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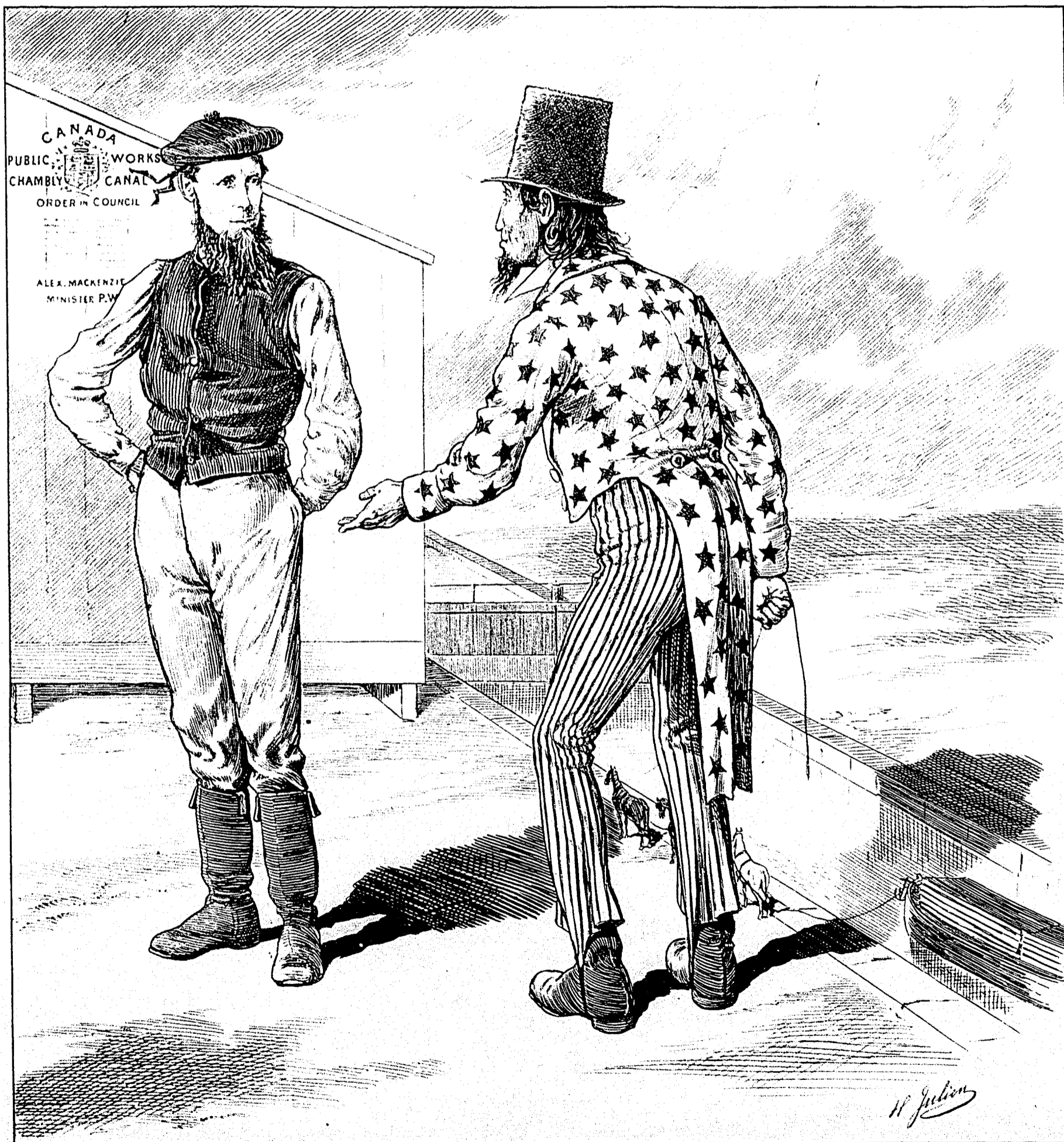
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# GRAND MARSH Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

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## RETALIATION.

SCENE:—The Chambly Canal locks; an American barge on her way to Lake Champlain.  
GATE-KEEPER MACKENZIE:—Can't pass this way, UNCLE SAM; better go round by Halifax. The St. Lawrence is free. But since you are so particular about your Canals, we'll read our treaties more closely and stand by them—to the letter. You can't pass, UNCLE SAM!

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

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### NOTICE.

We are constantly receiving letters and messages for back numbers or extra numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Our friends should remember that, in every case, a sufficient sum should be enclosed to pay for the price of the paper and the postage.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 29th July, 1876.

### UNIVERSAL PEACE.

A convention of the Friends of Peace was held last week in New York at which were present delegates from many of the States of the Union, as well as from England, France, Germany and other countries. We have no space to describe the proceedings but the declaration of principles may be found interesting. The document says:—We declare that the establishment and maintenance of peace is essential to the welfare and highest interests of society, and that so great a blessing is to be merited and obtained individually by never giving occasion for war and by ever refusing to go to war, and collectively by removing its causes and abolishing its customs.

We declare that the appeal to the Father of Mankind as the "God of Battles" is a reproach to his nature by those who claim allegiance to the "Prince of Peace."

We declare that war is premeditated and legalized murder, and "nations being of one blood" and "mankind created free and equal," all laws and constitutional provisions which give a right to any man or body of men to declare war, all standing armies, fortifications and military trainings are a constant menace of war, contrary to the the gospel of peace, and retard the fulfillment of the prophetic declarations that "Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting and destruction within thy borders." "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We declare that with the conspicuous significant instances of the happy results of arbitration, both national and international, we are unworthy the opportunity we possess, the blessings we enjoy, and the opening of a new American century, if we do not make every effort for the establishment of such a tribunal, through international law and fraternal relation, for some general system of disarmament by which no nation shall be weakened, but all made relatively stronger, financially sounder, and morally greater, and the millions of soldiers now in arms returned to the employments and industries of peace.

We declare that the decrease of wars can only be in proportion to the increase of wars can only be in proportion to the increase of correct public sentiment, and, as a means to this end, a general and complete treaty among nations, embodying the rules of their intercourse and an agreement to submit to arbitration any and all difficulties that may arise, and to abide unconditionally by the decision of such tribunal.

We declare that it is with abhorrence and regret that we behold the violent conflicts that still continue even among nations that claim to lead the van of progress; that the use of brute force in settling difficulties is no more honorable or reasonable among nations than individuals; and that the same causes operate to produce bloodshed and violence, and that wars are the result of avarice, revenge, ambition, and misunderstanding.

We declare that all heads of government, all ministers of foreign affairs and diplomatists, all representatives in parliamentary bodies, all statesmen, jurists, publicists, and philanthropists should exert their influence to bring about the simplification and codification of the laws of nations, to the end that nations may better understand their relations and regulate their conduct; that as they cannot dispose of the property of their subjects except by the consent of their own representatives in legislative council, they should not have the disposal of the lives of subjects; that neither do the heads of the State nor society possess any just right to compel a people to fight who refuse voluntarily to offer their lives for that purpose.

We declare that, by means of that education which elevates and enriches a people by the development of the means of communication and intercourse, by doing away with the trammels that oppress free thought and material progress, by a better understanding of true religion and a practical application of the golden rule, war will become more and more difficult, and until it shall be regarded as a barbarism of the past, and a monstrous iniquity of the present, and mankind shall hear the bells

Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

### CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

On Monday week we buried, in this city, the remains of CHARLES HEAVYSEGE. He went out of life without noise, as his career had been tranquil, and the great city did not go out of its way to show that it had lost one of its foremost residents. At this we are not surprised. The deceased was not a politician, nor a self seeker of any sort. He was only a poet. He was only a man of genius. And such are not appreciated in this working-day world. But the press was there to do him honor. His brother journalists knew his worth. They placed a wreath upon his coffin, through the gentle forethought of the dean among them. They followed him to his grave amid the flowers of the Mountain, and there they left him, feeling that he had wrought his work, and had bequeathed to his family and country a name which shall live when that of the mediocrities who overshadowed him shall have died out of remembrance. We publish his likeness to-day in our Canadian Portrait Gallery, where he deserves a place among the highest. A sketch of him will be found in the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of April 17th, 1875. The writer of these lines has always been an admirer of Mr. Heavysege. He had occasion before in these pages to pay his tribute to an unknown and unappreciated genius. Mr. Heavysege was the author of several works, the principal of which were "Saul" "Jephtha's Daughter" and "Count Filippo." "Saul" is a drama in three parts which was first published anonymously in Montreal about the year 1858. Of course, like almost everything which appears in Canada, it received scant attention. But one day, a copy of the work having strayed into England, it fell into the congenial hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of American prose writers. It was such a work as his refined spiritual nature would appreciate. He was so astonished at its power and delighted with its beautiful analysis, that he showed the book to a friend, who forthwith made its merits public by an extended notice in the *North British Review* for August, 1858. The writer pronounced the work "indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." In another passage, he refers with enthusiasm to the "oddity, subtlety, and originality" of the poet's language. In consequence of these favorable criticisms, some curiosity was excited about the book, and, responsive to an increased demand for it, Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, put forth a fine edition in 1869. Since that time the drama has been accepted among the standard publications of the day, but it has received nothing like its deserts, and the author was allowed to suffer that neglect

which is but too often the lot of genius. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that "Saul" is the greatest poem, as a whole, ever published in America. This is a bold assertion, but we are willing to submit it to the test of any critic who will take the trouble to read it carefully and judge it according to the acknowledged canons of art. We do not mean that the work is perfect by any means, but we do state that it is in every respect an extraordinary production, and that none but a man of genius could have written it. The subject in itself is grandiose, epic in the march of the historic events which it rehearses, dramatic in the situations which it reveals, as well as in the passions which it evokes. Even stripped of his scriptural surroundings, Saul as a mere battle-giant is a towering character. But anointed with the chrism of Samuel, and afterwards struggling under the ban of Jehovah, he becomes a truly awful personage, one of the most striking in all the range of literature. It was a bold attempt to grapple with such a subject, but the confidence that he was equal to it showed the strength of his mind, and the fact that he really made it a distinct creation was the highest proof of his unquestionable talent. We need not, of course, summarize the incidents of Saul's career, as they are familiar to all readers of the Bible. We shall simply say that new and wonderful light is shed upon them when read in connection with the gloss and commentary of Mr. HEAVYSEGE.

### HALIFAX.

On the occasion of the inauguration of the Mountain Park we give a brief history of Montreal. In connection with the late banquet given to Lord DUFFERIN by the citizens of Quebec, we recalled the annals of the Ancient Capital. To-day, on looking over a little book to which we refer in another column, we find a few words to say concerning the beautiful city of Halifax which is not sufficiently known in the Upper Provinces. The harbor of Halifax is one of the finest in the world. In the mouth of it lies McNab's Island, used by smaller craft, and to the west, on Meagher's Beach, is the light house. In the midst stands St. George's Island, which like our own St. Helen's, commands the city and its approaches. Proceeding up the Harbor we see the Dockyard with its ships-of-war. "The North End is beautiful in summer, with its trees and gardens and elegant private residences. Westward of the town are green fields, cottages, trees trim and leafy, trees small and scrubby, and waste land, till you reach the Dutch Village. We come south-westwardly to the head of the North West Arm, where the scene is peaceful and very delightful, and "loved little islands" and sheltered nooks are doubled by the mirroring waters. Wealth, taste, fashion, are seeking retreats along the "Arm," and rapidly transforming waste places into charming gardens, and fertile fields. The houses for the most part are painted white, and they nestle amid groves of dark green. Following down the course of the "Arm" we come to the "Park," with its miles of roads and paths winding through the native forest and by the sounding shore, and among forts with their stupendous walls of earth and granite. West of the Citadel extends the Common, the *Campus Martius* of Halifax, the scene of many a brilliant military pageant. South of the Common come the extensive and beautiful Public Gardens. West of these again is Camphill Cemetery, the City of the Dead, flat, shelterless, and unattractive, the very antithesis of Greenwood or Mount Auburn. The peninsula upon which Halifax is built looks as if it were created to be the site of the healthiest and fairest, if not the greatest, city in America—the sea nearly all around it—its foundation the everlasting rock—the ground sloping gently all sides, thus securing facilities for perfect drainage—the supply of good fresh water from lakes superabundant—and constant access to the wide, wide world by sea and land. Statistics of both military and

civil life, prove that Halifax is exceptionally healthful. No serious loss of life has resulted from any epidemic since Cholera visited the city in 1834. It is noteworthy that the first European name given to the port was *La Baie Saine*—Bay of Health."

Montreal, as the metropolis of the Dominion, has the liveliest interest in Halifax, and our commercial men should be concerned to learn as much as possible about it. We may add, therefore, on the authority of Mr. G. A. WHITE, to whose work we have already alluded, that the present population of the city is over 31,000. The tax value of property is \$19,782,280 and the actual value double that amount. The debts of the city amounts to \$1,185,648. The taxation is \$1.15 per cent, and the school tax 34 cents on every \$100.

### THE BRANT MEMORIAL.

The Chiefs of the Six Nation Indians residing on the Grand River, in the Counties of Brant and Haldimand, in the Province of Ontario, in Council assembled, have, on behalf of themselves and their people, resolved to avail themselves of the gracious opportunity presented by the first visit of His Excellency, The Governor-General to them, to convey to her Royal Highness Prince ARTHUR through him, the assurance of their remembrance, with pride and satisfaction, of the very distinguished honour conferred on them by the visit he was pleased to make to them when in this country, and of the consideration and condescension manifested by his Royal Highness on that occasion, resulting in becoming an Honorary Chief of their Confederacy, also to convey to his Royal Highness their grateful thanks for the kindness which placed in their possession the highly prized portraits of their good Queen, his Royal Mother, of his justly lamented Father, and of himself all of which now grace and adorn the walls of their Council House, animating and inspiring them with the zeal for and local attachment to the Crown and Empire which characterized their fathers in troublous times, now happily passed away. They also respectfully represent to his Royal Highness their anxious desire to see performed their too long delayed duty of worthily perpetuating the memory of their great Chief, Captain Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), who, during the great struggle, which resulted in the creation of two supreme authorities on this continent, where only one existed, loyally and gallantly led their fathers as allies of the Crown in defence of it and the Empire, and when all was lost with them maintained his allegiance, sacrificing and giving up all and finding his way to the then wilds of Canada, where he remained to the end of his eventful career, animating and inspiring them with the same loyalty and attachment to the Crown and its institutions which always characterized him and them whenever their services were required. They further respectfully refer to the important part the Six Nations performed in the memorable war of 1812, when it sought to destroy the last vestige of British authority on this continent, and ever since that time, when similar attempts have been made, and express the hope that his Royal Highness, in view of past services to their country, may be graciously pleased to aid them in their contemplated efforts to raise a fitting monument to and worthy of the memory of the distinguished Chief, by permitting himself to become the Patron of the undertaking, as it would be greatly promoted thereby.

### SPELLING REFORM.

The committee of the American Philological Association, appointed last year to consider the subject of reform in English spelling, have submitted the following report. It was signed by all the members of the committee, and adopted by the unanimous vote of the association. There is really not much in it, but its chief merit lies in the fact that it sets its face against all manner of reckless and ignorant innovation.

1. The true and sole office of alphabetic writing is faithfully and intelligently to represent spoken speech. So-called "historical" orthography is only a concession to the weakness of prejudices.

2. The ideal of an alphabet is that every sound should have its own unvarying sign, and every sign its own unvarying sound.

3. An alphabet intended for use by a vast community need not attempt an exhaustive analysis of the elements of utterance, and a representation of the nicest varieties of articulation; it may well leave room for the unavoidable play of individual and local pronunciation.

4. An ideal alphabet would seek to adopt for its characters forms which should suggest the sounds signified, and of which the resemblances should in some measure represent the similarities of the sounds. But for general practical use, there is no advantage in a system which aims to depict in detail the physical processes of utterance.

5. No language has ever had or is likely to have a perfect alphabet; and in changing and amending the mode of writing of a language already long written, regard must necessarily be had to what is practically possible quite as much as to what is inherently desirable.

6. To prepare the way for such a change the first step is to break down, by the combined influence of enlightened scholars and of practical educators, the immense and stubborn prejudice which regards the established modes of spelling almost as constituting the language, as having a sacred character, and as in themselves preferable to others. All agitation and all definite proposals of reform are to be welcomed so far as they work in this direction.

7. An altered orthography will be unavoidably offensive to those who are first called upon to use it; but any sensible and consistent new system will rapidly win the hearty preference of the mass of writers.

8. The Roman alphabet is so widely and firmly established in use among the leading civilized nations that it cannot be displaced; in adapting it to improved use for English, the efforts of scholars should be directed toward its use with uniformity and in conformity with other nations.

The new act proposed by the U.S. House Committee on Commerce at length places the whole subject of emigration and the rules and regulations regarding emigrants under the control of the Federal Government, where it properly belongs. The head-money, or the sum of \$2 per passenger, is retained, and will form a fund, varying from \$300,000 to \$600,000 per annum, from which the Secretary of the Treasury will reimburse the different States for their expenses in the care of newly-arrived emigrants. Strict provisions are also included to prevent the sending to this country of convicts, criminals, paupers, or insane from foreign States. There are other provisions of the act not necessary here to detail. We suppose that henceforth the business, which has been transacted at Castle Garden, of forwarding emigrants will, if this act be passed, be transferred to the Custom-house authorities and the expenses be met from the appropriations to this department. United States officials will have sole charge of foreign passengers arriving at the ports of this country.

The British public are interesting themselves in the present Sioux war. In the House of Commons, Sir EDWARD WILLIAM WATKIN asked Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, one of the Under Secretaries for the Colonial Department, if he could give any information regarding the conflict between the United States troops and the Sioux Indians, many of which are British subjects and whether the origin of the conflict was not a breach of the treaty regarding the Indian reservation and subsidies, which may provoke widespread antagonism between the Indians and whites in both American and British territory. He ask-

ed whether the Government proposed to tender its good offices in the interest of the Indian subjects of Great Britain and of humanity. Mr. LOWTHER replied that so far no information had been received regarding the conflict, and he could not express an opinion as to its origin and probable consequences. He had no information tending to show that any British subjects are connected with these events. As at present advised, the Government has no intention to interfere.

English papers infer from Earl DERRY'S language, when asking Lord GRANVILLE to postpone his extradition motion in the House of Lords, that there is prospect of negotiations for the renewal of the treaty on a more satisfactory basis. Minister PIERREPOIX must either have made some distinct proposal, or have stated his belief that he would soon receive instructions to do so. It is probable that the turn matters have taken may provoke discussion during the present session.

The French Senate has rejected, by a vote of 144 to 139, the Government bill restoring to the State the sole right of conferring University degrees. During the debate M. DUFAYRE urged the adoption of the bill, which would strengthen the Ministry in defending the interests of the Church in the Chamber of Deputies. The rejection was effected by an alliance of the Bonapartists with the Right, and has produced a sensation.

Rumors are afloat that serious irregularities have been discovered in the management of the affairs of the Northern Railway. Information is reported to have been communicated of so full and precise a character as to render action necessary on the part of Government, and the advisability of issuing a commission of enquiry is understood to be now under consideration.

A young Quebecer, son of a highly-esteemed doctor, has made a successful operation to the tune of some \$20,000 by the sale of a portion of his rights in a new patent fog whistle, which will shortly astonish the navigating world. The new invention is so constructed that it can be put in immediate use on board sailing vessels.

**MISBEHAVIOUR AT PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.**

Although I have been a resident for some years of Montreal, as of other parts of Canada, and thought I had fully studied its inhabitants of every grade, I own that I am at a loss to fully understand the behaviour of the higher and middle classes; particularly those of Montreal itself at public resorts whether they may be religious or secular. Visiting the Victoria rink the other evening to view the reception of the Lacrosse Teams on their arrival from Europe, I was more bewildered than ever, and now as a favour would request enlightenment on the subject, if it lies within the power of a member of either the above classes to elucidate it, or kindly to inform me whether any of the following constructions, the only ones that could occur, I think, to any stranger, are correct.

The behaviour I allude to is a total disregard of the purpose for which they are called together. It may be in a church consecrated to the God of the Universe worthy of the highest reverence that mortal can offer; it may be in the temple of the muses where some of His highest attributes are attempted to be imparted to them, by being constricted with those of evil which retribution always must follow; or the Concert Hall where Harmony, another attribute of the Deity is attempted to be taught them in contradistinction to their discord; in the lecture room of Science; or even in what should have been a truly courteous occasion of welcome to those whom Our Queen delighted to honour. It appeared as if insult could not be laid too heavily on the recipients, the committee, the lady who has by her artistic culture and sweet tones held for months the city (which I have often heard by the parties, I speak of, called the seat of rowdiness on this continent) in silent entrancement, and those members of the audience who went to enjoy the words and sounds of welcome, and not to mar every sense of decency and decorum by their loud tramping, loud talking, and most rude unceremonious ingratiation of the purpose of the meeting, an entertainment which from the fact of even its being a complimentary one, should have ensured at least their grateful respect.

The worthy Mayor commenced his remarks that evening with saying (and shame to Montreal citizens that their First Magistrate

should have been driven by despair at the unnatural noise to do so) that were he the trombone he might hope to be heard. All those who were trying so hard to conduce to the pleasure of that audience, might also have truly wished that they might flee away and be at rest, for if some or all of them were confined to their houses next day through the fatigue they were cruelly forced to endure, it is a mercy due to their good constitutions, and not from any efforts made by their audience to meet them half way in enduring the heat and lassitude incidental to the duties they had to perform. If the people of Montreal are naturally restless, this disposition was provided for by opportunities for promenading, hearing their own harmony &c., during the selections of the Band, but why they should rule the rink that evening altogether to the exclusion of those who came to amuse and be amused in the manner legitimately advertised is hard to say; preventing a single word of the addresses, remarks or scarcely even a line of a song from being heard, or the purport even guessed, until perhaps next day's papers might repeat them for the benefit of the public. Talk of the Savage Iroquois so-called, they were the civilized gentlemen of that evening; but even the warlike voice of the "Big Chief" would have required the whoop added and after that the *trombone* to reach the ears of his so-called civilized auditory. A LADY.

**HASSAN BEY, THE ASSASSIN.**

The Ministers had met in Council at the house of Midhat Pasha on Thursday evening, 15th June. About eleven p.m., Hassan Bey presented himself in the ante-chamber of the Council-room, and informed the official in attendance that he had important business to communicate to the Seraskier—Minister of War. The officer told him he had strict orders not to admit any one, and that his business must wait, upon which the two getting into a friendly chat sat down to a game of backgammon. Intent on the execution of his sinister purpose, Hassan Bey availed himself of the opportunity when his companion had been called out of the room to lift the *partee* of the Council-room, and making straight at Hussein Avni, pointed a revolver at his breast, exclaiming "Seraskier, do not move," and fired, wounding him in the left breast. Hussein Avni made a rush at his assassin, but fell insensible to the ground. Achmet Kaiserli then came to the rescue of his colleague, and clasped Hassan Bey in his grasp, but he, quickly disentangling his right arm, dealt the portly old Achmet several severe cuts with his kummar—a Circassian poi-guard—cutting off one of his ears. Stunned with the blow, Achmet Kaiserli let go his hold, and Hassan Bey, returning to Hussein Avni, prostrate on the ground, despatched him with repeated blows of his kummar. Meanwhile the rest of the Ministers had fled terror-stricken into an adjoining room, Raschid Pasha excepted, who, apparently paralysed with terror, had been unable to move; and, when Hassan Bey had vented his utmost fury on the lifeless body of Hussein Avni, Raschid still sat rooted in his chair. The assassin did not hesitate a moment. A few minutes more, and the unfortunate Minister of Foreign Affairs had ceased to live. A bullet through his head and a gash in his throat killed him outright on the spot. The sight of so much bloodshed only seemed to excite the assassin's thirst for more. His attention was next directed to the door of the room in which the surviving Ministers had concealed themselves. It was held closed against him by the united efforts of the men inside; but, being a powerful man, he succeeded in opening it sufficiently to introduce his hand, in which he held a revolver. He fired repeatedly into the room at random, fortunately without hitting any one. The guard came at last to extricate their Excellencies from their perilous situation. Hassan Bey, however, had still a couple of loaded revolvers about him and his kummar, and, nothing daunted by the bayonets directed against him, he made a desperate resistance, during which three more lives were sacrificed to his murderous fury, one of them being an aide-de-camp of one of the Ministers. At length, battered and bruised, he fell in his turn, and the soldiers would have despatched him at once; but Midhat Pasha's orders were that he should be carried away alive. It is said he had provided himself with six loaded revolvers, and that sixty cartridges were found on his person. The next day he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. He was executed early on Saturday, 17th June.

**\* AROUND THE WORLD.**

People are so much interested at this moment with voyages around the world that a society, directed by some very distinguished Frenchmen, and under the patronage of learned persons, has been organized for the purpose of giving practical instruction to wealthy young men. It is not our purpose to sound the praises of the excellent idea, which will meet with such unanimous sympathy, and whose execution will most assuredly render great service. The map of the course of the first voyage, which will take place next year, according to the present aspect of affairs, will show our readers that this is a voyage in real earnest, and not one of those excursions of fancy, such as the humorous and versatile pen of Jules Verne knows so well how to charm by its interest. A talented artist, M. Henry Luber, an old officer in the navy of France, has favored us with a drawing of the vessel for the voyages of study around the

world, which he has carefully executed from plans of the ship. We publish to-day the reproduction of this drawing. We should also like to give a full description of the conveniences of this most magnificent vessel, where everything will combine to render travel agreeable and study easy. We will not end this short notice without mention of the intelligent originators of this project, who are such men as MM. F. De Lesseps, E. Levassour, Ed. André, Hipp, Passy, Bischoffsheim, and Levalley. These men intend to endow France with a useful institution, a work of progress and reality, and one to which each year will add new element of prosperity.

**THE CHILDREN'S SWING.**

A more graceful combination of healthy sport with picturesque surroundings can hardly be found than the arrangement of this as commonly seen in the country, fastened to the large arm of a tree, or slung between two neighboring trunks, so that, as the young folks fly to and fro beneath the branches, they may enjoy the shimmering sunshine through the sheltering leaves, or the cool shadow from oppressive heat. With proper attention to requisite strength in the supporting bough and durability of the fastenings, it may be considered perfect.

Another arrangement which is not amiss where the large size of branch requisite for safe hanging is not procurable may be easily contrived by placing a stout beam across in the forked boughs of two trees, from which the swing may be hung, or by setting up two small trees—which can be bought as timber—cut back to forks at the requisite height, and laying a beam resting in these supports across at the top. This frame, with a few large stones at the foot, which may serve also as seats, and a few bushes close by, and perhaps a honeysuckle, or strong climber of no special rarity trained up the woodwork—choosing something that would do no mischief by its prickly shoots, and will not get the young folks into trouble if they injure it—would look pretty, as well as serve its purpose thoroughly.

There is yet one form more, however, sometimes in favor in knots of villa residences, which, though convenient, may surely without offence be said, picturesquely considered, to be truly frightful, resembling nothing in the world but a gigantic gallows, formed of square beams, sometimes painted blue, and sometimes in its more ornamental varieties "paré gilt." To simple flower and plant loving eyes there is no hope for this ornate form save in the quickest growth of ivy that can be compassed. The simple massive frame, however, has the recommendation of great convenience, and if a few bushes were so placed as to blend its towering isolated height gradually with the surroundings, and if some climbers were added—especially if the top of the beam were lengthened a little so as to let the ivy, or whatever it might be, hang down in festoons—the effect would not be ungraceful.

In itself the children's swing may seem of no great importance, but some consideration is due to it as a part of the garden grouping, and something more as to its mental effects on those most concerned. The young heads that fly to and fro are storing memories of the sunshine through the leaves, the shapes of the boughs, every change in the distant landscape, and every striking grouping near, and what is to them the happiest bit of their garden life, will leave its associations firmly fixed to come out again by and by in results of some kind. If these prove to be an appreciation and love of natural beauty, the swing will have worked well.

**PERSONAL.**

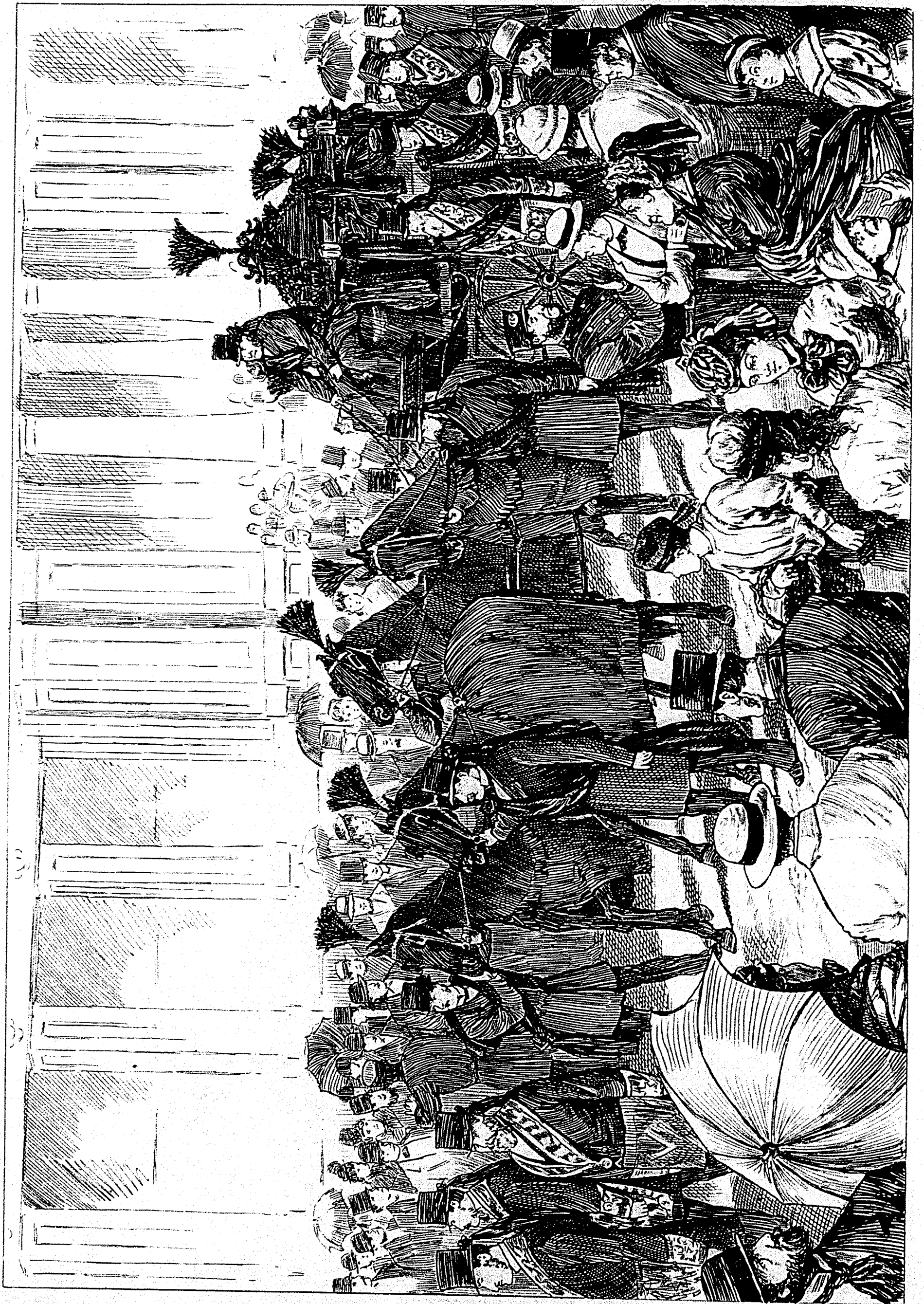
MR. BLAKE is expected home next month. Hon. Adam Crooks has left for a trip to Europe. Mr. J. H. Fraser, connected with the Centennial, has resigned his position. Hon. John Young is about to publish a pamphlet entitled "History of Victoria Bridge." Mr. I. B. Taylor, at one time owner of the Ottawa Citizen, has bought the Times of the place named. Mr. John McKay, Registrar of Elgin, and one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of St. Thomas, died on his way to the seaside last week.

**HUMOROUS.**

A YOUNG lady, who dreamed she was in heaven, says she saw no Boston folks there. They were all scattered around in little groups outside the gate discussing metaphysics and Ralph Waldo Emerson. THE recklessness with which some people go in for green apples and debilitated vegetables shows that they have a remarkable confidence in their future state. DID you ever have a ten-pound stone in the heel of your stocking? If you have you can imagine something of the enjoyment of getting a raspberry seed wedged underneath the plate of your false teeth.

**HYGIENIC.**

A NOVEL suspended railway car for sick and wounded has been successfully tried by the Great Eastern Railway of France. This will prove a boon as hardly any movement is felt by the patient, even when trains are stopped with extreme suddenness. A correspondent of *L'Union Médicale* calls attention to the fact that palpitations, when not depending upon organic disease, may be almost immediately arrested by bending the head downward and allowing the arms to hang pendent. The effect is even still more rapidly produced by holding the breath for a few seconds while the body is in this bent position.

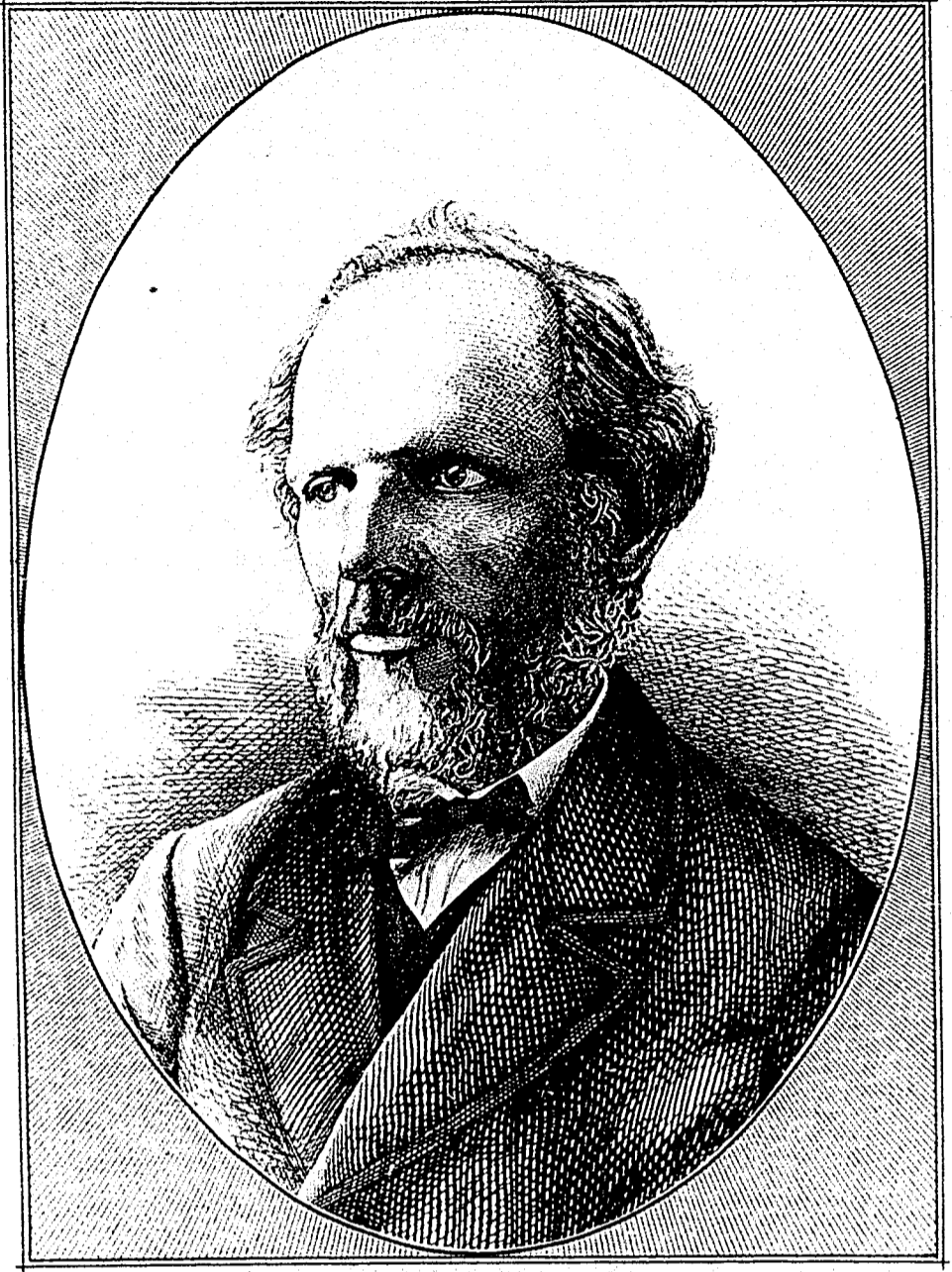


MONTREAL:—FUNERAL OF THE LATE ALDIS BERNARD, EX-MAYOR OF THE CITY, ON THE 15th INSTANT. THE HEARSE PASSING IN FRONT OF THE NEW POST OFFICE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 280.—HON. ALBERT NORTON RICHARDS, RECENTLY APPOINTED  
LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



No. 281.—THE LATE CHARLES HEAVEGE.



STRAWBERRY PICKING IN AN OAKVILLE GARDEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.

## A SONG IN SEASON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.  
Thou whose beauty  
Knows no duty  
Due to love that moves thee never,  
Thou whose mercies  
Are men's curses,  
And thy smile a scourge for ever.

II.  
Thou that givest  
Death and livest  
On the death of thy sweet giving,  
Thou that sparest  
Not nor carest  
Though thy scorn leave no love living.

III.  
Thou whose rootless  
Flower is fruitless  
As the pride its heart incloses,  
But thine eyes are  
As May skies are,  
And thy words like spoken roses.

IV.  
Thou whose grace is  
In men's faves  
Fierce and wayward as thy will is,  
Thou whose peerless  
Eyes are fearless,  
And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies.

V.  
Thou that takest  
Hearts and makest  
Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,  
Whom the swallow  
"Sure should follow,  
Finding summer where we find thee.

VI.  
Thou that wakest  
Hearts and breakest,  
And thy broken hearts forgive thee,  
That wilt make no  
Pause and take no  
Gift that love for love might give thee.

VII.  
Thou that blindest  
Eyes and blindest,  
Serving worst who served thee longest;  
Thou that speakest,  
And the weakest  
Heart is his that was the strongest;

VIII.  
Take in season  
Thought with reason;  
Think what gifts are ours for giving;  
Hear what beauty  
Owes of duty  
To the loves that keeps it living;

IX.  
Dust that covers  
Long dead lovers,  
Song blown off with breath that brightens;  
As its flashes  
Their white ashes  
Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

X.  
Had they bent not  
Head or lent not  
Ear to love and amorous duties,  
Song had never  
Saved for ever  
Love, the feast of all their beauties.

XI.  
All the golden  
Names of olden  
Women yet by men's love cherished,  
All our dearest  
Thoughts hold nearest,  
Had they loved not, all had perished.

XII.  
If no fruit is  
Of thy beauties,  
Tell me yet, since none may win them,  
What and wherefore  
Love should care for  
Of all good things hidden in them!

XIII.  
Pain for profit,  
Comes but of it,  
If the lips that lure their lover's  
Hold no treasure  
Past the measure  
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

XIV.  
If they give not  
Or forgive not  
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,  
Love that misers  
Fruits of kisses  
Long will bear no thankless burden.

XV.  
If they care not  
Though love were not,  
If no breath of his burn through them,  
Joy must borrow  
Song from sorrow,  
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

XVI.  
Grief has measures  
Soft as pleasure's,  
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,  
Songs to sing him,  
Dreams to bring him,  
And a red-rose bed to sleep in.

XVII.  
Hope with fearless  
Looks and fearless  
Lies and laughs too near the thunder;  
Fear hath sweeter  
Speech and meeter  
For heart's love to hide him under.

XVIII.  
Joy by daytime  
Fills his playtime  
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in,  
Night and morrow  
Weave round sorrow  
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide in.

XIX.  
Graceless faces,  
Loveless graces  
Are but moves in light that quicken,  
Sands that run down  
Ere the sundown  
Rose leaves dead ere Autumn sicken.

XX.  
Fair and fruitless  
Charms are bootless  
Spells to ward off ages' perils;  
Lips that give not  
Love shall live not  
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

XXI.

But the beauty  
Bound in duty  
Fast to love that falls off never,  
Love shall cherish  
Lest it perish,  
And its root bears fruit for ever.

## "TWIXT WHIG AND TORY.

The ball-room of Valhurst Hall was magnificently lit, and with its many flashing mirrors reflecting "fair women and brave men," presented a very brilliant appearance.

It is the birthday of the only daughter of Sir Janus Valhurst, the last remaining scion of a noble Tory family.

In an alcove stands the lady in whose honour this "fair company" have assembled.

Diana Valhurst is surpassingly lovely. Her tall, slender figure is attired in sea-green silk, almost entirely covered with white lace that rests on the carpet in voluminous folds.

A gentleman in military uniform approaches her, exclaiming, "Ah, cousin, I have been looking for you! What dances will you grant me?"

"How many would you like, Charles? My programme is nearly full already."

"Three."

"On conditions," she said, impressively laying her little jewelled hand on his arm.

"Name them at once, Di."

"Your vote and interest for the election to-morrow."

The Honourable Charles Crawley's eyebrows went up to an alarmingly elevated height.

"You don't mean to say you are collecting votes to-night, do you?"

"I do, though, and must request you to make haste, for I see papa coming to scold me about something. Are we going to dance together?"

He took her proffered programme, as he replied, "Certainly, we are; for Sir Lawrence has my most earnest wishes for his success."

"Sir Lawrence!" she repeated. "I don't want you to give him your vote."

"What? Why, cousin, I understood—that is—I beg your pardon—but Sir James told me you, in company with Sir Lawrence, were on the brink of that frightful gulf termed matrimony."

A deep flush mounted her fair cheek.

"Restrain your surprise, if you please," she replied. "Papa is within hearing. It is for Horace Carlton I want your vote; so come to terms!"

"It is downright bribery," returned he; and giving her back her programme, vanished through an entrance, opposite the ball-room, which led to the grounds.

"Diana!" abruptly spoke a tall, stout gentleman, as he approached.

"Yes, papa," she answered, slowly.

"Attend to me. Don't play with your fan in that ridiculous fashion! Why do you persistently refuse to dance with Sir Lawrence?"

"I do not care to dance with him for a very simple reason, papa."

"Whether you care or not, he is to be your husband, and preparations for the marriage will commence as soon as the election is over."

"Papa!" she exclaimed, reproachfully; and tears ran down her flushed cheek, and found a soft resting-place among the lace that ornamented her corsage.

"Diana, I am perfectly aware that you have entertained thoughts concerning that fellow Carlton, and I tell you now to dismiss them at once from your mind; for never shall you marry a Whig. Remember, I have no son, and Sir Lawrence is in every way suited to become my heir; therefore, when he is again in the House—"

"Suppose, for one moment, that he is unsuccessful—what then?"

"That cannot happen. I have just left him, and he is quite confident of success. He assures me that Carlton is a beggar, besides being a Whig."

"But, papa, do suppose that the "beggar" beats the Baronet at the poll?"

"Should such a misfortune happen, you have my consent to marry the conqueror."

A hopeful smile lit up Diana's features as standing on tiptoe, she kissed Sir Janus's whiskers—whiskers that stood out with quite a Tory-like aggressiveness.

"What do you mean, Meadows? You surely don't think that an adventurous Carlton is going to oust me from a seat that has been in my family for years? Nonsense! I'm as safe as ever."

"I hope so, Sir Lawrence; but you would have been more secure had you been faithful to the promises you made your constituents. They're all grumbling."

"Grumbling! What right have they to grumble? A set of clod-hopping boors!" interrupted the Baronet, as he paced the little parlour of the "Hare and Hounds" in rapid strides.

A slight flush of anger mounted his agent's broad brow as he replied rather warmly, "They are men, sir, and have the right to choose their own representative."

"Do you think they will be such fools as to elect Carlton? For every pound of his I'll pay a hundred, and in a poor town like this it is cash that wins, so spare no money, Meadows; for at present"—and the Baronet emphasized the last word—"my credit is unlimited."

"At present, Sir Lawrence?" repeated the confidential agent, interrogatively.

"Yes, at present; for who knows how it will be in a few days? Meadows, if I am not elected,

I'm ruined completely, hopelessly ruined!" And reaching a hand that perceptibly shook across the table, he drank a glass of brandy.

Andrew Meadows rose, and taking his hat from a chair, said, "Well, Sir Lawrence, I'll go and see if there is anything more to be done. As you say spare no expense, we ought to win, though I didn't guess the situation was so bad. Good night, sir."

"Good night. Meadows?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call down at Bull's Buildings, will you?—there is a capital nest of votes there, and you can send the beer in the morning."

"I'll go there first. Good night, sir."

Bull's Buildings! What dark, dirty looking habitations they were! Though, for that matter, what part of the little town of Stuncombe did not look dark and dirty?

The dust is so thick on the window of the first house, that the feeble rays of a rushlight are scarcely strong enough to penetrate to the street, but through the open door we can see into the front room.

On a low stool before the grate, where a coke fire was burning brightly, sat a strong, heavily-built man, holding a clay pipe between a finger and thumb.

He is evidently of the "working-man" class of society, and his corduroy clothes have clods of earth and lime adhering to them.

By his side stands a young woman, leaning her bare arm on the mantle-piece. She cannot be more than six-and-twenty.

Yet care has stamped his mark on her good-looking, pallid features. Good-looking they certainly are, though a face that has to be seen twice ere you can discover its charm.

That charm lay in the truth and honesty of her heart, shining out through all the grime, and making the little world wherein she lives the better of her life.

"Well, lass, I don't like them scurvy tricks he's sarved us; and my mate, 'igher up, says he's a sneak; but still he'll give us the beer, an' what is it to the like o' us which us 'em gets our ay or no?"

"But you'd rather the new 'un got in, wouldn't you, Mike?" she inquired, rather sharply.

A hand-bill is in her hand; the approaching election is the subject of their talk.

"Yer right there; I like him best. But we'd better keep to the Baronet. We'll be the richer by it. And I'm told they'll be giving away wine at the 'Hare and Hounds' to-morrow; while, if we support the new man, what ain't got no money, it'll be nothing but beer, and but little o' that."

"Mike, you'll be dishonest if you do it! To help one for a drop o' drink, while yer heart's with the other! I'm ashamed of yer, Mike!"

And she coloured with indignation.

"Don't say that, Mag! You ain't uttered anything so hard this five year. Have your own way, do! Come, which is it to be to-morrow—champagne or cooper?"

"Cooper, honestly bought that'll drink safe, and no fear of it sticking through a lot o' lies going along with it! Shall it be so, Mike?"

"I'm dashed if it shan't!"

On arriving at this virtuous determination, Mike smashed his pipe and kissed his wife.

At this moment Andrew Meadows, Sir Lawrence agent, entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Brigger! Cold, is in't it? Hope you're well, ma'am!" said he, turning to Mag.

Mike Brigger just nodded his greeting, and the agent resumed.

"Regarding this election; I suppose you vote, as formerly, for my employer?"

"Ain't voted yet."

"Well, Sir Lawrence will send you a present of beer in the morning. Daresay I shall see you at the 'Hare and Hounds' to-morrow—eh?"

"No, sir, you won't. I'm going to give my vote to Carlton; and as for the beer—well, take it next door; they're a bit poorer than we, and mebbe can't afford to be over-honest this cold weather. Good night, sir!"

It was the last night of the election, and a great crowd was hurrying down the principal street to hear the addresses of the rival candidates.

Though Stuncombe was a respectable, hard-working little town, its inhabitants were not the hardy, strong men of muscle one sees in agricultural districts; but thin, haggard men, with a weary look in their pale faces.

If it be the reader's pleasure, we will follow this crowd, surging on towards the "Hare and Hounds," where, on the balcony, Sir Lawrence is addressing the electors of Stuncombe for the last time before the state of the poll is proclaimed.

He is speaking in a low, nervous manner; for, perhaps, the first time in his life, he trembles for his success.

During the past year, he had been a hard landlord, and but an indifferent representative, and is perfectly aware that, if he succeeds, it will be by nothing but his money.

He spoke on for a quarter of an hour, flattering his hearers, and making a few promises; was just finishing effectively with a witty phrase respecting some personalities of his opponent, when, through the crowd, there came a volley of missiles, and the noble Baronet was compelled to make an uncomfortable exit from the balcony.

About half a mile further down, at the "Golden Fleece," Horace Carlton was addressing the crowd.

It was a difficult task he had set himself to win.

His rival, a wealthy landlord of the county, his political principles in direct opposition to those professed by the constituency for two decades, and knowing that he had offered no bribe of so much as a penny.

Yet, looking at the man there, above the swaying throng, his lips moving without a quiver, and his heart strong in its honest convictions of right, shining through his clear, gray eyes, one never loses hope of his ultimate success.

And as he warmed to his subject—so loyal to the rights of the people, so earnest for the good of the nation—his hearers became at one with him, almost to enthusiasm.

The very strength of the man's will gave him an eloquence that governed the crowd beneath him; and when he had left the balcony, such a cheer arose that sent a shock to the hearts of Sir Lawrence's employes, whose duty it was to start the groans—and they fled.

The rush to the poll was tremendous; and great was the excitement when, on the state being published, Horace Carlton was returned by a majority of nine; and then, with the victory of the Liberal Ministry, ended an election chiefly remarkable for the bribery and corruption that prevailed throughout the country.

"So, Sir Janus has proved generous at last, darling, notwithstanding his aversion to my principles!"

"How glad I am I was able to give you those nine votes, Horace! Without them you would not have succeeded."

Diana looks worn, poor child; she has had an anxious time during the election. As her lover is remarking it, Sir Janus enters.

"All my fault—every bit of it, Carlton; but when you're safely moored in the harbour of love and happiness, Di, I'll ask you to forgive and forget. And when the grass is green above my grave, may there be no unpleasant memory of my harshness when you were 'Twixt Whig and Tory!"

A. S.

## LITERARY.

Dr. HOLLAND has made \$100,000 from his writings.

WHITTIER lives frugally on \$1,000 a year—from the muses.

HAWTHORNE never received from his writings enough to live on.

BRYANT has made \$400,000 from the *Evening Post* and only \$15,000 from his books.

Longfellow received \$200,000 with his wife, but has earned only \$60,000 with his pen.

EMERSON lives on a small patrimony and has made only \$20,000 from all his works.

Bayard Taylor gets \$6,000 a year as editorial writer on the *Tribune*. His works have yielded him some \$50,000.

THE bronze statue of Lord Byron is to be erected in the Green Park, opposite the house where he wrote "The Siege of Corinth."

CHARLES READE is said to be the author of the tale entitled "A Woman Hater," now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

M. MOLINIER, who is preparing a complete edition of Pascal, has found two small theological treatises by the famous Jansenist.

INNOCENTIS DA SILVA, the eminent Portuguese writer, author of a great bibliographical dictionary, is dead.

Professor Goldwin Smith expects to sail for Europe in October, with the intention of spending several months in England, and on the Continent.

Joaquin Miller, of Oregon, is at Interlaken, the beautiful country seat of Frank Leslie, at Saratoga Lake, where he will pass the summer as the guest of that gentleman.

SOME brilliant articles have recently appeared in the *World* upon the armies of Europe, and more especially upon the British army. If rumor say aright, they are from the pen of Colonel Baker.

Thomas Carlyle, is at present on a visit to his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, The Hill, Dumfries. He is in excellent health, and able to enjoy his accustomed walks in the neighborhood.

THE Chicago *Handels-Zeitung* is now printed in Roman letters, being the first German newspaper in the United States to adopt that style. In Germany a movement has been started to use Roman letters in school books.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to be writing a book on the position of the wife and mother in the fourth century, in which she traces the resemblance between the domestic life of the present day and that of the early Christians.

IT is said that the Duke of Bedford, for the credit of the House of Russell, has offered to buy up all the copies of the late Lord Amberley's unfortunate book, and to compensate the publishers liberally for any future profits which may be derived from it.

ALEX. RUSSELL, a Scotch writer of note, is dead. He edited several papers, and was a frequent contributor to *Tatt's* and *Blackwood's Magazines*, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. He has been editor of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* since 1845.

THE *Illustrated London News* has now mainly passed into the hands of Mrs. Ingram, the widow of the founder, who takes an active part in its management. Mrs. Rideout, the widow of the late proprietor of the *Morning Post*, had a very considerable share in the *Illustrated London News*, but the executors have disposed of her interest, and Mrs. Ingram is the sole lady proprietor.

THE work of overhauling the historical records and papers stored up in the private houses of English nobles and gentry and in church vestries is going on bravely, and the next report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission will contain some revelations of very great interest. The work is being conducted by some well-known literateurs, who visit the places where these treasures are stored up, and who receive so much a day for their work, they being bound in honour to spend on an average six hours a day at it. Some of the earlier MSS. and charters have been wonderfully preserved. Others, however, have been sadly injured by rats. It may not be generally known that the writing of Norman and Plantagenet times is much more easy to decipher than that of Tudor and Stuart times.

ODE TO THE ODIUS.

Of all the vile insects that burden the air,  
With the fiendish mosquitoes none can compare,  
They'll bite through your breeches, your boots or your  
hair.  
And lead you to think they are here, when they're  
there.  
You think, perhaps, they're gone, cause they're silent  
awhile,  
But its then, let me tell you, they're boring for "ile."  
Their song is delusive and as for their smile,  
Well, that's what I call the true emblem of guile.  
How sly are their movements, how dark are their ways,  
And when they sit down what a blister they raise,  
Oh dear! If no saint, the man's worthy of praise,  
Who can itch, without swearing, for eight or ten days.  
Montreal. L. R.

THE HON. ALBERT NORTON  
RICHARDS, Q. C.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

As a general rule the people of the old Johnstown District, to which the new Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia belongs, have had no reason to feel ashamed of the character of the public men they have from time to time sent abroad. Whether we look at the Sherwoods the Buells, the Jones's, the Richards, the Ross's, the Crawford's, the Boltions, the Wilsons, the Camerons, the Scotts, the Norris's, the Frasers, or the Parlees we find an array of able, upright and talented men such as few communities in Ontario, of greater age, and with a more numerous population, can boast of. It is not every rural locality, in so young a country as ours, that can produce, during one short decade, four or five ministers of the crown, three or four judges for the highest tribunals of the State (including a Chief Justice for the Supreme Court), and several individuals, of sufficient talent and experience, to fill the highest official position to which a subject can aspire in the Dominion, viz: that of Lieutenant Governor of a Province. The subject of this sketch, who has just been called to administer the Government of the Pacific Province, may be fairly regarded as one of the very ablest men that the River Counties have sent to the front. Born in Brockville in 1822, he is one of three brothers, all of whom have highly distinguished themselves in public life. Hon. William Buell Richards, the eldest, succeeded the late Robert Baldwin as Attorney General for Upper Canada, went on the Bench in 1853, became Chief Justice of Ontario in 1868 and is now Chief Justice of the Dominion; the Hon. Stephen Richards, Q. C., who is generally regarded as possessing the ablest legal mind in Ontario, was for some years, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and subsequently until the Government fell, Provincial Secretary, in Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's Administration in Ontario; Albert Norton Richards, Q. C., the youngest, and of whom we have presently to do, is also a member of the Bar of Ontario for which he studied with his brother, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, whose partner he became on his being admitted to practice in 1848. In 1863, as we learn from a well written article in the Ottawa Times, Mr. Richards was created a Queen's Counsel, and in the same year became a Bencher of the Law Society. In 1861, continues the Times, "he unsuccessfully contested South Leeds for the Legislative Assembly of Canada with Mr. Benjamin Tett, but at the general election of 1863 he defeated his old antagonist and was duly returned. In December of the same year he accepted office in the Sandfield Macdonald-Dorion Administration, as Solicitor General for Upper Canada, and many of our readers will remember the bitter and unrelenting character of the opposition he encountered at the hands of the Conservative party, on his returning to his constituency for re-election. The Government of the day existed by a mere thread, their majority averaging one, two and three, and it was felt that if Mr. Richards could be defeated, the Government must go the wall. Large sums of money were subscribed by the Opposition throughout both Provinces, and scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of South Leeds. The constituency was invaded by all the principal speakers and agents of the Conservative party, headed by Mr. John A. Macdonald and the late Mr. D'Arcy McGee, and all manner of appeals were made to the national and religious prejudices of the people. The result was the defeat of the Solicitor General by Mr. D. Ford Jones the Conservative candidate, by the small majority of five. Mr. Richards, after the resignation of the Government, remained out of public life until 1867, when he unsuccessfully contested his old seat for the House of Commons with the late Lieutenant Governor Crawford, the latter being elected by a majority of thirty-nine. At the general election of 1872, however, Mr. Richards was returned to the House of Commons, and held his seat until January, 1874; when, being absent from the country, on a visit to British Columbia, he was unable to return in time to be nominated for his old constituency; and South Leeds became lost to the Reform party. Previously to his return to the House of Commons—in 1869—he was offered by the Government of Sir John Macdonald, the office of Attorney General in the Provisional Government, which Mr. Macdonald, as Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Territories, was about to establish at Fort Garry. Mr. Richards accepted the office, and accompanied Mr. Macdonald on his well-known journey, until stopped by Riel at Stinking River. In the following year he visited British Columbia, and in 1871, he again, as we have before observed, visited the Pacific Province, this time for the benefit of the health of

his children, (eight of whom he had lost by death at Brockville) and he has since resided there in the practice of his profession, holding for the past two years the position of legal agent to the Government of the Dominion. He is, therefore, in every way qualified to speak with accuracy and authority on the domestic affairs of Canada's distant dependency, and it is a matter of extreme congratulation that we should have secured at "Carey Castle" a representative at once so clear-headed, so prudent and so reliable, as the new Governor is known to be. Mr. Richards belongs to a family of able lawyers. Mr. Richards, himself, was for many years one of the leaders of the Bar in this section of Ontario; and on several occasions took his brother, the Chief Justice's place on the Bench, during the temporary absence of the latter. Since his residence in British Columbia he has taken an active part in endeavouring to effect several much needed law reforms in the Province. The old Johnstown District which has been so prolific of able and distinguished public men, may well feel proud to-day on the elevation of the youngest son of good old Stephen Richards to be Her Majesty's representative on the far Pacific coast, and we feel quite sure that the great majority of the people of Ottawa, who know how to appreciate sterling uprightness of character and honest worth, will join with the good people of Johnstown in wishing for the new Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia a pleasant and prosperous term of office."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

A SEAMSTRESS'S EXCLAMATION.—"A-hem!"  
THE DREAM OF A FAIR WOMAN.—A brave man.

LADIES, pray fret not too much over small losses, or you will all the sooner have a great loss to fret over—the loss of your beauty.

WHEN we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

"Do you love me still John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband.—"Of course I do—the stiller the better," answered the stupid husband.

"DONALD," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?"—"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid; "a-weel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an ower true tale which one gude woman tells of another."

SCOTCH lady (who has taken a house in the Highlands, her servant suddenly giving "warning"): "What's the reason of this! Have you not all you want—good rooms, good fresh air and food, and easy work?" Spokeswoman: "Yes mung; but—there's no a decent lad within cry o' us."

A scholar in a country school was asked, "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows:—"Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary."—"Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?"—"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

THE new belt for ladies is said to be made in clasps, four of which go around the waist. It will be difficult, however, to improve upon the old style of belt, which is made in the shape of a coat sleeve and has an arm inside of it. We have observed, however, that this kind usually requires more than four clasps.

IN a tramway-car the other day, an old lady, seated opposite a sharp-looking gentleman, kept eyes on him a long time, and finally asked him "Mister, are you a pick-pocket?"—"Why, no madam; I'm a tradesman," he answered.—"Is that so?" she sighed. "Well, I'm awfully disappointed. I wanted to try and see if I could reform you."

A lady's opinion about a good fit is worth taking; they know what is made well. Therefore, Mrs. Lynn Linton is worth quoting; she says:—"Conventional fitness is a fine basis for a marriage, in its own way; but then the marriage must remain in the conventional groove. When you come to love and the elemental facts of human nature, and to circumstances that do not admit of posturizing, then the conventional fitness is nowhere, and the gap where love ought to be, and is not, is the chief thing visible."

SEVERAL ladies were sitting together on the balcony of the Clifton Hotel, Niagara, the other night, when the moon, although full, was somewhat hidden by clouds. A natty little fellow came towards the group and said, softly, "Pussie darling!" whereupon all the young ladies jumped up and came towards him eagerly. He selected one and walked away with her. The other brides sat down, and told their respective Romeos afterwards that it was "too ridiculous for anything," and that they "never were so embarrassed in the whole course of their lives."

"THE masculine world is made up of two classes," said a clever young lawyer—very much disgusted at being deserted for a "dancing man"—"those with brains and those with heels, and I find that the latter find favour with the ladies." "The feminine world is made up of two classes," replied a lady; "those with brains and those with pretty faces and I find that the latter are favourites with the men!" "You are right, and so am I," continued the lawyer. "What do

you suppose the next generation will be?" "Apes," answered the lady. Those two individuals went home in a happy frame of mind.

THE most startling combinations of shape and color are visible in the Paris streets. For instance a lady was seen driving to the Bois de Boulogne, a few days ago, wearing a turquoise-blue China crape costume, embroidered by hand with a large flowing design of vine leaves in sap-green silk, and fastened with turquoise buttons. This dress was shaded by a light-blue parasol, also worked with sap-green vine leaves, and the handle of which was studded with turquoises. Another lady wore, on the same day, a white satin waistcoat, richly embroidered in gold, with a cream-colored damask polonaise and skirt; and a third wore an ingenious mixture of coffee-color and cream-color, the whole elaborately and thickly embroidered with silk moss-roses.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PERSONAL AFFECTION AND SELF-SACRIFICE. It is in that realm where goodness takes on the form of sympathy and enthusiastic affection that we find that men have real interest in their fellows. It is where they feel that they are invisible in their inward life. There they will do heroic things for each other. And, as you go away from this glowing centre of intense personal affection, the impulse of self-sacrifice grows weaker and weaker, and very few will die for an abstract person—for a ruler, for a judge, for a representative, for a man who is known to possess merely a sort of abstract virtue.

DO EVERYTHING WELL.—If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things seemingly trivial are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well. Make that the rule of your life, and live up to it, and you will find it most conducive to your own happiness and to the happiness of those with whom you are brought into contact or communication.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.—When poor Edward Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefcase and suspected junior barrister. And when George Stephenson did wonders, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the king's highway, and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

TEMPER.—A hasty temper often leads young men into great mistakes. It frequently causes them to misunderstand an employer's intention, and to resent as an insult what was meant only as a just rebuke. In this way a young man sometimes loses a valuable situation, and has to begin the world over again. And, unfortunately, his hasty temper does not permit him to learn wisdom from his experience. On the contrary, it too often leads him again into the same mistake, and he is again set adrift. His temper grows worse and worse, until, at last, he becomes unbearable, and nobody will long keep him in employment. On the other hand, a good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in everyone who has his way to make in the world.

THE GLEANER.

PARIS ate 2,370 horses in the first quarter of 1876; 549 more than in the corresponding month of 1875.

THERE are 6,000,000 members and attendants of the Baptist churches in the United States, and it is proposed to raise an educational fund of \$6,000,000 of dollar contributions.

IT is proposed to build a monument to the memory of General Custer. James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, comes forward nobly and heads the list with one thousand dollars. Judge Hilton has given one thousand dollars, Clara Louise Kellogg one hundred, the Vokes family one hundred, and Lawrence Barrett two hundred and fifty dollars.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, so asserts Jennie June in the Baltimore American, "is now generally considered a lunatic." She says that he sits ten hours every day on a shaded bench in Madison Park, petting children who play there. He will shake his hands with no adult, for fear it might take strength out of him; and he says that he is developing a will-power that will in time enable him to kill anybody by a mere exertion of his mind.

THIS anecdote is told of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his wife previous to their marriage: He said to her that he very much wished to marry her, but there were three obstacles. First, he was of very humble origin; second, he had no money; third he had an uncle who was hanged. In reply, she said she honored no man more or less because of his parentage; second, she had no money herself; and third, although she had had no relative hanged, she had twenty who deserved to be, and she wished they were.

SERVIA.

Servia is about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely inhabited by 1,352,000 inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere the branches of the Balkin chain. One of these, gathered into knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudrik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube. Nothing can exceed the wildness and sterility of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows. Generally speaking, Servia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys, which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is in striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro. As Montenegro was the unconquered remnant of the old Servian Empire, therefore the little principality in the Black Mountain may, in that sense, be held as its truest representative. Modern Servia, however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Servia of the fourteenth century. The motto of the princes of the present house of Obrenovitch is "Time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red flag, and on the cross are inscribed two dates, 1389—1815; between them lies a drawn sword. The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Servians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Milosch Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Takovo to raise anew the standard of revolt. The drawn sword between the dates may be taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism. What gives importance to the revolt of 1815 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Servia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary Power, under native rulers. Servia restored to the Serbs, brought back with it the hope at some future time of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Servian kingdom. Or do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb Powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective princes there exists a cordial friendship.

DOMESTIC.

A handful of fresh chloride of lime sprinkled in rat-holes will keep the rats away for months.

To purify tainted meat pour a few drops of hydrochloric acid into a large basin of water, till of a slightly sour taste, and immerse the meat in it for an hour or so, and it will become quite sweet again.

If the destroying powders have failed to drive away cockroaches, try the following—a tencup of powdered plaster of Paris, mixed with about double that quantity of oatmeal, and a little sugar. Strew this on the floor and place in the corners frequented by the cockroaches.

TOMATO BEEF.—Take three pounds of lean beef—cut it in small strips. Lay it in the stew pan with seven or eight nice potatoes, a little water, and one finely chopped onion. Stew slowly one hour and a half. Add salt, pepper, cloves, and just before dishing, a piece of butter as large as an egg, and half a gill of catsup.

PEA SOUP.—The stock for this soup should have a few pieces of ham or salt pork boiled in it, as it gives the soup a fine flavor. To three quarts of stock add one quart of split-peas, which have lain in cold water over night. When boiled quite to pieces, or in about two hours, strain through a colander. It should be as thick as gruel.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a deep dish very thickly; cut thin slices of white bread, and line the sides and bottom. Fill with sliced tart apples, sprinkle each layer with sugar and nutmeg, and a little butter. Cover the top with slices of bread, soaked in milk. Lay over this a plate that will fit closely, and upon that a weight. Bake three hours in a moderate oven.

SAUCE PIQUANT.—Chop finely some onions and put in a saucepan with butter and vinegar. Stir over the fire till the vinegar has nearly evaporated. This may be known by the butter becoming clear. Then mix in with this the same quantity of flour as of butter that was used. Heat a few minutes till all becomes brown. Then pour in sufficient stock broth to make the required amount of sauce. Season with pepper, and brown with caramel or browned sugar. Allow it to remain on the fire fifteen minutes; then add one spoonful of parsley and four gherkins, each finely chopped. Give one boil and it is ready for use.

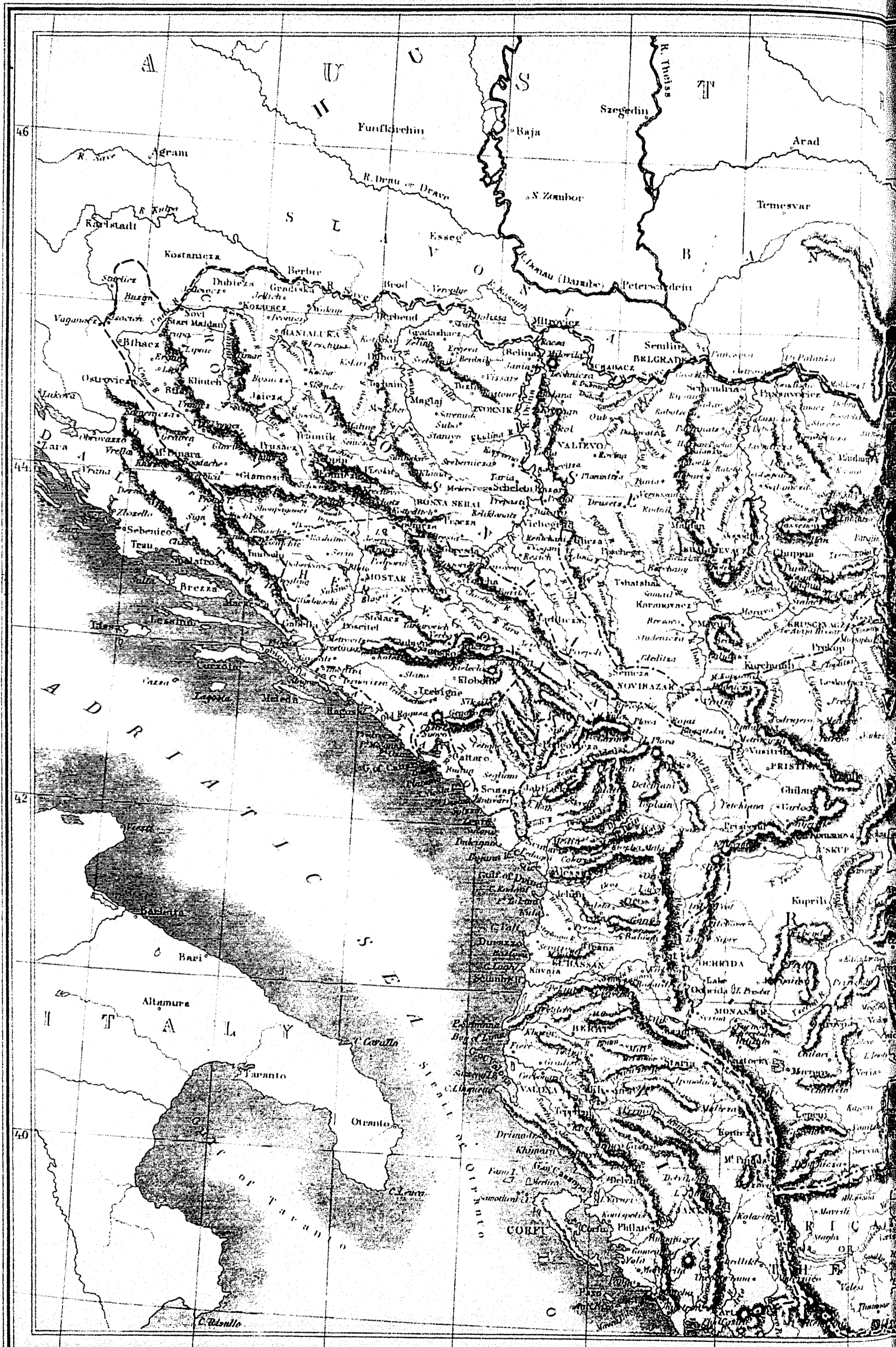
ARTISTIC.

General de Cesnola, late American Consul at Cyprus, has arrived in Paris with his family. General de Cesnola is about to return to New York, and will bring with him a wonderful archeological collection.

AMONG the pictures in the French salon this year were two sketches, a vase of violets and daisies and chrysanthemums, signed Louis de Schryver. The artist bearing the name is only twelve years and a half old.

Prof. Reuleaux, one of the German jurors at the Philadelphia Exhibition, writes to the Berlin National Zeitung in accord with the Sun's estimate of the German exhibits. He says that the greater portion of the German articles shown there are inferior to similar things sent from other countries. He says, "I cannot refrain from a feeling of shame when I wander through our department of the Exhibition, and see nothing but Germanias, Borussia's, Kaiser's, Crown Princes, Red Princes, Bismarcks, Moltkes, and Roon's in porcelain, silver, iron, terra cotta, lithographs, paintings, and embroideries. In our art products we have sustained a defeat equal to two Sedads."







PROVINCES AND THE PRESENT SEAT OF WAR.

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## OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

## THE BASTONNAIS.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

## BOOK III.

## THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

## XIV.

LITTLE BLANCHE—(Continued.)

"Are you not lonely here, my dear?" asked Zulma raising the child from her knees and stroking back her hair as she stood leaning against her arm.

"I am used to be alone, mademoiselle," was the reply. "I have never had any company but my grandfather who is often absent. He seeks food for both of us. He kills birds and animals in the woods. He catches fish in the river. Nobody ever came to see us except of late when my grandfather has been called away by strange men and has remained absent longer than usual. When he is here he speaks to me, he tells me stories, he teaches me to understand the pictures in some of his old books, he plays the violin for me. When he is gone, I take more time to do my work, washing clothes, cleaning the dishes, sweeping the room, mending my dresses. When this is done, if the weather is fine, I gather flowers and fruits, I sit at the foot of the Falls making wreaths for our pictures and my grandfather's crucifix. If it is dark or stormy outside, I sing canticles, repeat my catechism, and when I am tired I play with Velours. He never leaves me."

Blanche did not say all these things consecutively, but in reply to repeated questions from Zulma who led her on step by step. And not the answers themselves, but the manner in which they were made, the tone of voice, the expression of the eye and the ready gesture, all increased her interest in this strange charming little being.

"But of late," she said, "your grandfather has been away several nights together. Were you left all alone?"

"Yes, all alone, mademoiselle."

"And you were not afraid?"

Blanche smiled and there was a vacant look in her eye which reminded Zulma of Batoche.

"The night is the same as the day," she said. "Oh, not the same my darling. At night wicked things go abroad. The wild beasts prowled, bad men frighten the innocent, and the darkness prevents help from coming so easily as in the day."

Blanche listened attentively. What she heard was evidently something new, but it did not disconcert her. She explained to Zulma that when the hour for rest came, she said all her prayers, put on the night-dress which Pauline had given her—this was always white, in all seasons—covered the fire in winter, closed the door in summer, but never locked it, and then went to sleep.

"When my grandfather is in his alcove, I hardly ever awaken, but if he is absent, I always awaken at midnight. Then I sit up and listen. Sometimes I hear the owl's cry, or the bark of the wolf. At other times, I hear the great noise of the tempest. Sometimes again there is not a sound outside, except that of the waterfall. While I am awake I see at the foot of my bed the image of my mother. She smiles on me and blesses me. Then I lie down and sleep till morning."

The above is a cold rehearsal of the words which the child uttered. There was a pathos in them beyond all words that caused Zulma to shed copious tears.

"Dear little thing," she exclaimed, clasping her to her bosom. "You shall be no longer alone. I will take care of you. You will come with me this very evening. Will your grandfather return to-night?"

"When he does not return, he tells me beforehand. When he returns, he says nothing. He said nothing this morning, therefore he will return to-night."

In the earnestness of her interview, Zulma had not noticed the flight of the hours. When she looked up at the clock it was past five and the darkness was gathering. Turning to the servant who, after attending to his horse, had entered the room and taken a seat in a corner, she ordered him to go out upon the main road and see whether any one was coming. He came back with the information that several men were going rapidly in the direction of Quebec, appearing very much excited, but that none seemed to be coming from the town.

"It may be late, Blanche," said Zulma, "before your grandfather returns, but I will wait another hour. Then we shall decide what to do."

At six o'clock it was very dark and a slight snowstorm arose. Zulma was getting anxious. She could not make up her mind to leave the child all alone, and could not take her along without first seeing Batoche. On the other hand, she must return to Charlesbourg to avoid any needless anxiety on the part of her father. She was in the height of her perplexity when she heard the shuffling of feet at the door.

"It is he," exclaimed Blanche, springing to the latch.

## XV.

IN BATOCHÉ'S CABIN.

Batoche entered, supporting Cary Singleton under the arms. The latter could stand upon his feet, but it was with effort, and he needed the assistance of his companion. Zulma was thunderstruck on seeing the wounded officer. He was no less astonished at seeing her. Batoche smiled as he glanced over the room. But not a syllable was uttered, until Cary had found a resting place in the easy chair before the fire. Then a few hasty words explained the whole situation. Zulma burst into tears and lamentations, as she took a seat at Cary's side, but he soon comforted her by the assurance that he was not dangerously hurt.

"The doctor told me there was nothing broken. All I need is a few days of rest. Batoche was at my side when I fell. He took care of me and prevailed upon me to come out here with him."

Batoche smiled again while Cary spoke, then said in his turn:—

"The Captain would have preferred to go elsewhere to rest, and he consented to come with me only when I assured him that you were away from home."

"How did you know that?" asked Zulma.

"Oh, I knew it."

"You know everything, Batoche."

"I did not know that we should meet you in my humble cabin, but I thought it was not impossible. When I saw your cariole at the door, I was not at all surprised, but I did not tell the Captain of it."

"I was never more surprised and delighted in my life," said Cary.

Zulma was comforted. She totally regained her equanimity, and conversed calmly with Cary. After a time, when little Blanche began to set the table, she rose to assist and cooked the frugal supper with her own hands. Later, she helped Batoche to prepare the liniments for the young officer's bruises. Batoche was as expert as any medicine-man among the Indians, from whom indeed he had learned the virtues of the various seeds and herbs which hung in bunches from the rafters of his hut.

A couple of hours thus passed away almost unnoticed. As eight o'clock struck, Zulma arose from her seat and announced her intention of remaining with her friend till the next day when the nature of his wounds would be better known. Cary remonstrated gently, renewing the assurance that within very few days he would be in perfect possession of his limbs. On the other hand, Batoche encouraged Zulma in her resolution. He declared he would regard it as a great favor if she would accept the scant hospitality of his hut for one night. Little Blanche said nothing, but she clung to the skirt of Zulma and there was an appeal in her eye which the latter could not have resisted even if she had been so minded. In her usual decided way, she ordered her servant to drive back to Charlesbourg, inform her father why she had remained behind, and return to learn her wishes the next morning.

"If I thought," said Batoche, "that Sieur Sarpy would be too anxious, I would go with your servant, and explain everything."

"There is no need," replied Zulma. My father is convinced that I would do nothing to pain him, and I know that his high regard for Captain Singleton, and his confidence in yourself, Batoche, will make him completely approve the course which I take. The chief point is that my servant should return at once in order that my father may have no fear that I have encountered an accident on the road."

And without further delay, the servant took his departure.

Quietude then reigned in the cabin. Little Blanche recited her prayers to Zulma, and was put to bed by her, when she went to sleep directly. Her strange manners and remarkable discourse had been a source of great interest to Cary. Batoche retired to his alcove whence he did not issue for a long time. In the interval, Zulma and the disabled officer, seated before the fire, indulged in a low-voiced conversation. Cary thanked his wounds for this unexpected opportunity of pleasant repose. Going over all the circumstances, he regarded this meeting with Zulma as something providential. He had almost a suspicion that Batoche had had a secret hand in bringing it about, so impressed had he become with the wonderful resources of that singular man. Zulma was actually calm, but her heart was full of gratitude and there was a fervor in her language which showed that her sensitive nature was in harmony with the time and place in which she found herself. Never had Cary seen her more beautiful. The humbleness and poverty of her surroundings brought out into relief the wealth and lordliness of her charms. She sat like an empress in her wicker chair. The predominant thought with Cary, as he glanced at her admiringly, was this—that it was an episode to be remembered through life, an episode which he could not have expected in

his wildest dreams, and which would never recur again, to sit thus, a thousand miles away from home, in a lonely hut, in the snow-piled forests of Canada, with one of the loveliest and grandest women of God's planet. Over and over again, as he took in quietly the full significance of this fact, he closed his eyes and delivered his soul to full and uninterrupted fruition. There are brief hours of enjoyment—few and far between—which are full compensations for years of dull, commonplace existence, or even of positive suffering. Cary was very happy, and he might have sat there, before the fire, the livelong night, without ever thinking of his own or his companion's fatigue. Zulma, while no less absorbed in her own delight, was more considerate. When ten o'clock was reached, she called Batoche from his retreat and proposed to him the arrangements for the night. After these were settled, she told her old friend that she had a favor to ask him. She wished him to play the violin. He hesitated a moment, then with a quaint smile fetched the instrument from the little room. Taking his stand in the centre of the hut, he opened with a few simple airs which only drew a smile from the lips of his listeners, but all at once, changing his mood, he plunged into a whirlpool of wild melody, now torturing, then coaxing his violin, till he seemed transported beside himself, and both Zulma and Cary fancied themselves in the presence of a possessed spirit. They exchanged glances of wonder and almost of apprehension. Neither of them was at all prepared for this exhibition of wondrous mechanical skill, and preternatural expression. Batoche closed as abruptly as he had begun. After a final sweep over the strings that sounded like a shriek, he held his bow extended in his hand for a moment, while his contracted features and fixed eye assumed an expression of listening.

"There is trouble in the air," he said quietly, as he walked back to the alcove to lay by his violin. "The day which has been so eventful shall be followed by a night of distress. We have been happy. Our friends are not so happy."

## XVI.

A PAINFUL MEETING.

Deep silence followed these words. It was broken, after an interval of about ten minutes, by a great commotion outside and the rushing of Batoche to the door. Cary and Zulma remained in their seats awaiting an explanation which was soon forthcoming. Batoche entered supporting on his arm the drooping form of Pauline. M. Belmont followed, the picture of anger and despair. When Zulma saw her friend, she uttered an exclamation of pain and sprang forward to meet her. Pauline having shot a burning glance at her and at the figure sitting beside her, placed her hand upon her heart, and fell backwards in a swoon. Cary forgetting his wounds, hobbled to her assistance. The whole household was bustling around the beautiful victim, as she lay unconscious in Batoche's easy chair. But the attack was only transient. Pauline soon recovered consciousness and strength under the action of restoratives, and the company was enabled to understand what combination of strange circumstances had thus brought them so unexpectedly together. M. Belmont drew Batoche into the alcove where they had a long and loud conversation, the substance of which was that both the friends were in imminent danger, the one of his life, the other of his liberty. M. Belmont had been warned that day, through the friendly offices of Captain Bouchette, that he must not receive Batoche into his house any further. Batoche had lately been tracked in his nocturnal excursions to and from the town, the authorities had been made aware of his doings, and strict orders had been issued for his capture dead or alive. The man who was on his heels was Donald, the servant of Roderick Hardinge, who had apprised his master of the facts. Roderick through delicacy, had not ventured to mention the matter to M. Belmont, but had commissioned their mutual friend, Bouchette, to do so. The Belmont house was hereafter to be closely watched, and if Batoche or any of his companions were found there, not only would they be seized, but M. Belmont himself would be arrested and tried by court martial. This threat was bad enough, but there was worse. M. Belmont had that day received an anonymous letter in which he was told that a sentence of banishment from the town was hanging over his head. Colonel McLean, commander of the regulars, and the highest officer in the garrison after Governor Carleton, had included his name in this punishment along with several others. He had powerful friends in Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé, Captain Bouchette, and Roderick Hardinge, but the force of circumstances might render their interposition unavailable. M. Belmont did not know how much truth there was in all this. But, according as the siege progressed, spirits within the town were getting terribly excited, and he really could not tell what might happen. At all events, the letter had completely roused him and he had decided, at whatever risk, upon coming to consult Batoche. He had intended to come alone, but his daughter Pauline, guessing his intention, would not be left behind. She declared she would follow her father through every contingency. They had both contrived to escape from the town by the happiest combination of circumstances. Now that he was out of the town, he would go further than he had first intended. He would ask Batoche's opinion about staying away from it altogether, thus forestalling banishment. In the casket which his friend had hidden for him,

there were sufficient valuables in coin to answer his purposes, and fully cover all his expenses for months to come. Hitherto he had struggled hard against his fate and his feelings for the sake of his daughter. Now that he was forced to act, he would resume his liberty and he hoped Pauline would become reconciled to the change. He was not too old, and he had sufficient bodily strength to carry his principles into practice if need be.

M. Belmont poured out his story with rapid animation, being never once interrupted by Batoche. When he had concluded, he grew calmer and was in a proper state of mind to receive the advice of his friend.

Batoche's words were few and deliberate. As for himself, M. Belmont need not fear any further trouble from his goings and comings in the town. He had no dread of the wolves, only hate. He laughed at their threats. There was not an Englishman of them all cunning enough to entrap him. He would continue his visits as he pleased, but he would never come near M. Belmont's residence. As to M. Belmont's personal case, he would simply advise him to maintain his ground, and not compromise himself by flight. He knew that his friend was no coward, but flight was a cowardly act. Then, there was Pauline to consider—an all-powerful argument. All his life had been consecrated to her—let it be consecrated to the end. He had made many sacrifices in her behalf—he should not recoil before this greatest sacrifice. The dear child might acquiesce, but it would cause her many a secret tear, and such as she were too good to be made unhappy. Besides, M. Belmont should think of his compatriots. He was their foremost man. If he fled, they would all be put under the ban. If he deserted them, what would many of them do in the supreme hour of trial that was coming?

M. Belmont listened attentively, almost religiously to the words of the man whom he had of late so much learned to admire, and whose wisdom was never more apparent than on the present occasion. He thanked Batoche warmly, but failed to say that he would follow his advice. Instead of that, he took him by the hand and drew him into the apartment where the young people were seated.

They too had had an absorbing conversation. It was the sight of Cary which had so suddenly unbalanced Pauline when she first entered the cabin. From a hasty note which Batoche had smuggled into the town, she had learned of his misfortune at the Intendant's Palace. She had been feverishly anxious to hear more about his fate. This was one of the causes why she decided upon accompanying her father in his perilous journey that night. She knew she would meet Batoche and gather full particulars from him. But she had no suspicion that she would see Cary himself. And the presence of Zulma was another mystery. But after she received consciousness, as we have seen, and, seated between them, had heard the explanation of everything, not only did her spirits revive, but she forgot all the other sorrows which waited upon her. Cary, too, completely overlooked his own ailments in the joy of her presence. And Zulma, without misgiving, without afterthought, was perhaps the happiest of the three, because she partook of the pleasure which her two friends experienced in each other's society.

Thus a full hour of unalloyed enjoyment passed away, after which the conversation necessarily drifted into more serious courses. It could hardly be otherwise in view of the circumstances by which they were all surrounded. Youth and beauty and love cannot always feast upon themselves. They must perforce return to the stark realities of life. They spoke of the war and of all the miseries attendant upon it—the sufferings of the poor, the privations of the sick, the anxieties of parents, the pangs of absence, the rigors of the cold, and the terrible sacrifices which even the commonest soldier is obliged to make. The two girls listened with tears as Cary graphically recounted his experiences, which, though relieved at times by touches of humor, were profoundly sad. Then Zulma, in eloquent language and passionate gestures, gave her view of the situation. Pauline was mostly silent. Her role was to receive the confidences of others, rather than to communicate her own. At times, in the march of discourse, the veil of the future was timidly raised, but immediately dropped again, with an instinctive shrinking of the three young hearts. That far they durst not look. The present was more than sufficient for them to bear. A gentle, merciful Providence would provide for the rest.

Who can gauge the effect upon the participants of this interview, in such a place, at such an hour, and amid so many singular circumstances? It was deep, searching, and ineffaceable, and the sequel of our history will show that most of its culminating events were directly traceable to this memorable evening.

When M. Belmont stepped forward with Batoche, he at once addressed himself to Cary Singleton, asking his advice on the subject of the conference just held in the alcove. The young officer, after blushing and faltering at the suddenness of the appeal, replied in a manly fashion that, although he was an apostle of liberty with pistol and sabre, and entire devotion to the cause, even to the shedding of his heart's blood, he could not presume upon giving advice to such a man as M. Belmont. He was too young, for one thing, and, for another, he was not sufficiently acquainted with the circumstance of the case. He added, glancing

with ardor at the two fair girls beside him, that they would be better able to determine the question, mademoiselle Belmont, taking counsel of her father's welfare, and mademoiselle Sarpy, speaking for the benefit of her dearest friend. Thus appealed to, Zulma declared promptly that she had no opinion on the advisability of M. Belmont remaining out of the town, but that if he resolved upon doing so, she offered him, in the name of her father and in her own, a welcome home in the Sarpy mansion. In fact, she insisted that she would allow Pauline to live nowhere else. Cary smiled and thanked Zulma with an approving nod. Pauline had not a word to utter, but her answer was only too painfully significant when she buried her face in her hands and gave way to a tempest of grief. Perplexity was painted on every countenance. Batoche alone retained his equanimity, and calmly, but with a tone almost of authority, he said:

"M. Belmont, it is near midnight. There is a long road to travel. A decision must at once be made. What do you say?"

M. Belmont still hesitated.

"Then, Pauline will decide. Come, my dear, shall we go or stay?"

Pauline immediately rose, and with a look of pathetic imploring, murmured:

"Oh, father, let us go."

(To be continued.)

UNPROFESSIONAL vs. AMATEUR.

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENDANT.

Not a few of the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will have been amused and doubtless interested in the Quixotic tilt against the word *amateur*, that appeared in these columns in the issue of the first of this month. Fortunately for the doughty knight, it was not a wind-mill that he encountered, for he remains unhurt to tell us that at some future day, he will have a bout with the word *connoisseur*. It warns the heart to know that the days of chivalry are not dead, and that there are those ever ready to place lance in rest for the honour of our good old Saxon tongue. We are led to expect much from the opening of the paper on *Amateur*. We have a quotation from Chaucer, and a philological treatment of the word *amateur*. It is a good beginning, and we hurry on, tiptoeing in expectancy, ready to seize and embrace the good old Saxon term that is to hurl the usurping *amateur* from its ill-gotten throne, and reign there peacefully to the end of time. We watch the labourer earnestly, as he struggles with the heavy end—he raises it—Ye Gods! 'tis Saxon—*en*. We rush to fold it in our arms, but sink back horror-stricken, as we see it drag its limpid Latin length along—*professional*.

Now this is too bad! too bad! After living in the hope of some terse Saxon word, to be mystified in this labyrinth of Anglo-Quiritian Etymology.

In denouncing the use of this word and favoring that of "unprofessional," the writer makes but sparing use of Dictionaries, quoting but two that do not give the word, Johnson and Richardson, and an equal number that do, namely, Ogilvie and Craig. It seems therefore that he gains but little satisfaction in that field. But the writer does not also tell us that the word "unprofessional" is not to be found in Johnson either.

It may be just as well, as Mr. King does not make Dictionaries his stand by, to follow him on his own ground, and argue the question without their aid; but with the hope of a more definite conclusion:

I confess that the word "professional" is but a derivative, and is used in an anglicized form, but that does not mend the matter. What better is it to take the materials of an old house to build a new one with, than to occupy the old one as it stands, so it be strong enough to answer our purpose?

Not only is the word that Mr. King gives us to replace *amateur*, a hybrid; but it is also a negative word to which he would attach a positive meaning. Now its being a hybrid does not in any way militate against it, if viewed in common with many others in the language; but when *amateur* is scouted as not being Saxon, "unprofessional" can hardly be presented to us as the genuine article. We are soundly rated for riding on an ass, and dismounting, we call lustily like Richard,

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Imagine Richard's disgust had he been presented with a mule.

That the word "unprofessional" does not mean what *amateur* expresses, unless the writer has constituted himself autocrat and proclaimed that such shall be, seems to me plain.

A professional is one who makes his living by the pursuit of some special calling, and he is a professor of that particular branch of industry.

Here, I claim, the word "unprofessional" comes in, the actions of that man being either *professional* or *unprofessional*, as they are according, or contrary to the ordinary rules governing such calling.

Take, for example, a lawyer. His action is professional while he sues the defendant for debt, at the instance of the plaintiff; his remuneration being the established fees paid in such cases; but if he takes the case on speculation, or in other words, commits simony, and is paid a certain percentage of the debt, in the event of his winning the case, his action is unprofessional.

Another meaning for the word unprofessional may very properly be thus defined: One who does not follow any profession or calling; but

who may also have as little claim to the title *amateur*, not being, as Ogilvie defines the word, "A lover of any art or science, not a professor."

I must not lose sight of the fact that there are other expressions given in the letter, as substitutes for *amateur*; but these are all in the form of phrases, such as "not a professional artist," "not an actor by profession." Now there can be no reasonable objection to the use of these phrases, especially where a narration is necessary to prevent the repetition of a single word; but if such a proposition is forced upon us, as the absolute renunciation of *amateur* and the acceptance of these as equivalents, the word and phrases are placed in direct antagonism, in which the abrupt and forcible Saxon mind will at once side with the single word.

Being self-satisfied (there's nothing like being self-satisfied in an argument), that I have disposed of the word "unprofessional" and its relations, we have no other word but *amateur* to fall back upon. The expression *vi tuoso* will not do, for, besides having the same objection as that urged against *amateur*, it has, at one and the same time, a more and less extended meaning than that word. A *virtuoso* is one who is not only a lover of the fine arts, but one who is skilled in them as well; and here the meaning ends, while *amateur* is not confined to those particular branches, but covers almost every employment or pursuit that may be followed both as a means of livelihood or otherwise.

There being therefore no word that will fully supply the place of the offending foreigner, its adoption into common use merely shows the fact, that when necessity calls, we can transplant into our language an exotic that will flourish as healthily in our strange land as in its parent soil.

The idea may seem utopian to some minds who have before them the decline and death of the great languages of antiquity; but may it not be that the Anglo-Saxon tongue possesses a gravity that is gradually attracting from other languages what is best to express every idea and action of man, to form one grand tongue that shall be the universal speech in coming ages?

The real question, however, is not the simple one of the expurgation or retention of the single word *amateur*; but the principles involved, which, if the former were right, would hurl us back stunned and voiceless to the ruins of Stonehenge, vainly groping to catch the echoes of a language that has long since passed away.

But let me say a word for my opponent, for though we disagree upon a word, no one can more heartily appreciate, than I, his love for good old Saxon and the writers of that time, with whom he is so conversant, and his letter, though I think not one of sound argument, is one of those pleasant literary rambles that one loves to take.

We move along so easily from flower to flower of thought, finding perhaps a beauty where before we saw but a weed; being lifted from the quaint quotation of a nursery rhyme to some stately line from the immortal Shakespeare.

In conclusion, I would quote a line from the end of Mr. King's letter. He says: "I may not have succeeded in becoming a benefactor to my race, but I think I have written enough to show my dislike to the word, *amateur*." This he undoubtedly has done, and as he does not scorn the application of a nursery rhyme when suitable, let me introduce to his notice one from school boy lore, which with slight change would have concluded his letter admirably,—

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell.  
The reason why I cannot tell.  
But this I know, and know full well.  
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

BARRY DANE.

REVIEW

The "Midsummer Holiday Number" of SCRIBNER is an attempt at something new on the part of the publishers, who announce that all the care that is usually bestowed upon the Christmas issue has gone to the making of this warm-weather number. The subjects dealt with have an out-of-door interest and the illustrations (of which there are nearly one hundred) are quite in sympathy with the next. In the editorial department, which is one of the strongest attractions of *Scribner*, Dr. Holland writes about "The Manufacture of Doctors," "The Social Evil," and "The Dead-Beat Nuisance." "The Old Cabinet" contains midsummer songs, etc. "Home and Society" has hints about the "Short Trips near New York" which Centennial visitors may take; and there are some bright bits of humor in the department of "Bric-a-Brac." The publishers claim that this is "the most beautiful number of a magazine ever published in this country" and their claim is substantiated by the simple magnificence of the execution which is a credit to American publishing.

St. NICHOLAS for August is probably the very finest issue of a Children's Magazine ever published anywhere. It is called the "Midsummer Holiday Number," and in make-up and contents is specially adapted to the season; and the great variety and uniform excellence of its contributions are indeed remarkable. All classes of articles are represented, anecdote, adventure, description, sentiment, fun, fancy; and each representative is worthy to rank among the best of its kind. More than twenty articles by such writers as Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, James T. Fields, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Dodge, Noah Brooks, Mrs. Oliphant, Lucretia P. Hale, Abby Morton Diaz, Lydia Maria Child, Horace E. Scudder; and more than forty pictures, by

such artists as Miss Hallock, Addie Ledyard, W. L. Sheppard, Sol. Eyttinge, Thomas Moran, Fidelia Bridges, Frank Beard—all together make a Midsummer Magazine for Children such as was never seen before.

Commencing with the July number the PENN MONTHLY will hereafter be published for the Penn Monthly Association, by Jos. A. Coates & Co. The editorship and ownership will remain unchanged. Mrs. Anna H. Leonowen's books upon Siam have passed from the list of Jos. R. Osgood to that of Jos. H. Coates & Co. In the Fall the latter house will publish a new work of life and travel in India, which Mrs. Leonowen has in preparation and for which her large Indian experience gives peculiar qualification.

HALIFAX—ITS BUSINESS.—This is the title of a little book by G. A. White, descriptive of the City of Halifax and its institutions, its different lines of business, with an account of the leading houses in each line. From its interesting pages we have extracted the matter of an article in our editorial columns. The subject of manufactures is fully treated, giving an insight into the wealth of Halifax, in this respect, for which we were not prepared. The work is very complete, and written in an agreeable style, supplying a great deal of information which we commend to the people of Montreal who have dealings with the capital of Nova Scotia.

There is no question that Richard Grant White is at least getting the knack of writing model magazine articles. We referred lately to his admirable paper on the varnish which the old Veronese makers used for their violins. In the August number of the GALAXY he has another article in the same style on a cognate subject, entitled "King Cole and his Band." We recommend it as something new, fresh, and agreeably told, combining a certain erudition with the trick of popular presentation. This number of the GALAXY has also an authentic copy of Custer's portrait furnished by himself, and promises the continuation of his War Memories. This magazine deserves credit for giving Custer a channel to reach the public. Custer was not Tennyson's "own ideal knight," as some gushing correspondents would paint him—never swearing, never smoking, never drinking, never gambling, never uttering an unclean word, but he was a brave man and he gave his life for his cause.

Belford Bros. of Toronto, our leading Canadian publishers, have put forth lately a history of William of Orange, by Historicus, of Belfast, appropriate and timely, and a reprint of Edith Lyle, by Mrs. Holmes, one of her easy-going, agreeable, soothing works. The latter is especially well gotten up, reflecting credit on the publishers. With their usual spirit of enterprise and judicious selection, they announce the three latest most popular works of the day—Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" and David Dudley Warner's "Mummies and Moslems."

OAKVILLE STRAWBERRY GARDEN.

Our sketch of an Oakville Strawberry Garden is one peculiarly suited to this season, when the lady subscribers to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS are generally superintending the making of jam. Oakville is associated in everybody's mind with berry culture, strawberries particularly, large quantities of which are shipped to all parts of the Dominion. By a process of natural selection, berry growing has localized itself from the adaptability of the soil, which is too light to grow anything else. The fields are generally of six acres, and engage from thirty to fifty pickers, who are paid one cent per box, averaging \$1.50 per day for the season. In some of the larger gardens, such as Bryner's, represented in the sketch, currants are grown to a very large extent, under the care of a gentleman farmer from England, well known for his successful experiments in the culture of berries. But it is not only in the garden of those who have capital in it, but in every spare acre by the roadside the fitness of the soil asserts itself in the growth of berries which seems to be the natural occupation of the poor and well-to-do alike.

RETALIATION.

Our cartoon this week sufficiently explains itself. We referred editorially to all the circumstances connected with it in a recent number. Retaliation is an unpleasant policy at the best, but it has been forced upon us by the American authorities, and the Federal Government are simply doing their duty by enforcing it.

THE FUNERAL OF EX-MAYOR BERNARD.

In our last number we gave a portrait and full biographical sketch of Dr. Bernard. His funeral, which we illustrate, was one of the most imposing Masonic demonstrations ever witnessed in this city.

Many of the preparations at present sold for the purpose of soothing children during the period of teething have proven very destructive to their health in after years. The Children's Carmine Cordial on the contrary can be used with perfect safety in all cases of Teething pains, Colic, Loss of Sleep, Restlessness, &c., being highly approved of by all nurses and mothers who have used it. Sold by all Druggists and store keepers.

THE REQUISITES TO GOOD ACTING.

Fanny Kemble, in the ATLANTIC, says: "It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of good acting are a certain amount of poetical imagination and a power of assumption, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two; in addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion, and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverley, while I was half dead with crying in the midst of the real grief, created by an entirely unreal cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress, and spilling it; and I calculated and measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign, and absolutely did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and commonplace in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my color comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents him from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning upon my canvas balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind, in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one."

BROUGHAM AND HIS HABITS.

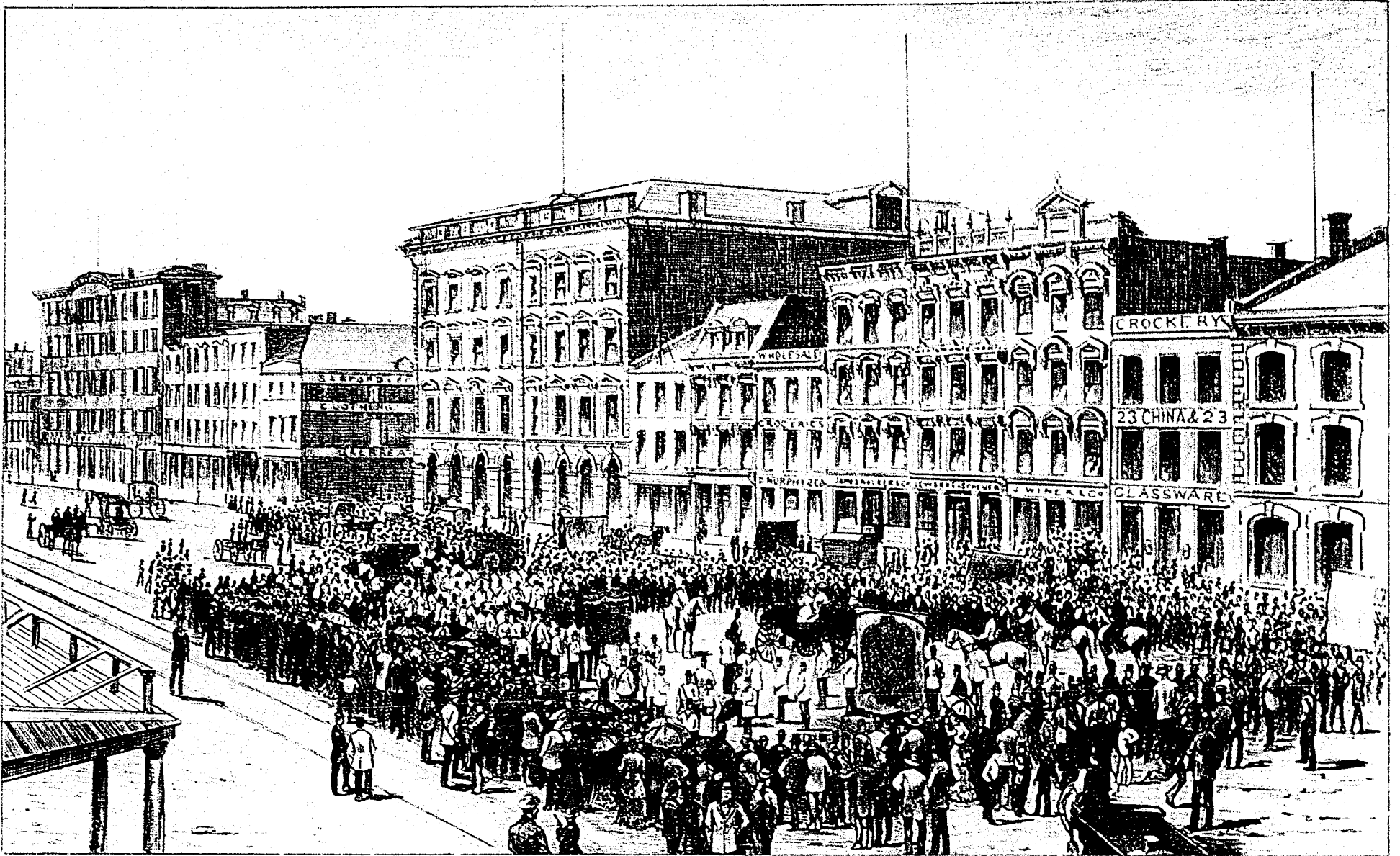
Haydon says that Lord Jeffrey told him many things about Lord Brougham. He knew Brougham from very early years, and at one time for about eight months, Brougham gave way to all kinds of luxury and extravagance. He had a great notion of giving grand dinners, and, like the ancients, of perfuming his rooms. He would get all sort of perfumes, so that when the guests came in the suffocation was dreadful, and they were obliged to open the windows. He used to smoke hookahs, and use the hot bath at the same time; and one night, being very tipsy, he smoked till he fell asleep in his bath, and was nearly drowned. He was found asleep, with his lips just touching the water, and the water cold. This cured him of that indulgence. He used to make bets how he would come on the race-ground, and give a sealed paper to a friend before betting. Sometimes he would come on in a wheelbarrow, sometimes in a coffin, sometimes in a basket on a man's shoulder; but he always won his bets. Jeffrey said he belonged with Brougham to a little society where they had apparatus for chemical experiments, and that Brougham, in time, by his daring experiments, blew the whole apparatus to pieces.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

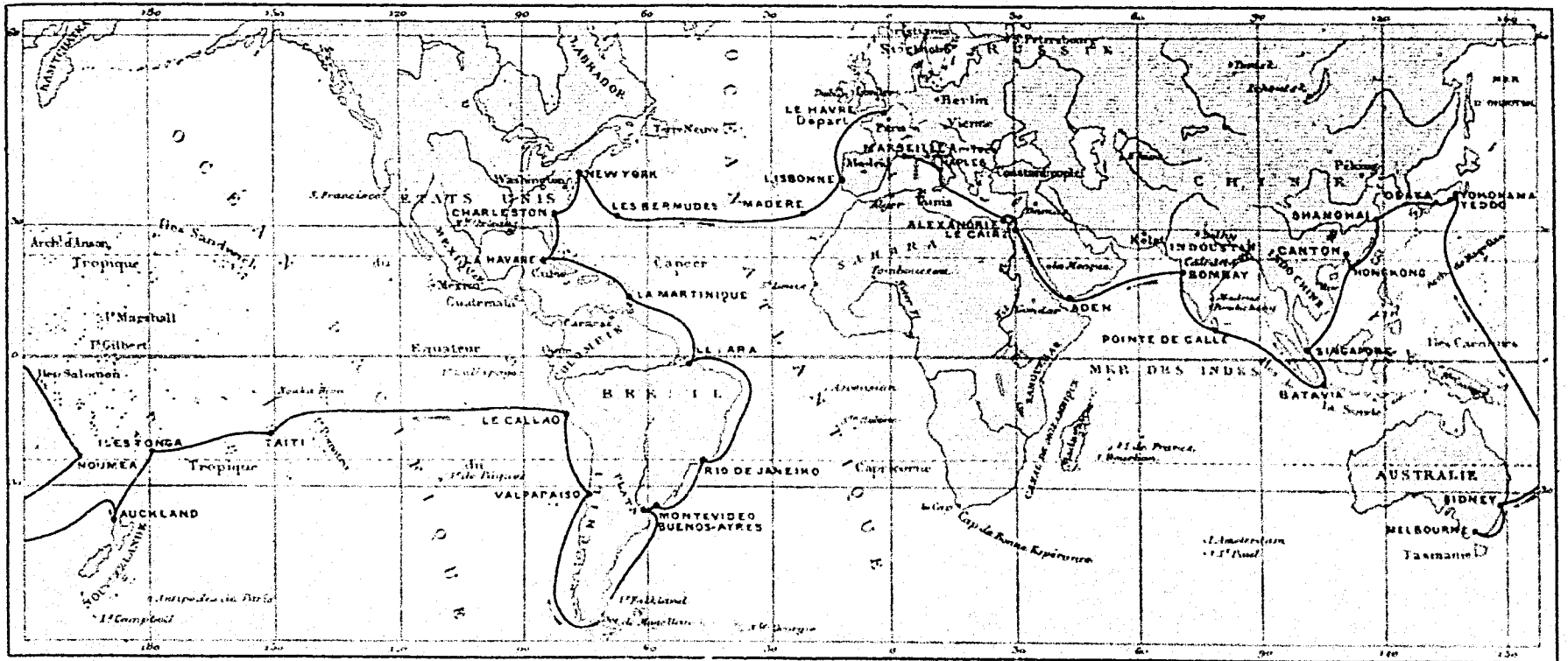
A SOCIETY has been formed in Montreal to bring all the territory of North America under one government.

The sultry hot season is now fairly upon us, and those who can possibly get away for change of scene and recreation will, for the next few weeks, be on the move. To the business man, tourist or invalid, there is no more delightful route than the Ottawa River, with its varied landscape and diversity of scenery. Leaving the city by the 7 a.m. train for Lachine the traveller embarks on one of the splendid steamers of the Ottawa Navigation Co., passing through the Lake of the Two Mountains, one of the loveliest stretches of water in Canada, reaches Carillon about 11.30, and after a short ride by rail he again takes passage on another of the Company steamers which lands him at Ottawa at about 6.30 p.m., or leaving by the Lachine train at 5 p.m., after a cool, refreshing sleep on board the steamer, lands fresh and invigorated in Ottawa at an early hour. This is the only route to the famed Caledonia Springs, the Saratoga of Canada. The company also very liberally issue tickets from the City to Carillon and return good for one day at one fare. The accommodations for the steamers of the Company and its connections are of the best, every attention is shown passengers, and many of those annoyances incident to many other routes are on this one totally unknown.

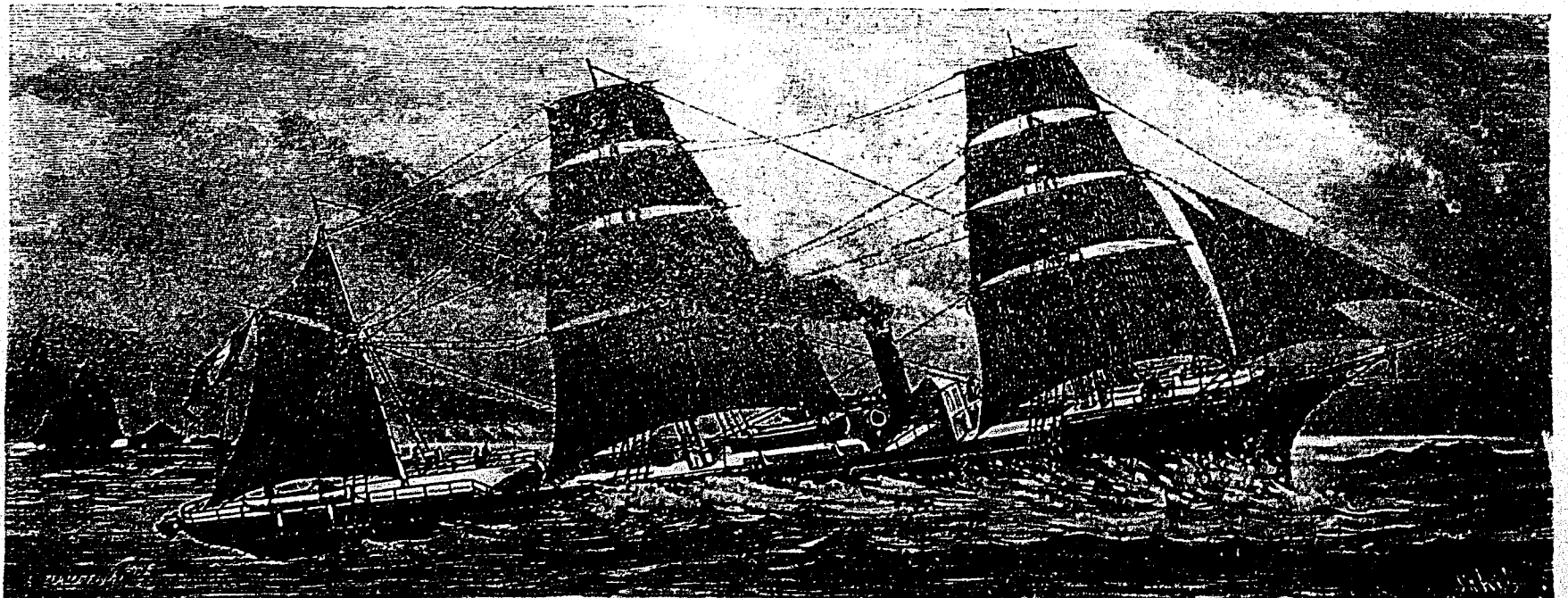
DISCOLORED SKIN.—How disagreeable it is, after using some so-called remedy for aches and pains, to find that although it may have eased the suffering somewhat, yet it has left its mark, in discoloration of the skin. STARR'S PAIN RELIEF cures all aches and pains, internal and external, and never leaves any stain, cannot do harm, and always does good.



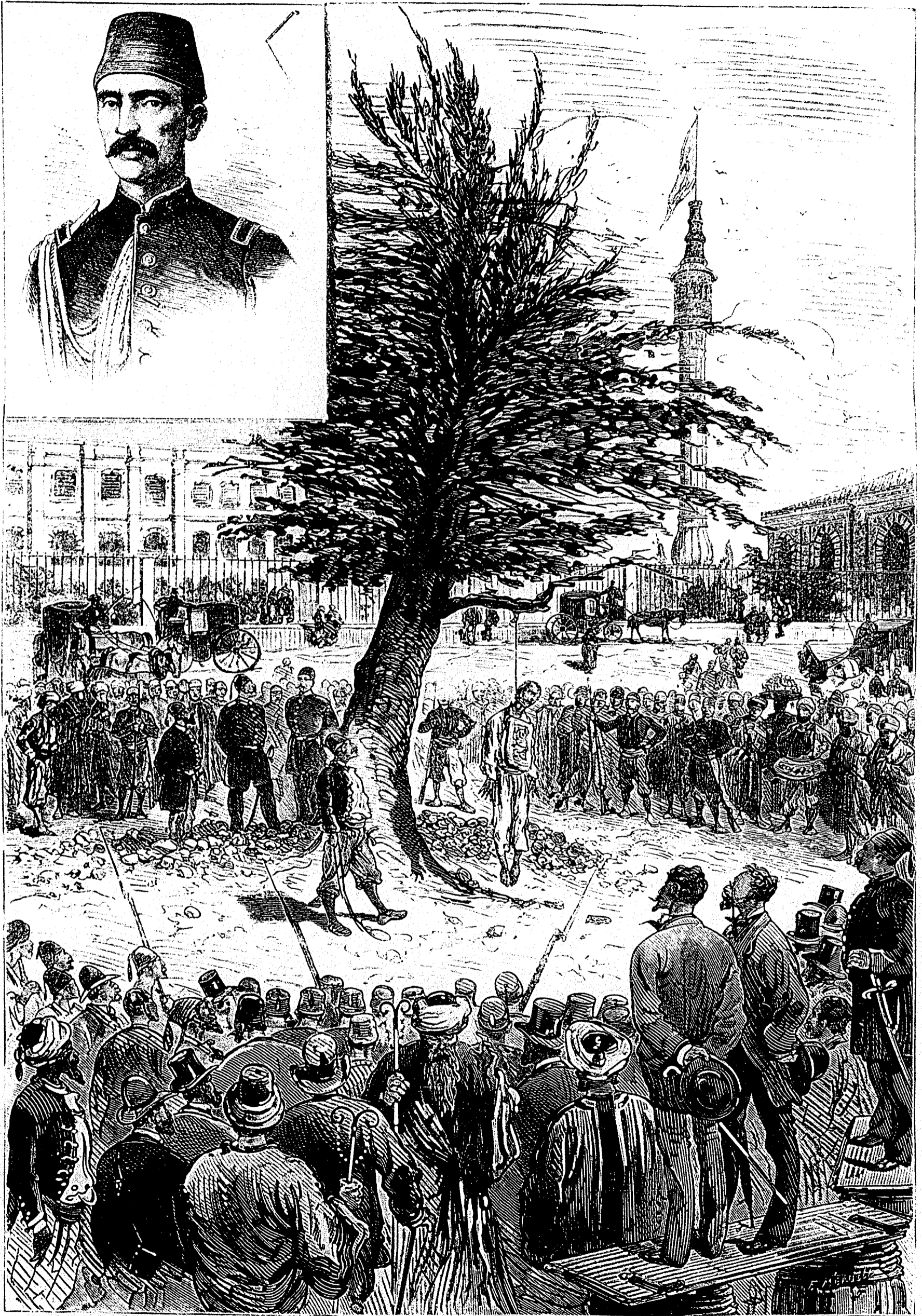
HAMILTON, ONT.—ORANGE DEMONSTRATION ON THE 12TH INST.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN J. KIRKNESS.



FRANCE:—MAP OF THE FIRST EDUCATIONAL VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN 1877. COVERING ABOUT 42,000 MILES.



THE STEAMER OF THE SOCIETY OF EDUCATIONAL VOYAGES AROUND THE WORLD.  
Speed, 13 Knots.—Length 260 feet.—Horse-Power 1,200 registered.



THE EASTERN WAR.—HASSAN BEY, ASSASSIN OF THE MINISTERS. HANGING OF THE MURDERER, 7TH JUNE.

## AN ALPINE PICTURE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Stand here and look, and softly hold your breath  
 Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!  
 How many miles away is yonder town  
 That nestles in the valley? Far beneath—  
 A scimitar half drawn from out 'tis sheath—  
 The river curves through meadows newly mown;  
 The ancient water-courses are all strown  
 With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;  
 And peak on peak against the turquoise blue  
 The Alps like towering campanili stand,  
 Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,  
 Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.  
 O tell me, Love, if this be Switzerland—  
 Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?  
 —From the "Midsummer Holiday Number" of Scribner.

## MY FIRST INDIAN ENGAGEMENT.

A YARN OF 1868.

I.

Well, boys, if you insist on it I'll give you one of my experiences of frontier life on the plains. But you must allow me to tell the story in my own way. The condition I shall exact is that you'll be kind enough to leave me a taste of that excellent beer, and don't smoke all the tobacco out in the meantime. If you have not yet come to the conclusion that truth is stranger than fiction, I trust that out of respect for my feelings you'll lose no time in thinking so, for faith, gentlemen, is a virtue you will be expected to exercise largely in the present instance. After taking a long pull, for the evening was hot and dry, I proceeded.

In July, 1868, it was my fortune to accompany a quarter-master's supply train on its way from Santa Fé to Fort Dodge, Kansas. At that time the Union Pacific Railway had not reached that famous post. It was no uncommon thing in those days to find a "city" mainly composed of a barber shop, a saloon, a clothing store, and a "wholesale grocery," in which the staple articles consisted chiefly of condemned army supplies in the shape of pork, flour, tobacco and an extensive assortment of keno and faro apparatus, with a few kegs of adulterated whiskey in which the principal ingredient was plugs of tobacco just to give it a color and to add to the original flavor of the illegitimate Bourbon. The Bourbon family has passed through several vicissitudes, but none more humiliating to its dignity than this. The joke may be obscure, gentlemen, but I'll pledge you my word the humorism is rich compared with the quality of that same whiskey. It was the practice then for the mercantile community to shift its quarters as the track progressed. One week you would see Solomon City thriving and teeming with adventurers, miners, cut-throats, horse-thieves and army contractors. The saloon would be called the "New York House," the barber shop, the "Washington Hair Dressing Saloon," the wholesale grocery, "The Metropolitan Mart," or the clothing store, "The Boston Emporium of Fashion." The signboards did duty over extensive territory until their grandeur was faded and almost gone, and to add to their interesting character you'd find a few bullet holes clear through the two "O's" in "Mart" or in the upper arm of the T in "Boston Emporium." These were indications of the frequent and untiring energy of revolver practice on the part of the professional sportsmen of the boundless prairie. In consequence of these advances of civilization to the west, the post office addresses of the enterprising merchants were liable to sudden and frequent change. The traveller unused to this abrupt shifting would be occasionally perplexed in finding that Mr. Rosenheller's Boston Emporium of Fashion was eight or ten miles west of where it was last week; or the weary army officer from Leavenworth begrimed with dust, who had been anticipating the comfort he would receive from a delicious "shampoo," would behold with amazement on arriving at Solomon City that it was a cheerless and abandoned waste; nothing remaining of its former splendour save patches of broken shingles, a dirty worn out tin of clubs or ace of hearts, numerous empty metallic cartridges, old garments blown here and there by the wind, and a profuse assortment of old fruit cans, cracker boxes and empty bottles. But he would soon get used to this sort of thing, and take his bath in the dirty stream, half alkali and half mud which had been partly dried up by the hot sun. Cleanliness was a necessity unless you made up your mind to be devoured by the myriads of insect life whose chief sustenance was human blood.

I have just touched upon these details to show you the kind of gentlemen who upheld the dignity of United States law in these regions in the official capacities of Deputy Sheriffs, amateur Judges, and self-constituted Coroners. Our party consisted of about twelve merchants who had come from New Mexico, taking advantage of the government supply train and the protection of the seven cavaliers who formed our escort. Most of the civilians were bound to some point on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, and each of them had a four or a six-mule team laden with stores for sale either to the Government or any other person who could be found to purchase. In addition to the traders we had about a dozen teamsters making in all about thirty-five persons. About one-third of the number were Mexicans and Dutchmen, men who would not scruple to cut your throat for a twenty-five dollar bill provided the chances for escape was a hundred per cent in their favor. Their passion was *aguardiente*, (whiskey) and gambling. If they hadn't any

money to gamble with they would play for pork and tobacco, and having lost, they'd put up the mules as a stake in a game of *monté*, and losing them, they'd arrive at the next settlement "dead broke," where they'd endeavour to retrieve their shattered fortune by "going through" some drunken gambler who had made a pile of money off somebody else. Experienced gamblers, who made the business a profession, however, were seldom at a loss for money. They always knew, somehow, where to borrow it, and, as a rule, seldom failed to pay it back. The man who was known to be lucky at play was always an object of respect and admiration. His opinions were asked for and he was treated with that deference worthy of a person occupying so important a position in society. His opinion was law and his decision on any question was accepted as final. He was always regarded as an acquisition to the settlement, and his death was viewed in the light of a public calamity. Every since Morrissey was elected to Congress, the gambler has always held a high position in public estimation out west. Having given you a description of the company with which I had the honor to be associated for the time being, let me say it is important in view of the facts which were to follow.

Among our number was just such a man as I have described. He was a tall, well-built fellow, and had it not been for the prominent marks which dissipation had made on his otherwise comely features, he would have been a handsome man. His name was Johnny Mulenoe, and he it is to whom I am indebted for my life.

At half-past seven o'clock we had reached Wheeler's ranche, some fifteen miles from Fort Dodge. Wheeler's ranche was an *adobe* trading station for buffalo robes, bad whiskey and tobacco. Joe Wheeler was popular. He had made a good deal of money one way and another. Perhaps it will not be well to inquire too closely how Joe had made his money; but if rumour was worthy of credence Joe had made a goodly pile of ducats.

He was a smooth-faced man about 6 feet high, scrupulously neat in his attire, and was an out-and-out Vermont Yank. Joe could tell a good yarn, sing a good song, was ready to fight a rough-and-tumble with any man who wanted to pick a quarrel; was an unfailing marksman and a devoted adherent of the Methodist Church. The only library which Joe possessed was some half dozen coverless dime novels and a well-thumbed volume of Watts' hymns. Joe never swore, but when he got drunk he'd turn up a hymn to suit any occasion. It was a rich treat to hear Joe's rough, though naturally rich baritone voice full of old-fashioned shakes and quavers, sending forth upon the cool evening air some favorite stanza of that popular author. Perhaps to a critically musical ear there might have been too much of the *adagio* movement in some of those cadences. But they were nevertheless very sweet to hear then, notwithstanding the pronunciation was a trifle faulty and nasal. And yet nobody ever accused Joe of being a hypocrite. I honestly believe the man was as passionately fond of Watts' poems as any refined member of that denomination. Most of us have our hobbies, and Joe's hobby was Watts' hymns. Joe's ranche was excavated at the base of a bluff, which rose to a height of some two hundred feet above the prairie level. The exterior was well and substantially built of rough timbers, the entrance to which was strongly secured by a door of double two-inch planks, firmly secured by large iron hinges and staple. The sides of the ranche had been tapered down to a thickness of about two feet through which loop holes had been cut about six inches square strongly secured by iron bars. There were two of these windows on each side. The ranche was fitted after the usual manner of a western store, particular care having been taken to guard against attacks from hostile Indians. But Joe was seldom troubled by them. He was ready to give them what they wanted, first having received in return something worth ten times as much. So you see, Joe could, occasionally, afford to give the poor Indian a little from his bounteous store; but Joe invariably made it a rule to make the next Indian pay for it.

We had corralled our animals for the night, and after supper some of the party gathered around the ranche to play poker.

It was a curious sight to see that motley crowd scattered here and there in picturesque groups. Their huge sombreros gave a peculiar cast to their features, half shadowed and repulsive as they were. The open prairie in front, fragrant with its long green grass, declined into space. Not a tree could be seen. The air was soft and sweet, while in the distance the peculiarly mournful cry of some hungry coyote seemed to bewail its exile from the rest of the race. Fireflies danced in the gloaming, and the low chirruping of the crickets formed a miniature *obbligato* to Joe's voice, which reverberated in a thousand echoes over the apparently endless space of solitude. To a stranger new to the country as I was, the scene was full of a fascinating interest. The rattlesnake and prairie dog had retired for the night, and as if guarding the peace of tenants within, the owl perched and gazed reflectively on the little hillock raised by the dwellers of adjacent "prairie dog towns" as they were called. A short distance from the ranche the tall figure of a cavalryman on night duty, guarding the corral, appeared to assume gigantic proportions. As the moon rose over the scene the polished barrel of his carbine caught its reflections. The shadows brightened, and for a moment the voices were still, while Joe went inside his dwelling to look for a couple

of decks of *monté* cards to satisfy the speculative tendencies of his Mexican customers. The beauty of the aspect lay in its extreme stillness, and it is a fact, gentlemen, you could hear distinctly the voices of the teamsters, who had been dispatched for water, on the banks of the Arkansas three hundred yards away.

PAUL FORD.

Montreal.

## THE "GRIEVANCES" OF THE PRESS.

Much has been said lately about the position of the newspaper men of this city, and their relations to their employers; of a want of social harmony which should exist between the members of the press, irrespective of the tendencies of the journals to which they belong, and also a great deal about the social status of the reporter in public estimation.

Of course a subject of this character cannot be treated exhaustively in a single paper. There have been many valuable suggestions made, as well as several utterly impracticable ones.

But the subject is sufficiently important to bear discussion, and if it leads to the elevation of the general tone of journalists and journalism it will have accomplished a great good.

I do not propose, however, nor am I desirous of creating a general controversy for the sake of factious argument; but I am anxious as a member of the profession to see some improvement in the direction of elevation. But claiming the same right to my own opinions on the subject as I would accord to others, I trust that my voice will not be the only one raised upon this very important matter.

With reference to the relationship of the journalist towards his employer, a great deal of stress has been laid upon the poor pay and hard work which devolves upon the reporter. Will you kindly bear with me a moment in this regard. The work no doubt is very severe and exerts a great strain upon the physical and mental faculties of the reporter. But I contend, that, so far as remuneration is concerned, it is purely a business matter between employer and employé, in which no third party has the right to interfere. If Mr. A. pays Mr. B. a certain salary agreed upon per week, and if Mr. B. thinks he is underpaid he has the same right to resign his position as Mr. A. has to discharge him, if he should prove incompetent. If B. whom we will suppose is a married man, thinks his salary will not support him, it is scarcely fair or reasonable to suppose that his employer A. is responsible because B happens to be a married man. Giving B credit for good, honest, newspaper work, it may be that his services are actually worth more than he receives; but, surely Mr. A. is the better judge as to whether he can afford to pay him a larger salary, even admitting that his services are worth a couple of hundred dollars a year more. It is in the interest of the employer to pay the best salary he can afford in exchange for the best services he can get. You cannot gauge newspaper work on the same level with the compositor or pressman. And I, for one, should be very sorry to see principles of a Trades Union character introduced into the newspaper profession. But there is another argument which should not be overlooked. Let us suppose that "B" has a grievance; that he is both underpaid and overworked; that he has proved himself a competent journalist, and so far, as he is concerned, that he has good grounds for complaint. But he says "I must submit to this, because I'm a married man (or perhaps a single one) I cannot give up my situation, because if I did, I should not know where to get another." A test of three months would prove whether B knows his profession thoroughly, and in those three months he could, and should, save enough money—more especially if he is single—to be able to take him to the next best market where he may consider that his services would be better paid. He would be perfectly justified in taking this course, and if he jumped out of the frying pan into the fire he would only have himself to blame. It seems to me, therefore, that from whatever standpoint you look at the question, the result must necessarily be the same. A steady, capable newspaper man should always be in a position to be able to have something laid aside for a rainy day. If he is not, through uncontrollable circumstances or otherwise, the next best thing he must do is to accept the situation with as good a grace as he can muster. The cases are very few, and I have only seen but one where a newspaper proprietor has not taken faithful service into consideration in times of sickness. What other peoples' experiences may have been I cannot say.

With regard to the social harmony which should exist between the staffs of the journals of this city, the fault lies in a measure among the gentlemen themselves. There is no doubt but that the incessant duties of the profession prevents them meeting socially as often as could be desired; and being thus hindered they are prevented, by this reason, from studying each others characteristics an acquaintance with which would probably lead to the dissipation of small bickerings and weaknesses, which, it must be confessed, at present predominate more or less. I do not see why a united understanding between the proprietors and employées of the journals in this city to this end could not be brought about. I believe it would be, if systematically carried out, one of the best things that ever happened to the profession. Heaven knows the work is hard enough without making

it more disagreeable by useless and silly contentions. Probably some other newspaper man could suggest, better than I, how this desirable end could be put into practical shape. However, it will bear thinking over.

Touching the status of the reporter in public estimation, we all know there are a good many snobs in the world who deem themselves immeasurably superior to everybody around them; who cannot see any good in anyone but themselves, and who are looked upon by everyone except those of their own class as the quaint essence of asinine perfection. It doesn't matter much what people of this calibre think of the newspaper profession, because they are very apt to similarly regard those of other occupations. But I honestly believe, and a pleasant experience enables me so to speak, that every respectable citizen, as a rule, appreciates the work of the newspaper man whose labours have so materially contributed to the development of this Dominion. The exceptions, however, can be easily dealt with by the reporters themselves when the opportunities offer.

I trust this subject may be continued in the same cordial spirit which I have endeavoured to preserve, and I hope too, that out of it may come a good which we newspaper men have not yet been able to realize. Let me hope that next week some other pen than mine, may have something to write upon the subject.

Yours obediently,

FRED. HAMILTON.

Montreal, July 18th, 1876.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON is reported to be getting so stout, her friends in America would scarcely know her.

A NEW play by Robert Buchanan, entitled "Corinne," is a failure at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

THE opening of Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth will be witnessed by the Emperor of Germany, King Louis of Bavaria, and a dozen German Princes.

ANTONIO BARILI, who was well known as a maestro and teacher of singing, died June 15th, at Naples, Italy. He was stepfather of the Patis.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY, one of the notable concert and oratorio singers of England, has written a cantata on the legend of St. Dorothea, which was sung in St. James Hall, London, recently.

DURING his recent engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Salvini played Hamlet to a five pound house. On one occasion a solitary person paid for a stall, and on the night following there was not a person who offered to pay any money whatever.

MR. SOTHERN authorises the statement that he has resigned his share in the management of the Haymarket Theatre, though he purposes to fill an engagement there every year. Mr. Sothern will henceforward make his permanent home in the United States.

LORD FAULKNER, the author of the play called "The Marriage Night," was chosen very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was first elected some of the members opposed his admission, urging that he had not *soven his wild oats*. "Then," he replied, "it will be the best way to sow them in the House, when there are so many *geese to pick them up*."

IMMENSE preparations are being made for the Wagner festival, at Bayreuth. The stage will be illuminated by three thousand two hundred and forty-six jets. In addition to this, Wagner's work demands extraordinary scenic efforts, such as rising mists, gathering clouds, etc. For these, two large steam engines are placed at a short distance from the theatre, the steam from which is carried by pipes to a reservoir placed under the stage, from which it can be distributed by a network of tubes over the whole stage. By means of a special apparatus this vapor will be rendered as dry as possible. Every possible precaution has been taken against fire. In the corner towers of the theatre are two enormous cisterns, each holding about twelve hundred gallons, from which water can be obtained at a very high pressure in case of need.

AN unpublished composition by Rossini has just been brought to light at Pisa. There is an interesting story connected with it. Rossini was accustomed to work up to an advanced hour of the night, or even to dawn in bed. On one occasion as he was writing a duet for "Tancredi," the paper slipped from his hands and fell under the bed. Any one else would have picked it up. Not so Rossini, who quietly took another sheet of paper, and wrote another duet, totally dissimilar from the first. Some one knocked at the door. It was Rodella, then singing at the theatre. Rossini requested him to pick up the piece of paper which had fallen down. The artist did so. "I have written two duets," said Rossini; "which do you prefer?" Rodella considered that the first one was the more appropriate. Rossini was of the same opinion, and in a few minutes the matter was settled. The composer despatched the manuscript to the copyist of the theatre, and left, without more ado, to breakfast at the nearest *trattoria*. But Rodella treasured up the other duet. A few months since he died, and it has been found among his papers.

## SCIENTIFIC.

A narrow ridge of gold quartz, thirty miles long, has been discovered in New South Wales. It contains an enormous percentage of gold.

A Berlin mechanic has invented a steam velocipede which is said to answer admirably. The engine is heated with petroleum, and being placed on the two back wheels does not interfere with the convenience of the driver.

THE manufacture of oil from peanuts is now a leading industry in some parts of the South. During the war, when olive oil could not be obtained, this substitute was first adopted. Peanut oil is cheaper than either almond or olive oil, and retains its color and sweetness longer than the latter.

A locomotive without furnace has commenced running in Paris on one of the tramways. It has a reservoir of superheated water, which furnishes a constant supply of steam for moving the vehicle. On another line of tramway an ordinary locomotive is at work. It is like a small omnibus in shape and size, containing a boiler. The furnace is out of sight, and fed with coke and charcoal. The draught of the furnace is kept up by a supply of compressed air.

AN electric pen has been invented. It consists of a small electric engine on the top of a holder which is used as a pen. The machine works a needle that pierces the paper, making 5,000 or 6,000 a minute, and in writing the needle moves so fast that it does not drag nor tear the paper. The piece of paper is placed in a frame, where the holes are filled with ink; then a sheet of paper is put under it, it is rolled, and a perfect fac simile of the writing is obtained. These fac similes can be produced at the rate of five or six a minute.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Letter and Solution of Problem No. 80 received. The latter shall be examined and the result inserted in the next issue.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem, No. 80, received. Correct.

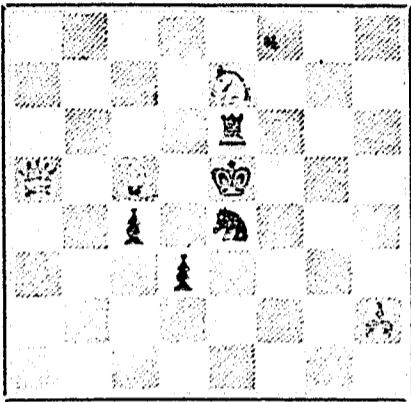
M. J. M., Quebec.—Problem received. Many thanks. It appears in this week's column.

The time is rapidly approaching when the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Canadian Chess Association will be held in the city of Hamilton.

PROBLEM No. 82.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

(Chess in England.)

GAME VIII.

(From London and Water.)

An amusing skirmish between Mr. Boden and Dr. W., both agreeing to play rapidly.

(Counter Gambit in the K-K's opening.)

- WHITE.—(Dr. W.) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. Kt takes P, 4. P to Q4, 5. Kt to Q B4, 6. P to Q5, 7. Kt to Q B3, 8. Q to K2, 9. K Kt to Q2, 10. Q to Q Kt5 (ch), 11. Q takes Kt P, 12. Q takes Q B P, 13. Q to R4, 14. Q to R4, 15. P to Q4, 16. P to K R3, 17. P takes Kt, 18. K to Q sq, 19. B to K2, 20. B takes Q, 21. K takes R, 22. K to K sq, 23. K takes R, 24. K to Q sq.

NOTES

- (a) A beautiful sacrifice, which indicates a remarkable foresight. (b) Black could not have entered upon this attack, before capturing the Kt, as White in reply could have taken off K P with the Kt. (c) B White rejoins with Q to Q4. Black plays B to B3 threatening to win the Queen. (d) If he takes the P with K, he evidently loses his Queen. (e) A pretty ending to a singularly brilliant little game.

(Chess in Canada.)

GAME VIII.

Played a few months ago, between C. Champion, Esq. of Quebec, and Prof. Hicks of Montreal.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to K B3, 3. B to Q B4, 4. P to Q3, 5. P to K R3, 6. P to Q B3, 7. P to Q Kt4, 8. P to Q R4, 9. P to Q Kt5, 10. Q Kt to R3, 11. Castles, 12. Q R to B2, 13. Kt to K3, 14. K to K B2, 15. P takes P, 16. Kt takes B, 17. Kt takes B, 18. Q to K2, 19. P to Q4, 20. P takes P, 21. Q to Q R2 (ch), 22. Q to Q5, 23. B to K3, 24. Q R to Q B sq, 25. B takes R, 26. Kt to Q2, 27. Kt to K B3, 28. Q takes P, 29. Q to Q Kt5 (ch), 30. Q takes Q Kt P, 31. Q takes P, 32. Q takes Q, 33. P takes Kt, 34. R to Q Kt sq, 35. P to K6, 36. R to Q sq, 37. R to Q7, 38. B takes Kt.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 80.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K Kt7, 2. Q to Q Kt3, 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. K to Q5, 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 79.

- WHITE. 1. K to K B5, 2. Kt to K R6, 3. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. P takes P, 2. P moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 81.

- WHITE. K to Q R2, R to Q R3, R to Q B4, B to K B3, B to K B2, Kt to Q Kt6, Pawns at Q6, and Q Kt3. BLACK. K to Q Kt6, Q to K Kt3, K to Q sq, R to K R8, Pawns at Q Kt2 and Q R3.

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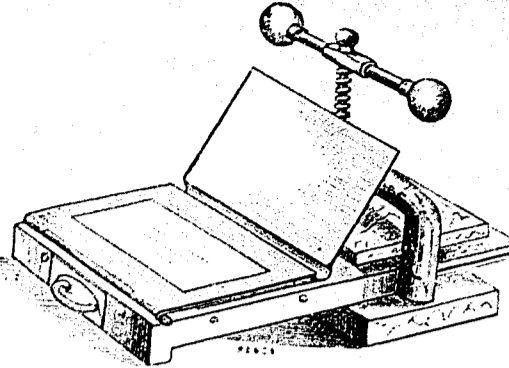
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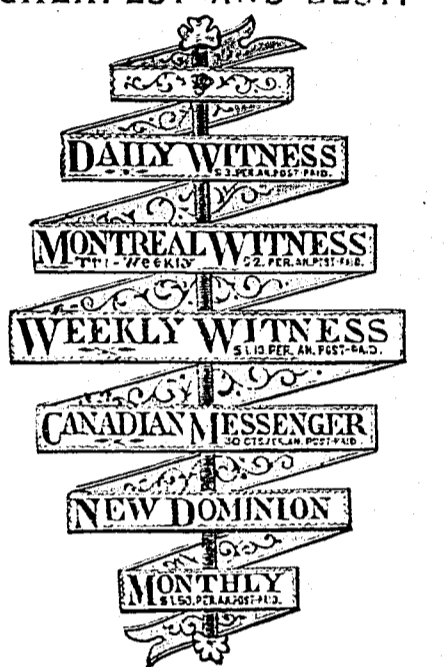
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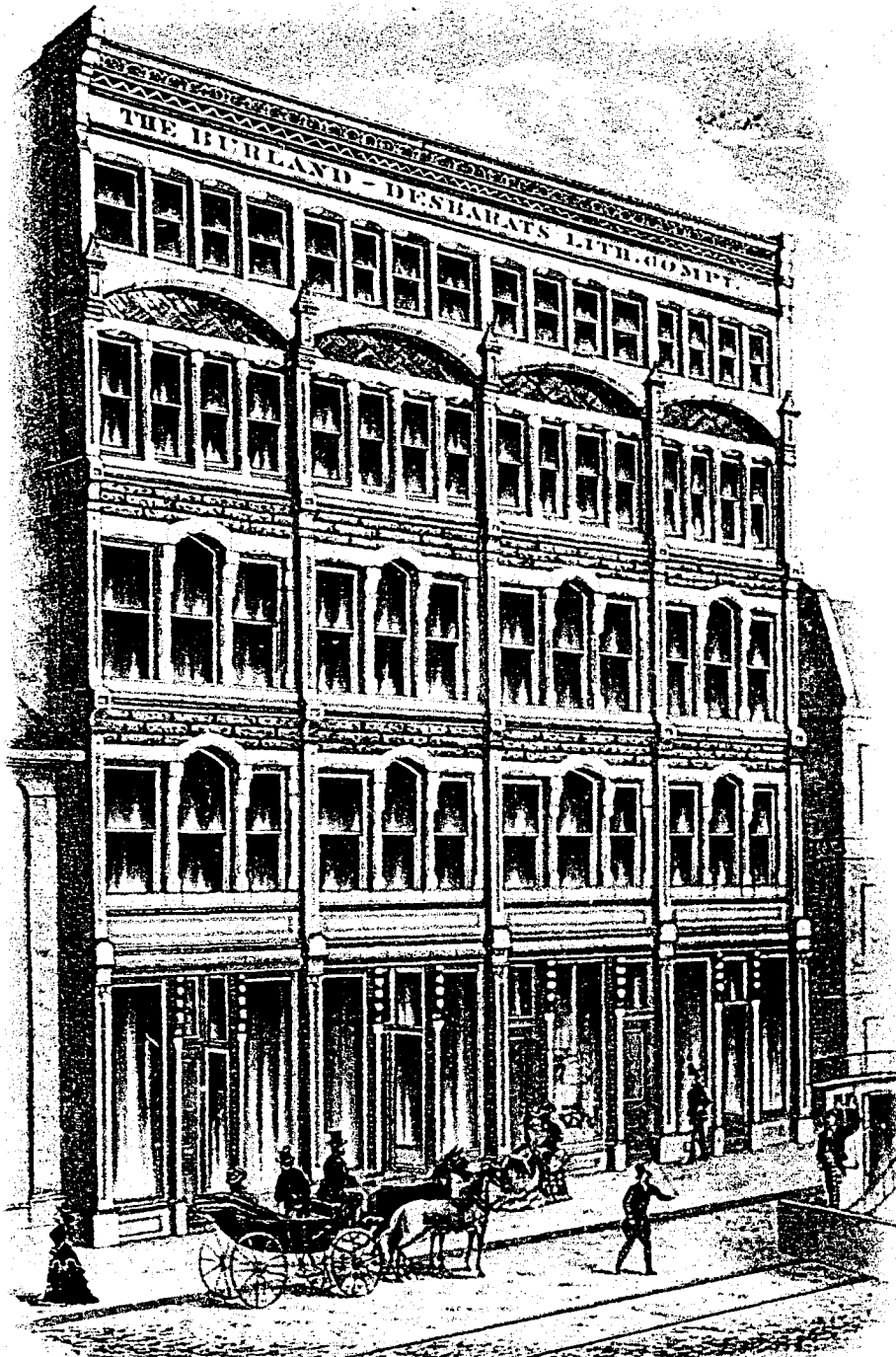
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