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Wholesale News

VOL. XXII.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

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NOT SO BAD FOR THE BABY.

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TEMPERATURE.

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 28th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 92°	70°	81°	Mon... 82°	63°	72° 5
Tues... 82°	68°	75°	Tues... 81°	66°	73° 5
Wed... 85°	65°	75°	Wed... 72°	60°	66°
Thur... 68°	57°	63°	Thur... 71°	59°	65°
Fri... 66°	54°	60°	Fri... 75°	53°	64°
Sat... 70°	55°	62°	Sat... 74°	54°	64°
Sun... 80°	63°	71°	Sun... 75°	57°	66°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, September 4, 1880.

THREE SPEECHES.

The election contest in West Toronto, has furnished occasion for three set speeches by three distinguished men, Messrs. MACKENZIE, BLAKE, and Sir LEONARD TILLEY. These speeches were given on separate evenings by these gentlemen in the order we have named; and each was characteristic of its author. Mr. MACKENZIE spoke with the clearness, directness and vigour which he is known to possess. His effort was to damage the National Policy in the minds of the electors and especially those of the workmen. This was the ground selected for the battle, and it was calculated that, if a by-election could be snatched from the Government, on such an issue, in the Conservative stronghold of West Toronto, morally speaking, at least, a vital blow would be inflicted both upon the Government and the new policy. The effort put forth by the Opposition was certainly corresponding to such an anticipated result. Our space will not allow us to follow the arguments in detail; but we may say generally that Mr. MACKENZIE'S contention was that the National Policy made everything used by the workingman much dearer, while it had entirely failed to meet the expectation of its promoters in bringing about prosperity, as it indeed, he held, must necessarily do, in that it was founded on false principles. There was one noticeable omission, however, in Mr. MACKENZIE'S speech. He did not indulge in any declamation about giving the Pacific Railway to a Company to build and paying for it in lands. He was silent on this point. Two or three evenings after Mr. BLAKE followed. He had evidently prepared himself for an effort. His speech was long, and if we may so speak a perfect firework of words. He did not hesitate at tricks of demagoguism; but set himself deliberately to work, to stir up in as far as he was able the passions of the electors. In the same way as Mr. MACKENZIE he made a most elaborate attack on the National Policy, contending that it was vain to suppose that men could be made richer or business better by the simple expedient of making them pay more taxes. He then went into some calculations as to the millions of burden imposed by the new Tariff, saying that the Treasury only got the benefit of about two millions of the seven millions imposed, the remaining five millions simply going to fatten monopolies such as the

Redpath Sugar Refinery. But Mr. BLAKE got completely out of his depth in this kind of calculation and it was perfectly clear that he had neither mastered nor understood his subject. His speech was noticeable on another point, viz.—that he admitted in terms it might be advisable that the Pacific Railway should be constructed by means of a company, provided the terms of payment in lands or partly in money were such as could be approved by Parliament and the country. But he stated that he did not know what the terms were. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he was in a position to have learned the terms. He will probably do so in time, in his place in Parliament. But being ignorant of the facts, it was not wise to make a sweeping attack upon the Ministers, and that in the shape of insinuation, unearthing and re-vamping again at length the bones of the old Pacific Scandal, to fit what he called a supposititious case. In all this Mr. BLAKE made a very great mistake, and the whole of his effort was upset by a voice from the crowd, shouting out "That's played out." His retort to this interpellation "Did you get any of the money?" was pointless and random and entirely unworthy of him; as was, in fact, the whole exhibition. Even the evening Toronto paper, which is his friend, if not his echo, cried out "Shame." For the rest, it was perfectly clear, that the politicians who trade in this sort of stuff for capital, must be poor. Sir LEONARD TILLEY followed Mr. BLAKE two or three evenings later, and it was very clear from the tone which he adopted, that he felt the weight of ministerial responsibility resting on his shoulders. He spoke calmly and with great moderation. He defended at length the National Policy from the attacks of Messrs. MACKENZIE and BLAKE. He denied that it had failed, but asserted, that on the contrary, everywhere in the Dominion there were signs of prosperity. He said that many of the contentions of the opponents of the policy in Parliament, notably those of Mr. MILLS, had been falsified by the facts, especially in the prediction that it would stop the export of American wheat in bond through the port of Montreal; a prediction which was met by the hard fact that such export was greater this year than ever known before. He did not deny that the duty on hard coal might be held to make it a little dearer to the consumer; but not much, as the fact had been that American dealers and American transport companies had brought down their prices to meet the duty, so there was the satisfaction that it was nearly, if not wholly, paid from their pockets. The duty on the other hand had given enormous stimulus to Maritime Province interests, whose people in their turn, purchased breadstuffs from Ontario. He said there was no duty more misunderstood than the sugar duty, and denied that it had made sugar any dearer to the consumer; while it had immensely promoted direct Canadian trade with the West Indies, thereby enhancing the prosperity of the whole country, and making Canada less dependent on the United States. As to the talk about the "Redpath monopoly" he showed that refineries were being built in various parts of the country, and there was a prospect of competition enough. He said that if the National Policy did make any article a little dearer to the consumer there was still the broad fact that it gave them wages wherewith to buy it, which was better for them than having no wages wherewith to buy cheaper articles. He exposed, in a manner which left no room for argument, the terrible blunders Mr. BLAKE had made with respect to calculations of revenue, and he said, that without being tempted to go into any argument at all on the remarks that Mr. BLAKE had made about the Pacific Scandal, it would be enough to say, that it would have been much better for that gentleman's reputation, if that part of his speech had been left out.

Such was the scope of the three speeches, and each we think conveys its

own moral. The Opposition leaders, by their course will naturally array the manufacturing interests against them, as they did at the general election. It is besides a mistake not to allow the experiment of the Government to be quietly developed. It will be quite time enough to bring it to judgment at the close of the five years of their administration. It is further a mistake to make such prodigious efforts at a by-election, which at best or worst, is proof of but very little. There were three Conservative candidates, Messrs. BEATTY, WRIGHT and CAPREOL, against one Liberal, Mr. RYAN. It is true that Mr. BEATTY was the regular Conservative candidate; but any Conservative votes for the other two were so much deducted from his strength. Mr. BEATTY won by a majority of 262.

LA BRABANCONNE.

It is pleasant to record that, while all classes of our population work harmoniously toward the development of a vital Canadian sentiment, they are not unmindful of the traditions attached to their several origins and duly celebrate, as occasion offers, the historical epochs of the Mother Land. On the 24th of last June, our French-Canadian countrymen gathered in thousands at Quebec, for a spectacular display of the most interesting nature. On the 14th of last July, the French Colony of this city commemorated the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, thus associating themselves with the magnificent demonstration which took place that day, on the broad expanse of Longchamps, under the auspices of the Republican Government. And last Wednesday, the 25th inst., the Belgians of Montreal joined together in a most enjoyable picnic to honour the fiftieth birthday of the independence of their native land. This last event deserves something more than a passing notice, and before the echoes of "La Brabanconne," the national air of Belgium, sung by a chorus of fifty manly voices, has died away among the leafy avenues of Isle Grosbois, it may not be ungracious to recall briefly the circumstances which led to the emancipation of one of the oldest and most interesting nationalities in Europe.

The kingdom of the United Netherlands was established in 1815, by the Congress of Vienna, that remarkable conclave which, ignoring the disintegrating influences of the great French revolution, and the political havoc made by the continuous victories of Napoleon, imagined it would restore the equilibrium of Europe and ensure a lasting peace by patching up States in the condition they occupied before these two cataclysms. A more palpable mistake could not have been made in the case of the Netherlands. The elements to be combined were not only different, but they were essentially antagonistic. Holland was the most decidedly Protestant State in Europe; Belgium, the most exclusively Catholic. The former was Gothic in principle and speech; the latter Latin in language and sentiment. A further, and, as it proved, a diriment objection to the union was that the consent of Belgium was strenuously withheld from it, the bishops and notables entering their protest by a considerable majority. The result was that, almost from the first, acute discontent manifested itself, which the course of the reigning monarch served to increase rather than allay. William I. was obstinate and narrow-minded. He favoured the Dutch, and withdrew his confidence from the Flemings. Trial by jury was abolished; the use of French was discountenanced; the education of the clergy was interfered with; almost all administrative positions were entrusted to Hollanders; the liberty of the press was abolished, and imprisonment and banishment were freely indulged in, through the sentences of removable judges. Fifteen years had not elapsed before the country was ripe for rebellion, awaiting only an opportunity to strike. That opportunity came with the French revolution of July, 1830. No sooner was Charles X., forced

to flee from St. Cloud to the coast of Normandy and thence to England, than, in August of the same year, William I. was driven from the Palais Royal at Brussels. It was a song that gave the signal and became the rallying cry. A dense crowd had been listening with enthusiasm to Auber's *La Muette*, and when the opera was over, there was a mad rush for the street, where ten thousand tenors shouted the grand air wherewith Mascaniello had fired the fishermen of Naples on the white beach of Portici. That night the independence of Belgium was declared and a few days later it was secured by force of arms. What followed has proved a triumph of diplomacy. England and France took up the problem and solved it by guaranteeing the autonomy of Belgium, the former country furnishing a king in the person of Prince Leopold, uncle of Her Majesty, and the latter supplying a queen in the daughter of Louis Philippe. The result has been eminently successful, as the prosperity of the little kingdom for the past fifty years abundantly testifies. Leopold I. approved himself one of the wisest monarchs of this century, and was for long regarded as literally the Nestor of sovereigns. After an extended reign he left to his son, the present king, a bright heritage of peace and plenty.—It was well, therefore, that the semi-secular anniversary of independence should be duly celebrated, and that the sublime strain of "La Brabanconne" as we have often heard it in the Parc Royal, at Brussels, sung by a thousand male voices, should be taken up with enthusiasm on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

BEET-ROOT CULTURE.

The time seems to have come at length when the cultivation of the beet root for the manufacture of sugar will be undertaken in earnest and with reasonable prospects of success. We remember that, some eight years ago, M. Bonnement, a French gentleman of experience in this branch of industry, drew up detailed schedules applicable to the country, and entered into negotiations with some capitalists of Montreal. For one reason or another, chiefly, perhaps, because the occasion was not yet ripe for the venture, the scheme came to naught, but the project was not wholly lost sight of. Now, however, a practical turn has been given to the enterprise, and the Quebec Government have led off with a bounty, securing the establishment of two factories. One of these, at West Farnham, is in a fair way to completion. Following in this wake, we learn with pleasure that a company of French capitalists, residing in Paris, have engaged to subscribe two millions of dollars for four factories that shall be set up respectively at St. John's, Hochelaga, Berthier and Quebec. They bargain for an area of a thousand acres to be cultivated in beets during twelve years. The Company promise to pay for the roots at the rate of \$4 a ton.

From experiments already made in different parts of the Province, it is ascertained that a mean of 16 tons to the acre can be obtained, while on more favoured land 20, 25 and even 30 tons can be raised. At \$4 a ton, an acre can yield the round sum of \$64 at the lowest, which is more than any other species of cultivation can produce.

A further advantage to be considered by the farmer who might not find a market for all his roots, is that the beet is excellent food for milch cows and is unsurpassed for the fattening of stock.

In Europe, the manufacture of sugar is heavily taxed, while in Canada it is exempt from all imposts. The protection granted is equivalent to 40 per cent. as against the importation of foreign sugars. The total of raw sugar importation in 1876, was \$6,000,000, and the refining process, by doubling its value, raised the figure to \$12,000,000. The consumption of sugar throughout the country reaches the enormous sum of \$160,000,000 or \$40 a head, according to statistics just published by a Quebec specialist. If this be

so, the conclusion is plain that beet-root sugar would command an easy market, and at prices beyond any foreign competition. The whole question is interesting from an economical point of view, as well as important in its practical aspects, and it is to be hoped that the attempts spoken of will result in something tangible. As affecting more directly the agricultural classes, this industry deserves at least as much encouragement as other branches of manufacture.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STOCK GILL FORCE.—The residents in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, at the head of Windermere, have made a laudable effort to secure this beautiful piece of romantic scenery for the public enjoyment. It is situated but ten minutes walk out of the village of Ambleside, in a cove bearing the name of Nelly Close, on the side of Wansfell, a mountain rising to the height of 1,500 feet. Stock Gill or Ghyll is a stream flowing down from Kirkstone, north-east of Ambleside, to join the Rothay before it enters Lake Windermere. The "force," or waterfall, descends 70 feet in three successive cascades, the two highest divided by projecting rocks from each other; below stands a picturesque old mill, which has been a favourite for artists.

A GERMAN CORDED POODLE.—We give an illustration of the famous blood poodle Nero, which was distinguished with the first prize of this class at the Berlin International Dog Show. It is drawn from life by L. Beckmann, of Düsseldorf, who acted also as judge of this class. Nero is, perhaps, the finest and most perfect specimen of the German corded coated poodle that was ever bred. The ringlets of his woolly and glossy coat form long pendulous strings or cords, which are twisted as regularly as if done by aid of artificial means. On the shoulders these ringlets are of the length of more than twenty-six inches, and when the dog is moving about his long, waving coat gives him the appearance of walking under a black mourning drapery. The shaven parts of the body show that the frame of a good poodle of this breed is beautiful and well made, like that of a high-bred sporting-dog.

RAFT IN PERIL.—On Monday week a general smash of ten cribs of timber took place in the Lachine Rapids. It appears that at the tug towing the raft from St. Anne's, on nearing Lachine, attempted to get into the canal, but being too far out in the stream, at the time of turning, the rafts were caught by the strong current, and had to be cut adrift to save the tug. Onward went the rafts toward the boiling, turbulent rapids. The spectators on the banks with horror saw one poor Indian standing on the pile, appealing for help. Instantly a boat was got out, and volunteers manned it and started at a good pace on their noble mission to save the poor Indian's life. They were only just successful. The Indian was hardly off the raft before it entered upon the first low rapids and began to break very quickly, eventually going to pieces altogether when well in the rapids. The timber was floating past the city all day, and boats were out at all points picking it up.

BLOWN AWAY.—Considerable alarm was felt in Toronto police circles one night last week on account of the non-appearance for duty, at eight o'clock, of two constables connected with No. 1 police station, who, it was ascertained, had gone off for a sail in a yacht about two o'clock in the afternoon. Morrison's boat-house, from which the men had departed, was visited at a later hour, but the yacht had not been returned, and consequently the fears for the safety of the preservers of the peace was increased on the part of their companions. About eleven o'clock, however, a brick-maker's waggon rattled up to the side entrance at police headquarters, and two hungry-looking, weather-beaten, and dejected-looking individuals crawled off the vehicle, and reported themselves as the missing men. The officer in charge of the station, after a careful examination, identified them, and took them in and heard their pitiful story, which was to the effect that they had been blown away almost as far east as Bowmanville, and that by the most heroic efforts they had succeeded in running their craft ashore at Victoria Park, where they left her, and, striking for the Kingston road, hired the waggon upon which they had reached home.

INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.—The very satisfactory progress made by Col. Stevenson's fine command during their annual camp drill has been most gratifying, and the inspection on Saturday week was a most successful one. It was notable, too, as being the first turn out in the Fifth District, if not of the whole force, at which the new Commander-in-Chief of the Militia was present. The General and staff arrived at the camp at half-past ten, and, roll having been called, the inspection was proceeded with, Lieut. Col. Irwin being the inspecting officer. After the salute the Battery went through the marches past, independent firing and various field movements, the latter being performed on Fletcher's Field, owing to the limited size of the Exhibition grounds. The inspection over, the Battery was drawn up and addressed by Lieut. Col. Irwin, who noticed, he said, a great improvement in the field move-

ments, and he was gratified at the answers received to his questions about gun drill, ammunition, etc., but on future occasions he would ask them many questions, and if they would study their manual they would find no difficulty in answering. He expressed a wish to see all non-commissioned officers come to Quebec in the winter for a two or three months' course in the school of instruction, they would then be able to properly instruct their men. He closed by expressing his pleasure to Col. Stevenson and Battery at the presence of General Luard. Subsequently the General and inspecting officers were entertained in the officers' mess tent by Colonel Stevenson and the officers of the Battery. The camp was broken up shortly afterwards.

THE MCKAY-CONLEY MATCH.—The rowing contest between John McKay of Dartmouth, N. S., and P. H. Conley of Portland, Me., took place at Dartmouth, on the 18th inst. The representatives of the two men tossed for choice of position, and the toss was won by McKay's representative, who chose the inside course. The Dartmouth man was the first to respond to the signal. When he arrived at the starting-place there was a very general expression of wonder that he would attempt to row in the condition he was in. His face was badly swollen and few men would have cared even to go out of the house, let alone venture upon the water, in the same condition. Conley soon arrived, and both men were got into position the water being almost without a ripple. The referee gave the word "go," and the two men started. Conley at once took the lead, and hearing some shouts from the shore "Go it, McKay," remarked "Yes, pull up, my boy," but seemed little inclined to let him do so. McKay rowed at the rate of 33 strokes to the minute, while Conley rowed 34, but seemed to put more force into his stroke. They maintained their respective positions, Conley three or four lengths ahead, till the Four Mile House was passed, where McKay lost a length or two by getting too far out. Conley was steering splendidly, and turned his stakeboat in 11 minutes from the start. McKay got around ten seconds later and tried hard to catch his opponent, but in vain—the Nova Scotian was evidently overmatched. At the Four Mile House on the return both men spurred in response to the cheers from those on shore, but without changing their relative positions very much, and Conley crossed the line about four or five lengths ahead and rowed up to the referee's boat where he was received with cheers. A moment later McKay came up and was cheered with equal heartiness for a more plucky race had never been rowed, and none but those who saw him at the finish can form an idea of what endurance he must have had to push his opponent so closely around the course and make his beating so small. The Dartmouth man looked out of condition when he started, but at the finish more than one felt that he should not have rowed at all, whatever the cost. The ulceration which caused the swelling in his face had broken and was running down his chin, so that his giving up the race long before the finish would have been quite excusable. The time was about 22.50, as taken by several persons on shore and on the steamer.

CANDAHAR.—In the history of Afghanistan, published only two years ago, Colonel Malleon gives a description of the city which is of interest at this moment. He says:—"This town of Candahar, situated at the foot of the Tarnah Valley, is separated from the river of that name by a short range of hills which divide the lower part of the valley and run parallel with the river for about twenty miles. Candahar is encompassed on three sides by high, sharp-pointed, rocky mountains, rising abruptly from the plain. The open side is that leading along the valley of the Tarnah. A considerable portion of the valley of Candahar is, in an ordinary way, fertile and well cultivated. It can boast of rich meadows, gardens, orchards filled with fruit-trees, fields of corn, barley, lucern, clover, and watered by numerous canals, fed through the break in the hills by the waters of the Argandab, one of the tributaries of the Helmund. These cultivated lands are chiefly on the south-western and western sides of the town. Three or four miles to the east the traveller encounters a portion of a cheerless plain, covered with stones, and scantily supplied with water. The town of Candahar is large and populous. Its form is that of an oblong square, 2,000 by 1,600 yards (about a mile square.) Situated on the north side of the extensive plain called after the town, about two miles from the lofty mountain called Bala Wali, it is surrounded by a high but thin and weak wall, with several bastions. Its walls are 30 feet high. The four principal bazaars, or streets, lead from the gateways and meet nearly in the centre of the town in a large circular building, covered with a dome about 120 feet in diameter, called the *charku*. This place is surrounded by shops, and it is regarded as a public market-place. The streets which converge in it divide the town into four nearly equal districts. The other streets in the town are mere lanes, formed by the narrow space between the high houses—houses far more lofty than those of the principal streets. The climate of Candahar is very dry, and in every respect superior to that of Hindostan. . . . Corn and most of the necessaries of life are dear at Candahar. Firewood is also very scarce. It is difficult to fix the number of inhabitants. Mountstuart Elphinstone declines to make the attempt. It seems to be acknowledged, however, that the population is

in excess of that of Herat. If the Heratis may be estimated, as they have been, at 45,000, the Candaharis may possibly number 60,000.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MEASURES are about to be taken by means of which reproductions of the principal works of art in the metropolitan collection will be distributed to all schools of design and local art institutes. Especial grants will be given to such schools as carry out some definite course of art study either in connection with the Classical or Renaissance periods—those schools of Eastern and Western art which have done so much to form our taste and to guide it.

SOME days ago there was a whisper that the great Gainsborough picture of the Duchess of Devonshire had been recovered. A well-known city solicitor to whom Messrs. Agnew have given full powers for prosecuting inquiries as to anything that may turn up in this case discovered, or thought he had discovered, a trace of its whereabouts. But alas, though the thread for a time looked promising, it disappeared, and one of the greatest mysteries of modern times still remains unsolved.

PRIVATE telegrams state that Sir Bartle Frere is in high gudgeon at his recall, the collapse of the South African confederation scheme being only a pretext for that step taken by the Government under pressure of their Radical supporters. Sir Bartle will hasten home, and he will probably seek for a seat in Parliament. Should he succeed some lively scenes would be witnessed next session, for as a debater Sir Bartle Frere is quite capable of holding his own against all the Lawsons and Courtneys who have so bitterly assailed him.

FRANCE is borrowing her fashions from England, and improving on them with her usual ingenuity. After copying the new visiting cards of the aristocracy, which show the name in gold letters on a black, blue, or other novel ground, they have added to them the coat of arms in one corner, and made the suggestion that *élegantes* who are not so fortunate as to have inherited armorial bearings from their forefathers, can easily substitute for them some distinguishing emblem that will pass muster with that large section of society which is not acquainted with the science of heraldry.

THE white waistcoat movement in the House of Commons seems to have attained unusual proportions this year. It has influenced even the staid Mr. Forster, who, laying aside the red velvet garment which he affects in common with O'Gorman Mahon, figured recently in one of a tint which, on the person of an Irish official, seemed a dangerous approach to orange. Mr. Bigger still remains true to the perennial sealskin, which has been his faithful companion all through his Obstructive career, but, with the solitary exception of the hon. member for Cavan, every one seems to have made some concession to the weather, from the leader of the House downwards.

THE cuirass, which is now only retained in the armies of four European countries, viz., France, Germany, Russia, and England, seems likely to disappear altogether. In France the cuirass has recently been laid aside in six out of the twelve regiments which formerly wore it, and it is believed that before long it will be abolished altogether in the German army. Unless, however, it becomes absolutely necessary, owing to the paucity of cavalry in the British army, to employ the Household Brigade on active service, it is probable that the three regiments will continue to gladden the eyes of Her Majesty's lieges in London and Windsor with their present brilliant equipment, and the British Army will be the last in which the cuirass will survive.

THE reporters have been admitted to the side galleries of the House of Lords. Formerly they looked down an oblong building from its extreme end. The Lord Chancellor is at the other extreme end; Ministers and leaders of the Opposition are so far away that if they turn their backs on the press gallery nothing can be heard. Only the independent members of either party are certain that their remarks reach the reporters' ears. If they are placed in the side galleries they will be close to the political leaders and will be equi-distant from the Lord Chancellor and the cross benches. Orators will be able henceforth to address the Lord Chancellor instead of turning their backs upon him; and the reports in the papers will be something more than a compilation of uncertain sounds caught with difficulty and recorded with hesitation.

ARTISTIC.

THE Spinoza monument at The Hague is to be unveiled on September 14.

MR. GUSTAVE DORE is painting a colossal picture in illustration of the text "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

A GRAND monument to Pius IX., in the form of his statue, little less than twice the size of life, has been by private subscription erected in Milan Cathedral.

M. ADOLPHE YVON, the eminent artist, is engaged on a painting of the Battle of Ulundi. It is intended for a panorama on the same principle as that of the Siege of Paris which has proved so attractive.

THE late French sculptor Lemaire was known chiefly by the present pellicament of the Madeleine in Paris, which he executed in 1836, and which brought him the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour and a seat in the Academie des Beaux Arts.

A CERTAIN number of French painters, sculptors, and men of letters have recently formed a society, with the object of founding an "artists' home" for elderly or impoverished authors, scientists, artists, &c., under the name of "Societas Artis de Amicitia." Among the subscribers are Melsanier, Charles Paul Dubois, Gérôme, De Neuville, Nitti, Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Laboulaye, Detaille, Duo de Broglie, &c.

IN Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "The Flight into Egypt," the donkey from which he painted is stated to be an animal of purest breed, boasting a genealogy of two centuries; while the Virgin is taken from a lovely Jewish maiden living in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. One original feature in the picture will be a procession of infant spirits—those of the murdered Innocents. Mr. Hunt has been engaged upon this picture for four years and it will take six months to finish it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A RECENT concert at Albert Hall, London, realized £6,000.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has left Paris for Aix-le-Bains.

SALVINI will speak Italian during his tour next winter through the United States, while the subordinate parts in Shakespeare's tragedies will be in English.

ADELAIDE NELSON frequently complained of a pain at the heart after playing Juliet. Her physicians advised her not to play the part night after night.

THEODORE THOMAS, who has just returned from Europe, says that the musical taste of New York is far in advance of that of London. They must have mighty poor taste in London.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, August 23.—General Roberts is expected to reach Candahar by the 23rd inst. Cardinal Nina is reported to be much worse; he is suffering from typhoid fever.—The European Powers have declined the proposal of the Porte to re-open negotiations.—Russia proposes modifying the amount of territory to be ceded to Montenegro by Turkey.—Roumanian troops in the Dobruja have gained another victory over the Bulgarian insurgents.—The report of the *sortie* made by the British from Candahar is confirmed. The casualties were heavy on both sides.—The public prosecutor has refused Count Von Arnim a re-hearing of his case, which will now be appealed to the State Court.—Mr. Gladstone has returned to London much improved in health. He embarks to-day for a series of trips around the north of Ireland and Scottish coast.

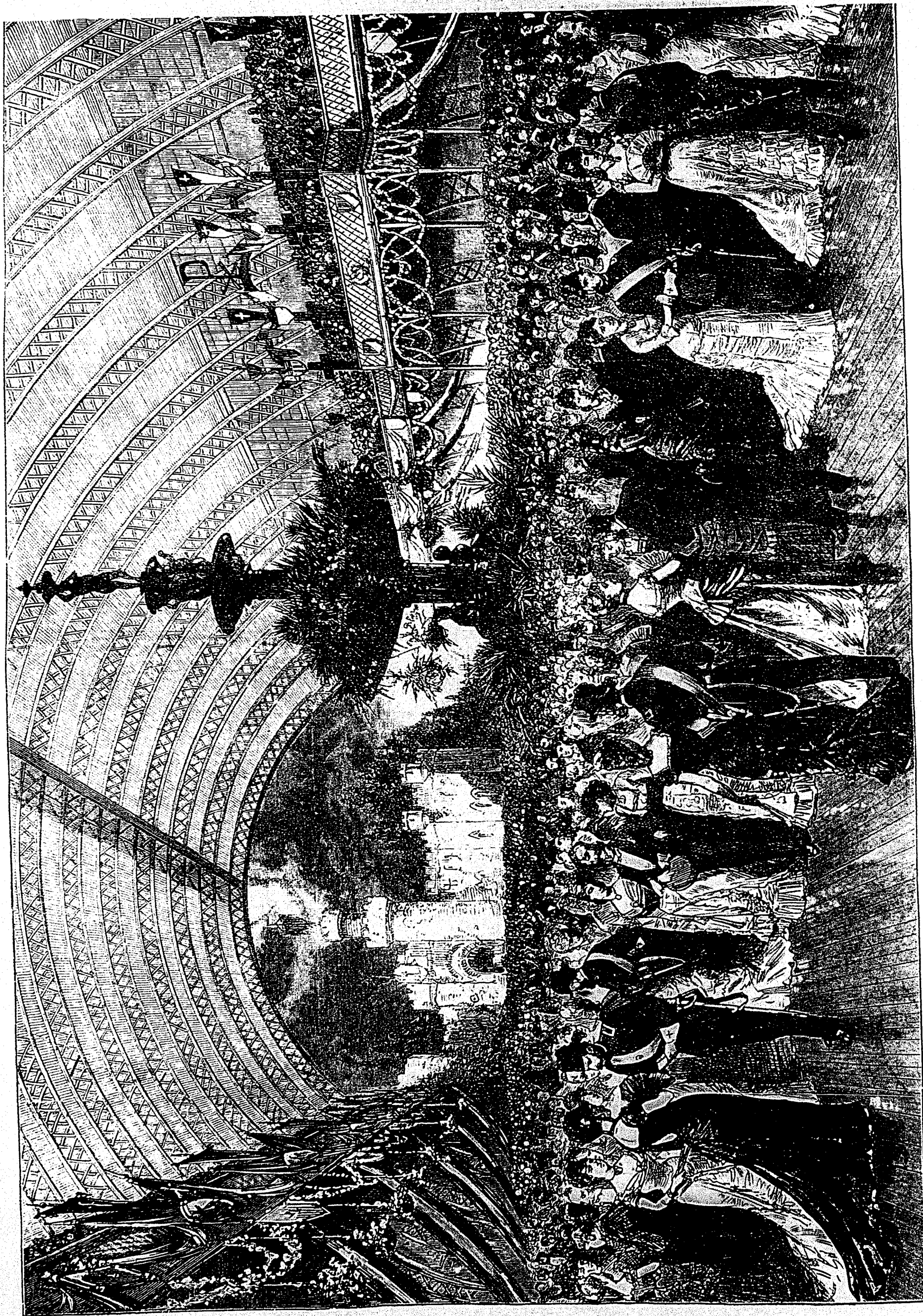
TUESDAY, August 24.—General Brooke was among those killed at the recent *sortie* from Candahar.—A conference for the reform of the laws of nations has commenced at Bern, Switzerland.—The order for the Russian naval squadron to proceed to Ragusa has been countermanded.—A desperate conflict between the Roumanian police and Bulgarian rioters has occurred in Arabatia.—The Imperial Government apprehend further disturbances in Ireland, but are determined to enforce order at any sacrifice.—Bismarck proposes the commencement of Government relief works in West Prussia, as a means of lessening the distress prevailing there.—A disturbance is reported to have broken out at Lagos, and the natives all along the west coast of Africa are said to be on the eve of an open revolt.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—DeHaas, the well-known marine painter, is dead.—A Paris paper denounces Dr. Tauner's fast as a fraud.—An unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate the King of Burmah.—A Candahar telegram states that Nana Sahib has been captured by native cavalry.—The collective vote on the Greek boundary question was delivered to the Porte yesterday.—H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught has applied for employment on active service in India.

THURSDAY, August 26.—Preparations are being continued for the prevention of further anticipated trouble in the west of Ireland.—The vote for the Irish constabulary was again under discussion in the House of Commons last night, and provoked a warm debate. The sitting was to continue through to-day.—The Spanish Government, finding more Cuban rebels are arriving than can be disposed of in the African penal settlements, intend to re-ship some of them to the Marianas Islands, near the Philippines, said to be unhealthy, inhabited by savages and overrun with rats.—The news from Afghanistan is of a very serious and alarming nature. The siege of Candahar is being vigorously and effectively prosecuted under the direction of Russian officers, and Ayoub Khan is said to have gathered as many as 10,000 men around the city. Besides this, General Roberts, who has yet some three or four weeks' marching to reach Candahar, is greatly harassed by the Afghans, who have also burned the grass along the line of the British advance, thus destroying the only means of obtaining provender for the animals. This is said to have disheartened and discouraged the troops, and altogether the outlook is anything but encouraging. A later despatch says General Stewart has been ordered to remain at Jellalabad, military having broken out among the Ameer's troops.

FRIDAY, August 27.—A Bombay telegram says cholera is raging at Peshawar.—Herr Hofman, German Minister of Commerce and Trade, has resigned.—The ex-Khan of Khokand has been liberated by the Russian Government. Negotiations with China are said to be proceeding favourably.—Major Munroe, commanding the marine detachments at present stationed in Ireland, reports all quiet in the districts where his men are quartered.—A Bombay despatch states that Ayoub Khan has retired his forces to a point some eight miles east of Candahar, probably with a view of meeting General Phayon on the open plains.—A council of Turkish Ministers held yesterday to consider the second collective note of the Powers relative to the Greek boundary question, came to the conclusion, after mature deliberation on the subject, that Turkey could not commit self-mutilation. A later despatch from Constantinople, however, says the Porte has issued a circular to the Powers promising the immediate cessation of Duloigno and the introduction of reforms in Asia Minor.

SATURDAY, August 28.—General Roberts' difficulties according to latest despatches, are increasing.—A member of the Irish Land League has been expelled from that body for offering to give evidence before the Land Commission.—All districts of Albania show a desire to settle the Montenegro question at once, so as to be clear to deal with affairs in Epirus.—Bombay despatches report threatened trouble with the Beloochees and on the Scinde frontier.—A Detroit despatch says the steamer *Marine City* was burned on Lake Huron yesterday. There are said to be from ten to sixty lives lost by the disaster.



GRAND BALL TO THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT CHICAGO.

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "ATALANTA."

The British barkentine *Girl of Devon*, Captain Grant, which arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 29th last, had on board a large, white, painted figure-head, which the captain affirmed to be the head of the ill-starred British training-ship *Atalanta*. In accordance with the ordinary scale, the figure-head would exactly fit a ship ranging from 700 to 900 tons. It is the figure of a goddess, and very similar to the figures of Diana or Atalanta, as represented by Roman and Greek mythologists. It is a three-fourths length figure, with a coronal fillet on the head. The robes that flew loose and gracefully over the figure are gathered by a buckle above the knee, and a few inches below the figure is truncated and takes a fluent, wedge-like shape, where it entered the ship's cutwater. As a considerable reward has been offered by the British Admiralty for any authenticated fragment of the missing

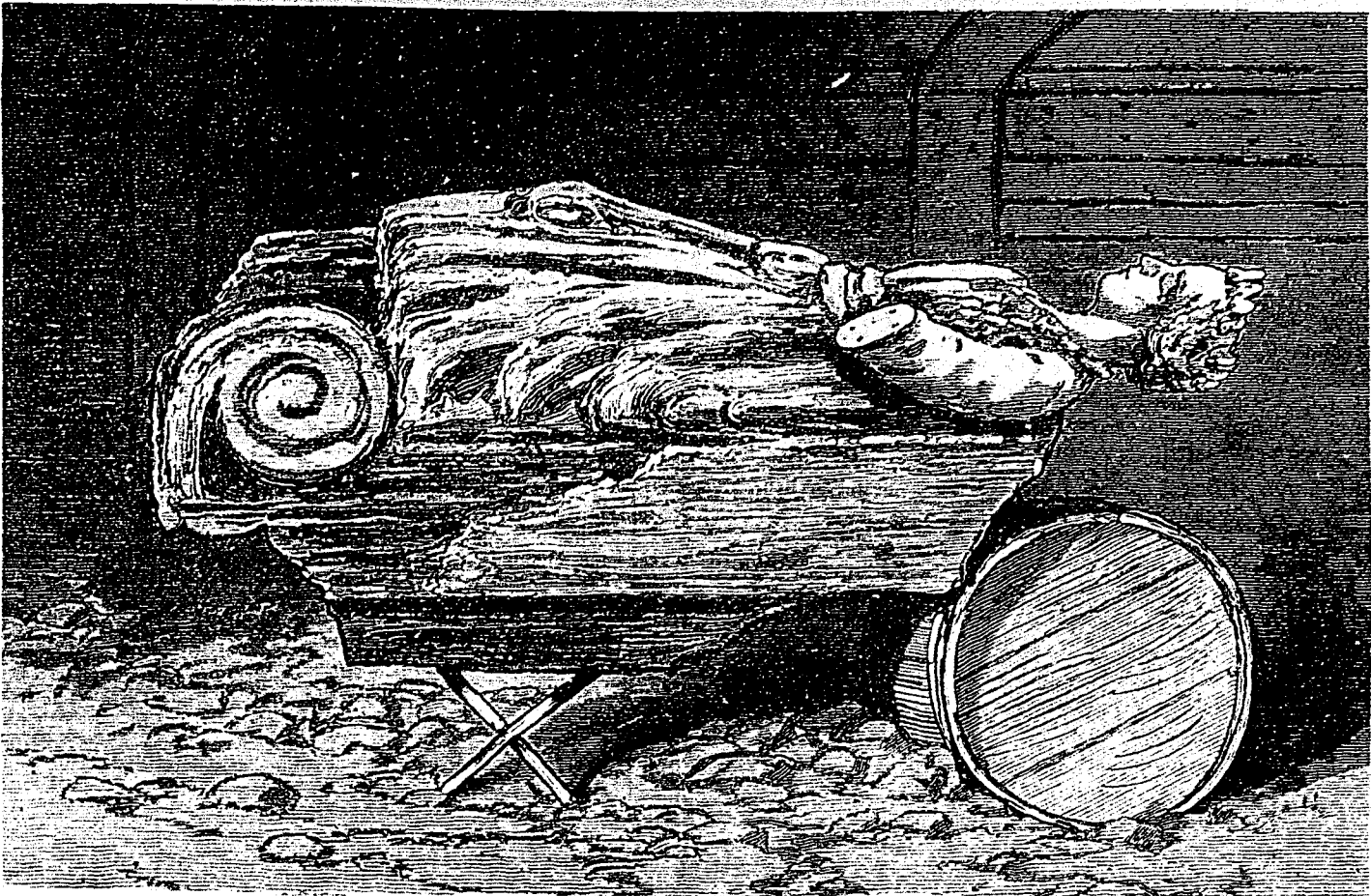
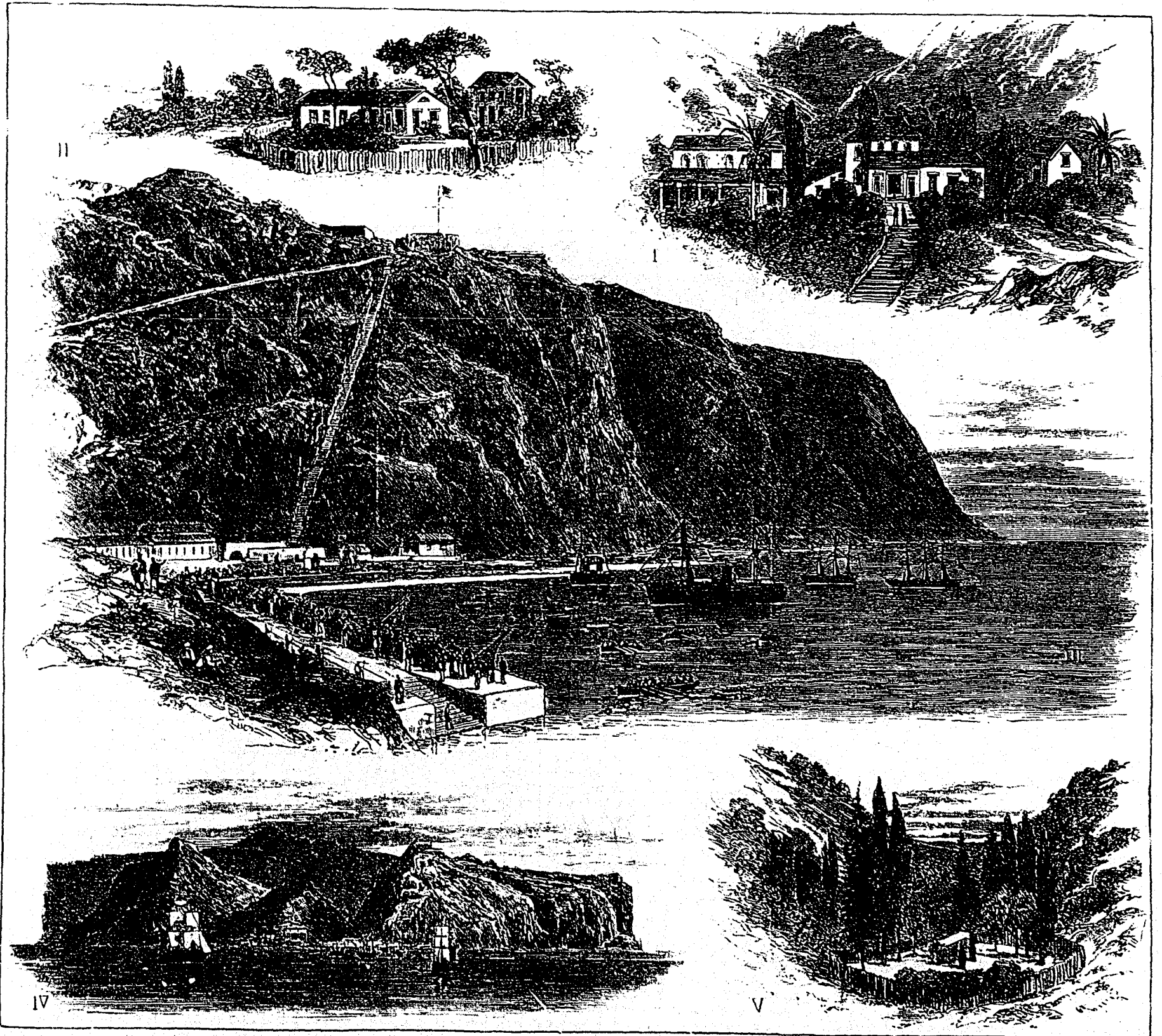


FIGURE HEAD OF THE "ATALANTA," AS EXHIBITED AT ST. JOHN, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ship, Captain Grant will retain his prize till he reaches England in his own vessel. In a carefully executed sketch of the *Atalanta* that appeared in the *London Illustrated News* of the 24th of last April, the figure-head as there represented, is, as the pose of the body, reduced scale, size, and all essential features, the same as that picked up by the *Girl of Devon*. When Captain Grant first saw the floating figure, about a quarter of a mile distant, a seagull was perched on the bust. The position of the ship at the time was latitude 46 degrees 12 minutes north, longitude 22 degrees 30 minutes west. One noticeable feature about the figure head is the evidence of great violence, either by collision with ice or with floating wreckage. The large metal bolts that fastened it to the cutwater are rudely bent and broken, indicating the application of a tremendous shock to the bows of the ship, and the lower part of the figure is broken and splintered, which tends to strengthen the theory of collision.



1. The Briars and the Pavilion, First Residence of Napoleon I. on the Island.—2. Longwood, Second Residence of Napoleon I.—3. Landing of the Ex-Empress at James Town Harbour.—4. View of the Island from the N.E.—5. Napoleon's Tomb.

VISIT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO ST. HELENA.

CARMEN BICYCLORUM.

TO THE C. B. C.

Air—"Languor Horatius."

Veniatis Centauri, Lactamus per rotas, Superomniq; ventos, Silentibus in equis. Chorus—Nunc venite Bicycl.

Antiqui equi erant Oculum et carnis: Sed nunc eos faciunt. Ferro atque clypeis.—Chorus.

Equitamus per imbrem Et la luce solis. Via mala et bona. Nisi et astate.—Chorus.

Agamus gratias dis Facillate data. Nobis atque aliis. Volantibus sine alis.—Chorus.

WHAT D'Y CALL IT?

"How do you pronounce it?" asked pretty Miss Icicle, as they gazed at the Providence show.

"Pronounce it! that's the way they call it bicycle," said Languid Fitzjardie, her beau.

"Bee parson—you're wrong," said Professor Idrykle, Ph.D., who was present, and who was looking at the show.

HOW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLIS," ETC.

"If you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the tip of his first finger.

"Well, I really wouldn't, you know," said Mr. Wilding, giving up the struggle with the impossible, and laying the refractory paper-knife upon the table.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Snooks sulkily. "There's safety in a multitude. I can't marry 'em all, can I?"

"No, I am not," said Snooks, with decision, "not a bit of it. Though I allow she is a handsome girl, and has lovely eyes. Hasn't she, now?"

"My dear fellow, do not let us even hint at such a thing," he said amiably. "I only meant you were slightly—very slightly—susceptible, and that Miss Katie has a certain amount of pleasing power, and that—I positively would give up this ball if I—"

"Then I shall look in with you," said Snooks defiantly. "Fact is, the fellow wants to spoon her himself, and don't see the force of being cut out."

Beyond all question the Brownrig's ball was a decided success. The rooms were filled to overflowing, the staircases were choked, the heat was intolerable.

There were four of them. There was Katie, the second daughter—Snook's friend, and the possessor of lovely eyes. And they were lovely; large, "and dark, and true, and tender," like the North, according to the Laureate;

Then there was Hetty, the eldest girl, who, if her eyes were not dark as midnight, had at least the dearest little nose in the world. A pure Greek feature, perfect in every respect, ignorant of colds in the head, that made one long to tell her (only she would have blushed, they were all nicely brought up) about Dudu, and her Phidian appendage.

Then came Georgie—"George the Third," as she was playfully termed in the bosom of her family—who, if she had neither nose nor eyes like her sisters, had certainly a prettier mouth than either.

And finally there was Lily. A tall pale girl, with blue eyes, a finely cut chin, and a good deal of determination all round.

Katie's eyes were larger, darker, and (when she looked at Snooks and thought of his thousands) more melting than ever that night. Her dress, if slightly bizarre, was intensely becoming. Snooks, for the first half hour, kept himself bravely aloof from her fascinations, declined to notice her reproachful glances and languishing willows, and for reward was wretched.

An hour later the deed was done. Some capital champagne, a dark avenue (I believe there were some Chinese lanterns there originally, but a kind wind had blown them out), and a soft little band slipped into his, did the work; and Miss Katie had promised bashfully, but with unmistakable willingness, to be his future Mrs. Snooks.

When, however, her betrothed found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him. He went, as he usually did when in sorry case, in search of Wilding; and having discovered him, took him into a side-room, and shutting the door confronted him with a rather pale face.

"So the eyes were too many for you," said Mr. Wilding calmly, after a deliberate examination of the disturbed face before him.

"That's the sort of thing any fellow might say," returned Snooks pathetically. "I didn't think you would be so aggravating. And just when you see I'm down on my luck too. Yes; I've been and gone and done it."

"Mother will be pleased," quoted his friend and law adviser, with a shrug. "So, by the by, will be your father. They both regard nothing so highly as birth. I suppose Miss Brownrig can lay claim to some decent breeding."

"The old chap is a corn-chandler, you know that; at least, he used to be," said Snooks, with a heavy groan.

"O, indeed! And a very charming business too, I make no doubt. Leads up to quite a train of ideas. Corn, wheat, staff of life, quaint old mill, and rustic bridge in the distance; miller sitting in it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownrig ever wore a white hat? And if so—why? Don't all speak at once. Well, well, she is a very pretty girl. Such eyes, you know! I really congratulate you, my dear fellow."

"Wilding," desperately, "can't you do something? I—I don't know how it happened. It was the champagne, I suppose, and of course you know she is pretty; but I don't want to marry any one, and I know the governor wouldn't hear of it."

"He will have to hear of it now, won't he?" asked Wilding unfeelingly.

"He would go out of his mind if such a thing was even hinted to him, declared Snooks wildly. "Try to help me out of it, Wilding, can't you?"

"I suppose I had better cut my throat and put an end to it," said Snooks dismally, and then—overcome, no doubt, by the melancholy of this suggestion—he breaks down and gives way to tears.

"I say, don't do that, you know," exclaimed Wilding indignantly. "Weeping all over the place won't improve matters, and will only make you look a worse fool than Nature intended, when you go out of the room. If you have put your foot in it, at least try to bear misfortune like a man. Look here," angrily, "if you are going to keep up this hideous boo-hooing I'll leave the room, and you, too, to your fate. It's downright indecent. They will hear you in the next house, if you don't moderate your grief."

As the nearest house was a quarter of a mile off, this was severe.

"I shouldn't care if they heard me in the next town," said Mr. Snooks, who was quite too far gone for shame.

"There is just one chance for you, and only one," said Wilding slowly. "I have an idea, and you must either follow it, or—go to the altar."

"I'll follow anything," eagerly. "What is it?"

"You have proposed to Miss Katie," solemnly. "Now go and propose to the other three!"

As Wilding gave vent to his idea, he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.

"I'll do it," said Snooks valiantly, drying his eyes and giving his breast a tragic tap, "whatever comes of it."

Going into the hall, he saw Hetty standing near an entrance; a little way beyond her was Katie, conversing with a tall and lanky youth. Not daring to glance in the direction of the latter, who plainly expected him to come straight to her on the wings of love, he turned and asked Hetty to dance.

They danced, and then (it was a custom with the ball-goers in that mild suburban neighbourhood) he drew her out under the gleaming stars and up the dark avenue that a few minutes since was the scene of her sister's happiness.

There he proposed in due form, and was again accepted. Hetty's conduct, indeed, was perhaps a degree more pronounced than Katie's, because she laid her head upon his shoulder, and he felt he was by all the laws of sentiment bound to kiss her. Her nose looked lovely in the pale moonlight; so I daresay he did not find the fulfilling of this law difficult.

After that he had some more, a good deal more, champagne; and then he proposed to Miss Georgie, who also consented to be his. There now remained but one other step to be taken. He crossed the room and asked the youngest Miss Brownrig to dance. He was getting rather mixed by this time, and was on the very point of asking her to marry him instead, so customary had the question grown to him now. Miss Lily, however, declined to dance, on the plea that she was tired, and could exert herself no more that night.

"It's extremely good of you, I'm sure," said the youngest Miss Brownrig calmly. "But, unconvincing as I fear it must sound, I don't want to marry you."

"Don't you, by Jove!" said Snooks hastily. "Well, that's awfully kind—No, no!" pulling himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, you know; I mean it's awfully horrid, you know. In fact," warning to his work through sheer gratitude, "you have made me miserable for ever; you've broken my heart."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frivolously. "Let us hope Time will mend it. I'm not very sure you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it is kind, my refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go in and say good-night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne, and it is trying to the constitution."

Snooks took the hint, bade farewell to Mrs. Brownrig, who, to his heated imagination, appeared to regard him already with a moist and motherly eye, and, taking Wilding's arm, drew him out of the house.

"Well!" said the latter interrogatively. "I don't know whether it is well or ill," returned he gloomily. "But I followed your advice, and proposed to 'em all."

"And they accepted you?"

"The most of 'em. But Lily, the youngest, she—"

"I always said she was a sensible girl," put in Mr. Wilding sotto voce.

"Did you?" with much surprise. "Well, she refused me; sort of said she wouldn't have me at any price. So you see you were wrong!"

"I always knew she was one of the most intelligent girls I ever met," Mr. Wilding repeated, in a tone so difficult that his companion for once had sufficient sense to refrain from demanding an explanation.

The next morning, as Katie Brownrig turned the angle of the hall that led to her father's sanctum (whither a sense of filial duty beckoned her) she almost ran into the arms of her three sisters, all converging towards the same spot from different directions. Simultaneously they entered Mr. Brownrig's study. (He called it a library; but that word is too often profaned for me to profane it, so I shall draw the line at study.) But to return. Miss Lily, being the youngest, was, of course, the first to raise her voice.

"I had a proposal last night, papa, and I have come to tell you about it," said she, in a tone replete with triumph.

It is so sweet to the mind of youth to outdo its elders. But "on this occasion only" the elders refused to be outdone. They each and all betrayed a smile of inward satisfaction, and then they gave way to speech.

"No!" they said, in a breath. They did not mean to doubt or be impolite; they only meant surprise.

"The curate," said Hetty, in a composed but plainly contemptuous whisper. It was a stage-whisper.

"Old Major Sterne," said Miss Georgie promptly.

"Perhaps Henry Simms," suggested Katie, with some sympathy. Then turning to her father she said, with a conscious blush, "It is very strange, papa, but I, too, had a proposal last night."

"And so had I!" exclaimed Georgie and Hetty in a breath.

"Eh?" said papa, pushing up his spectacles. He was fat and pudgy, with sandy hair and a flabby nose. He was a powerful man, too, and one unpleasant to come to open quarrel with. Proposals in the Brownrig family were few and far between—in fact curiosities—and so much luck, as the girls described, falling into one day overpowered him.

"One at a time; my breath is not what it used to be," he said, addressing Kate. If he had said breath, it would have been equally true, as his mother—if she was to be believed—always declared he was a lean baby. "May I ask the name of your lover?"

"Mr. Snooks," said she, with downcast eyes and a timid smile. She took up the corner of a cherry-coloured bow that adorned her gown, and fell to admiring it, through what she fondly thought was bashfulness.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Georgie angrily. "What a disgraceful untruth!" cried Hetty rudely. "Mr. Snooks proposed to me, last night, and I accepted him."

"What is it you say? O, I am going out of my mind; my senses are deserting me," said Georgie, putting her hands to her head with a dramatic gesture. "Or is it a dream that he asked me to marry him, and that I, too, said 'yes'?"

"I seldom visit the clouds," said Lily, with a short but bitter laugh. "And I certainly know he made me a noble offer of his hand and heart; both which treasures I declined."

"Where?" demanded the other three, as though with one mouth.

"In the laurel avenue!"

"At this they all groaned aloud.

"Perfidious monster!" said Hetty from her heart.

"Am I to understand," began Mr. Brownrig, with suppressed but evilent fury, "that this—this—unmitigated scoundrel asked you all to marry him last night?"

"If we speak the truth, yes," replied the girls dimly.

"He was drunk," said papa savagely.

"I can't believe it," said Katie, who was dissolved in tears—in fact, "like Noah, all tears"—by this time. "Nothing could be nicer than the way he did it. His language was perfect, and so thoroughly from the heart."

"He addressed me in a most honourable, upright, and Christian fashion," said Hetty. "I am sure he meant every word he said."

She was thinking uneasily of that kiss in the moonlight. Could any one have seen her? Was old Major Sterne anywhere about at the moment?

"I certainly considered his manner strange, not a bit like what one reads," said Georgie honestly; "but I thought of the title and the property, and I said yes directly."

"I thought him the very greatest muff I ever spoke to," broke in Miss Lily, with decision. "I refused him without a moment's hesitation, and told him to go home. I'm sure it was well I did. I daresay if he had stayed here much longer, he would have proposed to mamma next, and afterwards to the upper housemaid. I agree with you, papa, the champagne was too much for him."

"I—I think he is fond of me," said Katie, in a low and trembling tone. Her fingers are not playing with the cherry-coloured bow now, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.

"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride."

"Perhaps he is mad," said Hetty vaguely. Just at this moment, as a salvo to her wounded vanity, she would have been glad to believe him so.

"No, my dear," declared Lily calmly; "he has no brains worth turning."

"He said something, papa, about calling to-day at four o'clock," said Katie very faintly.

"Then I shall sit here till four," returned Mr. Brownrig, in an awful tone. "I shall sit here until five; and then I shall get up, and go out and find that young man, and give him such a horse-whipping as I warrant you he never got before in all his life."

"Don't be too hard on him, papa," entreated Katie weakly.

"I sha'n't, my dear, but my whip will," said papa, grimly.

So he waited until five; he waited till half-past five; and then he took up a certain heavy gold-knobbed whip that lay stretched on the table as though in readiness, and sallied forth in search of Snooks's rooms. And he found them, and Snooks too—in bed, suffering from a severe catarrh, caught, I presume, in the laurel avenue.

And no man knows what he did to Snooks. But at least he gave him an increased desire for his bed, because for a fortnight afterwards he never stirred out of it.

When Mr. Wilding heard of all this, I regret to say he gave way to noisy mirth in the privacy of his chambers; and was actually caught by his washerwoman—who peeped through the keyhole—performing a wild dance in the middle of the floor.

A "Saturday to Monday" ticket from Rome to Veuvius is now "all the go" in the Eternal City, and a large restaurant has been established on the mountain at the foot of the cone, for the benefit of the excursionists, to which a telegraph office is attached.

BONNY GOLD.

When I was quite a little boy I dearly prized a
"brown,"
Felt wealthy with a "tizzy," and went mad o'er half-a-
crown;
There was music in their jingle to please my boyish
heart.
For well I know that every "brown" would buy an
apple tart.
But now for childish tastes like these I've grown too
stiff and old,
And care little for any sound save that of bonny gold.

Talk not to me of music; it has charms, I know them
well:
For I've heard the deep-voiced organ through majestic
arches swell;
And in aylvan still recesses I have heard the summer's
hum
Like the murmur of a fountain through the leafy forest
come.
O'er my sickened wearied senses all this sweetness softly
rolled;
But I longed for other music—'twas the chink of bonny
gold.

I've heard the trumpet's martial note, that called upon
the brave
To smother their brows with glory's crown or seek a
soldier's grave;
Alone I've heard on Alpine heights the echoing thunder
roll,
Alone I've heard the angry waves boom heartless on
the shore;
Yet what were these but thrilling sounds whose music
little told,
Compared to volumes spoken by the chink of bonny
gold!

If I should hear an organ grind a waltz before my door,
It makes me dream I sail again along the polished floor;
But no! I coax my pipe and watch the curling smoke
arise,
My smiling fancy half recalls a laughing pair of eyes—
Of heartless eyes that years ago declared my own too
old,
Because I could not dazzle them with bright and bonny
gold.

There's music in my dear one's voice, I love her words
to hear,
For softly and caressingly they fall upon my ear;
I love the patter of her feet, the tremor of her sighs,
The rattle of her silken dress, her greetings and good-
byes;
But yet I love my money more, nor deem my bosom
cold,
For how shall we be wed without the help of bonny
gold!

'Tis said that gold is evil's root, and preachers all
declare
That wealth is a delusion, all a vanity, a snare.
"Sweet, sweet is humble poverty," these gentlemen
will say,
"The virtues of humility will never pass away;"
Nor must pale Poverty to them her piteous tale unfold,
For gossams hate the jingling sound of their departing
gold.

'Tis true that youth and health and love can never by
gold be bought
Yet want of these has oftentimes by want of gold been
wrought.
The withered cheek, the wasted form, the wrinkled brow
of care,
The broken heart, the rayless eye, the silver-threaded
hair,
All tell a tale, and sadly prove life's blessings must be
sold
Ere some may hear the merry chink of bright and bonny
gold.

"Can this be life?" I murmured, "this the object of
man's soul?
The stormy sea beneath him, and gold his only goal?
Can this be life?" I murmured, as I gazed upon the
weal,
And saw it in the glory of its evening beauty dressed,
"Ah, no; beyond life's ocean the weary may behold
A fabled land whose portal gleams more bright than
bonny gold."
CECIL MAXWELL-LYIE.

MEDICAL USE OF WINES.

The enormous number and variety of true red wines from the Gironde, most of which are now freely imported into this country, make it a task of no small difficulty to discuss their medical value and uses. This wide range of selection has recently been brought before us in a most striking manner, by contrasting the price of a *vin ordinaire* of the cheapest and commonest type (10l. or 1s. per bottle), with the sums that well-matured wines of the best vintages may command. At a sale by public auction during the present month, Leville Lascazes' (1864 vintage) was sold at £10 per dozen, whilst Château Latour (1855 vintage) reached the almost fabulous price of £12. The patient's daily question, "What shall I drink?" requires more consideration than is usually devoted to it before the medical adviser gives the stereotyped reply, "Oh, you can take a little claret." For more than a century the various vineyards on the different estates of the Médoc district have been classified in five great classes. The first-class comprises only the three great vineyards, Château Lafite, Château Margaux, and Château Latour. To the general public the mere name of these vineyards is of scarcely any value, even if the accuracy of the label on the bottle can be assured, for much depends on the year in which the wine is produced and the period at which it has been bottled. Besides the wines admitted into the great classes, there are many others produced on estates in the Médoc district, cultivated by the *bourgeois* proprietors; and although these take a lower rank in the estimation of the wine-importer, they are, especially in good years, often as sound and good as those which have been fortunate enough to secure an entrance into the classified lists. Still cheaper clarets are bought from the peasant-proprietors, and these form the *vin ordinaire* or Médoc which is supplied to every one with his meals at the French restaurants. It has been estimated that of the total yield of wines in an average year, the classed wines form only 2 per cent., the superior table wines 12 per cent., the medium

20 per cent., and the *vins ordinaires* the remaining 86 per cent. Besides names derived from the estate, other clarets are merely named with the name of the commune in which the wine has been grown, such as St. Julien, St. Estèphe, or Margaux. As far as the classified wines are concerned, none are to be trusted without the brand of the estate; of the others with simply the name of the commune, the veracity and knowledge of the importer form the only guarantee for the purchaser. As a rule, the name of the commune is put on to indicate rather a certain class and price of wine than to show its place of growth. Too frequently for market purposes the different wines are blended, so that except under special circumstances, or by securing a classified wine, a pure growth is unobtainable. As an additional precaution, we may mention that adulterated claret is common enough in the market, and this must be particularly borne in mind when the cheaper varieties are recommended. Such mixtures are usually compounded of water, alcohol, and cheap Spanish wine, with a small quantity of sour claret added thereto. In true claret the taste is astringent and sub-acid, never really sour, and even in the roughest samples the peculiar vinous bouquet is well-marked. The date of the year of vintage, not mere age, is all-important in regard to the quality of claret; and of course this can only be known with certainty when the buyer purchases his wine on the spot from the grower, and lays it by himself for future use. Red clarets with much tannin and an average percentage of alcohol require to be kept for ten or twelve years, that they may fully develop their best qualities, and their market value increases with their age. The best vintage of late years has undoubtedly been that of 1875, and next to that of 1870, 1868, and 1865, until we go back to the exceptionally fine year of 1864.

The clinical value of red clarets is exceedingly great, and every therapist is fully aware of the marked benefit that is derived from their use in most cases in which tonics are indicated. There are few conditions in which they really disagree, if taken in ordinary quantities. Their especial value consists in the fact that when taken with the meals they are true tonics, and have neither a stimulating nor a sedative effect. Even the higher-priced red clarets are much less stimulating than the Sauternes, and of course cannot be compared for a moment in this respect to either the red or the white Burgundies. The tonic effect of claret is due most probably to the peculiar combination of tannin with a certain but low percentage of alcohol, and it is remarkable how little variation in chemical composition exists between true red clarets, although the price differs very greatly. The year of vintage, the age of the wine, and the characteristics of the vineyard, by determining the bouquet and fragrance of the wine, enhance the price, but interfere only very slightly indeed with its chief constituents as far as can be shown by chemical analysis. In cases of anemia, ordinary debility from overwork, feeble digestion, &c., a sound red claret is almost as good a prescription as most of the tonic drugs in the Pharmacopœia, and is always an advantageous adjunct to this class of remedies. Of course, it must only be taken with the meals, and in no case should more than half a bottle be permitted with the meal. In this quantity the amount of alcohol is very small, as may be seen by analysis. In addition to the tonic properties of red claret, its value in increasing the appetite and aiding digestion is of great importance. Many patients who can eat but little, and so lose strength, especially in hot weather, improve very much if they take wine with their meals, and for this purpose claret is especially suitable. The centage of grape-sugar is very small indeed; it is much less than in ordinary Sauternes, or white clarets, although not so small as in the specimens of Chablis and Meursault. Hence the diabetic patient may safely take an occasional wine-glass of red claret, and there is this special advantage—that he need not be prohibited from the more expensive wines of this class, whereas Sauternes and white Burgundies of high class would inevitably increase his malady. Clarets are generally spoken of as "sour" wines, and avoided by the gouty and rheumatic; but this is certainly a mistake. The amount of fixed acid is less than in most wines, and the low percentage of alcohol is a still further advantage in such cases. In several cases of atonic gout a glass or two of good claret daily has been taken with great benefit, although the patients may have been told that whisky, gin and brandy were the only permissible forms in which they should take alcohol. In the treatment of persons with a tendency to obesity claret, as is well known, is particularly useful, and this is doubtless also, in part at least, due to the absence of any amount of unfermented sugar. The amount of tannin sufficiently explains the astringent character of red wine, and this is of great advantage in treating cases of any tendency to relaxed or chronically congested mucous membranes. It is this astringency which clinically separates the thin red clarets from the thin white ones, and renders them available for so many more forms of disease.

Good sound red Bordeaux wines evidently differ very little in rough analysis, and a patient may take either the cheaper or the more expensive varieties without running any risk of their having different medicinal effects, provided he is satisfied that he is dealing with a true and not a manufactured claret. Seven analyses of typical wines of different degree, from the high-priced classified samples to

the cheapest *vin ordinaire*, show a difference of only 1.3 per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol (from 10.21 volumes to 11.52), of .1 per cent. in tannin, of .05 per cent. of grape-sugar, and .7 per cent. of fixed acid, whilst the sum of total solids only varies from 1.64 to 2.14 parts in 100 volumes.

The importance of this constancy in chemical composition is the more striking if we compare it with the great variability that is shown by the different typical samples of the white Bordeaux and white Burgundy wines. It is obvious that in choosing a red claret, diabetic, gouty, rheumatic, dyspeptic, or anæmic patients have a much more extensive range, with perfect safety, than they possess if the white wines have been ordered for their malady.

It is generally considered that the wines from the Château Haut Brion and from the St. Emilion district contain more alcohol and tannin than red clarets in general, but we had no certified specimens submitted to us for analysis.

THE ELDERLY MALE FLIRT.

This fascinating creature is not married. He has been too clever to fall into the toils of matrimony. He was born to keep perpetual holiday, not to become the slave of any woman. So he has roamed from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of each. Probably he has made love some hundreds—we might, perhaps, be justified in writing thousands—of times; but nothing has resulted from his devotion to the fair sex except legions of kisses, myriads of surreptitious squeezes, and hosts of hopes never to be realized. Glorifying in the fact that he is a regular "killer" of the fair sex, he has stormed many a virgin heart, not with any serious object, but simply in order to gratify his inordinate vanity and minister to his perverted taste. He is like a true conqueror. His conquests do not satisfy him long. Having carried the citadel of some fair maiden's affections, and thoroughly laid it waste, he rejoices to leave it in its desolation, while he "seeks fresh fields and pastures new" to ravage and destroy. It does not occur to him to look behind and contemplate the wrecks that he has made. *Blasé* and not too moral—sometimes he varies what may be termed his respectable flirtations by amours of a not very respectable character—he considers that the game of love is one which may be played many times and with many partners, and that no well-constituted mind will grieve over the forfeits incidental to the fascinating diversion. He knows that when he has to perform on the second fiddle in the presence of a more successful rival he feels deeply mortified, and that the charms of the fair enslaver in question increase a hundredfold in his eyes. But he would, possibly, feel equally mortified if he got thoroughly beaten in a billiard match or was bowled for "a duck" while playing at cricket. The element of genuine affection does not enter into the matter at all, and he is ready to console himself on the first opportunity and will, in his next triumph, forget about his present humiliation. Thus, it will readily be seen that the terms on which he plays with innocent girls, whose principal characteristics are their thoughtlessness, their giddiness, their impulsiveness, and their readiness to believe anything which a well-favoured man may say to them, are unequal, and that it would, in many cases, be a good thing if he could now and then be placed under a pump and have the graceful contour of his curled locks destroyed by a liberal application of cold water.

Up to a certain point the career of the Elderly Male Flirt is composed of a series of successes. An ordinary every-day sort of lover, who blushes, and stumbles, and blunders in the conventional, stereotyped way, and whose great characteristic is that he is very much in earnest, frequently has very little chance against him. He is full of neat compliment and fine phrases, he is quick to seize opportunities, he is gallant in his bearing, and there is about him a certain audacity which is not without its charm to the feminine mind. So it is not surprising that he becomes the burning and shining light of many a picnic and the beau of many a ball-room. But, even when such a happy lot befalls him, he will be careful that the general company shall not see his gratest performances. His principal feats will be performed in shady corners, and in cool retreats away from the glare and the glitter of the gaslights.

But a day of reckoning comes for the Elderly Male Flirt as it does for all other offenders against good taste and propriety. He loses, in a large measure, his power to charm. He becomes stiff about the joints, and slow and inelegant in action. Lines develop themselves on his face in such a way that when he attempts to ogle a girl his countenance assumes a grotesque, if not positively malevolent, appearance. Grey hairs display themselves among his carefully-trimmed locks and whiskers, a bald patch exhibits itself on the top of his head, and one of his front teeth wickedly takes its departure. The extreme juvenility of the raiment which he affects seems to render still clearer the fact that he has passed into the period of the *seré* and yellow leaf. But though when he is "got up" his appearance is calculated to excite ridicule rather than admiration, he still affects the gaieties and the love-makings of his youth. When he goes a merry-making with parties of bachelors and spinsters, there is something extremely incongruous in his appearance. The general impression is that he has had his day, that he is only doing again what he has done hundreds of times before, and that if he were well advised he would devote himself to more sensible oc-

cupations. Many of those whom he essays to charm laugh at him; others good-naturedly tolerate him, but leave his side on the first opportunity; others cruelly snub him; and others do not disguise that they regard his polite advances as so many impertinences which they would feel thankful to be spared. One moment fair hands, instigated by masculine tempters, will pelt him with missiles; the next they will hide his hat; and in a variety of other ways he will be made the object of small persecutions. The wonderful part of the matter is that he is not taught wisdom. But he is unworthy of pity, and it would not be worth while to give him advice.

FASHION NOTES.

THE new coiffures are all very flat and smooth. DOTTED fabrics are growing in fashionable favour. FANCY feathers will be worn only on Derby hats.

STRINGS of pearls in the coils of the hair are again fashionable.

PUSH will take the place of velvet in millinery next season.

JET ornaments will be used to excess on fall hats and bonnets.

THE "hermit" polonaise is the novelty in early fall garments.

BREAKFAST caps are *de rigueur*, with a dressy morning toilet.

PUSH and satin will be used together in trimming costumes.

MANY narrow flounces appear on the skirts of some full dresses.

BALAYEUSES of the same stuff as the costume are coming into vogue.

POLONAISES, basques, round waists and pointed bodices are all in vogue.

TRAINS are still worn for full dress, but short dresses are also admissible on ceremonious occasions.

THE fashionable coiffure is now low in the nape of the neck, but short women cling to the high hair dressing.

AT present it is the high fashion in Paris to make the corsages of evening dresses high in the neck, but with very short or no sleeves.

VERY young ladies have adopted the fashion of wearing large embroidered and lace-trimmed collars, just like those worn by small children.

JERSEY webbing of plain stockinet, and in all colours to match the grounds of plaid and damask novelties, are in the hands of manufacturers for the fall trade.

HUMOROUS.

SOME women were evidently born to blush unseen—at least they are never seen to blush.

A YOUNG man of society out making a call may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"A SEASIDE residence" is the last phrase invented to describe a two-roomed hut within sight of the ocean.

A NEW YORK gentleman recently got a proposal of marriage from an "unknown" lady. He replied that his wife weighed one hundred and ninety, and that she had opened the letter.

IT is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" was used was when Archimedes sat down on a tack for which he had been looking nearly twenty minutes.

ONE of our religious contemporaries remarks: "The editor of this paper writes his editorials on his back." We write ours on paper. It comes handier to us, and much more convenient for the printers.

"I WONDER, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 500 or 1,000 years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man, "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

"I'D never have gone into parliament," says a Tory squire who, somewhat against his will, has been returned for his county. "had I known they were going to pull out this Greek question again, I had enough of Greek questions at Eton."

THERE is a difference between land and water. A young man may be able to earn only a salary of \$12 a week, but put him in the surf, and if he has a strong arm and knows how to swim he is the king bee among the ladies, while the bloated millionaire hangs disconsolately and alone on the safety rope.

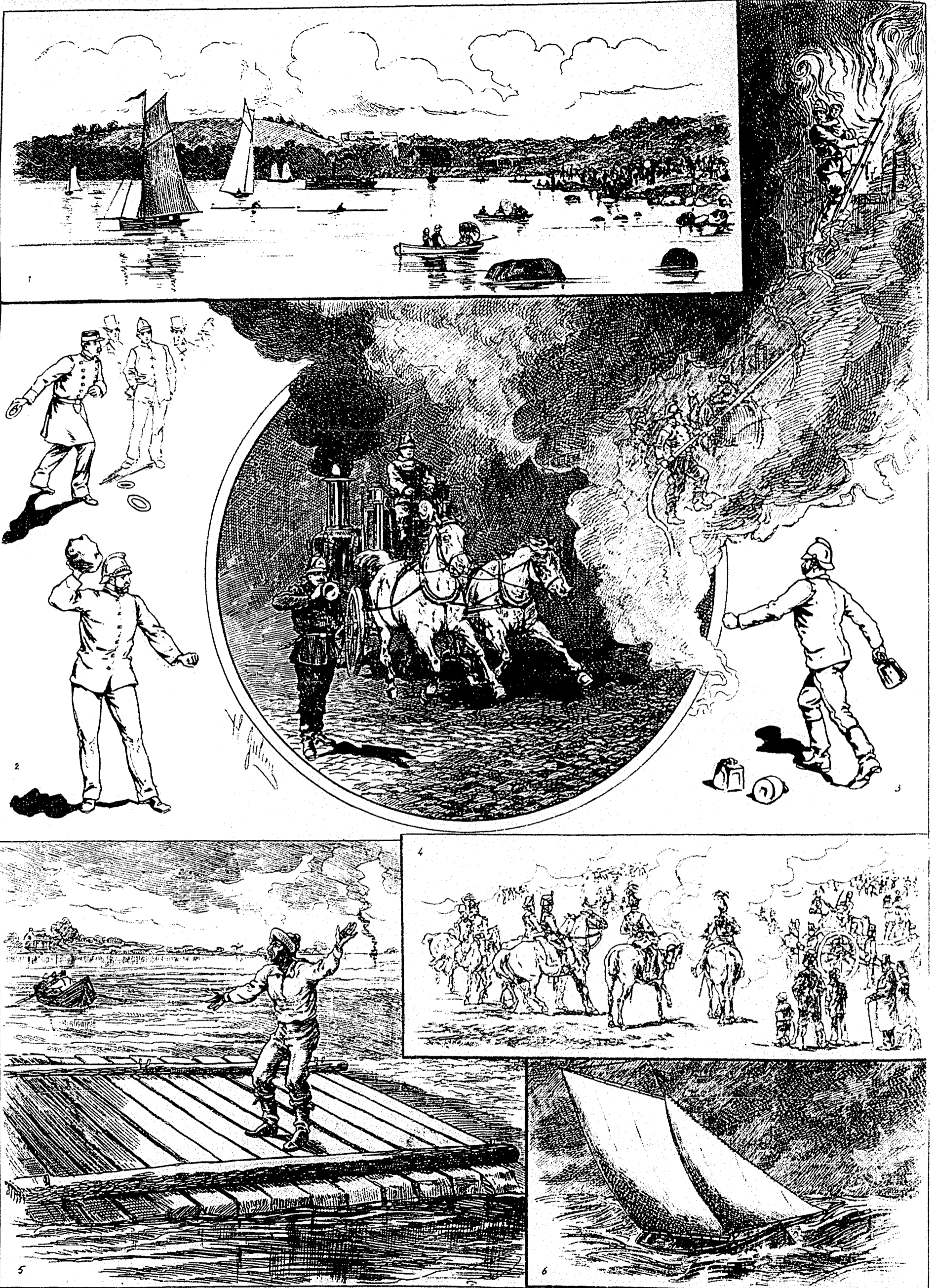
IT is a good thing for Noah that he had the only ark adrift in all the universe at the time of the flood. If there had been just one more ark there would have been a collision the third day out, unless things were managed better than they are now. And probably they were not, as it seemed to be considered dangerous to send out more than one ark at a time.

THE Norwich Bicycle Club have adopted a rule in cases where horses are liable to be frightened by the bicycle. It is to have the driver of such horse raise his hand twice, when the bicycle rider will get down, put his bicycle under his coat, clasp his hands behind and appear to be looking intently in another direction as if he didn't know what was going on. This, it is thought, will give the horse confidence to go by. However, it is not the bicycle that scares the horse, but the legs of the rider.

APROPPOS of the Tanner excitement is the following anecdote of a London lady of fashion: She was walking with one she deemed a kindred spirit. The lunch bell rang. The lady was thin and aesthetic, and proud of her mental and physical ethereality. Her companion suggested a move to the dining-room. The lady said, with one of her sweetest, saddest smiles, "I have eaten half a rose. I have kept the other half for my supper."

IT IS WORTH A TRIAL.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old, worn-out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial. (Father).



1. THE MCKAY-CONLEY RACE, DARTMOUTH, N. S.—From a Sketch by H. E. Twining.—2 AND 3. ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.—4. INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.—5. RAFT CAUGHT IN THE LACHINE RAPIDS.—6. BLOWN AWAY IN A GALE.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

On the 10th inst, Sir William and Lady Young celebrated their golden wedding at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Sir William who is Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, is highly respected by the community, and he received many hearty congratulations. He was born at Falkirk, Stirlingshire, in 1799, and educated at Glasgow University with the view of entering the legal profession. In 1814 his father emigrated to Nova Scotia, and he accompanied him. They began business as merchants, and father and son traded together until 1820, when the latter again turned his attention to the study of law. In 1820 he was admitted a barrister. Five years later, in 1830, he married Annie, eldest daughter of the Hon. M. Tobin. In 1833 he was elected to Parliament from Cape Breton, and retained a position in the Legislature of the Province for over a quarter of a century. He repeatedly filled the offices of Speaker of the House, and Attorney-General. On the death of Chief Justice Sir Brenton Haliburton, in 1860, Sir William succeeded him, and he has continued to hold that office until now. His long services as a statesman, his high standing as a jurist, and his public spirit as a citizen have given him a position in the Province peculiarly his own, and his career is inseparably interwoven with its history.

VARIETIES.

JERUSALEM.—The villa just completed on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city of Jerusalem, intended as a residence for the Marquis of Bute during the coming winter, has rendered the idea of a journey to Palestine so familiar to the ear of fashion, that it is considered not at all improbable that many distinguished families may follow the example set them by the Marquis, and repair to the Holy City of Jerusalem instead of the Holy City of Rome in December to assist at the solemnities of Christmas. The European population of the place has increased of late to an immense extent, owing, in some measure, to the enthusiasm with which Holman Hunt describes the glories of the climate, and the intense interest excited by its association.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.—The Canadian Prime Minister recently visited the House of Commons, and the London correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily*

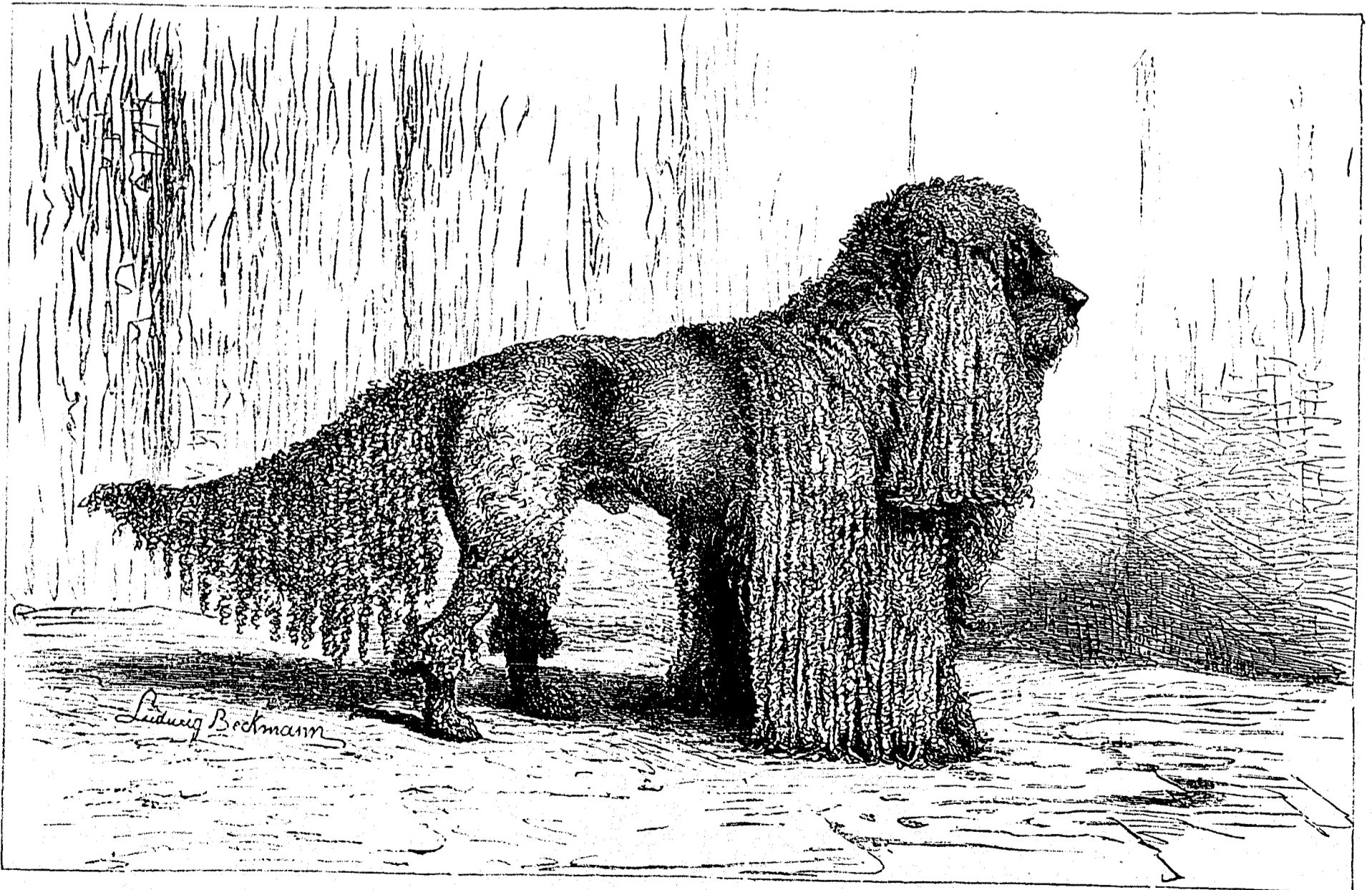
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 317.



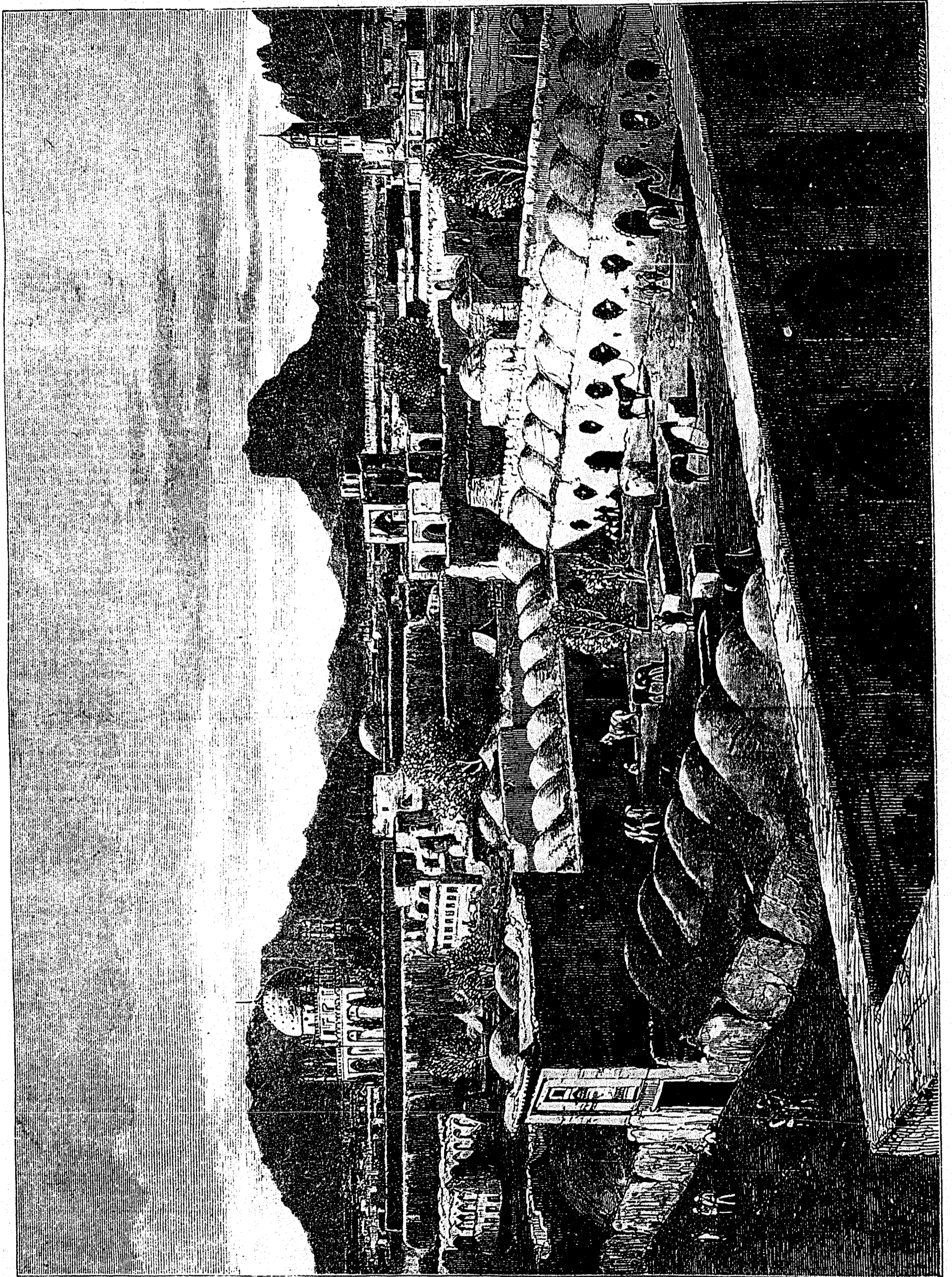
SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Review described the resemblance between him and Lord Beaconsfield as follows: "Even with his hat on, it was sufficiently strong to deceive many people who must be familiar with the personal appearance of Lord Beaconsfield. When Sir John A. Macdonald sits or stands bareheaded the resemblance becomes almost embarrassing. Sir John is well aware of the freak of nature, and encourages it to the extent of closely imitating the singular coiffure of Lord Beaconsfield. He has the slight advantage of the British Minister in respect of quantity, but as to colour, and the little curl on the forehead, their hair is precisely the same. The resemblance is further carried out when Sir John talks. He has the same shrug of the shoulder, the same outspreading of the hands, and, in brief, all the little mannerisms so familiar in our own Benjamin. He is like him, too, in his ready wit, and, to complete the resemblance, he is in politics rerdy, audacious, and (to tell the truth) sometimes unprincipled.

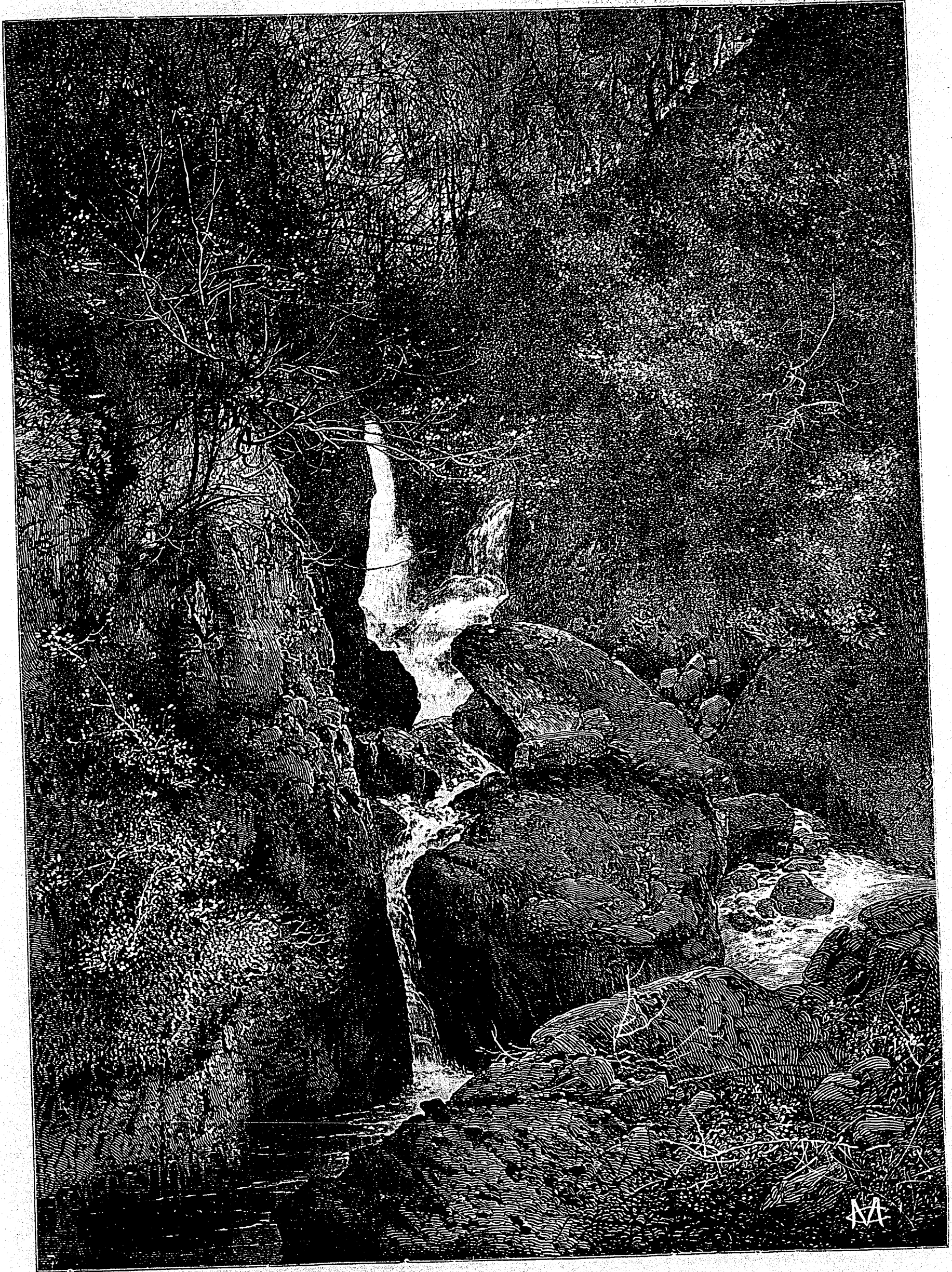
A POET'S WIFE.—The wife of William Morris, the poet, says a correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*, is a mysterious, Egyptian-looking woman, with great, strange, sad eyes, an Oriental complexion, burning scarlet lips, and the expression of ineffable remoteness and vagueness that one in imagination gives to the sphinx. The young lady's face was just one of the inexpressible melancholy ones that the pre-Raphaelites adore—just the type of young women coming down the "golden stairs" in Burne Jones' picture at the Grosvenor Gallery this year—and Morris married her. Not long ago this lady wore at an evening party a robe of the sheerest, filmiest white muslin, fine enough to be drawn through a ring. The petticoat under it must have been the same, for the folds of the robe clung to her body and limbs as if cut there by the finest chisel. At the waist this thin robe was confined by a long, supple chain in the form of a serpent, which, after writhing about her body, dropped its jewelled head by her left side, where its diamond eyes glittered and burned like fire. Egyptian bracelets and necklace adorned her arms and neck, and an Egyptian masque gathered and held the folds of the robe at the throat. Her black hair was one thick mass of short curls and lay close down to her eyes, crept in and out by another golden serpent with jewelled scales and burning eyes. One would have said she was Cleopatra, who had turned her asps into gold and jewels and come to life to dazzle a barbarian world.



NERO, A GERMAN CORDED-COAT POODLE AT THE BERLIN INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.



CANDAHAR.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CITADEL.



STOCK GILL FORCE, NEAR AMBLESIDE.

PATTI AT HOME.

M. Adrien Marx, in a Paris paper, has recently given an account of the setting out, the journey, and the arrival of Adelina Patti at her new home among the hills of South Wales, near Swansea.

She closed her performance on Saturday night, the 24th of July, with the "Traviata," and, amid her acknowledgments of the applause which greeted the close of the third act, she made a sign to me which intimated, "I have something to say to you." Three minutes later I was with her, to hear that she had acquired a country seat in Wales, that she started at 10 o'clock the next morning, and that I was to be one of the party.

Patti complained of rheumatism, described how she spent the day during the season, and stated that she did not attend rehearsals because she has every one of her fingers "at her finger ends," and she had never occasioned a difficulty. Now parts she studies with the piano at home, or while walking in the country; when she feels she knows them she attends the theatre on the afternoon preceding the first representation, and goes through the piece with the company.

The travellers lunched en route, with that fate which befalls all who attempt to eat or drink when the manner of the journey makes the hand unsteady. The upset wine, the slippery plate, only make merriment the greater.

At 6 o'clock the travellers realized how quickly the day had passed. They were at Swansea, with several miles to drive, and Patti entrusted me with the driving of her four ponies in a victoria along narrow roads, over narrow bridges, and through crowds of people come to admire Patti, not the ponies, so that I could only give one eye to the lovely scenery, the Swiss character of which astonished and delighted me.

Patti and her eleven companions were too tired to explore the estate that night, so postponed the pleasure till the morrow, and all were in bed by 10 o'clock. When I awoke next day I noticed that all the ornaments of my room consisted of "tributes of admiration," received by the hostess upon her many tours.

The company assembled in the saloon. Patti, who sings everywhere and always, upon the staircase, in the fields, whether she is eating or sleeping, trees her piano, which is the first she ever had, and about which some very tender affections gather, as the tone evinces it which she says "my piano." In the adjoining dining-room the sideboards are loaded with plates—presents from the rich ones of the earth, products of the highest art workmanship of the day.

The first morning was devoted to trout-fishing in a stream which runs through the estate, and the fish caught were served at breakfast. While we lingered over the last course a Welshman arrived who had come thirty miles—not to see Patti, but to have her opinion of his voice. She granted his wish, and came to the conclusion that if he had a voice he had forgotten to bring it with him; but he did not go unrewarded for his faith.

VARIETIES.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—Some discussion has lately taken place with regard to the National Anthem of "God Save the King," composed in the time of George III., which has always been considered of English origin, but in the amusing Memoirs of Madame de Créqui, it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the cantique which was always sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. De Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully.

"Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi! Grand Dieu, venge le Roi! Vive le Roi. Que toujours glorieux, Louis victorieux! Voye ses enemis Toujours soumis. Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi! Grand Dieu, venge le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

It appears to have been translated, and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel, the German composer.

MALIBRAN AND HER FATHER.—M. Legouvé tells the following story about Malibran: The violent temper of Malibran's father, Garcia, caused a severe quarrel, which resulted in the separation of father and daughter. The breach had already lasted several years, when, one evening, the opera Otello was produced at the Théâtre Italien, with Garcia in the rôle of Othello and Malibran in that of Desdemona. The daughter, as usual, was admirable in the part, and the father, unwilling to be outdone, became once more the Garcia of his best years. The success was complete, and an enthusiastic recall necessitated the hasty rising of the curtain after it had fallen on the first act. Desdemona was discovered almost as black as Othello. Moved by the ovation in which both had shared, Malibran had thrown herself into the arms of her father, and in the embraces which ensued Garcia had imprinted upon her features some of the dye which stained his own. Mr. Legouvé was present on the occasion, and he says that no one in the theatre thought of laughing; the audience immediately understood the affecting nature of the incident, and ignoring all that was grotesque in it, they applauded with transport the father and daughter, reconciled by their art, their talents, and their triumph.

NAMES.—Annabella is not Anna-bella, or Faf Anna, but is the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Ara-bella, or beautiful altar, but Orabilia, a praying woman. In its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than at present. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric—himmel-reich—the kingdom of heaven. Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan, or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language and is older by about a thousand years at least. Amy is not from amice, but from amie. Avise, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as some seem to think. It comes from El-wis, and means happy wisdom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth. It is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Heloise, which is Helewis, hidden wisdom. There is, indeed, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Aloisia, Alois, or Aloysis, was adopted into mediæval English, as Alesia—a name which our old genealogists always confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from Emylia, the name of an Etruscan gem. Amelia comes from the Gothic Amala—heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a Queen. It is Rein-alt—exalted purity. Alice, Adelaide, Adelaide, Alise, Alex, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel—noble. But Anne was never used as identical with Annis, or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annes is a variety), nor, as I sturdily maintain, was Elizabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

WINTER'S TRIBUTE TO ADELAIDE NEILSON.—Whatever may have been the vicissitudes, trials, mistakes, and sorrows of her past, she was by nature a woman of pure domestic tastes—affectionate, gentle, confiding and true; and she would have made that home very happy, with the husband whom she had chosen. It is no secret to a few of her friends (it need not be a secret to anybody now) that she was soon to be avowed the wife of Edward Compton, who acted with her during her farewell American tour, and who must now endure the awful affliction of seeing the sods laid upon her grave. The story of her successes on the London stage and all over Great Britain, and of her four visits to America, need not be rehearsed. There may come a time for that in another form. But it will not be amiss to note, with some slight emphasis, the fact of her youth, as it is seen when coupled with such noble and brilliant achievement. She was, to have done so much, a very young woman. She was in this sense a prodigy—and whatever were her faults or errors, it is remarkable that she bore so well the always perilous burdens of early triumph and the income of a world's admiration. She had the intuitions of genius and also its quick spirit and wild temperament. She was largely ruled by her imagination and her feelings and had neither the prudence of selfishness nor the craft of experience. Such a nature might

easily go to shipwreck or ruin. She outrode all the storms of a passionate, wayward youth and anchored safe at last in the haven of duty. Her image, as it arises in memory now, is not that of the actress who stormed the citadel of all hearts in the delirium of Juliet, or dazzled with the witchery of Rosalind's glee or Viola's tender grace; but it is that of the grave, sweet woman, who, playing softly in the twilight, sang—in that rich, tremulous touching voice—an anthem that paraphrases the words of Christ: "With all your sorrows I am made partaker, and I am acquainted with all your griefs."

LITERARY.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON is building a house at Cambridge.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, the publishers of Jean Ingelow's poems in the United States, say they have paid her \$12,000 in seventeen years.

THE PRINCESS "Dora d'Istria" is visiting in Swamscott and receiving many visitors. She is collecting materials for a book.

MR. TENNYSON is reported to have said, when asked what he thought of the poetry of the day, that he was surprised at its standard of general excellence.

VICTOR HUGO, who writes upon paper of all kinds, cards, backs of letters, envelopes, etc., intends to leave the manuscripts to the Bibliothèque Nationale.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT has embodied in a volume the results of his recent examination of the region beyond the Jordan.

WORK on the addition to the Astor Library, in New York city, is going steadily forward, and when it is completed the entire building will have a storage capacity for 300,000 volumes.

BRET HARTE is, it is said, well satisfied with his new consulate at Glasgow. He will pass some weeks with Mr. Froude, at his residence in Devonshire, and is engaged upon a novel of country life in England, whose scene is laid in Devonshire.

VICTOR HUGO is now engaged in what will probably prove to be the last great work of his life. He is carefully collecting and arranging all his unpublished poems, with a view to their being given to the world at an early day.

THE Southern papers indicate a growing inclination to put a new word into "the well of English undefiled." It is the word "spectate" used as a verb, from the noun spectator.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous war correspondent of the London Daily News is expected in this country, September 9th, and will begin a lecture tour in November after the election. His subject will be "Royal People I Have Met."

The statue of Rabelais at Tours represent the great artist standing upright, with a pen in one hand and a paper in the other. The pedestal bears the following quotation from the introduction to "Gargantua": "Mieux vaut de dire que de larmes si écrites pour ce que fire est le propre de l'homme."—"It is better that man should write of laughter than of tears." Decartes' statue faces that of Rabelais.

An old Yorkshire woman described her happy circumstances as follows: "I've a nice little cottage, a chest of drawers and a piano, a lovely garden and some flowers in my window, and (waxing warm) my husband is dead, and the very sunshine of 'eav'n seems to fall on me."

"Oh, yes, Charley's a nice fellow enough; only a little green, you know." "You should remember Tom," replied his cousin Lizzie, casting a significant glance at the young man's nose, in which the red was slowly but surely eclipsing the white, "you should remember that green is a sign of safety and red a danger signal."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 289. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 289. Correct.

We have always endeavoured to urge upon our young friends the importance of gaining a good knowledge of the game of chess for several reasons, many of which are obvious, the most likely, however, to attract attention being the fact that it is one of the accomplishments which we expect to meet with in a person who lays claim to what is commonly termed a good education.

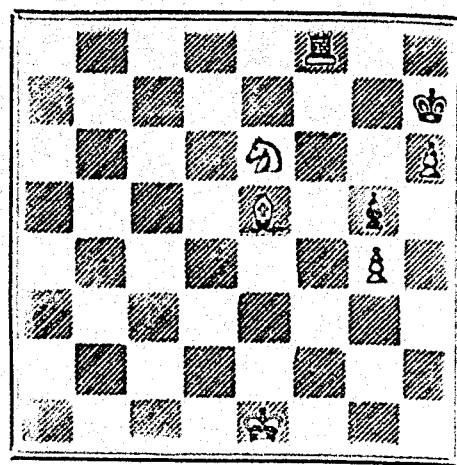
Another way of interesting our young readers in the noble game is to call their attention to examples of those who, in early life, have achieved an amount of skill over the board, which has enabled them to hold their own, even against old and successful players. One of the most surprising of these is to be found in the May number of the Chessplayer's Chronicle, where the following notice appears:

"Mr. B. W. Fisher informs us that he is playing a match with Master J. D. Roberts (aged 15), the champion player of the Dublin Club, who also plays brilliantly with ease, and that the score at present stands—Fisher 5, Roberts 4, Drawn 4. We give in our present issue a specimen of this young gentleman's skill, and we hope to publish a few more by and by."

The game alluded to in the above we insert in our Column this week, and we are certain that it will be acceptable to our Canadian players, both old and young.

We see from a table which recently appeared in Turf, Field and Farm, and which was taken from a reliable source, that there are in London, Eng., and its suburbs, twenty-five chess clubs, and that one hundred and eighty-nine matches have been played by these clubs during the past year. This gives an average of seven matches for each club in the year. In calling attention to these facts, we cannot avoid saying that if such activity existed in our clubs in Canada, it would greatly improve the skill of our players, and, at the same time, considerably increase the number of those who take an interest in the game.

PROBLEM No. 292. By J. W. Shaw, Montreal.



BLACK. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 421ST. Played in a match at the Dublin Club. (Max Lange's attack.)

- White.—(Mr. J. D. Roberts.) Black.—(Mr. B. W. Fisher.) 1. P to K4 1. P to K4 2. K Kt to B3 2. Q Kt to B3 3. B to B4 3. B to B4 4. Castles 4. Kt to B3 5. P to Q4 5. 1 takes P (a) 6. P to K5 6. Kt to K Kt sq (b) 7. P to B3 (c) 7. P to Q4 8. P takes P en pas 8. Q takes P 9. P to Q Kt 4 9. B to Kt3 10. Q to Kt3 10. B to K3 11. R to K sq 11. K to Q2 (d) 12. B takes B (ch) 12. P takes B 13. B to B4 (e) 13. Q to K2 14. P to Q R sq 14. P to Q R4 (f) 15. P to Kt5 15. Kt to Q sq 16. Kt takes P 16. B takes Kt 17. P takes B 17. Kt to K B3 18. Kt to B3 18. Q to Kt5 19. Q to B2 19. Q to B5 20. Q R to B sq 20. Kt to B2 21. Q to Q2 21. Kt to Q3 22. P to Kt6 (g) 22. Q R to Q B sq 23. P takes P 23. Q to Kt5 24. R to Kt sq 24. Q to B5 25. B takes Kt 25. K takes B 26. Kt to Kt5 (h) 26. K to Q2 27. K R to Q B sq 27. Q to Q4 28. R to B5 28. Q to K5 29. Q R to K sq 29. Q to Kt5 30. P to R3 30. Q to R5 (h) 31. K R to K5 31. K R to K sq 32. P to Q3 (i) Resigns

- NOTES. (a) The right move is B takes P. (b) Black imagined that this was done to throw him off "the books," the usual course is P to Q4. (c) Failing to take full advantage of his opponent's weak move, he should have played R to K sq; if Black then bring the K Kt to K2, there follows Kt to Kt5. And if he avoid this danger by P to K R3, White can proceed either by P to Q B3 or Q Kt to K2 and then to K4 or Kt3, with a great attack. (d) It was much better to Castle and let the Pawn go, for if White win it, Black can force the exchange of Queens. (e) Fretfully played. Master Roberts has evidently got some good chess material in him. (f) P to Q R3 was preferable as preventing P to Kt5. (g) A really fine move, to which there seems no good reply; if P to B3 or P takes P, White of course takes Kt with B, winning a piece. (h) He must prevent the Q from going to B4, which would be immediately fatal. (i) An excellent finish.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 290. White. 1. Q to Q R3 2. Kt to Q B6 (ch) 3. Q to K sq mate Black. 1. B takes B 2. K to K6

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 288. White. 1. B to K4 (ch) 2. R mates Black. 1. K takes B

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 289. White. K at Q R sq B at K2 R at Q3 Kt at Q4 Pawn at Q Kt2 Black. K at Q B8 B at Q B7 B at Q7 Pawn at Q R7 and Q Kt6 White to play and mate in two moves.

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A PART from the Tenders to be received for Rolling Stock on the 1st of OCTOBER next, Tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon on WEDNESDAY, the 8th of September next, for the supply of Six Snow-ploughs, Six Wing ploughs and six Planggers, for use on the line in Manitoba to be operated during the coming winter.

Drawings and Specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, and at the Station Masters' Offices in St. John and Halifax, on and after MONDAY, the Twenty-third instant.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, }
Ottawa, 16th August, 1880.

IN PRESS—TO BE PUBLISHED IN JANUARY, 1881
LOVELL'S

Gazetteer of British North America:

CONTAINING the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 7,500 Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-west Territories, and other general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 1,800 Lakes and Rivers; a TABLE OF ROUTES, showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations and Sea, Lake and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, etc., to the several Provinces; (this Table will be found invaluable); and a neat Coloured Map of the Dominion of Canada. Edited by P. A. CROSBY, assisted by a Corps of Writers. Subscribers' names respectfully solicited. Agents wanted.

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Montreal, August, 1880.



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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
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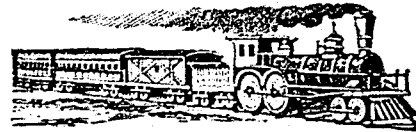
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Leave Hochelaga for Hull	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull	10.39 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga	1.00 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga		6.45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga		9.00 a.m.	

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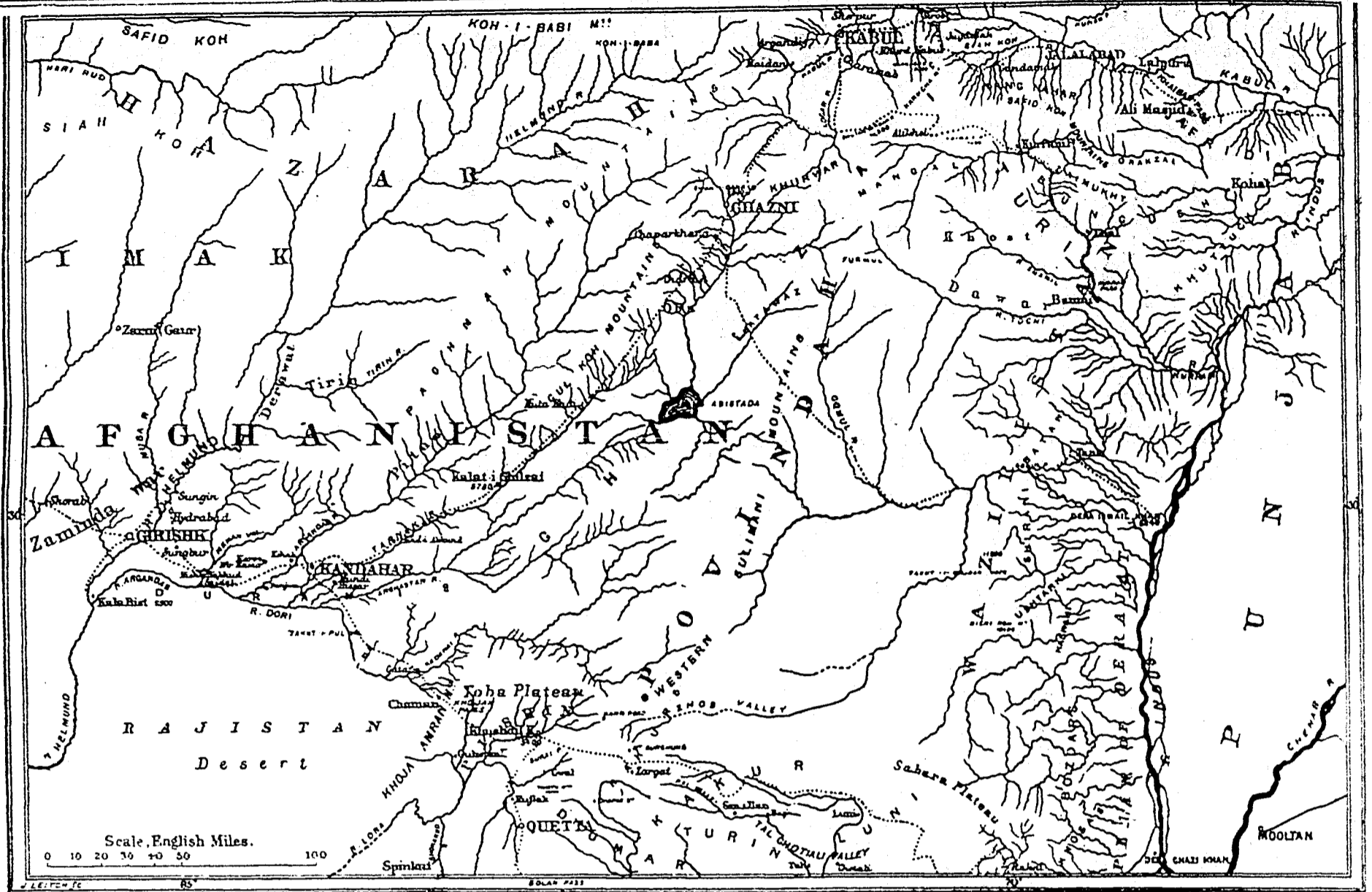
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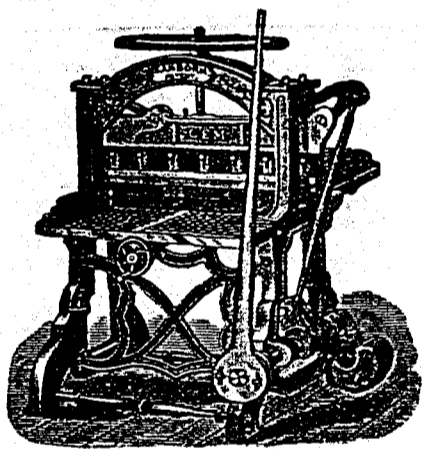
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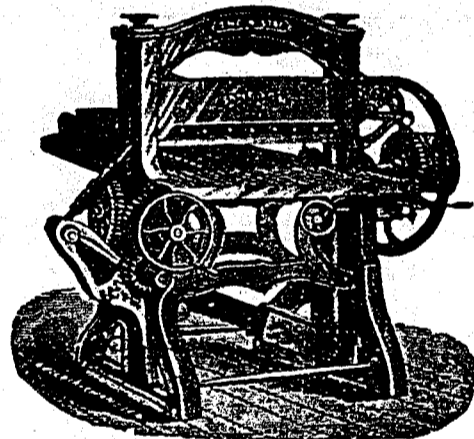
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