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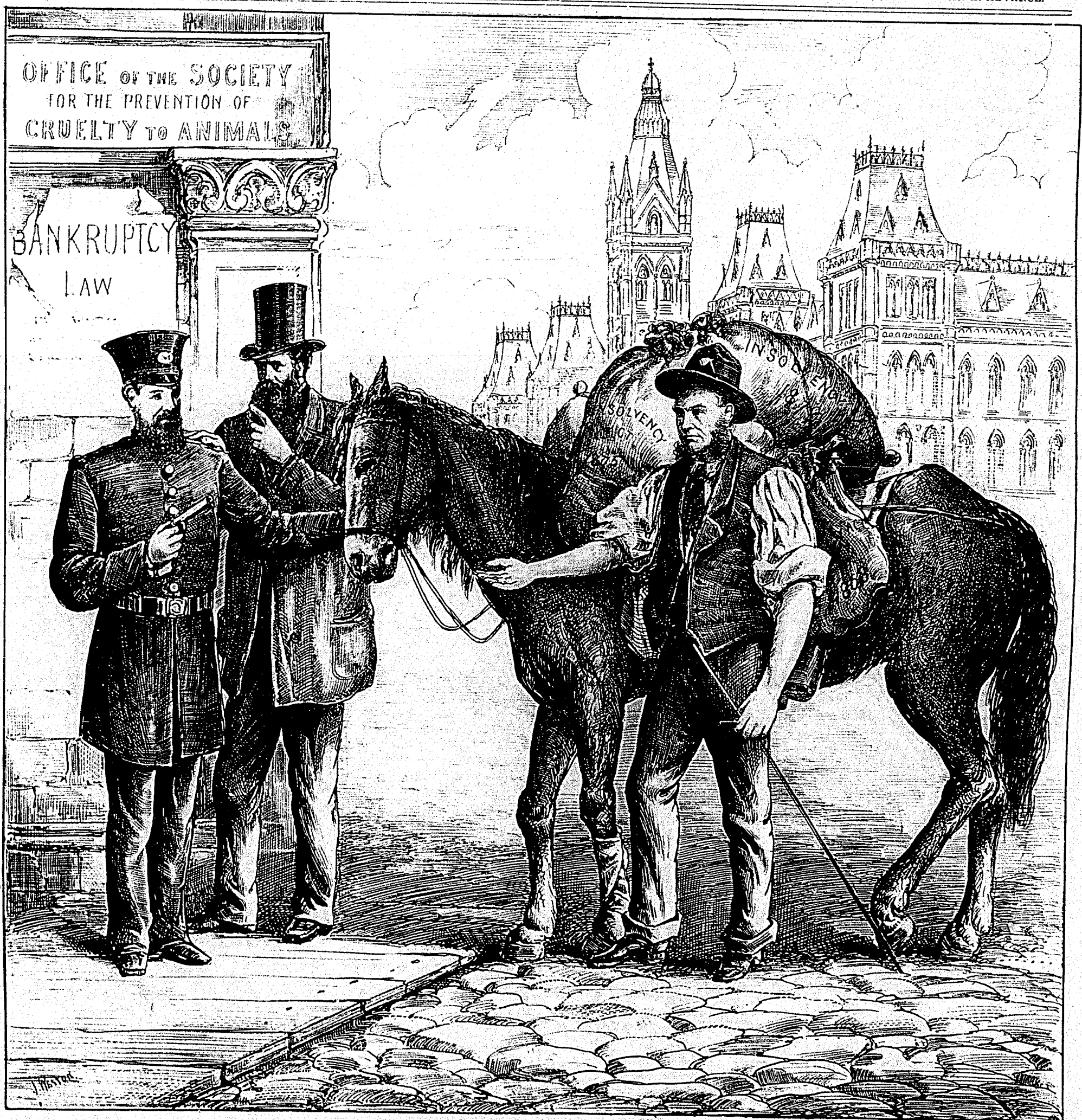
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# Montreal Whistled News

Vol. XIX.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
 { \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE NEW INSOLVENCY BILL.

J. J. C. A. . . . :—Well, gentlemen, what shall I do with him?—INSPECTOR G. . . . :—I think it's high time he were shot—  
 ALEX. R. . . . :—O we will try and patch up the poor old fellow once more.



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

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## NOTICE.

In connection with the recent inauguration of  
**GUELPH AS A CITY,**  
we shall publish in our next number a series of  
**BEAUTIFUL VIEWS**

of the prosperous new city, including a characteristic portrait of its founder, JOHN GALT. There will be two views of GUELPH IN 1831, and of GUELPH AS SEEN TO-DAY. These will be followed in the succeeding number by another series of sketches, including portraits of the Mayor, ex-Mayor, City Clerk and Treasurer, with views of prominent churches and other buildings.

We are making great efforts to illustrate every event of any importance transpiring throughout the Dominion, and now is the time to subscribe to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

## NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

### TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Apr 27th. 1879.					
Mon.. 57°	37°	46°	Mon.. 61°	41°	51°
Tues.. 53°	37°	45°	Tues.. 58°	38°	48°
Wed.. 56°	46°	51°	Wed.. 58°	37°	47°
Thur.. 57°	35°	46°	Thur.. 56°	40°	48°
Fri.. 56°	49°	52°	Fri.. 45°	40°	42°
Sat.. 58°	45°	51°	Sat.. 63°	55°	59°
Sun.. 57°	43°	50°	Sun.. 66°	54°	60°

This week beheld the breaking up of the whole river, with a few trifling exceptions, as far as Quebec. On Wednesday, the 23rd April, the *St. Lambert* came up from Boucherville and began her trips. As she was the first to leave the harbour of Montreal last fall, so she was the first to enter it this spring. On Monday, the 25th May, almost all the boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. came up from Sorel to this city to enter upon their regular service. With the exception of one light shower the whole week has been bright and balmy.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 3, 1879.

### A BIG PUSH.

After a full and free debate, extending over many weeks, every clause of the new Tariff has been passed, a bill based upon the resolutions has been ordered to be engrossed, and the National Policy is now the law of the land. As we had occasion to say before, this is the most important step taken in the history of Canada since Confederation. As the latter fixed our political destinies, let us hope, for all time, the former may be said to shape our commercial future for at least the next twenty years, as the *London Economist* very shrewdly estimates. The day of discussion has passed, and the time for action has come. The question has emerged from the narrow domain of a purely partisan issue, and assumed the proportions of a national measure, in which every interest of the country is involved, and which every class of the community, in the cause of patriotism, should essay to carry out. No greater mistake was ever made than the supposition that this result was accomplished in haste, and without full knowledge of all its consequences on the part of the electorate. The contrary is the fact, and it may be said that there has perhaps never been a public measure in Canada which received fuller consideration

from the people. It may prove an egregious fallacy, and, if so, time will remedy it, but, for the present, it were mere blindness to deny that the Canadian people demanded a radical change, and took the first opportunity afforded them to enforce their demand. Their reasoning, when analyzed, was simple enough, and to their minds irresistible. They held that there could not possibly be any harm in attempting a change. If the change proved beneficial, well and good; if it proved harmful, or even useless, it might at any time be set aside. They argued that something should be done to give work to the unemployed, and to allow of the circulation of the monies with which our banks are gorged. They knew that, in any case, and no matter who was in power, revenue had to be raised to cover a deficit of nearly three millions, and they believed that a policy which, in its operations, would help not only to supply this deficiency, but to produce a surplus into the bargain, was well worth the hazard of a trial. "The people are always right," may be a democratic axiom of too wide a range, but in the sphere of practical legislation, such as this, we fancy they may well be trusted to form an intelligent judgment. But, whether we think so or not, the fact is there that they have decided this matter and the country has to abide by it. Hence, we repeat, follows the obligation on all hands, and from men of every party, to do their utmost in furtherance of the new policy. The circumstances of its inauguration are all in its favour. We are on the eve of the opening of navigation, an event which cheers up everybody after the dismal isolation and stagnation of winter, and we are on the point of sowing the broad acres in upland and valley on which the hopes of the farmer rest. While the ploughman whistles in the furrow and the stevedore sings on the quays, the boom of the wheel and the click of the spindle will be echoed from the factory, and to such music the pulse of the people will beat. Let us hope that this shall be no fancy picture, but that with the return of work there may be money, and with money, thrift, and with thrift, prosperity, so that out of our material well-being we may be able to devote a surplus to moral, intellectual, and national improvement.

### DOMINION DAY.

The Parliamentary movement tending to make the first of July a statutory holiday, is one that must commend itself to all classes of the country without exception. The instinct of the people is always right. They have understood, even without the aid of politicians, that Confederation was the beginning of a new era, and that the day on which it was established was worthy of yearly commemoration. Thus has Dominion Day become in fact a national festival. Every year of the last decade it has assumed more and more the appearance of a holiday. No date could have been more fitly chosen. The first of July divides the year into halves. It is thus an easy rallying point. It lies, too, in the heart of the green summertime, when the harvests are whitening, when nature is flooded with sunshine, when the waters spread out in abundance, when health and human spirits are most buoyant. It stands, furthermore, at the threshold of the joyous vacation season. School-rooms are deserted, academic halls are closed, brilliant commencements are over, and two glorious months—life's happiest months—of unchained freedom are open to thousands of boys and girls. Fathers and mothers also partake of this recreation. Trunks are packed for the sea-side; furniture is removed to the suburban cottages at Lachine, Longueuil, Belœil, or St. Ann's; baskets are filled for the roystering picnics which follow each other in endless succession, beneath the shadowy woodlands or beside the shining waters. Everywhere there are signs of enjoyment, and they are all more or less connected with the National Holiday.

The political reasons for celebrating the

first of July above all days of the year are obvious enough. On that day, twelve years ago, Canadians were generously presented with the inestimable boon of self-government. That great result represented the happy culmination of a bitter and dangerous struggle which had lasted for over half a century. The heterogeneous elements comprising our population had always made Canada a difficult country to govern, and it was only when every other means of conciliation had been attempted that the scheme of Confederation was imagined, and when it was successfully carried through, the country was transformed as if by enchantment. If we look back carefully over the past twelve years, it will be found that that epoch constitutes a new chapter in the history of Canada. Indeed, it may be regarded as the beginning of a new nation. The men who were instrumental in devising and perfecting the measure have made names for themselves which will never be forgotten so long as the country lasts, and the day will yet come when, hallowed by time and distance, they will be remembered with the same respect with which Americans invest the memories of the immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence. The scattered Provinces, from the seaboard of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific, might have remained for ever in their isolation, a source of weakness to the Empire, and a narrow battle-ground of parish politics, but the moment that they joined hands, they presented an imposing front, which at once secured them a place among the nations of the earth. This is a materialistic age, and we are naturally a commercial people, devoted to pursuits which remove the mind from æsthetic cultivation; but none the less can we close our eyes to the natural blessings which we enjoy, and it is the least we can do to set aside one day in the year wherein we may celebrate, were it only by an official abstention from labour, the dawn of that new era which established a virtual autonomy in the British Provinces of North America.

### A TEMPERANCE FLANK MOVEMENT.

It may be said to the credit of Canada that no country has battled more ardently in the cause of temperance. Moral suasion has been tried in the Murphy and Rine movements; the DENNIS and SCOTT Acts have been enforced in many counties with a view to lessening the evil; the Dominion Alliance has set its heart on the gigantic task of legislative prohibition; and local societies have watched the proceedings of License Commissioners. That much good has been accomplished by these different efforts cannot be questioned, but it is still true that a mighty work yet remains to be performed. It is with a view to further aiding this work of reformation that we call attention to still another organization in favor of temperance. We refer to an association formed in New York called "The Business Men's Temperance Society for the Encouragement of Moderation in the use of Intoxicating Drinks." This is rather a long and awkward title, reminding us of its equally clumsy companion, "The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway." But the aim of the society is none the less simple, logical and according to common sense. It insists on the etymology of the word temperance as meaning not total abstention, but moderation, and its scheme of work is based strictly on this interpretation. Among the principal members of the society we find such names as the Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, PETER COOPER, Messrs. CROSBY, BUNSTER and HEADLEY, and at a recent meeting in Chickering Hall the statement of its objects is thus put forth by the chairman:

Recognizing the great evils proceeding from intemperance, and also the fact that extreme abstinence views will not be entertained by a large class whose instincts and habits entitle them to the name of good citizens, we seek to utilize the influence of this class in mitigating these evils. We are fighting the same enemy that the most extreme total abstinence advo-

cates are contending against, but we choose rather to flank the enemy than to uselessly hurl our forces against his strongly entrenched position, and have them repulsed in a gallant, but vain, attempt to storm the works. We aim to sustain the steps of those who are feeble; to say a friendly word to such as would, perhaps, refuse to listen to more radical counsellors; to strengthen the resolutions of those who are weak, by a series of pledges, among which is one which discourages the absurd custom of "treating," so common with Americans; and, by cultivating a taste for lighter and more wholesome beverages, do a work of true temperance which all good citizens can commend.

The method of the society's work is simple and business-like, consisting of three Moderation Pledges. The first, or White Pledge, binds the signer not to drink during business hours. This is a capital beginning, insuring immunity during the day, and especially at the lunch hour when men are tempted to take a glass or two, thereby impairing, if not destroying, their afternoon. The second, or Blue Pledge, engages the signer not to offer a glass to another, or to drink at another's expense. This is a direct thrust at our ridiculous and vicious system of "treating." The man who adheres to such a pledge frees himself almost totally from the bondage of intemperance, at the same time that he curtails a most insidious expenditure. The third or Tri-Color Pledge (Red, White and Blue) binds the signer to drink nothing stronger than wine or beer, and then only at meals and in moderation. This completes the system by the absolute exclusion of strong waters.

We believe the foregoing plan will commend itself to thousands of men who are opposed to excess on the one hand, while they see no harm in a social, or domestic glass, on the other. We hope that it will be tried in this country, Montreal and Toronto, for instance, taking the lead. So long as legislative prohibition remains an impossibility, the next best step in the cause of temperance is moderation, and the bulk of public feeling will always be found to lie between the two extremes. Any rational compromise of what is admitted to be the worse evil of the day is worthy of a trial, and sensible men everywhere must sooner or later adopt it.

No matter what may be our theoretical views of the new Protectionist Tariff, we may all rejoice in the prospect of an increase in our manufacturing industries. A great initial step was the opening of the REDPATH Refinery in this city. That is now followed by the enlargement of the HUBBARD Cotton Mills at Hochelaga. The new factory will give employment to about 400 extra hands, about two-thirds of whom will be women, and adding the number already employed in the old mills, the operatives will number in all over 750. Each loom will turn out forty-five yards of cloth per day, or 14,085 yards in a year of 313 working days, making a total product of cloth per year from 400 looms of 5,634,000 yards. The mills already run 400 looms, which will give the total amount of cloth turned out by the establishment in the year, when the new mills are finished, of 11,268,000 yards, an amount which might well cause those who would underrate our Dominion cotton industries to pause. This would be about two and a half yards of cloth for every man, woman and child in the Dominion, reckoning the population at 4,000,000.

THERE is an unmistakable tendency toward economy in legislative administration, and it seems that one of the first steps will be the abolition of Legislative Councils in the different Provinces. The example of Ontario shows conclusively that these bodies may easily be dispensed with. Already has the abolition been voted by the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia, and we see that a measure in the same direction is referred to in the Lieutenant-Governor's address on the opening of the Prince Edward Island Legislature. A serious blow was aimed at the Upper House during the last session of the Quebec Parliament.



We learn of the production of the "Passion Play" at San Francisco. It may be new to most of our readers that the same was attempted in Quebec, of all places, some thirty odd years ago. It was looked upon by the entire community as sacrilegious; but, nevertheless, the theatre was crowded to repletion. In the crucifixion scene, wherein the Saviour was nailed to the cross, the stage appliances and curtains caught fire, and a general stampede occurred. Upward of fifty persons were burned or trampled to death. No "Passion Play" has been attempted in this country since that time.

We lately had occasion to lay before our readers the full scope of the designs and aspirations of the Italia Irredenta, or party of Unredeemed Italy. It claims to be essentially devoted to the restoration of the Trent and other limitrophic countries which were once the possession of the Italians; but it is easy to see that this foreign policy may lead to very grave domestic complications. It does not at all improve the aspect of things to be told that GARIBOLDI has opened a subscription for the purchase of a million rifles to arm the nation, and sent an address to the inhabitants of Istria, Trieste and the Trentino.

It is intimated that, since January last, no less than eight hundred persons have gone to Manitoba from the Ottawa district alone. Indeed, the emigration from different parts of Canada, Ontario more especially, to the Prairie Province, is a phenomenal event which we cannot exactly explain, but over which we have every reason to rejoice. We shall be mistaken if, at the next census, little Manitoba does not make the best show of all in respect to increase of population.

The United States Post Office Department have approved the design for a new International Two-Cent Postal Card, which will doubtless soon be put into circulation. Although this new card was provided for by the Universal Postal Union, we do not hear of any other nation having taken a similar step. Until England moves, we shall, of course, expect nothing from Canada, although our geographical position gives us a special interest in this new card.

A PETITION, largely signed by Senators and Members of Parliament, is being circulated in Ottawa, praying Government to assist Madame Von KORBER in bringing out fifty maid-servants to Canada from Germany. As a beginning, nothing could be better than this, as from the experience of the United States and the Province of Ontario, there is no more thrifty, honest, laborious, and self-reliant a class of immigrants than the German.

FOLLOWING up our article of last week on the necessity of collating and preserving our invaluable Canadian archives, we are glad to learn from the Parliamentary reports that the Honourable the Minister of Agriculture, in whose department our treasures lie, has expressed the hope that he will be this year allotted the sum of \$3,000 in collecting interesting records of the early history of Canada.

SENATOR PENDLETON, of Ohio, lately introduced in the United States Senate a bill providing for the admission of members of the Cabinet to seats in Congress. They are not to be allowed to vote on propositions, and not required to be in their seats, but are limited to the privilege of taking part in the debates. This is a direct move toward the British system.

We beg to call the particular attention of our military authorities at Ottawa, and our militia officers all over the country, to the illustrations, on our last page, of the "Oliver Accoutrements." A full letterpress description will be found in a separate column. We are indebted for both the illustration and description to an officer of high rank at Halifax.

We have received from Mr. PAUL DENYS, of the Brockville Institution, another paper on Primitive Conscience among Deaf-Mutes. The subject is a most painfully interesting one, which has attracted much attention since we broached it in our columns, and hence we shall have pleasure in publishing Mr. DENYS' paper next week.

WHAT British Columbia expects to gain by agitating the wild scheme of secession from the Confederacy we are at a loss to understand. Its representatives in the Federal Parliament should rise and explain. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, as member for Victoria, ought to see about it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION.—This event, which is always a welcome event in Canada, is illustrated by two sketches, one from Montreal, the other from Toronto. In the former the ice-shove is represented with distant views of prominent buildings visible from the river, such as Notre Dame Church, the City Hall and Bonsecour Market. The other shows the river already open and the boats ready to start.

ZULU'S CROSSING A RIVER.—This sketch may find a suitable commentary in the following extract from the pamphlet which was lately compiled by order of Lord Chelmsford and published in Natal, giving an account of the enemy's military system:—"When a Zulu army on the line of march comes to a river in flood, and the breadth of the stream which is out of their depth does not exceed from ten to fifteen yards, they plunge in in a dense mass, holding on to one another, those behind forcing them forward, and thus succeed in crossing with the loss of few of their number."

THE CARTOON.—On our front page will be found a timely illustration of the present diverse condition of public feeling in regard to the Insolvency Law. A broken down race horse is represented laden with the different Insolvency Laws since 1868. The driver of the screw is a well-known advocate of this city, who has framed several bills on the subject, and than whom there is no one more conversant with every kind of litigation arising out of insolvency cases. Mr. Galey, the esteemed and energetic Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Montreal, is put forth with pistol in hand as ready to do the deed of mercy toward the poor brute. He typifies that class of business men who want to get rid of the Insolvency Laws altogether. They are opposed by a prominent merchant of this city, who is well-known for his efforts at ameliorating and trying to keep up the same laws.

THE ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.—This gate is to be erected on the site of the old historic gate of the same name. The style of architecture is adapted to harmonise as much as possible with the existing fortifications. It has a central roadway passage under a segmental arch for general traffic, and a semi-circular archway on either side for foot passengers. These roadways and footways form with the fortifications a continuous promenade, which is to be known as the Duflin Terrace, and the inauguration of which by His Excellency and the Princess Louise we shall have occasion to sketch toward the end of May. On the front and rear walls are embattled stone parapets corbelled outward from the face of the walls, and on either end are stone steps leading to the city streets. The stone tower, with pyramidal domed wooden roof, projects nearly two-thirds outward from the general face of the wall. Opening on the platform are two corbelled stone turrets of horse-shoe plan, one of them being covered with a slate and lead roof.

THE LAAGER DEFENCE.—This is a square formed of waggons and branches of trees. The tents of the artillery and infantry are engaged as close as possible outside the laager. In front of the centre are the guns of the artillery, a line of shelter trenches covering the front of the infantry tents. In case of alarm or a night attack the tents are immediately struck, the infantry occupying the shelter-trenches, the gunners standing to their guns, all mounted men to their horses. Should it be found necessary to retreat within the laager, every man at once repairs to that wagon to which he has already been detailed, the guns being run back through a temporary opening in the outer circle of waggons. The strength of such a position is obvious. By distributing the men so that half of them lie under, the remainder in, the waggons, a double line of fire is brought to bear upon the enemy. We have already learnt by bitter experience what the Zulus can do. We know how on Jan. 22 they hurled themselves in masses against the defenders of Isanhlwana, heedless of the murderous fire of our Martinis or the shrapnel which ploughed lanes through the columns. Yet we doubt, nay, more, we believe

it to be absolutely impossible for the same enemy in equal numbers to force a position of such strength as we have endeavoured to describe. It is from the Boers that the English have adopted the system of laagers.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, April 25th.—The long and weary debates in Committee of the Whole on the Tariff resolutions were finally brought to a close on Thursday evening. All the resolutions were passed and the Tariff Bill introduced by Mr. Filley. This of course will go rapidly through its stages. The fight has been fought in the Committee and won by the Ministers; and the country is now sure to have the Protective Tariff. One of the last struggles was on the resolution protecting free stone. Mr. Mackenzie declared that this would seriously hamper the building trade, for the reason that there was no stone in Canada equal to the Ohio stone, except perhaps at Pembroke, on the Ottawa, whence it could not be conveniently carried to Western Ontario, where builders would be obliged to pay this practically prohibitory duty. I think he must have been rather surprised at the facts which the debate elicited, as member after member from the East to the West of the Dominion, rose and pointed out that their localities could produce free stone equal, and in many cases superior, to that brought from Cleveland, as proved by actual preference, price for price. Here is a case in which the protective tariff will do marked and decided good. It is astonishing how far a little facility and confidence in the beginning will sometimes go in the development of a great industry. Mr. Cartwright during the week made a bitter fight on the sugar duties. He went so far as to forget his usual decorum, and described the effect of such legislation as legalised robbery and swindling, declaring it was simply a device to add riches to the previous accumulations of already rich men, at the expense of consuming interests, and to the injury of large trade interests in Ontario—particularly the peninsula of Ontario in its relations to the port of New York. I find that many members felt that adding riches to the rich in the case of one very large firm was a prejudice; but it was impossible to conceal that the policy in itself is a national one in that it will tend to bring trade by the St. Lawrence and make the country independent instead of making it dependent on New York. The tea duties were passed with very little show of fight, perhaps arising from the fatigue of the combatants. The effect of these also will be to cut off trade from New York and bring it by the St. Lawrence; and this remark will apply to the whole grocery trade, for it is well known that where traders buy these two leading articles they assort their stocks. This is a Montreal interest, and it is a pity that it should be considered a prejudice.

On the flour and wheat duties there was also a struggle; and it was a tough thing for many of the members of the Province of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces to vote for these. They only consented to do so as a part of a national policy, and in view of the fact that the Tariff favoured them in other particulars in which they had very great interest. But as respects the duty on wheat the vote in favour of this was only obtained upon an understanding that the Government would, in times of great scarcity, admit wheat duty free. There was a further attempt made by Ontario members to have wheat, coal, pig iron and corn meal admitted free; but all these motions were defeated by large majorities. The closest vote was on Dr. Fiset's motion to have wheat admitted free, the division being 109 to 61. This motion made a special pull on the milling interests and the Province of Quebec members; that Province being a consumer to a great extent in excess of its production. The Lower Canadians are notable wheat consumers.

These struggles and divisions of course show the difficulty that lies at the very bottom of the project to establish a protective tariff. For it is inevitable that when all industries come to be touched, one man's product is another's raw material in his manufacture, the enhancement of the price of which takes a great deal of the gilt edge off the protection afforded to himself. Stated simply as a question of principle it would be impossible to escape the conclusion that this state of things would imply a general enhancement of price; and this is the essence of the fierce and bitter contention which has been waged by Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Cartwright and others. But as against this principle we see in the case of the United States that competition among the several manufacturers does bring cheapness, and it is contended by the protectionists with a point which I have not heard fairly answered in this debate, that this making of things among ourselves implies an increase of population; and it is on the surface of the argument that this implies an increase of wealth. There is certainly enough, therefore, even in the case of men who are not protectionists, to enlist their co-operation in the working of the policy adopted, or at least to watch with patience the results.

It is stated that the Pacific Railway policy will be announced when the Tariff Bill is through its readings. We have here room for another most serious contention. I do not speak so much with respect to the divergence of the line from the Narrows to the south of Lake Mani-

toba, as that can be straightened at any future time at small expense, and the loop now made be worth all it has cost and more as a Colonization Railway. I do not know what the policy of the Government is, but I have heard it whispered that there is an intention to take the longer line from the Tête Jaune in the Rocky Mountains to Bute Inlet, instead of that which was decided by Mr. Mackenzie's Government on the recommendation of Mr. Fleming, to the Burrard Inlet. Please do not take this as an announcement. I only give it to you as a rumour on which there is a great deal of talk. It is presumed the Government will have reasons to show for the course which they determine, and men who have no object in deceiving themselves will wait for the announcement of these. I have a strong feeling on this question and there is much that I might say, but I will forbear as matters stand. I should not be at all surprised if the policy of the Government will not be to postpone the final decision until there has been a much more thorough examination of a more northern route than either of those referred to.

A curious incident came out before a Subcommittee of the Public Accounts respecting a change in Mr. Whitehead's Pacific Railroad contract, involving, it is said in the evidence, a quarter of a million dollars; but I have heard it whispered it may be a million. It appears that after trestle work was specified and authorised, that this was changed to embankments, without the knowledge of the Minister, Mr. Mackenzie, the Deputy-Minister, Mr. Trud-an, or the Secretary, Mr. Braun, or Mr. Marcus Smith, who was, in Mr. Fleming's absence, Chief-Engineer. It is not yet known who made this alteration, but Mr. Rowan, the District-Engineer, has not yet been examined. He has, however, been sent for. It is certainly a most alarming fact that an important alteration of this kind could be made in a public work without the knowledge of the responsible Minister or the chief officers of the Department. We shall probably hear further of this.

Mr. Girouard's bill is making a little sensation among the brokers, and they are up here fighting it. There is undoubtedly a good deal of feeling against the class of brokers arising out of the manipulations which have caused many persons frightful losses by the fluctuations in stocks. Very rigorous and severe provisions of law to restrain the operations of brokers, are at least new in our legislation; but they are based upon precisely the same principles as the laws to restrain gambling and lotteries. Certainly all transactions arising out of speculations in "longs" and "shorts" are of the very essence of gambling. And I think most men will concur that it ought to be made a penal offence for any man, under any pretence whatever, to sell a stock which he has not actually in bona fide possession. A man may be permitted to make ducks and drakes with property in his actual possession; but possession implies responsibility, and responsibility implies carefulness, while the absence of either is a premium for wildness which runs to criminal excess.

We have had dreary column upon column of committee reports upon the Coteau Bridge question. The Ottawa men are making a desperate struggle to obtain it, and are bringing up relays of forces all the time to strengthen their position; but, to my mind, the situation is not changed from the description I have already given you. There is no decision as I write.

People are beginning to ask how long the session will last, and there is yet much to do. The estimates are not passed, but they will go very rapidly through, now that the tariff has passed, especially as they have been framed with great moderation. The voting on them commenced last night, and good progress was made. You must remember, also, that the members are now staying at their own expense. They will not get one copper more, however long they stay; and human nature is human nature. They will be in haste to get off.

The Insolvent Bill has been reported by the Special Committee, and I take it that this will become a law. I gave you the principles on which the report was based in a previous letter.

Mr. Paul DeCazes was examined before the Immigration Committee. He had been Government Agent in France for five years. He testified that French artisans and agriculturists of the better class could not be induced to emigrate. There was an emigration from France to Canada after the upsetting of industries by the war of 1870, and Mr. DeCazes showed that large increase of trade followed that emigration.

The theatrical entertainments at Rideau Hall, which were postponed in consequence of the death of Prince Waldemar, of Prussia, took place on Saturday and Wednesday nights, and were the fashionable event of the political capital.

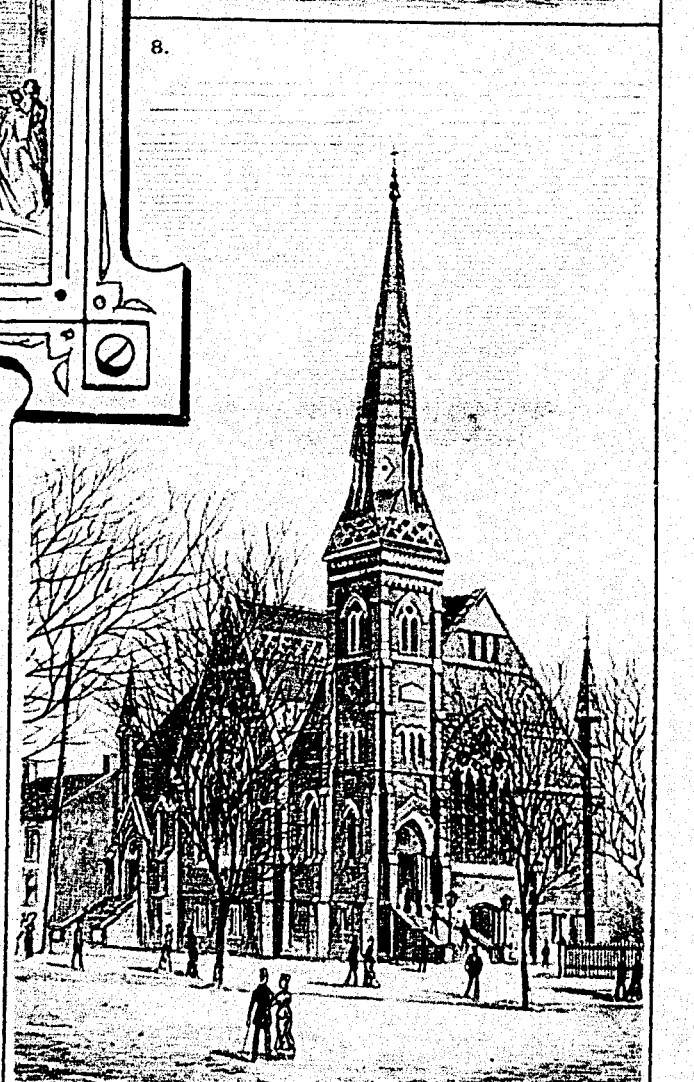
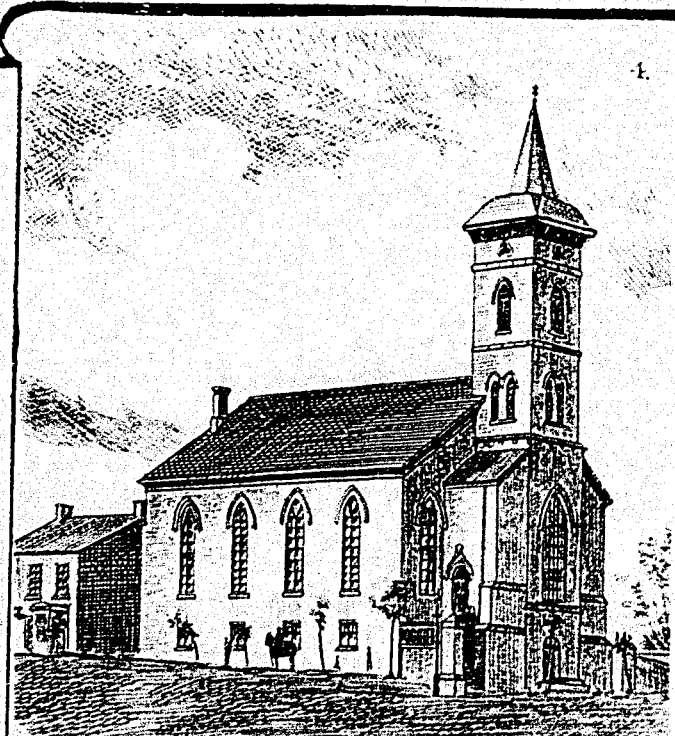
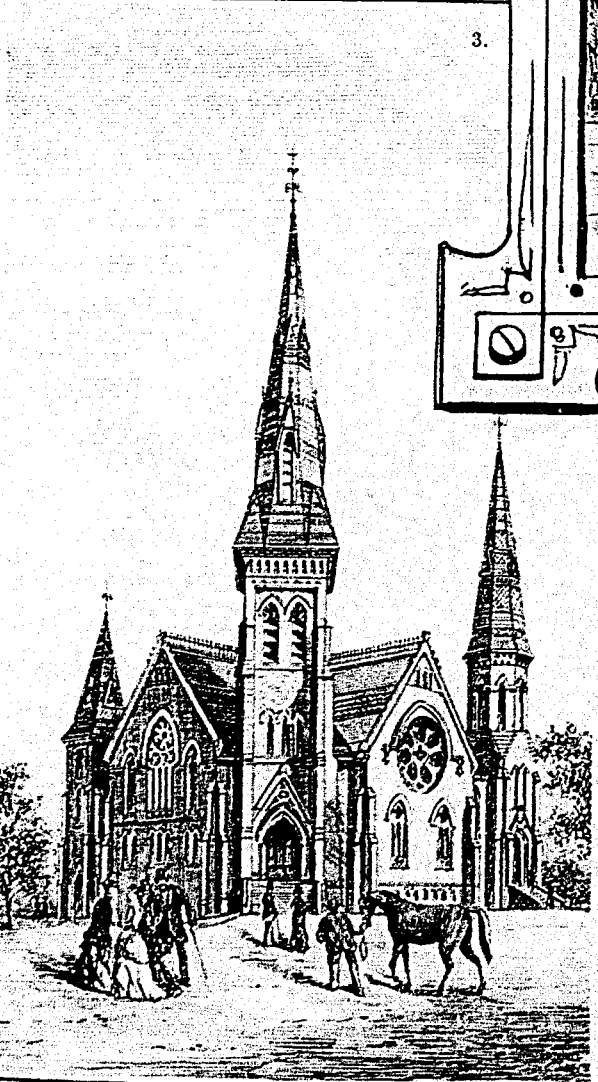
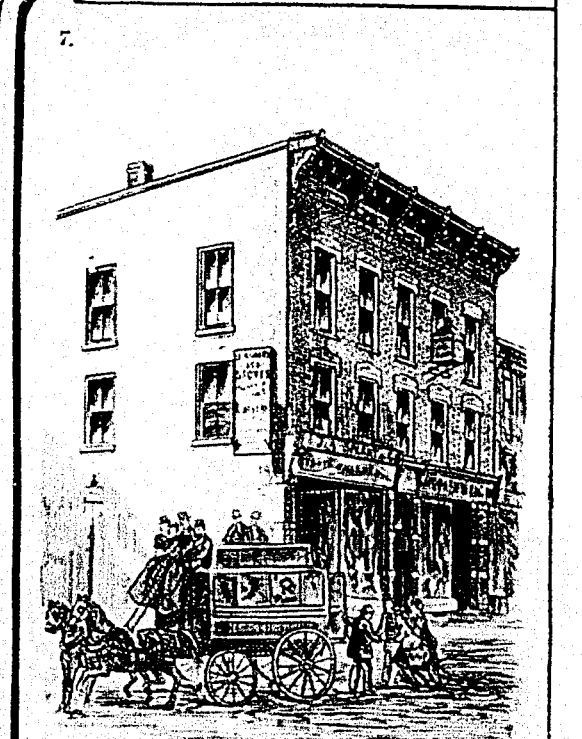
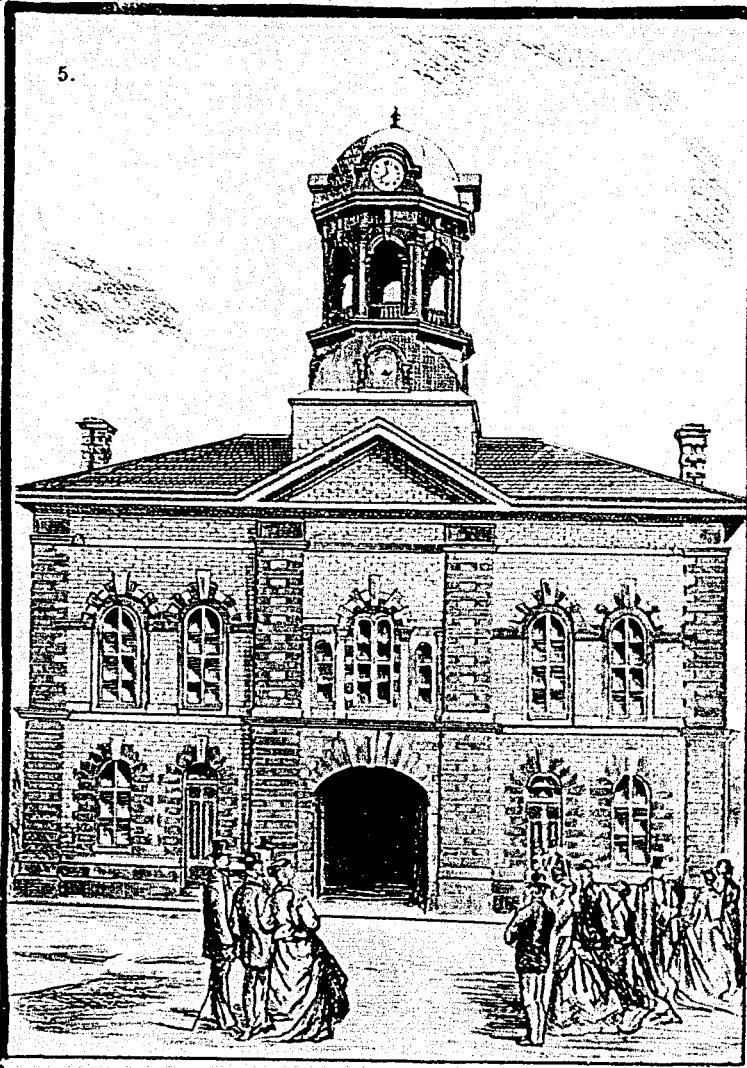
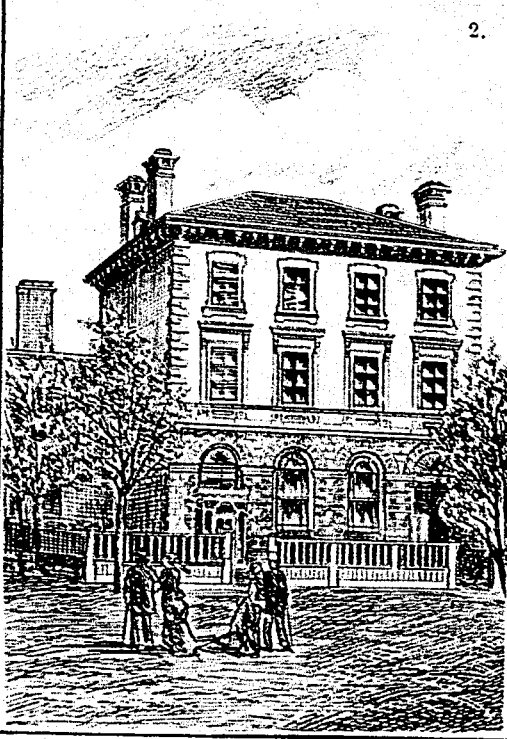
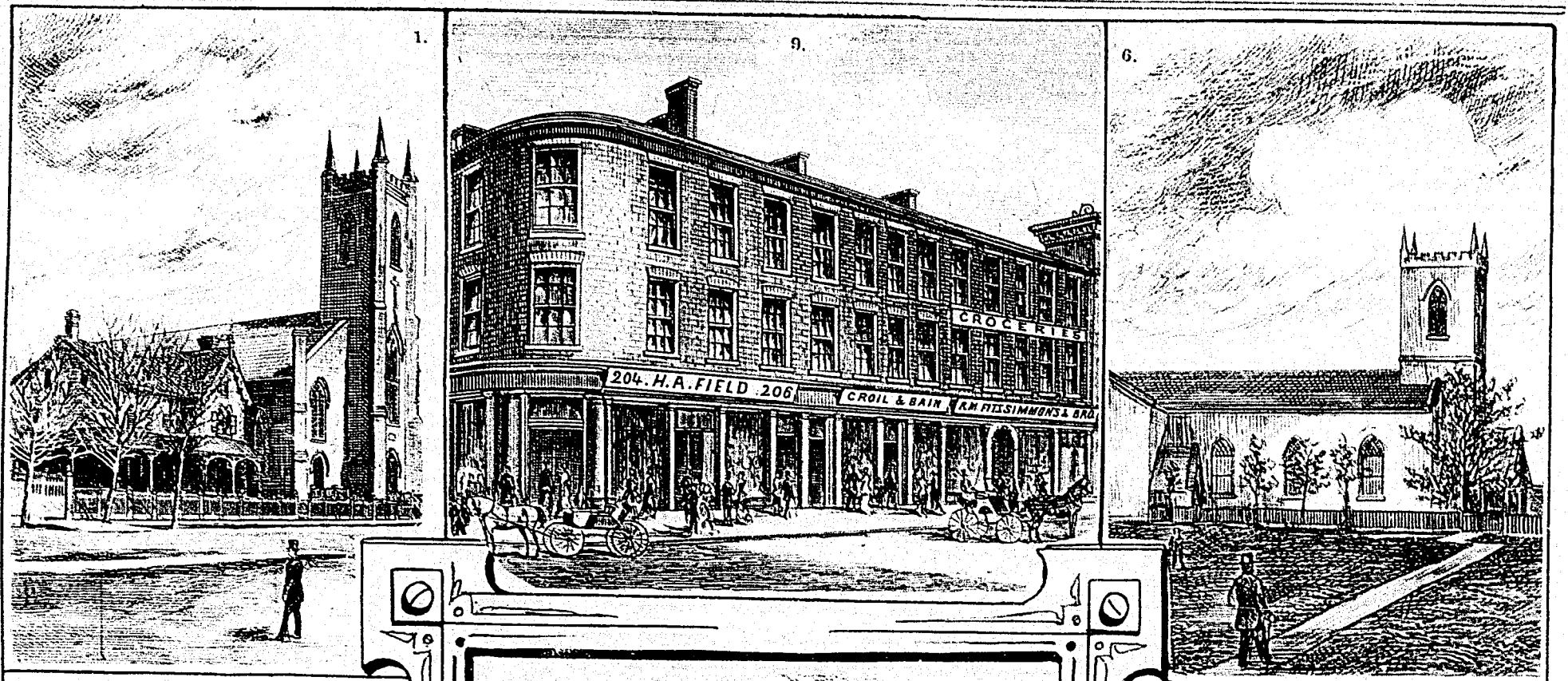
ARTISTIC.

MR. RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., who has long held a distinguished place amongst English landscape painters, will have to relinquish the brush on account of failing eyesight.

THE son of the illustrious poet, Mr. Robert Browning, who made his first appearance last year as an exhibiting painter at the Royal Academy, has again sent over from Antwerp some works for exhibition.

It is proposed to establish in Rome an Institute for German artists, where they would have lodging and the use of ateliers at a moderate rate. At present artistic life in Rome has become very expensive, and private studies are difficult to procure. The German Government, therefore, have come to the aid of artists, by purchasing the so-called Casa Bartholdy, on Monte Pincio, and fitting it up as a large artistic establishment, with seventeen ateliers and a number of dwelling rooms.





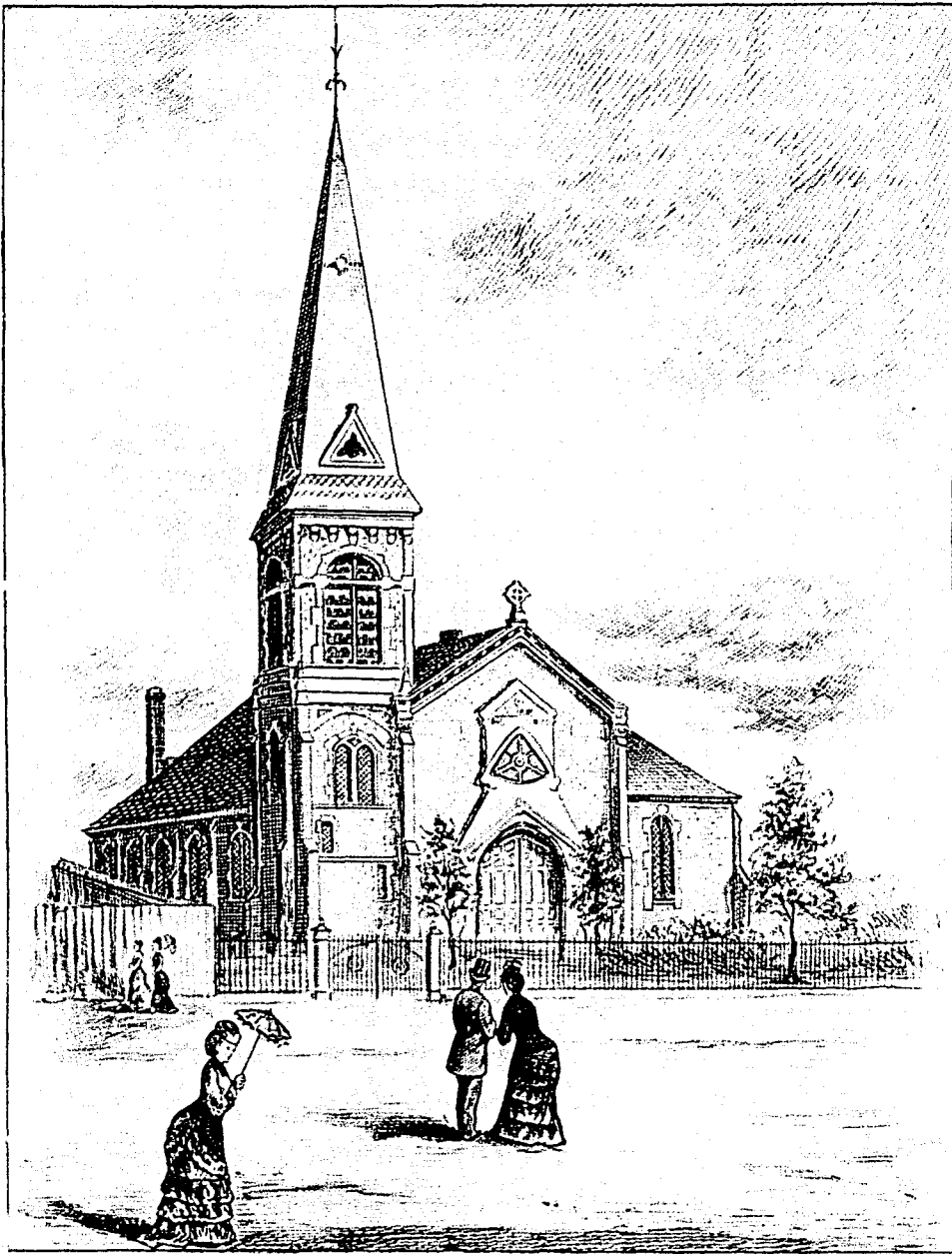
1. St. Francis Xavier Church. 2. Bank of Montreal. 3. Presbyterian Church. 4. Canada Methodist Church. 5. Victoria Hall. 6. St. Peter's Church. 7. J. A. Smart's Store. 8. New Baptist Church. 9. A Row of Commercial Buildings.

BROCKVILLE (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED (II.)



SKETCHES OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

After the great fire which destroyed two-thirds of this city, many of the old residents thought years would elapse before it would again present anything like the appearance it did before the fire. Looking at the city to-day one can hardly realize the fact that such a tremendous conflagration, destroying 2,000 houses and making 20,000 people homeless, had occurred less than two years ago. Before the ashes had time to cool several of the most enterprising and energetic, determined that their city should rise again, commenced clearing away the debris to rebuild. Foremost among the number we mention that of James Domville, M.P. for King's County, N. B. Others soon followed until it became chronic, even amongst those who had predicted its slow growth. All the business portion is rebuilt of brick and stone, the buildings uniform in height and handsome in appearance. The Domville building, situated on the corner of Prince William and King streets, is a five story building, and a magnificent structure; the lower part will be occupied by the Maritime and Montreal Banks, the upper part arranged in first-class style for a club (Conservative, we believe), which is about to be formed. The Bank of New Brunswick, on Prince William street, is a noble-looking stone building, purely Corinthian in style of architecture. The Bank of Nova Scotia, opposite the Bank of New Brunswick, is also built of stone, and a handsome design; the caps on the pillars are beautifully carved. The Commercial Block, on King street, extending from Canterbury to Germain, presents a very fine appearance, as does also the block on Market Square, extending from Chapman's Hill to Dock street, and five stories in height. There are not many instances where property holders amalgamated and built in blocks, but the majority of the buildings erected are regulated, especially those on Prince William street. The most noticeable brick block on that street is the Sand's building, extending through to Water street, five stories high on Prince William and six stories on Water street. St. James' Church, a sketch of which is given, stands on Main street, is Gothic in style of architecture, built of limestone got from a quarry near the city, is heated with steam pipes running parallel with



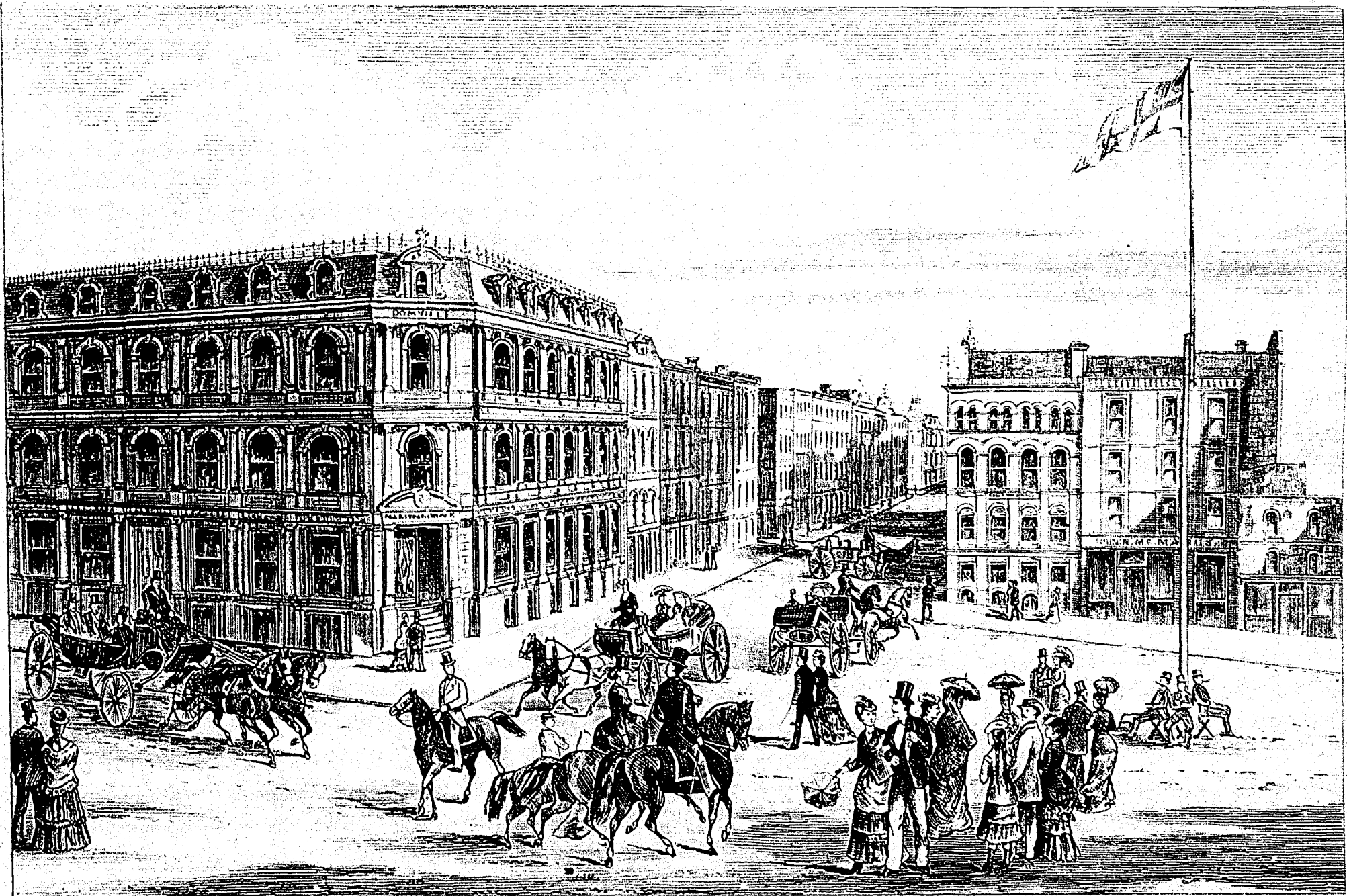
ST. JOHN, N.B.—ST. JAMES CHURCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CLARE.

the pews, and constructed to seat about 600 people. It was built solely through the perseverance of the incumbent, Rev. Wm. Armstrong, and the churchwardens. The church, which was burnt unfortunately, had but a small amount of insurance on it. It is the first Episcopalian Church built since the fire, which speaks well for all those who were connected with it, more especially when it is considered that the parish in which it is situated is in the lower part of the city, and not the wealthiest. The church was consecrated and opened for public worship, 6th January, by the Metropolitan.

AN old gentleman without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! How time flies! Let me see. It is 52 years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school-house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

"PHAIREST Phlora," wrote an amorous youth, who is smitten with the phonetic craze, "phor-ever dismiss your phears and phly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends, phamily, phather—phorget them and think only of the Phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so pheign not phondness, if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic, and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool!" was Phair Phlora's curt reply.

A young girl named Susan Johnson of Uniontown, Ky., who is addicted to reading novels, dressed herself in boys' clothes, and armed with two pistols and a dagger, took the packet for Evansville, intending to lead a life that would be a terror to the foe. On the boat some deck hands were moving some freight, and a big rat ran out and scud in the direction of our hero. Miss Johnson jumped on a bale of tobacco and screamed. They carried her to the ladies' cabin where she remained during the round trip, and she has now promised her parents to do her share in the kitchen and keep her end up at the sewing-machine.



ST. JOHN, N.B.—VIEW OF PRINCE WILLIAM AND KING STREETS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CLARE.



EPHEMERIDES.

A NEW eruption has broken out among us which may be termed the Monumental Fever. I am of opinion that every one will hail the event as a revival of the aesthetic spirit in our midst.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, with its usual cheerful initiative, has taken a foremost step, by publishing a beautiful sketch of the model of the monumental statue designed to be erected to the memory of the Founder of Montreal.

OF COURSE the ancient capital must not be outstripped by Montreal. My friend, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the active president of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, has consequently set on foot a movement for the erection of a memorial to Samuel de Champlain, the immortal Founder of Quebec.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS may take credit unto itself for having suggested a monument to Charles Michel de Salaberry, C.B., the hero of Chateauguay. In a cartoon published last January, it represented the shade of de Salaberry arising out of a cloud and appealing to the Hon. Mr. Masson, as Minister of Militia, to revive the ancient military spirit of the French Canadians.

Lt.-Col. E. H. Frechette, Esq.; C. Ulric, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society, with power to add to their number. J. O. Dion, general Secretary and Treasurer, Chambly Bassin.

I MAY be allowed to close this column with a reference to another monument which must be of interest to all Anglo-Canadians. When the Very Reverend the Dean of Westminster visited this continent last year, he sought out, in company of that congenial spirit, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, the mournful spot where Major Andre was executed during the American Revolution.

Here died, Oct. 2, 1780, Major JOHN ANDRE, of the British Army, who entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold, for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned as a spy.

though according to the stern code of law, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave.

In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey. A hundred years after his execution, a citizen of the States against which he fought placed this stone about the spot where he lay; not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better sentiments which have since united two nations, one in race, in language, and in religion; with the earnest hope that this friendly union will never be broken.

—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. (On the back.) Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. His death, Virgil, Aeneid, I, 402.

(On the left side.) The spy of the neutral ground, who died as he had lived, devoted to the services of his country. —Fenimore Cooper.

(On the right side.) He was more unfortunate than criminal: An accomplished man and a gallant officer. —George Washington. He died universally esteemed and universally regretted. —Alexander Hamilton

I think it will be admitted that the work has been done in the true lapidary style. The citation from Virgil is specially apt, for the fate of poor Andre is a striking illustration of the pathetic words:

The quotations from Washington and Hamilton are likewise a tribute to the unfortunate dead. I am not so clear, however, about the reference from Fenimore Cooper. Nothing in literary history is now more surely ascertained than that there was no identity, nor even an analogy, between the Harvey Birch of the celebrated novel and the Major Andre of history. Birch was by profession a spy, continually going to and fro, over the neutral ground, between the American and British camps, whereas Andre was never a spy in intention, and stated that if he had known that he was within the American lines he would at once have revealed his rank and delivered himself up. I, therefore, suggest that the quotation from Cooper should be omitted from the inscription, not only as an anachronism, but as an insult to the memory of the man whom both Dean Stanley and Mr. Field have united to honor.

A. STEELE PENN.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN TORONTO.

After a comparative lull in matters musical and dramatic, the Easter holidays appear to have ushered in a revival. Gilmore's Band occupied the Grand Opera House on Good Friday and Saturday, afternoon and evening, giving four concerts during their two days' stay. The performance of the band was, of course, above criticism, there being nothing with which it can be compared, for this organization stands alone, the military orchestra par excellence of this continent.

The band of the Queen's Own Rifles gave a concert on Good Friday night, under the direction of the well-known bandmaster, Mr. W. Carey. Mr. C. E. Reynolds was the pianist, and some of the best local amateur talent rendered the vocal numbers. The concert was a decided success both numerically and financially, Shaftesbury Hall being well filled on the occasion.

The music in the churches on Good Friday and Easter Sunday was worthy of notice. On Good Friday the various Methodist Churches, notably the Metropolitan, Bloor street and Elm street, gave suitable selections from the Messiah, and on Easter Sunday the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches rendered music adapted to the joyous nature of the festival.

At St. Michael's Cathedral the choir was accompanied by the orchestra of the LaSalle Institution, in addition to the organ, and at St. Basil's both the band and orchestra of St. Michael's College assisted at the service of the mass.

A very enjoyable affair was the annual conversazione and book reception of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, which was held in the fine building of the association known as Shaftesbury Hall. A short programme of music, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, occupied the earlier part of the evening in the main hall, after which the very large audience dispersed to various parts of the building, to the parlors, where a large number of excellent paintings, engravings, &c., decorated the walls, while upon the tables were ranged many interesting stereoscope views, and a large collection of autograph letters of eminent men of the present and last centuries, and historic documents, to the gymnasium where a large class, under Prof. Andrew, were engaged in the various athletic exercises there taught. The band of the Queen's Own was present throughout, and rendered a programme of choice music.

The Mechanics' Institute concert, in connection with the distribution of prizes to the best pupils of the winter classes, also deserves notice. This was under the management of Mr. E. B. Doward, organist of St. James' Cathedral, and was held in St. James' school-house. The music was well rendered, and was supplemented by short readings by Rev. Mr. Rainsford, Hon. E. Blake and others.

The attention of the musical portion of the community is just now centered upon the coming concert of the Philharmonic Society, which is promised for the 2nd of May, and of which I hope to send you a detailed report. The work in preparation is Mendelssohn's Elijah, and I think, judging from two or three rehearsals I have attended, that the performance will be an undoubted success, and creditable alike to the society and the conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington.

And now a few words as to the drama. We had a week of G. F. Rowe and the McDowellis in "Engaged" and "Little Emily," commencing with Easter Monday. This week we have four performances by Jananschek at the Grand, and a similar quota of pantomime at the Royal—the Tony Denier combination. Next week we commence with John T. Raymond, who will be followed on May 1st by Raynald McCullough, supported by Charles Barron, in Shakespearian and other tragedies, so that you see our dramatic fare is not only plentiful but varied, passing

From grave to gay, From lively to serene.

Toronto, April 26th, 1879. J. W. H.

DAME A. M. COLEMAN VS. T. F. MILLER.

This is a case that was argued in 1868 on the ground that a discharge had been obtained by fraud from the defendant, by plaintiff. The Court of Review and the Court of Appeal having set aside the said discharge, condemned the defendant to render an account to the plaintiff of all the properties he has had in trust, in thirty days from judgment. Defendant, in rendering his account, claims a balance due to him of \$11,000, and \$11,000 compound interest, that he charges his minor. The plaintiff's pretension is to be put in possession of all the properties left her by her relations, and besides that a sum of \$60,000 be paid over to her by said defendant, pour tenir bien de reliquat de compte, should the account not be declared good by the court. This case was argued on the 18th inst. before the Hon. Judge Sicotte, A. Laoste, Q.C., for plaintiff. A. Robertson, Q.C., for defendant.

VARIETIES.

COST OF SMOKING AND DRINKING IN AMERICA.—The amount spent in the United States on smoking and drinking is enormous. During the fiscal year ended on June 30, 1878, notwithstanding the hard times, 1,905,068,000 cigars were consumed. The total value of the cigars was about £35,101,250. In addition there were also consumed 26,312,433 lbs. of tobacco for smoking, the value of which was estimated at £3,000,000. But the expenditure on tobacco is almost insignificant when compared with the sums spent on drinks of various kinds. Thus 317,465,600 gallons of fermented liquors were consumed, or over seven gallons per head of the entire population (estimated at about 44,000,000). Fermented and spirituous drinks cost the people of the United States £119,200,000, or £2 13s. per head. During the last financial year the consumption of beer had increased, while that of spirituous liquors had declined, 15,000,000 gallons more of the former and 6,520,000 gallons less of the latter having been consumed than during the preceding year.

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.—There are to be four additional volumes of Gladstone's "Gleanings of Past Years;" the two already published have sold rapidly. Constantly as Mr. Gladstone is before the public, it seems impossible for him to tire out the interest and enthusiasm of his admirers and political supporters. Among those who are not included in this category is the present Prime Minister, of whose opinion respecting Mr. Gladstone as an author the following story is told:—Lord Beaconsfield once

took up a freshly issued volume by Mr. Gladstone, turned it over, laid it down carefully and remarked: "I can listen to Mr. Gladstone as long as he chooses to speak, but I cannot read what he writes." Something was then said by another person of Mr. Gladstone's habits of composition, and it was suggested that he perhaps dictated his matter. To which Lord Beaconsfield rejoined: "Whatever his method be, the result is not literature." Having launched these two shafts at his great opponent, the author of "Lothair" went his way contentedly.

THE BISHOP OF DERRY ON THE AGE.—Preaching at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the Bishop of Derry (the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander) remarked that one of the great characteristics of the present age was with regard to its curiosities in reference to religious matters. People examined eagerly every form of belief and every modification of unbelief rather for the sake of knowing what was said or could be said in favour of the question than to know what was the real truth. The awful question of eternal punishment was now-a-days flung out quite lightly at social gatherings, and to feel the tendency of the time there was a vast amount of so-called philosophical and historical literature dealing with religious matters. It could not be denied that this species of literature had done a great deal of service to the cause of Christian truth, inasmuch as it had helped the spread of knowledge, and thus induced men to investigate the truth. People in a very large measure abroad, remarked his lordship, and in a less degree at home, play at keeping the Lenten season. They exchange one dress for another, put on a becoming blue for a becoming black. There were many birds of passage now-a-days who merely dipped the tips of their wings in the still and solemn lake of penitence, then passed on, and were seen no more.

PERSONAL.

HON. MR. JOLY has gone to England. LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR ARCHIBALD has left for England. ARCHBISHOP TACHE leaves Winnipeg shortly for France. LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CATCHON has left for the East. He will be absent one month. THE HON. W. WHITWAY, Premier of Newfoundland, goes to Great Britain early in May. THE HON. J. H. CRAWFORD has been sworn in as Solicitor-General of New Brunswick. HON. MR. MOWAT has opened the election campaign by a speech in North Oxford.

MR. GEO. A. KIRKPATRICK, M.P., will entertain the Marquis of Lorne on his visit to Kingston. His Excellency Sir John Glover will leave St. John's, Nfld., for Ottawa by the steamer from England.

THE Governor-General and Princess Louise have signified their intention of visiting Quebec on the 4th or 5th of June.

DURING Mr. Joly's absence in England, the Hon. Mr. Starnes takes charge of the Department of Agriculture and Public Works.

HIS EXCELLENCY was interviewed in regard to the Beant memorial fund, and it is said has given quite a handsome donation.

THE Hon. Chief-Justice Armstrong, of St. Lucia, West Indies, has arrived at Ottawa, and is the guest of his son-in-law, the Under-Secretary of State.

CAPT. PAUL BOYSTON is about to attempt the feat of swimming down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Quebec, going through the rapids.

CHIEF-JUSTICE SIR WM. YOUNG was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor during the absence of Lt. Governor Archibald in England.

THE Institution Ethnographique, of Paris, have recently shown their recognition of the ethnological investigations of the Rev. Professor Campbell, M.A., of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, by appointing him their representative in this city.

COL. WEATHERBY and his son, who were killed in the battle with the Zulus on the 29th of March under Col. Wood's command, were related to Captain Weatherby, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, being a brother and nephew of the gentleman referred to. The nephew was only nineteen years of age.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. LESTER WALLACK has determined to erect a handsome monument over the grave of H. J. Montague in his family lot in Greenwood Cemetery.

SAWDUST, flesh-tights, short skirts, low shoes, a riding-whip and an audience of loafers have lately turned the heads of many ambitious maidens throughout this country.

THEO, the opera bouffe singer, is wearied with the excitement of the stage, and proposes to become the manager of a pastry-cook's establishment in her beloved Paris.

JEANNE DOESTE, the child pianist, has met with marked success in London. She has recently played at Marlborough House before the Princess of Wales and many people of rank.

It is said that Clara Louise Kellogg will receive \$100 a night when she sings for Mapleson in London during the next three years. When she is not singing in London she will go to the Continent with Strakosch.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, during his engagement at the California Theatre, which begins May 26, will produce for the first time Bayard Taylor's "Don Carlos." This piece was the last work which Taylor completed.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, Treble makes the shirt for you. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

A QUIET CORNER.

Where giant hills a sheltered vale unfold,  
An old-time farm lies nestling out of sight.  
The red tiled homestead peeping toward the light  
Amid a grove of oaks huge-boughed and old;  
And lilies through quaint tenderness grown bold,  
Run riot o'er the place in silent might.  
And crimson sunset flushes now to-night  
Flush all their grays and yellows into gold.  
Here changes come not, nor a stranger's face;  
The winds indeed seem linked into the place,  
And bring no news of what the world's about;  
And as I pass along, in strange surprise,  
The very horses in the stalls look out,  
And gaze at me with calmly wondering eyes.

THE  
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XV.

BROCKVILLE, Ont.—(Continued.)

My remarks in a previous issue respecting the ease with which time may be passed in Brockville, must not be taken to convey the meaning that there are no busy people in the town. The following list of some of the industries may help to dispel any such idea. To begin with, there are the two railway works, then we have Smart's Novelty Works, Cossitt's Agricultural Works, Mann's Implement Works, Hall's Tannery and Glove Works, Davis' Tannery, two Sash, Door and Blind Factories, Brockville Chemical and Superphosphate Works—two establishments, one in town and another at the Pyrites mines, about two miles distant; Volney's Nitro-glycerine Works, Dye-works, Allan Turner's Paint Works, Bowie & Co.'s Brewery, where excellent ale, porter and lager beer is brewed—capacity, 7,000 barrels per year; Gill's Biscuit and Candy Factory, two boat-builders, several carriage shops, &c., &c. The town is lit with gas made from petroleum; the gas works were established in 1853. At present there are no water-works, the people depending upon wells, tanks and the services of punchmen, who draw from the river.

The total taxable property is estimated at \$2,200,000. The Court House, churches, and other public buildings and several manufacturing establishments, are exempt from taxation—the latter for ten years. The taxes for all purposes amount to one cent and a quarter on the dollar. The revenue is about \$50,000, and the total debt \$32,000. The fire service includes two hand-engines and one steamer. Large tanks are scattered through the town, and the river is available for a considerable area. The Police Force is composed of a chief, a sergeant, and seven constables. The men are stalwart, neatly-uniformed, and would compare favourably with members of any Canadian city force as regards intelligence and general deportment. The Chief receives \$800 per annum; the Sergeant \$1.20 and the men \$1.10 per diem. The latter perform the duty of collecting the mails from the street letter-boxes.

The town is divided into five wards, and the affairs are administered by a Mayor—W. H. Jones, Esq.—ten Aldermen, and a Town Clerk, Mr. John Taylor, a very efficient official, who is also Treasurer and Police Court Clerk.

THE VICTORIA HALL

is situated in the centre of the town, and includes a Council chamber, Clerks' office and a public hall. The Post Office is located in a corner of the building. This important institution sadly needs to be reorganized. It is conducted on the old-fashioned village principle, being closed on the receipt of each mail. This custom, annoying enough anywhere, is simply outrageous in the case of a large frontier town, where there is always a goodly proportion of travellers and others who cannot afford to dawdle about waiting for correspondence which old foginess obstinately keeps behind a closed wicket until the contents of the mail-bags from Jelly's Crossing, Plum Hollow and elsewhere are sorted. The officials are obliging, and do the best they can under the circumstances, but the system is sadly behind the times.

In the rear of the hall there is a large market building. The works and river-side depot of the Canada Central R.R. are immediately behind. The road runs through a tunnel, 1,000 feet long, cut beneath the Victoria Hall and ending at the northern outskirts of the town. The other public building, dignified by the title "Town Hall," is situated at the west end. It is a great square building of red brick, and includes the Police Station, a market, and a public hall—as cheerless and dingy as the other, and marred by pillars. The charge for renting either is \$10 per night.

H. A. FIELD'S HARDWARE STORE,

on Main street, is a handsome and commodious establishment, with its several departments systematically arranged in a manner which at once displays the goods to the best advantage and greatly facilitates the filling of orders. The premises embrace a fine basement, with an entrance from the side street. Here the heaviest goods are stored—bar-iron, nails, tubing, oils, &c. The store proper is noticeable for its splendid plate-glass windows, handsome show-cases and neat fittings. Above are two flats stored with various lines, the top story being reserved for carriage goods. The stock of shell and heavy hardware, saddlery and carriage builder's requirements is very large and well assorted. Mr. Field makes

a specialty of carriage hardware. Dealing direct with the manufacturers, he is enabled to offer exceptional terms to country storekeepers, and, apart from a good local retail business, does a pretty extensive jobbing trade. Next door is

CROIL AND BAIN'S DRY-GOODS STORE,

a very handsome establishment. Messrs. Croil and Bain are among the youngest merchants in Brockville, but they quickly attained a large measure of popularity by adhering to three rules—buying for cash, selling for cash, and giving good value for the money.

Adjoining is a grocery and provision store, which is to Brockville what McGibbon & Baird's is to Montreal. The business was established by Mr. R. Fitzsimmons & Son, and is now carried on by

R. M. FITZSIMMONS & BRO.

Besides a large first-class family business, this enterprising firm do a considerable jobbing trade through the back country and far up the Ottawa river. They have commodious warehouses and cellars, and carry a large stock of general groceries and wines and liquors of all kinds, being their own importers. They also deal extensively in flour, grain and chopped feed.

A very fine business block stands at the corner of Main and Apple streets. One of the stores is occupied by

JAMES A. SMART & CO.,

dealers in shelf and house-furnishing hardware, paints, oils and varnishes. They are sole agents for Brockville for the celebrated "Gold Coin," "Shining Light," "Argand" and other stoves manufactured at the Novelty Works. The store is large and handsomely fitted up. The manufacturing of tin-ware is carried on extensively in the basement.

Adjoining is the dry-goods establishment of

MESSES. MOORE & WRIGHT,

who carry a large and well-assorted stock of general staple and fancy dry-goods, and do probably the most extensive millinery, dress and mantle-making business in the town. They make a specialty of fancy dry-goods, and always have a splendid display of ribbons, silks, laces, &c.

In this fine block are situated the offices of

T. M. BROOKE, ESQ.,

Barrister, Attorney, &c. Mr. Brooke was formerly partner with the now County Judge of York, and removed to Brockville in 1873. He is County Solicitor and has built up a large and growing business.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHURCH.

The Roman Catholic body early established a mission in Brockville, and at the present time muster a large congregation. The Rev. Father McCarthy is Parish Priest. I made several applications to the church authorities for information respecting the establishment and progress of the Roman Catholic cause in Brockville, but failed to obtain what I required, hence the above meagre notice.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Previous to the erection of the present church, the members of the Anglican Church met in the old Court House. The present building was erected about 1828, the site being donated by the Hon. Chas. Jones. The first rector was the Rev. John Leeds. Among his successors was the Rev. Dr. Lewis. The present rector is the Rev. Mr. Mulock. In 1848 the church was enlarged by the addition of a transept.

EDUCATIONAL.

The scholastic wants of the town are well supplied. There are five schools—one being a Roman Catholic Separate School. The buildings are large and substantial, if not particularly ornamental. Still there is a demand for more school accommodation. Lieut.-Col. Wylie, Chairman of the Public School Board, has been a trustee since the passage of the School Act of 1849, which did so much to elevate the standard of public education in Canada.

MILITARY.

Brockville is the headquarters of District No. 4, which embraces the country from Lancaster to Gananoque, and from the front to Pembroke, including Ottawa city. The total force in this district numbers about 2,500 men, and includes two field batteries, two troops of cavalry, and one company of garrison artillery. The staff officers at Brockville are, Lieut.-Col. Jackson, D.A.G., Major Mattice, Brigade-Major, and Lieut.-Col. Wylie, Dist. Paymaster.

LODGES, CLUBS, &c.

There are two Masonic lodges, Sussex, No. 5, and Salem, a more modern institution. Sussex lodge room is one of the largest and finest in the Dominion. Of the two Oddfellows' Lodges, Brock Lodge, No. 9, is the oldest existing lodge in Canada. It was organized in 1846 by Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Wm. Fitzsimmons, M.P., and until 1855 worked under the Grand Lodge of the United States. In August of that year the Grand Lodge of Canada was organized. In 1874 St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 137, was instituted. Both bodies have good lodge-rooms, that of Brock Lodge, corner of Main and Apple streets, being particularly large and well-appointed. The membership is about 120, and that of St. Lawrence Lodge 90.

The Thousand Island Club is a capital institution, formed for the purpose of affording gentlemen an opportunity to meet and discuss the questions of the day, to scan the current literature, and to engage in such recreations as the

seasons may suggest. In the summer it may be said to be a boating and yachting club; in the winter, snow-shoeing, skating, reading, cards and billiards furnish amusement. During the past winter the Club (which is mainly made up of eligible bachelors) gave a ball, which proved a brilliant success, and is said to have surpassed anything of the kind heretofore attempted in Brockville. The club-rooms are commodious, well-furnished, and centrally located. The President is Mr. Robert Crawford, a retired Hudson Bay man, which is tantamount to saying "a jovial, generous-hearted soul, who is happiest when he is making others happy."

Among other institutions are the following: Two Orange Lodges, one established in 1830—the oldest in Canada; Sons of Temperance, Catholic Literary Association, a Curling Club, a Rifle Association, a Musical Society, conducted by Mr. Steele—a flourishing institution, capable of giving very excellent concerts; a Yacht Club, numbering some fifteen sail—Commodore, J. K. Fairbairn, owner of the celebrated "Sleepy Canadian," regarded as the champion yacht of the St. Lawrence. A Cricket Club is to be organized this summer.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

The Brockville Branch of the Bank of Montreal was established in 1843, James Stevenson, Esq., now General Manager of the Quebec Bank, Quebec, who then had charge of the Montreal Bank Agency at Bytown (Ottawa), being entrusted with the task, and it is curious to note that at that time Brockville was regarded as the more important point of the two—a very large business being done in the way of cashing drafts on Montreal drawn by agents for the purchase of wheat. Subsequently the construction of the St. Lawrence Canals, in which the Hon. George Crawford was largely engaged, caused considerable activity in financial circles at this point. The first agency in Brockville was located opposite Fitzsimmons' grocery, moved two years afterwards next to Allan Turner's drug store, and in 1850 to the building now occupied by the Molsons Bank. A few years afterwards the present fine building was erected. It occupies a capital site on Court House Square.

Upon the promotion of Mr. Stevenson he was succeeded by Mr. Lee. Mr. Holmes next had charge and gave way in turn to Mr. Travers, who stayed fourteen years and upon leaving to take the management of the Hamilton Branch was presented by the customers of the bank with a very handsome service of silver. The present manager is Mr. W. J. Anderson. From all I can gather the history of the Brockville Branch has been unmarred; a safe business has been done from the first day of its establishment, while at the same time the policy pursued has been such as to win the approval of all important critics.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

is a tastefully designed structure, just completed. The pastor is the Rev. Mr. Montgomery. I applied several times for notes respecting the establishment and growth of the Baptist body in Brockville, but, at the time of writing, the desired information has not come to hand. The church is located just off Court House Square.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The religious history of Brockville seems to begin in 1811 when the Rev. William Smart came out as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church and conducted divine service at intervals through the country from Cornwall to Gananoque. He established the first Sabbath School in Brockville, in October, 1811, and organized the first Presbyterian Church in 1816. The "Presbytery of Canada" was constituted two years later. The first Presbyterian Church in Brockville was a stone building; this was destroyed by fire and a brick building erected; the latter was taken down to make way for the handsome stone church just now nearing completion. It is from the design of Mr. Johnston, of Ogdensburg—strange our architects seem unable to please the majority of Canadian congregations—and will cost about \$40,000. The Rev. Mr. Smart was born in Edinburgh, 1788; resigned the pastorate 1849, and died in 1876. A portrait of Mr. Smart, together with a lengthy biography, appeared in the NEWS shortly after his death. Both portrait and biography were furnished by our esteemed friend and contributor, Rev. Mr. Fenwick, of Metis, Quebec. In connection with the first Presbyterian Church an amusing story is told. A majority of the congregation resolved that the singing should be led by a violinist. Among the bitterest opponents of this innovation was Deacon McCreedy. The worthy man created quite a sensation on the first Sabbath of the "new departure" by standing up and saying "Let us fiddle and sing to the glory of God the 50th Psalm!" The present pastor is the Rev. Geo. Bumfield.

In 1818, thirteen men gathered together, thirteen prayers were said, and thirteen dollars subscribed for the commencement of a place of learning for those of the Baptist faith—and then the thirteen men all went home. To-day, Madison University, N.Y., owns all its buildings and 160 acres of land in a beautiful part of the country. It has a fine library, no debts, and between \$400,000 and \$500,000 drawing interest.

DOMESTIC.

**STEWED MACKEREL.**—Make a brown gravy with butter browned well and flour added to and amalgamated with boiling water; let it simmer for a few minutes. Now add a little meal, a few peppercorns, a bay leaf, salt, and a couple of table-spoonsful of Yorkshire relish, also one of vinegar, and put the mackerel out in two or three pieces into the gravy. Stew till done. Eat with rice, well steamed, so that each grain is well separated.

**HONEY APPLE CAKE.**—Soak two cups of dried apples over night; in the morning chop them fine and simmer for two hours in two cups of extracted honey. Cool, and mix with it a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, half a cup of melted butter, nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon (a teaspoonful each), two eggs beaten light, and three cups of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through it. Line the pan with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven until well done.

**FISH MACARONI.**—Take of the fish cooked the day before, or freshly boiled fish, as much as you think is required to make a dish, carefully remove the skin and bone, cut or tear the fish into small pieces, and add an equal quantity of macaroni, also cut into small pieces, a little pepper and salt, and a good quantity of grated cheese. Mix the whole together, and put it in a flat dish; smooth the top and grate some cheese over it; put a few small pieces of butter on the top, brown it well before the fire, and serve very hot.

LITERARY.

MR. W. H. LONGFELLOW uses an inkstand which used to belong to the poet Coleridge.

SIR ANTHONY PANIZZI, for many years principal librarian at the British Museum, has died.

THE Premier has sent £150 from the Royal Bounty Fund to Lord Houghton for Mrs. Llanos, the sister of Keats.

A DAUGHTER of Nathaniel Hawthorne has just completed her first novel, which will shortly commence appearing in the columns of the *Boston Courier*.

A LIFE of the Rev. George Gillfillan is to be forthwith undertaken. The task has been offered to, and accepted by Mr. Frank Henderson, a nephew of Mr. Gillfillan's.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the able war correspondent, and proprietor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, is to get some appointment in connection with the Cour.

MISS WORDSWORTH, daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln, and grand-niece of the poet, is to be lady principal of the college for young ladies proposed to be established shortly at Oxford.

MR. S. C. HALL is about to publish *A Memory of Thomas Moore*, with whom he was acquainted so long ago as 1812. The centenary of the poet is to be celebrated in Montreal on May 28.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING is not a poet only; he is a theoretical musician of great technical learning and a practical musician and pianoforte player as well. Not to stop with this he is a draughtsman and colourist of no ordinary power.

W. S. GILBERT, author of the libretto of "Pinafore," is said to be very versatile. He is not only a writer of charming imaginative plays, of comic operas and ballads galore, but a barrister, a former efficient officer in a Highland militia regiment, and an excellent amateur actor.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Prince Edward Island Legislature was opened on the 24th ult.

It is said that the Quebec Legislature will meet on the 25th of May.

THE Canada Temperance Act was carried in Charlottetown recently by a vote of 587 against 244.

GUELPH was inaugurated as a city on the 24th ult. The celebration was on a most magnificent scale and was a great success.

THE New Brunswick Legislature has extended the income franchise so as to include all having a taxable income of \$200.

A NEW chime of eight bells for St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, has arrived in that city from Baltimore. The largest bell weighs over 1,000 lbs.

THE proceeds of the three million dollar loan recently negotiated in the New York market by the Province of Quebec, have been received by the Provincial Treasurer.

THE Governor-General has declined to attend a dinner or a ball at the Military College. He will visit the institution while in Kingston in a very quiet way.

A HEAVY seizure of American prints has been made at Mansenville, Que., on the frontier, by Officer Gunn. The goods are said to be worth two thousand dollars. Good for the N. P.

PEOPLE in the Eastern Provinces complain that the sap obtained from the maples this spring is of inferior quality, and the sugar does not possess that new flavor which generally characterizes it when first made.

THE Canadian Engine Company have just completed three locomotives, two of which are for the Quebec and Ottawa Road, and the other for the Pembroke Branch of the Canada Pacific. Hurrah for the N. P.!

It has been officially announced at Winnipeg that American boats will not be allowed to run in the Canadian waters of the Red River, but American barges will be permitted to be towed by Canadian steamers.

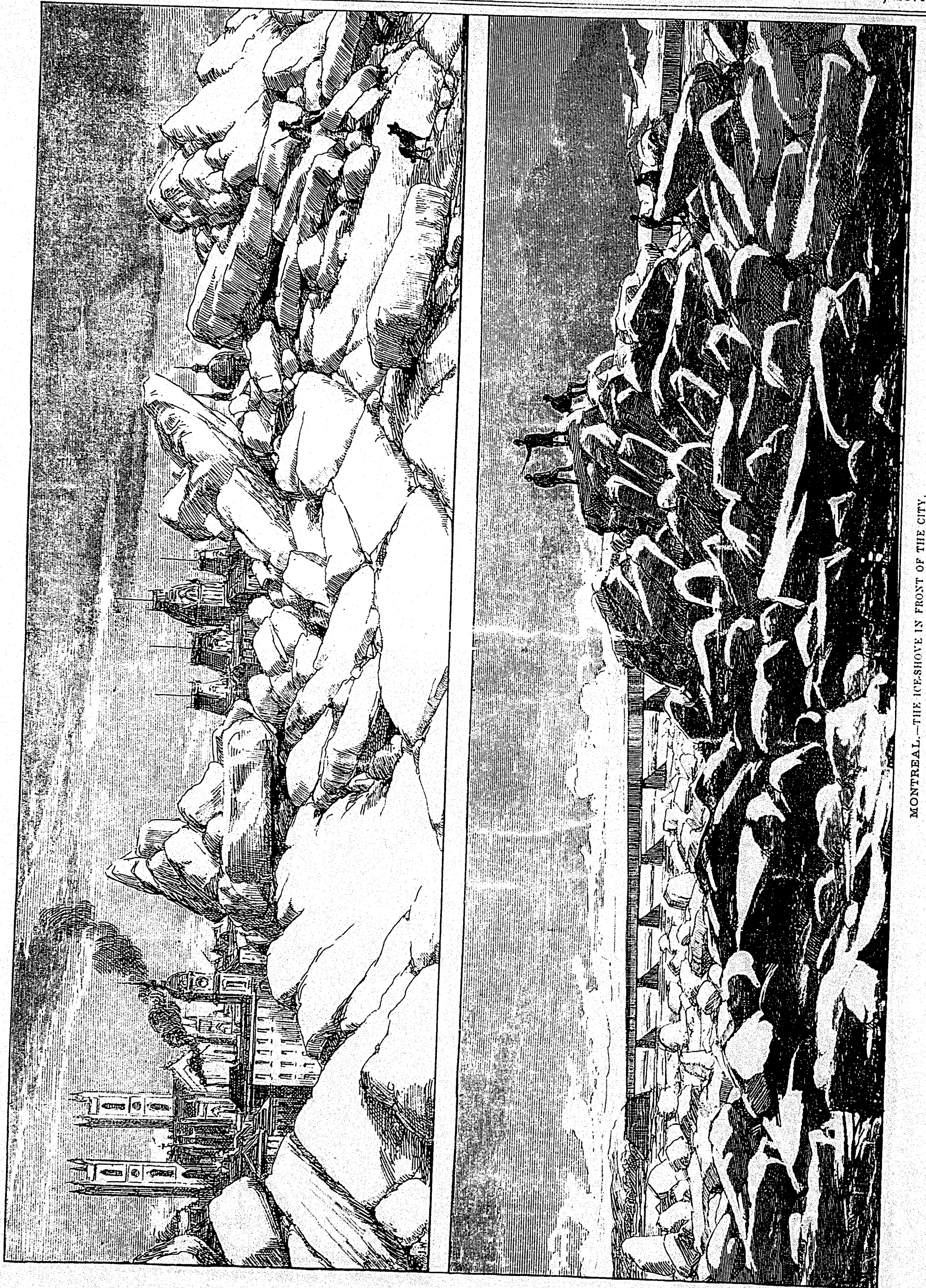
A YOUTH in Illinois has thus written to the Marquis of Lorne:—"Esteemed Sir,—Would you be so kind as to send along your autograph and Princess Lorne, and I would also like the signature of her mother if I could get it.—Yours truly, &c."

THE Nova Scotia fishing fleet will be much larger this season than ever before. Nearly every outfit is fitting out vessels for the purpose, and many of them are beautiful models, with all the most modern appliances for the prosecution of the business.

THE Legislature of Newfoundland was prorogued on the 19th ult. Fish still continue plenty about the channel; herrings are plenty in Fortune and Placentia Bays, but of a small size. Arrivals from the seal fishery are slow. About thirty vessels are fitting out for the bank fisheries.

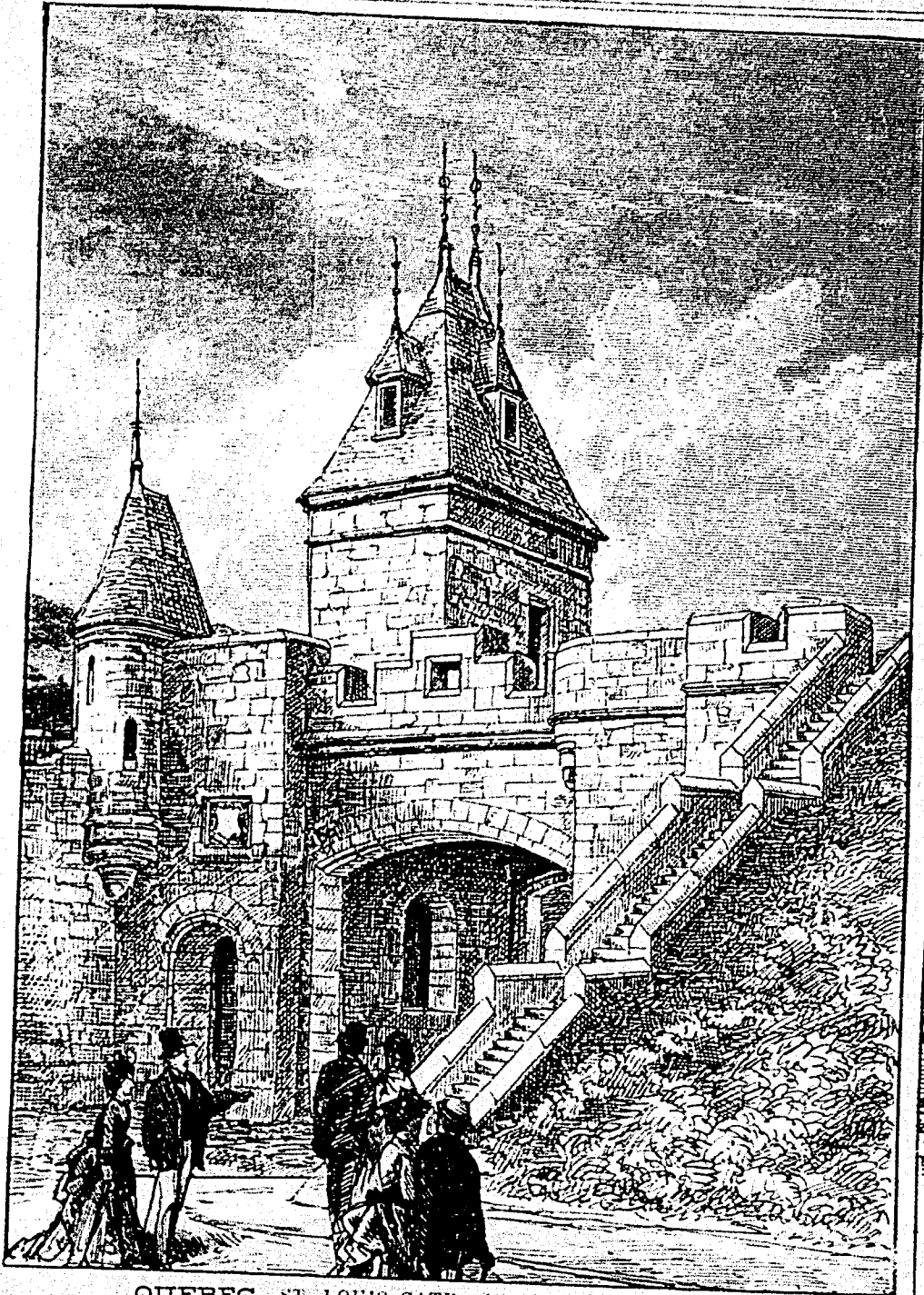
It has been suggested that the ladies of Montreal should present the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn with a flag on the occasion of their visit to this city on the 24th of May. The suggestion is that the design of the flag be one side the Stars and Stripes and on the other the Union Jack, with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the centre, the presentation to be made by H. R. H. Princess Louise at the close of the review.



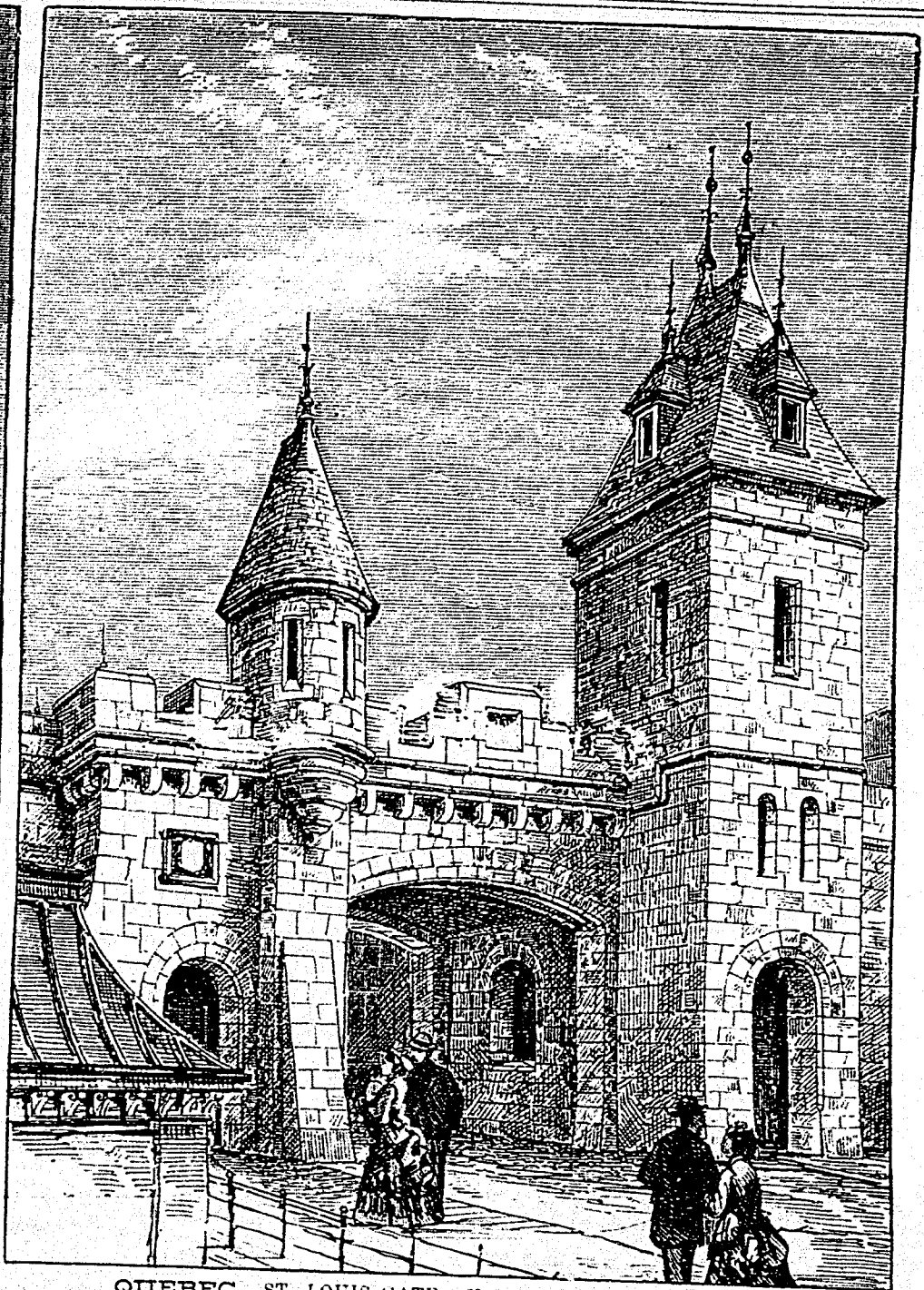


MONTREAL.—THE ICESHOVE IN FRONT OF THE CITY.

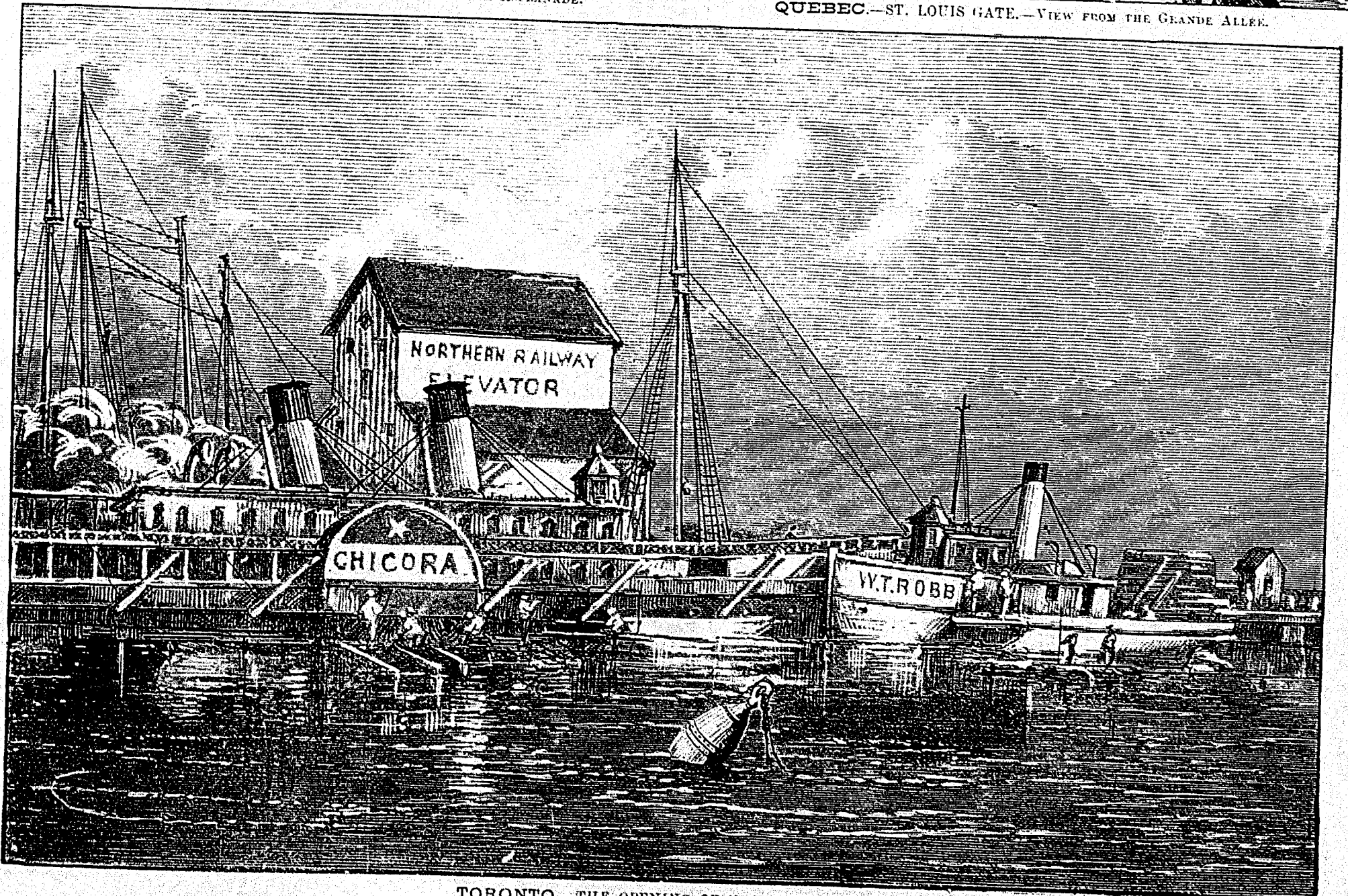




QUEBEC.—ST. LOUIS GATE.—VIEW FROM THE ESPLANADE.



QUEBEC.—ST. LOUIS GATE.—VIEW FROM THE GRANDE ALLEE.



TORONTO.—THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION.



## THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

## DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Dead Princess, living Power, if that, which lived  
True life live on—and if the fatal kiss,  
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not  
From earthly love and life—if what we call  
The spirit flash not all at once from out  
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps  
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise  
From thine own State, and all our breath of realm,  
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,  
Ascends to thee: and this March morn that sees  
Thy soldier-brother's bridal orange bloom  
Break through the years and express of that grave,  
And thine Imperial mother smile again,  
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—  
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou  
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag  
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear  
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth  
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay  
At thy pale feet the ballad of the deeds  
Of England and her banner in the East?

## I.

Banner of England, not for a season, O, banner of Britain,  
Hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or dapt to the battle-cry?  
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd  
Thee on high  
Flying at tops of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Luck-  
now—  
Shot thro' the staff or the balyard, but ever we raised  
Thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we  
held with our lives—  
Women and children among us, God help them, our  
children and wives!  
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at  
most,  
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at  
his post!"  
Voices of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the  
best of the brave:  
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him  
that night in his grave,  
"Every man die at his post!" and there half'd on our  
houses and halls  
Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their  
cannon balls,  
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our  
slight barricade,  
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while  
we stooped to the spade,  
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for  
often there fell  
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot  
and their shell,  
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen  
were told of our best,  
So the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could  
think for the rest;  
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would  
rain at our feet—  
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled  
us round—  
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth  
of a street,  
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace,  
and death in the ground!  
Mine! yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and  
creep thro' the hole!  
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the  
murderous mole.  
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be  
thro'!  
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again  
than before—  
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is  
no more!  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it  
chanced on a day  
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap  
echo'd away,  
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur, like so many  
fiends in their hell—  
Cannon shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell  
upon yell,  
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell,  
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder, Guard  
the Redan!  
Storm at the Water gate! storm at the Bailey gate!  
storm, and it ran  
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every  
side  
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by  
the tide—  
So many thousands that, if they be bold enough, who  
shall escape?  
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are sol-  
diers and men!  
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are  
gapp'd with our grape—  
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave  
flinging forward again,  
Flying and foul'd at the last by the handful they could  
not subdue;  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart  
and in limb,  
Strong with the strength of the race to command to  
obey, to endure,  
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but  
on him:  
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day  
fewer and fewer,  
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper  
that pass'd:  
"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold  
among us—  
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us  
at last—  
Better to fall by the hands that they love than to fall  
into theirs!"  
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy  
sprang  
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor  
pallades,  
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand  
be as true!  
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank  
fusillades—  
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders  
to which they had clung,  
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them  
with hand-grenades;  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake  
out-tore  
Clean from our lines of defence, ten or twelve good  
paces or more,  
Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light  
of the sun—  
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out:—"Follow  
me, follow me!"  
Mark him—he falls! then another, and him, too, and  
down goes he,  
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the  
traitors had won?  
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make  
way for the gun!  
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and  
we fire, and they run,  
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have  
his due!  
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us,  
faithful and few,  
Fought with the bravest amongst us, and drove them  
and smote them, and slew,  
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India  
blew.

## VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do.  
We can fight;  
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the  
night—  
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying  
alarms,  
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and  
soundings to arms,  
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,  
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,  
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-  
holes around,  
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be lain in the  
ground,  
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract  
skies,  
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of  
dies,  
Thoughts of the breeze of May blowing over an English  
field,  
Cholera, scurvy and fever, the wound that would not  
be healed,  
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—  
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us  
a life,  
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,  
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,  
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment  
for grief,  
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,  
Havelock buffed, or beaten, or butchered for all that we  
knew—  
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on  
the still-shattered walls  
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-  
balls,  
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew.

## VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by  
the scout?  
Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell  
mutineers?  
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our  
ears!  
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,  
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquer-  
ing cheers,  
Forth from their holes, and their hidings our women and  
children come out,  
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good  
fusiliers,  
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet  
with tears!  
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it  
you I see?  
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing  
of Heaven!  
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-  
seven,  
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of  
England blew.

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The  
Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

A WIDOWER'S WOOING.

Hilda stayed many days with Isabel after this. Stayed, and tried to soothe her when she raved and tossed, and finally, when fever crept into her frame, and she lay stricken down and powerless. She was very, very ill. It was low fever at first, the doctors said, and then typhus. When the word began to be whispered about, the proprietor of the private hotel where she was staying went to Hilda, and requested that Lady Hamilton should be removed. It seemed a hard thing to ask, the man said, but then every one must attend to his own interests.

Hilda did not speak. She wrote a few lines to her husband to tell him of the intimation that she had received, and an hour later Jervis arrived at the hotel.  
"What shall we do, Horace?" she asked when she saw him.  
"Who should be our chosen guests, Hilda?" he answered, with his frank sweet smile. "The sick and sorrowing, dear—and Lady Hamilton is both sick and sorrowing. Let us take her to our home?"

So they took the fever-stricken woman home, Marion Marston and little Ned were sent away, and the baby Reginald Hamilton, but Hilda and Jervis remained, and watched and tended on Isabel for many weeks. Sometimes she knew them, and sometimes forgot all about the bitter past, and spoke and rambled about the days when she held her head so high.

She had another watcher, too, sometimes, or rather a visitor, who once or twice went up to see her when she lay in a stupor, or rambled in

her talk. This was Hayward. He forgave her then, and pitied her, and then turned away to sigh. But he loved her no more. There was another woman there, whose soul was so pure and true that he scarcely ever dared to look in her face, and yet that woman's presence was very dear to his heart. He saw no beauty now in the golden hair that lay uncured on Isabel's pillow—no beauty in the straight features and the glittering blue eyes. The dark glimpses that he had seen of the soul beneath had utterly changed his feelings to her, and she was no longer lovely in his eyes.

But Hilda Jervis always seemed very fair. As she moved about the sick room and moved about the house, Hayward caught himself watching and admiring her. But he always told himself that he must not admire her, and he very often went to see Marion Marston and little Ned in the lodgings that Jervis had taken for them, so as to keep them out of the way of any infection from the fever-stricken patient lying at the house.

Thus, not unnaturally, Marion began seriously to believe that Hayward admired her. She was indeed a girl whom many men might have admired, but she was so different, Hayward always kept thinking, to Hilda. Not in appearance, for the sisters were very much alike, but there was something wanting. At all events Marion did not charm Hayward, and the more he saw of the sister he might have, the more he regretted the one that he had lost.

Then he returned to Massam, and shortly after he arrived there he received a visit of congratulation on the result of the trial, from Mr. Antony Featherstone.

Never had Hayward seen Antony in such full feather as he now appeared. The whole get-up of the man—his whole air—denoted ease and prosperity.

"Well, you bowled her ladyship over very cleverly, Hayward," he commenced his conversation with.

"Lady Hamilton is very ill, Mr. Featherstone," answered Hayward quietly. Hilda's example had impressed him too much to feel any triumph over Isabel now.

"Ah, she's a cunning fox!" laughed Antony. "What! she's been trying to get over you again, has she? Well, well, never mind—she's a deuced handsome woman, and that goes a good way, you know, with us men!" And Antony laughed again, and pulled his greyish whiskers with much self-satisfaction.

"Yes, she is very handsome," said Hayward slowly. He was thinking of all the evil that her beauty had brought—of her husband's broken heart and tragic death.

"No doubt about it," said Antony cheerily. "But when a fellow thinks of marriage he needs something besides mere good looks." And for the first time that Hayward had ever seen him do so, Antony assumed an air of virtuous discretion, which was highly amusing.

"Yes," said Hayward, smiling.  
"But I must not forget what I specially came for," continued Antony. "My daughter Lucinda and her husband are staying with us, and Mrs. Smythe."

"Mrs. Smythe?" repeated Hayward, as if he half remembered the name.

"Yes, Mrs. Smythe, of Leehome Hall, Northumberland," said Antony, with something between a leer and a wink in his once handsome but now bloodshot eyes. "A rich widow, my boy! What do you think of that?"

"Well, Mr. Featherstone, will it do?" said Hayward, with a laugh.

"I'm willing," answered graceless Antony, with a loud laugh also; and to make a long story short, Hayward found this absolutely to be the case. This Mrs. Smythe was a widow, and a country neighbour of the Trevors at Sanda, and Antony had courted her, as he had courted many a rich woman before. But he did it under different auspices now. Mrs. Smythe knew nothing of Antony's mortgaged acres—nothing of his difficulties and debt. She had met him at his son-in-law's, Mr. Trevor's, and the good-looking, jovial, middle-aged man had taken the widow's fancy. So she accepted Antony, and Antony now looked and spoke as if he had never had any trouble in the world. He was sorry for poor fellows in debt, and talked exactly as if he had been respectable all his days. And now he had come to ask Hayward to dine with them on a certain day that he named.

"Patty sent me," he said, with another roguish look of his bloodshot eyes. "Patty ordered me to go and ask the best-looking young man in the neighbourhood, she said—and Patty isn't a girl very easy to please, I can tell you—and like a good-natured young fellow, you know, as I am" (and Antony leered again). "I came. Well, sharp seven on Thursday, and until then, my dear lad, good-bye."

Hayward went to dine at Featherstone, and he could not help smiling somewhat grimly to himself as he dressed to do so. He knew well enough why he was considered so good-looking now. The twenty-five thousand pounds that Sir George had left him had straightened and improved his features in many eyes, he was well aware. We all really know these things, but some of us can afford to think of them with a good-natured smile. Perhaps there was some one who cared for us long ago, before the days of prosperity came! Some one had cared for him, Hayward knew, and he thought of Hilda as he dressed himself to go and dine with Patty Featherstone.

Patty, and Lucinda also, received him with the greatest cordiality. Fine, tall, handsome,

reddish-haired Patty, had thought of Hayward since she heard of his good fortune, in precisely the same way that Marion Marston had thought of him. "He was a good-looking young man, and he would do," Patty had told her sister, and Lucinda was perfectly agreeable to assist her in her matrimonial projects.

So Patty was very agreeable to Hayward, just as Marion was very agreeable to him. She went up to him smilingly, and introduced the stout lady, covered with black lace and bugles, who was the chosen one of reckless Antony's heart. But Antony was reckless no more. He took Mrs. Smythe down to dinner, and exerted himself to be agreeable, just as Patty was exerting herself. The widow was not squeamish, and Antony's coarse compliments and highly-seasoned jokes were very pleasant to her ears. The house looked very comfortable, she thought; Patty was sure to marry, and Lucinda was well married; and Mrs. Smythe thought she was making a good match, as well as pleasing herself in the bargain. Only Mr. Trevor, the old pompous Squire of Sanda, did not look on very approvingly. He knew where Antony's apparent prosperity came from. He had lent Antony money, and he knew in his heart that Antony was deceiving the widow about his ways and means. But his good-natured Lucinda had persuaded the old man not to speak.

"She had plenty for them both," Lucinda had told her husband, and so everything went on smoothly with Antony's courtship.

"Let me help you to a wing of this duck, my charmer, it's deliciously juicy," Antony was half-whispering to the widow, for she was a woman who loved good things, and enjoyed her dinner, as well as Antony's conversation. "Or just one little slice off the breast, then?" he went on insinuatingly, with his fork in the breast of the tempting bird before, when the temporary butler, who was waiting, mysteriously touched his arm.

"What is it, Jackson?" said Antony looking round with a grand air, though there had been a time not very far away when a little tap on the arm was rather alarming to him.

"A person, sir—wants to see you immediately," replied the temporary butler in a very subdued tone of voice.

"I'm engaged," said Antony, still grandly.

"Ah, Mrs. Smythe," he added, rolling his eyes at the widow, "how tiresome these people are, who are continually coming begging for some charity or other! Say I'm engaged, Jackson," he repeated, looking round at the temporary butler.

"I did say so, sir," said the butler, "but he won't go away."

The widow heard the last words, and Antony heard them. The widow looked up curiously, and Antony looked down, and felt very uncomfortable. Then came a sort of scuffle at the dining-room door, and Antony rose hastily and went towards it.

The guests at the table all looked round. Hayward was sitting by Patty, and he saw her face suddenly turn red and then grow very pale. Then she also half rose, but by this time Antony had quitted the dining-room, and had closed the door behind him.

A stormy interview awaited him in the hall. An old creditor, whom Antony had dodged and put off for many a year, had heard that he was at Featherstone again, and his rich son-in-law with him. The old creditor decided that this was his opportunity for getting his money. He accordingly had arrived at the Hall for the purpose of trying to do so, and had, as the temporary butler subsequently stated, taken "a drop too much" before he came. His wrath was therefore greatly excited when he found that a grand dinner party was going on in the house of the man who had kept him out of his money now so long. In vain the servants had tried to pacify him, in vain induce him to go away.

No, he would see the cheating scoundrel, he affirmed, and he actually was forcing his way into the dining-room, when Antony went very wisely out of it.

And now he told Antony he would not go away without his money.

"My dear sir," said Antony, "hush! I am on the point of marriage," he whispered, dragging his unfortunate creditor into the breakfast-room, and closing the door after them; "on the point of marriage with a lady of large fortune! Think of that—property, absolute real property in Northumberland!"

"Don't believe it," said the inebriate creditor.

"But it is a fact, my dear sir!" cried Antony, in a perfect agony. "Oh! if he should miss his widow after all he was thinking, and dew broke out on his red brow at the very idea. "I'll not stir without some of my money," said the creditor doggedly.

"But listen to reason," said Antony.  
"It's reason that I should have my money," repeated the creditor.

Antony looked round in despair, and wiped his hot red face. He knew not where to lay his hand on any ready money at that moment, and he knew if he went to ask his son-in-law, Mr. Trevor, that the pompous, tiresome old man would make a hundred objections, and be so long in promising even fifty pounds that the widow must know that something mysterious was happening. Then he remembered Hayward—remembered that he was a young man, and would part more easily, in all probability, with his money than an old one would, and so he made up his mind to ask him for a small sum.

"It's a pity, on account of Patty," reflected Antony, "but it can't be helped."

So he told his creditor to wait where he was, and he would see what he could do. Then he sent the temporary butler with a message to Hayward in the dining-room. Hayward smiled when he received this message, for he felt sure that Antony had got himself into some trouble, and wanted Hayward to help him out of it. But the next moment he felt sorry for Patty Featherstone, by whom he was seated. The girl's quick ears had overheard the half-whispered message that her father had sent, and her face flushed deeply and an expression of pain and annoyance quickly passed over it.

"What is it?" she said, with some agitation. "Your father wants to speak to me on business for a minute, that is all," answered Hayward kindly, and Patty gave him a grateful look with her bright brown eyes as he said these words.

"Excuse me a moment or two," added Hayward, rising; and he then left the dining-room, and found Antony in a state of great excitement waiting for him in the hall.

"My dear lad," said Antony, seizing Hayward by the arm the moment he appeared, "can you do me a little favour? A fellow—half drunk, of course—that I owe a trifle to, wants me to settle with him on the spot. I haven't the sum in the house, and old Trevor—you know what a pompous old fool he is—would be an hour before he got his cheque book out. So would you mind just giving me a little accommodation, and I'll settle with you to-morrow?"

Hayward laughed, and drew out his pocket-book.

"I have an unfilled cheque here, by chance," he said. "How much do you want?"

Antony's eyes sparkled with delight. "Thank you, my good lad!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, well—you may as well fill it in for a hundred pounds!"

"Won't fifty do, Mr. Featherstone?" asked Hayward.

Yes, fifty would do, admitted Antony, with a sigh. So Hayward gave him a cheque for fifty pounds, and in a few minutes Antony got rid of his creditor, and returned with Hayward to the dining-room, trying his best to look as if nothing had happened.

"Excuse me, my dear lady," he said Mrs. Smythe, "but I was called out on business connected with the—ah, the parish—and I was forced to get my young friend Hayward there to help me."

"Parish business," repeated the widow, "then I hope you are a good churchman, Mr. Featherstone."

"I hope so," said graceless Antony, but he could not resist a roguish leer with his blood-shot eyes as he spoke.

In the meanwhile, Hayward had again seated himself by Patty Featherstone's side. The girl looked at him very kindly, but she was nervous and excited. She guessed exactly the transaction which had been going on outside the dining-room. She saw, too, by both their faces, that Hayward had helped her father, and she therefore felt very grateful. This little affair, in fact, that Antony had feared would destroy his daughter's chances with Hayward, made Hayward like Patty far more than he had ever done before.

Both Lucinda and Patty had a kind of honesty about them, which was very taking. They came straight to the point whatever they were going to say, and the next time Patty saw Hayward after his little accommodation to her father she thanked him openly and frankly.

"I got it all out of the old man," she said. "I was sure there was some trouble or other going on when he went out; and I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Hayward."

"What nonsense," said Hayward good-naturedly, "a mere trifle like that."

"Don't you get into the way of accommodating him with trifles like that," continued Patty. "Poor old dad! I believe there never was such a reckless old man before."

"And what about the widow? Is it settled?" asked Hayward with a laugh.

"Oh, I believe it's all right," answered Patty, "but somehow I don't quite take to my future step-mother."

"No!" said Hayward, and he looked at Patty thoughtfully.

She was a fine girl, straight and tall, and with an honest, good-natured, open face. She was not very refined. She lacked, Hayward thought, a kind of grace which some much plainer specimens of womanhood possess. She had a loud laugh, and a loud clear voice. But she was a good girl, he believed, and would make a good wife. He liked her better than he liked Marion Marston, and he had made up his mind that he wanted a wife.

This conversation took place some three or four days after the dinner-party at Featherstone, when Antony had been called out by his inebriate creditor. It took place one morning at Featherstone, and during it Hayward stood and looked thoughtfully at Patty. Perhaps a little thing might have turned the scale, for small threads sometimes pull our destinies in very different directions from what we originally intended them; but just as Hayward was contemplating Patty, Antony and his widow walked somewhat abruptly into the room.

Antony looked quite delighted, and the widow was apparently rather flattered.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Antony, "you will never guess, you young folks, where we middle-aged ones have been?"

Mrs. Smythe bridled at this, and cast down her eyes.

"Really, Mr. Featherstone—" she said.

"Yes, really, my dear," continued jovial Antony, looking at his daughter.

"What do you mean, papa?" said Patty, rather crossly.

"We've done it!" said Antony. "Come, Patty, kiss your new mother. We were married half an hour ago, and by this time old Woodford will be telling it all over the place!"

This startling news was perfectly true. Antony had got such a fright when he was called away from the dinner-table a few days before, by his inebriate creditor, that other mischances might arise, that he had wooed the widow with what might be called almost desperate affection. His circumstances, he felt, justified him in this, and the ardour of his devotion was rewarded.

Antony would not wait—in fact Antony could not. "Something might come between us," he truthfully urged. "Patty might object—the lawyers, hang them! might make delays. No, let us get married, and nothing can part us then!"

The widow—unfortunately for herself—listened with too tender an ear to Antony's eager persuadings. He wanted her money, and pleaded for it with passionate affection. Poor Mrs. Smythe believed he wanted herself, and so without any settlements she married reckless Antony Featherstone!

"I've got it at any rate now," whispered the bridegroom with undisguised elation in Hayward's ear, as Patty was saying a few kind words to her new step-mother. "It's a heavy price to pay for it, perhaps—but a fellow must make some sacrifices!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

A TELEGRAM.

Hayward saw a great deal of Patty Featherstone after her father's second marriage. She was constantly meeting him in the lanes and walks about Featherstone and Massam, and was always very lively and agreeable to him. Hayward liked her very well. This was just one of those affairs which might have ended in matrimony, if nothing had happened to prevent it, and the probability is that these two would have jogged on together smoothly enough along life's troublesome way. It was not, and never could have been, a real affection. Not one of those absorbing attachments which end in great happiness or misery. These come once in a life-time, but Patty's feelings to Hayward, and Hayward's feelings to Patty can come many a time. In fact most young men, and most young women, who do not marry in their first youth, have had various small loves and small disappointments, before they finally settle for good or ill.

So Hayward often saw Patty, and thought of her sometimes, but then he had many other things to think of, also. The management of the large estates entrusted to his care was no light task, and the management of the boy, the young Sir Juan, was also by no means easy.

This lad, with the proud, haughty, Spanish blood flowing in his veins, had been kept in better order by his late guardian, the venerable Padre Fernandez. This old man had intended the youth to enter the Catholic Church, but now all this was changed. Young Juan knew of the great fortune that he had inherited, and was careless and impatient of control. At last Hayward decided that it would be better to apply for him to be made a ward of Chancery. This, finally, was done, and the lad sent to Eton, but before all this could be arranged, Hayward had his own troubles with the young Spaniard.

He frequently heard from Jervis and Hilda during this time. Lady Hamilton still continued very ill. Sometimes Hilda wrote hopefully of her chances of recovery, and sometimes there seemed to be no hope. She lay there, watched, and tended, and prayed for, just as if she had been a good woman, and a joy and blessing to her household and her home. Hour after hour Jervis used to pray or sit beside her, hoping and trusting to win back this poor strayed soul. But all still seemed very dark to Isabel. She could not forget her beauty, her triumphs, and her bitter and sudden fall. She used to tell Hilda of women whom she knew who were far worse than she had ever been, who still held their heads high in their places in the world. She could not repent. She lay there alike dreading to die, and to live. Her pride, her vanity, made her shrink from once more facing the world that she knew would receive her badly, and she dare not face that eternal one, where she had no friend.

It was a miserable state of mind, and her mind re-acted upon her fevered and enfeebled frame. Truly she had sown the whirlwind and reaped the storm!

At last there came better accounts to Massam. Some of the worst symptoms were passing away, Hilda wrote, and they began to hope that her originally fine constitution would triumph over the wasting effects of disease, and bitter mortification and pain.

All this while—during her whole illness—her father had taken not the slightest notice of her existence. When she lay at the point of death Jervis had thought it was his duty to write to Mr. Trevor, and inform him of the dangerous condition in which his daughter was. But the vain, pompous, hard old man had replied in a few bitter words. He wished to hear nothing further of a daughter who had disgraced herself so deeply, he wrote, and begged to inform Mr. Jervis that Lady Hamilton was already dead to him.

His kindly Lucinda was, however, not so hard. She secretly wrote to Hilda to know if Isabel had everything that she required in the way of attendance, etc., and she heard almost daily through Patty, from Hayward, how Isabel was going on.

She used to tell this news regularly to her old husband. The Squire was human, after all, and though he was too proud to admit it to a stranger, he could not feel quite insensible to his daughter's condition. No word was hard enough from the Squire's lips when speaking of Isabel, but still he never reproved his good-natured Lucinda for telling him how she was.

"She is getting better now, they hope," at last said Lucinda.

"She had better have died," replied the Squire, bitterly.

Yet he did not quite feel this. He could not quite forget the beautiful girl of whom he once had been so proud. Isabel had stained her name, and brought shame to his vain old heart, but she was his child still. I think he loved his Lucinda better than he had ever done, for her kindly words and thoughts of this poor fallen one.

A few days after the news had come to Massam that Lady Hamilton was better, Hayward was startled one morning by receiving a pressing telegram from Hilda.

"Come to me at once," were the words it contained. "Horace wishes to see you immediately."

Was Isabel dead? was his first thought. He knew that a sudden turn for the worse might carry her off at any time, and this idea was a shock to him. He had loved her once. He had given her what he could never give again—the chivalrous devotion of his young manhood—the first deep passionate affections of a warm and tender heart.

And was she dead—gone out on the lonely journey that we all must take? Hayward's eyes grew moist, and his hands trembled when he received this telegram, and believed that Hilda had sent it, so as to break the melancholy news.

He went up to town by the first train that he could catch, and drove direct, on arriving there, to the Jervis's house. The servant who opened the door looked distressed, but she said nothing, but ushered him into the dining-room, and a few minutes later Hilda appeared, but paused almost as she crossed the threshold of the door.

"Don't come near me, Philip," she said, with a sad ring in her sweet voice, "it is wiser for you not."

"Why?" asked Hayward, advancing. "Is—is Lady Hamilton dead?"

"Oh no," answered Hilda, "but I have sad news—we fear Horace has taken the fever."

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

THE amount of pin-money required by the married woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or tolling pins.

INSTRUCTOR, measuring our city map—"It is half a mile from the academy for boys to the seminary for girls." Innocent student thoughtfully—"It doesn't seem so far."

THERE are two little girls of the same name in this vicinity. The other night one of them said her prayers, and for fear they might be credited to the other child, she added "No. 10 Orange street."

A WIDOW refuses a foppish bore; she is not ready to be married yet, she says. "Madame, I am your servant, I can wait." "Oh, well; you look as though you did. At what restaurant, pray?"

AT a charity ball: "Ah! Mademoiselle, it's the second time I've had the honour of meeting you to-day." "Where then, sir?" "It was I who had the pleasure of dressing your hair a few moments since."

THE Duchess of Connaught is to have \$7,500 yearly for her own use, though if she becomes a widow the allowance bounds up to \$30,000. With an inducement of \$22,500 a year for her to become a widow, the Duke of Connaught had better look out for himself.

If your wife spreads your best coat on the kitchen floor while she whitewashes the ceiling, and fills your silk hat with pieces of coal and wood and dirt, don't get angry; remember that in every well-regulated house spring cleanings take precedence of good clothes.

AGUSTUS, did you think to take my hymn-book out of the rack after service this morning? "I didn't, love." "Oh! what a shame! It isn't a bit fashionable this year to leave books in pews, and beside that binding was so outre. It does seem as if we were just beset by calamities wherever we go."

MRS. MINOR, of Bridgewater, Vt., is the owner of three farms, worth about \$25,000. She got them by doing farm work herself, saving the money she earned and investing it in land. She is forty-two years old and wears "bloomers." Her daughters are highly educated and they have married well.

THE most economical of glove cleaners is undoubtedly benzine when applied as it was by a lady out West. After putting on one glove, saturating it with the fluid and rubbing it until it had assumed its pristine beauties, she held the gloved hand over the fire to dry it. Result: She has to buy half a pair of gloves now—a great saving in time and money.

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally Bridget for the amusement of the company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this; you are quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indeed, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget; "isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

THE modern young lady is a wonderful creation, says the Hartford Journal. Yes, indeed. This fact never stares a young man in the face more seriously than when the lady, decked in spring costume, leads her partner down the middle aisle of the church, while the minister pauses, adjusts his glasses, and even the organist stops playing until the young lady is seated.

BACHELOR JONES: "The state would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow." His married friend: "Where would you get your washing done then?" Bachelor Jones: "Marry some nice girl and have it done at home." Chorus by six eligible young ladies who happened to overhear Jones and his friend talking: "The Chinese must go!"

HE is six feet four, a fine manly fellow; she four feet six, a little beauty. They have recently returned from their wedding journey and taken up their abode at a well-known boarding-house in the city. Last Sunday morning he left the breakfast table early, saying that he must hurry to be in time for his Sunday-school class. After he had gone a lady said to the little bride: "So your husband has a class in Sunday-school?" "Yes," she answered timidly, "a class of little girls;" innocently adding, after a short pause, "he's very fond of little girls." There was a suppressed smile all round, and the poor little woman blushed to the roots of her hair. It's a shame to print it, but it's too good to keep.

THE small boy of a clergyman in Portland, Me., was detected by his mother in the act of "ornamenting" with his jackknife a costly inlaid table by a deeply-cut carving of his ideal steamboat. A day or two after the lady saw him from the door looking with admiring eyes at his partially-completed work, and heard him sigh: "By George! I wish I had got the smoke-stack on before she licked me."

My baby-boy sat on the floor,  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,  
For he had never seen before  
That baby in the mirror door—  
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward that golden head,  
The mirror border framed within,  
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,  
Lay side by side, then softly said—  
"I can't get out; can you—come in!"

HUMOROUS.

WHEN a cow kicked a man to death in Ohio lately, a mule stood by and laughed himself to fits.

LETTUCE is in market. Also three new and handsome styles of bilious pills of a very analytical tendency.

IN Kentucky there is a game law which prohibits the shooting of judges between May 10th and the middle of June.

AN occasional broken finger with a small attachment gives eloquent notice that the national game has struck the country amidships.

THE price of tooth brushes has been reduced. The statement is made in the hope that it may induce an increased demand and give an impetus to a too much neglected pursuit.

NOTHING can surpass the look of angelic pleasure on the face of a dodging pedestrian who stops to see two truck drivers quarreling and hopes that they will kill each other.

"Why," asks the Wheeling Leader, "don't some one write a song on the first fly of summer?" Because the fly won't hold still long enough for any one to write a song on it.

THERE are men in this country who know something about the size of a world like this, but there are plenty of others who imagine that the world contracts to an acre lot every time they go to bed.

THE medium-sized boy enjoys his mornings practicing base ball, and humiliates himself afterwards by teasing his mother for half a dollar to pay for the broken glass next door, with an earnest plea "not to let on before dad."

AN Oil City boy who had run away from home, and at last returned, was asked if his father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal. "Not much," he replied; "he didn't kill the fatted calf, but he wanted to slay the prodigal."

As an evidence of enterprise and returning prosperity we are glad to hear that a company is about being formed in this city, composed entirely of practical men, with a view of digging out cellars and shipping them to Europe.

"WHAT a beautiful quotation the lecturer used last evening!" said Mrs. Skinner. "It was from Shakespeare I believe, and like this: She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the mud, eat off her damaged cheek."

A PUBLIC lecturer fell on the stage in Indiana last week and the audience hissed him, believing him to be intoxicated; but when it was announced that the man was dead the audience repented its hasty censure, and then the applause was deafening.

A SNOT.

Quoth a wise man to a youth one day:

"Tell me your aim in life, I pray."  
"A mighty general I'd be."  
Replied the youth, ambitious.

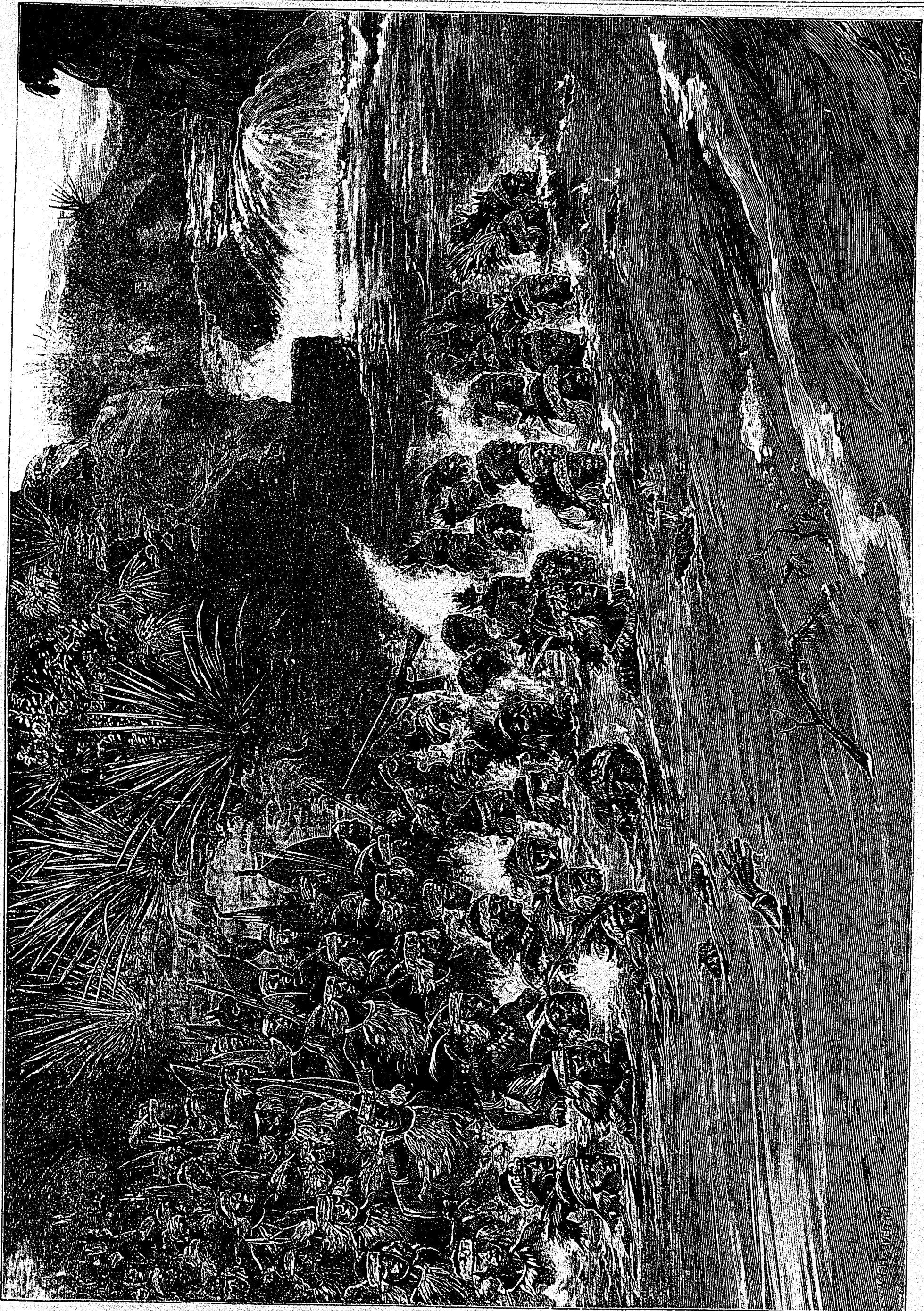
Then quoth the strippling to the sage:  
"Tell me your aim in your old age."  
Then said the sage, a little tired:  
"Aim! Oh! I have no aim; I've fired!"





THE ZULU WAR.—THE LAAGER METHOD OF DEFENCE.





THE ZULU WAR.—ZULUS CROSSING A RIVER IN BATTLE ARRAY.



ISANDULA.

(JANUARY 22, 1879.)

BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

We publish, in another column, Tennyson's last great poem on the Relief of Lucknow. We are sure our readers will not complain of a surfeit if we add the following patriotic lines from the pen of the venerable Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, who is now in his ninety-second year, having been born in 1788.

It was a fearful battle, a dread, ill-omen'd day, When sudden, as by swoop of storm, in the pride of their array, Full half the gallant Twenty-fourth to a man were swept away. A brotherhood in arms were they surpass'd in fame by none: And even on the battlefield, when all but hope was gone, The best of the surviving hearts was as the beat of one. Their blazon'd colours proudly told of many a glorious fight, And when from thickest of the fray they shed their interior light, There was not, and there could not be, a thought of fear or flight. The column, doom'd to move apart, trod from a hostile land, And all at ease the tents were spread when from his rocky stand The watcher's cheery voice declared no enemy at hand. But soon a word of ruder tone throughout the encampment rang; "They come, in swarms they come; your lives on instant action hang." Not one but hurries to his post, and, swift as lightning's flash, The line is formed and all in place to meet the tempest's crash.

From the hills Downward pouring, Streams to sight the swarthy flood, Dark as clouds, Which thunder stinging, O'er a wilder'd city brood.

Alert to fight, athirst to slay, They shake the drenched assegai, And rush with blind and frantic will On all, when few, whose force is skill.

E'en so; but while they gather strength to strike the fatal blow, Their front sustains a deadly shock, which lays a thousand low. Yet thousands more replace the slain, and what can hundreds do But bravely face their doom, and die to fame and duty true? A whisper!—hark! The guns, the guns!—No ready voice replies; But, lo! each gun, in silence spiked, the captor's grasp defies; A brave and meritorious act; alas! who does it dies. Far, far away, at fearful risk, a nobler charge was moved, And those in trust right well achieved what more than valour proved; Both still were young, and firm in minds that ne'er from duty roved. Quick, quick, they mount the bridled steeds; while near each loyal breast The colours lie, from ill secured, as in a miser's chest. What could in haste be done they did; to faith they gave the rest. In fast succession forth they passed, along the straggling host; On gallant youths! ye may not heed the peril or the cost. Oh! speed them Heaven! direct their course; what shame if such were lost! A stare of silent brief surprise, and then a deafening yell. As if the imprison'd souls below had burst the bonds of hell; On dash'd the dauntless riders still; who dared to cross them fell. Soon clear of foemen, side by side, athwart the pathless wild Conveyors of a precious charge, by capture ne'er defiled, On, boldly on, they stretched with speed, by youthful hope beguiled. Alike through pools of rotten marsh, o'er beds of flint they rode; They cross'd the dell, they seal'd the hill, they shunn'd the lone abode, Nor ceased to urge the foaming beasts their weary limbs bestrode. At length the frontier stream appears; burrah! what need of more! Oh, fate! they plunge, the waters splash, the rushing waters roar. Unscathed, wounded, all but drown'd, they touch, they clasp the shore. A few brief hours of calm succeed, they share the joy of those Who, purpose gaided and danger past, from anxious toil repose; But nature sinks—too great the strain, and wounds are slow to close. One slept, nor woke again; like him too soon the other slept; And those who sought and found them dead, the colours near them kept. In piteous doubt not-stoop'd awhile, and o'er the bodies wept. Melvill and Coghill, honour'd names! ye need no verse of mine To fix the record of your worth on memory's faithful shrine; To you a wreath that may not fade shall England's praises assign. Ye crown the list of glorious deeds which form our country's boast, Ye rescued from the brink of shame what soldiers pride the most, And troch'd by duty's path a life beyond the lives ye lost.

THE OLIVER ACCOUTREMENTS.

The "Oliver Magazine Accoutrements," invented by Dr. W. S. Oliver, of the Army Medical Department, have been highly approved by the chief military authorities. After manifold experimental trials at the Aldershot Camp, it was decided by the War Department that two infantry regiments should be furnished with these admirable accoutrements, as a preliminary to their general adoption throughout the service. They possess manifest advantages over the "valise equipment" hitherto used by the British Army. Being more compact, and resting nearer the centre of gravity of the body, they are more easily carried, while the man's back is not

entirely covered, but has a free access of air—a desideratum in summer rather than in winter. The construction of these accoutrements is also more simple, and they are more durable, and need less repair, than the valise equipment, with its numerous buckles, rings, and straps. It will at once be observed that there are no cross straps compressing the chest, like the straps of the water-bottle and haversack, as commonly worn. The full set of accoutrements, upon this new system, is comprised in two bags, one of which contains the soldier's great-coat, and the other his "kit" and bread ration. But these two bags need only be carried together in marching from one station to another; the "kit" being laid aside as a needless incumbrance when the soldier is on active duty in the field, or on guard, on parade, and on field days. For practical efficiency in the field Dr. Oliver's system is a great improvement, as it enables the soldier to carry twice the quantity of ammunition now usually carried; but this is done by leaving his "kit" of spare clothing (as aforesaid) to the regimental transport cart or pack-horse, as the case may be. The weight of 140 rounds of ammunition is 16 lb. 10 oz.; that of the present field kit is 10 lb. 12 oz., and the haversack and two ball-bags, which are to be dispensed with, weigh 1 lb. 11 oz. The whole weight of clothing (without kit), food, and magazine of ammunition, to make the soldier independent of supplies for twenty-four hours, a long fighting day and camping night, is only 19 lb., which is 3 lb. 7 oz. less than he has been hitherto expected to carry. Our illustration presents three figures; one of them attired in the new-fashioned helmet with spike, while the others have bearskins, like the Grenadier Guards. The one in the helmet shows a front view, with the "expense pouch" of ammunition attached to his waist-belt, but with no haversack or ball-bags, as in the "valise equipment," and no cross-straps over his chest. To the right hand is a back view of a soldier carrying a day's rations, great coat, waterproofsheet, change of boots and socks, towel, clasp-knife, and 140 rounds of ammunition in his magazine bag. The left-hand figure shows the easy manner of supplying ammunition from the magazine bag behind to the expense pouch in front. Messrs. Anderson, of Queen Victoria street and of Limehouse, have taken the Government contract for making these new accoutrements. A set of the accoutrements were sent, by request, to the authorities at Ottawa, who expressed themselves as highly pleased with them, and it is not improbable that the equipment will be adopted by the Dominion forces. It is, we repeat, much lighter, far more easy to carry, less expensive and more serviceable than the present valise equipment, and can be made in this country equally as well and as cheap as at home.

THE GLEANER.

Of the 27,000,000 inhabitants of Italy, 14,000,000 can neither read nor write. THE Duke of Connaught, by his marriage, becomes second cousin to his sister. THE military chest captured at Isandula contained \$100,000 in gold. JANUARY 1, 1879, there were in operation in the United States \$2,804 miles of railroad. THE New York Herald recommends Mr. Secretary Everts to lose no time in negotiating a reciprocity treaty with Canada. THE estimated cost of the cable to the Cape is between 900,000l. and 1,000,000l. THE American public uses about 700,000,000 postage-stamps a year. HIPPOPHAGY is on the increase in Paris. Last year the French capital consumed 11,319 horses for food, being some 700 more than in 1877. HARD times in Germany are shown in nothing more than in the consumption of 6,000,000 gallons less beer in 1878 than in 1877. LONDON contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. DON CARLOS has of late become so famous for his dancing in Parisian society, that the proprietor of a suburban hall has offered to engage him on his own terms. The Don laughs heartily, and shows the letter to his friends. IT is proposed to install at the Vatican a printing press, intended to print a polyglot journal, to be published under the direction of Leo XIII. A brother of the Pope is to edit it. A circulation of 50,000 is arranged for. A NOTEWORTHY fact in connection with the Indian Court at the late French Exhibition is the number of awards made on account of Indian teas. The jurors were surprised by their high quality; the Chinese teas came off altogether second best in comparison with them. THE average daily shipment of oysters from New York to Europe is over 1,000 barrels; last Christmas season however the shipments increased to as many as 2,500 barrels. Time works wonders. A few years ago people in England would not eat American oysters. THREE centuries after the advent of Christ there were about 5,000,000 Christians, and at the end of the sixth century there were about double that number. The gain in the United States alone during the last twenty-five years is estimated to have equalled the result of all these centuries.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter containing lists, &c., received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 222. R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 221, also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 218. E. H. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 218 received. H. & J. McGill, Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 219.

We publish this week two lists sent to us by Mr. Shaw of Montreal, which will exhibit, at a glance, the present condition of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney. It will be seen that a large number of games have been played, and we may safely conclude that the contest will not occupy so long a time as some persons predicted when the enterprise was set on foot. We may also infer from this that each combatant entered eagerly into the fray, and lost no time in his efforts to obtain the coveted victory.

Mr. Shaw has received several encouraging letters from chess amateurs, congratulating him on the success of the Tourney, and in some cases suggesting that another of the same nature may be organized as soon as the present one is brought to a conclusion. How far this is likely to be the case we cannot say. We can only state that Mr. Shaw devotes much time and labour to the Tourney now in operation, and that every co-operator in the same must feel grateful to him for its present successful condition.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded. (From Feb. 20, 1879, to April 21, 1879.)

Table with columns: No., Players, Won By. Lists games 64-75 including Foster vs. Hicks, Kittson vs. Boivin, Naraway vs. Saunders, etc.

J. W. SHAW, Conductor of Tourney.

Totals of games played, to April 21, 1879.

Table with columns: Name, Games Played, Won. Lists totals for Prof. Hicks, John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc.

The chess players of Houston, Texas, numbering twenty-five, have organized a chess club, with the following officers: Dr. Jacob Voorzanger, President; Conrad Kownslar, Secretary and Treasurer, and Col. S. S. Nichols, Umpire. Since we have taken up the pen in the cause of chess there has been a general awakening of interest in the game throughout the West and South. Every month we hear of a new chess organization in some town or city, and it is getting to be a necessity now for every family to have a chess-board as a part of the furniture of the house, and for every newspaper to have a chess column, giving the chess news of the day—Globe Democrat, St. Louis.

A challenge to play a correspondence match has been sent to Mrs. Gilbert of Hartford, by Miss Ella M. Blake, a rising chess celebrity, of Newberry, S. C. The Charleston News speaks of Miss Blake as a player of no ordinary skill. The Hartford Times is very sure that it can name a dozen lady players in Hartford alone who could successfully cope with Miss B. Mrs. Gilbert will probably accept the challenge, and, after the match is concluded, the Times' estimate then made of the Southern lady's strength will be of much more worth—Turf, Field and Farm.

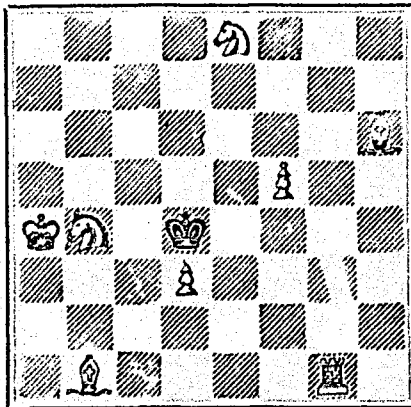
On Monday and Thursday last week this Club was engaged with the Seaford players in four individual games over the wires of the Dominion Telegraph Company, none of which contests are yet finished, and the fight will be resumed at an early date.

This week, on Tuesday and Thursday, Toronto and Collingwood joined issue in two consultation games, also played over the Dominion Telegraph Company's wires, Collingwood unfortunately losing both games—Toronto Globe.

PROBLEM NO. 223

By H. M. PRIBEAU.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 357TH.

(From Hartford Times.)

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNEY.

A drawn game in the International Tourney match between Don C. Rogers, of Detroit, Mich., and E. H. Heath, England.

Chess game record between White (Rogers) and Black (Heath). Lists moves 1-38, including P to K4, Kt to K B3, etc.

And drawn by perpetual check.

GAME 358TH.

THE MECHANICAL CHESSPLAYER.

Game played some time ago between "Mephisto" and Mr. Gunzberg.

WHITE.—("Mephisto.") BLACK.—(Gunzberg.)

Chess game record between White (Mephisto) and Black (Gunzberg). Lists moves 1-38, including P to K4, Kt to K B3, etc.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 21.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK. Lists moves 1. Q to K R 8, 1. K takes P or Kt, 2. Q mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 219.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK. Lists moves 1. B to Q 7, 1. K moves, 2. B mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 220.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK. Lists moves K at Q Kt 4, K at K 6, Q at K R sq, Pawns at K 5 and B at K B 3, K B 5, Kt at Q 2. White to play and mate in three moves.

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

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Province of Quebec.

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PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the district affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending all copies of the first and last of such notices to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the Session.

BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE, Clk. Leg. Council. G. M. MUIR, Clk. Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, 1st April, 1879.

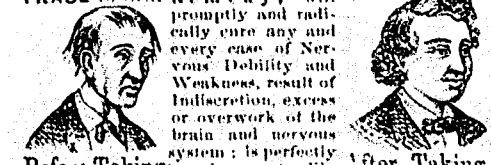


PUBLIC ATTENTION is directed to the following Provisions of the Fishery Laws in the Province of Quebec:—

- Pickeral (Dore) cannot be caught from the 15th April to 15th May. Maskinonge cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May. Bass cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May. Salmon (with nets) cannot be caught from 1st August to 1st May. Salmon (with rod and line) cannot be caught from 1st September to 1st May. Speckled Trout, Brook or River Trout, cannot be caught from 1st October to 31st December. Salmon Trout and Lake Trout cannot be caught from 15th October to 1st December. Whitefish cannot be caught from 10th November to 1st December. Net or Seine fishing without Licenses is prohibited. Nets must be raised from Saturday night until Monday morning each week. Nets cannot be set or Seines used, so as to bar channels or bays. Indians are forbidden to fish illegally the same as whitesmen. Each person guilty of violating these Regulations is liable to fine and costs, or in default of payment is subject to imprisonment. No person shall during such prohibited times, fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any of the kinds of fish mentioned above.

W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries. Fisheries Department, OTTAWA, 2nd April, 1879.

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

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Of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on Monday, the Second Day of June next.

The Chair to be taken at One o'clock.

R. B. ANGUS, General Manager.

Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

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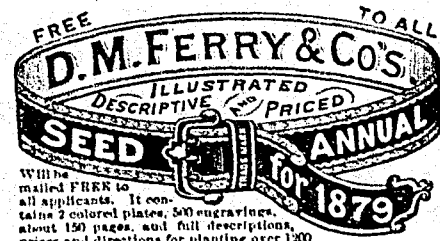
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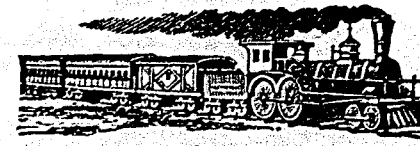
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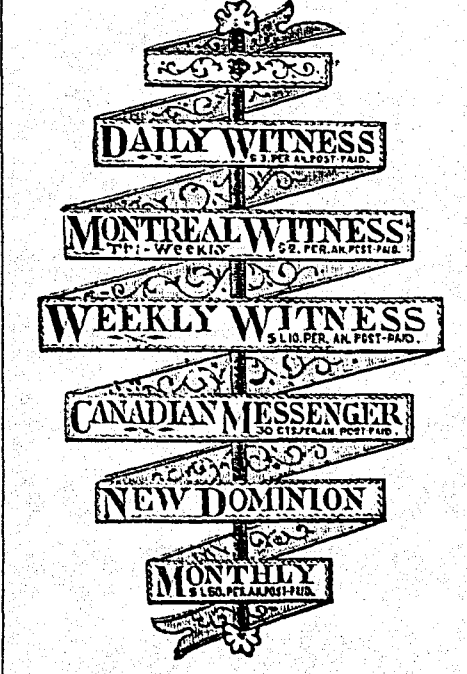
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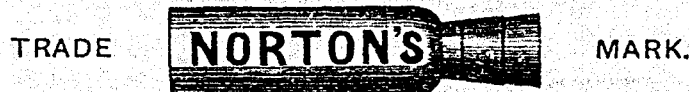
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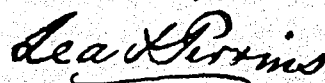
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**CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

**CAUTION.**  
 Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

In consequence of spurious imitations of  
**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of  
**Messrs J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.**

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**



**EXTRACT OF MEAT**  
 FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
 MEAT-FLAVOURING  
**STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.**

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.  
 "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."  
 To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

**CAUTION.**—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
 1878-79.  
 Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays as follows:—

Leave Point Levi	8:00 A.M.
" River du Loup	9:00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner))	3:00 "
" Rimouski	4:45 "
" Campbellton (Supper)	10:00 "
" Dalhousie	10:21 "
" Bathurst	12:28 A.M.
" Newcastle	2:10 "
" Moncton	5:00 "
" St. John	9:15 "
" Halifax	1:30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9:45 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John. For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to  
**G. W. ROBINSON,**  
 Agent,  
 177 St. James Street,  
**C. J. BRIDGES,**  
 General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.  
 Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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