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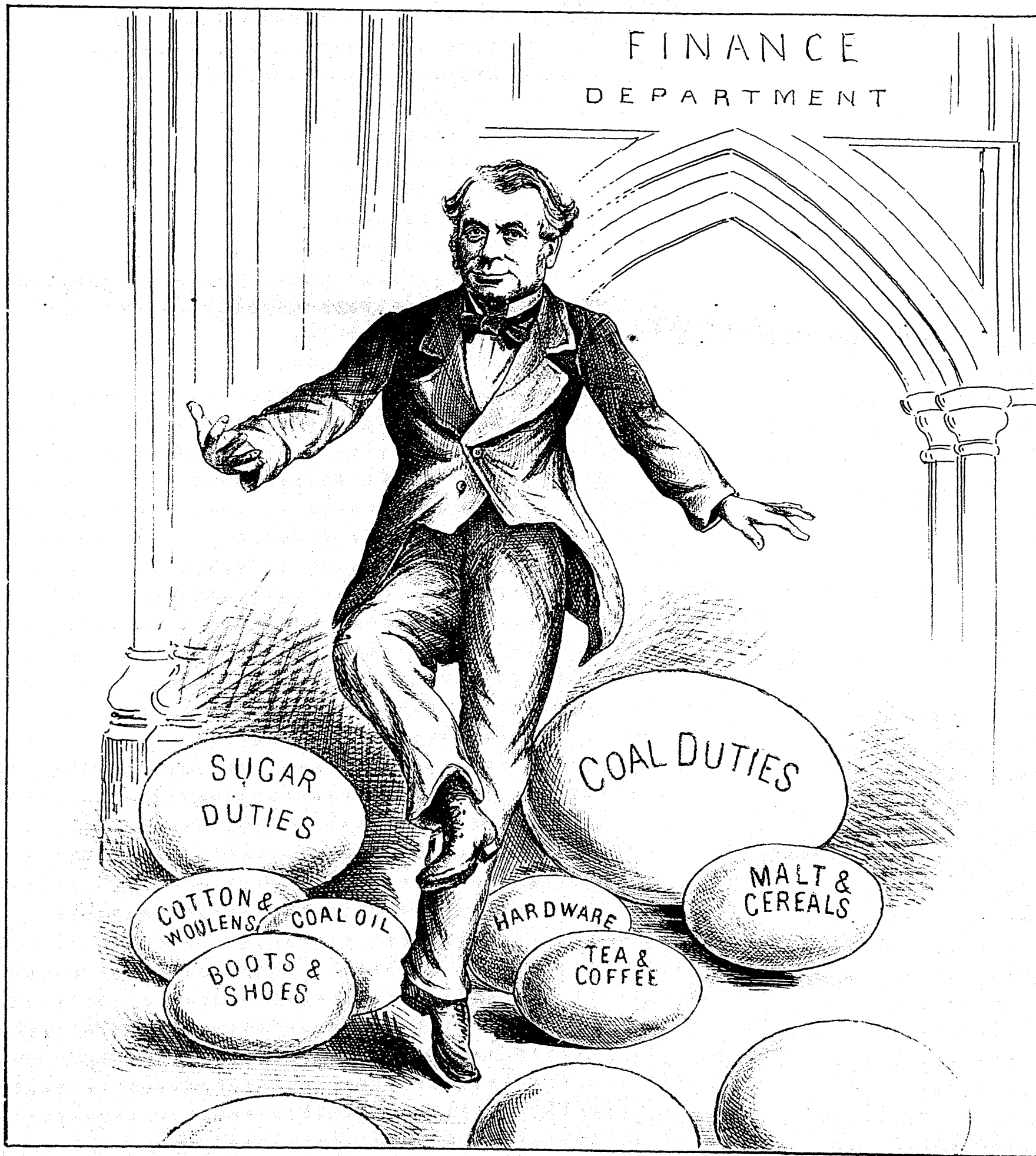
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# Illustrated News

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 22, 1879.

### THE BUDGET AND THE TARIFF.

Although this is not a political, and much less a commercial paper, we cannot overlook one of the most important political and commercial events which have taken place since the establishment of Confederation. We refer to the Budget speech delivered by the Hon. Mr. TILLEY, on Friday, the 14th inst., and the Tariff which he simultaneously communicated to the House. Outside of other matter of a lighter and more readable character, we deem it right to lay before our readers a full summary of the financial statement of Mr. TILLEY, in order that it be understood as a comprehensive whole. After contrasting the present state of the Dominion exchequer with that of 1873, and the relative conditions of the country during those two periods, the Hon. Minister went into a thorough explanation of the manner in which he conducted the late loan of £3,000,000 sterling on the London market. He then entered fully into the matter of the Budget. He found that the estimates of revenue for the current year was \$21,620,000, leaving a deficit of \$2,400,000. The meeting of this deficit formed one of the bases of the financial modifications which he contemplated. The other basis was the protection of the industries of the country. In other words, the new tariff was intended both for revenue purposes and for the development of a National Policy. In so far as it must be admitted that the Government have attempted to redeem the pledges made to the country during the elections. Another feature of the tariff laid down by Mr. TILLEY was that where discrimination was found necessary it would be in favour of Great Britain and against the United States, not, indeed, in a hostile spirit, but as paving the way to a reciprocity treaty. Indeed, the Government intend signifying publicly by resolution that so soon as the United States relax their duties on any article, Canada will be prepared to do the same. The promotion of foreign trade, with the view of increasing our exports, is another prominent element in the policy of the Government, and negotiations have already been successfully conducted, through no less a man than Sir ALEXANDER GALT, to widen our relations with Spain and France. The revival of the sugar trade will reopen communication with the West Indies, while the re-imposition of the 10 per cent on teas will favour a return to direct importation from China and Japan. The undervaluation of American goods entered here has likewise attracted the attention of the Government, and we are glad to

see that experts will be appointed to insist on all goods being entered at the cost of them, or the nearest price of them in the nearest market or place of business abroad.

Coming down to particulars, we find the heaviest duty laid upon coal. This is 50 cents. That is intended to secure for Nova Scotia almost 400,000 tons of the 900,000 of coal annually consumed in the Dominion, representing a sum of one million and a half of dollars. Perhaps there was no point more difficult of solution than this of the duties on coal, and we may only hope that the best has been done in the premises. In the matter of spirits the Government seemed to have been guided by the principle of favouring malt above spirituous preparations. Hence the excise duty on spirits is increased and the excise on malt liquors decreased. On the same principle, French light wines will be taxed only 25 cents per gallon, while champagnes will stand as high as \$3 per dozen.

The iron mines and manufactures of the country have received particular attention as they deserved, being with coal the main inews of a nation's commercial strength. The geological surveys show conclusively that we have immense iron deposits not only in Nova Scotia, but in Ontario, the Ottawa Valley, New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec. To foster the development of this mighty interest, a duty of \$2 per ton is levied on pig iron. The production of the coarser kinds of woollens is encouraged by a duty graduated according to the capacity of the country for producing such articles. In regard to that article of prime necessity—sugar, the *ad valorem* duty was considered the best one to adopt in most cases. This is well known to be a very intricate question, and we have no doubt that Mr. TILLEY has given it all due attention. The duty on all sugars above No. 14 is one cent per pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. Thus the difference of duty is five per cent. in favour of the refiners. As to tea, the 10 per cent. differential duty is reimposed on tea imported from the United States, the specific duty is reduced 3 per cent. per pound and an *ad valorem* duty of 10 per cent. imposed, making the whole duty what it was formerly—5 cents per pound on black and 6 cents per pound on green and Japan teas. The shipping interest has obtained signal favour. All vessels built in Canadian yards are treated as manufactures for export—that is, the material used is free of duty, and a further duty of 10 per cent. is imposed on all foreign-built ships registered in Canada. Negotiations are being carried on with the view of admitting Canadian-built ships into France on the same terms of those of the United Kingdom. We see that the principal objections to the tariff so far come from the millers, who complain that the duty on wheat is comparatively higher than that on flour. The objection appears plausible, inasmuch as a barrel of flour is estimated to equal five bushels of wheat, and thus the quantity of wheat necessary to produce a barrel of flour would be 75 cents, while the duty on flour is only 50 cents. Should this objection be maintained, there is reason to believe that it will meet with due consideration when the matter comes up for final settlement in Committee. The publishing and printing trades have their materials thus distributed: Periodicals and pamphlets, not being foreign reprints of British copyright works, nor blank account books, nor copy books, nor books to be written or drawn upon, nor reprints of books printed in Canada, nor Bibles, prayer books, psalm and hymn books, 6 cents per lb. British copyright works, 12½ per cent. *ad valorem*, and 6 cents per pound. Books, pamphlets, &c., Bibles, prayer books, and psalm and hymn books, *ad valorem*, 5 per cent. Books, periodicals, and pamphlets imported through the Post Office, for every two ounces in weight, or fraction thereof, 1 cent. Blank books, bound or in sheets, *ad valorem*, 25 per cent. Newspapers coming by mail, free. Printed, lithographed, or copper or steel plate bill heads, cheques, receipts, drafts,

posters, cards, commercial blank forms' labels of every description, advertising pictures, or pictorial show cards or bills, 30 per cent. Maps and charts, *ad valorem*, 20 per cent. Advertising pamphlets, per hundred, \$1. Music printed, bound, or in sheets, 6 cents per pound. Bookbinders' tools and implements, including ruling machines, *ad valorem*, 15 per cent.

We cannot do better, in conclusion, than quote the eloquent peroration of Mr. TILLEY, in which he not only summarizes the great work which he has undertaken, but expresses sentiments of confidence in the future destinies of Canada, which must find a response in every Canadian heart: "I think it will be admitted that we have dealt with the mining interests, with the shipping interests indirectly, with the lumber interest, and with very many interests without touching heavily upon any other industry. We have arrived at the time when it becomes necessary for this country and this Parliament to decide whether they are to remain in the position we now occupy, with the certainty that in two years with the existing laws on our statute books, every manufacturing industry of the country will be closed up, and the money invested in it lost, or whether we are to protect ourselves and prosper. The time has arrived when it will become our duty to decide whether the thousands of men throughout the length and breadth of this country that are unemployed, shall seek employment in another country or find it here. The time has arrived when I think we should decide whether we will be simply hewers of wood and drawers of water, whether we will be simply agriculturists raising wheat, and producing more lumber than Great Britain will require, or the United States will take from us at remunerative prices; whether we will confine our attention to the fishing interests, and not rise to what we are destined to be under wise and judicious legislation, or whether we will inaugurate a policy which shall say to the manufacturing interests of this country: 'We will give you encouragement and protection. We will give you our home market for what you produce; which shall say to the agricultural interest that so long as our neighbours maintain a Chinese wall against us, we will impose a duty upon their agricultural products coming into this country. We will maintain, as far as possible, for our own natural products, the market of the Dominion. I think the time has arrived when we should decide whether we will allow matters to remain as they are, with the sure result of our degenerating into an unimportant and uninteresting portion of Her Majesty's Dominion, or whether we will rise to the position which I believe Providence has designed us to occupy, and which I believe, though I may be over sanguine, which my colleagues believe, though they may be over sanguine, and which the country believes, we can attain by adopting a policy which will promote the prosperity and happiness of the people, and give employment to thousands who are unemployed, and make this a great and prosperous country, as we desire and hope it will be."

### THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 15, 1879.—The Royal Standard of England again gaily floated in the breeze from the flag-pole on the top of the great tower of main Parliament building on Wednesday, in honour of the marriage of Prince Arthur, thus reminding us of the presence of a daughter of the Royal house among us, and an auspicious event for that house.

The Letellier debate commenced on Tuesday. Mr. Mousseau opened the battle by a very long, elaborate, and able speech in French, in which he reviewed the whole history of the case, and contended that the facts justified the terms of his resolution, to the effect that the Lieutenant-Governor's action was subversive of the rights of Ministers under Responsible Government. Mr. Mousseau necessarily went over the beaten ground to establish his position; and he contended that the only adequate punishment for Mr. Letellier's offence was dismissal. The effect he produced was so great that the galleries even could not refrain from joining in the cheers

which greeted him as he sat down. Mr. McCarthy, who seconded the motion, also followed in a very elaborate speech, which did not, however, I must say, in my opinion, meet the reputation which had gone before this gentleman as one of the rising hopes of the Ontario Conservatives. He made, in fact, no special or new point in the debate. At the conclusion of his speech both Messrs. Mackenzie and Ouimet rose at once. But the latter appears to have first caught the Speaker's eye, having been declared to have the floor. The use he made of this position was not to deliver a speech, but to move the "previous question." He explained that his object in doing this was not to stifle debate, but to prevent any amendments from being moved, so as to get a straight vote on the resolution of Mr. Mousseau. Mr. Mackenzie now arose in wrath, and declared that Mr. Ouimet was a worthy instrument to play a trick of that sort; and further, that it was not a trick which should have been played by a strong Government. He contended that the House ought to have been left free to offer amendments; and that the Government itself had been guilty of cowardice in relegating its own proper duty on this question to the back benches. If, he exclaimed, Mr. Letellier had been guilty of unconstitutional proceedings, in the opinion of the Government, it was its duty to have taken the responsibility of removing him, and to have explained to Parliament its reasons. For the rest, the ex-Premier took precisely the same ground, as respects Mr. Letellier himself, that he did before the elections. He carefully refrained from expressing any opinion on the merits of the action of His Honour—a course which I have always thought left him unkindly in the cold. The reason is that which I before stated to you: the Liberals do not approve of Mr. Letellier's proceeding; on the contrary, they find it "high handed." Mr. Mackenzie's further argument was that Mr. Joly's Ministry had assumed the full responsibility for the Lieutenant-Governor's action, and that it had been sustained on an appeal to the people, as was indubitably demonstrated by the fact that that Ministry is yet in power, and had its supplies voted by the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. Mr. Mackenzie also contended that the question was purely provincial; that it should be left to the action of the free institutions of the Province to decide; and that any attempt to interfere by that Parliament would be a serious blow to the autonomy of the Provinces. This sketch gives, as fully as the space at my disposal will permit, the scope of the ex-Premier's argument. I may add that he seemed to speak with unusual vigour and bitterness. Mr. Mackenzie was followed by Mr. William McDougall, and he furnished the House with a surprise. He spoke against the resolution, and, by implication, condemned the Government. He found the conduct of the Lieutenant-Governor wrong—in fact, unconstitutional; but that the House of Commons should not interfere in the matter, the right to do so being invested, by the Constitutional Act, in the Governor in Council. He found, moreover, that Mr. Letellier had been already tried, and acquitted, and that he should not be placed in jeopardy again. He also very strongly warned the French Canadians to beware of the precedent they were establishing; and reminded them that the time might come when they would look with a different eye on interference of the House of Commons with their Provincial rights. Need I say how loudly the Opposition cheered, and how bright they looked when these sentiments were uttered by Mr. William McDougall, who had been Sir John's companion in many a picnic campaign last summer, and who gained his election under the folds of the Conservative banner? But the fun on this point did not culminate until the next evening, as I will shortly show.

Mr. Thomas White moved the adjournment, and had the floor to open the debate on Wednesday. This may be called the maiden speech in Parliament of the new member; it was, at least, his first set speech, and it was marked by the fluency, the readiness and the industry which are known to belong to him. I cannot follow him through his argument; but I may say that he made points which were worthy of notice. One, as respected the right of Parliament to deal with the question, was that the House had a right to do what the Ministry had, as the Ministry were a mere Committee of the House. And in answer to the taunt that the Government should have itself taken action, he pointedly contended that the Ministers were in a sense the servants of the House; that the House had, before the elections, passed upon the question; and that until the House itself had reversed that action, it was not proper for the Ministers to act. I did not notice that this point was met during the debate. Another point he made was, that it was absurd to say the terms of the resolution did not declare that His Honour's action was unconstitutional, as what was subversive of the rights of Ministers under responsible Government was certainly unconstitutional. But, outside his argument on the merits of the question, he swooped down on Mr. William McDougall. He did not call him "Wandering Willie," as the Grits in their rage and spite so often have done. But he spoke of him as "standing on that lofty pedestal to which his wanderings had at last brought him!" This was nuts for the Grits, and they looked even brighter than the night before, when Mr. McDougall's speech made a surprise; but the face of Sir John during this while wore an anxious look. It was execution being done on a very able follower, who, probably, after all, might not have gone very far from the fold.



Mr. Huntington arose in wrath when Mr. White sat down, and made as bitterly a personal attack as the rules of the House would permit on the "vandal speech of the young member," and on the "young member" himself. It is of course perfectly idle to attempt to follow this, except to notice the point that he used his utmost ingenuity to widen the breach with Mr. McDougall by contending that Mr. White had been crammed by Sir John to use the arguments he did. But this, at least, in as far as the McDougall matter is concerned, carries nonsense on its face. For the best, Mr. Huntington entirely justified the Lieut.-Governor, and contended that he had acted entirely within the limits of his function; and he warned the French-Canadians that the precedent they were about to set was an evil one for them. Mr. Rykert made an able speech, and took Mr. Huntington very severely to task for his attack on Mr. White, saying that it came from a root of bitterness, which might be found in his unopposed action against Mr. White. Beyond this, there was no new point in his speech in support of the resolution. Mr. Laurier made a speech very much in the sense of that of Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Langevin made a forcible speech from his standpoint. Speaking as a Minister of the Crown, he uttered no doubtful words, and they were in condemnation of Mr. Letellier.

The debate continued until 11.30 on Wednesday night. It again occupied the whole day on Thursday, continued all Thursday night, the vote being only reached at 5 o'clock on Friday morning. It exhibited a crushing majority for Mr. Mousseau's resolution, the division being 136 to 51. There were three or four pairs, and seven or eight Conservative members did not vote. Mr. William McDougall did not vote. Mr. McDonald, of Victoria, an Opposition member, voted with the Ministerialists. Only five French-speaking members voted with the Opposition. Mr. Dubuc, from Manitoba, voted for the resolution.

I shall not attempt to follow the weary debate of 14 hours on Thursday. There were among the speakers Messrs. Anglin, Mills, Hector Cameron, M. C. Cameron, McLennan, Kirkpatrick, Brecken, Landry and others. Some of the ladies in the Gallery sat the debate out to the last, as did also Mr. DeBoucherville and Major DeWinton. It was a crushing condemnation, and I think it will make Mr. Letellier's position untenable. But that vote does not necessarily imply his removal. It is for Sir John now to give advice.

Mr. Tilley according to announcement brought down his Budget last night and made an exposition of the National Policy. The House was very full and his speech, which was remarkable for clearness and calmness, was listened to with the very greatest attention. I may state in the first place that it has given great satisfaction to the majority of the House. It is felt to be both moderate and satisfying. And even Mr. Cartwright, who attacked Mr. Tilley's Budget of 1873 with much bitterness, did not attempt any detailed criticism of the scheme now submitted. But perhaps that may come a little later. There are no differential duties proposed, which I for one, I must say, I should have been glad to see, but which certainly would have been extremely difficult for the Government of Canada to impose. It is, however, a fact that the new tariff will hit imports from the United States, and certainly lead to the manufacture in Canada of many things which we now get from them; while it touches with the lightest possible hand the things we import from Great Britain. No American can justly complain of this, in the face of their Chinese wall system against us; while on the other hand the even more than liberal conduct of Great Britain towards us and others deserves corresponding treatment.

The new tariff is very long and elaborate. It is totally out of the question to follow it item by item in this letter. The revenue is estimated to be increased from \$21,670,400 to \$24,120,000; and this increase is to come principally on Customs Duties. The Customs Revenue in 1878-9 being \$12,640,000, and that of 1879-80 as estimated \$14,500,000. Mr. Tilley stated that he expected to lose \$200,000 on the sugar duties, the tariff being partly *ad val.* and partly specific, adjusted so as to permit refining. The 10 per cent duty on tea will be reimposed, and this arranged so as to make Canadian trade possible. The excise duty on tobacco is not to be increased, being arranged to meet the tariff of the United States. The spirit and the wine duties are to be readjusted in such way as to favour the use of malt liquors rather than that of strong waters. The duties on champagne are increased. But if treaty arrangements can be made with France and Spain there will be modifications. As respects manufactures the tariff is exceedingly elaborate, and to give anything like an adequate idea of it on this point it will be necessary for you to give an extract from Mr. Tilley's speech. Books and pamphlets will be taxed 6 cents per lb., and British copyright works 12½ per cent *ad val.* for the benefit of the copyright holder. Blank books through the post office 20 per cent *ad val.* Printed bill heads, cheques, receipts, drafts, posters, labels, advertising matter, &c., 30 per cent, *ad val.* Advertising pamphlets, \$1 per hundred. Engravings, prints, &c., 20 per cent. Maps, charts, &c., 20 per cent. Articles not specified, 20 per cent. This is against the 17½ per cent. of the old tariff. On cottons, woollens and machinery the tariff itself must be consulted.

There are some other points of events that

took place to which I intended to refer, and of which I have made notes, but the paramount questions of the Letellier case and the National Policy have not left me any room.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—By reading our article on the Budget and Tariff, and the able letter of our Ottawa correspondent touching upon the same subjects, our readers will have an idea of the skill which Mr. Tilley displays in his egg dance.

THE ZULU WAR.—After the full descriptions of the late disaster on the Tugela River, in Zululand, our readers will look with renewed interest on the scene of the defeat, as well as on some of the types of those merciless savages.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, SYDNEY, N.S.W.—We are indebted for this picture to the *Illustrated Sydney News*. The building will be situated in the public park, known as the Domain, and will cover 7½ acres of ground. We reproduce this picture in order to give the people of Canada an idea of the grand and enterprising manner in which the Australians conduct their public works.

TWO ARTISTIC PICTURES.—The first of these is a slight sketch of a little boy in trouble, who has evidently been set by his mamma on the penitential stool and whom his good sister comes to console with a bunch of fruit and sweets. The second is an engraving from a remarkably rigorous picture which attracted much attention at the late Paris Exhibition. The drawing is full of power and the type of character is one that arrests the attention of the beholder and still more the appreciation of the lover of art.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.—On the afternoon of the 10th instant, Sèvre Rivard, Esq., whose portrait and memoir appeared in our last issue, was installed in the civic chair amid unusual pomp and a very large gathering. Our sketch represents His Honour reading his inaugural address. On entering the chamber he was accompanied by Aldermen Childs and LaFont, and later was congratulated on his accession by Alderman Nelson, who is seen on the left of the picture, standing up. At the table is seen the genial face of Mr. Grackmeyer, the able City Clerk, on whose left is seated his popular assistant, Mr. O'Meara. A large number of ladies were present, among them Madame Rivard.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE monument to Byron is to be mounted on a pedestal of marble given by the Greek Government.

PEOPLE are beginning to remark how assiduous is the attendance of the Prince of Wales in the House of Lords. His Royal Highness has not missed five minutes of discussion since the opening of the session.

IF it is true that the telegraph to the Cape will in all not cost £70,000 and that the Cape Colony and Natal will give £35,000 a year for its use, a good speculation for some one seems assured.

THERE were thirteen dukes at the Premier's parliamentary dinner. His partiality for the highest order of peers has long been noticed, but a dinner party with thirteen dukes is probably unique. He ought to have made a fourteenth, out of respect to the prejudices of thirteen at the table.

THE 17th Lancers are to go out to Natal without fire-arms, and when there they will receive double-barrelled rifles, like those which were supplied to some of the troops during a previous war. Breech-loading carbines in such a service are not of much use for cavalry in Zululand. The Zulus are too quick for such arms, unless two barrels are used.

AMONG the many callers upon the Earl of Beaconsfield one afternoon was a lady, who stoutly refused to send up her name. This mysterious visitor was mentioned to Lord Beaconsfield. Time was, no doubt, when the chivalrous Comingsby world have exhibited a romantic sympathy with the occasion, and gone forth to meet the beautiful unknown. But time has worked a change in the heroic spirit of the Premier, so his lordship refused to see his visitor. The lady, nothing daunted, declared that she would remain in the hall until he did. But after she had waited there for at least four hours, some one in blue had the *brave à l'air* which the ex-gallant Premier would not—she was very much "put out."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN English lady drew a prize in the Paris lottery which was made up of a dozen dish covers, a fan, a petticoat, and fifty cigars.

A FRENCH enthusiast in aërostation has announced to the Geographical Society of Paris his intention to explore the globe in a new form of Montgolfier balloon. He asserts that he can store the means of keeping the required heat

and maintain a sufficient attitude for several weeks together. Let him try, by all means.

IN expectation of the return to Paris of the heroes of the Commune, subscriptions are being called for by Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and other sympathizing admirers; and, what is more important still, the Municipal Council of Paris has voted £4,000 for the relief of the liberated convicts.

NOW that the President of the Republic is a civilian, the black dress coat reigns supreme. The height of courtesy and delicacy consists in avoiding uniform. There is, too, a great and grave question as to whether the white cravat ought not to give way to the black cravat. The old men prefer the latter and the young men the former. There are, therefore, two camps. In many of the crack clubs, however, the black cravat has been adopted exclusively for dinners.

IN order that some idea may be formed of the work the Lottery Committee still have to perform, we may state that it took twelve waggons to transport to the Pavillon de Flore, at the Palace of the Louvre, the books from which the tickets were cut. The persons employed at the Bureau of the Lottery in the Palace of Industry will continue their labours at the place above named, having had to clear the way for the Cattle Show at the Palace of Industry.

THE Municipality has taken charge of the Aquarium constructed in the grounds of the Trocadéro for the Universal Exhibition. Portions of the rock-work, which had given way when the snow melted, are being rebuilt, and the whole place has been warmed by means of hot-air tubes. It has been remarked that since this has been effected the thousands of little trout have grown considerably in size, and those who fast on excellent fish will be glad to learn that the appetites of the eleven hundred salmon, which are now rather more than an inch long, have much increased.

AMONG the competitors in the French Lottery, says the *Continental Gazette*, was a person who held 14,000 tickets, but gained nothing beyond a few of the trivial "petits lots," scarcely worth the trouble of fetching. The person in question was a Parisian cook, who had been for several years in such a good place, that she had been able to save nearly six hundred pounds. The poor woman became so infatuated with the lottery speculation that she embarked in "series" after "series," purchasing positive piles of tickets, till the series of her bank-notes dwindled down to one only. The decided *crisis* kept on buying to make "assurance doubly sure," and she fully believed she was making an investment that would enable her to abandon the fabrication of *bigots* and *possessions*. May such a loss as that she has sustained serve as a lesson to others never to embark again in lottery speculations as a means of gaining a fortune!

VARIETIES.

PRESIDENT GREVY.—President Grevy is a man of Spanish race, grafted on a Franche-Comtoise stock. Grevy has the cool dignity of the Spaniard. He has also the indolence of the Hidalgo, though but little of the grandiloquence or the showy chivalry. His patience is Franche-Comtoise and his simplicity of tastes Swiss. If Grevy finds official life a bore he will resign. There is, however, one great attraction for him at the Elysée. It is the billiard-room. Without billiards and chess he would not think the Presidency of the Republic worth having. He resigned the Presidency of the Assembly shortly before the twenty-fourth of May, to go back to the Café de la Régence, and indulge there nightly in his favourite recreation. He is an excellent speaker in a small room where the acoustic conditions are good, but he never much cultivated oratory at the bar. It was a bore to walk or drive to the law courts, to robe, to walk about in the Salle des Pas Perdus, to go home to receive clients, and then to sit up working at briefs. What he liked was business in chambers, which he could attend to in a dressing-gown and slippers, while smoking a cigar. If he found his brain too sluggish for work he got his wife or daughter to play the piano, and himself performed a flute accompaniment. He interspersed his legal occupations with literary studies. In the country he goes about dressed like a peasant. Madame Grevy's quarrel with him arose from his hatred of fine clothing. She has lately been reconciled to him, after a separation of five years. In presiding over the Assembly, Grevy discarded a swallow-tailed coat and white cravat. This greatly shocked the Royalists, until they got used to him, and learned to appreciate his great fairness. There is no more impartial man in all France, and he is honestly incantate.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.—William Jobson Ward, F. R. H. S., writes to the *London Times*: "Your publication of my letter on 'lentil-soup' has produced some extraordinary effects. It has led me to the desk for eight days replying to about 200 letters, and still they come. It has startled Mark Lane with the number of enquiries for Egyptian lentils. I have had two letters of enquiries from there. It has annoyed corn-dealers with the exposure of prices.

It has caused two philanthropic brothers in Gloucester to open a shop there to sell Egyptian lentils at 1*l.* a sack, 240*lb.*, and at 5*s.* a bushel, 60*lb.* Allow me at this time of scanty means, not only of artisans and labourers, but of educated and refined people, to point out other inexpensive and wholesome articles of food. Tomatoes in tins can be bought at 7*d.* to 10*d.* a tin. They are advertised at the first price in the Birmingham papers, and at the second I buy them in our little market town. A tin will make the relish for four diners of three persons. Put a fourth of the contents of the tin into a frying pan, with a liberal quantity of salt, and some butter. Fry and boil; toast a slice of bread for each person; let it soak in the gravy; and then eat bread, tomatoes, and pot-atoes, all covered with rich gravy. Celery, cooked, is a very fine dish, both as nutriment and as a purifier of the blood. I will not enumerate the marvellous cures I have made with celery, for fear the medical men should, like the corn-dealers, attempt to worry me. Let me fearlessly say that rheumatism is impossible on such diet, and yet our medical men allowed rheumatism to kill, in 1876, 3,640 human beings—every case as unnecessary as a dirty face. Worse still, of the 30,481 registered as dying from heart disease, at least two-thirds of the cause are due, directly more or less, to rheumatism and its ally, gout. What a trifle is small-pox, with its 2,408 deaths, alongside an immense slayer of over 20,000 human beings! Yet rheumatism may be put aside forever by simply obeying nature's laws in diet. Look again at this rheumatism, and the havoc it plays with our army. On foreign stations our soldiers are incapacitated to as high a number as 10 per cent. One hundred in the thousand by rheumatism! At home the invalids from this scourge have been as high as ninety-four in the thousand, as stated in the Army Medical Report of 1871. And yet no one takes it to heart. If it were small-pox, a contagious disease—what a fuss there would be of vaccination and re-vaccination, or of something as good a charm as pills against an earthquake! Plainly let me say, cold or d. up never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause, and sustaining power of evil. While the blood is alkaline, there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. I must return to cooked celery. Cut the celery into inch dice; boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thicken with flour, and flavour with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread round dish, and eat with potatoes.

LITERARY.

MR. HEWORTH DIXON'S new work, *British Cyprus*, will shortly appear.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has written thirty-three novels. Miss Braddon is a little ahead of him.

A VOLUME of autograph letters from the poet Southey to his brother has lately been acquired by the British Museum.

THE King of Portugal has finished his version of the *Merchant of Venice*, and his translation of *Othello* is far advanced.

BRET HARTE has been translated into Serbian, and on the title page of the book one reads, "Shest Kalifornijskih Priehi Breta Harta."

M. ALPHONSE DAUBET is writing a new novel which he calls "Les Rois en Exil." Among dethroned monarchs who will appear in it, it is said that the late King of Hanover will be one.

A NEW book by the Shah will be published almost immediately. His Majesty has written an account of his last visit to Europe, and it was expected to appear soon after the beginning of the present year.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has ready for publication a memoir of his late wife, including some notices of his son, the Rev. Crawford Tait. The volume will contain also the diary kept by Mrs. Tait on the occasion of the loss of her children some years ago at Carlisle.

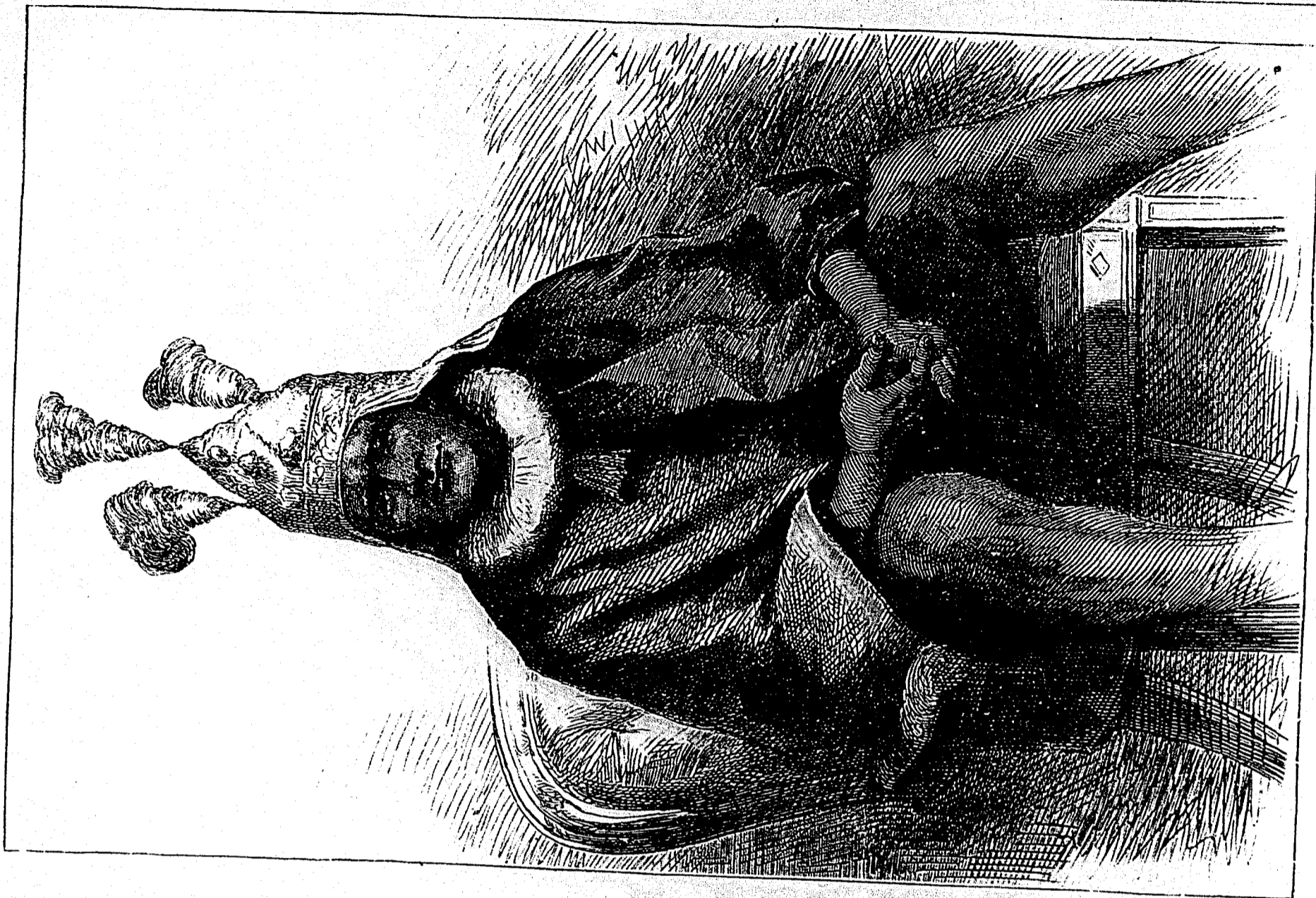
WE regret to hear of the very serious illness of Mrs. Charles Dickens, the widow of the author of *Pickwick*. Mrs. Dickens has for some years suffered severely from illness originally produced by a fall, but her condition has now become such as to cause her numerous friends very great anxiety.

THE Committee of the German Shakespeare Society has issued an appeal to all German admirers of Shakespeare to aid as a mark of sympathy with the English people, in repairing the loss of the Shakespeare library at Birmingham. It exhorts all authors, editors, publishers, and persons in possession of double copies to contribute to a collection which will be presented to the restored library when the proper time comes.

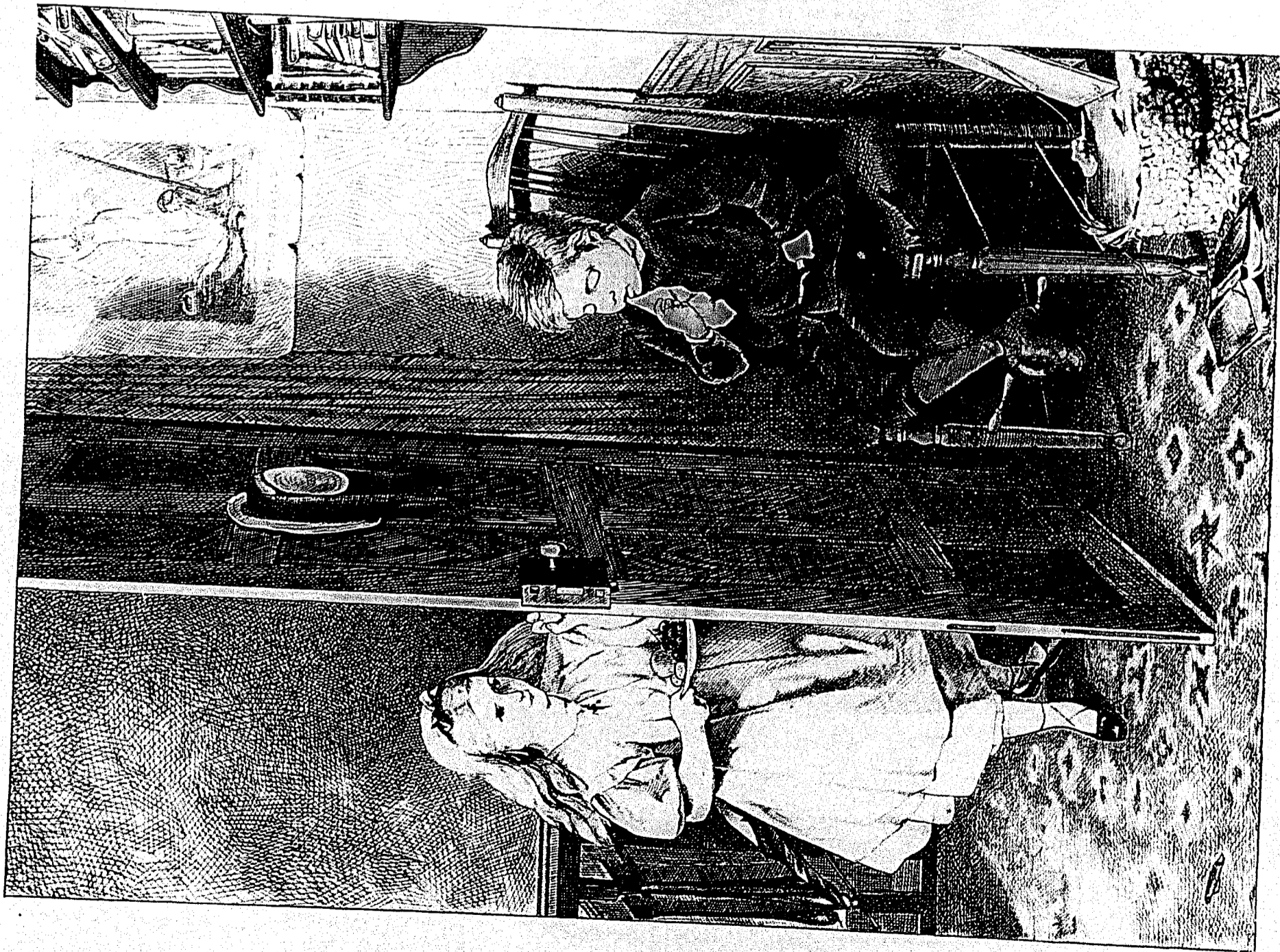
A HEALTHY GROWTH.

An uncommonly healthy and almost exceptionally rapid growth is shown by the 19th annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which appears in this issue of the NEWS. In the short space of nineteen years—the period of its existence—the net cash assets have reached the enormous sum of \$34,195,368, the gain in the last year being \$2,000,000, with the large addition to the surplus of \$700,000. Six thousand policies, covering nearly \$22,000,000, were issued in 1878, without resorting to questionable innovations, and the sum of \$5,000,000—within a fraction—paid to policy-holders. The line of bonds and mortgages has been greatly diminished in amount, and the amount of securities marketable on demand vastly increased. The record is a noble one. R. W. Gale, Esq., of the city of Montreal, is the General Manager for the Dominion, and to his able supervision is mainly to be attributed the high estimation in which this Company is held by the Canadian public.



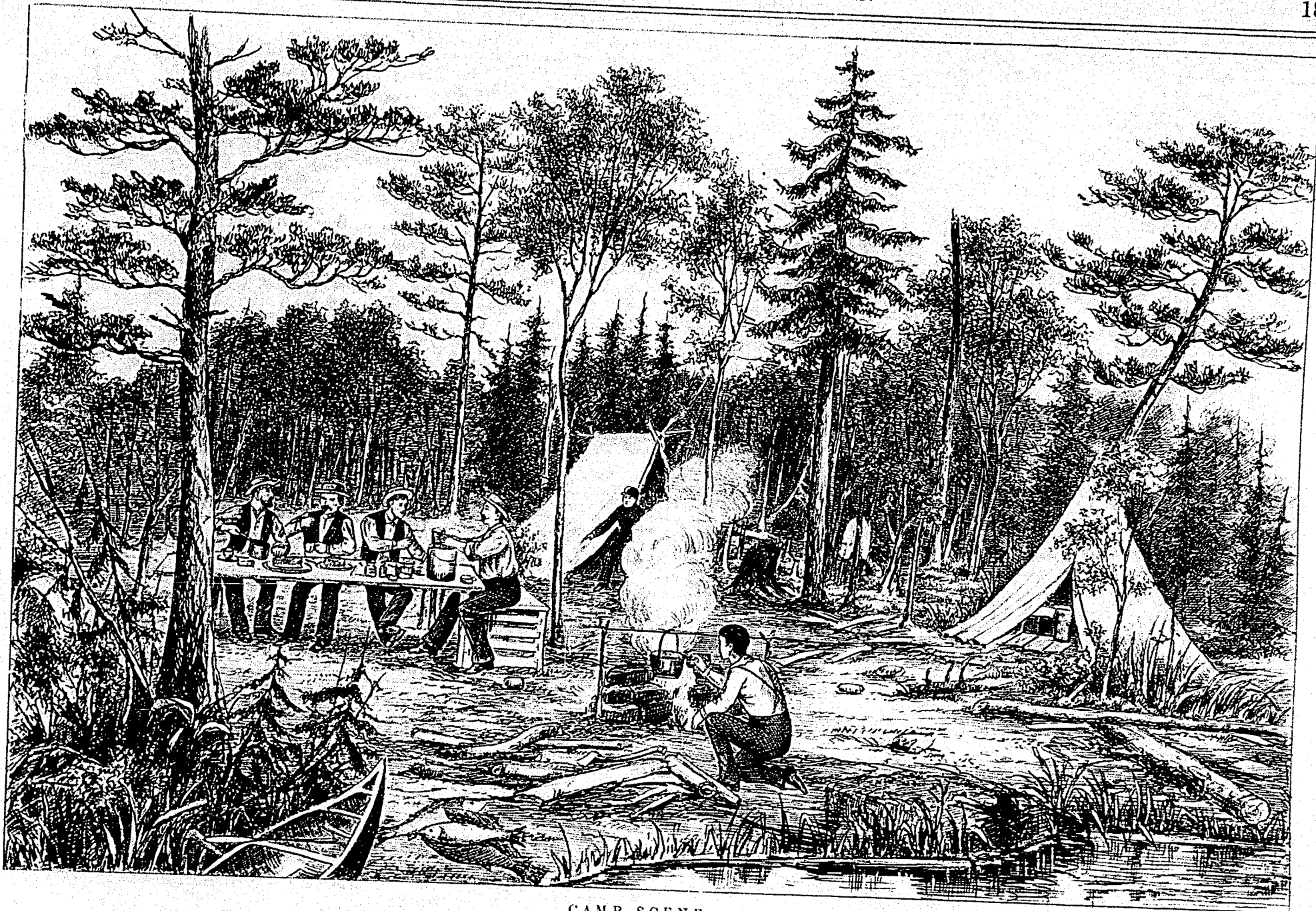


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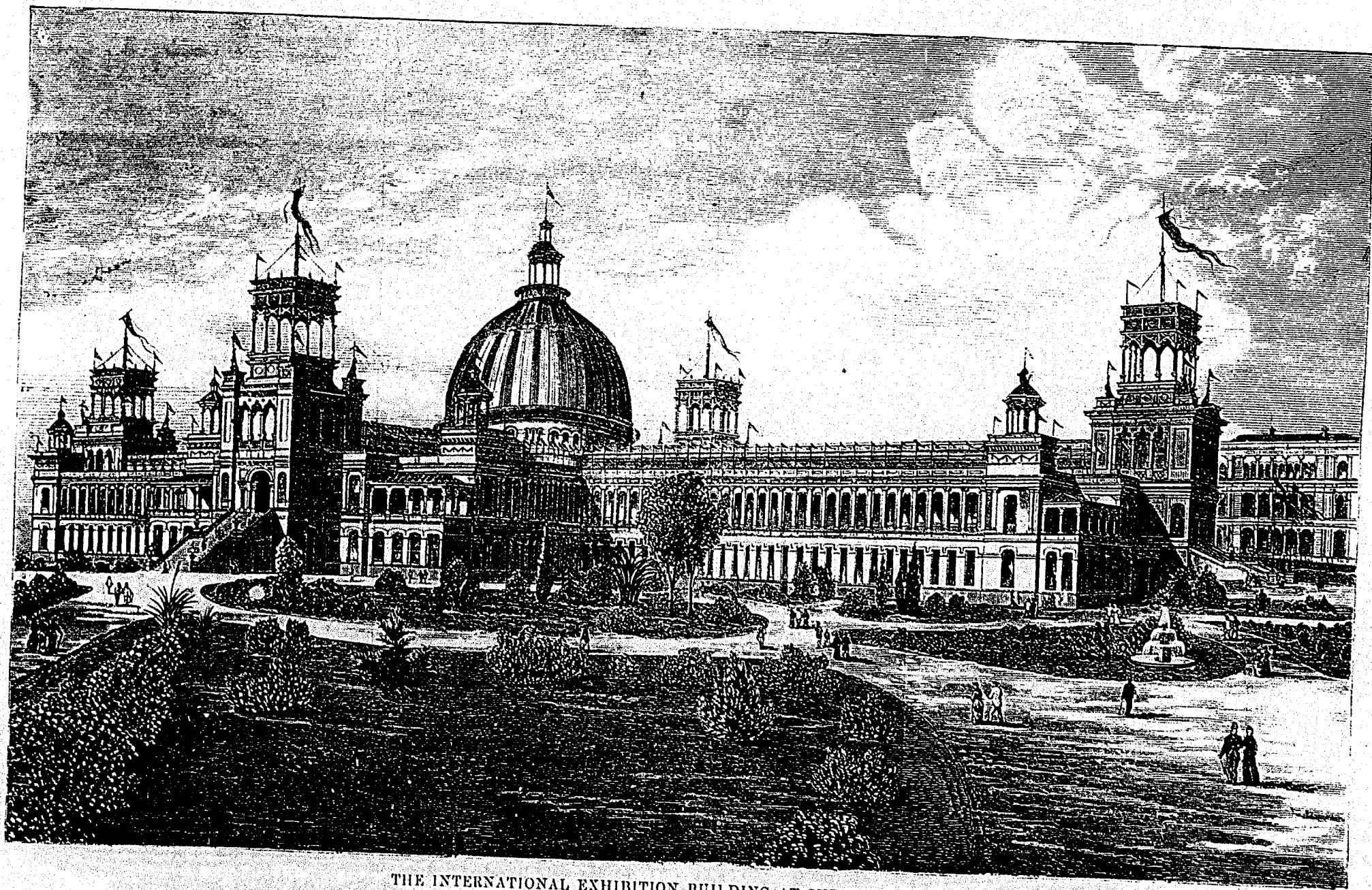


CHARLIE IN TROUBLE.





CAMP SCENE.



THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT SYDNEY, N.S.W.



THE NOR-WEST COURIER.

I.
Up, my dogs, merrily.
The morn sun is shining.

II.
Up, my dogs, cheerily.
The morn sun is glowing.

III.
Oh, my dogs, steadily.
The keen winds are shifting.

IV.
Sleep, my dogs, cozily.
Coiled near the fire.

Keewatin. BARRY DENNE.

TOO FAST A GOOD DEAL

An express train was tearing along. The only passenger thereby with whom we have to deal was a young man of two or three and twenty.

He opened a letter, and read—perhaps for the twentieth time. This was what was written, in a plain, precise, and methodical, though somewhat crabbed, hand—

“Mr. Ichabod D. Romney—sometimes called Frederic Augustus.

“Dear Sir,—

“I have to inform you that your uncle is dead. He died on Wednesday, of gout in the stomach. We have no telegraphic facility here at the present time, and I must send by post, which, I fear, will not give you information in season to allow you to be present at the funeral, which will take place on the 25th inst.

“The family are at the Hall, where you will find warm welcome, and ample accommodation. I think I shall myself have the pleasure of waiting upon you at the railway station, and driving you over to the old mansion. It has not altered much since you saw it last, though years have passed since that time. I expect you have grown to be quite a man.

“Very respectfully yours, ADAM BARWELL, Attorney.”

A half-bitter, half-contemptuous, and fractious oath broke from Augustus's lips as he crushed the paper in his hand.

“The old curmudgeon!—Grown to be quite a man! Plague take him for an impudent dog. ‘Sometimes called Frederic Augustus!’ He'll have the ‘pleasure of meeting me!’ That's old Barwell. I think I remember him. I'll make him sing small before I'm done with him. ‘One of the three only living heirs!’ Zounds! it must be that Tom has turned up somewhere. Perhaps he's got home, and wasn't drowned after all. What in the world was the need of his coming back? Why couldn't he have staid under water? He don't say a word about Lizzie. I wonder if the old man left any word about our marriage. Oh, bother! What a nuisance! The old man died intestate, without wife, child, or heir, and Lizzie and I are the only heirs—ah!—and Tom. He must have come back. Well, well, I suppose I must make the best of it, though I wish Tom could have stayed away. He would have been just as well off at the bottom of the ocean.”

In past years there had been a family of three brothers and a sister. The brothers were Robert, and William, and Thomas, and the sister was Susan. Romney was the family name. Robert was the oldest, and never married. A bitter disappointment in his youth kept him single for life. He had been a keen and energetic man of business, going deeply into railroads and canals, from all of which he had gained a large fortune. William, the next brother, married, and died

young, leaving one child, a son, whom he named Ichabod Doodittle, after a very dear friend. That son was our hero of the railway train.

Susan had married the dear friend of her brothers, Ichabod Doodittle, by whom she had one child, a daughter, called Lizzie. Susan and her husband had died while Lizzie was but a prattling child, leaving her in the care of her uncle Robert, who came in time to love her with a love that absorbed the whole strength of his heart and soul. She was a dear, good girl, the light and the joy of his declining years.

The younger brother, Thomas, had been a wayward boy and youth, running away to sea in his boyhood, and following the ocean from that time. A few years previous to the period of which we write, word had reached his relatives that his ship had been cast away, and he drowned; and, from that time to the present, Frederic Augustus had not heard the report contradicted—unless, indeed, he might take that mention of a third heir as a contradiction.

Eight years previous to the opening of this story, the son of William Romney had received a very liberal offer from a relative of his mother, who was in mercantile business in London, and had gone thither, where he had been ever since, having never once cared to leave the city long enough to visit the friends in the far down country; so he had not seen his uncle Robert nor his cousin Lizzie since. The time had been when Robert Romney, with the desire of keeping his estate together in the family, had hoped that the son of William and the daughter of Susan might marry. In fact, he had once gone so far as to express his wishes to that end. But of late he had said less, and in his letters to his nephew had not alluded to the subject.

After a time Augustus smoothed out the letter, and put it back into his pocket, and went on with his meditations.

Just as the sun's lower rim was touching the hill-tops the train came to a stop in a small village, and the porters cried out, “Romney Station!” And there Augustus got off. Near by was a vehicle, which might have once been the state carriage of Hannibal or Alexander the Great. It was certainly old enough, and, one would say, quaint enough. An old gentleman, in a snuff-coloured suit, of dark complexion, and coarse, heavy features, with a pair of big-bowed green spectacles upon his nose, and a long, heavy whip in his hand, approached the young gentleman from London.

“Is this Master—a—Frederic Augustus, I think—is it so?”

“My name, sir, is Frederic Augustus Romney. You, I presume, are Adam Barwell, the attorney.”

“At your service, sir,” returned the old man, bowing very low.

“And I would like to ask if that ark is for me to ride in?” said Augustus, pointing to the carriage aforesaid.

“That, sir, is the chaise of your dear old uncle, and I thought you would like to ride in it. It will remind you of old times.”

“Oh, bother old times! These new times suit me a good deal better. And you brought that lumbering old carcase on purpose to please me?”

“Yes, Augustus.”

“Dear old soul! Your innocence is refreshing! I shouldn't like to be seen in that by anybody that knew me. However, here's for it. What can't be cured must be endured. Fetch it up, Barwell, and get my traps aboard.”

The chaise was brought nearer, and the old man himself lifted the trunk of the young gentleman.

“Don't you find it rather heavy, old man?”

“Yes, sir; it is heavy for me.”

“Why didn't you get help?”

“Help didn't offer, so I did without.”

“Ho! if you mean that as a hit for me, you may understand, as well first as last, that I am not a mendicant.”

The old man made no reply, and when all was ready Augustus took his seat, and the other got in by his side and took the reins. The mansion, usually called “Romney Hall,” was four miles distant, and surrounded by beautiful scenery. After they had got under way, said Augustus, “And so my uncle is dead at last?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How will he cut up, think you?”

“How—will he—what, sir?”

“How will he cut up? What is the probable figure? In short, what was old Bob Romney worth?”

“Upon my word, young man, you speak very feelingly of your poor old uncle.”

“Oh, bah! don't preach. We understand all that. What's the use of mincing words? He's dead and gone, and there's the end—”

“No, no, young man; not the end, I hope—”

“Bother! I mean the end of the old fellow's wanting further use of his money.”

The old man made no reply to this, and Augustus went on in a free-and-easy, rattling way: “D'ye know, old man, that sometimes the fear used to creep over me that Uncle Bob would make a will and leave me out in the cold. Egad! that would have been rough. I certainly wrote him the nicest letters I knew how to write, and I did gain him him above a bit. But, I say, has Tom turned up? Wasn't he drowned as was reported?”

“No,” answered the travelling companion, with a touch of soft and tender sadness.

“And he's come home, eh?”

“He came home—yes.”

“Well, I don't know as I ought to find fault; but, really, I can't see the use. It'll take a big slice out of my pocket. How does Lizzie like it? Ah! and, by the way, what sort of a daisy is my cousin Lizzie? Is she handsome?”

“I think she is,” answered the old man, struggling mightily to hold down feelings which were seeking to burst their way to an explosion.

“Is she gay and festive? Can she dance, and sing, and play the piano? And can she be content to allow a lover to bet on a race now and then, and to make himself jolly?”

“Your cousin Lizzie,” said the old man, with a perceptible sternness of manner, “has been reared to a life of truth and virtue.”

“Has she, though? Hallo! What's that?”

“That is the tall tower of your uncle's mansion.”

Very shortly after that they arrived at the Hall, having driven through a broad and beautiful park, and stopped before a building almost regal in its architecture. They were met by a young lady as radiantly beautiful as an angel, and as seemingly pure and good.

“Ah, Lizzie, this is your cousin Icha—a—Augustus; and, Master Frederic Augustus, this is Lizzie Doodittle. You may show him in, Lizzie, and I will see to the horses.”

“What an old guy that is, to be sure!” cried Augustus, after the old man had gone.

“Old what?” said Lizzie, in surprise.

“Old guy—an old bloke, I mean! A regular old nasty-fusty!”

“Of whom do you speak?” the girl asked, almost frightened, and certainly horrified.

“Why, of old Barwell, the lawyer.”

“Barwell, the lawyer! Where is he?”

“Where is he? Why, wasn't that he that brought me from the station?”

“He?—the man who just left us?—who introduced you?”

“Yes.”

“Mercy! how could you be so—”

She did not finish the sentence. A light broke over her beautiful face as the truth dawned upon her.

“That,” she said, “is our dear uncle Robert—the best, the dearest, the noblest-hearted, and the grandest old soul that ever was!”

“Uncle—Robert!” gasped the young man, turning pale, and feeling suddenly faint and dizzy.

“But—but they wrote me that Uncle Robert was dead.”

“Did they write Uncle Robert?”

Augustus pressed his hand upon his brow, and reflected. And he remembered that Mr. Barwell had simply written his “uncle.”

“Oh, no,” cried Lizzie. “It was our uncle Thomas who died. Poor old Captain Tom! He came home terribly shattered, but we made him comfortable while he remained with us, though it was not to be for a great while. Oh, thank Heaven, no. Uncle, dear, good man! is hale and hearty yet; and I pray that he may long continue to us.”

Poor Augustus staggered against the wall, and his cousin, frightened by his pallor and his struggling for breath, asked him what was the matter.

“Oh,” he groaned, “I thought I was riding with old Barwell, the attorney, and that Uncle Robert was dead!”

Lizzie reached forth, and laid a hand upon her cousin's arm, and looked seriously into his face.

“Augustus,” she said, with great depth of feeling, “you thought you were riding with Mr. Barwell, the old family lawyer, and that your uncle Robert was dead. Uncle wished to test you. His coming for you in place of the man whom you expected, was an experimental trip. You know how you showed yourself to him. I hope—”

But Frederic Augustus did not wait to hear more. He broke away into the garden, and Lizzie left him to come back at his pleasure. But he did not come back. On the following day a letter came to the Hall from him, informing his uncle that he was on his way back to London.

“You tried your experiment,” he wrote, “and I came out at the little end. Thank Heaven, I can stand alone. I wish I could have known my sweet cousin before this thing happened, but it is too late now. Yet I will carry a remembrance of her while I live; and I pray that she may not think me utterly heartless.”

The thing did not end, however, as such things generally end. Uncle Robert sent Mr. Barwell with five hundred pounds, which Uncle Tom had left for his nephew. Augustus was not a fool. The lesson he had received made a wonderful impression on him. He resolved that he would show his rich uncle that he could live and prosper without his help. In doing this he began to live a better life, which Uncle Robert very soon discovered; and feeling that he had served the light-headed youth a trick most severe, he was ready to make him an offer of love and friendship when he deemed it would be beneficial. But, after all, the memory of that sweet cousin was the saving power. And, strangely enough, partly on account of his real manly beauty, and partly from tender sympathy, she loved him from the first.

So the time came when Frederic Augustus went again to Romney Hall to leave it no more. The lapse of time, and the love of his sweet cousin, and the goodness of his dear uncle, had so far softened the old sting of shame and chagrin that he could, from the depths of his heart, bless the lesson derived in the old ark, for it had been the saving and the making of him.

The Duke of Norfolk has, on behalf of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, sent a Latin telegram to Pope Leo XIII., congratulating him on the first anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate.

HUMOROUS.

“DOES top-dressing pay?” innocently inquires the *Evening Herald*. We think it does, just at this season, particularly if you are bald-headed.

THE *American Agriculturist* inquires “where does the dew come from?” Well, our collector finds that the heft of it comes from not exacting payment in advance.

A BIG load of school girls resembles a load of violets so much, that the sight makes a fellow feel that he would give ten dollars for the privilege of being a bumble-bee. How gloriously he would humiliate!

A MAN who can stand a great grief and conceal it, and bug it to his bosom, and go smiling round the world, can't conceal his emotion when a fly lights on his nose while the barber is scraping his throat.

“MARRIAGE,” says a recent essayist, “has probably dealt the deathblow to quite as many honest friendships as debt.” What have the ladies to say to this ungalant reflection?

A WITNESS, on being cross-examined lately, swore that he was in the habit of associating with every grade of society, “from lawyers up.” The lawyer who “had him in hand” gasped out “That's all!” and sat down.

A BALTIMORE photographer advertises to take “thirty-six beautiful pictures of yourself in four different positions, only twenty-five cents.” And yet there are families who spend their last cent for bread, and haven't a photograph in the house.

THE Marquis of Louve was recently addressed thus by a youth of Illinois: “Esteemed Sir—Would you be so kind as to send me your autograph and the Princess Louve, and I would like the signature of her mother if I could get it. Respectfully.”

THE boy who thinks himself killed if asked to saw a stick of wood at home, will go over to Johnny Bragg's house, and not only saw all the wood he can lay hands on, but split it and pile it up in the bargain, and come home and tell what a “good time” he has had.

GENERALS of armies sometimes ride through a battle on a brindle mule; but the next century of painters makes the male a pouncing white stallion with forty bomb-shells bursting under him, while the generals sit aloft with their right arms athwart a cloudy sky.

A MINISTER went to dine at the house of one of his hearers whom he was in the habit of visiting. Dinner being placed on the table, the master of the house requested the minister to ask a blessing. It was a no-account done than a prattling boy, about 7 years old, asked the following appropriate question: “Papa, what is the reason we always have a blessing asked when Mr. — dines with us, and never at any other time?”

PHILOSOPHERS have written and poets have sung of the feelings of the man who can't stretch his shoulder blades, but it is nothing in comparison with the despair of the person who gets a piece of chocolate taffy wedged into the end of his mouth, and realizes that he must either stand on his head and have it extracted with a derrier, or else bore a hole through the top of his skull and lift the dreadful compound through his roof.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAISSE has signed an engagement for America to sing in opera. He will receive \$20,000 francs for six months.

It is said, and it will be an extra attraction to the Surrey Theatre, that Garibaldi's daughter-in-law is playing in the pantomime.

M. VARNEY, the musician who composed the celebrated chant, “Mourir pour le Patrie,” for Alexander Dumas' historical drama, “Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge,” has just died in Paris.

SIMS REEVES has a second son who is said to be a *tenor dramatico* of great promise. Joachim and Sterndale Bennett were his godfathers. His full name is Herbert Sterndale Joseph Sims Reeves. A grave responsibility rests on a youth who starts in life with such a name.

A FAMOUS tenor once said:—“The voice is like a well—the more you take from it the less there is left.” And Brignoli was told by Duprez, who was once his master, that it would be wise to sing in light operas as long as possible, adding that “force was the last resort.”

THE Louisville *News* is responsible for this ambiguous paragraph: “Lotta Crabtree is the real name of the little actress who plays here this week. Her first appearance in Louisville was at the old Fuller Opera House in 1856. She was then seventeen years old. She is now about eighteen.”

THE famous tenor, Father Giovanni, whose magnificent vocal powers have given so much pleasure to both foreign and native church-goers in Rome during the last two or three years, has, after a serious illness, resumed his singing in the churches and draws larger crowds than ever. He refuses to listen to any proposition to go on the stage, though he is said to be the finest tenor Italy has produced in twenty years.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHEERINGTON, most finished of concert-singers, is about to take up her residence in Belgium, with her husband; but London will have the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice for a few months every year. M. Lemmens is founding a school at Malines for the study of Gregorian music, to which he has been composing harmonizing accompaniments. The scheme has been approved in Rome, and large numbers of the young clergy are to be instructed in the newly-arranged chant.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

It is valuable to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class Shruik Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

MONEY AND THE PULPIT.

THE SALARIES DRAWN ANNUALLY BY LEADING CLERGYMEN OF TO-DAY.

Clergymen as a rule are poorly paid. In fact, as Dr. Hepworth once said, "They don't like to talk about their incomes, they are so very small." We recently treated of Beecher as a "Money Maker," showing that in thirty years that distinguished preacher had drawn into the coffers of Plymouth Church the round sum of \$1,000,000, and accounting for \$750,000 that he had made in his several callings on his own account. The subject thus started seems to have attracted universal attention, and in places the unfair inference is drawn that ministers have big pay and an easy life. The fact is that the average compensation of clergymen of all denominations, city and country, is less than \$500 per annum. A few favoured dominies are paid from \$10,000 to \$15,000, but there are thousands who have from \$250 to \$350 and are lucky to get that—half of it possibly in vegetables and "truck."

Clerical compensation in cities is greater than in the provinces, but so are the expenses. Mr. Beecher worked many years on \$350 salary, half of which was paid by the Home Missionary Society, and he supported himself literally by the labour of his hands. Now his salary is larger than any other paid to a preacher in the country—\$20,000. For this he preaches twice on Sunday and presides at the Friday evening prayer-meeting. Formerly he also lectured on Wednesday evening, but that habit was given up several years ago, partly because it interfered with his out-of-town work, but largely because what used to be a regular old-fashioned prayer-meeting had run into a pastor's "talk." Nobody seemed to care to pray or speak; they preferred to listen to Beecher. The late Deacons Corning, Fanning and Fitzgerald were fond of asking questions, to which Mr. Beecher made long responses, and occasionally Brother Joe Knapp enlivened the proceedings by ponderous pleadings in behalf of sinners, but as a rule Mr. Beecher did, as he now does, the bulk of the work. He has a three months' vacation each year, so that his salary is paid him for three services a week, or 108 in nine months, say \$185.18 for each public appearance. Mr. Beecher does not give much time to parochial duties, the majority of them devolving upon Dr. Halliday, who visits the sick, drums up religious delinquents, prays with the dying and looks out for the church missions, earning his \$3,000 by real hard work.

DR. TALMAGE.

Brooklyn has more high-priced preachers than any other city in proportion. Next to Beecher, DeWitt Talmage has the largest salary in the City of Churches. It was made \$12,000 last year, and will be kept at that figure this year. Dr. Talmage has not yet developed into a national teacher, and confines himself largely to the duties of the Tabernacle, the Lay College and their outgrowths. He has two preaching services and a prayer-meeting every Sunday. He lectures once a week and attends also a prayer-meeting. He supervises the Lay College and makes a point of visiting the Sunday-school. In addition to this he is somewhat of a pastor. That is, he does not confine himself to the perfunctory duty of preaching alone, but calls around on his people, talks with the mothers and the children and interests himself to an extent in their domestic troubles.

REV. MORGAN DIX.

Trinity corporation is liberal in its dealings with its servants. Morgan Dix, the rector, receives \$15,000. He is responsible to the corporation for the entire parish, and has much office work that makes no public show. He is the disciplinarian of the parish. He preaches regularly in Trinity Church or St. Paul's, attends meetings, looks out for the Sunday-schools, now and then marries or reads the funeral service and literally holds the affairs of the church, as he does its keys—in his hands. It is often said that Beecher, Dix, the younger Potter, Storrs and others, would be able to make four times their salaries as lawyers, but, however that may be, the fact remains that what they do make they make as churchmen, and each in his way differs from all the rest. Dr. Dix was at one time designed for the law, but having entered the church service under Dr. Berrian, his predecessor, he found no difficulty in securing the prominence he now has. His father, Gen. Dix, is comptroller of Trinity parish, and his salary is also reported at \$15,000.

DR. TAYLOR.

Dr. William Taylor is probably the best paid Congregationalist orator in New York, receiving \$12,000 or \$14,000. He works hard, preaches regularly, lectures, presides at prayer-meetings, is active on boards and committees, looks out for the Sunday-school interests and pays special attention to pastoral calls. This feature of a pastor's life is much neglected by clergymen who are pressed by public duties, such as lecturing, editing and attending conventions. There are many ministers whose chief success is born of their sympathies. They make a point of knowing personally every man, woman and child in their congregation, and go from house to house seeking opportunity to sympathize with, cheer and succor their flocks. Others have no faculty of that sort. They are merely preachers and in no true sense pastors. Dr. Taylor is a pastor, and, although he is paid a large salary as a preacher, his chief merit is thought to lie in his (social) and kindly nature.

WHAT DR. HEPWORTH SAYS.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth stands on the other side of the line. While Beecher, Storrs, Talmage, Dix, Taylor, Tiffany, Potter and Tyng can count their tens of thousands, Dr. Hepworth is compelled to support himself by his brain-work outside of his pulpit. As he puts it, his situation is rather interestingly suggestive. A Herald reporter found the doctor one morning hard at work in his cosy study in Forty-seventh street, and in response to a question said, "Ah! that's a subject in which I take great interest. 'The underpayment of clergymen?' why, certainly, the world is full of it, and here's a bright example."

"Why, I thought you were rolling in riches?" "Nonsense. Why, if I didn't do work outside of my pulpit I'd have nothing to live on. When I started my church I was crippled by the death of a staunch friend. We had a debt of \$200,000. That is reduced to \$85,000. My salary was \$2,500; but I didn't get it. It is now and has been for two years \$5,000; but I don't get it."

"Are clergymen generally underpaid?" "They are decidedly. They don't get half what they could make as lawyers, for instance. If money is what they are after they are in the wrong place. Then, too, ministers are fearfully neglected. Just as soon as anything happens to them they are bundled into the street. The Catholic is the only church that takes care of its infirm and aged ministers. That wonderful organization understands what to do with its servants. If a man isn't good in one position they put him in another, where he is of benefit. The Dutch church makes better provision than any other Protestant denomination."

"But your city ministers have an easy life and plenty of money?" "Well, you don't know anything about it. I see the other side. When you see a man with his boots a little broken and his coat somewhat rusty you may at least infer that he isn't overwhelmed with cash. Out of the 500 ministers in New York I don't believe there are half a dozen who can save a cent from their salaries. They have to live in respectable style, they have to give continually and they are quite as likely to be taken sick as anybody else, and then where are they?"

"What is your salary?" "Nominally \$5,000, but if it were not for my work I couldn't live. I don't get it, and I suppose others are in the same box."

Dr. Hepworth bears his troubles like a man, and his church gives evidence of growth.

DR. STORRS.

Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, has \$10,000 salary. He has lived over thirty years in a fair house in Pierpont street, in Brooklyn, and keeps a very modest establishment. He visits a great deal among his people, who are generally men of means and make him valuable presents; send him to Europe, and so on. Dr. Storrs preaches twice on Sunday, although he frequently exchanges or introduces a brother who pleads for one or other of the several "causes" in which the church is interested. He also lectures, attends the regular prayer-meetings, the social gatherings, the Sunday-school and the church committees, of which he is chairman.

DR. CUYLER.

Dr. Cuyler, just now prominent as one of Dr. Talmage's *lecturers*, is one of the oldest pastors in Brooklyn, where he has \$8,000 per annum. He is really a pastor. He preaches regularly and attends to all the sessional demands of the Lafayette Avenue church, but his *forte* is pastoral visitation. He goes from family to family, makes himself a help in season of trouble and literally leads his flock like a shepherd.

DR. HALL.

Dr. Hall earns his \$15,000 in a similar manner. His preaching is but a small part of his work. This he does twice on Sunday, but he is as well known on the avenue as any promenade there. His people are average people and he visits them. He has young ladies' classes and attends them. He makes his church building attractive to his congregation and they delight to go there. All through the week there are devotional services, at which Dr. Hall attends, and he devotes all his time to the people and the interests of his parish.

OTHER CLERGYMEN.

Dr. Potter has \$10,000 and his house, Dr. Tiffany \$10,000. Dr. Tyng is credited with \$8,000. A number of New York and Brooklyn ministers get from \$3,000 to \$4,000. In San Francisco Dr. Stone has \$12,000. Occasionally clergymen hire a hall, like the Music Hall or Tremont Temple, in Boston, and depend on Sunday collections for their income. Oftentimes the congregations there are from 2,000 to 4,000 in numbers, but it is doubtful if the collections would average \$50 each service. All the year Dr. Hepworth preached in Steinway Hall he received nothing in the way of salary. Dr. Chapin has from \$8,000 to \$10,000; Dr. Morgan is reported at \$15,000. "Fashionable" clergymen sometimes receive a good salary in the guise of fees. Mr. Beecher was given a check for \$500 for making a couple man and wife. Of late years it is the custom to pay clergymen who attend funerals, particularly when the dead were not members of their congregation. Small salaries are occasionally eked out by free trips to Europe, but as a rule, to them who have much is given, and those who have not have to get along as best they can.

The pastor of the Summerfield Methodist church has \$4,000 and a parsonage, and his trustees think they will give him a present of \$1,000. Methodist clergymen in cities range from \$1,000 to \$3,000; Presbyterians from \$1,200 to \$10,000, a majority being \$2,000; Congregationalists from \$1,500 to \$20,000—the latter figure being found but once, and \$5,000 being a fair average; Episcopalians average \$3,000; Baptists are not overburdened with this world's goods, and their average is \$2,000; Unitarians average \$4,000. In old times parsonages went with the churches, but nowadays there are few of them only. In the country, where \$2,500 would be a large salary, a parsonage is generally provided, and the average salary is under \$1,000. Boston pays a few big salaries—four of \$10,000 and quite a number of \$6,000 to \$8,000. Popular preachers make more money than simple pastors, and if Dr. Hepworth is correct in saying that churches as a rule do not take care of broken-down clergymen, it is obvious that whatever savings the average pastor has must be treasures hid up in heaven; he certainly has none to lay out on earth.

BURLESQUE.

HOW THEY LOAD CATTLE AT SABBETHA.—At Sabbetha the train is halted alongside of a cattle train, while the other cattle, those in the passenger car, go up town and get dinner. After dinner the passengers solemnly contemplate the cattle, packed in at the rate of about three or four to the square inch.

"How on earth," asks a young lady—a very pretty young lady, who gets off at Seneca—"how on earth do they pack them in so close?"

"Why," asks a mild-looking young man, with tender blonde whiskers and wistful blue eyes—he is an escaped divinity student, just going out to take charge of a Baptist church in western Kansas—"Why," he says, "did you never see them load cattle into a car?"

"No," said the pretty Seneca girl, with a quick look of interest: "I never did; how do they do it?"

"Why," the divinity student remarked, slowly and very earnestly, "they drive them all in, except one, a big fellow, with thin shoulders and broad quarters; they save him for a wedge, and drive him in with a hammer."

Somehow or other it didn't look hardly fair to me; nobody protested against its admission, however, so it went on record, but the conversation went into utter bankruptcy right there, and the theological-looking young man was the only person in the car who looked supremely satisfied with himself.

EMBARRASSING TO A LADIES' MAN.—It is a critical moment in the life and clothing of a man when he gets down on his knees to look under the sofa for a ball of zephyr that a lady friend has dropped. It is possible that he may be able to accomplish this and recover his perpendicular with nothing more serious than a very red face and a general sense of having done something for which he should be sent from the room. But in nine cases out of ten he never fully recovers the good opinion of himself that he possessed before he undertook the recovery of that ball. It is always just beyond his reach, and in a moment of weakness he drops down on his vest and commences to work himself under the sofa by a series of acrobatic feats that would have won him an encore on the stage. He is so intent upon the recovery of that ball that he quite forgets his appearance, until he is reminded by a suppressed titter from one of the ladies. Then he realizes the situation and commences to back out.

Of course his coat is worked up over his head, and as he feels a cold streak creep up his back he pronounces a benediction on the man who invented an open-back shirt. He is also painfully conscious that about two inches of red flannel drawers are visible between the tops of his boots and the bottom of his pants. This has the effect of producing more internal profanity and still more violent struggles to back out, during which one suspender breaks and his collar-button comes out. When he finally delivers himself and stands up in the middle of the room, you would not recognize in that red-faced, wild-eyed man, standing there holding his clothes together with one hand and trying to smooth down his hair with the other, the smiling, genteel ladies' man who stooped down to pick up that ball of zephyr a moment before.

TOBIAS—SO TO SPEAK.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,  
And he isn't over pious,  
And his eyes are on the bias,  
So to speak;  
And his only aim and bent is  
Nobly clothing—for this gent is  
Just a bit non compos mentis  
Like and weak.

And this feather-weighted gent—  
Though not over one and twenty—  
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,  
So to speak;  
For he'd rather be a prancing  
And kicking at a dancing,  
Than his stock of wit enhancing  
Learning Greek.

Though he apes the drawl and stammer  
When he dons his sleek claw-hammer,  
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,  
So to speak;  
And his questions very rarely  
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)

If his brain be fashioned squarely  
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,  
And his beauty took vacation  
'Bout the time of his creation,  
So to speak;  
And upon mature reflection,  
Taking each distinct bisection,  
I've decided his complexion's  
Rather weak.

Though his shirt has not a ripple,  
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,  
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple  
On his beak;  
And his voice is not reliant,  
For at times it is defiant,  
And at times it is a pliant  
Little squeak.

Now it seems to be so funny  
That this half-demented sonny  
Should be loaded down with money,  
So to speak;  
While the writer of this ditty,  
Who you see is rather witty,  
Has to grub about the city  
On his cheek.

THE CASE OF SAM SNYDER.—We were all sitting out on the piazza in front of Blyler's store, and Abner Bying was there, with his legs cocked up against a post and his chair tilted back. Dr. Murray was running his eye down a column of a country paper, when he suddenly said:

"Hallo! This is queer! Why, it says that an English chemist has succeeded in distilling whiskey from sawdust!"

"That's nothing," said Abner Bying, flipping his thumb.

"How do you mean nothing?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, it's old, awful old. I knew that years ago. Did you ever meet Sam Snyder?"

"No, never met him."

"Well, Sam was a hard drinker—must have run by one means or another. He had no money and nobody to trust him or treat him. So Sam somehow ascertained that whiskey could be made out of sawdust, and do you know what he'd do?"

"What?"

"He'd get so drunk off a fence rail and a cross-cut saw that he couldn't tell a cow from a sugar-cured ham. Put him near to a wood-pile and a sawbuck, and let him alone, and before eleven o'clock he'd turn out the most delicious oint juleps you ever tasted."

"Easily done, was it?"

"Easily! Why, one time his family tried to keep him sober by putting him out on the roof and keeping him there; and do you know what Sam did? Got a boy to tie a wash-boiler and four feet of lead pipe to a string, and Sam fished 'em up, and in three days he had turned every shingle into cocktails, and he fell through into the garret in such a frightful condition of intoxication that they had to give him electric shocks from a forty-two cell battery to bring him back to consciousness."

"You know this to be a fact, do you?"

"Certainly; I was there. Why, that man acquired a preference for liquor made from wood, and three times, to my certain knowledge, he got mania a potu from consumption of distilled pie-boards and potato-mashers. He drank up four sets of chair-legs; and, one fourth of July, when his wife stopped his destruction of the furniture, he celebrated the day by calling in three or four friends to drink a new kind of energetic brandy that he'd just made out of a window-sill and a clothes-prop. Drink! Why, sir, I pledge you my word, Snyder, in a single winter, drank up a smoke-house, three wash-tubs and a front door. Nothing would stop him when he got going."

"Why did he prefer domestic utensils?"

"He didn't. There was a wood out back of his house that belonged to his aunt. Sam'd go out there with a meat saw, or any kind of a saw he could get, and in two years he had stimulated his system with eight chestnut trees, four persimmons, one oak and fifteen saplings of various kinds. Thinned that grove out so that his aunt couldn't rent it to picnic parties. Nearly broke the old lady's heart, too."

"Did he kill himself drinking?"

"Well, not exactly. I'll tell you how it was. It seems that he was haunted for a long time with the idea that if he could distill the church steeple, he could turn out an article that'd bear a resemblance, somehow, to old apple brandy. Queer, wasn't it? But the man was not exactly right; his mind was diseased. So one night he got on the roof of the church with a ladder to steal the steeple. When he got there—I dunno how it was, but the idea seemed to strike him to taste the things, maybe to see if he was right about the flavour, and—he must have been wild when he did it—he actually swallowed the weather-cock, and there he stuck, whirling around all night as the wind struck him! Dead! He was deader'n Martin Van Buren when they come to take him down."

"He swallowed the weather-cock, did he?"

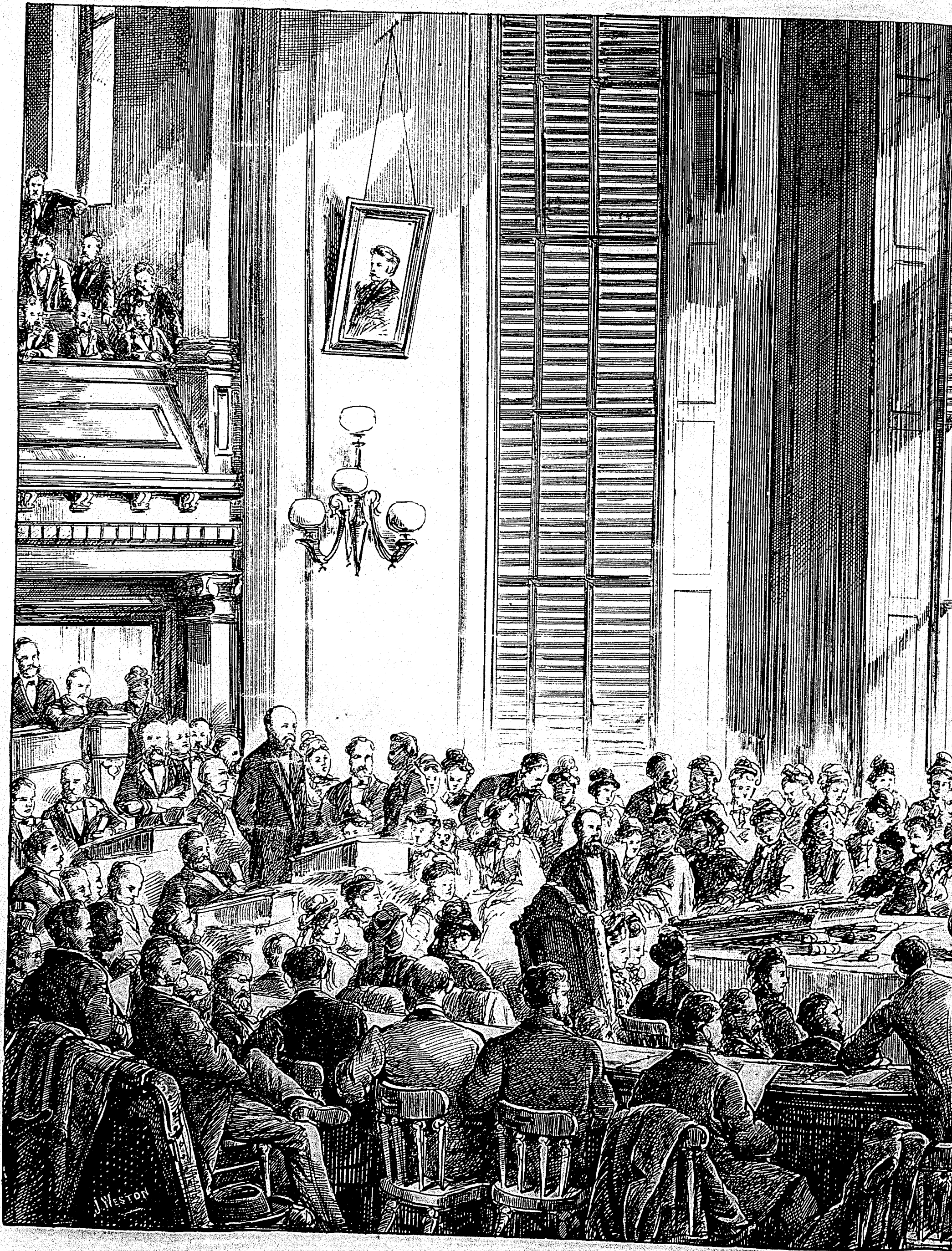
"Yes, sir; swallowed it."

"Well, that wasn't half as hard to swallow as your whole yarn," said Blyler.

"You don't doubt my veracity, I hope?" said Abner. "You do. Well, if you have a quarter about you it will soothe my wounded feelings. I only want a—"

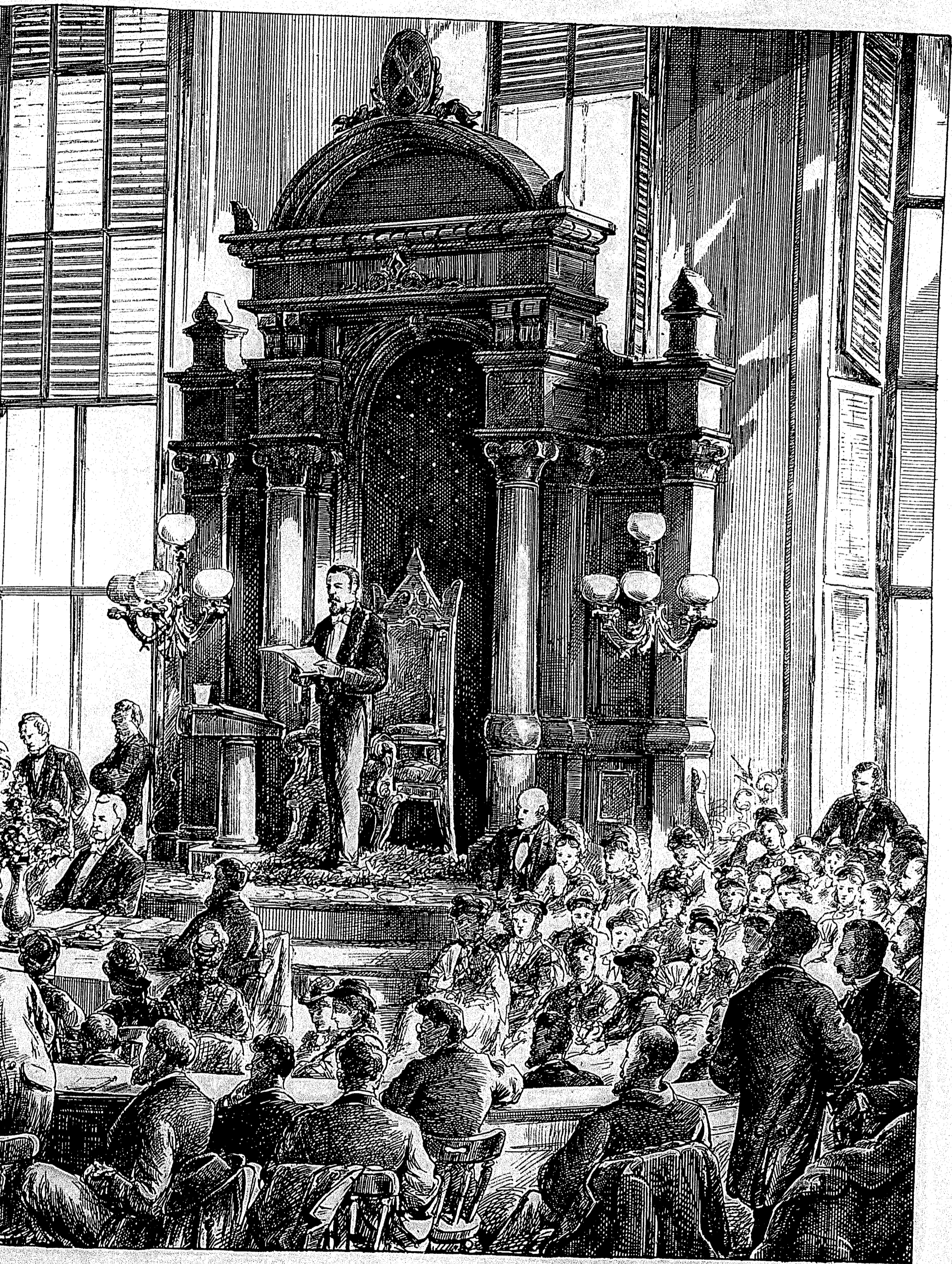
Just at this juncture, Blyler kicked Mr. Bying off the porch, and Abner walked away to the next tavern with a faint hope that the bartender might give his credit one more chance.





THE INAUGURATION OF THE MAY





YOR OF MONTREAL, MARCH 10.



THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

13TH SEPTEMBER, 1759.

Calm was the night! On Lewis' height  
The holed sky was gleaming;  
In airy flight the signals bright  
Along the sky were streaming  
Along the sky were streaming  
In a my beside St. Charles' tide,  
Brave Montcalm's men were sleeping  
The pickets tread—the stars o'er head  
From deepest shades are peeping!

II.

From Lewis' shore the stealthy oar  
With silent stroke is plying;  
Along the heights the beacon-lights  
In fatal blaze are dying;  
The armed hand in silence laid  
They stay a moment's breathing  
The mountain's bow they're climbing now  
Their flags with glories wreathing

III.

'Tis morning bright! O'er Lewis' height  
The gorgeous sun is leaping  
Above the crag, the olden flag  
Its rays bold is booming  
From dark repose the orb arose,  
His crimson robe displaying;  
The heroes' hand an army grand  
On Althaus' plains arraying

IV.

An hour is o'er! The cannon's roar  
Has broke the soldier's slumber;  
The English host of duty's post  
To active thousand heroes number!  
Down in the green the Montcalm men  
Have heard the musket's rattle—  
Each warning loud—each trumpet proud  
Proclaims the day of battle.

V.

In phalanx strong they rush along  
To join their fellows' danger!  
The hills resound with bugle sound  
Of Frenchmen and of stranger,  
Oh, rattle's fault! without a halt  
The Montcalm men appearing—  
Scarce a ray a breath—but rush to death  
Hark to the warriors cheering!

VI.

As hollow's shock against the rock—  
As lightning's flash at eve—  
As tempest loud in misty shroud  
Across the space of heaven—  
As torrents roar from mountain hoar—  
As avalanche descending—  
The Sons of France in battle's glance  
The British lines are reading

VII.

As mountain hoar or craggy shore—  
With ocean's spray is bounding  
As stately pine the English line  
Before the blast is bounding!  
They pause a space—advance a pace—  
From rolling volumes under—  
"Fire! Charge and fire!" The words expire—  
Loud peals the battle thunder

VIII.

The live-day long saw armies strong  
For glory's crown contending;  
The smoky shrouds with heaven's clouds  
In darkness maze are bounding!  
The sautes clash—the muskets flash—  
The war-horse neighs and prances—  
'Tis close of day in deadly fray  
The British host advances!

IX.

The glowing sun his course has run—  
The English hero lying  
Upon the field—beside his shield  
Immortal Wolfe is dying!  
In death's repose his eyes did close;  
Hark to the warrior shouting!  
Exultant cry—"They fly—they fly!"  
Oh, what an awful routing!

X.

Cried Wolfe, "Who dy?" The men reply:  
"The French vain their decision."  
His high brow bent—"I die content!"  
His spirit left its prison!  
And Montcalm too made warriors true  
From France—may God defend her!  
His latest word—"his hand on sword—"  
"I see not this surrender!"

XI.

The fleur de lis no longer free  
Is lashed by troops of heaven;  
The British flag above the crag  
Was planted in the even!  
The day is done—the autumn sun  
In fiery blaze is sinking;  
Laurentine's brow is gorgeous now  
With hundred beauties linking!

XII.

In lofty pride along the side  
Of Stadacona frowning,  
Your city grand—our native land  
A monument is crowning!  
It tells sublime thro' waning time  
Of deeds of vanished glory;  
When heroes fought, the works they wrought  
With blades in crimson gory!

XIII.

Oh, England's fame! Oh, glorious name!  
And one that France most cherish'd—  
On marble here are written there—  
Their names and how they perih'd!  
Its summit high against the sky  
Like sentinal defending—  
Points from the sod to where with God  
Their spirits now are blending!

XIV.

Sons of a land so great and grand,  
Behold you of the story  
Now standing bright its living light  
On Stadaconan Henry!  
Think of the day when in the fray  
A nation's hopes were blighted;  
And in the end these peoples blend  
In firmest bonds united!

Laval University, Quebec, March 2nd, 1879. JOSEPH K. FORAN

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WEDDING DAY.

It was a wet and dismal morning (though in mid-summer) on which Hilda Marston was to be married. But the dull, grey light that dawned so slowly did not awaken the bride. For hours and hours Hilda had lain awake, and heard the clocks strike, and counted the time. One hour nearer, and then another! Tick, tick, went the clocks: beating, beating, Hilda's sad and aching heart. It was a solemn and sorrowful morning to her. Outside the rain was driving and beating against the window-panes; inside the girl was praying and suffering. "O God! O God! help me to do right. O God! help me never to wound or pain his generous heart!"

Such was her prayer, again and again repeated in the darkness; repeated when the morning dawned and the dull light stole in. "Help me to do right!" It was a piteous cry, was it not, going up from the depths of a very true, tender, and unhappy heart.

The same morning, Hayward awoke with an almost intolerable sense of pain and annoyance. He got up and looked out and swore at the weather. Yet he would have felt equally disgusted if the sun had been shining. Everything had gone wrong, he thought, and Hilda—dear Hilda—he wondered if she were thinking of him then!

No, not then. She was up now, and her face was very calm and pale. Isabel sent her head-waiting woman to dress her, and this person knew her business well. Hilda made a very fair and graceful-looking bride in the tasteful costume that Isabel had provided for her. She had never been dressed thus before. She scarcely knew herself as she saw her reflection in the cheval-glass, in the long-trimmed and lace-trimmed skirt that was draped around her.

"If only, Miss, you didn't look so pale," said the lady's maid, admiring her own handiwork, "you would look lovely."

"Well, I must be content to look pale, Ritson," answered Hilda, with a quiet smile, and she put her hand to her side as she spoke.

There was a strange aching pain there. All night it had been there, and it was still there. It seemed to take Hilda's strength quite away, and she sat wearily down after the lady's maid had finished dressing her.

"My lady will be coming to see you directly," said Ritson, as she took her leave, and so Hilda sat still and waited.

Presently Isabel, dressed with all the perfect taste which was one of her attractions, entered the room. The delicate blue silk and rich white lace in which she was robed, became her fair skin and golden hair only too well. Never, Hilda thought, had she seen her look so beautiful. She wore her diamonds, and her little hands and slender throat were literally ablaze with the sparkling gems.

"How do I look?" she asked of Hilda, and Hilda answered with all modesty that she had never seen her look so well.

"That is right!" said Isabel, with a gratified smile. "And you, too, look well," she added, glancing at the bride. "Yes, your dress becomes you—Mr. Jervis has no reason to be ashamed of his choice."

While this conversation was going on, the wedding guests were beginning to assemble down stairs. It had been arranged that the small party invited to attend the ceremony was to meet at the Park in the first place, and then walk across the grounds to the church, which was situated immediately outside of them. But the drenching rain which was falling upon this plan. To walk through the damp park was now impossible, and Sir George therefore gave orders for three carriages to be prepared.

When Isabel went down among her guests, she found that the bridegroom, and our old friend, Mr. Irvine, had already arrived. Hayward had not yet appeared, but Horace Jervis told Lady Hamilton that he would do so presently. Then the vicar's wife, Mrs. Woodford, came into the room leaning on the arm of her handsome half-brother, Captain Warrington, and apologised for bringing him by saying that he had arrived unexpectedly the night before at the Vicarage.

"I am always glad to see Captain Warrington," said Isabel, in her sweet-toned voice, as she gave him her hand, and she looked up smilingly into his face as she spoke.

Neither of them said anything about the invitation that Isabel had sent Captain Warrington. He, in fact, quite understood that he was expected not to mention it. He admired Lady Hamilton, and Lady Hamilton had the good taste, he thought, to return his admiration, and he was quite ready, therefore, to keep as many of her secrets as she chose to confide in him.

There were only one or two other people expected. A young girl, who was going to act as bridesmaid, and who was a cousin of Mrs. Woodford's, being amongst them. Isabel had not been to ask her "society" friends on this occasion. Hilda Marston was very well, she

thought, and she was glad to do her this kindness, but of course her position was to be considered. Captain Warrington was the only exception that she made to this rule, and she was very intimate with Captain Warrington. If Sir George had read all her letters to the handsome guardsman, he would have had more reason for his angry jealousy than for any of those that she had written to the late Mr. Hannaway. She had trifled with the dead man's feelings, but she had never really cared for him. But she was not trifling with Captain Warrington. He was too cold and too vain to be trifled with. Isabel knew that her power over him was very slight, and this made his power. If he had thrown himself virtually at her feet, as her husband, Hayward, and Mr. Hannaway all in turn had done, she would have cared very little more about him. But Captain Hugh Warrington made no sign of throwing himself at her feet, or at the feet of any woman. He was so handsome and so indifferent, that, for the first time in her life, Isabel was beginning to think that she was in love.

Presently Sir George joined the assembled wedding party, and also at the same moment Hayward did so. Hayward looked gloomy enough, and felt gloomy enough. All the morning he had been playing host to Horace Jervis and Mr. Irvine, and the strain had not been light. Jervis was so happy that his happiness jarred severely on Hayward's nerves. He had stayed behind to have a moment's breathing time, he told himself, and as he crossed the park in the rain, he looked up at the windows of the room that he knew the bride-elect occupied.

There was "a face at the window" as he did so—a pale face, a familiar face. Hilda was standing there in her bridal dress, looking vaguely out at the rain. She saw Hayward and it gave her a sudden shock. The room seemed to grow dark to her, and her aching heart to stand still. Then she felt herself falling, and a cold dew breaking out upon her brow.

In the meanwhile Sir George was inquiring for her downstairs. He had agreed to give her away at the coming ceremony, and it was therefore settled that she was to go in the same carriage as he did to the church.

"Perhaps she does not like coming down alone," he said to Isabel, and then, with the stately courtesy that generally distinguished him, he left the room for the purpose of bringing in the bride.

As he crossed the hall he saw Isabel's chief lady's maid, Ritson, hurrying down the staircase, looking exceedingly alarmed.

"What is the matter, Ritson?" he asked.

"Oh! Sir George," answered the woman, "send for a doctor, and come upstairs at once. My belief is," she added in a half-whisper, so that the rest of the servants who were standing about might not hear, "that Miss Marston is—dead!"

"My God! what do you mean?" exclaimed Sir George, and he followed the trembling woman at once upstairs to Hilda's bedroom.

Hilda was lying on the floor by the window. She had fainted, and in falling she had cut her forehead, for a faint stream of blood was oozing from it. In her white dress, and with her white face, she had a ghastly effect, but the moment Sir George lifted her in his arms, he saw that she was not dead.

"She has fainted," he said to Ritson. "Unfasten her dress, open the window, and bathe her face. She will come round presently. See, she is beginning to move."

With some deep-drawn sighs Hilda recovered consciousness. Presently she lifted herself up, and looked inquiringly at Sir George and Ritson.

"You are better now," said Sir George, kindly, "but you must not be disturbed any more to-day."

"But—the marriage?" said poor Hilda, faintly.

"It must be postponed," said Sir George. Then he sent Ritson for some wine, and Hilda having at his request swallowed some of it, he desired the woman for a few moments to leave the room.

"Miss Marston," said Sir George, as Ritson closed the door behind her, addressing Hilda both with courtesy and kindness in his manner, "as your host, I think I have a right to ask you one question. Is this sudden illness which has overtaken you caused by any mental unhappiness?"

The colour that rose to Hilda's white face at these words, told Sir George something of the truth.

"If this marriage is distasteful to your feelings," continued Sir George, "pause, I beseech you, in time. I have noticed that you have looked unhappy lately, and if you have been forced or urged to accept Mr. Jervis—"

"No, no," said Hilda quickly. "I am going to marry him. Say nothing of this, Sir George—say I fell—"

But as she spoke, Isabel, followed by Horace Jervis himself, hastily entered the room. A rumour had spread downstairs that the bride had taken suddenly ill, and this had soon reached the assembled guests. Isabel at once hurried upstairs to learn the truth, and Jervis, in much agitation, had naturally followed her.

"What is it! What has happened?" asked Isabel.

"Miss Marston has fallen and hurt her forehead," answered Sir George, gravely. "I think, Mr. Jervis," he added, looking at Jervis, "that all idea of a marriage must be given up for to-day."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Isabel. "Rit-

son, get some sticking-plaster. However did you happen to do this, Miss Marston?"

But Hilda made no answer. She was looking at Jervis, whose face showed so much agitation and pain.

"Do not be afraid," she said, addressing him, and trying to smile. "I shall be all right in a few minutes. Our marriage need not be delayed." And she held out her hand to him.

Jervis knelt down by the side of the couch where Sir George had laid her, as Hilda said this.

"Hilda," he asked, in a half-whispered voice, broken with anxiety, "tell me the truth. What has caused this, Hilda? Surely no fears about our future happiness?"

"No—," answered Hilda. "But—but, Horace," she added, eagerly, "don't let anyone be present. I will be married—but—let no one be there."

Hilda made this request with earnest, eager eyes, as well as lips. Both Sir George and Lady Hamilton caught her pleading tones, and saw her pleading looks, and Isabel spoke sharply the next minute to Jervis.

"What does she say?" she said.

"What I also must ask, Lady Hamilton," said Jervis, rising. "Hilda still wishes our marriage to take place, but naturally after her accident she hopes that no one will be present except ourselves—and, perhaps, Sir George," he added, looking at Sir George inquiringly.

"But how can such a thing be?" said Isabel, imperiously. "These people downstairs have been asked to a marriage; are waiting to see a marriage, and what excuse can be made to them? It is impossible!"

"Oh! Lady Hamilton," said Hilda, putting out her hand and taking Isabel's, imploringly, "don't ask me to be married before anyone, now. I could not—I could not—and tears began to roll heavily down the poor girl's cheeks.

"No excuse need be made to your guests, Isabel," said Sir George, speaking to his wife in the cold tones of authority which he now habitually used to her. "The fact of Miss Marston's accident is sufficient. The marriage must either be postponed, or if you wish it to take place—"

And he paused and looked inquiringly at Hilda. "You only go with us, Sir George," said Hilda. "Dear Lady Hamilton, please let this be so."

"It shall be so, if it is your wish," said Sir George, decisively.

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Isabel, indignantly. "I never heard of anything so truly absurd."

"Your comments are quite unnecessary," retorted Sir George. And upon this, with a scornful glance and a shrug of her shoulders, Isabel walked haughtily out of the room.

"If you will let me know when I am required, I am quite at your service," continued Sir George, addressing Jervis after she was gone.

The bridegroom looked at the bride. Hilda's face was pale and unmistakably agitated, and for a moment a sort of chill doubt crept into Jervis' heart.

"Hilda," he said, again approaching her, and taking her cold hand in his, "if—if—you hesitate—"

"I do not, Horace," she answered. "Ask Ritson to come to me," she continued the next minute, and she rose as she said this from the couch. "I will bathe my face and change my dress, and then, Sir George, we can go."

"I distinctly understand that this is your wish," said Sir George, looking pointedly at Hilda.

"Yes," she said, more firmly than she had yet spoken, and what more could Sir George say?

Nothing, and a few minutes later all the arrangements for this strange marriage were completed. There is no need to go into details. Presently Hilda, pale and trembling, went down the stately staircase of Massam, clinging tightly to Jervis' arm, and Sir George followed them, and the three were then driven to the church.

There Horace Jervis and Hilda Marston were married. Sir George explained to Mr. Woodford, who was waiting for them, the cause of the absence of the wedding guests, and the poor little vicar went rather nervously through the service in consequence. But there was no reason. If the bride's voice was rather faint, it never faltered. The momentary weakness which had struck her down was gone. She meant to do her duty, and the sense of doing it gave her strength.

"O God! help me to do right," she prayed in the morning, and the same prayer, though unspoken, rose from Hilda's heart as she knelt before the altar, with her hand tight clasped in that of Horace Jervis.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

A woman in a rage is generally not a very pleasant person to encounter, and Isabel was in a towering rage when she rejoined the wedding guests after her interview in Hilda's bed-room with her husband.

"Allow me to condole with you all," she said contemptuously. "We are not allowed to have any wedding—at least, we are not allowed to have the privilege of witnessing it! What do you think has happened? The bride has fainted—"

"What?" interrupted Hayward sharply, and his face grew pale.

"The bride—your friend, Mr. Hayward, and mine—a young person whom, as you know, I

have loaded with gifts and kindness, declines of be married before us. What do you think to that? Sir George alone is to be honoured by being present!"

"Is Miss Marston ill?" asked Hayward, with scarcely concealed agitation. "Surely if she is, the marriage ought to be put off."

"She has fainted, or pretended to faint for effect most likely," continued Isabel, still in a rage; "and she makes this the excuse to exclude everyone from being present at her wedding."

"Won't we survive the disappointment?" said Captain Hugh Warrington, in his languid, sarcastic way. "Suppose, Lady Hamilton, that we have a game of billiards instead, and leave the loving young couple to enjoy themselves in their own way, in the company of Sir George?"

Captain Warrington looked with his handsome eyes into Isabel's face as he said this and smiled. He was thinking "what a temper she has, but how contumaciously good-looking." Isabel smoothed down her ruffled plumes as she met the guardsman's glance. She saw that he was only amused by her anger, and she did not care to amuse Captain Warrington.

"You are right," she said. "It is absurd to be angry about such people."

While this conversation was going on, Hayward left the room. Never had Isabel seemed so unlovely in his eyes, as when she had spoken so contemptuously and heartlessly of Hilda's illness. He half guessed the cause of the sudden attack. The pale face at the window had been hers, and that face haunted him.

Presently he saw it again. Wandering restlessly about the house after leaving Isabel's presence, he was just about to cross the hall when he saw Hilda descending the staircase on her way to be married. She never lifted her head and never saw him. She was clinging tightly to the arm of Jervis, and closely following them came Sir George. Hayward shrank back when he saw them. But he stood in the shadow and watched Hilda's face. It was very pale, and her lips were drawn tightly together. She wore her hat far on her face, and it hid the mark on her brow. She was dressed in a plain travelling dress, and laid aside her bridal robes, as it had been arranged that she and Jervis were to start from the church door on their journey, and not return to the Park after the ceremony was over.

Some of the servants were loitering near the door where Hayward stood to see the bride come down. They had received orders from Sir George (through Ritson) not to remain in the hall as she did so, as Sir George thought it might annoy Hilda to be observed, and now Hayward overheard one or two of their comments.

"She looks more like going to a funeral than a wedding," half-whispered one good-looking young housemaid to an older woman.

"Yes," answered the older woman to whom the young girl spoke, "yet if you look in the priest's face you'll see she's got a good man."

Hayward turned round and looked at the woman who said this, and his heart echoed the sentiment. "Yes, she had got a good man—God bless her, God bless her—" he thought, and with a very hot and restless heart he turned away.

Then he remembered Mr. Irvine, and imagining that most probably he and the other guests would have accompanied Lady Hamilton and Captain Warrington, to see the game of billiards that he had heard proposed, he proceeded to the billiard-room to seek them. As he went along the corridor of the house he heard the click of the balls, and Isabel's low laugh. The door of the room was shut, but he opened it, and stood a moment in the doorway, unseen by the occupants.

No one was in the room but Lady Hamilton and Captain Warrington. They were both leaning against the end of the billiard-table, with their eyes resting on it, and over one of Isabel's jewelled hands, Captain Warrington's was clasped. Hayward could not be mistaken. He stood there, and they never noticed him. They were talking and laughing, and Warrington was looking into Isabel's face with undisguised and not over respectful admiration. Then she looked up and Hayward saw her glance. It was enough. That one look actually cured his passion for Isabel. He had been weak, flattered, fluttering near the flame; ready almost to forgive and forget what he knew of her past conduct, but he never forgave or forgot that scene by the billiard table.

With Solomon's bitter words in his heart about a fair woman without discretion, he closed the door and went away. What, he had wasted his thoughts, and almost broken his heart, about a thing like this! Truly Mrs. Irvine's prophecy, made long ago about Isabel Trevor at Sanda, had come true. "She is a light woman," that grim lady had said, "and some day you men will know it," and Hayward felt that he knew it now.

On the evening of the same day, our friend the parson from Sanda, wrote a description of Hilda's wedding to his wife. He commenced his epistle in this fashion:—

"MY DEAR WIFE,—You asked me in your last to write a detailed account of Miss Hilda Marston's wedding, and I now hasten to do so. I must confess it was by no means an enlightening affair, and has left a feeling of oppression on my mind that is far from agreeable. Knowing that I can safely confide in your discretion, I

will impart some observations that I made to you, although I feel sure that in future you will always boast how superior your discernment of character is to my own.

"But to return to the wedding. To begin with it was a very wet day; to go on with, Hayward came down to breakfast looking absolutely miserable; and to end with, the unaccustomed luxuries that I imprudently indulged in during the day disagreed with me exceedingly.

"One person however looked perfectly happy during the early breakfast at Hayward's, and this was the bridegroom. Mr. Jervis has a pleasant, earnest face, and a sweet smile. He seemed quite content with the weather, and indeed with everything. It had been arranged that the small wedding party was to meet at the Park, and then walk to the church, and about a quarter to ten o'clock Mr. Jervis and myself started. Hayward made some strong excuse about not accompanying us, but said he would follow.

"A few minutes after our arrival at the Park, Lady Hamilton came into the room where we had been ushered. I know that, to entirely please you, that I should here be able to describe exactly how her ladyship was dressed. But I confess my inability to do this. However, she was in gay attire, and looked so beautiful that no mortal man could behold her without admiration. Be not jealous, my Martha, at this rapturous description, for alas! I must add that your nature and homely charms are more to my taste, if the exceeding beauty with which Lady Hamilton is gifted has to be accompanied with the lightness, I may say indiscretion of manner, that characterizes her ladyship. Long ago I remember you making some disapproving remarks on her conduct, and as I told you in the beginning of this letter, I feel sure that had you seen her yesterday you would have been full of complacency at your own discernment. There was Captain Warrington present—a handsome man, with evidently a profound consciousness of the fact—and with this gentleman Lady Hamilton laughed and jested in a manner (I thought) highly unbecoming to the position of a matron. But again I must return to the wedding, and restrain my somewhat rambling and gossiping remarks.

"Well, after we had assembled, and after Sir George Hamilton and Hayward (who arrived the last of the wedding guests) had entered the room, Sir George went out again for the purpose of bringing in the bride. Then followed an interval of uncomfortable suspense, and then a servant appeared, and said something in a whisper to her ladyship, who at once hastily left the room, followed by the bridegroom. Another interval of uncomfortable and even anxious suspense, followed their departure. During this I observed Hayward's face. It was flushed and pale by turns, and showed all the signs of suppressing strong and passionate emotion.

"Now, my dear, do you perceive the drift of my long letter? You have fancied sometimes, have you not, that Hayward was casting eyes of affection on our daughter Amelia? You requested me, if you remember, during my visit here, to sound Hayward on this subject. I did not sound in your sense of the word, perhaps, but I observed him particularly, and came to the conclusion that Hayward had fixed his affections on Miss Hilda Marston, and not on Amelia; and that Miss Marston's marriage was a very serious disappointment to his heart.

"But for the third and last time to return to the wedding. A quarter of an hour or so elapsed, after Lady Hamilton and Mr. Jervis had left the room, and then her ladyship re-entered. This time her beautiful face was disfigured with passion, and her voice broken with rage. In wrathful accents she informed us that the bride had fainted; that no one was now to be present at the wedding but Sir George, and that we (that is the rest of the company, including her ladyship) were to remain at the Park while the ceremony was being performed.

"Again I observed Hayward's face during this announcement. Pain, anger, and disappointment were expressed in every line of it. The dear lad was evidently suffering deeply, and made a hasty protest against the marriage-taking place if the bride were ill. Then he left the room, and during the rest of the day I saw him no more.

"The wedding took place; the bride and bridegroom started on their proposed journey from the church door, and about twelve o'clock we sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, at which, however, Sir George Hamilton did not appear.

"Somehow this breakfast reminded me oddly of the 'baked meats that cobbly furnish forth the funeral feast.' Of foolish talking and jesting there was enough, but to my mind the shadow of coming evil was over the whole affair. The ill omens in which the ancients believed oppressed me, or perhaps the unaccustomed luxuries of which I unwisely partook! Excuse so weak an attempt at metaphor as this last allusion, for in truth I feel in no merry mood. I grieve about Hayward's unhappiness, and I grieve that this letter and the news it contains may cause both unhappiness and disappointment in the breast of our amiable Amelia. But it is better that she should know the truth. I feel sure that Hayward loveth her not, as a man loveth the woman he would take to his bosom. To your maternal affection and judgment I confide the task of breaking this; and I feel sure you will do so with due discretion.

"And now for the present, my dear Martha,

farewell. I hope to return on Thursday, and if little Ned Marston is sufficiently recovered after Christmas, Mr. Jervis proposed that he should once more become my pupil. This is all my news, and with love to Amelia, I remain your affectionate husband,

"MATTHEW IRVINE."

This letter caused great disappointment to Mrs. Irvine. This grim woman loved in her grim way the young man she had nursed back, as it were, to life, and had a strange sort of vicarious, maternal feeling towards him, which longed for fuller expression. The natural consequences of this was that she most earnestly desired to marry her daughter to Hayward. She, however, with all her strange ways, was by no means devoid of common sense. Much as she wished Hayward to love Amelia Shadwell, she was by no means sure that he did so. Thus we have seen that she directed her husband to "sound" (as she called it) the ex-tutor on the point, and the Rev. Matthew's letter, therefore, caused her considerable annoyance and pain.

Her heart sank when, a'out a quarter of an hour after she had received and read it, she heard the somewhat substantial feet of Amelia Shadwell ascending the staircase, and a moment or two later this robust, rosy young lady hastily entered the room where she was.

"You have heard from pa, ma?" she asked, very red and breathless.

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," replied Mrs. Irvine, solemnly.

"And he's all right, isn't he?" continued Amelia. "And—Mr. Hayward?"

"Is all wrong," answered Mrs. Irvine, shaking her head, and in hollow tones.

"Wrong, ma?" repeated Amelia, looking in an alarmed manner at her mother.

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," proceeded Mrs. Irvine, in her deepest voice, "Hayward is all wrong. Some one that he wanted to marry has married some one else—"

But here Mrs. Irvine was interrupted by a shriek—a shriek from Amelia.

"Wanted to marry?" cried poor Amelia, and the stout rosy girl turned absolutely pale. "No, ma, dear—surely no—"

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, and the grim, gaunt woman rose and put her arms with some tenderness round her daughter. Perhaps she was thinking of the days when she had fallen in love, too, and when her heart would have almost broken if the dark-eyed young curate, who had been her husband now so long, had turned away. At all events he showed some motherly feeling to Amelia, drawing the girl close to her skeleton-like form.

"Don't cry," she said, "don't, Amelia Shadwell! Hayward isn't the only man in the world, and if he was, none of them are worth half the tears shed for 'em! They are all mortal clay and prone to evil!"

"But—I—thought Hayward cared for me, ma," sobbed Amelia, "and—after all the beef tea I made—"

"Don't grudge the beef tea," said Mrs. Irvine, whose heart still hankered after Hayward. "The young man needed it, and love neither comes nor goes at one's own bidding. I don't blame Hayward, Amelia Shadwell, and I don't blame you."

"But—he—sent the piano—" wept Amelia.

"As a return, no doubt, for the beef tea," said Mrs. Irvine, grimly.

"If I thought so!" cried Amelia, lifting her head indignantly.

"It would make no difference," continued Mrs. Irvine. "The young man meant well, and you have no right to be angry because he meant nothing more."

"If I had only known," said Amelia, sighing, and beginning to dry her tears.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Irvine, "women can't ask, and so they are continually making fools of themselves. It's best to think that a young man means nothing until he really asks you to marry him."

"Oh! Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Irvine! In the days when the soft-hearted, soft-eyed young curate went to your father's house, did you go on this principle? The Rev. Matthew might have been unwedded, and all the little buried Shadwells, and the substantial Amelia unborn, if you had then practised as you now preach. But it is astonishing how the old forget the follies and errors of their youth. The wrinkled dowager shudders at the evil tales told of the young and fair, though she in her day perhaps caused some old woman to shake her head and heave a sanctimonious sigh. Thus Mrs. Irvine quite forgot how she had insisted upon marrying Amelia's kindly father. The mists of time had dimmed the memory of her girlhood's heart-aches and anxious pain.

(To be continued.)

STAGE FORTUNES.

ACTORS WHO HAVE MADE MONEY AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT—BOOTH, SOTHERN, JEFFERSON, NEILSON, DAVENPORT AND OTHER ARTISTS.

The announcement that Mr. D. Boucicault received from his managers a cheque for \$500 each night—and that before the performance was concluded—during three consecutive weeks, suggests to a writer in the New York Herald the consideration of salaries paid the stage people in general, and "stars" in particular. It is evident that while successful artists make, if they do not keep, enormous fortunes, the average

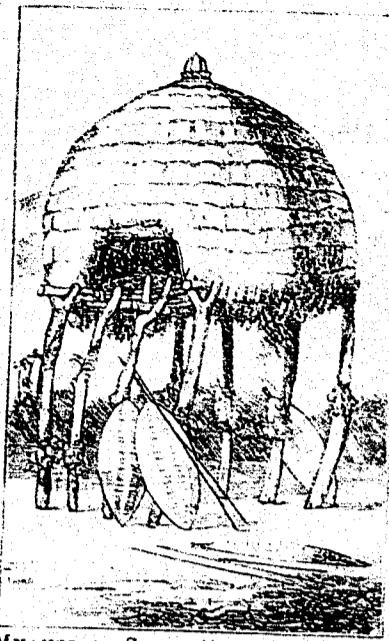
actor is no better off than the average clerk, for what he makes up in salary is lost in expenses. The chief stars here and in England coin money fast. Sothern, Booth, Neilson, Owens, Maggie Mitchell, Chanfrau and a few others have the cream of the business, leaving the skim-milk for managers, and pretty hard tack for the minor people. The past and present seasons have been far from profitable to a majority of metropolitan managers, and ruinous to many provincial managers, but the popular stars have carried harvests of cash outside of New York, which place, for some inscrutable reason, has proved a very Golgotha to nearly everyone who bid for public favour.

The great prosperity of Edwin Booth dates from a period in the easy recollection of the present generation of theatre-goers. In his earlier days he had no drawing power, and when William Stuart, the veteran manager of the Winter Garden, announced him for a season, he was looked upon with unaffected wonder. Fortune and the quick wit of Mr. Stuart favoured Booth that year, and to the bright suggestion of the manager that he should play "Hamlet," he Hamlet, and look Hamlet off as well as on the stage, can fairly be credited the sudden jump he made into public favour. From that time his star was in the ascendant. In spite of his bankruptcy Edwin Booth is regarded as a very wealthy man. His invariable terms are \$500 a performance, and for this sum a cheque must be given "before Edwin can go on." The present Mrs. Booth is a capable business manager, and to her Mr. Booth owes much. In Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, Edwin Booth is a powerful attraction. In Brooklyn he played an enormous engagement, clearing in two weeks the sum of \$25,000, which, however, was but little in excess of the amount dropped in the Lyceum of this city. His last engagement in this city was a terrible blow to him and to the management. His terms were \$500 a performance; but the receipts were next to nothing, comparatively speaking. It is understood that Booth declines to play more than thirty weeks in a year. At his terms of \$500 for each performance, or, including a matinee, \$3,500 a week, this would give him an annual income of \$100,000; but he could easily play forty weeks at the same terms.

Mr. E. A. Sothern estimated his property a year or two ago at the pleasant figure of three-quarters of a million. Real estate values have fallen some since then, but Sothern has made money still. His terms are always \$500 a performance, unless he plays on shares, and in the latter specialty he has had as high as eighty per cent. of the gross receipts. An engagement made for him by Mr. Harry Wall netted him in Canada that extraordinary percentage, and the management made money at that. Unlike Booth, Sothern furnishes the play. He either owns or virtually controls all his specialties, and as a rule, insists that certain specified artists shall support him in the principal roles. Although he has made much more than \$3,500 a week, it would be a fair average for forty-five weeks in each of the past ten years. In other words, he can calculate definitely on \$157,500 annual income, not counting benefits, of which he always has one in each city of his circuit, or the large sums made when he elects a percent age on the gross receipts. Some years ago Sothern invested largely in real estate in this city and elsewhere in the United States, making a mistake common in those times, from which he not only derives no income, but on which he has to pay heavy taxes. Occasionally Mr. Sothern has essayed the role of manager, but generally with indifferent success. In new plays he has found but little profit, but "Our American Cousin" and "Garrick" are mines which, although worked incessantly for many years, give no signs of being used up. It was said some years ago that the man who would write a first-rate melodrama for Edwin Booth would make a fortune for himself and add to Booth's fame, as well as give him a monumental estate. The actor has long wanted a play in which Napoleon the Great should figure, he, of course, to play the leading role. In this respect he differs from Sothern, who has had many plays written for him, while none was ever written for Booth. Like Booth, Sothern is married. He, however, lives in style, and spends liberally in entertaining, while Booth carefully saves and puts away for a rainy day.

In some respects Adelaide Neilson was the most fortunate star our American heavens have seen. She never had an unsuccessful season, and made money where other favourites dropped money. When she first came here she was well heralded, and sprang at once into favour. She has made as much as \$1,000 a night, six nights a week, for four consecutive weeks. At times she has played as low as \$1,000 a week; but she found no difficulty in closing contracts for fifty-two weeks in the year at \$500 a performance, matinee included. Indeed, the Neilson matinees in New York and Boston were always features of the week, as ladies could attend without escorts, a fact which out-of-town and suburban residents fully appreciate. Miss Neilson's property, real and personal, is valued at \$500,000, of which a large part is invested in real estate in New York and Chicago. When she was out West the surprising growth of the country impressed her, and she was persuaded to buy heavily of properties already well ballooned. The subsequent heavy declines affected her seriously, and had it not been for the kind aid of business friends, her losses would have crippled her. Still, a woman who can make \$3,500 a week, not counting benefits, of which she aver-





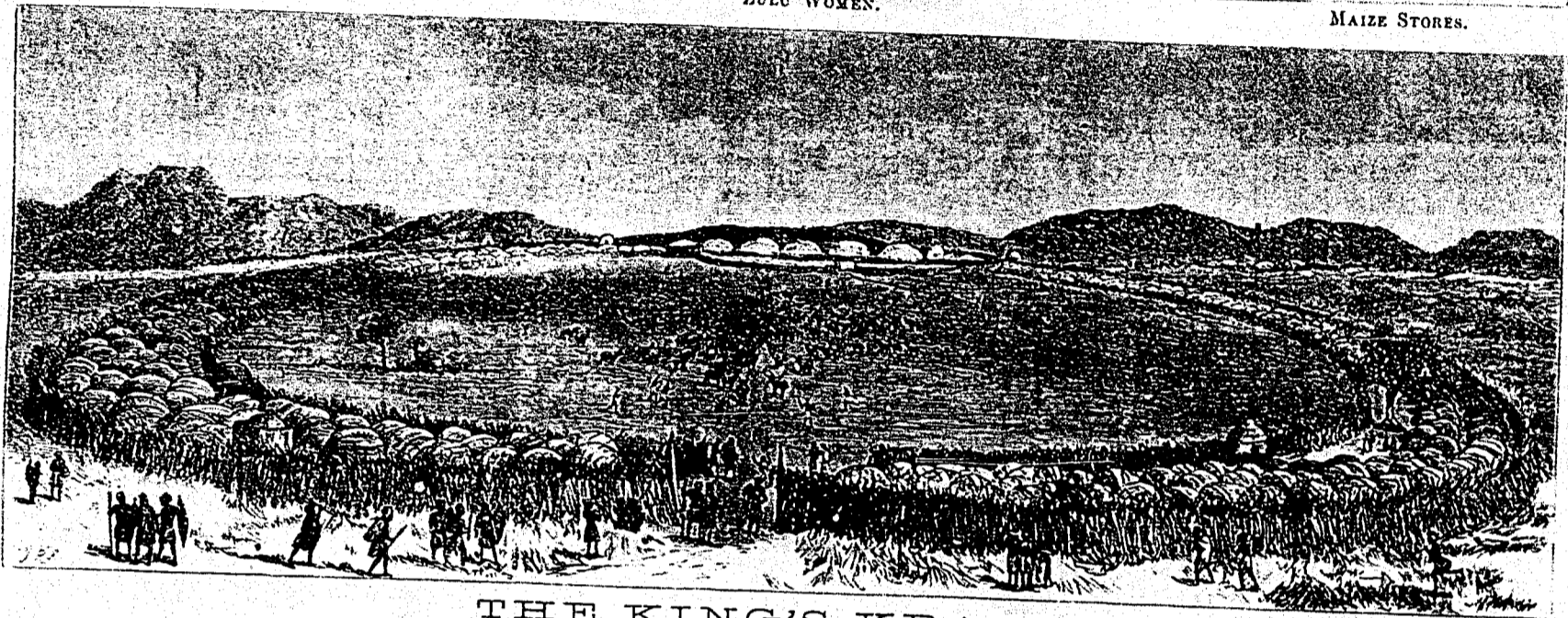
MYANGO OR STORE HOUSE FOR ARMS.



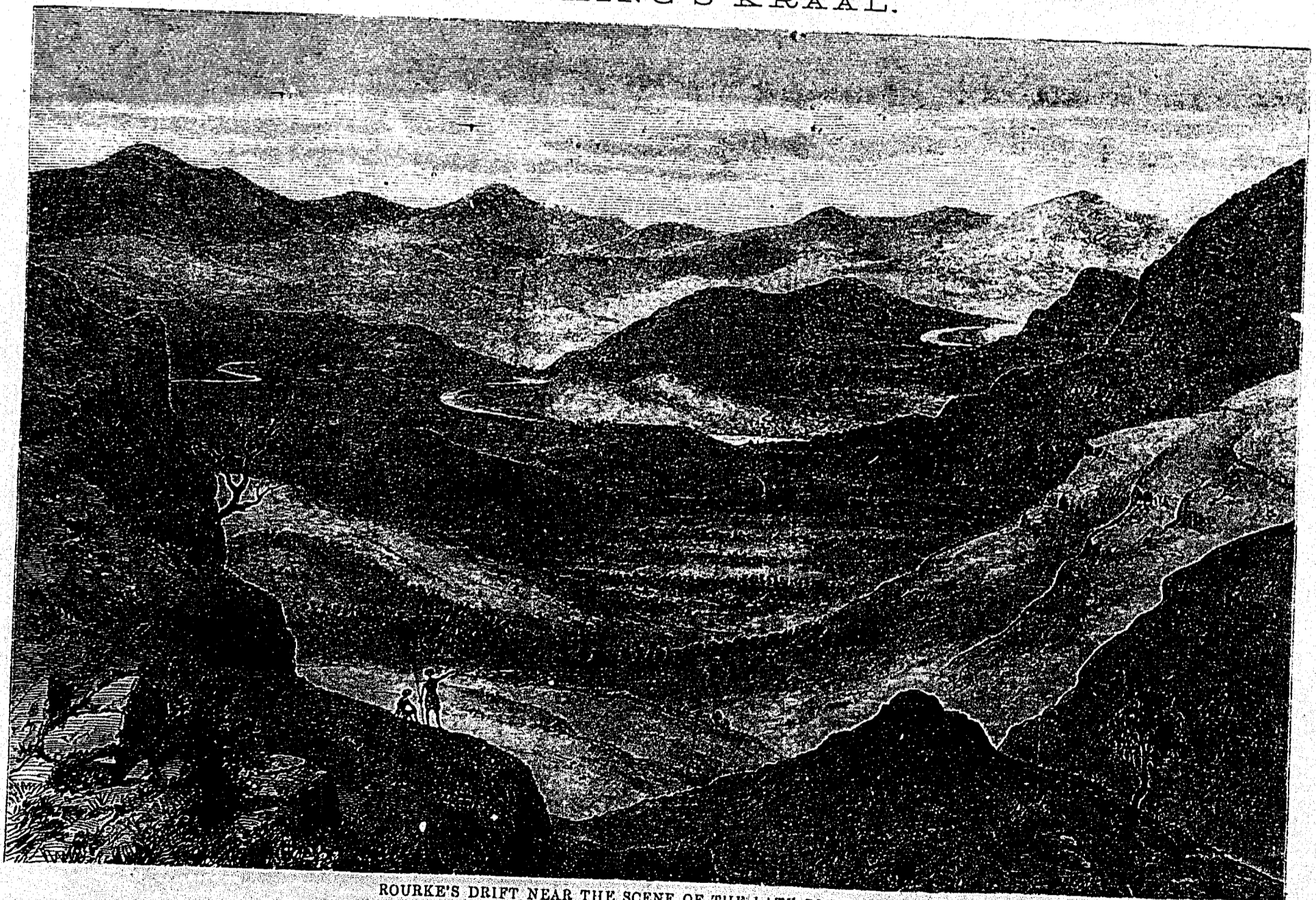
ZULU WOMEN.



MAIZE STORES.

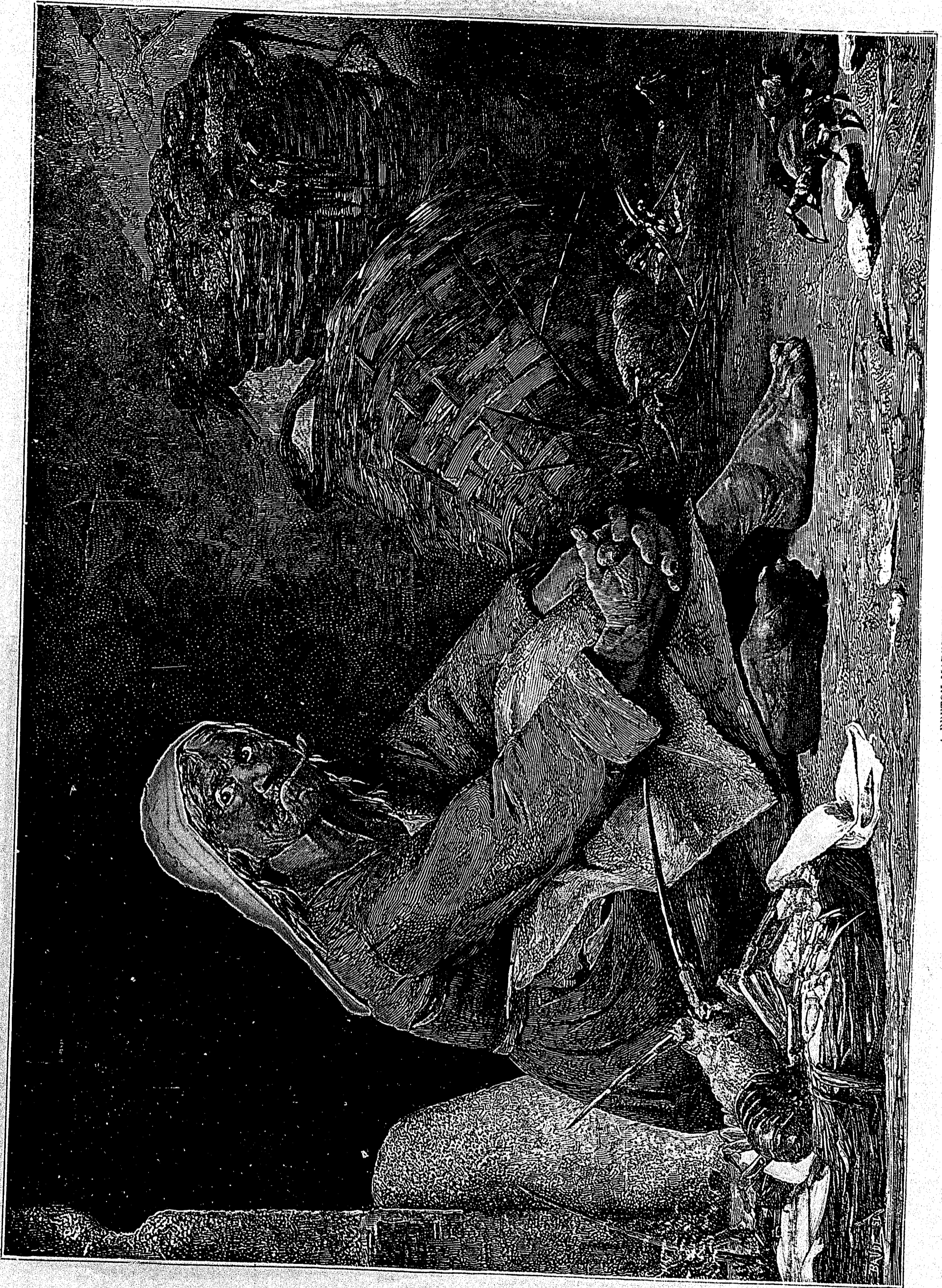


THE KING'S KRAAL.



ROURKE'S DRIFT NEAR THE SCENE OF THE LATE CONFLICT.  
THE ZULU WAR.





A BRETON MARKET WOMAN.



ages ten annually, cannot well be disabled pecuniarily. Miss Neilson wisely declined to purchase new plays, but contented herself with utilizing her old repertoire.

A veteran manager said recently that next to Adelaide Neilson, Miss Fanny Davenport is the most valuable star in the country.

Mr. John E. Owens is reputed to be the wealthiest actor in the profession. He is fond of playing on shares, and often nets from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a week, exclusive of benefits.

Although Mr. Jefferson is a delineator of one character rather than an actor, as generally understood, he stands near the head of the rich men in his profession.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is another favourite on whom pecuniary fortune has long smiled. She can clear \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year with ease, and having cleared it she knows how to keep it.

It would be difficult to class Clara Morris, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barret, Mrs. Bowers, Frank Chaufray, Frank Mayo, Oliver Doud Byron, Rose Eyttinge, Joseph Murphy, Robson and Craue, Modjeska, the Lingards, and others less known, because, while they are enormously successful in some places, they are said to be quite the reverse in others.

From the foregoing it may be inferred that actors are coining money, whether the managers are or not; but these favoured ones are the fortunates, distinguished in every sense from the rank and file of their onerous profession.

It would be impossible to lay down exact programmes for stars or stock actors, as their courses differ in nearly every city. For instance, Booth is known as a "slider"—i. e., he makes terms of one sort in New York and of another in San Francisco.

in Booth's theatre in this city; but there was a case in which sentiment played a part. Of late years it is a prevalent custom for certain stars to "share after expenses," but even that has its peculiarities in different cities.

A GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

To do the 2nd prop. of the 1st Book of Euclid without joining the given point and the given straight line and without constructing an equilateral triangle.

Let A be the given point and BC the given straight line; it is required to draw from A a straight line equal to BC with cent. B and dist. BC descr. circ. CDE.

In CDE take any other radius BD join AD With cent. A and dist. AD descr. circ. DFG

Produce DA both ways to meet the circumf. of these circs. in G and K respce.

From cent. A half dist. AK descr. circ. KLM From cent. D half dist. DG descr. circ. GLN

(These circs. must cut one another since the cent. of ea is within the other and a radius of one = a radius of another for AK and DG are ea 2 DA)

Let the circumf. of these circs. meet in L with cent. D and dist. BD descr. circ. BOF

Join LD and produce it to meet the circumf. of this circ. in O

With cent. L and dist. LO descr. circ. OQR

Join LA and produce it to meet the circumf. of this circ. in Q

AQ shall be the line required. BC = BD and DO = DL (being radii of respce. circs.)

DO = BC (ax. 1) DG and AK are ea. double DA (ax. 6) and DG = DL and AK = AL (being radii of respce. circs.)

LD = LA (being equal to equal things) and LO = LQ (being radii of same circ.)

Remainder DO = rem. AQ (ax. 3) but DO has been proved = BC AQ = BC (ax. 1)

Wherefore, from a given point, &c., &c., QEF, and has not been joined to any point in BC, nor has any equilateral triangle been described, for the triangle LDA is not equilateral for LD and LA are each double the other side DA.—JOS. McC. MICHAELSON. [The above is one of the few solutions of a problem submitted by Mr. Healy, of this city.]

The works for the completion and embellishment of St. Paul's Cathedral, for which funds have been so long in hand, are now being pushed forward with considerable vigour.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several valuable communications.

W. A. L., Ottawa.—Letter received. We have answered by post.

Editor Chessplayers' Chronicle, London, Eng.—Postcard received. Many thanks. Shall be glad to have the two back numbers.

W. F. H. C., Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 212, also, correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 209.

H. and J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players, No. 212.

There will soon be many enquiries as to what has become of the Dominion Chess Association. Seven years ago, several very zealous Chessplayers of the Province of Ontario met together, and set on foot this Association, and, when it was established, many rejoiced that there was such a love of the noble game in this young country as to lead to the formation of an institution devoted entirely to its maintenance and progress.

It is evident, that some years ago there was in Canada so much interest taken in the game of chess, that there was no difficulty in forming an Association connected with it, and that now this Association is so little heeded that no player in the Dominion can tell where the next meeting is to be held.

There is no denying the fact that at the meeting of the Association in Montreal last summer, there were no representatives from other clubs in the Dominion who had been delegated to tender an invitation to the chessplayers then present for the next annual meeting, and thus the matter now stands in such a condition that, unless some measures are adopted, the Association will become a thing of the past.

If we might presume to suggest a place where the next meeting would in all likelihood be a successful one, we would name the city of Ottawa. It is probable that it will be, for some time, the centre of attraction to Canadians for several reasons, both social and political, and it is not situated at a great distance from other large cities which are likely to send players to the next meeting.

CHESS JOTTINGS.

It is stated that Max Judd is moving in favour of holding a "great chess congress" during the present year in some city in the Western States.

Correspondence games, with the moves on both sides interlarded with pertinent quotations from the great writers, are becoming very popular just now.

Girls and boys of five years of age are now being used as Pawns in the localities where living figures are employed in carrying on a game of chess. Should these juveniles know enough of the game to enter into the spirit of the contest, we may expect great things from them in the future, as far as the acquired board is concerned.

In the chess columns of England there is a great controversy going on as to the advantages and disadvantages of the so-called Anglo-German notation. For the matter is settled, or must content ourselves with the system, which still continues to satisfy many of the old school of players.

The score of the International Tourney is again in favour of the British players, who now number seventeen games. They only beat their American antagonists, however, by one.

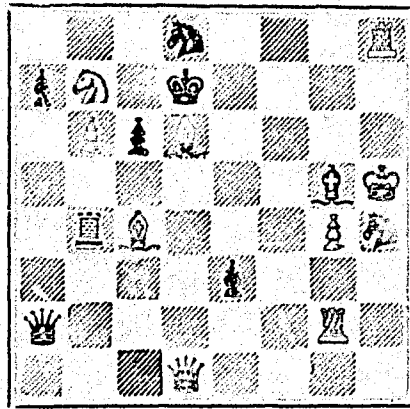
The Telegraphic Chess match between Toronto and Ottawa, which was adjourned a week or two ago, has not yet been resumed.

Beth ville and Trenton have had a chess contest lately, the results of which have not yet appeared.

PROBLEM No. 217.

By J. Pierce, M. A.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 347TH.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNEY.

(From Hartford, Conn., Times.)

A game in the International Tourney between the Rev. C. E. Ranken, of England, and William J. Berry, of Beverly, Mass.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE.—(Ranken.) BLACK.—(Berry.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3 2. K Kt to B 3
3. Q Kt to B 3

The usual move here is Kt takes P. 3. Q Kt to B 3

Already out of the books, the regular move being B to Kt 5

- 4. B to Q Kt 5 4. P to Q 3
5. P to Q 4 5. P takes P
6. Kt takes P 6. B to Q 2
7. Castles 7. B to K 2
8. Kt takes Kt 8. P takes Kt
9. B to Q 3 9. Castles
10. P to K B 4

An aggressive move, recalling to mind Morphy's style of play.

11. Q to K B 3 10. P to K R 3

Thus early we prefer White's game.

- 12. P to Q Kt 3 11. R to Q Kt sq
13. B to K 3 12. B to Q sq
14. P to K 5 13. P to Q B 4
15. Q to Kt 3 sq 14. B to K 2
16. Q R to Q sq 15. Kt to Q 2
17. R to K B 5 16. P to Q R 3

All of this is well played by White.

- 18. Kt to K 4 17. B to Q B 3
19. B takes B 18. B takes Kt
20. B to Q 5 (ch) 19. P to K B 4
21. B to K 6 20. K to R 2
22. Q to R 3 21. Q to K sq

White seems to prefer this move to winning the Pawn by 22. B takes Kt.

- 23. P to K Kt 4 22. P to K Kt 3
24. B takes Kt P 23. B P takes P
25. P to B 5 24. B to Q sq
26. K to R sq 25. P to K R 4
27. P takes P (ch) 26. Kt takes K P
28. B to K B 5 27. Q takes P
29. R takes R 28. R takes B
30. R takes R P (ch) 29. Kt to Kt 5

Black's game is hopeless. Mr. Berry has played much below his strength.

- 31. R to K Kt sq 30. K to Kt 2
32. R to Kt 2 31. R to K 5 (ch)
33. Q takes Kt 32. K to B 2
Resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 15.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Q to Q Kt 4 1. K takes P (a)
2. Q to Q 2 2. Anything
3. R takes Kt mate

(a) 1. K to K 3 (b) 2. Anything

- 2. Q takes Kt 3. Q mates

(b) 1. B takes B (c) 2. K to B 4 (best)

- 2. Q takes Kt (ch) 3. Kt to Q R 4 (mate)

(c) 1. Kt to Q 7 (d) 2. Anything

- 2. Kt to K B 7 3. Q mates

(d) 1. P takes K P 2. K takes K P

- 2. Q to Q B 4 (ch) 3. R to Q 3 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 214.

By J. W. S., Montreal.

WHITE. BLACK.

- Kt at K Kt sq K at K B 5
R at K 6 R at Q R sq
B at K B 5 Kt at Q Kt 3
Pawns at K R 4 Pawns at K R 3
K B 2, and K Kt 4 K Kt 2, Q R 2 and Q Kt 4

White to play and mate in three moves.

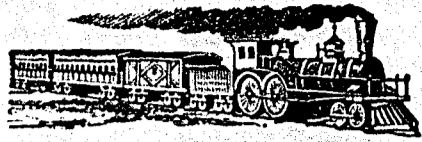
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### Quebec Government Railways.

Chaudiere Bridge and Approaches.

### TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS addressed to the Hon. H. G. JOLY, Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Chaudiere Bridge and Approaches," will be received at 16 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, up to NOON of MONDAY, 31st MARCH, for the construction of all the MASONRY required in connection with the Bridge across the Ottawa River, which will consist of Eleven Piers and Four Abutments, together with all the Earth and Rock Excavation and Embankment required to make the connection between the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway, in the City of Hull, in the Province of Quebec, and the Canada Central Railway, in the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario.

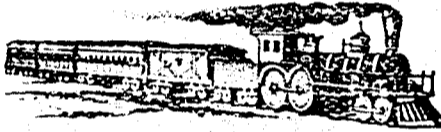
Contractors will be shown soundings, positions of the Abutments and Piers of the Bridge, and of the line generally, on application at the Government Engineer's Office, 16 St. James Street, Montreal, at any time after this date, but detailed plans and specifications can only be seen on and after THURSDAY, the 20th MARCH, at the same place.

No tender will be received unless made upon the printed form attached to the specification, nor unless accompanied with a certified cheque for one thousand dollars, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rate and on the terms stated in his tender.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

P. ALEX. PETERSON, Government Engineer.

Montreal, March 8th, 1879.



### The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway.

NOTICE is hereby given to all interested parties, that the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works for the Province of Quebec, has withdrawn the deposit of the Location Plan and Book of Reference of the land required for the line of the said Railway, and for the site of the Depot and Work-Shops—that is, for that part of the said Railway extending from Hochelaga to Papineau Road, in the City of Montreal; the said plan made and executed by J. A. U. Haudry, Provincial Land Surveyor, the 1st of December 1877, and examined and certified by S. Lesage, Esq., Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, of the Province of Quebec, on the Thirteenth day, and filed on the Seventeenth day of the same month, in the office of the Clerk of the Peace for the District of Montreal, and advertised in two newspapers of the District of Montreal, viz., in *La Minerve* and the *Gazette* of the 8th of December, 1877.

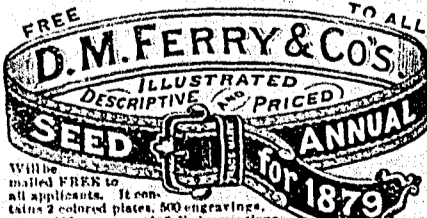
The said Honourable Commissioner, moreover, gives public notice that the proceedings in expropriation of the different lots mentioned and described on the said Plan and Book of Reference, are abandoned and discontinued to all intents and purposes; and the present notice is given so that all parties interested in the said lands, and the proprietors thereof, may enjoy and use the same to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as if the said deposit of the said Plan and Book of Reference had never been made, advertised or published.

Montreal, March 7th, 1879.

By order of the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

E. LEP. DEBELLEFEUILLE, Attorney.

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### Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

#### NOTICE:

Is hereby given that the Government of Quebec will apply during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, to have vested in it all the rights and powers held by the Montreal, Ottawa & Western Railway Company with respect to bridging the Ottawa River, at or near the City of Ottawa, and for power to obtain and hold in the Province of Ontario the lands necessary for purposes in connection with the Provincial Railway system of the Province of Quebec. Quebec, February 13, 1879.

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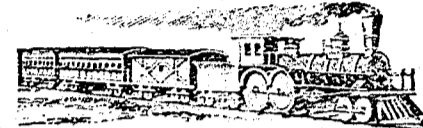
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Leave Hochelaga Arrive in Quebec. EXPRESS..... 3.05 p.m. 10.10 p.m. MIXED..... 7.10 a.m. 5.50 p.m.

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Leave Quebec Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS..... 12.45 p.m. 7.20 p.m. MIXED..... 6.15 p.m. 10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Station, Loyal & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and Le Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

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50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., New York, Ct.



### DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 31st January, 1879.

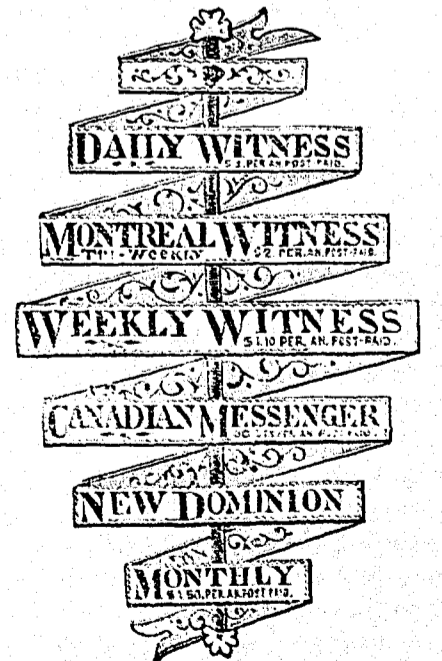
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 29th January, inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:—

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and bounding portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

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HENRY B. HYDE, President.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1878.

AMOUNT OF ENDOWERS ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1878.	\$32,477,921.87
Less Depreciation in Government Bonds, and appropriations to meet any depreciation in their assets.	369,553.27
	\$32,108,368.60
INCOME.	
Premiums	\$6,543,750.53
Interest and Rents	1,674,192.71
	\$40,326,381.84
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	\$2,087,311.23
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities	2,658,987.07
Discounted Endowments	188,273.13
Total Paid Policy Holders	\$4,935,171.43
Dividend on Capital	7,000.00
Agencies and Commissions	454,684.30
Expenses and Extinguishment of future Commissions	650,901.51
State, County, and City Taxes	83,256.17
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	6,131,013.31
NET CASH ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1878	\$34,195,368.53

ASSETS.	
Bonds and Mortgages	\$12,437,584.93
Real Estate in New York and Boston, and purchased under foreclosure	6,834,904.96
United States Stocks	5,638,768.54
State Stocks, City Stocks and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York	6,201,978.16
Loans secured by United States, and State and Municipal Bonds, and Stocks authorized by the Laws of the State of New York	928,000.00
Cash on hand, in banks and other depositories on interest and in transit (since received)	1,846,603.51
Committed Commissions	60,014.85
Due from Agents on Account of Premiums	247,513.58
	\$34,195,368.53

Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost	129,796.41
Interests and Rents due and accrued	474,482.42
Premiums due and in process of collection	51,816.00
Deferred Premiums	602,823.00
TOTAL ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1878	\$35,454,092.36
TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal reserve for re-insurance of all existing policies.	
	23,560,268.00

Total Undivided Surplus	\$6,893,824.36
Of which belongs (as computed) to Policies in general class	\$3,741,362.36
Of which belongs (as computed) to Policies in Toutine class	3,152,462.00
Risks Assumed in 1878, 6,115 Policies, assuring \$21,440,215.00.	

From the undivided surplus, retro-spective dividends will be declared available on settlement of next annual premium, to participating policies. The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table, the legal standard of the State of New York.

G. W. PHILLIPS, } ACTUARIES.  
J. G. VAN CISE, }  
We the undersigned, have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail, the assets of the Society, and certify that the foregoing statement thereof is correct.

BENJAMIN F. RANDOLPH,  
HENRY S. TERRELL,  
THOMAS A. CUMMINS,  
ROBERT BLISS,  
Special Committee of the Board of Directors, appointed October 21, 1878, to examine the assets and accounts at the close of the year.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.  
SAMUEL BORROWE, Secretary.  
Medical Examiners:  
E. W. LAMBERT, M.D., EDWARD CURTIS, M.D.  
E. W. SCOTT, Superintendent of Agencies.

R. W. GALE,  
General Manager for Dominion of Canada,  
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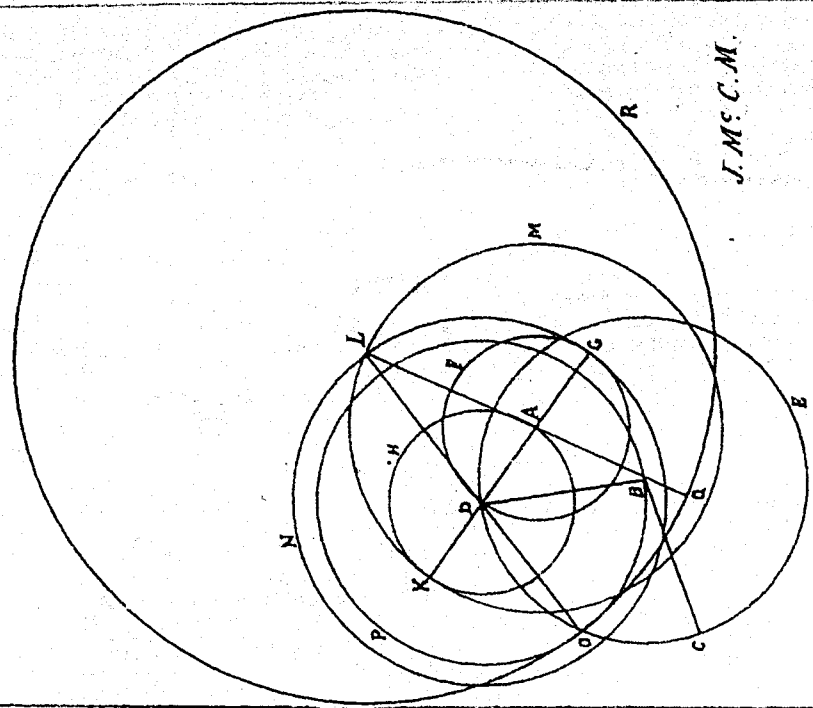
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Until further notice, Trains will leave Hochelaga Depot as follows:

Express Trains for Hull at	A.M.	P.M.
Arrive at Hull at	9:30	5:00
Express Trains from Hull at	2:00	9:15
Arrive at Hochelaga at	9:10	4:45
Train for St. Jerome at	1:40	9:00
Train from St. Jerome at	4:00	7:00
Train from St. Jerome at	7:00	a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.  
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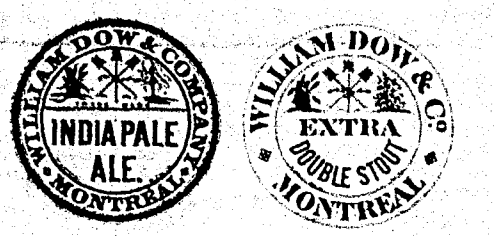
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G. W. ROBINSON, Agent, 177 St. James Street. C. J. BRIDGES, General Supt. of Gov't Ry's. Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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