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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, 7th Oct., 1876.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

The onward march of civilization is like a great campaign, and those engaged, or nearly interested, can only hope that happy remedial influences will follow in the train of periodical disaster. There is an aspiration of humanity of which all true souls are conscious, and the principle of it is no less than a part of our Christian teachings. Its theory all intelligent and right thinking people readily accept—that is to say, they will admit without difficulty the claim that rests upon them to arrange things so as to subserve the welfare even of the poorest citizen. But when we come to details, we seem all lost together in a sea of mental confusion. Then a thousand reasons are found to spring up why individual members of the body politic cannot themselves act. One is a tradesman; another has ledgers to keep, and a third is crowning the edifice of his success, and is wrapped up in the progress of his family. Respected ministers of Christ's Gospel may often not see their way to take an active part in a social movement, and as a habit, may prefer exhortation to civic assertion. Paul was a Roman citizen, and we look to him for spiritual vigour, free speech, and active love to man. Such examples of inaction, as we have referred to, are the wave-encircled but fatal rocks upon which our citizenship is stranded, entailing in the loss of the good craft the perpetuation of a hundred evils that a national man would feel his first impulse to thrust away as unbearable. "Noble" is a word that comes very freely from many lips. We cannot go on without nobility. It would certainly be a noble thing to make needful social adjustments which all revelation and all rational moral trust tell us have got to be parts of the completed history of man—though not all yet acknowledged. Some powerful spirits, for instance, will yet succeed in convincing men that parapets are as much needed for railway embankments as for railway bridges, and they will be only following in the succession of those distant forefathers who, in their humane common sense, first devised a parapet for a common bridge. In the very presence of calamity, it seems monstrous to neglect the solemn warnings that arise, and so to leave disaster to repeat itself. If our national politics escape a part of their obligations by diverting the chief attention to the pursuit of gain, our civic politics might be more amenable to reason. In England, there is an association for the promotion of social science. It has plenty of work before it. The mortality upon the wharves in our principal cities, if it has not markedly increased of late years, keeps up at any rate with a sickening frequency its tale of suffering and ruin to individuals and families. Men falling into holds of vessels; lumps of coal or heavy packages falling upon the workmen engaged in delivering them; seamen walking over the wharf's side in

the dark, when seeking to join their ships, with drowning accidents by daylight, perfectly avoidable, if men could swim, or if there were but proper appliances, constitute some of these forms of danger to life. Steam explosions, saw and machinery accidents belong to factories; and the aberrations of dynamite and gunpowder to mines. The sad accident noticed in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS last week, as having occurred in the City of Quebec, differed from all the above. It was not at all new in the nature of its danger, nor even new in the absence of provision against it, but only a novelty in its form in the particular place where it occurred. The death of poor F— from the falling upon him of a wall weighted up with coals, created a profound impression in the city. A young man and generally liked, a cavalry officer of the Volunteers, and known as an honorable and energetic tradesman, it was felt that he could ill be spared. Nor was the element of severest classical tragedy absent from the scene. His poor young wife, as an Ophelia with even tenderer ties, would have him not only confined, but wept over. Rushing to the scene in the first conveyance, her grief at beholding the remains of him, who had been more than all else to her, was heart-rending. Nor were the citizens slow to manifest their respect and feeling for the dead, and their sense of all that had happened. They turned out in large numbers, forming a vast train of vehicles on the road to the Mount Hermon Cemetery.

The coffin had been conveyed, wrapped in the Union Jack, and followed by the charger with the military boots of the deceased, succeeded by the troops of the Citadel Artillery and his own Cavalry Corps—all moving in sad, slow rhythm to the strains of the Dead March in Saul—followed by the Service, by the officiating minister in the English Cathedral, and special selections by the organist—who would not have been impressed with the solemn scene! There were moments then and there for realizing the nothingness of earthly things. Outside, the enthusiasm of grief was infectious, even had there been no other motive for engaging the warmest feelings in what was passing. And yet the predominant thought in some of those spectators might very properly have been—what a fearful pity that a part of this good enthusiasm and this kindly impulse could not be economized differently, and led into more practical courses, and that we who are here in the strength of our citizenship and good affection, and unselfish thought for the general weal, could not be brought to devise ways and means for the prevention of accident; to take some pains to preserve life as well as to bemoan the loss of it. Because lives are frequently endangered by the violence of men, we have instituted police. The tradition is now an old one, and the formation of an efficient body of police does not now call for special originality so much as for a sort of military and social aptitude. The safety of residents and visitors, and the disposal of wrongdoers demand this arrangement. We are only conserving ancient ideas in renewing it, and it is always well to do that when they are useful. But practical knowledge is increasing in the world. The adaptation of means to ends has become the philosophy of some. They have recognized, or begun to recognize mechanical and chemical laws as well as social ones; so that in some cities the energies of one branch, at least, of a police force are devoted to sanitary protection. Why, they will ask, should we not extend the protection to human life generally—which is jeopardized by great mechanical forces set going in the business of life, or allowed to themselves going in the neglects of life, as well as by the malaria which we are at length all learning to contend with? Such a detachment, or force, which would need certainly just a little skill in rudimentary mechanics, would never have allowed the defective loading of the wall with coals. Rules would have to be devised for such a force, and when they came to be read, it

would be seen, amongst others, that unstrengthened walls are never fitted to support weights resting against them. They may serve to keep out intruders, or to uphold a roof, and even then require watching and repairing; but a weight of the former kind, a wall will not sustain with impunity, unless made very strong and supported, in addition, by solid buttresses or projections.

THE DEPUTATION ON WATER SUPPLY.

The deputation of Agents of Insurance Companies of which Mr. ALFRED PERRY was spokesman, left Montreal, last week, for Quebec, in order to interview, or plead with, the latter city on the question of water supply for the extinction of fires, and was courteously received by Mayor MURPHY, accompanied by the City Engineer, Mr. BAILLARGE. That indeed was certain beforehand. We have yet, however, to learn what effect their representations will produce upon the Council of that city. We may beat about the bush as much as we please, but it will not alter the fact that the civic chest in Quebec is empty, and has been so for some time past. Without money, the citizens can have neither Police, nor lighting, nor water supply in the sufficiency which is demanded by the interests of life and property within the precincts. A motion was lately brought forward for an additional taxation of five cents on the dollar. It was lost by a majority of one only. The rate then proposed might have been too high—and one would have supposed that a modified proposition would have followed. The city, in its essential interests, has however been favored by nothing of the sort, and may now be said to be creeping along its way in a sort of Egyptian darkness that is very unpleasant to think about. The Insurance Deputation represented immense interests. The Council represents still greater ones; and with the frightful contingency of fire ever impending, to leave things *in statu quo* seems little short of insanity. The ways and means have become the first consideration—the modes of expending the appropriation for the Fire Department, though taking technical precedence, are made subordinate. They can never be really subordinate, because they are dictated by the nature of the city's position in regard to fires. The proposition of the Mayor to obtain the report of a qualified Hydraulic Engineer was an excellent one. The function of such Engineer would be almost that of an arbitrator; for an independent judgment is the thing wanted. In parts of the city the water is laid on at present for two hours out of the twenty-four; in other parts, for five hours. Thus, during the greater portion of the day or night, it takes about thirty-five or forty minutes to get the water to the outer wards on the occurrence of a fire after the first alarm has been given. Such a water system is plainly useless for the purpose in view, and makes the city's excellent fire alarm-telegraph almost useless also. It leaves the fire about time for the demolition of a wooden building, and for the extension of the flames on all sides from it. In fires, promptness is everything, as our Canadian Agents do not need to be told. Those gentlemen are doubtless now taking a very wide and Dominion view of the fire question, and if they should make exceptions in favour of particular cities and towns, independently of the injustice of the thing, the companies they represent will be the sufferers. If ever the time for firm and temperate action could arrive, it has now arrived, for a series of such impressive lessons, as we have lately gone through, have seldom fallen to the lot of any country. In regard to fire-prevention in Quebec, we hardly like to speak of details at the present stage; but certainly a good-sized Reservoir on the highest point of Cape Diamond, with fire-mains and hydrants always charged from it, and in sufficient number to have them placed wherever needed, would seem greatly superior to any number of small cisterns at

the foot of the Rock, for the former would be the object of general civic interest and contribution—would be serviceable for fires in any part of the city; and the magnificent water-head it would supply might perform, over the greater area, half the work of extinction before the arrival of the engines.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

A very important decision has been just given in Toronto, on this subject, by Vice-Chancellor PROUDFOOT. The facts are briefly these. Mr. SMILES, the well-known author, registered in England, on the 3rd of January, 1876, a work entitled "Thrift." In the following April, Belford Bros., the eminent publishers of Toronto, republished it in Canada, whereupon the author brought against them a suit in Chancery, for infringement of copyright, and demanding whatever indemnity that might entail. The matter was taken up as a test-case, the whole book-trade of Canada backing the Messrs. BELFORD. After full argument, the judgment now given is strongly in favor of Mr. SMILES, the defendants being ordered to pay all the costs and also to pay the author a royalty on all the copies of the book issued. This judgment is important, because it virtually sets aside, as null and void, the Canadian Copyright Act of 1875, approved by the British Parliament, and the Imperial Act authorizing Her Majesty to give it her assent. In other words, we are led to understand, if this judgment is accepted as authoritative, that our publishers stand to-day on no better ground than they did in 1842, when a prohibitory act was passed, and that the attempts at amelioration made in 1847, and theoretically carried out in 1868, are of no avail whatever. This, it must be admitted, is a sorry state of things and would be unendurable, had not our publishers some relief in another quarter. That relief, however, although it may be accepted as a boon to them, is not advantageous to the country, as it will deprive Canada of employment for printers, designers, engravers and paper makers, and transfer it all to the United States. The fact is simply that the defendants in this case have no idea of appealing, regarding the judgment as perhaps more beneficial to them than an adverse one would have been, as they will have their reprinting done in the United States, and pay the duty upon the importation. So far as they are concerned, this may be actually a profit, but it speaks ill for the country that drives them to it—if indeed, it does drive them, which we hope will yet be decided by another tribunal—when they would be only too willing to do all their work at home and have Canadian workmen profit by it. Mr. LOVELL has already been forced to remove a large portion of his establishment to the United States, and certainly the present aspect of affairs is not of a nature to invite him back. Young as we are, we ought to have a literature of our own, our people are fond of reading, energetic and plucky publishers are anxious to supply this reading. But if obstructions are thrown in their way, it will be impossible to make any progress, and we shall continue to rely upon the stranger for our mental food. We urge the earliest possible reconsideration of this whole matter.

CROSSED CHEQUES.

The frauds and swindles lately perpetrated in this city and elsewhere, our bank offices has suggested the use of the "Crossed-cheque" system adopted in England, by Act of Parliament, in August last. As this procedure is not generally known, we shall briefly describe it. The Act provides that a cheque may be crossed with two transverse lines simply with the words "and Company," or any abbreviation thereof, such as "& Co.," when the cheque is deemed to be crossed. Generally the cheque so crossed must be paid to a banker, otherwise the banker paying it will be liable to refund the loss, if any is sustained through

the irregular and illegal payment. Again, a cheque may be crossed with a banker's name. In that case it is said to be crossed *specifically*, and must be paid to that banker. If the words "Not negotiable" are added, a person taking it does so under the risk of a bad title to it, at least, no better title than the person from whom he took it. There are other intricate regulations enumerated in the Act of a protective character, which, in extreme cases, it may be prudent to adopt. An open cheque is cashed in London at a much cheaper rate than a cheque crossed with all the stringent regulations of the new Act. Six hundred pounds worth of Scotch cheques may be cashed, if open, at a small exchange of 6s.; whereas the same aggregate amount of closed or "crossed-cheques" might rise to a cost of upwards of £3 in London. Very few can comprehend the philosophy of this, and it would require too much illustration to reduce it to plain evidence. Suffice it to say, that the ordinary charge upon a £5 cheque is 6d. if crossed, because it must be treated by itself, whereas a £5 cheque open, in Company, would cost less than a penny.

Before taking leave of British Columbia, Lord DUFFERIN delivered an address to the members of the various reception committees of Victoria, whom he had invited to meet him, in the course of which he said that he had come to British Columbia, not to make any official announcement to the people, but to learn and report. He dealt with the railway question at great length, and assured them that Canada considered the treaty under which British Columbia entered into Confederation as binding, and was anxious to fulfil her engagements under it as speedily as possible. If, as was stated to be the case, Bute Inlet be chosen as the terminus of the railway, he thought the province would be doing very well to accept the compensation the Canadian Government offered, together with the land reservation on Vancouver's Island, and continue the road to Esquimalt itself.

The *Canada Gazette* announces that the Queen will not be advised to disallow the Supreme Court Act. Lord CARHAMON, under date of August 29th, thus writes to the Earl of Uxbridge: "I have the honour to inform you that Her Majesty will not be advised to exercise her power of disallowance with respect to the Act of the Legislature of Canada entitled an Act to establish a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer for the Dominion of Canada." This seems to be the result of Mr. BLAKE'S mission to England. We shall await full explanations at the next session of Parliament, and be curious to hear what Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD thinks about it.

PORK PACKING, TORONTO.

Although the season for pig-killing is just commencing, some establishments have been killing all summer at the rate of two hundred and fifty to five hundred hogs per day for shipment to England. In England, however, it is not eaten as Canadian pork. To overcome the national prejudice, the names Wiltshire, Cheshire, &c., are made to represent certain qualities in the meat. A name goes a long way there. There may not be a perceptible difference between the Wiltshire "breakfast bacon" one is understood to eat in London, and the flesh of a Chicago "razor back," although I believe feeding has a deal to do with the hardness, softness or colour of the fat. National sentiment is firmly set against the use of anything that is not produced at home. By the magic of a word, however, their scruples vanish and the whole pig-headed race submit to be Canadian-fed. The sketches follow one another in the sequence of numbers. In No. 1 they are unloading at the piggeries. No. 2 is the enclosure at the slaughter-house where the nuclear beast gets a short rest prior to mounting that little wooden stair to the pen above. The usual amount of hooting, emphasised occasionally by the back of a shovel, brings them to the upper level where the row begins; suspicious of foul play take hold of the head, but in a small pen and closely packed, they have no room to run, when a boy slips a loop chain round a hind leg of one and the irrevocable windless turns round. Not without protest is he hooked to that well-greased bar, but before the squeal is finished his connection with the land of the living has been brought to

an abrupt close. With a jerk he slides along through a doorway to the platform No. 4; from here each consecutive pig, now quite dead, is dumped into a trough to the furnace pit; then once more hooked to a chain and passed up through the centre of the flume in a certain measured time and arrives at the platform No. 5 thoroughly singed, thence to be scraped, cleaned, decapitated, disembowelled and cut up. In department No. 6 and last, they are overhauling the contents of the ice-house to ascertain if the sides are still fresh, and the proper length, when they are salted and packed for exportation.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

We give a few sketches of the thirty-first Provincial Exhibition of Ontario, just closed at Hamilton. On the whole it has been a great success in showing the progress the Province is making from year to year. This is especially the case in the mechanical arts as represented by the various exhibits in machinery and manufactures of every class. Even the fine arts show an advance in the tastes of our artists in the conception of the productions of their pencil and brush. The show of fruit could probably not be excelled even at the Centennial, and certainly not at any other fair in the world. The exhibit of poultry was also very good, though at this season of the year the birds are in their very worst form and condition for exhibition. The show in nearly all the live stock classes was a fine one, and so large were the entries that in many cases the arrivals were placed at points that, in some cases, caused them to fail to be called before the judges. The entries exceeded those of last year, at Ottawa, by 2,710, and those of any previous year by 600. The attendance was fair, though, perhaps, not as large as in other years. The receipts at the gates, for the whole fair, exceeded \$12,000 in cash.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Mr. Thomas Hurst, the well-known vocalist and music dealer, whose Repository is becoming more and more popular, has embarked into publication, and among his first issues, we notice a sprightly Galop, entitled "Vergessen," or "Look Out," for the piano-forte, by Gruenwald. The music is spirited and pleasing, with the further advantage of being comparatively easy. As a local production, more especially, it is deserving of attention.

We have also received, from Mr. Hurst, a copy of the last London sensation, "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," a rollicking absurdity which has an unprecedented vogue all over England. The song is neatly printed by the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, which has rare facilities for turning out that description of work elegantly and cheaply.

We may also call attention to the "Ottawa Monthly Journal of Music," a neat quarto, containing several good selections of vocal and instrumental music, together with a variety of reading matter relating to the beautiful art. All attempts in Canada at supplying our own wants in the several departments of letters, science and art deserve welcome at our hands, and we trust our colleagues may meet with proper encouragement.

OUR PICTURES.

We mentioned in a previous number, as the highest compliment to Canada, that the French Commissioners, as well as the Japanese Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition, being so much struck with what they saw there of the Ontario Educational Department, came on to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and other cities, for the express purpose of a more minute examination. It is this visit which is the subject of the cartoon on the front page. The explosion of Hallet's Point or Hell Gate Reef, in New York, is fully illustrated, and deservedly so, as it is one of the most remarkable and successful engineering efforts of the age, opening a new route from the sea to New York. The renewal of the war in Serbia gives additional interest to the several military pictures which we give.

A CANADIAN ARTIST.

There is on view, at Scott's Gallery, Notre Dame street, a portrait of our esteemed fellow-citizen Mr. Lafreain, of the late firm of Burland, Lafreain & Co. As a likeness, the picture will receive general praise, while in the qualities of drawing, coloring and characterization it is full of promise. The author is Mr. Edwin Russell, a native of Montreal, at present studying in Paris. Mr. Russell, who is still a young man, began life in the lithographic establishment of Messrs. Burland, Lafreain & Co., and these gentlemen, recognizing his abilities, encouraged him to pursue his artistic vocation, for which purpose they cancelled his indentures to them, thus giving him an opportunity to repair to New York, where he entered the Academy of Art and Design. Two seasons were profitably spent in that school, Mr. Russell winning a second prize during the first winter, and a first prize during the second winter. He thence proceeded to Paris, where during the past fifteen months, he has devoted himself with assiduity to his art. It was there he met Mr. Lafreain who was induced to sit to him. He enjoys the rare advantage of being a pupil of the well-known painter, Carolus Duran, whose portrait of Mlle.

Croizette, on horseback, is attracting so much attention at Philadelphia. We understand that Mr. Russell has made important studies in landscape and other branches, but the present portrait may be regarded as his first public work, inasmuch as it was admitted—a distinction awarded only to genuine merit—in the Paris Salon of this year. For the credit of Canada, and the honor of Montreal of which he is a native, we cordially congratulate the young artist on his successful beginnings, and we trust that, when he shall have perfected himself in the traditions of good European schools, he may return to us and find ample encouragement for his talent.

THE KUKLOS CLUB.

The second monthly conversazione of this Club took place on Saturday last, the 30th inst. The rooms were magnificently prepared for the occasion, through the taste and liberality of the President, objects of art and *circa* lining the walls or lying spread out upon the tables and consoles. The feature of the evening was the reading of a paper by the President, Mr. T. D. King, which, among other merits, had that of being the inaugural address and a species of manifesto of the Club. Besides a large attendance of the members, there was a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen, in response to special invitations. The evening passed off most agreeably in the examination and discussion of artistic curiosities, in instrumental and vocal music, and other entertainments. We trust the Club may continue in the way it has begun, and always act up to its present high standard.

LORD AND LADY BYRON.

I called on Lord Byron to day, with an introduction from Mr. Gifford. Instead of being deformed, as I had heard, he is remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet. Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, during which the conversation wandered over many subjects. He talked, of course, a great deal about America, wanted to know what was the state of our literature, how many universities we had, whether we had any poets whom we much valued, and whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. He certainly feels a considerable interest in America, and says he intends to visit the United States; but I doubt whether it will not be indefinitely postponed, like his proposed visit to Persia. I answered to all this, as if I had spoken to a countryman, and then turned the conversation to his own poems, and particularly to his "English Bards," which he has so effectually suppressed that a copy is not easily to be found. He said he wrote it when he was very young and very angry; which, he added, were "the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire." When he returned to England, he said, Lord Holland, who treated him with great kindness, and Rogers, who was his friend, asked him to print no more of it, and, therefore, he had suppressed it. Since then, he said, he had become acquainted with the persons he had satirized, and whom he then knew only by their books—he was now the friend of Moore, the correspondent of Jeffrey, and intimate with the Wordsworth school, and had a hearty liking for them all, especially as they did not refuse to know one who had so much abused them. Of all the persons mentioned in this poem, there was not one, he said, with whom he now had any quarrel, except Lord Carlisle; and, as this was a family difference, he supposed it would never be settled. On every account, therefore, he was glad it was out of print; and yet he did not express the least regret when I told him that it was circulated in America almost as extensively as his other poems. As to the poems published during his minority, he said he suppressed them because they were not worth reading, and wondered that our booksellers could find a profit in reprinting them. All this he said without affectation; in fact, just as I now repeat it. He gave great praise to Scott; said he was undoubtedly the first man of his time, and as extraordinary in everything as in poetry—a lawyer, a fine scholar, endowed with an extraordinary memory, and blessed with the kindest feelings.

Of Gifford, he said it was impossible that a man should have a better disposition; that he was so good-natured that if he ever says a bitter thing in conversation or in a review he does it unconsciously.

Just at this time, Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do in negotiating Jay's treaty, came suddenly into the room, and said, abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron: "is it true?" "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true. An *aide-de-camp* arrived in town last night. He has been in Downing street this morning, and I have just seen him as I was just going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am—sorry for it," and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know, but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole." But I suppose, I shan't, now." And this was the first impression produced on

his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo.

As I was going away he invited me up stairs, and showed me his library and collection of Romatic books, which is very rich and very curious; offered me letters for Greece; and, after making an appointment for another visit, took leave of me so cordially that I felt almost at home with him.

While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful, for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness in her own right, has a large fortune, is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month.

June 6.—I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day. Soon after I went in, Mrs. Siddons was announced as in an adjoining parlor. Lord Byron asked me if I should not like to see her, and on my saying I should, carried me in, and introduced me to her. She is now, I suppose, sixty years old, and has one of the finest and most spirited countenances, and one of the most dignified and commanding persons, I ever beheld. Her portraits are very faithful as to her general air and outline, but no art can express or imitate the dignity of her manner, or the intelligent illumination of her face. Her conversation corresponded well with her person. It is rather stately, but not, I think, affected; and, though accompanied by considerable gesture, not really overacted. She gave a lively description of the horrible ugliness and deformity of David, the painter; told us of some of her adventures in France a year ago; and in speaking of Bonaparte, repeated some powerful lines from "Venice Preserved," which gave me some intimation of her powers of acting. She formed a singular figure by Lady Byron, who sat by her side, all grace and delicacy, and this showed Mrs. Siddons' masculine powers in the stronger light of comparison and contrast. Her daughter, who was with her, is the handsomest lady I have seen in England. She is about twenty.—*Ticknor's Life and Letters.*

DOMESTIC.

Chicken a la Creole.—Cut up two large chickens; put the pieces in a saucepan with butter; fry them. When brown, take most of the butter off; add two chopped onions; fry again to cook the onions; take the skin and seeds out of eight tomatoes; cut and put them with the chicken, together with half a green pepper chopped fine, a teaspoonful of thick brown gravy and the same quantity of beef broth; season well; cover; let the whole boil slowly for half an hour, and serve with plain boiled rice in a separate dish.

SUCROFASH.—Take two quarts of shelled beans and put into four quarts of cold water in a covered iron kettle, with a half a pound of salt pork; let them boil half an hour. Take thirty ears of green corn, cut the corn off the cob, scrape the cobs lightly to get all the juice and pulp. Turn the corn into the kettle with the boiling beans and pork and let them boil together for half an hour, then add a quarter of a pound of butter, stir well, and send hot to the table. This will make a dinner for eight hungry people, and is a good and nutritious dish that tastes of the grand old days that have gone by.

Beef a la mode, hot and cold.—Take a piece of rump beef weighing about twelve pounds, cut it in two, lard it with salt pork seasoned with allspice and chopped parsley; put it in a saucepan with four ounces of butter, fry it a nice color, drain the grease off; add to it one quart of water, a pint of white wine, two glasses of brandy, two quarts of beef broth and four calves' feet, boned and bleached; a little salt, a garished bunch of parsley, eight large carrots, six cloves stuck in an onion and cook slowly for four hours. When done take grease out of the gravy, and pass the gravy through a fine strainer. Serve one piece of beef (the second piece to be kept for Sunday) on a dish, garnish symmetrically with half the carrots, trimmed and cut the size of a cork, half of the calves' feet cut in pieces, some glazed onions, and half of the gravy poured over.

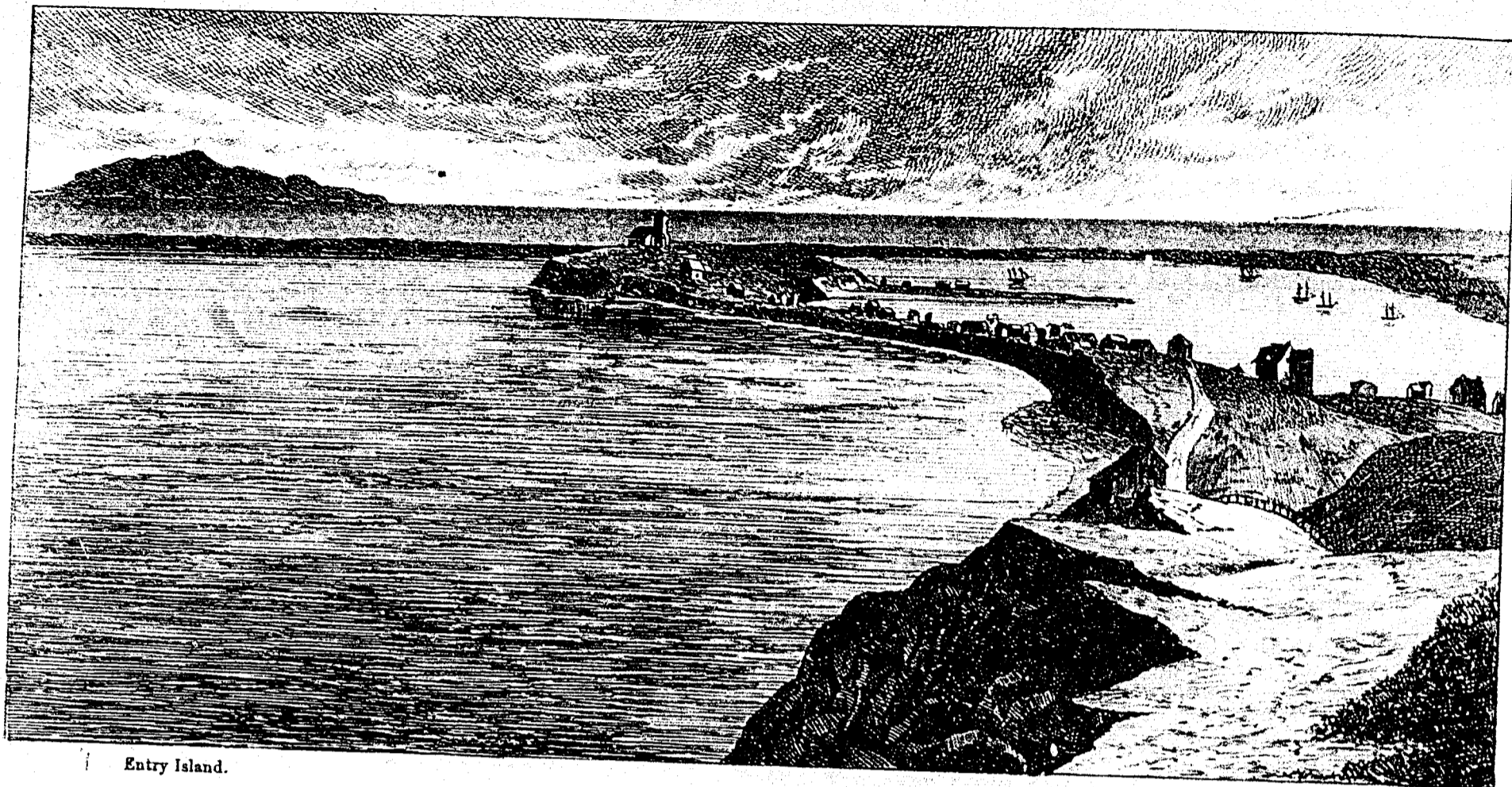
To serve cold beef a la mode, take half of the preceding preparation and put it in a large salad-bowl garnished with the rest of the vegetables, calves' feet and gravy. This, when cold and turned over in a dish, will make a good and substantial dish for a cold dinner.

A little garlic cooked with it will improve it a good deal for those who live by taste rather than by smell. This dish so prepared is so good, so economical and so well appreciated in France that we shall give more explanations about it hereafter. It is not to be taken for granted that people who think they have eaten it all their lives really understand what it ought to be.

ARTISTIC.

M. WORMS, a distinguished genre painter in the style of Vibert, has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his picture of a Spanish Wedding, which was bought by Mr. A. T. Stewart just before his death for \$5,000.

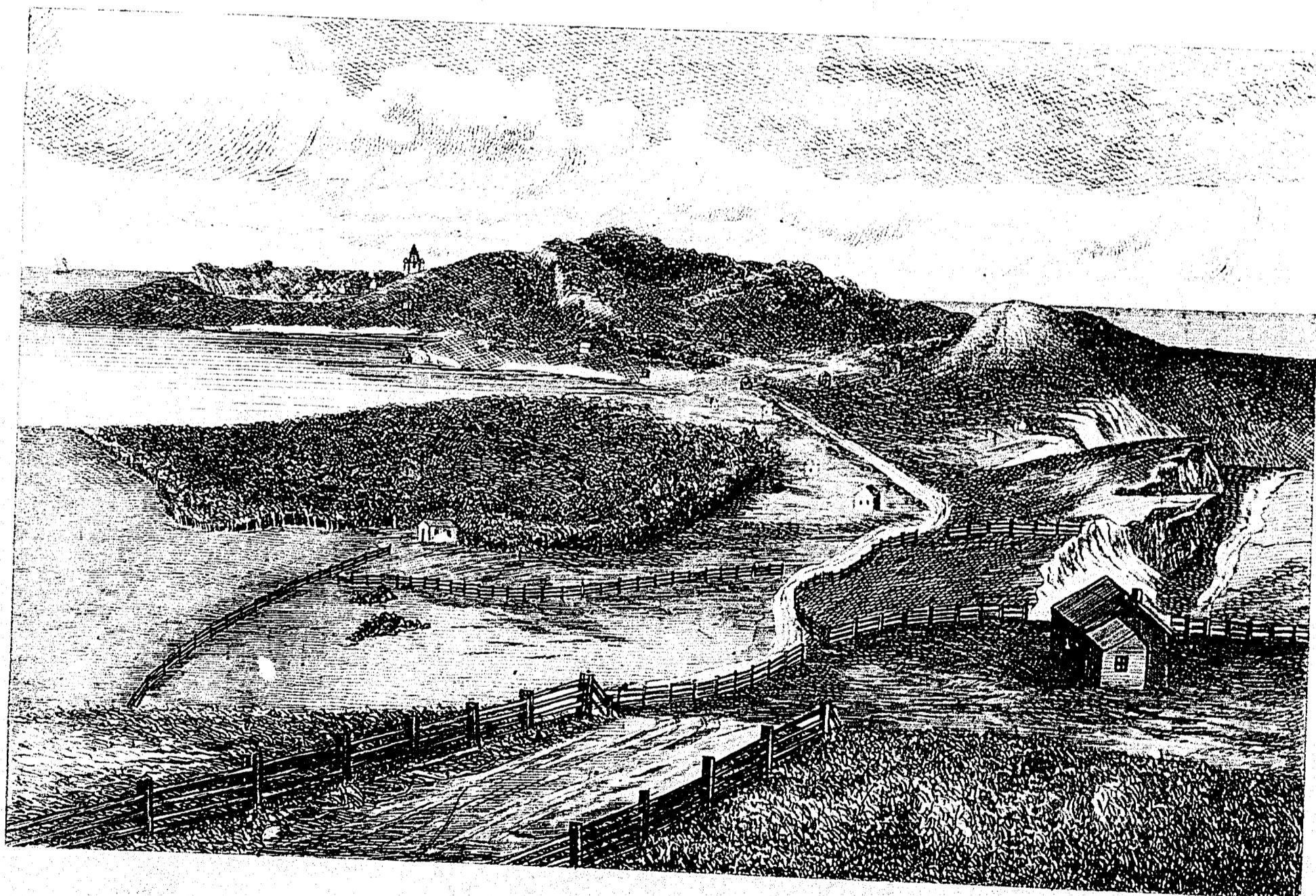
A curious anecdote has just turned up relative to the history of the picture of the Death of Nelson, painted by West. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honour, and in the course of dinner, Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. We give the rest in the words of Ticknor:—"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a printshop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West of course made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more of them like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."—"Do—it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."—"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? then I hope I shall die in the next battle." We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in "The Death of Nelson."



Entry Island.

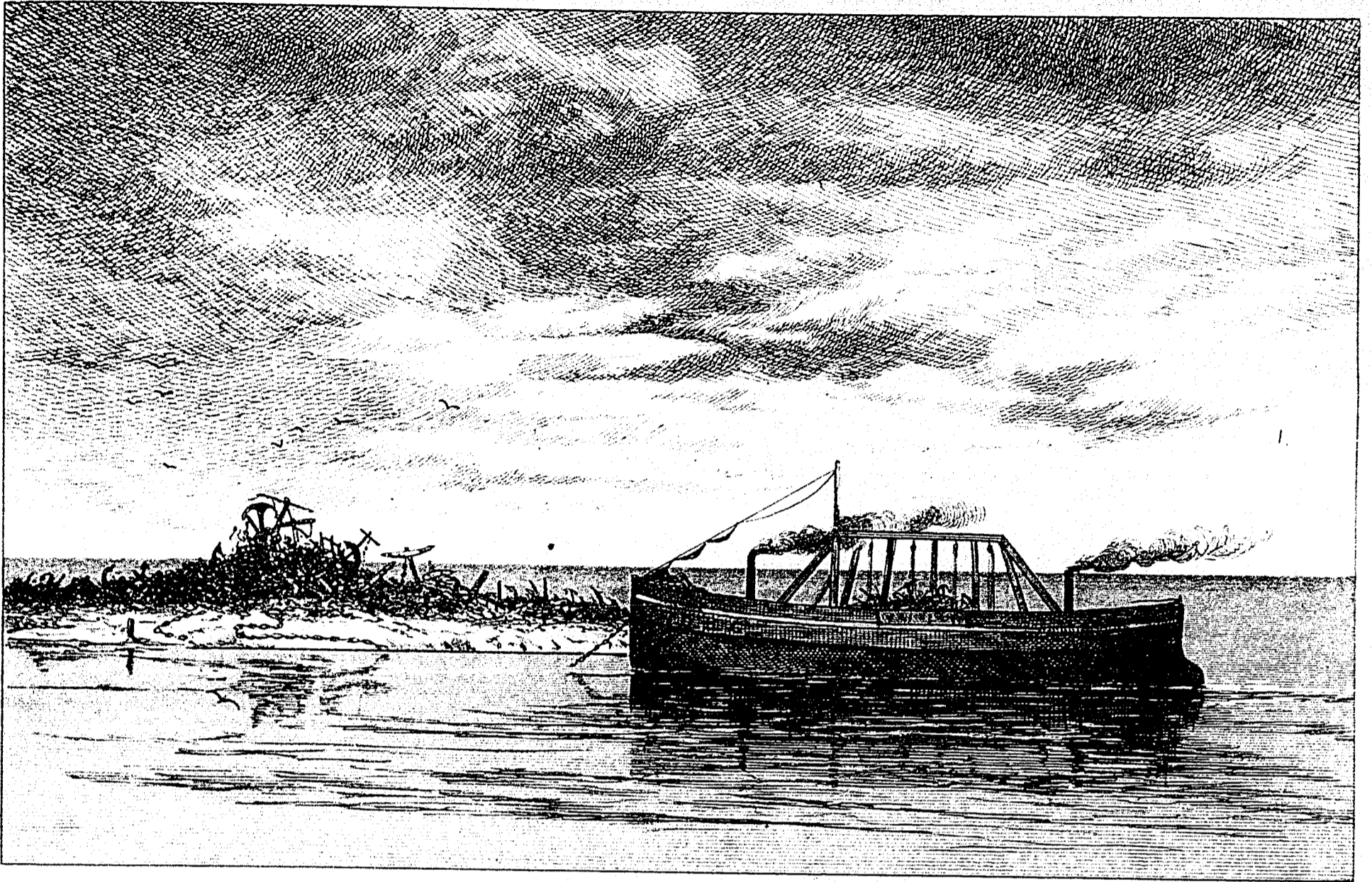
Amherst Harbour.

SKETCH FROM DEMOISELLE HILL, AMHERST ISLAND.

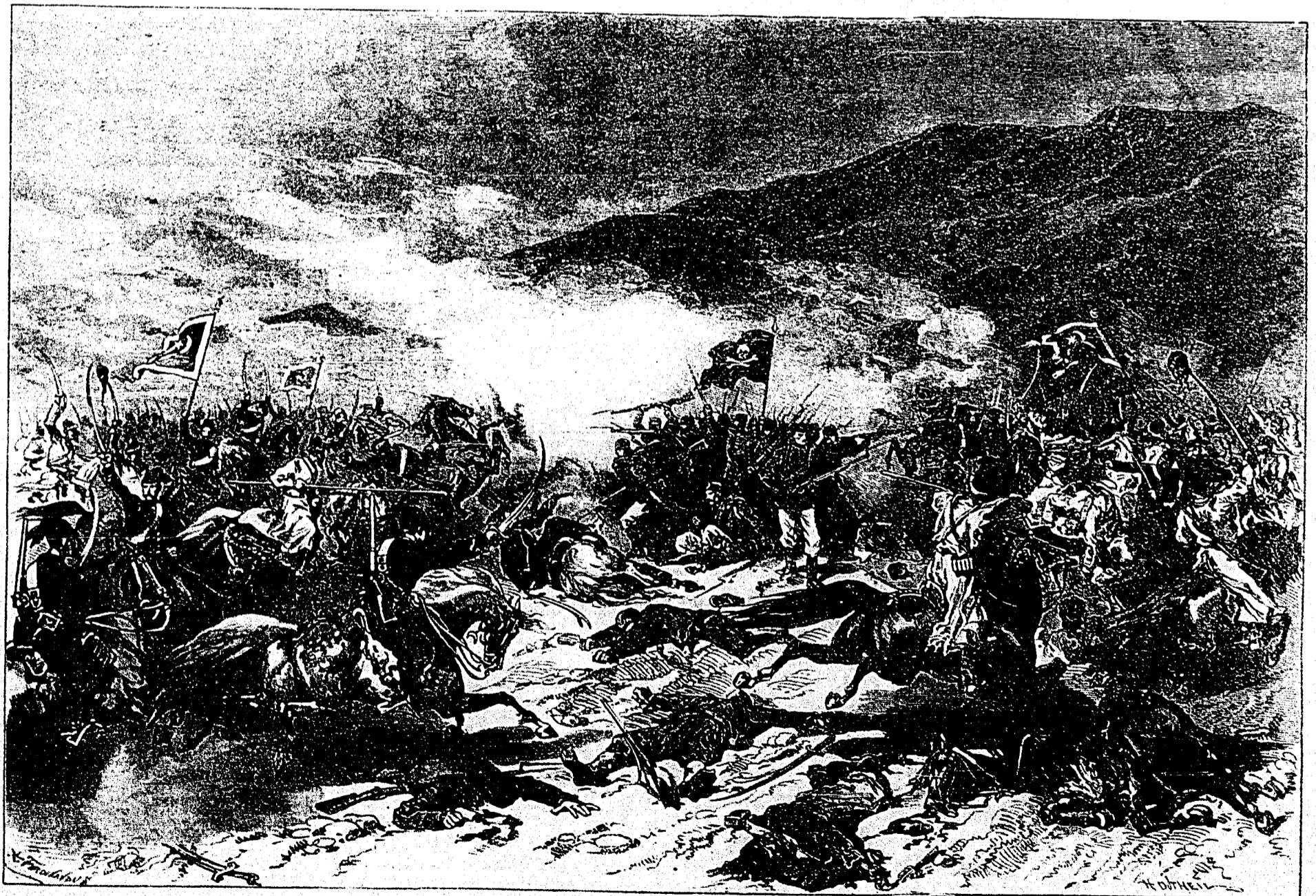


SKETCH FROM THE ROAD TO THE BASIN VILLAGE.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS, P. Q.



QUEBEC:—THE STEAM LIFTING BARGE OF THE HARBOUR COMMISSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. M. SEWELL.



THE EASTERN WAR:—THE BATTLE OF ALEXINATZ ON THE 22ND AUGUST; A COMPANY OF RUSSIAN AND MONTENEGRIN VOLUNTEERS RESISTING THE TURKISH CAVALRY.

THE FREE LANCE.

Brignoli weighs three hundred pounds, and yet he is a light tenor.

Henrietta Noval, the interesting heroine of the Barrack street story, may be "Frunky," but she is not frank.

Frunky, Franky, beautiful name
Beautiful name is Franky.
But really I'm not to blame
If your story has turned out cranky.

A sign of the *Times* (Hamilton). Independence.

The Premier persists in refusing to regard Mr. White as a knight rally worthy of his steel.

The Tories of Nova Scotia have classically inscribed Victoria on their banner.

Seeing that a part of the pretended bones of Tecumseh are those of a female, Professor Wilson decides that the report of the committee is squaw-sheh.

Have you heard of the lark?
No craps in the Park.
In the Park no craps.
Only lots of red tape.

The Recorder of Montreal had a handkerchief fished from his pocket, the other day, which did not prevent him from wiping out a lot of hard cases that morning.

Dante's Inferno lay open on the table.
What a grand inscription on the dread portal,
Lasciate Me!
"Trash!"
"How can you speak so?"
"Hell-Gate is exploded, man."

The journalists of Montreal have a club called the Kukkos. A vicious circle.

In a crockery store, on the Main street, two bottles for preserves bear this inscription: "Gien Jars."

That's right. Sell the "Countess." She sold us.

The Grits ought not to object to the words "Conservative Reaction." Is it not one of their favorite cries that the Tories are reactionists?

The Court has decided it. Mr. Workman must add another thousand to his election expenses.

A lady went to a kitchen gardener at the Tanneries, and asked for eggs.
"Sold them all," said the man, "but if you will wait till this evening, we'll see what the hens can do."

It is agreeable to report that the hens were equal to the occasion and did well.

During the recent stay of Aimee here, a gentleman took occasion to remark that Rouffe was a considerable man to have written so many operas. "Fact, I assure you."

Dead-heading at theatres is one of the fine arts. Lately an errand boy claimed a ticket on the ground that he had carried clothes to members of the company who had been measured by a leading tailor.

Somewhere in Ontario, lately, a Mr. Spann married a Miss King. That makes a spanking team.

An envious counter-jumper says the emblem of the newspaper profession is the *Lycopodium Gigantum* or puff-ball. This gentleman may be reminded that the toad-stool belongs to the same family and is venomous.

Which is right, insurance or assurance?
Assurance, of course.

The men who talk so coolly about driving the Turks out of Europe are so many turkey-gobblers.

Spain is rising in the world. She is exporting a heavy tweed to the United States.

Tchernayeff is the name of the Servian commander in chief. You can't pronounce it without sneezing. And yet it has no perceptible effect on the Turks.

The champion picknicker—Sir John.

A prize will be awarded to the man who will do the most harm to the city by spreading the small-pox panic.

The sheriffs of Ontario have received orders to clear out of the jails all the idiots, and place as many lunatics as there is room for in the different asylums. Ontario is a great Province, but I doubt its capacity to house all the lunatics.

LACLEDÉ.

Is it possible, Madame Albani? said the family physician, your children after their trip to the country, are still ailing, peevish, and looking so delicate; depend upon it, there is a cause, and that is "Worms!" Send for a box of Devins' Pastilles, the simplest, the safest and best of remedies, and your children will soon thrive and look healthy.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

Taking it for granted, that the declaration of the sentiment of love is a privilege of the men, founded on nature, and sanctioned by custom, the various modes of making that declaration by them, and of accepting or refusing it by the women, were we able to give a perfect account of it, would make one of the most curious and entertaining parts of human history, and equally furnish matter of speculation for the fine lady and the philosopher. We can, however, exhibit but little of this entertainment, while we treat of the ancient inhabitants of the East, who, strangers to sentiment and delicacy of feeling, bought a bride with the same dispassionate coolness and deliberation as they would have done an ox or an ass; and even in the review of the other nations, historical information does not enable us to make it so complete as we could wish.

It is taken as a general rule, that the declaration of love was the peculiar privilege of the men; but as all general rules are liable to some exceptions, there are also a few to this. An Israelitish widow had, by law, a power of claiming in marriage the brother of her deceased husband; in which case, as the privilege of the male was transferred to the female, that of the female was likewise transferred to the male. He had the power of refusing; the refusal, however, was attended with some mortifying circumstances; the woman whom he had thus slighted was to come unto him in the presence of the elders of the city, and to loose the shoe from his foot, and spit in his face.

To man, by nature bold and intrepid, and invested with unlimited power of asking, a refusal was of little consequence; but to woman, mortified and modest, and whose power of asking was limited to the brethren of her deceased husband, it was not only an affront, but a real injury, as everyone would conclude that the refusal arose from some well-grounded cause, and would therefore despise the woman, that she could have but little chance of a future husband; hence, perhaps, it was thought necessary to fix some public stigma on the dastard who was so ungallant as not to comply with the addresses of a woman.

A custom somewhat similar to this remains at present among the Hurons and Iroquois. When a wife dies, the husband is obliged to marry the sister, or, in her stead, the woman whom the family of the deceased wife shall choose for him. A widow is also obliged to marry one of the brothers of the deceased husband, if he has died without children, and she is still of an age to have any. Exactly the same thing takes place in the Caroline islands; and there, as well as among the Hurons, the woman may demand such brother to marry her, though we are not informed whether they ever execute that power.

In the Isthmus of Darien, we are told, the right of asking is promiscuously exerted by both sexes; who, when they feel the passion of love, declare it without the least embarrassment; and in the Ukraine the same thing is said to be carried still further, and the women more generally court than the men. When a young woman falls in love with a man, she is not in the least ashamed to go to his father's house, and reveal her passion in the most pathetic manner; and to promise submissive obedience, if he will accept of her for wife. Should the insensible man pretend any excuse, she tells him she is resolved never to go out of the house till he gives his consent; and, accordingly, taking up her lodging, remains there. If he still obstinately refuses her, his case becomes exceedingly distressing; the Church is commonly on her side, and to turn her out would provoke all her kindred to revenge her honour; so that he has no method left but to betake himself to flight, till she is otherwise disposed of.

As the two sexes in Greece had but little intercourse with each other, and a lover was seldom favoured with an opportunity of telling his passion to his mistress, he used to discover it by inscribing her name on the walls of his house, on the bark of the trees of a public walk, or the leaves of his book; it was customary for him also to deck the door of the house where his fair one lived with flowers and garlands; to make libations of wine before it, in the manner that was practised at the temple of Cupid.

Such were the common methods of discovering the passion of love; the methods of prosecuting it were still more extraordinary, and less reconcilable to civilization and good principles. When a love affair did not prosper in the hands of a Greek, he did not endeavour to become more engaging in his manner and person, he did not lavish his fortune in presents, or become more obliging and assiduous in his addresses, but immediately had recourse to incantations and philtres; in composing and dispensing of which the women of Thessaly were reckoned the most famous, and drove a traffic in them of no inconsiderable advantage. These potions were given by the women to the men, as well as by the men to the women, and were generally so violent in their operation, as for some time to deprive the person who took of sense, and not uncommonly of life.

HINTS TO GIRLS CONCERNING HOUSEKEEPING.

Don't keep going to your mother. You have every one of you probably some little independence of money, or some possibility of economizing it. Buy your own utensils; set up your own establishment, if only by slow degrees. You will know the good of it then; and you will be

setting up your character at the same time. There will be no sudden violent resolution and undertaking, which drafts aid and encouragement from everybody about you, getting up prospective virtue by subscription, and upsetting half the current order of the household for an uncertain experiment. Be in earnest enough to make your own way, and before you or anybody else thinks about it, you will have become a recognized force in the domestic community; you will have risen into your attitude without assumption, just as you are growing, by invisible hairbreadths, into your womanly stature. Then some day you may say to your mother: "Let me have charge of the china-closet and pantry, please," and you may enter upon a new realm, having fairly conquered your own queen-dom. And I can tell you this new one will be a pretty and pleasant realm to queen in; an epitome of the whole housework practised in dainty, easy little ways. Shelves to be kept nice, wiped down with a soft, wet cloth wrung from the suds that cups and silver have come out bright from; cups and silver, plates and dishes, to be ranged in prettiest lines and piles and groups on the fresh shelves; cupboards to be regulated with light dainty touches and replacements; yesterday's cake and cake basket fruit or jelly; custards or blanc-mange, to be overlooked and newly dished for next table-setting; the nice remnant of morning cream to be transferred to a fresh jug and put in a cool clean corner; to-day's parcels, perhaps, to be bestowed and the doors closed, with a feeling of plenty and comfort that only the thrifty, delicate housewife—who knows and utilizes the resources that are but uncomfortable odds and ends to the disorderly, heedless, procrastinating one—ever has the pleasure of. In like manner, again, you can take up cooking. You can learn to make bread, until the fifteen minutes labor that it will be for you to toss up the dough for to-morrow's baking will not seem to you a terrible infliction, when it happens that you may have it to do, any more than the mending of a pair of gloves for to-morrow's wearing; simply because it will be an old accustomed thing that you know the beginning and the end of—not a vague, untried toil looming to indefinite proportions, that are always the awful ones.

THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Everything that reflects credit upon this Canada of ours it gives us the utmost pleasure to make public. The *N. Y. Graphic* has the following—

Every lover of nature, every admirer of beauty in form or colour who visits the Centennial Exposition can scarcely avoid being charmed with the display of Canadian insects exhibited by the enterprising Entomological Society of the Province of Ontario. The collection is in the Canadian department in Agricultural Hall. It is arranged in eighty-six glazed cases laid in a double row upon a table over seventy-five feet in length. Forty-five of these cases are filled with butterflies and moths (Lepidoptera); twenty-seven with bees (Coleoptera), and the remaining fourteen with insects of all other orders—viz: bees, wasps, hornets, and other stinging and piercing insects, cicadas and bugs (properly so-called) dragon flies, lace-winged flies, &c., grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, &c., the small two-winged flies and many others. Many of the specimens are so large and so gorgeously colored that they have the appearance of natives of some of the tropics rather than of the more northern Canada—a country which many are apt to imagine is a land of ice and snow. This display, combined with that of the Canadian Fruit-Growers Association near by, ought to do much to instruct the general public in regard to the vast resources and the excellent climate of the great Dominion.

The collection must not, however, be regarded merely as a display of curious or beautiful objects; it possesses a very high scientific value as well. The practised student of entomology will there find thousands of species of insects, all correctly named both as regards genus and species, and all scientifically arranged according to the best system of classification. Although the critic may find fault with the particular system of nomenclature that has been adopted in some special families, he must confess that there is given an excellent illustration of the progress of scientific zoology in Canada, and of the energy and skill of the members of the Canadian Entomological Society in particular. This society was first organized in 1863, and had few members and exceedingly limited resources. For five years it continued to make good progress in a quiet way, the labors of its members being chiefly confined to the collection and determination of species and the publication of lists of Canadian insects. A great deal of good work was thus done, and the way paved for other work of a more practical though not a more useful and scientific character. In August, 1868, the society issued the first number of the *Canadian Entomologist*, a small monthly publication, containing original papers on the classification, description, habits and general history of insects. This serial has been received with much favor by the leading entomologists of America, most of whom have from time to time contributed to its pages. It has now reached the middle of its eighth volume, and has increased to three times its original dimensions; it has also improved very much in style and typographical appearance, as well as in the

excellence of its illustrations. The editor of the first five volumes was the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune of Port Hope, who was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Saunders, of London, the present conductor of the journal. It is noteworthy, as an evidence of the persistent enterprise of the Canadians, that this is the only serial publication on insects in North America that has continued to exist for more than a few years; it has succeeded in outliving several contemporaries started about the same time. In 1870 the society first began to receive a small pecuniary grant from the public funds of the province, in return for which it annually presents to the Legislature an illustrated report on insects useful to agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture. Five of these reports have thus far been issued, and have been widely distributed amongst the farmers, gardeners, and others of the province. The information and instruction thus afforded have done much to educate the people of the country and to save their crops and fruits from the pestilent ravages of destructive insects.

The present officers of the society are as follows: President, William Saunders, London; Vice-President, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, Port Hope; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. McMechan, London. Council—Wm. Conner, Montreal; R. V. Rogers, Kingston; J. Pettit, Grimsby; J. M. Denton and E. B. Reed, London. The headquarters of the society, with its library and cabinets, are at London. It has also flourishing branches in Montreal and Kingston.

LIFTING BARGE.

This vessel has been built by the Quebec Harbour Commission for the purpose of clearing the harbour of the numerous anchors and chains, lost from time to time, by vessels fouling their anchors so as to be obliged to slip. From the great depth of the water, ranging from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty feet, it has been a task of no mean difficulty to catch hold of, and raise these nests (if we may so term them) of anchors and chains. The first raised consisted of some sixty anchors and eighteen hundred fathoms of chain cables, the approximate weight of the whole being about one hundred and forty tons. Our drawing represents the above and the lifting barge lying alongside, with a nest of seven large anchors and chains on her deck, they having having been hove up up through the well by the powerful steam windlass and winches with which this vessel is fitted.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Fall shows are in progress all over the country.

Canada has taken 300 prizes at the Centennial.

BEARS are very troublesome in parts of Nova Scotia.

There is a prospect of the revival of the ship-building trade in New Brunswick.

THE result of the Newfoundland fisheries this season is below the catch of last year.

The Toronto Auction has ceased to exist, having been commercially a losing speculation.

Piston shipped last week 5,570 tons of coal; the total shipments that port amounting to 135,000 tons.

THE Bank of Montreal has made arrangements for the issue of circular notes, available in any part of the world.

A meeting of lumbermen has been held at Quebec, with the object of shipping lumber direct to England.

THE contract for the construction of the first section of the Quebec and Lake St. Johns Railway has been signed.

THE opposition to the Quebec Railway Bonds at the London Stock Exchange Board has been drawn to a successful issue. These bonds will therefore now appear on the regular lists of quotable and negotiable stock.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has 4 synods, 31 presbyteries, 664 ministers, 82,186 communicants, and 15,319 Sabbath scholars. The aggregate collections for all purposes during the past year amounted to \$928,600.20.

SCIENTIFIC.

A gentleman from Bordeaux is now in Paris soliciting from the Prefect of Police the authorization to try an invention for moving street-carriages by electricity. It is claimed that through the aid of a mechanism which will occupy no more space than the ordinary driver's seat, a speed of six kilometres per hour is obtained with power to draw four persons.

THERE has been an interesting inquiry in Paris lately as to which trees stand town life best and it is decided that beyond all question no tree is so good for urban wants as the plane. The same verdict is returned in London. Smoke does not seem to affect them, and no finer specimens of this graceful and unobtrusive tree can be seen than those in Berkeley square in that city.

A patent has been taken out in England for brown paper blankets as bed coverings. They compensate for their lightness by their density, and add materially to warmth. They are perforated at distances of about four inches, in order to promote ventilation and the small sizes, 48 by 31 inches, sell at about nine cents each. Several contracts have been made for hospitals and schools.

M. Saint Martin, of Madrid, has published some statistics which tend to prove that consanguineous marriages have but a very slight influence in producing the ill effects which are generally ascribed to them. The results of his figures are as follows:—Out of 101 consanguineous marriages 92 were children. The remaining 14 unions had produced 551 children, out of which 300 were in good health, 236 were dead, and 15 sickly. The latter showed the following affections:—5 deaf and dumb, 2 idiots, 6 scrofulous, rachitic, or tuberculous, and 2 hemiplegic.

THE GLEANER.

Jacques Herne, aged 97, is the oldest veteran in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris.

THERE has recently been started in Regent street, London, a new club for ladies.

THE Castalia is in high favour with French travellers, who, to their infinite delight, can now cross the Channel almost certain to avoid sea sickness.

RESKIN protests against long clothes. "I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the street, as if it was the fashion to be scavengers."

Terra del Fuego has been traversed by Lieut. Masters, R.N., who has discovered that the natives believe in devils, and hold them to be the departed spirits of members of the medical profession.

THE old practice of troops cheering on charging an enemy, which was abolished in the British army some time ago, is to be revived.

THE Italian Government has resolved to abolish the religious element in the forms heretofore in use in administering oaths.

A French physician, who has just been received by the Pope, reports: "The Pope is healthy and vigorous; he has no disease. All his organs are in perfect harmony, and his countenance, voice, and gesture are those of a man of 60, not of 85."

It is stated from Jamaica that a quantity of treasure has been discovered on the Columbian Coast, and is supposed to have been there for about two centuries, being originally in possession of Morgan, the buccaner.

NEAR Cairo, Egypt, the ceremony of opening the Nile took place this season in the presence of the principal ministers and officials and several thousand persons.

It is unusual to summon a peer's son to sit in the House of Lords during the lifetime of his father, but this has just been done in the case of Viscount Bury, the only son of the Earl of Albemarle who has been called to the Upper House as Baron Ashford.

February 12th, 1877, is Darwin's sixty-ninth birthday. It is proposed in Germany to give him on that day an album containing the photographs of all his admirers and disciples who wish thus to have themselves enrolled, with name, station and residence beside each.

As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawk of earthenware, driving an ass with two painters laden with his stock in trade.

HEARTH AND HOME.

"GOOD MORNING."—Don't forget to say "Good morning." Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers, your servants—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile.

LIGHTENING LIFE.—If we take from business and worldly cares no time for thought of other things, no time for recreation and relief, no time for acts looking to the future and a better life, the hour is certain to arrive, sooner or later, when a crisis will confront us, compelling us to do all these things which we so much

neglect in the routine of business or professional life. How much better is it, then, to make rest, recreation, reflection, thoughts of a future and a better, purer, and holier state of existence, a part of our daily experience, combining business with charity, industry with kindness, perseverance with fortitude, experience with religion, a commingling of qualities and hopes that lighten life as we go through the world, and add to the pleasures of the present with a view to the hereafter!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Why is a fight between a man and his wife like a collision at sea?—Because the weaker vessel is apt to get the worst of it.

It is the shrewd remark of a close observer that women do not want equal rights half so much as they want more room in the street cars.

No man can play a good game of whist and kiss his right-hand partner between hands. It is high time this fact was thoroughly understood.

"SHE makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she'd give all her slaves for one master."

JONES, who is an incorrigible bachelor, says he has decided to wait till he is old and then have a golden wedding. Always wanted to pluck the rose without the thorn.

FLIRTATION is said to be attention without intention. Few people can realize to what an extent flirtation may be carried till they have seen a gang of laborers at work on the streets.

NOTHING in the world will make a man so mad as to dream that he is kissing an academy girl, and wake up to find that a depraved fly is waltzing around the ragged edge of his mouth.

A PENNSYLVANIA clergyman seeing a young man standing in the doorway of the church and looking hesitatingly about, paused in the midst of his sermon and exclaimed, "Go out, young man! She is not here!"

Two young ladies of Perth, Ontario, have resolved to indulge in "constitutional" every afternoon by walking from two to six miles. Their first attempt was very successful, they having walked two miles in twenty-five minutes.

"AUNT JULIA," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love letter?"—"Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

WHEN you see a young man and woman leaning over the garden gate in the twilight and hear a sound like the "squash" of a potato lung beneath a farmer's heel, you instinctively feel that there has been a climax of two souls.

A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunt, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

QUITE a common sight along the street now is to see a woman standing in front of a dry goods store, pensively gazing upon the "latest fall goods," while at the same time she convulsively clutches a pocket-book, containing a sample of "stuff" from another store, and recollections of an irritable husband at home boats through her brain.

WHILE a young lady at a recent party in Saratoga, was talking about the "psychological significance of dress," and maintaining that a person's character could to a considerable extent be inferred from his attire, a foppish young Englishman, wearing a blue coat and brass buttons inquired, with a supercilious air, what that kind of coat indicated, to which the young lady instantly responded, "The blue is indicative of the wearer's feelings; the brass, of his manners."

As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawk of earthenware, driving an ass with two painters laden with his stock in trade. In order to give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockeryware was broken. The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, ma'am; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

SEVENTY TIMESSEVEN WONDERS

In an old copy of the "German Evangelical Calendar," published in St. Charles, Mo., I find an article by the Rev. Dr. Steiner (recently deceased) upon the significance of the figure 7. As there is generally more importance attached to the "lucky 2" we may as well give 7 a chance and see how conspicuously it figures in the history of the world, more particularly in religion.

When God created the world he rested on the 7th day. There are 7 days in the week, 7 letters in the name of Jehovah, 7 syllables in the Mohammedan formula of prayer—la ill Allah ill Allah. As the flood was to begin on the 7th

day and continue 7 weeks, Noah selected 7 pairs of clean animals and birds, male and female, and gathered them into the ark. On the 7th day the dove returned with its message. Every one is familiar with the 7 fat and 7 lean kine, the 7 fruitful and 7 barren ears of corn, 7 years of plenty and 7 years of famine. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and was cheated with Leah and served another 7 years and received his reward. Seven days he was followed by Laban his father-in-law. (That was before the unhappy days of mothers-in-law.) When Jacob died his son Joseph lamented for him 7 days. Every 7th year the Israelites permitted their fields to remain idle and untilled. (This was called the "Sabbatical year.") At the siege of Jericho 7 priests with 7 trumpets (trumpbones) went around the walls of the city, and at the 7th blast the walls fell. (We have no such dangerous wind instrument in our day, although there would be little difficulty in finding "blowers.") Seven times ten years were the Israelites held captive in Babylon. Seven times ten Hebrew scholars translated the Old Testament into Greek for the Alexandrian library. There were 7 times ten members of the high council of Jerusalem, not counting the presiding high priests.

When Peter asked, "Lord, how many times must I forgive my brother, is it enough 7 times?" Jesus replied, "I say unto you not 7, but seventy times 7."

"A just man falleth 7 times and riseth up again."—Prov. xxiv., 16.

When thine enemy speaketh fair believe him not, for there are 7 abominations in his heart (Prov. xxvi., 25). There are 7 attributes of the Almighty, 7 gifts of the Holy Ghost, 7 psalms of penance, 7 supplications in the Lord's prayer, 7 words of the cross, the Catholic church has 7 sacraments. There are 7 wounds of Christ on the cross. In Revelations there are 7 angels with 7 golden chalices filled with divine wrath; also 7 lamps with 7 flames are mentioned there.

Who does not know of the "7 sleepers," the 7 youthful Christian martyrs who escaped into a cavern near Ephesus and fell asleep, and slumbered undisturbed for 200 years. There are 7 wonders of the world; 7 wise men of Greece. The Mohammedan's paradise contains 7 heavens. Rome has been governed by 7 kings, likewise Prussia, for the 7th is Emperor Wilhelm. During the 7 years' war under Frederick II. history mentions 7 important battles. The war in Spain between the Carlists and Christians lasted 7 years. The Franco-Prussian war lasted 7 months, and the 7th regiment was the first to distinguish itself.

On the 28th (four times 7) of September, 1870, Strasburg surrendered; on the 28th of October Metz, and on the 28th of January, 1871, Paris. Rome is built on 7 hills; so are Constantinople, Nuremberg, Bamberg, and Lisbon. Ancient Thebes, also Athens, Bagdad, and Morocco, each had 7 gates. Seven cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace. There were 7 steps leading to the tomb of Darius, the Persian King; 7 steps to Solomon's throne; 7 arms or branches to the lamp in the temple at Jerusalem; 7 wicks in the perpetual lamp (eternal flame) to the rites of the Greek Church.

The River Nile has 7 mouths (but still remains discreetly silent about its source). There are 7 Canary islands, 7 Ionian islands, 7 colors in the rainbow; there are 7 tones in the musical scale, 7 precious metals. Pleiades, one of our beautiful constellations, numbers 7 stars.

There are 7 cardinal virtues; three of these are, faith, hope, and charity, "and the greatest of these is charity." The Duke of Wellington had 7 marshal's staffs.

The Pope is priest of 7 churches. The human head has 7 openings. The entrances to the celebrated dome at Cologne have 7 pillars set upon 7 pedestals surmounted by 7 statues.

We might continue to enumerate for a column or more, and after we have exhausted our memory, some 7th son of a 7th son might predict a new set of 7 wonders, arising from the Centennial era, not omitting the Missouri exhibit.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 87, received. Correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 88, received. Correct.

Signa, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 86, received. Correct.

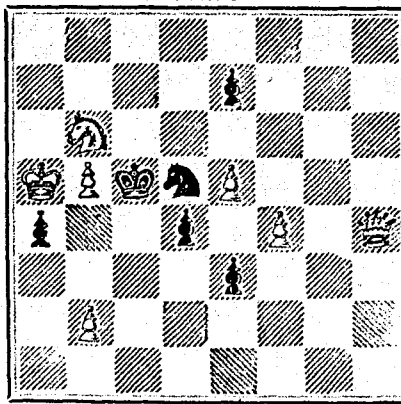
J. R., Hamilton.—Letter and Game received. Many thanks.

The following gentlemen were elected officers of the Canadian Chess Association, at the annual meeting held in Hamilton last week:—President, Professor Howe, Montreal; Vice-Presidents, Thomas Workman, Esq., Montreal; E. T. Fletcher, Esq., Quebec; C. P. Champion, Esq., Quebec; Dr. Orton, Ancaster, Ont.; and—Case, Esq., Hamilton, Managing Committee—Owen Murphy, Esq., Mayor of Quebec; E. B. Holt, Esq., Quebec; D. R. McLeod, Esq., Quebec; and E. Sanderson, Esq., Quebec.

In the late Counties' Chess Association Tourney in England, Mr. Burr, of Liverpool, obtained the highest score, and in consequence became finally entitled to the silver cup of the Association, as he had held possession of it during the two preceding years.

In the second-class Chess Tourney of the Association, Miss Rudge, a young lady who has on former occasions taken honor among Chess amateurs, came out the fourth of sixteen competitors.

PROBLEM No. 89. By A. CYRIL PEARSON, BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 129TH.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Played some time ago between Messrs. Judd and Alberoni.

PHILIPPO'S DEFENCE. WHITE.—(Mr. Judd.) BLACK.—(Mr. Alberoni.) 1. P to K 4 P to K 3 2. K Kt to B 3 P to Q 3 3. P to Q 4 P takes P 4. Q takes P B to K 2 5. B to Q B 4 K Kt to B 3 6. Castles Q Kt to B 3 7. Q Kt to B 3 Q Kt to B 3 8. B to K Kt 5 Q Kt to B 3 9. Q to Q 3 Kt to Q Kt 5 10. Q to K 2 B to K Kt 5 11. Q R to Q sq Kt to Q B 3 12. P to K R 3 B to K R 4 13. P to K Kt 4 Kt takes Kt P 14. B takes K B B takes P 15. P takes Kt B takes Kt 16. Q to K 3 Kt to K 4 17. Q takes B Q to K 4 (ch) 18. Q to K 2 Q to R 5 (ch) 19. K to R sq K takes B 20. K to K 2 Q to K 5 (ch) 21. Q takes Kt 22. K to R 2

Drawn by perpetual check.

GAME 130TH.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Played between Messrs. Henderson and Taylor, at Hamilton, in the late Canadian Chess Association Tourney.

WHITE.—(Mr. W. T. Taylor.) BLACK.—(Mr. J. Henderson.) 1. P to K 4 P to K 3 2. P to Q 4 P to Q Kt 3 3. Kt to K B 3 P to Kt 2 4. B to Q 3 Kt to K B 3 5. B to K Kt 5 B to K 2 6. Kt to Q B 3 P to Q B 4 7. B takes Kt B takes B 8. P to K 5 B to K 2 9. B to K 2 P takes P 10. Kt to Q Kt 5 Kt to Q B 3 11. Kt to Q 6 (ch) (a) B takes Kt 12. P takes B P to K 4 13. Kt to Q 2 Castles 14. B to K B 3 P to K B 4 15. B to Q 5 (ch) K to R sq 16. Castles Q to K B 3 17. Q to K R 5 (b) Q takes P 18. B to Kt 3 R to K B 3 19. K R to K sq Q R to K B sq 20. Kt to Q B 4 Q to Kt sq 21. B to Q R 4 P to K 5 (ch) 22. Q to Q sq R to K Kt 3 23. B takes Kt (c) B takes B 24. Q takes P R to K R 3 25. P to K R 3 R to K sq 26. Q to K 3 R to K 3 27. Q R to Q sq K R to K 3 (e) 28. P to K Kt 3 P takes P 29. Q to Q 3 P takes P 30. P to K B 3 B takes R 31. R takes R R takes R 32. Kt to K 3 Q to Kt 2 33. Kt to K B 5

And Black mates in two moves.

NOTES. (a) An injudicious move. (b) It is not easy to perceive the object of this move. (c) These centre Pawns have now a formidable appearance. (d) Winning back a Pawn, but bringing the B prominently into play. (e) And White's game is hopeless.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 87.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt takes P (ch) K moves 2. B to Q B 5 Any move. 3. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 86.

WHITE. BLACK. K at K 3 K at Q 3 Q at K B 4 Pawn at Q Kt 3 Kt at K 5 Pawns at K 4 Q R 4 and Q Kt 5 White to play and mate in two moves.

PERSONAL.

It is said that Hon. Dr. Tupper will shortly take up his residence in Toronto.

THE appointment to the Senate of Mr. Poyer, late M. P. for Beauport, is gazetted.

Jas. Redford, ex-M. P. for Perth, absconded from Stratford with heavy liabilities.

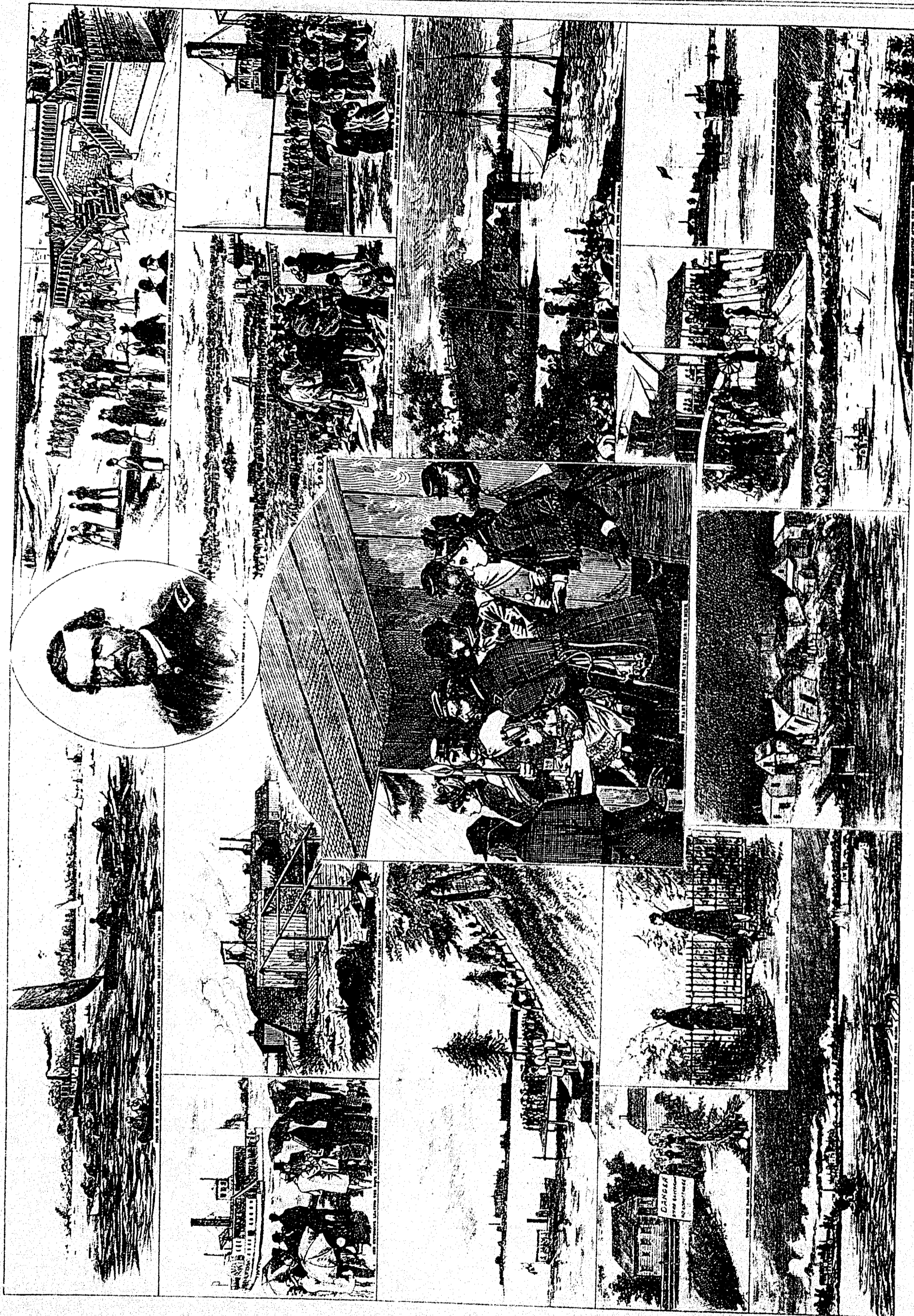
MR. CAMPBELL, the Conservative candidate's majority in Victoria, C. B., is exactly 100.

Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, Q. C., has been offered and has accepted the County Judgeship of York.

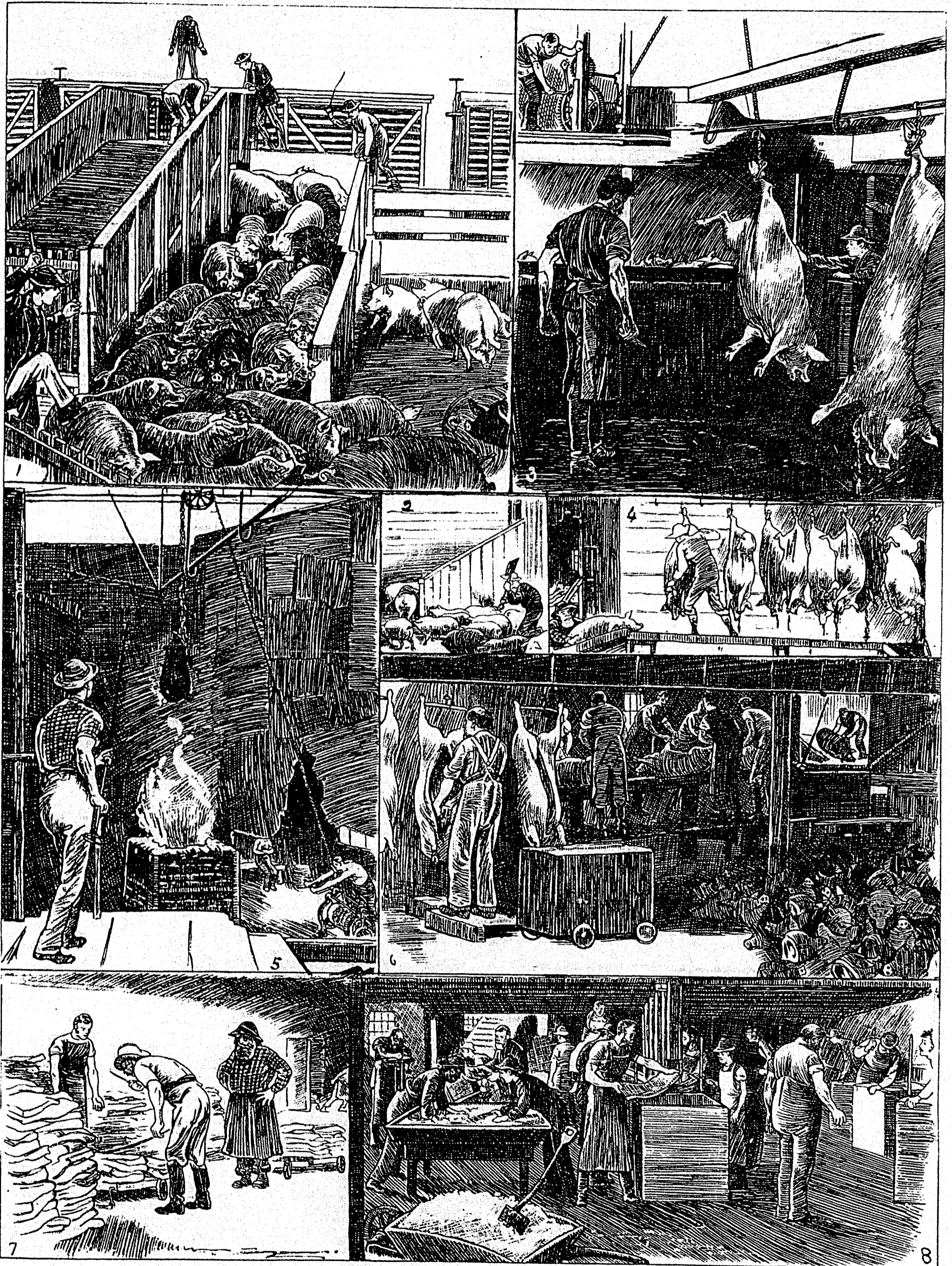
THE Montreal Star has apologized to Mr. Sanfield Macdonald for connecting his name and a young lady's improperly together.

Chief Justice Richards, administrator of the Dominion in the absence of the Governor General, was lately dangerously ill but is better now.

Hon. James Skead and J. M. Currie, M. P. have decided to send a consignment of sawn and manufactured lumber to the Exhibition at Sydney, Australia next April.



THE EXPLOSION OF HALLET'S POINT REEF, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY, THE 24th SEPTEMBER.



TORONTO:—THE PORK PACKING AND EXPORTING BUSINESS.—SKETCHES IN A LEADING ESTABLISHMENT, BY WM. CRUICKSHANKS.

SWEET STARS.

Shine on, sweet silver star,
And twinkle from afar
On me down here;
Each time you meet my view
I long to be with you
Away from here.

Oh! star of silver light,
With flickering beam so bright,
Oh! tell me pray,
Up in the calm blue skies,
Are you men's souls or eyes?
Oh! tell me pray.

Do people dwell up there,
Amidst the balmy air,
As we do here?
Do people live and think,
And eat and sleep, and drink,
Up there, as here?

Is there the same soft breeze
To move the great green trees,
Up where you are?
Are there great mountains high,
And flowers that never die,
Up where you are?

Are there sweet birds that sing,
And fly on trembling wing,
Up in the stars?
Do they sing all the day,
A song that seems to say
Beautiful stars?

Have you cool silver streams,
And fish that lie in dreams,
Up in the stars?
Say, do the rain drops cool
Fall on the shady pool
Up in the stars?

Have you the noisy crash
Of the rude thunder's crash,
Up in the stars?
Or does the lightning's beam
Ever around you gleam,
Beautiful stars?

Have you great belts of wool,
For boys in sportive mood
To sit and play?
Have you the meadows green
Where children love, I ween,
To sport and play?

Have you bright children there,
With their long golden hair,
Or have you none?
Have you some narrow street
To whoop their feet,
Or have you none?

Have you fond lovers there
Up in the cold, pale air,
To make sweet vows?
Say, if within your lands
Your lovers join hands
Kissing sweet vows?

Do mothers gaze with pride
At loved ones by their side,
Amidst the stars?
Do mothers drop hot tears
Over their fondled dears,
Up in the stars?

Are there great fights and wars
Up where you are, sweet stars,
Beautiful stars?
Do dying shrieks and groans
Disturb you there, or moans,
Dear stars?

Say, does the murderer's knife
Shed the red blood of life,
Up in the stars?
Or are there sorrowing heads
Bending over dying beds,
Up in the stars?

Have you what we have here,
Despair, and grief, and fear,
Beautiful stars?
Or is there naught but love
And joy, and peace above,
Up in the stars?

Toronto.

A. L. STEWART.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER III.

UNYIELDING.

This was the short story of love and sorrow which now once more awoke with all its bitterness in the young heart, as she looked down where she fancied she had seen Joseph, who so often passed by and never found the way up. She wiped away the perspiration from her brow, for the sun was beginning to shine fiercely down, and she had already mowed all the grass from the house to the "Sonnenplate," as the ledge where she stood was called, because it was the highest spot of land, and always the first reached by the sun. From this the village took its name.

"Wally, Wally!" cried a voice behind her, "you must come to your father: he wants to tell you something." Old Luckard was approaching from the house. Her father was sent for! What could he want? Since the affair at Sölden he had said nothing to her except what concerned her daily work. Wavering between fear and reluctance, she rose and followed Luckard. "What does he want?" she asked.

"Great news," said Luckard. "Look there." Wally now saw her father standing before the house, and with him Vincenz, a young peasant belonging to the village, with a large bouquet in his buttonhole. He was a sturdy, morose fellow, whom Wally had known to be obstinate and ill-natured from childhood. He had never vouchsafed a kind word to any human being except herself, whom he had persecuted with his attentions from her school days. His parents had died a few months before; he was now independent, and, now next to Stromminginger, the richest peasant in the neighborhood.

Wally's blood froze in her veins: she knew what was coming.

"Vincenz wants to marry you," said Stromminginger. "He has my consent, and the wed-

ding will take place next month." With these words he turned and went into the house, as if there were nothing more to be said.

Wally was silent a moment, as if struck by a thunderbolt. She needed time to reflect, to collect her thoughts. Meantime Vincenz boldly approached and tried to put his arm around her. She shrank back with a cry of terror, but she now knew what was to be done.

"Vincenz," she said, troubling with anxiety, "pray go home; I can never become your wife—never. You will not wish my father to force me into your arms; I tell you, once for all, I do not love you."

A dark frown shadowed Vincenz' face; he bit his lips, and his black eyes rested upon Wally with a fierce, passionate gaze. "So you don't love me! But I love you! And I'll stake my life that I win you! Your father has given me his promise: I'll never release him from it, and I think you'll change your mind, if this is your father's will."

"Vincenz," said Wally, "if you were wise you wouldn't have spoken so, for you would know I never allow myself to be forced to do anything. And now go home, Vincenz; we have nothing more to say to each other."

With these words she turned her back upon him and entered the house.

"Oh!" exclaimed Vincenz, in a tone of angry pain, clenching his fist. Then he controlled himself, and muttered between his teeth, "Well, I can wait, and I will!"

Wally went straight to her father. He was sitting with his head bent over his accounts, and turned slowly as she entered. "What is it?"

The sun poured its rays through the low window full upon Wally, so that she stood before her father as if surrounded by a halo. He could not help admiring his child, she looked so beautiful at that moment.

"Father," she quietly began, "I only wanted to tell you that I will not marry Vincenz."

"Indeed!" cried Stromminginger, starting up. "What does this mean? You won't marry him?"

"No, father; I don't love him."

"Ah! did I ask whether you loved him or not?"

"No, I tell you so without being asked."

"And I also tell you, without being asked, that you'll marry Vincenz in four weeks whether you love him or not. I've given him my promise, and Stromminginger doesn't break his word. Now, be off!"

"No, father," said Wally, "the matter isn't settled. I am not a beast that must be sold or given away, as its master chooses. I think I ought to have something to say about my own marriage."

"No, you have not; for a child belongs to the father as much as a calf or a heifer, and must do as the father chooses."

"Who says so, father?"

"Who says so? It is in the Bible!" and the angry blood crimsoned Stromminginger's face.

"The Bible only says that we must love and honor our parents; not that we ought to marry a man who is repulsive to us, merely because it is a father's will. If it could do you any good for me to marry Vincenz—if it could save you from death or poverty, of course it would be my duty to obey, though my heart broke. But you are a rich man, who is not forced to ask favors from any one. It can make no difference to you whom I marry, and you give me to Vincenz merely out of malice, that I may not wed Joseph, whom I love, and who would certainly love me if he knew me; and that, father, is a wicked thing, and the Bible does not say a child must submit."

"You impudent creature, I'll send the priest to you; he shall teach you what the Bible says."

"It will do no good, father; if you sent ten priests, and they all told me ten times over I must obey you in this, I would not."

"And I tell you you will, so true as my name is Stromminginger. You will, or I'll drive you out of the house and disinherit you."

"Very well, father; I'm strong enough to earn my bread. Yes, father, give everything to Vincenz, except me."

"Nonsense," said Stromminginger, in great perplexity. "Are people to say that I can't even govern my own child? You will marry Vincenz, if I have to flog you to the church."

"And if you do flog me to the church I'll say no at the altar. You can kill me, but you can't force me to utter the yes; and if you could, I would throw myself over a precipice rather than marry a man I do not love."

"Hark ye!" shouted Stromminginger, and his broad forehead seemed cleft in twain by a blue vein that swelled with anger; his whole face was distorted, his eyes were bloodshot; "don't put me in a rage! You tried me enough on the Kerbholz; now take care, or harm will come of it."

"Harm came of it a year ago, father, for when you beat me so on my confirmation day, I felt that all was over between us. And, father, ever since that time I have not cared whether you were angry or pleased with me, whether you treated me kindly or beat me, it was all the same; I no longer have any love for you. I'm just as fond of the Similaun or Vernagt, or Murzoll glaciers!"

A suppressed cry of fury burst from Stromminginger's lips, as, half petrified with amazement, he listened to the girl. Then, unable to speak, he rushed upon her, seized her by the waist, raised her from the ground high above his head, shook her in the air till his own breath failed, then threw her on the floor and set his nail-shod

heel on her breast. "Beg my pardon for what you have said, or I'll crush you like a worm," he gasped.

"Do so," said the girl, fixing her eyes steadily on her father. She breathed with difficulty, for the old man's foot pressed upon her like a leaden weight, but she did not move; not an eye-lash quivered.

The old man's power was broken. He had threatened what he could not perform, for at the thought of crushing his child's beautiful, innocent breast, his wrath subsided, and he was suddenly sobered. He was conquered. Almost staggering backward, he raised his foot from her chest. "No, Stromminginger will not end his days in a prison," he said, in a hollow tone, and sank exhausted into a chair.

Wally rose; she was deadly pale, her eyes were tearless, lustreless, as if made of stone. Standing motionless, she waited for what was to come next.

Stromminginger reflected a moment, and then said, hoarsely, "I can't kill you, but since Similaun and Murzoll are as dear to you as your father, you shall henceforth stay with Similaun and Murzoll. That's where you belong. You shall never put your feet under my table again. You shall tend the flocks on the Hochjoch, and stay there until you have learned that Vincenz's warm nest is more comfortable than Murzoll's heaps of snow. Pack your bundle, for I'll never see you again. Start early to-morrow morning. I'll send the flocks after you next week; take some bread and cheese, that you may have enough till they come. Klettenmaier shall show you the way up. And now be off; these are my last words, and I'll stick to them!"

"Very well, father," said Wally, gently, as she bent her head and left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

ENDED.

On the Hochjoch! That was a terrible word; for among the inhospitable regions of the Hochjoch there is none of the merry life of the alpine mountain pastures whose soft, spicy air echoes with the ringing of bells and the jiblets of the shepherds and shepherdesses. Here there is naught save eternal winter—the repose of death. The sun kisses these cold glaciers lightly and mournfully, as a mother kisses the pale forehead of a lifeless child. Scanty patches of grass, the last remnants of tenacious organic life, extend into the wintry wilderness, until the last blade dies, the last drop of sap is frozen. It is a gradual death of nature. But the frugal peasant uses even this scanty remnant. He sends his flocks up the mountains to feed on what can be found, and the sheep, struggling greedily to crop some plant, a native of milder regions which chance has suffered to grow here, often fall down some chasm in the ice.

So the child of the proud Stromminginger, whose property stretched for leagues around, and extended up into the clouds, was to spend her girlhood in perpetual winter. While the May breezes swept over the earth below, the rising sap swelled the buds, the birds built their nests, and everything stirred in joyous anticipation of the spring, she must take her shepherd's staff in her hand and wander up into the wilderness of the glaciers, not to descend until the autumn winds blew and winter was preparing to come down into the valleys, as if she were sold to it forever.

No peasant in the whole regions sent his shepherds up to this spot; they had leased the pastures to the Schwabser villagers on the other side of the Joch, who lived nearer, and the latter despatched a few half-savage, weather-beaten men, who dressed in skins and lived leagues apart from each other in stone huts, like hermits, and now Stromminginger, who had hitherto always leased his pastures, condemned his only child to the life of the Schwabser shepherds. But no complaint escaped Wally's lips. She quietly prepared for her cheerless pilgrimage. Toward morning, long before sunrise, while her father, the men and maid servants still slept, Wally left her home to go up the mountains. Only old Luckard, who had known all this from the cards, and been up all night with Wally to help her to pack her bundle, fastened a bunch of rye in her hat as she bade her farewell, and went part of the way with her. The old woman wept as if she were accompanying a funeral procession. Klettenmaier followed with the baggage. He was a faithful old man, the only one who had grown gray in Stromminginger's service, for, being deaf, he could not hear when the latter stormed and raged, so he had given him to his daughter for a guide. Luckard went with them to the point where the path grew very steep; there she took her leave and turned back, for she was obliged to reach home to get breakfast. Wally ascended the height and looked down on the path, where the old woman was walking with her apron raised to her eyes, and her heart almost softened. Luckard had always been kind to her; although old and feeble, she at least loved the girl. Just at that moment the old woman turned and pointed upward. Wally's eyes followed the direction of her finger, and saw something sailing clumsily through the air along the edge of the cliff, like a paper kite that has not enough wind; flying only a short distance, then falling and struggling again. The eagle had fluttered wearily after her with its clipped wings, but its strength now seemed exhausted, and it only hobbled along, flapping its broad pinions.

"Hans! oh! Hans! how could I forget you?" cried Wally, springing like a chamois from rock to rock, the shortest way back to the

faithful bird. Luckard stood still till Wally reached the path, and greeted her as if after a long separation. At last the girl overtook Hans, and, raising him in her arms, pressed him to her heart like a child. Since the evening before she had so associated the bird with Joseph in her thoughts, that he seemed like a silent mediator between them, or as if Joseph were transformed into the eagle, and she clasped him in her arms when she held the bird. As fervent faith creates tangible symbols to bring the unattainable near, and a wooden cross and painted picture become miraculous, so ardent love also forms its own symbols, to which it clings when the beloved object is beyond its reach, and thus Wally drew from the bird a wondrous consolation. "Come, Hans," she said, tenderly, "you shall go to the Hochjoch with me. We will never part."

"But, child," said Luckard, "you can't take the eagle up there, it would starve; you have no meat, and such birds eat nothing else." "You are right," said Wally, sadly; "but I can't part with Hans. I must have something in the wilderness. And I can't leave him at home; who would feed him and take care of him if I were not there?"

"You needn't worry about that," cried Luckard; "I'll take care of him."

"Yes, but he won't follow you," said Wally. "You can't manage him."

"Ah, do let me," pleaded Luckard, earnestly. "I've taken care of you so long—I can also provide for the eagle. Give him to me; I'll carry him home." And she took the bird from Wally's arms. But the attempt was useless, for Hans resisted and pecked Luckard so fiercely that she dropped him in terror. It was vain to think of carrying him home.

"You see," said Wally, exultingly, "he won't leave me; I must keep him, come what will. I am called Geier-Wally, and I'll remain so. Oh, my Hans, so long as we two are together we need not fear. I'll tell you what, Luckard, I'll let his wings grow now, he won't fly away from me, and then he can get his food himself."

"Take him in Heaven's name. I'll send you some meat by the boy that will give him food until he can fly." So the matter was settled. Wally took the bird under her arm like a hen, and left Luckard, who once more began to weep bitterly. The girl now proceeded up the mountain without delay, following Klettenmaier, who, meantime, had gone before her. At the end of two hours she reached Vent, the last village on the frontiers of the ice-world. Wally mounted the heights above the hamlet. Here began the road to the Hochjoch. She paused, and leaning on her alpenstock, gazed down upon the silent, half-sleeping village and across to Wildsee and the last houses of Otztal, the Rofen farms, which lay almost at the foot of the Hochvernagt glaciers, and seemed to say defiantly, "Crush us!" as Wally had uttered the words yesterday to her father. And, like her father, the Hochvernagt always drew back his huge foot, as if he could not make up his mind to destroy the citadel of his brave Alpine sons, the "Klatze of Rofen." As she stood there, gazing down at the last human inhabitants, before mounting into the wilderness above the clouds, the bell in the steep at Vent began to ring for early mass. The priest came out of the door of the little parsonage, where the bells of the mountain pinks nodded in the morning breeze, and with hands folded over his robe went to the church. Here and there the wooden huts opened their sheep eyes, and one figure after another appeared, stretched lazily, and walked slowly toward the church.

Carefully, without losing a note, the breeze like a winged angel, bore the holy sound up the mountain, through the dim twilight of morning, till it fell on Wally's ear like the pleading tones of a child's voice. And as a child arouses its mother with its sweet, hisping words, the ringing of the bell at Vent seemed to have waked the sun; it opened its eyes, and the rays of its first glance shot upward over the mountains, a measureless cluster of fiery darts, that crowned the eastern peaks. The dusky gray sky suddenly became transformed into a transparent blue, which grew deeper and deeper, the rays illumined the whole heavens, and the majestic orb at last rose in all its splendor above the cloud-veiled summits and turned its radiant face lovingly toward the earth. The mountains also stripped of their robes of mists and bathed their naked forms in the streams of light. Far below in the ravines the fog heaved up and down, as if all the clouds had left the bright sky and descended into the valleys. It seemed as if wild hymns of joy were borne on the breezes of the upper air, and the earth was weeping happy tears, like a bride on her wedding morn. And as the tears hung on the bride's lashes, the drops of dew trembled on the grass and bushes. There was joy everywhere, up on the mountains, where the dazzling light was reflected in the eyes of the chamois, down in the valleys, where the lark sooted twittering above the fields of grain!

Wally gazed in delight at the awakening world, her eyes could scarcely grasp the wide glittering picture in its chaste morning beauty. The eagle on her shoulder flapped its wings as if in greeting, and gazed lovingly toward the sun. Meantime the stir of active life had begun in the village of Vent. Wally could distinguish everything in the clear morning light. The lads were kissing the maidens at the springs. White columns of smoke rose from the chimneys and vanished in the clear spring air—as a sorrowful thought disappears in a happy soul. On the

square before the church stood the men in clean Sunday shirts, with silver mounted pipes in their mouths. It was Whitsuntide, when every one is happy and rejoices. Oh! sacred Whitsuntide! It must have been on such a day as this that the spirit of the Lord descended upon the disciples and inspired them with the divine ray of light, that they might go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel of love—preach it to the warm open heart of spring, and in the spring-time of the earth also began the spring-time of humanity—the religion of love! But for the girl on the mountain there was no Whitsuntide, no revelation of love. No eloquent lips had made the Gospel a living thing to her. It remained a dead letter, a lifeless germ that missed the warm ray needed to make it unfold in her heart. No dove of peace descended upon her from the deep blue sky—the bird of prey on her shoulder was her only messenger of love!

At last Wally roused herself from her dreamy reverie, cast one more farewell glance at the cheerful villagers, then turned and ascended the silent, snow-covered Hochjoch into exile.

CHAPTER V.
MURZOLL'S CHILD.

Wally had climbed the heights for five hours, now over wide patches of fragrant Alpine woods, now over fields of snow a foot in depth. The sleepless night she had passed seemed to paralyze her strength, and she almost despaired of reaching the goal of her journey. Her hands and feet trembled, for it is a hard task to battle for five hours with such a madenous mountain. Large drops of perspiration rolled down her forehead, when suddenly, as if by some magic spell, she stood before a wall of clouds. She had turned the corner of a cliff, which hid the sun, and now dense mists surrounded her and an icy breath dried the perspiration on her brow. Her feet slipped at every step, for the ground was as smooth as glass. She was standing on ice. She had entered the Murzoll glacier, the highest point of the Hochjoch ridge. Here only a few blades of grass appeared among the rocks and snow, around her chasms of ice gleamed with a bluish light, and vast plains of snow, unscathed by the foot of beast or man, unbroken winter. Wally shrank back with a shiver. This was the entrance to Murzoll's ice castle, of which there were so many legends in the Otztal, the ice castle where dwell the "happy" maidens, of whom Luckard had often told little Wally in the long winter evenings, when the snow storms howled around the house. An almost ghostly breath greeted her from these desolate ice walls, caves and chasms, like a thrill of her old childish terror, as if the gloomy glacier sprites, with whom Luckard had often frightened her to bed when she was naughty, really dwelt here.

She walked noiselessly on. At last her deaf guide stopped before a low hut, with a wide overhanging roof, a strong door of rough wood, and little holes instead of windows. Within there were a few blackened stones for a hearth, and a couch of mouldy straw. This was the dwelling of the Schabser shepherds who had usually watched the flocks, and which Wally was now to occupy. The girl did not change countenance as she saw this cheerless abode: it was merely a rude Alpine hut, like many others, and she was accustomed to hard fare. Such things could not shake her rebellious mood. But she was almost exhausted, she had endured more since yesterday than even her extraordinary strength could bear. She mechanically helped the old man, to whom Luckard had given a quantity of good and useful things for Wally, to prepare a better bed, and make the deserted hut a little more habitable. Klettenmaier saw that she looked pale, and said, compassionately:—"There now, eat something, and then lie down and sleep awhile; you need it. Meaning I'll bring you some wood for the next few days; then I must go back again, or I shan't get home to-night, and your father gave strict orders that I must come to-day." He shook up a large bag of straw he had dragged up the mountain, and she sank down upon it with half-closed eyes and gratefully extending her hand to him.

"I won't wake you," said he. "In case you should be asleep when I go, I'll tell you everything now. Keep well and don't be afraid. I'm sorry for you, up here alone; but, why didn't you obey your father?"

Wally heard the last words as if in a dream. The deaf old man shook his head compassionately as he left the hut; the girl was already asleep. Her chest rose and fell painfully, for even in slumber the sorrow she had endured weighed upon her like a mountain, and she dreamed that her father was dragging her to church by the hair of her head. Then she thought, if she only had a knife to cut the hair, she should be free. Suddenly Joseph stood beside her, and with a single blow severed the braids, leaving them in her father's hand, and Wally ran away, and while Joseph was struggling with her father, mounted the heights to Sonnenplatte, to throw herself into the Asche. But she feared the chasm and paused. Then she again heard her father close behind her; despair seized upon her and she took her leap. She fell and fell, but did not reach the bottom, and suddenly it seemed as if there were a pressure of the air beneath, that would not let her descend, but raised and bore her upward. So she floated, constantly struggling to preserve her balance, which she was always afraid of losing, until she reached the summit of Murzoll. But like a ship that cannot anchor, she could gain no footing on

the rocks. A terrible whirlwind had seized her, and she vainly tried to cling to the naked cliff. Black thunder-clouds gathered around, through which the snow-capped mountain peak rose pale and ghostly. Fiery serpents darted through the dark mass, and such a peal of thunder crashed upon the air, that the mountain groaned, and she was hurled to and fro between these powers, and feared that the tempest would overwhelm her, for she felt that if her head were once turned downward, she would fall into the depths. Then something raised her on her feet and she felt how heavy her head was. She strove to cry for help amid the storm and thunder and darkness, but could utter no sound; terror palsied her throat. Suddenly she was supported, felt firm ground under her, and thought she was lying in a mountain ravine, but it was no ravine—huge stone arms clasped her, and through the rifts in the clouds a gigantic stone face bent over her. It was Murzoll's gray countenance. His hair was snow-covered pine-trees, his eyes were ice, his beard was moss, and his eye-brows were edelweiss. On his brow, like a diadem, rested the young crescent of the moon, pouring its mild light over the white face, and the huge icy eyes glittered with a ghastly lustre in the bluish light. He gazed at the girl with these cold, limpid, and yet fathomless eyes, till the drops of perspiration on her forehead and the tears on her cheeks froze under the look and fell rattling down like crystal pearls. Then he pressed his stone lips to hers, and under the long kiss Alpine roses grew around his mouth, which had become warm and damp, and when he looked at Wally again, glacier torrents were streaming from his icy eyes down on his mossy beard. The black clouds had scattered and a spring breeze breathed through the night. And now Murzoll opened his thawed lips and his voice sounded like the hollow roar of avalanches thundering down into the valleys.—"Your father has cast you off. I will adopt you for a child, in his place, for the cold stone has more feeling than a hardened human heart. I like you, you are of my stamp, your nature has some of the material of which rocks are made. Will you be my child?"

"I will," said Wally, nestling closer to her new father's stony heart.

"Then stay with me and do not return to men, for with them is conflict; with me only peace."

"But Joseph, whom I love," said Wally; "Shall I never have him?"

"Let him go," replied the mountain, "you must not love him, he is a chamois hunter, and my daughters have sworn his destruction. Come, I will take you to them, that they may kill your heart, otherwise you cannot live in our eternal peace." And he bore her through wide, white halls and endless corridors of ice, till they reached a vast apartment, which was transparent like crystal, and the sublimas streamed in and broke into myriads of colored sparks, while the sky and earth, strangely bent and distorted, gleamed through the walls. There white, glittering maidens, in floating robes of mist, played with a herd of chamois, and it was a pretty spectacle to see them sport with the swift-footed animals. These were Murzoll's daughters, the "happy maidens" of Otztal. They crowded curiously around Wally, as Murzoll led her down on the mirror-like floor. They were beautiful as angels, and had faces like milk and blood; but when Wally looked at them more closely, she saw with terror that they all had eyes of ice, like their father, and the crimson that colored their cheeks and lips was not blood, only the dye from crushed Alpine roses, and they were cold as frozen snow.

"Will you keep her?" said Murzoll. "I love her, she is strong and firm as stone. She shall be your sister."

"She is beautiful," replied the maidens, "she has chamois eyes. But she has warm blood, and loves a chamois hunter; we know it!"

"Then put your hands on her heart, that it may freeze with all her love and she may be kappy like you," ordered Murzoll.

Then the maidens rushed forward, floating around her like a snow-storm, and stretched their cold white hands toward her heart; she already felt it wither and throb more slowly. But she pushed them away with both arms, exclaiming:—"No, no, let me go. I don't want to be happy. I want Joseph!"

"If you return among men, we will dash Joseph to pieces and hurl you over a precipice with him," said the happy maidens; "for no mortal who has seen us must be suffered to live."

"Then throw me over the precipice, but leave my love in my heart. I will bear, suffer everything, but I will not give up my love!" And with the strength of despair Wally seized one of the maidens around the waist and wrestled with her, when, behold, the fragile figure crumbled in her hands and she held nothing but melting snow. The daylight vanished, a gray dusk suddenly veiled every object; she was standing on naked rocks; a keen wind lashed her face, and instead of the happy maidens, white mist whirled around her in a wild dance. Far above Murzoll's pale face looked gloomily through the clouds, and he thundered:—"You rebel against men and gods. Heaven and earth will be your enemies. Woe betide you!" Then everything disappeared. She awoke. The evening wind whistled shrilly through the holes over her head. She rubbed her eyes; her heart was still quivering from the terror inspired by the mysterious dream; she needed time to reflect before she remembered where she was, and could distinguish between the visions that had haunted her slumber and reality. She rose from her couch, involuntarily called Klettenmaier, and then left the

hut to look for him. It was a beautiful bright evening; the mists had dispersed, but the sun was setting and the wind blew keenly on the lofty height. Wally hurried to and fro, seeking the deaf man. She found nothing but a pile of pine wood he had gathered for her. Then she remembered that he said he would go away without waking her, if she were asleep. He had done so; he had not waited for her to wake. It was not right for him to leave her sleeping. It was hard to wake and find no one. Everything around was so silent—so empty and desolate! It was probably about six o'clock, milking time. The animals at home were doubtless looking toward the barn door, to see if their mistress was not coming to bring bread and salt; but she was sitting up here with her hands in her lap and nothing stirring around her far or near. Oh! this death-like stillness and activity! She mounted a lofty rock, to gaze down upon the wide world. A boundless view, never yet beheld, lay before her eyes in the crimson light of the setting sun. Around her, extending to the verge of the horizon, were the Tyrol mountains, growing smaller in the distance, but stilling and overpowering in their silent grandeur and majesty when close at hand. And between them, like children in their father's arms, were the luxuriant mountain valleys. Then she was seized with an unutterable longing for the familiar fields that lay around her home, now just vanishing from her gaze in the peaceful shades of evening. The sun had set, leaving on the edge of the horizon violet hued clouds striped with gold. The white crescent of the moon gradually appeared, struggling to master the last fading rays of daylight. Darkness had already settled upon the valleys. Here and there glimmered a tiny light, scarcely visible to the naked eye—a star of earth. Her industrious companions below were going to rest. They were all happy, they had a comfortable roof over their heads and reposed in the safe shelter at home—perhaps behind the gay curtain of the little window they were listening sleepily to the serenade of lovers; she alone was lonely and deserted, exposed, defenseless to every terror, and her shelter was the inhospitable hut, through whose chinks the wind whistled. "Oh! father, father, can you bring your heart to it?" she cried aloud; but only the roar of the night wind answered. The moon rose higher and higher, the clouds in the west lost their golden lustre and only gleamed in the dark sky like brass. The outlines of the mountains grew larger and more distant in the dim light. Her nearest neighbor, the mighty Similaun, looked down upon her with a menacing frown; all the giant peaks stared at her with a hostile expression, because she ventured to match their nocturnal repose. It seemed as if they had all been strangely still and quiet since Wally's arrival—as a party of people, who are discussing some secret, suddenly become mute when a stranger appears among them. There she stood, a helpless human being, alone amid this rigid, silent world of ice, so far above all living creatures—a stranger in the mysterious company of clouds and glaciers, in this horridly-ghostly silence. "Now you are all alone in the world," cried a secret voice. A nameless terror, the terror of abandonment, overwhelmed her. It suddenly seemed as if she must be lost in the wide, boundless space, and as if beseeching help, she clung to the cliff and pressed her throbbing heart against the cold stone.

What happened at that time, she did not know herself—but it seemed as if the rock to which she pressed her young, warm, throbbing heart exerted a mysterious power over her, for this hour made her stern and hard, as if she were indeed Murzoll's child.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

These little-known islands are situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The following extract from a recent correspondence to the Halifax *Church Chronicle* may be of interest. "There are about 11 islands altogether, though some of them are not properly islands, being joined to other land by sand-ridges and marshes. The North Bird Rock is the furthest point North, and South Cape, in Amherst Island, is the furthest point South; whilst the Great Bird Rock and Deadman's Isle are the extremities East and West respectively. Amherst, the most important island in the group, is 50 miles distant from East Point, P. E. I., 60 miles from Cape North in Cape Breton, 150 from Gaspe, and 120 from Cape Bay, in Newfoundland. A pamphlet written some years ago says:—"In form and appearance the greatest diversity prevails. Some are mere rocky islets rising precipitously from the sea to a height of 140 or 170 feet, with concave and convex summits. At one place the sea may be seen rushing madly against cliffs 400 feet in height, and wildly dashing far up on the face of the rocks; in other places the white crested wave rolls heavily over acres of low shelving beach, and mustering its strength heaves its ponderous mass upon the yielding but impassable sand barrier. On the one hand is seen a succession of conical sand hillocks, heaped up by the whirling blasts, and, on the other hand, the low and tracherous morass, or the wide-spread but shallow lagoon. Here you may walk over lofty heights of sedimentary rock, and a mile hence you may circumambulate the base of the crater of an extinct volcano. One island rears its dark irregular summit densely covered with wood, another presents its bare conical peaks at a height of three, four, or five hundred feet above the sea. You land at one spot, and

you can place your foot on nothing but the small angular rocks of crumbling trap; you beach your boat at another place and the cliff before you presents its sandstone strata with no less than eight different colours,—grey, pink, yellow, red, blue, orange, brown and variegated, and so soft as to crumble beneath the pressure of the fingers."

Of our three sketches the largest gives a view of the village of Amherst, the capital of the islands, with Entry Island in the distance, and shows one of the curious sand-ridges peculiar to the group. Another one gives an idea of the country, being taken about two miles from Amherst on the road to the next village; there is a curious sand-hill to the right. The third taken from the highest point in the islands shows Amherst Island in the distance, with the full extent of one of the sand-ridges belonging to it.

CORRECTION.—Mr. W. Leslie Thom, asks us to say that the words "glaring baldness," at the close of his paper on Gallows Hill, in our last issue, should read "glowing boldness."

LITERARY.

SHAKESPEARE'S favorite books were Plutarch and Montaigne.

MR. LONGFELLOW is reported to be writing a companion poem to "Hiawatha."

Miss Florence Marryat, the well-known novelist, was bitten in the face by a pet dog, and she has since become seriously ill.

THE *Life of Charles Kingsley*, which will appear during the present winter season, will, we are informed, contain as a fac-simile of his hand-writing, the manuscript of his well-known *Three Fishers*.

THE "No Name" series of novels—written by distinguished authors whose cognomens are to be suppressed—opens with one, the author of which is evidently Saxo Holm. Her personality is one of the best kept secrets in Magazine literature.

FOR four months during last summer and autumn George Elliot passed the summer days in Hertfordshire, England, near Watford, writing "Daniel Deronda." She lived very quietly, dressed very plain, and never showed in the village much, to quote her neighbors.

MR. MOETIMER COLLINS left an unfinished novel, which he was writing in concert with his wife. It is called *The Village Comedy*, and Mrs. Collins intends to finish it. He also left another novel, of which two-thirds had been written by him. This too, his widow will complete. Its title is *You Play Me False*.

MR. BRIT HARTY is respectfully dismissed by the London *Evening* with an admonition to write a better story than "Gabriel Conroy" next time. The plot of this story is "always falling to pieces as it had outgrown its strength, and recovering itself by a spasmodic jerk." On the whole the story is a series of efforts, in which amusing or touching scenes are presented with a favorable effect in the midst of languid pages over which the attention falls asleep."

ONE of the most valued mementoes of Victor Hugo at his house in Guernsey, is a black patch on the study floor. The servant who admits visitors—and they are numerous, for the house is a well known "show place"—takes them to the patch, ranges them around it in a circle, and then, with befitting impressiveness, informs them that this blot of ink was caused by the upsetting of the illustrious writer's inkstand when he had just finished one of the most celebrated chapters of *Les Misérables—Un homme à la mer*. The blot has been carefully preserved, and will never be removed, but will perish with the floor. May I beg you not to step upon it!

HUMOROUS.

THE latest fashionable name for collins is "Woolen Visters."

A peacock's feathers may not point a moral, but they certainly adorn a tail.

THE saying, "Excuse haste and a bad pen," has been attributed to a pig who ran away from home.

The married and single-nines of Troy started a game of base ball last week, and when it came time to build the fence for tea, some ladies appeared in the field, and every one of the married men made a home run.

AN old colored preacher in this city was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whip-pin' for gwine to a ball."

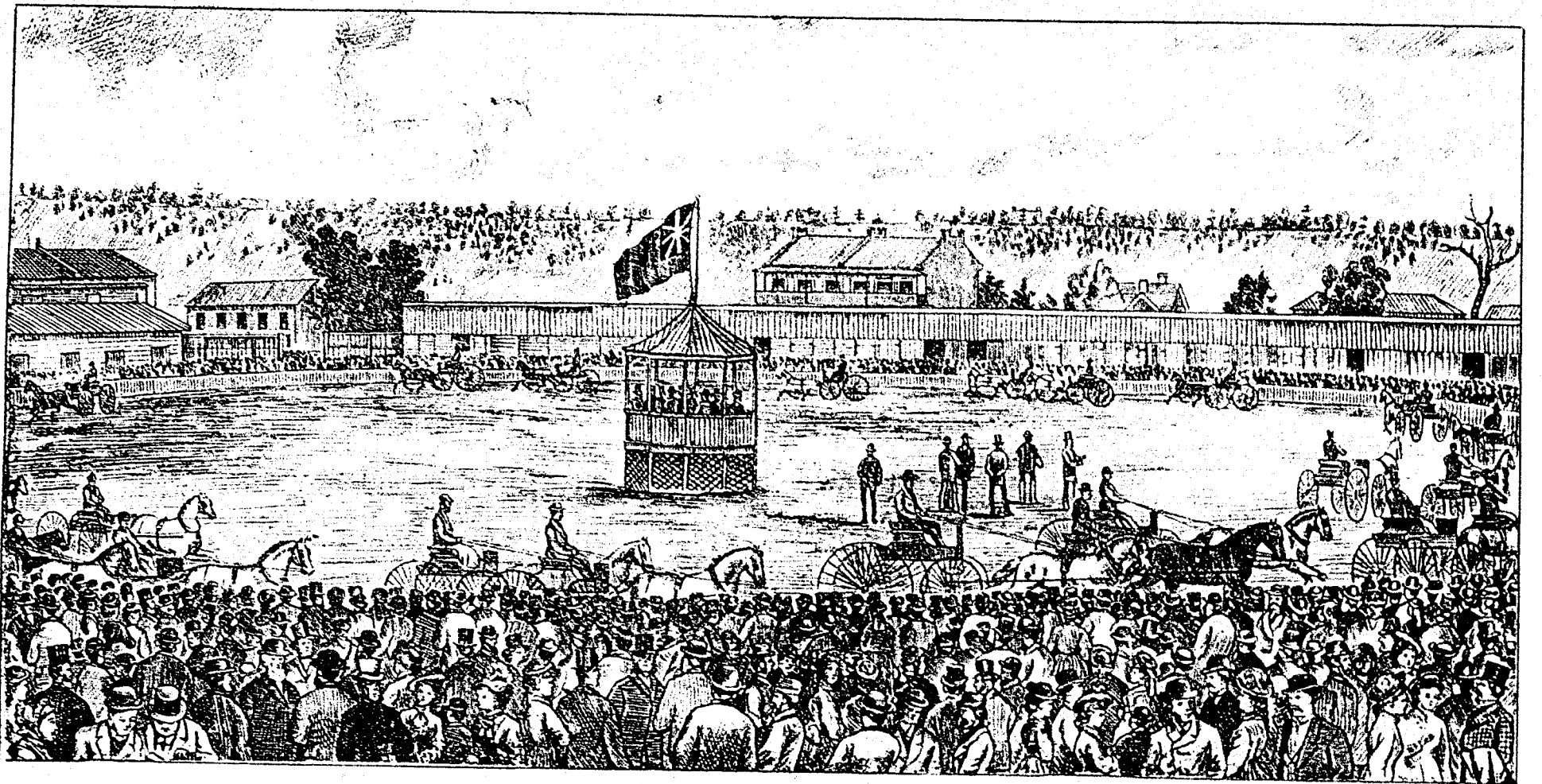
The late Lord Dudley once, upon a Vienna lady's remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" answered, promptly, "It is true, madame—we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

THEY expected to have the living skeleton on exhibition at the fair to-day, but he was taken sick last night, and as he was so thin that he couldn't tell whether the pain was in his back or his stomach, the doctors were obliged to wait for day in order to hold him up against the light and look through him.

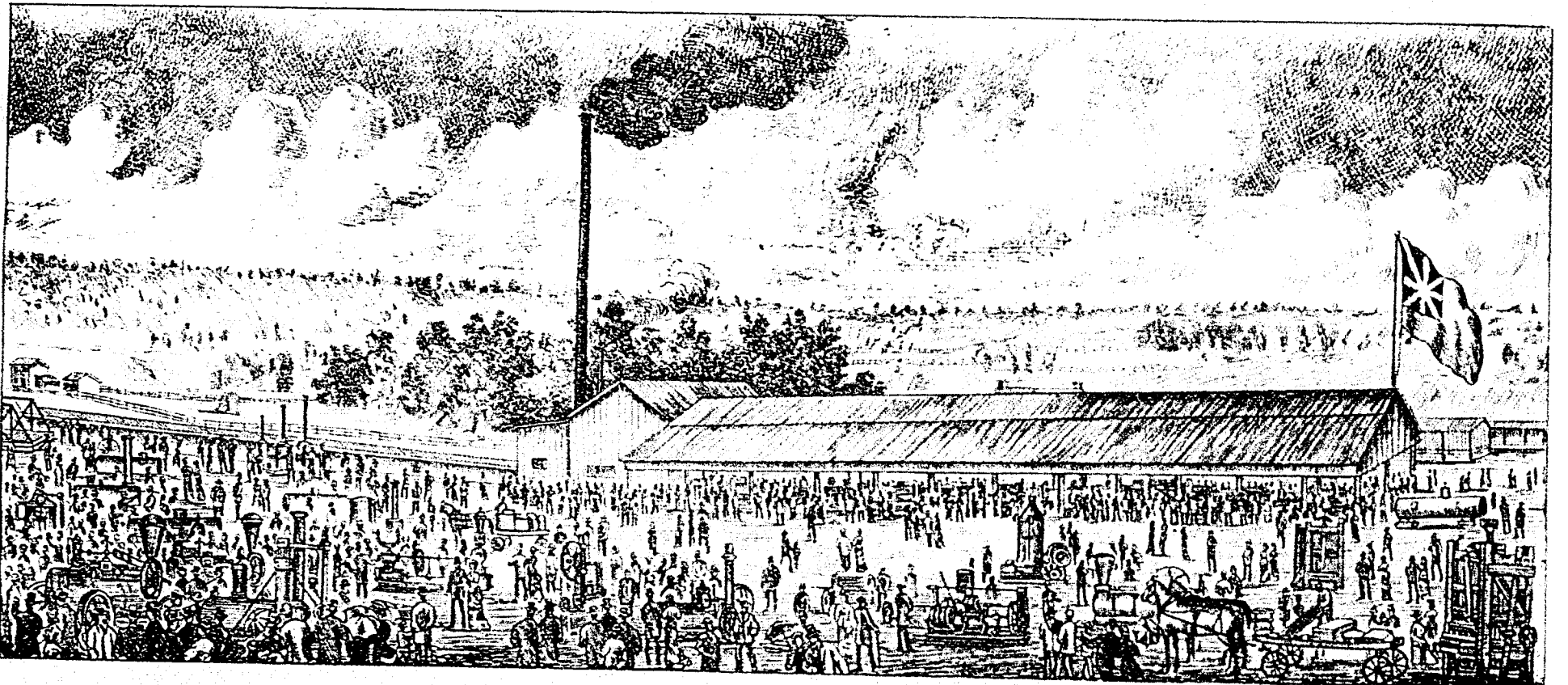
A correspondent wants to know the best time to pick pears. Around here from 1 to 3 a. m. is usually considered the most favorable, though it depends somewhat upon whether the owner keeps a dog. As there is no moon now, there is no reason why any of our subscribers who can climb should not have a full supply of this delicious fruit.

"I've heard, captain," said an English traveller to the captain of a steamer running on the upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very shoal water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep?"—"Two or three feet deep!" exclaimed the captain in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a pin for a boat out here that couldn't run on the sweat of a water pitcher!"

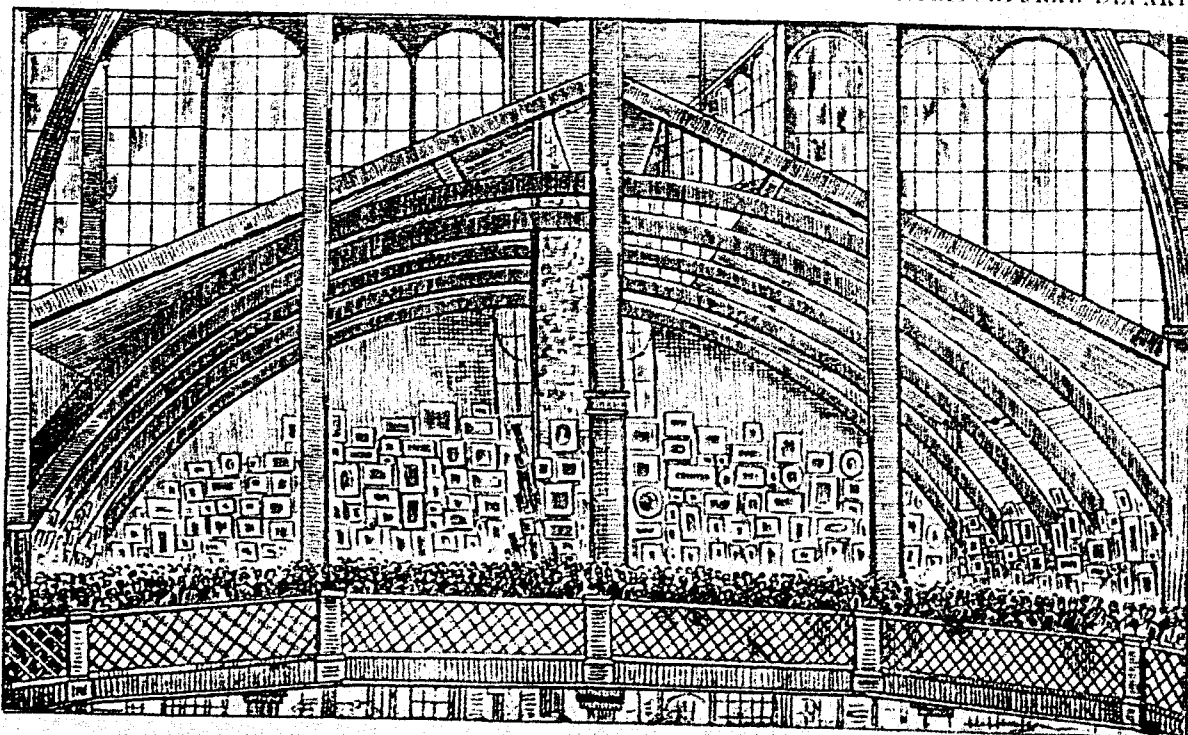
EDMUND BURKE stirred all the chivalry of Europe by his superb denunciation of the treatment of Marie Antoinette, and yet when he beheld a woman tumbling from a third-story window he did not interpose his own manly form to break her fall, but excitedly bawled out at one of the bystanders, "Catch her, you black-guard!" None of us know just what we will do until the occasion arrives to do it, except when we step out of bed on a tack.



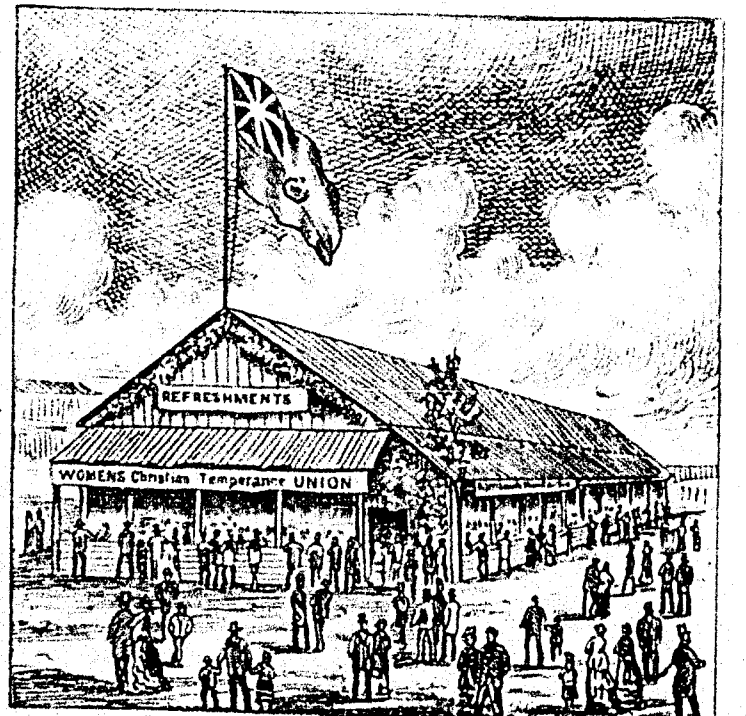
TRIAL OF CARRIAGE HORSES



MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

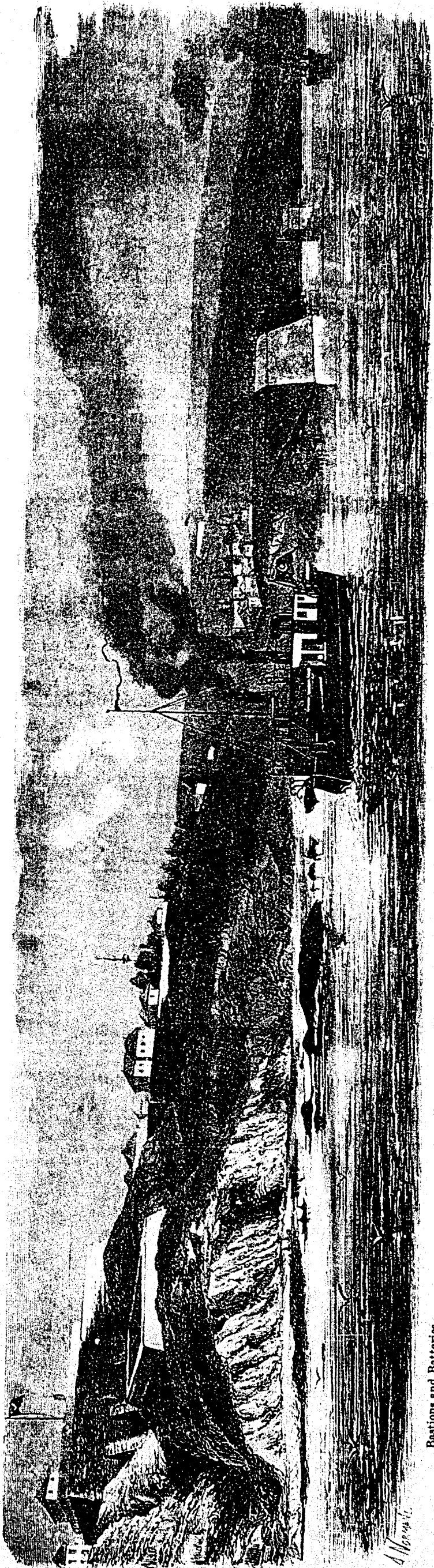


FINE ART GALLERY



Y. M. C. A. REFRESHMENT BOOTH.

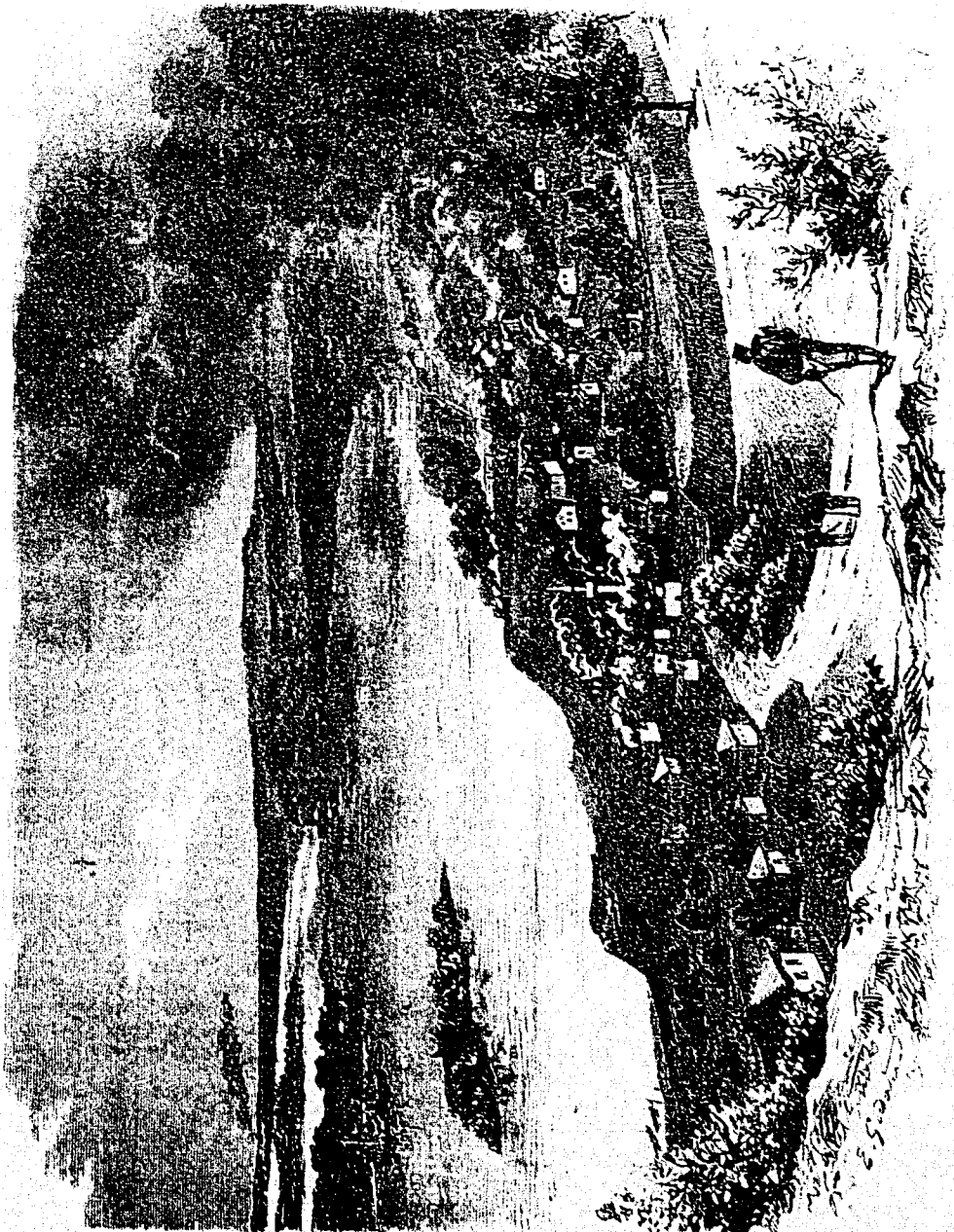
HAMILTON:—SKETCHES AT THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—By J. G. MacKAY.



Bastions and Batteries.

A TURKISH MONITOR STATIONED ON THE DANUBE AT ROUSTCHOUK.

Fortress of Roustchouk.



THE TOWN OF FLORENTIN THE DAY AFTER ITS BOMBARDMENT BY THE TURKS.



BRIDGE OVER THE DRINA.

THE EASTERN WAR.

THE FAITHFUL AMBROSE.

Madame de Varonne was one of those who followed James the Second into exile. During the life of her husband, who was a French gentleman descended from a patrician family, she was in comfortable circumstances; but having become a widow, and being left without any protection, she had not sufficient interest to obtain from the French Court any part of the pension which her husband had enjoyed; she, however, wrote to the minister, and sent several petitions, to which they replied that she must place her demand before the King. Thus for two years she buoyed herself up with hope. At length, having renewed her demands, she received so formal and so positive a refusal, that it was no longer possible to blind herself to her fate. Her situation was deplorable; she had been compelled to part in succession with her jewellery and part of her furniture; and there now remained for her no visible means of subsistence.

Madame de Varonne, shortly after the death of her husband, had dismissed all her servants, with the exception of the cook, one other maid, and Ambrose, the principal of all, who had lived with her for twenty years. At length, the time came when she found it necessary to part with even these three. One day in the winter, Ambrose came into the room, and was about to place some wood on the fire, when Madame de Varonne said to him, "Ambrose, do you know how much I owe to the cook?"

"You owe nothing, madame, either to her, Marie, or me. You paid us our wages yesterday."

"Ah, so much the better—I had forgotten. Well, Ambrose, you must tell the cook and Marie that I no longer require their services; and you, Ambrose, must seek another place."

"Another place! and why! No; I will die in your service. I will never leave you, madame, whatever may happen."

"Ambrose, you do not know how I am situated."

"Madame, you do not know Ambrose. If they refuse you your pension, so that you have not the means of paying your servants, send away the others; but I do not deserve to be treated in the same manner; I am not mercenary."

"But, Ambrose, I am ruined, totally ruined. I have sold nearly all that I possessed, and they withhold my pension."

"Well," cried Ambrose, in a broken voice, "you shall not suffer; I can work."

"Ambrose," said madame, intercepting him, "I have never doubted your attachment, but I will not abuse it. This is what I wish you to do for me. Go and hire for me a small room; I have still a little money which will last two or three months. I will spin; find me some customers in St. Germain: this is all you can do for me."

While his mistress was speaking, Ambrose looked at her in silence; and, when she had ended, fell at her feet.

"Ah! my honoured mistress," he cried, "allow me to serve you to the end of your days. For twenty years you have clothed, fed, and made me happy. I have too often abused your patience and kindness; but if you will pardon all the faults which my bad temper has caused me to commit, I will endeavour to correct them."

He then arose, bathed in tears, and rushed from the room.

In a few minutes Ambrose returned, and, placing a little leather bag on the mantelpiece, said, "Thanks to you and my late master, I have here thirty louis. You gave me this money and it belongs to you."

"Oh, Ambrose, it is the fruit of your twenty years' saving!"

"When you had money, madame, you gave it to me; now you have none, I restore it to you. I know that this small sum cannot last long; but listen to my plan for the future. You may remember, madame, that I am the son of a brazier, and I have not forgotten my father's trade. Well, now, I will work seriously."

Madame de Varonne, incapable of expressing her gratitude in words, answered only by her tears. The next day the two female servants were dismissed. Ambrose then hired in St. Germain a small but clean and airy room on the third storey, and placed in it the small remains of furniture which his mistress yet retained.

To this room he conducted Madame de Varonne; she found there a good bed, a large and comfortable sofa, and a small table, on which was an inkstand and paper, above which were ranged her books on a small stand against the wall; a large chest, which contained her wardrobe, a quantity of thread for spinning, a silver plate, (for Ambrose would not allow her to eat off pewter), and the purse which contained the thirty louis. In a corner of the room behind the curtain was hidden the small earthen vessel in which madame was to cook.

"See," said Ambrose, "this is all I have been able to procure for the money you gave me—there is only one room; but the servant can sleep on a mattress, which is rolled up behind the bed."

"The servant, did you say?" cried Madame de Varonne.

"Certainly, madame; how can you do without a servant to cook for you, to run errands, to dress you?"

"But, Ambrose, consider."

"Oh, but this servant will not cost you much; she is only thirteen years old. You will give her no wages, and there will be plenty for her to eat from what you leave. For myself, I

have made my arrangements. Nicault, a brazier, who is a very rich and good man, and my countryman, will allow me to sleep and take my meals in his home, which is only a step from hence, and he will give me twenty sous a day. Living is now very cheap in St. Germain; and so much the better, that we have a little ready money. I did not wish to tell you all this before Susanne, your new servant; but now I will go and fetch her."

Ambrose then went out, and soon returned with a pretty little girl, whom he presented to Madame de Varonne, saying, "Here is the little girl of whom I told you, madame; her father and mother are poor, but industrious, and they have six children; and you will be doing a kind action if you will take this one into your service."

After the introduction, Ambrose, in a grave tone, exhorted Susanne to conduct herself well. He then went away to his friend Nicault's.

From this day there was a perceptible change in the conduct and manner of Ambrose; he did not appear to be the same person. His sullen temper and rough address had vanished, and he now behaved with respect and delicacy; he seemed to feel by instinct that no one can be truly generous who humiliates or embarrasses the person whom he seeks to oblige.

The day after Madame de Varonne had taken possession of her new dwelling, Ambrose remained steadily at his work; but in the evening he came in, and begging madame to send Susanne away, he drew from his pocket twenty sous wrapped in paper, and placed them on the table, saying, "This is my day's wages."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he recalled Susanne, and went away. After such a day's work, how peaceful should he sleep, and how sweet the waking!

Ambrose, faithful to the duties which he had imposed on himself, came every day to see Madame de Varonne, and placed with her the produce of his labour, only reserving, at the end of every month, the necessary sum for paying his washerwoman, and a few bottles of beer for Sundays and holidays. He did not even take this small sum as a right, but he asked it from Madame de Varonne as a gift.

In vain was madame much distressed at accepting so much from the generous Ambrose; in vain she represented that she could support herself on less. He either appeared not to hear her, or listened with such apparent pain, that she was compelled to be silent on the subject.

In the hope of procuring little more ready money for Ambrose, Madame de Varonne worked without ceasing at her spinning. Susanne helped her, and sold the work for her; but when Madame de Varonne exaggerated to Ambrose the sum she had gained from this little trade, he simply replied, "So much the better," and turned the conversation.

Time brought no change in his conduct; and during four years he never failed in a single particular. At length the moment came when Madame de Varonne was to experience the most bitter grief.

One evening, when she was expecting Ambrose, as usual, Nicault's servant entered her room. He came to tell her that Ambrose was ill, and was in bed. On hearing this, Madame de Varonne desired the servant to take her to Nicault's house, and sent Susanne for a doctor. When she arrived, Nicault (who had ever seen her before) was much astonished. She told him that she wished to be shown into Ambrose's room.

"But, madame, that is impossible."

"Why so?"

"You will have to mount a ladder to reach the loft."

"Mount a ladder? Oh, poor Ambrose, I will go; lead the way."

"But listen, madame. You will not be able to stand upright when you are there; Ambrose sleeps in such a small room."

At these words, Madame de Varonne burst into tears, and entreated Nicault to guide her. He led her to the foot of a small ladder, which she had great trouble in mounting. She found Ambrose stretched on a mattress in a corner of the wretched loft.

"Ah! Ambrose, you told me that your lodging was a good one."

The poor fellow was unable to reply to his mistress; for upwards of an hour his senses had been wandering. Susanne at length returned with a doctor. This latter was much surprised, on entering the garret, to see so well-dressed a lady standing by the mattress of a poor brazier, and appeared overwhelmed with grief. He approached the sick man, and, examining him attentively, said, "that his aid had been called too late."

Imagine the state of madame on hearing the fatal words!

"It is his own fault," said Nicault. "More than a week ago he was ill, and I wished him to leave his work, but he persisted in going on. The fact is," Nicault continued, "Ambrose undertook more work than he could manage, and that has killed him."

His words struck into the heart of Madame de Varonne. Approaching the doctor, bathed in tears, and with clasped hands, she implored him not to leave Ambrose. The doctor was a humane man, so that he was easily persuaded to pass part of the night with the sick man.

Madame de Varonne sent to her own house for some bed-clothing, and assisted Susanne to make up a bed for Ambrose, into which the doctor and Nicault carefully lifted him. Madame then threw herself on a wooden bench, and gave free vent to her tears.

About four o'clock in the morning, the doctor departed, having bled his patient, promising to return at noon. You may suppose that Madame de Varonne never quitted Ambrose for a moment; she passed forty-eight hours at his bedside without receiving the smallest hope from the doctor. At length, on the third day, there was an apparent change, and in the evening he was pronounced out of danger.

I will not attempt to describe Madame de Varonne's joy on seeing Ambrose so far recovered. She wished to watch by him that night; but as he was now perfectly sensible, he would not consent to it; she therefore returned home, overwhelmed with fatigue. The doctor came to see her the next day, and she felt so grateful to him for the care and attention which he had bestowed on Ambrose, that she was determined to gratify his curiosity by relating her history.

Three days after, the good doctor, who did not usually reside at St. Germain, returned to Paris, leaving Madame de Varonne quite well, and Ambrose convalescent. The former now, however, found herself almost as destitute a condition as before. She had expended the little ready money which she possessed, with the exception of a few sous. One evening, when she was occupied with her sad thoughts, Susanne entered breathless with haste, and told her that a lady wished to see her.

"It must be a mistake," said Madame de Varonne.

"No," said Susanne, "for she asked me, 'Does Madame de Varonne live here, in the third storey above the court?' She is come in a carriage, and I answered her, 'It is here that she lives.' She replied, 'Will you ask Madame de Varonne to allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with her?'"

Just as Susanne had ceased speaking, they heard a gentle tap at the door, and on opening it a lady advanced with a graceful air. As soon as Susanne had gone, the stranger said, "I am charmed, madame, to be able to announce to you that the King has at length been informed of your situation, and he wishes to repair the injustice with which you have been treated."

"Oh, Ambrose!" cried Madame de Varonne, raising her eyes to heaven, with the most heartfelt expression of joy and gratitude.

At this expression of feeling the stranger appeared deeply moved, and taking her hand, said, "Come, madame, let me take you to the new apartments prepared for you."

"Ah, lady! if I dared, I would ask permission. I have a benefactor; allow me to acquaint him with this joyful news."

"I will leave you at liberty to do so," said the lady; "and I will only conduct you to your carriage, which awaits at the door to take you to your new home."

"My carriage!—new home!"

"Yes, madame; but do not lose more time; let us go."

As she said this, she gave her arm to Madame de Varonne, who could hardly stand, and led her down the stairs.

When they reached the door, the stranger said to the footman who was in a tendance, "Call Madame de Varonne's servants."

The astonishment of the latter increased every moment; it seemed like a dream. Some servants dressed in grey livery approached a simple but elegant carriage. The lady accompanied her to the door, made Madame de Varonne enter it, and then proceeded to her own equipage.

Madame de Varonne's new servant then asked her where he should drive her to.

"To the house of Nicault, the brazier."

The first person she saw, on entering the shop, was Ambrose himself, still weak, but trying to work at his trade.

"Ambrose," she cried, joyfully, "follow me! Leave off work; you have no longer occasion to do it."

Ambrose, much astonished, in vain demanded an explanation, and begged to be allowed to change his working dress. Madame de Varonne was not in a condition either to listen or reply. She seized his arm, and led him into the carriage.

When the servant asked, "Will you be driven to your new house, madame?" she started, and looking at Ambrose, said, "Yes, drive us to our house."

During the drive, Madame de Varonne told Ambrose of the visit she had received. He listened with joy, mingled with doubt, for he could hardly believe in such good fortune.

At length, the carriage stopped at the entrance of a pretty little house in St. Germain. They alighted, and went into a room, where they found the stranger awaiting them.

She advanced towards Madame de Varonne, and gave her a paper saying, "Here, Madame, is what the King has been pleased to present you with—it is an order for ten thousand pounds, and you are at liberty to give the half of it to any person you may wish to favour."

"Oh, how gracious of his Majesty!" cried Madame de Varonne. "Here, then, lady, is the grateful, virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favour of his sovereign."

At these words, Ambrose, who until now had concealed himself behind his mistress, came forward a few steps, with an embarrassed air, and in spite of his great joy, he was painfully confused on hearing himself praised in this manner; and he was vexed to appear before the lady, at his first interview in so dirty a condition, and without his wig.

The lady approached him. "Stop, Ambrose; let me look at you."

Indeed, madame," he replied, lowering his

head, "there is nothing wonderful in what I have done; it was but natural."

Here Madame de Varonne interrupted him, to relate with much ardour all that she owed to Ambrose.

The stranger was much affected with the recital. "Adieu, madame," she said, at length. "This house and all that it contains, belong to you, and you will soon receive the first quarter of your pension." On saying this she retreated towards the door.

Hardly was she gone when the door re-opened, and the physician to whom Ambrose owed his life, entered.

They rightly suspected that it was this good man who had told everything to the King. After having gratefully thanked him for his great kindness, they questioned him about the lady, and he replied, "that she was the Queen, and that she lived at Versailles. For ten years I have been her doctor; I knew how benevolent she was, and I knew she would feel interested in your history. In short, as soon as she was acquainted with it, she bought this little house, and obtained from the King your pension."

As he finished this recital, a servant entered, and said that supper was served.

Madame de Varonne kept the doctor to this meal; and leaning on the arm of Ambrose, walked into the dining-room, and made the latter sit by her side.

The next day, Ambrose, as you may imagine, was dressed as became his new position. His apartment was furnished and arranged with as much care as taste, and Madame de Varonne shared with him all her life what she possessed; finally, she never received or saw any money that she did not recall the day when Ambrose brought her his twenty sous, saying, "This is my day's wages."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The talented flutist, Louis Joseph Coninx, has died at Paris, in his seventy-third year.

HERR BANDMANN is going back to Germany, and will play "Hamlet" in his native tongue, at Berlin.

THE marriage of Mdlle. Albani to Mr. Ernest Gye, will take place towards the end of October.

IN Von Bulow's illness a favourable turn has taken place although he will have to give up the profession for some time to come.

THE remains of Bellini, the composer, who died at Puteaux, near Paris, in 1835, have been exhumed and conveyed to Catania, Sicily, Bellini's birth-place.

THE death is announced of M. Michel Engalbert, the oldest living French organist at the age of 96. He played the organ at Notre Dame at the coronation of Napoleon I.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, after being absent from England for four years, during which she has travelled round the world, is going to make her appearance at St. James's Hall on October 12th.

A strike has taken place at the National Theatre at Prague. The female members of the chorus refused to sing because the manager had mentioned them on the bills as the "female chorus singers" instead of terming them respectfully the "ladies of the chorus."

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN having had accepted by the Théâtre Français a piece entitled "Ami Fritz," founded on one of their novels, the Bonapartists and Monarchists have been making great efforts to prevent the performance. These intrigues have proved fruitless, for the Théâtre Français persists in accepting the piece.

At Douglas, Isle of Man, the *Aminta* in the "Sonnambula," after singing the beautiful sleep song in a supposed state of somnambulism, stretched herself gently on the Count's bed; but no sooner had she done so than a loud crash was heard, and she rose from the broken couch, indignantly saying: "I will never come on this stage again."

THE arrangement on which Mr. John Raymond played Mark Twain's "Gilded Age" was that the star should pay the author 50 per cent. of the profit. The *Dramatic News* says that Mr. Raymond recently demurred to such a heavy royalty, and that he and the author each selected two arbitrators to make new terms. A mutual agreement reduces the payment to 25 per cent. of the profit.

THE statue of Bossi, the Minister of Pius IX., who was assassinated in Rome, in 1848, has been unveiled at Carrara. His death was dramatic. He had just been blessed by the Pope at the Quirinal, and was driving through the Campo de Fiori when he was bisected on the very spot where Brutus killed Caesar. A crowd pressed nearer the carriage, and a stiletto struck him in the throat, severing the carotid artery.

THE exact time occupied in the performance of Wagner's Tetralogical Trilogy was as follows:—"Das Rheingold," 2 hours; "Die Walküre," first act, 1 hour 5 minutes; second act, 1 hour 25 minutes; third, 1 hour 10 minutes; "Siegfried," first act, 1 hour 30 minutes; second act, 1 hour 10 minutes; third act, 1 hour 17 minutes; "Götterdämmerung," first act, 1 hour 55 minutes; second act, 1 hour; third act, 1 hour 15 minutes. Total—13 hours 50 minutes.

Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer N. Y., have struck another vein of gold. The spectacle of "Sardanapalus," which cost them, possibly, \$40,000, has already (and it is now but in the sixth week of its run) realized nearly \$100,000, and the advance sale of places is for performances far into October. It is estimated that, up to Thursday evening, 117,000 people had seen the play, or an average of \$3,000 a night, and the presence of so many strangers in town, either on the way to or from the Centennial Exhibition, gives promise of increasing business.

SOTHERN thus explained to a reporter why he wears a moustache in "David Garrick." "When I play Garrick for a 'run' I invariably shave, but if I have to jump back to *Dundreary* in a few nights and then back to Garrick I do not, simply because I cannot act *Dundreary* with a false moustache. It irritates me to that extent that I lose all facial expression. Of course I am fully aware that I might as well wear a helmet in Garrick, but I think you will admit that it is an unavoidable drawback under the above-mentioned circumstances."

SAYS Dion Boucicault: The American public have been so accustomed to see the scenes of their plays laid abroad, that they have almost come to the belief that there is nothing dramatic in life in that country. Show them a scene abroad and they are spectators to be pleased; put upon the stage American life, and you convert your friendly spectators into analytical critics. The dramatist who lays his scene there handicaps himself severely. All that the Americans seem to recognize as

dramatic there is the caricature of character, and that is what the successful plays are—caricatures of eccentric character set in a weak dramatic framework.

The Blaque Bey, whose name appears in connection with the hideous Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, once figured in the United States in very different scenes. In August, 1870, a concert was given at the old Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, for the benefit of the little Episcopal Church at Lexington, Virginia, in which Gen. Lee worshipped. The soprano singer was a lady from Brooklyn; the alto, Miss Maria Hunt, of Lexington, Kentucky, a cousin of the famous rabber, John Morgan; the tenor, a gentleman from Savannah, Georgia; and the bass was Bey, then representative of the Turkish Government at Washington. The concert put \$900 into the pocket of the church.

Minnie Reade died at Paris on Aug. 24th. She was the wife of Lieut. Phillip Reade, who is at San Diego, Cal., in charge of the military telegraph construction company. Several years ago in Tokyo, Kim, he was charmed with the sweet singing of Minnie Reade, a girlish character, and, on becoming acquainted with the young lady, he found that she was struggling against poverty to make headway in her profession. It was her desire to study in some of the European schools of music. The young officer laid his fortune at her feet, but she declined this offer and continued to help herself. He kept up his acquaintance with her, and in time she accepted his love. They were married in New York. At noon on the wedding day the bride sailed for Italy and the husband started for Arizona, where he had been ordered on military duty. Frequent letters brought him tidings of her success. She secured an engagement to sing in theatres. During the past year every letter exchanged referred to the happiness reserved for the reunion. She had returned to come to the United States in November next.

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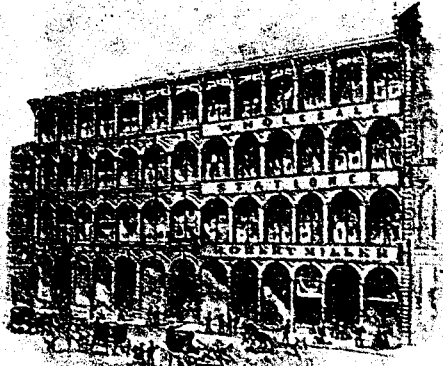
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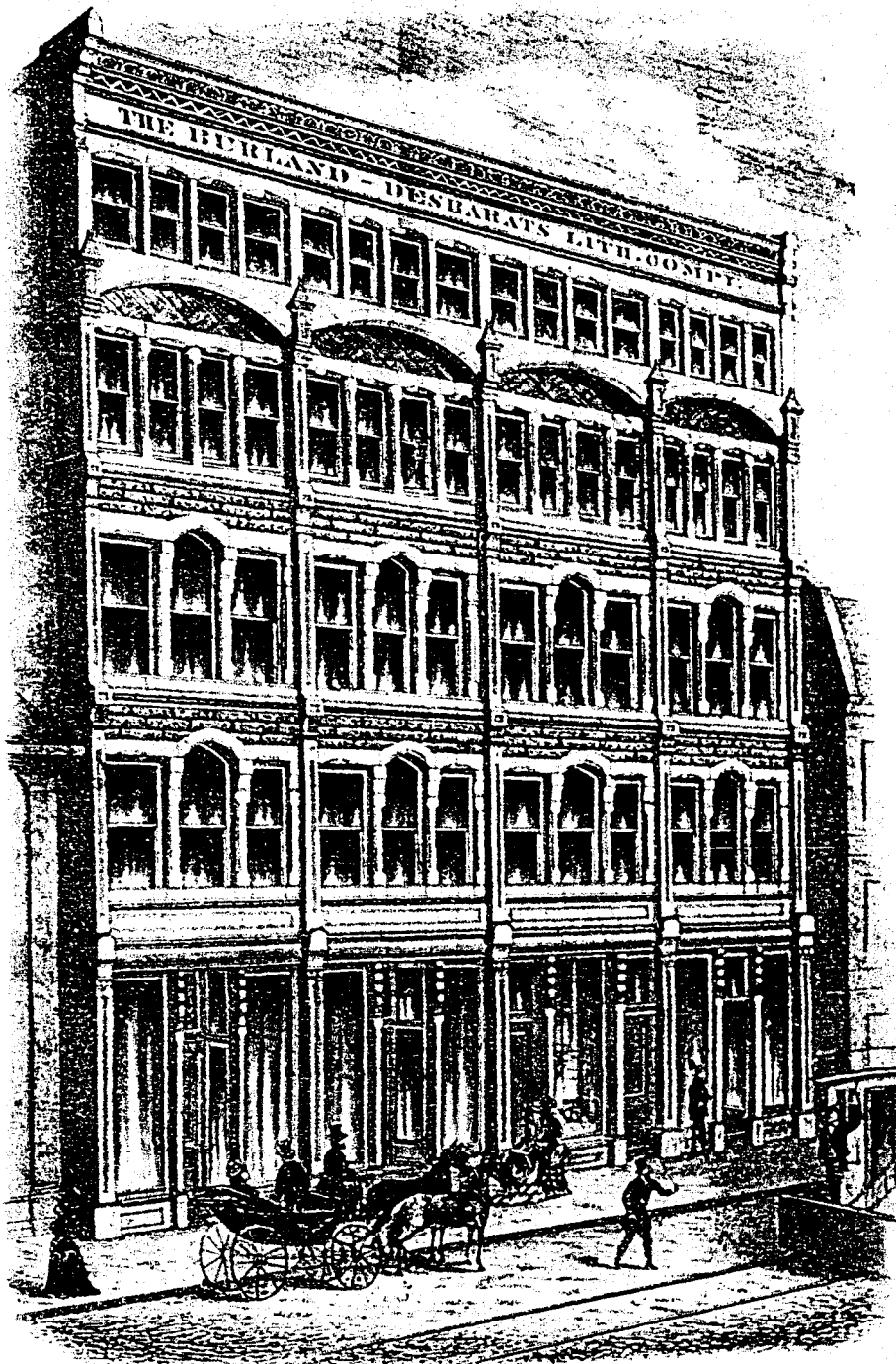


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