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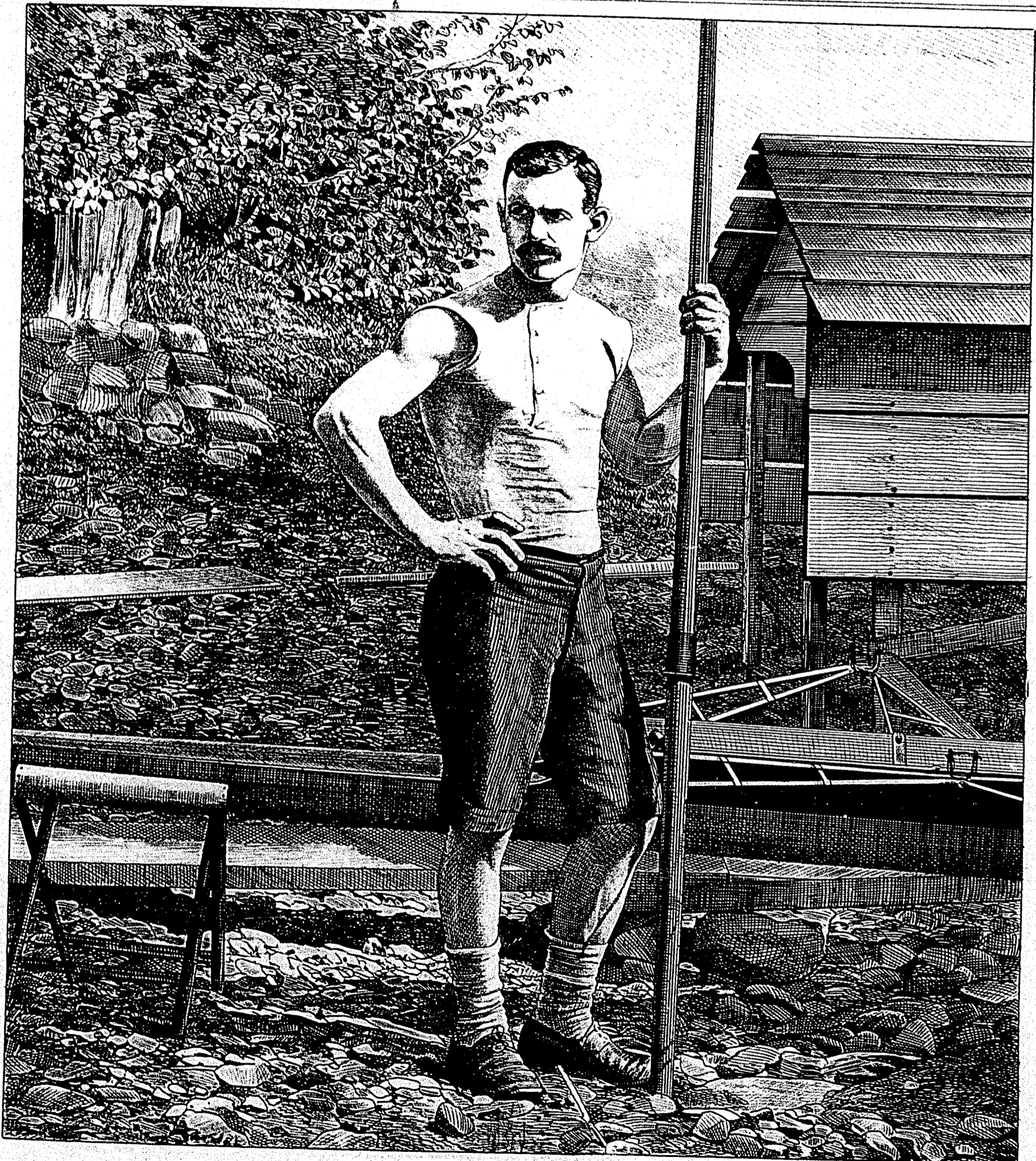
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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

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



EDWARD HANLAN,
CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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

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We have acquired the sole right for the Dominion of publishing in serial and later in book form,

BENEATH THE WAVE :

A NEW NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

The publication will begin early in November. We shall take occasion next week to say more about this enterprise of ours. Meantime we append the following notices of this new and promising writer's works.

OPINIONS OF THE PREEES ON DORA RUSSELL'S NOVELS.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

"Footprints in the Snow" is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year."—*Graphic*.

"With a deep knowledge of the ways of wicked aristocrats."—*Standard*.

"Miss Russell uses the pathetic, and uses it with effect."—*Queen*.

"The incidents are skilfully dealt with."—*Pictorial World*.

"The interest is fairly sustained throughout the book."—*Saturday Review*.

"Several characters are drawn with a skill that deserves much praise."—*Spectator*.

"Elizabeth Gordon's character is well drawn. The story is fairly told."—*Athenaeum*.

"Elizabeth's struggles for independence in London are particularly well described."—*Whitehall Review*.

"Footprints in the Snow" is a novel which can be read with satisfaction and even enjoyment."—*World*.

"Miss Russell's story is unquestionably clever, extremely amusing, and will, we doubt not, be a favourite in the libraries."—*Academy*.

"There are here all the elements of tragedy, enough to have satisfied Webster or Marlowe, and Miss Russell's scenes are of a dramatic kind."—*Daily News*.

"A plot which will highly interest romance readers."—*Stamford Mercury*.

"Miss Russell has effected considerable progress as a novelist."—*Charlton Journal*.

"Miss Russell writes with so much vigour and gives so much flesh-and-blood interest to her novels."—*Scottsman*.

"Novel-readers should find 'Footprints in the Snow' very much to their taste."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"The best and truest thing we can say of it is, that it is extremely popular."—*Warrington Guardian*.

"Miss Russell has made herself a name by this work which must bring her considerable fame."—*Bury Times*.

"The authoress has displayed considerable skill in the way in which she has put her figures into contrast one with another."—*Bradford Observer*.

"Will be read with interest. There is a good deal of originality in the plot, and its elaboration is skilfully carried out."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"We have read this story with great pleasure, and consider it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English fiction."—*Monk's Herald*.

"There is a freshness of description and a facility of expression which is a treasure beyond price in these days."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

"A really interesting and well-written story, and one which we can heartily recommend to our readers. When we say that it is rather sensational we have mentioned almost the only fault we have to find with it."—*Hereford Times*.

"Rapidly written, and full of stirring incident, brilliant description and spirited dialogue, the tale is one of the most successful and interesting pictures of modern life which have come under our attention for several years."—*Kent Messenger*.

"Is well—and in parts powerfully—written; will become—and deservedly—a popular story. . . . The female characters are admirably drawn, the style is excellent, and the incidents are so varied that the interest never flags."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

"Is one of the really good novels which have been published during the last few months. . . . It shows a firmer and more practised hand, has more strength of plot, and is altogether more complete and artistic than any of the writer's earlier stories. Miss Russell is steadily marking out a line for herself."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"We regard Miss Russell as a very successful follower of some of the most popular novelists. . . . The characters are fairly and consistently drawn, while the leading one only falls slightly short of real excellence."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"Footprints in the Snow" is the work of one who has a real talent for this species of literature."—*Sussex Daily News*.

Among other illustrations in our next number will appear the grouped portraits of the

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 12, 1878.

AN INTERNATIONAL PARK.

Among the many suggestions thrown out by Lord DUFFERIN for the improvement of the country, there is one which, from a social and artistic point of view, deserves special consideration. In his recent speech before the Society of Artists: "Some few weeks ago," said his lordship, "I had the good fortune to meet his Excellency the Governor of the State of New York, and I then suggested to him an idea which has long been present to my mind, that the governments of New York and Ontario, or Canada, should combine to acquire whatever rights may have been established against the public, and to form around Niagara Falls a small public international park—not indeed desecrated, or in any way sophisticated, by the puny efforts of the art of the landscape gardener—but carefully preserved in the picturesque and unvulgarized condition in which it was originally laid out by the hand of nature. Nothing could have been more gratifying or gracious than the response which his Excellency the Governor of New York was good enough to make to my representations, and he encouraged me to hope that should a fitting opportunity present itself, he and his government might be induced, if not to take the initiative in the matter, at all events to cooperate heartily with our own in carrying out such a plan as I have sketched."

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

We devote much of our space, both pictorial and editorial, to the description of the great boat-race at Lachine. Taking everything into consideration, the match was properly conducted, and we have not the slightest reason to suspect that any collusion for money was held among the contestants. We think it is in the interest of both Courtney and Hanlan to make this statement, as well as in defence of a manly sport.

The event was to have taken place on Wednesday, October 2, but, owing to rough water, was postponed till the following afternoon. The men having paddled into their positions, the referee, Sheriff Harding, of St. John, N. B., in a loud voice, gave the oarsmen the necessary instructions; then followed the caution, "Make your men ready, gentlemen," and almost immediately after came the warning, "Are you ready?" Then was heard the stirring word "Go." The men took water at the same instant, and quick as thought the boats started on their journey. Courtney led by a few feet. Hanlan had not got off so well; his boat rocked a little, and once or twice in the recover he sent the spray flying in a manner that looked nervous. He soon steadied down to his work, however, rowing up to 31, while the strong stroke of Courtney sent a wash from each oar that exhibited its strength very forcibly. Hanlan, in the meantime, pulling a fine stroke alongside of his giant rival, apparently took matters very easily. A quarter of a mile from the start Courtney had a lead of five or six feet, but Hanlan had steadied down to his work, and notwithstanding the power of Courtney's tremendous sweeping strokes, came on even terms with him, just off Whiskey Point. At the half mile he had collared him and was leading several feet. On they flew, each man apparently doing his level best, and the cheering which had started at the grand stand, and from the barges and other craft on the outside of the booms, deepened into a roar, as it was noticed that Hanlan was forging his boat ahead. Up to this time the course of both men had been directed in a straight line for the turning buoys, but, at this moment, the wind had freshened, and its effect on both boats was visible, driving them shoreward. For a time it seemed as if wild steering was to be the order of things, but Hanlan was alive to the emergency, and soon it could be seen that his boat was taking an outward course. He was now pulling 29 strokes to the minute, and as he passed Miller's Point, was leading by over half a length. Passing Courtney's quarters, Hanlan had increased his lead to three quarters of a length, and here a burst of cheering from Courtney's friends called upon the latter for a spurt. He responded admirably, going up from 32 to 35 strokes to the minute, and before two hundred yards were passed, he had cut down half a length of Hanlan's lead, while his strong stroke looked dangerous. The boats, by this time, had reached a point nearly opposite Hanlan's quarters, and in response to the shouts of his friends on shore, he

hit her up to 31 strokes a minute. The Elliot shell responded to the stroke, and with surprising velocity Hanlan again shot to the front, so that before Courtney was aware of it, his rival had placed clear water between them. Turning quickly, Courtney again spurted, his stroke of 35 having meantime fallen to 31. He reached 34 strokes to the minute, but Hanlan had him pretty well in hand, and a quarter of a mile was covered ere they were again upon even terms. Meanwhile, the men had entered the current immediately below Dixie Island, and the wind had freshened so that the water was very lumpy. Altering his course, Hanlan turned southward to take advantage of the lee shore of the island, tactics which had no sooner been inaugurated than they were observed and followed by Courtney. Dixie Island having been reached, to all appearance Courtney had a lead of half a length over his rival, and the shout went up from the press boat on all sides, "Courtney has got him;" while shouts of 100 to 50 on Hanlan, 200 to 50 on Courtney, rent the air. The excitement was intense, and there could be little doubt that the American sculler had again attained a lead. It was not for a long time, however; Hanlan looking over his left shoulder and seeing the position of affairs, spurted to 30 strokes per minute, the result of which was to bring him again upon even terms with the American. So they went neck-and-neck, along the lee of Bushy Island, along in the shadow of Dorval; but here though it could hardly be determined from the press boat how the men stood, it was observed that Hanlan at the two miles was leading. Now the men straightened away for the stake boats. Both had hugged the lee shore of the island very closely, in order to take advantage of the eddy, and avoid the strong current which sweeps around the upper end of Dorval. The stake boats were in mid-stream, and each had caught the current in shooting out from the island, both losing considerable ground in the operation. Courtney had furthest to go to his stake, and he seemed to know this. A length and a half, at least, was what he lost by keeping under cover of the island, and it is hard to say whether the assistance of the lee shore made up for this divergence from the course. He had, however, evidently made up his mind to follow Hanlan; and he did. As the stake boat was reached, Hanlan went straight up a good length past it to avoid the current, and he turned. His boat was broadside before Courtney had commenced to turn, and six splendid strokes were all that were required for him to get around. He was fairly past his buoy and straightened away for home when Courtney's boat was seen broadside to the turning buoy. Cheer upon cheer greeted this; but it was not for very long. Courtney straightened away, and a splendid stroke of 35 to the minute placed him again on even terms with his flying rival. Away they came, and when the press boat was reached—which had turned and was waiting for them—the pair were even and they were cheered to the echo. The reason why Hanlan was so easily caught was not hard to discern. He had dropped his stroke to a leisurely 25 to the minute. The three mile signal-boat was reached, and when the men passed there, Courtney was pulling 33 very strong strokes to Hanlan's 27 and 28 alternately, as the case required. Without apparent effort he dashed along, and Courtney ploughed away with his quick, strong stroke, but without doing more than keeping up with his antagonist. The pair came flying along, and had reached the three and a half mile point with precisely the same result as has been noted all along. On nearing the close of the fourth mile, and just off Courtney's quarters, a cheer from the friends of the latter called for more work from the American sculler, and he rose to 36 strokes to the minute.

Courtney drew up even with Hanlan and they were so close upon one another at the end of the four miles that it was impossible to say who was ahead. Hanlan, on reaching the boat, however, shot his shell a little in advance, and in a second or two the red flag of Hanlan was floating in token of his premier position. Cheer upon cheer burst from the shore, was caught up on the grand stand, and re-echoed from the long line of barges and steamers. Courtney was working away, and a look through the glass showed that he was still possessed of tremendous power. Whether it was through wind and weather, the rough water, or some other mysterious agency, he could not get a better place than second. So this terribly fast pace continued up the course to the finish. Now they were reaching the last stage of the race. Who was going to pass the four and a half mile signal point first? Courtney appeared to have a slight lead just before reaching it, and we were prepared to see the colours of Courtney this time. But no. There it flies again. "Hanlan's colours for ever," as some one shouts close to our ear. But the men are out of their course. Where are they going to? "Steer in-shore, Hanlan," "You are out of your course, sir," is shouted from all around, and the cheering is tumultuous. The men have no time to listen to anyone now. They are upon the last stage of the race. Courtney is aware that his chance is now or never, and he shows that there is some stuff left in him yet, and from 32 he pushes up to 35 to the minute—the last time he reaches it. He has not shot his bolt, but sticks to Hanlan, and so closely that the latter is forced out of his course. Should he keep on he will run into some of the vessels which line the outside of the course. No sort of shouting will make the men see their error, and we just look to see Hanlan's boat get stove, when he looks over his shoulder, sees his error and pulls with a dozen powerful

strokes to the front. Then he crosses the bow of his rival, who seems dazed by the cheers which are ringing around him. Hanlan still steers across the bow of Courtney's boat, and speaks to him. Will Courtney keep on and foul him? There is some fear of that. But no; Courtney just in time sees the error of his course and slows up to avoid running into the Toronto sculler, who pulls in a winner of a very close sculling race. Time, 36.22. Courtney paddles over to Hanlan and shakes hands with him. Then the crowd cheer themselves hoarse, and Hanlan is carried away by his friends, while Courtney paddles to his quarters. The above account is condensed from the magnificent report of the *Gazette* of this city. In the evening the oarsmen received an ovation at the Windsor Hotel, and, on the following evening there was a grand reception in their honor at the Victoria Skating Rink.

Our readers will be pleased to read the following brief biographies.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY

was born in Union Springs, N. Y., in 1840, stands 6ft. 1½ in. in height, and weighs 173 pounds. He is a carpenter by trade, and is in partnership with his brother John in the planing mill business at his native place. He has been accustomed to rowing since boyhood, and was victor in numerous oaric contests, of local interest only, before he came conspicuously before the general public at the first international regatta of the Saratoga Amateur Rowing Association, September 11, 1873, when he easily won the senior sculls, two miles in 14m. 15s., forty-one seconds ahead of T. R. Keator; Frank E. Yates, third, and James Wilson, "Pop" Traux, R. Lefman and others following. He next entered for the National Association regatta at Philadelphia, October 7, 8 following, but his boat was so badly out in some manner the night previous to race day that he couldn't start. He again appeared at Saratoga in 1874, in the regatta held in August, on the 28th of which month he won the Empire Diamond Sculls and State championship, doing the two miles, turn, in 14.44, easily beating David Roch twelve seconds; J. Wilson, third; Ed. Blake, fourth; W. R. Curtis and Yates drew out. He was also entered for the senior sculls next day, but the effects of a sunstroke which had laid him up the previous June made themselves felt again, and he deemed it advisable not to start. Curtis won the race in 14.37½. On September 9th and 10th, same year, he took part in a four-oared race at Seneca Lake, Watkins, N. Y., his crew being beaten by the Buffalo Club on the first day, three miles; but he won the senior sculls on the second, the two miles being pulled in 14.10; R. H. Robinson second, and W. E. McCredy third. His next appearance on the water was made August 24th, 1875, at the third regatta of the Saratoga Association. He then first met James H. Riley in the race for the Empire Sculls, which he won for the third time, doing the two miles in 13.39½ (the then fastest record); Riley second, 14.00½; J. T. McCormick third, 14.36½; J. W. Maxwell, D. Roch and J. H. Girvin following in this order. On the 25th he won the President's Challenge Cup and diamond medal, taking 13.59 to easily do the two miles; Riley second, 14.15½; P. C. Ackerman and G. W. Lathrop following. On the 26th, with R. H. Robinson, he won the double-scull race, two miles, in 12.42½; Riley and Lefman second, 13.05½; Lathrop and McCormick third; Orr and Maxwell fourth. Previous to this race the time made by Parker and Carpenter, July 14th, 1861, Boston, 15.15½, had not been touched. On August 31st, same year, Courtney showed up at Troy, N. Y., on the occasion of N. A. A. O. regatta, beating R. B. Bainbride and D. Roch in the third heat of the sculls, doing the one and a half miles straightway, in 9.34. Next day he took the final heat in 9.46, defeating Riley (9.51). Same day, with Robinson, he won the double-scull race in 8.50½; Lefman and Riley, 9.06; Lathrop and McCormick third. September 8th following, with J. F. Courtney, James McGraw and Hugh Conor, he won a four-oared race at Seneca Lake regatta, doing the three miles, turn, in 19.55, beating three other crews. He was also entered for the senior sculls on the 9th, but did not start, leaving Riley to win. September 22nd, same year, he won at the Binghampton regatta, beating Lathrop and G. H. Pratt like breaking sticks. September 23rd, with Robinson, he rowed over for the doubles. He again appeared at Cayuga Lake, N. Y., October 13th following, when he claims to have pulled two miles, with a turn, against a double-scull boat, winning the race in 13.14, though as this time is not properly authenticated, it is not accepted as a record. His next appearance was at Saratoga, Aug., 8th, 1876, when, with F. E. Yates as partner, he won the double-scull race in 12.16 (best recorded time), beating Keator and Riley, whose time was 12.20; Ackerman and H. W. Rodger, 12.25; and Craig and Miles. He did not take part in the senior scullers' race on the 9th, when Riley came in first, making the fastest time on record—13.21½. Courtney was also present at the regatta of the N. A. A. O., held at Philadelphia in 1876, winning, on August 22nd, the second heat of the singles by over a minute, and then making the one and a half in 10.38½. He did not row in the final heat, withdrawing in favor of Yates. On the 23rd with Robinson, he won the double scull event, beating Ackerman and Rodger, McMillan and Mingus. Time, 9.26. His next race occurred August 30th following, at the Centennial regatta, when he won the fourth of the singles from

Ackermen, taking the first heat of the second round on the 31st, and also the final heat, administering a consummate defeat to J. McCarthy, of New York. September 1st he and Robinson won the double scull prize, beating Ackerman and Rodger. Courtney was next heard of at Greenwood Lake, July 14th, 1877, when he was to have rowed a match for a \$500 prize offered by the Greenwood Lake Sportsman's Club; but it is alleged that at noon of that day he drank a cup of iced tea which had been tampered by some person, and from the effects of which he became too ill to row the race. On August 28th following, however, those who had been disappointed on this occasion had the satisfaction of seeing Courtney and Riley try conclusions on Saratoga Lake, the late John Morrissey having offered a prize of \$500, an addition to an entrance of \$100 per man, to the winner of a three mile turning race, for which Fred. A. Plaisted also entered. The race was easily won by Courtney, whose time was 20.47½. This was Courtney's first appearance as a professional rower, and his next occurred September 27th, 1877, when, with Riley and Frenchy Johnson, of Boston, he contended for prizes of \$300, \$200, and \$100, in a three mile turning race at Owasco Lake, near Auburn, N.Y. This was also won by Courtney, the official time (water rough) being 21m. 29½s. It has been alleged that the time-keeper in this race made a mistake of a minute against the winner—an allegation which his previous and subsequent performances give color to. Courtney's last appearance in 1877 was in a similar race, held on the Susquehanna River, at Oswego, N.Y., October 17th, for prizes of \$200, \$150, and \$100, the first of which he won doing the three miles, with a turn, in 20.14½, beating Riley by more than a length, Johnson third. Overtures were subsequently informally made for a match with Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, but the Canadian having other plans in view, his backers declined to entertain the proposition.

Early in 1878, Courtney was negotiating for a match with Hanlan, but some mutual understanding was arrived at by which it was agreed that they should not come together until the fall. Finding it unlikely to get a match in America on acceptable conditions, the Union Springs man turned his eyes to the antipodes, and telegraphed a proposition for a race with Trickett, the Australian, to take place on Owasco Lake, N.Y., for which the American offered regal inducements. The negotiations amounted to nothing, Trickett refusing to leave home. He then proposed going to England to meet Higgins, but in the meantime elected to have a fly at Evan Morris for the American championship. With this object he inserted a proper challenge, which appeared almost simultaneously with a similar *de fi* made by Hanlan. Morris elected to row the Canadian first, the result of which race must be fresh on the minds of our readers. The defeat of Morris by Hanlan threw Courtney on his oars, and he had to bide his time until a match could be brought about with the Canadian champion, as had been agreed upon early in the Spring. During this year the American crack has been engaged in very few events. On June 19, he rowed J. H. Dempsey, of Geneva, N.Y., for a stake of \$500, at Geneva Lake, three miles with a turn. At the turning buoy, Courtney fell out of his boat, and claimed he had been upset by a sunken wire catching one of his sculls. Dempsey, after the accident to his opponent, rowed leisurely over the course and claimed the stakes. The referee, however, ordered the men to row over again on some subsequent day, a decision to which Dempsey strongly objected, asserting he had fairly won the race. What the result of the dispute was has never come to our knowledge, but the fact is that the men did not meet again for the stakes, and how the money was divided remains unknown to the public. On July 4th, for a purse of \$300, Courtney and Dempsey again met in a three-mile turning race, at Skanapetelas, N.Y., which was easily captured by Courtney, his opponent hardly being in the race at any time, although it was quite evident that the winner was making no exertion to keep his position. His final essay so far was in a regatta at Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass., on August 15th, for a purse of \$400, three miles. In this race it has been stated in the press that Courtney was engaged to appear for a consideration of \$300—win or lose. Upon being called up Courtney declined to start, pleading illness, but as thousands had assembled to see him he was prevailed upon to take his place in accord with his obligation. Although he was a strong favorite in the betting he started under a strong impression well known that he did not expect to win, if indeed he could last the race out. So strong, however, was his friends' confidence in his ability, even under this adverse circumstance, that they continued to pile their money up on him. The race, so far as he was concerned, resulted as he started. He was taken sick in his boat and had to be assisted. It was won by the colored phenomenon, Frenchy Johnson, in 21.39; Riley second, 21.36; followed by Ellis Ward and Sullivan. This concludes this hasty sketch up to the time of the Hanlan match, the particulars of which are too well known to require more than summarizing at our hands. After many meetings and propositions a conclusion was finally reached to row a five mile race at Lachine, for \$2,500 a side, the citizens of Montreal adding \$6,000 to the stake under the stipulation that it should be for the championship of America, a condition that was expressly provided against in the original articles.

EDWARD HANLAN

was born in Toronto, of Irish parents, on July 12th, 1855, and is consequently now in his 23rd year. The Hanlans having taken up their residence on the sand-bar known as "Toronto Island" when the lad was very young, he naturally became very familiar with the use of the oar at an early date. His first appearance in a race was made when he was 16 years of age, as one of a crew of fishermen. His companions were Berry, the colored oarsman, and Dinning, and their opponents Patrick Gray and two others.

In 1873 he first rowed in a shell, the contest being for the amateur championship of Lake Ontario, and he was again victorious, defeating Sam. Williams and John McKay. In 1874 he defeated Thomas Loudon in a single scull race, for the championship of Burlington Bay. Loudon, not being satisfied with his defeat at Hamilton in 1875, challenged Hanlan to meet him at a shorter distance, which being accepted, fortune again smiled on the young sculler. In the same year he also won the Governor General's medal in Toronto Bay, in two miles, single scull race, beating T. Loudon and James Douglas. In the spring of 1876 he beat McCann and Douglas, and on August 12th, of the same year, won the championship belt of Ontario offered by the Toronto Rowing Club, single sculls, two miles; and on the same day was one of the winning crew in the fishermen's race. Although Hanlan won all the sculling races with the utmost ease, his great powers as an oarsman were not fully shown until his exploits at the Centennial regatta, Philadelphia, lifted him at once to the top of the tree. On the first day of the single scull heats (4th September), he pulled against Harry Coulter, of Pittsburg, and H. Thomas, of London, beating them with the greatest ease, three miles in 21.34. Next day he rowed against Pat Luther, of Pittsburg, who had beaten Higgins of London, and Morris of Pittsburg, the day before, and Fred. Plaisted, of New York, who had defeated McKeel of New York, and came in as he liked in 21.54½. On the 6th he rowed the final heat for the championship against Aleck Brayley, who had beaten Greene of London, and Ellis Ward, in a previous heat, and defeated him in 21.09½, which, up to that time, was the fastest on record for that distance, and which continued to be the *premiere* make up to August 28th, of last year, when it was cut down to 20.47½ by Courtney, at Saratoga. It may, however, be stated here that doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of the measurement of the course, which some think may have been short. Hanlan next appeared in the regatta on Silver Lake, at Plympton, Mass., June 13th, 1877, when he was defeated by Fred. A. Plaisted, of New York, Frenchy Johnson, and others, through a broken outrigger. June 25th, 1877, he rowed in the second regatta at Silver Lake, and won the first prize, beating Frenchy Johnson and Daniel Driscoll. At the Boston Fourth of July Citizens' Regatta Hanlan was ruled out by the judges for fouling Plaisted. Hanlan made a match for a five-mile race for \$2,000 with Wallace Ross, and the race took place October 15th, 1877. Hanlan won with comparative ease, and no time was taken. Early this year Hanlan defeated Plaisted in a two mile race on Toronto Bay, and subsequently beat Morris easily in a five mile race at Pittsburg, and Wallace Ross on the Kennebecasis, the latter upsetting. His easy victory in the regatta on Kempenfeldt Bay over the principal Canadian and American oarsmen, excepting only Courtney, is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES.

Many readers of fiction still living can remember the time when the black-haired, black-eyed girl of romance was as dark of soul as of tresses; while the blue-eyed maiden's character was of "heaven's own color." Thackeray damaged this tradition by invariably making his dark heroine nice, his fair heroine a treacherous siren. Becky is blonde; Emmy, brown; Betsy Amory, as she herself avers, is "blanche et blonde"; the exemplary Laura is of a darker tint. Even Angelica, in the "Rose and the Ring," the affected and insincere Angelica, is yellow-haired; while the honest Betsinda is a nut-brown maid. When another distinguished novelist made the criminal Lady Audley a blonde (if we have not absolutely forgotten her adventures, Lady Audley was little better than one of the wicked) blonde miscreants became quite the order of the day. Occasionally their locks were described as "tawny;" but they were never dark. At the same time the ebon and lustrous tresses and olive complexion, which captivated our ancestors in books of beauty, went out of fashion. The excesses of imitative art, the curls and fringes falsely golden of today, prove that Minna would no longer captivate any pirate of taste. In another generation the balance may have shifted, and fashion, like a lady in the adventures of Henry Esmond, may dote on a black man. Meantime it is curious to note how prejudice has varied in the past, though on the whole, perhaps, golden hair has always had the better of the contest.

The ancient Gauls, as we learn from Claudian and other authorities, were warm admirers of yellow hair, *Nava Gallia crines ferax*. They even used a kind of soap which was supposed to make their locks golden forever. The Roman ladies, rather late in their history, employed cosmetics possessing the same virtue; but, on the whole, the Romans were people of catholic taste and

celebrated with equal fervor the dark and the golden hair, the brown and the blonde complexion. Lucretius, in a passage adopted by Molière, shows that each tint has its charm. Horace speaks of a man

Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

The dark lover in Virgil knows how to plead his own case poetically:

Alba lignstra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur;

and Ovid says of a youth at that age when, as Homer declares, "his bloom is fairest,"

Et suberat flavæ jam nova barba comæ.

As for Homer, he appears to have been the poet of an impartial age. He actually seems to make Odysseus fair in one passage and dark in another. Menelaus has the constant epithet *xanthos*, as the Northern Harold was Harold Fair-hair. The Greek gods, though all related to each other by bonds of blood, were of complexion as widely different as the dark and fair children of an English family. The "golden Aphrodite" and the "gray-eyed Athene," were foils to ox-eyed Hera and Posidon of the blue-black locks. The Hebrews appear to have thought it rather odd that any one should be both black and comely. If Sir Peredur, in the "Mabinogion," represented old Welsh teste, the Celts of Wales admired dark-haired women. Thus, when the knight saw the wounded raven lying in the snow, he determined, after long musing, that the bird's plumage was like the hair of his beloved, while the red blood on the white ground was the image of her complexion. It would not be difficult, however, to select fair beauties from Welsh legend—for example, Iseult of the white hands:

*The ringlets on her shoulders lying
In their fitting lustre vying
With the clasp of burnished gold
Which her heavy robe doth hold.*

She is a foil, in legend as well as in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem, to Iseult of Ireland:

*Shaking back her raven hair
With the old imperious air.*

It is probable that all races have chiefly admired the tint that is rarest among themselves. In ancient Greece, we may suppose from the impartiality of poets, that neither dark nor yellow locks were predominant, though, if we might judge from the gilt or russet *chevelure* of the colored *terra-cotta* figurines from Tanagra, the Bœotian women were notable for golden hair.

There is a class of poetry which is remarkable for its steady partisanship of fair beauties. Wherever one finds a popular song, a traditional ballad, it is loud in admiration, like the Scotch ballads without exception, of yellow hair. That tint, we believe, is rare in modern Greece, but in the love songs and short ditties of the people of the Morea and the islands the beloved has always golden hair and eyes of sapphire blue. The deserted bride sings how her lover's hair "shone like the sun" about his shoulders. In the French "Volks-lieder" the girls are almost as invariably blonde as in the songs of Heine. "Blonde is with us a synonym for *belle*," says M. Laisnel de la Salle in his interesting book on the legends and customs of the people of Berry.

The villagers say of a young man, "*il va voir sa blonde*," though the "blonde" has hair of intense black. There is even such an expression as "*aller en blonde*," to go a-wooing, which proves the universality of the belief in fair beauties. People describe a child or a grown up person with reddish hair as "*blonde comme un bassin*"—a scoured copper basin, be it understood. This saying is as old as the time of Guillaume de Lorris, who uses it in the "Roman de la Rose":

*Cheveus ot blons com un basin.
Marot too, has
Vierge plus blonde qu'un bassin.*

The peasants retain the ancient taste of the court and the courtly poets. M. Just Veillat says that the Trouveres used to ask forgiveness from their audience when they sang the praises of a brunette. We confess that we remember no examples of this practice; nay, in the latter semi-epic songs, the Soldan's daughter (who was sure to be dark) always won the knight from her rival, the Christian lady. In Brantôme's time the fashion for yellow hair prevailed. It may have come, with other ideas of the Renaissance, from Italy, where the Venetian ladies used to stretch their locks out over the vast brims of a peculiar sort of hat, and sit on the housetop exposed to the full rays of the sun. It was natural that painters should prefer and help to keep in fashion the Venetian locks which seem to have caught a sunbeam on their coils, and even now hold it prisoned on the canvas of Titian or of Palma.

Thus it is natural enough that Marot, preserving the Italian tradition, should make a lady say:

*Fourtant si je suis brunette,
Amy, n'en prenez emoy;
Autant suis ferme et jeune
Qu'une plus blanche que moy.*

Guillaume de Lorris was of the same way of thinking before Italy had so much influence on French taste:

*Icelle dame ot nom biautés;
El ne fu obscure ne brune,
Ains fu élère comme la lune.*

This popular French preference for blondes is not absolutely universal. There is a large class of songs dealing with the misadventures and woes of deserters from the army. In the district about Metz love seems to make as many soldiers run away from the colours as in the American army (according to Thackeray's ballad) the passion brings recruits to them. In that half German country, where the mass of the people should be

fair, the deserters all ascribe their ruin to dark beauties:

*Je me suis engagé
Pour l'amour d'une brune,
Non pas pour les caudeux
Que je lui ai donnés,
Mais pour un doux baiser
Qu'elle m'a refusé.*

Another soldier asks pitifully:

*Faut-il pour l'amour d'une brune
Être enfermé dans les cachots?*

The example of France, in the districts where light-haired people are the rare exceptions, proves that the poetical charm of blondes may be preserved in songs, even when actual examples have almost ceased to exist, or at least have become very rare. There are probably more pretty things to be said, with no great expense of fancy, about blue eyes and golden locks than about their rivals. There are an almost inexhaustible number of similes to be drawn from the sea, the sky, sapphires, turquoises, amber, metallic substances, flowers, and such other component parts of natural beauty as readily occur to the most limited imagination. The dew that on the violet lies, ebony, the plumage of the crow, and the raven down of darkness, almost exhaust the material objects which the poet of dark maidens can force into his service. For this reason, if for no other, fair beauties are more likely to retain their popularity and pre-eminence in verse.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ONE of the things exhibited at the Paris Exhibition is a clock with a pistol in it, which it appears is fired by the mechanism of the time-piece every hour. The intention of this ingenious toy is to kill time.

ROSA BONHEUR has retired for some time from the public sight. Caring more for work than for notoriety, she has devoted many years to one immense and most picturesque subject, in which horses in action take the principal part.

A COMPANY from Spain had intended to inaugurate a series of bull-fights in Paris; but the Minister of the Interior definitely stated that a positive refusal will be given to any application for permission to introduce these exhibitions into France.

M. CHODZKO, an able engineer, has just submitted to the Ministry of Public Communications a new project for a railway from Europe to India connecting Paris with Calcutta by way of Warsaw, Tiflis, and Peshawur, in so far differing from that of Baron de Lesseps, who advocated the construction of a line from Paris *via* Warsaw, Orenberg, and Peshawur to Calcutta, extending over 9,660 versts, as its realization demands only a length of 8,940 versts.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that many English pickpockets, if the reports of the French police are to be believed, are reaping a golden harvest at the Paris Exhibition. Continental workmen may surpass us Britons in their artistic taste and their appreciation of combinations in colour and form, but—say the Parisian detectives—Englishmen have it all their own way in the matters of picking and stealing with certainty and grace. Assuredly, the race of "Artful Dodgers" and "Fagins" is not yet extinct.

THERE is a Japanese in Paris who is a wonderful monument of Japanese progress. When the revolution took place in Japan the Tycoon was simply set aside, and the Mikado, the chief priest of the Empire, exalted to the supreme power. The Tycoon's brother, being for reasons of State considered better out of Japan than in it, has made himself an ordinary Parisian gentleman, and walks the Boulevards as though he never knew what it was to be worshipped as a great Prince. He neither displays his rank nor wishes it to be recognized. He likes best of all to be considered a good fellow. Practically he is poor, for part of his income goes to his family. He has no great vanity, and no restless ambition to re-ascend the throne of his fathers. He is quite happy and contented as a private gentleman. He will take "a cut off the joint" with an English friend, and enjoy it, too, as much as Thackeray did, or professed to do, and wants for nothing but to be regarded as a kindly, simple-hearted, pleasant fellow. The readiness with which he has adapted himself to circumstances is an example of the capacity of the Japanese to accept European doctrines and Western institutions without endangering their whole society.

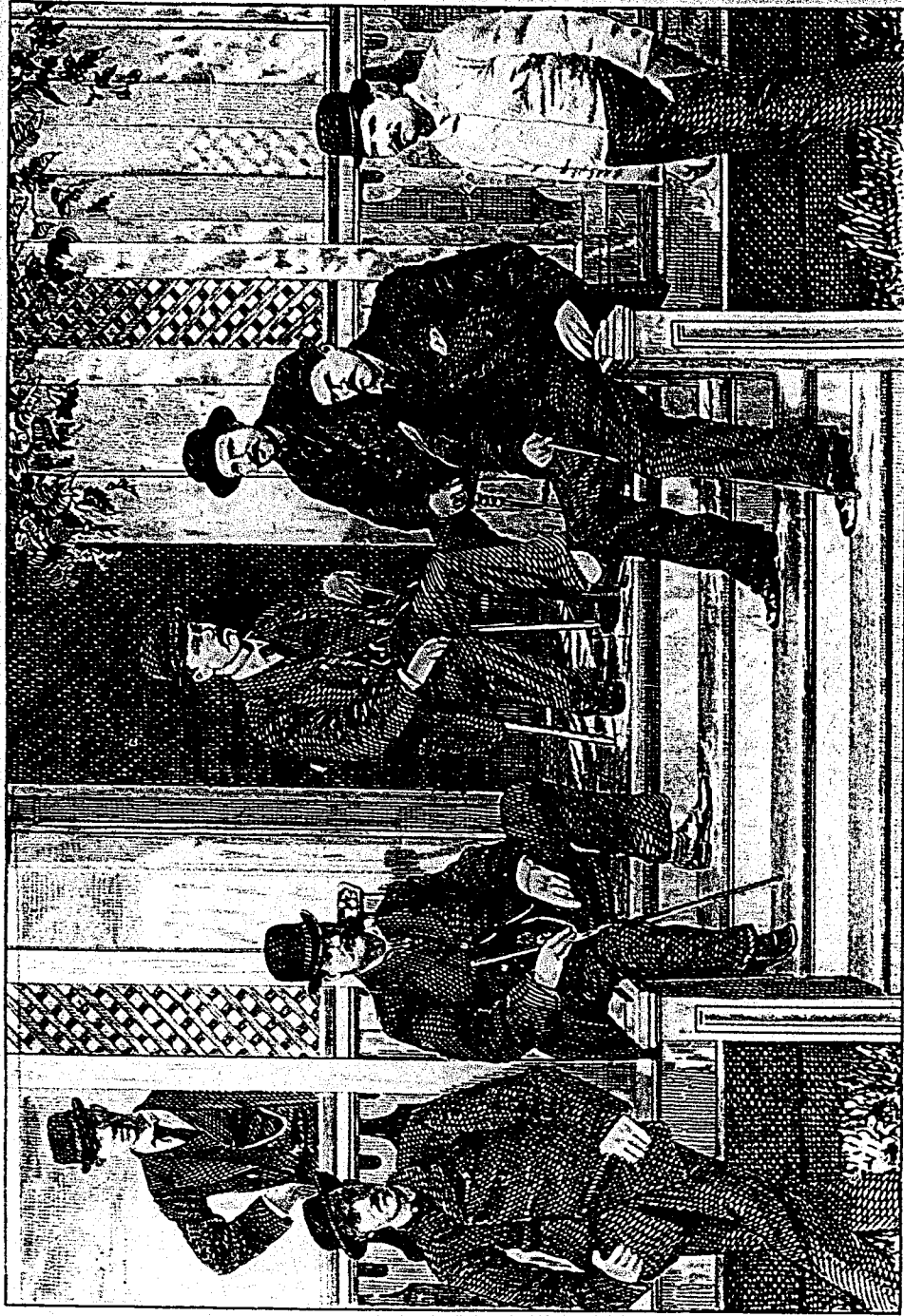
AUTUMN.

*Down from the North old Boreas brings
The biting frost on his icy wings,
That touches the river sweeping by,
And hardens the clouds in the autumn sky,
Staining the leaf on gorse and tree,
In gold and purple gloriously.
But the gold and purple that tell of his breath
Are rebiting the leaves for their early death.*

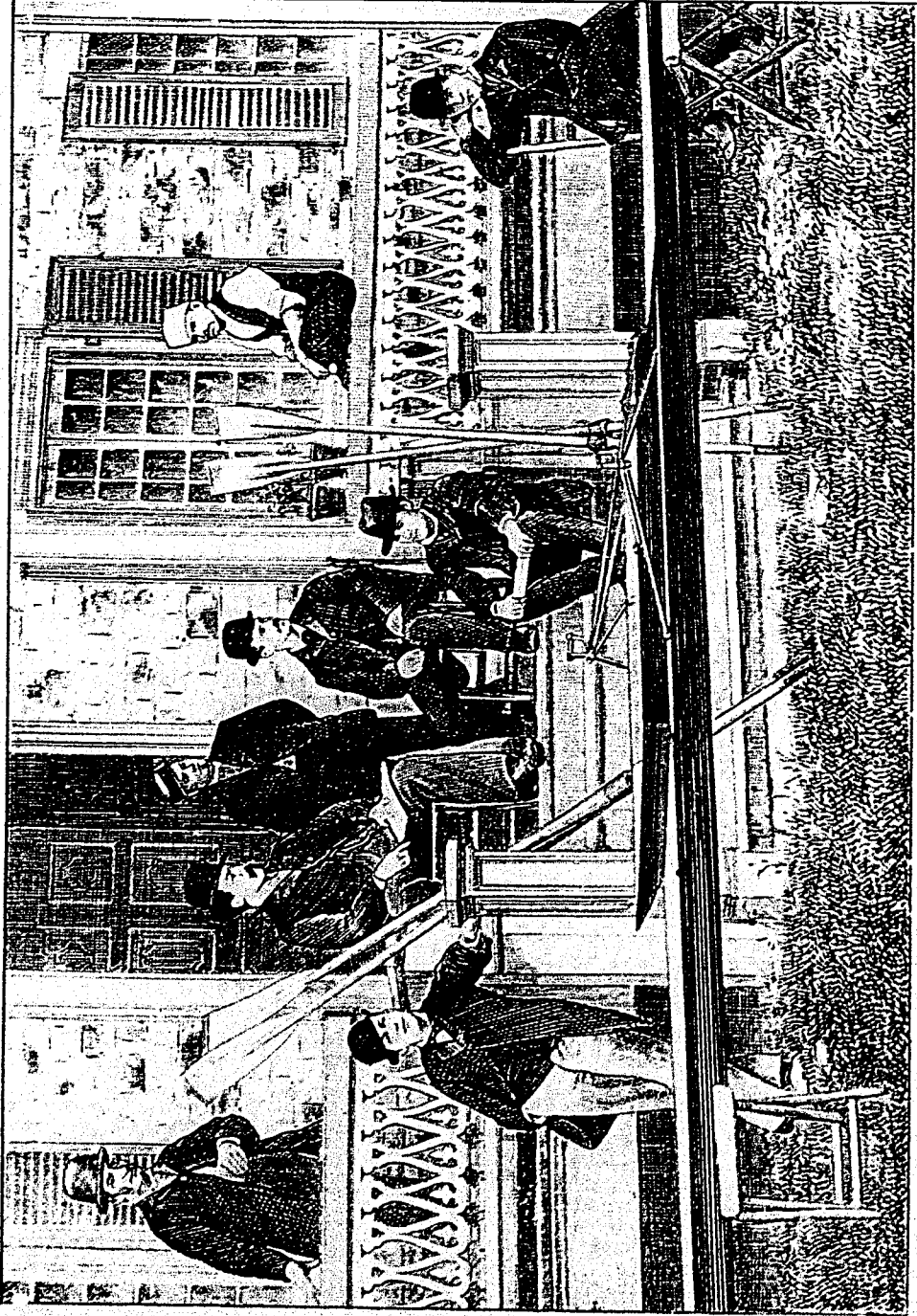
*Though the mists of the past from its twilight gray
Old Time speeds down on his shadowy way;
His wide silent pinions solemnly cast
A deepening shadow on his work in the past;
They darken the toiler striving for gold,
Or the purple of rank that is stately and cold;
For with gold comes age and his wintry breath,
And with glories of purple the shadows of death.*

Halifax, Sept., 1878.

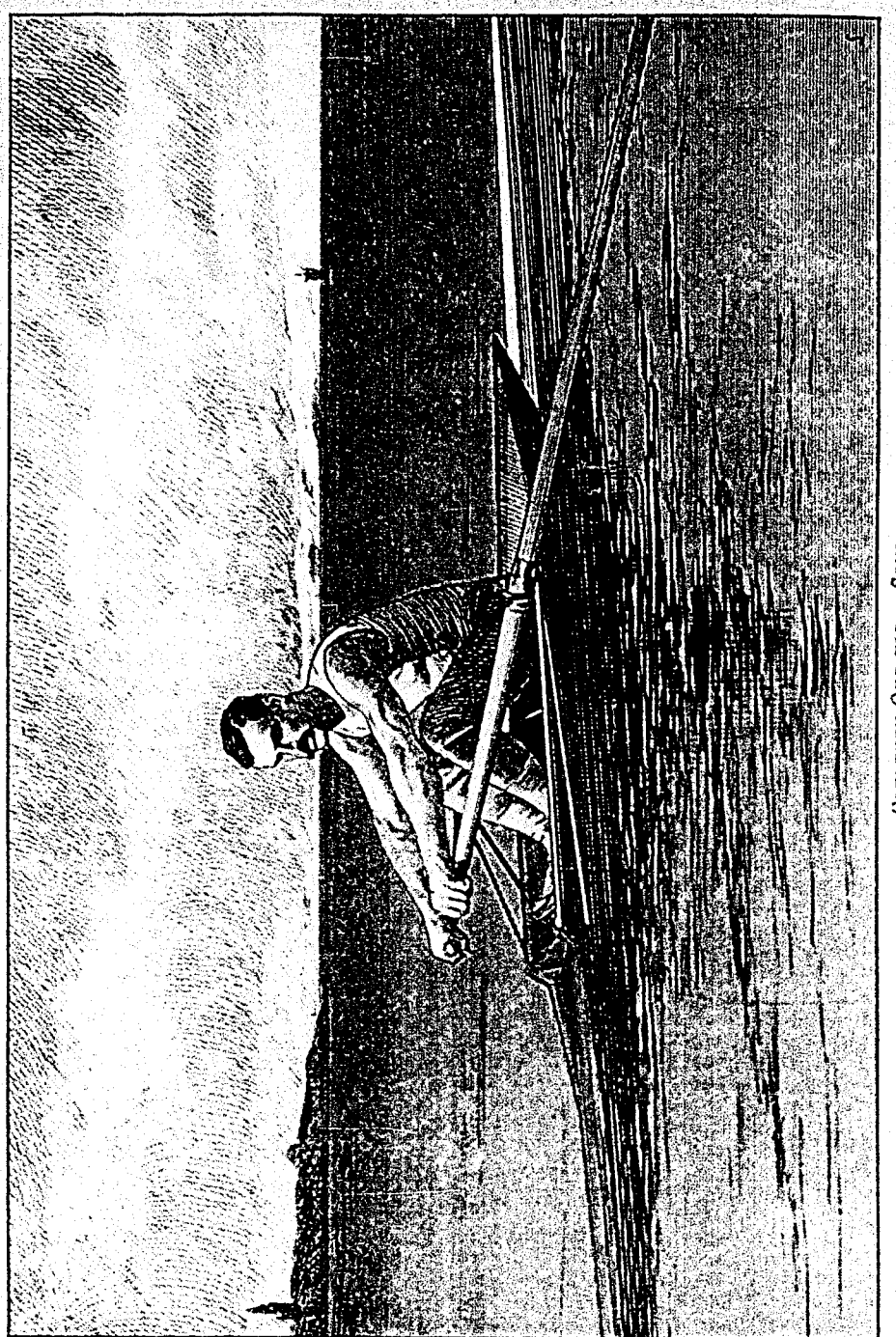
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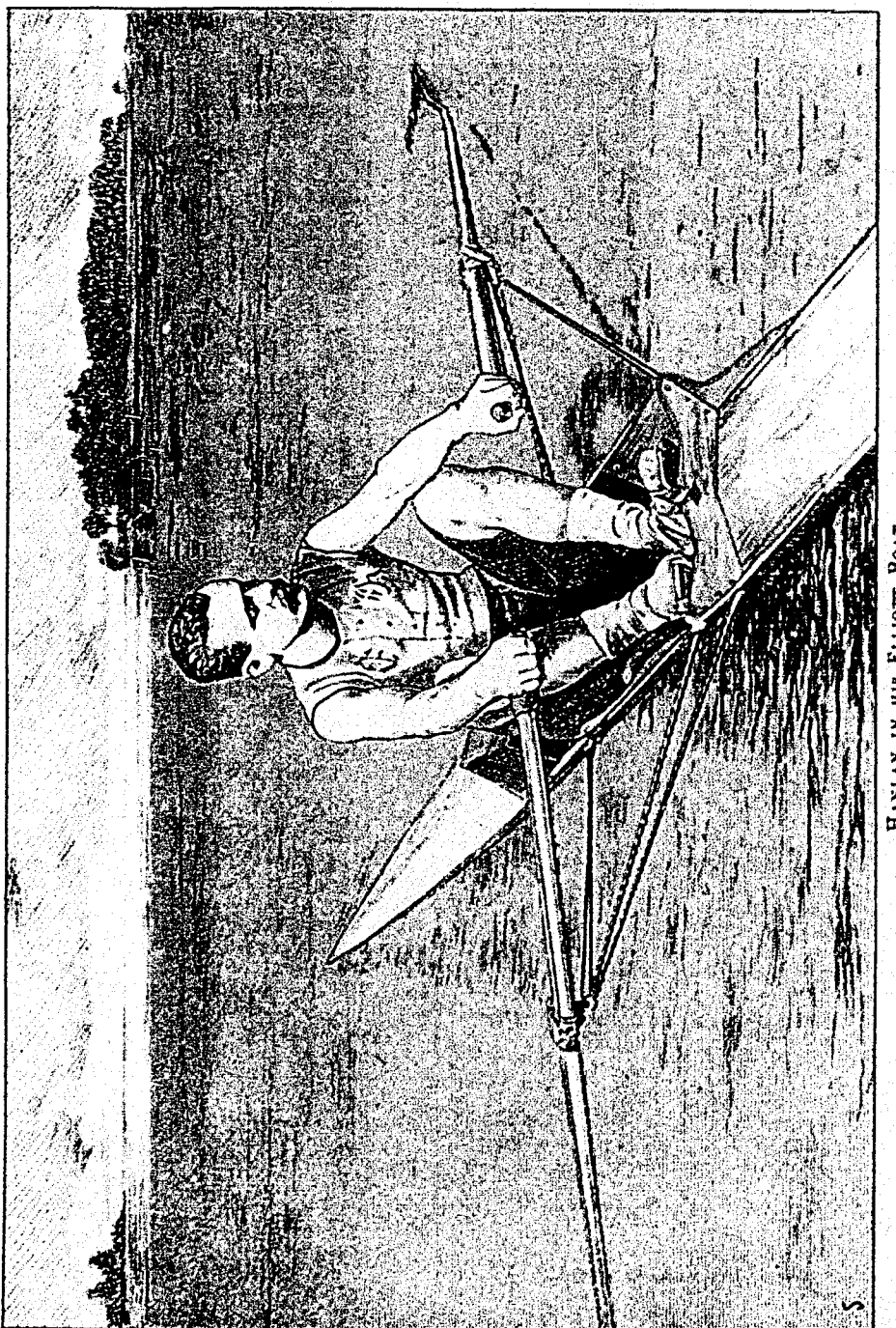
COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE AT LACHINE.



HANLAN'S BOAT-HOUSE AT LACHINE.



COURTNEY OUT FOR A SPIN.



HANLAN IN HIS FLEIOTT BOAT.

THE HANLAN-COURTNEY BOAT-RACE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN & SANDHAM.

VARIETIES.

TRAMPS' PARADISE.—A tramp came into our office yesterday and thus expressed his opinion of the town: "A fellow don't have to do no rustlin' here, not even enough to get up an appetite. You tackle a house and tell a woman that you're hungry, and instead of running you off with a broom, unloosing a watch-dog or axing you to chop some wood, she jist seems to feel orful sorry for to think that anybody kin be hungry, and stuffs you full of the best kind of grub agoing. Why, I've had seven meals to-day jist for the axing, an' swear if I stay here too long I'll git too plump for the bisness."

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.—Vennor says:—It is my impression that there will be a pretty general snow-fall very early in the month of October. That following this there will be a brief but well marked "Indian Summer," which will again be followed by a prolonged wet spell. Unless I am greatly mistaken the setting in of the winter of 1878-79 will be as marked for its unusual earliness as was that of 1877-78 for its extreme lateness. Navigation will close early, and will not open until late, so that the winter will be a long one. There will in all probability be an abundance of snow during the fore and latter part of the season, but judging from the number and severity of our thunder storms this summer I look for a warm and singularly open term towards mid-winter. The woods are already full of our winter birds.

RARE WINES.—There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because they have a smack that is not to the general taste. Lachryma Christi is sipped by travellers in Naples, but few flasks find their way far from their native slopes of Vesuvius. The white wine of Jurançon, sacred to the memory of the kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, cannot be bought. Every drop is bespoken years before by far-sighted Legitimist consumers. It is hard, even at Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles of white glass and bulbous shape that holds an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk by bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as syrup, and is, in fact, only a superior raisin wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porphyrogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian



ALFRED DESÈVE, VIOLIN SOLOIST TO H.M. ISABELLA II., EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.

territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in a less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which scorns to find purchasers not commemorated in the "Almanac de Gotha," but pseudo specimens of which, at about eight dollars a bottle, are to be had at Rhineland hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a thoughtful man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard.

A POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—A policeman having been called upon to shoot a dog in a yard on Brush street yesterday, took a seat on a fence, drew up his legs out of danger, and remarked to himself as he took aim: "The seat of all vitality is the heart, and here goes." A cow in the lot beyond threw up her head and went galloping around, and the dog trotted over the yard as if perfectly at home. The officer got good and ready and observed:

"The fear of death is often as strongly exhibited in beasts as in man, and their dying agonies have been known to bring tears to the eyes of their executors." Bang! A woman who was working up an old knot in the alley flung down the axe, put her head over the fence and warned the policeman that she didn't want to be bothered any more, though she wouldn't object to his shooting up in the air if the police regulations required it.

"Natural history asserts that the average life of a canine is four years," resumed the officer as he brought the revolver down again, "and that they are subject to fourteen different diseases. I will now take that chap right behind the ear, penetrating skull and brain and causing death in from two to four minutes." The smoke had scarcely lifted when a melon peddler, whose horse was coming down the street at a slow pace, rose up in his waggon and called out: "If you boys don't stop shootin' beans at me I'll wollop the hull crowd, rich ones and all! That 'ere last one just tickled my nose!"

"Natural hist—" began the officer, when the dog discovered a hole under the fence and slipped into the street and made off. "Natural history," repeated the blue-coat as he dropped off the fence, "explicitly states that dogs must stand still when being shot at, and if I didn't hit him it's the fault of education."



THE ENCAMPMENT ON THE BEACH.—SEE "TRIP IN A BOAT FROM TORONTO TO KINGSTON."—PAGE 238.

CANADA'S FAREWELL TO LORD DUFFERIN.

BY HENRY PRINCE.

"Loath to depart e'en with a thrice farewell,"
—April Sonnet.
Farewell! my Lord; alas! farewell! farewell!
Would I might say but simply "Au revoir!"
For 'tis but now, when time proclaims the end
Of our official friendship, and the hour
For thy departure beckons thee away,
I fully realize my loss, and feel
How much I love thee.

Ne'er before, my Lord,
From cradled infancy to present time,
Have I so sadly parted with a friend.
Go where thou wilt, my heart will follow thee;
And memory, with still increasing love,
Will ever press into the coming years,
And dwell with fondness o'er the happy past.
My blessings, on the wings of fervent prayers,
Shall knock at heaven's gate for benediction,
And being blest, shall graciously descend
To bless and crown with glory all thy days.

Not few have been the wise illustrious men,
Invested with all like authority,
Who, as Imperial guardians of the State,
Have nobly ruled to dignify the land,
So it might rear its young colossal head
Amongst the mighty nations of the earth.
And when the time hath come to bid "adieu"
To one whose star had shed a brighter light
In setting than his predecessor's star,
And left a lingering ray of love behind,
I've said "God speed," with many a heavy sigh.
But unto thee, my Lord—whose glorious star
All others hath eclipsed—hath been reserved
The moistened eye—the trembling heart and hand,
Sadly in unison—the quivering lips
That cannot utter audibly the sound
Of that most sad of all sad words—Farewell.

And well hast thou deserved my love and tears;
And that vast gratitude that flows to thee
From every heart throughout my wide domain;
For from the very hour when first thy feet
Press'd light and lovingly Canadian soil,
Thou hast not ceased in diligence and zeal
To raise to lofty eminence my name
Whene'er occasion gave the time and place—
By wondrous words of eloquence and force;
By happy thoughts, exquisitely expressed;
By sage advice, that sagas might accept;
By counsel, that a counsellor might keep;
By love, that brought love tenfold back again;
By kind regard and tenderness of speech,
Where high-born manners had no name or place;
By hospitality that knew no bound.
Unless the limit of that moral sense
That ever marks the noble, wise and good;
By many a deed that bless'd the Orphan's home,
And cheer'd the Dumb, and comforted the Blind;
By many an untold charitable act,
Unchronicled by any saving God—
For modesty is not the least, my Lord,
Of all thy great and noble attributes.

But why rehearse what all my people know?
Praise can but fail, where praise cannot extol!
From Gaspé, forth to yon Pacific slope,
Thy name is registered in every heart,
And all thy words and deeds now boldly stand
Like facts in figures, speaking for themselves.

But yet, my Lord, I could not let thee go
Without some verbal token of esteem;
Some faint expression of my love, in words
That may find echoes in thine own warm heart,
When time and tide betwixt us intervene.

Farewell! again, my Lord, farewell! farewell!
May all good angels guard thee on the sea,
And bear thee safely to that fair green Isle
Where loving hearts in watchfulness await
Thy long'd-for presence. Should it e'er occur
For some propitious chance to bring thee near
The scenes where thou hast laboured and hast lov'd,
Oh! come, my Lord! a greeting thou shalt have
Of royal character; yea! such as Kings
Are wont from loyal subjects to receive.
Good-bye, my Lord! Farewell! Good-bye—Good
bye!

WAS IT SUICIDE?

Rev. W. H. H. Murray in the Golden Rule.

Two men.

One, John Norton. You all know him, John Norton, the trapper.

The other—well, I don't know his name. John Norton didn't know it himself. You see, the man came into camp one day—coming up the Racquette; and he went out of it before the next morning by the way of another river that most men dread to sail on, but which seemed to him pleasant enough to seek it; and it is about this other river and the way the man launched out on it, and why he came to do so in the way he did—a rather abrupt way, perhaps, some would think, that I wish to tell you.

I said I didn't know his name. That doesn't matter, perhaps. At the two extremities of life names signify little provided the circumstances are of a certain class. What does it matter what the name of a babe is if there is no one to love him? Names are for the strong and those that move amid the world's activities. But the weak—the very weak, I mean, and they who stand on the thin edge of the world's doing, and on the very point of quitting it for ever—well, what use have these for names, and what matters it whether they have a name or not?

So we all agree that it doesn't matter what the man's name was.

What sort of a man was he? Well, there was nothing very remarkable about the man by which to distinguish him from other men. He was old—seventy perhaps—he was pretty well broken down as respects his bodily structure; that is, he showed signs of age. His hair was gray. It had been black once. His face was deeply wrinkled. I dare say that his body had the pains that seventy years bring to flesh and blood; but beyond these ordinary marks and symptoms of decay there was nothing by which to specially describe him. Take an old man of seventy that you know, of noble countenance, and he will look very like the man that came

into John Norton's camp one morning and went out of it the next.

Eyes? Well, yes, his eyes were remarkable. By the way, what strange things eyes are. What deceits they are. How they can lie. Don't you think so? Why, I saw a thief the other day on a rail car caught in the very act, looking into the face of the officer with the eyes of a saint. How frank they were! How clear and steady of gaze! No shriveling of the lids! No variability of the retina! No uneasiness in the look; and yet the man was a thief! but this man's eyes were peculiar in one thing; the look in them was the look of a man that never looks back, and never looks at things that are near; the look of a man that looks steadfastly for something ahead and something far away. I can't describe it any better than that; perhaps you can catch my meaning. If you don't it doesn't matter. The man's appearance doesn't affect my story much anyway.

"Do you think it wrong for a man to commit suicide, John Norton?"

The trapper deliberated a moment, and then said: "The word is a new one to me, friend. Can ye show me the trail by some other track?"

"Is it right for a man to take his own life, John Norton? That is what I mean," answered the other.

This time the trapper deliberated even longer than before. He fingered the hammers of his rifle as if he were trying the lock, for a minute, and then said:

"I've seen the thing did, friend, but the circumstances was unusual."

"Did you say that you had known a case where a man took his own life?" said the other.

"Sartinly, sartinly," answered the trapper, "I've seed it did. Ye see fire is hard to bear, and the redskins be cunnin' at tormentin', and to escape burnin' I've seed men kill themselves. Yis, I've seed even officers who ought to be rational, blow their brains out with their pistols rather than be taken alive by the varmints."

"Were you ever tempted to do it yourself?" asked the stranger.

"Never," answered the trapper solemnly; "the ills and the dangers of life came with the life accordin' to the Lord's orderin', and the days of our bearin' them be writ in a book, and the will of the Lord is that we live and bear up till the day comes round. Leastwise, that is the way the thing looks to me. Does it not look the same to you, friend?" queried the trapper.

"It does not," answered the man.

The trapper looked at the man quickly and searchingly; then the look in his eyes softened, and he said:

"Friend, yer head be as white as mine, and the years have made them white, and the troubles, too, should have made ye wise. I would like to hear yer reasons for the sayin' ye have said."

"My years are as many as yours, beyond a doubt," responded the man, and he looked at the head of the trapper as one old man will look at the head of another when speaking of their years, "and my troubles have been many and dire;" and here the man paused a moment and then added, "Have you had many troubles, John Norton?"

"Nothin' wuth speakin' of," answered the trapper, "and sech as a reasonable man expects. No, I can't say that I ever had any actual trouble."

"Have you ever had any great grief, ohn Norton?"

"I've buried one or two that made the world look empty after they was gone," responded the old man.

"Children?" queried the stranger.

"Arter the sperit; yis, children, arter the sperit. That makes them mine, as I conceit," and the look which the trapper gave his companion had the force of an interrogation.

"It ought to," replied the stranger, in answer to the look. "Children after the flesh may not be children, but children of the spirit and the soul remain ours forever."

The man said this with dignity.

"I've built somethin' on that idea," responded the trapper.

"What you've built will stand," said the other sententiously.

For perhaps a minute nothing was said. Both men sat with grave faces looking steadily off across the lake at the mountain, which lifted its green slope up from the other side. Perhaps they were looking beyond the mountain. Most of us do, occasionally. Then the man said, somewhat timidly, as if feeling his way:

"Did you ever lose a wife, John Norton?"

"I never married," responded the trapper.

"You are strong yet," suggested the man, and he looked at the stalwart frame of the trapper.

"If I fetched a trail from Mount Seward, good thirty miles. I reckon, yisterday," returned the trapper.

"You must be very strong," returned his companion, and he looked at the broad proportions of the trapper, and then he glanced at his own feeble body, adding, "I am not very strong myself. I have a good many pains. I suffer a good deal. I don't know why I should stay"—

the man paused at this point. He had been talking as a man talks who is trying to bring the conversation round to a certain point and is not making a success of it. At last he said as if he would get over the difficulty with one dash:

"What is dying, John Norton?"

"It's goin' out of the body, as I conceit," answered the trapper.

"Is it anything else?" answered the man meditatively.

"Sartinly," replied the trapper; "it's goin' into a body."

"The body then," continued the man, "is a sort of house in which we live, is it not?"

"That's he way it looks to me," answered the trapper.

"When the house gets old and unfit to live in, have we a right to open the door and go out seeking a new and better one, John Norton?"

"The Lord who gave us the house, alone knows when it is unfit; leastwise, no hand but his should open the door, as I conceit," answered the trapper.

"John Norton," and the man spoke earnestly, "listen. Look at this body; it is worn out. Its remaining strength only increases my pain. It affects my mind. Even the gifts of the Lord are no benefit. The beauty of the day, the glory of the night, the loveliness of the earth and the splendor of the heavens are not apprehended. My eyes are dim, so that I cannot see. My hearing is dull. I only half taste my food, I tire easily. A little toil in the day fills the night with suffering. I am well, but my body is sick. The tenant is noble and more needy than ever, for I need finer and higher things than I once did; but the house has become a hovel. Why should I stay in it?" and he put the question to the trapper with force, almost imperiously.

Perhaps it was the sudden earnestness of the man; perhaps it was the influence of the facts he had stated on his mind which caused him to remain silent; whatever was the cause, the trapper made no reply, but remained looking steadfastly at his guest. Then again spoke the man.

"What is life? Residence in one spot? No; it is movement. Why should we sanctify a spot and say that we must stay there forever?—say it is wicked to leave it? Why keep the soul pent, when it would move up and move on? Are the activities of the body and the soul one and the same? Certainly not. If the activities of the body fail, why should the activities of the soul come to a halt? Why should the higher be made slave to the lower? Why should the immortal wait the pleasure of that which dies? The body was given me as a blessing. It has ceased to be such—ceased to be such by no fault of mine; but by the working of laws inherent in its own weakness. It has not only ceased to be a blessing; it is a curse. Why should I stay in it, John Norton? Why should I not open the door to-night—the door of my prison, remember—and go out of my captivity into the wide liberties of the freed spirits that move in bodies that never die?"

The man was speaking, not only with earnestness, but even with passionate utterance now. His eyes glowed. His face lighted. And when he spoke of going out of the prison into the wide liberties, he swept his hand into the air with a gesture of mighty significance.

Again the trapper remained silent, and again the man resumed:

"You said, John Norton, you have no wife, I had one—I mean, I have one; but she is not here. For forty years we lived together—lived together in love. God gave us children, I was not lacking means. My fortune was abundant. Our home was all a home could be. We lived and labored together. We performed duty. We gave to the poor. But what have I now? My wife is gone; my children are gone; my home is gone; my fortune is gone; my strength is gone. I have no one to love on this side. I have nothing to do. There is no reason why I should stay. I shall open the door. I shall open it to-night. I shall go out and find my strength and new duties, and my old loves. The finding of the three will be in heaven."

For a moment nothing was said. The two men sat looking steadfastly across the water at the mountain which lifted its green slope on the other side—looking beyond the mountain as well. The new world lay beyond the mountain. The new world? The old, old world, we should rather say—the old perfect world—old without age, and as perfect as God. The two men sat looking into it—looking as the young never look. Why should they? Their time to look hasn't come.

At length the trapper said:

"It may be ye are right, friend; but arter my way of thinkin' there be some things not given for mortal to fix; and the time that a man is to be born, and the time he is to die, is not within the reach of his orderin'. I have knowed them that was born too late; and I have knowed them that was born too early. And I've seed many die; and the same might be said of their dyin'; leastwise, it seems so to me. But the Lord be wise, and man be ignorant, and he alone knows when it is best for the trail to end—whether it be hard or easy to travel; and, therefore, I say, that, arter my way of thinkin' ye be wrong, and should wait, with the patience of a man who has seed trouble, for the Lord to give ye release."

"I do not accept your doctrine," said the man, "for your position limits man's sovereignty. I hold that it is intended that man should have authority over his surroundings and shape them for his happiness; where he should live is a matter of personal choice. He is to be wise—very wise—wise enough to leave a spot and conditions when they become hurtful. I am wise enough to see that my present residence forbids me to fulfil duty, to engage in honorable service, or enjoy life. I propose to leave it and seek another, where the conditions are adequate for an honorable career and an enjoyable experience."

"It has always seemed to me a leetle cowardly

for man to hasten his death," retorted the trapper; "if the burden be heavy a man should bear it till he drops, and not shirk it."

"There is no virtue, John Norton, in merely bearing adversity as an ox bears a yoke. There must be a worthy object perceived of the mind or burden-bearing is without significance. If there is no wise purpose to serve, there is no wisdom in bearing it. In my case the life I bear is a burden, borne without any object. I get, therefore, no moral betterment; no worthy exercise of faculty; no development of the qualities that ennoble me."

Here the man paused a moment, then added: "I suspect, old trapper, that the cowardice is not seen in our voluntary surrender of life, but in our grasping retention of it. It is the fear of death, and not reverent patience, that makes mortals hold back from the grave. Their superstition makes it a pit and not a pathway, and so they cling to life. Did they have faith in themselves; did they but know their greatness—the indestructibility of life—the immortality of being—that death is only an incident, weighty only because it brings emancipation from ills that be, and gives introduction to a world into which ills never come—did they but know this, old trapper, do you think they would race and chase the world over to escape it? Men cling to life because they fear the hereafter; because they doubt themselves; not because they have humility enough to wait God's will. But I fear no hereafter; it is only the extension of the time that is. The God of the future is none other than the God of the present. I see him now, and I love him now. Nor do I doubt myself. I am at peace with men. I am upright in spirit. I am good enough to live. I own the future by the strength of my goodness. It is an ample band. I repented and believed. The Wise Man of the East spoke truth. I have accepted his truth. I have everlasting life. I have it, old trapper. I have it now. The everlastingness is in me. I feel it. It moves like a current through my spirit. It beats like a pulse in my soul. The grave is only a spot about which, passing in my onward flight, I shall fly out of my old self and fly into a new structure and a new plumage. The old self will fall into it, and I, delivered, shall go on to infinite voyages. This world is a thing man uses, and when he has outgrown its use he is done with it. He therefore leaves it. I have outlived its use; I shall leave it."

As the man said this, his voice lowered and a happier sound came to it as he said:

"I have outlived its use; I shall leave it, I am glad to say good-bye to it and meet this sweet surprise of the future."

Again he paused. As he looked toward the mountain his face was bright and cheerful as one thinking of pleasant themes. After a while he asked:

"Do you know why I have come to this spot, old trapper?"

"It's a cheerful spot for either the young or old to visit," evasively answered the trapper.

"I will tell you why I came here," continued the man, speaking as if he had not heard the trapper's reply. "I came to do what I admit to be a solemn act. I came to surrender my body to the elements from amidst which it was originally called. To me it is my second birthday. I wish by the high communion to prepare myself for its happiness. I have heard of you as one wise, good and thoughtful of strangers. As a wise man I wish to talk with you. As a man I wished to commune with you. As one thoughtful of strangers I wished to ask your assistance. I also wished to spend my last days on the earth amid the beauties and the peacefulness of nature as she reveals them in these woods. In the city I should be a beggar in death. I should be compelled to beg my hearse, my coffin, my grave. Here I am rich. I own all. As an old man may claim from another old man, I can claim of you the services which friend pays to friend when spirit has departed from body. I have eaten at your table to-day. I shall leave my body to-night; you will bury it to-morrow. I would like it to have a suitable grave. Can you guide me to such a spot, old trapper?"

The trapper imitated his guest in rising. That he regarded his guest as perfectly sane; that he had respect for his judgment; that he accepted the conversation as utterly honest, and the stranger's view as final—was shown by the fact that he yielded instant compliance with the stranger's request.

"There is a place just behind the rock there that I've often conceived would make a cheerful spot for a grave; for the pines be big over it, and the water makes pleasant music on the white sand and leetle stuns underneath. We will go and see it."

The next morning the trapper rose at the usual hour. He did not go to the bed occupied by his guest at once. He went and stood in the doorway. He even went to the spring and brought a pail of fresh water. He acted as if his guest were asleep, sleeping a needed sleep, and would fain not wake him; but at length he entered the house and moved with a steady and measured step to the bedside of his guest.

The man was lying on his back, his hands by his side, and his face composed with that composure, the complete tranquility of which no earthly trouble can ever ruffle. The trapper looked steadily at him for a moment, and then he bent towards him so as to command a view of the farther side of the body. A knife lay on the blanket, and one keen, delicately-shaped blade was open. The trapper took it up and looked at it. The sharp point of it was colored

with a stain. He stooped and looked at the wrist. It had been punctured just above the pulse, for a slight wound was there, and blood-stains were on the white skin. The trapper reached over and felt of the blanket. In one little spot it was moist—that was all.

The trapper looked astonished. He gazed on the face of the pillow, white with the sure whiteness that never deceives. He looked at the knife blade, with its stained point; then at the wrist, with slight incision; and then he made a re-examination of the bedding, this time closely. On it, beyond a few drops, there was no blood. The man had evidently prepared himself for this act, had opened his knife, had pressed the point of the blade into the flesh, puncturing, as he supposed, the artery, but by a misjudgment had missed the artery and had made a slight incision in the flesh that lies one side of it.

It is said that the imagination is able to kill; that under similar circumstances men have from sheer imagination that they were bleeding to death, actually died.

Why is it so in this case? Certainly not a dozen drops of blood had left his body, yet there was the white face, and the knife, and the wounded wrist.

What killed him? How did he die? Was it a natural death? Was it suicide?

MADAME L'AMBASSADRICE.

THE RUDE OLD MAN SHE MET AT THE LITTLE WATERING PLACE OF BADHEIM.

I.

Before proceeding to his new post, the Ambassador, with his pretty wife, paid a flying visit to the waters of Badheim. The sovereign to whom the Ambassador was accredited was at Badheim, and had received the new plenipotentiary's credentials.

It was ten o'clock on the day after their arrival when the Marquise rose; nevertheless she insisted on taking her first bath before breakfast. People were leaving the building as she entered it, and when she left it everybody was at breakfast. The road leading from the town to the springs was absolutely deserted.

A walk after one's bath is the correct thing, and the Marquise liked walking, so after reaching the town she turned back, and even wandered aside to a row of little booths beneath the trees, where were exposed for sale the special products of the neighbourhood, gew-gaws ugly enough, and horrible caskets, things not to be looked at at home, but to be bought at any place where one has spent a week, though as a rule the stereotyped inscription, "Souvenir de Badheim," only recalls things that would have been quite as pleasant anywhere else.

II.

Mme. de N. was examining a necklace of rock crystal and torques and a casket of lapis lazuli, when a gentleman stepped before the same booth. The shopkeeper went towards him obsequiously, but with a peremptory gesture the new customer waved him off.

He might have been from fifty-five to sixty years of age, the new customer; his eye was yet keen, though he had gray hair and here and there a wrinkle; he was handsomely dressed and had an air of distinction. He watched the lady with undisguised interest; but, bless you, she is used to that, and then when one appears in a satin gilet embroidered with gay flowers, a Charles II. hat, step-ladder-heeled boots and cornucopia skirts, one cannot expect to escape being observed.

"Take the necklace to the hotel," she finally said; then turning where the casket lay on the showcase, she continued: "That's rather pretty—what's"—when the new customer picked it up and presented it to her with a respectful bow and the words:

"Permit me, madame, to offer you this souvenir of Badheim; it will remind you of our first meeting."

She looked at him chillingly without speaking, and he smiled benevolently as he still held the casket out to her, and added:

"I see, madame, that you do not recognize me, and yet I have had the honour of seeing you once before at Paris."

III.

With a look more of surprise than of anger she swept to the door, looking him full in the face, however, to show him that the second attack had failed.

He followed her out into the road—followed her closely.

"Not so fast, madame, I beg of you," said he; "my legs are not what they were twenty years ago. Will you not, then, suffer me to gratify the passionate desire I have to make your acquaintance?" (This in a tone of the greatest courtesy, and as if his request had not been malignantly impertinent.)

Having followed her for a little distance, he quickened his pace and walked on at her side.

She stopped short. "Is this stupid pleasantry to last much longer?" she said; "are there no policemen in this peculiar country?"

"You would have me arrested? Pray, just look at me, madame. Is my face that of a man who would wish any one harm? Do you not recall it? Think now."

She had a very vague idea of having seen him somewhere, but where or when—"It is none of my business, sir," she said, "to read your countenance, but I can understand your manner, and it is one of brutal insolence."

"If the compliment were not a trifle stale, I should say that you are as severe as you are beautiful. 'Brutal insolence,' indeed. That's complimentary," and he laughed heartily, but with such a provoking and superior calm that she lost all patience.

"Go your road, sir," said she; "this must end."

"My road, madame, is yours. Wherever you go I will."

"But I do not grant you permission to accompany me."

"I asked you for none; I permit myself."

"This is too much," said the lady, lifting her umbrella—a travelling umbrella with a business-like handle.

IV.

"Strike, but hear me," said the unknown, laughing pleasantly. "In a passion you are absolutely charming. Why do you fear me?"

"I fear, sir, to be seen in company with any one with whom I am not acquainted. Further, whatever your object may be, such a forcing of your company upon me is—I cannot find words to qualify it. You know who I am and yet you dare—"

"As you say, I dare. And if you were not what you are, believe me, madame, in spite of your beauty and grace, I would not be seen walking with you. I am hard to please, and unless a woman is absolutely perfect she has nothing to hope for from me. As for you, you please me more than I can tell you, and it will not be my fault if we are not soon on pleasanter and more intimate terms. At a watering-place, you know, we are not quite so strict in these matters—"

"You may not be, sir; but I give you warning that if you dare to present yourself at my door it will be closed in your face."

"That makes no difference. If you don't wish me to visit you, suppose you come and see me."

She stared at him with all her eyes.

"To-night—to supper—what say you? I have a French cook—"

The insult was not to be brooked.

Whack! went the handle of Mme. de N.'s umbrella across his face.

V.

The blow was a hearty one, but with a gracious smile he picked up his hat, bowed as he replaced it, and resumed—

"You will sup with me to-night, then. Indeed, it is the least you could do by way of atonement for this little display of vivacity. You had no right—"

"I had a right—"

"Pardon me; no words justify a blow, though you may resent violence with equal violence. That is the law, as any one will tell you. No apologies! You may think me vain, but I assure you that no woman ever refused to sup with me, and when once you have accepted an invitation you will want to come again."

"Sir—"

"Please don't be angry; I am simply stating a well-known fact."

"My husband will—"

"Your husband will not object. We'll have him to dinner with you sometimes, but in warm weather like this supper is infinitely jollier than dinner. I shall expect you to-night. Good-day," and, with a profound obeisance, the unknown departed.

VI.

The Ambassador was finishing breakfast, when his wife entered and told him her odd adventure.

"My child," said the Marquis, "when you will insist on going out on stilts, and with your skirts glued to you, you needn't be surprised if—"

"But there was no mistake about it; he knew who I was."

"Then, probably, he thought you were rather a giddy representative of France."

"Still I can't go and sheath myself in a black moire scabbard, as the women used to do at Louis Philippe's court."

"Not a bad idea, by the way, as representing a bourgeois simplicity, and inasmuch as we are Republicans—"

Between her bath, her walk and her excitement the lady had acquired an appetite; she ate two cutlets and half a trout, and was about to eat something else, when a servant brought in a huge official envelope.

The King informed the Ambassador that he would receive the new member of the Diplomatic Corps and the Marquise that evening at a private audience, and that a later date would be designated for his official reception.

Two conclusions might be drawn from this: Either the King intended to signify his extraordinary friendship for M. and Mme. de N., or he desired to break as gently as might be in a social interview such unpleasant news as could not very well be communicated on a formal occasion. Alas, the not entirely cordial relations between the two powers left it to be feared that the latter proposition was the correct one.

VII.

At 11 p.m. the Marquise was ready. Simple toilet of embroidered white crepe, ruches and fanfreluches, but no jewelry—not a flower, this

presentation being of the most friendly and least formal character. At the last minute she put on the rock-crystal necklace, indicating her desire for the prosperity of the industries of the country.

The Chamberlain awaited them at the head of the palace stairs.

"His Majesty," he said to the Ambassador, "desirous of establishing friendly personal relations with you before your official reception at Court, has condescended to receive you to-night *en famille*."

"I am, sir, profoundly grateful to the King for his goodness," said the Marquis bowing.

The Chamberlain offered his arm to Mme. de N., and they traversed a long hall, filled with statues and paintings, and entered the room where stood the King, surrounded by his family, his aides and principal officials.

Suddenly the Marquis saw his wife start, shudder, and fall half fainting into the Chamberlain's arms.

Smilingly, and as if this was an every-day incident at his audiences, the King advanced to her, and, offering her his arm, said pleasantly to her husband:

"Do you know, Marquis, that your wife defends valiantly, sword—or, at least, umbrella—in hand, your honour and that of France. This morning she thought I offended her, and—see! I still bear the marks of her vengeance."

And the King pointed to a red and swollen welt across his face.

"And, Marquise," added the King, turning to her, "I was right. You have come to supper after all. And you will come again, and your husband will not object."

The King offered her his arm and escorted her to the table, where she found beside her plate the lapis-lazuli casket, and in it the King's portrait set in diamonds.

"Permit me, madame," he said, as he had said in the morning, "to offer you this souvenir of Badheim; it will remind you of our first meeting."

She accepted it this time.

A TURKISH INCIDENT.—The commander of the faithful was about to uniform his hosts, and a gigantic contract for cloth was ahead.

A contractor presented himself to the Minister of War, prepared to make his tender.

"How much a yard?" said the Minister softly, rubbing his fingers and thumb together.

"By the beard of Allah!" said the contractor, who was short-sighted, "thirty liras delivered f. o. b., and many goats defile my grandmother's grave if I make more than five liras profit a yard."

"Come again to-morrow," said the Minister of War, rather curtly, as the second contractor presented himself.

"What do you charge a yard?"

"By the thirty-nine imaams, forty liras, which leaves me fifteen liras a yard profit."

"A-ah," said the official, brightening up, "God is great. Just wait a minute till I see this other slave. How much do you want for your cloth, eh?"

"Sovereign lord," replied the third contractor falling upon his face while a wink shot over his left eye, "the slave of the footstool has some cloth all wool and warranted not to shrink, which I will lay upon the altar of my country for 50 liras a yard."

"And the profit thereupon," said the official in a voice checked with emotion, "is—"

"Is 16 liras a yard."

"O my soul, O my lamb," replied the Minister, "the contract is thine." And clapping his hands he bade the Nubian slave who appeared go bid his *bekokks* begin carting sand for his new palace.

A REMARKABLE ESTATE.—Dulford House, Collumpton, the residence of the late Mr. Bethel Walrond, whose strange and eccentric life was revealed by the will-suit that occupied so much time in the Probate Court at the early part of this year, certainly deserves the epithet "remarkable." The house and grounds are encircled by a brick wall a mile in circumference and twelve feet in height. During the life of the deceased the lawn was converted into a rabbit warren, in which were kept thousands of rabbits. Mr. Walrond's chief companions were his rabbits and his dogs. He held the belief that on the death of human beings their souls passed into the bodies of dogs. As these animals died he gave them a funeral, and on the lawn there are ten graves, each having a headstone bearing an inscription setting out the name of the animal, the place and date of birth, and the date at which it died. Until the day of his death Mr. Walrond kept in his house the embalmed body of a daughter whose soul he believed had found a resting-place in the body of one of the dogs. No one was admitted by the deceased to the premises without special permission for each visit, and the entrance as well as the front of the house was guarded by a number of cannon. The body of the deceased daughter was kept in his dressing-room, and his own bed-room was fitted up with the view of familiarising him with death. He slept in a massive canopied Devonshire oak bedstead, on the footboard of which were fixed three skulls of females. Over each corner of the bed was a black feather plume. In the bed so decorated he died. Deceased spent the greater portion of the last fifteen years of his life in the study of the law-suits in which he was involved, and in the pursuits of which he seemed to find enjoyment. It is remarked in the neighbourhood that he did not mind whom

he went to law with or on what subject he fought, and he was regardless of the amount of money spent if he could only beat his antagonist. At one time and another he employed over forty solicitors, and he requested that in every document his full title as a grandee of Spain and as a member of various orders should be set out. The extent of the deceased's estate in Devonshire was three thousand acres.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. HENRY IRVING, it is said, will, in his next season, appear in a play founded on the career of Robert Emmett. It is being written by Mr. Frank Marshall.

THE Alhambra resumes its powerful attraction in "Geneviève de Brabant," and Miss Soldene also resumes her attractions as the pastry-cook; her rich notes in "Do" tell effectively in this part, and she has charms of acting which cannot be gainsaid.

ARTISTIC.

THERE are about forty American students in and about Munich. A number of them have established themselves at Polling, a little village two miles from the Bavarian capital, and live and paint in an abandoned and picturesque old monastery. The large rooms make fine studios, and in the summer the regular residents are joined by the rest of the art colony.

THE Goupil Gallery, in Fifth Avenue, has been made once more attractive by the recent addition of a fine example of Bougereau, called "After the Bath." It represents a happy young mother holding her naked child in her lap and toying with it playfully. Ladies are delighted with the naturalness of the scene and action, and all admire the exquisite flesh tints.

MR. T. BABBITT has subscribed two thousand five hundred francs toward the completion of the great statue of "Liberty," which the Franco-American Union are to erect in New York Harbour. Mr. Babbitt, when addressing the sum to the committee, 175 Rue St. Honoré, stated that every American who loves his country can but have the most sincere attachment for France, and hoped that all would assist the committee in their work.

LITERARY.

DR. AUGUST HEINRICH PETERMANN, the well-known German geographer, died recently at Gotha.

MISS BRADDOCK has returned to London from her sojourn in Brittany. She wrote while there a work for holiday publication.

The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople is now Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, author of the well-known and justly-esteemed work on Russia, published with so much success about a year ago.

TENNYSON is preparing for the press a new idyll, "The Daughter of Dervarghal," founded on a romantic passage in Irish history, and having its scenery and incidents in Ireland.

IN less than a month letters have been received from 548 Roman Catholic journalists throughout Europe who intend to take part in the Press pilgrimage to the feet of the reigning Pontiff on the anniversary of his exaltation.

IN the Chancery division at London a few days ago application was made on behalf of Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, to restrain the *Christian Signal* Publishing Company from publishing without his permission a hitherto unpublished poem, called "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," which he wrote some time ago. Mr. Justice Field granted an interim order.

IT is stated that Mr. Carlyle has begun what he intends to be his last work. He has already made some progress with his autobiography, which, like his friend Mr. John Stuart Mill's, is to be published after his death. Mr. Carlyle will have a more than usually interesting story to tell. His youth was passed among all the great literary men of the generation passed away. He was one of the members of a club which may yet be as famous as Johnson's or the Socials. His style of late years has become exceedingly peculiar and funny.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

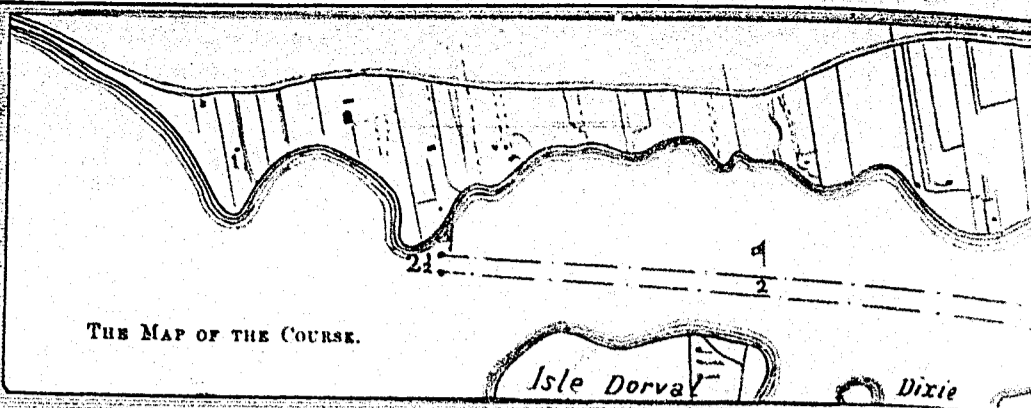
HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



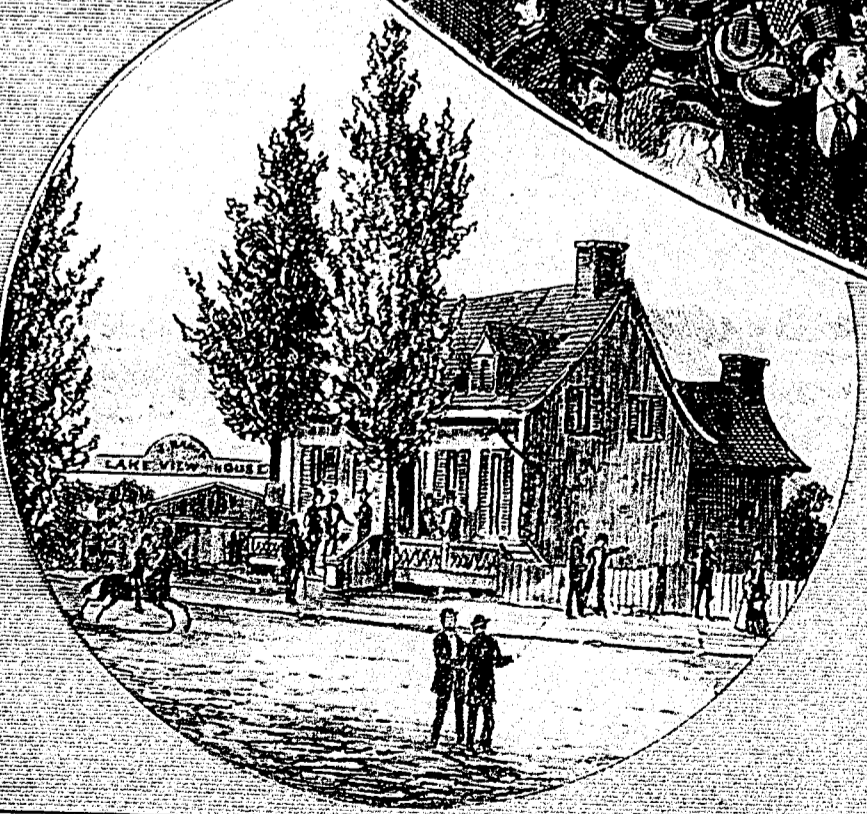
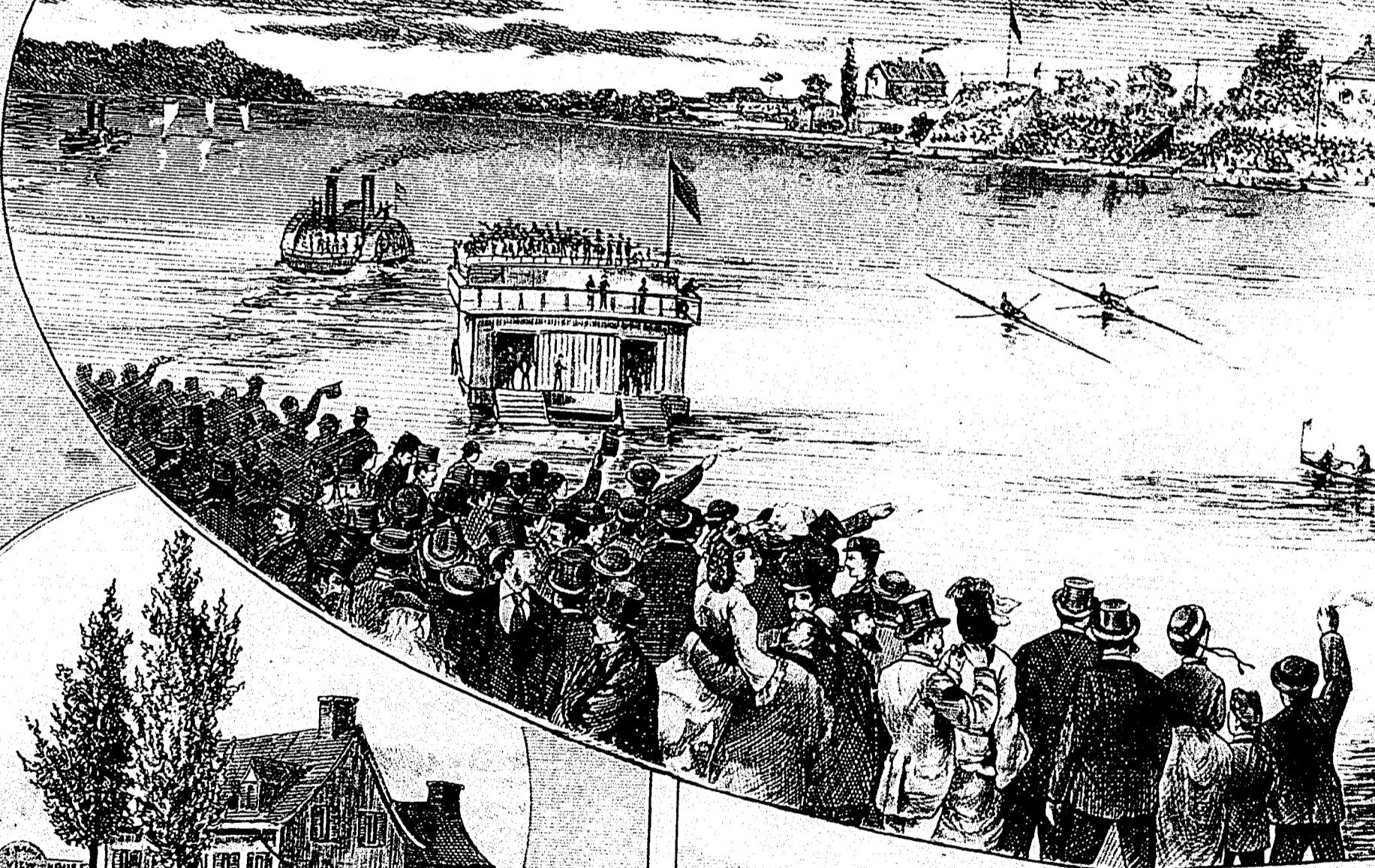
HANLAN'S HEADQUARTERS.



THE MAP OF THE COURSE.

Isle Dorval

Dixie



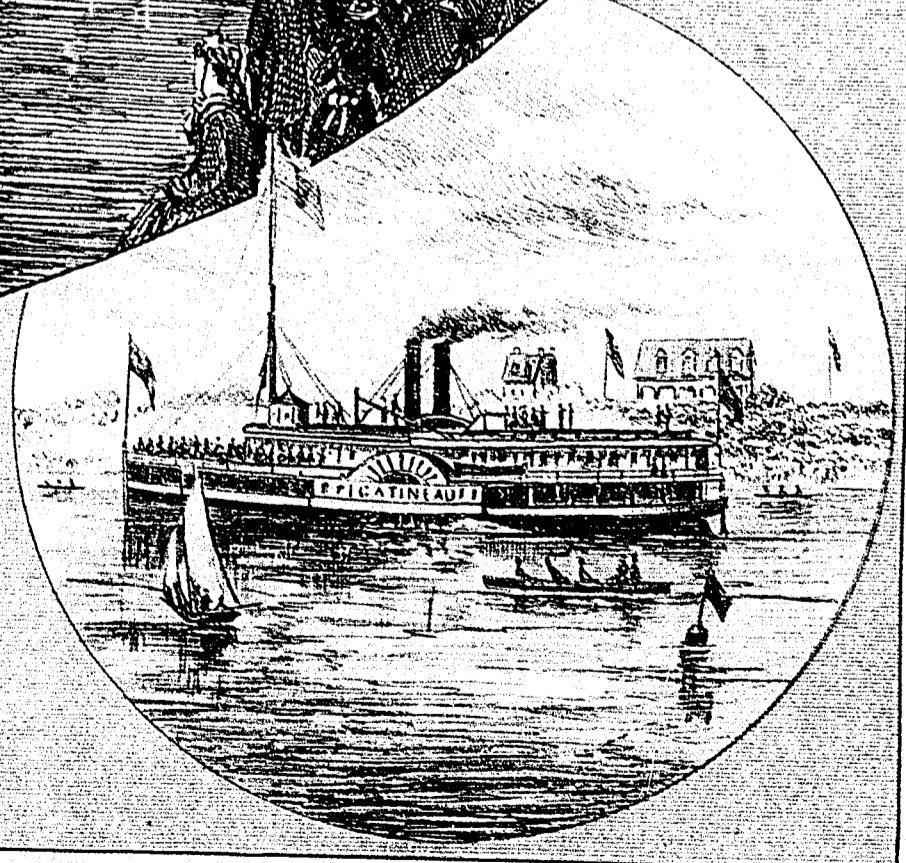
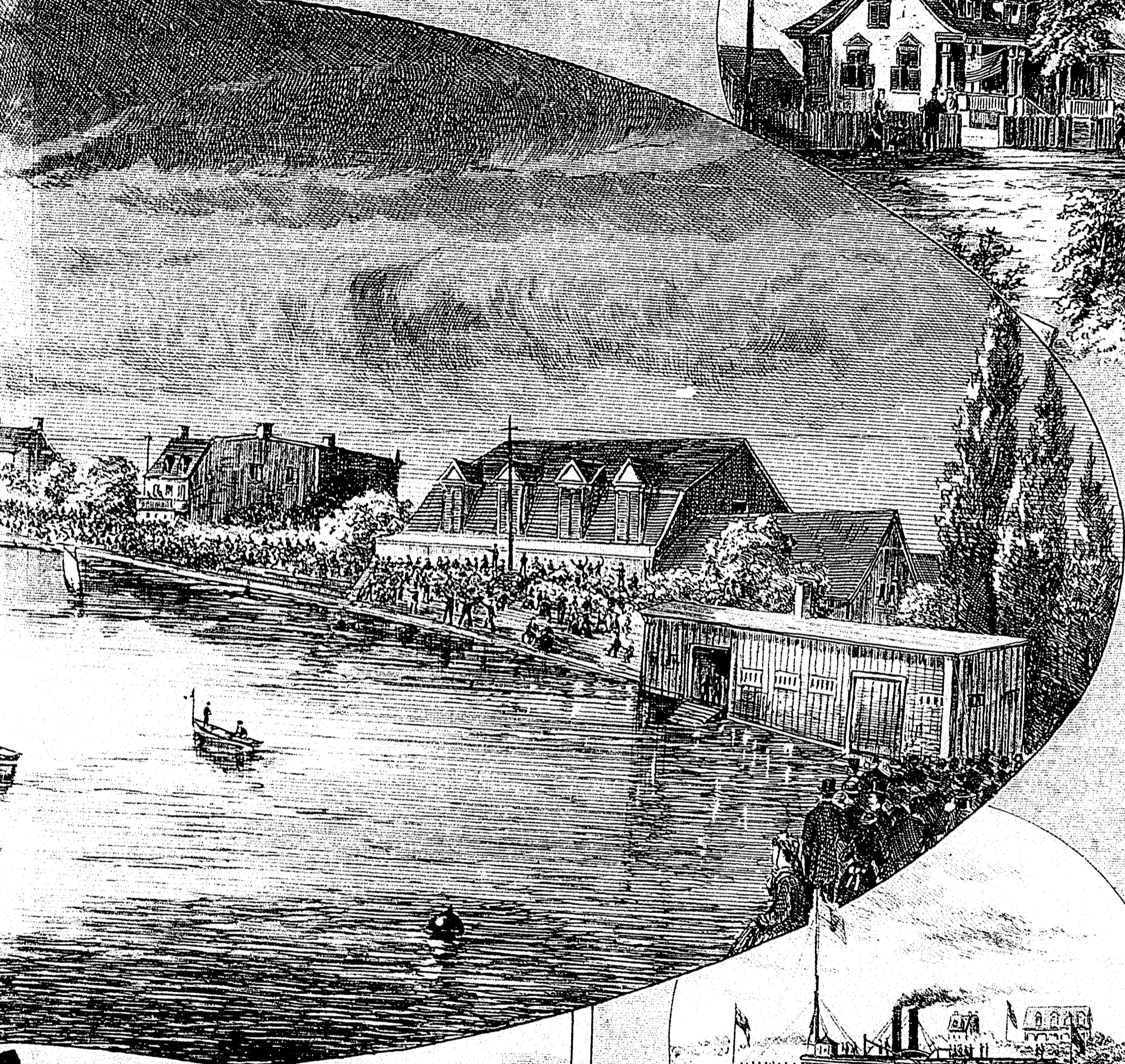
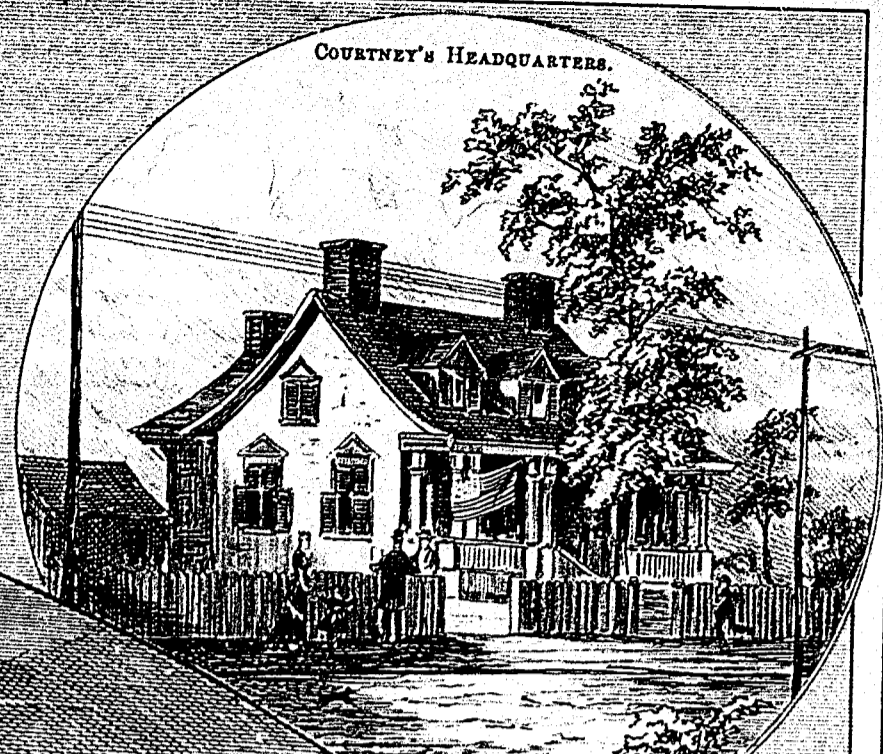
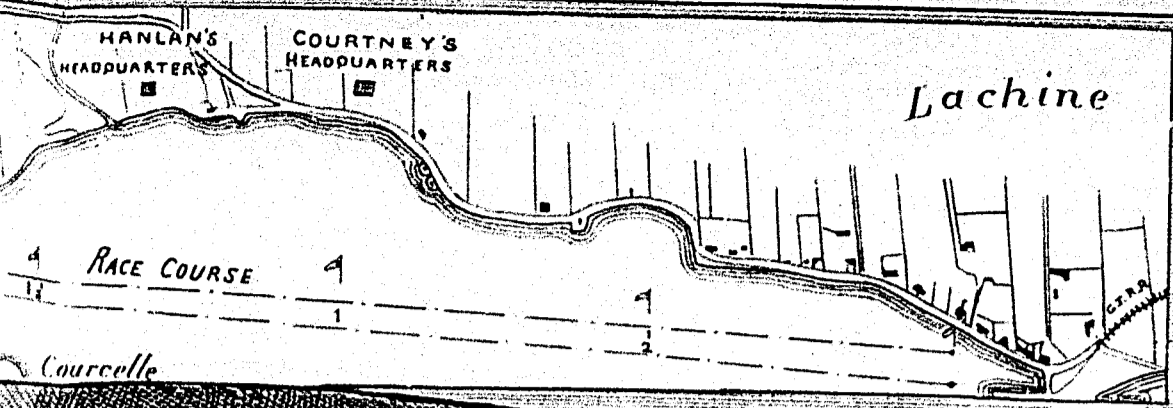
HOUSE WHERE THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT WERE SIGNED.



HANLAN SPINNING DOWN TO THE

THE GREAT HANLAN-

ROWED AT LACHINE, ISLAND OF MONTREAL, OCT. 3RD, 1878.



IN QUARTERS AFTER THE RACE.

THE PRESS BOAT.

COURTNEY BOAT-RACE,

FOR STAKES OF \$11,000 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

ADONAI.

"Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day."—MILTON.

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of fallen leaves,
As the reapers sing together in the mellow misty eve—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!

Love met us in the orchard ere the corn had gathered plume—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as summer days that die when the months are in their bloom,
When the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels of the broom
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die, leading sweeter each to each—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
All the heart was full of feeling; Love had ripened into speech,
Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the peach,
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths sworn to faithless maids forsown,
When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow drinking horn
Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn eve—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colours of the leaves,
And the reapers kiss and part at the binding of the sheaves
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Then the reapers gather home from the gray and misty morn—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon their spears
Love whose face is like the moon's fallen pale among the spheres,
With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing soft and low the reapers sung—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!
Sweet as summer in the blood when the heart is ripe and young,
Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies among
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

PERFECT LOVE IS SIMPLE FAITH.

The three magistrates had sat uninterruptedly far into the autumn afternoon, and had now retired to consider their decision. It was a distressing case and occurring in Singlebridge, which is a mere handful of a town, provoked intense interest among the inhabitants. Everybody knew the parties concerned. Silas Westbrook, the reluctant prosecutor, was senior partner in an impressively solid firm which had flourished in the borough for generations. He enjoyed a reputation for strict probity and broad benevolence which was singularly merited. His son Augustus (also of the firm), a witness for the prosecution, was held in much esteem by certain of the younger sort in Singlebridge, who sympathized with his amiable wildness; and if certain of the older sort looked askance at these, why, that was only natural. About Mr. Blanchard, another witness for the prosecution, little was known to the inquiring gossips. He had been resident with the Westbrooks for about eight months, during which period he had sat alongside Gus in the office in business hours, and had been a good deal about with him at other times. They got on amazingly well together, people observed, but despite all his efforts—and some of these were marked enough—suave Mr. Blanchard failed to similarly captivate Gus's pretty sister Fanny. As became her father's daughter, she treated the West Indian connection of her father's firm with unerring graciousness. But her sweetest moods, her tenderest looks and gentlest tones were not for him. The magician at whose bidding they so gladly came was Blanchard's instinctive foe. From the moment Harold White, confidential clerk to the firm, and a potential partner therein, met and simply shook hands with the West Indian, they hated each other with a hatred that owed its sustenance on the one side to contempt; and on the other to malice and all uncharitableness. To-day will behold the triumph or discomfiture of Blanchard. In the police-court of Singlebridge, in the presence of a crowd of people, the majority of whom are personally known to him, Harold White stands accused, on the united testimony of the Westbrooks, father and son, of embezzlement.

To the profound chagrin of the magistrates' clerk, who, cordially disliking Blanchard, wishes well to the accused, the latter conducts his own defence.

"Silence in the court."

Of the four actors in the little drama, old Mr. Westbrook betrays the most agitation as the opening of a door at the back of the court heralds the return of the magistrates to their seats on the bench. The silence is oppressive when,

in a voice full of feeling, the chairman turns to the accused and says:

"Harold White, I, who have known you for so many years, need not say that the long examination which my brother magistrates and myself have this day conducted to the very best of our ability has been to all of us fraught with considerable pain. And we are bound to admit, in your behalf, that nothing had transpired in the course of this hearing which reflects in the least on your conduct during the period to which I refer. We have given due consideration to this fact in your favour, and have come to the conclusion, actuated by motives which we earnestly hope you will live to appreciate in a proper spirit, to dismiss this case. You may go."

"But my character," exclaimed White, in voice husky with emotion, "who is to clear that of taint?"

"Yourself," solemnly answered the chairman. "Call the next case."

Dazed, trembling under the influence of warring passions, he left the dock and passed out of the court into the sunlit street. Whither should he direct his feet? As he slowly and mechanically, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, with bowed head and leaden gait, stole along in the direction of the river side, he felt a touch on his arm. He paused.

It was one of Westbrook's clerks. The lad's mouth was tremulous with sympathy.

"Mr. Westbrook has sent me with this note, Mr. White. Is there any answer?"

"Yes," he replied, tearing the paper into atoms, "there is. Mr. Westbrook wishes to see me. Tell him we shall not meet again until he is prepared to stand up in that court-house and pray to be allowed to proclaim my innocence in tones as loud as those which he used to-day in declaring my guilt."

The lad left him. The September sun was setting redly behind a familiar belt of wood which fringed the further banks of the river as he continued his moody walk. He had held on four miles, heedless of the direction he took, and now he awoke from his fit of passionate bitterness to find himself on a spot that had often been hallowed by the presence of the girl he loved. What did she think of him?

"Harry!"

"Fanny!"

In those two words all was expressed. In that fierce embrace doubt was slain.

"O, Harold, I have followed you for hours, fearing to speak, you looked so pale and changed!"

"I am changed. They have not sent me to prison, Fan, but the prison taint is on me. Why don't you shrink from the moral leper, as the rest of them have done?"

"Because"—and it seemed to him as though her voice had never thrilled with such sweetness before—"I know you."

"And you believe—"

"That all will be righted yet. I can wait, dear—if you will let me. You were never more precious to me than you are at this moment."

"Miss Westbrook—Come, Fanny, this is no place for you."

Harold and she had not heard the footsteps. It was Blanchard and her brother who had approached unnoticed.

"And no place for you either," said White to Blanchard.

"Faugh," replied that worthy. "I have no words to waste on such as you, sir. I am here to perform a duty."

"Scoundrel!" Harold began, at the same time raising his hand. She touched him, and he was still.

"Sir," she said, "I am mistress of my own actions. If I choose to accompany my brother, it is—because I choose! Harold, good-bye! Come what may, my faith will not falter, my love never change."

The last four words were murmured. As she shaped them she reached forward and kissed him before her brother, whose surprise at her defiant attitude was unspeakable.

They parted and went their several ways.

The charge against Harold White of embezzlement, and the result of it, produced a wonder that lasted much longer than the proverbial nine days. His departure, the day after the hearing, no one knew whither, had had the effect of increasing the number and sympathy of his friends. It was generally admitted that his defence had been weak—incomprehensibly weak. But who knew? he might have had his own invincible reasons for not making it stronger. Why had the brother of his affianced (for she was his affianced in all but an open and formal declaration of the fact) broken with him so suddenly? Until Blanchard appeared upon the scene they were inseparable. Depend upon it, the West Indian was at the bottom of it. In this fashion the gossips of Singlebridge discussed the events which had led to Harold White's downfall and departure.

Three months had elapsed, and not a word had been heard of or from Harold White; unless, the female gossips suggested, he had written to Miss Westbrook, which, considering his departure, he was hardly likely to have done. For once, however, they were out in their calculations. He had written her a letter, in which these words occurred:

"If I thought, darling, that you would be happier to be rid of me for good and all, our bond should be dissolved. It is your love for and simple faith in me that sweetens my life, and keeps me steadfast in my determination to undo the miserable wrong from which I suffer. They shall right me yet."

"I have borrowed for the present another name—my mother's before her marriage; but the people with whom I am known that I am Harold White, and are acquainted with my history. I must try, dear, to rub on without the consolation which your letters would bestow. It is better that we should seem to have parted forever. In the good time we shall meet—and then!"

It puzzled the well-informed Singlebridge people to hear Fanny Westbrook's cheerful words, to note her placid brow and bright manner. She never could have thought much of that Harold White, you know, or she would have manifested some regret at his misfortunes.

Blanchard, too, was mystified by her. What did it portend? Had she resigned all hopes of being restored to the lover whom he had so effectually helped to disgrace and banish? Was the course clear at last? He would see. His impetuous love for the sunny-haired, Saxon-eyed girl, a love which sprang into existence the moment they met, had grown mighty since the going of White. He would put an end to this uncertainty. He could face his fate.

"An interview with me?" replied Fanny to his blandly proffered request; "certainly, Mr. Blanchard." Her tone was provokingly even.

"And, if you please, let it take place now. Pray be seated."

If she only had been embarrassed.

"Miss Westbrook, I—fear that the impression which I have made upon you the day of that unfortunate *rencontre* by the riverside was not favourable. I—"

"Pray proceed, sir," she remarked in icy tones.

"Well, then—allow me—you cannot surely have remained firm in the resolution you then expressed—to cleave to—"

"Mr. Blanchard, I will assist you. You apparently wish to say that I must have ceased to love Harold White. Is that so?"

"Miss Westbrook—Fanny—pardon me; I do. He is all unworthy of you. Oh, if you did but know the depth of my love for you—"

"Stop, Mr. Blanchard," said she, rising from her chair, and moving slowly towards the door. "Let us understand each other. Whether or not Harold White holds the place in my heart which he once did concerns me and me only. The honour you have done me, Mr. Blanchard—call it by what tender name you please—I despise. Mr. Blanchard, I know you!"

"Stop, Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, making one step forward and barring her way to the door, "and hearken to me. You have thrown down the gage. Very well, I accept it. It was I who drove Harold White from Singlebridge. Ah, you can be impressed, I see. It is I who can compel your consent to my demands. Now, Miss Westbrook, know me!"

Her face was very white as she swept proudly past the West Indian, but it was not the whiteness of fear. They measured swords with their eyes—how clear and searching hers were!—and parted.

Next day Fanny Westbrook was missing from Singlebridge.

For twelve months Silas Westbrook has been daughterless. Fanny was sought for far and near, but without avail. Augustus had, to quote the idiomatic expression of that congenial companion already referred to, "gone clear to the bad." Of all his former chums, Blanchard was the sole possessor of a knowledge of the young scapegrace's whereabouts. As for the West Indian, he seemed to have entirely relinquished all intention of returning to Jamaica. However, we must for the present leave Singlebridge, and make our way to the Theatre Royal, Easthampton. The house is crowded by the admirers of the leading lady, whose benefit night it is.

Old Fussytton, the stage-doorkeeper, is at this moment in a state of mind bordering on despair. He dare not for the life of him leave his post, and he has just learned that a stranger has succeeded in reaching the stage under the cover of an audacious super. If that should come to the knowledge of Mr. Somerset Beauchamp, the manager, he (Fussytton) will to a certainty be dismissed on the spot.

"Take a note to Miss Harebell, sir? Could not do it. It's against orders, sir."

The speaker is a call-boy. His tempter is Mr. Blanchard.

"Very well, sir, I'll risk. If you are an old friend, I suppose it will be all right."

Induced to commit a breach of discipline by the bestowal of a rather potent bribe, the call-boy disappears behind a pile of scenery, and is presently heard in altercation with Miss Harebell's dresser.

"What do you want? Miss Harebell is not a beginner." She is not on until the second scene.

"I know that, Mrs. Cummins. I want to speak to you. Open the door."

Blanchard heard no more. A whispered conversation between the leading lady's dresser and the call-boy was immediately succeeded by the re-appearance of that precocious youth, who said: "Miss Harebell will meet you after the performance, at her hotel, the George. She has private apartments there. All you have to do is to send in your name. And now, sir, do clear out of this. How you got in, I don't know. If Mr. Bowshang was to stag you, wouldn't there be a shine neither?"

Meanwhile his note had produced a startling effect upon Miss Harebell. It ran thus:

"At last I find you. In Miss Harebell, I have recognized Fanny Westbrook. At the

peril of those nearest and dearest to you see me to-night. I am desperate."

"Cummins," gasped she, "lock that door. You did it for the best to get rid of him. It is always convenient to decline receiving a visitor at one's hotel; but I will see him. Finish my hair and then find Mr. Beauchamp. I would speak with him before I go on."

Blanchard had again curiously undervalued the strength of his lovely companion.

She saw the manager, and exchanged with him a few whispered words. He grasped her hand warmly by way of emphasizing his chivalric intentions in her cause.

Since that day, more than twelve months previously, Miss Westbrook had merged her identity in that of the now talented actress, Miss Harebell. Fanny had played many parts both on and off the stage. On this particular night she excelled herself. The applause of her crowd of admirers was what would have been termed in stage parlance "terrific." Such was the electric force of her acting that it carried all before it. Was she playing up defiantly to Blanchard? Perhaps.

On the conclusion of the play she, laden with bouquets, retired to her dressing-room and in a few minutes had resumed, with the aid of attentive Mrs. Cummings, the attire of ordinary life.

In the space of a few minutes Miss Harebell was proceeding unnoticed, save by a group of her youthful idolators who surrounded the pit-door, under the convoy of Mr. Beauchamp, to her apartments at the George.

Before ascending the staircase which led to her rooms, she informed the maid-servant that probably a gentleman would call upon her. If he did she was to show him up, after having privately informed Mr. Beauchamp, who would wait for the news, in the bar-parlour, of her visitor's arrival.

Mr. Beauchamp, whose face beamed with complacent delight, nodded his approval of this arrangement. Observed Fanny to him:

"Now, Mr. Beauchamp, I shall leave you to your devices [here she indulged in the tiniest, ripple of laughter]—your devices, mind."

"Very well, my dear, they shall be ready, if wanted."

"And he—"

"Everything is ready, Miss Harebell, and everybody. Let that suffice ye."

Seated in her snug little room, Fanny dreamily awaited the coming of her ancient persecutor. She had not to wait long.

"Mr. Blanchard, 'm," announced the maid-servant, and thereupon ushered that gentleman in.

Miss Westbrook rose and acknowledged his elaborate bow with a silence that was full of scornful eloquence. She then resumed her seat.

"Miss Westbrook, can you divine why I am here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you can? You are frank. After all, why should you not be? We can spare each other the recital of a long preface of dull retrospection. After a long and painful search I have found you—no matter how."

"I know how," she calmly interposed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "perhaps you would not mind enlightening me." His tones were sneering. Her perfect equanimity put him about.

"Not at all. You got the information from my brother."

"Even so. And your brother? Has he informed you also that he is just as completely in my power as was another person of our acquaintance more than a year since? Did he tell you that there is in this bundle of papers that which would give him penal servitude if I chose to put the law in operation? Did he—"

"No, Mr. Blanchard, he did not." A tear had stolen down her cheek at the mention of Harold's name; but now that she confronted the West Indian her eyes blazed defiance upon him. "He did not. Remove your mask. I can read the rascal underneath it. So, then, my hand bestowed on you is to be the price of your silence concerning my brother's crime, if crime it be. But you have shown your claws too soon, sir; see that they are not clipped."

"And who is to clip them?"

"I!" exclaimed a voice that came from behind the chair near which Blanchard stood, while at the same time his arms were seized in a grip of iron and wrenched violently back.

"I—Harold White! Fan, take possession of those papers."

"So you think to trap me, do you?" growled Blanchard, actually foaming with rage; "but you are mistaken."

"Not a bit of it," observed obliging Mr. Beauchamp, at that moment entering by the door on the landing. Coolly turning the key and placing it in his pocket, the manager of the Easthampton theatre continued: "Now, look here, Mr. Blanchard, I have stage-managed too many little things of this kind not to know what's required to strengthen the situation. I have too of my fellows handy on the stairs. My property man is on the other side of those folding doors. My friend here and myself reckon for something, to say nothing of Mrs. Harold White—"

"Mrs. Harold White?" gasped Blanchard.

"Yes, Mr. Blanchard," releasing him and approaching her, "my wife. She always believed in my perfect innocence of the charge you helped to fasten on me, and when poor miserable Gus confessed the part which he had played in the conspiracy, we got married."

"Confessed—conspiracy!" sneeringly exclaimed Blanchard; "where are your proofs?" "Here!" replied Harold, pointing to the papers; "and here they remain until—"

"Until what?" "Until the father of my dear wife has perused them line by line, and the magistrates of Singlebridge have made my innocence as public as a year since they proclaimed my guilt."

"Then I may go," said Blanchard, after a pause; and taking for granted the consent of his temporary custodians, he stepped towards the door, which was under the janitorship of Mr. Beauchamp. That gentleman gracefully waved him back.

"You may go on one condition, sir—pardon me—and it is this: That you leave for Jamaica by a certain steamer which leaves this port tomorrow. I have to-night bespoken your berth. Pardon me—if you decline, take the consequence, one of which will be temporary occupation by yourself of a neat and commodious apartment within the precincts of Easthampton."

"Open the door." Not another word did he utter, but taking his hat, and looking straight before him, he left the hotel and proceeded—not unattended—in the direction of the Jamaica boat.

It was a pleasant hour or so which Mr. and Mrs. Harold White and their friend Beauchamp spent together that night. It was a more than pleasant meeting that took place a few days after in Singlebridge. Silas Westbrook's happiness was unspeakable. There was a streak of sorrow in it, though, when he thought of his absent son, and prayed that the lad had turned over a new leaf at the other end of the world.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XI.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

PEMBROKE.—(Continued.)

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE.

This fine institution occupies a splendid position on the heights towards the west end of the town. The interior is characterised by that combination of neatness and good taste which is invariably found where nuns are in charge. There are now ten of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, working in Pembroke, eight imparting instruction at the Convent and in the Separate School, and two managing the General Hospital. I was glad to learn that the course of studies at the Convent includes plain sewing, cooking and domestic economy—matters respecting which too many of "our girls" are deplorably ignorant. The terms seem exceedingly low—\$100 per year for everything except drawing, music and oil or water colour painting. The Sister who teaches painting is quite a genius. I saw some scenes she had painted for the bijou theatre where they have their tableaux at "breaking up," and venture to say many a professional "scenic artist" would be proud of such work. I was conducted through the Convent from the kitchen to the top floor and found everything most creditable. The outlook from the dormitory windows is very charming, the view taking in the whole of the lake with the grand Laurentian range in the far background. Enjoying such scenery and such healthful breezes, I was not surprised to find rosy cheeks the rule among both teachers and pupils.

The General Hospital is a good-sized brick building pleasantly situated near the lake shore. It is designed mainly for the relief of lumbermen who are sick or meet with accidents, and to the masters and men the Committee of Management look principally for support. I popped in early one morning and found everything in first-class order—the rooms comfortably furnished and well ventilated. There were only three patients—all suffering from accidental injuries and all, happily, doing well.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Columkill, is a large, massive temple with an interior far ahead of the average country church. It will require a good deal of money to put the finishing touches to the edifice, but all that has been done so far is substantial, and in time the Roman Catholics of Pembroke will boast one of the finest churches in the Dominion. The Rev. Dr. Faure is Parish Priest.

CHURCH OF THE TRINITY.

Church of England services were first held in Pembroke in 1855, the Rev. E. M. Baker being the first incumbent. The present church was opened in May, 1867. The interior is rather imposing; the pews having tall end boards with fancifully carved headings. It is said a near-sighted visiting minister once mistook these wooden ornaments for human heads, and at the close of the service congratulated the incumbent upon the number and attentiveness of his flock. The church will seat about 400. There is a good choir and the services are distinguished for heartiness. The Rev. Mr. For-

syth is an earnest worker and an Irishman gifted with the ready flow of language which is regarded as a national trait. Every other Sunday afternoon, he holds service in a tiny wooden church in the township of Alice, seven miles away.

The Presbyterians and Wesleyans muster good congregations, but do not boast very pretentious churches.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

was opened January, 1876. It contains eight class rooms, an assembly room and a janitor's quarters. There are six teachers, Principal, Mr. E. D. Duncan; the average attendance of pupils is 350. The High School is temporarily accommodated in the building. The Inspector states that the schools are conducted very satisfactorily.

The Separate, or Roman Catholic School, is a fine large brick structure situated a short distance west of the above.

A GROUP OF RESIDENCES.

The reader will probably agree that for a "backwoods town" the residences shewn in the last week's NEWS are "not bad." A few words respecting their owners may prove interesting. Mr. H. H. Loucks is senior partner of the firm of Loucks & Burritt, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, and also occupies the position of Clerk of the Peace. His residence is finely situated on rising ground and commands charming scenery on every side. I do not think it will be trenching on forbidden ground if I mention that his library is calculated to make a book worm envious. Either as a collection of rare books or splendid editions of standard works, it is alike remarkable.

Mr. W. E. White (a son of the late Peter White), is also a barrister, notary public, &c. Apart from the practice of the law, he enjoys the reputation of being one of the best and most versatile amateur reciters and mimics in the country, excelling especially in the rendering of Scottish compositions. He is also a very enthusiastic and successful amateur florist, and for grape culture has no peer anywhere around.

Mr. S. E. Mitchell is one of Pembroke's most enterprising business men. Ostensibly a bookseller and stationer, he carries a large and well-assorted stock of useful and ornamental articles of that character, which makes one inclined to linger long at the nicely set-out show-cases, and wish that one's purse were a little longer or that the long-looked for ship would "come home." The lover of reading will here find a large stock of standard works and the current literature, as well as all the periodicals of note. In another department will be found sewing-machines, organs, &c. &c. Mr. Mitchell is Clerk of the County Council, and one who takes considerable interest in public affairs generally.

Dr. Dickson is the happy owner of one of the prettiest places in Pembroke. He enjoys a considerable practice, and is proprietor of the leading drug store in the town, situated nearly opposite

WHITE'S BLOCK.

The Messrs. R. & J. White, besides doing a large trade in groceries and provisions, carry on the business of lumberers and manufacturers of sawn lumber. They are also agents for the Scottish Imperial of Glasgow, and the Northern Assurance Co. of Aberdeen and London.

JUDGE DORAN

is Stipendiary Magistrate, Registrar, and Judge of the Division Court in the District of Nipissing, but resides at Pembroke, visiting his district at stated periods. Mr. Doran was born in Perth, Lanark Co., Ont., and at an early age began "clerking" in his father's general store. At his father's death he succeeded him, and after twelve years of an honourable and successful business career, he sold out and retired. Mr. Doran early took a prominent part in political and municipal matters, and was for nineteen years annually elected to the Town Council. He represented Perth for many years in the County Council, was Warden of the United Counties of Lanark and Renfrew, and afterwards of the former county. In 1869 the late Hon. Sandfield Macdonald gave him the position he now holds. Mr. Doran is Chairman of the Board of R. C. Separate School Trustees; Chairman of the General Hospital Committee, and was Chairman of the Building Committee appointed to take charge of the erection of the Roman Catholic Church.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Pembroke has no fire-engine, but depends upon the efforts of volunteer bucket brigades. It is argued that, with a fire-engine, but no paid fire brigade, the people of small towns are apt to depend too much upon the exertions of others, but that, where it is fully understood that safety depends upon every man lending a hand, the likelihood of a fire gaining headway is greatly diminished. The theory has been pretty well borne out so far in the case of Pembroke, but there are those who predict that the town will get a fearful scorching one of these days, and be compelled to acknowledge that, though buckets are good, a powerful steamer is better.

Masonry flourishes in Pembroke. The Lodge, named after the town, and known as No. 128 G. R. C., has a membership of about 160, including a Royal Arch Chapter, with a roll of thirty. As showing the interest taken in the craft by members of this far-away lodge, it

may be mentioned that there are some in California and British Columbia in good standing, while one has eighteen degrees. The lodge-room is large and beautifully furnished, in strict accordance with Masonic law. The carpet, made to order in Scotland, represents a black and white tessellated pavement; the furniture is black walnut and blue rep; the pillars and mouldings are white and gold; the lamp globes are engraved with the lodge monogram and number; a few finely-executed pictures, including a portrait of the Worshipful Master, Bro. W. R. White, adorn the walls.

Pembroke is at present the terminus of the Canada Central Railway, but the work of pushing forward the road to the Georgian Bay is being actively carried on. This extension will open up a fine section of country and revolutionize the trade of the Upper Ottawa. At present, pork, flour and other supplies for the upper country are brought from the West by the St. Lawrence route to Brockville, and thence back to almost where they started—there being no means of getting across country except at the latter point. With an inlet from Lake Huron, a vast change must take place. Another projected work is that of a railway from Kingston to connect with the Canada Central either at Pembroke or Renfrew. A good stretch of this road is in operation. Its completion will be certain to benefit Pembroke greatly. It is thought that eventually Pembroke will become the chief place in the Dominion for the manufacture and distribution of lumber. The transport of logs from the Allumette Lake to Ottawa is both a tedious and costly operation. With the mills at Pembroke and railway facilities for reaching the St. Lawrence at Kingston, the lumber interest would be much improved through the gross cost of production being considerably lessened. The Canada Central is regarded as destined to become one of the most important railways in the Dominion, because of the part it will play as a link of the Pacific road, and as a line which will give access to a part of the Dominion at present almost unknown, except to fur traders and lumbermen.

ERRATUM.—In the NEWS of the 5th inst., a typographical error made the distance between Bryson and Des Joachims six miles—it should have read ninety. This stretch, it is expected, the Calbute Canal and adjacent works will render navigable.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is rumoured, and with some degree of certainty, that on the event of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, His Royal Highness will receive a brevet-colonelcy in the army.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are invited, from ladies only, to present, at a cost of 1,000*l.* each, handsome testimonials in silver, representing "Peace with Honour," to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury.

A NEW serial is spoken of—the *Biograph*—a sketchy sort of magazine which shall tell the world at once all that is to be told of the life of any man or woman who happens to distinguish him or herself. The idea is a good one.

ALREADY on the Afghanistan frontier nearly 25,000 men are mobilized. Arrangements have been made for the ultimate employment, if necessary, of 60,000, and Generals Keyes and Borton are likely to be associated with General Chamberlain.

THREE rival beauties are very shortly to meet at a certain nobleman's house in Hampshire. For poetry's sake it is to be hoped that a wealthy Paris will also make one of the guests, in which case the providing of the apple will be an affair of no moment, though its disposal to the fairest of the three Graces may prove a work of difficulty.

THE Dean of Westminster has gone off to America for a six weeks' holiday, with Mr. George Grove, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, for a travelling companion, and it is suspected, as usual, that the Dean contemplates making a book even if Mr. Grove has not his eye upon copy for the magazine. There is very little left to make a book out of in America; but if anything fresh is left to be gleaned these are the men to do it.

LONDON will soon be the most silent city in England, so far as its pavements go. The streets are "up" in every direction for the purpose of having wooden blocks laid down. Omnibuses have to make wide *détours*, and one has, like Mr. Swiveller, to go about a mile round to get across the road. But the wood pavement that will stand heavy traffic has yet to be discovered. Likewise that on which horses will not slip.

THE Reform has sanctioned some rather extensive alterations and decorative repairs, so the club still remains, and will remain, closed for a short time. It is said that the alterations, which are being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Barry, the architect, will cost between seven and eight thousand pounds. This has been done, it is believed, with an idea of the speedy return to power of the party, and that when in, their *locale* ought to look like it.

MRS. BATEMAN has at last purchased Sadler's Wells Theatre. It is to be remodelled and rebuilt, from the designs and under the direction of Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A. Mrs. Bateman intends to make the house a very handsome one, and to do handsome things in the theatrical way. There is a large north of London population absolutely destitute of big class histrionic catering, and Mrs. Bateman's management will certainly attract all who appreciate taste and refinement. Her energy is a matter of renown.

LONDONERS are trying hard to "improve" the Thames disaster. Amongst the ingenious people thus employed are makers of floating seats, and they send their productions to the various newspaper offices in the hope thereby of obtaining a gratuitous advertisement. One was stated that would float and save three lives. The various parts of the stool were glued together! Another that we saw in experimental operation in a public bath turned over at once and kept three men's heads down under the water, until the machine was righted by the bath assistant, who rushed into the water to the rescue.

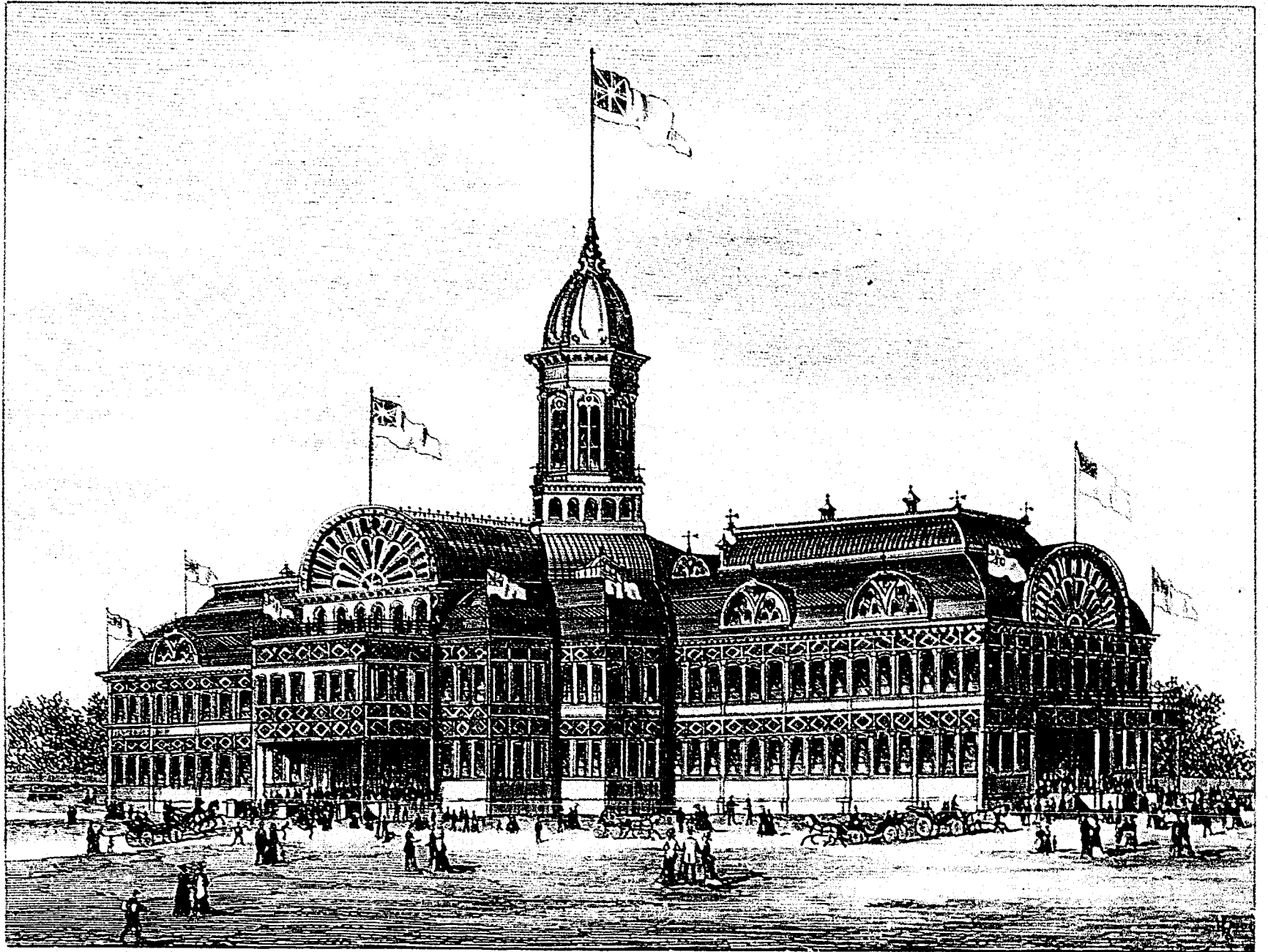
A WORTHY dramatist, who is so busy with work for Christmas, doubtless a tragic pantomime, that he is unable to leave London, has discovered an excellent way in which to revenge himself upon cabmen, at whose hands he has, on more than one occasion, suffered much. He has found out that all these worthies who are summoned by the police for various offences are "hard up" at Great Marlborough street on Tuesday afternoons. Outside, on these days, are to be seen whole ranks of cabs, the owners or drivers of which "are in trouble," and waiting for their cases to come on. This dreadful dramatist's practice is to don a travelling Ulster, and to carry a small empty portmanteau when the evil spirit of practical joking is upon him. Thus equipped, he rushes down Great Marlborough street, and hails the first cab in the rank. "I'll give you half a sovereign, cabby, if you'll drive me to Waterloo Station in a quarter of an hour," he says, keeping his countenance admirably. The feat is easy of accomplishment, but the cabman is compelled, ruefully indeed, to shake his head. "A sovereign, then; I must catch my train!" A still more mournful shake of the head is the only response. He repeats this performance all down the rank, and then walks home, smiling, to write another bit of pantomime. He says it refreshes him quite as much as ozone would.

JEWELLED serpents are to be the most fashionable ornaments in Paris, the lizards used to fasten flowers in the front of the dress also being promoted to adorn feminine headgear. Other bonnet trimmings appropriate to the season will be fir cones, chestnuts, and catkins from the plane trees.

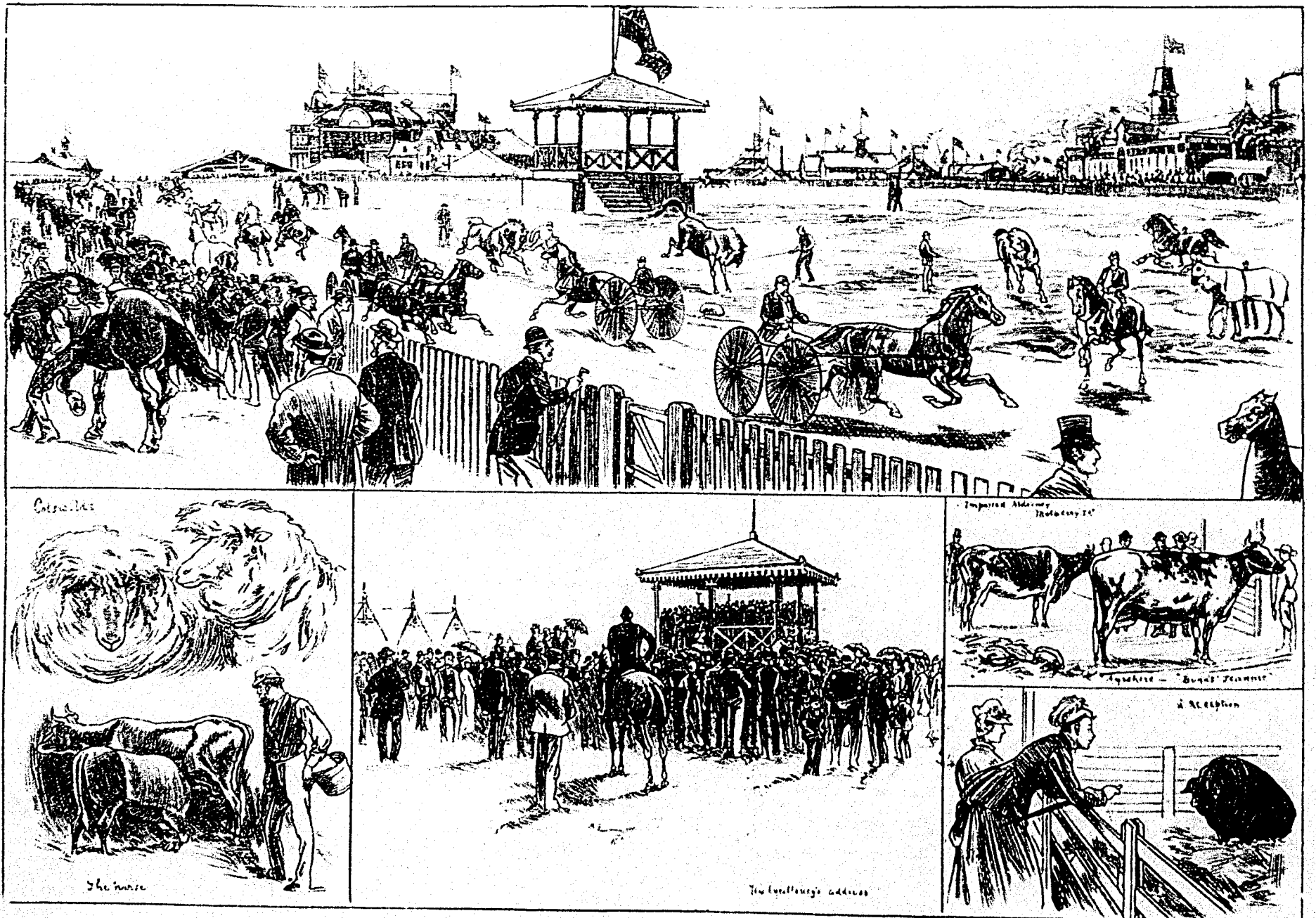
WE spoke lately of the sale of one of the legendary three-cornered hats of Napoleon I. Now we have to record the entrance of the hats of Victor Hugo into the domain of historical curiosity. At Brussels a few days ago a hat which once belonged to the author of *Les Misérables* was sold for seventeen francs. This hat came from the sale of the late M. Camille Berrin, of the *Indépendance Belge*. It appears that when Victor Hugo returned to Paris in 1870 he went to bid good-bye to his compatriot, who asked the poet to make an exchange of hats. The request was acceded to, and the poet even wrote in the crown of the hat: "Victor Hugo, dedit 6 Septembre 1870." At the same time a quill pen was sold attached to a sheet of paper on which was the following note: "Je prie M. Victor Hugo de certifier que cette plume lui a servi à écrire 'Napoléon le Petit.' Camille Berrin. Oui. Victor Hugo." Paper and pen were knocked down for thirty-six francs.

The Moncrabeau orchestra at the Concert de l'Orangerie is the drollest company we have ever seen. It is a society of Dutch amateurs who play on instruments made of cardboard and devote their earnings to charitable purposes. They are dressed in the costume of the old échevins and arranged on a pyramidal platform surmounted by heraldic devices and cardboard figures which move their arms and legs in unison with the music. When the curtain rises you think that you are looking at a collection of court cards. At the first springing of the rattle the whole orchestra rises to attention; at the second it executes a military salute, and at the third every man sinks gracefully into his seat. The programme consists chiefly of characteristic music. For instance, *Li Piquette do jou au Villatche*, with accompaniments of cock crowing, children squealing and cattle lowing. The sounds, the instruments and the general appearance of the orchestra are the drollest we have ever seen or heard. The orchestra of Moncrabeau will, at least, have a *succès de curiosité*, while amateurs cannot fail to be struck with the precision of the execution.

THERE can be no stronger testimony to the superiority of the Weber Piano than the letter from Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, which appears elsewhere in our present issue. These instruments may be found at the New York Piano Co.'s Warerooms, 183 St. James street. In tone, sweetness, and power of expression they are unsurpassed.



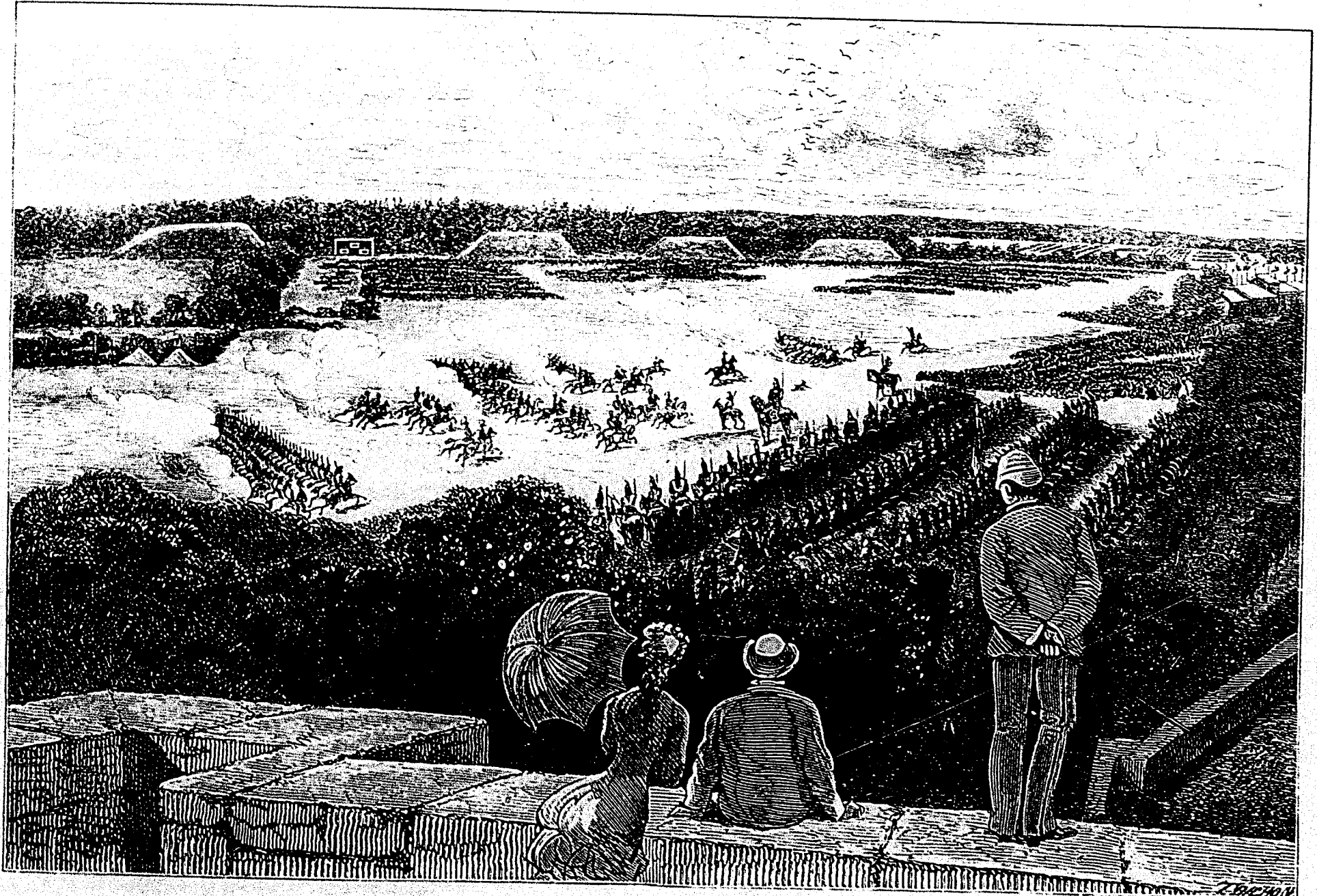
THE NEW EXHIBITION BUILDING.



SCENES AT THE EXHIBITION.
TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.



STORMING OF THE CASTLE OF SARAGEVO BY THE AUSTRIANS.



PARIS.—REVIEW OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT VINCENNES.

THE RUINED QUAY.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

By the ruined quay she sits in sorrow,
As she has sat for years and years,
Waiting the dawn of a bright to-morrow,
Waiting a ship that never appears:
"Come back, my love, or my heart will break,
It only beats for my darling's sake;
O cruel white sails, bring back my darling,
Have pity, O winds, on a maiden's tears."

II.

By the ruined quay a vessel is lying,
The people on shore have ceased to cheer,
The tattered flag is at half-mast flying—
Where is she now that her lover is here?
Dead he has come from over the sea
To meet his dead love by the ruined quay,
And no more shall winds or waters sever
The lovers asleep by the cypress tree.

—New Dominion Monthly for October.

A TRIP FROM TORONTO TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

A journey of two weeks' duration is not a very irksome task, to even the most fastidious, when travelling can be made so comfortable; with the Pullman palace, drawing, dining, and sleeping cars for land travel, and the superbly fitted up steamers (that may, without exaggeration, be called floating palaces for comfort) for conveyance by water. It would, therefore, be absurd to say that any person travelled from Toronto to Kingston without giving some explanation as to how the journey was undertaken; we can, therefore, do no better than give a brief sketch of the trip undertaken by Mr. Arthur C. Paull, of the Education Department, Toronto.

Saturday, August the seventeenth, at 10 a.m., due preparation having been made, and all things being ready, I left Toronto harbour, not in the best of spirits, but with a stout heart and willing hand, feeling confident that, although the work at first might seem somewhat laborious, it would in the end be a benefit to myself, not only for the physical exercise, but in gaining an extended view of the country; such that could be obtained in no other way than by coasting along the borders of the lake in a small boat, steamers not being able to come near the shore, on account of shoals or hidden rocks, and the railroad train not passing close enough to the picturesque spots to gain an unbroken view.

In coaching along the shore west of Toronto, the Northern elevator can be seen for fifteen or twenty miles, and, as a consequence, some part of the city can be kept in view for several hours. Not so travelling east, however; the sharp bend at Scarborough completely shuts out all view after going about eight miles from the city. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the first stoppage for meals should be at Victoria Park, as thereby one and a half hours of grace was gained for a last look at the western metropolis. One hour and a half may appear to be a long time to cook and eat a camp dinner, but when the wind is blowing and wet wood is in the ascendancy, in fact, dry chips not to be found, it will, no doubt, be thought, after all, within bounds; it must be understood that three such meals a day are no small job, either in the way of cooking or eating.

Having completed the first meal, a fresh start was made towards Whitby, which was intended to be the first night's resting place. Scarborough, Frenchman's Bay, or Pickering Harbour, having been passed, the day seemed drawing to a close, as far as nerve and muscle were concerned, and at eight p.m., the wind being also blowing rather stiffly from the south, it was found necessary to pull in for the night, although then only one mile from Whitby. After pulling ashore, the first little piece of manoeuvring, new to me, had to be accomplished—the novelty of making a bed on the hard stone beach was somewhat crude and tiresome. No one will deny that stones are not all equally hard and solid, but nevertheless they are all equally soft, as far as making a bed to lie on is concerned; there was then little or no difficulty as to selecting a soft spot, and as far distant from the water as possible; the bed was then made, comprising a waterproof blanket, rug, cushions, carpets, mat, &c., belonging to the boat, and an ordinary blanket, these being covered over by the boat being laid bottom upwards over them, and the provisions and other etceteras being placed safely under the skiff—the camp for the night was complete. A very pleasant night was spent, having only changed positions about a hundred times, first lying on my right and then my left side, and finally getting little or no rest on my back. Such little naval tactics as these were necessary in order to keep the ribs and limbs as sound as possible.

The dawn of Sunday morning was welcomed by me with a joy that can be appreciated only by those who have been placed in a similar position. Away from society, no company, nothing but the hard stony beach to lie upon, and the waves roaring within a dozen feet of your head, is a situation highly to be appreciated as soon as you get to like it.

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

Sunday being over, the day having been spent in reading, cooking and eating, another night had to be endured, this time, thank the stars! only a short one, lasting no longer than seventeen hours, it being impossible to get out of the confined space from under the boat until ten on Monday morning on account of the rain.

Eleven o'clock found the small boat on her cruise again; only for one hour, the wind and waves being too high; land had again to be struck at twelve, noon.

Having landed about three miles from Oshawa, and wishing to post some letters, I thought it highly probable that, if the letters were got ready, it might not be long before an opportunity would present itself for posting them; nor was I mistaken, for after surveying the country, on completing my preparations, a sportsman was seen in the distance, and all speed was made to entrap him, which, with the aid of a quarter was easily done, and for three hours the would-be Nimrod and his companion, for he had one—lucky man—were my constant associates. At the end of that time they left me, with the full assurance that my letters would be posted that night.

The wind blew very strong the remainder of the day. There was, of course, no further progress made that afternoon.

Tuesday morning, six a.m., the water was somewhat smooth and little or no wind blowing, and accordingly a further pull of one hour's duration was made, it being found at the end of that time that the land breeze was too strong to continue.

At this stage of proceedings it was thought best to take advantage of the forced stoppage to cook the morning's meal, which being done and partaken of at 9.30, all things were ready for a further progress on the cruise. It must not be understood that meals were cooked and partaken of only where mention is made, as at every stopping place the necessary viands were prepared and disposed of.

A lengthened description of every day's proceedings would be an unnecessary waste of time, and would make a very monotonous narrative. I shall, therefore, only make mention of the various incidents worthy of note.

To a person shut out of the world, as it were, there is nothing more pleasing than suddenly to see some tangible proofs of civilization; and what more striking evidence than to see the great Iron Horse steaming over the country? Such a scene presented itself when off the port of Oshawa. The morning sun striking its brilliant rays over the distant landscape, the deep blue shade of the water and the ethereal blue above, giving a livid aspect to the scene, made the view, combining these and the undulating land, with its many trees and shrubs, farm houses and harvest fields, and the invaluable locomotive appearing now and anon—a very pleasing sight.

The scenery, after passing Oshawa, is something really beautiful. Bowmanville, especially, forms a brilliant scene for a landscape artist. Three miles from land the view is really exquisite—the town, with its surrounding upland and valley interspersed with trees and cottages, and the brilliant hues of the surrounding sky and water, the sun being high and making the water sparkle, can better be imagined than described. Scenes like these are worth hours of toil, and the weary traveller may consider himself well paid for his trouble.

By Wednesday noon, the grotesque and lowly little town of Port Hope was reached. These terms appeared to be very applicable, as the town seemed to have a style peculiar to itself. The houses being to a great extent wood, and built right down to the water's edge, gives the traveller the impression, at first sight, which, by-the-by, was gained when three miles off, that it is a fashionable watering place, and that the aforementioned houses are for the use of bathers; but the wayfarer is soon undeceived, as, on further approach, it is found that they are simply the abodes of "poor, but honest," fishermen.

By dint of steady pulling Cobourg was passed by two p.m., but, before proceeding, it might be interesting to know that, although four days and a half had elapsed since leaving Toronto, not a single female had been seen, until Port Hope had been left about a mile in the rear, when a boat was passed containing three ladies and a gentleman, one of the ladies being a resident of Toronto. This fact may tend to illustrate the truth as to what little nautical taste the ladies residing away from the larger towns have.

It cannot be denied that however enjoyable the trip appeared in the day, at night time it was gloomy and anything but pleasant, in fact, making me at times feel rather depressed in spirits.

At times when the weather was dull, and the appearances were in favour of a storm, it was necessary to keep within a dozen yards or so of the shore; at such periods it became very monotonous, the cliffs being too high to see anything but the bare rocks. At such intervals a little excitement was nevertheless experienced, and to my grief. When rowing through apparently clear water you may suddenly come to a stand still on the top of a sharp abutting rock, and for the time it causes a curious sensation, that has to be felt to be estimated with any sort of exactness.

Having passed Cobourg, and therefore all the towns bordering on the lake, in fact all places of any importance, I may safely say

"I am out of humanity's reach
I must finish my journey alone."

From Cobourg forward the scene varies considerably; it is there you get the first sight of an island, the light-house between it (Cobourg) and Port Hope being built on it. You no sooner pass a deep bay than a sharp promontory presents itself, then a small harbour, such as Grafton, then another point of land, &c. Prince

Edward County presents one continuous change of scenery; it would appear almost as if it were the commencement of the Thousand Islands, for as soon as you leave Salmon Point, that is one of the many headlands at the back, or lake side, of the county, islands are being continually passed, from one just big enough to build a light-house on, to Amherst Island, twelve miles long by about five broad.

At 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, the twenty-second, when just within ten or fifteen miles of Salmon Point, a very curious object appeared on the top of the water; it had a head to all appearances like a snake about six inches long; it followed the boat for about a quarter of a mile and then submerged itself again in the waters of the lake.

It was probably the *Great Sea Serpent*, or it might be a large fish similar to that caught opposite Gananoque a short time ago, the five hundred-pounder, that nearly killed its captor; of course the head was only six inches long and about seven inches around, but what matters that? There might have been a body a ton weight underneath in the waters of the deep. Should it have been a second edition of the Gananoque monster, goodness knows what damage might not have been done.

A fish of that kind would not have thought twice about swallowing a sixteen foot varnished skiff, and then eating the *fat braucny voyageur* as dessert, and finally ending the scene by using the two pair of oars as toothpicks.

From 5.30 p.m. on Friday, the twenty-third, until Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, at 1 p.m., the weather being very inclement, there being either a high wind blowing or the lake was too tumultuous for a small open boat to plough through, no progress was made; but notwithstanding that, a very pleasant time was spent, and every advantage taken of the lost time on water to reap some benefit by making excursions through the adjoining country.

It would be very ungracious did I pass on without making at least a few remarks as to certain kindness shown while staying at this, to me, memorable spot. Some people have the unusually happy knack of being able to show benevolence without in the least incommoding themselves or appearing to have done anything deserving of praise. To say that great kindness was experienced at the hands of one of the farmers residing in that portion of the county, where it was my happy lot to be cast for three and a-half days, would only convey a very slight impression of the merits of their undoubted openheartedness. For a perfect stranger to be entertained for over three days, and the use of a horse and buggy to be placed as his disposal, together with a request to let nothing stand in his way which would in the least debar his further enjoyment, that could possibly be removed (as it would immediately) by the mere asking, is indubitably unbounded liberality.

Few people have had the pleasure of sleeping within three yards of the surging swell and experiencing the heavy spray driving over their bed.

Having landed on a rough stoney beach, it was with difficulty that even the distance of half a rod from the water's edge could be made; the beach being rather high and the lake somewhat calm, no fear was entertained that any mishap would take place; indeed all things ran smoothly until midnight, when something, apparently a tremendous shower of rain, falling on the top of the extemporized shanty, caused me to cease my slumbers rather suddenly, and took away all sleep from my peepers for the remainder of the night; but beyond a sleepless night, no further alarm was caused, notwithstanding that the sea kept roaring and swelling the rest of the night.

The remainder of the journey was very pleasant, fine weather all through, until arriving in Kingston at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday.

Tuesday night's proceedings ought not to be passed over without some notice. Having landed in a very romantic-looking little bay, surrounded by bush down to the water's edge, and to the back of that again a long lofty ledge of rocks, the work of cooking being accomplished and supper partaken of, a rest was made for the night, and Morpheus was not long in doing his work. I had not slept more than one hour when a noise of some kind startled me; but, on throwing a stone amongst the bushes in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, silence was again restored, and sleep once more got the mastery. Having slumbered for three or four hours and dreamt about BEARS, BULL-FROGS, SEA SERPENTS and MUD TURTLES, I was suddenly brought to my senses finding a small innocent little squirrel nibbling at my boot, and which it appears was the harmless cause of all my fright.

After leaving the last point of Prince Edward the work of rowing was comparatively light, as the water was very smooth, that part of the Bay of Quinte lying between Amherst Island and the mainland having more the appearance of a very broad river than a part of the lake. Although a light shower fell about five on Wednesday afternoon, no inconvenience was experienced, as a small boat-house, on Amherst Island, was reached without any difficulty, and accommodation found for both the boat and its owner.

As has been mentioned before, Kingston appeared in sight on Thursday morning; in fact I was right into the harbour almost before the city was seen; having kept near the mainland, no view was gained of the ancient military post until close beside the Penitentiary, which is however at the outskirts of the city.

The last adventure worthy of note was the row from the last part of Bay of Quinte sheltered by Amherst Island to the harbour of Kingston. The long, heavy swells having the sweep of the whole lake, driving along looked very grand, and the movement they gave to the boat was very pleasant and harmless, the little craft floating right over them without taking in a drop of water; but the exertion necessary to propel the skiff was rather to be ruminated on than desired. The swells were so high that had there been another skiff a dozen yards or so away, it would have been out of sight as often as in view.

The trip had all the pleasures, in fact more, than a ten days' solitary confinement in jail would have; but should the "same cruise be undertaken by a party, of say four, a very enjoyable time might be had.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter, &c., received. Many Thanks. Also, correct solution of Problem No. 193.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 193 received.

C. J., Montreal.—Problem No. 191 was composed by one of our best English Problemists. Compare your solution with the one given in our Column.

J. W., Halifax.—The game kindly sent appears in this week's Column.

J. C., St. John, N.B.—Letter received. The game shall appear shortly. Thanks.

The *Derbyshire Advertiser* of the 19th inst., contains the following which we have no doubt will be interesting to the Chessplayers of Canada:—

"CANADA"

"Is making great strides in Chess. The Canadian Correspondence Tourney, under the conductorship of J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, is a genuine success. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, *Dominion Monthly*, *L'Opinion Publique* (a French Canadian paper), &c., &c., show most active signs of life; and we see that the *Montreal Gazette* is giving daily reports in its news' columns of the Seventh Annual Chess Congress, now in progress. The *Montreal Daily Witness*, and the *Montreal Herald* also devote good space to the same."

(From the Field.)

The members of the Ladies' Chess Club, Little Queen Street, Holborn, London, (Eng.) have just finished a handicap Tournament, and it appears from the result that the sterner sex were this time more conspicuous in gallant play than in gallantry, for the two prizes fell to two gentlemen, Messrs. W. T. Hearn and H. Hearn.

THE PARIS CONGRESS.

Mr. Zukertort, the winner of the Paris Tournament, gave a dinner entertainment on Thursday, the 22nd ult., at the St. James restaurant, to his fellow competitors, Messrs. Bird, Blackburne and Mason, and a select number of friends. After the dinner, the host was most cordially congratulated by various speakers on his great success. The following acoustic, which is marked at the commencement of the lines with the name of Herr Zukertort, was read by the author, Mr. Cubison, and received with the warmest applause:

Join, German and Russ with the sons of Gaul,
Hands clasped in good faith, England answers the call.
Zeal oft may mislead in political fight,
Unprejudiced we who assemble to-night.
Kind thoughts for the heroes who fell on the field,
Each strove—who dare say 'twas dishonour to yield?
Remember the Bruce—six defeats he endured;
Though beaten, not buffed, then triumph secured.
On this festive night let the toast circle round,
Renown to the victor—no murmurs found,
Then chief in the Tourney be Zukertort crowned.

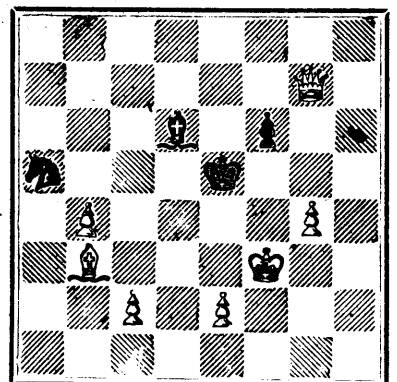
Mr. Gumpel, who proposed the health of Chess, coupled with the name of Mr. Steinitz, laid great stress on the cosmopolitan character of our pastime, which he trusted would be duly recognized amongst British supporters of the game. Mr. Steinitz, in returning thanks, expressed his gratification at the rise of our mental exercise in public estimation of all countries and different nationalities. The cultivating influence of chess had received the high acknowledgment of support from foreign governments. In England the practice of the game was spreading constantly, and there was every reason to hope that its rank as an intellectual training would be universally recognized. Other toasts followed, and the company dispersed at a late hour, after having spent a most pleasant evening.—*Figaro*.

We are informed that the eminent Problemist, W. T. Pierce, Esq., one of the editors of the recent work, *English Chess Problems*, is about to become Chess Editor of the Problem Department of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and will enter upon his duties very shortly.

PROBLEM No. 195.

By C. T. WILD.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

GAME 301ST.

Played between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. T. Wyde, of Halifax, N.S.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. W. Shaw.) BLACK.—(Mr. T. Wyde.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB3
3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Castles
8. P to K 5
9. Kt to Kt 5
10. Kt takes B P
11. B takes Kt (ch)
12. Q to R 5 (ch)
13. Q takes B
14. Q takes P at Q B 6
15. B to Kt 5
16. Kt to B 3
17. Q R to Q sq
18. K R to K sq
19. B takes Kt (b)
20. R takes R
21. Q takes P (c)
22. Q to B sq
23. P to R 3
24. Q to Kt 2
25. Q to R 8
26. Q to Q 4
27. R to K sq
28. Q to Q 3
29. Q to K 3
30. Q to Q 4 (ch)
31. Q to Q 3 (d)
32. Q to K 3
33. R to Q sq (e)
34. Kt to Kt sq
35. Kt to B 3
36. Kt takes P
37. R takes B
38. Q to R 7 (ch)
39. Q to K R 7

And Black announced mate in five moves.

NOTES.

- (a) B to Q B 4 is the best move here.
(b) Well played.
(c) White here gains a valuable pawn.
(d) Why not Q to K R 8?
(e) Instead of this move, he should have taken the pawn at Black's K Kt 4.
(f) The latter moves of White, in which he appears to have needlessly thrown away every chance of success, were made, we suppose, under the impression that he could ultimately effect a draw.

GAME 302ND.

One of six games played some time ago at the City of London Chess Club by Mr. Blackburne, simultaneously and without seeing the boards.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Beardsell.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. P to Q 4
3. P to Q B 3
4. B to Q B 4
5. B takes P
6. Kt to K B 3
7. Q Kt to Q 2
8. B to Kt 3
9. Castles
10. R to B sq
11. Kt to Kt 5
12. Q to R 5 (b)
13. B takes P (ch)
14. Kt to K 6 (ch)
15. B to B 3
16. Kt to Kt 5
17. Kt takes Kt
18. K R to Q sq
19. Kt to K 5
20. B takes Kt
21. Q to R 3
22. B takes P (ch)
23. R takes P
24. B to B 4 (dis ch) (d)
25. R takes K B
26. Q to K 3
27. R to K sq

And after a few moves, the game was abandoned as drawn.

NOTES.

- (a) We think 5 Kt to K B 3 preferable to this sally of the Queen.
(b) The sacrifice of the piece here is hardly sound, but it is quite in Mr. Blackburne's "blindfold" style.
(c) K to Kt 2 at once would have produced a somewhat similar position.
(d) All this is very pretty and interesting.
(e) If B takes R, mate follows in a few moves. Black has conducted the game with great judgment for so young a player.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 193.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R takes P at Q B 5
2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 131.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. P takes P
2. Q mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 192.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K B 2
B at Q R 4
B at Q Kt 4
K at Q 4
Pawns at K 3 and 4,
K Kt 3
Q B 4 and Q R 3 & 5

White to play and mate in two moves.

The exact amount of Turkey's loss is not to be understood very readily from words, scarcely from maps illustrating the fact; therefore, it is useful to state that the territory alienated from Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin is 76,500 square miles, or considerably more than the whole area of England or Wales, and the population lost to her is more than three and a half millions, or somewhat more than the entire population of London.

THE FOLLOWING

IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningham, near Warminster, Wilts:—
'I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.

'Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L. S. To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.'

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MONTHLY

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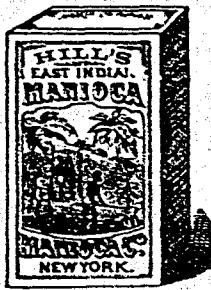
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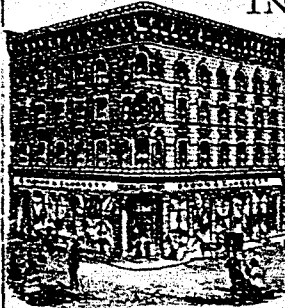
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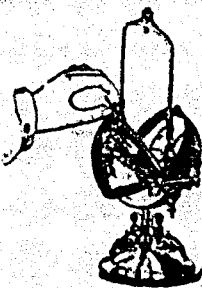
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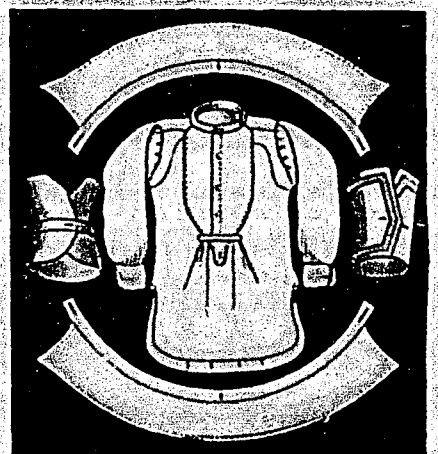
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