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Whitbread's News

Vol. VIII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

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



MONTREAL.—THE ST. PATRICK SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND ON DOMINION DAY.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

"Scandinavian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about July 13.
 "Delta," (Temperley), " " " " 19.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, July 13.—*Fifth Sunday after Trinity.*
 MONDAY, July 14.—Montreal: Decker Park Summer Meeting, Second Day.
 TUESDAY, July 15.—Montreal: Pedestrian Tournament, Decker Park.
 WEDNESDAY, July 16.—Montreal: South Eastern R. R. Co.'s Annual General Meeting; Decker Park Summer Meeting, Third Day. Quebec: S.S. "Neera," for Liverpool.
 THURSDAY, July 17.—Montreal: Decker Park Summer Meeting, Fourth Day. Quebec: S.S. "Manitoban," for Glasgow, and S.S. "Nyanza," for London.
 FRIDAY, July 18.—*St. Ethelburga.*
 SATURDAY, July 19.—Quebec: S.S. "Polynesian," for Liverpool. Montreal: Decker Park Summer Meeting, Fifth and Last Day.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, '73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

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POSTAGE ON THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Persons mailing copies of the *Canadian Illustrated News* to their friends in foreign parts will do well to take note of what is the proper postage payable thereon, inasmuch as papers addressed to Foreign Countries and British Colonies must, to secure their transmission, have their postage fully prepaid. If this is not done, they are not forwarded. The postage on newspapers to Foreign Countries in Europe is regulated by weight. They fall under what is termed "Book Post" regulations, wherein the element of weight operates. This, as is generally understood, is not the case as respects the transmission of newspapers within the Dominion, to the United States, to Great Britain or to her several Colonies. In these cases, no account is taken of the weight of newspapers forwarded through the mail. But, as already said, the case is different as respects papers for Foreign Countries of the existence of which distinction, however, the public generally do not seem to be fully aware, judging from the circumstance that newspapers are being constantly mailed insufficiently prepaid. Amongst such insufficiently paid papers, the *Canadian Illustrated News* is, we are informed, frequently found, our paper being a special favourite for transmission from Canada to places a-far off.

The rates then on newspapers for Foreign Countries in Europe are, it should be remembered, based on a scale of weight beginning "not exceeding 2 oz."—"from 2 to 4 oz."—"4 to 6 oz." and so on. Now a single copy of the *Canadian Illustrated News* exceeds 2 ounces, weighing indeed, with its wrapper, nearly 3 oz. It thus becomes subject to two rates of postage when mailed for countries in Europe. The proper postage, to be prepaid by stamp, is therefore now given for the following

FOREIGN COUNTRIES:

Bavaria, Denmark, Frankfurt, Greece, Hanover, Hesse, Italy, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden.—all 16 cents.
 Belgium and Portugal.—12 cents.—and France, 8 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES, (VIA ENGLAND.)

Cape of Good Hope, 4 cents; Ceylon, 6 cents; India, 6 cents; Malta, 4 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES, (VIA THE UNITED STATES.)

Australian Colonies, 4 cents; Bermuda, 4 cents; Brazil, 4 cents; Cuba, 4 cents; Hong Kong, 4 cents; Japan, 4 cents; West Indies, (British), 6 cents.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

An extra of the *Official Gazette*, published the day our last issue went to press, announced the following Cabinet appointments: the Hon. Mr. McDonald, Minister of Militia; the Hon. Mr. O'Connor, Postmaster-General; the Hon. Mr. Gibbs, Minister of Inland Revenue; and the Hon. Mr. Campbell, Minister of the Interior. The latter Department, it will be remembered, was constituted last session, and takes the place of that of the Secretary of State for the Provinces, and in some cases of that of the Secretary of State. The duties of the office extend over a wide field, and embrace matters of the highest importance, requiring the management of a man of tried ability and thorough business capacity. In this respect the new Minister is all that can be desired, and the only regret that can be felt must be at the loss sustained by the Post-office Department of a very efficient head. We doubt not, however, that under Mr. O'Connor's direction, the latter Department will in no way deteriorate in efficiency. The Minister of the Interior, according to the recent Act, has the control and management of the affairs of the North-West Territories, and is Superintendent-General of Indian affairs, managing the lands and property of the Indians throughout the Dominion. He also controls and manages all Crown lands, being the property of the Dominion, including Ordnance and Admiralty lands, and all other public lands not specially under the control of the Public Works Department,

or of that of Militia and Defence, (marine hospitals and light-houses, and lands attached thereto being also excepted). He further holds the position of the former Commissioner of Crown Lands as regards Ordnance and Admiralty lands transferred to the late Province of Canada, and lying in Ontario and Quebec, and to him are transferred all the duties given to the Secretary of State by the Dominion Lands Act of 1872. It is evident that the office of Minister of the Interior is no sinecure, and that the management of the Department will require much tact and attention. Fortunately Mr. Campbell has passed through training, and it is admitted on all hands that he is the right man in the right place.

The difference of opinion that prevails on the two sides of the line respecting the verdict of the jury in the Walworth case is worthy of remark. In the United States very general satisfaction is felt. The leading papers unanimously express their approbation at what they are pleased to term a revival from the reign of mawkish sentimentality. In this country the feeling is the very opposite. We look upon it as an atrocious miscarriage of justice that a deliberate murderer—for according to the evidence such young Walworth was shown to be—should be allowed to escape the fate that he so richly deserved. It was proved that the young man had threatened his father's life, that he had refused an invitation to visit Europe for a reason at which he merely hinted, but which is clear enough now, and that after making the appointment with his father he went armed to the rendezvous which terminated so fatally. And yet the New York press unite in congratulations on the verdict of murder in the second degree. According to the new law in New York State defining murder, the most explicit proof of premeditation and deliberation is necessary to justify murder in the first degree; and yet in the face of the evidence adduced, the jurymen, sworn to give a verdict according to that evidence, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree only. It is impossible for them to plead ignorance or mis-comprehension of the law, for the judge put the matter plainly before them. If young Walworth went from his home with the intention of killing his father, it was murder in the first degree; if the murder was committed on a sudden impulse, then it was murder in the second degree. What could be plainer, and what more natural, taking into consideration the gist of the evidence, than to expect a full conviction? It has been suggested by some tender-hearted but unhealthy-minded reasoners that the circumstances of the case should not be overlooked, the grave provocation, the continued insult and injury heaped by the dead man upon his wife. In fact, on the whole the parricide is held up for our admiration as a chivalrous young fellow who took the shortest way of avenging his mother's wrongs. That tribute of admiration, it is needless to say, we totally refuse. We prefer to look with un concealed horror and disgust upon the scoundrel who has imbrued his hands with his father's blood, and we can only regret that it has not been reserved for him to expiate his unnatural crime as he deserves. No one pretends to deny that the elder Walworth had led a wicked, worthless life, that he had treated his wife as only a ruffian would treat the woman he had sworn to love and to cherish. But this can never be admitted as an extenuation of the parricide's crime. If ever man deserved to suffer the extreme penalty of the law it is he. The sentence of imprisonment for life can only be regarded as a farce, the more so when we consider the many loopholes which the law of the State opens for the escape of the guilty. We cannot but believe that the verdict will tend to encourage injured individuals to take the law into their own hands. The result, in the present state of society in New York, will be fatal.

ANOTHER of the New York dailies has, in emulation of the *Herald*, embarked in a "journalistic enterprise" of no mean scope. In this instance, however, it is not a long established and powerful journal that has come forward in the cause of science, but the latest born. The *Daily Graphic*, a paper the success of which has astonished even the accustomed Gothamites, has taken up Professor Wise's scheme of a Transatlantic voyage by balloon; and with a readiness that is all the more surprising in view of the short period of existence the "only illustrated daily" has enjoyed, the directors have pledged themselves to assume all the pecuniary responsibilities of the undertaking. This astounding decision is the more praiseworthy as it is made without any flourish of trumpets. "We have lent our aid," says the editor of the *Graphic*, in announcing the determination of the directors, "in the interest of science and business, and the progress of mankind. The balloon will not be exhibited to make a sensation, but as soon as it is finished will take its flight. We have reason to believe that the public will not be disappointed or dissatisfied either with the method of the undertaking or the manner of its performance." If the success of the *Graphic* aeronautic expedition, we may venture to prophecy that neither the aeronauts nor the expectant public will have reason either for disappointment or dissatisfaction. The expenses of the undertaking are placed at \$10,000, but it seems hardly credible that such a sum can cover all the requirements of the expedition. Notwithstanding the many appeals Professor Wise has made to the public, only \$1,200 have been subscribed, but this, to-

gether with any further sums that may be promised, it is proposed should go to the Professor, "to reimburse him, in part at least, for the labour of a lifetime in cherishing this important public experiment." Such generosity as this is beyond all commendation, and we trust that the proprietors of the *Graphic* will be amply rewarded for the liberality and public spirit they have displayed in thus encouraging scientific research.

THE dastardly attack recently made by a party of Manitoban half-breeds on the Menonite delegation has not attracted nearly the attention that might have been expected, in view of the serious consequences that might have occurred to the cause of immigration. Indeed, it has, with one or two exceptions, been passed over in silence, or at most with a congratulatory remark that the conduct of the unruly half-breeds has not deterred the strangers from settling among us. It is not every day that we have a chance of welcoming to our shores a whole community of peaceful, law-abiding citizens, honest, industrious folk, possessed of a certain amount of means, and both able and willing to labour for the welfare of their adopted country. It is greatly to be regretted, therefore, that in a case of so much interest to all concerned in the well-being of the country, such a *contemptus* should have occurred, and it is to be hoped that a severe example will be made of the offenders. It is time that the turbulent half-breeds were taught that the portion of the country which they happen to occupy is not intended for them alone, and that it is not for them to decide that they will not have "any more Canadians" amongst them. This "class emigration" cry is a pitiful dog-in-the-manger business at best, and the sooner the last is heard of it the better.

Our Illustrations.

DOMINION DAY AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND

St. Helen's Island, which, as every one knows, lies opposite Montreal, is a military station and store, and, though one of the prettiest and most picturesque spots in the vicinity, has been tabooed to civilians, was on Dominion Day thrown open to the public for the second time, the occasion being the annual picnic of the St. Patrick's Society. Crowds of people availed themselves of the rare permission to visit the island, and the affair proved a complete success. A dampener was, however, cast on the enjoyment of the picnickers by the intelligence that a boy who was amusing himself on the water had been drowned by the capsizing of his boat.

THE RIVER BERGERONNE

is a small stream that runs into the St. Lawrence about 20 miles below the Saguenay, on the north shore. It is noted for the beautiful scenery of its surroundings and the excellent salmon fishing it affords, and is, consequently, much frequented by artist and sportsman.

LEFEVRE'S MANOR AND MILLS

This splendid estate is situated on the north-east bank of the River Maskinongé, about two leagues from its confluence with the St. Lawrence. It was originally the property of the Hon. Toussaint Pothier who settled here in 1811, when this part of the country was a veritable wilderness. After years of indefatigable labour he converted it into a valuable and beautiful property. About thirty years later on it passed into the hands of Samuel Gerrard, Esq., of Montreal, whose heirs sold it, in 1867, to the present proprietor, Michel Lefebvre, Esq. At that time the property consisted of the Fief Ste. Anne and the Seigneurie de Lanaudière, but the latter has since been disposed of. Great improvements have been made by Mr. Lefebvre, who has spent over \$25,000 upon the estate. In addition to the magnificent country seat, built by Mr. Pothier, with the surrounding grounds, the property consists of a large stone flour mill, 80 ft. front by 45 depth, sawing, woollen and carding mills, dye house, etc., etc., all producing a considerable income. We understand that it is the intention of the proprietor, who is about to go into business in Montreal, to dispose of the whole of the property. This is an excellent chance for a capitalist. The water privileges are all that could be desired, and there can be no doubt that within a few years the estate will become an important manufacturing centre.

THE HAMILTON RIDING AND DRIVING PARK RACES

took place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th ult., with great success. Indeed they are pronounced to have been the most successful races ever held in the Ambitious. The betting was not particularly brisk, but the arrangements were excellent, and gave perfect satisfaction to all present.

Saturday, the 28th ult., was gala day in Toronto on the occasion of the

GRAND INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

held under the auspices of the New Dominion Club. Mr. F. M. Bell Smith has sent us a couple of excellent sketches, which we reproduce,—one showing the single scull champion race, in which the first and second prizes were carried off by Pittsburg men; the other, the four-oared race, was won by the McKee Club of Pittsburg. Nearly all the races were won by Americans, but this was not sufficient to damp the pleasure of those who witnessed the regatta—the best, it is said, that ever took place at Toronto.

The sketches of

THE IMMIGRANT BREDS, QUERRO,

need no particular description. The subject is a seasonable one, and one which never loses its interest. It is our intention in future numbers to follow the immigrant's career, from the time he leaves England until his final settling down in this country, illustrating the text with suitable sketches.

NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

This is a picture that at once tells its own tale. A young wife has received a letter from her sailor husband, recounting his perils and adventures, and describing the various strange lands he has visited. As she turns the globe before her she accompanies her loved one in spirit, shares his perils and his

pleasures, and for one brief hour at least forgets the heart-ache caused by his absence.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

A soldier's bride this, married and widowed in her prime. What bitter thoughts must be hers as she turns over the crumpled, faded dress in which she had so proudly and yet so timidly gone to the altar those few years gone.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

SYNODS, CONFERENCES, ETC.—The Church of Scotland Synod at Picton, resolved unanimously and the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Province at Truro resolved by a vote of eighty to one to unite with each other and with the Canada Presbytery.

NEW CHURCHES.—The new St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton, was opened on Sunday last.—The cornerstone of the new Canada Presbyterian Church at Mount Forest, Ont., was laid on Dominion Day.

CLERGYAL NEWS.—The Bishop of Nova Scotia (Anglican) is on a visit to the Upper Provinces.—Changes: Rev. W. W. Ross, W. M., Toronto to Montreal; Rev. W. J. Hunter, Coadjutor Bishop, Hamilton, to Metcalfe St., W. M., Church, Ottawa; Rev. Hugh Johnston, Queen St. W. M., Church, Toronto to Coadjutor, Church, Hamilton; Rev. W. H. Withrow, Niagara to Hamilton; Rev. J. B. MacLachlan (Baptist), Bellevue, P. E. I., to North Sydney, Cape Breton; Rev. John Schmitz, Toronto, has received a call from St. Joseph's Canada Presbyterian Church, Montreal; Rev. Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Knight have accepted charges at Kingston.

University Intelligence.

We shall be happy to receive communications from the various Universities respecting the conferring of degrees, etc.)

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Thursday, the 26th ult., was Eucenia Day at this University. The following is the list of medals and prizes awarded, with the name of the winner in each case:

Douglas Gold Medal, Gannoe; Alumni Gold Medal, Fenety; English Scholarship Prize, Junior Class, Tompkins; Classical Scholarship, Freshman class, McGivern; Natural Science Prize, Junior Class, Kandy (?); French Prize, Senior Class, Kiersted and Everitt, etc.; Mathematical Prize, Senior Class, Parsons.

The following degrees were conferred: M.A., McAlpine, Vanwurt and Sills; B. A., Kiersted, Everitt, Parsons, Gannoe, Smith, Kelley, Freeze, Donald, Wilson, Ketchum, Grover, Robertson, Nason, Hegan, Steeves and Wade.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

The 26th ult. was also Eucenia Day at Windsor, N. S. The following degrees were conferred: D. C. L., Rev. H. P. Almon; B. C. L., Rev. H. P. Almon; B. A., Dodwell and Shreve. The scholarship and prize list was as follows:—Stevenson Scholarships, How and Hiltz; Welsford Prize, Rutherford; Williams Prizesmen, Allison, How and Dodwell; Binney Scholar, Troop; Akins' Historical Prize, Robertson; Rev. H. P. Almon's Prize, Hiltz; School Prizes, Scott and Dodwell.

NEW BOOKS.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By John W. Forney. New York: Harper & Bros., Montreal: Dawson Bros.

In the United States, where the public characters of whom Col. Forney speaks are well known, this book will be certain to be extensively read. In this country it ought to be largely circulated, for it gives much interesting information respecting the private life of men of note in the United States, of whom too little is known by the majority of Canadian readers.

Owing to want of space, several notices have been laid over until next week.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MISS CARPENTER ON REFORMATORY SCHOOLS AND PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A meeting of members of the Council and other citizens of Montreal was convened last week by the Mayor, to communicate with Miss Carpenter on the results of her experience on these questions.

The Mayor introduced Miss Carpenter in a very complimentary manner. He was much pleased to see so many distinguished citizens assembled to pay respect to her.

Miss Carpenter spoke in substance as follows: During the last 20 years, the attention of the English public and Parliament has been strongly directed to the condition of delinquent, neglected, and pauper children. Happily in this city, the latter class does not exist. In Montreal there are no hereditary paupers; and the destitute are carefully provided for by an unusual number of excellent institutes: but we have here as elsewhere, those children who fell into the hands of the law.

By the Reformatory Act of 1854, juvenile criminals might be sent first to prison, next to a duly certified Reformatory, which must be established by private effort, and be managed by individuals or committees under Government inspection. The imprisonment is a brief separate confinement, producing no contamination, but still inflicting a stigma. To avoid this evil, the Industrial School Act was passed, giving similar powers to the managers of schools, to which vagrant children and those guilty of small offences could be sent without imprisonment.

These were called Certified Industrial Schools, and were as numerous as the Reformatories. The general conception was that they should be as home-like as possible. Hence, if there are large numbers of inmates they should be drafted into separate buildings with not more than 40 or 50 in each, and with a matron as well as master at the head.

The Red Hill Institution, near London, The Raube Haus at Hamburg, and especially the schools at Mettra might be taken as types. The Roman Catholics generally preferred monastic institutions, like that of the Belgian Brothers in this city. She had visited this, and was exceedingly gratified with every part of it. It was admirably conducted; the Brothers shewed the greatest devotion; the boys looked in good health and happy; there was a good tone pervading the establishment, and many excellent trades were taught.

Therefore, they are in no sense like prisons. The boys are sent on errands, hired out, and treated like other boys. After several years' training, they are sent out into the world, and many are emigrated. The principles of these schools were discussed at the late Prison Congress, and universally accepted. She had seen an excellent school on this system at Meridan, Conn., conducted by Dr. Hatch. The boys were working with the utmost zeal, in one room without any inspection, and considerable profit resulted to the Institution.

There were two classes of prisons for adults: the convict prisons for long sentences; the county prisons for minor offences. As to their treatment, there was, at the late Prison Congress, great unanimity of feeling but of course differences of development.

The objects were not only to reform the criminal but to deter from crime. In the early stages of imprisonment, for six and eight months there was strict separation, low diet, and little recreation. The next stage is for associated labour. In the third stage, the Intermediate Prison at Lusk, as much liberty is allowed to those who earn it by good marks as obtains in the Reformatories; there are few officials, and the inmates are allowed to work on a common living in little huts.

When the public see them working thus, they are willing to employ them, and they are allowed to be hired out on tickets of leave. In prisons for short sentences, it was necessary that offenders should be made to feel that they had sinned, and must suffer for it. It was absolutely necessary that they should sleep and take their meals separately. For this, the arrangements of the gaol itself must be good; in England many old gaols had been abandoned, and new ones erected at great cost. But no cost was too great for the protection of society and the reformation of criminals.

In some gaols, where many used to go in to spend the winter, or rest after a debauch, the hard labour test was introduced; if the work was not full, the rations were diminished; and the result was that they worked hard for their bread, and took care not to come again.

She had visited the Montreal Gaol, which was calculated for 250 persons, male and female; yet there were sometimes 400. The arrangements for the females was such that it was simply impossible for any official to exercise any proper control over them. She found two prostitutes amusing themselves with conversation with a drunken woman lying at her ease on a bed opposite, and a lunatic in the same ward. The cells were open. Some oakum picking upstairs was a mere pretext for conversation. The women looked, not as though sent for misconduct, but simply to make themselves as comfortable as they could during their stay.

She was most shocked to find lunatics and untried females in one ward together. The same was seen on the male side; some of the lunatics had been there for long periods. This was totally unjust to the insane, who were not guilty of crime. She knew such things had been done before Miss Dix began her labours; but had no idea that such a state of things as this still existed anywhere. She trusted that when the new female prison was built, care would be taken to make strict arrangements for absolute separation at night, and close supervision by day. Whatever be its cost, it is nothing compared with the gigantic evils now going on. A prisoner lately went out on Friday, and returned on Monday; as might be expected. There were no prayers, morning or evening; washing, needlework, &c., were going on in the chapel. There was no school.

In other institutions of Montreal, there were marks of unusual benevolence and intelligence among the citizens; she had been astonished and delighted at the number and excel-

lent management of the institutions for the poor and distressed.

Miss Carpenter's description of the gaol was more than confirmed by the statements of Ald. David, ex-Mayor Workman, Councillor Stephens, and Doctors Corduer and Smallwood.

The Mayor, in tendering the vote of thanks, expressed the earnest hope that the present disgraceful condition of the gaol would not be allowed to continue.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. X.—ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

Swithin, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 850, and called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast, Præsepe and Aselli, rainy constellations rise cosmically, and commonly cause rain.

The observation of the weather which is made on this day, also on St. Paul's Day (25th January), is mere superstition. If St. Paul's Day happen to be unclouded and without rain, it is looked upon as an omen of the following year's success; if otherwise, that the year will be unfortunate. Thus the old verse:

Clara dies Pauli, bona tempora denotat anni, Si fuerunt venti, denarrant præ i genti, Si nix aut pluvie, periunt animalia quæque.

The interpretation of which is very well known to be:

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear, It doth bode a happy year; If blustering winds do blow aloft, Then wars will trouble our realm full oft; And if it chance to snow or rain, Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

The general or rather vulgar belief is that if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for forty days successively. As far back as 1697 we find in Poor Robin's Almanac:

In this month is St. Swithin's Day, On which, if that it rain, they say Full forty days after it will, Or more or less some rain distil.

Probably some of our agriculturists, judging from the want of rain up to the present time, would be glad to hope it may rain on St. Swithin's Day. But even if it did, the meteorologists in England have demonstrated from their observations the fallacy of the tradition. According to the observations at Greenwich observatory, from an average of twenty years it is found that the greatest number of rainy days, after St. Swithin's Day, has taken place when the 15th day of July was dry. Therefore, if the weather be either dry or wet, comfort may be taken. One thing is certain that no meteorological influence resides in the 15th of July.

The "monks of old" have handed down the tradition in common with many others, and we hope we may therefore, without the suspicion of heresy, or fear of the Inquisition, make a little inquiry into the matter, and see whether it be true or false. Why the Apostle Paul, because he laboured more abundantly than all the Apostles, and St. Swithin should have more right to fair or rainy weather than St. Peter, who has the keys of Heaven, or St. Patrick, we do not know. It evidently arises from the superstitious customs of the Heathen in observing one day as good and another as bad. Lucky and unlucky days are *die auri* and *die auri*. The monks have copied the Heathens. St. Paul's Day is the fortune-teller of the year, and St. Mark's Day is the prognosticator of your life and death, &c., and so instead of persuading the people to lay aside the whims and fancies of the heathen world, they brought them so effectually in that they are still dominant amongst the ignorant and unreflective to this day.

Now it is rather unfortunate that St. Paul, whose day is so specially observed in connection with weather predictions, should have, in the fourth chapter of his epistle to the Galatians, have cautioned the early Christians against the observance of the feasts of the Jews and of the Gentiles, and their fortunate and unfortunate days. Later on, St. Augustine hath these words: Non itaque dies observemus, et annos, et menses, et tempora ne audiamus ab apostolo, timco vos, ne forte sine causa laboraverim in vobis, &c. Let us not observe years and months and times, lest we hear the apostle telling us—I am afraid of you, lest I have shown on you labour in vain. For the persons he blames are those who say I will not set forward on my journey, because it is the next day after such a time, or because the moon is so; or I'll set forward that I may have luck, because just now is the position of the stars.

In another place St. Augustine, in alluding to popular superstitions, says: Cato gave a wise and smart answer to one of these believers in superstitious who came in to consult him about the rats having gnawed his stockings; that, said he, is no great wonder, but it would have been a wonder, indeed, if the stockings had gnawed the rats. The Saint instances this witty answer of a wise heathen to convince Christians the better of the unreasonableness and vanity of all such superstitious observations.

Many superstitious observations may be found in a curious old book—"Præctica Rusticorum."

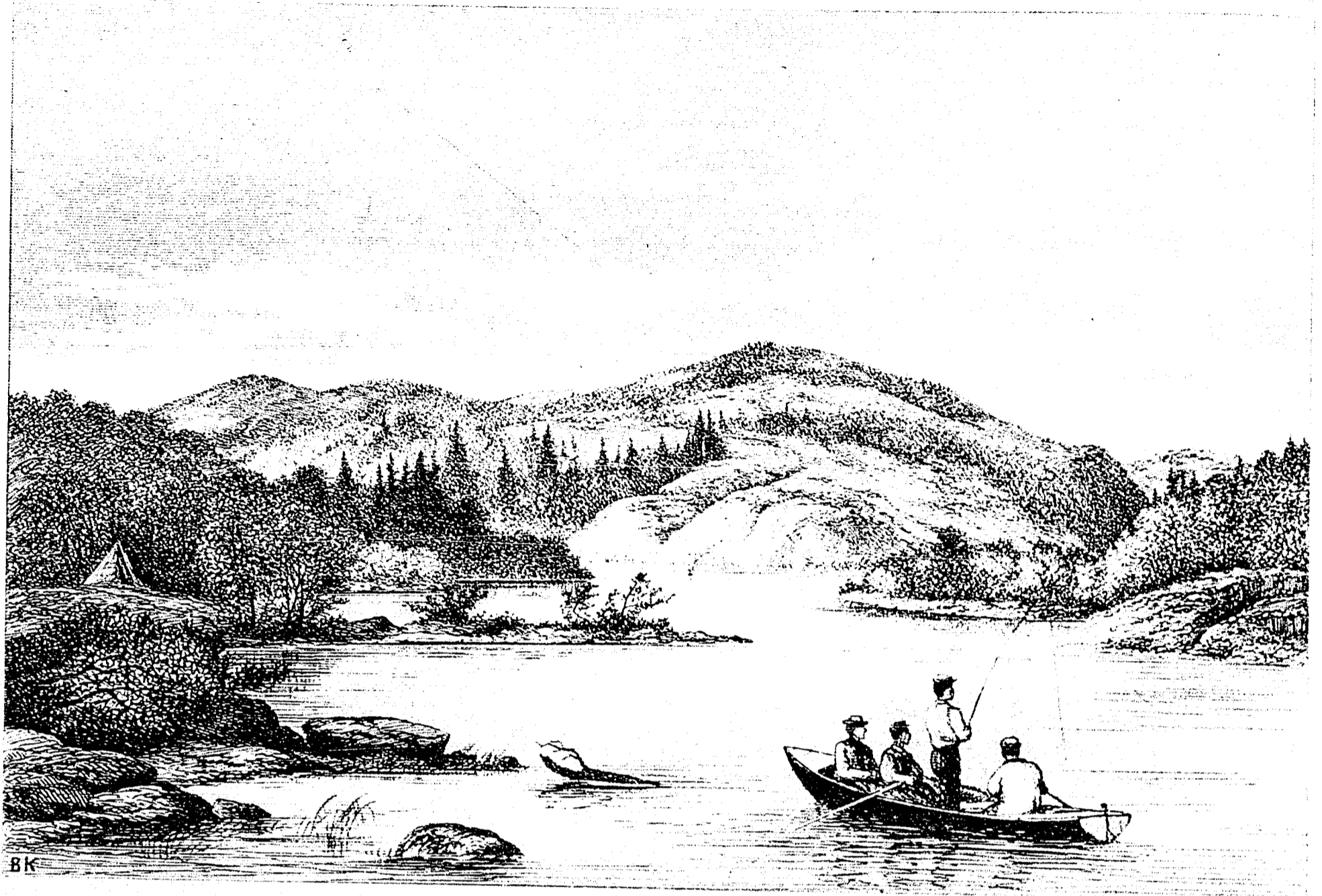
According to an ancient calendar of the Church of Rome, on the 13th day of December, prognostications of the months were drawn for the whole year. On the day of St. Barnabas, and on that of St. Simon, and St. Jude, "that a tempest often rises." The vigil of St. Paul's is called there, Dies Egyptiacus.

We cannot better conclude our notice of St. Swithin than with the following lines, to be found in Gay's *Trivia*:

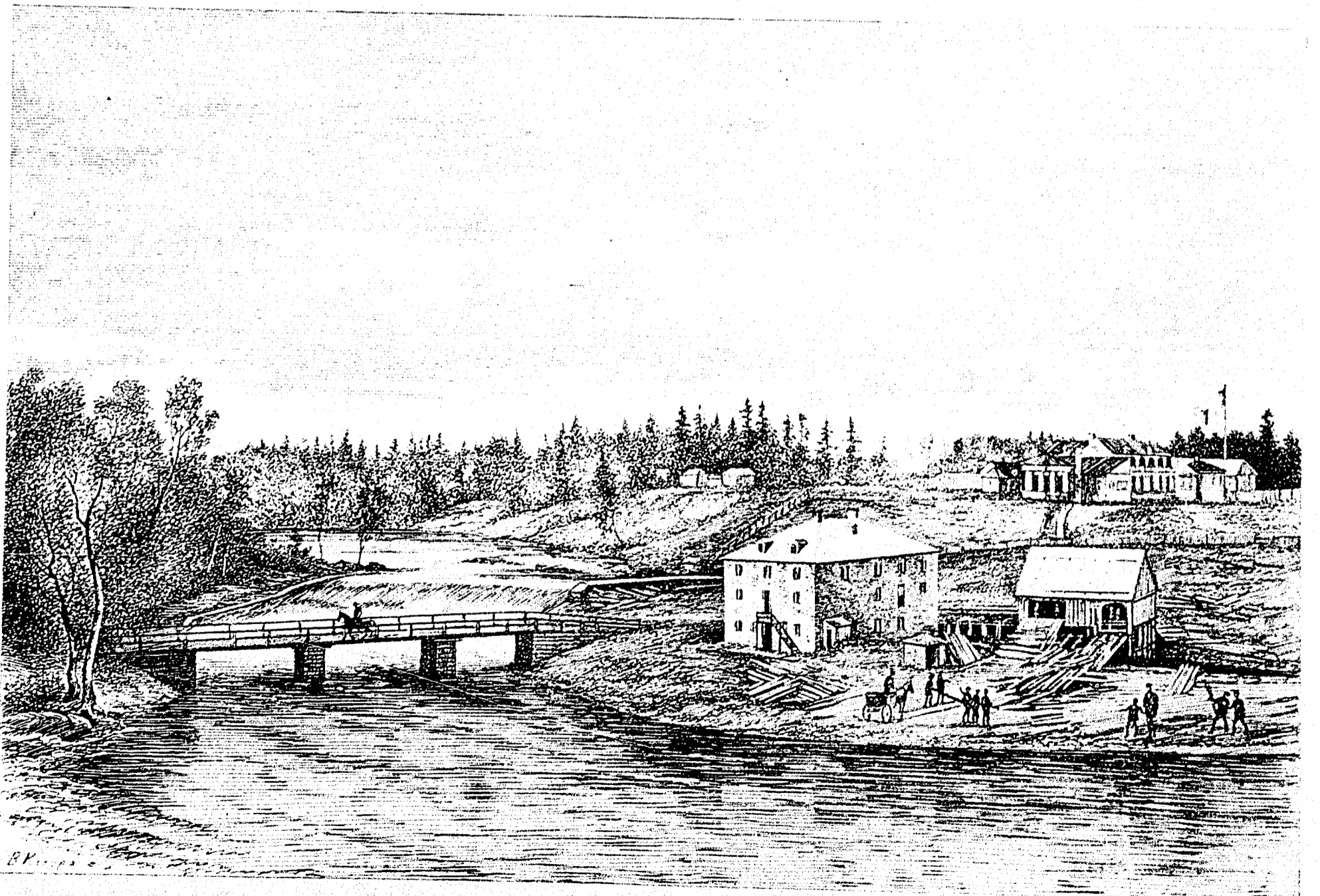
All superstitions from thy breast repel, Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin fairs, And ev'ry pent-house streams with hasty show'rs, Two twenty days shall close in their places drain, And woe the pavements with incessant rain; Let no such vulgar tales deceive thy mind, Nor Paul, nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

Chisholm's International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide—the only reliable time-table for the United States and Canada—has been received. No office should be without one. It is the "Bradshaw" of North America. Price 10 cents per month.

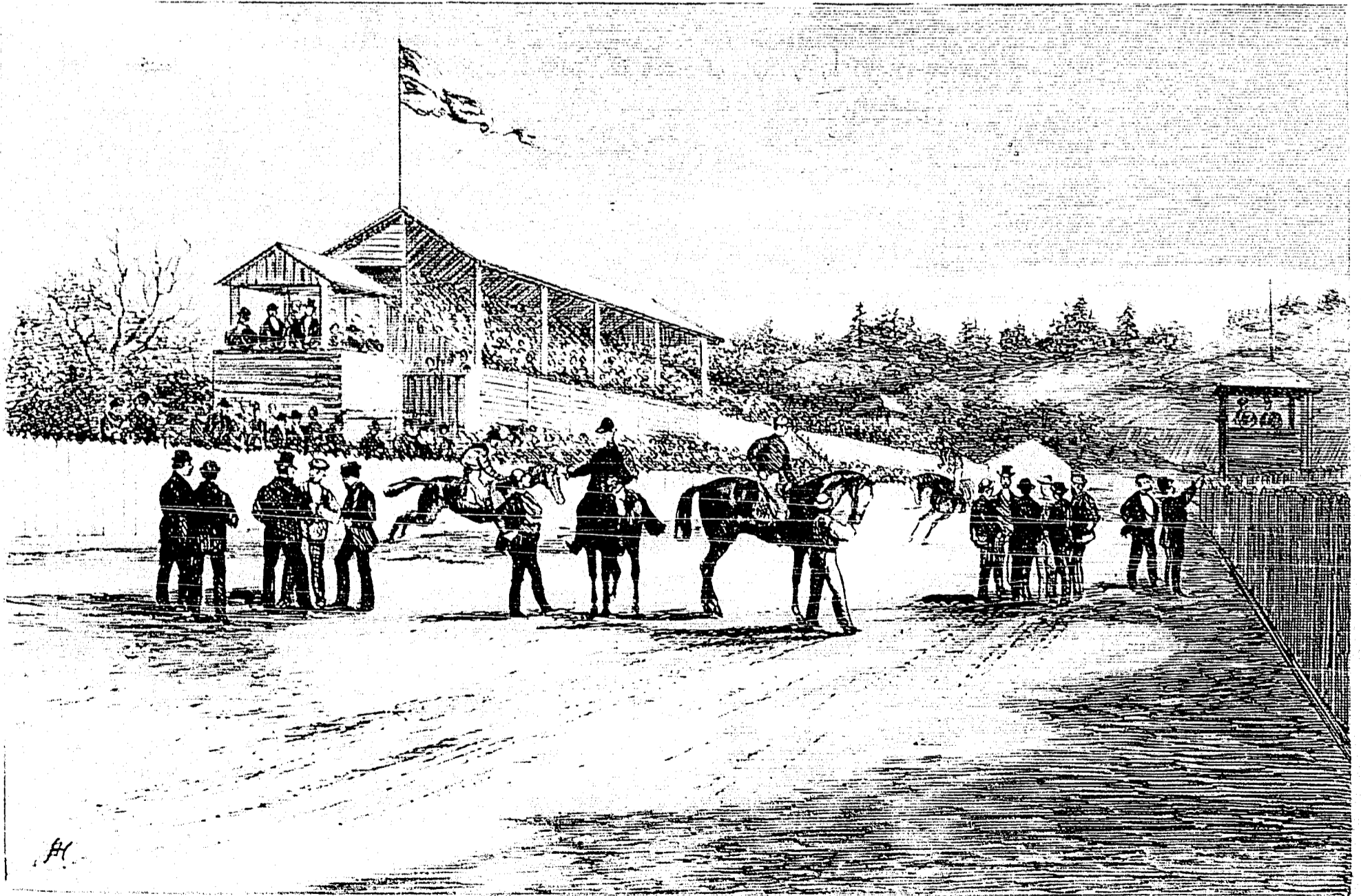
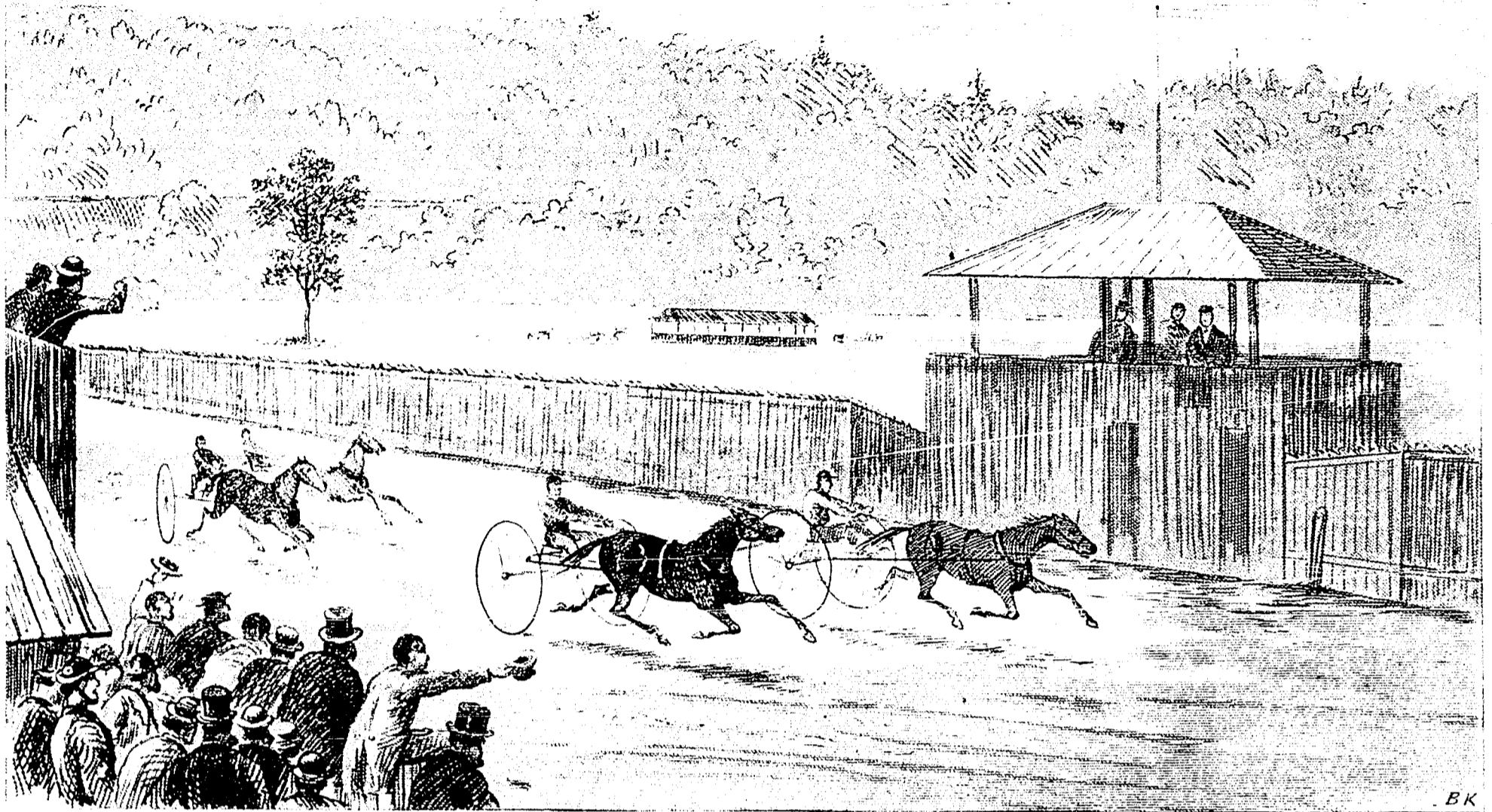
The Jewish Chronicle tells the following curious story. A Jew of Elsleben recently entered a Roman Catholic Church, forgetting to uncover his head. He was seen by the verger, who flew into a passion, and violently knocked off the intruder's hat. The Jew meekly retired without a word, but has since revenged himself by compelling his assailant, under the threat of an action for assault, to contribute towards the erection of the Luther memorial.



VIEW AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER BERGERONNE, SAGUENAY Co.



LEFEBVRE'S MANOR AND MILLS, ST. URSULE, Q.



HAMILTON, ONT.—SKETCHES AT THE RIDING AND DRIVING PARK RACES.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LAST POET.

(From the German of Gruen.)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN READS.

"O poets, will you never tire? Are you not weary of the lyre? When will your oft-repeated strain Final accomplishment attain?"

From horns of plenty long ago Have not the wonders ceased to flow? What dower is left to versify? What spring of song has not run dry?"

"Till through his azure path the sun His daily course has ceased to run, Till, with heart full of love and praise, No human face doth upward gaze:

While from the armoury of heaven Bursts in its wrath the awful levin, And shuddering at its ruthless might, One heart grows fainter with affright:

While the fair daughter of the storm, The rainbow, shows its beauteous form, And but one bosom gladly glows At earth and heaven no longer foes:

As long as night the sky bestows With starry sea of brightest hues, And one remains to understand The golden writing of God's hands:

Long as the moon bestows her light, And hearts yearn heavenward at the sight; Long as the rustling forest's shade Revives the limbs beneath its aid:

Long as the spring is fair and green, Long as the rose in bloom is seen, As long as laughter lights the eyes, And joy makes earth a paradise:

Long as the grave gives cause to mourn And o'er the monumental urn The cypress droops, while sorrows make The eyes to roll and hearts to break:

So long the goddess, Poesie, Through all the earth shall wander free, And with her lie to whom is given The gift she once received from heaven.

And so this ancient household, earth, Of song shall never suffer dearth, And the last son of song shall be The last true liege of Poesie."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own time to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Jack Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

We remember shaking hands with Tom Moore,* who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have been saved by Davenant from the revenge of the restored court, in return for his having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent upon tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of all of them undoubtedly. Thus we have a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side branches or common friendships; but of these we shall give an account by and by. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Sir Falke Greville, Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Spenser's intimacy with Sir Philip Sydney is mentioned by himself in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club, of which Jonson, Goldsmith, and many others were members. He had then, if we remember, just written his "School for Scandal." Of Johnson's friendship with Savage, the well-known "Life" is an interesting and honourable record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship they have sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a

share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning." Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him and ready to go out. What was intended and whither they were to go to, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated and Savage wrote till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for some wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner and proceeded with their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his "Guardian," appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the *Iliad* to him, over the heads of poets and patrons. Congreve, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him a universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

"Already I am worn with cares and age, And just abandoning the ungrateful stage: Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense, I live a rent charge on his providence. But you, whom every Muse and Græve adore, Whom I profess to better fortune bore, Be kind to my remains, and O defend Against our judges, your departed friend! Let not the insulting foe my name pursue, But shade those laurels which descend to you."

Congreve did so with great tenderness. Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his "Paradise Lost" into a rhyming tragedy, which he called "The State of Innocence," or "The Fall of Man;" a work, such as might be expected from such an alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses if you will." In the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's "Tempest," as it once was perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to Goudbert. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon is also supposed to have had Ben Jonson for a retainer in some capacity; but it is certain that Jonson had his acquaintance, for he records it in his *Discourses*. And had it been otherwise, his link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sydney, and indeed of many other of his contemporaries. Here, then, we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him, and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says: "Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the galleon, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but higher in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson show for himself the affection with which he regarded one who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the quiet and all-gladdening Sun, and turned emulation to worship.

Soul of the age! Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie A little further, to make thee a room; Thou art alive still, while thy book doth live, And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

He was not for an age but for all time.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TIGHT LACING.

BY

A.

Ladies, do not fear. I am not going to indulge in any silly tirade against your stays and your corsets. Your Thompson or Magnolia or Princess, with their tapering waists, whether made of silk or satin or coutil, shall not be ruthlessly torn by my hands. I shall not quote that old German bear Sommering to show that fifty-nine distinct diseases with which your delicate little ladies are affected are directly attributable to the corset screw. You shall have flushings in the face, and I

shall not breathe about your stays being tight, and you shall faint, an it please you, and I shall not be heard bellowing out, cut her laces!

I admire a small waist. Is it for me to tear into your dressing rooms and see your maids drawing the long silk laces tighter and tighter, till the waist becomes small by degrees and beautifully less? Sleep in your corsets, my pretty little dears; commence, my charming matrons, early with your children, and let the swathing band of infancy be quickly replaced by the corset; direct nature, and let your daughters have those tapering figures, which the French call *illusion*. Take that great clumsy *pay-ann* out of my sight. She looks as if she could fell an ox or draw a plough; but come here my Rosabel, come here Miss, I swear I can almost span her little waist. The *corsette* shall receive praise at my hands. No, sir, you need not quote the proportions of the Venus de Medici. She is very charming as a statue; but put her in modern costume and, *parbleu*, how you would stare and condemn that clumsy little woman. She was very well for a Venus with diaphanous clouds above her; but with a silk dress I vote for stays. Condemn as you please, sir, but you know that you admire a small waist. I do, and if those dear girls have had to undergo restraint, if the cruel corset was reduced inch by inch at the boarding school, I am humbly grateful that they have borne it all to give me pleasure. It is the nature of woman to suffer. She is by choice a martyr, and if she cannot suffer wrong at any one else's hands, let her endure it at her own. The dears are too conservative to leave off a fashion, which was initiated by Venus, mother of Cupid, who wore her waist-confining *Ceasus*, and when she lent it to the haughty Juno to captivate her sad dog of a husband, was there not a pulling in of buckles and tightening of straps to compress that lady's swelling form into the more sylph-like proportions of Miss Venus?

The gallons of ink which have been shed, the miles of paper which have been scribbled over, have not made the angels of our lives loose their corsets the least little bit, and, my word for it, we may go on writing and there will be no slackening of the work of the *corsette*, and a word in your ear, M. Misogynist, were half of what you have said true, the Last Woman would have disappeared long since; but is there a diminution of the *Blasphemes*? Do you not know, sir, that the world over they are nearly two to one of the sterner sex, who repudiate the restrictions of the corset?

There is a tight-lacing I do condemn, nor is it confined to the ladies. I have seen the bishop on the bench and the judge and the physician and the merchant and all kinds of men as tight-laced as the smallest waisted young lady of your acquaintance. Oh, those cruel stays which some people put on, how they cramp up their minds and compress their affections and fairly squeeze charity out of their composition. These are the corsets which I decry; and who of us, sir and madam, but would be the better for cutting the laces and allowing our judgment fair play? How the old social prejudices and religious cant, cling about us, and instead of boldly flinging them aside and being free, we draw the lace a little tighter and look prim, and Mrs. Grundy sits by and smiles and says it is quite correct.

Hattie Lightfoot, do you remember pursing up those little-pouting lips of yours and making a *mauve* while you said that you thought it a shame that those factory girls should be allowed to promenade the streets on Saturday night? They are a very common lot, *ma chère*. I have heard expressions falling from their lips which you would blush over; but then they don't know French, and when they want to say something naughty they have not your resources; and they flaunt their shabby finery, and cock little jaunty hats on their high-piled hair and call to Tom or Bill and laugh and joke in an outrageously boisterous manner. These hard-working girls, who toil in factories and sewing rooms all during the week, come out on Saturdays for an airing, and because they have not your elegant ways, belle Hattie, you say they ought to be put down. Look around you, Miss, in your own circle—and we all know in what set the lightfoots move—and tell me have you never heard a *double entendre* that you would blush to translate; have you never seen an unbecoming gesture, have you never perceived rouge hiding silliness and powder covering up wrinkles; have you never seen darting, not coarse like the factory girls, but elegant flirting? You know that little *glance* between Mrs. Spargars and young Tompkin Jones of the 101st, when that gallant regiment was out here; you heard that ugly innuendo about Miss Spargars—then come out with me, Hattie, and from our elevated grade in society, we will pelt stones at our little sisters, the factory girls.

My dear madam, I approach a delicate subject. There is a blot on the purity of society, an old, old blot and the streets of Rome were disgraced by it as much as the modern *paris*. We have fallen women, who have lapsed from virtue, and who trade in sin, and your elegant sex, when it meets one of these poor wretches, how it gathers up its skirts and elevates its nose and passes by! They should not be allowed to live. Are there no *maisons de correction*, where these shameless creatures can be made to feel the martinet? Brand them, dock their ears, banish them out of the world! I understand your righteous indignation, madam; but did it ever occur to you, that if some immaculate dames we both know, had been tried with the temptation that came to some of these poor women they would not be now standing with so high a head? Do not turn away so bitterly from a fallen sister; take her by the hand lovingly when she has made her first false step, and set her on her feet and comfort her. They are fallen, degraded, sin-steeped creatures—but, madam, they were tempted. I would not detract from your purity—God forbid; but be a little tender with these sinners!

And what religious tight-lacing there is! I had a conversation with a clergyman sometime since, and he was shocked at my views, and expressed himself plainly that holding such opinions I was going the broad road to destruction. And what were these horrid heresies of mine? Simply that the theatre as well as the church played a part in the education of mankind, and that we might be the better for seeing a play. *Anathema-maranatha* was pronounced; I was given over to the powers of darkness, and the Rev. Grimgrindy Cocane, laced a little tighter, and passed over to the other side.

Is not narrow-mindedness a curse, and are there not those who would hoist the flag of religious persecution to-day and only lack the power and not the inclination? Oh, these little straight-laced opinions. For Heaven's sake, cut the laces, let the heart of charity palpitate and throb, let the bowels of compassion be no longer squeezed and narrowed by the fashion screw, let us have love and pity for all and away with those cruel corsets.

Table with 2 columns: BORN and DIED. Lists names and dates for Thomas Moore, R. B. Sheridan, Samuel Johnson, Richard Savage, Sir Richard Steele, Alexander Pope, William Congreve, John Dryden, Sir William Davenant, Thomas Hobbes, Ben Jonson, and Shakspeare.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)
MIMI'S EYES.

'Twas when Autumn winds were sighing and the Summer buds were dying,
That her bright eye lost its lustre and her rosy cheek its bloom;
And one storm-swept winter even that she took her flight to Heaven
With a troop of strong-winged Angels who had called her to her home.

On a snowy couch they laid her, in her whitest robes arrayed her;
Her lily hands they folded in a cross upon her breast,
A heavenly smile was wreathing her pale lip, as tho' 'twere breathing
A song of thanks reechoed from the choirs of the blest.

And she was gone! Last night I wandered in the gloom and sadly pondered
On the ruins of a lifetime rudely scattered on my way;
Blasted hopes and keen remorses, and the waste of fair resources,
Broken hearts and blighted features—early victims of decay.

O! the night was dark and dismal and from out its depths abyssal,
Phantoms of the past arising, gazed with solemn staring eyes,
On their sweetly mournful faces, there were sorrow's deepest traces,
And their breasts with passion heaving told of hidden agonies.

As before my startled vision passed the long and weird procession,
And my heart was shuddering, shuddering with unutterable woe,
L! amid the shadows o'er me, Mimi's spirit stood before me,
Radiant in her youthful beauty as I knew her long ago.

She was clad in dazzling whiteness, and a pure, celestial brightness
Beamed upon her lovely features and enwrapped her virgin frame,
While a something soft and tender, in her figure trail and slender,
Moved me to advance beside her, as I gently breathed her name.

Not a word her lips did utter, and without a start or flutter,
She crossed her hands upon her bosom in an attitude of prayer,
And my stricken soul beginning, with the sweetness of her smiling,
Raised her brown eyes up to Heaven and slowly melted into air.

Ah me! the deep devotion of those eyes, whose upward motion
Seemed to beckon me away from this land of sin and care;
No! death cannot appall me—for the eyes of Mimi call me,
And I soon shall go to meet her in the happy fields afar.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST JOHN'S, NFD., JULY 24th, 1873.

WOODLAND CARIBOO OR AMERICAN REINDEER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The interior of Newfoundland is in reality an elevated table-land, not less than two thousand feet above sea level in some parts of the north-west, but lower in the southern portion of the island. This savanna country has a surface soil composed of fine black compact peat mould, formed by the growth and decay of mosses, and covered uniformly with their wiry grass. The plains are in the form of extensive gently undulating beds, stretching northward and southward, with running waters and lakes, skirted with woods lying between them. "Their yellow green surfaces," says Cormack, "are sometimes uninterrupted by either tree, shrub, rocks or any inequality for more than ten miles. They are chequered everywhere upon the surface by deep beaten deer paths, and are in reality magnificent natural deer parks, adorned by woods and water. The trees here sometimes grow to a considerable size, particularly the birch; birch is also common. The deer herd upon them to graze."

It is remarkable that neither reptile, serpent nor any noxious creature is known to exist in Newfoundland, although these are common on the neighbouring islands and continent. But bountiful nature has been liberal in stocking the island with noble herds of reindeer finer than those of which Norway and Lapland can boast, specimens of which are found at times to weigh six or seven hundred pounds and even upwards. The vast number of deer-paths which like a network, scam the surface of the interior, in all directions, show that the number of deer must be enormous. Their great enemies are the wolves which are continually chasing them from place to place especially during the winter months, when the deer leave the mountains and come to the plains below to feed on the "brows" of the birch. A few settlers, who are in the habit of deer-stalking, go into the hills in pursuit of deer at about the middle of September, which is just prior to the rutting season, and consequently at a time when the stags are in their best condition.

MIGRATIONS OF THE CARIBOO.

The migrations of the Newfoundland reindeer are as regular as the seasons, between the south-eastern and north-western portions of the island. The winter months are passed in the south where "brows" is plentiful and the snow is not so deep as to prevent them from reaching the lichens, amid the lower grounds. In March, when the sun becomes more powerful, so that the snow is softened by its rays, permitting them to scrape it off and reach the herbage beneath, the reindeer turn their faces towards the north-west, and begin their Spring migration. They do not move in large bodies, for in that case they could not graze freely; but in herds of from twenty to two hundred each which are connected by stragglers or piquets, the animals following one another in single files, a few yards or feet apart. The whole surface of the country is now alive with the deer as herd follows herd in rapid succession, each led by a noble stag as tall as a horse, and all bending their course, in parallel lines towards the hills of the west and north-west. Here they arrive from the middle to the end of April, and amid the rocky barrens and mountains, where their favourite mossy food most abounds, they browse till October. In June, they bring forth their young in these solitudes, where they meet with a profusion of mountain herbage, and where, as compared with the low-lands, they are free from the persecution of flies. So soon, however, as the frosts of October begin to nip the vegetation, they turn towards the south and east, and repeat their long march, in the same manner, and pursuing the same paths as when on their northern migration. Thus for countless centuries, it may be, have these innumerable herds been moving along the same route, unless when interrupted by the Indians or the irregularities of the seasons. Their movements are generally in parallel lines, unless where the narrow necks of land separating lakes, or the running waters or straits uniting them, or intervening chains of hills cause them to concentrate on one point. It was at such spots that the Beothics, or indigenous Red Indians, were accustomed to wait for the deer, and slaughter them in great numbers. Not content with this, however, they erected deer-fences, the remains of which can still be traced for many miles. Inland from Notre Dame Bay and far to the north-west of Red Indian Pond a double line of strong fence was put up by the Red Indians, which at its commencement diverged many miles.

The southern fence ran down to the lake, so that the deer should thus come near their own encampment; and the northern line of fence was to prevent their escape near the shore. This northern fence ran down to the river Exploits, along the bank of which another fence was raised, with openings at particular places for the deer to go to the river and swim across. These openings were called passes. A number of men now got within the fence, and from the wider enclosure they drove them to the narrower part, or to passes of the river where others were stationed, and thus killed the deer at their leisure. These deer-fences are actually seen to extend thirty miles on the River Exploits, and how far into the interior no white man can tell. They were formed by felling trees, and must have cost immense labour. The tribe which constructed them originally must have been numerous and powerful, though now without a single living representative.

RUNNING DOWN THE DEER.

The Indians, especially the Mic-Macs, have another method of capturing the deer, which if it were not well attested would seem almost incredible. Some of these Indian hunters will actually run down a stag. Only when fat is the stag worth such an arduous pursuit, and then only is he liable to such fatigued exhaustion. The hunter will commence the chase early in the day, and follow it up without intermission and before night will make the stag his prey without firing a shot. The stag, at first, easily outstrips his pursuer, but after a run of four or five miles he stops and is by and by overtaken. He lies down fatigued but is again surprised; and thus the chase is kept up, until the poor stag in despair of eluding his pursuer, plunges into a pool or morass to escape, man at length winning the day.

HORNS OF THE CARIBOO.

It is remarkable that the horns of the cariboo vary more than any other species of deer,—in fact, no two adult stags have horns precisely alike. Some very remarkable horns are to be seen here. One pair is so lofty that when reversed on the shoulders of a man five feet ten inches in height, the horns touch the ground. Another pair has thirty-two points, including those on one brow-antler, which is palmated, while the other is a mere snag. These horns with just sufficient skull left to hold them together, weigh thirty-two pounds. Others are perfectly straight like those of a pricket, and with the brow-antlers of similar form. The cariboo is remarkably tenacious of life.

BARBAROUS PRACTICE.

Some years ago a barbarous practice was in vogue among the half-French settlers who then occupied the Bay of Islands on the western coast. The cariboo, in their southern migration, were in the habit of swimming across a narrow part of a large lake called Deer Pond, on the banks of which, at that season, were hidden both men and canoes. When a herd had entered the water and swam sufficiently far to admit a pursuit the canoes were hastily launched and the chase began. On coming up with the deer, knives were drawn and deep gashes made on the rump of each deer to ascertain which was fattest, and these instantly killed with tomahawks, while scores of wounded and bleeding animals were allowed to escape. The slain, perhaps sixty or seventy in number, were then collected and towed to the Humber River, which flowed from the Deer Pond to the settlement, some fifteen miles, and thence into the sea. As the Humber on this part has some rapids and cascades it does not admit of canoe navigation, and the deer were consequently allowed to float to the settlements, where half never arrived, and half of those which did were carried by the current out to sea. The savage cruelty of these hunters met with a just retribution. The deer forsook the route entirely, and now migrate by a path far in the interior, where the cruel hand of man cannot reach them.

BARREN GROUND CARIBOO.

On the western coast a smaller species of deer is said to be occasionally seen by the settlers, and is distinguished by the name of "little black-legged deer." They are supposed to be the "Barren Ground Cariboo," or *R. Greenlandicus* of the naturalist. A fat stag of this species does not exceed in weight an ordinary doe of the woodland Cariboo.

TAMING OF CARIBOO.

Cormack, in his "Journey Across Newfoundland," remarks that these natural herds are the best adapted for this climate and pasture; and it is evident in witnessing their numbers that all that is required to render the interior, now a waste, at once a well-stocked grazing country, could be done through the means of employing qualified herdsmen, who would make themselves familiar with, and accompany these herds from pasture to pasture, as is done in Norway and Lapland with the reindeer there, and in Spain with the sheep. When taken young these deer become very domestic and tractable. Were the intelligent resident inhabitants of the coast, who have an interest in advancing the country internally to adopt a plan for effecting this object, under their own vigilance, benefits and comforts now unthought of could be realized.

LAPLAND CARIBOO.

The Lapland reindeer is said to be able to draw a sledge over the frozen snow at the rate of twenty miles an hour. To the Laplander the reindeer is everything; and in his cold and barren country, covered with snow and ice nine months of the year and producing few vegetables, he would perish were it not for the milk and flesh of the deer. These useful creatures are mostly in a domesticated condition, about four feet high and the same in length. The foot and eye of this creature as in this island are beautifully adapted to the country it is destined to inhabit. The hoof is very widely cloven, and when pressed on the ground the two parts expand, thus forming a broad surface, and preventing the animal from sinking in the soft snow, amidst which it spends a greater portion of its life. Besides the usual eyelids, it is provided with a nictitating membrane extending over the eyes, through which in snow-storms it can see without exposing those delicate organs to any injury. A pair of them in a sledge will travel 100 miles in 24 hours. To their acuteness of sight and smell their master trusts his life in the most dangerous paths during the darkest nights of his stormy winter, and it is seldom that he has to regret his confidence. Their flesh is eaten either fresh or salted, their skins form tents, clothing and bed-covering, their sinews thread for sewing, and their tongues are a well-known article of commerce. Their food is principally the leaves and buds of trees, the catkins of the birch, and the reindeer moss which they search for with instinctive sagacity beneath the snow.

Scraps.

A Parisian dentist advertises the extraction of a tooth, without pain, for two francs, and with pain, one franc. His clients prefer the latter tariff.

At St. Michael's, Coventry, a new font has just been erected. One of the figures is "Heresy," who holds a book on which are engraved the words "Essays and Reviews."

At a recent debate of the Oxford Union Society a motion, "That Spiritualism is deserving of scientific investigation," was brought forward. A member proposed an amendment to substitute "police" for "scientific." He was unsuccessful, and the original motion was carried unaltered.

The Montreal correspondent of the New York World says:—"The fashionable tour this season is to be through Canada, thanks principally to the pleasant attention called to the life and scenery of the Dominion by Mr. W. D. Howell's recent publications, "Their Wedding Journey," and "A Chance Acquaintance."

The Shah of Persia is the son of Mohammed Shah, one of the 43 children of the late Abbas Mirza, eldest of the 265 children of Fath Ali Shah, who died in 1834. He himself is the happy father of six daughters and three sons, all grown up or nearly so, though he is only forty years of age, and they have already given him twelve grandchildren.

Mr. Beecher has been a growing man in point of salary, as he has deserved to be. From *The History of Plymouth Church* we learn that his salary was at first, in 1847, \$1,500, to be increased on the third year to \$2,000. In 1859 the salary was \$7,000; in 1865, \$12,500; in 1870, \$20,000. The pew rent in 1853 was \$11,157; in 1859, \$26,000; in 1868, \$48,000; in 1872, \$59,000. In 1865 a quartette was introduced, whose aggregate salaries, with that of the organist, are \$7,600. The helper—a clergyman who does the pastoral work—and the sextons receive \$7,700, making the whole amount of salaries \$35,300. There are several deaconesses elected annually. The number of members increased from 21 in 1847 to 3,300 in 1872. The number of Sunday-school pupils was, in 1872, 1,319, besides some 800 connected with mission schools.

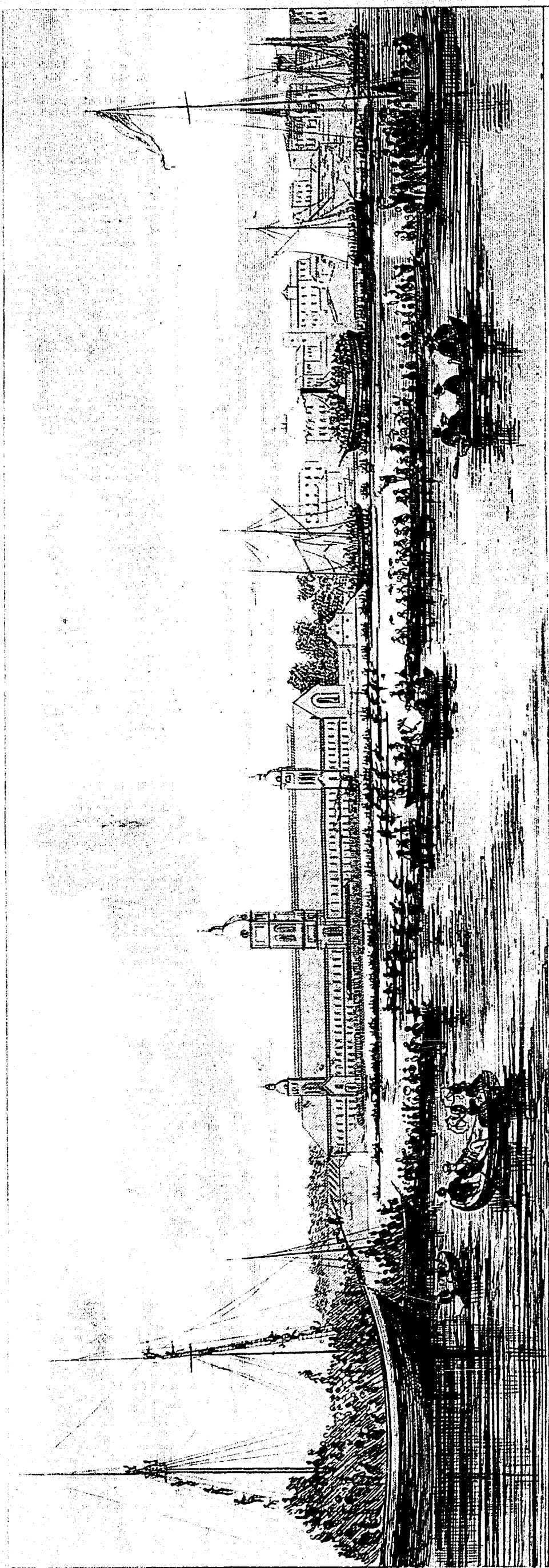
Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voigt says that "the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues, but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak." The Holland physiologist, Mulder, gives the same judgment, when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes, and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations. Leidenfrost maintains that the revolutions of the last three centuries have been caused by the changed nourishment; the lowest workmen in former times ate more flesh than now, when the cheap potato forms his principal subsistence, but gives him no muscular or nervous strength.

The title of "King of Kings" is in no respect regarded by the Shah of Persia as merely nominal. It is a tradition of his house that its Royalty is really and truly above all Royalties, and that he himself is at least titular ruler of all kingdoms on earth. To this and to his Majesty's imperfect command of the French language, may be attributed the otherwise curious speech which the Shah made in bidding farewell to the Russian Emperor at the termination of his visit to St. Petersburg. After thanking the Czar for his magnificent hospitality, the Shah-in-Shah said: "I have noticed the way in which you govern this great country. I am well satisfied with it; you may continue to govern it, for you do so very well, and I am entirely pleased with you." After this address the Shah gave to the Empress that strange little movement of the shoulder which appears to constitute a Persian's salutation to a lady, and stepped into his railway saloon, leaving the Czar upon the platform transfixed with astonishment and amusement.

"The Prayer for Landlords," which occurs in one of the liturgies put forth by Edward VI., is an admirable specimen of plain speaking, and was clearly intended to be addressed to one section of the congregation instead of being offered by all. A contemporary quotes it at length, but the following sample will be sufficient to show its pertinacity: "We heartily pray Thee that they (who possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling-places of the earth) may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents and also honestly to live, to nourish their families, and to relieve the poor. . . . Give them grace also that they may be content with that that is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands, and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling-places."

A "very special" correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* gives the following anecdote of Sir Bartle Frere when at Zanzibar. Sir Bartle and his son, during an expedition "up country," had imprudently wandered away from their escort, and lost their way. After some time they perceived a negro's hut, and tired and hungry, proceeded to claim hospitality. An old negress appeared at the door and gave them some eggs, which our envoy at once converted into an omelette, and seeing numbers of little black balls suspended from the roof, and fancying them to be mushrooms, popped them into the pan, utterly disregarding the old woman's anxious remonstrances. After their meal in came the owner of the cabin, who on learning what his visitor had done broke into a violent rage. "Miserable strangers," cried he, "you have eaten all my war trophies;" and in answer to Sir Bartle's inquiries, informed him that what he had taken for mushrooms were no less than the ears of his enemies whom he had killed in battle. "Sir Bartle Frere," adds the *Figaro*, "was ill with indigestion for four days."

CLEVER COCKATOOS.—One of them was known as "Cock," and the other by the more dignified name of "Dr. Lindley." Cocky pretended to have a violent toothache, and nursed his beak in its claw, rocking itself backward and forward as if in the greatest agony, and in answer to all the remedies proposed, croaking out, "Oh, it ain't a bit of good!" and finally sliding up to the edge of the perch, and saying in a hoarse but confidential whisper, "Give us a drop of whiskey, do." I liked its sewing performance very much—to see it hold a piece of stuff underneath the claw which rested on the perch, and pretend to sew with the other, getting into difficulties with its thread, and finally setting up a loud song in praise of sewing machines, just as if it were an advertisement. The Doctor's best performance is when he imitates a hawk. He reserves this fine piece of acting until his mistress is feeding her poultry; then, when all the hens and chickens, turkeys and pigeons, are in the quiet enjoyment of their breakfast or supper, the peculiar shrill cry of a hawk is heard overhead, and the Doctor is seen circling in the air, uttering a scream occasionally. The fowls never find out that it is a hoax, but run to shelter, cackling in the greatest alarm—hens clucking loudly for their chicks, turkeys crouching under the bushes, the pigeons taking refuge in their house. As soon as the ground is quite clear, the Doctor changes his wild notes for peals of laughter from a high tree, and finally alighting on the top of a hen-coop filled with trembling chickens, remarks in a suffocated voice, "You'll be the death of me."

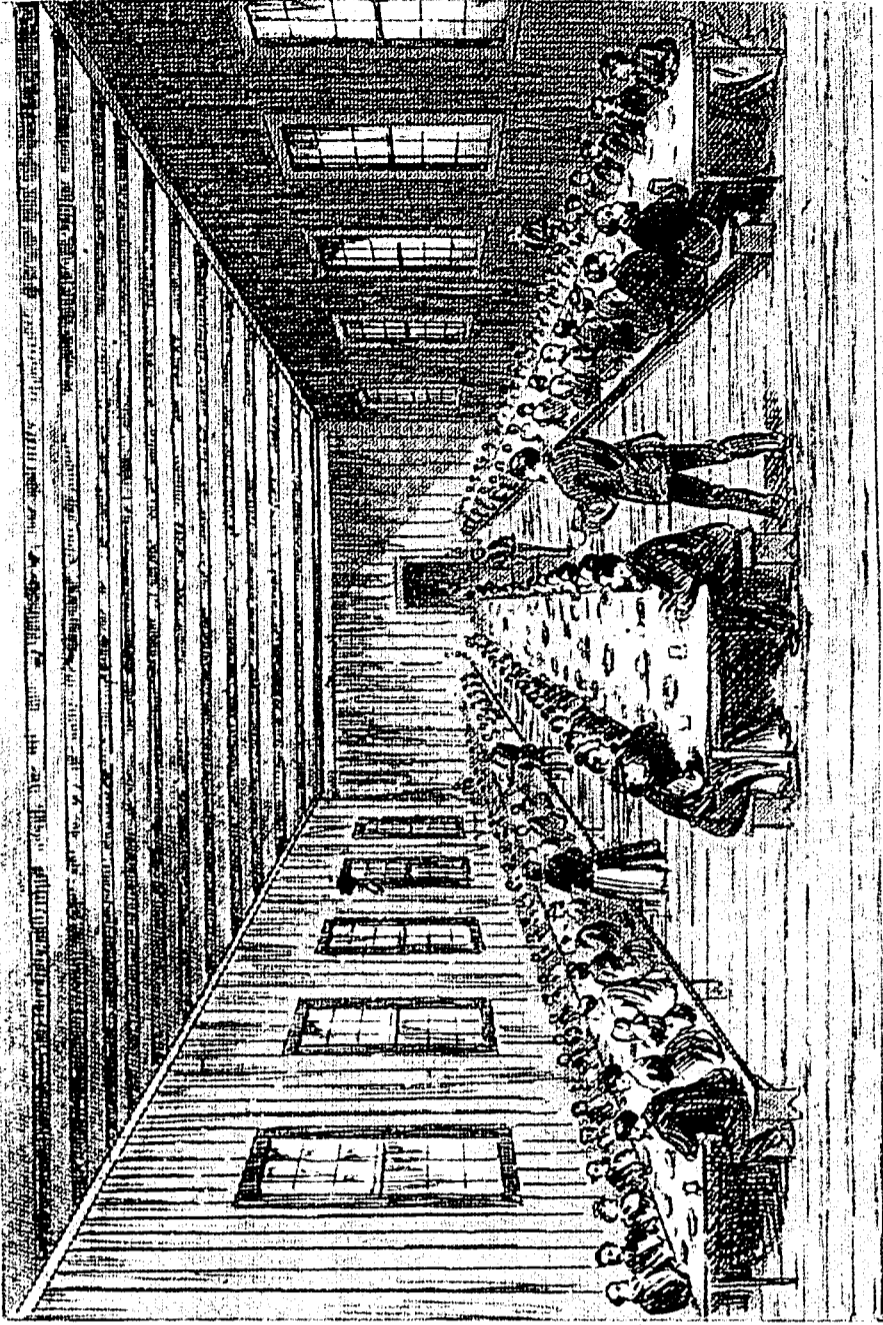


THE FOUR-OARED RACE.

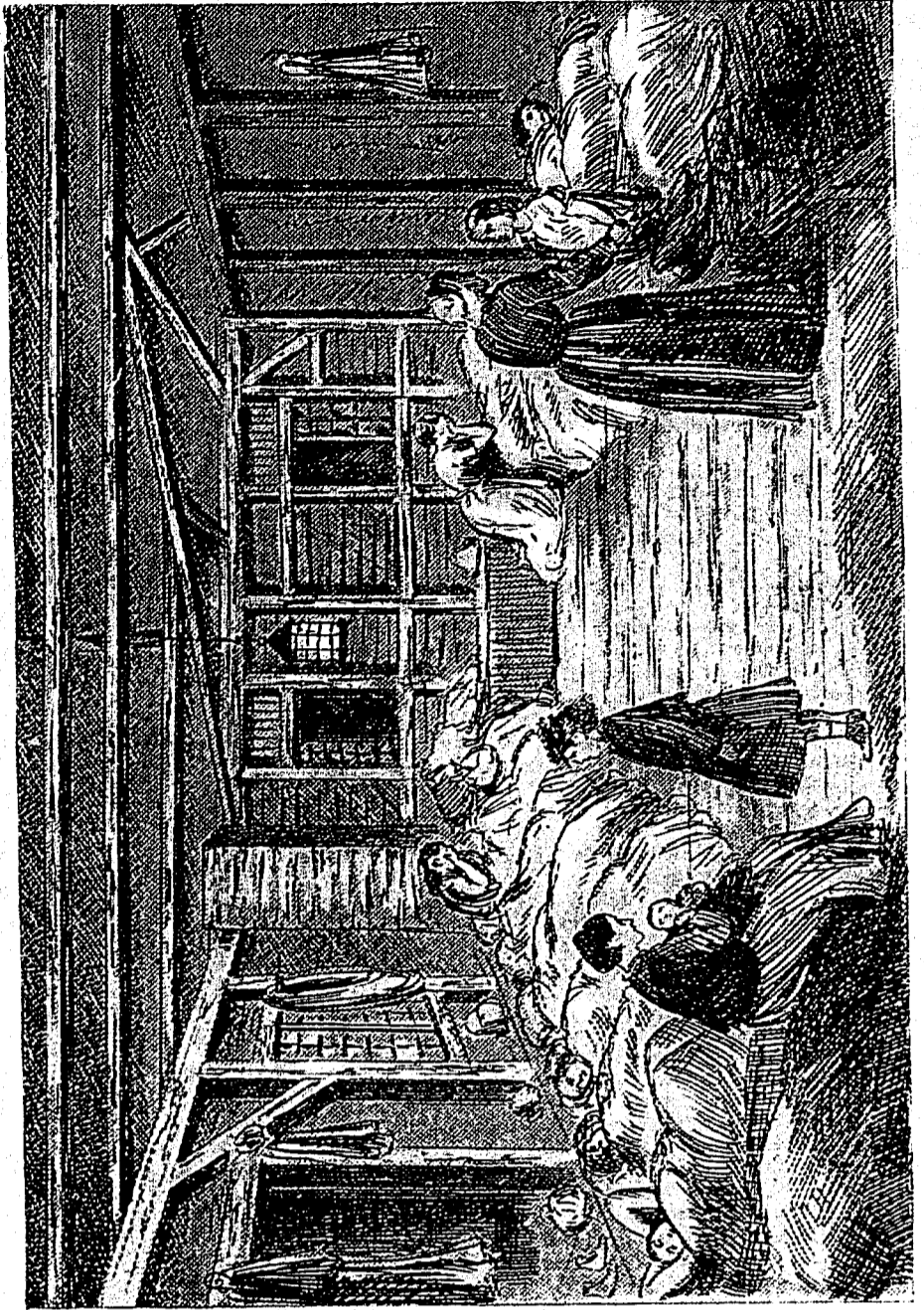


TORONTO—THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

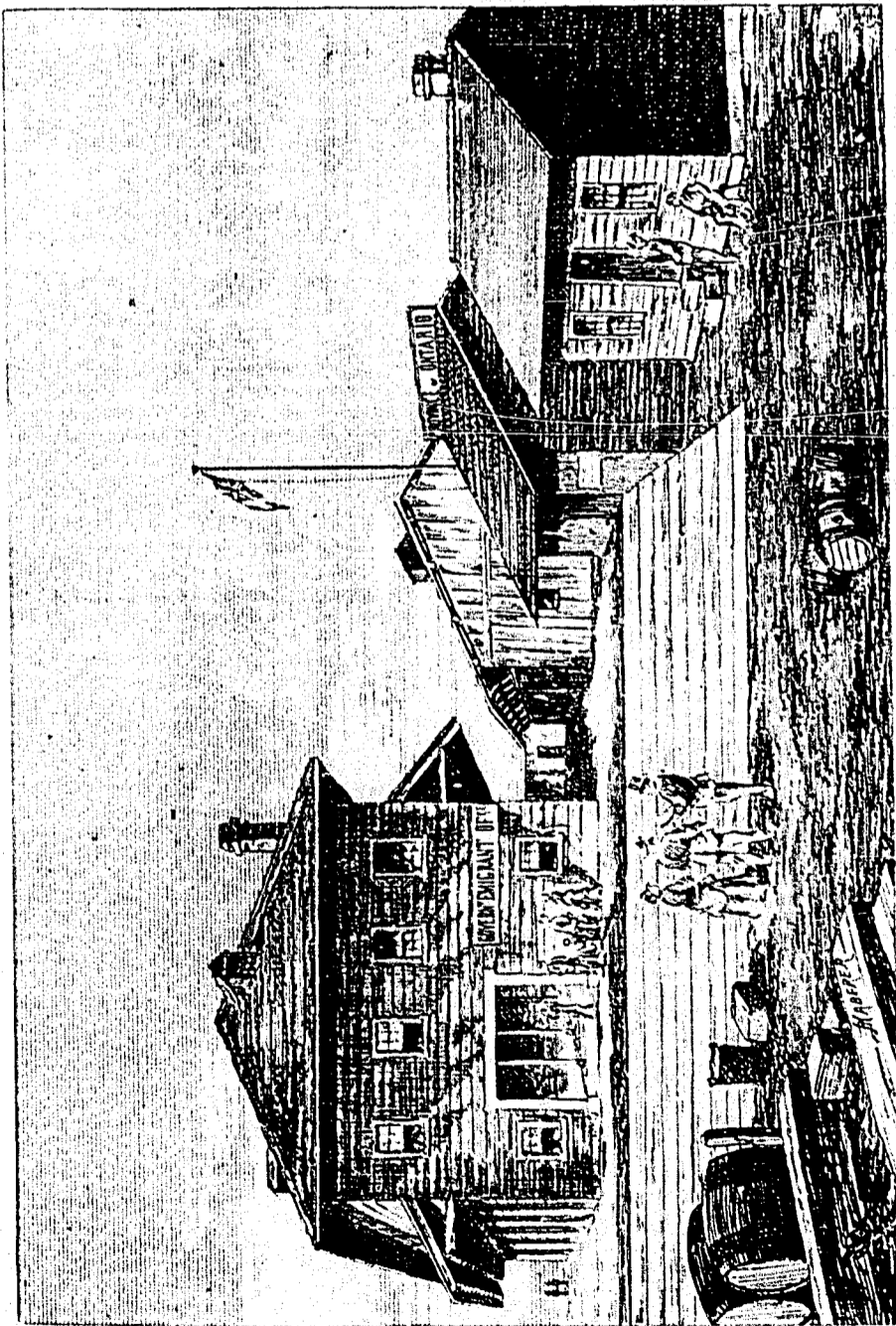
HABERER



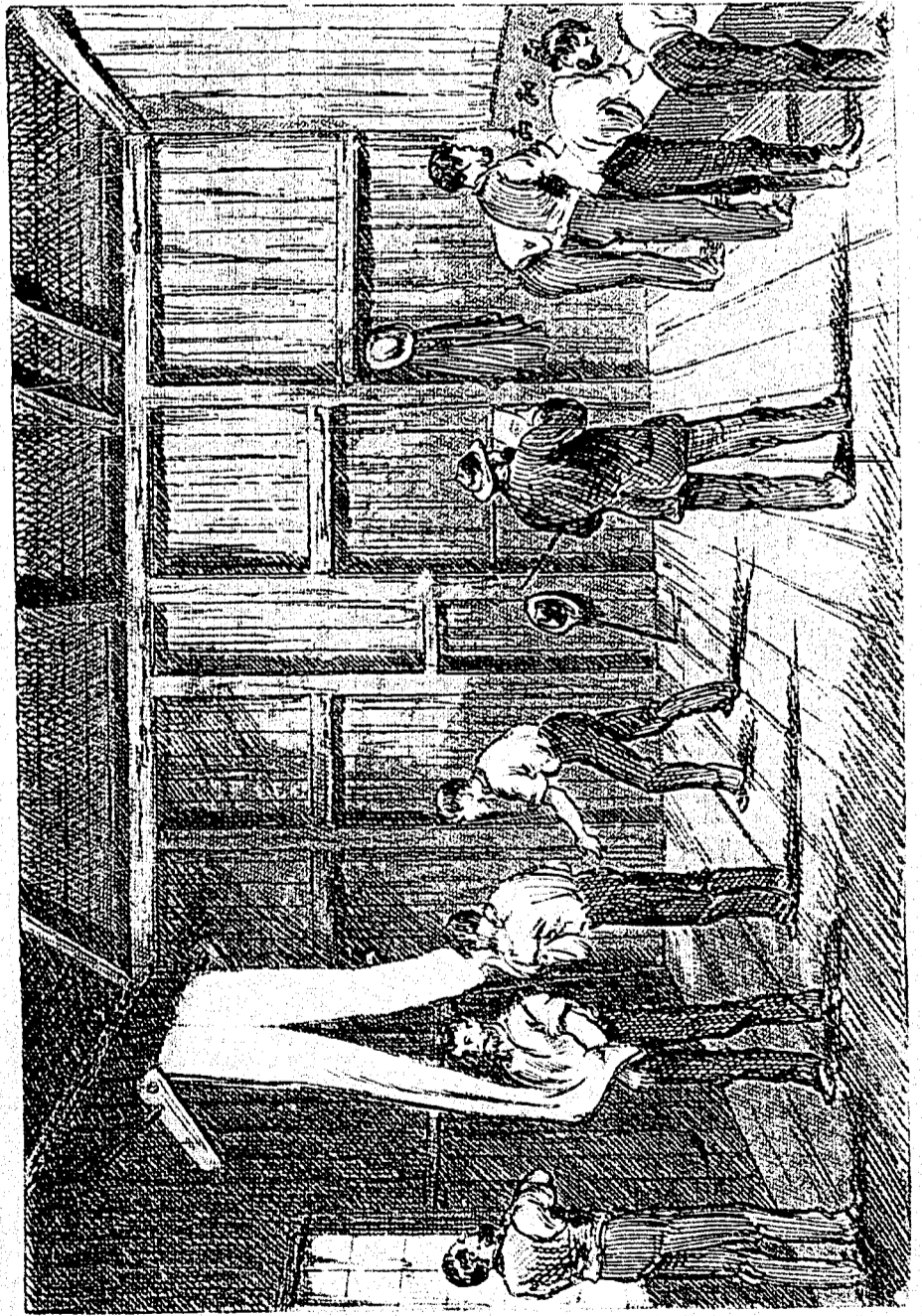
DINING ROOM.



WOMEN'S BED ROOM.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHEDS.



MEN'S WASH ROOM.

QUEBEC.—THE IMMIGRANT SHEDS

A PUSHING AGENT.

"Sir," said a tall, thin man, clad in a worn, very shining garb, suddenly appearing in the room, "I have ventured to call and lay before you one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times." They all begin in some such impressive way as that. "A gas burner, sir." I was busy arranging some papers in a corner, and having both hands full, with a pen held crossways in my mouth, I was for the moment quite at his mercy. "Perhaps, sir, you are aware that in the case of every kind of burner but this I now show you, gas gives off a most noxious effluvia, having a peculiarly ruinous effect upon the eyesight." By this time I had emptied my hands and mouth, and was advancing upon him. Fixing his eyes upon mine, he started back in distressful horror. "Heaven help us, sir," he exclaimed, "how you have suffered already! Your sight, sir, would not last six months longer. This must not be."

Before I could say a word or lift a finger to stop him he rapidly glided past me to the table on which the lamp stood. With a nimbleness which rooted me to the spot in apprehension, he whipped off the shade, then the old burner. In a moment the lamp was a ruin. "It's a mercy of Providence, sir, that I have happened to call."

"Stop!" I called. "Replace everything as it was, instantly."

"The number of cases of premature blindness," he calmly proceeded, "that I have had the gratification of preventing makes my labour a most pleasant one."

Thinking he might be deaf, I bawled, "I don't want your burner; I won't have it; take it off." For he was lightly twirling the new one in its place.

"There, sir, you will feel thankful to me as long as you live! the only thing that troubles me in the matter is, I know I am ruining the spectacle makers."

"Do you hear?" I asked. "I shall not pay you for it."

He struck a very effective attitude. "Payment! of what consequence is that? I could not remove that inestimable burner for any amount of money, when the alternative is the ruin of your valuable eyesight. For, sir, your eyes are worth many burners. I make you a present of it willingly. I am a poor man, under heavy travelling expenses, and I have a family in want." He sighed. "But my duty shall be done. The price is threepence-halfpenny, or three shillings a dozen. I know you will regret this momentary harshness in the long years to come, when you are enjoying the benefits of that burner. But that is not my affair, though I am sorry to think of it. Good morning, sir. If at any time, no matter how long an interval, by some inconceivable accident anything should become out of order in it, you will find the name of the manufacturer stamped on the side. Be good enough to drop a line to their well-known house at Glasgow, and a man will instantly be sent to attend to it."

I was beaten. This offer to send a man from Scotland into the heart of England, after the lapse of years, to put a gratuitously bestowed threepence-halfpenny gas burner to rights was too much for me. I had to make a purchase.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The founder of the great house of Rothschild, Meyer Anselm Rothschild, was born in the miserable, filthy, Juden-gasse in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1743. At eleven, he lost his parents; but friends kept him at school a few years longer; and then, packing up his few clothes, he took a stout stick in his hands and walked to Hanover. Here he found a place with a small banker and money-changer, and, by dint of extreme parsimony, managed to save a little money out of his miserable salary. With this capital he returned to Frankfort in 1773. Just one hundred years ago. He established himself as a broker and money-lender in the Juden-gasse; hung up a Red Shield (Roth Schild) over his door, and took unto himself a wife. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel made his acquaintance; and, after the bombardment of Frankfort by Napoleon, Rothschild was appointed banker to the Landgrave and his Court. When the further troubles came upon Germany, the Landgrave handed over about a quarter of a million of pounds sterling to Rothschild to take care of. Meyer employed the money to great advantage, and when he died he was worth a million. On the restoration of the Landgrave to his possessions, the son returned to him the quarter of a million which he had deposited with Meyer for safe keeping. The Landgrave was so delighted at this honest and conscientious act that he knighted young Rothschild upon the spot. Although Anselm, the eldest son, was the nominal head of the firm, it was Nathan who inherited his father's spirit. Nathan was born in September, 1777. He left his home at Frankfort in 1798, at the age of twenty-one, and opened a small place of business as a banker and money-lender at Manchester, which city he is said to have reached with £84 in his pocket, after paying his travelling expenses. By dint of shrewdness, perseverance, and self-denial, however, he had so successfully conducted his operations that he came from Manchester to London with a capital of £200,000 at his command. He engaged largely in speculations in the public funds, a safe step considering the supply of information which he received from abroad; and, as he realized vast profits, his £200,000 added a fresh "0" to it. He had an abiding faith in the value of "news"—we mean its value in a pecuniary sense—seeing that it placed him ahead of all competitors. He had a staff of agents on the continent constantly following the armies, and directed to send carrier pigeons with reports of the most important army movements in cipher under their wings. But when Napoleon returned from Elba, he saw that affairs upon the continent needed his personal supervision. He was present at the battle of Waterloo; rushed off to London with inconceivable rapidity; pretended that all was lost; secretly bought up every scrap of government securities; and, when the real news came, found he had netted a million by the transaction. It was Nathan who laid down the principle that the continued prosperity of the house would best be promoted by the intermarriage of the various branches—a principle which was for many years adhered to. He dreamed of establishing a sort of royal caste of Rothschilds—but the dream cannot now be ever realized. Another generation has sprung up; the head of the English house is a baronet, and two of the Rothschilds have seats in Parliament; the Rothschilds now own both Gunnersbury Park in Middlesex and Tring Park in Hertfordshire, and Mentmore in Buckinghamshire; and some of their handsome Jewish daughters have exchanged their Israelitish maiden names for Christian surnames. The

caste is broken in upon; the wall of severance is no longer standing; and Jewish wealth has now become in the matrimonial market an article of exchange for Christian blood and noble titles.

Music and the Drama.

Madame Ristori is playing at Drury Lane, after an absence from London of ten years.

After numerous conflicting rumours, it is at last announced that M. Offenbach will open the *Gaité* on the 18th of August, when the "Dermer Gazon," a grand drama, in five acts, by MM. Theodore Barriere and Ponpart Duval, will be produced.

Among the musical instruments exhibited at Vienna, is the piano upon which Franz Schubert composed most of his charming songs. The instrument bears evident signs of hard wear, but the case and keyboard are in good preservation.

The Shah's State visit to the Royal Italian Opera, London, took place on the 21st ult. The programme consisted of the second act of "Dinorah," with Mme. Patti singing the Shadow Song; the Ophelia scene in "Hamlet," with Mlle. Albani as Ophelia; and the second act of "Faust."

The visit of the Czar to Vienna was accompanied with much theatre-going. When the gala-performance was given, it was impossible to procure a seat for love or money. "Lohengrin" was withdrawn at the last moment, and "Faust" substituted. The Czar is reported to have cried out, when he saw the bill, "Wagner again! Am I doomed to meet this Wagner wherever I go?"

A cantata, entitled "All Hail to the Shah" was recently produced at the Albert Hall, London. It opens with a chorus, "Behold from Persia's ancient land!" followed by a soprano solo (Mlle. Tittens), "Not now doth Persia's Lord." A Persian march then introduces a second chorus, "Who is this that landeth?" after which comes an elaborate fanfare for military instruments, the whole terminating with a third chorus, "All hail to the Shah, let our trumpets proclaim him." Mr. J. Barnby is the composer of the piece.

The birthday of Wagner was celebrated the other day at Bayreuth in regal manner. Early in the morning he was woken up by a ravelle borrowed from the "Meistersinger." In the evening a grand dramatic performance was superintended by Wagner in person, consisting of Wagner's works and a comedy by his father-in-law, Louis Geyer. After the theatre, all adjourned to the "Golden Anchor," and quaffed mighty schoppen to the future triumphs of the futurist.

The *Orchestra*, in an article entitled "Toujours Perdix," has the following pungent hits:—"It is the same with the highest artists as with the lowest. Just as Brown, Jones and Robinson adorn each benefit concert with that admirable composition, 'Flowing fountains of milk and water'—so do the first-class artists repeat their own hobby-horse movements. Patti arrives for the season; plays *Marguerite* in 'Faust' and sings 'Within a mile of Edinburgh Town' at a concert. Albert arrives for the season; plays *Marguerite* in 'Faust' and sings 'The Minstrel Boy' at a concert. Nilsson arrives for the season; plays *Marguerite* in 'Faust' and sings 'Angels ever bright and fair' at a concert. They all did precisely the same last year and the year before, and they will do the same in 1884, please goodness. And they make great fortunes by it, and hold their position at the top of the tree."

Intelligence of musical doings in London up to the 21st ult. has been received. At the Royal Italian Opera the week was opened with "Ernani," Mme. Patti taking Elvira and Signor Mongini the title rôle. Although the piece had not been produced since 1856, it did not prove a success. "Les Huguenots" and "L'Orléans" were also brought out during the week, with Mlle. D'Angeri and Mme. Trisolini, a *diva*. At Her Majesty's, "Norma" and "Rigoletto" were produced, the former bringing a triumph for Mlle. Tittens.

Mme. Albani is at present in Milan, and announces her intention of settling in Italy.

A history of dramatic music in France, by M. Chequet, has been published by Didot, of Paris.

A new oratorio, "The Raising of Lazarus," by Mr. J. F. Barnett, has been produced in London.

Mrs. Scott Siddons will give dramatic representations in German in Vienna this summer.

An English opera company has been formed by Mr. Carl Rosa, comprising most of the leading members of the Parepa Rosa Opera Company.

Cornelle's 26th birthday was celebrated at the Théâtre Français, Paris, on the 6th ult. by a performance of "Le Menteur" and "Le Cid."

M. Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc," which is to be produced at the *Gaité* under Offenbach's direction, is exciting considerable interest in Paris. The music is said to be fully worthy of the author of "Faust," and a Funeral March in the last act, a chorus of Cavaliers, a prayer, and a chorus of peasants, are spoken of as particularly noticeable. Great pains are being taken with the scenery—a view of Rheims Cathedral being a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* while the costumes are copied from old manuscripts.

Madame Ristori is creating quite a *furor* in London by her impersonations of "Maria Stuarda" and "Elizabeth of England."

Miss Bateman will shortly appear in London in "Mobeia."

Mr. Charles Mathews closed his second engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, London, on the 28th ult.

"The Black Crook" has reached its 160th representation at the London Alhambra.

Charlotte Stanley will play next season a sensational drama entitled "Crime; or, The Car Hook Murder."

It is said that Maretzek is trying to secure Booth's Theatre for his next season of Italian Opera.

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett has lately produced, in London, a new sonata in four movements, entitled "The Maid of Orleans."

Lillie Elldridge's repertory for next season will include "Mignon;" "Olive; or, The Mysterious Murder;" and "Alma; or, Held in Bondage."

"The New Magdalen" is to be brought out by Annie Firmin and John Jack at Wood's Museum. The following artists have added this favourite piece to their repertoire: Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Taylor's dramatization; Plessy Mordant, an original adaptation; and Helen Temple, Dorsey Ogden's dramatization.

The London *Figaro* says the new opera of "Adam and Eve," it is thought, will be given up, the only manager who has yet attempted to produce it having had a difficulty with the prima donna in the matter of costume. The lady declines to take the character of Eve, unless allowed to appear in a yellow satin train and a diamond necklace. Adam, also, exhibits a marked preference for a velvet tunic and a rapier. The great moral work will probably be handed over to the ballet people.

Few theatrical directors are as liberal as M. Cantin, of the Folies Dramatiques, who gives notice that in consequence of the unprecedented success of the "Fille de Madame Angot," he intends making a present of half a month's extra salary to all the *personnel* of the theatre—artists, choristers, musicians, machinists and employés, a gift equal to about fourteen thousand francs.

Prince Poniatowski's operetta "Au Travers du Mur" (through the wall), has been played in London. The plot is all about some musicians who meet to pursue love and music through a

partition which divides their rooms in an hotel. The incidents are artistically worked out, and the score is melodious and attractive.

At the annual concert for the restoration of St. Ann's Soho, the "Theodora, or Virgin Martyr," a superb oratorio of Handel's, which has slept for one hundred and twenty years, was reproduced. The critics pronounced it the very quintessence of Handelian ensemble. It contains the celebrated piece, "Angels ever Bright and Fair."

Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, closed on Saturday week. "Madelaine Morel" ran on to the last. At Niblo's, Wallace's three-act local drama, "The Beats of New York," founded on "The Bohemians of Paris," is running. "Jane Eyre" at the Union Square, and "Cigarette" at the Olympic.

The Wienlawski troupe go from San Francisco to Brazil. The Coleman Girls were playing last week at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, with the following *répertoire*:—"The Little Sentinel," "Driven from Home," "The Snow Bird," "The Household Pet." They were followed this week by Oliver Doul Byron, as "the Ferret," in "Across the Continent."

The Mazurette Troupe are about to make a tour through Canada.

The Lisa Weber Troupe were to have appeared in Toronto July 7th to 11th inclusive. They play in Hamilton on the 18th and 19th inst.

Dominick Murray has been playing during the last week at the Dramatic Lyceum, St. John, N.B.

Art and Literature.

"Mazeppa" is the subject for this year's Prix de Rome.

A work by Mr. Clements Markham is about to be published in England on the subject of Arctic Exploration. It will be entitled "The Threshold of the Unknown Region," and will relate the events connected with all the principal voyages which have touched the boundary of the region as yet unexplored around the North Pole.

Mr. Courbet has been elected an honorary member of the Madrid Academy of Fine Arts.

A Conservative daily on a large scale is about to be started in Glasgow.

A novelette, entitled "Village Tyrants," by Mr. Joseph Hutton, is commenced in the July number of *Belgravia*.

Gustave Doré, who had promised a drawing for a charitable lottery in Paris, has sent a magnificent water-colour of great value. It represents a Sister of Mercy carrying off a child in her arms during the bombardment of Paris by the Prussians.

M. Victor Hugo has just finished the book upon which he has been engaged since last summer. It will be entitled "Quatre-vingt-treize," with, as the first series, "La Guerre Civile."

Mrs. Thompson, daughter of the poet Burns, died on the morning of the 13th ult., at Crossmyloof, near Glasgow, in her 84th year.

M. Thiers has informed several of his friends that he is about to commence a work on the arts in Italy during the Middle Ages, the materials for which he has for a long time past had in preparation.

Mr. John Camden Hotten, the well-known London publisher, died on the 14th inst.

Mr. Richard Proctor, author of "Other Worlds than Ours" and other popular scientific books, and Secretary of the London Astronomical Society, will lecture in the United States from October to February next.

"It has been stated," says the *Italie*, "that the Pope has made to the Czarine a present of two mosaics from the workshops of the Vatican. Persons who frequent the Catholic anti-chambers state that the Empress, in return, has sent to his Holiness a chalice in massive gold, quite a *chef-d'œuvre* of art."

Miss Louisa M. Alcott's publishers, it is said, pay her a copyright of \$10,000 a year.

A Belgian publisher has in press a book purporting to give the letters received by the Grand Duke Alexis from ladies during his sojourn in America.

M. Clement Duvernois is about to start a half-penny paper, *La Démocratie*, at Paris, the object of which will be to prove that the Empire alone can secure the happiness of the working classes.

A "History of Crime in England" is announced. The author, Mr. Owen Pike, shows that not only have crimes of violence and rapine diminished with the progress of civilization, but also the meaner and more crafty crimes, such as theft, forgery, and poisoning.

A picture by Leonardo da Vinci, representing the daughters of Lot and the burning of Sodom, has been brought to light at Saint Lixier, Ariège, France. It bears the painter's name.

Gustave Doré is, it is stated, about to illustrate Shakespeare.

Bayard Taylor has returned to the Casa Gucci, Florence (the famous home of Mrs. Browning), from Rome, and is preparing a condensed history of the world for the use of schools. It is to be published by the Appletons.

Another member of the House of Peers, following the example of the Duke of Somerset and Earl Russell, is about to publish a book on the claims of Christianity. Viscount Stratford De Redcliffe has written a work with the title "Why am I a Christian?" The theology will no doubt be orthodox, and his lordship, it is believed, leans to Broad Church views.

M. Renan, in his "Antichrist" has a plausible theory of Nero's setting fire to Rome. The city was encumbered with old tumble-down buildings, many of which were held sacred and indestructible by the people. To have torn them down would have been a direct attack on the religious prejudices of the populace. Nero wanted to build a new and more splendid city, something like Paris, but the only way he could get the ground cleared for the foundation was by applying the torch. This is ingenious enough to be true, and far more probable than the madman story.

We shall soon have the Shah of Persia also among the book-makers. From the *Court Journal* we learn that he is compiling a journal of his journey, which he keeps closely written up; and in addition, he has with him his own special correspondent, in the person of Mahammed Hassan Kahn Sano-ed-Dowlah, editor of the *Official Gazette* of Persia.

APPOINTMENTS, Etc.

The following appointments in the Dominion Cabinet have been announced: Minister of Interior, Hon. Mr. Campbell; Postmaster-General, Hon. Mr. O'Connor; Minister of Inland Revenue, Hon. Mr. Gibbs; Minister of Militia, Hon. Mr. Macdonald, of Antigonish.

The following gentlemen have received appointments on the Canadian Commission to Vienna: Henry Hulmer, Montreal; —, Williams, of the *Ontario Workman*, Toronto; and —, Davis, G. T. R., Belleville.

Courrier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—**CRAVAT BOW.**—This is made of crape of some light shade, and silk ribbon of a dark shade, with a delicate spray of rosebuds in the centre of the bow.

FIG. 2.—**ROUND HAT AND VEIL.**—The material of this hat is white baste. The crown is high and oval, and the brim about an inch and a half broad with a turned-up edge, lined with pale pink silk. Round the crown are wound a 2 1/2 inch pale pink ribbon and a black tulle veil 75 in. to 80 in. long and 10 1/2 inches broad, with an inch and a quarter lace edging. The veil should be elegantly looped up behind as shown in the illustration. On one side of the hat is a spray of forget-me-nots and teasel-roses and a full bow of ribbon with ends from 20 to 24 inches long, which, fastened on the inner part of the outside brim, fall gracefully over the veil at the back. Underneath are two ribbons each 24 to 28 inches long, which fasten at the back.

FIG. 3.—**ROUND HAT WITH FLOWING VEIL.**—This hat is made of black baste, with a high crown and a narrow, upturned brim. The trimming consists of a rose of reseda green silk ribbon, 3 1/2 inches in width, with a bow and large oxidized-silver buckle on one side, and a shaded green ribbon bent over the crown. The veil is of green gauze, arranged in puffs at the back of the crown and looped up ten inches and a half from its lower end with a bow of ribbon. The length of the veil should be about 56 in. and the width 25 in.

FIG. 4.—**SLEEVELESS JACKET AND SASH.**—The material for these favourite jackets may be either velvet, black or coloured, silk rep, cashmere, or even *pique*. They may be made either close to the throat, open, or shawl-fashion, and may be worn either with *cecece* or a lace trim. A small embroidered work in two or more colours has a very good effect; or this may be done in bead-work. Ruby, light blue, or emerald green beads are the prettiest. *Moire* sashes, looped-up at the side, are worn with these jackets.

FIGS. 5 AND 6.—**A COIFFURE.**—This is a very simple and elegant arrangement of the hair, and may be worn with tortoise-shell comb and ribbons, or with a comb and a spray of flowers.

FIG. 7.—**CRAVAT BOW AND CORD AND TASSEL ARRANGEMENT.**—This is something entirely novel in the way of cravats. The cord should be of strong silk, about 27 inches in length of the same colour as the cravat bow, and furnished at each end with a tassel 3 1/2 in. long. It connects, as shown, the neck and shoulder bows, in the centre of each of which it forms a little coil or knot. The cravat bow is furnished with a single end, terminating in a knotted fringe.

FIG. 8.—**SILK REP FICHU.**—This is a very favourite form of fichu. It is three-cornered, trimmed with a deep knotted fringe. The ends are loosely tied together with a crimson poppy fastened upon them.

FIG. 9.—**AFTERNOON COSTUME.**—A characteristic feature of this graceful costume of pale lilac lawn is the elegant drape of the basque, which is lined with lilac silk. The trimming consists of pleats of lilac French muslin, headed with ribbons of a darker shade, and large *passepaille* buttons. The front of the waist is cut *en Pompadour*, with a double standing collar, one of tulle ruffling, the other of the material of the dress. The latter is lined with lilac silk which is allowed slightly to overlap on the upper side. This charming toilette is made not only in French lawn and silk of every variety of colours, but also entirely of Swiss muslin, or of coloured silk with Swiss muslin trimming.

ON HOME SERVICE.

THE COOK.

Upon the knowledge and skill of the cook not only the comfort of every establishment depends, but also the health of each individual member of it. The cook is the principal person in the kitchen, and after the housekeeper her authority is paramount. Manifold are the complaints and bemoanings in the present day about the difficulty all housewives experience in finding a good cook; still, considering how few in proportion are the young girls who, being intended for domestic service, are trained with an especial view to obtaining excellence in any one branch of it, we ought hardly to feel surprised. Before going into details, however, it may not be out of place here to say a few words upon cookery.

It is hard to understand how it is that England has for so long been behind the rest of the civilized world in the matter of eating. We are only just beginning to entertain the idea that cookery really has the right to be ranked amongst the fine arts; we, as a nation, have been, more than any other, in the habit of indulging in a great deal of out-door exercise, in following agricultural pursuits, and finding our recreation in athletic sports, and so have experienced no difficulty from one gen-

eration to another in digesting the ordinary joint, potatoes, and pudding. In some degree this may account for our partial neglect of the art; but in the present day, when men crowd to the cities, where constant brain work and intellectual excitement take the place of bodily exertion, the nervous system becomes exhausted, and the digestive powers too much impaired thereby to allow of their dealing healthily with anything but wholesomely and delicately prepared food. Good cookery consists in so treating all articles of food that they shall become easy of digestion, and at the same time be made to yield their utmost amount of nutrition. There is no royal road to the acquirement of this art; training and experience are both necessary, even to make an ordinarily good cook. Two or three hundred years ago there were training schools for cooks in London, and of late years the necessity for them has again been recognized. There are some few in existence, and it would be well if they were multiplied over and over again, so that even the "Domina" in a very small establishment might have a guarantee, in engaging her cook, that she knew something about her work. Even the wealthiest people cannot always secure such a treasure. In all other kinds of service, "to pay well" would insure to the employer that he or she would meet with all that was required, were it in the person of a skilful mason, bricklayer, builder, gardener, or what not. They have served their apprenticeship and they know their business; but at present there is certainly no universally established methods of training cooks, and for everything beyond some information respecting moral character and general capacity, the "Domina" must take her chance.

To have a good cook in the house conduces not only to health, but to economy; with her waste will be a thing unknown, her knowledge of the nature of all viands teaching her how to make the most of them. Besides, nothing lends an air of more refinement and good taste to a household than a judiciously served table; it is by no means necessary to have a profuse one to produce such a result.

In the selection of a cook, it is necessary above all that she be a strong and healthy person, that she be scrupulously clean in all her ways and habits, and, as a great deal will be placed under her control, that her sobriety and honesty be unquestionable. These points cannot in any case be dispensed with. The cook in a large household, demanding wages varying from £25 to £45 per annum, with a kitchen maid, perhaps two, under her, is expected to be skilled in each department of cookery, and to be well primed on all points of household management—able upon proper notice to serve a dinner as easily and perfectly for two-and-twenty as for six persons. Her duties lie chiefly in superintendence and direction, and in the preparation of dishes requiring the highest culinary skill. It is taken for granted that her domain will be provided with an ample *batterie de cuisine*, that is to say, well proportioned to the amount of cooking she has to perform, and also that every possible aid to dispatch and neatness will be afforded to her in the fittings up of her kitchen, and sculleries, so that there can be no excuse for want of cleanliness. She must be an early riser; for her first care will be, after looking round and seeing that all is in perfect order, to prepare the family breakfast—a meal which will test her resources in the matter of devising new and delicate dishes. Then, after receiving her orders, will come the preparations for the different dinners of the day, with which her real business begins; and until the principal meal is served she will be constantly employed.

To serve and send up a dinner perfectly is the great test of a cook's qualifications. Readiness of resource will then always be in demand, for occasionally accidents may occur, only to be remedied by a clear brain and skilful hand. A cook should also have correct ideas of time, so that her second course may not suffer by being dished up too soon, nor any awkward pause occur in the dining-room through delay in the kitchen. When the serving is ended, the business of washing and clearing up begins, and the cook must see that everything is carefully attended to, that the cooking utensils are all scoured and put away, and the kitchen, larder, and scullery put in order. Whilst this is being done, it is the cook's business herself to place the remains of the dinner in the larder, the contents of which are her especial charge, no matter how many aids she may have under her. In warm weather her inspection should be frequent, to see that this is kept perfectly clean, and that all soups and gravies not wanted immediately are placed daily in fresh vessels. A model cook, besides being, as I have said, strong, clean, and cool-headed, should have the tact to discover, and please the especial tastes of her employers, and take really a pride in her business. She should have a fine palate and a quick eye, with readiness to discover the quality of provisions before they are cooked, and present them in tempting form afterwards. Punctuality in her is an absolutely necessary point, and, it may be said, one also that is decidedly needed in her employers. Not but what a cook must now and then expect either to be a little hurried in her operations, or delayed, as the case may be; such irregularities, however, will seldom occur amongst reasonable people, but whenever they

do it will be a great test of a cook's mettle, and will put her temper and resources to the proof.

In the households of families of limited income, where only two or three servants are kept, and where the cook is the only kitchen servant, the work done by kitchen and scullery maids in larger establishments here devolves upon her solely. Therefore it will be seen that, in addition to the habits of early rising, cleanliness, punctuality and sobriety, she must be very methodical; for the main occupation of her day can be only imperfectly performed if she has not managed to have her portion of house work done and her kitchen and cooking utensils in perfect order by the time she must begin preparations for dinner. The cleaning and keeping in order the whole of the kitchen precincts devolve upon her; therefore the first tasks in the morning must be to clean and make ready for use kitchen grate, stove, oven and boiler, to light the fire, and set the water on for breakfast. Then follows the carrying out of that portion of housework assigned to her, the sweeping of the hall, cleaning the door steps, and the putting in order of the dining room, in which the grate and fire irons must be cleaned and polished, and the fire laid ready to be kindled if required, and the entire room thoroughly swept, dusted, and re-arranged, without any alterations in the ordinary position of the various articles of furniture. All this must be well over before the kitchen breakfast, after which comes the preparation for and sending up of the family breakfast.

Then the cook generally assists the housemaid in the making of beds, after which, having received her orders for the day, she will continue her kitchen work undisturbed. First come preparations for the servants' dinner and for luncheon, rules for which, with regard to the time of serving, vary in different households; and from this time in the day a cook's duties know no remission until the serving of the late dinner is over. However, by dint of cleaning and clearing up as she goes, a methodical cook will be able to get through her chief business without any undue haste.

In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the habits of a cook, it will be only necessary for the housekeeper or "Domina" now and then to cast a glance round her kitchen whilst cooking is going on. Each day's work may vary somewhat, and according to the requirements of the household will the "Domina" issue her orders to the cook. But Monday morning must generally be the busiest one in the week, as a great part of it will be occupied in washing up and cleaning such articles as were put away untouched on the Sunday evening, which should be made as far as possible one of leisure.

The thorough and especial cleaning and scouring of the kitchen precincts should be done, we will say, on Tuesday mornings; on Wednesdays such passages and stairs as are in the cook's charge; on Thursdays the dining-room, and possibly the library; on Fridays all cooking utensils; and on Saturdays the repetition of Tuesday morning's work. But the portioning out some especial cleaning for each day by no means relieves a good servant from the daily supervision and ordinary cleaning of all places and articles under her charge. It must be borne in mind that a thoroughly good plain cook will seldom consent to clean boots and knives, and where there are more than two or three in family it should not be required from her—at any rate, if it is, a knife-cleaning machine should be supplied.

To test thoroughly the efficiency of a cook, there are many other matters to be considered which come within her province. A good fire is absolutely necessary whilst cooking is going on; at that time a good servant will never suffer it to get low, but will continually feed it keeping it full and clear without smoke, which cannot be done if replenished wholesale after being half let out. The housekeeper or "Domina," however, must see that the kitchen fire is not kept up to cooking pitch after cooking time. A careful cook will take care to wipe her spits while hot and leave them ready for use, and she must oil the jack occasionally, and never allow the wheels to get clogged with dust. She ought to manage never to be without hot water; wherever there are children it is in constant demand. Wooden and iron or tin spoons should be used for all kitchen purposes. Silver spoons need never be used except during the making of preserves or confectionery.

A really good servant will not expect perquisites—at any rate, it is wiser not to allow them. They place great temptations in the way, and an honest woman will be satisfied with fair and good wages, which she must understand to serve as equivalent to anything possibly to be gained from kitchen perquisites. The "plainest" cook ought certainly to be well primed upon certain points connected with her business. She should be well acquainted with the best modes of roasting, boiling, frying, broiling, and stewing; and it may be fairly supposed that any cook, with intelligence enough to answer satisfactorily any practical questions on these points, will, in a very short time, be able to enter into the refinements of cookery.—Queen.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

HER CHANCES IN AMERICA.

The following is an extract from President Eliot's speech at the recent commencement dinner at Harvard:

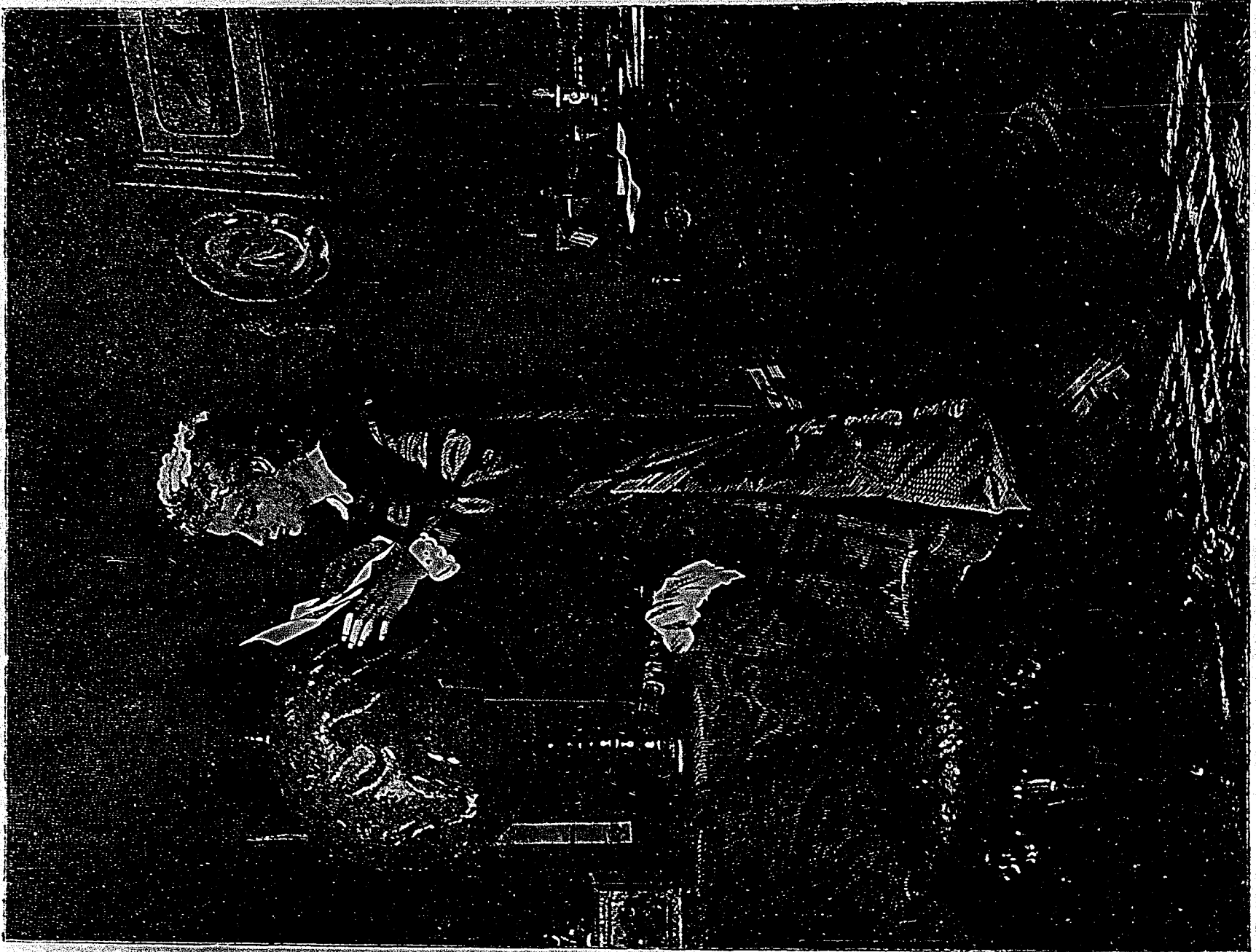
One other step has been taken this year which has some significance, but rather because of its direction than of its length. Last summer the Woman's Education Association of Boston asked that corporation through a committee if the University would hold examinations for young women at Boston on the general plan of the local examinations which have for several years been successfully conducted by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London and Edinburgh. After consulting the overseers the corporation said that they would. A committee of the Faculty thereupon examined and compared the courses of study in a number of schools and academies for girls, discussed the length and breadth of the attainments which it would be reasonable for the present to expect, and arranged a scheme of examinations in two grades, to be held for the first time in 1874. The Woman's Education Association published the detailed programme of these examinations some weeks ago, with a circular of their own giving information about fees, lodging, beneficiary aid, and other like matters. People naturally ask, What good can examinations by the University do when the University does not teach girls? They can do precisely the same service for girls' schools which college admission examinations have done for preparatory schools for boys—they can set a standard and prescribe a programme of study for several years of life between 12 and 18. There is now no standard for girls' schools, no means of publicly comparing one school with another, no goal for pupils or teachers. These deficiencies the proposed examinations for women may in part supply. The examinations will be held in any town or city where an association of women may be organized to take charge of the candidates and do the local part of the business, and may promise a reasonable number of candidates. There is no doubt that much needs to be done in this country for the better education of young women. Independent endowed local schools of high standard are the great need. Whatever this University can do to improve the education of young women, without interfering with its own historical, legitimate, and sufficient work of educating young men, will be gladly done. The University will leave it to others to try experiments in educating adult young men and women together. There is just now a momentary interest in such experiments. In studying them it is well to remember that experiments in education need many years to develop their complete results, particularly when they affect their physique as well as the manners, morals, and mental habits of the generations experimented upon.

It is now four years since I became President of the University. It has been a period of many changes—I trust, on the whole, of substantial growth. But there is one thing which among all changes remains essentially the same. I mean the general character of the young men who, year after year, go forth from this place. We hear all around us the cry that Americans are degenerating, that there is less honour, less public spirit, less morality in the community now than formerly; more cynicism, more indifference, more knavery, and more crime in proportion to the population. Against this common cry I desire to bear testimony that year by year the troops of young men go out from these halls as they have ever gone, full of high purpose and manly ambition, instinct with honour and that brave Roman sentiment of public duty, meaning to serve God and their country, and better equipped for that service than they have ever been. But some, doubtless, may say these youths are of the flower of the people. True, perhaps, but it is their flower which characterizes a people and contains the seed of their future.

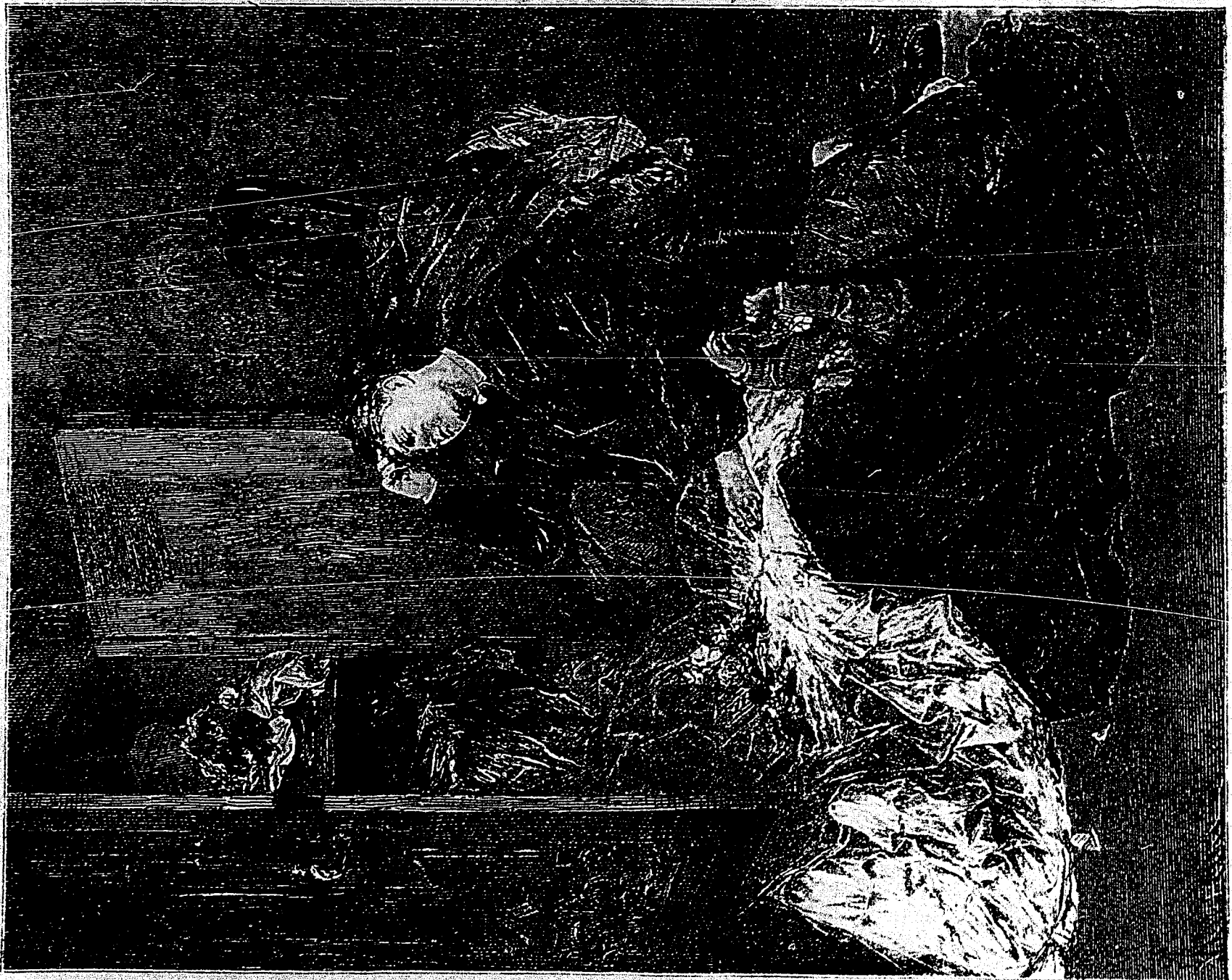
Jacobs' Liquid for external and internal use.

In the July number of *Scribner*, Dr. Holland discourses of a common household evil. His remedy for "servant-girls" is as follows: The city authorities should establish and maintain a bureau of registry which would receive no names but those of men and women who can establish, by the most reliable testimony, their competency in the different departments of domestic service, and so make it a prime object with all servants to get their names upon it. There should be also a school of domestic service, so that any servant who really wishes to improve herself can be fitted to her work, whatever it may be, whether cooking, or waiting, or laundry work, or the care of chambers. The first measure we propose, he says, would not be complete without the other, and the latter established in some way, would not work well without the former. We want not only the instruction, but the public authoritative recognition of it. We want a standard that shall establish and maintain a distinction—honourable on one side and dishonourable on the other—between good and bad servants. Such a standard would, while increasing the comfort and economy of home life, make service an intelligent and respectable art, and elevate the morale of all engaged in it.

Referring to a book on "How to Dress on £15 a Year," the *Saturday Review* says: "We can only remark that if a lady who dresses on £15 a year, according to the author's programme, is obliged among other economies to wear her own hair in its natural colour, she could hardly adopt any expedient more agreeable to the majority of mankind. It was remarked when the siege of Paris began that the women had suddenly become good-looking, because those who could



NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.



THE YOUNG WIDOW.



FIG. 2.—Round Hat and Veil.



FIG. 1.—Cravat Bow

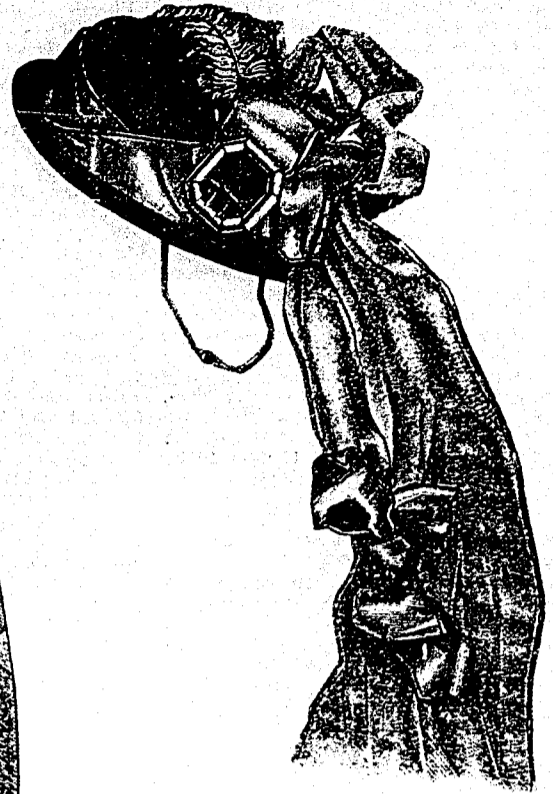


FIG. 3.—Round Hat and Flowing Veil.



FIG. 4.—Sleeveless Jacket and Sash.



FIG. 5.—Coiffure. (Front).



FIG. 6.—Coiffure. (Back).



FIG. 7.—Cravat Bow with Cord and Tassel Arrangement.



FIG. 9.—Afternoon Costume.



FIG. 8.—Silk Rep Fachu.

afford expensive accessories of dress had departed, and only those who were compelled to dress naturally remained. If this remark were well founded, it supplies encouragement to those ladies who may attempt, by the help of this author or otherwise, to dress on a small fixed allowance. A few fashions have been invented to display female charms, and many to disguise the want of them. The difficulty under which the author of this manual labours is that she can only advise as to the material and shape of dress, while the harmonious arrangement of colours cannot be taught by the unaided pen. Lectures are now given to ladies on cookery, and perhaps they would be equally useful as regards dress. You cannot go to any public place without seeing women who have no taste in dress themselves, and want either willingness or power to obtain guidance from those who have. With such women the more money they spend in dress the worse it looks. They buy several things because they are separately handsome, or at least expensive, and put them all on together. It were to be wished that women devoid of taste could be brought to adopt the opinion of this author, that 'the essence of comfort is to slip through life in an unobjectionable black silk.' The author warns ladies who are obliged to dress on £15 a year that they must not make it a matter of conscience to rush into mourning on the slightest provocation. We think, however, that a period of general mourning has something of the charm which was ascribed to the siege of Paris, and in this point of view even Republicans of taste must admit the advantage of a well-developed royal family. The problems of dress would perhaps become easier if ladies could settle whether their object is to spite one another or to please men. The latter object is not perhaps easier than the former, but it is likely to be attained, if at all, at much less cost."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Prince Edward was admitted into the Union on Dominion Day. The occasion was celebrated with great demonstrations of joy at Charlottetown.—Judge Johnston has declined the Lieut.-Governorship of Nova Scotia, and it is now said that the Hon. Mr. Archibald will be appointed to the position.—The Hon. Hugh Macdonald, Minister of Militia, has been re-elected by acclamation for Antigonish.—The Hants (N.S.) election has resulted in the return of Mr. Gouge, with a clear majority of 113 over Capt. Armstrong, the Government candidate.—The meeting of the Huntington Investigation Committee has been adjourned until the 13th prox.—The subscriptions to the Drummond Colliery Relief Fund amount up to date to \$11,539.—The Inman steamship "City of Washington" went ashore last Saturday in a dense fog on the Nova Scotian coast, seventy miles east of Sambro. Passengers and baggage saved.—A despatch from Fort Garry, dated the 2nd inst., states that a few French half-breeds attacked the Mennonite delegation near White Horse Plains, swearing that no more Canadians should come into the Province. The Mennonites took refuge in a hotel. Intelligence was sent to Fort Garry, and on demand of the civil authorities, Colonel Osborne Smith proceeded with a detachment to preserve order. Notwithstanding the rough treatment they experienced, the Mennonites are so well pleased with the Province that they intend on their return to Europe sending out one thousand families to settle therein.

UNITED STATES.—Young Walworth, the paricide, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life.—The "Junonia," despatched in search of the "Polaris," arrived at St. John's, Nfld., early last week.—The 4th was celebrated as usual throughout the country.—Cholera is still raging in Tennessee.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The Bank of England forgers have been fully committed. The trial will take place next month at the Old Bailey.—The Wimbledon camp opened on Monday.—The case for the prosecution in the Tichborne trial closed on Wednesday, and the Court adjourned for two days.—The Shah left England on Saturday. Before leaving London he made many presents, including \$8,000 to the servants of Buckingham Palace, and \$12,000 to the police-men who were stationed there.—A banquet was given last week at the Trinity House, London, to the Czarewitch, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh.—The American residents in London celebrated the anniversary of the independence of the United States by a dinner at the Langham Hotel.

FRANCE.—The Shah arrived at Cherbourg on Saturday afternoon, and entered Paris on Sunday morning.—M. Dufaure's bill for the consideration of the constitutional bills proposed by President Thiers before his resignation has been rejected by the Assembly.—The Assembly adjourned until Friday in honour of the visit of the Shah of Persia.—The duel between M. Hane and M. de Cassagnac took place on Monday morning on Luxembourg territory. De Cassagnac was seriously wounded.

GERMANY.—The Berlin weavers have struck for an increase of 33 per cent. on their wages.—The Emperor is at Ems. Thence he will go to Gasteln, and will visit Vienna about the end of August.

RUSSIA.—The Khan of Khiva and his Ministers, who had taken flight, have returned and submitted to General Kaufmann.—Since the fall of Khiva the Russian Government renewed its assurances that its troops will retire from the country when the Khan has been sufficiently punished for his treatment of Russian subjects.

AUSTRIA.—The Deak party at Pesth has coalesced with the Left Centre and formed a Liberal party of overwhelming parliamentary power.—The Emperor will visit the Czar at St. Petersburg in December next.

ITALY.—The crisis in the Ministry still continues. Minghetti having failed to form a Cabinet, the King summoned Count de Cambray Digny (sic) to undertake the task. But he also was unsuccessful, and so the matter stands.—The Shah of Persia has accepted an invitation to visit Italy.

SPAIN.—The draft of the new constitution has been submitted to the Cortes by the committee which was appointed to draw up the measure. It provides that the President of the Republic must have been born on Spanish territory, and be 25 years of age. He shall hold office for four years, and shall not be eligible for a second term. The country is divided into cantons like the Swiss Republic. The Assembly of each canton is to elect four senators and the deputies are to be chosen by universal suffrage. Cuba and Porto Rico are to be assimilated with the cantons of Spain. The central power is authorized to suspend constitutional guarantees and order the levies of troops without consulting the authorities of the cantons.—In consequence of the passage of the bill abolishing constitutional guarantees, the Irreconcilable deputies have withdrawn from the Cortes, which action served to restore quiet in Madrid.—The Minister of the Colonies has sent a cable despatch to the Captain-Generals of Cuba and Porto Rico, in which he declares that the Government is determined to preserve the integrity of the territory, and appeals to the Cuban insurgents to desist from an aimless and inglorious war.

SWITZERLAND.—The session of the Federal Assembly opened at Berne on Monday.

TURKEY.—The Sultan intends paying a visit to the Khedive of Egypt.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

The Fatal Draught.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

BY C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

"I wish I were dead!"

I was in my study, surrounded with my familiar books, and my table was littered with papers and pamphlets, but the books had lost their charms, and the white sheets of paper appealed to me in vain to be covered with those calligraphic strokes which the printers swear at and the profane liken to spider's legs. I was thoroughly low-spirited.

I loved Alice Watson with all the intensity of a young man's love. For her I had strived, for her I had abandoned boon companions and made myself old with toil that I might make more money and furnish a home for her when she became my wife. And now all my fondest hopes were blasted and my love a bitter-sweet dream never to be fulfilled; and on the first agony of my experience of her perfidy I wished I was dead.

Alice and I had been invited to a masquerade ball, but owing to an engagement, I had to decline; and Alice, declaring that the ball would have no attractions without me, also refused. My business drew me to a westerly portion of the city, and in returning to my bachelor apartments, by making a slight detour, I could pass her residence. I don't know what mad thought made me do it, except the infatuation of an early love that finds a pleasure in passing near, although unseen, the object of its adorations. It was late when I passed, and I was surprised to see the parlour lighted up, and more surprised to see a carriage waiting opposite the door. A thought struck me that she was going to the ball after all, and the next moment I was mad with myself for harbouring the thought; still it grew on me, and waiting there in the cold, I determined to put my suspicions to the test. I approached the driver of the carriage, and enquired where he was going to take his fare.

"To the ball, sure," he replied, in an accent that was decidedly Hibernian, "and a cowl'd night it is for the poor animals, and I've been waitin' over half an hour, an' it's cowl'd and thirsty I am, too, yer honour."

I took the hint, and having given the man the price of a drink, withdrew to the other side of the street. I had hardly done so before the door opened and Alice came out with a strange young man and entered the carriage, which immediately drove off. I could not see her face, but I recognized her figure, and could swear to the pale blue opera cloak, trimmed with swansdown. I felt very sick at heart as I retraced my way home.

Next morning I was too busy with some literary work that was already behind hand to call on her, but I dropped a hurried note, hoping, with a slight touch of satire, that she had enjoyed herself at the ball last night.

She wrote back a little pink perfumed letter, such as I have hundreds of times carried to my lips, saying she had not gone, and wondering with marked simplicity, at my hinting at her having been at the masquerade without me. Curse her duplicity! This was the girl that I had trusted, that I would have trusted with my heart's blood, and with the occasion came the bitterness of the reflection that my bachelor uncle was right when he said, "They are all alike. Trust no woman out of your sight. They'd flirt with the devil at heaven's gate and then pass St. Peter with an air of injured innocence." Yes, my uncle was right. Alice had deceived me. Only in a small matter, it was true, but the first holy trust was

broken, the full unquestioning confidence could never more be hers! I was very sad, and with head bowed on hands, and my elbows on the table, I once more gave utterance to the exclamation: "I wish I were dead!"

A strange sensation came over me. I felt that there was some one else in the room with me. I knew it was absurd, for the door was locked; still that feeling of a presence was so strong that I became uneasy. I seemed compelled to look up, and there, sure enough, was an old college chum sitting opposite me. He looked me straight in the eyes, and with a strange mesmeric power prevented my rising or even uttering an exclamation of surprise.

It was Walter Delorme. I had not seen him for some years, but when I last knew him he was studying medicine, and took a special delight in German mysticism. We always regarded him as strange. He was a believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and, what then seemed to us the crowning absurdity of all, spiritualism. He was well acquainted with the human anatomy, and often he had remained locked up in his own room with his dead subject all night, trying all manner of experiments with electricity and galvanism. After a pause, which seemed to me hours in duration, he said, in a voice that sounded far away, as though it did not belong to him:

"So you wish you were dead?"

I grew afraid of the man sitting opposite me, holding me with his glittering eye, and I faltered out some faint denial—that it was merely an exclamation of weariness, that I had been writing too hard of late, but that I clung as eagerly as the rest of mankind to life, which was very dear to all.

"Yes, the fools!" he said; "they love life, and what is their reward? One round of toil and sorrow, grasping after fortunes which they never attain, panting after honours which they never enjoy, for rosy lips which are bitterness, and a heart that is deceit. Fools love life; wise men are enamoured of death. I, like you, wish that I were dead."

I suggested that I had never looked at it so philosophically; but, I inquired, if he were so fond of death, how was it I still found him alive?

"Because I have discovered a secret. You think when the vital functions cease you are dead, and that the soul is at rest; but you are mistaken. I have watched with the eye of the clairvoyant hundreds of people die, and after the heart has ceased to beat, and the flesh turned cold, I have perceived the soul still attached to the brain by a vital cord, and quiver and tremble with agony as though the body still lived. I have followed the corpse to the grave, and seen it lowered down and covered with earth, and still the soul hovers and quivers above the resting place of the body. This has made me cling to life; but I have made a discovery—I think I can kill the soul, and I want a subject to experiment upon. You are weary of life. I will try on you. I will watch your slowly ebbing life. I will chronicle every lessening pulse throb, and then if your soul dies with your body, I will publish my secret to mankind, and seek death myself."

I felt that I was in the presence of a monomaniac on this mysterious subject, and that my position was one of danger. I clung to life with two-fold tenacity in the presence of the slightest chance of losing it. I assured Delorme that I was only jesting, that I had no desire to die.

"Coward!" he exclaimed, "Would you too hesitate when I offer you peace—one long eternal sleep? Would you shrink from being a martyr to the most glorious theory that science ever dreamed of? It is madness; but you shall not escape!"

I made an effort to rise; but was powerless. He appeared to breathe into my brain and paralyze it, and I closed my eyes to escape his fiery stare.

"Now you are mine," he said very softly. "Drink this."

Though my eyes were shut I could see every object in the room with a strange mysterious power of vision I never possessed before. I appeared to see with my brains and my hands, and every pore of my body seemed open to admit a sense of surrounding objects. Still I did not see them clearly; but surrounded with a faint bluish light. He poured out a tumbler of water and producing a small phial from his pocket measured out a few drops with the greatest exactness.

"Ten drops," he said, "for lethargy and sleep with dreams far surpassing the visions of the opium-eaters. Such a state I have enjoyed myself often. Ten drops more for the death of the body. I have tried that too. Children and women in the hospital have died quietly and peacefully and none ever suspected me; but I did not kill their souls! Ten drops more and the last vital spark must succumb. Now is my opportunity. Drink this!" and he passed over the tumbler of water.

I felt there was death in the draught, still I had no power to resist. His brain was stronger than mine and compelled me to raise the glass to my lips and drain it to the last drop. How eagerly he watched me with his finger on my pulse counting out the slowly ebbing life. I gradually became unconscious to all surrounding circumstances. A delicious

feeling of quiet stole through my veins and wrapped up my weary brains in peaceful repose. I seemed to wander amidst scenes familiar to childhood; a trickling rivulet flowed at my feet and the calm air was heavy with odours. Then came a profounder quiet, and I again became unconscious.

When I next recovered I perceived Delorme again standing by my side, with his finger on my pulse. "Two stages passed," he said. "The stage of sleep and the stage of death. Now for the next result, will the soul die?" A long pause and he again resumed. "Strange, strange. Thus far success always attends me; but can I advance one step more? The pulse has ceased, the extremities are growing cold; but still the brain vibrates and the soul is still held in its earthly frame! Can science do nothing to solve this difficulty? Is the soul indeed too ethereal to be affected with drugs as some maintain? Yet that cannot be. I can order the soul of the clairvoyant to leave the body and visit distant places but it returns! Oh, for the keen-edged knife to sever the last link; for the powerful drug to extinguish the last spark!"

He left my side and paced my study to and fro; with his head bent and stealthy cat-like tread that made no noise. When away from me I recovered greater consciousness. "Would no one come? I thought, and deliver me from this man? I could not be yet dead; but was only entranced; but he would kill me if left undisturbed. What agony, to be alone with a scientific murderer, who was killing me by inches in pursuit of some wild chimera! Life seemed so dear to me, hanging on the confines of the unknown, perhaps, as he said, dead already; dead all save the soul which could suffer on—how long?"

He approached me again. A quiet smile played about his features, which bore that he had made some new discovery and I was to be made the victim of further experiment. "Yes," he whispered, and I felt his voice pervade every part of my frame. "Soul must cope with soul. Mine must destroy his. I will free him; but who will free me? Must I live on and suffer, while my scientific ghost him release? Yes, I will be true to him, my friend shall die." He took both my hands in his and said in a measured voice that shook me like a galvanic shock: "Soul, go forth to the regions of the frozen north, and mingle with the elements of that arctic region and return no more."

He continued speaking; but his words grew fainter and fainter, and a palpable darkness wrapped up my faculties. When I recovered I was wandering among icebergs; which glittered blue and cold in the electric lights; great grizzly bears regarded me with their numinous eyes and strange animals that I did not recognize came out of cracks and crevices of the rocks and stared at me and hurried on. Fields of snow spread out as far as the eye could reach and still I was hurried on with a power I could not control towards one iceberg longer than all the rest. There I paused and saw at its base a broken boat half covered with snow and the bleached skeletons of men and dogs lying round in profusion. "Surely this is death," I thought, "I have now passed away," and then with the thought came a pang and all my hopeless love for Alice seemed to tear me with one fiery grip. The next moment it was all over and I was floating once more through darkness and became conscious of Delorme's voice. "Baill'd," he said, "footsteps are hurrying up the stairs and I must not be found alone with the corpse. 'Victim to science,' he turned and addressed me, 'I have killed the body; but the soul is too strong for me. I cannot kill that!'"

I heard his retreating footsteps, then presently others hurrying up and the door opened and my landlady entered.

"Good God, what's the matter?" she exclaimed, then coming over and placing a hand upon my forehead she said, softly, "Poor fellow, he's dead." She went to the door and called Mary. The maid of all work quickly appeared, and the landlady said:

"Mary, here is bad business. Our poor literary gent is dead—dead all of 'em like, and I don't know his people to send 'em home." "See here's a letter, Mum," said the smart little slavey. "See who it's from and write to them."

I saw the landlady take up Alice's letter, and spell out the name and address slowly. Then taking a pen she wrote a few lines, enclosed them and giving the letter to Mary told her to hurry off with it and send the first policeman she met on the way.

What an agony I suffered in fancying the rude shock the landlady's letter would give my darling Alice. I realized what the sufferings of people in trances must be, who see the preparations for their burial going on all around them, and they knowing that they are not dead; but here their case was different from mine. I was dead. Walter Delorme had killed me; but only my body, and he himself had told me that I should suffer thus if he failed to kill my soul. It was strange that while my brain seemed to throb as if it would burst I could not move a feature, could not raise my eyelids, for I still perceived not by my eyes, but with the mysterious power that had been mine from the time I took the fatal draught.

Presently I heard more footsteps. A men-

ured, heavy tread, which I knew must be the policeman. The officer entered the room presently. He asked the landlady for the particulars of the strange occurrence, which she could not give. He moved about the room in his heavy official way. He took up Alice's letter and muttered, "A woman in it." Then he came up, and opening my vest examined my breast. "I 'spects suicide," he said, "but it must be pisen, as I see no wounds."

Then there were more footsteps, and Alice came rushing into the room, accompanied by her father.

"Oh, Harry, my love, my darling. Look up, look at your own Alice. Harry, you are not dead!"

I felt her warm tears running upon my face. I felt the pressure of her warm lips on mine. She took my cold hands and pressed them to her cheeks and against her bosom and I felt a warm tingling of life in my finger tips.

"Oh, Harry, how I love you. I could never tell you how I loved you; but now, you poor dead darling, I could lie down and die if you might live. Father, do something, or I shall go mad."

Mr. Watson promptly sent for a medical man. Dr. Leithy arrived, pronounced me dead, and that I must have been dead some hours. He could not hastily pronounce on the cause of my sudden decease, but without uttering any suspicions as to poison, he thought it would be satisfactory for all parties that the coroner should be notified, and, if circumstances justified it, a *post mortem* examination made.

Alice never quitted my side all this time, but kept breathing words of endearment into my ear. At length her father removed her, almost by force.

The policeman withdrew; the landlady pulled down the blinds, and I was left to myself. How I cursed my miserable self for having suspected my darling Alice and uttered that mad wish that brought me to my present condition! Was it Walter Delorme that had been with me at all, or rather was it not the devil, who was given power to answer my impious prayer and torment me. I tried to pray, but could think of nothing but Alice, and dimly wondered what would happen next, when my body was buried. Would my soul die or be released, or must it still go wandering about the earth, seeing joys that I no more could alleviate, and thus bear its own hell about with it for ever?

I heard more footsteps, lumbering, blundering footsteps, and the coroner's jury entered. The coroner was a brisk little man. He stepped lightly up to me, and turning round, addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen, this is the corpse. See it for yourselves, and be satisfied that he is truly dead. Mysterious case, gentlemen, and I think you will agree with me that we must have a *post mortem* examination."

The jury crowded round me and stared with stupid curiosity. One of them lifted my hand and let it fall, and then, apparently frightened at his own temerity, he turned away quickly.

"Gentlemen," said the coroner, in his brisk auctioneer tones, "if you are quite satisfied, we will return to the 'Crosstree Pump' and continue our investigations."

So they all stumbled and fumbled out of the room and left me once more to silence and the hell of my own remorseful thoughts. How wearily the night passed. How all the sounds of the place jarred upon me; first the frequent footsteps on the pavement without, gradually lessening, until one by one the stragglers sounded far away, then nearer and nearer, then died away into the distance again and were lost in silence. At first there were footsteps on the stairs and the sound of familiar voices but these too faded into silence, leaving nothing but the clock, which mournfully told the hours of the night.

What a fool I was to have mistrusted Alice and wrecked my happiness and life itself upon a suspicion. It was ungenerous to suspect one that I had ever found faithful, whose grief over my cold body sealed with angels' tears the richness of the love I had thrown away! What a spendthrift I had been of youth and life; and still the hours wore on, and Night gathered up her sable robes and fled before the approach of day! The noises of the morning commenced. The great city was awakening up to life; but for me there was no more life, nothing but dread and anxiety and a horrible uncertainty about the future.

Day had fully broke. The sun was struggling with the close drawn blinds, when the undertaker's man came to measure me for the coffin. Then after a little came Alice, with her mother, who bade me eternal farewells and sank upon my breast and I rained tears upon my face and laid her cheek to mine, calling me her love and her life. She too left me; and then came the surgeon with a couple of medical students, who were quite happy that they had a good subject for the knife and the subsequent chemical analysis.

It was horrible to hear the surgeon discourse with keen professional talk about my body, explaining the uses of this group of muscles and that tangle of nerves, while all the time he uncovered and prepared the instruments of his profession.

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, laying his

hand firmly upon my breast and pressing on the point of his knife, "we commence here."

What an agony I sprang up. The surgeon and the students disappeared. The room was empty, and I was sitting by the table with my head supported wearily upon a pile of books and paper.

In my own room and alive! I could not realize it. Had there been no Walter Delorme? had I swallowed no fatal draught? had I died at all? and was there no inquest and no *post mortem* examination, and was the whole thing a dream? A dream, and I wasn't a bit dead, and Alice wasn't false, nor had she cried over me; but I was her love and her darling, yes I believe that! It was all a dream sent to punish me for thinking my angel was aught else than an angel, which she is, God bless her!

The lamp had nearly burned out and the sun was struggling bravely through the blinds, just as I saw it in my dream, and Alice's letter was crumpled in my hand. How happy I was, and when I looked out upon the streets bathed in the clear morning light, why they looked like a fairy scene, and I exclaimed: "Why everything is all right"—a sentence not one of my publishers would have allowed in the mouth of a hero. But I am not a hero, only a very silly fellow who suspected his faithful Alice and was warned in a terrible dream.

A knock at the door. "Come in." Why, if it wasn't a letter from Alice. She had made a discovery and wrote at once. She understood why I had asked if she had been to the masquerade. Some stupid person must have seen her maid leaving the house, who went on the sly, and Alice since discovered that she wore her blue and swansdown opera cloak; and the sweet little letter concluded with a request, which is a command when made by one we love, to come up and see her.

There was the secret; but I did not care a pin for the explanation. I learned to trust Alice in the dream. That made it all right. God bless that dream, if I may invoke a blessing on such an intangible subject.

The formula for Dr. Colby's Pills is invaluable.

To persons employed in constant mental toil, study or anxiety, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is especially adapted, namely, to Teachers, Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers, and Impetuous business men.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY—Ivory, Bone, and Horn Handles, riveted and named "R. Wilkes & Co. Sheffield." can be relied on for quality, finish, and durability. To be had of all dealers. **ROBERT WILKES**, Wholesale Agent, Montreal and Toronto. S-2 H



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office until Monday, the 21st day of July next, at noon, for the necessary Coal required for and to be supplied at the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Specification can be seen at this Office, also at the Office of the Engineer of the Lachine Canal, at Montreal, on and after Friday, the 4th July, where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN**, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 25th June, 1873. S-2 2f

HEALTH TO THE SICK, Strength & Vigor to the debilitated.

LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF AND TONIC INVIGORATOR

DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING. Is the finest TONIC Stimulant and NUTRITIVE.

INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES.

Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Spirit, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purifies the Blood and **THOROUGHLY RENOVES THE SYSTEM.**

THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE.

Signature of the Inventor: *Justus Liebig*

HARON JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.

Chess.

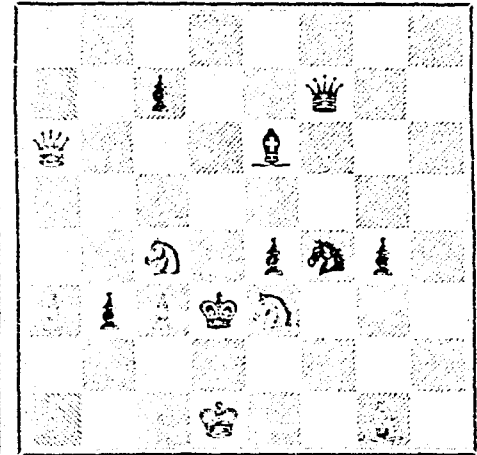
Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

Two lively games lately contested in Montreal. **Petroff's Defense.**

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| White—Mr. — | Black—Mr. W. Atkinson. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | P. to K. 4th |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd | K. Kt. to B. 3rd |
| 3. Kt. takes P. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd (a) |
| 4. P. to Q. 4th (b) | Kt. takes Kt. |
| 5. P. takes Kt. | Kt. takes P. |
| 6. K. B. to Q. 3rd | Kt. to K. 4th |
| 7. Castles. | B. to B. 4th |
| 8. K. to R. | P. to Q. 4th |
| 9. P. to K. B. 4th | Kt. to K. 3rd |
| 10. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd | K. B. to K. 2nd |
| 11. Q. to K. B. 3rd | P. to Q. B. 3rd |
| 12. P. to K. B. 5th | Kt. to Q. 5th |
| 13. Q. to K. B. 4th | P. to Q. B. 4th |
| 14. P. to B. 6th | P. takes P. |
| 15. P. takes P. | B. to K. B. |
| 16. R. ch. | B. to K. 3rd |
| 17. Kt. to Kt. 5th | Q. to Q. Kt. |
| 18. Kt. takes Kt. | Q. takes Q. (c) |
| 19. B. ch. | K. to Q. |
| 20. Kt. takes B. ch. | P. takes Kt. |
| 21. B. takes Q. wins. | |
- (a) P. to Q. 3rd is more generally played.
(b) Probably the best move here.
(c) Losing a piece: should have taken the Kt., but White would still have had the better game.

- Sieilian Defense.**
- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| White—Mr. W. Atkinson. | Black—Mr. — |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | P. to Q. B. 4th |
| 2. P. to Q. 4th | P. to K. 3rd |
| 3. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | P. to Q. 4th |
| 4. P. takes P. | P. takes P. |
| 5. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd | Kt. to K. B. 3rd |
| 6. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th | Q. B. to K. 3rd |
| 7. K. B. ch. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd |
| 8. Kt. to K. 5th | Q. to B. 2nd |
| 9. B. takes Q. Kt. ch. | P. takes B. |
| 10. B. takes K. Kt. | P. takes B. (a) |
| 11. Kt. to Kt. 4th | Q. to K. B. 5th (b) |
| 12. P. to K. R. 3rd | P. to K. R. 4th (c) |
| 13. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd (d) | Q. to Kt. 4th |
| 14. K. to K. 3rd | P. to K. R. 5th |
| 15. Q. to Q. 2nd | B. to Q. 3rd |
| 16. P. takes P. | B. takes Kt. |
| 17. Q. to Q. B. 3rd (e) | B. takes P. |
| 18. Q. takes P. ch. | K. to K. 2nd |
| 19. Q. to B. 7th ch. | B. in. |
| 20. P. takes B. | Q. takes P. |
| 21. Q. to K. B. 4th | Q. takes Q. |
| 22. Kt. takes Q. | B. to K. 3rd |
| 23. Castles (Q. R.) | K. R. to Q. |
| 24. K. R. to K. | P. to Q. 5th |
| 25. K. R. to K. 4th wins. | |
- (a) Black's Pawns are sadly dilapidated. in consequence of insufficient care in the opening.
(b) A resource apparently overlooked by White.
(c) Much better to have won a Pawn by B. takes Kt. &c.
(d) Effectually repelling the attack.
(e) Well played, giving White a winning advantage.

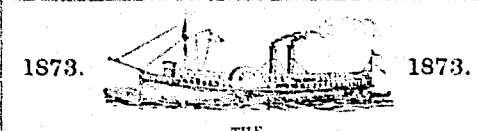
PROBLEM No. 88. By J. A. Russell. BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 88.
White. Black.
1. P. to R. 4th K. to R. 2nd (or a)
2. Kt. to Q. 5th (dis. ch.) 2 K. moves.
3. Kt. to Kt. 6th mate.

1. K. to R. 6th (ch.) K. to B. 4th
3. R. to Kt. 7th mate. K. moves.



1873. THE Ottawa River Navigation Company's ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS. MONTREAL TO OTTAWA DAY AND NIGHT LINE.

New Iron Steamer "Peerless," Capt. A. Bowie.
Steamer "Princess of Wales," Capt. H. W. Shepherd.
"Queen Victoria," Capt. P. Y. Macdunnell.
"Princess," Capt. P. McGowan.

UPWARDS.
Passengers leave by the 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. trains for Lachine by Railway, and connect with the Steamers "Princess of Wales" and "Princess" for Ottawa and intermediate landings.

DOWNWARDS.
Passengers leave Ottawa at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. by Steamers "Peerless" and "Queen Victoria," for Montreal and intermediate landings.

BAGGAGE CHECKED. (Meats and Staterooms Extra.)
Passengers leaving Ottawa by the evening steamer will descend the Rapids. No Through Passengers taken on Saturday Evening Boat.

The Comfort and Economy of this Line are unsurpassed, whilst the Route is one of the most picturesque in Canada. Tourists will find this a delightful trip.

FREIGHT FOR ALL POINTS ON THE OTTAWA SENT THROUGH WITH DESPATCH.
Single and Return Tickets may be had at the Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure Street; at the Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal; and at the Office, Queen's Wharf, Ottawa.

7-251 R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

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We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List:

- CALT, ONT.**
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.....HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.
 - OTTAWA.**
THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOULD, Proprietor.
 - PORT ELGIN.**
NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL.....Wm. ALLEN, Proprietor.
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THE CLARENDON..... WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
 - ST. JOHN, N.B.**
VICTORIA HOTEL.....B. T. CREGEN, Proprietor.
 - TEESWATER, ONT.**
KENT HOUSE.....J. E. KENNEDY, Proprietor.
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THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.
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 - WALKERTON, ONT.**
HARTLEY'S HOTEL.....MRS. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.
 - ALBION HOUSE, KAMOURASKA.**
- THIS favorite Sea-side Resort will be open for the reception of a limited number of guests on and after 25th instant.
HARRIET SMITH, PROPRIETRESS.
4th June 1873. 7-23f

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STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President.

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A BRAVE BOOK!

"What Woman Should Know."
A Woman's Book About Women.
By **Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.**

The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household, its entire novelty and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application.

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7-18 tf

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STERLING ATTRACTIONS EVERY EVENING. 7-7 22



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for works at Ste. Anne, Ottawa River," will be received at this office, until noon of Tuesday, the 15th day of July next, for the formation of a channel through the shoal below the Rapids at Ste. Anne, Ottawa River.

Plans and Specifications of the works can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 2nd day of July next where printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN**, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2 st June, 1873. S-1 e

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for works at Culbute Rapids," will be received at this office, until noon of Tuesday, the 15th day of July next, for the construction of a Dam, and Two Locks, in the Culbute Rapids, Ottawa River.

Plans and Specification of the works can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signature of two responsible and solvent persons, resident of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN**, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 27th June, 1873. S-1 b

