

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

Montreal Free Press

Wholesale News

Vol. XV.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ 64 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF CONFEDERATION.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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

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

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

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

DECISIONS REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

NOTICE.

Persons spending the summer

AT THE SEASIDE

or in the country, far from the noise and distractions of great cities, can find no better recreation than the reading of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

which comes to them weekly with its many pictures, entertaining reading matter, and all the important news of the week besides. Try it for

THREE MONTHS.

Send in your addresses, and the numbers will be mailed to you exactly as you order them.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 30th, 1877.

THE ST. JOHN FIRE.

The destruction of the flourishing metropolis of New Brunswick has cast a gloom over the whole country. And for cause. Aside from the personal losses and sufferings of the victims themselves, which primarily claim our sympathy, there is the feeling that we are all more or less interested in the terrible calamity. These frequent and disastrous fires, this repeated destruction of our cities and towns strike at the very root of our national prosperity, and, in spite of us, leave a very disagreeable doubt whether we shall be able entirely to withstand the consequences which they entail. When losses are piled up beyond millions, when, as in the present instance, they reach the appalling figure of twenty millions, we naturally pause to inquire what these losses represent. They represent not only charred timber and crumbling masonry, the interruption of one branch of industry or the prostration of one line of commerce, but they represent the sinking of invested funds, the waste of accumulated capital and the breaking up of well matured schemes of future financial development. The ruin of the St. John house, which lies in ashes, is a shock to the Montreal or Toronto house which furnished it with supplies and to the numerous houses of the interior towns to which it acted in the capacity of purveyor. The arteries of trade are now so multifarious and their action so energetic, that, as in the human anatomy, a mishap in one quarter affects the whole body. Thus, we repeat, the fire at St. John becomes a national calamity, and the question may seriously arise whether we are in a condition to bear many more such calamities.

Of course, our first care must be for the thousands of homeless, houseless and purseless victims, and it is not without emotion that we testify to the spontaneous charity with which all our communities have answered the appeal. Every town and city of the Dominion has been stirred, and within twenty-four hours practical relief, in the shape of loaded trains of provisions, arrived in the blighted city from all points. Our American neighbours too have not been slow in proffering assistance, remembering with gratitude the generosity of Canadians when Portland, Chicago and Boston were visited with similar misfortunes. There is every reason to hope, therefore, that within a week the pressing needs of the St. John people will be met, after which the contributions in money will be distributed in such manner as to provide for the future of destitute families.

Radical municipal reform is the great lesson to be learned from this terrible conflagration. As a correspondent writes to us, "We have here exhibited the difference between the colonial sentiment which imbues the whole of the American continent, and the imperial which prevails in Europe. The latter may and does tyrannize, although that is gradually diminishing by the growth of popular influences, but it also organizes and it will not allow these great fires to become the rule, because it takes well understood precautions to prevent them, which in our corrupt and mutual-flattering communities we do not."

The proper construction of buildings is the great problem to be attacked. When a fire has certain headway in our present miserable tinder boxes, not a thousand fire-engines nor the best army of firemen can check its progress. The example of Nazareth street, Montreal, and that of St. John are there to prove it. The Insurance Companies, if they would be true to themselves, which they are not, have the power of reform in their own hands, and to them, as organized and deeply interested bodies, we must look. The enormous losses which they have incurred in the present instance must certainly stir them up, and we trust that they will renew their calls upon the City Councils there and elsewhere.

The question of the prevention of fires has now become the most important of all municipal concerns. It must be met at once, for there is no telling when a terrible catastrophe may fall upon any one of ourselves. It must be met in the broadest and most determined spirit, considering not only the municipal, but the national interests involved. We repeat, for the third time, that such losses as those at St. John strike at the very heart of the whole country's credit and prosperity, and it is much to be feared that we could not bear the burden of many more calamities of a similar character.

DOMINION DAY.

The tenth anniversary of the establishment of Confederation has at length arrived, and we trust it will be celebrated in the most becoming manner possible. We had hoped that the patriotism of our people would be awakened at the event and that special efforts would be made to welcome the day as an important landmark. We thought it our duty to write several articles appealing to the country in this sense, but, with two or three exceptions, our call was not repeated by our contemporaries who maintained an ominous silence. Outside of Ottawa, therefore, which has nobly done its duty, it would appear that no city of the Dominion has thought it worth while to organize an official celebration. Still we trust that something beyond the ordinary will be done, and that we shall not be called upon to chronicle the disagreeable fact that the first decade of Union was allowed to pass absolutely unnoticed.

For ourselves, we have endeavored to contribute our mite to the celebration. In the present number of the CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS, our readers and friends will find two pictures commemorative of the important event. The first is a statue of Canada standing proudly on an emblematic pedestal on which the words "10th ANNIVERSARY" are chiselled. Canada holds her armorial shield displayed in front of her, and in the light of her eyes there is a glance of confidence in the future revealed upon the far horizon. The second double-page picture is a combination of all the Provinces of the Dominion, with suitable figures indicative of the principal pursuits of each. Thus British Columbia is represented by a miner; Manitoba, by a hunter; Ontario, by a farmer; Quebec, by her traditional *habitant*; New Brunswick, by a fisherman; Nova Scotia, by a collier; and Prince Edward Island, by a sailor. These figures are all suitably entwined together. In the inner circle are grouped the arms of each of the Provinces. These arms will be found interesting, and many will like to have them for reference. Over these shields stands the Royal Crown of England, and the whole is fastened together with the immense anchor of our hope. Thus it will be seen that, within our sphere, we have done our best to do honor to the Great Anniversary, and we trust we shall always be found ready, as in the past, to advocate the rights of our country, champion her destinies, and combat all and every that shall speak a word or write a line detrimental to her integrity, or hostile to her slightest interest.

THE BRATTLEBORO AND GOTHENBURG SYSTEMS.

In Canada, the question of temperance is agitating the masses fully as much as in the United States, and any suggestion which may tend to aid the movement must be acceptable to the sincere votaries of reform. It is with the view of contributing our mite that we call attention to the method pursued against drunkards in the beautiful Vermont village of Brattleboro', as fully described by a writer in the last number of *Scribner's Monthly*. There the authorities do not aim so high as to establish a temperance village especially. Their theory is that with the question of drink in the abstract they have no more to do than with religion or education, but that with the question of drink in the concrete or in practice, whenever it interferes with the good order of the village, they have a great deal to do. The following is the way in which they carry their theory into effect. Under the law of the State of Vermont it appears that four heads of prosecution may arise out of a case of intoxication. One against the drunken man and three against the vendor of liquor. The three are—first, for the act of selling liquor; secondly, for the keeping of it with intent to sell; thirdly, for the seizure and confiscation of liquor if found. The Brattleboro' authorities, faithful to their principle, enforce only the first of these prosecutions, contending that they are not called upon, in their official capacity, to attend to the two others.

A particular case will explain the mode of operation more clearly. A man is found drunk on the street. If so he is *ipso facto* regarded as a disturber of the peace, hence arrested and locked up. During his examination he is imperatively required to tell where he got his liquor. There is no squeamishness on this point. The magistrate must ask that question and the prisoner must answer it. The man is then fined five dollars and costs, and in default, he goes to the county gaol. Then the liquor vendor is arrested, and if the offence is proven, he is fined ten dollars and costs.

The advantages claimed for this system are that "it works up to the requirements of public sentiment and stops there, not attempting to frustrate it. The friends of temperance are said to have the matter entirely in their own hands under such a method." They have only to educate the public up to total prohi-

bition, and under the Brattleboro' system this final result is accomplished. "It only falls short of total prohibition, because such prohibition is not demanded by the community." This is finely drawn, and many may not admit the logic of the deduction, but all must allow that the Brattleboro' system has two practical points which are worth noting—first, the arrest of every drunken man on the street as a disturber of the peace, and secondly, the punishment of the man who sold him even one glass of liquor.

We have space for only a few lines on the Gothenburg system which was fully described by Hon. Wm. McDougall, in a late number of *Belford's Magazine*, and has otherwise been laid with some prominence before the public. The inhabitants of that Swedish city formed a company, consisting of the leading and wealthiest citizens, for the purpose of monopolising the sale of liquors. This company, under the laws of Sweden, purchases all the liquors needed for consumption in the town. With regard to the selling, this is conducted exclusively by their own employes or persons authorized by them, and every gill of liquor sold must come from the vaults of this company. But the most important point of the system is that no person selling liquor is allowed to make profit on the sale. This, of course, takes away the first and indeed the sole incentive to the vending of spirits. The result in Gothenburg has proved excellent. In the first place, the number of drinking places has been largely reduced, and in the second, only the best sorts of liquors are sold, because the company keep no other. These two advantages are in themselves sufficient to recommend the system.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

V.

MILITARY EVENTS UP TO DATE.

Having, in the preceding papers, given our readers every one of the preliminaries necessary to a proper understanding of the progress of the war, it now remains to sketch briefly all the events of importance that have happened up to the present date. These properly disposed of, we shall be enabled, from number to number, to keep pace with contemporaneous incidents as they occur every week.

The campaign in Armenia first claims our attention, because it is there only that the contending forces have yet met face to face. The first movement of the Russians was to pass at Alexandropol on the frontier, whence they crossed at once to Bajazid, which they captured without resistance. A view of Bajazid has already appeared in our columns. On their extreme right, they made a simultaneous demonstration on Batoum, the principal Turkish port of the Black Sea, but they were obliged to withdraw from a direct attack.

Several weeks of inaction then ensued, during which the Turks made a descent with their fleet on Soukhoum-Kaleh, a Russian port on the Black Sea. With the assistance of Cossack volunteers attacking on the land side, they succeeded in capturing this important place. The capture was regarded as all the more serious by the Russians, as it was feared that the Turks would seize the opportunity to foment a general uprising of the Cossacks, with a base of operations at Soukhoum-Kaleh. In that event, the Russian rear would have found itself gravely endangered. But after the lapse of five or six weeks, we have still to learn that the Turks have done much toward investigating the Cossack tribes to rebellion, and hence the capture of Soukhoum-Kaleh has been divested of a great deal of its importance.

The next forward movement of the Russians was the capture of Ardalan, a fortress of the second class, which offered no protracted resistance, and which, a little later, was taken by the Turks. It seems, however, to have since been evacuated by the latter, and indeed it is allowed that, for neither party, is the possession of the town a matter of much moment.

There has been considerable fighting in the open field around Olli and Kurs, of which the reports have been so contradictory that there is really no telling which side can claim the sum of substantial advantages. From the nature of the case, however, considering, as we must always do, the disparity of numbers, it is safe to conclude that the Turks have been considerably weakened, and the Russians proportionally emboldened.

There appears to be no doubt that, for some time, the position of Mouhtar Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, was a very precarious one, and his removal for incompetence was openly mooted, but more lately the arrival of a reinforcement of twenty battalions has restored confidence and the Turks have been more active.

The present objective point of the Russians is

Kars, which, according to all the rules of strategy, they must carry before advancing further, as they cannot afford to leave such a point of menace in their rear. Hence after much manoeuvring around this city, they appear to have invested it completely at last. How long the siege will continue remains to be seen. Kars is said to be pretty well garrisoned, and properly victualled for at least six months.

That the Turks, however, are not disposed to allow the peaceful siege of Kars is evidenced from the news of the first conflict on the open field, intelligence of which reached us last week. The battle took place at Delibaba, a little place not marked on the map, but which is only ten miles from Kopruck Kaleh, a point indicated in both maps published by us, and which will be found on a line between Erzeroum and Mount Ararat. The details of this engagement, so far as we can make them out, are as follows:—The Turkish artillery was not strong, their infantry not above 5,000, and they had little or no cavalry. The Russian left had 10,000 infantry, plenty of cannon, beside an effective cavalry force. The Turks brought on the fight by advancing on the 15th instant. The whole day was spent in an artillery duel, but on the 16th the Russians began the execution of what was a settled plan. Six bodies of Russian infantry advanced at 6 o'clock, under cover of a terrible artillery fire; notwithstanding that the Turks returned a steady fire, the enemy continued to advance, and finally, by detaching a strong body, stirred the Turkish right flank, seized a commanding hill, and quickly threw up breast-works, and then established four field guns, which enabled them to rake almost the entire front of the Turkish line. From this moment the losses of the latter were serious; the men fell rapidly, the artillery were dislodged, and the infantry exposed without support to a murderous fire for over twenty minutes. The Ottomans stood before this new attack, and at this crisis their commander, Mehemet, fell. Ammunition then became short. At ten o'clock, the height which the Turks held at the opening of the battle, was no longer tenable. By midnight the last Turk was driven off. The cavalry charge converted the defeat into a rout.

On the Danube, no engagements have taken place for the excellent reason that the Russians have not yet crossed the Danube. It has been a standing joke with newspaper readers, for the past weeks, to find the unfailing daily telegram announcing that the Muscovites are about to cross the great river. First the want of pontoons was urged to excuse the delay. Then blame was thrown on the rising waters of the Danube. Next, diplomatic negotiations looking to peace were urged as a palliation. Finally, it is admitted that the want of supplies was and is the real cause. However, it now appears plain that, perhaps before these lines are published, the Russians will have crossed the barrier, and then we may look out for the prosecution of the war in earnest.

On the river itself, we have nothing to note except a little harmless cannonading and the frightful destruction of a gunboat by a torpedo, a view of which, with full description, appeared in our last number. As, however, that description, based upon erroneous information, was incorrect, we append to-day the accurate version. A detachment of forty Russian soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Dubascheff, left the northern shore of the Danube in three or four small boats, and proceeded towards the point opposite Braila, at which point there was stationed a large Turkish monitor. The night was very dark, and they managed to surround the monitor before being discovered by the Turkish look-outs. When finally observed by the sentries on board they were challenged, and "Who goes there?" rang out on the night air. Major Murgescu replied in Turkish, "Friends." The Turks, evidently not satisfied, commenced firing in the direction of Matchin, not knowing where these boats came from. The shots flew wide of their mark, and did no damage to the daring men in the boats. During the firing several of the Russian soldiers, under the direction of Lieutenant Dubascheff, plunged into the water, swam silently to the hull of the iron-clad vessel, and placed the deadly torpedo in close contact with the bottom of the monitor. After the destructive machine had been securely fastened and the wires of an electric battery accurately adjusted, the men retired to the neighboring shore of the river, and at half-past three in the morning the monitor was blown into the air, with all the officers and crew. The explosion was terrific, and, as nothing is said of the crew being saved, it is supposed that all on board perished with the vessel.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We have before us a little volume entitled "Prince Pedro, a Tragedy," by J. H. Garnier, M.D., issued from the presses of Belford Bros. If this were the production of a foreign author we should pass it by with only a few words; but as it is the work of a Canadian, and it is a principle with us to give all due attention to the march of Canadian literature, we deem it our duty to go over these pages in detail. An author should be very careful about putting his first work into type, because a first work is often set down as the measure of a writer's powers, and by that standard he is apt to be judged throughout life. A first publication thus often becomes a dead weight which hangs about a man, sometimes impeding his advance, and sometimes crushing him altogether. We are not prepared

to say that this will be the fate of Dr. Garnier with the present volume, but we do think that he would have done well to withhold his work until he had produced something more likely to give him instant popularity. It is because we see traces of talent, and a promise of better things, that we thus pronounce on "Prince Pedro." The work has much merit in conception and execution, but the subject matter is revolting and no one can read it with pleasure. A mother and a queen pursuing her son with relentless hatred for marrying a lady that is not her choice, carrying that hatred through ten long years, and culminating the horror by assisting at, if not partaking in, the murder of the young wife and her two babes, is a ghastly story which no reader can contemplate with other than feelings of horror. It is no palliation that the story may be true, or even probable, because the answer is at hand—that the author was not obliged to choose it. If it is argued that similar and even worse atrocities have been handled by the great tragics, we are afraid we shall be obliged to say that Dr. Garnier should have imitated these great writers and risen to the full height of his subject. But this he has not done, nor do we believe that such is his pretension. Having made these necessary reservations, however, it is not to be inferred that the writer's tragedy is not a meritorious production, under several aspects. On the contrary, he shows many qualifications as a dramatic author. He has much of the instinct of the stage, elaborates his plot with much dexterity and with a fine eye to ultimate effect, draws several characters well, notably those of Ludro, Inez and Sebastian, and throughout manages his scenes with simplicity, serenity, and a freedom from straining. As a rule his blank verse is good, although the sense is frequently marred by atrociously bad punctuation, which he will doubtless set to the account of the proof-reader. Several of the passages rise to eloquence. We have scant room for citation, and must limit ourselves to a couple of examples. Here is a picture of jealousy drawn by the monk Ludro:—

"Is there a demon ever sprung from hell
That is more potent than deep jealousy?
Wouldst thou but see that demon of thy mind
Standing before thee as a spectre grim,
His face is pale, save when a hectic fire
Burns in the eye or flashes on his cheek;
His lips are thin and parched—his breath is hot—
He moves with slouching pace—his bosom heaves
And boils with agony, with rage, with love—
In fear's dark cauldron, sinking with despair!
Then mark! within the fiery serpent hiss,
And with that flame that rises from its eye,
Keeps that black children boiling evermore.
Then see, Pontico, how his body shakes!
How his legs tremble! on his visage hangs
A ghastly grin, as if *flung there by chance*.
He clutches in his grasp a broken blade,
And craves in his heart, dares not to strike."

The fatal dream of Inez is likewise told with poetic power:

"I dreamed that I was sitting by a stream,
And all was happiness, for thou wert there.
I saw the blue waves dancing merrily,
When suddenly the river turned to blood!
Behold! a human hand of giant size,
Bony and gaunt as of a skeleton,
Rose from the bloody stream and seized on us,
Dragging my boys and me beneath the waves.
I called aloud for thee, but thou wert gone,
And then that bony hand rose up on high
And vanished in the air."

Upon the whole the work of Dr. Garnier reveals talent, poetic feeling and dramatic fervor. Beyond the choice of his subject, we consider his tragedy an acquisition to the ranks of Canadian authorship, and we trust we shall soon hear from him again.

There is perhaps no more satisfactory means of arriving at a knowledge of a country than through a study of its commercial and financial standing, and, singular to say, in many cases such study has a particular charm for men of letters, who practically know nothing about business. This reflection has occurred to us on perusing, as we have at length had the opportunity of doing, a pamphlet issued lately by Robert S. White, Commercial Editor of the *Gazette* of this city, containing a general review of the trade of Montreal, and a synopsis of the commerce of Canada. The work of compilation is extensive, and the official statistics are not merely copied, but reasoned out by the author. An essay on the Progress of Banking in Canada conveys in a few pages a mass of information not easily accessible. The work is further supplemented by the republication of the able address of Mr. Thomas White, Jr., delivered some months ago in London, Ont., on the Canadian National Policy. We congratulate Mr. Robert White on the appearance of this useful pamphlet, and we trust he may continue the series from year to year, as is his present intention.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL for July gives considerable space to a novelette by Christian Reid, entitled "A Work of Retribution." It is given complete, and accompanied by a good illustration by Mr. Sheppard. The illustrated article is based upon Russell's volume, "The Prince of Wales's Tour in India," being devoted principally to the hunting adventures of the Prince. Colonel Baker's "Turkey in Europe" affords the groundwork for another Eastern paper, in which there are some striking pictures of life and notable adventures in the Turkish provinces. There is a pleasing description of the Farne Islands, the "land of gulls and guillemots," off the east coast of England, which is spiced with a love adventure. An amusing paper on "Osculation" gives the history, philosophy, and poetry of kissing. This article alone must make the number a favourite with ladies. An entertaining paper, by Wirt Sikes, entitled "The True Story of Owen Glondower," is based

upon researches and discoveries recently made at Cardiff, where Mr. Sikes is now United States Consul. A very graphic and striking sketch, entitled "Lighting a Match," records some strange adventures in a German inn. Mr. H. M. Robinson describes in an entertaining manner the characteristics of the Blackfoot Indians, and the peculiar method of trading with them.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, by Sandford Fleming, is really a monumental work, which deserves to be preserved in every library, reflecting as it does not only the energy and resources of the country, but testifying to the splendid professional skill of Mr. Fleming and his staff. It is published in a fine quarto by Dawson Brothers, of this city, while the illustrations are made in the usual elegant style of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company. In a few weeks we shall begin a series of illustrations, with appropriate letter-press, of the whole line of the Intercolonial Railway, and shall have occasion to consult the great work of Mr. Fleming continually throughout our labours.

CANNOLLES is the name of an historical romance published by Belford Brothers. The author is J. Esten Cooke. The book is what it purports to be—a military story, with the smell of the pines about it, the ring of the moss-trooper's charge, and all the wild charm of camp-fire yarns. It has faults, but these do not detract from the merits of the story as such, and one reads it through at a sitting. The story is connected with that stirring revolutionary period, just before the surrender of Yorktown, when Virginia was invaded by Cornwallis, and Tarleton's terrible dragoons scoured hill-side and valley. In Mr. Cook we have an example of the caprices of fate respecting authorship. This novel is far superior to the kindred story of Bret Harte, entitled "Thankful Blossom;" and yet he has to seek a publisher away up north as far as Canada, while Harte has the pick of metropolitan publishers, and his book appears in all the glory of blue and gold.

One of the best printed and carefully read books issued by Belford Brothers, is HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS, by Professor Matthews. This little book is the fruit of wide reading and a happy knack of collection. It is full of information for young students of literature, while for the busy man it supplies many hints, examples, and citations which may be used to advantage. The author is not an old fogey, but has modern ideas of his own, as evidenced in his treatment of the subject of early rising, the study of modern languages, and physical exercise.

EPHEMERIDES.

Another word must be said for the Caxton celebration. A paper such as ours, which aims to foster art and literature, as well as to promote a certain perfection of typography, may be said to be particularly interested in the success of this commemorative movement. Perhaps the people of Montreal are not aware of one fact—that theirs will be the largest, and altogether the best celebration of the kind in America. Strangely enough, the United States have done nothing in the matter, so that we have the advantage of receiving many treasures from there which would otherwise not be available. It is a notable instance of what a few able, energetic and devoted men can accomplish. To four or five gentlemen whom I could name is due the whole merit of this exhibition, and it rests with the inhabitants of this city to show their appreciation of these labors by a full attendance at the *Conversazione*, and the succeeding evenings when the exhibition will be kept open. The large card of invitation, in old English colored text, is a beautiful specimen of printing, which deserves to be preserved for its own sake and in *perpetuam rei memoriam*.

I have been expecting it for months. I knew it would come, and it has come. Certain musicians professing dissatisfaction with and even disgust at the notices and reviews of ordinary newspaper men on current musical events, have undertaken to edit a column of their own and set down the true modus of criticism. Personally I have liked this weekly column, reading it regularly with edification and profit, but I have always doubted that it could undertake independent criticism, or that if it did, it would succeed in holding its own. The event has not belied my fears. The musicians have fallen foul of the critics, and they are abusing each other like pickpockets in two papers. The editors of the column known to me, especially one, as among the most learned adepts of their art in this city, are accused by a Doctor of Music of writing "arrant nonsense," and by others of not knowing a note of the score which they profess to review. Meantime the public laugh or are bored as the case may be. Musicians are proverbially a ticklish body of men, and, as in other classes, the least instructed are the most blatant. Your acknowledged artist, master of an instrument, or your thorough theorist, who deserves a degree, even if he has it not, can afford to keep out of the arena, and is all the happier for doing so.

Since I am on the musical tack, perhaps I may as well keep on. I beg to adhere to the opinion that, all things considered, the newspaper man is as good a critic of musical performances as the public need have. As a rule, my brother journalists are gentlemen of taste and culture. They

are susceptible of aesthetic impressions, and are capable of reproducing these impressions on paper in clear and elegant language. Nothing more is required of them to judge fairly of a song, an instrumental performance, a concert or an opera. They only need furthermore to be conscientious and independent of outside influence in the shape of managers and sociable artists, and of inside influence such as is brought to bear through copious job-work and profuse advertising. It will be well too if they write their notices *after* the performance, not *before* it, and sit through it all instead of simply "dropping in," and trusting to a treacherous programme for further information. These little "inadvertencies" sometimes occur, but on the whole, it were well if all men were as honest in their judgments as are our overworked journalists in their musical and dramatic criticisms.

After all, what is this hubbub about musical criticism? Art is the language of the soul. Music is an art. Hence any man that has a soul must love music and understand it. He may not always understand it according to preconceived theories, but he can understand it so as to explain his meaning to others, hundreds of whom will be found to feel exactly like himself. There are many musicians beside them that play upon strings or that blow through reeds. He is a musician who loves and feels and appreciates the murmur of hidden springs, the sigh of the wind in the pines, the song of the bird on the branch, the buzz of bright insects on the wing, the chirrup of children, the laughter of rosy girls, the rustling of the loved one's dress, as through mottled shadow and sunshine, she glides up the lane that leads to the sweetest of all destinies. I would turn such a man loose in a concert-room, and rely on his judgment as soon as I would on that of the oldest professor of thorough-bass in the proudest of European conservatories. This is not rhapsody. It is wrote in sober earnest, and I doubt whether many will gainsay me.

An excellent plan, which you will get to like the more you practice it, is to keep your eyes closed when listening to music. The purely material or mechanical is thus eliminated, and the voice of inspiration becomes thoroughly idealized, as it should be if we would enjoy all its significance. Opera-glasses are sadly out of place in a concert. They discountenance the performer, and distract and fatigue the gazer. When Prume plays one of his masterly solos, close your eyes and test the effect. The man and the instrument disappear. There remains only a sound. The room becomes filled with vibration, and, after a time, you feel as though you were rocked on waves of rhythm. Gradually you drift away and away, till to your absorbed senses it seems that you hear

"The horns of Eldland faintly blowing."

The sensation is delicious. When an orchestra plays, I never look at the small, spectacled man bent double over his contra-bass, nor at the trumpeter whose cheeks are blown and whose eyes bulge out, nor at the forest of violin bows moving up and down irregularly together. These sights break up attention. Neither do I care to look at a man singing. But women, as in everything else, are an exception. I keep my eyes distended whenever a lady sings. Why? Because the whole woman sings, or ought to sing. The play of the features, the swaying of the form should be in unison with the modulations of the voice. Hence a female vocalist should always be handsome, or at least well-shaped. It is a sin to put an ugly woman on the stage, no matter how well she may sing. One is always disposed to depreciate her voice because of her looks. On the other hand, we shall almost always feel inclined to swear that a pretty woman sings nicely, or at least we shall judge of her with mercy. Never, however, if she is affected. Then, were she as lovely as Récamier, and as sweet a nightingale as Persiani, she must expect no good word from me. If I had my way with an affected singer, I should ascend the platform, take her tenderly in my arms, carry her into the green-room, lay her down on a sofa, and smother her with the vengeful pillow of the Moor.

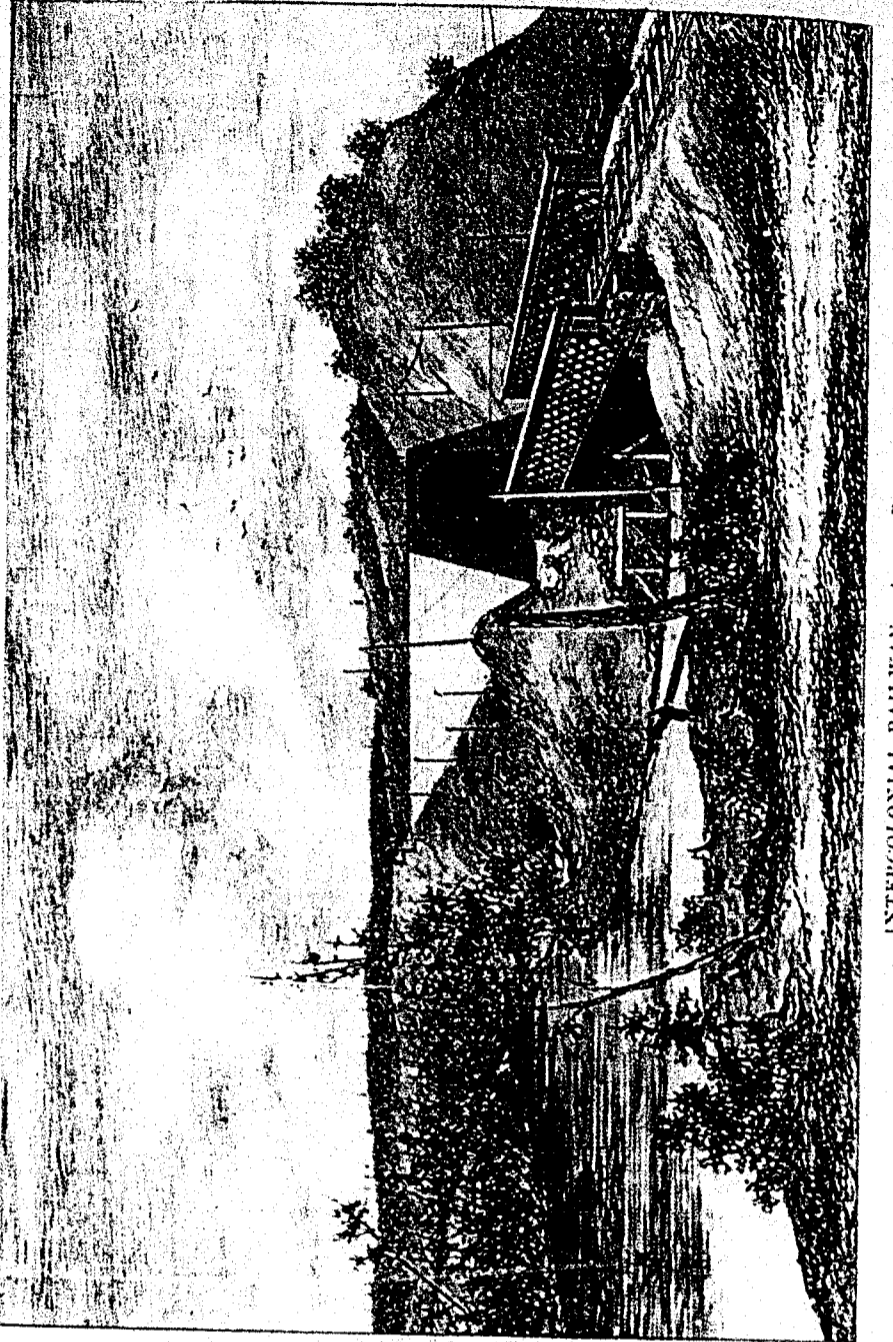
A. STEELE PENN.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

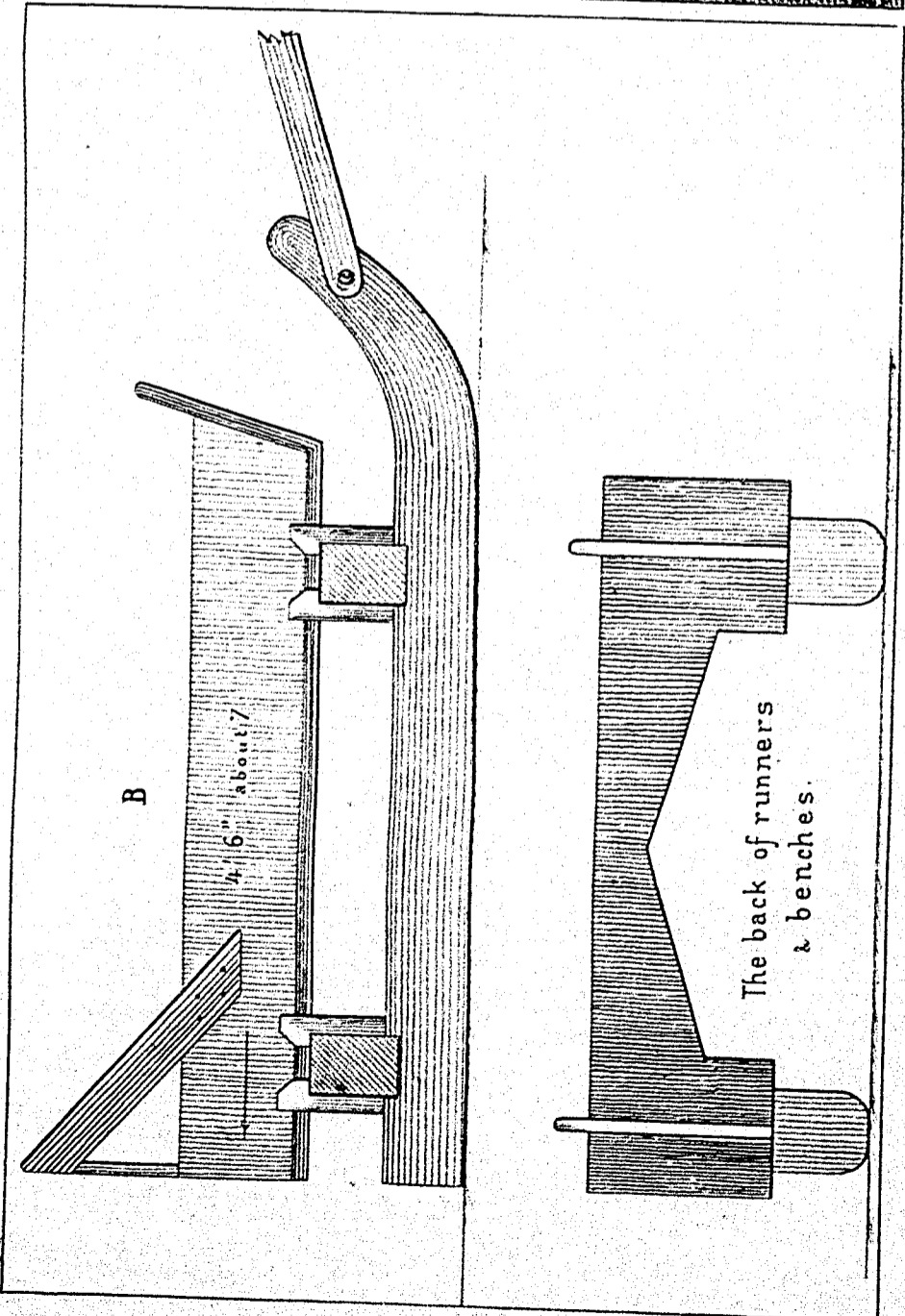
MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON has made \$70,000 by her late starring tour.
SIGNOR BRIGNOLI and Signor Ferranti are about to undertake a Canadian tour.
It is said that Anna Dickinson is writing a new play which is to be produced next season.
FRANK MAYO has ceased travelling. He has played *Davy Crockett* 1,011 times.
It is said that Mr. Charles Santley has now definitely resolved to sing no more in opera.
BUFFALO BILL's share for his first week in San Francisco amounted to \$1700 and for his second \$1200.
ERNESTO ROSSI, after an enormous success in St. Petersburg, has made more than 25,000 roubles in Moscow.
THE French journals report that Patti is to sing in America this winter at \$2,000 gold per night, and that Nicolini, who of course goes with her, will have \$1,000 nightly.
THE mode of notation employed in the Greek music was peculiar. It consisted in placing the letters of the alphabet in various positions—straight, sideways, etc.—and sometimes even fragments of letters were used. The scale of the Greeks was similar to our minor scale, although it contained no sharp seventh. Play on any pianoforte the notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and you have played the Greek one-octave diatonic scale.



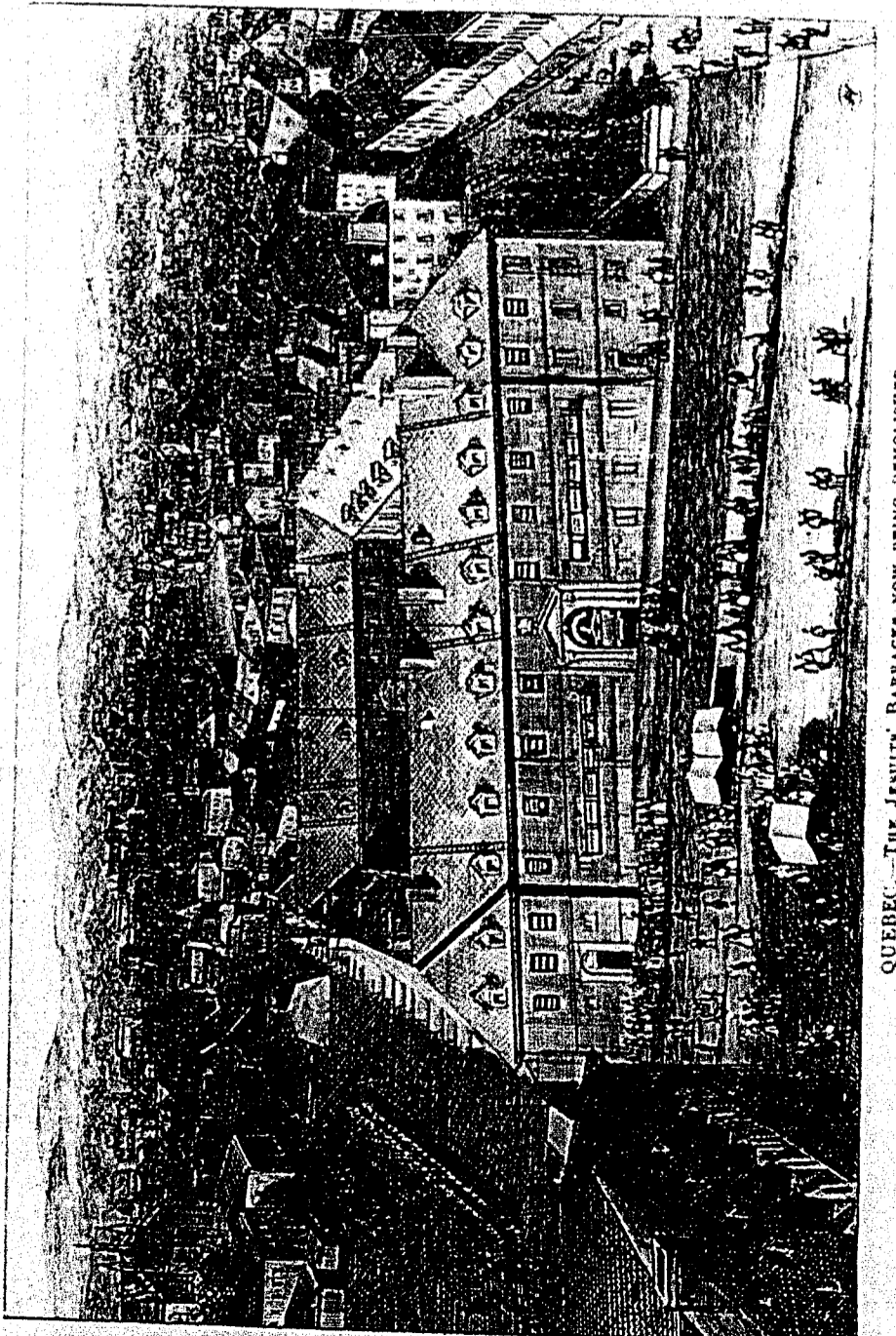
NORTH-WEST TERRITORY - SWAN RIVER BARRACKS.



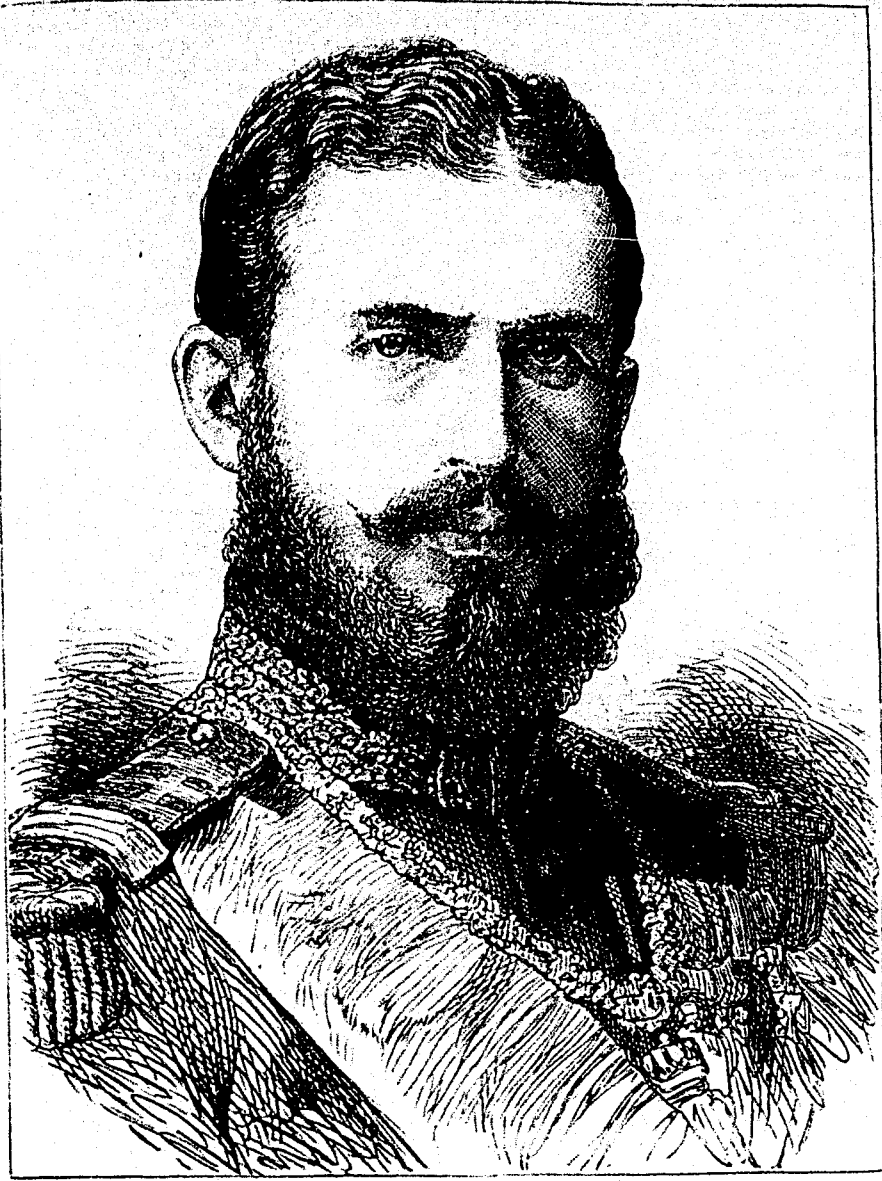
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY - ANQUI BRIDGE.



THE OKOMAN SLEIGH.



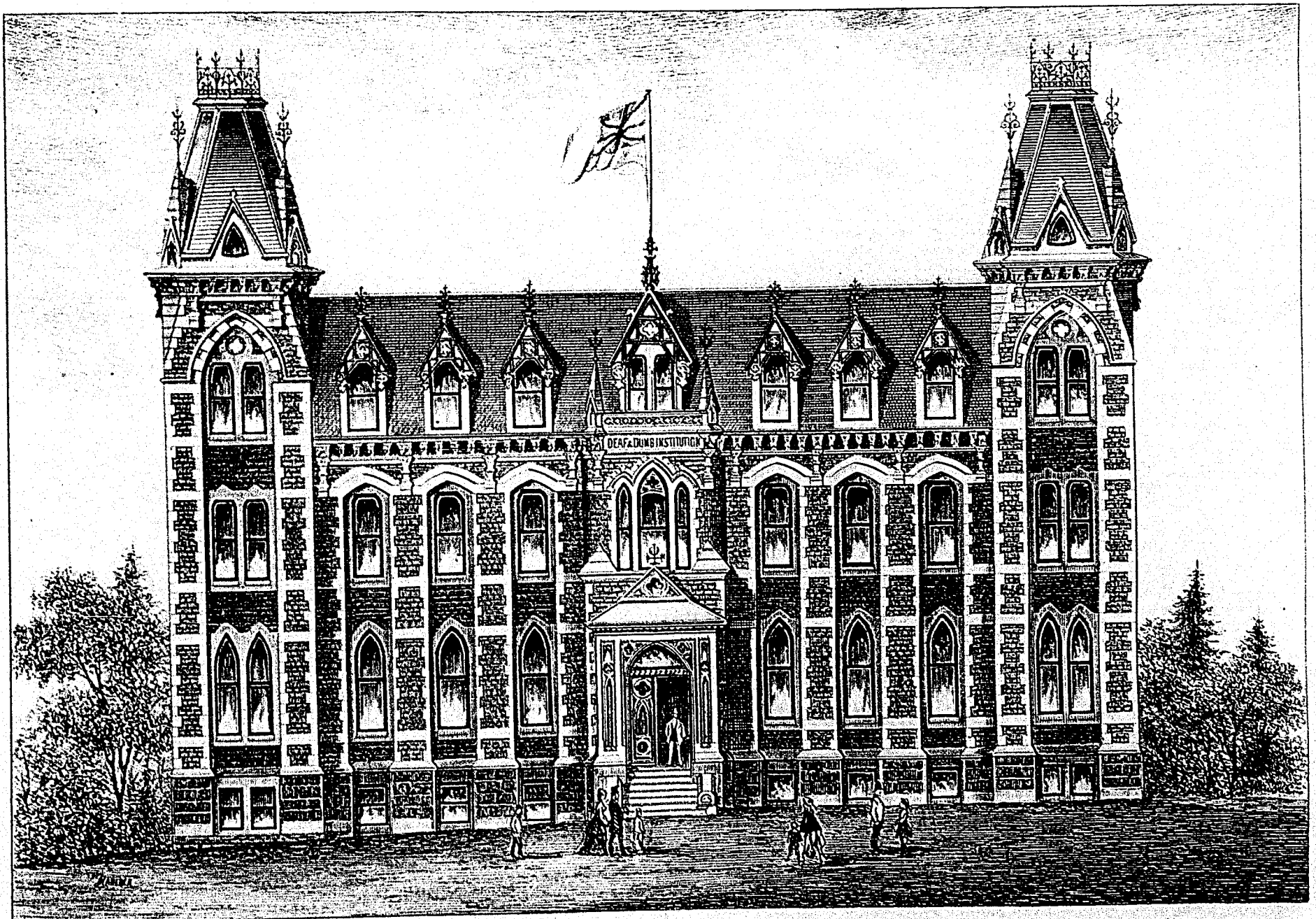
QUEBEC - THE JEANETS' BARRACKS NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.



THE EASTERN WAR.—PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, HIS WIFE.



MONTREAL.—NEW INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

THE ST. JOHN FIRE.

Wednesday, 20th June, was the most calamitous day ever known in the annals of St. John. Nothing could have burst more suddenly on the unsuspecting citizens than the fire which destroyed so many valuable lives, wasted property by the millions' worth, laid an arrest on many and varied forms of industry, and spread not only desolation but terror and consternation all around. Public buildings, palaces of commerce, temples of religion, banks, palatial residences, newspaper and telegraph offices, school-houses, almost everything of which the citizens of St. John felt proud, were all, in a few hours, laid in ruins, and the loss of our hotels, churches, schoolhouses, banks, etc., was made a thousand times more painful by the lamentable destruction of life accompanying it.

The fire was discovered in a building owned by Mr. Fairweather, on the south of York Point slip, next to McLaughlan's boiler shop, and to the latter building the flames had spread before the firemen had reached the scene. The engines arrived, and did their best to stop the flames, but all efforts were in vain, nothing could be done. The flames then spread to the various buildings on Hare's wharf, which were also quickly consumed, and before the fire could be checked it broke out with a roar into Smyth street, carrying everything before it. From there the fire spread into Drury Lane and Mill street, following that into Dock street, taking both sides. Ere this, however, the London House and adjacent buildings had been attacked. When it was seen that the first fire would inevitably sweep also either Dock or Mill street, aid came from Portland in the shape of the town engine and the firemen. The tinder boxes on fire, aided by the wind, proved a combination too much for the gallant workers, and almost in despair they saw the flames advance upon them, not slowly, but with a rapidity that appalled the stoutest heart. The Carleton engine came in the ferry boat, and lent its aid. One engine had been stationed at the corner of Mill and Union streets, while the men with the branches were down Union street opposite Drury Lane. The buildings were a mass of flames at the end of Smyth and Drury Lane, and while the workers were vainly endeavoring to have the fire end there, a momentary gale took the flames across Union street to the opposite masses, and then they receded, but their touch had been fatal, and in less than five minutes the buildings were doomed to destruction. Both sides of the street were soon in the grasp of the devouring element, and the men were obliged to drop their branch pipes and run up the street, up which they dragged the hose after them. Another lot of men were working at the foot of Union street and by placing boards in front of their faces managed to battle with the flames until their clothing became singed. Proceeding along Smyth street in a southerly direction the fire soon reached Nelson street and then Robertson's Place, then extended to Robertson's wharf and then up the south wharf.

As it gained Nelson street on the south it there met the flames coming up that street, and the combination made a terrific heat that could not be borne. With the strong wind from the north-west it did not take long for the entire wharf to be in a blaze. Half a dozen wood boats were at the head of the market slip, and at the end of the wharves about the same number of schooners. Before the fire had assumed formidable shape on the north wharf the men on the vessels began to pour pails of water on the decks; the water was low just then and something like this was necessary to extinguish the sparks that were continually showered down on them. Those at the head of the slip were in a quarter of an hour on fire, in so many places, that it was impossible that all of them could receive attention. Before the vessels had been well on fire the flames passed above their masts that soon afforded a stepping-stone to the shops on South wharf; not one of those west of Ward street was capable of withstanding, they went down as if felled by a hurricane. The schooners in front having been hauled out to a place of safety, many of the occupants of the stores were off helping their unfortunate brother merchants, and some arrived just in time to save their books. Others were just enabled to witness the destruction of all their stock.

None of the embers lodged in the steeple of Trinity Church, Germain street, and with nothing to save it, for the fire was so high as to be almost out of reach. The fire was left to pursue its own way. As the news spread that some wooden houses on Horsefield street as well as others on Duke street, near the Victoria Hotel, were on fire, thousands were alarmed, as it was soon seen that this fire was spreading north, south, east and west, to Germain, Charlotte, Duke and Horsefield streets. Not an engine was to be had, and everything was going down before the unrelenting fire. A building on Charlotte street had hardly become a prey to the flames when others on either side followed suit. In half an hour all but the Germain street side of the square was in ashes. The Victoria Hotel and St. Andrew's Church were in great danger, and the hotel guests, as well as the employees, began to make preparations for seeking new quarters. Very little time was given them to collect their valuables, and in the majority of cases they had to leave with a scanty wardrobe. About the same time St. Andrew's Church took fire, and it did not stand long. Adjoining the church was the two storey brick building, occupied as a tailor's shop in

the lower storey, and the Beacon, Pioneer and Siloam Lodges of Oddfellows, as well as the Millicette Encampment of the Order had the upper flat. Some of the members managed to get into the building and save most of the regalia and paraphernalia. Prior to that building been destroyed the buildings at the southern corner of Duke and Union streets, and on the opposite corner caught almost simultaneously.

To say that the fire raged fiercely here would but too faintly describe the terrible manner in which it kept on, unheeding the streams of water directed upon it; the engine was obliged to shift its position from this quarter, the heat being most terrific; there were two of the hose being burned, and of all things, the preservation of that was most essential. The engine was taken down Duke street, but it seemed as if the fire did not wish to part company, and kept up a rapid pursuit. It also spread along the western part of Mill street, crossing over to the opposite side and darting with lightning-like rapidity upon Messrs. Rankine & Sons' biscuit manufactory; then following onward towards North street. From the south wharf the flames entered Ward street and extended to Peter's wharf in a remarkably short space of time; then they proceeded to Water street, and from thence soon made their way to the southern part of the Market Square, making a jump up to Prince William street. At this street a wooden house on Canterbury street took the flames, and Church street buildings were soon imperilled. Then the flames advanced to Princess and King streets, and Germain streets, in front of Trinity Church, began to take the fire very rapidly. The Academy of Music was also destroyed. The two stories were occupied, and the Knights of Pythias had a hall in the front up-stairs. A great many of the actors who have been playing under Mr. Nannay's engagement lost a portion of their wardrobes, and all the scenery was burned.

When the fire had reached the Market Square, and had obtained a strong hold on the many fine buildings thereon situated, several explosions were heard coming from one of the hardware stores; they caused a general scattering of the people about, and the reports reached as far up as the Court House. The fire entered King street on the western side, from Germain and Canterbury streets, extending northerly on Charlotte street to the St. John Hotel, burning the Trinity School in its course, went up to the south side of King's Square, and levelling to the ground the Lyceum; destroying the marble works of Mr. R. P. Osgood and Messrs. Milligan, proceeded to Robertson's stables, across to St. Malachi's Hall, up Leinster street, and then back to King street east, down nearly to Pitt street. From there, all buildings south of King street have been burned. In the other part of the city the conflagration was stopped about North street, having extended as far up Union street as Messrs. J. & T. Robertson. The Bank of British North America was saved. The Police Office and Station, opposite, were burned.

The shipping floated down the harbour to places of safety at an early stage of the fire, and there is no loss of shipping, except the schooners in the Market Slip. At an early part of the day the Western Union Telegraph Company's office was burned, and its valuable batteries and apparatus destroyed.

A great quantity of the goods saved fell into the hands of thieves who hung around like vultures eager to avail themselves of any opportunity to carry off what they could lay their hands on. The Ballast Wharf was covered most of the night with thousands of people anxious to escape by water; so was the railway track between the Ballast Wharf and Courtney Bay. The following newspaper offices, with their plant and stock, were completely swept away:—The Freeman, the Evening Globe, the Daily Telegraph, the Daily News, the Watchman, the Religious Intelligencer; the Globe, Telegraph, News, Intelligencer and Watchman had job offices attached.

The following are amongst the list of public buildings burned: the Post Office, Bank of New Brunswick, City Building, Custom House, Maritime Bank building, in which are this bank, that of Montreal and Nova Scotia, office of School trustees, etc.; Bank of Nova Scotia, new building; Academy of Music, Victoria Hotel, Oddfellows' Hall, No 1 Engine House, Orange Hall, King Street; Temperance Hall, King street east; Dramatic Lyceum, Victoria School House, Temple of Honour Hall, Barnes Hotel, the Royal Hotel, Saint John Hotel, Acadia Hotel, the Brunswick House, Bay View Hotel, International Hotel, Wiggins's Orphan Asylum, Deaf and Dumb Institution. The churches burned are Trinity, St. Andrew's Church, Germain Street Methodist, Germain Street Christian Church, Duke Street St. James Church, Leinster Street Baptist, the Centenary Church, St. Philips, Carmarthen Street Mission, Methodist; Pitts' Street Mission Church, St. David's Church, Reformed Presbyterian Church, Sheffield Street Mission House.

Lives lost.—The following persons are reported to have lost their life in the fire:—Benjamin Williams, Germain street; Harold Gilbert, near Victoria Hotel; William McNeil, of James Adams & Co.'s establishment; Garrett Cotter, of Jas. S. Noyes' establishment; the mother of ex-Mayor Reed and his two aunts; two men whose names are unknown, are reported run over and killed; Hugh McGovern, of Strait Shore; the body of an unknown man was found on Prince William street at four o'clock this morning. There were many persons hurt. Accidents were quite common, and we regret to say in particu-

lar among the brave firemen. No clear estimate of the value of the property destroyed or of the insurance can be given; certainly ten or twelve millions are gone, and insurance men think their risks may run up to five millions. The entire business portion of the city is destroyed; not a leading establishment has escaped; all the principal dry goods stores, the leading groceries, all the ship brokers, commission merchants, all in wholesale liquors, flour, provisions, coal, salt, lumber, tea, West India goods, are utterly wiped out, and forty odd blocks, or nearly two hundred acres south of King street, have not six buildings remaining. The valuables of the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Nova Scotia were removed to the vault and the safes of the Bank of New Brunswick. Every street, square, and alley is filled with furniture, and thousands of people are without either food or shelter. The International Company's steamer "New York" sheltered and fed one thousand persons last night, and the vessels in the stream have large numbers of people on board; thousands had to get away from the lower part of the city by boats.

THE FREE LANCE.

"Well, Canehon has got another portfolio."
"Yes, Joe is an old newspaper man, and is fond of exchanges."

Who says that a seat in the Senate is a small matter? Look at Rigaud. The eyes of the whole country are upon it, and we breathlessly await the result.

"That's the best thing I ever saw in the Herald," was what the Gazette man said when a friend presented him with a lot of delicious grapes done up in a copy of our morning cotem.

He was leaning against the huge corner pillar of the new Post Office, and majestically looking down the street.

"Holding up the Post Office, eh?"
"Yes, sir, I have a lien upon this building."

We have had shoals of witnesses about the Oka business—the "Witness" par excellence, the "True Witness," and any number of false witnesses. What the country wants is fewer witnesses and more judges, or rather one judge who will settle this miserable affair for all time.

It is against the rule of rival circuses to follow each other, at short intervals, on the same ground. It doesn't pay. The Grit circus is going to follow the Tory circus at Kingston, and the inhabitants of that city will thus be able to learn which has the bigger menagerie.

That meeting of the Police Commissioner and Chief Joseph in boats, on neutral waters, to settle the Oka difficulty, was a romantic idea. It would make an historic picture. The artist might throw into the background, for effect, the ruins of the old church, and a few Indians marching off to the prison of Ste. Scholastique.

A scene in Beaver Hall.
"Are you going to the Caron celebration, Arabella?"
"What's that? Will there be singing, dancing and strawberries?"
"No, nothing of all that."
"What then?"
"An exhibition of old books."
"Oh, jshaw! we have cords of them up in the lumber room."

A fellow journalist was taking a quiet whiff between acts in the lobby of the Academy of Music. He was all alone and perfectly silent. A policeman came up to him and said:
"Do you see that placard on the wall?"
"Yes, I see it."
"Well, it says 'No Smoking Allowed.'"
"I'm not smoking aloud."
Peeler evaporated.

There was a fire the other day in St. Gabriel Street. A volunteer fireman who had been doing wonders, leaping over a fence in search of new exploits, fell upon a litter of pigs. The sight changed the current of his ideas. He thought he would stoop down, knock a young porker over the head, hide him under his coat, and fetch him home with the prospect of a succulent roast on Sunday. But, as he proceeded to work, he suddenly heard a ferocious grunt in his rear, and saw a rush at him from the outraged porcine. The way he jumped back over that fence was a caution, and now he hobbles around the station with a sprained ankle.

A congregation somewhere out in Compton are served by a lay preacher. They liked his sermons pretty well, and thought they would try him on prayer. So they asked him to address to heaven a supplication for rain, and this is the way he did it:

"O Lord, we raise up our voices to thee to-day for rain. Send, not, however, a heavy shower, drowning our fields, flooding our brooks, overturning our fences, and breaking down our bladed corn, but let it come down drizzle drozzle, drizzle drozzle, drizzle drozzle, for about a week, amen."

The latest on Wagner.

A deaf man, after exhausting all the resources of art, had at last recourse to an eminent Parisian aurist. This doctor operated on him for a long time unsuccessfully. At length he said:
"There is one final expedient, but it is a desperate one. If it fails, I must abandon your case."

Ordering his carriage, he drove with his client to Pussdeloup's Concert, where several specimens of the Music of the Future were set down. The overture of *Tannhauser* was given exactly as written.

At its close, the deaf man looked around, smiled, and spoke to the doctor with animation. The latter sat bolt upright, serious, and answered never a word. What had happened?

The patient had recovered his hearing, but the doctor was deaf!

He had promised to drive Beatrice to the races at Blue Bonnets, and accordingly pulled up at her residence in a resplendent new buggy. But Alice, the cousin of Beatrice, happened to be at the house, and she also wanted to go to the races, so that some scheme had to be devised to accommodate the two girls. At length it was decided, amid much laughter, that the buggy should take them all, and that Morgan should sit on the knees of his fair companions. This arrangement worked satisfactorily, the young man making the outward trip amid the admiration and envy of many of his acquaintance.

"There goes Brigham Young," said one.

"Behold Sarlanapalus!" muttered another, more classically inclined.

"How comfortably that fellow is cushioned," exclaimed a third.

"There is no rose without a thorn," growled a fourth, referring to the red cheeks of the girls, and the rather long nose of our friend.

They reached Blue Bonnets in triumph, enjoyed the races, the young ladies winning gloves, kerchiefs, neckties, and other gewgaws from Morgan by betting on the favourite, and were warmly thanked for so betting by the gallant Major who is the owner of Moonstone, the winner.

On the way home, instead of following the highway with the others, Morgan, wishing to have the girls all to himself, took a solitary road across the country. All went to his liking for a considerable time, but suddenly, while the horse was bowing along at a great rate, he came to a sharp ridge which gave a tremendous jolt to the buggy. The girls shouted and sprang themselves to their respective corners. This left a big opening in the middle, down which the bewildered Morgan went headlong, and landed at the bottom of the vehicle. His position was most awkward, his legs crossing under him à la Turquo, his head falling back on the cushion, and his hat flying away into the road. He called on the girls to help him up, but they only leaned out on the sides, screaming with laughter. He yelled to the horse to stop, but the fellow teased his head as if he enjoyed the fun, and accelerated his speed. He made a desperate effort to straighten himself up, but just then the wheels went into a gully, causing a lurch which brought him down again, and threw his neck backward with such violence that his shirt collar burst open. He was in a towering rage by this time, and tried again to rise, but another lurch of the carriage brought his nose in contact with the dash-board, and made the blood flow. At this the girls could contain themselves no longer.

"I have a stitch in the side that almost suffocates me," whispered Alice, rolling her handkerchief in her mouth.

"My forehead is like to split with headache," answered Beatrice, holding her temples.

At length, Morgan righted himself somehow, and stood up in the buggy, refusing a seat from the girls with a growl. Thus, hatless, with shirt collar spreading out like two lichen sails, his bosom stained with blood, and the knees of his trousers frayed, he stood leaning the horse forward in vengeance and muttering awful imprecations. Fortunately it was dark when he reached town. He got rid of his companions as quickly as he could, and drove to the stables a thoroughly disgusted man. He vows that girls are the meanest, most cruel, heartless, unscrupulous, remorseless, and abominable creatures on earth when there is question of their own amusement at the expense of an unfortunate young man. He swears that he will never take one out riding again, and as for driving with two, he would sooner see himself chopped into a million pieces with a meat axe.

LACLEDE.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."

To the invalid, life is a burden—wealth, ambition and all the reasonable and happy pleasures of life are as dross. To such an one the proffer of a bona-fide cure offered by the Holman Liver-Pal comes as a blessing. The certificates accompanying their announcement are from well-known persons in their respective localities and their testimony is unanswerable as to its value and success. Instead of drenching the human system with mineral poisons in the shape of drugs debilitating the constitution and nauseating the stomach, the Pal is a simple outward application worn without any inconvenience and is almost instantaneous in its effects. The prices are very reasonable and placed the remedy within the reach of everybody.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OKOMAN SLEIGH.—This is the latest style of sleigh invented and patented by an engineer on contract 15th, Canadian Pacific Railway. It is only used in an official capacity.

THE JESUIT BARRACKS.—We give a view of this old historic landmark which is now being demolished. A full description of it has already appeared in these columns.

ANQUI BRIDGE crosses the Anqui river quite close to where the latter falls into the Metapeda. The iron work is 107 feet long, and weighs 22 tons. The distance between the abutments on which the ends rest is 100 feet. From the manner in which it is crossed, it is called a "through" bridge. It is built on a pile foundation, protected by rip-rap. The principal part of the stone for it is compact, hard, yellow sandstone. The contractors found abundance of building stone in this division, both of the kind just mentioned and the very best of limestone, in some instances in cuttings, and in others close to the line. A considerable amount was taken from it for other divisions. The contractors were Mr. Neilson—who lately died very suddenly at Ottawa—and Mr. McGraw. They did the whole of the work. Their price was \$245,745. The snow-shed represented in our illustration, is 1,611 feet long. A few minutes' walk from the bridge on the Anqui next the spectator is the station of that name, which was built for the use of the engineer while the works were in progress. Quite near it, on the banks of the Metapeda, is a saw mill belonging to Mr. A. Grant, who did the iron work on all the bridges on the Intercolonial Railway down to the Anqui. It can be used either by steam or water. Mr. Grant has lately built a very neat dwelling house, which is a great improvement to the appearance of the little village. There are two or three more houses at hand, all inhabited by persons engaged in Her Majesty's service—that is, on the Intercolonial Railway. Metapeda is an Indian word, signifying "musical waters." In this river, besides salmon and trout, there is a very fine fish called the *troutlet*. (Having never seen the name written or heard it spelled, we must spell it by guess.) The sides of the fish named are speckled like those of a trout. The fish is also, both in colour and taste, very like that of the trout. Some are caught weighing fully thirty pounds.

SWAN RIVER BARRACKS. — These barracks, situated ten miles north of Fort Peley, Northwest Territory, were commenced in the summer of 1874, and completed in the fall of 1875. A detachment of D. Troop, N.W.M.P., are at present stationed there, under the command of Captain W. M. Herchmer, and Sub-Inspector Griestach. The buildings are chiefly frame work, of spruce. This is at present the residence of the Lieut. Governor of the Province of Keewatin. The soil is very rocky, and snakes are numberless, making it difficult at some periods to walk without treading them down. A mail reaches here every three weeks.

THE NEW PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION.—This building, the laying of the corner stone of which was represented in a late number, is Gothic, having four facades of rock-faced courses with trimmings and openings, water tables, belts, carnea and bands of cut stone. It will be three stories in height, having a well elevated basement and Mansard roof, ornamented. There are two towers, one at each end, and the main entrance is in the centre, with a handsome flight of stone steps, portico, &c. The basement is 10 feet high; the floor being level with the ground, will afford abundance of light and air. There are three entrances, one on the north side for baker, butcher, &c., and one for the girls and one for the boys to the play ground, with doors opening into the hall and with corridor, and refectory with openings on three sides, with sewing-room, teachers' dining-room, kitchen, scullery, laundry, larder, cook's pantry, store-rooms, laboratories, fuel cellar and two boilers for heating the building with hot water. The ground floor will be 15 feet high, and will contain an octagonal vestibule, opening to a hall, having a handsome staircase six feet in width in the centre, and two returns of four feet. On the left are two rooms, a class-room and the boys' recreation room. Both these rooms can be made one for meetings, by sliding the doors. On the right the office and Board room, with safe, and teachers' room, and corridor between them, with staircase and private entrance leading into the girls' recreation room, in front, and in rear a class room. The second story will contain a library, two bedrooms or dormitories, and the bedrooms, girls' and boys' lavatories, hall in the centre with corridors and staircases at each end. The third story will contain dormitories, hospitals and lavatories, nurses' rooms, galleries, &c. To secure thorough ventilation and warming, the ventilating and smoke flues are carried up through the centre of the building, with register at the floor and ceiling on each story. The heating apparatus will consist of two of Spence's hot water boilers, connected so that they can be worked separately or together, with coils in all the rooms, halls, corridors, dormitories, &c. The work has been progressing rapidly, and is of the most substantial character, having all the division walls of brick, and we look forward with great pleasure to its completion by November next.

PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.—Prince Karl or Charles I., who

has during eleven years past reigned over the united provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, now called "Roumania," with a population of four millions and a half, is a German, of the Prussian Royal family, being a son of the late Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He is thirty-eight years of age, having been born on April 20, 1839. His election to be Prince of Roumania, in 1866, was consequent upon the revolution which deposed Alexander John Couza, the first ruler of the united provinces under the Constitution of 1861. Prince Charles is married to Elizabeth von Newwid, daughter of the late Prince Hermann von Newwid.

OUR FRONT PAGE AND DOUBLE PAGE will be found fully alluded to in our editorial columns.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AT BUCHAREST.—On the fifteenth of May last, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia was received by the Prince and Princess of Roumania at Bucharest. The royal couple did honour to their illustrious visitor by greeting him at the moment of his arrival at the terminus of the Northern Railway. In the morning the Prince and Princess were received in the state saloons of the Railway station terminus by the ministers of state and the Metropolitan of Bucharest. At forty minutes past eleven the band of the red Hussars announced the arrival of the Grand Duke by the performance of the Russian "All for the Czar." On his descent from the train the Grand Duke was cordially shaken by the hand by the Prince of Roumania, and conducted by him to the Princess, who was awaiting his arrival in one of the saloons of honour. After a ceremonious presentation to the different dignitaries assembled, the Royal visitor was next driven to the palace, amid the plaudits of the assembled populace. It may be here remarked that the state equipage of the Prince of Roumania is exceedingly striking: the postillions are dressed in black vests, and on their arms are large silver plates bearing the arms of the principality.

"YAMIMA."—M. Beyle, the celebrated artist, is, unlike many of the French school, singularly attached to the use of all which is showy and startling in the contrast of colour. For this reason this talented gentleman is particularly partial to Algerian subjects. The gaudy costumes, the bright blue sky, the dazzling white walls, and the glare of the sun upon the scorched-up soil are as necessary to the artistic fancy of M. Beyle as they were to his predecessor, Deshayes. In the picture which the artist calls "Yamima," we have a striking example of the artist's favourite style. The gaudy-colored dress, the glistening feathers of the peacock, and the effect of the bright coloured ornaments against the skin of the Moorish girl, all help to make up an effect which is at once brilliant, striking, and picturesque.

BURLESQUE.

SHE WAS BOSS.—A frisky female took the man she married into one of our stores the other day to look at some goods.

"Got any remnants?" she shouted, in a tone that might have been mistaken for a blast of a dinner horn.

"Yas, we would like to look at some remnants," softly spoke the man, making a terrible failure at trying to look bold.

"Are you tendin' to this remnant business, or am I?" piped the wild-cat-eyed female, and the man withered and sighed.

A SPIRITUALIST.—One of our old citizens, says the San Antonio Herald, who has been reading about spiritualism of late, was so rash this afternoon as to inquire of one of a crowd standing in front of the Menger if he was a Spiritualist.

"You bet I am; it's just my usual time of day for it; I'll take a cigar too. We will all join you, Colonel, since you are so pressing about it."

And about a dozen men joined in the mourning cortege to the nearest saloon, most of them wiping off their mouths, to have them ready, saying they would take sugar in their'n. The colonel got about \$2 worth of spiritualism in about five minutes.

HIS CONUNDRUM.—A chap without a collar on rushed in this morning and asked for the funny man, adding that he had a joke for him. "By Jove," said he, "it's perfectly rich. I thought of it this morning while I was dressing myself, and it made me roar right out. I told my wife, but somehow she didn't seem to see it. It's wonderful nobody thought of it before. These jokes do come so impromptu like, you know."

After handing him the young Roscius' chair and bidding him take a fan and be calm, we ventured to inquire in what line of humour this famous joke might be—satire, domestic, wood-pile, burlesque, pun, or what?

"Eastern war line," replied he, abstractedly, as if bracing himself up for the final explosion.

"Ah," we said, "a most prolific topic," and then planting our feet firmly as if to resist the shock of a Turkish torpedo, we remarked, "Fire away."

"Well," said he, "it's a riddle. Why is the Czar like a Fulton Market peddler? Because he wants to do a rushin business in Turkey."

The ambulance driver who removed the remains to the morgue generously refused to charge us anything when he heard of the aggravating circumstances of the case. The sanc-

tum floor has been scrubbed and sanded, and the next man may now come on.

BORROWING A WHITE SHIRT.—A prominent and well-to-do farmer of the lead mine region, when in Galena the other day, gave us an amusing account of his marriage. It was twenty-five years ago that he was superintending a smelting furnace on Mr. E. M. Bouron's place in West Galena, and was courting a young lady in the city. The smelters and miners all wore hickory shirts, and our friend had no other; but he knew a saloon keeper down on the levee who had a white shirt, so went down and borrowed it, hired a span of horses, and went to Hazel Green and got married. He then took his bride down to his little cabin in West Galena, where they passed the night. Next morning he handed her the milk pail, went out and showed her his cow, and left her milking while he went about his work at the furnace. The next time he came to the city he returned that white shirt, which was the first one he had worn in many years, and the last for some years that followed.

JOHN AT THE AUCTION.—This morning, at an auction sale on C street, a lot of worn-out household furniture was under the hammer, when a Chinaman, who had been carefully watching operations for some time, put in a bid of "tree" for an old dilapidated washstand.

"Two bits—do I hear the three?" shouted the auctioneer.

There was a long pause, broke at last by the Chinaman bidding again:

"Tree bittee."

The crowd laughed at the Celestial for raising his own bid, and the auctioneer, taking in the situation, sang out:

"Three bittee—do I hear the four?" and looked over at John.

There was another long pause, but at last "Fo bittee" came from the Chinaman, and a roar of laughter went up, in which even a number of old women joined so heartily as to almost shake their false teeth out. Still the auctioneer held on to the washstand, and the Chinaman, determined to secure it, bid five, seven, eight "bittee" successively, and it was finally passed over to him for a dollar. He received it with a smile of awful dimensions, remarking, "Me ketchee washstand, you bettee—heap cheepee."

WHO SAYS GIRLS CAN'T COOK?—Henry Algernon Sidney called upon a couple of young lady friends in Easton a few afternoons since, and found them in entire possession of the house. Father and mother had gone to the farm in the country, and the cook had gone with another man up the Delaware to look for trailing arbutus with which to trim the hop-pole.

Those three young people enjoyed themselves that afternoon to a degree that was positively alarming—to the neighbours. But alas! the best of fun, like many other things, is liable to break in two in the middle, and right in the midst of their jollity, Maud suddenly whispered to Annie:

"Oh! what in the world will we do about Ally's supper?" You see, his name is Algernon, but they called him "Ally" for sweet.

"Never mind, Maudy dear, we'll fix that. If we can't do any better we can cook some ham and eggs anyhow."

The result was that Henry Algernon was let into the secret that the cook was away, and the girls didn't know enough about cooking to disgust a cannibal, but they were going to try for his sake, and he accompanied them down to the kitchen. With a herculean effort he sawed off a couple of slices of ham about as thick as a beard, and left the rind on them, telling the girls his mother always did that to keep them in shape—the ham—not the girls.

Maud, without the slightest hesitation, took down the teapot, measured out a teacupful of green and a teacupful of black tea, which she put in together, and as the kettle was boiling she half filled the pot with water and set it in on the back part of the stove to draw. Annie went in the cellar and came back with an air of confidence, two pounds of butter, a dozen eggs and a pitcher of milk. She laid them down and said, inquiringly:

"Maud, when cook makes ham with cream gravy, did you ever notice whether she puts in the butter and flour or the sugar and milk first?"

"Oh! no, Annie, you mix the flour and milk and sugar and then put the butter in the pan."

"How much butter?"

"Oh! I don't know; 'bout half a pound, I guess."

Annie cut off a chunk of butter about the size of a colt's hind foot and put it in a pan that was already hot on the fire, and while it was melting beautifully she proceeded to mix up the other things, which in a moment she poured in liberally and conscientiously. The pan hesitated a moment, as though it had been astonished at something, and then commenced to foam away in fine style. While the girls wiped the perspiration off their faces, Henry Algernon, sitting on the edge of the kitchen table, said:

"Now, girls, why don't you flop in your ham?"

"Oh! sure enough!" and each girl grasping a slice of ham, dropped it gracefully in the seething pan, the contents of which of course sloshed over like a Fourth of July orator, and there went up a smoke in that kitchen alongside of which the smoke of Sodom and Gomorrah was a ten-for-a-cent cigarette, and if it had not been that the tea kettle boiled over just then and put out the conflagration there might have been trouble.

Both girls showed strong symptoms of wash-

ing their aprons in their eyes, when Algernon came gallantly to the rescue, saying:

"Here, girls, let's call this a conundrum and give it up, and go to some place where we can buy ice cream and cake and strawberries without the trouble of cooking them."

And those two girls grabbing the smoking ham off the fire, as one man, raised up their voices and said:

"Amen."

MATERNAL.—When a St. Louis woman wants to dispose of her child where it will do the most good, she rings the door bell and asks permission to leave the dear thing a few minutes while she steps around the corner. The sweet cherub smiles and coos, the mother forgets to come back, the woman who took the child in finds that she is taken in herself, but before she makes the discovery the wee thing has wormed its way into the soft spot in her heart, and she refuses to let go. A case of the sort happened there last week.

BOILING OVER WITH LOVE.—It was in a West Philadelphia parlor last Sunday evening. They had talked of the weather, cooking picnics, where the best ice cream was to be found, what they expected to do next Fourth of July, and then followed a spell of silence. Gently, very gently his arm stole around her waist. He felt her tremble, and then he commenced pouring burning words of love into her ear. In fifteen minutes his tale had been unfolded, and then he paused for a reply but no reply came, not even a grunt. Uncertainty was consuming him, his hair commenced to rise, and so did his nose, so clutching her by the arm, he gasped:

"O, will you be mine?"

She didn't say yes, but she did spring from his side and that sofa, and go dancing around the room exclaiming, "Oh, my arm! Oh, my arm! O-o-o-oh! Jerusalem!" And then she keeled over and fell insensible on the floor, just as her father, mother, brother and three half-dressed children, and the dog rushed into the room.

"Young man, what is the meaning of this?" sternly demanded the father.

The young man kept silent.

"What is it, I say?" he thundered.

"I'll bet he's caught her by the arm and busted her life," howled the mother, as the blood on her daughter's dress caught her eye.

He had, but he won't do so any more, and hereafter, even if he is boiling over with love, he won't propose to a girl with a boil.

LITERARY.

AT A recent sale of autographs in New York that of P. T. Barnum brought twenty cents, while that of Louis Agassiz sold for \$1.25.

MR. LOUIS A. GODEY retires from the publication of the Ladies' Book, which he has issued for one-half a century.

BAYARD TAYLOR says he has made more money by a fortnight's lecturing than by six years' hard work at his translation of *Franklin*.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the poet, has accepted the post of United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, and will soon leave to enter upon his duties.

MRS. POYNTER, the writer of that remarkably pleasant novel, "My Little Lady," is a sister of the well known British painter of the same name. She is said to be amiable and attractive, but not beautiful.

GUSTAVE DORE is said to be at work on a bold piece of sculpture, and other French painters are engaged in similar pursuits. The fever seems likewise to have crossed the Channel, for many English holders of the palette are modelling in clay and wax.

BROOK FARM has been purchased for a cemetery. This, it will be remembered, was the scene of Hawthorne's *Bithedale Romance*, and it was there the transcendentalists were going to show the world that labour and culture could go hand in hand with brotherly love.

The San Francisco News Letter says that American humour is coarse and ungrammatical. The English humourist is infinitely dull; the American humorist is vulgar. The former excels in want of wit, the latter in want of taste. The jokes of one are elaborate and depressing; those of the other spontaneous and disgusting. The Englishman perverts and debases the language of the drawing-room; the Yankee faithfully preserves that of the gutter and the barnyard. In brief, the English newspaper humorist is an ass; the American a pig.

THIERS has a beautiful library of twenty thousand volumes, and it is lighted from the top. His eighty years have scarcely slackened the rate of his labour. He is up by daylight, brews his own coffee, and is closeted with M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire when the busy quarter around him is still silent. He is a great economist of his time and health, and sleeps regularly twice in the course of the day. His drinks are milk and coffee, and he eats plain meats. When he wants to gather strength for a long effort in the tribune, a copious glass of coffee appears before him.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

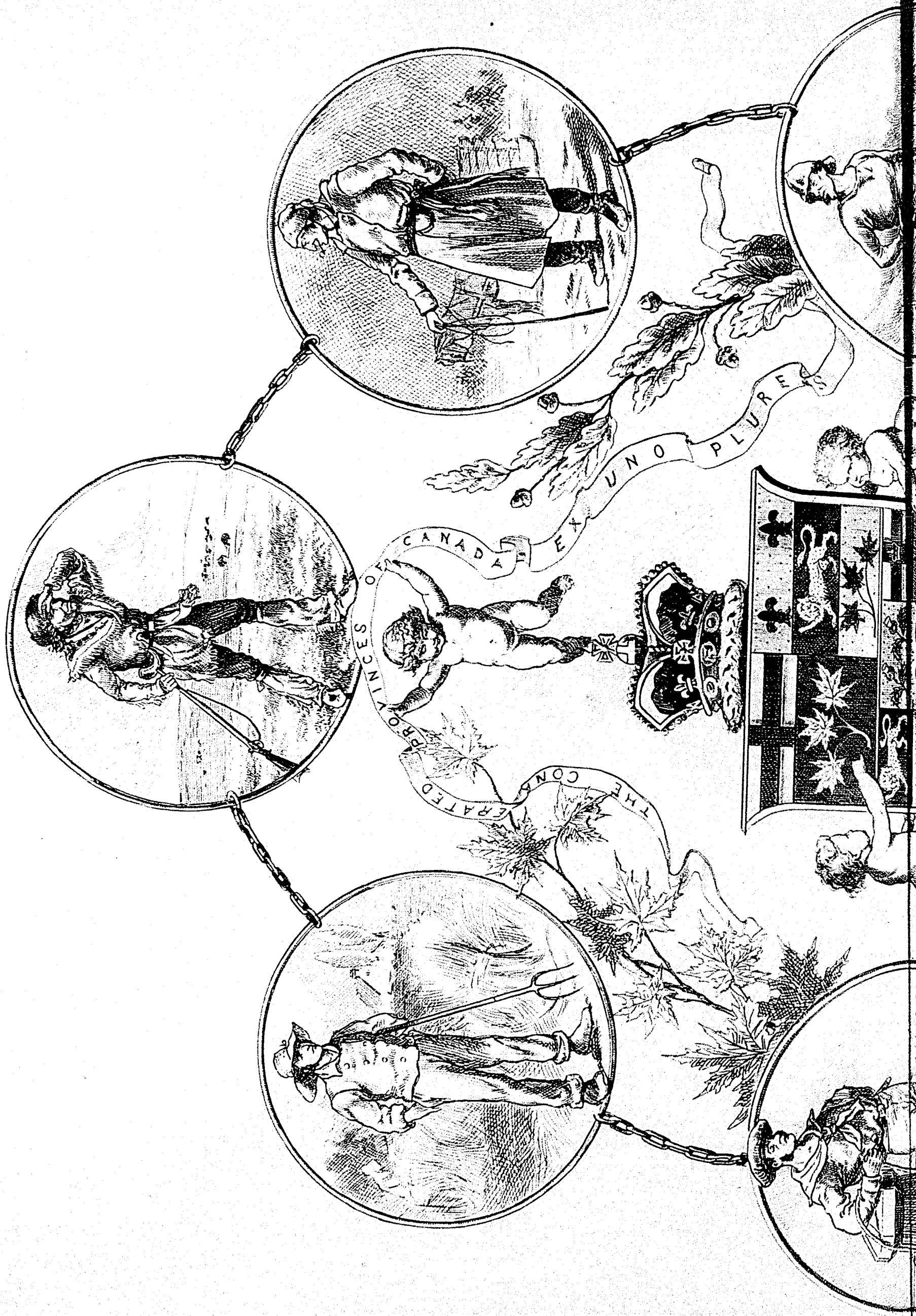
"THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" of this week has some excellent cuts and wood engravings. Prominent among them is a picture of the Hon. Edward Blake, as President of the Council, and portraits of the members of the Fisheries' Commission now in session at Halifax. The number generally is very interesting.—Kingston *W'ing*.

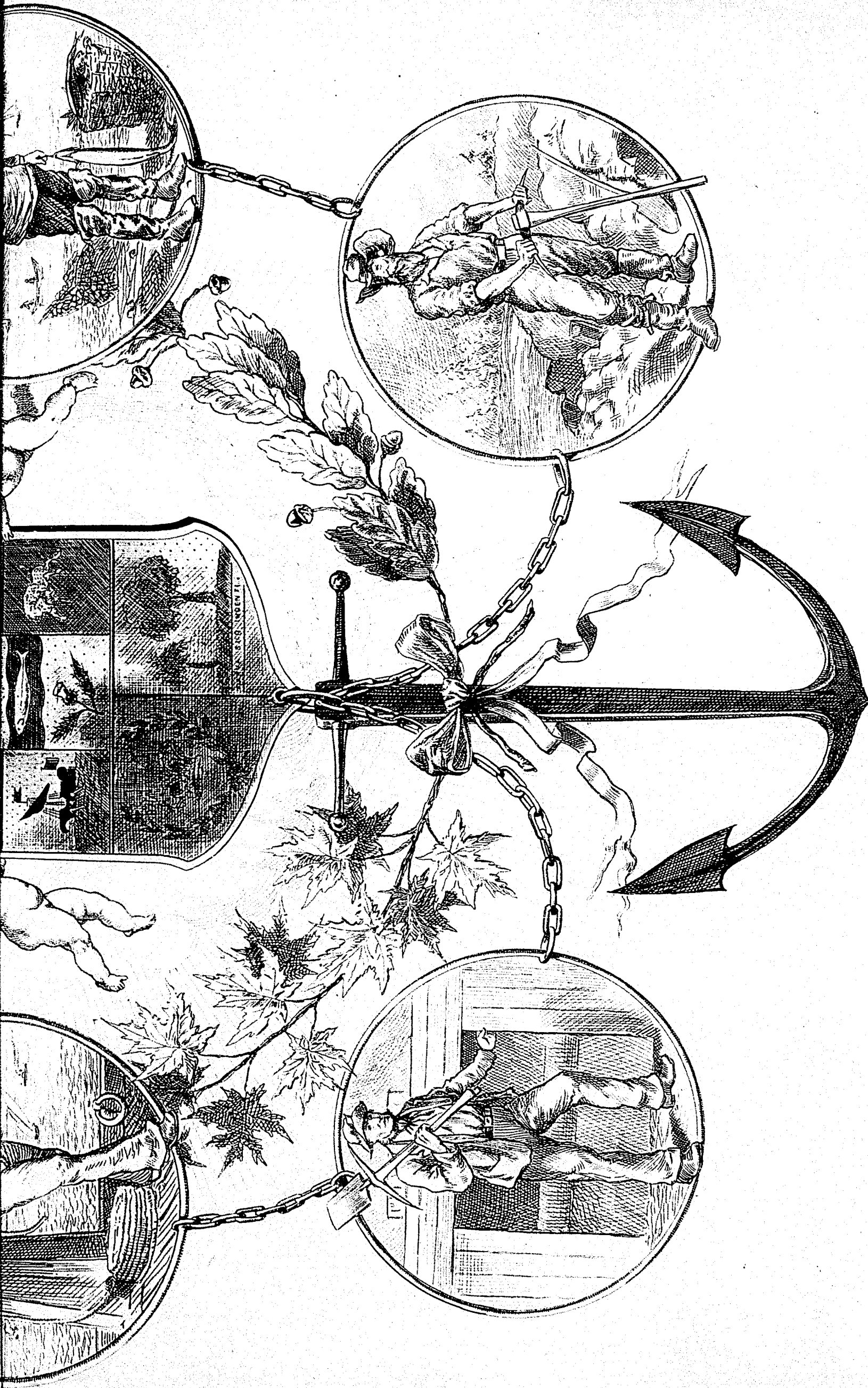
PHOSFOZONE.



Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.





THE GREAT TROPHY OF CONFEDERATION, JULY 1st, 1877.

PACHA AND DERVIS.

From the French of Florian, by Rosa Vartner Jeffrey.

In the city of Marseilles, was this story told to me by an Arab, of a Pacha who, spite his high degree, went forth with a sealed casket in his own royal hand to seek a learned Dervis, the wisest in the land. Said the Pacha to the Dervis, "There are rubies rare and bright. In this casket, there are diamonds with great hearts of rainbow light. I desire that your vast wisdom shall decide some clever rule. After searching through all nations, to select one matchless fool. I consign to you my treasure, and conjure you when you meet This, the greatest fool of many, lay your offering at his feet." With his casket our good Dervis all around the world did stray— Was there any need, I wonder, to go quite so far away? He was very much embarrassed how to choose in this affair. By numerous fools pressed to his notice everywhere, and with many a one our hermit might have left his casket there. But for a wise presentment which caused him to divine, Despite these crowds so witless, there must still be in reserve One who would the Pacha's present more than all the rest deserve. So from place to place he wandered, very weary of his mission. And very anxious to resign his troublesome possession. At last our weary traveller arrived one sunny morn. In the city of the Sultan, beside "the golden horn," Where he found a great excitement; the crowded streets were gay. The people all rejoicing, as on a gala day. The Dervis looked and wondered, and, growing none the wiser, Asked the meaning of this hub-bub! Said an man "Our Grand Vizier Is coming as an envoy; a message he doth bring From the Sultan to the Prophet, by a pretty silken string. These things amaze the people; who laugh at such affairs. And, as they are mere trifles, to win men from their castles. Our Emperor gives them often such pleasures: it is fair— "Very well," said your Grand Vizier, without doubt he's passing there. At these words our wretched hermit walked quickly to the place. And in the next Grand Vizier, met his Pacha face to face. "Good! I've found you," said the Dervis, "and now can understand Why I made the tour of Asia, with this casket in my hand; Why I travelled through all nations without stoppage or delay. And, meeting fools unnumbered, dare not choose until to-day. In your majestic presence, let my judgment hath grown wiser. Deign to accept this casket," said the Dervis to the Vizier. —N. Y. Home Journal.

THE STORY OF A DOLLY VARDEN.

"Now, ain't they nice and pretty?" Nellie Marshall, as she spoke, surveyed herself complacently in the mirror. "Look, papa; I have a Dolly Varden dress, hat, and shoes—don't you admire them?" "Yes, yes, very pretty," said her father; "but I could not tell a Dolly Varden from a Dolly anything else. However, I suppose they are all right; and if Mr. Smith should come to-day—" "Now, papa," cried Miss Nellie, "do stop talking about that hideous Mr. Smith. To be sure, I have never seen him, and do not know whether he is old or young; but I am certain he is perfectly awful, he has such a horrid name." "Why, my dear," interposed her father, "Mr. Smith is exceedingly good-looking and a very fine man, I assure you." "Now, papa, who ever heard of a Smith who was good-looking? They are, as a matter of course, all homely, commonplace persons." "How about that picnic luncheon?" inquired Mr. Marshall. "Am I to escort you or not?" "No, papa; don't you remember? I told you Mr. Morton was going to take me." "It seems to me, Nellie, this Henry Morton is very partial to you, and you to him, eh? How's that, little one?" And Mr. Marshall indulged in a hearty laugh. "Oh, dear! what shall I do with you! You are always teasing me!" And Miss Nellie pretended to be busy arranging a stray curl. "But, Nellie," began her father, after a moment's silence, "I do hope you will be polite to Mr. Smith. He is going to bring a friend with him,—a Mr.—" But here he was interrupted. "Oh, please do not talk any more about that horrid man. To be sure, I will be polite; but if I must play the agreeable for the next six weeks, let him rest for the present. Why, I believe you would like me to marry the man!" And she gave him a hug and a kiss. "Good-bye, dear!" She danced out of the room as she spoke, leaving her father convulsed with laughter. An hour later found Nellie rapidly approaching the picnic place, whirled along in Henry Morton's handsome phaeton, with Henry Morton by her side. "Come, Nellie," said that gentleman. "I want my answer to-morrow, at the farthest. But why not give it now?" "Mr. Morton, I have told you once; please say no more about it," and Nellie, with a pretty, vexed air, leaped out of the carriage to avoid further conversation. The gentleman smiled at her manner, and said *sotto voce*, "I have not much fear that answer will be favourable." In a few moments, Nellie found herself the centre of a happy group, the gayest of the gay.

But she was tired of it all; tired of Henry Morton's ceaseless attention, and tired of herself; and late in the afternoon, lunch being over, she stole away, down to a little shady dell, where the birds sang sweetly, and the incense of many flowers filled the air with a delicious fragrance.

Throwing herself upon a moss-covered bank, she watched the little brook, as it leaped and played down its rocky bed, puzzling herself the while to know whether she loved Henry Morton. Presently a little flower, peeping from its mossy nest, attracted her attention; a flower which was very difficult to reach, and therefore, the more desirable; so she rose quickly, bent eagerly forward, striving to reach it. But the treacherous earth gave way, and precipitated Nellie to the ground. Picking herself up, she glanced ruefully at her hat, which lay in a very crumpled state beside her.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I have ruined my Dolly Varden hat!" and she almost sobbed outright.

"Excuse me," said a voice, so near that Nellie fairly screamed with surprise; "but the hat is not past redemption."

A hand grasped the hat, and Nellie beheld, with astonishment, a tall, handsome gentleman standing beside her, and busily engaged with the said hat.

"I think," he observed, "if you smooth the ribbon, and put a few finishing touches, it will look none the worse. Your dress is somewhat soiled; the sleeves have a few spots on them; but I think that can be easily remedied." As he spoke, he dipped his handkerchief into the brook, and carefully erased them. "Now I think it is all right," he continued, and he laughed merrily.

"With the exception of my hands," she answered, "I see they have suffered as well as my Dolly Varden." and kneeling beside the brook, she bathed them in the clear cool water. Taking his handkerchief from him, she rinsed it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "What a pity to have spoiled it; but I can hang it on a bush, and it will dry in a few moments."

Suiting the action to the words, the initials A. L. S. riveted her attention. Instantly she thought, "Oh I wonder if his name is Smith?"

But she banished the idea instantly. He was too handsome and agreeable to be named Smith; as she came to this conclusion, she raised her eyes, unconscious that she had been looking intently at the letters. He was regarding her with a curious look and amused smile. She coloured vividly, and talked at random, to hide her embarrassment; but at length they glided into conversation naturally, and becoming interested, talked long—how long she could not tell; it was certainly longer than it ought to have been, thought Nellie, for she was not generally free with strangers.

"I thank you very much," she said, "for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I might have been sitting there yet, mourning over my Dolly Varden hat." "Oh, I think not," he answered gaily. "But if I have been of any assistance, I am very glad. It was just by chance I came this way. I started to walk to the village, and chose the pleasant bye-path in preference to the dusty highway. I cannot regret my choice. It has proved pleasant, in more ways than one."

And his eloquent eyes sought her face in a way that she could not misunderstand.

Their paths now diverged, and they parted, he to continue his way to the village, she to retrace her steps to the picnic place. When she rejoined her friends she found them very anxious about her. They had been looking and calling for her in every place, and now plied her with questions. She gave them little satisfaction, however, merely saying she had been taking a walk, and had stayed longer than she had intended.

"How could you do so, when you knew how troubled I should feel!" asked Henry Morton, as they rode home.

But she gave him no answer. Nor did she speak until they had reached the house.

"Good evening, Mr. Morton," she said coldly and hurriedly into the house, in a very disturbed state of mind.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Nellie entered the sitting-room, and found her father talking in a very animated manner, to a gentleman, who, to her horror and dismay, she discovered to be her acquaintance of the afternoon. Her father held an open letter in his hand, which he hurriedly thrust out of sight, and introduced the gentleman as Mr. Smith. His eyes twinkled merrily as he did so, and Mr. Smith seemed also much amused. But Nellie was desperate. She noticed nothing, took no part in the conversation and soon after dinner, she and the Dolly Varden disappeared.

The next day Nellie was afflicted with a severe headache, and not until evening did she make her appearance. Her father seemed to enjoy her discomfort very much; but Nellie paid no heed to his frequent sallies. She was freezing polite to Mr. Smith, nothing more. She did, indeed, condescend to ask her father, as he lingered in the dining-room a few moments after tea, why Mr. Smith's friend did not come with him. Her father answered that he was detained by business, and could not come. Later, Henry Morton called, and received his final dismissal.

Rising early the next morning, Nellie went to the garden to gather flowers. Taking the little basket on her arm, and her hat in her hand, she sauntered along the paths, culling

here and there a flower, and humming softly to herself. Suddenly she heard a quick step behind her; a wreath of fragrant blossoms fell upon her head, and a voice, that caused her to start and blush, said "We crown the queen of morn."

Angry at herself for her agitation, Nellie strove to receive Mr. Smith with a great deal of dignity and coldness; but I do not think she succeeded very well, as Mr. Smith did not seem in the least troubled; on the contrary, he asked her if he might assist her in gathering flowers; and, of course, she could not refuse.

After that, she seemed to get on much better with Mr. Smith. They walked, and rode, and sang, and read together; and Nellie informed her father, that if it were not for his name, Mr. Smith would be a very nice man.

One evening, after they had returned from a walk, Mr. Smith said to her suddenly, "You do not like my name, Miss Marshall?"

"I think it is a very homely one," she said faintly.

He left the window in a quick excited way, came to her side, and asked, in a passionate tone, "Is it so homely that you would object to taking it?"

She trembled a moment, then, raising her eyes, saw that he was in earnest, and answered, hastily, "Yes, yes, I could not—I would not."

At this juncture the entrance of Mr. Marshall put a stop to all further conversation.

That evening Mr. Smith had a long interview with her father, and as Nellie entered the hall at one end, they went out of the other. She heard her father say, "Well, I think it's all her nonsense. Depend upon it, she likes you pretty well. But I think—"

And Nellie could hear no more.

The next morning Mr. Smith took leave of Mr. Marshall's family. He looked rather pale and dejected; but Nellie was all smiles and sunshine. She gave him her hand gaily at parting, and if it did tremble a little that was nothing.

Several months passed away, and nothing was heard of Mr. Smith. Nellie's father watched her narrowly. She was, perhaps, a little more pale than was her wont, and inclined to be alone.

One evening, Mr. Marshall entered the sitting-room with a newspaper in his hand.

"Nellie," said he, "here is a little news for you;" and he read, in a loud tone, the marriage of Mr. Smith with a lady of the same town.

Nellie gave a little start, and bent closer over her sewing at the beginning; but when he had finished, she said quietly, "Ah, indeed! I wish him much happiness."

Taking a spray of flowers from a vase beside her, she arose and fastened them in her hair, then gathering up her work left the room.

Her father smiled, and said, "Nell feels that; but she has got the Marshall pride, and glories in it."

He laughed, and, leaving the room also, entered the library. After writing and sealing a letter, he delivered it to a servant to be posted as soon as possible, and then went cheerily to the dining-room, where he found his daughter awaiting him with a pale, sad face.

A few weeks later, Nellie was seated in the library alone. Frequently the hearty laugh of her father, who was seated on the lawn with a friend, sounded loud and clear into the room, and only served to make her more miserable. Sitting there, her thoughts wandered away far from the present, into the past. Sad and dejected, she looked and felt very unlike the bright, laughing girl of a few months ago.

Suddenly she heard a light step, and, looking up, Mr. Smith stood beside her. She was too agitated to speak; but he bade her "Good evening," and seated himself opposite, entering into conversation as easily as though he had left her but an hour ago. She soon recovered sufficiently to answer his questions, and, presently, said, "Excuse me. I had forgotten to congratulate you;" and she attempted a little laugh.

"But, he answered, gravely, "I am not married. It is a mistake. On the contrary, I came to ask if you will now consent to take my name."

She raised her eyes to his face with a look that answered him better than words.

"Nellie," he said, after a long silence, "can you forgive me when I tell you that my name is not Smith, but Shirley?" And, in answer to her look of surprise, he narrated briefly what perhaps the reader has already suspected.

Mr. Smith was an old friend, and about the same age as her father—a widower with four children, but soon to be married. Being invited by Mr. Marshall to pay him a visit, he decided to accept the invitation, and persuaded Shirley to come with him. At the appointed time, Mr. Smith found he could not go, but urged Shirley to, and gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Marshall, who thought it would be a good joke to call Mr. Shirley, Smith, knowing Nellie's decided aversion to that name. Mr. Shirley consented. Her refusing him merely because his name was Smith was communicated to Mr. Marshall, who decided to keep up the ruse until the marriage of his friend Smith, which marriage he read in the paper for Nellie's benefit, and seeing her disposed to relent, wrote to Shirley, who came post-haste to answer the letter in person.

As Shirley concluded his explanations, Mr. Marshall, accompanied by his friend, entered the room. Nellie hurried out to hide her flushed and happy face, and Shirley whispered, "Nellie, if you forgive me that wicked trick, wear your Dolly Varden."

Not long afterwards there was a grand wedding at Mr. Marshall's, at which the bridegroom confidently informed the bride that "he thought the Dolly Varden was the prettiest thing in the world, and hoped it would never go out of fashion."

THE GLEANER.

MR. PEABODY, the inventor of the Peabody rifle, receives about \$300 a day in royalty.

A CORRESPONDENT says that at Lord Derby's last reception there were ladies present carrying jewels worth £30,000 on their heads.

THE click of the mallet is again heard on the lawn, and any one who says croquet is going out of fashion is a conspicuously bad player, or else she wears number 6 gaiters.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh, being of the Greek Church, finds that her right to the custody of her own children, in the event of her temporary absence from England, is likely to be disputed.

THE Americans have not given up their determination to balloon across the Atlantic. A meeting of aeronauts is announced to be held in Philadelphia in July for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of this scheme.

A SPLENDID definition of the meaning of the word "suspicion" was given the other evening in a Parisian drawing-room. "It is a sentiment," said a boulevardier, "which incites us to search for something which we do not wish to find."

THE following receipt, it is said, furnishes a mixture which kills the potato-bugs and their eggs: Steep tobacco-stems or refuse tobacco, and to the decoction add lye from wood ashes or potash, and sprinkle the liquid upon the vines with a common sprinkler.

A PROMINENT physician in Bellevue Hospital has remarked that painful operations can be performed much more easily on "flower days" than on any others. A patient will bear his sufferings without complaint if he has a bouquet of flowers to hold.

HOMER, who is supposed to have written nearly 3,000 years ago, alludes to the use of the razor. This instrument has generally been made of metal, but Cortez found the Mexicans using razors of obsidian, and the Tahitians use pieces of shell and sharks' teeth ground to a fine edge. In China and Japan, razors like the European and American, but without handles, are used.

THE house where Voltaire died is situated at the corner of a quay in Paris which has been named in honour of the great philosopher. For nearly twenty-five years after his death the room in which he died was never used, and it was said that the Marquis de Villette, the owner of the house, had put a clause in his will directing that the windows were never to be opened until the centenary of Voltaire's death. This stipulation, if it was made, has not been observed, as a family now inhabit the house.

ARTISTIC.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, the well-known painter, was married, June 11th, to Major William Butler, the traveller and author. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Manning.

THE old iron-work, so famous for its elaboration, on the doors of the south portal of the west front of Notre Dame, Paris, has been completely "replaced," so that it looks as good as new, now that it is replaced.

A LITTLE while ago Mr. Seely, M.P., gave an order to Mr. Birkin Foster to paint a series of a hundred water-colour drawings at £30 a piece. The commission of £3,000 the artist has just completed.

BARON GUSTAV DE ROTHSCHILD is having his house in Paris decorated with great splendour. One salon of light carved wood, heightened with gold, will illustrate episodes from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The Good Resolve is the name of Mr. Millar's new picture. It is the picture of a little Scotch lassie standing with upraised face and serious expression, resolutely determined to keep a resolution suggested or confirmed by consultation of the Bible, leaves of which she is deliberately turning down. It is an old Scotch custom.

ANOTHER statue has been found at Olympia. It is a youthful Hermes holding a baby Bacchus on his left arm, and is probably the work of Praxiteles. The right arm of Hermes and both legs below the knee are gone, as also is the upper part of the boy's body except the head. The composition strongly recalls the *Eros* and *Photos* in the Glyptothek at Munich.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Lady's Parisian Hair Restorer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

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 Austrian 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.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

"Hast thou a lover,
Maiden so shy?
Wouldst thou be true to him?
Never would I.
Love is a fantasy,
Love is a snarl,
Love is a cankerworm
Gnawing the heart.

No; like the butterfly,
All the bright day,
Stealing from flowers
Their sweetness away.
As o'er each blossom
He wantonly plays,
Feeding on nectar,
As I upon praise.

So would I wander,
And sip of the best,
But never a passion
Should conquer my breast;
Setting no value on
Vows I had spoken,
Counting up cheerfully
Hearts I had broken!"

"But, like that giddy
Ephemeral thing,
The dust of its beauty
Brushed from its wing,
When thou hast fallen,
As butterflies must,
Crushed on life's thoroughfare,
Prone in the dust;

No one will sigh for thee,
None will regret;
No one will pity thee,
Heartless coquette,
And when departing hence—
Passing away,
Oh! for one loving heart
Near thee that day!

Where then the cooling hand
Laid on thy brow,
Or the dear gentle voice,
Whispering low?
Where then the tender eyes,
Humid with tears?
Where the protecting arm,
Faithful for years?

Who by thy deathbed
Will lighten thy gloom?
Who weep regretfully
Over thy tomb?
Love is no fantasy,
Love is no snarl;
Love is a paradise
Filling the heart."

Montreal. MARY J. WELLS.

THE LOVER'S WRATH.

"Now, girls, if you want any beauty, you had better go to bed," said Mrs. Conway.

Mrs. Conway's house was decorated with festoons of evergreen studded with scarlet berries.

The great wedding-cake, with its columns of spun sugar and wreaths of frosted roses, was already set in its place of honour in the middle of the table, and the chandelier, an old-fashioned affair, with glistening silver chains and pendants of cut glass, was wreathed with princess-epine and "velvet run," for Katie Conway was to be married the next day.

She stood before the fire, a tall, sweet-faced girl of nineteen, her golden brown hair coiled in rippling waves around her head, and her large blue eyes shining like azure jewels, while the three bridesmaids, old schoolmates, who, in accordance with an ancient compact, had been summoned to this first wedding in their ranks, clustered around her like maids of honour about their queen.

"Dear me," said Rosa Finlay, "it's past 11."
"And my hair not crimped yet," said Josey Dale.

"And I've got the blue bows to sew on my white muslin dress," added Lucilla Wharton. "Good night, everybody."

And so the merry little group scattered to their various rooms.

Katie Conway herself went last of all, but she did not go immediately to bed. Was there not Robert Falconer's last letter to read over, once again, in the glow of the fire, while Bessie, the maid, who was waiting to brush out her young lady's hair, glanced askance at Katie's face, and thought how nice it must be to have a lover.

Suddenly Katie started up.
"How selfish I am!" she said, apologetically. "I forgot that Bessie was waiting."

And in five minutes the maid was dismissed, and Katie was all alone, with the lamp burning softly on the table and the firelight glancing on the gilded arabesques of the Chinese folding screen, that shut all draughts away from the hearth.

Almost at the same time Robert Falconer, just arrived in the late train, was standing out in the frosty moonlight by the stable-yard of the "Bolton Arms," and close to him stood a tall, handsome man, leaning against the gate-post, and smoking a cigar.

"Well," he said, angrily, "this is a surprise!"

"I don't see why it should be," returned Falconer. "I am to be married to Miss Conway to-morrow, and I decided to come on to-night instead of waiting for the morning train. I shall give them an agreeable surprise," and his face brightened at the thought. "The wonder is that you should be here, Karl Porter."

"I?"

The young man's eyes turned evasively away from the other's frank glance.

"Oh, we lawyers are here and there and everywhere. I've had a libel case in the town, and it has brought me down occasionally."

"Who was that woman you were talking to

when I first came in?" carelessly questioned Falconer. "She seemed annoyed or angry."

Porter laughed again, this time more constrainedly than before.

"It's only a woman from the other end of the town," said he. "I've paid her pretty daughter a few passing attentions, and she wants to take the matter *au sérieux*. These country people are so desperately in earnest. Here comes the hostler; now you'll be off."

But fate had ordained otherwise.

The only horse left in the stables was hopelessly lame.

"But if the gentleman could wait an hour or"—

"Wait an hour!" echoed Mr. Falconer, "and it's after 11 already! No, thanks, my good fellow. It's an easy two miles. I could walk it in less time than that."

"But it's a bitter night, sir, for all the moon shines so bright," urged the man, "and you'll be famished with the cold."

"No matter. My friend here will lend me his fur-trimmed Ulster—eh, Porter?" laughingly demanded Falconer.

"With all the pleasure in life," Karl Porter languidly made answer; "that is, if you are actually determined to commit such an eccentricity."

"Wait until your wedding-day comes, and see how you will feel about it," retorted the bridegroom elect, as he buttoned the long wrap about him and turned up the fur collar to protect his neck from the cold. "Well, *au revoir*. I shall expect to see you at the wedding-breakfast to-morrow, remember."

And with the long, swinging stride of a practised walker, he disappeared down the road.

All this transpired at about 11.30, and the little alabaster clock on Miss Conway's mantel pointed to 12 precisely, when, still brooding over Mr. Falconer's letter, something like a tremulous quiver of chill air across her made her start instinctively and look up. The lamp illuminated only a small portion of the room, but the silver radiance of the full moon, shining in through the casement across which Katie had forgotten to draw the crimson draperies, made all as light as day. And there, standing leaning against the long French casement, Katie Conway saw her lover, wrapped up in a long, fur-trimmed coat, a seal-skin cap on his head, and a face as pale as marble, save one scarlet spot on the left temple. She started up with a low cry, and at the same instant he seemed to beckon to her to come to him. And even as he beckoned the bell in the old church-tower struck 12.

Katie ran to the casement, but when she reached it the moonlight and glistening snow of the untrodden lawn, and the moving shadows of an immense old tree that grew close to the house, were all that could be seen. For an instant she looked with wild, startled eyes out upon the snowy silence, and then, wrapping her dressing-gown about her, she ran to her mother's room.

"Mamma wake," she cried, stooping over Mrs. Conway's pillow. "Robert is here! Robert is outside in the cold. Call Michael to unbolt the doors. Quick, mamma, quick." And in five minutes Michael, the old man servant, had unfastened the ponderous front door and was looking out.

"Did you say it was at this window you saw him, Miss Katie?" he asked.

"Yes; close to the glass—beckoning me to come."

"But it couldn't be, miss," protested the man. "Look at the smooth snow. There's naught on it for three yards around your window, let alone the sparrows' tracks. Sure there's never a foot-print touched it since the snow fell three days ago."

"For all that I saw him," she said, lifting a blanched and haggard face towards her mother. "I saw him. Oh, mamma, mamma, put away the flowers and the bridal veil. I shall never be married now."

"Darling," soothed her mother, "you are nervous. It was only a dream. Go to bed now and rest."

But Katie kept on saying, "I shall never be married now."

Early the next morning old Michael set off to the florist's for the freshly-cut flowers which had been ordered for the wedding breakfast. But he had scarcely reached the gates when the outline of something dark lying in the snow caused him to pause abruptly. It was the figure of a man, his white face turned upwards towards the sunrise, and a tiny crimson spot on his left temple—the spot where a bullet had sapped his life away with deadly aim. And the prostrate figure was wrapped, as if in a shroud, with a long, fur-trimmed coat.

"God bless me!" cried out old Michael; "it's Mr. Falconer, just as Miss Katie saw him last night." It was quite true. Robert Falconer had been assassinated on his way to the house of his bride elect on that moonlight midnight. And a veil and a tattered shawl caught in a bush near by led to the almost immediate identification of the assassin.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Margaret Hull, sullenly. "It wasn't him as I meant to hit when I fired the shot. He had Karl Porter's fur overcoat on, and I supposed he was Karl Porter. I did mean to kill Karl Porter," she added, with a savage light in her eyes. "So, if that makes murder, I'm a murderer. I followed him on the sly, all the way from the 'Bolton Arms,' an' when I saw him cross the moonlit space by the gates, the church clock began to strike 12, and I says to myself: 'Now's my

time.' And I fired and see him drop; and all the time I supposed it was that false-hearted villain who has made love to my Peggy, and left her like a cast-off toy. Let him look out for himself, for I'll kill him yet."

The poor half-crazed creature was committed to jail, and there was a funeral at the Conway House, instead of a wedding.

"Mamma," wailed poor Katie, "did I not tell you so? His spirit came to me at the moment in which it was set free from the body."

Whether it was a dream or a reality no one ever knew. Katie Conway persisted to the day of her death that she actually did see Robert Falconer's wraith. And every year when the sad anniversary came round she watched at her window for another glimpse of her lost lover. But the spirit of the murdered man never came again.

VARIETIES.

Most people know that light colors make rooms look larger than dark ones, though it is probable that few can entirely realize the wonderful difference between them until they have seen walls painted dark or the reverse. A light picture by the same law makes a room look larger, and a picture darker than the wall it is hung upon will reduce the size of the room, unless lightness of the frame is sufficient to compensate for the difference. Perhaps the present decided taste for light pictures is partly due to this. A rule in the arrangement of interiors may be deduced from these observations, which is, that when a room is smaller than we should like it to be, we ought to hang very light pictures in it, and when it is uncomfortably large we should reduce it with dark ones. But there are other things to be considered. Pictures which represent narrow interiors do not enlarge rooms much, because they convey a feeling of confinement; but landscapes with vast distances enlarge rooms immensely. In engravings and water-colors the margin has an important effect.

A PARISIAN MODEL.—A favourite model with Paris artists is an old actor named Briand. He appears in both of Vibert's Salon paintings, once as the proprietor of an apothecary shop, and in the second, called the *Scenade*, as a servant shivering in a corner holding the guitar case; and in Lauren's painting he weeps over Mareean. Briand is full of anecdotes of the old actors and old Paris, gives an interesting description of the court of the Tuileries as it used to be, filled with small houses and shops, and tells how he missed an engagement to play one night before the quays were built, because the water rose in the river, flooding over the Place de la Concorde, making it impossible for him to reach the theatre in time for the performance. Briand was a comrade of Fechter at the Francais, years ago, and is fond of speaking of his talent, assuring his listener, although Fechter has been long absent from Paris, should he now return he would have great success, for he created characters and the public have not forgotten him. Briand also boasts of the honour of signing the register as a witness at the occasion of the birth of Fechter's daughter Marie.

THE FLAG OF THE PROPHET.—The best authorities state that it was originally of a white color, and was composed of the turban of the Korish captured by Mohammed. A black flag was, however, soon substituted in its place, consisting of the curtain that had hung before the door of Ayesha, the favorite wife of the Prophet, whose affection for her was so strong that he was wont to say that she would be the first of his wives to whom the gates of Paradise would be open. The Sanjak-Sherif is regarded by the Mohammedans as their most sacred relic. It came into the possession of the followers of Omar, the second Caliph of the Moslems, and generally regarded as founder of the Mohammedan power. The Flag of the Prophet passed from the followers of Omar at Damascus into the hands of the conquering Abbasides in the middle of the eighth century; next into those of the Caliphs of Bagdad and Kahira. It was brought into Europe towards the close of the sixteenth century by Sultan Amurath III., with whom Queen Elizabeth made a treaty of commerce in 1579. It was deposited in Constantinople, where, covered with forty-two wrappings of silk, it was kept in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is perpetually guarded by several Emirs with constant prayers. It is known, however, that the banner unfolded by the Moslems at the beginning of a war and likewise carefully preserved is not the same which Mohammed had made out of the white turban of the Korish. The Moslems believe that it is, and will fight bravely under it.

OLD POMPEII'S "DIVES."—A wine-shop was lately found at Pompeii roughly ornamented with imitations of marbles and frescoes. Over the podium of the front room runs a band of stucco, with four groups of scenes painted on a white ground. The first on the left represents a young man kissing a woman dressed in yellow garments, with black shoes. She says: "Nolo eum Myrtalis." ("I don't want to be kissed; go to your Myrtalis.") The second scene represents, very likely, the same woman talking to Myrtalis, who says, "Non mia est." They both point their fingers at a third female, bringing in a wine-jar and glass. She says, "Qui vol synnat, oceane, veni, bibe," an invitation to partake of the drink. The third scene represents two gamblers seated, having the chessboard on their knees, on which several latroneuli are seen disposed in rows of different colors, yellow,

black, white. The one on the left is just throwing the dice, and says, "Evisi." ("I won.") The other answers, pointing to the dice, "Non tria, days ests." ("You have got two not three.") Both fight in the fourth scene. One says, "Non ita me, tria. ego. fva." ("I did not throw two, but three; I have won.") The other answers, "Orte fellator ego fvi." ("You —! I have the game.") At this moment the shopkeeper comes in and pushing them outside, says, "Itis, foras, rixatis." ("Go out to quarrel.")

SHAKESPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—It is said that one day when the Queen was in the theatre, Shakespeare mimicked royalty so well that Elizabeth who was always ready to have a little fun with a clever man, even though he was a poor player, whispered to her ladies that she would try if she could not make this pretended monarch turn into an awkward enough at a moment's notice. Accordingly, at a critical point in the scene, the Queen, who was sitting just over the stage, which was then held to be a place of honor, let her handkerchief fall at the feet of Shakespeare, who was just then standing close below her. Her mischievous majesty expected to see the actor start and reddens, and lose his cue. Instead of that he finished his speech with all his usual power, and without seeming to notice the handkerchief. Then stooping and picking it up, he gave it back to the Queen with a bow, in which there was an indescribable mixture of dignity and homage, saying, as he did so, these words to his train of courtiers:

But ere we get to horse and ride away,
Let us pick up our sister's handkerchief.

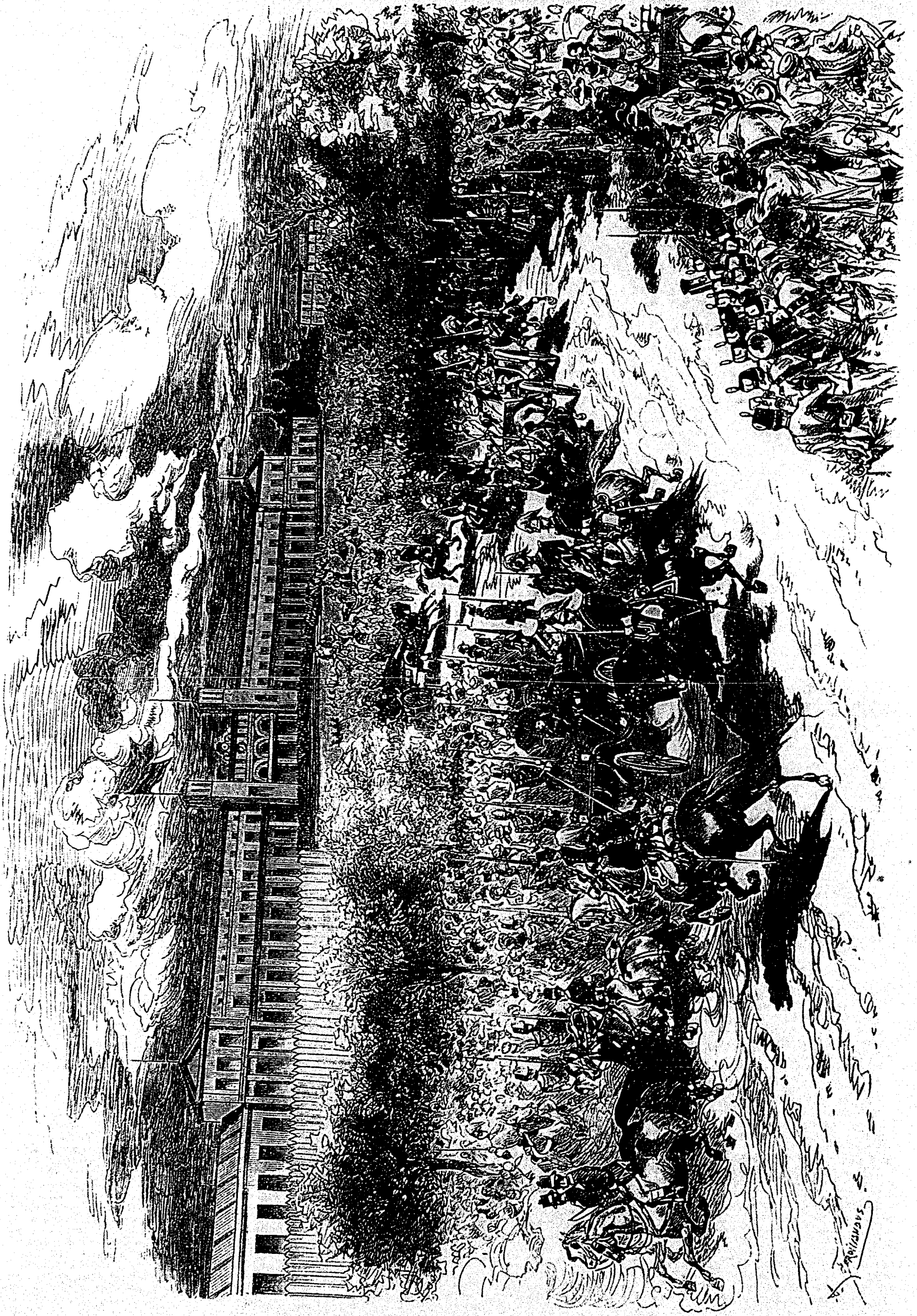
A DISGUSTED ACTOR.—Olive Logan relates the following concerning David C. Anderson, a well-known Californian actor: He was always particular about his line of business, and being asked to play the Duke in *Lucretia Borgia*, he refused. Mrs. Hayne and Frank Mayo, the stars, showed him the necessity of his playing something in the piece, and he chose the shortest part, one of the fine young cavaliers. Mayo lent him a dress, made him look nice, and all seemed at rehearsal to promise well. His part was Apostolo. At the end of the first act he has to cross the stage to Lucretia, and say to her with great fire and haste: "Madame, you beheaded Don Francisco Gazello, maternal uncle of Don Alphonso of Arragon, your third husband, whom you caused to be murdered on the grand staircase of St. Peter's. I am cousin of one victim and son of the other." Anderson rushed over to La Borgia, shouting: "Madame, I am Catherine and Petruccio, mother of one and sister of the other, and nephew to the Elephant of Siam—you bet, and I'll never play such a part again." The miners never know the difference between Anderson's text and Victor Hugo's.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

This is a nation of enlightened freemen. Education is the corner-stone and foundation of our government. The people are free to think and act for themselves, and that they may act wisely it is necessary that they should be well informed. Every individual gain increases public gain. Upon the health of the people is based the prosperity of a nation, by it every value is increased, every joy enhanced. Health is essential to the accomplishment of every purpose; while sickness thwarts the best intentions and loftiest aims. Unto us are committed important health trusts, which we hold not merely in our own behalf, but for the benefit of others. In order that we may be able to discharge the obligation of our trusteeship and thus prove worthy of our generous commission, it is necessary that we study the art of preserving health and prolonging life. It is of paramount importance to every person not only to understand the means for the preservation of health, but also to know what remedies should be employed for the alleviation of the common ailments of life. Not that we would advise every man under all circumstances to be his own physician, but we entreat him to acquire sufficient knowledge of his system and the laws that govern it, that he may be prepared to take care of himself properly, and thereby prevent sickness and prolong life. In no text book will the people find the subjects of physiology and hygiene, or the science of life and the art of preserving health, more scientifically discussed or more plainly taught than in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, New York. It is a volume of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by over two hundred and eighty-two engravings and coloured plates, is elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, and is sent, post-paid, to any address by the author at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a copy. Nearly one hundred thousand copies have been sold, and the present edition, which is revised and enlarged and more especially adapted to the wants of the family, is selling very rapidly. It treats of all the common diseases and their remedies, as well as of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, human temperaments, and many other topics of great interest to all people, and is truly what its author styles it, "Medicine Simplified."

HUMOROUS.

AFTER a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of green sward in search of bait.



THE EASTERN WAR... THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS' ENTRY INTO BUCHAREST



YAMIMA.—A MOORISH BEAUTY.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

II.

"The sea, the sea—the open sea. The fresh, the free, the ever free, The ever—ever free."

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE—ITS STEAMERS—ENCHANTED ISLES—THE PASPYJACKS—LIGHTS AND SHADES IN THE LIVES OF GASPEIANS, &c.

Who has not heard of the Gulf Port Steamers—those snug ocean crafts, which plough the lower St. Lawrence from May to December; and from December to May, the heated surface of the gulf stream, in Bermudan waters? Until last year, each season, they used to be crammed with tourists, jolly anglers, keen sportsmen, sailow invalids and lily-cheeked belles, in quest of the bracing sea-breeze of Gaspe, or making the fashionable grand tour from Montreal to Prince Edward's Island and back.

Now the Gulf Port Steamers have to breast a storm of opposition from the Intercolonial, but they will live long to bring health and comfort to the travelling community.

There were, however, on this identical 5th June, many sights, many other subjects to discuss on board of the staunch craft of blockade renown—for many years past commanded by Capt. Davidson—much more palatable than Mr. Bridges' recipe for making the fortune of the Intercolonial. Rapidly we were leaving behind Quebec, its glittering spires, mob law and special five cents taxes, and edging in close to the green slopes of Orleans, its smiling villages—the quiet home of many pilots—and their white roofed cottages nestling tenderly like chickens under the wing of their maternal protector—Mother Church. Heaux Reaux, He Madame, Grasse He—since 1832 the quarantine station with all the gloomy memories of cholera, typhus, ship fever, *plurima curtis imago*—He Marguerite, one and all we shot past as rapidly as if Commander Wilkes was at the helm of our old blockade runner, when she bore a different name and that we had issued from the harbor of Charleston, instead of that of Quebec. Soon the graceful maple fringe of *Pointe aux Pins* and the cosy old harbor of Crane Island opened on us. Some of the passengers being desirous of inspecting more closely the historic shooting box of Governor de Montmagny, in 1646, one turn of the wheel took us inside of the Beaujeu shoal, in the deeper though very narrow channel, within a stone's throw from the beach, which bounds the ornamental grounds and flower garden of the *Sigmoir* Macpherson Le Moyne, Esq., who, after a lapse of nearly two hundred and fifty years, has succeeded to the Chevalier de Montmagny. Next to Crane Island we noticed the fertile islands so rich in pasturage and game, Little and Big Goose Islands, the property of the Hotel Dieu nuns of Quebec. From these farms they draw a large proportion of the dairy and farm supplies required by their educational and charitable institution. On we steamed until the lofty tower on the summit of a high rock, the Pilgrim light house, with its revolving moon, visible at thirty miles, brought all hands on deck. To the south of it and very close, lit up by the last rays of the sun, lurked that round boulder, covered at quarter tide, LA ROCHE A VEILLON, hard of aspect, yea harder than the ribs of any of Sir Hugh Allan's iron clads, as the defiant CANADIAN, if resuscitated, could tell the tale. On this treacherous rock, we well remember seeing the ill-fated steamer, with her bow high in the air and her stern sunk in deep water. A structure now covers this insidious foe with a reflector, to reflect the glare of the Pilgrim light house. Beware, O mariner, of *La Roche a Veillon*! Such an avalanche of questions and comments, some passing queer, were elicited by the fate of the CANADIAN! "Was Sir Hugh Allan himself in command," asked a beetle-browed old fellow, "when it was attempted to steer over this rock? I read that Sir Hugh was one of those men who liked to come in contact with gritty substances, the harder the pleasanter." None of us could fathom the exact innuendo here implied. "Was the pilot mad, drunk, dazed or bulldozed by blue glass?" inquired an intelligent-looking Yankee, with a quid in his left jaw (some said he was a Judge), "in attacking the rock? I guess a Cape Cod or Hell Gate pilot will do as much as any Canuck, but by *Tiberius Gracchus*, I have yet to learn of either attempting to climb over such a rock, with a 4,000 ton steamship worth \$500,000, rather than porting his helm to go round." To all the feat of the "Canadian" remained an unsolved, an unsolvable mystery. Not one man, I am sorry to say, had the hardihood to champion the cause of the Canadian Steam Navy. Sir Hugh's seamanship all went for naught. A short distance lower down, like a duck afloat, we noticed the red ball of the "Floating Light Ship," which remains there until December, each evening hoisting to the masthead its lantern for the guidance of the thirteen hundred square-rigged ships sent out from Britain to denude our forests of their priceless wealth—yea, too often priceless, in another sense of the word, as some of our timber merchants have found—when it reached British ports. The St. Lawrence is about fifteen to twenty miles wide at the Travers, opposite St. Roch, though the deep water channel for ships on the south side is not much more than six acres in breadth; the tide rushes through like a mill sluice; in December, with the ice forming, woe to the homeward-bound ships grounding in the Travers. Until 1759, the north chan-

nel was used by the French; deeper water and in summer a nearly constant up-stream current attracted inward-bound crafts to the north shore channel. The traverse was then made at *Pointe Argenteau*, at the lower extremity of the Island of Orleans, in the direction of *St. Vallier* or *St. Michel*. Admiral Saunders and his friend, James Wolfe, sailed up in June, 1759, all the way from Louisbourg to Quebec, without meeting with any casualty, though the thing had been declared impossible, the landmarks, buoys and signals having all been removed by the French that summer. What a capital joke they must have thought it. They were, 'tis true, in possession of excellent French charts of the River St. Lawrence, and they also had an experienced mariner and pilot on board, in the person of Denis de Vitre, an old Quebecer, then a prisoner of war in England, whom they had brought out with them, and lastly by hoisting French colours about Bic, they succeeded in decoying some French pilots of the lower parishes; threats of instant death rendered these ancient mariners particularly careful not to run the ships on shoals. In those primitive days, the national rivalries burnt fiercely—a Frenchman hated an Englishman nearly as much as a *Blue* hates a *Red* patriot in the present day, and Capt. John Knox, one of Wolfe's officers, records the fact of a French priest of the lower parishes on witnessing through his spy-glass the successful trick of the English on the French pilots, falling down dead, from a fit of apoplexy.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A MAN being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back."

A TROPICAL maid said she would rather be a black bombazine band on her adored one's hat than live without him.

A BACHELOR editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

BRIGHTON YOUNG will begin celebrating his silver wedding next month, and it will be three years before he gets through with it.

A BOY having been told "that a reptile was an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, on examination day, promptly replied, "A baby."

"MADAM, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night, by the crying of your baby."—"Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts."

THE time is at hand when a young man with only ten cents in his pocket, vainly tries to lead his girl to the side of the street most remote from ice-cream and temptation.

AN American journal asks what is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies—"One faces the powder, and the other powders the face."

THE young lady who was so delighted that the fine old gent loved birds, was somewhat abashed when he told her that his favorite bird was a nicely-stuffed and well-cooked goose.

GIRLS have their sorrows and their troubles, but nothing is more humiliating to the average young lady than to be beaten at a game of croquet by a girl who still wears her last year's dress.

Observing boy: "Ma, Aunt Dora has been eating the honey."—Astonished mother: "How do you know, my dear?"—Son: "'Cause I heard Mr. Smith say he wanted to sip the honey from her lips."

A GENTLEMAN advertising for a wife says, "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

THERE are many followers of the cynic who wrote: "Our curate's eyes my daughter's praise. I cannot tell if they're divine: for when he prays he closes them, and when he preaches I shut mine."

AN American artist was so remarkably clever, that having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in California.

THE human body expands immensely with age. When eleven young men are seated on one side of a street car, they can easily sit up a little closer and make room for a pretty girl, but three of them can monopolize an entire seat to the utter exclusion of an old woman.

AMONG Russian women there is no happier class than the wives of the priests of the Greek Church. The rule forbidding a second marriage of the priest renders the wife secure of the devotion of her husband, who, in case of his becoming a widower, retires to a monastery, where his only compensation for his loss is the hope of ecclesiastical promotion.

AN Illinois clergyman is reported to have said, the other day, at the laying of a cornerstone of a new meeting-house: "If boys and girls do their sparring in church, I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age I would rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theatre."

A LARGE number of ladies of St. Petersburg have entered into a solemn engagement with one another to abstain, so long as the war lasts

from wearing silk, satin or jewels, as well as from giving balls or indulging in any kind of luxury, and to devote the money they would have expended upon these objects to the succoring of the sick and wounded amongst their compatriots.

THE papers are discussing with great earnestness the relative excellence of country girls and city girls as wives. It is only a new phase of the old controversy between the redoubted knights who disputed as to the metal of the shield which appeared to be silver to one of them, and gold to the other, simply because they looked at it from opposite sides.

If you wish to understand woman's capacity for business, just undertake to overhaul a high-toned dressmaker's bill. The way one of the female harness manufacturers will graft bones, buttons, sewing silk, fringe, lining, cambrie, &c., on the original charge for making and trimming is enough to send a first-class double-entry book-keeper to a lunatic asylum.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TOO FAST.—One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction, which we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may perhaps never obtain; or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer a pleasure.

MODERATION.—Immoderate pleasures shorten men's days more than the best medicaments can prolong them. The poor are seldom sick for the want of food than the rich are by the excess of it. Meats that are too relishing, and which create an immoderate appetite, are rather a poison than a nutriment. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous, and destructive of nature, and ought only to be used on pressing occasions; but the grand medicine, which is always useful, is sobriety, temperance in pleasure, tranquility of mind, and bodily exercise.

GOOD TEMPER.—Every human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of his life; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched and kept under through the whole course of life; since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow-creatures, than the indulgence of an ill temper.

THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS.—We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness, that, unchanged, will last a man his life—a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear! A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintances start at sudden alterations—hinting, in much surprise, decay and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates—churchyard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when he arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose!

HINTS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—It has been well said that married couples should study each other's weak points for the same reason that skaters look out for holes in the ice—in order to keep clear of them. Unfortunately, however, they often use their knowledge of such tender spots for a very different purpose, sparing no pains to give them a rub on every possible occasion. Hence "domestic difficulties" innumerable. Women have immense power over the men-creatures, and they know it; but alas! they do not always exercise their influence wisely. The wife and mother should be the primary orb of the domestic system, the centre of attraction to all the members of the family group; for when wives are "repellent bodies," away go husbands and fathers and sons, flying off at a tangent into space. Men should remember that many of our highest privileges are founded on compromises and concessions. It is so in the world political, and the policy that makes a state prosperous and happy is not bad as a home policy. Therefore, oh, husband! if thou wouldst acquire the right to ask a friend home to dinner without notice, neglect not to respond favourably when the partner of the joys and sorrows hints at a new bonnet, or a new silk dress. It is a faithful saying that the "wife's want is the husband's opportunity," and the converse of the proverb is equally true. It is one of the misfortunes of unregulated families that both wife and husband insist upon having the last word. Nothing can be more improper. The last word is an "infernal machine," and married folks should no more struggle for it than for a hundred pound shell with the fuse lighted. To married ladies who find their spouses not quite so perfect as they had supposed them to be, during the billing and cooing period, we would suggest that angels have not been permitted to wed with women since the flood.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 125 received.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Letter received; also, solution of Problem 126.

D. C. M. Quebec.—Letter received.

J. W. S.—Correct solution of Problem No. 126 received; also, letter and contents. Many thanks.

STUDENT, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 127 received.

The following remarks on a subject which at the present moment must be interesting to Chess players, have been sent to us by a friend. They are copied from the "English Mechanic," and are well worthy of perusal.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

"The superiority of Chess Problems over all others as an intellectual recreation has been for centuries acknowledged by philosophers and statesmen, who have praised it, not alone for the inexhaustible source of amusement which it affords, but for the educational advantages to be derived from its practice.

The popularity which the game has attained in recent times is proved by the number of publications on the subject; but no student of the Chess literature of the last twenty years can fail to perceive that it is in the problem branch of the game rather than in play that modern progress in Chess is most clearly demonstrated.

He would be a bold man who would, on a comparison of their published games, pronounce *Scholar* a better player than *Pillsbury*; whilst for people acquainted with the subject require to be argued into the conviction of the superiority of *Hoyle*, *Byer*, and *Lochl* over the problem composers of *Pillsbury's* time.

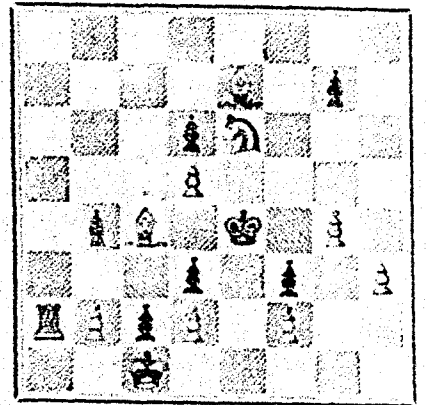
In fact, the case of *Problems v. Games* may be summed up in the statement that in the present day the genius of the composer has elevated the art of problem construction far above practical play, and that it is in the former that the highest manifestations of contemporary skill and subtlety in Chess can be found. The popularity of the Chess problem is beyond cavil."

We are requested to state that ordinary subscriptions to the funds of the Canadian Chess Association are now due, and should be sent in without delay to the Secretary Treasurer, D. C. Mackenzie, Quebec.

PROBLEM No. 128.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN MONTREAL.

GAME 185th.

Between Messrs. Bird and Hicks. Being one of seventeen played simultaneously by Mr. Bird at the Montreal Chess Club in February last.

(Irregular Opening.)

(From the Illustrated News, October)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to Q 4. 2. P to K B 4 (a). 3. P to K 2. 4. Kt to K B 2. 5. B to Q 3. 6. Castles. 7. P to Q B 3. 8. Q takes B (d). 9. B to B 2 (e). 10. P to Q Kt 3. 11. P to B 5 (f). 12. P takes Q B P. 13. P to Q Kt 4. 14. Kt to Q 2. 15. Q to K 2. 16. P to K R 3. 17. Kt to Kt 3. 18. R to Q Kt. 19. Kt to Q B 5. 20. P takes Kt. 21. B to R 4 (ch). 22. R takes P (ch). 23. R to Kt 5. 24. B to R 3 (ch). 25. B takes B (ch). 26. Q to Q. 27. R to Kt 3. 28. Q takes Q (h). 29. R to Kt 6 (ch). 30. B to Q. 31. Kt to R 2. 32. Q to B 4 (ch). 33. B to R 4 (ch). 34. B to Kt 3. 35. Q to Q Kt 8. 36. Q to R 8 (ch). 37. Q to K B 8 (ch). 38. Q takes K B P. 39. K to Kt 3. 40. K to B 4. 41. K to K 5. 42. Q takes Kt P (i). 43. Q takes Kt (ch). 44. P takes R. 45. Q takes R P. 46. K takes Q P. 47. K to B 5. 48. K to Q 4. 49. Q takes K P. BLACK.—(Mr. Bird) P to Q 4. Kt to K B 3. B to B 4 (b). P to K R 3 (c). B to K 5. P to K 3. B takes Kt. P to Q B 4. Q to Q Kt 3. Q Kt to Q 2. P to K 4. B takes P. B to Q 3. P to K 5 (g). Q to Q B 2. Q takes Q B P. B to K 4 (a). R to Q B. Kt takes Kt (i). Q takes P. K to K 2 (j). R to B 2. Q to Q B 5. B to Q 3. K takes B. K R to Q B. Q takes R ch (k). R to Q B 8. P takes R. R to B 7. K R to Q 7. K to B 3. P to Kt 4. R to Q Kt 7 (m). K R to Kt 8. K to B 4. K to Kt 3. R to R 8 ch. K R to K 8. Q R to B 8 ch. R takes K P. R takes B. K to R 4. P to K 6. P to K 8. R to Q 8 (ch). R to B 8 (ch). R to K 6. Resigns.

NOTES BY MR. A. P. BARNES.

(a) If white had commenced the game with 1. P to K B 4, and his opponent replied 1. P to Q 4, would White have thought of answering with 2. P to Q 4? Yet that position is produced by this move, which we regard with great disfavor. It weakens the K P terribly.

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus, Lea Perrins which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL. FIRE. CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER \$10,000,000 \$18,000,000

JOHN BUTTER BITTERS. A wholesome vegetable compound, for all diseases of the Stomach and Nervous System. Dyspepsia, Nausea, General Debility, Vertigo, Laugor, Loss of appetite, or to any case where a Tonic Bitters is required.

For sale by MCGIBBON & BAIRD, DAVID CRAW FORD, St. James Street, DUFRESNE & MONGENAIS, Notre Dame Street, and by Grocers generally throughout the Dominion.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 126. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Bishes P at Q 3 Any move. 2. Mates accordingly.

JOHN McARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT, COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS. IMPORTERS OF English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. DAILY WITNESS MONTREAL WITNESS WEEKLY WITNESS CANADIAN MESSENGER NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY. DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remède contre les vers chez les enfants ou adultes.

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal.

SUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEUMATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS. Circular from A. NORMAN, 15-23-52-266 4 QUEEN STREET, TORONTO.

CAUTION.—A great many Gentlemen buy their Shirts ready-made with a view to economy. If you really wish to study economy, the best way is to order your Shirts, which will cost no more and will keep clean longer than ready made.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 215 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatin and Plain cheaply and neatly done.

SHIRTS. Superior in Style, Elegant in Workmanship, Faultless in Fit. New Ties and Silk Handkerchiefs, including Silk Hemstitched, with embroidered initials; Dent & Fownes' Kid and Tan Gloves; Single-breasted Summer Vests, new styles. W. GRANT & CO., 249 St. James Street. Samples of Shirtings sent by mail.

WANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dealers our new unbreakable glass chimney and lamp glass. NO PEDDLING. Salary liberal, hotel and travelling expenses paid. MONITOR LAMP CO., 264 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CASH Paid for Cast-off Clothing. Address H. VINEBERG, 633 Craig St., a few doors east of Bleury. 15-12-13-222

\$100 PER MONTH MADE BY SELLING our letter-copying book. No press or water used. Send stamp for circulars. Money refunded. A. ELKIN, Room 11, No. 46 Church Street, Toronto. 15-18-52-233

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD. This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades.

USE DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP, Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir, 64, ST. DENIS STREET. Corner of Dorchester, AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 15-19-54-225

THOS. CREAM, MERCHANT AND MILITARY TAILOR. (LATE MASTER TAILOR IN H.M.S.) SCOTCH TWEEDS, and ENGLISH SERGES, BLACK, BLUE, and GREEN, for Suits, always on hand. No. 435, Yonge Street, TORONTO. 8-25-24-272

J. K. MACDONALD, BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH, &c., 24 Labour Street, Montreal. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 15-18-52-238

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND, SUCH AS FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES. ALSO SELECTED NEW MUSIC, DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

50 WHITE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, with your name finely printed, sent for 25 cents. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c stamp. No postals. Address A.W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S. 15-12-13-223.

New Work of Vital Interest. Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stig. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M. 22, MARSHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN. A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. CONTENTS: 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments. 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion. 4.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments. 5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength. 14 25-52-197

WANTED, AGENTS to sell the MIRACULOUS PEN. Writes with cold water. No ink required. Always ready. Lasts one year. Sells at sight. Sample 10 cts.; 3 for 25 cts. Address: MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., 243, St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the Illustrated Family Friend AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD. Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be "SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY." Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. DR. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList AND AURIST. Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall, Montreal. 15-8-52-210

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA. Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal and Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m. By Night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m., except on Saturday. Baggage checked through. Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa. R. W. SHEPHERD, President. 15-21-26-259

TO LET A FIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING, No. 1464 Abbottsford Terrace (opposite Emmanuel Church), St Catherine Street, in good order, well drained, and rat proof. Rent moderate. Apply to G. B. BURLAND, Burland-Desbarats Lith. Co., Bleury St.

OFFICES TO LET. ONE LARGE FLAT over Mr. Latham's Drug Store, corner of Craig and Bleury Streets; also TWO FLATS in the adjoining building on Craig Street, well adapted for Offices or any Light Manufacturing Business, with or without Steam. Apply to the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., 5 and 7 Bleury Street.

MY WIFE ALWAYS ASKS WHERE is the original ULLEY'S BRUSH WORKS? It is 18 and 20 Little St. Antoine Street. 15-18-13-242 ALBERT J. ULLEY.

SHOPS TO LET. Two fine, commodious Shops to let, No. 9 and No. 11, BLEURY ST. Both heated by steam—one of them well fitted up with shelves, drawers, &c., and very suitable for a Tailor or Milliner's Establishment. Apply to the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO. 5 and 7 Bleury Street.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible. THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street. 15-17-52-249

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

CANADA METAL WORKS,
 877, CRAIG STREET.
Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters.
MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.
 15-4-26-203-os.

ASK IMPROVED
 for the
YOUR GROCER
 Marselles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine
 Balls, also
 Button and English Liquid
 and
 Parisian Square
 Washing Blues.
 14-33-2189

EAGLE FOUNDRY,
 14 to 34 KING ST. MONTREAL.
GEORGE BRUSH,
 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS,
STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES,
 CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS,
 GEAR WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES,
 HANGERS, & C.
IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS,
BLAKE'S PATENT
STONE AND ORE BREAKER.
 AGENT FOR
WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.

P. F. MANNING, TAILOR, No. 179 St. Peter St.
 Corner Fortification Lane, Montreal. Gentlemen's and
 Youths' Clothes Cut, Made and Trimmed. Particular
 attention paid to Clearing, Altering and Repairing.
 15-12-13-226.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.
ADVERTISING AGENTS.
 186 W. FOURTH ST.
CINCINNATI, O.
 ESTIMATES—SEND FOR OUR
 FURNISHED FREE.—MANUAL—

EMPLOYMENT. We are offering good pay
 and steady work for one or
 two enterprising men or women in each County. Send
 for the most complete Illustrated Chromo Catalogue ever
 published. W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal.

DR WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
 The Great English Remedy is
 especially recommended as an
 unfailing cure for *Seminal Weak-*
ness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency,
 and all diseases that follow as a
 consequence of Self Abuse, as Loss
 of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Ater
 Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age,
 and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Con-
 sumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule
 are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and
 over indulgence.
 The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and
 many years of experience in treating these special dis-
 eases. Pamphlet free by mail.
 The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1
 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by
 mail on receipt of the money, by addressing
WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont.,
 Sold in Montreal by R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE,
JAS. HAWKES, PICAULT & CO., and all responsible
 Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136

THE ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY.
 The ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY will apply to
 the Legislature of Quebec for authority to borrow money
 upon the security of its property, and to confirm the loan
 already effected.
 By order of the Board,
G. G. MACPHERSON,
 Secretary-Treasurer.
 Montreal, 25th April, 1877. 15-17-9-227

ROWNTREE'S Prize Medal ROCK COCOA
 The popularity of this Rich
 and Nourishing preparation is
 due to the facts
 I.—That it contains COCOA and
 SUGAR ONLY, without any
 admixture of Fat.
 II.—That the proportion of Cocoy
 to Sugar is exceptional large.
 III.—That the Cocoa used is not
 robbed of any of its nourish-
 ing constituents.
 IV.—That the delicate flavor of
 the Cocoa is not hidden
 by any other flavor.
 15-9-26-214

THE FOLLOWING
 IS AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
 dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of
 Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an
 excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do
 enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appete;
 this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78
 years old.
 "Remaining, Gentlemen,
 Yours very respectfully,
 To the Proprietors of L.B
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
 14-6-52-22w.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We have tried **HOLMAN'S PAD** with most thorough and beneficial results, and found it to be all that is claimed for it. We heartily commend it:

BOSTON, MASS.—Mrs. Bean, Tremont street; C. A. Hunt, 139 Court street; Willard Ginn, Boston; Col. G. H. Taylor, Boston Daily Globe; Geo. Bales, Boston Theatre; B. F. Redfern, 427 Washington street; Col. J. H. Jackson, Custom House; Mr. Wilcott, D. Lawrence & Sons; Mr. Palmer, 27 Tremont Row.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Rev. Emanuel Richards, 302 Fifth street; W. G. F. Shanks, New York Tribune; John F. Henry, 8 and 9 College Place; Henry W. Stanton, H. B. Claflin & Co.; A. Baneroff, 163 South Oxford street; Brooklyn; Geo. W. Stone, 167 William street; C. S. Merriman, 16 Murray street; Percy B. Bloomfield, 14 Warren street; S. B. Burr, 14 Mahten Lane; J. G. Brown, Adams Express Company, 59 Broadway; D. M. Turner, 162 First Avenue; Geo. W. Laird, 83 John street; W. E. Sturges, 80 Wall street; Peter Pierce, 52 Maiden Lane; Rev. J. H. Sinclair, Pastor Reformed Church, Staten Island, New York.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—J. S. Wilson, Supt. Western Union Telegraph Company; D. Schermerhorn, United States Express Company; N. M. Wheeler, Depot Master, C.R.L. & N. Railroad; Chas. E. Leonard, of Knight & Leonard; Mrs. LeBough, 1443 Butterfield street; Mrs. Wm. H. Fox, 43 North Sheldon street.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.—R. V. Eben Hailey; T. W. Sprague, Johnston's Building, Fifth street; Wm. M. Haydock, Samuel S. Smith, 169 Race street; Pres't. Cincinnati Equitable Fire Ins. Co.; Col. O. H. Jeffrey, Gibson House; E. T. Sprague, Johnston's Building; Henry Howe, 50 Mound street, Book Publisher; Robert Keith and Wife, 77 West 5th street; Jesse L. Little and Wife, Adams Express Company; M. H. Sorrick, Messenger U. S. Express Co.; J. Block, A. Block & Co., Pearl street; T. I. Spear, 24 West Fourth street; J. O. Whetstone, Cashier, Post Office; Mrs. David Hanning, Gibson House; Mrs. Henry Howe, 50 Mound street.
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—W. N. Wilkerson & Co., Druggists; Junius Hart & Co.; D. A. Campbell, of Campbell & Co.; W. H. Harris, 280 Main street; C. C. Jarvin, Engineer, N. O. & J. Railroad; Joshua Brown, Wholesale Hatter.
**Mr. C. T. Perkins, Mt. Auburn street, Watertown, Mass.; Ma Johnston, Mt. Auburn street, Watertown, Mass. J. F. Hunt, Somerville P. O. Mass.; H. B. Baker, Boston & Lowell Railroad, Milk Row, Somerville, Mass. Mr. Childs, Lawrence, Mass.; J. B. Fulger, Medford, Mass.; William Patterson, Chelsea, Mass.; Dr. R. Colter, Houston, Texas.
**Mrs. Dr. Andrew Jackson, Jackson, Tenn.; Col. P. McMorry, Trenton, Tenn.; Dr. S. W. Caldwell, Trenton, Tenn.
 D. F. Hawkins, with Literer & Cabler, Druggists; Miss J. Gertrude Fairchild, Springfield, New Jersey.****

WITH TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND OTHERS, INCLUDING LADIES, CLERGYMEN, DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MERCHANTS, AND ALL THE KNOWING PROFESSIONS.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.
From One of the Best Known Masons in the United States, who organized the first Lodge in Jerusalem, in 1873.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.
DEAR SIR.—For over thirty-five years I have been subject to liver disease, with all its evil consequences, so much so, that at times life to me was a burden. Nine years ago, while in Chicago, Ill., I contracted a very severe diarrhoea, which resulted in a most violent attack of Gastric Fever, since which time I have suffered untold misery, and all the horrors growing out of that disease, including a deep and almost unbearable pain in the pit of the stomach, rheumatic pains in the back and limbs. During those nine years I have been blistered, cupped, leached, and drugged, without receiving any permanent relief, and several times my life has been despaired of, and during which time I have not for a single day been free from the pain in my stomach. At last I was persuaded to try Holman's Liver and Ague Pad. By the fifth day I began to feel like a new man. The pain in the pit of the stomach was gone; then the rheumatic pain soon left me. My complexion has undergone a thorough and radical change, and I am a wonder and surprise to all my friends. I would not exchange my present feelings for any amount of wealth.
 Gratefully yours,
JOHN SHEVILLE.

Testimony from a Well-Known Prominent Physician Located in the Worst Malarial Section in Arkansas.

FULTON, Ark., June 5, 1876
 After careful watching for a period of five months the effects of Holman's Ague and Liver Pads in at least one hundred cases under my immediate observation, I have no hesitation in recommending them as a sure and speedy cure in all cases of Fever and Ague, Biliousness and Indigestion. In cases of Enlarged or Inflamed Spleen they are par excellence. I have never known of but one failure to cure, and that I attribute to excessive dissipation. For all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver, I cheerfully recommend their use.
JAY GUY LEWIS, M.D.

From a well-known Boston Lawyer.
WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, and Notary Public.
 Offices—82 Devonshire street, Boston; 136 Broadway, E. Somerville.
BOSTON, April 10, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.—Gentlemen, I am happy to state that your Holman Liver Pad has produced good results. Like many others, I was cautious about trying anything new; but the arguments seemed so forcible that I was induced to try it. Since using it myself, I have recommended it to several others who have derived very beneficial results from it.
 You are at liberty to make use of this if it will help persuade some of the doubting sufferers to try the Pad.
 Very respectfully,
WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN.

Billions Dyspepsia and Malaria Contracted in the Army.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.—Dear Sirs: Having promised to let you know the result consequent upon my use of the Liver Pad, I respectfully submit the following statement: Since the spring of 1865 I have doctored and dosed for liver complaint and some of its attendant evils, viz., headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, etc., during which time I have used pills and powders wholesale, and tonics by the gallon, with little or no success, as they afforded, at least, only temporary relief, while, in the meantime, I was gradually losing health and strength. I have worn the Liver Pad now less than thirty days, discarding entirely all other remedies, and I am happy to say that I feel nearly well. I am sure that it has done more for me than all the medicine used for the last twelve years, and I am fully satisfied that as a cure for complaints arising from a disordered state of the liver the "Holman Liver Pad" stands to-day unrivalled. I would not be without one, even though the cost were a hundred times greater, and I intend to keep one on hand in future as a preventative to diseases of the nature referred to above.
 Truly yours,
WILLIAM PATTERSON.
 Chelsea, Mass., April 10, 1877.

Dyspepsia of Ten Years' Standing Cured in Three Days.

BOSTON, Mass., 16th June, 1877.
 Dear Sirs.—I wish to inform you the immense amount of good your Pad has done for me. I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for years; nothing would relieve me. Saw your "ad" in Somerville Journal, of Holman's Pad. Called at your office and purchased Pad. I have now worn it three days, and can now eat anything; my dyspepsia has disappeared and am feeling like a new man.
 Yours,
GEO. HOLES, Boston Theatre.

HOLMAN'S PAD.

Druggists, Merchants and Patients from every quarter of the world, are cordially and earnestly attesting the efficacy of Holman's Pad. Its effect has proved marvellous even in the most stubborn chronic cases, and where all hope had disappeared under ordinary treatment.
 The reasons are simple enough. The Pad is applied immediately over the vitals—Liver and Stomach, and centre of the nervous system which pervades the digestive organs. It contains harmless vegetable properties that absorb all poisonous and deteriorated fluids from the blood and stomach.
 It also possesses other properties which pass into and vitalize the entire system with Nature's true tonic, entering the circulation through the pores of the skin, rapidly and effectually—and exactly where needed. It is thus torpidity of the Liver is removed—producing healthy secretions of bile and gastric juices, without which good health is impossible; arresting fermentation and torpor in the stomach, thereby arresting any and all deteriorated fluids that would otherwise enter the system, making it the sure cure and preventive of the following diseases:—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pains in the Back, Stomach, Sides and Muscles, Periodical and Life-long Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Liver Coughs—often taken for consumption—Heart Disease, not Organic, Kidney difficulties, Female Weaknesses, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Lassitude, Cold Extremities, Nervousness, Numbness, Partial Paralysis, Bilious, Typhoid and other Fevers, including Fever and Ague, Enlarged Spleen, Dumb Ague, Yellow Fever, &c.
 All these diseases originate in a torpid Liver or Diseased Stomach. Holman's Pad will cure any of the above without any internal medicine, within a very short time.
 Sick Headache disappears almost as soon as applied. The Pad never fails to cure Rheumatism. The richest food can be eaten by most chronic dyspeptic cases in seven to ten days after applying the Pad. Thousands of women bear testimony to the miraculous results in all diseases peculiar to their sex. Bilious Colic and Bilious Diarrhoea are positively mastered in an astonishing short space of time. It is believed there is not a case of malaria in existence HOLMAN'S PAD will not cure. The same certainty is assured in all the other diseases mentioned above. These are no idle words or base misrepresentations, but are irrefragable facts, and an appeal that earnestly entreats you to leave the old bondage, and try the only rational mode of curing disease, and save yourself a world of trouble.
 Price Two Dollars and a-half. Special Pads Three Dollars and a-half, used only in old complicated cases. Send money or Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter, and you will receive the Pad by Mail, with book and full instructions.

HOLMAN'S PLASTERS.

We cannot too strongly urge the use of Holman's Medicated FOOT and BODY Plasters as an auxiliary to the Pad in EXTREME cases of TYPHOID, BILIOUS or other FEVERS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS HEADACHES and ACUTE PAINS in any part of the body; especially in the small of the back and shoulders. The effect is magical. Also, in cases of Cold Extremities and partial Paralysis. They stimulate and equalize the circulation, producing the most satisfactory and even astonishing results; combining the two, and following the directions, the patient can feel but little doubt of being absolutely master of the severest chronic difficulties.
 Price of Foot Plasters by the Pair..... 50 Cents.
 " Large Body Plasters, each..... 50 "
 If your Druggist does not keep them, address—
THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
 301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal,
 and 68 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.
ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS KEEP THEM.



BELFORD BROS.,

PUBLISHERS,
 60, York Street, Toronto, Ont.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS, by Prof. Mathews, author of *Getting on in the World*, &c. Cloth, \$1.00, paper covers, 75 cts.
DAMN EUROPA'S REMONSTRANCE AND HER ULTIMATUM, by the author of *Dame Europa's School*, 15 cts.
OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON, by Norman Macleod. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 75 cts. New Edition.
TOM SAWYER, by Mark Twain. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 75 cts. New Illustrated Edition.
OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI, by Mark Twain. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 30 cts. New and Cheaper Edition.
ARIADNE, by Ouida, author of *Strathmore; In a Winter City; Chandos; Puck, &c., &c.* Cloth, \$1.25; paper, \$1.00 (nearly ready.)
 All of Ouida's Novels in press.

Belford's Monthly Magazine,
 CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER,
 VOL. II, No. 1.

I. "Nicholas Minerva," Chapters XVI, XVII, XVIII, J. G. Holland, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.—II. "Fragment of a Tragedy by Lytton," Rev. Wm. Scott.—III. "My First Salmon," A. B.—IV. "Evenings in the Library," No. 5, Longfellow," Geo. Stewart, Jr.—V. "Dean Stanley and Socrates," Rev. J. Carmichael.—VI. "Shakespearean Studies—Macbeth, Act I," Richard Lewis.—VII. "Life's Dawn," (illustrated).—VIII. "Historical Fragments of the War of 1812" Dr. Caniff.—IX. "An Anxious Day Forty Years Ago," H. B. K.—X. "What He Cost Her," Chapters XIX, XX, XXI, XXII, James Payn.—XI. "Current Literature: Charles Kingsley; His Letters and Memoirs of His Life—in the Levant."—XII. Musical.—XIII. Music: "My Love Loves Me"—XVI. Humorous Department. Illustrated.
TERMS:—\$3.00 a year, in advance; 30 cents a Number. Published the 10th of every month.

The Fortnightly Review,
 EDITED BY JOHN MORLEY.

We have made arrangements with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London, England, for the right to publish for this Continent the above Monthly Review, and for a duplicate set of stereotype plates; this will enable us to publish each month an exact fac-simile of the English edition. It will in no respect be different or inferior to the original, and will sell for one-half the price.
PRICE, PER ANNUM, \$5.00. SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS.
 Agents wanted to canvass for the above Magazines.
 The above Books for sale by all booksellers or mailed post-paid on receipt of price by

BELFORD BROTHERS, Publishers,
 60 York Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

New Edition and New Price. Send for particulars.
THE CRUISE OF H. M. S. CHALLENGER; Voyages over many Seas; Scenes in many lands, with numerous illustrations.
 Liberal discount to Agents. They cannot do better than send for full particulars and see for themselves. Read what the *Toronto Globe* says: "Such, as told by Mr. Spry, is the story of the Challenger's voyage, which is truly characterized as the greatest scientific expedition that ever sailed from any shore. He has woven into a continuous narrative the daily journal kept by him during the progress of the voyage. His book contains a good deal of valuable information, is modest and unassuming in its style, and is, upon the whole, well worthy of perusal." Address,
JAS. CLARKE & CO.,
 15-24-52-267
 60, York St., Toronto.

Montana Decorating
 In first-class Style.
J. MURPHY,
 746, Craig St., Montreal.
 14-1-52-135.

1877. CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

The GRAND HOTEL at this popular summer resort and sanitarium for all
RHEUMATIC and CHRONIC
 complaints will be open from 31st May (1st October). Most liberal terms and special inducements to families. Ample accommodation, comfort and recreation.
 Route by Ottawa River Boats, and M. & O. Railway. Send for circular to GRAND HOTEL COMPANY, Ottawa or Caledonia Springs. Orders for water solicited and Agents wanted. 15-20-13-228

Fun and Amusement! 48 Styles, the Best Out!
Transparent Cards.
 25 blank, 15c; 25 printed, 20c. 25 Bristol Cards, 10c; 25 Snowflakes, 30c; 12 beautiful Chromo cards 30c; 25 Mixed Cards, 20c. 9 samples sent for 3 ct. stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents Wanted. Order of the old established and reliable firm; A. H. FULLER & Co. Brookline, Mass. 8-5-77

ROBERT MILLER,
 Publisher, Book-Blinder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,

IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 14-6-

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the RURLAND-DEMBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.