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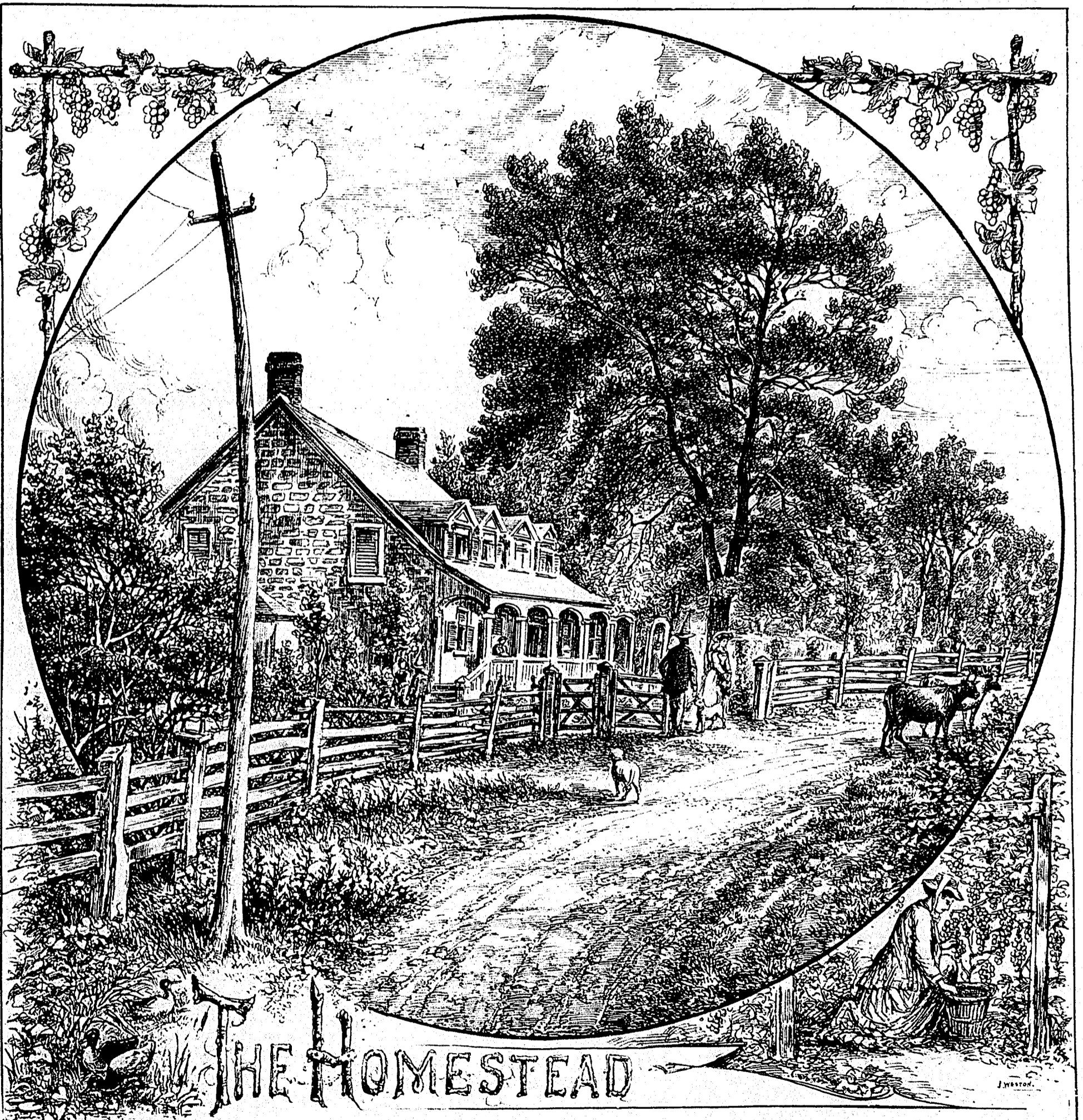
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# AND THE Westchester News

Vol. XX.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

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THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD.

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## PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.  
 DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.  
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
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 COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

## OUR NEW STORY.

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

### MY GREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,  
 BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voodooism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

## NOTICES.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

### TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING					
August 3rd, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.	Sat.
Max. 82°	83°	85°	86°	87°	87°
Min. 62°	62°	62°	64°	64°	64°
Mean. 72°	72°	73°	75°	75°	75°
Mon. 73°	73°	73°	73°	73°	73°
Min. 61°	61°	61°	61°	61°	61°
Mean. 68°	68°	68°	68°	68°	68°
Mon. 75°	75°	75°	75°	75°	75°
Min. 63°	63°	63°	63°	63°	63°
Mean. 71°	71°	71°	71°	71°	71°
Mon. 73°	73°	73°	73°	73°	73°
Min. 62°	62°	62°	62°	62°	62°
Mean. 67°	67°	67°	67°	67°	67°
Mon. 74°	74°	74°	74°	74°	74°
Min. 64°	64°	64°	64°	64°	64°
Mean. 69°	69°	69°	69°	69°	69°
Mon. 83°	83°	83°	83°	83°	83°
Min. 66°	66°	66°	66°	66°	66°
Mean. 74°	74°	74°	74°	74°	74°

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 9, 1879.

### A LAST WORD ON THE LETELLIER CASE.

The dismissal of M. LETELLIER did not create the sensation which everybody expected and many feared. The reasons? First, because it was the final solution of a problem kept so long before the public that all were sick of it, and actually relieved when it was got rid of. Secondly, because there was really nothing to build an excitement upon. Spite of all that has been said and written, the mass of the Liberals were not confident of the wisdom of M. LETELLIER'S act, and for our part, after conversation with scores of our Liberal friends, both English and French, we found not a solitary one that defended it, while several admitted, *sotto voce*, that it was a mistake. On the other hand, the Conservatives instinctively felt that they had strained a point far enough in procuring the dismissal, without forcing it still further by any public rejoicing. Thus the episode passed off quietly enough, and a veil may now be drawn over it.

One last word, however, before dismissing it altogether. When we analyze the action of the Federal Government in regard to the case, this singular repetition of events—a *circulus in circulo*—is found. Thus:—

I. M. LETELLIER dismissed his Ministers.

The Federal Government dismissed M. LETELLIER.

II. M. LETELLIER had the right to dismiss his Ministers.

The Federal Government had a right to dismiss M. LETELLIER.

III. M. LETELLIER dismissed his Ministers for cause (as it appeared to him.)

The Federal Government dismissed M. LETELLIER for cause (as it appeared to them.)

It is not more complex than that. You cannot get out of it. The same chain of reasoning which defends the one, defends the other, and *vice versa*.

For ourselves, while we always held that M. LETELLIER was unwise in acting as he did, doing his party more harm than good, we have believed that the Federal Government committed a political error in dismissing him. With their overpowering majority, they might have shown themselves more generous, being content with a vote of censure, which would have served all practical purposes, at the same time that it would have conciliated many of the moderate Liberals. This we think was also the personal view of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. But when the supreme act was resolved upon, we were of the few who altogether approved a reference of the case to England. We think that the result has justified us. The reference to England has removed all doubts about the constitutionality of the dismissal, thus taking away every pretext for any agitation on that score. For it must be remembered that our Constitution—embodied in the British North America Act of 1867—is a free grant to us by the Imperial authorities, bearing the august signature of VICTORIA R. It is part of the Imperial function, as represented by the Colonial Office, to see that that Constitution is preserved intact. If, therefore, the Colonial Office refused to interfere in the case, it was because it recognized no violation of the Constitution. This is elementary. But there is more. We have the best of reasons for believing that, owing to the peculiar relations of the Marquis of LORNE to the Royal Family, more than ordinary attention was devoted to the matter, and fuller instructions were sent back than the Imperial Government would have taken the trouble to indite for the sake of helping any other Governor General. Thus the whole business has dwindled down to a mere political question, to be incorporated with other political questions and to be debated on a thousand hustings in the next year or two to come. Our belief is that, in the presence of other weightier topics that will soon arise, the question will have little or no effect on either party six months hence. And this were only a subjective justice, for if there is any one matter that has kept the country in a turmoil for over a year, and actually hampered the Federal Government in the prosecution of those wider designs for which they were more especially elected, it has been this unfortunate LETELLIER business.

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

As bearing on the gloomy prospects of the agriculturists in England in view of the present depression, we showed in these columns, last week, that it was possible to put down a bushel of Manitoba wheat at the docks in Liverpool for 80 cents. We have since received the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and in it we find a very striking and confirmatory article on the same subject by M. T. T. VERNON SMITH, under the heading of "Our Wheat Fields in the North-West." The statements and the conclusions in this article are so remarkable that Englishmen will probably hesitate about receiving them. In as far, however, as they are accepted, they will assist the Canadian Ministers who are now in England in floating their Pacific Railway scheme. On this subject we may remark that so disinterested a witness as the Editor of the *New York World* took pains some days ago to inform his readers that the product of wheat on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota is now nearly double that of the States of New York and Pennsylvania; while on the prairies still further north, in British territory, the product per acre is still greater; while the acreage available is to be counted by hundreds of millions. The *New York* editor further fore-hadows that there might be such a thing as the shifting of the seat of power, not only of the Continent, but of the globe. The article of Mr. VERNON SMITH may be taken as a sup-

plement to this. He tells us that the rush which is now going forward to these new wheat fields, from other parts of North America, and which is also beginning to set in from Europe, is something which is quite unprecedented. He states that in 1876, which is not very long ago, the total sales of land to 807 settlers in Manitoba were 153,535 acres. In 1877 the sales were 1,392,368 to 8,648 applicants, while in the month of April of 1878, the Emerson Land Office alone had disposed of 52,960 acres, and in the first week of May, of 30,400. Mr. SMITH expresses surprise at this "rush of immigration," and contends that when the railway communication is complete it will be "something beyond all previous experience." He next goes on to show that according to the actual operations in Minnesota, "wheat can be got into the railway elevators at a cost of from \$7½ to \$8½ (say under £2 sterling) per acre, including fall ploughing, seed sowing, harvesting, threshing, hauling to the railway, depreciation of land and machinery wear and tear, and interest on the capital employed." Our author finds this fact quite as remarkable as the "rush of immigration" and the vast areas of land available; and he comes to this conclusion: "thus 30 bushels to the acre of the first crop clears all the outlay up to that time, returns the capital invested and leaves a first-rate fenced farm in a high state of cultivation for succeeding agricultural employment." This conclusion would be correct if 30 bushels per acre could be counted upon for the crop; but our information, which we believe to be reliable, is to the effect that only about 16 bushels to the acre can be relied upon for the average of the first crop, and that it requires very good land indeed to give an average of 26 bushels for subsequent crops. It is true, however, that not only 30, but 40 bushels of wheat have been obtained, in favorable circumstances, from an acre in Manitoba. But it is better, in writing estimates of this kind, to keep within moderate figures, especially when those moderate figures are in themselves sufficiently striking and something which it is quite out of the power of the English agriculturalist to compete with. Our space will not permit that we follow Mr. VERNON SMITH through the whole of his figures, but we may notice he tells the people of England that the last acquisition of Canada in the North-West comprises a territory of 2,984,000 square miles, whilst the whole of the United States south of the boundary contains 2,933,600 square miles; further that the united length of the waters in this great North-West territory, which in Europe would be styled as first-class rivers, is not less than 10,000 miles, of which 4,000 are available for steamboat navigation. He cites from the *London Times*, Lord DUFFERIN and the late American Statesman, Mr. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, to the effect that people have not yet begun sufficiently to appreciate the vastness of the forces which go to make a great state waiting for development in the immediate future. The American statesman wrote: "I have thought Canada a mere strip lying North of the United States. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in its wheat fields of the West, its invaluable fisheries and its mineral wealth, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire." As the minister of the civil war between the North and the South in the United States, under Mr. President LINCOLN, Mr. SEWARD was an American of Americans, and quite too bitter against England to be regarded as anything but an impartial witness, in this quiet reflection which he made in the later years of his life. We shall only make one further remark, that however imperfect may be the knowledge of what is lying, as it were, at our own doors, the actual existence of great physical facts, which are available for satisfying the greed and enterprise of man, will not long remain unknown.

**SIR A. T. GALT'S MISSION.**

The mission of Sir A. T. GALT to Europe appears to have excited interest, and our contemporaries do not feel quite sure as to what will be the scope of his mission. It is certain that he goes to try to make some commercial treaties; and if Canada, under the National Policy, is to develop her manufactures, it is better that she should have as many outlets for trade as possible. Perhaps no better man could have been selected to negotiate for their opening. Sir ALEXANDER was not altogether successful as a party politician, but he is a man of acute mind; he is well up on commercial subjects; and has the gift of great and persuasive clearness of expression. We notice, too, it has been whispered that it is within the range of possibilities that he may remain as the representative of this Dominion in London. We should not be surprised at this; although we do not pretend to make any announcement. But we are certain that Canada has not hitherto been very fortunate in her agency in London. Her financial agency has at least been very expensive. It may, *per contra*, have been moderately successful; but there was enough of reason for that in the great and, despite some recent clamours, lightly taxed resources of the country. Mr. MACKENZIE tried to establish an Agency General; but he dropped it rather suddenly after not quite two years' trial, for the reason apparently that, although Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., is a man of undoubted ability, he did not, while in office, exhibit quite sufficient of that "practical sagacity" and "moderation" which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH told the Australians was necessary for success. Mr. MACKENZIE, therefore, adopted the device of abolishing the Agency-General and establishing a simple Emigration Agency, from which Mr. JENKINS, in disgust, retired. The Hon. WILLIAM ANNAND, the late Premier of Nova Scotia during the late anti-Confederation agitation, accepted the new and more modest office created. We have not heard any complaints of him except that he is not very active or demonstrative. We doubt if there is any reason for his removal simply; but if the Government of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD were to decide that it is advisable to abolish the office in the form in which it now exists, and to establish an agency on an altogether wider and more extended scale, Mr. ANNAND would probably have less reason to complain if he were not selected to fill that larger office, than Mr. JENKINS had, at that alteration of policy, of Mr. MACKENZIE, by which he (Mr. ANNAND) was placed in office. We must not forget either in this little recital, that after the resignation of Mr. JENKINS, Sir JOHN ROSE, as appeared from several Parliamentary returns, has acted as a sort of Superior Agent under the Governments of both Mr. MACKENZIE and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. We have not seen that he has been paid any regular salary for his services; but he appears to have had incidental advantages, and this *per se* is not a sound principle. Sir ALEXANDER GALT is a man who, in addition to the gift of speech and considerable political attainments, is also versed in financial and commercial matters, and has had experience as a director of the leading banking institution in the Dominion, which has also an office in London. It may be remarked, too, that his services in the Fisheries' Arbitration would help to make him known in London. We should not, therefore, be surprised, and we judge simply from the facts as they lie on the surface of the situation, if Sir ALEX. GALT were made Agent-General of the Dominion in London, the scope of his office extending to financial matters. We do not know of any man likely to fill such an office better. But it is one of great difficulty; and he might not after all be successful. It is in a measure Ministerial, without having Ministerial responsibility.

MILLE NILSSON is paid 200 guineas, gold, at the end of each performance during her engagement at Her Majesty's, London.

**LEGISLATIVE WASTE.**

It is becoming a serious matter. Six weeks have elapsed since the opening of the present session of the Quebec Legislature, and yet, with the doubtful exception of the debate on the Budget, nothing of actual legislative importance has been enacted. The time, instead, has been occupied in personal explanations and recriminations, with several intervals of adjournment extending, in two cases, over three or four days. Surely this is an abuse, and we are certain that a large proportion of the honourable members themselves will agree with us that it ought to be peremptorily abolished.

We are not of those who would lower the Provincial legislatures to the level of municipal assemblies, but we do insist that their local attributions limit them to a sphere whose circumference should not be widened without extreme necessity. And this is not a matter of mere sentiment. If it were, it might be conveniently passed over, in consideration of our French Canadian population. It is a harsh matter of dollars and cents which may not any longer be overlooked. There is no use blinding our eyes to the fact that our Provincial Governments have become very expensive machines whose operations must be curtailed if we would stop short of direct taxation in the near future, with the grim prospect of a dilemma between bankruptcy and repudiation within this very generation. It may be admissible enough for our friends at Quebec to amuse themselves with almost any question, but the finances are a stern reality which must be treated in a high spirit of patriotism far above the behests of party. The time has come when a Provincial Treasurer may not present a budget, so fancifully and fantastically manipulated, as to leave an impression of false security for the benefit of the Government, and the chief of his opponents must criticize that budget purely on its merits, not with a view of exonerating those of his party who previously held the exchequer. For all practical purposes, a Government is a bank with the Premier as President, the Treasurer as Cashier, and the other Ministers as Directors. In giving their annual report they must put forth a clear and intelligible balance sheet, which shall not confuse, much less deceive the public. If they pursue another course, we shall have repeated the experience of banks in this very Province, and within only the past few weeks, which have been obliged to succumb with a crash, after paying their shareholders with false hopes and promises for several years previous. Parliament may trifle away its time on other topics, but not on the public monies, at the risk of a crisis. We almost fear that this crisis has been reached in the Province of Quebec, and hence we adjure our legislators of all shades of opinion not to adjourn before insisting on a thoroughly reliable statement of the finances, and a most rigorous overhauling of the estimates, no matter what the result may be so far as party lines are concerned.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE YACHT DISASTER AT POINTE-AUX-TREM-BLES.**—This is a view of the terrible yacht disaster which, by capsizing in a squall, caused the death of seven prominent persons of Pointe-aux-Trembles, near Quebec, a fortnight ago.

**THE FRENCH FRIGATE AT QUEBEC.**—The French frigate *La Galissoniere* arrived at Quebec on Saturday morning, August 1, from Halifax, and anchored off the Queen's wharf. The *Galissoniere* is the flagship of the French West India squadron, and is commanded by Rear Admiral A. Peyron. She is an ironclad of 2,900 tons, and of very powerful armour; constructed in 1868 at Brest, carrying twelve guns; her dimensions are 240 feet in length and 45 feet in width, and she has 23 feet draught. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the frigate and replied to from the Citadel. The Admiral went ashore about one o'clock, a salute being fired as he landed. He visited the Citadel in the afternoon, and was received by a guard of honour, and a salute was fired.

**STRANDING OF THE "CITY OF TORONTO."**—The steamer *City of Toronto*, which left her dock, foot of Yonge street, Toronto, at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 25, for Niagara,

with about two hundred passengers, unfortunately went ashore upon entering the mouth of the Niagara river. Nothing unusual occurred till the steamer was within about four miles of the Niagara shore, when she encountered a dense fog which swept across her track from east to west. The whistle was blown, and very soon responded to by a locomotive of the Canada Southern Railway, which was on the track beside the dock at Niagara. The vessel at this time was moving very slowly. The whistle was frequently blown, and as frequently replied to by the locomotive, and also by a cannon at the American fort, which was fired twice. After the lapse of some time the order to reverse was given, and at the same moment the vessel struck broadside on the beach, about one hundred yards from the shore on a shoal known as Mississauga point. When the steamer struck, the passengers, most of whom had suffered from sea-sickness, became very much alarmed for their safety, as the vessel began to spring up in the middle from stem to stern, and many feared she would go to pieces. Their fears, however, were soon allayed by the assurances of the officers that they would be taken ashore in safety. Captain Milloy at once ordered that two of the boats should be lowered and taken to the after-gangway on the lee side; and by means of these all the passengers were taken through the surf and landed near the old fort, and about half a mile to the westward of the Queen's Royal Hotel.

**FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.**

THE LETELLIER DISMISSAL—THE NEW INCUMBENT—PERSONAL—THE GOWAN CASE—FRENCH HANSARD.

August 1st, 1870.

"*Le roi est mort, vive le roi*" was never better exemplified than on the occasion of the dismissal of M. Letellier. No sooner had the fact gone forth and the new Lieutenant-Governor been sworn in than all excitement ceased. Members of the press here can testify as to the number of messages received from all parts of Canada asking for news to allay the excitement which existed everywhere but in Quebec. Everybody expected that the dismissal of M. Letellier would be the signal for an uprising of indignant citizens in defence of him whom they styled the liberator of the Province of Quebec; then, too, it was expected Mr. Joly would make the announcement in the House, but to the surprise of all nothing was done, nothing was said, everything went on just the same as though nothing had happened.

Of course M. Letellier found plenty of people to condole with him. For two or three days following the dismissal the ex-Lieut.-Governor held a regular levee at Spencer Wood, hundreds of people drove out there on the Sunday especially, but on the Monday they went to the Government House and paid their respects to the new Lieutenant-Governor. So it was with an immense deputation from St. Hyacinthe, Chambly and Rouville who came down here on a pilgrimage to La Bonne Ste. Anne, but on reaching Quebec they made a pilgrimage to Spencer Wood instead. It was an imposing procession of 57 carriages led by the Solicitor-General; but no sooner had they left Spencer Wood than they went to Government House and presented their respects to Lieut.-Governor Robitaille.

During the past week we have had another breeze in the House and once more Mr. Tarte is the hero. This time it was the Provincial Treasurer who was attacked for the manner in which, while he was Commissioner of Crown Lands, he dealt with the transfer of a certain lot of asbestos land in the County of Megantic. In the course of his remarks he insinuated that the Hon. Mr. Irvine had been interested in getting the settlement of the lot in favor of his constituents, because Mr. Irvine afterwards became proprietor of part of the lot. This was said in the absence of Mr. Irvine, but later in the evening that gentleman happened to enter the House and having heard what Mr. Tarte had said, he waited a little while during which Mr. Tarte went home. As soon as possible he rose and declaring first of all that Mr. Tarte's statement was false, then stated if Mr. Tarte would put the same statement in his paper *Le Canadien*, he (Mr. Irvine) would immediately give him an opportunity of proving it. In the absence of Mr. Tarte, Mr. Chapleau made a few remarks in explanation of what had taken place in the absence of Mr. Irvine, and in the course of his remarks an altercation arose between Hon. Mr. Marchand and himself, which brought out a full explanation of what is known as the Lachine Canal job. The discussion was a very hot one while it lasted, and was a pitiable exhibition of waste of time. It is a pity to see so much of this sort of personal discussion going on in the House, especially after there has been more than enough of it during the first five weeks of the session. We are now concluding our sixth week and yet not a week has passed without a personal altercation. We are told by constitutionalists that we have no right to bring politics into the Provincial Legislatures, but I venture to state political feeling runs higher and fiercer in this Quebec Legislature than in any other in the Dominion. While on this question I venture to quote from a newspaper published in Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, which is very pertinent to our own position in Canada.

The quotation which was written in 1875 is as follows:—

"Tasmania, like most of the other colonies, enjoys responsible government, with its parliamentary institutions in imitation of Queen, Lords, and Commons, which we sometimes seek to follow so closely as to verge on caricature. Of course it is impossible but, in such circumstances, we should have two parties; and as Whiggism and Toryism, Liberalism and Conservatism would be too palpably out of place here, we are content with the more vague, but sufficiently special designations of Ministerialists and Opposition; the Ministerialists being those who are paid for their services; the Opposition, generally those who would like to be paid, and who look to being sooner or later Ministerialists. Such is Party in the Colonies; and as "principles" do not often offer a tempting cause of war where Parliament more resembles a parish vestry, or town council, than its prototype, party is not frequently hard pressed for a cry; and, following up the simile we have used we shall not be considered as using very derogatory language in saying that Parliament's most important duties are to raise money to meet a certain expenditure, and so to distribute that expenditure as not to offend supporters in the selection of works to be done, and their *locale*. Yet occasionally a discussion on matters of principle does crop up; but, as a rule, the question involved simply affects the integrity with which the public business is carried on."

It is not likely Mr. Tarte will attack Mr. Irvine in *Le Canadien*, because that hon. gentleman is known to take legal proceedings against any and every paper which publishes any accusation against him.

The House has proceeded with its routine work during the past week by passing Bills, discussing and throwing out others, discussing the estimates in Committee of Supply and by working hard in the different standing and special committees. In the Gowan Scandal Committee all the evidence has been taken, but the scandal exists not. The informants of Mr. Tarte talked with more freedom in giving him information than they did when examined on oath. The result is that the evidence shows the whole transaction to be a perfectly honest and fair one, and that every precaution had been taken to prevent even a suspicion of nepotism.

A new departure in the way of a private speculation has been undertaken by Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, one of the assistant editors of *Le Canadien*, in the way of a French Hansard. The first few numbers have been printed and make an excellent appearance. The *Hansard* is after the pattern of that published at Ottawa, and all the speeches are revised by the members making them before they appear. He expects to recoup himself for the venture by means of private subscriptions to the work, which must be of great value to future Legislatures. Mr. Desjardins reports the speeches himself from the Press Gallery of the House, of which he has been an active, hard-working member for many years.

The important Government measures have commenced to appear. Of course it was necessary the Budget speech should be made before they were brought down as they affected the revenue of the Province and were foreshadowed by the Treasurer in his financial *rapport*. Since that event we have the Treasurer's License Resolutions which create a new rate for licenses, they being put at 50 per cent. of the rental in Quebec and Montreal. Yesterday Mr. Joly brought down his resolutions approving of the arrangements made by the Government with the various municipalities, and also ratifying the administrative acts of the past twelve months. On this latter measure the debate has but commenced, while the latter have not yet been discussed.

Those License Resolutions led to a little scene the other day when the Treasurer moved the House into Committee of the Whole. The Speaker left the chair and the House was in Committee, when Mr. Robertson asked for the message from the Lieutenant-Governor.

Hon. Mr. Langelier.—I have not one. I have only the verbal assent.

Hon. Mr. Robertson.—Of the new Lieutenant-Governor

Hon. Mr. Langelier.—No! of the late.

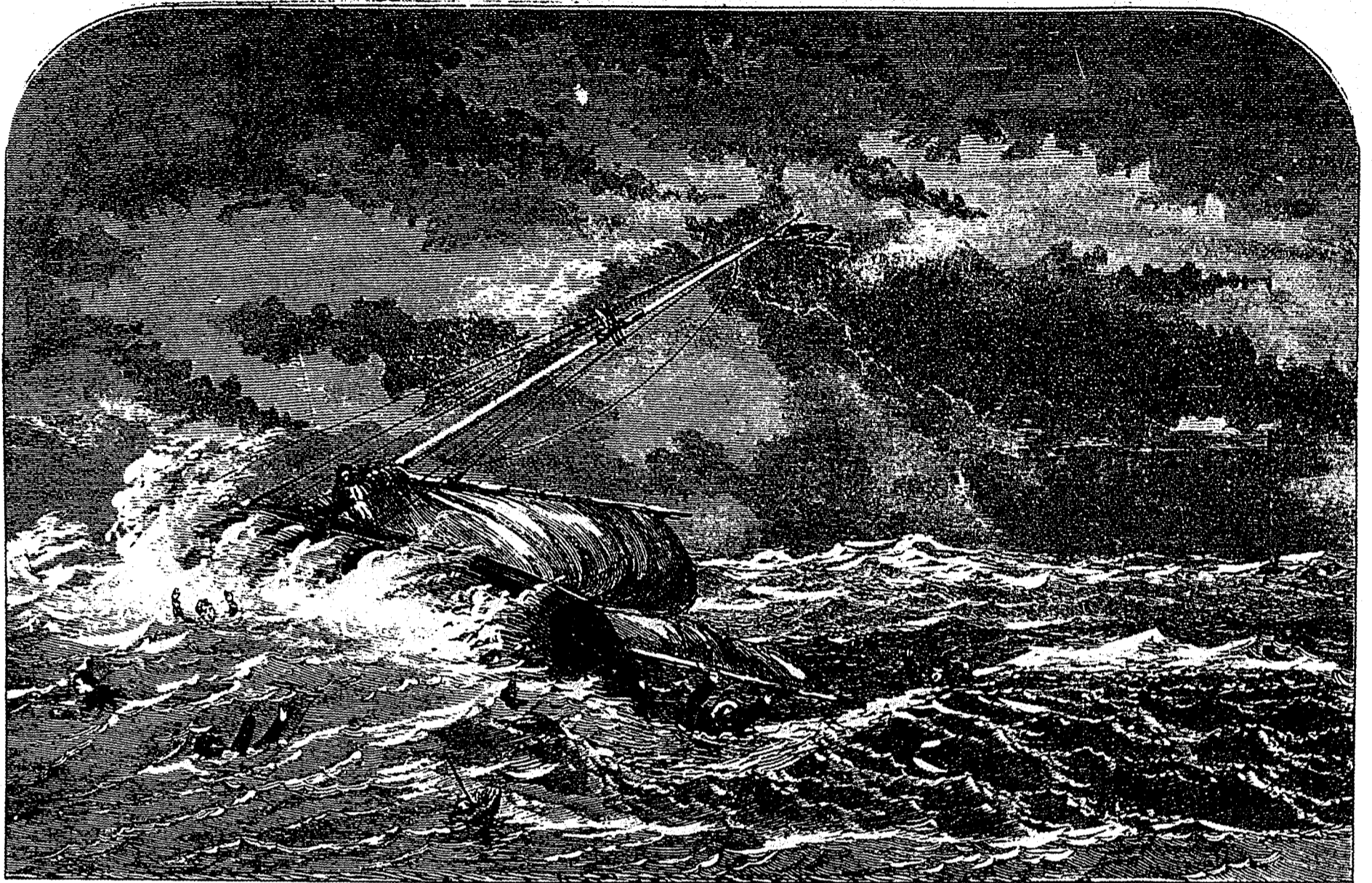
Hon. Mr. Robertson.—Then we cannot go on without a written message signed by the new Lieutenant-Governor.

And the Committee did adjourn and the resolutions have not since been called for.

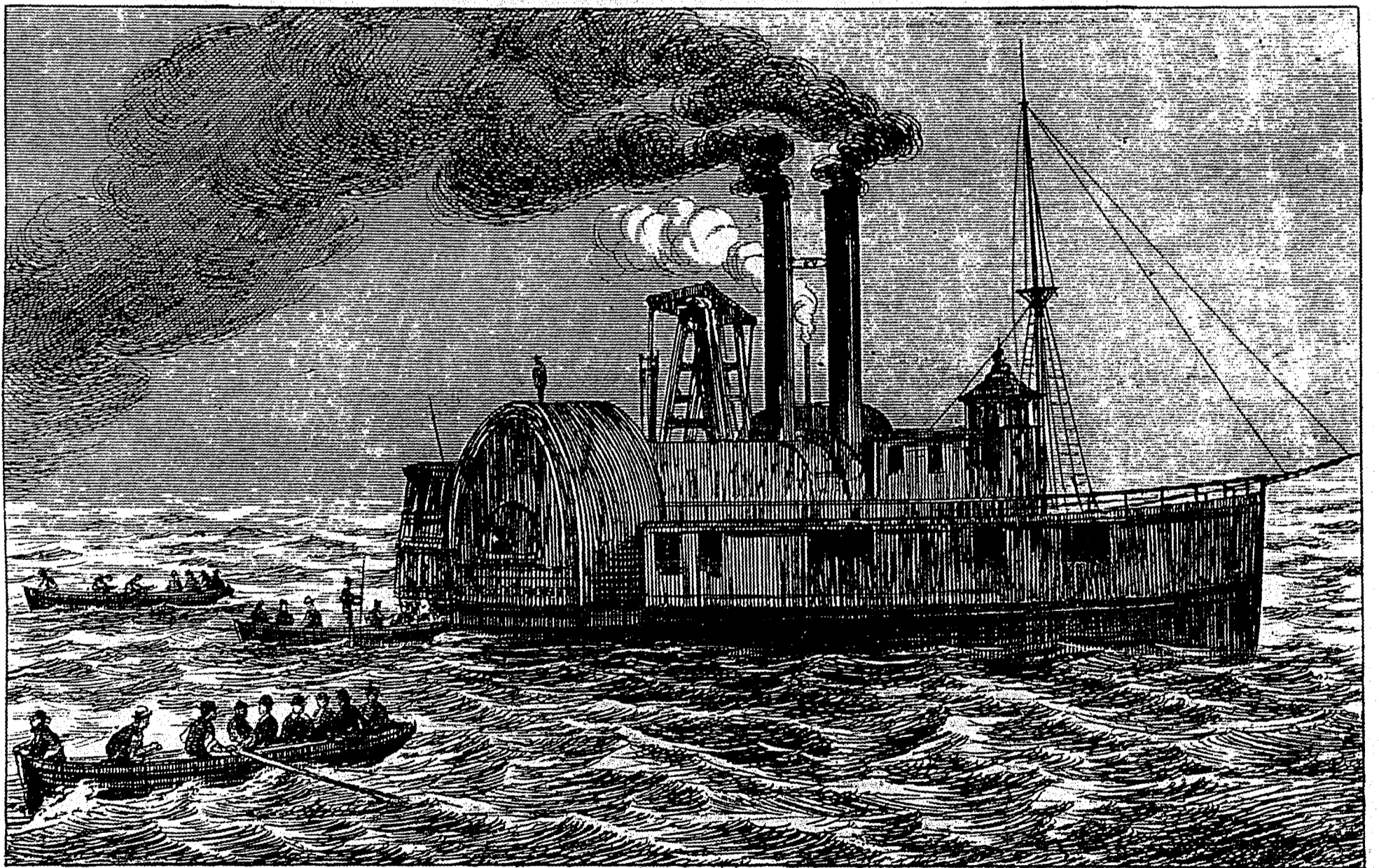
It is pretty well understood now that the Government will not bring down their measure to lease the railway because they know they will be defeated on it; they will not try and pass the Lake St. John Railway Resolutions because Mr. Joly does not approve of them, and their Public Instruction Bill, which we were told was to work such miracles, will also be dropped because the House will not agree to abolish School Inspectors.

What the Government will pass remains to be seen; but it is safe to say that one-half of the measures foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne will either not come before the House, and even if they do will be withdrawn.

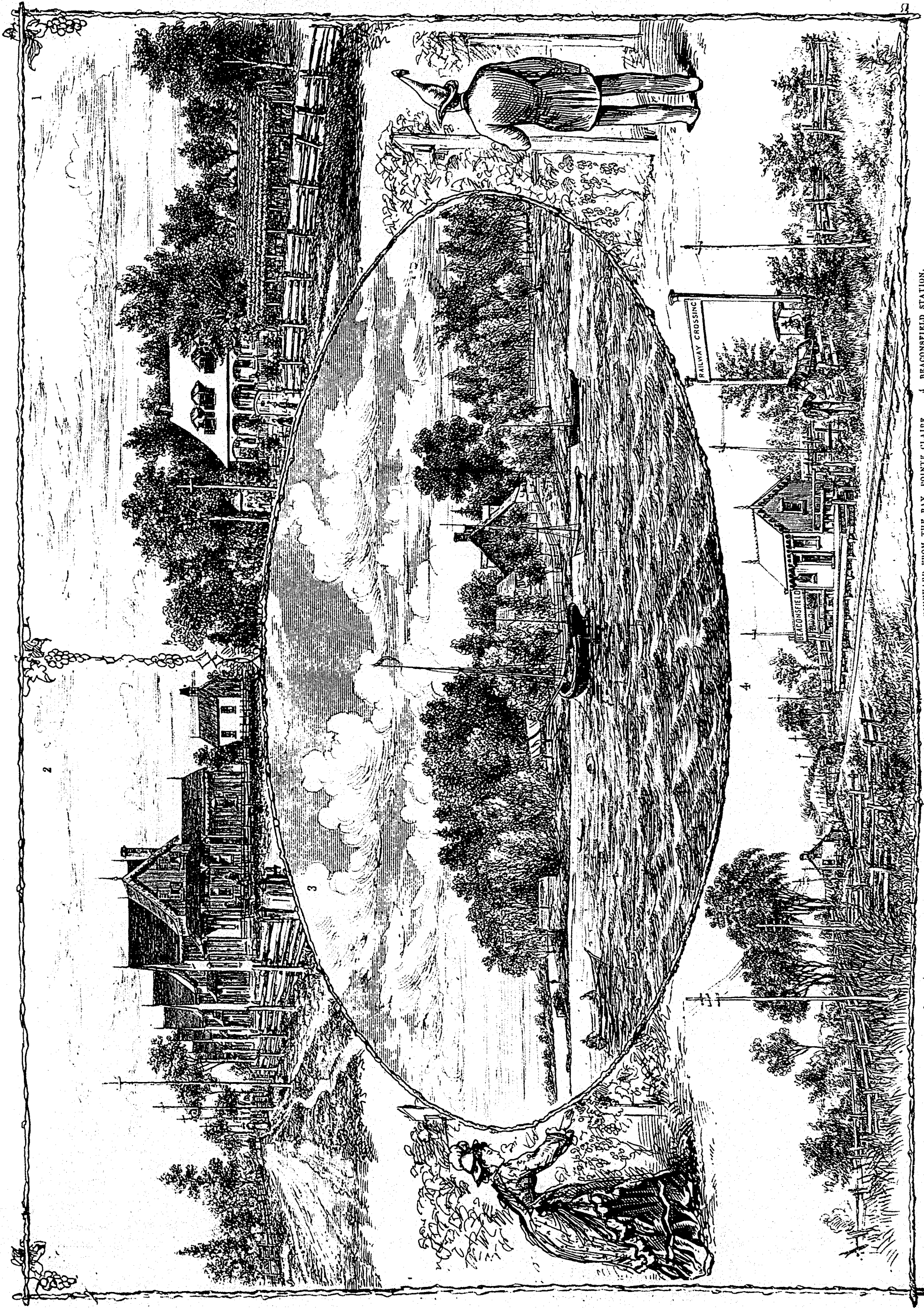
The session will last about a fortnight or three weeks longer and will sit on Saturdays. One Saturday, however, is to be devoted to a Parliamentary picnic on the Government road to Three Rivers and then by steamer up the St. Maurice River. Your correspondent will be there—if it ever takes place—it has been postponed twice, once to allow the Opposition to bid farewell to Sir John A. Macdonald, and now again to allow the Government members to bid farewell to the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mr. Letellier.



THE YACHT DISASTER AT POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.



STRANDING OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.



1. VIEW OF THE VINEYARD. . 2. VILLAS ON THE FARM. . 3. VIEW OF THE VINEYARD FROM THE BAY, POINTE CLAIRE. . 4. BEACONSFIELD STATION.

THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD.

A STORY OF THE FOREST.

I.

O'er the tangled brush, where the green snake lay, She waded in a bounding and fearless way...

II.

Up the forest pathway passing with a light and gleeful air, Slept a stalwart youth, advancing with a brow devoid of care...

Of the brave who boldly saved me—snatched me bravely from the grave. With a joyous exclamation that his darling was not dead...

III.

Upon a craggy height, that towered its rough crest o'er the white-capt surges of the grand, Old river, stood a tall and dusky form...

IV.

Again at sunset do I stand upon thy banks, And gazing on thy boiling flood I well remember how long moons ago, I vowed revenge upon this every spot against...

V.

The battle began ere the set of the sun, But the midnight had come ere the carnage was done. And near and afar in the noon of the night, Rose the wail of the wounded, the fruit of the fight...

VI.

"Oh, mountain, river, forest, here once more I stand, and hold communion with you all! I sit, ah, how changed I am since last I raged, And vowed out vengeance here against a foe!"

My wounds, and kept me till they lost their smart. Had he but known how I had thirsted for His blood, would he have tended me so well?

Stayner, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Canadians, in common with others, are constantly hearing of the "Monroe Doctrine," without exactly understanding its full import and scope.

I.

Thomas Jefferson, the most creative of all the great men of the United States, is the author of the Monroe Doctrine. In the beginning of the year 1802, intelligence was received in the United States of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana and the Floridas...

II.

In discussing the Monroe Doctrine on its merits, two propositions may be laid down: First, that as a special principle of policy it is justifiable, and, secondly, that as an universal principle it is untenable.

as a cardinal point of American policy—but not by men of all parties. This should not be forgotten at the present juncture. The Jeffersonians—that is, the ancient Republicans, Democrats or "Strict Constructionists," as distinguished from the John Adams Federalists, Hamiltonians, and Old Line Whigs—held this doctrine as essential to their code, in opposition to the latter, who always voted against it.

Later politicians have pretended that the Monroe Doctrine excluded all Monarchical government in this hemisphere, and pledged the United States never to allow any but a Republican code in North or South America.

II.

In discussing the Monroe Doctrine on its merits, two propositions may be laid down: First, that as a special principle of policy it is justifiable, and, secondly, that as an universal principle it is untenable.

The proposition had a clear application in the case of Louisiana. The country was just emerging from the revolutionary drain of all its resources. The valleys of the Ohio and Cumberland were being filled up. Kentucky was being rapidly settled. The Western Reserve was already giving tokens of what it is to-day.

The case of the Hispano-American provinces is equally clear. In 1822-23, the Holy Alliance undertook to intermeddle in the affairs of Spain and her colonies. England engaged the United States to unite with her in resisting this aggression.

In these two cases, a special principle was legitimized by circumstances, and, as such, was worthy of approval. In all similar cases, and under equivalent circumstances, it is unquestionable that the doctrine is right and should be maintained.

But, as a general principle, I hold that it is untenable.

In the first place, it is undeniable that, above party politics and international animosities, there are certain great principles, a certain universal polity which must and do rule the world. In that point of view the seas and the continents of both hemispheres are the common property of humanity.

waves. Statesmen are impotent to stem the overwhelming current of public opinion. Americans have been unable to avoid meddling in European affairs. In 1829 they were for interfering in the Grecian imbroglio. A little more and their fleet would have fought at Navarino. How near they came getting mixed up in the Crimean war! Indeed, on a memorable occasion they were forced to acknowledge the universal code. Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State under President Buchanan, refused to sign the clause on privateering appended to the laws of nations in the Treaty of Paris. Scarcely six years afterward, Mr. Seward, unmasked, offered to sign it, and claimed the retrospective action of that clause when the Alabama swept the seas. Furthermore, the Monroe Doctrine, always considered generally, has no foundation in right. It has no *inherent* right derived from political status or geographical position. Although a Republic is the best form of government for the Americas, it is an open philosophical question whether it is the best government in the abstract, and an open political question whether it is the best government for other nations of this hemisphere. The history of South America, for the last fifty years, would almost indicate that it is not. Neither does geographical vicinage give the United States such right, except in case of danger to themselves. Mere neighbourhood confers no right of meddling. Else it would prove an additional claim to Russia over Poland, and would justify the iniquitous annexation of Schleswig-Holstein by Von Bismarck. Finally, the Monroe Doctrine has no *conceded* right. No document can be produced, no public act pointed out by which it is shown that the American protectorate has been demanded or claimed as a right by the nations of this hemisphere, still less has this right been conceded in Europe. If, then, this famous doctrine is based neither on *inherent* nor *conceded* right, it must be on *assumed* right, and that is precisely the fact of the matter. It was enforced on two special occasions, and justly, as above stated, and then was gradually assumed by its two distinguished authors as a principle of general policy. Even then it was accepted only by the Democratic wing of the American people, the other party violently opposing it.

We may conclude with the following argument *a priori*: Systems similar to the so-called "American System" have been tried even in our own day. There was the "Holy Alliance," which pretended to take the interests of all monarchial Europe under its wing. Notwithstanding its numerical strength, its moral influence was never acknowledged, and it lied of its own impotence. Then there was the great Napoleon's "Continental Policy," more aggressive, it is true, in practice, but not less arrogant and assuming in principle. The Pope resisted it for one, and endured prison and exile in consequence. Should England produce an "East India System" relative to all the countries contiguous to her vast possessions in that part of the world, is there an American who would justify her? We must look at the Monroe Doctrine in the same light, because the underlying principle is similar.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

OUR COLLECTING TOUR.

A SKETCH BY TWO YOUNG LADIES.

It was certainly our turn this time. The Misses Jones had been really quite indefatigable in collecting for the Sunday-school children's picnic. Then others had collected for the mission fund, for the poor, and the widows and orphans; so that now the only two things remaining to take up were subscriptions for the new church organ, and to make up the minister's salary. We chose to collect for the new organ, as we each disliked collecting to make up a salary; it is so ridiculous taking from one man to give to another, too much like "robbing Peter to pay Paul." So it was at length arranged that Miss Brown and myself should collect for the new organ, and that we should devote the morning to the gentlemen at their places of business, and the afternoon to the ladies at their homes.

The first place we visited was the dry goods store of one of our prominent members, and inquired if he was in. After a little delay he came out from behind his counter, and said in a very bustling, business-like way, "Very warm morning. Can I do anything for you this morning, ladies? I've just got the most lovely cambric handkerchiefs, the most beautiful things you ever saw!—or, perhaps, match some ribbon!" he added, after he had taken breath, finding that we did not jump at the offer of the lovely cambric handkerchiefs. We then explained that we were collecting for the new church organ. "Yes," said he, "I was always fond of music, that is, good music, and especially good church music." We agreed with him, and asked him to subscribe. "Well," he replied, "I will be very happy to put down my name for the same as the others have given; I always go in for improvements." We had unfortunately to tell him that he was the first on our list. "Oh! that is too bad," he remarked, somewhat taken aback; "I will not be able to give very much, you know, and if I put down my name first, it won't look well,—call in on your way back, and I will put down my name for a trifle—anything else, this morning?"

The next persons we called upon were the

members of a prominent law firm, both of whom belonged to our church. We entered the outer office; it was a very dingy room; indeed, the outer offices belonging to lawyers always appear very dingy; the walls were covered with calendars, law lists, notices of chancery sales, plans of building lots, plans of desirable building lots, plans of most desirable building lots, in the town, in the suburbs, in the country, everywhere you might want. It seemed as if all the business that firm had ever done, or would ever do, in the conveyance of real estate, was hanging on the walls, and so concealing the dirty paper that it was now hardly possible to see that the room had ever been papered. There were several clerks at work with piles of papers and documents with heavy black headings, who seemed very busy. We were at length shown into the room of the junior partner of the firm by one of the busy clerks. If there was paper in the outer office, there was more inside. The junior partner seemed to live in an atmosphere of paper—papers on his desk, papers in his hat, on the floor, in baskets, out of baskets, on the chairs, on the window-sills—everywhere. He rose and greeted us in his professional way, but, on seeing our collecting-books, he did not invite us to sit down, but began hurriedly: "No, I am afraid not to-day; we have had to give up the practice altogether, so much dishonesty and deception that really we can't. We have been done too often, not that I mean to reflect on you in the slightest," said the junior partner, picking up one of his many packages of papers and looking over it. "It was only last week," he continued, "that there were as many as twenty-five, let me see, yes, twenty-five calls made upon us for subscriptions, so we had to make the rule; very sorry, I assure you, but a rule is a rule, you know. Good morning." The whole of this had been said by the junior partner without the least hesitation, and in a very abstracted way, which suggested the unpleasant idea that the words he had used were not altogether unfamiliar to him. But then a lawyer was always a creature of forms, and always will be.

We next called upon our doctor. It was a bad time to see him, as he is always much occupied in the morning, but still we were determined to let nothing stand in our way. So we walked into the doctor's ante-room. There were several people waiting their turn. As it is always the case with a doctor's morning patients, they are, to all appearances, quite well, and always assume the air of being there merely to speak to the doctor on a little friendly business, and not professionally, by any means. Now a doctor's ante-room always favours this feeling, for of all professional apartments, it is the least professional on earth. Comfortable chairs, sofas, pictures, and last, but not least, the morning paper; not at all the ante-room you would expect to lead to the terrible sanctum. The doctor suddenly appeared at the door to call the "next," but, on catching sight of us and guessing our mission, he very kindly brought us in without further delay. The doctor excused himself for a moment, as he had forgotten something up-stairs, so we had time to examine his "chamber of horrors." There was his book-case, with its large and small volumes, with unpronounceable names, the smallest always having the most unpronounceable, in all kinds of coloured leather covers, not at all like the uniform library of books which lawyers always have. Over, opposite the window, was the instrument case, partly open, with its sharp, glittering, implacable-looking knives and lancets, and its drawer of instruments for drawing teeth, curled and twisted into all sorts of extraordinary shapes, like a nest of snakes. Then, on a couple of shelves on the wall, were the doctor's bottles, the most curious collection you ever saw. There were tall, thin, sour, cadaverous-looking bottles, with long necks; there were round, plump, good-natured little bottles; flat apoplectic bottles with no neck at all; half-starved bottles, which seemed to be all neck and no body, and square bottles, standing on a small base, like a man with his arms akimbo, and discontented phials, and drunken funnels to no end. The doctor soon returned, and in a pleasant way listened to what we had to say, and then put down his name directly for a small subscription. The doctor was such a hearty man.

Our next call was on a wealthy insurance manager, who had lately joined the church. Neither Miss Brown nor myself had ever called on him before, but no matter, the ice must be broken at all costs. We went up the great stone steps and through the heavy door into the counting-house. Everybody here had an air of profound calculation and stillness. There were ever so many clerks, perched on the top of ever so many high stools, with ever so many books before them, adding up ever so many columns of figures. Everything was calculation and figures; the scratches upon the legs of the stools and desks with their blots of ink, appeared like rows of irregular figures when you looked at them attentively. Everything was busy; even the old clock on the wall seemed, as the hands moved, to be slowly adding up the figures on its face and giving the sum in a sharp, unpleasant tone every time the hour came. The only thing which was not engaged in addition was a little, old hunch-backed man, on a high stool, more scratched about the legs than any of the others, at the end of the passage, and he was busily engaged on a large sandwich, which he hurriedly hid down at sight of us, and, sliding down off his high stool, came forward to know if we wanted to see the manager. Being answered in the affirmative, he shuffled down the passage, tapped at a glass door and disappeared. This

performance by the old creature had the effect of making all the clerks raise their heads, give a glance at us and then at the clock, and then down again to their work as if nothing had happened. In a moment the little old man re-appeared, beckoned us to come in, saying at the same time that the manager was very busy. So, indeed, he was, with his blotting-paper, the morning paper lying on one side, as if it had been hastily laid down. The manager was ill at ease, begged us to be seated, fidgeted with his paper-cutter, looked out of the window and looked at the floor; hoped that the church was in a prosperous way and not needing much pecuniary assistance, as he was, just then, hardly in a position to give very much, as there had been some heavy failures last week; but, as he had recently joined, he supposed he ought to do something. He then wrote us out a check for a small amount, and said he had the honour to wish us a very good morning. So we walked out past all the clerks, who again looked at us, glanced at each other and at the clock, and then on with their interminable addition as before.

We had now to call on the editor of a small newspaper, and a former church warden too. This newspaper office was a very tumble down old building with very rickety steps. Once inside one felt that a very different feeling was produced from that which a look at the outside had inspired. Everything was alive; boys and men were hurrying here and there with all kinds of queer looking things, all of which are, no doubt, necessary in the great art of printing, though somewhat suggestive of the stereotyped, and occasionally cast iron phraseology which the machines are often guilty of producing. Passing through the bustle and noise of the printing room, we at last found ourselves in the editor's "sanctum." The editor was seated at an old ill used table, which stood against the wall. He was hard at work, writing very fast, indeed so fast that he frequently wrote several words after the ink had run out of his pen, and was only deterred from utterly discontinuing the use of ink altogether, by a reflection on the probable difficulty the foreman would experience, if he attempted to prepare his article for press. The ink bottle to which the editor was compelled to have recourse by the above consideration, had been originally bronzed, and was in the form of a stag's head, the antlers being intended for a pen rack, but as the editor was nearly always pen in hand, the stag's antlers had become encumbered by numerous old crumpled memoranda, which had the effect of making it appear as if it had been adorned by some very odd looking curl papers. As the top of the head formed the cover to the ink-stand, it was necessary to open the animal's mouth and throw the upper part of the head very far back to get at the ink. This gave the stag the unpleasant appearance of being in a perpetual state of gargling, which considered in connection with the curl papers, gave the editor's ink-stand certainly a very grotesque appearance. He was so hard at work that he did not notice our entrance at first. At length he paused in his race, and before he could begin again, we interposed. "Oh dear, yes," exclaimed the editor, jumping to the conclusion that we desired the subscription list published, seizing one of our collecting books as he spoke. "Of course I will,—is that all that Smith has given, the old sinner? and look at the subscription of Robinson. I'm ashamed. I'll write an editorial on giving to church purposes, that's what I'll do." We then explained at some length that we did not require the publication of our list, or that the appearance of such an article as he proposed would, in our opinion, be advisable, but that if he would put down his name as a subscriber on our list, we would be very much obliged. "Well," said he, slowly, at the same time shutting up the stag's head with a snap and sadly crushing its curl papers, which was supposed to indicate that he took our advice about the editorial, "I haven't been doing well lately; several people have returned the paper on account of the way I pitch into them for our last Sunday-school picnic, but I'll give you something anyhow, and I'll speak well of the organ when you've got it, had or good." We thanked him most heartily for his support as we withdrew, and passed out by his flying, whirling machines.

We had now pretty well occupied our morning, with but little result. By making one or two calls before lunch, we hoped, however, to have something to show for our trouble before we ventured on our afternoon's work, among the Ladies of the congregation.

TORONTO.

H.

DOMESTIC.

As this is the season of fresh vegetables, the following recipes for soups will be acceptable.

**CABBAGE SOUP.**—Remove the fat and bone from a good piece of fresh beef or mutton, season it with a little salt and pepper, put it into a soup-pot, with a quart of water allowed to each pound of meat. Boil, and skim it till no more scum is seen on the surface. Then strain it, and thicken it with flour and butter mixed. Have ready a fine fresh cabbage (a young summer one is best), and after it is well washed through two cold waters, and all the leaves examined to see if any insects have crept between, quarter the cabbage (removing the stalk) and with a strong knife cut it into shreds. Or you may begin the cabbage whole, and cut it into shreds, spirally going round and round it with the knife. Put the cabbage into the clear soup,

and boil it till, upon trial, by taking up a little on a fork, you find it quite tender, and perfectly well cooked. Then serve it up in the tureen.

**GREEN PEA SOUP.**—Make a nice soup, in the usual way, of beef, mutton, or knuckle of veal, cutting off all the fat, and using only the lean and the bones, allowing a quart of water to each pound of meat. Boil it slowly (having slightly seasoned it with pepper and salt), and when it has boiled, and been well skimmed, and no more scum appears, then put in a quart or more of freshly shelled green peas, with none among them that are old, hard, and yellow; and also a sprig or two of green mint, and a little loaf sugar. Boil the peas till they are entirely dissolved. Then strain the soup and return it to the soup pot, and stir into it a teaspoonful of green spinach juice. Have ready (boiled, or rather stewed, in another pot) a quart of young fresh peas, enriched with a piece of fresh butter. These last peas should be boiled tender, but not to a mash. After they are in, give the soup another boil up; and then pour it off into a tureen, in the bottom of which has been laid some toast cut into square bits, with the crusts removed. This soup should be of a fine green colour, and very thick.

**BEAN SOUP.**—Early in the evening of the day before you make the soup, wash clean a large quart of white dried beans in a pan of cold water, and about bedtime pour off that water, and replace it with a fresh panful. Next morning, put on the beans to boil, with only water enough to cook them well, and keep them boiling slowly till they have all burst, stirring them up frequently from the bottom, lest they should burn. Meantime, prepare, in a large pot, a good soup made of a shin of beef cut into pieces, and a hock of cold ham, allowing a large quart of water to each pound of meat. Season with pepper only (no salt), and put in with it a head of celery, split and cut small. Boil the soup (skimming it well) till the meat is all in rags; then take it out, leaving not a morsel in the pot, and put in the boiled beans. Let them boil in the soup till they are undistinguishable, and the soup very thick. Put some small squares of toast in the bottom of a tureen, and pour the soup upon it.

**ASPARAGUS SOUP.**—Make in the usual way a nice rich soup of beef or mutton, seasoned with salt and pepper. After it has been well boiled and skimmed, and the meat is all to pieces, strain the soup into another pot, or wash out the same, and return to it the liquid. Have ready a large quantity of fine fresh asparagus, with the stalks cut off close to the green tops or blossoms. It should have been lying in cold water all the time the meat was boiling. Put into the soup half of the asparagus tops, and boil them in it till entirely dissolved, adding a fresh teaspoonful of spinach juice, obtained by pounding fresh spinach in a mortar. Stir the juice well in, and it will give a fine green color. Then add the remaining half of the asparagus; having previously boiled them in a small pan by themselves, till they are quite tender, but not till they lose their shape. Give the whole one boil up together. Make some nice slices of toast. Dry them a minute in hot water. Butter them, lay them in the bottom of the tureen, and pour the soup upon them.

LITERARY.

IVAN TURGENEFF, the Russian novelist, is a man of imposing figure. His tall form is slightly bent, his hair is silvery, his manners are delightful. It is stated that he has been obliged to naturalize himself a Frenchman to escape the vindictiveness of his own Government, which objects to his graphic novels.

A MOVEMENT is in progress for establishing a Society of English Literature, which is designed to occupy the place in England which is occupied by the Société des Gens de Lettres in France, and by similar bodies in Austria, Belgium, and Germany. This project is an outcome of the recent meetings of the International Literary Congress.

THE danger of transmitting disease by books has been investigated by the Chicago public library directors. They have corresponded with physicians and librarians in various parts of the country, but not one has ever known of a case of contagious disease having been imported by a book from a circulating library.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ONE of the problems of the age is: Will the public take to *Pingfong* next season?

J. C. WILLIAMSON has paid Dion Boucicault \$5,000 for the Australian rights to his new Irish drama.

PIANOFORTE lessons can be had in Vienna at the cost of 8 kreutzers—about five cents—an hour, so says a writer on music complaining of the inadequate pay of musicians.

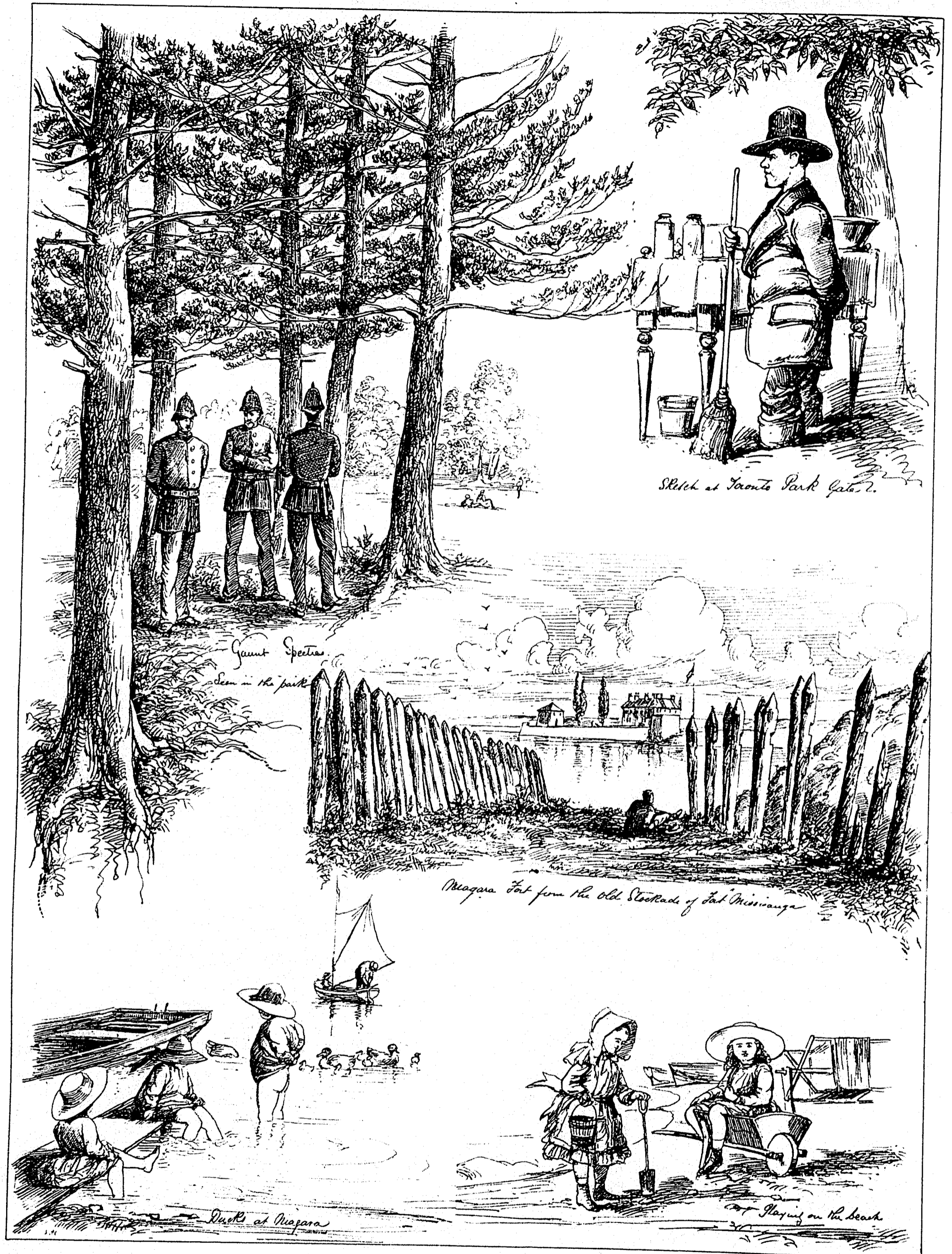
THE report that M. Capoul, the celebrated tenor, is in bad health is unfounded. M. Capoul is not at Vichy, but at his country house near Toulouse, whence he will proceed to America.

THE New York papers state that it is almost impossible for managers to get first-class leading ladies for stock companies. They had rather starve than get from \$100 to \$200 per week in a stock company.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.





JOTTINGS IN TORONTO AND NIAGARA.

**THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.**

This venerable prelate was found dead at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, on the morning of August 1st. The Lieutenant-Governor, Dr. Robitaille, and Dr. Church, M.P.P., who were both in the same flat, were summoned at once and found that he had been dead some time. Artificial respiration was tried, but unsuccessfully. An inquest was held and a verdict of "death from cerebral apoplexy" was returned. The Right Rev. John O'Brien was born at Longborough, Ont., on the 19th February, 1832. He studied for the priesthood in the Seminary, Quebec, and graduated at Laval University in 1854. He was parish priest of Brockville for five years and Director of Regiopolis College, Kingston, for ten years. He succeeded Monseigneur Horan as Bishop of Kingston, and was consecrated on the 18th of April, 1875. His death is all the sadder from his never before having gone so far from his Diocese, except on ecclesiastical business. He was a man of fine physique, and though florid in complexion, was, to all appearance, in the best of health. From a biographical sketch of him in the *Harp* of November last we make the following extracts:—

"His contemporaries of thirty-five years ago speak to-day of his assiduity, his high moral qualities, and that intellectual force which put him in the first place in the village schools. When the young scholar had exhausted the modest curriculum of the country academy, his good parents—people of industry, irreproachable character and sterling worth—wisely determined to give him every opportunity for distinguishing himself in the career of learning for which he had already manifested so great a taste. Moreover, they had detected in their son's grave, amiable and religious character, certain marks which pointed towards the sanctuary. Hence, whatever sacrifice a higher course of education involved was cheerfully made by those good parents, who hoped one day to see him offer the adorable sacrifice of the mass for the living and the dead."

"Bishop O'Brien made his theological course at the grand seminary of Quebec, and showed remarkable versatility and love of classic literature. His knowledge of the Fathers of the church was very great. He was director of Regiopolis College for many years.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 314.

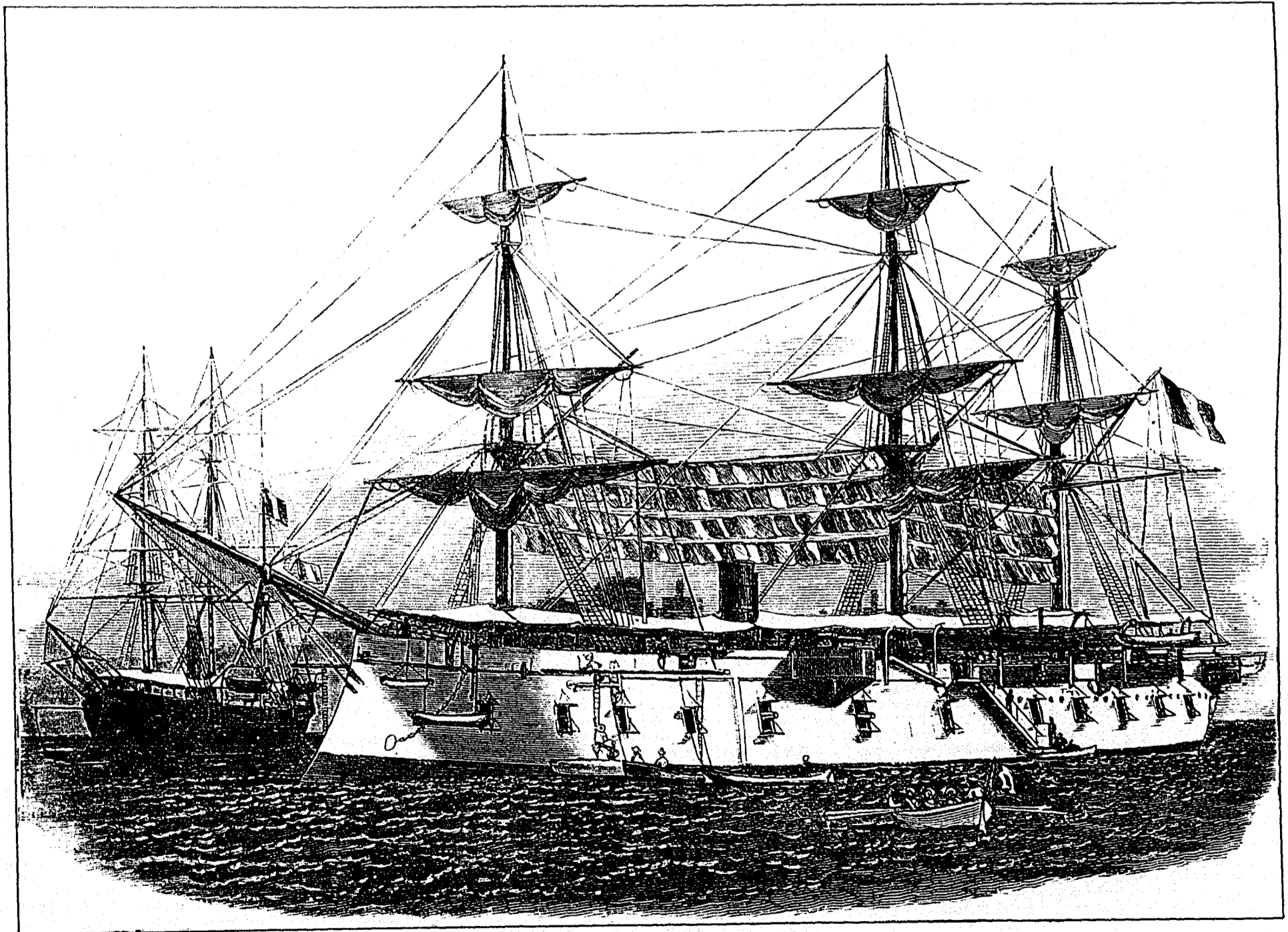


THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.

As a preacher, Bishop O'Brien was logical, profound, well-ordered, not over imaginative, nor passionate, but very telling and forcible. His statement of a dogmatic question was admirable. He never indulged in flights of fancy, but used occasionally as much metaphor as illustrated without highly coloring his discourse. As to his manner, it was calm and judicial, never displaying that hurried excitement and nervousness which detract so much from the effect of some good speakers. His voice was good and well under control. In a word, he was one of those rare speakers whose longest sermons are considered too short by the most intelligent hearers, and this is the most favorable of all criticisms."

**THE ROYAL INITIAL.**—The partiality of the royal family to the letter A as a name initial is curious and worthy of a note. Her Majesty Queen Victoria is Alexandrina, and the late Prince Consort was Francis Albert Augustus. Their eldest daughter is Victoria Adelaide, and their eldest son is Albert Edward. This Prince married Alexandra of Denmark, and among their children we find—1, Albert Victor; 2, George Frederick Ernest Albert; 3, Louise Victoria Alexandra; and 4, Victoria Alexandra. The last, Maude, has no A. The third child of the Queen is the lamented Princess Alice, and the fourth, Alfred. This Prince married Marie Alexandrowna, and their first two children are, Alfred Alexander Ernest Albert, and Mary Alexandra Victoria. The Queen's fifth child is Helena Augusta Victoria; her sixth, Louisa Caroline Alberta; the seventh, Arthur William Patrick Albert; and the eighth, Leopold George Duncan Albert. With the last, which is Beatrice, we come to the letter B, none of her names beginning with A.

This peculiarity extends to other branches of the royal family. The Duke of Cumberland has Alexander and Augustus among his names. The Duke of Cambridge is Adolphus Frederick; while his wife is Augusta Wilhelmina, and their children are George Frederick, who has no A, Augusta Carolina, and Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. Hanover is represented by Frederick Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus, and his consort Alexandrina Mary, while their children are Ernest Augustus William Adolphus, Frederica Sophia Mary Henrietta Amelia, and Mary Alexandra.



THE FRENCH FRIGATE LA GALISSONIERE JUST ARRIVED AT QUEBEC.

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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book II.

VOUDOUS AND VOUDOUISM.

I.

OLD DADA.

It was summer again and I thought of Valmont. This was the time of the long vacation, but alas! my school-days were now over and the term had no real meaning for me. It was not any more two months of wild, thoughtless recreation, to be followed by the harsh yet sweet seclusion of the class-room for the remainder of the year. Ah! no. This bright summer was a great wave to lapse and bear me into the ocean of life. My horizon was now unbounded. The world was open before me. What schoolboy has not felt the burden of this dread responsibility, if only for one moment? And this freedom, long sighed after, and now come at length, how has it appeared to many of us in the light of a vague, undefined danger!

Still to Valmont I must go. I was entitled to a few weeks of rest, and where could I so well enjoy them as at the old place? So I repaired thither as usual, and as usual I was received with open arms.

"I had feared you would not come, my dear," said Aunt Aurore, as she spread out a lunch for me. "That would have been too bad, after so many years."

"So it would. But this is my last vacation, all the same, aunty, and I may never be able to come again."

"Don't say so, Carey."

"Indeed, aunty, I have got to begin life now, and it will be rougher work than tumbling in the grass at Valmont or playing in the hay-field. But in the meantime I intend to amuse myself as well as I can."

"That is right, *mon cher*; think of nothing else while you are here."

I followed this good advice. For a fortnight I enjoyed myself amazingly, forgetful of all my troubles and my danger. And I should probably have continued my rounds of amusement for some weeks longer had I not been unexpectedly recalled to a sense of my situation.

At the end of the period just mentioned, one of my foster-sisters came out to Valmont with her infant and old Dada, the nurse. Old Dada was a type of the domestic servant common enough twenty-five years ago, but now almost entirely gone. There was nothing aesthetic about slavery save this, that in its mildest forms and in certain privileged natures it developed a peculiar kind of love and fidelity impossible of growth in other social conditions. Dada was born in the family plantation, had grown there on the good things of the house, and always associated with the other children. She was not so much of a slave as a companion. The proof of this was that she was allowed to *tutouy* us, a liberty not generally tolerated. What her family name was I do not know to this day. The highest and lowest of this world have one point of union—the Christian name. The English queen is called Victoria; the Creole slave was called Pelagie. But to the children of another generation that name was changed to Dada, one of those meaningless terms of endearment which children invent. She had assisted at our birth, had nursed us, had watched over us, had accompanied us in all our walks and reveries. In fact she had been a kind of second mother to the youngest of us. And we loved her accordingly. When we wanted anything, we applied to her; when we came home after an absence, among our first inquiries were after her. We were not ashamed to kiss that olive cheek. And how she fondled us! Even when we were grown she would still raise us to her knees, and cross us as in the days of childhood.

Dada was a mulatto, and had been handsome. At the time of which I write she had grown very corpulent, but spite of a defect in her left eye and certain traces of age, her good-humoured face was still pleasant to look at. Her loving nature had often been imposed upon, which was one of the devilish curses of slavery, but still she was a virtuous woman. Under that voluminous bosom beat a generous heart, and the brow shaded by its turban of red and white calico bore the stamp of a simple, honest purpose to do no deliberate wrong. Women of her condition were usually nothing more than human animals, but she had finer sensibilities and much of that delicacy of feeling which is supposed to be the result only of cultivation.

The evening of her arrival at Valmont, seeing Dada sitting alone in the garden with the baby, I walked up to speak to her. On approaching I noticed that she hastily wiped her eyes with the edge of her apron and tried to compose herself.

"What's the matter, Dada?" said I, "you ain't crying!"

"Oh, it's nothing. Nothing, I mean, that you care about, Carey," she answered, in French, which she spoke rather better than most Creole negroes.

"You don't regret coming out to Valmont, do you?"

"Dear, no. I'm better away from home just now."

"Why, Dada?"

I persisted in my inquiry because I saw the tears standing in her eyes again.

"Poor Gaston gone, Hiacinte has no other but me to come to, and I can't bear to see her carry on so."

"Hiacinte, Gaston; what does that mean?"

"You haven't heard, of course. What do white folks care about us poor niggers? Gaston was my sister Hiacinte's only boy, and now they've gone and sold him."

"Sold him, Dada?"

"Yes, to that devil, Hobbes. You must know him, Carey. Keeps on Locust street. Big brass plate on his door. They say 'nigger trader' is marked on it. He's a little man with a big belly, and eyes deep down in his head. He's club-footed, too. Gaston's master comes to him, and says he, 'Want to buy a young nigger eighteen years old?' 'Let's see him,' says Hobbes. Gaston is brought down right away. Trader has him stripped naked and set on a stool. Then, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, walks around him slow, looking cross-ways at him; next feels of his legs and his arms and thumps him on the chest. When he got through, says he, 'That'll do. Put your clothes on.' Then the master got up and he says, 'Sound, ain't he?' 'Sound,' says Hobbes, 'why, yes, he is sound. A regular young bullock. What do you ask for him?' The master, he looked at Gaston a minute, and he says, 'What will you give me?' Then the nigger-trader he looked at poor Gaston, too, a bit, and next down on the floor, where he was scratching something or other with that club foot of his. After a while he says, 'Wal, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him. If I was buying for myself I'd give you a thousand, for he is worth it, but I'm buying a lot for another man just now, and he wants a close bargain. Eight hundred dollars, cash, is my price.' 'Take him,' said the master. Then the trader pulled out a big leather pocket-book and counted out eight hundred dollars in bills. Think of it, Carey. For a handful of dirty paper that poor boy was sold like an animal. And my poor sister! He was her only child. Oh my, oh my! why do we miserable negro women ever allow ourselves to have children? We ought to live and die like barren trees."

As she uttered these words, Dada burst out afresh into a storm of sorrow that was pitiful to witness.

I ventured a few words of comfort, but she stopped me with her hand on my arm, and mastering her grief, continued:

"That ain't all. Let me tell you the rest, Carey. When the master, after he got his money, went away, he said to the trader: 'Watch him well. He is a hard customer.' The trader, he bit hard into his cigar and said, giving a short laugh: 'Where he is going to, they have a way of curing bacon that he'll be apt to remember, if he don't mind. They'll break him, never you fear.' Then the trader took Gaston by the arm and ran him out into a big open yard behind his office, where there was a lot of niggers waiting to be shipped like himself. There they was all huddled up together—men, women and children—most of them half naked and half starved. There was some pretty girls among them. My God! to think what will become of them! There Gaston stayed the rest of the afternoon, and all he saw was another young boy whom the master had sent down with a bundle of clothes for him. He never saw his mother, nor me, nor any of his kin. He told all that had happened to this boy, who came and told it over to me. He sent a message to his mother and me, telling us that he was going forever and that we must try and forget him. Forget him, the poor boy! How could we ever? Oh, it is too bad, too bad!"

And she burst out again into a torrent of tears.

After a pause, I said to her gently:

"Yes, it is too bad, Dada. It is cruel, horrid. But what could Gaston have done?"

"Done, Carey, done? Why, he always was a good boy, though he is as black as night and hasn't a drop of white blood in his body. He was so honest and faithful that his master made him his body-servant. Done! I don't know. They said all of a sudden that he had betrayed his master, whatever that is."

"Betrayed his master?"

"Yes. Something or other about a letter that his master hadn't written. For that he was sold, and the same evening that I was telling you about, he and the rest of the sold negroes were stowed away in the hold of a steamboat like a parcel of swine, and sent off to Orleans."

I hardly heard the conclusion of Dada's sentence, my mind being seized with the idea of the letter to which she so vaguely referred. It could not be possible that I was going to find myself involved in the heartless sale of this negro boy. The bare suspicion was so overwhelming that I resolved immediately on seeking further information, though almost certain that I would find myself mistaken.

"Who was Gaston's master, Dada?"

"Why, don't you know! 'Twas Squire Pauley, of course; him that lives in the fine big house on Convent street."

There was no use resisting the evidence of this simple answer. I had not one word to say. I mused a brief moment, and then, without offering any observation, walked off, leaving old Dada to her tears.

II.

GASTON.

I reproached myself now with not calling on Mr. Pauley, as he had invited me to do. If I had been less thoughtless and less selfish in my enjoyment, I should have gone to him before setting out for Valmont. But the fact was that I had been only too anxious to forget my troubles, and put off further investigation till later.

The next morning, borrowing a horse from Uncle Louis, I rode into the city and went direct to the residence of Mr. Pauley. My first inquiry was about Gaston, and my host immediately confirmed Dada's story. Incidentally expressing his surprise that I had hitherto failed to visit him on the subject, he informed me that he had not been able to find a plausible clue to the authorship of the forged letter. His servant Gaston had confessed having brought a letter to the college, but he denied knowledge of its being attributed to his master. Everything was tried to wrench this important confession from him, but neither promises nor threats nor half a hundred stripes on his bare back could avail.

"All this was bad enough," continued Mr. Pauley, "but the matter would have rested there, at least for the present, had I not learned for a certainty that my slave Gaston was a Voudou. This at once explained his bearing a letter without my permission; this explained his stubborn reticence, and this, too, convinced me that there was something serious at the bottom of the affair. Whether it was I that they sought to compromise by the forged letter or whether you were the person directly attacked in it, I, of course, do not know and cannot even suspect. I had a partial remedy in my hands and that was to get rid of the boy. I did so. I am so far from regretting it that I think I have perhaps done you and others an important service."

I had naturally very little to reply to all this, and anything in the shape of remonstrance was, of course, out of the question. The cool, unconcerned manner in which Mr. Pauley narrated the circumstances of Gaston's sale contrasted painfully, I thought, with the reputation for sanctimony which Father Wye had given his friend, but I gathered this grain of comfort from it—which it was the principal object of my visit to ascertain—that I was in no way responsible for the iniquitous act. Gaston had deliberately made himself the bearer of a forged letter, and even if I had pleaded for him, I should have obtained no respite.

"You say that Gaston is a Voudou?"

"Yes, and as such I was bound to get rid of him."

"But do you not fear the vengeance of the rest of them?"

"That depends. If I am the victim aimed at by the letter, this will inflame their hatred against me still more. But if you are the victim, my young friend, then you had better take precautions."

This was uncomfortable. Perhaps when Mr. Pauley considered the trouble to which he was exposing me, he might have dispensed with the luxury of selling Gaston. And I ventured to hint as much to him.

"Impossible," was his reply. "These fellows are like the lepers of old. You must remove them far away from all contact with others. To do this effectually, the only way in my case was to sell Gaston and have him transported to Louisiana. Down there he can join the Voudous again, if he chooses, but at least neither you nor I will be exposed to his tricks."

We closed our interview with the mutual promise that whichever of us got further information respecting the letter, its author or its object, he should apprise the other of it. It was Mr. Pauley who made the proposition and I assented to it, but I had the conviction that I was the one aimed at, and I knew enough of Voudouism to be conscious that my position was now more critical than ever. I therefore felt the necessity of giving all my attention to the matter, and it was with this resolution that I returned to Valmont.

III.

TOINETTE.

When I got back to the farm-house I found it crowded. During the day a party—all more or less my relatives—had come out for a few days of rustication. With them my time was taken up till late in the evening, and when bed-time came I discovered that I had to make over my room to some of the girls. I did this with grace and gallantry, as was to be expected, but needing

rest all the same, I dragged a mattress to the end of the front gallery, and there established my quarters. It was a delightful summer night. A half-moon shone softly in the unclouded sky, and the air, unshaken by any zephyr, was still freshened by the neighbourhood of the great trees. I threw myself down upon the bed and was soon lost in a kind of reverie between waking and sleeping.

Presently I rather felt than saw a shadow creeping toward me, till all at once it stood between me and the moonlight, leaving my whole person in comparative darkness. Then two arms wound about my neck and a gentle kiss was impressed upon my forehead. I opened my eyes very wide. It was old Dada.

"Are you asleep, Carey?" said she.

"No; not now, Dada. What do you want?"

"Ah! my dear boy, you were in town to-day. I know what you went there for. It was just like you to go and see what you could do for poor Gaston. Tell me all about it."

I sat up and gave my old nurse a seat on the couch.

"You are right, Dada. I did go and inquire about Gaston, but I fear I have nothing agreeable to tell you about him."

"It was too late, eh, Carey?" and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Yes, it was too late; but that is not what I mean. The affair of the letter was a very ugly one, Dada. It will get somebody into trouble yet. Gaston acted very badly there."

"If the master is the one that is to get into trouble, I am glad of it. He deserves it for his cruelty."

"But it is not the master, Dada. It is some one whom you used to love and call your pet."

"What! You don't mean—! Who can it be?"

"Myself, Dada."

The dear old creature uttered a groan, and throwing her arms around my neck, drew me to her breast, rocking me to and fro and humming a low, wild melody that was full of anguish. It was some minutes before I could extricate myself from this hug, and when I did so the nurse's face was so shockingly altered that I shuddered to look at it.

I thought I was bound in conscience to slip in one word of comfort.

"Perhaps, Dada, he did not know what the letter contained, and in that case he is less to blame than the one who gave him the letter."

"Who was it?" quickly asked the poor woman.

"There is the mystery. I cannot tell, as yet."

"No matter. If you are certain Gaston worked against you, I give him up. But are you certain, Carey?"

"I am certain that he delivered the letter which was intended to ruin me."

"Then his master did right to sell him," she exclaimed passionately, with the sudden revulsion of feeling to which the impulsive negroes are, of all others, so subject.

"Don't say that, Dada. It is unnatural in your mouth. I should never forgive myself if I knew that Gaston had suffered on my account. But, no; Mr. Pauley had a graver reason for selling him."

"What! Gaston done worse than working against you?"

"Yes, Dada. Gaston is a Voudou."

"A what?" she shrieked, while her person was fairly convulsed with terror.

"A Voudou, Dada."

"O, horrible! Gaston that was baptized and reared a Christian, and made his first communion, like white folks? I know he was born out of marriage, but that was my poor sister's fault—not his, and she has been a good woman ever since, trying to make up for it. Gaston a Voudou! I don't believe it. Who told you so?"

"His master."

"His master lies. He made up that story to excuse himself."

Then lowering her voice and looking around to make sure that no one heard her, she continued:

"Voudous are devils, Carey. You know that. They kill all their enemies. Gaston was as gentle as a girl. He would not hurt a fly."

I knew I could confide unreservedly in my old nurse, and profiting by the turn which the conversation had taken, could safely unfold a portion of the suspicion which I entertained with regard to the author of the letter. Perhaps she could give me a clue.

"Do you know, Dada, what company Gaston kept?"

She coloured slightly and drooped her eyes.

"You mean what girl he went with?"

"Yes."

"Well, the boy had warm blood, I must say, and he was fond of running about. I won't answer for all the girls that he followed or that followed him; but, of late, I know that he hung around a wonderful sort of girl."

"What do you mean by a wonderful sort of a girl, Dada?" I asked, half amused. "Is she pretty?"

"She is pretty; too pretty, in fact. And she is a wild girl, all fire, Carey. One of those that will wind round a man like a snake, and make him do whatever she likes. I ought not, perhaps, to say those things before you, my love, for you are young yet; but such is life, and when you know as much as I do—"

I was not cynical enough to smile at this touch of pudency, but rather respected the recollections of her own frailties which I knew were then flitting through my nurse's mind.

"And the girl's name?" I said.  
"Oh! don't ask me that, child. I can't tell you."

"Why not, Dada? What's the harm now that Gaston is gone?"

"Ah! it is not that. But the girl belongs to a family which is never spoken of by us; that is, by none of all your kin."

"You don't mean the Paladines, Dada?"  
I threw out this name half doubting, half fearing whether I was aiming well or not.

"What? You know them? Who told you?"  
"Never mind that, now; only answer my question."

"Well, yes, the girl belongs to old Paladine, and they call her Toinette."

If Dada, instead of being so preoccupied as she was, had noticed the play of my features when she made this reply, she would doubtless have read there a mixture of joy and terror. Joy at the point of information gained; terror at the new indication of the concentration of danger which threatened me. This danger had ramifications, certainly; but it proceeded all from one centre. I therefore eagerly continued:

"Do you know the Paladine coloured people, Dada?"

"I did know the older people well," she said, "but they are almost all gone now. The young folks I don't know and don't want to know, on account of the family."

By "the family" the nurse meant all our family, of which she considered herself a member.

"But don't you know anything about them?"  
"To be sure. One can't help hearing things."

"Don't you know that they are all Voudous?"

"My gracious!" exclaimed she, clapping her hands together, "I never thought of that. How stupid! Of course, they are. And Toinette twisting around Gaston! That would explain it. Oh dear, oh dear!" and she burst out again into lamentations.

This was enough for to-night. I dismissed Dada, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

IV.

DEVIL-WORSHIP.

On this subject I am not going to indulge in theory or adduce facts on hearsay. I shall write only what I know.

There are thousands of Americans who ignore the existence of heathenism in our country; there are thousands more who refuse to believe it. Many of those who have been the best friends of the black race have thought they were doing right in exaggerating its virtues, and making light of or denying its inherent vices. In the interest of this race which I love and pity, I believe the best policy is to tell the truth.

Speaking generally, the American negro, notwithstanding his contact with the white man for over a century and a half, rose very little above the state of nature. His native savagery was partially flogged out of him, but nothing more. Two things he retained—lust and superstition, both results of the ignorance in which he was allowed to wallow. The negro slave was terribly lascivious. With him, fleshliness was not a mere passion, but a rage. His superstition, too, was something more tangible, more practical, than the innocent fancies of white peasants. It went to the very root of things. It gave a ghastly simplicity to religion. Two spirits reigned in the universe—the good and the bad. The bad prevailing, and not only so, but constantly manifesting himself. These manifestations impressed the simple, credulous imagination of the negro till he came to believe that the evil spirit had possession of him and of his destinies. A species of fatalism led him to regard himself as abandoned of the powers of light, and given over to the powers of darkness. Hence the blackness of his skin, which marked him out for the devil. To appease the dread god, he invented a worship. This worship, which in the African wilds is a perfect system of horrors, was transmitted to this continent only in fragments, or, if it came whole, partially died out in the course of years. But in the South it assumed a hideous feature of its own, being mixed up with certain forms of Christian worship and propped up by some of the sublime and most striking passages of the Bible. Fear is the ruling virtue of this religion. Propitiation is the only motive of its prayer. There are few ceremonies among the most sordidly debased and ignorant, but among the better class of negroes frequent meetings are held with formularies of incantations, burnt offerings, prostrations before the fetish and interrogation of his oracle. The better class of all goes by the name of Voudou, and its more elaborate system of religion is called Voudouism, though at bottom it is nothing else but devil-worship. These Voudous wield an almost supernatural influence, due chiefly to the invisible secret and mystery in which they envelop all their buffooneries. They are a terror more particularly to the Christian negroes, who, being only imperfectly instructed and naturally weak in the faith, are almost afraid to uphold the cause of their white God against the black god of the Voudous. This sect is governed by queens, or at least to every important circle there is a queen attached, who is generally a slave belonging to the most influential family of the district. It has many celebrations, but the principal festival—lasting during two days—is held in the middle of July, and its object is to commemorate the fall of man. On

that occasion the Voudous plunge into the most abominable orgies, a fair counterpart of the Saturnalia among the civilized Romans.

I have heard it asserted that they sometimes go the length of human sacrifices and drink the blood of children. But no instance of this has ever come to my knowledge, even remotely, though I have made diligent inquiry. I am not inclined, however, to disbelieve the charge, aware as I am of the ferocity of unbridled instincts and the incredible extremes to which fanaticism can drive impulsive natures. We have examples of these abominations among the free negroes of Jamaica and Barbadoes and even among our own Indians.

The devil-worship is atrocious enough without adding these further cruelties to its account.

V.

OPHIDIAN.

Have we ever reflected on the role of the serpent in the world? It has been associated with some form or other of worship from the beginning to our day. There is the serpent of Moses, the serpent of Mercury, the serpent of the Egyptian hierophant, the serpent of the Hindoo juggler, the serpent of our Indian Meda or medicine-man. Oriental, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Gothic literature is filled with allusions to it in the various relations of religion and society. The serpent formed one of the glyphs chiselled on the pyramids. It was one of the elements in the intricate scrip of Cabala. The magic of its eyes, the undulations of its tail, the flashes of its scales constituted as many chapters in the marvellous science of divination. There is no genus in the whole range of natural history which has a greater number of species or whose individuals have a more rapid and varied reproduction. Their properties are so wonderful and striking that they have entered into the romance and superstitions of all ages. The fascination of birds by snakes, though denied by zoologists, is universally believed by the people, and nowhere so fully believed as by those who have spent their lives amongst serpents. The acuteness of their vision, the sharpness of their hearing, the elegance of their gyrations are among the first wonders we learn in our little story-books. Of all combinations of poison it is theirs we dread the most, though, singular to observe, that poison has no terror at all for the wild man of the wood or the desert.

The serpent was regarded as the herald of the gods, both for evil and for good. It was sacred to Apollo. The grand story of Laocoon has been preserved in song and in marble. When the Lacedaemonians defeated Mardonius at Plataea, they attributed their victory to the serpent. The triple snake set up at Delphi was afterwards transported to Constantinople by the Mohammedan conqueror. Many a great name and deed of history is associated with this reptile—Medea, Hercules, Cleopatra.

There can be no question but that the serpent of Eden has glided through all religious schemes and thoughts among all nations—Christian, heathen and barbarian. It crops out everywhere. That first great tradition of our infancy is the real secret of the repugnance and fear which all civilized beings entertain for every species of the ophidian race. But it is noteworthy that the observation of this same tradition in the minds of the uncivilized has produced the contrary effect. These have neither fear nor disgust for the serpent. They capture him, handle him freely, play with him, devise infallible antidotes for his poison. Those who consider him to be the emissary of the devil, as erst in paradise, go still further and worship him. The Voudous are of this class.

VI.

THE MEETING IN THE CABIN.

I resolved on having an interview with Toinette. For that purpose I at first tried to get Dada to act as intermediary, but she would not, partly from repugnance against the girl, and partly because she would have nothing to do with anything belonging to the Paladines. She went further and warned me against the step. On her refusal I got her sister Hiacinte to supply her place. The plan was that Toinette would be got to visit at some common friend's—a free negro's house being preferable because less liable to be spied—that there Hiacinte should call upon her to talk about Gaston, and inform her that she had heard of a person who was willing to interest himself in the case of the poor boy. Hiacinte who knew me well through Dada, and perhaps exaggerated my power to help her son, entered heartily into my views.

The very next day, on my going to the city for the purpose, she told me that the meeting was arranged for that evening. I was punctual to the hour. The house I repaired to was rather an equivocal-looking cabin, in a retired spot, on the southern outskirts of the city, and inhabited by an aged couple, well-known to me, who had bought their freedom by over half a century of hard toil. When I reached there old "auntie" was sitting on her door-step, smoking the stump of a pipe. She looked like a big bundle of dirty clothes. There is nothing so hideous as a toothless, grey-haired and wrinkled negress. On my asking after old "uncle," she told me he was out for a walk, but if I wanted to go in, Hiacinte was there and waiting for me. "Auntie" hardly noticed me, looked very indifferent indeed, and I understood that the word had been given her.

I walked in. The room was dark, but by the dim light of a far window, I distinguished two figures seated at a little table. I advanced toward them.

"Good evening, Mas'r Carey," said a voice which I recognized to be Hiacinte's, as she came forward to meet me. And handing me a chair, she continued before I had time to reply to her greeting: "Here, Toinette, is the young gemman I was talkin' to you 'bout. He's one of my sister Pelagic's chillun—that is, she nussed and reared him like one of her own. She told him 'bout poor Gaston and he is anxious to do all he kin for him. Mas'r Carey, this is Toinette, the young gal that my boy coted when he was sold off."

"Ah!" said I; "this is Toinette, is it? Well I have come down to talk to her about Gaston. I don't know that I can do much, but anyhow I am willing to do all I can. Come, Toinette, I want you to talk up to me like a good girl. Do you think Gaston was very fond of you?"

"I blieh he was, sah; I blieh he lubbed me hearty." She said this all of a breath, pulling up short at the end. It was too dusk to see more than her outline, but I could imagine just how she looked when she spoke. She must have rolled up the whites of her eyes, puckered her thick lips and raised her right foot an inch or two in obedience to some internal shock or other. This is the fashion of the tribe when they talk of love.

"And you, Toinette, were very fond of him?"

"Yes, I was dat, en I ain't ashame to say it. I've had many scrapes with different boys, but he was the best of the lot. We was to have been married honest. I only waited for old mas'r's leab. I ought'er have asked old mas'r's leab before, but I felt a sort o' skittish about it, 'cause mas'r says I'm a wild girl. But I ain't a bit wild now, sah. I got over dat. Ef we'd been married, Gaston wouldn't've been sold."

"How do you know that, Toinette?"

"'Cause then, sah, he wouldn't ev done wat he done."

"What did he do, Toinette?"

"I thought you know'd all about it, sah."

"Do you mean the letter?"

"Yes, dat's wat I mean. He wouldn't ev toted that letter of we'd been married."

"But he didn't know what was in it?"

"Dat's jest it, sah. He oughter ev know'd it."

"I suppose he trusted the one who gave it to him?"

"Ef I'd been his wife I'd a-told him not to trust nobody, not even my own brudder."

"Oh, you have a brother, Toinette?"

"I've a whole lot of 'em, sah, but it's my big brudder I mean."

"What's his name?"

"They call him Nain, sah."

"Can your brother read?"

"Yes, sah."

"And write?"

"Yes, sah. They say he writes beautiful. Nain is a mighty smart feller. Old mas'r learnt him. I.e keeps all de farm accounts. He was reared, too, with young Mas'r Bonair, him dat's gone and nobody don't know what he is. They used to read out of the same books in old mas'r's library. Nain's old mas'r's pet."

"And was it your brother gave Gaston the letter?"

"I thought you know'd the whole story, sah."

"If I knew, Toinette, I wouldn't ask you."

"Then, sah, I won't tell you anudder word."

This was said in a sharp, decisive voice which, from my knowledge of negro character, I knew expressed a fixed determination. The black race is credulous and easily wheedled, but when it takes up a suspicion, it can become mulish beyond all patience. I evidently had not catechized the girl in the right way and must change my tactics, if I wished to improve the opportunity of information which lay within my grasp. To do this, the mere voice was not enough. I must scrutinize her features and play upon her eye.

"Strike a light," said I to Hiacinte.

This took some time during which a profound silence reigned in the room.

"And drop that window curtain."

While she did this I scanned Toinette.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

GENERALS Stewart, Roberts, and Biddulph are to be knighted for their services in Afghanistan.

A ST PAUL paper estimates that the farmers of Minnesota will realize \$40,000,000 for their wheat crop this year.

A COMMITTEE of the French Chamber of Deputies have reported in favour of re-establishing the law of Divorce in France.

M. W. G. GRACE, the great cricketer, will this year enter upon the practice of his profession as a doctor, and retire from active cricketing.

A RESPONSIBLE official declares that the cost of lighting Holborn Viaduct, London, with electric light is fully three-and-a-half times as much as gas.

RECENTLY compiled statistics show that Great Britain produces three times as much iron, and almost three times as much coal, as the United States.

THE Duke of Connaught will vacate his command of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade at the

close of the year, when he will have completed three years' service as lieutenant-colonel.

THE British Government has announced that it will provide money for scholarships and exhibitions for the new Irish University, thus granting an indirect endowment to the Catholics.

THE first steamer of a line of fruit-carrying vessels from the West Indies has arrived at Philadelphia. This line will compete with New-York in the fruit-carrying trade.

THE carpet trade of the United States is simply immense. The manufactories of Philadelphia alone turn out more carpets in a year than all of England in the same period. The manufactories of Hartford and Lowell, as well as those of other places, swell the aggregate production of carpets to enormous figures.

PRINCE Victor Napoleon, the seventeen-year old son of Prince Jerome, and the new heir to the Bonapartist idea, is rather tall, handsome and straight as a dart; dark in hair, cheek and eye; and in temper and temperament a true Corsican-Italian.

HENRY BESSEMER, the inventor, has taken out 160 patents, and one of them, his process for making steel, ranks as one of the most brilliant inventions of the century. Its converts pig-iron into steel in a few minutes, and has reduced the price of steel rails per ton from \$200 to \$30. Ten times as much steel is used in the world now as was used prior to 1856.

OF the Cabinet-Ministers who, on June 20th, 1837, took the oath of allegiance to Her Majesty at a Privy Council held at Kensington Palace, England, Earl Grey, then Viscount Howick and Secretary-at-War, is the sole survivor. Of the entire House of Commons of that time, which was dissolved as a consequence of the Queen's accession, only eight members are to be found in the present House. These are Lord George Cavendish, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper Temple, Sir Philip Egerton, Mr. Alice, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Christopher Talbot, and the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers. Of these Sir Philip Egerton and Mr. Talbot were members of the unreformed Parliament, having been elected for the city of Chester and for Glamorganshire respectively as far back as 1830.

HUMOROUS.

A MIRROR is the only tolerated reflection upon the beauty of women.

IT is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.

IF a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dress-maker's.

BOYS who cry because their bread falls with the buttered side down should think of other little boys who have no butter.

WHISKEY is now made from leather, and this may perhaps explain why so many persons who drink it are always strapped.

WOMEN with flat feet are poor housekeepers and bad calculators, and you won't forget it if you marry one. Choose a wife with a high instep if you want a hard working and a shrewd planner.

BOY, to gentleman who has not given him any reward for carrying his portmanteau: "An' please, sir, what must I say if anyone asks me how much I has to thank you for?"

A RELIGIOUS old lady, when asked her opinion of the organ of a church the first time she had seen or heard one, said: "It's a very bonny kist fa' o' whistles; but, oh, sirs, it's an awful way o' spending the Sabbath day."

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"  
"Yes; but I don't think he can read it."  
"Why so, John?"  
"Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

SPEAKING of boys' compositions, we recall this tragic sentence that closed the effusion of a classmate of our school days: "I once knew a boy whose chances for health and long life were as good as my own, but who was seized with a fever and was sick all summer."

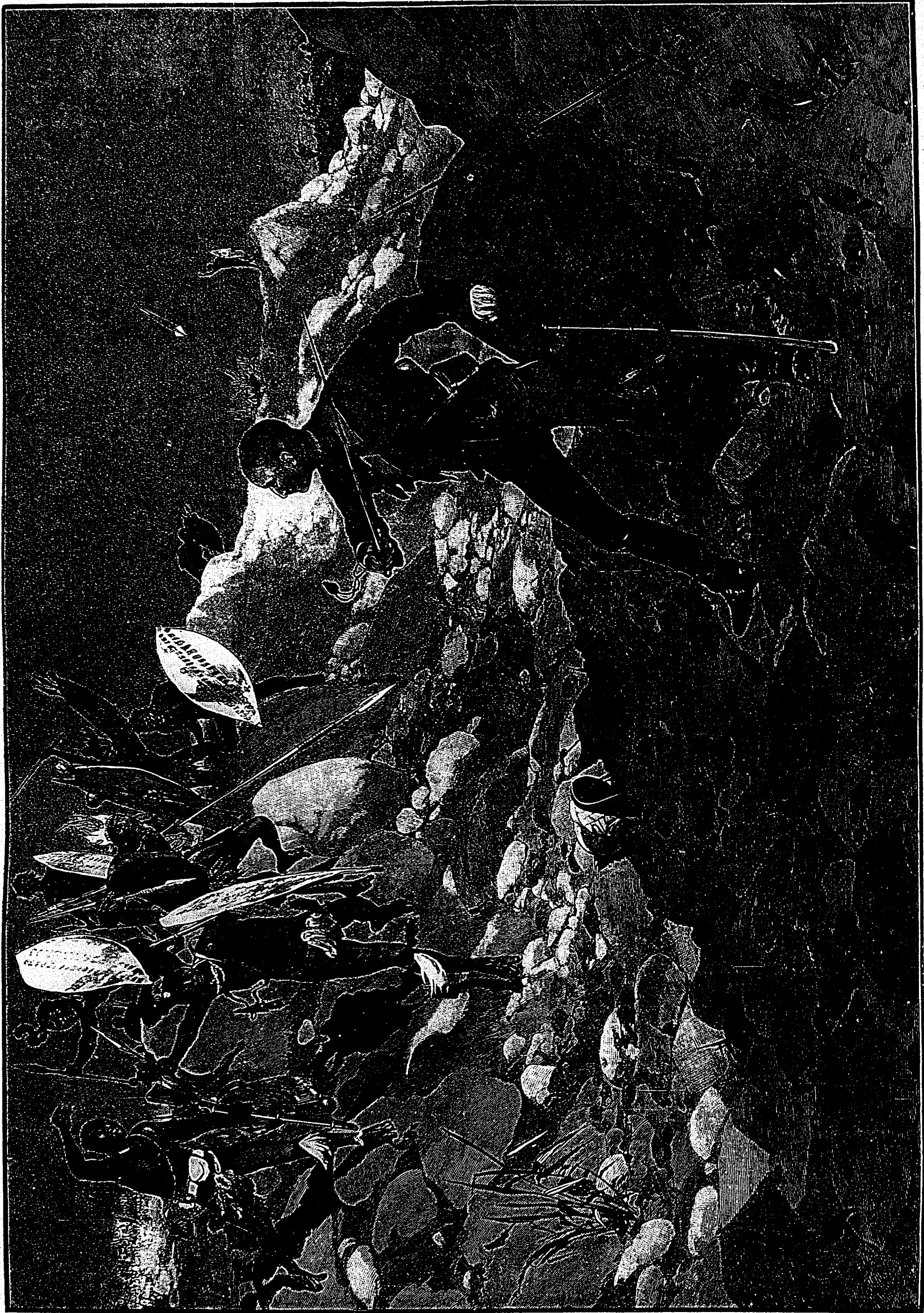
THE story is told that Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour some few weeks since, when to their surprise an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently intending to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage."

NEW YORK dealers threaten to put up the price of ice. They say the crop has been badly milled. The next thing you know some fellow will invent a bug or worm that will attack and chew up half of the harvested crop about this time of the year. Ice is about the only crop now raised that isn't injured by a bug or worm of some kind, and it can't expect to enjoy this immunity much longer.

WHEN the robin jumps along the lawn or dies from tree to tree scattering the dew-drops from the leaves; when the bee coquets with the flower; when the first golden beams dart from the sapphire skies, and gild the flimsy clouds; when the clover trembles in the freshening breeze, and all nature seems imbued with the charms of paradise; then, ah! then it is sweet to turn over in bed and take another nap.

LADIES ought to enjoy reunions or banquets much better than men, because they can sit perfectly unconcerned and listen to all the good things that are being said without any danger of being called up unexpectedly to respond to a toast and being obliged to wish the toastmaker and all the rest of the company were at the bottom of the sea. And still some women grumble about the hard lot of feminine mortality.

"SEE here, bub, you'll never catch a butterfly that way," said a man to a little fellow who was thrashing around the grass with his hat in a lively manner. "You want to go up behind one of 'em kinder slow, and swing your hat in sort of easy like, and then you'll nab him. Let me show you." And he fooled around for half an hour in his mild sort of a way, and never caught a butterfly, while the boy in his reckless course had filled both pockets with great nice ones, handsomely spotted all over the wings.



THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—AT BAY.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—PROCESSION ENTERING ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHICHESTER.

BEACONSFIELD, POINTE CLAIRE, P.Q.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Beaconsfield, the residence of Mr. Menzies, has been so named in honour of two of England's greatest statesmen—Burke and Disraeli—and it has now given a name to the pioneer vineyard of Lower Canada.

The Homestead, the subject of our sketch, is situated on a point jutting out in the middle of Lake St. Louis, which commands, perhaps, one of the finest views in the Dominion. The Adirondac Mountains are seen in the dim, azure distance. The whole extent of the lake, a noble expanse of water, stretching to a distance of ten miles on either hand, is plainly visible; the wooded banks of the St. Lawrence as far as the Lachine Rapids; the glistening spires of Caughnawaga and Beauharnois; the Isle Perrot, with its embowered villages, and Isle St. Genevieve, with the smaller islands clustering below the St. Ann's Rapids; the handsome parish church of Pointe Claire, and the convent, with its ancient windmill close at hand; the confluence of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence rivers, with their different coloured water gliding side by side—these all combine to make it, perhaps, the most charming retreat on the Island of Montreal.

Partially surrounding the dwelling-house is a vineyard of about 2,500 vines, planted in 1877 by Mr. Menzies, one of the present proprietor of the Vin yard, Messrs. Menzies & Gallagher. The vines are trained upon trellises, and present a very handsome, pleasing and, indeed, surprising appearance, for they are literally loaded with fruit. Grapes as large as marbles in bunches that will average nearly a pound a piece, astonish the beholder, and on many of the vines there are as many as 120 and 130 bunches. The grapes, we are informed, will ripen between the 21st and the 31st of the present month (August). It is a large grape, sweet and luscious, of a dark purple colour, with a rich bloom, and in all respects an excellent table grape.

Walking through the vineyard between the rows of vines, which are trained so as not to obstruct the view, we presently arrive at the NURSERY,

which extends along the beach, where two neat whitewashed bathing-houses are shaded by a grove of noble trees. The nursery presents an interesting and novel sight. Stretched in lines, about three feet apart, are about 85,000 young vines, planted at intervals of six inches one from the other. These are all native plants, propagated on the establishment, and their vigorous and flourishing appearance is very remarkable. On the opposite side of the main road is seen a row of six handsome villa cottages, occupied by Montreal families who retreat here during the summer. In two of them are reserved certain apartments for the accommodation of visitors to the vineyard. The proprietors are always glad to receive visitors and to extend to them the hospitalities of the place. In the rear of these cottages is a small church, formerly used for the Protestant services at the new Inland Cut works, Lower Lachine, and afterwards presented to the Protestant community of Pointe Claire, by the contractor, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. F. B. McNamee. Extending from this point for a mile and a half due north, is what is destined to be the principal seat of the great industry of vine-culture. About twenty acres of vines are seen growing luxuriantly in fields on either hand, separated by a broad avenue, which will be continued throughout the length of the property, and bordered by a line of handsome shade trees. In this vineyard are about 15,000 vines, which will nearly all bear fruit next year. They are planted five feet apart in rows, which are ten feet apart, and it is a beautiful sight to trace the straight lines of vines drawn out and almost geometrically correct. This vineyard, as also the nursery, was planted under the superintendence of the manager, Mr. R. J. Donnelly.

Proceeding along the avenue to the railway track, which crosses the property, we observe a short distance to the left the

BEACONSFIELD RAILWAY STATION,

taking its name from the vineyard, and affording accommodation to the residents at Beaconsfield, as well as the quaint and beautifully-situated village of St. Genevieve, some three miles distant, and the surrounding country. Much praise is due the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway for the ready accommodation they always afford and their liberal encouragement of local traffic in this, as in many other instances. The proprietors of this vineyard are doing a good work, and we are glad to think that their reward will be great. Employing a large staff of men, they have given constant and much-needed employment to the inhabitants of the village, and they are, moreover, training a large number of French Canadians in the art of planting and cultivating the grape vine. Their experience in this is most gratifying, for it would be impossible to find more teachable or better skilled workmen than the French Canadians when they have been properly taught.

As our readers are aware, this is the first experiment in open air vine-culture in Lower Canada, and its success being now fully assured, a reflecting mind must see in it possibilities in connection with the future of our people that are most encouraging. No policy of tariff, national or other, can effect much while the farmers of

Canada, the backbone of the country, and the great consumers of manufactures, are in their present condition. And if by the introduction of a new industry, and such an important adjunct to farming as vine-culture may easily become, their condition can be ameliorated, and they can be enabled to consume the products of our manufacturers, there is at once created a market, which no merely political measure can do. When we consider the immense wealth, the solidity and the general richness of resources that distinguish France—a nation of the same race as that of Lower Canada—acquired under conditions not dissimilar to what would obtain here, with the country covered with vines, we feel assured that vine-culture, with its kindred industries, may easily become the means of obtaining this desideratum.

VARIETIES.

SUCCESS.—Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed with carefully-formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor, or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plans, and the sculptor his model—and all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a well-formed plan. Then every step is an advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port. Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into closer likeness of the model. No effort of time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

CENSURE.—This world is full of harshness. It is easier to censure than to praise; the former is a gratification of our self-esteem, while to praise seems, with minds too ambitious and ungenerous, a tacit admission of others' superiority. It is a bane of society wherever I have known it, a perpetual seeking for something which will disparage or make ridiculous our neighbours.

Their conduct is canvassed, and mean and selfish motives are attributed to them. Their foibles are dragged into day. I do not boast myself to be free from blame or this account, and yet I try to find what is good and beautiful in all that I see, and to judge my fellow-creatures as I would have them judge me. There is a verse in Pope's "Universal Prayer" which is full of beauty. I wish it was graven on tablets in all our churches. You will pardon me for quoting what is so trite:

"Teach me to feel another's woe, To hide the fault I see; That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me."

THE FLOWER AND PERFUME.—Mr. Long fellow has written a letter to a school teacher who informed him that the children had hung the poet's picture in the schoolroom. Mr. Long-fellow's letter is very pleasant, and among other things he says, "To those who ask how I can write 'so many things that sound as if I were as happy as a boy,' please say that there is in this neighborhood, or neighboring town, a pear tree planted by Governor Endicott two hundred years ago, and that it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from the young tree in flavor. I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that some part of it is always young. Perhaps that is the way with some men when they grow old; I hope it is so with me. I am glad to hear that your boys and girls take so much interest in poetry. That is a good sign, for poetry is the flower and perfume of thought, and a perpetual delight, clothing the commonplace of life with golden exhalations of the dawn."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Thanks. J. B., Hartford, Conn., U. S.—Have sent you a post card. W. S., Montreal.—The prospectus is not yet published. Student, Montreal.—The diagram is correct.

We inserted in our Column last week two games of chess, one played in the International Tourney, and the other in our Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, and this week we are enabled to give two more from the same sources.

As far as the International Tourney is concerned, a large number of games have been played, and the score at the present is, to some extent, in favour of our American cousins. The Canadian Tourney is advancing rapidly towards a conclusion, owing, in a great degree, to the interest taken by the contestants in their games, and we may safely say that those who predicted that the contest would very speedily prove wearisome, made a decidedly wrong calculation.

One competitor, who is warmly in favour of our having another similar Tourney at the close of the present one, gives as a reason that he has been so pleasantly occupied in carrying on his games that, when they are finished, it will appear like the departure of several pleasing companions whose presence has done much to make his past hours enjoyable.

The fourth game between Messrs. Bird and Heppell in the City of London Handicap was won by the latter, who thereupon takes first prize, the second going to Mr. Bird.

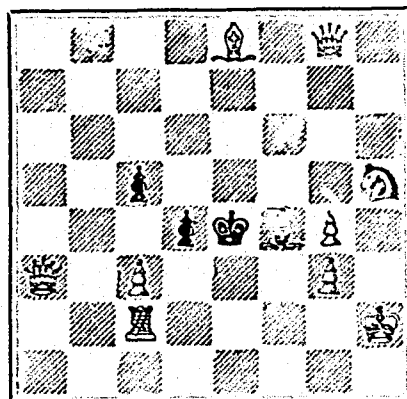
The sixth game in the match between Messrs. Potter and Mason, which our last report left adjourned, was resumed on the 2nd inst., and, after very few moves, was abandoned as drawn. The adjourned position is a curiosity in its way, and it is certainly an instructive end game. Most players would be inclined to pronounce it to be "a win" for Black; but the result of the actual play only confirms independent analysis. The following was the position of the pieces: White (Mr. Potter), K at K B 3rd, Kt at Q R 5th, Pawns at Q 4th and Q R 5th; Black (Mr. Mason), K at K 3rd, B at K 2nd, Pawns at K Kt 2nd, K B 4th and 5th, and Q 4th. Black played the K to Q 2nd, and the game was drawn. The seventh game, begun on the same evening and concluded on the 5th inst., also resulted in a remis after three hours' play; and the eighth stands adjourned as we go to press, the score being Mr. Potter, 2; Mr. Mason, 1; drawn games, 4.—Illustrated London News.

Rumours that have been in circulation of a proposed match between Zukertort and Rosenthal seem to have some foundation in fact. Mr. D. Yarnton Mills, formerly a metropolitan amateur, but now a resident of Paris, is at the present time in London on a visit, and we understand that he is charged with the negotiations on Mr. Rosenthal's behalf. The supporters of the latter wish the match to be played in Paris; and this seems to create a preliminary difficulty, even though an offer to pay the expenses has been made. The fairest way would be for half the games to be played in Paris and the other half in London, and this would give an increased interest to the contest—the first three games at Paris, the next three in London, and so on until the conclusion of the affair.—Land and Water.

PROBLEM No. 236.

By J. KING.

BLACK.



WHITE to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 378TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. J. Lawson, of St. John N.B., and Mr. A. Saunders, of Montreal. (Roy Lopez.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Lawson) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to Kt 5, 4. B to R 4, 5. Kt to Q B 3, 6. B to Kt 3, 7. P to Q 3, 8. Kt takes K P, 9. P takes B, 10. Q to B 5, 11. Q to B 5, 12. Castles, 13. Q to K 3, 14. P to K B 4, 15. P to B 5, 16. Kt to K 2, 17. P to B 6, 18. R takes Kt (a), 19. Q takes K R P, 20. Kt to B 4 (b), 21. Q takes B P, 22. R to Q 2, 23. Q takes Q (ch), 24. B takes Kt P, 25. B to R 3 (ch), 26. R to K sq, 27. Kt to Q 2, 28. P to K Kt 4, 29. P to K R 3, 30. R to K B sq, 31. R to B 5, 32. Kt takes Kt, 33. Kt to Q 7 (ch), 34. P takes R, 35. K to B sq, 36. B takes P, 37. P to B 6, 38. B to Kt 6, 39. K to K 2, 40. P to B 7, 41. K to K 3, 42. B to Q 3, 43. K takes B, 44. K to B 4, 45. K to Kt 3, 46. B to Kt 7, 47. P to B 3, 48. P to R 4, 49. R to R 8, 50. H to B 6, 51. B to Kt 7, 52. B to R 8, 53. B to Kt 7, 54. B to B 6, 55. B to K 5, 56. P to Q 6, 57. K to R 2, 58. P to R 5, 59. B to B 5, 60. B to Kt 4, 61. B to R 3, 62. P to Kt 3 (dis. ch), 63. P takes P. BLACK.—(Mr. Saunders.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to Q R 3, 4. Kt to K B 3, 5. P to Q Kt 4, 6. K B to Q B 4, 7. P to K R 3, 8. R takes Kt, 9. B takes P, 10. Kt to Q B 3, 11. B to Q Kt 2, 12. P to Q 3, 13. Kt to K 2, 14. Castles, 15. P to Q Kt 5, 16. Kt takes P, 17. Kt takes P, 18. P takes R, 19. Q to Q 2, 20. Q to K R 5, 21. Q R to K sq, 22. Q to K Kt 2, 23. K takes Q, 24. Kt to Kt 3, 25. Kt to R 4, 26. R to K R sq, 27. R to B 4 (d), 28. R to Kt 4, 29. K to B sq, 30. R to Kt 2, 31. R to Kt 4, 32. R takes R, 33. K to K 2, 34. R to Kt sq (ch), 35. K takes Kt, 36. R to K 6, 37. R takes P, 38. R to R 8 (ch), 39. B to Q 4, 40. B to B 5 (ch), 41. R to K B 2 (a), 42. B takes B, 43. R takes P, 44. R to B 7, 45. P to B 4, 46. P to Q 4, 47. K to B 2, 48. R to B 5, 49. R to Q B 5, 50. K to Q 3, 51. K to K 3, 52. K to B 4, 53. K to K 5, 54. K to Q 6, 55. R to K 5, 56. P to B 5 (ch), 57. K to B 7, 58. R to K sq, 59. R to K 8, 60. R to Q Kt 8, 61. K to B 8, 62. K to B 7, 63. P takes P. and White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A sacrifice of this nature may occasionally be successful in play over the board, but in correspondence games it is very hazardous. (b) Kt to K Kt 3 seems preferable. (c) White's attack is already falling. It would perhaps have been safer to try to retain his Q. (d) Black plays very carefully, and, having the exchange, his game is pretty sure. (e) Black rook is cleverly managed and White's game is now hopeless.

GAME 379TH.

INTERNATIONAL POST-CARD TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. French, Washington, and Mr. Monck, Dublin.

- WHITE.—(Mr. French.) 1. P to K 4, 2. B to Q B 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. Castles, 5. P to K R 3, 6. Kt to Q B 3, 7. B to Q Kt 3, 8. K to K R 2, 9. P to Q 3, 10. B to K 3, 11. Kt to K 2, 12. Kt to K Kt 3, 13. Q to Q 2, 14. P to Q B 4, 15. P to Q R 4, 16. Kt to K Kt sq, 17. P to K B 4, 18. B takes P, 19. R takes Kt, 20. R to K B 3, 21. Q R to K B sq, 22. K to K R sq, 23. P takes P, 24. Kt takes B, 25. Q to K B 2, 26. P to K R 4, 27. P takes Kt (ch), 28. R takes R, 29. Q takes Q (ch), 30. R takes R. BLACK.—(Mr. Monck.) 1. P to K 4, 2. B to Q B 4, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. P to Q 3, 5. Kt to K B 3, 6. B to K 3, 7. Q to Q 2, 8. Castles, 9. P to K R 3, 10. R to Q R 3, 11. Kt to K 2, 12. Kt to K Kt 3, 13. K to K R 2, 14. P to Q B 4, 15. Q to K Kt sq, 16. K Kt to K 2, 17. P takes P, 18. Kt takes B, 19. B to Q B 2, 20. P to K B 4, 21. R to K B 2, 22. P to K B 2, 23. B takes P, 24. Kt takes Kt, 25. Kt to K Kt 3, 26. K R to K B sq, 27. R takes P, 28. Q takes R, 29. R takes Q, 30. K takes R (a). (a) And Black's game is hopeless.

The game was resigned by Black after White's 72nd move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 34.

- WHITE. 1. K to B 8, 2. K to K 8, 3. K to Q 7, 4. Kt to Kt 7 mate. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q 2 (ch), 2. Kt to B 4 (ch), 3. Anything. Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 32.

- WHITE. 1. P to Q B 4 (ch), 2. Kt takes P, 3. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. K move, 2. Any move.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 33.

- WHITE. K at Q R sq, Q at Q R 8, B at Q 5, B at K R 2, Kt at Q sq. BLACK. K at Q 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Compton Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q.

An Incorporated School for the Higher Education of Young Ladies. EMBRACING ALSO A Junior and a Preparatory Department.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

President and Visitor—The Lord BISHOP OF QUEBEC. Principal—The REV. J. DINZEY, S.A.C.

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The facilities offered in this Institution for a thorough and finished education are second to none in the Dominion, while no effort is spared to make the School a REFINED, CHRISTIAN and HAPPY HOME for the PUPILS.

The Musical Department is under the able management of Miss Holland. French, by a French teacher, is taught daily in the School.

Young Pupils will be the exclusive charge of a kind and experienced Governess specially engaged for that purpose, and will also be tenderly cared for by the Lady Principal and Mrs. Dinzey.

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REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of Certain Dominion Lands for the Purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA, July 9th, 1879.

Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 16,000 hundred and ten miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

1. Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:—

[1] A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A.

[2] A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B.

[3] A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C.

[4] A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

[5] A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also in the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of 80 acres each, in manner as above described, the price of pre-emption similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emption shall be at the rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D, and E shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of six per cent per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colony or Railway connected therewith, viz.:—

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above regulations, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

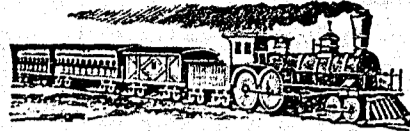
13. All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. The above regulations it will, of course, be understood, will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution.

By order of the Minister of the Interior, J. S. DENNIS, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

LINDRAY HURKILL, Surveyor-General.



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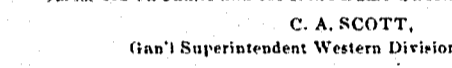
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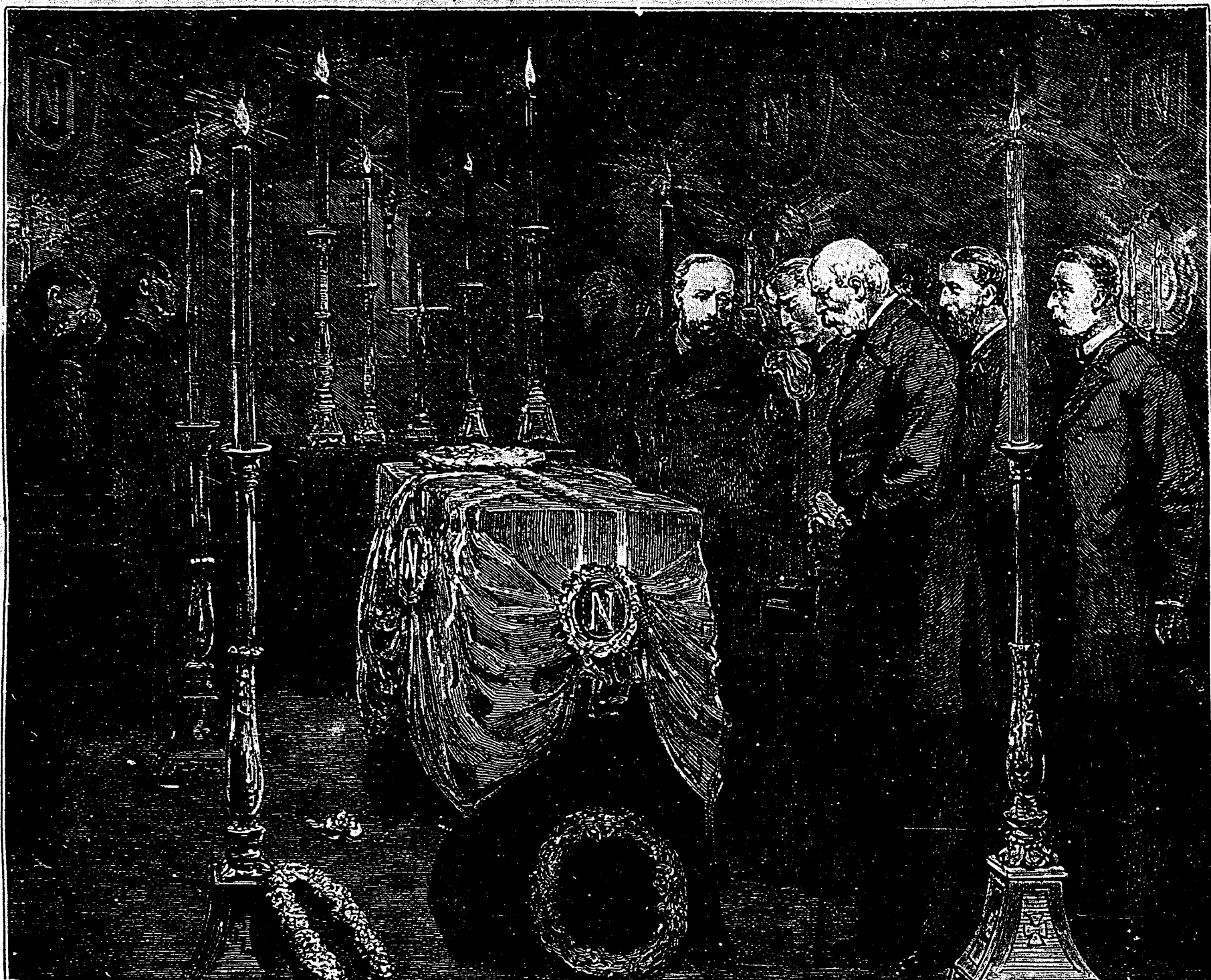
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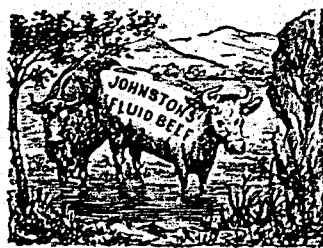


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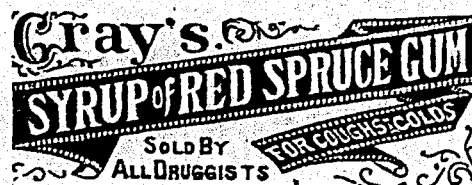


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