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FRIDAY Whostrated News

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MONTREAL. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877.

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THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$5.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STEEEL, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him small accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the names and dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.75 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January 1875; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 6th, 1877.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

It seems to be no optical delusion, but a pleasing reality, that at length the skies are lifting, and the prospect spreads out broad and fair of a return to better things. The evidences are indeed slight, but sufficient to build a rational hope upon. The change will be very gradual, but it is perhaps all the more certain for that circumstance. We have been suffering so long that even the least break for the better in the situation must be heartily and universally welcomed. The first point in our favour is the bountiful harvest with which we have been blessed. We are informed by a contemporary of this city that "as compared with 1876, the yield of all kinds of grain has been wonderfully large, and that coarse grains have yielded quite as well as in 1875 and better than in 1874." Furthermore, it is said that the yield of wheat is probably greater than in any previous year of which we have any record. This is eminently satisfactory, inasmuch as it lays the cornerstone of the prosperity which we are all so anxiously expecting. It is from the bowels of mother earth that we all get our sustenance. The farmer is the first factor in the total of elements that go to make the business of a country. The chain is easily followed out. The farmer sells his crop, and is thus enabled to pay what he owes at the country shop-keeper's. The country shop-keeper takes the farmer's money, and, after deducting his profits, pays the wholesale merchant of Montreal and Toronto. The wholesale merchant, after subtracting his gains, returns the advances which he got from the banks for his importations; and the banks, having recovered their money with a percentage thereon, are free to invest their funds elsewhere to the best advantage. It is thus that the farmer gives the first impulse to the ball, and it is from him that the money which we all need and use primarily comes into circulation. Hence the great significance of a bountiful harvest.

It is to be hoped, however, that our farmers will make good use of their opportunities this year, and will readily put their crops in the market, without being tempted, as so often before, to hold them over, in the expectation of fancy prices. It is now certain that the Eastern war will be continued through another year, but there is nothing so far to indicate that even this circumstance will cause an extraordinary rise in breadstuffs. Let, there-

fore, our farmers carry on their business in a fair, normal manner.

The increase of freights by rail and water is another indication of a revival of trade. We cannot go into the dry figures, but the special journals assure us that the carrying of freight is far brisker and more profitable than it was at the corresponding date of last year. The different branches of commerce all point to the same conclusion. Buyers have come in large numbers to the great fall sales of Montreal and Toronto and bought freely. If they have used more discrimination than usual in both quality and quantity, that itself is another ground of confidence in the stability of the next year's trade. We are furthermore informed that, while collections are still a little slow, they proceed in steady instalments, and that the securities given are generally reliable.

Summing together these and other facts to which we might refer, there is, therefore, substantial reason for hoping that the long longed for turn in the tide has come at last. It may be, however, that the fruits of amelioration will not be very perceptible this autumn, as the season is already far advanced. We must probably make up our minds to a hard winter, especially for the very poor, and defer the grand start till the opening of navigation next spring. Meantime, we may quietly set our affairs in order, taking advantage of the long winter months to practice the requisite economy, and preparing ourselves gradually to participate in the forward march. We shall be called upon for frequent charity during the cold season, but beyond this our expenditure can be easily kept within bounds, and it is not the occasional furling to the penniless, nor the occasional meal to the hungry, that shall diminish that store upon which we rely to set ourselves up again.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The great electoral battle has opened in France, and between this and the 14th of the present month we may look for stirring events. The issue is clearly set forth. There can be no mistake about it. GAMBETTA laid down the proposition that if the Republicans carried the day, MACMAHON must either submit or retire from office. *Se soumettre ou se démettre*, was the pithy, pregnant formula. The Marshal immediately took up the gage by ordering the arrest of the tribune, and with swift procedure, the latter has been condemned to fine and imprisonment. But the Marshal did not rest content with this act of defiance. He, too, addressed the people of France in a manifest which contains three unequivocal declarations based upon "the faith and honour of a soldier." The first is that he will not be governed by demagogues or submit to the dictation of radicals. The second, that he will rule the country, if need be, with the aid of the Conservative Senate. The third, that he will maintain his position as President to the very close of the Septennial term. It will be allowed that these statements are explicit enough, and it will excite no wonder that they have caused the keenest interest throughout France, where they are variously interpreted according to the hopes or fears, the passions and prejudices of the conflicting parties.

For us, outsiders, they are worth considering, one by one, if not precisely to understand the present situation in France, at least to enable us somewhat to forecast the probable result of the elections. That Marshal MACMAHON should refuse to be governed by demagogues and submit to radicals appears right enough, but the question arises whether he puts all Republicans in this category, or in other words, whether, if the country returns a Republican majority, he will refuse to abide by the decision on the score that that majority is radical and demagogic. The manifest gives no answer to this important question, and its obscurity, in this respect, rises to the proportions of a menace. We cannot suppose that a man

of sense and integrity like Marshal MACMAHON would so far stultify himself and insult his countrymen as to regard the representatives of the majority of France—a majority counted not only by departments, but by the numerical aggregate—as unworthy of his confidence. If he did so, he would simply make himself responsible for a revolution. Rather are we inclined to think that this declaration was a diplomatic stroke meant more to frighten the timid and wavering into the Marshal's camp, than as a threat which is to be literally carried out. There is no question that it will have the effect of influencing thousands of voters, who, fancying revolution or even disturbance looming in the distance, will cast their suffrages on the side of the armed and the strong, rather than link their fortunes with the struggling party. So much the better, therefore, if this should prove another of the DR BROGLIE tricks.

When the Marshal declares further that he is prepared to carry on the Government with the Senate alone, he is only supplementing his first statement to show what he would do in an extreme case, as to act thus would be a breaking up of the constitution which requires the labours of a second Chamber, to which indeed the vital department of the national subsidies is centred. If the worst should, however, come to the worst, there is some comfort in the third declaration of MACMAHON, to the effect that he will positively retain the Presidency till 1880. This is a solemn pledge, again "on the faith of a soldier," that he will make no *capitulation* in favour either of the Bourbons, Orleanists, or the Bonapartists. However, arbitrarily or summarily he may act, he will maintain the Republic, at least, in name, which is better than having a reactionary kingdom, or a revolutionary empire. If we were a Frenchman, this promise alone would be sufficient to take half the sting out of the Marshal's other declarations.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

We have already done our share toward calling public attention to this threatening enemy, by publishing an engraving of the beetle through all its stages of development, and describing the means of using Paris green, the best, if not the sole, mode of its destruction. A correspondent having asked us to go further, and give the natural history of the insect, we think it our duty to do so, in view of the importance of the case and of the intelligence received on all sides to the effect that this pest has effectually planted itself in the country, preparatory to a fearful onset of ravage next season. We shall draw our information, as before, from the excellent pamphlet of Dr. TACHÉ, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, which should by all means be translated into English and spread far and wide.

The scientific name of the Colorado beetle is *Chrysomela Deceunlineata*. The perfect insect is of ovoid form, and about half an inch in length. The female is larger than the male, being more developed in the abdominal parts. The grub has a black head and legs, with two black bands at the first segments; the rest of the body is of a dark red. It has six legs, and moves about with facility. In the course of a few days it attains the dimensions of a bed bug. According as it grows, the reddish color turns to light pink, and finally to an orange tint. It then sinks into the ground for a few days, and comes forth a perfect insect. Ten days after this, the female begins to lay her eggs; these are hatched six or seven days later. In fifteen or twenty days the grub attains its full development, and sinks into the earth where it remains ten days or a fortnight, when, as we have said, it becomes the perfect insect. Hence the growth of the beetle occupies from forty to fifty days. On coming from the ground, they immediately seek the potato plant, in pairs, where they begin to propagate at once. There are three generations every year—the first about May and June; the second, about

July and August; the third, about September and October. The grubs of the first two generations develop immediately, while those of the latter remain in the ground during the winter, until spring. Their fecundity and rapidity of propagation are extraordinary. A single female gives, through herself and her descendants, in a single summer, 22,000,000 insects, and in twenty years these legions have covered over a million and a quarter of square miles. It is particularly at the end of the season that they enter upon their travels, using every means of transportation by land and water, even sometimes floating down the streams. They are not at that epoch much disposed to fly, although the perfect insect does fly with considerable strength of wing, over great distances, from one field to another. It follows from what we have said that the farmer must always be on the alert, as the laying of eggs goes on all summer, until as late as October. Nor is the danger over then, because these late grubs remain in the earth under the snow ready to pounce upon the potato plantations early in spring. From this time forward, then, a war of extermination must be declared and steadily carried on, else, next year, we shall have to deplore, perhaps, the total loss of our potato crop.

ANTIQUITIES AND NUMISMATICS.

We have had occasion from time to time to notice the proceedings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, of our city, and in this number publish an extract from the minutes of its first meeting this fall. As the Society has of late attracted considerable public attention by its management and conduct of the exhibition of literary works in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by WALTER CAXTON, held in this city, on the 26th to 30th June last, we propose to give a synopsis of its organization and work. So far back as 1862, the Society was formed by a few leading gentlemen of this city, under the name of the "Numismatic Society of Montreal," and has since continued in an uninterrupted monthly session to the present day. To the uninitiated it may seem strange that a Society, having for its object the study and examination of *old money coppers*, as most people sarcastically regard them, should hold together a body of men in 15 years' friendly intercourse, during which time it has seen the rise and fall of numerous literary, historical and social assemblies of this city as well as elsewhere throughout Canada. Ignorant as the people are to the value of these *old money coppers*, it is in their historical association that the members of this Society have been held together, while all others have failed. As it has been conceded that the mind of the child is so far influenced by *object* study, as to promote a complete reform of tuition, so has it been regarded by these gentlemen that, to appreciate history and historical events, *object* illustrations are at once conclusive, and impress the mind of the truthfulness of what is handed down to us as history, the interest of any thesis so corroborated being much enhanced. It is in this respect that the study of numismatics and archaeology has such a hold on the people, and is rapidly becoming acknowledged throughout the world. In England, the great historians and *literati* of the day, are not only members in name of the numismatic and archaeological associations there existing, but are regular attendants at the meetings, as well as their annual *field days*, which may be seen on reference to the names attending the excursion of the British Archaeological Association, held in the first week of September last. It had been desired to extend the operations of this Society, from its inception, to history generally, and though this was carried out in its *séances*, it was not conveyed by the name of the Association, which, indeed, they were unable to assume, owing to the existence of an organization mentioned in the statute book, but which otherwise is unknown and never heard of, except when

drawing its annual income of \$400 from the Government, bearing the name of the Montreal Historical Society, so that in 1866 the members assumed the name of "Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal," and, in 1870, an Act of Incorporation was obtained. In 1869, Mr. Alfred Sandham, the then Secretary of the Association, collated the information already obtained by the Society, and published a very creditable history of "Coins, Tokens and Medals of the Dominion of Canada," with a supplement, issued in 1872. This work certainly astonished the people of Canada, as to their medallic history. Many of the pieces there mentioned and illustrated in fac-simile, though struck for circulation in Canada, were hitherto unknown, and though existing in the cabinets of collectors, were of such undeniable rarity that many of them were not to be found in the country at all, and have only since been obtained by Canadian collectors at what would be considered fabulous prices, and yet all of them had some historical reference, or, more properly speaking, local significance. In this category the present minutes show several Canadian pieces, that are said to be almost unique specimens, and from time to time many such have been exhibited, or descriptions given of them. Perhaps the most interesting of these has been the recent discovery of a small silver coin, issued by LOUIS XIV. in 1670, equal in size and value to our current five-cent piece, but which is not quite so common, as only six or seven specimens of the piece are known to this Society, or indeed recorded as existing. This has led to a knowledge of a prior issue of French-Canadian coins, viz., in 1658, not one specimen of which can now be found. This is much to be regretted, for as well as we have sceptics doubting the very existence of such men as NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON, we will soon have many who will question whether Canada ever formed part of the French dominions; but so long as we have such records of it as the actual coins then used, we can treat with contempt and pity all remarks having such little affinity to rationalism. Documents, parchments, paintings, all can be fabricated and doubted, but a "coin and medal" will bear the test of the keenest scrutiny; for in every forgery thus far of them, there is an indescribable something which at once arrests the eye, and detects the spurious from the genuine, which a numismatist can at once define. We shall take an early opportunity of presenting a page of fac-simile specimens of the more valuable and interesting Canadian coins and medals, and will therefore curtail our remarks relating to them at present. In addition to this work, compiled by Mr. SANDHAM, through the medium of the Society, he was enabled to gather the materials for his "History of Montreal—past and present," "Prince of Wales Medals," "Fortifications of Montreal," &c., and the Society has since published quarterly "The Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal," which is now in its sixth year. Altogether, the Society has been the means of preserving to Canada not a few items of general historical interest, which would have been entirely forgotten were it not for the researches of these gentlemen.

The Society has held under its auspices several lectures on instructive subjects, which were free to the public, and crowned its efforts in this year by an exhibition of books, which would have done honour to many an older nation, and, in fact, compares most favourably in its every detail with the one held in London, celebrating the same event.

Under its present officers we are sure this Society is destined to a long and useful career; its membership has been much increased during the present year; but as we should like to see the Society enabled by its own resources to continue the many public benefits it has already granted, and which we know from the heartiness with which its members carry through all their undertakings, they would

multiply in the future, were they in a position to do so, we would suggest that they should open a class of membership as associates, which, being open to all comers at a nominal sum, would place the Society in funds to meet the cost of such public entertainments as they may desire to hold.

We are presumptuous enough to express our doubts of the utility of party picnics, either as reliable signs of wholesome political instruction. There are followers enough of both parties in almost every county of Canada to mount a celebration in honour of their respective chiefs, and the accessories which may make one demonstration appear more effective than another, are largely due to the weather and to the managerial skill which can devise attractions for neutral sight-seers, especially females. As to the average of the picnic speeches—we trace, of course, a wide margin of reserve—they are neither creditable to the men who utter them, nor at all complimentary to the intelligence of the listeners. And the remark applies to the very highest men in both parties. One or two extra-Parliamentary discourses, according to English practice, exhaustive in argument and complete in narrative information, would be worthy of our principal public men, and would serve the purposes of each better than any other mode of public appeal. We apprehend that the single pamphlet of Senator MACPHERSON has done more to injure the Government, on the one hand, and the single Teeswater speech of Mr. BLAKE more to retrieve it, on the other, than all the picnic harangues that have beaten the patient air during the whole summer.

THERE appears to be a needless tempest of controversy in the French press, respecting certain words of Hon. Mr. CHAPLEAU, lately spoken at St. Lin. The Provincial Secretary is reported to have said that the Government, of which he forms a distinguished part, is a Government of progress, but not of party, and he thereupon advocated a union of all French Canadians. When he called the present Provincial Administration a Government of progress, he affirmed what his political friends are, of course, disposed to endorse, but when he denominated it an unpartisan Government, he evidently wished to be understood in a Pickwickian sense. It is, it has been, and it will be a Government of party, as all institutions of the kind have ever been in Canada, where it would seem that the chief merit of a Government, and its principal pillar of support, is strict partisanship. There is no country in the world, except, notably, the United States, where party rules so exclusively and so mercilessly as in Canada. With regard to the union of his countrymen, Mr. CHAPLEAU spoke words of wisdom which ought to be heeded, especially in purely Provincial matters; but we have no hope whatever that they will prove other than "a voice and nothing more."

HAVING had opportunity for a hasty glance at Sir JULIUS VOVEL's ideas of Imperial Confederation, as given in an article that has been republished in the *Canadian Monthly*, we may say that we believe it to be the nearest approach which has yet been made to a hypothetical solution of a by no means simple problem. So soon as the Empire generally might feel itself bound to take advanced measures for insuring the health and safety of its citizens—without distinction of rank or class, although with due attention to all particular claims—the way to the desired consummation will have been greatly cleared, and the general future of the great Confederacy made far more hopeful. We can see no political economy in the destruction of life and property that is constantly going on from preventable causes, and while admitting that some

beginning has been made in the work, there does not seem as yet to be an amount of progress that can be greatly boasted of.

PETITIONS favouring the abolition of the United States Presidency and the reorganization of the administration to a Council of State, are receiving signatures in sixty-four cities in the Union. This is more significant than may, at first sight, appear. It is an attack on the centralization which has been creeping into the governmental machinery since the war. The late railway strikes, however, and the impending invasion of tramps, seem to show that more than ever a strong central power is required in the United States, with a large standing army which shall fill the functions of the constabulary and *gendarmerie* of the old countries.

IN obedience to our tastes, and to the known habits of this journal, we have avoided referring editorially to Mr. CAUCHON so long as he was a member of the Administration. But now that, according to seemingly authentic rumor, he is about to leave the Cabinet for a Lieutenant-Governorship, we feel it our duty to put the following question, to which we should like to have an answer: If Mr. CAUCHON is judged unfit to be Minister, by the same token he is unfit to be Lieutenant-Governor, and if he is forced from the Cabinet by public opinion, how can he be thrust upon a Province where public opinion is no less against him? This is not a question of politics, but of public morality.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The October number of *Belford's Magazine* is out in good time, as it should be, and presents more than usual interest from the excellence and variety of its contents. The illustrated article "Up the Thames," of which the second paper is given, contains in brief a mass of very useful and entertaining information. Dr. Holland's serial, "Nicholas Minturn," is closed, and has, we believe, already appeared in book form. There are as many as three poems from as many well-known Montreal pens. The magazine is now verging toward the close of its first year, and we are pleased to notice that it shows signs of progress and stability. All literary ventures of the kind should meet with encouragement from Canadians.

We have received the Collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, replete with useful matter, chief among which is a translation of a very important historical paper on the pioneer of Wisconsin, Charles de Langlade, from the pen of Mr. Joseph Tassé, of Ottawa. This paper forms one of a series which Mr. Tassé has been writing, during the past ten years, on the famous Canadians who have done so much toward colonization in the great Western States, and which, we are happy to learn, he is about publishing in two volumes, under the title of "Les Canadiens de L'Ouest." We shall look forward to this work with much interest, and shall give it the notice which it deserves when it makes its appearance.

When the Americans have for so long been flooding our markets with their reprints of the popular productions of the day, it is some satisfaction to find that there is enterprise enough among some of our Canadian publishers to enter the same field and furnish us with cheap copies of these same works. This Belford Brothers, of Toronto, have begun to do in the republication of Ouida's complete works, three or four volumes of which have already appeared. Our Canadian editions are just as neat as the American, and they are sold as cheaply. They should therefore have at least an equal chance with the numerous class of readers in Canada who fancy this kind of literature.

We are by no means a partisan of the scepticism and the advanced opinions on religious matters which distinguish the *Fortnightly Review*, but in this age of freedom of thought and expression, we cannot help admiring the ability which the writers for this periodical evince. The September number of the Canadian edition, just issued by the Belfords, contains a rich series of papers, chief among which is "The Scepticism of Believers," by Leslie Stephen, and "Authentic Fallacies," by F. H. Hill. An article on Heine discusses his views of religion and politics. There is an exhaustive study of Chopin, who is at length becoming widely known, and Anthony Trollope has an interesting study of Cicero as a Man of Letters.

As a rule, there appears no need to publish sermons—any more, in fact, than any other mental production—unless they are of clear excellence or treat of some special subject of current interest. The sermons of Mr. Rainsford fulfil neither of these conditions, but inasmuch as they are intended as a memorial of the mission of an earnest and devoted young minister in Toronto and other parts of Ontario, they will

prove pleasing to his friends and admirers. Mr. Rainsford has no recourse to theological controversy, and no pretensions to literary distinction, but his aim is to go straight to the hearts of his hearers through the medium of exhortation and the citation of apt examples. His readers will be equally impressed with these qualities in perusing the present little volume.

We regard it as a boon that we have one man in Canada whose scientific discoveries and writings have given him both an American and European reputation, because his name alone does as much to keep the Dominion before a certain portion of the most elevated class, as the acts of any of our public men, in their different spheres. It is for this reason that we welcome the new work of Dr. Dawson on "The Origin of the World," just published in a very handsome volume by Dawson Brothers, of this city. The author informs us that the volume is based upon his "Archæia," which appeared in 1860, but a perusal of its pages has convinced us that it is substantially a new work, much fuller in illustration, much broader in argument, and brought down to the requirements of the great controversy as it stands in our day. The bulk of the book consists rather of theological and biblical research than of scientific reasoning, and therein precisely appears, in the clearest light, the advantage of having an author who, although a layman, is thoroughly conversant with the spiritual aspects of his subject, and, as a layman, thus acquiring an authority for moderation of views and impartiality of statement which no clergyman could lay claim to. If, on the one hand, it is a sorry spectacle that of a clergyman declaiming against the advance of modern sciences, while betraying his ignorance of these sciences at every step, it is gratifying, on the other, to have a scientific layman using his vast and unchallenged knowledge to prop up and defend the scriptural argument. These are the qualifications of Dr. Dawson for his task, and in this consists the charm of conviction with which we read his learned chapters. For while, as we have said, the Bible is kept primarily in view, the scientific complement of reasoning is constantly handled with an ease and steadiness denoting the master. The work of Dr. Dawson covers the whole ground of the origin of nature, and we apprehend that the book, or perhaps an abridgment of it, should be used in all academies as the most simple and comprehensive treatise of cosmogony which our young men could study. The ordination of the material is admirable. The author treats first of the mystery of origins in general, and of the objects to be attained by a revelation of origins. He then enters upon a graduated study of the creation—The Beginning—The Descent—The Light of Creative Days—The Atmosphere—The Day Land and the First Plants—The Luminaries—The Lower Animals—The Higher Animals and Man—The Rest of the Creator. Two chapters are consecrated to the Unity and Antiquity of Man, which go, of course, to the very heart of the controversy, and the concluding chapter contains a splendid parallelism of Genesis and Physical Science. In the Appendices, the geologist comes more prominently to the front, and, for us, these eleven articles are the best part of the book, because they are the most scientific. Others, of course, may prefer the quasi-historical chapters which form the substance of the volume. In the Appendices, the whole theory of evolution is sharply outlined, and its principal deductions are clearly discussed. We have always thought that evolution could never stand the purely metaphysical test, quite outside of natural science, and our belief still is that if the philosophy of the old schoolmen were studied and understood in our colleges, as it is not, the pretensions of Darwin and his colleagues would long since have been exploded. But Dr. Dawson shows us that even on scientific grounds the new theories of Life and Creation can be successfully combated. To comprehend the whole vast subject, and to obtain correct notions about it, the student need not travel beyond Dr. Dawson's work, and for that reason we warmly recommend it to all persons who wish to keep abreast of the thoughts of the day.

We are glad again to see upon our table *The Winter's Miscellany*, of St. John, N.B., enlarged in size, as it seems to us, and certainly more than ever furnished with interesting matter for members of the craft. The *Miscellany* is a Canadian enterprise, and thereby excites our sympathies. It has entered upon the first number of its second volume, and we trust it may go on increasing in prosperity and usefulness.

ARTISTIC.

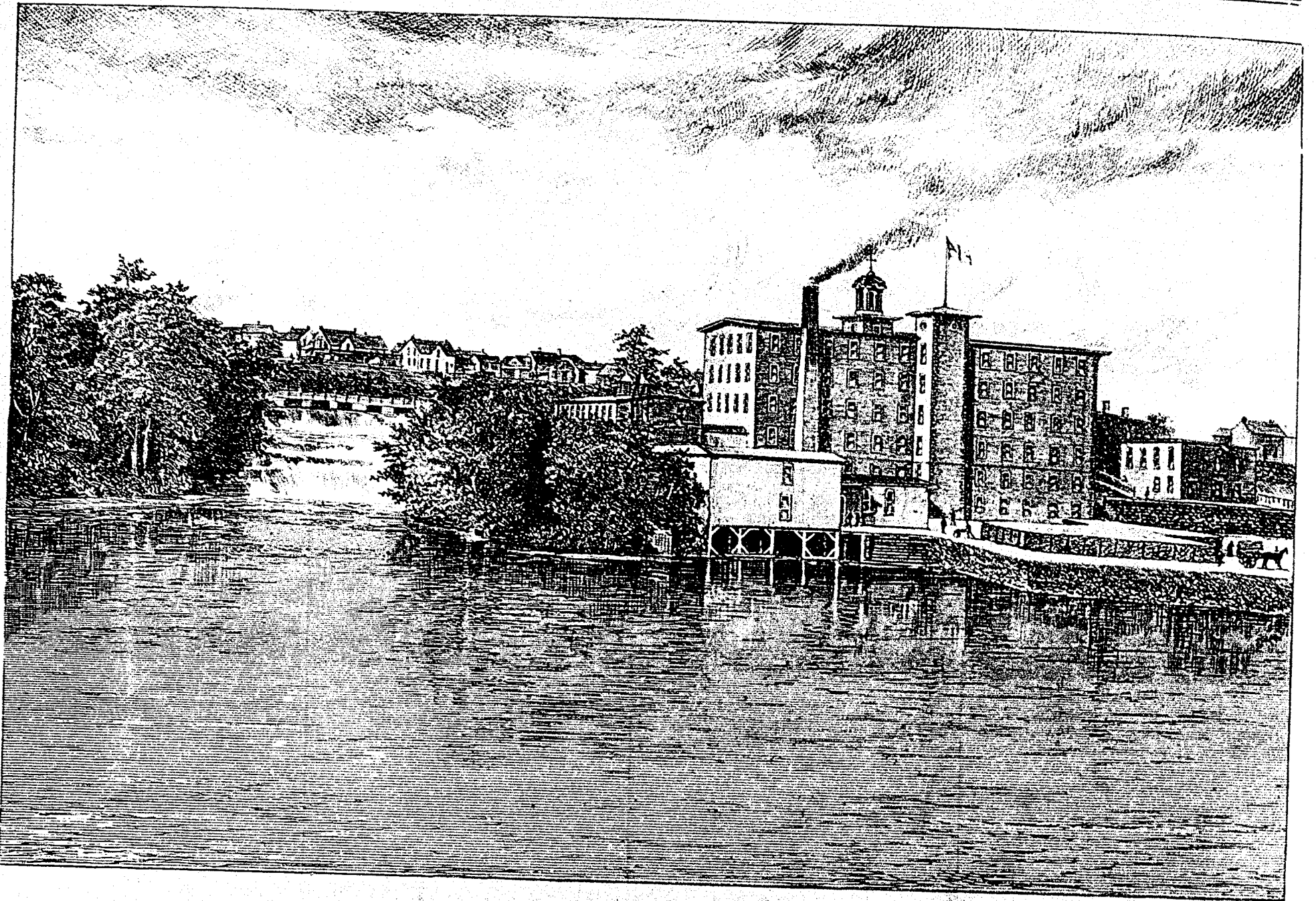
GUSTAVE DORE will illustrate the great English poets, commencing with Shakespeare.

Appropos of the stolen Gainsborough, to which the evidence at Bow Street has again attracted attention, it is said that the London police have new fresh hopes of being able to recover the picture.

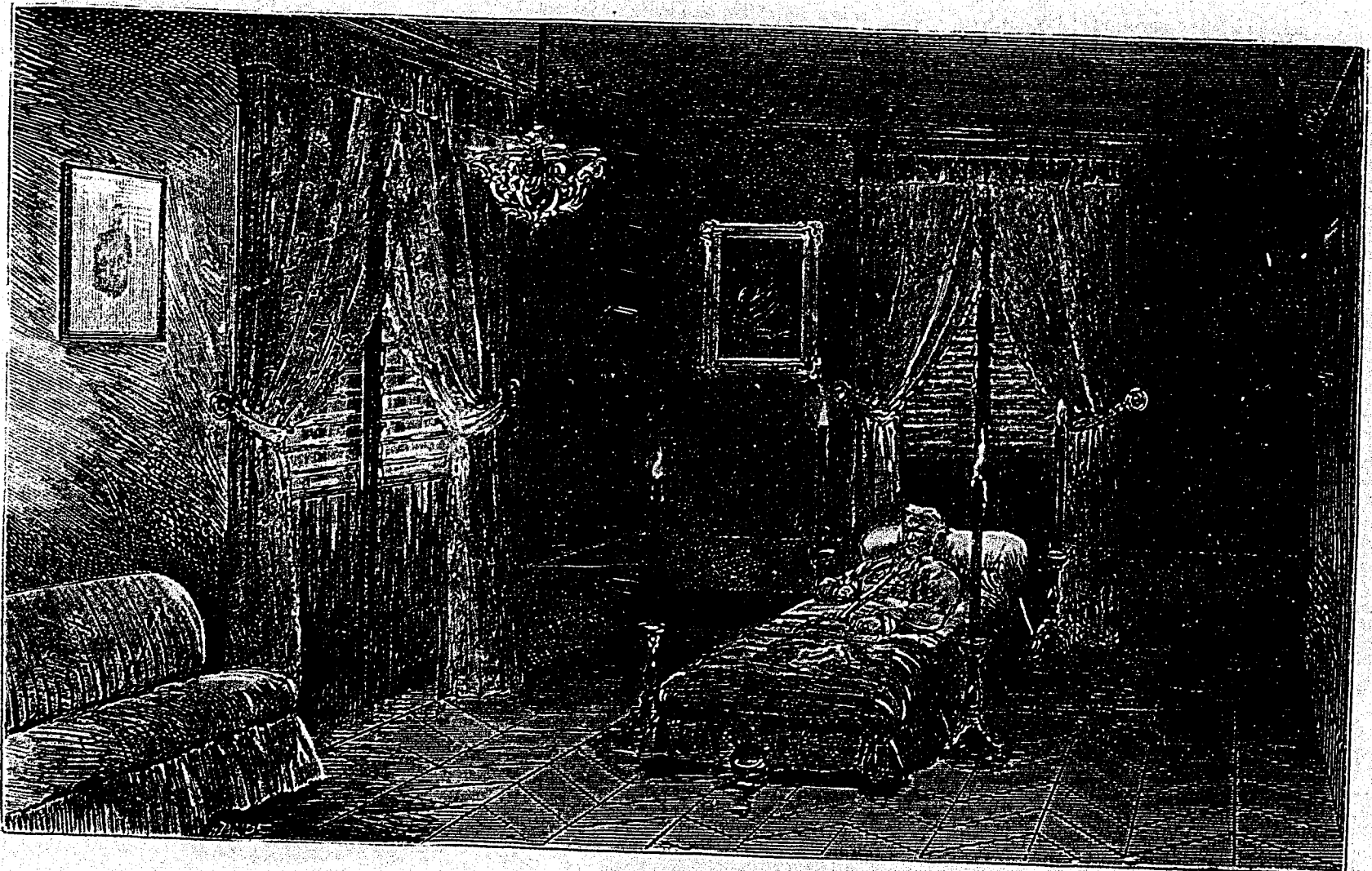
M. GAMBETTA, we hear, gave a fitting M. Legros the other day. The portrait, no doubt, will in all probability be issued before long with the usual number of impressions habitual with work that is destined to be rare.

The last photograph of Thiers was taken by an enterprising artist who ambuscaded him as he was enjoying his morning walk. With great good nature the old statesman stood still, and gave the artist a chance to take him as he stood leaning against a railing with a stout cane in his hand and wearing his traditional black coat buttoned to the throat and a straw hat.

The models employed for the picture which Mr. Holman Hunt has in hand at Jerusalem took it into their heads that they suffered from effects of the "evil eye," and, pending recovery, declined to sit again. A new set of models has been engaged, and so the work goes on without much delay. Mr. Hunt has suffered from attacks of fever. These incidents have delayed his return to England for a few weeks.



THE ROSAMOND WOOLEN COMPANY'S MILLS, ALMONTE, ONT.
(See page 219.)



ROOM AT ST. GERMAIN WHERE M. THIERS DIED.



THE EASTERN WAR.—BATTLE OF PLEVNA. ATTACK ON THE SUBURBS.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.]

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MONTIBOX,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

In the year 1854 began the Russian war. To me, because in those days I read few papers and took small interest in politics, the first signs of the impending struggle came from the Polish Barrack. Here, from the autumn of 1853, there reigned an unwonted animation. Letters and foreign newspapers were received daily; secret information was whispered about; strangers came down from London; the men gathered themselves into little knots and whispered. The most eager of them all was Wassielewski. He was transformed; he bore himself erect, with head thrown back; those deep-set eyes of his lost their look of expectant melancholy, and were bright with hope; he even seemed to have lost his limp. It was easy for me to understand that all this preliminary joy meant another rising in Poland. The weakness of Russia was to be the opportunity of my compatriots. In this quiet retreat they were plotting and conspiring. I came and went among them as I pleased, known to every one. They did not tell me their plans, but I observed that, as they talked, their eyes from time to time turned to me, and I discerned that they were discussing whether I should be made a conspirator with the rest and a sharer in their visions. I understood it was only part of the general humiliation of a hunch-back—that they were undecided whether one so useless physically could not be of use in the way of his name; whether, in fact, it was worth while to sacrifice my life, as well as their own, because I was Ladislas Pulaski. For the first time I felt a Pole indeed, in the strange thought that perhaps, after all, I, too, might be called upon to strike my blow, such as it was, for Polish freedom.

I had been kept strangely ignorant up to this time and even later, of my own family history and of the circumstances under which I was brought to England. I knew that I was the son of a Polish noble; that my father perished in one of the obscure and hopeless village risings which took place some years after the great insurrection of 1831, and were too local to be recorded in contemporary history; also, that it was old Wassielewski who brought me, a mere infant, in his own arms, safely to England. When I asked the Captain for further information, he put off the question. When, as a boy, I asked Wassielewski, he patted my head kindly, and bade me wait. I understood, therefore, very early, that there was more to be told in some day's good time.

I believe that it was by the Captain's wish that I was kept from the knowledge of things which might have maddened my boyish brain; because I can hardly give Wassielewski credit for an act of forbearance towards the credit of the Romanoff name which lasted twenty years. In the spring of 1854, when it became quite certain that Russia would have to face the strongest combination of allies ever formed, the day of deliverance seemed to be dawning for Poland. It was a delusive hope, as we know, because Prussia and Austria, *particeps criminis*, could not look on in silence while the Russian part of the divided land freed itself and set a bad example to their own Poles. I have sometimes dreamed an impossible thing—that Germany, which pretends to be the most advanced outpost of civilization, and Austria, which boasts of heresy rule, might some day join together and restore their share in the unholy partition to Liberty. What madness possessed them ever to remember that ancient kingdom of independent Slavs, which could never threaten Germany and stood as a bulwark against the barbaric Muscovite? But it was a foolish dream. Nations never voluntarily make reparation. Unto the fourth and even the fifth generation they pay for crimes in their children's blood; but they do not make atonement for the sin.

While the hopes of the exiles were highest Wassielewski began to tell me tales of Polish daring and Russian cruelty.

"You are a Pole," he used to finish his narrative, "remember always that you are a Pole. You owe yourself to your country. It may be your duty, as well as mine, to die in her cause. The day is coming when you will have to act."

But, as yet, nothing of my father. In those days, too, Herr Raumer first began to talk to me. I met him at Mr. Tyrrell's office, and he invited me to visit him at his lodgings, which were, as I have explained, the first floor of Augustus Brambler's house.

Here he received me with great cordiality. In doors he removed the blue spectacles, which he habitually wore in the streets, and showed a pair of keen bright eyes which certainly did not look as if they required any shelter from the light. His room was furnished with great simplicity, like the quarters of an officer on active service—a table, a sideboard, one or two chairs—his own being a wooden armchair—a slip of carpet before the fire—a pianoforte—constituted all that his simple wants required. On the wall hung one or two weapons, a pair of rapiers crossed, a rifle, and a brace of pistols. On the mantle shelf were two or three pipes and a cigar case. In the open sideboard I observed a goodly

row of bottles, which I rightly judged from their shape and colour of the glass to contain German wine. Herr Raumer drank every day a bottle of this for dinner and another bottle before going to bed. He had one of those heads which are never the worse for wine, however much they swallow.

I felt very small sitting opposite this big man with the keen eyes which looked straight through me, his great head crowned with a mass of grey hair, his face, which looked like the face of one who commanded men habitually, adorned with the heavy white moustache and the long white eyebrows, the strong and resolute chin, the upright pose, the very strength in the man's figure as they rested on the table—all this impressed me.

He saw that I was impressed, and I think it pleased him.

He began at once to talk about Poland. He had long, he said, felt deeply for the sorrows and sufferings of my unfortunate country. Unhappily, as I knew, he was a German, and in Germany there were some sympathies which were not to be openly expressed. If a German gentleman, he said, desired liberty of the Press, freedom of discussion, elevation of the masses, liberal institutions, the restoration of Poland, or any kindred thing, it behoved him to be silent and possess his soul in patience. Here in England, and the doors closed, alone with a Polish gentleman, he could speak his mind. The fact was, the condition of things not only in Russia, but also in Austria and Prussia, was deplorable. He saw before him one who had suffered in the cause—I thought afterwards that my own exertions in the cause as a year-old baby hardly entitled me to speak as a martyr—he could tell me cases of Russian cruelty which would make my blood boil.

"There is," he said, "thank Heaven, left to mankind the sacred duty of rebellion. The Czar knows of this, and trembles on his throne. From generation to generation the duty is handed down. Even now," his voice sank to a whisper, "even at this very moment, it is whispered that the Poles are meditating another insurrection. Russia's weakness is Poland's opportunity. While her energies are all bent upon the war the Poles will rise again, and proclaim the Republic of Warsaw. But of course your friends in the Polish Barrack tell you all that is going on."

"Indeed they do not," I replied, with a jealous feeling that if they did I should hardly be justified in retailing their information to one who, however much he might sympathise with the cause, was certainly not a Pole.

"I imagine," he said, "but, of course I know nothing, that an attempt will be made this very year. It seems a favourable moment. The Polish exiles will return to join in the movement. It is devoutly to be hoped that they might succeed. And so Wassielewski tells you nothing. It seems hardly fair."

"Nothing." It did not strike me till afterwards that it was strange that Herr Raumer should know anything of Wassielewski.

"Ah! he thinks the time has not yet come. And yet you are seventeen, you are strong, and can handle a gun. It is not well of Wassielewski's courage, my boy. I prophesy that many a Russian shall fall by your hand yet."

He always spoke on the assumption that another outbreak was to come, that I was to take part in it, and that the Poles were keeping the knowledge of my own past back from me. The prospect had its charm, even to me, the peaceful musician. I do believe that, hunchback as I was, I should have played the part of a man had Fate willed that I was to revisit my native country.

He changed the subject and presently began talking about music. Then he sat at the piano-forte and began to run his fingers up and down the keys. He could not play, but he possessed many men do—an almost instinctive power of picking out melodies and filling them with simple chords. He asked me if I knew the German national airs, and then he began to sing them. We all know them now, those simple lieder with the tears in every bar—but twenty years ago they were not so well known. He sang them sentimentally, and if it had not been for that strange rasp in the voice, musically. The tears came into his eyes as he sang.

"The sorrows," he said, "of other people are so very sad—at a distance. Seen close, they annoy."

But the weeks passed on, and nothing was done. As hope changed to doubt the faces of the Poles grew despondent. Wassielewski left off telling his stories of Polish valour; he lost his look of eager expectation, and he hung his head, as before, with dejected air and mournful deepset eyes.

"It is all over," said Herr Raumer one evening. "Your life is safe, friend Ladislas. For so much you ought to be thankful. And the Russians need not fear your rifle for another year or two. No doubt," he added, with a gentle sneer, "they are thankful, too."
"Why is it all over?"

"Because Austria and Prussia will not permit revolt. Have they not got Poles of their own?" I began to declaim about the wickedness of Governments and statesmen.

Herr Raumer heard me politely. Then he filled another pipe, leaving the old one to cool, drank two glasses of hock, and replied slowly.

"Quite true, Ladislas Pulaski. No doubt at your age I should have thought, and perhaps said, the same thing. The wickedness of diplomatists is a reproach to modern civilisation. Yet, if you consider the matter, you will acknowledge that without their wickedness, there would be really very little in life worth having. No indignation, no sermons, no speakers at meetings, no societies. What a loss to Great Britain!"

"We could do without societies," I said.
"A great deal more would go if political and other wickedness were to go. There would be no armies, no officers, no lawyers, no doctors, no clergymen. The newspapers would have nothing to say, because the course of the world could be safely predicted by any one. All your learned professions would be gone at a blow."

I laughed.
"Music and painting would remain."

"But what would the painters do for subjects? You can't create any interest in the picture of a fat and happy family. There would be no materials for pathos. No one would die under a hundred; and as he would be a good man there would be no doubt about his after fate. No one would be ill. All alike would be virtuous, contented, happy—and dull."

"Why dull?"
"Why dull? Because there would be nothing left to fight, to fear, to guard against. Dull!" he took his pipe from his mouth, and yawned. "Dull! The human brain cannot conceive of a more appalling, of a more sleepy dullness than that of the world gone good."

"At least the rulers of the world are supposed to be always trying to bring that end about."

"Supposed, my young friend? Yes, by you, and enthusiastic young gentlemen like yourselves. Dull! Why, if you think of it, you would not even have your virtues left, because there would be no need for them. Bravery, self-denial, patience, resignation, patriotism, thrift,—these would all vanish, because there would be no need for them. No, Ladislas Pulaski, the wickedness of diplomatists keeps the world alive. There are always plenty of fools to shout, fling up their caps, believe everything they are told, and go away to get killed. The world goes good! Much as I deplore the wickedness of wicked men, I trust that general goodness may not happen in my time."

Herr Raumer was right. There was no Polish rising. But our little colony was broken up and thinned by the departure of many of the exiles. Some went out on secret service; some fought in the Turkish lines; a few volunteered in the English and French armies; some joined the German Legion. But Wassielewski stayed on, sadder, more hollow-eyed than ever.

One day about the beginning of the war, I was saluted in the street—it was on the Hard—by a tall and good-looking young sailor, in his naval rig, the handsiest ever invented.

"Hope you're well, sir."

It was Jim Hex.

I shook hands with him. He told me he was going aboard the *Impetieuse* for the Baltic Sea fleet, and they hoped to have a lively time.

The Baltic Fleet! The war was a real thing, then. And good-natured Jim was going to have the honour of fighting for his country.

He seemed to take it very easily; and he had all the old sea-dog's confidence in thrashing the enemy.

I asked him after Moses.

"Moses," he replied, in a hesitating way. "Moses—well—Mr. Pulaski, if I were you, sir,—I don't think I'd ask about Moses. He hasn't turned out—not what you might call a credit."

One figure I missed among others, from the row of wooden-veterans on the beach.

It was that of Mrs. Jeram's erring husband. The old man fell off his stool one night, outside his wife's house, in a fit. She took him in and nursed him till he died. So they were reconciled. And then Mrs. Jeram came to be house-keeper to the captain.

CHAPTER X.

WAR.

War! I was eighteen at the close of the "long, long, canker of Peace," as Tennyson called it—why does every poet try to be a Tyrtæus? And why should holy peace be called cancerous? The country put on its rusty armour, sharpened its swords, and sent out aged generals brought up in old traditions of Peninsular times. When news came of the first Turkish successes at Oltenitz, and we read of the gallant defence of Silistria, one began to realise that we were actually in the piping times of war. For my own part, I was pleased and excited, independently of my private, and Polish, reasons for excitement. It seemed to my foolish understanding that the forty years since Waterloo, those years in which the world has done so much in a quiet and peaceful way to make wars more bloody, had been wasted and thrown away. The making of railways, the construction of steamers, the growth of great armaments, were things done slowly and without dramatic tableaux. Now what the world likes, in contemplating the never-ending human comedy, is that, from time to time,

the curtain should fall for a few moments on a thrilling and novel situation. This we were going to have.

"It is splendid, Cis," I cried, with the latest war news in my hand. "Splendid. Now we are going to live in history. We too shall hear hymns to the God of battles; we shall understand the meaning of the war fever; we shall know how men feel who live in a time of battles, sieges, and victories."

Celia did not respond as I expected to this newly born martial enthusiasm.

"And the soldiers will be killed," she said, sadly. "The poor soldiers. What does war mean to them but death and wounds?"

"And glory, Cis. They die for their country."

"I would rather they lived for their country. Laddy, if the new history that we are going to live in is like the old, I wish it was over and done with. For the old is nothing but the murdering of soldiers. I am sick of reading how the world can get no justice without fighting for it."

Looked at from Celia's point of view, I have sometimes thought there is something in her statement. So many kings; so many battles; so many soldiers fallen on the field of honour. Blow the trumpets; beat the drums; bring along the car of Victory; have a solemn *Te Deum*; and then sit down and make all things ready for the next campaign.

"What good," this foolish young person went on, "does the glory of a nameless soldier shot in a field, buried in a trench, do to his mourning people? I know, Laddy, it needs must that war come, but let him who appeals to the sword die by the sword."

When General Février laid low the author of the world's disturbance, and the Poles lamented, because their enemy was gone before they had had time to throw one more defiance in his teeth, I thought of Celia's words, and they seemed prophetic.

"Why do the Russians fight the Turks?" she went on. "What harm have Turks done to Russians, or Russians to Turks?"
I suggested outraged and oppressed Christians.

"Then let the Christians rise and free themselves," she went on, "and let us help them. But not in the Czar's way. And as for the soldiers, would they not all be far happier at home?"

Nor could any argument of mine alter her opinion on this point: a heresy which strikes at the very root of all wars.

To be sure, if we read history all through, say the history of Gibbon, the most blood-thirsty historian I know—it would be difficult to find a single one out of his wars that was chosen by the people. "Now then, you drilled men," says King or Kaiser, "get up and kill each other." The *Official Gazette* proclaims the popular enthusiasm, shouting of war cries, and tossing of caps—the value of which we know in this critical age. But the people do not get up of their own accord. There is a good deal of fighting in the chronicles of old Froissart, but I remember no mention anywhere of popular joy over it. The historian is too honest to pretend such nonsense. In fact it never occurred to him that people could like it. They were told to put on their iron hats, grasp their pikes, and make the best of things. They obeyed with resignation; their fathers had done the same thing; they had been taught that war was one of the sad necessities of life,—that, and pestilence, and the tyranny of priests, and the uncertainty of justice; you had to fight just as you had to work, or to be born or to die; the pike was the emblem of fate. For wise and mysterious purposes it was ordained by Providence that you were to be cut and beaten by your officers before being poked through the body by the iron point of the enemy's pike. It has been, hitherto, impossible for mankind to get out of this medieval way of thinking: some Continental nations, who believe they are quite the advance guard of civilization, even go so far as to preserve the cutting to this day as part of their Heaven-sent institutions. It is taught in the schools as belonging to the Divine Order, and therefore to be taken with resignation. At the same time, we need not go so far as to expect actual love for cutting—with desire for more cutting—from modern Prussians, any more than from medieval French or English.

Not one single common soldier, among all the millions who make up the rank and file of modern armies, wants to go fighting. And yet what a lot of fighting there is!

Suppose, some day, when the glorious army on either side was ordered to advance, the brave fellows were to sit down instead with a cheerful grin, leaving the kings to fight out the quarrel in a duel.

Now and then, things getting really intolerable, the people wake up, and have a Jacquerie, a Revolution, or a reformation. But that is civil war, the only kind of war which the unpatriotic mob really cares about.

"All the world," said foolish Cis, "praying daily for peace. And praying for peace since ever they began to pray at all. And what has come of it?"

"I do not see much good," said the Captain, who took the medieval view about war, "in praying for what you must help yourself to. If all the world agreed on peace, there would be peace. And then it would be no good having a bigger fleet than our neighbour."

I try to put my obvious point in a new and striking light: that nations who will not sit still but get up quarrels with other nations, ought to have all their arms taken from them. Fancy

Russia without an army or fleet, obliged to live peaceably and develop herself! Why, in ten years she would be civilised; and then we should see strange things. But my point, however cleverly put, will not convince the Captain, whose opinions on the necessity of war are based upon the advantages of a superior fleet.

After all, it is a great thing to be the adopted son of a land, like this Isle of England, which can never again, we hope, be made to serve the ambition of kings and priests; never more drive her sons by the thousands to the slaughter-house or her daughters to lamentation and tears for aggrandisement. The only country in Europe of which such a boast may be made.

When will it cease? When will men be strong enough to say, "Enough; we will have no more of your military caste; we will have no more of your great armies; we will never fight again, except to defend ourselves?"

And Russia to get herself up as the protector of Christians! Russia to be the advocate of humanity! Russia the champion of civilisation! Ask the opinions of Poland on these points; go seek those of Turkestan; of Circassia; of Khiva; of Siberia. Call on the Czar and the Court to tell their secret history which everybody knows; on the nobles to lay bare the story of their lives; on the officers to confess their barbaric license; on the judges and officials to confess their corruption; on the priests to explain how they set the example of a Christian life. Call on police, secret agents, spies, ministers, governors, and soldiers to speak of Russia's Christian virtues in brutal beatings, torture of mind as well as body, infamous delations, universal bribery, filthy prisons, and inhuman punishments. That done, wish the arms of Russia success, and pray that all the world may become Cossack, and the kings of the world imitators of the Czar.

But I am a Pole, and may be supposed consequently to hate Russia. That is a popular error. The Poles do not hate Russians. Their qualities, their characteristics, are ours, because we are all of one common stock; as for their vices, they are encouraged by the governing class, because without the degradation of ignorance and drink they could not be depended on, these poor rascals, to obey orders. We only hate the Romanoffs, who are Germans. But we like the Russians. And the English people will find out, on that day when the great unwieldy empire drops to pieces, and the spectre of the Romanoff terror is laid for ever, what good qualities there are in Russian, Muscovite, and Pole, and how by the aid of the devil, who invented autocratic rule, the good has been perverted into evil.

But what had the English and the Russian soldier done to each other, that they should be made to fight!

A most foolish and jealous girl's question. And yet—and yet—

And yet—it was pitiful to see our brave fellows, full of fire and enthusiasm, march down the narrow streets of the town to the Dockyard Gates on their way to the East. They went in loose order, headed by the Colonel, the bands playing "The Girl I left behind me." The streets were lined with the townspeople; the women crying, some of them even kissing the soldiers; the men waving hats and shouting; the children laughing and running for joy at so splendid a spectacle. Among the honest faces of the rough and rude soldiers—far rougher, far ruder than than now—you could see none that were not lifted proudly and not flushed with hope. Drill the Muscovite and send him out to fight; he will go, and he will fight as he has been taught, a dogged, obedient creature. He asks for no reason, he neither questions nor criticises. When he begins to question, the end of the Romanoffs will not be far distant. Drill a Frenchman and order him into the field. He goes with a yell and a rush like a tiger. And he is as dangerous as a man-eater. The German, who, more than all men, hates soldiering, goes unwilling, patient, sad. He is among other men the least pleased to fight. But the Englishman goes willingly, quietly, and without shouting. He likes fighting. And when he begins he means to go on.

When the Dockyard gates closed upon the adjutant and the Doctor, who rode last, men and women alike turned away with choking throats and swelling hearts, ashamed to shed the tears that stood in their eyes.

The men were going to fight for their country. Could there be a nobler thing than to fight, and for that sacred cause to die?

And yet, as Celia asked, what had Russians and Englishmen done to each other that they should fight?

Some day, perhaps even in my own time, the pale figures of Revolution, red-capped, gaunt, and strong, will stalk into the Summer Palace, and bring out the Romanoffs, disturbers of the world's peace, one by one. "See," she will say to the onlookers, "they are but men, these Czars, two-forked radishes, like yourselves. They are not stronger, bigger-brained, or longer-lived than you. They are troubled by exactly the same passions; they have no better education than the best of you. But they must have war to delude ignorant people, and keep them from asking questions. As for you eighty millions, you want peace, with the chance of growing crops, and enjoying sweet love of wife and children. Once get this family with all their friends across the frontier, with strict orders that they are not to come back any more, and you shall have all that you reasonably want."

That is what the enger-faced woman with the Phrygian cap said to the French, who believed

her, and proceeded to act in the courage of their convictions. They made a mess of it, because they expected too much. But they set an example, and we have not yet seen the end of that example.

Day after day the tramp of soldiers down the streets, infantry, cavalry, artillery, all alike lighthearted, all starting on the journey of death as if it were a picnic.

When the news came of the first fighting we grew less tender-hearted, and sent out fresh squadrons with the same enthusiasm but fewer tears. The war fever was upon us, pulses beat fiercely, we had less thought for the individual men and more for the army. We were bound to win somehow, and the soldiers went out to win for us. If they fell—but we did not think too much, then, about falling. Individual life is only valuable in time of peace. In times of war it has a commercial value of its own—life for life, and perhaps one life for ten if they are lucky.

"I dare say," said the Captain one day, "that there is a Russian way of looking at things, though hang me if I can see it. But mark me, Laddy, unless a man sticks tight as wax to his own side, shuts his ears to the other side, won't hear of an argument, that man can't fight happy. There's no comfort in a battle unless you feel you're on the Lord's side. Wherefore hang all sea lawyers, and let every man hate a Russian as if he were the devil."

To do our blue jackets justice, that is about what they did.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

NEW YORK has \$5,000 gin mills.

GAMBETTA'S sentence has been confirmed.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is descended from Mortagh O'Brien, King of Ireland, who died in 1119.

It is considered doubtful in clerical circles if next year's intended pan-Anglican synod will come off after all.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR has just launched a new yacht, the "Ambassadress," said to be the finest and largest in the world.

COVENT GARDEN has for many years been inadequate to the requirements of the principal "grocery" emporium of the metropolis, and it is to be radically altered and enlarged.

ONE of the duties of the Russian Embassy in London is to telegraph to St. Petersburg, en route to headquarters, the whole of the information which the correspondents of the London papers give as to the movements of the Turks.

The great want in New York is civility in trade. Stewart, a short time before he died, said that one of the great plagues of his life was to find salesmen that would be civil to poor people who wanted a few needles and some tape.

A FOREIGN correspondent says that great dissensions are reported to exist among the leaders of the Old Catholic movement in Germany, owing to the question of the celibacy of the priests, which some wish to maintain and others to abolish.

The first time in his life the Sultan has sat down to dinner with a European lady at his own table is just chronicled, the noteworthy event having occurred recently, on the occasion of the English Ambassador and Mrs. Layard having dined with the Sultan.

AN undertaker advances the novel theory that the steady decrease in deaths, which has been noticed through the country, is due to the hard times. There is more force in this than at first appears, since people are now compelled by force of circumstances to indulge in fewer luxuries, and live upon rational diet.

The death is announced of Le Verrier, the famous French astronomer, and the discoverer, simultaneously with the English astronomer, Mr. Adams, of the planet Neptune. Le Verrier was born 1811. He held the office of Director of the Observatory of Paris from 1851 to 1870, and from 1873 until the time of his death.

ORDERS have been given for the construction of several new steamships for the Cunard line. The first of the series will be a steamship of 5,000 tons for the Atlantic service. This vessel is to be called the *Gallia*. She will be the largest and most powerful steamship yet built for the Cunard line.

ELECTRIC candles are the sensation in Paris. They emit no heat or smoke whatever, while in brilliancy they hold the same ratio to gas and oil lamps as sun to moonlight, and they cost only one-fiftieth as much as gas. It is hailed as one of the greatest discoveries of the century. Bring us a candle!

A MONK of the Benedictine monastery at Raigern, near Vienna, has completed a mechanical curiosity, in the shape of a self-moving terrestrial globe, 14 metres in diameter. Its motion is similar to that of the earth, and once set going will revolve for three weeks. The construction of the mechanism took more than ten years of patient labor.

SOME one, in conversing with the Emperor Alexander on the possible issue of the campaign, suggested that in case of another defeat like that of Plevna it would be wise to make peace. "Never," replied the Czar, "will I expose myself to the fate of Napoleon III;" and repeating the words of General Durot after the battle of Champigny, he added: "Je rentrerai en Russie

mort ou victorieux," a free translation of which, as made in the light of the present situation, would run, "I'll stay where I am for the winter if I die for it."

THE Canadian sea-fisheries supply articles of export second in value only to the timber of the country, and give employment to a hardy race of fishers, who help to man the commercial fleet of the Dominion, which takes the fourth or fifth rank among those of the shipowning countries of the world. The average annual take of each open fishing-boat is estimated at about 10,000 codfish. There are shallows off the shores where the water after a storm is seen to be discoloured with spawn; and there are places where superfluous lobsters are shot out by cart-loads over the fields, and where the people refuse to eat an animal that is so coarse and common.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RETROSPECT.—There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed—to trace our own progress in existence by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow.

BRAVERY.—We all have had to go through a great deal in our life time, if we would do any good or be in any way worthy. In this as in many other things, fear of encountering is the surest way of meeting; and those who are bravest in bearing are for the most part the least troubled in the end by the bother of minor things.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.—Hasty enmities are to be repobated. Persons take a very strong dislike to such and such a one on very weak grounds, and find after a little more knowledge that the evil impression which they gave of him or her to their friends far away was utterly false, and that the very circumstances of life which stood for blame—when hastily, that is, ignorantly judged—are in point of fact the roots and flowers of honour instead.

CLEAN HANDS.—Clean hands in matters of money among the young certainly ought to be the indispensable condition of gentleness. No man who borrows and does not pay, and does not care whether he pays or not, is a gentleman, no matter how witty, or gay, or fine he may be. To speak in good plain English, the man who dresses himself at another's expense, not knowing how to pay, nor caring whether he pays, is a genteel scoundrel! And yet such things are done by good-natured folk, by kind-hearted people, by persons who never probe them morally to ascertain what their tendency is, and what they lead to.

DISCONTENT.—It is curious, when one stops to consider, how many discontented moods grow solely, not out of any tangible hardship in our own lot, but out of some comparison of ourselves with our neighbours. If another man's wife is handsomer, another man's children cleverer, or his business more prosperous, it really seems to affect us in a most unreasonable way. The truth is that his gains are not our losses, and, if all that he has were swept away from him to-morrow, it would add nothing to our store; and yet we indulge in an illogical envy which makes our own fate seem a hundred times harder by its contrast with his, as the black onyx behind it brings out the clear lines of some cameo.

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments—one whose milk of human kindness does not grow sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hours, brightens the house like a piece of sunny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him through the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy. And, if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

SLEEP.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:—1. Those who think most, and who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and, within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep anyone requires, each must be a rule for himself.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE grain and root crops in the North Saskatchewan are reported as being unusually fine this year.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., is shipping a large quantity of plums to the States.

SEVEN hundred buildings are going up at St. John, N.B.

THE unusually warm weather of the season is affecting the oyster trade of Prince Edward Island. There is generally a large export trade in oysters in September.

THE shipments at the Pictou coal mines this season being larger than anticipated, miners will be employed during the winter in larger numbers than for some years.

THE Liverpool steamship *Sarmatian*, of the Allan line, Aird commander, arrived at Quebec at 6 A.M. on Saturday morning before last, beating the fastest passage ever made by five hours and a half. She loaded her mails at Rimouski in 6 days 22 hours 30 min.

AT a meeting of Grangers held at London, Ont., yesterday an attempt was made to enlist the sympathies of the audience in the cause of protection, but the effort fell flat, the Grangers allowing the speaker to have his say, but receiving his arguments with a chilling want of appreciation that clearly betokened the way in which the wind blows.

ROUND THE WORLD.

SEVEN children have been burned to death at St. Gregoire, P.Q.

THE colportage or placarding of Thiers' manifesto has been interdicted.

WORK has been resumed at the Wilkesbarre collieries. At Pittston the miners refuse to resume.

THE Acheen war has caused a heavy deficit in the Dutch budget, which is to be covered by the issue of Treasury bills.

AUSTRIA'S policy of neutrality in the contingency of Serbian participation in the war has been reiterated by the Government.

IT is stated that 87,000 models were destroyed by the Washington Patent Office fire, besides 17,000 on which no patents were granted.

THE election of Deputies in France is officially decreed for the 14th inst., and the opening of the extra session of the Chamber for the 7th of November.

A SANTO Domingo telegram is said to have been received asserting that the ashes of Christopher Columbus have been discovered there with authentic proofs of their genuineness.

THE electoral period in France, when public meetings may be held, has been opened. No excitement in Paris as the Republicans are sure of success. In the provinces, however, intensely bitter feeling prevails between the rival factions.

A RADICAL Socialist manifesto—believed to be a hoax—has been issued at Paris. It attacks MacMahon and Gambetta alike, and demands amnesty for the Communists, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the abolition of the Bureau of Public Worship, the standing army, the Presidency, and the Senate—the abolition of existing institutions generally in short.

PERSONAL.

THE Governor-General is back from Manitoba.

MAJOR-GEN. SIR E. SELBY SMYTH is to be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

THE Hon. Charles Perley, M.L.C., died at Woodstock, N.B., last week, aged 81.

HON. MESSRS. MILLS and PELLETIER have arrived at Ottawa from Winnipeg.

MR. WILLIAM WORKMAN, ex-Mayor of Montreal, is dangerously ill of cancer in the stomach.

THE Rev. Mr. Grant, of Halifax, has been offered the Principal's chair of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont.

COL. DENISON, of Toronto, has won the prize offered by the Czar of Russia for the best essay on cavalry tactics.

CAPT. FALLISSEER, who a few years ago distinguished himself in command of the British surveying party through the North-West and Rocky Mountains, is among us.

IT is said that Judge Wilkins, of Nova Scotia, having obtained six months leave of absence, it is probable he will retire from the Bench at the expiration of that time, together with Sir Wm. Young, the Chief Justice, and Mr. Justice Desbarres.

ANOTHER old landmark of the progress of Ottawa is removed in the death of James McCracken, one of the oldest and best known of the citizens. Mr. McCracken was for a great many years engaged in the lumber business on the Ottawa.

HUMOROUS.

AN express train is faster than a day laborer, but it can't stop as sudden.

If you do not want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella.

AH LUNG, a New York Chinaman, is dead. He died of the Lung disease. It must have been all in his right lung, for his left Lung is in a healthy condition, and will probably marry again.

REAL ESTATE business is not so profitable just now. The tenant is waiting for the landlord to lower the rent, while the landlord is waiting for the tenant to raise it.

WE have received a \$ of 1 from a friend of theatrical ambition, asking if he can accomplish much in this. He says that when he looks at the audience breaks out in a fit of enthusiasm. We now hand him over to the manager.

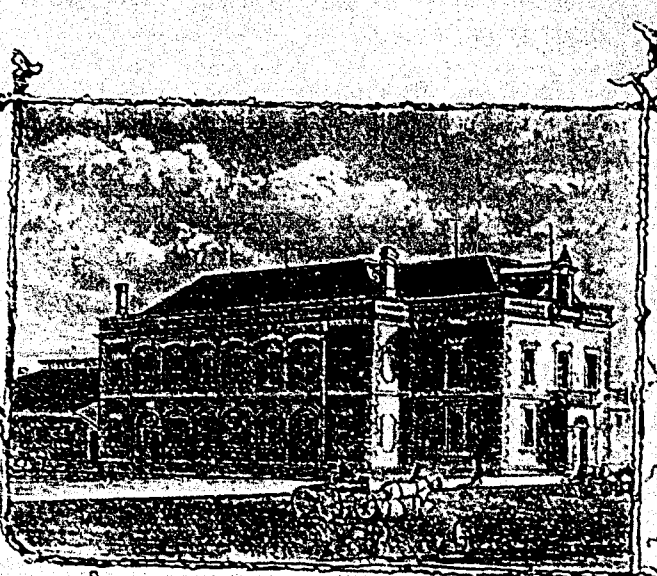
IT is risky business being treasurer of a county now-a-days. If you are not overcome by temptation to steal the funds yourself and run away, you are liable to be seized some dark night, gagged and bound, taken to the court house where the money is, and tortured into opening the safe.

PHOSFOZONE.

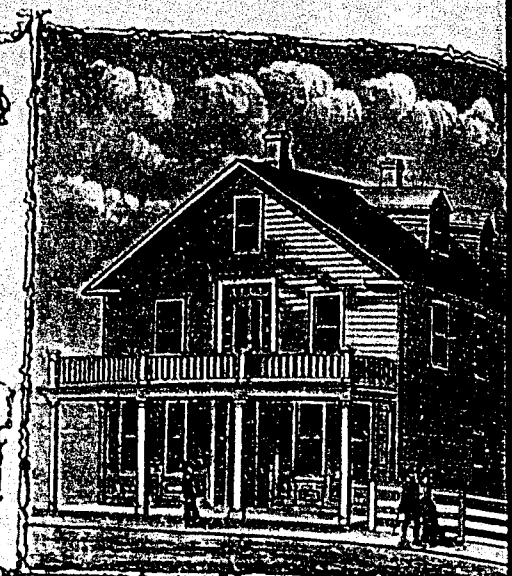
Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Unimpaired postage free on application to EVANS, MEROER & CO., Montreal.

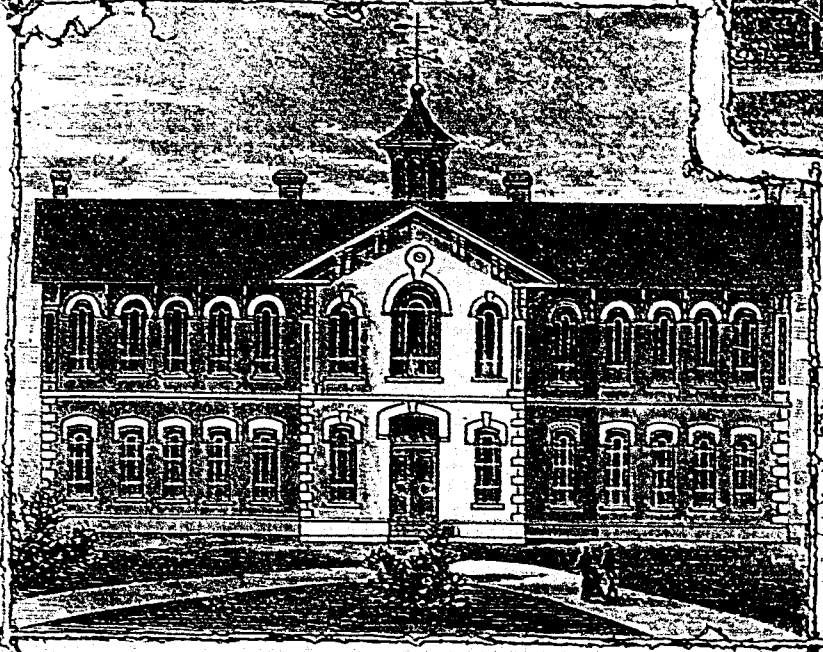




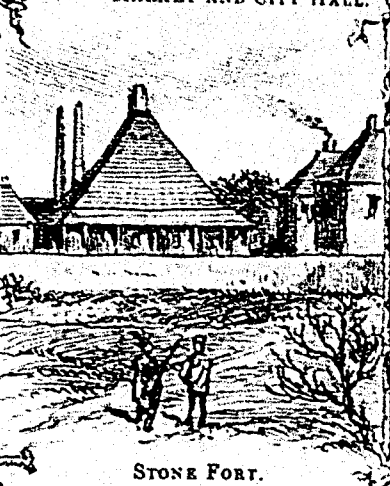
MARKET AND CITY HALL.



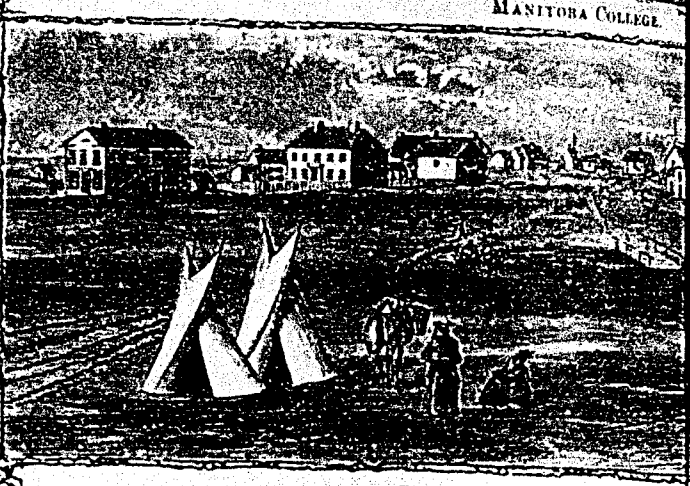
MANITOBA COLLEGE.



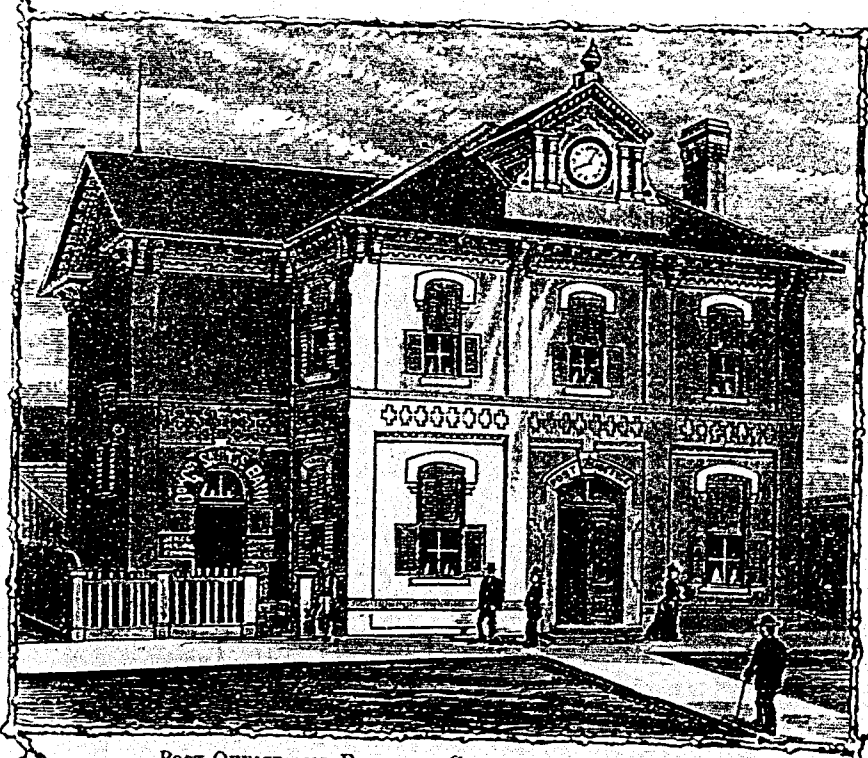
CENTRAL SCHOOL.



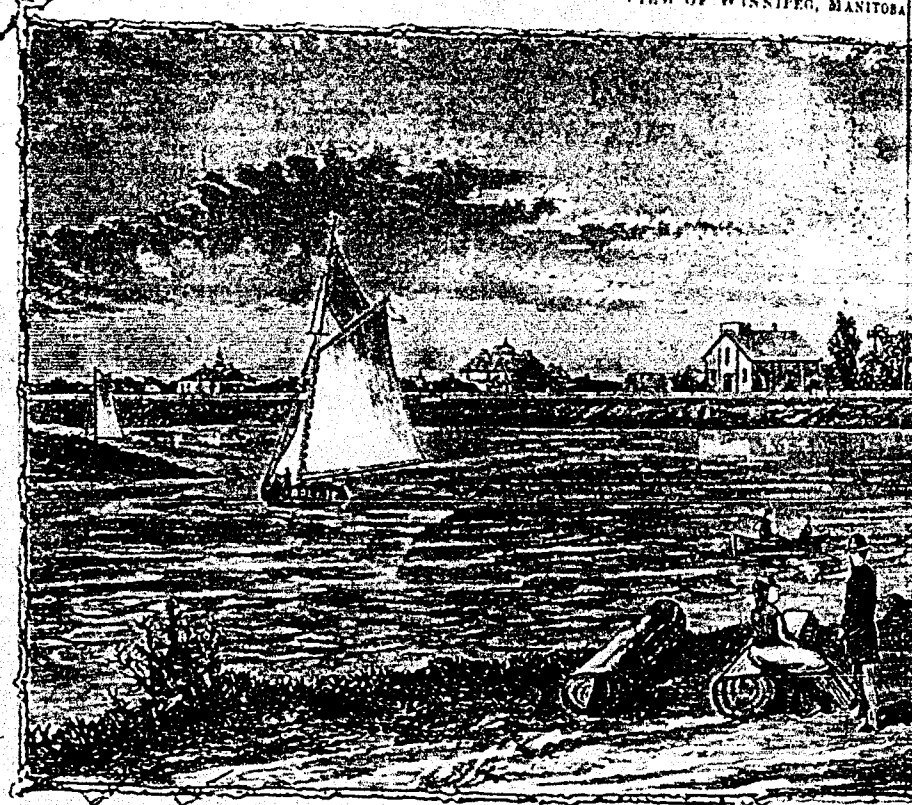
STONE FORT.



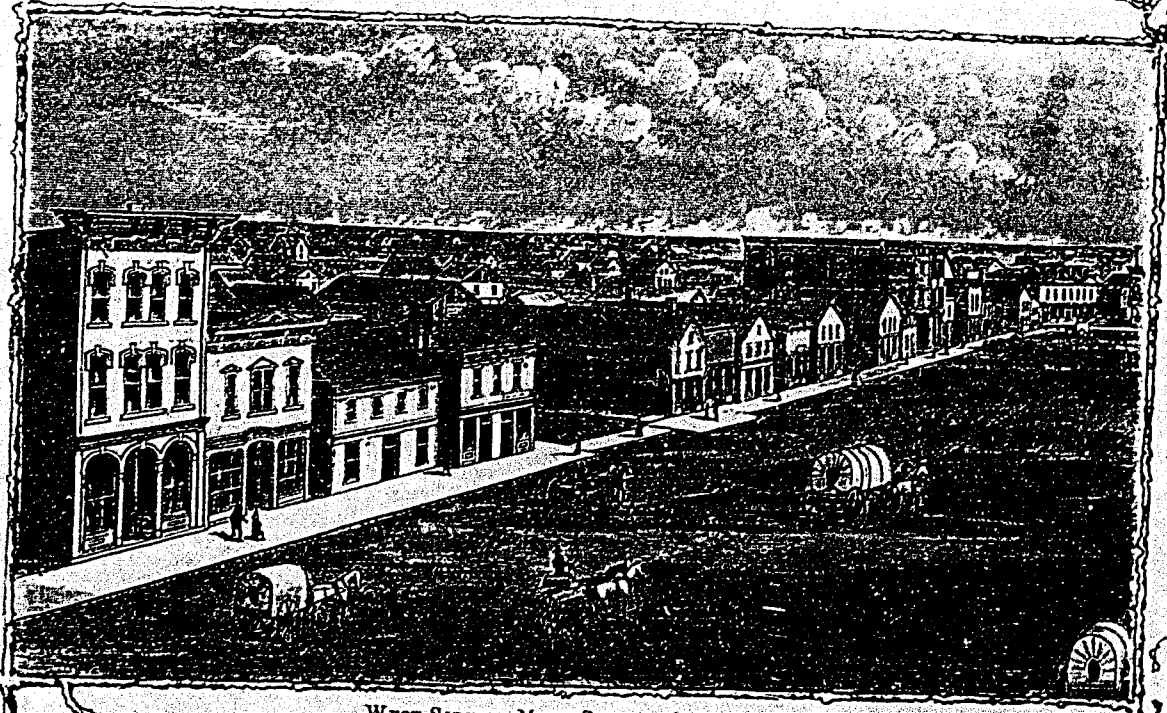
VIEW OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



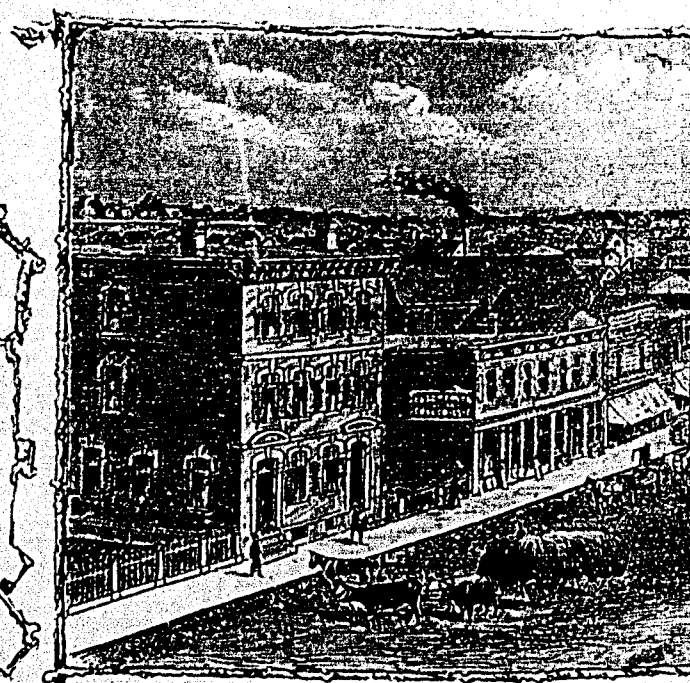
POST OFFICE AND DOMINION GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANK.



MISSION OF ST. BONIFACE.

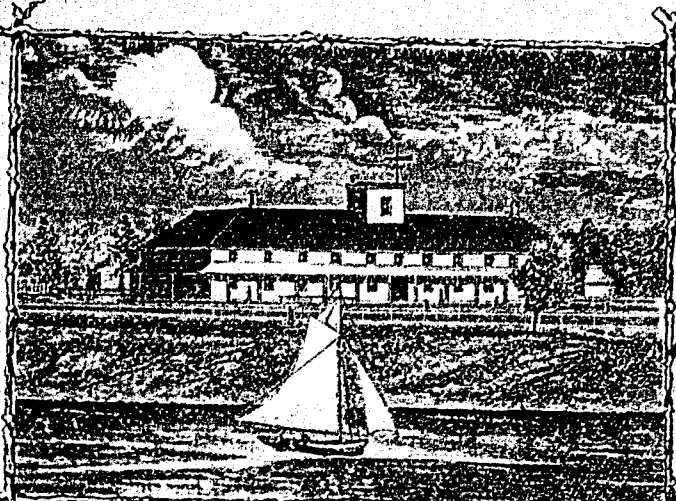
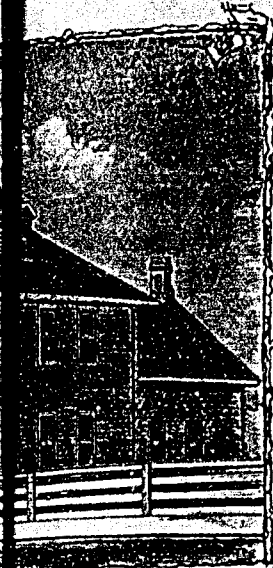


WEST SIDE OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

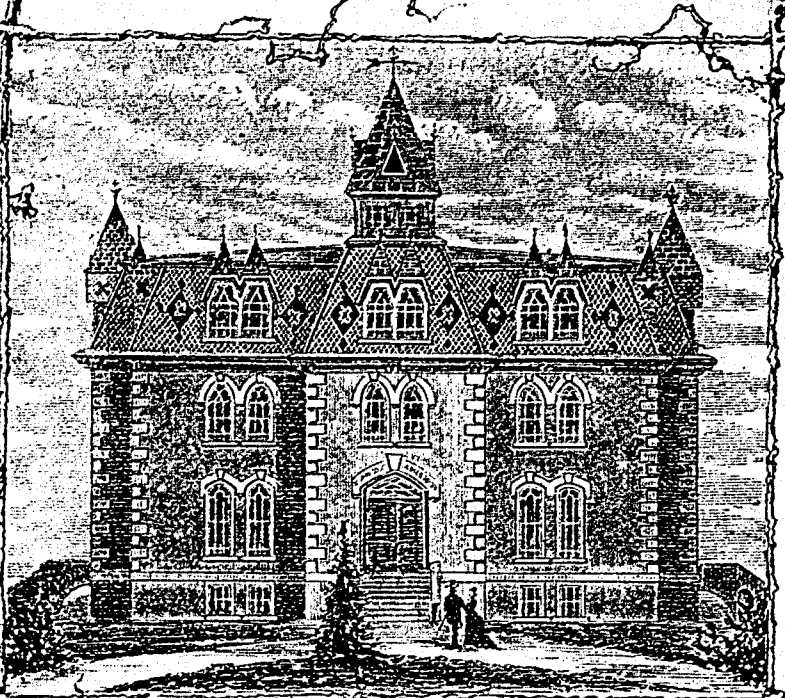


VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT TO



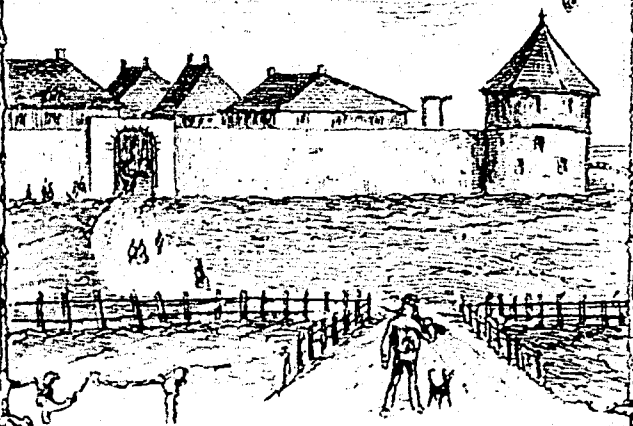
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, BOYS SCHOOL.



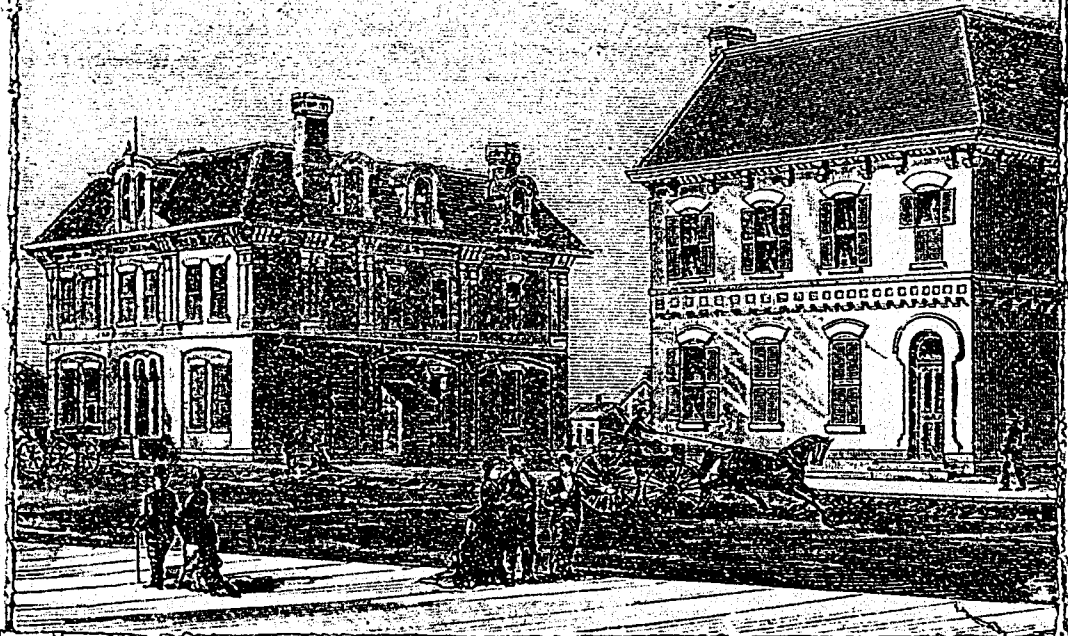
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, GIRLS SCHOOL.



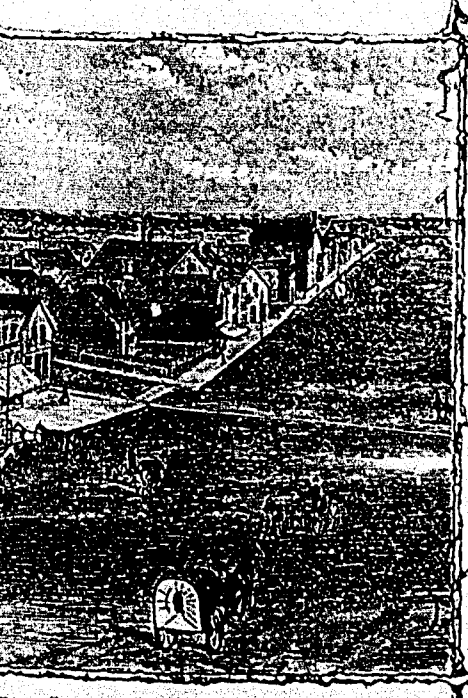
SPRING 1871.



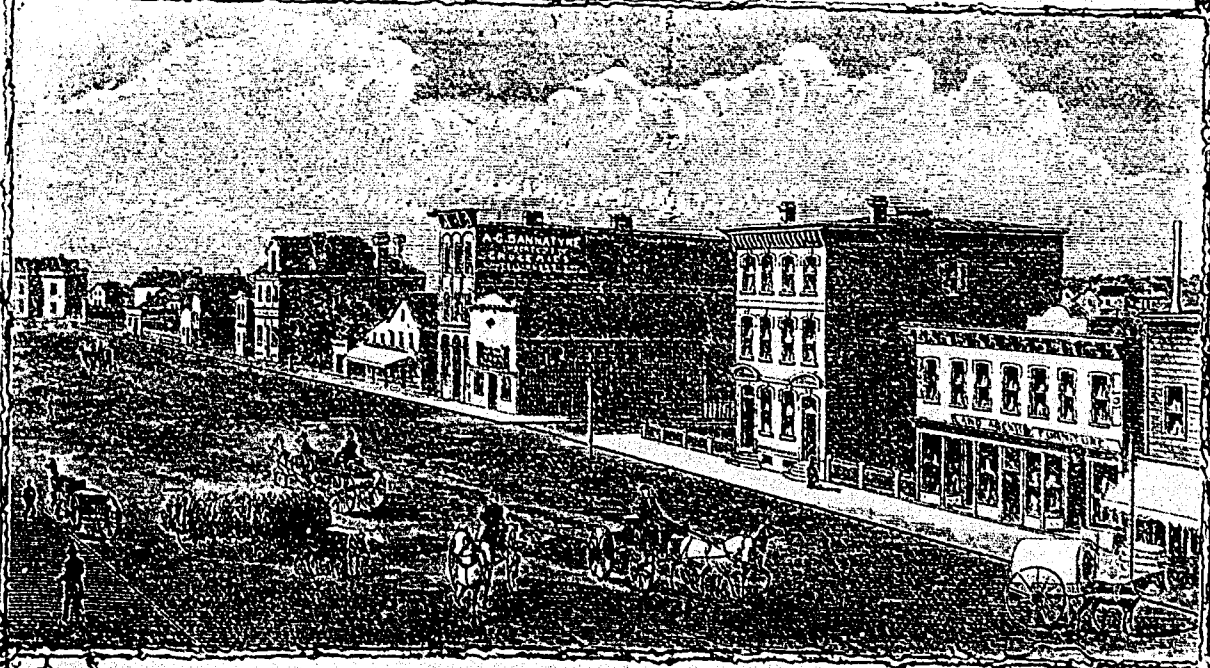
UPPER FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



DOMINION CUSTOM HOUSE AND DOMINION LAND OFFICE.



LOOKING SOUTH.



EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

OCTOBER.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Who cometh here, where dying nature lieth—
With solemn import, looking grave and sober;
Ah! 'tis the Breacher! Obedient OCTOBER!
Who in the midst of waste and ruin crieth:
"Al! all is vanity." Where is the pride
Of golden summer—where her lustrous wings?
"O! the silent eloquence of speechless things!"
"The golden moon" the silver of the tide?
"The gold-beaten trees" the valleys green?
"The birds that trill so blithely all the day?"
"The many winds, that in resistive play,
Fanned the petals of earth where satiny moss had been?"
"Al! past and gone! 'tis all he must go."
"A vision, leaving nought save pallid dust below."

EPHEMERIDES.

An American friend sends me the following curious and interesting bits:—
MONTREAL IN 1804 AND 1805.

Upper Canada—The first winter express mail for Upper Canada, will be made up at the Post Office, Montreal, on Monday, 10th December next. Notice will be given a week previous to the departure of every future mail for that Province.

Post Office, Montreal, Dec. 1st., 1804.

Montreal, February 18th., 1805.

By a gentleman who arrived yesterday from New York, we were kindly favored with Lloyd's Evening Post (a London paper) of the 12th December.

Fancy waiting over two months to-day to see an old country paper!

MONTREAL ASSEMBLY.

The next will be on Tuesday, the 2nd of April, Montreal, 22nd March, 1805.

During the winter months they regularly had a dancing assembly every month.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Have for sale on reasonable terms L. P. Madeira in pipes, Holland Gin and Cognac Brandy, Jamaica Spirits, Lisbon, and Liverpool Salt, Sulphur, Bar Stones and Plaster, Paris White Paint, Nails, &c.

CEVILLIER & ANJWIS.

Montreal, 25th January 1804.

Among the business men and firms of these days we find the names of Wadsworth & Lyman, druggists; E. Edwards, printer; Louis Gay, notary; Joseph Papineau, notary; J. M. Mondelet, notary; John Donegan, looking glasses, &c.; John Lambie, tailor; Forsyth, Richardson & Co., merchants; James & Andrew McGill & Co., general merchants, (the former founder of McGill College); Sir John Johnson, Bart., Superintendent General and Inspector General of Indian Affairs in Canada; Joseph Frohner, S. Sewell, John Platt, J. P. Leprohon, and others.

The Fruit-Growers Association of Abbottsford held their second annual Fruit Exhibition on the 25th ult. The day was fine, and there was an attendance of people from the surrounding country during the day, estimated at not less than 2,000 persons. The Exhibition was held in a building 20 by 80 feet, two tables running the entire length covered with plates of apples, grapes and floral designs and bouquets. The building was decorated with evergreens, nozzles, flags, and Chinese lanterns for illuminating in the evening. This was more than a local exhibition. There were competitions from Montreal and the counties of Missisquoi, Bromfield and Benning. The show of fruit was fine, and surpassed all other exhibitions of the kind ever held in the Province of Quebec, with the exception of the one held last fall in Montreal, for the selection of fruits for the Centennial Exhibition. There were 415 plates of apples, containing 65 known varieties; 50 plates of grapes of 20 well-known varieties of out-door grapes and a large collection of vegetables. The apple was shown in all its stages, from the blossom to the matured fruit. It is to be regretted that the Directors of the Association have not more funds at their disposal, so as to enable them to give larger prizes for competition. They as yet receive no aid from the Government or any agricultural society. Will not the different gentlemen who are interested in fruit-growing in the Province of Quebec, form local associations, and assist in forming a Provincial Fruit-Growers' Association, such as they have in the Province of Ontario?

The first of the Fall meetings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society was held on the 18th instant. The following donations to the Society were announced—Isaac F. Wood, Esq., New York, a Tilden election satirical medal; J. Henry, London, England, a copy of a pamphlet written and published by him on "Silver Coins of Great Britain;" United States Government Report on Public Libraries, 2 vols., 1876; Charles T. Hart, Wm. O'Brien and W. McLennan, of Montreal, a quantity of miscellaneous coins, including a 3d. in copper (80 to the pound); M. LeM. Masselin, 22 seals, with 12 autographs; Henry Leggett, Dante Divine Comedy; Venice, 1668; Canada, by D. Anderson, 1812; Thomas D. King, deed signed by Catherine de Medicis at Fontainebleau, 1554; deed signed by Louis Philip, Duc d'Orleans (P. Egalite) with seal, Palais Royal, 1781; deed (Patent of Nobility) signed by Napoleon Bona-

parte at Fontainebleau, 1810, arms emblazoned. Wm. McLennan—Geography, Philadelphia, 1796; Moll's Atlas, 62 maps, 1732; Weld's Travel's, 1807; Chinese book on Zoology, illustrated. The following were exhibited: a few specimens of pottery in perfect order, of epoch 400 B. C.; also a bronze Egyptian idol of same period, covered with hieroglyphics; a gold gorget, with cipher G. R. and crown, Quebec militia, 1775, worn by grandfather of exhibitor. William Fraser, Esq., Seigneur of Riviere du Loup en bas: a number of Canadian coins, among which was a complete set (the first yet formed) of the Porteous Bridge tokens of 1808, comprising the twelve varieties and an unclipped "De Lachesnaye." The very rare tokens of "R. W. Owen," Montreal Repository, of which but one other specimen is known to exist: "F. McDermott," St. John, New Brunswick, "3 penny" (un sou series), and other Canadian costly pieces were laid on the table, and attracted much interest. Among Canadian medals the most noticeable was a copy of the "Wm. Dummer Powell" medal of 1822—the only one supposed to be in Canada. Among the other coins, a very pretty set of 6 varieties in proof condition of the 1858 nickel cent. A lot of Montreal newspapers, comprising: Montreal Gazette, 1796, 1822, 1823; Western Star, 1815; The British American and Provincial News Letter, 1824; Montreal Herald, 1819; Le Spectateur Canadien, 1820; The Canadian Times, 1823; Montreal Transcript, 1838. A very rare Canadian Warrant appointing Chas. Lemoine a captain in the militia of Montreal city and island, in 1674, signed by Frontenac, with the seal of La Nouvelle France attached, was exhibited by Mr. Gerald E. Bart, who gave the following explanation of its historical interest: The Comte de Frontenac had been appointed in 1672 Governor of Canada, and on his arrival, desiring to reign and command alone, found no difficulty in picking a quarrel with the religious orders, who, to his mind, wielded too much power, attacked them through their nominee, "Perrot," who had been appointed Governor of the District of Montreal. Making the pretext of an insult offered a couple of his emissaries a cause for commanding the attendance of Perrot and the Abbe Fenelon, Priest of St. Sulpice at Montreal, and half-brother of the celebrated author of "Telemaque," at his Court in Quebec, he rather meagrely imprisoned Perrot, whom he did not release for ten months, but, fearing to use such peremptory measures with a member of the Order of St. Sulpice, which was high in favor with King Louis XIV. and his Minister Colbert, he permitted the Abbe to depart, but summoned him later to a trial before the Council at Quebec on a charge of sedition, of which an amusing account is given in Parkman's recent History of Frontenac, as well as a more extended statement of his quarrel with Perrot and the Orders. Meanwhile, Frontenac without consulting the priests at the Seminary in Montreal, appointed "La Nougere" to act in Perrot's stead, but seemingly not with such plenary powers as Perrot held, for the document plainly states that La Nougere is commandant only: "Don-nons en mandement au Sieur de la Nougere, "commandant presentement en la dite Ville et "Isle de Montreal," granting no civil functions, such as held by Perrot, and of which Frontenac was undoubtedly desirous of dispossessing him. In this warrant, issued 24th April, 1674, may clearly be seen the key to Frontenac's arbitrary conduct, and which only ended with his recall in 1682, when the people of Canada were as delighted to get rid of him as they were rejoiced, a few years later on, to see his return, when the current of events demanded the despotic will which they knew he so well possessed and would exercise. Charles Lemoine was soon after raised to the nobility, under the title of "Baron de Longueuil." By this warrant he was the first officer nominated in the Canadian militia, and was authorized to raise a corps, which he was required to drill at least once or twice a month.

After recording a vote of thanks to J. W. Dawson (Principal of McGill University), Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Thomas W. A. Esq., and members of the General Committee who so materially assisted in the Caxton Celebration Exhibition, held under the auspices of this Society in June last, the meeting adjourned.

FREE LANCE.

Frenchmen have often been twitted with their inability to appreciate, because they cannot understand, Shakespeare. One irreverent Gaul retorts thus: "Ven you find any zing you no understand" in Shakespeare, it is always somezing fine."

Frenchmen are always dealing in epigrams. In the present crisis they are doing so with a vengeance. Gambetta says to MacMahon:

Se soumette ou se demette.
MacMahon replies to Gambetta—
J'y suis, j'y reste.

Two gentlemen were admiring the cartoon of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS which has immortalized the famous Irish jig on the deck of the steamer Rocket.

"Well," said one, "it must be owned that Barney can dance the rigadoun."

"Yes, but not the Rigaud-doun."

The proper use of words is of wondrous help to understand a complex situation.

Said an artistic American to me the other day. "Hayes is not President by right, but by law." Similarly, I lately asked a Frenchman of monarchical tendencies, whether it was right and fair for MacMahon to use the old repressive laws of the Empire to force the election. The answer, accompanied by a shrewd smile, was: "It may not be right, but it is legal."

There is such a thing as the embarrassment of a choice. Look at Hull. A vacancy is announced there for the Recorder, and two names to select from—St. Julien and Champagne. Both are good; both are popular. One is dark; the other is white. One goes to the heart; the other to the head. One is insinuating; the other is captivating. No wonder the vote stood five to five. Happy Hullites!

One meets with a startlingly grand word now and again.

In a French railway carriage a gentleman bowed to a lady of distinction sitting in the same compartment, and said, opening a cigar case:

"Does smoking incommode you, Madame?"
"I do not know, sir; no one ever smoked in my presence."
The gentleman was annihilated.

The late General Chargarnier, who was one of the bravest men that ever lived, was ridiculously fearful of a cold draught.

One day he was engaging a horde of Kabyles, at the head of his regiment.

"You are exposing yourself, Colonel," said one of his aids, as the bullets flew around.

"You are right, there is a strong wind in this detail," said Chargarnier, and he raised the collar of his coat.

There is no merit in making puns on the name of our new Judge of Appeals, but the following is good precisely because, as I am assured, it was accidental.

A fellow journalist was in court the other morning, and complained of the heat.

"Open the windows," he said to the High Constable.

"Can't,"
"Why not?"
"Because the second presiding judge is so Cross."

A correspondent all the way from Kalamazoo, Michigan, sends me the following lines, which he lately met introducing a chapter in a new novel:

Black eyes most dazzle in a ball,
Blue eyes most please at even fall,
The black a conquest quickest gain,
The blue a conquest most retain;
Then let them both a beauty prize,
The black all fire, the blue all wise.

He states his opinion that the rhyme would be improved "by removing the 'f' from fire," which is too hot; or, retaining that 'f', he would change "soul" with "cool," for the sake of the rhyme again, and the truth, thus:

"Then let them both a beauty prize,
The black all fire, the blue all cool."

A friend has brought me the following "poem":

THE POTATO BUG.
Where'er I take my walks abroad
Potato bugs I see;
Like wicked folks, when none pursue,
The guilty wretches do—
From fields of Murphy, once so green,
But now, alas! quite bare,
In quest of more—unsatisfied—
They wander everywhere.
The women with their trailing skirts,
Sweep them along the path;
Per consequence they're in the hall,
The bedroom, and the bath.
Black stripes and yellow, alternate,
Adorn their arching backs;
The westward empire takes its way,
But eastward are their tracks.
They snuff across the briny deep,
The "spuds" in Erin's Isle—
"Beisy Pat," they sing, "and I'll
Be wial ye in a while!"
Then let us pray that early frosts,
Or parasites may lung,
This usaty foe of Pomme de terre,
The Colorado Bug.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUCK SWOOTING SEASON.—Our front page represents a scene familiar to all lovers of sport during the present season. Few countries are so favored as Canada with abundance of wild duck and other varieties of wild fowl, and nowhere is this exciting pastime more generally enjoyed than with us.

THE ROSAMOND MILLS.—A full description of these will be found in a separate column.

THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA.—We refer to this in our History of the War, which appears elsewhere.

VIEWS OF WINNIPEG.—We present a series of views of the flourishing town of Winnipeg taken from a number sent us as published in the Chicago Commercial Advertiser. We have chosen only views of public buildings and views of the town itself, as of more interest to the general reader.

THE PAVILLION AT ST. GERMAIN.—The room where M. Thiers breathed his last is a little

apartment in the Pavillon of Henri IV., at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. In this chamber M. Thiers had breakfasted, and there, after losing consciousness, he was undressed and placed in the little iron bed which he had used for fifty years and which followed him every where. On that bed he expired a few minutes after six o'clock, on Monday, September 3rd. Our picture represents M. Thiers lying there pending his removal to Paris. The head was raised and slightly inclined to the right. He wore a shirt, unbuttoned at the collar. His arms were extended over the sheet, and on his breast was a large silver crucifix. On the foot of the bed was a red tartan shawl which he used to throw over his shoulders when he felt cold. In our other illustration there is an exterior view of the Pavillon Henri IV., and the room where M. Thiers died is designated by the figure (1).

SCENES ON THE INTER-COLONIAL.—We publish to-day another set of views on the Inter-colonial Railway. These with those which we have produced periodically during the summer, both in groups, and as single pictures, form a precious collection of that part of the country for which our readers must be indebted to us.

FASHION NOTES.

LADIES are just now thinking of some new and pretty changes for the autumn. The new Duchesse costume is very stylish, yet not too elaborate, and is well adapted for making up in cashmere and silk, or a plain and fancy material, now so much used together.

It consists of a moderately long skirt, trimmed at the bottom with three small buttons or plaques, also across the front to meet the tunic at the side, which is a deep flowing piece, finished at the side with reverse and buttons; a jacket bodice cut with five seams at the back and very deep bosque, which is also trimmed with reverse and buttons and finished with broad loops and ends.

The jacket is slightly cut away at the bottom and trimmed with a band from the neck down the front, which meets at the waist and is carried off around the bottom of the jacket.

Two rows of very small buttons are down the front, the sleeve is a coat one, with plaiting, band and buttons.

Another style is the Louise polka, which will be great favorite for serge or hemstitch, trimmed with broad tulle and wadded fringe.

It is very deep all round, slightly puffed just at the back, and the sole seam is open about half way up and turned back as in a reverse, which should be faced with a different colour or material.

Velvet is much used, and a thick cord and tassel faced across the opening, the garment being long and plain, this gives it a stylish appearance.

The robust piece down the front and fastened on to the other side is very fashionable; the coat-sleeve has reverse-out and buttons.

The Breton blouse costume will be very fashionable for young ladies from four to fourteen. It is mostly made with the Grenada stripe and trimmed with plain material, and it will be as much used for dark blue serge trimmed with a much lighter shade, edged with a narrow black or white band. The article has a great sleeve with deep cuff, sailor or reverse collar and pockets, all of a light shade.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GEORGE L. FOX, the comedian, is dying in Cambridge, Mass.

It is learned on good authority that Mr. Southern seriously contemplates playing "Othello" and "Richard III."

THEODORE THOMAS thinks that all that is needed to give musical art a home in this country is large halls and popular prices.

MADAME JANASCHER will soon produce in Boston a new and powerful Russian drama, to which she has devoted much study.

ELIZABETH VON STANSWITZ, a German actress of celebrity, will make her debut at Washington, in October, in English tragedy. She will appear in a new drama entitled "Messalina."

It is settled that Mr. Theodore Thomas will take the directorship of the New York Philharmonic Society, and will begin the concerts about the middle of November.

M. ELLERY KEYSER, the music critic of Les Debats, says: "I am always pleased when I see a young lady devote herself to the study of the harp or the violin. It is one less to play the piano."

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND'S success in the character of the Insurance Agent in Bartley Campbell's "Risks," produced at St. Louis last week, has been complete, and he has apparently given Col. Sellers a dangerous rival.

SYRACUS says of Clara Louise Kellogg:—"She knows forty operas and knows them well. She is a student, and learns everything new that is published. She has worked her way up to her present high position step by step."

MAURICE STEAKOSCH writes to a New York friend that he has succeeded in engaging Adeline Patti, but that, owing to the advice of her physicians, she will remain in Europe and fill a winter engagement there. He adds that the prospects of the season are very flattering.

It is announced that an extraordinary performance of "Hamlet" is to be given for the benefit of Edwin Adams, the favorite actor, who has come East from California. Mr. Southern, Mr. Florence, Mr. Lester Wallace, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Mayo, Mr. James Lewis, Miss Lotta, Miss Maggie Moore, Mrs. Florence, Mme. Ponist, and others, will appear on this occasion.

THEATRES are far more numerous all over France than in England. In France, no less than 125 towns possess at least one theatre, while in the United Kingdom theatres are found in 148 towns only. Of these, Liverpool has eight, Edinburgh six, Glasgow five, Coventry, Dublin, Manchester, Plymouth, Scarborough, Portsmouth and Stockton three. In France, Lyons alone has fifteen theatres, Marseilles fourteen, Bordeaux seven, Arcahon five, and so on. And yet we hear complaints that there are too many theatres in the United States.

AN amusing incident of Mr. Toole's recent visit to Northampton is related. A pastry cook of that town, it appears, stamped upon the crust of his pork pie the following announcement: "Toole in Northampton. Three pieces nightly." One of these pies found its way to the breakfast table of a water-cure establishment at Malvern, where the hydropathic physician gives written or printed directions each morning to his patients. Some hungry early risers made an attack upon the pie, and, when they left it, all that could be seen of the announcement relating to Mr. Toole was "Two or Three pieces nightly." A dyspeptic invalid came in, and, believing that what he read was the doctor's orders, anxiously carried off the remainder of the pie to his bed-room. "Hope of his recovery are entertained."

WHO IS THY FRIEND?

Who's thy friend? The man who shares thy pleasures...

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride...

Who is thy friend? The man that for his winning...

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust...

Who is thy friend? The best, the best regarded...

THE ROSAMOND WOOLEN COMPANY MILLS, ALMONTE, ONTARIO

There is not a more pleasant task devolving on a journalist than to note the rise and rapid development of the native industries of this "Canada of ours."

With scarcely an exception the inhabitants of a manufacturing town partake of the characteristics of push and enterprise.

One of these bustling towns is Almonte, Ontario, known specially to many of our merchants and consumers as the site of the Rosamond Woollen Company's Mills.

The firm of B. & W. Rosamond have been identified with the manufacture of woollen goods at this point from 1862.

The visitor on entering the works is received in a large and handsomely furnished office in the basement story of which all the goods are packed and shipped to all parts of the Dominion.

From this building the wool is taken by a tramway to the dye-house three stories high, 40 x 150, where it is sorted and passed on to the washing machinery.

From this room the wool now ready for spinning is taken by an elevator to the sixth story, where the mules with some five thousand spindles, and so perfect and self-acting is this machinery that it performs all the operations of spinning which formerly required the labour of a large staff of skilful and experienced workmen.

From this room the yarn descends to the fifth story, where it is doubled and twisted, spooled, dressed, and warped, and further prepared for weaving, which is done on the fourth story.

flying shuttles of sixty looms—forty narrow and twenty broad. The noise is deafening, so we silently walk through and admire the skill and industry of the intelligent-looking work people who are, with the aid of the machinery, changing the many-coloured yarns into cloths of intricate and stylish patterns.

The motive power for all this machinery is composed of a Jonval Turbine of 136 horse-power, assisted by a 30 horse-power Lefel water wheel and an engine of 140 horse-power, made by Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt.

One of the most interesting features of the whole is the attention given by the Company to the health and comfort of their employees, and the admirable supervision of the different departments, so that everything should work harmoniously.

The President and Manager is B. Rosamond, Esq., one of the originators of the enterprise. Messrs. F. Stephen & Co., 7 St. Helen Street, Montreal, are the selling-agents of the Company for the Dominion.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. THIERS was a Knight of the Golden Fleece. It is believed there are only three persons in France at present who possess this celebrated decoration—Marshal MacMahon, the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord de Valenciennes, formerly Ambassador, and the Duke de Noailles.

In the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, in Paris, there is a grave from which rises a woman's arm, beautifully chiselled in marble. The hand is clasped by another, evidently a man's that comes from an adjoining grave.

SMOKERS will be pleased to hear that in future the Government cigarettes will be made by hand, and not by machine, as before. By some arrangement lately concluded there will be no extra cost to Government by the hand fabrication.

COMTE DE LAMBERTIE died lately at his private residence. The deceased was one of the last remaining gentlemen of the old school. He had known Talleyrand and King Louis Philippe, and remained, of course, to his dying day one of the most fervent partisans of Monarchy.

A SINGULAR contest, evidently suggested by a staunch teetotaler, has just taken place at a cafe in Anzin (Nord). Prizes were offered to the competitors who should drink the greatest number of cups of coffee.

M. THIERS' entire fortune is valued at 16,000,000 francs. He made 2,000,000 by his "History." The bulk of his possessions he left to the widow, for whose devoted affection he expressed himself profoundly grateful.

THE Duc d'Aumale, in presence of the garrison of Chaumont, handed the order of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour to General Jeanningros, saying—"Soldiers,—Forty-two years ago Corporal Jeanningros, who, like you, carried his knapsack and musket, received his first wound. Thirty-four years ago I handed to Lieutenant Jeanningros, who was called the Bayard of the Zouaves, the Cross as Knight of the Legion of Honour. To-day I hand to Gen. Jeanningros, six times wounded on the field of battle, the Star of Grand Officer. This order has never decorated a more valiant heart."

THE cab companies of Paris have just started a new style of vehicle, which is very odd-looking, and is not very popular. It is a sort of cross between the London hansom and the French fiacre, the body thereof being like unto the hansom, but the driver occupies a seat in

front, and not behind, as on the London cab. Just now it is not particularly pleasant to take a ride in one of the new carriages, as your Parisian caddy is nothing if not conservative, and the drivers who have charge of the new innovation are assailed on all sides by shouts and cries from their comrades that are more facetious than complimentary.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THREE new stations will mark the missing link between the Mansion House and Aldgate on the Underground. The Inner Circle Completion Company had the necessary ground handed over to them recently, and now will proceed vigorously burrowing at both ends.

THE following is the text of the message sent to Madame Thiers on behalf of the Queen. Her Majesty has authorized its publication:—"Madame,—In pursuance of the orders I have received from the Queen, my Most Gracious Sovereign, I have the honour to convey to you the condolence and sympathy of Her Majesty on the loss of your eminent husband.

THE Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany and of our own Princess Royal, will visit the Queen in October, and stay in this country for some time. The Princess is eighteen years of age, and is the constant companion of her grandfather, the Emperor, who is exceedingly attached to her, and to whom she acts as secretary and reader.

Gaiety Club, Byron's new piece, now being represented at the Princess's, is after the manner of the Streets of London and After Dark, but if less sustained, clear, and powerful than those productions, it has still great and original merits, which will attract the theatre goers. The characters are generally speaking well marked, and Mr. William Rignold and Mr. Harry Jackson do full justice to their parts, while Lydia Foote, as the heroine, is highly interesting and intelligent; and considerable humour is displayed by Miss Fannie Leslie as a page boy.

WE are likely to have a new Bible after the same fashion that we have the "Breches Bible" and the "Vinegar Bible." The folio edition of the Bible containing the new lectionary ought to be called the "Lions Bible." In church, recently, I noticed the officiating clergyman thrown off his guard for a moment at the beginning of the first lesson for the morning service, and he told me afterwards what was the matter. In the opening verse occurs the words, "Gird up thy loins." But is misprinted "Gird up thy loins." This typographical error tickled him so that he could scarcely retain his composure; and it is so very rare to find anything of the kind in the Bible that it is quite likely this edition in the days of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, will be called "The Lions Bible."

A man of gentlemanly appearance presented himself at the gates of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, a few days ago, in a state of considerable excitement, and stated to the police officer on duty that he had received information which was beyond doubt that the Russian fleet was coming up the Thames. He was quite coherent, and begged that the incredible nature of his communication might not delay its transmission to the proper authorities, which, being himself an officer in the Army, he knew to be of the utmost importance, without the loss of a moment. The superintendent of police, to whom he was introduced, saw the improbability of his story, and suspecting his sanity, comforted him with the assurance that the new batteries on the Thames might be trusted in the emergency, and sent the gentleman to the workhouse. In a few hours the mental aberration under which he was suffering passed away, and he expressed much regret for his folly. It transpired that he had really been an officer in the Army, but had commuted his pension, and was recently private secretary to a member of Parliament.

THE REMAINS OF BISHOP DE LAVAL FOUND.

On Wednesday p. m. of last week the workmen in excavating the basement of the Quebec Basilica, under the sanctuary, under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Cote, discovered the coffin of Monseigneur de Laval de Montmorency, the first Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Quebec, and in fact of North America from Hudson's Bay to the Mississippi. The wooden coffin was

encased in lead, and on the outside of it was, in plain, clear letters, the following in Latin.—

HIC JACET D. D. FRANCISCUS DE LAVAL, PRIMUS QUEBECENSIS EPISCOPUS. OBIT DIE 6a MAII, ANNO SALUTIS MILLESIMO SEPTUAGESIMO OCTAVO, ETATIS SUE OCTOGESIMO SEXTO, CONSECRATIONIS QUINGAGESIMO— REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The English translation of which is: "Here repose the remains of His Lordship Francois de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, died the 6th day of May, in the year of Grace 1708, in the 86th year of his age, and the 90th of his consecration. May he rest in peace." Monseigneur de Laval de Montmorency was born at Laval, in Maine, France, on the 20th April, 1623, was ordained priest at Paris, on the 23rd September, 1645; appointed Archdeacon of Evreux in 1653, and named Bishop of Petrea, in partibus infidelium, and Vicar Apostolic of New France, as those territories were then called, by Pope Alexander VII., on the 5th July, 1658, receiving consecration on the 6th December, in the same year, at the hands of the Papal Nuncio. Quebec was subsequently, on the 1st October, 1674, erected into a See, and on the 12th January, 1679, was raised to the dignity of an ecclesiastical province, the then Bishop, Monseigneur Plessis, being named the first Archbishop. Owing to circumstances of the times, however, it was only on the 12th July, 1844, that one of his successors, Mgr. Signay—Bishop Panet having in the interval occupied the See—was solemnly enthroned and received the pallium, or Archbishopal insignia. A portion of the top of the coffin was bent in. Word was sent to His Grace the Archbishop, who repaired to the scene, in company with several of his clergy, both from the city and country, and ordered the removal of the lid, when the remains were placed in a box. They were at once sealed and removed to the vault of the Seminary Chapel. When the repairs now going on are completed, the remains will be replaced in the Basilica.

LITERARY.

SWINBURNE calls "George Eliot" an Amazon thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus.

THE famous war despatch sent by Mr. Archibald Forbes, the Eastern correspondent of the London Daily News, which described the second battle of Pleura, cost \$1,200 simply for transmission.

A NEW story by Miss Phelps, the author of "The Gates Ajar," entitled "A Story of Ais," is announced, and a new collection of sketches by Bret Harte, called "A Summer Sausage."

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS, the author of "Yesterday with Aunty," is about to publish a little volume of personal reminiscence and reflection under the title of "Underbrush."

PRINCE LEOPOLD is about to make his appearance as an author. The subject of this new literary effort of Royalty is "The Polarization of Light." The new year will probably witness its introduction to the general public.

MR. HENRY JAMES, JUN., author of "The American," a novel which has attracted some attention of late, is collecting a volume of essays on French poets and novelists, which will be published in the course of the autumn.

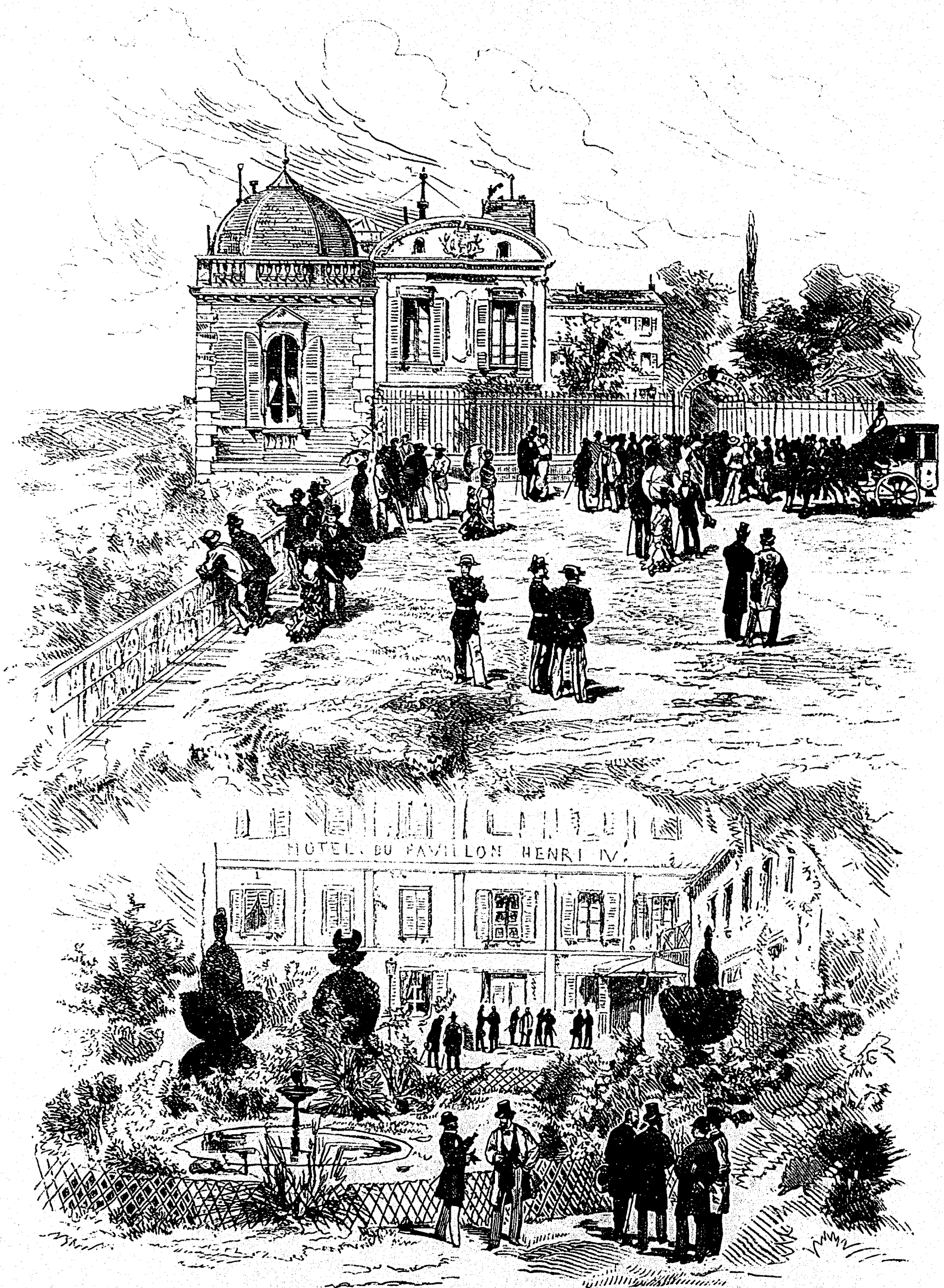
THE forthcoming Fortnightly for September, published by Belford Brothers, Toronto, contains articles as follows among others:—By Goldwin Smith, on "The Policy of Agrarization"; by L. A. Montflore, on "Home on Religion and Politics"; by Leslie Stephens, on "The Scepticism of Believers"; by T. Hoelder, on "Chopin"; and by Anthony Trollope, on "Cicero as a Man of Letters."

DR. DELANE, of the London Times, has been so ill that he has had to abandon his editorial duties and seek relief on the Mediterranean coast. About a year ago he fell from his horse, and has never been able to completely recover from the effects. There is a general apprehension that he will not be able to return to the Times. He is said to be exceptionally well-informed, a master in the treatment of public topics and a man of tact in dealing with the public.

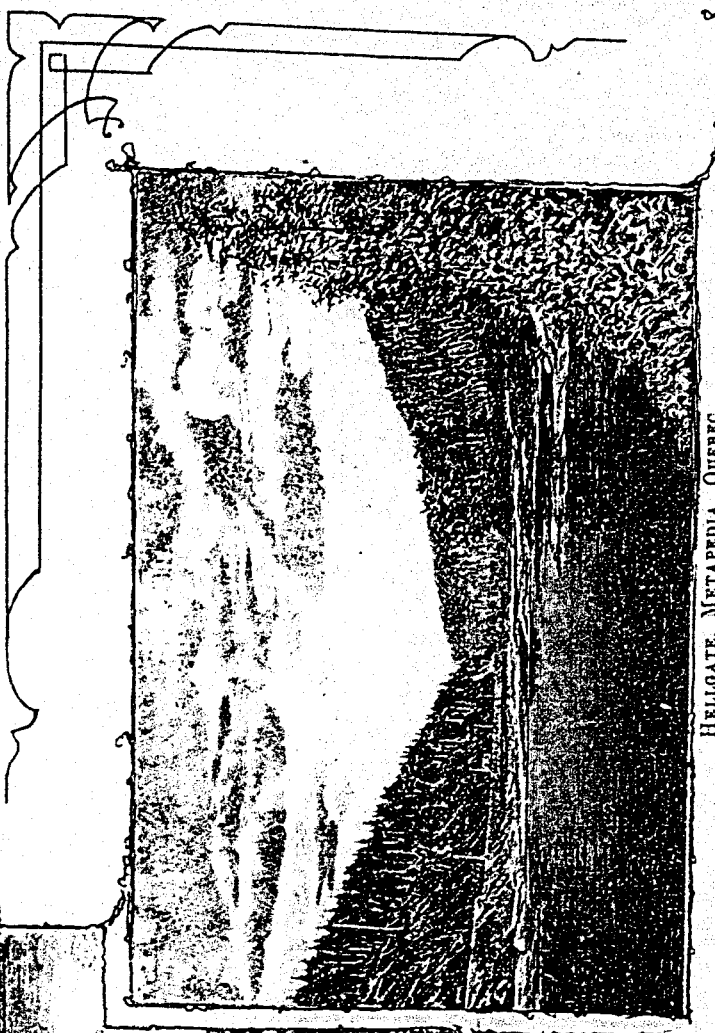
HAWTHORNE'S old home in Salem has been turned into a dirty and noisy tenement house. The barred window-pane on which he scratched his autograph has been removed, and is in possession of Mr. Manning, one of his mother's relatives. It was to Mr. Manning that Hawthorne once said that the "House of Seven Gables" was a purely imaginary dwelling—a picture—the fragments of which, if traced back far enough, would ultimately rest upon observation, but which never belonged to any particular residence.

FROM figures given by M. Paul Cheron, director of the reading-room at the National Library in Paris, it appears that M. Victor Hugo is the most popular author with visitors to the library. Most read after him are MM. Erckmann Chatrian, Alfred de Musset, Moliere, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. There are two or three applications daily for the novels of Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, and Fenimore Cooper, who appear to have as many readers at the Bibliotheque Nationale as Georges Sand and Octave Feuillet. Among the most frequently consulted of historical works are those of MM. Thiers and Louis Blanc.

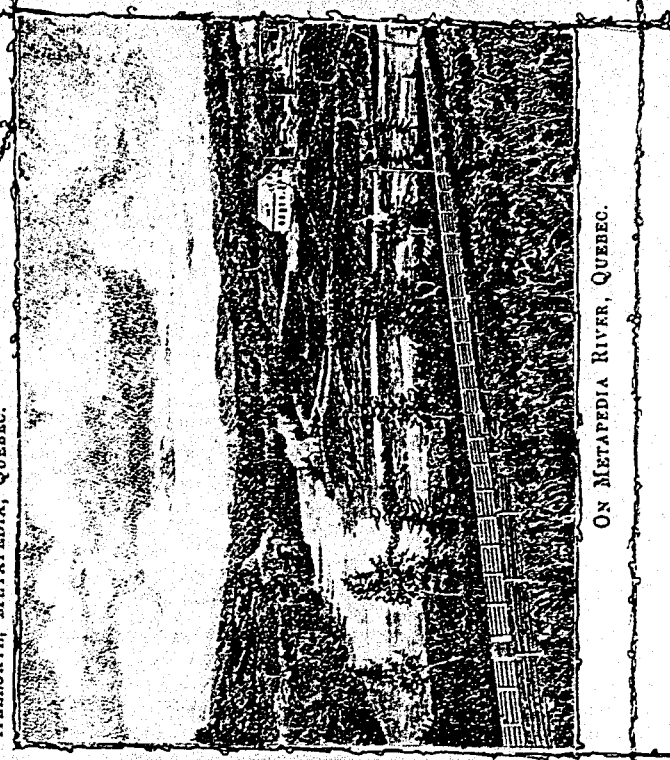
GEORGE BANCROFT has the reputation of being one of the most thoroughly educated of living Americans. When he was a student at Göttingen he learned the Oriental languages from Elehorn, ancient history from Planck and Heeren, natural history from Blumenbach and Greek and Roman antiquities from Diszen. He afterwards heard the lectures of Wolf, the famous Homerist, Hegel and Schleiermacher. He has been intimate with Humboldt, Varnhagen von Ense, Cousin, Schlosser, Goethe, Benjamin Constant, Manzoni, Chevalier Bunsen, Niebuhr and a host of dead celebrities. One of the things of his youth was a small volume of poems enthusiastically describing the scenery of Switzerland and the ruins of Rome. He published the first volume of his "History of the United States" forty-three years ago, and the work is yet unfinished. He is still at work on it, and hopes to complete it. His health is excellent, and those who know him regard him as still young, in feeling and appearance, though now nearly seventy-seven.



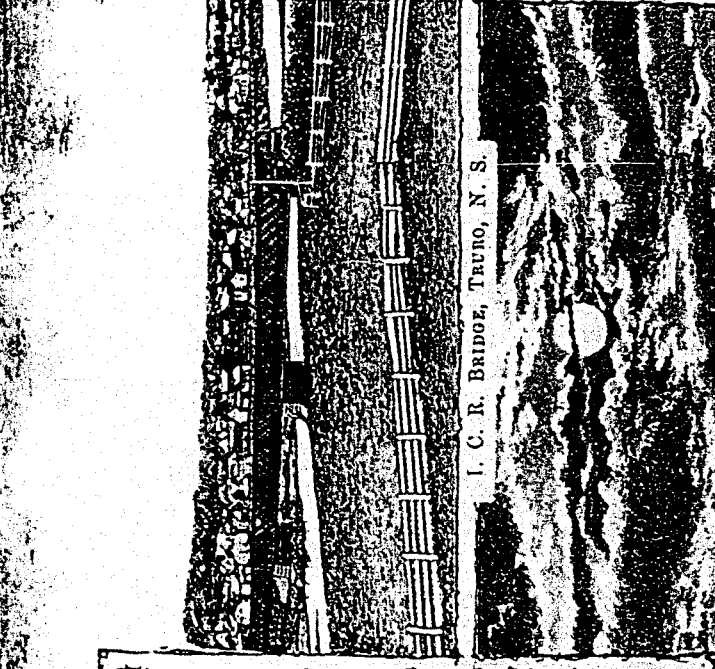
THE PAVILLION HENRI IV WHERE M. THIERS DIED. (1) REPRESENTS THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.



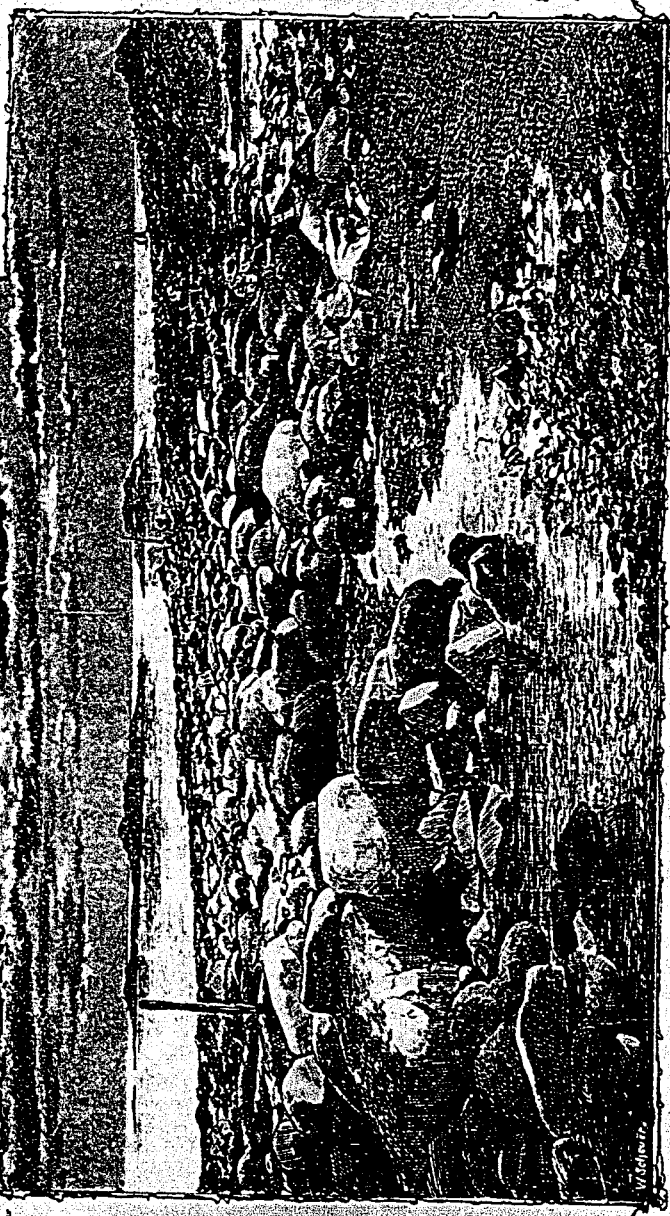
HELLOATE, METAPEDIA, QUEBEC.



ON METAPEDIA RIVER, QUEBEC.



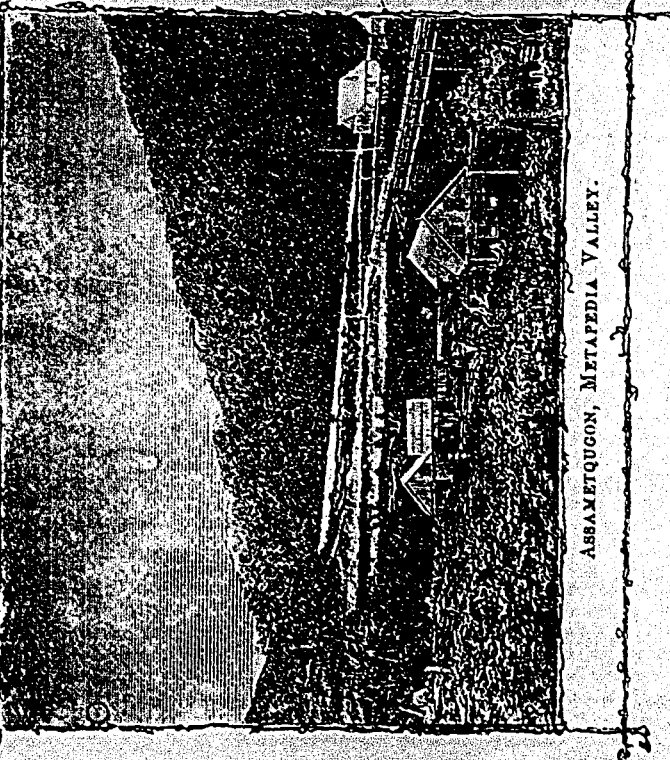
I. C. R. BRIDGE, TRUHO, N. S.



ON THE BEACH, LITTLE METIS.



CONFLUENCE OF THE METAPEDIA AND RESTIGOUCHE.



ABBAMETQUON, METAPEDIA VALLEY.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.
 FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON, MONTREAL.

A RING.

BY MARGARET ELENORA TUPPER.

Only a time-worn circle of gold,
Only a common thing;
But eyes grow dim with grief untold
At sight of the pearls all blacked and old
In this little worthless ring.

A face long dead, so dear of yore,
Smiles out from a bygone spring,
And loving fingers cling once more,
And play again as they played before,
With this little worthless ring.

It passes: the vision sweet and fair,
That vanished years still bring;
And I keep but the treasure of dear brown hair,
Wreathed round in pearls so dull with wear,
On this little priceless ring.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

PREPARATORY FREAKS.

"Things generally are, that do," said Hazel. But she sighed a little, putting her face closer down in her hands. "Bye," she said after a pause, getting hold of the old housekeeper's hand now and laying her face there, "it is very, very hard to have it so soon! I have not thought,—I am not ready,—I feel just as if I should fly!"

There was no gainsaying part of this, and Mrs. Bywank tried petting and coaxing instead of reasons for awhile.

"But think how lonely Mr. Rollo is, Miss Wych," she said, trying a diversion. "Think what a two months he has had just now!"

"I am thinking about myself," said the girl shortly.

"And I am thinking about your cake," said Mrs. Bywank. "If it was a little earlier, I'd go and get the raisins to-night."

Wych Hazel started up with an exclamation.

"Now, stop!" she said. "If you begin to make a bit of fuss, I shall run away. Who wants cake? People can eat cake at other times, I suppose."

"I suppose they can," said Mrs. Bywank laughing, "but this is a good time too. You must have your cake."

"There will be no dress to stand with it," said Hazel. "The cake will feel lonely—like me."

Mrs. Bywank sighed a little, stroking the pretty head.

"My dear," she said, "you will be dressed, whatever you wear."

"Can you guess how?" said Wych Hazel.

"I have not heart to put on a white dress. And I could not get a new one here, if I wanted it,—and I could not have it made up, if I did. And I wouldn't, if I could."

"No," said the old housekeeper, "so my dear mistress said: 'Bywank, it would be dreary work for my little Wych to choose her own wedding dress alone. I must get it for her.' Then she sat and thought awhile—'No,' she said,—'the white would turn yellow, and the dark would fade.' And she stopped for a good while then," said the old housekeeper in a trembling voice; "but by and by she spoke up, soft and tender—'Bywank, if it is so,—if it should be so,—tell her to take some one she has; and give her my veil.—And when she is wrapped in my love—and Dane's love—she will not mind the dress.' And you were asleep on her lap all the while, my dear."

Hazel was sobbing quietly in the old housekeeper's arms before the words were ended; but then she rose up, and kissed Mrs. Bywank on both cheeks, and went away.

And for awhile she felt better,—tears and coaxing can sometimes do much. She went to bed to sleep, prepared to wake up next morning to do her duty, and be a pattern of all the wise, steady, and practical virtues. Instead of which, Miss Wych opened her eyes upon more freaks than had come at her call for many a day.

It was clear, sharp, winter weather, without snow; and the fancy that seized the girl, even while she was dressing, was to spend every minute of her spare time in the woods, while still they were hers. No use to reason with herself, or refute such a statement of things,—out she must go; and out she did—for every possible bit of the next three days. Too conscious to let any one know where she was, not liking to have even Lewis look on; she would elude Mrs. Bywank, and post Lewis in some good open spot where he could walk himself warm and be within hailing distance. Then she would wander off, her whistle at her belt, and roam about from tree to tree and rock from rock of her beloved woods, coming home so tired!—Always in time for Rollo, if he was expected, never seeing any one else.

Then, except when he was there, she never sat a minute in the red room, though the fire was made there regularly, but sometimes she would wander over the old house in like manner, if the weather kept her indoors; sitting up late and rising up early, as if she grudged every minute spared from these last days. It was not good for her, this way of going on, and did by

no means tend to steadiness of nerves; but no one knew who could interfere, and this time Mrs. Bywank would not tell. She did all the worrying to herself, with a sore heart.

It was a sore heart her young lady took with her in her wanderings,—in all her life Wych Hazel had never felt so utterly alone. No wonder she was grave when anybody saw her; no wonder reserve seemed to grow and deepen as Christmas came near. And there was another disappointment: the pretty Christmas doings, of which she had thought so much, had lost all interest now. She had written one order and given others concerning supplies for the Charter men; but all like a machine, with no pleasure nor life. Nothing was her doing any more,—what did it matter? And when in a quiet moment, at night perhaps, she would get hold of herself, and look at her own goings on; then it turned all to falsehood and treachery and at every other hard name she could think of, until Hazel felt as if her cup of troubles was quite running over; and that if Rollo could know, he would never want to set eyes on her again. Ought she to tell him? Tell him what?—that he was the very centre of her life, only unhappily not just now a centre of rest. That was the sum of it all, when she footed things up; and no shyness nor freaks nor self-will could change that. The mere fact that there was no one else in the world, for her, made her cling to the very sound of his name, and so seem shy—as he said—than any bird that ever flew. It was to be hoped, in these days, that he was good at interpreting negatives, and reading things upside down, for not much else came to his eyes. Only a meow she so far managed herself, that no slightest roughness ever came out towards him. A little abruptness now and then,—otherwise the extreme grave reserve, but graceful to a point.

He was pretty good help. Wych Hazel did not, it is true, see very much of him; the short days were full of business in the Hollow and he could not always get away; however he managed to come to dinner several times that week. And then he was full of talk and interest, full of quiet careful attention, but as calm and unconscious, seemingly, as if he had never heard of his wedding day. Only, Wych Hazel felt more and more in his manner that quality of reverential tenderness, which is the crowning grace a man can shew to a woman, and which a man never shews to any woman but one. It marks her as invested with a kind of halo in his eyes; as sacred and separate from the common world for evermore; while it is itself a sort of glory of division between her and them, even in the apprehension of the same world.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

GYROT, the statesman and historian, owed much of his successes to his wife's co-operation.

THE wife of Lavoisier, the French chemist, not only could perform his scientific experiments, but even engraved the plates which illustrated his "Elements."

HUBER, the blind man, who wrote the best book on bees, derived his knowledge of their habits and instincts from the observations of his wife.

THE wife of Louis Galvani (daughter of Prof. Galezzi, under whom he had studied anatomy), being a woman of quick observation, noticed that the leg of a frog, placed near an electrical machine, became convulsed when touched by a knife, and a series of experiments out of this led to the discovery of a new system of physiology, ever since called "Galvanism."

MARY CUNITZ, one of the greatest geniuses in the sixteenth century, was born in Silesia. She learned languages with amazing facility, and understood German, French, Polish, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. She attained a knowledge of the sciences with equal ease; she was skilled in history, physic, poetry, painting, music and played upon instruments; and yet they were only an amusement. She more particularly applied herself to mathematics, and especially to astronomy, which she made her principal study, and was ranked in the number of the most able astronomers of her time. Her astronomical tables acquired her a prodigious reputation.

Oh, woman! lovely woman: Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There is in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Ottway.

Woman, dear woman, thou'rt still the same
While beauty bre thes through soul or frame;
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies.

Moore.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest beach
Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring;
And in the April dew or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart most seared to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear—joys in the smile—of woman.

Beaumont.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain an anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scott.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell
How the bold warrior returning home from the
fight would doff his plumed helmet, and, re-
posing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs
h at woman's hand might pour into their wounds

the healing balm. But never a wearied knight
or warrior, covered with the dust of battle-field,
was more in need of woman's soothing power
than those careworn sons of mental or physical
toil who struggle for the bread of life in our
more peaceful and enlightened days. And still,
though the romance of the castle, the helmet,
the waving plume and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm
of woman's influence lives as brightly in the
picture of domestic joy as when she placed the
wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay,
more so, for there are deeper sensibilities at
work, thoughts more profound and passions
more intense in our great theatre of intellectual
and moral strife, than where the contest was for
martial fame, and force of arms procured for
each competitor his share of glory or of wealth.

Aspasia, the wife of Pericles, was a woman of
the greatest beauty and the first genius. She
taught him his refined maxims of policy, his
lofty imperial eloquence—nay, even composed
the speeches on which so great a share of his re-
putation was founded. The best men in Athens
frequented her house and brought their wives
to receive lessons of economy and right deport-
ment. Socrates himself was her pupil.

ASPASIA'S SONG.

The reeds were green the other day,
Among the reeds we loved to play,
We loved to play while they were green.
The reeds are hard and yellow now,
No more their turf-d heads they bow
To beckon us behind the scene—

"What is it like?" my mother said,
And half her hand upon my head;
"Mother! I can't tell indeed.
I've thought of all hard things I know,
I've thought of all the yell 'ow, too;
It only can be 'like the reed."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

X.

PLEVNA.

In the last desperate attempt against Plevna, the Russian army comprised the 9th Corps, still under the command of Baron Krudener, 18,000 men; the 4th Corps, General Kryloff commanding, 20,000; one brigade of Meretinsky's Division and one brigade of the Third Division, each numbering 6000 men; the fourth Rifle Brigade, 3,000 men; the two Roumanian divisions of 14,000 men each, completing the force of infantry to 80,000 bayonets. The cavalry consisted of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry Division and one brigade of the Eleventh Division, numbering 5000 sabres. Two Roumanian divisions, 4000, and a portion of the Imperial Escort brought up the total to 10,000 horsemen. The number of field guns is not given, but it is stated that 250 25-centimetre guns of position accompanied the force. The Roumanians occupied the right, where Krudener fought on July 31—the strongest portion of the Turkish position—whilst the Russian forces were distributed more to the southward, where Schakofsky made his rash and disastrous advance. Opposite Grivitz were placed the Fifth Division (9th Corps), flanked on the left by the Thirty-first Division (9th Corps) and the Thirtieth Division (4th Corps). The line was then taken up by the Sixteenth Division, stretching round to Bogot on the Plevna-Lovcha road. By this road, after detaching a brigade to Trojan, due south of Lovcha, Meretinsky marched northward with one brigade of his own Division, one brigade of the Third Division, and the tirailleurs, thus increasing the strength of the left flank. On the morning of the 7th, the troops having arrived at their different positions on the previous evening, the battle was opened by a heavy fire from the Russian siege guns. The Russian infantry lay round about in readiness to attack it at the word of command, and the Russian batteries were very close up; but the Turkish position is a broad sloping natural glacis, affording no cover for attacking infantry, and the fire of the redoubts continued so strong that an assault on it would have entailed, if not failure, at least certain terrible loss. On Saturday morning, at half-past five the artillery engagement was renewed. The Russians on the left wing succeeded in capturing some heights to the south of the town, presumably beyond Radishovo, whilst two regiments of the Third Roumanian Division obtained possession of Urbitz. The cannonade lasted all through the night, and increased in violence on Sunday morning. It was maintained throughout Sunday night, and the Grivitz redoubt, which is the centre of the Turkish position, was assailed with cannon fire from the north-east and south. Besides this a battery had been placed right out in the open front of the redoubt, and was maintaining its position well, although the fire of the great Turkish work was concentrated upon it. The *Daily News'* correspondent was able to satisfy himself by personal observation that Plevna was much stronger now than it was at the date of the last attack. He describes a whole chain of redoubts linked together by a covered way, and making a good line of cover for the Turks on their right flank and partly in their rear. These redoubts, it is important to note, command the Lovcha and Selvi road. The Turkish position is, indeed, one great entrenched camp studded with redoubts. The various fortified positions held by the Turks so materially and reciprocally command one another that the place must be taken as a whole or not at all. On Monday, again, General Skobelev attacked and carried another height before Plevna, the possession of which enabled the Russians to bombard the enemy's position, and also

the town itself. It is remarked that the Turks on this occasion made only a feeble resistance. But later on the Turks recovered all the positions which they had lost, and all the subsequent assaults of the Russians were unavailing, and accompanied with tremendous slaughter. This further attempt against Plevna had therefore to be abandoned with the terrible loss of at least 25,000 men. Osman Pasha has been heavily reinforced and his camps have been re-victualled.

XI.

ON THE LOM AND AT SHIPKA.

The battles of Karahassankoi and Kazelevo have freed the course of the Lom from the presence of the Russians, and the Turks are now in unchallenged possession of the whole line.

The whole right wing of the Turkish force was concentrated at Solenik, on the middle branch of the Lom, Fuad Pasha's division advancing from Rasgrad and Nedjib's from Karahassankoi. The Russians occupied Kazelevo. The 14th Corps d'Armée of Fuad Pasha took its position on the heights facing the village, and commenced a vigorous attack. The Russians made an obstinate resistance, but towards mid-day were forced to retire, after a loss of 2000. The Turks carried the redoubt at the point of the bayonet. A young Russian officer, who was here observed gallantly endeavouring to rally the men, was killed, and the body, when subsequently discovered, proved, it is said, to be that of a woman. She was buried where she fell. The Turkish commander, Mehemet Ali, freely exposed his life under the heavy shell fire, the battalions enthusiastically cheering him as they went into action. Next morning the discovery was made that the Russians had abandoned the opposite heights on the left bank, and had retreated towards Biela. The result of this brilliant action was completely to force back the Russian line of defence to the Jantra. Other demonstrations have been made at Kadikoi and before Rutschuk, where the garrison have succeeded in preventing the Russian boats running opposite to Pyrgos, thereby obliging the reinforcements to go round by the bridge at Sistova and most materially aiding the operations of Mehemet Ali. The latest news, however, is that in consequence of the large concentration of Russian troops and the difficulty of obtaining supplies, Mehemet Ali, on the 24th, commenced retreating to his former positions on the Kara Lom.

Operations in the Shipka Pass have been confined, as far as we know, to an artillery duel, but the situation of the Russians is not exactly desirable. Although masters of the pass, in so far as they have stopped the attempt to take it, the road leading to their position is commanded by the Turkish artillery, so that all supplies and troops have to be moved during the night.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 139 received. Also letter and contents for which receive our thanks.

T. S. N., Jersey Mills, Locomotive Co., Pa.—Solution of Problem No. 237 received. Correct. Problem No. 133 has no Pawn at White's Q B 7. We will endeavour to find you an antagonist.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 141 received. Correct.

H. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 138 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter and Problems received. Many thanks.

D. R., Lennoxville.—Letter received. Many thanks. The game shall receive attention.

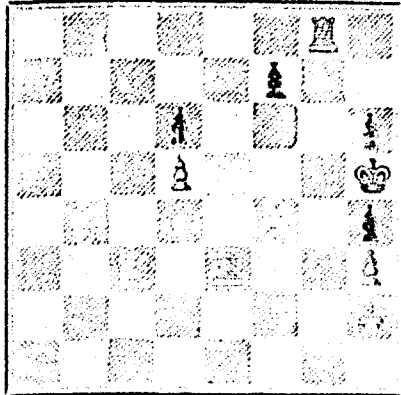
Land and Water which has always most interesting matter in its Chess Column, lately devoted considerable space to details connected with two youthful aspirants for Chess honours of our present time. The one is Master Harry Jackson, of England, who is under thirteen years of age, and the other, Master Frank Morton, of the United States, who is not yet in his teens. A game of each of these juvenile players is given, exhibiting considerable knowledge of chess in both cases, and also a very fair promise of future excellence. As noticed in the journal from which we obtained the foregoing particulars, Lowenthal mentions in his *Morphology's Games of Chess*, that this celebrated player at thirteen years of age played with so much skill as to attract the attention of his friends and acquaintances, many of whom were proficient in the game, and well able to judge of his capacity. Now, with the most sincere dislike to youthful prodigies of every class, who, in many cases, are only specimens of very injudicious, and at the same time dangerous, training, we cannot fail to see, in records such as these, that Chess is rapidly becoming a common part of the recreation of young people of the educated classes of Great Britain and the United States, and that, as in the present instance, a few will manifest an aptitude for the study, which will carry them considerably beyond the point reached by their less talented companions.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place, here to remark, that, inasmuch as we have now on both sides of the Atlantic Chess representatives, on the one hand of youthful notabilities, and on the other, of lady players, of whose skill we have had so many testimonies, as well as a plentiful supply of those of the sterner sex, would it not have been possible to have included some of each of these in the present International Postal Tourney, which arrangement would certainly have added greatly to the novelty of the contest, if a stronger reason could not be presented.

We are aware that four move problems are not great favorites with solvers in general, but the subjoined one we are tempted to insert on account of its having been highly praised for a characteristic which is not found in all compositions of the kind.

PROBLEM No. 142.

(From the English Mechanic.) By A. ARNELL, of Goteborg, Denmark. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 20TH.

Played between Messrs. Bird and Henderson, at the Sixth Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Quebec, 1877.

WHITE.—(Mr. Henderson) BLACK.—(Mr. Fletcher.)

- 1. P to K4 2. K to KB3 3. B to B4 4. Castles 5. P to Q3 6. B to K Kt5 7. P to KR3 8. B to QR4 9. B to KR4 10. K to B3 11. K to Q5 12. B takes B 13. B takes K 14. K to R4 15. K to R2 16. B takes K 17. Q to K2 18. P to QB3 19. P to KB3 20. Q to R sq 21. P to QR4 22. Q to Q2 23. P to QR3 24. P to QB4 (a) 25. R to K Kt5 26. Q to K2 27. K to B sq 28. P to K4 29. P to KR4 30. R takes B 31. Q to KR2 32. P to Kt1 33. B to QR sq 34. K to Q2 35. P to KR5 36. P takes RP 37. B to Kt5 38. QR to K Kt sq 39. Q to R3 40. P takes P 41. Q to Kt4 42. R takes P 43. K to Kt3 44. K takes P

NOTES.

- (a) The right move. (b) Q to R5 seems better. (c) Losing a piece. (d) Black plays carefully in order to retrieve his game, but it is uphill work with the loss of a piece.

GAME 20TH.

Played some time ago in the United States in a match between Mr. Bird and Mr. Minchin.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Bird) BLACK.—(Mr. Minchin) 1. P to KB4 2. P takes P 3. P takes P 4. Kt to KB3 5. P to K4 6. P to Q3 7. B to KR5 8. B to K2 9. B takes B 10. Kt to QB3 11. Q to Q2 12. Kt to Q sq 13. B to K3 14. B takes B (a) 15. Q to B2 16. Q to Q2 17. Kt to B3 18. Q to KB2 19. B to Q sq 20. Kt to Q5 21. P takes R 22. Q to Q2 (c)

And Black wins.

NOTES.

- (a) White should have castled here, with the better game. (b) An excellent move. (c) Losing the Q in a few moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 140.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q5 2. B takes P 3. R mates

- Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 138. WHITE. 1. K to Q B6 2. Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 139.

- WHITE. K to QB7 R to QB2 B to K5 B to KB5 Pawns at K3, and Q R4 and Q Kt3

White to play and mate in three moves.



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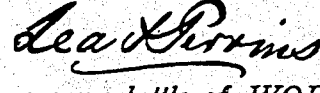
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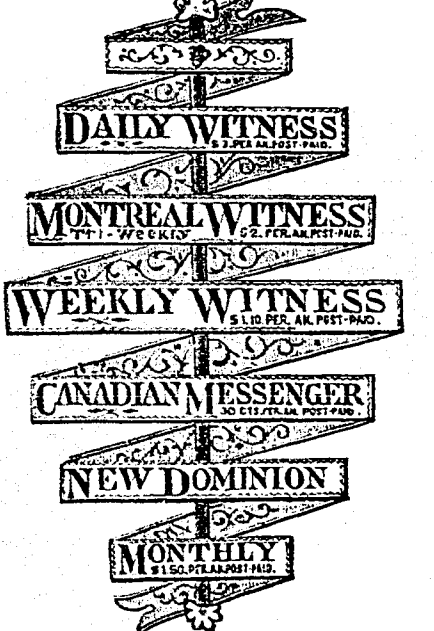
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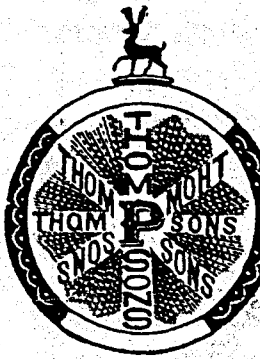
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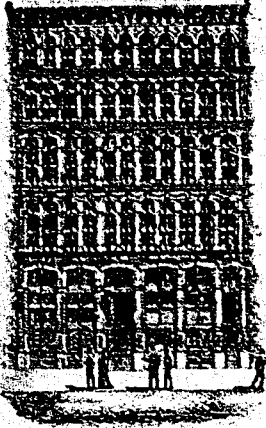
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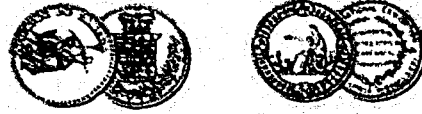
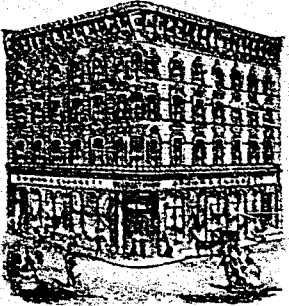
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