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THE FISHERIES AWARD.

JOHNNY CANUCK comes up smiling with receipt drawn up, and held behind his back. BROTHER JONATHAN looks rather awry, but makes up his mind to pay, considering that, after all, it is only so much British money left over from the Geneva Award.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 8th, 1877.

BLOCKING THE STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

Some months ago an article went the rounds of the papers advocating a new climate for Canada by blocking the Straits of Belle Isle. The argument of the writer was that an immense flow of northern water is continually rushing into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence through the Straits, while for some months the cold effects of this current are aggravated by the presence of huge blocks of ice, whose chilling influences tell all along the north shore of the Gulf. The theory built upon this was if this cold current and the annual immersion of the icebergs were diverted from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, the surrounding temperature would be materially raised, the coils of Arctic floods would no more be felt along the shores of Quebec, vegetation would take the place of sterility, and a vast tract of land, now lying idle and uncultivated, would be brought under cultivation, and prove a source of great wealth to the country. Furthermore, it was urged that the absence of the current which now sweeps into the Gulf and up the St. Lawrence would permit of a greater influx from the South of the Gulf Stream, which at certain seasons of the year, by the action of the trade winds, is forced into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, the result being that, on the neighbouring shores, as in Prince Edward's Island, the temperature is high and vegetation flourishes. Finally, the writer states his conviction that the St. Lawrence would remain open all winter, as salt water ice is never seen in the Gulf or Straits of Belle Isle until the northern field ice is close at hand, when the stob ice begins to form.

This theory, which has the merit of boldness and ingenuity, received some attention throughout the country, and several papers expressed themselves favourably towards it. But Hon. Mr. FORBES, who is unquestionably our best authority on the physical geography of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, as he is best acquainted with our Gulf fisheries, has advanced a number of arguments against the project which it may be worth while, once for all, to summarize. He denies the alleged influence of the Gulf Stream on the St. Lawrence Gulf, asserts that the Polar current

has but little effect on the Gulf beyond the east point of Anticosti, and maintains that the blocking of the Straits of Belle Isle would be attended with engineering difficulties that would make its accomplishment impossible. In a late number of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the author of the scheme publishes a second article answering Dr. FORBES. To prove the influence of the Gulf Stream on the Gulf, he indicates the great rise of the temperature of the water from 27 and 28 degrees in the Straits to 52 degrees near the mouth of the Gulf. To establish the effect of the Polar current far west of Anticosti, he adduces the experience of mariners during the last forty years, who speak of a steady current setting all along the north shore, even up to Quebec itself, the effect of this Arctic current being to freeze the water of the river and to cause winter to set in at Quebec a month earlier than at Montreal. This latter statement will not be generally accepted as a fact, nor will the difference of temperature between the two cities be attributed to the water, there being other meteorological causes easily assignable. This discussion, however, would lead us too far, and we must leave it for another occasion. As to the work of blocking the Straits, the writer insists that, according to high engineering authority, it is quite feasible. The only detriment might be the cost, but the question remains whether the result would not justify the outlay. Of course, it is not expected that the project will be taken up at once, and meantime nothing but good can come of a full discussion for and against it.

A NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

That man is always entitled to respect and attention who thinks for himself, and who, while he comes before the world in the bravery of his opinions, has the grace to temper his boldness with a certain show of modesty. Of these is Mr. DUGALD MACDONALD of this city, author of a pamphlet entitled "The Heavenly Bodies: How They Move, and What Moves Them." We confess that we opened the work with a smile of incredulity, and read its initial pages in a spirit of hostile criticism, but after a careful perusal of the whole, and a rehearsal of the principal passages, our opinion of the author and his theory was very materially altered. Of the former we may say that he is a skilful writer, master of idiomatic English, clear and concise in exposition, and at times really eloquent. As a merely literary man, Mr. MACDONALD may at once claim high rank. Of his theory, it is, of course, impossible to speak in detail within the narrow space of an editorial article, and it is still less within our attributions to enter into an argument about it. We must confine ourselves to a summary, which may as well be drawn from the author himself, thus giving the reader an idea of his method. According to him "the sun is at capital of the solar system, and each planet is but a province of that system, and these provinces, as well as the sun, are separated from each other by an unfathomable sea of medium. The heat of the sun causes the motion of the medium; the motion of the medium causes the sun to revolve on its axis, as well as the planets. The revolution of the sun on its axis communicates a second motion to the medium, causing it to revolve. The medium revolving, carries the planets in their orbits around the sun. By one grand law, the sun, in consequence of its magnitude and the intensity of its heat, maintains itself in a central position, and exercises an influence nearly equal in every direction. The sun is not only the capital of the solar system, but it is likewise the throne on which is seated in royal magnificence that great Fire King who rules the motions of the planets by his heat, calls into existence all the inherent properties of matter, including that of gravity itself, and performs all the wonderful phenomena we see in the world."

The theory of a medium in space forms the nucleus of the author's reasoning, and

the bulk of the work is devoted to its elucidation. It is not claimed as original, but traced to Sir ISAAC NEWTON himself, so that while astronomers and physicists will attack the writer for opposing the prince of philosophers' great law of attraction, he will be able to quote NEWTON in his own favour. For ourselves, we are not prepared to accept all the statements of this pamphlet, and there are several of the illustrations that we do not well understand, for which reason we shall be pleased to see them more fully discussed by specialists, but the theory is ingenious and not intrinsically improbable, while many of the branches of argument appear satisfactory. The account of the creation of the world, however, is fantastic, and not being really attached to the subject, might be omitted, as perhaps the only portion that is clearly fallacious. To make a material entity of that which is a metaphysical negative is amusing; and when our author divides light from darkness in this sense, he recurs to that literal interpretation of a Biblical phrase which is the greatest stumbling block in the way of credible exegesis. With this exception, we commend the new pamphlet to the attention of all reflective and progressive readers.

All we feel inclined to say to-day about the new Society that is being formed in Montreal is that the title which has been suggested is an incorrect one, seeing that a Canadian nation does not exist in fact, although this Dominion may be ranked as a progressive nationality. A feeling of individuality as a community may be proper enough, harmonizing with our separate institutions and not at all incompatible with our allegiance to the Empire, but that does not make the title of "Canadian National Society" a desirable one, as it will be evident that it might very easily be made to signify a great deal more than it is the present intention of its promoters that it should do. "Dominion Association" would be better, we believe. Such a society, when organized, could not live on sentiment alone, and whatever the purposes with which it might be charged—and there is surely an abundance of social work to be done, and fields white unto harvest, if we will only in a quiet spirit permit our eyes to behold them—the new gathering of honest subjects and citizens ought never to be allowed to degenerate into a political party or to take the shape of a cabal of any sort or description.

Our American neighbours may well take to heart the loss of their navy ship *Hudon*, and though, as usual, they show a brave spirit under the circumstances, we think something more even than that is needed. Our contemporary, the *Tribune*, gives what it calls the average man's opinion. The average man is an excellent producer and consumer, but it is the opinion of the expert we want in this case. A well-chosen commission of naval architects and navigators would very soon bring to us more of what we want to know than all the newspapers in the Union could do without their aid. Do, please, let us have the voice of the expert, if only once, for a change. Naval architecture and the rules of seamanship are matters of universal concern.

Now that the election in Quebec East has terminated, it is to be hoped that the unusual animosity which it gave rise to will be allowed to subside, and that all will return to a feeling of good fellowship. The probabilities in favour of Hon. Mr. LAURIER, which we stated two weeks ago, have been fulfilled. Now that his seat at the Cabinet Board as Minister of Inland Revenue is secured, we are certain that even his adversaries are prepared to offer him their sincere congratulations, as we heretofore do ours. An opportunity is henceforth set before him of applying his talents to a wholesome administration, and of establishing himself as one of the real leaders of his party.

We are gratified to find that our estimate of the American press, in respect of the Fisheries Award, has not been belied. The large majority of the influential papers of the United States urge the prompt payment of the money, and many adduce the generous example of Great Britain, in similar cases, as one that it would be gracious to imitate. We are no less pleased to see the London *Times* discussing the question in an unusually large spirit, with a knowledge of this Canadian topic rather foreign to its normal mood. It particularly insists that the Award should in no wise get entangled with a bid for Reciprocity, and in this sentiment we fully agree.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Not sufficiently appreciated, but altogether worthy of attention, as perhaps the best test of current literary progress in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, are the quantity and quality of the periodical press. We purpose making a brief review of several of these publications, divided under the two appropriate headings of illustrated and non-illustrated. As to quality, it may be generally remarked that these periodicals represent the highest culture as displayed in any nation of the continent, and as to form the only one not yet carried out, though altogether worthy of imitation, is that of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, generally considered to be unrivalled by any similar publication in the world.

THE ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

The oldest of the American illustrated magazines is *Harper's*, of New York, in many respects singular of its kind. Its prominent features are sketches of travel and the best novels of the day, which appear generally from the advance sheets of authors. To a great many readers accounts of travel have an attraction beyond any other kind of literature, and *Harper's* always supplies this liberally. Another feature consists of articles on the fine arts, admirably illustrated. The illustrations of this magazine are abundant and admirably wrought, making of the bound volumes a series of albums very precious for the drawing-room table. The editor is G. W. Curtis, one of the luminaries of American literature, a scholar of profound acquirements, and a writer of fastidious taste, whose pen is conspicuous in the *Easy Chair*, the *Literary Record* and the *Drawer*. The next in age is *Lippincott's Magazine*, of Philadelphia. Daintiness may be set down as the characteristic of this charming periodical. The illustrations are very choice and the whole typographical execution is irreproachable. Published by one of the oldest and wealthiest firms in the country, nothing is spared to make the magazine worthy of its proprietors. The publishers are ably assisted by the editor, Mr. Kirby, a native of New Brunswick and an author of high standing. *Lippincott's* has the additional merit of having brought forward to public recognition and estimation many writers of the interior, who would have been unable to penetrate into the charmed circle of Boston and New York coteries. It is also very popular at the South, being the exponent of much of that solid culture which is peculiar to the old families of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia. *Lippincott's* is just entering upon its twenty-first volume.

There are few instances of such rapid and deserved success as has attended *Scribner's Monthly*, of New York. Its blue cover is a welcome sight at the beginning of every month. A succulent pamphlet in its every page. Much reliance has been placed, from the first, on its illustrations, especially in the mid-summer and holiday numbers, which are always palpitating with interest. *Scribner's* has made rapid headway in England, which may be set down as an additional tribute to its excellence. It has the rare advantage of being under the direct editorial management of Dr. Holland, who is also one of its proprietors. He thus takes a double interest in it. Besides his own works, which are first contributed to its columns, he has charge of a very important department, distributed into Topics of the Time, The Old Cabinet, Home and Society, Culture and Progress, and The World's Work. They are as much sought for as the regular contributions.

Hats off to the scarlet figure of *St. Nicholas*, patron of the young ones. The magazine of this name, published by Scribner & Co., New York, is now sent forward to the number of one hundred thousand, and yet it is only three years old. It is impossible to write a word of exaggeration in respect to this exquisite publication. It is positively the best magazine of its kind in the world. The illustrations are the work of the best artists in the United States, and we apprehend the demand for them has developed the latent talent of many new designers and sketchers, both male and female. The letter-press is in uniform keeping with the artistic department, and its success is chiefly due to the editor, Mary Maples Dodge, an author who requires no introduction to our readers. We need scarcely add that *St. Nicholas* is sure of still further appreciation, if it simply maintains its present standard, to say nothing of future improvements.

A severe literary finish is the salient feature of *Appleton's Journal*, New York. In this respect it most resembles the English and French standards, and must, in consequence, be a favorite with people of culture. The illustrations are more choice than numerous, and there is a frontispiece in every number well worthy of being preserved. We fancy that the editor is a hard man to please and that it must be very difficult for a contributor to secure his *imprimatur*. There is no sensationalism in *Appleton's*, no striving after effect. Its contributors are all well-known names, Julian Hawthorne, Henry James, Junius Henri Browne, Lucy Hooper, Nora Perry. It bestows special attention to foreign authors, and we have become acquainted with much recent French and German literature through its translations. The critical department is very conscientiously attended to, confirming what we have previously said about the mental standing of the editor.

It is some satisfaction to know that Canada does not lag behind. Youngest on the list, but not unworthy of its compeers, is *Belford's Magazine*, of Toronto. This has been a pet publication with us, and we hail its advent to a second year under its new buff cover. We know the difficulties which an enterprise of this kind has to contend with in Canada, and it is because of this knowledge that we appreciate so much the energy of the publishers. The illustrations of *Belford's* are generally imbedded in the text, generally incidents of travel, and they add much to its value. In the letter-press a channel has been opened to Canadian talent of all grades, and when the review of the first year is made, it is but justice to say that our writers make a goodly show. It is the clear duty of the public so to encourage such magazines as to enable the publishers to augment the inducements which they extend to native writers. It is thus, and thus only, that Canadian literature will have a chance, for, not more than others, can Canadian writers be expected to write for nothing.

II.

NON-ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

Associated with our school and college days, and thus a part and parcel of our mental education, the *Atlantic Monthly* has a type of pleasant familiarity which accounts in great measure for its large measure of popular esteem. And today, after a career of so many years, it is as fresh, vigorous and varied as ever, under the management of W. D. Howells, a well known writer, and pre-eminently a stylist in the strict French meaning of that important word. The *Atlantic* has been one of the chief factors in the development of American literature, being the original medium of communication with the world of such great men as Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, and a score of others. In the ensuing year the best attractions are promised, and among other inducements are magnificent portraits of Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, either of which is offered for only \$1.00 in addition to the price of subscription.

While the *Galaxy*, of New York, is essentially American in the topics which it discusses, and the writers who contribute to its pages, it is of all the magazines the most French in character—light, airy, clear-cut and outspoken. The reader is always sure to find, in every number, amid a general excellence, one or two papers that rise above the rest, either in subject or treatment. Some of the best pens in the country are enlisted in its service, and the *Galaxy* school has turned out several prominent authors. A particular feature all along has been the treatment of political questions, not from any narrow partisan standpoint, but on general principles, and from this source have been derived articles of much historical importance. Justin McCarthy, Gen. McClellan, ex-Secretary Wells, Richard Grant White, Henry James, and others of equal note are among its regular contributors, but it is not exclusive, and any article of merit is sure to find favour with the editor. We trust this valorous periodical will long continue to flourish.

In this branch of publications, the *Dominion* is again to the fore. The *Canadian Monthly*, of Toronto, is now in its thirteenth volume, with such signs of prosperity as betoken, which we seriously hope, a long career. This magazine has now become an institution among us, and we look for its mensural utterances as naturally as we do those of the daily press. It has had authoritative names attached to its redaction, and "Current Events" have had the continuous honour of citation far and wide. Politics have entered largely in its programme, and some of the most important questions affecting this country have been discussed in its pages. The typographical execution is faultless, and as the new publishers are doing their best to put forth a magazine worthy of the *Dominion*, we trust that the people will show themselves worthy of that confidence and do all in their power to support it. It is a patriotic duty with all Canadians to support Canadian literature.

The general object of the *International Review*, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., is the able, impartial, and popular discussion of the prominent topics of the time, literary and scientific, religious and political, national and international. The *Review* is published bi-monthly, thus enabling it to present to its readers articles upon the chief matters of public interest, while they are fresh and engrossing. As an international literary enterprise, the *Review* fills a place hitherto unoccupied by any serious periodical published on either side of the Atlantic. It presents articles upon questions of in-

ternational importance in every number; its contributors are almost as numerous in Europe as in America; and the articles from foreign as well as home writers are all original, and many of them are prepared by special invitation and at great expense to the publishers. It is safe to say that no periodical published in the English language has furnished, within the period of the existence of this *Review*, an equal number of original articles from eminent writers of all nations. Among the special objects to which the *Review* is devoted are, the improvement of the relations of the United States with other nations, the reform of the law of nations, and the establishment of international arbitration; the elevation of the standard of public morality, the advocacy of a purer literature, the establishment of a fitting bulwark against scientific infidelity in religious matters; also the enlightenment of the American public upon great questions exciting the attention of foreign peoples. It is the plan of the managers of the *Review* not to exclude from its pages writers whose views differ from their own. The leading art events in Europe are described by Philip Gilbert Hamerton in successive numbers of the *Review*, and a sufficient space is given to editorial comments upon the principal events of an international, political, and scientific character.

The success of *Littell's Living Age*, of Boston, is owing to the fact that it enables one, with a small outlay of time and money, to keep pace with the best thought and literature of the day. Hence its importance to every American reader. The ablest living contributors to periodical literature are represented in its pages. It has always stood at the head of its class, both in the quality and quantity of the reading furnished; and in fact it affords, of itself, so thorough and complete a compendium of what is of immediate interest or permanent value in the literary world, as to render it an invaluable economizer of time, labour and money. In the multitude of periodicals of the present time—quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies—such a publication has become almost a necessity to every person or family desiring to keep well informed in the best literature of the day. For 1878, an extra offer is made to all new subscribers; and reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are also given by which a subscriber may, at remarkably small cost, obtain the cream of both home and foreign literature. Those selecting their periodicals for the new year, would do well to examine the prospectus. In no other way that we know of can a subscriber be put in possession of the best which the current literature of the world affords, so cheaply or conveniently.

We have had occasion lately to refer to the *North American Review*, for many years issued by Osgood & Co., Boston, but now published, under the same editorial management, however, by the Appleton's, of New York. This used to be a quarterly, the sole representative in America of the Edinburgh, Westminster and other great British reviews. Now it is published every two months, and while its character has become more popular, its range of discussion is far wider. There is no better exponent of the higher American thought and culture, the very type and paper pointing to a desire for perfect presentation before the public. In view of these facts, it is altogether desirable that this review should be better known in Canada, and, so far as we are concerned, we shall do our best to keep its merits before our readers. It has already devoted attention to the ecclesiastical question in this Province, and we are assured that no range of inquiry is beyond its attributions. For the ensuing year, therefore, we may expect much from the *North American Review*.

It is a manifest advantage that a periodical which, in England, sells for ten dollars a year, should be supplied to Canadian and American readers for just half that sum, while the press-plates and the paper are identical with those of the British original. This is done in the case of the *Fortnightly Review* by Belford Brothers, of Toronto. The above Magazine requires no commendation from us beyond the publication of the names which stand upon its list of contributors. It is edited by John Morley, assisted by Goldwin Smith, Right Hon. Mr. Lowe, Emile de Laveleye, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer and other lights of the advanced English School of politics and philosophy. All subjects are treated with fulness of scholarship and the authority of conscientious argument, and for thoughtful readers no periodical affords more material for instruction and entertainment.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Princess Louise has contributed a portrait from her own lease to a bazaar now open at Brighton in aid of the Sussex County Hospital.

THE Empress of Austria has engaged Cottesbrook house, near Northampton, for two months for foxhunting. Her Majesty will be accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph.

It will account for the recklessness of the van drivers in the metropolis, that they pay a very small weekly sum to a general fund, out of which all fines are disbursed. It is clear that imprisonment is the only way to stop this attempt to frustrate punishment, and bring these men to their senses. Police magistrates should make a note of this.

At length there is a fair prospect of the statue of John Stuart Mill being placed on the embankment. It is four years since he died, and his effigy in marble is now ready, and will be erected as soon as the consent of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Metropolitan District Railway can be obtained.

THE first Meeting for the season of the Society of Biblical Archeology, also inaugurates the lectures on the languages and literature of ancient Egypt and Assyria, which were organized three or four years ago under the auspices of this Society. These classes which for three sessions have been very successful and largely attended, are of considerable interest and significance, as helping on the agitation which many learned Orientalists are now conducting with the view of establishing at Oxford and Cambridge chairs in which Assyrian and Egyptian learning might be professed.

Now that the roof of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is nearly finished, and the facade fairly exposed to view, the result affords a finer elevation than that of which the earlier stages of the building gave promise. There is something repellant in employing for works of art sham or imitation material, and the new Museum is constructed of terra cotta bricks, which at the best afford but a poor counterfeit presentment of the best building stone. The whole is intended for the extensive collections now gathered together at the British Museum, but not adequately displayed there, many specimens never having been arranged for public inspection.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN Envoy of the Japanese Government has come to Paris to study the theatres.

A firm of enterprising Parisians has recently addressed a circular to all the London wine merchants, offering to supply them with a patent for making champagne, at the cost of sixpence a bottle.

DORÉ, who is also an accomplished musician, has bought a villa near Paris, on the *façade* of which he has had inscribed the notes Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re, that is to say, *Domicile à Doré*. This reminds us, of Mr. Edwin Long, who has named his house on Marlborough Hill "Longsdan."

DURING the war of 1870-1871 a considerable number of persons hid securities and jewels in the ground before quitting Paris. On their return many of the valuables were missing, and all attempts to recover the property proved unavailing. In one case, in particular, a gentleman was the loser of a large amount in City of Paris Bonds.

QUEEN ISABELLA is expected at her residence in Paris—the Hotel Basilewski—towards the middle of the present month; and Her Majesty is expected to remain at the capital until the 20th of January, when she will leave for Madrid, in order to be present on the 23rd of the same month at the marriage of her son, King Alfonso XII.

THE scaffolding is being taken down from the exhibition building. Turkey is said to be the most advanced in her preparations of all the nationalities. In the English section the offices for the Prince of Wales are being rapidly pushed forward. The trees are planted in proportion as the contractors clear off, and already have quite an at-home look.

A number of Esquimaux and animals from Greenland have arrived in Paris, and may be seen at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, where their seals, white bears, and dogs have attracted much attention. The Society of Anthropology of Paris has named a committee to examine the Esquimaux and report upon them. The members of the said committee are Dr. Broca (president), and Doctors Bordier Dally, Gerard de Rialle, Mazard, and Topinard.

As many trees will be needed to ornament the Champ-de-Mars and Trocadéro, those planted near the houses in the Avenues d'Essling, des Terres, and de MacMahon are being transplanted with due precautions. The proprietors of the houses near which stood the trees in question had complained of the humidity and shadow occasioned by the trees, and the authorities in removing them achieve a double purpose.

THE mansion owned by Mr. Charles Laffitte, and given by that gentleman to his daughter—the Marquise de Gallifet—as a marriage portion, has, since the death of the well-known capitalist and sportsman, been sold. It is now occupied by a club which bids fair to become one of the most aristocratic in Paris. Among the members of the Committee may be named the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Duke de Bisaccia, Duke de Mouchy, Marquis de Jancourt, Baron Hottinguer, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Lord Cardington, Lord Lascelles, Lord MacDuff, Sir John Stanley, P. M. Sartoris, Hon. A. C. Darrington, and others.

BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.

Having no dramatic news to chronicle this week, I must fall back on generalities or reminiscences. It is ever thus, and I am not displeased thereat. It is rather a boon than otherwise not to be forced, by the routine of vocation, to spend one's precious evenings in a glaring theatre, listening to the inanities that constitute the staple of modern drama, and to the crudities which are the most salient characteristics of modern acting. Also, is it a blessing in disguise that I have not been called upon for months to sit and listen to the music of amateurs, whether vocal or instrumental. Thus am I privileged to sit all alone in my darkened study, and do one of three things—awake the soft thunders of my old violoncello, lean back and croon all the ancient bits of opera sodden with delicious memories; or, while weaving circlets of white vapour from the amber mouth-piece of my chibouk, recalling the figures that flitted before the footlights in the bygone Paris days.

Ah! yes, there is Tamberlick back again, I see, to the scenes of his old triumphs. Tamberlick, the Roman pauper, now the Spanish grandee, careless, handsome, magnificent, taking no meticulous care of his grand voice, but living as he listeth, and preserving through it all the phenomenal romance of his high C. It is of him that Sims Reeves has said that he is the master of musical declamation. *Laudari a viro laudato*. And a commission of Parisian doctors once sat on him. Examining his larynx scientifically, they found that it was endowed with vocal chords which looked like cables, and their report was "an incomparable throat paved with diamonds."

Harry Peakes recurs to me—the best Mephistopheles of the American operatic stage. Absent, I salute him with my hand, and a greater than he immediately steps forward for recognition—Faure! the greatest of modern baritones, consummate actor, accomplished composer. And to think that the world lately came near losing that glorious voice. It was after a long and dangerous illness. The whole constitution was shaken, and the doctors could promise only a dubious convalescence. But what cared the artist for health, if his voice was gone, and so he let the days pass silently and sadly. At last, when told that he might venture out of doors, he took a solitary walk to the Gardens of Versailles. Here, all alone, on the great staircase, overlooking the Orangerie, trembling, he threw open his cloak, and intoned the grand air of "Hamlet," written for him by Ambroise Thomas. The sentinel on the terrace suddenly halted, the birds on the trees hushed their carols, and the group of Apollo at the fountain bent forward to listen. It was an exquisite moment. When he had finished, Faure wrapped his cloak about him and walked away, with ecstasy in his heart. His voice was still perfection!

Si j'étais Roi! No, thank you, I wouldn't be king, not if all my taxes were paid till doomsday, and especially not in France. But, surely, I may sing the delicious theme of Adolph Adam, as it is now being repeated, after many years in Paris. It was in May, 1852, that d'Ennery brought the poor, sick artist the poem, stipulating that the music should be completed before September. Adam wrote the work piecemeal. As soon as one bit was finished it was taken to the theatre to be rehearsed, and not a note was wanting to the orchestral partition. It was thus, too, that *Il Barbiere* was composed, only that work cost Rossini no more than three weeks of labour, from the end of December to the 23rd of January. When one piece was done he had it rehearsed at his piano, and then sent the pages to the Argentina Theatre, where it was sung. A masterpiece was the result. Yes, and how many masterpieces were thus struck off in moments of inspiration? And what of minor defects, so long as the inspirations lasts and is immortal!

A STEELE PENN.

SPIRITUALISM.—Judge Pitman is much interested in the subject of spiritualism. He met a "trance medium" in the cars, the other day, and invited him to hold a séance at his (Pitman's) home. The company assembled in the front parlor, and the medium went into the back parlor and shut the door. He said before he went that, as the "conditions" were not good, the manifestations might come rather slowly, but that they would not come at all unless there was loud music upon the piano. It was half-past seven when the medium withdrew, and the company sat there waiting for the spirits to begin. They waited until half-past eight, and then the Judge went to the door to listen. He heard nothing; but he thought the medium might be in a trance, and that it would be better not to disturb him. So they all waited until nine. Then the Judge opened the door softly, and perceived that the medium was not in the room. Then they began to hunt for him. They did not find him, but they discovered that the spirits, or somebody, had gone off with two dozen silver spoons, with a cake-basket, with sixteen damask napkins, two breast-pins, forty dollars in greenbacks, and a pair of sugar-tongs. The Judge has now become skeptical upon the subject of spiritualism, and he wants to see that trance medium to interview him about it. If the spoons and the napkins have gone into the celestial regions for use there, he don't care so much, but he is afraid there is something earthly about their disappearance.

RIGHT REV. DR. CUMMINS.

The Right Rev. George David Cummins was born in Smyrna, Delaware, December 11th, 1822. He was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and there obtained his degree in the year 1841. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Lee, of Delaware, in October, 1845, and Presbyter by the same Bishop in July, 1847. Princeton College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the year 1856. His first parish was Christ Church, Norfolk, Va.; the next, St. James' Church, Richmond, Va.; the next, Trinity Church, Washington, D. C.; the next, St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, Md.; and the last, Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill. While in charge of this last parish, he was elected Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, and was consecrated in Christ Church, Louisville, of his diocese, November 18th, 1866. The Bishop of Vermont performed the consecratory ceremony, assisted by the Bishop of Kentucky (Smith); Iowa (Lee, H. W., who also preached the sermon); Assistant Bishop of Indiana (Talbot); Tennessee (Quintand); Missionary Bishop of Nebraska, (Clarkson), and the Bishop of Pittsburgh (Kerfoot). His later history is well known. On the 8th day of October, 1873, Bishop Cummins made his memorable address before the Evangelical Alliance, then in session in the City of New York. Four days afterward (Oct. 12), he assisted in the administration of the Holy Communion, in Dr. John Hall's Church, in a service which will never be forgotten by those who had the great privilege of participating in it. Bishop Cummins ever referred to it afterwards, as one of the sweetest and most blessed of the experiences of his life. Little did he or his associates then dream of the eventful issues of that occasion. Soon after appeared Bishop Tozer's letter of appeal and complaint to Bishop Potter, of New York. On the 10th of December, Bishop Cummins sent his letter of resignation to the senior member of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky. The latter, on the 22nd of the same month, responded by a formal notice that in six months Bishop Cummins would be deposed from his office. But on the 2nd of December, 1873, the Reformed Episcopal Church was organized in the city of New York by seven clergymen and seventeen laymen. Bishop Cummins was elected the Presiding Bishop of the new organization, and Rev. Dr. Cheney the Missionary Bishop of the Northwest. The consecration of the latter



THE LATE RT. REV. DR. CUMMINS.

followed on the 14th of the same month, Bishop Cummins performing the consecrating services, aided by the other clergymen of the Church. From that date his life and talents were given exclusively to the work of extending and strengthening the Reformed Episcopal Church. He travelled from Canada to the extreme Southern States, and his eloquent voice of warning and appeal was heard in the East and the West. His theme was ever the same—the Cross of Christ—no sacrifice save His; no altar save that of Calvary.

With the exception of a brief period, during which his labors were interrupted by ill health, Bishop Cummins was diligently and almost incessantly engaged in the discharge of the duties of his high office. What has been accomplished by him and his associates, is best seen in the present condition of the Reformed Episcopal Church, whose rapid development and extension in England, the United States and Canada have surprised its greatest friends. The history of his work has been spread before the world, both by the religious and secular press, so that few are altogether unfamiliar with the success which rewarded his efforts. One of the very last official acts of the Bishop was the delivery of an address before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to which he had been accredited as a representative of its youngest sister. Neither body will soon forget the expression of love and sympathy in that fraternal greeting. There was inspiration in his eloquence. There is forever a sacredness in the words of the benediction with which he closed. Bishop Cummins seemed to have been impressed with a belief that his work was soon to be concluded. With rejoicing he had obeyed the call of his Master in sowing the seed, but the full fruitage he was not to enjoy on this side of eternity. In what manner he first received an intimation of the approaches of the solemn shadow of death over his life, we cannot know. But in an address delivered in May, 1876, at the time of the dedication of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, in Baltimore, he uttered the following words:—"Now I have done my work, and am ready to die whenever the Heavenly Father wills it."

And on the 26th June, 1876, to the great loss of the Church, and the deep sorrow and regret of his many friends, after but a few days' illness, Bishop Cummins departed this life at Lutherville, near Baltimore, Md., at the age of 54 years. When near his end and when asked what mea-

BISHOPS OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



RT. REV. DR. CHENEY.

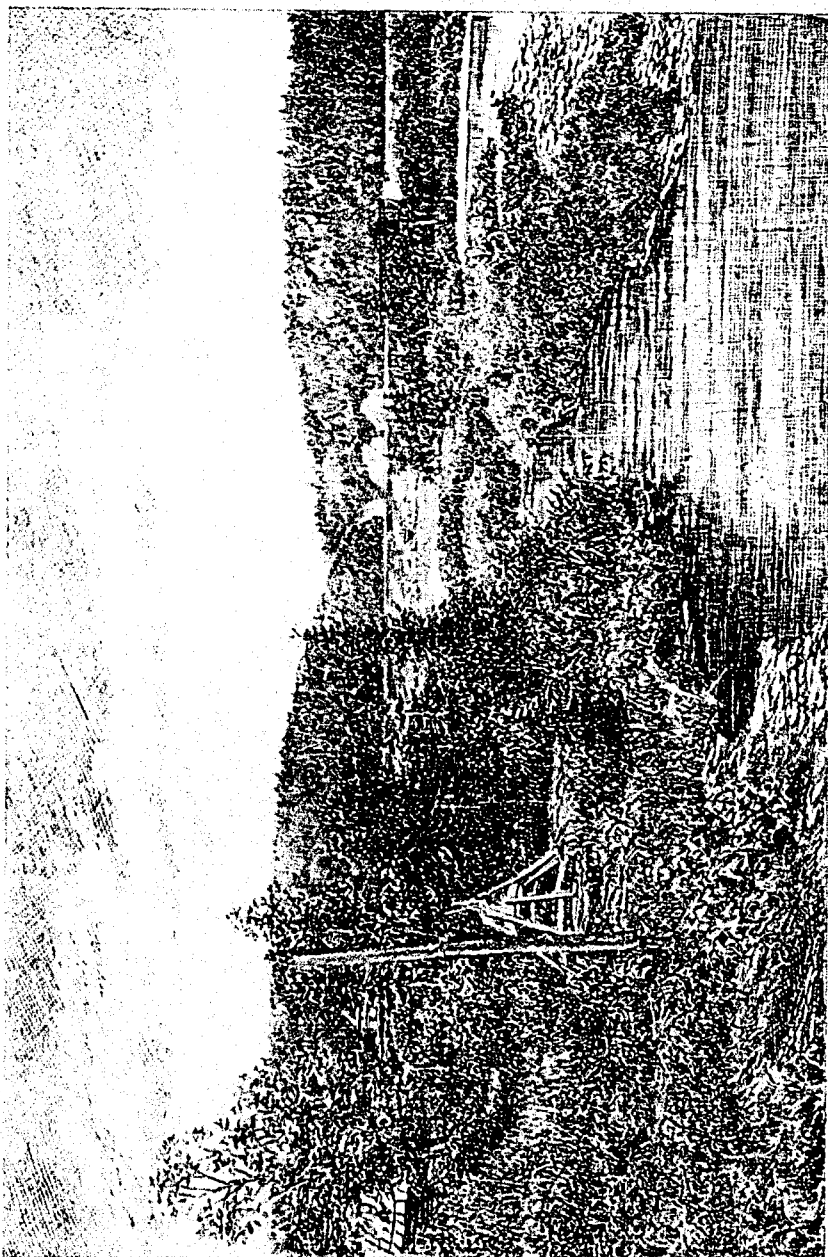


RT. REV. DR. FALLOWS.



THE LATE REV. CANON BANCROFT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.



CAUSAPISCAL.



WALLACE VALLEY.

sage he had to send to the Church of his love and care, his answer was—

"Tell them to go forward and do a grand work."

The principles of the Reformed Episcopal may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. As to faith, a belief in the Holy Scriptures as the sole rule of faith and practice, in the Apostles' and Nicene Creed, in the two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the doctrines of grace substantially as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

2. As to order, a retention of the Episcopacy, not as essential to the existence of a Church, but as ancient and desirable.

3. As to Liturgy, a Book of Common Prayer thoroughly expurgated of Romanizing germs, and giving liberty in extemporaneous prayer.

The 1st General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church was held at New York, on 2nd December, 1873.

The 2nd at New York, on 13th May, 1874.
The 3rd at Chicago, on 12th May, 1875.
The 4th at Ottawa, Ont., on 12th July, 1876.
The 5th at Philadelphia, on 9th May, 1877.

RT. REV. DR. FALLOWS.

The Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, D.D., Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was born at Pendleton, near Manchester, England, December 13th, 1835. He received an early training in the best schools of England, and was about to prepare for entrance into the University of Oxford, when he moved with his parents to Wisconsin, July, 1845. He graduated at the University of Wisconsin with honors in June, 1855. He was admitted to the ministry of the Methodist Church in 1857. During the civil war he successively filled, with distinguished ability, the position of Chaplain to the forces, Colonel of a regiment of volunteers, and subsequently that of Brevet Brigadier General. In 1870 he was appointed to the important and responsible office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Wisconsin, and was twice elected to the same position. In the fall of 1874 he was elected President of the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill., having previously declined the position of Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the University of Wisconsin. He was a Regent of the University of Wisconsin for seven years. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the Lawrence University of Wisconsin in June, 1873. He was elected Rector of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, May, 1875, and having been duly and canonically admitted to the ministry of the Reformed Episcopal Church, entered upon the duties in the month of June following. In January, 1876, he assumed in connection with his pastorate the duties of editor-in-chief of *The Appeal*, the medium of the Reformed Episcopal Church, an ably conducted evangelical journal, having a large circulation in Canada and the United States. At the Fourth General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church, held in Ottawa, Ont., July, 1876, he was elected and consecrated Bishop. He was elected Presiding Bishop at the Fifth General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church, held in the city of Philadelphia, May, 1877. In June, 1877, as Presiding Bishop, he presided at the consecration of the Rev. Thomas Huband Gregg, D.D., whose portrait we lately published, late Vicar of East Harborne, in the Diocese of Lichfield, England, and accompanied Bishop Gregg on his return to England to assist him in planting the Reformed Episcopal Church in Great Britain. He remained in England during the months of July and August. His letters to *The Appeal* during his absence in that country were most interesting. Bishop Fallows is an eloquent and earnest preacher and a good man of business, the latter qualification being fully as important as the former one in his position. He is pre-eminently a "worker," and in all the departments of labour that a "live" minister can enter into now-a-days he is foremost. Under his care St. Paul's Church, Chicago, prospered wonderfully. As a public lecturer and platform speaker, Bishop Fallows holds a foremost position. He is now on a three months' tour in the Dominion, holding ordinations, confirmations, and dedicating new churches. He has already visited Moncton, N. B., St. John, N. B., Digby, N. S., Halifax, N. S., Chatham, N. B., Sussex, N. B., and the outlying Mission Stations of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the Maritime Provinces. On his way westward the Bishop will visit Toronto, Barrie, Hamilton, and St. Thomas.

RT. REV. DR. CHENEY.

The Right Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, D.D., Missionary Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and Rector of Christ's Church, Chicago, graduated A.B. at Hobart College, Geneva, New York, and gave the "Philosophical Oration," the second honour of the class of July 16, 1857; entered the middle class of the Virginia Theological Seminary, in Oct., 1857, and remained there till Nov., 1858, when called as assistant minister of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, where he continued his theological studies, and did not regularly graduate from the Seminary, but was always named in the catalogues as an Alumnus. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop DeLancey in Trinity Church, Utica, N.Y., on Nov. 21, 1858, and at once acted as assistant to Rev. Dr. Benjamin Watson (now rector of the Church of the Atonement, Philadelphia), and remained in that position till Aug. 1, 1859, when he took charge of St. Paul's Church, Havana, New York, till 1860. Then, on 4th March, he was ordained Presbyterian by Bishop DeLancey, in

Christ Church, Rochester, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. William Ashley; that clergyman, and Rev. Mr. (now Bishop) Neely, and some others, uniting in laying on of hands. A week later, he took charge of Christ Church, Chicago, where he has now been for more than 17 years. The degree of D.D. was conferred by Iowa College. He was elected Missionary Bishop of the North West by the first General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church held in December, 1873, and was consecrated to the Episcopal office in Christ Church, Chicago, on Sunday, Dec. 14th, 1873, by the Right Rev. George David Cummins, D.D., Presiding Bishop, the Rev. Marshal B. Smith, M.A., Rev. B. B. Leacock, D.D., Rev. Mason Gallagher, M.A., Rev. W. B. Feltwell, and the Rev. Charles H. Tucker assisting in the laying on of hands.

At the session of the General Council held in Ottawa, Ont., July, 1876, Dr. Cheney was elected to the position of Presiding Bishop, rendered vacant by the decease of Bishop Cummins in the preceding month. In that capacity he presided at the consecration of the Very Rev. Dean Cridge, of Victoria, British Columbia, and the Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D., both of whom were consecrated to the Episcopate in Emmanuel Church, Ottawa, Ont., on the fifth Sunday after Trinity, July 16th, 1876. At the session of the General Council held in Philadelphia, in May last, he declined re-election to the office of Presiding Bishop owing to the onerous duties devolving upon him as Rector of a large and growing parish, and from which he did not desire to wholly sever himself. Bishop Cheney is chancellor of "the University of the West," a handsomely endowed educational institution of the Reformed Episcopal Church. He assisted in the laying on of hands and preached the sermon on the occasion of the consecration to the Episcopate of the Rev. Thomas Huband Gregg, D.D., late Vicar of East Harborne, in the Diocese of Lichfield, England. In addressing Dr. Gregg, he said: "Let the banner which you are to plant on English soil be inscribed with the legend, '*Episcopal, Liturgical, Evangelical.*' Tell our brethren in Great Britain that you come to give them a Church which rudely shocks no reverent love which they bear toward that which time-hallowed association has endeared. * * * Over the sea comes the Macedonian cry. A vision of glory and blessedness rises before the eye of faith. I behold a Church bounded by no national lines, which no ocean is wide enough to divide, giving back to English speaking people the church of Latimer, of Hooper and Ridley. May God speed you, my brother, as his herald to England of this needed reformation."

In manner Bishop Cheney is attractive. He is famous as a sermonizer. He paints his illustrations with vividness, and holds his hearers spell-bound. He is an orator that carries his audience away from themselves, and holds them to the subject matter of his discourse.

To attempt to describe Dr. Cheney's controversy with the late Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois would occupy more space than we have at our command. Suffice it to say that, according to our informant, the highest civil tribunals of Illinois have decided that Bishop Whitehouse's act in deposing Dr. Cheney from the ministry was wholly illegal according to the canon laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE FREE LANCE.

I was about sending in my weekly budget to the editor, when I received the following which I immediately decided on substituting for my own, both through an overpowering sense of modesty, and also because I want to give the Hamiltonian writer a chance. Mr. W. F. MacMahon has either been trying to satirize and travesty the recent style of the American paragraphist, and in that hypothesis, deserves to be commended. Or he really thinks he has been perpetrating something funny, in which case I leave him to the tender mercy of my indulgent readers.

"SHOOT 'EM."

Exempli Gratia.

When you go to a concert, you should go to Lissen.—*Nat. Rep.*

Can't a fellow say a Verdi two to his girl?—*St. Louis Journal.*

Yes, that's what a Beet-hofthen does.—*Boston Globe.*

And then does she go to Wagner tongue in a Meddlesome manner?—*Graphic.*

Yes, she understands chin music right up to the Handel.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A Moz-aritless lot of jokes.—*Canadian Jews Harp.*

The perpetrators should be Drummond out.—*Canadian Owl.*

Yes; they are so Offenbach to the subject.—*Canada Thistle.*

Bull-y, Ole of 'em, but the Patti 'nt aint worth an oat.—"*Prize Papers*" *Canadensis.*

Ruben stein's knot in all such squibs.—*Ibid.*

Au, ber don't you see the thing 'isplayed too much?—*Independant Kanuck.*

Rossin I, don't care about it now.—*Hamilton Bugle.*

Nil's son, Wilhelmi, will have to draw the bow somewhere, we suppose.—"*Sweet Singer*" of *Weneworth.*

That is the last Rosa summer, no doubt.—*Bankruptcy News.*

Not a bit of it; Sims to me they will Reeves 'ome more before long, see if they don't.—*Can. Bellringer.*

Hurra! Herr's Von Bulow any of 'em.—*Daily Almanac.*

Bulowus if we don't think it is.—*Gentleman's Weekly.*

Every one of those ink slingers was Barnabee-eauty spoiler. Avast, there.—*Universal Edifier.*

Am mu sic ob dis? 'ording to my 'pinion yaeth to be.—*Friendly Brother.*

Some of the American organ, when playing this sort of thing, appear to have no stops in them.

It is believed that Canadians could perform, with equal success, upon a similar string if they would only key pup. Sh. Sh.

Kindly observe that no *violin* is intended in the above remark.

But, anyhow, our cousins will all be *sonata* nother Liszt.

They may all duet if they wish.

N.B.—Of chorus, there are exceptions to all rules, but the most of fellows have a natural fondness for Hermony. It will be observed that the Tenor of the above remarks is all right but there is no Base accompaniment. However, Altogether, th-Air rather Singular, and, perhaps, somewhat in Operatune.

P.S.—Would recommend that Bind Tom be not allowed to see any of the above.

PI-ANO DOMIN(O).

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[There is no country of its age which presents so many points of interest for the antiquarian and historical student as Canada. We have long desired, and have been often asked, to open a column in which such curious points might be discussed, where questions on such topics might be put and answered, and where the notes of searching writers might be consigned. Our paper is acknowledged to be the most fitting medium for such communications, and we have therefore decided upon opening this column of Notes and Queries. We invite all persons interested in these matters to send in their questions and notes, and we have no doubt that, in time, we shall succeed in gathering together many curious things, illustrating many obscure points, and collecting the material for a most valuable volume.]

No 4. In the last volume of the translations of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the war of 1812, we find notice of a family painting of a hero of that period, the late Sir Salisbury Davenport, more widely known formerly as Capt. S. Humphrey. Sir Salisbury (Humphrey) Davenport, commanded H. M. frigate "Leopard" in 1807, when she attacked and nearly sunk the U. S. frigate "Chesapeake," for refusing to be searched for British deserters, on the high seas. At the time, Capt. Humphrey became in England as well known a character as Commander Wilkes was in America, after the Trent business. Capt. Humphrey, though acting under orders, from the English Admiral Berkeley, was censured by the board of Admiralty and dismissed. The sailor King William IV. on ascending the throne, rendered a tardy justice to the brave captain—restored him to his rank and knighted him. Capt. Salisbury Humphrey who had in the meantime changed his name, to inherit his second wife's estates, became Sir Salisbury Davenport: his picture owned by his grandson, M. Davenport, Esq., by the permission of his heirs, now lies on view in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society at Quebec.

No. 5. It is pleasant to see our old French Canadian families keeping up their traditions. At the late nuptials of Miss Catharine Chaussegros deLéry, eldest daughter of the Hon. ex-Senator deLéry of Quebec, and Richard Alley, Esq., Q.C., of the same city, the bride was the recipient of rich and numerous presents. That from the bridegroom was a handsome set of jewellery, inlaid with diamonds and emeralds, while she received from her father a necklace of exquisite workmanship, and manufactured from fine gold from the famous deLéry mines of St. Francis, Beaucer. Amongst the other presents, one very much admired was a small mother-of-pearl boot upon a gold stand, and bearing the well known device of the family:—"Je chausse gros."

No. 6. On the 6th of this month is celebrated the feast of a legendary old Saint. Nicholas is set down as the patron of virgins and children. He is also the guardian of sailors and in continental seaport towns, there are churches dedicated to him, where mariners hang up their offerings in thanksgivings for preservation at sea. There is Neptune replaced, as alluded to by Horace:

Me tabula saocer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Supendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

CODEX.

QUERIES.

No. 3. I should like to find out the origin of the saying, "A miss is as good as a mile," which appears to me a meaningless bit of alteration.

X.

No. 4. In a late number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, there was a most interest-

ing series of sketches representing the principal Light Houses of the Lower St. Lawrence, accompanied by views of surrounding scenery. One was a sketch of a curious old rock called the "Bonhomme" or Old Man, from its striking resemblance in outline to an ancient pioneer. If I am not greatly mistaken, there used to be a companion rock called the "Bonne femme," which does not appear. Would Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette, who contributed the sketches, inform us whether that is still in existence, or whether it has crumbled into the gulf.

GROSSE ISLE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

No. 1. You deserve thanks for opening this interesting column, which will prove quite a feature in your paper, and doubtless lead to many valuable and curious discoveries. I was struck by the query concerning the *tire* of St. Catherine's day, and have consulted several old authorities concerning it, but found nothing directly bearing on the case. Perhaps, however, it may be traced to the legend that when the executioner of Maximinus II. were binding the beautiful martyr to the wheel, a flash of lightning descended from heaven, severed the cords with which she was tied and shattered the engine to pieces. The tradition of the wheel has been preserved in ecclesiastical architecture as the Catherine wheel window, and also in a firework of similar form. Longfellow, in "*Evangeline*," refers picturesquely to the French custom of taffy making as braiding St. Catherine's tresses. Q.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

ANCASTER.

Away back in those early times, when Toronto consisted of but a few scattered shanties; before the thriving city of London had been dreamed of, and before the forest had been cleared from the ground now occupied by Hamilton, Ancaster was a village of considerable importance. The first road constructed by government from the town of Niagara, into the western wilderness, was made to ascend the mountain ridge, at a point seven miles from the bed of Lake Ontario. The early settlers pushing their way westward, clambered up this mountain road and stopped to rest themselves, and their draught animals, upon its summit. In time the spot became recognized as a convenient halting place, and thus, chance selecting the site, all unconsciously, and in a most unintentional manner, Ancaster became a village.

It is charmingly situated on the brow of the mountain, and, although I am not aware that Hamiltonians look up much to Ancaster, yet of one thing I am certain and that is that the people of Ancaster look down upon Hamilton, or, at least they can do so if they want to, for they have that geographical privilege, and, if there is any meaning in the old adage, "age before honour," they have the right to, as well.

Notwithstanding the extremely picturesque views to be had from "Look out Point" of lake and valley, and distant heights, the delightful country round about the village and the honourable record it has made in the annals of Canada, Ancaster has had a painful experience. Away back in those halcyon days, when it had no rival between "Newark" (Niagara) and "Muddy Little York" (Toronto) except Dundas, it was a prominent point on the boundaries of western civilization. It was a kind of a centre, as it were; it had a flourishing trade, built a school house, put down sidewalks, erected a town pump, etc., and big hopes were entertained in regard to its future career.

But, on a lovely summer morning, sixty or seventy years ago, some little boys, playing along the brink of the mountain, happened to look down into the valley, which stretched off towards the lake, and discovered a little clearing which contained a few brand-new houses. As the years went by the new clearing gradually developed into the present city of Hamilton, and from its elevated position, Ancaster ever kept an eye upon the new place. First it regarded the new settlement with indifference; then it was obliged to treat it with contempt; then it became envious and jealous, and was secretly astonished. Finally the extraordinary strides, with which Hamilton was spreading itself, completely paralyzed the old place on the hill, and it has remained a dwarf from that day to this.

In glorious old stage-coach days, Ancaster was in its prime. An immense amount of traffic passed over the main road which runs through the village, and on cold winter nights, the shivering occupants of the old coaches found comfortable quarters around the blazing logs in the huge fire-places of the several inns. But, it was the old, old story. The railroad came along, only seven miles away, and robbed the place of its visitors. When the grand old four-horse stages ceased to gallop in and out, and when the huge waggons, heavily laden with goods from east to west, no more went creaking over the road, nothing was left to fan the spirit of enterprise in the village.

It is, nevertheless, a delightful little old place, and abounds with interesting reminiscences of early life in the backwoods of Canada. During the war of 1812, it gallantly sent a company of volunteers to the front, and its old mill did double duty as a corn grinder, and military prison. The splendid water-power facilities, in the neighbourhood, were energetically taken advantage of, and factories of various kinds were established, some of which are in existence today. Among the hills, not far from the village, is an ever-flowing mineral spring of some repute.

The village is now the head-quarters of ANCASTER GRANGE, which is in a flourishing condition. This organization is very popular in this locality...

The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion and an abundant supply of refreshments was spread out upon the tables. After the good things had been pleasantly disposed of...

HEARTH AND HOME.

YANKEE PHILOSOPHY.—If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than ploughing, a good deal. There is more fun in perspiring an hour than there is in yawning a century...

THE WROTH WAY.—Few young men respect girls who are ready to be wooed. Women are not meant to be woomers. The custom prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking, directly or indirectly, the attentions of young gentlemen is not admirable custom...

KEEP THEM FROM FROST.—Did you ever notice the frost on the windowpanes? It is the condensed vapour of your once warm room; and if you warm the room the frost will disappear, and you can see out into the world again...

WOMEN'S Spheres.—Women, of course, are made for marriage; that is their natural, God-appointed lot. As wives they love and are loved, and learn to live for others, not for themselves...

HOUSEHOLD DISCIPLINE.—The discipline of certain households consists for the most part in the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is inscribed upon almost everything which the child is likely to hanker after...

USELESS DAUGHTERS.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labour and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless...

is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parent must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.

THE FIRESIDE.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the texture of life...

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

GEORGIA has a bride who is only eleven. CHICAGO has twelve female notaries public. Beautiful Circassian girls can now be bought in Constantinople for \$200 each.

It has been discovered that the best way to prevent apples from rotting is to put them in a warm, dry cellar, and let a family of fifteen children have free access to them every day.

"Now, miss," said a photographer to a young lady whom he had seated in the chair of torture, "you just look at me as if I was your young man and you'd met me unexpected like, you know."

A LITTLE boy, with his mother, was on a visit to a friend; and, as they were about to start homeward, his mother asked him to kiss their entertainers. He kissed all but one little girl of his own age; and, when asked why he did not kiss her, he answered, "Cause, mamma, I didn't have 'nough to go round."

FEMINE independence flourishes in Great Britain. Miss Majoribanks, who is shortly to be married to the Earl of Aberdeen, made lately no less than three long speeches in reply to public deputations, presenting addresses of congratulation, and there was her husband present to reply for her if called upon.

WORTH, the Paris dressmaker, was about to make for an American lady—a real golden blonde—a dress of yellow silk. She remonstrated, saying: "Who ever heard of a blonde wearing yellow?" "You might, as well say," retorted Worth, "that a blonde couldn't sit in the sunshine!" And the dress was made.

A LARGE number of women in Boston have formed themselves into a society called the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union." The object of the organization is to "increase fellowship among women, with the purpose of promoting the best practical methods for securing their educational, industrial, and social advancement."

Sam Slick says: "I have never heard of secondary formation without pleasure, that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formations, for they were formed after man." Burns says much about the same thing, though without the thought of geology in his poetical heart:—

"She tried her 'prontion' first on man, And then she made the ladies, oh!"

A GENTLEMAN, the other day, visiting a school, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring, the querist asked, "What is inheritance?" Answer: "Patrimony." "What is patrimony?" Answer: "Something left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" Answer: "Matrimony."

A STORY is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the public-house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted. "Gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

THE GLEANER.

NEARLY 18,000 francs have been subscribed for the purpose of raising a statue to the late M. Thiers.

THE 23rd of January, King Alfonso's name-day, is fixed for his marriage with Princess Mercedes.

THE Secretary of the Prince Imperial of France contradicts a rumour that the Prince is in indifferent health.

A St. Albans electrician has so improved the telephone he thinks it can be utilized on the ocean cables.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN and his party have found a large quantity of fossil insects of varieties hitherto unknown to entomology.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts is presiding over experiments in the art of slaughtering cattle instantaneously by the use of dynamite.

ALEXANDER FORBES, the famous war correspondent, has now declared against the Russians—charging them with being corrupt in the extreme.

THE ex-King George of Hanover has addressed from Biarritz a letter to the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Ursuline Sisters of Hanover, who have taken refuge in England.

EIGHTEEN thousand men are now engaged in the express business. Express Companies cover 60,000 miles of railroad, and it is estimated that their messengers daily travel 300,000 miles.

NINE hundred and thirty-eight journals of a political character are published in France, and the amount of "caution" which they have had to deposit with the Government represents a total of 6,593,311 francs, very nearly £264,000.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD, who has already made two successful trips to the mouth of the Yenisei by sea, is to sail next July with a new Swedish expedition, and endeavour to force his way along the north coasts of Europe and Asia, and make his exit at Behring Straits.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

TO MY FRIEND D. B.—ESQ.

You ask'd me just a simple screed to write On "Law and Lawyers." The subject isn't quite So easy as you think. For there's much doubt Involved in law, and pleadings put to rout Sometimes compel on Justice's lips a pout. "Authorities on Law!" How much oppos'd On principles, on rulings and on facts disclos'd! And how absurd to urge that Black is White—And White is Black, as black as sable night. Sound arguments in law need very clever Lawyers to unfold them. But I never Yet have heard that Black or White Have yet upset or prov'd that Wrong is Right.

Apart from joking I, dear Sir, would mention A lawyer's fortune's born of much contention; Of jealousies; of crimes; of love and hate; Of stripes; of grievances which have much weight On bills of costs, which lawyers have to levy To swell their fees and make their pockets heavy.

There are some lawyers who don't practice law Most poor in quality—rotten at the core; Whose eloquence is first by imagination; Who win perhaps a certain admiration; Who disregarding facts work up a fury To rouse the feelings of some callous jury. Such men indeed may be pronounced a bore And ignorant of law as well of lore.

In all your pleadings let Right stand first— And if for Fame you naturally do thirst, Let Reason rule and Honour guide your cause. Sustained by Justice and by Heaven's laws. Such high flown sentiment may sound quite fine. But really, Sir, it isn't a sure sign. That Right alone should form your logic's base Or simple Justice give a hard fought case. And, knowing this, adopt a better plan— Be just in pleading—that is, if you can— And if you can't be just, you're still left free To be as just as facts will let you be.

If Jones you prosecute for some offence Why "go for" Jones with all your common sense? If Smith retains you to defend his case The facts reversed you'll find your place. And rule of argument precisely changed: Your tactics then, in legal form arranged. Will prove poor Jones a martyr, and who knows no peace. And Santa a victim to said Jones' caprice.

This much depends you see on elocution If by defence you're paid or prosecution— So you'll agree as o'er these lines you glance— That most of all depends on circumstance. And seeing this my best advice to you Is run your case yourself—you'll know best what to do. PAUL FORBES.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN you buy your winter shovel, be careful to select one that will match the colour of your wife's dress, or she may object to using it—in a legitimate way.

AN observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this—The former are sworn in, and the latter go out sweating.

THE foolish man leaves his coal out all night and it shrinks up about one-half. The wise man puts his in the bin and locks it there, even though he knows that for so doing somebody in the neighbourhood will call him a suspicious old scrimp—who is afraid the man in the moon will steal his fuel.

HE'D been driving the dasher vigorously for an hour, and yet the butter wouldn't "come." He softly laid down the article, and was creeping quietly out of doors, when a watchful mother swooped down on him and harnessed him anew to his task, remarking very pointedly, that "One good churn deserves another."

SCIENTIFIC.

ACCORDING to recent researches by various English and foreign chemists, ozone is generated largely by all plants possessing aromatic odours.

COKE is coming into use in Germany as a filling for bed-coverslets in place of feathers. It is described as not only being warmer and lighter, but decidedly cheaper.

A CERIOUS well is said to exist in Wise County, Texas, U.S. Although the well is one hundred and ten feet deep, and gives water abundantly at all times of the year, when a north wind has blown for twelve hours not a single drop of water can be drawn.

FOUR pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, one pound five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking; four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four ounces by baking.

A TREE called the butter-nut tree is found on the banks of the Niger, in Africa. From it excellent butter is obtained. The fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is boiled, and the butter thus obtained is said to be whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavour than is fat from a cow, besides that it will keep a year without salt.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

UNPUBLISHED masses by Palestrina, and an autograph manuscript of J. S. Bach's, have been discovered in a convent at Gratz.

AT one of the London theatres a famous danseuse has made a stipulation, before signing the contract, that not less than 250 ladies of the ballet are to appear on the stage at the same time with her. Beyond giving a capital salary, the manager of the present day has to bow down to some very exacting demands from the danseuse and the prima donna.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, on his arrival in Dublin recently, was met at Westland-row station by a large crowd accompanying a brass band, and all business was suspended by their having occupied the entire front of the station. The popular ovation given to the actor was enthusiastic. He was taken in the Lord Mayor's carriage to his hotel, the Lord Mayor having received him on the platform.

THE success met with by Adelina Patti at the Theatre La Scala, Milan, has no parallel. The receipts of the first night, with the opera La Traviata, were 53,000fr.—a result never before obtained in any theatre or on any occasion in Italy. The Princess Marguerite entered the Royal box before the overture, and remained until the end, and sent to the Diva her own bouquet. Milan is in a state of fever about Patti, and special trains have been organized for the convenience of the suburban population, and already all the seats are engaged for the next representations.

DOMESTIC.

POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.—Slice an onion finely, and fry it in butter till it begins to take colour, add four or five cold potatoes cut in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, salt and pepper to taste, and keep shaking the saucepan till they are quite hot, and also begin to brown. Beef dripping, if properly clarified, may be used instead of butter.

BEEFSTEAK.—Always broil the beefsteak. Have it cut half an inch or more in thickness. If not tender, pound it; see that there are plenty of hot coals, and broil quickly upon a gridiron, turning often. My rule is to broil twelve minutes turning five or six times. Use beefsteaks to turn with, as fork will let out the juice. Take up on a hot platter, putting a little salt and butter on one side of the steak. Serve immediately.

TO BOIL RICE AS IN INDIA.—Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a tablespoonful of salt; then throw in one pint of rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; let it boil twenty minutes. Throw it out into a colander, and drain off the water. When this has been done, put the rice back into the can or saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire for some minutes, or until required to be dished up; thus the grains appear separate and not mashed together.

BORDELAISE SAUCE.—Mince finely two or three shallots, blanch them for a few minutes, press out the water from them, and put them into a saucepan with a cupful of white wine, let them boil twenty minutes, then add two cupfuls of Spanish sauce, a dust of pepper, and some parsley finely minced; let the sauce give a boil or two, and it is ready. Well-flavoured gravy, thickened with browned flour and butter, may be used instead of Spanish sauce.

CURRY.—In all the wide range of economic lore, which is becoming every day better understood, the foremost place must be given to curry, which, hailing from India, does not occupy the position it ought to do as a healthful, invigorating, and economic compound, the multitudinous uses of which ought now, more than ever, to be studied alike in the cottage and the palace. There is nothing that can so satisfactorily use up the odds and ends of a week's supply than this simple and far-going condiment, and our working people are now beginning to appreciate the improvement it gives to pea or potato soup, tinned meats, &c. Besides all this, it is one of the best antiscorbutics known, consequently scurvy is almost unheard of in India, and there is little doubt that, had curry been freely served out, that dreadful scourge would not have broken out among the men of the last Polar Expedition. And, as regards the price, it is cheaper than mustard, considering the very small quantity required to constitute a luxury, and make the second day's dinner the better of the two.

LITERARY.

LONGFELLOW is said to have received \$3,000 for his "Keramos." That is about \$10 a line.

THE younger Gladstone also takes to literature and art. He has translated and written a preface for Thibaut's "Purity in Musical Art."

THE French Government has intimated its intention of prosecuting M. Victor Hugo for his latest book, "L'Histoire d'un Crime."

THE well-known author of "Alice in Wonderland," &c., has a new work in the press, which treats of Enchid in a serio-comic way.

MR. J. HAMILTON FYFE is engaged in preparing a work on the social and political condition of France, from the Restoration to the present day.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD, the author of "Alec Forbes" and many novels and poems, has been awarded a pension of £100 a year on the Civil List.

The History of a Crime is to be translated into Spanish, with a preface by Signor Castelar. The sale of the second edition of the work in Paris has already reached 125,000.

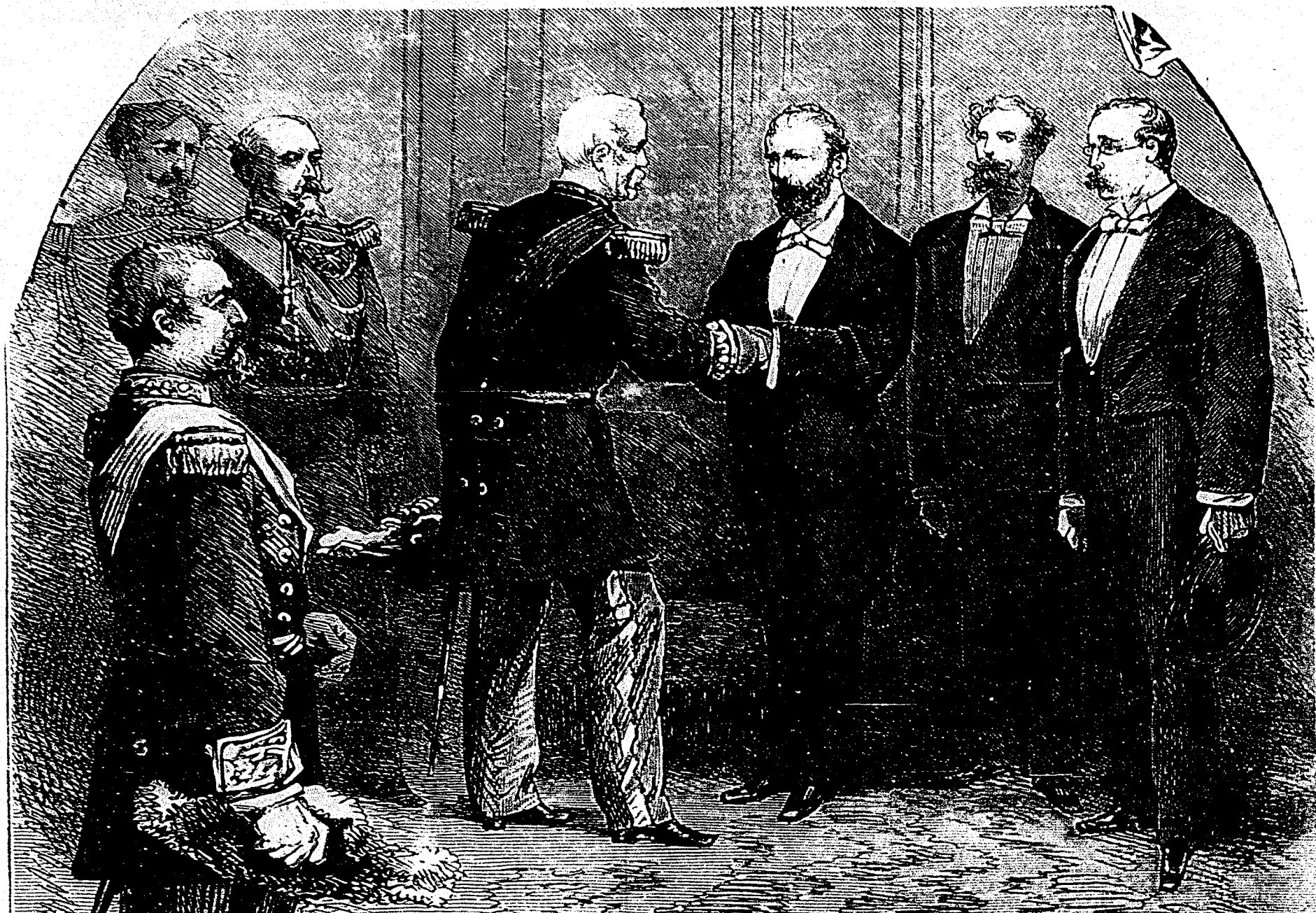
THE Narrative of an Expelled Correspondent will shortly be published. It is from the pen of Mr. F. Boyle, the author of "To the Cape for Diamonds," and other well-known works of travel.

MR. LOWE will contribute to the December number of the Fortnightly Review an answer to Mr. Gladstone's article on the County Franchise in the Nineteenth Century.

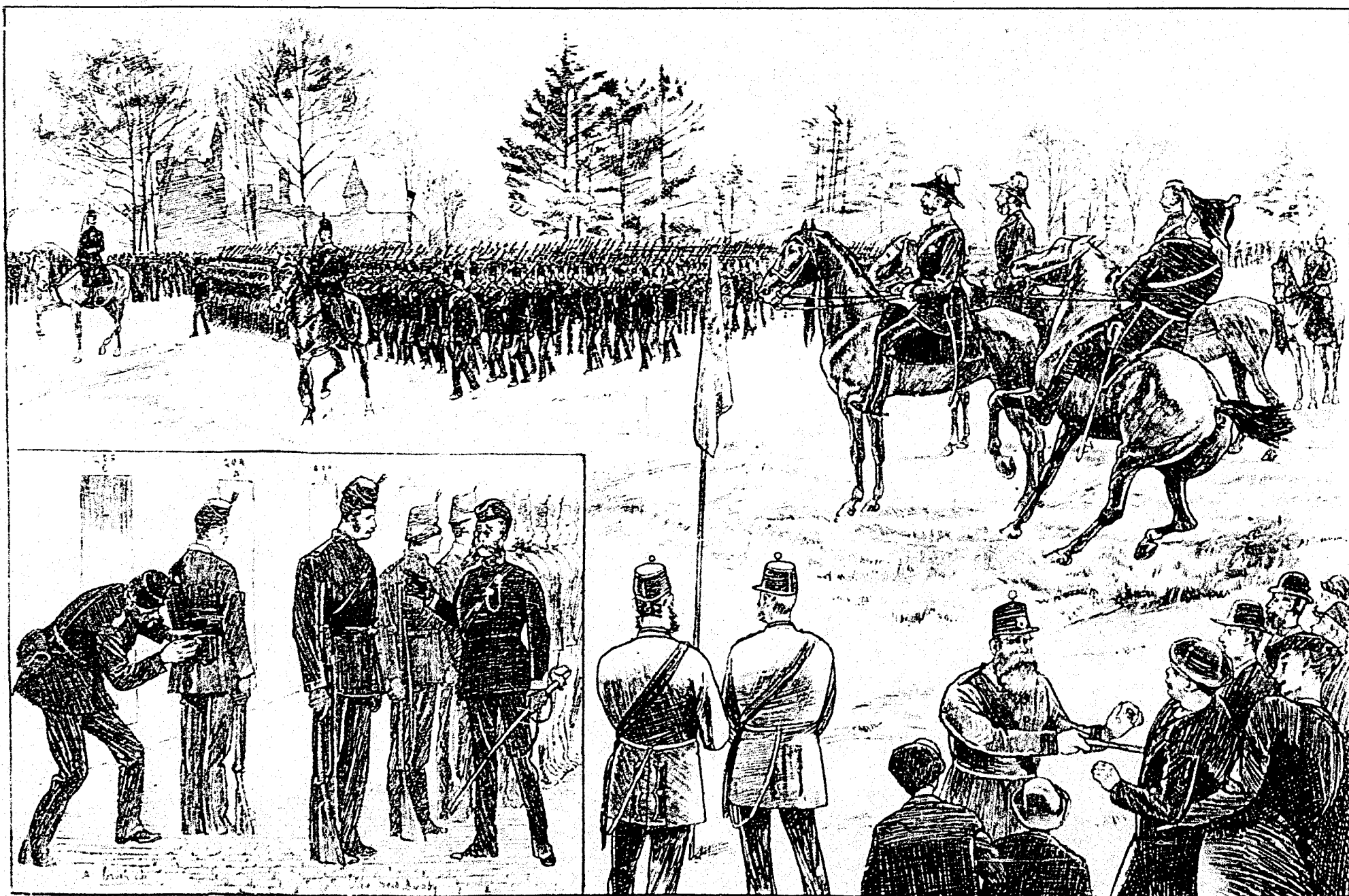
THE following critique, in the handwriting of a Mohammedan gentleman, the late owner of the volume, was found on the last page of a copy of "David Copperfield":—

AN important discovery has just been made by Dr. de Villiers. This gentleman is preparing for publication, by engraving and photography, a facsimile edition of the Bible of Gutenberg, in two folio volumes, and in the course of his researches he has discovered the signature of the illustrious proto-topographic on the back of a letter of indulgence, dated 1454. An exact facsimile is being prepared, and it will shortly be issued with a pamphlet tracing its history, and giving many interesting particulars concerning the origin of printing.

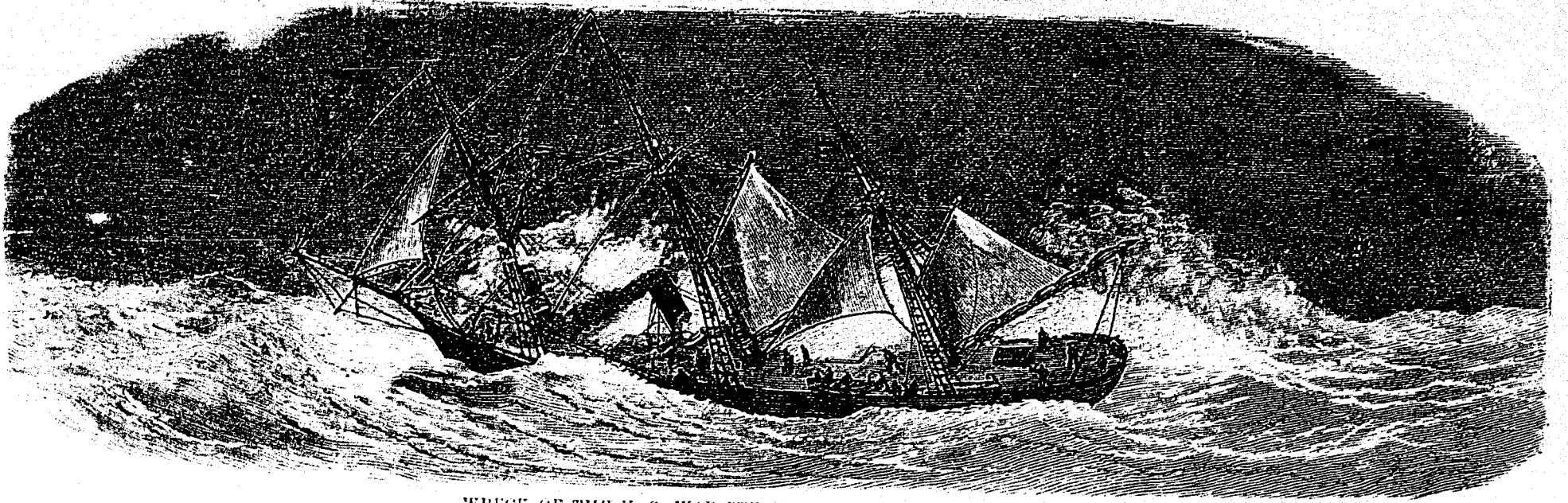
I surprise that this book's author being the composer of many other novels, has got such a style without taste. Though its style is very regularly made, yet the mind of the reader is never willing to see even a page thoroughly. It seems to me that its author was not an intelligible. Those difficulties which I suffered during the course of the study of this idle book I can't express them. Sometimes the wretched author tries to write and deliver some oration, yet suddenly he falls in a pit of dullness. In short, this book is quite an unpleasant to the heart of the glowing heart. Let the reader see and confess my observation!—S. S. R.



PARIS.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT THE ELYSÉES.



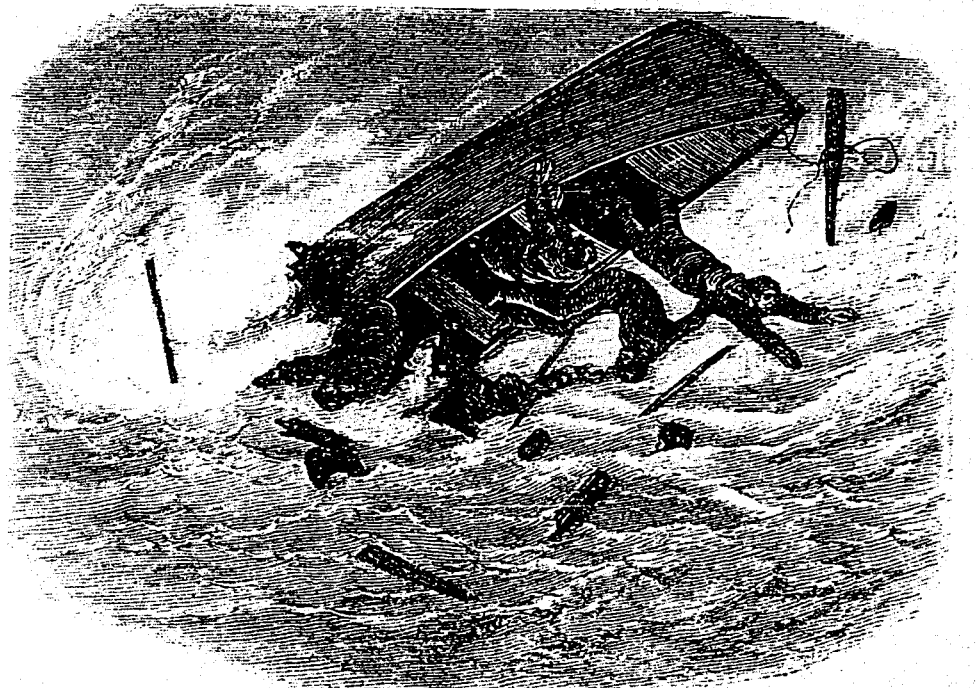
TORONTO.—INSPECTION OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD SELBY SMYTHE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. CRUICKSHANK.



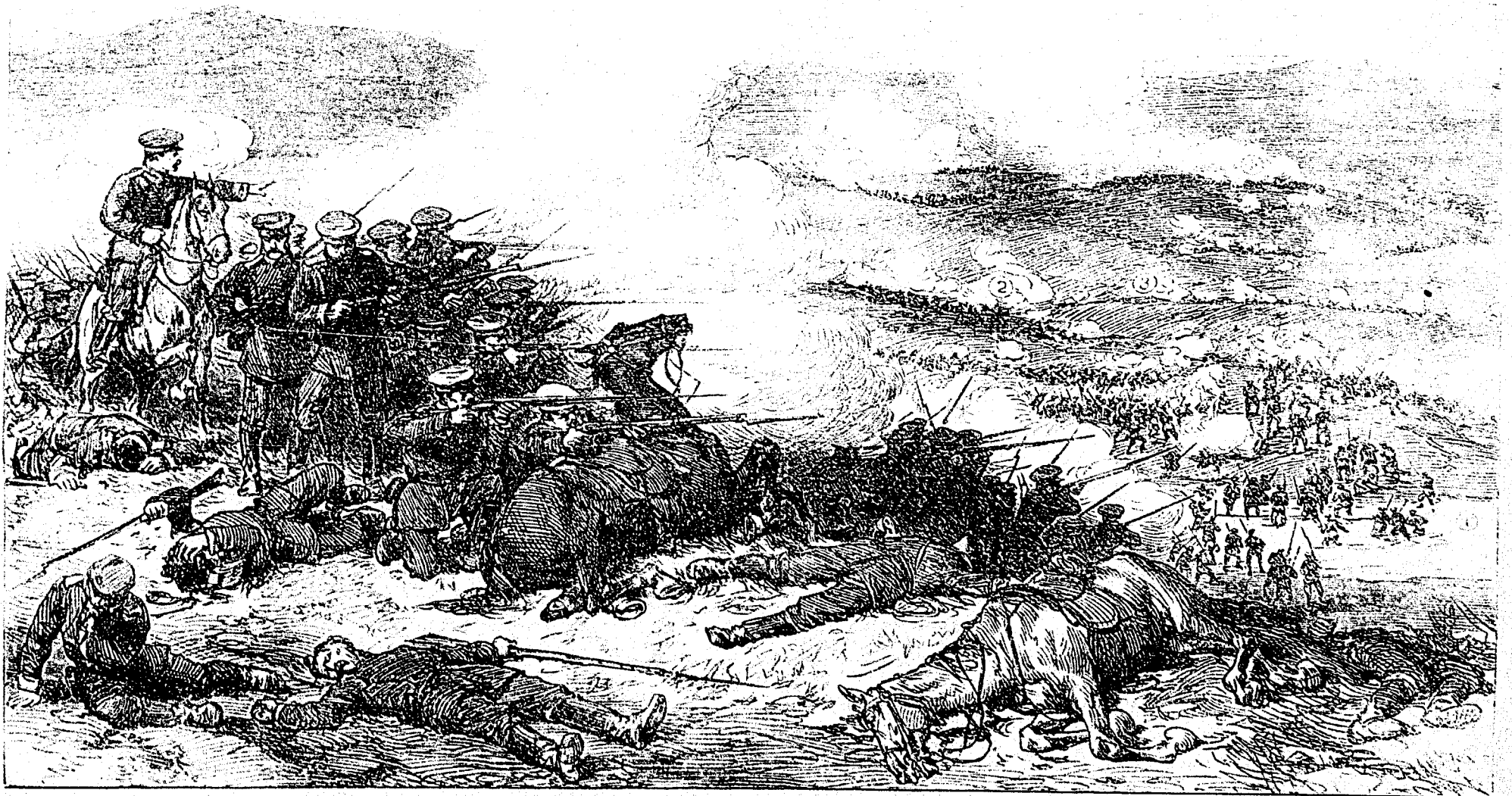
WRECK OF THE U. S. WAR STEAMER HUXON ON THE N. C. COAST.



THE RELIEF-PARTY SEARCHING FOR THE SURVIVORS.



THE RELIEF-BOAT OVERTURNED IN THE SURF.



1. River Vici. 2. Advanced Russian Lines. 3. 3. Turkish Lines. 4. Turkish Artillery. 5. Village of Dubnik.

THE EASTERN WAR. THE BATTLE OF GORNY DUBNIK.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"I must," I said. "I have partly got over the revengeful madness which filled my soul when Wassielewski told me my story: I can think of a Russian, now, without wanting to tear his heart out. But the old man is right, I owe my life to the same cause in which my father and mother lost theirs. If I can do anything for Poland, I must. And if Wassielewski tells me that it will be good for my country if I go out to get shot in his name, why I must do that. And I have sworn to do it, on the cross that my father carved."

"Sworn! Laddy, of what power is an oath made under those conditions! You were mad when you swore that oath. That old enthusiast ought never to have told you the story."

"Cis, dear, if I were to break that oath I would break his heart. There is no way out of it at all." "I must go."

That was the real reason. Heaven knows that during the first transport of rage, while before my eyes moved, visible in all the details, the long line of carts full of children, escorted by cavalry, and followed by shrieking women, running blindly along in the snow, and among them my poor mother, there was no scheme of vengeance, however mad, into which I wouldn't have plunged with joy. With calmer thoughts came better judgment, and I hope I shall not be accused of insensibility because I listened to Celia when she said that the perils of hopeless insurrection were not what my mother's death called for. There is no blacker story in all the black record of Russia than that robbery and murder of those helpless children: no wail yet resounding within the vaults of space than my poor mother's last cry for her stolen child. And yet O sweet pure eyes! O tender face! O lips of soft and compassionate mould—would you wish in return for your death another tale of misery and retribution?

And if I did not go when the old man should think it the time to summon me, I should break his heart. It was the dream of his old age to carry back with him the son of his murdered mistress. He thought that because his own life had been spent in brooding over that cruel crime all good Poles at home had done the same thing, and he dreamed that he had but to show himself with me beside him to say, "This is the child of Roman Pulaski, tortured to death in the mines, and Claudia, who died of cold and fatigue trying to save the child," and that thousands would rise from all quarters to die for Poland. For at least he entertained no illusions of possible success. Poland could not free herself in all his lifetime; of that he was quite certain. All the more honour to those who, knowing the worst were ready to brave the inevitable.

When a man lives his thoughts incessantly upon one thing, when day and night he is always dwelling upon a great aim, there comes a time, unto him, when his mind is charged with figures of the present and the future, the gift of prophecy. The mist which falls upon the spirit of the Highland seer is gloomy always, and full of woe. The prophet is always like him who would prophecy no good concerning Ahab, but only evil. As for me, I think

Too dearly would he won
The presence of another's pain
If purchased by mine own.

Six years ago, when the maddest of all modern revolts, that of the Commune of Paris, was staggering to its doom in blood and flame, there was one man among the leaders, Delescluze by name, who out of a life of over sixty years had spent between thirty and forty in prison, for the sacred cause of the people. Twice had he travelled backward and forward on that cruel and stifling voyage between Brest and Cayenne. Many times had he been arrested on suspicion, he had been haled before judges, brow-beaten, scoffed and punished; had he been in Prussia he would have had the administration of stick, with those cuffs, boxes of the ear, kicks, and addresses in the third person, which illustrate the superior sweetness and light of the land of *Goid*. Had he been in Russia he would have had the knout. As he was in France he only got prison, with sufficient food, and wretched lodging. There came the time of the Commune, prophesied by Heine, after the siege, when Delescluze for the first time in his life got his chance. It was really only the ghost of a chance, but he did his best with it. Of course he failed, as we know, and became, together with his party, a byword of execration, by him quite undeserved. When it was apparent, even to him, the most ferrent believer in the Commune, that there really was no longer any hope left, the poor old man was sent forth to meet Death. He would not wait to be brought before a Court Marshal, to have more questions to answer, more witnesses to hear examined, to listen to more speeches, to wait in suspense for the sentence which would do him to death, to go back to miserable prison, and sit there till the hour struck, when in the cold grey of the spring dawn he was to be placed with his back against the wall of La Roquette and receive the bullets of the soldiers. All this was too courisome. But he had to die. His work in

the world was over. He had striven for the best; he had maintained his own ideal of purity and singleness of purpose; as he had lived for the Cause, so he would die amid its dying struggles. He descended into the streets, took off his hat, as one should in the presence of Death, of God, and of the Judgment, and walked along the way without a word till he came to the first barricade. Up to this he climbed, and then standing, his long white hair streaming in the wind, his sorrowful eyes looking upwards, his face full of that great love for humanity which made him half divine, he awaited the bullet, which was not long in coming.

When I read the story of the death of Delescluze, when I conversed with a man who actually saw it, I thought of poor old Wassielewski, for such was he, as unselfish, as simple, as strong in his conviction, and careless of himself, if, by spending and being spent, he could advance the Cause.

With brave words and a great pretence at cheerfulness I comforted poor Celia, and prophesied her release; but I could not feel the assurance I pretended. How could Leonard, if he were ever so successful, free her so as to leave her father safe from the German's revenge? How could he release me from the oath which bound me to the old Pole, and yet not darken the last years of his life with the thought that the child of the Laddy Claudia was a traitor to his mother's cause?

We had been living in a fool's paradise, expecting such great things; and now, at the very time when they ought to be coming off, we were face to face with the cold truth.

"We must not think of ourselves any more, Laddy," said Cis, as if reading my heart. "If Leonard can help us, he will. At all events, he will be on our side. I shall wait patiently until I am called upon to give my answer, and then, Laddy—and then—if for my father's sake—she broke off and left the sentence unfinished. "You must both of you try not to think badly of me."

"We shall never think badly of you, whatever you do, Cis," I said, a little huskily.

"Come home with me, Laddy," she said, rising from the grass. "It is nearly eight o'clock. See, the tide is high; we shall have everything to-morrow evening just as it was five years ago; a splendid evening; a flowing tide; the light of a mid-summer sunset on the water; the buttercups and daisies out upon the meadow; the long green grass waving on the ramparts; and grown up before the mouths of the cavern; you and I, dear Laddy, standing by the old gun, waiting for him. What was it, he promised? 'In velvet or in rags—in riches or in poverty, I will come to see you on the 21st of June, 1858.' And now it is the 20th. Laddy—tell me how he will come."

"We shall see him first," I said, "crossing the meadow, just down there. We shall know him by the backward toss of his head. Presently we shall see his brown curls, and then his eyes and his mouth. He will see us then, and his lips and eyes will laugh a welcome before he runs up a slope. Then he will spring upon us in his old way, and—and—when he said good-bye, Cis, he kissed you."

"We are older now," said Cis. "And do not be silly, sir. As if men want to kiss like children!"

"It depends, my dear," I replied wisely, "on the object. However that will be the manner of his return. And then we shall all three march off to the Captain's, Leonard between us; and should be singing as we went, but for the look of the thing; Leonard will be asking us questions about the dear old Captain and everybody—wait—Cis—wait for four-and-twenty hours."

I went home with her. Herr Raumer was talking with Mrs. Tyrrell in the drawing-room. We had a little music. The German played and sang one or two of his Volkslieder in his most sentimental manner, but we listened very little. Mr. Tyrrell was in his office, and I crept down to see him.

He was sitting in an attitude of profound melancholy before a pile of papers.

"Shut the door, Laddy, boy," he said, wearily.

"Who is upstairs?"

"Herr Raumer, Mrs. Tyrrell, and Cis."

He sighed.

"He is beginning to worry about an answer. What would Celia say?"

"Celia would be made wretched for life. It cannot be. Is it quite, quite necessary?"

"There is one way out of it," he murmured.

"I stood still and looked at him."

"What is the one way out of it?"

"There are two ways—Death and Dishonour. Let no one know, Laddy. Think of me as you must, only think that for no other cause would I ask this thing of my child. Poor Celia! Poor Celia."

He drew his hand across his forehead.

"I cannot sleep—I cannot work—I can think of nothing else. Do you believe I like to have that man here—that cold and selfish cynic—that I willingly tolerate him in my house, to say nothing of seeing him hang about my daughter?"

But I am a lost man, Ladislas. I am a lost and guilty man, and I must abide my lot."

A lost and guilty man! And this the most successful man in the town!

He pointed to the safe painted outside "Herr Raumer."

"The papers are there—locked up. If I only had the key for one minute Celia would be free."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JUNE.

The day fulfilled its promise of the evening: it was one of those most perfect and glorious days which sometimes fall in June, and make that month, in full summer and yet with all the hope and promise of the year before it, the most delightful of any. I rose early because I could not sleep; but I found the Captain up before me, at work in the garden. But he prodded the ground nervously, and made little progress. At prayers he opened the Bible at random, and read first what fell before his eyes. It was a chapter of the Song of Solomon, and as he read his voice faltered.

"The watchmen that go about the city found me, to whom I said, 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'"

Then he stopped, having read only the first four verses of the chapter; and to him, as to me, they seemed to be of good omen.

He did not mention Leonard's name, but he presently went up stairs, and I knew that he was gone to see that the room was in good order for him. He brought out certain articles of family plate which only saw the light on grand occasions; and I caught him making extensive and costly preparations with a couple of bottles of champagne. All day he was very serious. Nor did he, as usual, go out upon those mysterious rounds of his, of which I have spoken.

"Celia will come here to dinner, sir."

"Ay—ay—The earlier the better. Celia cannot come too early or too often." He sat down in his wooden arm-chair and began to nurse his leg in a meditative fashion.

"Laddy—Celia Tyrrell is a very beautiful girl."

"Have you only found that out to-day, sir?" I asked. "Why, she is the most beautiful girl in all the world, I believe."

"I was thinking—Laddy—if things are all right—and they must be all right, or else he would have written—when he comes home—he might—I know I should have done so at his age—he might—fall in love with her. She must have a good husband, the best husband that we can find for her. Look high or low, Laddy, I can see no one but Leonard that will do for her."

"But you have not seen him yet. And he may have fallen in love with some one else."

"Nonsense, boy. As if I did not know what he is like. Curs don't grow out of lion's cubs; you can't turn a white boy into a nigger; and a Portuguese, as every sailor knows, is a Portuguese by birth."

Then we began, as we had done the night before, speculating how the wanderer would return. He was above all things, according to the Captain, to be strong, handsome, and successful.

Celia came to our mid-day dinner, and when it was over we moved into the garden, and sat under the old mulberry tree. The sun was streaming full upon the sheet of water before us, and a light breeze rippled the surface.

We spread rugs on the grass, and all three sat down upon them, Celia lying with her head on the Captain's knees, while he sat with his back against the tree. It was peaceful and quiet save for the boom of the mill-lad by, and to that we were accustomed.

The excitement of the day touched Celia's cheek with a light flush, and heightened the brightness of her eyes. I had never before seen her more perfectly beautiful than on that afternoon. The Captain's eyes rested on her face, and his hand was in her hair with a gentle caress.

"This was where you were sleeping," she said in a low voice, "when he first came."

We did not say "Leonard" on this day because all our minds were full of him, and a pronoun was just as useful as the noun.

The Captain nodded his head.

"Just here, my dear," he replied, "and just such an afternoon as this, without the breeze, and may be a thought warmer. It was in August, when the mulberries are ripe. I came out after dinner. My dinners were solitary enough then, before I had the boys to mess with me, and I sat under the tree and smoked my pipe. Then I fell fast asleep. What woke me was the mulberries dropping on my face, and then I looked up and saw the pretty rogue laughing at me, with his mouth full of mulberries, and his face and hands stained black with mulberry juice. Ho! Ho! He began to laugh at once. What a boy he was! What a boy! Never any boy like him for spirit. A thousand pities he wasn't a sailor."

"And you never lost sight of him after that?" said Celia.

"No, my pretty—never after that. It was a matter of a year or two though before I found out that I was a lonely old bachelor, and wanted the boys with me. Wanted them badly, you may be sure. We had a good spell of fine weather, those years you were both of you at school, Laddy, hadn't we?"

"Indeed we had, sir."

"I was at sea when I was thirteen, and I hadn't much experience of shore-going boys till then. To be sure, I was always fond of watching boys at play, and talking to them—perhaps

throwing in a word on the subject of duty. But Lord! the things I learned from those two! The pretty ways of them: when they were next door to babies! and their growing up to be boys together bit by bit. Then how they grew to be self-reliant, and how we all grew to understand each other! My dear," the old man continued, simply, "if I were to give you what is best for all of us, man or woman, I would give you children. You can't distrust the Lord when you have felt what it is for the little children to trust and love you. I never had a wife, but I have had two boys all the same. Both good sons to me—Laddy, there, will not be jealous—and to each his gifts; but Leonard was born, like Nelson, without fear."

"Always a brave boy, was he not, Captain?" Celia murmured.

"It's a rare gift. Most of us learn by experience how to go into action without fear, and a fight is a red letter day for soldiers as well as sailors. But Leonard would have gone in laughing as a middy. It's a beautiful thing to see a plucky boy! You remember how he used to come home after a fight, Laddy? The other boys always struck his colours, eh—and generous and thoughtful with it, too. Why did I ever consent to his going away for five years?"

"Patience!" said Cis. "Tell me more about him."

We kept the Captain amused all the afternoon with yarns of Leonard's school life, while in the quiet garden the big humble bees droned, and the hollyhocks turned their great foolish faces to the sun, while the mill went grinding as the water ran out with the tide to the deep-toned music of its heavily turning wheels, and the golden sunshine of June lay upon the rippled waters of the mill-dam, and lit with flashes of dazzling light the leaves of the trees upon the little island redoubt.

At six I brought out a table and chair, and we had tea in the garden, always under the mulberry tree. Cis made it for us; she also made it so much better than we did.

And then the time began to drag, and the captain to look at his watch furtively. Presently the mill stopped, and everything became quite still. That meant that it was seven o'clock.

Then Celia and I rose from the table.

"We are going for a walk, Captain," said Cis.

"Mayn't I go too?" he asked, wistfully.

She shook her head with decision.

"Certainly not. You have got to stay at home. We have got to go to the walls and—and walk about there—and talk. And we shall not be back till a quarter to nine, or perhaps later. Perhaps, Captain, we shall bring you some news—Oh! what news will it be?" she cried eagerly.

No one on the Queen's Bastion, when we got there; Celia's Arbour as deserted as any outwork of Palmyra; no one on the long straight street of wall between the gate and the Bastion—no even a nurse with children; and our own corner as grassy, as shaded by the great elm, as when, five years ago, Leonard bade us farewell there. Nothing changed here, at any rate.

"Laddy," whispered Celia, in awe-struck tones, "suppose, after all, he should not come."

"He will come, Celia; but we are an hour before our time."

"Oh! what a long day it has been! I am selfish. I have been able to think of nothing but my own troubles until to-day. And now they seem to be all forgotten in this great anxiety."

We walk up and down the quiet wall, talking idly of things unimportant, talking to pass the time.

Eight struck from half-a-dozen clocks, from the clock in the Dockyard, the clock on the Ordnance Wharf, the clock of St. Faith's, the clock of St. John's, from all of them. The splendid sun was sloping fast towards Jack the Painter's Point: the great harbour, for it was high tide, just as on that night when Leonard went away, was a vast lake of molten fire, with sapphire edging below our feet. We leaned against the rampart, and looked out, but we were no longer thinking of the Harbour or the light upon it.

Five years since he left us, a tall strapping of seventeen, to seek his fortune in the wide and friendless world. Five years. Celia was a little girl who was now so tall and fair. In her, at least, Leonard would not be disappointed. And I? Well, I suppose, I was much the same to look at. And for my fortunes, there was little to tell and nothing to be proud of. Only a music-master in a provincial town; only an organist to a church; a composer of simple songs to please myself and Celia. But what would he be like? What tale would he have to tell us? What adventures to relate? In what part of the world had his fortunes drifted him?

Five years. They make a girl into a woman; a boy into a man; five links in the chain of time; time to make new friends, to form and lose new loves; to strengthen a purpose; to make or mar a life. Had they made, or had they marred, the life of Leonard?

"What will he say when he sees us?" murmured Celia.

"He will remember, Cis, the words of Spenser:

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store.

"Don't, Laddy, please. Let us talk only of him, until he comes."

"Where is he now?" she whispered, looking round. "On the road walking quickly so as to keep his promise to the minute? Is he in the train? Do you think he came last night and has been hiding away in a hotel all day for fear of meeting us before the time? Oh, Laddy, let



Come la nebbia chiara
 che sta nel core
 Non era furor equal
 Perire a sa in mare per forte amore
 Si mi tormento lo infinito ardore
 Il volto roseo il seno colmo e bianco
 Capito rotondo delicato fianco
 No. ch' agogna che abbaglia di splendore

Insieme allo pensiero tutto com'ose
 Che tutto non se il super perciò nemico
 fece l'amor che al ben ritrar non mosse
 Non fosse studio in dolce amica
 Quella volta che in ciel credea sol fosse
 Fu ch' il desiar conegira l'amor fatica

LA FORNARINA.—A SKETCH OF RAFFAELLE'S LATELY DISCOVERED.



DEER HUNTING.

THE FLIGHT.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.) KADIDJA. The glimmer of the moonbeams pale Fades in the starless sky; Secure, beneath night's gloomy veil, Come, let us fly! AHMED. Dost dare thy brothers thus deceive, Nor dread their ruthless ire? Canst thou for me thus tearless leave Thy hoary-headed sire? KADIDJA. What matters scorn or curse to me? All dangers I defy! My soul doth draw its life from thee— Come, let us fly! AHMED. A ghastly sweat bedews my brow— Forebodingly I feel In my pierced bosom even now Their sabres' icy steel. KADIDJA. My mare, amid the desert born, With winds in speed and vie; O'er sandy plains, and fields of corn, Come, let us fly! AHMED. There is no shade of tent or tree Within this scorching land; Where'er I turn my gaze, I see Illimitable sand. KADIDJA. Fear not—thy Bride is provident— When weary, thou shalt lie Beneath her tresses, dusky tent— Come, let us fly! AHMED. What, if we wander from the track, By false mirage beguiled; The well's sweet water we shall lack, And perish in the wild! KADIDJA. Mine eyes are filled with tears of bliss— When every well is dry, Tears from mine eyelids thou shalt kiss— Come, let us fly! GEO. MURRAY.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY SUSAN and ANNA WARNER. AUTHORS OF "WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.) THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

But here Dane caught his wife in his arms and between laughing and kisses informed her that she was playing her "Rollo" of fairy again and getting impracticable. "There is no sofa to lie on, in many of these houses, Hazel," he went on more gravely. "And it is better that we should send an essential supply to many, than to a few all they might want. Keep to essentials in the main. Now go on." "But Olaf!—these things are not essentials! Then you will rule out collars and cuffs and gloves and neck-ties? What are essentials? I do not believe I know." "All these, I should say. But even you and I cannot do everything. The quilted jacket and crimson wrapper, however desirable, must yield in importance to some other things. Is your list done? Because I have some items to suggest." "I see," Hazel answered gravely. "Until everybody learns that the workman is worthy of his meat, they must live according to the old description—'Be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats.' But Olaf—how can the missionary go all about in the snow if he has but one? And mayn't I send the sick child some delicate things to eat? And if they have no money, how can they get books!—and papers!—and everything else!" she added, looking round the room in bewilderment. "The coat by all means; and the delicacies for those who are feeble. Books can be sent by mail more conveniently, and more intelligently when we come to know what is most wanted. But a few might go in the boxes too; and some of them picture books. Go on. What next?" "House linen wears out here," said Wych Hazel. "Towels and tablecloths and sheets. If we knew the names, we could have them all marked ready,—and with handkerchiefs." "If we try to furnish the people and the houses too, we shall have too much on our hands. These are not the only people in the world to be helped. Suppose we keep to personalities, for this set of boxes." "I think you must finish the list," Hazel said after a pause. "I believe I count everything 'essential' that I have always had. I do not know how to choose, for people who always do without." "Your list is capital, so far. What do you think of a package of tea, for another item? Chocolate perhaps, and cocoa. Letter paper, and pens and pencils. A few pocketknives, and fish hooks; perhaps some pairs of scissors would not come amiss. Also toilette articles, which on the frontiers and in the wilds are hard to get. Hey?" "There is no end to the things," said Hazel, facing round. "But Olaf, in getting them, you would not strike off all good books, to keep to mere good quality? I should think their eyes must ache to see pretty things!"

Rollo smiled, making notes on a sheet of paper. "I believe in the uses of beauty," he said. "Let everything be as pretty as possible. I leave the charge of that to you. You must go to Stewart's and order muslin, calico, flannel, ribbands, and everything in that line. I will take care of the hardware and groceries. Order the things sent here. I will make arrangements for the reception of them, and Byrom shall get us a store of packing-boxes and marking ink." "And Olaf," said Hazel eagerly, "when you have filled the box with essentials, will you let me put 'non'-s in all the vacant space?"

For the gratification of those of our readers who would like to know how these young people spent the evenings of the remainder of their honeymoon, a few words more may be added. Dane secured a small room which could be devoted to receiving stores. Here day by day Byrom piled stacks of dry goods as they came in; packages of tea and spices, corn starch and arrowroot, and the like; heaps of books and paper; and thither he carried all the heterogeneous articles which had been sent home during that eccentric New Year's expedition. Here also he provided a store of packing-boxes, of varying dimensions, with hammer and nails and marking-ink; much speculating to himself on the peculiarities of the service in which he found himself. It is true, Byrom had been now some time with Rollo, and had, as the latter said got used to him. He was an English servant, trained and steady as a mill, eminently respectable, and head groom now at Chickaree.

These things being provided, as soon as dinner was done every day, Mr. and Mrs. Rollo repaired to this room of supplies. Here they amused themselves with packing the boxes. It is quick work, reader, if you have plenty of materials to choose from. To help in the selection and secure the better fitness of assortment, Rollo had had a sort of circular letter copied and sent to several hundred of the addresses with which he had been furnished. This circular requested details as to the circumstances and special wants of the family. The answers were directed to be sent to Hazel; to whom, by the way, the reading and arranging of such answers when they began to come in, furnished occupation for not a small part of her mornings. With half a dozen of the most pressing of these in hand, Rollo and Hazel went to the packing room; and taking one for their guide in each instance, threw into the box one after another the articles that seemed specially called for. Ah, how pleasant it was! It was like personal contact with the weak and the weary, giving a touch of comfort and help each time. Hazel had learned the use of the cheap calico counter, which once had excited her wonder and incredulity; she chose the prettiest patterns she could, but even she was fain to see that it was better to give prints or mohairs to a great many who wanted them, than a silk gown to one here and there who perhaps could rarely wear it if she had it. In like manner, flannel was to be preferred to lace; also it became evident that at the rate they were filling and sending boxes, economy was a very necessary thing; meaning by economy, the most useful expenditure of money. Let nobody think, however, that there went nothing but bare necessities into those boxes. Ribbands and collars and cuffs and ruffles and shawls were scattered in with a free hand. Choice books went into corners. Sometimes plates and maps. Pictures and pencils, pens and writing paper; magazines and illustrated news prints. And sugarplums stole in here and there, and even dolls and tops and pocket knives and balls and jackstraws. Fishing lines and hooks also. Sometimes an engraving, not costly, but lovely where there is an utter dearth of all objects of art whatever. The entertainment and delight of filling those boxes is something quite beyond my pen to tell. Hazel and Rollo often worked the whole evening at it; for the list of names was long. Not two hundred, but four hundred boxes that month were filled and sent; and there went more than fifty dollars' worth into every one; oftener it was eighty.

CHAPTER XXIX. SOCIAL DUTIES.

Solitude and seclusion were at an end. The world had found out where Hazel was and what she had been doing. So many millions were out of the market certainly, but still they might be useful in various ways; and the world came to put in its claim to be remembered. And invitations began to pour in; and the baskets which held cards and the like on Hazel's table flowed over and threatened an inundation. Rollo, every day very busy and still held fast in the city by business, had so far escaped much personal contact with the aforesaid world, and only received reports upon it from Hazel. "Wych," he said as he came in one evening just ready for dinner,—"I have found an old friend to-day." "O, are they beginning upon you?" said Wych Hazel. "I hope it is not a new one for me?" "I hope it is a new one for you," said he, looking somewhat wonderingly at her. "Or rather, I hope you will be a new friend for him. What's the matter?" "Some day, when you come home," said Hazel, "you will find this room tenanted solely by a heap of cards, invitations, enquiries and congratulations. Exploring therein cautiously, you may perhaps discover the top of my head!" "Oh!"—said Dane. "I will carry you away before it gets to be so bad as that. This is an old fellow-student of mine, Hazel; an odd,

clever, careless, unselfish fellow, who has never got along in the world. He took to art, came to America on account of some family troubles at home; and here he was a good deal petted in society. Now he is ill, and alone, and I fear very poor. He is at a boarding house, where I suspect he cannot pay his bills; quite alone. He has not a friend. Nor, I am afraid, a sou." "And are you going off to take care of him?" said Hazel facing round with sudden interest. "Off, where?" "Why, wherever he is. To his hotel, or his room." "I have just come from him. He is not suffering from acute illness now; but he is pining away, I think, for want of good food and fresh air, and home. You see, we were comrades together in Göttingen; and he comes from over there. He was very glad to see me." "Art?" said Hazel. "Is he a painter?" "He was a painter." "Do send him off to paint Dr. Maryland's portrait! There's nothing Prim wants so much. Consign him to Mrs. Bywank."

Rollo's eyes brightened and warmed; but he went on. "He may never paint again, Hazel. If we receive him, it may be that it will only be to see him fade away in the midst of us." "Well—What then?" she added softly after a minute. "It may be a matter of months, Hazel." She looked gravely up and down. "But nothing else—that I can think of—would be so much like home." The kisses which answered her were energetic enough to speak without words; and when a few minutes later dinner was served, Rollo came to the table with the air of a satisfied man. And then he told Hazel stories about Göttingen. "Prim writes that Mrs. Coles is coming to town," said Hazel, later in the meal, when roast venison had superseded student life. "Prudentia!—When?" "Next week. Shall we be away?" "No," said Dane smiling. "I wish we could." And then he was silent, and the dessert was on the table before he alluded to the subject again. "Hazel," he said suddenly, "write and ask Prim to come with Mrs. Coles and stay a few days. It will be a great delight to both of them."

"No, indeed," said Hazel promptly. "No? why?" said Dane with a laugh in his eyes which he let come no further. "I never ask people that I hope will refuse." "Ask and hope they will come! Don't you think you and I could stand Prudentia for a week?" Wych Hazel glanced at him from under her eyelashes. "I can stand most things," she said, "that you can. But you must write the letter." "Must I? Would you like to state the reason?" "Hard to state euphoniously. Because I—do not mean to do it!" Dane laughed. "It will not save you from the consequences," he said; "however—" Hazel raised her brows a little. "You are forewarned," she said. "Then probably you will wish to accept all these invitations?" "I do not precisely catch the connection of the argument." "I thought you seemed to be pining for variety," she said with a laugh. "So I propose, for to-morrow and next day and the day after,—a breakfast, a wedding, three kettle-drums, a dinner, two receptions, and a ball."

"Abgeschlagen!" responded Dane, going on with his dinner. "Which?" "It would not do to be particular." "But you must choose," said Hazel. "Or I must." "Are you pining for variety?" "No, I have got it." This with a half laugh and a pretty flush. "I am content," said Dane. "Then, if you are content, I do not see what we want further." "But it is other people who want us just now." And Hazel looked over to her pile of invitations. "Unfortunate for them." "Is it? You will refuse them all? Do you mean that you would never go anywhere?" "I do not mean that at all. I am longing to take you to Europe." "Yes, but keep to the point." "Wait till after dinner, then," said he laughing.

So they waited; and the servant had ended his ministrations and gone, Dane took a position of ease beside Wych Hazel on the sofa, and gathered up the notes in his hand. "Now, Wych, what is the question here?" "Why, as of course—of course I should not go anywhere now without you, I must know first where you will go," said Hazel with one of her pretty shy looks. "And as some occasions demand—But I am in inextricable confusion about my dress!"—she said, breaking off with a laugh. "I may as well confess it at once." "Does my bird of paradise want room to spread her wings?" said he, looking in her face. "And shew herself? No. I have done enough of that." "If we keep the key-note of life's music clear and true, we shall find the chords, Wych. How are you in confusion?" "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," she answered thoughtfully. "But do you know, light is very confusing sometimes?" "No."

"Yes, it is. When I did not care what I did, I knew exactly what to do." "What is it you are in doubt now?" "Everything. Ought I to refuse all invitations, and wear grey serge? But the reverse of wrong is not right." Rollo laughed, while yet he looked serious. "The question is, Wych, what we will do with our life? There is not time enough, nor strength, nor even in our case money enough, to meet the demands of the gay world and of the other part of the world too. Do what we will with our millions, there will be poor and suffering and ignorant people that we cannot reach; and how can we take hundreds and thousands for dresses and entertainments, when the work of our Master wants it all? I propose that we be neither hermits nor wear serge; but go wherever we can get good—or give it; and dress for the utmost efficiency in both departments. What do you think of that for a general principle?" "Good"—Hazel repeated. "I suppose pleasure might sometimes come under that head."

(To be continued.)

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged. All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

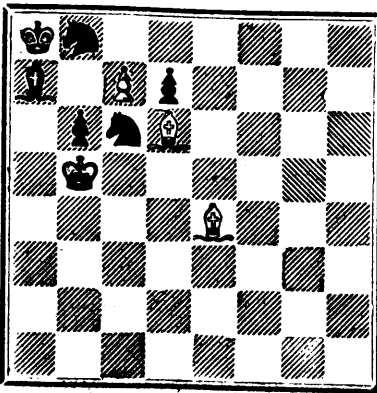
J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 150 correct. Alpha, Montreal.—We did not get the promised problem. F. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 147 received. Correct. A. W.—The position occurs in Pierce's "English Chess Problems." M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter received. Many thanks for problems received; also solution of Problem No. 149.

We learn that at the Paris Exhibition of next year, there is to be a great gathering of the Chess-players of the world, and that efforts are likely to be made to obtain the funds necessary to furnish prizes for a grand Tourney as will induce the best players of the period to enter their names as competitors. Since the Congress of players held in London, Eng., at the Exhibition of 1851, it has been customary, we believe, to have a meeting of the champions of the royal game at all similar fairs held in the great cities of Europe and America, and the steady advance which the game has made in public favour during the past two years will, there is no doubt, lead to such an interest being manifested in this Congress as to make its results both pleasing and profitable alike to the present and future votaries of the chequered board.

One of the most pleasing scraps of Chess news just received from England is the account of the Handicap Tourney carried on lately at the City of London Chess Club. In the first round of the contest, Messrs. Boden, Potter, and Macdonnell took important parts, giving large odds, and proving victorious over their antagonists. Their play attracted special attention from a large number of visitors. At a social meeting of the members of the Club, it transpired that Mr. Duffy, whose name is so intimately connected with Chess and Chess-players, intends paying a visit to America shortly.

We noticed recently in the Toronto Globe that Chess matters in the Province of Ontario are assuming an aspect which is of a very cheering nature. Napanee and Belleville are engaged, or have recently been engaged, in a telegraphic game, Seaforth is trying its strength against the players of Detroit, U.S., the Chess club of Toronto is to be reorganized, and Guelph and Galt are coming out strong in the field this winter. There is no doubt that elsewhere in the same Province Chess-players are yielding to that enthusiasm which is so apparent at the present time among the lovers of Chess in the mother country and the United States. What is being done in this direction in the Province of Quebec? There was something said at the late Congress held in the city of Quebec of a trial of strength between the ancient capital and Montreal this winter. There were rumours, also, some time ago, of a contest between Montreal and Seaforth, Ont. Either of these encounters would relieve the dullness of our ordinary Chess proceedings at this season of the year.

PROBLEM No. 151. By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESSE IN ENGLAND.

For the following interesting games we are indebted to the Dramatic Times.

GAME 224TH.

CHESSE IN LONDON, ENG.

The following fine game was played in the last Handicap Tourney at the City of London Club:

(Remove White's Q, Kt.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K B 4. 2. P to Q K 3. 3. B to K 2. 4. P to K 3. 5. Kt to B 3. 6. Q to K 2 (b). 7. P to Q 3. 8. P to K 3. 9. P to Q R 3. 10. P to B 3. 11. B to K 2. 12. P to K 4. 13. Kt to Q 2. 14. Castles K R. 15. K to B 2. 16. Kt to B 3. 17. P to B 5. 18. B to B sq. 19. R to B 2. 20. Kt to R 4. 21. B to Q 2. 22. B to K B 3 (c). 23. B to R 5. 24. B to Kt 6 (f). 25. B takes P (ch). 26. Kt to Kt 6 (ch). 27. B takes Kt. 28. P takes Kt. 29. Q to B 5 (ch). 30. B takes R (ch). 31. B to Q 5. 32. Q to R 5 (ch).

NOTES.

- (a) In this phase of the close opening, it is better for Black, whether playing on even terms or at odds, to advance his Q B P before he moves the Q Kt. (b) Much better than playing P to K 3 at once, because it conceals White's intention of bringing out the K B on the King's side, and seduces Black into making a weak move. (c) Ignoring Staunton's advice to young players—'avoid needless check.' (d) Casting Q R would have been much better. (e) The key move to a capital combination. (f) From this point to the end, White's game quite outclasses with pretty moves. (g) If K takes B, White wins by checking with Q, and then playing Kt to Kt 6.

GAME 225TH. CHESSE AT LEEDS, ENG.

The following smart little game was played a short time since between Mr. H. Millard, the late Secretary of the Leeds Club, and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Millard.) 1. P to K 4. 2. P to Q B 3 (a). 3. B to B 4. 4. Kt to B 3. 5. Castles. 6. P to Q 3. 7. B to K 3. 8. Q Kt to Q 2. 9. B takes B. 10. P to Q 4. 11. P takes K P. 12. B to K 2. 13. B takes Kt. 14. P takes B (c). 15. K to R sq. 16. Q to K 2. 17. R to Kt sq. 18. Q to K B sq. 19. Kt takes Q. 20. K to Kt 2. 21. K to R sq. 22. P takes P. 23. R to Kt 2.

NOTES.

- (a) This move may be commended, not as being strong, but as being uncommon, and as such, calculated to test the native capacity of the combatants, and to lead to novel positions. (b) Good enough, but the most effective reply is P to Q 4. (c) Safest course, had he captured the K P White must have obtained, at least, an equivalent for it by P to Q 4. (d) Unless, unless Black purposed, after Casting Q R, to employ his pawns in an immediate attack upon his adversary's King. (e) The open file thus obtained is valueless; he ought to have taken with the Q. (f) Very well played. (g) Black deserves great credit for his perspicacity in spying out the latent strength of his position, and for the judgment he exercised in utilizing it so speedily and happily.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 149. By THE AUTHOR.

- WHITE. 1. R takes P (ch). 2. R to K 5 (ch). 3. R to K 6 (ch). 4. R to B 4 (ch). 5. R to B 6 (ch). 6. R to K 6 (ch). BLACK. 1. K to K 4. 2. Kt takes R (best). 3. K to Q 5 (a). 4. K to B 4. 5. K to Q 3 (b). 6. K to K 4. (a) 1f3. K to B 5. 4. K to Kt 4. 5. K to R 3 or B 5. (b) 1f5. K to Kt 4. 6. K to R 1. 6. R P ch. 7. Kt P mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 147

- WHITE. 1. Q to R 5. 2. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 148

- WHITE. K at K Kt 3. R at Q B sq. B at Q B 8. B at Q Kt 2. Kt at Q 7. Pawns at K B 2, K R 4, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3. BLACK. K at K B 4. Q at Q R sq. B at K B 8. Pawns at K B 3, K R 3, Q 3, and Q B 4. White to play and mate in three moves.

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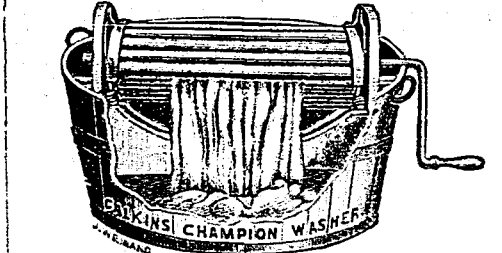
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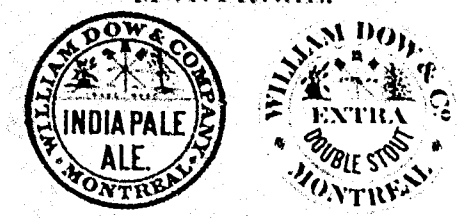
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