

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Whitbread's News

VOL. XI.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

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

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 241.



LIEUT. GENERAL W. O'GRADY HALV.—ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT, DURING THE ABSENCE OF LORD DUFFERIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER, TORONTO.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of Johnson's new MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Apply to THE GENERAL MANAGER, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

REPRINTS OF STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY purpose to issue re-prints of Line Engravings, selected for excellence of workmanship, and beauty of design. These will be printed most carefully on heavy plate paper, and will be worthy of handsome frames. The price will be placed within reach of all. The series is now begun as follows:

| Subject. | Painter. | Size of sheet. | Price. |
|-------------|------------|----------------|-----------|
| MARGUERITE, | Bertrand, | 16 x 23 | \$1.00 |
| OPHELIE, | Bertrand, | 16 x 23 | the pair. |
| LA BECQUEE, | De Jonghe, | 23 x 32 | 75 cts. |

Any of these engravings will be mailed on rollers, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

Address,
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,
Montreal.

A liberal discount to Booksellers and News Dealers.

The Burland-Desbarats Company take the earliest occasion to deny the rumors which have circulated of late in the city papers to the effect that *L'Opinion Publique* had been sold by them to Mr. L. O. David, or to any other parties. So far from this being the case, the Company intend continuing the publication of that interesting journal with increased energy, and making it in French, what the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is in English—a national undertaking to whose encouragement every family ought to contribute.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 8th, 1875.

CANADIAN CENSUS.

The third volume of the Canadian Census has just been issued; and, it is understood, as the compilation and tabulation are now completed, that the remaining two volumes will be issued as soon as they can be printed. The tables in the volume before us have reference to land owned, agriculture, and products. A glance shows that they are carefully arranged, and may be consulted with convenience. The French and English titles are put together, and so the cost of double printing is saved to the country, one volume serving for the two languages, instead of two being necessary, as formerly. It is no exaggeration to say that there never were tables more clearly and carefully arranged; and if any one, who understands any particular branch or industry treated in this volume, applies to it the criticism of sharp common sense, he will find that it will bear that test; which is a great deal more than can be said for the census volumes which have hitherto been issued either in this country or on this continent.

It would take altogether too much space in our columns to endeavour to give a summary of the volume before us; but it may be interesting to extract a few figures: The total number of acres owned in the four old Provinces of Canada in 1871 was 49,368,029; of which Ontario owned

19,605,019; Quebec, 17,701,589; New Brunswick 5,453,962; and Nova Scotia 6,607,459.

The number of dwelling houses owned in the same year in Canada was 539,512. The number of warehouses factories and shops was 68,914.

The total number of occupants of land, in the same year was 367,862, of whom 326,160 were owners and 39,583 were tenants. The total number of acres of land occupied in the four Provinces was 36,046,401 acres; of which 17,335,818 were improved,—that is 11,820,358 under crop, and 5,240,786 in pasture. In orchards and gardens there were 274,674 acres.

The total number of light carriages was 514,116; vehicles for transport 342,514; ploughs, harrows, &c., 573,648; reapers and mowers 44,204; horse rakes 63,003; threshing mills 30,735; fanning mills 41,925.

The total number of horses was 648,171; colts and fillies 193,572; working oxen 139,638; milch cows, 5,251,209; other horned cattle 5,283,445; sheep 3,155,509; swine 1,868,083; hives of bees 144,791.

The number of acres in white crops was 1,646,781; and the yield spring wheat 10,355,912 bush; fall wheat 6,367,961 bush; barley 11,496,033 bush; oats 42,489,453 bush; rye 1,064,358 bush; peas 9,905,730 bush; beans 220,644 bush; buckwheat, 3,726,484 bush.; Indian corn 3,862,830 bush.

The number of acres in potatoes was 493,792. The yield of potatoes was 47,390,187 bush.; of turnips 24,839,476 bush.; and other roots 3,553,260 bush.

These agricultural returns carefully as they have been arranged and classified will serve as a basis for future statistics in that they will afford a point of comparison with the year 1870. And they might also be used as a basis for annual estimates of crops and acres under cultivation by serving as a point of comparison.

The total tonnage owned in Canada as given by these tables is 843,126, and the number of craft of all sorts 5,672. This does not include the vessels built in Canada and owned out of the country; which it is contended by some writers ought to be added to the tonnage of the country.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

We place before our readers a number of interesting facts on this important subject extracted from the Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries, for 1874, just transmitted to us.

The condition of the fisheries generally throughout the Dominion is still improving. Some further amendments in the fishery regulations and requisite additions to means of enforcing them having been made, continued improvement may be expected.

The following tabular statement exhibits the yield of our fisheries last year as exceeding considerably that of the preceding year. Their money value, in 1873, amounted to \$10,754,998. It amounts, in 1874, to \$11,681,886. An increase of nearly one million of dollars. These figures comprise chiefly fish produced for exportation. It is computed that about ten per cent. more should be added for domestic supply. The produce of British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West Territories, is not at present accounted in these returns.

Five fish-hatching establishments are now in successful operation in the Dominion: at Newcastle, Ontario; at Tadoussac; at Gaspé; at Restigouche, and at Newcas-castle, N. B. The quantity of fish-eggs laid down in these five establishments exceeds four millions, of which number about 83 per cent. will probably become young fish, and serve to re-stock various streams. It is proposed to recommend the building of other similar establishments in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, the Eastern Townships, and on the Detroit River, near Sandwich. A favorable place has been found near the Narrows among the Thousand Islands, on the Canadian shore of

the River St. Lawrence, to hatch and rear such fish as bass, pickerel and maskinonge.

The fish-breeding house at Newcastle, Ont., is situated on Wilmot's Creek, some distance from its outlet into Lake Ontario. Along this distance immense numbers of salmon hatched in the establishment, and since grown to maturity in the Lake, have returned to spawn and remain below the reception house. Also the great quantities of adult salmon over and above what are needed for stock fish, should be caught by nets and marketed.

About half a million of young salmon, trout, and white-fish hatched in 1873, at Newcastle and Restigouche, were distributed in several of the rivers of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. Those placed the previous year in Salmon River, on the Lower Ottawa, were found to have grown very rapidly and to thrive well. The experiment will next season be tried on the River Rouge, another tributary of the Ottawa, near Grenville. The fry from present stock of salmon eggs laid down last fall will be apportioned among streams in New Brunswick, Quebec, Prince Edward Island and Ontario. Between three and four millions of young fish will be distributed in this manner.

The inevitable fate attending excessive pursuit of the fauna of forest and flood, threatens speedy extinction of seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. While seal hunting on the ice was carried on from sailing vessels and by shore-nets, the vicissitudes of the pursuit afforded some natural protection to this animal, and its numbers kept up a flagging pace with the legitimate annual destruction. But the recent employment of steamers has overcome many former difficulties, and enables the sealers to pursue their prey with indiscriminate slaughter. These vessels reach the seal fields either before the cubs are born, and thus disturb the herds and their progeny perish, or arrive whilst the young ones are yet unable to escape, and the sealers massacre indiscriminately parents and offspring. There were at one time last season engaged in this destructive business, on the Arctic seal grounds, nearly forty steamers and as many sailing crafts from various European ports; and so great was the havoc committed that it has excited universal apprehension. About the same time extensive operations by American steamers in the Gulf of St. Lawrence also attracted attention.

The marked success which has attended official efforts to restore exhausted salmon streams by natural and artificial means, has induced many persons to propose investments of private capital in this enterprise. They apply for leases of rivers suitable for cultivating salmon. Instead of granting exclusive privileges for this purpose it has been decided to undertake the work as a public project. The adoption of this policy will necessitate establishing at convenient places fish-hatching houses, from which to procure the supply of ova or fry. At first, therefore, these establishments should if possible be placed at or near some central locality, within easy distance of rivers still frequented by salmon, and having reasonable facilities for distribution by lines of railroad or steamboat communication. The transport of fish eggs or young salmon is not so much a matter of time as it is of means. Hundreds of thousands of either may be conveyed for great distances by rail cars or steamer, requiring only the constant attention of a skilled attendant.

JOURNALISTS AND NEWSPAPERS.

The editorial career is everywhere justly regarded as a profession. Whether we consider its influence on the intellect or conduct of thousands, the talents it requires, the integrity and high moral rectitude it presupposes, the designation is just and the editor takes rank beside lawyers, physicians, schoolmen and other leaders of the people.

While, however, the standing of journalists is thus universally recognized, their

practical treatment is widely different in different countries. In the United States and Canada, they are generally overworked; they do not get credit for one tithe of the material labor and the mental strain they undergo for the sake of their exacting readers, and, except in a few cases where the conductors of metropolitan journals are blindly followed as oracles, there is not generally that esteem for the profession which it is entitled to claim. It must be admitted, too, that journalism in this country, though wide spread and distinguished for material enterprise, has many obstacles to contend against, which are not found in other lands. An editor is supposed to know everything, and, to keep up his prestige, he is bound to pretend to know a little of everything. Variety, which is the spice of a newspaper, forces him to touch on every subject, however superficial, and to omit nothing that may cater to the curiosity of the public. Then again, the editor, as a general thing, writes too hastily. In the small hours of the night, if the telegraph brings an important message, he must set to work, though drowsy and hungry, to write an exhaustive article on the subject for his morning readers. If he fails to do so, his subscribers grumble and tell him that he is not up to the times. This haste and hurry are the great bane of our newspaper literature. They are fatal to elegance of style, perspicuity of thought, learning and erudition. Hence literary articles—or articles written with literary grace—are pretty much banished from the literary sanctum. This is so true, that we frequently hear of the "newspaper style," as a distinct department of literature. People say: "he writes like a newspaper man," not as an author. Doubtless journalistic writing has one redeeming feature—that of directness. It cannot be said of editors as it was said of GIBBON, and more recently of BANCROFT, that they write periphrastically, as though they durst not look one in the face, but surely this directness does not necessarily exclude the other excellences of style. The English papers are generally wanting in this directness; but the French are not. They combine it with perfect beauty of literary form.

Our great boast is that we look for news as the chief end of a paper. We have plenty of that, certainly, but it is not all reliable or all wholesome, and are we the better for our crowded columns of sensational and often immoral items? The real end of a newspaper is the intellectual and social improvement of the masses.

In the matter of remuneration, we are likewise behind hand. Our printers are paid the best of any in the world, but our editors, correspondents, reporters, those who do the brain work, are not rewarded as they should be, nor as they are elsewhere. England, France and Germany employ large staffs on each paper and pay them handsomely.

The following schedule of the Paris *Figaro*, will show how they managed these things in France only a few years ago. Now it is even better.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Villemeasant, editor-in-chief | \$4,500 |
| Belmont, business manager | \$4,500 |
| Rocheport, three essays (causeries) a week | \$4,500 |
| Wolf, three causeries a week | \$4,500 |
| Scholl, "Les Echos" | \$4,500 |
| Richard, "Chronique de Paris" | \$4,500 |
| Villemont, one causerie a week | \$2,500 |
| Jouvin, one article a week. | \$2,500 |
| Burtheret, politics | \$2,500 |
| Marx, "Indiscrétions Parisiennes" | \$2,500 |
| Fleurichamp, money article | \$2,500 |
| D'Aunay, local editor | \$2,500 |
| Maillard, city items | \$1,800 |
| Magnard | \$1,800 |
| Rocher, law courts | \$1,200 |
| Prezel, theatrical news | \$1,200 |
| Auber, foreign clippings | \$1,200 |
| Lockroy, local items | \$1,200 |
| Ulbach, dramatic critic, 15 cents per line. | |

The story (feuilleton), is paid 5 cents a line, and the *Figaro* never pays less than \$20 for any single article. Thus the editorial department alone of this paper costs \$50,000 a year.

What is the consequence? The consequence is that every article, every contribution is a gem, perfect in form. The

writers have leisure to prepare and finish their articles, they sign them and stake their reputations upon them. The consequence is that most articles of such papers are instructive in substance and pleasant to read. Correspondents, too, are paid better in Europe, than they are among us. The *Allegmeine Zeitung*, a leading German paper, gives three per cent more than they do in the United States. The London *Times* gave its Paris correspondent \$25,000 a year, with carriages, horses and other appointments. But then these correspondents are correspondents, reliable, well-informed and responsible for their statements. Journalism is a profession, but it is a very ungrateful, thorny one. In a country like ours, if pecuniary profits are not its reward, there is some comfort and encouragement in the fact that it is fraught with good to a reading public like ours.

Dr. Falk's bill provides that all religious houses shall be excluded from Prussia. Existing establishments are forbidden to receive new members, and their present organization must be dissolved within six months after passage of this bill. Partial exception is made in favour of religious bodies engaged in works of education, which may prolong their existence four years, and of those whose object is the care of the sick, which may continue their organization, but are liable to dissolution at any moment. Associations thus continuing are to be subject to the supervision of government officials. The property of convents is not to be confiscated, but will be temporarily administered by the State.

An arrangement is said to have been made between the leaders of the Liberal party in Belgium and Prince Bismarck by which the latter, through the application of diplomatic pressure, undertakes to bring about the downfall of the clerical ministry. The Liberals, then, returning to power, are to make laws to suppress the publication of views unfavorable to the German ecclesiastical policy. The Liberals would introduce compulsory military service and establish new fortifications, consequently the Liberal Belgian papers support the latest demands of the German Cabinet insisting on the overthrow of the clerical government.

The residence of LUCY BAKEWELL, at Shelbyville, Ky, in which was the library of the great naturalist, AUDUBON, was burned last week. Mrs. BAKEWELL was a relative of AUDUBON, and his library had been left with her. The collection consisted of 800 volumes of inestimable value to scientists. This is a serious loss. Collections of this kind should be kept in fire-proof rooms, or deposited in some public institutions where they could be cared for.

It has been found necessary, in Connecticut, to prohibit the use of the pound net, which would entirely clear the rivers of fish, and the Fish Commissioners of New York State ask the Legislature to forbid shad-fishing between Saturday night and Monday morning, thus giving the fish an opportunity of escaping the nets and replenishing the streams.

There are further complications, it seems, in the Duchesne case, which has caused so much trouble between Belgium and Prussia. The Belgian Minister of Justice has made an explicit statement that Belgian courts are incompetent to take up proceedings against DUCHESNE, and this statement has been transmitted to the Berlin government.

The performances at the principal theatres, for the benefit of the late Daniel Bryant's family were largely attended. The proceeds which the family will receive entire will exceed \$25,000. This is praiseworthy generosity, for Bryant was a genuine artist, and did much good in his way.

The Committee of the Prussian Diet has prepared a bill declaring Old-Catholics entitled to a share of the Roman Catholic churches' cemeteries and revenues proportional to their numbers as compared with other Catholics.

BISMARCK must now be satisfied and will probably let Spain alone. The GUSTAV outrage has been fully and finally repaired by a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the German fleet in the Bay of Biscay.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY.

The appearance of this famous troupe of artists on the boards of the Theatre Royal, has been a surprise and a revelation to Montrealers. Poorly advertised, their individual names unheralded, it might have been expected that the reception heretofore complained of by others, was to be their fate also. But the name of the play they presented, "The Big Bonanza," known for its successful run in New York, drew an audience the first night; after which, the enthusiasm created by the uniformly excellent acting, by the humorous situations, and sparkling dialogue of the piece, spread through the city, and saved the need of more expensive advertising. The theatre was filled to repletion, during six successive performances of the same play, by most fashionable and intelligent audiences. Many were there, who had never before visited Coté street, and if some were sad at seeing so talented a company facing so elegant an audience in so shabby a building, all remained convinced that Montreal can support one or even two good theatres, and that with actors and actresses of the calibre of Miss Sarah Jewett, Miss Nina Varian, Miss Gray, Mr. Harkins, Mr. Hardenburg, Mr. Louis James, &c., a manager need have no fear for the result of a theatrical season. The Big Bonanza is immense, and we do not wonder at its continued success in New York. The performance of "Monsieur Alphonse" on Monday evening was also a brilliant success. In this drama, Miss Bijou Heron appears as Adrienne, and wins her way to all hearts. Mr. Lindley is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and in the good fortune which attended the introduction to the Montreal public of this first class company of artists. As we are going to press, he announces another sensation, "The Two Orphans," performed at Union Square Theatre, New York, for over 100 consecutive nights. Of the Forrester troupe who interpret the piece, we will give an account in our next issue. We trust this venture will also be a success, and that Mr. Lindley will be encouraged to give us more of this sterling class of entertainment.

Mr. Ben DeBar opens a variety performance of a superior style this week, Messrs. Baker and Farron being the principal stars, in their laughable "Chris & Lena" musical comedy. We may expect a lively opposition between DeBar's Opera House, and the Theatre Royal, which will probably result not only in amusement for the public, but in good profit for the two managers.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

The concert given by this club, on the 26th April, in Association Hall, was attended by a large audience. These Boston clubs are always well received here, and deservedly so. The class of music they interpret is refined, and their performances educate our taste, and tend to raise the standard of art among us. One after another, the Philharmonic, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn clubs, have delighted us, and each visit leaves a good impression. Come again, say we, you are always welcome. The feature of the concert on Monday, was undoubtedly the clarinette solo, "La Réconciliation," by Mr. Thomas Ryan. This excellent musician handles, and mouths this difficult instrument so skilfully, that one forgets what an ungrateful tube is being blown and fingered. The sweetness and smoothness of the tones, at times their fullness, and mellow depth, are marvellous. Mr. Ryan's execution is as scientific and brilliant as it is unctuous and sympathetic.

Mr. R. Hening played a fantasia on the violoncello in a very finished and correct manner. His stroke is not as vigorous as that of some artists we have heard on the 'cello, but it is agreeable and expressive.

Mr. W. Schutze, the leading violinist of the club performed DeBeriot's fourth concerto smoothly and with a faithful rendering of the text, but he fails to convey the variety of feeling of which the instrument and composition are capable. The Quintette in C, by Franz Schubert, the Brides Maids' chorus from Lohengrin, and Schumann's Traumerli, were the principal pieces in which the whole club participated. These were all irreproachably rendered. More depth and energy would have, perhaps, benefited the Traumerli; but the closing portions were given with all the delicacy that could be desired.

Miss Fannie J. Kellogg is a charming balladist, and was warmly encored. Her style in the "Staccato Polka" song, was very good, each note ringing out sharp and clear, and springing from her throat without apparent effort. Her voice is fresh and sweet, as well as powerful. She is an important auxiliary to this club, and we hope to see and hear her again, when next the Mendelssohns favor Montreal with a visit.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

THIRD PAPER.

BENJAMIN SULTE.

I.

The cultivation of a national literature among the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec we have long regarded as one of the most remarkable events of our time. Considering the position of the Franco-Canadian population, which has been nothing less than a political and social struggle for upwards of a hundred years, it is a marvel that they have preserved their ancestral language at all. Yet not only has this feat been accomplished, but writers have been found, in both prose and verse, whose compositions may be said to rise to the best Parisian standard. In a study of Canadian Poetry, we cannot, if we have any regard to completeness, overlook some of these, and hence we have singled out the poems of Mr. Sulte as a subject for the present paper.

The name of this gentleman has been prominently before the public in different capacities. Several of his prose writings, on topics of popular interest, have more than once attracted the attention of Parliament. He is the author of a number of historical papers, chief among which are researches into the antiquities of his native city, Three Rivers. Since the year 1862, he has been constantly allied to the Canadian Volunteer movement and the active militia. He did commendable service at the front, on three different occasions of moment. On leaving his battalion, he entered the Department of Militia and Defence at Ottawa, where, for the past five years, he presides over the correspondence of the Civil branch, in both languages. He was for nearly three years the private Secretary and intimate friend of the late Sir George Cartier.

But the event in Mr. Sulte's career which, up to the present, has most contributed to his reputation is a beautiful little work, entitled "Les Laurentiennes," published at Montreal, in 1870. It contains no piece of any length, but is made up of a series of short poems, on various subjects, which the author very prettily conceives to be echoes from those Laurentian mountains which look down in mysterious and picturesque loneliness on that portion of Lower Canada where his birth place stands. The book itself is unpretentious, and the author seems to have set only slight stress upon it, but notwithstanding its inequalities, it breathes the spirit of song and entitles the writer to a high rank among the poets of French Canada.

The qualities of Mr. Sulte's mind are mainly introspective. His imagination is not strong in the creative sense of the word. His sensibility is not deep, or if it is, he has the trick of checking it under a veil of quiet pleasantry. His thought is very direct and his language quite simple. He is a rigid adherent to material rules, and, in consequence, sometimes sacrifices the richness of an image, or the point of a figure of speech, to the exigencies of rhyme.

He is essentially a song writer, and in the department of song, his specialty is the ballad. In these he is always successful, whereas in several of his more ambitious patriotic songs, the effect strikes us as less apparent that it might be. To write a stirring song, as none know better than Mr. Sulte, requires a bold fancy and the rush of passion. Hence it is that lyricism is rightly accounted among the highest flights of poetry. The ballad presupposes less imagination and more tenderness, more subdued pathos. It is allied to the elegy. He who excels in it is a gifted son of the Muses and is sure to make his mark wherever his name appears.

Among a number of short poems, such as form the volume of "Les Laurentiennes," the taste of readers will differ almost infinitely, as they differ in a choice of jewels in a large casket. But, for ourselves, of those which we have marked as denoting the peculiar traits of Mr. Sulte's talent, we believe all our readers will admire their beauty and finish.

Here, for instance, is a little bit in three stanzas, which is at once gay and sad, apparently superficial and yet full of hidden meaning. It would be hard to improve upon it.

L'autre était brune et sémillante,
Toute de flammes, de chansons,
Folle gâté, prunelle ardente.
Vivant du cœur comme une amante,
Et pourtant, sans illusions.

Elle était reine, la coquette,
Aux clartés des lustres du bal!
Gare à qui lui contait fleurette
Il s'enfermait—sage on poète—
Et Martha riait de son mal!

Un jour, sans éclat, sans mystère,
Par un plan d'avance conçu,
Le papillon quitta la terre.....
Il a pris dans un monastère,
Un nom que je n'ai jamais su.

This Martha is a type. She was brown, sparkling, with light in her eye, songs on her lips, fire in her heart. And yet the girl had no illusions. Under the flame of the gasaliers of the ball-room, she reigned a queen. Nay she was even a coquet there. And still if any poor fellow fell in love with her, she laughed at him for his pains. One day, without making any noise about it, or using any mystery either—for her mind had long been made up—she quitted the world, and, in a monastery, took a name which no one outside ever knew. Such a subject is open to a variety of fine treatment. Mr. Sulte has treated in his own way, in fifteen lines, and he has done it like a poet. The charm of the little poem lies not in what it says, but in what it suggests and leaves one to dream about.

Our author is very fond of nature, and many of his most beautiful images are tinged with the mellow splendors of the sun-illuminated fields. The following is very simple, but also very pretty.

Les blés sont beaux! Les champs sont verts.
Le soir tombe sur la prairie.
L'oiseau répète ses concerts.
Je m'enivre de poésie.

Mon pied froisse les doux gazons
Tout parsemé de fleurs sauvages.
L'odeur des foins monte aux maisons.
Plus de bruit dans les pâturages.

L'eau murmurante des ruisseaux
Glisse sous les arbres antiques;
Apprenez-moi des chants nouveaux
Qui valent ces riens poétiques.

Solitaire au bord du chemin,
Mollement s'en vont mes pensées,
Pour attendre ici le matin,
Je dormirais dans les rosées.

Yes, that is it exactly. The birds sing, the flowers blossom, the smell of hay rises from the fields, the waters murmur under the trees—teach me any new songs that are worth these poetic nothings. And to catch a peep of the rising sun, I would sleep in the dew.

Several of our authors' happiest ideas are borrowed from images of nature. In "Le Soir," he speaks of the

Angel of dreams,
Surprising us on the off slope of the hills.

In another place, he says of the boat

Which all day led us
Athwart the double wood
Of which the river was the aisle.

Again:

When we are old, and when night falls
Upon the day about to close,
We meet on the edge of the tomb,
The great shadow of remembrance.

Throughout the poem, of which the above are the opening lines, Mr. Sulte displays unwonted vigor. The words are those of an old man who recalls the struggles of his race in past times. He addresses the French youth of to-day, and asks them: "who teaches them in their cabins of what blood they are descended? Do they suspect that the entire race had no other ramparts than its virtues. Ah! if you wish to prevent a people from prevaricating, revive its traditions."

A poem in this volume, on the old Fort at Chambly, has had the effect of preserving that ancient relic from utter ruin. If we are rightly informed, certain parties in France have taken the matter up, and intend restoring it to its former condition. If such is the fact, it is not complimentary to the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec, who ought to be able to take care of their own monuments. There are at least twenty of these old memorials of New France which filial piety ought to rescue from oblivion, to say nothing of their value in a strictly historical sense.

The following song is thoroughly Canadian in subject, and though it contains a few weak lines which the author could easily amend, it is a poem of which he has every right to be proud.

LA PATINEUSE.

Belle patineuse intrépide,
Glisse sur ton patin rapide,
Glisse, voltige et tourne encore!
La foule enthousiaste admire
Ta noble pose qui se mire
Dans le cristal du port!

De la grève
D'où s'élève
Un cri d'admiration,
Tu t'élanças
Et balançais
La plume ombrageant ton front.

Souriante,
Confiante
Sur tes deux lames d'acier.
Ta tournure
Leste et sûre
Semble tous nous défer.
Sur ta trace,
Joyeux, passe
L'essaim de nos patineurs;
Ton pied, vite,
Les évite
Et retient les promeneurs.

Que d'adresse,
De vitesse
On déploie à ce concours!
Mais tu voles,
Cabrioles,
Et bondis sur le parcours!

Va! riieuse
Patineuse,
Les fatigant jusqu'au soir!....
Sur mon âme
Quelle flamme
Pétille dans ton œil noir!
Toujours prête,
Rien n'arrête
Tes triomphes commencés;
Sans mot dire,
Tu peux rire
Des amoureux distancés!

Mr. Sulte is so absorbed in his official duties that he has, of late, neglected the Muses. But this should not be. He has the leisure, which journalists and many other men of letters unfortunately lack, to cultivate his talent, and adorn the literature of his country with finished productions from his graceful pen. We, therefore, expect to hear from Mr. Sulte in a new poem, soon and frequently.

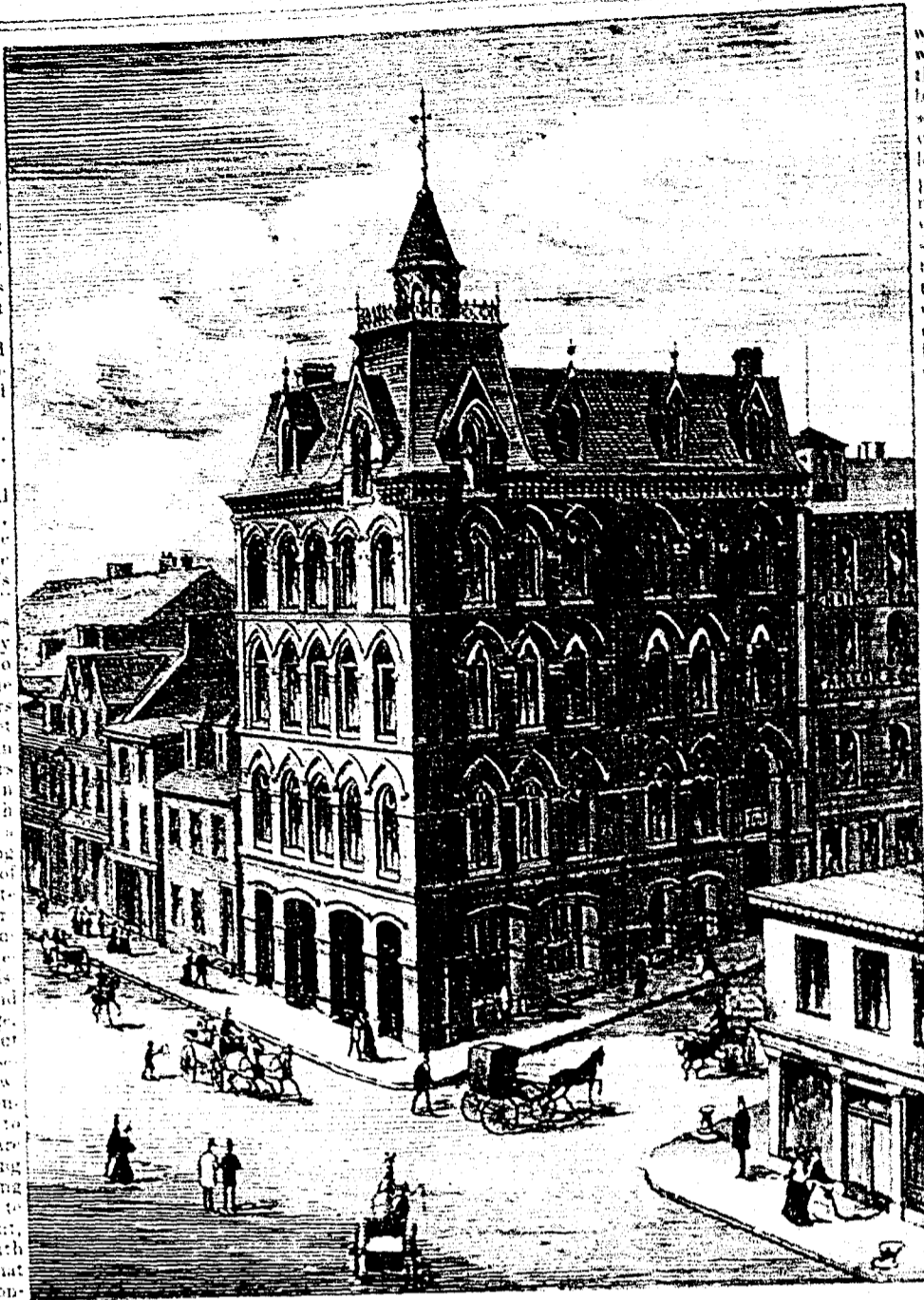
A comparison between the amount of assessed property and amount of insured property, according to the return of the fire insurance companies, would show great neglect and carelessness, more especially among people of the country. The only way of reaching this tardy class is the one adopted by the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal: the formation of local boards of directors whose example and advice may do much to extend the benefit of Fire Insurance.

THE TRAINING OF GIRLS.

In the core of the human heart, whether that heart throbs in a masculine or a feminine bosom, is the love of home; and in the centre of home, its soul and light is woman. These are fundamental truths, bottom facts, which underlie the framework of society, and on which it rests.

There has been a great deal said and written about enlarging the sphere of woman, opening new avenues to her of ambition, industry, success, which is all very well; but the wise ones who talk of these matters do not propose to effect what cannot, in the nature of things, be done—change the sphere of woman. God has marked the boundaries in a manner unmistakable. She is the mother, the wife, the home-keeper, and however widely her influence may radiate, how ever large the circumference she may illuminate, its central point is the hearthstone, the cradle, the home.

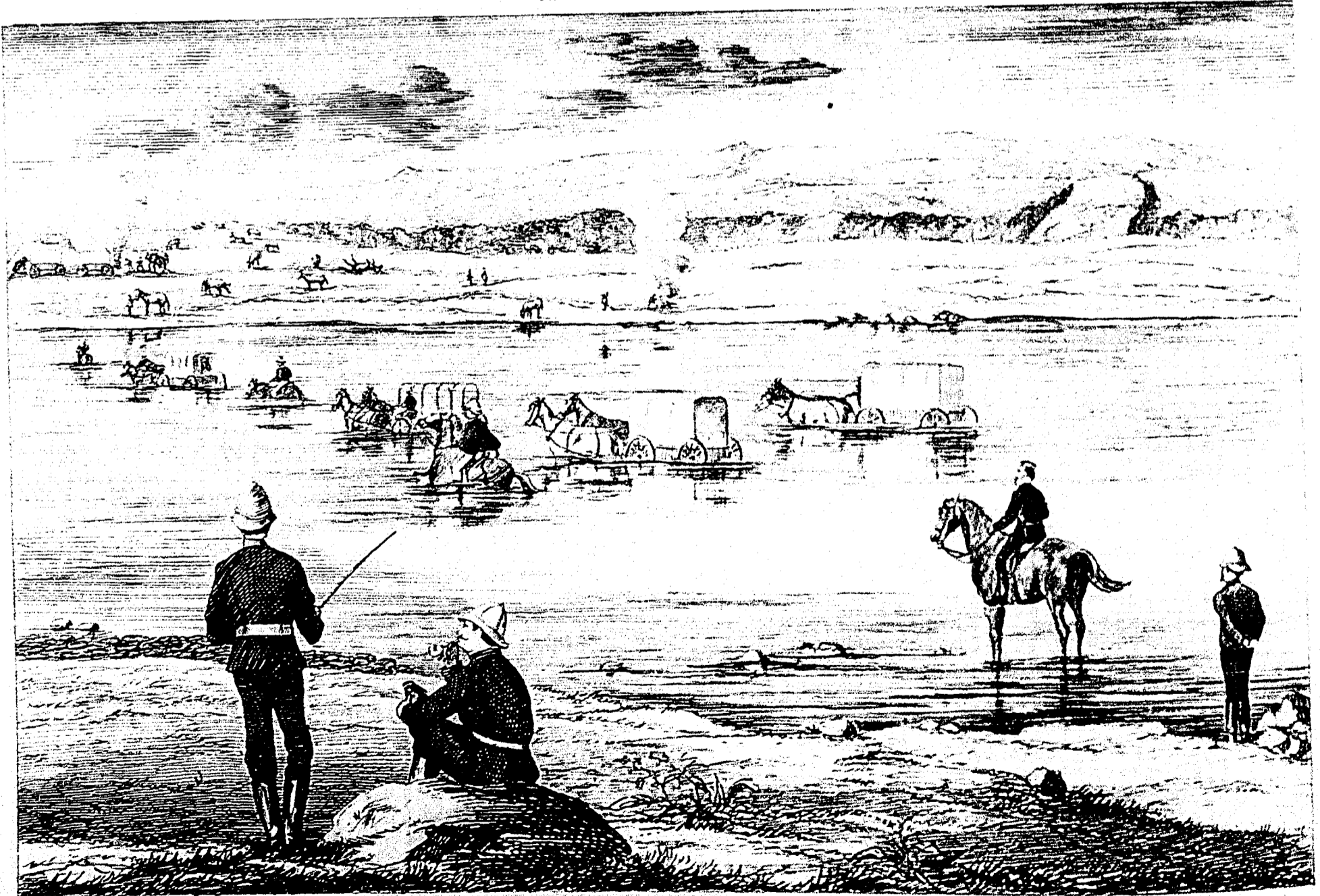
If we take the social relations in their natural order, we find that the duties of wife come first, and afterwards, growing out of these, the love and duties of the mother. The wife, by Divine appointment, is the guardian of her husband's honor, the boy of his preside, his "help-meet" in all the varied labors of life. This surely does not mean that she is to sit idly by and simply enjoy the rewards of his toil, that she is only to adorn as a figure-head the establishment at the head of which he places her, and wear honors graciously she has done nothing to earn. Yet how many young ladies look for just this in marriage, and nothing more; how many mothers count no other work for their daughters than only this; how many men look on women with this idea of their usefulness. But how can a girl be trained with special reference to becoming a wife and mother and yet be made capable of supporting herself independently of immediate masculine aid, if so circumstances demand of her. The problem is being worked out in ten thousand quiet American homes where the troublesome question of kitchen help has not yet disturbed the domestic peace, where the boys and girls, as they increase in strength and knowledge, are taught to do their part, at first small, but ever growing larger, in the labors of the household. It was this home training that made New England women of the last generation so wonderfully efficient, and able to turn their hand to almost anything required of them. Mothers are apt to feel that if their children are not porting over school books their education is being neglected; but a child who is taught how to perform stated tasks of every-day requirement, with fidelity, with diligence, with patience, with cheerfulness, is being as really educated in what is necessary to success in life as one kept constantly drudging over arithmetic and geography.



HALIFAX:—YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING
—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN

The great masses of young and middle aged women now clamoring for something to do by which they can earn bread were not taught in their girlhood to do anything useful—to make bread, wash dishes, sweep floors, or do their own sewing—and their judgment has never been developed in the practical affairs of life; they have learned few lessons of self-control, they have no power of routine work, no adaptability to the requirements of their circumstances, and no wonder they clamor for another and a wider sphere. The sphere they really want is exactly that for the duties of which they have not been trained. The fault of all this lies largely with mothers, who, remembering the struggles and narrowness and poverty of their early married lives, wish to shield their daughters from what themselves have suffered, as if pain and poverty and suffering and struggle were not God's chosen means of developing whatever is noblest and sweetest and grandest in the human soul. The Divine One, in his earthly career, had but one crown, and that was a crown of thorns.

To many an intelligent and far-seeing mother the truth has been unfolded that by diligent training of her daughters in graceful household ways while yet they are in girlhood, such powers of mind, such mastery of self, such maturity and balance of judgment and faculty may be developed in them as will prepare them, in a manner, for whatever may be before them, to attain a high position with honor or to fill a humble one with nobility. It is not too much to say that if the time of girls, between the ages of 12 and 20, that is frittered away in the acquisition of empty accomplishments, which serve only to gladden fleeting brightness the few months or years that elapse between leaving school and getting a husband, were conscientiously devoted to mastering some one thing, of art or valuable accomplishment, they would be few women in the next decade that would complain of having no way of making a living. The wife who knows all her husband's business, and who is his partner in everything, often becomes capable, by reason of her very companionship with him, should death remove him from her side, of taking up the broken thread, and carrying on to completion the plan he laid, and realizing for her children the hopes he cherished. Especially is this true when, in early life, under the training of a judicious and out-to-homestead mother, she has learned to exercise the virtues of self-denial, abstinence, and cheerful submission to the daily requirements of duty. Enlargement of the sphere of woman must come from within and not from without. By so much as she becomes wiser, nobler, more helpful in the relations of wife, mother, daughter, sister, by so much will her power for goodness be increased and her resources be multiplied.



SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE CROSSING BELLY RIVER, 14th SEPT 1874

OLD MAIDS.

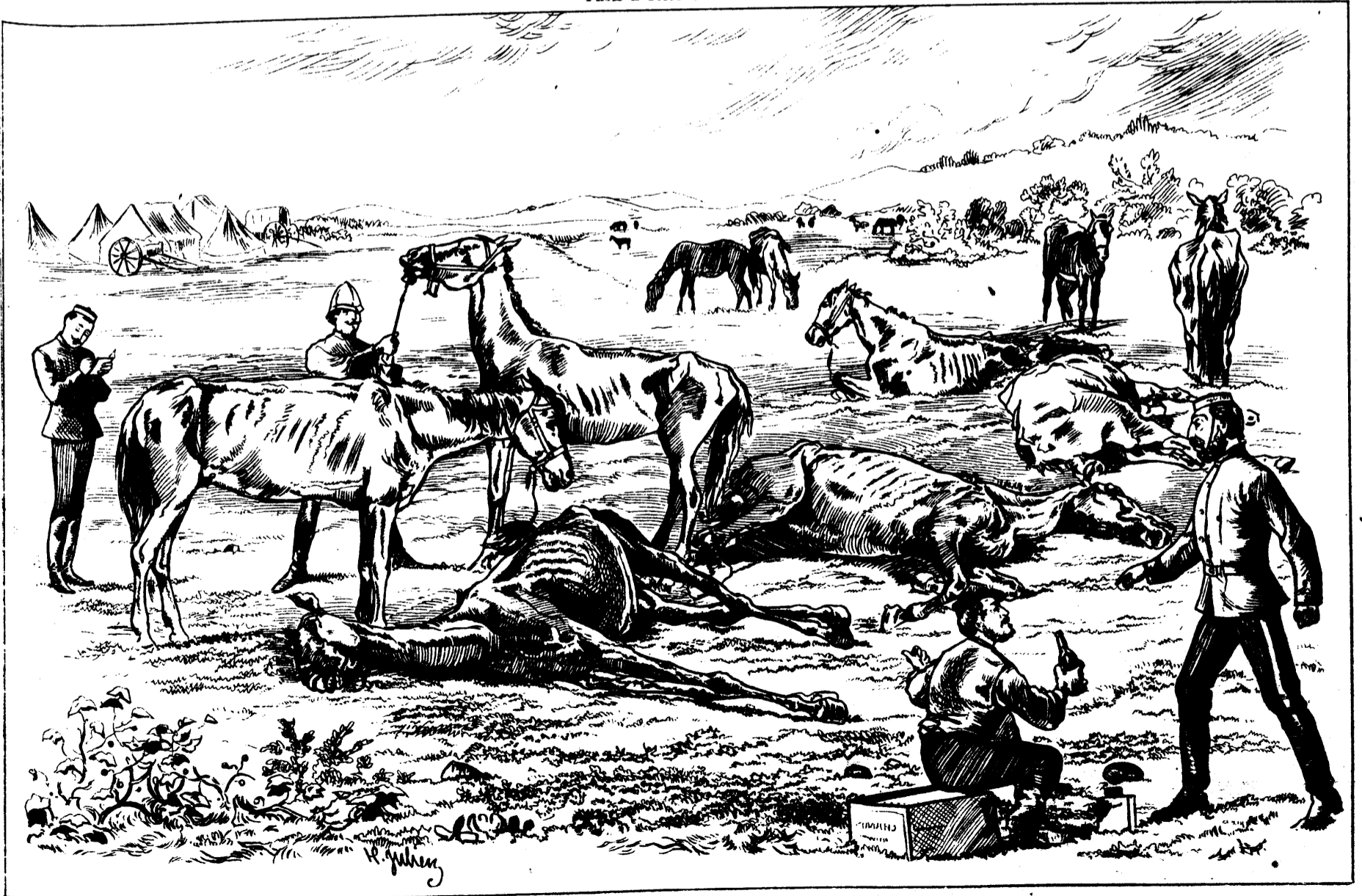
Mrs. William Grey lectured lately at the Chelsea Literary and Scientific Institution on "Old Maids," and, commencing by definitions, remarked that an honourable member in a speech in Parliament called old maids "social failures." A rev. gentleman who took the chair at a meeting for promoting the higher education of women in speaking of the half-million of women who are in excess of that number of men in this country, and can therefore be paired, said women were by that half-million superfluous. In one of Miss Austen's charming novels, Emma, being told that she will be an "old maid," says, "Never mind, Harriet; I shall not be a poor old maid." The unmarried lady of good fortune is a single woman, and only the poor one is an old maid. There is another definition, that of St. Paul:—"The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." As to the difficult question of age, "His Majesty is as old as people in general," was said by a cautious attendant of Louis XIV. Others would answer with a character in Racine's "Plaideurs," and estimate sixty as the prime of life. Mr. Buckle said a woman reached her prime between thirty-five and forty; for, though her beauty had then lost the charm of youth, it had acquired that of expression. We might content ourselves with laying down the rule that as soon as youthful manners and youthful amusements become ridiculous the woman who affects them is an old maid. To consider the definitions in their order, in what sense is the old maid a social failure? She has failed of matrimony. It is understood in young ladies schools that it is a young lady's duty to get well married. If she succeeds, she takes, for three months at least, the first place in every society; if she fail, it is *ve victis*. Mrs. Oliphant describes a woman whose youth is gone, and who is still obliged to think of marrying as a provision, and who goes into society as a laborious trade, and yet cannot stoop low enough—who looks with envy even at the widow clothed in the dignity of a great sorrow. To old maids of this class the stigma does apply. They have failed. Passing to the "superfluous" theory, it involves the uselessness of 500,000 human brains, 500,000 pairs of human hands, 500,000 human minds and hearts. One recalls the massacre of St. Ursula and 11,000 virgins at Cologne, and asks oneself whether their murderers were imbued with some such theory of the inutility of single women. The same disregard for female existence, except as it ministers to male uses, lies at the root of the ancient practice of infanticide. In Scinde, when a female child was born to one of the Princes, it was brought to him in Durbar, and if he did not approve of

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 242.—BENJAMIN SULTE, ESQ.—AUTHOR OF "LES LAURENTIENNES" &c.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

it, it was put under the cushion upon which he sat, and extinguished by the gentle pressure of his paternal weight. But were unmarried women superfluous? In our own country alone they gave us, in literature, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, Harriet Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe. Was Elizabeth Barrett superfluous till she became Mrs. Browning? In science, was Miss Herchell superfluous, whose labours were invaluable to her father and brother? Was the devoted sister of the poet Wordsworth superfluous? In philanthropy, could they count as too many Florence Nightingale, Lady Burdett Coutta, Mary Carpenter, Octavia Hill, and the great sisterhood of nurses of every denomination, under every garb? Could we spare Miss Davies and Miss Buss in education? As to the third view, that expressed by Miss Austen's heroine, no wonder if women who, when their home was broken up by death, first learnt the worth of money, became soured by cares and disappointment, and were not all like Miss Bates, described by the same writer, who, though tiresome, chattering, irrelevant, incoherent, with little sense and no beauty, single and poor, "was very much to the taste of everybody." Yes, she won the world by love-heartedness—*bonté*. It is more than moral goodness, it is the goodness which diffuses itself outwardly and socially—*bounty*. *La bonté est la coquetterie des vieilles femmes*, and perhaps it is the want of it that makes old bachelors less amiable and less useful, without being more ornamental, than old maids. No doubt, marriage was the highest form of life, both for men and women; but there are old maids from choice, who with a genius for friendship, have never experienced love, and of these she repeated the words of the Apostle. Though a sacrament, marriage came to be looked on in its lower aspect, as a concession to human frailty, instead of as the highest form of companionship. The type of womanhood was taken, not from the women who followed their Master to the foot of the Cross, but from Eve, tempted by the serpent, and in her turn tempting the man to forbidden fruit; and in mediæval pictures the serpent is represented with the face of a beautiful woman. Protestantism had rehabilitated marriage, but not woman in the same degree, and she was now looked upon as inferior and ministering to man, and not as an equal being, with equal rights of free development. The conquest of a higher position in public estimation must be made by our single women, who, not being bound like married women to care for the things which please their husbands, may claim the right to devote themselves to the things of the Lord, the cultivation of whatever faculty He has given them towards perfection. They need not be social superfluities; and many of them are, indeed, necessaries.



SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:
DEAD HORSE VALLEY, 19th SEPT. 1874.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

TO E— AND F. I.—

IN MEMORY OF THEIR DEAD.

Dead,—can it be?
When earth rolls on so evenly,
When home birds sing so joyously,
And flowers bud, and bloom—as free
Now he is dead—!

Dead—one month ago
What love—what joyous hopes far into life?
What lusty plans! what generous strife?
Now all is changed. The form we loved is low
And he is dead.

Dead—Ah me—
That life's cup should so soon be filled
With draught from bitterest woe distilled
The veil is drawn, twixt us and thee
We cannot see.

Oh! heart of thine,
That beats not alone, this cold March day,
That aches to go—yet, waiting by the way
We say—O God! Thy will be done not mine
Since he is dead.

Dead... not so,
But present still—where fadeless flowers grow.
Where the hill wears a richer glow.
And noiseless rivers forever flow,
There Love has fled.

But over his grave
Birds soon will sing a happy song,
And soft spring winds bear it along
Unto that happy, listening throng
Who crowns him—not dead.

F. E. K.

Brookville, March 24th, 1875.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

MAY DAY

OR

A SKETCH FROM VILLAGE LIFE.

By Estina Lente, Author of "Patty's Story," &c.

"Quite seventy years ago," said Dame Coldritch. I was a child, and, as the old woman spoke these words, I looked into her face with awe. Seventy years! My childish mind beheld a lapse of ages, grew perplexed in the effort it made to realize what May Day had been those seventy years ago.

Impossible. My feeble brain could not grapple with the question. I passed on to the next, which naturally arose from the first. If the Dame could remember seventy years ago—how old must she be now? How long would she continue to exist?

There were many old people in our village, and my mind reverted to them. Some lived on alms, others on the hard earned savings of an industrious middle age. Now their day was past, day by day found them sitting on the benches in the sunshine, half in life, half in dreams of what was, what had been, and eternity. But thinking of these old folk gave no solution to my present difficulty. My eyes looked upon a calm face, whose expression yet was of an intense energy, on blue eyes not yet dim, on busy fingers engaged now on some fine knitting; passed on to the many benches in the room, rested on the Dunce's Cap, the stick, the pile of dog's eared reading books. No sign here that Death was waiting for, by one whose life's work was ended.

The Dame looked up. Her eyes brightened into a smile, she gently nodded to me, and went on working.

But I exclaimed eagerly, "Tell me all about it."

She rose as I spoke, and for a moment stood at the open cottage door. Opposite was the farm yard, and beside it the quaint village cross. Children were playing noisy games on the steps of the cross, women were gossiping at the foot. The Dame closed the door. Then she told me the story, and I think forgetting that her listener was a child. For the time, poor old Dame, again young, so glad to bask once more in the light of that one bright day of her life,—seventy years ago.

"We lived in the Forest," she began, "just on the confines of the park, where the brook bubbled over the banks, and made a marsh of the lower lands. We were very poor, mother and I worked hard from morning to night. We had to wash and dress and work for so many little ones, and with so little money coming in to buy fresh things; and ever increasing need for more. Father was weakly, and often over-taxed his strength; at such times mother put on a brighter face than ever, and when need came, went out to work by the day, and so earn money for the rent. Then father stopped at home and helped me with the work, and went to meet mother when she came back from the village, and I would set the table by the fire, and set the children by the door to watch for both. Poverty is not the worst evil, child. There is so much happiness in bravely meeting it.

It happened one winter morning that I had to go to the spring for water; father brought it generally before he went out. I took my buckets, and set out. It was a beautiful morning, and the hoar frost lay on all the grass blades, and the sun was shining on the forest trees. It was warm in the sunshine, and when I had filled my buckets, I sat down on the moss grown stones, and I began to wonder and to think. To wonder at the hoar frost, and the sunshine, and the bubbling of the well, all evidences of a power I could not see; to think of wood spirits, that the old women told us they had seen, and of their gifts to the poor. Supposing one of them should

give me a fortune, should I do with it as Sally Pritchard had done, should I spend the money on fine clothes and—? My thoughts drifted on, and I forgot that it was a winter's morning, and that mother was waiting for the buckets.

"You will catch cold," said a voice, and I turned to see Joe Coldritch quietly standing by. I felt the colour come into my face, as I stood looking at him. I knew my frock was very threadbare and that I had no bright ribbons for my neck, and my feet were bare. But in a minute I looked at him quite quietly, for I knew how clean and neat I was, and I could not help the poorness of my clothes. You see all this came through my mind in a flash, and I answered slowly:

"Yes! I shall catch cold, and I must go."

He said nothing, but took up the pails to carry them home for me. He went on up the winding path, and I followed.

"Are you not the wood-cutter's daughter," he said, "and do I not see you at church sometimes?"

"Yes," I said briefly. I knew it was easy for him to recognize me, no other girls wore frocks so bare as I.

"This is hard work for you," he said gently.

"Father does it," I answered, "but I often do hard work, I am used to it. I dig, and wash, and brew, I am eldest, you know, and there is no one else."

I said this with a sore feeling in my heart. Report said Joe came from "foreign parts," that he was rich, and a great favourite in the village. Report provided him already with a village maiden for a wife, and as I thought of Sally Pritchard with her fine clothes, I felt distressed that Joe should do my work for me. For I felt that it was mine to work hard and I owned it as mine, with dignity.

"The young people play games on the Green in the village, at sunset," he said, "why do I never see you there except on Sundays?"

"Sunday evening there is not much to do," I said, "other days are very busy. We spin, mother and I."

We had reached the door now, and he set the buckets down. Mother came out, and the children gathered round.

"The work is behind," said mother, scarce noticing Joe, and I went into the wash house. But the cottage door was open, and I heard Joe ask mother if he might sit down on the bench outside and rest. Then I heard him at play with the children, and then they rested and the children talked, telling him about Nancy.

"Do not talk about me," I said quite rudely, going to the door. Then Joe got up, and came nearer.

"They cannot help it," he said in a kind voice.

"They bother her life out," grumbled mother. Then some of them came and hung on to my old gown, and the baby cried and put out his arms for me to take him, and Joe stood looking and saying nothing, until my face grew hot, and tears came into my eyes. It was not very kind, I thought, to stare like that when I could not get away. He came close up then, and patted the children on the head, and I saw tears in his eyes then. He said gently "he was very sorry he had vexed me, and would go." I stood then with the children and watched him down the glen.

"He looks back very often," said little Bill.

"He is a decent lad," said mother, wiping the soap suds off her arms.

Three months passed by and May was near. In the forest the trees were budding green, and underfoot the primroses and snow drops covered the ground. Far down in the marshy lands grew rich coloured "Bulls eyes" and fragrant "Daffodils." In favoured spots were clumps of cowslips. In evenings, when the sun was bright, the children begged the hours for me till bed time, and we strolled into the forest, flower gathering, or Joe came, and took them all to search for cowslips, and I sat at work with mother until they returned. Then I sat down on the grass and they clustered round me, as I broke off the fragrant heads, and bound them together with a worsted belt, and laid in each little palm a soft yellow ball. The Spring days came and went so fast, so brightly and so happily, that I could not feel weary, though I worked as hard as ever. Joe had work to do, in the park grounds, and often stopped at our cottage to chat, as he passed to-and-fro. He came at all times of the day, and seemed never to tire of our homely ways, and of play with the children.

"He seems fond of coming up here," said mother, "though he always finds us so hard at work. You might have put off scrubbing the floor, child, till he was gone."

"No," I answered, "he knows it has to be done, let him keep away if he likes us the less for doing it."

It was afternoon, and time for us to get our sewing. I set aside the scrubbing brush, and went up stairs to change my working dress, for one scarcely less threadbare, but as clean as hands could make it. Mother and I sat down at the cottage door to sew, the children played by the brook. At six o'clock father came home.

"Joe has been talking to me, to-day," he said to mother.

"Again?" said mother. Then after a pause, "Well, what did you say?"

Father looked uncomfortable, and mother did not press the question; but when I had gone in to lay the cloth for supper, they talked together in a low voice.

After supper Joe came up. I was putting away the supper dishes, and father was smoking his

pipe on the porch. Joe stood at the door, and told father he had taken a cottage in the village and was going to settle there. He told all this to father, but he looked at me, and I felt my cheeks grow hot and then very white. The cottage seemed to go round and round, and I put out my arms for support.

"What, giddy, child?" said mother. Then to Joe, "She has worked too hard to-day."

They had put me in a chair and gathered round me.

"Do not you like it?" said Joe. "I hoped you would."

He said it right out, before them all, and looked straight at my father, who was looking a little puzzled.

"You gave me leave to ask her?" he said appealingly, "I spoke out to you directly I found it out."

"True, lad," father muttered. "And mother, I told her nigh three months ago. She and I are of the same mind, lad, now and always."

There was a pause then, in which we heard the voices of the children coming to the cottage-door. Father and mother hurried on to meet them.

"Nancy," said Joe, coming nearer. But before he could say more I found wings to my feet and sped away to my room. Joe went away.

To-morrow would be May Day. A party of merry village girls came up to our cottage. They wanted to make me promise to be May Queen. I hid away from them. I heard their voices calling, and mother knowing my hiding place called to me. "Come, child! It is your turn to be Queen. You have been everything else to us, at any rate," she added with a sad laugh. "Joe says," said Sally Pritchard, "she is a forest flower. I told him you were not used to the kind of thing."

"Sally was Queen three years," said another girl.

Sally's glib tongue rattled on. She told us village gossips and repeated things Joe had said of us, that made my cheeks flame.

"Be our May Queen!" they entreated of me. "I will not be your Queen," I said, "I am a forest girl, I am used to dig, to scrub, to work. I cannot play at being Queen." I spoke bitterly, and as I raised my eyes to Sally's face I saw instead Joe's eyes earnestly fixed on me.

"I have unwillingly heard my name used," he said severely to Sally, "if you will think again, you will remember as I do, that I have never spoken of my friends here to you or any other person in the village."

"Oh, we were only talking," said Sally, as her cheeks burned, "do ask her to be Queen, she will do nothing for us."

His eyes rested so kindly on me, and turning he said, "I shall not ask her. I should not like her to be May Queen."

"Well, I never!" they said in one voice, and Sally Pritchard laughed and told the girls it was time to go home.

"Are you coming?" they asked Joe.

"I have business here," he said, in his quiet way. We stood and watched the girls until they were lost to sight by the forest trees, and then I moved quietly to the cottage door. Joe stood there with his arm across the entrance.

"Do not run away again," he said. "Come with me down to the Forest."

"Go, child," said mother's voice from behind Joe.

The sun was setting, and only a few gleams of light straying through the thicket to the path, but we knew that path so well. Down the glen, across the brook, and then under the trees to a mossgrown crag.

We found seats there.

"Nancy," said Joe, "I have come to-night to say to you what I have told your father and mother, ever since I have begun to come to your cottage."

But his words were few, and are very sacred to me, meant only for me in that quiet forest.

(To be concluded next week.)

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

KATY DID.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

"Katy did!"

"Katy did n't?"

"Katy did!"

"I do not believe you!"

"That does n't alter the fact! And why should you not believe me, I'd like to know?"

Every body but yourself, Ben Turner, knows that my sister Katy is the bravest and best woman in the world! She is a great deal too good for you, and was a fool to marry you!"

I had no patience with the man! Anything the least bit out of the common, he always received with the greatest incredulity.

Katy was upstairs, putting the baby to sleep by finging the singularly appropriate air of "Awake thee, little sleeper! No longer slumbering lie."

Just as we finished speaking, she came in. "What's the matter, now? You two are everlastingly quarrelling."

"Nothing; only he won't believe it was you who saved old Jack Carter's life. There's no use talking to him—He's such a mule!" After having expressed my opinion of my brother-in-law to this effect, I felt better.

"Tell us all about it, Katy!" said Ben. "It was not such an incredible thing, Ben. Any person, man or woman, would have done

the same. I had promised to take the children down to see the train go by, and the evening being cool and pleasant we started out about five o'clock, and walked down to the track. We were early, and crossed over to the edge of the water, where Mox and Flox played at throwing pebbles into it. There was no one around that I could see, so I sat down on a stone with Katy, to rest. Presently, we heard the noise of the train, though it was not yet visible. I walked forward, making the little ones keep close beside me, while I carried Baby, to see it come round the corner. Just as it came in sight, I caught a glimpse of something black lying across the track. Without a moment's thought, I dropped the baby on the soft sand—Oh, I was so terrified lest he should roll over into the water—and calling to the twins to mind him as I ran, I just reached the object, stooped, and jerked it off the track, when the horrid rushing thing swooped down the hill, and over the very spot where it had lain an instant before!"

"Good for you, little woman!" exclaimed Ben, kissing her rosy flushed face; then capering around the room like an old goose, as he was, he tossed his hat to the ceiling, and shouted,

"Hurra! what a bully little wife have I!"

"Not so brave as you think, Ben," said Katy laughing. "I was frightened half out of my wits after it was all over. Poor old Carter was insensible with drink. I do n't know how he came to choose that dangerous place for a bed, I'm sure. As I said, there was no one around, so I sent Mox over to the "Lake View" to tell them that there was a man lying intoxicated on the road-side. I did not wish any one to make a fuss about it, so I was glad no one was there to be a witness. Unfortunately, however, Tim Reggan and his wife were on the train going to the first station, and they recognised me from the car window. They returned by the next train back, and now, of course, everybody knows all about it."

Just as she ceased speaking, the door flew open, and Old Mrs. Carter, the faithful, unhappy, and much abused wife of the rescued man, came in, breathless with running, and wild with excitement and gratitude.

"Which of ye's did it?" cried she, looking at me.

"Aaty did!" answered I, with a triumphant nod at Ben.

HUMOUROUS.

A COTEMPORARY says that "a child was run over in the street by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterward."

"THEN you won't lend me that dime novel, eh?" inquired one boy of another in the Post-Office on Saturday. "No, I won't." "All right, then; next time our chimney burns out you shan't come into the yard and whoop and holler."

PUDDING time is precious time. Mamma: "Do you like this pudding, Frankey?" [No answer.] "You should say, 'Yes, mamma, dear.'" Little Frankey [who is three years and a half old]: "But you told me yes-day, I shouldn't talk when eating; 'sides, dis is too good to lose time over."

A YOUNG man from the interior who had been visiting abroad came home recently, and at breakfast remarked, as he reached his plate over: "Father, a little of the mixture in the brown dish, if you please, and a small piece of the prepared meat." The old gentleman, who is a plain, matter-of-fact man, replied, as he loaded up the outstretched plate: "We like to have you come a visitin' us, John, but just remember that while you're eatin' here, if you want hash, say so; and if you want sassage, call for sassage, and not go to spreadin' on any Brooklyn misery at my table."

JIMMY Brown came running into Mrs. Jones's house the other day saying:

"Oh dear, Mrs. Jones! Such an accident has happened. Your son John got under a four-horse wagon-load of pig-iron down at the river, and it ran right over his head." "Oh dear!"

Poor Mrs. Jones screamed and nearly fainted, when the little rascal added:

"Don't cry, Mrs. Jones; he wasn't hurt a bit."

"Why, what do you mean? Run over by a four-horse wagon-load of pig-iron and not hurt?"

"Well, you see, the wagon was passing over the bridge and he was sitting under it fishing," replied the little rascal, shooting out at the open door.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. MIOLAN CAVALHO is pronounced the best representative of *Ophelia* since Nilsson.

FECHTER has been playing *Armand* in Philadelphia in a revision of "La Dame aux Camelias" called "Lady Camelia." He was, it will be remembered, the original *Armand* to the *Marguerite* of Madame Doche.

THE Centennial drama, for which French dramatists are to compete, must be lofty, pure, and wholly moral in tone. If French authors can keep to these conditions the first prize—a gold medal, a bronze and \$5,000—will be well deserved.

At the close of her present engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, N. Y., Mlle. Aimée will proceed to Paris, where she will appear next winter in a new piece to be brought out at the Gaité. She will have a farewell benefit at New York.

CLARA MORRIS expresses the opinion that the original material for the American drama yet is to be in the humor of the negro and the tragic history of the Indian. "Let the last of them all be killed," she suggests, "and then relegate the subject to the region of romance."

SALVINI's acting has made such an impression in London, that nearly all the members of the dramatic profession have signed a request to him to give a day, performance of "Othello," in order that they may have an opportunity of witnessing his impersonation. He has yielded to the request.

MME. MARETZEK, who played the incidental part so charmingly in "L'Ombra," at New York, was once Mlle. Betucca, a favourite *prima donna*. It is related that Signor Tagliapetra and she took possession of the stage during a rehearsal a short time ago, and sang a scene from "Ernani" with no little effect.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GENERAL O'GRADY HALY.

This distinguished officer, commanding Her Majesty's troops in British North America, and about to be administrator of the Dominion for a few months, counts many years of honorable service. He served in the eastern campaign of 1854-55, including the battles of Alma (where his charger was killed) and Inkerman, where he received four bayonet wounds. He was present at the capture of Balaklava, the siege and fall of Sebastopol and sortie on the 26 Oct. He has the medal with four clasps: is C. B.; officer of the Legion of Honor; 3rd class of the Medjidie and the Turkish medal.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT HALIFAX.

We are indebted to the zeal and courtesy of Joseph Bell, Esq., of Halifax, for a photograph of the Y. M. C. A. Building in that city, and letter press information concerning it. We take pleasure in reproducing both for the benefit of our numerous friends throughout Nova Scotia. The building stands on a lot 60 by 40 feet, and is six stories, including attic and basements. It is built of brick with granite facings, and is of the modern gothic style. On the ground floor are the apartments which have been specially prepared for the Bank of Montreal, and are fitted in a convenient style. The banking room is the largest in the city (36 feet 6 in. by 28 feet). The entrance to the building is on Prince street, commencing in a spacious vestibule from which an easy stairway rises to the main floor, on which are the Reading Room—a very large and well lighted apartment, probably the best room of the kind in the city—the library, with shelf accommodation for about 5,000 volumes—and the Secretary's room, which will also be used as a Committee room for various religious and charitable societies. On the third story is a parlor furnished with sofas, arm-chairs, what-not, &c.—the class-room for the ordinary devotional meetings of the Association—the dining-room, pantry, and wash and bath-rooms. On the next flat is the large hall, which affords sitting accommodation for 400, and which is well lighted and well ventilated. Off this is an ante-room 11 feet square. The attics contains four bed-rooms, parlor, kitchen and scullery. The building was planned by Messrs. Sterling and Dewar, and was built by Mr. S. Brookfield, whose work has given the utmost satisfaction to the building committee.

THE SEAL FISHERY.

The 5th of April was a memorable day in the old port of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Two of the sealing vessels returned from their cruise laden with booty. The steamer "Greenland" had 25,000 seals on board, as many as she could possibly load. She was followed by the "Proteus," with 42,000 seals, the largest number by far ever brought in by one vessel. The seals were fine harps, in excellent condition. The value of the 67,000 seals brought in by those two steamers is \$198,000. Our correspondent writes: "The sealers did not leave St. John until the 15th March, and to-day the "Proteus" seals are valued at \$100,000. Good work for three weeks." We should think it was. A big Bonanza. These steamers brought good accounts of other vessels. The following were reported by them as fully loaded: Ranger, Walrus, Hawk, Iceland, Nimrod, Commodore and the Mic-Mac were seen entering the seal meadows with every chance of filling up. These vessels unloaded as quickly as possible and started on their second trips, and may bring many more seals. The young seals are born on the ice about the middle of February; and as they grow rapidly, and yield the finest oil, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mothers' milk, and while they can make no effort to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk that by the 22nd of March they are fat and in the most desirable condition to be taken. For six weeks they are fed by their mothers on the ice, and soon after the 1st of April take to the water, and then pursuit is almost useless. The hunters, after that date, turn their attention to the old ones.

RIGHT REV. DR. FULLER.

There was an immense crowd at St. Thomas' Church at the consecration of Bishop Fuller on May 1st., and the services and ceremonies were of a deeply impressive nature. The Rev. J. B. Richardson opened the services; and the first lesson was read by Canon Dixon and the second, by Dean Geddes. The creed was read by the Rev. J. Hebden. A choir of 26 voices sang the *Te Deum* and chants during an intermission. A procession of bishops, clergy, officers and the Synod and lay representatives formed at the school-room and marched into church. The Registrar proclaimed that the Rev. Dr. Fuller had been duly elected Bishop of Niagara, and the consecration service was then proceeded with, Bishop McCrossky, of Michigan, reading the commandments, and Bishop Cox, of Western New York, reading the Gospel. "O, Spirit of the Living God" was then sung, after which Dr. McMurray, of Niagara, preached the sermon. The oath of the Queen's supremacy and of obedience to the Metropolitan was administered to the Bishop by the Chancellor, Hon. J. H. Cameron. This was followed by the ceremony of robing and the laying on of hands by the Bishops, and the closing prayers were read by the Bishop of Huron. The proceedings ended with the administration of the Holy Communion. The biographical details of the new Bishop will be published in our next issue.

THE HAMILTON ELECTIONS.

These amusing sketches refer to the late contested elections for the House of Commons, in the city of Hamilton. The contestants were Messrs. Wilton and O'Reilly, the respondents Messrs. Irving and Wood. The counsel for the former were Messrs. J. H. Cameron, Q. C., M. P., and Thos. Robertson, Q. C., and the lawyers for the latter were Mr. Irving, Q. C., on his own behalf, and Messrs. F. MacKelcan and J. K. Kerr, of Toronto, for Mr. Wood. Only one witness, John Dolan was heard. He testified to having received \$20 from Michael Malone, a member of respondents' committee, for voting at the election. The charges of personal bribery were withdrawn. His Lordship, Mr. Justice Wilton, then gave his judgment. He said he determined, according to the statute in such case, that Andrew Trew Wood and Emilus Irving, the sitting members for the City of Hamilton whose election is complained of, were not, or either of them, duly elected. He found that money had been paid by one Michael Malone, an authorized agent to an elector, one John Dolan, for his vote. He gave all costs against the respondents, who, he determined, were not aware of the act referred to, and acquitted them of all knowledge of it. He said he should report to the Speaker of the House of Commons that he had no ground for deciding that corrupt practices had prevailed.

LORD DUFFERIN'S DEPARTURE.

Every Canadian throughout the Dominion is personated in the fair female figure which stands on the last step of the landing and greets Lord Dufferin on the eve of his departure. Not adieu, but *au revoir!* When his Lordship's voyage to England was first made public, the rumor ran that he would not return among us. But, fortunately, we learn from himself, in a message to the hospitable citizens of Quebec, that we may look for him again in the Autumn. At this intelligence, there was a general feeling of relief. We cannot afford to lose our popular Governor so soon. We all say to him: "We will let you go for a trip, but don't forget to come back."

AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

An appropriate picture at this season, when musical performances of all kinds are being presented to public appreciation. The drawing of each figure and the grouping of the whole are admirable examples of the highest art, and we are sure the sketch will prove attractive to all our musical readers.

WILDS OF THE NORTH WEST.

We present three excellent sketches on this subject, descriptions of which were fully given in late chapters of our narrative: "Six Months in the Wilds of the North West."

PERSONAL.

Lieut.-Governor CRAWFORD has been confined to his room by illness for some days.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is about to take up his residence in Toronto.

Hon. Mr. IRVINE, late Attorney-General of Quebec, is holding political meetings in the County of Megantic, with a view to re-election.

Sir HUGH ALLAN will leave England for Montreal on the 12th inst. It is believed that he has succeeded in his mission.

Mr. LEMOINE, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, was married last week, at Ottawa, to a daughter of Mr. MACKAY.

A fashionable wedding took place last Thursday at Hamilton, between Mr. T. HERRER, of Glasgow, Scotland, and Miss MINNIE YOUNG, daughter of the late JOHN YOUNG.

Mr. R. C. HAMILTON, cousin of Senator HAMILTON, was married last week, to the eldest daughter of Bishop LEWIS, in St. Alban's Church at Ottawa. The wedding was a brilliant ceremony, their Excellencies and the *elite* of the city being present. There were eight bridesmaids.

The banquet at Queen's College, Kingston, on the 28th ult., was a great success. Among those present was Sir John A. Macdonald, Principal Cavan, of Knox College; Rev. John May, M. A., of Ottawa; Prof. Murray, of McGill College; the different professors connected with the University, and a large number of graduates from all parts of the Dominion.

The remains of the late CHAS. DAWSON SHANLEY, a sketch of whose life appeared in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, arrived in London, Ont., from Jacksonville, Florida, on the 28th ult. The funeral took place from the Railway Station. Deceased was a brother of Colonel Shanley of London, and was long a resident of that neighbourhood before entering upon his literary career.

GERMAN STUDENT CUSTOMS.

A Leipzig correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, describes the closing meeting for the semester (called a *Converse*) of a students' society, and says:

Several salamanders were rubbed during the evening. This is nothing more than a peculiar way of drinking a toast, where every one rubs his glass a number of times on the table before and after drinking. There is nothing remarkable about it except its name, and the origin of this is unknown. A story is told of an innocent

Frenchman who supposed that the actual animal was brought into the "Kneipe," and rubbed by all in turn. This he was fond of relating as an instance of German barbarism. The most important feature of the evening, aside from the beer-drinking and salamander-rubbing, without which there would be no society, was the singing of the "Landesvater," with its accompanying ceremonies. This song is sung only on state occasions such as a Converse, and it is easy to see how it might perform good service in cementing friendships and strengthening love for the Fatherland. Several large glasses of lager were first provided (an indispensable preliminary to everything solemn here in Germany), and the presiding officers took their places at a small table—caps on and swords by the side. The orchestra began to play and they began to sing, the rest of the students repeating each verse after them. When the sixth verse was reached, following the directions of the song, the glass of beer was taken in the right hand, the sword in the left, and they drank to the Fatherland and the society. During the next verse the caps were taken off, and at the proper time each run his sword through his own cap up to the hilt. This finished the ceremonies at the smaller table, after which the different officers went to their respective tables, each with his big glass of beer and his sword. The persons present had been arranged by twos at the tables, all with caps, the guests even having been provided. And now to the singing of the last two verses. The same ceremonies were repeated until the cap of every person present was spitted on one of the swords. After a short pause singing was begun again, and to other words and to another tune, the caps were taken off again by the rightful owner, and the "Landesvater" was over.

THE KING OF THE BOHEMIANS.

A correspondent of the *Boston Globe* says: Henry Clapp's most brilliant piece of wit was upon Horace Greeley, who, in commenting in the *Tribune* upon a communication in the *World* signed M. B., asked "Who is M. B.?" The *World* replied, "Who is H. G.?" Mr. Clapp addressed a note to the *World*, saying "H. G. is a self-made man, and worships his creator." A table, with a pipe for each Bohemian, was always reserved at Pfaff's. One evening, Mr. Clapp found a Frenchman seated at the table, smoking one of the pipes. When he had done with it Mr. Clapp took it up, held it at arm's length, dropped, and broke it. The Frenchman sprang to his feet and poured out his anger in French, which Mr. Clapp spoke with perfect facility, but looked as if he did not understand a word. The Frenchman finally dashed down his card before Mr. Clapp, who, without looking at him, quietly put a lump of sugar on it. The Frenchman in despair rushed out of the room. Mr. Clapp became tired of the New York habit in omnibuses of handing money to a stranger to be passed to the driver without a word of request or of thanks. When money was thus handed to him he would look at it and quietly put it in his pocket. The owner of the money, after vain looks of indignation, would demand his money, which Mr. Clapp would imperturbably return. Mr. Clapp told the writer that, when he was living in Paris, Mr. Greeley came, in some degree, "consigned" to him. Among other things he had to prepare him for an evening party. With much difficulty he got him to don a dress coat and white cravat, but when he came to shoes or light boots Mr. Greeley said: "My wife has just put the right thing into my trunk," and produced one pair of bright red and another pair of bright green slippers, and said that one pair of them he would wear; and, in spite of all Mr. Clapp could do, the bright green ones he did wear. I asked Mr. Clapp if Mr. Greeley really saw and understood French life. "No," said he: "but nevertheless, he sat down every night and wrote home what he had not seen by day."

MADAME DE STAEL.

Madame de Staël was born in Paris in 1763, in a very intellectual age. Her father was high in power, his house the resort of the most cultivated people in Paris, and she the idol of every circle. Not technically beautiful, but the expression of her countenance was exceedingly attractive. Her dark, lustrous eyes, flashing with genius, and the expression of her lip, gave splendor and variety to her whole aspect. She played, sang, wrote poetry, offered the most original views, on every subject, seemed a priestess, a sibyl, full of inspiration, radiant, hopeful, witty, so that every one listened to her as to an oracle. Her hostile attitude towards Napoleon caused her banishment from Paris. The result of her travels through Germany and Italy was "Corinne," one of those immortal books which the heart of the world cherishes,—painting, poem, tragedy, novel, critique, interesting to all classes, ages, and countries, and the most brilliant book ever written in Italy. Every page is masculine in power; every sentence is condensed thought, and every line burns with passion. No man could make such revelations. On the fall of Napoleon, Madame de Staël returned to Paris, and the restoration hailed her with enthusiasm. Authors sought her encouragement. The *salons* caught inspiration from her presence. Never was a woman seated on a prouder throne. But she did not live long enough to enjoy her honors. She was stifled, like Voltaire, by incense and idolatries, worn out by excessive mental activities, and died prematurely at the age of fifty-one.

THE MANDOLINE.

Describing a mandoline concert, a correspondent of the *Boston Globe* writes: "The mandoline is an unknown instrument to most Americans, I fancy. It belongs to the lute-family, having a gourd-shaped body and a slender, fretted neck. The strings are in pairs, and they are struck with a bit of tortoise-shell, held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. As the strings are light and short, duration of tone is only produced by a rapid repetition of the notes—as when a passage in tremolo is played on the piano-forte. The effect is pleasant when the instrument is a good one and the performer's hand not heavy; but the impression often produced is that of a penetrating, sharply vibratory, and yet rather insignificant voice. It is not an easy instrument to keep in tune, its compass is limited, and as ordinarily played it is about as void of expression as a hand-organ. In making up this 'concerto' all the members of the mandoline family are employed, from a huge guitar in F and a lute as big as half of a Thanksgiving pumpkin, up to the miniature instruments in octaves and twelfths, which are almost as large as a respectable Bartlett pear, and are operated upon with a small piece of quill pen. The arrangement of the music for such an anomalous orchestra must be a task requiring special tact and talent."

VARIETIES.

WHEN a Florida Indian is likely to die, his friends place him where an alligator can take him, and thus save burial expenses.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, says that there are 600,000 professional drunkards in the United States, and that one woman in seventeen is married to such an artist. She would never do it herself, though.

It is said that linen dusters after the Ulster pattern, reaching to the heels and girded by a belt, will be fashionable for gentlemen this summer. They may be fashionable, but they won't be pretty.

THE silver inkstand which supplied with ink the pens of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is now in the possession of Gov. Hartranft of Pennsylvania, and efforts are making to procure its return to its original position in Independence Hall.

THE *nome de plume* of "Cham" (*Anglice* "Ham"), the well-known caricaturist of the Paris *Charivari*, was assumed by Comte Amélie de Noé on account of his being the second son of the Comte de Noé (*Anglice* Noah), peer of France, Ham being, as is well known the second son of Noah.

AN interesting discovery has been made at Les Corbières, on the top of the mountain overhanging Padern, of a grotto containing among other pre-historic relics pieces of shells carefully cut into hooks and pierced for suspension from the neck, which evidently were the knives used in remote ages.

THE Italian sculptor Conzani has been exhibiting in Florence his fine recumbent statue of Matilda, Duchess of Tuscany. She is represented lying dead, in her robes of state, on an altar tomb. The expression of her countenance reveals that wonderful beauty sometimes observed shortly after death.

A WOMAN in Wilkes county, North Carolina, has given birth to triplets five times in succession. The children of each birth have been raised, and the whole number are now alive. No two of the children resemble each other in any marked degree, except the color of the hair. In the sex the female predominates largely. The children are all well developed, and without the least malformation.

THERE is an isolated monastery in Turkey inhabited by twenty-three monks, who have not seen a woman since infancy. One of them is described by a visitor as follows: "He had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, nor what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of Panagia (the holy virgin) which hung in every church. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, and that they differed considerably one from another in appearance, manners, and understanding."

AFTER the proverbial two failures, a third attempt to cast a new national bell worthy of the young German Empire is reported to have completely succeeded. The foundry employed is the well-known private one at Frankenthal, in the Bavarian Palatinate, and the material entirely the spoils of the late war in the form of French guns captured in 1870. The bell is to be a gift from the Emperor William to the cathedral at Cologne, and by far the largest in the Empire. It stands nearly twelve feet high, and about seventeen in diameter at the mouth, weighing over 50,000 pounds, rather more than the whole of the rest of the peal already hung. The clapper weighs about sixteen cwt., and it is calculated that it will take thirty pairs of hands to use it.

Two brothers named Gaff have established a mammoth hennery in Colorado, ten miles from Denver. It covers about four acres, which is laid out like a village, with streets and avenues, along which are built long rows of houses of various designs. Regular families of hens are assigned to these houses, and it is found that they quickly domesticate themselves without troubling their neighbors. The population of the village is about 2,000, divided closely into social cliques of Brahmas, Cochins, Shanghais, and Dorkings, and the chief products are eggs and spring chickens. Sundays included, the industrious matrons of the village turn out daily from forty to fifty dozens of eggs, which are sold in Denver for from forty to fifty cents a dozen. The brothers Gaff express but a single regret, and that is that they did not found their colony fifteen years ago, when eggs brought \$5 a dozen, and a spring chicken was worth a penny-weight of gold dust.

THE sale of autographs which took place in London on March 17th amounted to £1,275, although it included only 211 lots. The most remarkable were: Addison, £24; Duke of Buckingham, £11 10s.; Lord Byron, £11; Robert Burns, £60; Catharine of Aragon, £43; Charles II. of England, £6; Lord Chesterfield, £5; W. Cowper, the poet, £5 7s. 6d.; Thomas Cromwell, £8 8s.; Queen Elizabeth, £62; another, £15 15s.; Sir John Falstaff, £5 7s. 7d.; Henry Fielding, £6 6s.; Garrick, one, £5 2s. 6d.; the other, £9; Henry VII., £27; D. Hume, £7 15s.; James II. of Scotland, £22; James Stuart, £15 10s.; Dr. Johnson, £5 15s.; Mary Tudor, £21; Mary Stuart, £65; another, £57; John Moore, £8 15s.; Lord Nelson, £13 10s.; Thomas Payne, £5 7s. 6d.; Sir W. Raleigh, £23; Sterne, £20; Charles Stuart, £70; J. Thomson, £20 10s.; Lord Tylor, £10 5s.; Wellington, £11 10s.; John Wesley, £5 5s.; Cardinal Wolsey, £12 10s.; Sir C. Wren, £10 6s.



LORD DUFFERIN'S DEPARTURE, "NOT ADIEU. AU REVOIR!"



AN AMATEUR CONCERT IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIEN MOREAU.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

'Tis morn,—I waken, for the air is shaken
By a thrilling sound like a joyous psalm,
That sinks and swells, as the echo dwells,
Of the pealing Bells of Notre Dame.

And the joyous ringing is slowly bringing
A Sabbath vision before my eyes;
And for one short hour, some magic power
Gives me a gleam of Paradise.

I move along in the motly throng,
And meekly enter the portal wide:
While the sunlight streams, in golden beams,
Thro' the giant windows on either side.

I bend the knee to the sacred tree,
And fix my eyes, with a fervent gaze,
On that face of Love; while from above,
There bursts upon me a hymn of praise.

And my tongue is mute as a broken lute,
But my soul takes up the glad refrain;
And I feel the birth of a heaven on earth,
As I drink the sound of the joyous strain.

The vision changes; and twilight ranges
Where the golden sunbeams fell before,
'Tis the vesper hour, and the massive tower
Speaks out with its brazen tongues once more.

The pillars loom thro' the silent gloom,
And the tapers glimmer faint and dim;
And I faintly hear, from voices near,
The sacred sound of the vesper hymn.

Though the vision dies, with my waking eyes,
My soul is filled with a holy calm;
While upon my ear, once more I hear
The sound of the Bells of Notre Dame.

BARRY DANE.

HOW TO FURNISH MY BEDROOM

Of late years doctors have had much to say upon the subject of bedrooms and their contents; amongst other matters, it appears their unanimous opinion that the old four-post bedstead, with its many valances and attendant curtains, ought to be discarded. Indeed, I know several physicians who go so far as to disapprove of bed-hangings of any description whatever, their approbation resting only on the simple bedstead which has a board at the head similar to that at the foot.

Custom, habit, and association have such strong hold upon us all that those of us who have spent the nights of our youth under the canopy of a four-poster will most probably cling to it, and steadfastly uphold its superiority in the matter of coyness, warmth, and seclusion over Tudor, French, or Arabian bedsteads.

It can readily be imagined, however, that the exclusion of fresh air must be as injurious to health when we are asleep as when we are awake; and, this being conceded, what can be said in favor of the four-post? On the other hand, it must be allowed that a bedstead does look bare and comfortless when quite denuded of all drapery.

We must therefore make a compromise, and buy those which require only a valance and a couple of curtains. Even this small allowance of drapery will give an air of comfortable repose; and then, if the hangings are made of a washing material, I think we shall surely escape any censure from those high in authority.

The next point of discussion is whether the bedstead shall be of iron or wood. What sets off a bedroom so much as a handsome wooden bedstead, with twisted pillars and brightly polished, beautifully grained foot-board? Ornament an iron one as you will, illuminate it gayly, decorate it with shining brass, and at the best it will never equal the beauty of the wooden one, although it may exceed it in price. With these sentiments I quite agree; but what say the doctors? Why, their idea is that infectious fevers are more likely to linger and lurk about a wooden bedstead than about an iron one. There is a further reason in favor of the latter, adduced more especially by the dwellers in towns. (Let me whisper it in private.) Unwelcome visitors cannot secrete themselves in iron. I am aware that old housekeepers are dreadfully shocked at the bare mention of these intruders, and condemn the management of the households in which they appear; but really in these modern days trunks and boxes which make frequent journeys in railway vans or holds of ships, and people who continually travel to and fro by steamer, rail, or omnibus are apt to introduce into the very cleanest of our bedrooms these nocturnal disturbers of peace; then woe to the housekeeper if they once find a hiding-place in a wooden bedstead!

Having thrown out these hints I will leave the final decision. To my mind a wooden bedstead looks much more comfortable than an iron one. The question arises, is it wise to allow the eye to decide the matter?

Feather bed or mattress? Once more the medical faculty step forward and declare that a "downy couch" is an unhealthy one, and that a horse-hair mattress is the proper substitute.

We have not time to discuss the question, nor indeed does it lie within our province; suffice it to say that mattresses are much more generally used than feather beds.

The most luxurious arrangement is to have a horse-hair mattress on the top of a spring mattress. The latter is costly in comparison to a palisade and more expensive than a wool mattress. The purchase of good mattresses involves a considerable outlay, but it is clearly false economy to buy poor ones. The tufts come out, the wool forms itself in lumps (have I not felt them?), the ticking cover—which should be of linen, but of course in cheap ones is of cotton—quickly soils, and our beds soon look untidy and feel wretched. It should be remembered that

they are in constant use, and yet should last a lifetime.

Well, we have talked much about the bed, and yet have not finished it. The question of sheets I shall leave for a future discussion on "Household Linen," in which blankets will be included. With regard to the bolster and pillows, again let me advise good ones being bought. Good feathers are not to be bought for a trifle; and if they have not been well stoved, the odor which will nightly greet your nose will be neither sweet nor pleasant.

The next great comfort, apart from a good bed, is a well-made chest of drawers or wardrobe. Have you ever been aggravated by badly made furniture? I have; and I know of nothing more vexatious and tormenting (in a small way) than to pull at drawers that will not open, or which come out all askew—to push at those which will not shut—whose handles come off—chests which creak and shriek and totter on three legs because the fourth is rather too short. Don't buy chests of drawers which are badly put together, even though they have a tempting appearance—may be inlaid or with superior handles, but are in reality manufactured simply with a view to catch the eye, and afterwards displease the owner in a dozen respects.

And now about the wash-hand-stand. Gentlemen like an immense basin and jug, and for that reason prefer those round stands one sees which possess those qualifications. Ladies require a little more space for display of pretty earthenware. A narrow shelf at the back is most useful, as tooth-powder and other requisites are apt to get wet or overturned if they are on the stand itself. Tiles of marble seem to be the most suitable for the top of the stand. Paint soon wears off, and looks shabby; a white cover quickly soils, and looks untidy; veneer cracks and splits with the heat of hot water cans; but marble and tiles are durable, and can be washed and dried every morning. The only objection to a marble top is that one is apt to make a clatter, and perhaps to crack delicate earthenware when putting jug or basin hastily down on it. The basin rests more steadily and is more quickly emptied when there is no hole in the top of the stand made for it.

The dressing table is one of the prettiest objects in a bedroom, if it and its appointments are nice and natty. If you do not wish to expend money upon this piece of furniture, order a white wooden table or a large box, in which you can stow away evening dresses and the like. This can be made at the cost of a few shillings, and then you can cover it with colored calico or white linen.

Some people object to these clothed and skirted tables. Well, then, they are plenty of other kinds. One of the most useful has drawers down each side and a cupboard in the centre. Please have a toilet-cover on the top. I know that marble or handsomely polished wood is supposed to look well, partly because it betokens costliness and also saves the trouble of covers, but to my mind such a dressing-table looks desolate, even if it has a number of small mats—tiresome little things, on which you are expected to place anything you may lay down.

All the pieces of furniture in a bedroom—including the looking-glass, chairs, and towel-rail—should be made of the same kind of wood. Light-coloured woods, such as maple and birch, are more in favor than mahogany. These are sometimes inlaid with darker woods. Painted furniture always looks suitable, provided all the pieces match in color. Plain white, with a narrow gold border, or a relief of pale pink, blue or green, according to the prevailing color of the room, has a very good effect, and its freshness can at any time be renewed.

To quote the doctors for the last time: "The less carpet the better about a bedroom. We English people think much of our carpet, and take it into every nook and corner. The gloom and damp of our climate oblige us to clothe our rooms warmly, as well as our bodies. If it can be so contrived, a bedroom carpet should not be put under any heavy pieces of furniture, and then it can be the oftener taken up; nor should it go entirely under the bed, for that portion of the floor should be washed over every week. With regard to the kind of carpet and its pattern, here at last we are entirely free to please ourselves. A Brussels will wear the longest, but Kidderminster is the most general. Dutch is cheap and pretty; tapestry is not to be despised. The Scotch carpets are not very refined in appearance, but they are strong, inexpensive, and very durable. Small patterns always look the best in a bedroom, even when the room is a large one. Correct taste chooses what are termed diaper and "minglety per"—either a stiff, set design, or a pattern which seems to have no design at all. These remarks apply also to the wall-paper.

The window curtains should match those of the bed. Again I speak in favor of chintz, and of a small pattern on a white ground. Cretonne is also used; and, for a simply furnished room, what drapery can look better than plain white dimity or French dimity which has stripes of color on the white at broad intervals? Some people use the Japanese paper curtains for their bedroom windows. They can be bought for five shillings per pair, and therefore if there happen to be several windows in the room these serve the purpose at a much less cost, for the curtains are not often drawn in a bedroom, so that this kind of curtain can be introduced, as appearance and not use is all that is wanted.

In placing the furniture contrive if possible that the bedstead should not be placed opposite a window, for the light falling upon the eyes,

especially in the early summer mornings, is often injurious to sight. If this can be avoided, and also when the room is exposed to a hot sun at any time of the day, a most excellent device, because it is at the same time effectual and inexpensive, is to pin green glazed calico over the white blinds. This does not show at all outside the house, neither does it look untidy inside the room; and it softens the glare in a delightful manner.

MADAME BONAPARTE.

A writer in *Scribner's* says: Mme. Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to Europe sixteen times, and contemplates another trip this summer. This old lady has more vivacity and certainly more intelligence than many of the leading women of fashion of the present day. She expresses her opinion upon all subjects with great freedom, and sometimes with bitterness. She has little or no confidence in men, and a very poor opinion of women; the young ladies of the present day, she says, all have the "homo mania." All sentiment she thinks a weakness. She professes that her ambition has always been—not the throne, but near the throne. Mr. Patterson, her father, died in 1836, at an advanced age, in possession of a large fortune. In his will, which is one of the most remarkable documents that has ever been deposited in the Orphan's Court of Baltimore, he says: "The conduct of my daughter Betsy has, through life, been so disobedient, that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together; her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money"—in this he means the marriage of his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte. The old gentleman left her, out of his great wealth, only three or four small houses and the wines in his cellar worth in all about ten thousand dollars. Mme. Bonaparte is very rich; she has made her money by successful speculations and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a boarding-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvellous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the brightness of former days. For forty years Mme. Bonaparte kept a diary in which she recorded her views and observations of European and American society. Some of her remarks are severely sarcastic. A well-known Boston publishing house, it is said, recently offered \$10,000 for the manuscript volumes, but Madame refused to sell them at any price, and has committed them to the custody of her young grandson, Charles Joseph, recently a law student of Harvard, now a rising member of the Baltimore bar. They will probably be published after the writer's death.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

Dr. Lord, in a recent lecture in Boston on Queen Elizabeth, said: I love to dwell on her courage, her wisdom, her enlightened views, her executive talents, her magnanimity, her services to civilization. These invest her name with a halo of glory, even as the great men who surrounded her throne have made her age illustrious. The Elizabethan era is still regarded as one of the brightest in English history. We still point with pride to the accomplishments of Raleigh and Walsingham, the bravery of Drake, the vast attainments of Bacon, the immortal genius of Shakespeare, towering above all the poets of ancient and modern times, as fresh to-day as he was three hundred years ago, the greatest miracle of genius which has ever appeared on earth. By all these illustrious men Elizabeth was honored and beloved; all received no small share of their renown from her glorious appreciation; all were proud to revolve around her as a central sun, giving warmth and growth to every great enterprise in her day, and shedding a light that shall reach through all the ages. Her reign is a perpetual testimony that a woman may earn the loftiest fame in a sphere which has been supposed to belong to man alone. And if man, in his assumed superiority, shall here and there be found to decay her greatness, not so much from envy as from partisan animosities, let no woman be found who shall seek to dethrone such a woman from her lofty pedestal. She would be a traitor to her sex, unwittingly perhaps, but still a detractor from that greatness in which she should rejoice. For my part, I honor this great sovereign, and I am proud that such a woman has lived and reigned and died in honor.

THE OLD GUARD

The New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says: The Old Guard has voted to visit Boston and join in the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The Old Guard was formed out of the old New York Tigers, a soldiery well known in your city; and out of the Old City Guard, as famous in its day as the Seventh now is. Boston had a share in the formation of this company. The military of the city was little above the old-fashioned militia of the Bay State. Their uniform was detestable; their marching a

burlesque; their movements called out a rabble and excited general derision. The Boston Light Infantry made a visit to New York. Our citizens were so mortified at the contrast between the Boston and New York Corps that before the sun went down on the day of the arrival measures were taken to organize a superb volunteer military. The impulse of that hour has never waned to the present time. The Old Guard inherit all that is elegant, gentlemanly, and soldierly of that famous organization. Taking the civic and military together, the Old Guard comprise about two hundred men. The uniform and trappings are not surpassed by any organization in New York. The coat and pants—blue and white, trimmed with gold—are of the Austrian Field Marshal style. The bearskin caps set off the whole to advantage. The most prominent men in the city belong to the Old Guard. The richest brokers, most prominent lawyers, merchants of repute, captains, colonels, and generals who have served in the war. The corps will leave on the evening of the 16th, by the Fall River route.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 26.—Despatches from Bolivia give details of a disturbance at La Paz, followed by a good deal of bloodshed before the rebels were finally subdued.

The Paris *Univers* publishes letters of sympathy from the Roman Catholic Bishops of Great Britain to their Episcopal brethren in Germany and Switzerland.

A despatch from Dubuque, Iowa, says the Mississippi river at that point has risen about 9 inches daily for the past fortnight, and though river roads are all in running order, the trains are on the water's edge.

Secretary Delano declares that the reports in circulation as to his resignation are a conspiracy to oust him from the Cabinet, but in justice to himself and the Republican party he has indefinitely postponed his resignation.

APRIL 27.—The Government bill providing for railway extension to Louisburg, passed its second reading in the Nova Scotia Legislature last night.

The New York State Assembly have ordered to third reading the bill providing for the new work and extraordinary improvements on the canals.

A regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard, under command of Colonel Benson, returned to Philadelphia from the mining districts of Pennsylvania yesterday.

A despatch from St. Catherines, Ont., says it is the intention of the Superintendent, if all repairs are completed by that date, to open the Welland Canal for navigation on the 3rd May.

Mr. Paul Boynton is to make another attempt to cross the English Channel on his life-saving apparatus on the 27th proximo. His course will be from Gris Nez, on the French coast, to Dover.

APRIL 28.—The Two Thousand Guineas, run at Newmarket, was won by Camballo, Pico, second; Breech-loader, third.

The Prussian Government have instituted proceedings for the removal of the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, for violation of the Ecclesiastical Laws.

The billiard match played in New York last night between Gardner and Vignaux, for \$1,000, resulted in a victory for the former by 342 points out of 600.

Speaking in reference to free trade at Birmingham, Mr. John Bright said it was ridiculous for the United States to invite foreign manufacturers to compete at an exhibition when American markets were closed to them by a protective tariff.

APRIL 29.—A meeting for the adoption of a constitution and the perfecting of the organization of a cheap transportation society, will be held in Boston on the 5th proximo.

Nearly the whole of the village of Keenansville, Ont., was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning; three women perishing in the flames. The loss amounts to some \$15,000.

A heavy gale of wind, accompanied by rain, prevailed up West last night, and a thunder storm passed over the city of Hamilton, several buildings being set on fire by the lightning.

The New York Oil Refiners' Combination aver that they control 90 per cent of the refiners of the country, and that the arrangements for gaining over the remaining 10 per cent of the trade will be consummated before the end of May.

APRIL 30.—An explosion in a North Staffordshire Colliery to-night resulted in the death of 35 of the miners.

The thousand guineas run at Newmarket to-day was won easily by Lord Falmouth's Spingway.

A despatch from Winnipeg says Lepine has been liberated, with instructions to leave the country at once.

A despatch from Paris announces the death of Count Waldeck, at the age of 111 years.

In the Nova Scotia House of Assembly to-night, Mr. Woodworth moved that the Speaker resign, on the ground of incompetency, the motion being carried by 20 to 12. The Speaker had given his casting vote, on a division of 14 to 14, against a motion to recommit the Bill for the extension of the Eastern Railway.

MAY 1.—The Michigan Legislature have passed a bill repealing the prohibitory liquor law in that State.

The Carlist troops in the Province of Navarre have revolted, and declared for peace and Alfonso.

Forty-one dead bodies have been recovered from the Bunker's Hill Colliery, North Staffordshire, England.

There is a likelihood that Russia's International Code Conference project will be ultimately abandoned.

A bill has been introduced in the Lower House of the German Diet, for the suppression of religious orders in Prussia.

The new Alexandra Palace, on the site of a similar structure that was destroyed by fire some time ago, was opened in London to-day.

At the meeting of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, the Speaker tendered his resignation, and a new Speaker will be appointed at once.

The English and French Governments, according to a despatch from London, are about to send men-of-war out to prevent disturbance between the Englishmen and Frenchmen engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries.

WANTED

Several active energetic young men to canvass for the

"Canadian Illustrated News,"

AND FOR THE

"MECHANICS' MAGAZINE."

Good and exclusive territory will be given to each, and a liberal commission.

Apply to the General Manager of

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,

115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 219 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

THE MICHIGAN HUMORIST.

Charles B. Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, is about 33 years of age. His native place is Liverpool, Mendina county, Ohio, about twenty-five miles from Cleveland.

He was one of the first to enlist in Michigan, and served at the first battle of Bull Run. At the close of two years' service in an infantry regiment he reenlisted in a cavalry regiment from the same State, and after the end of the war served with this regiment fighting Indians.

Soon after the steamer started from her wharf Lewis retired to change his clothing, and while he was in his stateroom the Magnolia blew up, and Lewis, who had so far accomplished the object of his retirement as to remove his clothes, was surprised to find himself moving skyward with a velocity that would have been creditable to a shell from a mortar.

So they washed him all over, and he speedily rose to the dignity of a cheap shroud and a separate bed in a hospital ward. This was a corpse prolific of astonishing changes. It not only changed from a negro into a white man, but a few hours after they had scrubbed it up it changed into a live man, or, rather, a half live man, for consciousness did not return for a long time.

He went back to Michigan in May, 1868, and standing at a case in the Jacksonian office composed, "out of his head," and set up the article that first drew public attention to him as a humorist. It was entitled, "How it Feels to be Blown Up—A Printer's Experience."

remained there. He began writing paragraphs for the Free Press in 1870.

Mr. Lewis is about five feet eight inches in height, with a frame of medium size, and weighs about 140. He has brown hair, cut rather short and carelessly kept, and wears brown moustaches. His eyes are blue-gray, and the upper part of his face is intellectual and attractive.

FOOTLIGHTS AND GREEN ROOM.

We gather the following facts from a correspondence of Laertes, in the Daily Graphic of New York:—

The price paid for the play of "Davy Crockett" by Frank Mayo, the actor, to Frank Murdoch, the author, was \$1,000. Mayo has earned \$24,000 upon it since last September.

Rochester has a small theatre which has had the honor of producing originally two successful dramas, "The Gilded Age" and Frank Mayo's "Davy Crockett." "They come up to Rochester and practise them on us," said a well-to-do citizen there; "then, if they promise anything, the pieces are brought down to New York and mounted properly."

The Union Square Theatre was an accident. Sheridan Shook built it to assist two young friends in business, and as they were unable to proceed with the speculation he entered upon the life of a manager. Beginning with a refined type of variety performances he lost \$75,000 in a short time.

A critic in the Evening Post ascribes Macready's success in great part to his proprietorship, so to speak, of so many original parts—Virginia, William Tell, Pascara, Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, Werner, Damon, and others. Forrest's main cause of offence with Macready was Bulwer's declination to let Forrest play the part of Richelieu in England without asking Macready's consent.

Congressman Rice, of Chicago, who recently died, was an Eastern Shore Marylander and a shoemaker; he went on the stage in Baltimore, became the pioneer and leading manager of the Garden City and Mayor thereof, and died wealthy and honorable.

A writer says: The immense expansion of the trade in hair during recent years is scarcely conceivable. At the beginning of the present century it was considered a disgrace to wear false hair.

son, born, it is said, in Washington, is closely identified with Baltimore. John T. Ford, the present manager of the two main theatres of Baltimore, also of the Washington theatre, is a Baltimorean.

Rignold has received a salary of \$200 a week to play Henry V. He is generally said by the managers to be the most respectable and reliable actor the English have sent to us for some time.

Edwin Booth was recently offered by John McCullough \$5,000 a week for four weeks at the California Theatre. Booth preferred half the gross receipts.

Ben De Bar, the Burton of the South, in business as in comedy, is the actor of whom a certain actress, not famed for her etymology, "unless it be set down for her, said, "He penures better than any manager of the time."

Charles Backus, the San Francisco Broadway minstrel, is a great nephew of Gerritt Smith, who did so much for the negro that Backus wanted to be on the right side and blackened his face.

Edwin Booth was recently offered by John McCullough \$5,000 a week for four weeks at the California Theatre. Booth preferred half the gross receipts. "There," said McCullough, "do you think Kean or Macready ever refused an offer like that?"

Ben De Bar, the Burton of the South, in business as in comedy, is the actor of whom a certain actress, not famed for her etymology, "unless it be set down for her, said, "He penures better than any manager of the time."

Ben De Bar, the Burton of the South, in business as in comedy, is the actor of whom a certain actress, not famed for her etymology, "unless it be set down for her, said, "He penures better than any manager of the time."

DECORATION OF PRESIDENT MAC MAHON.

The Collar of the Fleece of Gold was lately presented to President MacMahon by the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, in the presence of the Duke de Noailles, the Duke de Nemours, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duke d'Ossuna, and other notable personages.

THE TRADE IN HAIR.

A writer says: The immense expansion of the trade in hair during recent years is scarcely conceivable. At the beginning of the present century it was considered a disgrace to wear false hair.

1870 to 55 francs per pound. This last is the price of "unprepared" hair; "prepared" costs double and treble as much. The finest hair comes from the heads of the dead women of Brittany and Auvergne.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

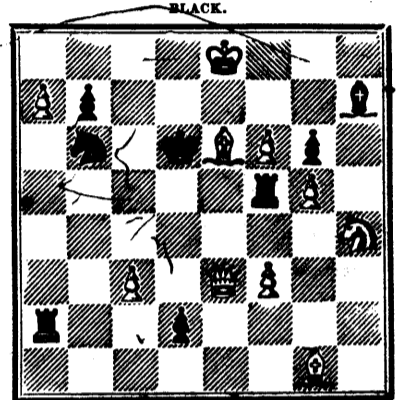
Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We learn that a match is to be played between the Universities and the City of London Chess Club. It is well known that there are many good players connected with the great seats of learning, and the City of London Club boasts of all the noted players of the metropolis.

PROBLEM No. 18.

By J. Henderson, Montreal.



White mates in three moves.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 16.

- WHITE. 1. Kt takes Q P [dis. oh] 2. Kt to Q Kt 8th [dis oh] 3. Kt to Q B 6th (ch) 4. Kt takes K P [double oh] 5. Kt to Q B 6th (ch) 6. Kt to Q Kt 4th [dis oh] 7. Kt to Q R 6th, Checkmate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players. No. 15.

- WHITE. 1. R takes K R P (ch) 2. Q to K B 7th (ch) 3. Q takes R Kt P 4. Q takes R (ch) 5. Kt to K B 5th checkmate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 17.

- WHITE. K at K R sq B at K Kt 2nd Pawns at K R 2nd Q 7th, and Q B 6th

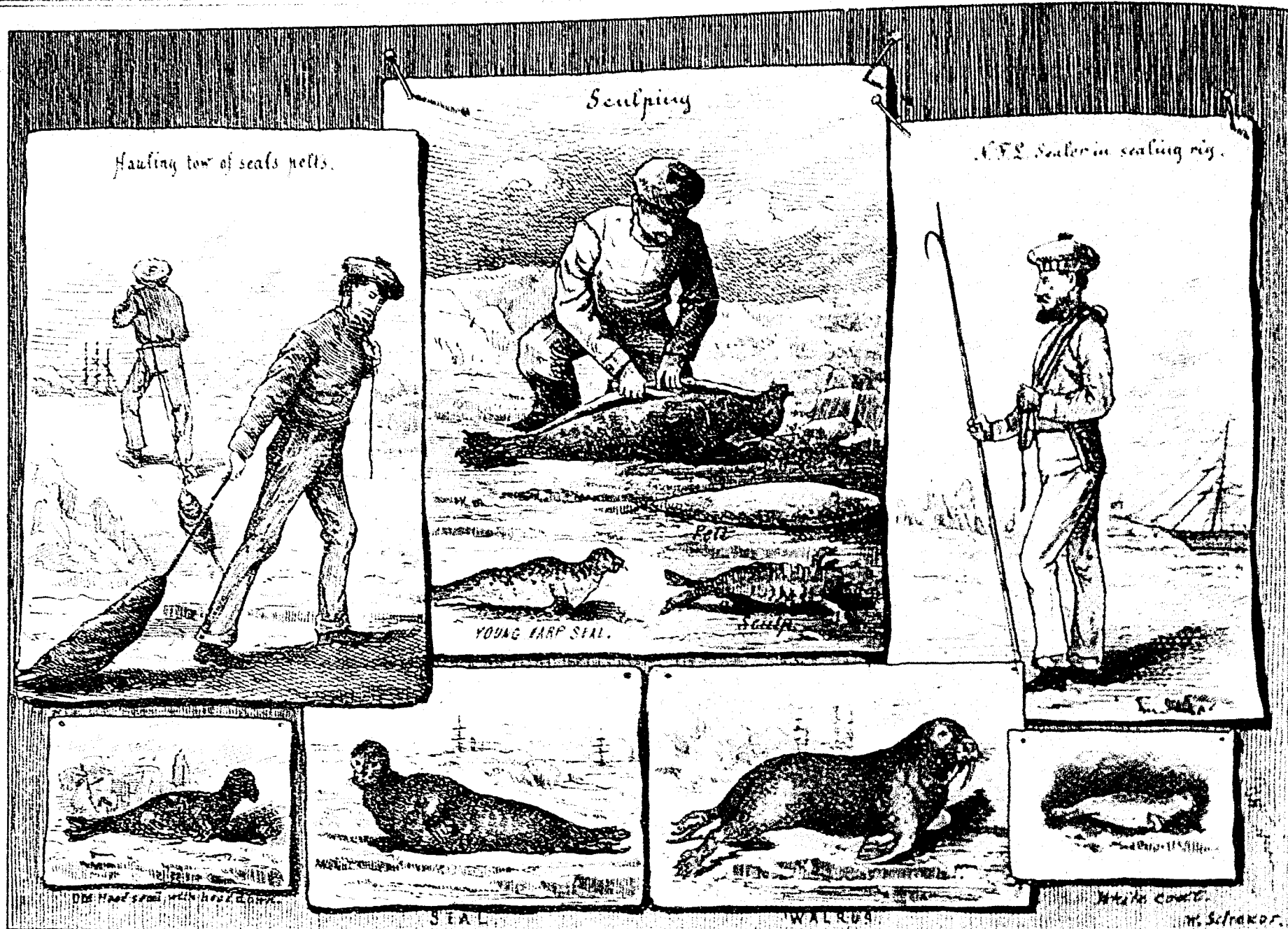
GAME 23rd. Played in the late Inter-University Chess Match, between Mr. Wright of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mr. Fisher of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

WHITE.—Mr. W. BLACK.—Mr. F. Two Knights' Game.

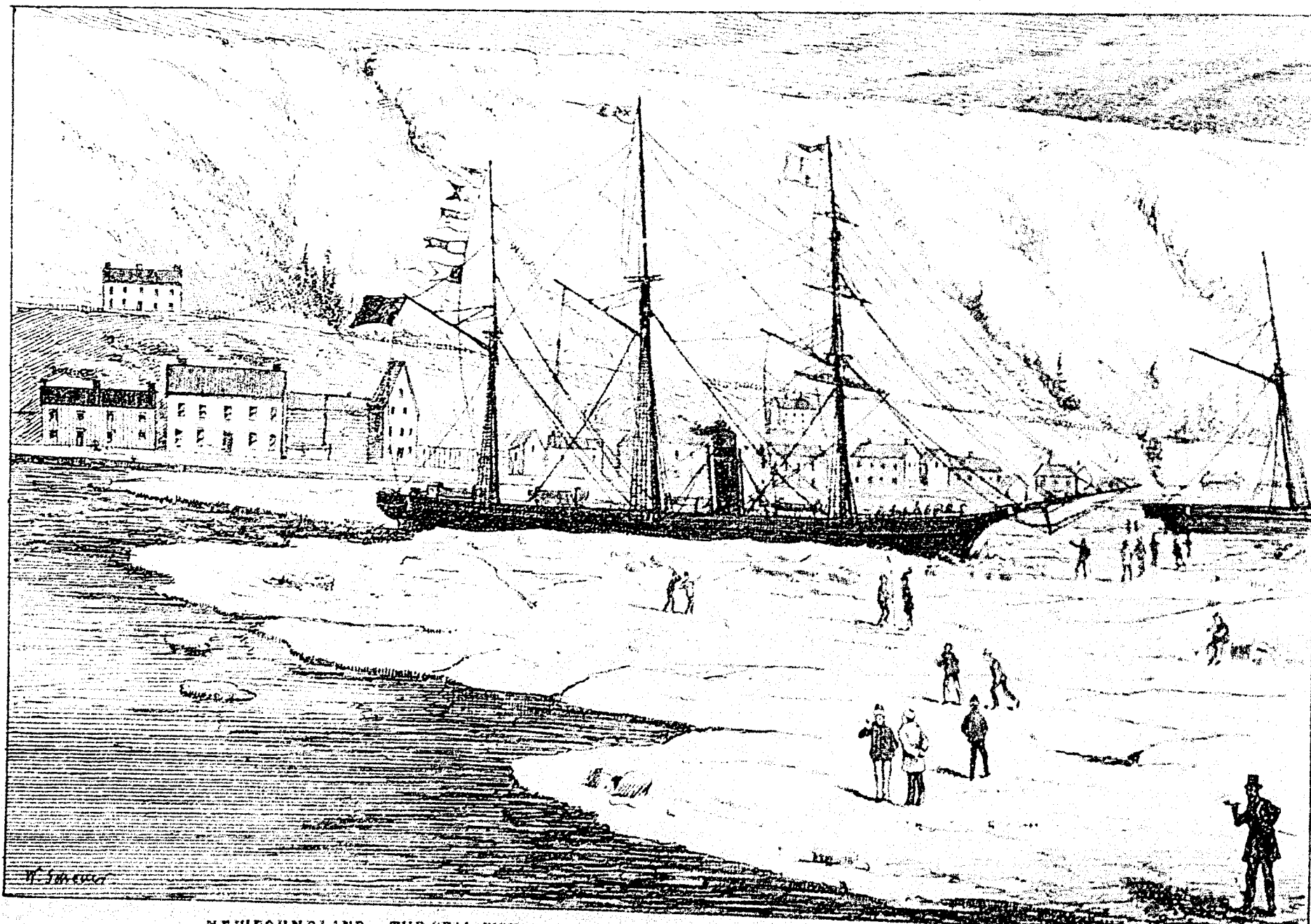
- 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to B 3rd 3. B to Q B 4th 4. Kt to K Kt 5th [a] 5. P takes P 6. B to Q Kt 5th (ch) 7. P takes P 8. Q to K B 3rd [b] 9. B to K 2nd 10. Kt to K 4th 11. Q takes Kt 12. P to Q 4th 13. Q takes P 14. P takes Q [f] 15. Castles 16. B to K 3rd 17. Kt to Q 2nd 18. B to K B 3rd 19. P to Q B 4th [g] 20. B to K Kt 4th 21. P to K B 4th 22. K R to K sq 23. B to K B 5th 24. Kt to Q Kt 3rd 25. B takes Kt 26. Kt takes P [h] 27. R takes R 28. R to K sq 29. K to B sq and White resigned in a few moves.

NOTES.

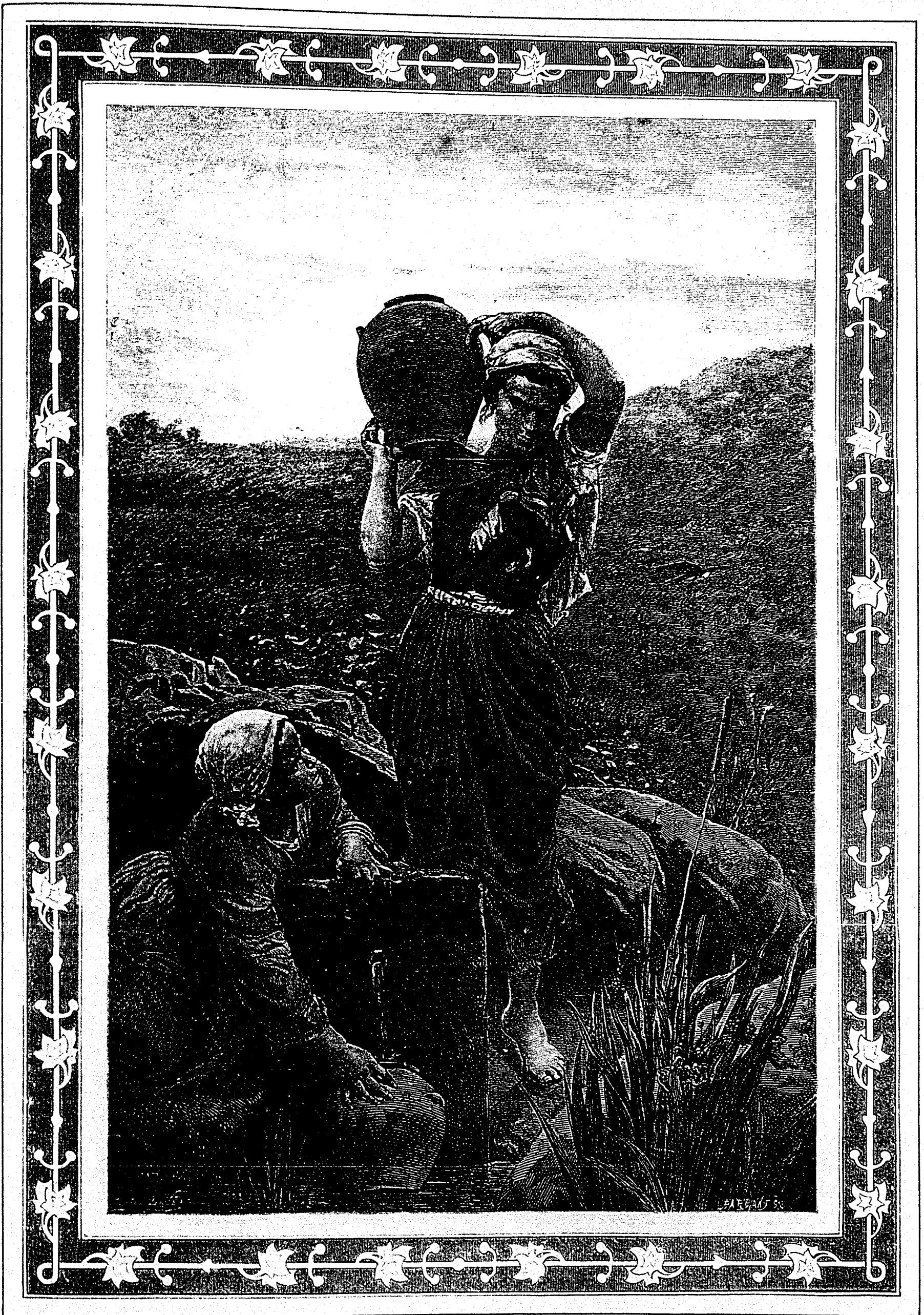
- [d] The coup juste according to the latest authorities; but, as it involves the first player in an abject and difficult defence, extending over a long series of moves, it is questionable whether 4. P to Q 4th is not preferable in actual play. [e] Not nearly so good as 8. B to K 2nd [f] Most of the authorities advocate 8. Q to Q Kt 3rd, but we are rather inclined to prefer the move in the text. [g] An utterly purposeless move, which simply compels the adverse Knight to retire from his present inactive position to a more advantageous square. [h] Again a bad move. [i] With two Pawns ahead, and the Queens off the board, the victory ought now to be a mere question of time for White. [j] Better to have taken off the Knight, and then played P to K B 4th. [k] A palpable blunder, which loses a whole piece.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE SEAL FISHERY.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE SEAL FISHERY. ARRIVAL OF THE "PROTEUS" AT ST. JOHN'S, WITH 42,000 SEALS.



THE FOUNTAIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY JULES BRETON

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

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

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

VI.

"All the same he has punished my cousin well; what a flat! He has marked him as well as if he had done it with the great stamp belonging to the syndic of the drapers."

His laughter was contagious; father said—"Yes, Nicolas is a powerful fellow; the other is, perhaps, bigger and has larger bones, but Nicolas is all muscle!"

We laughed, indeed, and then our sorrow became more intense when Maitre Jean left the town.

We saw Nicolas in prison the same day. He was lying on straw, and as father cried, he said—

"It can't be helped—it is an accident. I know you will get nothing; but when we can do nothing to change all this we must say 'Thank God.'"

We saw it gave him great pain. When we left we kissed him; he was pale, and asked to see his brothers and sisters, but mother would not let them go.

Three days after, Nicolas left for his regiment, the Royal Allemand. He was sitting in a cart with five or six comrades, who had also been fighting and drinking their bounty-money. Dragoons of the *maréchaussée* rode at the sides of the cart. I ran after it, calling out—

"Adieu, Nicolas!—adieu!"

He waved his hat. He had tears in his eyes at leaving his home without seeing father or mother, or any one but myself. That is the way of the world. Father worked every day for our living, and mother could not forgive him. It is true she said later on—

"Poor Nicolas! I ought to have forgiven him at once! He was a good fellow!"

Yes, no doubt he was, but saying so was of no use; he was in the Royal Allemand regiment in garrison at Valenciennes in Flanders, and we were a long time before we heard from him.

VII.

The folly of Nicolas would have plunged us deeper into want for years to come if Maitre Jean had not taken pity on us. The evening of my brother's departure the good man, seeing how I fretted behind the stove, said to me—

"Don't grieve, Michel. I know that usurer Robin has got you all in his clutches; your parents will never be able to pay him; they are too poor. You shall pay him. Though you are not out of your apprenticeship, you shall now get five livres a month. You work well, and I am quite satisfied with your conduct."

He spoke in earnest. Dame Catherine and Nicole had tears in their eyes; and just as I was replying, "Oh, Maitre Jean! You are more than a father to us!" Chauvel, who came in with Margaret at that instant, cried out—

"That is fine! I liked you already, Maitre Jean! Now I value you."

He shook his hand, and then tapping me on the shoulder, he cried—

"Michel, your father asked me to find a situation for your sister Lisbeth. Well, they accept her at the brewery of the Arbre-Vert, at Tousseins, at Wasselonne. She will be lodged, fed, get a pair of shoes and two gold crowns a year. We shall see by-and-by how she gets on with her duties. That is quite enough to begin with."

Fancy my parents' joy when they heard this good news. Lisbeth could not contain herself for delight; she wanted to leave directly, but they had to make a little collection for her in the village, for she had nothing to wear but her every-day rags. Chauvel gave her sabots, Nicole a petticoat, Dame Catherine two chemises, nearly new, Letumier's daughter a bedgown, and her father and mother good advice and their blessing.

Then she kissed us all hurriedly, and took the path to Saverne, which runs through the gardens, stretching her long legs, proud and triumphant, with her little bundle under her arm. We watched her from our door, but she never turned her head; once over the hill she had flown away for ever.

The old people cried.

This is the usual story of the poor; they bring up their little ones, and as soon as they get their full plumage they fly off one after the other to look for food; and the poor old parents remain at home to dream. But at least from that moment our debt began to diminish. At the end of every month, as soon as I received my five livres, my father and I went together to M. Robin at Mittelbronn. We went into that rat's hole full of gold and silver; the old rascal was there with his great wolf-dog on the ground-floor room; the small windows well guarded with iron bars; his green otter-skin cap over his forehead; up to his elbows in his ledgers, working at his accounts.

"Ha!" he would cry, "you here again! What a hurry you are in! I don't ask you for money; on the contrary, do you want any more? Will you have ten or fifteen livres? You need only say so."

"No, no, Monsieur Robin," I would say to him. "Here is the interest of the bill, and here are four livres ten sous towards paying off the capital. Write off four livres ten sous on the back of the bill."

Then, when he saw that I had my wits about me, and that we were tired of being plundered, he wrote as I wished, snuffing out—

"This is what one gets for doing people a service." While I, leaning over his arm-chair watched to see if he put it down right—"Interest, so much; principal, so much." My eyes were open, and I saw what being in the clutches of such a fox had cost us.

As we went out, my father, who remained at the door, having nothing to see to, as he could not read, my poor father said to me—

"Michel, you are our salvation; you are the strength of the family."

And when we returned to our cottage, turning to my brothers and my sisters, he would say—

"This is the master of us all—he who saves us from want. He knows something and we nothing; we must always listen to him. Without him we should be but God-forsaken creatures."

This was, unfortunately, too true. What can the unfortunate do who cannot even read? What can they do when they fall into the jaws of a Robin? They must submit to be eaten alive.

It took us more than a year to pay off the nine gold crowns and get our bill back. At last Mr. Robin said we gave him too much to do in writing off the money, and he refused to take it in such small sums. I said very well, that we should pay it into the hands of the *prévôt*; then he gave way.

At last, when I took the bill back, mother jumped with joy. She wished she could read, and cried out—

"Is it done? Is it really done? Are you quite sure, Michel?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"No more *corvées* for Robin?"

"No, mother."

"Just read it."

They all leaned over me, listening with their mouths open; when I got to the end and read "Paid," they began to dance, like savages rejecting. Mother cried out—

"The goat won't browse at our expense any longer! Well, it is not so bad. What *corvées* she has imposed upon us!"

Some time after, M. Robin having stopped at our cottage to ask if we wanted money, she seized a pitchfork and ran at him like a mad woman, crying—

"Ah! you want to get some *corvées* out of us again; just wait!"

She would have been the death of him if he had not run away, in spite of his great stomach, to the end of the village.

This is frightful; but is it surprising that honest people when driven to extremity should do so?

Usurers always end ill; they ought to remember that people are sometimes depressed, but soon recover, and that then it is their turn to balance an ugly account. I have seen that happen five or six times in my life. There were not gens d'armes enough in the country to protect these thieves. Let them think of this! I give them good advice. It is true I write this story for peasants, but it may be of service to others. The labourer, the waggoner, the miller the baker, all profit when corn is good, and he who sows is satisfied if every one benefits by it.

While this was going on, things remained as usual. Fairs and markets came, taxes were paid, people complained, the capucins begged, soldiers were drilled, and the custom of striking them with the flat side of the sword was again practised. Every Friday, when I went into town to buy salt, I saw old soldiers beaten by wretched little cadets! It was a very long time ago, yet I shudder when I think of it!

What disgusted me, too, was the foreign regiments in our pay. Sobénau's Swiss, and all the rest, had the word of command in German. It is not contrary to common sense, when they have to fight together against the same enemies, to have two methods of commanding? I remember an old soldier of our village, Martin Gros, complained of this folly, and said it did us a great deal of harm in the Prussian war. But our former kings and seigneurs did not care to see the people and the soldiers agree too well; they must have Swiss, Chamborans, Saxon regiments, Royal Allemand, &c., to look after the French. They had no confidence in us, and treated us like prisoners, surrounded by trustworthy guards.

In the end, we shall see what these foreigners did against that France which fed them; we shall see their regiments desert *en masse* to the enemy.

V.

All through the years 1784, 1785, and 1786, Chauvel was always gayer, more inclined to smile; he was like one of those birds which can fly so high from the acuteness of their vision, and can see things from afar, high above the clouds.

Little Margaret also became very pretty; she often laughed as she went by the forge, and leaned in at the door as she called out, in her clear and gay tones—

"Good morning, Maitre Jean; good morning, M. Valentine; good morning, Michel."

And then I used to run out for a moment, as I liked having a laugh with her. She was very brown and sunburnt; the bottom of her little short blue skirt and her little lace boots covered with mud; but she had such bright eyes, such pretty teeth, and such beautiful black hair, such an air of gaiety and courage, that, without knowing why, I felt quite pleased after having seen her; and I used to watch her as she went up the alley to their house, and think—

"If I could only carry a basket and sell books with them, how happy I should be!"

But I got no farther; and when Maitre Jean cried out to me, "Michel, what are you at there? work away!" I ran in again with, "Here I am, Maitre Jean."

I had become a journeyman blacksmith; I earned my ten livres a month, and mother was receiving what help she needed. Lisbeth, at Wasselonne, sent her nothing, only good wishes from time to time; but servant-girls in a brewery want good clothes, and she was vain, so she sent nothing. But the second boy, my senior, herdman at the Tiercelin convent, was earning four livres a month, and sent his parents three. Etienne and Marceline plaited little baskets and cages, which they sold in town. I was very fond of them, and they of me, Etienne particularly; he would come and meet me every evening, limping and smiling, take my hand, and say—

"Come, Michel, come and see what I made to-day."

Sometimes it was very well done. Father always said to encourage him—

"I could not have done it as well myself; I never could plait so well."

The idea of sending Etienne to M. Christopher occurred to me more than once; unfortunately, he could not walk the distance morning and evening, it was too far. But as he wanted to learn, I taught him when I came home from the forge, and so it is he learned to read and write.

Now no one at home begged any longer; we got our living by working; our parents had breathing time. Every Sunday, after vespers, I made my father take a seat at the Three Pigeons, and drink his half-pint of white wine; it did him good. Mother, who had always longed for a good she-goat, could now lead one to graze by the side of the road. I bought one for her of old Schmonlé, the Jew, a beauty, with an udder that nearly touched the ground. My mother's greatest happiness was to attend to her, milk her, and make cheese; she was as fond of this goat as of her own eyes. Thus the poor old people wanted nothing, and I was as happy as possible.

After work, on Sundays and *fête* days, I had time to read. Maitre Jean lent me good books, and I passed all the afternoon in studying them, instead of playing at *ninepins* with my comrades.

This was unfortunately a bad year, on account of the great drought; from the middle of June to the end of August not a drop of rain had fallen, consequently there was a failure of the wheat, oats, and other crops; the hay was not worth cutting. We saw famine approaching, for even the potatoes had yielded nothing. It was positive ruin. Besides these came the winter of 1788, the most dreadful winter that men of my age can remember.

A report was current that speculators had bought up all the corn in France to starve us; they called that providing for the famine. These robbers forestalled the grain in harvest-time; they exported it to England, and when famine appeared they imported it, and sold it at their own price.

Chauvel told us that this association had been a long time in existence, and that King Louis XV. had belonged to it. We would not credit it, it seemed too dreadful! But I have since ascertained that it was a fact.

The poor French nation never suffered so much as in the winter 1788-89, not even at the period of the great panics, nor later, in 1817, the dear year. Inspectors visited barns everywhere, obliged you to trash your corn and send it to the town markets!

Even in spite of all, the States-General were not forgotten. On the contrary, want increased the indignation of the people; they reflected: "If you had not spent our money we should not be so wretched. But take care, this shall not continue. We will have neither Calonne nor Brienne; they are your ministers; we want the people's ministers, like Necker and Turgot."

During this frightful cold, when brandy froze in the cellars, Chauvel and his daughter never ceased travelling the country with their book-baskets. They had sheep-skins round their legs and we shuddered to see them start in frost and ice, with iron-shod sticks in their hands. They had a great sale for little books which came from Paris; sometimes, when they returned from their rounds, they brought us some, which we used to read round the red-hot stove. I

have preserved some of these little books, and if I could lend them to you, you would be surprised at the genius and strong good sense which people had, before the Revolution. All saw the true state of things, all the world was sick of beggarly tricks, except the nobles and the soldiers who were in their pay. One evening we were reading *Diogenes to the States-General*; another, *Appeals, Grievances, and Remonstrances and Wishes of our Citizens of Paris*; or, *Reflections on the Interests of the Third Estate, Addressed to the People in the Provinces*; and other little similar works, which showed us that seven-eighths of France held the same opinions as ourselves about the court, the ministers, and the bishops. If I had not been lucky enough to earn my twelve livres a month, and if Claude had not sent all he could to support the poor old people and the two children they still had on their hands, God knows what must have become of them. Thousands of people perished. Fancy, then, the distress in Paris, a city where everything comes from without, and which would be entirely ruined but for the large profits to be got by sending corn, meat, and vegetables to its markets.

At this time something happened which pained me much, and which shows that in the same family all sorts of characters are found.

About the middle of December, during the deep snow, old Hocquard, who was a sort of messenger between the town and the villages for a remuneration of a few sous, came and told us that the postmaster had caused some unclaimed letters to be cried at market-time, and there was one for Jean-Pierre Bastien, of the Baraques du-bols-de-Chènes. The postman, Bralstein, did not then deliver the letters from village to village. The postmaster, M. Pernet, came himself at market-time with the letters in a basket; he walked about among the stalls and asked people—

"Do you belong to Lutzelbourg? do you not come from Hultenhausen or from Harberg?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give this letter to Jean-Pierre or Jean-Claude such a one. I have had it five or six weeks. It is time it was delivered."

Old Mother Hocquard would have taken charge of ours, but it cost twenty-four sous and the good woman did not possess so much; and she was not sure whether we would pay it.

It was hard to pay twenty-four sous for a letter at such a time. I wanted to leave it at the post; but father and mother, thinking the letter came from Nicolas, were in great distress; the poor old people said they would rather starve for a fortnight than not have news of their boy. So I went to fetch the letter. It was indeed from Nicolas; and I went back and read it in our cottage in the midst of the pity of the parents and the astonishment of us all. It was dated December 1st, 1788.

Brienne had been dismissed with a pension of eight hundred thousand livres; the States-General were summoned for the 1st of May, 1789; Necker was again minister; but Nicolas did not trouble his head about all this; and I copy this old piece of writing, yellow and torn, to let you see how the soldiers thought, while all the rest of France was crying aloud for justice.

Poor Nicolas was neither better nor worse than his comrades; he had no education; he argued like a fool, for want of having learned to read; but he could not be blamed; and perhaps the other who had written the letter for him had occasionally added something of his own invention for the sake of effect.

Here is this letter:—

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"To Jean-Pierre Bastien and Catherine his wife, Nicolas Bastien, corporal in the 3rd squadron of the Royal Allemand Regiment in garrison in Paris.

"Dear Father and mother, sisters and brothers, you must be still alive, for it would be unnatural for you to die in four years and six months, while I am all alive and well. I am not as big yet as Kountz Phas bourg, the syndic of the butchers; but without vanity I am as strong as he is; my appetite has not failed me yet, nor anything else, that's the chief thing.

"Dear father and mother, if you could see me now on horseback, my hat on my ear, my feet in the stirrups, and my sabre carried either at the present or otherwise, or when I take an agreeable walk with a young acquaintance on my arm, you would be surprised, you would never believe I could be your son! and if I wanted to pass myself off as noble, as many in the regiment allow themselves to do, it would only depend on myself; but you may believe I am incapable of doing it out of consideration for your grey hairs, and the respect which I bear you.

"You must know that the first year Sargeant Jerome Leroux caused me many vexations on account of the scars on his face from the jug. But now I am corporal in the 3rd troop, and I only owe him the salute when off duty; some day I shall be sergeant, and we will settle the matter, for I ought to tell you that I am regimental fencing-master, and the first year I had already wounded two *prévôts* of the Noailles regiment, and now no one, with the exception of Lafougere, De Lauzun, and Banquet, dares to

look askance at me. That comes from the eye and the wrist. You have it or have it not. It is a gift of the Lord! Even the fencing-masters come and challenge me from jealousy. The 1st of last July, before leaving Valenciennes, the staff of the regiment had betted on me against that of the regiment of Conti (infantry). Their fencing-master, Bayard, a dark little man from the South, always called me 'the Alsatian.' That irritated me. I sent two prévôts to call him out. It was all settled, and the next day we were paraded in the park. He jumped about like a cat; but in the third attack I ran him through, just under the right nipple, very neatly. He had not time to say, 'Hit!' All was over.

(To be Continued.)

GASALIERS

NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS
RICHARD PATTON,
745 Craig Street, Montreal.
11-19-52-145

DR. ROSS

Removed from PLACE D'ARMES HILL to No. 49 UNION AVENUE.
11-19-4-143.

L. J. FORGET,
L. STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Building.)
11-19-52-146.

RELIEF, COMFORT, AND CURE.
Artificial Limbs, Trusses, Supporters, Braces, Instruments for Deformities, Weak Ankles, &c., fitted to every case by Dr. J. ENEAS, at the Victoria Truss Factory, corner of Bleury and Craig Streets. 11-19-26-136.

T. BEEVES & Co.,
887 Craig St. Revolvers, Rifles, Shot Guns, Fishing Tackle, Sporting Goods of all kinds.
Live Minnows always on hand.

McMILLAN & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
252, St. James Street,
(Next door West Ottawa Hotel.)
Are now in receipt of a full stock of SPRING OVER-COATINGS, heavy and medium weight Scotch and West of England Tweeds, for early Spring Suitings. All from the most celebrated manufacturers. 11-19-13-144.

APPRENTICES WANTED.

Two or three respectable and well recommended Boys to learn the PRINTING BUSINESS; also, one or two good Boys for the LITHOGRAPHIC printing, and a respectable Boy or Young Man capable of running the Gordon Press. Apply at 319, St. Antoine Street.

La Banque Jacques Cartier.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of **Four per Cent.**

on the paid up Capital of La Banque Jacques Cartier has been declared for the current half year, and will be payable at the Bank on and after the FIRST day of JUNE next.

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

By order of the Board.
H. COTTÉ,
Cashier.
11-19-4-142
Montreal, 29th April, 1875.

Metropolitan Bank

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of **FOUR PER CENT.**

upon the paid up capital Stock of the Bank has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this City on and after TUESDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

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

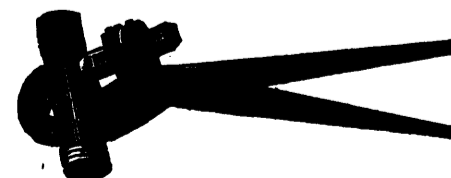
The Annual General Meeting

of the SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the BANK on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon.

By order of the Board.
A. S. HINCKS,
Cashier.
11-19-1-141
Montreal, April 28th, 1875.

FOR SALE.

CANADIAN PATENT ON "JARECKI and ORMS-BEE'S IMPROVED PIPE TONGS," Patent No. 2753, granted for fifteen years.



This is the most convenient tool ever used about an Engine, Locomotive, Machine Shop, by Steam, Gas and Water Fitters, or in any place where Bolts, Nuts, Studs or Pipe are used.
Are in general use throughout the United States, and the demand for them is constantly increasing.
Address: JARECKI MANUFACTURING CO., ERIE, Pa.
11-18-3-136.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A DIVIDEND of **SEVEN PER CENT.**

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, on and after

TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY of JUNE NEXT.

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

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock p.m.
(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS,
General Manager.
11-18-7-138.
Montreal, 23rd April, 1875.

PERFECT W. GRANT & CO.,

Collars, Ties, FITTING SHIRTS,
Gloves, Hosiery, 249 St. James Street.
Umbrellas.
SAMPLES OF SHIRTING MAILED.
11-17-13-133

R. C. JAMIESON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Varnishes & Japans,
IMPORTERS OF
Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.,
3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., Montreal.
11-18-9-25



SEND FOR RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT.

FRANK B. STREET,
Shirt and Collar Manufacturer,
185 ST. JAMES STREET,
Adjoining Wesleyan Church, MONTREAL.
11-16-8-128.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA PROVINCE OF QUEBEC District and City of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AN INSOLVENT. ON THURSDAY, the 26th day of May next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
Montreal, 10th April, 1875.
GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Per MOUSSEAU, CHAPLEAU & ARCHAMBAULT, His Attorneys at litens.
11-16-5-129

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.—When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child with a preparation of *Cannabis Indica*. He now gives recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not dissipate—Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address GRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper. 11-11-13-118.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Co'y.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$6,000,000
CASH ASSETS, OVER - - - - - \$1,031,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

J. F. SINCENNES, Vice President "La Banque du Peuple."
JOHN OSTELL, Director "The New City Gas Co'y."
ANDREW WILSON, Director "The New City Gas" and "City Passenger Railway" Companies.
M. C. MULLARKY, Vice-President "Le Crédit Foncier du Bas-Canada."
J. ROSAIRE THIBAudeau, Director "La Banque Nationale."
W. F. KAY, Director "Merchants Bank of Canada."
HORACE AYLWIN, Director "Bank of Toronto."
ANDREW ROBERTSON, Vice-President "Montreal Board of Trade," and Vice-President "Dominion Board of Trade."
DUNCAN MCINTYRE, of Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Wholesale Dry-Goods Merchants.

OFFICERS:

President: J. F. SINCENNES.
General Manager: ALFRED PERRY.
Vice-President: JOHN OSTELL.
Secretary: ARTHUR GAGNON.
Marine Manager: CHAS. G. FORTIER.

Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and Freights on First-Class Steamers and Sailing Vessels.

HEAD OFFICE: 160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
10-30-52-92



CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES from \$1.50 to \$50. Boys' Waggon, Boys' Cart, Rocking Horse, Velocipedes. I have on hand the largest stock of these goods in the City. Retail at Wholesale prices.
ALEX. D. DALY,
426 & 428 Notre Dame Street.
11-18-13-137.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch
Price 10 cents. Address,
S. P. KLEISER,
P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.
No. 24 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.
10-14-33-7.

GASALIERS. New Stock. New Designs constantly adding. Plumbing, Gasfitting, Steam and Hot Water Apparatus in all their branches. Prices low. Note the address: MACFARLANE & BAIN, 47 Bleury Street.
Also all kinds of Tin work.
11-17-52-134

BOND BROS.,
STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
No. 7 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.
11-16-52-126.

STRATHY & STRATHY,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS,
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
No. 100 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.
11-16-52-125.

SHEET MUSIC. The largest and best assorted Stock in the Province. Any piece of Music or Music Book sent by Mail on receipt of the marked price.

BRASS BANDS furnished with first-class INSTRUMENTS, at moderate prices, and the orders of Colleges and Boys' Schools where BRASS or ORCHESTRAL BANDS are encouraged, solicited.
C. C. DE ZOUCHE,
211 St. James St., Montreal.
6-16-13-132.

JOSEPH LUCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER
35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
MONTREAL. 10-20-52-32

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE,
375 Notre Dame Street,
One door East of John Aitken & Co.
Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES' WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean.
10-25-52-61
E. & A. PERRY.

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER,
805 CRAIG STREET,
MONTREAL.
10-21-52-38.

J. DALE & CO.,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS,
No. 584 Yonge Street,
11-10-52-113 TORONTO.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

IMPERIAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON, Established 1803.
Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
RINTOUL BROS.,
No. 24 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.
CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.
10-22-52-49

JAMES WRIGHT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings,
Parquet Floors, Wooden Carpetings & Fancy Wainscots,
2 TO 15 ST. ANTOINE STREET, & 801 CRAIG STREET.
MONTREAL, P. Q.
Box 9434. 11-9-52-107.

CANADA BOILER WORKS,
771 Craig Street, Montreal.
PETER HIGGINS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to.
11-9-52-103

CANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

C. KIRBY,
C. MERCHANT TAILOR, 378 Yonge St., Toronto
(A few doors South of Gerrard St.)
A Stylish Cut and Fit Guaranteed. 11-11-52-119.

D. PROUDFOOT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON (graduate McGill College), 37 Beaver Hall. Special attention given to diseases of the EYE & EAR. 11-7-52-93.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING. For Style, Fit, and Workmanship, call on J. D. DRESSER & CO., 433 Notre Dame St. 11-16-52-131.

GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT G. H. HUDSON & CO'S, Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal. 11-9-52-105

HATS THAT R HATS. DEVLIN'S HAT AND FUR DEPOT, 416 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. 11-13-52-123.

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS,
235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
11-8-52-99

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-28-52-7.

JOHN DATE, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER, Coppermith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus. 657 AND 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-102

JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS, 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-98.

JUST received a large Stock of reversible CLOTHES HORSES, light, strong and compact. Also on hand, BUNNELL'S WASHING MACHINE, Bailey's CLOTHES WRINGERS, Mrs. POTT'S SADDLERS, &c. MELLEUR & CO., 526 Craig, near Bleury Street. 11-4-52-87.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR **SHOW CARDS** 11-6-52-88. of every kind—Montreal.

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED a very fine collection of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of Zeosemite Valley, Seranavada Mountain & Niagara Falls. 11-8-52-101

PATENTS! F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-8-52-100

P. KEARNEY, GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF P. Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. Old Frames regilt equal to New. 11-9-52-104

RUFUS SKINNER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, and all kinds of Canned Goods, &c., Corner Yonge & Walton Streets, Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-106

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also, HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 11-12-52-122. BULMER & SHEPPARD.

W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFECTIONER, and Dealer in Canned Goods of all descriptions, 134 Queen Street East, bet. George & Sherbourne Sts., Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-110

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents' outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded. A. D. CABLE, 568 Craig Street, Montreal. 10-21-52-39.

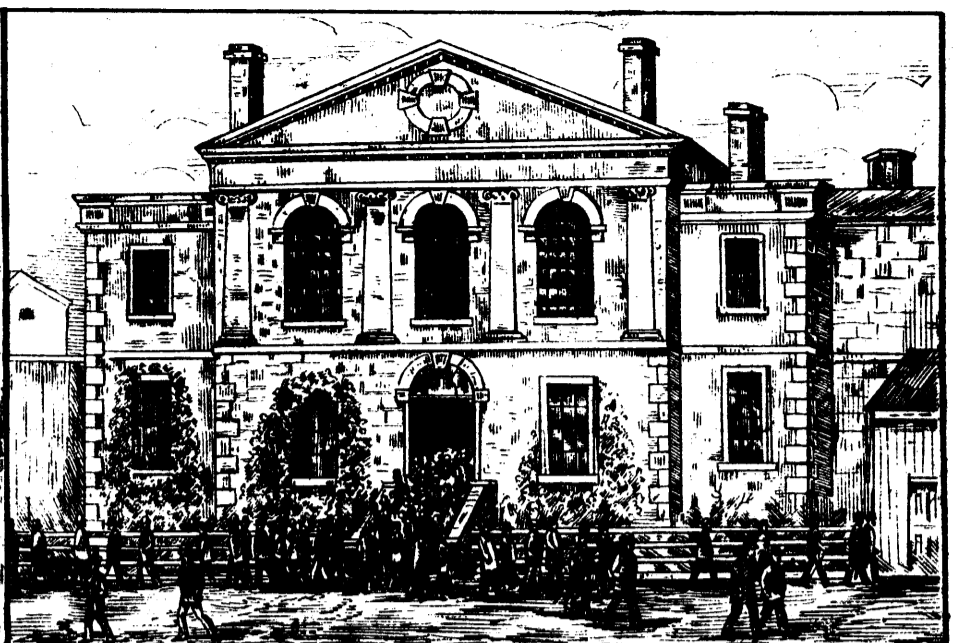
THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-20.

PAPER HANGING WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC BLINDS and SCENERY. GEO. C. DEZOUCHE, 351 NOTRE DAME STREET. 11-16-13-127.



CITIZENS ON THE ROAD TO COURT



AN ADJOURNMENT.



MR GIBSON PRODUCES EVIDENCE ON BEHALF OF MR. WOOD



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE MALONE PAYS DOLAN \$20 FOR THE USE OF HIS 'RIG'



MR WOOD DECLARES THAT HE HAD NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH THAT



AND SO DOES MR IRVING



OF COURSE THE SHERIFF HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT



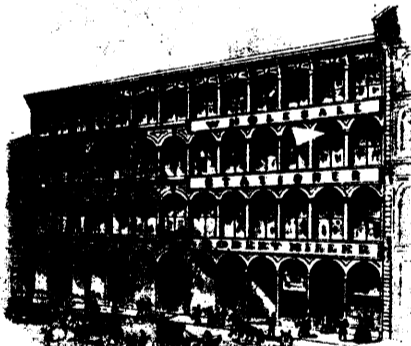
AH! BUT MR CAMERON MAINTAINS THAT MALONE WAS THEIR AGENT



AND THAT'S HOW OUR MEMBERS WERE UNSEATED BY MALONE

HAMILTON :- INCIDENTS OF THE CONTESTED ELECTION CASE

ROBERT MILLER.



Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER, IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 10-19-26-08-30.

"BERKELEY, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking Norton's Camomile Pills, I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALFORD.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS." 10-14-19-22w-8.

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY, (PATENTED 1873) ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM. The Treatment and Mode of Cure.

How to use it successfully, Without Medicine. Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagrams for Invalids, post Free, 35 cents. (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.) DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W. For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register." 11-9-52-111.

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION: No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent. In LAC O. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto. MCKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton. 10-21-52-41.

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON. Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$5,000,000. UNCALLED CAPITAL, 11,000,000. BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having here before averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid. 10-19-52-28. FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada, HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.

FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS. MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE DAME 10-19-52-29. T. A. EVANS, AGENT.

L. L. BANCIS & CO., 783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, MANUFACTURERS OF

FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING. Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice. Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel, Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-94.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1809. Head Office for Canada: No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurances effected on all classes of Risks. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policyholders of Participating Scale. MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS: D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON. WM. EWING, INSPECTOR. G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTEUX, SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL. Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-52-24.

COCHRAN'S WRITING INKS!

SOME OF THE FINEST IN THE MARKET. BLUE BLACK (will give one copy if required.) VIOLET BLACK, copying and writing combined. COMMERCIAL BLACK, a really good black ink. BLACK COPYING INK (will give six copies.) BRIGHT SCARLET, a very brilliant color. All the bottles are full Imperial measure. We would call the attention of Schools and Academies to the quality of the Black Inks. MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER, Successors to ROBT. GRAHAM. ESTABLISHED 1839. 375 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-92.

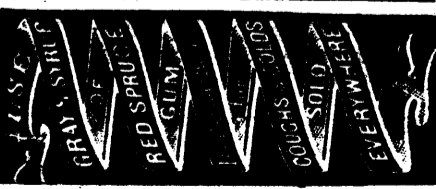
THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible. THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer, W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills, 11-18-52-135. 55 College Street.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

Price 75c. Three Bottles for \$2.00. Extract of a letter from Pictou, Nova Scotia: "Some of my customers of undoubted respectability have spoken very highly of the CINGALESE." Proprietor: J. GARDNER, CHEMIST. 457 Notre Dame street, Montreal. ASK FOR CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER. 10-25-52-62.

Printed and Published by the BURLAND-DEBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, MONTREAL.



LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 365 Notre Dame Street, 11-7-52-06. MONTREAL.

Get the "IMPROVED" Whiteside's Spring Bed!