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NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.75 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct 27th, 1877.

A LITERARY CONVENTION.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago an American traveller, with characteristic ignorance and superciliousness, wrote his impressions of the Province of Quebec, and indulged in the usual vulgar attacks against French Canadians for their alleged faulty knowledge of their native tongue, and total want of a national literature. Generous pens immediately came to the rescue in the Montreal Gazette and Quebec Chronicle, not only disproving the traveller's charges, but revealing a record in favour of our fellow-citizens of French origin which will doubtless prove a surprise to the public at large. We might, in the cause of justice, take up the same theme, but we prefer to leave the work of vindication to the pen of no less able and authoritative a writer than REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., of this city, whose paper on the subject, recently read before the Athenaeum Club of Montreal, we publish to-day in full, laying aside for that purpose a mass of editorial and other original matter. We call the attention of all our readers to this study. We may add, however, that, having lately received a number of original works published by French Canadian literary men, we shall review them fully in subsequent numbers of this journal, and to disprove the charge of the American writer against the primary schools of Lower Canada, shall call particular attention to the remarkable series of school books just put forth by MESSRS. ROLLAND of this city, under the sanction of the Education Office. We may further state, in illustration of the literary activity reigning among our fellow countrymen, that there is to be a grand Convention, at Ottawa, on the 24th and 25th inst., of Canadian men of letters, chiefly French, where such important questions as the following will be discussed:

- I. The best means of developing French Canadian literature.
II. The value of our historical archives; the places where they are stored, and the means to be employed to ensure their preservation and publication.
III. The rights of authors in Canada; what they are, and what they should be.
We look forward with much interest to this meeting, and trust that as many of our English-speaking men of letters as possible will join in the movement.

The illustration of the Dominion Gun Practice in our last will have afforded some idea of those remarkable slopes for the development of water powers on each side of the Falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, which constitute that stream, probably the greatest in milling capacity of any known; but this great natural motive-power, which will one day, we trust, be found converting the wheat of the great North-West into flour for the use of more heavily peopled lands, has not yet been availed of to more than a limited extent. We trust our engineers will give the subject their consideration, and tell the world with the authority of experts what opportunities for expansion in commerce we possess in this Province. The lands in the neighbourhood have already to some extent come into the hands of Montrealers, we believe.

A REMARKABLE development in industrial art was exhibited at Quebec, in a stocking-knitting machine, which will turn out a handsome sock in seven minutes. If it should be found possible to bring the price of this little hand-loom down to the level of the general means of the people, what a resource might not here be availed of for making the winter evenings conducive to the common stock of the family, or even for providing work for great numbers of the unemployed in the cities. After the whole population had got itself suited with warm underfooting, there would still be a demand in countries beyond our own borders for articles produced with so much cheapness and rapidity.

Will the managers of the, in many respects, well equipped South Eastern Counties Railway be good enough to look to their platform at Sutton Junction Station—the feeder, as it is, for a most beautiful part of the Eastern Townships? Quite recently it had developed such a slope in the boards that there was some risk of a passenger's feet coming into acquaintance with the wheels of the engine. We do not think we shall hurt the feelings of the Directors, who will rather welcome our reminder in their own and the public interest.

A DEBT of gratitude is due to MR. BLAKE for his Act prohibiting the carriage of firearms and other lethal weapons on the person, except in very special cases. We hail the measure, together with that for the suppression of gambling on the steamers, railway cars, etc., as an evidence that our politicians are giving some attention to the social needs of the time. If we may believe the journals, other measures will follow in furtherance of similar important objects.

IN deference to a patriotic requisition from Eastern Ontario for "No Water Stretches," the navigable rivers of the North-West will of course be done away with. The difficulty that presents itself is to know where to make a beginning—and in the interval we can all try to appreciate the grand provision that is there found for the services of man.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN CANADA.

According to the census of 1871, the population of the four Provinces which at first formed the Canadian Confederation, is, 3,485,761. That of the Province of Quebec is 1,191,516. The French population of the four Provinces is 1,082,940. That of the Province of Quebec is 929,817, or over 26 per cent of the population of the Dominion. The influence of so large a population of French origin, massed in one Province, makes the question of the character and influence of the French language in Canada one of vital importance to the whole country. The character of a people largely depends upon the literature their language opens up for them, and the religious thought with which it is associated. The isolation which must exist between the French people of Canada and the majority of the population of the continent must affect the former even more than the latter. Hence the tendencies of the French language, in their influence on our national destiny, are of interest to both scholars and statesmen. Besides, there is a peculiar value in a language, viewed in itself, which may decide, to a great extent, the propriety or impropriety of its preservation.

The study of language contributes no small share to the solution of important questions raised by other branches of science or philosophy. It aids in the comprehension of the complex nature of man. It unfolds and illustrates human history. It aids in the solution of problems of metaphysics and religion. By it, we are enabled, to a considerable degree, to test the authorship and age of ancient documents. By the laws it reveals, we are enabled to predict many probabilities of the future.

In Canada, we have a form of the French language which is peculiar to its own locality. Whether to call it a dialect, or a patois, or neither, is somewhat difficult to determine. A dialect is usually regarded as a local branch of a language, distinguished from other branches of the same language mainly by peculiarities of pronunciation, and possessing a literature in which these peculiarities are marked by the spelling. A patois is taken to be a dialect which has lost its literature, and has become only a spoken idiom. Thus, in ancient Greece, there were the Attic, Ionic, Doric, and Aeolic dialects, whose memory is perpetuated in the works respectively of Xenophon, Herodotus, Theocritus, and Sappho. In modern Greek, we have the dialect of Asia Minor, the Chiotic, the Cretan, the Cyprian, the Ploponnesian, and the dialect of the Ionian Islands. In English, we have the dialects of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, and many others. What Max Muller calls the dialects of the Friesian Islands may be taken as examples of what are called by the French word patois, a Friesian literature having existed in the 12th century, but none such being now found. The French language as spoken in Canada has a literature and a peculiar pronunciation; but the latter is not marked in the literature of the country by any general peculiarity in spelling, so that it scarcely accords with the definition of a dialect. Its pronunciation is quite different from that of Lyons or Orleans; but it has a literature, though no one at a distance from Canada, in reading that literature, would suspect the existence of a pronunciation different from that which prevails in the best society of France. Indeed, so pure is the French of M. Faucher de St. Maurice, that its Canadian origin was publicly denied. M. Hector Fabre, M. Chauveau, M. Garneau, together with Osmaze, Franchette, Lemay, Routher, Marmette, Benjamin Sulte, and others, are writers whose productions have been favourably compared with the works of some of the best authors of modern France. In the United States, English is spoken with peculiarities of pronunciation, expressions and idioms, some of which are but the heir-looms of English shires from which the ancestors of many Americans emigrated; yet no one thinks of calling the English spoken south of the line forty-five either a dialect or a patois. The French spoken in the Province of Quebec is in precisely the same circumstances, and is, properly speaking, neither a dialect nor a patois; nor does it branch off into dialects of its own. Different localities have their various terms which custom has sanctioned, and which are often not used beyond those localities; and the whole country uses terms not considered correct in France to-day; but the French of Gaspé is, on the whole, the same as that of Manitoba. Thus, along the line of the Intercolonial Railway, one hears a fence-rail called pieu and not perche; an embankment is tambe and not cochon. At Rivière-du-Loup, the clearing out of a ditch is represented by the verb chasser; at Rimouski, by enter; at Trois-Pistoles, by sider. In Montreal, a certain kind of fried cake known in France as crêpequinte is called baguette, and in Quebec, crêpequinte. A hay-bale is, in Montreal, greenier-afin, and in Quebec, as in France, feuil. The shafts of a vehicle are called taucail instead of haucards. Reins (of harness) are in one place called gaudes, and in another, coedevine. Loin-gue is used for langue. Edisse is used for bâtiment; dévaat for feu; patouque, a corrupt form of patate, for pomme-de-terre; intellète for intelligence; and pas capable for je ne puis, or je ne peux pas. Smoke is often called bouano and not fumée. Gooseberry is gulle and not grosseille. The furniture of a church is often called ménage and not mobilier. Nevertheless, the language, as a whole, over the entire country, amongst educated and uneducated alike, is the same.

The history of Canada unfolds the fact that the sources of the earliest streams of immigration are found around the northwestern shores of France, chiefly in the vicinity of the Golfe de St. Malo. The names Dieppe and Rouen, in Normandy; of St. Malo, in Bretagne; and of LaRochele, in Anjou, are the first to occur in the accounts of early attempts at settlement. The settlers were chiefly peasants, sailors, and soldiers, under the leadership of priests, traders, and noblemen. The time of the earliest permanent settlement was in 1608, two years before the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravaillic. The first birth of a child of French parents was that of Eustache Martin, son of Abraham Martin and Marguerite Langlois, at Quebec, on the 24th of May, 1621. In 1663, the colonists numbered 2000. (Boyd, Hist. Can., p. 29.) In 1665, a large immigration so increased the population that in 1667 it numbered 4312. (p. 31.) In 1682, it amounted to 10,000. (p. 34.) In 1703, it was 15,000. (p. 39); in 1736, 40,000. (p. 42); in 1750, 65,000. As Canada was ceded to England in 1763, it will be seen that the bulk of the French population arrived in Canada during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

From the review of the sources of the population, the character and social position of the

people, and the time of their immigration, we can ascertain the relation of the language spoken by the colonists to that of their native land both then and now.

After Gaul had been conquered by Caesar, the low Latin of his soldiers, with an almost imperceptible Keltic element and a larger amount of Teutonic speech, gradually developed, north of a line drawn from LaRochele to Grenoble, into the Langue d'Oil. This, again, on the lips of different tribes, separated into four leading dialects, — Norman, Picard, Burgundian, and French, or the dialect of Ile de France. In 987, Hugh Capet, duke of France, was elected King; and then commenced the growth of the political power of that ancient Province which, after less than four centuries, saw at its feet Berri, Picardie, Touraine, Normandy, Languedoc, and Champagne. The subjection of Normandy took place in 1204, A.D. The dialect of Ile de France then prevailed, first in the official records of the conquerors, and afterwards in the literary works of the country, while the Norman dialect sank into a mere patois. The abandonment of the last remnant of the Latin declensions in the fourteenth century marks the division of modern French from ancient French. The French of the 15th century is complete; and, in the 16th century, during which the founding of Canada took place, the French became the court, legal and literary language from the Seine to the Loire. For more than four centuries, the Norman dialect had been subjected to this growing French. In the Channel Islands, it had been cut off from its communication with the changing influences of the continent at the end of the 12th, or the beginning of the 13th century, when England, under King John, lost Normandy, but retained those islands. In its home on the mainland, therefore, the Norman must have ceased to exert any greater influence than that which might arise from such local peculiarities of expression and pronunciation as those which the habits of an illiterate people would preserve amid the changes of centuries.

At the time when Canada was founded, Parisian French was less correct than that of the quarter from which the mass of the early settlers of Canada proceeded. In the first French Grammar ever published, written in London by an Englishman, John Palsgrave, in 1530, and now so rare that only one copy exists in France, the author reproaches the Parisians for substituting the letter z for r, as they said Parisiens and Mares for Parisiens and Mares. (Angel, Hist. F. Lit. p. 22.) An examination of the classics of the Augustan age of French literature will prove that some things now regarded as oddities that the French of Canada is a degenerate patois were the standard pronunciations of the times preceding and during the most brilliant period of the French theatre. The three sounds which most distinguish the French-Canadian pronunciation are those of the diphthong ou, the syllable ou, and the letter a, which are sounded respectively ou, a, and ou. Brachet, in his Etymological Dictionary (introd. p. lix.) tells us that, in reference to the first of these sounds, the words ouest, loi, foi, ou, were pronounced by Moliere, Louis XIV. and, in the case of the word ou, as late as 1730, by Lafayette, ouestou, fou, loi, ou. The modern Parisian sounds were noticed as peculiar even by Palsgrave, and were laughed at as vulgar and clownish by Moliere. That Brachet is correct may be seen from a couplet found in Le Miroir, Act. I., Sc. I.:

Lorsqu'un homme vous vient embrasser avec joie, Il faut bien le payer de la même monnaie.

The last words were evidently intended to make rhyme; but, as Parisians now pronounce and spell the words, joie and embrasser cannot do so; joie must have been pronounced joie. Our editor, M. Dubois, appends to these lines the following note: "Joie et embrasser ne font pas plus aujour d'hui."

We are not without evidence that the French-Canadian pronunciation of the letter a is that of the Norman invaders of England. We all know how it is pronounced by those military "swells" who, under the new regulations of the army in England, cannot think of obeying the commands of one who has been raised from the ranks to be their superior officer, or who are rendered indignant by the presence of a "blasted fence." Earle, in his "Philology of the English Tongue," (pp. 117, 121, 161,) shows that this pronunciation is, doubtless, a remnant of the influence exerted upon English speech by the Norman invaders. His remarks are borne out by Chaucer, whose Chauntecleer, Messchaunce, Caunterbury, and Flaundes might be added to the examples given by Earle. That the representation of the French, as well as the Saxon a by ou is not confined to nasal syllables is evident from the word lough (lawb), which Earle quotes as an example. The Rev. M. Lafleur informed me that Athanasie Coquerel, père, used, only 25 years ago, to pronounce the letter a with the sound ou, as French Canadians do now. Hyde Clarke, in his "Handbook of Comparative Philology," p. 5, says: "Thus in France there are those who have heard the vowel a called by the old men ou, which is now made ah."

I once passed two Canadian women who were conversing aloud; and, as I passed, I caught the remark of one and the reply of the other: C'est pau moué, and c'est verd. On another occasion, on asking what was the matter with a broken wagon, I received the answer, Le spring est cassé. In these short sentences were combined the marked peculiarities of Canadian pronunciation of French; yet the sounds were not

those of a corrupted speech, but of one that has outlived the changes of many centuries. A friend of mine once overheard in one sentence three marked Norman peculiarities of Canadian French: 'inqu'un p'tit brin à c'heure. That the prevailing language of the province of Quebec, while tinged with Norman peculiarities, is, nevertheless, not Norman but French, or the product of Ile de France, may be seen by a comparison of it with the literature of the Channel Islands, and with the early literature of Normandy. Of these islands, the most important in this connection is Guernsey; for Alderney, lying nearest to England, has become most subject to English influences on its speech; and Jersey, lying nearest to France, has become more subject to the influences of that country, while Guernsey has retained the Norman dialect the purest of all. I shall first quote from a work written in 1871 by Denys Corbet, and entitled: *Les Fécilles de la Fougère*. The first lines of the Dedication are as follows:

"V'là l'esprit, l'oeur, et la vouaix
D'yun qui rime au fond du bouaix.

Few persons would confound the pronunciation of *vo-ah-ee* for *voix*, *yun* for *un*, and *bo-ah-ee* for *bois*, with the sounds heard in Montreal, Quebec, or St. Hyacinthe.

The following stanza is from a poem entitled *L'Élai*, a Bourguignon expression for *L'été*:

"Savoids l'art de vivre bien,
Et d'être toujours content!
C'est de n'être gêné de rien
Et d'prendre tout tai qui vient:

"Si fait calme, ou s'il y'a du vent,
Si fait caud, ou si fait fred,
Priaiz l'bonan Guiu, r'merciaiz l'en
Et vous serai, ma té, d'qué."

Who ever hears in Canada *terjous* for *toujours*, *ch'est* for *c'est*, *généur* for *général*, *caud* for *chaud*, *fé* for *foi*, or *d'qué* for *de quoi*? The word *fred*, with the final *d* pronounced, reminds us of the French-Canadian *frette*, and *l'bonan Guiu* recalls the familiar *le bon Dieu*; but who ever hears *taï* for *tranquille*? *Tai* is doubtless from the vulgar Latin *tacere* for *taçere*, and this again contracted into *taïr*, then changed into *tair*, from the participle of which the adjective and the adverb *tait*, spelled in Guernsey *taï*, would arise. The following lines from the poem *Es Tortevélais* contain some sounds that would puzzle a French-Canadian:

"—A reformair Guernesi,
En maquière ecclésiastique,
(Mon Dou, coum chu long mot stique
Dans la garguette) et vol' part,
Quiq (tohik) biau jour."

On looking over these poems, I find many familiar expressions, often with a slight difference of pronunciation, such as *et pis*, *à c'heure*, *hain*, *fé*, and *brin*; but, on the whole, the difference between the insular Norman and the French of Canada is quite marked.

About the end of the 14th, or the beginning of the 15th century, three centuries after the conquest of Normandy by Ile de France, a fuller, Olivier Basselin, wrote, in Normandy, some drinking songs entitled *Vaux-de-Vire*, from the valley of the little river Vire. One of these songs is called *Les Vaux*. The first stanza will show that the French of Normandy had, after two hundred years from the final separation of the Channel Islands from France, become very much what the French of Canada is to-day, but quite different from the old Norman of those islands:

"Si j'ay un amy quand je boy,
Je voudray qu'il beust avec moy
Du meilleur vin que l'on peut boire;
Plus grand bien on ne me peut faire
Que de bon vin en m'abreuvant."

We have already seen that the peculiarity of pronunciation indicated by the rhyming of *boire* and *faire* marked the speech even of the highest classes of Paris in the 17th century. That a new pronunciation had, at the end of the 17th century, already supplanted that of Louis XIV may be seen from the following sentence taken from the "Caractères" of La Bruyère, first published in 1688:—"L'air de cour est contagieux: il se prend à V— comme l'accent normand à Rouen ou à Falaise." It is not the French of Canada, then, that has changed, or become degenerate. It is the French of Paris which, moulded by the growing influence of the lower orders, has abandoned its old pronunciation for one farther removed than that of Canada from its source in the Merovingian Latin and the Latin of Caesar's Roman soldiery. The sounds formerly prevalent were no longer heard in Versailles, but had retained their hold upon the inhabitants of Rouen and Falaise. Philologically viewed, then, the French of Canada is purer than that of Paris. That the Canadian French is not a corruption of the French of Paris may be seen from separate expressions, as well as from pronunciation. I choose but one. Canadians are condemned for the interchange of *chaque* and *chacun*, the former being an adjective and the latter a pronoun, and so not properly interchangeable. A French-Canadian often says, for instance, "Ces bœufs pésent mille livres chaque" for "mille livres chacun." But an examination of old documents reveals the fact that the distinction between *chaque* and *chacun* is comparatively a novelty. Littré says, "C'est une faute de dire: ces chapeaux ont coûté vingt francs chaque; il faut, vingt francs chacun." The fault here condemned, then, is not peculiar to Canada, and could not have been taken thence to France, and is, therefore, an old expression. Littré gives no quotations to prove the incorrectness of it older than the 16th cen-

tury. With reference to *chacun*, however, he gives quotations as old as the 12th century to prove that it was then used as *chaque* is now. From the Book of Psalms, p. 178, he quotes the following: "Chesquins luem (homme) est mençungiers;" and, from another authority, he gives "entres ses bras il prist chacun baron," and "Chascuns paiens en baissa le menton." Even as late as the 17th century we find La Fontaine saying, (Book II., Fab. 20, p. 99), doubtless after antique fashion:—

"..... Comment comprendre
Qu'aussitôt que chacune sœur
Ne possèdera plus sa part héréditaire,
Il lui faudra payer sa mère!"

In the "Edit de mai, 1619," of the "Edits, Ordonnances Royaux, Déclarations, et Arrêts du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, concernant le Canada," Louis XIV, speaking of the collection of *dizmes*, says: "Il sera au choix de chacun curé de les lever par ses mains, &c." If the French Canadian idiom is ungrammatical, it is, therefore, rather from changes that have taken place in the opinions of the grammarians of France than from corruption in the French of Canada.

The scientific value of the French language in Canada is not confined to its merely historical relations, but is seen in its illustrations and confirmation of leading philological principles. It is well known that the French language has a peculiar value in philology from the fact that nearly all its changes, from the Latin out of which it sprang, are preserved in documentary form. To some degree, the ends attained by consulting the archives of France are possible from the living pronunciation, idioms, and expressions of Canadian parishes and towns. In the preservation of ancient forms in the living speech of to-day, and in the light thrown by them on various questions of interest in philology, it is not wanting in analogy to the modern Greek.

The laws of linguistic growth may, perhaps, be grouped under the heads of inherent tendencies and outward circumstances.

One of the fundamental principles of linguistic science is that, while "nature is wasteful of time," she "is sparing of effort." The principle is embodied in what is called the law of ease, or of least exertion, and occurs as one phase of inherent tendency. In common conversation expressions are shortened, giving a certain rapidity to the speech. This is proverbially common amongst French-Canadians. An expression very commonly heard is *'ienque*, as in *'ienqu'un p'tit brin for rien qu'un peu*. *Viens ici* becomes in the mouth of almost every mother who calls her child, *'iens cite* (pronounced *yin cite*). For *je crois que c'est ici*, we hear *Je crais (cré) qu'c'est cite* (*saitte cite*). For an explanation of the pronunciation of the adverb *ici*, with the sound of *t* at the end of it, we must go back to the 12th century. At that time, the Latin *ecce iste*, after having passed through the intermediate form *eccite*, had attained the form *icist*, which became in old French *cest*, and finally, the modern demonstrative adjective *cet*. The form *icist* became, also, *cist*, as now pronounced in Canada. (See Brachet, Hist. F. Gram, p. 113, and Etym. F. Dict. Art. Ce). If any one objects to this derivation by saying that the word *cist* in old French was an adjective, while the Canadian word is an adverb, I must remind him of the adage *omnis pars orationis migrat in adverbium*. Besides, Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," gives the two forms *eci* and *ecit* for the adverb *ici*, as used in the old Province of Berri. The derivation of this being the same as that of the demonstrative, the evidence seems to prove that the adjective was subsequently used as an adverb, and that the Canadian word, instead of being a corruption, by the addition in some inexplicable way of a *t*, is but one of many old forms handed down from the earliest times.

Another instance of the operation of the law of ease is found in the expression, *j'ai té l'qu'ri* for *j'ai été le querir*, which, in modern French, would be represented by *je suis allé*, or *je viens de le chercher*. Here, it must be noticed, from the elision of the middle vowel of *querir*, that the form used by the people must be the older form of the verb, which is found without any accent on the *e*, as in old French, nothing is more marked than the retention, even in shortened words, of the original accentuation. The absence of the French accent on *querir*, as well as the termination *ir*, arose from a previous misplacement of the Latin accent of *querere* from the first to the second syllable, thus producing a shortening of the first Latin syllable. We have thus another evidence that Canadian French is not a corruption, but a form singularly attached to its primitive associations.

Other instances of the operation of this law are the use of *aneler* for *agueler*, *bandelière* for *bandoulière*, *lessie* for *lessive*, *ligneu* for *ligneuil*, *tréfe* for *trêfle*, *que don* for *écoute donc*, and *aller à la drive* for *aller à la dérive*.

Another source of changes in language which finds illustration in the French of Canada is international intercourse. This comes under the law of circumstances. Languages become strangely mixed in their vocabulary, whether their grammatical structure remains permanent or not; and the language of French Canada is no exception. The conquest of Canada by England has left, and is leaving, its impress on the vocabulary of the French. To a very small degree, the French influences the English, too. I have received letters from teachers in Quebec, in which the French custom of not capitalizing adjectives of nation, when they do not point out persons, was adopted in English. The same practice is visible in printed official documents. The vicinity of the United States is not without its in-

fluence on the French. It produces a peculiar effect to hear such expressions as *la sope*, *le sink*, *le coffe*, *la mop*, *le washboard*, *la sauce-pan*, *la dust-pan*, *le boil-eur*, *mouover*, *cleaner*, *mopper*, *la hose*, *le main-track*, *le baggage-car*, *les passengers*, *le steam-bble*, *mettez mon coat*, and *le steamer*.

On two pages of a little dictionary of French-Canadian barbarisms and solecisms, I counted ten anglicisms in 68 words, and on another page of 30 words there are six anglicisms. These appear in the field of manufactures, law and legislation, mental processes and religion, commerce and social life. Under the head of manufactures are *bogué*, *cap*, both for the head and the gun, *cracker*, *drill* for *couteil*, *facterie*, *pumps*, *servir* *apprentissage*, for *faire*, *ec.*, *stage* and *sulky*. Under law and legislation may be put *aspersions*, for *diffamations*, *bill* for *loi*, *faire des appropriations* for *des octrois*, *police-man* and *rappel d'une loi* for *révocation*, *ec.* Under mental processes and religion occur *être consistant* for *conséquent*, and *entretenir des doutes* for *avoir* or *concevoir*, *ec.*, and *délivrer un discours* for *prononcer*, *ec.* Under commerce may be placed *artichaut* de Jérusalem for *topinambour*, *faire application* d'une charge for *faire la demande*, *ec.*, *anticiper un succès* for *espérer*, *ec.*, *barlé* for *orge*, *cheque* for *bon*, and many others. The adoption of *bar*, *brandé*, *gin*, *peppermint*, *sherry*, and *bully*, is very significant. Faucher de St. Maurice in his work with the peculiarly Canadian and musical title *A la Brunante*, page 252, notices also *enshalouer* and *ascertainés*.

While treating of international intercourse, it may not be uninteresting to trace the date of the advent of the common words of French Canada in the term *gazette* (from the Italian *gazetta*) the popular word for *journal*. In it, we trace Canadian terms to the day when Italian influence transformed the manners, thoughts and language of France. In some country parts, however, this word has been abandoned for *papier*, which corresponds better to the English word "paper." This leads to an examination of the influence of education, or the want of it, on the language of French Canada.

The Protestant portion of the population of the Province of Quebec is 171,666 or slightly over 14 per cent. of the whole, the majority of the remainder being French. The non-readers over twenty years of age in 1871 were 191,862, or over 35 per cent. of the population of the province, and over 64 per cent. of the non-readers of the four provinces which originally formed the Dominion, these being 299,575. The non-writers were 244,731, or over 45 per cent. of the population of the province, and over 59 per cent. of the non-writers of the Dominion, these being 412,142. The population under 20 years of age in the Province of Quebec in 1871, was 657,612. Those under 6 years of age were 216,185. The minors over six were, consequently, 441,427. Those between 6 and 16 were 310,875. By the Report of Education for 1872-73, p. XXIV, there were 223,014 scholars at school, or 33 per cent. only of the juvenile population, leaving 434,598 of the youth of the province who were receiving no scholastic instruction. If school age is reckoned from 6 to 16, and if those between 16 and 20 are supposed to be engaged in some lucrative employment, there would still be 87,861 children of school age receiving no instruction. These, of course, are principally French. From the exhibit made in Philadelphia, we may learn the character of the education given to those at school, and the prospects for the growth of an intelligent people amongst the French speaking population of Canada. Of 490 newspapers published in the Dominion, Quebec boasts of 115, while Ontario has 175. Of the 115, the French papers number 22. Thus, while the Protestant 14 per cent. support 93 newspapers, the French 86 per cent. support but 22. Amongst the literary class of the French Canadians, which is larger than that of Ontario, and which, in certain branches, as classics and mathematics, has received a good education, there circulates a mass of native literature not generally believed to exist, and of a very superior character. A visit to the shelves of the M.M. Rolland will convince anyone of the truth of this remark. In their catalogue, six pages are filled with the titles of works purely French Canadian, many of them being of great merit and polish. Yet the masses of the French who do read receive for their intellectual food, either works of devotion or novels of the Eugène Sue and the Alexandre Dumas stamp, with works generally of a light and amusing character.

The low condition of popular education is seen in the language itself. It is not difficult to tell when words in popular use are gathered from reading or from hearing. The use of the eye tends to accuracy in the pronunciation, while that of the ear only is subject to many influences tending to produce changes in the forms of words. Syllables are added or dropped, and words with similar sounds but different meanings are confounded. Thus, we have *acculer* for *éculer*, *agrayer* for *agréer*, *s'agripper* for *s'agripper*, *amancher* for *emmancher*, *arêche* for *arête*, *assavoir* for *savoir*, *bieler* for *bigler*, *caneçon* for *caleçon*, *carnas* for *cadenas*, *castonade* for *cassonade*, *chassepareille* for *salsepareille*, &c. We have *parafafe* for *balafre*, a gash in the face, while its own meaning is bad writing, an unfinished stroke; and we find *vent derrière* used for *vent arrière*. So we have *prendre un autre rein* de vent for *rumb de vent*, *rein*, a kidney, being used for *rumb*, a rumb line, in an expression which means to sail on another angle with the meridian. We have, also, *ruelle de veau* for *rouelle de veau*, a round slice of veal, *ruelle* being a lane. In a similar way,

find *cousin remattre de germain*, a perfectly nonsensical expression for *cousin remué de germain*, a cousin removed from german, or the nearest relationship. We have, likewise, the expression *affranchir une nation sauvage*, for *civiliser*, &c., and *affranchir un arbre* for *greffer*, &c. Another word is *lêlé* for *taie* in *taie d'oreiller*, a pillow-case. Such expressions, even apart from the census returns, reveal the meagre share of that education which trains the eye to distinguish between the correct and the incorrect in the forms of words.

Under the head of education may be placed the very numerous marine terms which changed habits have applied to operations on land, and which must have been first employed on ship-board, or on the shores where the first French immigrants settled, and carried on their business.

An instance is given in *prendre un autre rein de vent*, to sail on another tack. So, when one enters a vehicle, he is said to *embarquer*, if he never saw a vessel or the sea; and when he dismounts from his horse, he is to *débarquer*. The French Canadian is often said, not to *gâter son habit*, but to *abîmer* it, or swallow it up in an abyss. The term *caler*, too, which was mentioned before, as being used for the clearing out, or lowering, of a ditch, properly means lowering a sail of a vessel.

Under the head of education, as preserving certain forms of expression, may be mentioned the influence of hereditary superstition and rites. I will notice only two of these, *loup-garou* and *guignolé*. *Garou* is from the mediæval Latin *gerulphus*, and this again from the old German *werewulf*, the man wolf. The ancient Gauls believed that at certain seasons, some men became wolves, and roamed at night. By the term *loup-garou*, the French-Canadian of to-day understands a man who, after faithfully serving the devil for seven years, without turning his heart to God, has power to become a roaming wolf, spreading terror amid the simple peasantry. The Gallic superstition had not abandoned Canada twenty-four years ago, at which time I saw one of these men of terror.

For the origin of the term *guignolé*, I am indebted to M. le Mettayer-Masselin de Guichinville. It refers to a custom of singing from door to door, and sometimes collecting alms, on the night of December 31st. M. le Mettayer traces the word to *qui de l'an neuf*, the mistletoe of the new year, which has been corrupted to *guignolé*. At the very sound of it, we are carried back to the times of Druidic worship in the forests of Gaul; and we wonder at the tenacity of old forms of life and speech amongst people who have no knowledge of the origin of the practices they celebrate.

The length of this paper forbids the discussion of the bearing of Canadian French on these problems of physical necessity, of the nature and limits of freedom of will in man, and of the probable future influence of the French language on the destinies of Quebec and the Dominion, which are of interest to us as thinkers and patriots. If thought desirable, these topics may, some day, be made the basis of another paper.

JAMES ROY.

Montreal, Oct. 23, 1877.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

Charing Cross hotel is an averagely large hotel as such buildings go. Yet it is being enlarged considerably. A separate block of buildings is being erected on a site which has been cleared between Villiers-street and Buckingham-street. It is intended to have the new buildings ready by the time fixed for the opening of the French International Exhibition. The additional buildings will be for bedrooms exclusively, and be approached by an ornamental bridge carried across Villiers-street, at an elevation of thirty-five feet.

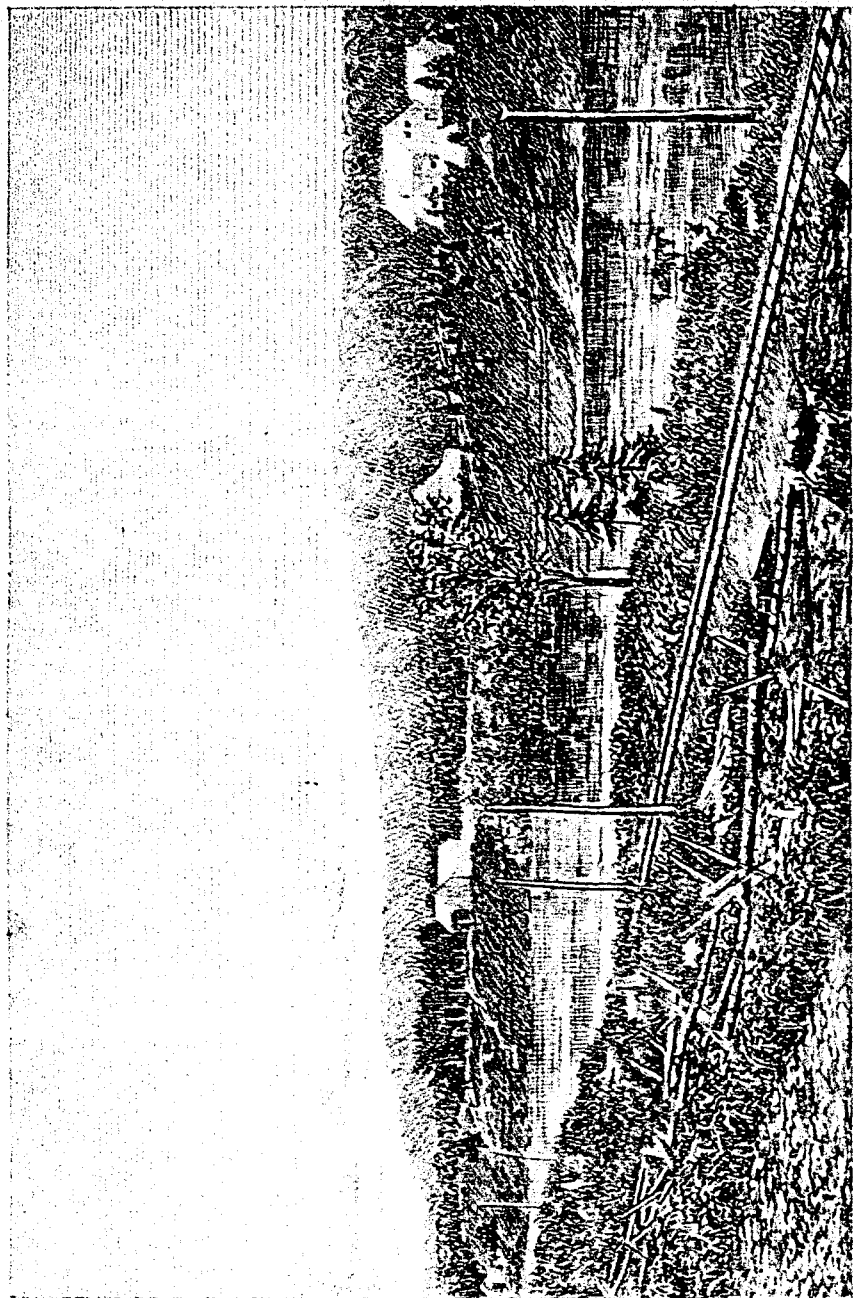
MANY eminent men have declined the dignity of knighthood because they could not afford to pay the necessary fee, or thought the title not worth its cost; and now two towns—Truro and St. Ann's—that have been raised to the rank of cities, in consequence of having been made the seats of new bishoprics, have had to pay something like £100 each in fees for patents, etc. Surely it is not right that men or towns that the Queen honours should be thus subjected to a pecuniary mulct. Royal favours should, like mercy, bless the giver and the receiver.

In 1873, Olrik, a member of the Danish Royal Academy, exhibited at Burlington House a portrait of the Princess of Wales, which was universally admired. The Princess had herself taken a great interest in the work of her countryman, and had granted him fourteen sittings, of which, it must be said, he made the most. When it was finished she declared it to be the best yet done of her. It was determined to engrave it, and M. Ballin has undertaken the task. He also has done his work so well that the Princess desired a *fac simile* of her autograph to be attached to every copy of the work.

ARTISTIC.

It is reported that Mme. Thiers is making arrangements to buy the house at Marseilles in which her husband was born, and that it is her intention to install a museum therein, composed of a portion of the late ex-President's art collection.

At the forthcoming winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, it has been decided to include a large number of drawings and studies by the old masters, as well as water-colour drawings by deceased painters of the English school. Her Majesty has consented to lend a portion of the splendid collection from Windsor.



FOLLY LAKE.



RIVIERE DU LOUP BRIDGE.



MILSTREAM I. C. R.



RESTIGOUCHÉ.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON.

BISHOP THOMAS HUBAND GREGG, D.D.

The new Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, consecrated for the Realm of Great Britain and Ireland, is a son of the Rev. Francis Thornton Gregg (B.A., M.A., B.D., and D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin), for nearly forty years a Rector in the Church of England.

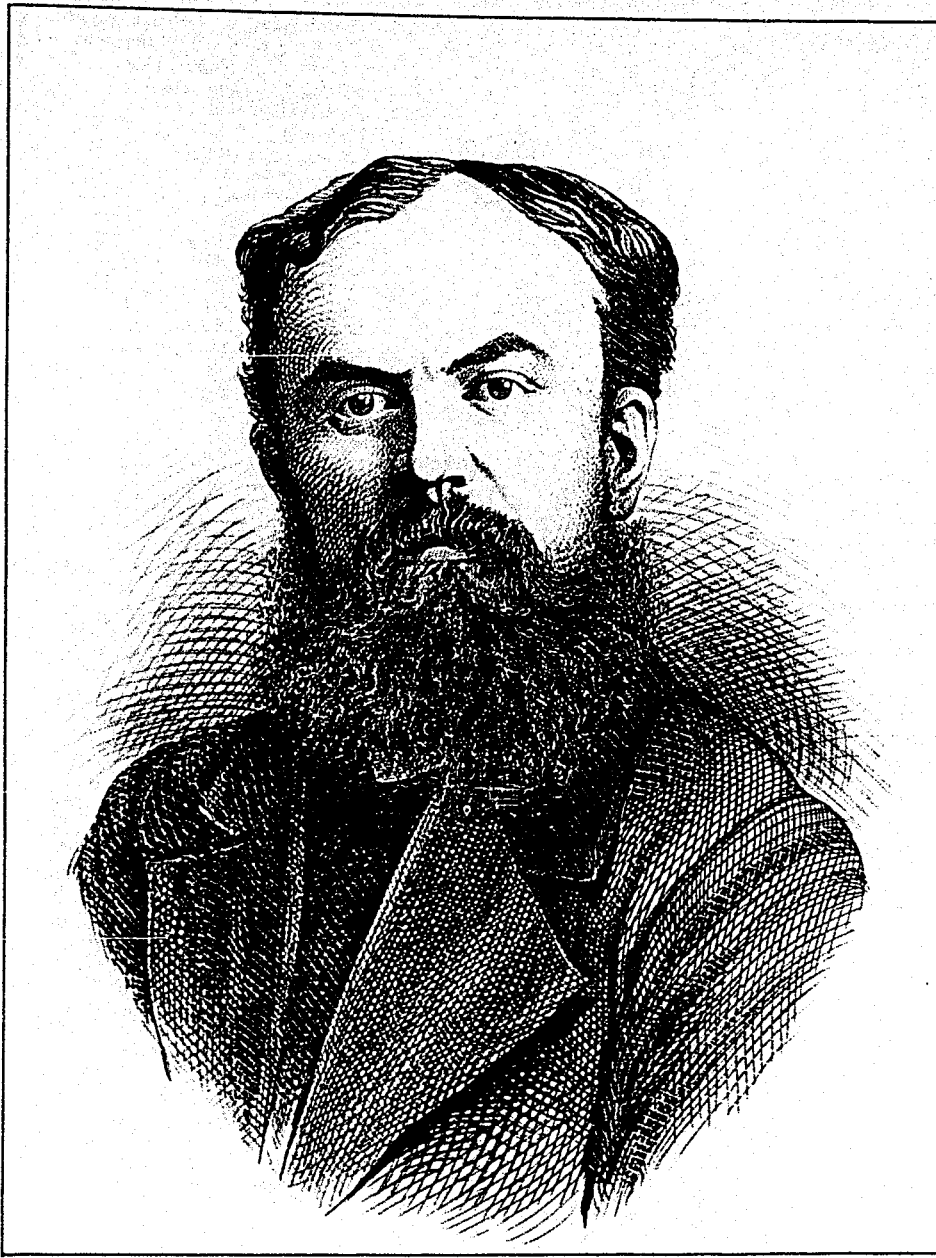
He was born March 1, 1840; baptized March 8, 1840; confirmed June 23rd, 1856, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Whateley; and has taken all his degrees, after pursuing the regular curriculum (in Arts B.A., and M.A.; in Medicine M.B., and M.D.; in Divinity, B.D., and D.D.), in Trinity College, in the University of Dublin. He also holds the special Divinity Testimonial of the University of Dublin, and is a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. He was ordained "Deacon" September, 1863, and "Priest" September, 1864, in Salisbury Cathedral, by the Right Rev. W. K. Hamilton, D.D., then Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the Presbyters who assisted in the imposition of hands being the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester; the Ven. Archdeacon Harris, afterwards Bishop of Bombay, the Rev. H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, London, and Professor in the University of Oxford, and others.

On the 15th of December, 1869, he was preferred to the Vicarage of East Harborne, near Birmingham, in the Diocese of Lichfield, England, and was Vicar of that Parish at the time of his admission to the Reformed Episcopal Church in May, 1877.

His publications on Medical, Protestant, and Temperance subjects have been widely circulated through the British Empire, more than a quarter of a million of copies of tracts from his pen having been sold and distributed. One of his brothers has been High Sheriff of the County of Longford, Ireland, and another is a high science honour-man and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He is a brother-in-law of Sir Charles Leslie, Bart., the murder of whose father in the Indian Mutiny is historic.

He was elected a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church at the fifth General Council held in Philadelphia in May, 1877, and was consecrated a Bishop in the first Reformed Episcopal Church, New York City, on Wednesday, June 20, 1877.

The Consecrators were Bishops Samuel Fallows, D.D.; Charles Edward Cheney, D.D.; and William R. Nicholson, D.D., assisted by a number of Presbyters; Bishop Cheney preaching the sermon and Bishop Fallows, presiding Bishop, presiding. Bishop Gregg returned to England,

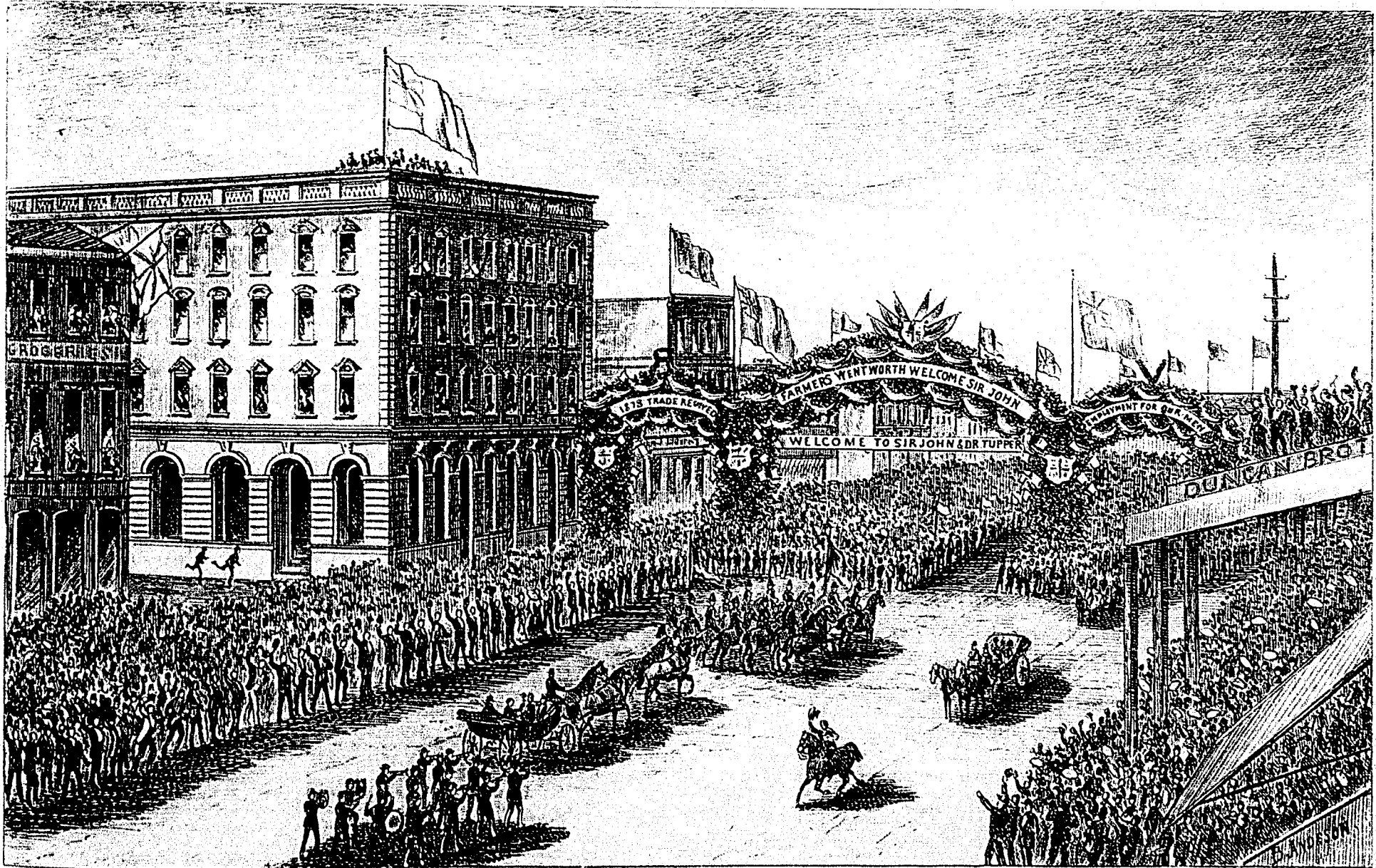


BISHOP THOMAS HUBAND GREGG, D.D., OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

accompanied by Bishop Fallows, on June 23rd, and arrived at Liverpool, July 4th, 1877. In addition to his Episcopal work Bishop Gregg will have charge of a church at Southend, Essex, near London. This church is composed of persons formerly in the Church of England.

SLEEP.—Sleep, Dr. W. A. Hammond says, may be defined as general repose. Almost all the organs rest during sleep. The heart rests six hours out of the twenty-four. The brain is constantly employed during wakefulness. It is true that sleep does not obtain the brain a total recess from labour; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place, but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been used during wakefulness is to a certain extent reformed. Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labour need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people, because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

RUSSIA'S DESIGNS ON TURKEY.—The following extracts from the "Table Talk of Napoleon the First" are extremely interesting at the present moment. "One day," Napoleon said, "I could have shared the Turkish empire with Russia; we had discussed the question more than once. Constantinople always saved it. This capital was the great embarrassment, the true stumbling-block. Russia wanted it, and I could not grant it. It is too precious a key; it alone is worth an empire; whoever possesses it can govern the world." "All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first his proposals pleased me, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominion who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted Constantinople, which I could not consent to, as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."



HAMILTON.—RECEPTION OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD. ARCHES ON KING STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. ANDERSON.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LA VIE DE PROVINCE.

The twenty-fourth of May was not only the Queen's birthday, and therefore kept a holiday in the port, with infinite official rejoicings and expenditure of powder, but also Celia's as well. On that account it was set apart for one of the Tyrrells' four annual dinners, and was treated as a church festival or fast day. This was the period of early Christianity, when any ecclesiastical days, whether of sorrowful or joyful commemoration, were marked by a better dinner than usual, and the presence of wine. On Ash Wednesday and Good Friday we had salt fish, followed, at the Tyrrells', by a sumptuous repast, graced by the presence of a few guests, and illustrated, so to speak, by a generous flow of port, of which every respectable Briton then kept a cellar, carefully labelled and laid down years before. The *novus homo* in a provincial town might parade his plate, his dinner service, his champagne—then reckoned a very ostentatious wine. He might affect singularity by preferring claret to port, and he might even invite his guests to drink of strange and unknown wines, such as Saunterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, or even Hock. But one thing he could not do: he could not boast of his old cellar, because everybody would know that he had bought it. Mr. Tyrrell was conscious of this, and being himself a *novus homo* he evaded the difficulty by referring his wine to the cellar of Mr. Pontifex, the husband of Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt. Now Mr. Pontifex was a man of good county family, and his port, laid down by his father before him, was not to be gainsaid by the most severe critic. Criticism, in our town, neglecting literature and the fine arts, confined itself to port in the first instance, municipal affairs in the second, and politics in the third. As the two latter subjects ran in well-known grooves, it is obvious that the only scope for original thought lay in the direction of port. Round this subject were grouped the choicest anecdotes, the sweetest flowers of fancy, the deepest yearnings of the Over-soul. A few houses were rivals in the matter of port. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, our old tutor, was acknowledged to have some '33 beyond all praise, but as he gave few dinner parties, on the score of poverty, there were not many who could boast of having tasted it. Little Dr. Roy had a small cellar brought from Newfoundland or New Brunswick, whither, as everybody knows, the Portugal trade carries yearly a small quantity of finer wine than ever comes to the London market. The Rev. John Pontifex inherited, as I have already said, a cellar by which Mr. Tyrrell was the principal gainer. There were two or three retired officers who had made good use of their opportunities on the Rock and elsewhere. And the rest were nowhere. As Mr. Broughton said, after an evening out of the "best" set, that is, the set who had cellars worth considering, the fluid was lamentable. Good or bad, the allowance for every guest at dinner was liberal, amounting to a bottle and a half a head, though seasoned toppers might take more. It was port, with rum and water, which produced those extraordinary noses which I remember in my childhood. There was the nose gurnished like Bartholp's with red blossoms; there was the large nose, swollen in all its length; there was the nose with the great red protuberance, wagging as the wearer walked, or agitated by the summer breeze; and there was the nose which paled while it grew, carrying in its general appearance, not a full-voiced song and pean of rum, like its brothers of the ruddy blossom and the ruby blob, but a gentle suspicion of long evening drinks and morning drams. Some men run to weight as they grow old; some dry up. It is matter of temperament. So some of those old toppers ran to red and swollen nose, rubicund of colour and bright with many a blossom; while some ran to a pallid hue and shrunken dimensions. It is true that these were old staggers,—the scanty remnant of a generation most of whom were long since tucked up in bed and fallen sound asleep. The younger men—of George Tyrrell's stamp—were more moderate. A simple bottle of port after dinner generally sufficed for their modest wants; and they did not drink rum at all. The Captain, for his part, took his rations regularly: a glass of port every day, and two on Sunday; a tumbler of grog every night and two on Sunday. To Sundays, as a good churchman, he added, of course, the feasts and festivals of the church.

Let us return to these occasions. On Good Friday, it was—it is still, I believe—*de rigueur* to make yourself ill by eating Hot Cross Buns, which were sold in the streets to the tune of a simple ditty, sung by the vendors. On Whitt Sunday, who so poor as not to have gooseberry-pie, unless the season was very backward? Lamb came in with the season. Easter eggs were not yet invented; but everybody put on something new for the day. The asceticism of Lent had no terrors for those who, like ourselves, began it with more than the customary feasting, conducted it without any additional services, broke its gloom by Mothering Sunday, and ended it by two feasts, separated by one day only. The hungriest Christian faced its terrors

with cheek unblanched and lips firm; he came out of it no thinner than when he went in; as for the spiritual use he made of that season, it was a matter for his conscience to determine, not for me to resolve. We marked its presence in church by draping the pulpit, reading desk, and clerk's desk with black velvet, instead of red. The Rev. Mr. Broughton always explained the bearings of Lent according to the ordinances of the church, and explained very carefully that fasting, in our climate, and in the northern latitude, was to be taken in a spiritual, not a carnal sense. It was never meant, he said, that Heaven's gifts were to be neglected, whatever the season might be. Nor was it intended by Providence, in the great Christian scheme, that we were to endanger the health of the body by excessive abstinence. This good shepherd preached what he practised, and practised what he preached. During Lent the hymns, until I became organist, were taken more slowly than at other seasons, so that it was a great time for the old ladies on the triangular brackets. The Captain, who had an undeveloped ear for music, said that caterwauling was not singing praises, but it was only fair to let every one have his watch, turn and turn about, and that if the commanding officer—meaning Mr. Broughton—allowed it, we had to put up with it. But he gave out the "hools" with an air of pitiful resignation. On Trinity Sunday, Mr. Broughton, in a discourse of twenty minutes, confronted the unbeliever, and talked him down with such an array of argument that when the benediction came there was nothing left of him. It is curious that whenever I, which is once a year, read that splendid encounter between Greathart and Apollyon, I always think of Mr. Broughton and Trinity Sunday. When Apollyon was quite worsted and we were dismissed, we went home to a sort of Great Grand Day dinner, a Gaudy, a City Feast, a Commemoration Banquet, to which all other Christian festivals, except Christmas, were mere trifles. For on Trinity Sunday, except when east winds were more protracted than usual, there were salmon, lamb, peas, duckling, early gooseberries, and asparagus.

From Trinity Sunday to Advent was a long stretch, unmarked by any occasions of feasting. I used to wonder why the church had invented nothing to fill up that space, and I commiserated the hard lot of dissenters, to whom their religion gave no times for feasting.

The influence of custom hedged round the whole of life for us. It even regulated the amount of our hospitalities. Things were expected of people in a certain position. The Tyrrells, for instance, could hardly do less than give four dinner-parties in the year. Others not in so good a position might maintain their social rank with two. Retired officers were not expected to show any hospitality at all. To be sure this concession was necessary unless the poor fellows, who generally had large and hungry families, were allowed to entertain, after the manner of Augustus Brambler, on bread and cheese. Mrs. Pontifex, again, who had very decided Christian views, but was of good county family, admitted her responsibilities by offering one annual banquet of the more severe order. A bachelor, like Mr. Verney Broughton, was exempt from this social tax. He gave very few dinners. To make up for this, he would ask one man at a time, and set before him such a reminiscence of Oriol in a solid dinner, with a bottle of crusted port after it, as to make that guest dissatisfied with his wife's catering for a month to come.

The guests were divided into sets, with no regard for their special fitness or individual likings, but simply in accordance with their recognised social status. The advantage of this arrangement was that you knew beforehand whom you would meet, and what would be talked about. I knew all the sets, because at most of these entertainments I was a guest, and at some a mere *umbra*, invited as *ami de famille* who would play and sing after dinner. On these occasions my profession was supposed to be merged in the more credible fact of my illustrious birth. When strangers came I never failed to overhear the whisper, after the introduction, "Count Pulaski in Poland, but refuses to bear the title in England. Of very high Polish family." One gets used to most things in time. Mr. Tyrrell divided his dinner guests into four sets. In October we had lawyers, one or two doctors, perhaps a clergyman, and their wives. At the summer feast (which was the most important, and was fixed with reference to the full moon for convenience of driving home), there were the important clients, who came in great state, in their own carriages. In February we entertained a humbler class of townspeople, who were also clients. And in December we generally entertained the Mayor and officers of the borough, a thing due to Mr. Tyrrell's connection with the Municipality. The May banquet was wholly of a domestic character. The dinners were solid and heavy, beginning early and lasting an immense time. After dinner the men sat for an hour or two consuming large quantities of port. "If this," Celia used to say, "is Society, I think, Laddy, that I prefer Solitude." She and

I used to sing and play duets together, after dinner, occasionally giving way to any young lady who expected to be asked to sing. The songs of the day were not bad, but they lasted too long. It is more than possible to tire, in the course of years, of such a melody as "Isle of Beauty" or "Love Not," (a very exasperating piece of long drawn music), or the "Sweet Young Page," a sentimentally beautiful thing; the men, some of whom had red faces after the port, mostly hung about the doors together, while the ladies affected great delight in turning over old albums and well-known portfolios of prints. Photographs began to appear in some provincial drawing-rooms in the early fifties, but they were not yet well established. It was a transition period. Keepsakes and books of beauty were hardly yet out of fashion, while portrait albums were only just beginning. Daguerreotypes, things which, regarded from all but one point of view, showed a pair of spectral eyes and nothing else, lay on the table in red leather cases. Mural decoration was an art yet in its infancy, and there must have been, now one comes to think of it, truly awful things to be witnessed in the shape of vases, jars, and ornamented mantel-shelves: the curtains, the carpets, the chairs, and the sofas were in colours not to be reconciled on any principle of art. And I doubt very much whether we should like, now, the fashion in which young ladies wore their hair, dressed their sleeves, and arranged their skirts. Fashion is the most wonderful of all human vanities; and the most remarkable thing about it is that whether a pretty girl disguises herself in Queen Anne's hoops, Elizabethan petticoats, immense Pompadour *coiffure*, Victorian crinoline, or Republican scantiness, whether she puts patches and paint on her cheek, whether she runs great rings through her nose, whether she wears a coal-scuttle for a bonnet, as thirty years ago, or an umbrella for a hat, as last year, whether she displays her figure as this year, or hides it altogether as fifteen years ago, whether she walks as nature meant her to walk or affects a stoop, whether she pretends in the matter of hair and waist, or whether she is content with what the gods have given her—she cannot, she may not, succeed in destroying her beauty. Under every disguise, the face and figure of a lovely woman are as charming, as bewitching, as captivating, as under any other. When it comes to young women who are not pretty—but, perhaps, as the large-hearted Frenchman said,—*il n'y en a pas*—there are no young women who are not pretty.

We were, then, ignorant of art in my young days. Art in provincial towns as commonly understood did not exist at all. To be sure, we had an art speciality of which we might have been proud. There was no place in the world which could or did turn out more splendid ship's figure heads. There was one old gentleman in particular, a genius in figure-head carving, who had his studio in the dockyard, and furnished Her Majesty's Navy with bows decorated in so magnificent a style that one who, like me, remembers them, is fain to weep in only looking at the figure-headless ironclads of the present degenerate days.

As for conversation after dinner, there was not much between the younger men and the ladies, because really there was hardly anything to talk about except one's neighbours. In London, probably, people talked much as they do now, but in a country town, as yet unexplored by Mudie or Smith, there could be very few topics of common interest between a young man and a girl. The great exhibition of 1851 did one great thing for country people; it taught them how easy it is to get to London, and what a mine of wealth, especially for after memory and purposes of conversation, exists in that big place. But remember that five and twenty years ago, in the family circle of a country town, there were no periodical visits to town, no holidays on the Continent, no new books, no monthly magazines; even illustrated newspapers were rarely seen; there was no love of art or talk of artistic principles, or art schools; there were no choral societies, no musical services; no croquet, or Badminton or lawn tennis. And yet people were happy. Celia's social circle was too limited to make her feel the want of topics of conversation with young men. No young man except myself was ever invited to the house, and of course I hardly counted. When the formal dinner parties were held, the guests at these banquets were principally old and middle-aged people. At our birthday dinner only the very intimate friends and relations were invited. Mr. Tyrrell had no relations; or at least we never heard of them, but his wife was well connected; the Pontifexes are known to be a good old county family, and Mrs. Pontifex, Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt, often asserted the claims of her own ancestry, who were Topplings, to be of equal rank with her husband's better known line.

Of course, the Pontifexes always came to the dinners.

Mrs. Pontifex—Aunt Jane—was fifteen years older than her husband, and at this time, I suppose, about sixty-five years of age. She was small in person, but upright and gaunt beyond her inches. It is a mistake to suppose—I learned this from considering Mrs. Pontifex as a leading case—that gauntness necessarily implies a tall stature. Not at all. "If," I said to Cis one day, "if you were to wear, as Aunt Jane wears, a cap of severely Puritanic aspect, decorated with a few flowers which might have grown in a cemetery; if you were to arrange your hair, as she arranges it, in a double row, stiff curls, set horizontally on each side of her face; if you were to sit bolt upright, with your elbows square, as if you were always in a pew; if you were to keep

the corners of your lips down—as Aunt Jane does—so—Cis—why even you would be gaunt. John of Gaunt, so called because he resembled Aunt Jane, was, I believe, a man under the middle height."

She married the Rev. John Pontifex, or rather they married each other, chiefly for money. They both had excellent incomes, which united made a large income; they were both desperately careful and saving people; they held similar views on religious matters (they were severe views), and I suppose that Aunt Jane had long learned to rule John Pontifex when she invited him—even Cis used to agree that he would never have invited her—to become her husband.

Mr. Pontifex was a man of lofty but not commanding stature. Another mistake of novelists and people who write. You have not necessarily a commanding stature because you are tall. No one could have seen anything commanding in Mr. John Pontifex. He was six feet two in height, and, although by nature austere, he looked as meek as if he had been only five feet; the poor man, indeed, never had the chance of looking anything but meek; he had a pale face and smooth cheeks, with thin brown hair, a little grey and "gone off" at the temples. His features were made remarkable by a very long upper lip, which gave him a mutton-like expression as of great meekness coupled with some obstinacy. In fact, she who drove John Pontifex had at times to study the art of humouring her victim. Since his marriage he had retired from active pastoral work, and now passed his time in the critical observation of other men at work in his own field. He held views of the most Evangelical type, and when he preached at St. Faith's we received without any compromise the exact truth as regards future prospects. He spoke very slowly, bringing out his nouns in capitals, as it were, and involved his sentences with parentheses. But in the presence of his wife he spoke seldom, because she always interrupted him. He was fond of me, and, for some reason of his own, always called me Johnny.

In strong contrast with his clerical brother was the Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's, my old tutor, Mr. Verney Broughton. The latter was as plump, as rosy, as jolly, as the former was thin, tall, and austere. Calvin could not have looked on the world's follies with a more unforbearing countenance than the Rev. John Pontifex; Friar John could hardly have regarded the worldliness of the world with more benignity than the Rev. Verney Broughton. He was a kind-hearted man, and loved the world, with the men, women, and children upon it; he was a scholar and a student, consequently he loved the good things that had been written, said, and sung upon it; he was a gourmand, and he liked to enjoy the fruits of the earth in due season. Perhaps he loved the world too much for a Christian minister; at all events he enjoyed it as much as he could; never disguised his enjoyment, and inculcated both in life and preaching a perfect trust in the goodness of God, deep thankfulness for the gifts of eating and drinking, and reliance on the ordinances of the church. Mr. Pontifex amused him; they were close companions, which added to the pleasures of life; and he entertained, I should say, dislike for no man in the world except Herr Rümer, whom he could not be brought to admire.

"He is a cynic," he would say. "That school has never attracted my admiration. He delights in the *double entendre*, and is never so much pleased as when he conveys a hidden sneer. I do not like that kind of conversation. Give me honest enthusiasm, admiration, and faith. And I prefer Englishmen, Ladislas, my boy, though you are only an Englishman by adoption."

CHAPTER XVI.

There were several other people who entertained similar views with regard to Herr Rümer. Mrs. Pontifex disliked him excessively for one. Everybody began with distrust of this man; then they grew to tolerate him; some went on to like him; all ended with cordial hatred—it would be hard to say why. His eyes, without the blue spectacles, which he put off indoors, were singularly bright, though rather small. He had a way of turning their light full on to a speaker without speaking, which was as embarrassing a commentary on what you had just said as you can imagine. It conveyed to yourself, and to everybody else, which was even more humiliating, the idea that you were really, to this gentleman's surprise, even a greater fool than you looked. Perhaps that was one reason why he was so much disliked.

You noticed, too, after a time, that he saw everything, heard everything, and remembered everything. When he spoke about his personal reminiscences, he showed an astonishing recollection of detail as if he preserved photographs of places and persons in his mind. He was always about Mr. Tyrrell's office, and kept there a fire-proof safe, with his name painted on it in white letters. He carried the key in his own pocket. Of course I knew nothing of the nature of his business, but it was generally understood that he was a German who had money, that he chose to live in our town for his own pleasure and convenience, and that he invested his funds, by Mr. Tyrrell's help and advice, in local securities.

The Captain and little Dr. Roy always made up the party. Everybody liked the little doctor, who stood five feet nothing in his boots, a neat and well-proportioned abridgment of humanity, with a humorous face and a twinkling eye. He was an Irishman; he had been in America; and it was currently reported that if he ventured his foot on Canadian soil he would infallibly be

hanged for the part he took in the rebellion of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. In certain circles he had the reputation of being an Atheist—he was in reality as good a Roman Catholic as ever touched holy water—because he was constantly crying out about bad drainage, and taunting people with the hundreds of lives wantonly thrown away, he said, every year, and struck down by preventible diseases. "As if," the people said, piously, "the issues of life and death were in man's hand." So typhus fever went on, and the town was not drained.

The birthday dinners were all alike, with the same guests. The year went on, and we met on the anniversary to drink Celia's health and talk the same talk. Let me take one of these dinners, the last at which this company met together for this purpose.

The Rev. Mr. Broughton took in Mrs. Tyrrell, so that Celia fell to Mr. Pontifex; Mrs. Pontifex, of course, took Mr. Tyrrell's arm. The grace was "pronounced" by Mr. Broughton. He was less meticulous over the petition than poor Augustus Brambler, but he threw considerable feeling into the well-known words, and had a rich melodious voice, a fitting prelude to the banquet. Grace said, the benevolent divine surveyed the guests and the table with the eyes of satisfaction, as if he wished it was always feast time.

There were no *salmons* laid on the table in those days, and you did not know what was coming as you do now. But there was the smell of roast meats which, if you remembered what things belonged to the season, was almost as good as a *menu*. And the things were put on the table. There were no *dinners a la Russe*. You saw your food before you. The host carried, too, and very laborious work it was. But it was still reckoned part of a gentleman's education to carve with discretion and skill. I should like to have seen Mr. Broughton's face if he had been compelled to sit in silence during the mungling of a hare. Perhaps, however, he was too much of a martinet, and the exquisite finish with which he distributed a pheasant among half-a-dozen guests, however admirable as a work of art, pointed to an amount of thought in the direction of dinner beyond what is now expected of the clergy. Mr. Pontifex, on the other hand, was a wretched carver. "I am more at ease," he would say, "in the pulpit than in the place of the carver, though, in my youth, when I was at Oxford when, alas, the pleasures of the—ahem—the table, were in my day placed above the pleasures of the soul—I was considered expert in the art of carving. There was one occasion, I remember with sorrow,—when a goose was placed upon the board—"

"I wish, Mrs. Tyrrell," interrupted Mr. Broughton—and indeed we had all heard the goose story before: "I wish I could persuade my landlady to give the same thoughtfulness to things as your cook. It is so difficult to make some women understand the vital importance of dinner. I can order the raw materials, but I cannot unfortunately cook them."

Mrs. Pontifex, I saw sat opposite her husband, who took his dinner under her superintendence. I sat next to that divine, and felt pity for him as a warning or prohibition came across the table, and he had to shake his head in sorrowful refusal.

In his rich mellow voice, Mr. Broughton, on receiving his fish, remarked, "The third time this year, and only the 24th of May, that I have partaken of salmon. The Lord is very good."

"No, John Pontifex," said that clergyman's wife loudly, "no salmon for you."

"My dear," he ventured to expostulate feebly because he was particularly fond of salmon.

"Ladislav Pulaski, who is young, may make himself ill with salmon and cucumber if he likes," said Aunt Jane, "but not you, John Pontifex. Remember the last time."

He sighed and I took the portion intended for him.

"The Lord is very good," resumed Mr. Broughton, "to *nearly* all his creatures," as if Pontifex was an exception.

Dr. Roy began to talk of salmon fishing in the Saguenay River, and we were all interested, except poor Mr. Pontifex, whose face was set in so deep a gloom that I thought he would have rebelled.

He picked up a little when an *entree* of pigeons was allowed to stop at his elbow. But the undisguised enjoyment with which he drank his first glass of champagne brought his wife, who was at that moment talking of a new and very powerful tract, down upon him in a moment.

"No more champagne, John Pontifex," she ordered promptly.

"Another glass for me," cried Mr. Broughton, nodding his head. "A glass of wine with you, Mrs. Pontifex. I am a bachelor, you know, and can do as I like."

It was not manners to refuse, and Aunt Jane raised her glass to her lips icily, while Mr. Broughton drained his with an audible smack. In 1858 we had already, in provincial towns, passed out of the custom of taking wine with each other, but it was still observed by elderly people who liked the friendly fashion of their youth.

I thought this assertion of independence rather cruel to Mr. Pontifex, but it was not for me, belonging with Celia, to the class of "young people," to say anything at a party unless previously spoken to or questioned. Then Aunt Jane began a talk with Herr Rämmer, chiefly about the sins of people. As you came to know this German well, you discovered that,

whenever he did talk about people, he had something bad to say of them; also when he spoke of any action, however insignificant, it was to find an unworthy motive for it. Perhaps, however, I am now in that fourth and bad stage mentioned above.

Mr. Tyrrell was silent during the dinner, perhaps because he had to carve industriously and dexterously; he drank wine freely; but he said nothing. Celia noticed her father's taciturnity, and I saw her watching him with anxiety. No one else observed it, and when the first stiffness of ceremony wore off, there began the genial flow of conversation which ought to rejoice the heart of a hostess, because it shows every one is feeding in content. Mr. Tyrrell, a florid, high-coloured man, who usually talked fast and rather noisily, was looking pale; the nerves of his cheek twitched, and his hand trembled.

When the cloth was removed—I am not certain that the old fashion of wine and dessert on the polished dark mahogany was not better than the present—we all drank Celia's health.

"In bumpers," cried Mr. Broughton filling up Mrs. Tyrrell's glass and his own to the brim with port. "In bumpers all. And I wish I was a young man again to toast Celia Tyrrell as she should be toasted. Don't you, brother Pontifex? Here is to your *beau jour*, my dear. Some day I will preach a sermon on thankfulness for beauty."

"God bless you, Celia, my child," said her father, with a little emotion in his voice. "Many happy returns of the day, and every one better than the last."

"The best thing," continued Mr. Broughton, "for young girls is a young husband—eh, Mrs. Tyrrell? What do you think?"

"Vanity," said Aunt Jane. "Let them wait and look round them. I was thirty-five when I married my first."

"When I was at Oxford," Mr. Pontifex began glancing anxiously at his wife. "When I was at Brasenose, Oxford (where I was known I am ashamed to say, as—as—as O-rin-thian Pontifex, on account of the extraordinary levity, even in that assemblage of reckless youths, of my disposition), there were some among us commonly designated as—as—as Three—Bottle—Men!!!" He said this with an air of astonishment, as if it was difficult to credit, and a thing which ought, if printed, to be followed by several notes of admiration. "Three—Bottle—Men! The rule among us was—I regret to say—No—ahem—no Heeltaps."

"John Pontifex" interposed his wife, severely. "Recollect yourself. No Heeltaps, indeed!"

"My dear, I was about to conclude this short Reminiscence by remarking that it was a Truly Shocking State of Things."

He spoke in capitals, so to speak, and with impressive slowness.

"When young people are present," said Aunt Jane, "it is well to consider the religious tendency of anecdotes before they are related."

Mr. Pontifex said no more.

"I will tell you by-and-by, Pontifex," said the jolly old parson, whose face was a good deal redder than at the commencement of dinner. "I will tell you, when the ladies have left us, some of our experiences in Common Room. Don't be afraid, Mrs. Pontifex, we shall not emulate the deeds of those giants."

"In *my* house," said Aunt Jane to her niece, reproachfully, "it is one of our Christian privileges not to sit over wine after dinner; we all rise together."

"From a lady's point of view," observed Herr Rämmer, "doubtless an admirable practice."

"Not at all admissible," cried the Captain, who had been quiet during dinner. "Why shouldn't we have half-an-hour to ourselves to talk politics and tell yarns, while the ladies talk dress?"

"In my house," said Aunt Jane, "the ladies do not talk dress. We exchange our experiences. It is a Christian privilege."

Dr. Roy uttered a hollow groan, doubtless from sympathy with Mr. Pontifex.

Just then Mrs. Tyrrell sat bolt upright, which was her signal, and the ladies left us.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Broughton, "confess, Brother Pontifex, that you do not appreciate all the Christian privileges of your house."

He shook his head solemnly, but he did not smile.

"Three bottle men, were you?" said Dr. Roy. "God, sir, I remember at old Trinity, in Dublin, some of us were six bottle men. Not I, though. Nature intended me for a one pint man."

"It is only a German student," said Herr Rämmer, "who can hold an indefinite quantity."

"I sincerely hope," said Mr. Pontifex, as he finished his glass, "that things have greatly changed since that time. I remember that the door was generally locked; the key was frequently thrown out of the window, and the—the—Orgy, commenced. As I said before, the word was, 'No Heeltaps.' It is awful to reflect upon—Thank you, Dr. Roy, I will take another glass of Port.—There were times, too, when, in the wantonness of youth, we permitted ourselves the most reckless language over our feasts. On one occasion I did so, myself. The most reckless language. I positively swore. My thoughtless companions, I regret to say, only laughed. They actually laughed. The cause of this—iniquity arose over a Goose. It is a truly Dreadful Event to look back upon."

"We used at Oriel," said Mr. Broughton, again interrupting the Goose story without com-

punction, "to drink about a bottle and a half ahead; and we used to talk about Scholarship, Literature and Art. And some of the men talked well. I wish I could drink a bottle and a half every night now; and I wish I had the Common Room to drink it in. It is a beautiful time for me to look back upon."

It was as if he tried in everything to be a contrast to his brother in Orders.

"The rising generation," said Dr. Roy, "who work harder, ride less, smoke more tobacco, and live faster, will have to give up Port and take Claret. After all, it was the favorite Irish wine for a couple of hundred years."

"Ugh!" from Mr. Broughton.

"The longer the Englishman drinks Port," said Herr Rämmer, "Port and Beer, the longer he will continue to be—what he is."

As this was said very smoothly and sweetly, with the rasp peculiar to the voice, giving an unpleasant point at the end, I concluded at once that the German meant more than was immediately apparent.

"Thank you, Herr Rämmer," said Mr. Broughton, sharply: "I hope we shall continue to remain what we are. The appreciation of your countrymen is always generous. As for Port, I look on that wine as the most perfect of all Heaven's gifts to us poor creatures. This is very fine, Tyrrell. From Pontifex's cellar? Brother Pontifex, you don't ask me to dinner half often enough. Forty-seven? I thought so. Agreeable."—he held the glass up to the candles. We had wax candles for the dining room—"with little body, but quite enough. Rather dry," he tasted it again. "How superb it will be in twenty years, when some of us will not be alive to drink it. The taste for Port comes to us by Nature—it is not acquired like that for Claret and Rhine wines—pass me the olives, Roy, my dear fellow. It is born with some of us, and is a sacred gift. It brightens youth, adorns manhood, and comforts age. May those of us who are blessed by Providence with a palate use it aright, and may we never drink a worse glass of wine than the present. I remember," he went on sentimentally wagging his head, which was by this time nearly purple all over. "I remember the very first glass of Port I ever tasted. My grandfather, the Bishop of Sheffield, gave it to me when I was three years old. 'Learn to like it, boy,' said his lordship, who had the most cultivated palate in the diocese. I did like it from that hour, though, unless my memory fails me, the Bishop's butler had brought up too fruity a wine."

The more Port Mr. Broughton consumed the more purple the jolly fat face and bald head became. But no quantity affected his tongue or clouded his brain, so that when we joined the ladies he was as perfectly sober, although coloured like his favourite wine, as Mrs. Pontifex herself who was making tea.

Mrs. Tyrrell was asleep when we came up stairs, but roused herself to talk with Dr. Roy, who had certainly taken more than the pint for which, as he said, Nature intended his capacity.

Celia was playing, and I joined her and we played a duet. When we finished I went to ask for a cup of tea.

By the table was standing Mr. Pontifex, a cup in his hand and a look of almost ghastly discomposure on his face, while his wife was forcing an immense slice of mullin upon his unwilling hands.

"Mullin, John Pontifex," she said.

"My dear," he remonstrated with more firmness than one might have expected: "My dear, I do not wish for any mullin—ahem."

"It is helped, John Pontifex," said his wife, and leaving the unhappy man to eat it, she turned to me, thanked me sweetly for the duet, and gave me a cup of tea.

Mr. Pontifex retreated behind his wife's chair. As no one was looking I stole a plate from the table, and with great swiftness transferred the mullin from his plate to mine. He looked boundless gratitude, but was afraid to speak, and after a due interval returned the empty plate to the table, even descending so far in deception as to brush away imaginary crumbs from his coat. His wife looked suspiciously at him, but the mullin was gone, and it was impossible to identify that particular piece with one left in another plate. In the course of the evening he seized the opportunity of being near me, and stopped to whisper sorrowfully.

"I do not like mullin, Johnny. I loathe mullin."

The party broke up at eleven, and by a quarter past we were all gone. As I put my hat on in the hall I heard the voice of Herr Rämmer in Mr. Tyrrell's office.

"This is the day, Tyrrell. After she was eighteen, remember."

"Have pity on me, Rämmer; I cannot do it, give me another year."

"Pity? Rubbish. Not another week. I am not going to kill the girl. Is the man mad? Is he a fool?"

I hastened away, unwilling to overhear things not intended for me, but the words struck a chill to my heart.

Who was "she"? Could it be Celia. "After she was eighteen"—and this Celia's eighteenth birthday. It was disquieting, and Mr. Tyrrell asking that white-haired man with the perpetual sneer and the rasp in his voice for pity. Little as I knew of the world, it was clear to me that there would be small chance for pity in that quarter. Herr Rämmer and Celia? Why he was sixty years of age, and more; older than Mr. Tyrrell, who was a good deal under fifty. What could he want with a girl of eighteen? It was with a sad heart that I got home that night,

and I was sorely tempted to take counsel of the Captain. But I forebore. I would wait and see. I met Mr. Pontifex next morning. He was going with a basket to execute a few small commissions at the greengrocer's. He acted, indeed, as footman or errand boy, saving the house large sums in wages.

He stopped and shook hands without speaking, as if the memory of the mullin was too much for him. Then he looked as if he had a thing to say which ought to be said, but which he was afraid to say. Finally, he glanced hurriedly up and down the street to see if there was any one within earshot. As there was no one, he laid two fingers on my shoulder, and said in agitated tones, and with more than his usual impressiveness—

"I am particularly partial to salmon, which is, I suppose, the reason why I was allowed none last night. When I married, however, I totally—ahem—surrendered—I regret to say—my independence. Oh! Johnny, Johnny!"

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN CREDIT IN PARIS.—Any American who has done much shopping in Paris will bear testimony that the credit and confidence accorded have been well nigh unbounded. We have ourselves—editor *Paris Register*—been cognizant of instances where such precious wares as diamonds, fine laces and Indian shawls have been pressed upon our country-people, the bill to be paid whenever it suited the purchaser. In another instance, remittances having failed to reach an American traveller, the head of a large establishment offered, nay, almost forced upon his hitherto unknown customer the loan of a large sum of money; and when gently reproached by the recipient of his kindness for his great confidence in the integrity of a stranger, he made answer, "Monsieur, for twenty years I have been dealing with Americans, and have never yet lost one *son* by any of them."

A COWARD.—The most ludicrous figure on the battle-field of Plevna was General Powzanoff, who commanded the Thirteenth Division until the firing began, and then skedaddled, as the Americans would say. Mr. Forbes is so charitable as to intimate that it was not cowardice which prompted the General's abrupt withdrawal from the scene of action. The correspondent writes that the old soldier must have lost his head rather than his heart. The story goes that the Grand Duke sent him away with a fine mixture of arbitrary assumption of profound medical knowledge and of genuine kindly feeling for a soldier in misfortune. "I observe that you are very ill, and that there is no chance of your recovering your health without returning to Russia." "But, your Imperial Highness I am not ill at all. I never was better in my life!" "Allow me, please, to know better. I can see you are ailing seriously, and I must recommend you to recover your health in the bosom of your family."

HUMOROUS.

A BASHFUL young clergyman recently rising to preach for the first time, announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

"THE British Empire, sir," exclaimed John Bull to Jonathan, "is one on which the sun never sets."—"Nor," replied Jonathan, "in which the tax-gatherer never goes to bed."

A YANKEE pedlar with his cart overtaking another of his clan on the roads, was addressed, "Hallo, what do you carry?"—"Drugs," was the reply.—"Good," returned the other: "you may go forward. I carry gravestones."

THE philosophers tell us that the rain which falls from the clouds makes a component part of what ever grows upon the earth. Thus, in a passing shower, we may be unconsciously pelted with the component parts of bulls, sheep, peets, patriots and editors.

"YOUNG men," said an old college president to a coterie of dissipated students, "all these excesses of your youth are drafts upon your age, beginning to mature about thirty years after date, and continuing to press and draw heavily on your bodily resources all the residue of your lives."

A LITTLE six year old came to her grandfather the other day, with a trouble weighing on her mind. "Aunt says the moon is made of green cheese and I don't believe it."—"Don't you believe it! Why not?"—"Because I've been looking in the Bible, and found out that the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows!" Wasn't that cute?

A LADY at a concert heard a noted vocalist sing the once popular ballad of "Rory O'Moore," the first two lines of which are:—

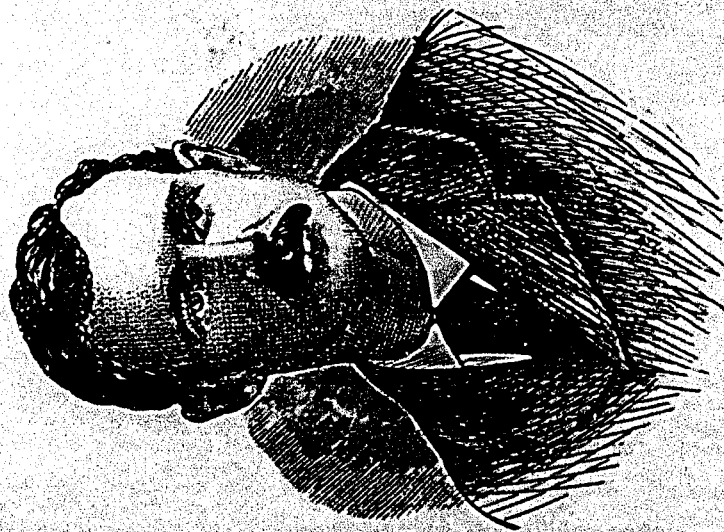
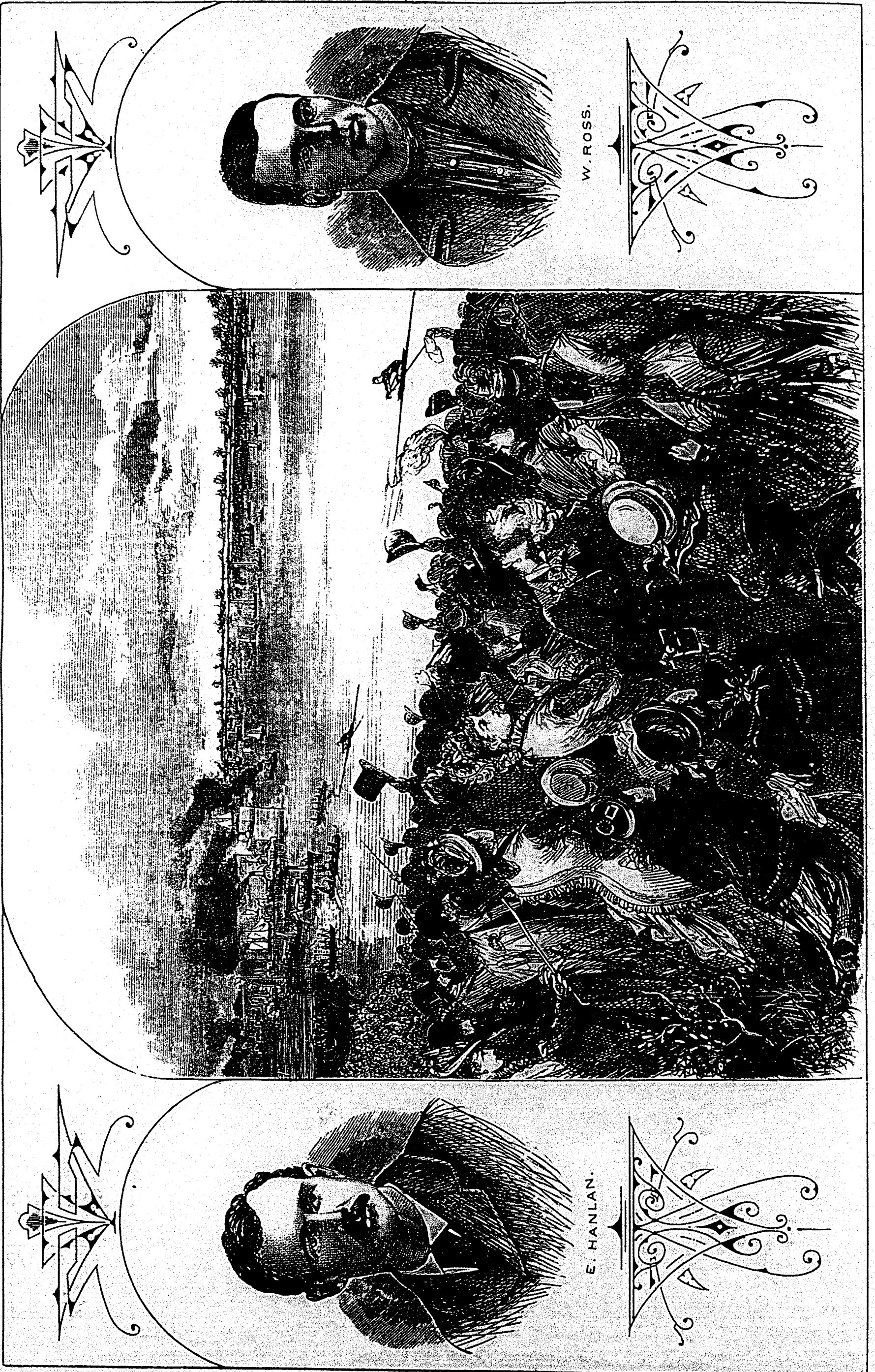
"Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn,"

and taking a fancy to it, sang it from memory, but for a long time sang the second line. "He polished a heart and she swallowed it down," before she found out her mistake.

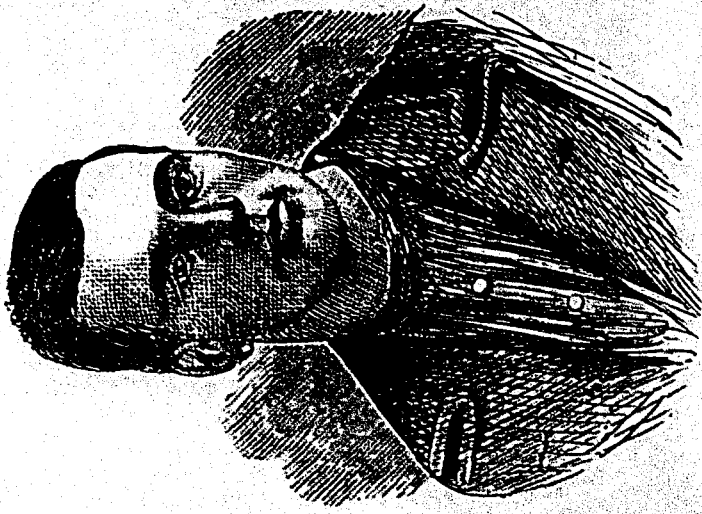
A GOOD story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling alley, and kept firing away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy, who, so far from leaving anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in an endeavour to avoid the ball of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the fellow, seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Stand in amongst the pins, boy, if you don't want to get hurt!"

HOW

TO RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH to the feeble is a question often asked. PHOSFOZONE is one of the most active elements of the body. It is wanting, disease creeps in, beginning with Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Bronchitis. PHOSFOZONE has cured many cases of above when all other remedies have failed. Sold by all druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

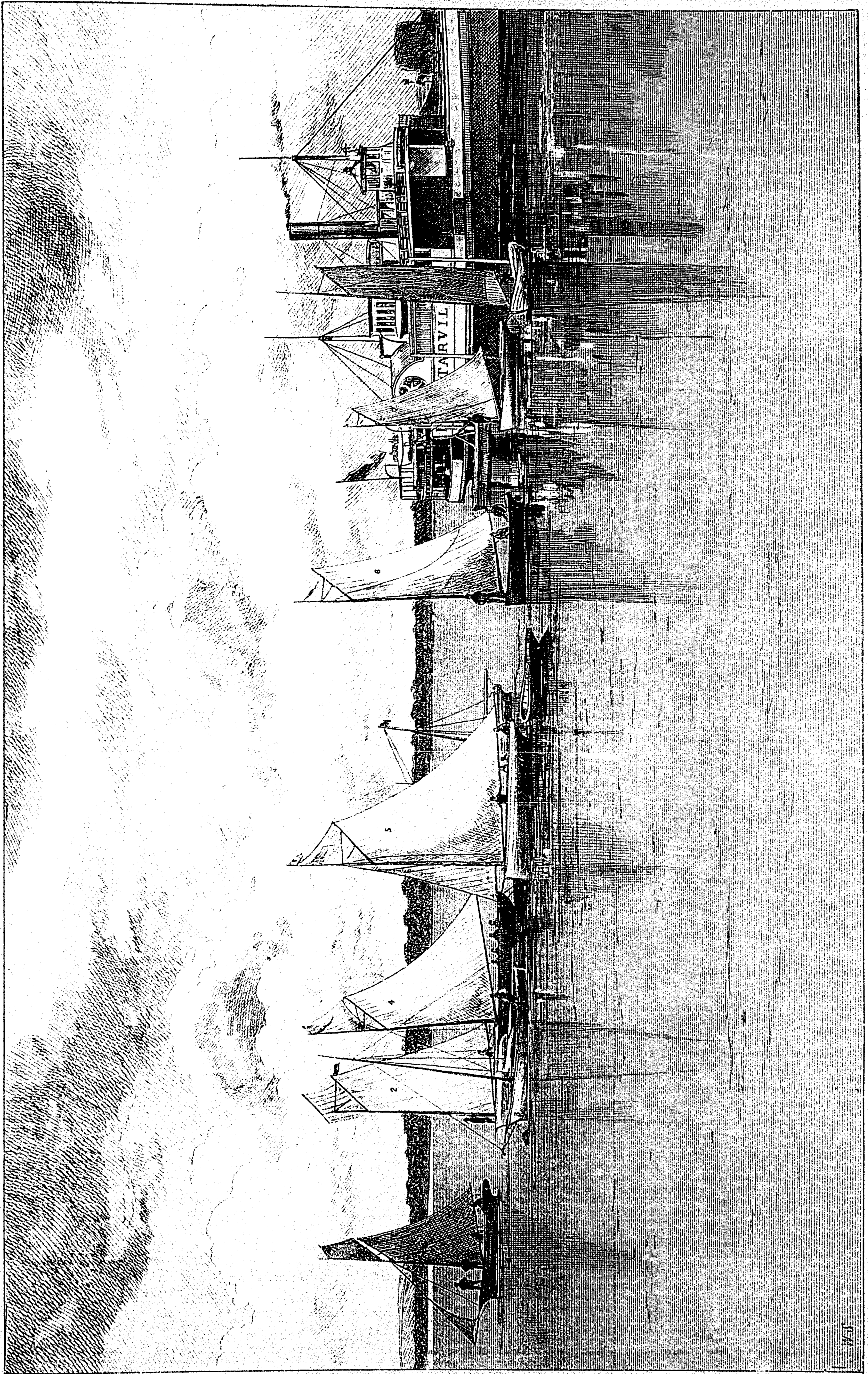


E. HANLAN.



W. ROSS.

TORONTO.—THE GREAT HANLAN-ROSS BOAT RACE, ON THE 15TH INST.



1. WANDERER. 2. EUROCLYDON. 3. STRANGER. 4. NEVA. 5. IONA. 6. MAUD. 7. IDA. 8. WATERWITCH.

MONTREAL.—THE MONTREAL YACHT CLUB.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

CHARADE.

My head is a measure, and a number 'tis too,
It is also a liquid—and, strange 'tis but true,
That no angel scowls it. Tho' nor cold nor hot,
It glides through all lands, but the deep holds it not.
My tail, too, 's a fluid, but different quite,
In both old world and new it is quaffed with delight.
Without head or tail my body 's but slight,
Good sooth, it is barely the fourth of a mite.
In vain you may seek it all over the ground,
White in heaven and paradise surely 'tis found.
Tho' tedious the search, 'tis a fact as you please,
In the end you are certain to find it with ease.
Tho' but half a letter, I'm a word when entire,
Which now suffers all, and now hinders desire.

Ottawa.

E. A. M.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. MR. LAURIER.—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers to-day with a full page portrait of the new Minister of Inland Revenue, whose advent to the Ministry has been received with satisfaction by men of both parties throughout the Dominion. Mr. Laurier was born in November, 1841, at St. Lin, and performed his studies at the College of L'Assomption, where he distinguished himself by his literary and oratorical talents. He was a diligent student who at once commanded the esteem of his professors and fellow-students, and, even at that early age, his deportment was characterized by that politeness and good breeding which have since made him so popular as a public man. On the conclusion of his college course, he came to Montreal and began the study of law under Hon. R. Laflamme, the present Minister of Justice. He applied himself to the profession with earnest zeal and a steady avoidance of the dissipation which are the usual stumbling blocks of young men in large cities. In 1864, he was admitted to the Bar and practised in Montreal for two years, but on finding his health declining—indeed the health of the hon. gentleman has never been strong—he removed to Arthabaska, and succeeded the late J. B. E. Dorion, the *enfant terrible*, in the editorial chair of the *Déficheur*. But a few months later, on the collapse of that paper, Mr. Laurier devoted himself entirely to his profession, and succeeded not only in building up a large and lucrative practice, but in attaining so much popularity that, in 1871, he was elected by an immense majority to the Provincial Legislature. It was at Quebec that he laid the foundations of his parliamentary fame, and in 1874, he was returned to represent the Counties of Drummond and Arthabaska in the House of Commons. His first speech in this new sphere, in seconding the address, at once placed him in the front of our orators, and from that time his fortune seemed to be secured. His success was all the greater that he is a perfect master of the English language, expressing himself in that language with almost as much fluency and rhetorical beauty as in his native French. For a year or two past, his name has been frequently mentioned in connection with Ministerial honours, and it was with general satisfaction that on the retirement of Mr. Cauchon from the Cabinet, Mr. Laurier was called to fill his place. Great hopes are centred in him, and we trust he will realize them to the full.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.—We publish four more of those sketches of scenery along the Intercolonial Railway, of which we have given a series during the summer, and which have served as perhaps the best possible guide to the beauties of that region.

BISHOP GREGG.—A biography of this prelate will be found accompanying his portrait.

RECEPTION OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD AT HAMILTON.—We are indebted to Mr. J. B. Anderson, of Hamilton, for this little sketch illustrative of the reception lately accorded to Sir John A. Macdonald and his friends in the ambitious City. A description of the event is in another column.

THE TORONTO BOAT RACE.—A full description of this rare nautical event appears in another column of the present issue.

THE EASTERN WAR PICTURES.—The events connected with the great battles of Shipka Pass, which our illustrations represent, have already been fully described in previous issues of this journal.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DEVIL-FISH.—This remarkable fish will be found described in a separate column.

BALLOONS FOR THE NORTH POLE.—Our picture represents a portion of the equipment which Captain Howgate proposes to take with him in his expedition to the North Pole next year. The balloons, which form the main feature of this new departure, have already been ordered, and M. de Fonville, the distinguished French aeronaut, has been selected by Captain Howgate to join the scientific staff of the expedition for the express purpose of conducting the balloon work. According to the plan now proposed, the three balloons are to be connected together as shown in the picture, and are calculated to carry six men besides three tons weight of gear, boat-cars, stores, provisions, tents, sledges, dogs, compressed gas and ballast. The triangular framework connecting the balloons would be fitted with foot ropes, so that the occupants could go from one balloon to the other in the same way that sailors lie out upon the yards of a ship, and the balloons would be equipped by means of bags of ballast suspended from this framework, and hauled to the required positions by ropes. Trail ropes would be attached to the balloons so as to prevent their ascent above a certain height (about 500 feet), at which elevation they would be balanced in the air, the

spare ends of the ropes trailing over the ice. The boat-cars would be housed in for warmth, and telegraphic communication kept up with the ships by means of a wire uncoiled from a large wheel as the balloon moved forward. It is proposed to start the balloons about the end of May on the curve of a wind circle of known diameter, ascertained approximately by meteorological observations conducted on board the vessel and at two observatories some thirty miles distant in opposite directions. It is estimated that with a knowledge of the diameter of the wind circle, and the distance from the pole, the balloons could be landed within at most twenty miles of the long-sought goal. There the balloons would be securely moored, and when the necessary observations at the pole had been completed, a return wind would be secured for their return, the requisite full inflation being secured by means of the surplus gas taken out in a compressed condition. The returning voyagers would arrest their course to the southward on the parallel of latitude on which they left their ship, and the remainder of the journey East or West would be performed by means of the dogs and sledges conveyed in the balloons.

THE DEMONSTRATION IN HAMILTON.

The visit of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald to Hamilton, on the 17th inst., was made the occasion of an immense Conservative demonstration. His admirers and supporters of the city, and county of Wentworth, turned out in full force, and extended to him a most magnificent ovation. The city was decorated in its holiday attire; a large triple arch was erected across King street, and another one, of smaller pretensions, was located on James street, near the Gore Park. Those arches were handsomely decorated with evergreens and flags, and a number of mottoes of welcome, &c., were entwined about them. A number of significant mottoes were also stretched across King and York streets.

Sir John was accompanied by Lady Macdonald. The procession through the principal streets of the city was the largest of anything of the kind that has taken place in Hamilton for many years. The total number of vehicles is variously estimated from 200 all the way up to 400, according to the color of the spectacles through which the procession was observed.

The Crystal Palace and Exhibition Grounds was the place of rendezvous, and the Palace was also appropriately decorated. A platform was arranged on the south side of the building for the speakers. The luncheon took place in the Agricultural shed.

The speaking began about 1 p.m., and upon the platform were seated Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Buchanan, and one or two other ladies. Sir John was supported by some of the principal men of the opposition, as well as by a number of the leading Conservatives of the district. Just before the proceedings began Lady Macdonald was presented, on behalf of the working men of Hamilton, with a handsome gold necklet and pendant.

Sir John was the recipient of an address from the citizens as well as one from the residents of Ancaster.

Sir John spoke for upwards of two hours, and was followed by Hon. Wm. Macdougall, Mr. J. B. Plumb, and others.

The speeches were of the usual political complexion, and were listened to by an audience (according to the *Spectator*) of 40,000 people.

This estimate, however, is greatly exaggerated (according to the *Times*), for that paper puts the attendance at about 8,000.

It might not be out of place to mention, also, that the *Spectator* regards the demonstration as a grand success, whereas the *Times* is inclined to speak of it as a huge fizzle. I also observe that the *Globe* can discover nothing of any consequence in the speeches, while the *Mail* is ecstatic over their masterly qualities.

There was a large attendance of people, at all events, and whether any of the free and intelligent voters were induced to change their allegiance, time alone can tell.

The proceedings were brought to a close in the evening by the usual display of fireworks.

I almost forgot to mention that there were no less than nine bands in the procession. Some of these bands were excellent while others were—well.

QUIT HAWTHORN.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE AT TORONTO.

The great boat race between Wallace Ross, champion of the Maritime Provinces, and Edward Hanlan, the victor in the Centennial race, came off on the bay on the afternoon of Monday, the 15th, having been postponed from the Saturday preceding, owing to the unfavourable condition of the weather. It was impossible to judge of the numbers on shore, but an extremely moderate estimate would be fifteen thousand. If those afloat be added, the spectators altogether could not have been under 25,000. Ross was the first to appear on the course, which he did at 3 p.m., and was received with an ovation. He sat in his wooden shell which had been repaired to his satisfaction. He was looking well, and in excellent condition. He would weigh about 172 lbs. as he sat. He wore a white jersey on the course, but doffed it for the race. He steered himself with a helm. Hanlan, on putting out from the boat-house, five minutes after his rival, was received with loud cheering.

He pulled down to the referee's boat wearing a pea jacket, which, of course, he left behind during the race, rowing, however, in a blue shirt. He was looking in excellent condition, and would weigh 152 lbs. as he sat. Previous to the start Ross rowed up to the referee's boat and complained of the water as being too rough, and quite unlike what he had been accustomed to pull on. The referee, however, having been over the course, was satisfied that the water was such as the articles stipulated for, and so ordered the race to be rowed. The wind was blowing about four knots from the east, and the water seemed to be as good as could be expected at this time of the year.

The boats having got into position, the referee gave the customary directions and cautions, and on the word "Go" from the starter, off the competitors sprang, Ross with a scarcely perceptible lead, of which he was speedily dispossessed by Hanlan, who soon settled down into an even, long, and powerful stroke of 34 to the minute. Ross started out with a stroke of 36 to the minute, but almost with the very first stroke commenced to drop astern. By the time the Market Elevator was reached Hanlan had gained a length, and in a few strokes more there was plenty of daylight between them. Just after passing this point Hanlan, who guided himself with his oar, began to steer badly, and between there and the stake boat he lost so much ground that if he had been at all evenly matched he would inevitably have lost the race. Off Yonge street Ross was a length and a half astern, and began to look over his shoulder doubtfully. He had now slackened his pace somewhat, but was still rowing up to thirty-four. At York street he had fallen to thirty-two, and the interval between the boats had increased to two lengths clear. Just then Hanlan was steering his worst, and got into the water of his opponent, but the distance between them was too great to allow a chance for a foul. At the Water-works Hanlan had a lead of two good lengths. The Northern Elevator was now reached, and Hanlan was three lengths ahead and going with a slow but strong twenty-eight to the minute. Ross was following in the rear, at the rate of thirty-two. When the Queen's Wharf was reached it began to dawn on Hanlan that he was out of his parish. The discovery did not disturb him, however. Deliberately he stopped pulling, and turning himself round, surveyed the position. With a few vigorous pulls with his right scull he laid the head of his craft for the inner stake boat. In the meantime Ross, who had been steering a splendid course, had seen Hanlan's mistake, and had let himself out. The Toronto champion must have been leading by a clear six lengths at the time he changed his course. A quick turn is supposed to be one of Hanlan's specialties, but clearly Ross can compete with him in this particular. Both men rounded their boats in splendid style, and then it was seen that Hanlan led but by a small part of his former gain. As they passed the press-boat on their return, Hanlan left Ross by three clear lengths, going with a thirty stroke, long and piston-like, but deeper now, for the race was against the grain of the waves and in the teeth of the wind. Ross was still pulling thirty-two, then thirty, below which latter figure he did not drop. On the return journey, passing the Queen's Wharf, Hanlan had increased his advantage to about six lengths, when he took a survey of the situation which lost him a stroke and a half easily. He then took a brief spurt and another rest, Ross, meantime, pegging away at a thirty-two pace. Coming up to the Northern Elevator, Ross sheered over into the water of Hanlan, who steered almost on to the outside edge of the course. The Toronto man had by this time increased his lead to about ten lengths, and took his work with perfect sangfroid. Being greeted with a hearty cheer from shore he stopped his boat, kissed his hand to his friends three times, took a look round and recommenced his journey home, pulling a stroke of an enormous length. Ross, who never stopped to fool, at this time gave the impression that he was rowing within himself, but subsequent events showed that he was doing his best. Passing the Water-works Hanlan seemed to be steering a very peculiar course, but nevertheless his lead by this time increased to twelve lengths. Hanlan stopped again for three strokes and contemplated the scene, and having satisfied himself, put in some heavy work at thirty-four, by which he made up his advantage. On the run to York street Wharf he had increased his lead to twenty lengths. From the manner in which he was comporting himself Hanlan appeared to be playing with his opponent, as he every now and then rested on his oars and took a look around. At Yonge street Wharf Hanlan and Ross were rowing a thirty stroke, but even then the former was leaving the latter as he liked. At the Market Elevator Hanlan had increased his distance to 30 lengths, and had Ross hopelessly beaten. From this to the finish Hanlan put in some good work, and rowed past an easy winner by somewhere between 150 and 200 yards. The time announced by the time-keeper was 38:09, but he said it was not official, as he had not received any signal when Hanlan's boat crossed the winning post.

THE MONSTER DEVIL FISH.

The latest addition to the remarkable collection in the New York Aquarium is by far the most curious of all specimens. It is a monster cuttle-fish, made familiar to the public by Victor Hugo as the devil-fish. The present one

is the largest that has ever been seen, and, while to the student it is a choice object of examination, to the uneducated public it is a most horrible-looking creature. On the 22nd September a heavy equinoctial gale swept the shores of St. John's, Newfoundland, and this wanderer was driven ashore in an exhausted condition at Catalina, on the northern shore of Trinity Bay. The tail had got fast on a rock as it was swimming backward, and it was rendered powerless. In its desperate efforts to escape, the ten arms darted about in all directions, lashing the water into foam, the thirty-foot tentacles in particular making lively play as it shot them out and endeavoured to get a "purchase" with their powerful suckers, so as to drag itself into deep water. It was only when it became exhausted and the tide receded that the fishermen ventured to approach it. It died soon after the ebb of the tide, which left it high and dry on the beach. Two fishermen took possession of the "treasure trove," and the whole settlement gathered to gaze in astonishment at the monster. The two men loaded their little craft with the body of the gigantic cuttle, and arrived with it at St. John's on the 26th ult., in a perfectly fresh condition. As soon as the news spread an eager desire to view the monster was awakened, and the fishermen were advised to exhibit it before the public. The Government granted the use of the drill-shed for the purpose, and on the floor, supported by boards, the creature was laid out in all its gigantic proportions. The lucky fishermen reaped a golden harvest and found the big squid by far the best catch they had ever made. The scene was very curious. There lay the cuttle with its ten arms stretched out, two of them 30 feet in length, having rows of powerful suckers an inch in diameter at their broadened extremities. The other arms, eight in number, were entirely covered with suckers on the under side, and were 11 feet in length. The body is 10 feet in length and nearly 7 feet in circumference, and terminates in a caudal fin 2 feet 9 inches across. When taken from the water the color of the squid was a dusky red, but that has disappeared, and the body and arms are now perfectly white. There is the usual horny beak, the parrot-like mandibles of which project from a membranous bag in the centre of the mass which constitutes the head, and from which the ten arms radiate. Certainly the idea of being clutched in those terrible arms, from which there could be no escape when once they had closed, and then torn and rent by the formidable beak, is enough to send a shuddering thrill through the stoutest heart. Posterior to the head were a pair of huge staring eyes, the sockets being eight inches in diameter. Their expression, when the creature was alive on the beach, is said by the fishermen to have been peculiarly ferocious. There was a strong competition for possession of the monster, but the managers of the Aquarium succeeded in purchasing it, and last week it was landed in good condition. A glass tank, twenty-five feet long, five feet wide and three feet and a half deep, is being made for the octopus, and it is expected that within a few days it will be ready for exhibition.

A PATRON OF ART.—The Chief of Police was visited by a sharp-nosed, keen-eyed woman, who carried a chromo, 10 in. by 14 in. in size, in her hand, and who placed it before him and asked, "Are you a judge of chromio and oil paintings?" "Well, I can tell what suits me," he replied. "Can you tell one from the other?" "Yes, m." "And what do you call this?" "That is a chromo." He wanted to say that it was the worst one he ever saw, but he didn't. "Now you are sure, are you?" she asked. "Certainly I am." "Well, that makes me feel a good deal better. I bought that yesterday of an agent for a chromio, and he had scarcely left the house when some of the neighbours came in and said he'd swindled me, and that it was nothing but an oil-painting. I thought I'd bring it down and get your opinion, and you say it's a chromio, do you?" "I do." "All right—thanks. I've always been an enthusiastic patron of art, and if that man had got four dollars out of me on false pretences it would have kind o' set me up against the old masters."

LITERARY.

JOHN T. DELANE, the retiring editor of the *London Times*, is sixty. He has been connected with the paper since 1839.

A NEW monthly magazine, of a humorous nature, with the title of *Mirth*, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers. Mr. Henry J. Byron is to be the editor.

MR. SPENCER, who is called Canada's greatest poet, lost all his poems, but one in the St. John fire. That one was pasted on the back of his daughter's picture, which he carried in his pocket.

HARRIET MARTINEAU wrote with singular facility, and never corrected her manuscript. She had no sympathy with Horace's plan of laying it by for future revision, nor with Macaulay's fastidiousness, which compelled the rewriting of a whole chapter of his history to improve the opening sentence. She claimed that all attempts at polishing the style impaired freshness of thought and naturalness of expression.

TOM MOORE was a clever rhymist at the age of fourteen years, and at twenty he had earned fame as a poet, and was "patronized" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George the Fourth. His face was small and intellectual in expression, sweet and gentle. His eyes were dark and brilliant; his mouth was delicately out and full-lipped; his nose was slightly upturned, giving an expression of fun to his face; his complexion was fair and somewhat ruddy; his hair was a rich, dark brown, and curled all over his head; his forehead was broad and strongly marked, and his voice, not powerful, was exquisitely sweet, especially when he was singing.

WOLFE'S DREAM.

BY G. L. CLEVELAND.

The night before they scaled the rock, The hero paced in mood dejected, And dwelt upon the coming shock, And all its chances close inspected, He knew, as gloomily he paced, How fierce would be the sudden slaughter When he the gallant Frenchman faced, Beside or near St. Charles's water.

He saw it all; and in his mind His plans were plain, though heart was dreary; Then sought his soldier-bed to find A short repose for powers weary, And as he slept there came a dream That like a prophet's spell swept o'er him, In which the landscape wide did seem Like an overwhelming dame before him.

St. Lawrence's azure-rolling tides Were changed to crimson-leaving courses; The fields and forests on his sides Surged really in the fiery forces; And high o'er burning wave and strand, Quebec arose with bastions gleaming In the wild light that filled the land, Her bel's hard rung, her banners streaming.

And for above her fortress-height, In mid air was a scroll suspended, Whoseon was writ in lines of light A word that joy to him portended, For there by pure, blue clouds that flowed Down from the chimeric story, The talismanic letters glowed, That spell the soldier's passion—GLORY!

And then—such are the tricks of sleep— He thought he saw his own form standing Upon the citadel's bright steep, And comrades roundabout were banding, Then from his heart upshot a light Of astral shape, with radiance glowing Like the fair north star when, at night, It shines to traveller homeward going.

The light to higher airs uprose, And swiftly neared the scroll that hung there, Whereat it whirled with luminous throes, Then closed with it, and glittering hung there, But looking down he saw his form Was lost in smoke of charging columns That swept along in lurid storm, That pointed its leaden hail in volumes.

But still the hero's heart beat high, For there in the clear air suspended, Where smoke of battle came not nigh, And by the purple clouds attended, He saw the scroll with magic name That speaks the soldier's daring story, He read his own undying fame, Let in those hushed letters—GLORY!

CLEVELAND, P. Q.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIFE, WIFE WOULD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

"Now Dane," said that lady, with a kind of and sweetness of manner, as Rollo brought her the cup, "do tell me why you have conducted things in this way?"

Rollo looked grave and asked what things.

"Why you know. Have you sent out any cards?"

"Have you sent out any cards, Hazel?"

"Things must be sent in before they can be sent out," said the young lady, who having dismissed Dingee had come herself for Dr. Maryland's cup.

"Ambiguous," said Dane turning to Mrs. Coles; "but I take the sense of it to be that no cards were sent. That is not unprecedented."

"For people situated just as you are, my dear, it is. Now tell me—don't you want all these people I mean, everybody in general—to visit you?"

"Ambiguous again," said Dane smiling at last a little. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we do?"

"Then why not pay them the customary compliment of telling them so?"

"But suppose, on the other hand, that we do not?"

"Why you certainly know," replied Mrs. Coles with some asperity, "whether you want them. Do you? or don't you?"

"I think I might say," answered Dane demurely, "we do—and we do not."

"But that is nonsense, Dane."

"Is it?"

"You ought to want them."

"Well—I have told you; we do."

"Then are you going, when a suitable time comes, are you going to invite all these neglected people and give them a good reception? you are Hazel?"

"We will give them a good reception if they come," said Dane with provoking want of enthusiasm.

"O I never can get anything out of you!" said the lady discomfited. "I might have known it. Papa, do you think it is well to set all the institutions of society at defiance?"

"Why, Prue," said Dr. Maryland somewhat astonished, "you speak as if society were monarch of the realm. I believe we live in a republic."

"What do you mean by society?" asked Primrose.

"Why!—You know."

"I do not, indeed."

"It means," said Dane, "in this country, all people in general who have incomes above a certain limit; then, and those whom their powerful hands lift from a subjacent platform to the freedom of their own."

"All people who are rich enough to invite you as you invite them," said Dr. Arthur.

"Prim, where is your comprehension? How can you put your feet under a man's mahogany, if he happens to have none?"

"Is it different in other countries?" asked Mrs. Coles.

"Yes. Birth counts there, and breeding, and what a man happens to have inside his head."

"And does not birth count for something here?" cried Mrs. Coles.

"I have no doubt it does."

"But not with you?"

"I speak of things as I find them," said Dane smiling slightly. "And in generalities."

"Well, think what you like of society; are you not going to regard it at all?"

Dane turned to the Bible which still lay upon the table, and opened it. "What do you say to this, Prudentia?"

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they should bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."

"Then you will live alone, I suppose, and make Hazel live so."

"Not at all," said Rollo coolly; "that does not follow. The words I was reading go on—"

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"But, my dear Dane," said Mrs. Coles breathlessly; "you don't mean to say that you take all that literally?"

"I do not see how it is to be taken figuratively," said Dane looking at it.

"Why it means, of course, that we are to be kind to the poor."

"But kinder to the rich? That looks like turning the figure topsy turvy; and in that case you get a view which can hardly be called correct."

Hazel had left the tea-table now, and came softly up, taking a low seat half behind Prim's chair, leaning her head against it. In the shadow there she was looking and listening.

"It is a choice of invitations, that is all," said Dr. Arthur. "The Lord returns all the civilities shown to poor people—and rich men return their own. That is the only difference."

"That is the comfort I have when anybody shows me kindness," said Dr. Maryland, with a wonderful, simple, bright smile, rising as he spoke. "I am one of the Lord's poor people; so I am never troubled about the returns. Come, my children—we have four miles in the snow before us."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE AND ONE ARE TWO.

"They will never agree, those two!" said Prudentia Coles, the next morning at breakfast.

"They will agree perfectly!" said Primrose.

Good Dr. Maryland lifted his eyebrows in astonishment at both utterances.

"Their ways are too different," said Mrs. Coles.

"Their ways will be alike," said Prim.

"Of course their ways will be one," said the doctor. But he was very old-fashioned.

And the people do not change their natures because they happen to love one another, nor even because they happen to be married. Still less!

There happened to be a run of very bad weather for several days after the two persons concerned arrived in New York. That did not indeed hinder business in Wall street and elsewhere but it put an effective barrier to pleasure seeking out of doors. The best and most exclusive appointments of the best hotel, did not quite replace Chickaree, during the long days which Hazel perforce had to spend by herself. At last there came a morning when the sun shone.

"What have you got to do to-day?" Rollo asked her.

"One trunk to fill for other people, and two for myself."

"Sounds large! Can you do it in a day?"

"I am an adept at filling trunks."

"Let me see your purse."

"O that needs no looking after," said Hazel, flushing up.

"I only want to see it," said Dane smiling.

"Not to riddle it. I want to see what sort of a thing you carry."

The "things" were two, and very like Hazel; a pocketbook and purse of the daintiest possible description. Various coins shewed through the gold meshes of the one; the Russia leather of the other told no tales. Rollo turned them over, half smiling to himself.

"Is there enough here for to-days' work?"

"I have Mr. Falkirk's cheque for my last quarter's allowance. I generally make that do," said Hazel.

"Doesn't your stock need supplementing?"

"No, thank you," she said softly and shyly.

"I will arrange all that presently, Hazel. Meanwhile I am very sorry I cannot go along to help you fill those trunks; but I have several people to see and less pleasant work to do.

We'll get some of this business over, and then we'll play. Take a carriage, and Byrom shall wait upon you."

"I do not want Byrom. He is not used to me. And perhaps I may walk."

"Byrom is used to me," said Dane significantly.

"Proof positive of my two propositions," said Hazel with a laugh. "Waiting on me, is bewildering work to a new hand."

"If I give it him in charge, he will do it well. Byrom has a head."

"But I do not want to be given in charge. Have not I a head too?"

Rollo laughed at her, and remarked that it was "one he was bound to take care of."

"So am I, I should hope," said Hazel.

"What do you suppose I shall do with it—or with myself generally—that you call out a special detail of police?"

"Did Mr. Falkirk let you go about by yourself?"

"Always! At least, so far as he was concerned," said Hazel correcting herself.

"I warned you what you were to expect," said Rollo lightly. But then they came to the breakfast table, and something else was talked of. When the meal was over, and he was about going, bending down by her chair, he asked,

"What time will you have the carriage?"

"No time," said Hazel. "I have decided to walk."

"I want you to take a carriage and let Byrom attend you—the sidewalks are in a state of glare ice this morning."

"I am sure-footed."

"I am glad of it," said Rollo half laughing.

"What hour shall I say?"

"Why none!" said Hazel emphatically, with a passing thought of wonder at his obtuseness, though at the moment she was deep in her notebook. "None, thank you."

Rollo's eyes sparkled, as he stood behind her, and his lips twitched.

"Is that the way you used to handle Mr. Falkirk, when he expressed his wishes on some point of your action?"

"Mr. Falkirk was indulged with a variety of ways."

"Have you got a variety in store for me?"

"For any deserving object—I am extremely impartial," said Hazel turning a leaf.

"Won't you give me another variety then, this morning?" said he softly. "Because I am not going to let you go out on foot to-day, Hazel."

"Not let me?" Hazel repeated, looking round from her notebook now to ask the question. There was no explanation in the face that confronted her, nor any consciousness of having said anything that needed it. Hazel looked at him for a second, open-eyed.

"What can you possibly mean?" she said.

"If it means interference with your pleasure, I am sorry."

Probably something in face and figure made this reply more definite than the words, for Wych Hazel's face waked up.

"But it does!" she said. "I told you so at first."

"It would interfere with mine very much, to have you go as you proposed."

"But that is simply—" Hazel suddenly checked her rapid words, and brought her face back over the notebook again; bending down to hide the crimson which yet could not be hid.

"What is 'simply'?" said Dane, touching his own face to the crimson. But Hazel did not speak.

"I must go, Hazel," said he now looking at his watch. "I have not another minute. I will send Byrom to you for orders." And with a gentle kiss to the bowed cheek as he spoke, he went off. And Hazel sat still where he left her, and thought,—with her face in her hands now. Thoughts, and feelings too, were in a whirl. In the first place,—no, there were no possible telling what came first. But was he going to direct every little thing of her life? Well, she had given him leave last winter, in her mind. That is, if he would do it. But would he really? Somehow she had fancied he would not. She had fancied that—somehow—he would find out that she had a little sense, and trust to it. She felt so disappointed, and caged, and disturbed.—And then she had withstood him!—a thing he never pretended to bear. Maybe he had gone off disappointed, too. And one of her old saucy speeches had been on the tip of her tongue!—and next time, as like as not, it would slip out, and what should she do then? What should she do now?—go out as she was bid, like a good child? Hazel almost laughed at herself for the bound her mind gave, straight back from this idea,—which after all was the only one to act out. For the old sweetness of temper had taken to itself no edge, and the old dignity which had so often found its safety in submission did not fail her now. Nevertheless, Wych Hazel rose up and stood before the fire, knotting her fingers into various complications. Yes, it was her duty to go. But when Byrom knocked at the door, Hazel sprang away to the next room and sent her orders by Phoebe. Then, after the old comical fashion, she worked out her waywardness in every possible proper way that she could. She put on one of her wonderful toilettes, and then went slowly down the broad stairs (thinking fast!)—and flashed out upon Byrom like a young empress in her robes. And a sincere he had it for the next few hours. To stand at the carriage door and receive the most laconic of orders; to see her pass from carriage to store and from store to carriage, erect and tall and

stately, and with no more apparent notice of the icy sidewalks than if they had been strewn with cotton wool. If he followed close to pick her up, Wych Hazel took no notice and gave him no chance. In like manner she did her work with an executive force and gravity which made the clerks into quicksilver and drove one or two old admirers whom she met nearly frantic. They hailed her by her old name; and Hazel got rid of them she hardly knew how, except that it was in a blaze of discomfort for herself. And after that she kept furtive watch; quitting counters and stores, and rushing up—or down—in elevators, after the most erratic and extraordinary fashion; a vivid spot on either cheek, and eyes in a shadow, and a mouth that grew graver every hour. O if she could but order the coachman to drive—anywhere—till she said stop!—but no such orders could go through Byrom; she must work off her mood of home. And so at last, in the darkest dress she had, Wych Hazel once more sat down before the fire, and put her face in her hands. All through the day, under and over everything else, the old shyness had been growing up, mixing itself with the new,—the old dread of having a man to speak to her in the way of comment, with a thought of blame. Would anybody do it now? So she sat until steps came to the door and the door opened; then she rose quickly up.

But the matter which had occasioned her so many thoughts, had scarcely given Rollo one; and it was plain he had fully forgotten it now in his gladness at seeing her again after the long day. His face had nothing but gladness; and as he took her in his arms she felt that the gladness was very tender.

"Work all done?" he asked.

"O no."—Hazel was glad too. The day had been long.

"But I am going to play to-morrow!"

"Well, what about it?"

"Work must wait. We have got a great deal to do. Don't you agree with me, that every full cup ought to flow into some empty ones?"

"Instead of into its own sewer," said Hazel, who was rather abstractedly brushing off an imaginary grain of dust from off his cuff. "Perhaps it would be wiser to allow that I do."

"Well," said Rollo laughing at her, "there are plenty of empty cups. How many can we fill to-morrow?"

"If you have been at work on that problem, no wonder you want play. How many? I do not know. How much too full is your cup to-night?"

"It feels like the widow's inexhaustible cresset of oil. And by the way, I believe that the store from which anybody may supply others, is inexhaustible. Now let us consider."

And he stood silent, and thoughtful a few minutes, Hazel not interrupting him.

"I can tell you one thing," he began again. "Prudentia Coles would like a black silk dress; and she cannot afford it."

"I certainly owe her that," said Hazel,—and a royal purple to boot."

"How do you 'owe' it?"

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON is said to be guest of the King and Queen of Naples.

A good many theatrical ventures nowadays begin with the bill board and end with board bill.

LYDIA THOMPSON is a charming and happy wife and thoroughly practical, conscientious mother.

THE weekly edition of the London Times will shortly publish a series of articles on dramatic art in his country at the present time.

MME. PAULINE LEGEA will give a series of farewell operatic representations in Madrid during the coming season.

It is announced in Paris that Mr. Gye, a son of the well-known British operatic manager, has been privately married for some time to Signorina Alberti, and that a new public marriage of the pair will shortly take place.

WIKIE COLLINS appeared before the curtain after the first performance of his own play, the "Moonstone," his attire was a protest against the conventionalities of dress. He wore a pair of brown trousers, a black frock coat, and carried in his hand a soft bowler hat.

It is said to be a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with mustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, it may be observed plays on a brass instrument.

MR. SOTHERN has for years been one of the most profitable stars in the world. He has always had luck, \$500 a night and generally one-half the gross receipts of the house. This is the first year he has departed from this plan. He now hires his own company, but instead of fifty per cent. he gets seventy per cent. of the gross receipts. The Park Theatre holds about \$1,200 a night. Say he plays to \$7,000 a week, seventy per cent. of \$7,000 is \$4,900. Fortunately his present play, a new one here, does not need any high priced people, so his expenses are about \$30 a week, which would leave Mr. Sothern the pleasant weekly income of \$4,600.

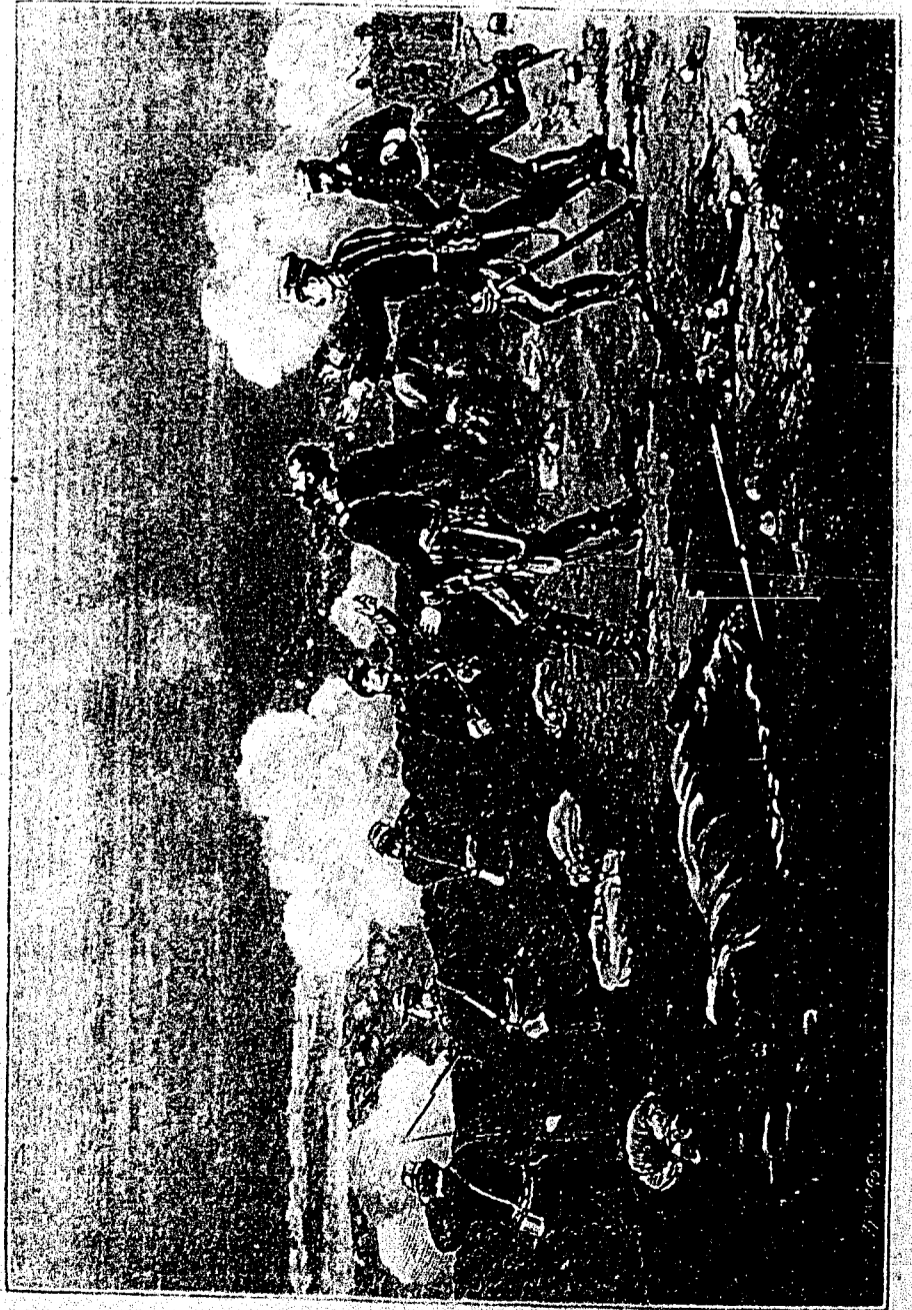
NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and county that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, as all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

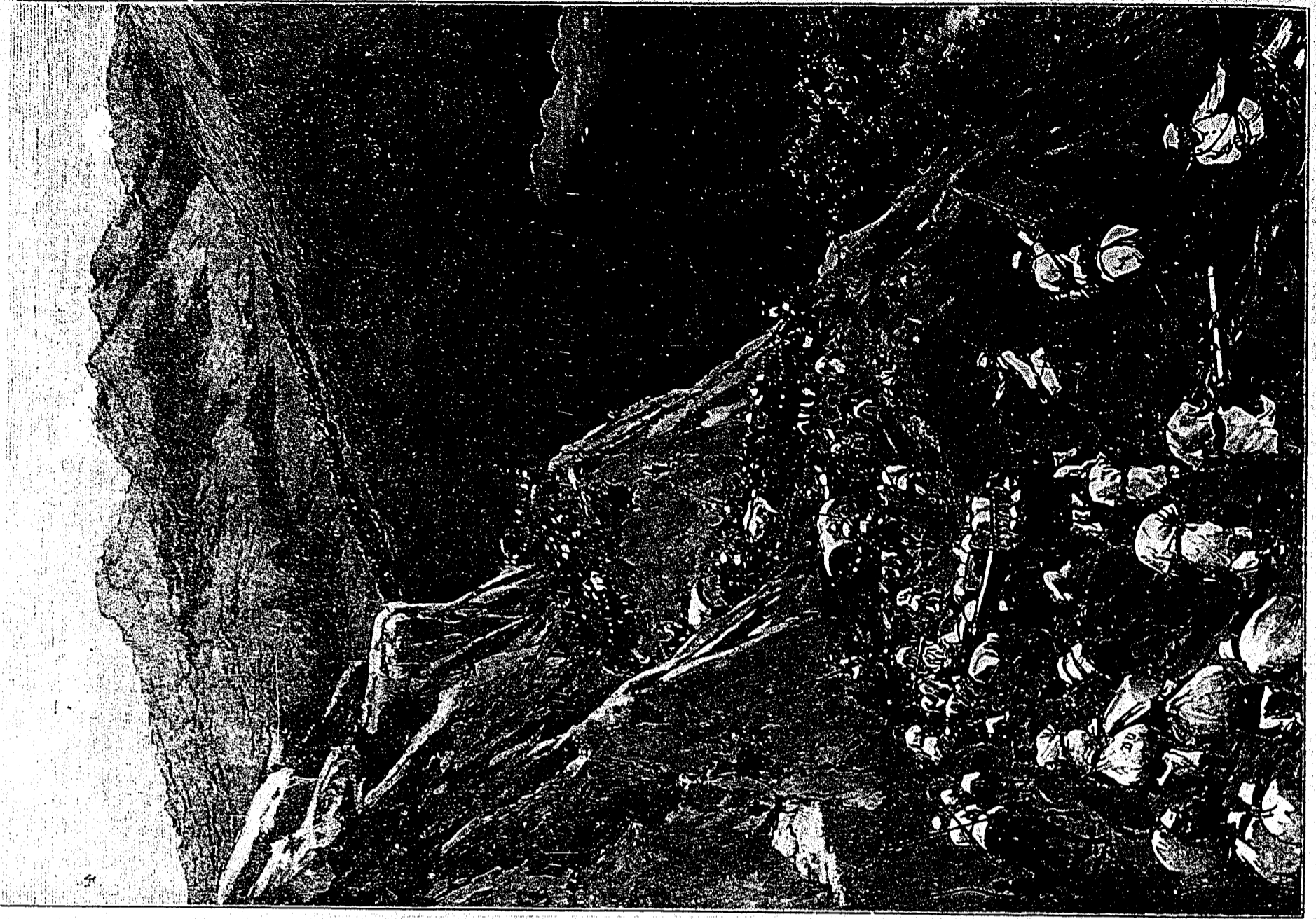
J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.



THE BATTLE OF SHIPKA, 3rd DAY.—RUSSIAN ADVANCE GUARD REPELS THE TURKS

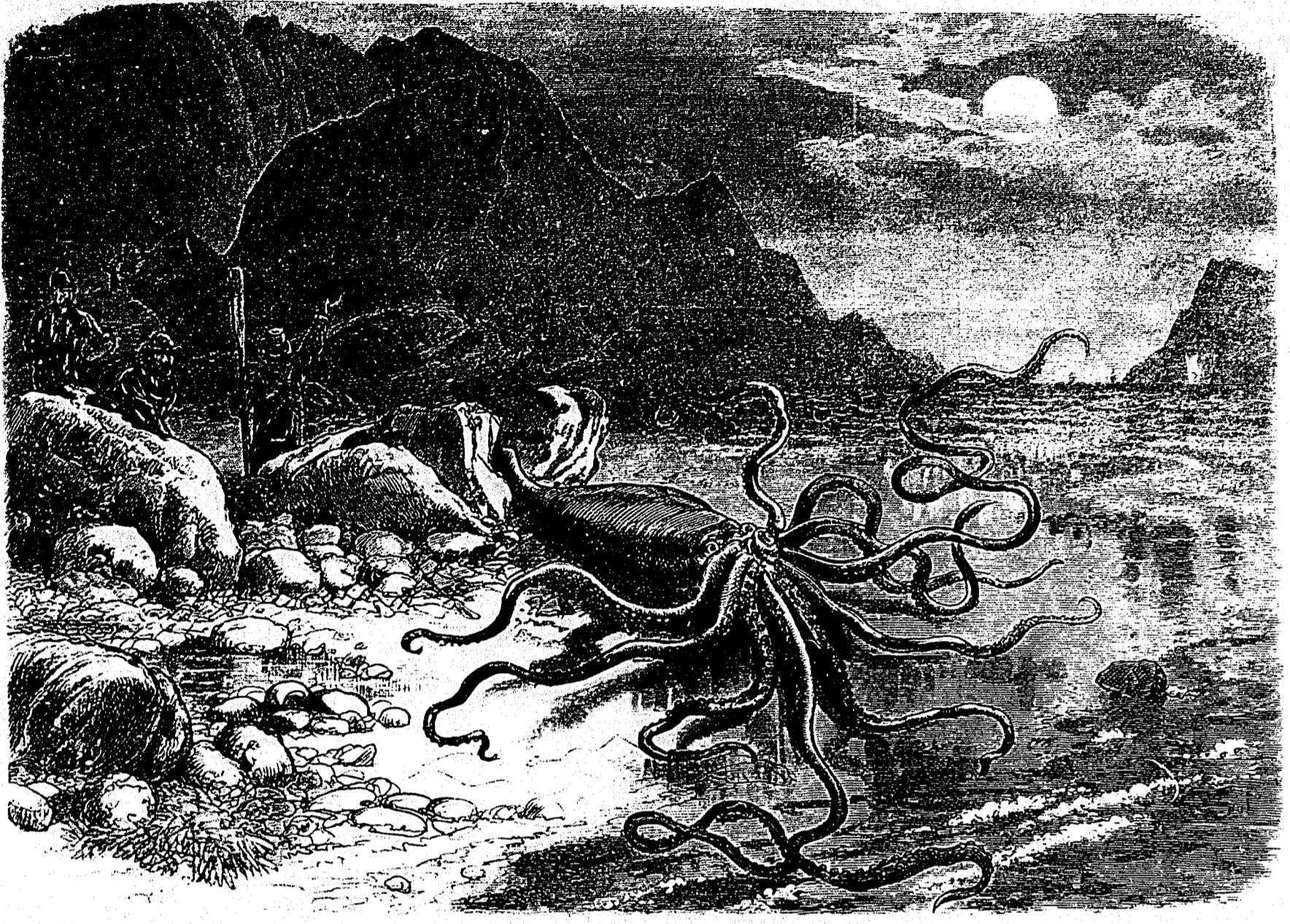


THE BATTLE OF SHIPKA, 5th DAY.—DEATH OF GENERAL DEMOJINSKY.

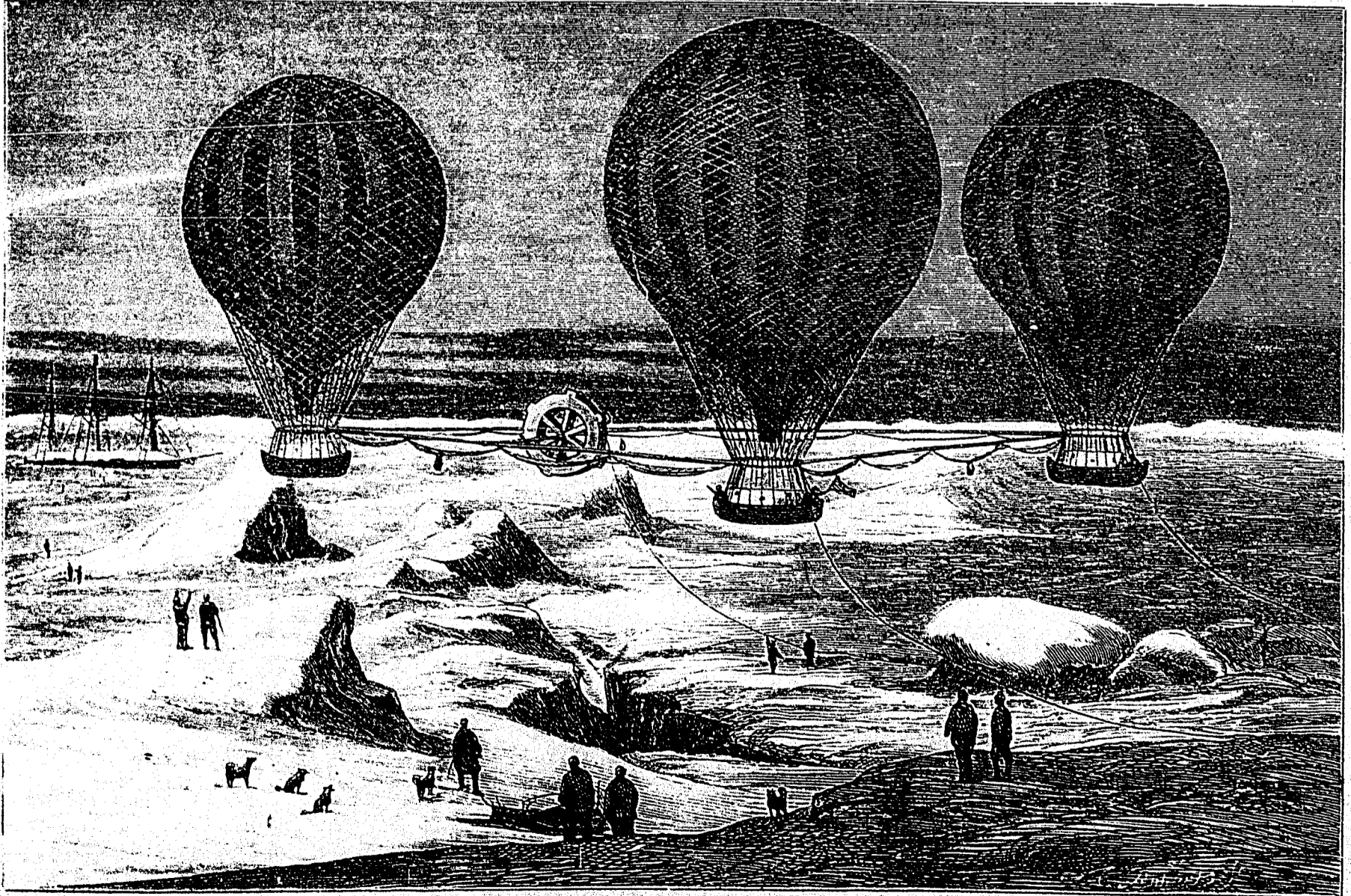


THE BATTLE OF SHIPKA, 6th DAY.—RUSSIAN CONVOY UNDER TURKISH FIRE.

THE EASTERN WAR.



NEW FOUNDLAND.—CAPTURE OF A MONSTER DEVIL-FISH, AT CATALINA, TRINITY BAY.



CAPTAIN HOWGATE'S PROPOSED POLAR EXPEDITION OF 1878.—HOW HE EXPECTS TO REACH THE POLE BY BALLOONS.

THE HISTORIC FLAG.

[At the Conservative demonstration in the County of Glengary several weeks ago, there were carried at the head of the procession, by John R. Macdonald, the remnants of the Union Jack, together with the staff which his great-grand-father carried at Quebec and Louisburg at the head of the U. E. Loyalists. This flag is believed to have done duty prior to 1715, on more than one well-fought field, and as such was cherished by those who expatriated themselves after Sheriffmuir.]

Flag of my country! Flag of my sires!
Honoured, yea hallowed and purged by the fires
Of suffering, and struggle and conflict for Right
Gainst the shackles and trammels of o'erwhelming Might.

Flag of my fathers! battered and torn,
Proudly and nobly and worthily borne
In the forefront of those who reckoned not life
As worthy of thought in their loyalist strife.

Flag of the exiles! they reckon not now
Their race is long run, their chieftain laid low,
Defeated, discouraged, they left their loved land,
But brought, as their home pledge, their flag in their hand.

Flag, the remembrance of sad Sheriffmuir!
We cherish thy tatters; yet though heart-sick and sore
For the patriots who nobly and loyally bled,
We are proud of their prowess and proud of our dead.

Flag of the vanquished! great change hast thou seen,
Riven and torn where the heather grew green—
Triumphantly floated on Canada's shore,
Where the alien and stranger had held rule before.

Flag of the Union! 'tis heroes like thine
Who their names and their country in story enshrine,
No banner more glorious was e'er before seen,
Flag of our country, and of our loved Queen.
Montreal. JNO. F. NORRIS.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November presents an unusually attractive table of contents. Henry James, Jr., writes in his best vein of "London at Midsummer," depicting with keen observation and delicate humour some of those traits in English character and manners which puzzle and amuse the foreigner. Different in style, but not less enjoyable, is a sketch of American rural life, "The Doings and Goings-on of Hired Girls," by Mary Dean. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, author of a well-known work on the Tyrol, contributes an interesting historical paper, "The Flight of a Princess," based on documents recently discovered in the Austrian archives; and Hugh Craig describes the celebrated church or mosque of Saint-Sophia, at Constantinople, and the remarkable events of which it has been the scene. The illustrated papers, "Chester and the Dee" and "Baden and Allerheiligen," are by Lady Blanche Murphy and T. Adolphus Trollope. The new serial, "For Percival," is also illustrated. Mrs. Davis' story, "A Law unto Herself," is brought to a conclusion in a well contrived denouement. The shorter stories are by Will Wallace Harney and Virginia W. Johnson; and the poetry by Epes Sargent, Oscar Lughton and C. Rosell. "Russian and Turkish Music," in the "Monthly Gossip," is a lively paper; and "The Literature of the Day" comprises notices of Mr. Parkman's new work, Daudet's *Jack*, and other recent publications.

The November ATLANTIC is full of good things. "The Queen of Sheba" is dethroned by Mr. Aldrich, and the story ends in the most charming and satisfactory manner. R. W. Raymond has a very complete and instructive article on "The American Iron Master's Work." The account of "Portugal and the Portuguese," by S. G. W. Benjamin, will cause a good many people to revise their opinions about the Latin races generally and Lusitania in particular. Chapter VII. of "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition," by Edward H. Knight, gives numerous illustrations of Japanese methods of making sugar, oil, lacquer, curing tea, and many other interesting processes. "Kathern," by Fearn Gray, is a Southern story, well told, simple and touching. In "Some Aspects of De Quincey," by George Parsons Lathrop, the admirers of that brilliant essayist will find a very satisfactory vindication of him and his habits. Mark Twain, in the second installment of his "Rambling Noces of an Idle Excursion," spins a dozen good yarns, and it is very amusing. T. R. Lounsbury criticises the "Fictitious Lives of Chaucer," and gives the real facts of his life and loves. "Carlo Goldoni," humorist and play-wright of Italy in the early part of the last century, as depicted by W. D. Howells, makes one think of the incomparable Goldsmith, with whom he was contemporary. The members of the Contributors' Club discuss a variety of topics. The poems, by C. P. Crauch, Alice Williams Brotherton, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; the autumnal cluster by Edgar Fawcett, Mary Townley, and C. P. Cleveland; and the characteristic one, "In the Old South Church, Boston, 1677," by Mr. Whittier, will afford unusual pleasure to all lovers of good verse. Critical notices of a large amount of recent literature, and a full and interesting account of the methods and aims of the Harvard Examinations for Women, complete an exceedingly good number.

The November number of SCRIBNER is the first of its fifteenth volume. Edward Eggleston's new novel, "Roxy," is begun, with an illustration by Walter Shirlaw. The scene is laid in Indiana, where lived "The Hoosier School-master" and other interesting characters with whom Dr. Eggleston has made the world familiar. Henry James, Jr., has a short story in this number, Bret Harte a poem, John Burroughs a

tramping paper entitled "A Bed of Boughs," and George M. Towle a sketch of the career of Thiers. The opening illustrated article is one of SCRIBNER'S sporting series, entitled "Canvas-back and Terrapin," by W. McKay Laffan, of Baltimore, illustrated by the author himself. This paper tells about methods of hunting which will be new to most readers. Mr. Frank R. Stockton comes back from the island of Nassau with glowing accounts of its winter climate, and a number of pictures of curious and interesting persons and things there. Col. Waring's usefully and amusingly illustrated papers on the saddle-horse are begun, the first paper being devoted to thoroughbreds and Arabians. An article on "The Countess Potocka" gives the romantic life of a lady, with whose portrait (here reproduced) every one is familiar, but of whose history nearly every one is ignorant. Mrs. Herrick's article on "Bees" is accompanied by thirteen illustrations drawn on the block by the author. Miss Trafton's story "His Inheritance" is continued, and tells about "The Cousin on the Jersey Shore," and "A Game of Cards." An article by John G. Stevens on "The Erie Canal"—in which he predicts its abandonment—is likely to be as much talked about as anything in the present number.

Dr. Holland writes about "Women's Winter Amusements," "The Bondage of the Pulpit," and "Indications of Progress." The Old Cabinet contains, among other things, a letter from L. Clarke Davis on "Joe Jefferson in London," and in Bric-à-Brac, Frank R. Stockton has a contribution which shows how every man can become his own letter-writer.

ST. NICHOLAS for November begins the fifth volume with generous measure. It is closely packed with autumn cheer, and its chief attraction is a clearly written article on how to get up home-made Christmas gifts, giving the youngsters just the kind of work they like, for filling the long in-door evenings. The paper occupies twenty-two pages and has forty-six illustrations.

Professor Proctor furnishes a timely contribution, with six illustrations, about "Mars, the Planet of War." Under the title "Chased by Wolves," there is a stirring account, with a telling picture, of an adventure such as boys delight in. The girls will find great attractions in a capital illustrated story called "Mollie's Boyhood," in the historical sketch "A Child-queen," with the accompanying frontispiece by Fredericks; and in the cleverly named and touching little tale, "Polly: a Before-Christmas Story."

Younger readers will rejoice in Mr. Judson's account of "Nimble Jim and the magic Melon," and in the delightful pictures by Bensell that go with it. They will ponder the tantalizing mystery of "The Story that would not be told," and pore over its thrilling picture of ogres and little boys. The pretty poem, "The Willow Wand," with illustrations by Jessie Curtis, will charm children of all growths; and there is a lovely little Thanksgiving Hymn, by Mary Mapes Dodge, to the music of William K. Bassford.

The Departments are fresh and entertaining, especially the "Letter-Box," which treats the young folks to two poems from the lately found book, "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, and the boys particularly to a kindly letter of advice from General W. T. Sherman of the U. S. Army, besides telling the latest news about the Moons of Mars, and talking of the Russo-Turkish war.

THE MONTREAL YACHT CLUB.

It has often been said that those who love the sports of the water, lose all enthusiasm for recreations ashore; and until ballooning is perfected, or some ingenious inventor can give us the plumes and the pinions of the eagle that we may enjoy the poetry of motion in the air, the yacht must hold its sway among those who love poetry of motion at all. Yachting is the nearest thing we have to flying. It is a kind of a flight too, without much personal exertion, yet what is there in the treacherous shallows and currents of our harbour to induce yachtsmen in Montreal to don the blue jacket and to feel the sailors' joy of "scudding before the wind?" But the instinct of race must have scope for outlet; and like goslings our amateur sailors rule the waves in Longueuil and Lachine, where, of a summer evening or a Saturday afternoon, business cares and airs are cast aside, and hard workers go in for hard play.

A few Saturdays ago it was our luck to be in Longueuil in the nick of time to see the Montreal Yacht Club preparing for a race to come off in the afternoon, and for the first time we learned that the yachts, owned by individual yachtsmen in that resort, had been mustered and formed last May into a like fleet of sixty active members, and about fifteen yachts, under the command of Commodore Brewster,—one of the pioneers of English settlement as well as yachting on Longueuil.

During the summer several interesting trips had been made together, one of which was a cruise to Lake St. Peter, lasting several days, and which fully tested the merits of the boats, and the skill of their masters. Among the fleet the *Maud*, the *Waterwitch*, *Stranger*, *Wanderer*, *Iona* and *Neva*, may be mentioned as fine sailers. At the last regatta nine yachts entered for a race of about thirteen miles, which was won by the *Stranger*, in the remarkably fast time of 1 hour 57 min. 43 sec. The following are the club officers:—

Commodore DR. CHAS. BREWSTER.
Vice " MR. A. I. MCINTOSH.
Measurer MR. R. T. MCGREGOR.
Treasurer MR. D. M. LESTIN.
Secretary MR. GREGORY GLASSFORD.
Sailing Committee:—MESSRS. A. W. GLASSFORD, C. E. O'CONNOR, WM. CAMERON.

It was a picturesque sight as the little fleet was riding at anchor in the Bay, which forms its harbour, and with the aid of Mr. Alex. Henderson, the well-known landscape photographer, we are able to give our readers a very pretty sketch of the boats. It will be seen there are only eight of the yachts in view, the rest not having come to time.

The Club is only in its infancy, and has done wonders in organization. It promises to promote this fine sport very much; and its regatta next year will be looked forward to with much interest. The rowing boats in Longueuil have already been noted for several picturesque torch-light and lantern processions at night, like the old water pageantry at London, on Lord Mayor's Day, and the Yacht Club certainly presents a show of canvass which makes it the finest little fleet in the Province.

EN PASSANT.

THE COLORADO BUG is a curious illustration of one of Darwin's most favorite theories—the development of species—since it has developed into a bug-bee in England.

GIVEN a correspondent at the seat of war who spells Russian names and localities with uniform accuracy, and you may conclude his despatches are correct—in one respect at least.

THE GLORY OF WAR is sadly dimmed by the heartrending accounts one hears of the barbarities practised by the Turks upon the bodies of their enemies whom they have literally cut up *a la Russe*.

STATISTICIANS have rendered the world eminent service. It would be interesting to know from some of them the exact number of commercial men, who upon being asked on the street "How do you do?" invariably reply "Very well, thank you."

THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST has caused a national feeling of gratitude throughout the country. In these days of high discounts and renewals let us hope the time is near at hand when commercial paper will be regarded "as good as wheat."

OF THE THOUSANDS of pianos and cabinet organs which are annually manufactured on this continent, it would be a curiosity to see one "for the excellence of which in tone and workmanship" a prize medal has not been awarded. I regard the exception as rather a recommendation than otherwise to the instrument.

THE RESULT of the vote upon the Dunkin Act in Toronto was a triumph for the licensed and unlicensed victuallers. The most pertinent question which is now being asked by the temperance people is: Will that fact put people into possession of better spirits? But they forget that Rine wine is not a stimulant.

THE BLAKE ACT, if I understand rightly, makes it a penal offence to present loaded or unloaded arms at anyone. If this law is carried out to the letter, it will virtually exclude from our Canadian theatres such plays as "Our's," where gunpowder is about the only thing which goes off with any degree of satisfaction.

The "STEEL RAILS" matter has been revived since the recent Conservative picnic in Eastern Ontario. Without wishing to commit myself to those narrow-gauge principles which usually direct party discussions, would it not be well, in the interests of the country, generally, and of unemployed labor in particular, to arrange upon a Pacific terminus, and thus terminate the subject—*mutatis mutandis*.

Military glory has always been a costly national vanity. The Municipal Corporation of Montreal has thought fit to repress payment for the services of its active militia ordered out on the 17th July last at the burial of Hackett. Without going into the relative merits of the orange and green, it is probable that the dignity of the imperial purple will have to be sustained by the judicial scarlet. Thus does colour give tone to various modes of opinion. But some persons become colour-blind through prejudice.

IT MAY, or may not be known that Mr. Forbes, the brilliant correspondent of the *Daily News*, was at one time a trooper in the Life Guards. Since his graphic descriptions of the battle of Plevna I notice he has been referred to by several American journals as "Colonel Forbes." It is to be hoped for the sake of his permanent reputation that our Republican neighbors will not promote him to the rank of "General." If they were to do so people would begin to lose all faith in him.

THE EXPENSIVE FRAUDS which have been successfully passed upon several of our leading books by means of what are known as "raised cheques," show plainly the necessity which exists of elevating the standard of mental shrewdness in those who honor them. This laxity arises from the want of a systematic habit in look-

ing at things of this kind fully in the face. I need scarcely add that the profits derived from these cheques will not go a great way toward raising the salaries of bank clerks. After all, a man's value in a banking house is principally determined by his ability to meet calls of this description.

St. JOHN, N. B., has arisen from its ashes with remarkable celerity. Four hundred brick edifices have taken the place of wooden ones. This is as it should be. But the hundreds of frame dwellings which are being built, most of which were in course of erection before the new Building Act was passed by the New Brunswick Legislature, is an apprehensive sign that the disaster may be repeated at almost any hour. This deduction is apparent from the fact that in many cases as high as six and seven per cent. premium is being charged for insurance. True, people must have some place to live in during the coming winter; but existence is almost a hand-to-mouth struggle in the face of such a calamity. The delay shown in passing the Bill illustrates the old adage that Corporations have no souls, even though their bodies might have passed through fire. PAUL FORD.

LOYAL CANADIAN SOCIETY.

GRIMSBY, ONT.

On the 13th of October, 1812, was fought the battle of Queenston Heights. That fearful engagement terminated in a total defeat of the enemy, and, after a hard struggle, more than a thousand of the invaders, under Gen. Van Ranselaer, were compelled to lay down their arms. It was a glorious victory for the Canadian people, but their rejoicing was sadly marred by the loss of their beloved commander, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

The Loyal Canadian Society, of Grimsby, was organized more than thirty years ago, by a number of the residents of the Niagara district, chiefly for the purpose of commemorating that important event in the history of Canada. Its members are scattered all over the Province, but the Head-quarters of the Society are at Grimsby, an interesting old village, in the County of Lincoln, about twenty miles from the Niagara River. The 13th of October is a grand rallying day, and the members assemble from all quarters, to take part in the annual dinner of the Society, which, for twenty-five years, has been held in the same hotel. The hall is usually decorated with flags and Canadian trophies, interspersed with maple leaves, already tinted by the autumnal frost. The veterans of the war are the guests of the Society, and, in earlier years, a goodly number of those gallant old soldiers occupied places of honour at the tables. But, as years rolled on, the number has gradually diminished until this, the 31st annual gathering, but one brave old hero remains to tell the story of his experience in those early times.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts have been proposed and duly honoured, the President invariably proposes the "Immortal memory of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock" which is honoured by solemn silence. Then follows a series of toasts appropriate to the occasion. Among the members are some of the ablest men in the land, and some of the speeches at these gatherings are magnificent specimens of oratory.

Many of the founders of the Society have long since passed away, but new members are being enrolled each year. The annual dinners have always been exceedingly interesting, and each 13th of October is looked forward to with pleasure.

The Loyal Canadian Society has done a good work in thus celebrating the anniversaries of important events in Canadian history.

W. F. McM.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 143 received.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 139 received.

B., Montreal.—We shall answer your question in full in our next Column.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS PLAYERS.

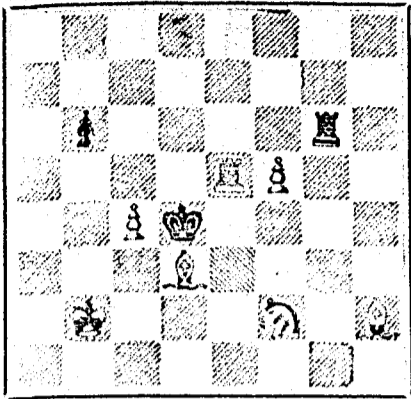
The names of the Chess players in this contest appeared in our Chess Column a short time ago. We are now informed that a photographic Chess board is proposed to be issued. Fifty-six of the squares will be occupied by the portraits of the players, the remaining eight by problem composers or players—four representing the old world and four the new. Placed in a neat frame, it will be very suitable for a Chess-player's Library.

We subjoin a game from the Westminster papers, played by correspondence between A. Smith, Esq., of Brighton, and Mrs. Down, of London. It appears that two games were played by the same antagonists, in both of which the lady was successful. We have on several occasions called attention to the fact that the fair sex are taking prominent places among Chess players, both in America and the old country. We have every reason to believe that in this Canada of ours there are to be found several of the same sex who, did circumstances present themselves, would, also, be able to show a similar ability in the Royal game of Chess.

The custom that prevails in some of the large cities of the United States of holding Chess meetings at private houses, in the same manner as social parties are conducted among ourselves, is a delightful to foster among all members of a family an interest in the game, and extend its influence beyond the narrow limits of the clubroom. We submit the consideration of this custom to our Canadian players. In Canada we have a long winter, during which

evening amusement of some nature in many cases must be provided for all members of the family, a more innocent one than Chess could not be selected, and it has the advantage over many others of affording a most invigorating exercise of the mental powers.

PROBLEM No. 145. BY J. W. ABBOTT. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESSE IN ENGLAND. GAME 2110.

Played by correspondence between A. Smith, Esq., of London, and Mrs. Dean, of Brighton. (Petroff Defence.)

- WHITE. (Mr. A. Smith.) 1. P to K 4 2. K to K B 3 3. K to B 3 4. P to K B 3 (b) 5. B to B 4 6. P to Q 4 7. K takes P 8. K to B 3 9. Q to Q 2 10. P to K 5 11. Q takes B 12. B to K 3 (b) 13. K to Q 7 (c) 14. K takes Kt (ch) 15. Q to K R 4 (c) 16. B takes R P (c) 17. K to R 4 18. Q to K 3 19. Castles K side 20. B to K 2 21. K R to K sq 22. Q takes B 23. P to K B 4 24. Q to K 4 25. K to B 1 26. K to K 3 (ch) 27. P takes Kt 28. Q to R 4 (ch) 29. Q R to Q sq 30. Q to K 3 31. Q to B 7 (ch) (c) 32. Q takes R P 33. R takes R 34. Q takes P 35. Q to Q 4 (ch) 36. Q to B 4 37. R to Q sq
- BLACK. (Mrs. Dean.) P to K 1 Kt to K B 3 B to K 2 Castles P P to B 4 B to K 3 P to K R 3 (c) B takes B P takes P Q Kt to Q 2 Q to K 2 P to K 5 Kt to K 4 Q to K 1 K to B 2 P to K 7 B takes B P to B 4 Kt to B 2 R to K Kt sq Q to K B 4 Kt takes Kt Q takes Q Kt P K to K 2 Q R to Q sq R to Q 5 (c) K to R sq Q takes B P P to R P P to Q 6 R to K 2 P to K 6 and wins.

NOTES.

- (1) W. N. Potter. Condensedly avoiding the complexities of the four knights game.
- (2) P to Q 4 is better here.
- (3) Not so good as Kt to Q B 3.
- (4) By this move a pawn is lost.
- (5) A skilful and embarrassing move.
- (6) The correct reply was Kt takes Kt, followed by Q to B 2.
- (7) A formidable stroke, winning back the pawn and casting an Q's side would, perhaps, have been dangerous at this point in the game.
- (8) The only move.
- (9) White's best chance was P to B 3.

CHESSE IN CANADA. GAME 2110.

(From the Illustrated New Yorker.) Played at the Annual Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, held at Quebec 25th August, 1877. (Sicilian Defence.)

- WHITE. (Mr. J. W. Shaw.) 1. P to K 1 2. P to K B 4 (a) 3. K to K B 3 4. B to K 2 5. P to Q 3 (b) 6. B to K 3 (c) 7. B takes Kt 8. K to Q 2 9. P to K 5 10. K to K 4 11. B takes R B P 12. P takes P ten pawns 13. P to B 3 14. B to K 5 (d) 15. Q to B 2 16. Kt takes P 17. B to R 5 (ch) 18. B takes R (ch) 19. P to K R 4 20. Q takes B 21. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 22. Q takes Kt mate.
- BLACK. (Mr. E. Popov.) P to Q B 4 P to K 3 Kt to Q B 3 (a) P to K R 3 (c) Kt to Q 5 (a) Kt takes Kt P to K Kt 4 (c) B to Q 3 B to B 2 P takes P P to Q 4 (b) R to B 5 (ch) B to Q 2 R to R 2 P to K B 4 B to B 3 R to B 2 K takes B B takes Kt P (c) Q to Kt 3 K to K sq

NOTES.

- (a) Not a good continuation; it allows the second player to convert the game into a variation of the French opening, favourable to the defense.
- (b) He should rather have played (3) P to Q 4, which would have given him the better game, whilst Kt to Q B 3 leads to positions nearer equality.
- (c) Again, P to Q 4 should have been played—the text move is very feeble and entirely unnecessary.
- (d) White, on the other hand, has so far played his opening as recommended for the variation he has chosen, and this is the orthodox 5th move, but Black having wasted time on his last play, White, perhaps, had better have castled here, preparing for a rigorous attack.
- (e) Black appears unconscious of any necessity of developing his pieces.
- (f) We should have preferred (6) P to Q B 3, which would lead to a formidable centre of pawns.
- (g) A move like this, in the present state of Black's game, is absolutely suicidal.
- (h) Even thus early, his game is hopelessly compromised.
- (i) Better than taking the pawn at once. If, in reply, Black move P to B 3, White can first check with Bishop, and then castle.

(f) To put himself out of his misery as speedily as possible, we presume.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 143.

- WHITE. 1. B to R 7 2. P to B 2 becoming a Rook 3. R mates.
- BLACK. 1. K takes B 2. K takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 141.

- WHITE. 1. Q takes Kt (ch) 2. B to K R 6 (ch) 3. R takes R (ch) 4. R takes Q mate.
- BLACK. 1. P takes Q 2. K to Kt sq 3. Q covers.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 142

- WHITE. K to K Kt sq Q at Q K 3 R at K K 7 P at K K 2
 - BLACK. K at K R 5 Q at Q sq R at K 2 Pawns at K R 4, and K K 5
- White to play and mate in two moves.



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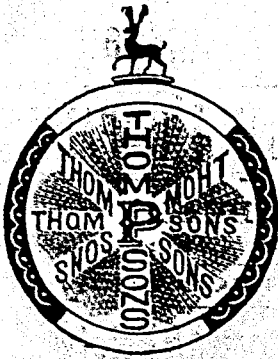
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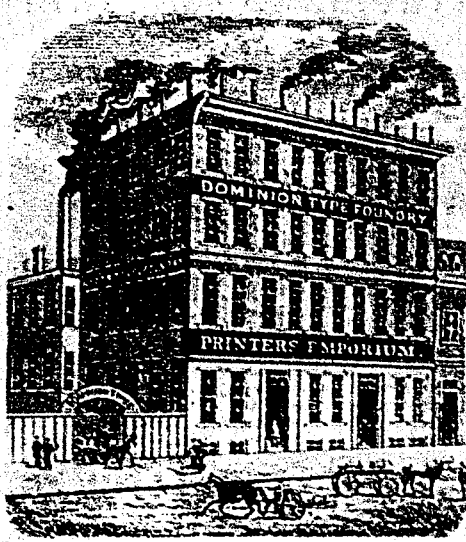
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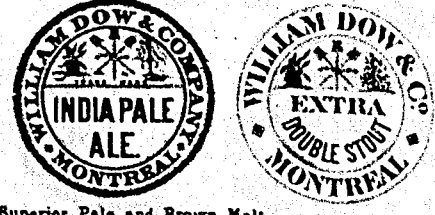
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