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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL.—ST. GEORGE (MAYOR HINGSTON) AND THE DRAGON (SMALL POX.)

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NOTICE.

Any of our friends having copies of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS of 30th September and 7th October last, which they do not wish to preserve, will confer a favor for which we are willing to pay by sending them to this office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 4th Nov., 1876.

OUR INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS.

The original source of all wealth and well-being is in the gifts of Providence, and the men we want are those who can best improve them. In carrying on this work faithfully in regard to production and expenditure, we promote the good of all. If we do not save all our religion for Sundays we shall be likely to see in it a stewardship also. We rejoice to think that many in Canada do view the matter in this light, and that their number is increasing. Whatever his position in the muster-roll of industry, man himself, with his divinely arranged powers, is the chief element and most valuable factor in productive success. Still there can be little need for any bitter rivalry for population. Man is nothing without his skill—and the greater part of that skill is different for each separate order of production—and has to be formed. It takes long to perfect it. It is the "faculty" of our wise forefathers, who knew the value of both that and the "humanity" that preceded it in their educational course. There are plenty of people in the world, though unfortunately there will often be considerable deficiency of training for them. The training and organization of skill and labour can proceed wherever capital is present, to sustain or to encourage effort—and they will generally be the better for legislative guarantees, but whether acting under general or particular laws, all three are indispensable, and so is a clear unembarrassed control of every trading concern. If it be by a "board" there must be essential unity rather than perpetual divisions—a general absence of self-seeking, and the working manager must at least have scope for his powers. The monetary and working departments are best kept distinct, and have to be intelligently looked after—and the employees should have work suited to their capacities—with proper treatment generally—for work and good spirits go well together. A workman so placed is a valuable member of the commonwealth, while he who is cut adrift is, for the moment, of no economic value to a society. It thus becomes the interest of all to restore men to employment when by the vicissitudes of trade they have become removed from it. The hygiene of labour should be scientifically studied. All these are pretty generally accepted principles; but we believe that the distinction which is made between immigrants and residents to be often carried too far in this country. We have a duty to our own people, and more attention might be given to perfecting employment-agencies for all creditable persons. In case of actual need we think also the difficulty of transit should not be in the way, and that railways and steamboats should be made available for such—character being always considered. Though this would involve some expense, it would not be lost, but on the contrary would repay

itself many-fold to the community at large. A people imbued mainly with the idea of protecting itself as a community, will be likely to view things nearly in this light. It will all lead to greater discrimination and forethought—to putting the strong muscle to the indispensable plow, instead of delicate fingers—bone and sinew being recognized as eminently worth cultivation in sober and athletic lives. We are a free people—though we hope in the main an orderly one. What we chiefly want to get rid of is the individual helplessness that so often waits on freedom. Work has to be found for all, and the land—the primal soil—prepared through long ages by providential operations is always waiting our pleasure. But we now see the necessity of seeking fresh markets—in Australia—in the West Indies, and even in South Africa, all promising favourably. This is no more than would be expected from a large-minded people of some industrial and monetary and naval strength, who mean to leave off looking to the interference of outsiders to protect them against themselves, in the adjustment of relative profits and values within their own bounds, who being taught by the faith they profess that they are not to go beyond their neighbour to defraud him, will think if they can make the profits, it must also be possible to get them fairly divided amongst themselves, regarding both capital and labour. What the Atlantic and Pacific through Railway Line will do for the Empire, and ourselves as a portion of it, in the great group of new markets it will bring within the reach of all, we have till lately been almost afraid even to dream of. The greatest of through lines has been looked upon only as a great developing line. But it will yet form a grand item in the schemes of British Statesmen, as we hope and believe. These issues have already been grasped in a masterly way by Lord DUFFERIN, our Governor General, who adds solidity of judgment and a deep interest in federal progress to his lighter and more attractive qualities. Our Empire is greatly scattered and the new organization which, in general terms, both Liberal and Conservative leaders have recognized the importance of, although shrouded in the mists of the future, will come in time to be better understood and more fully arranged for. British-Indian experience in railway construction we believe will present instructive points for our own great work in Canada, while this Dominion would certainly promise a greater spring and elasticity of industry and trade than India has exhibited, to follow upon the construction of these great works of communication. For in our great North-West we have about the most productive country in the world to tempt our efforts, and the industrial forces of the most energetic types of mankind are only waiting the full initiation of the great railway and the interior navigation, to proceed with their work of development. From as far north as the Peace River District in Lat. 58°, Professor Macoun, of Belleville, has reported wheat 68 (sixty-eight) lbs. to the bushel, barley 58 (fifty-eight) lbs., and can exhibit the specimens. The gold and the coal fields of the Rocky Mountains and Vancouver and the Saskatchewan Valley will need systematic enterprise. The constitutional sense everywhere will be gratified by the governmental provision lately made for preserving order in the North West Country.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

We have intelligence from Portsmouth of the return of the British Arctic expedition under Captain Nares, comprising the naval steamers Alert and Discovery, to Valentia. The progress to the North Pole was found to be impracticable. Captain Nares reports that no land could be discovered to the northward of the highest latitude reached, namely 83.20, but in other respects the expedition was successful. The Alert has proceeded to Queenstown, and Captain Nares to London. All are well. The Alert arrived at Valentia

on the 27th, being the first land made since leaving the frozen regions. She parted company with the Discovery in the Atlantic. The Alert and Discovery left Port Foulke on July the 29th, 1875, and entered the ice off Cape Sable. After a severe and continuous struggle they reached the north side of Lady Franklin Bay, where the Discovery was left in winter quarters. The Alert pushed on and reached the limit of navigation on the shore of the Polar Sea. The ice varied in thickness, being in some places 150 feet deep. President Land does not exist. The Alert wintered in lat. 82.27. At this point the sun was invisible 142 days, and a temperature the lowest ever recorded was experienced. A detachment with sledges was despatched northward. It was away about 70 days, and reached latitude 83.20. Another party rounded Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of America, and traced 220 miles west from Greenland, and also explored far to the eastward. These sledge parties met with no game, and suffered from scurvy. Hans Petersen died from frost-bites. James Hans and Charles Paul, of the Discovery, died on the sledging expeditions. No Esquimaux were seen, nor were any icebergs met with beyond Cape Union. The expedition encountered great difficulties in returning. The Alert's rudder bolt was damaged. The vessel left Smith's Sound, September the 9th; spoke the Pandora, October the 6th—all well. The Alert parted from the Discovery in a gale on October the 9th. She will shift her rudder at Valentia, and proceed to Queenstown, to coal. The Admiral, at Queenstown, telegraphs that the Discovery is expected to arrive hourly. During the sledge journey the ice was so rugged that it was only possible to advance a mile a day. During the winter, rich collections in the department of natural history were made, and many valuable scientific observations were taken. Excellent coal was found near the place where the Discovery wintered. The expedition experienced the coldest weather ever registered in temperature, being 59 degrees below zero for a fortnight, falling once to 104 degrees below freezing point. The Pandora, when spoken by the Alert, reported her screw slightly damaged by the ice. The Pandora called at Littleton Island, Cape Isabella, but was unable to reach Cape Sabine. As the expedition did not touch at Littleton Island on its return, it missed the letters left by the Pandora. The health of the crews, with the exceptions already mentioned, has been good. Frost-bites were severe but not numerous. Petersen, the interpreter, died in forty days after both feet had been amputated for frost-bite. All the members of the expedition declare it impossible to get nearer the Pole than their northern exploring party, which penetrated to within 400 miles of it. On the return from their sledge journeys, the men were in a very helpless condition, and it was necessary to carry some of them on the sledges. The planking of the Alert was much damaged by the ice.

We shall wait with patience to see what the Board of Underwriters will have to say to Mr. Wood's proposal of Engines, Hose and low-level water sources for Quebec, in place of the proposed Reservoir, with appliances, on the Heights. The first thing to do, we should have supposed, would have been to have compared the altitude of the Plains on the Cape with that of the Reservoir on Mount Royal, being perfectly assured that from the same heights we should obtain the same hydraulic powers, where length and undulation of pipe do not greatly differ. In Montreal we know the grand result reached in that hose are enabled to do the work expected from engines. The chairman of the Quebec Finance Committee would have to go a little out of his own department to grapple with this question—and may perhaps see the wisdom of doing so. This will help us to forget that we have seen nothing as yet of the promised Hydraulic Engineer, or, more properly, arbitrator.

The *Photographic News* of Sept. 22, says:—Canada, in all its exhibits, is leaning more to America than to England. The similarity in all its proportions can be noticed very easily. Here and there are prevailing life-size pictures, which have received more or less changes by retouch; and we also notice here the same highly cultivated photographic routine. Ahead of all stands Notman. I am not satisfied with the painting in several pictures executed in oil. The groups in the skating rinks show skill, but what most attracted me was the smaller pictures, especially the handsome groups of hunters and skaters. In these Notman shows the man of inventive genius and taste.

It is encouraging that the Quebec Board of Trade has seconded the efforts, last week described to our readers, for increasing the security of life on the wharves of the city, and has petitioned the council for immediate and effective action to that important end. From a Commercial Body of high estimation such as the Board of Trade we expect both persistence and good faith in the pursuit of this public object.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

A friend from Toronto informs our "Lady Correspondent" that Messrs. Reid & Co., Crockery Merchants, London, Ont., are anxious to engage native talent in the adornment of chinaware. He trusts that this meagre piece of information may prove of value to our fair enquirer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TAMBERLIK has been engaged at Madrid.

FECHTER'S daughter has gone on the stage in Paris.

Senhor Bulhao Pato, a Portuguese poet, is engaged upon a translation of "Hamlet."

OFFENBACH has written a one-act operetta, called "Pierrette et Jaquet, for the Bouffes-Parisiens.

A MS. libretto, by the late Madame George Sand, will be set by Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia.

Franz Liszt has placed several of his laurel crowns on exhibition in the museum on Isle Marguerite, in the Danube, Hungary.

AT Pesh was lately produced a new opera, "The Bayadère," by Edmond Forkas. The subject is taken, like Auber's piece, from Goethe's celebrated ballad, "Dieu et la Bayadère."

Mdme. Nilsson receives for her Scandinavian engagement 70,000 crowns (£4,000). At Copenhagen, though the price of tickets was 12 crowns, an unheard of rate for that place, they were all taken long before her arrival.

THE library of the Grand Opera at Paris comprises 241 operas, with all their material for execution, 110 ballets, 184 scores without the parts for the orchestra, and 97 works without score. It also possesses the valuable collection of the eighteenth century of the Marquis de la Salle, from the library of the Sorbonne.

THERE is a rumour in Paris that Faure intends to quit the stage and to confine himself henceforth exclusively to concert singing. The reason assigned is that the eminent baritone is desirous to obtain the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and this cannot be conferred upon him so long as he continues to appear on the stage.

THE desire for engagements in New York dramatic companies is strong. Mr. McVicker advertised for actors and actresses for the Lyceum company, and now he says in a second advertisement: "The numerous applicants (over 300 in number) who have not received replies to their letters are hereby notified that their services cannot at this time be made available."

According to the *Dramatic News*, the actor, James O'Neill, has a photograph of Adelaide Neilson, inscribed in her handwriting: "To the most admirable of Romeo." She gave him the picture at the close of an engagement with her in the West, as a compliment to his good acting; but Lewis Morrison has a similar picture, similarly inscribed, and presented under similar circumstances. There are several *Romeos* yet to hear from.

A solemn requiem mass, ordered by Mlle. Aimée, was celebrated lately in New York, for the repose of the soul of Mme. Marie Blanc, the opera-bouffe singer, who was murdered by her husband, who also killed their child and shot himself. Mme. Blanc was much esteemed by her associates of the Aimée troupe and they were largely represented at church, among those present being Mlle. Aimée, Mlle. Duparc, and M. Duplan. The services partook of the usual solemnity.

THE sudden death of Mr. Ferris on the stage, in Baltimore, recalls the death in the same city of Helen Western, several years ago. After four nights' absence from the theatre on account of sickness, she learned that the belief was general that drunkenness was her ailment. Thereupon she insisted upon reappearing, although advised by her physicians against it, and her weak, staggering manner and husky voice convinced many that she was drunk. She was hissed, and the play was not completed. On the next day she died.

THE first act of Wagner's *Walküre*, lately performing at Bayreuth, represented an interior, with a prodigious fire apparently blazing on the hearth. In order to render the illusion more complete, Herr Wagner caused the machinist of his theatre to add dense clouds of smoke; these, however, incommoded the tenor singer Herr Niemann, to such a degree that he grew as hoarse as a cuckoo in June. "Can you not dispense with all this smoke?" he asked of the composer. "That will never do," answered Wagner; "as there is no smoke without fire, so there can be no fire without smoke." But this smoke," said the tenor, "prevents my singing properly." "Nevertheless you must sing," declared the composer. "The smoke is necessary to the perfection of my art-workmanship." "In that case nothing will be more easy than to arrange the matter," said Herr Niemann; "make the chimney sing, and I will do the smoking part of the business."

NICKLE-PLATED SHAM.

For a long time I rode down in the street cars every morning with a well-dressed, pleasant-faced young man who impressed me with the idea that, though he was not a gentleman, he was a clear-headed, decent sort of person, who would after some rubbing through the world, make his way, and tone himself into something approximating gentility. It was quite a time before we got so far as to converse together; he was ready enough, but I am difficult of opening relations of any kind with strangers, particularly of the class who affect striking costumes, and offend your nose with perfumes altogether unnecessary in the morning, and suggesting themselves as inappropriate to a business office. Toward the middle of the summer I found, from my fellow passenger's remarks to me, addressed quite casually, indeed gratuitously, that he was a commercial person. The information was conveyed on the occasion of my loaning my copy of the *Gazette* to him, at his request, and from the conversation that ensued on that and other mornings, I learned that the young man was not alone a commercial person, but one in the position of manager of an extensive business concern. Engaged upon literary work which is of vastly greater benefit to the public than it is to myself, or the family over which Providence and my own conduct have called me to preside, I paid little attention to observations which, however important they may have been to this individual, as tending to elevate his station in the eyes of those with whom he was habitually accustomed to travel, were not germane to the thoughts occupying my intelligence. Happening to have some business to transact in a mercantile house one day, I was a little surprised to see my quotidian morning companion, not indeed occupying the office of manager, but discharging the humbler function of a subordinate salesman. I saw then that he was a person not inclined to wrestle with conscience, and I have not trusted him since. He was a nickle-plated sham, so to speak. The native brass was covered only with a base metal.

This young man I have studiously avoided ever since, for there is no pleasure in holding any converse with even a "white bar." Strange to say, I became acquainted with his employer a little while before his establishment was taken in charge by one of the numerous official assignees nominated by a paternal government to make a living out of the never-failing harvest of insolvency. Self-made man, he was, he told me, though he came from a cadet branch of an ancient English house. Had worked his own way up in the world, and had no one to thank for his success. Liked to pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and could easily pay one thousand. Would found a family on his own merits, and ask no man's favour. I went, at his request, to his home and found it very magnificent, and very garishly furnished, Boston parlour set, stiff, gilded, repped and coloured to death. Gorgeous carpets, harmonizing as little with the furniture as the brocade curtains and brutally massive cornice did with it. Pictures, shown as old masters, but clammy from the easels of the suppliers of the New York smoke houses, bric-a-brac of the distressing order, and plenty of it. Incongruity of splendor, and unhappiness of selection everywhere. Hall with mediæval chairs and an oil-cloth; dining-room Louis XIV. with all the modern improvements. Gilding enough everywhere to repdate the maces of the Provincial Legislatures, and glaring colour sufficient for a fireworks exhibition. This I was called upon to criticize freely, and I take to myself the credit that while expressing to this party an opinion that he had very many fine things under his roof, I said that what was wanted was an artistically appropriate disposition of them, a banishment of glare, and an adoption of a subdued harmony of association and connexion, and that he had got his treasures together the wrong way. Just then his wife came down in raiment that would have glorified a duchess, as to riches, and I, overpowered, hastened away to a house where a clever woman with ten dollars, and her tasteful little head to direct its expenditure, can do more to make the house cheerful and attractive than all this digging after finery that ends in so much dissatisfaction and despair. The individual I allude to lived in very excellent style. His advance in the world had been rapid. From the boarding-house he had progressed to £75 per annum, and from thence to a mansion. His stables showed some excellent horseflesh, and his liveries were neat but not gaudy. The attire of the ladies of his household on such occasions as they appeared before the world and their friends, was very rich and showy. The family diamonds had been set up, and they compensated for any little defects of education and training observable to the critical individual whose whose ear and eye are offended by solecism.

The estate has not proved a satisfactory one to the creditors. They hope yet to be able to get something like a dividend, but, with the shrinkage of values, circumstances are against them, and I fear that my acquaintance has played them a rather scurvy trick. He is absent just now, and so is his family. Those who know him better than I do say that he is not likely to return to Montreal, permanently or temporarily.

This person was another glittering nickle-plated fraud and sham. It turned out that he commenced life as a clerk with a respectable house, and was established in business at a time when things moved more actively than they do,

now. He had not a dollar of capital of his own and he commanded but a meagre credit at first. Upon this he worked, pushed a business based upon unsound and haphazard principles, encouraged by his example a large unprofitable competition, sold recklessly and bought wildly, played off Peter against Paul so as to meet his engagements, maintained a financial kite-flying game as long as it could last, did not scruple to endorse his own paper with the names of strong houses without seeking their consent, lived extravagantly in order to be considered prosperous, and enjoyed the good things of life in his shallow, vulgar way, until all hope was gone. Then, having sent his wife before him, and converted every possible valuable into money, he left his creditors and his establishment secretly one night, and now he enjoys himself on the other side of the line. No doubt the facile nature of the Canadian credit system debauched this person's moral perceptions; certain it is that he is a swindler, yet the world will look upon him leniently as one against whom the fortune of war went, and who only needs another chance to reinstate himself. He was a brassy nickle-plated sham from the beginning, yet the world took him and "gave him a show" because he had confidence enough to put a bold face on it and claim for his gaudy display the recognition of the multitude.

One of the worst specimens of this order I ever knew was a notary and real estate agent in a distant city, who had an immense practice, and was entrusted with the management of the concerns of many large estates. Scion of an aristocratic family, he lived well and commanded the entrée of the best society. He was a club man, a turf man, a betting and sporting man and a prince of jolly good fellows. He kept two or three *chères amies* in separate establishments, where he occasionally feasted his friends in style copied from the *Petite Trianon*, and his way through the world was one of the gayest and most extravagant—till the end came. The man of pleasure had to flee from wife and children, mistresses, friends, sycophants and creditors. He left behind him, not alone his own ruined fortunes, but those of all who had confided in him, and placed trust in the name he bore. He was followed by the curses of widows and orphans, and if he had any heart at all he must have been distracted by remorse at the destruction which his villainy had accomplished. But he was a club man, and a representative of fashion. Every voice was hushed. The distress of those whose substance had been dissipated was silenced. The press spoke not, for the offender had been high in the world, and an associate of the most exalted in the community. The defaulter died in a strange land, and his remains were brought back in pomp to the city in which he had been worked out his meteoric career. They were committed to the ground with all the grandeur of ceremony peculiar to the church of which he had once been a member, and all that was fashionable of the city turned out to do honor to the memory of one who had pitilessly ravaged the property which had been committed to his trust, and spent upon his vices the substance of people whom his extravagance had impoverished. This is no fancy sketch, and it shows how the world will tolerate and applaud successful shams.

I suppose that in our artificial society outward show will always command a large amount of appreciation and credit. Men and women are apt to be more taken with the display that they see, than with qualities that may exist but are not represented by any exhibit of money value. With new rich people growing up every day, asserting themselves and forcing their way into the ranks of what is known as "society," it is very difficult to prevent the vulgar element, whose gospel is ostentation, from diffusing the mistaken idea of surface value, and appraising character at the invoice price of what it can put on its back and spread abroad in its rooms.

W. LESLIE THOM.

(To be Continued.)

CANADIAN HISTORY.

There are few, I am sure, of your Canadian readers who will not have read with interest the two papers, recently contributed to the columns of the *News*, by Mr. W. Leslie Thom, in relation to Quebec antiquities. The first paper refers to Gallows Hill, St. John Suburbs, and its ghastly memories. The second embodies the martial souvenirs clustering round that immensely historical and dirty little street—Dog Lane—which, under the frowning guns of the Grand Battery, meanders from time immemorial round the Cape, from Dambourges street to the eastern terminus of Sault-au-Matelot street.

Nothing can be more flattering to me than the excellent use to which have been put the materials for Canadian history, accumulated in "Quebec Past and Present," and in the "Histoire des Rues de Québec," so neatly translated for the *News*, in English, by my old friend, Charles Aylwin, Esq., of Cap Santé.

More than once, Mr. Thom has given his Quebec readers occasion to enjoy the effusions of his lively pen, and his recent efforts to perpetuate in such a widely read publication as the *News*, the historic memories of the "ancient capital," must necessarily swell the list of admirers he has left behind, on removing to Montreal.

We must all welcome with pleasure a champion who comes forward, and does battle to save the "Walled City of the North," from the ruthless vandalism rampant in so many quarters. I

wish merely to add one word, to complete the information contained in Mr. Thom's graphic portraiture of Dog Lane.

The stone of Hope Gate is not "all broken up for road metal," as he thinks. The key-stone of this famous old structure, which he last saw, "behind a ball of paper in the *Chronicle* office," was presented to the writer by Mr. Foote, and the inscription slab with the well-remembered words:

HENRICO HOPE

Capitulum Duce et Provincie Sub Prefecto

Prolegente et adjuvante

Extracta

GEORGIO III. REGE NOSTRO

Anno XXVI et Salutis 1786.

has also been presented to the writer and serves now as pediment to a small monument, ten feet high, in which the key-stones of Palace—Prescott—and Hope Gates are conspicuous. This monument of fallen greatness and many sieges now stands on the brink of the historic "Belle Borne Brook," at Sillery, which intersects my country seat. *Crowds of litterateurs, historians, &c.*, including the illustrious Francis Parkman, have been attracted by its fame.

Dear Mr. Editor, in closing allow me to express a hope that the intended "History of the Streets of Montreal, recently promised in the columns of the *ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, will soon be forthcoming.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, near Quebec, 29th Oct. 1876.

HOW A BIRD FLIES.—The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature, except the bat and insects—its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arm ends in only one long, slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is; in the first place the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and finally the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. Well how does a bird fly? It seems simple enough to describe, yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to me to be the best: an open wing forms a hollow on its under side, like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air, caught under this concavity, lifts the bird up, much as you hoist yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the fore-arm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is the soft flexible end of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier, would rush out here, and in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quill pushing them forward out of the way, which of course, would tend to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomena of flight.

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS.

"Think well by night, think well by day
The classics."

HORACE.

Are we to give up classics? This is just now the all important question in Canada. For if the happiness of a country depends on its education, its education surely depends on what it learns.

One thing is certain, if a boy can be so trained that, when thirteen or fourteen years old, he will be a fair accountant, a good penman and reader, and able to write a good letter, a wise parent will secure this before all else. Now boys are so trained in the Montreal Protestant Public Schools. If classics prevent this, classics must fall by the board, and classics do prevent this as taught in our so-called classical schools.

In favour of classics we have the voice of antiquity. But are we not wiser than the aged? Is not the voice of antiquity wrong? To obtain a final answer to this question England appointed a Royal Commission of men of the most untrammelled and liberal minds. They were not loth, we may well believe, to immortalize their names by inaugurating an entirely new system of education. They reported unanimously in favour of classics. This is surely conclusive.

Now let us take a vigorous logical argument that of *instantie convenientes* and *instantie negative*. Take the English and American politicians. What "Yankee" even will not allow the superiority of the former in every way, oratorical, mental, and moral. In the States, the average member of Congress can no more decline a noun than he can a bribe. In England, Gladstone in his leisure moments (!) comments on Homer and Lord Derby translates him. The Germans again are a classical nation. The French excel in mathematics, which are superior in the arts of war and government.

Oxford is *par excellence* the classical university of England; Cambridge, the mathematical. Is it a mere coincidence that Oxford has certainly led the world in religious thought, the deepest subject on which the human mind is exercised? Is it a mere coincidence that Oxford turned out Wesley, Newman, Pusey, &c? Is it a mere coincidence that the most delight-

ful companion wherever we go the world over, is more or less of a classical scholar?

There are many schools divided into classical and commercial divisions. In all we have inquired into the boys on the classical side surpass their commercial school-fellows in their own subjects! To such an extent do classics enable the mind to grasp other subjects with exact precision. At Oxford those who give two years to classics, and six months to modern history, often obtain higher honours in the history schools than those who have devoted the whole two years and a half to modern history alone.

Let us now see why the study of classics is so potent a brain-stretcher to train the human mind. It necessitates the most intense concentration on the part of the student. A boy can glance over his geography lesson and chat meanwhile to a school mate. But even to learn *Musa*, he must think of *Musa* and nothing else.

In classics a master can in a few minutes pick out any single boy in a large class who has not learnt his lesson, and hear in a few minutes what has taken hours to learn.

In classics, small differences are all important. All often turns on the one vowel that marks a difference of case or tense. They thus train the mind to that nicety of observation without which all observation is nearly always useless, often misleading and absolutely harmful.

Again brutes reason. Articulate speech is the one prerogative of man. Thought itself is unconsciously conducted in unspoken words. What then can be said of a man who does not understand his own language? English in forty more years (at its present rate of increase) will be the language of the world. Now the only way to understand—or "stand under"—the English language is on the foothold of Latin and Greek. The ordinary words in Latin are used to make up the extraordinary words of English, and the shortest way to make a man sure to understand the scientific portion of the English language is by a short course of Smith's Latin and Greek *Principia*.

A lady once told us that she learnt more of what language really is by an accidental glance at a list of Latin and Greek roots and their English derivatives than in all her previous training in a good school.

Grammar again is one of the sciences of language. Accurate thought depends on accurate grammar. It is therefore important to study the most accurate grammars of the world—those of the languages of Greece and Rome.

The foundations of modern knowledge were laid in the masterpieces of Greek and Roman authorship. Those who aim at improving the superstructure must surely have some acquaintance with the foundation.

As "delivery" is all important in oratory, so "style" is all important in writing. Surely then it is indispensable to read the best models of style which the literature of the world has produced, and it well known that all but a few of the foremost orators in England have been foremost in attributing their success to a study of the Greek and Latin classics. And even Mr. Lowe, who deprecates his classical training, is a living instance of its efficiency. Lastly every Protestant at least will wish his son to read the New Testament in that (heretical) language in which it was written, and drink the waters of Salvation in the language in which they first flowed.

The conclusion of our argument is as follows: Firstly—A boy should not begin classics to any great extent till he is twelve or thirteen years old when his intellect will be so far matured as to make pleasant (because rapid) progress. Secondly—Vigorous measures must be taken to ease the drudgery of the study, the inflections, the genders, the prosody. Thirdly—Latin Prose and Verse Composition may be deferred till the age of thirty, if by that time a man finds nothing better in the world to do.

HUMOROUS.

VOTIVE OFFERING.—Election bribes.

A very precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line:

THE stove-pipe elbow sticks out very much just now. It hasn't got its new suit yet.

"The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observes that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

AN exchange asks, "Why are we what we are? One reason, we presume, is because we are not what we are not, though, of course, this may not be the answer."

"PLENTY of milk in your cans this morning?" the customer asked a Burlington milkman yesterday morning. And the milkman nodded gravely as without a wink in his eye he made reply, "Chalk full."

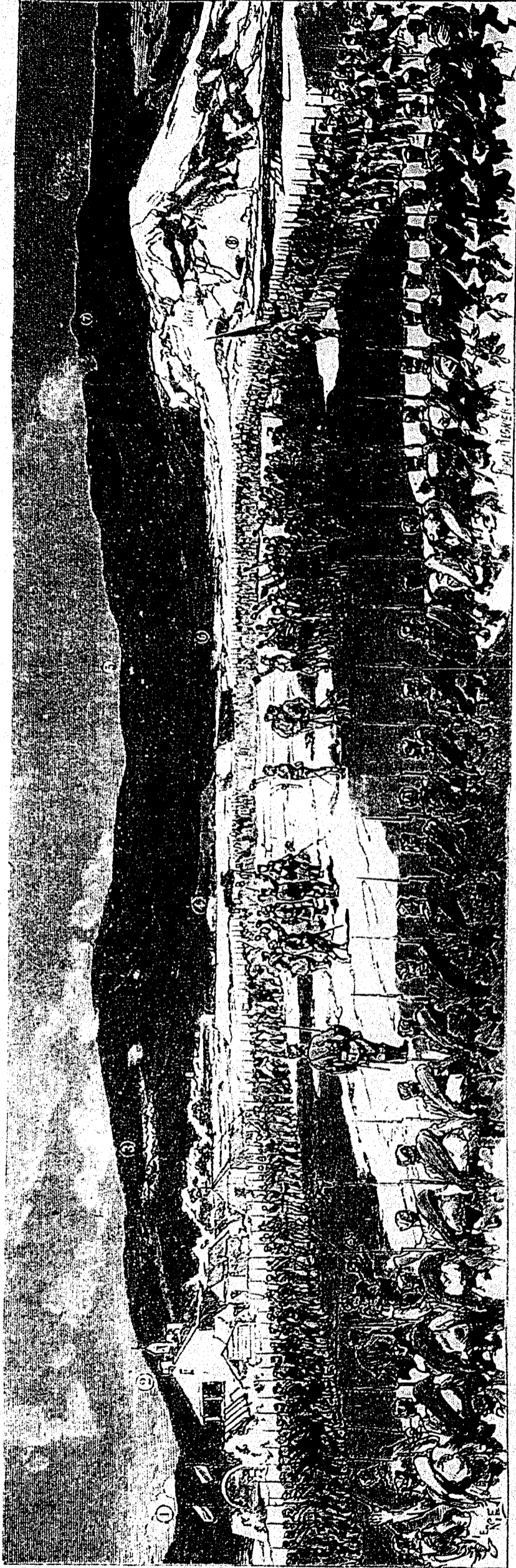
A brave and good little Ohio boy sat on the fence two hours in the freezing cold of dead winter, watching a broken rail on the railroad track, so as to carry the latest news of the impending accident to his father, who was local editor.

THE time is fast approaching when the icicle will relax its hold on the eaves and endeavor to split the cranium of the tramp who persists in ringing the door bell for forty-six consecutive minutes. And some people would term this divine vengeance.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE sandstone slabs containing the supposed fossil tracks of a man and a bird, discovered at North Canton, Conn., are believed to be bogus, as the man who had them disappeared when a committee of scientific gentlemen agreed to examine them carefully.

A VERY useful addition has just been made to ordinary coast warnings by the British Admiralty. It consists in firing an explosive charge of half a pound of gun cotton at intervals of fifteen minutes during fog. When there is little wind, as is usual in fogs, the sound is heard three miles off.



SERVIA.—CAMP AT DELIGRAD.—PROCLAMATION OF PRINCE MILAN AS KING OF SERVIA BY THE ARMY OF THE MORAVA.

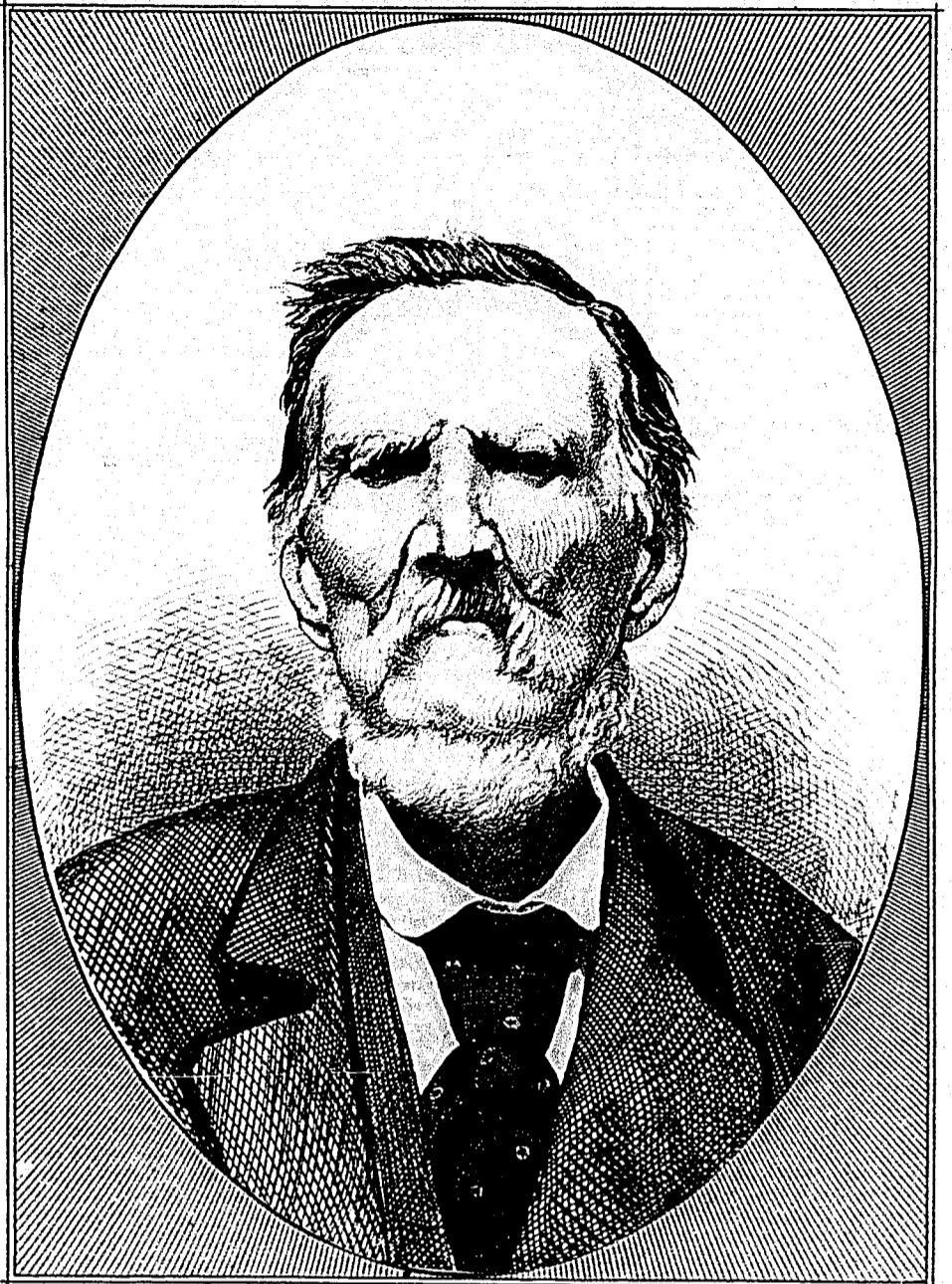


SERVIA.—DELIGRAD.—EVENING RECREATIONS AT THE HEAD QUARTERS OF TCHERNAIEFF.

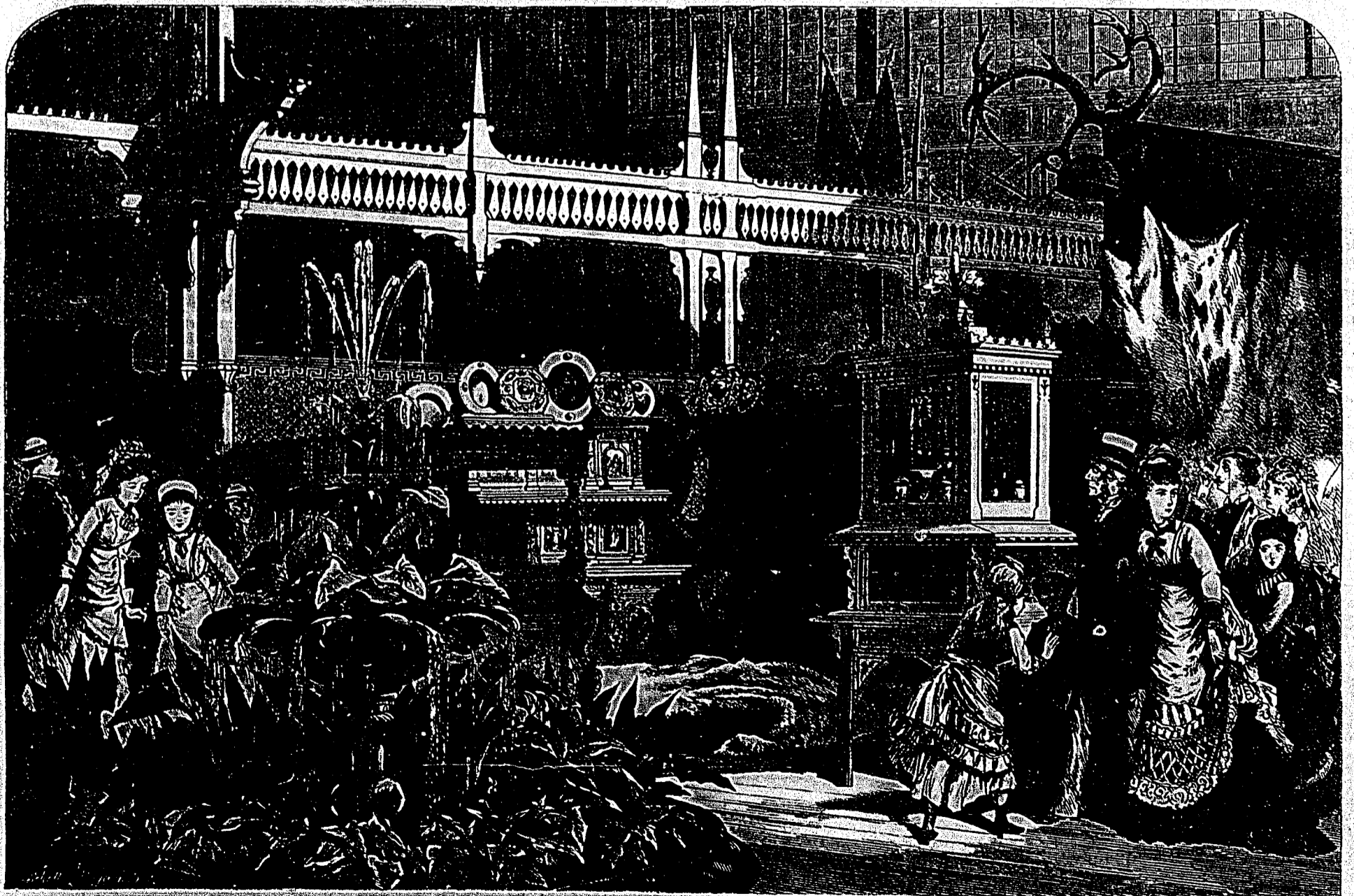
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 235.—THE HON. DAVID MILLS, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.



No. 236.—L. V. A. HENRY, FIRST SHERIFF OF MONTREAL, AGED 108.



THE CENTENNIAL.—THE NORWEGIAN DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.

PENELOPE.

Why are her eyelids drooped in sorrow?
Why does she sit the livelong day,
And whisper to herself "to-morrow,"
And guide the shuttle on its way?

Why do her lips compress and whiten
As courtly wooers bend the knee?
Why does no blushing colour heighten
Upon her cheek so fair to see?

Why does her quiescent figure tremble,
As rival suitors strain the cord?
Because her heart cannot dissemble
The love she bears her absent lord.

Why does her heart beat wilder motion,
When one strong arm the prize has earned;
Because, from o'er the treacherous ocean,
The lost Ulysses has returned.

Ah! would that it were ever thus,
As told in this sweet ancient fable;
If such true hearts would beat for us,
Our own would not be so unstable.

BARRY DANE.

Montreal, October, 1876.

A DAUGHTER OF THE WOODS.

The heat was intense. The sun blazed away as only an Indian sun can blaze. Not a breath of wind ruffled the mirror-like surface of the narrow river, or rustled the foliage of the tall trees and trailing vines that grew in all their tropical luxuriance on its banks.

Under the shadow of some drooping, dark-leaved tree a tiny, shell-like canoe was moored. Its occupant, a native girl, sat perfectly motionless, her thin, dark hands clasped, and resting upon the paddle that lay across her knees, and, save for her eyes, looking like a beautiful statue in bronze; but her eyes—those big, sad, brown eyes—were looking yearningly away in the direction of the British settlement.

Suddenly the bushes are parted, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed Englishman comes eagerly towards her. With a glad cry of welcome, the girl springs to the bank, her hands are caught, and her handsome lover imprints a lingering kiss on her red lips.

"I have waited so long!" she said. "I began to think you had forgotten me."

"My darling," he answers, "you will never be forgotten while I live!"

"Never!" she repeats, drawing back, and looking earnestly into her lover's frank eyes. "Are you sure?"

For answer, he asks, "Do I not love you?" "Yes; but when you are far away from the golden-haired Englishwoman they want you to marry, will you still love me?"

Very solemnly he answers, as he takes the little brown hands in his, "For ever and ever, darling—as long as my life shall last."

So under the blazing tropical sun, on the banks of the beautiful river, with the brilliant flowers at their feet, and the wild birds singing above, he tells the same old, sweet story that was told to Mother Eve in Eden, and forgetful of all the world beside, they wander in their paradise, no serpent near.

Rich, beautiful, much sought after, Isabel Fairclough reclined on a low couch, languidly fanning herself. The Indian muslin, fine almost to spider's web, left revealed the faultless neck and arms. The golden hair is brushed away from the low, broad forehead, and knotted tightly behind the small, well-shaped head. The intense heat has brought a bright colour into the oval cheek. We cannot see her eyes, for white-lids cover them; but the eye-lashes are long, golden, and curled upwards.

Seated at a table, toying restlessly with some engravings, is Lee Dale. He looks anxiously towards his betrothed as he says, "Isabel, we have received orders to march to-morrow."

The white lids are raised quickly, disclosing eyes of deep, dark violet, beautiful, bewitching, wonderful eyes.

"So soon!" she says. "I did not think it would be so soon!"

He rises, and comes to her.

"Say you are sorry, dear! Tell me once more you love me!"

"Sorry!" she answers: "far, far more sorry than I can say, Lee; for I do love you!"

And she lays her hand caressingly on his arm.

A month has elapsed; and, far away in the interior of India, the regiment of which Lee Dale is captain has halted for the night.

The camp fires are lighted, and the evening meal is in preparation. Very tired and weary are the soldiers, for they have been marching and fighting for the last month, and the rebellious natives retreating before them are still uncrushed; but they are hopeful now, for to-morrow they expect to overtake the enemy and fairly extinguish them, then home again.

Lee Dale is stretched full length upon the ground, thinking of beautiful Isabel and the happiness in store for him, if he lives through to-morrow's fight, and he will live. Life is too sweet for him to quit it yet; but his face grows very wistful and sad as he thinks of the many brave fellows missing from his regiment, who started glad and hopeful as himself, and who now lie, cold as the earth that covers them, in their unknown graves.

The morning has come and gone. The fight had raged hotly for a little while; but the undisciplined natives, though far outnumbering the British troops, had been totally routed, and the soldiers had buried, taken their wounded, and were again marching with their faces towards home.

'Tis night, and the bright, cold stars look down upon the place now so still, where but yesterday the fight raged fast and fierce, and upon something else that tells all too plainly of the struggle. Stretched upon the earth, his white face turned to the sky, his golden hair matted with his life's blood, lies Lee Dale.

So he has lain since yesterday afternoon.

What an ending to all his bright dreams of honour, home, and love! Ah, well! at least, he has gained the former; for, in the years to come, his comrades and soldiers will tell of the bold young leader who fought so bravely; not much, some will think, for the loss of a life so full of happiness, but it is something, surely, to die bravely for one's duty, and to leave behind a name that will make men's hearts glow with pride to think you were their countryman.

But what is that flitting in and out the trees in the moonlight?

No human being, surely, in this dense solitude. Is it the spirit of some slain soldier doomed to haunt the field of blood?

No, it is nearer; a human being walking with slow steps and bowed head.

On it comes, and starts as it reaches the ghastly figure.

With a low cry it sinks beside the helpless soldier, and, her cloak falling off, we see the Indian girl Lelia.

"My darling!" she murmurs, pressing her lips to his cold cheek. "At last I have found you!" and laying her hand on his heart she feels a faint pulsation.

"Thank Heaven, he lives!" she murmurs; and she chafes his hands quickly and tenderly, but no warmth can she restore to them. Taking a small flask from her belt, she pours the stimulant between his pale lips, and continues to chafe the cold hands; but still no change gladdens her almost breaking heart. A mighty sob escapes her lips, and, clasping her hands, she implores Heaven to restore the life of the man she loves.

Rising, this slight, delicate girl half carries, half drags him along, until she reaches the river. With great difficulty she gets the unconscious man into the waiting boat, and covering him with her cloak, she rows swiftly down the silent stream. Once get him to old Nina's, her foster-mother, and she thinks he will be safe, for the old Indian is very clever, and has brought back to life people nearer the dark valley than our hero. So she rows rapidly, the splash of the oars the only sound that breaks the stillness. At last she reaches Nina's hut on the river bank—the only home that Lelia had ever known.

Again the scene changes to the beautiful home of Lionel Fairclough. It is evening, and a few friends are assembled in the large airy drawing-room, for Lionel Fairclough and his daughter are living in retirement, mourning the supposed death of his nephew and her affianced husband, Lee Dale.

Isabel, in her dress of white muslin with black bows and trimmings, seems more beautiful than ever as she sits in animated conversation with Sir Edward Dale. We must pause a moment to tell who Sir Edward is. The late Sir Maurice Dale was the father of our hero Lee, and the uncle of Edward. Three short months ago two lives had stood between Edward Dale and the title and immense property of the Dales. But the supposed death of Lee, the last of his children, had broken the old Baronet's heart, and Edward, from a nobody, had stepped into a title and handsome fortune.

"The room is stifling," Sir Edward is saying. "Will you come into the garden with me, Miss Fairclough?"

"With pleasure, Sir Edward," she answers; "but I must have that shawl, please," and she pointed to one lying on the couch. He brings it, and carefully wraps it round the shapely figure, and taking his proffered arm, they saunter out into the moonlit gardens. Up and down the paths they walk in silence for some time, till Isabel breaks the stillness.

"Really, Sir Edward," she says, gaily, "I thought when you asked me to walk with you, you would attempt to amuse me."

"Pardon me, Miss Fairclough," he answers, "if I have been silent to you, it is because you engage my thoughts so deeply."

Isabel laughs softly as she answers. "A very ready excuse for your want of words, and one you suppose I am sure to credit."

"Dear Miss Fairclough," he says, earnestly, "I have brought you here to tell you how very, very dear you have become to me; how every thought and hope of my life are centred in you, and to ask you if you can ever care for me a little in return."

He had paused in his walk, and was standing before her, looking with eager, almost imploring eyes into her half-averted face. Silently they stand for some minutes. Her face is very pale, for her thoughts have gone back to another lover and her promise to be true.

Again he speaks.

"Isabel, you do not answer. I have frightened you. But say you will not refuse me altogether, for I love you so much, and will try so hard to be worthy of you. Say you will one day be my wife."

She is pale no longer; a bright colour burns in her cheeks; but her manner is perfectly calm, and her voice, though very low, is quite steady, as she answers, "I am highly sensible of the honour you have done me, Sir Edward, and I esteem you so much that I have no fear in promising to be your wife."

Sir Edward had succeeded beyond his highest hopes; yet her calm acceptance of him had

caused a vague disappointment that as yet he was hardly conscious of.

That night, as Isabel went to her room, she said to her father, "It is settled, papa. I have promised to be Lady Dale;" and, without waiting for an answer, she is gone.

Sweet-faced Lelia stood at the door of Nina's hut, her hand shading her eyes, watching a bright-plumaged little bird that was hopping from bough to bough on a tree, and giving vent in low, soft chirps to the happiness that filled his little heart.

"Lelia," called a man's voice—"Lelia, darling!"

The girl turned, and, with a sigh, entered. Lying on a pile of skins, very pale and thin, was our hero, some English newspapers by his side that he had just been reading.

"Will you sit with me a little while?" he said, "I want to talk to you."

Without a word, she seated herself and waited.

"Come nearer, and put your hands in mine, little nurse. I cannot say what I want to unless you are near me."

Still, without a word, she obeyed him.

"I am going to tell you a very sinful story. Will you try and forgive me?" he asked, earnestly.

"I should be sinful did I not forgive," she answered.

"But, Lelia, if the sin should be treachery towards yourself, will you say the same?"

"Always the same," she answered. "Long ago I told you I was unchangeable."

"I believe you," he said, "and you shall know all. Before I met you I was betrothed to my cousin, whom I had never seen, as you know. Well, after I had seen and loved you, all thought of marriage with my cousin was hateful to me, and I left you to go to my uncle to break my engagement with his daughter. What will you think of me when you know that the moment I saw my beautiful cousin I became so infatuated with her that all my promises to you were forgotten—indeed, your very existence; and I hurried on the marriage I had gone there to prevent. But it was not to be, for the preparations were stopped by the orders my regiment received to march. You know what followed—how I fought, was wounded, and the girl I had wronged became my saviour! That is the shameful story. Will you repeat that you forgive me?"

She turned her face towards him, a bright light shining in the stony eyes.

"I knew it all long ago," she said; "I learned it from your own lips when you were delirious, and forgave you when I prayed the great God to spare your life, and send you safely back to the girl you loved; and when you are married, tell her 'twas Lelia found you and nursed you back to life, and in her happy home she will bless the Indian girl; and that you may be very, very happy is the only wish I have!"

While she had been speaking, he watched her with wondering eyes, but, as she ceased, he buried his white face in his thin hands, and in his weakness wept.

"Dear Lee," she said, "you are weak and ill, and all this talking has been too much for you; but 'tis well when tears of happiness are shed, they wash all sad memories away!"

"Yes," he answered; "but these are tears of bitter, bitter shame, and rather than shed others like them, I would pray never to rise from this couch."

"I have forgiven you," she answered. "Are you not happy?"

"Will you love me as you did of old?" he said. "Will you believe that you are dearer to me now than you ever were? I was dazzled by my cousin's beauty, but to love her as I love you would be impossible. She is not good enough."

The girl had risen to her feet, and was looking at her lover with haughty contempt, and her dark eyes flashed angrily as she answered:

"You are mistaken if you think you can toss me aside, and then pick me up, as your fancy dictates. I forgive all the rest, but that should insult me by pretending to care for me now, is too much. You were false to me, and now you are playing traitor to the girl who is waiting to be your wife. For one so utterly false I have nothing but contempt!"

She was moving away, when Lee sprang forward, and detained her.

"For pity's sake, hear me!" he said. "Say, in common justice you must listen while I explain; or take this paper, and read for yourself." And, picking up one of the newspapers, he handed it to her, and, pointing to a paragraph, said, "See how much Isabel cares what becomes of me!"

Slowly Lelia took the paper, and read, and the colour forsook her face as she did so. Once, twice, three times she perused it, and then, without a word, returned it to him.

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked. "No pardon! Oh! for Heaven's sake, forgive me, or my heart will break!"

"Yes, I forgive you—forgave you long ago, when you lay ill, nigh to death."

"I will not have your forgiveness without your love," he said, passionately. "You loved me once, love me again. I cannot live without you!" and he caught the little brown hands in his, and held them fast.

Shyly her eyes were raised to his as she answered, "I cannot love you again, Lee, for I have never ceased to love you;" and her head sank on her lover's breast, while Lee rained passionate kisses on the dusky hair.

The beautiful Isabel is Miss Fairclough no longer, but Lady Dale, with a coronet and immense wealth, and yet she was not happy. Already she was tired of the husband she had never loved; and, in the two short months she had been married, she had grown to dislike him. She was lying on a couch, with a moody, discontented expression on her face, when her husband entered the room, rather paler than usual, and with a letter crushed in his hand.

"Isabel," he said, "I have received news which I sincerely hope will not distress you."

She never raised her eyes as she asked, sullenly, "What is it?"

"Your cousin, Lee Dale, is alive and well," he answered. "I have just received this letter from his solicitor."

"Lee alive!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and coming close to her husband. "Lee alive, did you say?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then you are not the Baronet?" she said,—"you are not rich! Speak!—tell me!"

And she caught his arm angrily.

"Certainly I am not," he answered; "and five hundred a year is all I have in the world."

"A beggar!" she exclaimed, dropping his arm, and pacing the room, excitedly. "So I have married a beggar, after all!" Then turning on him, she went on, fiercely: "I never cared for you, but loved your cousin Lee! I married you for the position I thought you could give me, and, now you have lost them, I hate you!"

Yes, positively hate you!"

"Be silent!" he said, sternly. "Have you no self-respect that you avow your love for another man to your husband?"

"I love him and hate you; and, were I free, would marry him!"

"No doubt you would marry him, if he would have you," he answered, ironically, "since he has the wealth you love so."

Her face was white with passion, and her blue eyes glittered like steel, as she answered, "If he would have me! You fool! we were to have been married the very month his regiment was ordered out! Ah! I have surprised you now! You did not know that your wife had been engaged to another man, did you? and that she had loved him, too, as he deserved, with heart and soul! Did you think I cared for you? Why I hate you from the very bottom of my heart!"

Still as a statue her husband waited for her to stop speaking. When she had finished, he shut his pale lips firmly, and, without a word, turned his back for ever upon the woman he had so loved.

How an hour had changed his life! In the morning he had possessed wife, title, and riches; now wife, title, wealth were gone, and, what was far worse, all faith in human nature.

Slowly England's sun was setting, and shedding rays of golden purple down upon the grand old trees that surmounted a peaceful English home.

On a lawn, smooth as velvet, romped and laughed—

"Turning to nirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can."

Two sturdy urchins, of three and five, while, standing on a little hillock, their parents watched the setting sun.

"How beautiful it is!" the woman murmured.

"Yes," answered her companion; "beautiful as that other evening, long ago, when you promised to forgive me! Tell me, darling, have you ever regretted your words?"

His wife's earnest eyes were raised to his. Very low and sweet was the voice that answered.

"Never, my husband, for one single moment, for they brought me lasting happiness." S.S.

OUR PICTURES.

The front-page cartoon,—St. George and the Dragon—will be readily recognized as typifying the contest of our present worthy Mayor Dr. Hingston, with the hydra of smallpox. Dr. Hingston's splendid paper on this subject before the Board of Health has attracted wide attention throughout the Dominion and deserves to be sent broadcast. We continue our series of war pictures drawn from the battle fields themselves in Serbia and from the movements of volunteers in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. There is also a view of a fire-escape in Paris similar to that used in our principal cities.

THE MOUNTAIN SEMINARIES.

The antiquarian interest of these views will be apparent to all our readers. About 1650, a certain number of Indians were gathered on that part of Mount Royal, at the south west of the town, and M. Belmont, Superior of the House of St. Sulpice, caused the erection of an *acrotone* with towers, ramparts and loop-holes to protect it from depredation. Of this work there remain only two of the four towers. It is pleasant to know that these have been, and will continue to be, religiously preserved. The original edifice is replaced by the magnificent edifice seen in our illustration, which ranks as one of the oldest, largest and best educational institutions in America.

Is it possible, Madame Albani said the family physician, your children after their trip to the country, are still ailing, peevish, and looking so delicate; depend upon it, there is a cause, and that is "Worms!" Send for a box of Devins' Pastilles, the simplest, the safest and best of remedies, and your children will soon thrive and look healthy.

DAISY.

It is years and years ago now, when I was little more than a lad, but I have never forgotten it, and I never will. I was, at that time, a student in the University of Edinburgh and on the staff of Dr. B—— in the Royal Infirmary. I had entire charge of several of the female wards and as may be imagined, had a large variety of patients and cases during my two years appointment. From the lady in reduced circumstances to the poor abandoned outcast; I had them all, in one case, I took especial interest, and of it I am about to tell you. It was early, one July, I was told by the nurse that a new patient had just arrived from the country, and was desirous of consulting B—— at once. As he was not expected that day at the Infirmary I went at once myself to see the patient. She was a young woman, I had almost said girl, of about 18 years of age, and, without exception, the loveliest creature I had ever seen. Her long black hair hung in perfect masses on her shoulders, and her eyes were as bright as the stars. She had an infant in her arms, a sweet little girl, whose light blue eyes and golden hair contrasted strangely with the mother's.

On my entering the room she rose at once, very quietly, very modestly, looking timid as a startled fawn with her great eyes speaking volumes of gratitude. Our interview was soon over. The poor thing had but recently been confined, and since that time had been troubled by a hard swelling in the breast which gave her so much pain that she was forced at last to come for advice regarding it. Reluctantly but truthfully, I broke it to her that the swelling was a cancer, and that to cure her, immediate operation would be necessary. After some hesitation she consented to submit to this, and promised to return to the hospital next day, having got my promise first that her babe should be allowed to remain with her.

Next day, sure enough, as I passed by the entrance gate, there was my little friend waiting for me. One little bundle of spare linen was all she brought, and though more simply dressed than on the previous day, she looked, if possible, more lovely than ever. When asked for her name to hang over her bed, on the customary ticket, all she said was "Daisy," and this in so sad a tone, that it was evident she wished us to know no more. She was not asked again, and tho' many wondered at it, all the card said was "Daisy." In the hospital she was quiet, gentle, uncomplaining, ever ready to oblige a fellow sufferer, ever ready to do a kind act, to smooth some pillow or moisten some fevered brow, yet never uttering a murmur or complaint herself; she was soon beloved by all who knew her, and the very children running convalescent through the house would come to play with pretty Daisy.

At length the day for the operation came. I had sat late the night before with my little patient and tried to quiet her mind and prepare her somewhat for the coming trial. But she needed no soothing, she seemed quite resigned. I asked her if she would not give me the address of some friends to whom I might write and report the progress of her case. But hardly had I spoken the words when she sobbed out with a low moan, "Friends! I have no friends but God and you. I am alone, alone!"

Poor Daisy! there was evidently some great sorrow gnawing at her heart and she would not disclose it. I saw I would only increase her agitation to further talk, so promising her an early visit in the morning I left and retired to rest.

Next day, the theatre was full—full of the students eagerly watching the various operations performed by the various surgeons. Silent as death was that large boyish audience, and no wonder, for was not death for ever hovering round that room? But the moment I appeared with Daisy, a murmur of admiration went round which was unmistakable to her and me.

Pale as death, and trembling much, but with a steady step she walked to the table, and having thanked the Doctors for the trouble they were taking, she lay down, and took the offered chloroform gently and the operation was begun.

I need not dwell upon such unnecessary details, suffice it to say that the cancer was removed, and Daisy, pale and cold, and still unconscious was taken back to her bed—to her bed from which we hoped soon to see her rise and leave us cured.

For a time all went well, and she seemed to be making a rapid recovery, but paler and thinner and weaker, she got, and tho' not a sign of pain escaped her lips, tho' she was still the gentle, uncomplaining creature she had ever been, it was plain to practised eyes she had not long to live.

I had been sitting, one evening, reading to her, as was my custom, when suddenly, she laid her hand upon my arm and said, "Doctor, do you think I shall die?" "Daisy," I exclaimed, "my child, why do you ask me this? You are weak and ill just now I grant you, but with God's help, we will turn you out hale and strong yet." "Ah, no," she answered, "no—you say so to me, and I thank you for your delicacy and your kindness, but I know my state too well. Before that crooked moon is full I shall no longer be here to trouble you. You have all been so good to me—especially you, and yet I am not sorry, I long to die!"

Slowly, blushing, but truthfully she told me her story that night, and sad enough it was, God knows.

Her father was a man of good position in the town of S——, and moved in good society. Daisy, his daughter, had been taken by him

once to a parade at the Castle, and had seen there an officer so young, so handsome, that the poor young heart beat for the first time with pure, unselfish golden love. He, too, had been struck with Daisy, and had managed to obtain a speedy introduction to her.

Need I go on? It was the old, old story, blind, unsuspecting love on her side, villainy and deceit on his. And when she implored him to keep his promised word, his oath for her sake, he turned from her coldly, and left her to the tender mercy of the world. Poor thing what could she do?

Brave exposure under her Father's roof? Death sooner? Fly? Yes, fly, but whither? To the house of an old and faithful nurse she went, and remained there until her child was born, and then she wandered forth an outcast, but still pure and true to him she loved. Was he not father of her babe, and was her babe not hers? Ah! Daisy, weep, poor erring child. More there are like thee, and more to come who can tell the same sad tale. Shame that it should be so, but so it will till Time shall roll his wheel no more.

One night, she looked so ill, so wasted, that I begged her to let me send for some of her relations. This she steadily refused, saying, "I might do so when she was gone but not till then." "But," she added, "if he would only come." I said I would send for him at once, and accordingly telegraphed to him directly, and at some length, to hasten if would see her alive.

Next morning, came his answer. "Does she really want me?" and when I showed it her she sobbed as if her heart would break. "Do I really want you? Oh, my darling, how much, how much—come to me only for an hour, a moment—but come, come, come!"

Away sped a second message, "She does, come quickly."

That night, my ward was strangely quiet for Daisy, bright, gentle Daisy was dying. There was not a dry eye in the room, though no one spoke. Our hearts were all too full for that. We were to lose her, was not that enough? Suddenly the door opened, and a strong, handsome man entered the room. He looked round as if to recognize some form, but long ere his eyes had wandered round the beds she had seen him, and with a cry of "Walter, darling come at last!" held her hands towards him, and in a moment more was in the arms of him she loved so well. Oh! what a sight! The young girl smiling, dying, happy, and the strong man raising hot tears and kisses on her lips, whilst his frame shook with the sobs he could not smother.

Why prolong the scene? She had erred and had atoned—he had sinned and had repented bitterly.

There, on her little bed we laid her down, with the setting sun shedding all his light upon her, making her radiantly glorious even in death. "Whom the Gods love, die young," and so with her. In a lonely grave we laid her, he and I. No other mourners stood round. No one but he who once had loved her, and I who loved her still. In the churchyard still stands a cross of spotless marble, and on it is carved the single word "Daisy."

Ay years have come and gone since then, but has been ever and ever will be fresh in my memory. There are big tears in my eyes even now whilst I write of it. May God forgive you, darling Daisy, and grant that you and I may meet some day upon a pure and happy shore where the sun is ever shining.

Toronto.

MEMY.

THE GLEANER.

A LAW has been passed in Germany forbidding the construction of school-rooms with windows on both sides, as they are injurious to the eyes.

Edward A. Freeman was proposed for Parliament by the students of Glasgow University, but the historian was obliged to decline the honor because too poor to pay the election expenses.

TWENTY years ago, the Clydesdale horse was almost exclusively identified with the district in the West of Scotland from which he takes his name—now he is known in all the civilized countries of the world.

ACCORDING to news from Périgord truffles will be scarce this winter, the dry weather during the summer having been unfavourable to their production. On the other hand, the quality will be exceptionally good.

WHEN any one is run over in St. Petersburg the carriage causing the accident is confiscated, the horses are taken to the fire brigade for public use, and the driver is imprisoned and flogged. Hence fewer accidents than anywhere else.

GRONINGEN, a city of 40,000 inhabitants in Holland, has made, by its annual public sale of sewage, a million and a half of francs in ten years. It has been calculated that London wastes as much food element as if ten million quatern leaves floated down the Thames daily into the sea.

A STRANGE story is told of a horseman on a white charger, who, in the thick of a battle between the Turks and Servians, rode in front of a Servian regiment, and shouted to them to retire, as the Turks were in the rear. The apparition was not seen again, and proved to have been a Turk who had risked his life in the ruse.

Mr. T. J. ARNOLD writes an interesting letter to the London Academy on the question whether there were cats in the ancient Greece, in which he concludes that while the marten was domesticated among the Greeks, there is strong nega-

tive evidence that the cat was not. On the other hand, however, there is the coin of Tarentum on which appears a feline animal jumping at a bird.

THE buildings of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will cover a space of 1,350,000 square yards. They are to be of iron filled in with brick work, and will have the form of a Pythagorean table; i. e., if passed through in one direction the similar productions of different countries may be inspected, while if crossed in the other direction the various products of any one country may be passed in review.

DEAN STANLEY thus explains why the term "blue" was originally applied to Presbyterians:—"The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy, on the contrary, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of 'Black Prelacy' and the 'Blue Presbyterians.'"

A PRIZE offered for a rhyme to the word "window," was awarded for the following effort by an Aberdeen poet:—

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And on the wall him pinned out;
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud:
And his soul went out of the window.'"

THE Bulgarian atrocities sensation was wondrously alive, so much so that the merest expression sets it on fire. At the Queen's Theatre, for instance, the *vox populi* had a pro and con sensation about the exclamation of Henry V.—"This is the English, not the Turkish Court, Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry Harry."

But the fervour has cooled, and people laugh instead of yelling, especially so when Henry says to Katherine, "Shalt not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. Charles, compound a boy half French and half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard."

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a circular of Messrs. Belford Brothers, Toronto, announcing their new Monthly Magazine, the success of which I will hail with pleasure. But I must demur to a statement put forth in the circular. Alluding to the two serials by James Payn, and Dr. J. G. Holland, which Messrs. Belford intend issuing in the magazine, they say: "Both stories will appear in Canada, England, and the United States simultaneously; and the publishers feel no little pride in being able to announce that this will be the first time in the history of Canada in which such a thing will have taken place." These gentlemen cannot have followed the march of serial publications in Canada for the past six years, for I would not accuse them of wilfully ignoring the facts. I will not say that I was the first to publish original stories in Canada simultaneously with their appearance in London and New York. But I did publish here, by special arrangement with the authors, and from advance sheets supplied me by themselves, a number of works, simultaneously with the English and American publishers. They are as follows:

1. Hugh Damer's Last Leger, by Miss M. E. Braddon; in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1871.
2. Wilfrid Cumberlande, by George Macdonald, in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1871.
3. Poor Miss Finch, by Wilkie Collins; in *Hearthstone*, 1871.
4. A Terrible Temptation, by Charles Reade; in ditto, 1871.
5. Castaway, by Edmund Yates; in ditto, 1871.
6. To the Bitter End, by Miss Braddon; in ditto, 1872.
7. Col. Benyon's Entanglement, by same, in ditto, 1872.
8. The Golden Lion of Grandpère; by Anthony Trollope; in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1872.
9. The New Magdalen, by Wilkie Collins; in ditto, 1872.
10. Taken at the Flood, by Miss Braddon; in ditto, 1873.
11. Publicans and Sinners, by the same; in the *Favourite*, 1873.
12. The Law and the Lady, by Wilkie Collins; in the *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1874.

These all appeared as above stated, and the advance sheets were liberally paid for, so it is evident that Messrs. Belford Brothers are not the pioneers in this respect. But I wish nevertheless that their enterprise may meet with due recognition from the Canadian Public.

Yours truly
GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Montreal, October 27th, 1876.

HON. DAVID MILLS.

As we announced to our readers last week, this gentleman has been raised to the Cabinet of the Dominion, as Minister of the Interior in place of Hon. Mr. Laird. The new Minister was born in the Township of Orford, Kent, Ontario, 18th March, 1831, and graduated at the University of Michigan. He was the Superintendent of Schools for the County of Kent from 1856 to 1865, and was elected a member of the Council of Public Instruction for Ontario, representing

the School Inspectors, in 1875. In 1872 he was employed by the Ontario Government to define the North West Boundary of the Province. He is the author of a pamphlet on the *Present and Future Political Aspects of Canada*, published in 1869; and of another, entitled *The Blunders of the Dominion Government in Connection with the North-West Territory*, issued in 1871. He was first returned to Parliament for Bothwell in 1867, and has maintained the seat ever since. He is the advocate of advanced opinions on many public points—the elective constitution of the Senate, the appointment of Provincial Judges by Provincial Executives and the complete separation of Provincial and Federal Jurisprudence. He was Chairman of the Committee on Public Depression, at the last session. Mr. Mills is intellectually one of the most prominent men of his party and, as such, deserves the position which he has attained.

THE FIRST SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

We are certain that not one of our readers, not even the "oldest inhabitant," will recognize the portrait of the veteran which we publish to-day. Louis Victor Amédée Henry was born in Cherbourg, Department of La Manche, France, March 10th, 1767, as was clearly proven by his baptismal certificate. He was a soldier in the army of Napoleon I. during the campaigns of Spain, Austria, Russia and Germany, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He came to America 65 years ago, and spent the first fifteen years in Canada, acting as first sheriff of Montreal for two years. After this period he resided continuously at Burlington, Vermont. We believe he died during the present year. He never took medicine of any kind, retained his eyesight and all his faculties to a remarkable degree, had no grey hair and was neither bald nor deaf. He had 14 children, 51 grand-children and 116 great-grand children, making a total of 181 descendants now living.

ARTISTIC.

A marble figure of great beauty was lately discovered near Mitylene. It has been claimed by the governor of the island as national property, and will be transferred to the Archaeological Museum at Athens.

IN destroying a bastion of the mediæval fortifications of Bati-bon, in Germany, last month, a number of Roman relics were unearthed; among them was a marble group of an emperor debating to a secretary seated by his side; and a perfectly preserved bas relief representing a horse held by the bridle.

THE re-opening of the Musée de la Renaissance, at the Louvre, set apart for sculpture, has just taken place. The famous portal of the Stanga Palace at Cremona, purchased about two years ago for \$2,000 francs, has been reconstructed in one of the halls. It is in white marble, and is one of the finest specimens of Italian Renaissance.

Two small fragments of reliefs discovered at Rhodes, on being compared with the remains of the mausoleum found at Badrute, have been united with one of the many stray pieces of the frieze which are preserved in the British Museum. This new combination gives the greater part of a wounded amazon who is in the act of falling, and the upper part of a Greek warrior armed with a shield.

DOMESTIC.

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.—When the hair grows scanty, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning:—Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops. When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt:—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed. When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade:—Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold hair. Add a little essence of bergamot or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair. When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in patches, use the following receipt:—Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhubarb root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved with spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix and shake into ointment. Two drachms of bergamot, and a few drops of otto of roses would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

ROUND THE WORLD.

OVER a hundred persons connected with the recent socialistic conspiracy in Spain have been arrested.

The Spanish Government is said to be contemplating the conclusion of an extradition treaty with the United States.

A great coal oil ring is being formed in the United States to keep up the prices of oil refined for export to Europe.

THERE is news of a great financial crisis throughout Russia. It has been apprehended for some time. The bank authorities feel powerless to arrest the crisis. Russian securities in Europe are on the decline, and offers for sale at a reduced figure are refused.

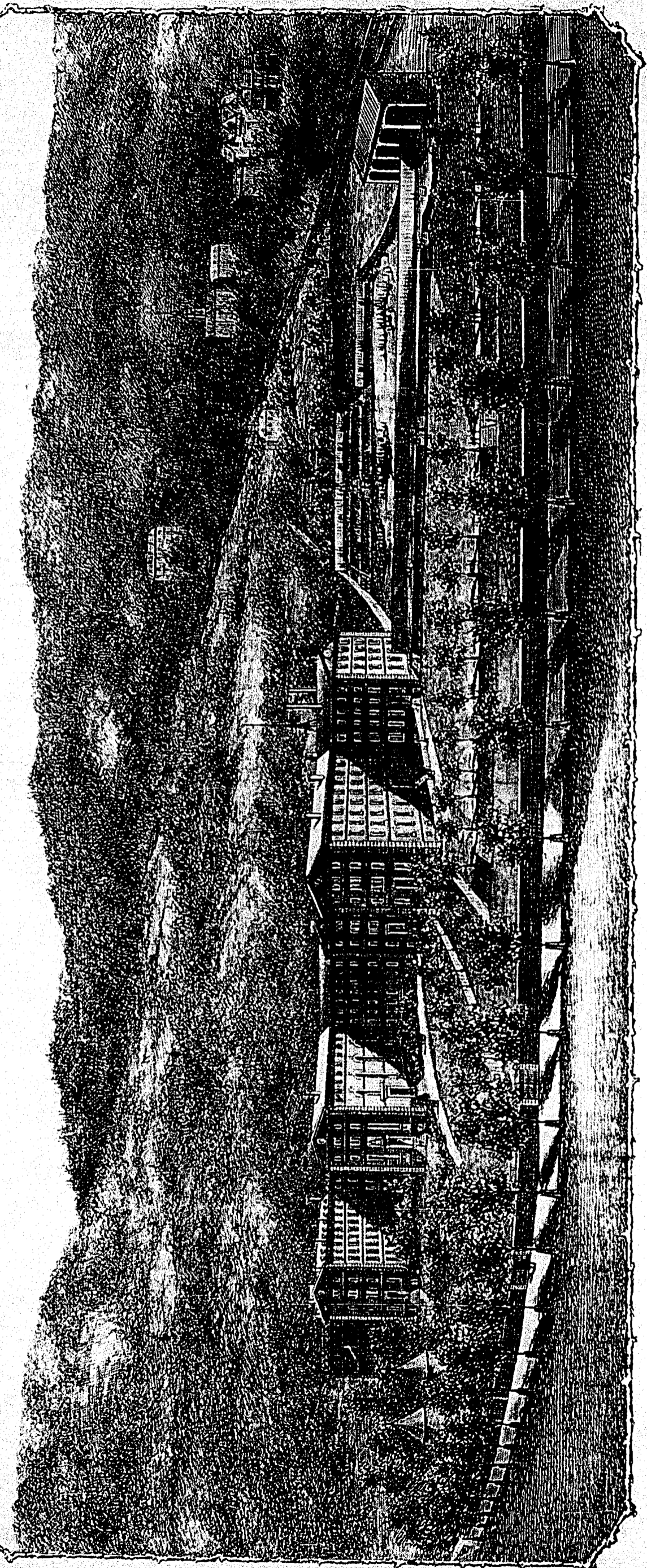
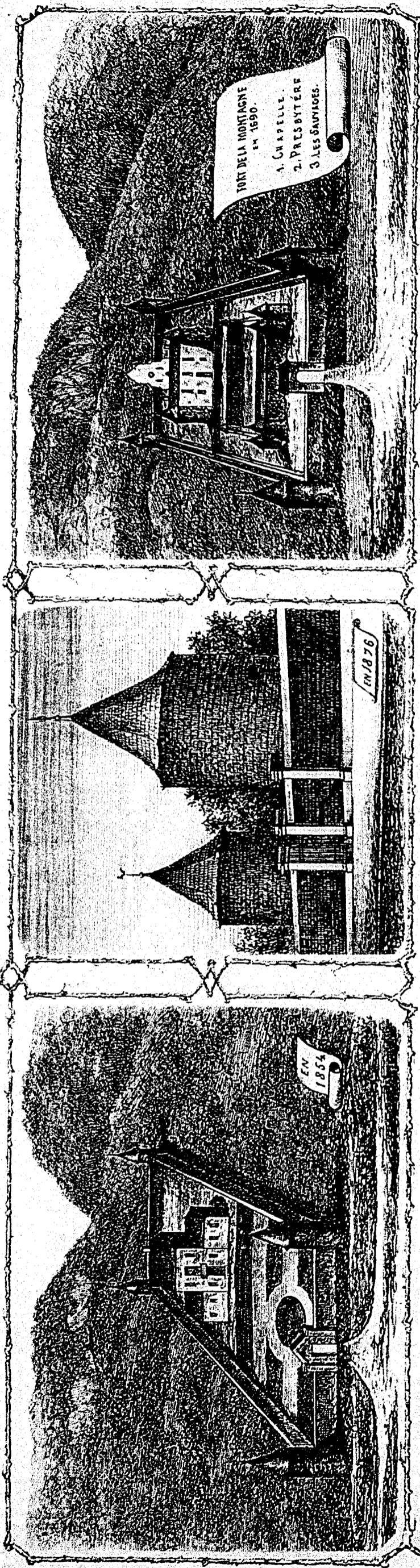
The principal commercial men of Charleston, S.C., are said to have united with the clergy of that city in issuing an address to the people of the United States on the condition of South Carolina, denying the existence of lawlessness and disaffection in that part of the South.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

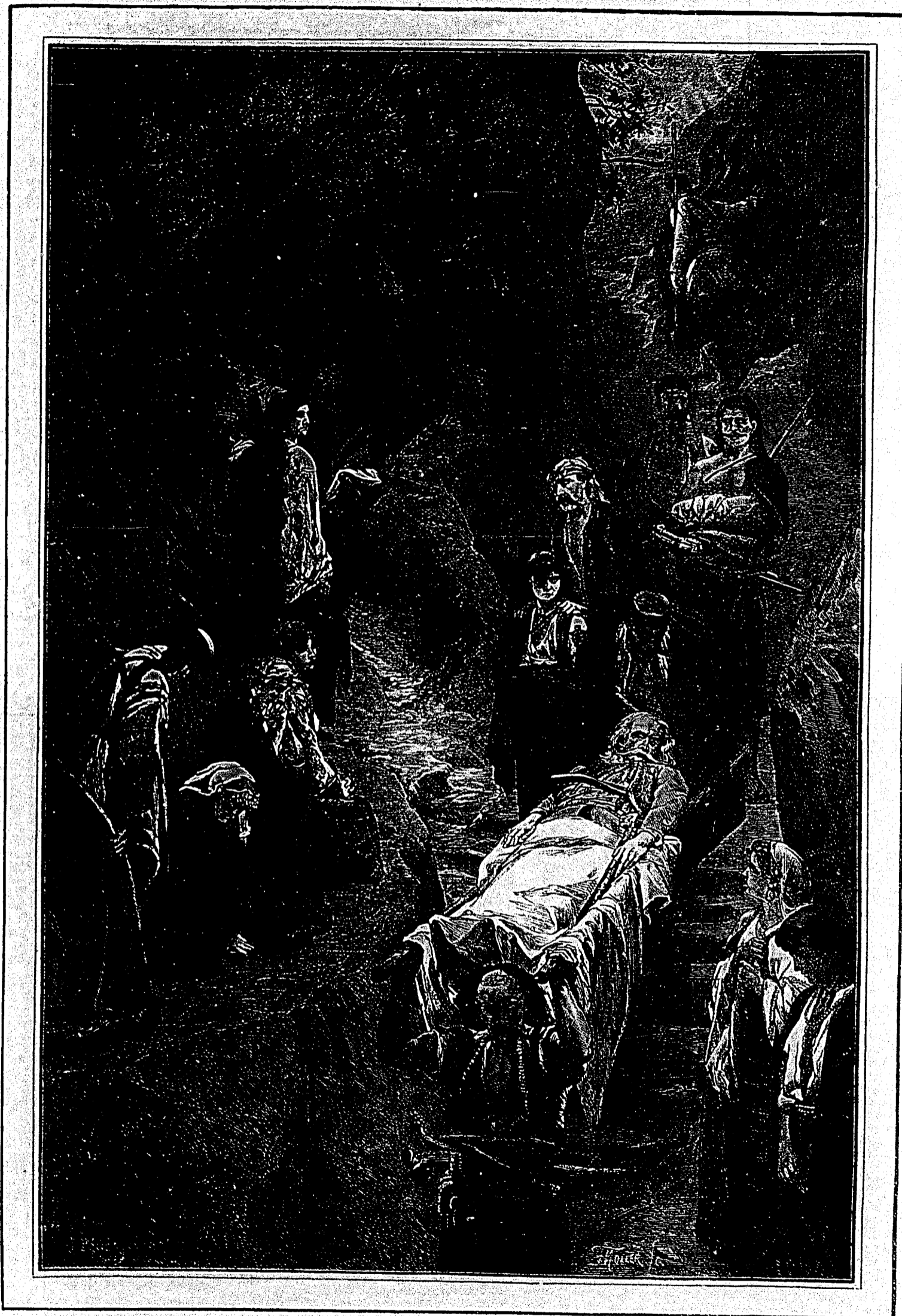
THERE has been a highly interesting competition trial of steam fire engines in Quebec.

THE lumber trade in the Ottawa district promises to be remarkably good during the winter. An unusually large number of men have already been sent.

THE Governor-General has returned to Ottawa after his visit to British Columbia and the Centennial Exhibition. His Excellency received a welcome in keeping with his position, and expressive of the high respect which is felt for him.



MONTREAL.—THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION: THE MOUNTAIN SEMINARIES.



THE EASTERN WAR.—MONTENEGRIN WOMEN, BEARING CARTRIDGES TO THEIR DEFENDERS, MEET, ON THEIR WAY, A WOUNDED VOIVODE.

LIFE'S CREED.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

I. Do you remember, love, in the olden time,
In Bruges, that gray old Flemish town,
How we sat together and spoke no word,
You at your lace pillow looking down?
You were learning to weave, I watching your hands,
In a small low house among the trees,
From the grand old pile of St. Sauveur
The sunset chime floated in with the breeze.

II. I was a poet—or I thought so, then—
Full of a young man's dreams of fame;
I believed I had gauged all the world could give,
Had made me standards of praise and blame,
Had measured the length and breadth of life,
Reduced the universe to my plan,
Laughed at the thought of all mystery
That would not yield to the might of man.

III. Do you remember how, the lesson done,
We ran adown the grassy street,
And in at the great cathedral gate
Entered with quiet, reverent foot?
Mid the nuns and the hooded women of Bruges
How we knelt, you and I, in the chancel there?
And the incense breath and the voiceless tombs,
And the mellow echoing evening prayer?

IV. How the sunset streamed through the painted glass
And fell on the pavement, purple and red,
And gilded the quaint, carved, oaken choir,
Transfigured the picture over your head?
It was a thing by a master's hand,
One Quelin, a rare old painter he,
St. Augustine, with his dark, fine face,
And long black gown—a deep green sea.

V. A tossing ship and a distant town—
A cloud-vent sky, and on the shore
A young child playing, I thought awhile,
I missed the picture over and over.
I remember how the holy saint
Had measured God—his attributes, power—
To his own thinking, his nature and being,
Had settled it all to the very hour.

VI. Then wandered forth for a stroll by the sea
And met on the shore an innocent child,
Who in his hand held a scallop-shell
And was dipping the water up, quickly and wild,
And the holy saint stopped and asked the cause,
And the child replied he would drain the wide sea,
"Oh, foolish young thing," cried the pious man,
"Dost thou know how vain thy efforts will be?"

VII. Then the child grew to an angel there—
"Augustine, is it vainer to pass this hour
To drain the drops of the faithless sea
Than to measure God's infinite might and power?"
Then I looked at you, as you knelt near me there,
The sunlight had lowered from the angel's face
On to your hair. Your eyes were like seas,
Deep with the thoughts of the holy place.

VIII. "God forgive me," I cried with the saint;
"Here is a mystery I cannot read;
I know naught—I am naught—the youngest child
Knows more than I of life's creed."
And I gazed long upon you where you knelt,
The wide arches were filled with glory there—
And the dome opened out into endless space,
And the sunset lay like a crown on your hair.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

He, too, was startled when Wally turned, but for a very different reason. "Holy Mary! is it a girl?" he said almost timidly, looking at Wally, in amazement. When he had seen her from behind, he had supposed from her height that it was a shepherd; now a girl was before him. And as she stood there, with her long mantle thrown back in heavy folds, her head protected against the hail by the helmet, her dishevelled hair, dripping with water, hanging around her face, the shepherd's staff in her hand, and the kid on her broad shoulders—while her sparkling eyes rested steadily upon him, a feeling of uneasiness stole over him, as if he beheld something supernatural. Never in his whole life had he seen so powerful a woman, and he needed time to reflect. "Ah!" said he at last. "You are Stromminger's Geier-Wally?"

"Yes," replied the girl, breathlessly.

"Well, then, I certainly ought to have nothing to do with you."

"Why not?" asked Wally, turning paler, and a flash of lightning darting from the clouds made her copper helmet glitter.

Joseph was forced to pause, so deafening was the peal of thunder that followed, and the hail poured down with fresh fury. He cast an embarrassed glance at the girl, who stood motionless, while the bits of ice beat upon the pail on her head, and then bent over the motionless figure he bore in his arms.

"You know I have been in disgrace with your father ever since the affair in Sölden, and people say there's no living peaceably with you either. But this poor girl can go no farther; the lightning struck and shattered a tree beside her, and she has fainted. Take us to your hut that the lass may rest till the storm is over; then we'll go at once, and shall certainly never come back again."

Wally looked at him with a strange expression, half-sorrowful, half-defiant. Her lips quivered, as if she longed to make some hasty reply, but she checked herself, and after a short, silent struggle, said simply, "Come!" and walked on before him. After a time she stopped and asked, "Who is the girl?"

"A poor lass from Vintschgau, who is going to take service at the Lamb at Zwiefelstein. My mother is dead, so I had to go to Vintschgau, where she used to live, to settle the property; and, as we were both going the same way, I brought the girl back with me," replied Joseph, evasively.

"Your mother is dead? Oh! you poor Joseph," exclaimed Wally, sympathizingly.

"Yes, it was a hard blow," said Joseph, mournfully. "My good little mother."

Wally saw that the subject caused him pain, and relapsed into silence. Nothing more was said until they reached the hut.

"It's a wretched hole," said Joseph, as, in spite of stooping, he struck his forehead against the door. "A man must have good reasons for putting his child in such a dog's kennel. You surely drove him to it."

"Indeed! Do you know that?" cried Wally, bitterly, as she untied the kid and put it in a corner. Then she smoothed her bed and helped Joseph place the stranger on it. Her hands trembled as she performed the task.

"Well," continued Joseph innocently, "everybody knows that you are as fierce as your father, that you almost killed Vincenz, and in your rage set the barn on fire. I think if you begin so already you may go a long way."

"Do you know why I struck Vincenz and set the barn on fire?" asked Wally, in a trembling voice. "Do you know why I am up here in this dog's kennel, as you call it? Do you know?" And she broke a strong bough across her knee, so that the wood splintered with a crash, and Joseph involuntarily admired her strength.

"No," said he; "how should I?"

"Then, if you don't know, don't talk about it," she muttered, in a low tone, while making a fire to warm some milk for the senseless girl.

"Tell me, if you mean that I wrong you."

Wally suddenly burst into the shrill, bitter laugh that was peculiar to her when her heart was secretly bleeding. "You—am I to tell you?" she exclaimed. "You, you would be the very person." And with feverish haste she raised a little pail, poured the milk in, and hung it over the crackling fire.

Joseph did not perceive the pain concealed under the scornful tone; he felt only the scorn itself, and turned angrily away. "It's useless to talk with you; the people are right." From that moment he devoted his attention entirely to the invalid. Wally, too, was silent, and only now and then, while bustling to and fro, cast a stolen glance at Joseph, who sat on a stool not far from the couch in the glow of the red firelight. His eyes glittered like coals in the reflection of the flames, which rose and fell, illuminating the hunter's stern, handsome face with a changeful radiance, which made it seem sullen and friendly by turns.

Suddenly Wally remembered the dream she had had the first night she spent on the mountains. "If the happy maidens could see him so they would melt like snow on fire," she thought, and it seemed as if, as people say of the heart, it made her eyes bleed to turn them away from him, and, indeed, a few burning drops did fall as she averted them, which, though not blood, caused as keen a pang. The stranger's consciousness now returned, and she asked, in astonishment, "What has happened?"

"Be calm, Afra," said Joseph; "you know the lightning almost struck you, and Wally Stromminger has taken us to her hut."

"Holy Mary! Are we with Geier-Wally?" asked the girl, in terror.

"Be calm," said Joseph; "as soon as you are better we will go."

"So you have heard of me over in Vintschgau? There, drink something to your fright," said Wally, quietly, with a touch of good-natured contempt, as she handed her the warm milk, mixed with some brandy. Joseph had risen, to allow her to approach the bed. Afra tried to sit up, but sank back, and Wally hastily supported her, holding her in one arm and giving her the drink with the other. Afra thirstily drained the contents of the wooden bowl, but she was so weak that her head fell back on Wally's shoulder. The latter quietly motioned to Joseph to take the bowl, and remained patiently in the same attitude, that she might not disturb the sick girl.

Joseph looked at her thoughtfully as she sat on the edge of the bed. "You're a handsome lass," he said, honestly; "it's a pity you're so savage."

A faint flush crimsoned Wally's face.

"Why, how your heart is beating," said Afra; "I can feel it on your shoulder." She raised her head and gazed into the beautiful bronzed face, with its large eyes. Wally now looked at the girl more attentively, and saw that she had pretty features, deep blue eyes, and hair as soft as if spun from silk, and a feeling of strange anxiety stole over her. She glanced at Joseph, rose, and began to bustle about the room again.

"Is this really Geier-Wally?" Afra now asked her guide, as if unable to believe that the much abused Geier-Wally could be so kind.

"One wouldn't think it, but she says so herself," replied Joseph, in an undertone.

"And I'll prove that I am," exclaimed Wally, proudly, opening the door, and calling, "Hans! Hans! where are you?" A shrill scream answered her, and Hans darted from the roof and flew into the hut.

"Merciful Heaven! what's that?" cried Afra, crossing herself, while Joseph placed himself before her to protect her.

"It's the eagle I took from its nest when a child. That's where I got my name—Geier-Wally." And her eyes rested as proudly on the bird as a soldier gazes at a conquered banner. "See, I have tamed him so I can let him fly about where he likes, and he never leaves me." She put him on her shoulder and opened his wings, that Joseph might see they were not clipped.

"He is a splendid fellow," replied Joseph, his eyes glowing with an eager, covetous light, as they rested on the magnificent bird, which every hunter grudges another, let alone a girl. There must have been something in the look which irritated the eagle, for it uttered a peculiar whistling cry, arched its neck, and ruffled its feathers.

Wally felt the unusual movement on her shoulder, and tried to soothe the bird by stroking it. "Why, Hans! what ails you? you never act so."

"Aha! my fine fellow, you know a hunter," said Joseph, with a defiant laugh, making a grasp at the bird, as if to drag it from Wally's shoulder. The irritated creature suddenly put forth its strength, spread its wings, and swooped upon its enemy. A cry of horror escaped Wally's lips; Afra fled into a corner; the narrow hut seemed almost filled with the furious bird, which, no longer obeying its mistress's call, struck at Joseph with its terrible beak, and tried to bury its talons in his hips. There was a confusion of fists and wings, so the feathers flew and the walls grew red where Joseph's bloody hands touched them. "My knife—if I could only draw my knife," cried the young hunter.

Wally threw the door open: "Go out, Joseph, go out into the open air. You can't escape him in this narrow hut."

But Bären-Joseph would not run from an eagle. "May the devil fly away with me if I stir from the spot!" he groaned. For a moment victory was doubtful. Then Joseph, pressing his face against the wall, seized the eagle's talons in his iron grasp, and with gigantic strength forced the struggling bird, which struck with its beak at his hands and arms, down on the floor. "Now my knife—draw out my knife. I have neither hand free," he called to Wally.

But Wally made a different use of the opportunity, sprang forward and threw a thick cloth over the eagle's head. It was now an easy matter to bind its feet together with a rope, thus rendering it harmless. Joseph threw it on the floor, and the proud bird lay twitching helplessly in the cloth, while Joseph loaded his gun.

"What are you doing?" asked Wally, in alarm.

"Loading my gun," said he, clenching his teeth to suppress an exclamation of pain, as he used his wounded hands. When he had finished he raised the bird from the floor and flung it out of doors before the hut; then took a position a short distance off, and said to Wally, in a low, but authoritative tone, "Now untie it."

"What am I to do?" asked Wally, in astonishment.

"Let it fly!"

"Why?"

"So that I can shoot it. Don't you know that a true hunter never shoots his game except when leaping or on the wing?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake," cried Wally, "you won't shoot my Hans!"

It was now Joseph's turn to look amazed. "Am I to let the spiteful creature live?"

"Joseph," exclaimed Wally, standing resolutely before him, "leave me my Hans! I risked my life in fighting with my mother, when I took it from its nest; nobody loves me except the bird. It's the only thing I have in the world; don't kill Hans!"

"So," said Joseph, in a sharp bitter tone, "the imp almost pecked my eyes out, and I'm to do nothing to it."

"It didn't know you. How can the eagle help it, if it isn't clever; you surely won't revenge yourself on a senseless bird?"

Joseph stamped his foot. "Untie it, so that it can fly, or I'll shoot it as it is." He levelled his gun.

The hot blood rushed to Wally's head, and she forgot everything but her *protégé*. "We'll see," she exclaimed, in an outburst of passionate anger, "we'll see whether you'll rob me of my property. Put down the gun! The bird belongs to me! Do you hear? It belongs to me, and I'll suffer no injury to be done it, come what may. Down with the gun, or you shall learn to know me!" And she hastily snatched the weapon from his hand, discharging it with a loud report, so that the bullet went crashing against the cliffs.

There was something in her bearing which induced the powerful hunter, Bären-Joseph, to quietly receive the gun back, merely saying in a tone of bitter scorn: "Very well! I'll leave you your crooked-beaked sweetheart. It's perhaps the only one you'll ever get; you are well named Geier-Wally."

Without vouchsafing her another glance he tore his handkerchief into strips and tried to bandage his mangled hands. Wally sprang forward and tried to help him; she now perceived for the first time how bad the wounds were; and it seemed as if her own heart were bleeding. "Oh! merciful God, had, what hands!" she screamed; "come I'll wash and dress them—"

But Joseph pushed her aside. "Let me alone. Afra can do it!"

He entered the hut. A deadly fear overwhelmed Wally. She suddenly felt that she had made him an enemy, perhaps forever, and

it seemed to her as if she would die at the thought. She followed him feebly as if utterly crushed, and her eyes watched the stranger with jealous hatred, as she bandaged the hands.

"Joseph," said Wally in a stifled voice, "you must not think, because I would not let you shoot Hans, I make light of your wounds. If it would cure them you might kill us both; but that would do no good."

"It's all right, you needn't apologize," said Joseph, turning away. "Afra," he continued to the young girl, "can you go on now?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then, get ready, and we'll start."

Wally turned pale. "Joseph, won't you rest a little while. I haven't given you any food yet. I'll cook some at once—or will you have a drink of milk?"

"I thank you for everything. I'll go now, that I may get home before night. It has stopped raining, and Afra can walk on."

With these words he helped the girl dress, threw his gun over his shoulder, and took his alpenstock in his hand.

Wally picked up one of the feathers Hans had lost in the struggle and put it in Joseph's hat. "You must wear the feather, Joseph; you must, for you conquered the eagle, and he would have been your booty if you hadn't given him to me."

But Joseph removed the feather. "You may mean well, but I won't wear the plume. I'm not in the habit of sharing my spoils with girls!"

"Then take the eagle, I'll give it to you, only pray let it live," gasped Wally, breathlessly.

Joseph looked at her in astonishment. "What are you thinking of? I'll take nothing on which you have set your heart. Perhaps some day I'll catch a live bear, which I'll bring you, that your party may be complete. Until then you'll never see me; I might happen to shoot the bird if I met it anywhere; so I'll avoid this neighborhood. May God be with you, and think for the shelter!"

With these words he walked calmly and quietly out of the hut.

Afra stooped and picked up the feather Joseph had thrown away. "Give it to me," said she, "I'll put it in my prayerbook and say a *paternoster* for you whenever I see it."

"Very well," said Wally, in a hollow tone; she had scarcely heard Afra's words. Her heart throbbed violently, and there was a buzzing sound in her ears, as if the storm were still raging around her. She followed the couple out of the hut. The tempest had passed away, the black veil of clouds hung in tatters, and the distant mountain peaks gleamed through the rifts. The retreating thunder-god muttered in a hollow tone and the water dashed into the depths, but everything else was still and quiet, and a white fall of snow and hail rested upon the mountain.

Wally stood motionless, with her hands pressed upon her breast. "He can't imagine that any one can be poor enough to set their heart on a bird," she said to herself; and then, kneeling down, unfastened the half-numbed creature, which climbed feebly on her arm and looked at her with its yellow eyes, as if asking forgiveness.

"Yes, look at me," she sobbed. "Oh! Hans! Hans! what have you done?"

She sat down on the steps of the hut, put Hans on the ground, and wept until she was weary of hearing herself sob, then looked up to where a high wall of snow rose perpendicularly behind her, down below where on the right and left death had prepared a cold bed in the snow-covered chasms, out into the gray distance, where the rain was still streaming from the clouds upon the earth, and suddenly she again felt deeply and painfully, as on the first day, that she was in the wilderness, and would not remain there!

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOGSTOCK.

Once more a year had passed, a sad year for Wally, for when the lonely summer in the wilderness was over and Stromminger sent for his flock, the girl went down on the opposite of the glaciers into the Schnalsenthal, where she was a total stranger, and tried to obtain a place as servant. She would not return to the Refug, since she must reject them as suitors. It was as difficult for her to find a shelter with her eagle as it had been in Oetzthal, and she at last relinquished wages for the sake of being received with Hans. Of course her lot was a hard one; she was jeered and scornfully treated by the women for this "folly," as they called it, and often obliged to defend herself by force against the coarse attentions of the men, who here, as everywhere, admired the beautiful girl. But she bore all resolutely, for she was too proud to groan and sigh under a burden she had voluntarily accepted.

Yet she grew harder and harder, precisely the condition against which the good priest had warned her. The ghosts of all the murdered joys of her young life arose and cried for vengeance. Three years were a great deal to lose in the short spring time of existence. Other young girls wept and bewailed a lost dance; Wally did not grieve for all the lost dances, all the thousand pleasures of her age, she only mourned her lost love, and the nature, illumined by no ray of happiness, grew hard and bitter, like fruit ripened in the shade.

So in the spring of the year she again mounted the glaciers. It was a backward spring and stormy summer, in which rain, snow

and hail alternated with each other. Wally's clothes were frequently wet for days, and she lived for weeks in an impenetrable chaos of clouds, where there was no more light than before the first day of creation.

The great chaos was reflected in miniature in the girl's breast, gray tint for gray. The whole world was a dim, sorrowful dream, like the mist around her, and no God came to say, "Let there be light!"

But one morning, after endless weeks of gloom, the mighty word of creation was once more spoken, the first ray of light again shot through the clouds, and gradually from out the chaos a beautiful, well ordered world, with mountains and valleys, fields, woods, and lakes, suddenly lay outstretched before Wally, who felt as if she had just awaked to life, like the Mother of Mankind, and rejoiced in the world which God had made so beautiful, and He would not permit Himself to possess it alone, but created human beings to enjoy it with Him.

"Could there really be no happiness in this beautiful world? And why had God placed this poor Eve up here in the wilderness, that he for whom she was born could not find her? Oh! I must go down, down, I've been up here long enough!" a voice suddenly cried out in her heart, and the longing to live, to love, and to enjoy, suddenly burst forth so wildly, that she stretched out her arms toward the sunny, laughing world below with a gesture of piteous yearning.

"Wally, you're to come at once; your father is dead!" The shepherd boy stood before her. Wally stared at him as if in a dream.

Was it a spectre of her own heart, which had just cried out so rebelliously for happiness? She seized the lad by the shoulders as if she wished to feel whether he was something real, no illusion.

He repeated the message. "His foot had grown constantly worse. Inflammation set in, and he died that morning. Now you are mistress of the Hochstuf, and Klettenmaier sends you a greeting."

So it was really true. The deliverer, the messenger of peace and freedom, stood in bodily form before her. That was why God had shown her the beautiful world, as if to say: "Look, this is now yours. Come down, and take what is given you."

She walked silently into the hut, shut the door, and kneeling, thanked God, and prayed—prayed fervently for the first time for months, while burning tears welled from her relieved, reconciled heart, for the father who had died without even permitting her to give him the love of a child.

Then she went down to the house, which had at last once more become her home, where her feet trod on her own soil. Klettenmaier was standing before the door, waving his cap exultantly. The maid servant, who had treated Wally so insolently two years before, submissively brought her the keys, and Vincenz met her at the chamber door.

"Wally," he began, "you have treated me badly, but—"

Wally quietly but sternly interrupted him. "Vincenz, if I have wronged you, may God punish me for it as He thinks best. I can neither repent nor atone, and don't even ask you to forgive me. Now you know my opinion, and I beg you to leave me alone."

Without vouchsafing him another glance, she entered her father's death chamber, closed the door, and stood there tearlessly. She had been able to weep for the transfigured father, who had stripped off his earthly husk, but in the presence of the earthly husk, which had crushed her and her life with its rude hand, beaten and trampled upon her, Wally shed no tear; she seemed turned to stone.

She quietly repeated a *paternoster*, but did not kneel. As she had stood motionless and calm before the living father, she now stood before the lifeless body; only she felt no anger; she was reconciled by death.

Then she went into the kitchen to prepare food, if the neighbors came to pray and keep watch through the night. The task employed the hands of all, and at midnight the room was so full that Wally could scarcely provide enough for them to eat and drink; for the richer the peasant is, the more neighbors come to watch and pray.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A girl in Charleston has dark blue hair. The latest novelty in Paris is "perfumed hats."

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she's too young to show much reflection.

Two things that go off in a hurry,—an arrow dismissed by a bow, and a bean dismissed by a belle.

"Don't she return your love?" asked a sympathizing friend of a disconsolate swain.—"Yes, she did; she said she didn't want it. That's what's killin' me."

There are plenty of good but weak women in every community who'll work, and starve, and scrimp, in order to furnish their parlours, and then won't sit in 'em for fear of injuring the furniture.

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty.—"You must husband your time," said a sage friend.—"I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

MOTHER (to her little son eight years old): "How do you like your new governess, my dear?"—Little Son: "Oh, she's capital! She sits and works worsted all the time, and don't care whether we learn our lessons or not!"

It is said that a young widow in Nevada has a "silver claim" on which pounds of the precious metal are mined every day, but she doesn't mind it, as she has fixed her mind on minding a little minor, the only son of the departed miner.

"False hair," says a Parisian authority, "will be a drug in the market when the frost comes. Short curls and natural hair, such as the pictures of Mme. Recamier and Queen Hortense have made familiar to everybody, will be all the fashion."

"Are you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's back yard. "Yes, darling," was the reply: "jump right over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of her mother, a broom-stick, and a policeman.

A young man visiting his sweetheart, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty!"

A wedding was delayed in Wisconsin lately on account of the bridegroom suddenly remembering that he had not fed his horse. The ceremony waited till the animal was cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found easily, but thirteen girls were willing to be married to him.

HE COULD—"Can I induce you to invest in a lock?" smilingly inquired a travelling agent for an improved door-fastening, of a plain-looking old maid whom he encountered sweeping off her front step. "You might, sir," she replied, with a ghastly smile, eyeing him carefully for a moment from head to foot, "in wedlock."

Men who have stood where thousands fell, who have gazed unmoved upon the horrors of the battlefield and the wrecks of the storm, cannot, without emotion, behold the devastation and mangled ruin which marks the progress of a woman with a scythe. Nature shudders when it sees a woman throw a stone, but when it sees a woman swinging a scythe, it just tries to cover up its head and keep out of sight until the rain is complete.

A pretty widow, whose husband has been dead several years, received a beautiful bouquet the other day. The man that sent it had been flying around her with an earnestness worthy of a dry goods clerk, and it was with extra delight he saw her pass his store that evening with the bouquet of flowers in hand.

"Am so pleased to see you with them," said he, and a thousand little cupids dimpled in his eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "it was very kind in you; I always knew you liked him; I am taking them to his grave."

SUCH A DUCK.

Once, Venus, deeming Love too fat, Stopped all his rich ambrosial dishes, Dismaying the boy to live on chat, To sup on songs, and dine in wishes, Love, lean and lank, flew off to growl— The starveling now to beauty boasted— He could have matched Minerva's owl, Or Juno's peacock, lobbed or roasted.

At last, half famished, almost dead, He shot his mother's doves for dinner: Young Lilla, passing, shook her head: "Cried Love, 'A shot at you, you sinner!' "Oh, not at me!"—she urged her flight—"I'm neither dove, nor lark, nor starting!" "No," fainting Cupid cried, "not quite; But then—you're such a duck, my darling!"

AT HER FEET.

Take me, darling, as I am, With all my faults, nor few, nor small— Tho' thy sweet eyes should chide and chide, I would not seek my eyes to hide, Oh, darling, take me as I am! And trust me all in all.

Take me, darling, as I am, A suppliant at thy feet I fall, What words have I wherein to tell How much I love thee, dear—how well? Oh, take me, darling, as I am, And trust me all in all.

Darling, take me as I am— For life, for death, what'er befall, Place thou thy loving hand in mine, And let me take it as a sign— That thou dost take me as I am— Dost trust me all in all.

THEY were very fond of each other, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called afterwards at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business of course. She was at the door. Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe? Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was his bluff response, feeling that she was yielding—"on very particular personal business;" and he proudly turned to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.

A school for ladies has been opened in Berlin on a plan decidedly novel, but very practical. The building contains lodging rooms for forty girls, school rooms, working rooms, an immense kitchen and a permanent bazaar. In the school rooms every branch that will fit the girls for situations in banking, commercial, or mercantile establishments is taught. Various trades that ladies can follow are exemplified by skilled

operatives. The kitchen is, perhaps, the chief school room, for all the work there is done by the girls under the supervision of one of the best cooks in the city. This feature has become so popular, from the large number of betrothed maidens who flock thither to obtain good domestic educations, that the managers have begun to charge for instruction in cookery, and the receipts generally pay the expenses of the other departments.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CIVILITY.—Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

ECONOMY.—If a wife values her own and her husband's ease, she should let her expenses and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow she must share the evil. Let her be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy. She should not let many days pass without a serious examination into her conduct as a wife, and if, on recollection, she finds herself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

SCHOOL-LIFE.—Early school-life should do much to guard against the rudeness and coarseness which turn domestic life into bitterness, and prepare the way for outbreaks of violence. A constant stream of refining influence should flow through the minds of the pupils. Everything favourable in the reading-book, in history, or in the incidents of the school-room should be utilised for this end. By all means at our command let us seek to refine and elevate. Our aim must be to give a softening tinge to the character, like the mellow bloom on the dark rich clusters of the vine.

SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine; it stimulates better than champagne; it is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board of all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cupful, not a decanter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. Perhaps heaven itself is only more sunshine.

ABOUT SPEAKING AND LISTENING.—Grant that the power of vivacious talk is denied you, that of sympathetic listening is not. You may not have the combination of ready wit, serviceable memory, striking delivery, and that amount of histrionic faculty which makes a sparkling anecdote, a good story-teller, a brilliant fencer at repartee; but you have, it is to be supposed, intelligence enough to listen with clear comprehension of what is said to you, and vivacity enough to show that you understand. And a good listener stands high in the scale of agreeable people by those who are, in their turn, agreeable because of their brilliant talk. Indeed that quality of intelligent sympathy which makes a good listener is one that makes a man agreeable all through; for to be really agreeable one must think more of one's companions than of oneself, and hold the duty of giving higher than the right of receiving.

BODY AND MIND.—Science and medicine are demonstrating that the body and the mind are so intimately related to each other that we are driven to believe in physical health as a most desirable, if not always necessary, condition of moral and religious health. We ought to cultivate health of body in every direction; we ought to cultivate and restrain the passions; we ought to carefully observe the hygienic and sanitary laws; we ought to give our children a good birth, and we ought to cultivate moral goodness, love, truth, faith and religious confidence, as being, each and every one in its own way, conducive to health, happiness and righteousness. If we need the Holy Ghost within, we need frequent bathings without; if godliness is to be sought after, so is cleanliness; if faith is necessary to salvation, so is purity of body; sin is not worse than filth; devil means dirtiness; total depravity is being badly born; grace has its counterpart in physical vigor.

TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOURSELF.—Young men cannot estimate too highly the advice of parents and friends. It affords them the benefit of experience, and is given from sincere solicitude for their welfare. It should be remembered and weighed and acted upon. But, after all, every man has his own individual existence; he has his own life to live, for which he alone is accountable. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older and wiser than himself. Then he should sit down and meditate by himself, and make up his own mind as to the course he wishes to pursue in the world. Having done this he should enter upon the execution of his plans with a determination to accomplish what he undertakes without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something in and of himself. No man possesses real strength if he cannot, after having heard all

that others have to say, resolve, and resolve firmly, what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom; but, above all, take counsel with yourself; make up your own mind what to do in this world—do it!

LITERARY.

THE venerable Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith is passing the winter at Hollywood, N. C. Of all the stories he has ever written Mr. William Black is best pleased with his "Madcap Vio" let.

MR. WM. MORRIS is understood to have completed for the press an epic poem, whose object is the same as that of Wagner's great work. Mr. Morris follows the Eddaic version of the Nibelungen legend.

Commander Cameron has nearly completed his forthcoming book, "Across Africa." It will be profusely illustrated, and embellished with a map taken from Commander Cameron's own notes.

Count Ovarof of Russia is preparing a great work for publication in Moscow, on the "Stone Age in Russia, a subject for which a vast amount of material has accumulated of late years which has never yet been utilized.

A POET has died, leaving property enough to bequeath a handsome sum to a university for scholarships. The poet was Amantius Grin, the money was 30,000 gulden, and he had earned it all by his literary labors. He has bequeathed to the same purpose, also, the future income from his works.

STANTON, the Norwich *Bulletin* humorist, began his career on that paper by writing a facetious letter to the editor in defence of himself and others who were involved in a local difficulty at Stonington, his boyhood home. That was about six years ago. Today the *Bulletin* local is one of the three best paragraphs in the country.

It is stated that the Emperor of Brazil is about to publish an account of his travels in the Old and New World. The first volume is complete, and contains an account of the Emperor's travels in the United States. The book will be printed in Paris, and the proofs are to be sent to Constantinople. The Emperor has written his story in Portuguese, but it has already been translated into English, French and German, and is to be published in the four languages about the close of the present year.

Mr. George Henry Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," is a man of rather small stature, whose face gives no clear indication of the mental power he unquestionably possesses. His health is infirm, and he looks older than he is. He has always been a hard student, and a resident of London or other large capitals. His manner differs markedly from that of most Englishmen. In his own set he abounds in geniality and bonhomie. He is fond of epigram and paradox, and being a close observer, his narration of men and things is extremely entertaining. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists in London, though, like most clever talkers, he is prone to monopoly and monologue. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes live in a suburb of London, and their home is represented as being one of the happiest, the similarity of their pursuits and their ambitions being an additional bond of unity.

THE Princess of Thule of William Black is said to be a real person. A tourist in the Hebrides was lately directed to a hotel belonging to the King of Borva, which was kept by his royal daughter. It appears that his Majesty, known in common life as Mr. Hunter, keeps an inn and farm at a place called Gave-na-hine, on the west side of the Lewis, where tourists and people in search of a holiday go to spend some weeks at a time to fish. He has also taken a hotel in Stornoway, where he may be seen, the tourist says, in gray clothes, with an imposing full-moon face, well-combed, grizzled beard, pompadour, dignified, and commonplace. His principal characteristics, or rather qualities, for characteristic is too angular a word to be applied to him, being, as far as I could judge, utter insignificance and boundless sense of his own importance. Mairie is just Mairie, (her real name is Annie) and makes an awful chatter as she sits at the table. Her English carries her as far as "yes" and "no." She looks mortally insulted if any one addresses a long sentence to her in English. As for the Princess Sheila herself, she flitted around on the evening of our arrival, evidently the presiding genius of everything, taking care that we had no opportunity of staring at her. She is very ladylike, more like an ordinary English girl than anything more peevish; not pretty, but sweet, refined, and thoughtful.

HYGIENIC.

THE APPLE CURE.—The apple cure is the use of apples for food, on the same principle that grapes are used. The cure by apples might be equally popular if introduced. Who has an orchard where it can be tried? The scenery and surroundings should be good. A writer in the *Lancet*, for June, states that after being troubled with heartburn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he adopted the practice of eating apples, with each meal, daily. The wakefulness and heartburn are gone. He is cured. When he began he weighed 130 pounds. Two months later he had increased to 160 pounds, his strength being similarly increased. Instead of "bitters for the stomach, cathartics for the bowels, iron for the blood," all of which weaken the vital organs and give a relief that is only temporary, apples are a natural stimulant. Apples, like medicine, induce a sustained healthy action of all the organs. Apples are, besides, very nutritive, and rightly termed the "bread of fruit."

HEALTH MAXIMS.—The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose. Whatever promotes a comfortable and harmless state of mind promotes health.

Men consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

Very many diseases are laid at the door of "the weather." It is the want of weather which brings multitudes in our large towns to untimely graves.

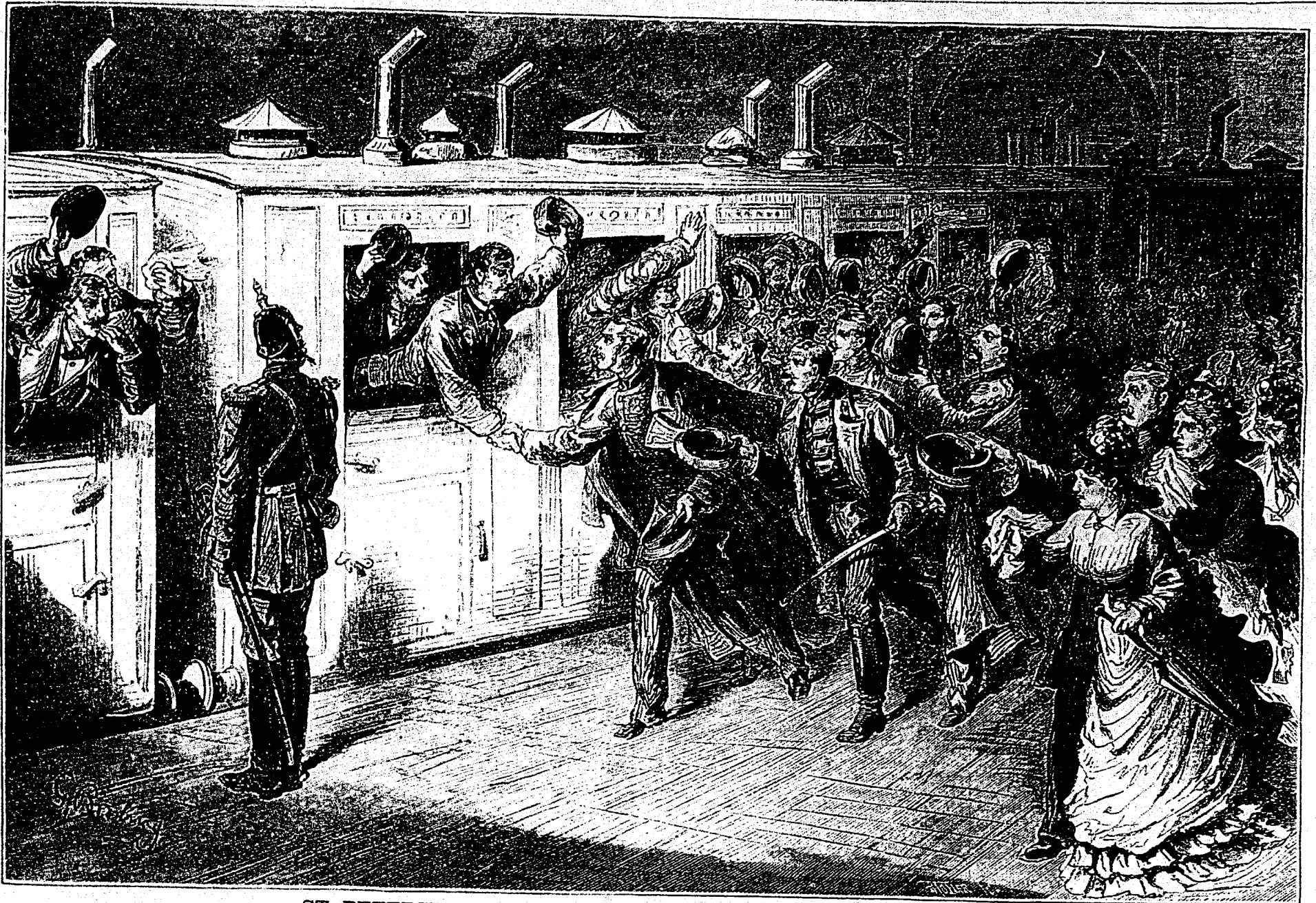
In small quantities, and occasionally, many things may be eaten with advantage, which, if eaten continuously for weeks and months or in inordinate amounts, would occasion serious results.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise men may become strong in limbs and muscle.

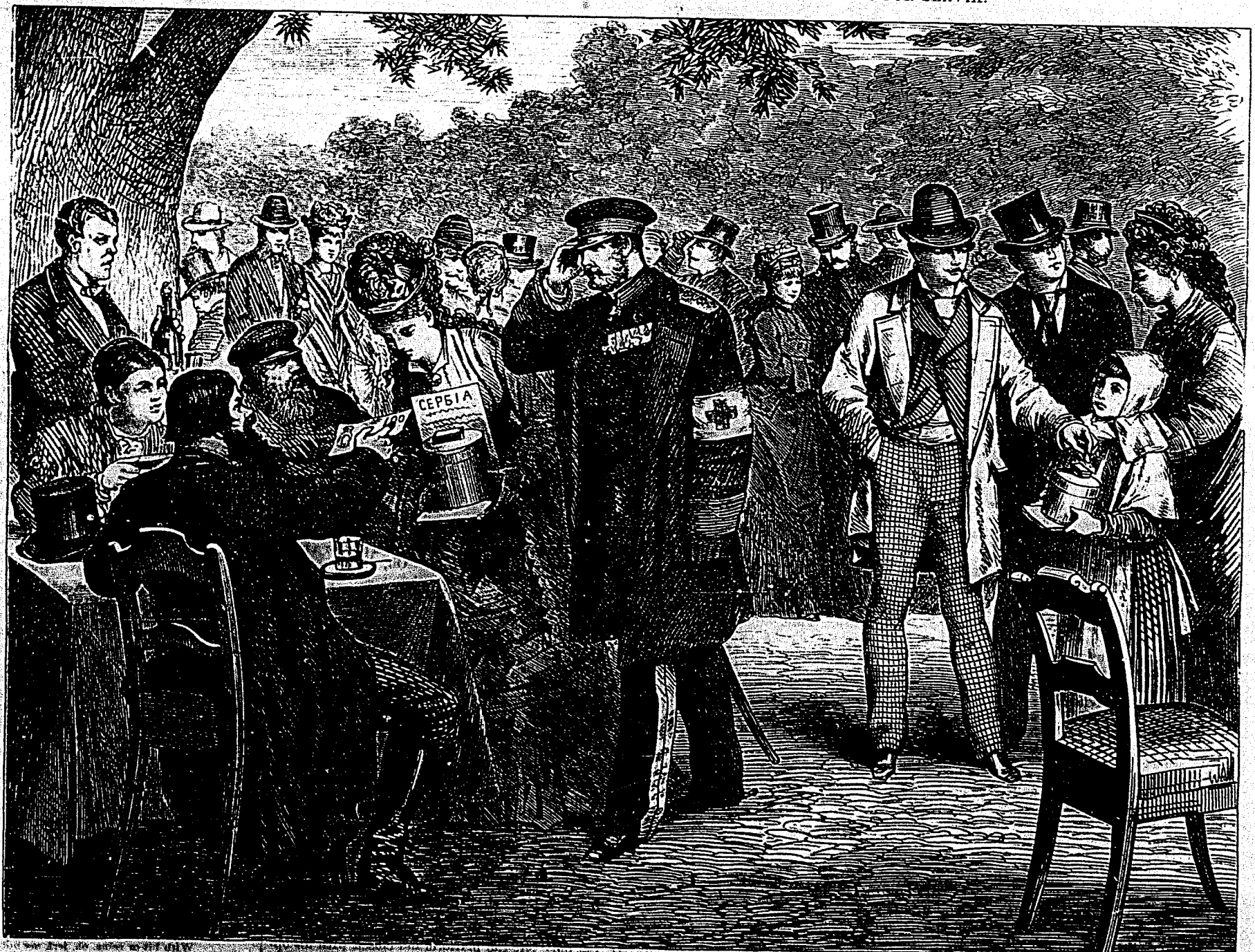
Fads and supporters are all pernicious, and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on some other part, and to that extent tend to disorganize that part. To all young persons, to the student, to the sedentary, and to the invalid, the fittest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the bath of life; without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning; it is a barbarity. Let them awake of themselves. Relative to the changing the clothing, we consider it hazardous to lessen its amount after dressing in the morning, unless active exercise is taken immediately. No undergarments should be changed for lighter ones during the day ordinarily. The best, safest, and most convenient time for lessening the clothing is in the morning, when we first dress for the day.



TRIAL OF A NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH "DE L'ÉTOILE," AT PARIS.



ST. PETERSBURG:—DEPARTURE OF A TRAIN WITH VOLUNTEERS FOR SERVIA.



ST. PETERSBURG:—COLLECTING CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS FOR THE SERVIANS.

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

NUISANCES.

Nuisances to us, I mean—to us whose business it is to go up and down the land like—I will not finish the comparison. Now is the season when Township and County Fairs do most abound, and a malison on them, say I! Election contests, civic holidays, cattle shows and funerals; all these are nuisances, and if the Commercial Traveller had his way he would abolish them, even to the last named. And Court days—I had almost forgotten Court days. A Court day in a town is an occasion on which we are made to feel the smallness of our pretensions, and the infinite inferiority of our business to the legal profession. The hotel we have always been accustomed to put up at is monopolised by them. The Judge, in dignified seclusion befitting his position, exercises supreme dominion over the best section of the house. We have no evidence that he is in the hotel other than hearsay, for, if he were to expose himself to the gaze of crowds of curious bucolics, it would detract greatly from the awe-inspiring effect his appearance on the Bench creates. There, clad in all the imposing paraphernalia of his office and surrounded by his satellites, he strikes terror into their unsophisticated bosoms; but to divest himself of these attributes, and appear as a common mortal, perhaps even to "take a drink" at the bar, would be to lessen the weight of his words and to dim the lustre of his majesty.

Next in order to the Judge come those Legal lights, whose very name is a tower of strength to the cause they espouse, and happy is the now neglected Commercial if he can follow in the wake of these, and if these are the only ones who take precedence of him in the matter of accommodation. Too often, they are followed, and he is preceded, by a swarm of lesser luminaries—budding barristers, lawyer's clerks and all the aspiring striplings drawn thence to allay the insane thirst for litigation that has animated the infatuated client. Alas! and alas! for the poor drummer; not only has he to submit to be stowed anywhere and to eat anything he can get, but when, with a heart full of misgivings, he steps outside to do his business, he finds that those of his customers who have not got a case on hand (and they are few who have not), are either on the jury, or subpoenaed as witnesses, or else, actuated by a prurient curiosity superior to business concerns, they have gone to Court to gloat over the particulars of a murder or seduction case.

Sick of waiting, weary of fruitless drumming, as a last resort he drops over to the Court himself, there to find to his infinite disappointment that the spicy evidence in the seduction case is over, and having once got in, he is so jammed that he can't get out again, and is compelled to listen to the dull harangue of some sleepy country advocate, or the dry and monotonous summing-up of the judge. Escaping at last from the heat and suffocating effluvia of the Court room, he returns to the hotel where noise, crowding, fighting, drunkenness, and all the other pleasant concomitants of a country tavern on Court day, are now holding high carnival. A crowd of country litigants disputing over the merits of a case is not the most amiable lot of mortals to consort with, and when they are all crowded into a small dining-room, clamorous for grub, their company is still less acceptable, for the babel of tongues is distracting and the reeking odours of the stable and the bar that emanate from them are anything but appetising.

Fairs are a most fruitful source of misery. Large and small, from the Provincial to the Township show, they cause us trouble and annoyance. And what an amount of profanity has been occasioned this year by that intolerable contrivance, the Centennial? Go where we would, we were sure to find some customer "doing the Centennial." A man might be on the eve of bankruptcy, his creditors might be clamoring at his door for him to "pay up," but these considerations were as nothing in the scale—go to the Centennial he would! Many a time during this last summer have I called at a merchant's place of business, and on enquiring for him, received the curt reply "away at the Centennial." Presenting a past due account to his deputy who vouchsafes the information—"Can't pay it, sir, can't pay it just now, money's too scarce" is his cool answer, as much as to say "got to keep all our money this year for the Centennial, yeu know."

Well, perhaps their philosophy is sound, and they are right; they probably reflect that this will be their only opportunity of doing the big show, and they can fail any number of times between now and the next one.

Then, those whom we do not find away at the Centennial, are at the Provincial or the London Exhibition, or the Guelph Fair, or else, at some wretched little cattle show, or Township Fair in an adjacent village. And then most exquisite nuisance of all—to drive into the "adjacent village," blissfully ignorant of the fact that the show is in full blast, till our eyes undeceive us. Happy moment!—words fail to convey, etc. Abandoning the place to the ravages of fat cattle and ponderous pigs, monster pumpkins, and many-eyed potatoes, we drive to the next village, there to find that the two storekeepers, attracted by the "novelty" of the neighbouring Fair have gone off in hot haste to see it. "Curses not loud but deep" are drawn from us. Reckless and despairing we turn back for once to do a Township Fair ourselves. Again, arrived there, we find the fun now fast and furious; it is a German Fair, and "de bully lager bier" is

flowing freely into the goodly paunches of "Mynheer" and his "vrow." "Wee gates" and "Soon tight," two German terms, "how are you" and "Good health" fly about and around you with every fresh glass of "lager" or "Schnapps." (The erudite reader will bear in mind that, not being a German scholar, I have spelt these two greetings exactly as they are pronounced, being haunted by no fear of an angry Teuton visiting the vials of his wrath upon me for mangling the etymology of his mother tongue). German girls, buxom and healthy, with cheeks like Spitzbergen apples, are there in groups and couples, or accompanied by their not over-attentive swains. Gorgeous is their apparel, many-hued as the plumage of the peacock, streaming with fiery ribbons, and displaying an incongruity in colours that is positively appalling. The shops are full. Now is when the man in the harness shop gets a couple of trestles and rigs up a hideous representation of the skeleton of a horse and forthwith proceeds to deck it out with his holiday set of harness, garnished with nickel trimmings, forming a hideous caricature calculated to strike the beholder with awe. Fearfully and wonderfully is it made.

I have been dwelling on Court Days and Fair Days, and in larger place, Civic holiday, are a great source of annoyance during the summer months. If all the towns and cities in Canada were to hold them on one and the same day, like our national holidays, it would obviate all this. But can any one conceive a more worrying thing than to be losing a day in every week for six or eight weeks during the summer, on account of the caprice of one town jealously fixing its annual holiday on another day than the neighboring town? Then we have those travelling nuisances, the circuses, and it is wonderful how one of these ancient abominations will cling to you for days together, till it becomes a nightmare and an incubus, foiling your designs continually, for the average country merchant has an exasperating habit of letting the Commercial traveller and his business wait upon every other petty interest, even to the serving of an old countryman with a five-cent plug of tobacco and a clay pipe.

But besides these graver nuisances, time-wasters as they are, we have a number of minor grievances to complain of. Sample-rooms without locks, locks without keys, windows without blinds, so that lazy hangers-on can gape all day at you and your goods. And why does not that merchant put a sign above his door? I do not expect him to care anything for the annoyance the omission occasions me, but surely it would be to his own interest to "hang out a shingle," and let people know that he has got a name. I have been in places where on two-thirds of the stores there was no indication whatever of the name of the occupant, and it deprives a traveller of an immense amount of confidence to be unable to address a possible customer by his name. It is like trying to turn a pump without a handle. (I trust the nameless ones will forgive the comparison).

Early trains are another nuisance prolific of trouble and misery to us unfortunates. We are not as a class partial to early rising and to be hauled out of bed in the middle of a deep and refreshing sleep is not conducive to good temper, nor calculated to increase the suavity of our dispositions towards our customers during the day. I had almost forgotten Toll-gates. Yes, the Toll-gate system—that relic of a barbarous age; fifty years hence, the world will wonder how a previous generation could, for so long, tolerate such an absurd, annoying and insignificant imposition, for imposition it is and no inconsiderable one, I know. I have, unfortunately, a personal and unpleasant acquaintance with a toll-road, between Ingersoll and Port Burwell, some 32 miles, and where the tolls actually amount to more than Railway fare for the same distance! And a wretched, jerky, break-neck road it is, a road that, with any sort of a load, is not safe to drive on at a faster rate than a walk, or if you are bold enough to do so, it is at the imminent risk of your neck. And yet they charge an exorbitant toll! I now come to my last nuisance, and nuisance it is, and a most burdensome one. I mean simply the *Gratuity System*. At the risk of being considered mean, I here stigmatise it as a most intolerable nuisance. To the mean man it is of course no nuisance, as he never gives anything he can avoid, and gratuities, I grant, can be avoided, but to the man who is disposed to be open-handed and to "do in Rome as the Romans do," it is an imposition most unjust. To my mind, there is no reason why paid servants should look for remuneration outside of their employers. Paid servants in other walks of life do not, and I can consider it as nothing but a custom imported from the old Land, a very foolish custom and a very troublesome and—yes, I will say it, a very costly one.

With which explosion, I drop my pen and say good-night.

WAYFARER.

VARIETIES.

NEWSPAPER EXPENSE.—The *Times* is now going to a prodigious expense with its telegraphic news. It has no fewer than three correspondents at Paris. The chief of them is a M. Oppert de Blowitz, a naturalized Frenchman, who is a chevalier of the Legion of Honour and a friend of M. Thiers and the Duke Decazes. Associated with him are Mr. Williams who was formerly a journalist at Birmingham, and Mr.

JUDIC.—*La Belle Hélène* has been reproduced at the Variétés with Madame Judic as the chief character, originally played by Mlle. Schneider. The new personator of the title part was eminently successful. One of the great effects of the evening occurred in the second act, in the Olympian couplets.

"Dis-moi, Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu
A faire ainsi cascader ma vertu?"

The fair singer rendered these lines with so much grace and spirit, and with so charming an expression, that the whole house broke out into applause. The verses were encored, and then encored a second time. Madame Judic repeated them to frantic cheering, and the audience seemed likely to be never satisfied. The applause was renewed when in one of her replies she exclaims, *Maintenant me voilà forte*. The allusion was caught up at once, and from that moment the *Belle Hélène* had nothing to fear from any one. The other parts were very efficiently enacted, so that the piece is likely to have a good number of representations.

TOOLE'S LATENT.—Mr. E. L. Blanchard writes:—About ten days ago a distinguished capitalist, well known as the proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, was in his private box enjoying the performances at the large theatre at Brussels. Between the acts the box-keeper introduced an apparent foreigner in full travelling costume, with long hair, and a heavy moustache, as a gentleman on pressing business. After some general conversation, prefaced by profound apologetic regrets for the intrusion, conveyed in exceedingly bad French, a request was made for the loan of "deux napoleons" to meet a temporary pecuniary difficulty. Surprise at such a request from a perfect stranger was followed by a burst of indignation and a summons by the box-keeper to eject the obtrusive individual forthwith. The importunities and gesticulations of the foreign-looking gentleman became more rabid than ever, and quite a crowd collected in the lobby to witness this new scene of excitement which had occurred at the end of the first piece. "I never saw this person before!" exclaimed the incensed capitalist. "Nevare saw me before!" cried the foreign-looking gentleman: "that is von leetle feeb—vot you call von leetle tarradiddle—for you have seen me as Mr. Spriggins in the popular farce of 'Ici on Parle Français';" and returning his wig and moustache to his pocket, and turning down the collar of his travelling coat, Mr. J. L. Toole stood revealed to the amazement of Mr. L., who had been baffled by a disguise suddenly assumed on passing from the stalls below to try the possibility of a visitor to Brussels making himself utterly unknown to his most intimate. The fullest proof of the completeness of the deception is to be found in the circumstance that the interview lasted half an hour without the slightest suspicion of the harmless illusion practised.

PROF. HUXLEY.—The eminent English scientist Professor Huxley, made but a short stay in New York, but his arrival was the cause of a conversation between one of the city's amateurs who is an enthusiastic admirer of Huxley, and he spoke so extravagantly about him that his friend finally became curious, and asked, "Who in thunder is Huxley, anyway?" "You don't mean to say you have not heard about Professor Huxley, the great scientist?" "Yes, I do though—never heard his name before. What has he done?" "Why, man, Huxley made the important discovery about protoplasm." "About what?" "Protoplasm." "And what the dickens is protoplasm?" "Now look here—you don't mean to sit there and me you don't know what protoplasm is!" "That's just it. Nary protoplasm." "Well—protoplasm is what we may call the life-principle." "Anything to do with insurance?" "Oh, nonsense! The life-principle is nature; the starting point of vital action, so to speak." "He discovered that, did he?" "Yes, a few years ago in England." "And what good is it going to do?" "Good! A great deal of good. It expands the circle of human knowledge, and is valuable in bearing out the theory of evolution. It is a noble contribution to science, and it has made Huxley one of the few immortal names that were not born to die." "So Huxley knows all about the life-principle, does he?" "Yes, all about it." "And the starting-point of final action?" "Exactly." "Well, see here now: can he take some of that protoplasm and go to work and make a man or a horse or an elephant with it?" "Oh, no, he couldn't do that." "Can he take it and make anything at all of it, even a gnat or a fly?" "I guess not." "Well, then, he may just go to thunder with his protoplasm. I don't believe it's worth ten cents a pound anyhow. 'Pears to me these scientific fellows put on a big lot of airs about very little. Protoplasm, eh! Shouldn't wonder if Huxley came over here to get up a company to work it. Did you say the mine is in England?" It is almost needless to say that the scientist gave up his friend in despair.

MR. BRADLAUGH AS A WRESTLER.—Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant have been lecturing at Congleton under the auspices of what is known as the Progressive Club. On one night Mrs. Besant lectured on freedom of thought and speech, Mr. Bradlaugh being in the chair. The lecturer was proceeding to denounce Christianity when one of the audience shouted, "Put her out." Mr. Bradlaugh intimated that the first man who interrupted would be put out, whereupon Mr. Burberry, a local tradesman and a well-known wrestler, invited Mr. Bradlaugh to attempt it. Mr. Bradlaugh at once left the platform and closed with his opponent. They fell over a form together, and a

scuffle ensued, and the excitement in the room was intense. The supporters of Mr. Bradlaugh cheered, while their opponents booed, and a crowd outside smashed the windows of the building. Mr. Bradlaugh had succeeded in pushing his antagonist half way down the room, when the latter was rescued by his friends and induced to retire.

A NEW DRAMATIST.—Paris has one crumb of comfort just now. She has been presented with a new tragedy and a new dramatic writer. *Rome Vaincue* is the name of the first, and M. Parodi responds to the second. A successful play-writer is more thought of in France than an able minister. The latter disappears like dynasties, but a good drama survives the fall of cabinets and thrones. Ten years ago, M. Parodi arrived in Paris from Smyrna with nothing in his pocket but a manuscript for the theatres. He wore out several pairs of shoes calling on managers, but without success. Being an Italian-Greek he gave lessons in these languages, and as if he had not enough of misery he says he "married in despair." But then he obtained his reward. It was his little son, as messenger, that succeeded in placing the manuscript of his papa in the hands of the manager of the Theatre-Français, which was accepted, and during the rehearsal of the play the little fellow, aged eight, constituted the *claque* for the *habitués* of the green-room. The first thing M. Parodi did on learning the enthusiasm with which his play was received was to burn two dozen tapers to the Virgin. We have modern tragedy, all that is now required is a new Talma and Rachel.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—A curious psychological phenomenon has been reported by a medical man in Bordeaux. A woman, Felida X., has for sixteen years been undergoing an alteration of memory, which has all the appearance of a doubling of life. There is amnesia, or loss of memory, with regard to periods of variable duration which have gradually been enlarged. The memory, passing over these second states, connects together at the period of the normal state, so that Felida has, as it were, two existences—the one ordinary, composed of all the periods of the normal state, connected by memory; the other secondary, comprising all the periods of the two states—that is, the whole-life. The forgetfulness is complete and absolute, but refers only to what has happened during the second condition; it effects neither anterior motions nor general ideas. Besides amnesia, Felida manifests, in the periods of attack of the malady, changes in character and sentiments. The alteration of memory and accompanying phenomena have for cause (the author says) a diminution in the quantity of blood conveyed to the part of the brain, still unknown, where memory is localised. The momentary contraction of vessels, which is the instrument of this diminution, is caused by the state of hysteria.

The *Daily Telegraph* also has three correspondents. The chief is Mr. Campbell Clarke, one of the few Englishmen who have received the Legion of Honour, and he is an accomplished dramatist, who adapted for the English stage *Giroflé-Girofla* and *Rose Michel*. Next to him is Mr. Hanlon, and associated with them is the late Paris correspondent of the *Hour*. Mr. Boves is the correspondent of the *Standard*. Mr. George Crauford, known by his long white beard, represents the *Daily News*.

DION BOUCICAULT.—Mr. Boucicault has been interviewed by a French journalist. He stated that he was born in 1822, and that his education at first was devoted chiefly to mathematics. He wrote his first play when he was 16; it was called *The Old Guard of Napoleon*. It was not till he was 30 that he appeared on the stage, and he was prompted to do so not by love of the drama, but by the love of a young actress who is now his wife. According to Mr. Boucicault, it is not necessary to begin acting young, nor is it needful to be good-looking or well made, for one of the greatest actresses of our time, Rachel, was very plain. Boucicault said he had written between three and four hundred plays, many of them adaptations merely. That latter style of work was not to his mind, but he was obliged to do it in order to live. He had translated as many as 50 pieces in a single year, for the directors of the London theatres found it cheaper to pay £12 or £15 for a French piece which had been approved at Paris than to pay Bulwer, for instance, £600 for a piece which might fail. Mr. Boucicault attributed the decay of the English drama to the invasion of French dramas between the years 1844 and 1850. He has a low opinion of French plays and actors at the present time. He says the French have now nothing else but mechanical skill, and though the Parisian dramatist can write passionate dialogue, he cannot develop his characters. This is the coolest thing that has been said for many a day, but it recoils upon the writer with all the force that can be given to it by the unanimous adverse opinion of every man and woman in England of any claim to taste and refinement.

THE HORSE'S PLEA.

Going up hill, whip me not;
Coming down hill, hurry me not;
On level ground, spare me not;
Loose in stable, forget me not.

Of hay and corn rob me not;
Of clean water stint me not;
With sponge and water neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not.

Tired or hot, wash me not;
If sick or old, chill me not;
With bit or reins, oh, jerk me not;
And when you are angry, strike me not.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

G. S. Hamilton.—Many thanks for your kind letter. The proceedings of the closing meeting of the late Dominion Chess Association Congress appeared in our Column three weeks ago.

J. W. S., Windsor street, Montreal.—The Pawn at White's Q 2, in Problem 92, is Black.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No 92 received. Correct. Your remarks shall receive notice in our next Column.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 90 received. This problem is by one of our best modern composers, nevertheless, the position shall be examined. Duals exist in the best positions of the day.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Letter, and Problems by M. Moner, received. Many thanks.

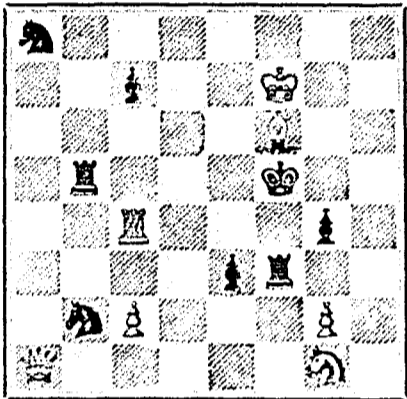
We insert in our Column, to day, a game won by Mrs. Gilbert, the lady Champion of America. It is one of the games played in the pending Postal Tourney between the United States and Canada. We copy it from the Chess column of the Field, where it is spoken of as a remarkable game. The Hartford Times was the first to publish it, and it has since appeared in all the American papers taking an interest in Chess matters.

The Americans are justly proud of Mrs. Gilbert, and in the same way the papers in England have been rejoicing over the success of Miss Rudge, the English lady Chess-player, who took so high a standing in the late Counties Chess Association Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 94.

By G. J. SLATER.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 135TH.

Played between Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Hood, in the pending Postal Tourney, United States vs. Canada. (Haupp's Kt Game.)

WHITE.

BLACK.

Mr. Hood, (Canada.) Mrs. Gilbert, (United States.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to K B 4
4. P to K R 4
5. K Kt to B 3
6. P to Q 4 (a)
7. K B to Kt 5
8. K to K B sq
9. P to Q 2 (a)
10. K B to R 4 (b)
11. Q P takes Kt
12. Kt P takes B
13. Q to Q 4
14. Q B takes P
15. Q takes P at Q R 4
16. K Kt to Q 4
17. P to K Kt 3
18. K to K R 2 (a)
19. Q R to Q Kt
20. Q B to Q 2
21. Q B takes P
22. K to K 3 (f)
23. Q B to H 1
24. K to K B 2
25. K to Kt sq
26. Q R to K sq
P to K 4
Q Kt to B 3
K P takes P
K B to K 2
P to Q 3
Q B to Kt 5
K B takes P (ch)
K B to K B 3 (b)
P to Q R 3
K B takes Q Kt
P to Q Kt 4
K P takes B
P to K B 3
K Kt to K 2
Castles.
K Kt to K Kt 3
K Kt to K 4
Q to K Kt 4
P to K Kt 4
P to K B 4
P takes P (dis ch)
P to Q 4
Kt to Q B 5 (ch)
P to K 6 (ch)
P to K 7
and Mrs. Gilbert announced mate in 12 moves.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt to Q 5 would have been better.
(b) Anticipating advance of Q P.
(c) B takes Kt was quite as strong.
(d) B takes Kt looks better.
(e) K to Kt 2 would have been better.
(f) Weak, but probably nothing would have averted defeat.
We may add that the key moves to the ingenious calculation upon which the announced mate rests are:—B takes B, followed by Q to K 6 (ch) and (upon White's moving to Kt 2), Q takes P, followed by R to B sq.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 92.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. Q takes P
2. Q takes B P
3. Mate.
(A)
1. P to K 4 (B)
2. Any move.
(B)
1. P Queens.
2. R interposes.
2. Q to K Kt 3 (ch)
3. B mates.
The other variations are obvious.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 90.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. B to Q R 2 (ch)
2. R to K 4
3. Mate accordingly.
1. B interposes
2. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 91.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- K at Q R 7
B at K 2
B at Q R 3
K at Q B 3
K at Q R 4
Pawns at Q R 5 and K 6.
White to play and mate in four moves.

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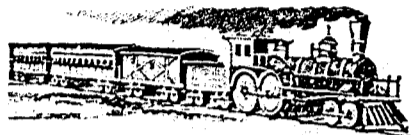
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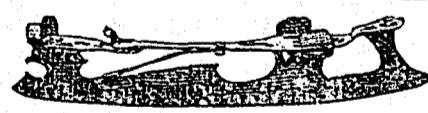
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNDERSIGNED, WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the City of Montreal, Gentleman, will apply the next session of Parliament for the Province of Quebec, for permission to change his name to WILLIAM TAYLOR LINDSAY. WILLIAM TAYLOR, Montreal, 7th October, 1876. 14-14-52-163

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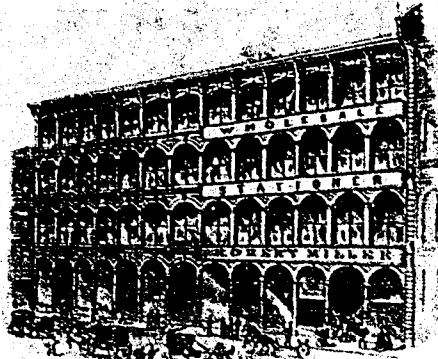
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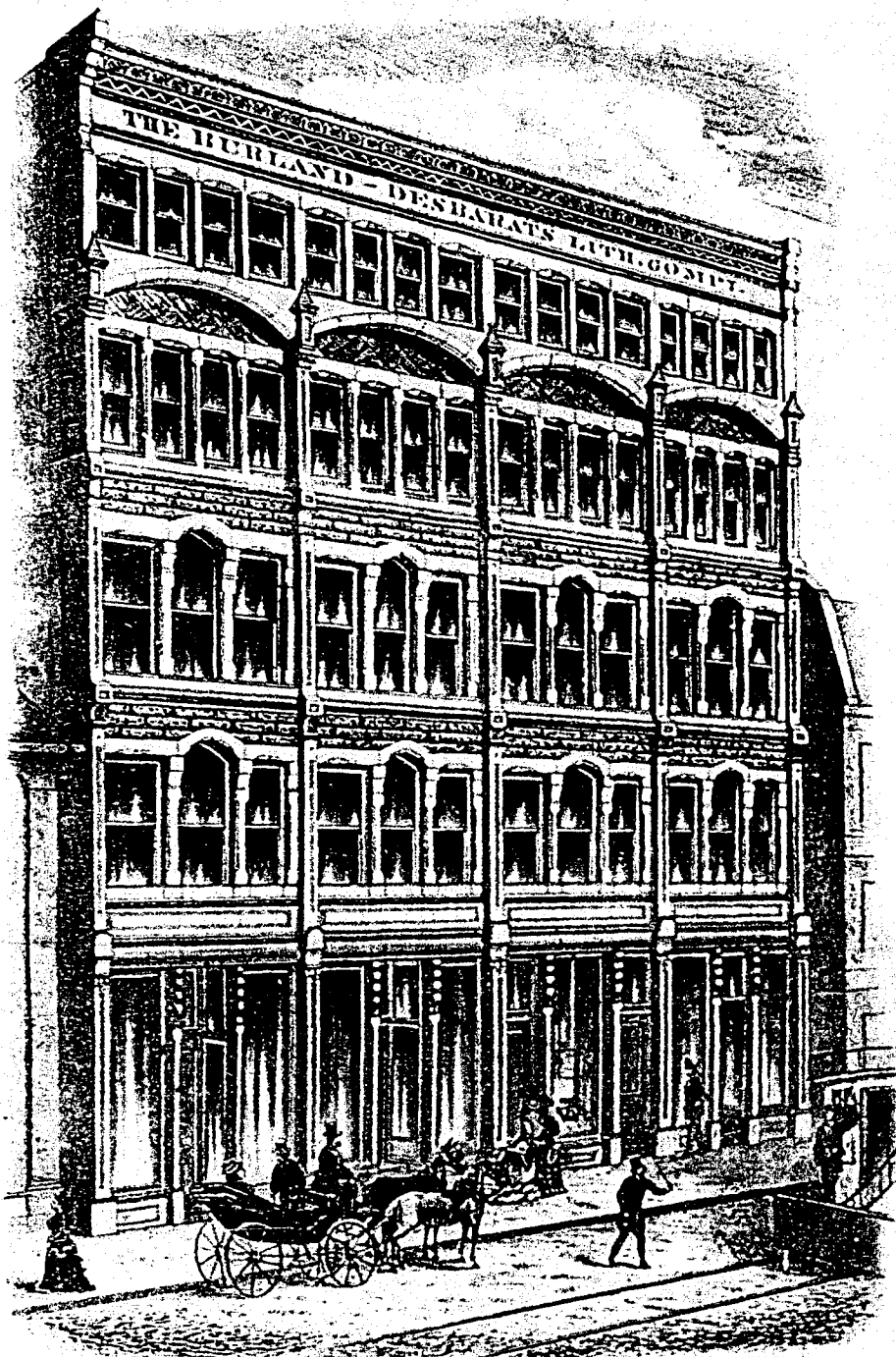
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