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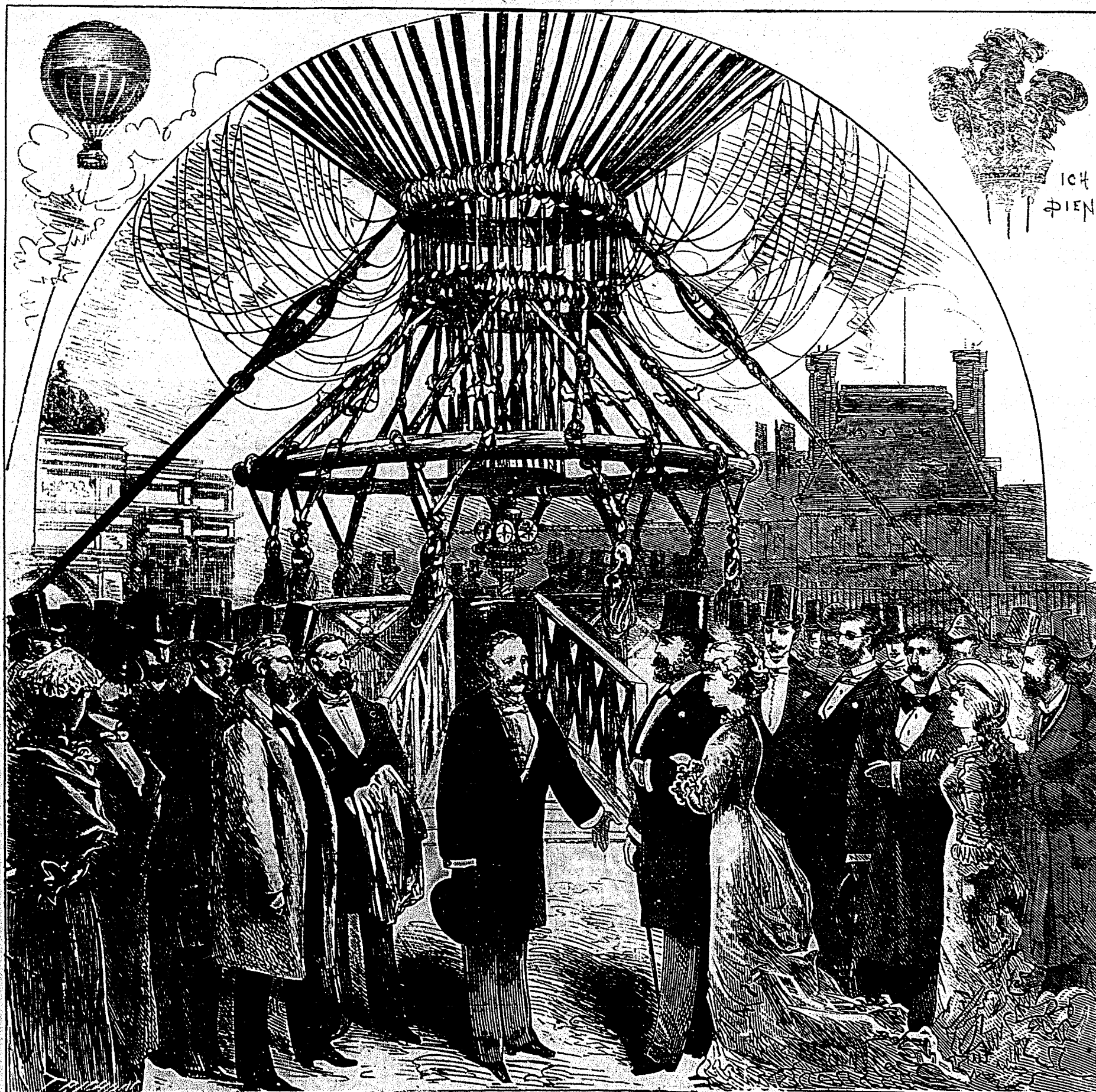
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Illustrated News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

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\$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 LITMOGRAPHIC 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-tint, 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*.

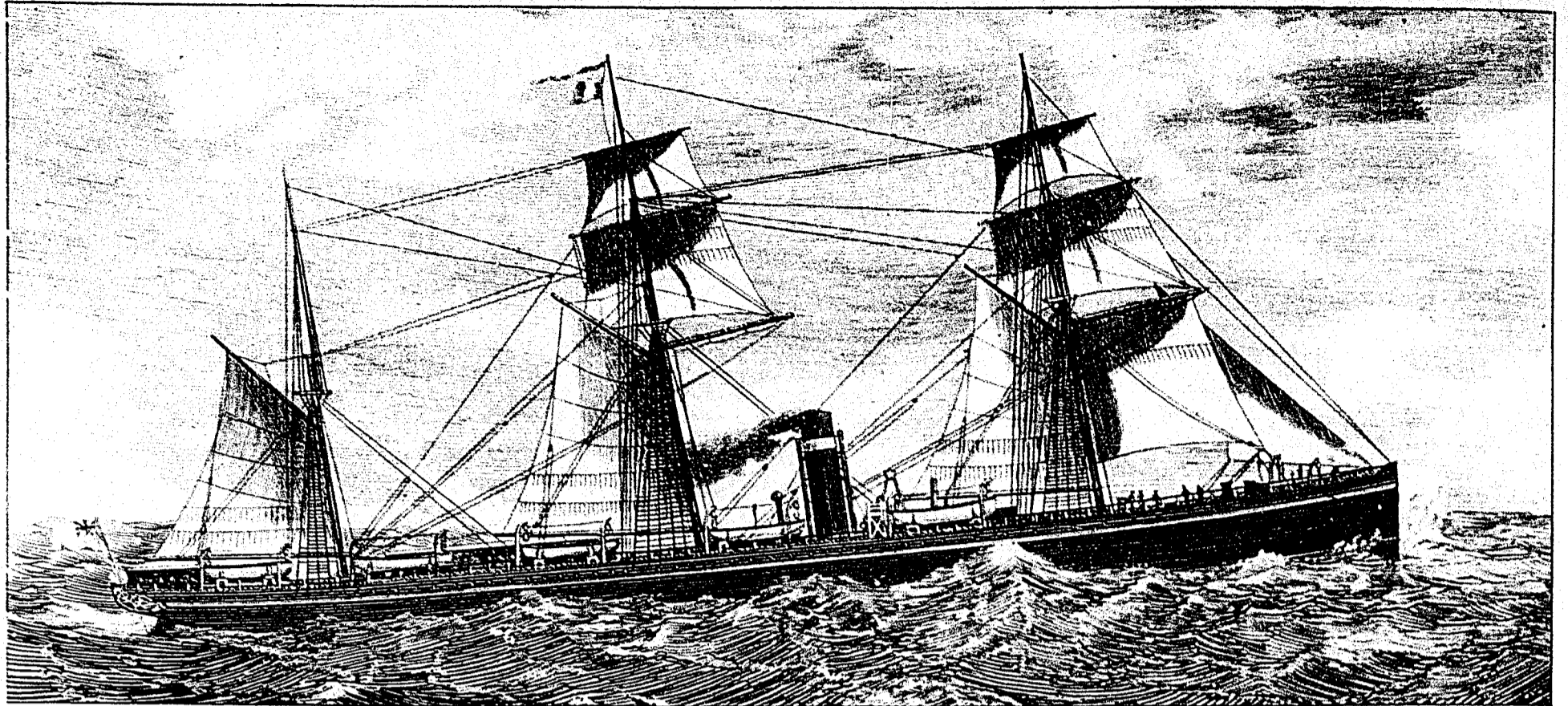
REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

ST. NICHOLAS for December whets the appetite for more. There is just enough of Anti-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 sportsmen; 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.



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."

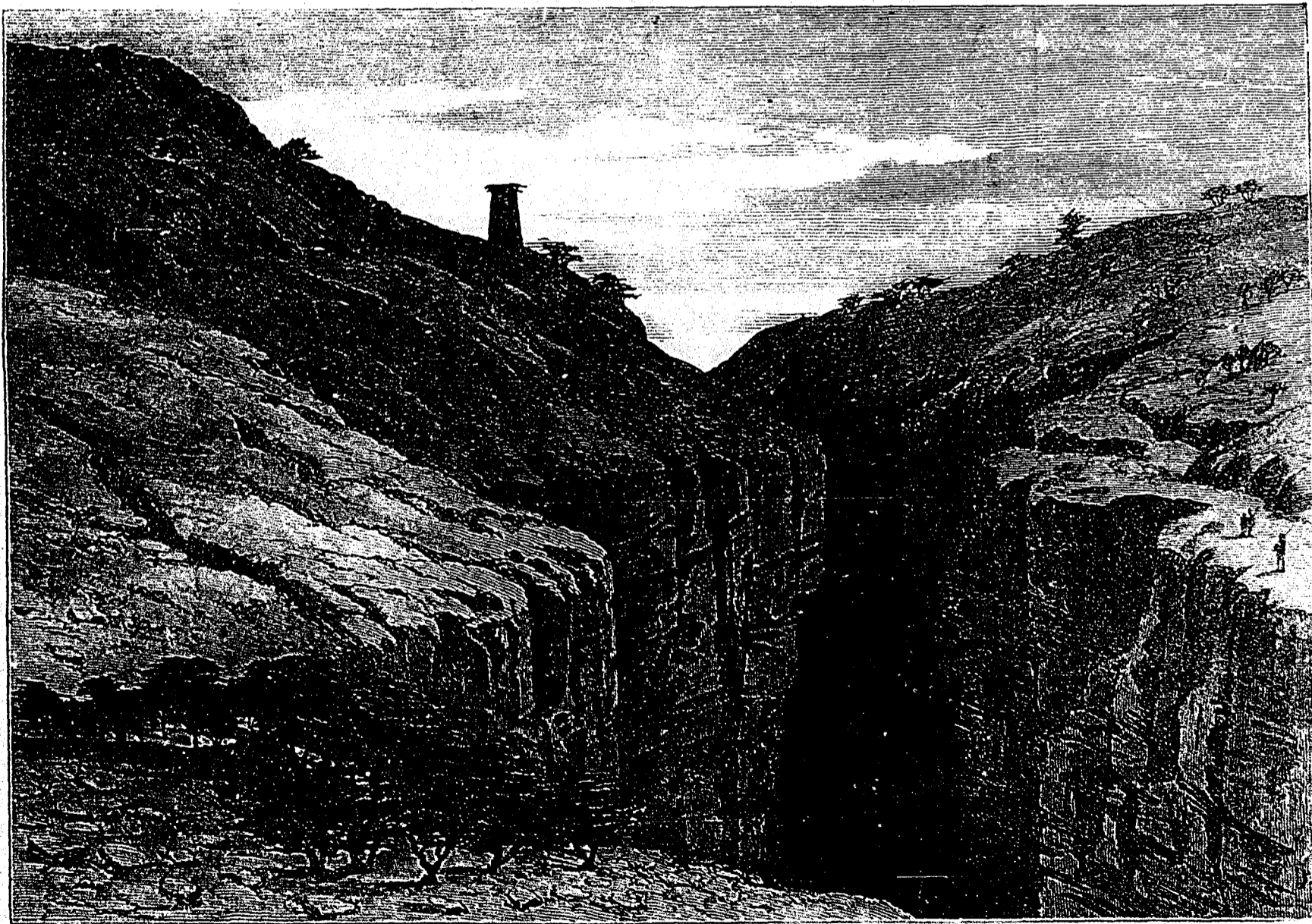
HOW THEY TREAT THEM. They have different methods of treating stupidly drunken persons in different places. In Detroit, according to the *Free Press* of that city, they take him to the police station. Over in Windsor they carry him home on a shutter. In Denver they pour kerosene on his clothes and set 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.

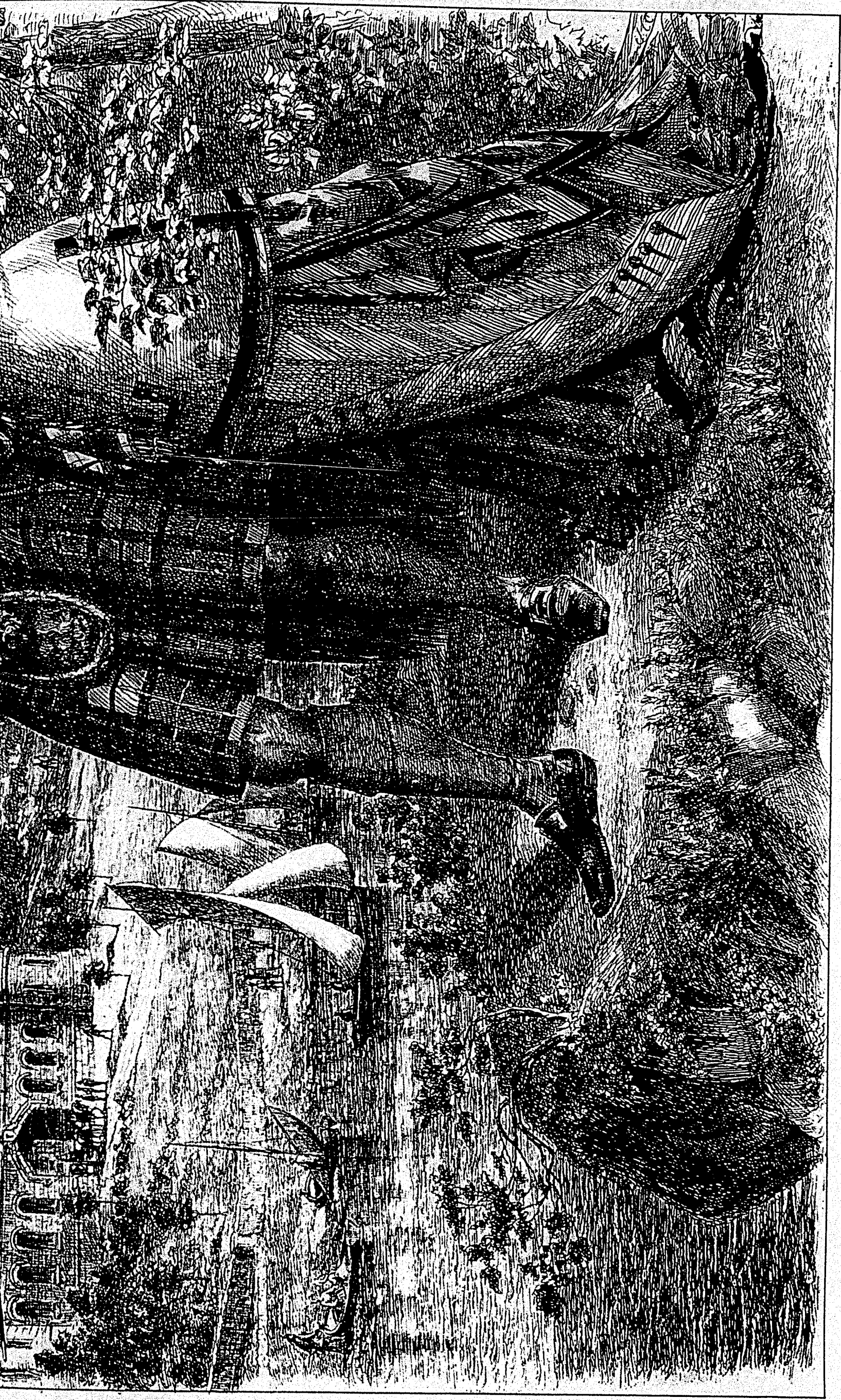
In New York the policeman beats him to pieces with a club. In Boston they bathe his head and read him a psychological essay on the evils that accrue to the mental organization by a too great indulgence in intoxicating beverages. In Toronto he is sent up for thirty days. In San Francisco they let him 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.





FROM INVERARY CASTLE TO RIDEAU HALL.

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.

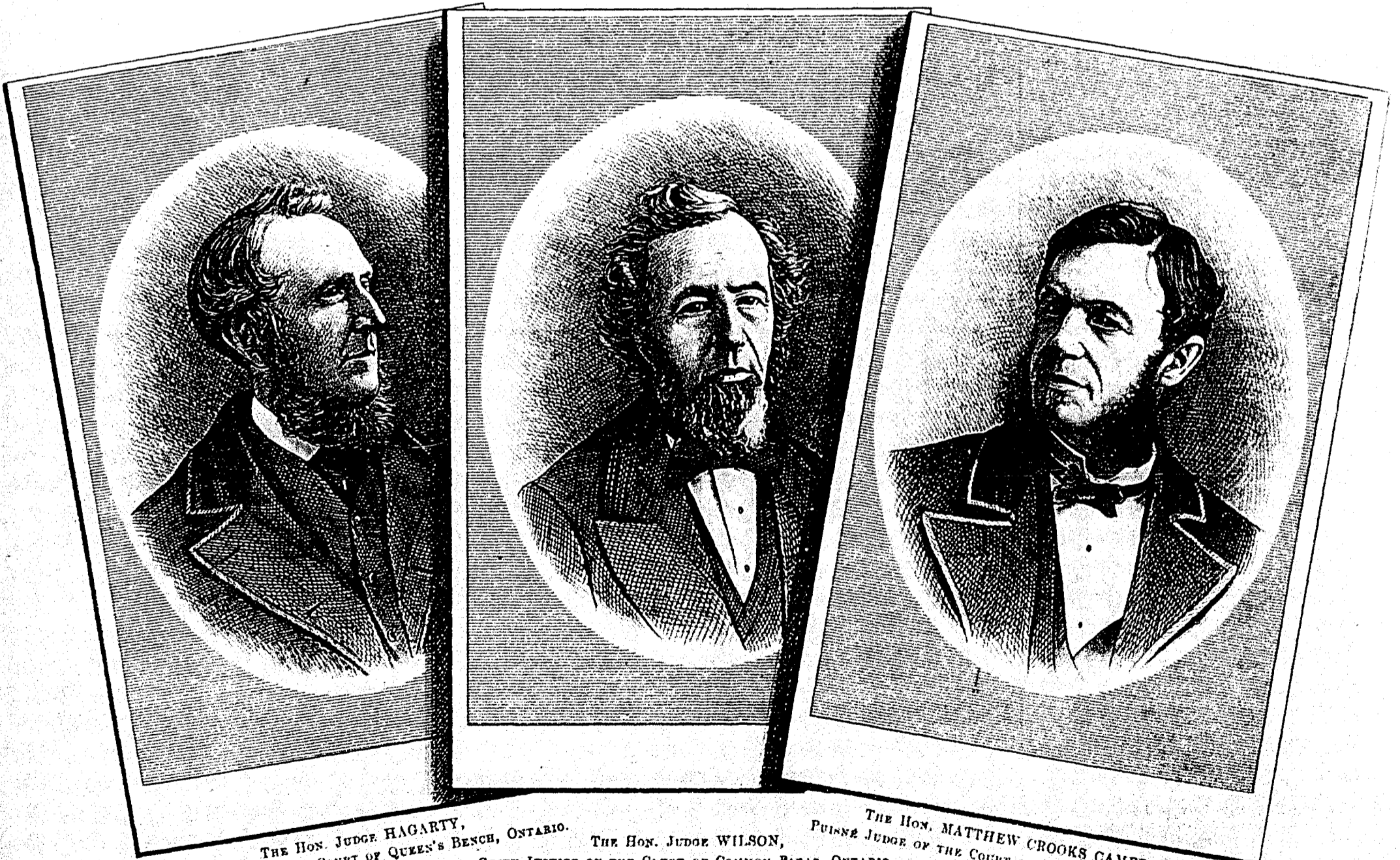
OUR LIBRARY.—These cool, shortening days draw us closer to our library, where we can hold converse with the goodly fellowship of authors dead and living. This apartment need not be

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.

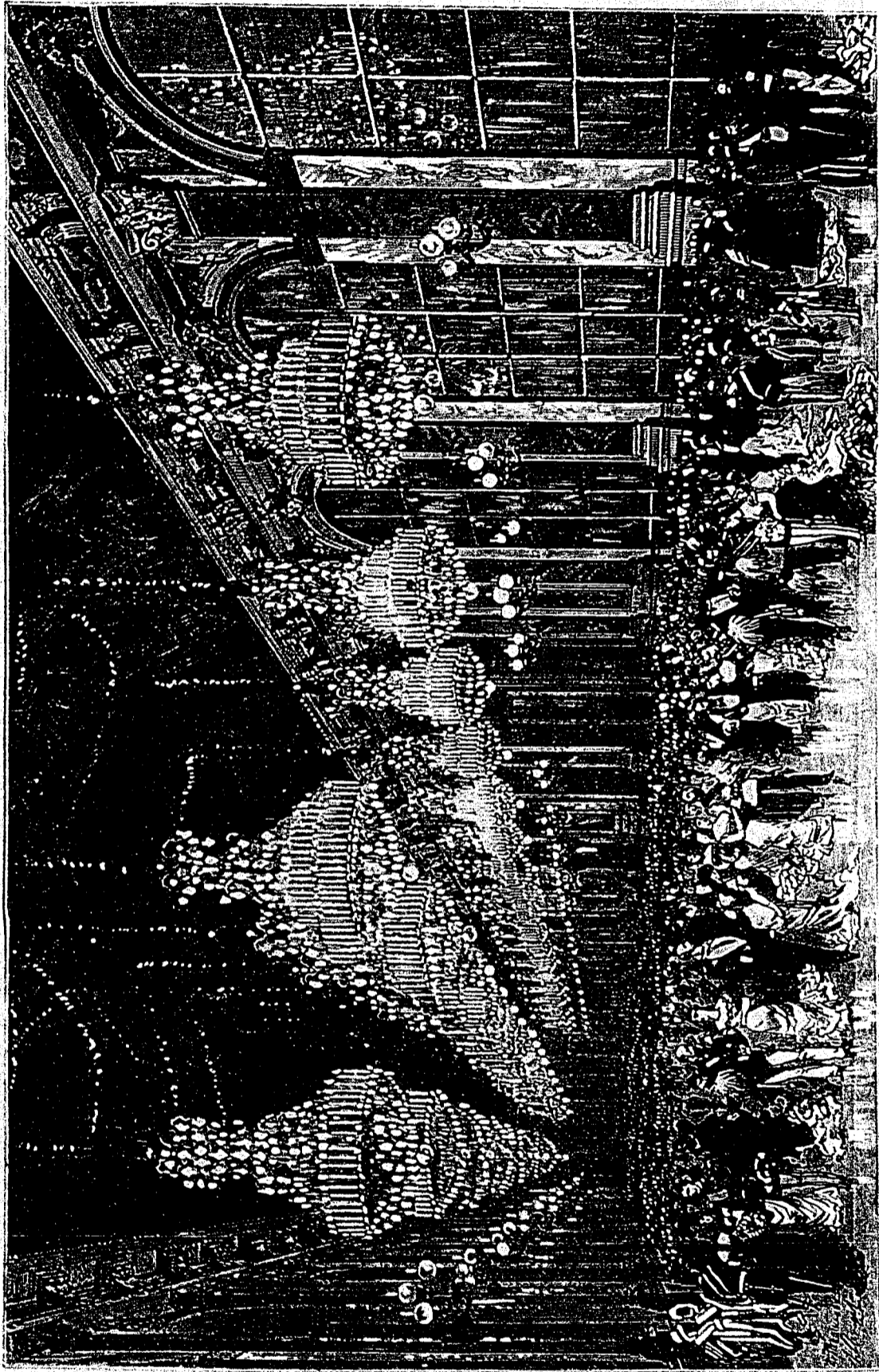
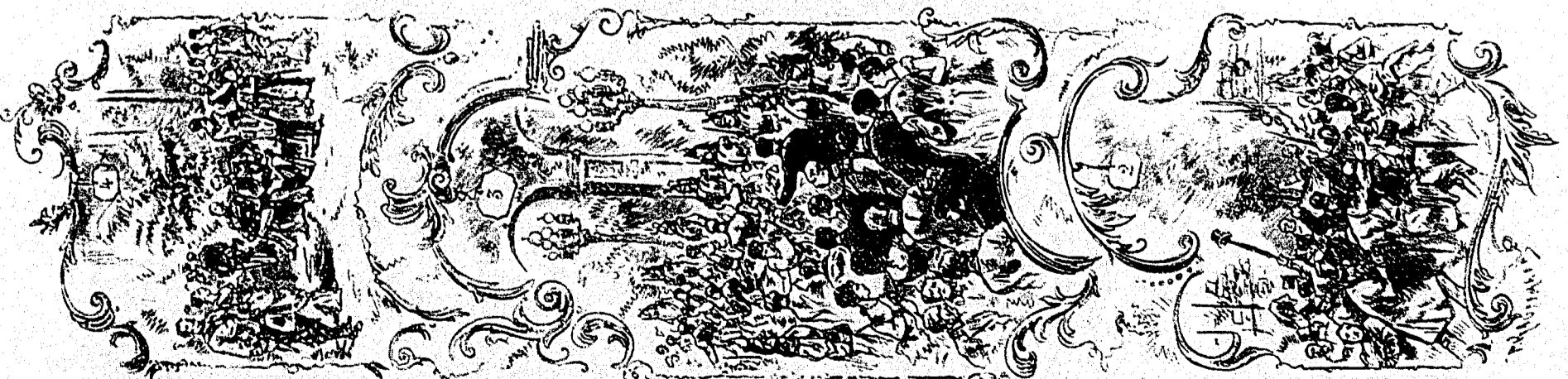
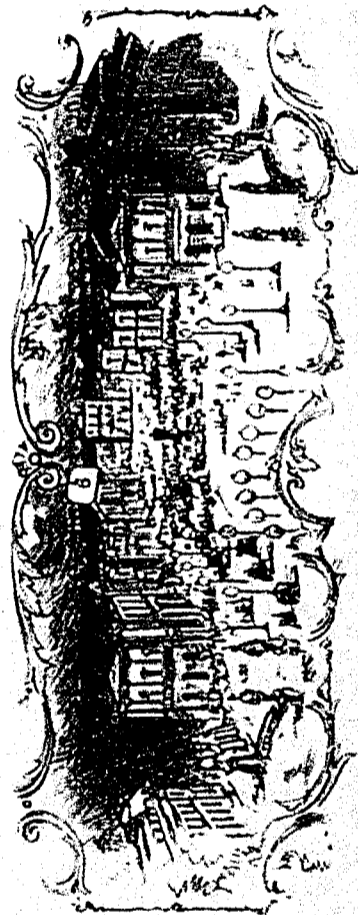


THE HON. JUDGE HAGARTY,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, ONTARIO.

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 whispere were rife as the Baron's young heir Talked low to the maiden so bashfully glancing.

Admired of all, was the laughing young soldier, And handsome and brave as a soldier should be; The maid was the envid of every beholder.

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,

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,

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 hath 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 despatcheth no token, The maiden droops sadly, grown pale to the view, Then these were the words in fowl 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! fain 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

We passed through many of the beautiful towns envioning 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.

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.

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"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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

We are sorry to notice the death of the distinguished chessplayer, Chess Kenney. 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.

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

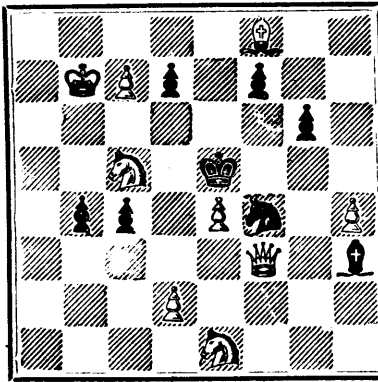
The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for Nov. 9th, besides its usual interesting Chess Column, contains a graphic and amusing sketch, in which the writer depicts his experiences during his visit to the Montreal Chess Club. The principal Chessplayers of that city, their peculiarities and their follies are introduced 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 Leipsic 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. (Mr. Foster.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. B to Q B 4 (a), 5. P to Q B 3 (b), 6. P to K 5, 7. B to Q Kt 5, 8. Q B P takes P, 9. P to Q R 4, 10. Kt to Q B 3, 11. Kt to K 2 (c), 12. B takes Kt, 13. Kt to K B 4, 14. Castles, 15. P takes P, 16. Q takes Q P (ch) (e), 17. Kt takes Q, 18. Kt to Q B 3, 19. R to Q sq, 20. R to Q 7, 21. P to K R 3, 22. P to K 6 (h), 23. P to K 7 (i), 24. P to K Kt 3, 25. P takes Kt P, 26. Kt to R Kt 5, 27. K to Kt 2, 28. Kt takes P, 29. K takes Kt, 30. Kt to K 4.
- BLACK. (Mr. Braithwaite.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. B to B 4, 5. Kt to B 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. Kt to K 5, 8. B to Kt 3, 9. P to Q R 4, 10. P to K B 4, 11. Castles, 12. P takes B, 13. P to Q B 4, 14. P to K Kt 4 (d), 15. B takes P, 16. Q takes Q, 17. P to Q B 3, 18. B to R 3 (g), 19. Kt takes P, 20. P to K B 5, 21. P to K R 4, 22. Q R to K sq, 23. R to B 2, 24. P to K Kt 5, 25. R P takes P, 26. Kt to R 6 (dis.) (ch), 27. P to B 6 (ch), 28. P takes Kt (ch), 29. B to Q B 3 (ch), 30. B takes R (ch) and White resigns.

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General Manager.

Montreal, 15th October, 1878.

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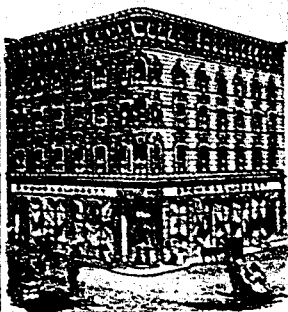


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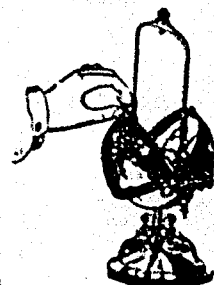
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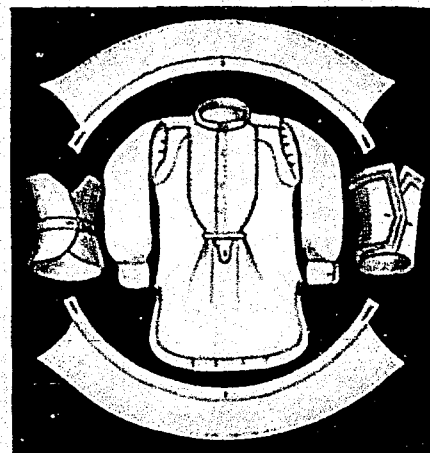
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