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# Wholesale News

Vol. XII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875.

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



### BETTER DAYS IN STORE.

COMMERCE :—My wharves and stores are deserted, my ships unfreighted, and my goods unsold.

INDUSTRY :—My anvils are silent, my spindles motionless, and my workshops closed.

AGRICULTURE :—Be not cast down, my sisters ; for even now, my fields are teeming with the promises of an abundant harvest, and when I shall have gathered in my grain, your factories and warehouses will resound again with the glad hum of prosperity.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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### THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 7th, we will publish a life-like **Portrait of Daniel O'Connell**, from a photograph which personal friends of his declare to be an excellent likeness of the Great Irish Patriot. We will also present our readers with the facsimile of an AUTHENTIC AUTOGRAPH LETTER, written in 1833 by O'CONNELL to his cousin, Col. Connell Baldwin, residing then at York, (now Toronto), Upper Canada. This letter in which an interesting and statesmanlike allusion is made to Canadian Politics, was kindly lent to us by Connell J. Higgins, Esq., of Ottawa, a relative of Daniel O'Connell.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 31st, 1875.

### INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.

Information has been received to the effect that Canada will enter into the International Postal System, recently agreed on at Geneva, Mr. MACKENZIE, the Prime Minister, who is now in England, having concluded the necessary treaty arrangements, the operation of which will commence immediately after his return in August next. The people may justly be congratulated on this fact; which will mark another mile post in the progress of civilization.

The nations included in the new treaty include the whole of Europe, with the exception of France, (and France will enter on the first January next), the United States, Canada, Egypt, together with the islands and dependencies of the European states. The effect of the operation will be that a letter stamped say with half a franc in Canada can be sent without any further charge to any part of any of the countries named.

The postal card system is also included in the treaty, which went into effect on July 1st, as regards most of the countries named, and one proof of this is contained in some of our U. S. contemporaries, by the publication of a "foreign post card," addressed to Mr. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," who has also always been a postal reformer. It bears a stamp "one penny farthing," with Mr. Burritt's address on one side; and on the other the words:

52 Parliamentary Street.

London, July 1, 1875.

Dear and Honored Sir.—Here you have another step forward towards complete One Penny Postage. On this first day of the new system, with gratitude your past labors are remembered by

Your respectfully,

J. H. RAPEN.

This is probably the first of these postal cards that has crossed the Atlantic, and it is in that far an object of curiosity. It is difficult to overstate the boon it will be to a poor man on this side of the Atlantic to be able to send a message home for a penny farthing, or two and a half cents.

The postal treaty with the United States (the particulars of which were before set forth in these columns) has proved of the very greatest convenience for persons having correspondence with that country; the same sort of convenience will also soon be found by persons having correspondence with all parts of the civil-

ized world; and we hope the day is not far distant when coinage and weights and measures will be included in other international treaties.

### AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Judicial Committee of the House of Lords has rendered an important decision respecting Joint Stock Companies. It is that an incorporated Company cannot be bound for any contract made outside the scope of its own business, or in other words, for any other purpose than that for which its charter was granted, whatever may be the unanimity among the members. The case decided establishes the principle in the very strongest light. A Railway Carriage Company, in England, agreed to buy the concession of a Belgium Railway, every member of the Company consenting. A question was subsequently brought as to the validity of the contract; and the case was carried from Court to Court, until the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords declared the contract null, notwithstanding that there were very cogent moral reasons why the Company (the Ashbury Railway Carriage Company) should be held to it.

Upon the face it seems a sound argument that every public Company should be held to its own solemnly pledged obligations, especially after the consent of every individual member had been given. But on the other hand there is an inflexible reason for insisting that all contracts must be first legal, before they can be held to be valid. If this were not held in the case of Joint Stock Companies, there would be no use for any limitations of objects in their charters. A simple charter might be given and that might do for any sort of trading or manufacturing. But no such liberty was ever given by any legislature to limited chartered Companies, and we believe never will be.

The public must, therefore, beware of the style of contracts they make with Joint Stock Companies. If, for instance, a printing Company undertakes to go into mining, and enters into contracts to carry out such intention, they will be declared null if taken before the Court of ultimate appeal. And so on. The absolute principle being that all limited Companies must confine themselves within the scope of the legitimate business for which their charters were granted.

In view of the vast number of Joint Stock Companies now in operation, and the demands for incorporation, the fact established by the House of Lords cannot be too widely made known.

### CANADIAN CREDIT AND RAILWAYS

We have kept our readers advised, both editorially and pictorially, of all the phases of the unjustifiable war made upon Canadian Credit and Canadian Railways by the London *Times* and Mr. POTTER, President of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. We have commented on Sir HUGH ALLAN's exhaustive replies, on Mr. JENKIN's timely criticism, and on the practical rejoinder of Mr. LAIDLAW, of Toronto. We have now, as a fit conclusion, the authoritative declarations of Mr. BRYDGES, a summary of which we lay before our readers without comment. Mr. BRYDGES replies directly to Mr. POTTER, lately his own superior. According to Mr. BRYDGES:—

It has been proved from reports and documents of Mr. POTTER's own Company that the statement that upwards of £30,000,000 of English capital had been hopelessly sunk is not true. It has been shown that the actual cash sent from England, and expended in building and completing the line has been less than £12,000,000, and that a net profit was earned in 1874 of £460,000 at four per cent. upon the Grand Trunk Railway. It has been proved that the statement that only £80,000 was divided amongst English shareholders in 1874, was not true, the amount of £460,000 having been earned and paid, according to the Company's own statements.

It has been proved that the Great Western Company has paid from its net earnings during 21 years an aggregate amount for interest on bonds and dividends on shares all held in England, of no less than £4,642,000, or an average of 221,000 a year. It has been proved that the Northern Railway has not "wiped off" its share of capital; that it is regularly paying the interest upon its bonds, which are all held in England, and that any portion of its capital which is not being paid upon is almost entirely held in Canada. It has been shown that the two short lines mentioned by Mr. POTTER—the Prescott and Ottawa and the Canada Central—have had their Canadian and not their English capital "wiped out"; and all money found by Canada for the construction of those lines has been sunk for the exclusive benefit of English firms who supplied the rails and took bonds in payment. It has been shown that the two narrow gauge lines, capital for which has almost exclusively been found in Canada, have thus far honestly paid their interest as it became due, and, it is hoped, will continue to do so, despite Mr. POTTER's sneers and insinuations against their credit. That an attack so violent, so unnecessary and so generally unwise should have had so absolute a want of foundation to rest upon seems almost incomprehensible. The attack has been so obviously false and overdone that it can only recoil upon its author, and, unfortunately, must do so also upon the Company of which he is president. With the recovery of the trade of this continent from its present depression, Canada will provide a fair rate of interest upon the actual cash outlay expended by English capitalists in constructing railways by private companies. The construction of local lines is almost entirely being done by Canadian capital and credit; they are nearly all feeders to existing lines, developing for the benefit of the whole country and its industrious population and the wealth of the Dominion.

### ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

We have received, by the last mail, the annual report of this important body, several features of which deserve to be placed on record. Pursuing the same policy as hitherto, the Council have sought by every means in their power to give to questions of Imperial interest in connection with the Colonies an active and energetic support. Among the most prominent of those which have engaged their serious and particular attention may be mentioned the Fisheries of Newfoundland and the Island of New Guinea. With regard to the former, a Committee has been constituted for the purpose of collecting information and drawing up a report to the Council on this most important subject. The rights of the two countries to the fisheries of this valuable colony involving questions of such vital interest between England and France, this Committee have felt the necessity of their investigations into them being most carefully pursued; and this work has of necessity consumed a great deal of time. They have not yet completed their labours, but it is hoped, that they will ere long present to the Council a report of much interest, and one which it may be expected will be of considerable value.

With regard to New Guinea, the Council felt the paramount necessity of urging the Government to initiate prompt steps for taking possession, without delay, of the eastern part of this valuable Island. This they were induced to do from the fact of the rapidly-increasing British commerce through Torres Straits, and also the further fact that Captain Moresby, of H. M.S. "Basilisk," had recently discovered a new passage on the Eastern shores of New Guinea, where he had already planted the British flag. By this passage a saving of 300 miles will be effected between Australia and China, rendering it certain, therefore, to become the track for the future commerce of the world. With this view they organised a most influential and representative Deputation, which

waited on Lord Carnarvon on the 29th of April last, and presented a memorial to him, setting forth at length the reasons for their desiring the Government to adopt the policy they so strongly recommended. The result of this interview with the Colonial Minister was, they consider, very satisfactory; and they have reason to hope, from information since received of the desire felt in Australia that this annexation should take place, that it may ere long be effected. Should this be the case, the Royal Colonial Institute will have reason to congratulate itself on having taken so vigorous and timely an initiative in a question of such great and Imperial importance, more especially as affecting so vitally as it does the interests of the Australian portion of the Empire.

The Papers read during the Session have been of the greatest interest, and the attendances at many of the ordinary Meetings of the Fellows of the Institute and their friends, including a large number of ladies, have been greater than at any time previously. The Papers comprise—1. What are the best means of drawing together the interests of the United Kingdom and the Colonies, and of strengthening the Bonds of Union. By the late C. W. Eddy, Esq. 2. The Permanent Unity of the Empire. By F. P. Labilliere, Esq. 3. Fiji, Past and Present. By F. W. Chesson, Esq. 4. New Guinea. By A. Michie, Esq., Agent-General for Victoria. 5. South Africa. By T. B. Glanville, Esq., late M.L.A. of the Cape of Good Hope. 6. American Protection and Canadian Reciprocity. By R. G. Haliburton, Esq. 7. Forty Years Since, and Now. By H. B. T. Strangways, Esq., late Attorney-General of South Australia. These will be very shortly published and distributed amongst the Fellows. The anticipations derived from the great and marked success attending the Conversazione held last year have been fully realised, and the Council feel sure that a reunion of this character, while it is very pleasant to the Fellows and their friends, is also most useful in keeping up the sentiment, to which they attach so much importance, of promoting friendly intercourse and good feeling among those who are connected with the various portions of our widely-scattered but magnificent Colonial Empire. In conclusion the Council assure the Fellows that it is their desire to continue energetically to promote the great principle of the "Unity of the Empire," the keystone of the policy which they advocate, as being in their opinion the best bond of its permanent security, and of its power and influence among the other nations of the world.

### CANADIAN MARKSMEN.

On the eve of going to press we receive the official figures of the late Wimbledon match, won by our boys, for the second time, on Wimbledon Common. We have just time and space in this number to transcribe the score as furnished by telegraph to the *Globe*:

The Canadian Team of eight have won the Rajah of Kolapore's Imperial Challenge Cup, which is open to a squad of efficient volunteers from the Mother Country; one squad of volunteers from any British colony; one of the covenanted or uncovenanted Indian service; and a squad of Indian volunteers. The ranges were 200, 500 and 600 yards (aggregate), seven shots at each distance.

The Canadians win, in addition to the Cup, the sum of £80, which is added by the Association.

The total of the scores at the three ranges is as follows, the highest possible number of marks for each rifleman being 105, and the maximum grand total 840:—

CANADIAN TEAM.		Points.
Pte. Mills, 10th Royals, Toronto.....		88
Hunter.....		88
Pte. Copping, Three Rivers Battalion.....		86
Pte. Loggie, 71st Battalion, N. B.....		83
Sergt. Major Cruit, G. T. R. Brigade.....		79
Ensign Wright, 50th Battalion, Quebec.....		77
Pte. Bell, 10th Royals, Toronto.....		73
Capt. Arnold, 74th Battalion, N. S.....		61
Grand total.....		635



BRITISH TEAM.

Fraser	84
Coldwell	81
Radcliffe	79
Birch	78
Smyth	73
Cooper	72
Parry	69
Melisaac	65

Grand total..... 601

The following is the score by ranges:—

	Canadians.	British.	Maximum.
200 yds....	241	224	280
500 yds....	207	201	280
600 yds....	187	176	280

Total..... 635 601 840

It will thus be seen that the Canadian team were victorious at each range. The competition had been originally fixed for 10 o'clock, but through some misunderstanding the British team did not put in an appearance at the appointed hour. The range officer, nevertheless, ordered the Canadian riflemen to go on with their fire, and when it was completed the Council declared them the winners. They promptly refused, however, to accept the prize on these terms, and a second competition was arranged with the above result. At the close of the match the Captains of the teams made speeches, which were received with cheers amidst considerable excitement.

In 1873, the Canadian team won this Cup—one of the principal of the Wimbledon prizes—by eight points. Last year they were not so successful, and the English team secured the honor. This year, however, Canada has recaptured the prize, defeating the English team by the handsome majority of 34 points.

The cause of the singular uproar in the British House of Commons which was telegraphed last week is to be found in the protest of M. PLIMSOLL against the delay of the new Shipping Bill which the Government intend to postpone till next year. According to M. PLIMSOLL although the Bill itself is an inhuman shame, he thought there is enough humanity and knowledge in the House to change it into a good measure. He denounced the present laws against breach of contract, which leave sailors who have unknowingly agreed to sail in unseaworthy ships, the alternative of gaol or death, and continued to charge the Government with willingly playing into the hands of the maritime murderers inside and outside the House to secure a continuance of the present murderous system. He desired to unmask the villains who sit in the House as fit representatives of more numerous but not greater villains outside. He demanded that the Bill be protested, and failing in this he laid upon the heads of the Premier and his colleagues the blood of all who perish next winter from preventable causes, and denounced against him and them the wrath of God.

In further illustration of our remarks on our front page cartoon, we may cite the following pithy words from the *Leader*:—

The upward tendency of the grain market would seem to be putting the whole community into good spirits. Within the last four weeks, flour has gone up from \$4 50 to \$5 50 and even \$5 75; and the prospects are that it will go still higher. This, combined with the fact that the harvest is likely to prove more than an average one, may well make the people feel hopeful of brisker times in all departments of general business. It is an important thing to remember that we are, above all, an agricultural people and that good crops and good prices for grain are of far more importance to our prosperity than protective tariffs and the introduction of exotic industries. We congratulate the agricultural population on the prospect and also the business population as well, for the prosperity of the latter is a sure concomitant of the prosperity of the former.

A New-York contemporary, commenting on the grain excitement in England, says there is no doubt, that the present aspect

of the cereal crops, in England and on the continent, is favourable to an increased demand for the American product, and it is natural to look forward to a revival of trade and, as a legitimate consequence of this demand, that it will tend to such a revival. There is no question but it is too soon yet to define, with any degree of certainty, how far its influence will extend, or how it will be modified by other circumstances. A healthy and steady demand for our cereals abroad would be an immense benefit to the whole country, but it is quite possible to destroy a considerable part of this benefit by hasty and incautious speculation.

The constitution adopted by the Presbyterian Council has been made public. The name given to the new union is "The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world." All churches are included which hold to the Presbyterian system and creed. The preamble of the constitution recites the objects of the alliance, which are to demonstrate the unity of belief among Protestants, organize mission work, promote educational and social reforms, and oppose infidelity and religious intolerance.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BETTER DAYS IN STORE.

The ancient mythologists imagined the Three Graces of the ideal world. We portray in our cartoon, on the front page, the Three Graces of real life. Three forces rule the material universe, Agriculture, Industry and Commerce. The first draws the raw material from the bowels of our common mother, the earth; the second manufactures this raw material into all the shapes that the multifarious wants of man require; the third conveys these articles to the homes of every man, woman and child in the land. The three are sisters, but the elder is Agriculture. Every thing depends upon her. In the present crisis, when Industry is quiescent and Commerce languid, the prospects of an abundant harvest justify the encouraging words which we put on the lips of the figure of Agriculture, in our engraving.

MASTER FREDERICK DORAN

Fred Doran is son of S. J. Doran who filled for twenty one years many positions in the Grand Trunk Railway, and grand son of J. Doran J. P. Cashier of the G. T. R. He is fifteen years of age. He commenced his education in the Montreal Collegiate School under the charge of C. Nichols, L.R.C.P. and finished his commercial course at the Catholic Commercial Academy, an institution of which we shall take early occasion to speak more fully in the series of papers and sketches and illustrative of the Public Institutions of the Dominion.

MISS A. MCGARVEY.

Miss A. McGarvey, daughter of O. McGarvey, Esq., Montreal, terminated her course of studies at Villa-Maria on the 23rd June 1875. After having gone through a serious examination she was found the successful candidate for the medal of His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, awarded for general proficiency. It was, indeed, a well earned reward, the competition beginning September 1874, in a class of nineteen pupils, all desirous of obtaining success; but what is greatly to the credit of the class, the pupils most graciously applauded the "triumph" of their class mate, by offering an expression of their pleasurable feelings in the form of bouquets and complimentary addresses.

The following is a copy of the felicitations of His Excellency the Governor General to the successful candidate:

The Secretary to the Governor of Canada presents his compliments to Miss A. McGarvey and in transmitting to her the accompanying Medal is desired by Lord Dufferin to convey to her an expression of His Excellency's sincere congratulations on the success that has attended her efforts in the recent competition.

Government House,  
Ottawa, May 28th 1875.

In the Institution of Villa-Maria are found the greatest advantages, both in point of Intellectual culture, etc., Instrumental Music, Piano, Organ, Harp, Guitar, taught in the most classical manner, to which may be added one of the most useful branches of the day "La Science de Maitresse de Maison," and a practical course of Culinary Art. To this science and art a gold medal is given as a prize. Miss J. Latour, of Lanoraie, was the successful candidate this year.

In point of situation, salubrity and picturesque scenery, this institution is unrivalled. The house formerly the residence of Lord Elgin, is large and commodious, fitted up in a style of comfort and in some degree of elegance, not surpassed by any educational establishment.

French is the language of the house. The course is thorough in both French and English, but French conversation is enforced which gives great facilities for that language. Villa-Maria is generally considered one of the finest establishments on the Continent.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

DEPARTURE OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

JOHN BUNYAN.

"Mr. John Bunyan, the comic man, par excellence of the 'Discovery,' and whose quaint ditty raised such shouts of laughter at the entertainment on this day week, hove in sight carrying a baby wrapped up in a long plaid shawl, and an assortment of salad vegetables so extensive as to suggest the idea that he contemplated establishing himself in the green grocery business at the North Pole. Mr. Bunyan was singing an interesting ditty which seemed to be a cheerful mixture of "Lullaby" and the "Costermonger's Donkey," and which was therefore strikingly appropriate.—*London Daily News of May 31st.*

When Bunyan with artistic skill,  
Through despond's slough, up craggy hill,  
O'er parch'd plain, down misty hollow,  
And anywhere that he would follow,  
Traced Pilgrim's progress thro' the world,  
To realms of bliss before untold,  
His mind, intent on fiery trial,  
And not looking for denial,  
Never once thought of Polar ice  
Whereby to test man's love of vice;  
But left his namesake of to-day,  
To cheer his comrades on their way  
Mid frozen seas, and Arctic cold,  
Dark skies, and dangers manifold.—  
If then John Bunyan, number two,  
You to your messmates prove as true,  
As did the pilgrim's honoured guide,  
Your name, like his, shall safe abide,  
On fame's bright page; for you'll have done  
What he in fiction only won.

J. H. C.

Lennoxville, 19th July, 1875.

DEBAR'S OPERA HOUSE.

Last week again, DeBar's Opera House was crowded from parquet to roof at each performance. Tony Pastor's reputation had preceded him, and the splendid variety troupe that accompany him fully deserved the enthusiastic reception they met with nightly. Gus Williams, the famous Dutch comique; the wonderful young gymnasts, Garnella brothers; Kernel, an inimitable Irish delineator, are among the stars that shine in Tony Pastor's galaxy. The audience was in convulsions of laughter from the beginning to the end of the performance, and the only regret expressed was that Tony's stay was so short. We trust the success of his first visit will induce him to repeat it.

THE LATE FERDINAND.

Many amusing stories are being told concerning the dethroned and retired Emperor of Austria, who died lately at Prague. He seems to have been as obstinate as George III. and as humorous. Taking shelter once from a storm at a Styrian Farmer's he found the farmer's wife just putting on the table a good dinner of dumplings, made a rather coarse flour, and the Emperor was invited to partake, which he not only did heartily, to the horror of his attendants, but insisted ever afterwards on having similar dumplings of coarse flour brought up to his own table. His physicians prohibited this, and he was told he should not and could not have these dumplings, to which he simply replied that in that case the machinery of state must stand still, for nothing should be done until he received his dumpling. "Emperor I am, and dumpling I will have!" he exclaimed. Again, at a council of Ministers, when a long report of great moment was being read, the Emperor, who was sitting at an open window, appeared to give the most earnest attention for hours, but when the Minister had a length finished he only said: "Four hundred and twenty-five acres and one hundred and eighty omnibuses have passed through the Hofburg during the last two hours." He was probably incapable of any sustained intellectual effort more severe than counting, but he was not incapable of gleams of humor, and his remark when he heard of his nephew's surrender of Lombardy—"Even I could have done that"—was equally just to Francis's administration and to his own powers.

HUMOROUS.

AN establishment in Boston licensed to sell "victuals" was found to contain china eggs, a wooden ham, some imitation of pastry, and a large stock of real liquor.

MARK TWAIN, apropos of a new portable mosquito net, writes that the day is coming "when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister."

"FOR want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer that had parched up all his grapes.

DON PIATT's house in Washington took fire one Sunday morning. He superintended in person, the moving out of his parlour furniture. The men carried a piano down the front steps and placed it on the sidewalk. "Here, boys," said Don, "do n't leave that there, or the firemen will play on it."

SOME of the company at tea with a Danbury family spoke of the excellence of the honey, whereupon the head of the house, who stands in reputed dread of his wife, feelingly said, "Honey is the most delicious of all delicacies. It is the nectar of beautiful flowers, sipped from brilliant petals by the never-tiring bee, and moulded into a glory that would tempt the god of—"Ephraim?" enunciated his wife with stern solemnity. "have you been drinking again?" Ephraim growled.

ARTISTIC.

An old Roman amphitheatre has just been uncovered at Fiesole, near Florence.

Mr. CHANT has completed an excellent engraving of "Angel's Heads," from the original in the National Gallery, painted by Sir J. Reynolds.

M. EMILE BURNOUF, director of the French school at Athens, on his return to Athens, about October, intends to commence the clearing of the Acropolis outside the Propylea.

PRESTON POWER's busts of Agassiz and J. G. Whittier have arrived at Boston, U. S., from Florence. A movement is on foot to present that of Whittier to the Art Museum.

MR. R. BELT has been appointed to execute a bust of the late Canon Kingsley, in marble, at the cost of 120 guineas. When finished it will be placed in the Cathedral of Chester.

J. W. BOUTON is the New York publisher of the *Portfolio*, Philip Gilbert Hamerton's art journal. It is a fine work, quite unique in its design and admirable in the finish of its etchings and other illustrations.

CARPEAUX's famous group "La Danse," which occupies so conspicuous a place before the new Opera House at Paris, is said to be suffering great injury from the sooty atmosphere of the city. The sculpture is marked by alternate stripes in black and white, caused by the rain on the foul surface.

EWING's model for the Glasgow statue of Burns is nearly complete for casting. The sculptor is at present engaged on the bas-reliefs for the pedestal, and it is expected that the whole work will be executed so that the monument may be erected in the course of the ensuing autumn.

The sculptor Carpeaux, who executed the bas-reliefs on the Paris Opera House, is soon to undergo a terrible surgical operation. His statues representing *Bacchantes* and dancing girls were considered so immodest that the Parisians, who are not over prudish, threw bottles of ink all over them during the first days they were put in position on the front of the grand theatre.

THE Dowager Queen of Sweden has been superintending excavations at Pompeii, with very brilliant results. A chamber was opened in which a number of women's ornaments were found, including a gold bracelet, a pair of silver ear-rings, a few coins, and various objects which had probably belonged to the toilet, such as small glass, alabaster and other vases. Near them lay the bronze lock, clasps and setting of a casket, in which they had probably been deposited. In another chamber a bedstead was found similar to the one now in the National Museum at Naples, and in the same apartment two bronze vases were recovered in a very perfect condition.

THE King of Bavaria has granted a sum of 56,400 florins to be expended as follows for works of art: 10,000 florins for an historical painting representing a deed of arms of a Bavarian regiment in the war against France, painted by Frank Adam; 10,000 florins for a war monument, executed by the sculptor Zambusch, to be set up in Augusta, to which sum the town of Augusta will add 30,000 florins; 24,000 florins for the completion of the paintings in the Catholic Church at Chiemsir; 6,000 florins for a monument recording the union of Lutherans and Reformers, to be placed in the Protestant Church of Kaiserlautern; 6,000 florins for the restoration of the old paintings in the Catholic Church of Kerrieden, 4,000 florins for those in the Protestant Church at Nordlingen; and 18,000 florins for a monumental fountain to be erected in the Maximilian-Platz at Ramberg.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CHARLES MATHEWS will leave England in November to fulfil a three months' engagement in India.

VERDI has promised the Emperor of Austria to write an opera for the Vienna Royal Theatre, to be given during 1876.

BELLE HOWITT, the burlesque actress, has badly hurt one of her legs by falling through a trap in a Philadelphia theatre's stage.

ALFRED B. ALLEN is engaged in writing an orchestral scene suggestive of Gustave Doré's celebrated picture, "The Dream of Pilate's Wife."

"THERE can be no two opinions," says a distinguished critic, "that Christine Nilsson has reached her maximum in appearance and performance as *Elsa* in 'Lohengrin.'"

BLANCHE DAVENPORT, a sister of Fanny Davenport, the actress, is singing in concerts at Covent Garden, London, under the name of Mlle. Bianchi. She has just finished a course of musical study in Italy.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON sang recently for the benefit of the Westminster School for Nurses in London, and the proceeds are estimated at about \$4,500. She sang for the same object last year, when a similar amount was raised.

THE engagement is announced of Signor Rossi, the celebrated Italian actor, for the United States. He has been secured by Messrs Graun and Chizzola for a season of fifty performances, to begin at the Lyceum Theatre in November.

THE expenses of running the new Paris opera house foot up in excess of the receipts by over \$6,000 per month. It is even calculated that when the novelty of the building wears off the income will be more on the losing order.

IN one of the Brussels theatres, the *Fantaisies Parisiennes*, smoking has always been allowed. Now, however, an actress is playing there who objects to the practice, and placards say: "Smoking is strictly prohibited during the representations of Mlle. Rouscell."

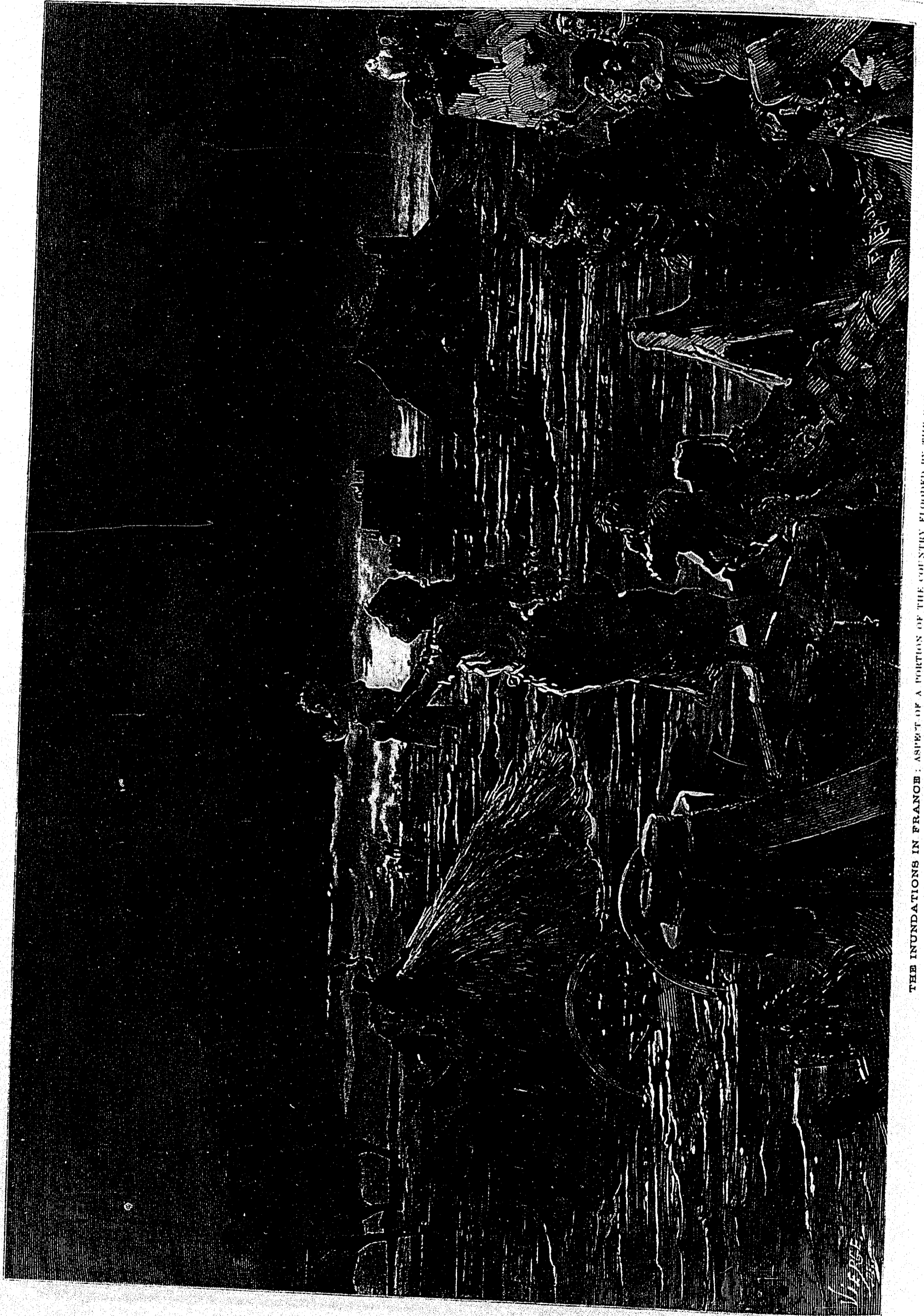
AMONG the projects for improving the patronage of the Paris Grand Opera, it is suggested that the dress circle public attend in toilets in harmony with the pieces represented. In "Faust," for example, the ladies should come in white, as *Marguerite* before her fall, and if any appeared in mauve let the consequence be on their own heads. In the *bijou* air the occasion would be suitable for displaying the family diamonds.

AN elaborate book on the violin, its famous makers and their imitators, will soon appear in London. Its illustrations will show the exact proportions of the most famous instruments, among them the celebrated violin made by Joseph Guarnerius, on which Paganini's marvellous successes were achieved. Since 1840, it has lain untouched under a glass case in the museum of Genoa.

In foreign fire insurance companies, the premiums paid by the Canadian insurer, going to the general fund of the company, may serve to pay for losses in other countries where conflagrations are more frequent and is thus endangered without any possible advantage to the insurer in the Dominion.

The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, limits its operations to Canada, and secures to the Canadian insurer the full benefit of the premiums.





THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE: ASPECT OF A PORTION OF THE COUNTRY FLOODED BY THE GARONNE.

VERGE

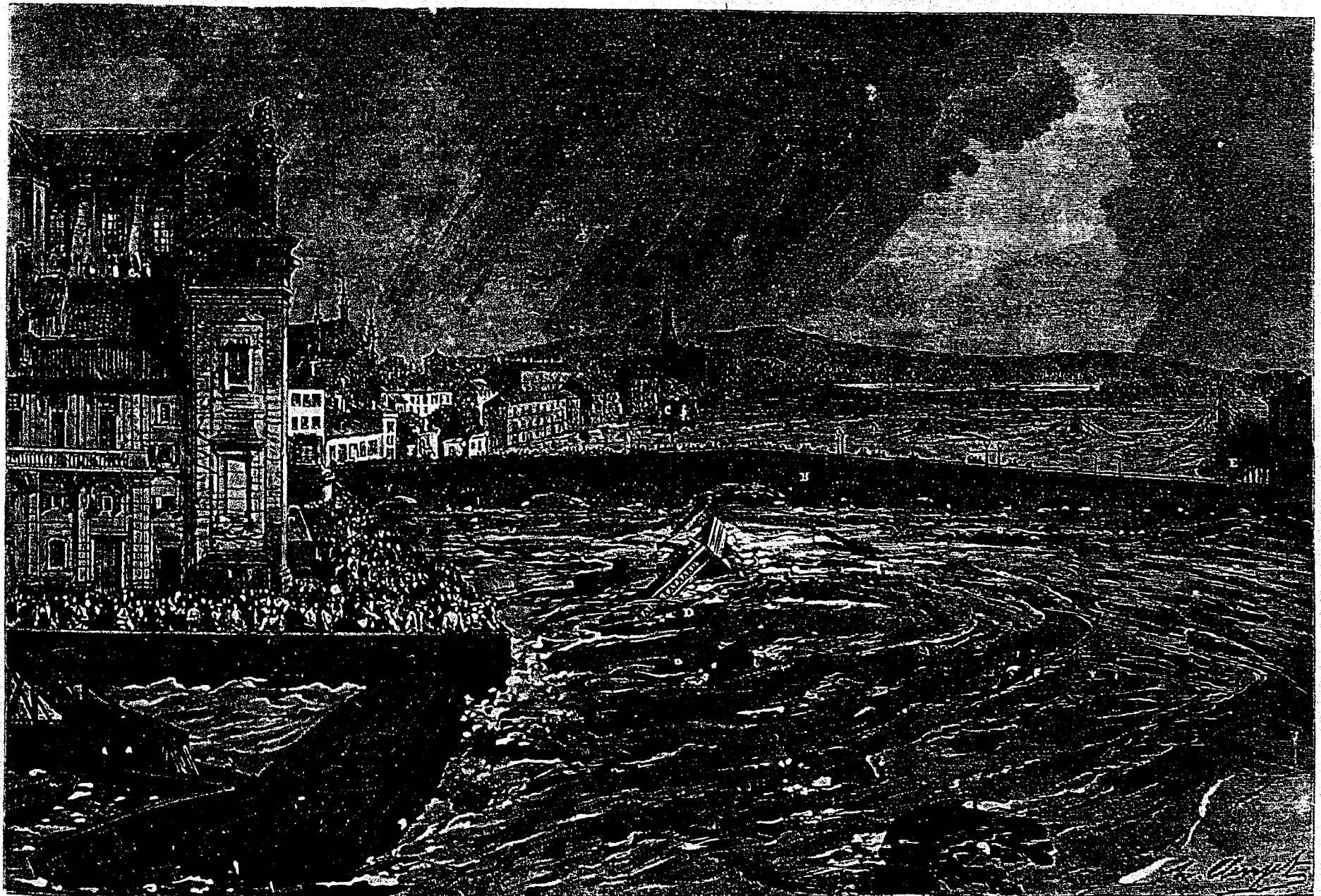
THE LAUREATES.



MISS A. MCGARVEY,  
WINNER OF THE DUFFEKIN GOLD MEDAL AT  
VILLA MARIA CONVENT, MONTREAL.



MASTER FRED. DORAN,  
WINNER OF THE MURPHY GOLD MEDAL AND \$50 PURSE  
AT THE CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL.



VIEW OF TOULOUSE, FRANCE, DURING THE RECENT INUNDATIONS.



## A WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

Italy, what of the night,  
Ah, child, child, it is long!  
Moonbeam and starbeam and song  
Leave it dumb now and dark.  
Yet I perceive on the height  
Eastward, not now very far,  
A song too loud for the lark,  
A light too strong for a star.

Germany, what of the night?  
Long has it lulled me with dreams;  
Now at midwatch, as it seems,  
Light is brought back to mine eyes,  
And the mystery of old and the night  
Lives in the joints of mine hands,  
Steadies my limbs as they rise,  
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

Europe, what of the night?  
Ask of heaven, and the sea,  
And my tribes on the bosom of me,  
Nations of mine, but ungrateful,  
There is one who shall requite,  
All that endure or that err;  
She can answer alone;  
Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?—  
I feel not the red rains fall,  
Hear not the tempest at all,  
Nor thunder in heaven any more.  
All the distance is white  
With the soundless feet of the sun.  
Night, with the woes that wore,  
Night is over and done.

C. A. SWINBURNE.

## THE OTTAWA PRESS GALLERY.

A visitor to the House of Commons after first plunging his eye into the abyss where the members sit in concentric semicircles, and then pronouncing his binocular over the upper tiers where the beauty and fashion of the Capital congregate to show their toilets and pretend to listen to the speeches, finally settles his observation on a little den, above the Speaker's chair, where a number of young men are huddled together from the opening of each session to its end. The visitor does well to watch them closely, for though they number only some twenty, as against the two hundred members of Parliament, they are literally the half of the House of Commons. Without them the country would not know what is going on in Parliament. At our breakfasts all over the land, when we spread out our morning papers and read the three and four columns of the preceding night's debate, the majority of us are ignorant of the fact that we owe the boon to the sharp wits and busy pens of these twenty reporters. See them at work. Swift as the winged words fall from the speaker's lips they are transcribed to paper by the flying pencils. Slips upon slips of "copy" flutter like snow flakes on the table, till a telegraph boy gobbles them up and rushes with them to the wires where they are flashed to the North and South, and, within a few hours, are made hard and fast by the printer's metal. Hour after hour they work, warning at some fine passage, grinning at some platitude, gratuitously embellishing a jejune period, and often charitably "touching up" the utterances of some member—and how often that happens—who makes a downright fool of himself. These journalists are all men of education and culture, and many of them, if this world were not so wrong-sided as it is, would be more in their place in the Parliamentary seats below than one third of those who occupy them. There are numbers of our members of Parliament who owe a great deal of their little reputations to the merciful offices of the reporters. And these are not mere transcribers. They are critics as well. From their perch up in the gallery, they can see all that takes place in the House. Not only do they hear the speeches, but they witness the by-play of parties, the noddings of Ministers, the mysterious signs that are made across the floor, the little notes that are passed around, and the thousand devices of persuasion or intimidation which are far more potent on the eve of a critical division than the logic of a Blake or the thunder of a Tupper. Considering these rare advantages of appreciation, we wonder that our leading papers, in addition to their reporters' staff, do not employ an acute observer to send them daily pen and ink sketches of the thousand incidents of a Parliamentary night. These would instruct the people even better than the reading of speeches. In the gallery it is much easier to judge of a speech than on the floor of the House. On this subject we have heard the following anecdote. Two gentlemen, who had sat side by side for many years in the gallery, used to amuse themselves by picking out flaws in the sequency of speeches made by prominent members. After a time, one of these gentlemen himself became the representative of an Eastern Townships county. The other retained his post in the gallery. When C., the new member, got up to speak, he was timid and several times lost the thread of his discourse. His friend upstairs, of course, bantered him about it afterwards. "Well, I'll tell you what it is," said C., "a fellow's head is much clearer up in that gallery than it is down on this floor." C. has since retired from both gallery and Parliament. We hope that his companion will soon occupy a seat in the House.

A. D. DECELLES

is correspondent of *La Minerve*, the leading French Conservative journal of Lower Canada. During the last session he was the only French reporter in continuous attendance. He is born of French and American parents and was educated at the Quebec College. On leaving school, he joined the staff of *Le Journal de Quebec* and, during the absence in Europe of Hon. Joseph Cauchon, its editor, in 1867, he assumed the entire conduct of that paper. In 1872 he became connected with *La Minerve* of which he is at present editor in chief. Personally he is a capital fellow

and is much esteemed by his colleagues on the Press.

WILLIAM HYACINTHE NAGLE

was born in the county of Lanark, Ontario, and at an early age removed with his parents to St. Hyacinthe, Province of Quebec. He is twenty four years of age, is the son of Mr. Richard F. Nagle, a well known lumberman in the Ottawa District, and is an Irish Roman Catholic. In 1865 he went to Ottawa and completed his education at St. Joseph's College in that city. He began his newspaper life in 1870, connecting himself with the *Ottawa Times* and *Le Courrier d'Ottawa*. He was afterwards employed on the *Morning Herald* and for the last two years has been on the *Ottawa Free Press*.

GEORGE EYVEL,

chief of the staff of the *Toronto Liberal* (since defunct), is the eldest son of the late Archibald Eyvel and was born near Elgin, Scotland, in 1850. He came to Canada with his parents at the age of two years. He was educated at Bluevale (Ont.) under Mr. Thomas Farrow, at present M. P. for North Huron and Mr. Matthew Hutchinson, an advocate, at present practising in Montreal. He completed his course at the High School, London. He first became connected with the press in 1873 as reporter of the *St. Thomas Times*. This position he left to assume the assistant editorship of the *St. Thomas Home Journal*, one of the leading weeklies of Ontario. In October 1874 he joined the *Globe* staff as parliamentary reporter, obtaining his first "gallery" experience in that year's session of the Local Legislature. In January 1875 he was offered and accepted the position of chief parliamentary reporter of the *Toronto Liberal*, a position the duties of which he worthily discharged. He is now employed on the *Toronto Globe*.

ALONZO H. MANNING

was born in Cardiff, Wales, and came to Canada in 1862. He is the son of the Rev. J. W. Manning, Baptist Minister, well known as one of the Royal Commissioners appointed by the Dominion Government to enquire into the working of the U. S. Prohibitory Liquor Laws. He is at present connected with the Prohibitionists' organ of Ontario, *The Canada Temperance Advocate*, which paper, as well as the *Almonte Gazette*, he represented at the last session of Parliament.

WILLIAM F. MACLEAN,

son of Mr. John Maclean, of the *Toronto Mail*, was born in 1854, in the county of Wentworth, Ontario. He was educated in the Hamilton Public Schools, and did occasional reporting for the *Times* and *Spectator* of that city. For some time he was Hamilton correspondent of the *Mail*, a post he filled with satisfaction. His first "gallery" experience was as reporter for the *Mail* at the last meeting of the Local Legislature. When, however, the *Liberal* was started, he joined its staff, and was deputed to aid in the parliamentary reporting for that paper, as well as to make up the general outside correspondence. He is now in connection with the *Toronto Globe*.

CARROLL RYAN

represented the *Hamilton Times* in the gallery. He was born in Toronto and educated at St. Michael's College in that city, being one of the youths chosen by Bishop de Charbonnel for the priesthood. He did not, however, become enamoured of that career and, on the breaking out of the Russian War in 1854, joined Count Pilsudski in raising the Foreign Legion. With that ill-fated and distinguished Polish nobleman he proceeded to England where he obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the British German Legion. As that corps was slow in being organized, he sought and secured, with Count Pilsudski, a transfer to the Turkish Service and was present when that officer was killed in an abortive attempt to relieve Silistria. He remained with the army of Omar Pasha till the Russians had vacated the Principalities and returned to his native Canada on the close of the war. In 1857 he published at Hamilton a book of poems descriptive of the scenes he witnessed while on service, entitled "Os-ar and other Poems." In 1859 he joined the 100th Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment in which he served till 1866, when this corps was sent to resist the Fenian invasion. On arriving at Ottawa, in October of that year, the danger from United States outlaws had subsided, and he retired from the service to assume the editorial chair of the *Volunteer Review*. This paper he conducted for three years till he relinquished its management to establish *The Evening Mail*, a daily paper in the interests of the Reform Party, at Ottawa. Previous to this, however, he published another book of poems, "Songs of a Wanderer", which is widely known among the efforts of native poetical genius. *The Evening Mail* did not prove a financial success and, shortly after its failure, he became local editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*. On this journal he remained till the eve of its change of proprietors, when he devoted himself entirely to the duties of an Ottawa correspondent, having formed an extensive connection with British, Continental, United States and Dominion papers and periodicals. He first entered the gallery as a reporter in 1867 and has been present throughout every session since that year.

THOMAS C. SHORT

was born at Keene, County of Peterborough, Ontario, in 1849. He was educated at the Common School in that village and at the Grammar School in the town of Peterborough. In 1863 he left school and for three years was engaged in

agricultural pursuits. At the end of 1865, he joined his father in the general milling business at which he continued until the end of 1871. Early in 1872 when about to "go West," he unexpectedly received the offer of a position on the *Montreal Witness* which he accepted. The commercial department of that paper was confided to his care and with it he combined a considerable amount of general editorial work. During the session of 1875 he made his debut at Ottawa, where he discharged the duties of a special correspondent.

J. HOSKEN,

one of the staff of the *Toronto Mail*, arrived in Canada from London towards the end of the year 1873, and shortly afterwards was engaged as local reporter by the Manager of the *Mail*. During the session of 1874, he assisted in reporting the debates in the Ontario Legislature. He also helped in the debates of the Provincial Parliament at the end of the same year. He went to Ottawa in 1875, on behalf of the *Mail*, as one of that paper's parliamentary reporters and approved himself a painstaking and efficient journalist. He is now night editor of that paper.

W. J. CUZNER

was born at Aylmer in 1853 and commenced his journalistic career in January 1873, as local reporter of the *Ottawa Citizen*. On the death of David Palmer Howe, whose early decease was so much regretted by all who ever associated with him, Mr. Cuzner became correspondent at the capital of the Conservative press of the Maritime Provinces. During the last session he made his first appearance in the gallery.

ANDREW HOLLAND

was born in Ottawa and commenced his newspaper life by assuming the duties of a member of the local staff of the *Ottawa Times*. In the course of a very few weeks, he joined the staff of the *Evening Mail* and in 1870 became connected with the *Free Press* upon which he remained until 1872. At this period he became attached to the *Citizen* upon which he still remains and is also a partner in the firm.

C. H. MACKINTOSH

is the chief editor and leader writer of the *Ottawa Daily Citizen*. He is the son of the late William Mackintosh, County Engineer of Middlesex and was born in London, in the County of Middlesex, in May 1843. He became City Editor of the *London Free Press* in 1862 and occupied a similar position on the *Hamilton Times* in 1864-65, ultimately publishing the *Western Dispatch* at Strathroy, until within one year and a half ago. Some political letters which he wrote for the *Toronto Mail* after the fall of the late Government, and which at the time were attributed to one of Canada's leading statesmen, attracting the attention of his political friends, his services were immediately secured for the *Citizen*. Irrespective of its politics, it must be owned that he has made the *Citizen* one of the leading papers of the Dominion, in point of ability, freshness and animation. Mr. Mackintosh is a political writer of prominence in Ontario, his untiring industry of research and vigour of thought and pen having already placed him in the front rank of Canadian journalists. He is of Irish descent.

ISAAC HARLEY BROCK,

editor of the *Ottawa Free Press*, was born at Newcastle, Ontario, in 1847. He is the son of Major Wm. Brock, of that place, and grandson of the late Capt. Samuel Brock, of Cobourg, a United Empire Loyalist who came to Canada at the close of the revolutionary war. Mr. Brock was educated for the law at Newcastle High School, by a private tutor, and at Kenyon University. He entered journalism about nine years ago writing under direction of the late Mr. Nicholson of the *Barrie Examiner* and formerly of the *Hamilton Banner*. Subsequently he edited the *Whitby Gazette*, *Orillia Northern Light*, *Ogdensburg N. Y. Monitor*, and edited and published the *Oshawa Reformer*. Mr. Brock holds his present position of managing editor and political editor of the *Free Press* since September 1871, and has made it a credit to the Dominion.

GEORGE B. ELLIOTT

is a native of Nova Scotia. For a number of years he resided on the United States, and during that time held several responsible positions on the Press. He has travelled extensively through the Union, principally in the Western and Pacific States. In company with Mr. Suter, he established the *Mainland Guardian* at New Westminster, British Columbia, and became known for his letters to that journal from Ottawa. He was also an industrious contributor to various American papers during his three years' residence at the capital of the Dominion. Last year he selected Manitoba as his future home and accepted a place on the editorial staff of the *Winnipeg Free Press* which paper he represented in the gallery last session. Besides his journalistic labors, Mr. Elliott contributed a number of papers on education to the *Ontario Teacher* which are much admired for their practical wisdom.

EDWIN R. PARKHURST

emigrated from London, England, in the spring of 1870; and on arriving in Montreal, obtained an engagement on the Grand Trunk Railway, as corresponding clerk. He was promoted and removed to Toronto in 1871. Having a fancy for reporting, he obtained an introduction to Mr. Paterson, who was then organizing the *Mail*, and was engaged by him as junior local reporter. He

continued in that position till the fall of 1872, when he returned to England. He, however, came back in seven weeks, was re-engaged on the *Mail* and promoted successively till he reached the position of chief local reporter. In the fall of 1874, he contributed a series of articles on "Music and the Drama" to the *Canadian Monthly*. In February 1875 he left the *Mail* and accepted a position on the *Globe*, by which he was sent to Ottawa. On his return from Ottawa, he was made City Editor of the *Globe* a position for which his versatility admirably fitted him.

CHARLES BELFORD

was born in Ireland in 1837. He came to Canada when 18 years of age, and at once betook himself to journalism, associating himself with the *Leader*, then the leading conservative paper of Upper Canada. He filled on that journal the various positions of local reporter, parliamentary reporter, commercial editor, assistant editor and editor-in-chief. He remained connected with the *Leader* until the Fall of 1871, when, together with his long-time colleague and warm personal friend, the late George E. Gregg, he resigned his position, with a view to securing the establishment of a more vigorous Conservative organ in Toronto. When *The Mail* was started in March 1872, he became connected with it, and has ever since had the principal charge of its editorial columns. Mr. Belford was at one time President of the Toronto Literary Society; in 1864 he accompanied a large delegation of members of Parliament and others to the Maritime Provinces, his letters from which to the *Leader* received special commendation in the journals of the Lower Provinces and materially assisted the consummation of the Union. In 1867 he went to the Paris Exposition as Special Correspondent for his journal and having completed his letters from there, extended his tour to Italy, all the principal cities of which he visited. Mr. Belford has been a member of the Law Society of Upper Canada for several years, and is now Treasurer of the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association and Vice-President of the Press Gallery at Ottawa.

JOHN FRANCIS NORRIS

was born in Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, England, his father being a bookseller, printer, bookbinder and stationer, to which business Mr. Norris was brought up. He was educated at Alleyne's Grammar School in his native town, under the late Rev. W. W. Harvey, M. A., Trin., College, Cambridge. He came to Canada in 1866, and was employed in all sorts of capacities on the *Richmond P. Q. Guardian*. He joined the staff of the *Herald*, Montreal, in 1868, where he has remained ever since. He has attended the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures; for the two last sessions has been Secretary of the Parliamentary Gallery and is at present one of the Council of the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association. Mr. Norris has been named "the little giant" of the Dominion press, a designation which aptly illustrates his wonderful activity and industry. In rapidity and amplitude of long-hand reporting he is unsurpassed, while his familiarity with the whole range of politics, and his personal acquaintance with almost all the public men of the country, fit him admirably for the higher editorial functions. Though quiet and unassuming, he is known to his brother journalists as one of the pillars of the important paper with which he is associated. Trained in all the departments of the journalistic vocation he can turn his hand to anything, and can always be relied upon wherever he is wanted.

THOMAS JOHN RICHARDSON

was born in Surrey, England in 1847, and was educated at Plymouth, Devonshire. He was one of the reporterial staff of the *Western Morning News*, Plymouth, and was in connection with the Central Press of London from 1861 to 1868. He edited the *British Press*, Jersey, from 1868 to 1870 and the *North Devon Herald* from 1870 to 1871. He then came to Canada, and obtained employment on the *Toronto Daily Telegraph*. He has been chief reporter on the *Telegraph*, *Globe* and *Mail* of Toronto and is at present chief of the *Globe's* Parliamentary staff, a position for which his great sessional experience peculiarly fits him. He has been for two years Secretary of the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, an institution which he was mainly instrumental in establishing. Mr. Richardson is universally liked by his associates and, added to his great professional capabilities, he is what may be termed a jolly good fellow. Mr. Richardson has often been spoken of to ourselves as one of the most thoroughly professional journalists in the Dominion. In his own speciality he is unsurpassed even by colleagues older than himself. He has set before him a high standard of journalism and invariably acts up to it. We expect to see him soon at the head of some important publication of his own.

E. E. HORTON

is a Canadian by birth. He was for many years engaged upon the local staff of the *Toronto Globe*, under whose auspices he made his first appearance in the Ottawa Reporters' Gallery. Shortly before the commencement of the last parliamentary session he left the *Globe* to become chief of the *Mail* Ottawa staff. He has done good service to both papers being an accurate and industrious short-hand writer. He is about 28 years of age and we believe has spent the whole of his journalistic career on the Toronto press.

F. S. HAMILTON

is on the business staff of the *Canadian Monthly* to which valuable native periodical he is a con-



stant contributor. He has a keen sense of the humorous, a characteristic which he constantly exhibits in his writings. He is an Englishman and has been only a few years in Canada, but has nevertheless distinguished himself particularly when he has undertaken to discuss matters pertaining to the Art of Music.

G. BENGOUGH

is well known as the cartoonist of *Grip* of Toronto. He develops his sketches with remarkable rapidity, and seldom if ever fails in producing in admirable style the points he desires to make. He has been attached to several of the Toronto papers in a reportorial capacity; and has also essayed the lecture field where his addresses on men and matters, with illustrations drawn in presence of the auditory, have been highly successful.

THOMAS WHITE, JR.

is known as the Father of the Gallery, having first appeared there in 1852, when Parliament was sitting in Quebec and having attended, with two exceptions, every session since held. He commenced his newspaper career as sub-editor, and afterwards editor, of the Quebec *Gazette* in 1852; in May 1853, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Romaine, now proprietor of the paper, he started the *Review* in Peterborough. In 1864, he removed, with his brother Mr. Richard White, to Hamilton, having purchased the *Spectator* of that city. In 1870, he removed to Montreal, having, with his brother, purchased the *Gazette*, of which he is now chief editor. In 1869, and again in 1870, he visited Great Britain as a Special Commissioner from the Province of Ontario on the subject of emigration, and may be said to have been the pioneer in the recent revival of efforts to direct emigration to Canada. In 1869, he lectured in Glasgow, Paisley and Liverpool, his lecture, in the last place, being considered of sufficient importance to induce the Messrs. Allan of Liverpool to have a hundred thousand copies printed in pamphlet form, for distribution among their agencies. In 1870, he delivered twenty-four lectures, in various towns from Wick in the North of Scotland, to Plymouth in the South of England. A large edition of a lecture delivered by him before the Young Men's Association of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on "Our North West" was printed for circulation among the emigration agencies in Great Britain, and two political speeches, one on the history of "Twenty Years of Conservative Administration in Canada," and the other on "the Draft Treaty of Reciprocity" have been printed in pamphlet form. Mr. White has been described as the modern Tantalus, having three times ran for Parliament, the aggregate majorities against him in the three elections being only sixteen. He is now claiming the seat for Montreal West, where he was defeated in December last by a majority of seven. He is President of the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association. As a writer Mr. White is remarkable for directness of style, while his matter is always distinguished for accuracy founded on knowledge and research, and his tone is that of gentlemanly moderation. As an orator, he ranks upon the few great speakers of the Dominion. Notwithstanding his former reverses, he is bound to attain a seat in Parliament, where he will take a foremost stand at once, and thence speedily rise to the dignity of a Minister of State.

**ANIMAL PHOSPHORESCENCE.**

Among the marvels which excite the admiration of the student of Nature, not the least strange is the group of phenomena known under the name of Animal Phosphorecence. We are so accustomed to associate light with heat, and to consider that fire of some kind is necessary to its production, that the imagination is appealed to with usual force, when we find light proceeding from the body of a living animal. Yet, it is well known that the emission of light is not an uncommon characteristic among the members of the invertebrate divisions of the animal kingdom. Travelers have often expatiated on the beauty of the scenes which they have witnessed in the tropics, when the seas or forest have seemed to be illuminated by innumerable sparks of fire; and recent discoveries have shown that the luminous quality is even more common than was previously supposed. During the dredging expedition of H. M. S. Porcupine in the years 1869 and 1870, so many of the deep-sea animals were found to be phosphorescent, that Prof. Thomson has suggested that the light necessary to the development of the eyesight which some of the specimens possessed may have had its origin in that source. In animal phosphorescence, as in all her works, Nature exhibits an immense variety in the forms in which she displays her power; in one case, the luminosity will be visible in a fluid secretion; in another, it will manifest itself through the action of a minute and complicated organ; one species of animal will shine with a yellow light; a second, with brilliant green; a third, with pale lilac; and we are acquainted with one instance in which the light changes successively to the chief colors of the solar spectrum. The causes which produce these phenomena are still very obscure. Although many forms of life are known in which the luminous quality is present, scientific men are not agreed on what the quality depends; and the purposes which the light serves in the animal economy are so little understood. But the phenomena themselves are often very remarkable. —From *Popular Science Monthly* for August.

**ROUND THE DOMINION.**

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie is expected in Ottawa by the end of August.

The 1812-15 veterans are to be paid immediately.

A new municipality is to be erected on Manitoulin Island.

Ripe wheat was harvested in South Essex on the 4th inst.

The assessment value of the village of Waterloo, Que., has nearly doubled in three years.

Toronto is to lease a portion of the University Park for \$8000 per year.

Lennoxville is to have a new Town Hall, brick, 60x43 feet, 2½ stories, mansard roof, and to cost \$5,000.

The Hon. Mr. Laird is to introduce a change in the management of Indian affairs in the North West.

Hay is expected to be an average crop in the eastern townships, notwithstanding the fears of its failure entertained a few weeks ago.

The annual meeting of the Press Association was held at Hamilton last week. Mr. John Cameron, of the London *Advertiser*, was elected President for the ensuing year. The meeting was well attended, and a large number of members were added to the roll of the Society. Mr. Goldwin Smith delivered an address on the duties and increasing power of the press.

Arrangements are being made for the German Sangerfest to come off at Berlin, Ontario, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of August. The managing committee has received acceptances of their invitation to attend from every German musical society in Canada, as well as a large number in the United States. Prof. Baumann has left for New York to engage some celebrated singers. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has been invited.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

SHE who rocks the cradles rules the world.

THE reason why a woman has her way so much oftener than man is that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

THE report that the Princess of Wales "had lost her hearing" was only a Cockney perversion. She lost an ear-ring.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

"Now then, children," said a parish school-mistress showing her children off on examination day: "Who loves all men?" "You, missus," was the unexpected reply.

"WHAT can ever be a substitute, dear John, for the affection of a sister?"—"Well, sis," replied Brother John, "that, you see, depends a good deal on whose sister it is."

SAID a magistrate to an actress, "Your profession, Mademoiselle?" "Artiste." "Your age?" "Twenty-two." "Usher, you can now swear the lady to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

AN exchange says: "Miss Clara Rose, of Philadelphia, had \$7,000 expended on her Latin, French, and German education, and then married a man who has to buy his butter half a pound at the time."

A CERTAIN cockney citizen overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.—"Let him alone," said a waggish bystander; "he'll soon revive!"

COURTSHIP in Patagonia is attended with much less ceremony than in this country, and there is less complaint of flirtation. There, if a young man is out riding and sees a girl he fancies, he just lassoes her and drags her home behind his horse, and that settles the whole business.

COPY was out. The devil picked up a paper and said: "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor: "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

A WIDOW, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

A lady who had on her upper lip something approaching a moustache lately called on an officer and his wife, whose laughing, merry little boy happened to be present at the time. In the course of conversation the little fellow inquired what he must do to get hair on his lip. "Why, rub it against papa's," was the reply. "Oh, mamma," said he, "is that the way Miss—has got hers."

It was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at it Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake."—"What is that?" asked Reynolds.—"Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

A BEREAVED New York lady went to her minister, asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having

officialated for the three who had previously disappeared from the public view. "Why, madam, how is this?" asked the reverend gentleman.—"Ah, it's might bad," she replied. "There was never a poor woman worn down with such a lot of dying men as I've been."

WORTH has invented a new bodice. It fits the figure closely, and is in form like one of the hunting jackets worn in Louis XIV.'s reign, the Frondeuses jackets, as they were called. It is open in front, where is a *fouillis* of either black or white lace; there are large pockets on the long front basques, and a deep sash round the waist, with or without ends, according to taste. The Princess Metternich and Madame Tolstoy have adopted it, and recently appeared thus bodiced at the great *fête villageoise*.

A friend of mine and I came across a "spooring" couple the other night, and a remark we chanced to overhear inspired him to relate this little story: Not long ago, at a mansion on Murray Hill, a sentimental young lady strolled with a gentleman, on whom she had her eye, into the conservatory. Looking up pensively into his face, she said, with tears in her voice, "Ah no one loves me, Mr. Barnes!" "Some one does!" "Yes!" said the lady dropping her head, and pressing his arm ever so little. "Yes, Miss Nellie," said the wretch, "God loves you." "Mr. Barnes, let's go in!"

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

TRANQUILITY.—To be bodily tranquil, to speak a little and digest without effort, are absolutely necessary to grandeur of the mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.

A GOOD LIFE.—Try how the life of a good man suits thee, the life of him who is satisfied with his portion out of the whole, and satisfied with his own just acts and benevolent disposition.

REMEMBRANCE.—When old people go back to their childhood, what things do they remember most? What do you remember about your mother that is gone? Not anything by which she was formally made known to the world, but some picture, some scene of tenderness, some fragrant sentiment which lingers in your imagination.

A COMPARISON.—The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly; but, as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

HUMILITY.—Nothing procures love like humility; nothing hate like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed against him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in danger. To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our inferiors, generosity; and these, notwithstanding their lowliness, carry such a powerful sway as to command men's hearts.

CONDOLENCE.—In a world like the present, one of the grandest occupations is that of giving condolence. We ought all of us to study this holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled. There are many who could look round upon some of their very best friends, who wish them well, and are very intelligent, and yet able to say to them in days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

THE MOTHER.—It has been truly said that the first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

SUCCESS.—Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed with carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honour, or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and method. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plan, and the sculptor his model, and all as means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a well-formed plan. Then every step is an advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port. Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into a closer likeness of

the model. No effort or time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—All men who avoid female society (says Thackeray) have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

**THE FASHIONS.**

COSTUME FOR RACES AND REGATTA.—1. Costume of grey maulin de laine for a girl of 7 to 9 years. 2. Costume of linen or white flannel for boy of 5 years. 3. Costume of cream-coloured mohair. 4. Costume of pigeon-grey and plum coloured faille. 5. Costume of black scilienne. 6. Costume of écaru linen and English Embroidery. 7. Costume of écaru batiste.

COSTUMES FOR THE SEASIDE.—1. Sailor-dress for boy. 2. Blouse dress for girls. 3. Garibaldi for young child. 4. Close fitting dress with overskirt for young girl. 5. Dress with grey blouse. 6. Dress of percall or batiste. 7. Dress with embroidered jacket. 8. Dress with overskirt open at the shoulder.

**VARIETIES.**

IN Nebraska more than 12,000,000 forest trees were planted last year.

THE marriage of a white man to a negro woman nearly incited the people of Sheffield, Mass., to a riot.

THE Parisian journals say that the French vineyards are in splendid condition, and such promise of abundance has not been seen since 1840.

A SAN FRANCISCO rumseller was convinced of the degradation of his business when his daughter, eleven years old, got drunk and was arrested.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have gone to Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. They took the baby with them.

COL. VILLETTE, the accomplice of ex-Marshal Bazaine in his escape, has been allowed by the French Government to retire on a pension.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has a tender heart. The tears streamed down his bronzed cheeks when a poor woman related how she had lost her mother and her child in the flood at Toulouse.

TWO brothers, one of whom fought on the Union side and the other on the rebel, met in Columbus, Pa., the other day, after a separation of fifteen years. With them the bloody clasm had not been closed, and they separated without speaking.

It is said that the German Government has in preparation a measure to be laid before Parliament prohibiting public processions throughout the Empire. It is intended to be applied particularly to religious processions.

THE French and Belgian papers protest against the action of the local authorities, who are planting timber trees upon the road sides, desiring that fruit trees be planted instead, as is done in Germany and Switzerland.

GAMBETTA, in refusing the challenge of Casagrua, took occasion in his paper to recall the title "King of Clowns," which Guizot, when in power, bestowed on his papa, Monsieur Granier. Paul is very wrathful over this blow, and a swim à la Paul Boyton is considered the only thing that might cool him down.

AN elderly lady named Cannon of Massachusetts was standing by an iron sink during a thunder storm when she was prostrated by lightning. She was entirely senseless, and was so charged and battered by the electric current that the gold beads about her neck were melted, but she lives and ascribes her escape to the silken cap she wore.

THE Bishop of Orleans, the distinguished Dupanloup, besought all his flock to give bounteously of their goods to relieve the sufferers of the inundated lands. His efforts were highly successful, as he is looked up to with the greatest respect throughout rural France, where he passes for the old man eloquent. The bishop is over seventy, but still very vigorous.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is a proficient in the French language, which he learned under the instruction of a Professor named Marat, a brother of the notorious Marat of the first Republic. The Professor taught French literature at the College of the Tsarkoe Seio, but as his real name was in bad odor, he called himself de Boudry.

IN Italy, schools of instruction for the cultivation of fruit trees, but especially of apples, have been established by the Government. As a means of assisting to popularize agricultural education in that country, it has been ordered that the soldiers should attend courses of lectures on agriculture for at least two years before their discharge.

INDIANA has a stringent law against the intermarriage of whites and blacks. John Angell Miller, a German, and Mary Sims, a negress, were married a few weeks ago in Floyd County. They and the clergyman who performed the ceremony are now in prison, and each is liable to conviction, and sentenced to ten years incarceration, or a fine of \$5,000.

ONE hundred and fifteen female missionaries have gone to foreign lands from Mount Holyoke Seminary, Massachusetts, 18 of them from the last two graduating classes. Applications are on file for 20 more, Cape Colony, Africa, asking for eight to serve as teachers. Several of the graduates have already gone to Cape Colony, where they have had great success in Christian work.

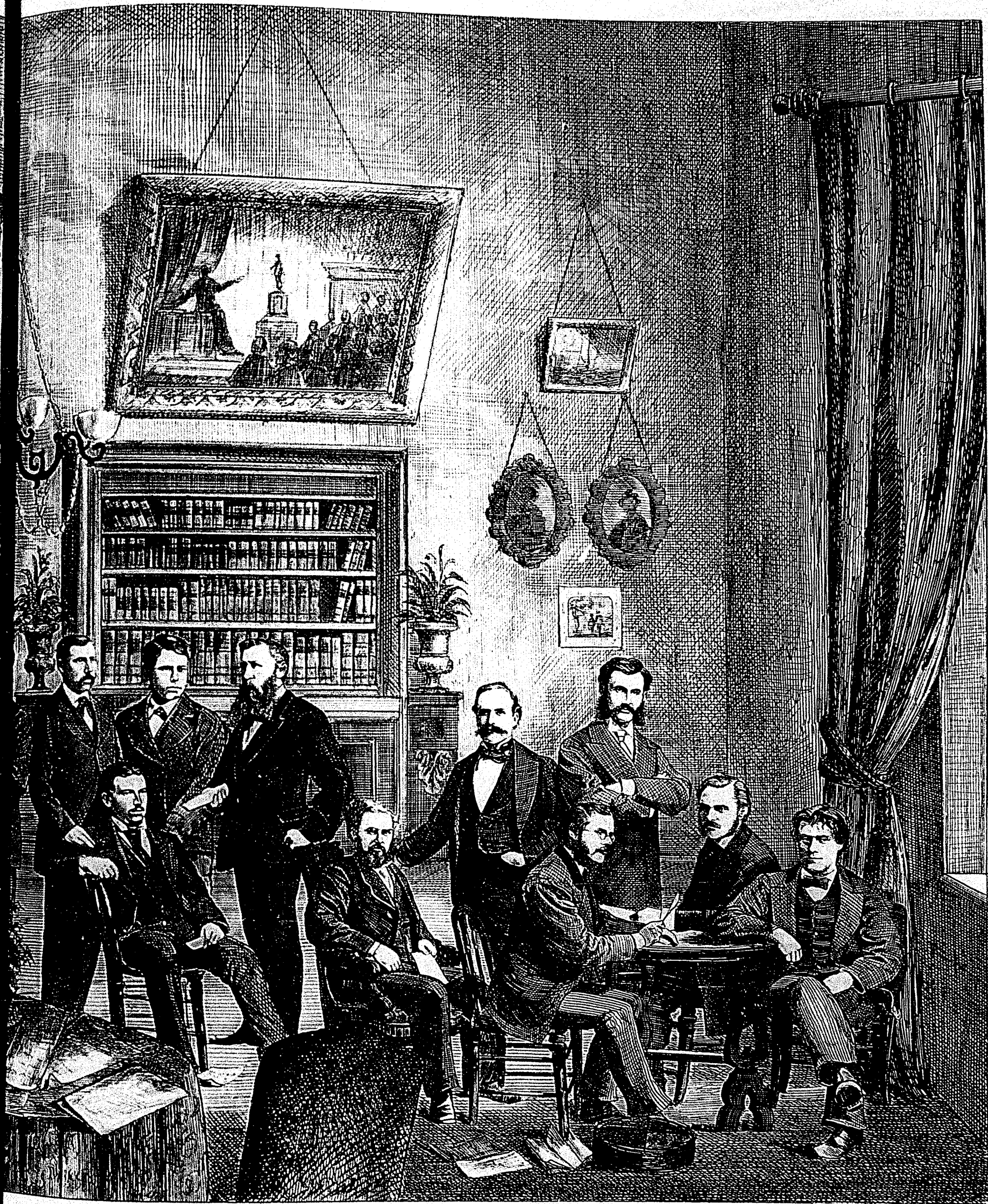




E. R. PARKHURST, *Globe*, Toronto. T. C. SHORT, *Witness*, Montreal. E. E. HORTON, *Mail*, Toronto. G. BENOUGH, *Grip*, Toronto. J. HOSKIN, *Mail*, Toronto.  
 W. J. CUZNER, *Citizen*, Ottawa. G. EYVEL, *Liberal*, Toronto. W. H. NAGLE, *Free Press*, Ottawa.  
 A. H. MANNING, *Gazette*, Almonte. A. HOLLAND, *Citizen*, Ottawa.  
 I. H. BROCK, *Free Press*, Ottawa.

THE MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENT





G. B. ELLIOTT, *Free Press*, Winnipeg.      THOS. WHITE JR, *Gazette*, Montreal.      C. H. MACKINTOSH, *Citizen*, Ottawa.  
 W. F. MCLEAN, *Liberal*, Toronto.      A. D. DECELLES, *Minerve*, Montreal.      C. BELFORD, *Mail*, Toronto.  
 CARROLL RYAN, *Telegraph*, St. John, and *Times*, HAMILTON.      F. S. HAMILTON, *Can. Monthly*, Toronto.      J. F. NORRIS, *Herald*, Montreal.  
 T. J. RICHARDSON, *Globe*, Toronto.

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## THE PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

They climbed the rock-built breasts of earth,  
The Titan-fronted, bowy steeps  
That cradled Time. Where Freedom keeps  
Her flag of white-blown stars unfurled,  
They turned about, they saw the birth  
Of sudden dawn upon the world.  
Again they gazed; they saw the face  
Of God, and named it boundless space.

And they descended and did roam  
Through levelled distances set round  
By room. They saw the silences  
Move by and beckon; saw their forms,  
Their very beards, ofttime in storms,  
And heard them talk like silent seas.  
On named heights black-blown and brown,  
And torn like battlements of Mars,  
They saw the darkneses come down,  
Like curtains loosened from the dome  
Of God's cathedral, built of stars.

They saw the snout mountains rolled,  
And heaved along the nameless lands,  
Like mighty billows, saw the gold  
Of awful sunsets, saw the blush  
Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush  
Of Heaven when the day sat down,  
And hid his face in dusky hands;  
Then pitched the tent, where rivers run  
As if to drown the fallen sun.

The long and lonesome nights; the tent  
That nestled soft in sweep of grass;  
The hills against the firmament  
Where scarce the moving moon could pass;  
The cautious camp, the smothered light,  
The silent sentinel at night!

The wild beasts howling from the hill;  
The troubled cattle bellowing;  
The savage prowling by the spring,  
Then sudden passing swift and still,  
And bended as the bow is bent,  
The arrow sent; the arrow spent  
And buried in its bloody place,  
The dead man lying on his face!

The clouds of dust, their cloud by day,  
Their pillar of unflaming fire,  
The far North Star. And high, and higher—  
They climbed so high it seemed as though  
That they must face the falling moon,  
That like some flame-lit ruin lay  
Thrown down before their weary way.

They learned to read the sign of storms,  
The moon's wide circles, sunset bars,  
And storm-provoking blood and flame;  
And like the Chaldean shepherds came  
At night to name the moving stars;  
And in the heavens pictured forms  
Of beasts and fishes of the sea;  
And marked the great bear wearily  
Rise up and drag his clinging chain  
Of stars around the starry main.

## MABEL.

Mabel was my only sister, and I am Ellinor Valnay.

I am a member of that most objectionable and much-abused class, "old maids," and I daresay I have about the usual amount of *vinegar* in my composition and severity in my countenance, perhaps more than ordinary specimens.

Years and years ago, when my dear father lived, he used to say: "Ellinor, you will be an old maid, to a certainty;" and his prophecy came true, though at that time I laughed and was unbelieving.

We were left quite alone, when father died, Mabel and Harold, twins, and myself, five years older than they. I claimed a good deal of authority over the children because of being so much older, but I fear I was not very successful in my management of them, for every one said they were wofully spoiled.

They were fifteen when papa died, and I was twenty, quite a woman, and a very sedate and grave one, considering my years; for since my darling mother's death, three years before, I had been housekeeper at the Rosary, our pretty home.

Mab—Queen Mab, we used to call her, or ofttimes Queenie—and Harold were at school when I was left alone in the world, and they were to remain there for two years longer. Then Harold was to go the India, to look after the business our father had been a partner in, and which Mr. Drydeed the lawyer often wasted hours trying to explain to me, for I never could clearly comprehend why it was necessary for our only brother to leave us and go so far away. For in those days—close on thirty years ago—going to India was a serious matter. There was no Mont Cenis tunnel and no Suez Canal, or the numberless other methods of expediting the long and dangerous journey. When Queenie was seventeen she came home to me, and we settled down to a very calm, even sort of life in the quiet country village where our home was. Our only neighbours were Mr. Gilbert the rector, Dr. King, and the Cliffords of High Leigh.

We had a beautiful garden at the Rosary, plenty of splendid flowers and fruit, a glorious old library, besides all the newest books sent us from London from Mr. Drydeed. Music and drawing we both loved; riding and boating were also very great pleasures which we had every facility for indulging in, and on the whole I think we were two very happy girls.

We often went to the rectory, but though we dearly loved Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, it was rather a quiet house to visit at, as there were no young ladies, and Royden, their only son, was away travelling in Palestine, before his ordination.

We used to go to High Leigh to play croquet sometimes, and very pleasant evenings they used to be. There were four Miss Cliffords, elderly ladies, as like four Dutch dolls as it was possible for anything to be. The Christian name of the eldest sister I never heard; the three others were Misses Ophelia, Amelia, and Cordelia, or "Felia," "Melie," and "Delia," as they called each other. They were dear, good, kind-hearted, sociable, cheerful spinsters—not old enough, or sour enough to be termed "old maids," loving good

gossip, or even a little dish of scandal to season their five-o'clock tea, but never degenerating into malice or ill-nature. They were attached to Queenie; but I should like to know who was not. Every one the child came in contact with loved her. How shall I describe her, as she was at seventeen, with her wealth of sunny curls dancing over her shoulders, her violet eyes tender or mischievous, one moment cast down shyly, the next dancing and twinkling like stars? Never in all my life did I behold such glorious eyes, in which such tenderness, sweetness, and latent passion lay concealed. People sometimes say of her picture over my chimney piece, "What a lovely face!" But the painting falls far, far short of the original. She was a perfectly beautiful woman, the most perfect I ever beheld, the most finished specimen of all God's created things.

She was neither vain nor selfish, and beyond the fact that she, from her innate good taste, always liked to be and always was well dressed, she troubled little about her appearance; of her hair, which was rippling, waving, living gold, she was as proud as a child is of some pretty toy. She would take up a ringlet, and holding it in the sunlight say, "Ellinor, is it not pretty? What a shame that it must grow gray some day, and short and thin!" In disposition Queenie and I were very different. She was like a sunbeam dancing hither and thither, leaving gladness wherever she went, singingsnatches of gay songs, dancing as she walked, full of life, mirth, and happiness. I was always the very reverse; grave and sedate as a child, I grew up so as a woman. No one ever in all the course of my life applied a more affectionate epithet to me than "Ellinor dear"; no one ever called me "Nellie" or any other short pet name. I was never supposed to care about pretty things or childish amusements of any sort; indeed I believe I never had a doll or doll's house. My father loved me very dearly, but it was more as a friend and companion than as a child. He used to talk to me on the most serious subjects without the smallest hesitation. Mr. Drydeed used to say I was a marvellously clever little woman; and if an intense love of books and an extraordinary thirst for knowledge constitute cleverness, I was so. I was very sensible, I suppose, and acted in quite a motherly way with regard to the children; but I believe until Queenie came home from school and Harold sailed for India, I never knew what it was to be a girl. Then my sister and I were dear friends; we told each other all our secrets, and discussed our plans for the future.

After Mab had been a year at home, Roy Gilbert returned from the East, and was appointed to his father's curacy. He brought on a visit with him a gentleman he had met at Athens—Ernest Gray, an artist, a poet, and—a philosopher.

Then a new era dawned on us at the Rosary; our lives were no longer even and unbroken, for we lived in a constant flutter of excitement.

It was bright summer time, glorious July, with its sunshine, lilies, and roses. Roy Gilbert was never weary of telling Mab of his travels in the East. Ernest Gray found in me a very patient listener to his ideas on art, poetry, and philosophy.

It did not take very much scrutiny to see that Roy was in love with my sister. I knew it from the first night they met, when she stood under the roses and clematis in the rectory porch, the last slanting rays of the setting sun shining on her golden hair; and he, a few steps below, gazing up at her, with all his soul in his eyes, as if she were an angel. I saw it and was glad, for there was no one in the world I would sooner give my darling to than Roy Gilbert. Oh, he was a good man, a true, brave, good man, if ever there was one in the world.

A month or six weeks passed away so pleasantly, that looking back now, it seems like the memory of some fair dream; and then he asked her to be his wife. She did not consent at first, but when after a few weeks I told her that Ernest Gray loved me, and also wished me to marry him, she consented at once to become engaged to Roy.

"Do you love him, Queenie darling?" I asked one night as she came in from a walk with Roy, looking pale and tired. "Do you love him very dearly?"

"Of course I do, Ellinor; why do you ask? No one could help loving Roy, he is so good," she replied, but I thought there was just an intonation of weariness in her voice. However, I was so happy in my own love, that I could not imagine any one else not being equally so.

I loved Ernest Gray with all my soul. He fitted the very inmost groove of my nature. I sympathised with every emotion he expressed. I believed with all my heart that in all God's earth he was the one man I could best love.

The summer wore away, and winter was coming

"Wrapped in his mantle of gloom,"

when I one day noticed Queenie looked ill. She had grown quieter since her engagement to Roy. I thought it the natural sequence of calm, settled, perfect content, and did not pass any remarks on it. But in the chilly winter evening, when Roy and Ernest left us—for they spent many evenings at the Rosary—instead of happiness there was often weariness amounting to pain in her face.

"Darling are you ill, are you unhappy?" I asked again and again. "Does anything in the world trouble you?" But the answer was invariably, "No, Ellinor, thanks; I am quite well and happy."

She was to be married in spring, with the very first violets, Roy declared; and after the merry Christmas time had come and gone, I told

our dear old Dr. King, who had attended my mother and father, of my fears about Queenie. "She coughs sometimes, doctor, and seems to have lost all her life and spirits. I am quite anxious about her."

"Let her go to Italy for her honeymoon," he said; "this has been a trying winter, and Mab is only a hot-house blossom; but there is no consumption in the family, Miss Valnay, none at all."

Somewhat reassured I watched, and hoped for the best; but as the day drew near I saw with sorrow that she grew worse instead of better. There was something troubling my child I knew and oh, how I wished for Harold to consult with! I feared, with a strange nervous sensation, to mention the matter to Roy. It would kill him, I thought, if anything happens to her. He loves her so. In his great devotion he was blind to the change I saw in her. He loved her so madly, and she was always so gentle and tender to him, never impatient, never fretful, that he could see nothing to complain of.

I was too much troubled about my sister to observe that the visits of Ernest Gray were less frequent than they used to be; there was no definite time fixed for our marriage. It would be time enough to think of that when the bustle and confusion of Mab's was all over. One evening he called, while I was lying half asleep on a couch in the back drawing-room: Queenie sat reading in the front room. But though the folding-doors were open, Ernest did not see me, and my sister scarcely seemed to remember I was there.

"Mabel, my darling, my darling," he said—I heard every word distinctly—"I can't stand this any longer; it's killing you, and killing me. Let me tell Ellinor. Believe me, it is by far the best thing to do."

"No, no, no, Ernest, you must not! Oh, why do you speak to me like this? It is cruel!"

"Do you mean to say you intend to marry Roy Gilbert in a few weeks, loving me as you know you do?" he asked fiercely. "Do you suppose I am going to swear before God's altar to love Ellinor Valnay, when every fibre of my nature thrills with love for you, Mabel? I can't do it! You may marry Roy if you will, but I'll not be so cruel. I'll spare your sister."

"But she loves you, Ernest, and Roy loves me."

"She will hate me soon," he muttered, "for I'll tell her this very night! Mabel, I must go—leave this place for ever; will you come with me? You love me, little one, and God best knows how I love you. They will forgive you, darling, and I'll bear all the blame gladly. O child, I would die inch by inch, I would keep dying a life-time to make you happy."

What happened after that I cannot clearly remember. I have a hazy idea of entering the room suddenly, and my sister fainting in my arms; I also seem to recollect very dimly Ernest's wild passionate craving for pardon, and his terrible agony at seeing Mab white and still as death in my arms.

The next day I felt calmer, and sent for Roy Gilbert. I told him all from first to last, not sparing a single particular; why should I? Who spared me? It is close on thirty years ago, but I have not forgotten the look of dull blank misery that crept into his face as he began to realise the fact that Mabel did not love him, and was not going to be his wife. He is a white-haired man now, but the sorrow of that day has never left his eyes.

Of course I released Ernest Gray from his engagement, and Roy wrote to Mabel such a good kind letter, telling her he did not blame her in the least, and saying he would pray always for her happiness.

She married Ernest, and they went abroad. But neither the tenderest love of her husband nor the warm air and soft skies of sunny Italy could bring peace to the heart of my darling sister. She died of pure, simple remorse for all the sorrow she had brought on me and Roy Gilbert. A white marble cross, with the simple English inscription

"MABEL VALNAY GRAY,

Aged 19."

stands in a quiet Florentine church-yard, for my beautiful Queenie entered on the better rest before she had been six months married.

Of my own feelings I have not said much; there is a pain too deep for words, and that pain is mine. The years passed slowly away, my brother Harold returned from India, married, and settled down in London, leaving me still mistress of the Rosary. He and his wife come to see me every summer, and I have pretty nearly always one of his little girls with me, generally a Mabel called Queenie after our darling.

I am not very much feared by my neighbours, though I am an *old maid*, and there are even those who say that my "cordials" and "soups" and recipes, are not to be by any means despised, but I daresay I am sour and selfish enough in general. I do not mean to say that I am always brooding over my sorrows, but I have not out-lived them. I do not generally look miserable, and I have even been seen to play at "blind-man's bluff" at Christmas time, and lead off a dance for the children's party at New Year. But when I am in my gayest mood our dear good vicar Roy Gilbert will hold my hand in his, and say, "You are a brave woman, Ellinor, my dear! But every heart knoweth its own bitterness," And I answer, "Yes, Roy, you and I can tell that; surely too often

"Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought."

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

England is the first to begin building operations for the coming Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

The French Assembly has been adjourned from August the 4th to November the 4th by a vote of 470 to 155.

Johnson won the swimming match for the championship of the world, the distance being 10½ miles, covered in 3 hours and 10 minutes.

Telegrams received late by the Secretary of State, bring news of an uprising of the Cree Indians, it is feared some lives have been sacrificed in the attempt of the Indians to capture Fort Carlton, in Manitoba.

The Canadian Copyright Bill has been passed by the Imperial House of Commons.

The Channel Tunnel Bill has passed its second reading in the Lords without opposition.

A London despatch records the death of Sir Francis Bond Head, a former Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.

A ring of counterfeiters is preparing to issue \$12,000,000 worth of counterfeit Bank of England and Bank of France notes.

The name given by the Presbyterian Council to the new union is "The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world."

The article, in the proposed new constitution of Spain, establishing religious toleration, has been adopted by the Constitutional Committee by a vote of 22 to 8.

The Home Rule members of Parliament will not be able to attend the Home Rule banquet which is to take place in Dublin on the 4th proximo, as their presence will be required in the House on that day to oppose Mr. Newdegate's Convent Bill.

A lockout among the cotton mills of York-shire has commenced.

The Carlists were vigorously repulsed at Guetaria in attempting to surprise the Royalists.

The official statement of the Minister of Public Works to the French Assembly estimates the damages by the floods at \$15,000,000.

The four-oar boat race for \$1,000 a side between the Smith-Nickerson and Ross-Foley crews, was rowed at Halifax on Saturday, and resulted in favor of the former crew.

A despatch from Helena, Montana, says the United States Commissioner has released the parties arrested for the murder of Assiniboine Indians last year in British territory, on the ground of there not being sufficient evidence to justify their extradition.

## LITERARY.

AUGUSTA J. EVAN'S new book is to be called "Infelicia."

THE late Prosper-Merimée was a great linguist. He knew even Russian and a little Polish.

DR. PUSEY has been ordered absolute rest for a few weeks, and his letter on "The Present Crisis in the Irish Church" is necessarily postponed.

JOAQUIN MILLER is at Newburyport, Mass., where he has finished a poem on the National Centennial.

OUIDA lives in excellent style in Florence. She has a handsome marriage, and, of course, she is barbaric enough to keep a tiger.

THE Abbé Michaud's new work "De l'Etat Présent de l'Eglise Catholique-Romaine en France," has been interdicted by the French Government.

CERVANTES is a new literary periodical announced to appear at Madrid, the profits to be devoted to a monument to the author of "Don Quixote."

Professor Veitch, of Glasgow University, has just contributed to the ballad literature of Scotland a new volume entitled "The Tweed, and other Poems."

BAYARD TAYLOR will pass the summer with his family at Matapoiset. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard will start soon for the same place.

OUIDA lives in elegant style in Florence. She has a handsome carriage, and, of course, she is barbaric enough to keep a tiger.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH has published a new collection of tales, which for poetic fancy, originality and hearty geniality, are said to exceed any of his former productions.

JOAQUIN MILLER dropped his gold headed cane in a hay field near Newburyport, Mass., the other day and swung the farmer's scythe for him. It is thus the poet of the Sierras keeps alive the sacred fire.

DUMAS JR., is trying his pen on religious subjects, having finished up the subject of woman. His critics claim that he is not likely to be a success in his new line, and advise him to stick to his last—like a good shoemaker.

THE Boston School Committee have passed an order establishing four kindergarten schools for children three years old, with a four years' course of instruction, with a kindergarten teacher, and suitable apparatus for each.

EMILE OLIVIER'S book "Principles and Conduct" is severely handled by the French critics. They say it shows him to be the same light-headed fellow who declared war in 1870 "with a light heart" from the ministerial bench in the Corps Legislatif.

MR. GLADSTONE, who was present when Dr. Schliemann read his paper on his discoveries at Troy before the London Society of Antiquaries, took part in the discussion which followed and expressed a high estimate of the Doctor's discoveries.

MRS. ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM, the Southern author, has taken up her residence in England for five years. She is to publish a book of verses called "Dolores, and other Rhymes of the South," and is said to be engaged in completing a new novel.

OVER 2,000 inscriptions in the Phœnician tongue, engraved on stone, have now been discovered among the ruins of Carthage lying in one particular spot or rather hole of ground. Fifty years ago, only five or six Carthaginian inscriptions were extant. The more recent findings prove clearly that two styles of forming the letters of the alphabet were prevalent among the inhabitants of North Africa, and also furnish valuable historical dates.

THE monument to be erected over the grave of Edgar Allan Poe is now being manufactured in Baltimore. One of the features of the stone is a bust of the departed poet. The model for the face was furnished by Volk, the Baltimore artist, from a photograph of the original, in the possession of Mr. John P. Poe. The likeness is said to be very striking, and the work is much praised. The monument, it is expected, will be fully completed by October, when it will be formally dedicated.

A LETTER has been received from Alfred Tennyson, in which he expresses gratification that the Maryland Teachers' Association has decided to rear a memorial in honor of Edgar Allan Poe. He expresses a high opinion "of the immortal productions of the American poet," whom he classes among the most brilliant writers to whom the country has given birth, and asks for a photograph of the proposed memorial. Edgar Allan Poe, it will be remembered, entertained likewise a high opinion of Tennyson, as when the first great work of the English poet was published predicted for him a brilliant future.

LITERARY NOTICES.

**BACON versus SHAKSPERE.**—Mr. T. D. King has just issued a brochure bearing the above title, in vindication of the character of Shakspeare and his fame as a man and a poet, in which by a mass of evidence he has proved Shakspeare not to be that vile impostor which the Baconian theorists, and some American luminaries, stepping out of their legitimate sphere, have endeavoured to make him. This brochure, which we shall review fully in our next issue, will probably put a stop to these outrages on the mighty dead, who have no means of punishing their traducers nor of vindicating themselves from the shafts of malice aimed at their reputation, save by the pens of those who have a profound, affectionate and reverent regard for their memories, and are jealous of the honour of our immortal English Bards, and not afraid of American Reviewers.

The brochure is published by the Lovell Printing and Publishing Company, Montreal and Rouse's Point, N. Y., and may be obtained at Dawson's and Hill's book stores.

We may call attention to the series of articles by Col. Waring, now being published in SCRIBNER'S under the title of "A Farmer's Vacation." Col. Waring is well known as an engineer and a farmer, as well as a graceful and entertaining writer. His article in the August number describes the pretty isle of Guernsey, and tells a great deal that is of interest about the famous so-called Alderney Cow, which is here "at home." "A Midday in Manila" is a rollicking little illustrated sketch, which reads very like a familiar letter to some old "chum" at home. Albert Rhodes's paper, "Along the Seine," is timely through its summer quality. George W. Cable, of New Orleans, has a story entitled "Madame Délicieuse," which may be regarded as his best work. It will have a very foreign smack to Northern readers, but they will find it none the less graphic, witty and charming for that. Dr. Holland, in this number of "Sevenoaks," celebrates a wedding in that rural neighborhood. Then there is a solid essay by G. F. Magoun, on "Education and Free Thought," also "A Word of Encouragement for Timid Linguists," "The Stone Peri d of the Antilles" (containing some matters hitherto made public), "An Englewood Mystery," "How to Treat the Indians," by an Indian Agent; an illustrated paper on "Ice," more of "The Mysterious Island," and verses by poets of note, and poets not of note. In the "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. C. Holland, "The Old Cabinet," "Home and Society," "Bric-à-Brac," "The World's Work," etc., the usual variety is maintained.

ST. NICHOLAS brings us a series of excellent contributions, all interesting and some of them pleasantly suggestive of mountain air and seabreezes. "The Cruise of the Crusoe" for instance (a prolonged boat-journey such as almost every boy would like to take on some one of these summer days), hardly needs illustration, since it is itself a very perfect picture; yet it has six characteristic and familiar scenes in pencil. There is an interesting paper on Umbrellas, with a picture of the first Umbrella in the streets of London. "A Gunpowder Plot" is the story of an assault upon a hornet's nest, in which the strategy of the attacking party has to contend against the power and numbers of the garrison, and is natural, humorous and pathetic, appealing strongly to the interest of all boys. Rose Terry Cooke gives us a lively controversy in rhyme between two chickens on that familiar subject—always a fruitful source of contention—the origin of the species. Besides all this and much more, there are stories by Helen C. Weeks and Emily Huntington Miller, a paper on the collection and preservation of "sea-weeds," a description of "A Boarding School in 1570;" and a delightful story for girls, "The Pine-stick Doll," with its beautiful illustration—the frontispiece of the number—drawn by Miss Jessie Curtis. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," with his paragrams and conundrums, is still as wise and witty as ever; and worthy of notice also is a bright little jingle called "Hans, the Small Esquimaux," with its picture, in which the iceberg is as refreshing to us as the Polar Bear is terrifying to the little fur-clad northerner.

The August number of LIPPINCOTT'S opens with a well-written and admirably illustrated article, by Cecil Buckland, describing two weeks' experience in the "Carlist Country" during the recent Spanish wars. W. L. D. O'Grady contributes a very enjoyable illustrated paper, called "Quaint Craft," in which he tells of a great variety of small sailing craft, and the several styles of gearing and sailing them. "Why Mr. Morrison got a Bad Servant," is a short story, remarkably well told, by the author of "Blindpits." "Scenes in the Wood," a poem, by Emma Lazarus, is quite remarkable for the vividness and beauty of its word painting. "The Modern Constitutions of France," by E. C. Grenville Murray, is a very able paper, giving much valuable information in short space, and in an attractive style. "Frau Sommer's Pleasure-Trip," by Elizabeth E. Evans, is an odd but pleasant story of German domestic life and adventure. William E. Griffis contributes a short paper full of curious information about the ways of a Japanese Daimio. "The Vigilants' Mistake," by John Thornbury, describes in a free and pleasant manner the ways and adventures of Western frontier life, and tells how, in a certain instance, the wrong man got arrested, how he was treated, and how he got out of it. There is a short paper on "Maine de Biran," the French philosopher. Then a pleasant country sketch,

called "Satyrs and Sylvan Boys," by Mary Dean. The second and concluding part of "An Artist's Love," by Francis Asheton, is given. T. Adolphus Trollope contributes an article on Italian jewelry. The Monthly Gossip and Book Criticism are good as always.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY is brimming with useful and entertaining information. As a contribution to geography and geology the account of the Physical Features of the Colorado Valley, by Major Powell, a first paper of which appears in this number, must be allowed the first place. It is followed by experiments on the Motions of Sound by Tyndall, on the Telegraphic Determination of Longitude, the Pyrophone or Gas Organ, Animal Phosphorescence, Arctic Travel and Distribution of Atmospheric Moisture. The theoretical articles are a second paper on the Endowment of Scientific Research, by R. A. Proctor, Infirmities of Speech, and the Higher Education. The Miscellany and Notes are replete with scientific data of all kinds, and are of themselves, worth the price of the number. We recommend this splendid publication to all our schools, academies and colleges, as well as to all those who are desirous of attaining scientific instruction through popular channels and at low cost. The MONTHLY is published by Appletons, New York.

The July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY which has reached us after considerable delay is an uncommonly good one, pointing to a standard of excellence which places the magazine on a level with any of our British or American periodicals. The third paper on Jos. Howe, by Rev. Mr. Grant, is remarkably graphic, and, although, at intervals, perhaps a little too didactic, gives a vivid idea of the old "flush times" of Nova Scotia when Joe Howe wrought and won. With a little more filling up of personal details these papers of Mr. Grant's might be put into permanent form as a biographical memoir of a very great man. We hail the return of Charles Mair to our current literature in a readable article on The New Canada. Of Mr. Mair's poetical record we shall shortly have something to say in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We may be wrong, but we think too much prominence and space is given to Current Events, a subject fully canvassed by the daily and weekly press. The MONTHLY is taking high rank in the criticism and review of Music and the Drama, and its Literary Notes are very able.

PUDDING FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOOPER.

**RICE MILK.**—Wash ½ lb. of rice, boil as directed above, and having drained it, put it into a stewpan with half a pint of new milk; stir over the fire until the rice has absorbed the milk.

**RICE CUSTARD PUDDING.**—Bake the rice as in the above recipe; when done, add to it half a pint of milk, into which an egg or two, sugar to taste, and flavouring have been whisked. Bake very gently for three-quarters of an hour.

**RICE PUDDING WITHOUT MILK.**—Bake ½ lb. of rice in a pint of water, with 1oz. of finely shred suet or of butter; when done add to it a quarter of a pint of water in which a dessertspoonful of flour has been boiled, with one egg well beaten, sugar and flavouring to taste. Bake gently for three-quarters of an hour.

**BOILED RICE WITH SWEET SAUCE.**—Wash the rice, throw into boiling water, and boil it with a pinch of salt in plenty of water. It should be done in about twenty minutes, and this will readily be ascertained by rubbing a grain between the finger and thumb; if it crumbles, it is properly cooked. Drain the rice in a colander, pour over it a cup of cold water, put it back into the saucepan, let it stand a few minutes to dry, and serve.

**OATMEAL PUDDING.**—Mix 2oz. of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in 2oz. of sifted bread crumbs; stir until the mixture is stiff, then add 1oz. of shred suet and one or two well-beaten eggs; add a little lemon flavouring, or grated nutmeg. Put the pudding into a buttered dish, and bake slowly for an hour.

**SWEET SAUCE.**—Mix a tablespoonful of flour quite smooth in four tablespoonfuls of water, then stir into it half a point of boiling water, sugar or treacle to taste; stir over the fire until the sauce boils, when, if allowed, an ounce of butter may be added, with a tablespoonful of lemon juice. When sweetened with sugar, a little nutmeg or ground cinnamon may be used instead of lemon juice, if preferred. A tablespoonful of raspberry jam or any fruit syrup may be used to flavour the sauce, and is generally much liked.

**PLAIN RICE PUDDING.**—Wash ½ lb. of best rice, put it in a pie dish with a pint of new milk, and allow it to bake rather quickly for three-quarters of an hour. If the pudding is required to be moist, half a pint more milk must be allowed. A good nourishing rice pudding may be made with ½ lb. of rice, a pint of milk, half a pint of water, and 1oz. of finely-shred beef suet. Sugar and flavouring may, if desired, be stirred into the pudding before sending to table. Children generally like rice thus cooked with sugar and lemon juice, which should be added when served to them.

**SUNDAY PUDDING.**—Boil a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs in half a pint of milk, sweeten and flavour, and when the bread is thick stir in the yolks of two eggs. Put the pudding into a buttered tart dish, bake slowly for three quarters of an hour. Then spread over the top a layer of strawberry jam, and on this the whites of the eggs beaten with a teaspoonful of sifted sugar to a strong froth. Dip a knife in boiling water, and with it smooth over the whites, put the pudding again into a moderate oven until the top is a light golden brown. Serve immediately.

**INDIAN CORN FLOUR PUDDING.**—This must not be confounded with corn flour sold in packets, which in some cases is the starch of Indian corn or maize, deprived of much of its nutritive value by the process it undergoes to render it white and smooth. Indian corn flour is the finely-ground flour of maize, and is largely used in America. Dr. Pavy says: "Properly prepared, it furnishes a wholesome, digestible, and nutritious food." Like oatmeal, it requires to be thoroughly well boiled. Vanilla is the most suitable flavouring for this pudding, but any other may be used. 2oz. of Indian corn flour, mix smooth in a quarter of a pint of milk, and then stir it into three-quarters of a pint of boil-milk, sweeten and flavour. Put into a clean stewpan, and stir over the fire until it becomes quite thick; beat in an egg, put the pudding into a buttered tart dish, and bake very slowly for three-quarters of an hour.

There can be no doubt that milk puddings are an essential in the dietary of children, but from their too frequent repetition it often becomes impossible to get them eaten. There is an especial difficulty with rice, and this is easily accounted for by the method of its preparation, which is too often monotonous and insipid. Whenever a child shows a marked distaste for any particular dish, it should not again be offered him for a week or two, and it should then be served in a different form. If plain rice pudding is objected to, let rice be next served in the form of croquets; probably the plain pudding, with the addition of a little lemon juice, will afterwards be readily accepted. Macaroni, if judiciously served, is generally liked, and is most valuable. It should always be broken into very small pieces for children. Italian *pastine* are often liked when macaroni is objected to, and they make light and delicious puddings.

Suet puddings, if properly prepared, may be given to children who have fair digestions on days when fish or eggs are substituted for meat, but puddings made of dripping are generally inadmissible. Suet should be scraped, not chopped, and in all cases the crust must be dry and well boiled.

In making puddings with milk and eggs, the milk must always be boiled, as this prevents curdling. Lump sugar is now so cheap, that it may with advantage be substituted for raw in all delicate puddings. It is a good plan to boil the sugar with the milk, and then pour them on the eggs. Very slow baking is absolutely necessary for all puddings which have custard; if quickly baked, the custard is often mixed with the more solid portion of the pudding, and it is also rendered tough; whereas if slowly baked the custard, even when one egg is used, will be in considerable proportion to the other ingredients.

Whites of eggs make good puddings for children, three whites should be calculated as one egg. The custard from whites of eggs is excellent, and only to be distinguished from that made with the yolks added by its pale colour.

Fried bread will be found not only an economical, but a nourishing and delicious accompaniment to stewed fruits, and there are very few children who will not eat it. By fried bread is not meant either bread sodden in grease in the frying pan, or bread unduly hardened in boiling fat, because in either case it is most unwholesome. Bread properly fried will be just crisp, and a golden brown on the outside, and not the least hard. If the fat is a proper temperature, bread, to be properly fried, will not require to be immersed in it for more than half a minute. Great care should be taken in flavouring puddings for children. Bought essences, as a rule, are objectionable, whilst flavourings may be easily and cheaply made at home by infusing lemon peel, almonds, or vanilla in spirit. A small quantity of either of these gives an agreeable flavour, and will be found harmless. The lemon peel and almonds, when the liquor is poured off, will retain some flavour, and will be useful for several culinary purposes.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Is no Patent Medicine humbug, got up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing remedy, a perfect Specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head;" also for Offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the Sense of Smell, Taste or Hearing, Watery or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the Head, when caused as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.

For sale by most Druggists everywhere. Price, Fifty Cents. Sent by mail (post-paid) on receipt of Sixty Cents; four packages for \$2.00, or one dozen for \$5.00. Address the proprietor,

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Herr Zukertort, the noted chess player, has recently been playing ten games simultaneously without sight of board or men, against as many members of the City of London Chess Club. Some time ago we stated that Mr. Blackburne had accomplished the same feat, and a few weeks since we were informed by the press that Mr. Potter of the London Chess Club, played *nineteen* games simultaneously against as many members of the same club. In the latter case, however, the boards and men, we suppose, were open for his inspection. At any rate the undertaking was an extraordinary one. In all these contests, the players carrying on the games under disadvantages were, to a great extent successful, and the play far beyond what might have been expected under the circumstances. The ability, under similar restrictions, to play a game generally considered, even when conducted under ordinary regulations, as requiring no ordinary mental effort, is, however, becoming very common, and is not confined to the great names which have been so recently brought before our notice. Almost all our great players have attempted something of the same nature, and wherever a love of the noble game has gathered together a sufficient number of players to form a club, there has always been at least one who has tried his skill successfully in the same direction. We could name one or two gentlemen in Montreal who have found no difficulty in maintaining a very fair contest without sight of board or men, and who only required time and practice to increase their power to a very considerable extent.

It is now ninety two years since the renowned Philidor astonished the chess players of London, England, by playing three games simultaneously against the same number of players, without seeing the board or men.

The performance took place at the Chess Club in St. James St., May 8th 1783, and excited considerable wonder. Some idea may be gathered of the sensation felt by the public at the time by an extract from the *World*, a newspaper of that period, which gave an account of a similar feat, in which, however, Philidor only played two games simultaneously without sight of the boards. The date is May 1782.

"The ability of fixing on the mind the entire plan of two chess-tables with the multiplied vicissitudes of the two and thirty pieces in possible employment upon each table,—that a man should maintain the two games at once, without seeing either, but merely from the report of move after move, upon both; and this, contending not with bad and inexperienced play, but with two of the best and most practised players in Europe,—all this makes up a wonder of such magnitude, as could not be credited, perhaps would not be credible, without repeated experience of the fact."

If such was the effect on the public mind of Philidor's power in conducting two games, what would have been thought of the performances of Blackburne, Steinitz, Zukertort, Paulsen and Morphy in our own time!

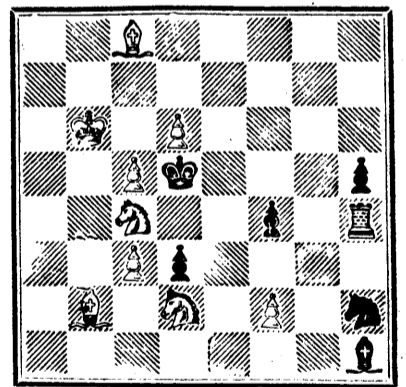
The consideration of the mental functions which have to be cultivated, and the mode by which these functions may be increased in power, in order to lead to success in this department of chess play, is one which would amply repay the student, although he might not have the remotest desire to emulate the great chess players of the day.

We purpose, next week, to insert in our column one of the three games played by Philidor under the circumstances above recorded.

(From English Mechanic).

PROBLEM No. 30.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 28.

WHITE.

1. R to Q 4th
2. Q to K 3rd (ch)
3. B to B 2nd mate

BLACK.

1. K takes R (A)
2. K takes Q
1. Kt takes R
2. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 27.

WHITE.

1. Q BP one, becoming Kt (ch)
2. R to Q 5th (ch)
3. R to Q 7th mate

BLACK.

1. R takes Kt
2. B takes R

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 28.

WHITE.

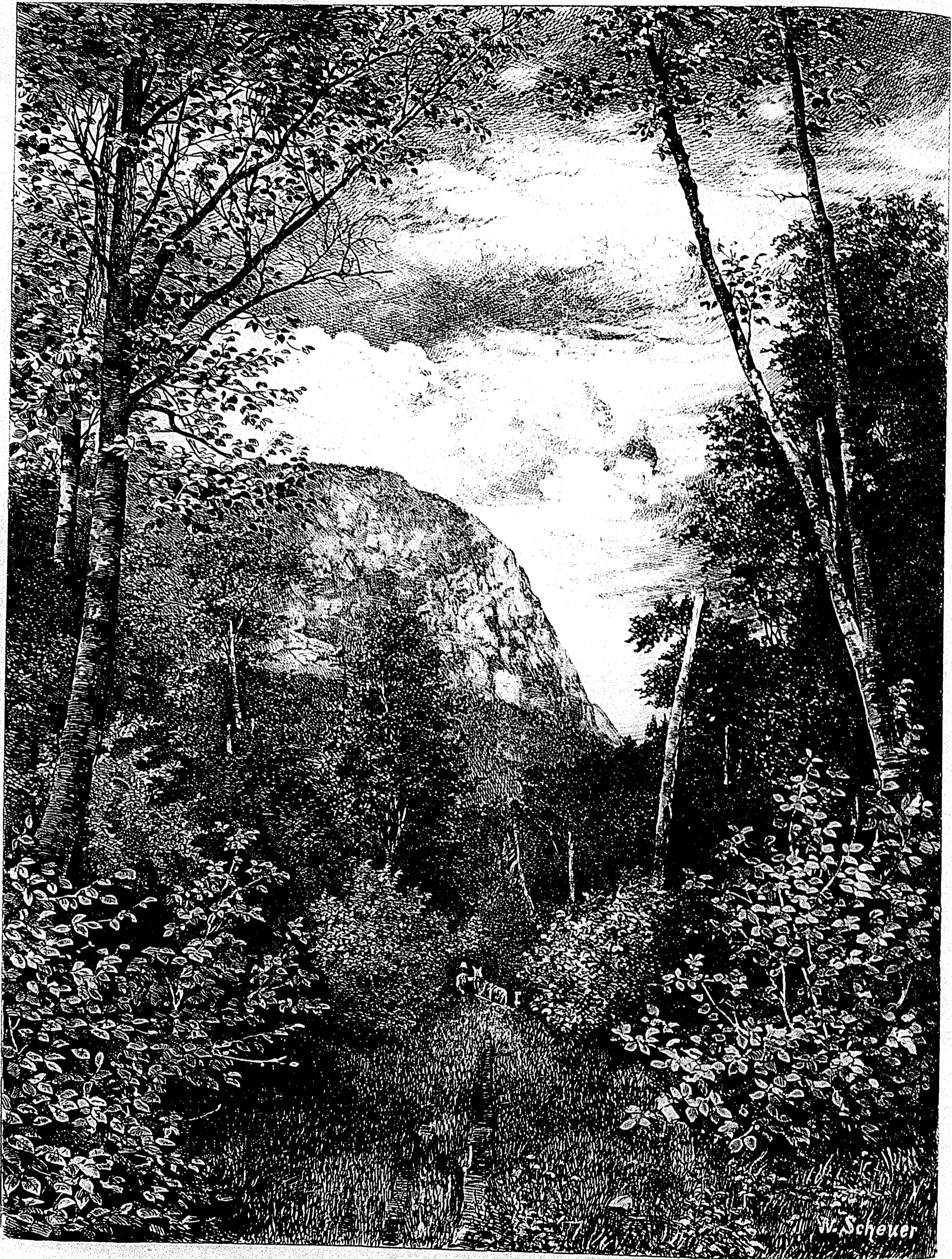
- K at Q 3rd
- Q at K Kt 8th
- R at K Kt 6th
- B at Q 2nd
- Kt at Q R 6th
- Pawns at K 4th
- Q 4th Q Kt 5th and at K Kt 3rd

BLACK.

- K at Q 3rd
- Q at K R 2nd
- R at K B 2nd
- R at Kt 2nd
- B at K B 3rd
- Kt at K Kt 5th
- Pawns at K R 4th
- Q R 2nd and Q Kt 3rd

White playing first, mates in four moves.





W. Scherer

ENTRANCE TO PASS DES MONTS, SAGUENAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.





FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 2. FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6. FIG. 7. FIG. 8.

SEA-SIDE TOILETTES, AND CHILDREN'S BATHING COSTUMES.



FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6. FIG. 7.

COSTUMES FOR THE RACES AND REGATTAS.

THE FASHIONS.

# THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

## THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &amp;c.

## PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

When I left our hut after eight I used to run to the club in town, and wrangle with our old *écbevins* and *syndics*, whom we called aristocrats; my voice was heard above all the rest; my eyes flashed with anger if any one contradicted me; and by the end of winter I had already ventured to propose such resolutions as "Long live the friends of the constitution!" or, "Down with sham patriots!" That gave me weight at the *Baraques*. When we went home by moonlight, we used to sing "Ca Ira." I sang like a blackbird, and *Maitre Jean* would lay his hand on my shoulder, and laugh and say—

"Michel is one of the right sort; we must pull together."

See what youthful exaltation is! The thought of *Chauvel* and *Margaret* redoubled my patriotic sentiments, and love filled my heart to overflowing.

This year passed quickly; the winter was mild, the snow melted as it fell; by the end of February there was none to be seen in the lowlands.

During the months of March, April, and May, 1790, the citizen guards began to act in concert; villages would unite together and fraternise, instead of fighting with sticks and stones as hitherto; the elders made speeches, and they all embraced one another, crying—

"Freedom or death!"

Women and children came to these fêtes, but took no part in them; the fashion of graces and goddesses had not yet come.

Complaints of the insubordination of the troops, and the relaxation in discipline, reached the National Assembly through partisan journals in all directions. To please the noble officers the Assembly was expected to shoot the soldiers because the soldiers refused to overturn the Assembly. Nothing was ever seen like it; it was like flies in autumn, which become more unbearable when they are nearly at an end.

Yet the revolution progressed notwithstanding the people still had faith in it. The abolition of royal rights, and of those of the seigneurs and bishops, gave pleasure to every one. On Sundays the peasants went out shooting in the fields and the heather; it was a pleasure to hear the shots, and to see a hare roasting in the hut of some poor creature who laughed at the keepers, and said to his children—

"We eat the beggars which lived upon us now we are our own masters."

You may believe no officers of the garrison came to Tivoli now; the time for minuets and *entrechats* was gone. Now we only saw sergeants under the great oak, with their old white coats and their large worn-out hats, drinking *drams* and talking to themselves about settling accounts. We did not know what they meant by accounts, but looking at their faces while they disputed in whispers, leaning across the tables to hear one another better, made us think it was something serious.

The Count Boyer, colonel of the *La Fère* regiment, the *Chevalier Boiran*, of the *Chef-du-Bois*, the Count de *Divonne*, and the gentlemen cadets of the *Clairambault*, *Lagarde*, *Danglemont*, *Kméneau*, and *Anzers* regiments, which we often heard mentioned, used to meet at the *Café de la Régence* on the *Place d'Armes*. No doubt they had accounts to settle also! The formation of the citizen militia, by bringing us in contact with troops, did not seem to give them any great satisfaction. They passed by the elm-trees often, and watched from a distance what soldiers stopped to hold any conversation with the citizens.

Thus the time passed till the month of August. I wrote down daily the course of events with us, and at the end of every month I had a letter of six pages ready, which I sent to Paris, *Rue du Bouloi*, No. 11, where *Chauvel* lived. He replied to us regularly, and sent us the papers; and *Margaret* sometimes added a word or two. In the evening I passed hours among their books, reading the four lines she had written, and I found something new in them every time.

It was my delight to send her news of her little garden, where there were quantities of flowers, and the cherry-trees were bent with their innumerable blossoms. I wished I could take her a basket of cherries or a bouquet of roses, fresh in the morning dew. She would have enjoyed seeing and smelling them. I was quite melancholy at being all alone in this fragrant little spot, shaded by the old cottage and the trees.

So I passed my life, in the midst of this great external agitation, and of these discussions and dangers which were perceptibly on the increase.

There was a report that the Austrians were entering France by *Stenay*, and that *General Bouillé*, who was in command in the *Ardennes*, had withdrawn his troops from *Charleville* to give them a free passage.

It was a terrible business. More than thirty thousand National Guards took up arms; the mountain population, who had no muskets yet, came down to have their scythes set straight,

to serve as lances, at our forge. Drums were beating, a cry "To arms" was raised, and we were on the point of setting out with the *Phalsbourg* detachment when couriers brought us the news that the king had allowed the Austrians to cross the *Ardennes* to stifle the Belgian revolution.

A decree of the National Assembly was requisite to allow these foreigners a passage. We then saw what would have occurred if the citizens had not risen *en masse*, and *Maitre Jean* himself was not so fond of his good king as he had been. This permission to the Austrians to go and destroy a revolution, the offspring of our own, seemed to him and to every one very suspicious. Ministers declared it was in accordance with a secret treaty, and the National Assembly forbore to inquire further into it, lest they might discover too much.

We were then at the beginning of the month of August, 1790, and things were going from bad to worse for the nobles, for the greatest disgrace which ever happened in France was that the soldiers arrested their own officers as robbers. The regiments of *Poitou*, *Forez*, *Beaucé*, *Normandie*, and many others put sentries at their officers' doors and insisted on accounts.

What an abomination! These poor wretches plundered by this rich and proud set of nobles, who already exclusively enjoyed rank, honours, pensions, and privileges; who could credit anything so shameful? It was, however, a sad truth; restitution had begun. *Beauce* claimed 240,727 *livres*, *Normandy* and the sailors at *Brest* two millions, and the chief capitulated and came to terms! At *Strasbourg* seven regiments broke out in the mutiny; at *Bitche* the soldiers turned their officers out of doors. The National Assembly entreated the king "to appoint special inspectors from among the generals to inspect the accounts of every regiment for the last six years in the presence of the officers commanding each corps, of the second captain, senior lieutenant, senior sous-lieutenant, and senior and junior sergeants-major, of cavalry sergeants, senior and junior corporals or brigadiers (cavalry corporals), and of four privates." And thus, in consequence of this inquiry, the different regimental staffs were compelled to disgorge two or three thousand *livres* which had been embezzled out of the soup and vegetables supplied to the soldiers. This affair was so disgusting that people said—

"It was indeed time the revolution took place."

The rage of the officers against the poor devils who claimed their own is not to be described. Just then the emigration of many regimental staffs occurred; they went over to the Austrians arms and baggage. All did not go; there were still some honest men among the nobles who were indignant; but I could name several others, for I still have the gazettes full of those descriptions by me; all *Alsace* and *Lorraine* spoke of them with horror. And we shall soon see the cruelty of these men taken with their hands in their men's pockets, who, instead of confessing their fault and asking pardon on their knees, only thought of revenging themselves.

Towards the 15th August a hawk from near *Luneville* who exchanged earthenware goods for old linen, cinders, and broken glass, *Father Soudeur*, passed by the *Baraques* with his old horse and cart; he stopped at *Maitre Jean's* to see if *Dame Catherine* had anything to dispose of, and to have a pint of wine as usual. He was an old man, grey, and marked with the small-pox, and a great man for news, like all travelling dealers. In the neighbourhood he was called the "frog-beater," because the people of his village had formerly been compelled to beat the water in the pond at *Lindre* during the night to prevent the frogs from keeping the seigneurs awake.

*Maitre Jean* asked if he had any news, and he told us that there was a great disturbance in the environs of *Nancy*, that the three regiments in garrison there, *Mestre-de-Champ*, cavalry, the King's Regiment, and *Château-Vieux*, a Swiss regiment, had risen on their officers; but that the great quarrel was between the officers and men of one of the *Château-Vieux* corps.

*Father Soudeur* winked his eye while he related these things. Soon after, *Nicole*, who was spinning by the stove, having gone out, he told us that the anger of the officers was caused by the soldiers insisting on having accounts; that they had already been compelled to restore the King's Regiment 150,000 *livres* in silver crowns, to the *Mestre-de-Champ* 27,962 *livres*, and that *Château-Vieux* claimed 229,208; that the soldiers who had been deputed to the officers had been flogged, as it was much easier to beat them than to account to them; but that this had caused troubles in the town; that the National Guard sided with the troops, that the fencing-masters of the regiments, at the instigation of the officers, picked quarrels with the citizens in order to despatch them in a duel, and that things were looking very black indeed.

He laughed, but we thought it no laughing matter; at ten leagues from the frontier, with numbers of furloughs and discharges which were given to patriot soldiers to get rid of them, we risked invasion from one day to another; especially as *Frederick William*, King of *Prussia*, and *Leopold*, Emperor of *Austria* had just made

peace, declaring that the friends of the French revolution were their true enemies. After talking some time, exchanging his pottery ware, and paying his reckoning, *Father Soudeur* went his way, and continued his road to the village, crying, "Pottery and old linen to change."

But now something very serious happened which surprised us all, showing that not only was the king in accord with the émigrés, nobles, bishops, officers, and monks, but that a great number of our deputies had an understanding with them, like thieves at a fair, to arrest the progress of the revolution, and reduce us once more to slavery.

We learned these things from a letter of *Chauvel's*, which I regret not to have, for it threw a light on all these events; but *Maitre Jean*, as usual having lent it, it was passed all over the province, and no one knew what became of it. I recollect in this letter *Chauvel* told us that *Mirabeau* and several deputies of the Third Estate had sold themselves to the court party; that they had found the revolution too formidable; they were frightened at its extending everywhere; that one wanted to become minister, that others preferred property, carriages, and servants; that *Lafayette* and *Bailly* began to turn their backs on them; that they found the king too unfortunate at being compelled to surrender his rights to the people, and to be obliged to be satisfied with about forty millions a year, instead of being able to say—

"All is mine, the land, the inhabitants, and the beasts thereof."

I recollect *Chauvel* mentioned some new men who were rising in the clubs, and became daily more prominent: *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *Legendre*, *Pétion*, *Brissot*, *Loustalot*, *Desmoullins*. All these people either died in poverty or brought one another to the guillotine, after having served the people. The nobility and clergy lived in great style, filled high offices, and died in their beds, surrounded by their servants.

If the Supreme Being did not exist, such examples would be discouraging, and those who sacrifice themselves for the people, which allows them to be dragged through the dirt, even after death, and by treated as brigands by their enemies, must be considered but brutes.

*Chauvel's* letter surprised us much; *Maitre Jean* was not pleased with it; he said we must not expect too much at once; I thought otherwise—I did not see that *Chauvel* wanted too much. I understood now *Maitre Jean* and the rest, having got their share, wanted to breathe a little; but we men of the people had nothing as yet, and we wanted our share in the good things of the revolution.

We were still discussing this letter, and *Letumier* had taken it to read at the club, when on arriving at the market the evening of Thursday the 29th, after seven, we saw three large notices posted on the pillar in the middle. The four or five old *Phalsbourgers* of my time who are still in existence must recollect that between this massive pillar, which supported the great beams of the roof, and the old shed of the *gabelle* office, there used to hang a large lamp. The people of the town had unhooked the lamp and were crowding to read the no lies. The *Baraques* who were the last comers could not get near, but *Letumier*, with his sharp elbows, got near at last, and began to read them in a loud tone that they could hear him under the arch of the guard-house.

"Letter of M. de Lafayette to the National Guards of the Departments of Meurthe and the Moselle."

Paris, August 17th, 1790.

"GENTLEMEN,—The National Assembly having been made acquainted with the guilty conduct of the garrison at *Nancy*, and perceiving the fatal consequences of similar excesses, has taken, in order to repress them, the measures contained in the decree I have the honour to send you, to enable you to anticipate what orders you may receive. Allow, gentlemen, one of your brothers in arms, whom you have charged with the expression here of your devotion for the constitution and public order, to offer this opportunity to your zeal and firmness, as one of the most important, to consolidate that liberty which is founded on respect to the law, and to induce general tranquillity.

"LAFAYETTE."

It was terrible to hear this. Some days before we would all have marched; but after *Chauvel's* letter, which represented *Lafayette* as a weak and vain man, this man inviting us to war against patriot soldiers, filled us with indignation. The *Baraques* cried out—

"It is shameful! The soldiers have a right to insist on accounts. The soldiers are our brothers, our friends, our children! We side with them against the noble officers who want to rob them!"

This was the general opinion; honest people did not approve of this method of paying debts. *Letumier*, lifting his hat over the crowd called out—

"Hear the rest! Silence! Listen to the decree of the National Assembly"—and notwithstanding increasing dissatisfaction, the decree was read in silence: "Ordering the assembling of a military force, drawn from the garrisons and National Guards of the Departments to act under

the orders of such general officer as his majesty should think fit to appoint, to punish the authors of the rebellion." And then this last notice of the Directory of the *Meurthe* at *Nancy* :—

"Whereas a requisition dated yesterday was addressed to the Directory of the Department of the *Meurthe* by M. de *Bouillé*, the general commanding for his majesty the troops of the late province of the Three Bishoprics, and employed by him in executing the decree of the National Assembly of the 16th of this month, the municipal officers of all places in the Department of the *Meurthe*, where there are armed National Guards, will require the commandants of the said National Guards to assemble the greatest possible number of volunteers, and to make a report accordingly, which will be submitted to the municipal officers. From this report the municipal officers will hand the commandants of the said volunteers subsistence money for eight days, at the rate of twenty-four sous per day. Every man will carry at least twenty cartridges; those who have none will obtain them at *Nancy*. There will be but one colour for each district. The National Guards will be quartered on their march in the same manner as regular troops, no citizen can refuse to lodge them. The march will be as rapid as possible," &c., &c.

The whole of the citizens listened in silence. *Letumier* had hardly finished reading the last notice, when the governor of the district, *Mathis*, of *Sarrebouurg*, a big, pimple-faced man, with a tricolour sash round his waist, climbed up on the stall of the former *gabelle* office, from whence he addressed the people, to induce the patriots to come forward. He repeated *Lafayette's* letter word by word, calling him "the friend of Washington and the saviour of Liberty!" Many cried out—"Vive le roi!" *Vive Lafayette!* *Mathis* was already beginning to laugh, when *Elof Collin*, from the centre of the market, told him that the National Guards were not constituted for the purpose of fighting our own soldiers, but to support them against our enemies; and that instead of attacking *Mestre-de-Champ* and *Château-Vieux*, they had far better pay them what they justly claimed; that thus the revolt would easily be quieted and peace be again established; but what they wanted was to bring a contest between the army and the citizens, in order to become our masters again; he, *Collin*, invited every sensible man to have nothing to do with it, that the noble officers might settle their suspicious affairs, which were not the business of the nation, themselves.

Numerous cries were then raised both for and against the decree. All the buyers of national property—*Maitre Jean Leroux*; *Nicolas Roche*, innkeeper; *Metchior Léonard*, formerly warden of a company; *Louis Masson*, postmaster; *Raphael Mang*, commissary, who had just taken the contract for the forage of the *Royal Guyenne* regiment; *Gerard*, the commandant of the citizen guard—in fact, all the principal citizens of *Phalsbourg* and its environs sided with *Lafayette*, and they had the greater influence from the number of men they employed.

Their municipal council had already decided that the town should advance 1,000 francs for the subsistence of the volunteers; the resolution was passed in the morning, before the club met, and notwithstanding all *Elof Collin* could say, they voted that a detachment of the National Guard should march the next day—that such a village should furnish so many men; the *Baraques* had to find fifteen volunteers, and naturally *Jean Leroux*, *Letumier*, and myself were of the number, as the best patriots.

*Maitre Jean* thought it was quite right. I believe he was not sorry to play at soldiers a little, and show off his uniform at *Nancy*, for his good sense and good heart did not prevent his being very vain. *Letumier*, *Jean Kat*, and I continued disputing all the way home.

We then all went to bed, having agreed to start early, and settled to meet before the *Three Pigeons*.

II

At six we were mustered on the *Place d'Armes*, with the volunteers from the town and the environs, about one hundred and fifty men, all told. We had a glass of wine at *Maitre Jean's* before marching. Each had a good piece of bread, and put the rest in his haversack. The other villages had done the same, and the *rappel* began to beat for the *lagards*. Five or six came up, and then the commandant reviewed us; he ordered cartridge-pouches to be served out to those who had none, and twenty-five rounds per man.

*Gerard*, the commandant of the citizen guard, then mounted his horse; he made a speech about his duties of the citizen soldier; then raising his sword, the drums began to beat. No other volunteers appearing, we marched out by the *Porte de France* to the cry of "Vive le roi! Vive la nation!" from all the windows. The children followed us towards *Mittelbronn* and as far as *Petit-Saint-Jean*; then we were left to march by ourselves in the dust.

This 20th of August, 1790, and the day following were perhaps the hottest I have ever known. The burning sun on the back of our heads



almost stupefied, and the dust choked us; besides, it was the first military march we had ever made.

Nevertheless, we were at Sarrebourg by eleven. Not one of their citizens had marched; they were surprised to see us.

On the march, Maitre Jean more than once regretted having put on his fine uniform instead of a blouse; and poor Jean Kat with his drum on his shoulder, panted as if he was dragging the truck of Father Soudeur.

The town youths were very glad when they happened to fall in with vehicles which were going to Blamont, and to have a lift for a few sours; and Jean Kat was very glad to hang his drum to the back of a cart.

At last we reached Blamont, where the commandant Gerard and Captain Luffrenz found quarters with the mayor, whose name was Volnon, Maitre Jean and Letumier with a municipal officer, and Jean Kat, Jacques Grillot, and I with a wine-merchant and good patriot, who gave us supper at his own table, and told us that their commandant, M. Fromental, had left two days before with the Blamont and Herbivillier volunteers; they were almost all without muskets, but they had been promised them when they arrived.

He gave us very good Toul wine, and as we had to get up next morning before light to profit by the coolness of the air, after supper he took us into a double-bedded room. Jean Kat and Grillot had the larger one; I had the other to myself, and I slept so soundly that they had to shake me to rouse me.

We arrived there about nine. We were obliged to fall in, carrying arms and drums beating, to enter the town. There every one was pleased to see us. The cries of "Vive la nation!" began again. Children ran after us in crowds, and women looked and laughed at us from the windows.

I recollect we halted on a small square place, ornamented by clumps of trees, and after having piled arms, Maitre Jean, Letumier, and I went into a good inn at the corner of this place. We had an hour's halt, which pleased us much.

"Well," cried Maitre Jean, "we are getting on."

"Yes, but it is all against the collar now, as far as Nancy," replied Letumier.

"Bah! we have done the worst of it," said Maitre Jean. "The chief thing is now to get to Nancy as soon as possible, to put in a word."

The square and streets in the neighbourhood were crowded with people. Citizens, soldiers, and all sorts of men and women were going and coming; some of them stopped to look at us. I never saw such a throng; the people crowded into the inn. Great red-coated carbiniers were smoking, drinking, and stretching their long legs under the tables; people were laughing, and just then we heard that peace was made, that Mestre-de-Champ, Château-Vieux, and the king's regiments had surrendered, that all was arranged, and the leaders of the mutiny would be punished. It appeared that good news had really come, for out of doors they were crying "Vive le roi!" The carbiniers, Alsatian giants, while they emptied their little pitchers of beer, laughed in their moustaches, and said—"It is lucky they have come to terms."

The joy shown by every one was a proof how distasteful a war amongst ourselves would have been, and of course while we were drinking our wine and having a crust of bread, we were quite satisfied at not coming to blows.

The commandant Gerard had gone to see the mayor, M. Drouin; and as the news of peace gained credit, instead of hurrying we stayed till eleven. Then the mayor and corporation came to see us on the place while the rappel was beaten, and we fell in. The commandant mounted his horse, saluted these gentlemen, and we marched, quite happy to feel that we should reach Nancy with a prospect, not of fighting, but of peace.

Towards four we began to distinguish on the horizon high grey towers and some old buildings. I thought to myself—"Can that be Nancy?" but I could not believe it. It was Saint-Nicolas.

We continued to get near slowly in the dust, when two dull reports were heard at a distance on our right in the plain. Our company halted in surprise and listened; there was a dead silence. Some seconds, and a third and then a fourth report followed, and our commandant, standing up in his stirrups, cried—"The cannon! The battle has begun! Forward!"

Notwithstanding our fatigue, and our disappointment at the good news of Luneville turning out false, we marched on again at the double; but as we advanced so did our line extend; three-fourths would not follow; and when we reached the nearest houses of Saint-Nicolas, looking back, we could see our stragglers all along the road. We were obliged to halt to wait for the nearest.

This is the consequence of beginning by forced marches. I have often seen it since then in Germany; all the conscripts remain behind, very lucky if the cavalry does not come to drive them on.

Our drummers having at last come up, we entered the old town of Saint Nicholas, full of weavers', drapers', and cap-makers' signs hang-

ing outside the houses, as you see at a fair. It is much changed since then; but at that time the golden arm of Saint Nicholas attracted numbers of pilgrims, and that lasted till the day the republic sent the arm to the mint at Metz to be melted, along with the holy vessels and the bells. We were exhausted.

As we marched up the principal street it swarmed with people; the shopkeepers were deserting their homes in a fright, women rushed about, holding their children by the hand. On the cathedral square we grounded arms, in the middle of a crowd of peasants, workmen, and disbanded National Guards, whom the municipality of Nancy had sent away before the attack, because they sided with the soldiers. Never was such confusion.

These men, in a rage, told us they had scarcely quitted the town before the Germans attacked the Porte Neuve. One of their captains, a dry old fellow, with a hooked nose, and very much marked by the small-pox, saluted our commandant, and said, with his hand on the horse's neck—

"Are you going to Nancy, commandant? Don't go. The military authorities and the municipality distrust the citizen guards—a set of vagabonds—you will fall into an ambush de l'!" He was foaming with rage.

"Captain," said the commandant, "my men and I know our duty."

"All right," said the old fellow; "I have warned you; do as you like."

(To be continued.)



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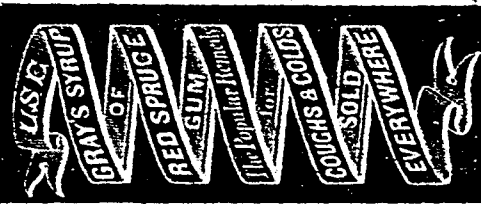
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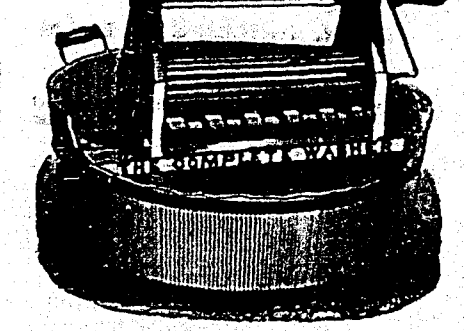
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YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR.  
as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on  
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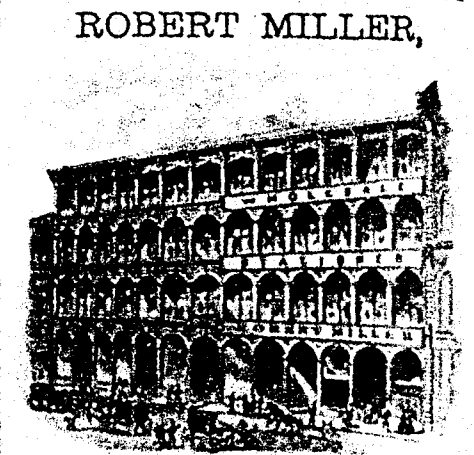
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