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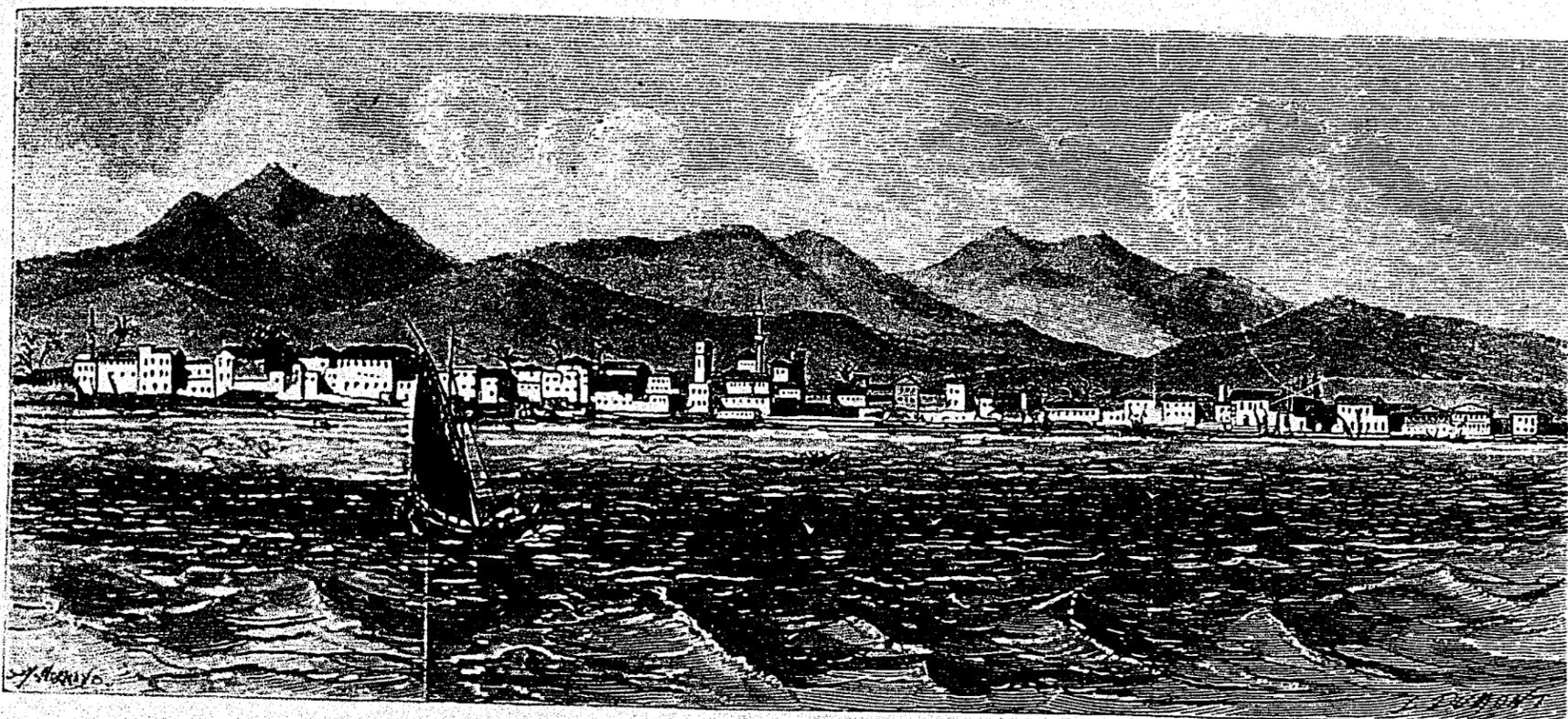
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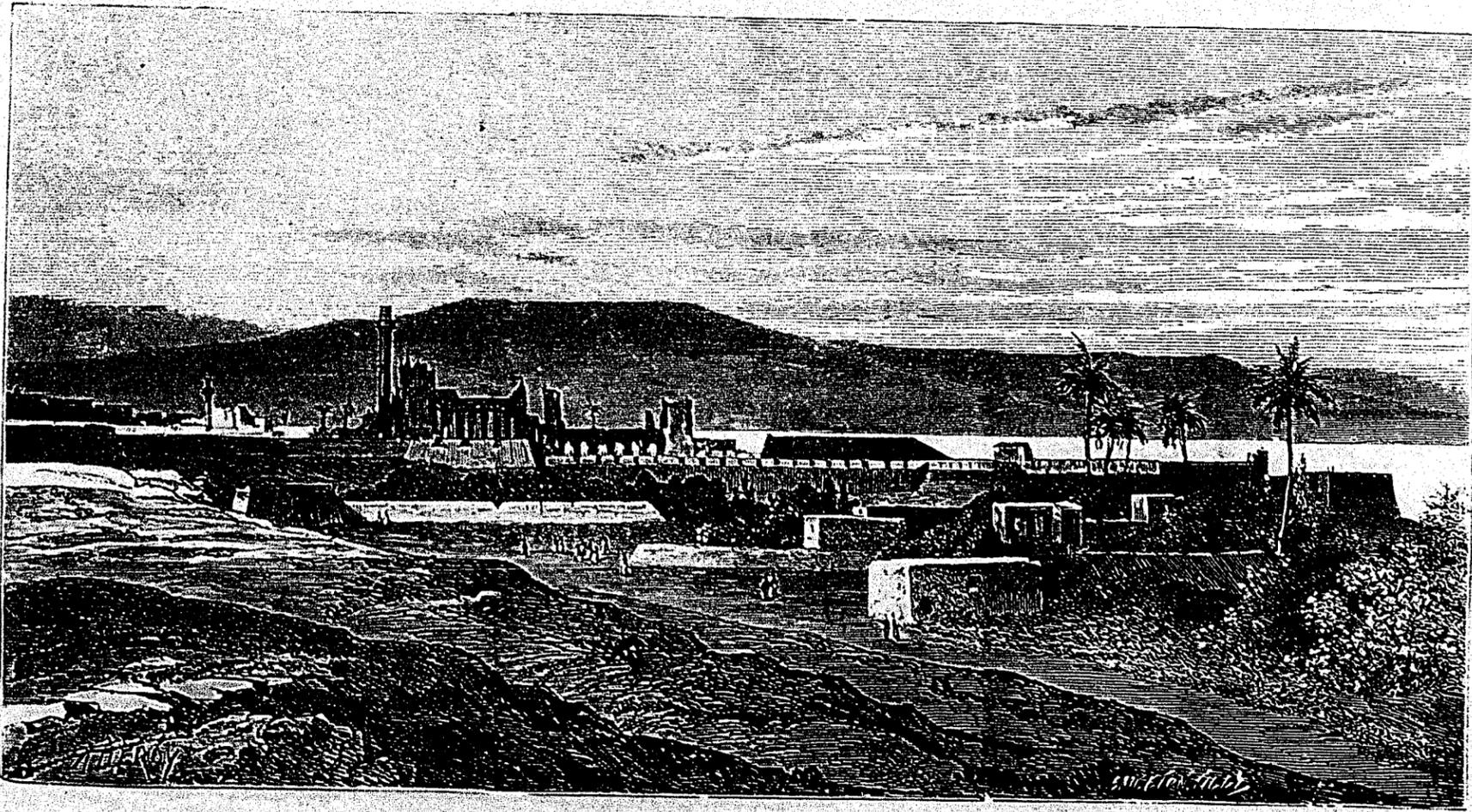
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

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LARNACA, VIEWED FROM THE SEA.



NICOSIA, VIEWED FROM THE LAND.

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

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NOTICES.

The index for the last volume of the NEWS is ready for delivery, and is at the disposal of any of our subscribers who will be kind enough to notify us to that effect.

In returning their papers, or changing their addresses by removal or otherwise, our readers are requested to see that the postmaster stamps the wrapper with his office stamp, thus relieving us of much trouble and time lost in hunting over our books.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 24, 1878.

LORD DUFFERIN IN THE TOWNSHIPS.

The event of the week has been the triumphal advance of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN through the Townships—beginning at Richmond and closing at St. Johns. The daily papers have given full particulars which we need not repeat, but confine ourselves to the description of the reception at Mountfield, a view of which appears in our present issue along with the portraits of the fair hostess and the distinguished host. We are assured by the Sherbrooke Gazette that the preparations at Mountfield were on a scale commensurate with the honour conveyed in His Excellency's visit. The gateway to the grounds was spanned with an evergreen arch, over which appeared the motto "Cead Mille Failthe." Close to the gateway and inside the enclosure, were pitched the tents of the military guard of honour, (a self-imposed task, we understand, on the part of the military officers residing in Sherbrooke).

The grounds were tastefully laid out, the flowers and shrubbery—embracing many new and rare varieties—producing a very pleasing effect. Among these we would mention a fine specimen of the Shaddock, a variety of the Orange tree found in the West Indies and the gift of Mr. Hale, who brought it from that country. A Japanese Ivy is another rare curiosity of the vegetable kingdom well worthy of mention, which is to be found here. Nor must we forget to mention an infant specimen of one of the mammoth trees of the Yosemite Valley, California, which occupies a prominent position on the spacious lawn. This giant tree in embryo is the gift of Mr. DRWDNEY, the member of Parliament from British Columbia, and is one of three which that gentleman brought with him from California to this country. It was duly transplanted into Mr. BROOKS' grounds on the 20th April last, the event being commemorated by a silver garden trowel with the above date neatly engraved thereon, and kept by Mr. BROOKS as a memento. In further remembrance of this event, the following lines were composed by one of our most brilliant literary men, Mr. MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, editor of the Halifax Herald:

THE PLANTING OF THE PINE.

Brought hither by a friendly hand
From thy Pacific Mountain home,
And destined in good time to stand
And watch the broad St. Francis' foam:
Young nursling of a giant line—
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Friends from so many quarters drawn
To this fair spot, to this new scene,
Here, while we greet the Spring at dawn,
Showing its earliest, tender green,
Earth's birth renewed, O sacred sign!
Let's plant the Pine, let's plant the Pine.

Strike deep thy roots about the rocks
That make the basis of our land,
That thou, whatever tempest shocks
Thy branches, mayest firmly stand.
We pledge thy growth in generous wine;
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Some hands not young touch thee to-day,
Some keep the tender finger tips
Of Youth; and some are still at play
Like this new planted Pine—but slip—
May Youth and Age also be thine—
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Breathe native airs from Western wilds,
Shine warmest rays of Eastern skies,
We'll guard its safety like a child's
Till strong and stately it shall rise,
The Great Duke of its noble line—
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Some heads still dark shall turn to gray,
God keep our hearts all youthful still,
And youth will learn a graver way—
Incline our hearts to bear Thy will,
And there may rise another line
Beneath the Pine! beneath the Pine!

And some glad day 'twixt green of Spring
And gold of Autumn, I may stray
And hear those happy voices ring
That I recall with joy away—
Happy if they remember mine,
Beneath the Pine! beneath the Pine!

The residence of Mr. BROOKS, which is one of the most elevated sites in Sherbrooke, commands a magnificent view of the beautiful St. Francis River, as well as of the surrounding country, and is, without doubt, in every respect, the finest residence in Sherbrooke.

On entering the front hall, the preparations for the reception of the Vice-Regal party are seen on every hand. The vestibule is a miniature of Canadian curiosities, embracing among other things a black bear, a pure white goat skin from British Columbia, and a monster salmon, the latter a trophy captured by Mr. BROOKS on the Metis last summer.

The spacious hall is lined on either side with floral decorations and *bizarre* articles, while two immense mythological oil paintings adorn the walls, one representing Io, Argus and Mercury, Io having been changed by Jupiter into a cow, while Argus is being lulled to sleep by Mercury; the other painting represents Apollo pursuing Daphne, at the moment the latter is being transformed into a laurel branch by her father to baffle her pursuer.

The north-easterly room on the first floor was fitted up as the reception room, and though devoid of costly articles of household furniture, was a marvel of beauty and neatness. The floral display was among the finest we have ever witnessed, while appropriate mottoes with the coat of arms and monogram of LORD DUFFERIN, together with portraits of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN, were arranged conspicuously on the walls. The floor was inlaid. The library contained articles of *virtu* and Indian and Japanese curiosities, as did also the hall on the second floor. On the wall immediately facing the entrance to the library, was a bust of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, the political chieftain of Mr. BROOKS. The room immediately over the reception room was appropriated to the use of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN, and was arranged with a view to their every comfort; a Chinese screen from the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, a beautiful piece of workmanship, occupying a prominent place in the room. Their travelling associates, Col. and Mrs. LITTLETON, and Capt. WARD and HAMILTON, his Aide-de-Camps, occupied rooms contiguous.

Previous to their departure, Lady DUFFERIN, assisted by Lord DUFFERIN, planted a native pine within the grounds as a memento of their visit.

It may be said here that His Excellency observed that the Sherbrooke demonstration was the most brilliant of its kind that he had ever witnessed, and that it was a fitting *finale* to the series of entertainments that had been provided for him by Canadian cities. All the members of his suite expressed themselves to a similar effect. Sherbrooke has made a splendid vindication of her claim to be the Queen City of the Eastern Townships.

EDWARD TOOLE BROOKS, M.A., Q.C., is a son of the late SAMUEL BROOKS, Esq., who sat for Sherbrooke County in the Canada Assembly from 1844 till his death in 1849. He was born in Sherbrooke and educated at Dartmouth College, N.H., where he graduated M.A. His charming

wife is the daughter of the late ELEAZAR CLARKE, Esq., Revenue Inspector and High Constable, Sherbrooke. Mr. BROOKS was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1854, and was elected Batonnier of the St. Francis Bar in 1875. He was first returned to Parliament for Sherbrooke in 1872, and again in 1874, on both occasions by acclamation. There is no one who is more marked at Ottawa for his ability, impartiality, and polished manners, than the handsome and intellectual member for Sherbrooke.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VIEWS OF HALIFAX.—We call attention to the general view of the city of Halifax which we publish in the present number, along with three other smaller sketches. In subsequent numbers we shall give a few more sketches of this fine old city, with which our readers are generally acquainted.

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.—From the theatre to the opium-den is but a short step in China Town. How do we get there, and where is it? No one of us can tell, further than this—that we follow our guide blindly through a network of passages, narrow alleys, with the rough cobblestone pavement under our feet, and alleys that have no pavement but the refuse filth of China Town; that we grope and feel our way after the glimmering star of his little candle-end, and, turning a corner, come suddenly upon a dimly lighted window, breast-high from the ground; that he pushes open a low, battered door, and straightway following the motion of his hand, we are standing in the Chinaman's paradise.

Such a little, close, stifling den as it is! Eight or ten feet square, barely high enough for a tall man to stand in, and with every inch of its whitewashed ceiling and roughly boarded walls blackened with smoke and greasy with dirt Strips of red paper—the Chinese prayers—are pasted about, but that is the only attempt at decoration. Around three sides of the wall runs a narrow shelf, scantily covered with ragged matting, upon which the smokers lie, packed with heads and feet together like sardines in a box; some with their blouses rolled up for pillows, some with blocks of wood or bundles of rags under their shining yellow pates. Under the shelf are rough compartments or bunks, each holding one, or sometimes two men, coiled up in the smallest possible space. In the middle of the den burns a single lamp, which throws only a little disk of sickly light upon the table where it stands; all the corners are in black shadow, made dimmer and more uncertain by the films and eddies of blue smoke which hang heavily in the air. Weird flashes from their pipes shine upon the men's faces, and brighten and fade as their breaths kindle them: with the black shadows, the swimming vapors, and the gleams of light upon strange, uncanny, yellow faces and half-human glittering eyes, the whole picture seems stolen from a panorama of the "Inferno."

We pause at the door to speak to the only smoker who seems at yet in full possession of his senses, and who glances askance at us with a pair of bright, watchful eyes. He is a big powerful Chinaman, spotlessly dressed in a clean white shirt still fresh in its folds, with his pig-tail coiled up like a smooth black snake, and his head resting comfortably upon the neat roll of his dark blouse. Beside him is the opium-smoker's apparatus, the square tray, containing a glass lamp, and a tiny horn box, filled with the opium paste; in his mouth is the long bamboo stem, with its curious stone bowl screwed half-way up, which he holds in his long, listless, thin fingers; the other hand, looking like carved yellow ivory in the lamplight, is busy working the lump of opium into the bowl at the end of a long wire. He glances up at us with twinkling eyes, but never moves the pipe from his lips, nor stops the mechanical motion of his right hand.

"Why do you smoke that horrible stuff?" asks one benevolent, but injudicious visitor. He simply looks at her and gives a short laugh behind the baboon-stem.

"Have smoke?" he says politely, taking a fresh lump of opium from the little box, and holding it to the candle-flame for an instant. "No hurtee Chinaman, no hurtee Melican lady!"

But the Melican lady declines, and for ever afterwards regrets that she did so. Our friend laughs again—a contemptuous, compassionate laugh—and applies himself to the bowl of his pipe with redoubled interest. In half an hour more he will probably have sunken into the trance wherein his heathen heart delighteth; and with his pipe fallen from his lips, and with his body lying like an insensate log, along the little matted shelf, the immortal essence of this particular John will be revelling in bowers of bliss, embraced by almond-eyed hours, and lulled by the harmonies of the spheres—or of a Chinese orchestra.

SEASIDE HOTEL, P.E.I.—This was formerly known as the Ocean House, and its proprietors are Messrs. John Newson & Son. This first-class house is run at moderate charges, and every attention is given to guests. A coach leaves Charlottetown every Wednesday and Saturday evening, calls for guests, returning every Thursday and Monday mornings. Arrangements have also been made to meet every train at Hunter River for passengers to the seaside.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

EIGHT thousand pounds is to be spent in repairing and re-decorating the Reform Club.

THE preparations for placing the great Egyptian obelisk on its pedestal are now so far completed that it may be expected to be *in situ* in the course of a few days.

AMONG the other thousand and one schemes and projects to which the "new departure" in our policy in the East has given rise is one to be called the "Bank of Asia Minor."

AN immediate reduction in the strength of the British fleet on the China station is to be made, and the whole of the ships which were lately ordered there under sudden pressure, both from the Mediterranean and the East Indies, will be withdrawn.

THE piano has got into the streets. An artist now goes about London—whose piano is drawn by a pony—he sits down and does his Rubinstein, &c., before an admiring crowd. His locks are long and uncombed, and his eyes roll.

THERE are at this moment the unprecedented number of thirty-three ironclads in commission, besides many unarmoured frigates and corvettes of recent construction. Of the ironclads in commission, fourteen are in the Mediterranean, and fifteen are in the Particular Service Squadron and First Reserve.

SINCE Barham discovered a rhyme to "Mephistopheles," nobody ought to despair of finding a rhyme to any word under the sun. "Cup of coffee less" was Barham's rhyme, and it is a good one; yet a would-be poet offered to give the poet laureate a full cask of Cyprus wine if he would suggest a rhyme to Cyprus. Lord Winchelsea has found "vip'rous."

Decidedly weak, but undoubtedly vip'rous, Are the peacemongers' sneers at the cession of Cyprus.

LORD ELCHO said that he had met Hobart Pacha, who complained that his precise view of the harbour capacity of Batoum was not yet understood, and he had handed him a written statement, with permission to read it to the House if he pleased. The memorandum was to the effect that though twelve or thirteen ships might lie in the harbour in safety, "if lashed with many chains," they would take six hours to move out of port, and in the meantime they might be bombarded from without by a fleet that had command of the sea, whilst from their position they would be unable to return the fire.

THE American Freemasons Knight Templars, who are at present on a visit to this country, are to be welcomed by their London brethren at a banquet in Freemasons' Tavern. The fraternal, feeling between the Masonic bodies of America and the mother country will be increased when it becomes generally known that the representative Lodge of New York State has just decided to follow the example of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and England in affirming that they can hold no Masonic ritual as regular which excludes the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being.

MR. J. T. THOMAS, a deep-sea diver, who recently walked, in a diving-dress, from Greenwich Pier to the Isle of Dogs, under the Thames and back, intends, next week, to jump into the water from a lighter off Greenwich Pier, and walk, without coming to the surface of the water, to North Woolwich Gardens. He will enter the water at 6 p.m., and contemplate arriving at the gardens in two hours. Thomas has also announced his intention by placard, when time and tide serves, to leap from the parapet of London Bridge, and walk to Gravesend, a distance of thirty miles, without coming up from the bed of the river.

A PROJECT for exploring the North Pole in a balloon has been seriously entertained. A balloon, it is urged by the supporters of the scheme, is proof against ice and tempests. To obtain a victory over the Polar climate it is only necessary that it should possess an ascensional force sufficiently durable, and this problem is already satisfactorily solved. The aeronaut, on the other hand, would not, it is argued, be exposed to the effects of the cold. A glacial atmosphere is easily supported "en ballon;" the wind, be it ever so violent, can neither make the face smart nor numb the hands; a light can burn in the car, since it is the atmospheric current itself which bears the balloon through the air.

AT Goodwood, last week, there were two attempts at the adoption of the Greek style of dress which has of late been so encouraged amongst the artistic members of society. The dresses were, of course, the great object of curiosity amongst the company in the Royal Stand, and much interest was expressed as to the secret of their make. When the mystery was revealed they were simply pinned on, all one piece, like a long Indian shawl, folded to the shape of the wearer, confined on the shoulder, and the ends left to fall over the bosom and shoulders. Nothing can be more simple and graceful than this style of dress. The economy of the construction should be a great recommendation besides.

An advertisement appears in the papers which we ought not to look at without uneasiness, and even a touch of shame. It is issued in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it alleges that great exertion will be needed to keep from starvation the wives and families of the men of the reserves who have been recently sent home. The men are suddenly cast upon the world. Even the pittance they received while serving now ceases. Their work has been taken by others, and their places filled. They go back in thousands of instances to desolate homes, their furniture and their very clothes having been disposed of by their wives for the bare necessities of life. The Primate therefore appeals to "patriots" to aid him in relieving the destitution, and to make again the homes which have been so wretchedly demolished.

AMERICAN riflemen seem to be having it all their own way just at present—they are certainly all the rage. Two of them, both marvellously good shots, appear every evening at the Aquarium, Westminster, and their performance, although apparently dangerous, is really very wonderful. They fire at potatoes placed on each other's hands and heads, put out lighted cigars, and show in many different ways the extraordinary accuracy of their aim. It is scarcely a pleasing exhibition, because a bad shot would certainly cost one of them his life; but they seem to have perfect confidence in each other, and the coolness they exhibit tends to reassure the public that there is really no difficulty in accomplishing the feat. It is said, however, that they keep a pretty sharp look-out after each other during the day, as the slightest excess on the part of either—an unsteady hand or shaken nerves—might result in a fatal accident, if, indeed, an accident it could be called.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ILL-HEALTH.

We should imagine that one of the first generalisations attempted in the youth of the world by the growing mind of man was, that pain and disease were absolute and unmitigated misfortunes. We have no means of knowing who was the bold man who first burst away from this accepted truth and conceived the idea of seeking in suffering "a gain to match." The author of the Book of Job has perhaps as good a claim as anyone to this honour, but whoever it was, it may be assumed that the convenient idea was soon taken up by the parsons of the period in their character of general purveyors of consolation. In past times the clerical profession are said to have known more of physiology than they do now—a very obvious possibility—and thus in the first instance the specific influence of ill-health upon the mind may have been kept distinct from the influence of misfortune in general. It must, however, soon have lost this distinctive character; at any rate, at the present time we might safely challenge the two Houses of Convocation to foretell the specific mental effects likely to be produced in a given case respectively by a retroflected organ, a severe neuralgia, a disappointment in love, or a failure in the city. At the same time it must be confessed that the question has been equally neglected by the doctor, and except for Wendell Holmes' generalisation about disease above the diaphragm being associated with hopefulness, and disease below it with despair, we know of no attempts at either observation, experiment, or induction on the subject. Sudden conversations have, indeed, been jocularly attributed to the timely exhibition of a gentle purgative, and other ingenious speculations of a similar kind have been brought out from time to time from behind the screen of anonymity. Further, the subject has been more fully worked out in cases where the mental effect of bodily conditions passes the boundary line of sanity and conveys the patient into the hands of the alienists. But doctors know little better than the clergy what special tone of mind is apt to be associated, say, with scrofula or rickets, or to be produced by cancer or consumption. The effects may possibly be so slight that we may have to wait for a mental microscope before they can be sufficiently intensified to affect our sensoria, but the time will doubtless come when many mental eccentricities will lose half their objectionableness and some mental excellences half their charm because we can refer them, with only too great certainty, each to an uncontrollable bodily condition.

When we speak of the advantages of ill-health, we are thinking chiefly of those mental excellences which are often, as we hope to show, associated with deviations from ill-health. There may, of course, be fortuitous advantages. Some people, for instance, actually extract profit from their bodily infirmities; but none of these instances, whether it be Prince Bismarck with his shingles, or a street-beggar with his talipes, come within the scope of the present article. The advantages we speak of are unavoidable, not accidental. They admit, however, of division into two categories, according as they are the result of congenital or of acquired disease. The most generally recognised effect of congenital deficiency in natural vigour is a diminution in what the metaphysicians call objectivity. The cause of this is easily explained. A certain amount of locomotive vigour is necessary for any extended exercise of objective energy; the congenital invalid cannot supply this, and his attention becomes of necessity concentrated on the impressions nearest to his hand, those belonging to his own thoughts and feelings. Besides this, the congenital invalid often

has his attention forcibly drawn to the phenomena of his own body by pain and suffering. As long as the human machine works smoothly and without effort, it is all but unconscious of its own existence; but as soon as it begins to creak and groan under its task, it is apt to become over-conscious of its work, and to spend its energy in mental introspection. Hence follow two results. In the first place, the invalid becomes more versed in the mechanism of mental processes than in their external consequences. He differs from healthy men in paying regard rather to the state of feeling produced by a sensation, than to the outward expression of that state of feeling. In the second place, it follows from his enforced inactivity that the invalid's stock of inductions is chiefly founded on his subjective experiences, and not, as in the case with other men, on the observation of the acts of others. These two characteristics are almost essential factors in the growth of two excellent qualities in man—sympathy and humour, neither of which, it would seem, can exist in its most subtle form where the whole tone of mind is of an objective character. We are far from wishing to trace all sympathy and all humour to a pathological cause, but it appears to us that a condition of ill-health often gives to these qualities a character which they would not otherwise possess.

Instances in favour of, or in opposition to, this view will occur to everyone, but the lives of poets and humorists supply us perhaps with the best material for forming an opinion regarding it. What especially strikes us in connection with the poets is that those who have been of vigorous health have written for the most part objective poems, while the invalids amongst them have given us verses whose chief distinctive feature is sensibility. The one class deal more with the actual, the other with the ideal. Compare, for instance, the veterans Chaucer and Goethe with the consumptives Shelley, Keats, and Schiller. We are much inclined to regard the well-known "Resignation" of the last named poet, beautiful as it is, as a purely pathological production. Again in the case of the humorists, it is a somewhat suggestive fact that Sterne, Lamb, and Hood were all sufferers from congenital maladies. We confine ourselves to mentioning these few authors, because both their writings and the circumstances of their lives are familiar to us all, but numerous instances may be found amongst less known men all pointing to the same truth. It is, indeed, a popular generalisation that poetry goes hand-in-hand with a feeble organization, and we have no doubt that if they had dared people would have applied to the poets a definition very similar to that which they have given to the tailors. Further, it is not only amongst public men that a generalisation as to the effects of ill-health has been popularly, though unconsciously, made. Even in private we often hear it remarked how much illness has improved a certain person. No one can have failed to observe how in certain cases prolonged ill-health has changed a brusque and self-centered woman into a gentle and sympathising one, and grafted on a careless and overbearing man the virtues of kindness and consideration for others. If this be so, disease cannot be the unmitigated misfortune that the healthy are apt to imagine it. If we consider the whole case, it must be confessed that even ill-health has its advantages.

THE REFLEX EFFECT OF ACTING.

The death of Charles Mathews—a most regrettable event, for within a limited range he was an admirable artist—reminds us of a curious lacuna in the history of the Stage. There does not exist, so far as we know, certainly there does not exist in English, anything like a good autobiography by an actor, a life describing the intellectual and moral effect of the profession upon the actor's self. This effect should be great. The world believes much, and we think justly, in the effect of books, and swallow greedily stories of groups of boys made bandits by Schiller's "Robbers," and every now and then proposes to prohibit "penny dreadfuls;" and the effect of reading must be slight compared with that of acting. It is simply impossible that a man gifted with the sympathies essential to an actor should be able to realize many characters so completely to himself that he can represent them to others, and make them laugh or weep with his temporary self, without those characters exercising some effect upon his mind; and we want to know both its kind and its degree. Was Charles Mathews or was he not more of an agreeable rattle because he incessantly studied how agreeable rattles should be depicted? His biographers say that his cool, laughing insouciance lasted all his long life, and sustained him under all difficulties, and it is at least possible that it may have been deepened by his professional assumption of the quality. The effect must be increased by the process of natural selection, which induces an actor to choose those parts which he can represent best and with which, therefore, he must have a certain nearness of sympathy that one would think must greatly deepen the impact of their impression upon himself. One catches qualities from friends who are similar. Elliston, for instance, perhaps the best known of all actors of the second rank, had about him a certain liking at once for graciousness and pomp which made him inclined to represent kings; and he studied so many parts of that kind, and acted them so well, that his friends all believed in their influence on his

character. He became, as life went on, more and more the kind of benignant but over-stately and ceremonious grandee that he loved to represent, regarded all about him from a certain height, as his subjects, and met the endless difficulties of his career with a feeling which always kept him cheerful, and which could not be distinguished from benign condescension towards the creditors, supers, patrons, and other stupid people with a right to exist who kept trying to ruffle his serenity. It has now and then happened to an actor to play a part so well that the public never ceases to demand it, and he himself has begun to confess to an influence arising from a repetition which perplexed and worried his mind. We do not know if the saying attributed Mrs. Dion Boucicault is true or not, but it exactly represents our point. Her representation of the dark "Colleen" in the *Colleen Bawn* so charmed all London that the piece, perhaps the best melodrama ever written to have no genius in it, went on for hundreds of nights, until at last the actress declared he must stop, that her brain was growing confused, and that "she began to be uncertain whether she was acting the Colleen Bawn, or the Colleen Bawn was acting Mrs. Boucicault." We have heard Americans say that they believed that most perfect of actors, Mr. Jefferson, was distinctly modified in character, and for the better, by his endless repetitions of Rip Van Winkle; and certainly it is difficult to conceive how a man could create that character, and then pass his life in representing it, without imbibing in some degree its essential qualities, the spirit of humorous tolerance and sense of the puzzle of daily life. But one wants direct evidence of that. Does Mr. Irving, for example, find that when he has been acting Hamlet for fifty nights the tone of his own inner mind has become more or less Hamletian? We say less because, of course, the chance of an influence of repulsion must always exist, and we can imagine an actor hating ambition more because he was every night a Richard III., or growing graver because for part of every day he was Mercutio. Liston's incessant playing of fools helped, in all human probability, to make of him the depressed Evangelical he was; and we could hardly imagine Mr. Irving less alive to the uselessness of religious formalism because he had played for seventy nights as Louis XI. Could a man act Prospero every day for a year and not acquire something, however little, of the dignified serenity of mind, of the sense of the power possessed by the immaterial to rule material circumstances? Or could he be Jaques for a year, and not tend to melancholy reflectiveness? It has often been remarked that men to whom life seems unreal, who have a sense of the histrionic element in it, are the least dependable of mankind; and of all foibles, absence of dependableness is the one most frequent with an actor. May not that be increased by his half-dubiousness whether he is himself or that other man whom every night he seems, to a watching audience, to be? Can Mr. Charles Mathews have separated himself entirely from the Sir Charles Coldstream, of whom the little girl said that she did not admire that Mr. Mathews, he was so lazy, and all through the play was only himself. Is Mr. Jefferson ever quite sure, as he walks about, that Schneider is not at his heels? That the long repetition of a dramatic character will make certain physical mannerisms cling to an actor for months, and even years after he has discontinued the performance, is quite certain—just watch Mr. Sothern as Garrick—and why not mental mannerisms too? Was there no trace of Lady Macbeth's nature, no iron of resolve in Mrs. Siddons, even though she had acted tragedy, and especially that tragedy, so long that she could not get rid of her grandeur in private life, and appalled an unhappy waiter with—

You've brought me water, boy! I asked for beer.

The speculation, though it may seem of little importance, is of rare interest to students of the human mind, and solid evidence about it might greatly affect education, more particularly by determining tutors as to the Jesuits' contention, the utility of an enforced attitude of mind in moulding the inner character; but solid evidence can only be obtained when some considerable actor, himself a man able enough and conscious enough to trace the workings of his own mind, shall delight the world and keep his memory fresh by giving us his autobiography.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT JOURNAL.

It was in a dark and dingy room in a pot house on Thames street, New York, some forty-four years ago, that the *New York Herald* was brought into existence. The house was kept by an old Englishman, named Tom Reynolds, and was noted for superior ale and the style in which Welch rarebit was served. It was a miscellaneous company that assembled one evening—composed of Americans, English and Scotchmen—and probably the most impecunious in the crowd was James Gordon Bennett. He had formerly been employed on the *Courier and Enquirer* as a Washington correspondent; but the managing editor and himself had a difficulty and he had been for some time out of a situation, and was, to all intents and purposes, in a hard-up condition.

Mr. Nunn, the then celebrated pianoforte manufacturer, was a constant visitor to the house, and, moreover, he was a friend to Bennett, who, upon the night in question, appeared to be more than usually depressed in spirits. "Take another toby of ale, old fellow, and

cheer up," said Nunn, "it's a long lane that has no turning, and who knows but you may be at the turning point of your luck?"

"I don't see any show for better times, so far as I am concerned," replied Bennett gloomily.

It was then the era for penny papers, two of which, the *Sun* and *Transcript*, had been started in New York, and were getting along swimmingly.

"How much money will it take to start a paper the size of the *Sun*?" inquired Nunn.

"If I had \$500 in cash, I could do it," replied Bennett.

"Gentlemen," said Nunn, addressing the assembled company, "let us Bennett up. I'll head the subscription with a hundred dollars."

There was a cheerful response. Old Tom Reynolds subscribed fifty, and then and there the money was made up and an article drawn, wherein Bennett pledged himself to conduct the *New York Herald*, the name settled upon for the paper, as a purely independent sheet; and this was the origin of one of the most lucrative newspaper establishments in the world.

MILITARY PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

SIR,—I read with pleasure your article in the *News* of 17th inst., on the subject of "Our Military System," and I agree with you that it is a very hard matter to suppress disturbances in any locality with the aid of the volunteer force. A more loyal set of men do not exist under any Government in the world than our noble volunteers, and I trust they will not be called out again to shoot down their fellow-townsmen.

I would go beyond you in suggesting that a memorial be at once got up and sent home to the British Premier who is quite alive to aiding the colonies and cementing the bond his predecessors were anxious to sever, asking for five or six regiments of regular troops, one to be quartered at Halifax, one in Quebec, one in Montreal, one in Ottawa, and another in Toronto, and one divided between Kingston and London. What use would two companies be to suppress a riot? and before the regiment could be got together, a town might be destroyed and sacked.

We live in momentous times when Communism appears to be extending itself through the world, and it behoves the friends of law and order to be prepared for any and every emergency.

Trusting that these few suggestions will not be taken amiss, and will find a place in the columns of your excellent paper,

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. D.

Ottawa, August 19th, 1878.

HOW TO SING A SONG.

"Since singing is so good a thing, I wish all men would learn to sing." These doggerel lines, affixed by William Byrde to some songs published 300 years ago, are true and applicable to our times. The author gives the following brief reasons for persuading every one to learn to sing:

"1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar.

"2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

"3. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

"4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

"5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

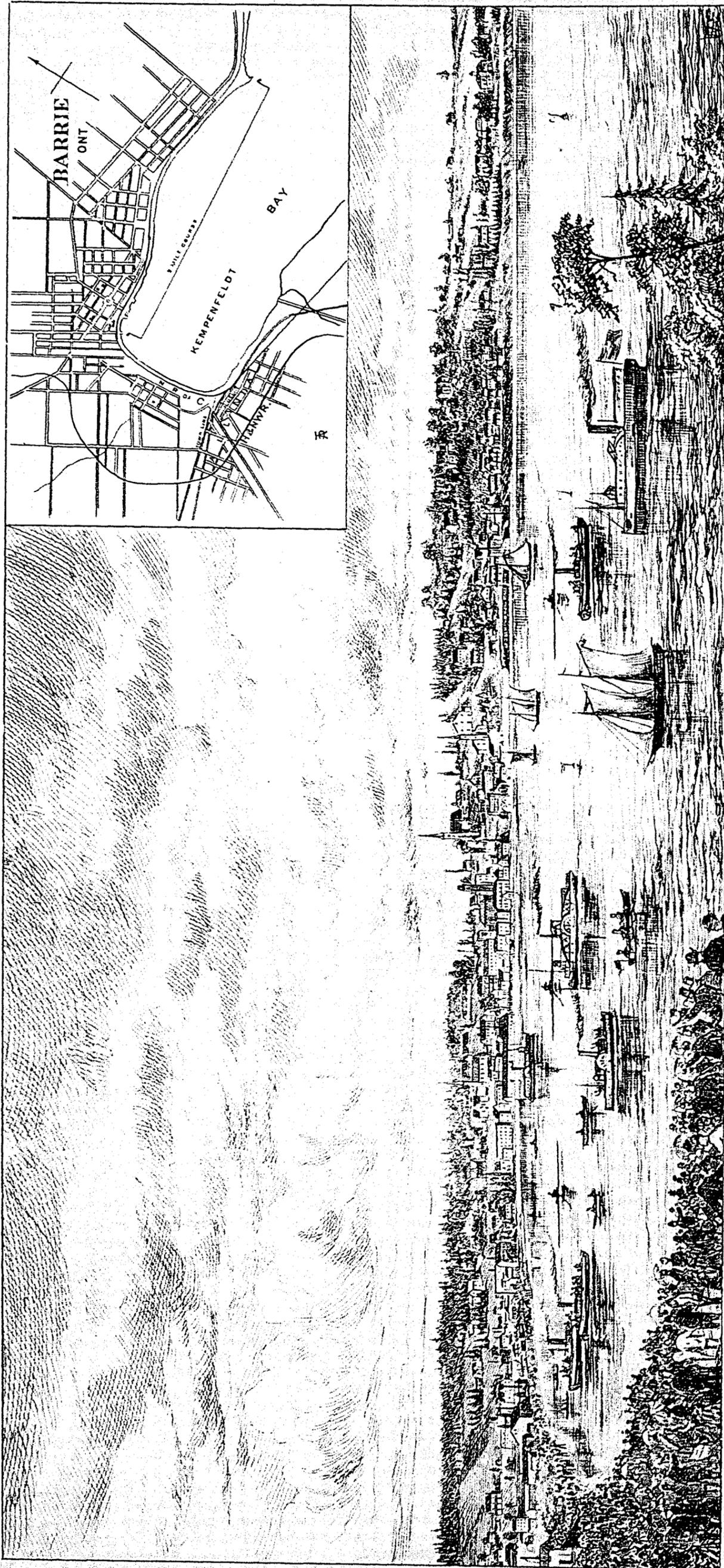
"6. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature.

"7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voices are good and the same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better the voice is the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

Quaintly as this is put by Master Byrde, one cannot help thinking of Shakespeare's dictum, "Much virtue in 'if.'" Of course, if an apt scholar with the rare voice of one in a thousand study with diligence under a good master, the result is a *regone* conclusion; but, believing as I do, that 999 out of 1,000 people may have passably fair voices and sufficient natural musical capacity to be able to experience a never-failing delight and solace in the exercise of singing, if properly directed, I propose to say a few words on the subject of "How to sing a song."

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



THE BARRIE REGATTA, WITH PLAN OF THE COURSE.

THE BARRIE REGATTA.

Hanlan has the first position at the in- side, next him being Morris, then Elliott, Plaisted, Hosmer, Mcken, Coulter, Luther, and Edward Ross, with Wallace Ross on the extreme outside. Elliott, who when the preliminary question was asked, had the nose of his boat several feet in front, caught the water perhaps a little before Plaisted and Wallace Ross, but all three made a vigorous dash while the word was still sounding. The others got off pretty well together. When well under weigh Elliott was seen to have already lost the position his alertness had given him, and Wallace Ross, who was stripped to the buff, was forging ahead. It was manifest thus early that the race was to be a clipper, and that Wallace was determined to make a game struggle for victory. Hanlan, who had got off rather badly, was first distinguishable in the fifth position, pulling thirty-three to the minute. Morris, who at no time in the race threatened the position of the leaders,

was sixth, Hosmer being fourth, and, for the nonce, Elliott third. At two hundred yards the champion was still fifth, Ross pulling a forty stroke vigorously and determinedly, was in the van, with Plaisted lapping second, Hosmer third, doing thirty-seven, and Luther fourth. Approaching the quarter Luther dropped back, and Hanlan showed signs of going ahead. He captured Luther, and then bearing the half in front of the gas works, overhauled Hosmer and lapped Plaisted at the half, putting in 34 strokes to the minute, Plaisted and Hosmer were still lapping each other, while Wallace Ross with long swinging action, a vast improvement on his style last fall, was keeping well ahead. At the three-quarters the positions were unchanged, but it was evident that Hosmer was not going to die out, as most people imagined he would, judging from his performances in practice, and his rapid energetic motion. He clung to Hanlan and Plaisted with a tenacity which indicated that he would prove a hard customer for the latter to dispose of. Be-

tween the three-quarters and the half, pulling thirty-two, Hanlan collared Plaisted and challenged Ross, at the same time Hosmer closed on his Boston confrere. Between the leaders and the second and third magnificent races now ensued for the supremacy, and Mcken and Luther, fifth and sixth, were equally determinedly disputing their right to their places. Pat stogged away, and before reaching the turning buoy had taken fifth place from the Toronto man, who, nothing daunted, kept up the struggle. At the mile and a quarter Ross still led, putting in 32 good strokes to the minute, and at the mile and a half Hanlan, who was palpably taking matters easily, paused for a moment. Meantime Hosmer and Plaisted had been at it hammer and tongs, and the former had given the latter the go-by, taking third position well up with the first and second. Ross and Hanlan were now both rowing at the same rate, namely, 32, and were getting on even terms passing the mile and three-quarters. Hanlan put on a terrific spurt and closed in on Ross with wonder-

ful rapidity. The New Brunswicker had been rowing a very wide course, and on nearing the turning buoy found himself opposite to No. 3 instead of No. 10. He consequently had to pass six buoys before reaching his own—the 10th—in doing which he must have lost twelve or fifteen lengths. Hanlan, having hugged the shore a little too much also, had to cross a little to his buoy, at which he rounded in 13.30. He was now rowing with the greatest ease, and, in fact, except for a burst of perhaps a hundred yards or so on entering the last quarter before turning, he had not exerted himself to any great extent during the race, notwithstanding that he had rowed the miles in the rear of the brawny antagonist from St. John. That Ross should have made such a mistake was, of course, very much to be regretted, but he subsequently said that the result would have been the same had he not gone out of the way, and therefore did not feel at all dissatisfied. The others turned their buoys in the following order:—Hosmer, third; Plaisted, fourth; Luther, fifth; Mcken,

sixth; Morris, seventh; Elliott, eighth; and Coulter, ninth; Edward Ross, the tenth man, having dropped out when he had travelled a little over half a mile, finding his brother's boat too heavy and entirely unsuited to him. When fairly on the home stretch, Hosmer challenged Ross, and for a moment looked dangerous, but Ross drew away and gave chase to Hanlan, who, with that wonderful stroke and perfect action peculiar entirely to himself, was driving severely on his homeward journey at a no faster stroke than 28. Although the New Brunswicker caught up some of the distance he lost in turning the buoy, he never entirely recovered it. Hanlan pulled on, dropping to 26, and now and then resting. When he heard the gun fire as he passed the winning buoy he put on a spurt, which was received with enthusiastic cheers, amid which he crossed and turned for his boat-house, where Heasley was on guard waiting for him. Plaisted kept up the pursuit of Hosmer until about a mile from the turn, and then quit, leaving Hosmer to pull

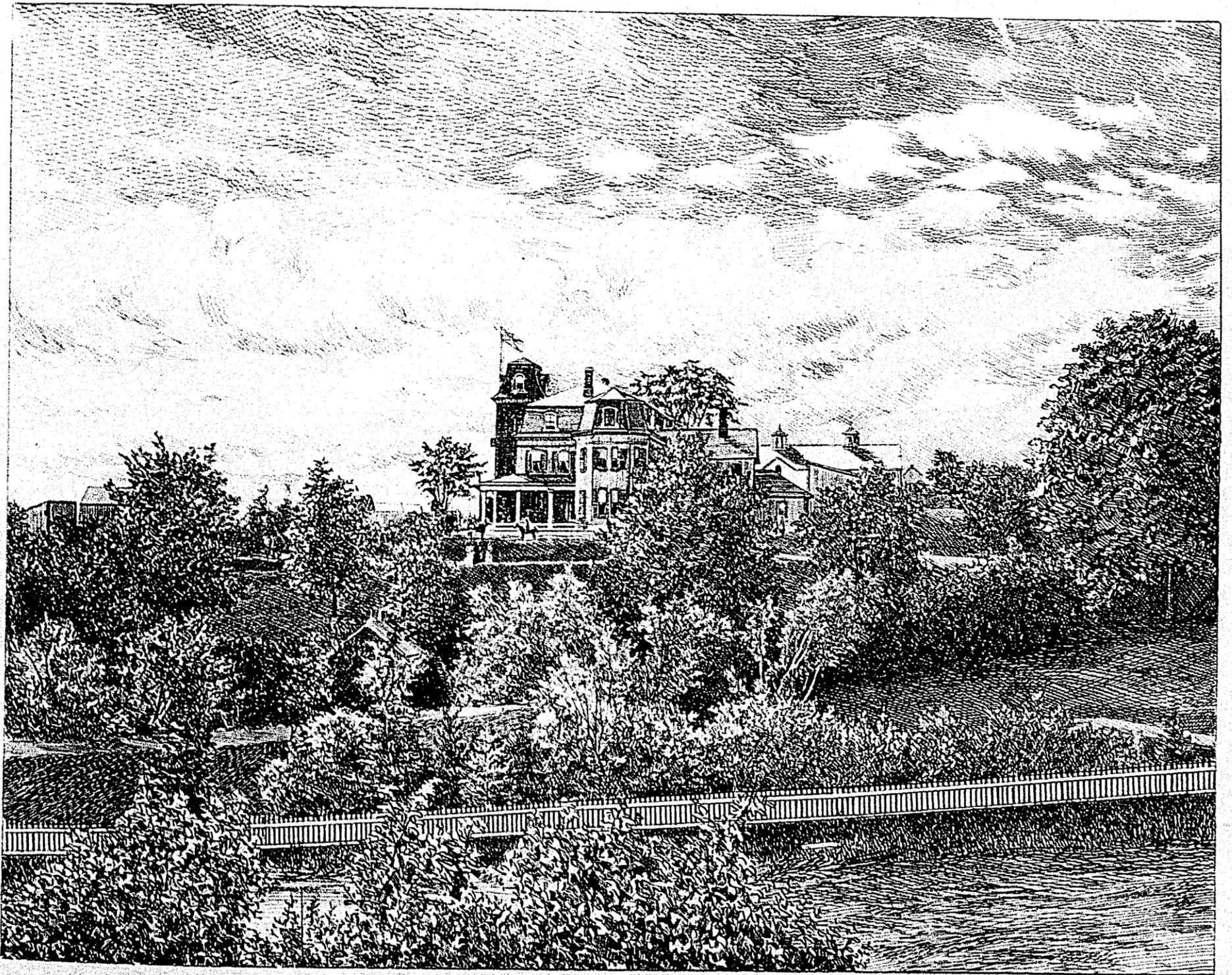


MR. E. T. BROOKS.



MRS. E. T. BROOKS.

The Hosts of Lord and Lady Dufferin and their suite during the late Vice Regal visit to Sherbrooke.



MOUNTFIELD—RESIDENCE OF MR. E. T. BROOKS, M.P., SHERBROOKE.
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT TO THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

comfortably in for third prize several lengths behind Wallace Ross, whose victory over the other competitors was as complete and easy as Hanlan's over him. McKen continued to follow Luther to the end, both keeping up good pace and finishing fourth and fifth respectively, the Pittsburger coming in for hearty encouragement towards the end, he and McKen having rowed a plucky race from beginning to end. Elliott was sixth, Plaisted, Morris and Coulter easing up and not being placed. The time given officially is 28.12.

THE LONDON SEASON.

May, June, and July now form the London Season, which appears to be getting stricter and more limited as time goes on. Probably economy has something to do with it, for within the last twenty years habits of extravagance have so much increased that the cost of one ball is that of a half a dozen a quarter of a century since.

It is not, however, that the fashion eats and drinks more than it did. On the contrary, the "grand world," as it is sometimes called, has made it correct behaviour to eat as little as possible, and to drink less.

Indeed, it frequently happens at a ball in society that the bottles of wine consumed are easily counted. But it is the luxury of the eyes which has made the London Season so very expensive. No lady thinks of wearing one dress twice in the same society.

Granted that a duchess gives three balls in a season, any guest attending all three must show each time in a different toilette.

Then, again, the mere item of cut flowers is far more costly than was the supper itself a score years since, while wax lights became quite a serious question.

It is, however, in the Park, Rotten Row, the Ladies' Mile—call it what you will—that the essence of the London Season is to be found, and, above all upon the last two Saturdays in June, and the last Wednesday in the months of May, June, and July.

Droll, indeed, it is that where the very perfection of those representing the London Season are to be found, there also may be discovered the poorest of the poor.

The duchess is in the drive, smiling here, avoiding a doubtful acquaintance there, by pretending not to see, and cutting an acquaintance no longer doubtful with a deliberate stare.

Lady Edith, the duchess's daughter, is on the Mile, telling her half-bred horse to "Come up, lazy bones."

And Lord Adolphus, the duchess's son, in the Guards, is leaning over the iron rail, so true to fashion, that he has given up riding in the Row, like most other very young men of fashion, exactly as these same very young men have given up dancing.

Meanwhile, there away in the shadow, is honest Jack Brown, the huge Guardsman, making love to unconscious Mrs. Smith's nursemaid, whose young charges have fraternized with a street Arab, and are drenching themselves with dirt pies, to the huge delight of that same gutterling.

And there, far away in the open, lying on his chest or back, as the case may be, sleeps and swelters in the sun the real British rough who, as he turns over an eye, may see a prince gallop past, exactly as the prince may see him, and wonder what kind of an animal it perchance may be.

Hyde Park is only perfect, weather apart, when every chair is taken, when the Prince is coming down the ride—not showing too perfectly in the saddle, it must be admitted—and the most popular woman in England, the Princess of Wales, is seen, quite unaccompanied, driving that couple of ponies in a low carriage, all of which have become historical, and will become more so.

A year or two since the Park was not complete without the "Duchess." But it must be admitted that the appearance of the Russian princess, in a high carriage, with policemen by way of outriders, and policemen behind, never created a very favourable effect.

The Park now fills with the fashion twice a day in the London Season—before lunch and before dinner.

The first resort to the Row is quite as modern as it is a sensible invention, for the fashion, like ordinary people, are all the better for turning out early in the day.

Some imperious lady of fashion has stopped the line of carriages in order to speak to a young grandee leaning on the rail, or a high mettled steed has reared, become unmanageable for the moment, and has brought all the fashion upon wheels to a standstill.

And so it is that the two eligible men you see tall and well-formed, as are six out of seven of the best men who frequent the Park, have a chance of even going the length of leaning on the panels of a carriage they know, and talk to the fair two of its occupants; while the third lady, "the mater," after a most gracious greeting, leans back, and allows the young people to have their confidences. A clever mother watching over daughters is one thing—spying upon them another. Here is one who has learnt the lesson.

So they drive, walk, or ride along the line of fashion, with what of the rest of London which chooses to come, taking the air, on both sides of "the Mile."

Good, indifferent, bad, very bad, the great procession moves along. Our rulers and governors that are to be, that are, and that have been;

good women and bad; peeresses, calm, shapely, and not too good-looking, riding imperiously in open carriages; while in the close little broughams which fashion prescribes for them come beautiful women, with a lurking something in the face which says that, despite their apparent prosperity, they are not happy.

So the season passes, with its changes. June Saturdays were the great days, but now the last Wednesdays in the month are the great times of fashion, for it is then that the Four-in-Hand Club rendezvous in the Park, and go forth in solemn procession, sometimes this way, sometimes that, but generally to Richmond, and recently, once every season, to the Alexandra Palace, the roads to which are broad, straight, and in admirable order.

The Prince does not coach a four-in-hand. When he appears with the club he is generally on the left of the Duke of Beaufort, who is one of the great whips of the age.

The Prince has not this year shown on the box of a four-in-hand. His absence has been due, in the first place, to his presence in Paris, where his duties as chairman of the English Commission in connection with the Paris exhibition have compelled the Prince to remain a considerable time. Then the death of the late King of Hanover has interrupted the outdoor projects of the Heir Apparent. It is to be hoped, however, that before the close of the season the Prince will be seen with the four-in-hand, for his face is certainly one of the most popular met during the London season.

Never can we observe better specimens of an Englishman than on a four-in-hand day in Hyde Park. No better show of what England in the shape of the English remains to us is seen than the display in the Park on these occasions.

For it is something to tackle four horses at one and the same time—to keep cool, and not get the steeds all over the place.

If you doubt this, observe a Frenchman, a German, or even an American, with two horses. No; England is not played out while some of her best and pluckiest men can tackle a four-in-hand in the blaze of a London season.

As even-time approaches, the fashion fades from the Park, and leaves the lungs of London to the million. First come the thousand bathers, then the citizens to walk in the cool of the evening; while, when nightfall has arrived, every public seat, every corner has its couple of lovers, who find very little to say, and yet say it rapturously.

Meanwhile, far in the distance, and joining the Park, twinkle the lights within the houses where live those who make the London Season.

A few weeks, and most of those houses will be dark and drear when the night comes. Then will the London Season be over, and for nine months the Park will chiefly be frequented by Londoners, who know nothing of the London Season, and contentedly divide the year into spring, summer, autumn, and London winter.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EQUANIMITY.—We must patiently suffer the laws of our condition; we are born to grow old, to grow weak, to be sick, in spite of all physic. 'Tis the first lesson the Mexicans teach their children. So soon as they are born they thus salute them, "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing." 'Tis injustice to lament that that has befallen anyone which may befall everyone.

TRUE RELIGION.—The idea that religion is a kind of slavery to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness is the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues.

GOOD ADVICE.—Accustom a child as soon as he can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to the objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his observation, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of the thoughtful character.

SIMILE.—The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have during their existence, bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victim; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of a man to heal.

NEVER NEGLECTED.—It is useless to deny the power of beauty. In the drawing-room or ball-room the really pretty girl is never a wallflower. Everybody gives her, at least, a chance, and everybody wants to dance with a girl with whom everybody is dancing. Prestige is soon acquired in a ball-room, and nothing gives it so quickly as a pretty face. The old stagers and the shrewder hands, perhaps, find her out, and avoid her, as a Dead-Sea apple; but there is always a fresh supply of young fellows to be attracted by that settled bloom and that eternal simper.

A MOSAIC.—Happiness is composed of many small joys. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardour of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought unto us.

BODY, MIND AND WILL.—The question is sometimes asked, why it is that in health a man can will to use his muscles, and why they will obey him with great regularity, whereas, if he commands his mind to act in any particular way—as, for instance, if he commands it to think anything, or remember anything—it may or it may not do it. The answer to this is that the muscles are under the control of the will, and, if in health, obey its mandates very easily. On the other hand, the power to think, write, &c., being a mental power, is not so completely under the will; hence men, so to say, have to cudgel their brains to bring them up to the working-point.

TEASING.—There are many bad habits which, though they cannot be called by so severe a name as vices, are nevertheless grave faults, regrettable on all accounts, and working a great deal of mischief when indulged in. One of them is the habit of teasing. Always a tendency to be checked in oneself, as dangerous to the comfort of others, and sure to weaken friendship and create enmities, teasing is an infiction which we must bear with patience, if we would not be ridiculous, and in being ridiculous lay ourselves open to renewed attacks. The only thing to do is to bear the rub heroically, and never show that it chafed—unless indeed nature has gifted us with ready wits and a power of quick return, when we can give as much as we are obliged to receive, and silence our would-be persecutor by becoming in our turn the assailant.

ANSWER THE LITTLE ONES.—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should certainly be taught not to interrupt conversation in company; but, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who either have learned to solve these mysteries or have become indifferent as to an explanation are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions" a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience then, and think how welcome to you would be a translator if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—The first requisite to success is not to undertake an unwise and impracticable thing. For this reason the advice often inculcated by wise and great men has been to give much time and reflection to the formation of plans. Be slow to decide; but, having resolved, be prompt to act. It is not sufficient, by any means, to be prompt in beginning to act. That is easy to every one. It is the continued, persevering, unflagging activity which alone accomplishes great results. The temptations which beset a man's steps at every stage to divert his attention from the main pursuit he has fixed on are almost innumerable, and, if he is irresolute and weak, they are found irresistible. This accounts for numerous failures. If a man has not attained what he started for, it will almost be found that he has been attending to something else. The song of the bird by the wayside fell upon his ear and charmed his senses, or the bright flower caught his eye and he lingered, when his pace should have been onward and firm.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Twenty francs will be charged for a quarter of an hour's ascent in the monster captive balloon.

SIR Richard Wallace has been elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux Arts.

A PRETTY new fan is of solid silver, wrought in a delicate tracery of ferns and ivy leaves, with a monogram set in pearls on one of the outer sticks.

THE colour for autumn and winter will be Bordeaux, and it will be exactly the hue of the well-known wine from which it takes its name. Pale blue is to be the contrasting colour.

Two branches of trade are brisk just now at Paris—fans at four sous each, and muzzles to prevent dogs going mad, or to make them so, according to some people.

"CHAWLES" is in Paris. Mr. J. L. Toole has come over to see the World's Fair in the Champ de Mars, and take a breath of air on the Boulevards.

VISITORS to the Exhibition are initiated into all the mysteries of Paris; thus, for the three months ending last June, 184 more horses, mules, and asses were consumed as compared with the same period last year.

THE new electric light, called after the inventor, Jablochhoff, is often now used at fashionable balls in France. It is certainly trying for the complexion, but more so for the dresses, for a costume must be exquisite in freshness, or the defects are easily seen.

THE extreme of fashion this year in Paris is to wear natural flowers in straw hats. A little glass tube, like that worn by men in their button-hole, is fixed on the hat, and keeps the bouquet fresh. The flowers are chosen to harmonize with the dress worn. Roses, however, with plenty of foliage, are now in vogue.

THE total number of "recompenses" of all sorts to be accorded to the exhibitors in the Paris Exhibition is definitely fixed at 29,500. They will comprise 2,600 gold medals, 6,400 silver, 10,000 bronze, 10,500 honourable mentions. The number of exhibitors is 53,005.

SCOTTISH Clan tartan dresses are the fashion as walking costumes in Paris. At the races and Exhibition several of these tartan costumes with round short skirts, to represent the kilt, were seen. The material of these tartans is fine thin wool, but a few very pretty ones in thin silk have been exhibited. Legs are of importance in this style.

THE American oarsmen, who lately covered themselves with such honour at the Henley Regatta, will soon be in Paris, and are to take part on the Seine in an international regatta with French and English crews. The detailed conditions of the encounter have not yet been made public, but it is to be hoped that the affair will prove of proper importance, and not such a hollow farce as the International Regatta in 1867 was allowed to be. The American boys have proved that they can hold their own against the best crews in the world; and, perhaps, on French water we may see them victorious.

THE Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne received in May a collection of pug dogs from Dresden. The beauty of the lot was a black pug dog which an inhabitant of Dresden had sold a few weeks before. The black dog somehow or another made his escape the day after the collection reached Paris and no clue to him could be found. A few weeks ago the manager of the garden received a letter from the dog dealer, inclosing a post-office order for the money paid for the dog, and stating that the poor dog had returned to his old master's house in Dresden and that nothing could induce the master to part with him again. The poor dog had run 600 miles without stopping to rest until he found his old home again.

THE exhibits of maps on the part of France is bad—especially those of a commercial and scholastic nature. The military and marine maps are special. The first, of France, is enormous and well coloured, but no country can produce anything superior to the little map of Java—the only production of the kind the Dutch show. Ordinary French maps are behind the age; modern discoveries are not to be found in them, the purchasers being limited, editors cannot bring out frequent editions. The best maps are either too condensed or too voluminous—the handy and reliable atlas is unknown. The geographical maps of Sweden are well executed, and a Captain President shows 400 maps of Italian mountain ranges, taken to ascertain their altitude by photography.

On the 7th of September next, a Grand International Trotting Meeting will take place at the Maisons-Lafitte race-course, near Paris. The affair has been skilfully organized by a special commission, and great inducements are held out to American, Russian and English trotters, so it is confidently hoped that a number of foreign horses will compete, in which case the meeting would present much interest, especially if the drivers appear in their national costume, and the vehicles used are also those employed at home. The Russian *troiska*, drawn by a sleek, silky, long-tailed Orloff, would pull up by the side of the American skeleton buggy, with a seat just wide enough for one of the natty-looking Yankee drivers to patch himself upon it, and the more heavy French frames would also figure. Normandy and several other parts of France produce a breed of good, natural trotters, and if properly developed and encouraged, trotting might, in time, become an important institution in France. The international meeting at Maisons-Lafitte will certainly go some way towards bringing about this result.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

HOW AN ACTOR LIVES.

Professor David Swing, writing to the Chicago *Alliance*, gives this picture of the home of Lawrence Barrett and its inmates:—Lawrence Barrett learned years ago that the sea could help him over his vacations and reconstruct his mind and body, and he bought a piece of its edge and built a beautiful cottage on its rocks. In infinite kindness the sea runs inland every few miles, to make places for homes and boats and fish nets and boat houses. The vast Atlantic fringes itself, and each tassel of this fringe becomes a summer resort. Mr. Barrett owns an acre or two of this sea-washed ground, and from a solid high wall, all his own, he steps down into his boat, or into the water, or takes in the life-making air. His house overlooks the watery scene from the rocks, which stand, perhaps, forty feet above the highest tide. The house has spacious porches, and is, indeed, all that taste and common sense can ask. It is large and inviting. The inmates so far surpass the house, or any house, that only an architect or a carpenter could study the porches and gables and forget the mortals within. I shall leave Cohasset without knowing how my room was frescoed and carpeted, and of what kind of wood my door was made, for the family monopolizes my thought and regard. Mr. Barrett is a star with four satellites—Mrs. Barrett and three daughters, and in all the universe no group moves in more perfect harmony. The eldest daughter is near twenty, the second about sixteen, the youngest about nine. Mrs. Barrett seems as young as her children. The affection that binds these five is so strong as to be beautiful to behold. The oldest daughter has already acquired quite a perfect acquaintance with the German and French languages, and with the literature of her own English. She has translated and written out the "Don Carlos" of Schiller, and is busy at all hours with books, music, or rambles. The popular Barrett does not make his home a stage. There are clergymen who seem always preaching, and so there are actors who always seem treading the boards, but Mr. Barrett packs his art away in vacation with his wardrobe. It was with difficulty that we could induce him to read aloud a few simple verses, a night or two since, and then he read with the modesty of the parlour, instead of with the enthusiasm of the stage. I find that the mind of such an actor, in its book relations, inclines to history and biography. The library in this cottage is rich with the records of the past. As the lawyer is partial to works on jurisprudence and philosophy, and as the naturalist delights in Buffon and Audubon, so, rationally, the true actor loves most that history in which parade the men and women whom he must recall to life. Mr. Barrett's shelves are laden with the best accounts of the world's yesterday, and from the men of Shakespeare to the men of Sophocles. All these volumes have been read, for the speech of the owner shows that he is not one of those mental beings who buy wooden books by the square foot. This fact I learned in the cool air of Cohasset: that the actor's profession compasses the preacher's calling in developing the memory. The many professions called learned can depend much upon notes and books of reference, but the actor must make his memory carry a heavy load. Such brains as Barrett's and Booth's are compelled to know by heart vast quantities of prose and verse.

PLEASANTRIES.

THEY were playing a military piece, full of petards and patriotism. The leading man, who had assumed the character of the commander-in-chief, is bravely leading his supers on to storm the foeman's citadel, when he slips and comes down heavily. With much presence of mind he feebly waves his sword and cries: "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded. Do not stop to aid me, but go where glory waits you. Upon the foe! Charge!! *Vive la France!*"

He is called before the curtain seventeen times.

THE lamented X. left a charming widow and a daughter who grew up to be even more charming. She grew up with fearful rapidity, too, especially from her mother's point of view.

"Why, Florence, what a big girl you are getting to be! How old are you?" said one day an old friend of the family.

"Fifteen and a half almost," replied the girl; "but don't let ma know."

"Well," said the infuriated domestic, tearing off his livery, "if you think you know how it ought to be done better'n I do, pay me my wages and let me leave your deuced old shanty."

"You should say, 'The deuced old shanty of my lady,'" said his courteous lady in a tone of mild reproof.

ON the 14th ultimo a tottering old man, who proclaimed himself a centenarian, was securing repeated treats from ardent Republicans by declaring that he had been a prisoner in the accursed Bastille, whose demolition they were celebrating.

The sympathizing crowd figured it out: "1785 from 1878—he was only eleven years old. O, the horrors of the *ancien régime*. *Holla, garçon, pose-les en haut encore.* (Hi, boy, set 'em up again.)"

They asked him, as he was wiping his mouth, how long he had rotted in that loathsome dungeon.

"Thirty years," he said, in a sepulchral voice.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the crowd. "At the age of eleven the unfortunate child had already been secluded thirty years from light and air. *A bas les tyrans!*"

THE colonel of the 999th regiment gave a grand banquet to his officers, among whom was X., a grizzled old captain, who, the soup being removed, thinking himself still at his by no means pretentious boarding-house, selected the largest of the glasses before him, breathed into it and carefully wiped it out. The colonel seeing this action from the head of the table, and imagining that a speck had been left in the glass, signed to the attentive servant, who instantly removed it and substituted another one, which the captain proceeded to examine and cleanse with equal care. Another signal to the servant was as promptly obeyed, when lo! the awful voice of the veteran is heard:

"Torpedoes and mitrailleuses, do you think I'm going to sit here and swab out all your tumblers ——— you, you ———"??!!

DURING the Commune, Gustave Courbet got sick and tired of hearing the "Marseillaise" howled and shrieked all day long, so donning his red sash of office he went to an eminent composer of his acquaintance and said:

"See here, the 'Marseillaise' is getting to be a condemned nuisance. We want a real Republican march—something newer, more modern, more realistic, something unpretentious and easily remembered."

"That's all right," said his friend, "just you bring me the words and I'll furnish the music—nothing easier."

"The words?" said Courbet, who prided himself on his rhyming powers. "O, anything will do. For instance:

Zoom, zoom, zoom—
Clarions boom!
Rubadub, dub—
Drummers drub!

Citizens, with your melody advance!
Hurrah for the Republic and for France!"

"Well," said the stupefied composer, "that'll do for the first verse. Now for the second."

"The second verse?" cried Courbet; "there is no second verse. What in thunder do you want a second verse for? It's a march."

"Well, if it is ———"

"Why, being a march, and the singers being marching, it is heard by different people all the time. So you don't want any second verse."

BURLESQUE.

A WOMAN'S FALSE ARITHMETIC.—The other day, soon after a Congress street woman had decided to build a big strawberry short-cake for supper, she heard the musical voice of a peddler crying in the wilderness:

"Great big strawberries—8 cents a quart—three quarts for 25 cents."

"Nothing like taking the advantage of discount," said the woman as she ran for a dish, and in five minutes she had her three quarts of berries and the peddler had her silver quarter.

Time passed on. She sat in a rocking chair looking over the luscious fruit, when all of a sudden she turned pale and began breathing hard. It was not a case of heart disease or spinal meningitis, nor had a new wrinkle suddenly developed itself on her forehead. She had simply figured:

"Eight cents per quart—three quarts for twenty-five cents—three times eight is twenty-four."

Her son came in just as she had slipped a revolver into her pocket and tied her bonnet-strings into a square knot, and when he asked her where she was going she solemnly replied: "Harry, I am going out to kill a strawberry peddler—a seven-story hypocrite and deceiver, who gave me wholesale rates on these berries! Tell your father to engage three lawyers and be at the Central Station in half-an-hour!"

But the strawberry man had passed on—had sought other shady and innocent neighbourhoods, and she returned to her darkened home with a toothache under her ear, and her heart beating at the rate of 115 degrees in the shade.

HAT FLIRTATION.—For the past two years there has been a pleasant rivalry among literary people to devise a mode of expressing the thoughts by certain signs and acts, so as to be understood and read by parties distant. To this end they first devised the handkerchief flirtation, then the fan, and now the glove, each in turn becoming more popular as they were invented. Among a certain class, however, there was still a vague, uncertain sort of deficiency, a kind of indescribable sort of lacking that failed to cover the ground. A few of the young men had no gloves, and others were without fans, and still a greater number were frequently unprepared to give a creditable handkerchief entertainment by reason of the great washerwoman monopoly, which is carried to such an extent in cities. To meet this long-felt want the *Champion* has designed a flirtation with the hat, which will be duly entered according to Act of Congress as soon as a feasible entrance to Congress can be effected.

In introducing a flirtation with the hat, it has been the experience of many of our most proficient flirts that it is better to raise the hat perpendicularly from the head a few inches that the object of your flirtation may be satisfied of

the absence of bricks or other cutaneous substances which are sometimes fatal to the success of your advances. The following are the different interpretations:

To wear the hat on the right eyebrow—Please step to one side—I'm bad.

To wear the hat on the left eyebrow—Are you there, Moriarty?

To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose—We are watched—by the police.

To wear the hat on the right ear—You will find my photograph on sale with all the principal newsdealers.

To wear the hat on the left ear—I love you, but livery terms and ice-cream are up, so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance.

To carry the hat in the hand—Your father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me. You need not hope.

To place the hat on the back of the head—I am yours; ask mother.

FOOT NOTES.

INTERVIEWING GUNGL.—From Hamburg, Rudolph Aronson writes to the Home Journal: My soul's desire here was to meet the veteran composer, Herr Josef Gungl. I called early in the forenoon at his hotel, Zur Alten Stadt London, and luckily found him at home. Having learnt that I was an American, he immediately began to relate about his sojourn in the United States. In 1848 he crossed the Atlantic with an orchestra of thirty-six men, and gave some concerts at the Astor Place Opera House, or theatre, and then visited several other cities, intending also to go to California with his orchestra, but was prevented from doing so by the abandonment of some eighteen or twenty of its members. He returned to Europe in 1849, and has ever since concurred, intending, however, to devote all of next winter to composition. A daughter of Herr Gungl whom he calls "Die Amerikanerin," was but six months old when she visited America with him; she is now a Madame Naumann, and quite celebrated as a vocalist in Frankfurt and other German cities. Herr Gungl wrote two of his prettiest and most successful waltzes, "Traume auf den Ocean" and "Delaware Klänge," in America, a fact which he recalled with pleasure. After I informed him of my proposed popular concerts in New York, and of my intention to perform his music frequently, he said he would gladly compose a waltz especially for the occasion, to be termed "Erinnerung an Amerika" ("Reminiscences of America.") In the evening I attended his concert, and, by request, he played his celebrated "Oher-Landler," which was superbly performed. Herr Gungl, like Strauss, is a very amiable, good-natured man, and although advanced in years, does not think of retiring from his profession. He has composed almost one thousand piano-forte-pieces, nearly all of them arranged for orchestra.

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.—The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own. The Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed; there is a high-souled meaning and expression, a seeming consciousness of gentle empire, that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist; then the richly-abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids. Of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's cashmere in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their majestic sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all the bright cities of the Aegean, and may still weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing "politics," *politike*, of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their winking ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one-half of that which the speakers would fain say. I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plentiness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary "*Je ne sais quoi*."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF VENUS.—Some points of interest relating to the natural history and archaeology of Cyprus are illustrated by Professor Unger, a traveller in the island, in a lecture delivered at Graz, in 1866. The myth according to which Venus, after her birth from the foam of the sea of Cythera, betook herself to Paphos, and thus acquired the domicile which in our day constitutes her a British subject, may, in Prof. Unger's opinion, be explained by the abundance and peculiar qualities of the sea foam upon the Paphian coast. In the early spring, it appears, a snowy mass is heaped up many feet above the water's edge, and carried inland in quantities by the gales. The professor had not an opportunity of witnessing this phenomenon at Paphos, (now Baffo), but he observed a corresponding one in

the salt marshes near Larnaca, and satisfied himself that the abundance and peculiar density of the foam were principally owing to the slimy secretions of a kind of seaweed (*Palmella Ungerianna*) which has not hitherto been found anywhere else. He further observed that the froth teemed with the spawn of a small species of crab (*Pilumnus hirtulus*) to the extent, as he calculated, of not fewer than a million ova to the cubic inch. With reference to the fertility of the Cyprian soil, Herr Unger observes that a chemical analysis shows the constituents of the alluvial deposits of the rivers to be almost identical with those of Nile mud, except that the former contain more calcareous and less alkaline matter. The locust, now so formidable an enemy to cultivation, was in ancient times almost unknown. It is not the common migratory species, but a much smaller though not less voracious one (*Stauronotus cruciatus*.) It is permanently established in the eastern part of the island, whence it issues in the summer to make the circuit of the whole. It might probably be suppressed by European colonization.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN who is poor and generous has fewer friends than a man who is rich and stingy.

So live that when thy summons comes you won't fear the constable who serves it on you.

A DOCTOR enjoys bad health without ever having tried it, though he has the patience to do so.

THE three degrees in medical treatment: Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.

ANY man pays too much for his whistle when he has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

THOUSANDS of boys would go dirty all summer if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

THERE is a sort of constructive consolation in thinking that a great many people will freeze to death next winter.

WITH the exception of delinquent subscribers, everything is about a fortnight earlier than usual this year.

SEE how the little busy bee improves each shining minute; how gayly lights he on your nose and sticks his stinger in it.

AN audience cannot be too thankful when it hears a letter read from a statesman instead of listening to an expected speech.

WE are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for silence or pomposity for erudition.

THE heart of many a burned-out merchant has been hurt by thoughtless insurance companies inquiring into the cause of a fire.

AN Illinois lawyer, who charged a widow \$25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to \$3 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

"I NEVER knew a convict to put any energy into hymn singing, unless he was planning to escape," says an ex-convict from the Ohio penitentiary.

THE boy who will ride around all day on a velocipede considers himself terribly imposed upon if he has to wheel his baby sister two or three blocks.

A WOMAN may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

"DEAR me," said a good old lady who was unable to keep up with her work. "I shall be glad when I get into eternity, so as to have plenty of time for everything."

THE same backache which makes a boy howl when he's digging potatoes, wreaths his face in smiles when he slips off the back way to the picnic. Boys are curious insects.

"WHEN the squaller homeward flies" is usually when a good marksman lodges a blacking-brush on the starboard quarter of the high tenor of the *Frisch* troupe in the backyard.

BRANDY has been made from sawdust. Ice is packed in sawdust, and that is why so many water-drinkers become intoxicated. It is the sawdust on the ice that makes the good man reel.

IT's all nonsense about church-goers avoiding the contribution box as it comes along. Those who don't feel like cashing small drafts on Heaven stay away from church until the evening service.

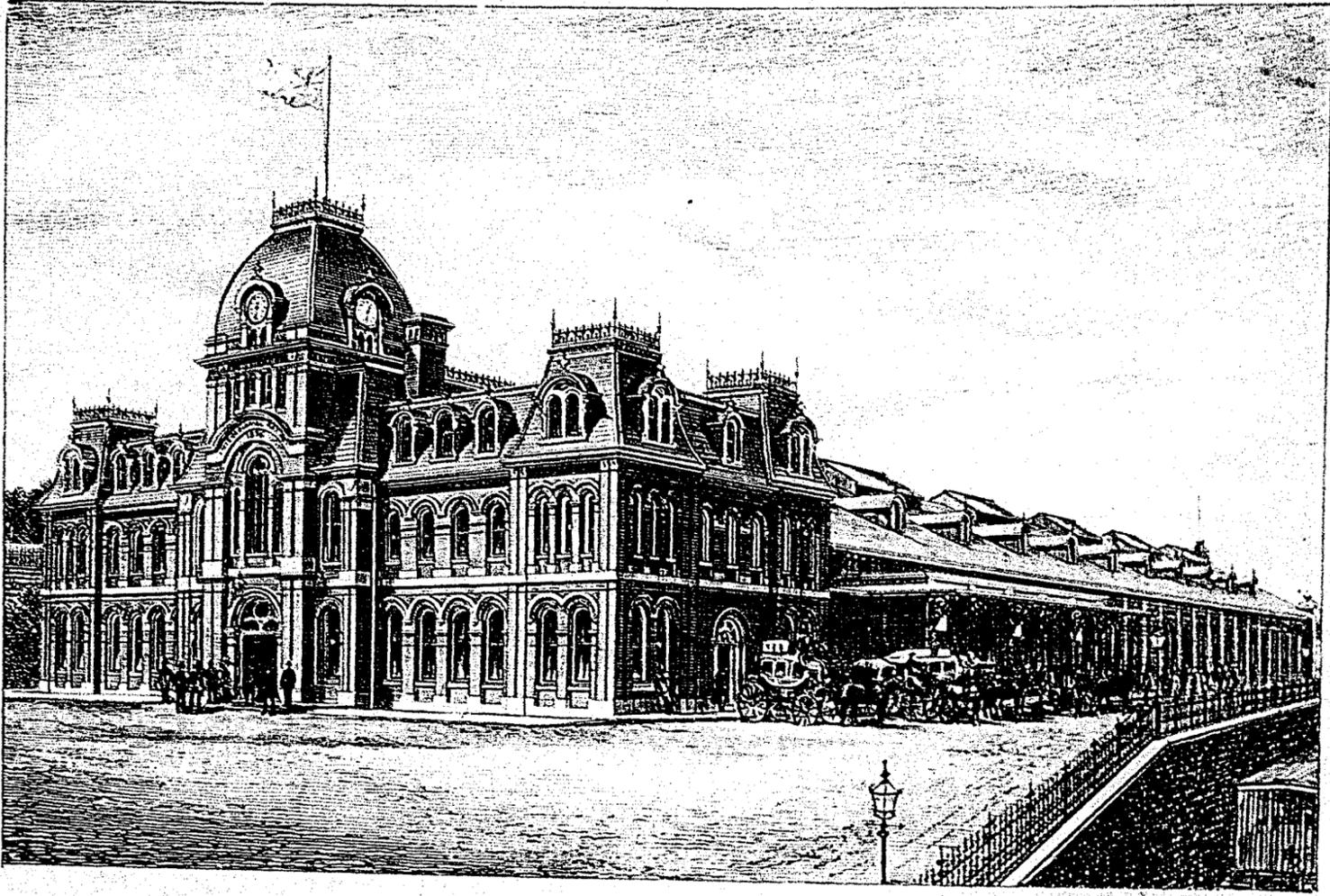
"THANK heaven," said a tormented passenger, "there are no newboys in heaven." "No," replied the newbaby, "but what comfort do you find in that?" The man didn't say, and everybody else looked pleasant.

WHEN little Tommy stoops to toy with berries, jam and jelly cake, no art can soothe the chastened boy—no nostrums ease his stomaehache. And if the gripping pains defy the medicines prescribed to foil, his parents had better try the limpid, liquid castor oil.

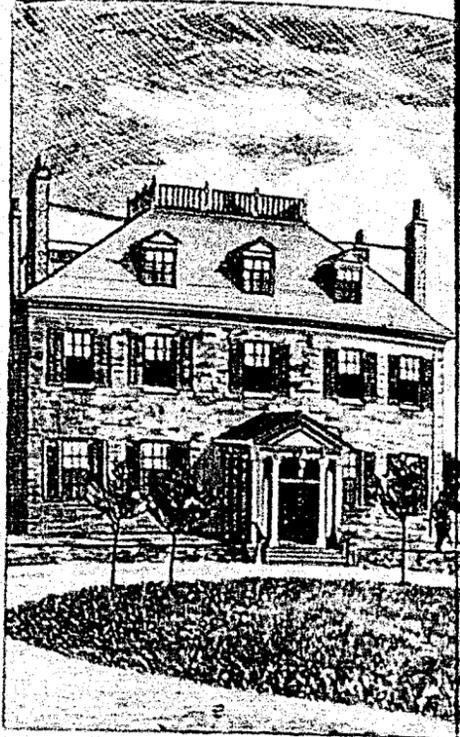
A MINISTER's life has frequent disappointments. During the great revival a stolid, matter-of-fact farmer went into the inquiry-room, and was at once taken in hand by anxious and zealous workers. He seemed to be visibly affected by the hymn that was sung, and after the prayer one or two tears were apparently discovered. When asked, "Brother, do you feel any change?" he made a rapid and instinctive movement of his hand in the direction of his vest pocket, and then settling back in his chair with a sigh, replied, "Not a cent, that's just what I'm after."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

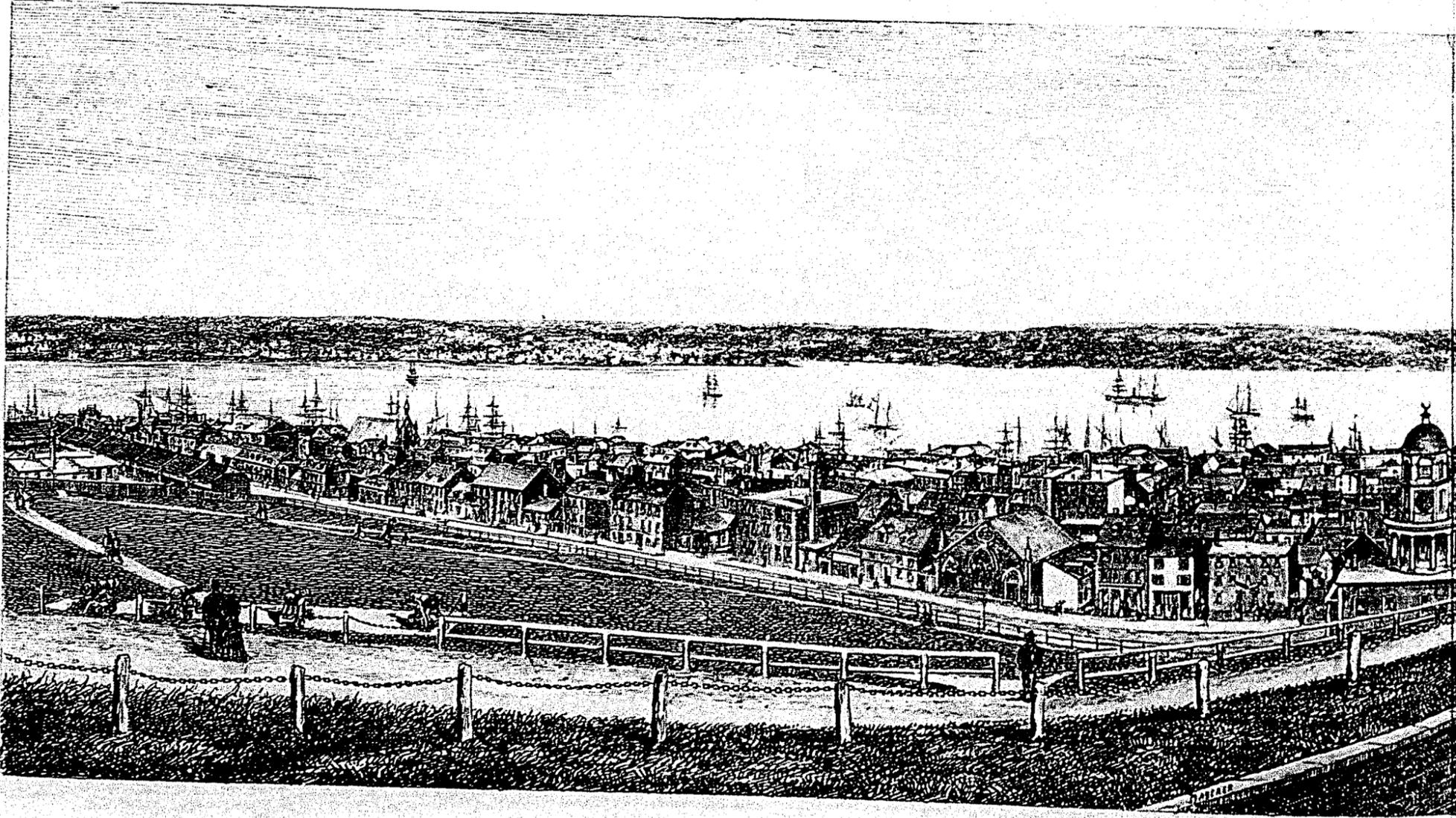
An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility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



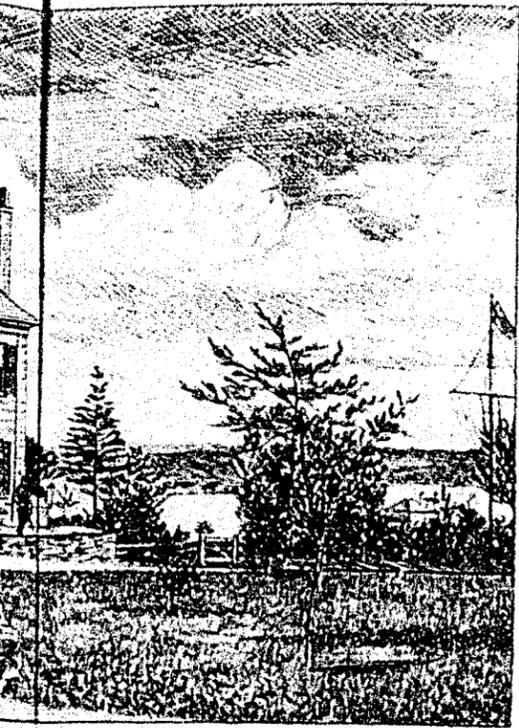
NEW INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION.



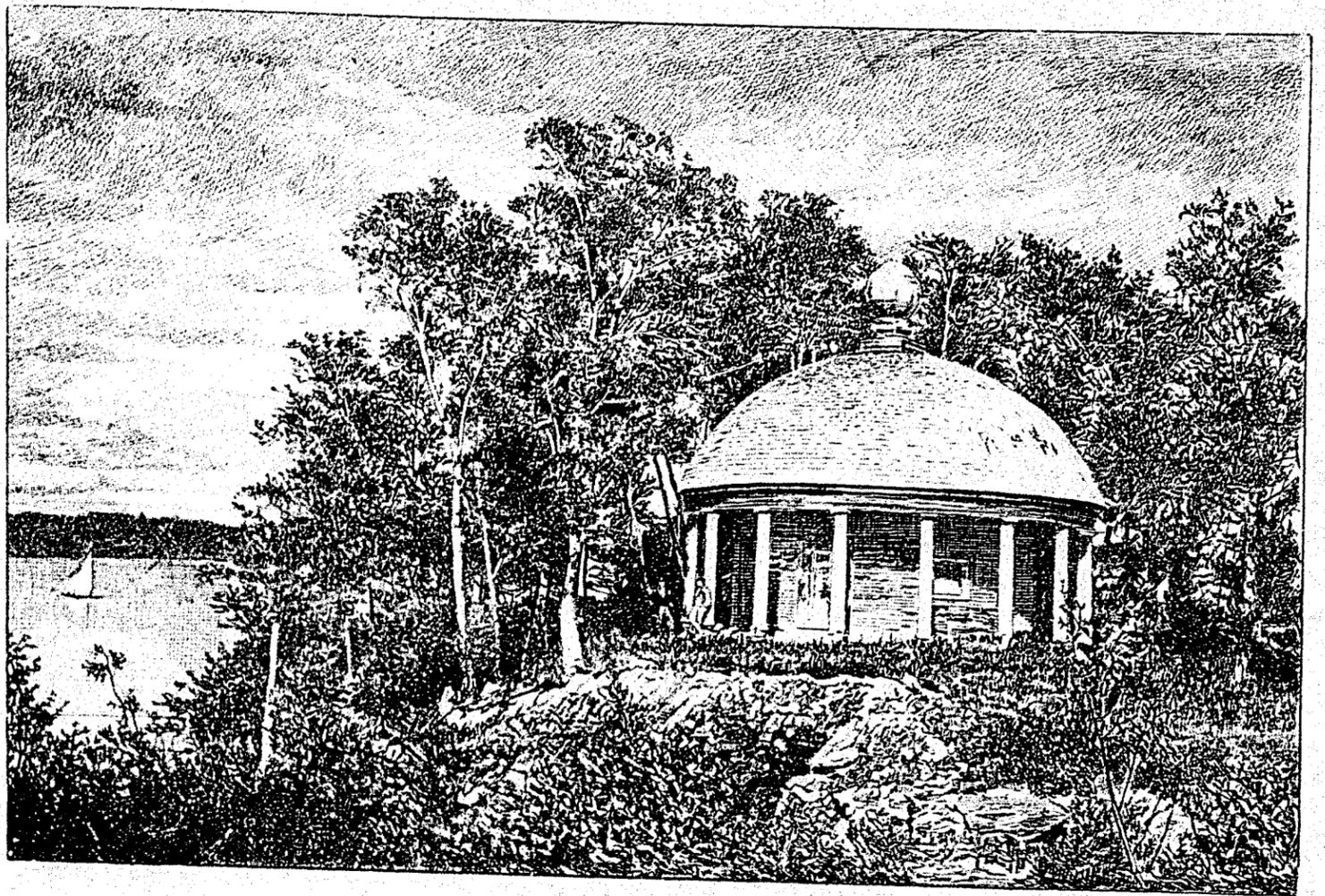
THE ADMIRALTY



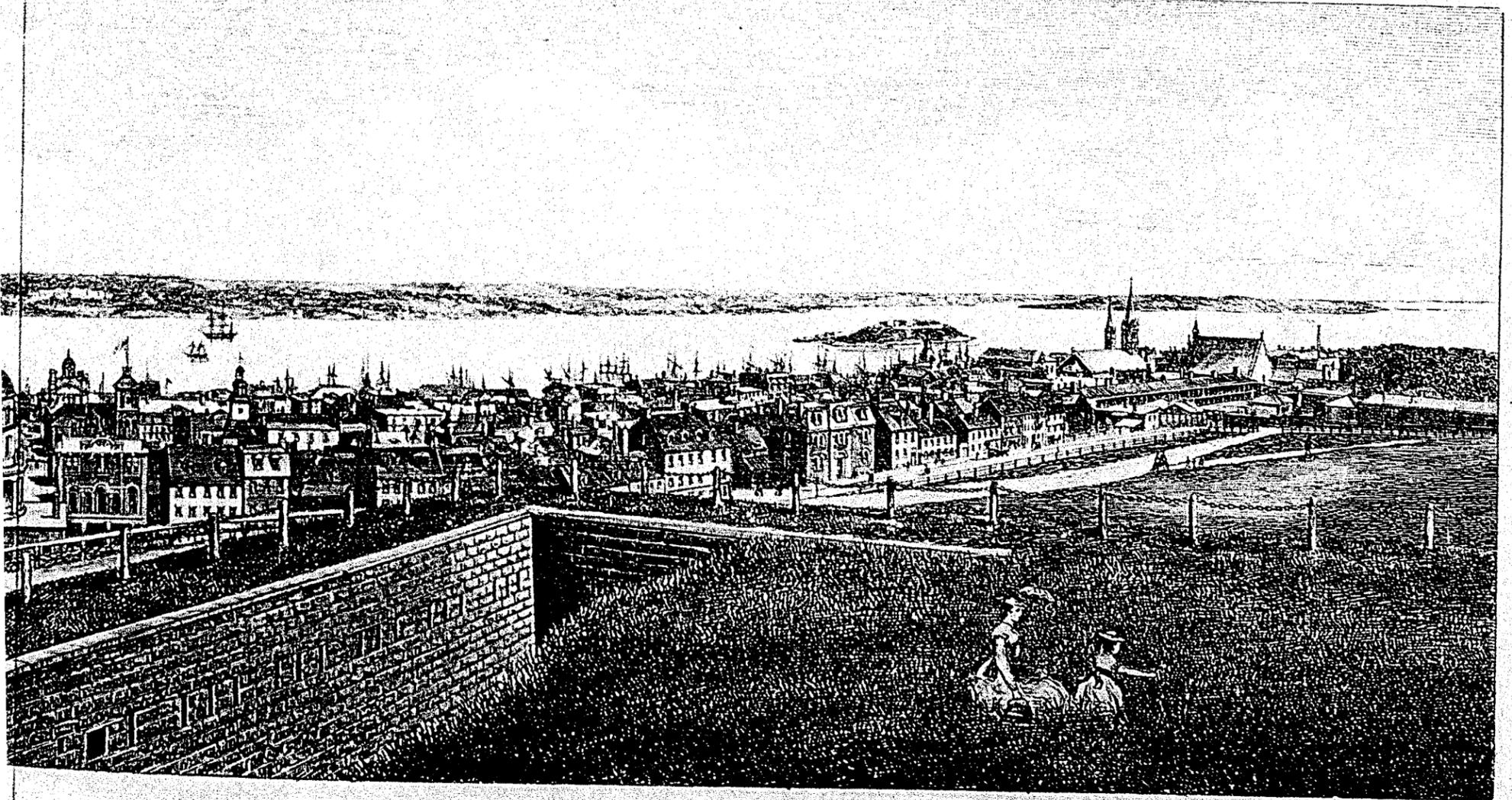
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY



ADMIRALTY HOUSE.



ROUND HOUSE, PRINCE-LODGE.



OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

A CANADIAN VETERAN.

It was summer time, and softly swept the warm sweet air along.
Laden with the breath of flowers, laden with the wild birds' song;
And it brushed the long, white tresses of an old man's silver hair.
As beside the open casement sat he dreaming in his chair,
And upon his aged heart strings played a low, æolian tune,
Bringing back to his December thoughts and fancies of his June.
But a quick step on the stairway, and a low voice in the hall,
Sent the past into the shadows and the present did recall:
And a tall and stalwart stripling, with a smooth and beardless face,
Eagerly into his presence strode with manly air and grace.
"Grandson," cried he then right quickly, and his voice rang loud and clear,
"I have donned my suit of armour, I am now a volunteer!
I have donned my suit of armour for my country and my Queen,
And I hope to be as valiant as my aged grandsire hath been!"
Then a flush lit up the features, erst so wan and deathly pale,
And the old man's eyes shone proudly on the youth so stout and hale.
"I was dreaming, grandson," said he, "dreaming of the buried days,
When the world lay spread before me draped in clouds of golden haze,
So when first you came unto me, clad in hues of brightest red,
I was sure it was my brother who at Beaver's Dam fell dead.
I was sure that it was Harry—Harry, noble, brave, and true!
I was sure that it was Harry, for he looked so much like you!
Oh, I trust, my darling grandson, that the time will never be,
When our beauteous, young Dominion will have need to call on thee!
But I know that to the summons you will answer without fear,
When the drum-beat calls to battle each Canadian volunteer.
Still within my time-worn bosom leaps the blood with eager glow,
As I think upon the far time, when I went to fight the foe.
Ah, right well do I remember when the hasty summons came,
Calling on each brave Canadian to repel with sword and flame
All the vast hordes of invaders that would fain have swept away
From our land the flag of England, and reduced us 'neath their sway.
'Father,' said I, 'I am going,—brother Harry's going too—
We will fight for home and country, do the best that we can do!
'I have fought for dear old England, fought and bled for her,' said he,
'On the billow-surgings courses for her wide domain, the sea!
And I proudly bid you follow now the meteor flag of old,
Bear it bravely up before you, or die bravely 'neath its fold!
Thus with firm, unfaltering accents did he bid us fight or die,
But I saw him brush the tear-drops stealthily from either eye.
When our gentle-hearted mother, filled with agony and woe,
Clung in anguish to her darlings, ere she told us we could go.
'Don't forget your God, my children, don't forget to trust in Him,
Murmured she in broken whispers, while her eyes with tears were dim,
And to each she gave a Bible for a buckler and a shield,
To defend us from temptation in the camp or on the field.
Then I hastened through the forest to bid farewell to one,
Whom I thought the sweetest creature underneath the shining sun.
I had loved her long and truly—loved, but had not dared to tell,
For to me almost angelic seemed my beauteous, little Belle!
But when from her cheeks the colour fled and left her deathly pale,
As she listened, almost pausing, to my briefly worded tale,
Welled my passion from my bosom bursting through its wonted bound,
And the love within my being found an utterance in sound,
While in low and eager accents all my hopes did I unfold,
And I kissed her tiny fingers that in mine lay white and cold.
'I have loved you, darling, loved you,' whispered she in sweet reply,
With a flush upon her features and the love-light in her eye.
'Since the days when we were children roaming round in youthful glee,
But I sometimes feared,' she faltered, 'that you had no love for me.
Now, alas, poor boy, you're going, yet I cannot bid you stay,
But remember when you're absent that for you I'll wait and pray.
Though the parting rends my bosom, still will I be proud of you,
Knowing that for home and country you'll be valiant, staunch and true!
Then her voice broke down in anguish, and I strove to soothe her fears,
But I left her bent in sorrow, left her weeping bitter tears.
With the Union Jack above us, soon we marched to meet the foe,
And at Beaver Dam brave Harry was in death laid cold and low.
As I wept above his body grew a feeling fierce and stern,
Filling all my brain with madness, making it for vengeance burn,
Till I hungered for the conflict, as a tiger for his prey,
And with fiery exultation rushed into each bloody fray.
On I went in reckless humour, braving death in every form,
Formost in the van of battle, at the front in every storm,
Till at length, when death was halting in the fight at Lundy's Lane,
Fell I bleeding 'mong the dying, 'mong the ghastly hosts of slain.
I had seen our flag in danger, seen the phalanx of the foe,
Heard their boastful shouts and cheering, as they thought to crush us low,
And I sprang with lightning quickness, grasped the flag as to the ground,
Fell the soldier who had held it, while his life blood flew around.
Then I sank in pain and anguish, holding still my precious prize,
While the thickening gloom of nightfall shielded it from hostile eyes.

Though the battle raged around me, soon it seemed to sound afar:
Black grew all the air about me, dimly shone each twinkling star;
Gasping out a prayer to Heaven, faintly calling:
'Mother—Belle!
Folded I the flag around me 'neath whose noble folds I fell:
And I whispered low and hoarsely unto Christ within the sky:
'Take me to thy arms, dear Saviour, I am not afraid to die!
Then no more did I remember till the fight was fought and won,
And upon my tortured body shone the brilliant, morning sun.
Roused I then from out my stupor, when I heard a strange voice cry:
'Here is one who like a hero for his flag did fight and die!
Worthy shroud for such a soldier is the flag of England's King—
Ah! he moves—poor fellow—hurry! bid the men assistance bring!
Tenderly they waited on me while my system strove with Death,
And I lay upon my pallet gasping feebly for my breath.
But at last my system conquered and drove off the spectre pale,
That had worn into a shadow me, who once was stout and hale.
Home I tottered, frail and feeble, for my fighting days were done,
And my parents hardly knew me, then their sole surviving son.
Fondly to her aching bosom did my mother press her child,
Shedding tears for brother Harry, as on me she sadly smiled.
Neither she nor father uttered for a time a single word,
And my mother's gentle sobbing was the only sound I heard.
When the evening sun was setting and the day was nearly done,
Slowly walked I through the forest for to meet the beauteous one,
Who had promised to be faithful and to wait and pray for me,
While I fought for home and country, fought for right and liberty.
'Oh, my darling, I am thankful that you're saved to me!' she cried.
'Had you died within the battle, I, too, gladly would have died!
But I answered low and clearly, though my heart felt like a stone:
As it thumped against my bosom in a moody monotone:
'When we parted I was stalwart, rugged, strong and very hale,
But I've wrecked my strength and vigour, now I'm fragile, wan and pale,
Then I had two arms to shield you, now I've got one empty sleeve,
And the arm that's left is nerveless, but, my darling, do not grieve,
I was never fitted for you—' 'Stop!' she spake in accents strong,
'If you're tired and wish to leave me, then I bid you haste along
To the maiden who has won you, but if still your love is true,
Be you then more frail than ever, I will gladly marry you;
Though I loved you when we parted, now I love you fonder still,
When I see your cheek so pallid, when I see you weak and ill,
And I'll ever guard you truly, coax the bloom back to your brow—
Stop! don't talk so! I won't hear you! I will be your master now!
Think you a Canadian maiden would desert her soldier brave,
Who, for her and for her country, flinched not from a soldier's grave!
No! poor boy, I'll not desert you, will not give you cause to grieve,
But with pride and reverence ever will regard your empty sleeve!
Truly did she keep her promise all throughout her loving life,
Causing me to bless the moment she became my precious wife.
She is now among the angels and I long to meet her there,
Well I know she went to Heaven, she was good as she was fair.
Do not flinch, my brave, young grandson, when the hours of peril come,
For your country don your armour, answer to the warning drum.
And remember that above you throned within the starry skies,
There is One that ever sees you, watches you with loving eyes;
And if true to His commandments, He will welcome you to Him.
When the spectre Death o'ertakes you on his pale horse gaunt and grim—
Then the old man's cheek grew whiter, and his tongue refused to speak,
While the tears coursed down the furrows of each time-worn, pallid cheek,
But his eyes grew brighter, clearer, to his cheeks came back their hue,
As he beckoned unto something in the far celestial blue,
And his grandson heard him whisper: "Darling Belle, I soon will come.
Soon I know will sound the summons, beat the angel's warning drum."

C. J. JAKKWAY, M. D.

Stayner, Ont.

RESPECTFUL UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — The American matron in Westminster Abbey moves along corridors and over the bones of the mighty departed in a state of badly-suppressed dismay. Used to walking reverently around the grave of even the humblest mortality, to see herself and brood treading upon the most majestic of tombs is more to her than Paganism. On a second tour of the Abbey we were in the train of such a dame—a fairly-read, intelligent lady, brimful of reverence, one who at home worships her minister, and pays regular respectful Sunday evening visits to the local cemetery. She will never forget her jaunt through Westminster. Her running fire of horror came out in undertones in this wise: "Anne, dear, you are standing right on Ben Johnson." "James, my son, don't straddle over Macaulay in that heathen fashion." "Mr. Jones, you ought to be ashamed to step on poor Charles Dickens." "Mercy on me, here I am walking across Dryden," and the miserable woman sat square down on a bench above the bones of the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and gave up trying to be even half-way respectful in a minister whose every passing stone is a slab covering somebody who once made the world wonder or tremble.

MISS KILLEEN'S LODGER.

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed my aunt, Miss Winifred Killeen, laying down a letter beside her untasted cup of tea, and slowly taking off her spectacles and placing them beside it, "I never, Mollie!"
"Yis, ma'am," came Mollie's reply from the immediate vicinity of the parlour door, where she was ostensibly engaged in dusting the moth-eaten wainscot, but in reality waiting to hear the contents of the letter, the arrival of which caused no small excitement and wonder in her secret breast.
"Come here, Mollie, and read that," said my aunt solemnly, resuming her spectacles, and pointing to the letter; "read—for I'm bothered!"
Mollie turned up the cleanest corner of her apron, and with it took the letter between her forefinger and thumb, held it at arm's length and ran her eye over the contents, then drew it nearer and read it more carefully, looked at it in every possible position, and then laid it down carefully.
"Well, upon my conscience," she exclaimed, "I never!"
"Just what I said myself, Mollie," Miss Killeen observed, shaking her head. "I never—"
"A Killeen of Castle Killeen let lodgings indeed!" cried Mollie, tossing her head scornfully. "A pretty pass things is comin' to!"
"It's very sad, Mollie," my aunt observed, stirring her tea—"very sad!"
"It's worse, Miss Winifred," Mollie cried, her arms akimbo. "I tell ye it's downright shameful an' outrageous!" If I was you, I'd send that whipper-snapper his answer double quick; and in a contemptuous manner she snapped her fingers over her shoulder at the unseen offender.
"Of course he must not come here," said my aunt, taking up the letter again. "Three pounds a week, I think he says," she added, with something approaching a sigh.
"Yis, ma'am, three pound, not includin' turf an' candle-light. But what's three pound a week to a Killeen of Castle Killeen?" Mollie cried, with an echo of my aunt's sigh in her voice. "Keep lodgers indeed!"
"It would never do, I'm afraid, Mollie," my aunt said more sadly than before. "I must write at once and decline the gentleman's offer. Bless my soul, there's no address!"—and my aunt examined the letter at every corner over and under her spectacles. "It's very strange!"
"Milla murther, what's that?" Mollie cried, as a long bang with the heavy iron knocker of the front door echoed drearily through the house.
"What can be the matter?" said my aunt, scarcely less startled.
"I think it's a double knock at the hall-door, aunt," I ventured to remark without looking up from my tea-cup, which I had been studying most attentively all through the foregoing dialogue, never once having been addressed on the subject of the letter, though I had been giving it my best consideration, and had come to a conclusion very different from my elders.
"Who could possibly be knocking at the hall-door, child?" said my aunt, staring at me in wonder. "However, Mollie, you had better go round and see."
The hall-door of Killeen Castle had not been opened for a quarter of a century; and, as all the heavy bolts and locks were covered with rust, it would have been no easy matter to open it; so my aunt desired Mollie to go round and see if any one could be absurd enough to seek admittance that way. And here I may take the opportunity of introducing my aunt more fully and stating a few facts of our family history.
We—my aunt, Miss Winifred Killeen, myself, Una Fitzgerald and Mollie Brady, my aunt's foster sister, nurse, and general servant—had lived together as long as I could remember in the most habitable wing of Castle Killeen, a huge tumble-down old house, beautifully situated on the shores of Lough Corrib. I had never known my father or mother, nor could I call to mind when I had come to live with my aunt. All my life I remembered her as a stately upright, rather severe-looking old lady, with very white hair arranged in prim little barrel-curls all round her thin pale face, and kept in mathematical order by two tortoiseshell side-combs. She always wore a white net cap with a very high caul and three rows of very full, elaborately Italian-ironed borders, the "getting up" of which was Mollie's special delight, with a band of black ribbon velvet across the top of her head, covering her ears, and fastened under the chin with a little brooch containing a likeness. Winter and summer her dress was black—on Sundays an antique brocade silk with a long waist-pointed stomacher and three deep flounces on week days a plain black stuff, a white muslin kerchief round her neck, and a pair of black-lace mittens on her slender white hands. During the seventeen years I had lived with my aunt I could never remember any alteration in her appearance, manner, or dress; and I suppose she saw no change in me, for at seventeen she treated me as much like a child as she did at seven. It seems almost incredible, and it would be laughable if there were not so much real shame and suffering in the memory of it, that a great gaunt girl of seventeen, full of strange, half-formed ideas of the world, gathered from books and from stolen interviews with the few people who lived within walking distance of us, hungry for knowledge, eager for freedom, should be sent to bed every evening at eight o'clock, and lectured severely if she soiled her pinafore.
I was very much afraid of my aunt Winifred,

though I loved her dearly, and still more afraid of Mollie Brady, whom I loved indifferently; but, as I grew older, I began to see that there was nothing very terrible about those two poor old ladies, except their never-ceasing hand-to-hand conflict with grim poverty and their constant struggle after shabby gentility. They were very proud—proud of the ancient descent and departed glory of the Killeens—proud of the Castle which did not contain one really habitable room—proud of their independence—proud, I almost think, of their many misfortunes. The ruined old Castle, a small garden which Mollie cultivated in a most astonishing way, and an annuity of twenty pounds a year were my aunt's sole property and income.

I do not think Molly ever took kindly to me; and, when I remember that I was one more to feed and clothe, I cannot wonder at her regarding me as an intruder, a most unwelcome and unwished-for guest in the house of my poor aunt. But she, good kind soul, never gave me cause to feel so. Nor perhaps did poor Mollie—at least not intentionally; but children have a strange way of feeling things, which they cannot always explain or understand, and I instinctively felt that Mollie regarded me with no friendly eye.

I was about thirteen years old when I first realized this, and for some months, or perhaps years, afterwards I literally lived upon the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, and was as perfectly miserable as any girl of my age perhaps ever was. But at that time I found a friend who was a most sympathetic listener to all of my griefs—a poor, miserable, friendless old dog named Rover, who lived upon sufferance in the nearest village—if such a vagrant could be said to live anywhere. However he was just a degree more miserable than myself, and we became friends, spending hours and hours wandering through the fields and lanes in search of wild strawberries and blackberries, according to the season, which Rover seemed to relish as much as I did when we found them plentiful.

Some years later came the knowledge that my relative and myself were poor—lamentably, miserably, terribly poor—and with it the desire to do something, if not to help my aunt, at least to be no longer a burden to her. I was young and strong, and full of that most blessed of all youth's treasures—hope. Moreover I was not proud, despite all the oft-told tales of the dignity and importance of the Killeens, of their ancient lineage and bygone splendour. In my heart I did not think it would be any disgrace for me to work at anything, provided I were paid for my labour. Perhaps I felt that I was not a Killeen, but a Fitzgerald; and, for all I knew of my father's friends, they might be princes, or ploughmen, or paupers. But the question which troubled me most was how I should broach the matter to my aunt; and then came the puzzling query, "What could I do?" I looked at my hands; they were small and soft, and good for very little, I feared. I could tally my aunt's cap-borders, I thought; but I could not wash a great tub-full of clothes or handle a spade as Mollie did. I could tie up flowers prettily, or draw pictures with pencil, pen, or charcoal, or even sing, and in some instinctive way repeat any tune I heard from aunt's tuneless old harpsichord; but, if my very life depended on it, I could not milk a cow or make a print of butter.

Several times I resolved to do something desperate, and once ventured to ask Mollie to let me help her to cook our simple dinner; but her answer was a sharp "Get away, child, and don't bother me. What do you know of cooking?" "Heaven help me," I said to myself, "I knew nothing of anything, and there is no one in the wide world to teach me, or to care whether I learn or not;" and at such times my only resource was to cry myself to sleep, or else pour all my sorrows and troubles into the sympathetic ears of my poor vagrant friend Rover, who was the only living creature in the world, I thought, as useless, as miserable, and as much in the way as myself.

Such were my feelings when the letter which caused my aunt so much astonishment arrived; and, when Mollie had left the room to see whether there was any one at the hall door, I said, not without much hesitation—

"I wish, aunt Winifred, you would have that lodger."

"My dear, what can a child like you know of such things?" my aunt replied, looking at me severely. "Little girls should not speak till they're spoken to, Una."

"But, aunt, I'm not a—"

"Shure enough ma'am, it's a gentleman that's at the hall door," Mollie cried, rushing breathlessly into the parlour—"a fine, free-spoken gentleman, with a little reticule in his hand, an' he sez he wrote a letter, ma'am."

"The lodger!" my aunt exclaimed, holding up her hands in dismay. "Whatever shall I do, Mollie?"

"Ask him to come in," I suggested, for I was very curious to see a person who from choice would come and live in our dreary, dismal old house; and, besides, I fancied that the advent of a stranger would of necessity, in some shape or other, make a change in my condition.
"No, no," said my aunt nervously. "Tell him I don't take lodgers, Mollie. Say Miss Killeen presents her best respects, and hopes Mr. Philip Kent will excuse her."

"Indeed, madam, he will do no such thing," interposed the gentleman in question, presenting himself at our parlour door, and then entering uninvited, with outstretched hand and smiling face. "The Reverend Father Killeen sent me;

and I'm sure you're much too good-natured to send me back to the smoke and dust of the city again. Positively, my dear madam, I feel better already. I have been very ill, madam; and all I want to set me up now is perfect rest and quiet."

"But, sir, I really have no accommodation," said my aunt, with an absolute blush.

"Pooh, nonsense, Miss Killeen! All I want is a large room with a chair and table; I carry my hammock about with me. In short, I'm here now, and I mean to stay, and you may as well make the best of me," the gentleman returned, with a merry laugh; "and, if you won't have me in the inhabited region, why, I'll make myself a nest with the owls in one of the ruined towers."

"But you are—sir," my aunt began, with an appealing glance at Mollie to come to the rescue, "I never—"

"So much the better, madam," the gentleman said, with his merry laugh; "and I'll be so quiet that you'll never know whether I'm in the house or not. Besides, I assure you the whole success of my new book depends on my having a quiet month here by the lake. Why, this old castle alone will be worth a whole fortune to me! I'll have it for the frontispiece, and go this moment and make a first sketch of it. You will find a large room for me, like a good soul," he went on, following Mollie into the hall, "and get me something for dinner—chop, steak, anything you like. I'll be back at three o'clock," and Mr. Philip Kent put a well-filled purse in Mollie's hand, and, with a smile that seemed to send sunshine into every corner of the house, lifted his hat, and went out the way he had come.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed my aunt. "No, nor me too, ma'am," said Mollie; "but let us make the best of it. He's a beautiful spoken gentleman any way. An' while I slip away to the village for a few things maybe you'll open the windows of the blue room: and Miss Una might take away the few things of her mamma's that's in it."

"It's the pleasantest room in the house," observed my aunt, with a sigh; "and I suppose he must have poor Dora's dressing-room for a sitting-room. Give me the key, Mollie, and come with me, Una child."

Mollie took a huge basket on her arm and started off singing, or rather humming, "Nora Creina;" and with a beating heart I followed my aunt up the great staircase. There were many of the rooms in our house locked up, and this was one of them. I had never been able to get even a glimpse of it, nor did I know that it had been my mother's chamber. I expected almost to see her sitting in it; and so it was with a strange, chilly awe that I followed my aunt, and kept close to her till she had thrown open the shutters and windows; and then, when I looked round, a little sigh of disappointment escaped me. It was a large room, with two bay-windows looking out upon the lake. The furniture was heavy and old-fashioned—in fact, it in no wise differed from the red room or the yellow room, except that the curtains and carpet were less faded and worn, and a pretty shade of blue. There were a few pictures on the walls, which I eyed contemptuously, for I felt I could paint better ones myself, a few vases on the mantelpiece, which I resolved would have some flowers, and, for the rest, the blue room was a somewhat desolate, cold chamber, and the dressing-room off it not much better.

When we had opened all the windows, and shaken out all the curtains, my aunt asked me if I thought I could light a fire. I replied in the affirmative; and, having done what she required to her entire satisfaction, she gave me permission to do anything else which I could to make the room cheerful. "But first take these two boxes to your own room," she said, "and, when you are finished, you shall have the keys of them—they belonged to your mother."

"Thank you, aunt," I replied carrying off the boxes; but I was not so curious about their contents as I should have been on the day before—I was too much occupied in thinking what I could do to beautify Mr. Philip Kent's rooms. Two or three hours passed before my operations were finished, and then, when I paused to survey my work, I found my aunt and Mollie staring at the room in mute surprise.

"Bless the child," said my aunt, "she has done wonders!"

And so indeed I had. For from every room in the house I had carried off everything I thought beautiful or picturesque, and arranged them to the best of my poor ability, and the result was, as my aunt said, wonderful.

"Now, if we could only open the hall-door, the gentleman could come in and out as he liked," Mollie remarked, "and we'd never know he was in the house."

"It's a pity we can't," said my aunt.

"But," I suggested, "aunt Winifred, he might come in by the great window of the saloon."

"Why, of course!" cried Mollie. "I declare, ma'am, Miss Una is getting sense," she added approvingly.

It was on the first of July that my aunt's lodger arrived, and a month passed away almost too pleasantly. The change he made in our gloomy house was marvellous. My aunt bustled about of a morning with an agility that was wonderful; it was good to hear Mollie singing over her work; and Mr. Kent's merry laugh was like music, his presence like sunshine even in our dingy little parlour.

He was delighted with his rooms, and declared that whoever had arranged the furniture

was an artist. The fresh pure air of the hills had done him more good, he said, than all the medicine the whole Royal College of Surgeons could prescribe. The beautiful scenery and strange legends, of which my aunt and Mollie possessed a wonderful store, supplied constant food for his pencil and pen; and, in fact, Mr. Philip Kent seemed to be perfectly happy, and to have made himself quite at home with us.

For myself, I was living in a new world, and breathing a new atmosphere altogether. My aunt had given me permission to keep Mr. Kent's room tidy—and well it was that I had no other duties to perform, for I fear they would have been neglected, and I sadly scolded for my dilatoriness, as I spent most of the long summer mornings poring over the lodger's books, and I used to steal into his sitting-room directly he had gone out, and devour greedily the first book that came to my hand, until I had got through them all, and then I began again.

We were, as I said, very happy at Castle Killeen—so happy that I wonder how we ever lived before—Mr. Kent came. We were no longer half-starved—no longer lacked the common comforts of civilized life—no longer felt incumbent on us to go to bed by moonlight, or daylight when there was no moon, to save the expense of a candle, nor to rake out the fire after breakfast because we could not afford to keep it burning till dinner-time. We had sugar for our tea—a luxury we never dreamt of enjoying before—and butter instead of treacle—in fact, everything was changed for the better; and I do not think my aunt's conscience troubled her very much about the insult she was offering a score of dead and gone Killeens, and the disgrace she had brought to the venerable home of her ancestors by taking a lodger.

It is only by contrast, I think, that one can thoroughly realise any sensation.

To be intensely happy one must have been intensely miserable, and to feel what real misery is one must have been really happy. I thought I had been very wretched as a child, but it was not till Philip Kent had been with us three months, and then talked about going away, that I understood fully what wretchedness was. My childish troubles I had freely confided to my poor friend Rover, whom I had sadly neglected for three long months; but I felt that even he could give me no consolation when Mr. Kent was gone. It was not alone the sunshine of his smile and the music of his mirth that we should miss, but actually bread to eat, fire to warm us, occupation, energy, everything. We should have to return to the old life again, the dull monotonous misery, and I felt that I would much rather die.

It was with some such bitter thoughts that I went into our lodger's room the next morning, and, after mechanically arranging the furniture, I sat down at the table and began turning over the pages of a book that lay open before me. I cannot recall the name of the volume; but there was a sentence in it underlined with red pencil which I have never forgotten—"might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over. But the earth is the Lord's, as the heaven is; we are alike His creatures here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way, like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again."

"May I sleep in peace," I cried, "and never, never awake!" And I laid my head down upon the open book and sobbed bitterly.

I do not know how long my fit of weeping lasted—it may have been an hour, perhaps two—but at length I became conscious that there was some one in the room. With a throbbing heart and crimson face I ventured to look up, and found Mr. Kent, with grave, kind, curious eyes, regarding me from the other side of the table.

"Now that you have got over your sorrow, tell me what's the matter—what has happened," he said gently, putting his hand on my chair and looking down into my face.

"Nothing," I answered, or tried to answer. "Please, I want to go."

"Yes, when you have told me what troubles you," he said, his hand still on the chair. "Young ladies do not cry for a whole hour for nothing, Miss Killeen. I do not like to see your eyes all swollen and red; besides, perhaps I can help you."

"No, I don't want any help—and my name is not Killeen—and—please let me go."

"Certainly, if you really wish it," he said, gravely, drawing back; "but will you not tell me your name first?"

"Una—Una Fitzgerald. My father is dead, and my mother, and I have no friend in all the world except my aunt Winifred."

"Yes, you have, Una—or at least you can have if you will let me be your friend," she said, drawing close to me and putting his hand gently on my hair. "Was your father a soldier, Una?"

"I do not know—he died before I was born; but I have his picture and my mother's. That is all I know of either of them," I said, with a sob.

"Show me the pictures, my child," Mr. Kent said gravely. "And, Una, will you have me for a friend?"

I do not know how it happened, but in a moment more our lodger had both my hands in his, and was looking into my eyes with a strange, glad smile, while I tried to hold down my head in very shame, for my face was crimson.

"Look at me, Una," he whispered—"look up, my dear, just for a moment."

I raised my eyes shyly, for I was frightened at the new happiness which was beginning to

dawn on me, and which I think Mr. Kent must have seen in them, for he drew me closer to him, and then, despite all my efforts, I hid my face in my hands and sobbed out brokenly—

"You are going away?"

"No, little one—not if you bid me stay. I shall never leave you till you say 'Go'—never, never, never," he whispered; "so no more tears. Wipe them away this moment, my dear, and let me see a smile on this rosy face of yours."

I wiped away my tears, and smiled, laughed, and danced for joy the moment I got out of Mr. Kent's room, saying to myself, "He'll stay always—he'll stay always—for I'll never say 'Go.'"

In a few minutes I returned with the miniatures of my father and mother in a small leather case, which I handed to Mr. Kent. He looked at them for a long time, and then said—

"Una, my dear, I knew your father and your grandfather; and now I must go and have a long talk with your aunt. But first tell me, little one, am I to go or stay?"

"To stay, please," I whispered.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"For how long, Una? How long, my dear? A month, or six months, or a year?" he asked earnestly. "Tell me, my dear."

"For ever and ever," I replied quickly—"that's how long."

"Then for ever and ever be it, my darling," he said gravely. "Now go to your room and bathe your face—I shall want you down-stairs presently."

It was a good many hours before I ventured down, and when I entered our parlour my aunt and Mr. Kent were chatting together most confidentially.

"Come here, Una," she said, "I have some good news for you."

"Yes, aunt," I returned calmly, with a glance at Mollie, who stood in the doorway, nodding and winking energetically.

"This gentleman knew your father, my dear, and your grandfather—in fact, he is related to your family—and when your grandpapa died he left you a fortune—in fact, two thousand pounds—so you are an heiress, my dear, or will be when you come of age. You will have about a hundred a year of your own, Una—think of that."

"Yes, aunt," I said again in a stupid sort of way; I'm very glad for you and Mollie—"

"And now, aunt Winifred," broke in Mr. Kent, seizing my aunt by both hands, "I want Una for my wife."

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed my aunt, "I never!"

"What do you say, Una?" Philip asked, opening his arms; and my reply was to walk straight into them; and from that moment until now, when there are more than a few streaks of silver on both our heads, I have never ceased to feel thankful to Heaven for sending my aunt the best lodger and me the best husband in the whole wide world!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A delicate but not uncommon parcel—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

"PERFECTLY mag," is the cultured Boston girl's synonym for "Quite too awful sweet." The Boston girl doesn't waste her words.

An English paper states that "women are too much inclined to tangle the hair," a sentiment that most married men will endorse.

Show us the man who never forgot to mail a letter for his sweetheart, and we will show you a man who always forgot to mail one for his wife.

A NEW YORK judge has decided that a baby-carriage is not a nuisance in its natural state, but it can be made one by any malicious-minded person.

A MAN is not really consistently fitted for married life until he can satisfactorily explain to a woman why it is that when off on business he can never get to the depot to return until the train has gone.

NEVER under any circumstances marry for money. Be very careful, though, to find out beforehand that the girl has plenty of it to have induced you to marry her for money if you had been that sort of a fellow.

It is popularly believed that the first time man ever blushed upon this sinful earth was when as a boy he first saw the condition of his hair after issuing from a cutting and indiscriminate summer scissoring at the hands of his mother.

A LADY writes that she plaits her hair after making it damp, in three strands round one strand of cord, drawing the cord tight, keeping it so over night, and in the morning finding that her hair is in waves.

"She paints beautifully," whispered a young lady to her escort, referring to a stunning belle who had just passed. "Do you think so?" he answered. "It struck me she had put on rather too much this evening." There was a lull.

ANOTHER advantage in moonlight nights for lovers is that the brilliant radiance enables the young men to perceive the sign of the dangerous ice-cream saloon from a remote distance, and consequently, by turning down some other street, save himself.

"What is your religion, Mr. Gibber?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the

good woman, and put her in a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or had misunderstood the question.

THE post-office department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. If she requests the postmaster not to place her letters in her husband's box, it is his duty to comply with her request.

TELL a woman that England had changed to a republic, the Sandwich Islands had sunk and Lake Erie had dried up, and she wouldn't exhibit half the interest that would possess her over the statement that something had at last been invented to remove freckles.

AN editor is pretty certain to lose a patron when his foreman inadvertently puts a married notice under the head of "Another Swindle Come to Light." The groom, instead of accepting the blunder as a new sample of American humour, gets awfully mad, and wants to murder somebody.

HE thought he had married a spirituelle young creature, with aesthetic tastes. The first Sunday morning she ate three platefuls of baked beans and two sections of brown bread. He says it was the most enthusiastic aesthetic taste he ever met with since he saw the lions in the circus fed.

"WHAT is a junction, nurse?" asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day of an elderly lady who stood at her side on a railway platform. "A junction, my dear," answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person, indeed, "why, it's a place where two roads separate."

OF love and wits: In love affairs wit helps everything and decides nothing. In the presence of a woman he loves a witty man thinks too much of what he is going to say and not enough of what she is about to hear. Pretty thinkers should remember that love is a good deal like the opera, where the libretto without the music, the singers and the scenery, does not count for much.

"LOVEST thou me?" said a swain to his last year's girl. "Not much, I don't!" was her emphatic reply. "Then death is my best friend, and here's to his health!" spoke up the sighing lover as he drank off a bottle filled with a mixture which he supposed to be laudanum. But when the emetic, which a shrewd druggist had given instead of laudanum, began to work, his girl just held his hat to save the carpet, and then dragged him out on the door-steps by the hair of the head. He has no longer any faith in the vaunted tenderness of woman's sympathetic nature.

Too good to be lost. Just before the public schools in New Haven closed for vacation, a lady teacher in one of the departments gave out the word "fob" for her class to spell. After it was spelled, as was her custom, she asked the meaning of it. No one knew. The teacher then told the class that she had one, and was the only person in the room that did. After a little while a hand went hesitatingly up. Teacher—"Well, what is it?" "Please, ma'm, it's a beau." Her surprise can be readily imagined. She has since been married.

LITERARY.

BRYANT never read Swinburne, because he thought his works indecent.

DR. JOHN HILL BURTON's History of the British Empire during the reign of Queen Anne will extend to three volumes, and will be published by the Messrs. Blackwood.

GEORGE ELLIOTT's *College Breakfast-Party* will be translated into German by Miss E. Leo, the translator of Browning's *Inn Album*. Her little story, *The Lifted Veil*, is also to be translated into German.

MR. THEODORE MARTIN intends to collect the translations of Heine's *Leider* into Lowland Scotch, which he has printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and to publish them, with some additions, in a separate volume, which Messrs. Blackwood will issue.

MR. RUSKIN's admirers are expecting soon to receive from him his last number of *Fora Travenera*, containing his last homily and his fatherly farewell. It is no secret that he is no longer the man he once was. Writing is a great pain to him, and he can no longer undertake regular work.

THE next volume in Mr. Longfellow's series, "Poems of Places," will be devoted to Asia. The first of these includes Syria; the second, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Turkestan, and Afghanistan; the third, Persia, India, China, and whatever other parts of Asia have been fortunate enough to be sung about.

A LIFE of Alexander H. Stephens, formerly Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, is in the press, and will be published at an early date by the Messrs. Lippincott. The work is by Prof. R. M. Johnston and Dr. William Hand Browne, who have the aid of Mr. Stephens's journals, correspondence, &c.

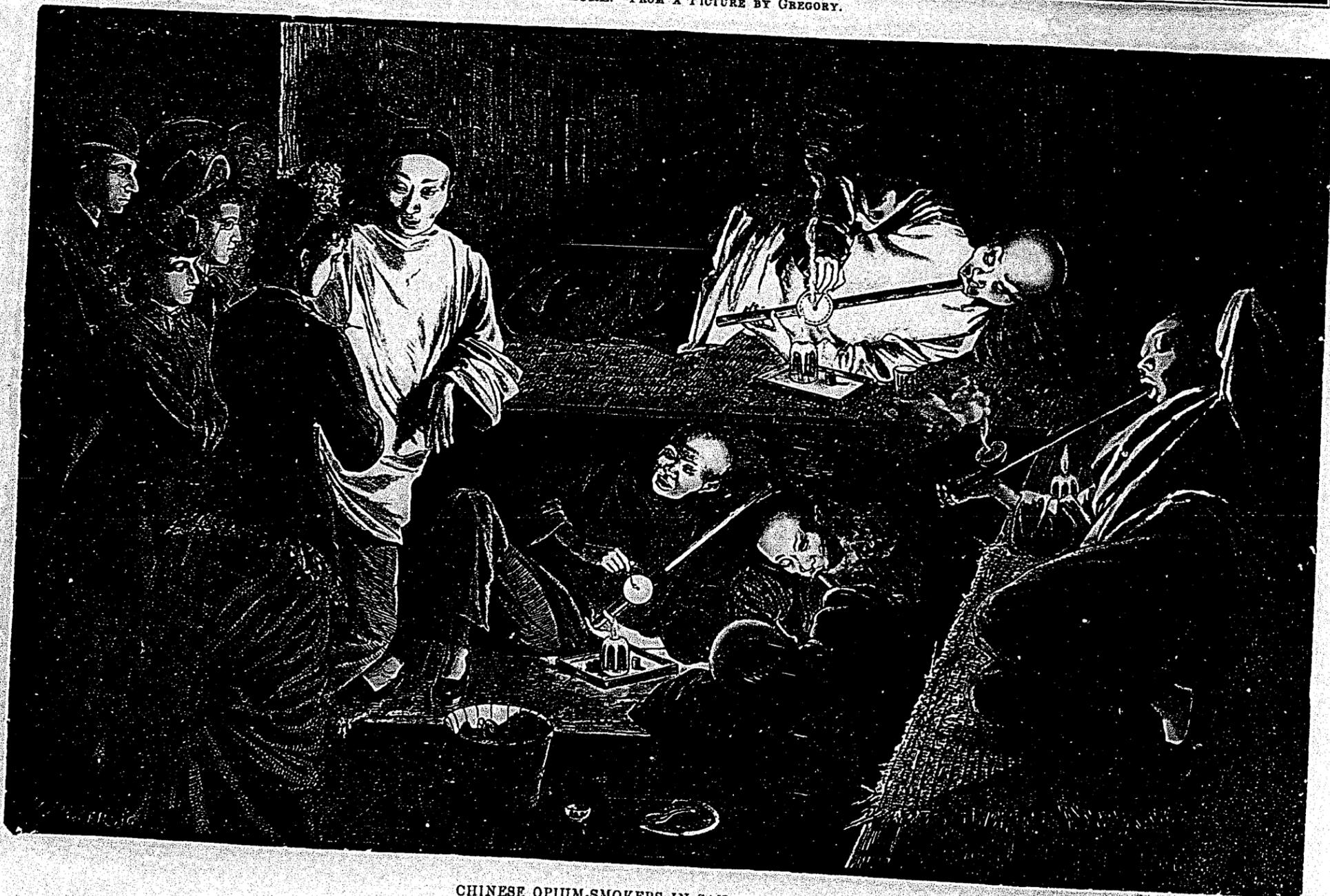
The work entitled *Diplomatic Sketches by an Outsider*, which Mr. Bentley advertises, is said to contain the opinions of one who is sufficiently behind the scenes to have a correct knowledge of the springs of political movement. The interest of the volume centres in Count Beust, of whose character it gives a political analysis.

THE volume of portraits of German Shakespeareans, presented by Professor F. A. Leo, of Berlin, to the Shakespeare Memorial Library, has been received. The album is a magnificent volume of oblong folio size, and is a superb specimen of the bookbinder's art. The clasps and bosses are silver, and around the sunk panel in the centre is a tasteful border of laurel leaves in fine repoussé work. In the recessed panel in the centre is a miniature model, in metal and silver, of the monument at Stratford, with bust, canopy, and inscription all in exquisite detail. The book is nearly filled with portraits of Germans who have illustrated Shakespeare either with pen or pencil, or on the orchestra or stage. Many of these photographs have the autographs of the originals.

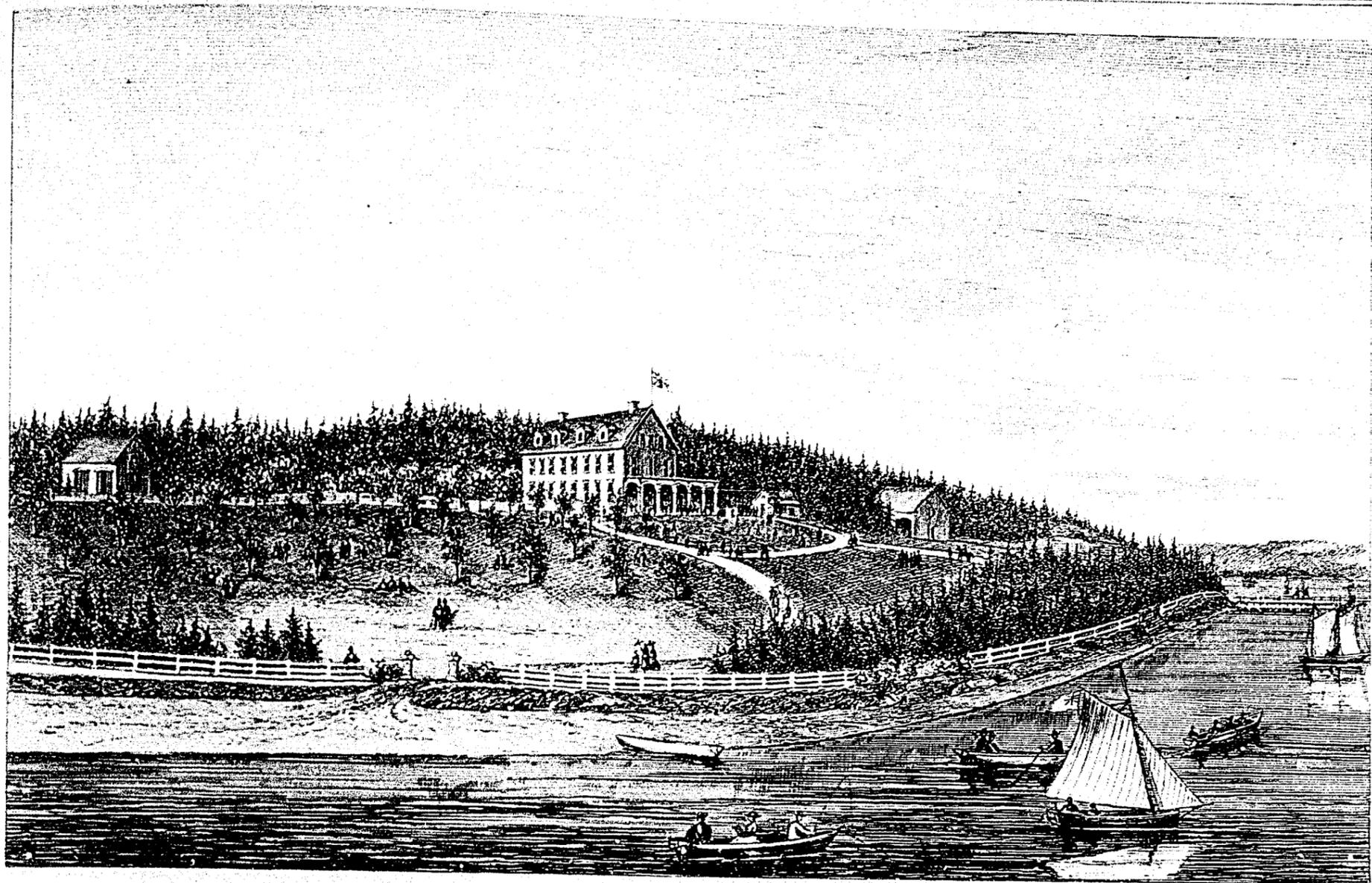
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FOLK-LORE.—FROM A PICTURE BY GREGORY.



CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.



SEA-SIDE HOTEL. RUSTICO BEACH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY EN ROUTE TO PARIS.

HARD STRAITS.

"Nine o'clock, sor, an' the hot wather; an' is it the rest of the bacon ye'd be afther havin' for breakfast?"

"Will it not be too much, Bridget?"

"Sorra a bit, sor."

"Very well."

And, with a half groan, I, Basil Hathaway, sprang out of bed, and proceeded to array myself in unexceptionable costume—trousers, vest, frock-coat. My only ones, alas! An accommodating relative some twenty doors off had taken charge of shabbier garments one by one, kindly advancing sundry moneys thereon.

Three of us were in the same plight—old school-fellows, and old chums now thrown together in manhood by the caprice of Dame Fortune, and fighting shoulder to shoulder the battle of life in the great city.

As I dressed, one of the trio, Hal Trevor, came bounding three at a time up the worm-eaten stairs. He was fresh from morning lecture at Charing Cross Hospital, and hungry as a hunter, I thought with a shudder. I heard his cheerful greeting of Jack Hornsey, hard at work since daylight on "Coke upon Littleton."

"Well, old bookworm, ready for breakfast? Where is the Captain?"

"The Captain!" How the old title, bestowed still in honour of my three years' seniority, set me dreaming of the great Winchester cricket-ground. I was aroused by dull thuds of a poker hammering violently at the intervening wall.

"All right!" I shouted. "Ring for the bacon."

In another minute there were three of us gazing with rueful looks at the breakfast arrangements. A loaf of stale bread, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and three tiny rashers, that either could have put out of sight with ease.

"Is that all, Bridget?"

Every line of the girl's honest Irish face was eloquent with sympathy.

"Not a bit more, sor."

Hal laughed.

"Turn out your pockets, lads. There's my last coin."

And he produced an exceedingly shiny sixpence.

Jack, after much rummaging, showed a quantity of fluff and a brace button. I had three-pence halfpenny in coppers.

"Odd man out for the bacon," quoth Hal.

"No; divide it between you," said I. "A man has been rash enough to invite me to dinner. Hand over the loaf."

Jack gave me one keen glance. I think he suspected the pious falsehood. Hal, bless the boy! was quite unconscious, as happy as though he had not a care. The frugal meal was just disposed of when we heard a great puffing and blowing below on the third floor. That had but one possible meaning—a creditor.

"Whose turn?" asked Jack, laconically.

It was an ancient arrangement now that on the advent of a dun only one of us should receive him, the others being in the city—that is, the adjacent bedroom.

"Your own," cried Hal, as we decamped, leaving the door ajar to watch the course of events. "I wish you joy; it is old Blunder-son, snorting like a grampus, as usual."

Old Blunder-son was a general provision merchant, who had let himself be beguiled into supplying miscellaneous goods until his bill really frightened me. He was the exception that proved that old rule, "Laugh and grow fat," as crusty, ill-conditioned a wretch as ever read one particular portion of the Lord's Prayer backwards. A modern Falstaff, minus the wit, he always ascended slowly, resting on each stair.

We were safe for about five minutes. Jack employed them in preparing for his reception, and we watched proceedings with amused curiosity.

The first was to produce a huge tobacco pouch, taking from it about half an ounce of tobacco. From this he filled a long clay pipe—Jack's meerschaum had preceded our clothes to the pawnbroker's—depositing the remainder carefully on the table.

"An alarming sacrifice!" murmured Jack, shaking his head over it with a regretful sigh. The next step was to grasp the fire-shovel and tongs.

"Weapons of offence," whispered Harry.

"He meditates assault and bat—"

He stopped abruptly in sheer amazement. Jack was deliberately removing live coals from the fire to the shovel, and upon these he swept his cherished tobacco. Then he placed the shovel upon the bottom ledges of two chairs at the farther corner of the room, threw himself into the one nearest the fire, and complacently lighted his long clay.

Of course the room filled fast with smoke and a most pungent odour.

"Old Blunder-son hates tobacco as a certain personage does holy water!" grinned Hal.

"Bad policy, though, to irritate him!" grumbled I.

By this time our enemy was in the doorway, gasping for breath, and shaking a great hairy fist at Jack by way of filling the interval till speech returned.

"You—abandoned—young profligate!"

Jack removed his pipe, nodded, and quietly resumed it.

"Where—are—the other—scamps?"

"One gone for the doctor; the other—"

And a jerk of the speaker's thumb towards the

door behind which we stood completed the sentence.

Old Blunder-son made two unwieldy steps towards us.

"Better not!" said Jack.

"Eh?"

"Typhoid fever—bad case—contagious!" fibbed Jack, between his puffs.

We saw old Blunder-son's face turn a ghastly green with fear. Still, he looked incredulous; we had played so many tricks before.

"Gammon!" he gasped, at length.

Jack rose slowly, walked to the corner, and produced the shovel.

"Fumigating the room," said he; "better have a pipe!" And old Blunder-son fairly turned and fled with such celerity, he gained the next floor in seconds instead of minutes.

We were laughing over his discomfiture, when Bridget's head appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd tell ye, gentlemen, the mistress is just comin'. The saints purtect ye, for she has been rampagin' like a haythen all this blessed mornin'!"

Our faces fell. Mrs. Callaghan, our worthy landlady, was not a foe to be so readily dislodged, and her powers of invective were simply unrivalled. Hal was the only one who could soothe her, and he came to the rescue.

"My turn," he said, with a look of comic disgust. "You fellows get into my room, and clear out of the house as soon as she is seated."

As we did, seeing Hal hand a chair (as we glided by) with the deepest of mock reverences, and an expression of extreme devotion on his handsome features. "Making violent love to the old beast!" as he would have elegantly expressed it.

It was evening of the same day—a dull November evening, much in harmony with my thoughts, as I leaned against the doorpost of our house, and recalled the good old times when life was a merry farce for all of us.

I had no heart to work. All that day I had hawked my manuscripts from one publisher to another, vainly hoping to get a loan upon them. My three-pence-halfpenny had been carefully invested at a dirty cook-shop, and I was glad to think there must have been just enough cold meat to satisfy the boys at dinner and tea.

Presently I would go in and hunt for any fragments that might remain, for I felt desperately hungry.

Through the fog came a slender female figure, disguised in a waterproof. She did not notice me until quite abreast, when the light fell full upon her face. Then, as she gave one frightened glance, I saw two things—how pale and beautiful it was, and what a depth of misery lay in the startled eyes.

It was a low neighbourhood in which we lived, though separated by but a long alley from a fashionable West End street—a dangerous locality for a young girl at that hour. I crossed the road, to accompany her unobserved, and had hardly done so ere I saw her brought up by some man, looming unsteadily through the mist.

"Come here, my pretty dear!" said he. She gave a faint scream, and tried to slip by him, but the drunken wretch caught her by the loose waterproof. In another second he measured his length on the pavement; but, strange to say, the girl sank down also insensible, dropping something that looked like a jewel-case. My prostrate friend was relieving his feelings by a round volley of obscene abuse. Not caring to await the arrival of a policeman, I caught up his victim and her case, and retreated. At the foot of the dilapidated stairs I hesitated. Should I carry my fair burden into Mrs. Callaghan's little parlour? The sight of Bridget in full flight, pursued by shrill invective and a hand-brush, decided the point.

"Bridget," said I, "this lady has fainted. Come and help me."

"Ah, sure, sor! Poor dear!"

We carried the stranger to the common sitting room, and essayed to bring her round. Presently she opened her eyes, and began to speak incoherently.

"Delirious!" said I. It was a great relief to hear Hal's springing step. He gave a low whistle of astonishment as he entered, and felt the patient's pulse, whilst I gave a brief explanation.

"Feverish—very. She must be got to bed at once. Where does she live?"

"I have not an idea. Search her pockets." But the search was fruitless.

"Call a cab, and I will take her to the hospital," suggested Harry.

I looked at the flushed face and the bright, beautiful eyes, and my heart gave a great, senseless throb of disapproval.

"No; we cannot turn her away. Fetch a nurse, Hal, and she shall have my room. You will take me in for a night or two?"

"Of course, old man!" and Hal flew off. Then I thought of our landlady.

"Bridget," said I, "how about Mrs. Callaghan?"

"Is it the mistress, sor? Sure I'll tell her ye've got the faver, an' divil a bit will she come nigh ye."

One more problem remained, and that the greatest—the money problem. Well, my coat and vest might go.

So for three days I pattered about the apartment in an old, tattered dressing-gown, being supposed to be down with fever; meanwhile the real patient had careful attention and strengthening nourishment.

The third day a notable event happened. A high-class monthly sent me a guinea for a con-

tribution, and requested a similar one. I worked cheerfully after that till the crisis came, and the nurse gleefully reported that the young lady was conscious, and asking for her father.

"May I see her?" said I, eagerly.

"Dear, dear—no, sir. The excitement would throw her back. Besides, she must not talk. Her father is Mr. Bullion, of Lombard street."

Bullion, the great foreign banker! What brought his daughter, unattended, into this vile side-street? Time would explain, perhaps. Meanwhile, Jack put on his hat, and departed in quest of the great man. In an hour he was with us, his usual imposing air and magisterial demeanour lost in the agitation of the moment. He shook me warmly by the hand.

"Your friend has explained all, Mr. Hathaway. I am deeply grateful to you. Where is my child?"

The most renowned physician in London was quickly summoned, but in vain Mr. Bullion begged him to devise means to remove his daughter. At present she must not leave her bed. In a few days, perhaps, with returning strength, she might lie for two or three hours at a time on a sofa in our sitting-room. Farther change was imperatively forbidden.

So Mr. Bullion, with many apologies, begged that some of his daughter's favourite pictures, and a few chairs, &c., from her boudoir, might be brought; and we could not refuse. A few hours transformed our bachelor den into a kind of fairy palace.

Mr. Bullion was naturally a constant visitor, and I had to receive him in the tattered dressing-gown. Twice he found me writing, with manuscripts littered around.

"You are an author?" he queried, with a smile.

"A would-be one."

"Pray do not desist from writing on my account. May I amuse myself with your papers for a time?"

He borrowed a bulky one at leaving—to submit it, he said, to a publisher he knew. Next day I received a letter from a well-known firm, offering fifty pounds for the copyright, and an additional fifty pounds if a second edition were called for. In my youth and inexperience, it did not occur to me for months that the money came from the banker's pocket.

Of course I eagerly assented, and took my coat and vest out of pawn—not a day too soon, for Miss Bullion was pronounced convalescent, and that afternoon her father's strong arms conveyed her from one room to another.

I lived in fairy-land for a week, till our guest departed. She explained the visit to our obscure street—it was to pawn jewellery for her brother's benefit, a wild lad, whose excesses had driven him from home, and who had recently been writing her letter after letter, hinting at frightful consequences if she could not furnish him with money. "Mr. Hathaway," she said, "will you be my friend, and try to reclaim him?"

She put a transparent little hand in mine as she spoke, and I promised. Her "friend,"—I would have promised anything for such a title.

Then an eventful conversation took place between me and the banker.

"You have abandoned the idea of becoming a barrister, Mr. Hathaway, and the profession of author is a precarious one; unite it with another pursuit. You are a good linguist, and I badly need a foreign correspondent. The hours and the duties will be light enough; cast in your lot with me—I will take care you have no cause to regret it."

I thought of my "friend," and assented. The firm is Bullion and Hathaway now, the junior partner having married the senior's daughter. John Hornsey, Esquire, is their solicitor, a man much respected in the profession. Hal Trevor is just beginning to make a stir as a fashionable physician.

VARIETIES.

CYPRUS.—Cyprus was the first country of the world that had a Christian ruler. Sergius-Paulus was pro-Consul of Cyprus. It was the place where the name of Saul was changed to Paul, possibly for some reason connected with his conversion. The history of his conversion is narrated in Acts xiii., where we read how the superstition which was so rife at that period of the Roman Empire yielded in his case to the enlightening influence of Christianity. Cyprus was the country of Barnabas, the son of consolation, and the estates which Barnabas sold to assist in the propagation of Christianity were lands of Cyprus. Cyprus at that period must have been a populous and important place. It was largely inhabited by Jews, and scarcely any locality could have been more adapted as a meeting-place for East and West.

ANCIENT GREATNESS OF CYPRUS.—This island was, it is probable, the Chittim of the Old Testament, and at the eastern extremity, just north of Famagosta, was the mercantile port of Salamis, with a population at one time of a quarter of a million of souls. Here, in the beginning of the Christian era, there were several synagogues, and a considerable population of wealthy Jews was attracted by the large trade in flax, wine, and fruit, and the produce of the copper mines. At this time there were several ports in the island, protected by moles or breakwaters. The remains of some can now be seen at low water, notably at Baffo, the ancient Paphos, at the western end of the island, the harbour of which is now nearly blocked up, and affords shelter only for boats. The nearest ports of har-

bours on the mainland are Seleucia, in the Bay of Antioch, at the mouth of the Orontes river, that flows past the town of Antioch; Alexandretta or Scanderoon, about forty miles to the north of Seleucia, and Mersine, the port of Tarsus, in Cilicia.

A TALK WITH TOM THUMB.—Tom Thumb is rather fat, bearded and looks his age of forty years, according to a correspondent of the Boston Herald, who visited him a few days ago at his home in Middleboro, Mass. His mother and his married brother and sister live in the neighborhood. He showed a tiny coat that he wore over thirty years ago when first exhibited, and said: "I used to slip into this easily enough but now, why I don't believe an ordinary sized man could more than squeeze two of his fingers into that sleeve. Those were the days when I was a little chap and no mistake. I used to weigh only about twenty pounds, and measured an even eighteen inches high; but now," slapping his thigh, "I'm a portly old fellow of seventy pounds, and I guess I'm a little rising forty inches. I stopped growing tall—queer to speak about my being tall, isn't it?—when I was about twenty-two years old. Since then I have been maturing and getting stout." Tom denied Barnum's story about a rivalry between him and Commodore Nutt for the hand of Lavinia Warren. "Vina never looked on him except as a boy," he said, "he was so much younger than she."

BEACONSFIELD'S WIFE.—A London correspondent, describing Lord Beaconsfield as he entered the House of Lords after his return from Berlin, writes: "His face has been well described as a mask. That is a common smile, which finds pictorial expression in the sphinx. But there is a soul behind it. I fancy that 'vacant look' is the result of practised disguise of feeling. A face that tells no secrets, eyes that can look unconcerned on all occasions, a mouth with lips that never tremble, must be useful to great politicians and diplomatists. Depend upon it, many a time the fierce fires of passion burned red and hot behind that human mask. But everything comes by practice, and Disraeli is an actor who can control the expressions of his features and administer in his strongest feelings with the discreet management of a great histrionic artist. The common people look at him wonderingly: his peers don't understand him; only Montagu Corry, I suspect, knows him thoroughly, now that his wife is no more. How much in the past he owed to the patient devotion of that good woman, the Premier touchingly made known during her lifetime; and there must be something good in a man to whom a true, noble woman is devotedly attached when they tread the down hill of life together as she in the heyday of their ambitious hopes."

WASTE OF NATURAL FORCES.—In a lecture recently delivered by Dr. Siemens on the utilization of heat and other natural forces, some very suggestive facts were stated. He showed, among other things, how heat can be made to do a greater amount of work than ever by means of electricity. One hundred horse-power of either steam or water may be used, for instance, at a central or convenient place to drive dynamo-electric machines. The current there produced could by pipes, be conducted to halls or factories and then converted into light or mechanical power. If light were required, the equivalent to 125,000 candles would be given at an expenditure of three and three-fourths hundred-weights of coal, instead of three and three-fourth tons. The amount of force lost to man from not utilizing the Falls of Niagara is enormous. Every hour 100,000,000 tons of water descend; there a height of 150 feet is equal to 16,800,000 horse-power. To pump that water back, estimating the consumption of coal at four pounds per horse-power per hour, would require 266,000,000 tons of coal a year or a quantity equal to the total coal consumption of the world. Evidently the best means of employing the available forces for work have not yet been put into use, and the neglect of wind, water and tide power is surprising when the whole subject is considered.

QUEEN AND KING.—The King of Spain has decided on having an immense basilica raised over the remains of Queen Mercedes. A sum of 1,000,000 reals will annually be deducted from the Civil List for its construction till the building is complete. The Duc de Montpensier and the Princess of the Asturias have promised to furnish yearly 200,000 reals in aid of the work. Lastly, the Duc de Montpensier has brought to Paris with him a letter from the King to Queen Isabella asking her to join in the project by handing over for the purpose the diamonds and jewels deposited in the Cathedral of Atocha which belong to her, and represent a sum of 15,000,000 reals—more than 3,000,000*l.* The Queen at once telegraphed as follows in reply: "My son, the Duc de Montpensier has just brought me your letter. I see that, like a Catholic King and a gentleman, you seek consolation in God, and think of Mercedes in doing good to the Capital. You are going to place her beloved remains at the feet of the Virgin beneath a magnificent temple. Your mother, my child, not only permits the jewels of Atocha to be sold, but she blesses you and joins in your project—a project worthy of a King, a Christian, and a good husband. For this and everything count always, Alphonso, on the immense love, the support, and co-operation of your mother, who wishes it to be known that, although at a distance, she is and always will be the same for Madrid, for Spain, and for her King."

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Another old friend is doomed. Another good story is denied. Everybody knows the incident of Lord Castlereagh appearing at the Congress of Vienna undecorated amid the blaze of decorations worn by his colleagues, and Talleyrand remarking, "Ma foi! c'est bien distingué." There is another version, and it is more generally accepted than the first, in which the Prince is alleged to have said, "That is Lord Castlereagh," and to have added, "Moins décoré, plus distingué." Neither of these versions is correct, according to M. de Michele, who was Consul Fonctionnaire for St. Petersburg and its dependencies from 1849 to 1866. He is assured by Prince Paul Galitzin that the incident was altogether different from the accepted versions. Lord Castlereagh was one day entering the Council Chamber arm in arm with the Russian Ambassador, when, seeing a strange gentleman in plain evening dress standing at the table, he asked who he was. Prince Galitzin replied, "That gentleman has just arrived from St. Petersburg, and is attached to the Russian Embassy;" whereupon Lord Castlereagh remarked, "Comment! un Russe sans décorations! Ce doit être un homme bien distingué."

LORDLY ETIQUETTE.—There is a curious rule in the House of Lords about naming a peer when referring to his speech. It is a serious offence to refer to a member except as the hon. member for this or that borough or county; but as the Lords have no constituents, you must, if you refer to them at all, use their title. You must, however, only use their title once, and after that, if you speak of them personally, you must of them as the noble lord, the noble viscount, the noble earl, the noble marquis, or his grace, and Lord Granville so lost his temper in referring to the Prime Minister that Lord Redesdale had to call him to order from the woolsack for keeping on repeating Lord Beaconsfield's name. Lord Granville tried to excuse the reference by saying that you are at liberty to repeat a peer's name if he is not in the House; but Lord Redesdale is a stickler for custom, and he insisted that Lord Granville should keep to the rule of the House, whether Lord Beaconsfield was present or not. Lord Salisbury got out of a difficulty of this kind very well a few days ago. There is another rule of the House of Lords that you shall not reply to a man unless he is present or unless you have given him notice that you intend to refer to him, and when Lord Salisbury rose, intending to answer Lord Derby's speech, Lord Derby walked out of the House. Lord Salisbury expressed his regret that the noble lord was not present, because he wished to reply to his speech. "He has only left the House for ten minutes," said Lord Carnarvon. "Thank you," said the marquis; "what I should have said in reply to the noble earl who has only left the House for ten minutes is this," and he went on all through his speech speaking of the noble lord who had left the House for ten minutes.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Problem and score of game received. They shall appear shortly.
 Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 185 received. Correct.
 H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 180 received. Correct.
 J. S.—The K having been moved, he cannot Castle. See rules.

Chess, there is no doubt, is more a winter than a summer recreation, although, to the enthusiast in the game, all seasons are the same. We do, indeed, sometimes hear of gatherings "on the lawn," where, close to the hospitable mansion of some such lover of the noble game as Mr. Gastineau, Chess and Chess chat form the chief features of the entertainment. One who was both a poet and a good Chessplayer has well described such a scene in the following lines:

Chess on the lawn beneath the leafy trees,
 When many roses flush the summer air,
 And with a cooling breath the morning breeze
 Comes up the valleys fair.

The leaves and blossoms fall upon the board,
 The golden insects through the branches gleam,
 While ivory Kings and Knights, with crown and sword,
 Move through the magic dream.

To the great majority of Chessplayers, however, the study of the checkered board is set aside now for lighter amusements, and fond, indeed, must be of the game, who, for the sake of improving his play, will at this season of the year, plod through all the intricacies of a contest of fifty or sixty moves, even though it may abound in the brilliant conceptions of a Steinitz or a Blackburne.

Knowing this to be the case, we, this week, present our Chess friends with several games, each of which may be played over in a few minutes, and afford some amusement if nothing more.

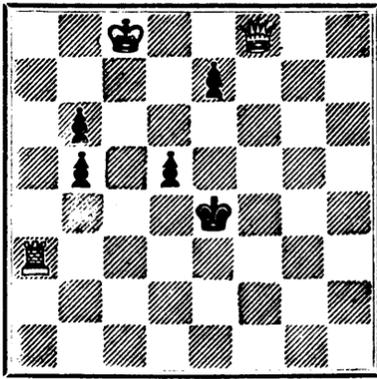
We would like, also, to call the attention of Chess amateurs to a position which we present this week in our Problem for Young Players. It is taken from a game played a short time since between two of the great players of the day, Dr. Zukertort and Professor Wayte, and which is inserted in our Column as Game 185th. What a melancholy satisfaction it must be to some amongst us who are in the habit of letting slip opportunities of winning games, to see genius of the highest order overlooking an obvious mate in three moves! If such an event had occurred to two players in an ordinary provincial club, it would, on the part of the other members, have given rise to a burst of virtuous indignation.

The Paris Tourney is over, and the following are the results: First prize, Zukertort; second, Winawer; third, Blackburne; fourth, Mackenzie, fifth, Bird; sixth, Andersen.

The whole of the games of this great contest are very interesting and instructive. The last games played between Zukertort and Winawer for the first prize have especial interest, from the fact that so much depended upon them. We hope to be able to find a place for them in our Column.

PROBLEM No. 188.

By J. MANZIES.
BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 283RD.

(From Land and Water.)

Played some time ago at the Café International, New York, between Messrs. Brull and Arnstein.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Brull.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Arnstein.) |
| 1. P to Q 4 | 1. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 2. P to Q 5 | 2. B to B 4 |
| 3. P to K 4 | 3. Kt to K B 3 |
| 4. P to K 5 | 4. Kt to Kt sq |
| 5. B to Q 3 | 5. P to K B 3 |
| 6. Q to R 5 (ch) | 6. P to K Kt 3 |
| 7. B takes P (ch) | 7. P takes B |
| 8. Q takes P (mate) | |

GAME 284TH.

(From Land and Water.)

Played at London, Eng., between Miss Rudge and Mr. Thorold. The latter gives the odds of Q Kt.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Thorold.) | BLACK.—(Miss Rudge.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K to K B 3 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. P to Q 3 |
| 5. B to B 3 | 5. P takes P |
| 6. Q to Kt 3 | 6. Q to B 3 |
| 7. B to K Kt 5 | 7. Q to Kt 3 |
| 8. Castles (Q R) | 8. P takes P (ch) |
| 9. K takes P | 9. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 10. P to K 5 | 10. B to K 3 |
| 11. P takes P | 11. B takes B |
| 12. Q takes Kt P | 12. R to Kt sq |
- White mates in three moves.

GAME 285TH.

Played at New York, between Mr. Mason and an Amateur, the former giving the Queen's Rook.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Mason.) | BLACK.—(Mr. H.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to K B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. P to Q 4 |
| 4. P takes P | 4. Kt takes P |
| 5. Kt takes P | 5. Q to K 2 |
| 6. Castles | 6. B to K 3 |
| 7. R to K | 7. Kt to B 5 |
| 8. P to Q 4 | 8. Kt to Kt 3 |
| 9. Kt takes K B P | 9. K takes Kt |
| 10. Q to K B 3 (ch) | 10. Q to K B 3 |
| 11. R takes B | 11. Q takes B |
| 12. R to K 5 (ch) | 12. K to B 3 |
| 13. B to K Kt 5 mate. | |

GAME 286TH.

Played at Cleveland, U.S., between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Hoosmer.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mackenzie.) | BLACK.—(Hoosmer.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5 | 3. P to Q R 3 |
| 4. B to Q R 4 | 4. Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | 5. KP takes Q P |
| 6. Castles | 6. B to K 2 |
| 7. P to K 5 | 7. Kt to K 5 |
| 8. Kt takes Q P | 8. Kt takes Kt |
| 9. Q takes Kt | 9. Kt to Q B 4 |
| 10. B to Q Kt 3 | 10. Kt takes B |
| 11. Q R P takes Kt. | 11. P to Q 3 |
| 12. P takes P | 12. Q takes P |
| 13. Q takes Kt P | 13. B to K B 3 |
| 14. B to K sq (ch) | 14. K to Q sq |
| 15. B to K Kt 5 and wins. | |

GAME 287TH.

Played in England some years ago, between Messrs. Boden and Schulder.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Schulder.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Boden.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. P to Q 3 |
| 3. P to Q B 3 | 3. P to K B 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | 5. P takes K P |
| 6. P takes P | 6. P takes Kt |
| 7. P takes Kt | 7. Q takes P |
| 8. P takes P | 8. Kt to B 3 |
| 9. P to K B 4 | 9. B to Q 2 |
| 10. B to K 3 | 10. Castles. |
| 11. Kt to Q 2 | 11. R to K sq |
| 12. Q to K B 3 | 12. B to K B 4 |
| 13. Castles Q R | 13. P to Q 4 |
| 14. B takes Q P | 14. Q takes P (ch) |
| 15. P takes Q | 15. B to R 6 (mate) |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 186.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| WHITE | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to Q 6 | 1. K takes R |
| 2. Kt to Kt 5 | 2. Anything. |
| 3. Mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 184.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| WHITE | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q 5 (ch) | 1. Any move. |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 185.

A position occurring in actual play.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE | BLACK. |
| K at K R sq | K at K R sq |
| Q at Q Kt 5 | Q at Q Kt 2 |
| R at K B 7 | B at Q 2 |
| B at K Kt 5 | B at Q 5 |
| Kt at Q R 8 | Kt at K R 4 |
| Pawns at K 4, | Pawns K R 2, K Kt 5 |
| K R 4, K Kt 2, Q | Q R 2 and Q Kt 3 |
| B 2, Q Kt 2 and Q | |
| R 2 | |
- Black takes K P and White mates in three moves.

A COMMEMORATION of the centenary of the death of the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, which will occur on the 11th of August, is being advocated, and has already found many adherents amongst the clergy and ministers generally who share the theological sentiments of the author of the "Rock of Ages." On the occasion it is proposed that the hymns written by Toplady should be sung in all congregations, whether within or without the pale of the Church of England.

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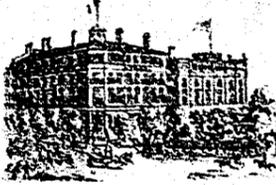
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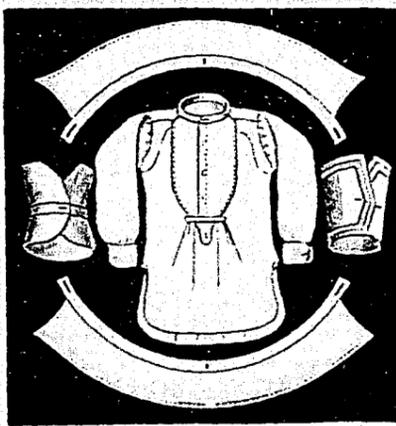


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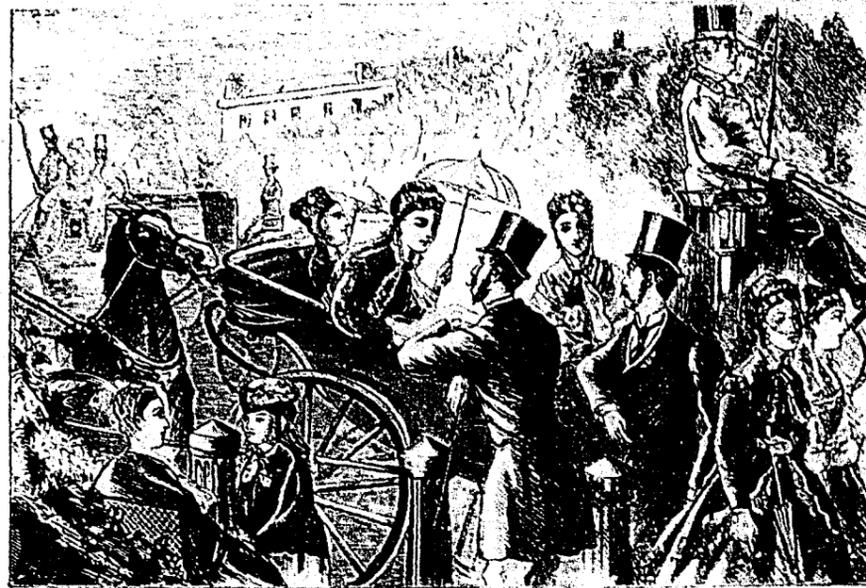


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