternoon, the interment of Messrs. Perry, Lynch, Higgins, Choules, and Parker was proceeded with. The funeral was a public one, and was participated in by all classes of citizens. It may be said with safety, that the teeming city poured out her thousands to do honor to the dead. From an early hour the crowds began to gather in front of the Central Station, on Craig street, which was the point of departure of the procession. The crowd gathered rapidly, and before long extended as far as the eye could reach on Craig street and up St. George street. By half-past two, there were probably 15,000 people between Bleury street and St. Lambert's Hill, and it was a crowd that increased every moment, every street pouring along its contingents. Black was the universal wear, and there was a pervading reverential solemnity which made itself felt.

In addition to our other illustrations we give in one group the portraits of the seven heroic firemen who lost their lives at the post of honor.

RICHARD CHOULES was a native of England, but emigrated to this country at an early age. He had attained his 38th year at the time he met his death at the post of duty. Joining the old Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, as a volunteer, in 1860, he remained with the force until he was appointed to the permanent brigade in 1867. He was an Oddfellow, and connected with Mount Royal Lodge, No. 1. He had formerly been a private in No. 6 Company, Prince of Wales' Rifles, but retired, and subsequently joined the Garrison Artillery. Mr. Choules was married, and leaves a widow with four children to mourn the loss of a good husband and father. He was attached to No. 2 Fire Station.

THOMAS HIGGINS was a native of Montreal, and 35 years of age when he was so suddenly called away. He belonged to the old volunteer brigade, being a member of the same company as Mr. Choules. Having a taste for the profession, he was appointed to the permanent force in 1873, and had continued an active member since that time. He had been in the Prince of Wales' Rifles and saw some service in 1866 at Hemmingford and Durham. In 1870 was at Eccles' Hill and St. Johns. A better or more courageous fireman was not in Montreal, and, as driver of the Skinner ladder, he performed signal service to the city on more than one occasion. Mr. Higgins was married and leaves a wife with two children. He was connected with No. 1 Station.

MICHAEL BARRY was a native of this city, and was only 26 years of age at the time of his premature death. He had not been long connected with the Fire Department, having only joined it in 1873. Mr. Barry was a widower, his wife having died only five months ago. He leaves an only child, a son, about one year old. He was connected with No. 3 Station.

WILLIAM PERRY was a native of the town of Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, but emigrated with his parents, at a very early age, to this city. He had only attained the age of 26 years, when he was cut off performing his duty nobly. Physically, he was a splendid fellow, and, as an athlete, he had scarcely an equal, the proof of this having been exemplified by his performance at our public sports and the trophies which he won. He was attached to No. 9 Station, where he was greatly respected for his manly qualities and good character. He was unmarried, but the sole support of his widowed mother.

GEORGE LYNCH was foreman of the Corporation Water Works, and met his death at the same time as the brave firemen. He was a native of Toronto, but came here with his parents when he was a mere youth. He was only 38 years of age at the moment of his untimely end. He had been 18 years in the Water Department, and always bore a high character. Mr. Lynch was a member of the Masonic Order, an officer of Kilwinning Lodge, and was also a volunteer in the Prince of Wales' Regiment. He was married, and leaves a widow with six children.

JOHN LIVINGSTONE was born in this city and was only 28 years of age. He leaves a wife with three or four young children to regret his untimely death. He occupied the position of foreman of the Skinner ladder, to which he had been promoted about three years since.

WILLIAM FERGUSON had been in the force for about thirty-six years, his particular duty being to make and mend hose, but he was a handy man at anything connected with the Department. He was widely known, and liked by all who knew him, being familiarly and affectionately known as "Auld Willie." He, at one time, belonged to the Prince of Wales' Rifles, and to the last he continued to take a great deal of interest in that regiment. He was a native of Scotland, and leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters to mourn his loss.

For three of the photographs from which our portraits are taken we are indebted to James Martin, whose studio is at 427 Dorchester street, opposite Dufferin Square, and the remaining four were kindly furnished by Geo. A. Snider, whose art rooms are 159 St. Lawrence Main street, and who has displayed much enterprise in furnishing photographs of the firemen.

The three brave men who came nigh perishing on the Skinner ladder were Bishop, of No. 5 Station; Sparlon, of No. 5, and C. Buise, of No. 1.

At the last meeting of the Kuklos Club of this city, a resolution of condolence with the Fire Brigade of Montreal, and with the families of citizens who perished at the terrible fire of April 29th, was unanimously passed. As the Club is representative of the sentiments of the journalists of this city without distinction of party, this tribute of regard will doubtless be much appreciated by our firemen who have almost daily relations with the members of the city press. The Club has also appointed a committee to represent it at the approaching Caxton celebration.

In a late number of the *Star* of this city, we were pleased to observe what may be styled a new departure in the way of popularizing art for journalistic purposes. It was the reproduction of Gus Williams' tuneful song and chorus entitled "See that my grave's kept green," in clear cut notes and words, very legible and tasteful. Thus for 1 cent the *Star* gave its readers a piece of popular music which would otherwise cost them at least 25 cents. As a specimen of the new photo-engraving process of the Burland-Desbarats Company, which is so rapidly making its way for cheapness, neatness and simplicity, this reproduction deserves the consideration of publishers.

HUMOROUS.

OUR experience with rich relatives has furnished us with abundant proof that few die, and most assuredly none resign.

EXPERIENCE is a wise teacher, but the man who feels a June bug creeping inside of his trouser's leg has no resource save in his natural ability.

THE King of Holland has offered to send 40,000 tulips to the Paris Exposition of 1878. He will also send some of his gin to keep the two lips moist.

WE have frequently observed that the man who always states what he would have done if he had been there, is the kind of person who never gets there.

DR. MARY WALKER don't like to stand up and hold on to a street car strap, and the prevailing impression is that she hasn't got any new sleeve buttons.

IF the editor of a country newspaper could get verbal promises discounted at bank rates, he would be on intimate terms with the whole Rothschild family inside of two days.

IN the report of the Southern, and in fact of all other hotel fires, it is invariably noticeable that the bland and gentlemanly clerk heroically rescues his diamond pin, and then makes his escape.

A MAN who can sit with his feet in a pail of hot water, with a strip of red flannel about his throat, and not feel the tender influence of spring, is dead to the subtle instincts which link humanity to nature.

A MAN once asked a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No; he's out."—"Your mistress?"—"No, sir; she's out, too."—"Well, I'll just step in and take a warm at the fire till they come in."—"Faith, and that's out, too."

THE kind and gentle breeze that fans our cheek, and moves the timid violet to our notice, is the same power that lifts the coat tail of the youth of the land, and betrays a light colored patch set in the seat of a black pair of pants—a monument to remind us of a mother's love and the hard times.

THERE is no man so independent and happy as the farmer who can lean against his well-filled granaries, and smile at hard times, and there is no man so miserable as the farmer when the ploughing handles kick him in the stomach and double him up like a broken-hearted lily.

WHEN you watch a dozen men, in the employ of a city or borough, at work on a sand bank, you are deeply impressed with the idea that the man who made the picks understood his business. If a pick was very light it wouldn't come down for fifteen or twenty minutes when uplifted by a day laborer employed by a corporation.

PHOSFOZONE

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisyne and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on apply to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.



FALL OF THE WALLS.

THE HEARSE BEARING THE BODY OF LYNCH.

REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.

BAND 5TH FUSILIERS.

FIVE AND DRUM BAND.

THE CATAPALQUE BEARING THE BODIES OF CHOULES, HIGGINS AND PERRY.

MR. A. PERRY, GRAND MARSHAL.

THE GUN CARRIAGE BEARING PARKER'S BODY.



THE GREAT MONTREAL FIRE.—THE PORTRAITS OF THE SEVEN VICTIMS OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

MAY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Like as a radiant bride, whose perfect bliss
Is consummated on her wedding-day—
So come the bound, peerless maiden May,
To give the Earth her tender natal-kiss.

A crimson splendour gloweth in the East,
As Nature to her fond carresses yields
In happy transports;—and the verdant fields
Send up sweet incense for her birthday feast.

On topmost boughs aerial warblers sing
The sweetest notes they pipe thro' all the year.—
And drowsy insects from their quarters dream
Essay in gorgeous liveries of spring.

And day begeth from departed day
Some new-born glory from the loving hand of MAY,
Montreal, May 1st, 1877.

ALIVE OR DEAD?

BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER

I.

It was a very hot day; hot in oppressiveness. The sky was one blaze of yellow sunshine; there was not a breath of air, not a rustle in a leaf, not a sound save the monotonous hum of the bees ransacking the blossoms. A dead stillness reigned without the manor of Brocklehurst, although within there were both noise and excitement, for the morrow was the wedding-day of Hester Kyrle, the sole child of John Kyrle, millionaire, and the heiress of the Brocklehurst estates. But there were two rooms within the house that noise and excitement did not reach. They were apparently sacred from intrusion; and even the mother of the bride-elect did not venture to invade their precincts. One of them was the study of John Kyrle, and the other was the chamber of his daughter. Mr. Kyrle sat in his study in a deep reverie. He was a tall lean man, with hawk-like eyes, that rested with a curious intensity on the empty grate, while a huge pile of letters, pushed carelessly into a heap, lay unheeded by his side.

He was exclusively that which is understood by the term a man of the world, thoroughly mundane to the backbone. He slept and he ate and drank under the connubial roof, and with a stereotyped icy smile paid the household bills without a question or a comment ever crossing his thin lips.

But as far as any of the ordinary feeling or influence that the magical word "home" is supposed to exercise over man, he might have been a colubate. A very long time ago he had discovered that his marriage had been a fatal mistake. Both he and his wife were of the world, living for the world; but with this one fact the bond of sympathy between them ceased entirely.

John Kyrle was cynical, clever, and desperately ambitious. Mrs. Kyrle was foolish, frivolous, and dreadfully underbred.

At the present time there was as little union of sentiment as usual between the ill-matched pair, for Mr. Kyrle's sharp-cut physiognomy bore upon it a marked contrast to the complacent round face of his better-half. In lieu of a beauteous smile of content, such as she wore on the eve of her daughter's marriage with Mervyn Tyrrell—a man after her own heart—Mr. Kyrle's lips were tightly compressed, while an ominous shadow bestrided his light-gray eyes and his high brow.

There had been an appeal made to him on the preceding night, an appeal most passionate and most eloquent, with that powerful eloquence that truth and feeling can give even to the most trivial words, while the voice that uttered it was the one that was dearest to his ears.

He had faithfully pledged himself to consider the subject, forced on his attention by the plaintive sobbing tones, and he had passed several hours shut up in his study to carry out the promise he had made. But for once his keen intellect seemed entirely at fault; the difficulty he desired to solve remained still unsolved, and he was sorely perplexed. A timid knock aroused him; he hesitated an instant before bidding the visitor enter, and he felt almost like a culprit and a craven when at last a light footfall crossed the floor and paused close to his side. Then he mustered courage and turned to look up with a sternness that was feigned in his glance, and a resolution that was mock on his mouth.

The girl who stood beside him was slender, almost fragile, in appearance, wanting slightly in physique, perhaps, but yet willowy and graceful in figure, and with a face fair as the morning. Her clear cheeks reddened and paled alternately, and her soft lips quivered like a child's, while her eyes, meek blue eyes, were fixed eagerly on his own.

Before he could address her, she was down in a white heap on the floor, with her clasped hands resting on his knee.

"You will not make me marry him, father; you will have mercy upon me, and send him away!"

The wailing cry reached even the heart that had grown somewhat hard and insensible by contact with the world.

"Hester, listen to me," and Mr. Kyrle leant forward and took her trembling fingers into his own firm grasp.

"You are going to be cruel, father," she gasped, with her colour all flown and her face showing up an ashy white.

"Do not excite yourself like this," he said quietly, still holding her hands; but she dragged them away hastily, and began wringing them in her excessive agitation.

"Tell me, will you or will you not save me from worse than death?" she asked, with passion in her voice.

"I will tell you nothing, Hester, until you choose to be calm."

She drew herself together, as it were, with a visible shiver passing over her whole frame.

"I am calm now," she said, in accents that were comparatively steady.

"If you had told me a month—nay, even a week—ago that in pledging yourself to marry Mervyn Tyrrell you were acting under coercion, I could have and should have stopped the matter at once. To me it seems a most iniquitous marriage when a woman swears to love her husband, and deliberately perjures herself. But I understood that you accepted him voluntarily, and that his attentions were agreeable to you."

"I was a miserable coward, father, as I told you last night. He and I were thrown so much together, that it seemed impossible for me to refuse when he almost demanded me to marry him. And then my mother said that my refusal would break her heart."

"Her heart?" broke in John Kyrle, with an ill-suppressed cynicism in his voice.

"And I have tried, tried hard to reconcile myself; but the more I see of him, the more I dislike, nay, hate him. I shall go mad if I have to marry that man!"

"And what can be done to prevent it at the eleventh hour—on the very eve of the bridal?" Hester, I have thought over it, as I promised you, and I find it must be. I can do nothing."

"Nothing?" she almost shrieked, rising from her knees, and her slight figure swaying.

Mr. Kyrle caught her in his arms, and with one hand turned up her face towards him so that he might scrutinize it.

"Child, do you love some other man?" he questioned gravely, with a keen glance. But her eyes looked back at him with frankness in their limpid depths.

"I wish I did!" she replied earnestly; "for I would appeal to him to save me from this fate, since you refuse to do so. No; it is only that I hate—loathe—this Mervyn Tyrrell!"

"But why? He is not one I should have picked out for your husband; but he is well-looking, and I suppose true and honest in the love he professes for you."

"What matters if he be true and honest, or if he loves me or not, since I abhor him with my whole heart and soul? Father!"—and she clasped his arm with both her hands, and gazed piteously at him—"do you really mean that there is no escape for me—that I must become his wife?"

"Hester, a child of mine must not be called a jilt and dishonourable by the world, and it would be dishonour on your part to draw back now," Mr. Kyrle answered pompously, in a hard voice.

"Then God help me, since you won't! Oh, that I might die before to-morrow!" she murmured, with a heartfelt pathos.

"Hester!" For once the "father" shone out of the steely gray eyes, and a misty look came over them. The sight touched her at once.

"Forgive me for worrying you," she pleaded. "I suppose you are right, and that everything should be sacrificed to honour. I will try and resign myself;" and she turned quietly to go away.

Mr. Kyrle stooped and pressed a kiss on her forehead. He was not a demonstrative man, and the caress was so rare that the girl looked up at him wistfully and in astonishment.

"My poor child!" he faltered.

"Are you sorry for me, father? It is at any rate a comfort to know that you pity me, if you cannot help me," she said, with a faint effort at a smile that ended in a sob.

When she was gone, John Kyrle went back to his chair, and bent over an open book; but the muscles round his mouth twitched nervously, and he brushed away with a shaky hand a drop that glittered on the page before him.

II.

"Hester, you are late," Mrs. Kyrle remarked, in a petulant voice, as she swept into her daughter's room on the morning of the wedding.

Hester did not seem to be conscious if she was late. She leant listlessly against the casement in a loose white wrapper; her long golden hair was unbound, and her face was very pale and wan. But it was her eyes that were strange; they wore a seared look, and deep lustre shades underlined them.

"Am I?" was all she answered, without moving from her position; and the tone of her voice struck painfully on her mother's ear.

Mrs. Kyrle—foolish, frivolous, and underbred—Mrs. Kyrle had plumed herself on having achieved a stroke of diplomacy; and the serious tone of her daughter's voice depressed her exultation to an unpleasant degree. She had manoeuvred and managed with that wonderful skill that especially belongs to cunning and unscrupulous feminine nature to force Hester into a marriage to which her inclinations were violently opposed. And she had felicitated herself immensely on the success of her scheme. Yet there were sparks of maternal feeling lying at the bottom of her heart, although they were incrustated in a mass of worldliness and selfishness. The suffering that had been legibly written on Hester's face during the latter days had brought a few qualms to her conscience now and then, and not all the specious arguments that egotism finds to justify itself to its worshippers could quite smother the reproach of the still small voice that would assert itself.

"I am acting for her good, and she will thank me for it hereafter," was the stereotyped phrase by which she sought to salve the whispers of conscience.

"Turn, Hester, and let me see if you are looking your best, as you are in duty bound to do to-day."

There was no answer. The girl did not heed or even appear to hear the words, but stood gazing vacantly up into the blue sky, where some feathery clouds were floating slowly by.

"It is time that you were dressing," Mrs. Kyrle went on, in accents that had grown sharper through Hester's silence.

"Yes," answered the voice; but the figure never stirred.

"Leave her to me, Mrs. Kyrle," and a girl in bridesmaid's gear came forward from the other end of the room. "Trust to me that Hester shall be ready by the time the clock strikes eleven."

"Thank you, Maude. I will leave you to your task; and it seems to me that you will find it a difficult one;" and Mrs. Kyrle rustled angrily out of the room.

"Hester, you must dress!" and Maude Wymer threw her arm round the girl and tried to draw her round.

"Very well;" and this time the figure did move. Hester walked firmly across the room, and delivered herself passively into the maid's and Maude's hands; and in a little while she stood arrayed in her satin dress, with a coronet of orange flowers crowning her brow.

"You look lovely, Hester; just a shade too white perhaps, but beautiful as a dream. Does she not, Anne?" cried Maude enthusiastically.

"Miss Kyrle looks lovely, but she is a great deal too white; she looks just like a bride of death."

"Oh, hush, Anne! Hester, you had better sit here until it is time to go down."

"I should like to go to the window," was the quiet answer. "Please raise it, Maude; I feel stifled."

"It is a delicious day; the air is so full of fragrance, and the sun shines so bright. It is a happy bride that the sun shines on, you know," Maude said, pushing the sash up; then she drew forward an armchair, into which Hester sank.

"You are crushing your dress; and if you lean back like that, you will spoil your flowers and veil!"

The bride-elect looked up at the remonstrance, and gave a little wistful smile.

"You can put me to rights to-morrow, Maude; I am so tired to-day!" and she wearily closed her eyes.

Maude Wymer gazed at her in dismay and surprise. Then she went and sat down a little way off. A thousand trifles, light as air at the time, seemed to her now as confirmation strong of doubts regarding this marriage that had occasionally arisen in her mind. She was an intelligent girl, and in a few minutes she realised Hester's pitiable position. Hester was going mad at her fate was the thought that flashed through her mind as she watched her sitting or sleeping so strangely then. Suddenly a throng of girls appeared at the door. They were Maude's sister-bridesmaids; and after exchanging a word with her, they walked towards the window.

"Hester is asleep!" whispered one of them in astonishment, and the others moved softly and spoke in hushed tones as they gathered round the chair.

"How dreadfully white she looks!"

"She will have more colour when she wakes, perhaps."

Then a sort of curious awe, almost a dread, crept over them and they were silent. Hester was so still. There was not the slightest flicker of a golden lash; white and rigid as a marble image, with her pale hands folded loosely and meekly together, Hester Kyrle sat before them.

At this moment the maid approached the panic-struck group. Surprised at the startled expression of the different faces, she pressed hurriedly forward; and as if with an instinct of what was to come, she seized one of the hands; the touch of it was sufficient. The woman fell on her knees before the motionless figure that was clad in the mockery of all bridal array, and she gave a piercing shriek that rang through the house, and fell on the ears of the marriage guests—a shriek which in the contagious panic of horror was taken up by each of the assembled bridesmaids.

The clock chimed eleven loud strokes, but Mervyn Tyrrell waited in vain for his bride to come to him. Then John Kyrle stood and gazed at his daughter, and he knew that the Heaven she had invoked to save her from Mervyn Tyrrell's arms had listened to her prayers; for Hester Kyrle was dead.

III.

All the sunshine had gone from the earth, and the sky was of sombre gray with gathering clouds, on the day that Hester Kyrle was to be carried to her last resting-place. Mrs. Kyrle's grief was so violent that her reason seemed likely to give way; remorse added to sorrow was making her burden too heavy to bear; and the cold worldly woman gave way to bursts of passionate despair that evoked surprise in its hearers.

"But it is no wonder that Mrs. Kyrle suffers remorse," Maude Wymer said to her brother, as he took her to the house for a last look at the friend of her childhood, before the sweet face should be shut away from mortal eyes. "Mrs. Kyrle is as much a murderess as though she had cut Hester's throat with a knife!"

Then she recounted to him all her ideas on the subject of the marriage, the prospect of which had killed Hester.

"O Mark, if you had seen the angel's smile, so sad, so wistful, and so meek, that she gave a few minutes before she died." She paused, her voice choked by tears.

"And she died of aneurism of the heart?" questioned Mark Wymer. He was a medical student, and so sudden a death excited his interest.

"Of course it was; the doctor said so. At first they tried restoratives, fancying it was a fit of some sort; but I knew better. I knew the instant I looked at her that Hester was dead; I knew that she had reached peace. She was just as cold and as rigid a few moments before she died as she is now. I should like you to see her, Mark; she was so beautiful in life."

"And she is beautiful in death," was Mark's first thought as his eyes rested on the dead girl, who, to gratify the half-crazy mother's wish, was habited in her wedding garb. Mark had been studying medicine in the London hospitals, and, like too many in his profession, he had come to regard the human body, practically and simply, as a curious piece of mechanism animated by vital principle. But he could not somehow look at the form before him in the same cold abstract manner. He could only gaze on it as a vision of beauty such as he had never looked on before. There was not the faintest shade of death's livid hue on the pure white face. There was neither sharpening nor sinking of the classical features. There was none of that peculiar expression round the pretty lips, and in the fall of the eyelids upon the cheek, which is the signet that the conqueror Death sets upon his victims; and yet it did not look like life either. In the face and hands there was a marble rigidity, and the tints were transparent like parian.

Hester Kyrle was borne to her grave, and Mark Wymer returned home; but when the day had gone by and dusk was gathering in, he wended his way to a friend's house, and that friend was a surgeon of high standing in his profession.

"Barker, do you know a sane man when you see him?" he asked.

The surgeon opened his eyes in surprise.

"Just put your finger on my pulse and look at me. Am I all right?"

"I should think you are gone mad."

"I have come on an errand which I fear you will think insane; and I want you to assure yourself that I am *compes mentis* before I speak it."

"Well say that I am convinced of your sanity?"

"There was a young girl buried to-day, and I believe she has been buried alive. I have come to beg of you to help me discover the true case."

"What?" Mark reiterated his words. Enough that his persuasions prevailed.

The sexton was heavily bribed, and they then descended into the vault. When the coffin was unclosed, Hester lay in it with no change in her appearance. The surgeon touched the brow and the hands, then he held a small pocket-mirror before her mouth.

The glass was undimmed.

He shook his head; the case was hopeless.

"One moment," cried Mark. "Put your hand under the arm and see if there is the same chill there as on the brow."

With difficulty the direction was carried out—the same chilliness was *not* there; to decide the point the silken bodice was cut away in order to feel the heart.

There was no pulsation.

"Try under the arm again," pleaded Mark earnestly. The surgeon pushed his hand slowly along; then he paused and visibly started, exclaiming eagerly.

"There is warmth here! By heaven's she is not dead!"

"Now see here," said Mark. He lifted her right hand, straightening the elbow, and pointing the fingers in the opposite direction. After which he withdrew his hold of the arm, and it remained precisely in the same position.

"Hurrah, Mark! It is nothing after all but a cataleptic fit. Let us take her home at once."

Hester Kyrle recovered consciousness after a great deal of suffering; but the utmost skill and devotion were requisite to cure her. When at last her cheek bloomed again with the roses of health, and strength came to her frame, she gave her life right willingly in the keeping of its preserver; and Mark Wymer won his wife from the very jaws of Death.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

We cannot commend too highly our enterprising exchange. It deserves the support of all citizens. Its general reading matter is far above the average, and its prints are equal to any illustrated paper we have seen. The last number contains a truthful cartoon of our Mayor, holding the lamps of death (small-pox, typhoid fever, diphtheria, &c.) in his hands. It alludes to an attempt of the chief magistrate to destroy the Board of Health, and, as the *New* says, "take upon himself the dread responsibility of opening the sluice gates of epidemic disease upon our city. Let him beware—the responsibility lies upon him, and it is a terrible one. Happily he is not omnipotent in the matter, and the Board of Health will survive in spite of him." The rest of the number is filled with views and scenery of the most varied and interesting kind. To any family wishing an illustrated paper, we can cordially recommend it.—*Public Health Magazine.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE FIRST STAIN.—Did our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their characters? A single drop of ink is a very small thing, yet, dropped into a tumbler of clear water, it blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first lie, the first glass, they seem very trivial, yet they leave a dark stain upon your character. Look out for the first stain.

FAMILY DISSENSIONS.—In all troubled families there ever arises some servant or gentle friend, powerful with both sides, who may moderate and compound the differences of the family; to whom, in that respect, the whole house and the master himself are beholden. This servant, if he aim only at his own ends, cherishes and aggravates the divisions of a family; but, if he be sincerely faithful and upright, he is, indeed, valuable.

AGE AND YOUTH.—Hard age and irreverent youth will not make a good combination, whatever name associates them together; but age that is tender and maternal, age that remembers its own youth and does not demand bread from the growing corn nor wine from the green grapes, and youth that can feel for infirmities which it does not know and that can believe in wisdom which it has not reached—these two together make a whole, perfect for what it is, and turn a chance companionship into a mutual blessing, and out of a temporary association create a life-long affection.

MODERN IDOLS OF CLAY.—The man who sacrifices his children's health and prospects in life for the sake of a "picturesque" admiration is a man as little fit to have the charge of the young as is the mother who makes the boy effeminate for the sake of dressing him in long curls and semi-girlish tunics because he looks "so pretty"—and to look pretty in her eyes the great *raison d'être* of childhood altogether. People who care for beauty before cleanliness and for grace before goodness are people who, making an idol of clay, pass through the fire before it, as its sacrifice, the loving sons of men.

BAD TEMPER.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away one sees that he has been very very foolish, and know that others see it, too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all; it is indeed a pitiful sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with anger and passion. Since anger is useless and an unspeakable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

WHY THEY OFTEN FAIL.—Young men often fail to get on in the world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things. A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities will outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But, after all the mere adoption by a young man, of this great, essential rule of success, shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

THE FAMILY.—The family is the educator of the race. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it. The citizen is made in the family long before the time for voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame de Staël's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true life. The family is the greatest means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in! Where in all the earth beside are sympathies so warm, love so pure and fervent as here! All that gives value or beauty to human character finds in the family at once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—Look where we will, we see the bad effects of early marriages. The dockets of courts are disfigured by applicants for partial and temporary divorces. In the latter case, incompatibility of temper, personal violence, or proverbial criminality are set forth for the amusement of bad people, and for the edification of the good—always provided the lesson is remembered beyond the next exciting event of our agitated age. And the cause of these bad effects are early marriages. In America—by which we mean the United States—they delight in fast things. Out of the nursery into the ball-room, and then into the arms of some silly fellow who is husband to a child-wife. So go the girls, sowing the wind, and often reaping the whirlwind. It must strike a

foreigner strangely to see mothers almost as young-looking as their daughters, telling plainly how early girls rush into matrimony. Throughout America this race of things may be seen—if mothers have not broken down under the cares of domestic duties, which is too often unhappily the case. Most of the woes which come upon married people can be avoided if parents would exercise good government in their households. It is their fault, in these days of superior educational advantages, if their daughters are unfitted to be the companion for life of cultivated, or sensible men without high cultivation. Girls should be educated in a more thorough manner than now. It is not enough to have a smattering of grammar, history, and other elementary branches, and drum from morning till night on a pianoforte. To be sure, girls should be well taught, for a man's wife should be a friend and companion alike; and, to be both, a certain amount of cultivation is necessary to make winter fireside enjoyable. Nor does education stop here. A wife may never be called upon to do culinary work, but she should know how it ought to be done, though she have twenty servants. Beauty and parlour accomplishments will never recompense a weary husband for a bad dinner and the mismanagement and squandering of his hard-earned money.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BUSTLES ain't worn any more, and a man stands some chance of finding the morning paper after nine o'clock.

IT is said that Eve was made for Adam's Express Company, but this is probably a figment of some common carrier of slander.

"MANDARIN" is the name of the fashionable collar affected by ladies this spring, and mandarin't say a word against it, if his wife wears it.

THE season fast approaches when the young man with finances to cover two plates of ice-cream, awaits breathlessly the answer to "Will you have cake?"

"DON'T you think," she inquired amiably, "that most men are possessed of a devil?" He said he thought they were, particularly after they were married.

THE last rose of summer has a charm all its own, but it does not compare with the rosy flush which creeps into the cheek of the widow who has got a beau from out of town.

"WHAT is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another.—"Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

WOMEN should never be given free access to the ballot-box so long as they persist in offering a twenty-dollar bill in payment of a paper of pins when they have abundance of small change in their pockets.

THE Massachusetts papers are discussing the question "May Cousins Marry?" We should hope so. We don't see why a cousin hasn't as good a right to marry as a brother or an uncle or a son or sister.

THE rocks up the Delaware are now nearly warm enough for love-lorn lads and lasses to sit on and admire the beauties of nature, and gaze into each other's eyes like a couple of imbecile codfish, and sneeze.

THE present elevated style of bonnet has the great drawback that a man who sits behind one in church thinks he is hidden from the rest of the congregation, and never puts anything into the contribution-box.

RECTOR'S wife, severely: "Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?"—Tommy: "Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

MARRIAGE increases a man's modesty so that after a year or two he can't summon up enough courage to kiss the woman whose lips, in the vanishing past, were glued to his four hours on a stretch three times a week.

"LENNY," said an elderly maiden to her young nephew, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man."—Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired, "Is that what you eat it for, ammie?"

IT makes a man mad to get up softly in the middle of the night, noiselessly open a bottle of beer, hear its gassy foam escaping, and despairingly jamming his thumb over the nozzle, squirt a fine little stream of beer all over his wife's face.

A young man was serenading his lady-love by singing, "Meet me by moonlight alone," when her father opened a window and wanted to know if the lover intended that as a personal affront upon him. You see, the old man was the chairman of a gas company.

A SURLY husband once said to his wife, "Why are you always so polite to these fools who come here to eat our dinners?"—"Why," replied the wife, "I suppose it's because, when you and I are present, I am conscious that I must be polite for both of us."

"MR. JONES, don't you think women are more sensible than men?" asked Miss Smith. And Jones, after scratching his favorite bump for a moment or two, said: "Why, certainly, they are—they marry men, and men only marry women." Miss Smith beat a hasty retreat.

THE sexton of a parish church in County Armagh, was about to lose his wife. She begged him to bury her in Tyrone, among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy,"

said he, "I'll thry ye here first; but if ye give any trouble, I'll take ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

A NOVEL mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice:—"Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at the *Guardian* office."

WHEN a Buffalo young lady—so writes a correspondent—parts from her beau who is too bashful to understand the nicer usages of his position, she will say: "William, if you were to kiss me you might be afraid ma would hear it. But if I creak the gate she won't know the difference!"

A St. Louis newspaper man rescued eight servant girls out of a sixth story window at the burning of the Southern Hotel in that city. And when his heroism is rewarded by the respective fathers of those eight maidens calling upon him accompanied by their daughters, and placing the girls' hands in the palm of their preserver, with the words: "Take her, my boy, and be happy. You saved her life and she's yours," he will say it is too much—eight too much—and wish he had perished in the flames himself.

THE GLEANER.

DON CARLOS is to be seen daily driving in the Bois de Boulogne.

THE English navy is as powerful as all the other navies of Europe put together; and that of France is nearly as powerful as all others put together, except the British.

THE newest invention is a violin contained in a walking-stick. The idea is copied from the ancients, for the dancing-masters of the last century in Paris, who could afford it, had something of the kind. It would suit our "Wandering Minstrels."

THE Prince of Wales has presented to Marshal de MacMahon a copy of his travels in India, inscribing the following on the fly leaf:—"A son Excellence le Maréchal de MacMahon, duc de Magenta, Président de la République Française.—Albert, Prince of Wales."

THERE is a rumour that in the course of the coming autumn another royal visit will be paid to Ireland; but whether Her Majesty will visit the "Emerald Isle" in person, or depute the Prince of Wales (who, it will be remembered, is also Earl of Dublin) to represent her, is not yet settled.

THE Cambridge men have taken the initiative deliberating on the expedience of removing the race from the neighbourhood of London to some more retired spot. The matter has been taken up at Cambridge on the ground that they want a private match to be rowed privately. It would be a great relief to London, which suffers much from the vitality given on that day to the rough element.

The King of Bavaria has again devised for himself an innocent but rather singular amusement. Near his château of Hohenschwangau, in the Bavarian Alps, he has had constructed a reproduction of the cottage of Hiendig as it was represented at Bayreuth in the first act of the *Walküre*. This first act is to be performed there during the starry summer nights to come. The singer, Vogl, and his wife will appear as Siegmund and Sieglinde, and the King, costumed as a warrior of the primitive ages of Germany, will traverse the near lake in a boat drawn by swans.

NOT MUCH AHEAD.—A man with the most lonesome expression an artist ever conjured up for canvas halted at an eating stand on the Central Market the other day, and said:

"My good woman, I have been robbed of eight thousand dollars in this city."

"Poor man!" she promptly sighed.

"Yes, robbed of eight thousand dollars, and I am a hundred miles from home, and hungry and penniless."

"And you want something to eat?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You shall have it. Sit right down here." He sat down and she gave him some coffee, a piece of meat and a biscuit. When he had finished eating he said:

"Madam, did you really believe my story?"

"No sir," she answered.

"You thought I lied, did you?"

"I knew you did."

"But you gave me food."

"So I did. My boy found a dog yesterday and gave him more than he could eat. I simply gave you what was left to save filling up the slop-pail."

"Madam," began the man as his mouth commenced to draw round. "Madam, I—I don't see whether I'm ahead of the dog, or the dog ahead of me on this thing, but I know you're ahead of both, and I feel sick. You played it well, and if there's any dying declaration in my case I won't mix you in. Bye-bye, old gal—I'm sinking fast."

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, Wo. as: 347 Craig St.

"AVOCATION."

T. D. K., in a late issue, has something interesting to say touching the proper meaning of the word "Avocation." It is, he tells us, the calling away from one's ordinary line of duty,—a "diversion" in fact. The word should not therefore, as is so often found, be used to express that which is our regular business. T. D. K. is perhaps right, but a gentleman of his essentially logical tone of mind should have taken the trouble to prove his case better than he has done. What T. D. K. does is to beg the entire question. He assumes at once that the *a* before "vocation" is the latin *ab*. If so, of course, the meaning involved is *from*. But why may not this *a* stand equally as well for *ad*, as, in many English words, it certainly does? And thus, why may not the literal meaning of "avocation" be rather a call to a business instead of *from* one?

E. F. K.

Montreal, 3rd May.

SCIENTIFIC.

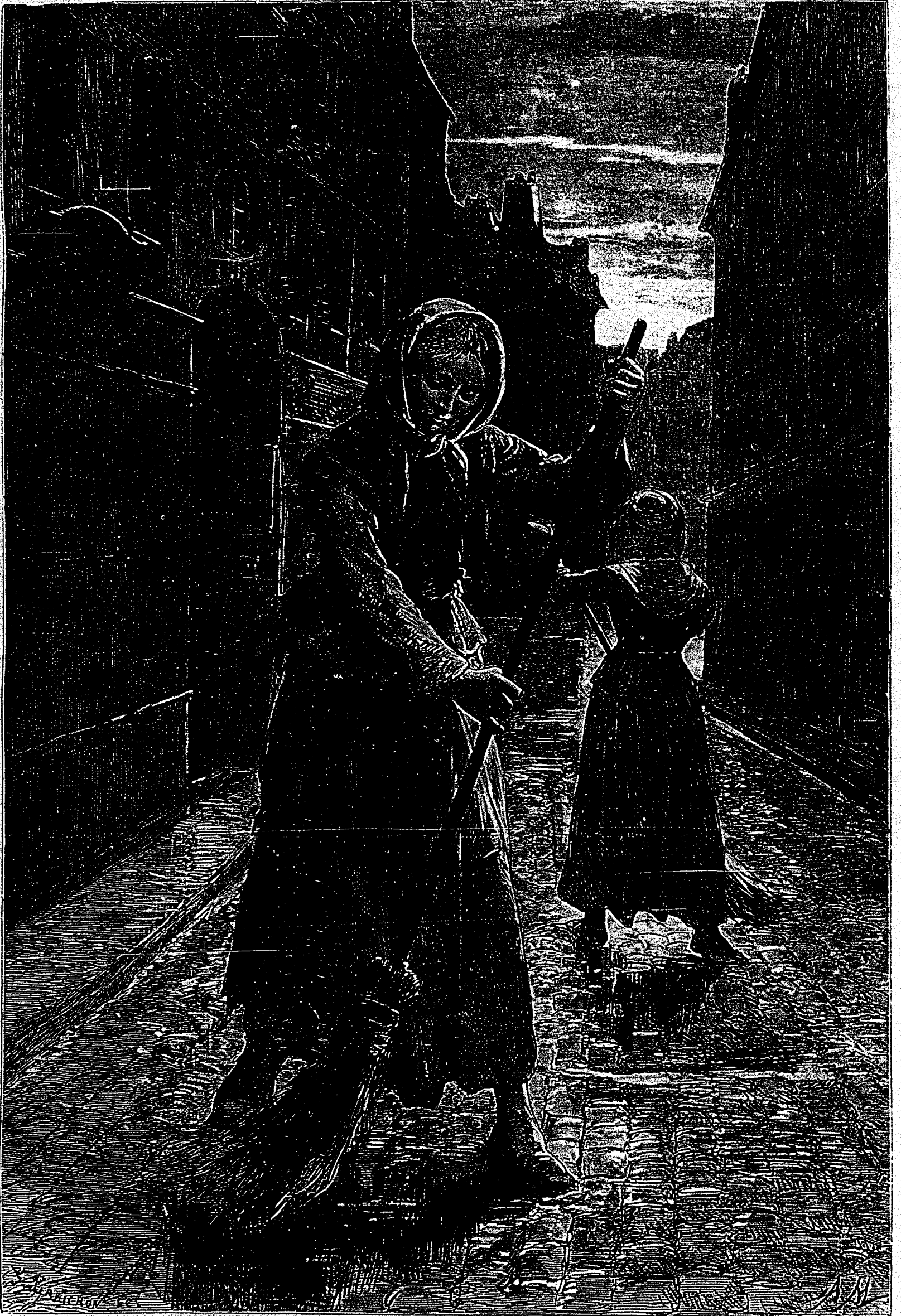
MILK and lime-water are now frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach. Often when the functions of digestion and assimilation have been seriously impaired, a diet of bread, milk, and lime-water has an excellent effect.

ARTISTIC.

DE MAURIER the well-known *Punch* artist, is suffering from a complaint in his eyes which threatens to interfere with his professional labours.

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take for example the electromagnetic telegraph—the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with those most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be to-morrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enable him to accurately determine the rock-formation from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as perfectly as if a cleft of it were lying on his table. So also the chemist can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if that luminary were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The sun sends certain signs over the "infinite of space" and the chemist classifies them by passing them through the spectro-scope. Only the presence of certain substances could produce these solar signs. So also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, has been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases without seeing and personally examining his patients. He has spared neither pains nor expense to associate with himself, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, a large number of medical gentlemen of rare attainments and skill—graduates from some of the most famous Medical Colleges and Universities of both Europe and America. By aid of Dr. Pierce's system of diagnosis, these physicians and surgeons annually treat, with the most gratifying success, many thousands of invalids without ever seeing them in person. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient they claim to possess no miraculous powers. They attain their knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application of well established principles of modern science to the practice of medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed them that they owe their almost world-wide reputation for the skillful treatment of all lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which being subjected to scientific analysis or synthesis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner afloat in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The amplest resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. The peculiarities of this scientific system of practice are fully explained in the Appendix of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,"—a book of over nine hundred large pages, which is so popular as to have reached a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies within a few months of its first publication. It is sent (post-paid) by the Author to any address, on receipt of one dollar and fifty-cents. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE FIRST TO RISE IN THE MORNING.



THE LAST TO RETIRE AT NIGHT.

VARIETIES.

LORD LYTTON'S REVENGE.—An amusing story is being told fresh and recently imported into England of the revenge taken upon Scindiah, the powerful Mahratta chief, by Lord Lytton at the Delhi ceremony.

STRANGE SCENE AT A WEDDING.—A strange incident recently occurred at Stoke church, Devonport. The Rev. J. Hector de Courcelles, the curate, was officiating at a wedding, and when he asked for the ring it was missing.

HANDY INTEREST RULES.—For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right-hand figures of the answer to express it in dollars and cents:

- Four per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by seventy-two.
Six per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, separate the right-hand figure, and divide by six.
Eight per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by forty-five.

NEW FIGURES FOR THE COTILLON.—Among the new figures introduced in the Paris salons is the "Poste." Three or four armolets, garnished with bells, with the name of a posting town upon them, are fastened to the arms of so many gentlemen, while silver cards with the same names upon them are distributed to an equal number of ladies, who call out "Poste de Longjumeau," or "Poste de Chantilly," as the case may be, and so obtain some of the partners with the bells.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARNON, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.

THE WEALTH OF FRANCE.—Some idea of the extraordinary accumulation of wealth in France may be gathered from the fact that there has been last week in the vaults of the Bank of France over 80 millions sterling, whereas England, which does vastly more business, has only about 34 millions.

MARRIAGE WITH DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—Widowers are still regarded as a dangerous class by the English law, especially to the "deceased wife's sister." The old legal prohibition remains an impassable matrimonial barrier.

Neither shall thou take a wife to her sister to vex her beside the other.—EX HER LIFE TIME.—LEV. xviii, 18.
1. A marriage thus permitted by the law of God ought not to be prohibited by the laws of man.
2. It is not prohibited in any civilized state except England.

THE BURIED BONAPARTES.—The burial-places of all the Bonapartes make up a curious record. The original family vault was at Treviso; next to it came a family grave in the capital of Tuscany; afterwards an emigration to Corsica. In this mortuary chronicle we are reminded that of the conqueror's parents, his father was buried at St. Leu, near Paris, and his mother at Rome, he himself, as is well known, being exhumed from the exile soil of St. Helena to take his resting-place, in the midst of his generals, in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. At St. Leu also were interred Louis, who died in 1846, and Napoleon-Charles, his son, ob. 1831.

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

- M. J. M., Quebec.—Many thanks for several favours. Correct solution of Problem No. 108 received.
H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.
J. W. S., Montreal.—Again we have to return our best thanks for several favours. Correct solution of Problem No. 118 received.

thus ago, we had a Bird in Montreal of whose skill in Chess there exists but one opinion, but as to what extent the Owl is an adept in the Royal game, we must plead our entire ignorance. Should there be only one, however, endorsed in this way, we should certainly be inclined to consider him a rara avis.

QUEBEC CHESS MATCH.

A return match similar to that played last week, between dwellers within the city walls and those living outside, came off on Friday afternoon and evening, at the Club Room, in Fabrique Street. The Outsiders were victorious, winning seven games to two, and drawing one, as shown by the following:

SCORE:

Table with columns: Inside the Gates, Outside the Gates, and player names with W/L/D records.

—Drawn game
A match will be played next Friday evening between the Bats and Owls.

Arrangements are now in progress for a series of consultation games between the leading players of New York and vicinity. A tournament is also spoken of, so that the Chess season connected with the opening of the Cafe International, in its present premises, appears likely to be an unusually active one.

The Huddersfield College Magazine for April is full of useful information for the Chessplayer; independent of good literary matter of a general character which will be interesting to both players and non-players.

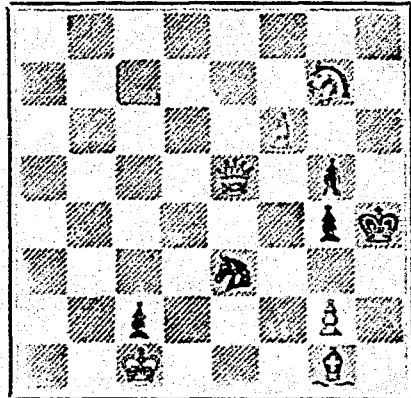
In a future number we are to have the opinions of Messrs. Kohtz and Kockelkorn on the review of their problems by Mr. Andrews, which appeared in the magazine a few months ago. There is, also, an interesting account of the meeting held at Norwich by the members of Norfolk and Norwich Chess Club, for the purpose of receiving the Chessboard and Chessmen of the late Rev. Horatio Bolton, the celebrated Chess problem composer. The gift was presented to the club by the widow of Mr. Bolton. We must not forget to call attention, also, to a lively and amusing sketch of Mr. Bird's visit to Montreal, by one of the Members of the Montreal Chess Club. The account seems to have been very acceptable to our transatlantic friends.

We are requested to state that the Sixth Annual Congress and Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association will be held at Quebec, on the 21st of August next and following days. Clubs and individuals intending to subscribe to the funds of the Association for this year would confer a favor by doing so at once, or at least sending word of their intention to do so to the Secretary and Treasurer, D. C. Mackenzie, Quebec. Lovers of Chess throughout the country would forward the cause by procuring the publication of this little paragraph in the papers of their respective localities.

PROBLEM No. 121.

By W. S. PAVITT.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 177TH.

Played some time ago, at Berlin, between Herr Zukertort and an Amateur.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

(Irregular Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Herr Zukertort.) 1. P to K B 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q Kt 3, 4. B to Kt 2, 5. P to K 3, 6. P to Q R 3, 7. B to Q 3, 8. Q to K 2, 9. P to K Kt 4, 10. Q to Kt 2, 11. P to K R 4, 12. P to K R 5, 13. Castles Q side, 14. Q R to Kt sq, 15. B to R 7 (d), 16. B takes R, 17. Q to Kt 6, 18. Kt to Kt 5, 19. P takes P (e), 20. P takes P, 21. P takes Kt (dia ch), 22. R to R 8 (ch), 23. P to B 7.

Notes by J. H. Blackburne.

- (a) 1. P to Q 4, followed by P to K Kt 3, and B to Kt 2, is the proper defence when receiving the odds of the Kt.
(b) This is a needless loss of time.
(c) Just what White wanted, as he is enabled to concentrate his forces on the King's Knight's Pawn.
(d) A good move; for if Black takes the Bishop mate follows: 16. Q to Kt 6 (ch), 17. P takes P (ch), 18. R takes P mate.
(e) The terminating moves are very beautiful.

GAME 177TH. Played in Montreal, between Messrs. C. L. Charron and J. J. Maher in a recent Chess match.

WHITE. (Mr. C. L. Charron.)

- 1. P to K 4, 2. K Kt to B 3, 3. P to Q 3, 4. Kt takes K P, 5. K B to K 2, 6. Kt to Q B 4, 7. K Kt to K 5, 8. Castles, 9. B to K B 4, 10. P to Q 4, 11. P to Q B 3, 12. P takes P, 13. Q to Kt 3, 14. P takes Kt, 15. B takes B, 16. R to Q sq, 17. Q Kt to R 3, 18. Kt to B 4, 19. Kt to Q 6, 20. B takes Kt, 21. K R to Q 5, 22. R to K sq, 23. Q to Q Kt 5 (b), 24. Q to Kt 4, 25. Q to R 3, 26. P to K R 3 (d), 27. Kt takes B P, 28. P to Q Kt 4, 29. P to K R 4, 30. Q to K R 3, 31. R to K 3, 32. P to K R 5, 33. P takes P (ch), 34. Q takes P (ch), 35. Q to B 5 (ch), 36. Q takes P.

BLACK. (Mr. J. J. Maher.)

- 1. P to K 4, 2. K Kt to B 3, 3. B to Q B 4, 4. Castles, 5. P to Q 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. P takes P, 8. R to K sq, 9. B to Q 3, 10. P to Q B 4, 11. P takes P, 12. Q Kt to Q 2, 13. Kt takes Kt, 14. B takes P, 15. R takes B, 16. Q to K 2, 17. Q to B 4, 18. R to K 2, 19. Kt to Kt 5, 20. B takes H, 21. Q to B 3, 22. B to K 3 (a), 23. B takes R, 24. P to R 4, 25. P to K Kt 3 (c), 26. R to K 3, 27. K takes Kt, 28. P to Q Kt 3, 29. Q to Q B 5, 30. Q takes P, 31. B takes P, 32. Q to Q 3, 33. R takes P, 34. R to Kt 2, 35. K to Kt sq, 36. R to Q B sq.

NOTES.

- (a) A good move, winning the exchange at least.
(b) Bad; losing a whole piece at once.
(c) A very necessary move.
(d) Kt to Q Kt 5, or Q B 8 would be better.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 119.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q 7, 2. Q to Q 2 (ch), 3. B to Q 4 mate.
BLACK. 1. K takes P (best), 2. B takes P.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 117.

- WHITE. 1. P to B 7, 2. Mates acc.
BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 118.

- WHITE. K at K B 2, Q at K 8, R at Q Kt sq.
BLACK. K at Q Kt 5, P at Q Kt 7.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Reform

Your Tailor's Bills.

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GEO. W. REED,

SLATE AND METAL ROOFER.

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HATS! HATS!! SPRING STYLES!

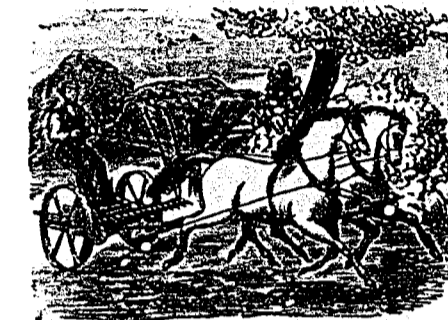


After an absence of twelve years we have recommenced Business. All new Stock. Hats to suit all ages and Pockets. Best Goods. Best value.

STRAWHATS.—For Girls and Boys. Large Brim Sailors. A large and new stock just opened out, from 33c up. Some very choice styles. Call before they are all gone.



Superior in Style, Elegant in Workmanship, Faultless in Fit. New Ties and Silk Handkerchiefs, including Silk Hemstitched, with embroidered initials; Dent & Fould's Kid and Tan Gloves; Single-breasted Summer Vests, new styles. W. GILBERT & CO., 249 St. James Street. Samples of Shirtings sent by mail.



FROST & WOOD, Smith's Falls, Ont., Manufacturers of Mowers, Reapers, Horse Hay Rakes, Plows, Threshing Machines, &c., &c. Send for Pamphlet to LARMONTH & SONS, COLLEGE ST., MONTREAL. Gen'l Agents for Prov. Quebec.

BODY FOUND OF A WOMAN ELEGANTLY DRESSED!! ON ST. JAMES STREET, (Opposite the New Post Office.) VERDICT!!

Of an intelligent Jury (the People) as being the result of a visit to The Fashion Parlor, 435 NOTRE DAME ST., WEST END AGENCY FOR Butterick Patterns, AND SALESROOM OF HOWE SEWING MACHINES.

EVERYTHING IN THE BEDDING LINE AT Whiteside's Bedding House, 1377 ST. CATHERINE STREET. FACTORY—46 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. 15-14-5-231

BANK OF MONTREAL. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Six Per Cent. upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST of JUNE next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FOURTH of JUNE next. The chair to be taken at One o'clock. R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 20th April, 1877. 15-17-6-236

New Work of Vital Interest.

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M., 22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN. A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.

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NOW READY. CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM;

OR The Relation of John Wesley TO MODERN THOUGHT, BY THE REV. JAMES ROY, M. A., Formerly Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Examiner to the University of Toronto, Examiner to Victoria University.

This work will be one of very great interest to all Christian denominations, as it deals with problems that are everywhere agitating thoughtful minds. Though it treats these problems in their bearing on a single denomination, it is conceived in no sectarian spirit, but aims rather at the removal of obstacles to a large and liberal form of Christianity, by distinguishing those principles which are essential to all Christian life from the varied dogmatic forms which, at different times, these principles have assumed. It discusses the relation of the Bible to the human mind, the real and the conventional in orthodoxy, the future of Protestantism, and the relation of Methodism to Christianity and scientific thought.

The book may be ordered through any of the booksellers. Orders from the trade will be supplied by the publishers. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH CO., Montreal.

PRICE 50 CENTS. Please send your orders without delay.

MY WIFE ALWAYS ASKS WHE E is the original ULLEY'S BRUSH WORKS! It is 18 and 20 Little St. Antoine Street. 15-18-13-242 ALBERT J. ULLEY.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Faddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street. 15-17-52-249

\$100 PER MONTH MADE BY SELLING our letter-copying book. No press or water used. Send stamp for circulars. Money refunded. A. ELKIN, Room 11, No. 46 Church Street, Toronto. 15-12-52-239

J. K. MACDONALD, BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH, &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 15-18-52-238

WANTED, AGENTS for a staple article, sells at 90 out of 100 houses. Profits 500 per cent.; Agents make \$100 per month easy. Particulars Free. Address, MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. BULMER & SHEPPARD. 15-17-52-232

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

50 WHITE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, with your name finely printed, sent for 25 cents. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c stamp. No postals. Address A.W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S. 15-12-13-223.

WANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dealers our new unbreakable glass chimneys and lamp goods. NO PEDDLING. Salary liberal, hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR LAMP CO., 264 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

PREMIUM SILVERWARE. A \$4.50 SET OF SILVER SPOONS GIVEN AWAY! TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FREE. The Old Reliable EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO., of Cincinnati, O., will furnish every subscriber of this paper a PREMIUM \$4.50 SET OF EXTRA PLATED SILVER SPOONS, on conditions named in Coupon. Cut out this Coupon, and send to the Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co. for redemption. PREMIUM COUPON.—On receipt of this Coupon, together with Seventy-Five Cents to pay for express or mailing charges, we will send FREE, an elegant \$4.50 SET OF EXTRA PLATED SILVER SPOONS, With your Initials neatly engraved on same. (Retail price, \$4.50.) This Coupon is good only ninety days from the date of this paper. All Silverware warranted. Address all orders to Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co., 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

Those wishing to avail themselves of the above offer will please communicate direct with the EAGLE GOLD and SILVER PLATING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, as the proprietors of this paper are not responsible for the promises therein made.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Fifteenth Annual Report, with the Audited Accounts.

FIRE BRANCH. The Account for the year 1875 has resulted in a satisfactory surplus; in view, however, of the increasing business of this Branch, the Directors consider an equivalent increase of the Fire Fund to be essential, and £30,000 only is therefore carried to the Profit and Loss Account.

The net premiums received during the year 1876 (after deductions for returns and re-assurances) amounted to £537,382, being an increase of £33,538 on the amount of the previous year. The Losses paid and outstanding were £330,725, being 59 per cent. of the premiums.

After allowing for all outstanding claims and deducting the £30,000 carried to the Profit and Loss Account, the Fire Fund stood on the 31st December last at £229,361, as against £53,318 at the corresponding date of the previous year.

The increasing business of the Department has necessitated the appointment of a Sub-Manager, and the Directors have selected Mr. DAVID MARSHALL LANG, for several years the Company's District Manager at Glasgow, to fill that office.

LIFE BRANCH. The Assurances completed during the year amounted to £406,013 under 455 Policies, and the new premiums were £15,089 as compared with £12,402 in 1875. The addition of £64,746 to the Life Fund is the largest increase in any year since the establishment of the Branch.

The Directors make a special appeal to the Shareholders to aid them in securing equally satisfactory results for 1877, as the Third Quinquennial Valuation will be made at the close of the present year.

BALANCE SHEET. 31st December, 1876. Table with columns for Dr. and Cr. and rows for Shareholders' Capital, General Reserve Fund, Investment Reserve Fund, Fire Fund, Life Account, Marine Fund, Profit and Loss Account, Bills Payable, Unclaimed Dividends, Fire Deposits, Suspense Account, By Life Investments, Mortgages, INVESTMENTS, British Government Securities, Indian and Colonial Government Securities, United States Government Securities, Foreign Government Securities, Indian Railway Stock, Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stocks, Railway and other Stocks and Shares, Freehold Offices, Loans upon Personal Security, Branch and Agency Balances, Fire Losses due from other Companies, Outstanding Fire Premiums, Marine Premiums due 8th January, 1877, Interest, Cash—On Deposit, In hand and on Current Accounts, Bills Receivable, Stamps in hand.

Examined and found correct, WILLIAM MILNES, ROBERT PORTER, CHARLES J. WYLIE, Auditors. A. J. MUNDILLA, Chairman. H. TROWER, Vice Chairman. S. STANLEY BROWN, Secretary. 27th February, 1877.

A VALUABLE PREMIUM GIFT TO EVERY PATRON OF THIS PAPER! Cut out this Coupon and send to the Stuart Importing Co. for redemption. PREMIUM COUPON.—On receipt of this Coupon, together with Fifty Cents to pay for Express or Mailing charges, we will send FREE, an elegant RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET-BOOK, PATENT LOCK, and with ANY INITIAL LETTER DESIRED, neatly stamped in Gold. (Retail price, \$1.50.) This Coupon is good only ninety days from the date of this paper. (Signed) STUART IMPORTING CO., 569 Broadway, New York.

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ROWNTREES' Prize Medal ROCK COCOA

The popularity of this Rich and Nourishing preparation is due to the facts... H. I. Rowntree & Co., YORK, ENG.

P. F. MANNING, TAILOR, No. 179 St. Peter St. Corner Fortification Lane, Montreal.

EMPLOYMENT. We are offering good pay and steady work for one or two enterprising men or women in each County.

CANADA METAL WORKS, 877, CRAIG STREET. Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters.

MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. 154-26-203-02.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, 14 to 34 KING ST. MONTREAL. GEORGE BRUSH, MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES, CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS, GEAR WHEELS, SHAFING, PULLIES, HANGERS, & C.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the IMPROVED Marseilles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine Balls, also Button and English Liquid and Parisian Square Washing Blues.

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 22 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.'

ADVERTISING AGENTS. ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE. SEND FOR OUR MANUAL.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, as Lost Before of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Aftor Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age and many other diseases that lead to Inanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea & Perrins which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

DRESSES AND MANTLES. A Speciality at the Recolte House.

COSTUMES FROM \$8.00 to \$18.00 NEW STYLES AND WELL MADE. Mourning Orders attended to promptly. BROWN & CLAGGETT, RECOLLET HOUSE. Corner Notre Dame and St. Helen Sts.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE. CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER \$10,000,000 \$16,000,000. LIFE. \$10,000,000 \$16,000,000. H. L. ROUTH, W. TATLEY, Chief Agents.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING. AT SHORT NOTICE. IN THE BEST STYLE. AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

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Decorating. In first-class Style. J. MURPHY, 786, Craig St., Montreal.

CASH. Paid for Coat-of-Arm. Address H. VINEBERG, 653 Craig St., a few doors east of Bleury.

THE ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY. The ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY will apply to the Legislature of Quebec for authority to borrow money upon the security of its property.

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DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adults.

TO LET. A FIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING, No. 1464 Abbotsford Terrace (opposite Emmanuel Church), St. Catherine Street, in good order, well drained, and roof proof.

ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Blinder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 307, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

ICE! PURE ICE!

SEASON 1877. D. MORRICE & CO., Established over 20 years. OLDEST, PUREST AND BEST. PRICES. 10 lbs. per day for the Season \$ 5.00

JOHN BULL BITTERS. A wholesome vegetable compound, for all diseases of the Stomach and Nervous System, Dyspepsia, Nausea, General Debility, Vertigo, Languor, Loss of Appetite, etc.

For sale by MCGIBBON & WAIRD, DAVID CRAWFORD, St. James Street, DUFRENE & MONGENAI, Notre Dame Street, and by Grocers generally throughout the Dominion.

Transparent Cards.

25 blank, 15c; 25 printed, 20c. 25 Chromo Cards, 10c. 25 Snowflake, 20c; 12 beautiful Chromo cards 20c; 25 Mixed Cards, 20c. 9 samples sent for 3 ct. stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents Wanted.

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DAILY WITNESS, MONTREAL WITNESS, WEEKLY WITNESS, CANADIAN MESSENGER, NEW DOMINION, MONTHLY.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing; Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neatly done.