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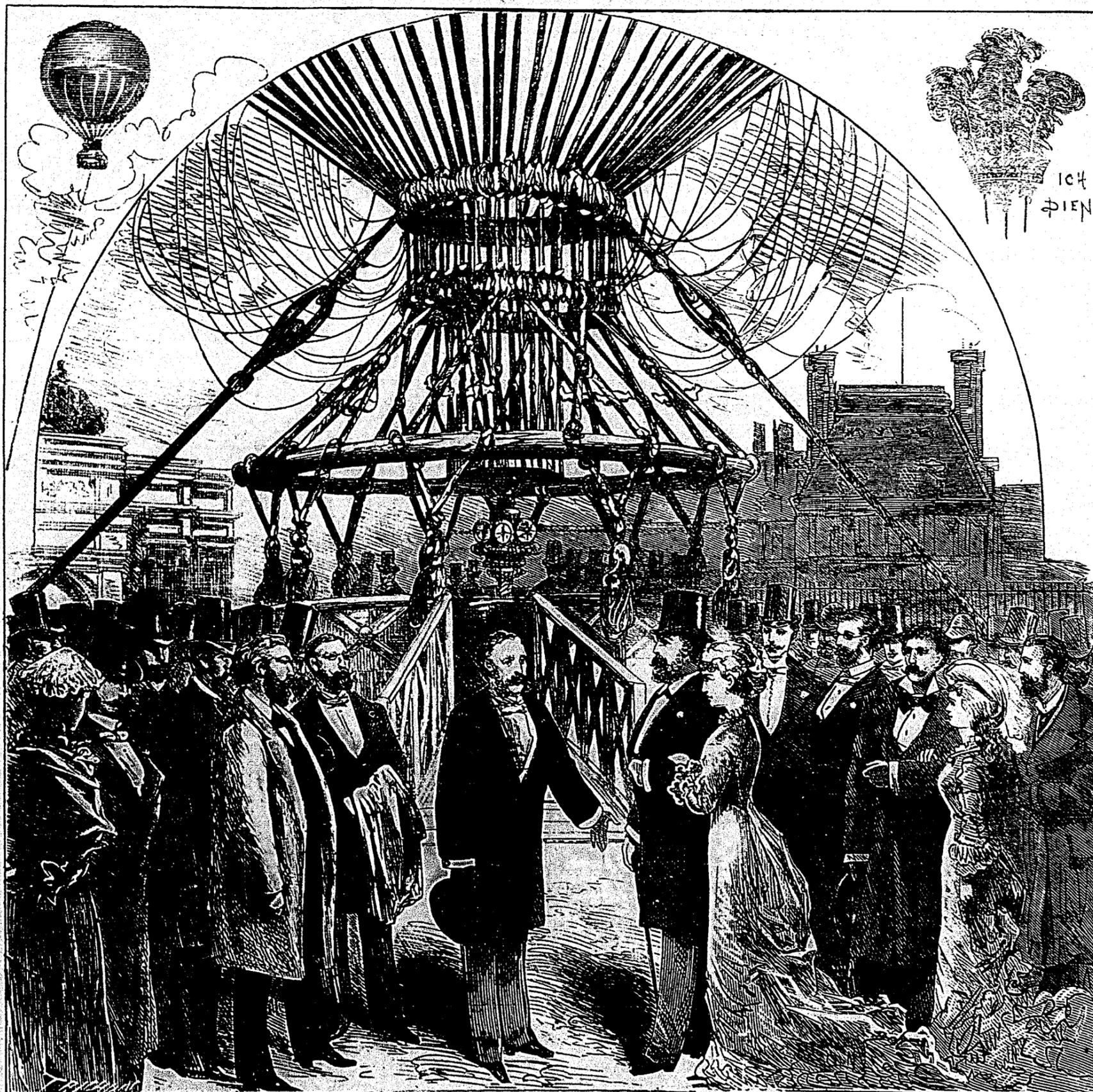
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# Illustrated News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

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



PARIS.—RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AND OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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

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

## NOTICE.

Complete arrangements have been made to present our readers with illustrations of the Arrival and Reception of Their Excellencies

### THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE

at Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa. The next two or three numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will therefore prove of exceptional interest. In the next number we shall give views of the Halifax and Montreal receptions. Meantime, our subscribers and agents may look out for their supply.

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 30, 1878.

### A NATION'S WELCOME.

The issue of the present number of this journal is almost simultaneous with the arrival on our shores of our new Governor-General, the Marquis of LORNE, and his royal consort, the Princess LOUISE. The noble vessel which bore them from Liverpool was moored in Halifax harbour on the evening of last Saturday, where a magnificent welcome was extended to them, and within a few days they will have passed through Montreal to their permanent residence in Ottawa. The two latter cities will have the honour of extending formal receptions, and while, if circumstances had allowed it, every city, town and hamlet on the line of travel would have turned out to do them homage, it is some satisfaction that both the commercial metropolis and the political capital are abundantly able and willing to represent the affection and fealty of the whole Dominion. Within the measure of our capabilities we intend recording pictorially the progress of their Excellencies from the sea to the banks of the Ottawa, making a beginning in the present number, and our distant readers will then have an opportunity of witnessing at least on paper what they were denied a sight of in person. What is a duty on our part will prove a pleasure to thousands of our friends, and in this way all of us shall have had a part in welcoming the Princess and the Marquis to our country. And this welcome is very sincere. There are times when we feel that a closer union with the Empire is a benefit to Canada. The presence of a favourite daughter and of a distinguished son-in-law of the Queen is a new link that binds us to the Mother Country. We may be certain that the appointment was not made without due deliberation and in pursuance of that Imperial policy which has so exalted the prestige of Britain within the past twelve months. It is a tribute to the worth of the Colonies as integral portions of the Empire, and Canada may take it as a subject of special boast that she has been signalled out the first in these significant appointments.

Their Excellencies come at a propitious

time. Lord DUFFERIN left the Canadians in the best of patriotic moods, to which he himself greatly contributed. It is true that the standard he set up is an exceptionally high one, but we make no doubt that the Marquis of LORNE will be able to maintain himself at, at least, the same elevation, aided by the prestige, the graces and the recognized abilities of Her Royal Highness.

Furthermore the country has opened a new political chapter. One administrative era is terminated, the general elections have taken place, and a new government is just beginning to move into the grooves of office. This simplifies the situation for the Governor-General. All he will have to do is to take his place at the head of the new order of things. What change may be in store in the future is unknown, but for the present, there are few complications in the way of our new rulers. What will vastly facilitate their administration is the universal sympathy and affection of the Canadian people upon whom they can rely in any and every emergency. The welcome which is now echoing throughout the land on their arrival is only the expression of the loyalty with which they will be cheered and strengthened throughout their term of office.

### ART CONVERSAZIONE.

The second Conversazione connected with MRS. LOVELL'S Art classes took place on Friday evening, the 22nd instant. There was a large attendance of connoisseurs and other lovers of the fine arts. A very interesting and able paper was read by Mr. Thos. D. King, upon Prints and Engraving. The first part of the paper was chiefly confined to the different modes of engraving upon steel and copper plates from which impressions or "prints" are taken, and the mysteries of Etching, Dry point, Mezzotint, Dotting, Stippling, Aqua Tinta, and Lithography were lucidly explained. Then followed a description of wood engraving, and references were made to the revival of wood engraving by Bewick, to whom a just tribute was paid, as a man whose works will be admired as long as truth and nature shall continue to charm, and as an engraver on wood whose ingenuity as an artist, in the department of natural history he selected for his burin, namely, British Birds, has never been excelled. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" for June, 1828, thus apostrophizes the genius that dwelt on the banks of the Tyne:—"Matchless, inimitable Bewick! His books are never out of place or time. Happy old man! The delight of childhood, manhood, decaying age! A moral in every tail-piece, a sermon in every vignette." The conscientious love of art, which ought to be an ennobling study and the most unsordid of all pursuits, was exemplified in Lucas van Leyden, who was so jealous of his just fame, that, in working off impressions from his plates, he always destroyed such as did not fully satisfy his own idea of perfection; and also in John Taylor Wedgwood, a relative of the famous old Josiah, the potter, who would never engrave a portrait, if the original oil painting or drawing was not life-like. Mr. King said that if the engravers of the present day followed these examples, we should not have our auction rooms glutted with prints from worn out, retouched, and repaired plates, neither should we have our good taste and better feelings offended by the contemptible prints which embellish and adorn much of our modern literature, nor should we have our shop windows dressed with bad impressions of plates produced by a combination of mezzo-tinto, aqua tinta, etching, scraping, stippling and any means, whether artist-like or not, so they be cheap and expeditious—any kind of work provided "there's money in it." MR. KING pointed out that the natural effect of these indifferent and bad prints was not only to debase and mislead the public taste, but to degrade the noble art of engraving. He regretted that some steps were not being taken to emanci-

pate art from its incongruous alliance with commercial speculations, and contended that the glories of art ought to be sought for their own sake, though he was afraid that a return to the purer and nobler principles which actuated the old engravers must be by the influence of some better spirit than that which now walks the earth. The good old engravers considered it necessary, in order to duly exercise their profession, to acquire, as a ground work, the most important qualities that go to form a painter; they thought it indispensable to make themselves proficient in drawing. Our modern engravers are less sensitive of their reputations than were the old masters. As Mr. KING'S paper will, probably, appear in print, we will content ourselves with the following passage from it:—"Cicero, in one of his orations, speaking of the *Belles Lettres*, remarks 'that they nourish us in our youth and invigorate old age, they embellish the most fortunate situation and console us under disaster and persecution; and even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in a just admiration, finding that, to those who possess them, they afford the most delicious gratifications.' These sentiments of the great orator and accomplished rhetorician may be applied to "engravings." Most persons are pleased with good points—they are not "caviare to the general"—they please the multitude—their universal popularity is, indeed, readily accounted for; they possess qualities calculated to allure all tastes. To the lover of art, they present faithful translations of the works of the great painters of all ages and countries, works dispersed over the whole civilized world and never to be seen except through the medium of the art of engraving; they present portraits of the illustrious and remarkable persons of all times and nations, of all professions and pursuits; they embody and realize the great and interesting events of history, and give substance and form to the imaginations of poetry and romance; they present the scenery of far distant countries, the cities of the world, the habits, ceremonies and features of all the inhabitants of the earth, nay, they are the only medium of presenting to the eye the representation of every object in art and nature which words are inadequate to describe."

The paper was illustrated by many beautiful prints, among which were choice specimens of the burin of Woollett, Sharpe, Shange, Bartolozzi, and some etchings by Lucas van Leyden, Rembrandt and Vandyck. Altogether it was a marked success, and both MRS. LOVELL and MR. KING are to be congratulated and commended for giving to the connoisseurs of Montreal so great a treat as that experienced at the last Conversazione.

### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

ST. NICHOLAS for December whets the appetite for more. There is just enough of Auto-Christmas flavor about it to let you know the merry season is near, and to assure you that the real number of ST. NICHOLAS is yet to come. The December number has eight extra pages and fifty pictures, and begins with a poem of home-life that sings itself into the heart. It is by the editor, and describes what the frontispiece illustrates:—a Scottish lassie in the cottage doorway watching her father rowing across Highland lake, on his way to home and supper. The picture is a wood engraving after a painting by John Philip, R.A. There are several short stories. One of them, illustrated by Sol Eytinge, tells of the curious way in which "Wild Becky," a country Tom-boy, was tamed. In another, Lucretia P. Hale faithfully reports how those well-meaning muddle-heads, "The Peterkins," set about studying the languages, and the dull mishaps that attended their efforts. Next comes a fairy story, with a fine drawing by Jessie Curtis; this tells how little Lizzie became an enchanted chicken, and describes the weird midnight revelry in which she shared. Laura Winthrop Johnson recounts a true story, illustrated with a striking picture by Kelly,—of how Paul Jones and his friend struggled through a dreadful snow storm among the Catskills. But the most attractive stories are those retold by T. F. Crane from the versions familiar to Italian children. They are the dear old fairy tales that everybody knows and loves, but in strange Italian dress, and delicately illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. Mr. Crane also explains

from what ancient sources come these beloved stories. Mary Hallock Foote supplies a short article, illustrated by herself, about the children of a Mexican mining-camp. There is an account of "Mistletoe-Gathering in Normandy," with a picture by W. J. Hennessy. Ernest Ingersoll chats pleasantly about "Snakes and Birds." And Mrs. Treat explains and illustrates some of the wonders she had seen through the microscope. The serial story, "A Jolly Fellowship," by Frank R. Stockton, carries its readers through a "Jolly" installment of fun and travel in the sunny south-land, and adds to its own attractions six telling pictures, two of which represent actual scene in Savannah and St. Augustine, visited by Will and Rectus. As for the "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," their winter fun and frolic and laughable scrapes continue, and the text is enlivened by three fine pictures from the pencil of Frederick Dielman. The young folks themselves contribute greatly to the interest of the departments, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box"; the latter having a curious cipher, and an illustrated problem based on the new silver dollar.

Several articles in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December will be found of special interest to different classes of readers. All who have made mechanics an object of study, theoretical or practical, should read Edward H. Knight's lucid description of the machinery exhibits at the Paris Exposition, which is accompanied with cuts of some of the most striking and novel specimens. Every one who cares about art will find a masterly, yet not too technical, analysis of the characteristics of the different schools of the present day in "Some Aspects of Contemporary Art," by M. G. Van Rensselaer. Those who care to know something of what Spain is doing in the way of literature, and indeed general readers as well, will be charmed with Professor T. F. Crane's account of "A Spanish Story-Teller." Edward King writes pleasantly of "Danubian Days," with the aid of many good illustrations, and Isabella Anderson, a resident of Venezuela, gives a graphic account of the great earthquake which destroyed some of the fairest regions of that country in the spring of the present year. "For Percival" is concluded in this number, which is, we observe, enlarged to admit of its completion with the year. Miss Olney's "Through Winding Ways" grows steadily in interest; "Sister Silvia" is the title of a very touching story, and the poems and shorter papers are numerous and diversified. The new volume promises to be one of great interest, judging from the prospectus; it begins with the January number.

The December SCRIBNER contains fiction by four of the leading American novelists, viz.: Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" (the second installment, which is full of action and increased literary strength); "The Great Deadwood Mystery," by Bret Harte, a complete story in a semi-satirical vein and including one of the most interesting scenes in his writings; "An Irish Hearth," a pathetic Oldport story by T. W. Higginson, and the fifth installment of Mr. Boyesen's "Falconberg." The illustrations of Dr. Brewer's fourth paper on "Bird Architecture" (The Humming-Birds) are regarded by the managers of the Monthly as among the most exquisite cuts yet published by the Magazine. "The Cliff-Dwellers," by Emma Chamberlain Hardacre, embodies the latest discoveries regarding the ruin of the San Juan region, and is written under the sanction of Professor Hayden. Graphic drawings by Thomas Moran supplement the text. "Caribou-Hunting" is described in personal narrative by Charles C. Ward, whose "Moose-Hunting," a year ago, will be remembered by sportmen; the author and Henry Sandham furnish the drawings. This is another proof of SCRIBNER'S attention to matters of Canadian interest. "The Douglass Squirrel of California," has found a friend in John Muir, who writes with enthusiasm and with rare knowledge of this little forest-planter. Mr. Bolles draws some Indian boys using the Douglass as a target for archery-practice. There is also a sketch of "Dora D'Istria," the eminent philanthropist and social writer of Wallachia, with a portrait after Schiavoni. In public discussion there are some timely papers by experts; "The National Bank Circulation," by Professor W. G. Sumner; "Are Narrow-Gauge Railroads Economical?" by Lorenzo M. Johnson, an engineer who has built both broad and narrow gauges, and a painter's view of "Art at the Paris Exposition." Other papers are "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Ansley Wilcox, "My Look at the Queen," by Treadwell Walden, and "He Playing She," a light sketch of college theatricals in former days. Poems are contributed by "H.H.," L. Frank Tooker (a new poet), Anna Katherine Green, and Henry S. Cornwell. Dr. Holland discusses "The Prudential Element," "Literary Materials and Tools," "Social Needs and Social Leading." In a communication Mr. M. S. Beach relates for the first time the way in which the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo originated, and how a plot to make the Duke of Montpensier Emperor of Mexico was frustrated by President Polk. "Home and Society" has a second installment of "Hints to Young Housekeepers," and an account of "The Maternity Society." "The World's Work" has descriptions of new appliances, including "Street-car Motor," "New Electric Lamp," "Improved Ironing Machine," "Improvement in Making Artificial Stone," "Automatic Device for Reproducing Music," &c., &c. The fresh and carefully prepared accounts in this department are now widely quoted.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.**—The Prince of Wales was determined to leave no Parisian experience untried. A few days before his departure he went up in the captive balloon, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the members of their respective suits. There was no wind; but there were frequent showers of rain, which ended in preventing one—the last of the four free balloons—from being filled. Three, however, were got off, and as two were started at the same moment the spectators below were witnesses to what threatened to be a collision; but the aeronauts managed to avoid any catastrophe.

**THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.**—We need not rehearse the biography of Prince Alfred, so well known to our readers, and so often printed in these columns, but we could not do less than present the portrait of His Royal Highness on the occasion of his arrival in Halifax on the *Black Prince* to take part in the reception of his sister, the Princess Louise, and our new Governor-General.

**HON. M. LAFRANBOISE.**—This very worthy public man, popular with all classes, was born in 1821. He is connected by marriage with the Papineau and Dessaulles families. In 1843 he was called to the Bar, and served for several years as Mayor of St. Hyacinthe. His public life dates as far back as 1857, when he obtained a seat for Bagot and retained it till 1867, when he was defeated. From July, 1863, till March, 1864, he was a member of the Executive Council and Commissioner of Public Works. He went to the Provincial Legislature for Shefford in 1871, and continued there till the elections of last May, when he resigned. Few men have done more disinterested work for the Liberal party than M. Laframboise, and he devoted a considerable fortune to the establishment of *Le National* newspaper. His reward, though tardy, was richly deserved, and on his appointment to a seat on the Bench of the Superior Court of this Province, he received the congratulations of all his political adversaries. In publishing his portrait and this brief biography in the present issue, we desire to add our tribute to the perfect gentleman and the public-spirited citizen.

SHAKESPEARE AT SCHOOL.

So our chestnut-haired, fair, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy went to school, and waited on his father and mother and their guests. Was he like Seager's model lad, or Jacques's "whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school?" (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 145-7.) Did he never, unlike "the blessed sun of heaven, prove a micher [truant], and eat blackberries? ... a question to be asked" (*1 Henry IV.*, II. iv. 419). Did he not play "nine-men's morris?" (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii. 39), and "more sacks to the mill," "hide and seek" (*Love's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. 78), and other games like hockey, foot-ball, &c., that Strutt names, and that we played at school too? Undoubtedly he did; and bird-nested too, I dare say, and joined in May-day, Christmas, and New Year's games; helpt make hay, went to harvest-homes and sheep-shearings (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.), fished (*Much Ado*, III. i. 26-8), ran out with the harriers (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 113-118), and loved a dog and horse (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 44-52; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 119; *Shrew*, Ind. i. 18-31, II. 45; *Richard II.*, V. v. 78-86; *1 Henry IV.*, II. i. 7, &c.), as dearly as ever boy in England did. It is good to think of the bright young soul's boy-life. But in one of those extra-dramatic bits, that he occasionally gives us in his plays, he tells us that in his boy days he did not hear of goitrous throats and travellers' lies:—

*Gonsalo* When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we find  
Each putter out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.—*Tempest*, III. iii. 43-9.

What did Shakespeare learn at school? Latin, of course; and notwithstanding bragging Ben Jonson's sneer of Shakespeare's owning "little Latin and less Greek," it is clear that he must have been well grounded in Latin at least (see Capel on Dr. Farmer's essay on "The Learning of Shakespeare," 1786). On this subject, Mr. Lupton, the editor of Colet, the best authority I know, says:—"I think you would be safe in concluding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught—(1) an 'A B C book,' for which a pupil teacher, or 'A-B-C-darius,' is sometimes mentioned as having a salary; (2) a Catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowell's; (3) the authorised Latin grammar, i.e. Lilly's, put on with a proclamation adapted to each king's reign (I have editions of 1529, 1532, 1655, &c.); (4) some easy Latin construing-book, such as Erasmus's *Colloquies*, Corderius's *Colloquies*, or Baptista Mantuanus, and the familiar 'Cato,' or *Disticha de Moribus*, which is often prescribed in Statutes (a copy I have is dated 1558). The Greek grammar, if any, in use at Stratford, would most likely be Clenard's, i.e. 'Institutiones absolutissimæ in Græcam linguam.'... Nicolao Clenardo auctore (my copy is dated 1543)." The treatment of boys at school was sharp, and Shakespeare, no doubt, got whacks on the hands and back with a cane—to say nothing of being bircht over a desk, or hoisted on another boy's back—for

making mistakes, like the rest of us in later time. English, we may be pretty sure, he was not taught; it is now only gradually finding its way into schools. Of some of the university subjects, the trivials—grammar, "logike, rhetorike,—and the quadrials... I meane arethmetike, musike, geometrie, and astronomie" (*Harrison*, 1577-1587, book ii., p. 78, of my edition), I suppose some smattering was given in the grammar-school, but I know no authority on the point.—Mr. J. Furnivall's Introduction to *The Leopold Shakespeare*.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

"CRUSHED?"—THE EARLY MARRIAGE QUESTION.—LIVELY CORRESPONDENCE.—AN AWFUL EXAMPLE.—A POPULAR MINISTER.—THE WEATHER.—"OUR GIRLS."

It would be difficult to say what the views of its constant readers may be, but, all who take trouble to occasionally scan its columns, must be struck with the manliness, elegance, and brilliancy (!) of the *Globe's* method of dealing with any one who may dare to not think as it does on any subject. Exactly when the crime of being a young man was established, is not quite clear to everyone. It certainly was not in the days of William Pitt. But, at all events, it would appear that, in the estimation of some, it is a terrible thing for a young man to give public expression to an opinion on any question bearing on the future welfare of his country. A few days ago a meeting of delegates to the "Dominion Manufacturers' Association" was held in Toronto. The meeting was a large and influential one, almost every branch of manufacturing enterprise having sent its delegates. The aggregate amount of invested capital represented must have been very large. These gentlemen saw fit to confer upon Mr. W. H. Howland the honor of presiding over their deliberations. That fact was sufficient. Mr. Howland is, comparatively speaking, a young man, and was, therefore, made the subject of about two columns of ridicule in the *Globe*. One of the chief points brought to bear against him was the charge that he sometime ago lent his influence to a movement set on foot for the purpose of endeavouring to stimulate the growth of a national Canadian sentiment. The *Globe* may well look back at that movement with a sneer, for it knows that out of it came one "National" cry which helped to bring victory to the *Globe's* opponents. The scoffing allusion to "Dominion Day" of 1st July was entirely uncalled for and will not be quietly overlooked by the Canadian people. The Society of Canadian Artists, the Dominion Board of Trade, the Dominion Manufacturers' Association, as well as several other important organizations, which have honored Mr Howland, from time to time, must, indeed, feel highly flattered. Mr. H. may rest assured that his many friends will like him none the less on account of the *Globe's* attempt to "crush" him.

The newspapers, of late, have devoted a large amount of space to correspondence on the question of

EARLY MARRIAGES,

and the subject has woke up an immense number of writers. There are letters from "City Girl," "Country Girl," "Old Boy," "One who knows," "One willing to try it," "One who would 'nt," "Dont," &c., &c. Some young men are mean enough to talk about the expense, and are replied to by some sweet, and fair one, who endeavours to prove that two can live as cheaply as one. The knowledge which some of the dear ones display in regard to a young fellow's expenses is truly marvellous. Some old bachelor complains that mothers are responsible for the fact that all girls hope to marry rich, thereby unfitting them to be poor men's wives. One young fellow consoles himself with the words of the song of the merry Swiss boy—

The best they say  
Are given away,  
Not kept for sale  
On a market day.

To do them justice, a large number of the young lady writers are eloquent in their admiration of love in a cottage, and then will follow a letter from some miserable cynic who hopes they may not be disappointed. "Barristers" write about the impossibility of supporting a wife on a small salary, and then, soon after, will appear half a dozen sweet effusions from the same number of little darlings, all of whom show, in plain black and white, what little cost they have been to their parents, and how they abhor extravagance of every kind. One poor fellow, who has evidently been jilted, comforts himself with the reflection that

There are as good fish in the brook  
As ever yet were caught.

And the idea straightway carries consolation to numerous others. If life was not quite so short one might possibly find time to read at least one half of what is now being written on this truly interesting subject, but, under the circumstances the most that can be done is to glance over, and peruse such as strikes one's fancy most. However, from the amount of attention we have given the correspondence, we are led to believe that the girls have got the best of the argument, so far, and, doubtless, the result of it all would have been a brisk business for issuers of marriage licenses but for an

AWFUL EXAMPLE

of connubial infidelity, exposed in the papers a few days ago. It is another edition of the old,

old story. It appears that about a year or so ago, a man by the name of Docherty *duly* wooed and won a maiden by the name of Dooley, and the happy couple were married at the little village of Waterdown, about seven miles from this city. Soon after, the pair went to the State of Michigan in the hope of bettering their position. While there a little baby was born to them. Not being satisfied with the farming land out there, they resolved to return to Canada as speedily as possible. On the way back, while in a Michigan town, Docherty accidentally went into a street-car and was astonished to find his wife there, with the arms of a strange man about her waist. Docherty would have been very indignant had it not been that his wife assured him that the stranger was only "petting the baby." The stranger disappeared soon after, and nothing more was thought about the matter. In due time they reached the town of Guelph from which place they were to proceed to Hamilton by stage. Just before the stage started, Docherty, who had been lingering in a neighbouring tavern, made his appearance, and was astonished to find his wife and baby monopolized by another man. In fact Mrs. Docherty ignored him completely, and, when he had created a row about it, the driver got down, ejected Docherty, and drove off without him. He procured another conveyance as soon as he could and followed his runaway wife.

The stage had got too much the start of him and finding that he could not overtake it, he telegraphed the Chief of Police as follows—

"A red haired woman with a baby stole two thousand dollars. Stop her."

The Chief of Police, of course, did all he could to help the disconsolate husband, but no trace of the truant could be found. Of course Docherty does not care anything about the loss of his two thousand dollars, it is only the loss of his "better half," the partner of his joys and sorrows, that grieves him so much. It is now to be feared that many of the young fellows who were "nearly persuaded" by the prettily worded arguments may just stop and reflect upon this remarkable instance of woman's constancy.

It is almost a pity that just when the matrimonial field gave such bright promise of a rich harvest, the nipping frost of this unfortunate incident should come and blight, aye, perhaps, ruin the golden prospect. However, although the tone of the letters is not quite so hopeful since the occurrence, still the number of correspondents does not appear to have diminished, and, perhaps, after all, the awful example may soon be forgotten, and it may not leave very serious effect in the minds of the young.

One of the most popular ministers in the city is Rev. Leonard Gaetz, pastor of the John St. Methodist Church, and late of Montreal.

The church was, some time ago, enlarged and renewed, and is now one of the handsomest in the city. Since Mr. Gaetz has been in charge the congregation has increased very rapidly, and on each Sunday the building is filled to its utmost capacity, which may be largely attributed to the forcible eloquence and mental vigor of the preacher.

The last two days have been pretty fair samples of genuine "Indian Summer." Mild, hazy, calm and delightful.

"It is really refreshing," said a Montrealer to me, to-day, as we strolled along King and James Streets, "to be out on such a lovely day. What a lot of pretty girls we meet. Do they all belong to Hamilton?"

"O yes; of course they do."

"There is a something so sweetly nice about them," he continued, "a something, whether it is their bright eyes, their manner, or the freshness of their faces, I cannot say, but others, as well as myself, have noticed it, that it belongs exclusively to the girls of Hamilton."

He meant what he said.

W. F. McMAHON.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The Château-Margaux wine crop has been sold this year for 5,000,000 fr. to a company of merchants, at the head of which are some of the first houses in Bordeaux.

A committee has been formed by the Council-General of the Loir-et-Cher and the Municipal Council of Blois to erect a statue to Denis Papin, who claimed to be the inventor of the steam-engine.

It is reported that the travelling agents of the different business houses of Paris will offer, during the month of January, a grand banquet to M. Gambetta.

The Paris Municipality has now to decide whether or not it will purchase the Trocadéro building for 3,000,000 fr., and on its decision depends in part the fate of the structure in the Champs de Mars.

"Paris after the Peace" by George Augustus Sala, is very much an account of what George Augustus gets to eat and drink, and how he gets it, in "Paris after the Peace." It is pleasant reading, and makes one feel a desire to sit down with him to that little dinner near the Champs Elysées, or even that supper in the region of the *bourgeoisie*.

The City of Paris is about to have reproduced by photography all the old maps of the capital that can be found in public or private collections.

According to statistics drawn up by the service of Fine Arts at the Prefecture of the Seine, there are in existence no fewer than 1,800 of such plans, all possessing some interest.

THE many English visitors who went over from the dairy show at Islington, in the expectation of finding that the international dairy show in Paris would equal, if not excel, that just held in London, must have been disappointed when they ascertained that the Paris display was confined solely to butter, cheese, and milk, and that no live stock, not even goats, had been admitted.

IN France handkerchiefs printed with chloride of cobalt are sold under the name of "Foulards Barometre." The design represents a man with an umbrella. In fine weather the umbrella is blue; in changeable, grey; and in rainy weather, white. The first washing removes the chloride of cobalt, and the handkerchief loses its barometric properties.

PEOPLE say that a certain actress of the Français who has already had her child adopted by a financial Cæsus, has obtained a promise of marriage from the said gorgeous, gilded, glittering swell. The well-known turfist and financier who has for years been a nightly habitué of the Cirque d'Été, has married Mlle. Léonard. He has an immense fortune, and has now become richer by the possession of a charming woman quite of the *haute école*.

THERE is a party to be found daily studying at the Bibliothèque Mazarine, who exhales a peculiar and yet familiar odour. On closer examination it will be found this gentleman, who is an ardent but impecunious Orientalist, having, we suppose, neither wife nor servant, nor *petite amie*, nor tick at his tailors, has naively supplied the want of a needle and thread by a liberal application of glue.

ENGLAND, South Australia, Canada, the Cape, India, Jamaica, New South Wales, Victoria, and other States have presented to the French Government the whole of their ethnographic and pedagogic exhibits, which will accordingly enrich the proposed ethnographic museum. The idea of a museum for the Colonies proposed to the Prince of Wales is good, but the assistance to its establishment will be less powerful than might have been expected had all the exhibits of the Colonies been contributed.

THE JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS IN ONTARIO.

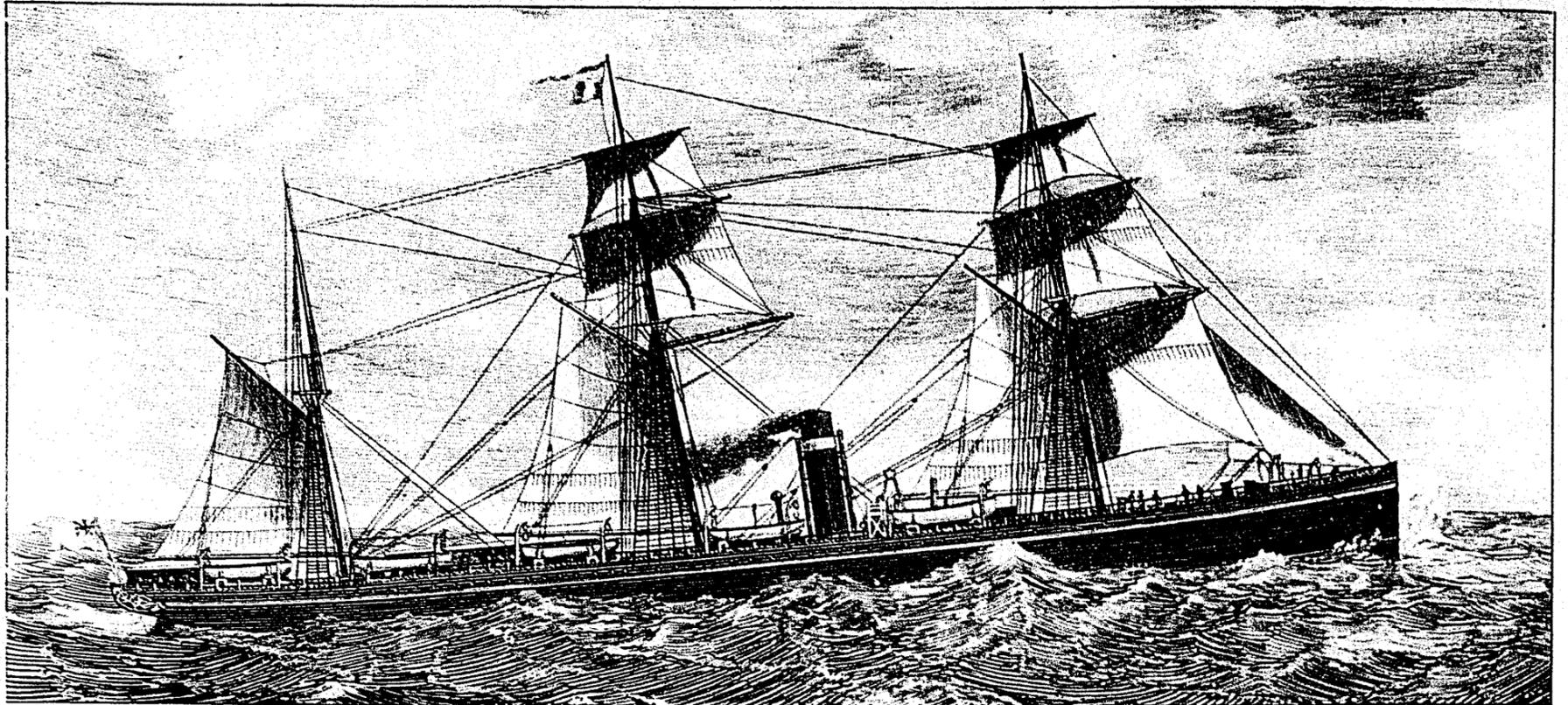
Chief-Justice Hagarty is in his sixty-second year. He was born in Dublin, and came to Canada in 1824; and was called to the bar in 1840. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1850, and in 1856 became a puisné judge in the Common Pleas. In 1862 he was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench, but returned to the Common Pleas as Chief Justice in 1868. A profound lawyer, he has adorned the Bench for upwards of twenty years; and his elevation now is due to him alike from his seniority and his commanding ability.

Mr. Wilson came to Canada from Scotland in 1830, and after a brief devotion to mercantile pursuits, entered on the study of the law and rose rapidly in his profession. He was for some time the partner of Robert Baldwin. In 1850 he was created a Queen's Counsel, and in 1862 became Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in the Macdonald-Sicotte Administration. The year following he was appointed a puisné judge of the Queen's Bench, but after a few months was transferred to the Common Pleas. In 1863 he returned to the Queen's Bench to fill the vacancy created by Chief-Justice Hagarty's promotion. Mr. Wilson is a sound and brilliant lawyer, and as a Judge he has won the respect of Bar and suitors, maintaining the independence of the Bench with unflinching courage.

The high legal attainments of these two Judges, and the eminent service they have rendered the State in the past, will commend them to the Bar and the country. They are worthy successors of the great men that have gone before them, and will, like them, uphold the splendid reputation of the Canadian Bench of which we have always been justly proud.

The vacancy created in the Court of Queen's Bench by the promotion of Mr. Justice Wilson has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Matthew Crooks Cameron. Of that gentleman's fitness for the position, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Mr. Cameron is in his fifty-fifth year, and for thirty years has been regarded as one of the leading Nisi Prius lawyers in the country. In 1861 he was returned to the Canadian Assembly for North Ontario and again in 1864, and represented that constituency until Confederation, when, as representative of East Toronto, he became a member of the Sandfield Macdonald Administration in this Province. He resigned with his colleagues in 1871, and has since been leader of the Opposition in the Legislature. At the bar, in politics, in public and private life, Mr. Cameron has commanded the respect both of friend and foe, and his elevation to the Bench will be hailed by the country at large as the just reward of faithful and upright citizenship.

Chemical analysis develops the fact that the yolk of an egg and the milk of a cow are almost identical in composition.



THE STEAMSHIP *SARMATIAN*, CHARTERED TO CONVEY HIS EXCELLENCY THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO CANADA.



THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING ALFONSO XII.

VARIETIES.

**MISS HOOMER.**—Harriet Hooper, the sculptress, is below the medium size, but is active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear gray eyes, very cheerful, winning features, and short hair. Whatever her age, she doesn't look it. When interested and a little excited, she might pass for thirty years of age, though usually she might seem nearer forty. Distinguished people—particularly artists—are apt to excite strong likes and dislikes. As with powerful magnets, they have opposite poles, which attract and repel with equal force. Miss Hooper, however, seems to have no "negative" characteristics. She is so earnest, straightforward, and unaffected that it would seem almost unaccountable that any one should fail to be strongly attracted toward her. And then she is so blythe and merry, so entertaining and kindly, that even the veriest misogynist would be charmed out of his crustiness in her presence.

**DEAN STANLEY AND THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.**—A warm friendship existed between these two distinguished men, a *propos* of which may be related an interesting incident which occurred at the farewell reception of the Dean at the house of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. When Mr. George H. Peabody, of this city, a nephew of the philanthropist, was presented to the Dean, the latter, throwing his arm around his neck, said:—"I was in Naples when your dear uncle died in London, at the residence of Sir Curtis M. Lampson. I deeply regretted not being present at the deathbed of one whom I loved so much. I immediately telegraphed to London, requesting that Mr. Peabody be buried in Westminster Abbey, which was done. I never made that request for any other man. The desire of the Queen and the people of England was that the remains of the great humanitarian should forever rest in the Abbey." The Dean added:—"I have a picture of him, which was presented to me by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop and others, in Massachusetts, which I shall present to the Queen of England, as her love and respect for Mr. Peabody were great."

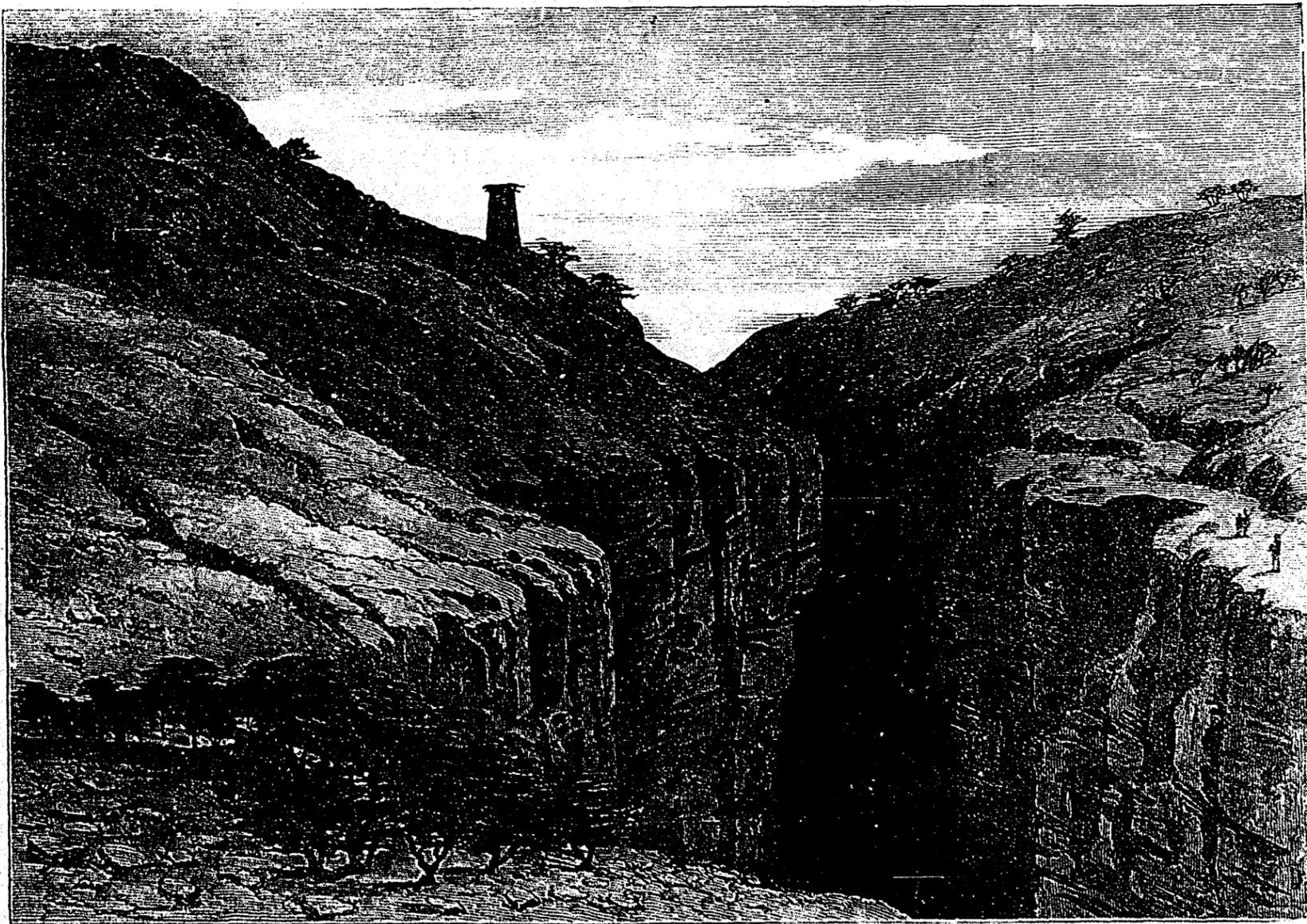
**HOW THEY TREAT THEM.**—They have different methods of treating stupidly drunken persons in different places. In Detroit, according to the *Free Press* of that city, they take him to the police station. Over in Windsor they carry him home on a shutter. In Denver they pour kerosene on his clothes and set it on fire. In Wilksbarre they take him down in a coal mine, and fancy his feelings when he wakes up.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

In New York the policeman beats him to pieces with a club. In Boston they bathe his head and read him a psychological essay on the evils that accrue to the mental organization by a too great indulgence in intoxicating beverages. In Toronto he is sent up for thirty days. In San Francisco they let him lie there. In Omaha they shave one side of his head. In Vanceburg, Ky., they build a big cage of railroad ties over him, from which he cannot escape when he comes to his senses. In Toledo they douse him in the swamp. In Cincinnati they make him attend a concert. In Chicago it is such a common thing they don't mind it. In London, Ont., he is jolted home on a wheel-barrow. In Belleville he is taken to the Police Station on a carter's vehicle and next morning is made to pay for the rattling of his bones over the stones. The returns from other cities are not yet in.

**GEORGE ELIOT (Mrs. Marion Lewis)** is thus described by a correspondent:—"My hand was held for a moment by a lady in the plainest possible attire. Somewhat to my surprise I found her intensely feminine. Her slight figure—it might almost be called diminutive—her gentle, persuasive air, her constrained gesticulation, the low, sweet voice—all were as far removed from the repulsive phenomenon, the "man-woman," as it is possible to conceive. The brow alone seemed to betray her intellectual superiority; her face reminded me somewhat of the portrait of Charlotte Brontë, that every one is familiar with. Yet there was no striking similarity; I should rather say the types of head and face are the same. When she crossed the room to call attention to a volume under discussion, she seemed almost like an invalid, and evinced also an invalid's indifference to fashion and frivolity in dress. Perhaps it is half true, the strange story that I heard in all its variations, for there were those present who sat transfixed and gazed rapturously upon the creator of "Romola" and "Adam Bede." Every syllable she uttered sank deep into fertile hearts. I can speak for the homely home that seemed almost bare, and for the homely hospitality, than which nothing can be less pretentious. I shall never forget the absolute repose of Mrs. Lewis, the deliberation with which she discussed the affairs of life, speaking always as if she were revealing only about a tenth part of her knowledge upon the subject in question. With her it seemed as if the tides had all come in; as if she had weathered the ultimate storm; as if circumstance and not desire had swept her apart from her kind, and left her isolated, the unrivalled mistress of a passionless experience."



WATCH-TOWER IN THE KHYBER PASS.

## The Duke of Kent's Visit to Niagara 80 Years Ago.

### INVOCATION.

Ye denizens of cities, list, I pray,  
To the rough measure of a sylvan lay;  
Though one from foreign lands I bring,  
'Tis not of courts,—a people rude I sing.

In Grecian classics, lands of old,  
The heroic bard, as we've been told,  
Was wont, with garland bays to think,  
And from the sacred fountain drink:

What spot inspiring more to stand,  
And drink the waters from your hand,  
While Iris tips the rough rocks now,  
And leaves are waving round your brow.

Look up and see yon gossamer span,  
Work great as earth displays of man!  
A sound disturbs the cataract's roar,  
That sound the giant throbs before.

It's past; and silence as of yore  
Reigns, ruler of the scene once more.  
Improvements cease to intervene,  
When cataract alone is seen.

Regard again a Fall whose power,  
Exalted ages as this hour,  
And will to future ages last,  
As strong as now, and as the past.

Forget not ye who now in car,  
Ride swiftly to the scene from far,  
How hard it was of them the tread,  
Who o'er this pleasant road first sped.

No vigorous shoot obstructs the way,  
No wood's inhabitant strike with dismay,  
Cleared all those terrors from the road,  
O'er which in their reverse our fathers trod.

### PART I.

#### DEBARKATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Long time laborious at the oar  
Had toiled a crew who now no more,  
With earliest dawn, with latest night,  
Had stemm'd the stream with skill and might.

With pole to push and rope to tow  
Up rapids, and swift currents go;  
Escaped they have the tedious river,  
Accompanied by its labours ever.

The summer past and nearly o'er,  
The pleasant time of sun and shower,  
Some misty days had hid the sun  
As if his conquering season'd run.

And days resplendent do appear,  
As brighter he'd the season cheer,  
And then a crimson hue o'ercast,  
As if that bright hue was to last.

But yet it is the hectic glow  
That brightens loveliest—ere we go  
Alternately, as joy and grief,  
That comes before the fall of leaf.

Canadian youths in contest spend  
Their time, and thus their manners mend.  
Magazines nor novels they peruse,  
But with the song themselves amuse.

Work over now, hours to employ,  
Time to fill up and not destroy.  
Recumbent they await the gale,  
Impatiently to raise the sail.

A tasteful contest their repast,  
And to the dark the strife doth last,  
Then French Canadian boatmen sing,  
And make the neighbouring landing ring;

Acadian youths in contest spend  
The time, and thus their habits mend;  
Milebean strains are their repast;  
Late in the night their contests last.

Trav'lers on shore pleased umpires are,  
While listening to the wordy war,  
And then in contest they engage,  
A similar strife of words they wage.

### VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

The furs that warm us, and the lights that cheer,  
We owe them both unto the land so drear,  
Where whale and walrus through seas do roll,  
That circle round the distant icy pole.

The wild moose fattens by the silent lake,  
The timid *Lepus* browses upon the brake;  
And there the trapper bold, all winter long,  
By that white lake watches the beaver throng.

In hopes the winter o'er, well filled his barque,  
He needs to watch no more white lake with borders dark,  
But that returned upon St. Lawrence shores  
May its cheerful waters see upon his gotten stores.

In storms without, while all within is joy,  
No fears of want or care his peace destroy;  
With many cheerful, happy friends to see,  
Music, the jovial dance and revelry.

### SECOND VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

Oh, from that dismal, dreary shore,  
Keep me from journeying evermore,  
Where gloomy swamps, with treach'rous ice,  
Engulf the wight, beavers entice.

Where currents round the bays do flow,  
With fields of sunken ice below,  
No streams the tide of commerce bear,  
To cities on its banks that are.

And when the sun upon the scene,  
Less period gives the nights between,  
We leave the rivers, swamps and fogs,  
And not till then we find repose.

In song again the first makes his refrain,  
I'm on the snow! I'm on the snow!  
The blue above and white below,  
And silence whoso'er I go.

My team well matched, I'm sure to beat  
Any carle I chance to meet.  
Where I love to go, I'm on the snow,  
I'm on the snow—I'm on the snow.

With cheerful bells,  
Across the mountainous, plains, and dells,  
With fur robes warm, preserved from harm,  
What care I whether it storm or shine!

The joyous sleigh ride still is mine.  
My dogs I train to the gliding car,  
I go where no intruders are.  
*Chorus*—I'm on the snow, &c.

It is pleasant in winter time to go,  
When the broad earth is clad with snow,  
Upon the lake or pond's broad breast,  
That like a creature is taking rest.

Tied by the bond of rigid frost,  
While late it was with surges toss'd,  
To bind on the feet the slippery skate,  
Strike o'er its plain at a fearful rate.

To shoot far o'er the glassy ice,  
And make with the skate the curved device,  
Those who on earth do slowly go,  
Know not the joys the skaters know.

The joyful flood that thro' the veins  
Exulting throbs, as he upward reins,  
Then away, away, by the sloping glade,  
Or by the wood, with its darkening shade.

'Till tired of sport he homeward hies,  
And looks on the world with kinder eyes;  
Looks about him and up with grateful mind,  
For an hour of pleasure so refined.

When the frost of age my limbs hath bound,  
May I be in a snow wreath found;  
For the snow to me a bed hath been  
More soft than downy couch hath seen,  
And spread the blue vault with riches o'er,  
Than o'er had painted roofs before.

His opposing friend yet once again,  
In praise of settlements awakes the strain,  
And keeps the active contest on,  
Touching the subject he's upon;  
My thoughts are where I'd like to be  
When the storms of life do visit me;  
With a large stove warm, preserved from harm,  
From dangers free, no more I roam,  
For I'm at home, for I'm at home.

Battle the elements as they may,  
I've left my wanderings many a day.  
A storm may rise and the wind may blow,  
What matter? I've nowhere to go.  
Nowhere to go, no more I roam,  
For I'm at home—for I'm at home.

### FIRST TRAVELLER.

The camp fire sheds its ruddy glow,  
Its shadow dances the trees among,  
And all the west was fire below,  
Translucent with the setting sun.

Two wanderers all pensive sat,  
Their aspect towards the east they cast,  
And then in mutual strains relate  
Each to his fellow, 'plaints he cast.

Why did I leave my native strand,  
This almost verge of earth to gain?  
Why did I leave my pleasant land  
To take this voyage o'er the plain?

The days pass by, weeks disappear,  
And yet the distant verge the same,  
Nor o'er associates appear,  
Nor friend that I can call by name.

Why trusted I the siren's strain?  
Why noticed I her treacherous beck?  
Were dangers more not there to gain  
Without enduring total wreck.

Could not his Majesty me give  
A post worthy ambition's fire,  
Where I in fields of marshalled foes  
Could show the valor such inspire?

A savage oft with glistening eye  
Around our watch fire nightly prowls,  
Silently our state doth spy,  
While distantly the wild wolf howls.

The foe who keeps you verge so tame,  
My form this moonlight night will show,  
And quickly by his steady aim  
Shall lay my new flegged honors low.

Perhaps full sure his aim he'll give,  
My sacrifices they will know,  
In after ages I shall live  
And Westminster a scroll bestow.

Perhaps a wound; the boon recall—  
I shall from Majesty receive,  
No joy so great—come, friendly ball,  
Benumbed my frame no pain shall feel.

### SECOND TRAVELLER.

One who had also viewed the scene,  
In another light this answer gave,  
One who had longer dweller been  
Regarded it with thoughts less grave.

With you the memory of the past,  
It's pressed thro' fragrant flowers,  
The moss that clothes its broken walls  
The ivy of its flowers  
I love; but yet this scene  
Presents a sight to memory green.  
We've mountains and hills, but's to see them,  
We've valleys and rivulets around,  
Barrens and morasses but's to flee them,  
Sunny hill sides ever abound.

The prospect you say it is gloomy,  
For yet it recalls where we've been,  
The country abounds, land is roomy,  
And hope it will brighten the scene.

Through the dark wood's dome I love to roam  
In a day serene and clear,  
When all around no sight of man  
Or his labours doth appear.

To skim along through the canopied woods,  
Amid the brave old trees,  
While their bare still branches stand aloft  
Unmoved by a single breeze.

To sit me down on some mossy bank,  
By the root of some time-worn tree,  
And with his fellows around me there,  
Converse most socially.

What time was it when ye commenced  
Your leafy tops to raise?  
What age was it when ye commenced  
To pierce the azure skies?

Were centuries, three or four,  
When you commenced to grow,  
Did ye supplant some other stock?  
Could speak ye, only know.

Or do ye count by cycles?  
Have periods passed along,  
Since you began to raise your tops,  
A broad and leafy throng?

Your sires were they above the ground  
When Rome's primeval race  
Commenced the arduous struggle,  
Time's historic page to grace?

Speak, for your time has come at last  
When down your race must cease,  
For I have heard the axeman's ring  
That makes your race give place.

Thus passed the time between them both,  
Nor finished was the contest quite  
To break the charm, each friend was loth  
Till passed the evening into night.

The breeze now freshened, and other care  
Attracts those who contesters were,  
And to make ready all prepare,  
And soon aroused, were all astrir.

### EMBARKING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

St. George's pennant rises high,  
For the first time in western sky;  
As from the barge of voyageur,  
Rapids all pass'd, and now secure  
Steps one, who not afraid of danger,  
More to the barge than brig a stranger.

Promptly the anchor up they hie,  
The winds in favor quickly fly,  
Swiftly passed by \* Desalle's stone fort,  
Once the explorer's famed resort;  
Nor dreams of India filled the mind  
By him, alas! too soon designed.  
As the staunch vessel on ward flies,  
What charming land before us lies,  
"Prince Edward's" that, the guide replied,  
Nor maps have yet that fact denied.

The day passed on, with it declined  
The favor of the eastern wind,  
At length the moon takes up her place,  
Do neighbouring islets favouring grace,  
Charming abode for chieftain's daughter,  
Those trees among what grows from water?

The night breeze freshening from the land  
Causes once more sails to expand,  
An early morning dawn before  
The barrier of an opposing shore,  
The fleecy cloud slowly expands,  
What country this? the *Prince* demands.

An eastern swell had raised the sea,  
Which now the son of Neptune'd flee;  
A ready barge their wants supply,  
Soon up a quiet pond they fly.  
A settler prompt as words arise,  
A knowledge of the land supplies.  
\* Now Kingston.

† Toronto.

### ORIGIN OF "SMOKEY HOLLOW."

Imposed you have, illustrious guest a task  
To raise with feeble means oblivion's mask,  
And of a country tell so illy known,  
A settlement that but twelve years hath grown.

Hard is the task you lay, but then  
The trials and the griefs of heroic men,  
Relate of those who toiled this land to make,  
For which their pleasant homes they did forsake.

To clear the woods and make of deserts wild,  
A "forest desert" where the sun ne'er smiled,  
A peopled country, ope'd to the expanse of heaven,  
Filled with the bounteous fruits of Providence given.

And how of old when France's power  
Arose in the north and towards the south did pour,  
'Gainst whom? Up to our rangers then,  
Secured the dark woods a band of venturous men.

How with each Scotia's hardy son,  
The early contest seawards was begun,  
Would favouring time allow to tell  
What deeds of daring then befel.

Suffice it then, if from so great a theme  
I take a humbler part, nor shame it deem,  
To tell of a small spot and of a little band,  
Who came and settled 'mong the first the land;  
Perhaps enlarge and on the subject draw,  
And tell of all we heard, or read, or saw.

In Mohawk's large and fertile vale,  
A German race the flats assail,  
Whose quiet habits you may trace  
From traditions of the ancestral race;  
Among the friends of Britain's fame,  
A veteran band from eastward came,  
And "Butler's Rangers" was their name.  
Much has been said and more might still  
Of what they've done both good and ill;  
But lack the time, had I the will  
Them to unfold, am therefore still.

Of all the land they took the pick,  
Where twist high banks there runs this creek,  
On chosen spot, foundations lays,  
And each one's house together raise.

From deep woods towards un'customed skies  
A hamlet's smoke doth quickly rise;  
Soon in the wilds new scenes appear,  
Where once the beach his top did rear,  
Now levelled to the ground they are,  
And the rich earth obeys man's labouring care.

When now the din of war is o'er,  
And their hands no more imbrued in gore,  
The quiet settled, raise large shoals of boys,  
Whose simple lives replete with wild wood joys.

The old man settled down their life,  
No more with trees they wage the strife;  
But whether it was from huge fires raised,  
Which caused the new ones to be amazed;  
Or whether from their pipes, as some do say,  
That from their door or chimney wends its way;  
Be't as it may, the people gave the name  
Of "Smoky Hollow," not without its fame.

The women spin to pass the day,  
The children 'neath the trees do play,  
And rural toil, with rural joy,  
The cheerful time of all employ.

### PART II.

#### VISIT TO NIAGARA.

With gracious thanks the *Prince* replied,  
And tokens worthy, more supplied.  
The eastern wind had changed to north,  
Tossed were the billows in their wrath.

He who had steered upon the ocean  
His ship, now felt the wild commotion  
While buffeting opposing wind,  
The light of day had ne'er declined,

When winding round a point once more,  
Behold an opening in the shore,  
Briefly conflicting waves oppose,  
And then the crew find calm repose.

A greeting on the land they find,  
To which they were not disinclined,  
The hospitality of their host they test,  
Nor are due honors spared their guest.

A friendly table broad is laid,  
And dainties from afar displayed,  
The forest did its game afford,  
Rich venison crowned the ample board.

The friendly greeting had first shook,  
The feast the royal toast partook,  
The night with dance and cards dispose,  
And daylight dawned before repose.

The morn had brought them from the fort,  
Where e stored within its ample halls,  
Spoils of the traders who there resort  
For safety in its staunch stone walls.

Where naval men before resort,  
In council grave the Governor sat,  
Nor had the council raised yet,  
Debating on the new Land Grant.

Nor they alone, the Indian band,  
To meet their eastern friends resort,  
Together with one heart and hand,  
The title to their land support.

The Governor sat to say a word,  
Respectful stood they all,  
Completely still was every sound  
In that debating hall.

You left your home and country,  
The land where you were born,  
The happy land of childhood,  
Of manhood's early dawn.

The rock clothed grassy hills,  
The waving corn grown plain,  
Where nought reached you of the  
Which now to you remain.

And well you summed the cost,  
You would not bear the ready taunt  
Nor brook, when all was lost,  
To have the scornful finger cast.

Tory is he from old and young,  
Expressed with laugh and jeer,  
The thought that through your strong frames run  
Was not the thought of fear.

Then to the wilds and to the stream,  
Your precious charge you trust,  
And look into the western realms  
For the reward that's due the just.

Towards them and their dark isles then  
You cast your troubled anxious ken,  
And feeling that to keep you up  
Ye need all—be vigorous men.

Butler, Johnson, with you I leave  
Claus, Tenbroeck and Paulding too,  
I trust in friendship you'll remain,  
And each to all prove true.

Wait yet I fear my trusty friends  
When all finished in our cause,  
The difference of settlers  
Oft will cause to break the laws.

Give ye my friends the Sheriff aid,  
Regard ye his command,  
The laws when made must be obeyed,  
Then lend a helping hand.

Nor fear in want to suffer here,  
For barges still will ply  
Up every creek, up every pond,  
Your wants they shall supply.

I now toward our new bourne tend,  
Beverly, Fay, Jones with me,  
Brant now, once Johnson's friend,  
Our firm and staunch ally.

A shout arose from the brave band,  
A shout that rent the skies,  
And towards the chief who rose,  
Alike were turned all eyes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DICKENS' complete works have been printed in twenty-four different American editions.

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries, is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues," she sang in the church choir. Two hours afterward, one tongue was found sufficient to scandalize four-fifths of the women in three counties.

MR. LUIGI MONTI, a gentleman who is about to give some lectures in Boston, is said to be the original of Mr. Longfellow's character of the "Young Sicilian" in the "Wayside Inn."

THE City of Milan has just decided on the erection, on the Piazza del Duomo, of a colossal statue of the late King Victor Emmanuel, in bronze, at a cost of 400,000fr. A competition amongst Italian artists has been opened.

"NEVER kiss a young girl if she doesn't want you to," says an article on the "Art of Kissing." But pretty often when a girl says she doesn't want you to kiss her is the very time that she does want you to; and you'd better take the benefit of the doubt.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved a tall maiden of infinite reach, who can always survey the top of your head and tell you when the part runs even, and send an arm up to light the chandelier without having to be lifted up to it.

Two thousand bottles of champagne, 1,000 of claret, 2,000 litres of punch, 2,400 litres of syrup and iced coffee, 4,000 cups of chocolate, 20,000 cakes, 20,000 sandwiches and rolls, 500 fowls, 400 partridges, fifty hams and 200 pounds of candy were consumed by the guests at Marshal MacMahon's Versailles *fete*.

LORNE-LOUISE.

A WELCOME TO CANADA.

Loyal and true our hearts beat for thee,  
Loudly our welcome shall rise o'er the main;  
Ocean to ocean shall tell our glee  
Over a continent wild with acclaim.  
Up from the East goes a welcoming strain,  
Round the cold North it is echoed again;  
Inland and westward it gathers again,  
North sends it rolling adown to the plain—  
Son of MacCullum More, a welcoming cheer!  
England's fair daughter, to us you are dear!  
Enshrined in our hearts we will nourish both here.

J. A. PHILLIPS.

Ottawa, 23rd November, 1878.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

There were six of us seated before a blazing fire, which cast a generous glare into the otherwise unlighted room. Outside a winter storm bellowed over the chimneys, and beat seriously at the window-panes. Afar off we could hear the gust roaring among the naked hills, now plunging shrilly through the skeleton branches of the trees, and again whirling overhead with a weird, shouting sound that might well have proceeded from the throats of evil things riding upon the wind. The ghostly spirit of the storm seemed to have penetrated even into our comfortable circle, for we got, I know not how, upon that most dismal of all subjects—death.

We had canvassed the theme pretty thoroughly before we discovered that two of our number, the Professor and the Doctor, had taken no part in the conversation. They were sitting a little removed from the rest of us, gazing gloomily into the fire. Their ordinarily cheerful expression of countenance had given place to a sober, troubled look, and more than once we had detected the exchange of a strangely significant glance between them.

As may be readily supposed, we were not slow to press them for an explanation of their conduct. But for a considerable time our efforts were fruitless. At length, after much persuasion, it was the Professor who spoke:

"Gentlemen," said he, gravely, "no man cares to gain for himself the reputation of a liar or a maniac. Yet that is exactly what you are pressing both of us to do. I have no doubt that the experience which I am about to relate, and in which my friend the Doctor bore no unimportant part, will appear absolutely incredible to persons of your advanced views."

There was a touch of sarcasm in the worthy Professor's tone, but in our eagerness to hear his story we found it convenient to disregard it.

"However," he continued, "I shall risk it. If you chose to disbelieve it, why I shall endeavor to have charity for your ignorance and conceit. Now, Doctor, if you will hand me the tobacco and one of the pipes—the ranker and blacker the better—I will proceed."

Having filled his pipe, and settled himself comfortably in his chair, he began thus:

"It must be fully ten years ago that the Doctor and myself were engaged upon a geological survey of the northern part of this State. We had labored diligently during the summer and fall, when toward the close of a cold November day we shouldered our knapsacks and turned our faces homeward.

"Our way led through a chain of black and rugged hills toward a frontier town, twenty miles distant, where we intended to take the railroad. A more forbidding region it has never been my misfortune to see. It was a chaos, blackened and warped by primeval fires, and destitute of the smallest trace of vegetation. Tall cliffs towered a thousand feet above our heads, shutting out the light of the dull November sky. Sluggish streams filtered between crevices in the rocks, and poured noiselessly into the deep and motionless turns. It seems that the blight of death had fallen upon the whole country.

"Well knowing the peril of attempting to proceed through such a region after nightfall, we halted at sunset, and, building a fire at the foot of a crag, disposed ourselves to rest as well we might. Exhausted with the toils of the day, the Doctor was soon asleep.

"How long I had slumbered I knew not, when I found myself sitting upright, peering nervously into the darkness around me. It seemed to me that some one had uttered a wild, appealing cry in the very portals of my ears. For some moments I sat so, wondering and anxious. Then I reflected that, as there could be no human being in the neighborhood besides ourselves, the sound which had alarmed me must have been the shriek of some bird or animal. Explaining the matter thus, I was on the point of lying down again when I was arrested by a repetition of the cry. This time there could be no mistake. Wild, long, and, it appeared to me, full of intolerable anguish, it re-echoed among the crags with fearful shrillness. With an uncontrollable start I turned and shook the Doctor to awake him.

"Be quiet," he muttered; "I am awake and heard it all."

"What can it be?" I asked anxiously; surely nothing human; no one lives in this region for miles around. Perhaps it is a wild-cat."

"No," he said, between his teeth, such a sound never came from the throat of a wild cat. There it is again. Listen!"

"The cry was repeated. It was a woman's voice, but it expressed such supreme misery as I believe woman never felt before. It came ringing up the gorge with a weird and mournful intonation that chilled the blood in my heart. By the Doctor's quick breathing I could tell that he was as much affected as myself. Neither of

us spoke nor moved; both waited for a renewal of the cry, in the hope of arriving at some rational explanation of it.

"Again it came; but now like a low, tremulous sob. I am not a superstitious man, gentlemen, but I confess that I sat there shivering with a species of horror that was utterly new to me. What could it be? Not a living woman, surely, alone and suffering in an inaccessible fastness where we were morally certain nothing human dwelt. And then what misery was it that gave itself such uncanny expression? Not fear, nor bodily pain, but something nameless to us. While we were debating these questions in smothered tones, the cry came once again. This time in words we understood:

"Help! Oh God! help!"

"At this intelligible appeal to our manhood, our superstitious weakness at once disappeared. Seizing a torch from our smouldering fire, we made our way hastily toward a pile of rocks a few hundred yards distant, whence the sound seemed to have proceeded. Scrambling up the height, we came suddenly upon a strange and mournful scene. Before us stood a small and wretched-looking hut, evidently constructed by hands unused to such labor, unglazed, and without a chimney. There was a dim light within, and through the open door we saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, lying prone upon the earthly floor. Beside him, with arms flying wildly over her head, knelt the figure of a woman, evidently the one whose cries had alarmed us. It needed but a glance to assure us that some strange tragedy had taken place, and without a moment's hesitation we entered the hut.

"The woman raised her eyes as we approached, but gave no further heed to us. Apparently her great sorrow had driven her distracted. She was a young creature, hardly twenty, I should judge, and, despite the signs of hardship and sorrow visible on her features, very beautiful. Her form was slight and even attenuated, but in its shabby dress preserved traces of former refinement.

"Her companion, a young man of about her own age, attired in a wood-man's suit, had evidently succumbed to hardship or disease, and was either insensible or dead. His pinched and ghastly countenance must have been once very handsome, but now it looked old and worn as that of a man of sixty. He had apparently fallen in the present position, and the girl had been unable to raise him.

"My friend the Doctor," continued the worthy Professor, "surly, uncouth and cynical as he commonly appears, has as kind a heart as ever beat in a man's breast—no flattery, my dear fellow, for it must be confessed that you have faults that more than counter-balance your one good trait. Well, gentlemen, he bent over the poor creature, and in a voice as gentle as a woman's, endeavored to arouse the girl from her lethargy.

"Who are you?" said he, "and what has happened?"

"He is dead—dead!" she muttered, hoarsely.

"Perhaps it is not as bad as that," he rejoined. "Tell us all about it. We are friends, my dear, and medical men, and may be able to assist you."

"He died this morning before my very eyes," she moaned; "died, oh, my God! of starvation. And I never knew he was depriving himself for my sake. Oh, my husband! why did you not let me die with you? And she threw herself across the body, sobbing as if her poor heart would break. There were tears in the Doctor's eyes as he looked at me," added the Professor, with a tremor in his voice, "and the rascal has always sworn that my own were not dry. That, however, is aside from the subject.

"Though we knew nothing of these two poor children—for they were but little more—we felt that we had chanced upon a strange, sad story of love, pride and suffering, such as is rarely told, even in this unhappy world.

"The Doctor stooped down and felt at the heart of the prostrate man.

"He is dead," he whispered, motioning me to imitate his example.

"Yes, dead," I replied, after examining the corpse.

"How we made the truth known to the poor wife I do not remember. It would seem that she had preserved some faint remnant of hope until our assistance destroyed it utterly. With a low groan, she fell suddenly at our feet insensible. Although we were at a loss what course to pursue, we felt it no more than our duty to remain in the hut for the night, and on the morning to make the best arrangements for the poor girl's comfort that were possible.

"Fortunately, the Doctor had his medical case in his pocket. Administering a powerful sleeping potion to her, he placed her in happy unconsciousness of the events that were to follow. We then proceeded to a more careful examination of the man.

"Without vanity, I can say that both the Doctor and myself have received some few testimonials as to our scientific ability from the world. You will probably believe that we are capable of deciding upon a very simple case of death by starvation?" He paused and looked very gravely around. "Very good; remember, then, that I assert upon my professional reputation that the man was stone dead."

"Yes," added the Doctor, who had hitherto remained silent, "the life must have been extinct more than five hours when we found him."

"Well," continued the Professor, with increasing gravity, "having satisfied ourselves upon this point, we covered the corpse decently and sat down to wait for morning. Though

in no mood for conversation, the startling experience of the evening kept us awake for several hours. But at length, completely overcome by weariness and excitement, I fell into a slight slumber.

"Almost immediately, it seemed, I was awakened with a shock. The Doctor was bending over me with an expression of wonder and alarm upon his face.

"Wake up," he said, in a troubled whisper. "Something very strange has been going on in this room for many minutes past."

"What is it?" I asked. "I thought I heard some one speaking."

"You did," he replied. "I have distinctly heard a voice close beside us, yet there is no one in the room except ourselves and these two poor people."

"Perhaps the woman has been talking in her sleep," I suggested, "or it may be that the man is not dead, after all."

"No, I have looked to both," he returned. "One sleeps soundly, and the other will never speak again in this world. So satisfy yourself."

"I arose, and trimming the lamp, proceeded first to the couch where the girl lay. She at least could not have spoken, for all her senses were locked in a profound stupor. I then examined the corpse, and found it as we had left it, except that the features were more shrunken and sallow than before. No voice could have come from those rigid lips. Concluding that we had both dreamed or had mistaken some nocturnal cry for the human voice, I replaced the light and was about to resume my seat, when my movements were arrested by a very singular voice.

"There it is again!" muttered the Doctor, agitatedly.

"A low, confused murmur, resembling nothing that I had heard before, arose in the room, and seemed to circulate in the air for an instant, and died away. Again it arose, coming from a point over our heads, and gradually descending until it appeared to emanate from some invisible source beside us. I knew of nothing with which to compare the intonation except it may be the articulation of the telephone, or that of a ventriloquist.

"The first words we caught were, 'Oh, my poor wife!'"

"It would be impossible to describe the effect that these words produced upon us. It was not so much the tone, weird and uncanny as it was, as the startling significance of the words, that amazed us.

"Who could have spoken them but the husband of the woman lying stupified upon the couch? Yet he had been dead for many hours. Full of repugnance at the horror of the idea, we started up and again examined, not only every nook and corner in the hut itself, but even the space outside for many yards around. There was no human being besides ourselves in the vicinity.

"We again scrutinized the corpse. It had neither changed its position nor its appearance. The flesh had grown perfectly cold, and the muscles rigid; there was no trace of vitality in it," continued the Professor, wiping his head nervously. "I have arrived at what I imagine will be the limit of your credulity. I do not expect you to credit what followed, but I swear to you on the word of an honest man that I do not deviate from the truth as much as a syllable when I say while we bent over the body we again heard the voice proceeding from the distant part of the room, saying audibly:

"In the name of God, assist me back to life!"

"With hearts beating thick and fast, we stood gazing at each other absolutely thunder-struck. An experience so terrifying, so utterly without precedent, completely unnerved us. While we remained stupefied with horror, the voice was again audible:

"Oh, have pity!" it said; "aid me to return to life!"

"It was some minutes before either of us could recover from our amazement sufficiently to make any reply.

"Who is it that speaks to us?" asked the Doctor, in a low tone.

"The soul of the man which lies dead before you!" it replied.

"It is impossible that the dead can speak," answered the Doctor.

"No, for the intelligence never dies," replied the voice. "My body is indeed dead, but that with which I lived and thought and loved is still in this room."

"What is it that you desire?" asked the Doctor, carrying on this strange colloquy with increasing wonder.

"To be aided to resume my former existence," was the rejoinder. "I dare not leave my poor wife unprotected in the wilderness. I cannot see her suffer. I love her beyond all my hopes of a future life, and by the power of my love I have remained near her, and have been able to communicate with you. I can not, I will not be separated from her. I must return to her in my human shape."

"Whether the Doctor's courage deserted him at this point or not I cannot say, but he spoke no more; and, as the voice was no longer audible, we remained silent, in a state of mind that baffles all description.

"I am morally certain that both of us would have fled instantly from the place had it not been for the poor creature sleeping upon the bed. We could not leave her alone to face a mystery that shook even nerves as toughened as ours. After a hasty consultation as to what course we ought to follow, we resumed our former seats, and

waited in breathless expectation for what was next to occur.

"Some hours had passed in this way, and the first dim traces of dawn were shining upon the eastern horizon, when, with a simultaneous start, we sprang to our feet. The voice had again spoken. This time it had proceeded, not from some indefinite point in the atmosphere, but from beneath the sheet enveloping the corpse:

"Help!" it cried, in faint, but distinct accents; "for Christ's sake, help!"

"For an instant we hesitated—and who would not!—then hastened to the body and removed the covering. There was no alteration in its pallor and rigidity, but we perceived that the lips, from which a faint murmur was issuing, trembled slightly. Here our instincts conquered our weakness. Whatever the mystery involved in the matter, a human being was struggling to regain existence, and our impulse was to aid without question. A powerful restorative was administered, and, before many moments had passed, we saw the colour coming back to the wan cheeks and the sunken muscles reshaping themselves with the current of warm blood. Then, with a faint sigh, the eyes opened and gazed at us inquiringly. In a word, gentlemen, the dead was restored to life.

"It is needless to detail what followed. In the meeting which occurred between these two poor young creatures, we felt ourselves more than repaid for the startling experiences of the previous night. It can do no harm to add that we claimed and exercised the right of securing their future prosperity out of our ample means. We learned no more of their former history than that the persecution of those whose wishes their marriage had opposed had driven them to hide their poverty and misfortune in the wilderness. We have heard of them since.

"The young man, as we discovered on questioning him, remembered nothing of his sensations while unconscious, except a vague, dream-like, and yet intense sorrow for his young wife. He had no knowledge whatever of the voice which had addressed us, and appeared to believe that he had laboured under a temporary suspension of animation arising from starvation. We did not combat his belief, for we believed that he was actually dead, and that he only returned to life through his great love. Who will deny that love is stronger than death, and that it goes with us even beyond the grave?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. DION BOUCAULT is said to have made 40,000 dollars by the recent rise in Nevada mining stock.

A New opera entitled "Caterani Howard" by the maestro Alessandro Orsini, will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre next season.

The first representation of Lecocq's new oper "La Camargo," at the Renaissance, will take place at the end of the present month.

KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, continues to be so fond of Wagner's music that he is now preparing at the Grand Theatre of Munich, for himself alone, a series of performances of the tetralogy of the "Nibelungen."

THE Paris *Figaro* notices the appearance of Mademoiselle Marie Fechter, daughter of the celebrated actor of that name, as Marie, in the play called "La Grâce de Dieu." The writer of the critique, M. Auguste Vitu, states that she is possessed of an excellent voice; that she sings with taste and talent, giving to the part of Marie "un parfum de chaste honnêteté," as high an encomium as any artist could wish for.

The revival of M. Boucault's "Relief of Lucknow" at Astley's Theatre recalls in a striking manner the principal incidents in the Indian Mutiny. As the piece is chiefly spectacular, it will be sufficient to say that the various tableaux elicited great applause, the representation of the Khyber Pass being particularly effective.

The anniversary of the death of Schubert will be solemnly celebrated by the Wiener Männergesangsverein, by the performance of a mass written by the deceased composer, which, we believe, has never yet been given in public. The solemnity will take place on the 19th inst., at the Augustine Chapel, Vienna, and the service for the dead will be read by Schumann's brother, Father André.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.





## VICE-ROYALTY.

*The Thistle, Rose and Shamrock.*

Behold a maiden on whose face  
Griefs sable shade has left its trace,  
With head bowed low, the raven hair  
Almost obscures her features fair,  
And her fair hand doth hold in view  
A four-leaved Shamrock tried and true  
Which soon will bloom across the seas,  
Kissed by the dew and Erin's breeze.

Fondly she clasps the Green Isle's flower,  
But yet 'tis not within her power  
To keep it here: where is it now?  
On the white billow's angry brow,  
With murr'ring seas the maid behind  
Sighs with the wild wave and the wind,  
A tear-drop fills each bright blue eye:  
"Shamrock, farewell!" "A last good-bye."

And now another gem the maid  
Must find to deck her native shade,  
A golden lily bring full fair,  
Or a green olive bright and rare,  
Bring a white blossom from the vale  
That woos the gentle evening gale;  
Scornful, from these she turns away,  
For her no Gilead's balm have they.

A Beacon, that great eastern light  
That blazed high 'midst the Turkish fight,  
Aloft the Thistle keen shows forth  
The sturdy emblem of the North  
From one of Scotland's noblest homes,  
From Argyle's house the Thistle comes.  
Rejoice, O maid! here is the balm  
That will thy grief-struck spirit calm.

And with the Thistle o'er the tide,  
A beauteous Rose comes, England's pride,  
The lark for thee on azure wing,  
Sweet will a thousand welcomes sing.  
And blue birds in the maples high  
Chirp greeting with wild melody,  
God grant that the fair Rose may prove  
Worthy the maiden's fondest love.

Young Canada's the maiden pure,  
Whose love for Dufferin will endure;  
Long will his deeds rememb'ed be,  
Tho' he is far across the sea.  
Lorne is the Thistle brave and true,  
Louise the Rose of blushing hue,  
The Beacon flashing bold and bright  
Brings great D'Israeli to our sight.

Let the Gael's slogan wild and high  
Float joyous thro' the sunbright sky,  
Sing praises on this gala morn'  
Of Scotia's Chief, the Lord of Lorne;  
Tell how the nobles of his clan  
Old Albin's foes fought mar to man;  
Recount the mighty deeds of yore  
Done by the great MacCallum More.

Be still, ye winds, to-night;  
Blow softly o'er the sea.  
Let dimpling waters play,  
And murr'ring sparkling say  
Welcome, Louise!

Let billows sink to rest,  
And Lorna sweetly smile,  
While crowds on shore do stand  
In joy to see thee land.

Welcome, Argyle!

*The Pines.* J. LOCKIE WILSON.  
Alexandria, Nov. 20th, 1876.

## BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annadel's Rival," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER VII.

SIR GEORGE AT HOME.

A few minutes after his meeting with Isabel on the staircase, Sir George was ready to leave Sanda. But he quitted his own room for that purpose with a new nervousness, almost fear, in his heart, at the prospect of once more seeing her. When, however, he appeared downstairs he found no trace of her presence. The carriage that he had requested to be ready awaited him at the Hall door, and the Squire and Hilda Marston awaited him in the hall, but no Isabel was visible.

"Where is Miss Trevor? I must say good-bye to her," said Sir George, after exchanging courteous words of parting with his host and Hilda.

"Isabel has mistaken the time of your leaving, I think," said Mr. Trevor. "To my great surprise, I am told that she has just ridden out. I am certain she would not have done so, if she had known you were going."

"She told me that she had already said good-bye to you," said Hilda Marston, looking at Sir George.

"She did say—one word," answered Sir George, and he made no further inquiries, and a few minutes later was driven from the Hall.

It was years since he had been at the home to which he was now going. Years since he had seen the noble mansion, standing amid its wide and magnificently-wooded park, which had been inherited by his father with such pride and joy. How this was is easily told. Massam Park, the ancestral home of the Hamiltons, had for centuries been in the possession of the elder branch of the family, of which Sir George Hamilton's father was a cadet. But a singular fatality had pursued the original possessors, and one after another, in the prime of life, the Hamiltons of Massam had died. Sir George's father was an officer serving with his regiment in India, when the news reached him that his young cousin Sir William Hamilton had been killed on the hunting field, and that by this accident he had become the inheritor of the family estates.

With ill-concealed joy Captain Hamilton at once returned to England. He was a married man, with one son, and this son naturally became the object of much pride and ambition. But with the proverbial ill-luck of the family, the new baronet did not long enjoy his honours. When Sir George was still a youth his father succumbed to a sudden attack of illness, and the young Sir George became immediately surrounded by every species of flattery and temptation.

Through these early days, however, he passed without coming to any serious mischance. He had a good mother, and as long as he remained in England, she exercised a good influence over him. But when he was about twenty-nine, he became weary of the easy and luxurious routine of his life, and went abroad, travelling over various countries, refusing, to his mother's consternation and surprise, to return home, after what she justly considered to have been a lengthened sojourn in foreign lands. In vain the anxious mother fretted, and finally despaired. Lady Hamilton died before her son's return to England; had died one year before we find him, after some years' absence, returning to his home.

But in the meantime Massam had not been neglected. Lady Hamilton had been a careful custodian of her son's possessions, and Mr. Hannaway, Sir George's lawyer, and the agent of the property, had done his duty honourably and well. Massam Park had been kept up precisely as if its owner had lived beneath its roof until the last year, when, after Lady Hamilton's death, a few of the servants had been discharged. But it was a splendid place, and a sort of pride of being its possessor crept into Sir George's heart when he once more found himself driving through the beautiful sweep of woodland scenery which led to his stately home.

For a moment let us follow him there; follow him to the library, which was a handsome room, containing a valuable collection of English and foreign literature. Beyond the library was a small reading-room to which you passed through an arch, the fluted columns of which were of white marble.

To this room Sir George (after exchanging somewhat distant greetings with the servants assembled in the hall to receive him) went straight after his return to Massam. It had been his favourite room before he had left England, and it had also been the favourite room of his mother, who was a woman of refined and cultivated tastes, and who had loved its placid stillness, spending much of her time here during the latter days of her widowed and lonely life.

Her portrait hung upon its walls. A lady with a somewhat sorrowful face, and gentle eyes, that had a look of patient waiting in them that was inexpressibly touching. Inexpressibly touching to her son at least, who knew that he had kept her waiting for his return so long!

With a bitter sigh Sir George turned away after gazing on his mother's sad and placid features. He sat down in a chair where she had often sat, and covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud:

"Oh, my God, why did I ever leave her!" he muttered. "Or why—why have I returned with a past like mine!"

What galling reflections were in his heart! What was the use to him, he thought, of all the luxuries by which he was surrounded; of all the so-called pleasures that he could command! He could never enjoy them. There was a shadow on his life; a shadow that, do what he might, go where he could, would always pursue him.

From such bitter memories he was roused by hearing a rap at the library door beyond, and presently the good-looking, smiling face of his lawyer, Mr. Hannaway, appeared between the fluted columns of the arch which led to the reading-room.

"Welcome home, Sir George," said Mr. Hannaway, holding out his hand to his employer with much cordiality. But Sir George made no attempt to respond in suitable terms. He put his cold hand into his lawyer's, and that was all; and Mr. Hannaway's smiling expression changed at once to one of sympathy.

"You feel coming back?" he said. "It is only natural—where poor Lady Hamilton too—"

And the lawyer paused.

"Is that like her?" asked Sir George, pointing to the portrait on the wall.

"Very like her," replied Mr. Hannaway, going up to it, and examining Lady Hamilton's portrait critically. "She got that expression of late years. She told me that you had requested her to be taken, and to have the portrait hung here. She said, poor lady—she was very ill then.—'I shall not be waiting for him when he comes home, but the picture will;' and so she sat to Millais."

Every word of this speech, uttered in the lawyer's pleasant, easy tones, brought fresh pain to Sir George. Mr. Hannaway was not a sensitive man, and he therefore often unconsciously hurt the feelings of those whom he never thought of wounding. He was affable, constitutionally healthy, and good-tempered, and he enjoyed life, and all the good things that had hitherto come in his way. His father had been a solicitor, with a large practice, and Mr. Hannaway had succeeded to the practice and many other lucrative appointments besides. One of these was the management of the estates of Sir George Hamilton, and he had fulfilled his duty well, as indeed he apparently fulfilled all the duties of his life. He was on semi-confidential terms with Sir George, but Sir George was not a confiding man, and the lawyer knew little of

his life that he had not been compelled by business arrangements to learn. But he knew more than most people, and Sir George had always found him a discreet and reliable man.

"At least," went on Mr. Hannaway, with easy complacency, as Sir George wandered with restless steps up and down the library and reading-room, "I trust you will be satisfied, when you have time to look over it, with the condition of the property!"

"I have no fear about that," replied Sir George.

"And I trust now," continued Mr. Hannaway, "that you will think of settling amongst us? Is the lady—pardon me asking this question—in England?"

"No, no," answered Sir George hastily, "no."

"Then you have broken off?"

"Do not speak of this, Hannaway!" interrupted Sir George with sudden vehemence, "now, nor ever! I am alone in the world now," he added. "I have no one with me now!"

"Pardon me for approaching the subject, Sir George," said Mr. Hannaway, with some gentlemanly feeling, noting, as he spoke, the ill-concealed agitation of Sir George. The next moment he changed the conversation, and a few minutes later dinner was announced, to which Sir George invited the lawyer to remain.

They dined in the small dining room, where (as, indeed, all over the house) were the evidences of great wealth. Massam Park was a show place, with a state dining-room, and a large drawing-room, and ante-rooms, in which were magnificent specimens of china, of Sevres, and Dresden, and great vases of Indian filigree work, and cabinets in which were collections of gems and precious stones.

The master of all this wealth sat opposite his lawyer with the cloud still on his brow. He talked, however, as other men talk, drinking freely of the rare wines that had lain so long untouched in his well-stocked cellars. Mr. Hannaway also was a free-liver, and could discourse learnedly about the different vintages of which he professed to be a judge. Then, as the good wine crept through his veins, he became more careless of his words.

"Talking of women," he said, "where will you see such a woman as Miss Trevor? A splendid creature! A lovely woman, I call her."

"She is very handsome," said Sir George coldly.

He also had been drinking freely, but no flush had come on his face, nor warmth to his heart. He had a strong head, and he drank glass after glass, but still the haunting memory of the past never left him. Yet he felt displeased at his lawyer's tones when he spoke of Isabel Trevor, and if Mr. Hannaway had not been in such a jovial mood, he would easily have perceived it. As it was, he never noted the change on the dark gloomy face opposite to him, and went on speaking rapturously of Isabel's charms.

"I do not know how you did not not fall a victim, Sir George!" laughed Mr. Hannaway. "Being shut up in that dull old Hall for ten days or so, would, I think, have finished most men. Yes, yes, I consider Miss Trevor dangerously attractive."

"Do you?" said Sir George, and he rose from the table. "Will you take any more wine, Hannaway?" he went on. "If so, pray help yourself." But the lawyer took the hint, and shortly afterwards left Massam, parting with his host in his usual pleasant and unruffled manner.

When he was gone, Sir George retired at once to his bedroom, and opening one of the windows, looked out upon the park. A half-moon was shining overhead, obscured occasionally by drifting clouds, but a gleam fell, as he stood there, on his pale face and gloomy eyes. He was thinking of his youth, of the easy, careless days, scarcely noted then, that he had spent in his old home. Everything around him seemed to recall them. There were his cricket-bats, his hunting-whips—a hundred little memories, in fact, of the hours that never would return. To most men, perhaps, after a long absence from home, seeing these things again might have caused some sadness, but to few the overpowering emotion that seemed to overwhelm Sir George. He looked at them one after the other, and then, as he had done when he first saw his mother's picture, he covered his face with his hand, and groaned aloud.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE TUTOR.

Two days after Sir George had left Sanda Hall, to the great surprise of Hilda Marston, Isabel Trevor proposed to her to pay a visit to the parsonage.

"We shall ask for 'Spectre,' of course," said Isabel, alluding to poor Mrs. Irvine, "but the person I really wish to see is—don't be shocked, pray—is Mr. Philip Hayward. I have been thinking how horribly I have treated him; first by sending him into the sea to fish out that gloomy Sir George; secondly, by never having taken any notice of him since. But I mean to begin to-day. To commence with, I will take him a bouquet."

"O Miss Trevor!" said Hilda.

"Why 'O Miss Trevor!' pray?" asked Isabel. "If a poor man were to risk his life to please you, would you not have the grace to thank him?"

"Yes—but—"

"My good creature, spare me both your 'O'

and your 'buts.' I am going, so kindly put on your hat to accompany me."

Of course there was nothing for Hilda but to obey after this command, and indeed she herself was not unwilling to see Philip Hayward again. She, in fact, liked and admired him, and she was only unwilling that Isabel should go to the parsonage, because with womanly penetration she had guessed his secret. She guessed, too, what Isabel had thought of Sir George Hamilton. But Sir George was not there; and if it pleased Miss Trevor to amuse herself with the tutor, the companion perforce must accompany her.

They reached the parsonage about four o'clock, and their appearance there was evidently both unexpected and trying. The rosy-faced girl who opened the door for them, left them standing in the hall until she ran upstairs "to see if the mistress was in." This explanation being given with much confusion and hesitation of speech.

The truth was, that in the drawing-room (the one reception room of the family) the tutor had this day, for the first time since his accident, been conducted, and was at the moment of their arrival lying on a couch asleep, fairly enveloped in anti-macassars, by the careful hands Amelia Shadwell.

"What was to be done, then?" thought the maid. "What was to be done?" thought Mrs. Irvine, when she was informed that the ladies from the Hall were waiting downstairs.

"I will tell them the truth, Susan, and they will go away," at last decided Mrs. Irvine; and so, after throwing a white knitted shawl over her shoulders, she descended the staircase, receiving the young ladies without apparent embarrassment, for she was a lady who frequently declared that she never would be "put upon by anyone," and as the wife of the incumbent of Sanda, thought herself fit society for any of his parishioners.

"Well, ladies," she said, extending her gaunt hand, first to Isabel, and then to Hilda, "how are you? I'm sorry Susan didn't show you upstairs at once, but I may as well tell you how it is. My young man (I call Hayward my young man, just by way of a joke, you know) has got into the drawing-room for the first time to-day, and he's lying on the sofa, asleep, I believe, Amelia Shadwell said."

"Do ask Miss Amelia Shadwell to awaken him, then," answered Isabel, with cool assurance of manner, for she regarded the Irvines with the most thorough contempt. "I particularly wish to see Mr. Hayward. I have brought this bouquet on purpose for him."

"Oh, if you wish to see Hayward, of course—" hesitated Mrs. Irvine.

"I do, indeed," said Isabel, "and so I am sure does Miss Marston," and she turned to Hilda with a smile. "We will take a turn round your garden, Mrs. Irvine," she went on, "until you have prepared your invalid to see us. Tell him from me that I have brought him some flowers."

Hayward was really asleep when Mrs. Irvine went upstairs to convey this message to him. He was dreaming, poor fellow, until he was aroused by a sharp tap on his shoulder, and starting up beheld Mrs. Irvine's grim figure.

"Hayward!" she said, in her sepulchral tones, "wake up, Miss Trevor's come to see you, and brought you a great bouquet."

"What!" exclaimed Hayward, and forgetting his broken arm he sprang to his feet, his pale face dying in a moment a sudden crimson.

"Don't excite yourself, Hayward," said Mrs. Irvine reproachfully. "Remember your bandages, Hayward, remember your pride, Hayward, and don't let her see that you think anything of her visit."

"Where is she?" gasped Hayward, turning pale, as suddenly as he had turned red.

"Taking a turn round the garden," answered Mrs. Irvine, coolly picking up some of the anti-macassars that had fallen off Hayward when he started up. "There! let me put you tidy a bit—now sit straight, and hold up your head like a man."

Mrs. Irvine always addressed the tutor in this maternal strain. Whether he had replaced any of the defunct little Matthew or Tommy Shadwells in her heart I know not, but she always treated him as if he were a little boy. But she was very kind to him, and there was nothing that it had been in her power to do for him since his illness, that she had not done. She felt a little jealous therefore of Miss Trevor coming to see him now, when she had never "once looked near even to inquire before," as she confided afterwards to Amelia Shadwell.

This young lady felt jealous also, and it must be admitted with considerable reason. She remembered all the beef-tea that she had made, and the dresses that she had singed during the operation. She was making beef-tea in fact when her mother came into the kitchen where she was and informed her that Miss Trevor had called to see Hayward.

Amelia turned pale at this unexpected news, and her heart sank. This foolish maiden had been nursing some very romantic dreams of late, and had imagined that her devotion to Hayward was sure to be rewarded. "Who has ever nursed him as I have nursed him?" she often thought. "Who has ever cared for him as I do?" She therefore trembled when she heard that Miss Trevor had called to see Hayward. Even her feeble mind recognized the fact that her small domestic virtues would seem pale before Isabel Trevor's great attractions; and such was her emotion at the idea that in her distraction of mind she upset the pan of beef-tea!

"Amelia Shadwell, what are you doing?" asked her mother's hollow tones from the other side of the kitchen, when this accident occurred; upon which the unhappy Amelia immediately burst into tears.

"What is there to cry about?" said Mrs. Irvine, advancing towards her daughter, as the fumes of the spilt fluid spread through the house. But Amelia went on crying in spite of her mother's remonstrances, but it was not only for the upsetting of the beef-tea.

In the meanwhile Isabel Trevor was making herself charming to Philip Hayward, up-stairs. Mrs. Irvine, before she had descended to the kitchen to tell Amelia of the arrival of the ladies from the Hall, had grimly ushered them into the drawing-room, remarking as she did so to the tutor—

"Now, Hayward, don't talk too much. Remember what the doctor said about keeping quiet, and I hope these ladies will remember it too. Excuse my giving you a hint, Miss Trevor, but his head's only weak, still, and I can't have him thrown back."

Isabel took not the slightest notice of this speech. She was advancing towards the tutor when it was made, with outstretched hand, who had risen at her entrance, and stood leaning against the couch, pale and trembling.

"How are you?" she asked in her softest tones. "Are you better?"

"Yes," stammered Hayward, "it is very good of you—to come."

He never saw Miss Marston, who was also advancing towards him with outstretched hand. Only Isabel—only the beautiful face which had bewitched him, which had stolen his better sense away.

"Good," repeated Isabel. "How good! I came to see you the moment I could hope to see you: Of course, you know that I have sent every day to inquire?"

O, Isabel, Isabel! A message certainly had come from the Hall daily, but not through her. Nay, she had forgotten often to inquire, or had never heard the answer to the inquiries, which Hilda Marston had never neglected to send.

"I can only repeat," said Hayward, regaining some courage, "that you are very good."

"I owe you something, do I not?" asked Isabel, fixing her lovely, changeable eyes on Hayward's face. "You did for me what no other man ever did—what no other man will ever do."

"You—mean?" asked Hayward, falteringly.

"You risked your life," went on Isabel, "at my light word. I little dreamt that you would go—I little dreamt what I would feel when I saw you plunge into the sea that day!"

As Isabel said this a wild feeling of joy rushed into the tutor's heart.

"I—I—would do it again to-morrow," he said, his voice broken with strong emotion, "to hear you say these words."

"Hush, I will not hear such nonsense!" exclaimed Isabel, with affected horror, putting up her hands. "I admire bravery, I honour bravery, but I trust I shall never have to endure again what you made me endure during that awful storm."

"And you went down on the rocks!" said Hayward, his deep feelings colouring his pale face, and lighting up his hazel eyes. "You risked as much as I did—, you who had so much—"

Again the tutor's voice broke and faltered, and Isabel perfectly understood what feelings were struggling in his heart. "You had so much—love, beauty, wealth. I had nothing. Oh! God bless and keep you, for your gentle thought of me!"

This was what the tutor was feeling. But as the cat sometimes seeks to take momentary compassion on the mouse, Isabel now took compassion on her victim.

"Come," she said, "we must not talk of these things any more. They excite you too much. I must not forget Mrs. Irvine's hint." And Isabel laughed sweetly.

Hayward, too, smiled at this.

"She is very good, and very kind," he said, "and you must excuse—"

"Pray, don't make any apologies," interrupted Isabel, still laughing. "I consider the 'Spectre' quite an institution, for she everlastingly reminds us of our latter end."

"She is odd-looking," answered Hayward, "but really kind. As for Mr. Irvine, I cannot speak in high enough terms of so excellent a man."

"He is very good, I daresay," said Isabel. "There is an admirer of his," she continued, carelessly pointing to Hilda Marston, whose presence during the foregoing conversation had been quite forgotten, and who was now occupying herself by looking out of the window.

As Isabel said this about her being an admirer of Mr. Irvine's, Hilda turned round, and when the tutor saw her face, he blushed deeply, and became greatly confused.

"Pardon me," Miss Marston, he said, "I—I—did not see you before. I think the blow on my head affects my sight. I think—"

"It is no matter," answered Hilda, gently, but she felt deeply hurt. The best woman is not an angel, and if she were I don't suppose we faulty mortals would like her; and the best woman, therefore (to go back to Hilda), has her vanity. To be overlooked is never pleasant. Hilda felt that she had been overlooked, nay, entirely forgotten, by the man for whom during the last fortnight she had felt great anxiety, and therefore Hilda did not like it, and her face told this as plainly as if she had said it in words, and

the tutor felt greatly annoyed with himself for his neglect.

"I hope you understand, Miss Marston," he went on, trying to make things better, "that I did not mean—"

"You were so much interested in your conversation with Miss Trevor that you never saw me," interrupted Hilda. "Pray don't say anything more, Mr. Hayward, as that is the truth."

"Of course he was interested in his conversation with me!" said Isabel coquettishly. "And to return to our conversation, Mr. Hayward, have you heard anything of the gloomy and taciturn Sir George?"

There it was at last! This question was the motive of Isabel's visit to the tutor; was the reason why she had gathered the flowers; why she had taken the trouble to flatter him, though she certainly had felt some interest in the effect of the last-named experiment.

"Yes," answered the tutor, "I heard from Sir George this morning. The kindest letter," he went on with animation. "I like what I have seen of Sir George immensely."

"He is gentlemanly," said Isabel, as if she were thinking. "What makes him so gloomy, I wonder?"

"Perhaps it is natural to him," said Hayward. "And, besides, you saw him under melancholy circumstances—the one survivor of a wreck."

"For which happy position he is indebted to you."

"He seems most anxious to repay that debt, then, if it is one," said Hayward. "Nothing can exceed his kindness to me. I go to Massam as soon as I am able to travel."

"Ah!" said Isabel inquiringly.

"Yes—for a long visit, Sir George says, but I do not know about that. I—I cannot rest long an idle man, Miss Trevor."

His eyes kindled again as he spoke, kindled with a young man's ambition and hope.

"No—," said Isabel, and she looked at him. "I heard that Sir George had offered to advance you in any profession that you may choose," she continued. "Have you decided on which it shall be?"

"No," answered Hayward, "I wish to see Sir George first—of course there are many things to arrange."

"Of course. And you go to Massam probably next week?" went on Isabel, meditatively.

"How strange! Do you know that I am likely to see you there then? I have some friends—school-friends, they call Featherstone—who live in a place called Featherstone, and Featherstone is only a few miles off Sir George's place, Massam, and these girls have asked me to stay with them."

"Yes!" said the tutor, and his breath came short.

"Sir George invited us to Massam also," continued Isabel, "and I think I shall go for a few days on my way to the Featherstones'. So we shall probably meet soon again, Mr. Hayward."

"I earnestly hope so—but before I leave here, before I leave Sanda, may I give myself the pleasure of calling upon you—to say good-bye?"

Hayward's was one of those faces which at times—though not really so—look absolutely beautiful from the force of expression. He looked almost beautiful then, as he asked, in pleading, earnest tones, for leave to visit Isabel; and Isabel, who was a judge, and an admirer of beauty, acknowledged it.

"Certainly you may come," she said. "Why do you ask? But all this time," she added lightly, lifting the bouquet which she had brought from the table where she had laid it, "I have forgotten to present you with my flowers. I know invalids like them," she went on smiling, and moving her form with a sort of subtle grace which was peculiar to her. "This is a lovely rose, is it not?" And she pulled from among the rest of the flowers a crimson bud, and held it towards Hayward.

But before his lips could utter his brief though heart-felt words of gratitude for this act of grace, a portentous rap was heard at the door, and the next moment the grim head of Mrs. Irvine appeared.

"Excuse my giving you another hint, ladies," she said, "but Hayward's talked enough. He's in my charge, you know, and I'm responsible, and if his head gets light—"

"No fear, Mrs. Irvine," laughed Hayward pleasantly.

"Lie down, Hayward," said Mrs. Irvine authoritatively in her hollow tones. "Wrap your head in an antimacassar, and try to sleep. Your eyes are bright, though they are not naturally so, and you have a colour, though you are generally sallow, and I know what it all means. You are over excited, and as certain as possible if you don't keep yourself quiet, your head will wander."

"Well, then, lest your head should go astray, Mr. Hayward," said Isabel flippantly, "and give poor Mrs. Irvine the trouble of running after it, I shall say good-bye. Good-bye," and she put her hand in his for a moment, and then after scarcely touching Mrs. Irvine's fingers, with a little smiling nod she left the room, followed by Hilda Marston, who only bowed gravely to the tutor in token of farewell.

"Mark my words, Hayward," said Mrs. Irvine, in a sepulchral tone, turning to the tutor after the door had closed behind the two ladies, "that is a light woman, and no good will ever come of her or to her."

"Why do you say such a thing?" answered Hayward, with sudden temper. "Because she

is so beautiful, I suppose, that all other women are jealous of her?"

"No, young man, not from jealousy," replied Mrs. Irvine, yet more grimly, "though you might have spared a woman old enough to be your mother that taunt. But I judge her by her words and looks, and by the way she lets no man pass her. If my Matthew himself had been in the room just now, she would have been casting her eyes at him."

"What nonsense, what folly!" said Hayward.

"You will live to find it true," answered Mrs. Irvine, in the hollow tones of prophecy; and then, after stirring the fire, she quitted the room, leaving Hayward to his sweet and bitter reflections.

From these, in about half-an-hour, he was aroused by some one coming into the room, and, turning round, he perceived it was Miss Amelia.

"Oh! Miss Amelia," he said, good-temperedly, "be a kind creature, won't you, and bring me a vase and some water, for these beautiful flowers that Miss Trevor has brought?"

These words utterly overcame Miss Amelia's already exasperated heart.

"No, Hayward, I won't!" she cried, excitedly. "I won't bring you a vase, and I won't bring you any water. I won't, I won't!" And then her voice became choked with sobs.

"My dear girl!" said Hayward, rising in great concern, "what is the matter? You must be ill, Miss Amelia. What is it, my dear girl?"

"Don't call me your dear girl," screamed the unhappy Amelia, snatching the hand away that Hayward had endeavoured consolingly to take, "don't, I say, don't!"

"But what have I done?" asked Hayward, in utter amazement at this outbreak. "How have I offended you, Miss Amelia?"

As poor Hayward had done nothing, Miss Amelia could not make any accusations, but continued sobbing spasmodically for some time, and then suddenly cried out in a gasping voice—

"She is a bad creature! She is an upstart! Mamma says—mamma says she treated her as if she were sweepings! There!"

"Who do you mean?" said Hayward, beginning to laugh, and thinking the whole family had gone mad. "Do you mean Miss Trevor?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, loudly, "Miss Trevor!"

And having uttered the name in tones of extreme bitterness, she threw up her head, and with a glance of unutterable reproach at Hayward, left the room.

(To be continued.)

BURLESQUE.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.—"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him, and he called out:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door and said:

"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

STARTING A BOY.—A lonesome-looking boy was yesterday hanging around a wood-yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philanthropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the lad why he didn't peddle apples or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood-yard man took out a nickel and said:

"Now, my boy, I'm going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go and make a purchase of something or other. I'll buy it of you for ten cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business head you have on you."

The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug, which he had purchased with the nickel.

"Well, you are a keener," replied the man. "I never saw one of those sold for less than fifteen cents to anyone. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go now and lay out your fifteen cents in apples, and I'll buy half your stock."

The boy did not return. Perhaps he fell into a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the wood-yard man believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table where the boy had carefully placed it, he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black-and-tan terrier.

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.—"There! look at that lady, Sarah. That makes five times since I've been in town to-day I've seen 'em do that."

"Do what, ma?"

"Why, reach over and snatch up their skirts, and then make off as grand as the queen—what queen was it, Sarah, that showed off so that King Solomon writ a song about her? But this must be the very latest fashion."

"Why, they've been doing that, ma, for ever so long."

"Is that so? Well, that's generally the way here in Missouri; 'most everybody gets the good of the latest fashions before we do. Now, watch me, Sarah, and see if I do it in the correct style."

"Goodness, ma, you can't do it; you are too fat."

"Too fat, am I? You'll see that your mother's agoin' to do everything that's in the fashion. Now look, Sarah."

The mother, a substantial lady of two hundred pounds avoirdupois, measured the distance with her eye between her hand and the ample skirt beneath it. She was resolute, but Sarah, the daughter, was fearful. The first attempt was not successful.

"Now, ma, don't try any more. You can't do it, you are too fat. Don't try, you'll break something."

But what Missouri woman of ambition was ever deterred from the enjoyment of the very latest quirks of fashion by a trifling break? She tried harder than ever. It was inability to grasp the object this time that made it a failure. She gasped for breath, but felt encouraged.

"Ma," said the anxious daughter, "they bring it up with a kick—this way—sometimes," and she illustrated the fashionable pedal motion. The mother promptly tried it, and as promptly abandoned that method of doing the new fashion.

"That sort of a kick may do for snips of girls, Sarah; but your mother ain't no colt and I don't reckon there's any call for sensible married woman to be frisky like that with their heels, even if it is the fashion."

"We'll give it up till we get home, ma; there won't be anybody round to see then, and you needn't care if something does break."

"I might never have another chance to show 'em. I can do it as good as the fashionablest, and I'm bound to do it right whether things break or no. You'll see me do it this time, Sarah."

But, sad to relate, she failed to do the fashionable act. Things did break, to such an extent that both mother and daughter were hastily pinning up the damages.

When mother and daughter passed on down the street and witnessed the fashionable skirt feat accomplished again, the mother tossed her head scornfully.

"I ain't got no chance to be in the fashion, Sarah, till we get home. But when that back porch is cleared off and nobody looking, I'll do it if it bursts every corset-string in Missouri."

LITERARY.

MR. TENNIEL has returned to his work on *Pusch*.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has in the press a volume of short stories which will be published in the course of the season.

MR. CHARLES AUSTIN goes out forthwith to India for the *Tines*, as correspondent with the English forces destined for service in Afghanistan.

The Life of Cardinal Cullen is to be written by his nephew, Bishop Moran, who, it is stated, has received a large number of letters and valuable documents for that purpose.

"IN THIS WORLD," the novel just concluded in the *University Magazine* by Mabel Collins, the daughter of Mortimer Collins, will be published during the current month.

The first number has appeared of the *Book Analyst and Library Guide*, the object of which is to indicate, rather than criticise, the contents of all new and important works.

The Duke of Argyll's promised book is on the Eastern Question. The result of his investigation is gathered into a book in which he will give the history with the Liberal interpretation of it.

At the next anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, there will be an inaugural festival of the poet's memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. It will last ten days, and will include performances of Shakespeare's best plays, concerts, &c.

A Paduan firm of publishers have exhibited at the Paris Exhibition a book five centimetres long and comprising 500 pages three and a half centimetres wide, in which the whole of Dante is printed. It is believed to be the smallest volume ever printed.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN'S Notes on "fret" in "Julius Caesar," Mr. J. W. Mill's paper on the anachronisms in "Winter's Tale," and Mr. P. A. Daniel's first reading at the New Shakespeare Society, will be re-read at the meeting of the Liverpool Notes and Queries Shakespeare Society.

MESSRS. LONGMANS are about to publish "Literary Studies" by the late Walter Bagehot, which will include essays written between 1835 and 1869, on Shelley, Lady Wortley Montague, Bishop Butler, Macaulay, and Béranger; and one, which will be peculiarly interesting, on Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning.

SANSKRIT is in future to be accepted instead of Greek for the Previous Examination at Cambridge in the case of undergraduates from Eastern countries. These have hitherto lost much time in learning Greek after coming to Cambridge, and so have hindered their University course only to acquire the rudiments of a language far less useful to them subsequently than Sanskrit.

HAMILTON ENTERPRISE.—The "Ambitious City" seems determined to continue to deserve the designation of "The Birmingham of Canada." To its already complete assortment of manufactories, has recently been added THE DOMINION TIE FACTORY. Mr. S. G. Treble, an enterprising young merchant, is the proprietor, and the factory is now turning out silk and satin ties, of every description, which are supplied to the trade only. There are but one or two similar factories in the Dominion.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

**HOUSEWORK.**—"I am so tired of housework," sighs the tired wife. "And after all, what does it amount to? I seem to be a mere cypher in the world. Don't you feel one bit discouraged, my dear little woman? Your work is of just as importance as any man's. Even if it is nothing but sweeping, dusting, mending and darning, broiling and baking over and over again, it is a business that would wear out a stout masculine heart. Let your round of ever-repeating duties be neglected for a few days, then the importance of your work is painfully visible. Home is what man works for and what we all live for."

**TAKING THINGS EASY.**—There is no small art in taking things easy, so long as we must suffer annoyances in this breathing world, saying as little as possible about them, and making no parade of our martyrdom. If making a fuss and rendering every one else about us uncomfortable in any way abated the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to, there would be some slight excuse for the folly and selfishness; but, since we cannot escape tribulations of one kind or another, fretting only aggravates them. Either let us be silent and endure, or take arms against our woes, and by contending end them.

**MORAL COURAGE.**—A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity, because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but just jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice changes. It did very well before the flood, where a man could sustain his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts, hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle, and particular friends, until one fine day he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more to follow their advice.

**OUR LIBRARY.**—These cool, shortening days draw us closer to our library, where we can hold converse with the goodly fellowship of authors dead and living. This apartment need not be

mere book-lined walls; we can adorn the room with such objects of taste and interest as not a whit to detract from its dignity. Some classic busts set upon the cases will, of course, be in harmony with their contents. A few choice paintings and an occasional engraving will relieve the uniformity and rest the eyes. It is to be supposed that you have a good wife,—miserable is the man that has not,—let her have her window garden, her fernery, hyacinths, jardinières, hanging-baskets and trailing vines in your sanctum; it will be a source of pleasure to both of you. Have your centre-table large enough to accommodate several persons; your children will want to sit around it and look at picture books before they go to bed, and on Sundays. Make them feel at home; there they may develop faculties which otherwise might be dormant. The evening lamp in the library should make the brightest part of the day for them. Let your library be, at certain hours, the living room of the family.

**APPEARANCE.**—When a man begins to go down hill he is apt to betray the fact by his exterior appearance; he wears a long face, allows his clothes to look shabby, and acts like one bereft of hope or prospects. Now this is very poor policy; the sympathy of friends is not gained by wearing a dirty shirt; and unless a man acts as though he had some confidence in himself, he must not expect to inspire it in others. And so with the external appearance of everything. Neatness of appearance does not end with man's credit, but often enhances the value of articles which he may have for sale. This is especially true upon the farm, and we will venture to say that the farmer who attends to the exterior of things in general, such as clean stables and animals, clean yards and buildings, and fences in good repair, will obtain five to ten per cent. more for the products of his farm than one who neglects such simple matters. If anyone doubts the effect of external appearance upon values in market or elsewhere, let him try sending butter to market in an old weather-beaten firkin, no matter how good the butter or clean the vessel may be inside. If this does not satisfy, try some stained or dirty eggs, or half-plucked poultry. Producing a good article is one thing, and selling it to advantage is quite another, and the good salesman generally makes the most money of the two. The importance of a fair exterior can hardly be over-estimated. This principle is potent in any branch of trade, and in every grade of society; therefore it is too important to be overlooked or passed unheeded.



THE HON. M. LAFRAMBOISE,  
JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, QUEBEC.



THE HON. JUDGE HAGARTY,  
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, ONTARIO.

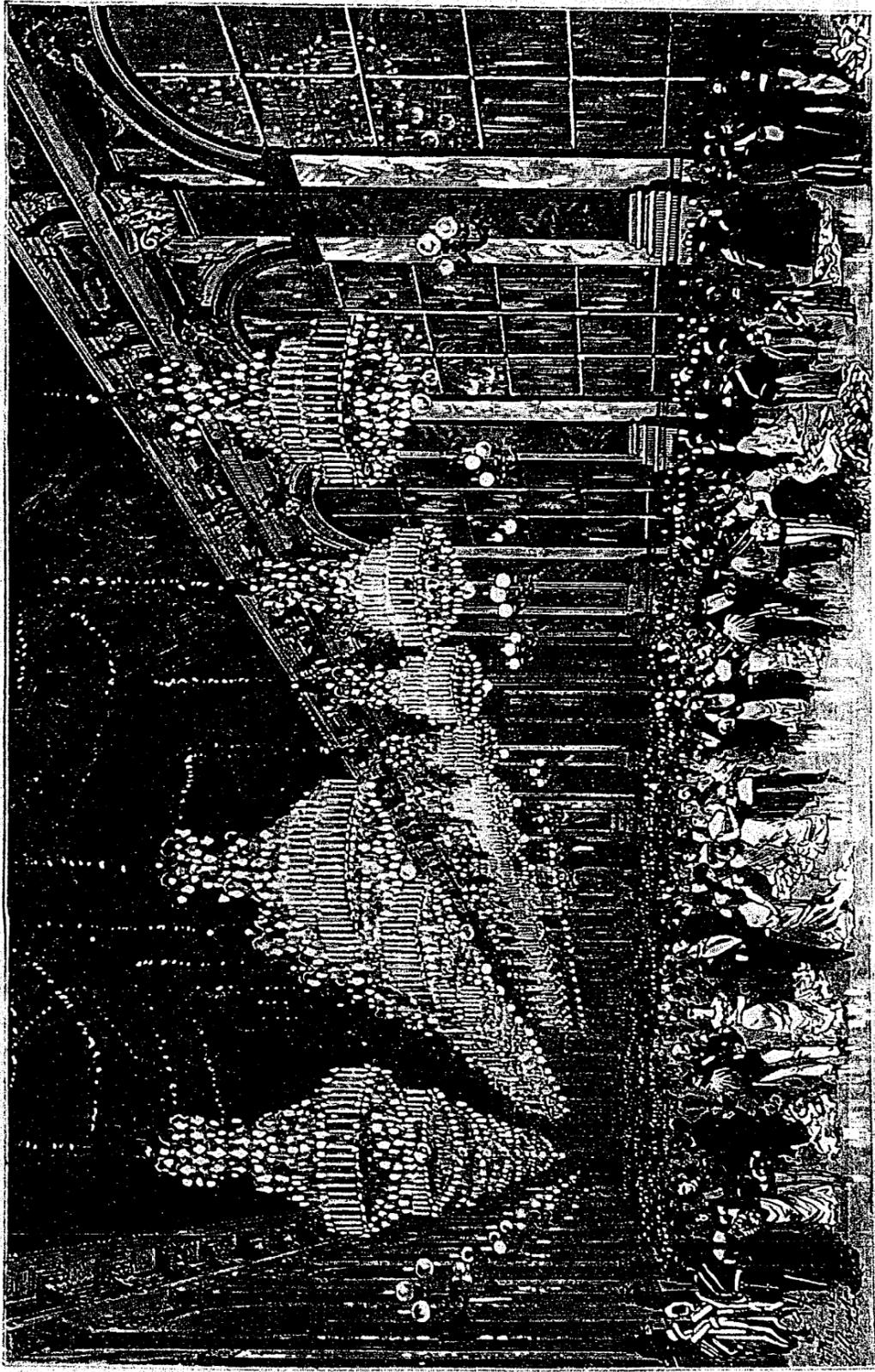
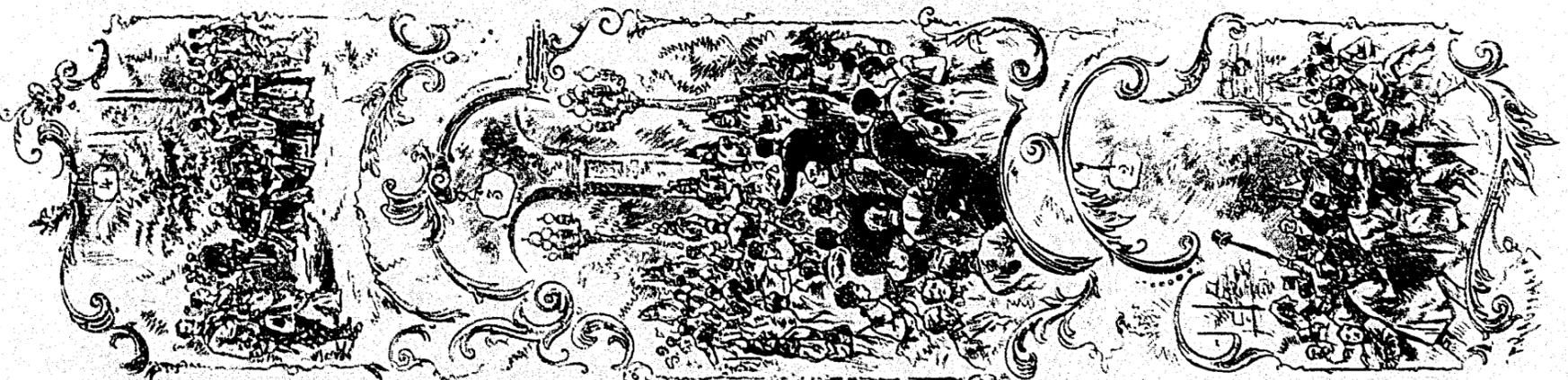
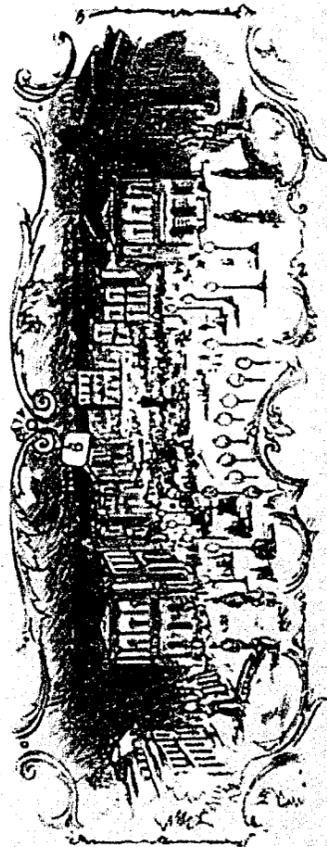


THE HON. JUDGE WILSON,  
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, ONTARIO.



THE HON. MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON,  
PUISNÉ JUDGE OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, ONTARIO.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & FRASER, TORONTO.



1. The Galerie des Glaces. 2. Approaches to the Cloak Room. 3. The Staircase on the arrival of the Guests. 4. The Princess and Princesses in the Salon de la Paix. 5. The Bust of Lafontaine, near the Cloak Room. 6. The Palace Courtyard on arrival of Guests. 7. The Gentleman with the Glass Eye. 8. The Marshal showing the Princess of Wales through the Drawing Room. 9. The Crush on the Staircase at five o'clock in the morning. 10. In the Courtyard. Search for Paletots and breaking up of the Ball. 11. Half-past five in the morning. The return by train. 12. The Queue at the Supper Room. 13. The Fortunate ones.

THE GREAT FETES AT VERSAILLES PRIOR TO THE CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION.

THE SCARLET FLOWER.

Oh! stilled was the music, forgotten the dancing. And whispers were rife as the Baron's young heir Talked low to the maiden so bashfully glancing. With blossoms of scarlet entwined in her hair.

Admired of all, was the laughing young soldier. And handsome and brave as a soldier should be; The maid was the envy of every beholder. Although but an humble dependent was she.

Love filled up her heart with a blissful completeness. She saw not the shade of a gathering woe. But sipped of the draught that allured with its sweetness. Nor dreaded the poison that lurked in its flow.

A tress fell unbound, and the flower that grazed it Dropped down at his feet, and lay perishing there; He stooped, in his breast with devotion he placed it. Where nestled already a ringlet of hair.

The youth sought his parents, but stern were their glances

That erst met his own with expression so mild. They whispered: "Take heed ere thy passion advances. Nor link to thy fortunes that portionless child."

But when would Love ever be counselled by Duty? He turned a deaf ear to the warning of pride:—"The maiden bath nothing but virtue and beauty;" "Then rich is her portion," the lover replied.

They saw him pine slowly; then coldly relenting. (For war with its perils was claiming him now.) His mother smiled first, then his father, consenting. Cried: "Gather thy laurels; we'll sanction thy vow."

He is gone; but alas! he dispatcheth no token. The maiden droops sadly, grown pale to the view. Then these were the words in foul treachery spoken:—"Why weep, and lament for a lover untrue?"

Removed from thy spells, that with witchery bound him, He long hath repented his folly with thee. And there, where the great and the wealthy surround (him, He weddeth a lady of noble degree."

Oh! fair would she fly from the scene of her sorrow. But home she hath none, and is friendless beside: A grey-headed Count told his love on the morrow. Fate favored his fortunes, and gave him a bride.

Time passed; and she dwelt with a wifely devotion The treasure, and pride of her beautiful home. But the heart that once throbb'd with a tender emotion, Is cold in her breast as a vessel of stone.

One day in her castle a stranger lay dying; They sought her in haste when the spirit had fled. For on the cold bosom a something was lying They bade her guard well, for the friends of the dead.

She lifted the wrappings that something that shaded With reverence tender, then shrieked in despair; A blossom of scarlet all withered and faded, Lay twined with a raven black ringlet of hair!

Too late doth this mark of thy truthfulness find me. The joys that we dreamed of forever have fled. For golden and strong are the fetters that bind me. And thou, once beloved, art silent and dead.

She gives back the token with tremulous fingers, To moulder and mingle at length with his dust. And then through existence she languidly lingers, And prays to forgive those who murdered her trust.

The world does not find her remiss in her duty. Beloved as a mother, unmatched as a wife, Nor guess they who bend at the shrine of her beauty, How memory's shadow will darken her life.

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, Nov. 21st.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

V.

PARIS, 1878.

The Parisian cafes are beverage dispensaries, with seats and little round tables on the pavement, sometimes three rows deep, where the people of both sexes, great and small, go after dinner for their cafe noir, absinthe, and other mysterious drinks. Here they sip and chat, quarrel and laugh, and smoke cigarettes for hours together. One evening I counted two hundred and forty-six people, all seated on the sidewalk at one of the most popular of these places. In that great city, they flood their gutters for two continuous hours every morning, and keep an army of street sprinklers constantly at work. But, it is a very difficult thing to get a drink of drinkable water, and the supply for general household purposes always seems limited. The people drink wine, and despise water.

Of all the days of the week, Sunday is the busiest. The shops are all open, and people buy and sell merchandise, and build houses, &c., the same as on other days, from early morn till late at night. When it is intended to ornament the front of a house (and there are few without embellishment of some kind), they build it, in the first place, comparatively plain, and do the carving afterwards. But, that you may understand the feasibility of this, I should tell you that the building stone can be chopped up like so much maple sugar. It is, nevertheless, very beautiful, and seems to have all the requisite elements of endurance.

To get a seat in a street-car, you must first go to one of the stations, which are to be found every few hundred yards, where you will get, without money, an oval ticket, bearing in numerical order the number of your application; then, when she comes along, crowd, and crush, and elbow your way through to get as near the conductor as possible, where you will hear sufficient numbers called out to fill the seats that are vacant. Without any further explanation, you will be able at a glance to see the wondrous beauties of the system, and the perfect security it affords the weary traveller. Like the lotteries, they have no blanks; every ticket draws a seat. It is only necessary to repeat the crushing and elbowing operation for a sufficient number of times, until your turn comes, and if you are not particularly pressed for time, feeling that half a day is no object, you have a rare treat in store, for when you

get seated you will experience a feeling of satisfaction, better imagined than described.

This street-car business will long keep Paris green in my memory, for my chances always seemed about one in sixty-nine.

The cabmen look all alike, quite as much so as a handful of shillings. You can tell the old from the young, and that is about all. They wear tall, glazed hats, brass buttons, blue coats, and red waistcoats. They are lazy, indifferent, good-for-nothing wine-bibbers. When you come to Paris, take my advice and use broken, or badly-cracked English. If you attempt good French, your replies will be incomprehensibly pure Parisian.

The character of the people is truthfully symbolized in their lavishness of plate-glass and gilding. If you hire a cheap bedroom on the seventh floor, the chances are that it will have at least three handsome mirrors, gilt chandeliers, and frescoing to match. Their cooking is gravely mysterious—they so disguise their dishes that you cannot distinguish a rice pudding from a lobster salad. The old proverb about doing in Rome as the Romans do, is strikingly verified in Paris, for unless you profane the weather in faultless French, smoke cigarettes, eat garlic, and drink unlimited quantities of nerve-shattering cafe noir and, absinthe, you are marked as a foreigner, and as such the legitimate victim of all kinds of ingenious knavery. Your restaurant waiter will give you short change, your cabman will cheat you in time or tariff, and the very beggars, lank and lean, will reach down through your hearts into your pockets for centimes to fill the mouths of starving children that have not tasted food since the siege.

There was a review of forty thousand troops in the Bois de Boulogne the other day. The French called it a small affair, but it was big enough to show off the sad deficiencies of their soldiers. They are mostly round-shouldered, short in stature, and slovenly in walk and general demeanour, contrasting very strongly in this respect with the English and German troops, whom rigid drill has developed into physical models for the rest of the world. Then the French uniforms lack that richness and brightness which you naturally expect to see. If you have preconceived ideas of perfection in the French army, abandon them at once, or when you come here you will be sadly disappointed.

The other day I was canvassed by a guide to take a seat in a coach for an excursion to Versailles. I yielded to the persuasive fibs of the scamp, and paid him about two dollars too much for a place. There were three Americans in the back seat, two Americans and a literary Englishman; in the second, one crusty Englishman, one deaf English woman, one English girl, one sweet young English woman, and a basket of sour wine in the third, while my choice was with the driver in front.

The coach was equipped with all the necessary paraphernalia, including a coachman and a footman, in livery, that had seen days of gorgeousness and splendour a good while ago. The four horses had each three tails, one short one at each ear, and one long one in the place where the tail ought to grow. It looked a trifle funny, but I supposed it was all right. The coach being an unwieldy thing, and awkward to turn in a crowded thoroughfare, perhaps it was intended to back it into Paris, like the railway trains, in which case one need have no fears of being reproached for having our horses' heads where their tails ought to be.

We passed through many of the beautiful towns environing Paris, and the battle-field of Montretout, where the trees were thickly inlaid with Prussian bombs and bullets, fully one-half of them having struck away up among the high branches. On the brow of a hill almost hidden in a wealth of foliage and flowers, we saw a beautiful little stone cottage, with an unexploded conical shell imbedded about half its length in the key-stone of the arch over the doorway. The force of its blow had succeeded in shattering the stone-work around it, but nothing more. There it was, as it had struck over seven years ago, looking for all the world as if on its sudden arrival it had taken a peep at the beauties of the place, and for their sake had turned traitor to its country.

When we reached Versailles, we had more of an appetite for dinner than for pictures, and governed ourselves accordingly. Amongst many things I ordered beef. I was decidedly hungry, and during the early stages of the meal did not stop to criticise the quality, but, as the keen edge of hunger wore off, the keen sense of taste came on, and I began to take stock of what I was eating. The vegetables, with all sorts of high-sounding names, were good, and, strange to say, the water was clean, but I felt that the beef was not up to the mark. I tried another sample of it, which proved worse than the first; still somewhat hungry, it was very strange that it required such an effort to swallow the last mouthful. I stopped, turned the thing over and stared at it in silent speculation. The more I looked, the less I liked it. Terrible suspicions were now crowding on my mind. I felt my feet rising. In another second the crisis was reached. I stamped the floor, my knife and fork dropped from my hands, and, fairly shaking with disgust, I exclaimed: "It is horse!" I turned instinctively to the bill of fare, composed of thirty-four pages of closely-printed subjects, but felt convinced that to look there for explanation was a hopeless task. Suddenly, however, my eyes caught a line that soothed the dying pangs of hunger, and took away my appetite for a fortnight to come. It was printed in heavy black letters, and read thus:

"HORS D'OEUVRE CHAUD."

Here was confirmation of the most uncomfortable nature. I was just French scholar enough for the emergency, translated the line in a twinkling, and in my mind the thing on my plate was labelled—

"WORK HORSE, HOT."

Oh! horror of horrors! I turned to my literary English fellow-traveller for sympathy—a word of comfort, if it was only to say that he was eating the same thing; he was not eating the same thing, and he was too literary to render any assistance. I endeavoured, after a fashion, to convince him my translation was correct, but he doubted the question most cruelly. He kept his mouth full of delicious strawberries, so that he would not commit himself by offering a square opinion. In despair I turned from my Cockney friend to my own table, half dreaming that I was on the billowy deep.

A fortunate discovery revealed to me that the English translation was on the opposite page, and now my "work horse" turned to "side dishes." The colour (blushes) returned to my cheeks, and I felt better. Wiping the cold perspiration from my brow, I joined the party headed by an English guide who understood very little but French.

We saw enough of the Palace and gardens to make us feel that their greatest splendour had departed with the Empire, but still enough to convince us it was well worth another day.

From Paris to Geneva, through Macon and Dijon, the scenery, for at least two hundred miles, is ordinary, but one's attention is attracted by the beautiful vineyards, and the entire absence of hedges, fences and dykes. If any one wants to try the pump peddling or mowing machine business, France is the most likely field I know.

I will not trouble you with a description of Geneva, as it would be necessarily dry. Hundreds of miles from here I had heard of Divonne, but my anticipations were not particularly delightful. I firmly believed that, notwithstanding my declared intention to stop a week, I should cut it off with twenty-four hours. Once, then, during an uneventful career, I am agreeably surprised, and now am of the opinion that the more you feast on the prospect of coming pleasures, the less appetite you will have for them when they do come.

Divonne is twelve miles from Geneva, overlooking the beautiful lake, and in full view of Mont Blanc, which is seen rearing his haughty head high above his vassals. The old fellow nearly always wears a veil of clouds, as if to give himself an air of exclusiveness. Now and then, when the sun goes down, he unmasks for the benefit of delighted tourists, just as a human monarch will raise his hat to an applauding populace.

Right through the middle of the hotel where I am living there is running a beautiful little brook that rises in a thousand bubbling springs at the foot of the mountains. Here it is in all its natural beauties rushing over the pebbles, dashing over the rocks, with a splash and a roar as if to soothe by its sweet music, the restless nerves of the vast audience that has gathered from the great cities to breathe the pure air of dear little Switzerland. Before it reaches the hotel it turns a great wheel, which in revenge for its buffetings, robs it of its sparkling waters, to distribute them to the tables and bed-rooms of the establishment. A few yards below it is again brought under perpetual bondage to grind the village corn. The sweet little stream looked perfect, as I stood a whole hour this morning, enchanted by its loveliness. Its music, and the chorus of a thousand birds, is all that breaks the stillness of the mountain solitude.

If you want grandeur of scenery; if you want a refreshing sleep; if you want quiet rest, and wish to feel the blood tingling through your veins, under the magic influence of the mountain air; in short, if you want health—come to Divonne, and try the remedies laid before you by the benevolence of the Divine Physician. Pay no attention to the recompense of health, so freely offered by unscrupulous quack doctors, and endorsed by equally unscrupulous testimonial-makers. I give Divonne a certificate as genuine as the gratitude which inspires me to do so. If you want to see how nature sometimes contributes to man's laziness, come and see these handleless village pumps, from the spouts of which a constant stream of spring water gushes forth in a never-varying flow during all seasons of the year.

I would not exchange the sublimity of this little place for all the picture-galleries and museums of London and Paris combined. This reminds me of the admiring crowds which I used to see at those places—groups of enthusiastic Italians, Dutch and French, in ecstasies over the works of Veronese, Rubens and Lebrun. As I passed down and round a gallery, with at times a feeling of indifference, and at other times with a touch of rapture which seemed to proclaim the possibility of civilization within me, I would find there, people at some picture, sitting for hours in admiration, and talking themselves to exhaustion over its merits.

At a recent marriage in a suburban town the bridegroom when asked the important question if he would take the lady for better or for worse replied, in a hesitating manner: "Well, I think I will." Upon being told that he must be more positive in his declaration, he answered: "Well, I don't care if I do."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 201 received.

A. R., Montreal.—Send it by Post, and it shall receive attention. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 198 received.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney is still carried on most successfully, and nothing has occurred to interrupt the good feeling with which the enterprise was commenced some months ago. Several games have been finished, and one or two competitors can count six or seven victories already. There are others upon whom fortune has not yet smiled, but who wait for better days. Some players have contests in hand which have not a promising look, as far as their side of the board is concerned, but still they play on in hope, and trust with Mr. Micauber that "something will turn up." Many are the curious expressions which accompany the moves, and in some cases they appear to be intended to raise a smile, and soften what in other respects is found to be a "heavy blow, and great discouragement." One antagonist, in sending a dashing coup, and fearing that he might be considered as not knowing what he was about, says, "Who's afraid?" and another gently insinuates that he is in a fix, and almost apologizes for the tameness of his reply. We felt much for a worthy opponent who recounted in plaintive strains that he had just lost a game by an unfortunate slip, but the next moment we were enabled to rejoice with another, who intimated that he was on the eve of adding another laurel to those which his skill had already brought him.

Mr. Shaw is a most indefatigable Director, looks well after the whole of the affair, and has the satisfaction of seeing it in a flourishing condition.

He is, we believe, making a good score himself in the Tourney, but this he keeps modestly to himself.

We are sorry to notice the death of the distinguished chessplayer, Chess Keneery. We have no doubt full particulars of his chess career will shortly be published in the pages of the leading Chess journals of the day.

We have received a catalogue of the books contained in the Chess library of the late Professor Allen, of Philadelphia. It is a treat even to read the names of the different works, and we hope to find space shortly to make a few remarks on this valuable collection of Chess literature.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the "Mackenzie Reception Committee," Mr. Shaw, for the following information concerning the "Captains' movements": "Captain Mackenzie left Cleveland (Ohio), on the 18th inst., Toledo, on the 19th, and was to reach Chicago on the evening of the same day, where he will remain at least one, perhaps two, weeks. Thence he expects to go to Milwaukee and St. Louis, and, on his return, will stop about a week in Buffalo, and thence will go to Montreal (stopping at Toronto, if invited)."

(From Turf, Field, and Farm, Nov. 15th.)

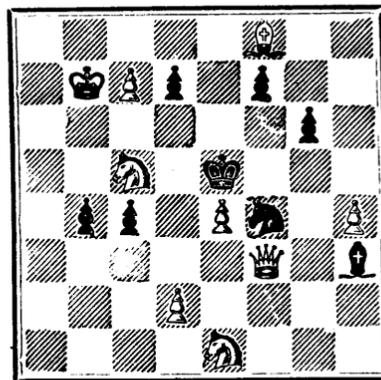
The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for Nov. 9th, besides its usual interesting Chess Column, contains a graphic and amusing sketch, in which the writer depicts his experiences during his visit to the Montreal Chess Club. The principal Chessplayers of that city, their peculiarities and their follies are introduced in a pleasant vein of satirical humour, which is doubtless most entertaining to the friends of the gentlemen who are so capitally taken off.

PROBLEM No. 202.

By KARL KONDELIK.

(From the Set which obtained the Second Prize in the Leipzig Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 316TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. J. G. Foster, of Halifax N.S., and Mr. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont.

(Scotch Gambit.)

- |                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| WHITE.<br>(Mr. Foster.)  | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Braithwaite.) |
| 1. P to K 4              | 1. P to K 4                  |
| 2. Kt to K B 3           | 2. Kt to Q B 3               |
| 3. P to Q 4              | 3. P takes P                 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 (a)        | 4. B to B 4                  |
| 5. P to Q B 3 (b)        | 5. Kt to B 3                 |
| 6. P to K 5              | 6. P to Q 4                  |
| 7. B to Q Kt 5           | 7. Kt to K 5                 |
| 8. Q B P takes P         | 8. B to Kt 3                 |
| 9. P to Q R 4            | 9. P to Q R 4                |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3          | 10. P to K B 4               |
| 11. Kt to K 2 (c)        | 11. Castles                  |
| 12. B takes Kt           | 12. P takes B                |
| 13. Kt to K B 4          | 13. P to Q B 4               |
| 14. Castles              | 14. P to K Kt 4 (d)          |
| 15. P takes P            | 15. B takes P                |
| 16. Q takes Q P (ch) (e) | 16. Q takes Q                |
| 17. Kt takes Q           | 17. P to Q B 3               |
| 18. Kt to Q B 3 (f)      | 18. B to R 3 (g)             |
| 19. R to Q sq            | 19. Kt takes P               |
| 20. R to Q 7             | 20. P to K B 5               |
| 21. P to K R 3           | 21. P to K R 4               |
| 22. P to K 6 (h)         | 22. Q R to K sq              |
| 23. P to K 7 (i)         | 23. R to B 2                 |
| 24. P to K Kt 3          | 24. P to K Kt 5              |
| 25. P takes Kt P         | 25. R P takes P              |
| 26. Kt to R Kt 5         | 26. Kt to R 6 (dis.) (ch)    |
| 27. K to Kt 2            | 27. P to B 6 (ch)            |
| 28. Kt takes P           | 28. P takes Kt (ch)          |
| 29. K takes Kt           | 29. B to Q B 3 (ch)          |
| 30. Kt to K 4            | 30. B takes R (ch)           |

and White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move is considered inferior to 4 Kt takes P.
(b) Not the usual continuation of the Scotch Gambit.
(c) This move of the Kt and his subsequent one lead to the beginning of White's troubles.
(d) Bold play, but in this case successful.
(e) Knight to Q 3 seems imperative here, in view of the formidable move of White, B to R 3
(f) Checking with Kt at B 6, and afterwards taking K Kt P seem to be the proper move here.
(g) The winning move.
(h) White has now a difficult position, especially with a Rook out of play; Kt to Q 4 would apparently be better than advancing K P.
(i) Losing time.
(j) The concluding moves are very well played by Black.

GAME 3171 H.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Played at the Divan, London, Eng., some time ago, between Mr. Blackburne and an Amateur, the former giving Pawn and move.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

- WHITE. (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4
2. Q to R 5 (ch)
3. Q takes B Pj
4. B to Kt 5
5. Q to B 3
6. Q to K Kt 3
7. B takes Kt
8. Q takes K P (ch)
9. K Kt to B 3
10. Q to K Kt 5
11. K to B sq
12. P to Q 3
13. Kt to B 3
14. P takes B
15. Q to Q 2
16. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)
17. Q takes R
18. K to K 2
19. K to Q 2
20. K to K 3
21. K to Q 4
22. K to B 4

White resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 200.

- WHITE.
1. B takes P
2. Q to KB 2
3. Q mates
2. B to KB 4 (dis. ch)
3. Q to K sq mate
2. Q takes P (ch)
3. Q mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 138.

- WHITE.
1. K takes P
2. B to Q 6
3. R Mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 199.

- WHITE.
K at QB 2
R at Q 3
B at QR 3
Bat K 4
Kt at QB sq
Pawns at K B 2
and Q Kt 5

White to play and mate in three moves.

PRUDENCE AND IMPUDENCE.—Men of prudence and real ability rarely act on the spur of the moment, and in affairs of difficulty see in anticipation the dangers and inconveniences which a false step may involve.

25 FANCY CARDS. all styles, name in gilt; splendid 8 page 24 column story paper, The Home Visitor, one year for only 20 cents in silver.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake Cards, in Case, name in gold, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

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REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 17-50-364



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACK-LAYING, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to NOON of

WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of January next,

for the Grading, Tracklaying and other works of construction required to be executed on following sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

- 1. From the westerly end of the 26th contract at English River to Raleigh, a distance of about 50 miles.
2. From Raleigh to Eagle River, a distance of about 68 miles.
3. From Eagle River to the easterly end of the 15th contract at Keewatin, a distance of about 67 miles.
4. From Yale to Kamloops Lake, in British Columbia, a distance of about 125 miles.

Plans, &c., may be seen, and Specifications, approximate quantities, forms of tender, and other information obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa.

A bill of quantities will be ready on or before December 1st, at the Department of Public Works.

No tender will be entertained unless on printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

The general Tender for construction of whole line under Railway Act of 1874, covers above sections; but separate tenders are asked under the ordinary conditions of the Department.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 24th, 1878.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

To CAPITALISTS and CONTRACTORS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2,000 miles.

Memorandum of information for parties proposing to tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineers' reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application to this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London.

Sealed Tenders, marked "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the

First Day of January next.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Public Works Department, Ottawa, 24th October, 1878.

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upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current HALF YEAR, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this City, on and after

Monday, Second Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS.

General Manager.

Montreal, 15th October, 1878.

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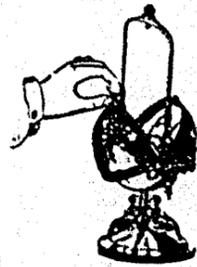
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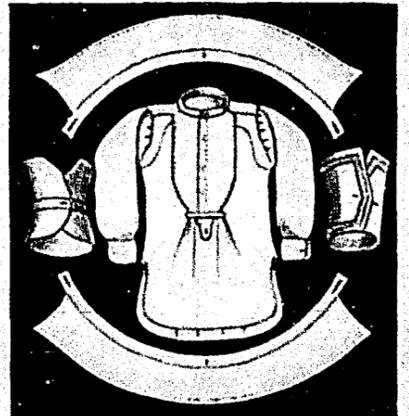
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