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Montreal News

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1. SERGEANT-MAJOR E. McDOUGALD. 2. LIEUTENANT HOME. 3. MAJOR DOHERTY. 4. LIEUTENANT A. B. STEWART. 5. SERGEANT GEORGE MOORE. 6. SERGEANT H. W. DAVISON.
7. SERGEANT GEORGE DESBRISAY.

OFFICERS OF THE CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., ENGINEER CORPS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. LEWIS OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

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

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

WANTED,

A first-class Canvasser and Collector, speaking both languages. Liberal inducements offered at our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, to an energetic man. None but those who have experience, and the best references need apply.

NOTICE.

Owing to the mislaying of the copy we are obliged to postpone the continuation of our beautiful story, "White Wings," by the popular author Wm. Black, until the next issue of the NEWS.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 24th, 1880.		Corresponding week, 1879	
Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.
Mon... 84°	65°	74°	55°
Tues... 82°	73°	77°	53°
Wed... 74°	69°	71°	57°
Thur... 78°	62°	69°	66°
Fri... 77°	62°	69°	65°
Sat... 80°	64°	72°	59°
Sun... 80°	66°	72°	65°

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LETTER PRESS.—The Dominion Exhibition—The Princess Louise—"Une Impertinence"—Trides from my Portfolio—The Use of Short Words—SKIPPY DRESS—A Scene in the House—Advice to Brain Workers—S. O. A. P.—Hancock and English—An Only Sister—Our Illustrations—The Sum of Life—Mark Twain—Prose and Poetry (containing Humorous)—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—Seraps—History of the Week—Hearth and Home—Varieties—The Gleaner—Artistic—Beloques—Four Dames—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 31, 1880.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

Last year an experiment was made which was looked upon with deep concern by all those who have at heart the agricultural, horticultural, industrial and technical interests of Canada. This was the Exhibition at Ottawa, which took the character of the first Dominion or National show of the kind. It was so far successful that steps were immediately taken to continue the series annually, and Montreal was chosen as the spot where the second Dominion Exhibition should naturally be held. The extent of its population, the importance of its various manufactures, its natural position as the commercial metropolis of the country, its vast financial resources, and its hotel facilities for accommodating thousands of visitors, pointed to it as the place where the second experiment of a great National Exposition should be tried. The general feeling was favourable to the choice and the citizens of Montreal were understood to be thoroughly prepared to do their full share toward making the Exhibition a success. We regret to say that up to the present time the facts have not come up to the reality. The City Council made an appropriation, indeed, but one that is not at all adequate to the occasion nor proportionate to the advantages which Montreal must necessarily reap from the great opportunity. The Provincial Government followed up with another contribution, relatively small, but necessarily made so by the restricted condition of the finances. It follows that the money so far subscribed is far below the inevitable demand, and if that were all that could be relied upon, the result would certainly be a failure.

In view of these facts, it is honourable to record that the members of the press were the first to seize the situation and to take appropriate steps to redeem it. To Mr. GRAHAM, proprietor and manager of the *Evening Star*, is due the credit of having taken the initiative by exhortative articles in his paper, and by the invitation of his journalistic colleagues to a conference in which the proper steps were to be taken to put the Exhibition upon a proper footing. His invitation was cordially responded to. Newspaper men, as a class, perhaps, know best the requirements of a public occasion like this, and have the best means through their columns to promote its success, when once a practical line of conduct is laid down. The meeting of journalists was perfectly harmonious. A committee was appointed to confer with the Mayor and the leading railway and steamboat officials; and the result was that within two days an influential meeting of citizens of Montreal was convened. It is intended that a citizens' committee shall take the matter in hand, but the journalists' committee, while withdrawing its initiative, will remain on the alert to see that the proper work is done. It will stimulate, encourage, and help to direct, if need be, while all required publicity will be given to the different movements through the instrumentality of their columns. As far as the NEWS is concerned no effort will be spared to aid in the good work. Not only will a superior member of its staff act in a leading position on the committee, but its writers and artists will do all in their power to ensure the complete success of the Exhibition. There never was a better time to show the growth and variety of Canadian manufactures, and the present bountiful harvest will afford a rare opportunity to produce the yields of garden, field and farm. The central position of Montreal will allow not only the empire Province of Ontario to exhibit, but the fair Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island as well. The prospective benefit to Montreal will be incalculable, as we can rely upon a total of 50,000 persons coming here during the Exhibition, to say nothing of the advantage of hundreds of merchants making their fall and winter purchases at the same time. Railways and steamboats will announce cheap excursion rates; and the hotels will be supplemented in accommodation by a number of private boarding houses, where the comforts of home will be supplied. In addition, a variety of attractions are contemplated, for which Montreal both geographically and financially, is well adapted—such as regattas, lacrosse matches, moonlight excursions, fireworks, horse races, military reviews, billiard and chess tournaments, band competitions, and other exercises. We most earnestly urge upon the citizens of this great city to be equal to the occasion, and, in a spirit of municipal pride, if for no other motive, to make this second Dominion Exhibition a grand success.

"UNE IMPERTINENCE."

Among our exchanges, *Le Canadien* of Quebec is one of those that we never skip if we can help it. It is always lively and original, frequently outspoken, and representative of a certain phase of French-Canadian thought and sentiment which is interesting because peculiar. It possesses also a great deal of literary merit and the writings of Mr. Tardivel, in especial, are always pleasant to read. Now, however, *Le Canadien* will be doubly dear and welcome to us because it has "gone for" us full tilt and poured the vials of its wrath on our unsuspecting head. A couple of weeks ago, in writing of the celebration of the great National Festival at Quebec, after giving a condescending meed of praise to the patriotism and intelligence of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, we wound up in the following words: "It is a clear case that English language and customs shall completely dominate on this continent by the end of the century, and the French-Canadian nationality, as a distinct

class, will have to yield to inevitable fate. But in the meantime there is a pathetic side to this fidelity of our Canadian friends which must enlist our sincerest respect. We cannot help expressing the belief, however, that he would be the best friend of the race who would make it his mission to convince them gradually of the necessity of assimilating themselves without reserve to the manners and language of the ruling race on this continent."

Now really that paragraph looked harmless enough, and when we penned it, we little expected that it would stir the wrath of our meek contemporary. It seemed to us to contain only a common-sense view, and the fun of it is that several French-Canadians who read it agreed that there was more truth than poetry in it. Not so, however, *Le Canadien*. Hear it:

"Fanaticism alone can blind a writer so far as to make him say that in twenty years hence the French-Canadian nationality must yield to the inevitable—that is, disappear. Nothing justifies such a prediction. On the contrary, in spite of every obstacle, our race is extending from day to day. It is full of life and sap and possesses a vitality and expansive force beyond the common. We need only look back upon the past to have confidence in the future; if we follow the traditions of our ancestors the ill-advised and malignant prophecies of the NEWS will never be realized. With respect to the advice of the NEWS its only effect will be to make French-Canadians rally still more closely around the flag which bears this beautiful motto: 'Our institutions, our language and our laws.'"

If *Le Canadien* expects to draw us into a controversy it is much mistaken. The weather is too hot for one thing, and, for another, we are used to answer argument, not abuse. We made no malignant remarks; we indulged in no display of fanaticism. If we were inclined to be saucy we should add:

Mutate nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

We simply stated what we consider to be a fact, and one that hundreds of thoughtful Canadians see as well as we do and acknowledge that at the present tremendous rate of immigration this continent will soon be dominated by the English language and customs, and the French race must meet that problem. Expatriation is going on every day before our eyes, and the thousands of French-Canadians who go to the United States cannot be induced to return. What becomes of them there we all know—they become mere American than the Americans themselves. All that we suggested was that our friends in Canada should prepare themselves for what is inevitably coming; as their brothers wisely did in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Missouri. They need not change their religion; they need not forget their beautiful mother-tongue; they may even retain many of their distinctive habits and customs, but we persist in saying that they cannot in justice to themselves maintain that system of isolation which several of their leaders advocate. Probably, if it came to the test, we should be found to be as devoted a friend to the French-Canadian race as the writer of *Le Canadien*. And that being the case, together with the simple facts which we have stated, we leave it to the reader to decide which of us is guilty of "Une Impertinence."

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

It is officially announced that Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, finds herself compelled to follow the medical advice she has received which is, that it is necessary for her to have complete rest, in order to regain her strength which has been affected from the injuries which she received last winter on the occasion of proceeding to the Senate Chamber to hold a Drawing-room. The Princess will, therefore, in accordance with the advice of her physicians, sail for Europe early next month, to visit, it is further officially stated, one of the German watering-places, and afterwards go for awhile to England. The people of Canada will learn with profound regret of the approaching departure of Her Royal Highness, and still more for the reasons which cause it. The truth is that she was much more seriously

hurt by the accident than has ever been publicly known. There were reasons, at the time, for concealing the extent of the injury as much as possible; but now the fact is coming out. We all hoped and believed that she had recovered from the consequences of the accident, but in spite of all care it seems they were too grave for that.

The official announcement is silent as to the length of the proposed absence of Her Royal Highness from Canada; but this is a very natural enquiry in the minds of the people. The fact we believe is that no time can be stated, and it may happen that if the Princess does not recover very much from the nervousness that has so greatly affected her, she will scarcely be able to face another winter voyage. It is, however, to be greatly hoped that she may be able.

All the announced declarations of Her Royal Highness have gone to show that she is animated by the most kindly feelings for the people of Canada; and that she has a profound belief in their great destiny. It seems almost trite to say that as she leaves our shores, she will carry with her the deepest feelings of attachment and love of all. Her coming among us marked a new era, and it is sad that the promise which it gave should have been so early overshadowed by clouds of the nature of those which now cause the departure,—let us hope the temporary departure,—of Her Royal Highness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN amusing incident was the chasing and arrest of one of the two boys who were sent dressed in comical garb, to advertise the play "Escaped from Sing Sing," now being played at the Royal, Montreal.

A BOY KILLED BY A HORSE.—At Hillsburg, David Simpson, aged thirteen years, son of Mr. John Simpson, East Garafaxa, was thrown from a horse and killed. The horse had the harness on him when the boy left for the field, and when found was standing a short distance from the boy with the collar and the rest of the harness stripped completely off him, and the boy lying quite dead.

SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION.—As the Great Western train was leaving the station at Hamilton, a young man evidently the worse of liquor was seen standing on the track. He would have inevitably been crushed by the engine, which was almost upon him, had not John Murray, porter of the Rossin House, seized him and pulled him off the track. Mr. Murray hurt his hand badly in so doing.

RECOVERY OF A STOLEN DOG.—A valuable dog, the property of Mr. J. A. Oimmet, M.P., was stolen recently from his premises in Montreal. Detective Lafon traced the animal to a barge-lying at the wharf. On boarding the vessel the detective was met by a member of the crew, who demanded his business in a threatening manner. The sight of the detective's badge and a loaded revolver had a wonderful effect in quieting him, and the dog was speedily forthcoming.

A WARM RECEPTION.—The other night, as a gentleman well known in society, and noted, moreover, for his skill in the "noble art of self-defence," was going home up Drummond street, Montreal, he was attacked by two men, one of whom endeavoured to snatch his watch chain. They reckoned without their host, however, as their intended victim at once brought his pugilistic capabilities into play, and though the odds were against him, succeeded in inflicting severe punishment on the would-be highwaymen.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A HORSE.—One day last week there was a good horse attached to an express wagon, belonging to Mr. Lapierre, merchant, standing in front of the Bonsecours Market, when it was frightened by a noise made by a man who had put himself outside too much liquor. The horse ran away towards the restaurant wall, the railing surmounting which it endeavoured to jump. In the attempt, he slipped under the bars over the wall, and as the wagon was caught by the railing, he hung suspended by the traces. He was released without any damage being done.

BRUTAL TREATMENT BY A FATHER.—A man named Brown, living on Borden street, Toronto, created quite an excitement on that thoroughfare by publicly whipping his daughter, a young woman. It appears that she visited the house of a friend, and, staying rather longer than was deemed necessary by her paternal relative, he started to escort her home. Meeting his daughter on her return, Brown brutally attacked the young woman with a heavy piece of board breaking it over her back. The uncalled-for brutality of the man occasioned some severe remarks from those who witnessed the attack, and he was threatened with personal castigation if he did not desist.

We publish in the present number a sketch of the terrible accident at Sault-au-Roccollet,

behind Montreal, whereby three members of a most estimable family of this city, Elliott, Benjamin and Claude Bryson, were hurried to an untimely grave. In obedience to the public expectation we publish a sketch of the lamentable catastrophe, but have no disposition to linger further upon it, thus increasing the grief of the family, except to express our most sincere condolence to the bereaved mother and other relatives. Seldom has an event of that sorrowful character cast such a general gloom over the city, and the funeral which took place last Saturday testified to the general sympathy. A simple but impressive service was read by Rev. Mr. Barnes, who made a few earnest and tender remarks, expressing the sympathy and sorrow which filled all hearts, and yet rejoicing in the fact that they sorrowed not without hope. After a short prayer, the sad procession formed, and wended its way to Mount Royal Cemetery. The funeral cortege was long, several hundreds joining in the procession, while the streets along the route were lined with citizens, who expressed their regret or recounted some kindly word or act which had been said or done by the deceased, who seem to have endeared themselves to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.

THE OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION OF THEIR NOMINATION.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, General Hancock and William H. English, the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, were officially informed of their nominations by the committee appointed for that purpose. The committee, of which ex-Senator John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, was chairman and invited the members of the National Committee to accompany them to Governor's Island, and, shortly after noon, the party landed at the steambath dock on the Island and marched to General Hancock's house in orderly procession, Governor Stevenson and Senator Stockton heading the line. General Hancock was at home, but in great sorrow at the death of his favorite grandchild, Winfield Scott Hancock, four months old, who had received that name the night before at the hands of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Trinity Church. The child had died at six in the morning, and General Hancock had watched with it most of the night. The ceremony was made as brief as possible. The General met the delegation as it entered the house with a "good-morning, gentlemen," and led the way to the back parlor. This apartment was soon filled, and standing before a dark bookcase at the east end of the room, General Hancock listened to the formal announcement of his nomination. Senator Stockton who stood beside Mr. Stevenson, introduced that gentleman and the committee in some remarks after which the Secretary read the formal letter of nomination. General Hancock who stood with his hands clasped behind him, was dressed in a dark mourning suit and white tie, and, during the reading of the letter looked very grave. When the reading was finished, he bowed to the committee and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled in Cincinnati, and I thank you for your courtesy in making known that honor to me. As soon as time permits me to give the subject that careful attention belonging to it I shall prepare and shall send you a reply of a formal nature accepting the nomination tendered me by the Democratic Party for the office of President of the United States." (Applause)

Then General Hancock stepped forward and began shaking hands with the various members of the committee who were known to him, and receiving introductions to others. After a few minutes he retired into the front parlor, and many of the delegates sought at the front and rear of the house, the cool piazzas overlooking the greenward, and the other—the Buttermilk channel. Presently Senator Stockton asked for Mr. English, and that gentleman who had been standing among the delegation, took the place recently occupied by General Hancock and was in turn formally notified of his nomination by the secretary. This letter, like the letter to General Hancock was accompanied by an engrossed copy of the platform of the Convention, arranged to fold with the letter into a red Russia case. Upon receiving the packet Mr. English bowed and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: As a practical business man not much accustomed to indirection of action or circumlocution of speech, I will say briefly and in a few words that I accept the high trust which you have tendered me, with feelings of profound gratitude, that I will at an early date formally and in writing make the acceptance which I am informed is usual on such occasions. In doing this, I fully realize the great responsibility of the situation, the care, the turmoil, the anxiety, the misrepresentation and the abuse which are certain to follow, and I understand thoroughly that all the resources and power of our political foes from all parts of the land will be concentrated against us in Indiana, my native State, where the first grand battle—and probably the most important of all—is to be fought. But these are great occasions where the discharge of high patriotic duties are to be considered above all personal considerations, and I shall not disregard the unanimous voice of the representatives of a majority of the American people which you

speak here to day. (Applause.) I am profoundly grateful for the high honor which has been conferred upon me, and I have an abiding faith that, with the favor of God and of the people, we shall succeed in this conflict." (Applause).

This terminated the ceremony at which about 120 persons were present, and shortly after the visitors took their departure.

The National Democratic Committee has organized with Senator W. H. Barnum as *Chairman*, and Mr. F. O. Prince as *Secretary*. The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has selected Senator William A. Wallace as *Chairman*, and resolved to co-operate with the National Committee in the work of the canvass.

The National and Congressional Committees and the committee appointed to notify General Hancock and Mr. English of their nomination visited Mr. Tilden's house together on July 14th, where Chairman Stevenson, of the National Convention, presented to Mr. Tilden, in a brief speech, a copy of the convention. Mr. Tilden replied as follows:

"MR. STEVENSON, PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION: I thank you for the kind terms in which you have expressed the communication you make to me. A solution which enables the Democratic Party of the United States to vindicate effectually the right of the people to choose their chief magistrate—a right violated in 1876—and at the same time relieves me from the burdens of a canvass and four years of administration is not agreeable to me. My sincere good wishes and mutual co-operation as a private citizen attend the illustrious soldier whom the Democrats designated as their standard-bearer in the Presidential canvass. I congratulate you on the favorable prospects with which that canvass has been commenced and the promise it affords of complete and final success."

CAMOENS AND VASCO DA GAMA: THE TERCENTENARY AT LISBON.

One of the most national festivals ever celebrated in honour of a poet recently took place in Lisbon. The tercentenary of Luiz de Camoens, the Shakespeare of Portugal, has met with due honour from all classes of society, from the monarch to the poorest inhabitant. Truly Camoens shared the lot of poets, he died poor, and in some measure abandoned; for he died when Lisbon and Portugal were pervaded with terror and disorder—the unlucky but heroic Dom Sebastian had just lost his crown and his life fighting against the Moors at Alcazar Quibir, and the sinister shadow of Spanish domination was beginning to spread over Portugal. If ever a nation paid a debt of gratitude and made amends for past forgetfulness, the Portuguese nation has done so now.

Camoens was essentially the poet of the people; he described the deeds of Vasco da Gama, a man of the people, and of his followers in language dear to the heart of the Portuguese, in his own mellifluous verse, which has been done into English often and again, but the peculiar charm of which can never be revived in an alien tongue. Camoens may be described as the most patriotic of poets and the most poetic of patriots. No member of the honourable Guild of Literature ever fulfilled his traditional destiny more completely than did Camoens. Like Milton, Otway, Goldsmith, Chatterton, and many others, he composed his immortal work often in sorrow and in misery, and so he died; but the gem of genius, brilliant and enduring as the diamond, was always there, and, as is the wont of the works of these upon whom, according to the old classic legend, the gods breathed in their cradle, it has flashed out after three centuries.

The inauguration of the festival was due to the Press of Lisbon. The translation of the bones of Vasco da Gama and Camoens to the temple of the Jeronimites at Belem was a most imposing spectacle. A commission of several journalists and members of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, including Senhores Pinheiro, Chagas, Oom, Costa, Count Vidigueira, the lineal descendant of Vasco da Gama, Machado, Viscount Ribeiro Brava, and others, proceeded to Vidigueira, in Alentejo, in the small chapel of which estate, formerly belonging to Vasco da Gama, were deposited his remains. After a religious ceremony the bones were withdrawn from the tomb where they had rested so many years, and solemnly delivered in the coffin to the Commission of Academicians and others who were appointed to accompany the remains to Belem. In the coffin, it is said, there were two skulls, and other bones more than made a complete skeleton; and it is presumed that at some period the tombs in the church have been opened by sacrilegious hands.

The coffin, in a wagon *ordente*, was brought in a special train to Barreiro on the Tagus, accompanied by the Commission. Here it was embarked on board the corvette *Mindello*, this vessel and others in port hoisting flags in the form of an arch and saluting, whilst the crews manned yards and cheered.

The coffin of Camoens had been brought from the Convent of Sant Anna to the Royal Arsenal, and was placed on board a Royal galley, manned by numerous oarsmen, which put out to meet the *Mindello*; the remains of the great Admiral were then transferred to a Royal galley, and the splendid procession moved down the river, accompanied by steamers, gaily decked and filled with crowds of sight-seers. The men-of-war and the merchant ships in harbour, all dressed with flags, made a lane on the river,

and amidst cheers and the thunder of guns the great poet and the renowned Admiral of the Indian Seas were borne towards the church of the Jeronimites—a stately church which, with the adjoining convent, was erected by King Emmanuel in thanksgiving for the great discoveries and the realization of his golden dream.

On the Belem quay each coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage covered with flags, flowers, and wreaths of immortelles, and these were horsed by Artillerymen and escorted by Marines, with drawn swords, to the porch of the church. At the door of the temple were the King Dom Luiz, the Queen D. Maria Pia, the ex-King Dom Fernando, the Marquis Ficalho, Senhores Fontes, Sampaio, several Cabinet Ministers, foreign diplomats, and other dignitaries and official bodies. A solemn funeral office was then chanted, and the ceremony ended at about 6 p.m.

The body of Katharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II., was removed to make room for the coffins, and will be transferred to a more fitting resting-place in the Royal Mausoleum of St. Vincent.

On the 10th took place the grand commemorative procession, in which all classes took part; the King and Royal Family occupied a rich pavilion in the Commercial square, known by the English as Black Horse square, where all the Corporations were organized for the march. There were many emblematical cars: worthy of mention was the model, on wheels, representing the *San Rafael*, the caravel of Vasco da Gama, surrounded by boatmen carrying oars; the car representing Agriculture; that filled with arms and trophies of the Army; that of the Press, with a bust of Gutenberg; also the car representing the Arts—a magnificently-ornamented structure.

The illuminations during the evenings of the 8th, 9th, and 10th were very brilliant, and the crowds in the streets were enormous. In conclusion it may be said that there never took place in Portugal so imposing and thoroughly popular a festival as that which marked the translation of the bones of Camoens and Vasco da Gama, and the tercentenary of the poet's death.

The Tower of Belem, known also as the Castle of St. Vincent, was projected by Dom John II., for the purpose of forming a cross fire with the old tower, or *Torre Velha*, built by Dom John I. However, it devolved, on his successor, King Emmanuel, to carry the design into execution, which he accomplished about the year 1521, in the same style as his magnificent convent of the Jeronimites, and, as some authors affirm, to serve as protection to it. The tower was originally built on a rock in the midst of the water, but it is now connected with the township of Belem by a tract of sand. This edifice, so conspicuous for its venerable architecture, was restored by Dom Fernando, by whose directions the modern whitewashed walls that so long disfigured it were pulled down, and the building repaired with scrupulous attention to its original construction.

The graceful and majestic bronze statue of Camoens in the Loretto, of double life-size, was erected some thirteen years ago. The design was furnished by Victor Bastos, the eminent sculptor, and it was cast at the works of Messrs. Collares, by Mr. Thomas Willie, a Newcastle man, and a foreman in the establishment. The pedestal is surrounded by stone statues of some of the chief chroniclers of the Portuguese discoveries and colonial history, such as Azurara, Barros, Eannes, and others. The statue of Camoens fronts the descent of Chiado, a short street, but the most fashionable street in the city.

The Convent of the Pena, celebrated by Byron in "Childe Harold," formerly belonged to the monks of the Jeronimite Convent of Belem, and was built by King Emmanuel on the toppling rock which he so often ascended to see if he could descry the returning fleet of Vasco da Gama, and from which in fact he was the first to discover it. When the monastery was secularised and sold, the Pena became the property of a private gentleman. It was afterwards purchased in a ruinous condition by His Majesty Dom Fernando, who has changed it into a species of feudal castle, the architecture being the modern Norman Gothic of the twelfth century.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

The following will be found interesting in connection with the proposed tunnel across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, and the terrible accident which lately happened at this very Hudson River Tunnel.

The Hudson River tunnel is being constructed between New York and Jersey City by the direct application of compressed air in accordance with the Haskin system of tunnelling in soft material. Mr. Brush, said the material through which the tunnel was being carried was a tenacious silt weighing about 100 pounds to the cubic foot, very tough under compression, but becoming semi-fluid on free application of water. Ventilation was provided by constantly forcing pure air into the tunnel and the foul air out with the silt, which passed away through a "blow out." About 82,000 cubic feet of air was daily forced into the tunnel under a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. The air was washed or purified twice before entering. The pressure was sufficient to give the needed support to the interior arches of timbers and plates used in construction. The work was carried on night and day by three shifts of men working eight hours. The men

went out into the open air once in four hours.

There will be two single-track tunnels under the Hudson river, each about 18 feet high and 16 feet wide in the clear. The approaches in New York and Jersey City will be a large double-track tunnel. The length of the tunnels under the river will be about 5,500 feet, and the land approaches each about 3,000 feet. Soundings have been carefully taken across the river, and the material through which the tunnel is to be driven has been found to be a tenacious silt, which is admirably adapted for this work. A shaft has been sunk on the New Jersey shore near the river line, and the tunnel has been started from the side of this shaft under the river, so as to keep at least 20 feet of silt-covering over the tunnel at all times.

The two-tunnel system under the river has been adopted because it actually requires less excavation and brick work to construct these two single tunnels than it would one large tunnel of sufficient capacity; besides the enormous advantage of always working a comparatively small heading of 346 square feet, as required in smaller tunnels, over that of 754 square feet which would be required in the large tunnel.

Work was commenced in November, 1874, but was soon stopped by litigation which continued until September, 1879. Since that time the work has been steadily progressing. The shaft was sunk by first building a wooden "shoe" and building masonry on top of this shoe as it sank in consequence of the weight put upon it; the material inside of the shaft being excavated as the shoe sank into the soil; the settlement of the shaft amounted to about one foot per day. November 3, 1879, the shoe was finally in position, and the concrete work in the bottom immediately commenced. This was completed in about thirty-six hours. The average thickness of the concrete was two feet nine inches. An air-lock of three-eighths inch wrought-iron with half-inch heads, and doors three feet wide and four feet high, was then placed in position about half way down the shaft. Air pressure was then put on, and the material excavated sufficiently to build an iron ring 6 feet 4 inches in diameter and 5 feet in length. As soon as this was successfully accomplished a series of rings were built, united at the top, but increasing about 15 inches in diameter for each succeeding ring, thus forming steps descending to the grade of the final tunnel. This temporary work was then lined with concrete, and on Feb. 9, 1880, the first plate was put in position on the most northerly of the permanent tunnels under the river. Since that time the work has been gradually systematized, and it has gone on rapidly and smoothly. During the first week the advance was hardly one foot per day, but at present the rate is four feet in each 24 hours.

The rings in the permanent tunnel are composed of wrought iron three-eighths of an inch thick, and two feet six inches wide. There are fourteen plates in each ring; six top plates, being three feet in length and weighing about 170 pounds each, and the remaining plates six feet in length and weighing about 320 pounds each. These weights include the three-inch angle iron that is riveted to the sides and ends of each plate and the three-fourths of an inch bolts that bind the plates together. The bricks are hard burned of the best quality, laid in the best Rosendale cement.

The heading has advanced as follows. The face of the heading is always the exposed slit which is so stiff when under air pressure that it can be cut in benches as a series of garden terraces, and also into steps rising from one terrace to the other. An average slope of about forty-five degrees is usually left on this face, and the excavation for the building of the rings always commences at the top of the tunnel. Usually five rings are built at the same time; each one of the five rings towards the rear being more nearly completed than the ring directly in front of it. The first four plates in each ring requires some slight support, but when the work on the rings has been further advanced the plates are easily held in position by air pressure, the bolting to the adjoining plates and the support received from resting the plates directly on the bed of the silt. The bracing and timber ordinarily used in tunnelling are not required on this work.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SAYS A French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

IN some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his month.

"My wife's grand study," says a French writer, "is to know what I don't know and to do what I can't do."

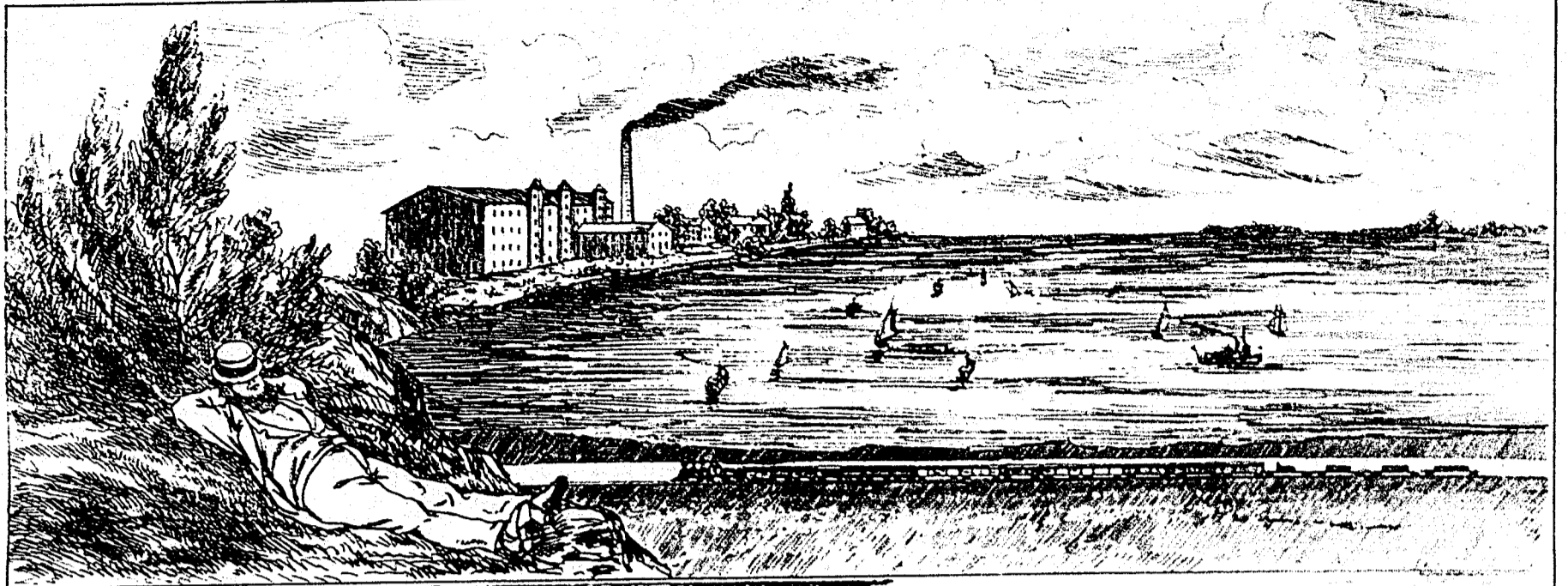
AN ITHACA little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing that kicks up with its nose."

ROCHESTER girls faint dead away at a proposal of marriage, and the proposer jumps through the window in his terrible fright.

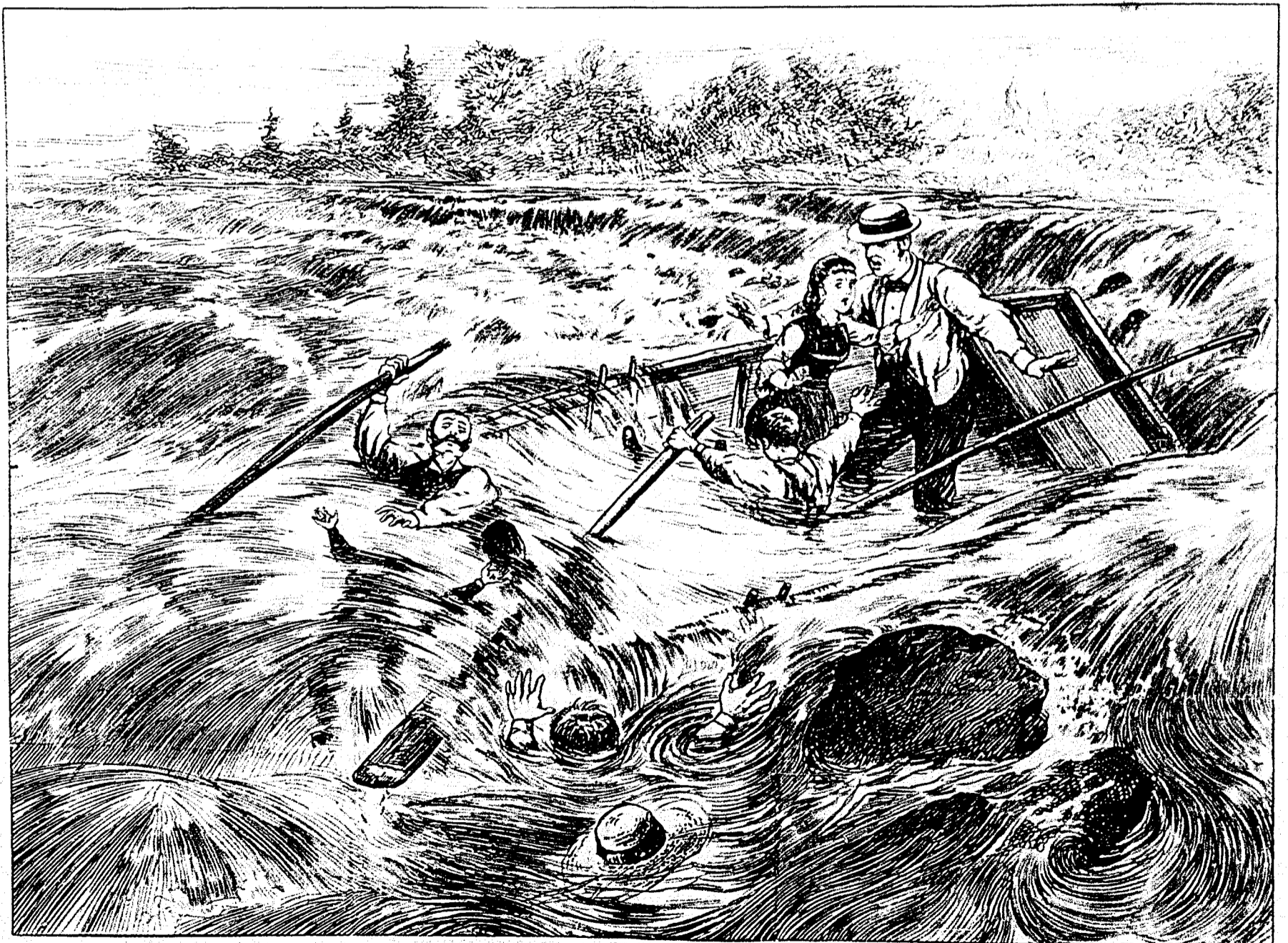
A town in Oregon is named "Looking Glass," and lots of women are going there. It's a place they like to see themselves in.

AT a ball.—Match-making mamma to her marriageable daughter: "Virginia, dear, don't lose sight of that gentleman in mourning. He may be a widower."

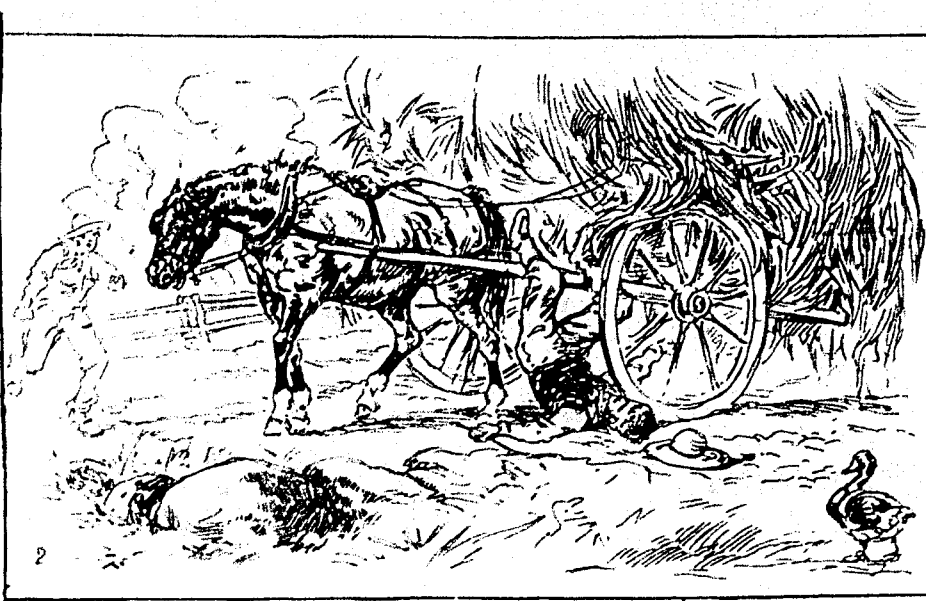
THE only way to bring up a child is to show him what a good life is by living it yourself. The old Scotchman was right when he said: "Trot feyther, trot mither; how can fowl amble?"



THE TUNNEL ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE AT MONTREAL.—A DREAM AND THE REALITY.



THE LAMENTABLE BOATING CATASTROPHE AT SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.



1. "ESCAPED FROM SING SING." 2. RUN OVR. 3. ACCIDENT WITH A MOWING MACHINE. 4. A WARM RECEPTION. 5. A BOY KILLED BY A HORSE. 6. BRUTAL FATHER. 7. RECOVERY OF A STOLEN DOG. 8. VICIOUS DOG. 9. "FISH-FISH-FISH!" 10. SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION. 11. REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A HORSE.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

THE SUM OF LIFE.*

Only four score of summers, and four score
Of winters, nothing more,
And then 'tis done.
We have spent our fruitful days beneath the sun;
We come to a cold season and a bare,
Where little is sweet or fair,
We who, a few brief years ago,
Would passionately go
Across the fields of life to meet the morn,
We are content, content and not forlorn,
To lie upon our beds and watch the day
Which kissed the Eastern peaks, grow gradually gray.

Great Heaven, that Thou hast made our lives so brief
And swiftly spent!
We toil our little day and are content,
Though Time, the Thief,
Stands at our side, and smiles a little smile.
We joy a little, we grieve a little while;
We gain some little glimpse of Thy great laws,
Rolling in thunder through the voids of space;
We gain to look a moment on Thy face,
Eternal source and Cause!
And then, the night descending as a cloud,
We walk with aspect bowed,
And turn to earth and see our life grow dark.

It is a pain
To move through the old fields—even though they lie
Before our eyes, we know that never again,
Where once our daily feet were used to pass
Amid the crested grass,
We any more shall wander till we die;
Nor to the old grey church, with the tall spire,
Whose vane the sunsets fire,
Where once a little child, by kind hands led,
Would spell the scant memorials of the dead—
Never again, or once alone,
When pain and time are done.

I have come to the time of the falling of breath;
I have reached the cold threshold of Death!

Death! there is not any death; only infinite change,
Only a place of life which is novel and strange.
Change! there is naught but change and renewal of
strife.
Which make up the infinite changes we sum up in life.
Life! what is life, that it ceases with ceasing of breath?
Death! what were life without change, but an infinite
death?

As I lie on my bed, and the sun, like a furnace of fire,
Burns amid the old pines in the west, ere the last rays
expire,
Can I dream he will rise no more, but a fathomless
night
Shall brood o'er creation forever, and shut out the
light?

It is done, this day of our life; but another shall rise,
Day forever following day, in the infinite skies,
Day following day forever!

Day following day, with the starlit darkness between;
Or, may be in a world where dawn comes, ere our sunset
has been;
Day following day forever!

Forever! though who shall tell in what seeming or
where?

In what far-off secret space of God's limitless air?
It matters nothing at all what we are or where set,
If a spark of the Infinite Light can shine on us yet,
Life following life forever!

MARK TWAIN.

CHARACTERISTIC PASSAGES FROM HIS LAST
BOOK, "A TRAMP ABROAD."

I have found out that there is nothing the
Germans like so much as an opera. They like
it, not in a mild and moderate way, but with
their whole hearts. This is a legitimate result
of habit and education. Our nation will like the
opera, too, bye-and-bye, no doubt. One in fifty
of those who attend our opera likes it already,
perhaps, but I think a good many of the other
forty-nine go in order to learn to like it, and
the rest in order to be able to talk knowingly about
it. The latter usually hum the airs while they are
being sung, so that their neighbors may perceive
that they have been to operas before. The
funerals of these do not occur often enough.

In Germany they always hear one thing at an
opera which has never yet been heard in Ameri-
ca, perhaps, I mean the closing strain of a fine
solo or duet. We always smash into it with an
earthquake of applause. The result is that we
rob ourselves of the sweetest part of the treat;
we get the whisky, but we don't get the sugar
in the bottom of the glass.

I am told that in a German concert or opera
they hardly ever encore a song; that, though
they may be dying to hear it again, their good
breeding usually preserves them against requir-
ing the repetition.

Kings may encore; that is quite another
matter; it delights everybody to see that the
king is pleased; and as to the actor encored,
his pride and gratification are simply boundless.

The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's
eccentricities—with the advantage over all other
poets of being able to gratify them, no matter
what form they may take. He is fond of the
opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of
an audience; therefore it has sometimes occurred
in Munich that when an opera has been con-
cluded and the players were getting off their
paint and finery, a command had come to
them to get paint and finery on again. Presently
the king would arrive, solitary and alone,
and the players would begin at the beginning
and do the entire opera over again, with only
that one individual in the vast solemn theatre
for audience. Once he took an odd freak into
his head. High up and out of sight over the
prodigious stage of the Court theatre is a maze
of interlacing water-pipes, so pierced that in case
of fire innumerable little thread-like streams
of water can be caused to descend; and in case
of need this discharge can be augmented to a

* From "The Ode of Life." By the author of "The
Epic of 'Hades' and 'Gwen'."

pouring flood. American managers might make
a note of that. The king was sole audience.
The opera proceeded; it was a piece with a
storm in it; the mimic thunder began to mutter,
the mimic wind began to wail and sough, and
the mimic rain to patter. The king's interest
rose higher and higher; it developed into en-
thusiasm. He cried out:

"It is good, very good indeed! But I will have
real rain! Turn on the water!"

The manager pleaded for a reversal of the com-
mand; said it would ruin the costly scenery and
the splendid costumes, but the king cried:

"No matter, no matter. I will have real
rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned on and began to
descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-
beds and gravel-walks of the stage. The richly-
dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing
bravely and pretended not to mind it. The king
was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He
cried out:

"Bravo! bravo! More thunder! More
lightning! turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the
storm-winds raged, the deluge poured down.
The mimic royalty on the stage, with their
soaked satins clinging to their bodies, stopped
around ankle-deep in water, warbling their
sweetest and best; the fiddlers under the eaves
of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the
cold overflow spouting down the backs of their
necks, and the dry and happy king sat in his
lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons ap-
plauding.

"More yet!" cried the king: "more yet;
let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water!
I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When this most tremendous and effective
storm that had ever been produced in any
theatre was at last over the king's approbation
was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it
again!"

But the manager succeeded in persuading him
to recall the encore, and said the company would
feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in
the mere fact that the encore was desired by his
majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition
to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky
performers were those whose parts required
changes of dress; the others were a soaked
draggled and uncomfortable lot, but in the last
degree picturesque. The stage scenery was
ruined, the trap doors were so swollen that they
wouldn't work for a week afterward, the fine
costumes were spoiled and no end of minor
damages were done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally
carried out. But observe the moderation of the
king; he did not insist upon his encore. If he
had been a gladsome, unreflecting American
opera audience he probably would have had his
storm repeated and repeated until he drowned
all those people.

Whatever I am in art I owe to the best in-
structors in drawing and painting in Germany.
I have something of the manner of each and all
of them; but they all said that I had also a
manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous.
They said there was a marked individuality
about my style. If I painted the commonest
type of a dog, I should be sure to throw a some-
thing into the aspect of that dog which would
keep him from being mistaken for the creature
of any other artist. I wanted to believe all
these kind sayings, but I could not. I was
afraid that my masters' partiality for me and
pride in me biased their judgment. So I re-
solved to make a test. Unknown to any one I
painted my great picture, "Heidelberg Castle
Illuminated" my first important work in oils—
and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness
of oil pictures in the Art Exhibition with no name
attached to it. To my great gratification it was
instantly recognized as mine. All the town
flocked to see it, and people even came from
neighboring localities to visit it. It made more
str than any other work in the exhibition. But
the most gratifying thing of all was that
strangers, passing through, who had heard of my
picture, were not only drawn to it, as by a load-
stone, the moment they entered the gallery, but
always took it for a "Turner."

What a red rag is to a bull, Turner's "Slave
Ship" was to me, before I studied art. Mr.
 Ruskin is educated in art up to a point where
that picture throws him into as mad an ecstasy
of pleasure as it used to throw me into one of
rage, last year, when I was ignorant. His cul-
tivation enables him—and me, now—to see
water in that glaring yellow mud, and natural
effects in those lurid explosions of mixed smoke
and flame and crimson sunset glories; it recon-
ciles him—and me, now—to the floating of iron
cable chains and other unfloatable things; it
reconciles us to fishes swimming around on top
of the mud—I mean the water. The most
of the picture is a manifest impossibility—
that is a lie, and only rigid cultivation can
enable a man to find truth in a lie. But it
enables Mr. Ruskin to do it, and I am thankful
for it. A Boston newspaper reporter went and
took a look at the Slave Ship floundering about
in that fierce conflagration of reds and yellows,
and said it reminded him of a tortoise-shell cat
having a fit in a platter of tomatoes. In my
then uneducated state, that went home to my
non-cultivation, and I thought here is a man
with an unobstructed eye. Mr. Ruskin would
have said: "This person is an ass." That is
what I would say, now.

We were at the Rigi-Kulm hotel on the Alps.
It was night. We wanted to see the sun rise in
the morning. We curled up in the clammy
beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We
were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred
nor turned over till the booming blast of the
Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined
that we did not lose any time. We snatched on
a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned our-
selves in the proper red blankets, and plunged
along the halls and out into the whistling wind
bareheaded. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding
on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards
away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs
to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there,
above the vast outlying world, with hair flying
and ruddy blankets waving and cracking in the
fiere breeze.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at last!" said
Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear
above the horizon."

"No matter," I said, "it is a most magnifi-
cent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of
its rising, anyway."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the
marvel before us and dead to everything else.
The great cloud-banded disc of the sun stood just
above a limitless expanse of tossing white caps,
so to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountain
domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow,
and flooded with an opaline glory of changing
and dissolving splendours, while through rifts
in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiating
lances of diamond dust shot to the zenith. The
cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a
tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their
craggs and ribs and ragged forests, and turned all
the forbidding region into a soft and rich and
sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe.
We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink
it in. Presently Harris exclaimed: "Why,—
nation, its going down!"

Perfectly true. We had missed the morning
horn-blow, and slept all day. This was stupe-
fying. Harris said:

"Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle—it's
us—stacked up here on top of this gallows, in
these idiotic blankets, and 250 well-dressed men
and women down here gawking up at us and not
caring a straw whether the sun rises or sets, as
they've got such a ridiculous spectacle as this
to set down in their memorandum books. They
seem to be laughing their ribs loose, and there's
one girl there that appears to be going all to
pieces. I never saw such a man as you before.
I think you are the very last possibility in the
way of an ass."

"What have I done?" I answered, with
heat.

"What have you done? You've got up at 7.30
o'clock in the evening to see the sun rise, that's
what you've done."

The next morning, however, we were up be-
fore daylight. Fully clothed and wrapped in
blankets we huddled ourselves up by the win-
dow with lighted pipes and fell into a chat,
while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how
an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-
light. Bye-and-bye a delicate, spiritual sort of
effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees
over the loftiest altitude of the snowy wastes—
but there the effort seemed to stop. I said, pre-
sently:

"There is a hitch about this sunrise some-
where. It doesn't seem to go. What do you
reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire some-
where. I never saw a sunrise act like that
before. Can it be that the hotel is playing any-
thing on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel has merely a pro-
perty interest in the sun, and has nothing to do
with the management of it. It is a precarious
kind of property, too; a succession of total
eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now,
what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harry jumped up and said, "I've got it! I
know what's the matter with it! We've been
looking at the place where the sun set last
night!"

"It is perfectly true! Why couldn't you have
thought of that sooner? Now we've lost another
one! and all through your blundering. It was
exactly like you to light a pipe and sit down to
wait for the sun to rise in the west."

"It was exactly like me to find out the mis-
takes, too. You never would have found it out.
I find out all the mistakes."

"You make them all, too, else your most
valuable faculty would be wasted on you. But
don't stop to quarrel now, maybe we are not too
late yet."

But we were. The sun was well up when we
got to the exhibition ground.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SOLITUDE.—Oh, solitude how sweet are thy
charms! To leave the busy world and retire to
thy calm shades is surely the most ecstatic
pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy.
Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of
splendour and who prefer pomp and ease to solid
pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely
to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude
affords us time for reflection, and the objects
around us invite us to contemplate and adore.
In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a
variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it,
and render it alive to all the various beauties
which we find displayed in the great book of na-
ture. Blest solitude, may we never forget the ad-
vantages which may be derived from devoting a

part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of
thy great value.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.—It is an excellent thing
for all who are engaged in giving instruction to
young people frequently to call to mind what they
were themselves when young. This practice is
one of the most likely to impart patience and
forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expect-
ations. At one period of my life, when instruct-
ing two or three young people to write, I found
them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I hap-
pened on this time to look over the contents
of an old copy-book written by me when a boy.
The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes,
the awkward joinings of the letters, and the
blots in the book made me completely ashamed
of myself, and I could at the moment have
buried the book in the fire. The worse, however,
I thought of myself, the better I thought of my
backward scholars; I was cured of unreasonable
expectations, and became in future doubly pa-
tient and forbearing. In teaching youth remem-
ber that you once were young, and in reproving
their youthful errors endeavour to call to mind
your own.

INTERFERENCE.—It is the people who need
interference with their conduct or mode of action
who resent it most bitterly. In all headlong
doings, there is a resentment of any outward
check. There are, however, two classes of mind
that are patient of interference—those of the
equable, yielding order, who have no
passion for their own way, who can look at both
sides of a question, who are not carried away,
who can deliberate if liberty of action remains
to them, who can submit to external pressure as
a thing to be, when powerless to resist it; and
those who are so strong in their own judgment
and intention, so confident in their ability to
carry their conclusions out that they are not
afraid of it. In fact, some opposition is welcome
to such minds as making them feel their strength
and imparting a sense of power. They can ac-
cept even unjustifiable intervention from other
people, as feeling that no external influence can
have weight or force beyond what they choose
to give it. All angry feeling against interference
is the result of weakness of some sort—weakness
of position and of circumstances (a case which
excites sympathy), rendering the victims of
meddling no longer masters of their own affairs;
or weakness of moral ground, the weakness of a
mind not in harmony with itself.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MOTHER ON THE
CHILD.—In education, science may do a little;
classic erudition a great deal; moral philosophy
more; but religion most of all; and yet religion
is icy or ferocious without a heart; and we were
called upon to record our suffrages in support of
any one of these several popular modes of educa-
tion, we should without the slightest hesitation
give our unqualified vote in favour of the heart.
To you, O ye mothers! is confided the office of
the heart—ye, to whose eye we look up as it
were to the heaven of our happiness and the
heaven of our hopes—in whose bosom we
have nestled, and in whose lap we have reposed
in infancy, and to whose sympathising breast we
have imparted the griefs or follies of our maturer
years. Abandon not, we beseech you, O ye
good mothers! the noblest functions of the
State; dismiss not your darlings to the merciless
schoolmaster, the mercenary tutor, and the dis-
solute usher, of whom you know nothing save
his name and title; nor, for the sake of heading
your table, or nodding with distinction in the
silken drawing-room, leave the hungry, innocent
minds of your children to feed upon the depraved
tuition of a housemaid, a servant girl, and that
most invaluable of all earthly creatures, an ex-
acting, flouncing head-nurse. Take the educa-
tion of your children into your own hands, and
abandon everything else for their sakes; it will
amply repay you; and if you object that convent-
tional modes of society, and be regarded as an
act of folly, we can only reply by making an
appeal to your heart.

DESIGNS have been accepted by the Admiralty
for a table which is to be made for the Queen
from the timbers of the Arctic exploring ship
Resolute, which has been broken up at Chatham
Dockyard. A copper bolt from the same vessel
is to be rolled into a plate to be let into the
table, and to bear a suitable inscription.

THE obelisk on the Thames Embankment is
to be furnished with certain artistic accessories.
The Metropolitan Board of Works has fixed a
plaster cast of a sphinx, coloured to look like
bronze, at the base of Cleopatra's Needle, in
order to judge of the effect produced, prior to
the casting in bronze of the two sphinxes which
the Board have decided to place on the pedestal.

THE two maps made by Joliet, co-discoverer of
the Mississippi, to illustrate his journeyings
have never yet been printed. A third map, how-
ever, which is regarded as of earlier date than
others, has just been published by M. Gabriel
Gravier, president of the Norman Geographical
society, and author of several works dealing with
early American exploration.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work
after a winter of relaxation, your system needs
cleansing and strengthening to prevent an at-
tack of Ague, Biliousness or Sping Fever, or some
other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a
season's work. You will save time, much sick-
ness and great expense if you will use one bottle
of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't
wait. See other column.

AN ONLY OFFER.

"Aunt Phoebe, were you ever pretty?" "When I was sixteen I was considered so. I was very like you then, Julia. I am forty-three now, remember."

that she not only pretended oblivion of our friendship, but even promoted it in many ways; and in the course of time Dr. Orman began to recognize its value. I was requested to walk past Mr. Compton's windows and say 'Good-morning,' or offer him a flower or some ripe peaches, and finally to accompany the gentlemen in their short rambles in the neighbourhood.

ed my promise to be his wife, and he would surely come some day and claim me. But they left in three days, and Melissa, whose wedding outfit was curtailed in consequence, twitted me very unkindly about my fine crazy lover. It was a little hard on me, for he was the only lover I ever had.

EATING CROW. The chaff about eating crow—a dish which is just now in great demand—springs from a story in the old Knickerbocker Magazine, more than a quarter of a century ago. It was the story of a summer boarding-house keeper on the Hudson and of an indignant patron. Whenever the latter ventured to suggest that the spring chicken was rather tough, or that the roast beef must have been cut from the cow's hoofs, he was directly told that he was entirely "too particular."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, July 20.—Spotted Tail's Indians have petitioned the President to depose that chief. The Egyptian obelisk for the United States has reached New York. A strike of Oldham colliers is imminent, on account of a reduction of wages. News was received in London yesterday of the peaceful union of the Argentine Republic. A Bucharest despatch says a union of Bulgaria and Roumelia is about to take place. The Albanian League is giving large sums for the fortification of Metzova, Prevesa and Arta. Active preparations are going on throughout Turkey in anticipation of war with Greece. News from Cabul is favourable to the prospects of a satisfactory settlement with Abdul Rahman Khan. The French Government has issued orders to Prefects for the peremptory enforcement of the anti-Jesuit decrees.

TUESDAY, July 21.—The despatch stating that Lady Burnett-Coutts was to marry Mr. Ayscough Bartlett is contradicted by the London Globe. The Government is awaiting despatches from South Africa before coming to a decision as to Sir Bartle Frere's recall. Great excitement has been created in Manitoba by the discovery of gold at Swan Lake, in Pembina Mountain district. The London Post says Lord Liswell has resigned on account of the Government's attitude on the Irish Compensation Bill. Greece is looking forward with confidence to the result should an appeal to arms be necessary to settle disputes with Turkey.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—Eaton won the Public School veterans' match at Wimbledon. The German Kreuzer Zieten declares that reports of intended demonstrations by the Powers against the Porte are mere idle gossip. A sham fight took place at Aldershot yesterday before the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, in which some 1,000 troops participated. Russia is contemplating the annexation of the Corea, which would be of great importance as affording a base of operations for privateer warfare against England. General Sabell's mother was attacked and murdered by armed men while on her way from Constantinople to Schirpan with money and supplies for the hospital at the latter place.

THURSDAY, July 23.—The greatest anxiety is caused by the symptoms of fever now prevalent in Ireland. The British team won the Kolaropu city at Wimbledon yesterday, beating the Canadians by 74 points. Many of the most important supporters of Yakoob Khan have recognized Abdul Rahman, and have gone to join him at Uzbekistan. It is stated that the Porte proposes to cede to Greece the island of Crete instead of the territory awarded by the Berlin Conference. One thousand workmen at Rockersay Beach Hotel have struck for back wages. The paymaster has offered them 20 cents on the dollar. The Powers have determined to lend a military force at Antivari if the Porte delays any longer to grant the concessions to Montenegro. A disastrous cave-in occurred yesterday at the Hudson River tunnel works at Jersey City, causing the death of about twenty of the workmen. Mr. Parnell has notified Home Rule organizations to appoint delegates for a great Home Rule convention at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 9th of August.

FRIDAY, July 24.—England won the international ride match by 79 points. It is stated that the 10th (Caucasian) Regiment, now stationed at Bengal, is to return home shortly. Mr. Spurgeon is to visit Canada at an early day. The Hamilton Eleven won the cricket match against the Stratton Island team by eleven wickets. Prince Hohenlohe has had a long conference with Bismarck. Mahomed Jan has resigned the Governorship of Cabul, and been succeeded by Yusuf Khan.

SATURDAY, July 25.—Latest despatches from Cape Town say the Basutos were gathering near the British Residency. Mormon missionaries have been expelled from Germany. Manila has been visited by a third earthquake. Naples has had an earthquake, and Mount Vesuvius is in a state of eruption. Satisfactory harvest prospects in Ireland. Sothern has retired from the stage for a year on account of his health. Greece is negotiating a loan in Paris. Montenegro has notified the Powers of her intention to commence hostilities against Albania forthwith.



KING STREET, THE GREAT T

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



THOROUGHFARE OF TORONTO.

BY NOTMAN & FRANK.

PROSE AND POETRY.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By the author of "Lazy Dick."

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

"Girls, girls, come down here; I've some news for you," shouted the big voice of the Lieutenant from below.

At the word *news* Sylvia threw down her writing fast enough and darted down the stairs. Millie followed. Their father was walking about in the parlour with an open letter in his hand.

"What's it all about, papa?" cried Sylvia eagerly, but the younger girl sat down, a little wearily in truth, though the others were always too self-occupied to notice it. Her face looked pale and rather worn in contrast with that of the blooming Sylvia.

"It's a letter from Newfoundland, my dear, from your Aunt Mildred, and she wants one of you to pay her a visit. She says she thinks she can offer plenty of amusement, since she has a household of friends—'young men and maidens, old men and children'—that she has brought down with her from the city. 'Then before the child returns she must stay a week with us at Halifax,'" the Lieutenant concluded, reading aloud.

"Splendid! splendid!" and Sylvia clapped her hands. "When am I to go, papa?"

A smile, not bitter, but exceedingly sarcastic, was lurking about that quiet little mouth of Millie's; but she let her sister monopolize the invitation and remained silent.

Their father looked rather taken aback, however.

"Not so fast, Syl," he began; "it has only been made to one of you, and that one is Millie. Your aunt says she has never yet seen her little namesake, and she must come; she really will take no refusal this time."

Sylvia's countenance fell, and then changed to that expression Millie hated so—the shocking creature.

"Oh, well, I console myself by remembering Aunt has never seen either of us, or it's plain you'd have no chance, Millie, my dear," she said with an affection of mirth. It was not often that she my-deared Millie, and when she did give some expression to her sisterly affection Millie always felt it was done with a view to irritate her. With an effort she overcame the inner woman and turned to her father quickly.

"Papa, let Sylvia go; I don't care about it a bit."

"Oh, what a sweet, low, persuasive voice! At least Tom Graham thought so, as he was coming through the gate up to the open window."

"If Millie doesn't really care then," began Sylvia with becoming hesitation, but her father shook his head.

"Your aunt has a will of her own," he said; "I've felt it before now. If she wants Millie, Millie she'll have, or no one; and as it wouldn't do to offend her, my girl, you must go."

"Oh, yes! by all means, if that's the view you take of the matter," cried the elder girl with a toss of her head; "I should never stoop to curry favour with a rich relation, but Millie will fit the position admirably."

Millie looked up with a blaze in her beautiful eyes; her voice wasn't sweet, and low, and persuasive this time.

"How dare you say that to me! You know it's utterly untrue!" she cried.

"Only such a natural mistake," sneered Sylvia.

Tom Graham was a gentleman, so, seeing he was about to interrupt a family quarrel, he would have gone back the way he came without entering the house, but Sylvia saw him and went out into the garden.

"Oh, do come and talk to me, Mr. Graham!" she cried, "and then I shall forget disagreeables for a time. Poor Millie!" and she sighed pensively, "her temper is so trying at times."

"And so I should imagine are your speeches," thought shrewd Master Tom, though, of course, he didn't say it.

The end of it was that Millie accepted the invitation, although had there been any doubt of her acting otherwise, Mrs. St. James, to use that lady's forcible phraseology, would have pranced in and put her foot down upon such folly then and there. The Rector was no less pleased than his wife, though he told his favourite she must not remain too long away, but consider the deplorable loss sustained by the parish during the absence of its curate, for so he was fond of styling Millie. Meanwhile Millie herself was very busy, for her wardrobe needed a good deal of alteration, and time was short and her means scanty. Sylvia had many pretty things, which, however, she did not offer to lend her, and Millie, in her sinful pride, would have died rather than ask her for one of them. We must not be too hard upon Sylvia—poor girl! for very properly she grasped at all the outward adornment she could get, to make up for the inward deficiency, I suppose. Millie was to go by water, and the Lieutenant was anxious to put her on board the vessel himself, since he had just ascertained that the captain on board one of the Gulf-port steamers (the one by which Millie was going) was an old camp comrade. But the day before Millie was to leave she caught a severe cold; was obliged to take to her bed, and so did not leave till a week later. She looked so white and weak on the morning of her departure that good Mrs. St. James was full of misgivings.

"Do take care of yourself, my pet," said the

kind woman, as she kissed and wrapped up the delicate little thing.

"Oh, she'll do finely," said the Lieutenant, jovial and careless as ever; while Sylvia fussed about her sister (Tom was there), making Millie in her nervous state feel that she was almost as bad as a mosquito.

"I hope you'll have fine weather," said Tom Graham.

"I shall be all right if we do," replied Millie, smiling her thanks.

"There's a dead swell on the sea," remarked the Lieutenant cheerfully; "but come along if you're ready, my dear; the ferry's waiting."

"Don't look so horrified," said Sylvia laugh-

ing. She was a good sailor herself.

"I never can stand a dead swell," groaned poor Millie.

In another minute the good-byes were said and she and her father were off. It was a good way out to the steamer, however, and before they reached it Millie was as white as a sheet. There were a great many other passengers going down the gulf, and, as they were rather late, her father had not time to find his friend, the Captain, and introduce her; so Millie, as soon as she got on board, found her way to her berth, and lay down too miserable to move or speak. Nobody took any notice of her. The stewardess indeed came to her once or twice through the day, but there were plenty of others clamorous in their demands, inasmuch that quieter sufferers were overlooked. The next day she was no better, and had eaten nothing. The water was quite smooth now, the wind having fallen. All through the long hours she lay—poor, small maiden, suffering intensely. "It must be late in the afternoon now," she thought, by the sunlight on her cabin wall. Her head was aching with a fiery pain. At last she could bear it no longer, and with difficulty she sat up, arranged her hair and dress, wrapped herself in a great mantle and staggered out of the state-room. How she got upon deck she hardly knew, but she was obliged to sit down on the top-step to rest a moment, or she would have fallen down the companion-ladder. Just opposite her, leaning over the deck railing, was a very tall man, clad in blue serge, with a bright, young face and fine, dark eyes. He looked like one who had encountered many perils, and was not likely to be taken by surprise, but when he caught sight of our woeful little heroine his face assumed an expression that was startled, to say the least of it.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed under his breath, and started forward. "Allow me," he said, in a cheery, kind voice, and with one strong arm he lifted her up and assisted her to a quiet corner, where there was a quantity of cushions lying about. These he piled up in the cosiest fashion, and when she was seated thereon he put one behind her, advised her to lean back, and then wrapped a great travelling rug about her.

"Thank you," said Millie, very timidly; but as she spoke she lifted to his face, for a moment her beautiful grateful eyes. But the expression of those eyes made our friend look more serious still, and he noticed the great black rings round them.

"It is a very bad thing to remain below, even if you don't feel well. I don't remember seeing you since we started. I hope you've been properly looked after," he said gravely.

"I don't know any one on board," said Millie innocently.

"Dear, dear!" and he looked graver still, then broke off into a bright laugh—no other word will describe it. "Never mind," he cried gayly, "you know some one now; you mustn't think me presuming now, but it's my duty to keep people from killing themselves."

Through his light rillery there ran an air of gentle deference that Millie, with her quick perception, could not fail to recognize. She knew a gentleman was addressing her, and this, far more than his ease of manner, conquered her shyness. He went away for a few moments and returned with a tray of cold chicken, fruit, and coffee. He would not heed her motion of dissent, but placed it before her.

"You needn't be afraid of eating it all," he said pleasantly, "for there's enough in the locker for breakfast to-morrow." Then he left her to herself for a while.

"You are looking better already," he said, with a satisfied smile, when he took away the tray and gave it to a waiter; and then he would have left her for good, too well-bred to be intrusive, but Millie could not bear to take all his kindness as her due, and she began a timid conversation. Not long very timid though, for by-and-by he was seated opposite her, and they were both conversing in a most friendly manner, whilst Millie's pretty, rare laugh rang out now and again at his odd speeches. He seemed to know every body on board, and was often called away from the quiet nook where she was seated, but he always came back again.

"Have you any wishes still ungratified?" he inquired, as he saw her looking at the passengers rather keenly.

"Yes, I want so much to see the Captain," she answered frankly.

"I'm sure he'll feel very much flattered. I didn't know he was considered worth looking at; indeed, I've told him more than once that his beauty consists in his ugliness," said her companion, with a sparkle of fun in his dark eyes.

"Do you know him?" asked Millie, slightly puzzled.

"Rather, and like him better than any other fellow I know," he answered promptly.

"I'm so glad," cried the girl.

"Why?" said her friend curiously.

"Oh, because he's an old friend of papa's."

He looked rather surprised, she fancied, and after a moment exclaimed:

"May I ask your father's name? Perhaps I have heard Captain Morton speak of him."

"Lieutenant Leslie," Millie replied; "but papa's friend is named Holland, not Morton."

"Morton is the captain of this vessel," he said smiling. "I suspect you've taken the wrong vessel. However, Morton will not regret the mistake. Before you leave I'll introduce him, if you'll allow me. It is always a good thing to know the captain, they say, because the people he takes a fancy to he can make very comfortable."

"Of course you speak from experience," said Millie mischievously; whereupon he laughed, seeming intensely amused, but assured her on his honour he did.

Very speedily Millie became acquainted with a good many of the other passengers, and every one was very fond of the small maiden, and petted her whenever they got the opportunity; but her first friend did not relinquish his charge of her, at which no one seemed at all surprised. She was so weakened by her illness that, the weather being fine, she remained most of the time on deck, not going down to the dining saloon with the others, which accounted for her not yet having seen the Captain.

Once Mildred had been alone for some time reading, and by-and-by, getting tired, she slipped the book among the cushions. There were purple, green and golden lights on the sea that afternoon, and leaning back she watched them a long time in silence.

"Poetizing!" inquired a voice well-known by this time, and the speaker came and sat down beside her.

"I should think not, indeed!" said Millie, indignantly.

The young man laughed.

"Don't you like poetry?" he asked.

"I hate it," she replied shortly.

"Do you know," he went on, greatly amused, "you are the most interesting person I ever met; you are always surprising me by your mixture of queer contradictions. Just now, for instance, you seemed altogether lost to this trifling existence. I said to myself, 'Meditation in her power,' and dared not intrude my profane presence. It's no use pretending to be prosaic now."

"Why, at home they always call me Prose," said Millie, laughing.

He shook his head unconvinced. "Don't look it," he answered. "What *ever* you think of it it wasn't poetry, then?"

"I was thinking of the sea, of course."

"Well!" still inquiringly.

"It looked so beautiful and bright, and yet almost sad, too, I fancied, as if the smile were all upon its surface, and a great, throbbing, suffering heart beneath." She spoke with unconscious pathos, lifting her eyes to his with an expression of intense struggling thought, and he answered the look with one large and comprehensive.

"That's just it," he said, after a pause. "Sometimes when the sea is calm I can't bear it. I like it in a storm best. Oh! it's glorious then!" and his eyes flashed. "But to-day one feels inclined to think too much."

"Isn't that a good thing to do?" asked Millie.

"Not always, or you'll grow morbid. As long as I'm busy I'm happy enough, but directly I begin to think I get discontented."

Millie looked at that bright face, and she shook her head this time.

"You don't believe me, I see," he exclaimed.

"No," Millie answered simply.

"Well, I'm grateful to you for your good opinion of me," and he looked quite in earnest.

"Oh, there's plenty of room for improvement," she cried saucily.

"Any one could see that with half an eye," he retorted; "so you needn't plume yourself upon being so very keen-sighted. I'm the most grumbling—!" At this moment he pulled himself up suddenly, and Millie looked surprised.

"What can you have to grumble about?" she asked.

"Trust a man for finding something—shine the sun ever so brightly. Isn't it enough to make a man wretched to be tossed about as I am—a homeless waif, without a relation in the world?"

"Haven't you, really?" said little Millie, so pitifully, that I, for one, can't help pardoning the fellow for looking miserable, though I beg leave to doubt that the expression was genuine. Let you should be inclined to despise him, however, I will say that there wasn't a finer fellow breathing.

"I believe I've a great uncle somewhere in this country, though I've never had time to hunt him up since I came out," he went on pensively; "but where's the use! After all he mightn't be delighted by the apparition of a nephew."

"Not if he knew him as well as I do," said that teasing little Millie. Our small maiden seemed to be transformed; the reserve that in general wrapped her in had disappeared, and sometimes she was as bright and saucy as you please.

But at this unlucky moment her companion discovered her book among the cushions; it was no other than the *Morte D'Arthur*, and he pounced upon it with ungenerous triumph.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, with his bright laugh,

"this is the young lady who hates poetry, and who sleeps with a volume of it under her pillow. And *writes* it, too," he added. For on the fly-leaf were some lines inscribed in a neat, lady-like hand, and signed, Sylvia Leslie. To tease her he began to read it aloud, and then immediately regretted his rash conduct, for, being a lover of poetry himself, he could not be blind to the fact that the verses were very trashy.

"I should not have expected such stuff from her," he thought, and experienced a certain sense of disappointment; but, looking up, he saw that Mildred appeared quite unmoved.

"That's my sister's not mine; surely one poet in the family is enough!" she remarked, not without asperity, thinking of the pages and pages of Sylvia's agonies, to which she had been an unwilling listener.

"That doesn't account for your reading the *Morte D'Arthur* though," he said, feeling relieved, and bent an teasing her. "I rather suspect that you do *not* hate poetry, but are too much of a coward to own it; for my part I'm not ashamed to say that I love all poetry; and," he added, reverently, "bless God for every poet that he has created."

The breeze had freshened, and the sky was clouding now rather suddenly.

"We are going to have a storm," he cried, springing up. "You must go below."

"Not yet, not just yet," said Millie, rather obstinately; for his sudden air of authority she was at a loss to understand, and therefore rebelled against it.

"I insist upon it," he said, quickly; and in a few moments, to her astonishment, she found herself below, where also all the rest of the passengers were crowded. Sure enough he was right. The storm came down upon them with frightful rapidity, and for over an hour raged with pitiless violence. How nearly the ship was lost few of them knew till it was all over. The last Millie saw of her friend was a blue serge coat flying up the companion ladder. Thereafter she trembled at every lurch of the ship, though not for herself, and wished she had said good-bye to him kindly instead of turning so angrily away. In little more than an hour, however, she saw him again. She heard somebody say: "Here comes the captain," and in he came. Brought to the skin, his dark curls glistening with water, his face hardly so bright as usual but calm and brave, his eyes keen and kind as ever.

"These white squalls are very sudden, but we've weathered the gale this time, thank God!"

That was all the captain said to improve the occasion, being a man who loved his religion, but seldom talked it. Then he went about among them with cheery words, soothing some frightened ladies and crying children, but at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for Millie.

"Are you all right?" he asked, anxiously, when he discovered her in a retired corner.

"Yes, thank you," she answered, looking up with a blush on her face and tears in her eyes; "please forgive me for being so unreasonable about coming down, but I thought I knew when a storm was coming as well as you. I didn't know you were the captain."

The captain was weary, wet, and weather-beaten, but never laughed he a merrier laugh than that.

"Good gracious! the conceit of you small women!" he cried. "Thought you knew a storm better than an old salt like me! I must take care that you never get the command of a ship, Miss Leslie, though," he added in a lower tone, "you may always command its captain."

As for Millie, she had shrunk back into her old reserve, and was thinking with shame and sometimes absolute terror of her conduct during the last few days. How blind and stupid she must have been not to have discovered who he was before. What had she been about, laughing and teasing him, uttering the most absurd nonsense about navigation with a superior little air of giving information, as though she supposed it was? And how deplorably he had always listened, no doubt thinking her an idiot the whole time. And yet how kind he had been notwithstanding, looking after her comfort in the smallest particular, and bearing with good humoured rillery her intolerable assumption. You may smile at our small maiden's qualms, perhaps, but recollect that she had never been away from the quietest of homes in her life before, and had no knowledge of the world whatever, except what she had gained from books, which commodity is weaker than the weakest poetry even, to accompany us through our life-journeys.

The morning after the storm was fine and calm, and the captain appeared, looking brighter than ever after his ducking. He soon went over to Millie.

"Miss Leslie," he said, with his most winning manner, which it was safest to yield to at once, for you always had to be in the long run, "allow me to present to you Captain Morton, he has been dying to know you all along, and entreat your pardon for the pious fraud practiced upon you." And he held out his hand.

Just the same honest, manly fellow that she had known all along! Millie was disarmed and stepped down from her dignity not a bit sorry to do so, I suspect.

"It was too bad, it was horrid duplicity Captain Morton," she said, laughing; but she put her small snowflake of a hand into his big, brown palm.

"Generous soul, say you forgive me!" but between you and me and the gate-post, friend reader, that tragical air was put on that he might have a pretext for retaining her hand.

"I will, as I'm to say good-bye so soon," said

the teasing little woman. But as he relinquished her hand the captain's countenance fell. "When do we land?" she asked.

"In about an hour," he answered, shortly; and then she saw that he could look discontented. Just then some lady passengers who had made friends with Millie came up, and shook hands, begging her not to forget them but to write sometimes. They then went below to collect their things, and turning, Millie found the captain, who had been absent, again by her side.

"Don't trouble about your luggage," he said; "I will manage everything; and, as a favour to me, will you be the last to leave the ship? The ferry is leaving the shore now."

"I will do whatever you like," said Mildred. "Thank you so much for all your kindness; I shall never forget it."

"Kindness!" he repeated, scornfully, then added quickly, "But poor me I wish you would remember." Assuming a light tone he continued, "I don't know how we shall get along without you. All the crew are ordered to stand handkerchief in hand and, headed by their captain, will weep briny drops."

Millie's fancy was tickled by the ridiculous picture and she laughed outright; but when she looked up she saw a real sadness in his eyes.

"I will come back by the *Saracen*," she said, impulsively, and then she blushed and could have beaten herself for so doing.

"That's splendid!" he cried with a quick, glad look; "remember now you've promised, Miss Leslie."

The ferry came alongside now and hailed the captain, and he left her, but at the last moment he came back and once more held out his hand.

"Now, Miss Leslie, I'll help you down. Good-bye, but not for good, remember."

One long look he gave into her sweet, little face. There was a wild waving of handkerchiefs, a great cheer from those behind, and the ferry rowed away. Our captain watched it till it reached the land with a shadow upon his bright face.

"God bless her," he muttered under his breath. You see he was in love for the first time in his life, and a very good thing too when it was with such a woman as Millie.

(To be continued.)

SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

At this epoch General Burnaby was observed in position on the heights immediately to the left of the Speaker's chair. Having, with military instinct, observed the regulation that a reconnaissance in force should not be undertaken till nightfall was close at hand, it was only at this advanced hour that he was able to get into play. There was some difficulty at the outset in recognising the gallant General. He had been seen earlier in the evening in the neighbourhood of his more usual place on the front bench below the gangway. He was then in morning dress, with light-coloured trousers, perhaps a little short considering that he wore shoes. Now the General was not only in dinner dress, but, doubtless for strategic purposes, had abandoned his usual place on the plateau by the front bench below the gangway, and was now discovered in the centre of the third bench behind ex-Ministers. When the assembled hosts mastered his identity, and comprehended his intention to speak, they united in a roar of deprecation. But the advantage of having a good character presently became apparent. General Burnaby, though a new member, has frequently addressed the House. But his speeches have invariably been remarkable for their brevity. On one occasion, speaking in defence of his brother magistrates, he delivered an oration exactly five sentences long—a jewel worthy to sparkle for all ages on the outstretched forefinger of Time. In the circumstances of the hour the House felt convinced that the General would not go beyond his habit, and that, on the whole, time would be wasted in objecting to his communications.

So the uproar partially subsided, and the General proceeded as indeed it was evident he intended to proceed, whether the uproar subsided or not. Having reached the average length of his customary oration, he put his right hand in his breast pocket, and produced a sheaf of notes eight inches by six, surface measurement, and fully an inch thick. At sight of this, portending an address of unknown length, the House roared as a lion might roar having been deluded into passing through a doorway on pretence that it was escaping from imprisonment only to find itself in a smaller den. The General lacks many of the inches, but has much facial resemblance to his cousin, the famous "Fred," of Khiva, and the untrodden wilds of Asia Minor. He has the same pale face, soft and gentle when pleased or engaged upon pleasing, but capable of momentarily setting into a look of stony resolution. With such a look the General now regarded the uproarious assembly before him. Still, not wishing to give unnecessary pain, he masked his battery, as it were, by placing behind his back the hand that held the sheaf of notes. But the House was now alive to what was in store for it, and roared and roared without intermission. Through the undisciplined uproar the voice of the General could be heard, as, with shoulders squarely set, head thrown back, and eyes blazing with the light of battle, he emitted a series of short, sharp sentences, which, though they probably conveyed his view on the constitutional, legal, and religious questions before the House,

sounded suspiciously like the word of command on parade.

The time came when the tenderest consideration for the feeling of the House must be disregarded, and the notes produced. So the General brought them round with a half salute, and, holding them squarely in front of him, began to deal with the contents. Gradually it became clear through the now subsided uproar that the General had performed a feat unexampled in Parliamentary debate. Whilst members had been talking he had been working. He had put a girdle round the earth, and in something more than forty minutes had obtained the opinion on the matter at issue of a most remarkable collection of Church dignitaries. From what source of information he had made himself acquainted with the names and addresses of the ecclesiastics, who were presently introduced to the notice of the House, was a matter for subsequent surprise. At the moment members were so enchanted with the idea of the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards communicating by telegraph to right reverend bishops, and with pistol at their head demanding their views on the Bradlaugh controversy, that they gave themselves up with mad delight to the enjoyment of the joke. To the General it was clear it was no joke. It had been a brilliant idea, flashing across his mind in some moment of absorbed thought, and he had carried it out with soldierly promptness and cultured attention to detail. Such a collection of bishops with unfamiliar names was never heard of in the House of Commons. The titles read like a page from one of Anthony Trollope's novels, and their recitation gained immensely by the odd way in which their Lordships, having been captured by the General, were made to "number off" in view of the House of Commons. "What says the Bishop of Raphoe?" the General cried in sharp, stern tones, which brought up to the imagination the spectacle of a bishop standing in the guard-room between two soldiers, and interrogated by an irate orderly officer. The House, now understanding and entering fully into the spirit of the joke, roared with laughter as the General read out from the first sheet of his notes the opinions of the Bishop of Raphoe. "The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles!" shouted the General, at the top of his voice, and the House relapsed into another fit of laughter that threatened to create vacancies in the representatives of more than one constituency. "Well, now, the Chief Rabbi," said the General, encouraged by his success to lapse into a conversational tone. Hereupon certain ribald members on the Opposition benches called out "Well, now, the Shah!" and "What says the Sultan?" But the General took no notice of these interruptions, but went on reading from his notes, and gravely placing the House in full possession of the opinions of the Bishop of Ossory and the Bishop of Galway. At this stage the Speaker interposed, apparently under the impression that the General was reading his own speech, and pointed out that such a course was a breach of the rules of debate. Hereupon the General, fishing in his coat-tail pocket, produced a tightly-bound bundle of telegrams of the thickness of a conductor's *baton*, and, amid roars of laughter, unfolded them and strewed them about the floor, explaining the while that these were the original documents received from his right reverend correspondents, and that what he was reading were simply extracts written out for greater convenience.

The Speaker thus appeased, the General went on as if nothing had happened, next announcing "the Superior of the Greek Orthodox Church," which was received with shrieks of laughter. The Premier Minister, who had been sitting restlessly attentive all through the long night, and who at this hour presented an appearance of piteous exhaustion, woke up under the spell of the General's eloquence. Mr. Forster, stretched at full length, with his head on the back of the bench, emitted a series of gigantic chuckles that shook the Treasury Benches, whilst the Premier literally rolled in his seat with unrestrained laughter. All this while not a smile flickered over the pale face framed in fringe of coal-black hair, upon which all eyes were turned. "Mr. Spurgeon!" the General next announced, much as if he were the proprietor of a waxwork exhibition, and now invited the attention of the audience to the counterfeit presentation of a celebrated and particularly popular personage. Mr. Spurgeon, it appeared, had been at home when the General's message had arrived. There was also, owing to the continuous shout of laughter, some uncertainty as to whether "His Holiness the Pope!" had made due response. But it was characteristic of the sense of honour habitual to a Burnaby that, having received from "an eminent Presbyterian" a reply not at all in accordance with his own views, the General read it at length. Even whilst he spoke a telegram arrived, and was passed from hand to hand along the crowded benches. It might have been from the Patriarch of Antioch or from the medicine man of an African potentate, the views on the subject of either of whom would have been deeply interesting. But the General was surfeited with telegrams, and, in spite of entreaties, declined to open this fresh arrival. He had saved till the last the opinion of the Bishop of Peterborough; but this proved not nearly so attractive to the House as that of some of the less familiar dignitaries of the Church. Moreover, the extract was exceedingly lengthy, and the General abruptly resumed his seat before he had reached the "Amen!" But his purpose was effected. He had handled his forces with the skill and courage

proved a quarter of a century earlier on the field of Inkerman. The enemy was too strong, and the recoil from the shock of his gallant attack was brief. The Ministerial majority was fifty-four; but who can say what it might not have been had not the House been compelled to hear unanswerd the question, "And what does the Bishop of Raphoe say?"

ADVICE TO BRAIN-WORKERS.

In attempting to give a few words of plain and homely advice to brain-workers, I am really addressing a larger section of my readers than might at first be supposed. With an ever-increasing population, a gradual rise in the price to be paid for the bare necessities of life, and a consequent lessening of the value of money, the struggle for existence—in this country—is indeed a hard one, and becoming apparently year by year still more hard. In some measure, however, the fault is our own. We are not a contented race; we seem constantly to forget the fact that a contented mind conduces to longevity. We are unwilling to begin as our fathers began, in order to end as our fathers ended. The march is ever onward, the cry forever "forward." Hence we harass our brains, weaken both heart and nerves, and thus age ourselves in the race for wealth or position, which very often we cannot enjoy when we obtain. It is often said, and with a great deal of truth too, that the abuse of vinous stimulants helps to fill our lunatic asylums; but the excitement inseparable from many forms of business sends its thousands annually to fill the dreary cells and wards of those institutions; and it is sad to think that some of our most hard-working and successful men fall victims, at the very prime of their lives and height of their ambition, to some obscure form of brain-disease.

Now, before going on to mention any of the more common affections to which the brain is liable, let me say a word or two about the organ itself, and the nervous system generally. The brain is situated within the skull, and is surrounded by and rests upon several membranes, which not only give it support mechanically, but feed it and supply it with food and nutrition in the shape of oxygenated blood. The spinal cord is, so to speak, a continuation of the neurine or brain matter: from the two proceed the nerves of voluntary motion and sensation, in the brain residing the ruling and guiding power that controls all our actions, and in it too the powers of intelligence, will, and emotion.

It is in the gray matter of the brain that nervous force is said to originate. This, when in a state of health, contains nerve-cells in abundance, and it is in it that impressions from without are stored up, considered, and acted upon; it is the seat of memory and of will. From it there branch off to every part of the body the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion. Connected with the brain and spinal cord is another set of nerves; that is called the sympathetic or ganglionic system, because it consists of a series of knots, or *ganglia*, placed on each side of the spinal cord, but joined to each other and to the brain by nervous filaments, etc. The system supplies branches to the heart, the lungs, and the internal viscera generally, these branches governing the motions of the organs to which they are supplied; they are called, therefore, the nerves of involuntary motion. Over them we have no control of mind; they act independently of all thought; the heart goes on beating, and the lungs breathing, even when we are fast asleep. But this we must remember, viz., that there is an intimate connection between even those nerves and the brain itself; so much do they act and react on each other that the one cannot be affected for good or ill without the other participating. We cannot be happy or feel well unless the brain is in a healthy condition; and wholesome impressions, supplied through lungs, or liver, or skin, contribute to happiness. The nerves are toned and braced up by pure air, fresh water, and healthful exercise, and through the nerves, the brain and mind; while, on the other hand, every pleasant sight, or sound, or impression, tends to calm and soothe the involuntary nervous system, and regulate the flow of the secretions over which they preside. As, too, these secretions are used in the animal economy to change the food we eat into healthy life-giving blood, we cannot wonder that quiet, freedom from care, and cheerful society should tend to increase the appetite.

We all are familiar with the term "congestion of the brain," most men of business are, at all events, and most hard-working writers. For a long time the members of my profession had an idea that the amount of blood in the brain never increased to any great extent, that the blood-vessels could be full, but never overfull. We know now, however, from experiment, that this was a mistaken notion, and that the arteries and veins may be so overcharged with blood as to exert a very deleterious pressure on the brain matter. That kind of headache which some speakers, clergymen, or actors suffer from after their official duties may be cited as a temporary form of congestion. Rest in the recumbent position, a little sal volatile, and subsequent sleep are usually all that is required to remove it. But long continued congestion of the brain, or daily recurring congestion, whether produced by hard work, worry, or the abuse of stimulants, can hardly take place without evil consequences. One of them

is called *oedema*, or dropsy of the brain. The turbid veins exude the watery portion of their contents, with this the brain matter becomes infiltrated, and very gradually, perhaps, the sufferer begins to feel that he is not the man he formerly was; he becomes drowsy and inactive during the day; is subject to fits of somnolency, which he tries to throw off, but in vain; his appetite is capricious; his pulse often irregular; he suffers from depression of spirits; the intellectual powers become dulled, and memory fails; and if apoplexy does not carry him off soon, his general health breaks up, muscular weakness comes on, and he dies, very gradually, perhaps, but surely.

S. O. A. P.

One of the most offensive nicknames ever applied to a man in high ecclesiastical position was that of "Soapy Sam" to the late Bishop Wilberforce. In a recent sketch Lord Houghton gives an excellent portrait of the bishop, whose friends always seemed to doubt whether he had not mistaken his vocation. It is evident that he was held to be a most secular prelate, and tested by the standard of some of the older dignitaries of his church and other churches—with Latimer and Ridley in his own communion, for instance, or with Fénelon and the Canadian Jesuits, or with Asbury and the early Methodists—Bishop Wilberforce undoubtedly more resembles the witty, polished, and accomplished French abbé of the last century.

The origin of the familiar nickname Lord Houghton states as follows: "The students of Cuddesden College, wishing to celebrate both the bishop and their principal, Alfred Pott, on some festive occasion, placed on one pillar the initials S. O. [Samuel, Oxford, the name of the Bishop's see], and on another A. P. The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the bishop himself said it was owing to the alliteration with his unfortunate Christian name. I do not know whether the excellent retort that the name was given him because he was always in hot water, and always came out with clean hands, was his own or some defender's; but to those who understood his character the *soubriquet* was by no means appropriate; the charm of his persuasiveness was its natural and cheerful character, and, supposing any insincerity, it never showed itself upon the surface."

Once, indeed, when Lord Chancellor Westbury made a vulgar and insulting allusion to the nickname in the House of Lords, the Bishop repelled it with great dignity, rebuking the Chancellor very effectively. Lord Houghton, however, evidently doubts whether a Bishop ought to shine as a wit at breakfast parties and club dinners, and with just that suspicion of a sting which was formerly said to characterize the comments of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, he says, "It will be difficult not to confront the question whether the mode of life in which he was eminently successful was consistent with his prelatical position."

HUMOROUS.

TANNER is making the fastest time on record.

CHAMPAGNE frappe is called a frozen smile.

SPARKING across the garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

GOETHE says a man must be either an anvil or a hammer; yet how many are neither but bellows.

If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.

It is said Bob Ingersoll is growing old and tedious, and his friends are urging him to study up some newer and brilliant blasphemies.

Those people who sit in second and third story windows to sleep always secure more or less space in the daily papers and have as big funerals as anybody.

A LITTLE boy tamed an alligator, and the ugly reptile began to like the little fellow, and, however, until the little fellow was all gone.

No less than thirty pearl divers in the Persian Gulf fell victims to the sharks during the last year. This low rate of mortality would hardly be noticed in Wall street.

If Dr. Tanner succeeds in proving that man can live forty days without food, the diamond pin of the hotel clerk will lose half its lustre.

WHEN an Ohio man gets into the woods for a couple of days, on a fishing excursion, the first question he asks on his return is: "Have I been nominated for any office while I was gone?"

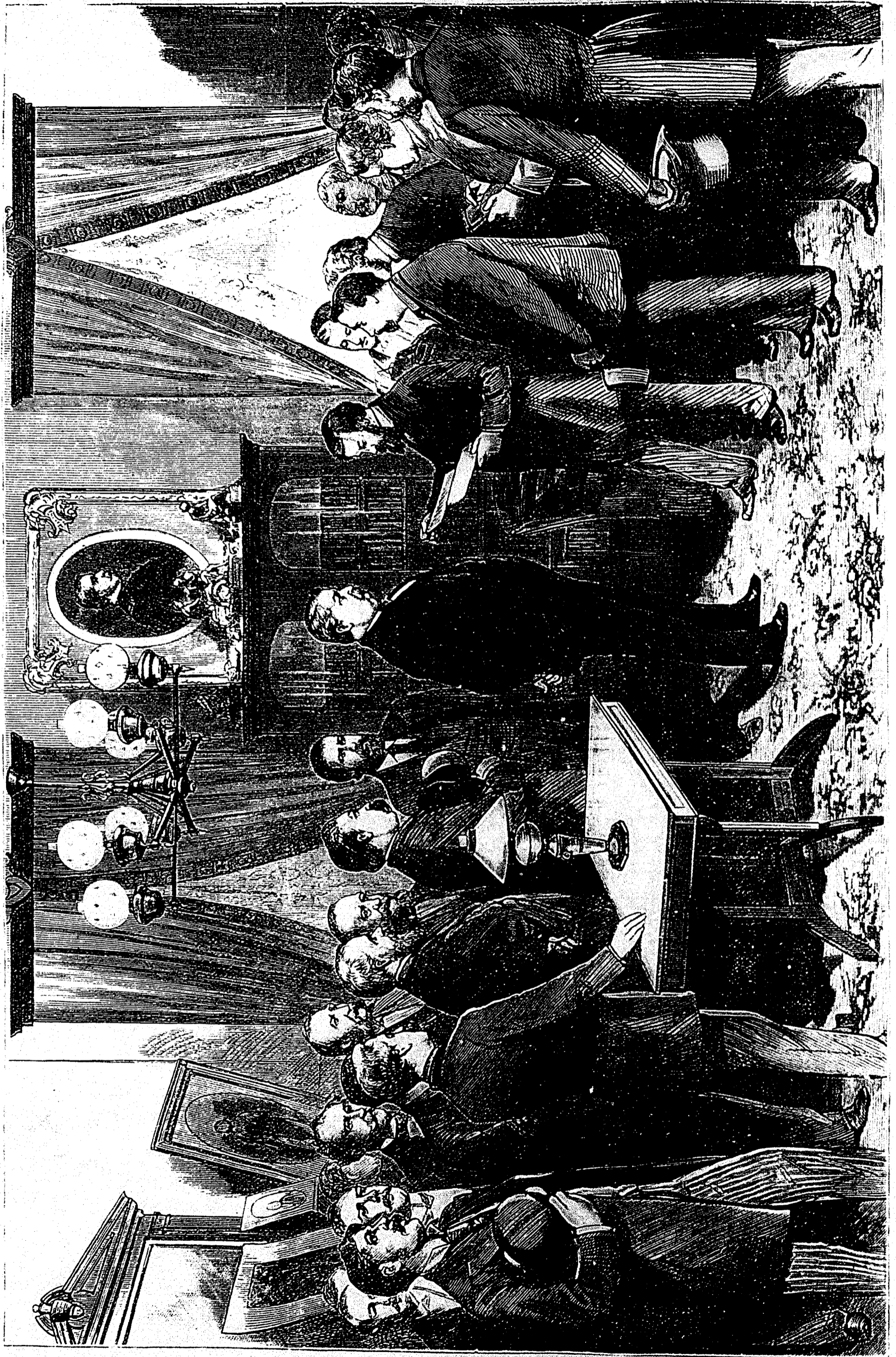
SCIENTISTS claim that smoking injures the eyesight. But this is not true. The boy with a stump in his mouth can see his father ten squares away.

IN the matter of going to the legislature and making laws, the farmers demand that men of their pursuit be elected every time; but when they want an address at an agricultural fair they call on a lawyer every time.

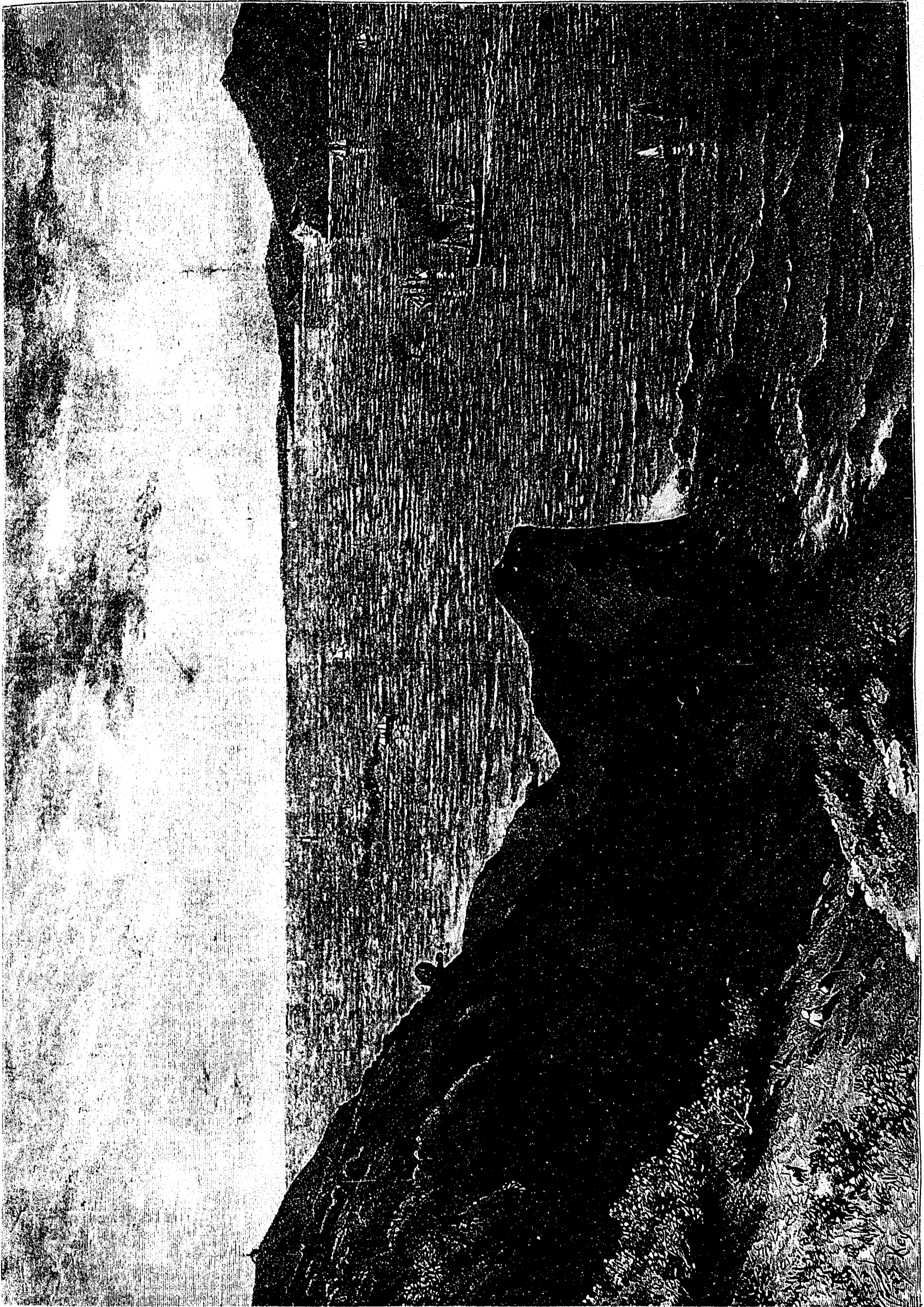
EITHER we must make the ocean wider or the steamships narrower. Something must be done to enable two ships to pass without going through each other. Society kind of demands it, and the comfort of the passengers second the demand.

A LAWYER once rushed up to Jerrold in the street and said, with a flushed face: "Mr. Jerrold I've just met a secondarily barrister." Jerrold looked at him with a bland smile and simply answered: "What a coincidence!"

THE inventor of that discordant sometimes called accordion is well known, and his heirs still receive a pension from the satirical government of Lombardy; but the name of the man whose middle planned the great monument of Thebes is lost beneath the waters of oblivion. The evil that men do lives after them.



GENERAL HANCOCK OFFICIALLY APPRISED OF HIS NOMINATION BY DELEGATES OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.



THE GOLDEN GATE.—ENTRANCE TO SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE.

Le Droit de Grenouillage—Corvées—Forced labour—Lent—Clameur de Hâtes—The 26th Battery—A Druidical Custom preserved—Running the Ignolee, &c.

Under the caption "Tit-bits of Feudal Customs and Rights" I noticed, elsewhere, some quaint remnants of Feudalism on Canadian soil, contrasting the mild form of our Feudal mothers, with the endless and vexatious rights once enforced in France. Germany, England, &c. It is difficult to say, whether some of the European feudal rights were more tyrannous than ludicrous. The *Droit de Grenouillage* belonged eminently to the latter class. It consisted in the right of compelling the serfs to turn out on the wedding night of the lord of the manor, to heat the frog ponds, in order that his lordship's rest on such an auspicious occasion might not be disturbed by the noisy croakings of frogs. I added on the authority of M. Dupin, that certain jolly friars, such as the Abbé de Luxeuil and the Abbé de Prim stood also charged with enforcing this Sardanapalian service, not of course on their wedding night (for none but bad abbés married in those times) but whenever they resided on their domains witness the following lines:

Pâ! Pâ! rainatte Pâ (silence, frogs, silence).
Voici monsieur l'abbé que Dieu gâ (near you rests monsieur l'abbé, whom may heaven watch over!)

Not only were the peasants compelled to heat the frog ponds, but during the operation, in order to keep awake, they were expected to croak out (in a subdued voice, we should imagine) this formula.

The performance of the croaking service was confined to those vassals whose land had on that express condition been freed from *servitudes*. In ransacking this old treatise, I came across the case of a drowsy German emperor, who having sojourned over night in the village of Treinseun, was threatened with being kept sleepless by the *breck! breck!* of frogs: fortunately for his Highness, the peasantry mustered strong and in time to compel aristocrats boisterous heroes to hide their diminished head, under the waters; this instance of loyalty, patriotism and love of the institutions of the Vaterland was so highly prized by the German Prince that he granted them important immunities: though the *Droit de Grenouillage*, may in several instances been considered a special seigniorial privilege guaranteeing a baronial benedict a sound sleep on his wedding night, it appears to have been extended, as in the case lastly cited, to ordinary occasions, when a wearied Feudal magnate required more than "forty winks." Its needless to say the *Droit de Grenouillage* never obtained a footing in Canada, nor the *Droit du Seigneur*. Many other seigniorial rights did, however, some very odious. The array was formidable enough; there was the *Droit de Lods et Ventes—Droit de retrait lignages—Droit de Quint—Droit de Four Banal—Droit de Corvées—Droit de cens et rentes—Droit de Colombes—Droit de Chasse—Droit de Perles*. The *Droit de Corvées*, may be found frequently resorted to under French Rule, previous to 1759.

We read in history of the *Corvées* or forced labor ordered by Count Frontenac, *de par le Roi*, to build Fort Catarqui—Kingston—of the hardship it imposed on the sparse population, of its being the text of a lively sermon preached by the Abbé de Fenelon, the half brother of the famous Archbishop of Cambrai.

In the spring of 1759, when all New France was alarmed at the approach of Durell and Saunders' powerful fleet, we read again of *Corvées* ordered to build up at once, the earthwork (of which such unmistakable vestiges still remain in rear of Ringfield, the villa of Geo. H. Park, Esq., Charlesbourg road).

It had been at first contemplated by Montcalm to order down the whole of the Montreal militia, to hurry through with this circuitous fortification (Ringfield), wherein, after the battle of the 13th Sept., 1759, at twelve noon, the dispirited French squadron had assembled, leaving it, in a disorderly manner that evening at 8 P. M., to retreat to Cap Rouge and Fort Jacques Cartier. Ultimately, 1,500 labourers only were detailed to build this vast earthwork, which it was thought desirable to finish before General Wolfe should arrive.

Though very young at the time, I can yet recall the instance of a seigniorial *corvée*; it took place at St. Thomas, Montmagny, in 1837; its object was to haul to the river edge, the cut of timber of that winter, intended to supply seigneur Jacques Oliva's saw mills, at the basin of St. Thomas, a thaw was dreaded and had the snow disappeared in the woods the logs would have remained to rot and decay.

It was a case of life or death to the St. Thomas saw mill, which employed more than two hundred hands, annually, cutting logs or sawing them for use. The *Corvée*, by its novelty, gave rise to much discussion in the neighboring parishes; it occupied three or four days, as far as I can recollect; 300 villagers and their teams, turned out gratis because *le Seigneur a commandé de par le Roi*; the Seigneur, however, had to provide the commissariat, no small item of expense, considering that of the 300. Many sturdy Norman peasants could stow with ease, at a meal, a 6 lb. loaf of bread under their *ceinture rouge*, with a corresponding allowance of pork.

The two years I spent with an hospitable Scotch relative, at St. Thomas, (the late Daniel

McPherson) made me acquainted with the inner life of my worthy friend, *Jean Baptiste*, under a variety of aspects.

Well can I recall, the glutinous *reveillon*, among the mortified peasants, on Easter Eve, which at 12 midnight, closed the forty Lenten days of complete (not of partial as at present) abstinence from flesh, each day a fast day, without any of the *adoucissements*, of the present day. In many wealthy farm houses, the family circle would assemble about 7 P. M. cards were the back bone of the social, innumerable games of *all Fours, petite brisque, mistigris*, would be played, far into the night, in fact, without any interruption, except that caused by the temporary absence of the considerate housewife in the *bas-côté* or *cuisine*, to keep up the fire cooking the savory stew, goose, or turkey, which had to be done to the minute as soon, as the lofty old clock in the corner struck the fatidical hour of twelve, midnight; which had the privilege, not only of letting loose the *revenants* and *loup-garoux*, but also, O happiness! betokened the close of the dire Lenten season. Was the clock never *advanced*? All would then withdraw from cards and with the zest of long deprivation and that craving for animal food, which our keen winter atmosphere engenders among the working class, surround the well provided board: some, trenchermen there were of wonderful capacity and worthy of the lay of the past. I can remember, in 1837, I think, an instance of this gormandising: a young farmer, named Lemonde, had asked to be awake at 12, midnight, to enjoy, with the others, a *square* meal.

In his avidity to swallow, he kept no account of some small bones which occurred in a most succulent stew; one stuck in his throat and produced death by strangulation; this, however, was the only case of a tragical nature, which reached my juvenile ears in the orderly and sumptuous old Scotch house, which sheltered me.

Quebec.

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF SHORT WORDS.

This world is a great school-house in which through life we all teach, and we all learn. Here we must study to find out what is good and what is bad; what is true and what is false, and thus get ready to act in some other sphere. What we are at the end of this life we shall be when the next begins. We must spare no pains, then, when we teach others or ourselves. We teach ourselves by what we hear and read and think, others by our words. We must take care that we think and speak in a way so clear that we do not cheat ourselves, or mislead others by vague or misty ideas. We must put our thoughts into words, and we must get in a way of using these in thought with the same care we use when we speak or write to others. Words give a body or form to our ideas, without which they are apt to be so foggy that we do not see where they are weak or false. When we put them into a body of words, we will, as a rule, learn how much of truth there is in them, for in that form we can turn them over in our minds. If we write them out, we find that in many cases the ideas we thought we had hold of fade away when put to this test. But if they prove to be real or of value, they are thus not only made clear to us, but they are in a shape where we can make them clear to others. We have a proof of how much we thus gain when we state to others our doubts; for, as a rule, we solve them, when we do this, before we hear what they have to say. In most cases what we say to others, not what they say to us when we consult them, settles the doubt.

We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way, they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. They are the best for the teacher, the orator and the poet. If you will look at what has been said in prose or in verse, that comes down to us through many years, which struck all minds, and that men most quote, you will find that they are short words of our own tongue. Count them in Gray's *Elegy*, which all love to read, and you will find that they make up a large share of all that he uses. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says, "Oh, ye generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee, from the wrath to come!" There is one long word which ought not to be in it, namely "generation." In the old version the word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force: "Oh, ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

William H. Maynard, a very able man who stood high in his country and his state, once wrote out a speech for the Fourth of July in words of one syllable, save names. His strength was very much due to the fact that in thought and speech he made it a rule to use as few words as he could, and those that were short and clear. If he had lived out his term of three-score years, he would have been known as one of the great men of his state.

I do not mean to say that the mere fact that

the word is short makes it clear, but it is true that most clear words are short, that most long words we get from other tongues, and the mass of men do not know exactly what they mean, and I am not sure that scholars always get the same ideas from them. A word must be used a great deal, as short ones are, before it means the same thing to all.

Those who wish to teach or to lead others must first learn to think and speak in a clear way. The use of long words which we get from other tongues, not only makes our thoughts and our speech dim and hazy, but it has done somewhat to harm the morals of our people. Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told that it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong-doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in short, straight-out English.

He who will try to use short words and to shun long ones will, in a little while, not only learn that he can do so with ease, but that it will also make him more ready in the use of words of Greek and Latin origin when he needs them. If he tries to write in words of one syllable, he will find that he will run through a great many words to get those he needs. They are brought to his mind in his search for those he wants. It is a good way to learn words of all kinds. When a man is in search of one fact, he may be led to look at every book in his library, and thus he finds many things.

There is another gain when we try to use only short words. To bring them in and keep all others out, we have to take a great many views of the topic about which we write or speak. In this way we start many new thoughts and ideas that would not otherwise spring up. I am sure, if this plan is tried, men will be struck with the many phases brought to their view of things they study, that they would not see if they used words in their usual mode. In this way men not only learn more about words, but more about the topics of which they write, for they will not be able to carry out their plan without looking at their subject on every side.

Dr. Johnson loved long words. But when he wrote in wrath to Lord Chesterfield, he broke away from the fogs and clouds and roar of his five-syllable terms, and went at his lordship in a way so terse and sharp, that all can see that he felt what he said.

Love, nor hate, nor zeal, ever waste their force by use of involved or long-winded phrases. Short words are not vague sounds which lull us as they fall upon the ear. They have a clear ring which stirs our minds or touches our hearts. They best tell of joy or grief, of rage or peace, of life or death. They are felt by all for their terms mean the same thing to all men. We learn them in youth; they are on our lips through all days, and we utter them down to the close of life. They are the apt terms with which we speak of things which are high or great or noble. They are the grand words of our tongue; they teach us how the world was made. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

SKIPPER IRESON.

Whittier's ballad of the Marblehead skipper Floyd Ireson, who for his hard heart was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart, is one of the most familiar of his poems. But a history of Marblehead, by Samuel Roads, jr., which is just published, gives another version of the story, and to the credit of the skipper. It was in October, 1808, that the schooner *Betty*, commanded by Skipper Benjamin Ireson, arrived in Marblehead from the Grand Banks. The crew alleged that off Cape Cod Light they had passed the schooner *Active*, of Portland, in a sinking condition, and that Skipper Ireson had refused to stop or to lend any assistance to the wrecked sailors.

There was great indignation among the seafaring population of Marblehead, and on a bright moonlight night a mob seized the skipper, and bound him, placed him in a dory, and smearing him with tar and covering him with feathers, dragged him in a cart toward Salem. The Salem authorities forbade the entrance of the mob into that town, and it returned to Marblehead. Throughout the ride the skipper was silent, but when he was released at his own door, he said, "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it."

The facts presently appeared. When the *Active* was seen, a terrific gale was blowing. Skipper Ireson consulted his crew, and they refused to risk their lives to save others, and they would not even stay by the wrecked schooner until the storm fell, as the skipper proposed. When they reached Marblehead, fearing the wrath of the people, they laid the entire blame upon Skipper Ireson. It is pleasant to record that Mr. Whittier in the frankest and most characteristic way states that he was probably deceived. In a very cordial letter to Mr. Roads he says that he is glad the true story has at last been told, and told so well, adding:

"I have now no doubt that the version of the Skipper Ireson is a correct one. My verse was solely founded on a fragment of rhyme which I

heard from one of my early school-mates, a native of Marblehead. I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I know nothing of the particulars, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad, for the sake of truth and justice, that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living."

THE GLEANER.

A WRETCH in New England says that more people die there of doughnuts than of tobacco.

GAMBETTA is not alarmed about Rochefort's hostility, but his support would be embarrassing.

GENERAL GARIBALDI was one of the defeated candidates in the municipal elections held in Rome.

THE Queen will not go to Ireland this year, and it is stated that Her Majesty had no intention at any time of so doing.

THE conversion to Catholicism is announced of Lady Anne Isabella Blunt, the only granddaughter of Lord Byron.

"DR. TANNER took a square meal here before beginning his fast," is the announcement at a New York restaurant.

THE French revenue of \$600,000,000 is asserted to be the largest ever received from a population of thirty-six millions.

ALL the bishops, judges and other dignitaries who assisted at the coronation of Queen Victoria, forty-two years ago, are dead.

AN ENGLISH resident of Oporto writes that the shipments of wine thence have been much larger during the past ten years than during any other ten of the century.

THE programme of the Russian-Jewish Socialists declare that the Russian system of Government cannot be reformed, and must therefore be destroyed.

THE general reports of the crops in France are highly satisfactory for quantity. In some cases the probable yield of wheat is considered deficient, but barley promises excellently.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S journeys between England and Scotland cost Her Majesty nearly £8,000 a year, two special cars are always run, the second conveying horses, carriages and servants.

HAVE we brought a new peril into our homes in the seemingly innocent telephone? A Hartford person undertook to speak through one in the interstices of a lively thunder-storm, and was summarily knocked down. Electricity did it.

SIXTEEN Waterloo officers are living. Among them is the Earl of Albemarle, whose agreeable recollections were published a few years ago. He was then an ensign and one of the survivors had, in 1815, as high a rank as captain.

A NEBRASKA Sunday-school was on a railroad excursion. A boy leaned out of a car window and fired a revolver at the same instant that a girl put her head out at another window, and the bullet killed her.

THE skull and horns of an uncommonly large mountain ram was found embedded in a pine tree in Idaho. It is supposed that the beast was caught and starved in the tree when it was a sapling, leaving his head to be overgrown by the wood.

A BOSTON paper mentions that ten years ago, Dr. M. G. Smith of Newburyport went without food for forty days, and during all that time visited his patients daily. Dr. Smith is still alive, and sincerely believes that healthy people can live on air.

A BROOKLYN man is so bow-legged that a dog which tries to run between his legs came out on the same side of the man that he started in on, and then when the man went to kick the animal he hit a man on the other side of him.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar, weary of the mere work of reigning Prince, has become a business man. He has bought a British steamship, and is running it at cheap rates for passengers and cargo between Zanzibar and Bombay.

HERE is retribution: "John Jackson, a Savannah negro, burst a blood vessel while stealing a heifer, and was found in a pasture with the rope tied around his waist and the heifer quietly grazing at the other end."

Two eggs of the Great Auk, declared to be genuine, and to have been discovered in an old private collection in Edinburgh, were sold by Mr. Stevens, auctioneer, King street, Covent Garden, in London, July 2. Each one was sold for about \$500.

THE weather all over Ireland up to the present time has been favourable, and it is expected that the potato crop will be enormous. It promises to exceed anything seen in Ireland since a period anterior to the famine of 1847. The root and cereal crops are also luxuriant.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that their is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

DOWN THE LANE.

There, a hidden garden lies
Seen through the arch of the bending trees,
When delicate odors faintly rise

The sun shines with a softer hue.
On the dark grey walls and twinkling pane,
And later lingers the morning dew.

The chimps float out on the perfumed gale
With a silvery cadence and mellow strain,
And the traveller leans on the garden-pale

Thus, in each heart, the sunshine falls
On a fertile nook in a shadowed place,
And within the depths of its sacred walls

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers regular. Thanks. Have posted paper regularly to your address.

We saw a statement in a chess column the other day to the effect that the best chess player in Europe is M. de Subaroff, a Russian amateur, who has never been beaten.

Again, however, we must pity him. He is more to be commiserated than the poorest player. A mere novice has always a chance of winning should his adversary make a slip.

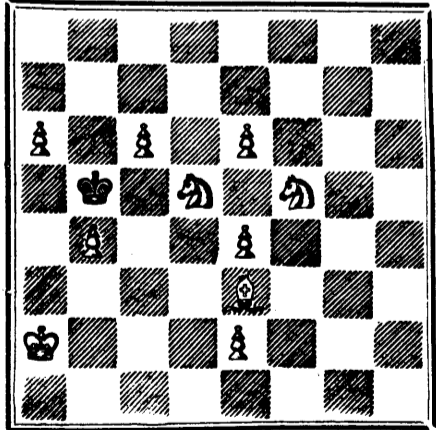
Speaking of the last game in the match between Zukertort and Rosenthal, the Field says:—

"Herr Zukertort again adopted the English opening; Rosenthal castled early, and obtained some attack with his two knights against the adverse centre.

PROBLEM No. 287.

By A. Townsend, Newport.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 416TH.

(Chess in St. Louis at odds.)

Played May 22, 1880, at the Mercantile Library Chess Room, between "Amateur" and Mr. Judd—a wonderful termination.

(Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

- White.—(Judd.) 1. P to K4 2. K Kt to B3 3. R to B4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P takes P 6. P to B3 7. Castles 8. P to Q4 9. R to K1 10. Kt to K5 11. P to B3 12. Kt takes K P

- 13. K to R1 (c) 14. P to K4 15. R to Q Kt 1 16. Kt takes Kt (ch) 17. R takes Kt P 18. K to K Kt 1 19. R to Q Kt 2 20. Q R to K Kt 2 21. Q takes B 22. B to K3 23. Q to B4 24. P to Q2 25. P to KR4 26. P to R5 (f) 27. P to Kt 5 28. R takes P (ch) 29. Q takes P (ch) 30. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 31. Q to R8 (ch) 32. B to R4 (ch) 33. R to K1 (ch) 34. Q takes Kt mate

(Notes by Ben. R. Foster.)

- (a) An uncommon way of declining the gambit, and decidedly inferior to B to Kt 3 (b) 6 Kt takes P is the correct answer; by the text move, the Kt is thrown out of play. (c) Probably moved to prevent Kt takes K P, followed if B takes Kt by B takes R P (ch), and also to allow the Rook to be placed at K Kt 1. (d) Bad, for it double Pawns and loses one. (e) A very purposeless move, which weakens Black's game as the after-play will show. (f) The commencement of a combination at which a young player will be perfectly astonished; most players would have thought that White ought to have played P to Kt 5 first.

—Hartford Times.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 284.

- White. 1. B to Q sq 2. Q to K B 6 3. Q to Q 4 mate

if

- 2. B to K Kt (ch) 3. Q to B 5 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 283.

- WHITE. 1. R to K4 (ch) 2. R to K8 (ch) 3. R to K Kt 8 (ch) 4. R to R8 (ch) 5. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 284.

- White. K at K Kt sq R at K B sq B at K B 5 B at K B 6 B at K B 7 Pawns at K 2, Q 4 and K R 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

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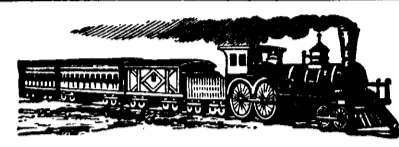
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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Leave Hull for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga.

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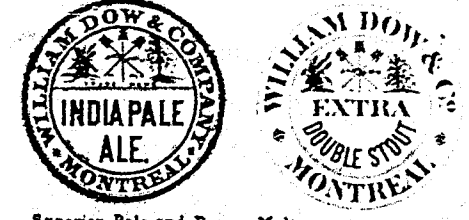
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