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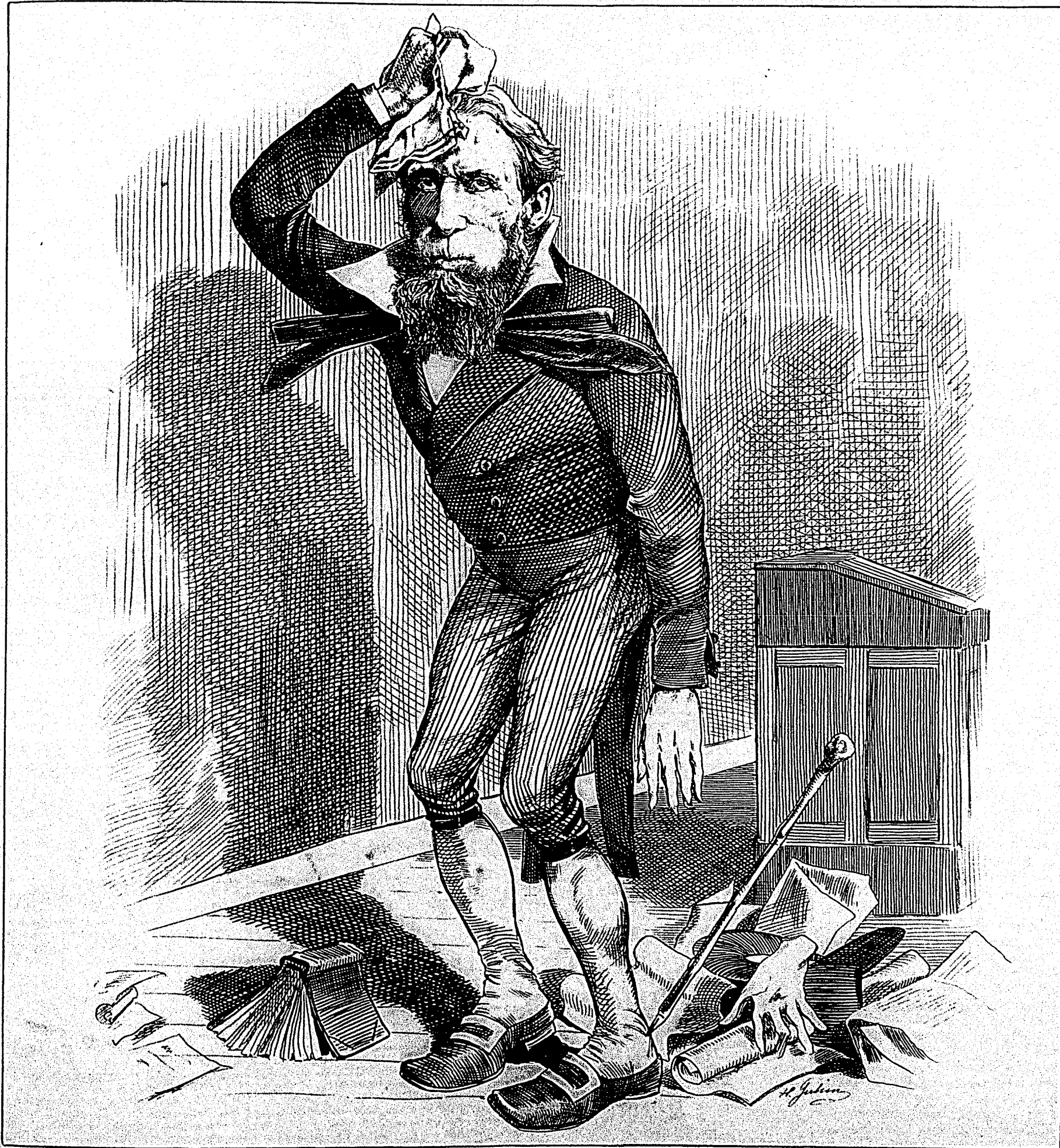
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# AMERICAN Whistler's News

Vol. XV.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



AFTER THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

THE TIRED LEADING MAN :—“How glad I am that it's over. Thank goodness, I won't have to come on again for another nine months.”



The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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## ONLY ONE.

All we ask of each subscriber of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

## NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a series of sketches fully illustrating

## THE GREAT FIRE

in this City, of Sunday, the 29th, where ten persons were killed and several wounded by the falling of a wall.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 5th, 1877.

## THE EXODUS OF OUR PEOPLE.

With the return of the spring season the tide of emigration from Canada to the United States is again setting in. We ought to be used to the spectacle by this time, but we are not, and whenever we witness it, we experience a fresh pain. We saw a whole procession of men, women and children pass through last week on their way to the cars. They were well dressed, provided with well-filled portmanteaus, and seemed quite cheerful. We learn, besides, that numbers of families have recently left their farms and their houses to seek a new home beyond the lines. Crowds will soon be passing through Montreal from other parts of the country, bound for the same destination.

The exodus of our people, like that of the old Israelites who were lured to the banks of the Nile, ought to be a subject of commiseration for every Canadian patriot. It is a slur upon the country, which the Americans themselves are not slow to throw into our faces, and it is, moreover, a misfortune for the poor deluded emigrants themselves.

Time was when Canadians could reasonably expect to do better in the United States than in their native land, but this is no longer the case now, when the American finances are so inflated, when the prices of life-necessaries rule immoderately high, when work is confessedly scarce, and thousands of the best hands are thrown out of employment, and when the prospects of amelioration, instead of brightening, are, in consequence of political complications, getting gloomier day after day.

Let us look at the facts, just as they are. Let our countrymen know the unvarnished truth. How do Canadians get on when once in the States, what is their condition there, how are they treated and regarded? The immense majority of

them live and die the slaves of the Americans. This is the bitter expression we have heard used time and again by emigrants themselves. All the hard work, all the low work is for them. A visit to Lowell, South Adams, Troy and other manufacturing centres is enough to verify the withering truth. Men and women slave there from morning to night, and few of them ever rise above their condition. The young girls especially, once so pure and happy in their quiet villages at home, it is sad and humiliating to know how much they are exposed in the factories. Go to Ogdensburgh and Oswego, and visit the cabins on the water's edge. They are filled with Canadians who do all the drudgery of those cities. Let not the people be deceived by the young swells who return from the States, now and then, with shining beaver, paste jewellery and other gimeracks, swaggering like Bowery loafers, and spouting broken-English slang, learned in the purlieus. If they knew all, they would beware of these youngsters, instead of allowing themselves to be humbugged by the stories they tell of fortune beyond the frontier.

And what do most of these people leave behind them, when they emigrate from the country? They leave good lands, good farms, good situations, good prospects. They leave independence and respectability, to become servants of the stranger, and to be looked down upon as an inferior class, into the bargain. Even if they leave poverty and hard work, it is only to find another species of poverty and harder work. They get discouraged here without reason, but when they arrive there, their discouragement is not lessened, because their condition is not bettered, and, like the Jewish exiles on Babylonian waters, they sigh in vain for a return to their native land.

We commend this matter to the Federal and Provincial Governments. We commend it earnestly, in the best interests of the country. It is no use discussing abstract political questions, and devising schemes of administration, if we cannot insure the prosperity of the masses. It is no use either talking about emigration from Europe, if we cannot retain our own population, keep it at home, give it employment, and afford it chances of getting on. Something must be done thoroughly to arrest this exodus of Canadians towards the United States. In our opinion there is no public question which deserves a more anxious consideration from all classes of the country.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEN. MILES' EXPEDITION AGAINST CRAZY HORSE.—Crazy Horse, with his confederate bands of Ogalalla, Sioux and Cheyennes—the latter under White Bull, Little Chief, and others—had fixed himself for the winter in the gorges of the Wolf Mountains, at the head of Tongue River, Montana Territory. Gen. Miles, Colonel of the Fifth Infantry, commanding at Tongue River, determined to make Crazy Horse change his winter arrangements. With five companies of the Fifth Infantry, two of the Twenty-second, and two pieces of artillery, Gen. Miles marched upon the Indian stronghold, in the end of December last, when the thermometer was twenty-eight degrees below zero. There is not a single cavalryman at Tongue River, though a regiment was ordered there last fall. After a march of eleven days through snow two feet deep—and a pursuit of eight days—several squaws and children were captured, one hundred and twenty head of beef cattle recaptured, and Crazy Horse had to fight. Our engraving, from a sketch by an officer of the expedition, represents the battle on the 8th of January, 1877, in the gorges of the Wolf Mountains, at the decisive moment when the Indians endeavored to flank the troops by occupying a high hill to the left and rear. Having failed to produce much effect on the line in the valley, the Indians, leaving a force dismounted in the timber in front, and on the other side of the river, sufficient to keep the troops in the valley occupied, moved their main force to the left, in rear of the hills on that side, with the intention of occupying the hills to the left and rear. Casey's company (A) was sent to drive them from the first hill to the left. He took the hill under a heavy fire, and had to fight hard to keep it; but he did so, and inflicted heavy loss on the Indians, killing their Great Medicine Man, Hi-no-ton-ka—or Big Crow—and one of the head warriors—a very brave and promising young Sioux, known

to some of the scouts. Another body occupied a hill to the left of Casey, and McDonald's company (D) was sent to drive them from it, which the soldiers did gallantly. Then the Indians massed in large numbers on the highest spur of the main ridge, which commanded the whole position, and took our line, artillery and all, in reverse. Butler's company (C) was sent to take this—the key-point of the position. The company crossed the plain, about half a mile wide, to the foot of the bluff, under a heavy and continuous fire, which was redoubled on the left, when, under the leadership of the captain, it moved up the first rise in double-time. Butler's horse was shot under him. The men, firing, advanced at a run, scaled the precipitous height through snow and rocks and fallen timber, and in a snowstorm took the bluff crowning the height. The Indians gave up the conflict. The Indian loss was 16 killed, including the medicine-man and the chief. The number of wounded is not known, but in front of Butler and McDonald's companies on the hills there were heavy traces of blood on the snow. The subsequent march up the valley also showed traces of blood for miles. The loss of the troops in the expedition was three men killed, eight wounded; three horses were killed, one horse wounded; two pack-mules wounded in the train.

## THE TORBAY STAFF.

II.

About this time the major conceived a passion for taming wild beasts and selected squirrels as his victims which he domesticated by inserting his fang into the nose of the little animals, and for this seemingly interesting occupation he constructed a peculiar box—an invention of unquestionable originality. As, upon close examination, we discovered that Mr. Squirrel could enter at one end and easily escape at the other, the result was of course no squirrels, at which the warrior accused us of tampering with his trap. Such accusations proved prejudicial to the box as the following morning it was completely riddled, a load of buckshot having done its work. The major eyed the wreck with tearful eye, and slowly betook himself to his tent to brood over his wrongs. He however soon recovered his equanimity, and we set to work manfully to construct a trap that would securely hold any animal whose curiosity should overcome its discretion, but some evil disposed person or persons had, at great personal risk and inconvenience, deposited therein a skunk, and the major being unacquainted with the peculiarities of that animal, stealthily approached to secure his prize and received a thorough shampooing which caused him to allow the beasts of the field to roam in peace.

The winter was rapidly approaching. Already we had to break the ice of a neighbouring bay before water could be procured. Wild ducks became plentiful and at all hours of the day guns might be heard banging furiously in every direction, but no game graced our table. The staff shooting was indeed an imposing spectacle; the guns appeared to have charge of the fellows instead of vice versa as those dangerous weapons pointed to all parts of the compass. Frequently I have been compelled to "bring to" suddenly to avoid coming in contact with the muzzle of a loaded gun which projected from a bush. It was astonishing the quantity of powder and shot used with intent to kill. After firing away considerable ammunition, destroying several pairs of boots, not to mention rents to breeches, the destruction of a bird was considered ample remuneration. I can unhesitatingly assert that I have witnessed six men accompanied by a similar number of guns of various dates and dimensions fire, with a deliberation that should have guaranteed unerring accuracy, into a flock of ducks reposing at a distance of thirty yards, with intent to kill, wound or maim, and to be wholly unsuccessful. In fact the birds paid little attention to our murderous designs to which they soon habituated themselves.

Frequently I have heard a report followed by a low and melancholy howl, and upon turning have beheld the gun, the ducks and the sportsman spinning in the air. Many acrobatic feats have I witnessed; in fact the discharge of a gun was invariably the signal for aerial evolutions. I have been most unfortunate myself, having frequently been compelled to perform duties only belonging to gentlemen of the mountebank profession. The major was most fortunate in his shooting, that worthy gentleman having once attacked a ham and made a furious onslaught thereon. The aforesaid ham having been placed upon a tree by the staff, the major—who bye-the-bye was very shortsighted—was observed creeping towards the tree, and when within ten yards, he let drive his piece at the suspended porcine and completely riddling it, he smiled at his success and hastened to secure the spoil, and as the staff indulging in winks and a series of contortions, slowly walked in the opposite direction, he was heard muttering curses innumerable.

Shortly after wounding the ham, the major narrowly escaped being shot whilst enjoying a constitutional on the beach, at which he became so exasperated as to place up a notice requesting the staff when going out shooting, to name the direction they intended taking, also to particularize the time, etc.

The major discarded his gun and took unto

himself a horse of strange but humble aspect, an animal along whose back ran a bony ridge of uncomfortable appearance, and whose eyelids had visibly contracted, and one who long ago had sacrificed all claim to the title of horse. However the latter end of the soldier was apparently constructed of an exceedingly tough material, judging from his utter insensibility to the above mentioned ridge and his unsteady movements when straddled thereon.

One day I remember seeing the major mount his nag which I noticed was hitched to a tree. I communicated the discovery to several others and we stood by watching the warrior applying vigorous kicks to the flanks of his steed and "Donner and Blitzen why you no go" until the poor brute, being unaccustomed to this mode of treatment raised his legs and shot the major over his head into a neighbouring thicket. Loud and unintelligible curses, mingled with low rippling laughter, followed as a matter of course.

Substantial winter quarters were now completed, and on the 21st of December, with the thermometer at zero, we removed our worldly possessions from the tents. It was with difficulty we conveyed our wardrobe through the dense foliage, one gentleman whose luggage consisted of a toothbrush and a bandbox requiring special assistance.

All communication now being cut off, we were compelled to exist on salt fish with occasional doses of beef of a very uncertain age; in fact its being beef at all was an open question, and one on which the staff went into committee. For my own part I should say it decidedly was not beef; it however bore a strong resemblance to leather, especially when undergoing the process of mastication; two pairs of top boots and a similar number of mooseskins fished from out one cask (which the major declared were his and had recently disappeared), strengthened the fact of its being the product of some leather manufactory.

It must be understood that as yet we had no servants, therefore it was necessary to depute one of our number to act as cook, in which capacity the poacher (an individual so named for his having been discovered in critical proximity to the fowl house) officiated. A pudding would generally appear with the currants collected at one end, and we were several times put to the inconvenience of having dinner announced about 8 a. m. We usually breakfasted at six and about two hours afterwards the poacher would emerge from his house, his head inserted in the orifice of a white cap, whilst an apron of the same colour tightly drawn around him displayed a fully developed corporation; he bore in his hand an emblem of sovereignty (a ladle), which he waved in the air, and set his lungs to yelling "Dinner." This irregularity could not be withstood; therefore he was stripped of his honours.

Heavy frosts had now set in, and the staff were busily engaged in endeavouring to become proficient in the art of skating. Difficulties had attended our shooting, but the skating decidedly beat all it was ever my misfortune to witness and participate in. Our first attempts were characterized with grave results, the usual and apparently much coveted position being shooting over the ice on the broad of our backs, however, by dint of indomitable perseverance, we were at length enabled to retain our perpendicular and imagining ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the exercise, in a moment of weakness entered in a game at hockey which resulted in the dislocation of one shoulder (that of the punster, a youthful character whose appellation was wholly due to the keenness of his wit), one broken arm and several fractures of an inferior nature.

Our Christmas was spent in good old English style, or as near to it as we could possibly come; there were however too many fingers in the pudding which rendered that article unrepresentable.

At 8 p. m. the staff assembled at a table loaded with bottles, glasses and other implements of conviviality; there were numerous demands for the "whisky," the "water," and the "sugar," and other stimulants, the former article receiving special and flattering attention. Sweethearts and wives proposed and heartily responded to. The little band were heavy on the grog and bent themselves to reducing the quantity placed before them, in which laudable act they admirably succeeded.

The Major sang the "Deutschen Vaterland," the "Rhine Wine," and the "Watch on the Rhine." The smiling faces around him were rapidly becoming tinged with a brilliancy that would have defied all Rimmel's soap and balsam to produce, and each in his turn huskily piped a ditty.

The Major became very patriotic and again sang the anthem of his country. The staff also became patriotic and "Rule Britannia" effectually drowned the "Deutschen Vaterland."

The Major elevated himself on a chair and made a speech or rather made a great noise, nothing intelligible being distinguished amid the uproarious cheers. I observed the hero of Metz and Strasbourg stagger under the weight of a bottle and head for door through which after a series of "tacks" he drifted. One gentleman more elevated than his companions intimated a desire to demonstrate his pugilistic ability upon any member who should suggest his being conveyed to his apartment, and with a cry of "Hurrah for Ould Ireland" executed a shuffle on the table to the inspiring strains of

"Lannigan's Ball," in which he was joined by the surviving members of the gallant community, several of whom were seen describing the quadrilles on all fours as they sought their respective chambers.

Another individual arose and flourished a poker uncomfortably near to my cranium; with this implement of domestic argument, he beat the air to a tune, piped in an unintelligible lingo which the vocalist informed us was a Danish hunting chorus. This explanation deemed superfluous, we sang the chorus, although not a man of us knew any more of Danish than we did of "Heathen Chinee," and I virtually believe had the latter language been sung the staff would have joined in the chorus; they never allowed anything having a refrain to pass without participating in the same. The poker was performing gyrations over the heads of several members, and the vocalist oscillated his arm with a rapidity and vigour calculated to decapitate any unfortunate gentleman whose head it should happen to strike. Several members here became alarmed for their personal safety and quietly viewed the swinging metal from the other side of the table. I think had any stray Indian been passing at the time this terrible commotion was at its height, he would have been inclined to think "Old Nick" was having a time on earth. I have an indistinct recollection of having assisted in scattering within the folds of Herr Peshen's blankets the top of a table, a pair of snowshoes, and other available articles of a similar description on which Herr P. slept the sleep of the just; but sore was his body and deep his wrath on the following morning as he withdrew, singly, from out his bed the articles mentioned above.

Next day found the Major packing. He was bound for the Rhine, and the staff clad in travelling habiliments were preparing to accompany him as far as Gysbora. His departure was regretted by all, as notwithstanding his nationality he was a good old sort.

D. CUE.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

Not one American vessel of any description cleared for ports in England, Ireland, or Scotland from the harbor of New York during the month of February.

Among the decorations noticed on the table, at the dinner given to Sir John McDonald at Ottawa, last week, was a beautiful new seedling, a trio-color geranium, named after the right honorable gentleman. It was universally admired, and was grown by Mr. Stevenson, at Mr. Currier's conservatory.

Though the French are first cooks in the world, many patriots and gastronomists maintain that the culinary art is on the decline in that country, owing to the invasion of the English, American, and Russian dishes. It is proposed to arrest this degeneracy, by opening a restaurant college, where will be taught to apprentices cooks the old system for preparing food.

THERE is no such protection against the clothes-moth as brown paper. Years ago we purchased an enormous rug of white wolf-skin, which has been an inestimable benefit to the whole family. Every summer I wrap it up in brown paper, and not a moth has attacked it. Why the clothes-moth should have so great an aversion to brown paper I cannot tell, but such is the case. I find that professional furriers employ the same plan, but do not disclose that very simple secret. Annually thousands of valuable sealskin jackets and other furs are handed over to the dealers for preservation during the summer, and nothing is done except wrapping them up in brown paper and letting them be until the dawning of autumn. There are of course instances where furs and other similar articles must of necessity be left exposed during the summer-time. Let every piece of wool or fur be violently shaken every morning, and not a clothes-moth will harbour within it.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SUPERIORS AND INFERIORS.—From the relationship which exists between the superior and the inferior, spring and should arise an infinite number of benefits, giving the strong the power of mothering the weak, giving the educated the pleasure of telling the ignorant that they know more than they do, giving men that have bounty the opportunity of exercising their spirit of beneficence. That is the law of God in human society. And so men in different conditions are enabled to help each other. The low need the high, and the high need the low. They interlace, not simply by compulsion, but by natural necessities and affiliations.

ERADICATING CONCEIT.—Humility has this consolation. It finds that the greatest minds have had the least conceit; that Shakespeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the cause of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child who, playing on the sea-shore had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them pretty, but knew no more of them. The bullet of steel is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard

of an ostrich. The most conceited young prig who ever lived will find his level when brought to the rude experience of the world.

THE SORROWS OF OTHERS.—There is no question but habitual cheerfulness is a great blessing, but when cheerful people are lauded let it be remembered, as a general thing, that they are no more to be commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is usually a matter of health and constitution. When it is not, the person deserves credit; for an invalid or a nervous person, a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmosphere and other influences, cannot, without great effort, be uniformly cheerful. Many people are cheerful because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own are easy to bear. We do not wish to depreciate social sunshine; but let us not forget that they are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume only in the shade and at intervals.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

COLDNESS OF MANNER.—There is no other way by which friendship may be so completely broken, or so thoroughly or completely crushed out of existence, as by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and we believe that it is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and their countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as they utter a pleasant and welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are, or at least should at once be, ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our very attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—Men and women wed each other to be happy. And why not, if they marry wisely? The man should always be a little bigger than his wife, a little older, a little braver, a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. The woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more inconsiderate than the husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burden. Better live on a crust he earns than a fortune she has brought him. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships for the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity. A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly even at home. Fault-finding, long arguments, or scolding end the happiness that begins in kisses and lovemaking.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.—You think you love the man who is coming this Sunday night to visit you. And he acts as if he loves you. Suppose he "declares himself," and asks you to become his wife. Are you prepared to say to him, "I love and will trust you through life with my happiness, and the lives and weal of our children?"

He is jolly, gay and handsome, and the darts of Cupid are twinkling and sparkling in his eyes; but will those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul?

To-night he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future.

Does he go to-morrow to work which gives a promise of the fulfilment of your desires in life?

Does his ambitions and achievements satisfy you?

Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man?

If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality? Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after-years make many women weep in bitterness that they were not thought of before they answered "Yes."

BURLESQUE.

LOOKING AFTER THE SHEKELS.—One day after King Solomon had written a column of solid nonpareil wise and moral proverbs, he took his eldest son by the elbow, led him down the back stairs of the palace, through the back yard, past the wood-shed, out into the alley, backed him up behind Acitophel's wood-pile, looked warily around to see that no one was listening, and whispered into the young man's ear: "My son, a little office in a spread-eagle life insurance company is better than a cart-load of preferred stock in the Ophir mines." And then the monarch threw his head on one side, drew in his chin, shut one eye, and gazed at his offspring in silence. Three years afterward, when the great Hebraic Consolidated Stormy Jordan Life Insurance Company, of which the intelligent young prince was president, went into bankruptcy, the man was able to let his father, who was a little short at the time, have 255,000 shekels for ninety days on his simple note of hand.

A QUEBEC EPISODE.—We wonder, says the *Chronicle*, is there no possibility of teaching those wrestlers with dry goods boxes, who are in the habit of standing at the corners in John street, the secret of perpetual motion? Yesterday evening three or four young men were plastered up against the wall in this locality, got up regardless of expense, smoking cheap cigars and with an abundance of shirt collar; it is a profound mystery how they succeeded in putting on their hats. They, in very animated manner, were discussing the financial prospects of the country, in which the word *phatic* seemed to predominate. One of them, being tempted into superfluous speech by exuberant volubility, passed some insulting remarks on the appearance of a young lady who happened to have a male protector a short distance behind her, and it was simply ridiculous to watch the look of astonishment that crept into the dry goods clerk's face, as he felt a hand on his shoulder and some one vigorously filling his coat-tail with shoe leather.

THAT'S IT 'XACTLY.—A man came into the *Dunbury News* office the other morning with one side of his face looking very much as if it had been used to grate horseradish. He said with deep feeling:

"If a man is chasing a wagon to catch a ride, an' gets hold the back board, an' goes to make a leap, an' springs up, has the man who is driving any right to stop the boss dead still at such a time? That's what I want to know?"

In a flash came before Bailey the picture of a man poised in air over the tail board of a moving wagon—then the sudden stoppage of the wagon. And he looked on his face, and felt called upon to say that the driver's action was most injudicious.

"Of course it was," said the visitor, with increased feeling. "A man who'll do that is a mean, pesky whelp, and should be punted at with scorn, by jimminy. And you can tell him so in the paper if you want to."

And with this permission he gravely withdrew.

PHILOLOGY VERSUS PRIZE PACKAGES.—"Have a candy package, boss?" said the train boy, addressing an elderly passenger with a broad-brimmed hat and spectacles. "Candy package," said the old man after a moment's pause. "Candy—let me see—a saccharine substance prepared by the aid of various deleterious ingredients, and pleasingly coloured to the eye by the admixture of chemical pigments. Young man, do you know that?"

"Oh cheese it, boss. Try a package."

"Cheese, did you remark?" continued the old gentleman, wiping his spectacles. "Ah, yes; cheese, the curd of milk coagulated and pressed; is prepared in many varieties, such as Limburger, Swiss, Brie, Neufchâtel."

"Got the bulge on me this time, boss."

"The bulge, did you observe? Oh, indeed, I see; bulge—to swell in the middle, to bulge; a word, however, seldom used by philologists or linguists in gen'ral."

"Ah, come now, boss, brace and take a package! may draw a prize, yer know."

"Prize—Spanish, Presso; French, Prize; supposed to be from the Latin *Prendo* signifying 'to lay hold of.' Now young man, if you don't leave this in about two seconds, I'll lay hold of you in a way that will make you wish prize-candy packages had never been invented."

The youngster concluded that old Broadbrim didn't want any candy that day, and went for the next man.

VARIETIES.

THE FRANCISCAN TENOR.—Frate Giovanni used to belong to the Ara Coeli Brotherhood. When that church was expropriated he went to St. John, in Laterano. Lately the Pope has given him a fine post in the Sistine or Papal choir, the one left vacant by the death of the excellent singer, Rosati. It is about two years now since Frate Giovanni's voice first began to attract attention in public. He is a native of Lucea, and not young; some say he is thirty-five; some older. Frate Giovanni sings by ear principally. Some musical friends of ours met him at the Bagni di Lucea last summer; they tell me he is *un bon enfant*; sings every thing, no matter how difficult, at the first hearing, with remarkable facility and quickness; he is excessively good-natured and is capable of devouring any amount of *bombons*, which do not seem to hurt his voice. He would eat all sorts of *dolce*, then go to the piano with Rotoli and sing like a bird. His

voice is not only extensive, clear and powerful, but is what the Italians call so expressively "simpatico," it is tender, passionate, imploring, glorious; it goes to the heart. Later in the afternoon of Holy Thursday he sang the "Miserere" at St. John in Laterano, with the wonderful soprano of that basilica choir, and the effect was truly *incantevole*. Few tenor voices could hold their own against that vibrant, high-soaring soprano of St. John in Laterano, but Frate Giovanni's moved closely beside it and showed how much more beautiful is the natural tenor voice than the most successful artificial male soprano.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

REFORM.—The last number of the "Canadian Illustrated News" has a pointed cartoon of the relation of the present Mayor of Montreal and the Board of Health. His Worship is represented as holding each of the most deadly diseases within his control, these diseases taking the shape of so many hideous creatures which seem anxious to make a break and prey upon the public. It is just a question whether Mayor Beaudry has not carried his Civil Service Reform too far.—Kingston *W'ing*.

ARTISTIC.

MEISSONIER has painted a portrait of Alexandre Dumas, the author being represented sitting before a table covered with books.

THE four pictures disposed of at the sale of the Duke d'Albe, brought the following prices:—"Portrait of Dona de Antonia de Haro," Velasquez, 7,500*fr.*; "Landscape," by Rubens, 23,000*fr.*; "Portrait of the son of Murillo," by the father, 23,000*fr.*; "Portrait of the Infanta Marguerite," Velasquez, 45,000*fr.*

ST. PAUL'S is to have three pulpits. It possesses already a fine one in the choir, and a very ornate edifice indeed as a post of vantage for the preacher under the dome. But France is going to give it a third. Paris wishes to show its thankfulness to London for the subscriptions which London gave in 1870 to the sufferers by the Franco-German War; and setting aside the question of religion the *Chambre Syndicale des Ouvriers Menuisiers en Bâtimens* à Paris have offered the Dean and Chapter a sculptured monumental pulpit.

LITERARY.

LONGFELLOW'S works are published in England by twenty-two publishers, but only one or two have the courtesy to pay him any royalty on the books.

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA, turned into English prose, is shortly to be published in London under the title of "Tasso's Enchanted Ground: the story of the Jerusalem Delivered."

It is said that Mr. Theodore Martin is at present engaged in editing another book of the Queen's. It recounts her life in the Highlands, and is likely to be published shortly.

BAYARD TAYLOR says that "with all the sympathy which I still keep for the hope and uncertainty of beginners, I have never yet found that my frank criticism was of any avail, except to make me enemies when the ardent young poet subsides into the reporter or paragraph-writer."

JOAQUIN MILLER, the Western poet, who has been abroad, lectured in Philadelphia last week on "Literary London." The Press says:—"He is not an orator, and as a lecturer he cannot conscientiously be called a success. Mr. Miller was exceedingly severe on his own country for its refusal to recognize the claims of literature and literary men."

MR. TENNYSON, during his present stay in London, has been giving readings from his own works to a select circle of friends, Maud being his favorite. Mr. H.F. Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, has also been giving afternoon readings from his father's works, and there are those who are bold enough to say that the son promises to be even a more effective and dramatic reader than the father.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PATTI'S pet is a tame bullfinch that flies about her rooms all day.

It is stated that Mr. Mallandaine has set Mr. Tennyson's *Harold* as a five act opera, the adaptation being by Mr. Matthison. The work will be produced in the new opera house being built at Leicester.

RUDOLPH ARONSON, the young American composer, is to write a grand concert march, for orchestra and chorus, to be named the "Lafayette," for the Paris Exposition in 1878. It will be brought out by the celebrated band of the Garde Republicaine.

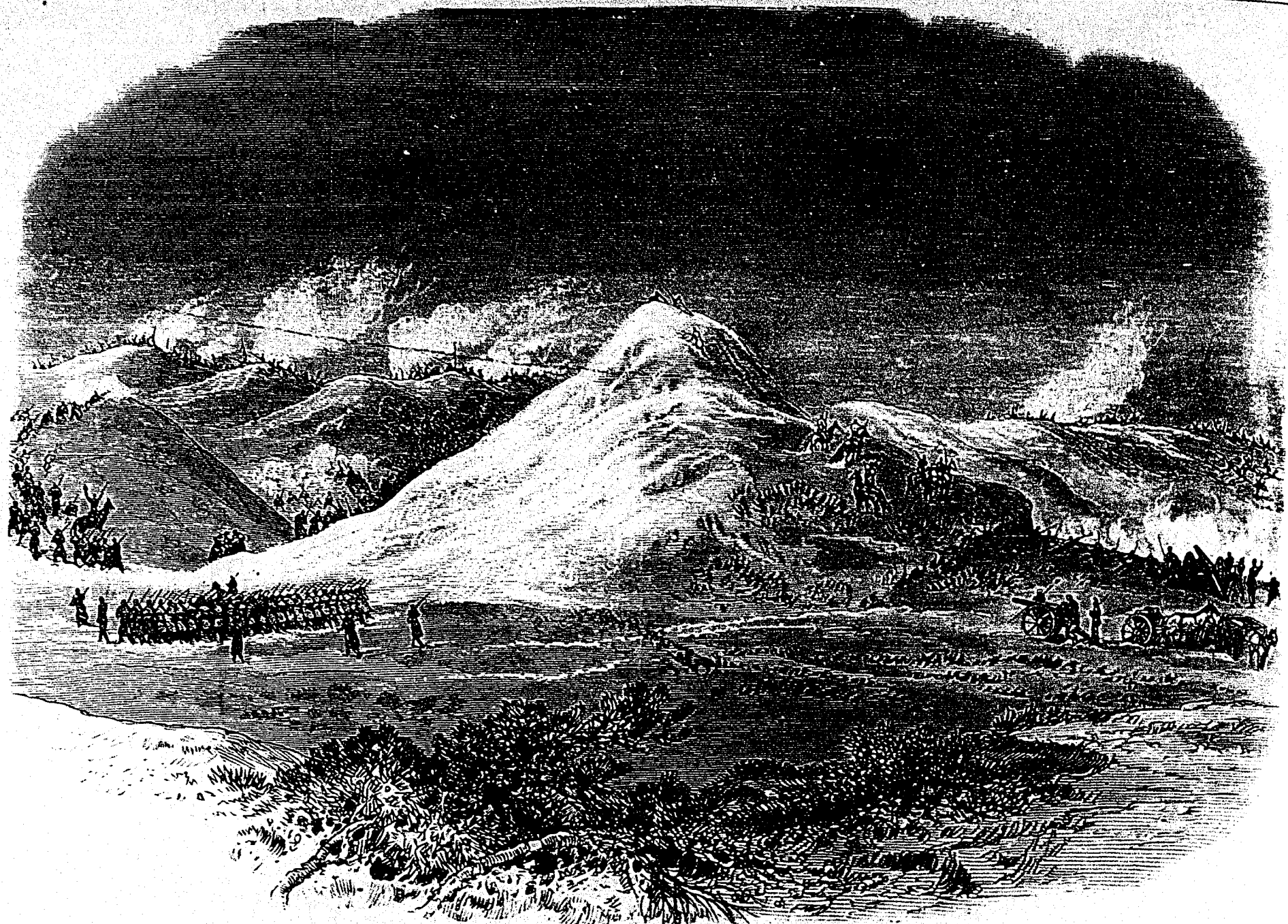
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Miss Annie Louise Cary are to appear under Mr. Max Strakosch's management next season in concert and oratorio. Miss Kellogg will receive \$30,000 in gold for a series of fifty appearances, and will sing for the first time in San Francisco in September next. Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Verdi, a baritone, Mr. Conlon and Mr. Behrens are to be of the company.

NEXT season it is understood that Miss Eytlinge will devote herself, under Mr. Max Strakosch's direction, strictly to the legitimate drama, a new departure warranted by her great success as *Lady Macbeth*. She will enact *Constantine* in "King John," *Katherine* in "Henry VIII.," *Hermione* in "A Winter's Tale," and *Marie Antoinette*; and will appear for the first time as *Cleopatra*, a role for which she would seem eminently qualified.

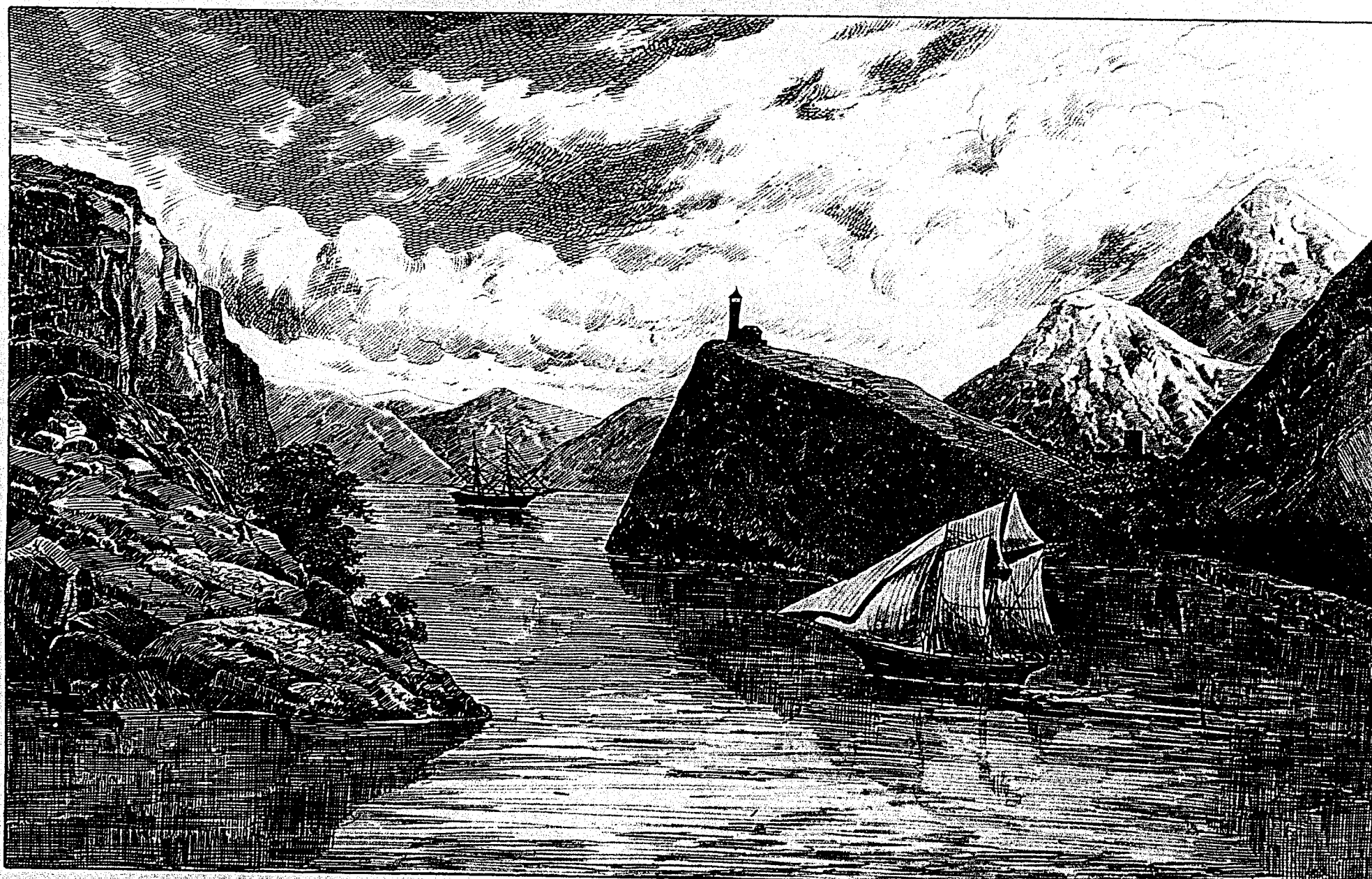
MR. STEPHEN FISKE, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, issues a circular in reference to a memorial window which it is proposed to erect to the late John Oxenford, theatrical critic, to the London Times, in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. The cost of the window will be about \$500, and Mr. Fiske thinks that "the leading members of the journalistic and dramatic professions here" will be glad to contribute to this "lasting record of reverence and affection in which Oxenford was held." Contributions sent to Mr. Fiske, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will be duly acknowledged in the *New York Herald*.

M. GOUNOD has "dashed off *Cinq Mars*." Whether walking with bent head, or riding in railway carriage, Gounod is ever absorbed in himself as much as Victor Hugo under similar circumstances. His melody is spontaneous and sparkling, but is subject to repeated revision. Gounod is fifty-nine years of age, and the mysticism or melancholy of his nature is said to be the consequence of his theological studies, for he was destined for the church. Like Mozart, he has a feminine genius; his *Marguerite*, *Juliet*, and *Mireille* are adorable types of life and truthfulness; he is the divine musician with the fair sex, as Ingres was their divine painter. The score has been sold for 100,000 francs. In the royal chorus some of the performers exhibited a rather republican antipathy, which Carvalho conquered by begging them to imagine they were singing the *Marseillaise*.





DEFEAT OF CRAZY HORSE AND THE SIOUX ON WOLF MOUNTAINS, MONTANA.



VIEW OFF CAPE MENDOCINO.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. H. AULT.



HON. T. W. ANGLIN,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 295.

The portrait of this gentleman which we insert to-day in our National Gallery will be received with much interest, owing to the commotion with which Mr. Anglin's right to his seat has been contested through alleged violation of the Independence of Parliament Act.

Timothy Warren Anglin was born in Ireland and educated there. He came to St. John, N.B., in 1818, and married Miss McTavish, a native of that city. He soon entered the career of journalism, founding the *Morning Freeman*, of which he has ever since continued to be editor and proprietor, and through which he has exerted considerable influence over the Province of his adoption. He sat for St. John County, in the New Brunswick Assembly, from 1861 to 1866, when he was defeated on the issue of Confederation to which he was opposed. In a few months before his defeat, however, he occupied the position of member of the Executive Council in the Smith Administration. In 1867 he presented himself for Gloucester in the House of Commons, and was elected. At the last general elections he was returned for the same constituency by acclamation. On the 26th of March, 1874, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons—a post which he has filled with marked ability, high distinction of manner, and strict impartiality.

**INFECTION BY POST.**—It is little use incurring the cost and trouble of large measures for the isolation of contagious disease, if those lesser precautions which, in fact, make up the sum of safety, are overlooked or disregarded. For example (remarks the *Lancet*), what particular advantage is likely to ensue from removing the unaffected members of a family in which small-pox or scarlet fever has obtained a footing, if they are daily apprised of the state of affairs in the sick chamber by means of letters elaborated at the bedside, and, for the evasion of prying eyes, carefully wrapped in blotting-paper under thin envelopes? It is not necessary to make any sensational statement as to the manner in which diseases, of this class at least, are propagated. If the atmosphere surrounding the patient is laden with germinal particles capable of inoculating a healthy subject, it is obvious the malarial may be transmitted in an envelope with the aid of thick blotting-paper, or without that accessory. The matter may be a small one, but it is sufficiently important to make precaution expedient. It would be well if the domestic quarantine could be more rigidly carried out,



HON. T. W. ANGLIN, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA.

and the very natural desire of excluded friends to be kept informed as to the progress of a case of infectious disease gratified in a way less likely to defeat the purpose of separation.

**SHAKESPEARE'S LITERARY PARTNERSHIPS.**—Under this title a lecture was delivered at the London Institution last week by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, before a considerable audience. The question was one of details, requiring attentive study of different specimens from those who shared work with Shakespeare. It was necessary to analyse these specimens to see whether the writing was that of Marlowe, Greene, Wilkins, Rowley, or was it that of Shakespeare. *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VIII.* were obviously to some extent the work of other writers. *Titus Andronicus*, marked by scenes of blood and thunder, was altogether at variance with the higher mind of Shakespeare, and seemed itself to say that it was not his. In the first of *Henry VI.* Mr. Furnivall traced the hand of Marlowe, whom he compared, in his earlier writings, with Mr. Swinburne, both poets being distinguished by a maximum of sound and a minimum of sense. Quoting several distinctively bombastic specimens, he maintained that these were contrary to the instincts and genius of Shakespeare, and were in all probability the work of Marlowe, Greene, or some other of the same school. *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* were supposed to be touched by some other hand; besides, having consideration to the romantic notions of the time, especially in Italy, he did not agree that even the conduct of Valentine in giving up his sweetheart to the base Proteus was altogether inconsistent with the earlier and more passionate period of Shakespeare's life. In the entrance of the drunken porter after the murder in *Macbeth*, regarded by many as unworthy of Shakespeare, the lecturer held that the relief afforded to the highly-wrought feelings of the audience was perfectly natural, and was far superior to anything that Myddleton could have done. In *Timon* no doubt a good deal was found that was not Shakespeare's. *Pericles*, too, was a play partly written by Shakespeare and put into some other person's hands. Specimens of widely contrasting style and power were read in illustration of this contention, as of the several other arguments advanced in the course of the lecture. *Cymbeline* contained several weak scenes that were not Shakespeare's. So, too, in *Henry VI.*, was found much of the weaker kind of Fletcher's work. In concluding, the lecturer recommended the student to confine himself in the first instance to the genuine plays of Shakespeare before venturing on those which were partially spurious.



MONTREAL.—SCENE AT THE BONAVENTURE STATION ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE IRISH PILGRIMS FOR ROME.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Messrs. Belford Brothers, the spirited publishers of Toronto, have put forth a new and revised edition of the well-known work of Rev. George M. Grant, with the above title. The edition is nicely illustrated, as the specimens which we give to-day will show, and the author had added a valuable appendix, bringing down facts and figures connected with the Great North-West down to our own day. We present our readers a summary of this work, taken from the *Globe*, which we are certain will be read with the interest which its importance deserves:

## I.

The new edition appears at a time when everything relating to the vast extent of country described in its pages is imbued with a special interest. Information about that country is just now eagerly sought after by many persons who are beginning to regard it in the light of a possible future home. Even with such inadequate facilities for colonization as at present exist, the region to the north-west of us is steadily filling up with a population of hardy industrious settlers who are developing its resources, and converting it into the most productive agricultural territory on this continent. Many persons who have not yet made a move in that direction are casting longing eyes upon the fertile land where an average crop of wheat is more than thirty bushels to the acre, and where, at the close of the unfavourable season of last year, the yield per acre of barley and oats was respectively 42½ and 51 bushels. As the facilities for colonization improve, the rate of immigration will inevitably increase. The time is not far distant when the name of "The Wild North Land" will be an absurd misnomer, and when the Pacific Ocean will be as readily accessible through Canadian territory as it has long been through that of the United States. Whatever contributes to bring about such results deserves the hearty commendation of every well-wisher of our Dominion. Mr. Grant's book, we think, will have a tendency in that direction. By attracting a more general attention to the country through which he passed by his picturesque descriptions of its magnificent scenery, and by imparting to intending settlers a good deal of more prosaic but also more valuable information, he will doubtless stimulate, to some extent, the tide of North-western immigration. Since the completion of the expedition of which his book is a record, numerous changes for the better have taken place along the route. The plan of construction of the Canada Pacific Railway has been matured, and steam vessels have been placed on many of the water-stretches. Tracts of country which were then desolate solitudes have been partially settled and brought under cultivation. The population of the Red River Valley has increased from 12,000 to more than 40,000, and the population of Winnipeg alone has increased tenfold. All these matters, and many others of equal importance, form the subject of an appendix to the new edition which did not appear in the original work; and for practical purposes this appendix is the most valuable feature of the volume. A comprehensive chart of the route from Lake Superior to the Pacific forms an interesting supplement to the text; and the accompanying engravings will give an idea of how the artistic part of the work has been performed.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since public attention first began to be turned to the expediency of connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans by means of a transcontinental line of railway. The project had its inception in the United States; but for many years after it was first mooted no definite steps were taken to bring it to maturity. In the year 1853, President Franklin Pierce instructed Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, to adopt means for ascertaining the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In pursuance of these instructions, various exploring expeditions were sent out on behalf of the United States Government to make the necessary surveys and explorations. The reports of these expeditions were not such as to encourage further enterprise in that direction. It was pointed out that the difficulties to be encountered in the Far West were of so formidable a character as to render the construction of a railway well-nigh impracticable. From this time forward the project, as a Government measure, was allowed to remain in abeyance. After a time, private enterprise accomplished what the Government had practically abandoned.

Californian capitalists took up the project, and commenced work on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Congress then came to the aid of the undertaking and granted liberal subsidies both in lands and money. In an inconceivably short time the road was built and equipped, and San Francisco was placed within seven days' journey from New York.

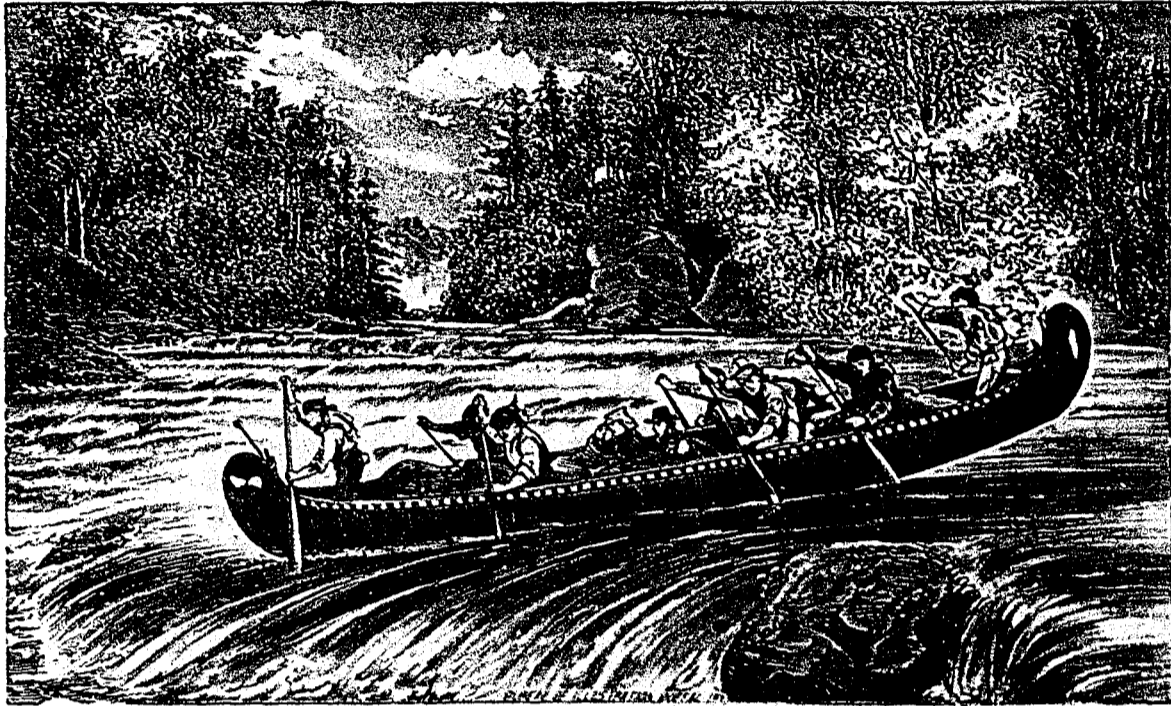
Meanwhile, what was being done on our side of the boundary line? It may be premised, at the outset of this enquiry, that the notion of building a railway from ocean to ocean within British territory is a matter of very modern date. Twenty years ago, however, the project of constructing a road of some kind across the

## II.

At the time when British Columbia became part of the Dominion, it was agreed that within ten years thereafter a line of railway should be constructed from the Pacific Ocean to a point of junction with the existing railway systems in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The union, as we have seen, was consummated on the 20th of July, 1871. Surveying parties were at once sent out, and in April, 1872, their reports were presented to the Canadian House of Commons. In the following summer Mr. Sandford Fleming, the Chief Engineer, started on a tour of inspection across the continent. He was attended by a staff of assistants, among whom

are at an end. The sun sets, as if sinking into an ocean; at the same moment the full moon rises behind us, and under her mellow light Lake Superior is entered. Those who have never seen Superior get an inadequate, even inaccurate, idea by hearing it spoken of as a 'lake,' and to those who have sailed over its vast extent the word sounds ludicrous. Though its waters are fresh and crystal, Superior is a sea. It breeds storms, and rain, and fogs, like the sea. It is cold in mid-summer as the Atlantic. It is wild, masterful, and dreaded as the Black Sea."

On the 21st of July the expedition entered Nipigon Bay, the largest, safest, and most beautiful harbour on Lake Superior. This bay is shut off from the lake by several islands that seem to have been set there on purpose to act as breakwaters against the mighty waves of the lake; while inside are other islands which break the force of the waves of the bay itself. Of the scenery around we are informed that "There is nothing like it elsewhere in Ontario. Entering from the east we pass up a broad strait, and can soon take our choice of deep and capacious channels, formed by the bold ridges of the islands that stud the bay. Bluffs, from three hundred to one thousand feet high, rise up from the waters, some of them bare from lake to summit, others clad with graceful balsams. On the mainland, sloping and broken hills stretch far away, and the deep shadows that rest on them bring out the most distant in clear and full relief. The time will come when the wealthy men of our great North-West will have their summer residences on these hills and shores; nor could the heart of man desire more lovely sites." Next day the steamer arrived at Thunder Bay, of the entrance to which we give an illustration. But the author's best powers of description are reserved



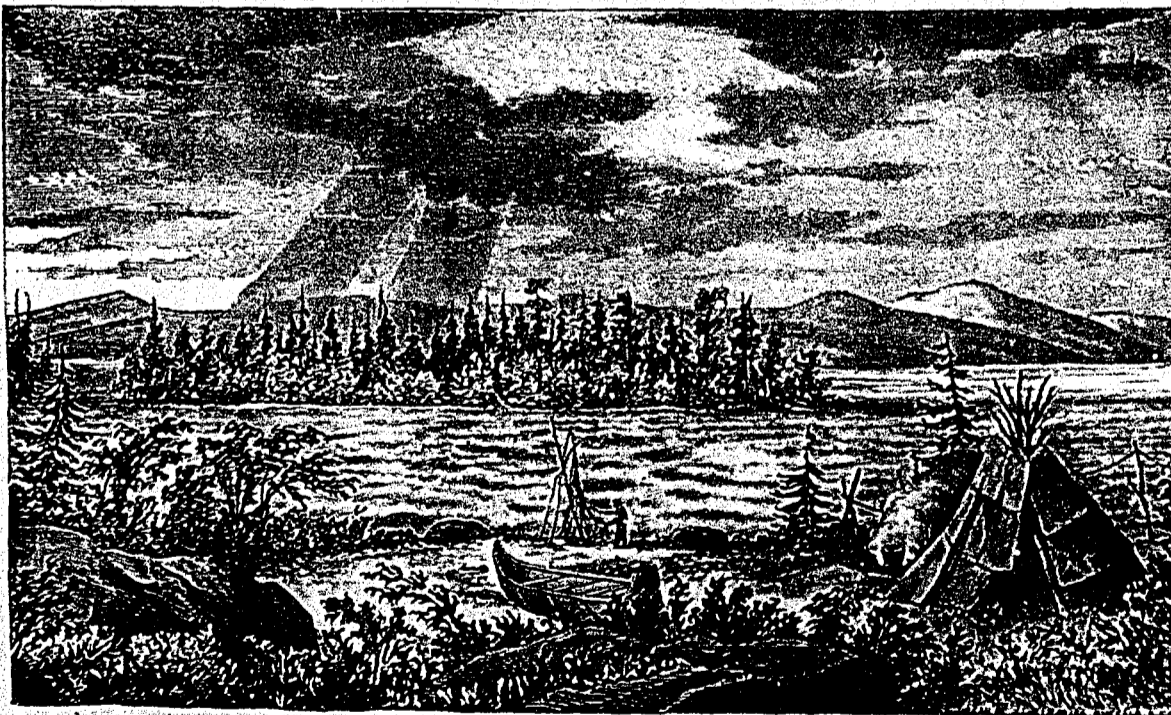
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

continent was considered. In 1857, the Imperial Government sent out an expedition under Capt. Palliser to explore the country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. Capt. Palliser's instructions were to ascertain whether any practicable pass or passes available for horses existed across the Rocky Mountains within British territory, and south of what was known as the Boat Encampment Pass. After spending some time in explorations, the Captain's report was decidedly adverse. He expressed his conviction "that a line of communication across the continent through British territory was inadvisable," and that "the time had for ever gone by for effecting such an object." The Imperial Government printed Capt. Palliser's journal, and apparently thought no

was Mr. Grant himself, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of Secretary. The party left Toronto on the 16th of July, 1872, and reached Victoria, B.C., on the 9th of October following. Mr. Grant's journal kept during the interval forms the groundwork of the present volume.

On the third day after leaving Toronto, the expedition arrived at St. Marie River, which leads up to Lake Superior, and forms the boundary line between Canada and the United States. The author gives a description of the Sault Ste. Marie; also an engraving of it, which we have transferred to these columns. From the time of reaching the entrance to Lake Superior Mr. Grant's descriptions begin to be attractive. We are informed that "The

for his first experience of shooting the rapids of the Maligne River, of which he says: "To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood. The excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare-ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls, which end off in white, boiling cauldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks underneath. On the brink of the inclined plane the motion is so quiet that you think the canoe pauses for an instant. The captain is at the bow—a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of the captain's wrist, at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and straight and swift as an arrow the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it; then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a race-horse. The waves boil up at the side, threatening to engulf her, but except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in, and as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths and hope that another rapid is near."



SAULT STE. MARIE. (FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.)

more of the matter. Had British America remained in the same political condition as before Confederation we should probably have heard nothing of a Canadian Pacific Railway down to the present time. But Confederation infused new life and new spirit into the country. The separate Colonies of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, became the Dominion of Canada. Two years afterwards the Hudson Bay Company's rights to the North-West were brought up; and on the 20th of July, 1871, British Columbia entered the Confederacy. "And thus," says Mr. Grant, "the whole mainland of British America became one political State under the aegis of the Empire."

scene" (i.e., of the entrance to the lake) "is well worthy the approach to the grandest lake on the globe. Overhead the sky is clear and blue, but the sun has just emerged from huge clouds which are emptying their buckets in the west. Immediately around is a placid sea, with half a dozen steamers and three-masted schooners at different points. And now the clouds, massed together, rush to meet us, as if in response to our rapid movement towards them, and envelop us in a squall and fierce driving rain, through which we see the sun setting, and lighting up now with deep yellow and then with crimson glory the fragments of clouds left behind by the heavy columns. In ten minutes the storm passes over us to the east, our sky clears as if by magic, and wind and rain

Fort Garry was reached on the 1st of August. After a brief stay here the expedition secured the services of a French half-breed as guide across the plains to Fort Carlton, on the North Saskatchewan. The party set forth on the 2nd, with a cavalcade consisting of six Red River wooden carts, in which were stowed the tents, baggage, and provisions; a horse to each cart; and three drivers, one of them the cook for the party; two buckboards; saddle horses, and a pack of eighteen horses to relieve at intervals those on active duty. This imposing display was not merely for show. The caravan, we are informed, is as necessary in traversing the vast prairies of the North-West as in crossing the deserts of Africa. The day after leaving Fort Garry the party encountered a storm on the prairie which gave the author



an opportunity for some graphic description. "On the open prairie, when just well away from the Hudson Bay Company's store, we saw that we were in for a storm. Every form of beauty was combined in the sky at this time. To the south it was such blue as Titian loved to paint; blue, that those who have seen only dull English skies say is nowhere to be seen but on canvas or in heaven; and the blue was bordered to the west with vast billowy mountains of the fleeciest white. Next to these and right ahead of us and overhead, was a swollen black cloud, along the under surface of which greyer masses were eddying at a terrific rate. Extending from this, and all around the north and east, the expanse was a dun-coloured mass, livid with lightning, and there, to the right, and behind us, torrents of rain were pouring, and nearing us every moment. The atmosphere was charged with electricity on all sides, lightning rushed towards the earth in straight and zigzag currents, and the thunder varied from the sharp rattle of musketry to the roar of artillery; still there was no rain and but little wind. We pressed on for a house, not far away; but there was to be no escape. With the suddenness of a tornado the wind struck us, at first without rain—but so fierce that the horses were forced again and again off the track. And now, with the wind came rain—thick and furious; and then hail—hail mixed with angular lumps of ice from half an inch to an inch across, a blow on the head from one of which was stunning. Our long line of horses and carts was broken. Some of the poor creatures clung to the road, fighting desperately; others were driven into the prairie, and turning their backs to the storm, stood still or moved sideways with cowering heads, their manes and long tails floating wildly like those of Highland shelties. It was a picture for Rosa Bonheur; the storm driving over the vast treeless prairie, and the men or horses yielding to or fighting against it. In half an hour we got under the shelter of the log house a mile distant; but the fury of the storm was past, and in less than an hour the sun burst forth again, scattering the clouds, till not a blot was left in the sky, save fragments of mist to the south and east."

III.

The party reached Fort Carlton in safety on the 16th of the month. With the exception of the brief storm so vividly described, the weather was delightful all the way from Fort Garry to Fort Carlton. The air throughout the day was delicious, flower-scented, and healthful, so that neither horse nor rider was warm after a ride of fifteen or twenty miles. The nights were cool enough to make the blankets welcome, but not cool enough to occasion any discomfort. Each day was like a picnic. Not a case of sickness was heard of at any of the settlers' houses on the route. The agricultural features of the country are freely commented on, and always with favour. The various advantages and disadvantages of settlement are treated of at some length, but many of the author's remarks have become effete during the four years which have passed since they were written.

Only a few hours were spent at Fort Carlton, where the expedition parted company with Emilien, the half-breed guide who had been engaged at Fort Garry. On the 17th the journey was continued along the upward course of the Saskatchewan, in the direction of Fort Edmonton, which is situated about nine hundred miles from Fort Garry, and which was reached on the 27th. A day was spent here, and then the westward march was resumed. In less than a fortnight the Rocky Mountains came in sight. Under date of September 10th, we find the following entry:—"Few thought of plants to-day, or of anything but the mountains that stood in massive grandeur, thirty miles ahead, but on account of the morning light, in which every point came out clear, seemingly just on the other side of each new patch of wood or bit of prairie before us. They rose bold and abrupt five or six thousand feet from the wooded country at their feet—the western verge of the plains, the elevation of which was over 3,000 feet additional above the sea—and formed in long unbroken line across our path, save where cleft in the centre down to their very feet, by the chasm that the Athabasca long ago forced or found for itself. 'There are no Rocky Mountains' has been the remark of many a disappointed traveller by the Union and Central Pacific Railways. The remark will never be made by those who travel on the Canadian

Pacific. There was no ambiguity about these being mountains, nor about where they commenced. The line was defined, and the scarp as clear, as if they had been hewn and chiselled for a fortification. The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, the Roch à Myette, immediately behind the first line, reared a great solid unbroken tube, two thousand feet high, a 'forehead bare,' twenty times higher than Ben An's; and before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped deep, and corries far down, where formerly the wood buffalo, and the elk, and

fare as compared with Kamloops beef, and adds:—"After a few samples at breakfast, we were willing to subscribe to all that had ever been said in favour of bunch-grass as feed for the cattle of kings. Mealy potatoes, eggs, and other luxuries that need not be mentioned, lest those who never knew want should scorn our simple annals, explained satisfactorily the process by which Dr. Cheadle added forty-one pounds to his weight in a three weeks' stay at Kamloops."

They left Kamloops on the 30th of September, and reached New Westminster on the 4th of October. From here the route to the head of Bute Inlet, and from thence to Victoria, Van-

at length in these columns. After a stay of five days there the party started on their way homeward, *via* San Francisco. On the morning of the 16th they breakfasted at the Lick House, San Francisco. Ten days afterwards, that is to say, on the 26th, they breakfasted at home in Ottawa; but that both of these breakfasts were eaten on a Saturday, as stated in the text, is something that requires explanation, in view of the fact that there was a lapse of ten days between them.

We conclude with a brief quotation from the appendix already referred to:—"The brief review that has been now given is enough to show that progress is being made in connection with the great work of the colonization of the North-West and the construction of the work that is to bind all Canada together with links of steel from Ocean to Ocean, and that there are good grounds for hoping that, as difficulties are cleared out of the way, the progress shall be at an increasingly rapid rate. Four years is not a long period in the history of a country; and to hasten surely, it is necessary to hasten slowly. The present rate is rapid enough to satisfy reasonable expectations. And the writer believes that the growth of true national feeling throughout every part of our wide-extended glorious Dominion—unattended possibly with as many ebullitions of sentiment as some would like—more than corresponds to the material progress we are making, and that every Canadian, while legitimately cherishing pride in the past and present, may look forward confidently to the future of his country."

A GREAT DINNER.—"Come and dine with me one day," said the incomparable Alexis Soyer to us, "and I will show you that, with all the diversity of tastes that may exist among men, there are laws in the art which all alike should respect. There is really but one method worth observing. Select

the guests, and take care that we form a party of eight—not one more or less. Let them be varied in character, and all capable of gastronomic enjoyment." We met at Soyer's own parlor at the Reform Club. The party consisted of an artist, an author, a soldier, a lord, a parson, Soyer, and myself. The first five were all men of note in the world of art and letters. The parson was more famous as an *arbitrator elegantiarum* than as a divine. The peculiarity of the dinner consisted in the appearance of only one dish at a time and the total absence of knives and salt. The joints, the poultry, even the puddings and cakes, came on the table apparently in their original integrity; but we soon found that they had been sliced and separated and put together so that our host had nothing to do but take out slices with his fork and send them round to his guests. And so very tender were the viands that knives were needless, and so savory that salt was a superfluity. We had eight or nine courses, and a different wine for each course, if you chose to take it. There was harmony in this arrangement, and there was perfect harmony among the feeders at the banquet. Toward its close a stimulated ham was brought in: we protested against it, as we had had meat enough. "N'importe—cut through it," said Soyer. Shirley Brooks, the author, seized a knife, and lo! the ham proved to be a sponge-cake filled with ice-cream and candied fruits. It was a charming and pardonable deception. We rose from the table at one A.M., and adjourned—to the kitchen—to superintend the broiling and devilling the bones of a turkey. (*Mm.*—In the present stage of the science, only drink hot whiskey-punch with devilled bones.) Not one guest had a headache the next day. The dinner, in its simplicity, quiet unpretentiousness and perfect execution, was a model to be remembered. It indicates in little the true method for success in the great.

A SERVANT girl hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates for the supposed visitors.

PHOSFOZONE

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisaya and the OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success. Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MEROER & CO., Montreal.



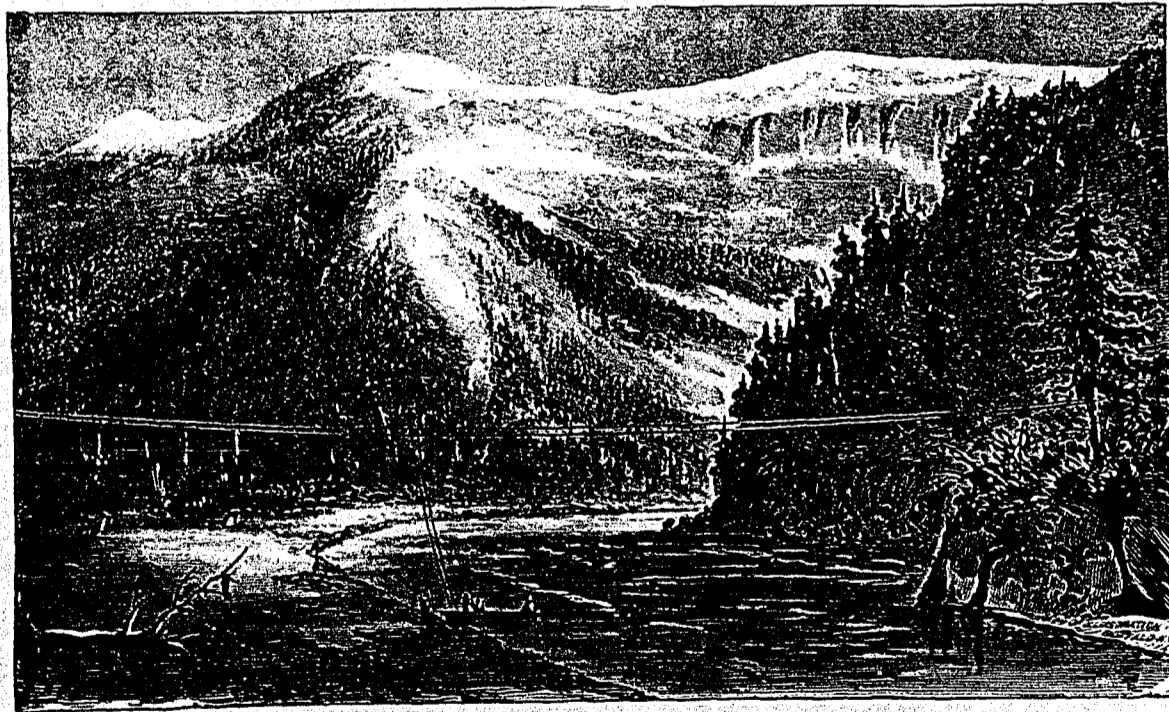
FORT EDMONTON.

now the moose, bighorn, and bear find shelter. There was nothing fantastic about the mountain forms. Everything was imposing. And these, too, were ours; an inheritance as precious, if not as plentiful in corn and milk, as the rich plains they guarded. For mountains elevate the mind, and give an inspiration of courage and dignity to the hardy races who own them and who breathe their atmosphere.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God,  
Thou hast made our spirits mighty  
With the touch of the mountain soil.

The scene had its effect on the whole party. As we wound in Indian file along the sinuous trail

cover's Island, was by steamer. When at the head of Bute Inlet the magnificent scenery at and near the mouth of the Hamathco rose in sight, and caused the author to long for an opportunity of landing and ascending the river. For this, however, there was no time, and he was fain to content himself with accounts of the scenery at second-hand. One of these is descriptive of the canyons, 31 miles from the head of the Inlet, immediately above the rope ferry depicted in the accompanying engraving. Thus it runs:—"The scene here is awfully sublime. The towering rocks, thousands of feet high; serrated and broken by dark chasms; far above these again the snow-clad peaks, con-



THE HAMATHCO BELOW THE DEFILE.

that led across grassy basfonds under the shadow of the mountains that were still a day's journey distant, not a word was heard, nor a cry to the horses for the first half-hour."

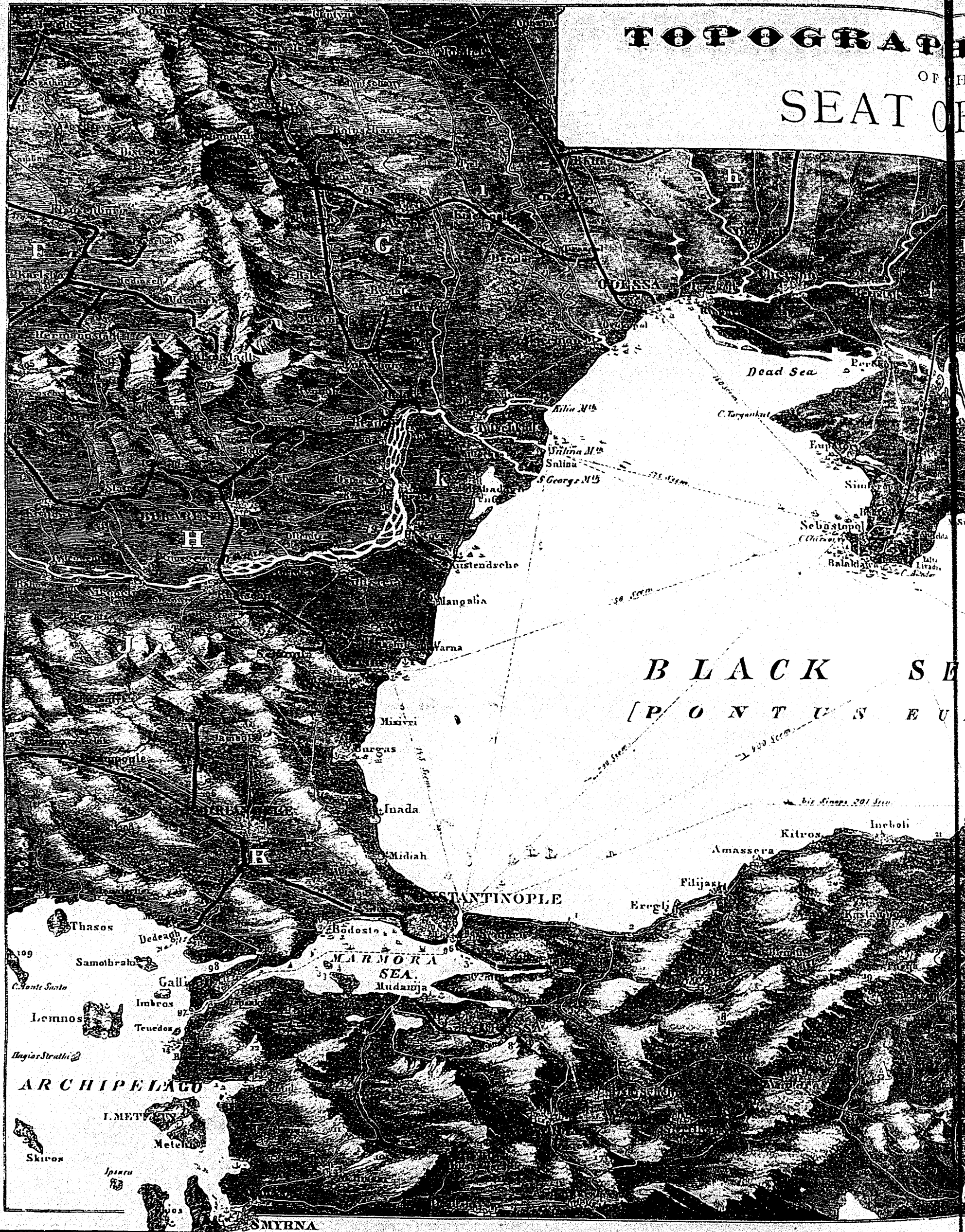
The expedition journeyed through Yellow Head Pass to the North Thompson River, and from thence to Kamloops, enjoying a constant succession of scenic panorama by the way. Kamloops was reached on the 28th of September, and the party once more enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in real beds and under a rafted roof. The author waxed eloquent in his praise of the celebrated beef of this district, and thereby proves that all his choice epithets have not been exhausted by his previous descriptions of the splendid scenery along the route. He pronounced turtle-soup out of a gold spoon meagre

connected by huge glaciers, out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades; and in a deep gorge beneath, a mountain torrent—whirling, boiling, roaring, and huge boulders always in motion, muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. But with all this wildness, there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice, to the base of the snow-clad peaks were clumps of ever-green trees, and lower down, wherever a handful of soil could rest, it was sprinkled with wild flowers, amongst which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley."

Victoria, which was reached by the expedition on the 9th of October, has recently been described



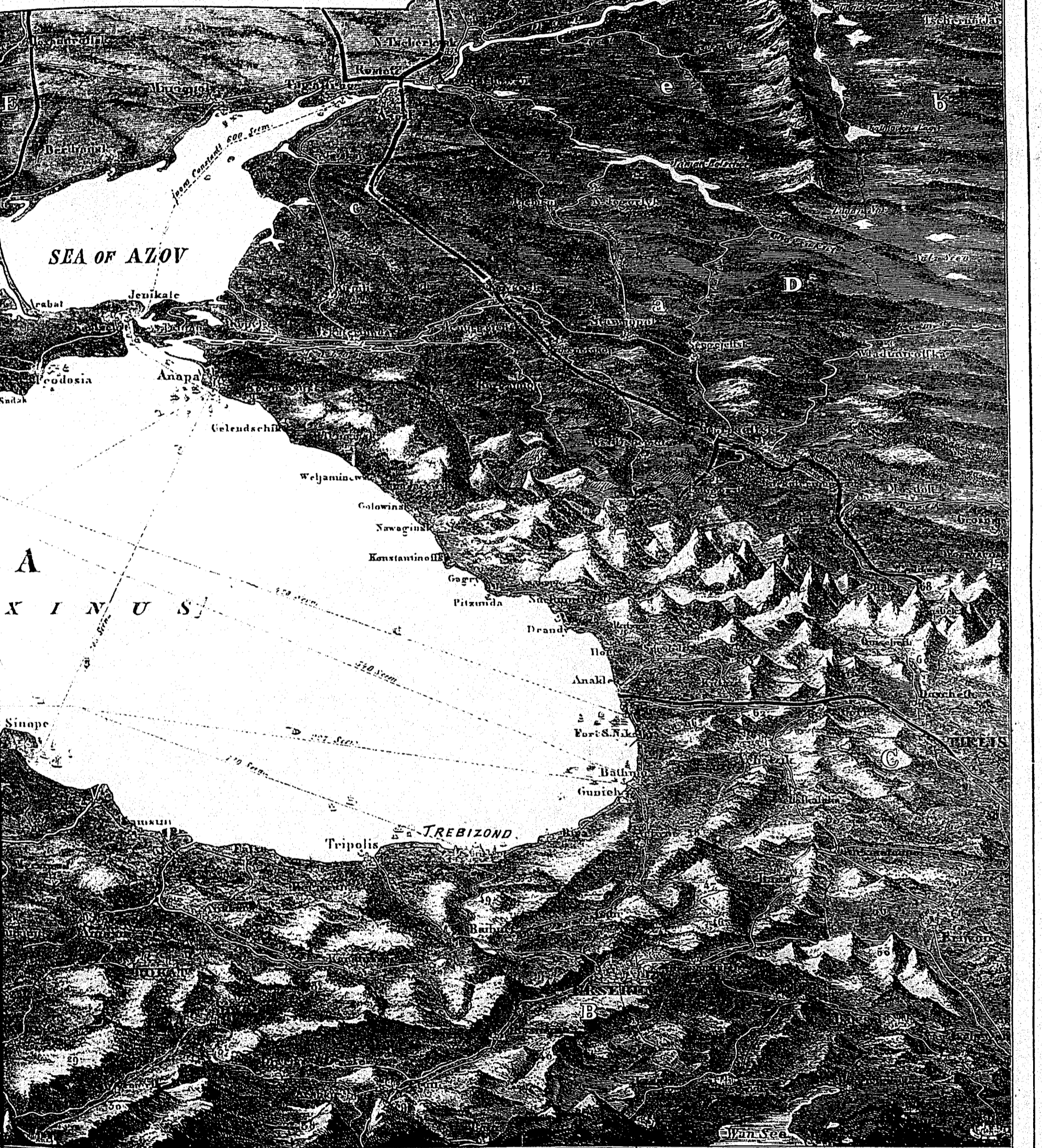
# TOPOGRAPHY OF THE SEAT OF



- |  |                         |                     |                       |                       |                      |                         |                            |                    |             |
|--|-------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------|-------------|
| <b>ASIATIC TURKEY.</b>                 |                         | 5 Aidin.            | 14 Beskabal.          | 23 Dauran.            | 32 Kneh-Ilissar.     | 41 Kolb-Mountains.      | 50 Agri-Mountains (Ararat) | 55 Sadarak.        | 64 Muri.    |
| <b>A. and B. Anatolia and Armenia.</b> |                         | 6 Sufurlu.          | 15 Kap-Baba.          | 24 Baaira.            | 33 Kotania.          | 42 Tattosa.             | 51 Rarabunar.              | 56 Ebene of Irwan. | 65 Kasbek.  |
| 1 Kirveh.                              | 7 Muallitsh.            | 16 Tischindiriltu.  | 25 Silah.             | 25 Silah.             | 34 Tachehatschembeh. | 43 Karakulak.           | 52 Kagysman.               | 57 Deltsehan.      | 66 Naabek.  |
| 2 Milan.                               | 8 Kesesh-Mountains.     | 17 Emir-Mountains.  | 26 Kilar.             | 26 Kilar.             | 35 Sabag.            | 44 Usekkala.            | 53 Maku.                   | 58 Astanbegli.     | 67 Harbala. |
| 3 Princess Island.                     | 9 Urus-Mountains.       | 18 Allah-Mountains. | 27 Kspukoi.           | 27 Kspukoi.           | 36 Ballachor.        | 45 Tortom.              | 54 Piterkrek.              | 59 The White Town. | 68 Kasbek.  |
| 4 Marmora Island.                      | 10 Demirdsch-Mountains. | 19 Kuzeh-Mountains. | 28 Bojakakoi.         | 28 Bojakakoi.         | 37 Ulasch.           | 46 Oltai.               | 55 RUSSIAN EMPIRE.         | 60 Paanar.         | 69 Euxan.   |
|  | 11 Kodsch-Mountains.    | 20 Alpar-Mountains. | 29 Ak-Mountains.      | 29 Ak-Mountains.      | 38 Gol-Mountains.    | 47 Dschaldir-Mountains. | 56 TRANS-CAUCASUS          | 61 Suron.          | 70 Eibru.   |
|  | 12 Mount Id.            | 21 Kasarildi.       | 30 Changir-Mountains. | 30 Changir-Mountains. | 39 Munsar-Mountains. | 48 Artshan.             | 57 (GEORGIA.)              | 62 Scharapanl.     | 71 Moryeb.  |
|  | 13 Ruins of Troy.       | 22 Kargu.           | 31 Karabel-Mountains. | 31 Karabel-Mountains. | 40 Blngol-Mountains. | 49 Kolat-Mountains.     |                            | 63 Orbeh.          | 72 Nlain.   |



# PHYSICAL MAP OF THE THEATRE OF WAR.



- |   |  |  |  |   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|--|---|--|--|---|
| <p><b>D. CIS-CAUCASUS.</b><br/>         a Province of Stavropol.<br/>         b Province of Astrakhan.<br/>         c Land of the Cossacks of the White Sea.<br/> <b>E. SOUTH-RUSSIA.</b><br/>         e Land of the Cossacks of the Don.</p> | <p>f Province of Tauris.<br/>         d The Krim Peninsula.<br/>         e Province of the Chernomese.<br/>         g Bessarabia.<br/> <b>AUSTRIA.</b><br/> <b>F. THE SEVEN-MOUNTAINS.</b></p> | <p><b>TURKEY IN EUROPE.</b><br/> <b>G. II. ROUMANIA.</b><br/>         73 Turua.<br/>         74 Karakal.<br/>         75 Tirachora.<br/>         76 Siljawa.<br/>         77 Oblieschl.<br/>         78 Kalnarsch.</p> | <p>79 Futeschl.<br/>         80 Barduschani.<br/>         81 Wladent.<br/>         82 Stobotsola.<br/>         83 Rosteschil.<br/>         84 Gorpenl.<br/>         85 Kimpina.<br/>         86 Paschana.<br/>         87 Tekusch.</p> | <p>88 Watslus.<br/>         89 Tirlgul-Formos.<br/>         90 The Temoss Pass.<br/>         91 Butschets Mount.<br/>         92 Rodza Pass.<br/>         93 The Pitsoz Pass.<br/>         94 The Red Tower Pass.<br/>         95 The Balkan Pass.<br/> <b>I. BULGARIA.</b></p> | <p><b>K. KUMELIA.</b><br/>         96 The Bosphorus and Golden Horn.<br/>         97 The Dardanelles.<br/>         98 The Gulf of Saxos.<br/>         99 Kadikoi.<br/>         100 Sarak.<br/>         101 Kirkkillsseh.</p> | <p>102 Umur Fakil.<br/>         103 Ardos.<br/>         104 Oglu Basaritschyk.<br/>         105 Demir Kapu, or the Iron Gate.<br/>         106 Tronowa.<br/>         107 Hisaritschyk, or the Gate of Trajan.<br/>         108 Arda.</p> | <p>109 Mount Athos.<br/>         110 Ostrowo.<br/>         111 Plewna.<br/>         112 Tschernawoda.<br/>         113 Matschia.<br/>         114 Isakscha.<br/>         115 Ruins of the Trajan Wall.<br/>         116 Kabadagh.</p> |
|---|--|--|--|---|--|--|---|



## DEATH'S STING.

BY THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN.

Far in the depths of everlasting night  
I wander now;  
For nameless sorrow dwelleth in my sight,  
And on my brow.

II.

The demon grief hath built a lifetime throne,  
And reigns supreme;  
Mocking with plaintive sigh and soul-born moan,  
My once sweet theme.

III.

With me life's naughty sea is one great sigh,  
And on the shore  
The waves dash low and mournful, with the cry  
Of "nevermore."

IV.

Then ask me not where all my joy hath flown,  
Or why it fled,  
But let me, now, go on my way—alone!  
For she is dead.

Ontario.

## A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A close cab laden with luggage drove up to Euston Station in time for the 7.30 A. M. train for the north. While the porters surrounded the boxes, the occupants of the cab passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. They were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating travelling costume of blue serge and fur, and an elderly woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse.

"Sit here, and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket; now mind you don't stir," and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard, with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, miss."

"No, no; I must wait," and Edith, who was quite unused to travelling, grasped her bag and did not move. The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, Miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train'll be off in another minute." Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud aggressive bell began to ring. Edith started up; she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bag, umbrella-case, loose shawl, and provision basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load, when Jenkins came back very hot and flurried, seized half the packages, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage, and put her in.

"No hurry, ma'am," he said; "four minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith, leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let you go all alone like this, passes me; but I have spoken to the guard and written to the station-master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid, my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope uncle John, as I have never seen uncle George."

"Everything you want, miss?" said an extra porter. "I have put in all the rugs and a hot-water-tin, and the luggage is all right in the van just behind."

"All right, all right!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the porter, pocketing a shining half-crown.

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage!"

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr. George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly. Edith started forward. "Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't, sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! It's—it's my niece!"

The train began to move.

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in time, and Edith, as excited as Mr. George, seized him with both hands by the coat-sleeve, and pulled him in with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

Mr. George sat down opposite to Edith with a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad to see you, uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear." The "my dear" sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him. She had not expected uncle to be so young in appearance; but she had often heard her mother say that he was the youngest-looking man of his age she had ever known; and now she quite agreed,—for though she knew him to be really about fifty-eight years of age, he might from his appearance be taken for five-and-twenty, or even less. He was remarkably good-looking—more so than she had ex-

pected—and his eyes looked very young, and frank, and blue. There was a twinkle in them also; she was sure that he was fond of fun. Edith felt quite fond of her uncle; she was not one bit afraid of him—his face was so open, and good, and kindly.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and baskets into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears!" he said. "She looks like a young dairy-maid."

"Oh!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the store-room."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forgot her age; but the fact was I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she always was so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean! Oh! by the by, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George, dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie! was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am so sorry, uncle George," she said, sweetly. "If I had known that you had lost them both, I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor aunt Maria, too! Oh, I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perpetually," said Edith, her voice still a little choked.

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, warmest-hearted, sweetest dispositioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer, and a loyal, true-hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—I am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, yes, he is all that," said he, with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith, confused.

"My father—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George! he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so—I do not want to pain you."

"I like to hear you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And had he no faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was conceited."

"No, no," said Uncle George, hastily; "he never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never conceited."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to knowing him."

"Had you really?"

"Yes; I never had a companion of my own age. Do tell me, shall I like my cousins at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them; do you mean Uncle John's daughters, or his step-children?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, abhor Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adorable one, is she?" said Edith, laughing; "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"Oh no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetness of an angel and the courage of a martyr; she is not in the least pretty."

"Oh, what a trial! always on the sofa?"

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he, suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes; I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter, in which she told you that I was to be eighteen to-morrow?"

"No; it must have been late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the trains and things."

"Oh, ah! that letter! oh, of course, that is

all right. I don't—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I will tell you one version of my story. Mamma being papa's widow, and papa having been the eldest son, had to leave Hatton when I was born and turned out to be a stupid little girl; and she went abroad because she was so delicate, and became a Roman Catholic."

"Holloa!"

"What is it, Uncle George?"

"You are not one, I hope?"

Edith looked rather indignant. "It is very odd of you to say that," she said, "when you know as well as I do all that you did about it; indeed I shall never forget your kindness. I was very unhappy when mamma wanted me to change; and Uncle John's letters and all Aunt Maria wrote made it worse than ever, only your letters made all smooth; and mamma was so much touched by the one you wrote to her about papa's trust in her, and my not being hers only, and all that, that, indeed, I have always loved you—you have seemed to me like my own dear father."

"I am very glad, my dear child, and I hope that in future you will be guided by my advice."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George, for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit, or been for one week away from home. Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! Do my cousins ride?"

"Yes, a great deal; are you fond of it?"

"I love it; there is nothing in the world to me like a good gallop. Ah, it was the greatest trial of all my life when Queen Mab was sold!"

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up of myself, because it made her so nervous."

"What else do you care for?—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There are to be two at Hatton next week, and you must promise me the first valse at each."

"Do you valse?"

"Oh yes. You see I am not such an old fogey as you expected."

"No; nobody would believe you to be fifty-eight, except for one thing."

"What is that?"

But Edith blushed and would not answer.

"You need not mind, child—I never was at all sensitive; and alas! now my memory is not what it was."

"That's it," said Edith, eagerly; "only I did not like to say it. Here we are at a station."

It was now ten o'clock; Uncle George bought the "Times" and the "Daily News," and they both began to read. About twelve o'clock the pangs of hunger began to assail Edith, and she exclaimed—

"Uncle George, it is only twelve o'clock, and I must eat to live."

"I have been existing merely for the last hour with the greatest difficulty, but I have got nothing wherewith to refresh exhausted nature; I calculated on a bun at Carlisle."

"Hours hence! No, I am amply provided. Will you have beef or chicken sandwiches, or cold partridge or what?"

They made a very good lunch, and uncle and niece grew hourly better acquainted.

"I believe we ought to look out of the window," said he presently. "My father said that the country about here was quite beautiful."

"That must have been before the days of railways," said Edith, gravely. "Those coaching days must have been quite delightful."

"They were."

"Mamma has told me about that extraordinary adventure you and papa had on the Aberdeen coach."

"It was extraordinary."

"Papa caught the branch of a tree, did he not?"

"Yes; and do you remember what I did?"

"You jumped out just as the coach upset, and sat on all the horses' heads."

"And a most uneasy seat it must have been; and did Uncle Arthur—I mean your papa—remain suspended in mid-air?"

"No, he swung into the tree. I have often heard of your climbing exploits, and that when you were young you could climb any tree."

"I have not lost the power," said Uncle George stretching himself. "Holloa!"

"What is the matter?" said Edith startled.

"Nothing—nothing—sit still!"

But she followed the direction of his eyes. The train (a very long one) was going round a sharp curve, they were in one of the last carriages, and to her horror and terror, she saw about a hundred yards in front of the train, a whole herd of cows on and off the line—two or three frantically galloping.

All heads are stretched out of the windows, clamouring tongues and even cries resounded from the other carriages, but neither Edith or George uttered a sound, only she put back her hand and caught his; he seized it very tightly in the suspense, knowing well that a terrible accident might be impending. It was hardly a second, but it seemed a lifetime. The frantic cattle rushed off the line in a body, all but one unfortunate beast. The guards put on the very heaviest brakes, but the impetus was so great that the slackening was hardly percep-

tible. It may have been fortunate that it was so, for instead of upsetting the train, the cow was tossed off the line utterly destroyed, and the engine rushed on in safety.

George and Edith sat down opposite to each other; both were very pale.

"Thank God!" said Edith, and she covered her face with one hand. George did not speak, but he took off his cap and looked out of the window for one minute.

"Now I shall give you some sherry," he said suddenly. "You are the pluckiest little brick I ever came across. Any other girl would have screamed."

"I never scream," said Edith, indignantly; "and I don't want any sherry."

"I am your uncle, and I say you are to have some—drink it up."

"I hate wine," said she giving back the flask.

"There, good child to do as you are told."

At the next station a perfect crowd of passengers was waiting for the up-train. A great file was going on in the next town for the visit of some royal personage, and the train was filled to overflowing. Presently the civil guard came up to the special carriage and said most deprecatingly that there was one gentleman, who couldn't find a place anywhere; and as he was only going to the next station, would they admit him for that twenty minutes. Uncle George consented very discontentedly, and very grudgingly moved his long legs to admit of the entry of a very stout old gentleman, who sat heavily down, and received into his ample lap a perfect pile of packages and baskets, and a brace of hares, and a rabbit tied by the legs which he had dexterously suspended by a string round his neck.

"Not worth while, indeed, my dear madam," he said, as Edith began to make room for his things. "Only twenty minutes—no inconvenience, I assure you."

The heavily-weighted train moved off. The old gentleman now began a series of playful bows which made the hares and rabbits dance up and down.

"It really was too good of you to admit an old fogey like me," he said blandly; "for of course with half an eye I can see the tender situation."

A deep growl from Uncle George. He gave a little start and went on to himself—

"Sweet young couple—just wedded, eh?"

Edith felt half choked with laughter, but she managed to say convulsively—

"Will you give me my book, Uncle George?"

The old gentleman started, cocked his head as a blackbird does when he perceives a very fat worm, and muttered—

"Impossible!"

Edith and George were wrapped in their respective novels. The old gentleman fidgeted, sighed, and arranged his features into a most sanctimonious expression. There was dead silence till he reached the station, where he descended. The departure bell was ringing, when his head suddenly reappeared at the window, the rabbit streaming wildly from the back of his neck.

"My children," he said, "take my advice—go back to your friends. This— A little shriek ended his discourse; the train was going on; and he, being borne along on the step involuntarily, two stout porters rushed to the rescue and lifted him off. Edith and George laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"I could eat again with a little persuasion," said George, presently.

"Why, what o'clock is it?"

"Just five, and we shall not get in till eight-thirty. Remember that we had our luncheon at twelve."

"Very well." And they proceeded to eat.

The sun had gone down, and the whole sky was gorgeous with gold and crimson light, on which great black clouds floated prophetically.

"What a grand sky!" said Edith.

"Magnificent! Nowhere does one see such clouds as in England."

"Were you very fond of India?"

"Of course I am; my work lies there, my hopes, my future."

Edith looked astonished. "I should have thought," she said, "that you would have been content to rest at home; but I admire you for loving work. Shall you go out again?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances. It would be a great grief to me to give up my profession."

"It is very odd, but I certainly think that mamma told me you had given up your profession."

"She was mistaken," said Uncle George, shortly.

"I have often longed to go to India," cried Edith.

"Have you?" said George very eagerly.

"Oh yes, beyond anything; life there gives everybody a chance. I mean, heroic men and great characters are formed in India, and men have great responsibilities and development for quite a different class of most desirable qualities there."

"That is quite true; and you are just the sort of woman to help a man do anything."

"I am so glad you think so, Uncle George," she said, laughing and blushing.

At seven o'clock they reached a very large station, where the train had half an hour to wait. They got a cup of tea, and then both

being rather cold, they began to walk vigorously up and down to the very end of the terminus. It was quite dark at the far end, and they stood side by side, looking into the mouth of the great station with its mighty arch. Trains rushed past, or heavily moved away with a harsh, discordant whistle. Great red lamps loomed out of the darkness like dragon's eyes. George drew Edith hastily on one side that she might not be struck by the chain of a huge cart-horse which passed close by them, on its way to bring up a coal-truck. It was very cold and they stamped up and down, and George enjoyed a fragrant cigar.

"Take your seats!" shouted the porter. "Take your seats!" And they resumed their places. "Them's a bride and bridegroom," said a stout country-woman to a friend; and the loud guttural "Lor!" with which the news was received reached the ears of the travellers.

A blazing lamp was in the carriage, and under its yellow light Edith tried to read.

"Don't read, Edith," said the young uncle, suddenly. "Talk instead."

She shut up her book. "To tell you the truth, Uncle George," she said, "we are getting so near that I am beginning to feel ridiculously nervous."

He looked at his watch and suddenly started.

"So late," he said. "We shall be there in ten minutes."

"Oh!"

"And the fact is," he began, restlessly fidgeting; "the fact is—ah—ah—I have got a confession to make to you."

"To me! Oh, Uncle George!"

"Hang Uncle George!"

Edith looked startled beyond measure.

"The fact is, Edith, I am not my father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am my son."

"But he is dead."

"No, no; only, what was a fellow to say when you pressed me so hard? I am your cousin George!"

"Oh!"

"And we have been such friends, you won't be angry? Are you vexed, Edith?" and he took both her hands.

"No; only astonished. I think—on the whole, I am rather glad."

"That's all right; for do you know, Edith, I seem to have known you for years! You have shown to-day every good quality a woman can possibly possess."

"Don't spoil me by such sayings."

"And Edith, dear Edith, do you know—confound it! here we are!—only this, I should like to go on travelling with you, like this, for ever and ever—and—"

"Hatton! Hatton! tickets, please. Hatton!"

"Here, Jones! take Miss Edith's bag. Is the carriage up?"

"And a cart? there is a heap of luggage."

"All right, sir."

"Come along, Edith! here we are, and my father is in the carriage."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WOMAN'S PROVINCE.—The Isle of Man.

A BABY, says a French writer, is an angel whose wings decrease as its legs increase.

BALTIMORE wants an Exhibition of Infants! That's right. Give the poor little things a show.

A HOTEL is advertised as "kept by the widow of Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

It is very natural for a fellow to appear oblivious of the presence of the girl who "jilted" him, especially if she has a new beau on her arm.

If in company with a dear, sweet creature of the weaker sex, never ask her to change a \$10 bill for you, should you want to buy ice cream for both.

Go to bed immediately after eating a hearty supper of fried clams, and you might dream that a bewitching mermaid was lavishing caresses upon you.

Never elevate your eyebrows in astonishment at the maximum, but rather compress them in perplexity with the minimum of your wife's shopping bills.

WHAT IS LOVE?—An American Johnson is ready with the definition: "A prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

THERE are times in every married man's life when prudence dictates a policy of silence, and one of these is when his wife is trying to account for the cat tracks in the new mince pies.

SAID a faded belle to a fresh young rival. "You are having a great triumph to-night. I wonder what your enemies will say now?"—"I was just going to ask you!" was the keen retort.

"MIDNIGHT oil" is generally used as a practical assistant to the mind's studies; but it is often sadly, though necessarily consumed in anticipation of a husband's return to a wife's broomstick.

"MAMMA, have I any children?" asked a little creature six years old.—"Why, no; what put such a notion into your head?"—"Why, I

was reading to-day about children's children, but I s'pose it meant our dolls," replied the sage little one.

ROUND cornered collars will be worn by gentlemen this season, having superseded those with sharp points, and hereafter, a man will be able to call upon a girl to inquire after the health of her parents, without running the risk of putting out one of her eyes.

"I'm pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrown, that I shall now be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbour, Mrs. Jones."—"Oh, dear, doctor, I could not permit that! We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

HE will not visit her any more. The cat was asleep in a chair in the parlor, but he did not notice it until he sat down. The cat saw the mistake at the same time he did. The threads left in the cat's claws indicate that his pantaloons were all wool cloth, which must have cost \$2.50 per yard.

A NEW device in the use of flowers has just come into vogue in Paris. It is the wearing of a small bunch of natural flowers on the shoes, in place of the lace and ribbon rosettes of a few seasons ago. The favorites are primroses, yellow on one shoe, purple on the other, or mixed on both; violets are much worn, and daisies are just "coming in."

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Speaking of this Company, the London Review (Eng.) says:—"Amongst English Companies the Commercial Union may be considered a young institution, but we question whether there are many that will compare with it at the present moment for solidity and extent of business. In only fifteen years the Office has reached a point which places it amongst the leading insurance companies of the world. The Company is receiving not far short of one million sterling in annual income. This is compared to the age of the Company a colossal result to arrive at, and its business must have been conducted with the greatest prudence and sagacity to bear such fruits, and we trust before many years are passed to see it amongst the first three British offices in fire business alone."

The success in Canada has been equally progressive and deservedly popular with the business community, and such as to ensure a large increase in the future. The management for Eastern Canada is in the hands of Frederick Cole, Esq., to whose efforts and judicious foresight a large share of its success is attributable.

EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

LIFE INSURANCE commends itself to the mind of every man who has others dependent on him for maintenance and nurture. It is valueless unless secured beyond doubt in a safe and reliable company. In our paper to-day we publish the Seventeenth Annual Statement of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York. In the recent exhaustive examination of companies in that State, everything was done and nothing omitted by the Insurance Department and Committee which was necessary in presenting the financial and administrative condition of this large corporation. The result is given in a full, frank declaration of Superintendent Smyth, "That the Equitable possesses nearly thirty-two million dollars worth of assets, of which over five and a-half millions is surplus above all liabilities, and that every item of assets and liabilities has been conscientiously scrutinized"; and further, "That the result of the investigation shows the complete solvency of the Company, and that if the same energy and ability is displayed in its future management as in the past, a continuous course of solid prosperity is before it." Probably no other Company has ever before been subjected to such a complete investigation, which makes their victory the more signal and conspicuous, its solvency and sterling character being now placed beyond doubt. The success of the Canada branch of the Equitable, under the able management of R. W. Gale, Esq., of this city, has been a most prosperous one, and amongst its policyholders are many of the leading and most influential men in the Dominion.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

It is highly creditable to our city and the enterprise of its business men that the only firm in the Dominion who carried off the Canadian and American medals at the Centennial Exhibition for Ladies' costumes, was a Montreal establishment.

The house who carried this enviable distinction was that of Messrs. Brown & Claggett, of the Recollet House, where the medals are now on view. These gentlemen are bound in this special department to be equal to any and second to none in America.

From arrangements made at the leading fashion centres of Europe every change of style and novelty introduced can be simultaneously produced here. The best talent has been employed, and our fair readers of fashion can thus be enabled to have their orders executed in the latest and most finished style.

The range of choice in goods, patterns and prices are such as will undoubtedly meet the tastes and means of all classes of purchasers, and cause a large accession to their already extensive trade.

HUMOROUS.

APT to run in families—The man who takes tickets at the theatre.

ALWAYS take a rope into your room at the hotel. It may enable you to slide out even if there is no fire. A big board bill is just as bad as a conflagration.

"Is that a friend of yours?" asked a gentleman, pointing to a party who was sailing rapidly down street.—"Can't tell till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed; "I've just lent him a sovereign."

WHEN a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.

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

H. G. Thorne, P. Q.—Letter and problem received. The latter shall receive early attention.

Sigma.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.

J. W. S.—Letter received. Many thanks for the contents. The problem appears this week. Your solution of Problem No. 119 is correct.

C. H. B., Montreal.—Letter received. We will endeavour to find room for the games in our Column shortly.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 119 received.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Correct solutions of Problems No. 118 and 119 received.

D. C. M., Quebec.—Letter received. Many thanks.

A Chess match between Messrs. Charron, Maher, O'Brien and Ferguson has recently been played in Montreal. The prize to be contested for was a set of Chessmen and Board, which were presented by two friends of the antagonists. The conditions of the match were that three games should be played by each player with every other player, the competitor scoring the largest number of games to be the victor. The result of the contest, after the playing of the prescribed number of games, was that Mr. Charron and Mr. Ferguson scored six games each, Mr. Maher five games, and Mr. O'Brien one game. The tie between Messrs. Charron and Ferguson, according to the terms of the matches, led to another contest between these two players of three games, out of which Mr. Charron succeeded in winning two, and secured the prize.

A Chess match has just been concluded between the members of the Quebec Chess Club living inside the gates, and those living outside the gates. The annexed results will be read with interest by Canadian players.

QUEBEC CHESS MATCH.

Table with 4 columns: Inside the Gates, Outside the Gates, Won, Lost. Lists names of players and their scores.

REMARKS.—Drawn game: 1 Won by default: 1 Do: 1 Paired off.

From the above score it will be seen that the match resulted in a tie, though the outside men carried off most of the honours, having scored two games more in actual play.

Messrs. Chouinard and Frew having failed to put in an appearance, the games were scored to the credit of the inside men according to rule laid down in "Praxis."

No game was played by Messrs. Champion and White, they having "paired off" by agreement.

During the match the Club rooms were crowded with spectators, who displayed great interest in the various games. A return match will come off next Friday, when probably more players will take part in it.

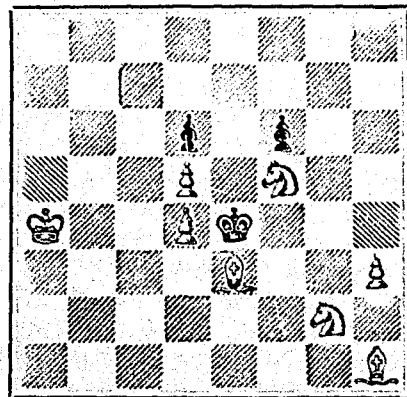
All interested in Chess are invited.

There seems to be no doubt now that a match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort will take place in a very short time. A contest between two such Chess magnates will be of a most interesting character, and the results very anxiously looked for. Mr. Blackburne, after his late defeat by Steinitz, will be very desirous in the match with Zukertort to retrieve some of his laurels; but his opponent on the present occasion will compel him to play to the full extent of his powers.

We were sorry to see a mistake in the printing of Problem No. 119. The White King on the Queen's eighth square must be replaced by the White Queen.

PROBLEM No. 120.

By A. TOWNSEND, Newport.



WHITE: White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 174TH.

(From the Chess Player's Chronicle.) Played at Oxford in Match—old versus present members—February 21, 1877.

(Scotch Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Rev. J. Coker.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. Kt to K B 3, 6. B to K 2, 7. Kt to Q B 3 (b), 8. Castles, 9. Kt to Q 5, 10. P to Q B 4, 11. R to K sq, 12. B to K B 4, 13. P takes B, 14. Q to Kt 3, 15. Q R to Q B sq, 16. B takes P, 17. B to K 5 (g), 18. B takes Kt, 19. B to R 6, 20. Kt takes Q, 21. R takes P (ch), 22. Q to Kt 7 (ch) and wins (h).

NOTES.

- (a) A variation not noticed by Mr. Fraser in his analysis of this opening, but not, we believe, a commendable line of defence. (b) Castling at once looks better, for White then threatens several dangerous attacks. (c) He ought rather to have pinned the Kt, and on White's interposing his Q B, to have taken it off, and played P to K B 3. (d) P to K R 3 seems a more serviceable move. (e) This was playing White's game; but he appears to have no good move at his command. (f) Had he taken P with the other Kt, White could answer with B to Q B 4. (g) Too tame in such a position; B to Q R 6 was the right course. (h) The attack in this game is well played by Mr. Coker.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 175TH.

(From Land and Water.)

A game played at the American Centennial Congress last year. The notes appended are by Mr. A. M. Neill, one of the best players in the States.

(Irregular Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Judd.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P takes P, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. P to Q 4, 5. Kt to K B 3, 6. B to B 4, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to K R 4 (b), 9. Q B to Kt 5, 10. P to K B 4 (c), 11. Q to Q 2, 12. P to B 5 (e), 13. Q R to K sq, 14. Kt takes P, 15. R takes B, 16. B to Q Kt 3, 17. B to Q B 2, 18. Q to Q 3, 19. K R to B sq, 20. B to Q Kt 3, 21. R takes R (ch), 22. P to K Kt 4, 23. B takes B, 24. P to Kt 5, 25. R takes B P, 26. R to B sq, 27. Q takes Q, 28. R to B 7, 29. K to B 2, 30. B takes R, 31. B to K 6, 32. B takes Kt, 33. K to B 3, 34. P to K R 4, 35. Kt to K 2, 36. Kt to B 4 (ch), 37. P to R 5, 38. Kt to Q 3, 39. Kt to Kt 4, 40. Kt takes P, 41. P to Q 5 (ch) (g), 42. P to Kt 6, 43. P to R 6 and wins.

- BLACK.—(Mr. Ware.) 1. P to K 4 (a), 2. Q takes P, 3. Q to Q sq, 4. P to Q B 3, 5. B to B 4, 6. P to K 3, 7. Kt to K B 3, 8. B to Kt 3, 9. B to K 2, 10. B takes B P, 11. B to Kt 3 (d), 12. P takes P, 13. Castles, 14. B takes Kt, 15. P to Q Kt 4, 16. Q Kt to Q 2, 17. R to K sq, 18. P to K Kt 3, 19. Kt to R 4, 20. B to B 3, 21. Q takes R, 22. K to R sq, 23. Kt takes B, 24. Kt to Kt 5, 25. Q to K 8 (ch) (f), 26. Q to K 6 (ch), 27. Kt takes Q, 28. R to B sq, 29. R takes R (ch), 30. Kt to K B 4, 31. Kt to Q Kt 3, 32. P takes B, 33. K to K 2, 34. K to Kt 3, 35. P to Q R 4, 36. K to B 2, 37. P to R 5, 38. K to K 3, 39. Kt to B 5, 40. Kt takes P, 41. K takes P, 42. P takes P.

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 118. WHITE. 1. B to Q 6, 2. Kt to K B 4 (ch), 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. K to Q 4, 2. K takes B.

- Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 116. WHITE. 1. Q to K 4, 2. Q mates at K sq. BLACK. 1. K moves.

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 117. WHITE. K at Q Kt 6, R at Q R 4, Kt at Q R 5, Pawns at Q B 6 and Q Kt 3. BLACK. K at Q R sq, R at K sq, P at Q 7. White to play and mate in two moves.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

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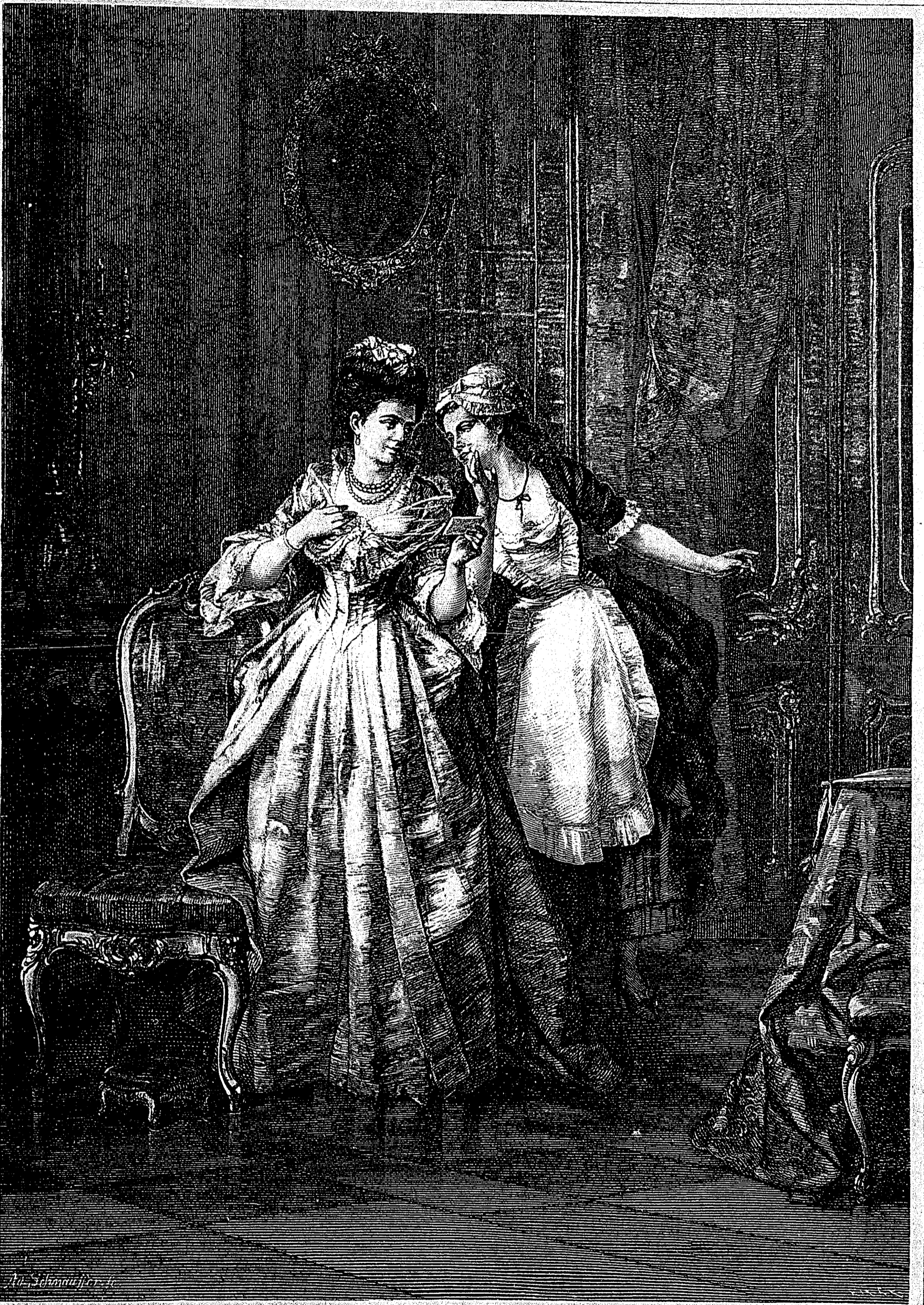


THE EASTERN WAR.—ROSSACKS PREPARING TO CROSS THE FORT.



THE EASTERN WAR.—TURKISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO THEIR POSITIONS.





THE LOVE LETTER.



HYGIENIC.

The homeopaths say that they have discovered a certain remedy for sea-sickness. It is apomorphia, and a very small dose taken once an hour will relieve the qualms.

All liquids have to pass through the stomach before reaching the liver. Drunkards suffer much from stomach as well as liver complaints.

It is reported that an Italian professor has discovered that perfumes from flowers have a chemical effect on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its health-imparting power.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor.

BODY FOUND

OF A WOMAN ELEGANTLY DRESSED!!

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SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES—120 Broadway, N. Y., HENRY B. HYDE, President,—for the year ending Dec. 31, 1876.

Table with columns for Net Assets, INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, and Total Assets. Includes sub-totals for various categories like Premiums, Interest and Rents, and Bonds and Mortgages.

Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1876. Total Liabilities, including Reserve for re-insurance of all existing policies. Total Undivided Surplus over Total Liabilities.

The report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York (made after an examination into the condition of the Society, which occupied the Chief Examiner of the Department, with ten of his accountants, nearly three months), concludes as follows:

"The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subjected to severer tests than this Society has."

"The business of this Society has been conducted with energy, ability and system, and its unparalleled growth since incorporated in 1859, counting, as it does, nearly \$32,000,000 assets, and about \$5,000,000 surplus profits, according to the Society's statement, shows uncommon industry and vigor on the part of its chief officers and directors, and, in the opinion of this Committee, places the Equitable Life Assurance Society in the front rank of institutions of its kind."

The full Report of the Superintendent of Insurance and the full report of the Committee of Policyholders and Representatives of Policyholders, have been printed

in pamphlet form, and may be obtained by application to the Society or to any of its agents throughout the United States and Canada.

The following is the Report of the Finance and Executive Committee of the Society: The thorough investigation into the affairs and condition of the Equitable Life Insurance Society by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and by a Committee of Policyholders and Representatives of Policyholders, has not relaxed in the slightest degree the customary examinations by the Standing and Special Committees of the Board of Directors.

The undivided surplus fund of the Society is much larger than is requisite for the continuance of dividends to policyholders without diminution, and in order to guard against even unexpected depreciation in investments, the Committee have—

Resolved, That eight hundred thousand dollars of the said undivided surplus will be withheld from division amongst policyholders until the further order of this Committee, or of the Board, to cover any possible loss arising from the value of real estate and other securities.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has, during the past six months (a period of unexampled depression in business and financial, undergone, through its own Committee, the Insurance Department of the State and a Policyholders' Committee, examinations, for thoroughness of detail and scrutiny in all departments of its affairs, unprecedented in the history of corporations.

Board of Directors. HENRY B. HYDE, GEORGE D. MORGAN, GEORGE T. ADEE, JOHN D. JONES, JAMES LOW, H. F. SPAULDING, PARKER HANDY, H. A. HURLBUT, WM. H. FOGG, J. A. STEWART.

Medical Examiners. SAMUEL BORTHOVE, EDWARD W. LAMBERT, EDWARD CURTIS, E. W. SCOTT. Secretary: EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D. Medical Examiners: EDWARD CURTIS, E. W. SCOTT, Sup't of Agencies.

J. W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President. General Manager for Canada, 198 ST. JAMES STREET.

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NOW READY. CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM: The Relation of John Wesley to MODERN THOUGHT, BY THE REV. JAMES ROY, M. A., Formerly Principal of the Coburn Collegiate Institute and Examiner to the University of Toronto, Examiner to Victoria University.

This work will be one of very great interest to all Christian denominations, as it deals with problems that are everywhere agitating thoughtful minds. Though it treats these problems in their bearing on a single denomination, it is conceived in no sectarian spirit, but aims rather at the removal of obstacles to a large and liberal form of Christianity, by distinguishing those principles which are essential to all Christian life from the varied dogmatic forms which, at different times, these principles have assumed.

The book may be ordered through any of the booksellers. Orders from the trade will be supplied by the publishers. Discount 33 per cent. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH CO., Montreal. PRICE 50 CENTS. Please send your orders without delay.

BANK OF MONTREAL. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Six Per Cent. upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in Montreal on and after

FRIDAY, the FIRST of JUNE next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 25th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FOURTH of JUNE next. The chair to be taken at One o'clock. R. B. ANGUS, General Manager.

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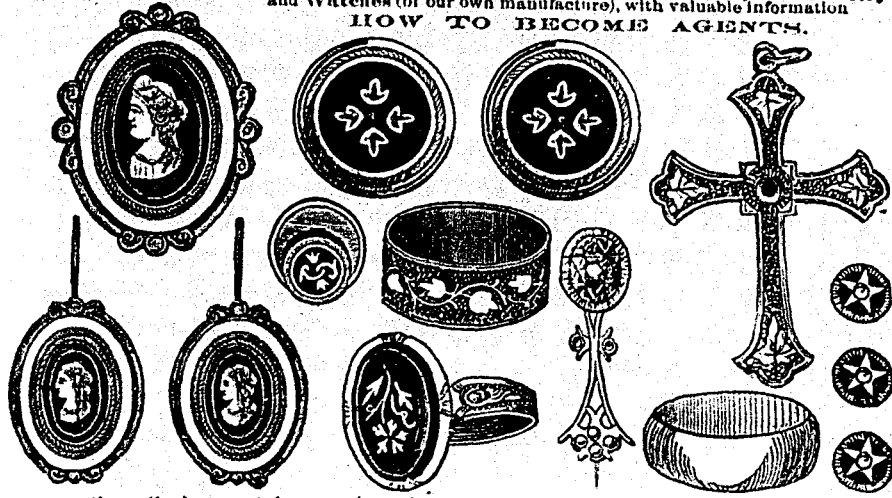
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A VALUABLE PREMIUM GIFT TO EVERY PATRON OF THIS PAPER!

Cut out this Coupon and send to the Stuart Importing Co. for redemption. On receipt of this Coupon, together with Fifty Cents to pay for Express or Mailing charges, we will send FREE, an elegant RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET-BOOK, PATENT LOCK, WITH ANY INITIAL LETTER DESIRED, neatly stamped in Gold. (Retail price, \$1.50.) This Coupon is good only NINETY DAYS from the date of this paper. (Signed) STUART IMPORTING CO., 569 Broadway, New York.

Those wishing to avail themselves of the above offer will please communicate direct with STUART IMPORTING CO., Broadway, New York, as the proprietors of this paper are not responsible for the promises therein made.

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

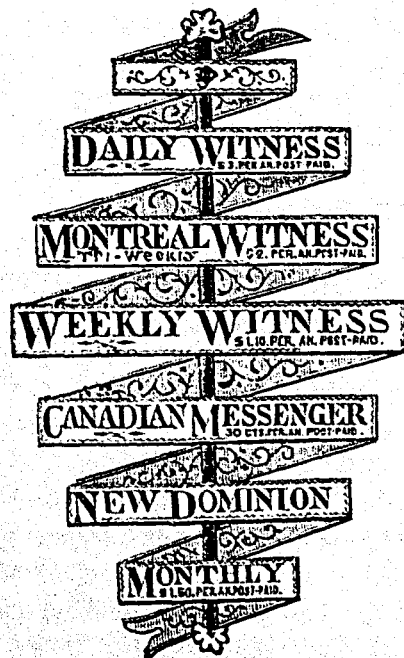


which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

Advertisement for JOHN BOUQUIN BITTERS, featuring an illustration of a man and a list of ailments it treats.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.

WANTED, AGENTS for a staple article, sells at 90 out of 100 houses. Profits 500 per cent.; Agents make \$100 per month easy. Particulars Free. Address, MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Fifteenth Annual Report, with the Audited Accounts.

FIRE BRANCH.

The Account for the year 1876 has resulted in a satisfactory surplus; in view, however, of the increasing business of this Branch, the Directors consider an equivalent increase of the Fire Fund to be essential, and £30,000 only is therefore carried to the Profit and Loss Account.

The net premiums received during the year 1876 (after deductions for returns and re-assurances) amounted to £557,392, being an increase of £53,538 on the amount of the previous year. The Losses paid and outstanding were £330,725, being 59 per cent. of the premiums.

After allowing for all outstanding claims and deducting the £30,000 carried to the Profit and Loss Account, the Fire Fund stood on the 31st December last at £229,361, as against £253,318 at the corresponding date of the previous year.

The increasing business of the Department has necessitated the appointment of a Sub-Manager, and the Directors have selected Mr. DAVID MARSHALL LANG, for several years the Company's District Manager at Glasgow, to fill that office.

LIFE BRANCH.

The Assurances completed during the year amounted to £406,013 under 485 Policies, and the new premiums were £15,629 as compared with £12,402 in 1875.

The addition of £64,746 to the Life Fund is the largest increase in any year since the establishment of the Branch.

The Directors make a special appeal to the Shareholders to aid them in securing equally satisfactory results for 1877, as the Third Quinquennial Valuation will be made at the close of the present year.

BALANCE SHEET.

31st December, 1876.

Table with columns for Dr. and Cr. showing financial details like Shareholders' Capital, Reserve Funds, and Investments.

FRED. COLE, E.C., GENERAL AGENT, 43, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

Examined and found correct,

WILLIAM MILNES, ROBERT PORTER, CHARLES J. WYLIE, Auditors.

A. J. MUNDELLA, Chairman. H. TROWER, Vice Chairman. S. STANLEY BROWN, Secretary.

25th February, 1877.

Large advertisement for Coral Jewelry featuring a necklace and cross pendant, with text: ELEGANT GIFTS TO OUR READERS. A \$12.00 SET OF CORAL JEWELRY GIVEN AWAY.

CORAL JEWELRY COUPON. On receipt of this Coupon, together with \$1.25 to cover expressage or mailing, packing, and the Fine Case the Corals are enclosed, we will send to all the readers of this paper our beautiful and valuable Premium Set of Coral Necklace and Cross FREE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Should it be desired, we will send together with the Necklace and Cross (or separately) a set of Gold CORAL EAR DROPS and BREASTPIN, (the price of which is \$4.00) upon receipt of 75 cents; or, if all these goods are desired, enclose the total charges which will be \$1.25 for NECKLACE AND CROSS, and 75 cents for the set of EAR DROPS AND BREASTPIN—Total, \$2.00.

CAUTION!—Please note that we are the only authorized agents of the famous Florence Jewelry Co. We warn our patrons therefore to beware of other Coral Jewelry concerns, who follow after our style of advertising.

Those wishing to avail themselves of the above offer will please communicate direct with the FLORENCE JEWELRY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa., as the proprietors of this paper are not responsible for the promises therein made.



ROWNTREES' Prize Medal ROCK COCOA

The popularity of this Rich and Nourishing preparation is due to the facts

- I.—That it contains COCOA and SUGAR ONLY, without any admixture of Farina.
II.—That the proportion of Cocoy to Sugar is exceptionally large.
III.—That the Cocoa used is not robbed of any of its nourishing constituents.
IV.—That the delicate flavor of the Cocoa Nib is not hidden by any other flavor.

15-9-26-214

P. F. MANNING, TAILOR, No. 179 St. Peter St. Corner Fortification Lane, Montreal. Gentlemen's and Youths' Clothes Cut, Made and Trimmed. Particular attention paid to Cleaning, Altering and Repairing.

EMPLOYMENT. We are offering good pay and steady work for one or two enterprising men or women in each County. Send for the most complete Illustrated Chromo Catalogue ever published. W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal.

CANADA METAL WORKS, 377, CRAIG STREET.

Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters. MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. 15-4-26-203-08.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, 14 to 34 KING ST. MONTREAL. GEORGE BRUSH, MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES, CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS, GEAR WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES, HANGERS, & C. IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS, BLAKE'S PATENT STONE AND ORE BREAKER. AGENT FOR WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the IMPROVED Marseilles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine Balls, also Bution and English Liquid and Parisian Square Washing Blues. 14-23-52-189

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stamp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-39-131

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warmistier, Wilts: 'I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old. Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L. S. To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 14-6-52-e2w.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. ADVERTISING AGENTS. 186 W. FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI, OHIO. ESTIMATES - SEND FOR OUR MANUAL - FURNISHED FREE.

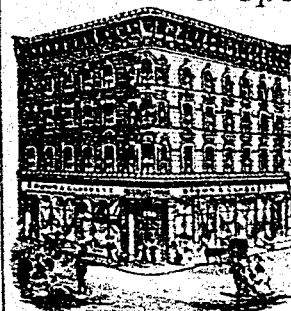
DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Affect of Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold in Montreal by R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE, JAS. HAWKES, PICAULT & CO., and all responsible Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136



THE BEAR AND THE TURKEY.

DRESSES AND MANTLES.

A Speciality at the Recollet House.



COSTUMES FROM \$8.00 to \$18.00 NEW STYLES AND WELL MADE. Mourning Orders attended to promptly. PRICES MODERATE. BROWN & CLAGGETT, RECOLLET HOUSE. Corner Notre Dame and St. Helen Sts.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE. CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER Unlimited liability of Shareholders. W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser. JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector. LIFE. \$10,000,000 \$16,000,000 Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns. H. E. BOUTH, W. TATLEY, Chief Agents.



15-1-52-201 OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAIN & CO., and at 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

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To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling cost. ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

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THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

DR. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList AND AURIST. Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall, Montreal. 15-8-52-210

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Fun and Amusement! 48 Styles, the Best Out! Transparent Cards. 25 blank, 15c; 25 printed, 20c. 25 Bristol Cards, 10c; 25 Snowflake, 20c; 12 beautiful Chromo cards 20c; 25 Mixed Cards, 20c. 9 samples sent for 3 ct. stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents Wanted. Order of the old established and reliable firm, A. H. FULLER & Co. Brockton, Mass.

50 WHITE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, with your name finely printed, sent for 25 cents. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c stamp. No postals. Address A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 15-12-13-223.

CASH Paid for Cast-off Clothing. Address H. VINBERG, 653 Craig St., a few doors east of Bleury. 15-12-13-222

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY. DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adults. PASTILLES DE DEVINS CONTRE LES VERS. APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE

A Box will be sent to any address in Canada (post paid) on receipt of 25 cents. DEVINS & HOLTON Druggists, Montreal.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF J. M. LeMOINE:

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ALBUM DU TOURISTE, \$1.
MEMOIRE DE MONCALM VENGEE - rare, \$1.
NOTES HISTORIQUES SUR LES RUES DE QUEBEC, \$0.25.

DAWSON & CO., LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC or DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.

ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 14-6

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ICE! PURE ICE!

SEASON 1877.

D. MORRICE & CO., Established over 20 years. OLDEST, SUREST AND BEST

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. Includes items like 10 lbs. per day for the Season, 20 lbs. do, 30 lbs. do, 40 lbs. do, 50 lbs. do, 10 lbs. do per month, 20 lbs. do.

Every Block of Ice Cut above the Bridge. Careful and obliging drivers engaged. City Ice Office, 2 Victoria Square. 15-13-6-225

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 15-17-52-232 BULMER & SHEPPARD.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c. Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c. Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood. These valuable Remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by the Professors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery. For sale at all the principal Druggists. 15-17-52-109

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