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Whitbread's News

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 245.



REV. DR. COOK, MODERATOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, June 26th, 1875.

GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS.

A circular of the Minister of Finance giving notice that he would require to withdraw Government moneys deposited in several of the chartered banks in the Dominion to the extent of about six millions dollars, about the 1st of July next, has been the cause of a good deal of discussion, and many have seen in it an aggravation of the existing monetary stringency. A consideration of the facts renders it impossible to believe that the circular of Mr. CARTWRIGHT has added to the stringency, although it is undoubted, if he could have seen his way to dispense with drawing these moneys, that he would have relieved it. He could, however, only have done this by borrowing more money on Government account in London, as the obligations of the Dominion, for which the money now held by the banks was obtained, must be met. The mention of such a proposition is almost enough to show that it is impossible. It is not in the first place the duty of the Government to turn bankers, and in that capacity to come to the relief of commercial distress arising from over trading; and in the second, it could not do so without the sanction of Parliament, which has not been given. Mr. CARTWRIGHT's act will not add to the stringency because the banks had this money on deposit for a specific time, at the end of which they knew that it would be required, and they have all along shaped their course accordingly. Mr. CARTWRIGHT's circular was therefore, no news to them, although an act of commendable prudence on his part. Perhaps the facilities which this money gave to commercial transactions, twelve months ago, may have stimulated the trading, the reckoning for which, now produces the stringency. And this fact brings the question, whether large amount of Government moneys, which will certainly be required to be drawn out and used, should be at all deposited in the banks and made to form a part of the trading money of the community? The point is at least open to very grave doubts. But even for those who doubt, the special circumstances of this case are very strongly in favour of the Government. It had to provide a very large sum indeed to meet public liabilities and very large expenditure for public works. It did right to secure this, on the most favourable terms, in a cheap money market. It had the money in hand, and there was general demand, if not outcry, to distribute the deposits in order to furnish facilities for the mercantile community. It had also the desire that the money should earn some interest; and it would have been blamed if it had allowed so large an amount to remain, without doing so. It had moreover, we repeat, the most distinct agreement with the banks that the repayment would be required at the time indicated in Mr. CARTWRIGHT's circular; and there cannot be a doubt that they have shaped their course accordingly. Beside the semi-annual payments of in-

terest on the public debt of the Dominion, which are very heavy, the gross amount being over three millions, there are some debentures falling due, the provincial subsidies, and considerable amounts on some special accounts to be paid. A large amount of these payments falls due in England, and all the money sent there is, of course, simply taken out of the country, but all the large payments which have to be made in the Dominion will soon find their way to the banks again. The stringency that has so far prevailed in Canada cannot be called a crisis so far; although the large failures in the lumber trade and the stoppage of one bank (the Jacques Cartier) are distressing incidents. Such periods come almost decennially in all commercial communities. There is certainly no reason to lose courage among us. Things at any rate will soon find their level again; and a good harvest alone would again bring cheerful prospects.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

The report of the Minister of Agriculture is very meagre in information as to the subject of agriculture proper, and the bulk of the volume is taken up with full and important statistics on Immigration, copious summaries of which have lately been published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The report, however, has some remarks on the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition which are worth reproducing, even after the several articles which we ourselves have devoted to the topic. The Minister states that the Universal Exhibition of 1876, to be held at Philadelphia, will afford another and very good opportunity to bring Canadian products, Canadian industry, and the prospects of Canada for the fourth time before the eyes of the whole world. The circumstance of a great universal gathering taking place on this Continent, for the first time, properly speaking, and being held in our immediate vicinity, in the territory of a friendly neighbour, is another motive for the people of Canada to make a strenuous effort to show themselves equal to the occasion. He has no doubt that any measure, which may be devised for a fair representation of Canadian products at Philadelphia in 1876, will meet with the hearty concurrence of the Canadian people.

Ample time is given for preparation and a proper representation of Canada at this Universal Exhibition—the sixth of its kind. The holding of the Provincial or even the District Exhibitions in the several Provinces of the Dominion, will afford opportunities for the selection of articles and making collections, which will not be lost, and which will contribute to the success and economy of this important undertaking.

The report further states that there is a subject which several friends of the agricultural interest have brought before the department. We refer to the importation of foreign seeds of various kinds, and varieties of grains and plants. There is no doubt that important service may be rendered to the agriculture of the country by such an importation of new or renovated seeds, provided the administration is on its guard against the abuses which have been experienced in other countries where the Government has undertaken such a duty. Besides the actual purchase and importation of such seeds, much might be done by means of an exchange with other countries. The report, however, judiciously remarks that unless such operations be guided and directed by specialists such as would be supplied by the establishment of Agronomic Institutes, it could hardly be expected that full compensation would be received for the cost of the experiments.

THE CENTENNIAL AND THE QUEEN.

We have kept our readers fully instructed in the historic interest attached to the American Centennial of next year, and in the prodigious efforts which are

being used to make the Philadelphia exhibition an unequivocal success. The latest idea broached, in this connection, by the New York papers, is the official invitation of the Queen to be present at the ceremonial. The project, at first blush, is a little startling, but if the health of Her Majesty rendered it in any way feasible, there is nothing in the invitation that is not extremely complimentary and which might not be productive of good results. One of our New York contemporaries states the case with appropriate felicity, when it says that Queen Victoria, if she could be induced to visit the United States next year, would be received by the whole population in a manner which would be gratifying alike to her and to her people. No one can doubt this. The friendly greeting accorded to her son, the Prince of Wales, when he was in the United States some years ago, affords sufficient evidence of that. But her reception on the present occasion would be far more enthusiastic, and would have a far deeper significance than the attentions paid to the heir apparent. The sycophancy of snobs and title worshippers, which invariably forms an incident in the reception of distinguished foreigners, would be lost sight of in the general expression of hearty, honest welcome which would be extended to the Queen from the people in every station in life, who would recognize in her presence under such circumstances, a pledge of friendship between the two countries, the recollection of which would not soon be obliterated.

If this visit could really take place, what a boon it would be for Canada. It would awaken much more than curiosity. It would stimulate a higher and more enduring sentiment than enthusiasm. It would imprint a powerful impetus to our nationality, and settle, as if by enchantment, many of the miserable local questions which now agitate us. If there were any hope that the Queen, in her present state of health, could or would cross the Atlantic, we should urge the cooperation of Canada in the filial duty of inviting her, but we fear that the scheme is almost too good to come true.

BUNKER HILL.

The centennial fever in the United States is at its height. The last accounts of the celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, show that the enthusiasm was unbounded. There was a display of fireworks, consisting of Bengal lights, rockets, Roman candles, and bombs, in the evening, at four different points on Boston Common and on Sullivan square in Charlestown. The designs of some of the fireworks were novel, one of which was the firing of one hundred Roman candles at a time. A special feature of the day was the independent parade of the Knights Templars of Richmond, Va., with an escort of Templars from Boston and vicinity. Over one thousand men were in line, and there was great enthusiasm along the route. Late in the afternoon various festive entertainments were given to the invited and visiting guests on the common and at the various hotels. The grand triumphal arch at the Charles River entrance to Charlestown was one of the finest pieces of decoration on the whole route. It extended the entire width of the avenue and was forty feet high. Upon a shield in the centre was the date 1875. Above this were the arms of the United States, surmounted by a large golden eagle surrounded by the flags of the nation. Upon the pillars of the arch were placed the statues of Strength, Peace, and Industry. In the upper corners of the arch were representations of angels of victory. Upon the pillar was displayed a painting of the battle of Bunker Hill, with the date of 1775 underneath, while upon the right was one of the monuments with 1875. The names of Warren, Putnam, Prescott, Knowlton, Parker, and Pomeoy were displayed upon the structure.

The City Hall in Charlestown was elaborately decorated with the flags of the nation and bunting of all colours artistically arranged. On the second story was a large transparency of the Goddess of Liberty, a new and original design prepared expressly for the occasion. Over this was displayed an American shield, surmounted with a golden eagle, which was surrounded by a glory of flags. Between the windows of this story was placed a line of similar shields.

In Winthrop square upon a stretched line were hung various national flags, and in the centre was a large shield with the motto: "Washington promulgated our principles; Warren died in their defence." On the reverse was the inscription: "The memory of the fathers is the aspiration of the children." The house of Edward Everett, occupied by him while Governor of Massachusetts, on Howard street, was appropriately decorated, and a special feature. The most attractive flag borne in the grand military column was the banner of the Colonel WILLIAM WASHINGTON Troop of the Army of the American Revolution. Another satisfactory element in the celebration was the presence of many soldiers from the South, and a speech from General FITZBUGH LEE which was rapturously applauded.

CANADIAN BANKING CAPITAL.

At this time of monetary stringency, we believe it due to our readers, in order that they may keep the same on record for future reference, to give the statement of the position of our principal banks, in Ontario and Quebec, as published in the last *Canada Gazette*. The statement is for the month of May. It shows that the liabilities of Directors of the banks of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are about equal to one-ninth of the whole of the paid up capital of the banks. The following two columns will show the proportion of the liabilities of the directors of each bank to its paid up capital:—

CAPITAL IN ONTARIO.

Names of Bank.	Capital paid up.	Directors' Liabilities.
Bank of Toronto.	\$2,000,000 00	\$244,230 00
Bank of Hamilton.	585,850 00	189,215 00
Canadian Bank of Commerce.	6,500,000 00	329,780 81
Dominion Bank.	970,250 00	35,315 05
Niagara District Bank.	361,466 97	33,062 15
Ontario Bank.	2,932,752 00	119,664 62
Royal Canadian Bank.	1,970,498 00	245,567 00
St. Lawrence Bank.	622,351 95	69,479 85
Federal Bank.	576,729 20	87,810 54
Bank of Ottawa.	227,720 00	98,069 00
Imperial Bank of Canada.	244,460 00	28,500 00

QUEBEC.

Bank of Montreal.	\$11,961,400 00	\$1,050,022 00
Bank of British N. America.	4,866,666 00
Banque du Peuple.	1,600,000 00
Banque National.	2,000,000 00
Banque Jacques Cartier.
Banque Ville Marie.	715,773 00	116,824 00
Banque de St. Jean.	211,700 00	48,217 24
Banque St. Hyacinthe.	184,050 00	113,288 26
La Banque d'Hotelaga.	501,680 00
City Bank.	1,482,400 00	165,537 52
Eastern Townships Bank.	1,000,000 00
Exchange Bank of Canada.	995,710 00	58,395 31
Molsons' Bank.	1,993,415 00	361,171 50
Merchants' Bank of Canada.	812,046 67	691,828 00
Mechanics' Bank.	456,510 00	25,143 00
Metropolitan Bank.
Quebec Bank.	2,493,670 00	1,236,684 00
Union Bank of Lower Canada.	1,989,186 00	824,120 82
Stadacona Bank of L'r Canada.	855,720 00	249,625 00

Intelligence has been received from Chin Kiang that a body of native soldiery at that place insulted the U. S. Consul and his wife. Two of the aggressors were arrested and temporarily confined in the British Consulate, when a mob of soldiers surrounded the building and tried to effect the rescue of their companions. The Europeans hastily mustered and prepared to defend the Consulate, but the Chinese authorities succeeded in quieting the mob. The British and American Consuls at this city have left for Chin Kiang. The United States man-of-war Palos and British war ship Thalia will follow them.

A new circular note of the Russian Government to the Powers, dated May 20th, says that the object of the St. Petersburg Conference is not the conclusion of a formal international treaty. Invitations will be issued when all the Governments have replied to the circular. It is believed Russia intends that a protocol shall be drafted, enumerating the principles of international law, accompanied with a declaration from each of the powers signing it, that they will observe the principles as far as possible.

The Committee of Thirty have been considering the Electoral Bill. They have decided to maintain the system of voting by departments. In the Assembly, lately, violent recriminations took place between GAMBETTA and the Bonapartists as to responsibility for the extraordinary taxation, made necessary by the late war. The Assembly has decided to take up the Public Powers Bill for immediate debate.

General MARTINEZ CAMPOS has succeeded in crossing the River Ebro, notwithstanding the heavy fire that was kept up on his forces by the Carlists. By this movement he has established communication with General JOVELLAR, commander of the army of the centre.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, on Tuesday, June 15th, the members of the Canada Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, entered the Victoria Hall, in this city, by the western door, the Rev. Principal Snodgrass and Rev. Professor MacKerras both of Queen's College, Kingston, preceding, wearing their official robes. The Churches of British North America and of the Lower Provinces followed, and the ministry of the Canada Presbyterian Church brought up the rear. Five tables were placed to the front of the dais, decorated with potted flowers; and, commencing at the west end, were successively occupied by the Moderators and clerks of the several churches as follows:—Rev. W. Cavan, D. D., and Rev. W. Reid, of the Canada Presbyterian Church; Rev. Principal W. Snodgrass and Prof. MacKerras, of the Church of Scotland; Rev. F. G. MacGregor and Rev. A. Falconer, of the Church of the Lower Provinces; and Rev. G. M. Grant and Rev. Mr. McMillan, of the Church of the Maritime Provinces; the centre table and chair of honour was reserved for the Moderator of the United Church.

Precisely at half past eleven the whole assembly joined in singing the hundredth psalm which was given out by the Rev. G. M. Grant. The Rev. Principal SNODGRASS read selections from both the Old and New Testament specially appropriate to the occasion, and the Rev. Dr. Cavan offered up the dedicatory prayer. The final minutes of the last and concluding meeting of the four Synods were read by the several clerks.

The Rev. P. G. MCGREGOR then called upon the Rev. Mr. Reid, the oldest clerk in point of ordination, to read the preamble and basis of Union which was listened to with the greatest attention by the audience. This being concluded, the four Moderators signed that document, the Rev. Principal Snodgrass taking precedence and pronounced aloud the following words:—"In the name and by the appointment of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, I affix my signature to the above articles and resolutions now read." A similar declaration was made by each of the other Moderators, the ministers of each church represented expressing their approval of the act of their Moderator, by rising to their feet during signature. Just as the Rev. W. Snodgrass was about to affix his signature to the document, one of the protesting ministers withdrew his protest and entered the United Church.

The Rev. P. G. MCGREGOR, being the oldest of Moderators in respect of ordination, declared the Union consummated in the following terms:—"The Moderators of (mentioning the four Churches) having signed the terms of Union in the name of their respective Churches, I declare

that these Churches are now united and do form one Church, to be designated and known as the 'Presbyterian Church of Canada.' A hearty burst of applause followed this announcement. The 133rd Psalm was sung, each member of the United Church meanwhile giving his neighbour the right hand of fellowship.

The Rev. P. G. MCGREGOR then constituted the United Assembly in a fervent and eloquent prayer.

The rolls of the Court just united was called by the respective clerks as forming the roll of the General Assembly, and which occupied an hour, in completing.

The Rev. P. G. MCGREGOR then announced the next duty of the Assembly to be the election of a Moderator.

The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR on rising was greeted with loud applause. He testified to the honour conferred upon him in suggesting the name of the Moderator, the more so as it was that of the Rev. Dr. John Cook, of Quebec, who had laboured hard for the Church for 40 years in that city, and during the whole of that time had occupied the chief place among the ministers of the gospel not only in the church of which he was a member, but in all others throughout the Province. He contended if it was a spiritual rule that they that have used the office of a deacon well purchased for themselves a good degree, much more so was Dr. Cook worthy of the honourable office for which he then proposed him. (Loud applause). Dr. Cook was a person of great erudition, and for this reason was able to preside over that Assembly. He also occupied a prominent position as Principal of Morrin College, Quebec,—an institution in which the Presbyterian Church has always had the deepest interest. He also referred to Dr. Cook's services in the cause of Union—so happily consummated that day—not only in this country, but also in Scotland, and concluded by testifying from personal intercourse with him during a great number of years, to his amiable Christian bearing to all with whom he had come in contact and his continual readiness to do good. (Applause).

Dr. BAYNE, of Pictou, N. S., seconded the motion, which was carried most enthusiastically.

Rev. Dr. Cook having left the platform, a psalm was sung during the interval. When the applause which greeted his arrival had subsided, Rev. Dr. COOK thanked the members of the newly constituted Church for the honour conferred upon him, and said he saw around him men who by their judgment and other good qualities, had obtained a large amount of influence among their brethren and he should count upon them for counsel should ever any difficulties arise in their deliberation. He then reviewed the circumstances under which he had first occupied the Moderator's chair in 1838, when the Synod of the Church of Scotland was first constituted in this city, and the present when in the decline of life, thirty-seven years after he found himself in a similar position, he rejoiced to say in a season of triumph—a triumph of Cristian feeling over party feeling that would have kept them separated; a triumph over all that hinders men from acting together who, by every consideration to the Master whom they serve and the cause in which they are engaged, feel themselves bound together in love and belief. If he rightly understood the formalities of that day and of the deed to which the Moderators had placed their signatures it was that they should hereafter live together as brethren, and that nothing shall ever arise again to provoke them to strife and bitterness, but on the contrary to do all that Christ would have them do, to provoke to love and good works, and the hastening of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. He believed there were far greater things yet in store for the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in the expulsion of atheism and other errors. In conclusion he stated that the course of action laid down at Glasgow was not to be implicitly followed. He believed there was not one Evangelical ecclesiastical organization from which some good lesson might not be learned with advantage, and he trusted that with such views, they might in time by God's grace look for that church union, before which, that which had that day been accomplished would sink into insignificance. (Loud applause).

The Rev. Dr. CAVAN read the following telegram which he received on Saturday last, with directions not to open it till after the union:—"The Irish Assembly send congratulations and pray God's blessing on the Union." Subscribed Dr. Wilson, in the name of the Irish General Assembly.

On motion of Rev. Dr. TOPP, seconded by Rev. Dr. Jenkins, the Clerks to the four dissolved Synods were elected to sit in that capacity *pro tem*.

Rev. R. CAMPBELL, convener of the Local Committee on Arrangements, extended the hospitality of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to the members of the Assembly at a social entertainment in the evening at the same place. The offer was accepted.

The Revs. Professors McVicar and Falconer, and MacKerras, Mr. Maclaren, B. Macrea, Dr. Jenkins, were elected a Committee on Business *pro tem*, and the meeting was closed by singing the 72nd Psalm and prayer.

By the information of a local board of directors in every business centre, the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, has virtually changed the reciprocal dealings between the insurer and the underwriter. From this system are derived the interest every local board take in the Company's affairs, the exact knowledge of the risk to be covered, and the feeling of entire confidence on the part of the insurer, in the dealings of people he is already acquainted with.

G. L. FOX.

De Bar's Opera House was crowded every night last week, and no wonder. There was the genuine and inimitable Fox, and the original Humpty Dumpty Pantomime. To say the sum of enjoyment, fun, good humour evolved in that theatre, last week, the amount of merriment, and laughter and pleasant recollection brought home from it by the thousands of children, big and little, that visited it, is beyond our arithmetic. Fox never grows old. We have seen him scores of times, at the Olympic and elsewhere; and he is always the same comic, irresistible clown. His face has lost none of its quaint drollery. His tricks are all as mirth provoking as of old. We know some tall men that went every night, and grew Foxey in the ordeal. As to the children, happy are those who saw Fox. They will speak of him for many a long day, and banish propriety from the paternal and maternal visage, with their ludicrous attempts to imitate his grimaces. Mr. Fox was well supported, Mr. Chapman, as old One-Two, and Pantaloon, Mr. C. Winter Ravel as Tommy Tucker, and Harlequin, and Miss Louise Boshell, as Goody Two Shoes, and Columbine, performing their several parts admirably. Miss Boshell is a vivacious and graceful dancer and good actress, and her performance on the slack wire a marvel of equilibrium and agility. In the second act, the gymnastics of the Orrin Brothers were the great attraction. Miss Spaulding's performance on the Harp and Cornet, and little Gabrielle's playing on the Crystalicon were also much applauded. We hope this combination will visit us again. They have won golden opinions, and have no doubt taken away some golden dollars, and housed a golden harvest for manager De Bar.

MUNICIPAL COLONIZATION.

With the sole exception of our great lines of through transit, which are partially independent of colonization, the maxim is universal: "If we want railways we must colonize." The two forces, as the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has already remarked, are strictly co-ordinate, but we think a little more skill, than we are accustomed to see, might even yet be applied to the processes of colonization, with considerable benefit to this youthful Dominion and its future prospects.

Municipal colonization is a grand idea—not new, by any means,—for it will date as far back as Herodotus at least; but far too seldom acted upon. It is altogether opposed to the old plan, on this continent, of isolating settlers, and of having them to struggle with the great forces of nature, out of which they have to conquer a livelihood, in the absence of all neighbourly consolations, and the aid of the experience of those who have gone before. A halo of romance has certainly been thrown over the very sufferings of the founders of our now prosperous districts and thriving cities, in this Dominion. All honor to those noble strugglers whether still on earth, or gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns! All honor to them, we say, but we should not let our political feelings and ideal picturings so lift us of our common sense appreciation of fact, as to lead us to dread the risk of "coddling" our agricultural immigrants. Whatever dangers may attach to neglect especially of sufficient instructions for his procedure, there is, we are persuaded, very small risk of the settler on wild lands suffering injury through being too much "coddled" by the governmental and philanthropic bodies through whose invitation he has come into the country. To get him safely over the bridge of settlement that leads to happy pastures and reasonable success in the not too distant future, is what we of the cities, who after all only half understand the question, should be rather thinking about. That temperance, industry and teachableness are as necessary as any other qualities for success, we are quite assured; but any help that can be rendered in perfecting communications for transit, without a given amount of which, settlement cannot well begin—in the formation of the homestead, the occasional use of plows and teams,—the seeding for first crops,—grist and saw-mills, post-office and general stores,—blacksmiths', wheelwrights' and boot and harness makers' shops, with the comfort and guidance of the church and school, ought not to be designated by the lively expression of "coddling," if the settler be in intelligence and health, the right sort of man for the work, but should be looked upon rather as just that remunerative and happy class of enterprise which is really the making of a new country. We must, in short, leave off fancying that agriculture is formed to stand alone. The time for such a notion is gone by. While the mother of the arts, and the nourisher of mankind, she needs the neighbourhood of the children she has helped to a reasonable luxury, for her own prosperity. The arts must compensate her natural deficiencies. The railway stations and the factory, with mineral and lumbering enterprise, where available, and as much concentration of powers and operations as can be introduced into a new district will be the elements which will form all difference (the presence of good soil being always understood) between a successful settlement and a dwindling one. Under very special circumstances, as in certain points of our great North-West, we even do right to plan and lay out cities. It is better than allowing them to grow up of themselves in a disorderly way. The finest crops will be valueless in the absence of the means of bringing them to market, and mechanical employments, at not too great a distance from his home are often ne-

cessary to enable the farmer to utilize the dull hours, and replenish to family exchequer. We ought not to expect our settlers to grow and make everything they eat and wear, for in this it found as truly a defective economy for the community at large, as it certainly is in regard to the settlers and their families. They will have to "rough it" in any case, and they will have a great deal to learn, but the life is a happy one, in spite of all drawbacks, if they only retain their health, good principles and honorable conduct.

A BAND OF BIRDS.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Press: I had the pleasure, the other day, of inspecting the curious and valuable collection of birds belonging to our celebrated compatriot, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, who is devoted to his feathered pets, and has lodged them in a most sumptuous manner. Not penned in stifling cages, but in large inclosures of wirework out of doors, the beautiful creatures enjoy all the privileges of freedom and all the protection of captivity. The collection is no ordinary one, but comprises several remarkable rarities. Gold and silver pheasants, parrots, and paroquets, lovely white peacocks, and others of the most easily domesticated foreign birds abound. The curiosities comprise, first, a superb specimen of the gorgeous *lophophore splendissant* (I believe that is the technical name for the lovely creature), radiant to behold in gold-colored and velvet brown plumage, pencilled with white; a Lady Amherst pheasant; said to be the most beautiful of that beautiful tribe, with silvery pencilled plumage falling over a ground of glossy black; a pair of rare tropical peafowls, with collars and crests seemingly in black velvet, and far richer in plumage than our soberly attired birds of the same race; and lastly, the greatest rarity of all, a pair of the original breed of chickens from India, samples of the race from which all our domestic hens and roosters have sprung. The plain brown little hen sitting so contentedly on her comfortable perch has been brought successfully through the ordeal of a European winter, an almost unheard of triumph, and she is now worth 10,000 francs (\$2,000). The Doctor, however, refuses to part with the gem of his collection even on these terms. Should she ever lay an egg her possessor would become entitled to a prize of 500 francs, but as yet she has neglected the obvious duty of hens. Perhaps so high-priced a bird feels it beneath her dignity to attend to such commonplace affairs. The collection finds a home in the spacious garden attached to the residence of Dr. Evans on the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. The rarer species of small birds are even more sumptuously lodged indoors in an elegant aviary. The centre of the garden is taken up with enclosures for waterfowl, which are furnished with paved basins for their aquatic frolics, while the large wired enclosures extend around the outermost limits of the ground. Rare ducks and fowls disport themselves at will around the shrubbery, while a stately demoiselle crane, tame as a chicken and solemn as a judge, marches around in solitary dignity, condescending to accept food and caresses only from her master's hand.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Halifax has inaugurated an Importer's Association.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says the change of gauge was effected on the line of the Intercolonial Railway.

News from Rangoon says the King of Burmah, finding resistance impracticable, has yielded to the English on every point.

The Moscow Gazette says Russia has no reason to withdraw from the alliance of the three Emperors and seek more intimate relations with England, considering that the latter country has declined to enter into any arrangements with Russia till the Central Asian States are placed under international protection.

It is the rumored intention of the Carlists to bombard Bilbao.

Judgment will be delivered in the Armin case on the 24th instant.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club was sailed last week.

Sir John A. Macdonald has been presented with a very valuable horse and carriage by a few of his admirers in Toronto.

The Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company have ratified the basis entered into by them with the Pennsylvania road.

Admiral Worden and officers of the American squadron interviewed the Crown Prince of Prussia and afterwards dined at the new palace at Potsdam.

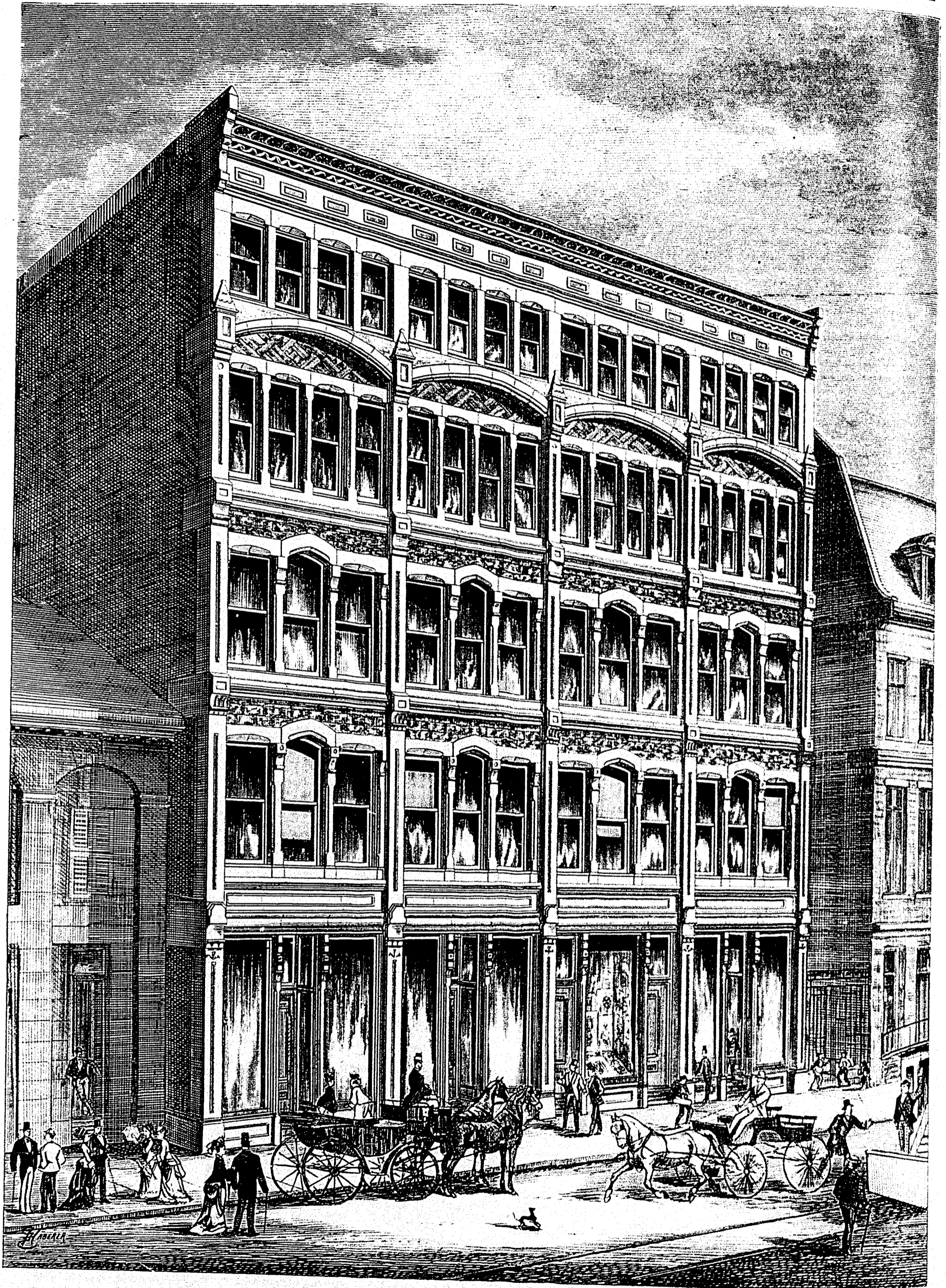
Senor Sagasta and his followers have paid homage to King Alfonso.

In the match for the All Ireland Challenge Shield, the Irish team scored 745 to the Americans' 725 points.

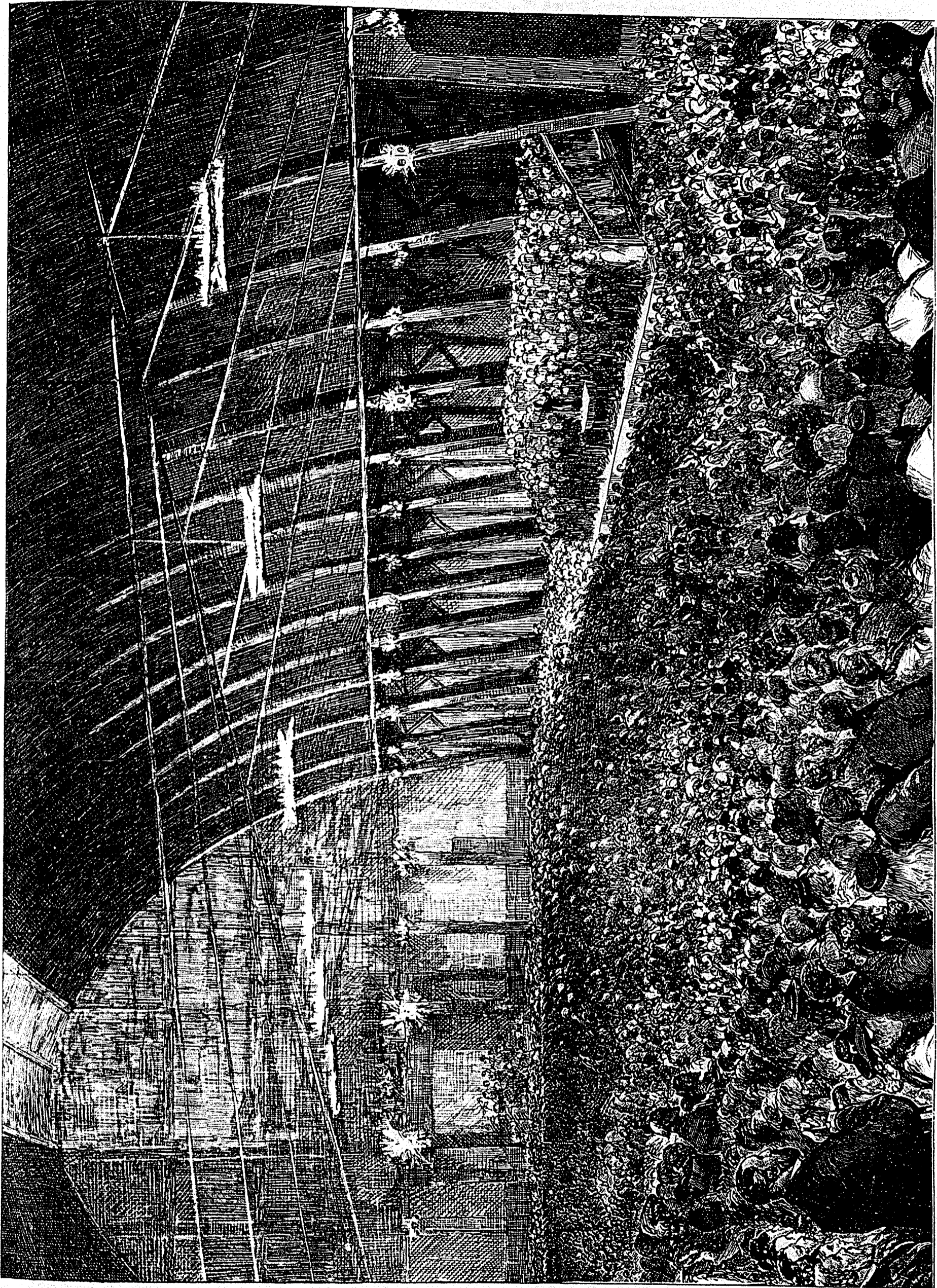
Three large failures took place in London, and the announcement of the suspension of other important houses is expected.

A motion praying Congress to withdraw U. S. legal tender notes, and substitute specie payments therefor, was adopted by the National Board of Trade in session at Philadelphia.

The procession to Bunker Hill was 4 hours 10 minutes passing a given point, the entire length being estimated at 10 miles. It is estimated that 20,000 men took part in the procession, including 11,500 military.



NEW OFFICES OF THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO., IN COURSE OF ERECTION, ON BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.



THE SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT IN CELEBRATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION AT VICTORIA HALL, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

ABSOLVO TE

AN OLD LEGEND.

Father Navarro with head bent low
And with hand supporting his chin,
Mused him of many and many long years,
He said, there had listened to sin.
The sun sank low, but its golden beams
Had left a most beautiful ray,
That softly tinged the empurpled clouds
Of the lovely and fading day.
That beam so bright on the old man fell,
And bathed his white head in its light;
As 't were a nimbus of blessing sent
From the author of day and night.
Sad the sin-laden penitents came,
But joyful went forth on their way,
"Sorrow sincere," the old priest had said
"Will wash every error away."
"How long! Dear Lord in heaven," he sighed,
"And is it Thy will it is so?"
"Will evil cling thus every day,
"Nor suffer Thy goodness to grow?"
"Oft I have wondered over and o'er
"How Thy glorious sun could shine
"On children so base as Thine are here,
"Thy mercy indeed is divine!"
"Father," a low voice broke on his ear,
He turned him and looked upon one
Who years before had strayed far away
And had dwelt with Morro's fallen son.
"Father," she said with her eyes cast down,
"I come with my burden of guilt."
"Jesu longs to forgive thee," he said,
"Confess to Him whate'er thou wilt."
"Myself I accuse this night," she moaned,
"Of living in riotous sin."
"I know of the good, but choose it not,
"O Father may I enter in?"
"Daughter 'tis well thou art come," he said,
"But courage; it is not too late,
"Ask our mother to pray to her son,
"His mercy, my child, it is great."
"Father, I've mocked at God's holy name!"
"Daughter, I grieve it is so."
"Yet 'tis writ the sins that scarlet are
"He can cleanse as white as the snow."
"Father, not all have I told," she sighed,
"Oh! how can I say it to thee?"
"Daughter, delay it not long," he said
"God's spirit so holy may flee."
"Mary! Sweet Mother of Christ!" she wailed,
"Thy pity, thy help may I know!"
"Father—my Mother!—she hoarsely gasped,
"This hand struck a murderous blow."
"And darest thou come e'en to me?" he shrieked!
"A wretch there could no greater be,
"No tongue 'mongst all that have tongues upon
"Could give name to such infamy!" [earth
"Forgive" thee I say, when summer fields lie
"Enwrap in a mantle of snow,
"Or from this pavement rended apart
"The sweet roses blossom and grow"
"Forgive" thee!" the sun was now quite gone
The sanctuary lamp burned dim,
The shade of the murdered one was there,
And slowly it fitted by him—
"Seest thou! God reckoneth not of that sin
"It is not writ down in his lore,
"Depart! Accursed forever and aye!"
All senseless she fell to the floor.

Father Navarro next morning came
But yet lay she prone on the floor,
God's glorious sun was shining still
That set the sad evening before,
That shone on the old priest's head that eve,
And bathed his white head in its light,
Full on her gold hair its radiance fell
And made the old chapel look bright.
Spake the old father, "Hence take her ye",
"This hand but one short hour ago
"Touched the Eucharist, could I then now
"Move aught that's so vile and so low!
"Her face looks peaceful—'tis a smile
"Could she so presumptuous be,
"To think God's patience weareth not out?
"But lasteth through eternity!"
He turned, and a fragrance sweet inhaled.
There, radiant with morning dew,
The marble pave had broken apart
And a beautiful rose tree grew.

FLORENCE I. DUNCAN.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS).

TWO LOVERS.

I.

Which was it? She was trying to decide the question with herself. Hermann was poetic, dreamy, aesthetic, poet, painter, and must it be added, voluptuary.

Hermann was a man about whom women ran much. Hermann had a sensitive, mobile face, with clean cut delicate features, a brow white as a woman's and great Raphael-like eyes which looked at you deprecatingly, appealingly, as though they were saying, "I love you; be kind to me."

Hermann's father was, it was said, a Baron who, for his political views, had been compelled to leave his country, and to forfeit his inheritance, and at last to end his days as a teacher of languages in the Dominion; and Hermann's mother had been an Italian princess.

She had died years before her husband, but her rare beauty had lived again, it was said, in the eye, the brow, the features of her son. When Hermann began to be made much of in the literary and artistic world, and, as a consequence, in the circumscribed, exclusive, carefully guarded little-world of *ton*, it was a triumph, dangerously alluring, to the girl whom fate had shut out from these enchanted circles to know herself the admired, the sought of, of this man, the envied of many of her sex.

Should she give him the assurance he had this night asked of her?

He was going away to Rome, to Greece, to the East. Should she tell him before he went, that her heart, her love, would go with him thither?

Why should she hesitate? What was there that after the first thrill of conscious triumph made her pause and tremble, and turn pale and cold and draw back instinctively as one who suddenly perceives himself standing on the brink of a precipice?

Why upon her mental vision, after that first moment of triumph had there risen, palpably distinct, the lineaments of a face she had not seen for years, a face she had parted from in anger, and whose last look, as she remembered,

it turned towards her, had been stern and bitterly reproachful?

He was only one of the people, and there was little of what is usually accounted beauty in the squarely outlined face with its irregular features, defective colouring and dusky unkempt beard and locks. Only the grave and searching eyes redeemed it from positive ugliness.

Why should these eyes look into hers now, as she pondered with herself the answer she should give to Hermann's question?

II.

A great stretch of level land. Beyond it the bright blue sea. Beyond that again a distant coast broken into irregular, rugged outlines.

On the bright waves in the sunshine of the August noon, a little boat tossing lightly, its languid motion obeying the slumberous instinct of the dreamy golden time. In the boat, two persons, a man and a girl. His eyes are bent upon her face with fond admiring look, and see, he leans forward and takes her unresisting hand in his. She is very fair, a Saxon beauty, with the blue of the skies and the yellow of the sea amber in her eyes and hair; and in her cheek the delicate bloom of the sweet pea.

How unlike she is to Madeleine De L'Orme—Madeleine who is so far away, with this same blue sea rolling between her and this man who is now vowing eternal fidelity to the woman before him, who less than a year ago had vowed that death only should erase from his heart the name and love of Madeleine.

There had been no encouragement, nothing for his hopes to feed upon in Madeleine's farewell words. At the last, she had grown suddenly cold; had shrunk away within herself, had refused to listen to his plea, had told him briefly, with scarcely one womanly regret, that she could never love him, that she had mistaken her own heart if she had ever thought she could.

He had listened amazed, incredulous. What, this girl whose name was scarcely known in the most casual chance-acquaintance way, within the circle of his intimate friends, this girl so poor and obscure that not one of all the many fashionable women of his acquaintance would have so much as dreamed of admitting her to society on equal terms, this girl who had no beauty, no genius, no lover, for aught he knew, to reject his proffered love! He had scarcely known how it had come about that he had cared that she should love him. He had made her acquaintance two summers before when he had strayed, artist and poet wise, to the little distant hamlet, rumors of whose seclusion and sylvan loveliness had reached him in his city home, and where he had found her living with an aged aunt.

An accident had introduced them to each other. Overtaken by a sudden and violent storm he had found himself at a distance from his lodging, and with but a single habitation in sight at which he might apply for shelter.

It was Madame De L'Orme's cottage. It stood by itself solitary, apart from other dwellings on the edge of the deep wood that skirts the hill as you enter the village from the west.

Whose was the house? He did not stop to ask, but ran hastily towards it, ascended the steps and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a dark-browed girl, who in reply to his appeal for shelter, courteously invited him to enter.

This was the beginning of his acquaintance with Mademoiselle De L'Orme.

In the country, where there is a certain amount of freedom from the restrictions of society in towns and cities, acquaintance ripens rapidly.

Before a week had passed Hermann was on terms of friendship with both the inmates of the cottage, on terms of something more, perhaps, with one of them.

Then he and she had parted, but fate had brought them together again.

Madame De L'Orme's health was failing, and the cottage was sold, and, in order to be within reach of better medical advice, she came to the city.

She was very poor, so poor that Hermann was often puzzled to think how she and her niece contrived to live at all on the pittance they possessed.

At first, Madeleine had a few music pupils, but as her aunt's health gave way more and more, she was obliged to relinquish these and devote herself almost exclusively to the care of the invalid. Hermann came to see them often. He was in quite a different walk in life from theirs and the society of a querulous invalid and a simple country girl, without even the charm of beauty to recommend her, might, not be supposed attractive to a man of his tastes; yet so it was that he did not tire of it.

There was a freshness as well as an indifference in Madeleine's manner. He could never feel that she was insipid or heavy; and yet she was never brilliant; and he could never be sure that she loved him.

That she liked him, and liked his attentions was evident.

Was she then a coquette?

He asked her the question one night, when they were alone together, and following fast upon it another question, could she love him?

And Madeleine heard him, and her dark brow flushed and burned in the moonlight, and a thrill of momentary triumph and of something tenderer perhaps than triumph, passed through her heart.

He was gone before she could reply to him, to come, as he had said, for her answer on the morrow.

And he had come, and she had told him briefly she had no love to give him.

This had been all from her; but his last words at parting had been passionate protestations of eternal fidelity, and pleading that she would relent and bid him hope.

Then had come to her letters from the far-off lands where he was journeying, letters which she had never answered, but which, when they had ceased to come, had seemed to her very precious and their cessation something that made a blank in her life.

The little boat rocked lightly on the placid waves, scarce heeded by its occupants. They were floating on the tide of love, and this material azure sea so beautiful, so still, so bright, was a figure to them of love's diviner one.

III.

The interior of a country church. At the organ, awakening from its depths such rare grand melody as Mozart's Mass evokes when the soul guides the fingers of the musician, a girl sits playing.

The prayers are over, and the church is empty, but for herself and the blind boy who blows for her, and who would gladly stay on till midnight listening to the music that brings all Heaven down to his enraptured senses, and makes him both see and hear divine things.

Mademoiselle De L'Orme has but one gift, but that one is divine.

It is said that musical women are proverbially stupid.

Is this truth or satire?

Mademoiselle De L'Orme could not have written a page of passable English for her life, scarcely a dozen pages of her native French; but when you had heard her play you were ready to pronounce her a genius.

Her aunt is dead and Madeleine has left the city and come again to the country. She can live more cheaply here, and this village where her cousin Marie lives is sufficiently populous to afford her as many music pupils as she cares to have. Then, too, the curé is glad to have her play in church, and she loves the organ, albeit it is old and wheezy. And so she is here, and the years pass on.

Mademoiselle plays on till the shadows deepen in the church, and she remembers suddenly that soon it will be quite dark. Then she rises, gathers up her music and locks the organ with a sigh.

Little Edouard sighs too.

"Must you go, Mademoiselle?" he says regretfully. "Ah, what a pity!" and he lifts his slight eyes upwards, as if he were taking a last look of the angels he had been seeing in his vision.

Leaning against a pillar where she must pass him to leave the church, Madeleine perceives, as she descends the stairs, the figure of a man. He is standing quite still, as if absorbed in thought, and his head is drooped upon his breast.

His face is turned from her, and in the dusk she can only see that it is not any of the familiar forms of the villageois. It startles her a little to perceive him there, but she is not nervous, and she advances with a careless step towards him.

All at once he turns, and then a cry breaks from her lips.

"Adolphe!"

Yes, he has come back to her, come back to her at last, her long lost love.

They had been very hasty, very foolish, both of them. They had parted in anger and bitterness for a few light, idle words, and both were too proud to own their fault or to seek forgiveness.

He had gone far away and for years she had heard nothing of him.

Why should she keep her heart for him, she had asked herself when Hermann had demanded it of her for himself, and again when the nephew of M. Le Curé had entreated her to become his wife. There were no reasons why she should, but the contrary; and yet for all that she had kept it.

Let the boat glide on over the placid sea, and Hermann's love glide with it, away, far away from Madeleine. She will never miss it now.

EROL GERVAISE.

FINGER RINGS.

Rings, which are now looked on merely as ornaments, without meaning, except in the cases of the wedding and engaged rings, were formerly considered to be full of occult significance. Certain stones represented virtues, and others were famed for their magical value. The Poles believe that each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone, which exerts its sway. It is therefore customary among friends and lovers to make reciprocal presents of trinkets ornamented with the natal stones. The following is a list of the stones peculiar to each month, with their meanings:—January.—Garnet: constancy and fidelity. February.—Amethyst: sincerity. March.—Bloodstone: courage and presence of mind. April.—Diamond: innocence. May.—Emerald: success in love. June.—Agate: health and long life. July.—Cornelian: contented mind. August.—Sardonyx: conjugal felicity. September.—Chrysolite: antidote against madness. October.—Opal: hope. November.—Topaz: fidelity. December.—Turquoise: prosperity. As might be expected in so fanciful a matter, the moral qualities attributed to the stones vary greatly according to different authorities, and moreover, other

gems than those mentioned above have been set apart as emblems of the different months. Rings were also used among many different nations as charms and talismans against the evil eye and demons, against debility, the power of the flames and most of the ills inherent to human nature. Sometimes the virtue lay magical letters engraved upon it. Inscriptions upon rings are now comparatively rare, but in old times they were common. It is supposed that the fashion of having mottoes, or "reasons," as they were called, was of Roman origin, for the young Romans gave rings to their lady-loves with mottoes cut on gems, such as "Remember," "Good luck to you," "Love me, and I will love thee." In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the posy was inscribed on the outside of the ring, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was placed inside. In the year 1624 a little book was published with the following title:—"Love's Garland; or posies for rings, handkerchiefs, and gloves, and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves." Some of these mottoes have become pretty well hackneyed in the course of years. Thus the Rev. Giles More notes in his journal under the dates 1673 4, "Bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy—'When this you see remember me.'" In some cases instead of words the stone are made to tell the posy by means of acrostics, thus to obtain Love the following arrangement is made—L apis lazuli, O pal, V erde antique, E merald; and for Love me, malachite and another emerald are added. Names are sometimes represented on rings by the same means; and the Prince of Wales on his marriage to the Princess Alexandra gave her as a keeper one with stone set so as to represent his familiar name of Bertie, as follows: Beryl, E merald, Ruby, T urquoise, I acinth, E merald. The French have precious stones for all the alphabet with the exception of f, k, q, y, and z, and they obtain the words *Souvenir* and *Amitié* by the following means:—S aphir or sardoine, O nyx or opale, U raine, V ermeille, E meraude, N atralithe, I ris, R ubis or rose diamant. A méthiste or aigue-marine, M alachite, I ris, T urquoise or topaze, I ris, E meraude.

VARIETIES.

MEISSONIER spends two years in painting a picture less than a foot square. A test work of the size, representing a halt of horse in the days of First Empire, sold for \$24,000 in gold!

HARRIET HOSMER is to send to the Centennial a set of golden doors, a copy of a superb conceit ordered by an English gentleman, who has allowed her to duplicate them for America.

A SMALL woollen manufactory has been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii. Several charred fragments of tapestry were found, besides various machines for carding and weaving wool.

LEWIS MILLER of St. Louis, a German who, having been "snow blinded," had to abandon his occupation as a sailor, arose one morning recently with a vision as good as ever. Neither he nor his oculist can account for it.

A WELSHMAN of Utica possesses a harp ordered by Prince Albert for the Exhibition of all Nations in 1851, made by Jones of Cardiff from a tree planted by one of the ancient Princes of Wales. It cost \$900, but was bought in a pawn shop for \$100.

MASSACHUSETTS still has a law which provides that "whoever travels on the Lord's day, except from necessity or charity shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$10 for every offence." The statute is practically a nullity, no punishment such as it authorizes having been inflicted for many years, but it makes all Sunday travel unlawful, and consequently no damages can be recovered for injuries received on highways or railroads on Sunday, unless proof can be introduced that the travelling was for necessity or charity.

THE original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was sold in London on May 20 by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. It contains many variations from the poem as now printed, notably the names of "Caesar" and "Tully" instead of "Milton" and "Cromwell," and many alterations, erasures, and corrections, which show the anxious care bestowed upon its composition. It was bought by Sir William Fraser for £230, having been sold by the same firm about twenty years ago, in the Penn collection, for £131. In the same sale were the manuscript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which was bought by Mr. Harvey for £55. A signed autograph letter of Queen Elizabeth to Henri IV, of France, thanking him for the portrait he sent, and closing with many professions of friendship, £51. Two autograph letters of Napoleon I, £44. Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, £21.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES and her opera company are travelling again, with the husband reinstated as manager. Miss Soldene intends to return to this country with a new troupe next fall. Haus von Bulow will be here in September. Blind Tom is in St. Louis this week. Miss Kellogg and her English opera troupe will sing at Booth's in October. Janushechek and Ristori played at rival theatres in San Francisco last week. Boucicault will introduce "The Shaughan" to San Francisco next week. Miss Charlotte Thompson is in New York with a company. Fechter is acting in Montreal this week. Mr. and Mrs. Lingard have gone to Australia. Harry Greenwall, a Galveston manager, has been fined \$500 for refusing to sell parquets seats to two negro women. Edwin Booth will play for six weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, beginning October 1. The Vokes family were to sail for New York June 17.

AN attempt, it seems, is about to be made to recover a number of sculptures, friezes, and other antiquities, being part of those obtained by Lord Elgin from the Acropolis of Athens in 1802, in virtue of a firman of Sultan Selim III., but which were lost by the wreck of the *Montion* on its voyage to England off Avignone, in the island of Cythera (Cerigo). The marbles were packed in seventeen cases, twelve of which were recovered by divers from Calymnos, sent for the purpose by the Admiral at Malta, to whom Lord Elgin applied for assistance when the disaster occurred. The antiquities thus saved were placed in the British Museum, and the remaining five cases have remained hidden beneath the waves until the present time. Mr. Makoukas, a gentleman living at Cerigo, has lately sent a report to the Archaeological Society of Athens, stating that the marbles are plainly visible lying on the bottom of the sea, at the depth of about sixteen fathoms (ninety-six feet.) It is thought that with the new diving appliances now in use these marbles will be easily recoverable, and it is believed that the Greek Government will be disposed to grant a sum of money to the Athens Archaeological Society, which will enable it at once to take steps for their recovery.

THE FLANEUR.

Two maiden sisters who were well up in years had to testify before a Court of Justice. The presiding officer knew them well from childhood. The younger, who was a good natured, unpretentious creature, in response to the usual inquiry, gave her age as thirty-seven. The elder was a coquette, and appeared in the box, befrizzled and beribboned as if in search of conquests.

"Your age, if you please, miss."
"Thirty-three, sir," with a blush and a simper.
The judge smiled under his grey moustache, and bending over to the clerk, said:
"Take it down carefully. The oldest is the younger of the twain."

Don't laugh at the dear old maids. Old bachelors are not a bit better. One of these, who had fallen into the tricking of toilet dyes, was rummaging in the lumber room and turned up a portrait of himself long forgotten. He looked at it and rather fancied it. He called his man John.

"What do you think of this portrait?"
"It is like, but was taken long ago."
"How do you mean?"
"When Master had grey hairs and grey beard!"

Our excellent new Irish daily contemporary in this city is bound to succeed, if success depends upon talent. Its chief editor is a scholarly writer, its city editor is a journalist of experience, its commercial department is accurate and reliable, its news staff is efficient, and its business management appears sound. But it has another element of success. It has a witty reporter.

In company, the other day, some one wound up a discussion with the novel and philosophical remark:

"O! pshaw, there's nothing new under the sun."
"That may be," broke in this audacious youth, "but there is something new in the Sun," and he pulled a copy out of his pocket.
That reporter ought to get an increase of salary.

There was great excitement in the streets last week. Had Bismarck imprisoned another bishop? Had Cartwright imagined another financial stroke? Had somebody swallowed a chicken bone? No. But the *Gazette* had perpetrated a joke. Impossible. Yes, here it is in black and white:

"The *Witness* informs us that the *Herald* has counted the professional organ grinders in the city, and discovered that they were twenty-five."
"Twenty-five and two make twenty-seven."
Our friend Harper can turn over now, and sleep for another year.

A distinction without a difference.
There was question of a third party being connected with a certain trick of trade.
"Oh, he is above that kind of thing."
"Yes, but is he below it?"

Our Presbyterian friends, from all parts of the Dominion, were welcome visitors last week, but it was something of a puzzle to find out to what sections of the Church they belonged.
"I can't make it out," says Jones. "There's Synod this, in one Church, and Synod that, in t'other, and..."
"O, never mind," replied Smith, "it's all one now!"

A newspaper man enters a cigar shop with the air of a Lieutenant-Governor. He asks for the choicest Partagas. The box is set before him. He dives into it and draws a handful. Lighting one, and putting the others in his pocket, he walks out as grandly as he came. An unsophisticated youth, sitting at the door, sees the operation, but can't understand it.
"Why did n't you make that fellow pay?"
"O, he pays me in puffs."

The *St Johns News* says that new vegetables come in sparsely. But it protests that no pun is intended. For the sake of my friend's reputation, I am willing to believe him, but let him not try it again.

I read in one of the papers, this morning, that Peter Mitchell was on the rampage. This delighted me. I knew that Peter had grievances and had the spirit to resent them. As leader of the Left Centre in the House, he has shown his pluck more than once. Now is another chance, thought I, in the Fisheries Commission business which he was refused. What was my disgust, on reading further, to find that Peter Mitchell was only a bar-keeper.

There is a certain curly yellow dog who has a suspicious liking for the environs of the St. Lawrence Hall. He invites familiarity, but I would advise you to beware of him. Especially do n't read what is on his collar. A friend of mine came to grief through his curiosity.
"What's that dog's name?"
"Look on his collar."
My friend stooped and read these words:
"Whose pup are you?"
He dropped that dog without a word, looked steadily into the street, and whistled a tune.

ALMAYIVA.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

THE tresses of a young lady of Baden, Beaver County, Pa., are said to be six feet eight inches in length. This is thought to be the longest human hair in the United States, and the young lady intends sending it to the Centennial.

A YOUNG lady after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man" exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?" "What would become of the poor man?" was the remark of an old bachelor.

MISS McFLIMSEY says fashionable bathing-suits should be made with an overskirt looped up behind, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle headed by narrow braid. Bear this in mind, all ye who fain would be included among the upper ten thousand.

DID it ever occur to you what the meaning of "No cards," and "No cake," appended to a marriage announcement means? It is simply the exclamation of the editor thrown in, in a spiteful way, to show that he was not remembered.

LADIES do not like the reply of Michael Angelo to a priest, a friend of his, who reproached him for not being married, so that he could leave his masterpieces to his children. "My dear friend," said the artist, "I have a wife who has always tormented me; she is Painting when she is not Sculpture, and my works are my children."

THE newest sashes are made entirely of beads worked on black *gros grain* ribbon. They are intended to be worn with black silk costumes, and although rather overwhelming and heavy, are certainly very effective and brilliant in either sun or gaslight. The idea, of course, is credited to Worth. Probably he never heard of them.

A LADY is now living in Council Bluffs, Ia., who was once famous, and who had the honor of adding a new word to the English language. Mrs. Bloomer, nearly thirty years ago, abandoned the hideous costume which bears her name, and took refuge in a longer, ampler, and prettier, if not more convenient skirt.

A YOUNG lady on Madison avenue, who had previously led a most uneventful life, lately took a short walk, in the course of which she met the most hideous woman wearing the loveliest dress, the dearest duck of a fellow with the sweetest moustache, the most horrible mud-puddle, the nicest weather, and the rudest man she had ever seen, known or heard of.

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening, Horace dear, but"—and she hesitated.
"What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent.
"You did n't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please do n't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

THIS is a passage from a Boston reporter's account of a meeting of the Radical Club; "Then a matron mad^d for kisses, in the loveliest of dresses, and with eyes that shone more brightly than the diamonds that she wore, spoke in tones of lute-like sweetness, words of such exceeding fitness, phrases of such happy neatness, that we clapped our hands for more, as with grace she left the floor."

THE following is a man's opinion: The female lip that has been profaned by the touch of any man, unless it be a relation, ought to lose all honor and respect. What remains for the husband if the lips—the very outlet to the soul—have mingled their breath of life with others? When a lady becomes prodigal of her kisses we are instantly forced into one of two conclusions, that either she holds her virtue by a very slender thread or that she is incapable of drawing the nicer distinctions, which is one of the characteristics of a pure woman.

SOME of the women are in ecstasies over the pull-back-style of the dresses nowadays. Says one of them: Rejoice with me that my sex once more dares to show Adam the woman—not a bundle of rags, but the form divine in its beauty and grace, and pray with me that the day is not far distant when the legs, now tied back, be emancipated, the arms, now trussed like a fowl, be allowed to move to the melody of bodily motion, and through the recovered laws of health, a new woman-constitution formed, to which she shall cling with Andy Johnson tenacity for ever and ever.

A CELEBRATED dressmaker of the Rue Louis-le-Grand, was told to provide a parasol for a certain costume. Mr. H. sent the material to an unknown parasol-maker living at the farther end of the Rue Lafargette. This woman, though distant from the world of fashion, had the intelligence of a true *artiste*, and her woman's taste rejoiced to handle the ample and rich materials sent to her. In the trade she was known as a first class worker, but her out-of-the-way position kept her aloof from high-class customers. However, she sent back her parasol when completed, and with such a wonderfully graceful bow on her parasol that the lady for whom it was intended immediately ordered the like for all her other parasols. Fortunately Mr. H. was an honest man, and he gave the parasol-maker's address, and now no parasol is considered *chic* unless it has an Arrault bow on it—(pronounced arrow)—and truly no arrow ever hit a woman's heart more truly than has done this bow. The Princess M—, Countess P—, Duchess M—, all had their parasols trimmed with an Arrault bow. If the Arrault likes to set up her bow on the boulevard now her fortune is made.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL TRAIT.—One beautiful trait in a true woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temperament, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

A CHANGE OF TONE.—How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands. Mrs. Spinn was for ever telling her husband that he was n't worth the salt in his bread, but when he got killed in a railway collision she sued the company for a thousand pounds.

HANDSOME EYES.—Handsome eyes should be bright, but not of a glittering shine like a snake's eye; clear, yet not sharp as a knife's blade; soft and moist, yet not languishing. The expression of our eyes is a great deal under our own control. To us is given the power to make them soft, gentle and loving, or sharp, cross and ugly, as we cultivate our dispositions; for the eye is the index of the heart, and out of its depths lurk the sweet passions of the soul or the reverse.

CHEERFULNESS.—The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if man had the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise heaven for its mercies, we may walk therein with comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

YESTERDAY.—The joys, the sorrows, and the trials of yesterday—all are past. We have filled another page in our life-book, and hasten on, perhaps, alas! only to blot the next with tears of regret for the deficiency of its predecessor. But what we have written is unchangeable, "whether it be good or whether it be evil;" its effects will continue into eternity, and will determine our status in the future world. Then, while we still have the pen of life within our hold, should we not use it to record noble deeds, kindly words and thoughts, that our remaining yesterdays may be pleasant readings for the future.

MARRIAGE.—The marriage ceremony is the most interesting spectacle social life exhibits. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together, and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the sharers of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of the survivor; to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awakens the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

LADIES' FASHIONS.—The fashions may now be considered definitively decided on for the season, and, though there are certain rules which must not, on any excuse, be transgressed, so many varieties of styles and shapes, trimmings and facons, are in vogue at the same moment, that a great liberty of choice is left. There is one rule of the most absolute necessity to observe—namely, that though white bodices to coloured skirts may be worn indoors (when, by-the-by, they should be always accompanied by some corselet or revers of the same skirt), they are perfectly inadmissible out of doors under any circumstances whatever. Walking-dresses are also made with loose trains, which can be gracefully looped, so as to be only an inch or two on the ground out of doors, and left their full length at home. Open bodices and sleeves to the elbow are very convenient for this purpose, as the plastron and the under-sleeve are easily added to convert the toilette into a walking costume. The extra train, put on as a deep flounce, is very elegant and effective. Trains are coulisses for about twelve inches from the waist. For long skirts, minus the extra train, the back breadths made into three broad perpendicular puffings, with scarves across the front breadths, is a very elegant and dressy facon. Though the polonaise is discontinued for dressy toilettes, such as fête or ceremonious visiting, still many of our leading dressmakers are making them for other purposes; they are too becoming to the figure, as well as convenient to wear, to be easily discarded. White muslin bodices, very elegantly trimmed, will be much worn for indoor afternoon dress, with corselets to match the dress. For morning dress a perfectly new material has been introduced from London, that has created quite a furore among our greatest elegantes. It is called "Antique Linen," and is a very firm, soft material, admirably adapted for polonaises, or tunics with basque bodices, and jackets and tunics. The colour is a mixture of white and unbleached linen, in a great variety of elegant checked and damasque patterns. Navy blue linen, embroidered in white, will also be much worn for morning toilettes, and with a tunic and sleeveless cuirasse of the "Antique Linen," would make a very elegant and by no means too expensive costume. Ecu tussore, embroidered in colour, will be very much worn; and the same material, or fine brown holland, trimmed with broderie anglaise over colour, will be in great request. For ball-dresses, these garnitures are finished with a cordon of flowers; the edge of the basque trimmed to correspond. The top of the low bodice, should in this case, have a cordon of flowers, with larger bunch in the centre; from this comes a long

spray that crosses the bodice, fastens with a touffe on the basque, and hangs in long trails on the skirt. Ball-dresses, in fact, demand great taste and tact, for they are ornamented so profusely that the least mistake gives them an outré and exaggerated appearance. The purest taste demands that the flowers worn should only be those in season at the time. The same rule obtains for bonnets and head-dresses; the former are generally raised in front, with a quantity of trimming under the passe; the crown flat or loose and the trimmings pendant at the back.

A GREAT "AMINA."

A very remarkable singer has been found in Mlle. Varesi, if one may judge from the following notice in the critical London *Athenæum*: Another *Amina* has come to take rank with those few artists who have enchanted audiences either by a perfect style of singing or by dramatic vigor. We have seen the gifted Spaniard, Malibran, with her impetuous acting and her vocal power; we remember our own Miss Romer, with her fine organ and irresistible energy; we have heard the Italian vocalist, Madame Persiana, with her exquisite method and brilliant vocalization; and after these came the Swedish nightingale, who took the town by storm with her high notes, and presented the "Sonnambula" so quaintly and so poetically. And now there is a young Italian singer at Her Majesty's Opera who has delineated an *Amina* with simple and earnest feeling, who has abstained from all exaggeration in situations full of passion and despair, and has displayed a degree of perfection in executing the melodious music of Bellini that has never been surpassed, and that is unequalled by any *prima donna* now in London. The *Amina* of Mlle. Varesi, is, on the whole, superior even to her *Lucia*. She entranced her hearers last Tuesday night by the depth and reality of her expression, yet the spell was produced with an organ which is without volume and is deficient in power. Mlle. Varesi belongs to the grand school of singing. Finish, delicacy, feeling, and refinement, she has in abundance. Her voice, if weak, is thoroughly sympathetic; her intonation is faultless. Mlle. Varesi, like M. Salvini, begins with subdued tones, and her singing rises in interest and influence as the incidents of *Amina's* career are brought out, so that when the vocal difficulties of the *finale* are reached the greatness of her power is palpable. Never has the *largo* of *Amina's scena* been declaimed with more penetrating intensity—a whisper might have been heard in the house during its delivery, but the solemn silence was broken at the close of the *cantabile*, "Ah! non credea," when *Amina* appeals to the withered flowers as emblematical of her own misery. When the *rondo* came, and the "Ah! non guinge" *roulades* had to be poured forth, the skill and enthusiasm of the artist were irresistible, and the proverbial apathy of occupants of stalls and boxes gave place to plaudits and recalls, such as reminded us of the Jenny Lind *furore* in the same *bravura*. The Italian representative of *Amina* stands almost alone in the precision of her executive passages, so replete with taste, grace, and variety. In ornamentation she shows her superiority. Her *cadenzas* include the most intricate feats of scale-singing; the shake is perfect, and her facility of drawing a long breath enables her to sustain notes in which she does not merely swell the tone to a *fortissimo* but has the power of diminishing the sounds with wire-drawn sweetness. The science of vocal ornament is illustrated to its fullest extent—the attack of intervals, the chromatic runs up and down, and the distinct articulation of groups of notes. It was, indeed, an exhibition of *bravura* execution as rare as it is remarkable.

HUMOUROUS.

SERGEANT BATES is advised to try to carry the Papal flag through Germany.

"Two soles that eat as one," remarked the boy to his mother, as she was dealing with him for his sins with both slippers at once.

"I AM having myself taken in oil," said a well-known physician, complacently looking round. "Cod-liver, I suppose," growled an experienced patient.

"TIME softens all things," except the young man who parts his hair in the middle, and whistles on the street ears. Nothing can make him any softer than he is.

'Tis the first spring mosquito
Heard humming alone,
His thirsty companions
Will be here anon.

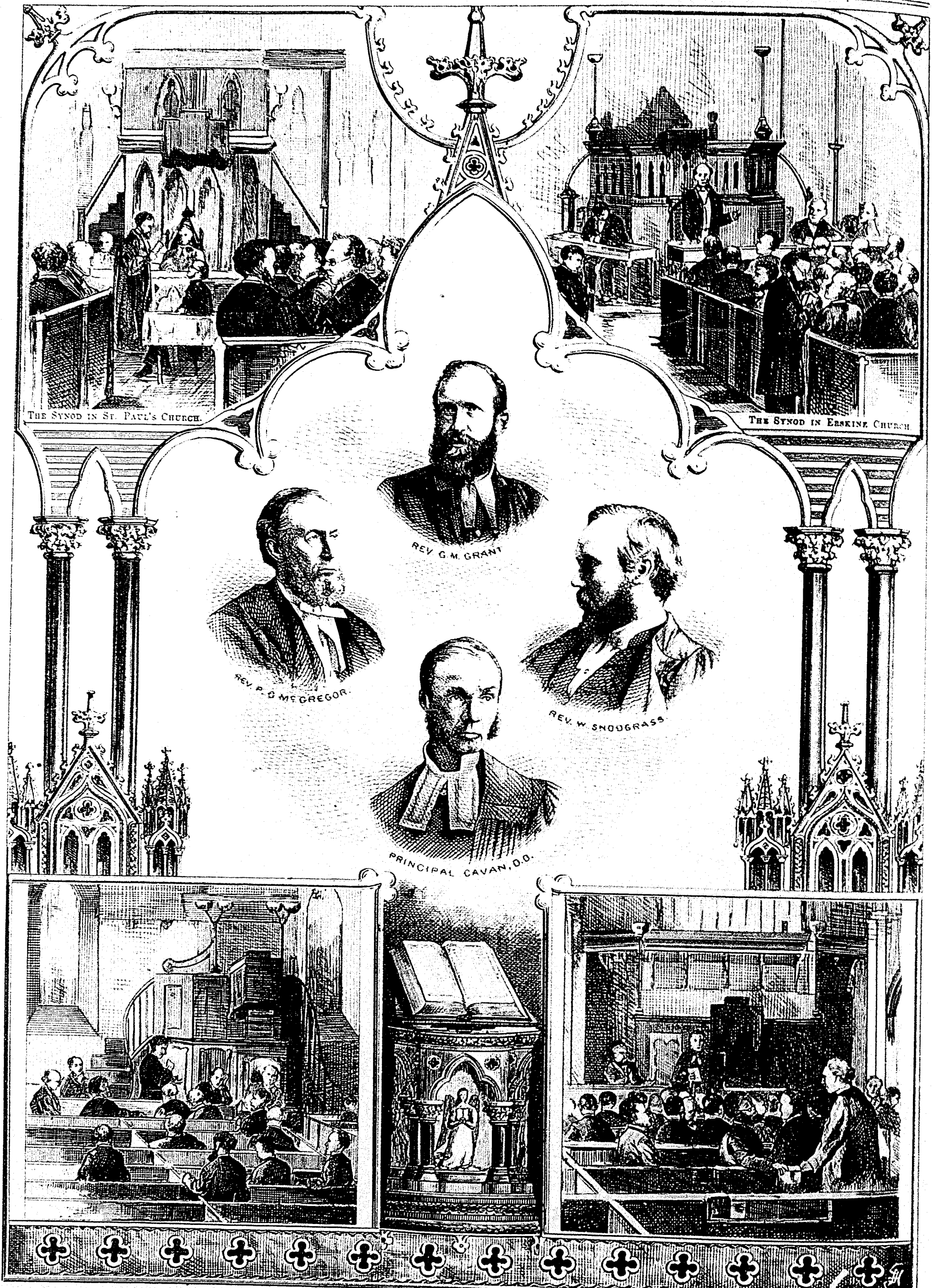
THE following verse was once inscribed on a church in Halifax, N. S., the basement of which had been used as a wine saloon:

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

LITTLE BESSIE is the daughter of a clergyman of Freeport, Me. Not long since, when her father was away, and she was playing in the yard, a stranger came along and inquired if the minister was at home. "No," she replied, "but mother is in the house and she will pray for you, you poor miserable sinner." He passed on.

A CLERGYMAN being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there, and when answered twelve years, he said: "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time?" "No, sir," replied the applicant, "but we had fire in the pulpit then."

JONES went to a theatre the other evening. The play was bad, the acting worse. On all sides Jones's friends were hissing both. "You take it comfortably," said a friend to Jones. "I came in with an order, and I do n't feel at liberty to express an adverse opinion," was the reply. Presently, however, Jones rose hurriedly, indignation in every line of his face. "By Jove, I must go out and pay!" he exclaimed.



THE SYNOD IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

THE SYNOD IN ERSKINE CHURCH.

REV. G. M. GRANT

REV. P. G. MCGREGOR.

REV. W. SNOOGRASS

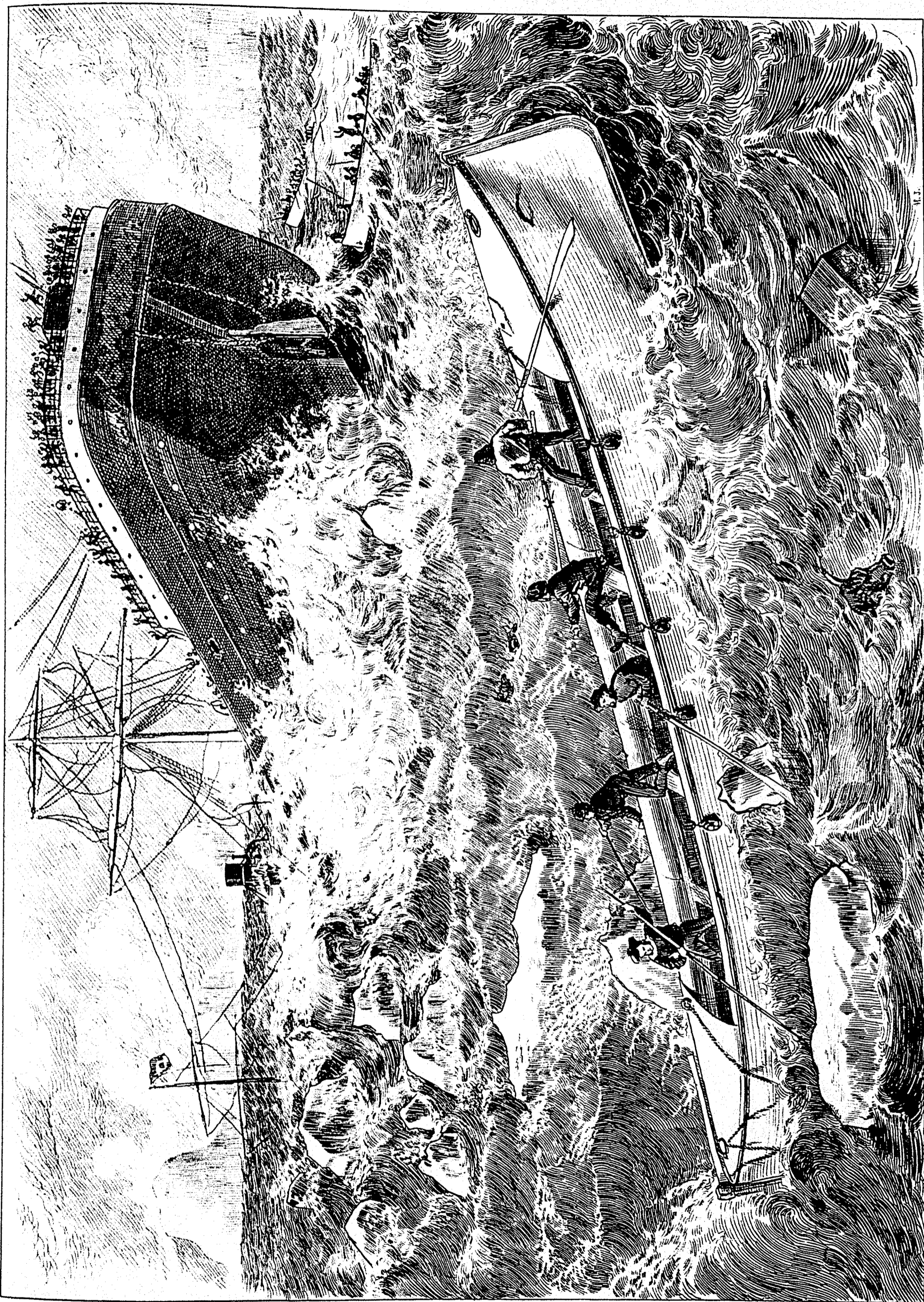
PRINCIPAL CAVAN, D.D.

THE SYNOD IN ST. GABRIEL STREET CHURCH.

THE SYNOD IN KNOX CHURCH.

THE FOUR PRESBYTERIAN SYNODS PRIOR TO THE UNION, AND THE FOUR EX-MODERATORS.

PORTRAITS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN



LOSS OF THE VICKSBURG. — FOUNDERING OF THE SHIP.

CHARLES FECHTER.

The early period at which we go to press allows us only a slender space to hail the arrival in our midst of the distinguished actor, Charles Fechter. He appears, this week, in a round of his favorite characters, most of which he has created and to which he has imperishably linked his fame. As Ruy Blas, Claude Melnotte, Don Cesar, he has no superior. We trust he will meet all the success that his transcendent merit deserves, and that he may be induced, by the popular favor, to prolong his stay among us, and give some of his superb Shakspearian delineations. In our next issue, we shall enter more fully upon a critical analysis of Mr. Fechter's impersonations.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

AN INSTRUCTIVE PEEP INTO A SHOE FACTORY.

When a man proposes to shew you over his establishment, be sure, before consenting, that you understand thoroughly the nature of the man who makes this proposition to you. He may have peculiarities and eccentricities whose indulgence will make you feel really sorry that you ever put foot inside his premises. This I know, was the case with me when I consented, with an amount of good nature equalled only by my ignorance, to be "shown over" the boot and shoe factory of a certain individual, who to suit my purpose, I shall call "Swett," against whom, I now entertain such feelings, that distance alone prevents their being fatal to him. When he made the proposal to "shew me over," I must confess that I consented with more than my usual alacrity, for there was much in the building such as machinery etc., that I felt curious to see. With a short, jerky "follow me," he bounded up a long flight of stairs, three at a time, and then waited at the top for me. No sooner had I reached the top stair, however, than he started off at about 5 miles an hour, to "shew me over." Of course I had n't time to look at anything, there was a perfect maze of machines, counters, benches, piles of leather, etc., and it took me all my time to thread my way through it all. Occasionally, a stray word would reach my ear, borne to me on the breeze created by his swift progression, and it somehow occurred to me that he was explaining the nature and duties of each machine; at first, I tried to follow what he said but I had to give it up, because I found that he was about five machines ahead of me, and I was beginning to get mixed up, and confused, and to feel that my half formed convictions, "that the world was growing better," were premature, to say the least. It suddenly struck me that I must be cutting a very ridiculous figure before all these men. What I thought I, "if this showing one over, "is one of Swett's standing jokes, something to amuse the men." The bare idea induced perspiration, and wiping my face in agony, I turned a certain corner for, it seemed to me, the 5th time, when I came upon Swett and nearly overturned him. I apologised and shook hands with a man to whom I thought he was introducing me, but who, I now believe, was merely receiving some instructions about waxing his thread. We were standing near some stairs and he said, "You see those stairs? Those are the men's stairs and these are the girls, and they never mix, you understand? They never see each other." As there were about 80 males and females in sight of each other at the time, I experienced some difficulty in reconciling his statement with the truth, but as his departure therefrom did not seem to meet with any immediate punishment, I ventured not only to endorse, but to expatiate on the extremely moral and beneficial results, such rules and regulations must entail, when I fell over a boot rack. There was a general titter and some one laughed distinctly. My first impulse was to turn round and ask this person if he was prepared to defend himself, but as it occurred to me that probably he was, I concluded it was better to move on. I caught sight of my supposed guide, just stepping into the hoist, and dashed after him; he set it going directly he got on himself and I had to scramble on as best I could. Half way between the two floors, he bounded off. I followed as soon as possible and the way we waltzed round that flat was a caution. I was becoming quite exhausted. There was a man taking some leather out of soak, in whose eye I thought I detected a gleam of sympathy. I said, "If he comes round this way again, trip him up. You will not go unrewarded," I continued, finding I had nothing smaller than a quarter, but he took no notice of me. My heart sank within me as I saw Swett standing at the foot of the ladder, for I thought we were already at the top flat. He said, "come up on the roof and I'll shew you the finest view in the City." I said, "I'll stay here while you take a look at it, scenery never agrees with me on an empty stomach, and I shall only be in the way up there." Then it occurred to me how easy it would be to push him off, and so I went up at once. We staid there about an hour and a half and I could n't once get him near enough to the edge of the roof to benefit him. He said, "I sometimes bring a camp stool and sit up here for hours. If you'd like—" "There's about a dozen persons calling you, downstairs," I said. I saw this was my only chance. He said, "all right, do n't you disturb yourself, I'll be up again in a minute." "Well! I said, "I guess I'll come down too, I couldn't enjoy this without you." He left me to pull on the trap, and I tried to put it on every way I knew how, but it always caught somewhere. As a last resource, I balanced it on

my new beaver and then dropped gently down the ladder. It had got turned round and canted a little and I had nearly reached the next floor before I found out that I had brought the cover through the trap. I was about half an hour trying to get it through the hole on to the roof again, but failed. I was escaping through the back door when Swett caught sight of me. He said, "Hallo! you're off eh? I'm sorry you could n't stay, you'd have seen the sun set, a glorious sight I can assure you, from the roof." I told him I could see it from our doorstep. "Well, well," he said, "we'll arrange it better next time. Ta-ta, mind you give me a look in if you're round this way again," and I said I would, if it was only to burn his mill down.

L. R.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The April number of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* contains one interesting and well written article on Canadian historic names from the pen of Mr. John George Bourinot. We sympathise fully with Mr. Bourinot in his desire to see perpetuated wherever possible, the old Indian names which have in most instances been selected as designating some peculiarity or character of the place named or, failing this, the name commemorating some early pioneer of civilization who has been distinguished in the annals of the country. In many instances, however, both the correct name and its original significance are lost sight of and forgotten in the lapse of time through the corruption of the word, as it passes from mouth to mouth of the unlearned. We fancy Catarqui, Toronto and many original Indian names have undergone much transmutation in this manner. More modern names however are not without their purpose or significance. Mr. Bourinot condemns the bad taste of such names as "Aspodel, Artemesia, Sophiasburg, Ameliasburg, Canaan, Ephrasur etc., and "other burgs and viles." Some of these it would perhaps be difficult now to explain or to justify according to the canons of good taste, but Sophiasburg, Ameliasburg, and "other burgs and viles," such as Fredericksburg, Charlottesburg, Lennox, Addington, Pittsburg, Brockville, etc., are plainly named after members of the Royal Family of Great Britain or prominent statesmen or soldiers, and the selection is not altogether tasteless or out of place. Writing of the neighbourhood of Fort Frontenac, Mr. Taché in his able essay on Canada says: "De ce point le lecteur verra bien qu'on a laissé le Canada-Français; les noms changent, les émigrants des Iles Britanniques eux aussi ont le culte des souvenirs; les noms des comtés, des districts, sont les noms des localités de la vieille Angleterre, de l'Irlande, de l'Ecosse, ou bien des noms d'hommes qui ont illustré l'Empire Britannique, ou figure dans l'histoire du Canada depuis la conquête. Un seul nom de comté reste Français, celui de Frontenac." Names too, even when properly bestowed, sometimes fail to attach prominently to the place to which they are given and die out of memory. The Isle of Santé of which Mr. Bourinot speaks, now Amherst Island, was at one time known as Johnson Island after Sir William or Sir John Johnson, to one of whom it was ceded at an early period. It will be found designated as Johnson Island in many old maps. The representation of the Kingston families can show these; the Cartwrights, the Stewarts whose grandfather came in with the Johnsons and owned part of the Isle of Santé, will have maps where the name appears. The appellation of the Isle of Santé adhered to it up to comparatively modern days, and it is still known as such among the old settlers of the Bay of Quinté. Belleville even if named after Lady Gore, is not inappropriate, and without any special wish to immortalize Lady Maitland's last days, even Flos, Tiny and Tay are not otherwise than euphonious names, and indeed come more conveniently to the lips of the settlers than their more lengthy and high sounding titles. Naming Lady Maitland suggests that the compliment of calling places after official dignitaries may be too oft repeated. With the township of Maitland and the commemorating of the lap dogs, the descriptive Indian term of Miniseta or Red River need not have changed to the Maitland, and Southampton is a poor substitute for Sanganen. In worse taste than anything Mr. Bourinot mentions, is the naming of new and comparatively insignificant places after celebrated cities of the old world, and thus provoking invidious comparisons. Our American neighbours are fond of this with their Troy, Utica, Rome, and other places, and we copy them in London, Westminster, Waterloo and similar instances. It is quite fair to give expression to the sentiment Mrs Hemans embodies in her lines:

"We will give the name of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace."

But we must be careful to do it so as not to render the application of such statement ridiculous. Perhaps the most sensible source from which to choose a designation for a river, lake or locality, is from any geographical peculiarity it presents, Mont-real, The Long Sault, The Cedars, Three Rivers and so forth, and whether the word applied be Indian, French or English, the name is more likely to last than any substituted one of either peer or puppy. The original orthography however should be if possible preserved and writers who give to the subject the research which Mr. Bourinot has done, deserve well of the community for aiding to do this.

LONDON GOSSIP.

SAILING OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION—AN ITALIAN HAMLET.

LONDON JUNE 6.—On Saturday afternoon amid the cheers and God-speeds of many thousands of well-wishers, the Arctic expedition ships, Alert and Discovery, left Portsmouth harbour and put to sea on their adventurous voyage. National interest in the expedition had become so universal that the departure of the ships would have been sure to produce great excitement; but other matters concurred to make the day memorable in the annals of an ancient and loyal borough which has witnessed many interesting events in English history. To say that it was the 29th of May, and, therefore, Oak Appleday, awakens no very thrilling recollections, though the abundant loyalty of the Arctic officers was shown by most of them wearing a spray of oak leaves in their button-holes; but the day had been set apart for the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, and this is always an event of interest at Portsmouth. Most of the ships in the harbour were "dressed," that is signal flags fluttered from stem to stern, starting from the jibboom end and passing by the trucks of the fore, main, and mizen masts to the extremity of the spankerboom. So far as the expeditionary ships were concerned, one very important piece of business had to be transacted, and this was the official inspection by the Lords of the Admiralty. A salute from the flag-ship about 10 a.m. announced the arrival of their lordships, the party consisting of Mr. G. Ward Hunt, the First Lord; Lord Gifford, Sir Alexander Milne, Sir Massey Lopes, and Mr. Vernon Lushington. The first visit was paid to their yacht the Enchantress, and here, having left town very early, they prepared for their official duties by breakfasting. This was soon despatched, the time occupied being just sufficient to enable the Alert and Discovery to get "shipshape." Leave had expired at 7.0 a.m. that morning, and every officer and man was on board and mustered at quarters. Their lordships were received at the gangway of the Alert by Captain Nares, and at once commenced the inspection of men and matériel, which were found wholly satisfactory. When the official examination had concluded Mr. Ward Hunt said they had everything on board which could contribute to their well-being and comfort, the eyes of the world were upon the expedition, and the prayers and best wishes of every one would go with them for success in their arduous undertaking. He then wished them God speed, and shook hands with every officer, an example which was followed by the other high officials. Passing over the gangway, he turned to the crew, who were drawn up attention, and said "Good bye, men," a salute which was promptly acknowledged by three cheers. Next a visit was paid to the Discovery—the ships still lying at their berths alongside the Boat House and the Pitch House jetties—and here substantially the same ceremony was gone through, ship and crew being inspected, official satisfaction expressed, and a few parting words being addressed to Captain Stephenson, his officers and men. As soon as the Lords of the Admiralty left the Arctic ships, the rest of the short time remaining to them was devoted to leave-taking, and both vessels were boarded and practically taken possession of by the friends and relatives of officers and men. Shortly after they set sail.

Signor Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, whose every fresh assumption excites unwonted interest, appeared as Hamlet at a morning performance on Monday, and achieved a brilliant success, the house being crowded from floor to ceiling, whilst the approbation of the audience found expression in frequent calls before the curtain, the heartiest cheering, and enthusiastic handkerchief-waving. Such a scene indeed as was presented at Drury Lane on Monday afternoon at the final fall of the curtain has seldom been witnessed in this country. In its Italian dress the play suffers considerably, many of the scenes and passages so familiar to British playgoers being omitted. Thus the play opens with the Court scene, the preliminary appearance of the Ghost on the platform of the castle being omitted, whilst the Ghost's lengthy speeches in the subsequent scene with Hamlet are reduced to a minimum. Hamlet's advice to the players is cut out, and he has no scene with them as in the original. Polonius, too, is not allowed to give any parting counsel to Laertes. The passage with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, when Hamlet tells the two spies they can "fret" but not "play upon" him is excised. So is the gravedigger's definition of suicide and "crown's quest" law, and so also is much of the scene with Oric. One distinguishing characteristic of Signor Salvini's Hamlet is its philosophical repose, but when the occasion demands it, as for instance in the play scene and the interview with his mother, he rises to the height of tragedy. In the interview with Ophelia the exquisite tenderness of Hamlet's love is brought out in strong relief. Signor Salvini's strength in facial expression has not yet been shown more conclusively than in the play scene. His looks of tigerish ferocity when watching the King, his hurried reference to the murder, and the terrific burst of pent-up excitement and exultation when the story of his father's death is confirmed in his uncle's demeanour are wonderfully expressed. The soliloquy spoken by Hamlet when he sees the King prostrate before the altar and overcome with remorse for his crime, is equally fine. Hamlet's struggle with himself to avoid killing the King as he kneels at prayer, and the concentrated rage thrown into the lines all delivered in an undertone, render this passage, as treated by the

Italian actor, one of the finest in the play. All the true nobility of Hamlet's nature seems to show itself as he sheathes his sword and spares the man who robbed him of his father. Taking one scene or section of the whole performance as an example of its quality, we do not know whether the passage between Hamlet and the Queen—the closet scene as we call it—is not the finest. The portraits are not shown in the wall of the palace chamber. Signor Salvini expresses a world of affection when he apostrophises his father's portrait, and in terrible contrast comes the denunciation of his uncle. Again, his gentleness with his mother when he beseeches her to turn from the King is beautifully portrayed, and a great effect comes with the re-appearance of the Ghost, when Hamlet starts back in dismay and watches his father's spirit glide away. The whole scene is magnificently acted. The final scene of the fencing match with Laertes is played with great courtly dignity and refinement of manner. The foils are not changed in the scuffle. Laertes is disarmed. His rapier falls from his hand, when Hamlet with charming grace offers his own foil to his opponent. He then commences the final bout with the foil of Laertes. The death scene closes with an exquisite touch of feeling. Hamlet, with his last remnant of strength, puts his arm round the neck of Horatio and embraces him. In another moment he sinks down lifeless. In fine, the whole performance is characterised by the highest art, and equals in subtle power either of Signor Salvini's preceding impersonations. The Ophelia of Signora Giovagnoli merits the highest praise; indeed, we never recollect seeing the part given with more tenderness or unaffected charm. Especially were these qualities apparent in the mad scene, where Ophelia after toying with the flowers suddenly places her hands before her face as though in the attempt to shut out some scene of horror, and uttering a wild shriek rushes from the stage.

HOW RACHEL BECAME BEAUTIFUL

Arsène Houssaye writes:—Mademoiselle Rachel told me one day, at the Duc de Morny's, where I was speaking of her beauty, "You don't imagine—all you who think me beautiful now-a-days—how ugly I was at the beginning. I, who was to play tragedy, had a comic mask. I was laughable, with my horrid forehead, my nose like a comma, my pointed eyes, my grinning mouth. You can supply the rest yourself. I was once taken by father to the Louvre. I did not care much for the pictures, although he called my attention to the tragic scenes of David. But when I came among the marbles a change came over me like a revelation. I saw how fine it was to be beautiful. I went out from there taller than before, with a borrowed dignity which I was to turn into a natural grace. The next day I looked over a collection of engravings after the antique. I never received a lesson so advantageous at the Conservatoire. If I have ever effectively addressed the eyes of my audience by my attitudes and expressions, it is because those masterpieces so appealed to my eyes." Rachel said this so admirably that we were all moved by her words; for she talked better than anybody, when she chose not to talk like a Paris gamine. "Oh, I forgot," she continued, "I must tell you that if I have become beautiful as you say, though I do n't believe a word of it, it is owing to my daily study how not to be uglier than I am. I have eliminated what there was of monstrous in my face. As I was in the season of sap when I took the idea of making myself over again, after the ancestral, rough-draft, everything, with the help of Providence, went well. The knobs of my forehead retired, my eyes opened, my nose grew straight, my thin lips were rounded, my disordered teeth were put back in their places." Here Rachel smiled with that delicate smile which was so enchanting. "And then I spread over all a certain air of intelligence, which I do not possess." She was interrupted by so many compliments, which were the simple truth, that she could not continue the story of her imperfections. "Well," she still said, "the good thing about it is that I did not try to be beautiful for the sake of a man, as other women do, but for the sake of art, disdaining the 'commerce of love,' as the philosophers call it." Rachel was applauded that evening as never before. There were not more than 50 persons at M. de Morny's, but they were the top of the basket of all Paris, a parterre of dilettanti, which is much better than a parterre of kings. And yet she had not been acting.

LITERARY.

It is rumored that a volume consisting of the most important philosophical correspondence of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill will shortly be published.

CANON PUSEY has in the press a pamphlet, on The Recent Legislation of the Irish Synod in the Revision of the Prayer Book.

MR. HARDY is engaged to write a second novel for the *Cornhill Magazine*. The work is to be named "The Hand of Ethelberta."

THE Clergyman's Magazine, conducted by members of the Church Homiletical Society, London, and published at one shilling, will be issued on the 1st of July.

MR. ALLINGHAM, the successor of Mr. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser*, is said to be engaged in the work undertaken by that gentleman of putting Mr. Carlyle's MSS. in order.

THE complete works of Alexander Pope is the new addition to Dick's English Classics. This new work is uniform with the Shilling Shakspeare issued by the same firm.

THE Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, a work which has long been in preparation by his nephew, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M. P., is now in the printer's hands, and will be published in the next publishing season.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

REV. G. M. GRANT.

The Rev. George Monro Grant, is a native of Pictou, N. S., was a student at Glasgow University for eight years, and was licensed and ordained in November, 1860. He then returned to his native Province, acted as missionary in Prince Edward Island for two years, and was then inducted to the charge of St. Matthews, Halifax, of which he still remains the minister. Mr. Grant has a widespread reputation for eloquence, and is known as a most faithful, earnest and affectionate pastor. He is the author of "From Ocean to Ocean," and other works which are known and read throughout the Dominion.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA HALL.

After the consummation of Union, on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th inst., the Presbyterian body spent the day in devotional exercises and in the evening the social entertainment held in the Victoria Hall was largely attended the audience numbering between 3,000 and 4,000 persons. Principal J. W. Dawson, LL.D., occupied the chair. The 100th psalm was sung by the whole assembly, and the Rev. Dr. Jenkins engaged in prayer. Addresses were afterwards delivered by Revs. Dr. Jenkins, Principal Snodgrass, Mr. McColl, P. G. McGregor, G. M. Grant, Dr. Ormiston, Messrs. J. L. Norris, Dr. Waddell, and Judges Stevens and Blanchard. During the interval between each speaker anthems were sung by the choir, composed of the choirs of the various churches and presided over by Mr. Robert Beckett, Precentor of Erskine Church, and also the 67th Psalm and 2nd Paraphrase, which latter were heartily joined in by the vast assembly. The interesting proceedings were concluded by singing the national anthem and the Moderator pronouncing the benediction.

REV. PRINCIPAL CAVAN, D. D.

He was born near Stranvaer, Wigtonshire, Scotland in 1830, came to Canada in 1847, prosecuted his Literary and Theological studies in London (C. W.) and Toronto; his theological teacher being the late Rev. Dr. Proudfoot of London. He was ordained to the Ministry in October 1852 by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of London; his charge being St. Mary's Out. He remained in St. Mary's till 1866, when he was called to the chair of Exegetics, in Knox College, Toronto, as successor to the Rev. G. P. Young M. A., now of Toronto University. He continues still in that chair. In 1873 he was made Principal of the College, succeeding Rev. Dr. Willis, who became Emeritus and now resides in London, (Eng.) We may add that Prof. Gregg and he have, for the last two summers, been much occupied in raising funds throughout the church for the erection of new college buildings, and that the sum of \$110,000 has been subscribed. The new college is now nearly finished and will D.V. be opened at the commencement of next session, in October 1875.

REV. P. G. MCGREGOR, THE MODERATOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES OF B. N. A.,

Is the son of Rev. McGregor, the first Minister in Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, whose memory is fondly cherished by all denominations in that Province.

Mr. McGregor studied theology under the Dr. MacCulloch first Principal of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and after a short pastorate in Guysborough N. S., was called by Poplar Grove Church, Halifax, then in its infancy, to become its minister. After a pastorate there of 25 years he was appointed general agent of the various schemes of the church of the Lower Provinces, an office which he has held for the last 8 years.

He has been clerk of Synod for at least 30 years. He was chosen Moderator of the Lower Provinces in 1874; and having discharged the duties of the office, to the satisfaction of that court, and having been a warm friend of Union, was reelected when that body met at Montreal on the 10th June. Being the Senior Moderator of the four, the duty of constituting the "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada" at the recent great Union consummated in Victoria Hall, devolved on him.

VERY REVEREND WILLIAM SNODGRASS D.D., MODERATOR OF THE SYNOD IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

Was born in the Barony of Cardonald, Renfrewshire, Scotland in 1827, obtained his preparatory education at the Grammar School, Renfrew, and studied at the University of Glasgow from 1844 to 1851. In the latter year he was licensed by the Presbytery of North Uist and ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow. In the same year he sailed for Prince Edward Island, with a commission from the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland. At once on his arrival in that Province he was called to the pastorate of St. James' Church, Charlottetown. In 1856 he attended the Synod of Canada as a representative of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, and having preached by special request in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, then vacant by the death of Dr. McGill, was invited to accept the charge. His induction took place on the 4th November of that year. In 1864 he was appointed Principal of Queen's University and College, Kingston, Ontario. A few months thereafter the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Snodgrass has all along taken an active part in the public

affairs of the Church and on various occasions his services have been specially acknowledged. In the Maritime Provinces he was both clerk of Presbytery and Clerk of Synod. At the first meeting of the Synod of Canada of which he was a member he was elected Clerk of that Court and continued in office until 1865 when he resigned. He was Clerk of the Presbytery of Montreal during the greater part of his incumbency of St. Paul's. His labours in connection with the negotiations for Union are acknowledged to have been very arduous and important. During the five years over which these negotiations have extended, he was convener of the Synod's Committee on the subject. In 1873 by the appointment of Synod, he attended the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and was honoured with a most cordial reception. On that occasion he put the Assembly in possession of information as to the views and plans of the Canadian Church respecting Union. The Church Service Society of Scotland marked his visit by electing him one of its Vice-Presidents. During his connection with Queen's College, his administrative ability has been severely tested, but he has succeeded in placing that Institution in a much better position than at one time seemed to its friends to be possible. Besides being Principal of the Institution he is *primarius* Professor of Divinity. Queen's College has both Faculties of Arts and Theology and is the only College with University powers in connection with the United Church. There is a steadily increasing attendance of students.

While in Montreal Dr. Snodgrass was a member and for some time chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Protestant Schools, and is at present member of the Council of Public Instruction for Ontario. For a number of years he edited *The Presbyterian*, a church paper published in Montreal.

THE NEW OFFICES OF THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

The need has long been felt, of removing to more central and commodious premises, the publication offices of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE, and L'OPINION PUBLIQUE. The growth of the business created by these several periodicals, as well as the importance assumed by the custom work of the establishment, made easier access to the public a matter of great moment. But on the formation of the Burland-Desbarats Company, the necessity for a move became still more urgent and manifest, and steps were at once taken with that object in view. The result has been the erection, now proceeding, of a handsome building, in one of the most central situations of Montreal, wherein we hope to see the Company established in the course of the coming fall.

The building, of which we give a perspective view, is situated on Bleury street, near Craig. The lot it occupies is 80 x 70 feet, and the building proper 68 x 50. At the end of the building nearest Craig street, a passage of 12 feet gives access to the yard and boiler-house, which is to be erected independent of the main building. The whole area has been excavated, and the space under the planked yard will store several hundred tons of coal. The foundations have been laid with the greatest care, the soft nature of the subsoil rendering the driving of piles necessary. Over 300 large cedar piles have been sunk some seven feet below the foundations, great cedar floats laid upon them, the interstices filled with stone chips and mortar, and upon this solid and indestructible bed is laid the first course of the foundation, consisting of huge limestone blocks, five or six feet in length and width, and 15 or 18 inches thick. From the precautions taken with this essential part of the building, the massiveness of the remainder may be inferred.

The front of the building is to be of cut stone, and is designed to possess great strength, and at the same time to give as much light as possible to the work rooms, for which purpose the pier and mullions are made light, and heavy projections on the cornices are avoided. The first and second storeys of the rear elevation are built of cut stone piers and the balance of the height as well as the end walls are of brick work.

A stack of brick safes are carried up in the centre of the building from the basement to the fourth story.

The building will be 5 storeys high or 71 feet from pavement to top of main cornice. The first storey will be divided into four compartments three of which are already rented as retail stores and the fourth will be used as the public office of the Company. The four upper storeys and the basement will be devoted entirely to the business of the Company.

On the roof will be erected the photographic room, 25 x 30, mainly of iron and glass, at a height where the dust of the street and the shadow of neighbouring houses will not interfere with the clear expanse of eastern sky.

The building is to be of the strongest and most substantial character throughout. The contractors for the several works are: D. Dufert, for mason's work; A. Wand, for brick work; J. Loekwell, for carpenter work; W. J. Cook, for plasterer work; ——— for painting and glazing; James & Son, for roofers work; W. Clendinneug, for iron work.

The total cost will be about \$30,000. Messrs. Hutchison & Steele, are the architects, and Mr. Kennedy superintends the erection. Should all the contractors make as good progress, and do as good work, as the stone masons, we have no doubt that we shall be able in the fall to

give a detailed description of the distribution of the Company's works in the building, and invite our friends to come and see a model printing and publishing office.

LOSS OF THE "VICKSBURG."

The full particulars of this lamentable catastrophe were given in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Our artist has reproduced the final scene of the wrecking, when the steamer, shivering through all her timbers, made a sudden lurch and went down stem foremost with a rush. The three boats that were floated are seen in the distance.

FIRE AT PORTLAND, N.B.

Our sketch, with its numerous details, gives an adequately vivid idea of the conflagration, on the outskirts of St. John, N.B. It was one of the largest fires witnessed in the Province for years.

RANDOLPH ROGER'S WORKS.

A Rome correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader* writes of a visit to the studio of Randolph Rogers: We were in a great barn-like room, one of a suit of four, which was crowded with ladders, workmen's tools, and statues in all stages of commencement and completion. There was a coating of white dust over everything, and we were not long in receiving our share. The first thing we involuntarily searched for on entering the studio was the figure that graces the University of Michigan—the marble embodiment of Bulwer's heroine—"The Blind Girl of Pompeii." Yes, there was one room devoted entirely to different copies and duplicates of Roger's best and loveliest works. The largest stood in an alcove lined with black velvet, making a background which brought out every outline and added to the purity of the marble. We sat down on a block of rough material, probably destined to be another "Nydia," and prepared to enjoy it quietly. As we sat looking at it the artist came up and stood behind us. He said, "Do you like that?" "Like it," said B., enthusiastically, "I think it is the loveliest thing I ever saw," and if the compliment lacked technical expression, it certainly was not wanting in earnestness. The artist patted his "Galatea" in a familiar, affectionate way, and said, "Yes, I am very fond of her," very much as if she had been his sweetheart, and I suppose she was. He must have loved his work or he never could have wrought such grace into the leaning figure nor such intent expression into the blind face. I really reverence the genius that can bring poetical ideas into a tangible form, and give delight to so many of their fellow-beings. In another room we found the splendid statue of Seward, just completed and photographed that day for the first time. In a dark corner on a shelf, B. made a discovery which we both enjoyed as much as anything we had seen, though in a somewhat different way. It was a bust about five inches high, roughly moulded in clay, and evidently a burlesque on some prima donna. Mr. Rogers, on being referred to for particulars, explained that on coming home one night from the opera the vision of the fair singer had remained with him so firmly that he determined to reproduce it if possible. "And," said he, "every one who has heard Signorina S. pronounces it an excellent likeness." We did not doubt it, but in any case it was not complimentary to the lady in question. She must have been climbing up towards the higher F sharp when the artistic effect was produced. Mouth wide open, eyes rolled up, shoulders screwed out of shape, and collar-bones protruding—it was the perfect picture of a second-rate prima donna in the last agonies of an ascending scale.

CHICKENS FROM EGGS.

The guests of the Abbé Denis, curate of the parish of St. Elio, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, dined a few days ago on fowls whose immediate ancestors figured, he says, on the table of the great Frankish King Dagobert. When the Abbé Denis laid the first stone of the church and presbytery he has built by his exertions on the site of the old chateau and gardens of Dagobert, a hen's nest full of eggs was discovered beneath the ruins of the ancient building. These eggs were twelve hundred years old, and were about to be thrown away by the labourers, when the Abbé remembering that wheat had been grown from grain found in Egypt in mummies dated back from the time of the Pharaohs, bethought him that possibly there might still be life in her eggs. A savant of the Institute, consulted at once in reference to these precious relics of an age when there was as yet no France to detest "perfidious Albion" or to be jealous of Prussia and needleguns, advised they be forthwith confided to a hen of approved success in the maternal capacity. This advice having been acted upon, the good curé and his friends had the delight of witnessing, twenty-one days afterwards, the hatching of a fine brood of chickens, the direct progeny of the denizens of Dagobert's barn-yard. The fowls thus obtained have carefully kept from any *mesalliance* with their congeners of less ancient blood; and the Abbé has now a yard so well replenished with King Dagobert's fowls "that he not supplies his own larder with poultry of this illustrious breed, but is about to organise, at the suggestion of numerous friends, a sale of "King Dagobert's eggs for the benefit of the poor of his parish.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

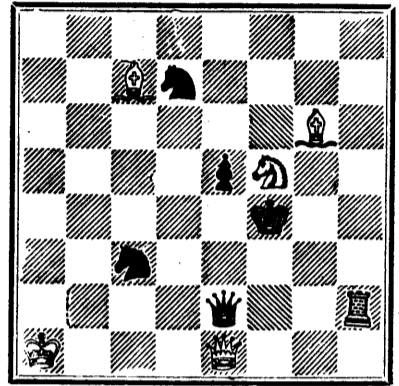
Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We called attention a short time ago to the extraordinary skill of Mr. Blackburne of England in playing a large number of games of chess, simultaneously against the same number of different players, without sight of board or men. We are happy to be able to give in our column this week a specimen of his skill in that way, thinking the game we publish may be interesting to many of our readers.

PROBLEM No. 25.

By M. D'Orrville.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White playing first to Mate in four moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 23.

(We are sorry to say that through inadvertence a Black Queen instead of a White one appears in this problem.)

BLACK.

WHITE.

1. Q to Q 7th
2. Q or Kt mates.

Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 22.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. KR to KR sq (ch)
2. QR to QKt 8th (ch)
3. KR takes K Kt mate

1. KKt to R 3rd [best]
2. QKt to KKt sq

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 23.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- K at Q B 4th
Q at Q Kt sq
Kt at Q 3rd
Pawns at K Kt 3rd
and KB 2nd

- K at K 5th
Pawn K 7th

White to play and mate in three moves.

[From Land and Water.]

BLINDFOLD CHESS.—GAME 29TH.

The following brilliant game was one of eight played simultaneously without sight of board or men, against as many members of the Gresham Chess Club.

[Allgaier Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne) BLACK. (Mr. Hodgson.)

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K B third | P to K Kt 4th |
| 4. P to KR 4th | R to Kt 5th |
| 5. Kt to K 5th | P to K B 3rd (a) |
| 6. B to B 4th | P to Q 4th |
| 7. P takes P | B to Kt 2nd (b) |
| 8. P to Q 4th | Castles |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to R 4th |
| 10. Kt to K 2nd | Q to K 2nd (c) |
| 11. Castles | Q takes P [d] |
| 12. Kt takes B P | Kt to Kt 6th |
| 13. R to K sq | P to Q B 4th [e] |
| 14. P to Q B 3rd | R to K sq |
| 15. P to Q 6th | B takes Kt |
| 16. P takes B | Kt to Q B 3rd [f] |
| 17. P to Q 7th | B takes P |
| 18. Q takes Q | Kt takes P |
| 19. B takes P [ch] (g) | K to R sq |
| 20. Q takes R [ch] | R takes Q |
| 21. B takes R | Q to K 2nd [h] |
| 22. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) | P takes Kt |
| 23. B to K B 4th | Kt to K B 4th |
| 24. R takes Kt | Q to B 3rd |
| 25. B to Q 7th | Kt to K 6th |
| 26. R to K 8th (ch) | K to R 2nd |
| 27. B to K 5th | |

And Black resigns.

NOTES.

[a] This move, after being treated with great caprice by public opinion, after receiving every species of verdict—good, bad, and indifferent—is now definitely recognised as the best.

[b] The necessary sequel. The Bishop must not be played to Q third, as of yore.

[c] A weak move, compromising his position to a great extent. 10 P to Q B fourth was the proper play.

[d] P to Q fourth would have been better than this capture. The attack gained in the corner is more showy than effective.

[e] Too late to be of service. He should have brought out his pieces.

[f] Boldly played, but for one remarkable resource White had in store, this combination would have given Black an irresistible position.

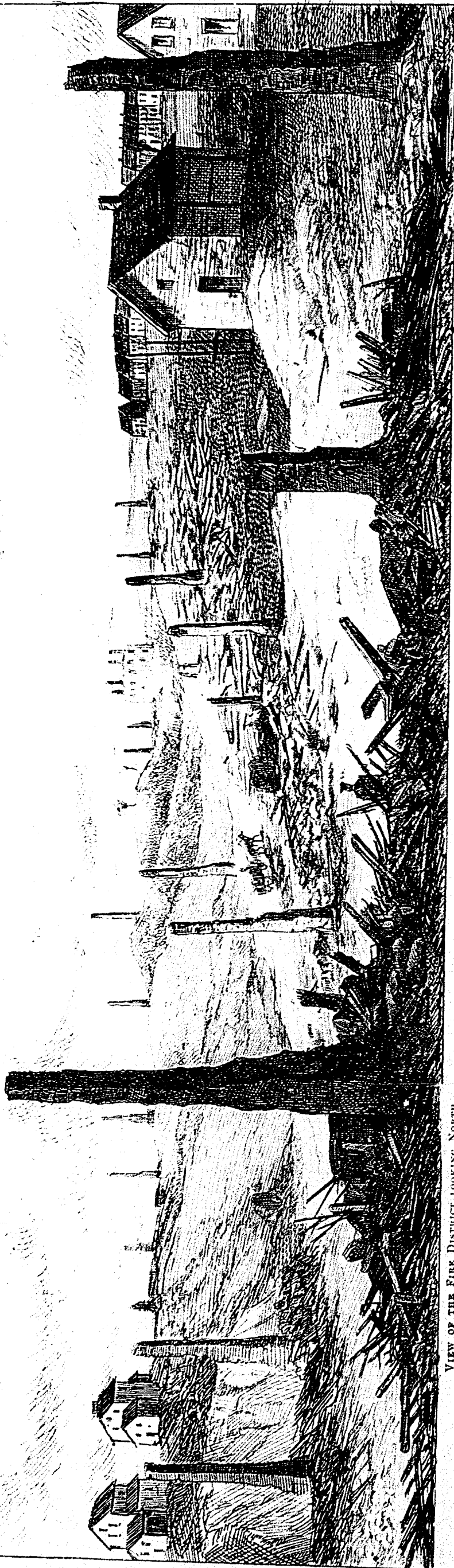
[g] This, and the next move, appears to constitute the only tenable line of play. If R takes Kt the Black Rook simply retakes, and White can escape mate only by suffering ruinous loss.

[h] Overlooking White's admirable reply, as pointed out by Mr. Potter, Black might have drawn now by Kt to B sixth (ch.)

[i] Unanswerable; nothing remains for Black but to arrange his *toga*, and die with decorum.

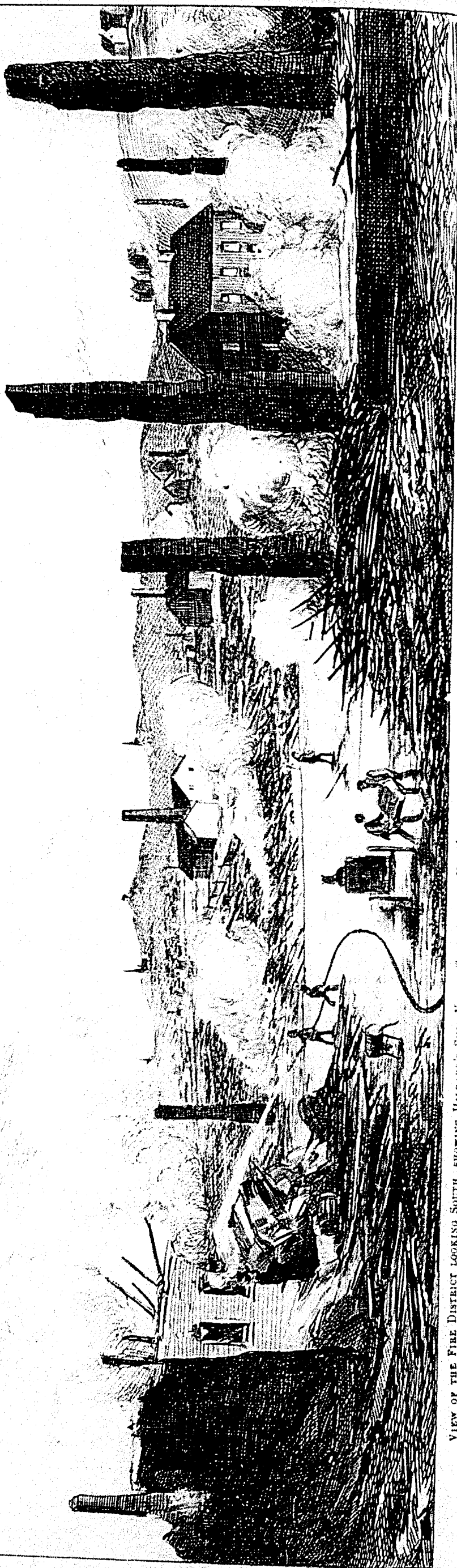
THE ROBERTS MANSION NARROWLY ESCAPING.

RUINS OF RANKIN HOUSE. SITE OF CHURCH WHERE FIRE FIRST BROKE OUT.



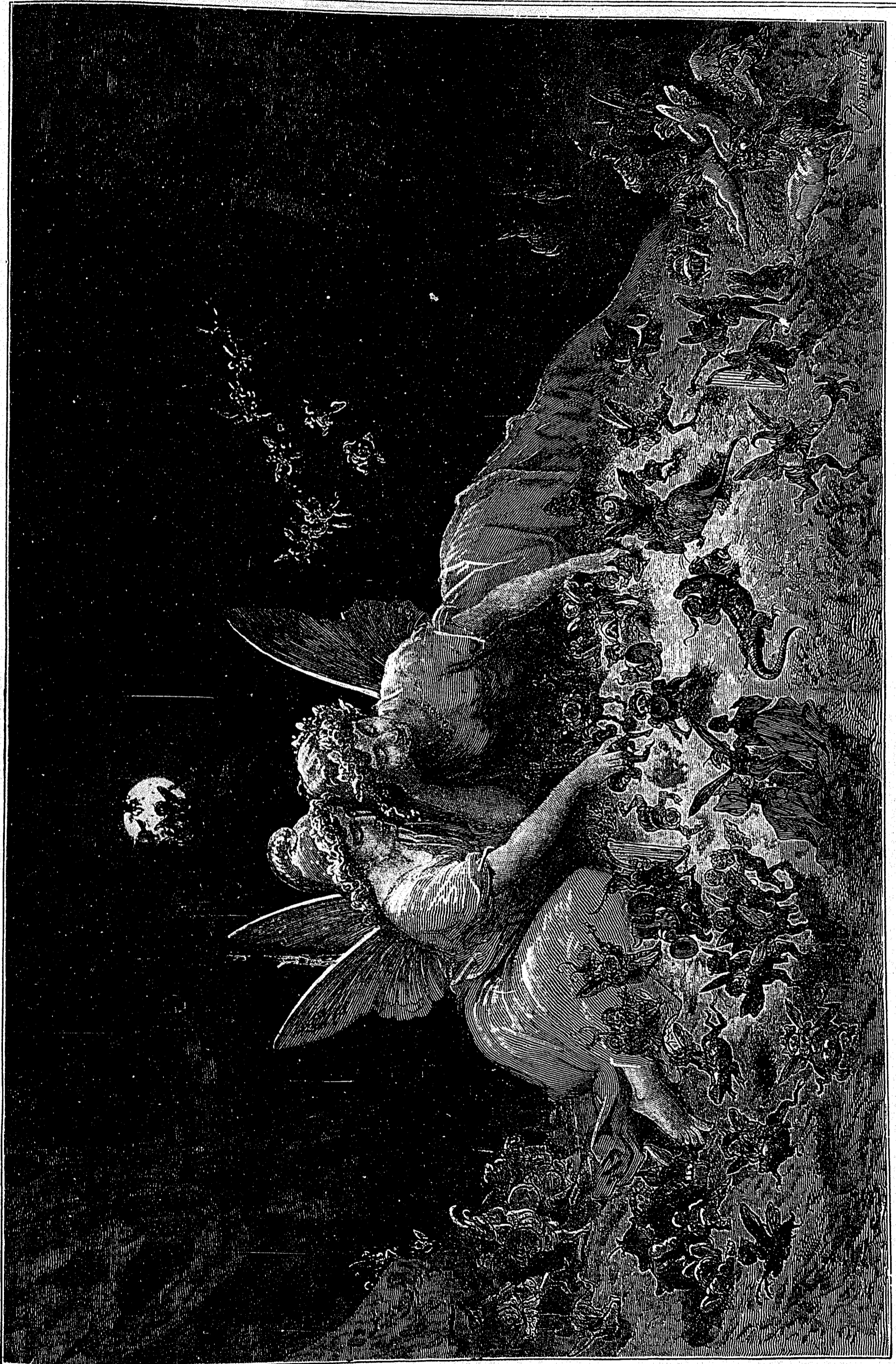
VIEW OF THE FIRE DISTRICT LOOKING NORTH.

MANTELLO TOWER, CARLETON.



VIEW OF THE FIRE DISTRICT LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING HILYARD'S SHIP YARD, CARLETON AND HARBOR IN THE DISTANCE

FIRE AT PORTLAND, N. B.



THE FAIRIES.—By GUSTAVE DORE.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

XVII.

After Margaret left everything became quiet again for several days. Rain had set in, we worked hard, and in the evening I profited by some hours' leisure to make use of Chauvel's bookshelves. There were many books—Montesquieu, Voltaire, Buffon, Jean Jacques Rousseau; all these great writers, whose names I had heard ten years before, were there—the large volumes in a line on the floor, and the others above them on the shelves. How I opened my eyes when they fell on a page which coincided with my own ideas! and what pleasure I felt when I opened the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique* of MM. d'Alembert and Diderot for the first time, and understood the alphabetical arrangement, where, according to his wants or his occupation, every man can find whatever he looks for!

This seemed admirable to me. I immediately turned to the article "Forge," where the history of smiths is told from Tubal Cain in the Bible down to our day, the method of getting iron from the mine, of smelting, tempering, hammering, and working it, down to the smallest details. I was very much struck by it, and when I said something about it next day to Maître Jean, he was astonished also. He said we young people had great opportunities for learning, but that in his time such books either did not exist or were too dear. Valentine also seemed to think a great deal more of me. About the 9th or 10th of May we had a letter from Chauvel to tell us of their arrival at Versailles, saying they were lodging at a master bootmaker's, Rue St. François, for fifteen livres a month. The States-General were just opened. He had not time to write fully, and only put at the end of his letter—

"I trust Michel will not hesitate to take my books home with him. Let him use them and take care of them, for one should always respect one's friends, and they are the best." I wish I could find this letter—the first of them all—but God knows what became of it! Maître Jean had the bad habit of lending and showing his letters to everybody, so that three-fourths of them were lost.

What Chauvel said showed me that Margaret had repeated our conversation to her father, and that he approved of it. I was filled with joy, tenderness, and courage united; and from that time I took home every evening a volume of the *Encyclopædia*, which I read, article by article, at one or two in the morning. My mother was very cross about the oil which was consumed. I let her complain; and when we were alone my father would say—

"Learn, my boy; try to be a man; he who knows nothing is too wretched. He works all day for others. Never mind what your mother says."

Nor did I mind her, as I knew very well she she would be the first to profit by what I might learn.

About this time the curé Christopher and a quantity of Lutzelbourg people were ill; Draining the Steinbach marshes had disseminated fever over the whole valley. Everywhere you saw poor creatures dragging their limbs about with their teeth chattering.

Maître Jean and I went to see the curé every Sunday. This strong man was nothing but skin and bone. We thought he would never recover.

Fortunately they called in old Fredinger, of Dirrnering, who knew the true remedy for marsh fevers—parsley seed boiled in water. By this remedy he cured half the village, and the curé at last slowly recovered.

During the month of May I remember there was much talk of bands of brigands who were plundering Paris. All the Baraquins and the mountain people wanted to take their pitchforks and scythes and go and meet these scoundrels, who were reported to spread themselves over the fields and burn the crops.

Soon after we heard that these brigands had been massacred at the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, at a paper stainer's named Revellion, and the fright calmed down again for a time. Later this panic became stronger at these reports, for during two months we had no other news than that afforded by the gazettes.

At last, however, thanks to God! we had a second letter from Chauvel, which I have kept, having taken care to copy it myself, the original being sent all over the country, and not seen again. A bundle of newspapers, old and new, came at the same time.

That day the curé Christopher and his brother the tall Materne, who fought in 1814 against the allies with Hullin-came to see us.

The curé had lost the fever; he was nearly well. He and his brother dined with us. I read the letter to them. Dame Catherine, Nicole, and two or three notables were present, and were very much surprised that Chauvel, so well known for his good sense and caution, should allow him to write so freely.

Here is his letter. Every one will see what was going on in Paris, and what he had to expect if the nobles and bishops had remained our masters:

"To Jean Leroux, master blacksmith at the Baraques-du-Bois-de-Chênes, near Phalabourg
July 1, 1789.

"You ought to have had a letter from me dated May 8th, in which I informed you of our arrival at Versailles. I told you in it that we had found a convenient lodging for fifteen livres a month at Antoine Pichot's, master bootmaker, Rue Saint-François, in the quarter of St. Louis in the old town. We are still in the same place, and if you have anything to write to us about, be particular to direct the letter fully.

"I should like to know what sort of harvest you expect this year. I hope Maître Jean and Michel will write to me about it. Here we have had storms and showers of rain, occasionally sunshine. A bad season is expected. What do you think? Margaret wants to have news of her orchard, and particularly of her flowers. Attend to this.

"We live in this town like strangers. Two of my fellow-deputies, the curé Jacques, of Malsoncelle, near Nemours, and Pierre Gerard, syndic of Vie, in the bailiwick of Toul, are in the same house as ourselves, they below and we above, with a balcony looking on the street. Margaret goes to market and cooks for us.

"All goes on well. In the evening, in the room of the curé Jacques, we arrange our plans. I take my pinch of snuff, Gerard smokes his pipe, and we always end by agreeing more or less.

"That is how we get on. Now let us turn to the affairs of the nation.

"It is my duty to keep you informed of what is doing; but since our arrival we have had so many things to cross us, so many vexations, so many accidents. The two first orders, and principally the nobility, have shown us such ill-will that I could not see where or how it would end. Ideas changed from day to another—one day confident, the next despairing. We needed both patience and calmness to bring these people to reason. Three times were they on the point of going away, and it was only when they saw that we could do without them, and draw up a constitution alone, that at last they made up their minds to take their place in the assembly and unite their deliberations to ours.

"I have been, therefore, unable hitherto to give you any certain news, but to-day the game is won, and I will take up the recital in detail from the beginning. You will read this letter to the notables, for I am no more for myself but for every one, and I should be indeed wrong if I did not render those who sent me an account of their affairs. As I have taken daily notes of everything, I shall omit nothing. When we reached Versailles, the 30th of April, with three other deputies from our bailiwick, we stopped at the Hotel des Souverains, which was crammed with people. I will not tell you what they made us pay for a bouillon or a cup of coffee. It would frighten you. All these people, the servants and the hotel-keepers, are valets from father to son; they live by the nobility, who live on the people, without troubling themselves about them or their wants. A cup of broth which costs with us two hard here costs the value of a day's work of a Baraque working-man, and it is so much a matter of course that any one who grumbled would be considered a poor creature, and be looked at with contempt. It is fashionable to allow oneself to be robbed and cheated by people like these.

"You can easily believe this did not suit me; when one has earned one's bread honestly and laboriously for thirty-five years, one knows the price of things, and I did not hesitate to send for the fat landlord and tell him what I thought of his bill. It was the first time he had ever been treated in such a manner. The rascal pretended to look down on me, but I returned it with interest. If I had not been a deputy of the Third Estate he would have turned me out; fortunately this position causes one to be respected. I was told by my fellow-deputy, Gerard, the next day, that I had scandalized the hotel servants, which made me laugh. The bow and the grimace of a laquety cannot be worth the labour of an honest man.

"I wished to tell you this story that you might see the sort of people we have to deal with.

"However, the day after our arrival, after going all over the town, I took my lodgings and sent my effects there. It was a lucky discovery: the other two I have named to you followed me there directly. We are here together and we live as cheaply as we can.

"You should have seen Versailles on the 3rd of May—the day of presentation to the king; half Paris was in the streets; and the next, at the mass of the Saint-Esprit, it was still more wonderful: people were even on the tops of the houses.

"But before anything else, I must tell you about the presentation.

"The king and the court reside in the Château de Versailles, built on a sort of mount like that of Mittelbronn, between the town and the gardens; in front of the château is a court on a gentle slope; on both sides of the court, on the right and left, are large buildings where the ministers are lodged; at the back is the palace.

"You see this at a league's distance when you come by the Paris Avenue—four or five times as broad as our highways, and bordered by fine trees; the court is closed in front by a railing

extending about sixty fathoms. Behind the château are the gardens, filled with water-works, statues, and similar decorations; how many thousands of men must have been worked to death in our fields, and paid poll-taxes, gabelles, &c., &c., to construct this palace! After that, the nobles and the laqueys live well; luxury, they say, is necessary to keep trade going; so to live luxuriously at Versailles it is necessary for three-fourths of France to be famishing for a hundred years!

"We knew of the presentation by notices stuck up everywhere, and little books which have a great sale here; the sellers stop you in the street to get you to buy them.

"Many of the Third Estate thought it was wrong that they should have notice of the presentation through public bills when the two first orders had direct notice of it. I did not think much about it, and I set off at twelve o'clock with my two fellow-deputies for the Salle des Menus where the sittings of the States-General are held; it is built outside the château, in the grand Avenue de Paris, on the site of some old workshops belonging to the magazine of the Menus-Plaisirs of his majesty the king; what the 'grands and menus plaisirs' of the king are I do not know, but the hall is very fine; two others join on to it, and are arranged, one for the deliberations of the clergy, the other for that of the nobility.

"We left the Salle des Menus in procession, surrounded by the people, who cried, 'Vive le Tiers Etat!' We saw that these good people knew that we were their representatives, especially the mass of Parisians, who had come over-night, and who were at the railing. The railing in front of the palace was guarded by the Swiss; they kept the crowd back, and allowed us to pass. We reached the court and then the palace, where we ascended a staircase—the steps covered with carpets and the ceilings studded with golden lilies: along the balustrades were placed stately lacqueys, covered with embroidery—there must have been ten on each side up to the top.

"Once on the first landing, we entered a hall, more beautiful, grander, and richer than one can describe; I thought it was the throne-room; it was the ante-room.

"At last, in about a quarter of an hour, a door, Maître Jean, led us into the real reception-hall, magnificently arched over, with rich mouldings, and painted as I cannot describe. We were in some sort lost here, but the king's guards stood all round, sword in hand, and suddenly on the left, amidst the silence, we heard the cry of—

"The king—the king!"

"It approached nearer and nearer, and the master of the ceremonies, entering first, repeated—

"Gentlemen, the king!"

"You will say, Maître Jean, that this was only a scene; so it was. But it must be confessed it was very well imagined to raise the pride of those who are called great, and to impress respect on those who are looked upon as little. The grand master of the ceremonies, M. le Marquis de Brezé, in court dress, by the side of us poor deputies of the Third Estate, in coats and breeches of black cloth, seemed a superior being, and by his air it was easy to see he thought so himself; he approached our eldest member, bowing, and nearly at the same time the king advanced and crossed the hall alone. A chair had been placed for him in the centre, but he remained standing, his hat under his arm, and the marquis having signed to our senior member to advance, he presented him, then another, and so on, by bailiwicks; they told him the name of the bailiwick, he repeated it, and the king said nothing.

"At the close, however, he told us he was glad to see us, the deputies of the Third Estate; he spoke slowly and well; he is a very fat man, with a round face, large nose, lips, and chin, and a retreating forehead. At last he went out, and we retired by another door. This is what is called a presentation.

"When I got home I took off my black coat and breeches, my shoes and buckles, and my hat. Father Gerard came, and then the curé; our day was lost, but Margaret had prepared a leg of mutton and garlic for us, of which we ate half with a good appetite, and drank a jug of cider, while talking over our affairs. Gerard and many others complained of this presentation, saying it ought to have taken place all the orders together; they thought from that we might conclude beforehand that the court would try to separate the orders. Some threw the blame on the master of the ceremonies. I thought to myself, we shall see. If the court opposes voting man by man, we will take it as a warning.

"The next morning early all the bells began to ring, and in the street were heard cries of joy and reports without end. It was the day of the mass of Saint-Esprit, to invoke the blessing of the Lord on the States-General. The three orders were assembled in the church of Notre-Dame, where they sang the 'Veni Creator.' After this ceremony, which was very pleasing on account of the beauty of the voices and the goodness of the music, we went in procession to the church of Saint-Louis. We came first, then the noblesse, and then the clergy, preceding the

Holy Sacrament. The street was hung with tapestry belonging to the crown, and the crowd cried, 'Vive le Tiers Etat!'

"It is the first time the populace did not side with fine clothes, for we were like crows by the side of these peacocks, with their little turned-up hats and feathers, coats embroidered in gold all down the seams, their elbows in the air, and swords by their sides. The king and queen, surrounded by their court, closed the procession. A few cries of 'Vive le roi! Vive le duc d'Orleans!' were heard. The bells rang incessantly; these people had some sense; not one among so many thousands was silly enough to cry 'Vive la Reine! Vive le Comte d'Artois! Vive les Evêques!' Yet they were very fine notwithstanding.

"At the church of Saint-Louis the mass began. Then the Bishop of Nancy, M. de la Fare, preached a long sermon against the luxury of the court, such as all bishops have preached for ages.

"This ceremony lasted till four in the afternoon; every one thought it enough, and that we should have the satisfaction of discussing our affairs together, but we were not near it yet, for the next day, May 5th, the opening of the States-General was another ceremony. These people can exist only on ceremony, or, to speak plainly, on comedy.

"The next day, then, all the States-General met in our hall, which is called the Hall of the Three Orders. It is lighted from above, by a round opening hung with white satin, and these in columns on both sides. At the end there was a throne under a canopy, splendidly besprinkled with golden lilies.

"The Marquis de Brezé and his masters of the ceremonies conducted the deputies to their places. Their work began at nine and finished at half-past twelve; you were called by name, led to your place, and begged to be seated. At the same time the state counsellors, the ministers and state secretaries, the governors and lieutenants-general of provinces, took their places. A long table covered with green cloth below the estrade was destined to the secretaries of state; at one end of it Necker was seated, at the other M. de Saint-Priest. If I had to give you all the details I should never have done.

"The clergy were seated on the right of the throne, the nobility on the left, and we in the front. The representatives of the clergy were 291, of the nobility 270, and we 578; some of ours were still absent, as the Paris elections did not terminate till the 19th, but that was not perceptible. At last, about one o'clock, they gave notice to the king and queen, who appeared almost immediately, preceded and followed by the princes and princesses of the royal family and their court attendants. The king took his seat on the throne, the queen by his side in a large arm-chair, without the canopy; the royal family round the throne; the princes, ministers, and peers of the kingdom rather lower down, and the rest of the *cortège* on the steps of the estrade. The ladies of the court, in full dress, filled the galleries of the hall on the side of the estrade, and mere spectators were distributed in the other galleries between the pillars.

"The king wore a round hat, the loop of which was set with pearls and mounted by a large diamond, known by the name of Pitt. Each one was seated in an arm-chair, a chair, a bench, or a stool, according to his rank and dignity; for these things are of the greatest importance; on that does the greatness of a nation depend! I could never have believed it if I had not seen it; everything is settled beforehand for these ceremonies. Would to God our affairs were as well ordered! But questions of etiquette take precedence, and it is only after the lapse of ages that one has time to trouble oneself about the distresses of the people.

"I wish that Valentine had been three or four hours in my place; he could explain to you the difference between one cap and another, and between one robe and another. What interested me most was when the grand master of the ceremonies made us a sign to be attentive, and the king began to read his speech. All I can recollect of it is that he was glad to see us; that he hoped we should come to a good understanding, to prevent innovations and find money for the deficit; that in this hope he had called us together, that the debt would be laid before us, and that he felt confident beforehand that we should find means to reduce it, and so to strengthen public credit; that this was his most ardent desire, and that he loved his subjects.

"Then he sat down, saying his chancellor would still further explain his intentions. The whole hall cried, 'Vive le Roi!'

"The chancellor, M. de Barentin, having risen, told us that his majesty's first desire was to spread benefits around him, and that the virtues of sovereigns are the first resource of nations in difficult times; that our sovereign, then, was determined to crown public happiness, that he had summoned us to help him, and that the third race of our kings had a right above all to the confidence of every good Frenchman, that it strengthened the order of succession to the crown, and that it had abolished all

degrading distinctions between the proud successors of conquerors and the humble posterity of the conquered! But that, nevertheless, it inclined to the nobility, for the love of order had raised the distinctions of rank between these and those: and in a monarchy they should be maintained; lastly, that it was the king's will to see us meet the following day to verify our powers, and to occupy ourselves with the important matters which he had pointed out to us—namely, money! Then the Chancellor sat down, and M. Necker read us a long speech about the debt, which amounted to sixteen hundred millions, and produced an annual deficit of 56,150,000 livres. He prepared us to pay this deficit, but he said not a word of the constitution which our electors have charged us to establish.

"The same evening, as we went home very much surprised, we heard that two new regiments, Royal Cravate and Bourgoigne Cavalry, with a battalion of Swiss, had just arrived in Paris, and that several other regiments were on their march. This news gave us material for reflection, the more so as the queen, Mgr. the Comte d'Artois, M. the Prince de Condé, M. the Duke de Polignac, M. the Duke d'Enghien, and M. the Prince de Conti had disapproved of the convocation of the States-General, and they doubted seeing us pay the debt if we were not helped a little. On the part of any others but princes this would be called a trap! But deers change their name according to the rank of those who commit them. On the part of the princes, then, it was simply a coup d'etat which they were preparing. Happily I had already seen the Parisians, and I thought those brave people would not desert us. Well, that evening my two fellow-deputies and myself agreed, after supper, that we must trust to ourselves rather than to any one else, and that the arrival of these regiments augured no good for the Third Estate.

(To be continued.)

Dominion Type-Founding Co'y (LIMITED.)

NOTICE is hereby given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the SHAREHOLDERS of the above Company will be held on TUESDAY, the TWENTY-NINTH INSTANT, at the Company's Office, Chenneville Street, at THREE o'clock p.m., for the reception of an Annual Report, Election of Directors, and the transaction of general business.

W. HALL, Managing Director.
Montreal, 18th June, 1875.

Dominion Type-Founding Co'y (LIMITED.)

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of TEN PER CENT upon the paid-up Capital of the Company has been declared, and will be payable on or after the 29th instant, at the Office of the Company.

W. HALL, Managing Director.
Montreal, 18th June, 1875.



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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of FOUR PER CENT.

on the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half Year, and will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive. The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on Thursday, the 8th July. Chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board, P. MACWEN, Cashier. 11-24-4-167. Quebec, 26th May, 1875.

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MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of FOUR PER CENT. upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current Half Year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held in the Banking House in this City, on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JULY NEXT. The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock, noon, precisely By order of the Board, JACKSON RAE, General Manager. 11-24-4-165. Montreal, 29th May, 1875.

Exchange Bank of Canada. DIVIDEND No. 6.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT., being at the rate of Eight per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House, on Monday, the 12th day of July next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon. By order of the Board of Directors, R. A. CAMPBELL, Cashier. 11-24-4-164. Montreal, 1st June, 1875.

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