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CANADIAN

Illustrated Weekly



Vol. X  
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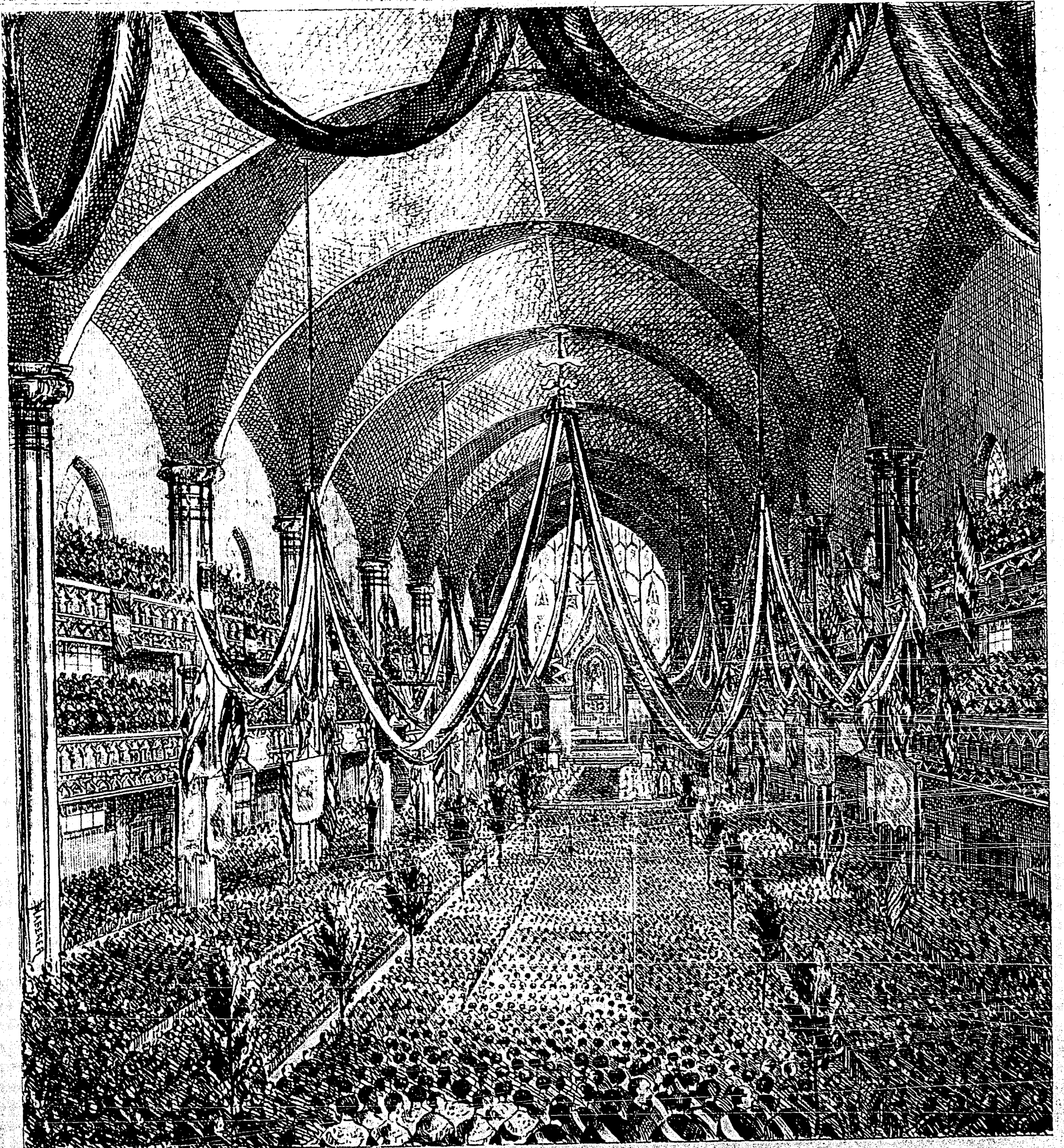
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# Montreal Whistler's News

Vol. X.—No. 1

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

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MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.—THE SERVICE IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME.

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## Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

### THE FRENCH CANADIAN CELEBRATION.

The great St. Jean-Baptiste celebration of 1874, to which thousands of French Canadians throughout North America have for months past been looking forward with great expectations, has come and gone. And what has been done toward the attainment of the object of this monster reunion? How have the great expectations been realized? We have had a popular demonstration in the form of a procession, a banquet, a pic-nic, and a convention. The first three were unmistakably a success. But it is impossible to say as much for the last. The convention that met for two days in the Church of the Gesù did little beyond adopting a few resolutions, and wrangling over a great many unimportant motions. It achieved no practical results. To adopt a popular phrase, its deliberations ended in much cry and little wool. What little was done was due almost entirely to the energy and strong common sense of such men as Judge COURSOI, Judge LEBŒUF, of Cohoes, Mr. PERRAULT, and the Rev. Mr. MJON. While on the other hand much injury was done to the cause of French Canadians in general by the overweening vanity, the stubbornness, and the marvellous infatuation of a few members of the Montreal bar, who, happily for themselves and their acquaintances, got all the snubbing they deserved.

The first really important business transacted was the reception of the report to the convention. It sets forth, at the very outset, that the demonstration had not for its sole object a demonstration of numbers. It then goes on to show—that for the past twenty-five years the Province of Quebec has suffered from a scourge of expatriation; that the bone and sinew of their countrymen are leaving their native land for a country where they forget their language, and are deprived of the advantages of their religion; that the country houses are abandoned and farms left untilled; that the civil war even has not prevented this exodus; that all efforts even of the clergy have failed to prevent this exodus; that the French race cannot implant itself solidly upon the American soil, except by union of all its forces; the object of this Convention is to bring back to the country those who have migrated from it. In reply to the questions put by the committee of organization to the Canadian societies of the United States, the report goes on to state that:—So far as ascertained, nearly half a million of French Canadians have gone to the United States; that they were mostly employees in manufactories, and as tradesmen, few clerks, three or four advocates, and a number of priests. Few are occupied as agricultural labourers; the greatest misfortune of Canadian immigrants is their want of instruction; the French Canadians are isolated, the Roman Catholic priests being Irish and not understanding French, from which it results that French Canadians are isolated. Another danger is the absence of Roman Catholic and French schools. Consequently the Canadians are obliged to send their children to public schools, where they forget their love of country. By this means the Americans assimilate the French Canadians. The means to secure the return of these people are:—1st. Liberal grants of land, the title of which should be given only after certain conditions had been complied with. 2nd. Grants for the purchase of seed, of farming implements, of houses, &c.; to be repaid at long interest. 3rd. The construction of good roads to place the new districts in rapid communication with the centres of business. 4th. The giving of a preference to colonizers. 5th. The granting of free passage tickets from the United States. 6th. The establishment in Montreal of a grand central agency, to supervise generally this work of colonization.

7th. To provide for all necessary religious accommodation, by the construction of good churches and schools.

Here, then, is a plain statement of the condition of the French Canadian settlers in the States, and of the supposed best means of inducing these emigrants to return to their mother land. One would naturally have supposed that some definite scheme would at least have been proposed for attaining the desired repatriation of the exiles. But what was actually done? The report containing a mere definition of principles was adopted. A few extra resolutions, establishing a central agency, and appealing to the Government for assistance, were also adopted, and the convention adjourned after a protracted debate over some unimportant proposals.

The gist, then, of the deliberations of this assembly, from which so much was looked for, is simply the recognition of the fact that it is desirable that the French Canadians in the United States should be brought back; the adoption of the theory that it is the Government's business to bring them back; and the formation of an association of French Canadians throughout the continent. But here, at the very outset, a difficulty crops up. Judge LEBŒUF, from Cohoes, N. Y., declared emphatically that those who were fixed in the United States would not desire to come back, and they were a very numerous class. It would be impossible for many to return, as the businesses in Lower Canada were already over-stocked. Admitting, however, that a large number would be willing to come, it is more than doubtful whether the means proposed to induce them to return are either desirable or effective. This reliance on a paternal Government has been tried time and time again, and has never been known to succeed. In this matter, again, Judge LEBŒUF, with the hard common sense that characterized his remarks throughout, hit the point exactly. It is not fresh legislation, he said, that is wanted; give these men work, pay them as well in Canada as they are paid in the United States, and they will come back soon enough. Here we have the whole thing in a nut-shell. Give us more manufactures, more room for labourers and mechanics in the Province, and you will soon have your countrymen back. But do not place your whole reliance on the Government. Put your own shoulders to the wheel, and the result will not be slow in showing itself. As to discriminating between French Canadians and other immigrants, we utterly fail to see the justice of such a policy. The French Canadians left us because they could find no work. And yet hundreds of immigrants from Europe come to us in our midst, and find satisfactory employment in the country. A vigorous policy is all that is needed, and it will speedily be found that we have room enough and work enough for all—for French Canadians, as for English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans.

### THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

There is really no object in discussing the new Reciprocity Treaty at present. The Senate of the United States has quietly shelved it till its next session, our own Parliament is not sitting, and there is no means of knowing in detail what the views of the present Government are in the premises. It may be said, however, in general terms, that the Treaty excites no enthusiasm. So many different and conflicting interests are dependent upon it that nothing short of a thorough sifting of all its articles will awaken public opinion, and until then people are disposed to be quiescent. For ourselves, we expected that Mr. BROWN would have been successful in obtaining fuller concessions and making his Treaty a marked improvement on that of 1854 and the Treaty of Washington. We were therefore somewhat disappointed on finding it little more than a transcript of those two instruments. We are willing, however, to accept it on general grounds, provided a few of its clauses are satisfactorily explained, and on the distinct pledge that we shall go no further in the way of concessions to the United States. We insist upon this latter point because we find that American manufacturers in the Middle States and agriculturists in New York are clamouring for more advantages from us. The negotiation of the Treaty has done us already a world of good by drawing the attention of Americans to our commercial and financial condition. The high compliments received from that quarter ought to give us more reliance on ourselves and induce us, while straining every nerve to establish reciprocal relations with the United States, to yield nothing for which we are not guaranteed a full equivalent.

The Lower Province papers lose no opportunity to urge the building of the Baie Verte canal. Even the Ministerial journals throw out significant hints that Government should put the work under contract forthwith. We fully endorse this demand. Everything conducive to inter-provincial trade should be promptly and actively

encouraged. Thus only can our confederate existence be maintained. This should be kept in mind, particularly at the present juncture, where such strenuous efforts are being made to procure an international reciprocal treaty. It will be remembered that \$500,000 were voted, at the last session, for the Baie Verte canal. This money must be employed in some tangible shape or other, else a charge of bad faith will certainly be preferred against the Government.

It was reported some days ago that the German Catholic Bishops, assembled at Fulda, intended to issue a circular recommending a compromise with the Government at Berlin. This statement is now officially contradicted, and the contradiction will surprise no one acquainted with the stuff of which Continental prelates are made. Bismarck may be the man of blood and iron, but his opponents are men of steel. They may break, but they will never bend. From a mere human point of view, assuming, as we must that they are sincere in their principles, their best policy is resistance to the bitter end. They will thus serve their cause best, besides immortalizing themselves.

The old tow-path will be covered with grass, and the poor horses ought to be allowed to munch it. Steam has been introduced on the Erie Canal. This is an event fraught with the most vital consequences to that species of carriage. It will doubtless be made available in our own country, and with the enlargement of the Welland and the St. Lawrence canals, it ought to be boldly introduced. Not only will rivalry with Erie be thus successfully maintained, but immense advantages will be thereby gained, and our superior facilities for carrying the trade of the West to the seaboard established in the eyes of all shippers.

The Opposition press is very bitter against the appointment of Mr. W. Lamothe to the Postmastership of Montreal. We do not know their reasons, as they have not vouchsafed any. The previous history of Mr. Lamothe is curious enough. He was Chief of the Montreal Police about ten years ago, and a storm of indignation was raised against him, chiefly by the Rouge party—who were almost all anti-Southern men—for alleged complicity in the escape of the St. Albans raiders. He was removed by the then Government. His reinstatement by his friends, at his present salary, is a liberal compensation.

The Carlists have found their master at last. Old Marshal Concha has pursued them steadily from Bilbao to Estella, and now he has turned their position at that important point. The Carlists will now be forced to the foot of the Pyrenees. Without caring to pronounce on the subject, it must be a source of general satisfaction that this bloody and useless war is drawing to an end. Don Carlos never had the ghost of a chance, and if he truly loved his country he should not have subjected her to all this carnage and expense.

Mayor Bernard, of this city, has given himself the *coup de grâce*. He tried his best to get authority from the city to negotiate a Municipal loan in London, whither he obtained leave to go on business, it is pointedly asserted, connected with the bonds of the Northern Colonization Railway. The City Council refused the authority, and the Mayor is said to have gone anyhow. It is safe to predict that Dr. Bernard will never be Mayor of Montreal again.

Alarming rumours prevail in St. Petersburg respecting the situation of affairs in Central Asia. It is reported that the Ameer of Kashgar has seized a Russian Envoy, and, fearing war in consequence of the act, has concentrated 10,000 troops on the frontier. Kashgar is in Chinese Turkistan, and will have only a poor show against Russia.

Henry Ward Beecher is cornered. He must now rise and explain. He cannot be any longer silent. Theodore Tilton is too important a man to be kept down. Either he is a villainous libeller or Beecher is an adulterer. Such is the dilemma propounded by the New York press, and the world at large is entitled to know which is which.

### THE ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.

The long-talked-of celebration of St. John the Baptist's Day by the French Canadians of the Dominion and the United States duly took place on the 24th and 25th ult., and was taken part in by many thousands of people. The history of the events which brought about this monster fête is briefly as follows:—

In 1834 the St. Jean Baptiste Society was founded in Montreal by Ludger Duvernay. It was designed to include Cana

dians of all origins and creeds who loved their country, with its interests and liberties, more than any other country. During the rebellion the annual celebration was interrupted, only to be resumed on the return of Mr. Duvernay in 1842, when the society was reorganized. The first general meeting for the adoption of the rules and the election of office bearers was held on the 9th of June, 1843, in the hall of the St. Ann's Market, under the presidency of the late Hon. D. B. Viger; at this meeting Sir Geo. E. Cartier acted as secretary.

The society prospered and kept alive the national spirit among the French Canadians. But during the last few years its influence and popularity had been on the wane, and it merely celebrated the 24th of June with more or less enthusiasm. Several members had often mooted the project of reviving it and restoring to it some of its old importance; and the necessity for this became more evident when it was known that the Canadians domiciled in the United States intended to come to Montreal to celebrate the festival day. It was rightly thought that unless the society managed to reorganize and swell its ranks, it would be unable to carry out the programme in a manner worthy of Montreal and of its Canadian visitors, and accordingly certain amendments to the constitution, aiming at making the society more popular, were adopted at a general meeting.

After those changes had been made, steps were taken to arrange a demonstration in which all the societies of Canada and the United States should be asked to take part, the idea having been suggested by the success of the Canadian conventions held in the States during the past few years. A correspondence was opened, and the result was the imposing demonstration illustrated in our pages this week.

For some days previous to those fixed for the celebration, preparations were being made, and visitors flocked into the city. Quarters for the new comers were prepared in the Crystal Palace, which had been fitted out as an immense lodging and boarding-house. On the 23rd the rush became tremendous; the trains were delayed owing to the necessity of providing accommodation for the holiday-makers; special trains were put on; and it was calculated by a competent authority that not less than 20,000 strangers arrived in the city.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 24th the various American societies, attended by their bands in uniform, marched down, their banners flying, from the Crystal Palace to the Champ de Mars, where they were to form for the procession. By eight o'clock the ground was crowded. The scene was one of continued bustle and confusion; the marshals were riding hurriedly to and fro, excited members of the forming procession ran hither and thither to secure their appropriate places, while the music of brass bands enlivened the spectators, who had taken complete possession of the sidewalks on both sides of Craig-street, and far up into the cross-streets. Shortly after eight, the different societies and the trade-cars having fallen into place, the line began to move.

### THE PROCESSION.

The following is the order of the procession, with a brief description of the principal points of interest:

CHILDREN OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

FRENCH CANADIANS FROM VERMONT.

BAND.

THE STONE CUTTERS' CAR,

drawn by four horses. Its roof was festooned with red, white, and blue, and bore the English, American and tricolored flags. Inside, this car was festooned with evergreens and fresh boughs of trees, while on the platform stood a delicately carved capital of a column, in grey stone. Representative workmen stood about this attired in clean blouses, and holding chisel and mallet, typical of their trade, and at the rear of the car, were the words "*Soyons toujours unis*; and on either side "*Dieu et Patrie avant tout*."

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

of Haverhill, Mass.; Vergennes, Vt.; Montpelier, Vt.; Middlebury, Vt.; and Keeseville, N. Y.

THE PAINTERS' CAR

also drawn by four horses, but by no means so tastefully arranged as its predecessor. It was a stout platform wagon on which stood an octagonal column 20 feet high. It was hollow, and of some 6 feet in diameter. Each face represented a peculiar branch of the painter's and grainers' art. First was a grained tablet, next a frescoed slab, then a beautifully figured and ornamented piece of wainscoting, resembling walnut; sections of decorated walls were shown, paperhanging as well; lettering was tastefully exhibited by the inscription in a serpentine form, over the pillar, of "*La Peinture est le vernis de la Civilisation*." At each corner of the car was a pillar, painted to imitate variegated marbles of all hues; a sign painter stood erect, holding his palette and tiny camel's hair brushes; a house-painter swung his big pot and brush around, while grainers and paperhangers with their tools completed the allegory.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

from St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Nashua and Great Falls, N.H.; Malone, N. Y.; and St. Albans, Vt.

THE BLACKSMITHS' CAR,

the largest in the procession, and drawn by six horses. It bore bellows, forge, and anvil, at which a brawny fellow was hard at work.

BAND.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

from Lawrence Grove, and South Bridge, Mass.

THE CARRIAGE-MAKERS' CAR,

one of the best in the procession. Six horses were required to draw this wagon, which like that of the stone-cutters was prettily decorated with flags and evergreens. Several men were here seen at work, and carriages in every stage of construction might be viewed within. The decorations however were not confined to the inside, but were extended to the out-

side, where several paintings could be seen representing the construction of a carriage.

BAND.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

from Westbury, Fitchburg, and Cambridge, Mass.

THE PRINTERS' CAR

was drawn by six horses. On which was a hand-press from the *Minerve* office in full operation, copies of songs dedicated to the fraternity in the States, and St. Jean-Baptiste *souvenirs* being struck off and distributed among the crowd of admiring sight-seers. The car itself was constructed in the best possible taste, and its decorations were of a very chaste character, while the following proud motto was inscribed on the side: "*La Presse est la lumière du Monde, le plus fidèle Gardien des libertés publiques*."

BAND.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

from Webster, Ware, and Marlborough, Mass.

THE PLUMBERS' AND TINSMITHS' CAR.

This consisted of a very wide platform, twenty feet long, with no canopy; on it stood a cornice for the eaves of a building; a complete set of taps, water and gas pipes, fixed on woodwork; a collection of kitchen tinware, a plumber's stove and soldering irons, over which presided tradesmen in clean uniforms. The motto, "*Le Travail Triomphe de Tout*," was displayed on either side, while pictures of clasped hands referred to the unity of members of the trade.

BAND.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETIES

from Millbury, Mass., Danielsonville, Vt.

THE BRICKMAKERS' CAR,

drawn by four horses, and over which waved the Union Jack and tricoloured flags. Six men stood with trowels in hand, busily engaged in laying the brick walls of a miniature house or cottage *ornée* which rose in a few minutes from its foundations, to the attitude of the second story. The brick-laying attracted considerable attention. Green leaves interwoven and backed by a white ground formed a skirt round the edge of the car.

BAND.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FINE ARTS.

BAND.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

from Lewiston, Me.; Ausable Forks, N. Y.; and Springfield, Mass.

BUILDERS' AND CARPENTERS' CAR.

This was a towering structure, and was evidently the result of careful and long continued work. The lower portion represented a workshop walled in by a handsome railing. Inside stood a hot-air engine, connected with a circular saw by a system of belting. A workman stood at the saw, which buzzed at a great rate, cutting up pieces of boards into little blocks, making a fearful clatter, and causing the crowds to cheer heartily. Other departments of a carpenter's shop were represented, while above it rose a second story, with neat attic windows, sash and all; on the roof some 20 feet above the ground, was planted a flagstaff, from which waved the society flag, white and having three turrets blazoned upon it. The motto "*Dieu et la Patrie*" was affixed in wooden letters to either side of the car. Seven men conducted operations on board. The cost of the structure amounted to nearly \$400. It was drawn by eight horses.

BAND.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

from Troy, N. Y.; Holyoke, Mass.; Cohoes, N. Y.; Albany, N. Y.; Grosvenordale, Conn.; Putnam, Conn.; Northampton, Mass.; Whitehall, N. Y.; Lowell, Mass., two societies; Detroit, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Baltic, Conn.

CONTRACTORS' AND MASONS' CAR,

in which was seen a tremendous block of Montreal grey stone weighing three tons. The president of the section sat by a table while his assistants stood round the block of stone, completing the tableau. "*L'Union fait la force*" and the picture of a beaver decorated the sides of the car.

BAND.

FURNITURE DEALERS.

THE CANADA GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS CAR

in which a variety of polished and cut stones of marble and granite were ranged on a platform, and the following mottoes were conspicuously displayed, "*Nous développons les Ressources du Pays*," and "*Encourageons l'Industrie du Pays*."

BAND.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

from Olburn, Conn.; West Meriden, Conn.; Mendoto, Minn.; Manteno, Ill.; Manchester, N. H.; Artic, R. I.; Rochester, N. Y.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Washington, D. C.; Plattsburg, N. Y.; Ottawa; Hull; Woonsocket, Mass.; St. Hyacinthe, Somerset, Sorel, Chambly, Lebanon, N. H.

THE SHOEMAKERS' CAR

was a decided success. It was very long, and contained on its platform a great variety of labour-saving machinery. Heavy sewing-machines, pegging machines, etc., etc., were running at the top of their speed, being driven by a portable engine, the engineer having occasion to notify the multitudes of his approach by blowing a steam whistle. Real hard work was carried on upon this car, and sides, uppers and soles were stitched and pegged together in short metre, while the manager distributed handbills of the firms represented by the score; boots and shoes, however, failing with much less prodigality. The *gamins* exerted remarkable powers of agility in securing one of these treasures, its mate invariably being carried off by an eager contestant, on the principle, no doubt, that one shoe is better than none at all. The banners which hung from this car were real sheepskins, perfectly tanned, and bearing ap-

propriate mottoes, such as "*Notre Industrie est ancienne; elle se perd dans la nuit des Temps*." "Commerce and Leather;" "There is nothing like leather," etc. This car, drawn by four horses and surmounted by a smokestack, belching forth black smoke, was very conspicuous.

BAND.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

from Biddeford, Me. (2), Fall River, Mass. (2), Concord N. H.; Worcester, Mass.

THE BUTCHERS' CAR

was drawn by six handsome horses, ridden by stalwart jolly-looking butchers, who made a great show, as dressed in the working uniform of white and blue, with their cleavers stuck like daggers by their side, they rode past on their peaceful chargers. The car itself was equal if not superior, in its general get up to any that preceded it, and attracted universal admiration. The car was handsomely decorated with evergreens, rosettes and a pair of polished ox horns pointing over the driver's head, while whole carcasses of sheep, pigs, and calves, etc., embalmed in roses, hung round it.

TRADE BANNER

borne by delegation from sections of trades.

GROCERS.

HARDWARE DEALERS.

DRY GOODS SALESMEN.

STUDENTS, NORMAL SCHOOL, AND BAND.

STUDENTS, ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, AND BAND.

STUDENTS, MONTREAL COLLEGE, AND BAND.

PROVINCIAL NATIONAL SOCIETIES,

from Rouville, Arthabaska, St. Zotique; St. Francis on the South River; Acton Vale, Sherbrooke, St. Césaire, Iberville, Grenville, Coaticook, Victoriaville, St. Ours, Vaudreuil; St. François of Essex, O; and the St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Montreal.

PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

PHYSICIANS.

NOTARIES.

PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE SOCIETY, MONTREAL.

BISHOP FABRE,

AND CHURCH DIGNITARIES.

FRENCH MEMBERS OF DOMINION

AND LOCAL CABINETS.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The rear of the procession was brought up by an open carriage in which, standing erect, could be seen the slight figure of a child, dressed so as to represent St. John the Baptist. The child, who is 5½ years of age is named Joseph Chalifoux, and was clad in silk flesh colored tights. Around his middle was a beautiful sheepskin, tanned, with the wool upon it, and which came from Rome four years ago. The lad held a gilt staff, surmounted by a cross, in his right hand, from which waved a lace banneret, bearing the words, "*Ecce Agnus Dei*."

The following was the line of route taken: leaving St. Lawrence Main Street, it traversed St. Catherine street to Visitation, down it to St. Mary, through St. Mary, Notre Dame, and St. Joseph streets to Seigneurs street, up it to St. Antoine street, back again to Victoria Square, and St. James street, to the Parish Church of Notre Dame. It is estimated that the following numbers of tradespeople joined in the procession:—Butchers, about 150; stone masons, 180; cabinet-makers, 150; painters, 200; carpenters, 500; leather workers, 800 to 900; iron workers, 200; printers, 100; tinsmiths, 200; bricklayers, 150; fine arts, 50; teachers, 40; fancy goods, 250; hardware, china and paint, 100; carriage-makers, 220; grocers, 150.

By one o'clock the procession reached the Parish Church, where after mass had been celebrated (a special dispensation as to time having been granted) the Rev. Mr. Deschamps preached from *Isaiah, XLIV. 18*.

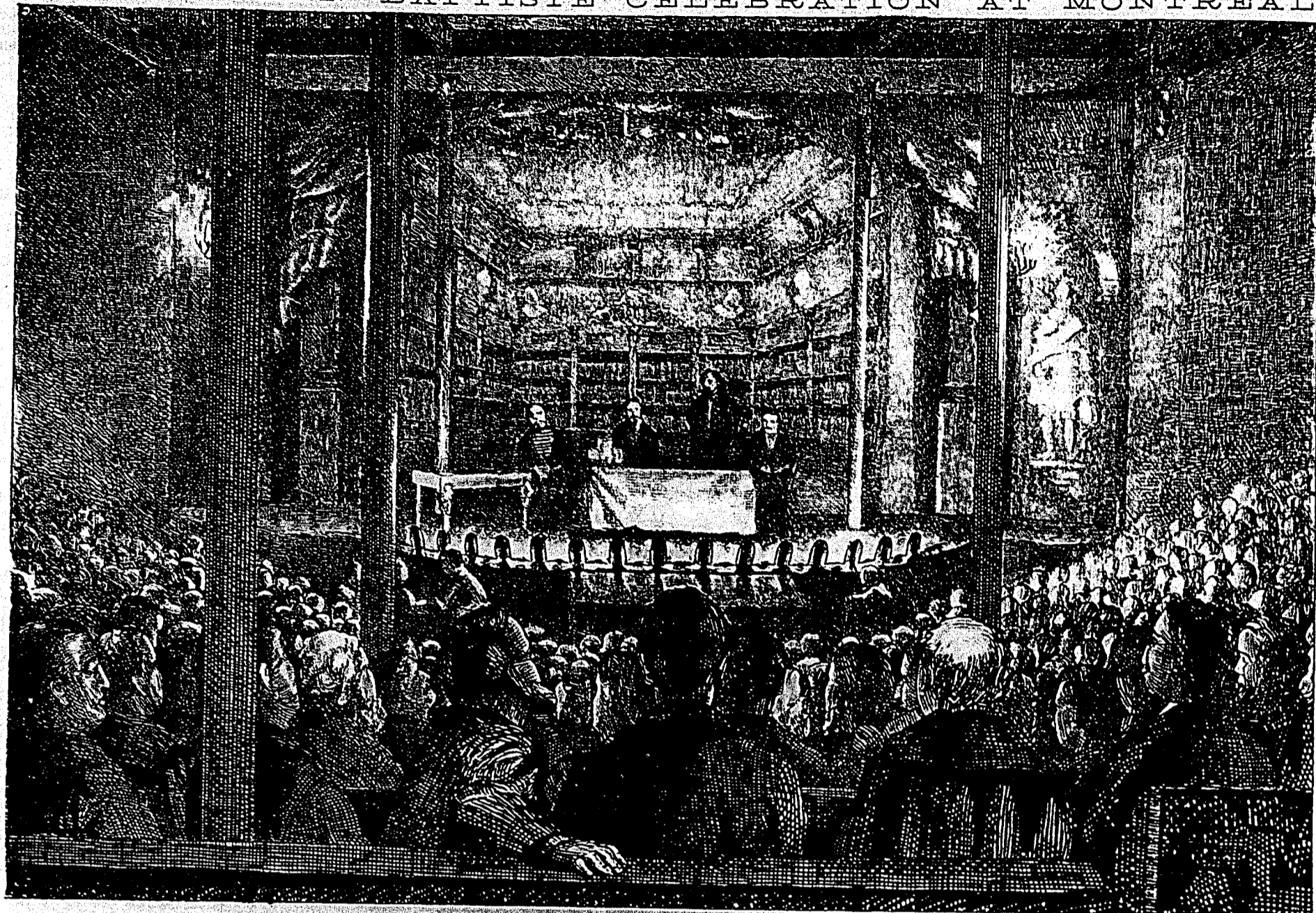
On leaving the church the societies proceeded to the Champ de Mars where speeches were made by Mr. Coursol, President of the Montreal St. Jean-Baptiste Society, the Hon. Gedeon Ouimet, Mr. Loranger, Solicitor General Chapleau, and others.

### THE BANQUET.

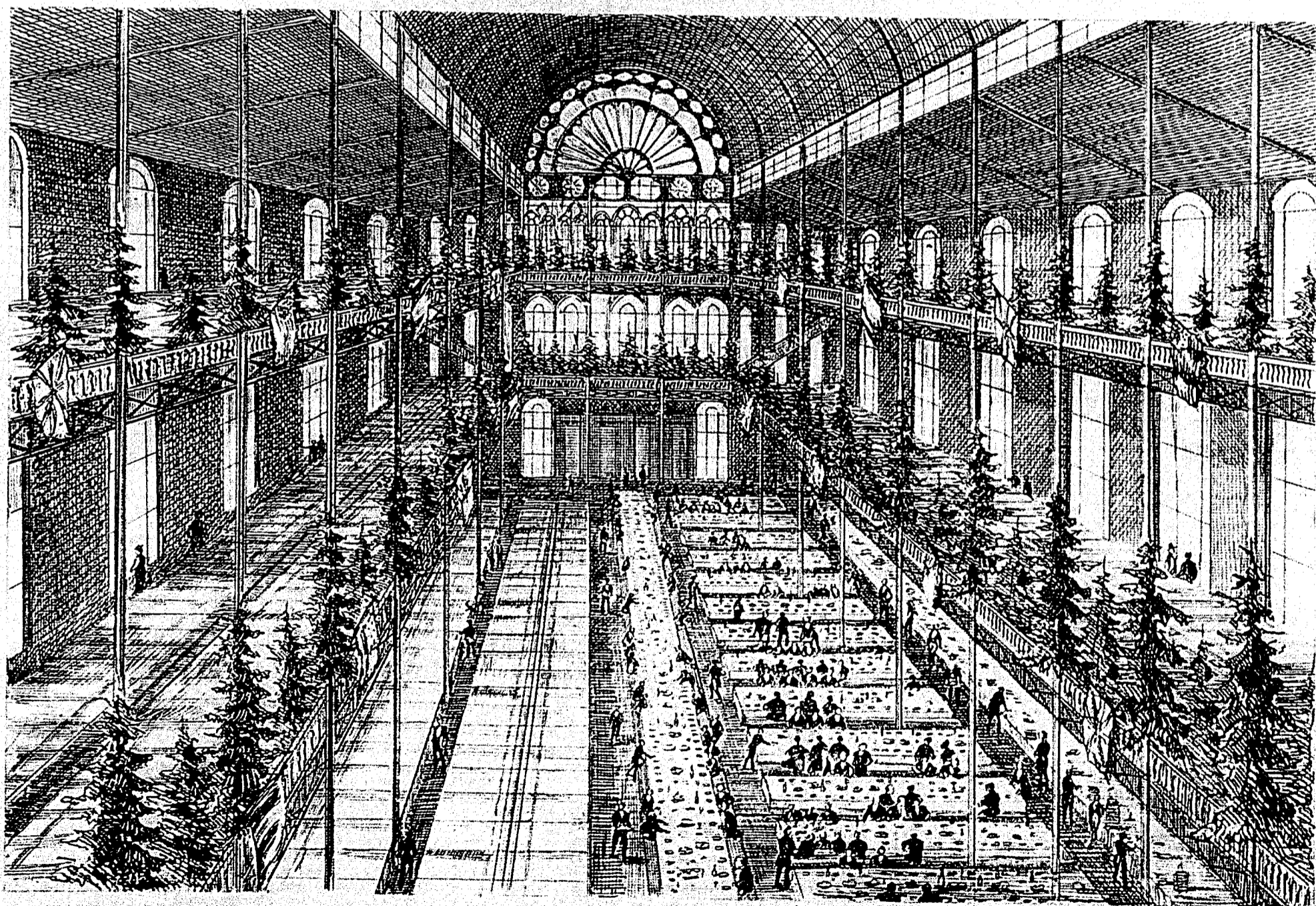
In the evening a grand banquet was held in the Bonsecours Hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, the stairs and corridors being adorned with bushes of maple. The hall itself was draped with red, white and blue bunting, edged with wreaths of maple leaves, and long streamers of the same colour were hung from the ceiling. On a raised platform was laid the high table for the President and other distinguished guests, among whom were Hon. Mr. Fournier, Hon. Mr. Ouimet, U. S. Consul-General Dart, His Worship the Mayor, &c., &c. At the back of the high table the wall was covered with white bunting, covered with inscriptions; a bust of His Holiness Pius IX was placed in the centre. On the other side of the hall, directly facing the dais, was the band platform, on which played the *Bande Nationale* of Montreal. On the wall was a medallion portrait of the late Ludger Duvernay, the founder of the Society. At the further end of the hall stood a large statue of St. John the Baptist, flanked on either hand by statuettes of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. Below the cornice, all round the hall, ran a scroll bearing the names of illustrious French Canadians—Montcalm, Papineau, Taché, Lafontaine, Hebert and others, while each window contained a bust or a figure. Banners belonging to the various sections were placed along the walls, the Ottawa colours being on either side of the platform.

About one thousand persons sat down to the banquet. During the course of the evening the President interrupted the proceedings to announce that a despatch had been received, by cable from His Holiness conveying the apostolical benediction.

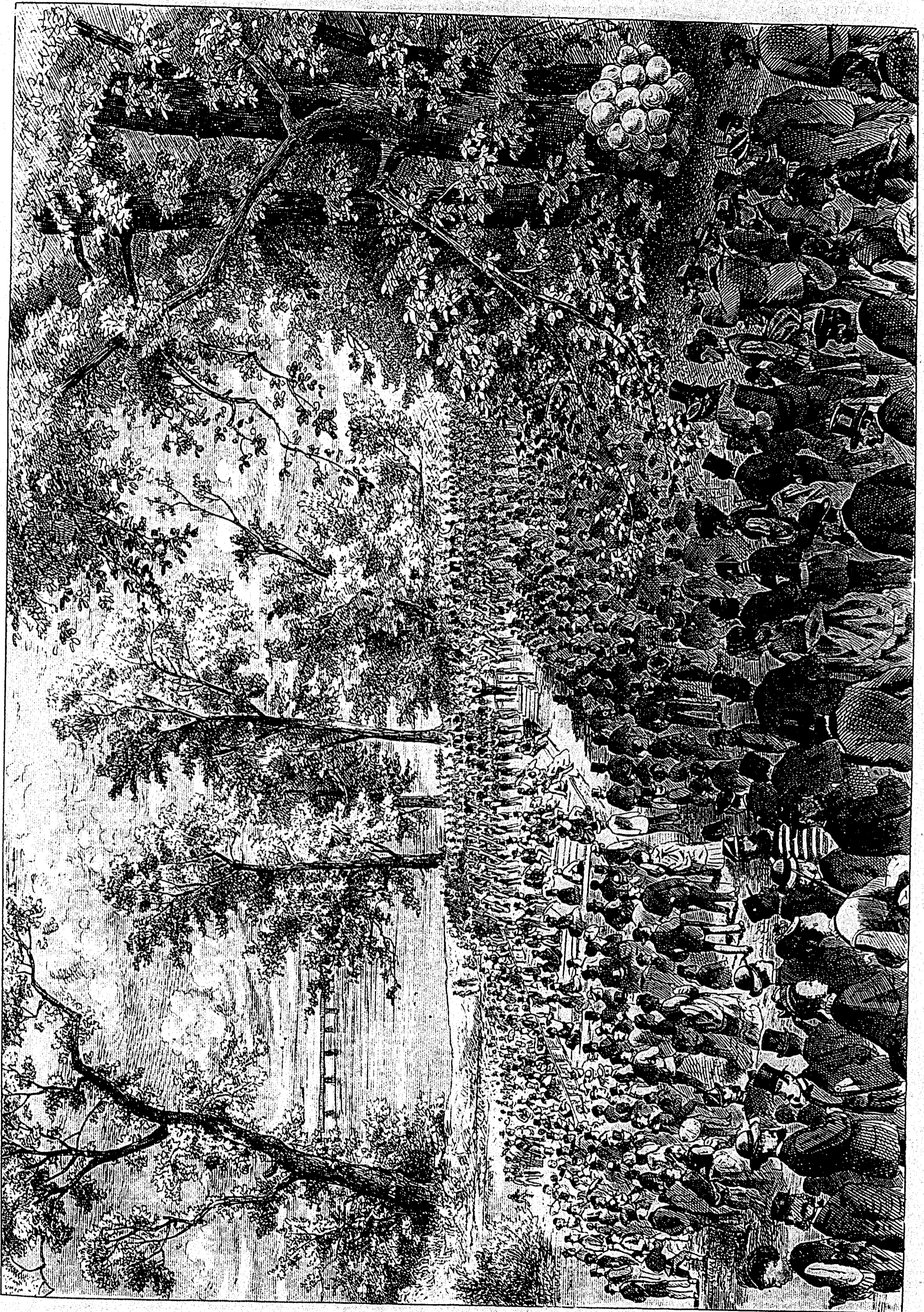
THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION AT MONTREAL.



AT THE CONVENTION, BELOW THE JESUITS' CHURCH



THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, WHERE THE VISITORS WERE QUARTERED.



MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.—THE CONCERT ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



## THE VIGOR GARDENS

were a great point of attraction for those who did not attend the banquet. The lamps in the garden were lighted, full pressure of water was on the fountains, many of the buildings surrounding were illuminated with transparencies and Chinese lanterns; pyrotechnic skill had been placed under tribute, and rockets sprang into the air, sending their variegated colours over, and dropping their showers of fire upon the scene below, while at intervals curious red fires on the ground were made to cast a weird look upon the dense foliage above and around them. There must have been some fifty thousand persons within the railings, the fair sex largely predominating. Some of the American bands played in the gardens for a couple of hours, giving to the entire scene an appearance of festive holiday. In different parts of the city Chinese lanterns and other illuminations lighted up the houses. The fine school building of the Roman Catholic Commissioners, on Ontario street, was handsomely illuminated, giving to it, from the commanding position it occupies, a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. In the hall of the Institut Canadien a ball was held, which was well attended, and which was kept up until a late hour by a number of pleasure seekers. And at the Mechanics' Institute was given a grand national concert. This, however, was a failure.

## SECOND DAY.

The proceedings of the second day were limited to the holding of the Convention in the basement of the Jesuits' church, and of a grand pic-nic and concert in the afternoon on St. Helen's Island. The latter was attended by many thousands of people, while many more, owing to the very inadequate accommodation for crossing, were unable to leave the city. The Convention finally adjourned on Friday at noon, and that brought the great fête of the French Canadians to a close.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## FREE-TRADE PRINCIPLES CONSIDERED.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—Mr. Disraeli classifies politics and economy under two heads, which he calls "cosmopolitan" and "national." No more distinct line was ever drawn or clearer definition given. These two ideas have contended for the mastery in all ages. The former is the basis of communism, socialism, free-trade and free-love. The latter is the basis of private property, the family institution, and real human progress.

Communism, socialism, free-trade, and free-love are all embraced in the cosmopolitan idea. From each one of these ideas it is but a single step to any of the rest, in the present state of society. A time may come when some of these ideas could be adopted; a time may come when all might, but to say the least about this question, that time is still very far off. My more immediate object, however, is to show that the present, at all events, is not the time for adopting any of them.

Nations require to be thorough in their progress as well as individuals. Suppose a pupil should skip a rule in Arithmetic or Grammar to catch up to a higher class, what would be the consequence? It would probably embarrass him at every subsequent step, and cause him to fail entirely at the examination. Now, nations have examinations as well as individuals, and, to succeed, each must skip nothing, must be thorough, must master every rule as it goes along. Otherwise it may exist but can win no prize. It will belong to the "dragged up" or "down trodden" class just as the interest of its successful rivals dictate. When you see a nation helplessly tossed about you may be sure it has skipped a rule in its national discipline somewhere.

I will now call home manufactures a rule in national discipline. No nation can skip this rule without paying the penalty of defeat in the final examination. No rule in Arithmetic is more essential to the thorough comprehension of the subject than home manufactures is to solid national progress. If a nation skips home manufactures in order to overtake a free-trade movement, along with more advanced nations, it will be sure to suffer a crushing defeat in the first contest for prizes. Let us overtake those ahead of us, by all means, but not by skipping any rule of national discipline or progress. Build up home manufactures; then if you choose, fall in with free-trade movements.

The nation whose affairs are intrusted to men of cosmopolitan ideas is never safe. Cosmopolitanism just amounts to this: "saints abroad and devils at home;" persons who flatter and please strangers but oppress their own countrymen. The cosmopolitan parleys and temporizes with the foe, till his own party is surprised and routed. It is a species of vanity and this vanity leads him to be more solicitous about the good-will of strangers than the interests of his own country.

Cosmopolitanism is also a species of meddlesomeness. It is diametrically opposed to close attention to one's own affairs. They see their own interest and duty only in meddling with other people's business under various pretences. It is traitorous to all nations and useful to none.

Let the nations which are prepared for free-trade have it among themselves, without forcing in those which have not yet passed through the preparatory ages and stages necessary to render it safe and profitable.

The advocate of the national policy is "he who provideth for his own." He is not meddlesome. He attends to his own affairs, keeps his own house in order, and avoids entangling alliances with his neighbours.

The advocate of a national policy is usually a safe sentinel. He does not parley and temporize with the enemy, in the face of danger, but gives the alarm, retires and puts the country in a state of defence. However well the cosmopolitan may act after hostilities begin, if preparation were left to him, there would be no preparation at all. He does not dream of danger. He is very egotistic, and has an exaggerated idea of his power of moral suasion. Usually, however, his moral suasion results in nothing better than ruinous concessions.

Commercial treaties have serious drawbacks with perhaps a few advantages. Few such treaties are ever renewed. At the end there is generally a reaction on one side or other. The consequence is that the artificial state of affairs created by

them perish before anything is done for their preservation or continuance. The provisions of a long treaty are likely to press with severity, occasionally, on one side or other. In fact, human foresight lacks the qualities necessary to render the conditions of a long treaty satisfactory to both parties till the end. Hence it is doubtful if more equitable regulations could not be maintained by reciprocal legislation: You take a treaty, as it were "for better or worse" and to those who deem it "for worse" it feels like a yoke all the time. "Men should be taught as if you taught them not," and it would be well if they could be governed in much the same way. A commercial treaty is sometimes like a revolution in its effects, whereas, Bacon says, "Men, in their innovations, should follow the example of Time, which innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarcely perceived."

Not long ago I noticed an Editorial in *The Illustrated News* pointing out the inconsistency of free-trade with the practice now so common, among municipalities, of giving bonuses to encourage the establishment of manufactories in various places. Cities, towns and villages throughout the whole Dominion are adopting this method to get factories within their corporations. If government would adjust the tariff properly, every village, town and city would have all the factories needed without a single bonus. The Dominion government and these municipalities are plainly working against each other. Thus what is saved on imported goods is lost in bonuses. While municipalities are making great sacrifices to build up factories government is legislating for their extinction.

The progress of free-trade is only apparent; like the progress of the pupil who skips a rule to overtake a class. It is doubtful whether free-trade England, if wasted and worsted and stripped of a couple of provinces, as France was in the late war, could pay a proportionable indemnity as promptly as the French did. Free-trade wealth appears greater than protectionist wealth, probably because it makes a greater show. The wealth of France was underrated and the wealth of England is probably overrated. England being now, in a sense, the banker of the world strengthens the impression. It is the great centralization of money in London that gives England so much power as she has in the money markets of the world. The borrower and the lender alike look to Lombard Street to have their wants supplied.

This arises from the habit of the English people depositing their money more freely in banks than most other people. The deposits in all the banks throughout the Kingdom are sent to London and lent to the bill brokers, the private banks, the great joint stock banks, or the Bank of England. Besides this, all the banks in the Kingdom deposit their reserves in the bank of England, which bank lends a great part of these reserves to the public. Hence, there is comparatively no idle money in the Kingdom, except the reserve in the Bank of England. The whole accumulated savings of the nation are in London, and nearly always employed in some way. This centralization of money enables capitalists there to aid vast projects in all parts of the world. There is no such centralization of money in Paris or any part of France. The French people do not take to banking and depositing money in banks so freely as the English.

They have much more confidence in the government even in the most troublous times, than in any bank. Hence, the great wealth of France is little known till some emergency arises such as the payment of the late indemnity.

Fenelon Falls.

Yours truly,  
W. DEWART.

## THE MAGAZINES.

We can never tire in our admiration for *St. Nicholas*. It is without exception the daintiest juvenile publication in any language or country. The illustrations in this number are superb. Besides the usual contributors, the name of Bret Harte figures with a story entitled "Baby Sylvester," which we fear, however, is not a genuine child's tale.

The *Penn Monthly* has a list of solid, substantial articles, the most noticeable of which are "Banking and Currency," "The Merits of Cremation," and "Public Baths for Cities." The paper on the "Forty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design" is a fair specimen of open-handed criticism, though perhaps too loosely put together and savouring too much of the newspaper style. The editor, as is natural for a Philadelphian, laments the refusal of Congress to make the approaching centennial a national celebration, and his remarks on that score are brief, but exceedingly pertinent.

"Scope or The Lost Library," is concluded in the present number of *Old and New*. It is one of the cleverest magazine stories of the year. The rest of the number is made up of the usual series of thoughtful papers for which this serial is renowned.

*Scribner's* for June is replete with interesting literature. The "Great South" series brings us to Missouri, which the author aptly styles the "Heart of the Republic." The illustrations of this article are very fine. John S. Hart gives all the information desirable on the question of the "Shakespeare Death-Mask," and his paper is worth preserving. The short stories of *Scribner's* are a feature well maintained in the present number. We refer particularly to "A Four-Leaved Clover," and the "Fire at Grandley Mills."

The buff-coloured *Lippincott*, with its cream paper and beautiful illustrations, is always a welcome visitor to our table. The present number is fully equal to any of its predecessors. We copy a poem therefrom in our present issue. The "New Hyperion," by Edward Strahan, and "Makoolm," by George McDonald, are stories of superior excellence.

The editor, Mr. Howells, begins a new Venetian story in the present number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It promises fairly. Two papers, one on "Journalism and Journalists," another on "Criticism," are quite readable, but the chapter of Robert Dale Owen's autobiography is puerile because senile. The poetry of the number is excellent, including verses from Howard Glyndon, Joaquin Miller, and Bret Harte. "Por El Rey," by the latter, is the best composition from that able author which we have read in a long time. George Cary Eggleston chose an interesting subject in a "Rebel's Recollections," but this second paper of his is beneath the mark. It is not sufficiently analytical, is a good deal too assertive, and is far from communicating that clear-cut information which we had expected. This is the more to be regretted, as Mr. Eggleston ought to know whereof he writes, and his pen is cunning enough to give true expression to his knowledge.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Liszt is engaged upon a "Theoretical and Practical School of Music."

The tenor Mario has arrived in Paris with his daughters Mdles. de Candia.

It is said that the director of a London theatre has offered 75,000fr. to Offenbach for a new opera bouffe.

It is in contemplation to make the Royal School of Music, founded some years ago at Munich by Wagner, a State institution.

Madame Crémieux (Madame Monbelli) was married to General Bataille at Passy a few days ago. Marshal MacMahon sent a representative to the ceremony.

Miss Annie Louise Cary's costume as *Siebel* in "Faust" still agitates the Milwaukee mind. "It was simple and neat," says a local scribe, "yet there were the sacrilegious tights!"

Andrew Halliday is dramatizing the "Talisman" for production at Drury Lane this fall, so that Balfe's opera will have to contend with a dramatic representation of the same story.

A decided success has been attained by a one-act operetta—"Le Cerisier"—just produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris. The words are by M. Jules Revel, of the *Figaro*, and the music by Duprato.

A portion of the manuscript of Weber's "Oberon," which has for a long time been missing at the Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, has, says the *Musical Standard*, just been found, and the valuable document is again complete.

Dr. George Macdonald is giving a series of six lectures on the principal plays of Shakspeare, at Lady Ducie's house, 16 Portman Square, London. One lecture was on "Hamlet," and another on "As You Like It."

Patti sings no more in Paris at present. She blandly asks brother-in-law Strakosch to give her \$1,250 per night, while the theatre only holds \$2,500. Malibran and Sontag in their best days were quite content with \$10,000 a year.

Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and M. Gêrome, the painter, have been staying on a visit to the King of Holland at his palace of Loo. His Majesty complimented the author of "Hamlet," and asked him to execute some fragments of that opera.

Some curious facts are given as to the amount received by authors for their plays in Paris. Taking the average of the first thirty representations, it is stated that M. Feuillet receives about £37 a night for "Le Sphinx," while "Jean de Théméray" brought its authors a nightly average of £18.

No less than five theatres are now closed in Paris; at the end of the month the Odéon will follow this example. Offenbach intends to keep the Gaité open throughout the year, if he can obtain any modification of the terms which bind managers to pay a certain portion of their receipts to the poor.

Another Russian composer, named Ella Adajewsky, has had a work of hers successfully produced at the Opéra Comique, Vienna. This is a comic opera of the provincial life in Russia, and is called the "Boyard's Daughter." Ella is said to be fascinatingly pretty, enviably young, and possessed of great talent.

The Prince of Wales was present at a full-dress rehearsal of "Il Talismano," at Her Majesty's Opera, last Tuesday night. At the end of the rehearsal, the Prince sent for Madame Balfe, the widow of the composer, and, after expressing the gratification he had derived from the performance, accepted the dedication of the work.

The *Pied de Mouton*, which is in rehearsal at the Porte St. Martin, will be played for the 1,141st time on the night of its reproduction. Twenty-one new scenes and 800 costumes by Grévin speak for the liberality of the management. There are to be no less than 150 tricks and transformations, and a grand ballet of 100 dancers. The piece, however, has been much altered and revised.

M. Lecocq's new opera, "Giroflé-Girofla," was successfully introduced to an English audience at the Opéra Comique recently. It was finely placed on the stage, brilliantly played, and received with great enthusiasm by a crowded house. The composer, who had come from Paris to witness the first production of the piece, was loudly called for, and bowed his acknowledgments from a private box.

A great treat is in store for the musical world. Verdi has just brought out, at Milan, his Requiem Mass in memory of Manzoni, the famous Italian poet and patriot. He is said to have surpassed himself in the grandeur of his conceptions and the force of his executions, and blended the old and modern styles of music most successfully. The Mass is announced to be given in Paris, and no doubt will shortly be heard in this country.

Mlle. Lajeunesse (or Mlle. Albani, as she is professionally called) is about to change her local habitation and her name by marrying Mr. Gye, a son of the London operatic manager. At St. Petersburg last season Mlle. Albani was almost as successful as Madame Patti. She is graceful, refined, has a fresh, youthful voice, a most engaging manner, and knows how to sing. She is not a great dramatic artist like Nilsson or Patti, but is a very attractive singer, and, off the stage, a very charming young lady.

Some months back the municipality of Bergamo exhumed the body of Donizetti, to transfer it from the family tomb of the Pizzolis to the cemetery. It was found that a portion of the skull was missing. In fact, the surgeon intrusted with the post-mortem examination had removed it. On his death it passed into the hands of his nephew, who converted it into a money-box. The municipality have taken proceedings against him, and he has handed over the relic, which will be deposited in the Saint Mary Major Church.

The somewhat sudden death, at Bologna, is announced of Mlle. Lise Tautin, formerly of the Bouffes-Parisiens and the Variétés. She was on her return from an engagement at Constantinople when attacked by virulent small-pox, which proved fatal in a very few days. Mlle. Tautin made her *début* at Brussels in 1853, where she attracted Offenbach's attention, and he engaged her for the Bouffes, which was then under his direction. She was the original *Eurydice* in his "Orphée." She quitted the little Theatre of the Passage Choiseul for the Variétés in 1862, but again returned to the Bouffes the following year, to go back once more to the Boulevard Montmartre in 1865, where she succeeded Mlle. Schneider in "Belle Hélène" and in the "Grande Duchesse" during the Exhibition year. Mlle. Tautin was in her thirty-sixth year.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Mr. Walkem, the Premier of British Columbia, is off to London to lay at the foot of the throne the grievances of his Province anent the Pacific Railway. In the meantime the British Columbians are expressing their approval of the Government's railway policy. Won't some kind old lady take Mr. Walkem on her knee and tell him the time-honoured story of the three tailors of Tooley Street?

Dundee is in trouble. It wants to know sadly whether it should have a University or not. By all means let it have one and send its member there without delay.

A benevolent Boston lady has contributed to the Mill River Relief Fund a clothes line, which was labelled, "To be used in hanging the contractors who built the reservoir." The intention was good, but we fear the gift will be of little use. Nothing less than a six inch hawser could bear without snapping the weight of iniquity that such men carry on their scoundrelly backs.

Ottawa is proud in the possession of the prize wicked man. This treasure has three times been sentenced to death for murder, and has suffered imprisonment times innumerable for such trifling offences as eye-gouging, theft, etc. In fact the greater portion of his life from the age of twenty-two to that of seventy-six has been spent in gaol, but confinement never had any depressing effect on his playful nature. If they had such a jewel as this across the lines they would send him to the State Legislature. Owing, however, to the limited conveniences for such cases in this country, the Ottawa people could only send him to prison. Even the City Council was thought too pure for him, though he would certainly have proved an acquisition to that august body in engineering little matters like the sewer job.

The vexed question of Sex in Education is agitating Japan, and the authorities are seriously contemplating the advisability of dismissing the female scholars at the private and government schools. The difficulty over there is widely different from that which has brought Dr. Clarke and his antagonist into the field. The Japanese girl-graduates have an unfortunate and most unbecoming habit of getting married before completing their terms of study. Now this is really shocking. They should follow the example set them by their American sisters, who either get married without receiving any education to speak of, or receive a thorough education and don't get married a cent. It never answers to do things by halves—unless you succeed. But then people use a Latin expression, and say *medio tutissimè*.

ENGLISH OPERA.

Outside of large capitals or metropolitan cities, it is impossible to get the great standard operas properly mounted and executed. The expenses of the undertaking are too great, and, in most instances, no adequate stage appliances are at hand. Hence provincial cities must content themselves with the minor operas and smaller companies. But these, to be successful, must be of good quality. Managers often commit the mistake of supposing that they can palm off any article on the interior towns, and the consequence is that their engagements always end in disgrace and disaster. On the other hand, if they make fair promises and keep them, they are sure to succeed. We are glad to be able to say that the English company, at present playing in this city, belongs to the latter class. To any one acquainted with the agent, F. E. Jones, his executive abilities and cultivated musical tastes are a guarantee that the company with which he is associated must be all that he represents it. The repertory of operas now being executed at the Victoria Bink comprises the pretty works of Balfe and several of the lighter works of Verdi, Donizetti, and Bellini. The interpreters of this music are capable and conscientious artists. Pauline Canessa, the soprano, is no stranger to Montreal, where she appeared, several years ago, with Ghioni and Susini, under the management of Strakosck. She possesses a good method, is always mistress of her score, and shows, in both her singing and acting, the traces of large experience on more ambitious boards. Annie Kemp Bowler has a true contralto voice, of sufficient power and considerable mellowness. Her phrasing is intelligent and very distinct, and her stage presence altogether in her favour. The tenor, Brookhouse Bowler, has seen much service, and he is therefore obliged to husband his voice. But he does this with the instinct of a trained artist. His lower notes are apt to blur, and his medium register is throaty, but he manages such passages with discrimination and makes up for them in his head notes, which are exquisitely sweet. Of Harry Peakes there is hardly need to speak, as he is so well known and so widely appreciated. He is a true *basso profundo*, and as fine an actor as he is a singer. Young, handsome, graceful, he always fills the stage with his presence, and gives you that satisfactory feeling that whenever he is on the boards, the scene he is engaged in cannot wholly fail. The company has also a good baritone in the person of Gustavus Hall. The chorus is not large, but

well up to its work, and the orchestra contains several capital instruments, which harmonize well together and make an intelligent whole. The success of the first performances was unequivocal. We trust it will go on increasing to the close. The company deserves all the patronage which it will receive, and Montreal will only do herself credit by liberally imparting that patronage.

NEW MUSIC.

The latest publications of selected and choice music which come under our notice (issued by Louis Meyer, Philadelphia) we find of the finest and best that music offers.

1st. A collection of an easier class. "Little Gems" is a selection of pieces full of grace and melody.  
2nd. Collection of choice sonatines and rondos. Rondo, in E flat, by Kalhbrenner; an excellent fresh piece of moderate difficulty, melodious, and an excellent teaching piece.

3rd. Golden Treasury is a beautiful collection of the choicest classical gems by acknowledged masters—Beethoven, Schuman, Mozart, Mendelssohn, etc.—admirably selected, of the highest character, and within reach of moderately good players.

4th. Album D'Artiste—A collection of a more difficult class for advanced players; the names of the composers, Chopin, Liszt, Weber, Henselt, being a sufficient recommendation. Of the songs, "The Mellow Eve is Gliding," quartette, by Schubert, (musica sacra); "The Shepherd," Berg; "Tuberoze," Muller; "Falling Stars," Hanschild, (Golden Treasury of Vocal Lyrics) we can only speak in the highest terms as being good and melodious.

We heartily recommend the above selections to the music-loving public, and to students—all being selected with the greatest care, refined judgment, and with a purpose of furnishing a higher toned and better class of music. It would greatly please us if the large number of our professionals (male and female) took such great care and showed such exquisite taste for selecting good teaching music that Mr. Meyer displays in his excellent publications. The thrashy rubbish that overloads the Pianos in our parlors, at present, would soon be supplanted, and a richer and finer taste for the noble art soon cultivated.

PAUL DE KOCK AND GREGORY XIV.

Better than Bulwer's admirable letters and articles upon the novelist is the fancy which the late Pope Gregory XIV. took to the buxom novels of Paul de Kock. The latter peculiarity is now fully confirmed by the *Memoires de Paul de Kock* which have left the press. Pope Gregory even offered Paul de Kock the highest Papal decorations. P. de Kock relates that one day he was called upon by a gentleman of about sixty, dressed in black, and wearing black gloves, of easy but grave mien, a shaven face all over, bearing a distinguished and foreign expression. After some salutations, the stranger said, "This is what brings me here. You cannot help knowing, since the French papers have repeated it often enough, and it has not been denied by the authorised organs of the party himself, that as a novelist you are a great favourite at a certain Court of Italy. Very much liked you are indeed, for the highest person of that Court has all your works in his library, and is very fond of reading them, always finding them amusing and not dangerous." I made a bow. "Well," continued my visitor, "it is not in the name (that would be assuming too much), but with the consent and approbation of this high personage, and as a token of his particular esteem for your talent, that I have come to offer you a chevalier's brevet, of an order of which he is the supreme master, and which bears a name dear to every good Christian." I once more bowed. "You accept it?" inquired the stranger. "No, Sir, I decline; and whilst doing so, allow me to beg of you to believe that I am exceedingly thankful for the offer; but in the first instance, I am a Protestant." Paul de Kock then explained to his visitor that, not having been considered worthy of the Legion of Honour, he thought it due to his own and the country's dignity not to wear any foreign decoration. The Pope's Ambassador, for such he was, then took leave of Paul de Kock, who had to promise him not to divulge the interview, a promise which he kept for thirty years, in the interval of which the parties interested have died, probably all three of them.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

The *Night-bell* is the title of a new medical journal in London.

A new paper has been published called the *London Illustrated Weekly*.

A "Gazette of American Affairs," called *The States*, weekly, has been started in London.

Sir Walter Scott's novels are now being issued, each complete, for one halfpenny. They are set in ruby, and make thirty-two pages, double columns.

*Every Saturday* is constantly improving, and under the present management has far outstripped its competitors. No literary man should be without it, as it gives the cream of English periodical literature.

Mr. Browning's forthcoming work will, it is said, consist of a translation of the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides, in an original setting, somewhat like that which "Balaustion's Adventure" forms for the Alcestis.

Mr. George Meredith, author of "Vittoria," is, it is rumoured, engaged on a new novel, in which he deals with several of the most vexed questions of political and social life of the day, and in which, under assumed names, several living politicians will be introduced.

ODDITIES.

Births are being announced as "Our Young Folks for June," in the Turner Falls, Mass., Reporter.

With some people cremation is only a question of time. If it don't come in this world it is sure to come in the next.

Charles Williams, of Portland, Me., has been burned out seven times during the past year, and he is now opposed to cremation.

A. D. 2000. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop.—Small boy—"I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put him in this 'ere tin kettle."

A king of Babylon ordered cremation for his subjects, and built for that practice the first furnace; but Messrs. Shadrach, Mechach and Abednego wouldn't cremate.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
How sweet from it to pass,  
To vanish up the chimney as  
Carbonic acid gas!

The worst feature about the cremation business is that some winter morning, in a fit of philanthropy, your widow's second husband may empty your ashes on the icy pavement for the benefit of pedestrians.

An Ulster (N.Y.) county farmer who signalled a train recently, where a rock had rolled on the track, has received \$200 from the company as a reward. He mournfully says he knows where there are plenty more such rock ready to fall on the track at any moment.

There are young men, says a contemporary, who can not hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but who will hold one hundred and twenty-five pounds of a neighbouring family for the best part of the evening with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal.

Some one is inclined to make mischief. Before a lecture a bucketful of water was poured into the hydrometrograph one night when there had been a light shower, and the class was amazed to hear the professor announce next morning that the country had been visited by the heaviest rainfall of the century.

We do not remember to have seen any epitaph in which a man's virtues are more concisely stated than that upon the late Mr. Mink:

"The angels to-night, in their mansions of light,  
Are a-waitin' 'round Anthony Mink;  
He was faithful and kind as any you'll find,  
And gin was his favourite drink."

Lord Macaulay met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

The other day an aged couple drove into Indiana City, Ind., just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken half and gasped: "Sary, by golly, it's cholera! Let's git!"

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity during the early portion of this century, was lamenting to the Abbé Sykes the death of Dr. Backer. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness we—Halle, Portal, and myself—did not quit him for a single instant." "Alas!" interrupted the witty Abbé, "what could he do against three of you?"

Don't lay me on the river bank  
Amid the fragrant flowers,  
Nor where the grass is watered by  
The early summer showers;  
But put me in the kitchen range,  
And open wide the damper,  
And then my vaporous remains  
Can up the chimney scamper.

Here rests his ashes on the shelf beneath,  
A youth to coffins and to shrouds unknown;  
Fair sextons frowned not on his humble death,  
Incineration marked him for its own.  
No longer seek his cinders to disclose,  
Nor draw his fine residuum from his pot,  
Where they, alike impalpable, repose,  
Trusting his spirit never felt 'twas hot.

We lit the poor fellow at dead of night,  
The carcass continually turning,  
In order that every side might get its share  
Of this new patent process burning.  
No pelting rain-storm came wetting the pile  
Of faggots to which we had bound him;  
No Babcock extinguisher deadened the glare  
That formed such a halo around him.

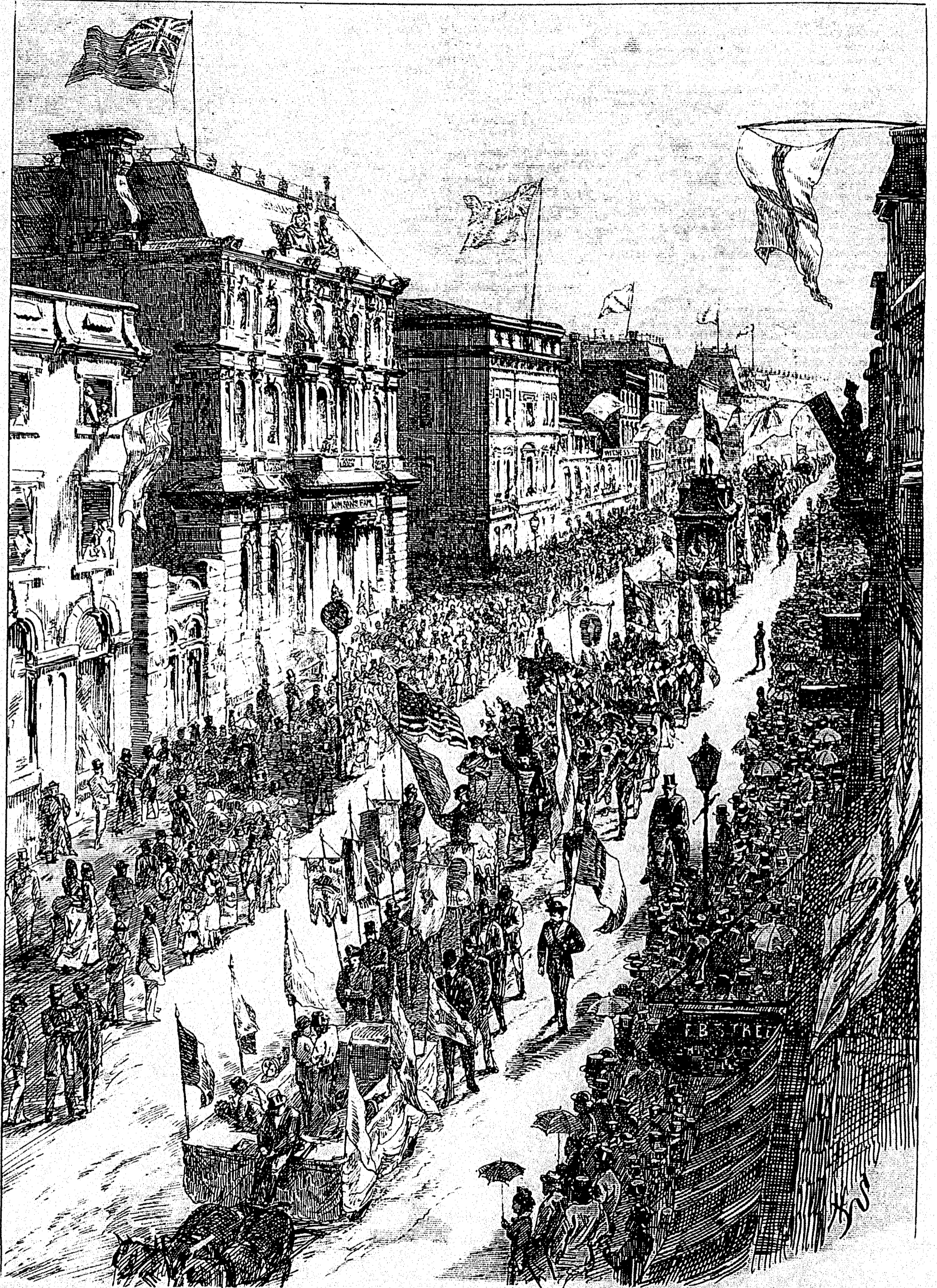
The New York Herald reporter who tackled Rochefort the other day at Niagara Falls, and succeeded in having a very animated interview, professed to have derived a deal of amusement from the spectacle of the awkward squad of gaping rural reporters to whom the *parlez-vous* interview was unintelligible. And now the squad find a sweet morsel of revenge in Rochefort's satirical remark that the Herald man "speaks very amusing French."

A philosopher writes in relation to the discovery of the Italian chemist to harden the human body into a stony, oak-like substance: "After death with such material you might rock your seventh child in a cradle composed of that seventh child's great-grandmother. Or you might have a whole family of poor relations worked up into an elegant dining-table, with extensive leaves. How beautifully and appropriately deceased individuals could continue to do good in the same spheres of usefulness which they ornamented in life!"

A patent medicine advertisement says, "This article will cure the rheumatism of nineteen years' standing." As far as it goes this is perfectly satisfactory; but we want light upon another view of the matter. Suppose a man's rheumatism is only of three years' standing, must he let it stand sixteen years more before the medicine will cure it? Or if it has stood twenty years is there no hope of a remedy? We want to know about this. It is going to be very unpleasant for a man to endure rheumatism for seventeen or eighteen years before he can take medicine for it.

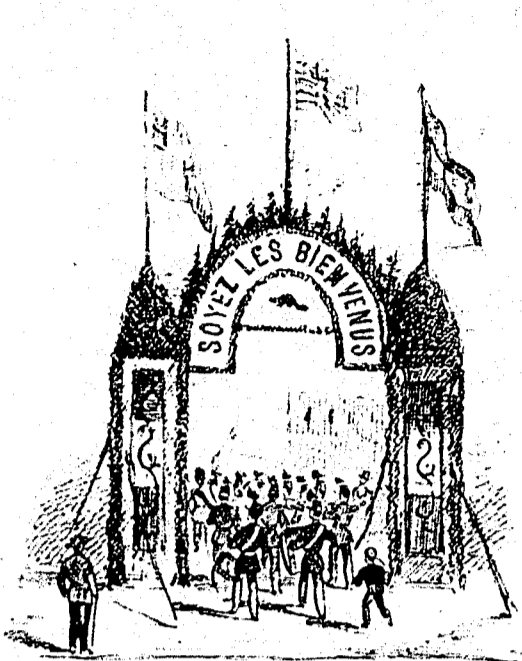
Two youngsters were trudging home from market; one had a basket on his arm with meat in it. He said, "My ma's got a fidgetator what'll keep everything so cold as ice to put it in. Your mamma got one?" "No, she ain't," answered Bob, "but she's got a steel egg-beater!" "Ho! a egg-beater," shouted the smaller boy, turning square round to look at the other; "what's that for?" "Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!" "Ho!" screamed the little chap, in great scorn, "she'd better look out. If she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break in. Eggs is brittle than anything. Guess you most don't know what you're talkin' about!"

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION AT MONTREAL.

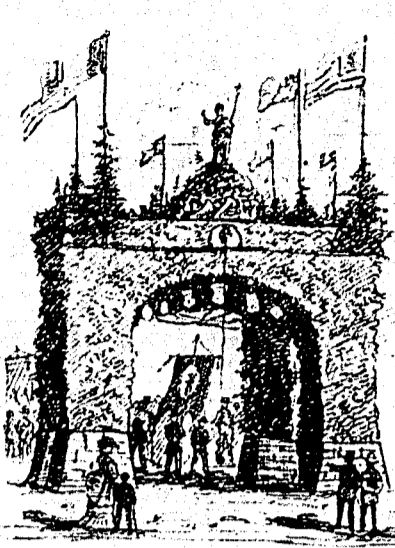


MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.—THE PROCESSION IN ST. JAMES STREET.

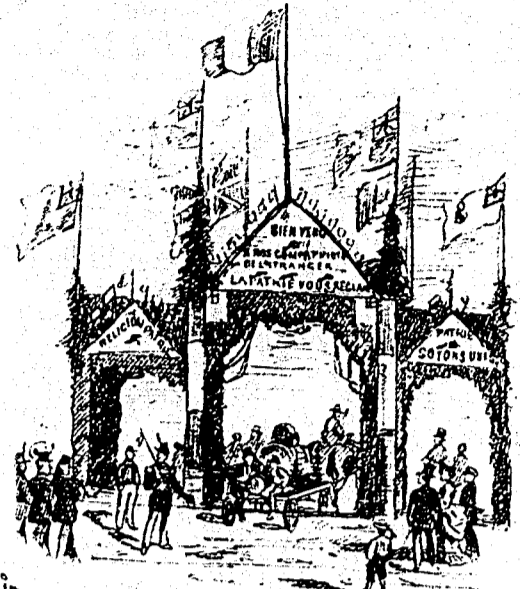
THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION AT MONTREAL.



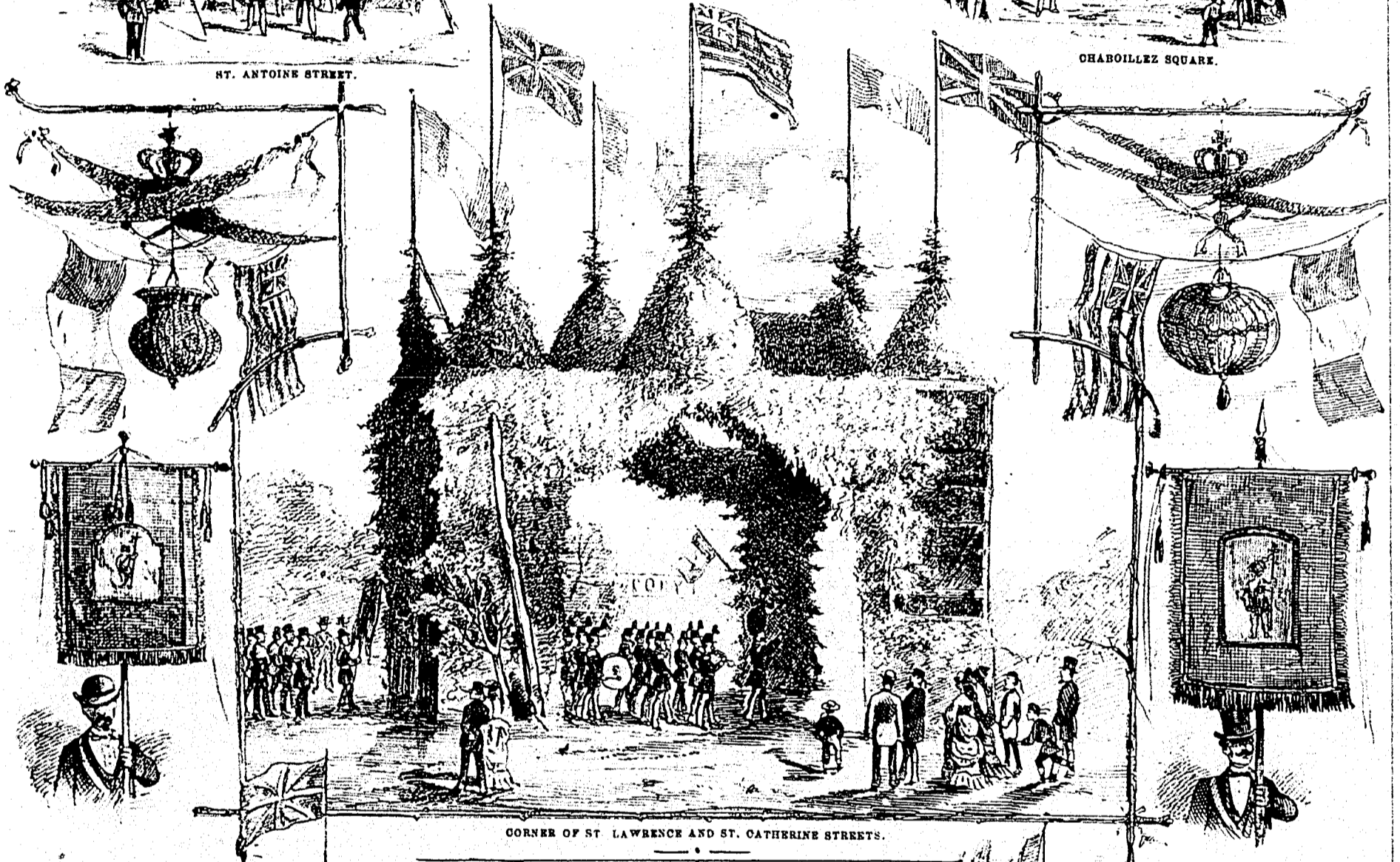
ST. ANTOINE STREET.



CORNER OF ST. JOSEPH AND MOUNTAIN STREETS.



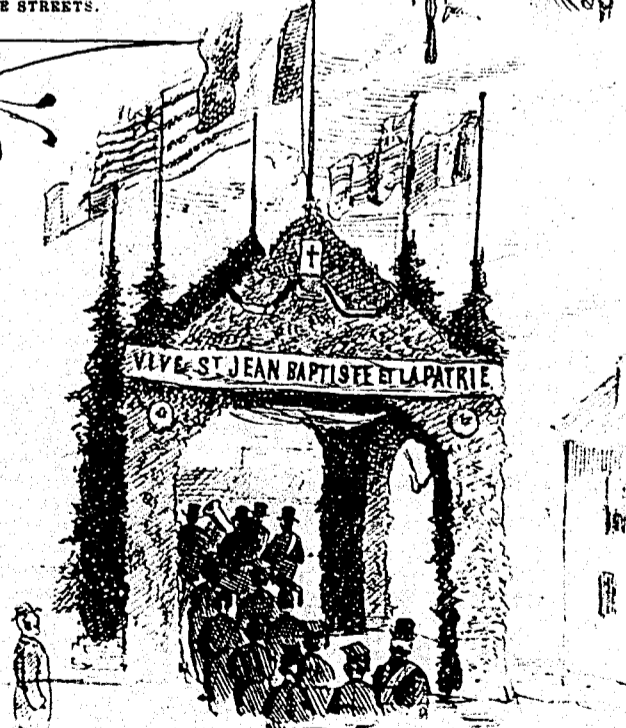
CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.



CORNER OF ST. LAWRENCE AND ST. CATHERINE STREETS.



CORNER OF ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MARTIN STREETS.



CORNER OF ST. JOSEPH AND SEIGNEURS STREETS.

MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.—TRIUMPHAL ARCHES ERECTED ON THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

## THE GENIUS OF THE FUTURE.

The world grows less;  
And silence deepens in the realms of soul;  
Babbings of half-taught minds depress;  
To weaker moons the tides of Passion roll;  
Day's lord in blazing sky  
To sage and poet speaks no sovereign word:  
The mighty hours that thronged around him die,  
And dull mechanic clocks alone are heard.  
The city spreads: more frequent soar the spires  
But paler grow the spirit's altar fires.

In marble hills  
Wait undelivered shapes of gods unknown;  
But now no deathless wills  
Breathe life's quick breath into the passive stone;  
The awful unseen forms  
Await the passion of the moulding hands  
In scornful sleep, 'mid theologic storms  
And dying creeds that blast the wasting lands;  
While yearning for love's wonders and love's signs  
We sigh and weep in cold and mouldering shrines.

Delay no more  
To slake the thirsty world's divine desire,  
Thou wonder of life's sunset-shore;  
Kindle with burning heart the new life-fire.  
Staunch thou the sources of our tears,  
And let thy woman's harmonies be heard  
Marrying, 'mid echoes of the eternal spheres,  
Time's final song to their immortal word.  
Wake all thy music on our heart-strings dumb;  
Take from this hand thy crown: thine hour is come.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

In "Lippincott's Magazine" for July.

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## New Decoration.

A Parisian correspondent says: "There is a new fashion in jewellery which I must mention, and that is, that ladies wear pending to a velvet strip round their neck, or to their brooch, the medals or crosses won by their husbands for the services they may have rendered their country. The gentlemen wear the ribbon only; the ladies wear the medals."

## A Mysterious Taking-Off.

An individual lately committed suicide in a Parisian hotel. His headless body was found in his room, together with a letter containing the following bewildering statement: "I was bored and I have killed myself. Let no one be accused of my death. Do not look for my head; I have hidden it myself in order not to be recognized."

## An Election Cry.

An astute election agent used to recommend that the cry against the opposition candidate should be, "Who murdered his grandmother?" "It has this advantage, you see," he was wont to say, "if he doesn't reply the people will think he did murder his grandmother; and if he says that he is not the man, there's sure to be a good many who will say, 'There must be something in it, or he wouldn't take the trouble to deny it.'"

## Eyeless Needle.

San Francisco claims the honour of being the residence of a lady who has invented a new needle. The improvement consists in making needles of all sizes without any eye for the thread, but having instead a hole bored longitudinally into the head to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, which hole is arranged with a screw thread. It is thought it will be valuable as a surgical needle, as it carries a single thread, so making a smaller hole than the ordinary needle with partially doubled thread.

## Little Fritz.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Queen's eldest grandson, will on the occasion of his confirmation, which stands fixed for the 1st of September, have a separate retinue attached to his person, in conformity with an established Prussian custom. It is proposed that after Michaelmas, 1875, his Royal Highness shall visit several German universities and pass through the ordinary course of academical studies for at least two years. The universities selected are, first, Bonn, and after that Strasburg.

## Frenchmen In England.

Another instance of "seeing ourselves as Frenchmen see us" is furnished by a correspondent of the *Liberty*, who professes to have gone to the Derby, and, after thirty-eight hours' reflection, informs his countrymen, among other equally startling things, that "Epsom Downs were crowded with 200,000 Englishmen, all in a state of intoxication," and that "drunken footmen amused themselves by pouring champagne down the backs of their drunken masters!"

## Another Cat Story.

Exeter, New Hampshire, contributes the following cat story. Several rats were found in a hogshead that had been left open in a store. Notice was given to the store cat, who climbed to the edge of the hogshead, but, after surveying the situation, jumped down and ran out at the door, shortly re-appearing with another cat. They looked at their foes and retired, soon coming back with a third cat. They now seemed satisfied with their force, and made an attack, jumping into the hogshead. The cats had, however, miscalculated the force of their enemy, and two were killed, the other being taken out in season to save its life.

## Adulterations Of Tea.

The laws against the adulteration of groceries in England are not only very strict, but what is still better they are strictly enforced. Recently a London tradesman was arrested for having sold green tea painted with gypsum and Prussian blue. His plea that the tea had been subjected to this treatment in

China before it reached him did not save him from a heavy sentence, the Court holding that it was his duty to expressly warn every purchaser of the tea in question that it had been adulterated with gypsum and Prussian blue. In this country the extent to which every article capable of adulteration is adulterated is enormous, and the laws against adulteration—if such laws exist—are never enforced.

## German Defences Against France.

The *Cologne Gazette* says that the entrance for French armies into Germany by the Black Forest having been effectually barred by the annexation and fortification of Alsace and Lorraine, it is probable that in their next attack upon Germany the French may advance through Switzerland. In order to guard against this danger it is proposed to re-fortify the old fortress of Hohentwiel, and to convert the once formidable castle into an impregnable fortress of the larger modern type. In addition to the fortification of Hohentwiel, it has been suggested to make assurance doubly sure by means of an ironclad flotilla, which is to be permanently stationed in the Lake of Constance, which would command all the lines converging in that district towards the German frontier.

## Art Treasures Of France.

New brooms are proverbially supposed to sweep clean, and the new Director of Fine Arts in France, M. de Chennevières, does not belie the adage. M. de Chennevières proposes to catalogue all the literary and artistic treasures of France, great and small, contained in the churches, museums, and public buildings, and has formed a committee for the purpose. Reform No. 2 is a scheme for sending all young painters who may have distinguished themselves at the Salon to study for three years at Rome at the expense of the Government; while the artistic decorations of the Pantheon, which, as we mentioned some weeks since, are to be completed, are to be begun at once. Among the painters to be engaged, known to England, are MM. Gerôme, Meissonier, Millet, and Puvis de Chavannes, and M. Carpeaux among the sculptors.

## Unthinkable Mechanics.

By means of a tiny diamond point at the end of a machine, composed of exquisitely graduated systems of lessening wheels, a Mr. William Webb, of London, is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's Prayer within the space of a two-hundred-and-ninety-fourth of an inch in length and one four-hundred-and-fortieth part of an inch in breadth—the measurement of the dot over an "i" in print! He could write the whole 3,566,480 letters of the Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one square inch of glass; and, when this wonderful microscopical writing is enlarged by photography, every letter and point are perfect and can be read. Amazing as this is, however, a wealthy banker of London, named Peters, invented a machine in 1855 that could write three times as finely as Mr. Webb's.

## Magic In Butter.

An ingenious gentleman is now applying in Washington for a patent upon a churn of astonishing efficiency. It seems to be composed of several cylinders, one within the other, the outer one of some metal and the inner one to receive the milk. By some secret process, supposed to be electrically or galvanically chemical, this surprising machine converts a pint of milk into a pound of butter in less than a minute, and is said to be capable of making as high as seven pounds and three-quarters from one gallon of pure milk at the same lightning speed. Said butter is alleged by septicists to be "a granulation of the nutritious particles of milk, only resembling the butter of the old process;" but as it cannot be distinguished in taste from the choicest country article, and need not cost more than about five cents a pound to make, there should be a pretty sure market for it.

## Lord Buck And The King.

Kensington Gardens are such a paradise for children that it is pleasant to connect the palace also with a story about children that shows us how amiable that reserved, asthmatic little man, William of Orange, could be at times. One day, as the King sat looking over State papers with his secretary, there came a tap at the closet door. "Who is there?" said the King impatiently. "It's me, Lord Buck," cries a child's voice. "Me?" was Lord Buckhurst, at 4, son of the Earl of Dorset, the King's Lord High Chamberlain. The King went to the door smiling. "And what does Lord Buck want?" he said, opening the door. "I want you to be horse to my coach," said the little tyrant; "I've been waiting for you, King, ever so long." William, at once without a single excuse for business, took the ribbon of the child's coach in his hand and dragged it up and down the long gallery of the palace, till Lord Buck had had quite enough chariotteering, and scampered off for fresh toys.

## A Knowing Man.

A New York correspondent says: "There are many families which you would think when you saw their display, to be full of money, who are pinched severely, and their show of wealth is but a sham. Many, also, who really have property are always living beyond their means. Steward does a very extensive credit business among such a class, and this department is under charge of one of the most experienced floor-walkers of the retail palace. He knows almost every fashionable woman in this city, and he also knows how much it is safe to trust each one. There are some who run a bill, say, from \$3,000 to \$5,000, and there are others who are allowed to go as deep as \$10,000, and then there are a few whose account may reach \$20,000 before a bill is presented. When these ladies trade heavy bills the clerk sends the amount on a slip of paper to the censor, whose pencil at once marks approbation or refusal. Hence it is of great importance with this class to keep on good terms with this autocrat. If a fashionable woman wants a \$1,000 shawl, how delightful is the approving pencil mark! If the latter be adverse, what a cruel disappointment!"

## Who Was Dominic Sampson?

None of Scott's biographers seem to have known who was the original Dominic Sampson. A border gentleman resident in Edinburgh, William Oliver, Esq., formerly of Langraw, Roxburghshire, and a kinsman of Sir Walter Scott, has recent-

ly been clearing this matter up. He says the original Dominic was a Mr. Sampson, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and for some time tutor in the family of Mr. Thomas Scott, who was Sir Walter's eldest uncle, and Mr. Oliver's maternal grandfather. The likeness is perfect of the great shambling, awkward, sand-blind, harmless simpleton, and, withal, scholar even to the pronunciation of "Prodigious." Another person who was conjectured by some to have presented the original from which the character of Dominic Sampson was drawn, was Mr. Thomson, a son of a former minister of Melrose, and also a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. This conjecture was always exceedingly unlikely, as the elements of resemblance were few. In the case of Mr. Sampson, the transcript was complete all over.

## A Souvenir Extraordinary.

A correspondent says: "Mark Twain in one of his articles speaks of the lady who treasures a precious slice of bread from which Dickens had taken a bite. This sounds like the broadest burlesque, but the following anecdote, which is literally true, and illustrates many people's foolish desire for relics, shows that Twain was hardly burlesquing in his essay: The last time that Mr. Dickens was in this country he happened one morning to breakfast at the common table of the hotel where he was stopping. When he had eaten his egg he dropped the empty shell into his egg-cup, and after finishing his breakfast left the table. As soon as he had gone a lady who had sat next him arose, and taking up the egg-cup went to the hotel proprietor and offered to purchase it of him at any price, and the unwashed egg-cup containing the broken shell is now kept by her as a souvenir of the great novelist."

## The Retort Car-teous.

A correspondent says: "For a place where the varied humours, characteristics, and moods of human nature are developed and exhibited commend me to a crowded horse-car in a large city. All the petty, mean, and manly traits are shown forth by men and women in these conveyances to their fullest extent. A few evenings ago, while riding to my home in one of these sandwiching machines, a lady (?) entered, and by dint of persistent crowding made her way through the car to the front end. Here a gentleman arose and proffered her his seat. Just as she turned to take it, without so much as thanking him, she concentrated all the venom of a hateful disposition in the remark: 'If there were any gentlemen in the car they would not allow a lady to go the length of it before giving her a seat.' She had not time to get seated before the insolent remark escaped her, when the gentleman who had offered her his seat quickly slid back into it again and quietly remarked: 'I think the ladies are all seated.' The rebuke was so deserved, and withal so capitally administered, that a murmur of applause escaped from nearly every one in the car, and the crestfallen woman soon rang the bell and alighted."

## A Remedy For Hay Fever.

England is the haunt of hay fever, and the season dreaded by so many victims of this affection is rapidly approaching. Helmholtz having been made aware of the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, determined to make an experiment with that substance on the vibrionic bodies he had discovered in the nasal secretion of persons suffering from hay fever, and for that purpose he employed a neutral and weak solution of quinine, which he poured into both nostrils with a pipette whilst the patient was in a recumbent position, with the head low. The result was most satisfactory, and the cure, which took place in the case of Professor Helmholtz, has likewise followed in two other patients who made a trial of the remedy. Dr. Frickhofer, of Schwabach, and Professor Busch, of Bonn, have also succeeded in curing the affection by the same method. Professor Binz suggests that a tepid solution of quinine should be used, and that, instead of a pipette, Weber's simple but effective nose-douche should be employed for applying the quinine solution, care being taken that the quinine is free from adulteration.

## A Death-Bed Interview By Telegraph.

The overland telegraph in Australia extends for 1,900 miles across the wastes of the insular continent, and the line is greatly exposed to the attacks of the natives, who use the wire to point their spears with and break the insulators in order to secure the sharp-edged fragments with which they scrape the spear blades smooth. In order to guard the line, therefore, each station is a fort. On an evening two months ago, one of these stations was suddenly attacked, and in the melee, Mr. Stapleton, the master, was fatally wounded. The station was 1,200 miles from Adelaide, and the sufferer had to be treated for his wounds by Dr. Gosse, of that place, by means of consultations over the wire. The case was hopeless, however, and all that could be done to make the situation of Mr. Stapleton somewhat easier to bear was to allow him to exchange a few parting words with his wife, who, like the surgeon, was also 1,200 miles away in Adelaide. This was done, and the man and woman who had seen each other for the last time on earth were able, in a measure, to say to each other those words of tenderness which cheer the dying in their last moments and leave a pleasant remembrance upon the minds of the bereaved."

## Something New In Advertisements.

An ingenious device for turning an honest penny is reported by the *Edinburgh Courant* by which buyers and sellers are equally benefited. The buyers get for sixpence twenty-four sheets of letter paper, on the outside sheet of each of which is an embossed penny stamp. The seller is benefited in this way: he fills the two inside pages with sixty advertisements, for which he charges one guinea each, leaving the first page for private correspondence, and the last page, to which the stamp is affixed, for the address. As the stamp will carry an ounce weight, another sheet of plain paper may be enclosed together with the sheet which is stamped. The originator of this plan guarantees to the advertiser a circulation of 5,000 copies, so that it is easy to see how the scheme will pay. For the advertisements he receives £63, from which he pays 5,000 stamps at 1d. each—£20 16s. 8d.—less received for copies sold (twenty-four for 6d.), £5 4s. 2d.; total, £15 12s. 6d.; leaving the difference, £47 7s. 6d., to cover the cost of paper and printing a sheet of advertisements 5,000 times. The inventor has, it is stated, taken out a copyright, which entitles him to a year's monopoly.

DOMINION DAY.

EXCURSIONS—PIC-NICS—MATCHES, ETC.

Yesterday was loyally observed by the citizens of Montreal as a holiday in commemoration of our National Birthday. We were glad to notice that the day was better kept than we ever remember it to have been in this city, in the way of shops being closed, and even on the wharves there was little business doing. Most of our citizens took trips on the excursion steamers, but enough were left in town to patronize the home amusements. We have not heard of any serious disturbances, and think the day yesterday was what it ought to be, a day of rest and enjoyment for all. Below will be found an account of the different attractions of the day :

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC.

The St. Patrick's Society had a very successful pic-nic on St. Helen's Island. The steamer "Montarville" was chartered for the occasion, and from an early hour in the day carried over crowds of passengers. A couple of brass bands, in addition to a very good string band, were in attendance. The chief point of attraction on the island was the dancing floor, a large area having been planked over, with raised seats surrounding it, and upon which those disposed, in spite of the heat of the day, to indulge in dancing had their wishes fully gratified. Here, too, a competition in *pas seuls* was had, greatly to the amusement and interest of on-lookers, who gazed with wonderment at the skill with which double shuffles, in spite of a broiling sun, were executed. Enterprising caterers were there in numbers, selling ice-cold lemonade, ginger pop, ginger ale, soda water, and all the other tempting beverages which cool without inebriating, and private parties, who had evidently resolved to make a day of it, were scattered in shady nooks and corners, enjoying the contents of their own hamper. Altogether the pic-nic was a most enjoyable one, the arrangements being in all respects creditable to the officers of the Society. The "Montarville" crossed and re-crossed during the entire day, and the pic-nickers were all safely landed in the city at a comparatively early hour in the evening, without any mishap or accident having occurred.

THE LACROSSE MATCH.

A large number of people attended the Lacrosse match yesterday between the St. Regis Indians and Montreal Club. The defeat of the Montreal Club on Saturday had made it doubtful as to their success in the match of yesterday, but any who entertained that doubt had it soon dispelled.

Evidently determined to retrieve their lost honours the Montreal Club, had put several better players into their team, and the effect of the change was at once apparent. Among the players of yesterday was the veteran Maltby, and he proved, although without any practice this year, to have still retained all his old skill at the game. The ball was faced for the first game at half-past three. For a few minutes the Indians appeared to have the advantage, as the ball was uncomfortably near the Montreal goal several times, but as soon as the white men settled down to their work they altered the state of affairs, and quickly sent the ball to the other end of the field, where it was kept till it was put through, and the first game was scored in favour of the Montreal Club; time, 10 minutes. The white men showed in the game much better hand to hand play, and seemed to dodge past the Indians very easily; they also proved themselves the fleetest runners, so that the Indians had to depend greatly upon their throwing, which was excellent. The second game opened in favour of the Montreal Club, and was of short duration. After a little lively play the ball was again put through by the Montrealers; time, 6 minutes. The third game was the best contested of the three, as the Indians seemed determined, if possible, to win at least one game, but all their efforts availed them nothing, though had it not been for the splendid goal-keeping of Beckett, the ball might have been put through by them. Davy in this game displayed some excellent throwing. Three times the ball shot from his lacrosse half way up the field, straight for the flags, and the third time he succeeded in getting it through by a beautiful throw, thus securing three straight games for the Montreal Club.

The following are the names of the Montreal Club and their positions:—Beckett, goal; Crosbie, point; Maltby, cover point; Green, Davy and Carnegie, home; Joseph, Bowle, Allan, Struthers and Flannery, field. It will be seen that the Montreal Team were one man short, which makes their victory the greater.

CRICKET MATCH.

A cricket match was played between the Grand Trunk and Montreal Cricket Clubs. A fair sprinkling of spectators was on the ground in the afternoon, but the match did not excite much interest. It will be seen from the score that the match proved a very uneven one, as the Montreal Club had it pretty much their own way. The ground was in excellent condition. The following is the score:—

MONTREAL CRICKET CLUB.

Bristow, et Marsden, b Pinkney.....	10
Campbell, b Pinkney.....	8
Smith, b Rogerson.....	14
Murray, et Pinkney, b Rogerson.....	0
Pocklington, et Marsden, b Pinkney.....	1
Grant, run out.....	4
Holmes, not out.....	2
Butler, run out.....	21
Carter, b Rogerson.....	2
Colson, b Rogerson.....	4
Sowdon, run out.....	0
Extras.....	9
Total.....	75

GRAND TRUNK CLUB.

Pinkney, run out.....	2
Beavor, b Smith.....	0
Jackson, b.....	0
Ropley, run out.....	0
Rogerson, l b w, b Butler.....	9
Maclean, b Butler.....	0
Ferris, b.....	11
Smith, run out.....	4
Haig, run out.....	3
Marsden, et Smith, b Butler.....	4
Brotherton, b Smith.....	0
Extras.....	10
Total.....	54

A second innings was begun and the Montreal Club scored 170 runs, to which by steady play, Bristow contributed 41, Pocklington, 24, Grant 33 and Colson 21, but as it was too late to finish the innings, the match was decided by the first.

BASE BALL MATCH.

A game of base ball was played on the Lacrosse Grounds between the Dominion and Excelsior Base Ball Clubs. The match resulted in an easy victory for the Excelsiors, the score standing: Excelsior, 46; Dominion, 19. An idea of the fielding can be formed from the number of runs made.

INSPECTION OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

It having been announced through the press that the annual inspection of the Fire Brigade would take place on the Champ de Mars at three o'clock, an immense crowd, intent on sight-seeing, early took up its position along the elevated terrace—on the steps, or wherever the trees afforded a chance of protection from the broiling heat of the sun. The crowd, which was variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000 persons, was essentially a holiday crowd. The *gamin* was there of course. He was, as usual on such occasions, conspicuous, enthusiastic, and devoted to rapid locomotion. Woe to the toes of the unfortunate adult who stood in the way of that *gamin*! The youth of both sexes—who had doubtless missed the morning train or the early steamboats—ranged themselves demurely under the leafy poplars, seeking such consolation for their enforced absence from the pic-nic or the excursion as a civic pageant can offer. The townsman of convivial proclivities, the country bumpkin of frugal aspect, the aristocratic cook and the experienced operator on the sewing machine, were all represented; and turn where you might the gaping youngster or the curious grey-bearded denizen could be seen feasting his eyes on the dazzling helmets and brass-work of the brigade, its engines, steamers, and Babcocks.

THE INSPECTION.

Shortly before the appointed hour the Skinner ladder, hook and ladder and reels arrived on the ground, and they were immediately afterwards followed by the rest of the Brigade, which formed in the following order facing westward, or toward the buildings occupied by the Geological Survey:—

The Skinner Ladder first; then the Hook and Ladder and Hose Reel from the Central Station; Hose Reels from Stations Nos. 2, 3, and 6; the Shand and Mason Steamer; Babcock Chemical Engine; The Salvage Corps; Hook and Ladder and Hose Reel from Wellington-street Station; Hose Reel from No. 4 Station; Hose Reel from St. Gabriel-street Station; Hose Reel from No. 7 Station; the Hook and Ladder and Reel from No. 8 Station bringing up the rear.

The reels and waggons were decorated with bouquets, and the well groomed and highly fed horses of the force were resplendent in their new harness and characteristic trappings. The men wore their brass helmets, and looked quite neat and fireman-like in their serviceable uniforms. The engines, waggons and hose reels were driven by their respective guardians, who were easily distinguishable from the rest of the brigade by their navy jackets and fatigue caps. Altogether the force appeared to be in a high state of efficiency and ready to do good service whenever its services may be required. Its personnel is of the right material and includes men of great experience and pluck. The system is what must be looked to. In this connection we may notice that no exhibition was made yesterday of their skill in handling their apparatus, a part of the discipline of the brigade which is of far more importance than mere appearance on parade, and which it is well to keep constantly in view. Of the apparatus itself, it may be said that if the perfect order in which it is kept affords any guarantee that it will be put to good use whenever it should be required for active duty, then the citizens may give themselves no anxiety on that score, for the care bestowed on the various machines and other apparatus was strikingly evident yesterday. The hose is perfectly new and of the best quality. Among the novelties exhibited to the Fire Committee was a long pole of ash which, separating along its entire length, becomes a ladder whose sides are connected together by iron rings. Chief Bertram, accompanied by the Assistant Chief, the members of the Fire Committee, Messrs. Alexander, Mullin, Hood, McGauvran, Stephens, and one or two others, arrived on the ground shortly after three o'clock, and at once proceeded to the inspection of the Brigade. The party passed along the line from the place occupied by the Skinner Ladder at the head of the train to the hook and ladder wagon, which brought up the rear, stopping to inspect the men of each station and to examine the apparatus under their charge. This ceremony being over, Ald. Alexander complimented the Brigade on their appearance and the manner in which they performed their arduous duties. He was followed by the other members of the Committee, who each addressed a few words expressive of their satisfaction to the men. It was suggested by the speakers that as the cost of maintaining the Brigade in its present high state of efficiency was very great, and as among those mainly benefited were the insurance companies, these companies should bear a share of the expense.

Three cheers were then given for the worthy Chairman of the Fire Committee and the venerable Chief of the Brigade; after which the force was commanded to march past, which was done in very good order. When marching past a second time, a horse, attached to the salvage wagon, became unmanageable, and very soon a crowd collected around him; another horse, drawing a hook and ladder wagon, also broke away and galloped among the people. This created some confusion, and for a time a lively stampede ensued; the excitement however, very soon subsided, and the line of march having been reformed, the whole Brigade proceeded along Notre Dame street to McGill street, where the men were dismissed to their several stations.—*Gazette*, 2nd.

A GREEN-ROOM TRAGEDY.

A Paris correspondent writes: "I was passing by La Porte St. Martin Theatre early some few nights since. A crowd of people was gathered round one of the side doors. I asked what was the matter, but could receive no information. I soon obtained, through interest, permission to enter. The theatre was brilliantly lighted and the curtain was up. They were rehearsing the new fairy piece, 'Le Pied de Mouton.' I followed a doctor of my acquaintance into a little dressing-room occupied by the ballet girls. There lay upon an old sofa,

dressed up in all her finery, a poor girl of eighteen, just dead. This is her history: She was very poor and very honest—*très honnête*. That means virtuous as well as honest in French. In the afternoon she had been ironing the pink gauze frock she still wore, and her fire was of charcoal. The fumes of the charcoal had gone to her head, and, although during the early part of the evening she said she felt a slight drowsiness, still, just before going on the stage, she suddenly turned giddy and a few moments after expired. Her sister was still dancing when she gave up the ghost. You can imagine nothing sadder than this scene. At the foot of the body knelt the sister weeping bitterly, but still wearing her fairy costume. How powerless was her glittering fairy wand! The head of the dead girl rested on her mother's breast, who had been suddenly called in. She was in an agony of grief. The director of the theatre stood by the door anxious to do all he could for the poor people, and a crowd of other folk belonging to the theatre kept coming now and again to see of what service they might be. Several ballet girls were grouped about, expressing pity and smearing their painted cheeks with tears. By and by a stretcher was brought and a little procession formed, which carried the poor child of nineteen to the miserable room which had doubtless been often cheered by her merry laughter, and kindly ways. Who knows? she may be a saint now. All the time this melancholy scene lasted we could hear the music going on as merrily as ever and the painted girls twirling round and round on one toe, as if death had not just visited the room in which they changed their poor every-day rags of reality for the gorgeous trappings of the stage."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JUNE 23.—A Government order prohibits the distribution in France of photographs of the Prince Imperial.

Three Prussian dioceses—Cologne, Posen, and Treves—send deputies to the Fulda Conference, their bishops being in prison. The failure of the bricklayers' strike to advance the rate of wages is likely to give an impetus to building enterprise in New York and Brooklyn.

Strangers flocked from all parts of the State to witness the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the new Government building at Chicago yesterday.

The Imperial House of Commons yesterday rejected, by a vote of 173 to 170, Mr. Pilsoll's bill requiring the official survey of merchant vessels prior to sailing.

Hon. Mr. Bass has declined the Assistant-Secretaryship of the United States Treasury. Postmaster-General Creswell has tendered his resignation, which the President has accepted.

JUNE 24.—The celebration of St. Jean Baptiste Day, at Montreal, was a brilliant success.

Great Britain has waved her objections concerning the Brussels Congress.

The Franco-United States Postal Treaty has been ratified by the French Assembly.

The report that Her Majesty was to visit St. Petersburg this September is authoritatively denied.

Members of Bonapartist committees in the Departments have been arrested by the Government.

A fifteen-year contract has been completed to place Pullman palace cars on all the Upper Italy railroads.

Rome was in a state of excitement yesterday on account of Anti-Papal demonstrations, the ringleaders of which have been arrested.

Congressman Hale has refused the Postmaster-Generalship of the United States, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Creswell.

The late superintendent of the Union Pacific Express Company has been sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary for embezzlement.

It is not unlikely the King of Bavaria will be ousted from his throne to make room for a monarch more easily managed by the German Powers.

The idea obtains for a five years' Consulate for Spain, which would be conferred on Marshal Serrano on condition of his appointing a coalition ministry.

JUNE 25.—Mr. Howard Staunton, the well-known chess-player and Shaksperian editor, died to-day, aged 64 years.

The Carlists report that they have raised the siege of Figueras, near the French frontier. General Concha's attack on Estella is hourly expected. Don Carlos directs the defence in person.

The Budget Committee have rejected the bill submitted by M. Magas, Minister of Finance, providing for an increase of direct taxation, and have declared in favour of reducing the payments to the Bank of France.

At the sitting of the Committee of Thirty to-day, M. Tallon, of the Right Centre, proposed the extension of President MacMahon's term of office to ten years, and the appointment of a Vice-President. M. Dufour opposed the project, on which no vote was taken.

*La Liberté* says that after the budget has been voted, President MacMahon will recommend that the Assembly confer upon him the power of finally dissolving it, and then adjourn.

News of an *émeute* in Central Asia, arising out of the seizure by the Ameer of Cashgar of a Russian Envoy, is creating great excitement in St. Petersburg.

It is said that Beecher is willing to exonerate Tilton from the charges of misrepresentation, but declines to go into the matter on the ground of its being purely personal, and nothing to do with the public. If the church insists on an explanation he will resign his pastorate.

The Rio Grande has overflowed, doing damage to the amount of some two million dollars.

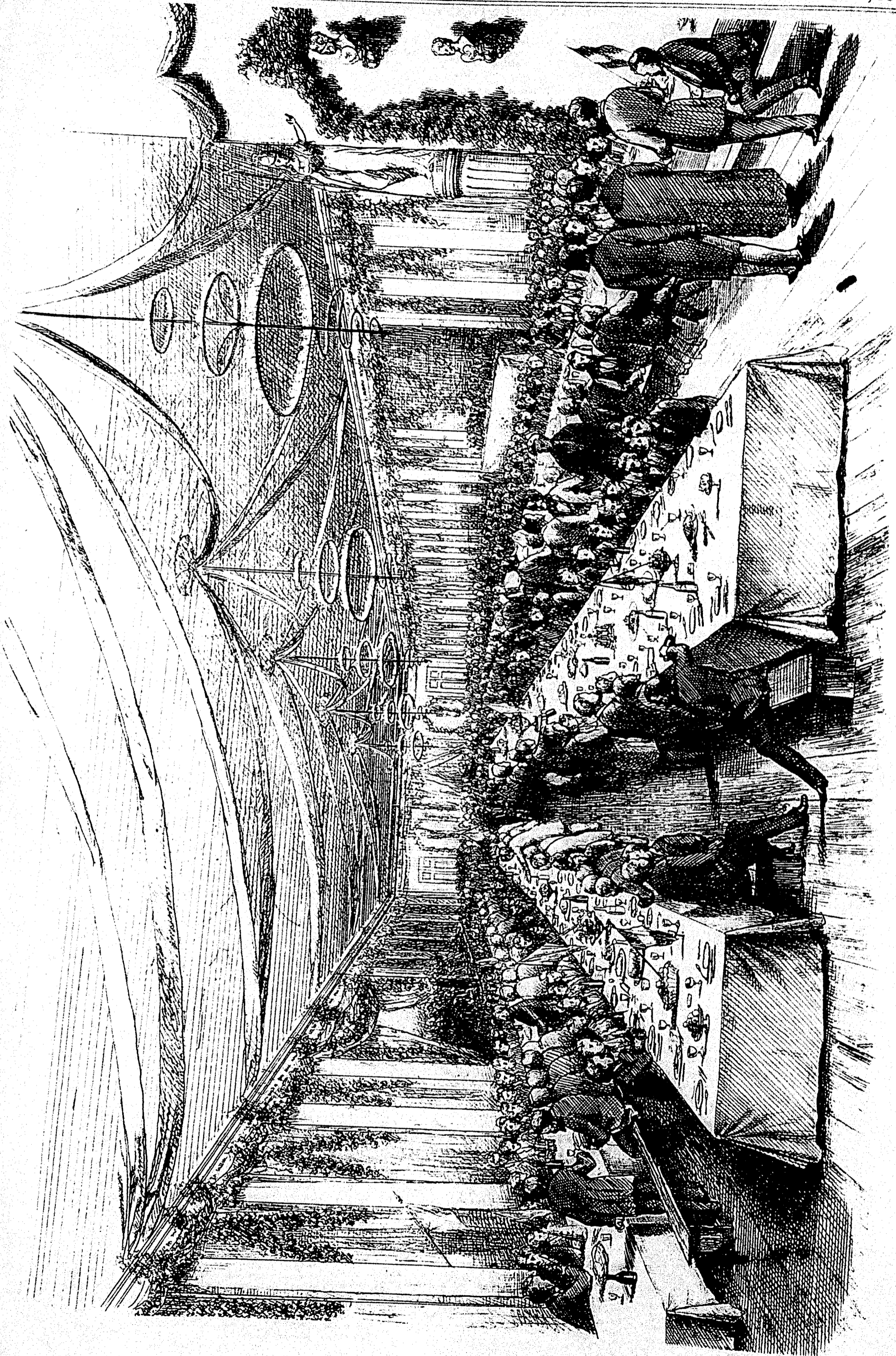
General Concha has gained several important positions from the Carlists, and Estella is hourly expected to fall.

The President of the Argentine Confederation, upon his retirement, is to receive the appointment of Minister to Washington. The report of a tour round the world by the Japanese Embassy is concluded, and is to be published.

A leading London paper states that the Czar has punished his nephew for the theft of his mother's diamonds by banishment for life to the Caucasus, and deprived him of the Cross of the Order of St. George.

Police Commissioners Charlick and Gardner, of New York, have resigned their offices.

There is a clever lad in Aberdeen who will get his living in this world. For playing truant, maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say, "Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal mind was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal heart asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died from starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.



MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.—THE BANQUET AT THE CITY HALL.

THOMAS N. R. MORSON, F. L. S., F. S. A., &c.

It is our sad duty to record the loss of one of the most eminent of British scientific chemists, Mr. T. N. R. Morson, (the founder of the great English firm of Morson & Son, Southampton Row, London) famous throughout the scientific world as the first maker of those wonderful and now universally used remedies, morphia and sulphate of quinine. Mr. Morson died at his residence, 38 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on the 3rd of April, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The announcement of the death of one so extensively known and respected was received with deep regret wherever the intelligence was conveyed. Of English pharmacists there is perhaps none whose reputation has been so wide-spread as that of Mr. Morson, and there have been few, if any, who have acquired and maintained so high a character in the scientific department of pharmacy, especially as a manufacturer of what are called high class chemicals. His kindly smile and shrewd but genial manner won for him an affection far outside the inner circle of his more intimate friends, and will leave behind a memory which will not readily pass away. He was born at Stratford-le-Bow, in the eastern suburb of London, and received his early education at Stoke-Newington. Having lost his parents while he was yet young, and being left without family guardian or connections, he was thrown to a great extent upon his own resources; but he possessed within himself an endowment more valuable than worldly inheritance. With a mind remarkable for activity and power of perception he overcame the difficulties of his early life, became the founder of a business of world-wide reputation, and formed acquaintances, which ripened into intimate friendship, with some of the greatest chemists and philosophers of the age in which he lived. When only fourteen years of age he was articled to a retired army doctor, practising as a surgeon and apothecary in Fleet Market (now Farringdon Street), but he had no liking for medical practice, and therefore adhered to the pharmaceutical rather than the medical and surgical part of the business he was placed in. His predilection lay in the direction of chemistry, and this was probably favoured by the circumstance of his being thrown into association with men of kindred tastes, who formed a little society for the investigation of scientific subjects, and whose meetings were held in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. It was here he first made the acquaintance of Faraday, and acquired so strong a bent in favour of scientific chemistry that he determined to make its application as far as possible the aim of his future pursuits.



THE LATE T. N. R. MORSON.

After the expiration of his articles he went to Paris as a student with Monsieur Planché, a distinguished French chemist. He thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language as well as French pharmacy, and made the acquaintance of men whose friendship he cultivated in later years. He was still a young man when he returned to London in 1821. The chemist of those days was generally a chemist only by name, but not so Mr. Morson. In his own little private laboratory was produced the first sulphate of quinine made in England, and the same may be said of morphia. Nor were these operations merely experimental. From entries in his ledger it appears that he supplied sulphate of quinine to a wholesale druggist at eight shillings a drachm, and morphia at eighteen shillings a drachm. His chemical knowledge and manipulative skill were now bringing him into notice, and he was frequently applied to for rare chemicals.

But Mr. Morson's fame has not been merely that of a manufacturer. He was a man of enlarged mind and cultivated intellect. Thrown upon the world in early life, with absolutely no relations, he was, nevertheless, surrounded by men of talent and high position, with whom he associated on terms of mutual friendship. He was a member and regular attendant of the meetings of the Royal Institution, and a prominent member of the Society of Arts. He was also a Fellow of the Linndon and Geological Societies.

His house was a place of resort for men of genius, where Graham, Fownes, Dr. Edwards, (now of Montreal, Canada) as chemists; Robt. Brown, Bennett, Bowerbank and Gray, as naturalists; Miller, Johnson, Dillon, and Cruikshank as artists; Richard Horsemann Solly and Captain Bagnold as patrons of science and art, with many others of kindred tastes, found hospitable reception and congenial associations. An evening spent at his house in town in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, or at his country residence at Hornsey, often afforded an opportunity for the social intercourse of men such as those we have named, who found ample scope for the discussion of their favourite topics in Mr. Morson's company. He served for twenty-eight years upon the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, during six of which he was President. But his services are not to be reckoned only by years; his excellent judgment and certain good sense were among the main supports of the Society in its infancy, and his scientific attainments made him one of its brightest ornaments.

At the period of the great industrial exhibitions in Paris and London, advantage was taken by the English Government of Mr



MONTREAL.—THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION.



Morson's knowledge to make him a juror in the chemical sections. Mr. Morson, at this period, had an European reputation as a scientific manufacturing chemist, and his character in this respect, together with his acquaintance with many of the scientific celebrities of the Continent, as well as his familiarity with the French language, enabled him to render great service to the Pharmaceutical Society, in the development of which he took a lively interest.

Distinguished foreigners, attracted by the proceedings of English pharmacists, were generally entertained by Mr. Morson. French was almost as freely spoken as English, not only by Mr. Morson himself, but by the members of his family, who had received much of their education in France; and here, therefore, might be found, when they were staying in London, those scientific foreigners who took an interest in pharmacy. Guibourt, Cap, Liebig, Mitscherlich, Rose, and many others of similar stamp, have been guests at various times at Southampton Row, Queen Square, or Hornsey, and have been indebted to Mr. Morson for an intimate acquaintance with the Pharmaceutical Society, its provisions and proceedings.

Such are the leading matters with which the object of our memoir has been identified. Each of our readers may point the moral for himself—may judge for himself how much of a successful career to attribute to self-reliance, to early attention to scientific subjects, to the selection of intellectual associates, to perseverance and diligence in business; but if he finds no lesson in what we have written, he is beyond our help.

Mr. Morson retired from the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society in 1870, but his interest in the objects and operations of the Society remained undiminished, and up to the time at which his last severe illness commenced, he was almost a daily visitor at 17 Bloomsbury Square. His health, however, had sensibly failed for many months before his death, and he often expressed himself as sensible that his end was approaching. In the early part of January he had an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered. Although he did not live to extreme old age, yet we may say of him that the work he was enabled to accomplish has entitled him to be classed among the most distinguished chemists of the day.

In closing this memoir, we cannot but join in the opinion expressed by the English scientific world, that the mantle of Mr. T. Morson has fallen upon his son; for, as Robert Stevenson, with the aid of the training he received at the hands of his father, George Stevenson, as an engineer, was able to continue the great and lasting works his father had begun, so has Mr. Thomas Morson, Jun., by his long scientific training been able to take up his father's work. He is already known to science as the discoverer of efficient tests against the adulteration of Kreosote, and other chemical discoveries, and the largest manufacturer in England of the newly discovered remedy for weak digestion, Pepsine. The house of Morson & Son, as has been above stated, is one of the few European firms which can be relied upon as manufacturing chemicals of the purest kind, which will bear all the stringent tests laid down in the British and all foreign Pharmacopias.

### ADMIRER ALEXIS.

It has been left for a Virginia City, Nevada, paper to give the following story to the world, the materials having been supplied, it is stated, by Alexis himself to a well-known gentleman whom he met in Japan: "No sooner had the Grand Duke landed in the United States than he was flooded with all sorts of letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. Embraced in the epistolary hurricane were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of letters from females. All classes seemed to participate in this folly—women without reputation, as well as ladies of wealth and respectability. Many of those letters were glanced over merely and destroyed; but a large number were, with pardonable vanity in the young Grand Duke, retained for future examination after he had finished his travels. These letters, embraced in no less than five packages, were intrusted to an orderly for conveyance to St. Petersburg, while the Grand Duke continued his journey westward. In due time Alexis received a letter from his august father, announcing, among other matters, that four sealed packages had been received from him, but the messenger was missing. Alexis at once surmised that one of the packages had been stolen by the orderly, whose purpose was to make them public. Unwilling to have ladies of respectability compromised through his carelessness, Alexis promptly telegraphed to the Emperor to arrest the orderly at any cost and seize the missing letters. All the police appliances of the Russian Empire were at once invoked, but the orderly could not be found within the vast dominion of the Czar. He was at length discovered in a town in Belgium, where he was serenely engaged in making up the letters in an attractive volume of 300 or 400 pages, and the book was on the point of being issued, for the fellow had made good use of his time. It was finally ascertained that he was printing his book without the usual license, and he was promptly taken into custody. With his unfinished volume and stolen letters he was hurried across the Belgian line into Prussia, where the agents of the Russian Government were ready to receive him. The next letter from the Emperor informed Alexis that his missing letters, partially printed, had been recovered, and the young gentleman was admonished to be a little more careful of his love missives in the future.

"A Glimpse of Seventy-Six," in *Harper* for July, is a remarkably useful and entertaining paper, appropriately illustrated. The "Work of the U. S. Fish Commission" is also profusely illustrated. We call attention to the article on "Marblehead" and "Our Nearest Neighbour."

The autograph MS. of Burns's famous ballad of "Scots wha hae wae Wallace Bled," was sold lately at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's rooms for £25. On the same occasion a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon fetched £21; one by James Boswell (biographer of Dr. Johnson), £17; one by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (assassinated by Felton), £17 10s.; a letter by Lord Byron, £18; one by Kitty Clive, the actress, to "My dear Popy" (Pope), £11; one by William Cobbett, £9 5s.; two by S. T. Coleridge, £23; one by Charles I., £10. A letter of Charles II. only realised 35s., whilst one by Bradshaw, "the regicide" (an order appointing "Monday next" for the fleet "to seek the Lorde" and "Thursday month for the whole nation") only fetched 19s.

### TWO LIVES.

They met in fair sunlight, in shadow they parted,  
Sad doubts and reproachings their love came between;  
Yet they strove in their grief each to seem careless-hearted,  
And pride held a barrier that else had not been.

So the years slowly passed till, by chance again meeting,  
Mid scenes blent with charms as the bowers of their youth,  
Two lives held their hope in the tone of a greeting—  
As to which should prevail, sullen pride or sweet truth.

Shy glance of sad eyes, and a heart's yearning flutter,  
Firm clasp of a hand, and a voice touched to pain;  
Yet a few commonplaces are all they can utter—  
Pride strengthens the bar—they are strangers again!

Thus they drift on their way, with no hope that may lighten  
The burning despair and the solitude lone;  
Mid such anguish the only faint gleam that can brighten  
Is the tear that is shed when the other is gone!

And the vision of years that yet sees no to-morrow  
Beholds the dark cloud of an endless unrest;  
For the heart that has lost its loved mate broods in sorrow,  
Like a bird that's forsaken or robbed of her nest.

PAUL MICHEL.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

### BOOK THE FOURTH TELLEMARCH.

"Very well," said the marquis; "march on," and took a step in the direction of the farm.

The man seized his arm. "Do not go there."

"Where do you wish me to go?"

"Home with me."

The marquis looked steadily at the mendicant.

"Listen, my lord marquis. My house is not fine; but it is safe. A cabin lower than a cave. For flooring a bed of seaweed, for ceiling a roof of branches and grass. Come. At the farm you will be shot. In my house you may go to sleep. You must be tired; and to-morrow morning the Blues will march on, and you can go where you please."

The marquis studied this man. "Which side are you on?" he asked. "Are you republican? Are you royalist?"

"I am a beggar."

"Neither royalist nor republican?"

"I believe not."

"Are you for or against the king?"

"I have no time for that sort of thing."

"What do think of what is passing?"

"I have nothing to live on."

"Still you come to my assistance?"

"Because I saw you were outlawed. What is the law? So one can be beyond its pale. I do not comprehend. Am I inside the law? Am I outside the law? I don't in the least know. To die of hunger—is that being within the law?"

"How long have you been dying of hunger?"

"All my life."

"And you save me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I said to myself—'There is one poorer than I. I have the right to breathe; he has not.'"

"That is true. And you save me?"

"Of course; we are brothers, monseigneur. I ask for bread—you ask for life. We are a pair of beggars."

"But do you know there is a price on my head?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"I read the placard."

"You know how to read?"

"Yes; and to write too. Why should I be a brute?"

"Then since you can read, and since you have seen the notice, you know that a man would earn sixty thousand francs by giving me up?"

"I know it."

"Not in assignats."

"Yes, I know; in gold."

"Sixty thousand francs—do you know it is a fortune?"

"Yes."

"And that anybody apprehending me would make his fortune?"

"Very well—what next?"

"His fortune!"

"That is exactly what I thought. When I saw you, I said: 'Just to think that anybody by giving up that man yonder would gain sixty thousand francs, and make his fortune! Let us hasten to hide him.'"

The marquis followed the beggar.

They entered a thicket; the mendicant's den was there. It was a sort of chamber which a great old oak had allowed the man to take possession of within its heart; it was dug down among its roots, and covered by its branches. It was dark, low, hidden, invisible. There was room for two persons.

"I foresaw that I might have a guest," said the mendicant. This species of underground lodging, less rare in Brittany than people fancy, is called in the peasant dialect a *carnichot*. The name is also applied to hiding-places contrived in thick walls.

It was furnished with a few jugs, a pallet of straw or dried wrack, with a thick covering of kersey; some tallow-dips, a flint and steel, and a bundle of furze twigs for tinder.

They stooped low, crept rather, penetrated into the chamber which the great roots of the tree divided into fantastic compartments, and seated themselves on the heap of dry seaweed which served as a bed. The space between two of the roots, which made the doorway, allowed a little light to enter. Night had come on, but the eye adapts itself to the darkness, and one always finds at last a little day among the shadows. A reflection from the moon's rays dimly silvered the entrance. In a corner was a jug of water, a loaf of buckwheat bread, and some chestnuts.

"Let us sup," said the beggar.

They divided the chestnuts; the marquis contributed his morsel of biscuit; they bit into the same black loaf, and drank out of the jug, one after the other.

They conversed. The marquis began to question this man.

"So, no matter whether anything or nothing happens, it is all the same to you?"

"Pretty much. You are the lords, you others. Those are your affairs."

"But after all, present events?"

"Pass away up out of my reach."

The beggar added presently, "Then there are things that go on still higher up: the sun that rises, the moon that increases or diminishes; those are the matters I occupy myself about."

He took a sip from the jug, and said, "The good fresh water!"

Then he asked, "How do you find the water, monseigneur?"

"What is your name?" inquired the marquis.

"My name is Tellemarch; but I am called the *Caimand*."

"I understand. *Caimand* is a word of the district."

"Which means beggar. I am also nicknamed *le Vieux*. I have been called the old man these forty years."

"Forty years! But you were a young man then."

"I never was young. You remain so always, on the contrary, my lord marquis. You have the legs of a boy of twenty; you can climb the great dune; as for me, I begin to find it difficult to walk; at the end of a quarter of a league I am tired. Nevertheless, our age is the same. But the rich they have an advantage over us—they eat every day. Eating is a preservative."

After a silence the mendicant resumed, "Poverty, riches—that makes a terrible business. That is what brings on the catastrophes. At least, I have that idea. The poor want to be rich; the rich are not willing to be poor. I think that is about what it is at the bottom. I do not mix myself up with matters. The events are the events. I am neither for the creditor nor for the debtor. I know there is a debt, and that it is being paid. That is all. I would rather they had not killed the king; but it would be difficult for me to say why. After that, somebody will answer, 'But remember how they used to hang poor fellows on trees for nothing at all.' See; just for a miserable gunshot fired at one of the king's roebucks, I myself saw a man hung who had a wife and seven children. There is much to say on both sides."

Again he was silent for a little. Then—"I am a little of a bone-setter, a little of a doctor; I know the herbs, I study plants; the peasants see me absent—pre-occupied—and that makes me pass for a sorcerer. Because I dream, they think I must be wise."

"You belong to the neighbourhood?" asked the marquis.

"I never was out of it."

"You know me?"

"Of course. The last time I saw you was when you passed through here two years ago. You went from here to England. A little while since I saw a man on the top of the dune—a very tall man. Tall men are rare; Brittany is a country of small men. I looked close; I had read the notice; I said to myself, 'Ah ha!' and when you came down there was moonlight, and I recognised you."

"And yet I do not know you."

"You have seen me, but you never looked at me."

And Tellemarch the *Caimand* added—"I looked at you, though. The giver and the beggar do not look with the same eyes."

"Had I encountered you formally?"

"Often—I am your beggar. I was the mendicant at the foot of the road from your castle. You have given me alms, but he who gives does not notice; he who receives examines and observes. When you say mendicant, you say spy. But as for me, though I am often sad I try not to be a malicious spy. I used to hold out my hand; you only saw the hand, and you threw into it the charity I needed in the morning in order that I might not die in the evening. I have often been twenty-four hours without eating. Sometimes a penny is life. I owe you my life—I pay the debt."

"That is true; you save me."

"Yes, I save you, monseigneur."

And Tellemarch's grew solemn, as he added—"On one condition."

"And that?"

"That you are not come here to do harm."

"I come here to do good," said the marquis.

"Let us sleep," said the beggar.

They lay down side by side on the sea-weed bed. The mendicant fell asleep immediately. The marquis, although very tired, remained thinking deeply for a few moments,—he gazed fixedly at the beggar in the shadow and then lay back. To lie on that bed was to lie on the ground; he projected by this to put his ear to the earth and listen. He could hear a strange buzzing underground. We know that sound stretches down into the depths: he could hear the noise of the bells. The *tocsin* was still sounding.

The marquis fell asleep.

V.—SIGNED GAUVAIN.

It was delightful when he woke. The mendicant was standing up—not in the den, for he could not hold himself erect there—but without, on the sill. He was leaning on his stick. The sun shone upon his face.

"Monseigneur," said Tellemarch, "four o'clock has just sounded from the belfry of Tanis. I could count the strokes. Therefore, the wind has changed; it is the land breeze; I can hear no other sound, so the *tocsin* has ceased. Everything is tranquil about the farm and hamlet of Herbe-en-Pail. The Blues are asleep, or gone. The worst of the danger is over; it will be wise for us to separate. It is my hour for setting out."

He indicated a point in the horizon. "I am going that way."

He pointed in the opposite direction. "Go you this way."

The beggar made the marquis a gesture of salute. He pointed to the remains of the supper. "Take the chestnuts with you if you are hungry."

A moment after he disappeared among the trees.

The marquis rose and departed in the direction which Tellemarch had indicated.

It was that charming hour called in the old Norman peasant dialect "the song-sparrow of the day." The finches and the hedge-sparrows flew chirping about. The marquis followed the path by which they had come on the previous night. He passed out of the thicket and found himself at the fork of the road, marked by the stone cross. The placard was still there, looking white, fairly gay, in the rising sun. He remembered that there was something at the bottom of the placard which

he had not been able to read the evening before, on account of the twilight and the size of the letters. He went up to the pedestal of the cross. Under the signature "PRINCE DE LA MARNE," there were yet two other lines in small characters :

"The identity of the ci-devant Marquis de Lantenac established, he will be immediately shot. Signed, Chief of battalion commanding the exploring column, GAUVAIN."

"Gauvain!" said the marquis. He stood still thinking deeply, his eyes fixed on the notice. "Gauvain!" he repeated. He resumed his march; turned about; looked again at the cross, walked back, and once more read the placard.

Then he went slowly away. Had any person been near, he might have been heard to murmur, in a half voice, "Gauvain!" From the sunken paths into which he retreated he could only see the roofs of the farm which lay to the left. He passed along the side of a steep eminence covered with furze of the species called long-thorn, in blossom. The summit of this height was one of those points of land named in Brittany a *hure* (head).

At the foot of the eminence the gaze lost itself among the trees. The foliage seemed bathed in light. All nature was filled with the deep joy of the morning.

Suddenly this landscape became terrible. It was like the bursting forth of an ambush. An appalling, indescribable trumpeting, made by savage cries and gun-shots, struck upon these fields and these woods filled with sunlight, and there could be seen rising from the side toward the farm a great smoke, cut by clear flames, as if the hamlet and the farm buildings were consuming like a truss of burning straw. It was sudden and fearful; the abrupt change from tranquillity to fury; an explosion of hell in the midst of dawn; a horror without transition. There was fighting in the direction of Herbe-en-Pail. The marquis stood still.

There is no man in a similar case who would not feel curiosity stronger than a sense of the peril. One must know what is happening, if one perishes in the attempt. He mounted the eminence along the bottom of which passed the sunken path by which he had come. From there he could see, but he could also be seen. He remained on the top for some instants. He looked about

There was, in truth, a fusillade and a conflagration. He could hear the cries, he could see the flames. The farm appeared the centre of some terrible catastrophe. What could it be? Was the farm of Herbe-en-Pail attacked? But by whom? Was it a battle? Was it not rather a military execution? Very often the Blues punished refractory farms and villages by setting them on fire. They were ordered to do so by a revolutionary decree; they burned, for example, every farm-house and hamlet where the tree-cutting prescribed by law had been neglected, or no roads opened among the thickets for the passage of the Republican cavalry. Only very lately, the parish of Bourgon, near Ernée, had been thus destroyed. Was Herbe-en-Pail receiving similar treatment? It was evident that none of the strategic routes called for by the decree had been made among the copses and inclosures. Was this the punishment for such neglect? Had an order been received by the advance-guard occupying the farm? Did not this troop make part of one of those exploring divisions called the "infernal columns"?

A bristling and savage thicket surrounded on all sides the eminence upon which the marquis had posted himself for an outlook. This thicket, which was called the grove of Herbe-en-Pail, but which had the proportions of a wood, stretched to the farm and concealed, like all Breton copses, a network of ravines, by-paths, and deep cuttings, labyrinths where the Republican armies lost themselves.

The execution, if it was an execution, must have been a ferocious one, for it was short. It had been, like all brutal deeds, quickly accomplished. The atrocity of civil wars admits of these savage vagaries. While the marquis, multiplying conjectures, hesitating to descend, hesitating to remain, listened and watched, this crash of extermination ceased, or, more correctly speaking, vanished. The marquis took note of something in the thicket that was like the scattering of a wild and joyous troop. A frightful rushing about made itself heard beneath the trees. From the farm the band had thrown themselves into the wood. Drums beat. No more gun-shots were fired. Now it resembled a battue; they seemed to search, follow, track. They were evidently hunting some person; the noise was scattered and deep; it was a confusion of words of wrath and triumph; of indistinct cries and clamour. Suddenly, as an outline becomes visible in a cloud of smoke, something is articulated clearly amid this tumult; it was a name—a name repeated by a thousand voices, and the marquis plainly heard this cry :

"Lantenac! Lantenac! The Marquis de Lantenac!" It was he whom they were hunting.

VI.—THE WHIRLIGIGS OF CIVIL WAR.

Suddenly all about him, from all sides at the same time, the copse filled with muskets, bayonets, and sabres, a tri-

coloured flag rose in the half-light, the cry of "Lantenac!" burst forth in his very ear, and at his feet, behind the brambles and branches, savage faces appeared.

The marquis was alone, standing on a height, visible from every part of the wood. He could scarcely see those who shrieked his name; but he was seen by all. If a thousand muskets were in the wood, there was he like a target. He could distinguish nothing among the brushwood but burning eyeballs fastened upon him.

He took off his hat, turned back the brim, tore a long dry thorn from a furze-bush, drew from his pocket a white cockade, fastened the upturned brim and the cockade to the hat with the thorn, and putting back on his head the hat, whose lifted edge showed the white cockade, and left his face in full view, he cried in a loud voice that rang like a trumpet through the forest—

"I am the man you seek. I am the Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount de Fontenay, Breton prince, lieutenant-general of the armies of the king. Now make an end! Aim! Fire!" And, tearing open with both hands his goat-skin vest, he bared his naked breast.

He looked down, expecting to meet levelled guns, and saw himself surrounded by kneeling men. Then a great shout arose.

"Long live Lantenac! Long live Monseigneur! Long live the General."

At the same time hats were flung into the air, sabres whirled joyously, and through all the thicket could be seen rising sticks on whose points waved caps of brown woollen. He was surrounded by a Vendean band. This troop had knelt at sight of him.

Old legends tell of strange beings that were found in the ancient Thuringian forests—a race of giants, more and less than men, who were regarded by the Romans as horrible monsters, by the Germans as divine incarnations, and who, according to the encounter, ran the risk of being exterminated or adored.

The marquis felt something of the sentiment which must have shaken one of those creatures when, expecting to be treated like a monster, he suddenly found himself worshipped as a god. All those eyes, full of terrible lightnings, were fastened on him with a sort of savage love.

This crowd was armed with muskets, sabres, scythes, poles, sticks; they wore great beavers or brown caps, with white cockades, a profusion of rosaries and amulets; wide breeches open at the knee, jackets of skins, leathern gaiters, the calves of their legs bare, their hair long; some with a ferocious look, all with an open one.

A man, young and of noble mien, passed through the kneeling throng, and hurried toward the marquis. Like the peasants, he wore a turned-up beaver and a white cockade, and was wrapped in a fur jacket; but his hands were white, and his linen fine, and he wore over his vest a white silk scarf, from which hung a gold-hilted sword.

When he reached the hure he threw aside his hat, untied his scarf, bent one knee to the ground, and presented the sword and scarf to the marquis, saying,

"We were indeed seeking you, and we have found you. Accept the sword of command. These men are yours now. I was their leader; I mount in grade, for I become your soldier. Accept our homage, my lord. General, give me your orders."

Then he made a sign, and the men who carried a tri-coloured flag moved out of the wood. They marched up to where the marquis stood and laid the banner at his feet. It was the flag which he had just caught sight of through the trees.

"General," said the young man who had presented to him the sword and scarf, "this is the flag we just took from the Blues, who held the farm of Herbe-en-Pail. Monseigneur, I am named Gavard. I belong to the Marquis de la Rouerie."

"It is well," said the marquis. And calm and grave he put on the scarf. Then he drew his sword, and waving it above his head, he cried,

"Up! Long live the king!" All arose. Through the depths of the wood swelled a wild triumphant clamour: "Long live the king! Long live our marquis! Long live Lantenac!"

The marquis turned towards Gavard—"How many are you?"

"Seven thousand."

And as they descended the eminence, while the peasants cleared away the furze-bushes to make a path for the Marquis de Lantenac, Gavard continued: "Monseigneur, nothing more simple. All can be explained in a word. It only needed a spark. The reward offered by the Republic, in revealing your presence, roused the whole district for the king. Besides that, we had been secretly warned by the mayor of Granville, who is one of our men, the same who saved the Abbé Olivier. Last night they sounded the tocsin."

"For whom?"  
"For you."  
"Ah!" said the marquis.  
"And here we are," pursued Gavard.

"And you are seven thousand?"  
"To-day. We shall be fifteen thousand to-morrow. It is the Breton contingent. When Monsieur Henry de la Rochejacquelein set out to join the Catholic army the tocsin was sounded, and in one night six parishes, Isernay, Corqueux, the Echaubroignes, the Aubiers, Saint-Aubin, and Nuell, brought him ten thousand men. They had no munitions; they found in the house of a quarry-master sixty pounds of blasting-powder, and M. de la Rochejacquelein set off with that. We were certain you must be in some part of this forest, and we were seeking you."

"And you attacked the Blues at the farm of Herbe-en-Pail?"  
"The wind prevented their hearing the tocsin. They suspected nothing; the people of the hamlet, who are a set of clowns, received them well. This morning we surrounded the farm, the Blues were asleep, and we did the thing out of hand. I have a horse. Will you deign to accept it, general?"  
"Yes."

A peasant led up a white horse with military caparisons. The marquis mounted without the assistance Gavard offered him.

"Hurrah!" cried the peasants. The cries of the English were greatly in use along the Breton coast, in constant communication as it was with the Channel Islands.

Gavard made a military salute, and asked, "Where will you make your head-quarters, monseigneur?"

"At first in the Forest of Fougères."

"It is one of your seven forests, my lord marquis."

"We must have a priest."

"We have one."

"Who?"

"The curate of the Chapelle-Erbrée."

"I know him. He has made the voyage to Jersey."

A priest stepped out of the ranks and said, "Three times." The marquis turned his head. "Good morning, Monsieur le curé. You have work before you."

"So much the better, my lord marquis."

"You will have to hear confessions. Those who wish. Nobody will be forced."

"My lord marquis," said the priest, "at Guéméné, Gaston forces the Republicans to confess."

"He is a hair-dresser," said the marquis; "death ought to be free."

Gavard, who had gone to give some orders, returned.

"General, I wait your commands."

"First, the rendezvous in the Forest of Fougères. Let the men disperse, and make their way there."

"The order is given."

"Did you not tell me that the people of Herbe-en-Pail had received the Blues well?"

"Yes, general."

"You have burnt the house?"

"Yes."

"Have you burnt the hamlet?"

"No."

"Burn it."

"The Blues tried to defend themselves, but they were a hundred and fifty, and we were seven thousand."

"Who were they?"

"Santerre's men."

"The one who ordered the drums to beat while the king's head was being cut off. Then it is a regiment of Paris."

"A half-regiment."

"It's name?"

"General, it had on its flag, 'Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge.'

"Wild beasts."

"What is to be done with the wounded?"

"Put an end to them."

"What shall we do with the prisoners?"

"Shoot them."

"There are about eighty."

"Shoot the whole."

"There are two women."

"Them also."

"There are three children."

"Carry them off. We will see what shall be done with them."

And the marquis rode on.

(To be continued.)

Numbers of persons have been hoaxed at Padham. It was announced by placards that "Signon Unsinque" would perform extraordinary feats on the River Calder, concluding with a drive on the river, drawn by geese. "The geese," it was stated, "will previously parade the banks of the river." There was a great crowd on each side of the river.

DIED.

At St. Roch, Quebec, the 23rd June, 1874, at the age of 13 years and 6 months, Etienne Narcisse Légaré, son of Etienne Légaré, collector. The interment took place at St. Roch, the 26th June.

"BERKELEY, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS." 10-1-26f-e2w-629

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

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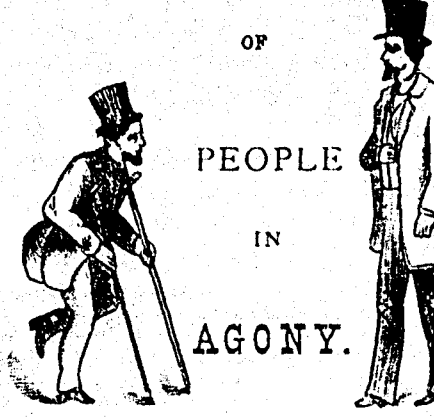
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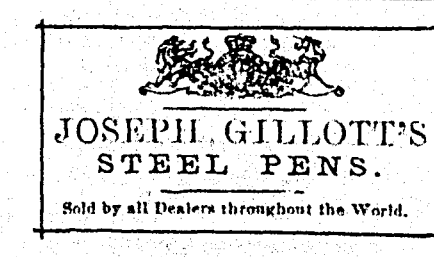
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