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THE WEST-COAST NEWS

Vol. XVII.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

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PARTY VIOLENCE IN MONTREAL.

CANADA:—I will not allow the Red Flag to wave over any part of my Dominion. Those who raise it will be unmercifully struck down by the sword of the Law.

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

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NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

We publish to-day another series of sketches in Prescott. According as our Special Commissioner progresses, his enterprise is being more readily and widely understood, and the encouragement we receive is such as to insure the success of this great undertaking—the illustration of all the towns and villages of the Dominion, with a view to their resources and industrial development. Those of our friends who are pleased with the scheme, and with our efforts to carry it out, should help in obtaining subscribers for the NEWS, which will contain these illustrations for a long time to come.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 18th, 1878.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

THE general result of the late elections in the Province of Quebec is satisfactory in this—that it indicates the intelligence and activity of the electorate. With the exception of a few enthusiasts on both sides, the opinion of the shrewdest politicians was that the issue of May the 1st would be to leave the contending parties pretty much as they were before. It was argued that ignorance, on the one hand, and indifference on the other, would let the vital question of the sanction or condemnation of Lieutenant-Governor LETELLIER go by default, and that the old party lines would in no wise be disturbed. Had such been the case, the standing reproach of the backwardness of Lower Canada would have been revived with potent justification. We are glad to record that such was by no means the case. The election returns show that the Province was deeply stirred from centre to circumference, and that public opinion manifested itself in the most striking fashion. Out of a total of 65 constituencies, sixteen changed sides, on the one hand, and five on the other. This is a very remarkable work of alteration. The Liberals, who were in a helpless minority during the last Legislature, stand now with a majority almost within their grasp. The Conservatives, who formerly carried everything before them, with two-thirds of the Assembly at their back, cannot now muster strength enough to “run” a Government by themselves.

After calmly surveying the field, there appears a sufficient expression of the popular feeling to warrant the statement that the Province, as a whole, approved the dismissal of the DEBOUCHERVILLE Administration by the Lieutenant-Governor, and that virtually the JOLY Government is sustained. It may turn out on the 4th June, when the Legislature meets, as it certainly looks to-day from the face of the returns, that M. JOLY will lack two or three or four of securing a legislative majority, but we do not think that this quasi-physical obstacle should be allowed to stand in his way, in face of the undoubted revolution which has carried him so far. We have, of course, no advice to give the Conservative party, but we are decidedly of opinion that they ought to cast no obstruction in the path of M. JOLY. They should, on the contrary, offer him every facility to organize his Government, elect his Speaker, secure his supplies and enunciate his policy. It may be that it was M. DEBOUCHERVILLE, and not the Conservative party, *quantum* party, that the country wanted to set aside, but at the

same time there is a general feeling that the people have a curiosity to hear more from M. JOLY and see him really at work outside of the shadowy land of pledges and promises. We think the Conservatives ought to allow this curiosity to be gratified. They can do it with the more grace, and a certain patriotic sacrifice which will be remembered in good time, from the fact that they are still numerically very strong and in splendid equipment for either armed observation or defensive battle.

These are our views a week after the elections. What may happen between this and the opening of the Legislature, a month hence, to modify the situation, we cannot, of course, divine. The Ministerialists are perhaps a trifle too jubilant, which leads certain indiscreet men and writers among them to speak of “buying” over independent support. We confess, also, that at St. Hyacinthe the other day, M. JOLY made rather a wild speech, as we read it in the public prints, but if things remain in their normal condition we repeat our belief that M. JOLY ought to be allowed a fair chance to carry out his policy, even should he find himself in a numerical minority of two or three.

THE PROTECTION OF MONTREAL.

At a very late hour, although better late than not at all, the authorities have awakened to a sense of the real danger which threatens this city from a culmination of party violence and religious fanaticism. A bill, originally introduced by Hon. Mr. BLAKE, has passed through both Houses of Parliament, enacting most stringent measures for the arrest and punishment of persons unlawfully carrying fire-arms. The Corporation of Montreal have approved this bill, and facilitated its enforcement by an appropriation for a large increase of the police and detective forces, and regulations for the better lighting of the city at night. All this is well. They are preventive measures which the whole population most heartily approve as steps in the direction of security. But they are not sufficient. It is felt that a third power must be called upon to step in and supply what neither the Federal nor Municipal bodies could legislate. Alderman STEPHENS calls upon the Quebec Assembly to pass an enactment forbidding Party Processions, meaning by such processions all those in which no clergymen take part *ex officio*. The editor of the *True Witness* not only takes up the suggestion, but defines what is meant by Party Processions—those of the Orange Societies and of the Catholic Union. The Legislature fortunately meets early in June and will have ample time to attend to this matter. Mr. JOLY has already declared his views in the premises, and, if he remains in power, there is no doubt that he will effect the abolition of Party Processions. Should this course be taken, much of the danger which we anticipate on the 12th of the forthcoming July may be eliminated, but we must, unfortunately, express our doubts whether even such legislation will be sufficient to prevent a demonstration on that day. Hence, in addition to all the precautionary measures already taken, it is our bounden duty to prepare for an outbreak on the 12th, as its probability presents itself to us at this time. As we write, it is certain that the Orangemen of Montreal are resolved on marching. It is equally certain that thousands of their brethren from different parts of the country will come to the city to take part in the procession. It is no less sure that a large portion of the Irish Catholics of the city will do all in their power to prevent the marching or to break it up. If the latter contingency actually takes place, we must look out for a bloody riot. Then comes the question—how is this riot to be put down? We shall have, first, the whole new force of police, nearly three hundred strong, who ought to be effective, if fully armed and properly drilled. It is Chief PENTON'S sternest duty to see that they are properly drilled. Next, we shall have about 1,000 volunteers. It is a great pity

that volunteers should be called upon to do duty that is done elsewhere only by the militia or by the regulars, but this is an extreme case, and there is no help for it. *Salus populi suprema lex*. Such a force as this, officered by brave men, and under the supreme direction of a cool, intrepid and iron-willed commander, ought to suffice abundantly to quell any disturbance. For further security, all points of vantage should be commanded by artillery, to sweep the streets in a moment of extreme, uncontrollable peril. If these measures are fearlessly carried out, the impending terror of the next 12th July will be averted, or reduced to small proportions.

VERA ZASOULITSCH.

A romantic event has recently occurred in Russia which derives interest far beyond the bounds of that country, not only on account of the persons involved, but also because of the information which it imparts of political reform and social regeneration in the Empire of the Czar. A young woman, of the name of VERA ZASOULITSCH, recently fired upon and dangerously wounded General TREPOFF, the Prefect of Police of St. Petersburg. She was arrested on the spot, as the assault was made quite in public, and the reasons of her act were detailed by herself without any fear or hesitation. She had intended to avenge the wrongs of BOGOLUBOFF, a prisoner condemned to penal servitude for conspiracy against the Government, who had lately received twenty-four strokes with a birchen rod for disrespect and insubordination to General TREPOFF. This was the whole ostensible case, which would, of course, pass unnoticed but for the antecedents of the girl herself, and the subsequent issue of her trial. VERA ZASOULITSCH belongs to the sect of Nihilists, whose doctrines embody all forms of sweeping changes, social, religious and political. She was at one time a clerk in the office of a judge at Moscow. Later she worked at the bookbinding trade, and prepared herself for the functions of a teacher. At the age of eighteen, in May, 1868, she was arrested on a charge of receiving letters from a Nihilist conspirator and confined in prison till March, 1871. Being set at liberty, she was shortly afterwards arrested for circulating forbidden books, and put under the supervision of the police until 1875. She then removed to St. Petersburg, where she resided when the case of BOGOLUBOFF brought her into still greater notoriety. With this man she seems to have had no relation, although we have seen somewhere that he passed for her lover. This plea, however, was never urged by herself. She maintained that her deliberate object was to attack the iniquitous system of arbitrary punishment by the rod, and on that count alone was she tried. This trial and its result are the most significant circumstances of the whole incident. A few years ago her punishment would have been private and summary, without much process outside of military law, but it is indicative of the political advance which Russia has very recently made that this new CHARLOTTE CORDAY was allowed the broadest opportunities of defence. Her case was heard before a jury composed of representative citizens; the judges gave her and her witnesses every encouragement; her counsel was permitted every license in her favour, and when, in the face of the evidence, a verdict of acquittal was pronounced, the crowd manifested their enthusiasm by driving away the police and carrying her off in triumph. Her subsequent fate, however, has become a mystery. VERA has disappeared. It was feared at first that the police had again spirited her away, but a letter since published over her signature shows that she is in the hands of her friends, although her exact whereabouts are unknown. Our readers will remember that late despatches have made mention of her alleged escape from Russian soil, but, whether this is true or not, VERA has raised herself to the position of a revolutionary heroine. All these facts

are worthy of record, as revealing a new state of things in Russia. The knout had been abolished, but was replaced by the birchen rod. Even the rod, however, must now disappear as a factor in political correction and punishment. The spirit of personal liberty and of even-handed justice is destined to prevail in Russia before many more years elapse, notwithstanding that efforts are now being made, in consequence of this very case, to have jury trials for grave political offences abolished.

THE American papers have, *more suo*, invented many sensational stories connected with the European war, but the material presence of the *Cimbria* at Southwest Harbour, Maine, is a fact that lies beyond invention. This mysterious vessel has a regularly organized ship's company of sixty officers and six hundred seamen of the Russian Imperial navy, under command of Count Grifenberg. On her arrival a long despatch in cipher was sent to Admiral Lessorsky at St. Petersburg, and the officers seem to be waiting for a reply. The steamer has a large amount of stores on board, including coal for ten days' steaming. No arms or ammunition are visible, and the officers of the steamship deny that there are any such on board. Beyond these facts nothing has been learned either by the indefatigable newspaper reporter or the no less inquisitive British agents. The *Cimbria* may not be classed among the legendary phantom ships, but her appearance in American waters decidedly partakes of the romantic.

A CERTAIN Col. MULLIGAN is travelling through portions of the United States ascertaining the condition of the Fenian organization. He says that in case of war the Fenians propose to invade Canada from Ogdensburg and Fort Erie. A prominent citizen of Cleveland has contributed \$25,000 towards the purchase of arms. “The feeling in favour of a Canada raid is so strong that one will probably be made, war or no war.” Here we have again this periodical Fenian craze. Of course, we attach no faith whatever to the story, and, after the ludicrous experience of Pigeon Hill, we fancy that the Fenians will not suffer themselves to be deluded into any attempt upon our borders. The only point where a raid could be made with such success as is implied in abundant plunder and a panic of a defenceless population would be Manitoba, but, even there, the material results of the campaign would not compensate for the outlay, while the danger of terrible retribution, in individual cases of capture, would be extreme.

THE fruit crop for the United States of 1877 amounted in value to \$140,000,000, or about one-half of the outcome from cereals. Fruit of every species and climate is now raised in that country, the vines prospering finely and the oranges of Florida and California surpassing those of Italy and Spain. Herein lies a very important lesson for Canada. Ontario has already led the way by her fruit exhibition at Philadelphia, which was second to none, but the other Provinces are still very backward. Quebec possesses exceptional advantages for the culture of certain kinds of fruit, and we are pleased to know that, through the exertions of a few energetic men, the Province is about entering upon a new era in this respect. Through the encouragement of the Local Government, the Montreal Horticultural Society has been widened into the Fruit-Growers' Association of Quebec, while still retaining its title, and we look forward with much interest to the first report of this body, which is on the eve of publication.

THE slowness of negotiations is entailing an extraordinary expenditure on both England and Russia, which ought to count for something in the ultimate solution of the problem. England suffers really less, for, although she has gone through the

£6,000,000 sterling recently voted by Parliament, that money went to the purchase and storage of war material which can be serviceable years hence.

A strong movement is said to be on foot in France for the recovery of Lorraine from Germany. By way of compensation Bismarck is to be invited to annex Holland, and possibly a portion of Belgium.

We are informed by the New York papers that, from reports received from 29 States and one territory, the American crop of this year bids fair to be almost unparalleled in the history of that country.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

Table with 3 columns: County, Opposition, Ministerial. Lists various constituencies and candidates such as Argenteuil, Beauséjour, Beauport, etc.

We have waited two weeks in order to present a correct list of the members elect in the Province of Quebec. That which we print above is strictly accurate, being based upon a comparison of the pretensions of both parties and finally determined by the declarations of the members themselves.

they were pledged to the defeat of M. DeBoucherville, they are by no means committed to the support of Mr. Joly. What our opinion of the result of the election is will be found in the editorial column, but should the Ministerialists resort to the trickery which they denounce so much in their opponents, and help to change these material figures, by corrupt means, we believe that they will injure themselves in the esteem of the public which is at present very sympathetic towards them.

THE FREE LANCE.

The conversation turned on a "mutual friend," who was always contributing to the press, but without success. Either his contributions were not accepted, or, if accepted, were not paid for.

"What is he doing now?" asked one. "He loses his time as usual." "What! Is he idle?" "On the contrary, he works very hard."

A child's lesson in Sacred History: "Well," said the father, "can you tell me who was Adam?" "Adam was the father of all men." "And Eve?" "Eve--She was the mother of all women!"

An electoral campaign has its bitternesses, but it has also its pleasantnesses. Here are a few examples:

In the county of Brome, a certain man was not quite sure whether he should record his vote for the amiable and popular member, Mr. Lynch. He was pressed for his reasons.

"No reason in particular; only it seems to me that Lynch is not wanted down in Quebec." "Not wanted?" "No. In the past five or six years he has been sent back twice to get re-elected!"

HERE is another. Most of my readers will remember Mr. Webb, who is not now in Parliament, but who for several years represented the united counties of Richmond and Wolfe. One of his constituents being hard set to find a reproach against him, at length hit upon this brilliant idea:

"I think Webb is too lazy to go back to Parliament." "Lazy?" "Yes. He is about the laziest man in the House." "How so?" "Why, look at the votes and proceedings. His name always appears last on the list!"

AND here is a third. It is a pleasant invention, of course, at which, I trust, no offence will be taken, as none is intended.

An inhabitant went to his pastor for electoral information.

"You forget, my friend, that we are not allowed to interfere in politics."

"But still, sir, you might--"

"Well, I might help you to this extent--I will put the questions and you will answer."

"Correct."

"You look at the heavens. What is their colour?"

"Blue!"

"You have heard of hell. What colour is it?"

A sudden illumination covered the face of the farmer. He smiled, bowed, walked out and voted the straight ticket.

WHENEVER you meet a middle-aged man who is unusually reticent and uncommunicative, you can with much reason put him down at once as an Englishman. The following affords an illustration of the truth of the statement:

A gentleman and his wife (English) were lately stopping at an hotel in one of the towns across the border. Whilst taking their morning repast they were frequently annoyed by the inquisitiveness of their hostess, a true representative of the women of New England. The gentleman was of exceedingly slight build, extremely so in his nether limbs, and was evidently seeking by travel to restore to himself that manhood which probable excesses had to a great extent deprived him of.

After serving her guests with the necessary requirements in the shape of food, the hostess ventured the following inquiries:

"Stopping long in this place, sir?"

"No."

"Travelling for your health, sir?"

"Yes."

"Lady your wife, sir?"

"Not in the habit of travelling with any other woman, madam."

The hostess, defeated for the nonce, retires, but presently returns to the charge:

"What may be the nature of your complaint, sir?"

"Swollen legs, madam." (Ironically.)

"Goodness, sir! what must they be when they ain't swollen!" LALENE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.--These pictures on the first and last pages of the present issue sufficiently explain themselves and are fully referred to in the editorial columns.

ARCHERY IN MONTREAL.--We have learned with the liveliest satisfaction that it is the intention of the officers and members of the Montreal Lacrosse Club to introduce upon their grounds a series of games suitable for ladies, such as croquet, Badminton, lawn tennis and especially archery. This resolution cannot be too highly commended, and we have no doubt that the ladies will contribute to carry it out most successfully.

DEPARTURE OF DR. AND MRS. OXENDEN.--The final leave-taking of His Lordship and friends was at the quay, where the Quebec boat starts from. Here the Very Rev. Dean Bond and probably more than one hundred of the clergy and laity of Montreal, with many ladies, assembled, and the farewells spoken told of the sympathy existing between the Bishop and his flock. Large numbers of bouquets of choice flowers were presented to His Lordship and Mrs. Oxenden, and silently the boat moved from the pier amid the waving of handkerchiefs and solemn stillness of all present.

THE STEAMER CIMBRIA.--A vast amount of curiosity has been excited throughout the United States and Canada by the announcement that the Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamship Cimbria, with a contingent of sixty officers and six hundred seamen, all of the Russian Navy, has put into Southwest Harbour, off the coast of Maine. The vessel reached the harbour early on Sunday morning, April 28th, and the only persons seen to leave her during the day were the captain and a naval-looking person mentioned as a Russian agent.

ON the 30th of May, France is threatened with a centennial anniversary--the centenary of Voltaire. Of course, it is but natural that the death of the great writer, whose works laid the foundation of the freedom of thought, which made a Republic possible, should be celebrated by a Republic in possession. But where is this rage for centennial celebrations to stop? It would almost seem as if the world was being converted to the Chinese worship of ancestors.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOAT CREW.--The members of the four-oared crew which will represent Columbia College of New York City in the Henley regatta on the River Thames early in July next, are daily doing excellent work on the Harlem in the line of regular training. They will leave New York for London, on Thursday, May 23rd, taking with them a shell now being built expressly for their contest.

The names, weights and ages of the members of the crew are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Age, Weight, lbs. Lists crew members: E. Sage, C. Edson, R. C. Ridabock, J. T. Goodwin.

All of these men have taken part in one or more college regattas, and two of them at least are known as oarsmen of the first-class. Goodwin, the stroke, has participated in no fewer than four of the annual University contests, and Sage comes close upon him, a veteran of three battles. Goodwin rowed first in 1874, when his college, it will be remembered, won a sweeping victory. He pulled No. 2 in the winning boat that year. In 1875, at Saratoga, he rowed again, pulling stroke for Columbia in the University race, bringing his boat close upon Cornell, which won that year, and taking second honours away from Harvard, Yale and the others, when, with only five days' training, the Columbia's eight rowed a plucky but forlorn tilt with the victorious Harvard at Springfield.

1876, and was starboard stroke of the losing Springfield eight in 1877. Edson, No. 2 of the present four, and Ridabock, No. 3, are comparatively new men, having rowed but one race each. Edson rowed No. 2 in the eight-oared race at Springfield, and Ridabock was No. 5 in the Saratoga crew of 1875.

Henley is some sixty-five miles up the Thames from London, and the race is rowed up-stream, starting about a mile from Hambledon Lock, with the finish about the same distance below Marsh Lock, the course being one mile and five-sixteenths in length. The first mile is nearly straight, but near the mile-post the river bends sharply to the left. There is but little current, and from a series of careful calculations a prime authority shows that the best time made over the course for "fours" is 7 min. 56 sec.; "pairs," 8 min. 40 sec.; "scullers," 9 min., all the races being heat races, the trial heats being generally rowed on one day, and the deciding one on the second day.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Jardin Mabille has been greatly beautified in honour of the exhibition period.

THE men employed on the Paris Exhibition were at work on Easter Sunday till noon. The Univers was incensed at this, declaring that this contempt for Easter day is a scandal unprecedented even under the Empire.

THE great organ for the Trocadero Palace was tried last week, but so much remains to be done that it cannot be placed in position and finished for at least two months. It has 4,070 pipes, varying in size from thirty-two feet to five millimetres.

A MODEL of the New York Post Office, constructed on the scale of one-thirty-second of an inch to the foot, has been sent to the Exhibition. It was built from the plans, and contains 284,000 pieces. It occupied the time of one man, working six hours a day, for six years to complete it.

THE Crowned Heads who will visit the Exhibition necessarily remains uncertain as long as the Eastern Question is pending. There is however, some expectation of the arrival of the Kings of Italy, Spain, and Belgium, and the Shah of Persia is on his way hither. King Humbert will probably spend a week here in June. A number of native Indian Princes are also looked for.

ON the 30th of May, France is threatened with a centennial anniversary--the centenary of Voltaire. Of course, it is but natural that the death of the great writer, whose works laid the foundation of the freedom of thought, which made a Republic possible, should be celebrated by a Republic in possession. But where is this rage for centennial celebrations to stop? It would almost seem as if the world was being converted to the Chinese worship of ancestors.

THAT was a knotty point which a French judge had before him the other day, where a man bought a cow that snapped up the notes which were to pay for her! The judge decided that the buyer should be the loser, as he had hold of the rope at the time, which constituted possession.

THE limited number of restaurants and refreshment bars inside the Exhibition building and grounds is happily supplemented by hundreds erected by private speculators outside. Exhibitions of the future, to be novel, and to surpass the present, must have tram cars and excursion trains running inside. It will be a serious drawback to a mooring at the exhibition if, after a three miles' heat through the highways and byways of the Palace northwards, the visitor should have to retrace his steps southwards, to find his favourite or nation restaurant.

It will be no joke to cater for 200,000 hungry and thirsty souls daily, for, if the Exhibition should monopolize the dejuneurs, Paris will doubtless seize the dinners. At the Hungarian czarda there will be concerts executed by orthodox gipsies pending repasts; Tunis will supply music; Morocco, coffee, and Algeria cous-cous and Almee waltzes. Perhaps to vex John Bull, Russia has erected a pretty islah near the English Commissioner's office to sell cigarettes. Forty kiosques will be installed to vend catalogues and journals, and small boys in uniform may be allowed to sell them also--as is now tolerated on the river boats--provided they do not cry their wares. Hence why an application is being considered to allow a brigade of deaf and dumb lads from the institution to exercise the monopoly of roving newsvendors.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH OF TORONTO. OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 296.

Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, was born near Clones, Co. Monaghan, Ireland, on the 6th of February, 1816. He received his education at St. Joseph's College, belonging to the Carmelites, Clondalkin, and when St. Vincent College, Castleknock, was opened, he was the first student and the first to join the Order. Having finished his rhetoric and philosophy, he was sent to Paris to pursue his theological studies in the mother house of the Order. He received his sub-deaconship and deaconship at the hands of Monsignore Affre, Archbishop of Paris, who was afterwards killed at the barricades in 1848. In 1843 he was elevated to the priesthood, by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin. In 1846 he set out, with Monsignore Odin, the Vicar-Apostolic, for Texas. Short as the time of his sojourn was, he built St. Vincent de Paul's Church in Houston, and was engaged in building other churches when a fever, which was then ravaging Texas, attacked him and nearly sent him to the grave. He was removed to New Orleans, but the fever had made such a terrible wreck of his constitution, that it was not until several months afterwards that he became able to celebrate Mass. In 1848 he went to Missouri, where he was appointed president of the Seminary of Ste. Marie de Baren, which had been abandoned on account of its unsalubrious situation. Under his administration the number of the students was so increased, that new buildings had to be erected. At the Sixennial General Sessions of the Lazarist Order, which were held in Paris in the years 1849 and 1855, he was the delegate from the United States; in this last year he went to Rome. When he returned to America he was again attacked with fever, so that he had to leave Missouri for a more healthy clime. On the invitation of Bishop Timon he went to Buffalo in 1856, and in the same year he founded the Seminary of Holy Angels. This institution was afterwards permanently located on the shores of the Niagara River, at Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Under Dr. Lynch's care it flourished greatly; two hundred and forty-six students for the priesthood having, up to 1874, been educated within its walls. On the resignation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Charbonnel, in November, 1859, Dr. Lynch, who for some months previous had been bishop in *partibus infidelium*



MOST REV. DR. LYNCH, R. C. ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

with the titular See of Echinus, was raised to the Episcopacy of Toronto. Since that time he has administered the affairs of the diocese, and has gained his way to the heart of his flock being venerated and beloved by all. In the year 1870 the See was elevated into an Archdiocese, the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec having been divided and made the Metropolitan See of Ontario. His Grace was consecrated at Rome at the same time with Dr. McGettigan, the Primate of all Ireland. His diocese, in every part, is in a flourishing state; in the City of Toronto, St. Michael's Cathedral, the House of Providence and other magnificent buildings, are beautiful monuments of his episcopacy. Several churches have been erected elsewhere, and schools have been well fostered by him, he having brought to the city, from St. Hyacinthe, the Sisters of the Precious Blood and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd from Ottawa. For the portrait and sketch of Dr. Lynch we are indebted to our enterprising contemporary, *Mette's Illustrated*, of New York.

HARRY DUSSEAU, a Canadian, has accomplished the feat of walking upon water at Taunton, Mass. Last week he walked a quarter of a mile on Taunton River in six minutes. He wears a pair of patent shoes, made of tin, about one foot wide and three feet long, in which air is confined, and he makes his way in a kind of skating gait.

A TICKET-COUNTING machine has been introduced in Germany, which is said to count packages of ten, fifty, or a hundred tickets with absolute exactness, bringing to view the face of every ticket as it is counted. The machines have been used for some time on the Hanover railroads, and have recently been ordered by several other German and Austrian roads.

THE Emperor and Empress of Austria, on Maundy Thursday, performed the traditional ceremony of the feet-washing before all the court and a crowd of spectators. Twelve aged men were served with a splendid dinner by the Emperor, and as many women by the Empress. After grace, and the Dukes and Duchesses had cleared away, they took off the shoes and stockings of their guests and their Majesties washed their feet. This quaint ceremony was performed with all the gorgeous state in which Austria delights.



MODERN ARCHERY AS IT IS TO BE PRACTISED ON THE MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS.

DR. OXENDEN.

Dr. Oxenden belongs to a very old Kentish family, one of his ancestors having been Knighted in 1806. The Baronetcy was first created in 1678, when the title was conferred on the grandson of the first Knight. The present Baronet, Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, is the eldest brother of his Lordship, and the eighth Baronet. Ashton Oxenden was born at the family seat, Broome, Kent, in 1808. He spent his school days at Harrow, and afterwards graduated at University College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1832. In the following year he was ordained and appointed to the curacy of Barham, in his native county, which he held until 1848, when he became Rector of Pluckly, in the same county, which position he held until his elevation to the Episcopate. In 1869, the Diocesan Synod of Montreal, in conjunction with the venerable House of Bishops, after a long and anxious session, elected Canon Oxenden by 57 out of 63 clerical, and 14 out of 59 lay votes, to succeed the lamented Dr. Fulford in the Metropolitan See. The election was then made unanimous. Dr. Oxenden accepted the dignity and was consecrated by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, other Bishops assisting, in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th of August, 1869. On the 5th of the following month he was installed as Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada at Christ Church Cathedral in this city. The career of the late Bishop during the nine years of his incumbency need not be rehearsed here, as it is fresh in the minds and hearts of his people. A few weeks ago he announced his intention to resign his See owing to the declining state of his health, and this resolution was received with much regret. On Sunday, the 6th inst., he preached his farewell sermon in the Cathedral. On the afternoon of the 7th inst., he was presented with an address signed by about 1,800 churchmen, including all the clergymen of the diocese. The address expressed regret at the unalterable intention of his Lordship to resign the offices of Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. It expressed affectionate esteem for his Lordship's personal character and admiration for his anxious efforts for the welfare of the clergy. In the erection of the See house, in the institution of the sustentation fund, in the foundation of the theological college, in the improved pros-

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 297.



MOST REV. DR. OXENDEN, EX-METROPOLITAN OF CANADA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NGEMAN.

pects of the superannuation fund, and in many other particulars, there were many enduring memorials of his Lordship's practical wisdom, and special cause for gratitude and praise. The address concluded with the hope that his Lordship and Mrs. Oxenden and family would have a prosperous voyage to their native land. His Lordship made a suitable reply. On the same evening Bishop and Mrs. Oxenden left for Quebec, whence they sailed on Saturday, the 10th. About two hundred friends assembled at the boat to bid them good-bye.

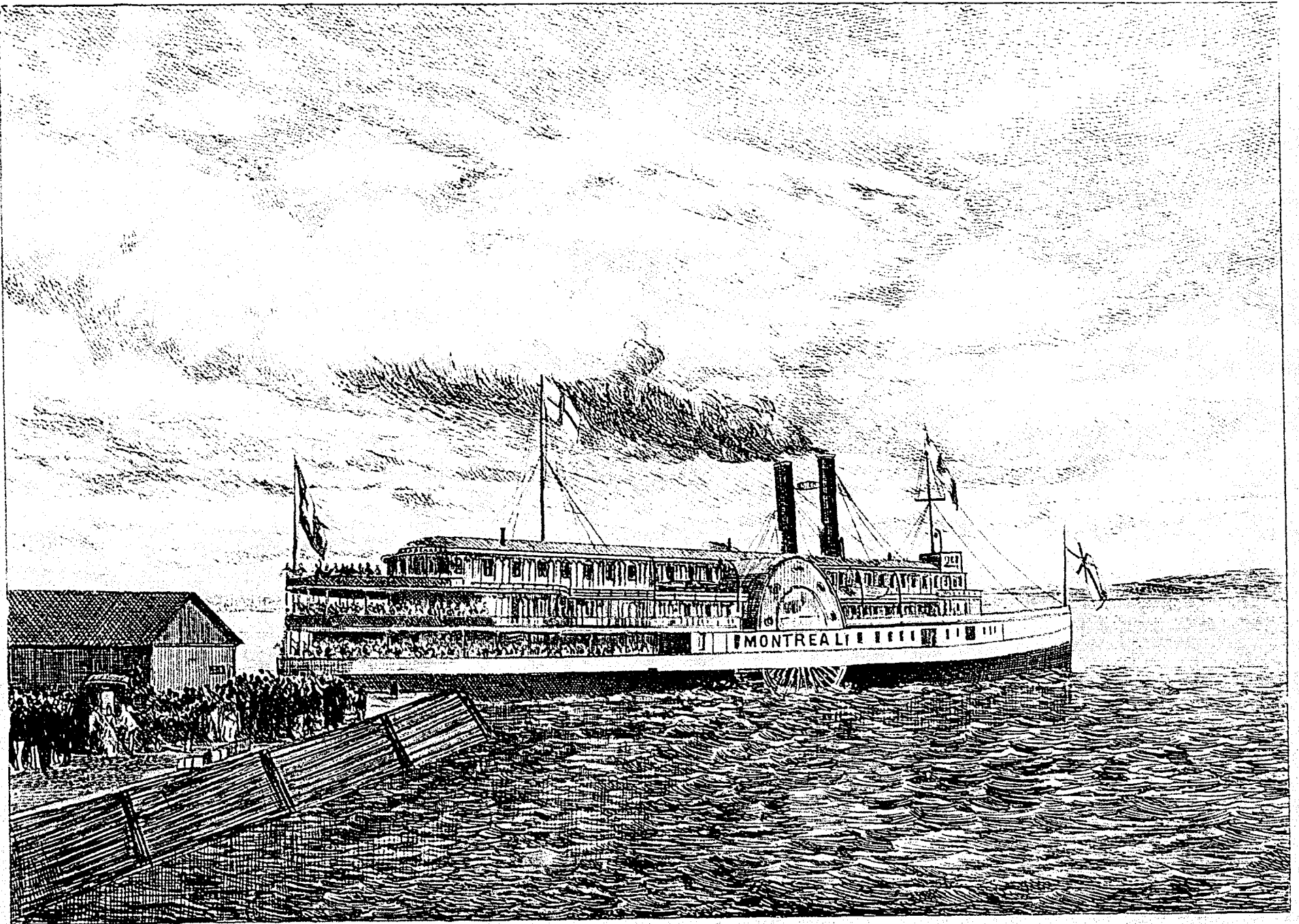
In the lunatic asylums of Bengal over thirty per cent. of the cases of lunacy is traced to the excessive use of gurga—a preparation made from Indian hemp.

TWENTY years ago a New Hampshire man named Lewis stepped on a needle, which broke as it entered his foot, but the pieces were not removed. Last summer the eye half came out through a sore under his left knee, and not long ago the remainder was taken from the fleshy portion of his right hand.

DR. HOWARD Crosby, president of the society for the suppression of vice, which has been working in this field, said the other day, "I don't believe in anything for the reformation of drunkenness but the grace of God. I have no faith in Murphyism, teetotalism, or any of the other modern phases, and I pay very little attention to the discussion of so-called reformers."

IN London there are fifty Richmond streets, sixty Norfolk, seventy Devonshire, seventy-six Brunswick, fifty-six Cambridge, eighty-seven Gloucester, fifty East-and-West, ninety North-and-South, 166 New, 129 Union, ninety-five King, ninety-nine Queen, seventy-eight Princes, 109 George, 119 John, and dozens and scores that have nothing to distinguish them except the district in which they happen to be.

The latest feature of refrigeration, as applied to the preservation of perishable articles of food during transit, has been supplied by the successful transmission of a large quantity of Canadian fish to the Cold Storage Company in Thames Street. The fish are from Lake Huron, and are packed in barrels with ice. They are perfectly fresh and sweet, and on the table are all that could be desired.



MONTREAL.—DEPARTURE OF DR. AND MRS. OXENDEN. SCENE AT THE RICHELIEU PIER.

THE DYING BOY.

It was night among the mountains,
Near the far-famed Shipka Pass,
And the great moon glared in splendour
O'er each crag and deep morass,
Throwing fitful shades and glimmers
Far athwart the gory ground,
Where, through all the awful daytime,
Had pealed out the battle's sound.

Deep down the Vale of Roses
Was its glimmering radiance spread,
Where it shed a livid lustre
O'er the dying and the dead,
And it shone upon the figure
Of a youth, once brave and bold,
Lighting up his pallid features,
And his clotted curls of gold.

He had fallen in the conflict,
And a deeper, duller red
Had his life-blood dyed the roses,
That then formed his dying bed;
And his voice in plaintive murmurs
Ever rose upon the air,
Mingling with the ghostly groaning
Of the wounded gathered there.

"I am dying, mother, dying
Far away from home and thee—
Far away from fair old England!"
Rose the words right piteously.
"Ah, I feel the death chill coming!
There's a mist before my sight!
Yes, your wand'ring boy is dying,
Far away from home to-night!"

I am dying, but dishonour
Does not rest upon my brow,
For I finished not from the conflict,
And I finish from nothing now.
I'm an Englishman, dear mother,—
Englishmen finish not from death!
But I fain would kiss you, mother,
Ere my last expiring breath.

What a vision flits before me
Of the bygone, golden days,
Ere the star of fame allured me
With its weird, fantastic rays,
To desert the dear old homestead,
In that isle beyond the sea,
Where the loving and the loved ones
Pray so anxiously for me.

Never more I'll meet you, Mary!
Ebb'd the tide life, sure and fleet!
Little thought I, loving sweetheart,
We had parted ne'er to meet!
Little thought I death would claim me,
Mid those mountains wild and high,
Where the Turk and Russ in battle
Pealed their war notes to the sky."

"Darling Mary," he said softly,
Then his weary spirit fled,
For a coward Russ had stabbed him,
And the Englishman was dead;
Dead upon a bed of roses,
Far from country and from home,
With his ghastly face upstaring
To the stars in Heaven's dome.

Fast within his frigid fingers,
Clasped with gold and clasped with gore,
Was his mother's last memento
To the son, whose life was o'er,
And the Russian roughly wrenched it
From the fingers cold and damp,
And as sounds were heard approaching,
Fled away into his camp.

Little value did the robber
Find the precious prize to him:
It was but the brave boy's Bible
By his life-blood stained and grim,
And within its clotted pages
Were two curls of hair enrolled,
One of which was pale as silver,
And the other pallid gold.

Loving mother, loving maiden,
Watching, waiting, pray for him,
Who upon a bed of roses
Fought the death fiend, fierce and grim;
But their bowed heads, gray and golden,
Will be silent, dead and cold,
Ere their spirits meet the spirit
Of their soldier-boy so cold.

Stayer, Ont.

C. E. JAKKWAY, M. D.

FASHION AND FANCY.

(Continued From Our Last.)

"You here!" exclaimed Mrs. Car, as she streamed in, all muslin, lace, and sweet-smelling blossoms. "I thought I was ready so soon. I was standing in the hall to look at the view. What a pity that this window does not look out on the sea! It seems as if the one idea of the people who built these old houses, was to exclude every possibility of a view from all the principal rooms!"

She then paused, and it seemed as if an idea had occurred to her.

"By the way, I meant to speak to you," she said, with something of an effort. "I was so vexed about it. I don't know what you must have thought of us. We were only in joke, you know. That is—you see—that is—"

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves, of course, my dear. But with the exception of my bald head, which got a rap from Miss Bessie I believe, I don't know that I have any particular charge to lay against any of you."

This not being what she had anticipated, doubled the good creature's confusion, and I was revengeful enough to enjoy seeing how impossible it was for her to justify herself, when no fault had been imputed.

At last pity moved me.

"You thought I should be offended because you ridiculed the old gown?" said I.

She seized the opening.

"It was not the gown, indeed, it was only the fashion of it. Everybody said how—how handsome the material was." (Everybody meant Maria, I presumed. She alone had recognized its merits.)

"I see," said I. "You meant no harm, my dear, bless you! Don't let me have all those blushes to answer for. And as for the gown, why, it seemed very fine to me forty years ago, to be sure, but we have rushed together. A new

generation has sprung up, which knows not Joseph nor his coat of many colours. I was accustomed to regret my mother as one of the finest of her sex; she was a woman the like of whom one seldom sees now—one seldom saw then; but if it won't turn your head, my dear, I may say that you sometimes bring her to my recollection. Perhaps it may be some compensation for all the jests made at your expense this morning, Mrs. Brand, to hear that an old man thought he had not seen so pretty a sight for many a year.

"Did you? Really?"

She looked to see whether I too was making fun of her.

"Yes, I did."

"And you are sure, quite sure, you did not mind?"

"Quite sure," replied I. "And so there's no more to be said."

"Oh, how good you are!" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "This has been vexing me the whole day. I was so afraid you had been hurt, and I thought you would hardly comprehend how it was, for of course it is different to you—"

"Quite so, quite so," said I, with sudden recollection. "And that reminds that—as you say it is different to me, and certainly it is—for the sake of auld lang syne, I have a favour to ask. It is a whim, a fancy of mine, my dear, but I think you will not refuse me. I seem to feel as if I could not bear to think that any thing she wore, that I remember her in so well, was cut to pieces to cover furniture. So you won't think me unreasonable, will you, Carry," continued I, hurriedly, for I feared I was, "if I ask you not to do that! Don't wear it, my dear, never put it on again, if it makes you the least uneasy; but lay it by, and keep it safely somewhere, for her sake."

"I will—I will." Her dear eyes filled with tears. Why, I cannot imagine, unless my voice was less firm than I had hoped it was.

"It shall never be touched," cried she, emphatically. "I don't care what the girls say. And if it would give you any pleasure,—I mean, if you would like to see me in it sometimes—I—I will certainly put it on."

"No, no. You are the best of girls; but I demand no such sacrifice. Just let it alone, and we will never speak about it again."

She turned a ring on her finger, and hesitated.

"That was one thing I was thinking about. If you spoke of it, the others would hear how I had been caught, and they would quiz me unmercifully—Captain Thorne particularly. He never lets a thing drop. But," added she, quickly, "tell me, how came you there? That door is usually bolted."

"It was not," said I; and, impelled to a bad pun, I added, "so I bolted in. I know no more."

"And were you there the whole time?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell. But, to tell you the truth, I fancy so; for your remark about having had a narrow escape leads me to imagine that you had fled from the same set of intruders that persecuted me."

"Well," said Carry, after considering, "you must have been there, and you heard the worst. But you have forgiven us"—putting her hand in mine—"so I will try to forget the rest."

"Except your promise," I ventured to remind her.

"My promise? Oh yes. No fear. It is a compact."

The door opened as all was thus harmoniously arranged, and one after another dropped in till the party was complete.

I kept my promise, and no doubt Carry would have kept hers; but, owing to no fault of ours, all were not equally discreet.

The jokes had transpired.

The Captain had seen something. He had insisted on knowing what that something was—what they were all laughing about.

Bessie, or Lily, or Selina had told; and Mrs. Brand was exposed to the full fire of the gentleman's wit.

She must appear once more in her Noah's ark costume. She must give them all the treat from which they had so cruelly been excluded.

But the lady was obstinate. No importunities could move her until, in the confusion of the moment, I transgressed, and, following my own train of thought, joined my entreaties to those of the others.

Carry gave me a look that might have said, "Et tu, Brute!"

One part of my engagement I had forgotten. I was never to have asked her to wear the gown.

I was mute; and, seeing my penitence, there arose an evident struggle in her bosom.

She stepped to my side and, whispered, "If you wish it, I will."

"No, no," said I, "it was only—"

But she was gone. I suppose she read in my countenance how very greatly I did wish it.

"Now," thought I, "is my hour of triumph. The minds of men," I mentally argued, "are less gregarious and frivolous than those of women, which, afraid for a moment to differ from those around them, follow their leader like a flock of sheep. If I am wrong in this matter, I am wrong; but I should like to be pronounced so by a good independent judgment."

A good independent judgment!

Listen!

The beautiful creature reappeared, blushing betwixt modesty and vexation, and stood in a blaze of dazzling wax-light. My exultation was complete, but so was my scorn; for whilst no doubts could now shake the conviction that my judgment was correct, I read in the looks of all around, one universal—titter.

Yes, they absolutely were unable to conceal their diversion. Out of, I daresay, a dozen of my own sex, only two or three had the boldness, the audacity, or what you will, to affirm that the dress became the wearer—and they with one exception, were old codgers like myself.

That exception, I am glad to record it, was her husband, who said, and almost swore, that never in his life had he seen Car look handsomer.

The rest, to a man, deserted to the ladies. "Mrs. Brand, to be sure, could wear anything; still—" and a smile and shrug supplied the verdict.

Old-fashioned dress, dress in general, dress to come, and dress exploded, was now the talk.

The majority were all for the reigning fashion. They could see no beauty, elegance, in anything that had had its day, although it surprised me to observe how ready they were to acknowledge the claims of the most daring novelty, provided it were only new enough.

"The last thing," which was "scarcely to be had;" the style, which Madame l'Impératrice was just "introducing;" what any court milliner had pronounced "was to be,"—all of these were recognized to have merits; and only against one outrageous invention did I hear the involuntary protest—"Dear! how hideous!" which, however, was instantly afterwards converted into "but, no doubt, it will be very becoming."

As, in this discussion, the men were, to the full, as deeply engrossed as the women I soon turned aside, and buried myself in a book of prints for the remainder of the evening.

A few months after this I went abroad, the fogs and earth-mists of November proving bad for a delicate chest. The south of France was tried, and discarded; some change more complete than this was urged by the doctor.

To the East my thoughts had long inclined; and at length, overcoming all obstacles, I found myself on board the steamer off Brindisi, little guessing that five long years would pass ere I should again tread its deck, homeward bound.

For five years, however, I wandered about the Holy Land, till at length, renewed in body and mind, I was pronounced fit for Old England again.

How green the meadows looked, how fresh they smelt! Yet it was not to country lanes and winding streamlets that first my steps were bent, but to great, noisy, busy London, then in the height of that madness, which, I am told, is called by learned folks the "season."

Emerging from Charing Cross, I drove to a quiet hotel, and with justifiable complacency regarded the innumerable carriages filled with surging billows of millinery, or the hansoms with their solitary white-necked occupants, which crossed me on my way.

I was not going in for eight o'clock dinners, folly, and humbug.

I could lead a rational life in the metropolis of the world, if no one else could.

I had lived too long in other lands to be carried away by the blandishments of society.

All very fine. Three days afterwards, at ten o'clock—positively at ten o'clock, almost my usual bed-time—there was a man of sixty, with not a chick or a child to lead me to such places, preparing myself to go out to—abomination of abominations—an evening party.

Not a dinner, not a ball, but a great gathering of people for no object whatever, whose only hope for the time being is, that they may have half a foot of carpet to stand upon, and half a glass of champagne, ere they are hurried to the door.

For this was I laboriously decorating at that unearthly hour, and greatly were my feelings tried by the persistency with which the two ends of my neck-tie turned the wrong way.

It took me fully ten minutes longer to dress than I had calculated upon, and fearing to be late I ordered my driver to lose no time.

I was afraid of missing the pleasure in store for me, for it had been agreed with my hostess, that I was to be in the room before the arrival of Henry and Carry Brand.

For this I had come. I had not seen them previously, as they had only come to town the day before, and I had kept my arrival a secret.

B—Square was reached duly. The rooms were ready, brilliantly lit and decorated when I entered, but they were empty.

For some time I was left to their contemplation, or to that of my own figure reflected in innumerable mirrors; but at length the mistress of the mansion hurried in armed with a thousand apologies.

For these, however, I soon found there was not the slightest occasion. She was in perfect time, whereas I had been at the party nearly an hour before the party had commenced.

The guests, however, had no sooner begun to arrive, than, as if by common consent, they all appeared together; and the rolling of carriages, the bawling of names, and the chatter and rustle of a myriad tongues and dresses ceased not for a moment, after the din once fairly set in. Not a single face did I recognize. Wandering disconsolately about the great London ball-room, I came at length upon a little group that recalled bygone days.

The ladies of the circle (several of them were now married) were the same with whom I had often stayed at Henry Brand's, cousins of him and of each other; these were Bessie Dale, Maria Harday, and Lily—I forget her surname, for she had changed it.

With her I entered into conversation, but as we had no topics of interest in common, and as I found her, like the rest, to be engrossed with much that was altogether unknown to me, we

were soon reduced to the level of spectators. Presently she was joined by another young lady. "You never knew any one more lucky," said Lily. "They only came up last night, and Carry is in such good looks, and in such good spirits. They have succeeded to a large property, you know, and Henry means to stand for the county."

This was news to me, and, as I could not help hearing what was said, I thought it fair to listen.

"Henry has given her some diamonds," continued Lily. "They are to be worn for the first time to-night."

"They are beautiful," said Bessie Dale, turning round at the word 'diamonds.' "I saw them this afternoon. And you will be astonished when you see her dress, I can tell you: it is more like a Court train than anything else."

"You have seen her, then?"

"Went there at five, and we had tea in her dressing-room. That girl Sophia was there too, whom they have adopted. She will prove a thorn in their sides, or I am mistaken! She wanted to go about this season, fancy! A great school-girl. Car won't take her, and quite right, too; but you have no idea what spiteful, disagreeable things she kept saying the whole time I was there."

"What about?"

"Anything and everything. Carry's things which were being spread out by the maid, for instance. The one for to-night is magnificent. Miss Sophia turned down her lips, and observed that it was certainly more fit for a foreign princess or an Eastern sultana than for plain Mrs. Henry Brand; but of course her opinion was of no value, as she was never taken anywhere, and could not judge."

"Impertinent creature! What did Carry say?"

"Let it pass, as she always does. Told her her time would come, or something of that sort. Ah, there she is!"

I bent forward at the words. But Carry Brand, coming up the staircase (we were on the landing), was arrayed in—or did my wits really forsake, wilfully mislead me—my mother's gown, the once hooted at, despised garment, of other days! Could it—could it—could it be?

The likeness between the two women was startling as I gazed upon her, and was probably the reason of my instant recognition of its cause.

The hair which had formerly hung in curls over her shoulders was now drawn back and piled above her head, and diamonds crowned the glossy bandeaux. She was my mother's picture.

Yes, Carry Brand, followed by the admiring looks of all who witnessed her arrival, wore the ridiculed robe in which she had a few years before scarcely ventured to present herself, and I fancied that I could even detect that she wore it proudly.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried every lady who looked.

"Well," said Bessie, drawing a long breath, and giving her shoulders a comical little shrug, "how the men do stare! One positively does not like to be eclipsed in that way. I shall give way to despair."

"What about, Miss Dale?" A black moustache had strolled towards us, and caught the last words.

"Because I'm jealous, Sir John. I'm jealous of that beautiful lady and her beautiful gown. Women always are jealous of each other, are they not?"

"Pon my word, I don't know," said he. "Who is she?"

"My cousin, Mrs. Brand."

"Ah!" he said. "Good-looking. Where are you going after this?"

He had no more to say.

I now made a vigorous effort to sally from my corner, and was slowly edging in by a side doorway, when a slight tap on my arm preluded a

"Ah! I thought so; remember me, Mr. Old-man?"

It was Captain Thorne.

"Happy to see you are not a mummy yet," said he. "How do do? Town very full."

It was kind of him to stop me, and though we had never been intimate, he seemed all at once to become a friend. With warmth I grasped the two fingers he extended towards me, and looked into his kindly stupid face with enthusiasm.

He observed that Egypt was "all the go," and wanted to know what specimens I had brought home. Ah! I didn't shoot? But at least I had brought with me an Arab costume for private theatricals! No? really?

With this his interest in the subject came to an end. For I observed that although he ejaculated "Ah!" and "Indeed!" or "You don't say so?" at proper intervals, his eyes and ears were roving all the time.

Seeing this I stopped. This appeared to give the captain satisfaction; and as I began to show the preliminary symptoms of moving on, he inquired where I was steering for.

"That room," I said. "Mr. and Mrs. Brand are there, and I have not seen them yet."

"Are they? I'll take you in tow. Amazing fine woman, Mrs. Brand. There she is, one can always see her above the rest. Just stand still where you are, and we can't fail to encounter."

We did so, and in the interval it occurred to me to test the Captain on the subject of the old gown. Awkwardly enough, I referred to its former appearance, and inquired, hypocritically, whether he did not think it was the same?

"Very pawbably, I dessay," said he. "Fine rig. Quite the rage now."

"Oh indeed?" said I. "You admire it,

then? Of course being 'the rage,' makes all the difference."

"Of course," assented he. "When a thing's the thing, you know, it makes the thing quite the thing."

This might be his way of putting it, but it was obvious the sentiments were shared by all. By Carry too. She laughed at me, not at herself.

"Of course we needed to be told it was beautiful," she said: "we don't pretend to judge for ourselves."

"And how has it been altered?" "How? Not at all. Hardly at all. There was no need for alteration."

"No need for alteration?" cried I, affecting astonishment, "when it was 'a yard below the neck' and 'a mile above the ground' (these two phrases in particular having remained in my memory), and it was—"

"All that was bad, I know," interrupted the gay girl, without so much as a blush. "But you do not understand, my dear Mr. Oldham, it is the fashion now. Brocades have come into vogue again, and my dressmaker says this is the finest she has ever had in her hands. I assure you, whenever I look at it I am quite charmed with myself, and with you. Who would have imagined that—"

"It was to have been an ottoman."

"Oh! That was only an idea of that absurd Fanny Derrington's. I could not have believed you would have been ill-natured enough to have remembered that all these years. And this is our first meeting too! Henry, did you ever see any one look more malicious? He is exulting over us all!"

"Not over Henry?"

"Over me, and the girls, and Charley Thorne. —he is here to-night, did you know? Have you seen him? He was talking to us a minute ago. Oh, to be sure it was you he was with when we met him! My head is all in a buzz. Who is that man with the star? Look at his bows! He must be a Spaniard! Henry, some one is nodding to you. Vehemently. No, not there at all. Beyond that blue feather. Can't you see? Oh, Henry, how slow you are! He has disappeared now. He made faces and signs. I am sure he wanted something. There are the Cliffords in the doorway. They never come into a room—it is their way. They just let themselves be seen at each house, and then they go. Oh, Mrs. Vyse—Henry, I want to speak to Mrs. Vyse most particularly; she is going to take charge of Tommy for the Cat Show, and wrote to say he must be sent to-morrow, but never mentioned where! I have no idea if it is to her house, or—oh, Henry, I shall never catch her up; why would you not come sooner?"

"Look here," said Henry; "if you think I am going to run after all the old women with cats that you take a fancy to, you may set your mind at rest on that point, now and for ever. Be a witch with your own cat if you like, but don't go and herd with the other witches, or I'll be off. What more do you want? Can't you stay quietly in this corner with Mr. Oldham and me?"

Oh, to be sure. Of course she could. She did wish most particularly to speak to Mr. Oldham, and when would he come and see her? To-morrow morning? No, not to-morrow, for she must go out, but the next day—some day—any day, at two o'clock?

I soon put her at her ease; I was leaving town immediately, and would wait for our next meeting till it could be accomplished under happier auspices.

It was arranged that I was once more to be of their shooting-party in August, and soon after they took their leave. The rooms were empty, and the handsome pair were followed by looks of admiration. "Who is she?" "Who are they?" passed from lip to lip. "Her dress is perfection," said all.

"Perfection, indeed?" "O Fashion!" quoth I, for the opportunity was great, and the feelings of a reformer stirred my bosom. "Fashion," I repeated, and paused to consider in what strain the address was to be continued. A withering sneer curled my lips; contempt made itself manifest in my countenance. "Perfection, indeed! ye slaves of folly,"—I raised my hand in act of declamation, an old gentleman in a mirror opposite did the same. He looked ugly, tired, and cross, and, moreover, was distorting his features into a grimace so repulsive, that—I went then and there home to bed.

After all, I had had my revenge.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

ALTHOUGH Roumania is not yet recognized as an independent State, it has sent a diplomatic agent to London. The name of this gentleman is Signor Catargi, who is now living at the Alexandra Hotel.

WITHIN the next few days an establishment for the sale of horse-flesh, both cooked and uncooked, will be opened in the vicinity of Leicester-square. The friends of the movement intend giving a sumptuous banquet on the occasion. Have cards been issued to the members of the Jockey Club?

THE Temperance party in this country are to urge that one of the ships which are to be sent to the Arctic regions this year—and there are to be two or three expeditions—shall be a teetotal ship. It is remembered that Dr. Rae and his men, during the whole of the two years they were in those regions, took no alcohol and yet

had not a day's illness, much less lost any of their number.

THE *Era* mentions the following pleasing incident of life in London on the Bank Holiday. Scene—the interior of an omnibus, with all necessary appointments and fittings. First Gentleman to Lady: "I fear there will be a rush to the pit, and we shan't get in." First Lady: "Not get in, my dear boy; what do you mean? There are very few pits in London in which I ever failed to get a place with perseverance and—this jolly shawl pin!"

A THEATRICAL agent points out to enterprising managers that "The most beautiful Indian girl now living is Etisea, the 'White Forehead of the Uncappapas.' Etisea is Sitting Bull's niece. She is only fifteen years old, straight as an arrow, lithe as a serpent, soft as Hero, and has eyes like a fawn. Her gaiety is incorrigible. At the battle of Rosebud, where Custer was overwhelmed, and when she was a mere child, she laughed incessantly in the midst of the carnage, riding her pony like a sprite."

JUSTICE has been often administered in strange places, but perhaps a Division of the Court of Chancery never sat in a stranger place than was the case lately on a Saturday. An adventurous lawyer, hard pressed, appears to have stopped the carriage of Mr. Justice Fry, the vacation judge, in Regent street, and made out so good a case that there, and then, without moving from his seat, the learned gentleman granted an injunction against a sale of furniture which was to have come off on Tuesday.

Two very interesting letters have appeared in the *Times*, the one questioning, the other upholding, the utility of sliding seats in modern boat racing. It is a curious fact that the six University races preceding the first race which was rowed on slides, produce an average of some seconds shorter time than the six races following. Of course wind and tide may, in a given race, take off an additional pace which sliding seats may give to the boats, but we must remember that wind and tide are taken into account when an average is struck.

A new book of Regulations for the Volunteers will be issued by the War Office in a few days. It is said that the commanding officer of each Volunteer battalion will, for the future, have the same privilege that was allowed formerly to the commanding officers of the militia—namely, to recommend every year an officer of the battalion for a commission in the regular army; also, that the whole volunteer force is to be armed with the Martini-Henry rifle before the end of the year. They are all to have the new regulation helmet, and the service in general will be much better looked after, and much more made of it than has been hitherto.

A COMPANY has been formed under the title of the British Empire Horse Supply Association, whose object it is to import good horses from abroad. The principal countries from which they propose to draw their supplies are Canada and the Western States of America. There, according to the association, excellent horses ready trained and broken, can be bought for from 15L to 25L. Kentucky, it is said, produces some of the finest weight-carrying hunters in the world. It would be a great boon to the English lover of horse-flesh if he should thus be enabled to buy a good horse for 30L or 40L.

AMONG the many products of the pen of Mr. John Francis Maguire—whose name is still tenderly recollected at St. Stephen's—was a Life of Pope Pius. A new edition of the work has been published, edited by Monsignor Patterson, and brought down by him to the last years and the death of the late Pope. The editor, describing the final scene, narrates, in addition to many incidents already known, one which is quite new and not uninteresting. He tells us that one of the last persons whom the dying Pontiff recognized was Cardinal Manning, to whom he said, "Addio, carissimo."

A TASTE for wagers of an eccentric character is becoming perceptible in the overcrowded ranks of our "gilded youth." The other evening a man suddenly appeared at the top of Cheapside attired in ragged military costume, and wearing on his head a fashionable chimney-pot hat. In one hand he carried a number of toy-balloons, and in the other a huge umbrella. Of course he was followed by a considerable crowd, but just as the police were about to interfere he jumped into a cab, and was driven away as if by magic. It has since transpired that the seemingly eccentric individual was a young gentleman of good family, who won a bet of fifty pounds by thus making a fool of himself.

AN observing correspondent eulogizes our Premier's turn-out, and thinks it the neatest thing in town. The horse is a strong-built high-stepping bay, the servants in light chocolate livery, with every button like burnished gold—the carriage itself a quiet, unpretending one, with the finest of coronets on the panel, while inside, as it rapidly passes, you just catch a glimpse of that white, strangely immovable face which is never looking towards you, but is always apparently engrossed in studying the dimensions of the coachman's back. The Premier scarcely ever sees a bow, and would hardly ever recognize a press interviewer if he got into the vacant seat in the brougham to have a talk.

A STORY is told of a Radical Peace-at-any-Price M. P. going into the shop of a West-end hair-dresser to have his few hairs curtailed of the exuberant growth. When all was over he asked what was to pay. "Three shillings! There must be some mistake. I have not purchased anything, have not been shampooed nor anything of that kind. Surely you don't mean to say you charge three shillings to everybody who comes in here and has his hair cut." "That is our charge, sir." "Well, then, all I can say is," observed the hon. gentleman as he counted out the money, "I should not think you had many customers." "We have quite as many as we want," replied the man, sweeping the coins into the till. "We wish our business to be select, and to tell you the truth we ask three shillings on purpose to keep people like you out of the shop." (Exit Radical M. P. hurriedly, firmly convinced that a tax on pomades and hair washes would be an admirable feature of the Budget.)

THE GLEANER.

THERE is to be a trial of American mowers and reapers on the Campagna at Rome, this spring.

FANCY buttons, with bank notes, postage-stamps, etc., on them, in enamel, are very fashionable in Paris as trappings for dresses.

It is said that the value of Peter's pence and other offerings made to Pious IX, amounted to no less than 25,000,000 scudi or dollars in all.

IN Miss Burdett-Coutts' home for working women in England a woman can get excellent board and lodging for \$1.25 per week.

THE *Medical Journal* says that there has been a case of recovery from a genuine attack of hydrophobia, at the Chelmsford infirmary. This is the first on record.

LEO XIII. has abandoned the white robe worn by his predecessor, and walks about clad in complete scarlet.

It is now proposed to warm baths, houses, and even whole towns with hot water from deep artesian wells, thus making the subterranean fires subserve our human purposes.

THEY say in Paris that Americans make the best Frenchmen of any foreigners, as they learn to imitate the peculiar affections of the Parisian much more readily than others.

THE King of Spain has taken a furnished mansion in Paris for the Exhibition season, and is expected back in June with the Queen.

QUEEN Victoria has seven palaces, three in London—Buckingham, St. James, and Kensington. Her out-of-town palaces are at Windsor, Osborne, Isle of White, and at Balmoral.

General Grant's intercourse with distinguished foreign personages is said to be generally confined, in his ignorance of languages, to a shake of the hand and a smile.

It is believed that the Pope will act under the advice of his physicians and spend the summer away from the Vatican. No determination has yet been arrived at respecting the appointment of new cardinals.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF's reply to Lord Salisbury's note is said to have been drawn up by a smarter man than Gortschakoff, the writer being an Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged between the Infanta Christina, of Montpensier, the eldest sister of Queen Mercedes, and the Italian Prince Thomas, Duke of Genoa, the cousin of King Humbert, and the brother of Queen Margaret.

THE Duke of Connaught is said to be betrothed to Princess Louise Margaret, youngest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia; another daughter, Princess Marie, is to marry Prince Henry, brother of the King of the Netherlands.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PLANT HAPPY MEMORIES.—To live aright in the days of early life will go far towards making age happy; for the conduct of to-day is the root of the memories of to-morrow. We can compute this again for what we already know of life. In youth, as we all remember, hope was our guide, anticipation and exception were the animating sentiments; the mind looked constantly forward, plans and purposes were its chief activity. In mature years, as most of us know, realization takes the place of hope; the mind concerns itself more with now. Clearly there must be, as years accumulate, a gradual turning of the mind towards the past; memory will become the chosen companion; we shall live more and more in what we recollect. Youth dwells in the future; manhood in the present; age in the past. To ponder upon former years enters into the heart-life of age just as does the hope and prospect of years to come into that of youth. Each person is forming that element for his age by his life now. The hasty words, the foolish deeds, the neglects and omissions, the transgressions of to-day, are the seeds for so many mortifications and sorrows to grow rank in the white-haired years. Whatever is wise, right, generous, self-sacrificing, honourable in the life of to-day is a plant which will ripen thick with peaceful and pleasant memories in the days when memory is chief factor in happiness.

LITERARY.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE is a hard drinker.

MIDHAT PACHA will, it is stated, contribute to the *Nineteenth Century* an article on "The Present Situation of the Ottoman Empire."

MEISSONIER, the artist, dislikes Americans and their ways, and bemoans himself frequently and publicly over the fact that so many of his works have been bought by them. Poor man.

RICH. STODDARD says of Richard Grant White that he walks Broadway like an active transitive verb looking down on a rabble of adverbs and prepositions and other insignificant parts of speech.

THE title of the two poems with which Mr. Browning will soon delight his admirers are "La Saisiaz," and "The two Poets of Croisic." Each poem is in a metre unoccupied by the writer.

THE Lawsons, proprietors of the *London Telegraph*, are Jews, their names having originally been Levy. The paper fell into their hands about fifteen years ago, through a mortgage for \$20,000. It now pays \$500,000 a year.

MR. EMERSON'S lecture in Boston the other night was an argument for temperance in language. "Superlatives," he said, "are diminutives, and weaken. The positive is the sinew of the speech; the superlative the fat."

THE Ettrick Shepherd's snuff-box, a cornucopia of horn, is owned by Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati. It was sent to him by the poet's widow, for whom, when she was very poor, he collected a fund in Cincinnati.

GEORGE ELIOT is as timid as a child, and defers to others with a simplicity that recalls Mrs. Brownie. The former and Mr. Lewis have bought a country place in the beautiful County of Surrey, where they will pass their summers and autumn holidays, but will not give up London altogether, as has been reported.

MR. BALLARD SMITH has become managing editor of the *N. Y. Sun*, having retired from a similar position, which he has held for a year past on the *World*. Mr. Smith is a graduate from the *Louisville Courier Journal*, and is not only a ready and forcible writer, but has the peculiar tact and industry and that sort of intuitive talent that are indispensable for the managing editor of a leading daily.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS said of Mr. Carlyle, in his Boston lecture, recently, that he was a stranger, iron-gray haired man, who said just what he meant to say, regardless of anyone's feelings. His playfulness was like the gambolings of a whale. He spoke satirically of Washington, and said a biography ought to be written that would take him down.

THE Rev. Dr. John Henry Newman has been spoken of in England as likely to be made a Cardinal. There is probably no ecclesiastic in Great Britain who has received more compliments from eminent statesmen than Dr. Newman. Earl Russell once took occasion to pronounce in Parliament a panegyric on the distinguished divine. Lord Beaconsfield, in the general praise to his novels, declares that "the conversion of Dr. Newman dealt a blow to the Church of England under which it still reels;" and Mr. Gladstone has urged that out—all admitted as he is—to illustrate the maxim that the world does not know its greatest men.

THE Eighth Part of the Palaeographical Society's Facsimiles, which is now ready for distribution, contains twenty-four plates, among which are the Greek inscription of the Rosetta Stone and specimens from the three famous Greek codices of the Bible, viz. the Vaticanus, the Sinaiticus, and the Alexandrinus; with others from the pictorial roll of the Book of Joshua in the Vatican, and from the ancient MSS. of Virgil in the Bodleian. The rest of the plates represent an early Roman inscription, an Oscan inscription, a fragment from the Gothic Gospels of Ulfilas at Upsala, two early Merovingian charters, and several later MSS., ending with the English "cuckoo-song" of the thirteenth century.

HUMOROUS.

VERY few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as a drum-major puts on.

OUR bad companions, but there's no necessity to mince matters when you set out to do it.

CLOTHES were invented in Europe for the purpose of having something to attach medals to.

A BALTIMORE man has invented a new paper collar which he calls the Worm, because it will turn.

IT turns out that a man in Michigan who "lived forty days on water," had plenty of provisions in his boat all the while he was sailing around the lake.

SCIENCE tells us there is motion in everything. Science must have been scrutinizing the average boy when he was not engaged in filling up a wood-bank.

WHEN Hamlet said, "Seams Madam! Nay I know not seams," he wasn't thinking poetry, but he had just killed a sewing machine agent in the front hall.

A FRENCH cynic defines a physician as an unfortunate gentleman who is expected every day to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance.

THE discovery has been made that the world does not revolve with the same motion that it did a thousand years ago; but it still swings round fast enough to satisfy the man with a heavy note coming due.

A NEW YORK dancing master has added his to "one of the few immortal names," etc., by waiting for sixteen hours. It must make Longfellow and Tennyson sick to think of what labour and study it cost them to become famous.

TALLEYRAND, the Prime Minister of Napoleon, was disliked by Madame de Staël. It so happened that Talleyrand was lame and Madame crossed eyes. Meeting one day, Madame said, "Monsieur, how is the poor leg?" Talleyrand quickly replied, "Crossed as you see."

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

93 St. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL, 5th April, 1878.

To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone,"

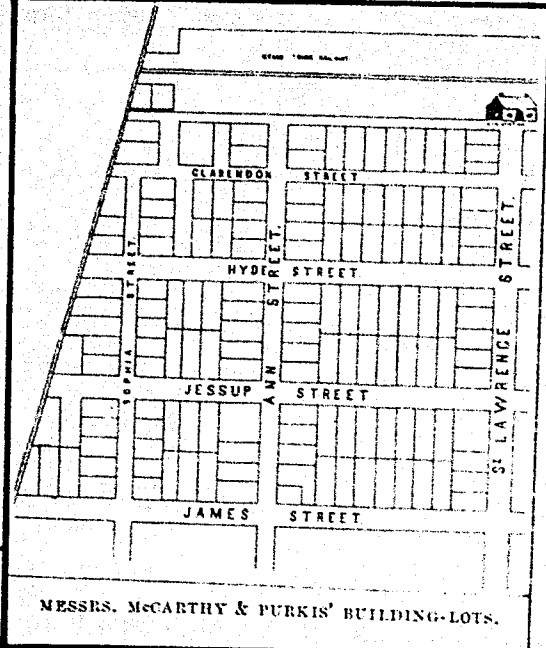
MONTREAL.

Gentlemen,

I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully, (Signed) JOHN POCHAN.

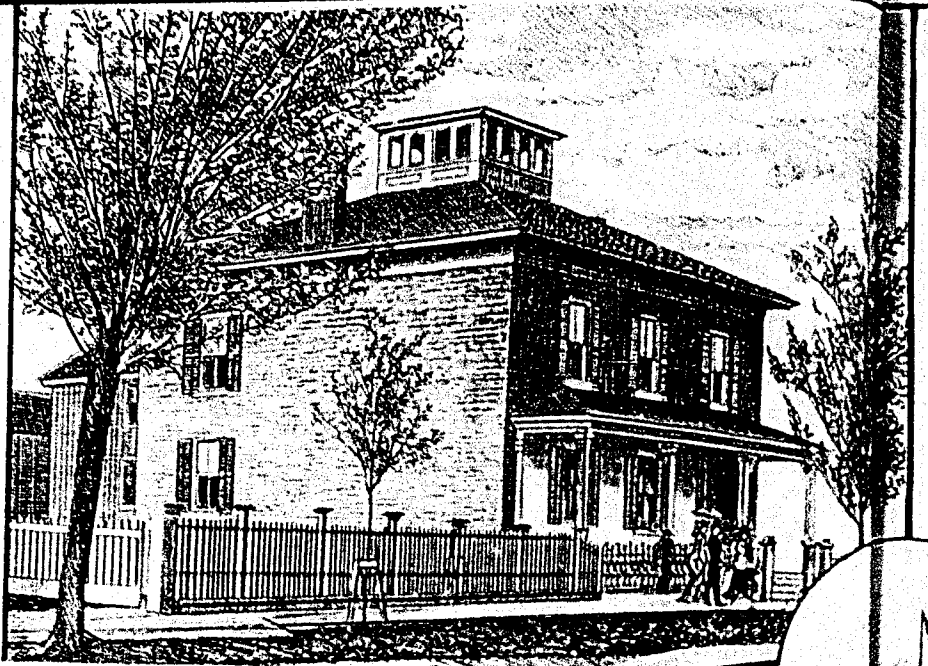
"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.



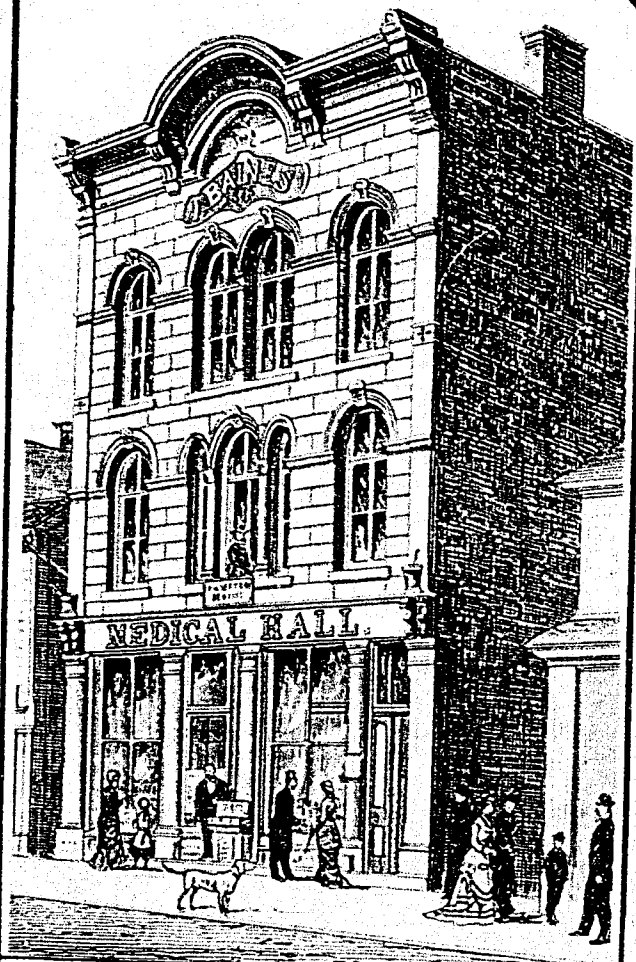
MESSRS. MCCARTHY & PURKIS' BUILDING-LOTS.



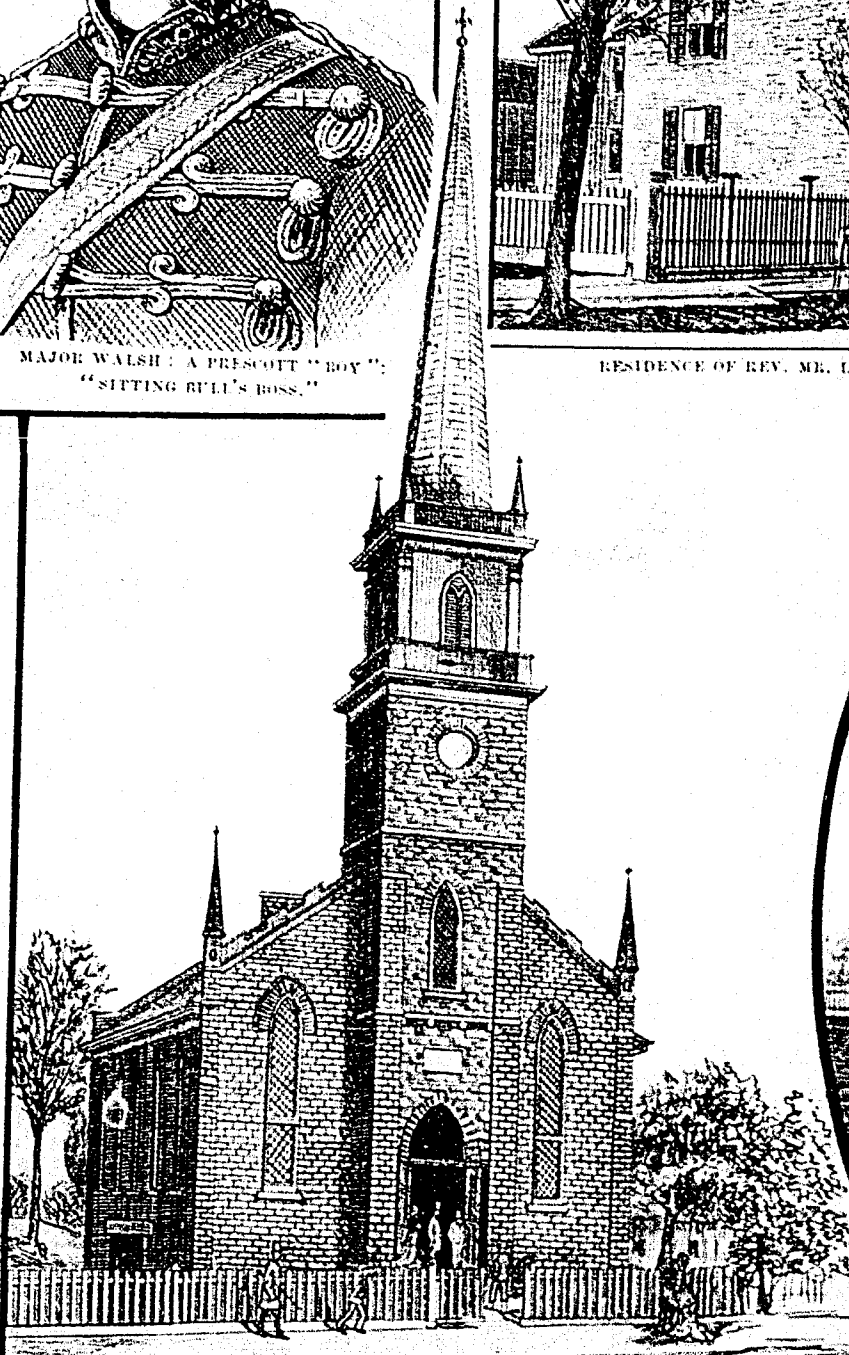
MAJOR WALSH: A PRESCOTT "BOY";
"SETTING REEL'S BOSS."



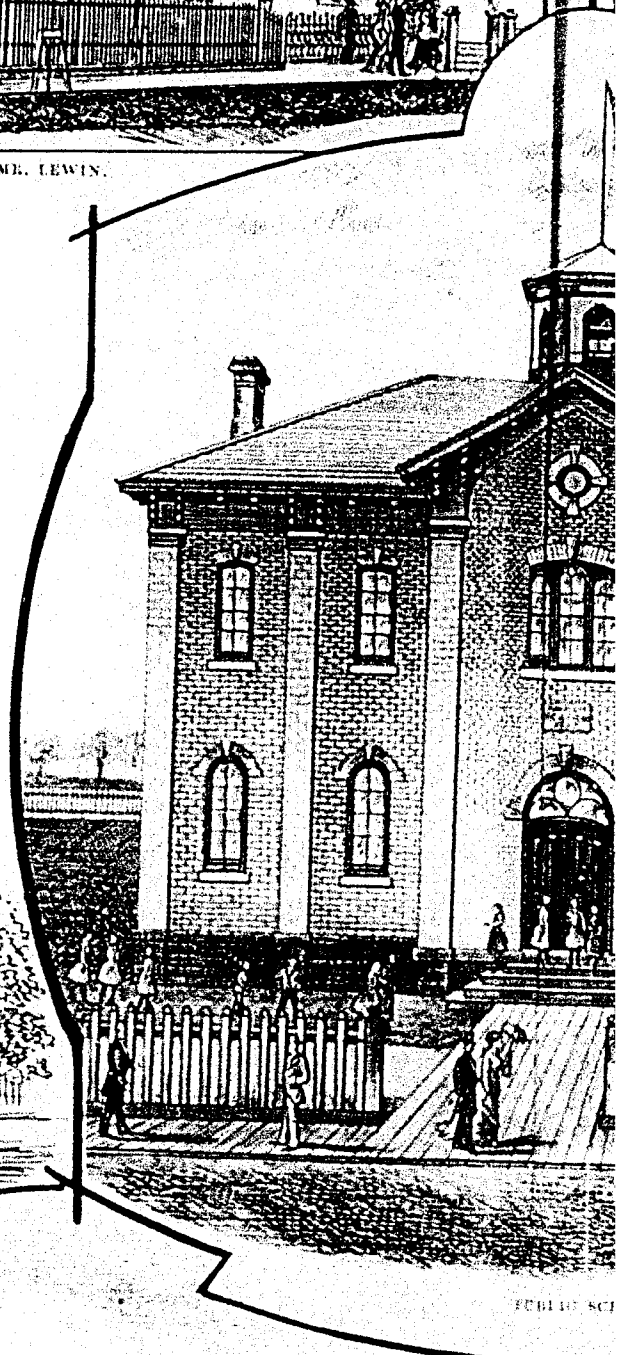
RESIDENCE OF REV. MR. LEWIN.



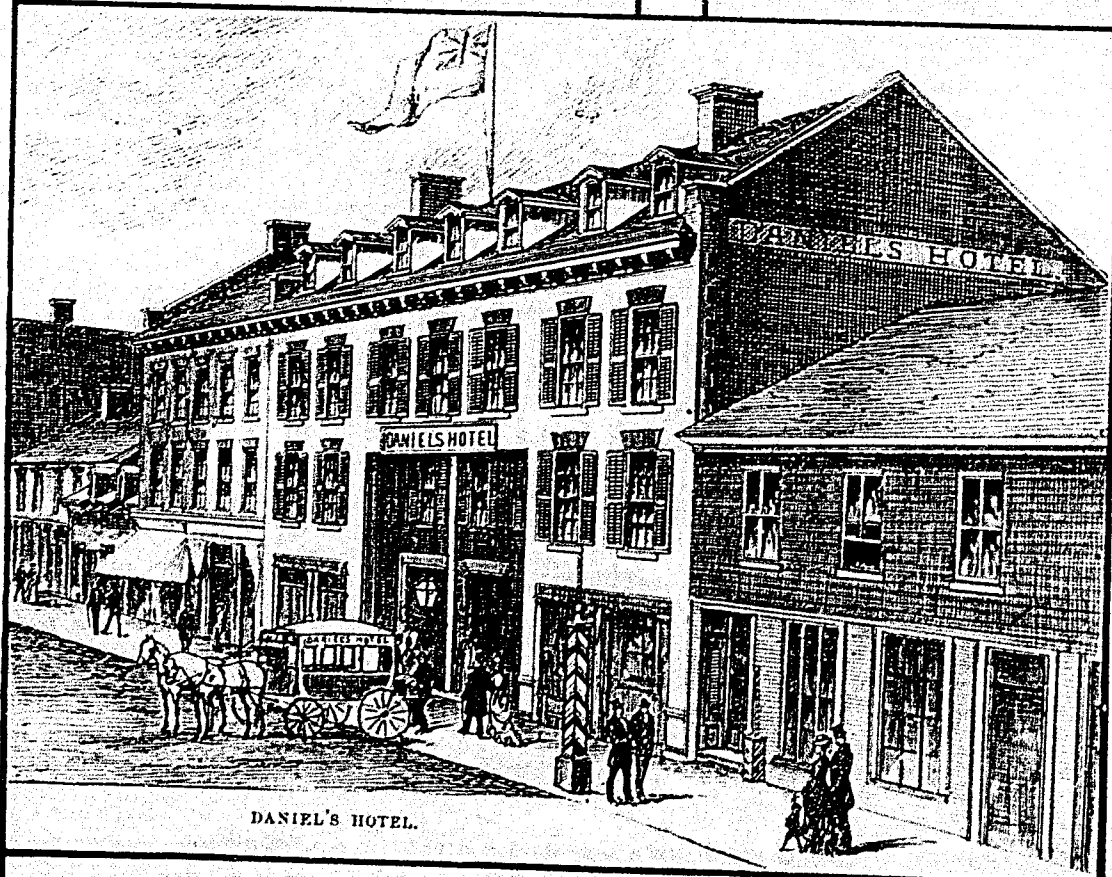
PRESCOTT MEDICAL HALL.



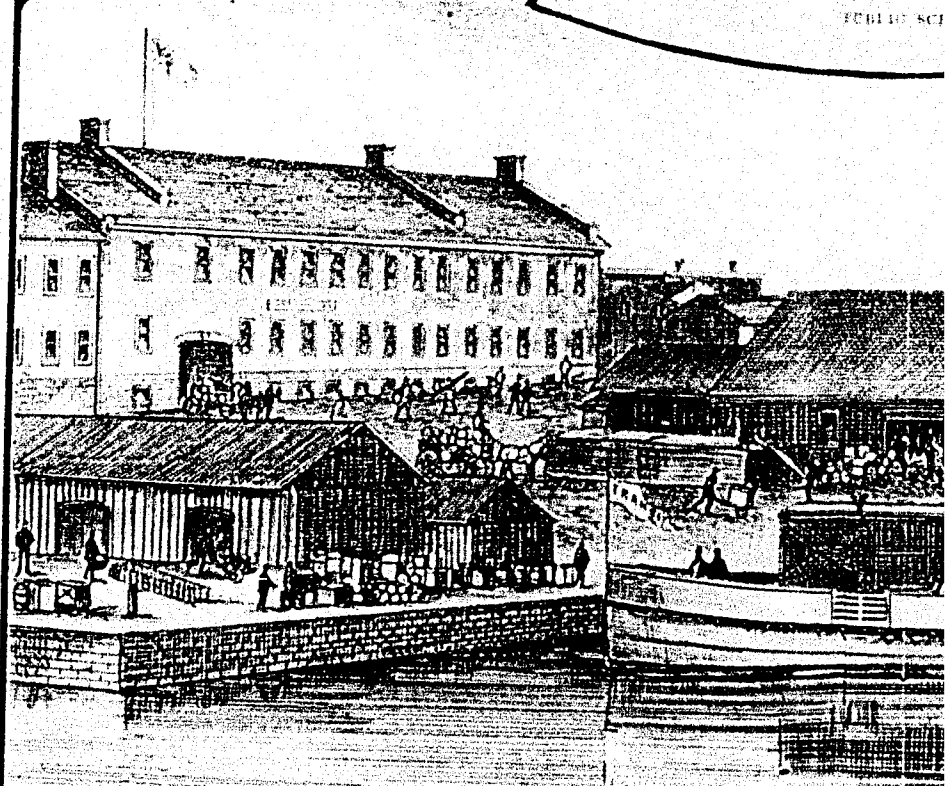
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

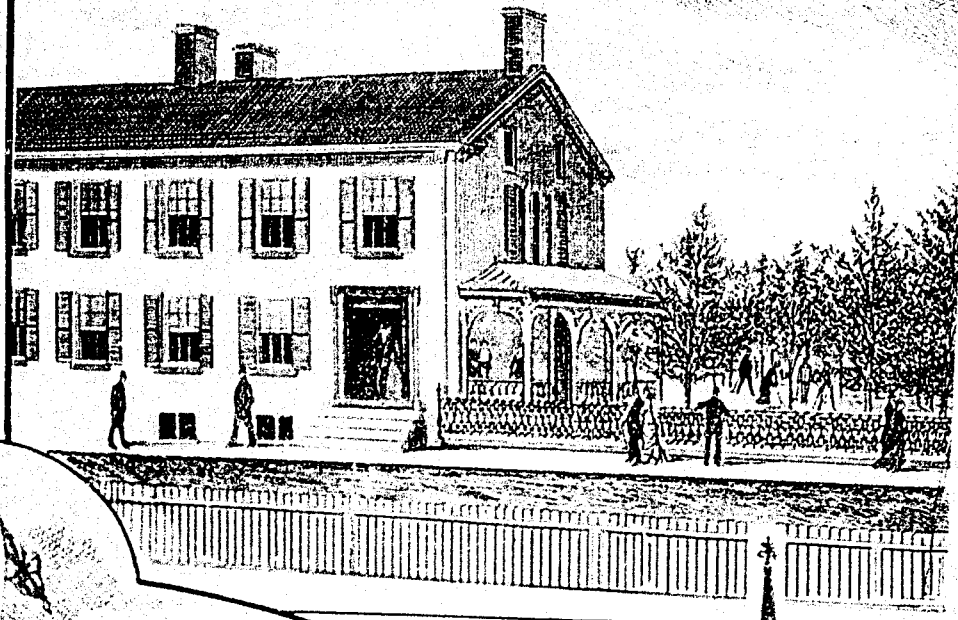


DANIEL'S HOTEL.

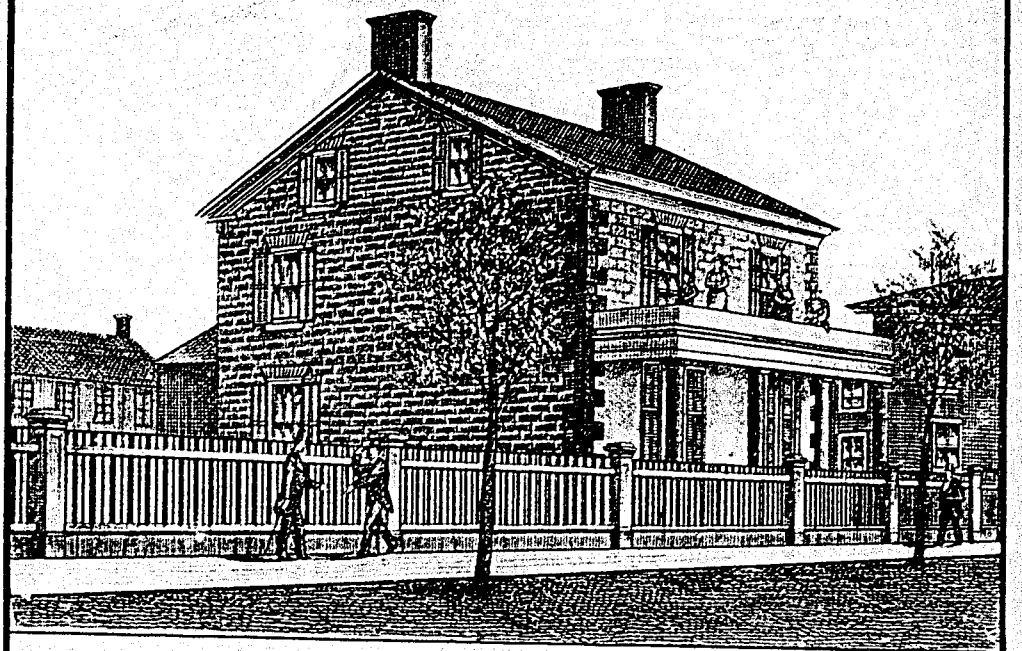


MCCARTHY & CO.'S BLOCK, WILSON STREET.

PRESCOTT (ONT.)



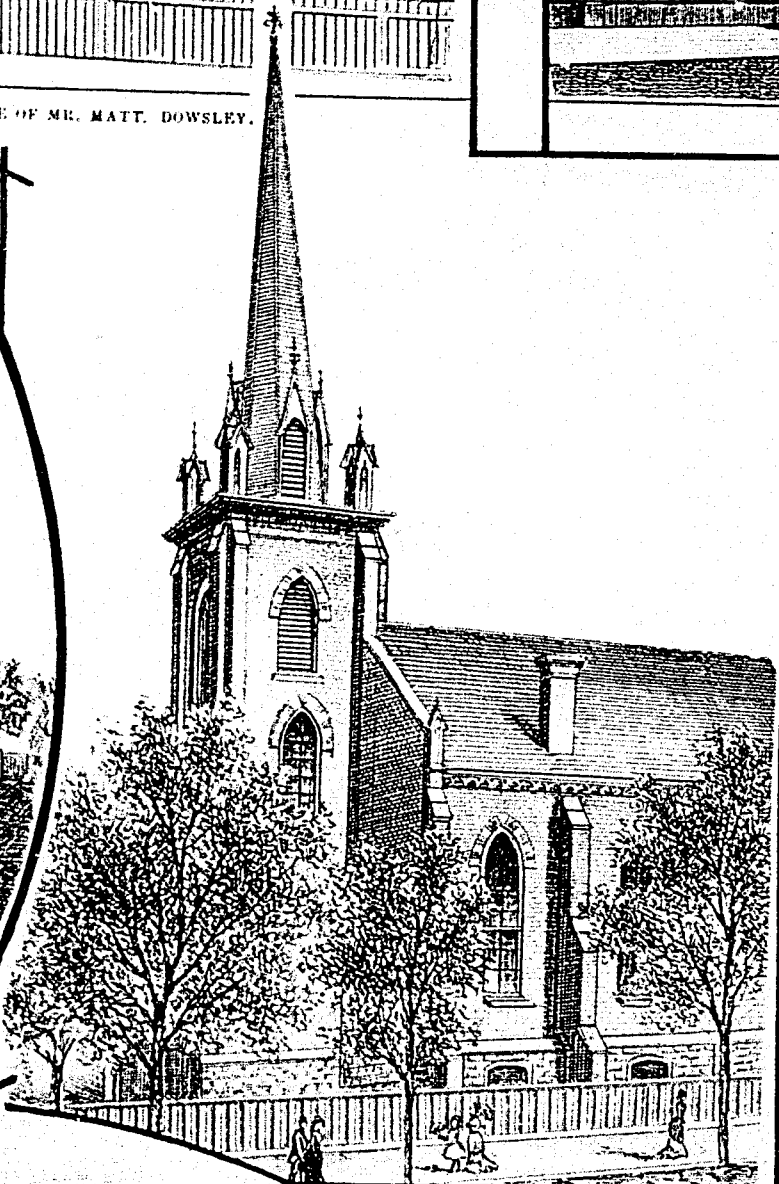
RESIDENCE OF MR. MATT. DOWSLEY.



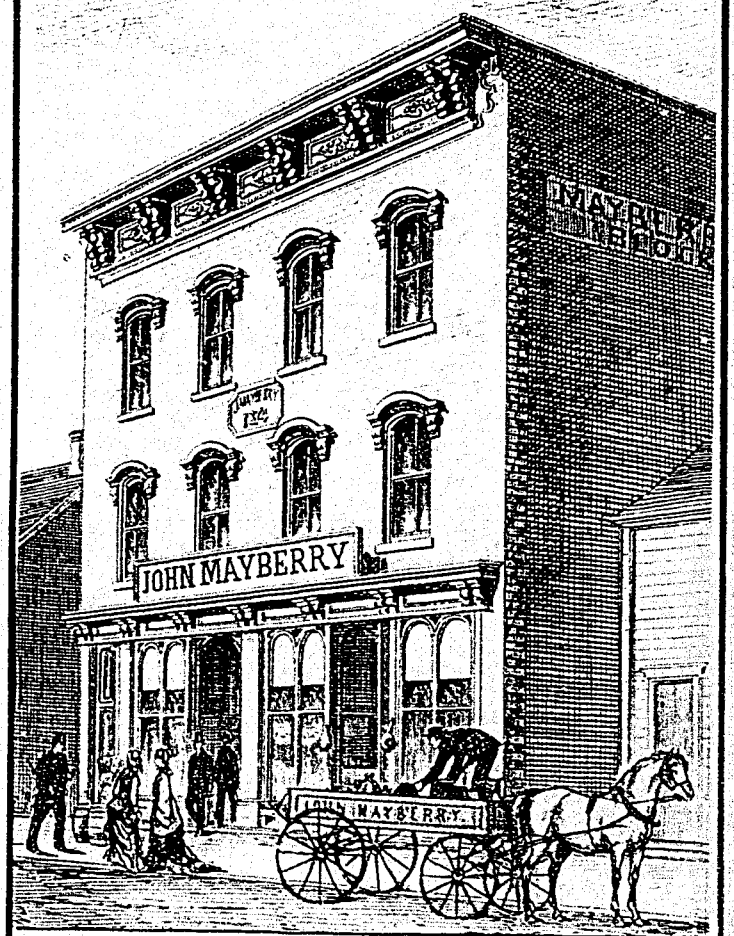
RESIDENCE OF MR. J. D. PURKIS.



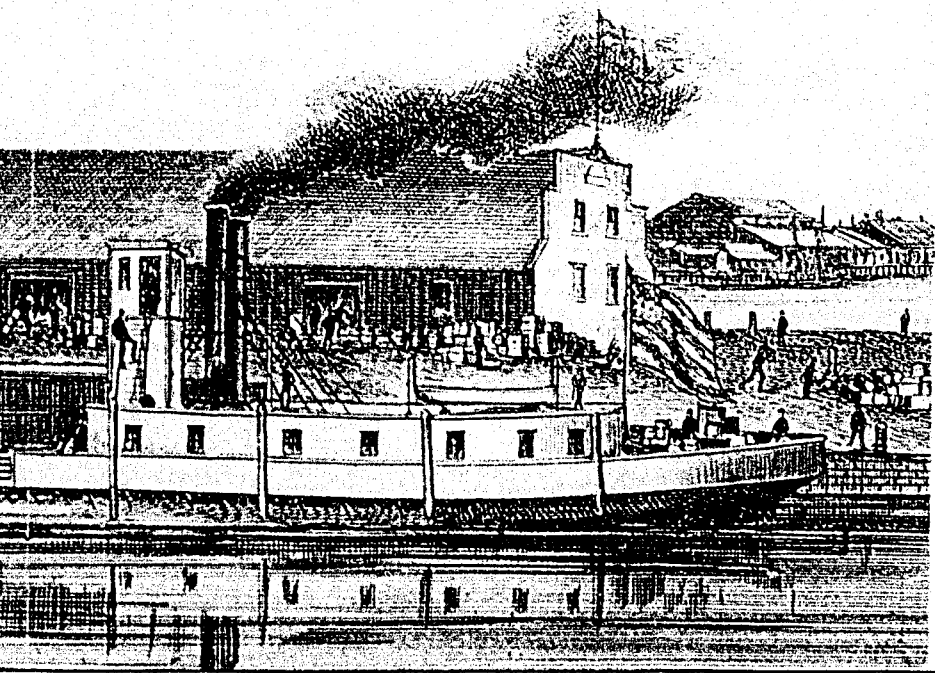
SCHOOL.



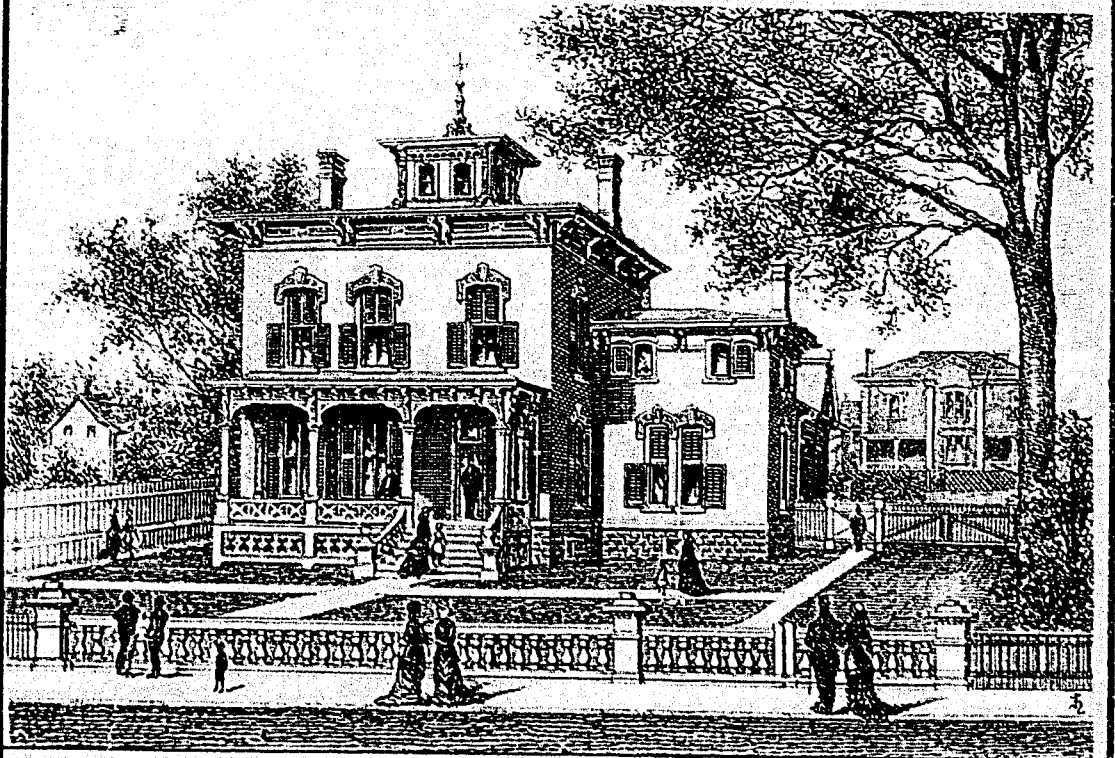
THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST CHURCH.



MAYBERRY'S BLOCK.



WHARF AND WAREHOUSE.



RESIDENCE OF MR. ALBERT WHITNEY.

ILLUSTRATED.

A SPRING REVERIE.

Now veiled in mist by sunbeams rent
Comes spring, lovely maiden sent
To wake the sleeping flowers;

Her magic voice is on the breeze,
Her magic touch is on the trees
Within the forest deep:

Her feet in fields where she has trod
Have left their impress on the sod
In buttercups and violets blue.

The zephyrs linger as they pass
O'er pale spring beauties in the grass
To whisper they are fair:

In yonder bow on spring's brow
How bright its beauteous colours glow
Reflected in the wave!

God formed it when old Time was young
Ere yet the song the bright stars sung
Had through heaven's vastness rung.

Montreal. FRANK OAKES ROSE.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 3.

A PRESCOTT BOY—MAJOR WALSH—"SITTING BULL'S BOSS"—SAMPLES OF STORES AND RESIDENCES—IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—DANIELS' HOTEL—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL—ST. JOHN'S AND THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(Continued.)

MAJOR WALSH,

of the North-West Mounted Police, is a Prescott "boy." He was born 1842, and is of Irish parentage. At school young Walsh was chiefly noted for being at the foot of the class, except when geography was the study; in this branch he excelled. Out of school he was "cock of the walk," taking very kindly to athletic sports. As a boy he got the nick-name of "Bul," which, later on, became "Bob," by which cognomen his fellow-townies to this day delight to call him, though his initials are J. M. When he reached man's estate he was chosen Captain of the Fire Company, and in that capacity evinced the qualities which have served him so well in his dealings with the aborigines. His advent in business was as a dry-goods clerk, an occupation which did not prove congenial. He next went to learn to be a machinist at the St. Lawrence & Ottawa R.R. shops, and subsequently tried the life of an engine-driver. After that he went "clerking" once more. He was next heard of as an exchange broker. When the Fenian raid of 1866 started the Dominion, Mr. Walsh joined the volunteers. Having passed the Military School at Kingston, he was soon made an Ensign, and, later on, Acting-Adjutant. When the battalion known as the Lisgar Rifles was formed, he was not long in attaining a Captaincy. In 1865 he entered the Cavalry School. When he had completed the course, Col. Jenyns highly complimented him, declaring him to be the best drilled and pluckiest cavalryman that had passed through the school. In 1870 he married a daughter of Mr. John Mowatt, of Brockville, and settled down to civil pursuits—this time as proprietor of the North American Hotel, Prescott. But the passion for military life and adventure proved too strong for him. In 1872 he organized a troop of cavalry, which he commanded till the fall of 1873, when he went to the North-West with the first detachment of the Mounted Police, holding the position of Sub-Inspector. The following year he returned with Colonel French, and was engaged in recruiting service, purchasing stores, horses, &c. While at Toronto he was promoted to the rank of Superintendent and Inspector. He left with the second detachment in May, 1874, and marched from Dufferin to the Rocky Mountains—some 1,400 miles—establishing the post now called Fort Walsh. In September last he took a leading part in negotiating a treaty with the Assiniboines, which ceded a large and important tract of land to the Dominion. From the fact that Major Walsh has had charge of the Sioux Indians since they came across the border, the American press has dub-

bed him "Sitting Bull's Boss." The epithet is by no means undeserved, for no man seems to have had better success in the management of the aborigines than this "Prescott boy." Major Walsh regards Indians as human beings, and believes in treating them as such. In this he differs widely from the average American frontier soldier and U.S. Indian agent. When Sitting Bull was interviewed he said he and his people had been driven from their homes by the Americans, and had come to look for peace; that they had not slept soundly for years, and were anxious to find a place where they could lie down and feel safe. At the interview with the American Commissioners, Sitting Bull said to General Terry: "For sixty-four years you have kept and treated my people bad; what have we done that caused us to depart from our country? We could go nowhere, so we have taken refuge here. We did not give you our country, you took it from us." Another Chief said: "Don't like you at all; you came here to tell us lies; when you go home take them with you." Referring to the arrival of Sitting Bull and his people on British soil, Lieut.-Col. Irvine, Assistant-Commissioner North-West Police, reported to the Government: "They were five months travelling from the Yellowstone, and lost all their lodges by a sudden rising of the Missouri the day after they crossed. Poor people! had they been one day later at that river, few of the men, women and babes I saw at their camp would have been alive to-day to tell their story, for troops were marching up the south side of the Missouri, and 'kill all who talk' are their usual orders in Indian warfare. They all seemed greatly relieved on my assuring them that they would be protected while on this side, and that white men and Indians were punished alike when they did wrong. I remained in camp all night, and the Indian heart indeed appeared glad. I never saw a happier lot of people. My interpreter said it was the happiest night they had spent for many a weary month. I might add that I was somewhat surprised at receiving a visit from Sitting Bull after eleven at night. He sat on my bed until an early hour in the morning, telling me in a subdued tone his many grievances against the 'Long Knives' Americans."

Commissioner Macleod, in one of his despatches, says of the American Indian policy: "It is a matter of common notoriety all through this western country that the Indians are systematically cheated and robbed by the agents and contractors. The former, on a salary of \$1,500 a year, have, many of them, been known to retire with fortunes after a few years' incumbency of their offices. The Indians know of these scandals, and, as a consequence, have lost all faith in the Government under which such frauds are perpetrated. I was actually asked the other day by an American who has settled here, whether we had the same law as on the other side, and if he was justified in shooting any Indian who approached his camp after being warned off."

This may appear to be digressing from my subject, but my purpose is to show what influences have been at work to instigate the Indians against white men. It is a wonder the poor persecuted people have not ere this sworn eternal enmity against all pale-faces. But the good name of the British is still potent, and it only requires that our Indian policy shall be dictated by common sense and a spirit of fair play, to ensure the good-will of the original lords of the soil. In making laws for these people it is most essential that the opinions of experienced men shall be well weighed. This hardly seems to have been done in the case of the buffalo law, which is represented to be utterly unproductive of good, while it exasperates the British Indians, as they know the herds they are prevented from hunting are being slaughtered by Americans.

The official reports show that Major Walsh has led an active life in the North-West, and worthily fulfilled the expectations of those who knew him as a youth. I have only space for one characteristic incident. In June, 1877, a Saulteaux Chief, named Little Child, came to Fort Walsh and reported that he and his people, numbering about fifty souls, were camped with a large party of Assiniboines. When the former intimated their intention to move away, an Assiniboine, named Crow's Dance, declared that they must first get his permission; he having previously formed a war lodge and gathered about 200 warriors around him. Little Child protested against this, and said he would inform the "White Mother's Chief." However, when the time came for starting, Crow's Dance and his gang attacked the Saulteaux, firing guns recklessly, killing a number of their train dogs, behaving very badly and threatening to do worse. Finally the two bands separated, and Little Child reported, as aforesaid. Major Walsh started off with fifteen men and a guide to arrest Crow's Dance and his head men. They travelled from 11 a.m. till 3 a.m., when they came up with the camp. I will let the Major tell the rest of the story: "The camp was formed in the shape of a war camp, with a war lodge in the centre. In the latter I expected to find Crow's Dance with his leaders. Fearing they might offer resistance Little Child said they certainly would. I halted, and had the arms of my men inspected and pistols loaded. Striking the camp so early, I thought I might take them by surprise; so I moved west along a ravine about half a mile. This brought us within three-quarters of a mile of the camp. At a sharp trot we soon entered the camp and surrounded the war lodge, and found Crow's Dance and nineteen

warriors in it. I had them immediately moved out of camp to a small butte half a mile distant, and then arrested Blackfoot and Bear's Down and took them to the butte. It was now 5 a.m. I ordered breakfast, and sent the interpreter to inform chiefs of camp that I would meet them in council in an hour. The camp was taken by surprise, arrests made and prisoners taken to the butte before a chief knew anything about it. At the appointed time the following chiefs assembled: Long Lodge, Shell King, and Little Chief. I told them what I had done, and that I intended to take the prisoners to the Fort and try them by the law of the White Mother for the crime they had committed; that they as chiefs should not have allowed such a crime to be committed. They replied that they tried to stop it, but could not. At 10 a.m. I left council and arrived at the Fort at 8 p.m., a distance of fifty miles. If the Saulteaux, when attacked by the Assiniboines, had returned one shot, there would, in all probability, have been a fearful massacre."

In reporting this affair to the Government, Lieut.-Col. Irvine wrote: "I cannot too highly write of Inspector Walsh's prompt conduct in this matter, and it must be a matter of congratulation to feel that fifteen of our men can ride into an enormous camp of Indians and take out of it as prisoners thirteen of the head men. The action of this detachment will have great effect on all the Indians throughout the country." It was certainly a plucky act. In his reply, the Secretary of State desired Col. Irvine to convey to Inspector Walsh his appreciation of the courage and determination shown by him and the officers and men under his command in carrying out the arrest.

The above incident illustrates how British authority is respected by the Indians, and demonstrates the fitness of Major Walsh for the position he occupies.

During his sojourn in the North-West, Major Walsh has learned sufficient of the Sioux and Blackfoot languages to be able to converse in both slowly. The Peigans call him the "White Chief of the Assiniboines." The latter call him "The One that Ties," from the fact that he shackled four of them on the occasion of his first visit to punish some wrong-doers. The Sioux know him as "Long Lance," because sometimes his men carry lances.

From the official report I glean that the North-West Police force, in November last, numbered 329 all told, and cost an average of \$1,000 per man per annum, or one-third less than the cost of a U.S. mounted soldier. During the year the officers of the force collected duties amounting to \$12,104 at Fort Macleod, and \$10,400 at Fort Walsh. It is stated that "the efforts of the police to prevent the introduction of liquor from the United States have been eminently successful." The Hudson Bay Company last year applied for a detachment of the force to prevent the introduction of liquor into the Peace River District from British Columbia, "but the appropriation of Parliament for police service would not permit compliance with the request of the Company."

I must now ask the reader to forget the prairies and prepare for a short ramble in fancy through Prescott town.

On Water street, a few steps east of the Town Hall, is the establishment of

MESSERS. B. MCCARTHY & CO.,

Forwarders and Shippers, Custom House Brokers, Commission Merchants, and dealers in flour, grain, pork, coal and wood. The block (which is the property of Mr. J. D. Purkis, one of the firm, who established the business over twenty years ago, also accommodates the Custom and Excise offices, Dominion Telegraph Company's office and other tenants.

The steamer *Armstrong*, which does regular ferry service between Prescott and Ogdensburg winter and summer, leaves this wharf, which affords excellent accommodation as regards public waiting-rooms, landing-water's office, warehouse room, &c. Mr. Purkis has been the lessee of the ferry from this side for many years. The firm of B. McCarthy & Co. own the powerful steamer *Trenton* which performs the railway ferry service for the Canadian and American lines, carrying three cuts per trip.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICES

are conveniently situated and commodious, the only want being a vault or safe. As I mentioned in a previous issue, the Collector is Doctor, or Colonel, Jessup, as he is variously called—he having learned the healing art and also taken up arms in defence of his Queen and country, being now in command of the 56th Batt. Dr. Jessup is a fine old gentleman, cheerful and chatty, possessing a good memory and a keen sense of humour, deservedly respected by all who know him. I had several interviews with Dr. Jessup, and from his conversation gleaned a good deal of information respecting the settlement of the town, and the Windmill affair, in which he, then Captain Jessup, took an active part. Many of the streets of Prescott are named after members of the Jessup family, but the bulk of the property long ago changed hands, thanks to "the glorious uncertainty of the law" and the vanity and vexation of political life. But I believe the worthy Doctor is just as happy as if he still owned the whole town site.

The exports and imports of Prescott during the past few years tell a tale worth pondering. In 1870 the exports from Prescott amounted to \$746,215; during the year ended June 30th, 1877, they amounted to only \$249,136, and for

the half year ended January 31st, 1878, to only \$91,242. In 1870 the imports amounted to \$394,076, and for the year ended June 30th, 1877, they amounted to \$314,607.

Mr. Matthew Dowsley, Chief Clerk in the Custom House, is a fine sample of what a public officer ought to be—active, attentive and affable. Mr. Dowsley's residence is on Dibble street. The grounds are prettily laid out, and in summer are very attractive, being pleasantly diversified with fruit trees and ornamental shrubbery.

SPLENDID BUILDING SITES.

Messrs. McCarthy & Perkins have over one hundred beautifully situated building lots for sale cheap. These lots are located in the western part of the town and command magnificent views of Ogdensburg and the St. Lawrence. They are close to the proposed G. T. R. station and within easy distance of the business centre. As a place of residence Prescott offers many attractions; it is the pivot point, as it were, of a number of railroads, and a port at which all steamers touch. Whatever pleasure there is in a visit to the States is easily attainable, as the city of Ogdensburg may be said to be almost part and parcel of Prescott or vice versa. The river is very beautiful and affords good boating, while excellent fishing is to be had close by. My enquiries lead me to believe that Prescott is a cheap place to live in; it is exceedingly healthy, the site being on a rocky foundation which slopes gently to the river.

THE WARRIOR MOWER.

Manufactured by the Warrior Mower Company of Prescott, has been thoroughly tested and is held in the very highest estimation by all farmers who have tried it. The illustration herewith gives a good idea of the general appearance of the machine. Upon examination I found it to be simple and compact while possessing every convenience for easy management. The workmanship is perfect, and though utility is not sacrificed to beauty, yet in the latter respect it stands second to none. The manufacturers have not aimed to make a cheap machine which will do fair work for a little time and afterwards prove an annoyance, but their endeavour has been to furnish the best machine that can be made at the lowest possible price. Their rule is never to sacrifice quality of work to economy of manufacture; never to consider anything "good enough" which is susceptible of improvement. That the "Warrior" possesses exceptional qualities has been conclusively proved after severe trials with the leading mowers of the day. At a trial at Cornwall the "Warrior" cut an acre in thirty-two minutes—very fast work, as every farmer will admit. Among the numerous trials where it has proved victorious may be mentioned the following—Ottawa 1873, 1874 and 1875; Carleton County Fair, Perth, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and South Grenville. The Company have a host of flattering testimonials from farmers in all parts of the Dominion; the particular points of excellence noticed being: lightness of draught; adaptability to all kinds of land; the gearing and knives so guarded as to render clogging impossible; rapidity of execution and general durability.

The Company also manufactures the Randall Pulverizing Harrow, which is claimed to be the most thorough Pulverizer known. It does away with the drags and substitutes a far more rapid and efficient mode of preparing the land for the seed. It economizes both time and labour, making twelve furrows at once and by its perfect action insuring large crops. The testimony of leading farmers goes to show that crops are increased one-fifth by the use of the Randall Harrow. Both these implements are sold by agents throughout the Dominion.

LENO STREET.

is the main thoroughfare where are to be found the Town Hall, Bank, Market, Hotels, Post Office and retail stores. The old Fort looms up at the eastern extremity as though its builders had placed it so that its guns could sweep the highway. Within the last five years some creditable blocks have been erected and others are contemplated. If the "times" ever do "mend," the work of pulling down the old shanties will doubtless be vigorously carried on, and if the new buildings are kept up to the standard of the blocks already erected, the street will eventually be right worthy of its royal title. Chief among the leading business establishments on this street stands

MAYBERRY'S BLOCK.

Though young in years, Mr. John Mayberry is one of the foremost merchants of Prescott, and his handsome block is a credit to the town. Mr. Mayberry has been in the general grocery trade nearly twelve years, having in that period prospered so that more extensive premises became a necessity. The present store was built in 1874; it is sixty by forty-two, and in the rear is a brick warehouse sixty feet long. Mr. Mayberry deals in general groceries, wines and liquors, china and glass, field and garden seeds, buys butter, eggs, grain, &c., from the farmers, and altogether sets a considerable amount of money in circulation. His well-stocked store at all times has a brisk, bustling air about it, indicating that "the nimble penny is preferred to the slow shilling."

The top storey of the building is used by the Oddfellows as a lodge room. Amity Lodge, No. 80, I.O.O.F. has a membership of about 125, and is stated to be in a flourishing condition. The lodge room is commodious and nicely fur-

nished. Wm. Winters, N. G.; W. G. Robinson, Rec. Secretary.

On the opposite side of the street, a few steps to the east is

THE MEDICAL HALL.

owned and occupied by Mr. James Baines, who has set a splendid example in the matter of street architecture. Mr. Baines is also proprietor of the fine store occupied by Messrs. Robertson & Greenhill, which will be shown in a future issue. At the Medical Hall there is to be found all that one looks for in a well-ordered establishment, besides the specialties which a country trade demands.

DANIELS' HOTEL.

is located in the best part of King street, near the Post Office, Town Hall, Bank and Ferry. It is far ahead of what one would expect to find in a town of the size. The proprietor, Mr. L. H. Daniels, is a veteran hotel-keeper, and he has a very valuable *aid* in his nephew, Mr. Freeman I. Daniels, who when proprietor of the Revere House, Brockville, won golden opinions from the travelling public. Daniels' Hotel is commodious and comfortable; it has a good reception-room, reading-room, dining-room, billiard-room and ladies' parlour. The bed-rooms are of good size and well furnished. A free bus attends all trains and boats. Mr. Daniels is a liberal caterer and is fortunate in possessing a clever cook. At all times an excellent table is set. Just out the town Mr. Daniels owns a farm which supplies most of the vegetables, milk, eggs, &c., required for the hotel. Having spent several weeks at his house I can speak from experience and take pleasure in bearing testimony to the constant and kindly attention shown to guests by the Messrs. Daniels and their employees. I have tried many hotels in my time, but never lived in one where I felt more "at home." Last, but not least, I should mention that the terms are exceedingly reasonable. Trade has been pretty brisk at this house all winter, but I am told that during the season of pleasure travel the business done is enormous.

Adjoining Daniels' Hotel is Mr. J. P. McCarthy's Smoker's Emporium, where everything a lover of the fragrant weed can desire is to be found in first-class style. I question if there is to be found in Canada a store which boasts a more complete assortment of smoker's requisites. The show-cases are quite a study, so great is the variety of their contents. Mr. McCarthy prides himself upon selling the choicest goods at the lowest living profit, and has consequently built up a very wide connection.

On the first floor above are the law chambers of Mr. M. L. O'Brien, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. Mr. O'Brien enjoys a large measure of popularity, being exceedingly painstaking and an eloquent and logical pleader—indeed he has been highly complimented by the Bench for his clever conduct of cases entrusted to his charge.

EDUCATIONAL.

There are three educational institutions in Prescott, viz., the High School, the Public School or Academy, and the Roman Catholic or Separate School. Until last year the High School was located in the Public School building and the two were presided over by one head master Mr. M. Macpherson, M.A., but when the Public School was reorganized by the Education Department as the Model School for the County of Grenville for the training of teachers, it was one of the conditions that it should be separated from the High School, which was then removed to the old Town Hall. Mr. Macpherson is Principal, and has an able assistant in Mr. Hicks. The attendance averages fifty. The Inspector reports it to be "an excellent High School."

The Public School is divided into eight departments, under as many teachers, and the average attendance is three hundred. The present building was erected in 1867 at a cost of about \$2,000. It is supported by a tax which falls upon the Protestant inhabitants only. The Principal is Mr. J. S. Atkinson, M.D., formerly Mr. Macpherson's assistant in the High School.

A view and description of the Roman Catholic Separate School will be given in a future issue.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

This handsome church was erected in 1862 and replaced a frame building. It was designed by Mr. S. G. of Ottawa; cost some \$21,000 and will seat 500. The original plan shows dormer windows in the roof; these are to be added shortly and will, undoubtedly, considerably improve the lighting as well as the external appearance of the church. The organ, comparatively new, is by Warren, of Montreal, and cost \$1,750. There are two memorial windows in this church, one in memory of the late Mrs. William Ellis, presented by her husband; the other in memory of the late Mr. Henry Simms (clerk of the works during the building of the church), presented by Mr. Spence, of Montreal. To the west of the church is a very nice school-house, which serves also for lectures and other entertainments. The Rev. William Lewin is an enthusiastic and hard-working churchman and many of his congregation take after him. The debt incurred by the erection of the school-house and necessary work upon the church is being rapidly paid off—a series of dramatic entertainments by the amateurs of the congregation having largely helped the good work. These entertainments were given in the Town Hall, and it is said keen entries fresh from the

finished performances at Rideau Hall found their occupation gone.

Besides the charge of St. John's, Mr. Lewin conducts service on Thursday evenings at the "Blue Church."

The original "Blue" Church was built by the late Dean of Montreal, Rev. Mr. Bethune, and painted a blueish grey. That was before Prescott was a town. The present tiny church was built by the first Rector of St. John's, Prescott, the Rev. Mr. Blakley.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

was founded by the late Rev. Robert Boyd, D.D., who came to this country from Ballymena, Ireland, in 1819. He was ordained to the pastoral charge of the Presbyterians in and around Prescott by the Brockville Presbytery in Feb., 1821. During this year Mrs. Susannah Jessup gave the site upon which the church stands and a wooden edifice was erected. In 1850 this was replaced by the present church, the cost being defrayed by subscription. In 1863 failing health obliged this venerable clergyman to resign the charge, after having faithfully and successfully ministered to his flock for forty-three years. He breathed his last Feb. 29th, 1872, aged 81, leaving several legacies to aid the cause to which he had devoted his life. In memory of him his widow gave the church a splendid bell whose deep rich tones doubtless often carry back the thoughts of the aged members of the congregation to the time when they first gathered, a feeble flock, around the good man in the little wooden church on the hill side. At her decease, Mrs. Boyd gave to the church her dwelling and lot, to be kept as the manse.

Dr. Boyd was succeeded by the Rev. William Ferris, M.A., who resigned in 1867. The Rev. J. Burton, now of Belleville, was next inducted. He resigned in 1870 and was succeeded by the Rev. James Hastie, who stayed till 1876, when he resigned, and a call was given to the Rev. Archibald Henderson, who had just arrived from Garvagh, County Derry, Ireland. He accepted and is now in charge. Several improvements were made in the church during the past year; a very nice lecture and session room has been obtained by excavating the basement to the full size of the church (only half being done before). The room, which was dark and somewhat damp, is now bright, comfortable and healthy.

The church is in a flourishing condition both temporally and spiritually. It is free of debt, and during the past year at two communions one hundred and three participated.

As I write the interior is undergoing repairs and a gallery has been erected to meet the demand for more seats. By this addition the church will be able to seat 500. Several external improvements will be carried out during the year.

As a

REPRESENTATIVE UPPER CANADA RESIDENCE

I give a view of Mr. Albert Whitney's house situated on Dibble street—the Sherbrooke street of Prescott. Dibble is a Jessup family name. It is not pretty, but it does not detract from the appearance of the street, which in the summer season is said to be exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Whitney is Mr. Wisser's book-keeper and "right-hand man."

THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST CHURCH.

The corner stone of this neat and handsomely-fitted church was laid by Bishop Curman, June 14th, 1876, and the edifice was dedicated March 8th, 1877. Dr. Ives had charge of the finances and raised over \$8,000, which, added to the amount already subscribed, placed the mission on an excellent footing. There is a commodious basement and the church throughout is exceedingly creditable. The building and furnishing cost \$12,000. At the opening there were but twelve members; there are now nearly one hundred. The attendance at the Sabbath-school averages ninety. The pastor, Rev. W. G. Hudgins, has the reputation of being a powerful preacher and a hard-working man.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

In the last number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Edison, the inventor of that new wonder of the nineteenth century, the phonograph, gives his views concerning the possibilities of the invention. Though his views are somewhat optimistic, yet they are not so visionary after all in the light of what has been already demonstrated. His statement of what has been accomplished is now familiar to the public. The embossing point, that has recorded upon a plastic material the complex movement of a vibrating plate, *cop*, by re-passing over its indentations, retransmit to the disk the same variety of movement, and thus effect a reproduction of vocal or other sound-waves. This has been done with such accuracy that the instrument has uttered a column or more of a newspaper article without the loss of a word. He says that he has not as yet given much attention to developing the phonograph for use in catching the voice as uttered by public speakers or singers, but he sees no practical difficulty in gathering up and retaining a sectional part of the sound-waves diffused about the original source, within a radius of, say three feet, sufficiently removed not to be annoying to a speaker or a singer, by the application of a flaring tube or funnel, and the construction of an especially delicate diaphragm and embossing point. Mr. Edison has

now nearly completed a new form of the apparatus, which he promises will be adapted expressly to the practical uses of writing letters, editorial work, etc. It will be a flat plate or disk with a groove on the face of *crated* by clock work underneath the plate. The grooves are cut very close together, so that 40,000 words can be indented on a sheet of foil ten inches square, but the cost of the foil is so slight that but one hundred words might be put upon a sheet economically. He explains its use in this manner:—A sheet of foil is placed in the phonograph, the clock work set in motion, and the matter dictated into the mouthpiece without other effort than when speaking. It is then removed and sent in an envelope by mail to the correspondent. He then, placing it upon his phonograph, starts the clock work and listens to the very voice of his correspondent, with all his peculiar emphasis, interjections, hesitancy or frankness, as the case may be, and the correspondence, dispensing with clerks at either end, is absolutely private as well as confidential. At the same time an imperishable record is made, and as two sheets can be included at the same time, the sender may make and keep a duplicate of his conversation without trouble or assistance.

But Mr. Edison does not limit the possibilities of his invention to the use already mentioned. His suggestions may have something fanciful in them, but they are not altogether unreasonable. He hints at the availability of the phonograph in court to register unimpeachably the sayings of witness, judge, and lawyer; in hospitals, asylums of the blind, the sick chamber, the parlor, even, to give a new speech or sermon as delivered into the phonograph by some eminent elocutionist and sold in sheets for a nominal price; in the drudgery of teaching children, or the study of languages or of music; in publishing, affording a book of 40,000 words upon a single metal plate ten inches square; in music boxes, toys that laugh, scream, or say pretty things; clocks that call the guest to lunch or tell the lover it is time to go; advertising devices, and family records, preserving the baby's first prattlings and the dying parent's last words. In short, the possibilities of the phonograph are almost unlimited, and who shall say that the wonderful things predicted of it are beyond actual achievement? Finally, Mr. Edison claims that the phonograph shall perfect the telephone, and the combined instruments revolutionize the present system of telegraphy; and he says he has already got a new instrument nearly to the point of accomplishing this result. The combined instruments work in this way: both cause a plate or disk to vibrate, and produce sound waves in harmony with their source. It may easily be devised that the same disk shall both transmit and record the message; and a similar combination at the other end of the wire will enable the receiver to hear the message while it is recorded.

HYGIENIC.

The *Scientific American* says that by swallowing two or three pills of sweet oil every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison known to chemists may be neutralized.

DOMESTIC.

SPINACH—FRENCH FASHION.—Boil as usual; when tender, drain in a colander, and let cold water run over it for a moment—this makes the flavour very delicate. When well drained, put it into an enamelled saucepan, stir it until it is pretty dry; beat it up with two or three spoonfuls of cream or, failing that, some fresh butter and a pinch of salt—it must be very dry when finished; heap it on a hot plate; toast a slice of bread a delicate brown, cut in little slips, and insert at regular distances. To be eaten by itself. Keep it hot till served.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mrs. Scott SIMONS is playing in Tasmania. She is said to be losing her beauty.

A PROVIDENCE youth named Johnson has been fined \$20 and costs, for hissing the wake scene in the "Shanghaier."

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON, it is said, regards the dramas of "Harold" and "Queen Mary" as his best and highest works.

Miss BIRD HERON, it is asserted, is about to go abroad to attend a school for a couple of years in a French convent. She will then resume her profession.

HERE AUGUST WILHELM, a violinist of great repute in Europe, has been engaged by Maurice Strakosck for a concert tour through the United States next fall.

The Cincinnati theatres and concert saloons which have given performances constantly on Sundays for the past four years, have been ordered closed on that day in future.

It is intimated that Miss Neilson, the actress, who is now in London, is suffering with disease of the heart, which may compel her long retirement from active professional labour.

A CONCERT for the benefit of Signor Mattio, is to be given at St. James' Hall, London, on the afternoon of May 29. Messrs. Christine Nilsson and Trebelli, and Messrs. Santley, Sims Reeves and Pohl, have offered their services.

ECCLIASTICAL.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has already 19 ordained ministers in Manitoba.

CANON FARRAR is spoken of as Dr. Selwyn's successor in the See of Litchfield.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, will meet in Hamilton, Ont., on the 12th of June.

THERE are thirteen different denominations of Methodists in the United States, aggregating a membership of 3,335,000.

DEAN BOND has been appointed Administrator of the Diocese of Montreal.

REV. D. GORDON, pastor of the Harrington, Ont., Presbyterian congregation, and Mrs. Gordon are about to leave for a visit to their native land, Scotland.

At the meeting of the Toronto Presbytery on the 7th inst., a letter was received from Rev. Dr. Tapp, tendering his resignation as pastor of Knox Church.

THE anniversary meeting of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held in Toronto, on the 5th inst. An address was delivered by Professor Dawson, of McGill College.

THE incorporation of Belleville, Ont., as a city will be celebrated on Dominion Day.

THE Canadian Government have sent a magnificent map of the Dominion to the Paris Exhibition; size 30 x 15 feet.

IMMIGRANTS from Ontario and the Old Country are pouring into Manitoba and the North West by thousands this spring.

THE first engine on the Hamilton and North-western railroad extension to Port Dover, Ont., arrived at the latter place on the 1st inst.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR LEBELLIEVE gave an official dinner at Spencer Wood on the 5th inst., in honour of Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, of Nova Scotia, who was then present in that city.

RUMORS have for some time been in circulation of an intention of the Bishop of Toronto to resign his episcopal charge of the diocese. His Lordship has no such intention.

THE annual meeting of the Kingston District of the Primitive Methodist Church was held in Sydenham on Wednesday week. The increase of members is 118, being the largest increase the district has ever reported. There was also a good increase in the ordinary income.

In the Reformed Episcopal Council held last week at Newark, N.J., a number of clergy of other denominations fraternized. Bishop Nicholson reported adversely on the catholicism of Henry VIII, and submitted a new one, modelled on the Westminster and Monastic.

At the anniversary of the Spurgeon's Pastor's College, held in London, Eng., last month, it was stated that fifty-three chapels had been erected in the London District alone, through the agency of that institution. Since 1865, 22,477 persons have been baptised by pastors educated in the college, and the number in church fellowship of the churches in their charge is 37,507.

ARTISTIC.

THE latest accounts received from Constantinople state that Mr. Ruskin is progressing satisfactorily.

H. R. H. Princess Louise has become an honorary member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE Louvre has purchased, for the sum of 25,000 francs, the magnificent torso of a Venus lately discovered at Vienne, in Dauphine.

MANY of the British exhibitors in the Paris Exhibition have arranged for their exhibits to be closed up and their attendants withdrawn on Sunday.

TWELVE large paintings have been sent to the Exhibition by M. Bonheur.

"THE Gladiators," a colossal group in bronze, by Gérôme, is about to be exhibited by a m. and it is rumoured that Paris will purchase it for one of the squares.

MR. G. PAUL CHAMBERS, R.S.A., who was so mysteriously murdered some time ago in Edinburgh, left several paintings, which have just been sold and realized £5,000.

THE Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral being now complete, the First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, &c., has handed over the custody thereof to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

MR. BRACKET FOSTER is going to publish a record of a recent tour, under the title "Itinerary: a Series of Thirty-five Sketches." The drawings will be published in one volume, and printed on India paper. A limited number will be issued, to be obtained only of the artist.

M. HERBY is engaged on his designs for the choir of the Pantheon, which consist of a series of detached figures, Christ and the Apostles, executed on an embossed gold ground. In preparation for their execution, M. Herby has made elaborate studies from the most remarkable remains of Byzantine art.

THE Bartholdi statue is really beginning to be regarded as a fact and a very big fact, too. It is being put together by Viollet-le-Duc, the French architect; and M. Charles Blanc, the art critic, whose authority in art matters is beyond question, has pronounced the statue a commendable product of high art. He says only about \$30,000 more is needed to finish it, and this will be furnished as soon as needed. Beside this work the Colossus of Rhodes is a pigmy.

CANCERS ARE CURED AT THE LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE by

a new scientific, painless, and speedy process.

The knife is never used, and a cure is warranted

in every case when undertaken. Ulcers, tumors,

ever-sores, and all diseases successfully treated.

One or two of the physicians of the Institute

will be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on

Wednesday, the 15th day of May, and will re-

main a few weeks for the purpose of effecting

cures of cancers and other diseases during their

stay. Ladies will receive attention by the Prin-

cipal of the Institute. Call early.

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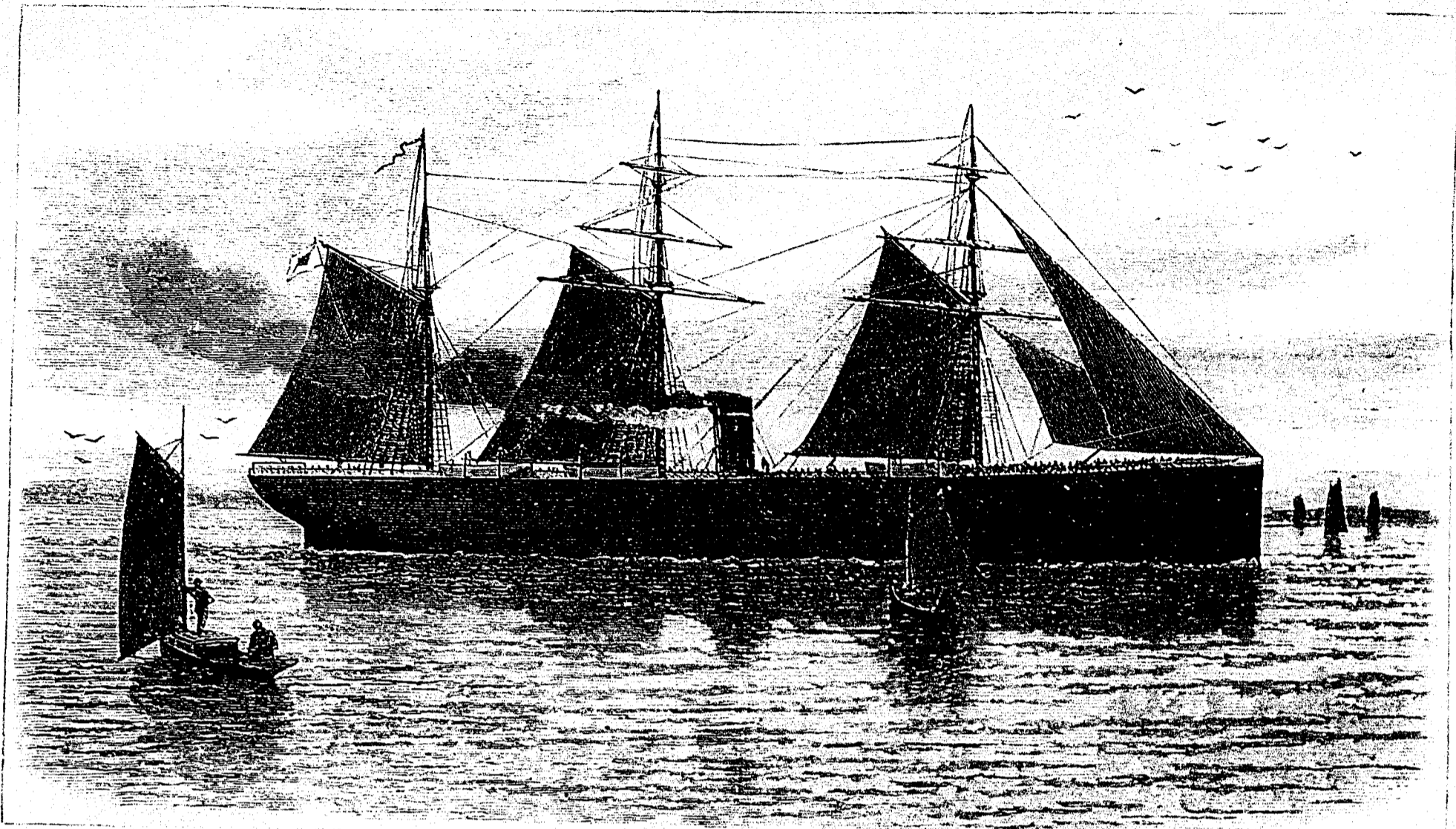
Call early.

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Call early.



THE STEAMER *CIMBERIA* IN SOUTH WEST HARBOR, MAINE.



NEW YORK.—THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CREW TRAINING FOR HENLEY REGATTA, ENGLAND, IN JULY, AND INTERNATIONAL REGATTA IN PARIS, IN AUGUST.



George Hart

THE YEAR IN FLOWERS:—SPRING.

OLD COMANCHE.

Honour to old Comanche. The sole survivor he Of the fierce fight where Custer died With all his cavalry.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN AT RIEDAU HALL.

The following is the article from the London Herald's "Celebrities at Home," the gist of which the London correspondent of the Globe telegraphed to that paper on its appearance.

It is four o'clock on a bright January afternoon, and the reader will be good enough to suppose that he or she is one of a tolerably numerous company which has just arrived after a short drive from the capital of the Dominion of Canada on a visit—unhappily it is a farewell one—to the favourite residence of that Governor-General whose term of office will so speedily have expired.

And the sounds that now fill the air are produced by the "jingling and tinkling" of those bells, which, our hosts of this afternoon will soon have heard for the last time.

Better suited, too, is the bright scene to the classic nature of the illustrious Britain—or should it be Celt—who will place between himself and Rideau Hall the long leagues of the Atlantic—many weeks are over, than any solemn, semi-funeral, parting ceremony; more appropriate to the brilliant future which surely waits him elsewhere, and to the visions of that future which all those who have known him in Canada instinctively form.

The snow is thick and polished on the ground, almost as white as when it first fell, notwithstanding that many sleighs have already passed over its surface, and that, as we stand looking on at the animated and picturesque spectacle, fresh relays of these tintinnabulating conveyances arrive every moment.

Independently of the human figures in the landscape, independently of the wonderful grace of the sleighs themselves, of the glossy skin and faultless limbs of the steeds which draw them, and which, though they have had a smart run and no light load, stand tossing their heads and, in consequence, ringing their bells, as if proud alike of themselves, their equipage, and freight—as proud they well may be—the prospect is singularly attractive.

Lord and Lady Dufferin are both of them per excellence "at home" to-day; and the visitors—after emerging from the masses of skin of seal, bear, wolf, opossum—enter the hall door, are announced, and are welcomed. But it is not the custom at the Rideau Hall entertainments to rely on what the inside of the house can afford for the amusements of the afternoon.

meanwhile we will mix in the multitude of *frisco* revellers on the lake. The practice of figure-skating is being illustrated with the exactness and elegance of an art. It is the very poetry of motion; to which gentlemen and ladies alike contribute, exemplified on congealed water, as an hour or two later it will be on the floor of the Rideau ballroom.

Would you have a somewhat milder pastime? There are the curling rinks hard by. Would you take part in a sport which is exclusively native of the soil—of the soil as covered with ice and snow? In that case, if you are young and fair and daring, you may essay the perilous ordeal of the toboggan, and will be at no loss for zealous and efficient pilots.

You are probably ignorant of what the toboggan is. It shall be explained. Tobogganning, then, is wholly Canadian in its origin, and is most enjoyable when you have once got into the way of it. To begin with, imagine a steep incline—that at Rideau is partly natural, partly artificial—covered with snow, and traversed by a kind of groove or channel from top to bottom.

This groove is sheeted with ice, and down it the toboggan slides—the toboggan being a sled made from a strip of bark about half a yard wide curled over in front, and containing a cushion on which the passenger sits or, to use the inchoate but more strictly accurate term, squats. The passengers are two in number—a lady behind, protected against summary precipitation by a gentleman in front. While they are seating themselves the toboggan is held in position on the top of the declivity. At the word "Go!" the check is removed, and away it flies, sliding, rushing, jumping down the hill until the bottom is reached.

It does not, however, invariably arrive at the goal without some mishap. When half of the lightning-speed journey has been accomplished, the toboggan frequently goes off the track, and the passengers are at once thrown out into the loose snow on either side, amidst the laughter of the spectators. The tobogganning arrangements are generally superintended by Captain Hamilton, Lord Dufferin's A.D.C. and brother-in-law, who has by this time acquired a considerable experience of the sport itself, and of the demand it makes upon the nerves of the fair Canadians who take part in it.

Apparently the first impression which the headlong motion of the toboggan produces upon the feminine tobogganist is a conviction that she is launched upon the track of sheer inevitable destruction. This idea results in a movement akin to that which is the last effort of drowning persons—a convulsive clutching at the neck or waist of their rescuer. The movement is one which has generally the same effect on a Canadian snow-hill as it is calculated to have in water, and involves the two in a common ruin. Captain Hamilton could tell many a tale of toboggans made violently to swerve from their track, and of the prostration of himself and his companion in consequence of the wild gesticulation of arms that have finally fastened in despair on his throat, or have made themselves felt on his waist in such a way that his equilibrium has been upset, and he has been hurled forth from the flying locomotive.

Bidding adieu to the perilous delights of tobogganning, let us spend the few minutes that have yet to pass before tea is announced in scampering through the rooms of the house, which Lady Dufferin has thrown open to her guests. Never in vice-regal or regal dwelling was more the grace that is the outward visible sign of a mind to which art is a second nature and taste an hereditary instinct, blended with such a richness of solid comfort and homely luxury. It is a noble chamber, this great drawing-room, admirably proportioned and beautifully furnished. Yet it is on the glories of nature rather than art that the eye first rests. Never, in the visitor's initial impression, was there seen in one room such a profusion of beautiful flowers. Great majolica vases are filled with begonia in fullest bloom. Geraniums, heliotrope, and countless other varieties, cut or in ornamental pots, are scattered about through the carved amber vases, Sevres, Bisque, and Dresden ware on the various cabinets and tables.

Many of the articles of *art* and pictures have interesting associations grouped round them. Some of the exquisite china once adorned the boudoir of the Empress Eugenie, and was purchased at the sale of the effects of the late Emperor Napoleon. That head of Father Winter is the work of the Princess Louise, and the design for a fan just above it representing a skating scene, the figures wonderfully animated and life-like, is also the workmanship, as it is the gift, of the same Royal artist. But we are entering on the second stage of the entertainment at Rideau Hall. It is nearly half-past five, tea has been served, and there is a general movement in the direction of the ballroom, where a cotillon is struck up. Never was a more dazzling variety of colour produced than from the dresses of the dancers whirling round like the satellites of Iris; quilted silk or satin petticoats of every conceivable hue, velvet skirts, and costly furs, are the dresses chiefly worn. At one end of the room, which is the theatre of these gay and even splendid effects, are two chairs of state surrounded by a canopy. They are the destined thrones of Lord and Lady Dufferin. But their Excellencies prefer walking about, mingling with their guests, now entering into conversation, and now into the dance. The whole thing has about it an air of easy splendour and natural brilliancy which is singularly appropriate to, and suggestive of, the character of the host. The second, or rather the third, feature in the Rideau Hall programme is a play performed by the children of the household. Since the commencement of Lord Dufferin's

Viceroyalty, a piece, more or less of the extravaganza order, has been annually "put on the boards," and has been the delight of the company. His Excellency's term of office expiring, as has been already intimated, the performance given this afternoon is the last of the pleasant series. The fortunes of "Fifine the Fisher Maid" are the subject and title of the play, the older characters being taken by Colonel the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton, Captains Hamilton and Ward; all the other parts by the Blackwood and Littleton children. It is a great success. The members of the youthful company are perfect in their parts, and act with a vivacity and finish that astonish every one, and how describe the round of ringing plaudits at the end of the play, when all the performers, including little Lady Victoria Blackwood, the youngest of the family and Her Majesty's goddaughter, form a tableau, in a grotto illuminated with red fire? But something else has yet to come. The Hon. Terence Blackwood delivers the epilogue, which concludes with these lines:

The years have slipped away so very fast. This fairy tale is sad to say, our last. Before another merry Christmas Day The "company" will all have gone away: And ocean will divide our little band From all but memory of your kindly land, And when we meet again in after years, Some may be Generals and some Premiers. Some Nobodies—for some you know must be. There'll be noGRESS, though, I clearly see. One thing is certain: we shall all have grown. And some, perhaps, have "fairies" of our own. But still we'll not forget, though old and tall, "The Children's Christmas Play" at Rideau Hall.

It would be strange if the announcement thus conveyed that the gifted and amiable family who during the past five years' residence have done so much to widen the views, refine the manners, and elevate the tone of Canadian society, were about to leave the scene of their generous hospitality and kindly labours, perhaps for ever, did not produce a visible and touching effect. The plaudits which greet the delivery of the epilogue are succeeded by a momentary silence, more significant, more appreciative than speech.

By the exercise of a refined and genial hospitality, by treating with unvarying kindness and courtesy all who have come within their sphere, Lord and Lady Dufferin have won the hearts of the Canadian nation. Thus the good work which the Viceroy has done in private will not be forgotten in the enduring memory of his great public services. This is not the place in which to dwell on the splendid results of the statesmanship and ability which Lord Dufferin has displayed, or the accumulated triumphs of his patriotism, his industry, his genius, and his eloquence. Lord Dufferin is one of the few men in whose existence the Solomon maxim may be disregarded, and who may safely be called happy while he lives. His administrative success is probably without a parallel in the history of our colonies. It has certainly been illustrated by a brightness and a splendour that are without a precedent. But it is also a success which has been won by labours of huge magnitude. We have seen Lord Dufferin at home: to judge of his character and work aught we should be with him also on some of his great Colonial progresses. He has traversed thousands of miles of the Dominion to investigate personally the vast resources of the country, and from experience to form an opinion as to the best mode of their development. These undertakings have been fatiguing and costly. But they have resulted in what cannot fail to prove a permanent strengthening of the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the English Crown, as well as in placing on a firm and secure basis the friendship happily existing between the great English democracy and English Dominion which lie side by side in the New World. The policy which Lord Dufferin proposed to himself at the very outset of his Canadian career was to administer his government in strict accordance with constitutional rules. From the moment of his entering upon office up to the present time he has held himself from party politics or political partisanship; whatever Ministers were in power, to them he gave his complete confidence, and whenever they went out of office the same confidence was reposed in their successors. He stated in one of his earliest speeches that a Governor-General, as the head of a constitutional State, as engaged in the administration of parliamentary government, should have no political friends. Still less need he have political enemies; the possession of either—may even be suspected of possessing either—destroys his usefulness. As an orator Lord Dufferin is the true descendant and heir of his brilliant ancestor Richard Brinsley Sheridan—equal to any English speaker living for the breadth of view, the finish of style, the delicate touches of humour which he has imported into his speeches. Other statesmen and administrators have illustrated the claims of duty and the virtue of patriotism. To Lord Dufferin has it been reserved, not only to exemplify patriotism, but to identify it with loyal and joyous service; not only to show what duty is, but to gladden the conception of it among, to bequeath a bright image of duty to, the great and growing populations of our Empire in the West.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal—Letter received, May 10th, 1878. Solution of Problem No. 112 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal—Correct solution of Problem No. 112 received.

A. H. Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 169 received. Correct.

E. B. Montreal—Chess openings by W. Cook will be found very useful.

Subjoined is an extract from an account which Lord and Lady Dufferin give of the late Chess contest between the great schools of learning in England. Space will not allow of our giving the whole of the account, which is very full and interesting. As will be seen, the Cambridge players were victorious, and we wonder whether they considered this a sufficient score for the victory, for in the recent rowing match, judged by the excitement which always attends the trial of strength between the two parties on the water, and the little victory which is taken of the struggle over the checked result, the supporters of the University are more than victorious.

THE UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

The sixth annual Chess contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge came off on Thursday last at the rooms of the St. George's Club, King Street, St. James's. The result is shown in the following table, which contains the names of the winners of each year, together with the number of games won, lost and drawn by them respectively.

Table with 5 columns: Year, Winner, Won, Lost, Drawn. Rows for years 1873 to 1877.

The first match, which was played in the rooms of the City of London Chess Club, in Gordon's Restaurant, Milk Street, was as most Chess players will remember, an immense success, and the second, which was contested at the same place, showed no falling off in the interest everywhere aroused. Upon each occasion from 500 to 700 spectators attended to witness the event. The third match was likewise conducted under the auspices of the City of London Chess Club, and the scene of action was the Guildhall Tavern, rooms therein having been most liberally engaged for the purpose by the committee of the association. This again was the occasion of a most successful gathering, and the number of chess-players who attended was very large. Among the University players were the guests of the late West End Chess Club, and their match took place at Freemason's Tavern. From some cause or other this, as a public event, was a failure. Much money was spent by the executive of the West End Chess Club, but to little purpose. Comparatively speaking, there were but few witnesses of the contest, and a general air of depression seemed to hang over the affair. It is permissible, we hope, to express our opinion that the committee of the defunct club had not the organizing ability of the City of London officials, while, at the same time, it must be admitted that there was in this case a smaller constituency of members to invite as spectators.

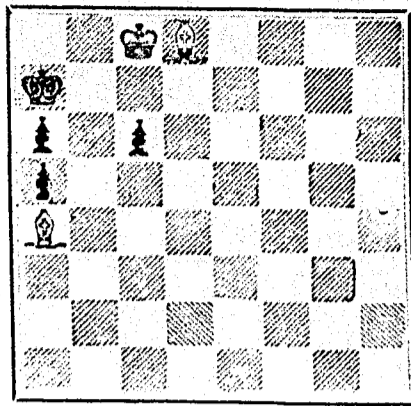
With the match of 1876 ended the public Chess contests of the two universities. They met last year at the St. George's Club, and it was a very quiet affair; the hostile and enthusiastic of the City Chess roomers were conspicuously absent. If the crowd of spectators at the three past matches was a cause of distraction, and we believe statements to the effect were made—there was now no such ground of complaint, and the players were free to display their best form. The same observation holds good respecting the event of Thursday last. There were but few witnesses, and these were almost entirely composed of members of the St. George's Club, together with a few friends of the players. We consider it regrettable that the once interesting contest should have assumed a character so utterly private and exclusive. Play commenced about two o'clock, and before very long Cambridge scored the first game. A second and then a third fell to the same colour, the last mentioned game being very prettily finished by Mr. Chitto, who gave an elegant mate in three moves. So it went on, Cambridge winning right ahead. In fact, that side lost only one of the eleven games brought to an actual termination, and the solitary loser, Mr. Blythe, ought, according to our judgment, to have drawn his game without much difficulty. Half-past six p.m. came, and there remained an unfinished game between Messrs. Chitto and Lee. This was adjudged to the latter, who undoubtedly had every reason to expect a win. Thereby the score of Oxford was brought up to the magnificent total of two games won by them against ten scored by their opponents.

We are happy to be able to state that the Prospectus of the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association is arranged, and will soon be forwarded to the Secretaries of the different Chess Clubs of the Dominion. As soon as we receive a copy, we shall not fail to give the full particulars in our Column.

PROBLEM No. 171.

(From the Chess Player's Chronicle.)

By S. LOYD, BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 50TH.

Played by telegraph between D. C. Rogers, Esq., of Detroit, and E. Jackson, Esq., of Searforth.

- WHITE (Rogers) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. B to Q B4, 4. P to Q B3, 5. P to Q4, 6. P to K5, 7. K B to Kt5, 8. B takes Kt (ch), 9. P takes P, 10. Castles, 11. Q B to K3, 12. P to K R3, 13. P to K R4 (ch), 14. K Kt to Q2, 15. P to K B4, 16. Q to K B3, 17. Q takes P, 18. Q takes Q, 19. Kt to Q Kt3 (ch), 20. K takes Kt, 21. K to Kt2, 22. K to Kt3, 23. B takes P, 24. Q Kt to Q2, 25. K to B5, 26. R to K R sq, 27. P to K R4, 28. R to R2, 29. K to K3, 30. P to Q R4, 31. Kt to Q B5 (ch), 32. P takes B, 33. K to K B4, 34. R to R sq, 35. R to K Kt5 (ch), 36. K to B2, 37. P to Kt3, 38. R to R3, 39. R to K B3, 40. Kt takes R, 41. B to Q2, 42. K to B sq, 43. Kt takes R, 44. Kt to Kt sq, 45. K to K sq, 46. K to K sq, 47. K to Q2, 48. Kt to B3, 49. Kt to Q sq, 50. Kt to B3, 51. Kt to R2, 52. Kt to B3. BLACK (Jackson) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to Q B3, 3. B to Q B4, 4. Kt to K B3, 5. P takes P, 6. P to Q1, 7. Kt to K5, 8. P takes B, 9. P to Kt3, 10. B to Q Kt5, 11. Castles, 12. B to K R4, 13. B to K R3, 14. P to K B4 (ch), 15. Q to K R5 (ch), 16. P takes P, 17. Q to K Kt6 (ch), 18. Kt takes Q, 19. Kt takes R, 20. B to Q (ch), 21. P to K Kt4, 22. P takes P (ch), 23. R to K B2, 24. R to Kt2 (ch), 25. B to K B4, 26. K to B2, 27. Q R to K Kt sq, 28. R to K Kt5, 29. P to Q R4, 30. B to B7, 31. B takes Kt, 32. P to Q5 (ch), 33. K to K3, 34. P to K B4, 35. K takes P, 36. R to K B4 (ch), 37. K to Q4, 38. P to K R7, 39. P to Q6, 40. B takes R, 41. B takes P, 42. R to K7 (ch), 43. R takes R (ch), 44. B takes P, 45. K takes P, 46. K to Q5, 47. P to Q B4, 48. B to Q B3, 49. P to B5, 50. P to R5, 51. P to R6, 52. B to R5.

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (1) B is seldom at the beginning of a game, after casting on the K's side that this move can be made with out danger. (2) Apparently the right move. (3) Black carries on the attack with much vigour. (4) White had his reasons no doubt for allowing Black to win the exchange. The return of Black's Kt to K B1 was much to be dreaded. (5) A weak move, of which Black avails himself immediately. (6) Leading to the loss of a Pawn, but the B had to be moved. (7) The shortest way to the end.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 171.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Kt4, 2. B to Kt6, 3. Kt to B6 mates. BLACK. 1. K takes Kt (ch), 2. P moves. WHITE. 1. B to Q6, 2. Kt to B6 mates. BLACK. 1. K to Q5, 2. P moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 170.

- WHITE. 1. R to K Kt5, 2. Kt mate. BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 171

- WHITE. 1. K to K1, 2. B to Q1, 3. R to K R4, 4. Kt to K R4, 5. P to K R4. BLACK. 1. K to K R2, 2. R to Kt sq, 3. Pawns at K R2, K R3 and K R4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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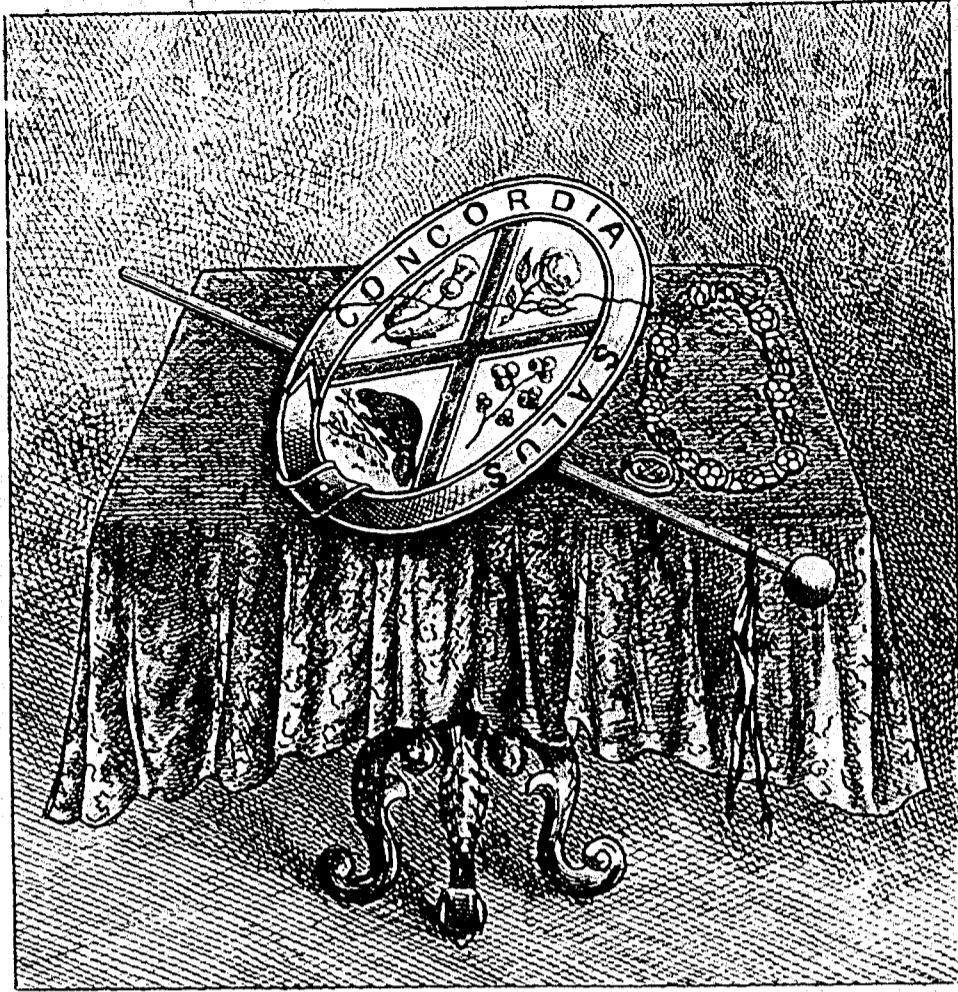
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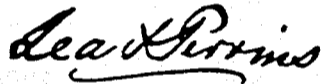
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