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## National Anthem.

Words by G. W. Wicksted, Q.C. Ottawa.

*f* God save the land we love, Show't blessings from a-bove

On Ca-na-da; *f* Let her fair fame ex-tend, Her progress

ne-ver end, In her two nations blend, Bri-tain and France.

<p>2.</p> <p>Each has a glorious name, High on the roll of Fame ;-- NOBLESSE OBLIGE; May we be noble too, Nobly to think and do, All to each other true, And to our Queen.</p>	<p>3.</p> <p>Fast joined in heart and hand, Proud of their goodly land, And of their Sires,-- Let all Canadians then, Gaul, Gael, or British men, Sing, with a loud Amen,-- God Save the Queen.</p>
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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 29, 1878.

### THE VOLTAIRE CENTENARY.

We give among our illustrations, in the present issue, a portrait of Voltaire, with a list of his principal works. This is done in connection with the celebration of the centenary of his death, an event which has just created a notable sensation in France. One paper says that thanks to the precautions adopted by the Government, the celebration passed amidst the most perfect calmness. Everyone celebrated the VOLTAIRE centenary in his own way. The most discreet, those who do not like the noise of public demonstrations, confined themselves to reading a few of the finest pages of the *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, the *Discours sur l'Homme*, or the *Poésies fugitives*. Those, on the other hand, who like to beat their admiration by contact with that of others, and whose pleasure is never complete unless it is shared, went to the Gaité Theatre to hear M. SPULLER'S address, M. DESCHANEL'S lecture, and M. VICTOR HUGO'S grand harangue. Finally, those who love external demonstrations, processions, and trumpets, went in a crowd to the Cirque Américain. The VOLTAIRE who was celebrated at the Gaité is the VOLTAIRE of toleration, the great philosophic and literary genius who marched at the head of his century and prepared the way for ours. Messrs. SPULLER, DESCHANEL and VICTOR HUGO in turn treated the same subject, but with a variety of talent which removed all semblance of repetition. There were many very true and fine observations in M. SPULLER'S address. He brought out in strong relief one side of VOLTAIRE—VOLTAIRE the polemicist or journalist, as he called him. M. DESCHANEL added fresh details and completed the portrait. As for M. VICTOR HUGO, a mind so different from that of VOLTAIRE, he confined himself to the loftiest aspects of his hero, to the summits, to use his own expression; and he sometimes ascended very high, too high, indeed, when he thought he could see VOLTAIRE smiling on the Amnesty in the midst of the stars. The eloquent passage which brought his speech to an end is also open to criticism. VOLTAIRE never was an Abbé de Saint-Pierre dreaming of perpetual peace, and perhaps this is not a well-chosen moment, in the present state of civilization and of Europe, to decry those warlike virtues which, as history proves, never disappear except in nations arrived at the last stage of decline and ready for death. But we will not dwell upon the questionable parts of M. VICTOR HUGO'S speech. What will remain of this warm harangue is the glorification of VOLTAIRE'S principal works: the triumph of toleration and of what M. DUCFAURE simply called the *abolissement des maurs*. M. VICTOR HUGO found tones of deep emotion to depict the horrors of the fate of CALAS and the Chevalier DE LA BARRE, and when he repeated the cry of indignation uttered by VOLTAIRE at that double murder committed by iniquitous justice and odious fanaticism, everyone joined in the noblest of sentiments expressed in the most striking language. The demonstration at the Cirque Américain was of quite a different character from that at the Gaité. The speeches were mere accessories, the trumpets and banners

played the principal part in this popular fête. This became quite clear when Dr. THELIE'S somewhat long-winded lecture on VOLTAIRE was noisily interrupted. The six thousand persons assembled in the Cirque Américain had not come to listen in silence to a long disquisition on the genius of VOLTAIRE, but to hear various local musical societies perform cantatas and triumphal marches, while deputations defiled past the statue of VOLTAIRE crowned with flowers, lowering their flags and uttering cries of enthusiasm. No importance should be attached to what was said at this meeting, and no one has a right to complain of a demonstration which was objectionable only from the standpoint of musical art.

The *Temps* says that the Government prohibited a public fête, of an official character, from being celebrated on the occasion of VOLTAIRE'S centenary. There is no reason to regret this determination, for which indeed there were a number of excellent reasons, for Thursday's fête, due solely to private initiative, will leave all the more lasting memories because it derived none of its brilliancy from the intervention of the authorities. We are too much accustomed in France to expect from the Government a sort of official sanction to our ideas, sentiments, and words. We are too apt to think that any public demonstration depends for its value upon Government patronage and organization. We are constantly crying for liberty of action, and at the same time we implore the support of the Government on every occasion. This was so with the Voltaire Centenary. A fête was demanded, but the Ministry, more liberal in that than those who called for its intervention, having said, "This is not a Government affair," the Centenary has been celebrated at Paris and in a great number of towns with more sincere veneration for the memory of the great apostle of toleration, and also more calmly, than if there had been a demonstration in the public streets under the auspices and the restless surveillance of the authorities.

The *Patrie* says that two rival demonstrations took place on Thursday in honour of Voltaire. Each of them preserved its distinct character: at the Cirque, parade, carnival-like display, the spirit of hatred; at the Gaité, a theatrical demonstration with its bombast and its studied contrasts. . . . In Paris there was the most absolute calmness, a calmness amounting to indifference. All the appeals that have been made to the people for the last week to hang flags on their house-fronts and illuminate their windows were disregarded; and the few lamps that hung here and there in certain streets in the out-of-the-way quarters only served to throw light upon the complete and well-deserved failure of the attempt.

### THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

After a career of over four-score years, crowded beyond the average with busy scenes, the venerable poet-journalist passed away in the quietness of sleep, on Wednesday morning June 12th, at his residence in New York City. Few persons have ever filled to so large a degree the character of a man of the times. As day unfolding on day developed a new page in the volume of human and political progress, his pen and speech gave prompt alarm when danger was imminent, and in hopeful, cheerful, robust measures toyed with the fancy, educated the aesthetic taste, and strewed the glamour of supreme goodness to the uttermost of his vast influence. A poet, true, conscientious, progressive, loving to loiter through the labyrinths of the muses, his well-stored mind had that earnest, practical phase which guarantees equal shelter to fancy and to fact. As a journalist he was ever apt with the questions, the necessities, the troubles, the encouragements of the day. He was bold and aggressive in the enunciation of his positive convictions; he was tender-hearted and sympathetic in the reprehensions his convictions dictated.

He loved the world and the people in it. He had spoken so sweetly and kindly to all people, that the reading universe, regarding him in the purest spirit of fraternity, paused in its round of labor at his death to recall the brightness and happiness he had produced.

He died in his favorite month, for he had sung—

"I gazed upon the glorious sky,  
And the green mountains round."

And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,  
When the brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a cheerful sound,  
The sexton's hand my grave to make,  
The rich, green mountain turf should break."

The immediate cause of his decease was a fall he sustained on May 30th, shortly after he had delivered the oration on the occasion of his unveiling of the bust of Mazzini in Central Park. He was affected by the sun, and, while disclaiming all fatigue, he accepted the invitation of General Wilson to accompany him to his residence, No. 15 East Seventy-fourth Street, for rest and refreshments. Going up the steps of the house, Mr. Bryant held General Wilson's arm. The outer door, which is a double one, stood half open. Stepping into the vestibule with his daughter to open the inner door with his latch-key, General Wilson left his guest leaning against the outer door post. Scarcely a second had elapsed before a sound attracted the General's attention, and, turning, he just caught sight of Mr. Bryant as his head struck the platform step. He had fallen directly backward, and the lower part of his body lay inside the vestibule. He was taken into the house, and after recovering consciousness, he begged to be escorted to his own residence. Before he reached the house his mind began wandering, and with few and short intervals he remained unconscious to the time of his death.

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3rd, 1794, his father being Dr. Bryant, an eminent physician of his day. At the age of nine William Cullen began writing poetical effusions, at ten, one of his compositions was published, and at fourteen his satirical sketch, "The Embargo," was given to the world. He was intended by his parents for the law, and, after passing through William's College, he read in the office of Judge Howe, and was admitted to the Bar in 1815.

In the following year "Thanatopsis" was published, although written four years previously. This poem has been justly and universally admired, and Mr. Bryant himself cherished it as one of the best emanations from his pen, even amid the beauties of recent works. He continued the practice of law at Plainfield and Great Barrington until 1821, when, after delivering a poem entitled "Agnes" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, he determined to enter upon the literary career. Coming to New York City, he first performed editorial service on the *New York Review*, a publication which remained under his charge long after it was merged in *United States Review and Literary Gazette*.

In 1826 he became attached to the *Evening Post*, under the editorship of William Coleman, and upon the death of that gentleman, Mr. Bryant was placed in control of the paper. He thereupon changed the policy of the paper, and marked out an entirely new course, especially on the question of free trade. Seven years later he took rest from editorial labor in order to devote himself to more distinctively literary pursuits, and entered upon that long list of travels which so distinguished the latter half of his career. His last appearance, of a public character, were in February, 1875, when Governor Tilden and the Legislature of New York gave him very formal receptions in Albany. In June, 1876 when his friends celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, by presenting him with a magnificent vase; and on May 29th last.

He had been a voluminous author in the lines of prose and poetry, and had done much service as an orator. What he regarded as the greatest works of his later years was the formidable task he set himself in 1865 of adding another to the English translations of Homer. Mr. Bryant was then in his seventy-first year. "The Iliad" was finished in December, 1871. His entire labor on Homer, therefore, covered about six years. Few men have had the courage or were to achieve at such an age so great a work.

The funeral services were held on Friday morning, June 14th, in All Soul's Church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellows, officiating. The assemblage, which overtaxed the capacity of the church, was remarkable for the number of prominent citizens among it, and also for the great number of aged or elderly men present. Large delegations were present from the Century Club, the Union League Club, the New York Historical Society, the Public Schools Aid Society, the New York Press Club, the Associated Press, the Mazzini Monument Committee, the Italian Mutual Benevolent Society, the Italian Brotherly Society, the Circolo Italiano, and other organizations. Dr. Bellows delivered a touching address, and among the musical exercises the Choir sang a hymn written by the deceased. At the conclusion of the ostentatious ceremonies, the remains were taken by the relatives to Roslyn, L. I., where Mr. Bryant had an elegant country seat named Cedarnere, and interred beside those of his wife.

### ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Thursday last, Robertson's comedy "Society" was played at the Academy of Music by a mixed company of amateurs and professionals. Miss Rose Goodall, of New York, gave her services on this occasion, but we are unable to say anything about this charming actress, who could not appear at her best, as she was, not to be severe, but indifferently supported. Two of the amateurs, who are already favourably known to Montreal audiences, acquitted themselves better than many a professional we have seen on the boards of this city. Captain Devine

made an excellent *Tom Stylus*, and Mr. Chas. Doucet very creditably performed the part of *Sidney Daryl*. The less said about the other performers the better. We do not wish to discourage amateurs, but would merely suggest that on a future occasion they select a play more adapted to their capabilities and take a little more time in rehearsing, for we doubt if professionals would have had the temerity to play "Society" after three days' preparation.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MÉTIS, QUE., PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MANSE.—With the exception of Rivière du Loup, Métis is the only Protestant station between Quebec and Gaspé, a distance of about 500 miles. It is about 100 miles from Rivière du Loup, and between 200 and 300 from Gaspé. The nearest Protestant station in New Brunswick is Campbellton, about 100 miles distant. The first Protestant church in Métis, and for many years the only one there, was the Presbyterian. The Manse—as Scotch Presbyterians call a Parsonage—which appears to the right of our picture, was built about fifty years ago. With the exception of the lime, all the materials of which it is built were brought by schooner from Montreal, a distance of about 400 miles. In days gone by, it was a church and a school-house, as well as a manse. Below, surrounded by a fence of posts, is the burying-ground, the property of the Presbyterian Church—where "the forefathers of the land sleep." Through the fence, to the left corner, appears a headstone which marks the grave of one of the first settlers, named Brand, a British soldier in "the war of '12." In the opposite corner, to the same hand—not seen in the picture—is the last resting-place of nearly 60 sailors and immigrants who perished in two wrecks in the neighbourhood, the one in the year 1846, the other about 6 or 8 years before. A suitable stone is to be set up on the spot this summer. The end of the manse next the spectator, faces a bay called "Anse des Morts" (Dead Men's Bay), so called because, according to tradition, while Canada belonged to France, a French frigate was lost there; only 29 got to land, but all, except two, were killed by the savages. So records the story. On a point, not seen in the picture, to the right of the burying-ground, there used to be two wooden crosses, one of rude workmanship. The last fell down from old age about 22 years ago. The other did so from the same cause a few years before. Why they were set up is not known. On the beach is an enormous mass of trees, logs, stumps, chips, and the like cast up by the waters. The river is represented as at "neap" or low tide. The black line in the beach shows that the tide is falling or ebbing. The building to the left, near the centre, is the Presbyterian Church, capable of seating about 200 persons. The older part was built about 40 years ago. The newer was added a few years after. It has no architectural beauty, but it has one beauty, which many most gorgeous churches have not—it is entirely free of debt. The house in the distance, to the left, is "Woodlands," where the former minister of the Presbyterian Church spent his last days. His widow still lives in it. From the grounds around, several very pretty views can be had. A few can get very excellent board here. A short distance east is a cape, on the top of which, he who takes the trouble to climb up is well rewarded by the views which he obtains.

LITTLE MÉTIS, QUE.—In this number we give a view of Little Métis, a watering place on the south shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, about 220 miles below Quebec. It is taken from the balcony of the summer-house of Mrs. Rodpath, of Montreal, looking east. The large building to the left is a Temperance Hotel, kept by Mt. W. Astle. Behind it is what is commonly called "The Bull Rock." In the centre is a house belonging to Mr. A. Savage, of Montreal. To the right, the dwelling and outbuildings belonging to Mr. F. Astle, one of the old settlers. In a future number we intend giving a view of Little Métis, taken from the same point, looking west, which will show the houses where several Montrealers spend the summer.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE is going home for good.  
BIJOU HERON will be sent to a dramatic school in Paris.  
MILE ALBANI will marry Mr. Ernest Gye in London on August 5th.  
ADELINA PATTI is received with greater enthusiasm than ever in London.  
LAWRENCE BARRETT is lying seriously ill of nervous prostration at his residence in Cohasset, Mass.  
SIMS REEVES, the tenor, it is said, got £160 for singing at the Crystal Palace on Good Friday afternoon, and £100 for warbling at the Albert Hall in the evening.

AN old Roman play, written two thousand and fifty years ago by Marcus Accio Plautus, was recently performed five times to large audiences in Rome. Notwithstanding its age it has all the attractions of novelty.

MR. NIGGLE, bookkeeper for the Adams-Pappenheim company, has been showing a reporter a cash book containing various items aggregating \$445 in one month, charged as "press expenses." Mr. Niggle says these sums were spent in bribing critics.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, writing of the social position of actresses here, says: "I have seen Mr. Frothingham promenading at a reception with Sarah Jewett; Dr. Bellows eating cream at a church fair with Linda Dietz, and Mr. Beecher walking home from church with Jefferys Lewis on his arm."

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The somewhat adventitious success achieved by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave Mrs. Stowe a status in the literary world, or rather in what is vulgarly thought to be the literary world, which her subsequent productions have by no means enhanced. The peculiar political character of the great anti-slavery novel had of course everything to do with its popularity; for its style was by no means finished, nor was its plot at all skilfully constructed. Mrs. Stowe's works lack unity, and have a careless finish; whilst her diction is not free from solecisms and false metaphors. Notwithstanding she possesses a happy, quiet humour and an insight into American life such as few can boast of. The "Pogonuc People" has been styled a novel. Were it called a series of sketches of New England life, a generation or so after the Revolution, a truer idea of the work would be conveyed. The heroine—if such there be—of the tale, is Dolly Cushing, daughter of Parson Cushing, of Pogonuc Centre. Comparatively little interest, however, centres on Dolly, other characters standing out even more prominently. The parson, Seph Higgins, an obstinate old Connecticut farmer; Hill Jones, a gossipy stage-driver, all receive more attention than Dolly. The story still is interesting reading. It affords us a glimpse of the theological opinions of the early New Englanders and a view of the home life of a people now passed away, whose influence on American character was powerful and far good.

By the time we go to press the people of this locality can procure from their bookseller a copy of the first number of the new national magazine, which being the combined strength of *The Canadian Monthly* and *Belfast's Magazine*, proves the old adage "in union there is strength," undoubtedly a true maxim in this case. The mechanical appearance far exceeds any previous effort in Canada. Every particular in connection with the journal denotes care, experience, and remarkable good taste. To particularize the various happy points which combine in making this periodical not only the neatest and most unprovocative-looking magazine in Canada, or that has ever been attempted here, is not our intention to give in this notice. We can, however, say that it is a monthly we may proudly boast of and compare with our near neighbours and our old country parents' more experienced productions of the same class. We honestly, earnestly and heartily recommend our readers to obtain a copy of the first issue of the *Rose-Leaf's Canadian Monthly*. Our patrons will be pleased with us to learn that the new venture will not be devoted, in any sense, to any sect or party, but will be broad, liberal and fearless in everything, at all times zealously devoting itself to Canada and Canadians, its history and their literature. We shall be pleased to give in our next issue a critical résumé of the *Monthly's* contents. And now, we can only again ask all these who have the interest at heart to spread knowledge and establish a literature of their own, as every country of any importance since the earliest historical record shows have done, to support this great enterprise.

*Appleton's Journal* for July opens a new volume with an American novelette by Albert Rhodes, entitled "A Bit of Nature." All magazine-readers are familiar with Mr. Rhodes as an essayist, but as a novelist he comes in a new guise to many of his admirers. "A Bit of Nature" is thoroughly of the soil; it is fresh in character and situation, and will be welcomed specially by readers who are wearied of the stereotyped phases of the English novel. A short story in the number, which is almost long enough to be called a novelette, entitled "Sam," is a tab of mining-life from a new hand, who ventures upon a domain supposed to belong peculiarly to Bretz Harte, with a success that amply justifies the audacity. "Sam" is given as from the pen of E. A. Revorg. The name is new, but the story is worthy of a veteran hand. The number opens with an illustrated article entitled the "Rose of New England," which is not a paper on Juno's flower as it flourishes in bleak Yankee-land, as many will doubtless suppose, but an eminently interesting paper on Norwich, Connecticut, which is dubbed by this handsome title. Dr. Conn takes up Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," and succeeds in illustrating, by various extracts, accompanied with explanations, just what it is that Ruskin proposes in his reform movement to accomplish—a service which not a few persons who have been greatly confused in this matter will welcome. Edward King has a charming paper from Paris entitled "Paris and May," Julian Hawthorne continues his "Out of London" series, and there are various other articles; while the editor throws to the public a topic for discussion in proposing that the next World's Fair shall be held in New York, in 1881, and selects Governor's Island, in the harbour, as a place just fitted by its situation for such an exhibition.

The illustrated articles in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July are attractive both by their literary and artistic merits, and the subjects to which they relate. "Here and There in Old Bristol," by Dr. Alfred S. Gibbs, is rich in description and anecdotal matter connected with the quaint customs and former celebrities—Chatterton, Hannah More, and others—of what was once England's chief seaport. "An Artelier des Dames," by Margaret B. Wright, gives very amusing glimpses of art life in Paris. Leonard Woolsey Bacon gives the history of "The Real Prisoner of Chillon"—a very different character

from the hero of Byron's poem. The other articles are very varied, comprising "A Levantine Pic-nic," by a U. S. naval officer; an account of the "Popular Marriage Customs of Sicily," by Dr. Giuseppe Pittè; "A Tartar Fight at Kazan," by D. Der; "The Idyl of the Vaulcluse," by Charlotte Adams, and a paper on the Census of 1880, by Henry Stone, who shows the necessity for a new law of Congress to remedy the defects in the present method of taking the Census. There is also much diversity in the fiction of the number, which includes several amusing short stories by Wm. F. M. Round, Jennie Woodville, Mary Wager Fisher, and the opening chapters of a new serial, "Through Winding Ways," by Ellen W. Olney, author of "Love in Idleness." There are poems by Paul H. Hayne and Kate Putnam Osgood, and the usual number of light papers in the "Gossip."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July contains the first installment of the new novel by Henry James, Jr., "The Europeans," which is sure to attract no ordinary degree of attention. A Japanese contributor tells us in quaint English a pathetic love story, "Mosuné Sets Yo; or Woman's Sacrifice." Col. T. W. Higginson, in "Some War Scenes Revisited," gives the Rip Van Winkle-like experience of one who enters, "as a temporary carpet-bagger, some city which he formerly ruled or helped to rule with absolute sway." Most interesting as well as curious will be found Mr. Moncure D. Conway's account of "The Romance of a Family." There is an admirable article by Mr. H. E. Scudder, on "St. George's Company," the principles of which Mr. Ruskin has been setting forth during the last seven years in his *Fors Clavigera*. "New Books on Art" this month treats of "The Portfolio" and Lubke's "History of Art." A short article by Mr. Allan B. Magruder, "The Will of Peter the Great, and the Eastern Question," will be found peculiarly interesting at the present time. Richard Grant White's third paper on "Americanism" is given, and Dr. H. C. Angell contributes an article, addressed to a large proportion of the reading public, on "Weak Sight." The poetry of the month includes a "Song: The Wedding Day," by E. C. Stedman; "The Old Man of the Mountain," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Keatsurge," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Dream Fay," by Rose Terry Cooke; "Our Neighbour," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; and "Midsommer Dawn," by Harriet W. Preston. The "Open Letter from New York" is devoted to a description of "society" in that city. The Contributors' Club is even better than usual, and amongst the topics discussed are the "Examination of Shakespeare's Tomb," "How to introduce the Spelling Reform," and Farjeon's novels. Saxe Holm's bonamy and originality are defended, and a house-hold art tragedy is amusingly narrated. Recent literature contains critical notices of Longfellow's "Kéramos," James's "French Poets and Novelists," Winter's "Thistle-Down," Adler's "Creed and Deed," and other late publications.

OUR MILITIA.

THE GOV.-GENERAL'S FOOT-GUARDS.

On the 7th June, 1872, the formation of this regiment was authorized by the following general order: "The formation of a Battalion of Foot-Guards at Head Quarters, Ottawa, to be designated the 1st Battalion Governor-General's Foot-Guards, is hereby authorized. To be raised by Major Thos. Ross. This corps to be special, and under the direct orders of the Adjutant-General at Head Quarters, and to have the same precedence and status in the active militia of the Dominion as is held by Her Majesty's Foot-Guards in the Imperial Army." On the 18th of the same month, Nos. 1 and 2 Companies Civil Service Rifles, under Brevet-Major White and Captain Macpherson, were gazetted as Nos. 1 and 2 Companies of the Battalion; and Nos. 3 and 4 Companies were gazetted with Captains John Tilton and Henry Stuart Weatherley as officers in command. On the 27th of September following, two additional Companies were formed under Captains Stephens and Lee. Major Ross became Lieut.-Col. and Captain White, Major, the latter being succeeded in command of No. 1 Company by Captain Walsh. On the 24th of May, 1874, Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin presented the regiment with a beautiful stand of colours. As a shooting regiment, the Guards occupy a foremost place, having at one time or another won every team or individual cup in the Provincial matches.

CAPTAIN LEE.

joined the Civil Service Rifles as a private, in December, 1861, and served for several years with that corps, and in the same capacity in the Civil Service Rifle Regiment until it was disbanded. In July, 1872, was entrusted by Lieut.-Colonel Ross with the formation of a Company, to be known as No. 6 Company, G.G.F. Guards, and in the following September was gazetted Captain, which position he still holds. Has a 2nd class and B certificate.

CAPTAIN TODD.

first joined the regiment as a private in No. 1 Company, but was soon offered a commission, and has remained with that Company ever since. Took a 2nd class Military School certificate at Toronto, and a 1st class certificate at Halifax. Is an enthusiastic and successful shot, and has won, amongst other prizes, the Governor-General's silver medal, the Ottawa Rifle Club Trophy, the Brassey Cup, &c.

CAPT. HORACE G. DUNLEVIE,

son of Capt. G. G. Dunlevie, late H. M. 74th Regiment. Began volunteering in 1855; served as a private in Toronto Garrison Artillery, under Capt. Robt. Dennison (now Lieut.-Col. Dennison), and Col. J. S. Dennis. Also served in Civil Service Rifles in 1866. Entered the Guards as Ensign in 1872. Commands No. 5 Company.

CAPTAIN TELMONT AUMOND.

joined the regiment as Ensign in 1873, and has now command of No. 3 Company. Holds a 2nd class V.B. certificate.

LIEUT. MAJOR.

joined No 1 Company as a private, and has worked up to his present rank.

LIEUT. GRIFFIN.

has been a member of the active force for 17 years, serving first as a private in the Civil Service corps, then as a non-commissioned officer in the Civil Service regiment. Was offered and accepted a commission in the Guards when first formed.

LIEUT. C. GRABURN.

joined the regiment as a private, and has worked through every grade up to his present rank. Is the Secretary of the Guards Rifle Association, a strong promoter of shooting and an excellent shot. Holds 2nd class V.B. certificate.

LIEUT. TOLLER.

joined the 1st Gloucester Rifles as a private in 1859, and was promoted to the rank of Lieut. in 1st Somerset Rifles 1863. Served for two years in Victoria Rifles, British Columbia, and joined the Guards as ensign. Promoted June 30, 1876. Holds 2nd class V.B. certificate.

ENSIGN K. GRABURN.

joined the regiment as a private, and after passing through all the grades of a non-commissioned officer, was offered and accepted a commission. Is a first-class shot, and holds a V.B. certificate.

The other officers have but recently joined the regiment.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is stated that Lord Beaconsfield by no means wished to go to Berlin, but Bismarck so strongly urged him that he deemed it advisable to go.

CAPTAIN WEBB, with a view of showing how long it is possible for a healthy man to keep afloat, has determined to attempt a thirty-six hours' swim in the sea on the same conditions as on his Channel swim, viz., no artificial dress, and not to touch any boat, &c.

One of our best known savants was lately laying down the law on some scientific matter rather more positively than a listener to him approved, whereupon the listener said, "That is all very well, Lockyer, but though you may be the editor of *Nature*, you are not the author."

ONE of the cleverest of our judges who, in spite of his many accomplishments, has failed to master the letter "h," saw pass the other day an eminent lawyer who has sat upon the wool-sack, and whose praise is in the churches. Said the judge of the lawyer: "There goes that sly 'nabbing 'naming a 'yun."

SIR HENRY THOMPSON has discovered that by the aid of the microphone he can discover accurately the existence of even the smallest obstructing substance which may be in the body. He imagines, too, that by the same instrument he can learn the exact position of a small bullet. In fact, the microphone will be a grand discoverer, not only in surgical cases, but in physiology.

STOFFORTH, bowler of the Australian cricket team, has delivered a message to Mr. Bush from Trickett, the present champion of the world, and Mr. Punch, his chief supporter. It is to the effect that Trickett is willing to journey to England to row anybody for the championship of the world and £500 a-side, provided that he is allowed £150 as expenses. Bush will accept the challenge.

THE best sensation subject of gossip of these two or three days has been the rumoured intention of Her Majesty to go to Malta to review the Indian and British troops stationed there. The story must be taken for what it is worth at present, even though it is taken from a good authority. The Empress of India reviewing the Imperial troops would be a brilliant, a striking, and indeed quite an historic event.

MR. KEITH-JOHNSON is to take the command of an expedition into the interior of Africa, which has been resolved upon by the Committee of the African Exploration Fund of the Royal Geographical Society. The immediate object, we are told, is to explore the unknown tract of country lying between the caravan road in course of construction from Dar-es-Salaam (a few miles south of Zanzibar) and the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Should this expedition prove successful, and sufficient funds be forthcoming, the committee contemplate pushing their explorations to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, a further distance of 120 miles, thus completing approximately two of the routes sketched out in the circular issued last summer.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE national festival in connection with the Exhibition is fixed for the 23rd of July.

CARDINAL DE BONNEHOSE, Archbishop of Rouen, proposes to erect a monument to Joan of Arc in that town.

THE whole of the Avenue de l'Opera was illuminated with the electric light on Thursday week for the first time.

A STEADY stream of European notables is flowing into Paris at present. Among the latest arrivals are the Duke and Duchess of Parma, who will pass a few weeks in the capital.

MORE than a thousand workmen are still employed at the champ de Mars and Trocadéro; this figure gives some idea of the incomplete state in which the Exhibition yet remains.

THE People of Cannes, recognizing the fact that the celebrity of their town as a watering-place, and its consequent prosperity, were due to the late Lord Brougham, have determined to celebrate the centenary of his birth in fitting style. A statue is also to be erected.

THE Shah is accompanied by a suite consisting of fifty persons, including servants, and has the same apartments as the Emperor of Brazil and Prince Henry of the Netherlands. Twenty-four saloons and rooms are placed at the disposal of the imperial visitor, and a special chef is employed to undertake the *cuisine* according to the Mussulman usage.

AN interesting exhibition was opened, a few days ago, at Goupil's establishment, in the Rue Chaptal, of the works of the painters of military scenes, which were not admitted to figure in the galleries of the Champ-de-Mars. Goupil's exhibition being admission free, it is filled every afternoon, and is certainly well worth a short visit.

VISITORS to the Valentino of Paris are amused at the sight of an old country couple, evidently husband and wife, who wander about the gorgeous saloon in seeming astonishment at the dreadful goings on. But they come every night, these old folks. They are as much a part of the show as the Can-Can dancers, and are paid as they are paid. The managers seem to think the idea of their presence a paying one, and possibly it is. It seems to attract, for everybody not in the secret talks about them.

OBSERVING promenaders on the principal streets and avenues will be struck to notice how many representatives of foreign nations are now to be seen in Paris. In the course of a half-hour's stroll along the street, one can see a knot of Arabs in their loose trousers, short embroidered jackets, and red fez; Spanish mountaineers in their national costumes, Japanese and Chinese *uten*, and any number of foreign soldiers. The streets of Paris present almost as lively an appearance now as during the Exhibition of 1867.

THE Paris Dog Show will open on June 30th, on the Esplanade des Invalides, where an important wooden construction has been put up for the purpose. It will be particularly interesting and complete this year. One of the peculiar features of the Show will be a special class reserved for blind-men's dogs, St. Bernard dogs, and Esquimaux dogs, under the designation of "Guides of Man." The following prizes will be awarded to this class:—A gold medal, added to a purse of 100fr.; a silver medal, added to a purse of 75fr.; and a bronze medal, added to a purse of 50fr.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

RUSSIAN ladies wear from a dozen to twenty bracelets.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work.

Two hundred and forty-three English people went mad from love last year.

Why are pretty girls' eyes like oatmeal cake? Because they are apt to give the heartburn.

The hair of a New Orleans belle will be bright purple until it recovers from her atempt to bleach it from black to yellow.

Two American girls have scandalized pious Paris by fanning themselves in church. They were admonished to stop fanning or retire, and retired.

A LADY told her minister that she did not miss his beautiful sermons half as much as one might suppose, during an illness, because her servant sat at the window every Sunday morning and told her just who went to church and what they had on.

CHARLES (playfully). "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?" Jennie.—"If you really want to inspect the bills for my drygoods, Charles, there is a way to do it." [And what else could Charles do but propose on the spot?]

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to Treble's, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.





LIEUT. C. GRABURN.



CAPT. LEE.



CAPT. SURTEES.



LIEUT. GRIFFIN.



CAPT. AMOND.



ENSIGN K. GRABURN.



CAPT. DUNLEVIE.



LIEUT. TOLLER.



DR. MALLOCH.

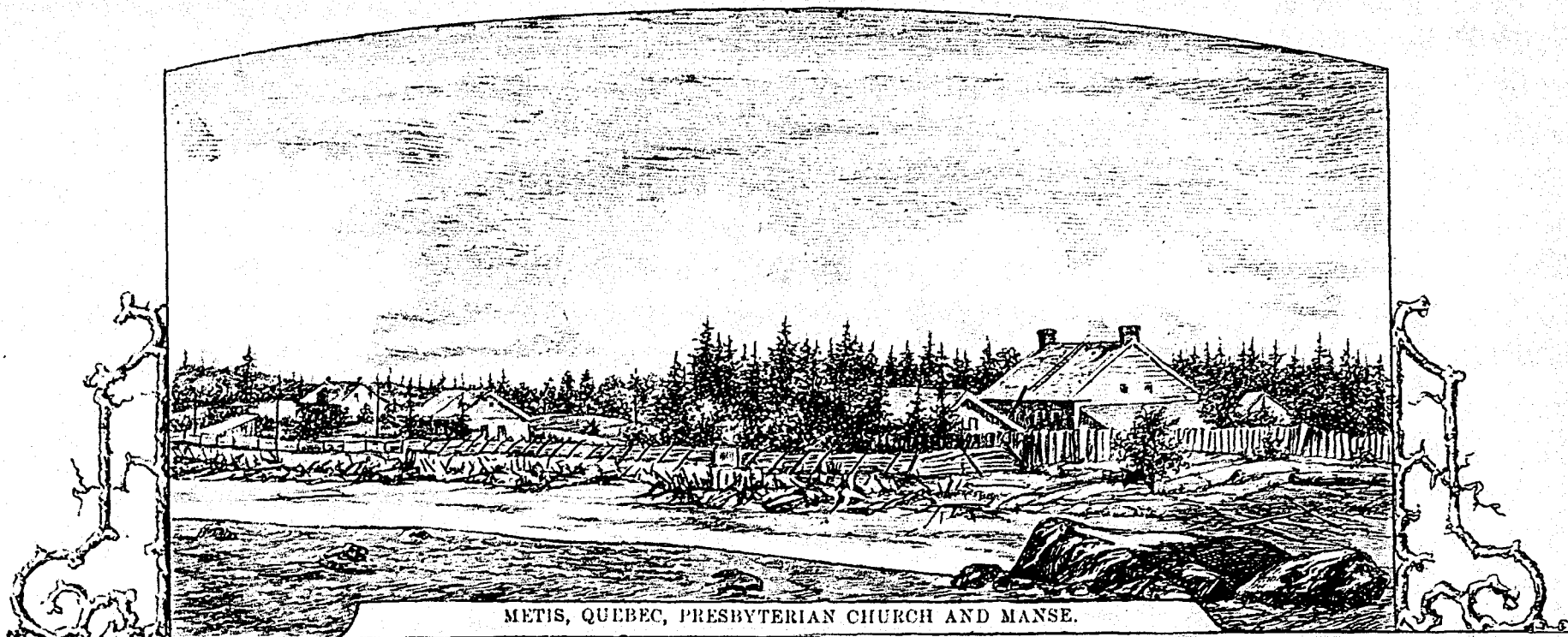


CAPT. TODD.

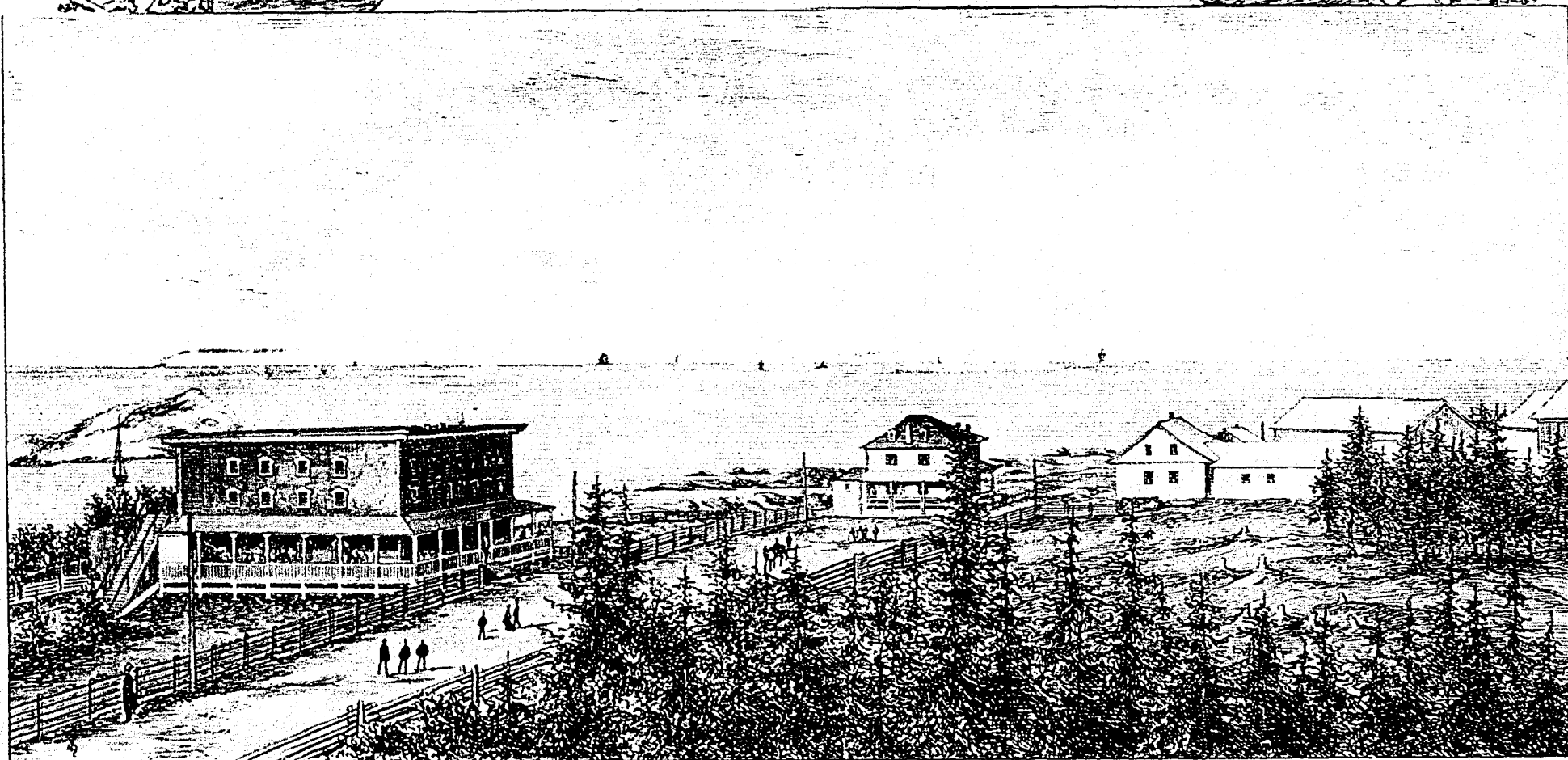


ENSIGN WEBB.

OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS.



METIS, QUEBEC, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MANSE.



LITTLE METIS, QUEBEC.

VARIETIES.

**SILVER WEDDINGS.**—At the different Courts of Europe five silver weddings (twenty-five years of married life) and one golden (of fifty summers) occur during the present year. The latter is that of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria and the Duchess Ludovica, parents of the Empress of Austria, to be commemorated on the 9th of September. The silver series commenced on the 28th of April with the wedding day of the Duke Ernest d'Altenburg; on the 26th May as that of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse; on the 18th of June, that of King Albert of Saxony will take place; on the 22nd of August, of Leopold II.; and on the 26th of September, of Duke George de Waldeck. During the present year, also, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the advent to the throne of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (8th of July) and of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg (3rd of August) will be observed. In 1879 there will be grand festivities in honour of the golden anniversary of the Emperor of Germany (11th of

June), and of the silver one of Duke Frederick of Anhalt (22nd of April), of the Emperor of Austria (24th of April), and of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (29th of November). On the 2nd of March, 1880, the Czar will commemorate the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

**A GRANDFATHER'S LOVE.**—Dr. John Brown writes that he never can forget an incident during the cholera in 1832: "One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might; they had too many dead or dying at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place. It was very dark, but I saw a crowd of women and men on the shore at the landing-place, all shouting for the doctor. We were near the shore when I saw a big, old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head partly bald.

He said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman that stood in his way. It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, Little Joe. He bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe himself was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I can never forget how terribly in earnest he was."

**"DOODLE BUGS."**—It is a known fact that everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with wrapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.

"We call the doodle bugs up any time we have a mind," said some little girls to me one

day when I was teaching school in Western Virginia.

"Doodle bugs?" said I; "I never heard of such things."

"Would you like to see them?" asked one.

"Most assuredly," I answered. Then the little girls led me forth to the ruins of an old school-house, roofless and floorless, and, joining hands, they squatted upon the ground, forming a ring, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command: "Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle Bugs!"

I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard-baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant some three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground begin to heave in little spots, and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-coloured beetle.

When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back into their holes.



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EXCERPTS FROM HIS PHILLIPS ACADEMY CENTENNIAL POEM.

My cheek was bare of adolescent down  
When first I sought the academic town;  
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,  
Big with its filial and parental load;  
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,  
The schoolboy's chosen home is reached at last.  
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,  
The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,  
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,  
The flat, pale house, the knocker garnished door,  
The small, trim parlour, neat, decorous, chill,  
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;  
Two, creased with age—or what I then called age—  
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page:  
One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet  
As the first snow drop which the sunbeams greet;  
One the last nursing: a slight she was, and fair,  
Her smooth white forehead warmed with Auburn hair,  
Last came the Virgin Hymen long and spared,  
Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,  
Strong, patient, humble; her substantial frame  
Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.  
Brave, but with effort, had the schoolboy come  
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;  
How like a dagger to my sinking heart  
Came the dry summons "it is time to part."  
"Good bye!"—"Goo—ood bye!"—one fond maternal  
Kiss.....

.....Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this!  
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray  
From the tame fireside, glad to get away—  
Too old to let my watery grief appear—  
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;  
A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;  
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:  
YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED TIME; so the clock-face said:  
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed—  
Sowed—their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.  
How all comes back! The upward slanting floor—  
The masters' thrones that flank the central door—  
The long, outstretching aisles that divide  
The rows of desks that stand on either side—  
The staring boys, a face to every desk,  
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque,  
Grave is the master's look; his forehead wears  
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;  
Uneasy lies the heads of all that rule.  
His west of all whose kingdom is a school,  
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown  
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;  
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw  
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.  
Less stern he seems, and sits in equal state  
On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;  
Around his lips the subtle line that plays,  
Steals quietly forth in many a jesting phrase;  
A lightsome nature, not so hard to shafe,  
Pleasant when pleased; rough-handed, not so safe;  
Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,  
But to forgive him, God forgive us all!

Once more to time's old graveyard I return  
And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.  
Who, in these days when all things go by steam,  
Recalls the stage-coach with its four horse team?  
Its sturdy driver—who remembers him?

Time works strange marvels; since I trod the green  
And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen!  
But come what will—the sky itself may fall—  
As things of course the boys accept them all,  
The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,  
For daily use our travelling millions claim;  
The face we love, a sunbeam makes our own;  
No more the surgeon bears the sufferer's groan,  
What unwritten histories wrapped in darkness lay  
Till shovelling Schliemann bared them to the day!  
Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,  
The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword;  
Great is the goosequill, say we all; Amen!  
It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,  
The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace blazed,  
Uncertain Mycenaë, recovers Troy—  
Calmly he flatters, that immortal boy.  
A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,  
A mightier Orpheus strains the whispering wire,  
Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds outrun  
And holds the hours as Joshua stayed the sun—  
So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place  
For those dim fictions known as time and space,  
Still a new miracle each year supplies—  
See at his work the chemist of the skies,  
Who questions Sirus in his tortured rays  
And steals the secret of the solar blaze.  
Hush! while the window rattling bugles play  
The nation's airs a hundred miles away!  
That wicked photograph! hark! how it swears!  
Turn it again and make it say its prayers!  
And was it true, then, what the story said  
Of Oxford's friar and his brazen dead?  
While wondering science stands, herself perplexed,  
At each day's miracle, and asks "what next?"  
The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,  
Springs from his desk to "urge the flying ball,  
Cleaves with his heading o'er the glassy waves,  
With snowy arm the dashing current braves,  
The same bright creature in these haunts of ours,  
That Eton shadowed with her "antique towers."  
Boy! where is he! the long-limbed youth inquires,  
Whom his rough chin with manly pride inspires;  
Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,  
When the bright hair is white as winter snows,  
When the dim eye has lost its lambent flame,  
Sweet to his ear will be his schoolboy name!  
Nor think the difference mighty as it seems  
Between life's morning and its evening dreams:  
Forescore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys,  
In earth's wide schoolhouse all are girls and boys.

## DORIS.

A TALE OF OLD BLACKHEATH.

## CHAPTER I.

There are many people who can remember the old Green Man standing on the Greenwich edge of Blackheath, but very few know anything about the story which still clings to the spot, although the surroundings have so changed during the last quarter of a century.

Ten years back the old Green Man Inn still existed—a rambling tumble-down old hostelry, with funny little parlours looking out through big bow-windows, some on to the Dover road, some on to a patch of green grass fringed with a blaze of many-tinted flowers. Long before Greenwich and Blackheath had been brought within a twenty minutes' ride of Charing Cross by steam, the Dover coaches used to pull up at the old inn, on the summit of the stiffish bit of hill leading on to Blackheath, in order that the

teams might be changed, and that the passengers might stretch their legs and refresh themselves with real Kent ale. Nor did the prosperity of the inn depend solely upon its coach customers. Parties of citizens would come by water from London to Greenwich, rollick away the summer hours amongst the trees and glades of the Royal Park, and then, as the sun went down behind Shooter's Hill, hie them to the Green Man, there to partake of famous eggs and bacon—then of true rustic flavour—gulf huge "dishes" of tea, play at bowls on the clean-cut lawn, or sigh and ogle in the arbours dotted about the garden.

So the Green Man flourished even when coaches had had their day. But a levelling age came on apace, and a very garish gin-palace now marks the site of one of the quaintest bits of old life left in the London suburbs. Perhaps, looking around, the sweeping away of the old inn is not altogether to be regretted; for the irregularly carved and angled, quaintly windowed, many-doored edifice would have looked strangely out of place amidst the clusters of stuccoed semi-detached villas now treading on each other's heels, as near as they can to the sacred precincts of the heath.

There were pretty maids in the old hostelries, and with the hostelries they seem to have disappeared, for in the modern dress-worshipping, tip-hunting Mary Jane there is very little to interest, much less admire. At the time when the events about to be related took place—towards the end of the eighteenth century—Doris was the prettiest maid at the Green Man, and, for that, in the south of London; at least, so said those best of judges, commercial travellers and bagmen. She was a hale, plump, healthy Kentish lass, with lips as red as the cherries of her native county, laughing black eyes, brilliant teeth, and a wealth of the blackest hair ever held within ribbon. She was only a waiting-maid—not a maid-in-waiting, but a hard-working, scrubbing, polishing waiting-maid—but her voice was so gentle, her hands so small and delicately formed, and her manner of speaking so different from that of the other coarse country wenches, that it was believed she had once been something far different. The landlord of the Green Man had found her one cruel winter's morn' lying on a snow-heap by the side of the Dover road, wrapped in a shawl, out of sheer humanity had taken her in, and she had never for a day quitted the place of her adoption. Of course she had admirers amongst the sturdy young fellows about, and many more amongst the young London gallants who visited the inn; but though she showed her white teeth, blushed, and acted altogether in the most coquettish style possible as she listened to their compliments, she was not known to have a single lover, and it was not even recorded that any one had ever succeeded in wresting a kiss from her. She was the life and soul of the old inn. She sang as she dusted the great black bannisters, as she "made" the catalogues of beds, as she ran here and there, obeying orders from a dozen throats, and the regular bowl-players of the neighbourhood considered it an essential item in their evening's amusements that she should bring them their pipes and ale. For all this she was of course cordially hated by the other maids of the establishment, who would stoop to any device in order to bring her into a scrape; but she cared nothing for this, and lived till she was seventeen a very happy careless life as maid of the Green Man.

Every morning early, as she was dusting one of the great bow-windows looking on the Dover road, there passed a young man in the direction of Greenwich. He seemed to be very poor; for in all weathers he wore the same clinging thread-bare suit of black, and no glove or mitten ever protected the thin white hands, which clutched a big heavy bag slung over his shoulder. Nothing kept him away, and by degrees she used to watch for his passing as one of the events of the day, her heart yearning all the while to know who and what he was. Perhaps she pitied him as he painfully struggled by against wind, rain, snow, and tempest; perhaps there was something in his face which interested her—a pale, clearly-cut featured face, with large eyes and thin white cheeks. At any rate, Doris knew to a moment when he would pass, and was up at the big window, with her pretty nose flattened against the panes, and her kind brilliant eyes watching his progress, every morning.

One wild winter's morning, as the wind swept over the great black heath, driving the rain as it were in a solid sheet before it, she spied him hobbling along round the corner with greater difficulty than usual: for the big bag seemed heavier and more unwieldy than ever. He had cleared the corner when the gale caught him, burst the great bag, and scattered its contents—papers of all sizes and shapes—far and wide. Active-limbed Doris was down in a moment, out into the storm, with her coquettishly-ribboned shoes splashing through the puddles and mud, helping the poor bewildered youth to gather together his scattered papers. This done, after much running and jumping about, laughter, and display of neatly-clocked stockings on her part, nothing would satisfy her but that he should come in to the bar and take a something hot to drink, whilst she patched up his old worn bag.

The vision of the pretty girl, come like an angel to help him, was too much for the poor youth, and without a word he allowed her to lead him in. She gave him a bowl of hot steaming milk, and in a few seconds her active fingers were at work on the old bag.

"You are very, very kind to do all this for me," said the young man, as soon as he had re-

covered his surprise and his voice. "If you hadn't helped me to pick up these papers, I don't know what I should have done, I'm sure; for they are of great value."

"Well," replied laughing Doris, "you would have done the same for me, I suppose, had I been out in the rain;" and as she looked at him she saw that the tears were in his eyes, and that he was really overcome by what she deemed a service of most ordinary civility.

"Yes," replied he; "but I am so unaccustomed to be kindly treated or spoken to; and you have done this voluntarily to a stranger whom you probably never saw before."

"Never saw before!" cried Doris, bursting into a regular peal of laughter. "Why, I see you pass here every morning in all weathers at the same hour; but of course you don't see me. I'm up-stairs; and you men, with important business, never look up at inn-maids."

"No," said the young man, "I've never seen you before. I wish I had, and my daily walk would have had at least one little bit of sunshine in it."

"Now tell me," said Doris—"this is all I ask in return for the service, as you call it, that I have done you—what makes you go past here every morning in all weathers with that great big bag, as you do?"

"Well," replied the young man, "if it interests you at all, I tell you, I'm a lawyer."

"A lawyer!" cried Doris; "that's something dreadful, isn't it? I remember when I was, O, such a tiny mite of a child, I used to hear such a lot about lawyers, and I was taught to believe them to be such a dreadful set of men."

"Well," said the traveller, "when I say I'm a lawyer, I mean to say that I'm in the office of a lawyer. I copy their letters and things—in fact, I'm a lawyer's clerk. Our place is in Greenwich, and my people are very particular, and insist on my being at the office every morning at eight o'clock; and you see I'm obliged to do it, because I was taken in as a favour; and—and—I shall really be late; so if you'll kindly give me my bag, I'll be off. I don't know how to thank you for what you have done. And—my name's Archer—Tom Archer. And, please, how much have I to pay you?"

"Pay!" said Doris, almost peevishly. "O Mr. Archer, do you think I ask payment for doing an ordinary service? Here's your bag—quite waterproof, I think, now. And, Mr. Archer, when you pass here of a morning, you'll look up and say, "Good-morning, Doris!" then I shall know you are all right. Go home."

Poor Tom tried to say goodbye, but he could only wring her white plump hand with his thin bony fingers, and hurried off, muttering, "Doris, Doris! What a pretty name, and what a good girl!"

Doris, after she had watched him out of sight, returned to her dusting, and thought, "Well, I'm sure he's a good fellow, though he is so poor and sad."

Poor Tom! His was truly a sunless life. He was an orphan, and had no one in the world to look to for advice and comfort but an old uncle, reputed of great wealth, who lived in a dingy old house very near the spot where Blackheath Station now stands, and who just gave Tom lodging and board, and cared no farther about his employment or prospects in life. Tom was, as he told Doris, copying clerk in a lawyer's office in Greenwich. His employers were hard grasping men, who looked upon clerks as machines to be used till worthless, and not as soul, flesh, and blood like themselves. In return for his long hard day of toil they gave him a miserable salary, at which many an office-boy in these days would turn up his nose, with which he managed to pay his uncle for his board and lodging and provide his own scanty wardrobe. And day after day he toiled from the grim house in Blackheath Vale, over the great wild heath, past the Green Man, down the hill to Greenwich. No wonder years had written on his young face the lines and wrinkles of an old man.

Just at this time work was much harder at the lawyer's office. A difficult case had been put into their hands, and there was endless copying of correspondence to be done concerning a certain estate in Kent, which was said to be in the wrong hands, although the real owner was known to be living. Proofs, however, were wanting to show that the actual possessor was not entitled to the property, as the title-deeds were in apparent order. So Tom had to work late at night; but as he passed the Green Man, with its cosy-lighted and curtained rooms, he thought of Doris, and the thoughts helped him to face the wind and rain which dashed over the dark heath. Every morning, too, he saw her pretty face at the bow-window, and heard her cheery laughing reply to his salute, and that helped him through the drudgery of the day.

Doris began to know Tom, as on fine evenings he would stop and chat to her at the inn-door, much to the disgust of the travellers and habitués assembled in the bar and parlour; and she found him, although the most artless and simple of creatures in the ways of the world, informed on a thousand matters about which she had no idea, and full of strange out-of-the-way knowledge, which to her appeared simply marvellous.

Time went on; Tom and Doris became more and more intimate, and at last were betrothed.

"Doris," said Tom, "I don't know what right I have to ask you to be my wife; for I have nothing in the world but what I earn, and that is barely sufficient to keep myself, much less to maintain you. Besides, you're not made for a quiet-going old-fashioned fellow like me. You like—"

"No, I don't," interposed Doris, putting her red lips so near Tom's face that he was obliged to meet them with his. "I don't like anything or anybody but you."

"But you might pick up such a splendid husband amongst these gallants who are always praising your ankles and eyes," urged Tom. "They talk as I shall never be able to; and look at their money and fine dress."

"Fine fiddlesticks, Tom!" said Doris. "Do you think I care a straw for their oglings and fine speeches? Not I. I know their value and I know yours, and I put the two values side by side, and I think, Tom, I like you best."

So Tom was made happy, and he didn't care for the daily walks to and from the office, or for the drudgery when he was there. But he could not help thinking that he was acting unfairly to Doris; for he had no expectations in this world, and with what little knowledge he had of it he came to the conclusion that, notwithstanding their dreams of love in a cottage, it would be impossible for them to exist upon air.

## CHAPTER II.

Tom's evening visits to Doris at the Green Man now became a regular part of his daily life, and the happiest part without doubt, especially when the weather was bad and there was every excuse for dallying longer than usual. As a rule he used to wait in the public parlour until she was disengaged, which was often some time, as the up Dover coach arrived just as he got to the Green Man, and the passengers, generally hungry and thirsty, often in a catty mood, especially in bad weather, exacted the attendance of the whole available staff.

One very bitter night in January, Tom was blown into the Green Man doorway, and from thence into the parlour. He was later than usual, for a new paper had sprung up in the Kentish property case, and the copying work at the office was doubled; but late as he was, the up mail was later still, and there was some excitement as to the reasons of its non-arrival. Footpads and gentlemen of the highest order were then common on Blackheath, as on every wild open space near London; but the coaches were now so well armed, that it rarely was worth the while of highwaymen to make an attack. Besides, the scouts which had been sent out would have heard or seen something of an attack on the heath itself. So as the wisecracks and horse-boys looked out into the black night, and saw the snow-drifts gradually deepening, they put the delay down to weather. Of course Doris was there, but when she saw Tom she left the chattering groups, and running up to him gave him a sounding kiss.

"Well, Tom dear," said she, perching herself on the edge of the table, carefully displaying a neat ankle and a natty red-ribboned shoe. "Never mind the coach, they always turn up; how are you?"

"Well, Doris, thank God," replied Tom, who had removed Doris from the table to his knees, "I'm so tired. We've discovered only of course you won't tell any one—that the real owner of the estate lives somewhere between here and Rochester; that she—it's a woman of course, Doris; women must be at the bottom of everything—is a Devonshire woman; that her name is Coombe."

"Why," interrupted Doris, "I'm a Devonshire woman; but my name isn't Coombe, though, is it?"

"And," continued Tom, speaking measuredly and beating time to every word on the round knickerbockers of Doris, "that her parents have been long dead—"

"Mine have been long dead," again put in Doris. "Fancy, Tom, if you were to discover me to be an heiress!"

"And," continued Tom again, "that she is supposed to be living under a different name."

"Well," said Doris, "if I claim the estate, will you back me up, Tom? Circumstances aren't very much against me, and funnier things have been known than the heiress to an estate turning up in an inn."

"Of course, of course I will, my dear Doris," stammered Tom; "but I think it would be a little rash, wouldn't it, until we have got some more evidence?"

"Of course," laughed Doris, "you don't think I'm in earnest, do you, you poor, dear, old, silly Tom?"

At this moment there was a hullabaloo outside, and the Dover mail dashed up, three-quarters of an hour behind time. Doris ran out to attend to the wants of the passengers. Tom was left alone in the parlour.

"There is many a true word spoken in jest," thought he. "The rightful possessor of the Rumley estates near Maidstone is a woman—that we know; her name was Coombe—that we know; she lives between Greenwich and Rochester—that we know; her parents are dead—that we know; she comes from Devonshire—that we know. Doris is a woman—that I know; she comes from Devonshire, she lives here, and her parents are dead—all that I know. Was her name ever Coombe? That I don't know; but I'll think over it;" and Tom sought his big armchair near the window, away from the fire, for he dared not usurp the rights of mail passengers, and fell a-thinking.

In a few moments the door was thrown open, and two men, evidently, from their snow-covered cloaks and generally chilly appearance, passengers by the mail, entered. One was a big, burly, swaggering fellow, with a fierce moustache and a loud voice, evidently a soldier; the other a young fashionably-dressed gallant, with



a good set of features, but a pair of evil-looking eyes that never were at rest, but seemed to be continually playing at hide-and-seek with one another round his nose. Tom did not much like the look of either; but he sat still and thought in his corner, waiting till Doris should return, when he would wish her good-night and pursue his road home. They did not observe him, so he did not intrude himself upon them. The big man threw himself into a chair by the fire with a curse, and said,

"Well, since we are here we must make the best of it. It is an infernal nuisance to be stopped as we are; but never mind, I've weathered a campaign or two in my life, and won't be put out for a woman. Sit down, and let's talk over matters."

"Well," replied the younger man, "let's have something to drink. I'm so cussedly cold, that I don't know which are my fingers and which are my toes. Just ring, will you, Major?"

The Major rang, and Doris appeared. As she entered, Tom noticed that they both started, and looked at her. She did not see Tom in the corner, and he felt uncommonly like a spy, but something rooted him to his chair.

"Make us a good hot drink, my dear," said the Major; "we've travelled a long way, and Blackheath snow and wind are colder than anywhere else, I believe."

She disappeared, and the two strangers began to talk in an undertone. Tom did not wish to listen, but he heard the name Doris so frequently mentioned that he rose. As he rose he stumbled against the table, and the strangers started up.

"You don't mean to say that you've been in here all this time!" hissed the burly Major. "Have you overheard what we were saying?"

"Not a word," stammered Tom, in a regular tremble. "I'm only a poor traveller, gentlemen. I didn't like to disturb you, so I didn't move; but I'll go now, and you need not fear further interruption."

He left the room, meeting Doris in the passage with a huge jug of steaming Kentish posset, gave her a kiss, and went out on his homeward road.

As he passed the Green Man the next morning Doris was leaning out of the bow-window, and she said,

"Tom, I have something to show you, so don't be later than you can help to-night."

Tom promised he would not, and wondered what Doris could have to show him; perhaps some little nick-nack—her nimble fingers were always working him nick-nacks. Then he thought of the law case, of the two gallants in the parlour, and their frequent mention of the name he loved best of all others, and in his simple mind had constructed a regular story, in which Doris figured as the long-hidden heiress, and he the poor suitor who afterwards tumbled into affluence and good fortune.

Doris met him at the door as he came home, and took him immediately into the parlor where he had been sitting the night before.

"Look here," said she, holding out a crumpled piece of paper; "after you had gone last night, the two travellers who came by the coach sat here till nearly two in the morning. As I was dusting out the place just before you passed I found this on the floor:—

Tom took the paper and read:

"MAIDSTONE, Jan. 2, 1780.

"DEAR NED,—I hear that the law hounds are on the track of the heiress, and that we are suspected. We must make it our business to find her out, and if possible to get her away without noise and bother. I am going up to town by the mail on the 15th; so if you can leave Rumley in time, we might travel together.

Thine,  
PENDERTON."

"This is very important, Doris, and I must ask you to leave it with me. I rather think that it throws a light on our case," said Tom, after having read and reread the note three or four times. "Tell me, have the two men gone?"

"Yes," said Doris, "but not to town. They left here about five o'clock on foot, going in the direction of Shooter's Hill. As they have not settled up their bill, and have left their travelling-bags behind, I presume they sleep here to-night."

"Well, good-night, Doris," said Tom; "I'll go home and think over this."

Poor Tom always gave everything the fullest consideration, probably of his utter inability to grasp the matter at once. But in this case his wits seemed to have been unnaturally sharpened, and he was now fully persuaded that the solution of the Rumley estate problem lay with him, that the Doris of parlour conversation was his Doris—for to him there was but one Doris in the world—and that she must be the heiress referred to in the note. Full of these happy sanguine dreams he shouldered his bag, and actually ran along the road leading to home.

It was still snowing, but he knew his road well, and although he had once tripped up and fallen into a disused gravel-pit, he only stopped fairly to take breath at Jack Cade's Mound. This is a mound with some half-dozen trees upon it, from which the story-tellers, the famous popular agitator addressed his Kentish army in 1450.

Carpet-beaters monopolised the mound for the exercise of their craft until quite lately, when the Lewisham Board of Works stepped in, railed it in, and planted it with bushes; but it is still known as Jack Cade's Mound, and will be so known till the day when Blackheath is cut up for villa residences.

Tom stopped at the mound, threw his bag on the ground, and was about to peruse the letter again by the light of his small lantern, when he saw two figures approach him. His knees trembled, and his heart jumped into his mouth, for he was well versed in endless stories about the utter ruthlessness of Blackheath highwaymen; and although he had never met one before, inasmuch as his homeward path lay away from the main road, he was now full convinced that his hour had come, and accordingly made preparation to surrender all he had.

"I've only this bag, gentlemen," he whimpered, containing a few worthless papers, and to it you are welcome."

"O, curse your bag," said one of the figures; "we don't want that. We are not footpads yet are we, Ned?"

"Ned!" thought Tom; "that's the name in the letter." And as they came up he recognized his two companions of the parlour.

"Why, hang me, Penderton," said the other, "if it isn't our friend of the parlour!"

They whispered together for a few minutes, and then came up to Tom face to face.

"Now look here, my man," said the burly one; "you look as if a good job wouldn't make you miserable, but you musn't ask any questions about it. If you'll do what we want this shall be yours;" and he shook a bag of coin in Tom's face.

"But—but," stammered Tom, "there isn't to be any shooting or killing or murder, is there?"

"Pshaw!" laughed the Major. "Not a bit of it. All we want to do is to have a carriage and four horses at this spot to-morrow night at nine o'clock. Your friends at the Green Man will let you have them. Mind, they must be good horses, for we must be in Maidstone by to-morrow at noon."

Delighted at getting off so cheaply, Tom promised. The two gentlemen disappeared in the snow, and he went on his road. "I see it all," said he to himself gleefully, as he plodded on. "Fool as I am, my conjectures have been correct. Two men don't want a carriage and four horses at night for themselves. The men are mixed up in the Rumley estate case, and if my darling Doris is not the heiress referred to in the letter, my name is not Tom Archer."

The next morning Tom was earlier than usual on his road to Greenwich, for he had not slept a wink all night, and was burning to arrange matters so as to trap the adventurers, as he concluded his friends of Jack Cade's Mound to be. Instead of bidding Doris good-morning simply, as was his wont, he beckoned to her to come down. She came to the door, looking prettier than he had ever seen her before, as the keen morning air tinged her cheeks with healthy red, and made her eyes sparkle with two-fold brilliancy. Tom took her aside and told her his adventure of the previous evening. She was beside herself with joy, and promised to do all that Tom should direct her; so he said:

"Doris, if these men should find a pretext to-night for sending you out, go at once; let there be a carriage and four horses waiting at Jack Cade's Mound at nine o'clock. Don't tell any one of the affair, and be quite sure that no harm shall happen to you."

Doris promised, they embraced, and Tom ran on his road to Greenwich. Arrived at the office, he acquainted his employers with all the circumstances of the case, and showed in support of his story the letter found in the parlour. At first they peo-pled the idea that a poor simple drudge like Tom should be able to throw any light on a matter they had been attempting to sift for months; but he was so earnest in his entreaties that they should act upon his information that they consented to take four well-armed men, and go with him to the rendezvous. Accordingly at nine o'clock that night Tom, with his two masters and the four Bow-street runners, were at Jack Cade's Mound on wild Blackheath. It blew a regular tempest, and the snow drove through the air in sharp cutting blasts, forming huge drifts as it fell. Not a light was visible, and the whole surroundings of the spot were as bleak and desolate as possible. A distant clock tolled the hour of nine; the runners looked to their pistols, Tom with his employers stood behind the trees of the Mound, and all strained their eyes in the direction of the Green Man. A quarter of an hour elapsed, but yet not a sound. The runners cursed the cold, and the lawyers told Tom that he was playing them false. Tom himself was in an agony of doubts and fears. Suddenly in the dense blackness two lights flashed. Tom ran forward, and saw a carriage and four stumbling along the snow-buried road. He waved his lantern, and the postillions pulled up their horses; he knew them both; told them the reason of his being at the Mound; then went back to his hiding-place, and waited for the next and final act. Nor had he to wait long, for in a very few minutes two horsemen came up, spurring their horses through the thick snow. Every one held his breath; one of the horsemen alighted, tied his horse to a tree on the Mound, spoke a word to the postillions, and went to his friend, who remained on horseback. Tom watched every movement with the eyes of a tiger; he saw the second horseman erect on his steed, and he saw his love Doris seated behind him. The first horseman in whom Tom recognized by his burly form the Major, lifted Doris off the horse, placed her in carriage, and then with his friend jumped in. Scarcely had the door slammed when the ambush jumped out, Tom foremost. There was a flash, the report of a pistol and a sound of shattered glass. Tom fell heavily on the road. But

the prey were captured; they were two to six armed men, and although they cursed at the postillions for not driving ahead, yielded. Poor Doris shrieked as she saw Tom's inanimate form in the snow; but they lifted him into the carriage, upon examination found that fright had done more to hurt him than anything else, for there was but a bullet graze on the left temple.

Back to the Green Man went the procession. They found that the whole establishment had turned out with blunderbusses, swords, and lanterns, on hearing the sounds of firing on the heath, and a hearty cheer greeted the party as it drew up. The two prisoners were first taken out, then Tom, then Doris. The prisoners were pale as death; Tom was conscious, but talking wildly; and Doris was crying like a child.

On the prisoners were found the whole of the papers relating to the whole of the Rumley estates, together with the forged leases and the will leaving the property to Doris Coombe when she should come of age. The proofs were overwhelming, and Tom became the hero of the hour. The partners now servilely turned round and congratulated him on his good fortune; but Doris bade them go about their business, reminding them that their share in the discovery was very small. She then related how the two adventurers had asked her to point them out the nearest way to Shooter's Hill; how when they had got beyond the houses they had seized her, lifted her on horseback, and brought her to Cade's Mound. They had nothing to say, they admitted all. The Major, who had dropped every bit of swagger, and who now appeared the most abject of creatures, told how Doris when a little girl had been hidden away at the death of her parents, forced to change her surname, and trained up to menial occupations, whilst he, a distant relation, obtained possession of the family papers, and with his youngest friend enjoyed the estate.

So ends the tale that hung round the old Green Man for many years. Doris Coombe of course married Tom Archer, and the family still hold the Rumley estates; the Major and his friend were hung at Maidstone for forgery and abduction before an immense concourse of people; and the landlord of the Green Man drove a roaring trade by letting out the carriage in which the plotters were captured at extra charge till it fell to pieces, and by showing the identical bag which Tom dropped, and which Doris patched up.

GARIBALDI.

Caprera is a small, narrow island—a green rock, in fact, with a few patches of soil here and there—of about twenty-two miles in circuit and three to four in width, separated from the northernmost point of Sardinia by a strip of sea two and a half miles across. The only habitations are a few shepherds' huts and Garibaldi's house situated on the western side about three quarters of a mile on the higher ground. It is a one-storied building, i. e., a ground floor only, divided into seven plain, unadorned rooms; a kitchen, with appliances any small farmer's wife in England would consider very insufficient; a dining-room, with a plain deal table, large enough, however, to accommodate a party of twenty-five; a little store-room; three bed-rooms for his children and any friends who may land upon the island; and his own bed-chamber and study combined—a good-sized room with two windows, a carpet less boarded floor like the deck of a ship, and whitewashed walls. Its chief articles of furniture are a plain roomy, iron bedstead, four common chairs, a simple writing-table, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a shower-bath.

On the bed is a splendid counterpane of white cashmere, most exquisitely embroidered for him in silk by the ladies of Milan; and standing in one corner, as carelessly as if they were a bundle of sticks are several swords of honor, with Damascus blades and hilts of gold set with gems, presented to him by his fellow-countrymen of Nice, Rome, and other cities; but what he prizes far more is a box of tools for cultivating and engraving vines sent him by some friend in England. Flung over the back of one of the chairs is a handsome poncho of a rich white material lined with red, the gift of a distinguished Milanese lady. Hung against the wall are a telescope and a binocular, both presents from England. These were used by him in the campaign of 1860; and on his writing table, together with a volume of Plutarch and some works on mathematics, lies a book of harbor plans given to him years ago at a moment of need by the Captain of an English ship in the port of Canton. On the floor by his bedside there is a tiger skin to step upon; above the head of the bed hangs his mother's portrait, and at the side is a stand on which lie a revolver and a dagger.

The dagger is another record of his wife. She always wore it hanging from her waist; and after her death, during the retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi continued to carry it in remembrance of her until he lost it from his side during the fight at Caserta, on the first of October, 1860. It was found, however, by a Calabrese, who restored it to the General, and since then its place has been by his bedside. Unless the General rings his bell, no one is permitted to enter his room with the exception only of his son Menotti. On the walls of the dining room hang some water-colors representing episodes in the Montevidean war of independence, a photograph of an incident in the siege of Venice in 1849, and in one corner a Brazilian lance carried by one of his favourite troopers in South America. Outside of the door of his room is a Mexican saddle, with stirrups of silver made in the form of

reversed crowns. This was a present from a Mexican friend and is a record of the battle at Melazzo. It was when he used it there that part of one of the stirrups was shot away by a cannon ball.

A little to the north of the cottage stands one of those portable iron imitations for colonial use sent to Garibaldi from England. Its four little rooms and kitchen are occupied by Bassi, his secretary, and opposite to it is the mill where the flour for the General's family and household is ground. The household numbers but three persons—an old soldier, a Venetian emigrant, who acts as the General's orderly, and serves for love, not for money; another man who cooks, and a woman to do the tidying up. The guests at Caprera are required to make their own beds.

The first on foot in the morning is the General himself. He rises at four o'clock, and, without taking anything to eat, goes off to look after some pets who inhabit the border and surface of a small pond not far from the house—a flock of geese. On the alert for his coming, they waddle, cackling and clapping their wings, to meet him. He feeds them, and then, having gone back to the house for a few moments to get his cup of black coffee, he sets to work in his fields until about an hour before midday, when he returns home, looks over and signs letters Bassi, his secretary, has written according to his instructions, and attends to other matters until dinner time at noon. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he used to employ this hour in teaching a little shepherd boy named Luca Spano. The boy was little more than a certain; but by dint of steady, quiet perseverance and kindness Garibaldi succeeded in making something of him. He had learned to read well, write a good hand, and was progressing well, when, on the 24th of July, 1866, he fell by the General's side, fighting like a hero at Monte Suello, in the Tyrol.

Dinner at Caprera is always a very simple meal; minestra, i. e. soup with Italian paste or vegetables in it, followed by two dishes at the most, and no wine on the table. At the end of about an hour the General leaves the table, and, going to his room, throws himself dressed upon the bed, sleeps for a while, and then reads the papers or any book he is interested in. At four o'clock he goes back to his work in the fields until 6 or 6½, when he returns home again to soup. After supper he returns to his rooms, never neglects to write a page in his journal and note the meteorological changes of the day, and is generally in bed at the time when a great part of the world are beginning to turn night into day.

After clothes were paid for, Garibaldi's means would not, until very recently, go far toward providing food for even so simple a table as his; fish must be caught and game snared or shot. When fish are wanted the whole of the little population of Caprera rise at midnight. The signal is given by trumpet call blown by the General's orderly; the boats are launched, and the party, going well out to sea, cast the nets for a haul, and return soon after daybreak with sufficient to feed the few inhabitants of the island for a couple of days and leave a quantity to be smoked or dried for future provision.

For game, there are excursions over to Sardinia, where it abounds; and according to the season good bags of pheasant, partridge, wild duck, quail, and woodcock are made. From time to time a wild boar is shot, but that is as chance offers; for, being a sport involving expense, Garibaldi's party have not generally preserved it.

Once a week, every Sunday morning, one of the Rubattino line of steamers touches at the Maddalena, and lands the Caprera mail bag. It generally contains some six hundred letters and as many newspapers from all parts of the world. Of these at least sixty will be from England, Australia, and other parts of the British dominions, containing advice of presents sent to him, or expressions of admiration for what he has done for liberty and his country; while he complains that too many of those from Italy are filled with perulant complaints of the Government.

It not unfrequently happened that the mail brought registered letters from anonymous correspondents containing five and ten pound Bank of England notes; but now Garibaldi has no need of this. And it must not be forgotten that, during the time when it was known that he would take no money recognition from Italy for the services he had rendered her, while at the same time his needs were great and often pressing, his friends and admirers in the United States were behind no others in sending him material aid.

The next Sunday when the steamer calls again, the answers are sent off, always with the postage unpaid; and together with them, from time to time, trenchant, pithy letters, written by the General to one or other of his intimate friends, in condemnation or approval of some policy expressing sympathy or admiration with events his correspondents or the newspapers have made him acquainted with; or some individual or cause. Immediately he received the news of the abolition of capital punishment in Italy, he wrote this note to the Minister of Grace and Justice:

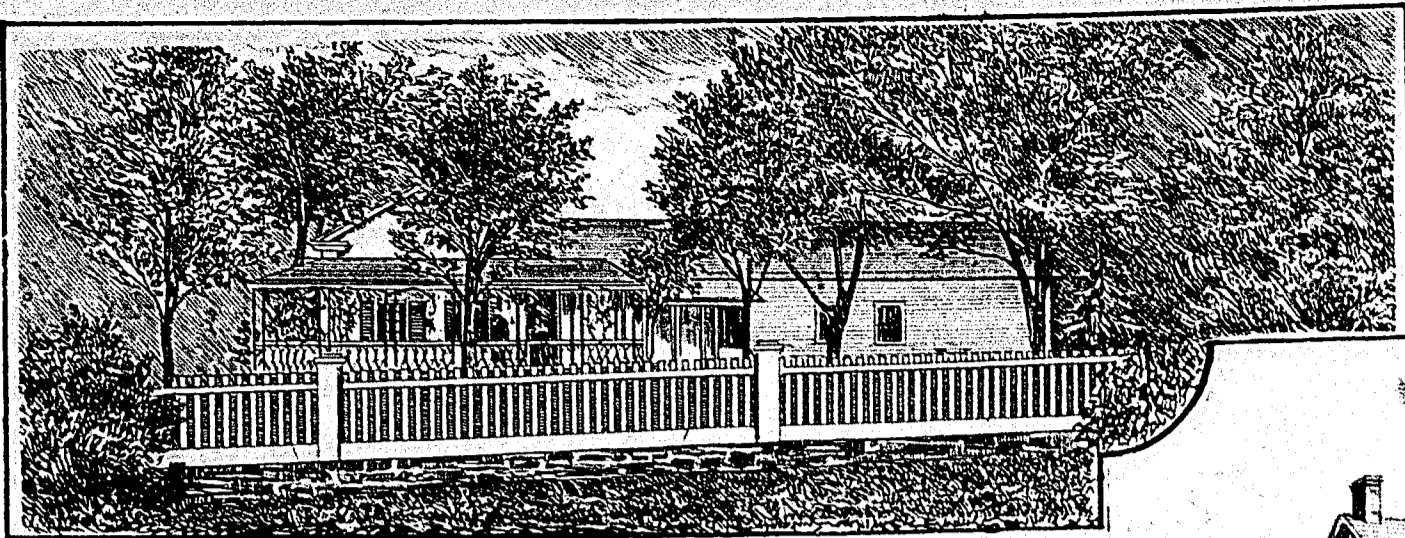
To the Minister Mancini, Rome:

To you, Colossus of law, I augur, after the abolition of the executioner, the abolition of the butchery of war.

My family remember you with affection.

G. GARIBALDI.

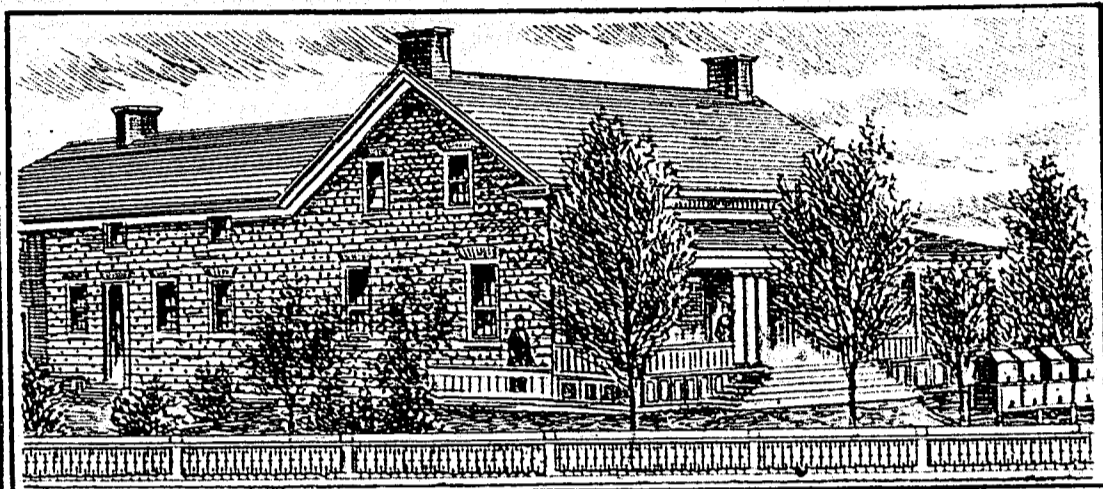




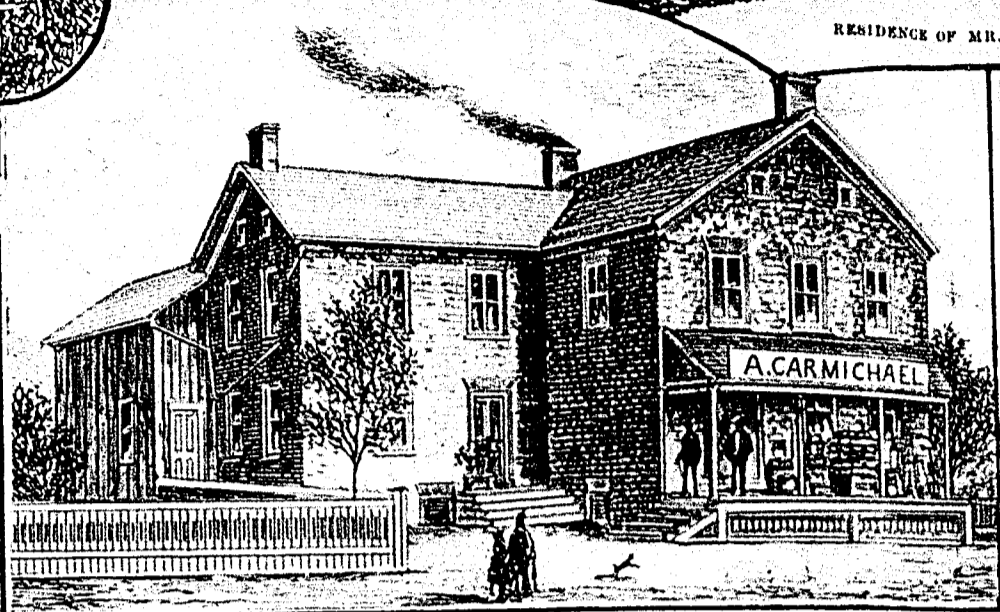
RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES KEELER.



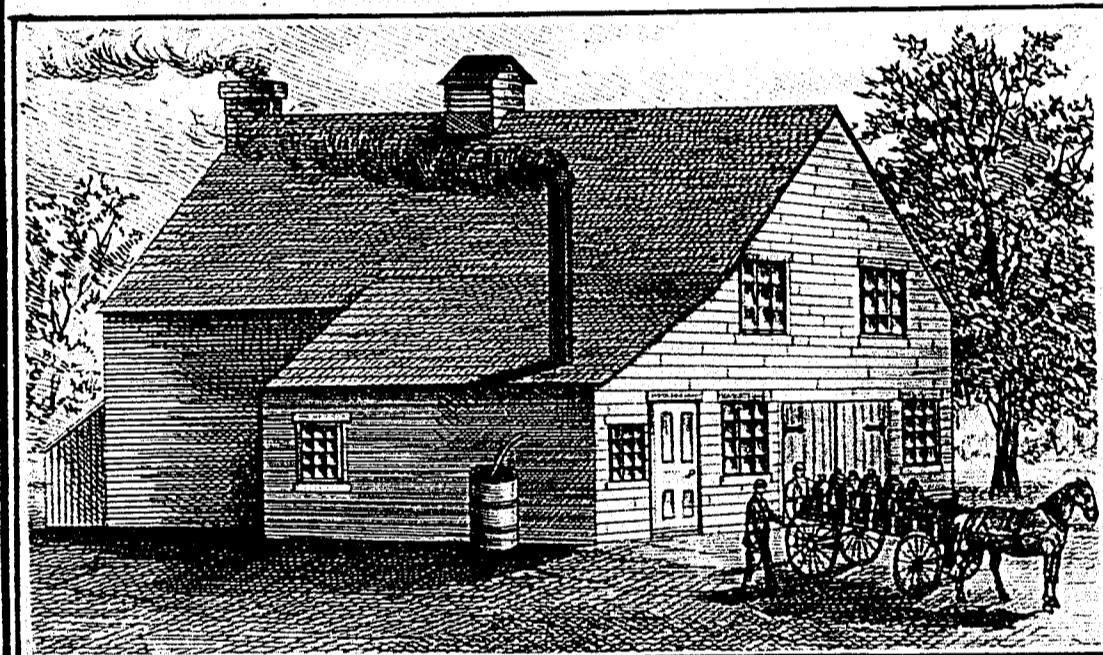
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RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES MILLAR.



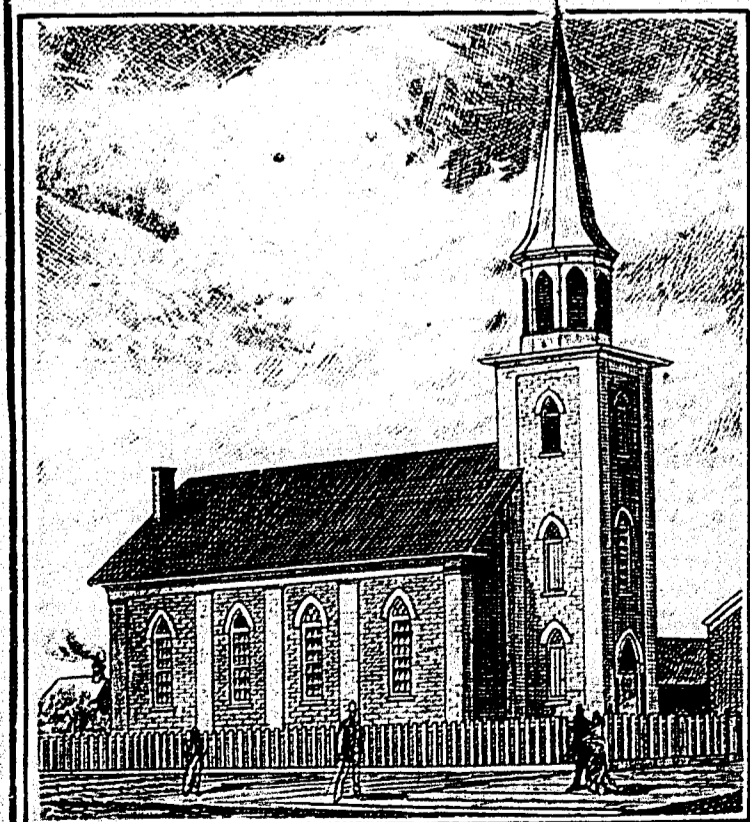
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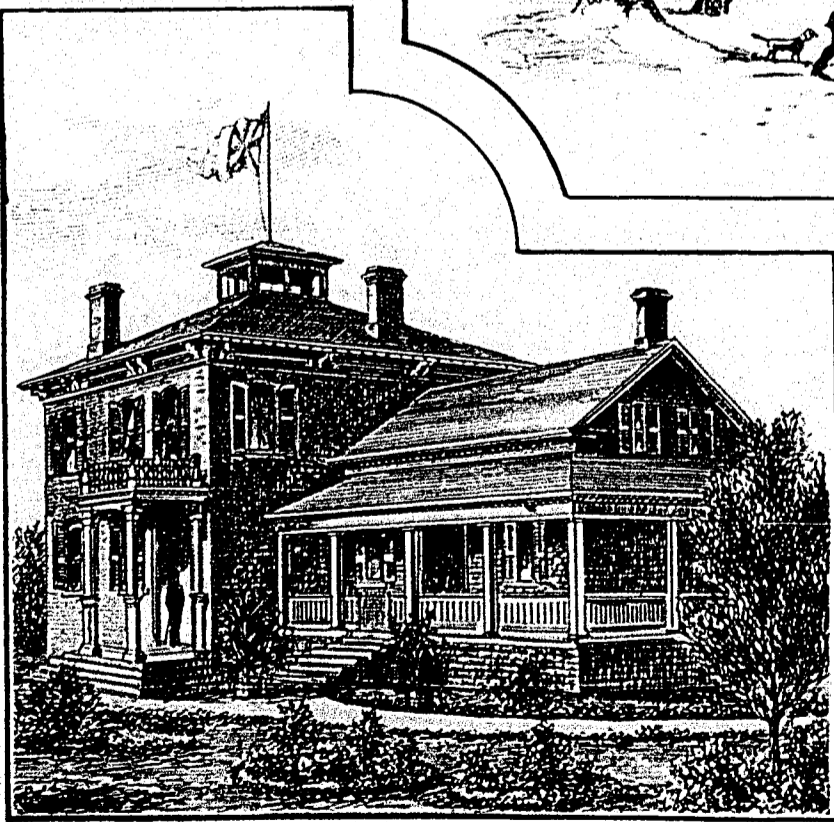
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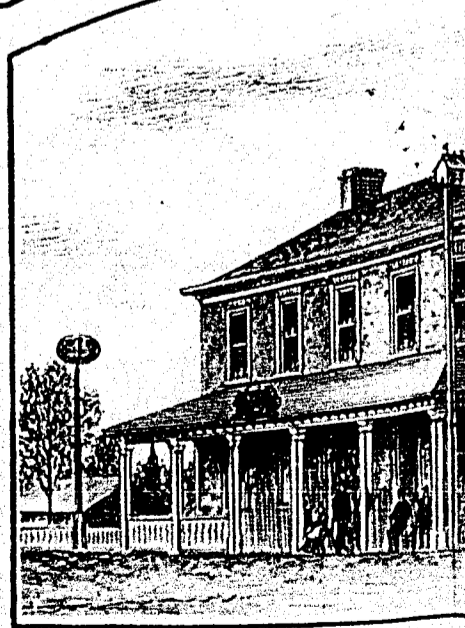
HUSTIN



THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF MR. J. H. STITT.



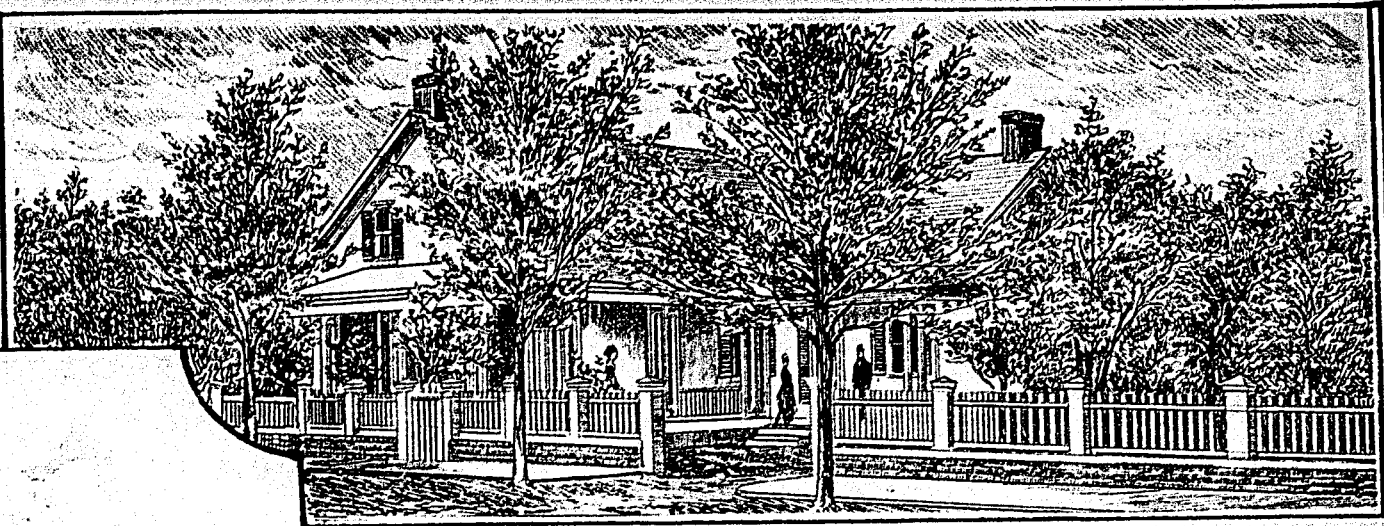
THE VICTORY

# SPENCERVILLE (O)

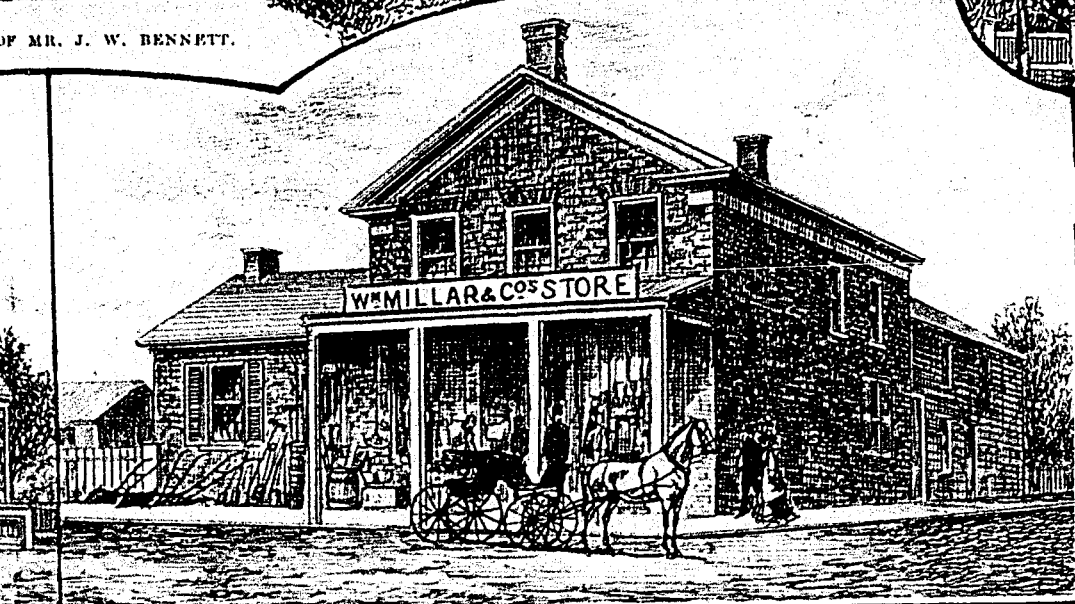




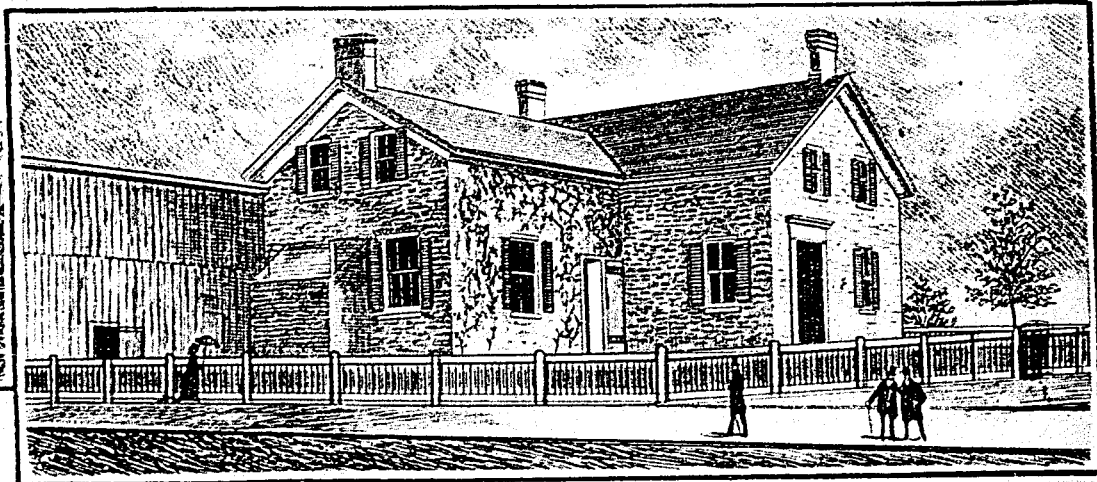
OF MR. J. W. BENNETT.



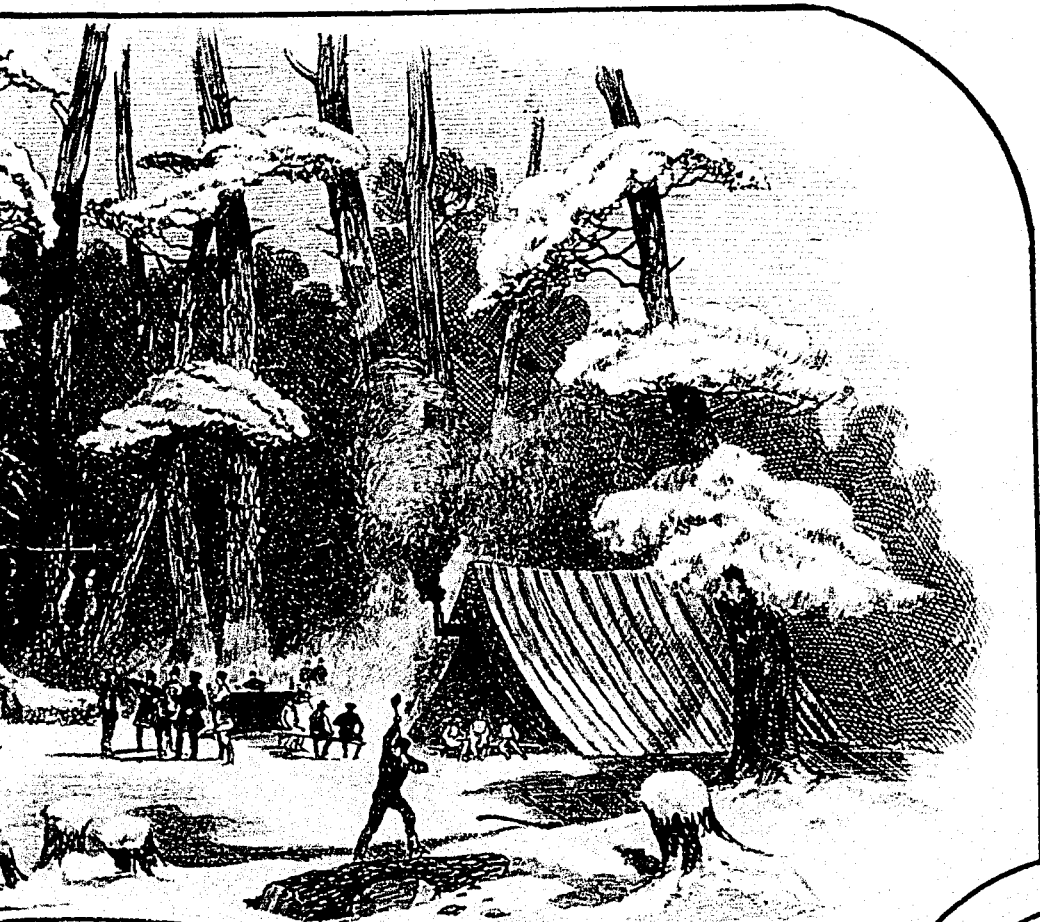
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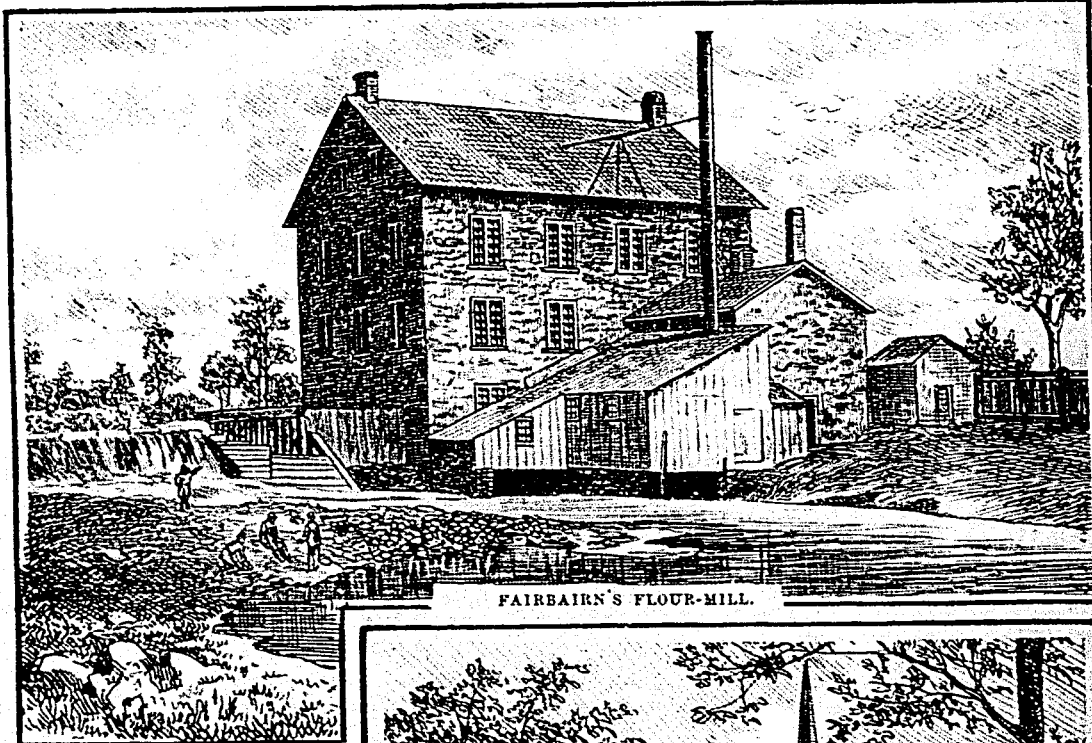
WM. MILLAR & CO'S STORE.



RESIDENCE OF MR. R. FAIRBAIRN.



HUNTING SCENE.



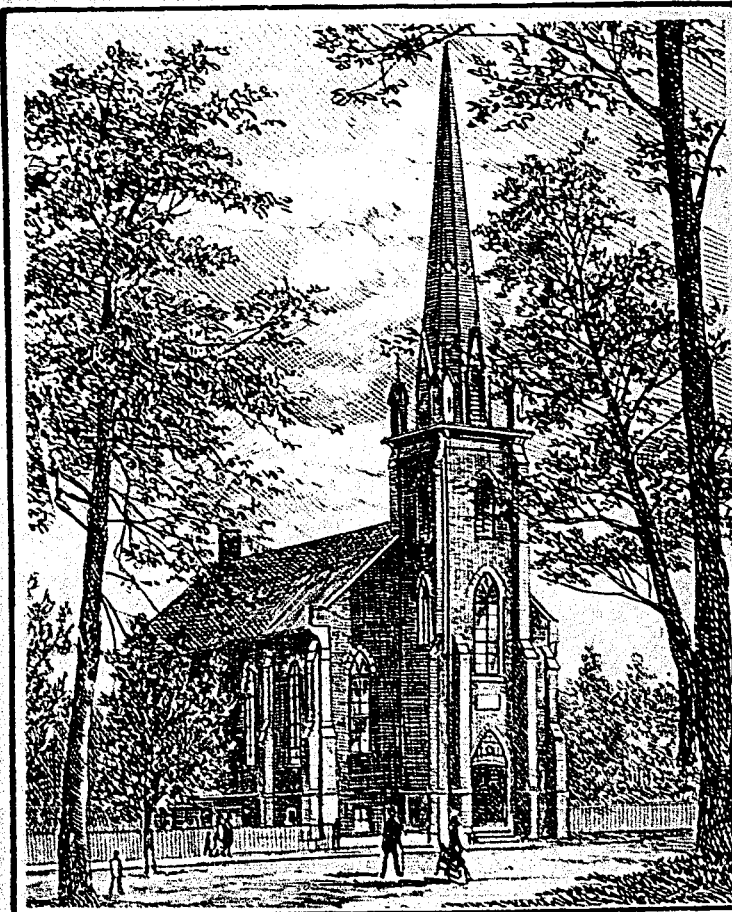
FAIRBAIRN'S FLOUR-MILL.



THE VICTORIA HOTEL.



MESSRS. W. P. IMRIE & CO., STORE AND RESIDENCE.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



The day the Duke of Sutherland paid his first visit to Caprera, Garibaldi was in bed indisposed. He had declined that morning to receive a Sardinian peasant, who had crossed over to the island to see him, and had told his faithful friend Fazzari—who fought under him in the Tyrol, and had spent several years in the island, helping to tend the obstinate wound he got at Aspromonte—that he would see no one. Some-what later the Duke's yacht came in sight, and his Grace, on landing, was met by two young men, Menotti Garibaldi and Fazzari, carrying barrels of water on their shoulders—Menotti white with flour, Fazzari black with smoke; they had been grinding corn for the family use, the one attending to the grist, while the other drove the donkey engine; and great was their embarrassment on the Duke announcing himself, not on account of their dusty condition, but because of the order the General had given. What was to be done? Fazzari went to announce the arrival. "But I cannot receive him to-day," said Garibaldi. "How can I do so, when I refused to see Santo Janca?" At last it was arranged that Santo should have his audience first and at once, and then the Duke was introduced.

### LOVE AND DINNER.

Ah, love in a cottage is all very fine,  
And kisses are sweet when the loving ones take 'em!  
But there's naught in this world when you sit down to dine.  
Like the girl who knows well how to fry and to bake 'em.  
The dinners, I mean not the kisses of love,  
Though they both are all right. If you rightly have  
"took 'em."  
If you want to keep in with your darling, your dove,  
Be careful, oh, wives, and be sure how you cook 'em—  
The doves, now I mean, not the loves or the men.  
But whisper this secret: As sure as we're sinners,  
The love will fly out of the windows just when  
You fail to have ready acceptable dinners.  
It is well you should fondle and "dear" and caress,  
For love in itself is a bright household blessing.  
It is well for the husband who loves you to dress,  
But 'tis better by far if his dinner you're dressing.  
Call him "darling" and "lovely" and "dearest" and  
"sweet!"  
These things are all right, and by him will be "took"  
in—  
But be sure, all the same, that you don't burn his meat,  
And serve up his meals in your best mode of cooking.  
For remember that love will go out of the door  
If his stomach is empty—this sturdy bread-winner.  
He may love you to-day; he will love you no more  
If you draw up his pudding and ruin his dinner.  
There's a sight of this nonsense of "love all in all!"  
I tell you, endearment has no such a handle!  
The road to affection is cottage or hall,  
Leads straight through the stomach, and that you  
must dandle.  
At the door, with a smile, when he comes into you,  
Be ready; enjoyment shall follow the meeting;  
But be sure that the fumes of a roast, broil or stew,  
Shall rise to his nostrils and second the greeting.  
And remember, dear girls who are lately made wives,  
Let this be a lesson to each new beginner—  
You may fondle and love through the rest of your lives,  
But be sure that you second that love with your dinner.

### FALL OF "LIBERTY HALL."

#### THE LEADERS IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

The destruction of any great institution, whether by fire, or war, or any other means, must be regarded as a great public calamity. The dreadful event creates a feeling of profound regret, and the people do not cease to deplore their loss until the institution destroyed had again been established on an equally prosperous footing. Of course, in all such calamities, public sympathy is aroused in proportion to the magnitude and usefulness of the institution destroyed. There have been instances where some old established concern slowly passed through the several stages of decline, and finally sank into oblivion "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." It is also possible, sometimes, for an organization to rise, have a brilliant existence, then fade into insignificance, and ultimately pass away altogether, without anybody knowing anything of it except those immediately interested. To the latter class, it will be proper to say, belonged the wonderful and delightful, but strangely unhistorical, institution known as "Liberty Hall." This organization was in the height of its glory some ten years ago. A retrospective view of the institution prompts the conviction that, all things considered, "Liberty Hall" was a most remarkable structure. It was fashioned after an entire modern style of architecture. There was nothing about it which in any way bore resemblance to the several ancient systems except that its principal supports consisted of five harmonious "pillars." The "Hall" comprised an elegant suite of rooms in the second flat of a large and handsome building, pleasantly situated on one of the principal corners of a great thoroughfare. The fine pillars which upheld it, were wonderfully dissimilar in some respects. Each was in itself a complete representative of one of the noble fields in which modern ambition so bravely exerts itself, viz: Law, Physic, Fine Arts, Science and Commerce. There was about the whole, however, a charming and delightful harmony, for each pointed hopefully towards the golden crown of victory suspended above. Unlike the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and other systems wherein the graceful columns are ranged in delightful order outside the building, in this instance the pillars were placed (or rather they had placed themselves) within the structure, and, according to the opinions of all who visited "Liberty Hall" the innovation was a decided improvement. It will, perhaps, be as well to mention that these pillars were not of the or-

inary, straight-up-and-down description, but were both moveable and pliable. It will be no harm to observe, also, that the office of chief supports of the "Hall" did not necessitate their continuance in a state of perpendicularity. They could come and go, recline or stand, with a freedom that ancient designers had never dreamed of. To speak more correctly, therefore, it will, perhaps, be better to say that, instead of being built in compliance with the laws of an ancient style of architecture, "Liberty Hall" was organized in unison with the requirements of modern life. There was method in its construction however, for the chief or central support was the representative of law (Mr. Frederick Oswald, a great lawyer in embryo) around whom the lesser lights were ranged in the following order—representative of physic (Mr. Hugh Swinton, an M. D. in perspective)—child of genius, or representative of Fine Arts (Mr. Asa Murphy, artist)—emblem of Science, (Mr. Samuel Wingate, C. E.)—representative of white-winged commerce (Mr. Peter Travers, clerk). These five were the chief instigators and substantial supporters of "Liberty Hall," and they were justified in making the proud declaration that various quarters of the universe had contributed to the formation of their organization. Oswald had been originally shipped over from Switzerland; Swinton hailed from the free-stone quarries of Ohio; Murphy sprang from the Green Isle,—of which "Bog Oak" is typical;—Wingate was a "native to the manor born," and Travers was a chip of Aberdeen granite. A beautiful combination of qualities, if not of colours. They all had a wonderful experience in the way of boarding-house life. Hotels, inns, fashionable boarding-houses, private boarding-houses, &c., &c., had all been tried, but all of these had proved in some way unsatisfactory. They had now been intimate associates for some time and each had often endeavoured to console the other in the midst of their social sufferings. Finally the five friends hit upon a plan of fitting up a suite of rooms on their own account. It was a happy thought and they heartily congratulated themselves upon the fact that they had at least discovered a means by which they could enjoy the comforts of a home in reality. They immediately proceeded to test the practicability of the scheme. Considerable time was wasted in the arduous work commonly known as house-hunting. In due time, however, suitable quarters were found in the building before mentioned. Each subscribed liberally to the joint furnishing fund, and, much to his delight Murphy, the artist, was entrusted with the work of preparing the place for their reception. He was commissioned *Côte Blanche*, and he, therefore, for the responsibility of the task. He had long been preaching about certain notions, or principles, which he deemed requisite to make life enjoyable, and was at last furnished with an opportunity of testing the same. Suffice it to say that he proved equal to the emergency. He had a small array of carpenters, plasterers, paper-hangers, plumbers, painters, etc., at work for a week or more. Then he visited various furniture houses, carpet-rooms, &c., until he found such articles as harmonized with his principles, and in a few days the place was completed. Rich carpets, elegant furniture, a variety of easy chairs, lounges, etc., handsome chandeliers, mirrors, a beautiful French clock and a host of knick knacks, gave the place an air of elegant comfort. And when later on, the personal effects of the friends were added, comprising fire-arms, fishing tackle, tobacco boxes, pipes, cigar cases, etc., all unanimously agreed that their quarters had a genuine home-like appearance. Therefore, when they sat down for the first time around their own tasty dinner table, in their own pleasant abode, Murphy was warmly complimented upon the excellent taste which he had displayed in every respect.

Oswald being the senior was of course assigned the place at the head of the table, and, when the cloth had been removed he felt called upon to say as follows:

"Gentlemen,—We have been intimate associates for some years. Together we have been knocked about, and have had all sorts of indignities heaped upon us by unmerciful boarding-house keepers. But, gentlemen, I rejoice to say we are no longer dependent upon such heartless people. I congratulate you all (including myself) upon the possession of a house of our own. I feel that we are under a lasting obligation to our friend Murphy, and I for one am proud to have such a talented gentleman within our circle. Friends, fill your glasses and drink to Murphy's health."

All were in the most agreeable mood, and this bit of formality only added to the general pleasantry.

In due time Murphy was compelled to say something in response. With his good-natured face all beaming with smiles, he arose and said: "Friends, in the name of liberty and justice, I welcome you to the enjoyments of your own home. In doing so, permit me to recommend that henceforth we allow by-gones to be by-gones, and in the enjoyment of the present let us forget the sufferings of the past."

"That's all very well, Murphy, but hang me I will never forget that old Mrs. Handtaek," interrupted Swinton.

"She is an exception to the general rule. She is not a fair representative of the boarding-house fraternity," remarked Wingate apologetically.

"All the more reason to forget her then," continued Murphy.

"I quite agree with Murphy," said Travers, emphatically.

"Glad to see you are disposed to agree with somebody," exclaimed Swinton, as he replenished his glass.

"That is more than you ever were," retorted Travers.

"Order, gentlemen," cried Oswald. "Permit me to remind you that this is the occasion of our first dining together in our mutual abode. Let us have harmony."

"You can have the harmony, Oswald, and welcome, but pass me the sherry," said Swinton, looking at the empty glass before him.

"Both together, gentlemen. That is one of my cardinal principles," began Murphy.

"O, cork up your principles, Murphy; we all know they are excellent or else you would not be here, amongst us," exclaimed Swinton. "Besides (looking about the room), we now have an opportunity of seeing, and enjoying, your principles in reality."

"I am quite well aware that you never had much regard for principles of any kind," retorted Murphy.

"Gentlemen," said Wingate, with an effort at solemnity, "in the midst of our prosperity let us not forget suffering humanity. (Hear, hear, unanimously shouted the others.) We have succeeded in extricating ourselves, but there are millions of poor fellows still struggling in the mine. Let us drink to them."

"An excellent sentiment," said Oswald, as he laid down his glass. And thus the pleasant moments flew by. After a while, Travers exclaimed: "I have a conundrum."

"Keep it, by all means," remarked Murphy.

"Turn it into a song," suggested Swinton.

"The majority rules, in this establishment, according to one of Murphy's principles. Let's take a vote to see whether Travers shall ask a conundrum or sing a song," suggested Swinton. The proposition meeting with approval, Mr. Oswald proceeded to settle the matter.

"All in favor of the song will please lift their glasses."

No body moved a hand.

"All in favor of the conundrum will please raise their glasses."

Still no hand was moved.

"Mr. Travers," continued Oswald, "I have much pleasure, in informing you, that it is the pleasure of the company that you shall do neither."

Owing to the laughter, Mr. Travers' remarks about ingratitude, &c., were not distinctly audible. The friends, soon after, adjourned to the sitting room, and, later on, a few friends having dropped in to see them, a very pleasant evening was spent. In the course of a few weeks the friends had become thoroughly domiciled and were, in every way, heartily pleased with the experiment.

#### II.

Three years have passed away since the evening upon which the five friends sat down for the first time, in their mutual abode. The time had slipped away very rapidly with them. They had each been eminently prosperous, in their respective vocations. Oswald was, long ago, called to the bar, and is now in receipt of a handsome income from his business; Swinton took his degree two years ago and is working up a large practice; Murphy's pictures command good prices and Wingate has been favored with commissions to erect numerous bridges, &c., while Travers has had occasion to remove his business to more commodious premises. Fortune has, indeed, smiled upon the whole of them. The three years of constant companionship had made them like brothers, and life in their bachelor quarters had been extremely agreeable. During all that time not one of them had ever manifested the slightest desire to change his mode of life. Indeed, a thought of their ever having to change never seemed to enter into their consideration. They were a lively lot, very social and pleasant, and always entertained their visitors in a most profitable manner. They had a large number of friends, in the city, among whom the five were exceedingly popular.

The greatest difficulty which they had been called upon to surmount was to find a suitable name for their mutual abode. Wingate and Murphy had held out manfully for something poetical; Oswald stoutly in favor of a barlesque term; while Swinton and Travers contended that some plain, common word would be the most appropriate. Thus, while the occupants were endeavoring to decide upon something, the matter was kindly taken out of their hands, by their outside acquaintance, who began to speak of the place as "Liberty Hall." The term seemed peculiarly applicable, and, as none of the five seemed to have any objection, the term was finally adopted as the name of their quarters. And, from that time, their invitation cards were always worded, "The pleasure of Mr. so and so's company is requested at 'Liberty Hall,' &c., &c."

They were extremely intimate, of course. There could be no secrets among them. If any one of them was absent, of an evening, the others knew of his whereabouts. There were a number of unwritten rules, which governed life in the "Hall," and that was one of them. Besides these, there were a number of written laws, and the most important of these was, that each anniversary of the opening of the "Hall" must be celebrated by a dinner, to which could be invited such of their friends as they might see fit. They mingled, a good deal, in society, and they were always heartily wel-

comed wherever they went. They were often spoken of, privately, as being very eligible young men, and what puzzled the people most was their apparent indifference to any of the darts which the "little God" might shoot at them. To do them justice, it must be said that they had never actually allied themselves against connubial bliss, but there appeared to be, among them, an understood preference for single blessedness. It is just possible that they may not have given the subject much thought, but, at all events, their style of conversation would have led any one to believe that they actually prided themselves upon their ability to withstand all the allurements of the tender passion. And, when they would sometimes find a notice of the marriage of some of their friends in the papers, they could not resist the temptation of referring to him as an other unfortunate or deluded man. Notwithstanding all their expressions in this respect, each seemed to be animated by a vague sort of a notion; that some one of them would, sooner or later, be flinging himself in a similar direction. Once during the three years, Wingate had behaved in a rather suspicious manner. He seemed to have become infatuated with a Miss Blank, and was, in consequence, absent a great deal from the "Hall." But, when he suddenly became silent, and cross, and stubbornly refused to move out of the "Hall" at all, his friends charitably concluded that the "fair one" must have thrown him over, and they were never loath to remind him of their conviction. On another occasion, Swinton carried on a flirtation, in such a vigorous manner, that the others were forced to the conclusion that he was a lost man. They even went so far as to calculate upon his withdrawal from the fold. But, much to the satisfaction of all, nothing came of the affair; then the five seemed bound closer together than ever.

"Fancy Swinton, there, being sent up town to buy a box of hair pins, or half a yard of ribbon, or some other womanly necessity," said Oswald, one evening, as the five were lounging in the well lighted sitting room.

"Don't ask us to do violence to our imagination," easily remarked Murphy, as he stretched himself upon a lounge.

"You have all done more foolish things than that," retorted Swinton.

"Probably, we have, but it must have been a long, long time ago," said Travers; "hand over the tobacco, please."

"Wonder what those poor fellows do whose wives taboo the weed?" asked Oswald.

"Is that a conundrum?" inquired Murphy.

"Give it up," said Wingate.

"Give what up?" asked Oswald, in an alarmed manner.

"Why, the conundrum, of course," replied Wingate.

"O, I thought you meant the tobacco," said Oswald, with a sigh of relief.

"Heaven protect us from strong minded females," exclaimed Murphy, solemnly.

"Amen," was the unanimous exclamation.

Arrangements were made, that evening, for the celebration of the third anniversary of the opening, which was to take place a week later. A dozen guests were to be invited, and everything promised most favorably. It would probably be the grandest affair that the "Hall" had yet seen. While they were thus talking the matter over, Murphy, who was reading the evening paper, suddenly exclaimed:

"By George. That must have been a narrow escape."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Swinton.

"Why there has been a runaway," said he, and then he read from the paper, as follows:

**EXCITING RUNAWAY.**—This afternoon as the Hon. Gustave Oberstein, and his daughter, were driving past the central railway station, the spirited team became frightened at a locomotive and dashed away at a furious speed. The coachman lost all power over them, and in turning a corner the carriage was upset and the occupants thrown out. We regret to say that Mr. Oberstein suffered a dislocation of the left shoulder, and was otherwise severely injured. Miss Oberstein had one of her arms broken. The unfortunate coachman was killed instantly. The poor man has left a wife and two children. Mr. and Miss Oberstein were conveyed to the Union Hotel, where they remain in a critical state.

During the reading of the paragraph, Oswald was observed to turn deadly pale. He seized the paper and read for himself.

His friends became alarmed, and begged of him to tell them what it meant.

"O, it may be nothing," he replied, as he tried to regain his composure.

"Do you know the parties, Oswald?" asked Swinton.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I met some people five years ago, in the Southern Valley of the Tyrol. Their names were Oberstein, and the thought just struck me that they might be the same."

"Have they been in town?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed I did not know that they were even in America."

"Nonsense, then; how foolish you are to excite yourself about nothing."

"You are right, Swinton, it is foolish of me. It surely cannot be the people I refer to, and yet, I cannot dismiss the thought."

"No use being in suspense about it, Oswald," said Murphy, tenderly, "you had better go to



the Union, with some of us and procure fuller information."

"Thank you, Murphy, for the suggestion. I will go at once. Come with me."

A few minutes later the two started out for the hotel. The clerk could give them no information concerning the patients, as they appeared to be comparative strangers. He had learned, however, that the carriage belonged to the gentleman, and they must, therefore, be residents of the city. That fact seemed sufficient to satisfy Oswald that the parties could not be the friends he referred to. With a lighter heart he returned with Murphy, to the "Hall" and the balance of the evening was spent in the usual pleasant manner. The friends were heartily glad that Oswald had heard no bad news. In his usual pleasant way, Swinton insisted upon Oswald's being fixed to the extent of two bottles of wine in consequence of the magnitude of the scare which he had occasioned them. The proposition was cheerfully acceded to. There was no sleep for Oswald that night. In spite of all his efforts to convince himself that he was giving himself unnecessary alarm, still, he could not banish the thought from his mind that the victims of the accident might be the friends he had left in the Tyrol. As he tossed about in his bed, he heard the clock in the outer-room strike twelve, and one, and two. Memory carried him back to the summer which he had spent in the southern valley of the Tyrol, five years ago. The incidents of that delightful time passed, like a panorama, before his mental eye. Once more he was among the queer, odd-shaped houses of the quaint old town of Meran. He heard again the rumbling in the main street, of the diligences which fly between Meran and Bozen. Once more he rambled along the shady banks of the wild Passer, and beheld it leaping impetuously towards the tranquil Etsch. He sauntered along the beautiful *Hussmann* and was charmed by the sweet freshness of the lovely maidens, in their gay attire. He mingled with the happy and contented people in the *Unter den Lauben* and heard their merry voices as they made their purchases. Now he enters the portals of the Gothic church, which is four hundred years old, and gazes in wonder upon the grand altar piece, representing the Assumption. Again he clambers up the vine-clad *Kuehberg* to ancient Schloss Tyrol, and walks amid the ruins of the abode of the earliest princes. Again he stands in the window of the old *Kaisersaal* and looks out in the evening light, upon the magnificent valley of the Adige, with its chain of porphyry mountains, extending on the right away off to Bozen, and the precipitous dolomite cliffs of the Hohe Mennel and the mountains of the *Uten* that on the left. He is once more in the old chateau *Durstein*, and loiters for hours in the little old village of *Gratsch*. Once more he rambles among luxuriant orchards of lemon, and breathes the delightfully perfumed air, on the shady plateau, beside the old castle of *Schouma*, a relic of the 12th century. The beautiful carvings in wood, within its ancient walls, again fill him with rapture, and from an upper window he gazes out into the grandly picturesque valley of the *Passer*, which is so rich in reminiscences of the Noble Tyrolese patriot, Andrew Hofer. While meditating upon the deeds of that famous martyr, he sees the black clouds rise, and hears the thunder echoing among the mountains. He descends the steep and stony path which leads through *Unter Schouma*, and by the time he reached the little *Schloss Goren*, the storm has burst in all its fury. He seeks shelter in the little white Inn and there meets a middle-aged, gentlemanly looking man, who is also storm-bound. They converse pleasantly while the storm rages, and the gentleman tells him that he has long been in America, but has returned to see his native Meran once more. Presently a beautiful young girl appears before them, from an inner room, and the gentleman presents him to his daughter, *Silva*. She is as lovely as a sun beam and her blue eyes fairly sparkle with delight as she gazes out upon the storm. His attempt to speak to her in English amuses her, and he begins to wish that the storm might keep them there forever. When the rain had ceased they descended over the rocks, through the *Naifthal*, and they passed through the village of *Oberrain*, the gentleman pointed out to him the old house in which *Silva's* grandfather had been born. When he parted with his new friends at the house in which they were stopping, he was cordially invited to call next day. That was in the latter part of the month of August and the townspeople were already busy in preparing for the festivities of the grape-cure, which were to commence in the early part of September. Then visitors and tourists would come from all quarters, and Meran would be in the height of its gaiety. In the interval, however, the town was comparatively quiet, and the beautiful girl seemed glad to have him come, each day, to help to while away the time. And now as he pitches and tosses on his sleepless pillow, he hears again her sweet voice, and as her merry laughter rings in his ears, he lives the old days over again. Together they ramble among the beautiful scenes, and he is once again her willing pupil, as she endeavors to help him to improve his English. Again he is playing at dominos, with her father in the delightful evenings, and then he listens, entranced, while she sings some sweet songs. Then he sees a frightened team dashing madly through the street and sees the beautiful *Silva* lying crushed and mangled in the road. Then his mind wanders back again to the old times and together they revel in the festivities of the gay season at Meran. Then the time comes when he must leave

her, to go back to Geneva. His heart is again racked by the sad parting. She places in his hand the little cameo locket, with her portrait, and then they separate, never expecting to meet again. Three months later he was on the Atlantic, destined for the *New World*. And that was five years ago. Five long years, but her sweet face had never faded out of his memory. He had discovered, long ago, that his heart was bound in fetters which no power of will could break asunder.

When he came in to breakfast next morning, looking pale and haggard, after the sleepless night, his warm-hearted friends were deeply concerned about him. In reply to their kind enquiries, he told them of the old days, and of his utter inability to rest until he had satisfied himself as to the identity of the victims of the previous day's accident.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CONSCIENCE AND HEALTH.—Old Isaac Walton says that "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it." Health is indeed worth preserving; it is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.

LOVE AT EASE.—Love, with the wooing left in it, is a sensitive and fault-finding passion, not wholly satisfied with its own sufficiency for deserving the return it desires, and keenly aware of coldness or rebuke. But love at its ease, as statutory affection with its reciprocal rights, content to have given and received, and have done with it, is a good-tempered purblind humour that has nothing to desire and takes its response for granted. It is tolerant of shortcomings, for it does not perceive them, and misses no tenderesses, for it would be bored by them. It takes good-will and loyalty as had for granted on both sides, and is content. It gives no trouble to anybody, and is there for use when wanted. It has Talleyrand's element of safety, "*point de zèle*," and so takes the good that comes, and gives the good it may, without the mistakes of anxiety and the disappointments of enthusiasm.

YIELDING.—The true woman is always ready to sacrifice herself to others. From earliest childhood the difference between those who demand sacrifice and those who can make it is plainly marked; and in the nursery—as in the school-room and the home—there is always one who is ready to give up, and one who is always to be given up to. The former develops into the mother—the womanly woman; the latter is never more than a toy, a thing to be caressed and waited on, decked with jewels and clothed in purple and fine linen, but never asked to work, to think, to suffer, or to sacrifice. These are the things which she requires from others, not gives of her own grace—in which she is the exact opposite of her sister, the womanly woman, who finds her greatest happiness in making the happiness of others, and her best joy in sacrifice, self-denial, and duty.

AN INTERESTING CERIMONY.—No ceremony is more interesting than the one which binds a pair together as man and wife. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the shares of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched, in the tears of the survivor; to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awaken the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

KNOWING PEOPLE.—There are always some people in every community who imagine themselves, to use a common phrase, "very smart," and they are generally of the busy-body kind. One of these can do more harm in a town or neighbourhood than a dozen good people can set to rights. No minister ever comes into a place but these smart ones can pick any amount of flaws in his every-day walk, or his sermons are always too long or too short, too soft or too hard, or "he can't preach," and a hundred other imaginary imperfections which the less pretentious never think of mentioning. But these knowing ones do not stop here; for no enterprise was ever started but what is entirely contrary to their views. Other folks never build a pig-pen, a smoke-house, a corn-crib, a barn, a dwelling, a school-house, or a church to suit these babblers; and no newspaper was ever run according to their ideas of the business, "and I won't have anything to do with it, and I'll keep everybody else from it that I can."

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.—There is another fatal danger in family government, from which we would warn every parent, and that is partiality! It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favourite child. From this two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part

of the household feel envy towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life, a sense of wrong is planted by the parent's hand in the hearts of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instil into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and we commend it to the particular notice of all parties.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—The perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phrenological organ in man. Woman knows, or strongly believes, that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenness of the woman knows he is thinking of the former in his heart. Women have an innate desire to please their beaux. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful; to be called pretty, handsome. The grand secret of female beauty is health; the secret of health is the power, the appetite to eat digest, and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food; yet, in connection with this there is something more important—active exercise, which will cleanse and tone the vital organs, gain a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear the complexion, and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which give symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin, and glossy hair—the last a genuine type of female beauty and loveliness which no cosmetic can ever produce.

BE INDEPENDENT.—Nothing conduces so much to success as independence. People who are always waiting for help usually have to wait a long time. Assistance is not always to be had for the asking. No matter how incompetent a man may be, there is always something he can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. Never trust a man in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence. Never "wait for dead men's shoes," for you are very likely to be disappointed. As for the girls, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your father and mother toil for your daily bread. Go to work! Home labour will not injure you. Don't be afraid to soil your hands. Sew, teach school; or, if you know how to cook, and can do nothing better or more remunerative, go into some one's kitchen and earn your livelihood. If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way; learn how to help yourself as much as possible. We like women who can do their own cooking or washing, and thus become independent of servants when they go off in a huff. Give a helping hand when you may; and if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered, but never wait for it. Independence is always honoured; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

THE GLEANER.

VANDELBIET bought \$200,000 worth of paintings in Paris.

QUEEN VICTORIA has reigned forty-one years, only three years less than Queen Elizabeth.

THE late representative of the once famous and powerful Pitt family is a childless old man of 64 years.

IT is estimated if Jacob Astor lives to his late father's age, the estate will be worth \$150,000,000.

Two of Brigham Young's sons have entered West Point, and a third is applying for admission.

MASTER Jesse Grant spends his evenings at Paris driving a dog-cart with a stylish horse and footman.

GARIBALDI still keeps up a correspondence with his old landlord, Signor Menoni, the candle manufacturer of Staten Island.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has agreed to deliver ten lectures in California the coming autumn for \$10,000, with \$1,000 extra for expenses.

ALTHOUGH 40 years in Parliament, the late Sir Robert Peel never represented a popular constituency or stood a contested election.

ONE English correspondent says of Todleben, that he is "as rigid as granite, as rough as a file, and as solemn as doom."

MR. D. MACKENZIE is agitating a project in London for opening up Central Africa to European commerce and civilization.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is living in Spain in very embarrassed circumstances. He has appealed for aid to all of his old comrades, including President MacMahon, but in vain.

THE largest strawberry farm in the world is probably that of John R. Young, Jr., about two miles from Norfolk, Va. He cultivates 250 acres, and the yield last season was over 500,000 quarts.

LORD ROSEBERY has been making a speech in favour of opening the picture galleries and museums on Sundays, in which he described the British Sunday as "vacuity, varied with drink."

GEN. SHERMAN's son Thomas, who has abandoned the law to enter the order of Jesuits, will soon depart for Rochester, England, to take a two years' course of preparatory study.

BISHOP FOSTER recently remarked that there were two thousand young men knocking at the door of the Methodist Episcopal Church for appointments to preach, and no places for them.

It is claimed for the microphone by Professor Huges, of London, that it is possible by the aid of the telephone and the microphone for a physician living in London to report on the sounds in the lungs and heart of a patient at Birmingham.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY reports Queen Victoria as saying, the other day: "When Mr. Gladstone was my Prime Minister, he was always telling me his opinion and the opinion of the country. Lord Beaconsfield asks for the opinion of his sovereign!"

MISS BELLE MITCHELL, of Bono, Lawrence county, Ind., the goddess of liberty that headed the procession to greet Senator Morton at Orleans, has just died of consumption induced by the cold she caught from being so thinly clad.

CANON LIDDON, the popular English clergyman, having practically invited soldiers and sailors not approving of the war with Russia to desert their colours in the event of a declaration of hostilities, it is inquired significantly in the newspapers whether he may not have committed an indictable offence.

IN the last twenty-five years two attempts have been made to kill the Emperor of Austria, two upon the Emperor of Russia, one upon the Emperor Napoleon, one upon Victor Emmanuel and one upon Queen Victoria, making with the last attempts upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, nine in all.

DR. SCUDDER says that the Oriental nations will never become converted to Christianity until the women first become Christians, and he says that the women can be converted only by the personal agency of women who go there from Christian countries. Hindoo women will not listen to male missionaries. Dr. Scudder was in India for over twenty years.

LITERARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS reads her unpublished novels in Boston parlours for charitable purposes.

SOTHER'S book is to be brought out in London under the title of "The Early Bird Knows His Own Father."

BRYANT was the richest poet America ever produced. His productions have had a steady sale for half a century, and no library is perfect without Bryant.

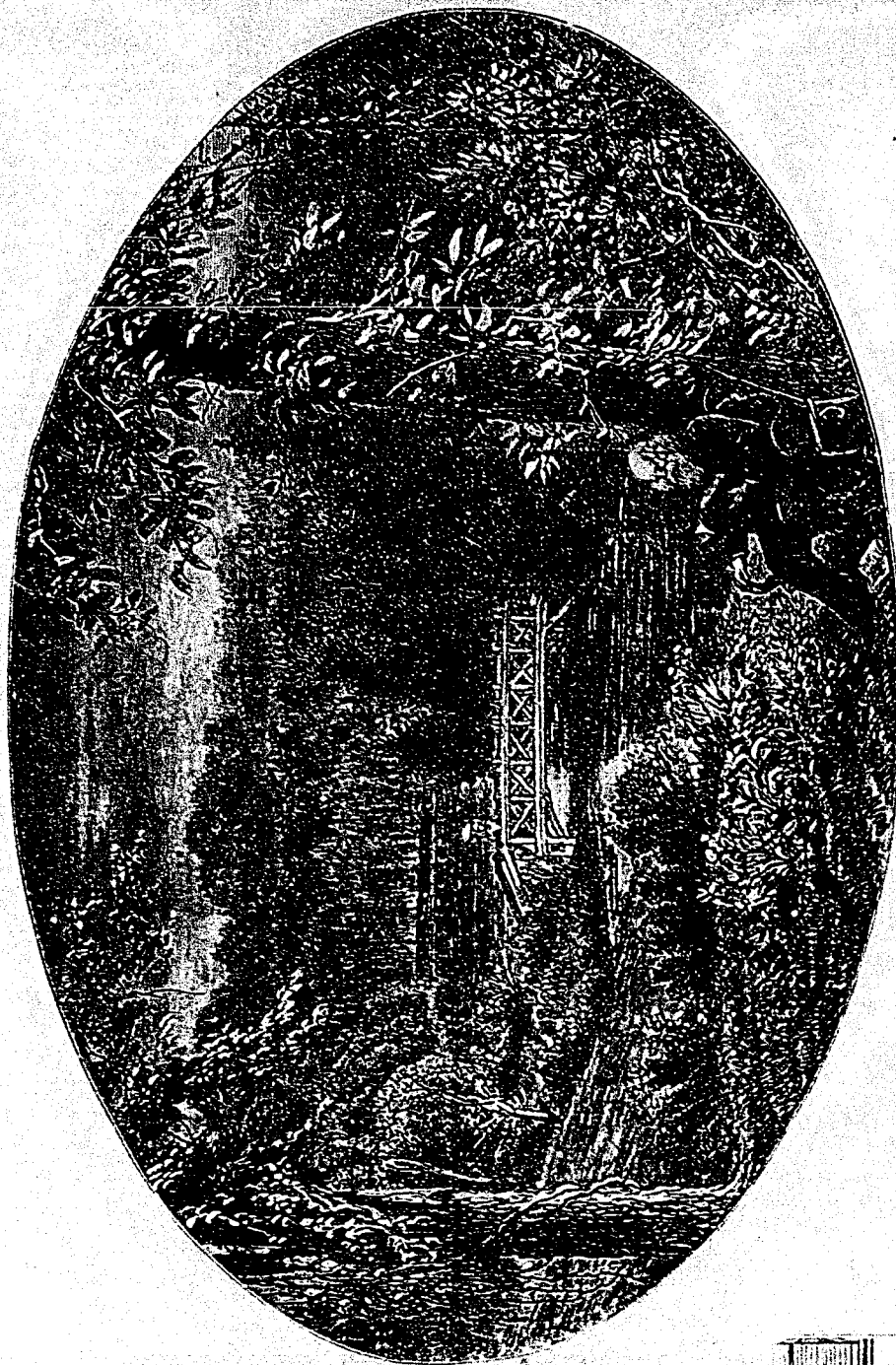
MUCH as the memories of Goethe and Schiller are revered in their own country, the libraries of Berlin and Munich would not buy their correspondence lately offered to them for 4,000 thalers.

HARRIET LEWIS, the famous New York *Ledger* novelist, died lately at Rochester, N. Y. When only twelve years old she wrote a story for a Massachusetts Sunday-school paper, and got \$50 for it. She and her husband, Leon Lewis, both wrote for the *Ledger*, and in time acquired a handsome competency. They lived in a luxurious home in Pen Yan, N. Y., and had the finest collection of rare old books in the United States. There are a few old books in the Cincinnati Public Library which were bought from Leon and Harriet Lewis. Several of Mrs. Lewis' stories were translated abroad, and were quite popular.

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

While much has been written concerning the use of "put up" medicines, the question is still an open one, and demands of the people a careful consideration. The salient points may be briefly stated, and answered as follows: 1st—Are the sick capable of determining their real condition, the nature of their malady, and selecting the proper remedy or means of cure? 2nd—Can a physician, no matter how skillful, prepare a universal remedy, adapted to the peculiar ailments of a large class of people, residing in different latitudes, and subject to various climatic influences? In answer to the first proposition, we would say, diseases are named and known by certain "signs" or symptoms, and, as the mother does not need the physician to tell her that her child has the whooping-cough, or indicate a remedy, so people when afflicted with many of the symptoms concomitant to "impure blood," "torpid liver," and "bad digestion," require no other knowledge of their condition, or the remedy indicated, than they already possess. Second proposition—Many physicians argue that diseases are sectionally peculiar, and that their treatment must therefore vary, and yet quinine, morphine, pododylin, and hundreds of other remedies are prescribed in all countries to overcome certain conditions. It is not, therefore, self-evident that a physician whose large experience has made him familiar with the many phases incident to all *impurities of the blood, general and nervous debility, liver complaint, dyspepsia, consumption and catarrh*, can prepare a series of remedies exactly adapted to meet the conditions manifest, wherever, and by whatever means, it may have been engendered? The family medicines prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., fulfill the above requirements. Many physicians prescribe them in their practice. His Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a blood purifier and general tonic, while his Favorite Prescription cures those weaknesses peculiar to women after physicians have failed. His Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, are a safe and certain cure for "torpid" liver and constipation. If you wish to save money by avoiding doctors and keep or regain your health, buy The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. It contains instruction concerning anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the treatment of disease. Over one hundred thousand copies already sold. Price (post paid), \$1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

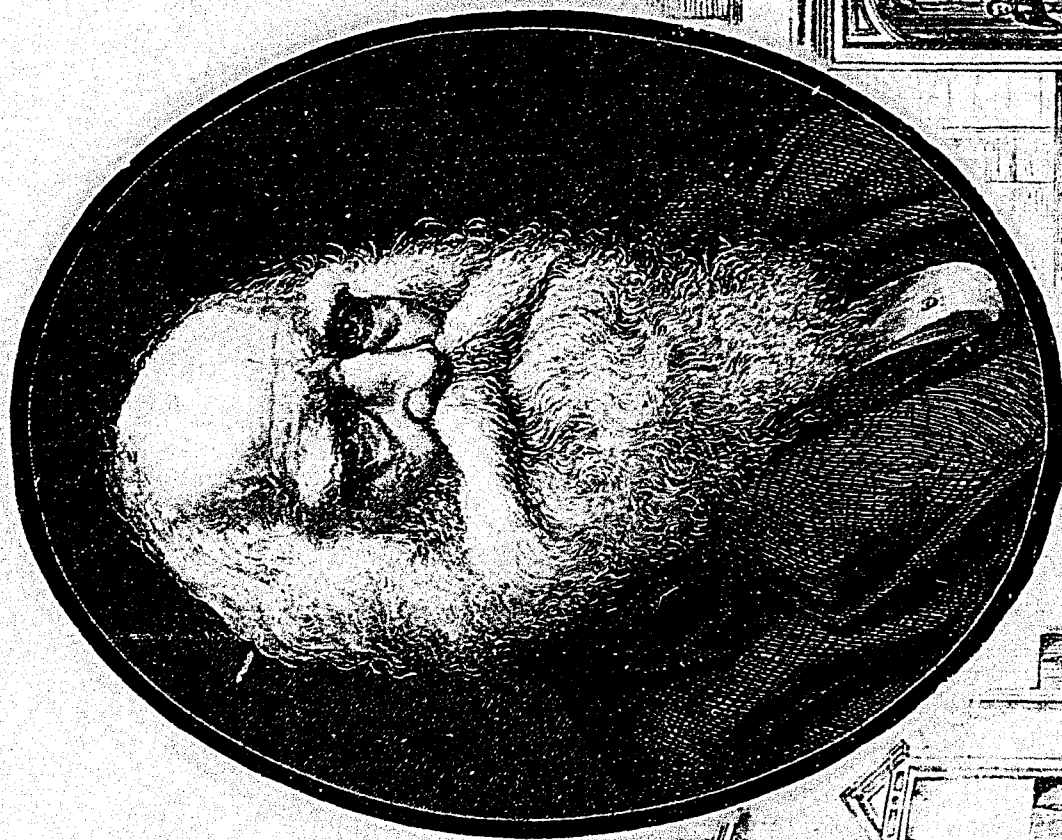




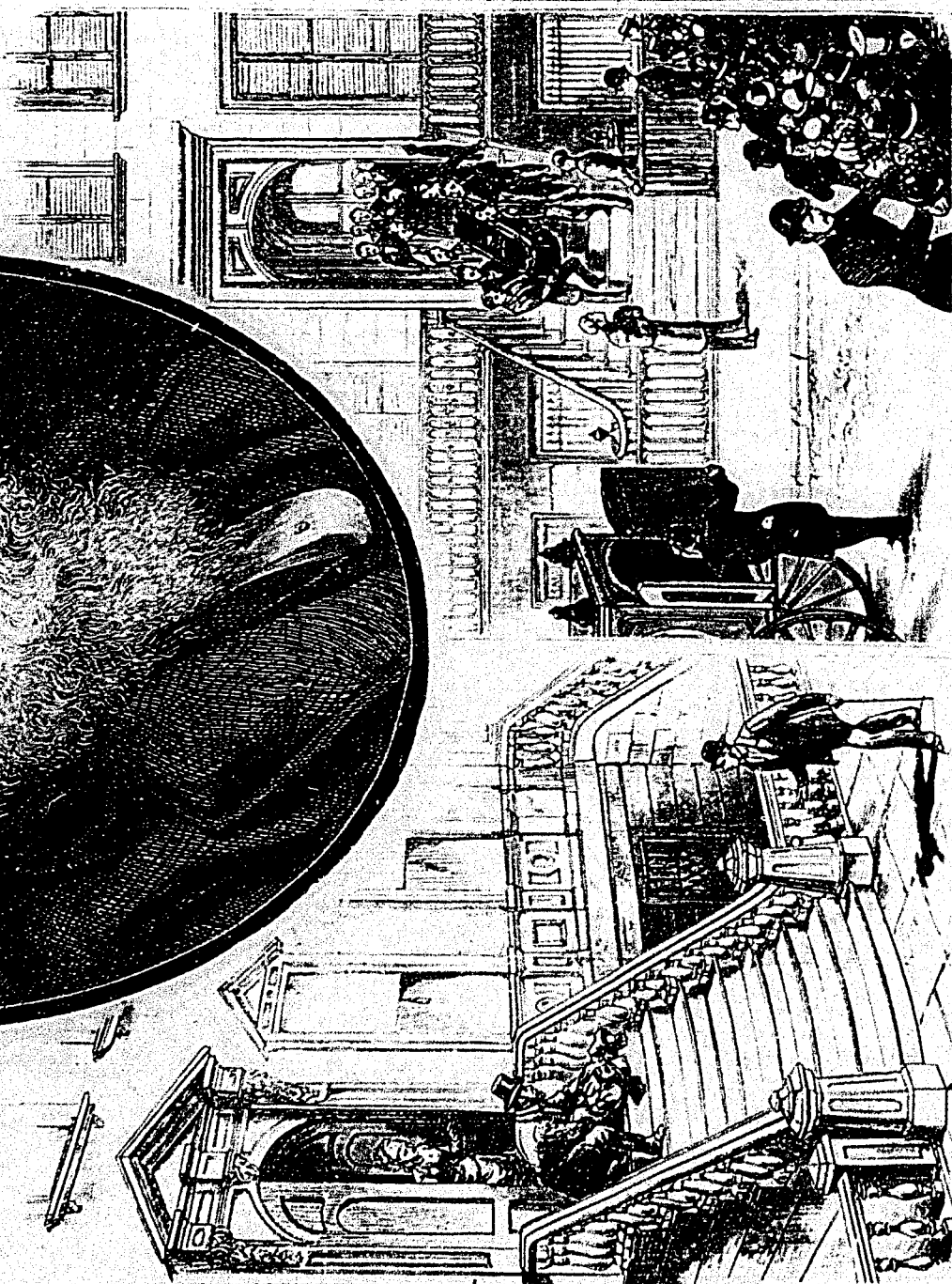
MR. BRYANT'S FAVORITE SEAT—VIEW FROM THE HALL DOOR AT ROSLYN.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIBRARY.



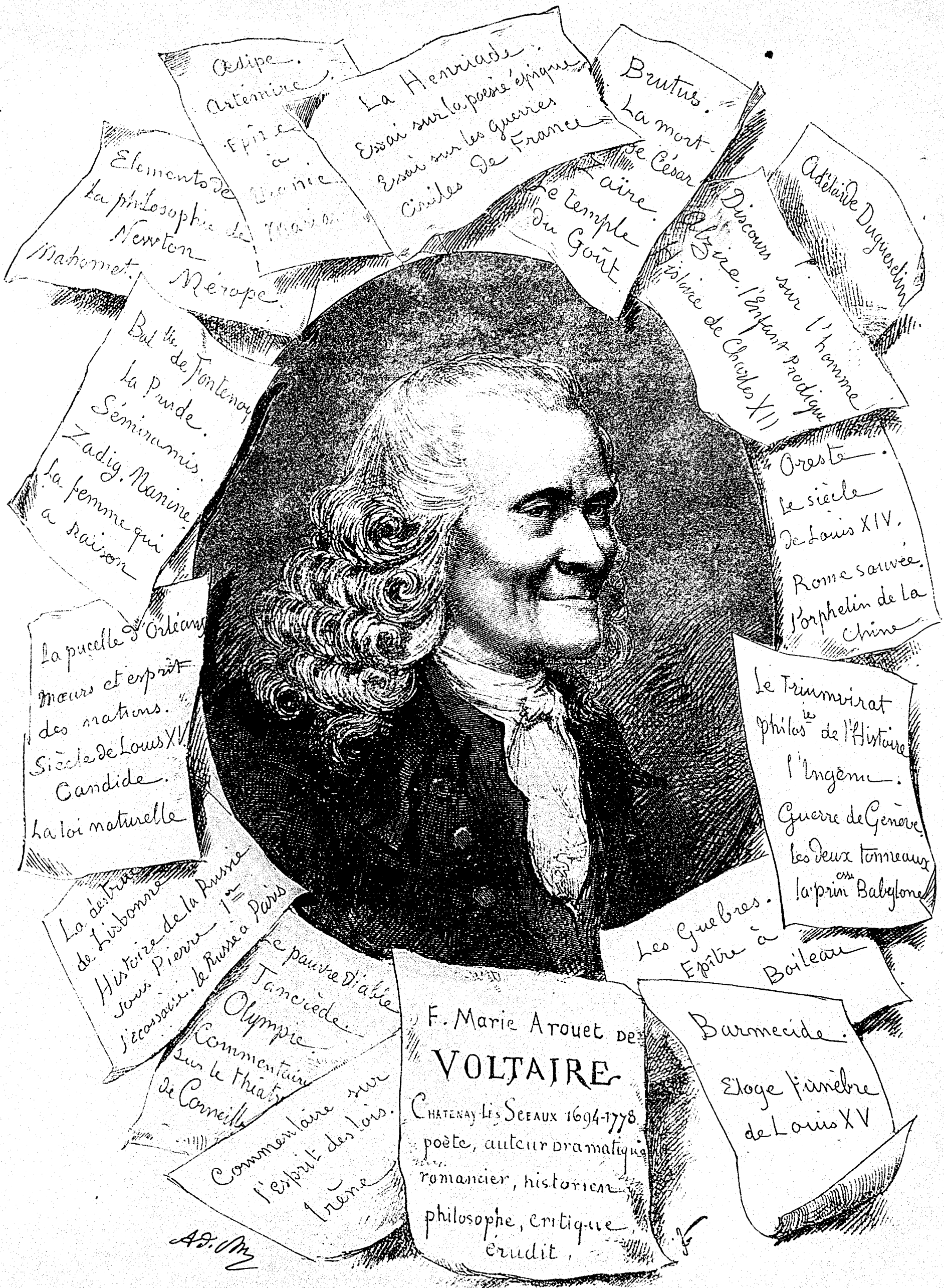
THE LATE POET BRYANT.



RESIDENCE OF MR. BRYANT'S FALL, NO. 11 EAST SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET.

RESIDENCE OF MR. BRYANT'S FALL, NO. 11 EAST SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET.





THE VOLTAIRE CENTENARY.



THE GASCON O'DRISCOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR."

The O'Driscols have long ceased to be a ruling race in West Cork, where they held sway as petty kings of Corca Laidhe, a district nearly corresponding to the diocese of Ross. Their power was broken at the battle of Tralee, where the "Gascon," with others of his house, fell before the lances of the Anglo-Norman chivalry, A. D. 1235. He was Aulay, fourth son of Donagh Mor, whose pedigree up to Ith, uncle of Milesius, may be read at large in the "Genealogies of the Corca Laidhe" (Misc. Celt. Soc. Dublin, 1849), a tract enriched with rare matter by the learned Dr. John O'Donovan and the present learned and Rev. Dr. John Quarry. Not the least curious item of the Pedigree is the note telling how young Aulay got his surname, which supplies the materials of this ballad:—

"Is airí a debróidh in Gasgúineach de; a n-gill re fin tuadh h é do lucht lúing cendaigh asa Gascaim a cind a dha bhliadhán déa, agus do bhíit thoir no cor eníredh do fhuair thina h é, cor dearbhadh air beith na thóil unsail, agus taidic in jin cen úrósáidh re na lind, agus da h-áidáidh ar a ais h-é chuma thiri bodhien."

Here observe that, while no one is so verbose as the Irish Celt in certain sorts of composition, no one can tell his story in fewer words when he writes by way of chronicle or family history. The form given to the version of the legend now presented is that of the class of poems purporting to convey instruction, called *Dianseachas*, which begin by proposing the subject as a question, responded to by the phrase, "Not difficult": then follows the substance of the story, told in most cases with great directness, and ending regularly with a repetition of the initial words of the first line.

I.

In old O'Driscol's pedigree, Mong lords of ports and galleys, The Gascon, whence I and who was in First bore the surname, tell us, Not difficult the task, To answer what you ask.

II.

The merchants from the Biscay sea To ports of Munster sailing, With wines of Spain and Gascony Supplied carouse unfilling, To guests of open door Of old at Britton's.

III.

Tell when, against one fatal day, O'Driscol stocked his cellars, He found not but of gold to pay In part, the greedy censors; And, for the surplussage, Gave this good son in pledge.

IV.

They bore the boy to fair Bayonne, Where vines on hills were growing; And, when the days of grace were gone, And still the debt was owing, The careful merchant's heart Grew hard with angry smart.

V.

The wine I sold the Irish keave Is spent in waste and surfeit; The pledge for payment that he gave Remains, a sorry forfeit— Bring forth the hostage boy, And set him on employ.

VI.

Now, youth, lay by the lettered page, Leave Spanish pipe and labor To happier comrades of thy age, And put thy hands to labour, To dress and till, be thine."

VII.

From solar-chamber came the lad; In sooth, a comely creature, As e'er made eye of toothier glad, In well-shaped limb and feature, As 'mid the vines he stepped, His cheek turned, and he wept.

VIII.

The grief that wrings this pungent tear Springs not from pride or anger, Let be the hoe my hunting-spear, The pruning-knife my banner; The work ye will I'll do; But deem my kinsmen true.

IX.

"Be sure, in some unknown resort, Their messengers have tarried; Some head-and-hell their ship in port, Some tribute-ship mis-carried, Else never would they leave Their pledge without reprieve.

X.

"I've seen when, round the banquet board, From stinless-cerebell beaker To all the Name our butlers poured The ruby-radiant liquor, And every face was bright With mirth and M's delight.

XI.

"And, as the warming wine inhaled, The shows of outward fashion, Their inmost hearts I've seen unveiled In gay and frank elation; And not a breast but grew More trusty, more seen through.

XII.

"These vineyards grew the grape that gave My soul that fond assurance; And if to-day I play the slave, I grieve not the endurance, Nor stronger mandate want To tend the truthful plant."

XIII.

The seniors of the sunny land Beheld him daily toiling,— (Old times they were of instincts bland The sordid heart assailing)— And this their frequent speech And counsel, each with each—

XIV.

"A patient boy, with gentle grace He bears his yoke of trouble; Serenely grave the ample face, The gesture large and noble, Erect, or stooping low, Along the stony row.

XV.

"Where'er he moves, the serving train Accord him their obeisance; The very vintagers refrain Their rude jests in his presence; And— what is strange indeed— His vines their vines exceed.

XVI.

"The tendrils twine, the leaves expand, The purpling bunches cluster, To purpler growth beneath his hand, As though 'twere formed to foster By act of mere caress Life, wealth, and joyousness.

XVII.

"It seems as if a darkling sense In root and stem were native; As if an answering effluence And virtue vegetative (Anointed kings own such) Went outward from his touch.

XVIII.

"Behold, his father's sagas say A righteous king's intention Is seen in fishy-teeming bay, And corn-fields' stocked abundance, In odder-weighted coars, And nut-bent hazel boughs.

XIX.

"These Scots, apart in ocean set, Since first from Shinar turning, Preserve the simple wisdom yet Of mankind's early morning, While God with Adam's race Still continued, face to face.

XX.

"Not in the written word alone He wooed and warns the creature, His will is still in wonders shown Through manifesting Nature; And Nature here makes plain This youth was born to reign.

XXI.

"It were ill, for a merchant's gains, To leave, at old appointed, For honey-handed village swains, God's designate appointed; But good for man and us, The art magnanimous.

XXII.

"Blest are the friends of lawful kings, To righteous rule consenting; Secure the blessing that he brings, By clemency preventing; And, granting full release, Return him home in peace.

XXIII.

"And, ere your topsails take the wind, Stow ye within his vessel, A pipe the ripest search may find In cellar of the Castle; Of perfume finer yet, Then rose and violet.

XXIV.

"That, when, at home, his kin shall pour The welcoming libation, Such rapture pierce their souls shall soar As sweet exultation, As Bacchus on his purd, With moist eye might regard."

XXV.

They stowed the ship; he stepped on board In seemly wise attended; But this was still his parting word, When faces all were ended, "Be sure my father yet Will satisfy the debt."

XXVI.

And, even as from the harbour mouth They northward went careering, There passed to windward, steering south, O'Driscol's galleon bearing, From Baltimore, the gold Of ransom safe to hold, In thold.

S. F.

of what the bush must have been when the first ring of the white man's axe resounded through the groves of giant pines. Previous to the arrival of the pale faces the locality was evidently a favourite resort with the aborigines, as the ground is rich with evidences of Indian occupation. Large deposits of pottery; plasters, bottles, vases and pipes; flint chisels, gouges, tomahawks, &c., have been found, and it is quite a common occurrence for the plough to unearth such relics of a bygone age. Not far from Spencerville there is a well-defined earth-work fort and there have been found numerous traces of village encampments, with streets laid out in straight lines, as shewn by the remains of the fireplaces. The locality was apparently a famous hunting and trapping ground, as the red deer are even now fairly numerous in the woods near by, and the streams still afford the smaller varieties of fur bearing animals. The remains of beaver dams attest that not so very long ago the dark waters harboured the emblematic beaver. The hunting scene herewith is from a sketch made a few years ago in a camp located a short distance from the village. One of the hunters there represented (Mr. J. Keeler) told me that he had killed some of the finest deer that ever fell to his rifle on a runway which crossed the site now occupied by the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

In 1833 the wooden mills were replaced by stone structures, and great was the rejoicing; one who was present at the opening day told me that success to the mill and the miller was drank so often that a good many of the well wishers were unable to find their way home. These mills were destroyed by fire, and in 1863 the present fine

FLOUR AND CRIST MILL

was erected opposite the ruins by Mr. Robert Fairbairn, who owns the dam and considerable land on both sides the stream. The mill is substantially built, exceptionally commodious and fitted up in first-class style. It has four run of stones and is used for flouring, gristing and the manufacture of oatmeal. When the water-power gives out, as it generally does during the "heated term," the mill stones do not necessarily cease to revolve, as the mill contains a powerful steam engine. Mr. Fairbairn complains that the gristing business has latterly fallen off greatly owing to the little wheat grown round about Spencerville, but he thinks there will be a decided improvement this season.

The sound of the splashing water, tumbling over the dam, sounds pleasant to the weary traveller sitting under the verandah of the

VICTORIA HOTEL,

a good old-fashioned inn kept by a jovial, kindly-hearted couple named Stitt, hailing from the North of Ireland. The Stitts came to this country in 1832—when the cholera raged—and can relate many startling incidents connected with that dread visitation. Their experience from the time they left Ireland till they got settled in a little log house in the bush near Spencerville, can hardly be realized by the rising generation. After a terrible long ocean passage, the captain losing his course for some time and finally putting into the Bay of Chaleurs, they reached Montreal and secured a passage on a bateau. It took eight days to reach Prescott. The towing of these boats up the rapids was ticklish work. The teamsters had to watch closely, for if the boat swung out too far the force would be too great for the horses or oxen, and if the ropes were not quickly loosened the animals would be drawn into the surging waters. Sometimes the boat had to be let go when nearly at the head of a rapid. She would go down, whirling around, perfectly unmanageable till she reached the comparatively quiet waters at the foot, then she would be brought along shore and a fresh attempt would be made. The passengers would frequently get ashore and walk, and often find themselves at nightfall several miles ahead of the wretched craft. When the Stitts arrived at their destination they found a dense bush with bridge paths, or sad apologies for "corduroy" roads. The houses of the few settlers were so rough, and the look of everything around so strange and different to what the new-comers had been led to expect, that Mrs. Stitt says they both felt very despondent, and she cried a good deal. But they soon cheered up, and, being young and hearty, with stout Irish hearts and willing hands, they prospered, and learned to like their adopted home. But the trials and hardships of the early settlers were great indeed, and such as we in these days can scarcely form any idea of. After farming some little time, Mr. Stitt embarked in the hotel business, and has kept the Victoria for over a quarter of a century.

THE MAIN STREET.

Opposite the hotel is the tasteful residence of Mr. John Millar, a well-to-do farmer and holder of real estate. Mr. Millar is an old settler, having landed in Canada in 1833. He owns some 250 acres, besides village lots. Mr. J. W. Bennett is another old-timer. He landed in 1831, and has kept store as a general merchant for twenty-seven years. His residence is pleasantly situated a short distance out of the village, on a rise which commands pretty views all around. Crossing from Mr. Bennett's store, the establishment of W. P. Imrie & Co., general merchants, comprising those important institutions, the Post and Telegraph offices, next claims attention. This business was established in 1846,

and having passed into the hands of enterprising young men, it has been greatly developed. Besides keeping a good stock of general wares, the Messrs. Imrie are insurance agents, printers and newsdealers.

A few steps down the road on the opposite side is still another general store, the establishment of Messrs. William Millar & Co., late Snider & Millar. They deal in pretty well everything, groceries, dry goods, clothing, farmers' implements, ploughs, &c., patent medicines, paints, oils, &c., and are agents for Bell's organs.

Further on, close by the elegant new Presbyterian church, is Mr. Andrew Carmichael's commodious store, stocked with a full assortment of almost every class of goods. Mr. Carmichael also owns a carriage shop and smithy. Some ten years ago this gentleman raised a company of militia for the 56th Batt., and now holds the rank of Major. The Spencerville Company is one of the finest in the battalion, and is invariably commended by the inspecting officer. Mr. Carmichael has been 22 years in the village, and has held the position of Deputy- Reeve for two terms.

On the road to the depot is the substantial and handsomely-appointed residence of Mr. Joseph H. Stitt. One does not look for city elegance in a rural neighbourhood, but I venture to say one would have to search a long time through Canada to find an interior to match that of Mr. Stitt's house. The frescoing, by Albrecht, is particularly handsome.

MR. JAMES MILLAR'S DAIRY FARM AND CHEESE FACTORY.

Mr. James Millar's homestead occupies a charming site on the banks of the Nation River, midway between the villages of Spencerville and Adams. The farm comprises 220 acres. Mr. Millar regards the locality as better adapted for dairy-farming than anything else, and has accordingly turned his attention to that branch. In 1873 he established a cheese factory, which has proved quite a boon to the farmers round about. The factory will turn out one thousand pounds of cheese per day, and utilizes the milk of some forty cows kept on the farm, and between three and four hundred scattered among the farms within a radius of five miles. The factory is fitted up in first-class style, and is in charge of a skilled cheese-baker. By the introduction of pure-bred Ayrshires, Mr. Millar has done much to improve the stock in the locality, and the result is a very rich quality of milk and cheese of uniform excellence which never has to wait for a market.

Mr. Millar used to go largely into bee-raising, selling as much as half a ton of box honey in a season, but lately he has given up, in a measure, this sweet industry, and sold over fifty fine swarms.

Though not one who hangers for public offices, Mr. Millar has been elected Reeve several times, and came very near receiving the nomination for South Grenville at the late Reform Convention.

MILL CREEK

is the site of Mr. James Keeler's saw-mill, which is situated a short distance back of that gentleman's picturesque residence. Mr. Keeler is of the Old U. E. stock, and a good specimen of that sterling type of humanity. He settled at Spencerville forty-five years ago, and has always taken a leading part in the management of local affairs. He was a member of the first District Council in 1812; has been in the Counties Council thirty-four years; was Warden of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville in 1863 and 1865, and is now First Deputy Reeve of the Township of Edwardsburg.

THE CHURCHES

at Spencerville are both very creditable to the bodies who have erected them.

The Presbyterian Church is a particularly handsome building within and without. The pews are of ash and walnut, and will seat 450. The basement contains a number of class-rooms, a well-appointed kitchen, &c. The church cost \$9,000, and was opened March last. The Rev. Mr. Day is pastor.

The Wesleyan Church is a commodious edifice of brick. I was not inside, so cannot speak of its interior. Close by is a very fine parsonage, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Wilson.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambrie, Chorott and Oxford Shirtings in Canada at Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VIII.

SPENCERVILLE, Ont.

A PICTURESQUE SPOT—FOUNDATION AND GROWTH —NOTES RESPECTING THE VILLAGE AND THE VILLAGERS.

Spencerville is a good type of the Canadian village pure and simple. Unincorporated, boasting a population of scarcely three hundred souls, it yet presents a very creditable display of substantial buildings and numbers among its people a good few really well-to-do men. The village is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Nation, nine miles from Prescott and forty-five from Ottawa; the St. Lawrence & Ottawa R. R. having a station about a mile to the west. As the reader will probably have surmised, the village was founded by a Mr. Spencer, David Spencer in full, who, in 1817, thought the place a good one where to erect a grist mill. He followed this up by building a saw mill—both wooden erections and not very extensive affairs. The country round about at that time was mainly dense forest with small clearings few and far between. Even now close to the village many of the fields are thickly studded with mammoth stumps giving one an idea

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. Also, solution of Problem No. 178. Correct. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 179 received. M. J. M., Quebec.—Games received. Many thanks. They shall have early notice. Also, received correct solution of Problem No. 178. W. A., Montreal.—Problems received. Many thanks. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 176 received. Correct.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The following is a list of the games concluded up to June 11th, 1878.

WON BY—

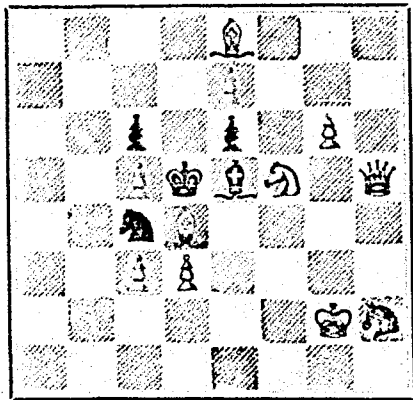
Table listing chess games and winners: Henderson vs. Boyvin, Shaw vs. Clawson, Narraway vs. Clawson, Braithwaite vs. Gibson, Black vs. Wyle, Clawson vs. Black.

Mr. Blackburne has been lately exhibiting his wonderful powers as a Chess-player at Leigh, in Lancashire, Eng. He commenced by playing simultaneously against all comers. Beginning with twenty, and taking others as they came on, he finally got through about thirty games. Of these he drew two and won the remainder. This took place on the first day. On the second he played blindfold against eight of the strongest players of the district, defeating all but one, who effected a draw.

Mr. Samuel Loyd, in a late number of the Scientific American Supplement, of which he is the Chess editor, astounds the public with the bold proposition that he will solve any two problems in the time that it requires another party to solve one. He wishes to have a few friendly matches, but does not prefer to have any stake at issue. Who will dare to accept his challenge?—clubs transatlantic Supplement, St. Louis, U.S.

PROBLEM No. 178.

BY W. ATKINSON, Montreal.



BLACK.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 267th.

(From the Chess Player's Chronicle.)

Played at the Devon, London, England, in 1877, between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. S., the former giving the odds of Q-Kt.

(Remove White's Q-Kt.)

Chess game notation for Game 267th, listing moves for White and Black from 1. P to K 4 to 33. P takes Q.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR WAYTE.

(a) An compromising development... (b) This mode of attack may be expected... (c) B to Q 5 at this point would have turned the tables completely... (d) Pretty and conclusive. Black has no better reply than that he makes, for if 30 Q takes Q, he is mated in two moves; and if 30 R to Q R sq, 31 R to K 7 ch wins easily.

GAME 267th.

Played at Sheffield, Eng., some time ago, between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and an Amateur. (Vienna Opening.)

Chess game notation for Game 267th, listing moves for White and Black from 1. P to K 4 to 20. Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This move involves the subsequent wanderings of His Majesty, although it has proved successful on certain occasions, must be bad, as it violates the first principles of the game. (b) A novel and ingenious course. The King generally seeks shelter, or rather enters the battle on the Queen's side. (c) This weak move costs Black the game. (d) The Adversary must now lose his Queen or be mated.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 178.

Solution for Problem No. 178: White: 1. B to K 5, 2. Mates acc. Black: 1. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 176.

Solution for Problem No. 176: White: 1. R to K R 2, 2. P to K Kt 4 mate. Black: 1. P takes R.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 177.

Problems for Young Players No. 177: White: K at K 3, R at K 2, B at K 7, B at Q Kt sq, P at Q B 4. Black: K at K 4, P at K 3, P at Q B 4. White to play and mate in three moves.

VALUABLE LITHOGRAPHIC STONE QUARY, MILL AND MACHINERY, IN THE VILLAGE OF MARMORA, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Under the provisions of the Joint Stock Companies Winding-up Act, will be offered for sale the property of the

ONTARIO LITHOGRAPHIC STONE COMPANY, (unless previously disposed of by private contract) at the Court House in the CITY OF BELLEVILLE, ON Saturday, the 6th day of July next, at noon.

LOT I.

All that valuable Lithographic Stone Quarry situate in the village of Marmora, in the County of Hastings, with the Mill, Steam Engine, Boiler (25 horse power), three gangs of saws with 16 sets of irons each, trucks, wheels, belting and gearing complete, together with the derrick, with iron and steel-wire rope for raising blocks of stone complete; situate and being on part of Lot NUMBER SIX, in the 4th concession of MARMORA, and part of Park Lot No. 15, Catherine Street Marmora Village.

LOT II.

Lot No. 2, in the 6th concession Marmora, containing 180 acres, on which there is some valuable CEDAR, and a field of LITHOGRAPHIC STONE, with some good farming land.

There will be a reserved bid for each of the above properties. TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, 40 per cent. one month thereafter, and balance on receiving a good title.

The Mill and property can be inspected on application to Wellington McWilliams, tavern-keeper, Marmora.

For further particulars and conditions, apply to BENJ. WALKER, Liquidator of the Ontario Lithographic Stone Company, Post Office Block, Belleville.

CHAS. WILKINS, Auctioneer, 17-26-2-371

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED

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HUMOROUS.

AN honest failure is the rarest work of man. THE phonograph speaks all languages fluently. HERE's a health to poverty. It sticks to us when all our friends desert us.

WHY don't Miss Kellogg marry an editor and be done with it? She wants a poor man.

OSE swallow cannot make a summer; but all swallows are working now, and summer is here.

THE coming inventor will construct a machine that will abolish sound. There is too much noise in the world.

AN eminent writer remarks that man is distinguished from the brute creation by his superior capacity for blundering.

IT is not yet definitely settled as to how much a man can allow his creditors on the dollar and still be considered honest.

A COLUMBUS man says he started some thirty years ago to make \$1,400,000. He has got the fourteen, but the ciphers bother him.

THE wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes hers every afternoon.

THAT man is not a friend to his race who builds a house in which one back door must be used by the women of separate families.

THIS now the poverty-stricken young man discovers that his white stove-pipe hat of last summer cannot be cleaned, so he idly puts a mourning band round it.

"WITHIN five minutes after the alarm was given our reporter was on the ground."—We have little doubt if he gave the slightest provocation to the preman of the Engine Company.

A SMALL boy of the freckled species, in the parlour where a dry goods clerk is spaking the boy's big sister, will make the course of true love rougher than riding in a lumber wagon.

MR. BECKER said to the Williams college boys last week, "If a boy cannot say his prayers and get his full amount of sleep, let him leave his prayers unaid." The Hawkeye adds, "That's it. We have been wondering what it was shortening our hours of repose. We shall reform."

"I WISH to ask the court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?"—"Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

PHILOSOPHERS say that closing the eyes makes the hearing more acute. Clergymen, however, should speak louder. It looks rather suspicious to see half the congregation sitting with closed eyes, in order that they may the more distinctly hear the sermon—especially as many of them fail to open their eyes when the contribution basket is shoved under their nose.

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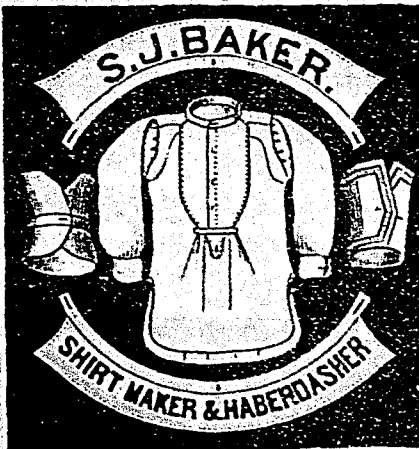
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