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Illustrated News

Vol. IX.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

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Summer-Tide

W. Scheuer

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
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 THE EDITOR—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage
 should be inclosed.

We beg to draw our readers' attention to the beautiful
 views of

MONTREAL

AND

ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS,

which appear in supplementary form in this number. In
 future issues we will continue the series thus begun, by
 giving views in similar form of the principal cities of
 Canada, with their public buildings. It is our intention
 at an early date to publish a similar sheet to that issued
 this week, with views and sketches of

Quebec, Its Monuments and Antiquities

This will be followed after an interval by another sheet
 giving sketches

IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

with a view of the city itself.

For the convenience of those who may wish to preserve
 these views, it is our intention to issue them printed with
 a tint on heavy plate paper. Copies will be sold at one
 dollar each, and may be procured at the principal book-
 sellers throughout the country.

We this week commence a series of pictures illustrative
 of the journey of the

Manitoba Mounted Police

of the last detachment, with portraits of some of the
 officers. An artist belonging to the staff of the News
 accompanies the force on its campaign, and will, as occa-
 sion offers, forward us sketches of its adventures and
 operations.

The next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will
 contain several illustrations of the grand

ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE CELEBRATION

IN MONTREAL,

in which many thousands of French Canadians from dif-
 ferent parts of Canada and the United States will partake.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

A letter addressed by Sir JOHN ROSE to the London
Economist possesses value, at the present moment, not
 only on account of the character and experience of the
 writer, but because it sheds light, from an independent
 quarter, on the real financial condition of the country.
 Sir JOHN puts down the total debt of Canada at about
 \$90,000,000, or about £5 8s. sterling per head of the pop-
 ulation, involving an annual tax of less than five shillings
 per head. He adds truly that this tax is less *per capita*
 than that of any other Colony, and only about one-eighth
 that of the great State of New York. He denies emphati-
 cally that the past policy of Canada in reference to public
 works has been either rash or inconsiderate, or that any
 of these have been unproductive. He enters on a masterly
 defense of the wisdom displayed in the undertaking of
 these public works. The volume of trade has risen from
 \$76,000,000 in 1861 to \$240,000,000 in 1873, employing a
 tonnage of nearly 14,000,000. Exports have increased
 56 per cent. in six years, while during the last ten years
 imports of British manufactures have risen from
 £4,000,000 to £8,000,000 sterling. Canada owns between

9,000 and 10,000 vessels, having a registered tonnage of
 over 1,500,000. She employs 90,000 men in her fisheries,
 the value of which is about £2,000,000 sterling a year,
 while the facilities she has given for the products of the
 Western States of the Union reaching the sea by way of
 the St. Lawrence are attracting an export trade through
 Canadian channels which already amounts to upwards of
 \$12,750,000 per year, and which will be increased enor-
 mously by the improvements in the navigation now in
 progress. Sir JOHN shows that the consolidation of British
 America depends on great public works intended to
 unite the Provinces, and that, therefore, the construction
 of these, even at the heavy outlay, was a necessary condi-
 tion of our national existence. He instances the Inter-
 colonial Railway, and the purchase of the North West
 from the Hudson's Bay Company. His remarks on British
 Columbia are significant, as particularly applicable to the
 present circumstances of misunderstanding between that
 Province and the Dominion Government, and they fully
 endorse the views which we have expressed in these
 columns on that subject. He says that, considering the
 possible consequences resulting from the isolation of Brit-
 ish Columbia, and the risk of England losing a foothold
 on the Pacific, the incorporation of the Province with
 Canada was as much a matter of Imperial as of Colonial
 concern. And we may urge the same argument in regard
 to its retention in the Confederation. We trust Mr.
 WALKER may press this reasoning upon the Imperial
 authorities when he reaches London. Sir JOHN ROSE de-
 serves the thanks of the people of Canada for watching
 over their interests and the good name of their country
 in the capital of the Empire. He lives there as a wakeful
 sentinel, far from the strife of parties, to correct the
 errors made by incompetent men on this side of the
 water, and to counteract the bad impression given out of
 Canada by bitter partisans, in and out of the Government,
 who will sacrifice even the commercial reputation of their
 own land in order to spite their political adversaries.

It is all very well to talk, as some are now doing, about
 improvements in the Dawson Road as a substitute for that
 section of the great Pacific Line which is to extend from
 eastern railroad connections to the prairies of our North
 West, but it is quite evident that, with all its defects or
 perfections, such a road could not continue an available
 substitute for any great period, unless, indeed, we are
 forming to ourselves extremely insignificant ideas of the
 capacities of our vast prairie country, so great a prize to
 be so strangely neglected! To move the crops of the
 North-West Provinces to their markets, free from imposts
 that would be only prohibitory, will require a Winter
 Road, direct and clear of monopoly. We cannot avoid
 seeing that the great bulk of the maize crop of the prairies
 to the south of us is wasted, and the growth of that impor-
 tant staple restrained to an extent it would be almost
 impossible to estimate, through transit vacancies and
 monopolies. The section thus called for, in the case of
 the Dominion, to be thoroughly equipped for so great a
 traffic, will take some time to build. Foundations have
 to be laid, if structures are to be expected—a railway will
 never be evolved out of mere talk—and it will be just as
 well to look a little forward, and to prepare ourselves to
 furnish forth a Through Line of the needed description,
 as to be confusing the main question with the merely
 minor issue of the fluvial and border line. The route in
 question, at present costing the country \$70,000 annually
 of subsidy for the transport of a portion of our immi-
 grants and a few goods, may be susceptible of great im-
 provements; but, if so, it will be better to take it up as
 an entirely separate duty. We are beginning to realize
 that ours is a great Dominion, and that things will have
 to be done on a great scale if only to avoid serious losses.

Every now and again we hear of one or another of the
 American States revising its constitution. The State of
 Ohio proposes doing this, and some of the amendments
 contemplated are very noteworthy. It adopts cumula-
 tive voting, an improvement already introduced, we be-
 lieve, in Illinois. It increases the term of the Supreme
 Court to ten years, and suits for less than one hundred
 dollars may be tried before six jurors instead of twelve.
 It sanctions the election of women to any office in connec-
 tion with the public schools, except that of State Com-
 missioner, and makes them eligible to any office which is
 subject to appointment. It forbids municipalities to
 contract debts exceeding five per cent. of their taxable
 property without consent of three-fourths of the voters;
 and it gives the superintendent of public works a large
 extension of power.

A press despatch, dated Weston, June 15th, says:

The verdict of the Jury in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Peters,
 who were killed while crossing the Grand Trunk Railway was
 "Accidental Death," it having been shown that the engine
 driver blew the whistle before crossing the road. The funeral

of the deceased pair was very largely attended yesterday after-
 noon, there being 172 carriages in attendance.

All very proper, no doubt! but how many of the in-
 mates of those 172 carriages would exert themselves as
 citizens of a free country should do, to reform the scan-
 dalous defects in the law affecting Level Crossings on
 Canadian Railways? Such a vigorous, human course as
 that we indicate would be the most honourable tribute
 they could pay the memory of the unfortunate and la-
 mented deceased. What are we all afraid of? May we
 not protect our own lives in this Canada of ours?

It ought to not be a matter of surprise for any one, but
 rather a source of congratulation, that the Government
 have decided the right of appeal, in cases of contested
 elections, from one judge to three judges. This will be
 fair for everybody, irrespective of party. Of course it
 will prolong the proceedings and increase expenses, but
 we fancy that after a few cases shall have thus been heard,
 and all the law points involved therein fully tested, suffi-
 cient precedent will have been established to render
 future trials of a similar character few and far between.
 Of course, where party spirit runs high, there will always
 be some contestations, but in the majority of instances,
 people will be prudent enough to husband their patience
 and save their money.

Really so little light has been thrown on the facts of
 the controversy between British Columbia and the
 Federal Government that it is impossible to come to any
 definite conclusion in regard to them. But from the little
 we know, it looks very much as if Attorney-General
 WALKER were going to England on a fool's errand. How
 is the Colonial Office going to interfere in the matter?
 We see that manifestoes supporting Mr. MACKENZIE'S
 course, are already being signed in some parts of British
 Columbia, thus showing that the Government are prepar-
 ing a counter movement to Mr. WALKER. This, of course,
 will only complicate matters.

The correspondence between his lordship, the Bishop
 of Montreal and Rev. Canon Baldwin, respecting service
 in the English Cathedral, is painful reading. The Bishop
 puts forth his claims in a calm and almost suppliant
 manner, and nearly all these claims are resisted by the
 Canon in firm, albeit respectful language. Of course, we
 are not going to discuss the merits of the controversy,
 but we cannot refrain from the reflection that the clergy
 ought to learn forbearance at the foibles of poor laymen,
 harrassed as they are by the business of life, when they
 themselves are so punctilious and uncompromising in
 matters of mere precedence and authority.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's bill aimed against the
 Ritualists, has passed the House of Lords by a majority of
 108. The Roman Catholics took no part in the debate.
 The Ritualists are now upon their mettle, and seem
 determined not to allow themselves to be put down.
 Eight hundred of their clergy have signed a memorial,
 stating that if the bill passes and is sought to be enforced,
 they will not obey it, as they do not intend to recognize
 ecclesiastical regulations enacted by secular legislators.

The Monarchists of France are said to be in despair.
 Of themselves, they were never strong enough to do any-
 thing, but relied on the co operation of the two centres—
 Right and Left—which have hitherto favoured moderate
 counsels. Now, however, the Left Centre is carrying the
 Right Centre along with it into a determined movement
 for a settled government. That, of course, means the
 Republic.

That is a terrible exemplification of the law of con-
 trasts which is now exhibited in the Saguenay district.
 Wealthy pleasure-seekers are wandering over its magni-
 ficent scenery and fishing in its deep waters, while its poor
 inhabitants are starving. The inclement season has pre-
 vented them from sowing their grain and the cattle are
 dying from want of food.

The Boston people want the Paris crew of St. John, to
 enter at the Fourth of July regatta to be held in that
 city. The first prize in the four-oared shell race is to be
 \$300, which is certainly a generous inducement.

It is a singular circumstance that Nova Scotia takes no
 public interest in the intensely exciting school ques-
 tion which is at present agitating New Brunswick. Is it
 because she disapproves or is indifferent?

The Israelites of this city are gathering alms for the
 sufferers in Palestine. Their example ought to remind
 Canadians that their brethren on the Saguenay require
 pressing assistance.

OUR SAILORS.

As we take our way along the streets of a modern city we may see much in the human faces we encounter to bring feeling to the kindly heart, and thought to the mind. When the quiet gentleman and the typical sailor—"Poor Jack," as we seem to like to call him—meet amidst the busy throng, the glance that is exchanged between them soon lets each see that they belong to separate departments of civilization, and will be likely to lead to the belief in the son of ocean that he has not altogether the best of the bargain. He cannot be expected to call to mind that he has never had to busy himself in the transfer of merchandise, or piling up correspondence with the House in Europe, and if it could only be explained to him what anxiety these sometimes involve, might be inclined to banish the thought of envy rising in his breast. Still, the merchant at his desk sees his lode-star, or believes he does, and we do not think the treatment our visitor receives to be in the least commensurate with the excellent service he confers upon the community. No one seems to understand him, or to take much trouble to do him justice—an essential link in the intercourse of nations. A man who has familiarized himself with hardships, that luxury in many forms may be ours, we almost treat him as if he were an extra growth of the social order, a being alien to our sympathies. Some of us may never have spoken to a sailor in our lives—and many more may consider that it would be hard to make themselves altogether intelligible to him. Such is the effect of the separation that a mere calling in life has imposed. But in the midst of all this anomaly a few are found, who, prompted by feelings of true philanthropy, have striven to break through the barrier that divides the denizens of the sea and shore, and to bring themselves into a fuller sympathy with our poor bird of passage, while they bring a stream of sunshine to flow down upon his life. Thus they shield him more or less completely from the frightful injuries and deceits to which he is exposed, so soon as he sets foot upon the treacherous shore.

In such cities as London, Liverpool, Bristol and Montreal, Sailor's Homes or Institutes, which people of judgment will know to be the best citadel of the missionary and his good influences, have been thoroughly furnished for the work of enabling him to pass his time while in harbour in what we may call Christian comfort. Their promoters have managed to let the poor fellow know that it is their wish to advance his welfare—to afford him the exercise of a quiet mind amid peaceful and agreeable surroundings during the few hours he spends amongst us landmen—to put him in the way of profiting himself, while his bodily comforts are judiciously ministered to. Nor are we to assume that this man comes to us in the guise of a pauper. After the first expenses are overcome, your seaman in port is quite able to sustain his institution by paying as he goes. Will it not seem strange, that any seaport of importance should be found unwilling at once to enhance its own reputation, while it benefited the sailor, by adopting a similar course? Calmly looked at, the making a port justly pleasant to the seaman would seem to redound so fully to the benefit of the captain and shipowner as to ensure for every such commercial emporium a proportionate enhanced share in the general traffic arriving by sea. Against so obvious an arrangement has to be set, however, the mighty power of "use and wont." It may be hateful enough in its pretensions, "Use and wont" will continue to bear away, nevertheless, until displaced by a stronger power. The right spirit will one day become stronger than itself. The Governments, general and local, are, we will say favourable to the true course—offers of assistance are more than hinted at, for at least the supply by daytime of the seaman's needs, if it be thought necessary that he should sleep on board ship while in port. The banquet is ready or might be so—the guests are ready, in the case we have supposed, to partake of the pleasant viands to be set before them; but an ague-fear—a groundless one, we are fully persuaded—of not being able to impound the men when they are needed and of not getting the human merchandise under lock and key when a ship is wanted to be manned, causes a well-intended enterprise to collapse for the time, and efforts that could hardly be overvalued for their far-reaching effects to lose for the present the name of action. Let us be thankful for what we have—an effective police is a great point gained—but in England we have Plimsoll—and in London there is a special Mission to Seamen. Has it ever proved the power of deputations to ports at a distance, in order to plead with the authorities for humane treatment for these men? They are more Britain's children than those of any other country, although other nations would equally benefit by a judicious movement for their welfare.

FRENCH FANATICISM.—The Switzerland *Gottardo* reports the following act of almost inconceivable religious fanaticism, which occurred at Lucques: The police have just discovered a poor girl who was betrothed tied by her relatives with a heavy rope to a beam in the attic of the house where she lived in such a way that the whole weight of her body rested upon the fastening. Everything had been done to increase her sufferings; she was deprived of food, water, and sleep. When she was found she had lost her reason and could not speak; she howled like a wild beast. The father, sister, and uncles of the unfortunate creature have been arrested as well as a curé who appears to have been the instigator of this savage act.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE TRADE AND ARBITRATION.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—Free trade can hardly ever become universal or continuous. It is opposed to the inevitable necessities of national prosperity. Every time two great nations become involved in war their whole commercial policies with other nations require changes. In some cases the effects of these changes are felt severely in very remote places. The trade relations between England and the States were totally changed by the late civil war. The commercial treaty between England and France was swept away by the late French and Prussian war. This is the fate of every treaty sooner or later; and such a fate is always disastrous to trade. *Permanent, steady prosperity cannot be secured without a large development of home manufactures.* If Canada now enters into trade relations with the States, to the injury of home manufactures, a war between the East and West, of which there is some real danger, will again find us without manufactures of our own and compelled to pay war prices for everything we import. Duties and taxes are and will always be the only means of paying war debts. Nations, not having home manufactures, are constantly assisting to pay the debts of other nations. As shown in a former letter, England built up home manufactures by protection; till now, nearly every nation in the world is contributing towards the payment of her national debt. Protection is what makes free trade ultimately profitable. Free trade, however, can never be profitable for all. It is so only for those who possess natural or acquired advantages.

It is no use to preach free trade to a nation in the present position of France or in that of the States immediately after the civil war. Adversity teaches those people to reject such nonsense. *True economy is learned in adversity.* It is only in prosperous times that false theories like free trade take root. In every financial embarrassment nations have to flee to protection, and if people would not forget the arts by which they surmount difficulties, they would make fewer mistakes. The way to pay debts and the way to make money is the same. Nations pay debts by duties and protection to home manufactures; to continue prosperous it is necessary to continue this policy. The conditions that might possibly make free trade safe and profitable do not exist, and are never likely to exist. For example, the idea that international disputes are about to be generally settled by arbitration is nonsense. Such men as Emperor William and Bismarck, backed by immense resources, after enormous expenditures in military preparations, feeling strong and confident of victory, will never submit a weighty matter to arbitration where the decision of such a tribunal is at all doubtful. Military men have no faith in such a prediction. Krupp, the great cannon manufacturer in Prussia, is putting \$7,500,000 of new capital into his work. All these things point to a continuance of war, as usual, and the unfitness of free-trade theories at present. Capitalists are as willing as ever to furnish money to carry on war, and invest money in the manufacture of arms. The most gigantic warlike preparations are going on on every side. England, where the doctrine of arbitration finds its chief support, is building as many ships of war as ever. It was by war she won her vast dominions, though peace would suit her best now; but younger nations are not yet satisfied to give the game up. For those who give attention to the subject, there is more to be gained yet by war than by arbitration. The age is still far off when war will cease to be the principal arbiter between nations. There are too many barbarous and semi-barbarous nations still in the world for civilized man to lay down the only means of defence which holds such people in awe. As the pugilist requires the blows of a training master to prepare him for the real conflict, so one civilized nation still requires to come into collision with another to prepare them for a conflict with the barbarous nations by which a great portion of the earth is still inhabited. If civilized man is master of the world, at the present day, it is his superiority in arms which has made him so. Our intercourse with half the world and a large majority of the human race is preserved only by our superiority in the use of arms. If Europe and America abandoned warlike preparations, and adopted rules for settling international disputes by arbitration, both countries would be conquered by the barbarous and semi-barbarous hordes of Asia and Africa within two centuries. To civilized man war is an evil, but the abandonment of the art, as advocated by the arbitration movement, would be a greater evil. In wars between civilized nations civilization suffers little in comparison with what it suffers when a civilized nation is conquered by a barbarous one. This is where the screw is loose in the free-trade movement. Free-traders think that arbitration as a means of settling nearly all international disputes is an accomplished fact, and that any policy which the present civilized nations think proper to adopt will control the destinies of mankind in all time to come. This kind of egotism is common in all ages. Greece, Rome, Persia, Assyria, and all the nations of antiquity, thought the same thing of themselves. They never dreamed that the seat of power would be in Western Europe some day; just as the free-traders of Western Europe now think it will never remove to any place else hereafter.

Should any considerable declension take place in the military art in Western Europe, the British army might probably be drawn out of India within fifty years. Were it not for modern improvement in the manufacture of fire-arms I doubt if the Government could hold India even now. With the old musket British soldiers could hardly succeed in expeditions against even such enemies as the Abyssinians or Ashantees; and repulses in cases of this kind might lead to the invasion of Europe by Asia or Africa once more. However improbable this may appear at present, it might be rendered quite practicable by the operation of such principles as free trade and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The arbitration and free-trade doctrines emanate from the same source. Free-trade economists are the blindest of all politicians, and those who elevate such men are the blindest of all electors. They remind one of the man who in lopping the branches of a tree cut the one on which he was standing. The declension of the military art likely to arise from arbitration would efface civilization on two continents and exclude the manufactures of Western Europe from half of the human race.

To each civilized nation individually there is no more im-

portant question than protection to home manufactures; and to all civilized nations collectively there is nothing of greater consequence than progress in the art of war. While the former confines the evil effects of war pretty much to its immediate locality, the latter is required to push forward civilization in barbarous countries. Disarming civilized nations is equivalent to arming barbarous ones. But the practice of modern philanthropists is to disarm everything good and leave everything bad armed to the teeth. They are silly enough to suppose that if the saint lays down his sword Satan will follow the example. The ballot bill just passed is a corresponding principle. By it, law and public opinion, the highest emanations of public virtue, are totally disarmed, while every elector is placed in a position to bribe or be bribed with impunity.

Yours truly,

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

THE FLANEUR.

The London *Figaro* calls Jenkins a demi-semi ambassador. In a letter addressed to the *Times*, the irrepressible Agent-General quotes Mr. Mackenzie himself to prove that he is a quasi-diplomatic agent. This thing should be cleared up. Jenkins is not fit to be Ambassador, even of the demi-semi variety.

Some time ago one of our comics was accused of plagiarizing *Punch*. It maintained a prudent silence, thus acknowledging the corn. It will now have its revenge, on learning that *Punch* itself has been caught plagiarizing. In its number of May 30th it had the following:

Terrible child. What is matter?
Sensible parent. Never mind.
Terrible child. What is mind?
Sensible parent. No matter.

Now the self-same witticism appeared, word for word, in the *Month*, for 1851, a shilling magazine edited by Albert Smith, with illustrations by John Leech.

Our French papers sometimes succeed in hitting off a good joke. Referring to the lamentations of the present Opposition over the sins of the Government, one of them says:
 Scratch a Russian and you catch a Tartar.
 Scratch a Tory and you find a Pharisee.

The Conservatives want to run Mr. Chauveau for Napierville. I hope Mr. Chauveau will not allow himself to be "run." He is free from the bad record of the old party, and ought to hold aloof. After a short retirement he will come to the fore again, under happier auspices, for the country cannot afford to lose the services of one of her purest and most scholarly public men.

It is a morbidly bad fashion to be forever abusing mothers-in-law. Will not your wife become a mother-in-law some day? And how will you like to have a beardless fellow who has inveigled your daughter from you, add the further indignity of looking down upon your wife?

Superannuation is the order of the day. There are so many young and hungry members of the "pairty" who want to get a berth that the outbreak of an epidemic—say cholera or small-pox—among the members of the present Civil Service would be regarded as a "providential interposition."

Sir John A. Macdonald is going to repeat his visit to the salt water this summer. Let him be prudent. He might get drowned again.

Norris absolutely denies everything. Mr. Abbott is just now absent in Europe. Is there any coincidence?

Whether is it better to be Premier of a Province or Collector of Customs at its principal port?
 Mr. Annand will soon tell us.

What is a Cathedral?
 A Bishop's Church.
 Then there is no English Cathedral in this city, according to Dr. Oxenden's own showing.

There are to be no general elections for the Provincial Legislature after all. That is right, Messrs. Ouimet and Chapleau. Your own dissolution will come soon enough, without your hastening it on.

A literary friend who was toiling through the labyrinth of Winchell's "Doctrine of Evolution," said it would require half a dozen bottles of beer to help him through the book.
 "That would be *involution*," replied a sympathizing colleague.

It is pretended that Mr. Mackenzie has set his eyes upon Kingston as the seat of the proposed Military College. Ordinary people would imagine that the Premier had based his choice on purely geographical and strategical reasons. But it seems that is a mistake. An Opposition paper informs us that Kingston will be selected, because Mr. Mackenzie hopes thereby to alienate that constituency from its old fealty to Sir John.

Ours is truly a paternal Government. It pays its faithful servants in advance. Mr. Young, who has been President of the Harbour Commission about three months, has received \$2,000 for his services *during the year!*

On the other hand, the Civil Service clerks, most of them appointees of the old Government, have been warned that if they talk about increase of salary they will be summarily dismissed.

A prominent doctor of this city advertises that a cow has strayed from his residence!

"Green Grass" butter is advertised by a grocer on Craig Street. It is very yellow.

ALMAYVA.

THE DOMINION MOUNTED POLICE.



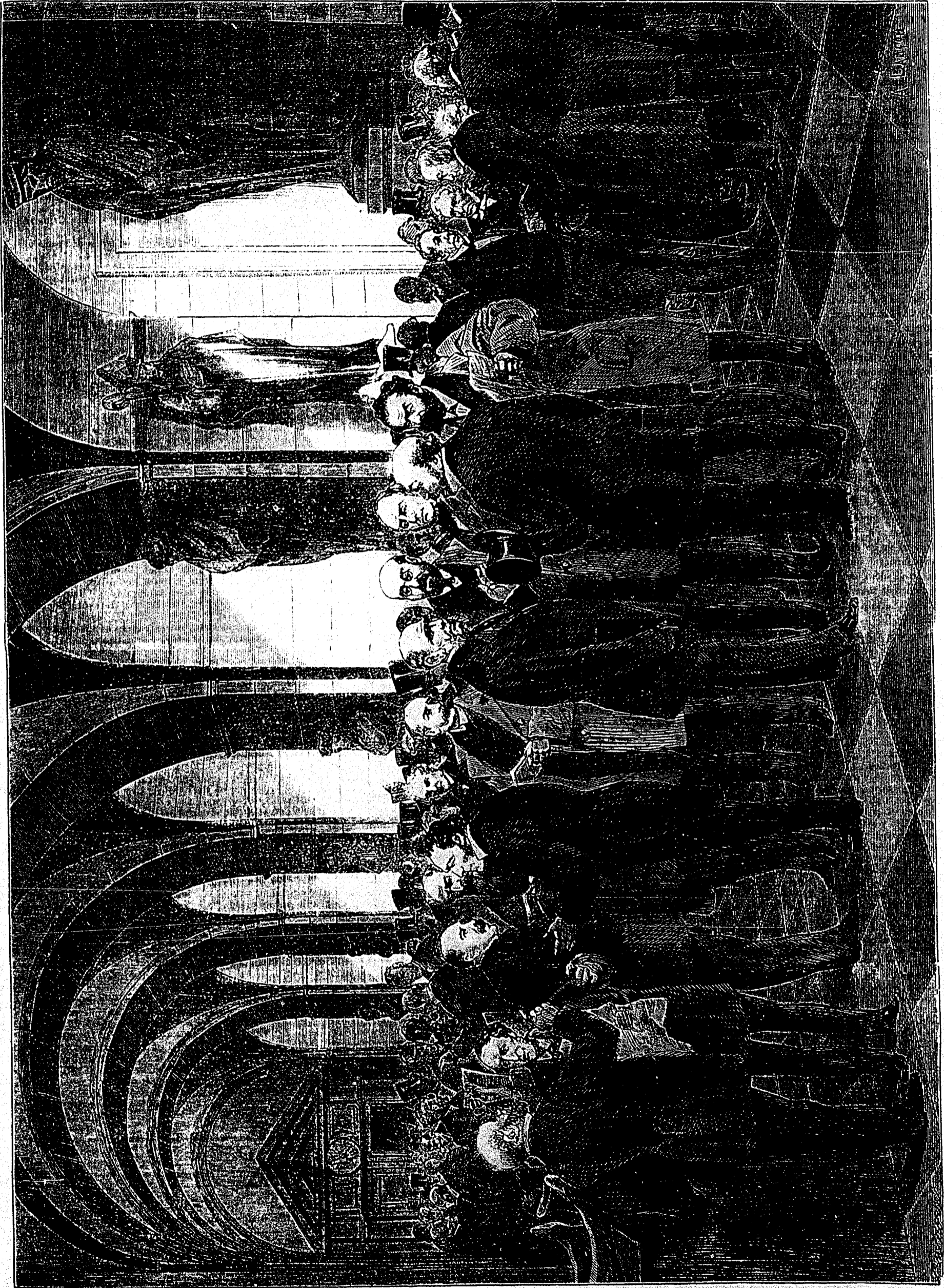
SURGEON KITTSON.



COL. FRENCH, COMMANDER.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE FORCE.



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.—SCENE IN THE GALLERY OF THE TOMBS, AT VERSAILLES.

RECENT LITERATURE.

I.

WILKES, SHERIDAN, FOX.*

This is a book of a kind that we should like to see extensively imitated. It is not a work of very high pretensions, as far as we can judge the author's purpose. And it is none the worse for that. The writer's aim appears to have been merely to set before the public, in a concise and readable form, the life stories of three of England's great men, with some observations on their characters and services to the nation, and the events which surrounded them and shaped their career. Taking them one by one he describes briefly but minutely, with no stint of reference to authorities, their entrance into public life, and the adventures and mishaps that met them as they pursued their different paths. A work of this kind necessarily contains little that is new, but it possesses the counter-advantage of setting forth in attractive colours some of the most remarkable events of history. And when this is done as Mr. Rae does it, with thorough fairness and impartiality, the author confers a real benefit upon the reading public, which it should not be slow to acknowledge. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the book is Mr. Rae's defence of Wilkes. And yet "defence" is hardly the correct term. For all he attempts to do, while admitting the author of No. 45 to have been anything but a paragon, is to prove by facts and by the evidence of contemporaries, that the character of Wilkes, as given by the school histories, and even by greater authorities, is neither correctly nor carefully drawn. To use his own words: "It may be, as has been asserted, that Wilkes is the Cleon of the eighteenth century; but if so, he is not the Cleon of Mitford, but the Cleon of Grote." He points out how the generally received opinion of Wilkes, both from the physical and the moral point of view, is erroneous. He is spoken of as a man with an inhuman squint and demoniac grin; an idea which is only due to Hogarth's caricature. Earl Russell says of him: "No man can now consider Wilkes as anything but a profligate spendthrift, without opinions or principles, religious or political; whose impudence far exceeded his talents, and who always meant licence when he cried liberty." But Earl Russell adduces no evidence in support of his statement. Mr. Rae, on the other hand, cites the testimony of a number of witnesses as going to prove that Wilkes was by no means so black as he is painted. Certain it is that to Wilkes the English people owe much of the liberty that makes them the envy of less fortunate nations. To him was due the abolition of the iniquitous General Warrant system, the license of printing, and the reports of proceedings in Parliament, both in the press and in "Hansard." Such are in brief the advantages that Mr. Rae contends Wilkes procured, by much self-denial and sacrifice, for his grateful fellow-subjects and an all too unappreciative posterity. The following is the author's peroration:—

"Wilkes anticipated that 'the faithful historian's page and posterity would do him justice.' Hitherto the historian's page has contained many scandalous and exaggerated stories about his career, and many gross aspersions on his character. Chroniclers of his doings have not veiled their disappointment at being unable to record that his end was to rot in a jail or swing from a gibbet. They evidently think it unseemly that Wilkes should have departed this life amidst the affection of attached friends and the unfeigned regret of old enemies whose rancour had been transmuted into respect. Hence they have deemed it their duty to calumniate his memory, attenuate whatever was most honourable in his conduct, underrate or deny his personal share in upholding a glorious cause. Instead of being treated with common justice, he has been treated as a scapegoat. Posterity has been taught to consider him as nothing but a charlatan, with as much propriety as posterity was taught, in the middle ages, to regard Virgil as nothing but a magician. His last wish was that his tombstone should be inscribed with the words, 'A Friend to Liberty.' Many whose remains have been carried in state to Westminster Abbey, and repose there under splendid monuments, have had false and less-merited epitaphs. Granting it to be true, as his traducers allege, that in professing attachment to liberty he was acting a part, it is undeniable that his part was a most useful one, and that his performance has proved his country's gain. In consideration of the value of the result, an enlightened posterity may well refrain from applying a microscope to his motives, and a magnifying glass to his faults, and fittingly render to his actual achievements a tribute of gratitude and approval."

II.

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION. †

The various theories relating to the evolution of species are now matter of such very general interest that any work which tends to elucidate and unravel the tangled skein of doctrines and arguments on this subject is pretty safe to attract the attention not only of those peculiarly interested in the question, but also that of the reader who would wish to keep himself informed as to the progress of science and speculative philosophy. The list of works on this topic is already, per-

* Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: The Opposition under George the Third. By W. F. Rae. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 432. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† The Doctrine Of Evolution: Its Data, Its Principles, Its Speculations and Its Theistic Bearings. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University. Author of "Sketches of Creation," etc., etc. Cloth. 12mo., pp. 144. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

haps, sufficiently large, and constant additions are being made thereto. But the number of really comprehensive treatises—treatises which give a fair idea of the *locus standi* of the controversy—is comparatively small, perhaps for the reason that such works, partaking somewhat of the nature of a *précis*, are felt to be more in place within the paper covers of a magazine than between the boards of an independent volume. Dr. Winchell, however, has ventured the experiment of collecting the chief points of the discussion in a neat little volume, which we feel sure will prove an acquisition to disputants on either, or perhaps more correctly on every, side, as there are so many combatants in the field. In his book he gives a comprehensive view of the state of the argument, and although he avows himself a supporter of the doctrine of evolution, it must be admitted that his account is in no way disfigured by the intrusion of personal feeling. His essay is a complete handbook to the doctrine of evolution, especially as considered in its theistic bearings. The *pros* and *cons* are given without undue prominence being accorded to either. Indeed so careful has the author been not to commit himself, further than the admission in the preface, to the teachings of any party, that had the preface been omitted it would have been difficult to assign him a side in the controversy. Perhaps the only fault which can be found with this little work is the superabundant use of technical terms. In a work professedly intended to be "popular," this is an undeniable mistake. "Inherent appetency," and "primordial causation," are not expressions that every reader can be expected to fathom. In this respect Dr. Winchell differs from Mr. Geikie, whose work is noticed below. The latter explains every technical expression, the former taking it for granted that his reader understands technicalities, and accordingly uses them freely. But, notwithstanding this slight drawback, Dr. Winchell has succeeded in making a most useful and instructive book on one of the leading questions of the day.

III.

THE GREAT ICE AGE;‡

Under this title Mr. James Geikie, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, gives in a duodecimo volume of some five hundred pages an account of the Glacial Epoch, with special reference to its changes of climate. Although his chief aim was to indicate the succession of climatal changes that obtained during that epoch, he has mainly confined his observations to one region, Scotland. By so doing he thought it would be possible to convey to the reader's mind a more vivid impression of what the Glacial Epoch really was, than he would have done had he ventured to take a wider field. In this we think Mr. Geikie did right. It is evident that he intends his book to reach others than those he calls his "fellow-hammerers," as he finds it necessary in his preface to apologize to these latter for the introduction of so much already familiar matter, on the ground that without this he would have found it impossible to make his argument intelligible to non-specialists. We must confess, however, that the non-specialists are very well cared for in the volume. Mr. Geikie displays on their behalf an amount of consideration and a patience such as the specialists are seldom willing to bestow upon the uninitiated who stand without the sanctuary. He thinks nothing of repeating explanations where he may think them desirable, or of making elucidatory references to matters already sufficiently touched upon. In addition to these helps to the non-scientific, he is lavish with explanatory sketches and charts. Specialists will doubtless chafe at the introduction of so much, to them, needless matter, but they will confess after a perusal of the work that the game was well worth the candle. The volume is profusely illustrated with views of Scotch scenery, maps, charts, and sketches of geological sections.

A general idea of the theory Mr. Geikie sustains in his work may be gathered from the following extract from the closing chapter:—

"An intensely severe climate prevailed in our hemisphere some two hundred thousand years ago. North Britain and Scandinavia were then united by a vast system of glaciers, while the ice extended down to low latitudes in England as well as on the Continent, through the intervention of the various mountain ranges. To this arctic period of sterility a more genial time succeeded; plants, such as pine trees, grew in the south of England, and animals, such as the woolly rhinoceros and the great bear, appeared. Gradually, however, the climate grew warmer, the distinction between summer and winter became less marked, and in consequence, the northern mammalia withdrew to more arctic homes. At last a kind of perpetual summer reigned, while the fauna of the country were marked by the introduction of the hippopotamus, the elephant, the lion, the tiger, and the hyena. Again a series of changes occurs, and in the reverse order to that just given, until an arctic climate has brought all life to an end. We cannot say how often such cold and warm periods were repeated, nor can we be sure in which of such warm periods the men that fashioned rude implements of stone first made their appearance. It is likely that man arrived here as early as the mammoth and the rhinoceros, and his first coming may even have preceded the glacial epoch itself. But it is certain that he entered Britain during the last interglacial period, when there were glaciers in our mountains and arctic mammalia in our valleys. He witnessed the northward migration of these animals and the advent of the southern mammalia. Then came a period of submergence, when the British Islands were well-nigh drowned in the sea. After that the last cold period began, and in what

‡ The Great Ice Age, And Its Relations To The Antiquity Of Man. By James Geikie, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Cloth. 12mo. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

remained of England it is not likely that palæolithic man still lingered. But the British Islands again rose from the waves; the treeless land was soon invaded by the reindeer, the arctic fox, and the lemming, and then the neolithic man entered upon the scene. So vast a lapse of time separates the men whose implements were roughly chipped from stone, from those whose implements were laboriously fashioned and polished. Gradually the climate still further improved, plants became more numerous and luxuriant, the animals of arctic regions were replaced by the ox and the sheep, while man himself slowly progressed, until he discarded stone for bronze, and ultimately discovered the mode of working iron. Thus we reach the dawn of that human history the records of which are more varied, and at the same time more easy to decipher, than the obscure relics of the non-historic ages."

THE LITERARY WORLD

Mr. Bellew, the celebrated reader and elocutionist, died on Friday last.

The fifth volume of Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" is ready.

The English critics speak in the highest terms of Professor Vambéry's new book on Central Asia.

It is reported that a limited liability company is projected in London for the purpose of re-starting the *Star* newspaper.

Sir Frederick Pollock is editing the autobiography of the late Mr. Macready, which will be supplemented with selections from his journal.

M. Jules Clarette has been collecting the various writings of Camille Desmoulins, and, under the title of "Œuvres de Camille Desmoulins," has published a series of most interesting documents now almost forgotten.

A public library has been established by the Viceroy of Egypt at Cairo. In it have been gathered all the most ancient manuscripts of the Koran that could be found, including "the true one," dating from the year A. D. 720.

M. Carlo Morbio, of Milan, has recently printed for private circulation "Alessandro Manzoni ed i suoi Autografi." M. Morbio is the fortunate possessor of about fifty autograph letters of the great Italian poet, all unpublished.

Mr. Browning's new poem is expected to be out in October. It will be on an entirely new subject. Mr. Tennyson is writing some new "Idylls of the King." One is said to be finished. The new idylls will probably precede "Vivien."

The great work of Ludwig Lange on Roman antiquities has reached its third volume in Berlin. It is greatly praised by the classical critics. If the rest of the work is worthy of the first three volumes it will be the best history of Rome in existence.

Miss Kingsley, daughter of the Canon, is credited with the authorship of a book of travels, "South and West," on which the London *Times* comments most favourably. "Bright and pleasant sketches, rich with the true light of the sunny South," murmurs the "Thunderer."

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace and Museum, Stratford-on-Avon, it was stated that the building had been visited during the present year by 19,250 persons—a strong proof of the interest that is maintained in the birthplace of the great poet.

Madame George Sand is said to be preparing for the press a memoir of the young and unfortunate Louis XVII., chiefly drawn from the personal recollections of her grandmother, Madame Aurone Dupin de Francueil, granddaughter of King Augustus II. of Poland, and nearly related to King Charles X. and Louis XVIII. The memoir is to contain also historical documents and traditions, carefully preserved in the family of the great French novelist.

The newspapers published in the German language, passing through the post-office of the empire, now amount to 3,895. Among them 45 appear more than seven times in the course of the week, 80 are issued seven times, 469 six times, 3,299 less than six times; 3,393 are published in the Empire, 213 abroad, especially in Switzerland, 36 in America. Foreign newspapers circulating in Germany are—French, 779; English, 586; Italian, 145; Dutch, 25; Russian, 57; Swedish, 65, &c.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has a history not devoid of interest. Founded in 1829, it has outlived every one of its many rivals and antagonists. The honorarium to writers is 200 francs for the sheet of sixteen pages (little enough), but M. Octave Feuillet receives (exceptionally) 500 francs per sheet. The *Revue* has 13,000 subscribers at 90 francs, equal to 900,000 francs yearly. The expenses are under 400,000 francs. The property is held in shares of 1,000 francs each. In the last years of the Empire the dividend reached the extraordinary figure of 2,000 francs a share.

The *Galaxy* for the coming month contains several papers of more than usual interest; witness those on "Voltaire as a Lover;" "Poland and the Poles;" "Henri Rochefort," by Junius Henri Browne; "The Voice as a Source of Income," by Olive Logan, and the continuation of General Custer's "Life on the Plains." Besides these there is the usual amount and quality of fiction and poetry. The worst feature of this number is a foolish paper on typographical errors, in which the compiler has apparently laboured to introduce all the stalest items and mistakes of the kind that have annually made their appearance for the last score of years in the funny columns of the country press.

Fac-similes of Irish national MSS. are at present being selected and edited by Mr. Gilbert, of the Public Record Office of Ireland. The first part of the collection, which will be one of profound interest to Irish scholars, is nearly completed. We learn from a report just issued that among the documents, fac-similes of which have been prepared, is a Latin psalter styled, "Cathach," or the "Fighter." It is ascribed to the hand of St. Columba, who made Iona famous, and receives its name from the antique metal casket in which it is preserved. Columba lived in the sixth century. The legend is that, while sojourning with St. Finnen, in Ulster, he borrowed that worthy's psalter, and "copied it furtively in his church, with the aid of miraculous light in the night-time." Finnen claimed the copy as his property; but Columba did not recognize his right, and Diarmid, Monarch of Ireland, was appealed to. His Majesty decided "that as to every cow belongs her calf, so to every book belongs its copy." Columba did not see the force of this analogical reasoning, and kept the treasure. As the story goes, the dispute led to a sanguinary battle, and was one of the causes which induced Columba to leave Ireland for Iona.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

An Order in Council has been issued authorizing the Boom Master at Gatineau Boom to set adrift all logs and timber that are not taken care of by owners thereof. Several other institutions might with general advantage be treated in the same manner. Confidential Judases, ambassadorial agents-general, and the gentlemanly hotel clerk should occupy a high place in the category.

The National Division Sons of Temperance have adopted a resolution that they are in favour of moral suasion, religious suasion, and every kind of suasion that will reclaim the intemperate. The intemperate had better look out for themselves. Every kind of suasion is sufficiently vague to be unpleasantly significant.

The Michiganders have sent up a memorial to the Senate petitioning against the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. All right. "It amuses me, and don't hurt I," as the man said when his wife beat him.

The French Minister of Justice is preparing a new law for the regulation of the press. It is one of the private and particular advantages of French journalism that an editor may go to bed in peaceful consciousness of having fulfilled the law to the uttermost jot and tittle, only to wake up and find that he has flagrantly transgressed a new law passed during his slumbers.

Daniel McDermott, gambler, who, we are informed, "had always been a peaceful man," was stabbed seven times as he was returning home, and has since died. Moral: If you must be a gambler, don't be a peaceful one.

Kingston is in an excitement over the conduct of a woman named Potter, who has buried four husbands already, and has just married a fifth. She should have a private Potter's field for the reception of the ex-Potters.

Hamilton should look to its laurels. Halifax is rapidly earning a right to the title of the "Ambitious City." A grand cricket tournament is to be held there in August, one of the principal features of which will be a match—Halifax vs. All Comers. Halifax pitted against the world reminds one of David and Goliath. Only we fear the tournament won't have the same issue.

Four small Providence boys lately made a raid on a doctor's medicine chest, but unfortunately did not survive their little treat sufficiently long to relate their experiences. We always contended that medicine is bad for children. Now we want to know what is going to be done to the doctor who left his chest out on the loose?

The Corporation of Montreal, with laudable foresight, are about to appropriate another burying-ground. The relatives of the city fathers may find it useful when the patience of the citizens gives way under the ever-accumulating burden of dangerous sidewalks, insufficient police, and expensive Corporation tea-fights.

Even the Eden of Manitoba, where, according to Mr. Cunningham, the people are better educated, wealthier, and more intelligent than the people of any other Province in the Dominion—even this Eden is not without its serpent—(shall we say its *Scadder*?) The North-Western tempter takes the form of an insinuating real estate agent, who inveigles the intelligence and wealth of the Province into purchasing valuable and desirable—water lots. Naturally the I. and W. are wroth, but their wrath is in vain, for the serpent has left the Eden for parts unknown.

A Frenchman has invented an automatic piano-playing machine. We shall be grateful if the use of the machine becomes sufficiently general to do away with the nuisance of bad players. This will take some time, however. In the meanwhile the inventor might devote his superabundant energies to the construction of a piano with an ear for music—such a machine as shall mercilessly slay all strummers and thumpers who operate upon it—all bad players, in short.

We hereby beg to express our thanks to the management of the *Toronto Globe*. Were it not for that paper we should be compelled, owing to the vigilance of the Montreal dailies being directed to other matters, to lead a miserable existence in total ignorance of what is going on in the city in which we live. One might, it is true, lay on a private reporter, but Montrealers have not just yet reached such a pitch of enterprise as to employ private reporters while they pay for public prints. An amalgamation on the co-operative principle might, however, find favour, and would certainly result in the scaring up of more news than one finds in both our morning journals put together.

An Editor has been lecturing in New York on hydrophobia, expressing a doubt whether there is any such disease at all. That man has evidently never chummed with an Arkansas luk-slinger.

A New York paper says:—"Boston congratulates herself on her fortunate escape from a visitation from Rochefort. As he don't talk English and she can't talk anything else it is difficult to calculate her delight." That's all very well. But Boston's English might with advantage be copied by New York.

The *St. Paul Press* records, with something akin to astonishment, the remarkable fact that during their stay in that city the Mounted Police "conducted themselves in an orderly manner;" and that, further, "their general appearance is very gentlemanly." *St. Paul* is evidently not used to policemen who know how to behave themselves.

Mr. Brandon is an eccentric Hamilton gentleman, who, being weary of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, recently undertook the journey to the next. He missed his way, however, and now finds himself where he was before. Rejecting the various theories which point to the brain, the heart, or the spinal cord, as the seat of the vital principle, he decided upon practising, at short range, at his left arm. Accordingly he armed himself with an old horse-pistol, and after having fortified himself with various draughts of his favourite beverage, repaired to the back yard, where he commenced operations. The first shot told so effectually that Mr. John thought better of his resolution, and marched off to the doctor. Mrs. Brandon, who was in the house during this tragic affair, manifested a characteristic indifference to the "goings-on" of her lord and master; and on being questioned as to the facts of the case, expressed a dutiful wish that "it might do him good, by letting some of the bad blood out of him." We recommend Mr. Brandon's method to those who may be nursing suicidal intentions, as by long odds the safest, least expensive, and most effectual manner of curing themselves of a distaste for existence.

The *Court Journal* says that several ladies are now reading for the bar in chambers. The Ohio ladies can go them one better. They pray for the bar in the streets. Only the Ohio ladies' bar is the liquor bar.

The *Mail* is jubilant over an article in the *Canadian News*, published in London, which is supposed to have a damaging effect upon Canadian credit in England. The credit of Canada never was an object with the *Mail*.

This is authentic. A gentleman walking along the Main Street in this city the other day, was accosted by a couple of American tourists, who requested information as to the meaning of the evergreen arches which here and there spanned the road. They were told that they had been erected on the occasion of a recent procession. A conversation, of which the following is an expurgated edition, then took place:—

"Procession, eh? What procession was that?"
 "Corpus Christi!"
 "Corpus Christi! What's Corpus Christi?"
 "Don't you know what Corpus Christi is—the Feast on which they carry the Host in procession?"
 "Ah! I've read of it, &c., &c., &c. But what do you leave them green things up there for now?"
 "Going to have another procession."
 "Another procession! And what's that for?"
 "On the St. Jean Baptiste day."
 "And what in thunder is St. Jean Baptiste day?"
 "Well, it's the national feast-day of the French Canadians, which this year is going to be kept in grand style. The Montreal French Canadians are going to entertain their brethren from the States, and there'll be no end of fuss."
 "Do you think they'll come?"
 "Oh, yes! They expect some fifty thousand from over the line."
 "Don't say—(here a fiendish grin of delight spread over the questioner's features)—fifty thousand—eh?"
 "Yes, they expect about that."
 "Well (very slowly and emphatically), when you've got 'em here, FOR GOD'S SAKE—KEEP 'EM."

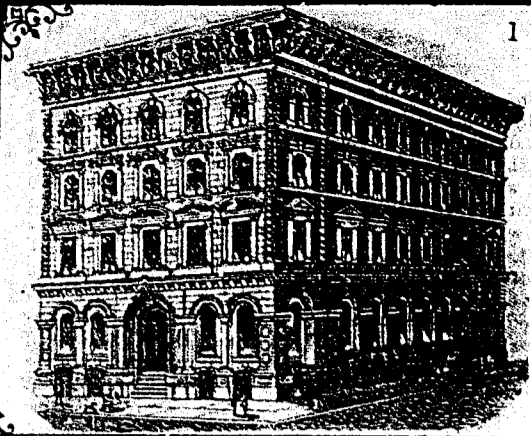
A FRENCH PATRON OF THE TURF.

If we enter the Jockey Club, at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue Scribe, says a Paris correspondent writing on turf matters, on the evening before the Derby at Chantilly, we shall hear turf matters, talked of among thorough connoisseurs. In we go past Isabelle, the rather ripe *bouquetière* who sells flowers in the vestibule, and who will be frisking round the Grand Stand to-morrow in the colours of last year's winner, up the richly carpeted staircase, and so to the gorgeous drawing-room on the first floor, where a posse of enthusiastic sportsmen are surrounding the dashing young Comte de Montenselle, who owns one half of a race-horse. There is nothing irregular in this; Frenchmen compose a play or a novel in couples, they combine two together to manage a theatre; they sometimes muster eight to keep up one stockbroking office. Why not, then, divide the responsibility of such an important possession as a race-horse? M. de Montenselle has been owing halves of race-horses ever since he came into his large fortune of 8,000*l.* a year, and it is his gallant boast that this passion for the turf costs him an annual 25,000 francs. He is much prouder of this than if the passion were profitable. Of course he would like to win the 7,000*l.* prize if he could, and it is justice to own that he has often done his conscientious best so to do, and he also tries to

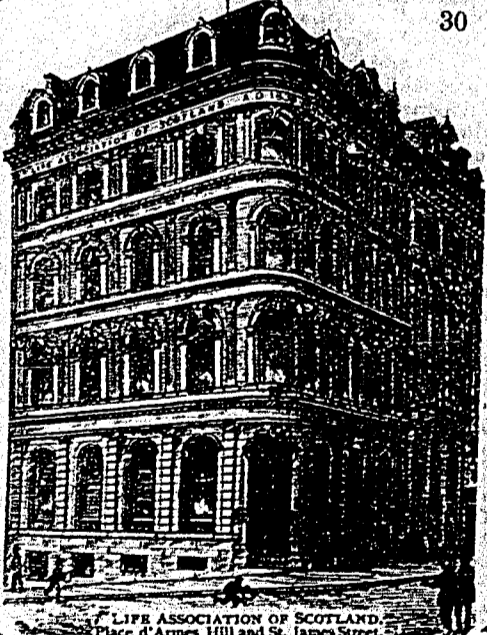
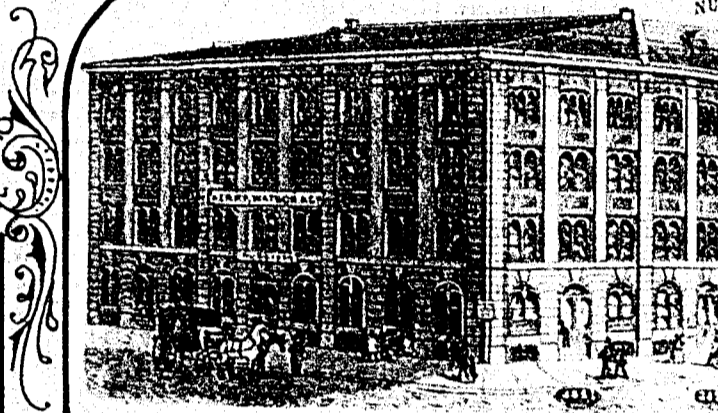
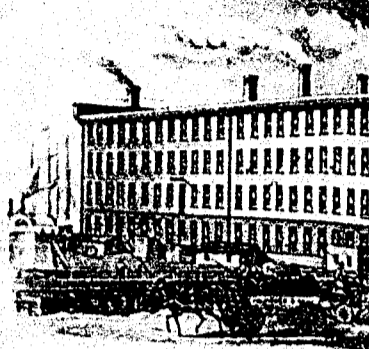
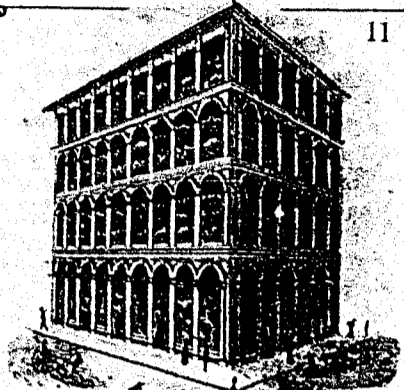
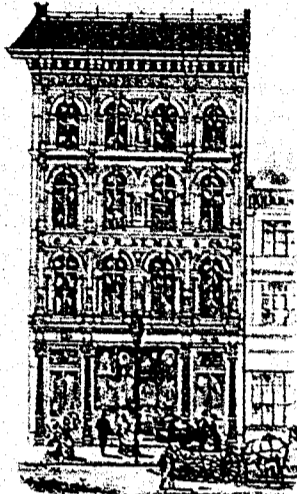
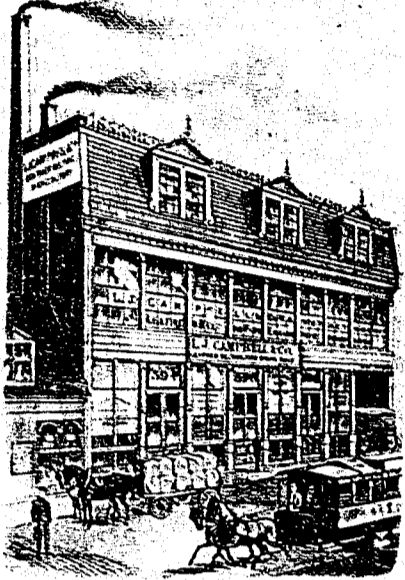
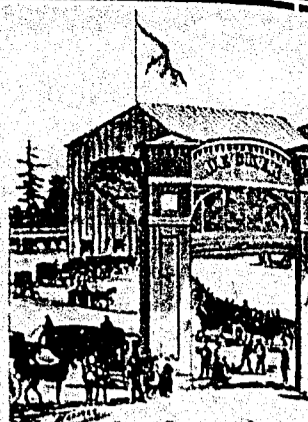
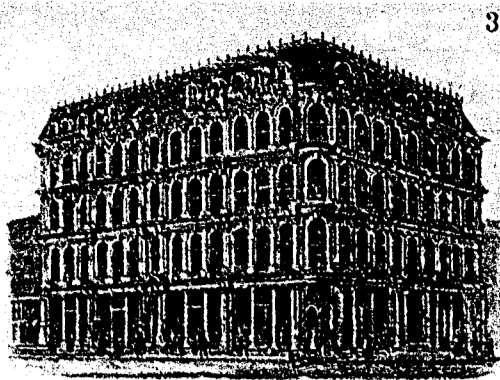
keep down the expenses of his racing establishment as much as possible by making judicious bets, but on the whole he thinks it becoming a gentleman not to clear money out of racing. At the end of every season he and his partner sell their horse, and buy a two-year-old, whose legs, chest, and general health give them food for anxious reflection all through the winter. This year the horse, one of whose halves belongs to M. de Montenselle, is called Bucéphale; and now watch the interest which is betrayed in the oracular utterances of the Count as regards the condition of this noble beast. Bucéphale is to run on the morrow, and M. de Montenselle's listeners, peering at him admiringly through their eyeglasses, note every expression that flits over the Count's pensive features. M. de Montenselle, though keeping a severe guard over the muscles of his physiognomy, cannot altogether conceal his anxiety. It seems that Bucéphale that morning ate three ounces of corn less than usual, but then the Duke of Newmarket and Lord Heigho, whom he has consulted, have assured him that the symptom is not necessarily a bad one. As he flings out in a careless way the names of the two British noblemen with whom he is on such intimate terms, it would take little to make the whole admiring circle of Frenchmen lift their hats. As it is, there is a general movement among them and a fluttering murmur as if they were deeply refreshed, and before this soothing impression has had time to fade there bounces through the room in hot haste a splendid footman with a telegram for the Count, on his silver tray. Gortschakoff, unsealing a despatch from Khiva, never wore a more earnest look than M. de Montenselle as he unfolds the sky-blue paper and reads it, amidst awestruck silence, as if the whole party had suddenly glided into church. Then the Count, having read, looks up, and says with dignity—"I am thankful to say, Messieurs, that Bucéphale has eaten his full allowance to-night!" Bucéphale has eaten his allowance! *Sauvé, mon Dieu!* The noble owner of half of him receives gushing congratulations, and the ring disperses, feeling that there is now truly balm in Gilead. Some of them go off and bet, for Bucéphale was at 40 to 1 before, and there is no reason in the world why he should not advance to 35 to 1 now.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

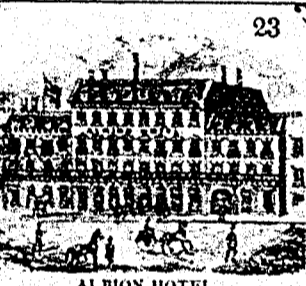
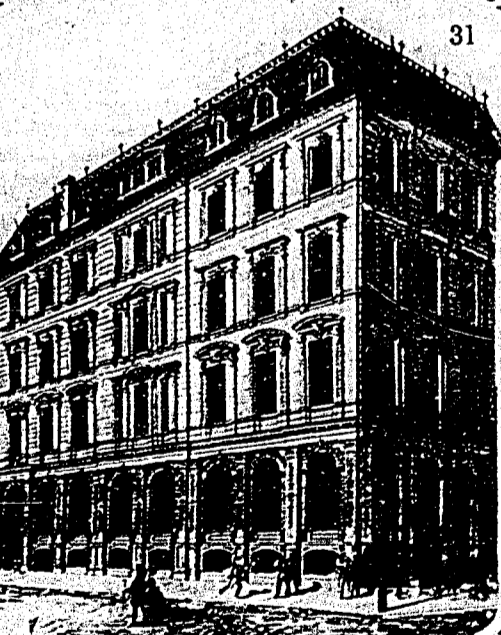
Capoul goes to Moscow and St. Petersburg this winter. The "Russian Lady Vocalists" are giving concerts in London. The new Paris Opera House will be opened on the 15th January next. "The Scarlet Letter" has been dramatized for a popular English actress. Clara Morris denies emphatically that she will leave the stage on her marriage. A French version of "Martha" is to be produced at the Paris Chatelet this fall. Alexandre Dumas is writing a new drama for Mlle. Pierson, to be produced at the Gymnase. A distinct improvement both in singing and acting is noted in Campanini upon his return to London. Mme. Nilsson was announced to sing at the benefit given to Sims Reeves in London on the 1st instant. Scott's novel, "The Talisman" is being dramatized by Mr. Halliday for production at Drury Lane in the fall. Evergreen Déjazet is trying to make up her mind definitely to quit the stage. She is now seventy-six, and in poor health. Mrs. Edwards's novel, "Archie Lovell," has been dramatised by T. C. Burnand, and has proved a success at the London Royalty. Madame Balfe is superintending the rehearsals of her late husband's opera, "Il Talismano," which is to be produced with Madame Nilsson in London. Offenbach, on the 100th anniversary of his *Orphée aux Enfers*, conducted the orchestra himself, having got rid of the gout and sent it whither Orpheus was. A Mlle. Annette Essipoff, a pianist from St. Petersburg, is creating a lively sensation in London by her extraordinary mechanical powers and brilliancy of execution. The melodies of Offenbach's new operetta of "Bagatelle," which has been produced in Paris, are bright and sparkling, but the story would scarcely bear literal translation. Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of "Charles I." and "Eugene Aram," has just completed another tragedy, which will shortly be produced at the Lyceum. The title is "The Duke of Buckingham." An adaptation of "Saratoga," under the title of "Brighton," has been produced at the Court Theatre, London. It is pronounced by the critics to be "not only outrageously absurd, but dull and puerile." During the year 1873-4 the dues of theatrical authors collected in Paris reached the figure of 1,516,963*fr.* In 1872-73 they produced 1,486,816*fr.*, making a difference of 29,247*fr.* in favour of the former period. M. Offenbach cannot complain of any want of public appreciation of his music. The first hundred nights of his new version of "Orphée" realized 311,874*fr.*, a nightly average of more than £300. The actual receipts on the hundredth night, when a grand gala took place, were only about £250. Three other works of Offenbach's, "La Péricole," "Pomme d'Api," and "Fortunio," are now being played in Paris. A writer in the *London Echo* says: "An actress in Berlin is now achieving what can scarcely be called a *succès d'estime*, though she is one of that class of performers who relies rather upon the *félat* of her personal history than the amount of her histrionic talent. This lady, who styles herself on the play-bills Mme. de Rakovitz, was the heroine of the romance which ended in the violent death of the gifted Ferdinand Lassalle. As a thinker, a jurist, an author, an orator, and a popular agitator, his fame was at its height, when he became acquainted with a highly connected lady, Mlle. de Dönnings, and, although she was betrothed to a noble Roumanian, Janko de Rakovitz, and there were other obstacles to their union, an attachment ensued between the high-born damsel and the illustrious democrat. He did all in his power to bring the matter to an honourable conclusion in spite of opposition, when she suddenly dismissed him altogether. He then wrote insulting letters to her father and to Rakovitz, by whom he was next day shot in a duel. Mlle. de Dönnings married her betrothed, and on his death became the wife of a Viennese actor, and now, according to a correspondent of the *Temps*, delights the public of Berlin by playing the heroine in dramas only too similar to that with which she is associated in the minds of those who regret in her victim one of the best specimens of cultured democracy."



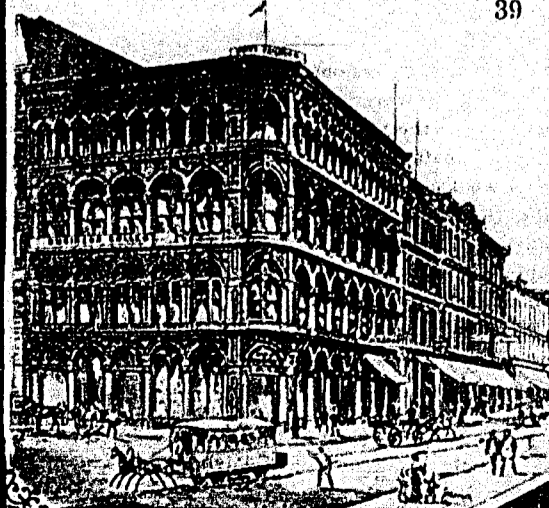
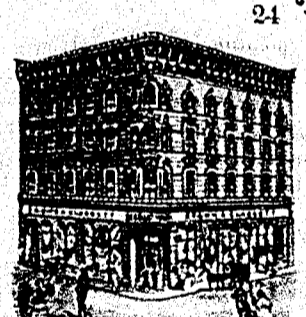
INTERIOR VIEW OF SHAW'S AUCTION ROOMS.

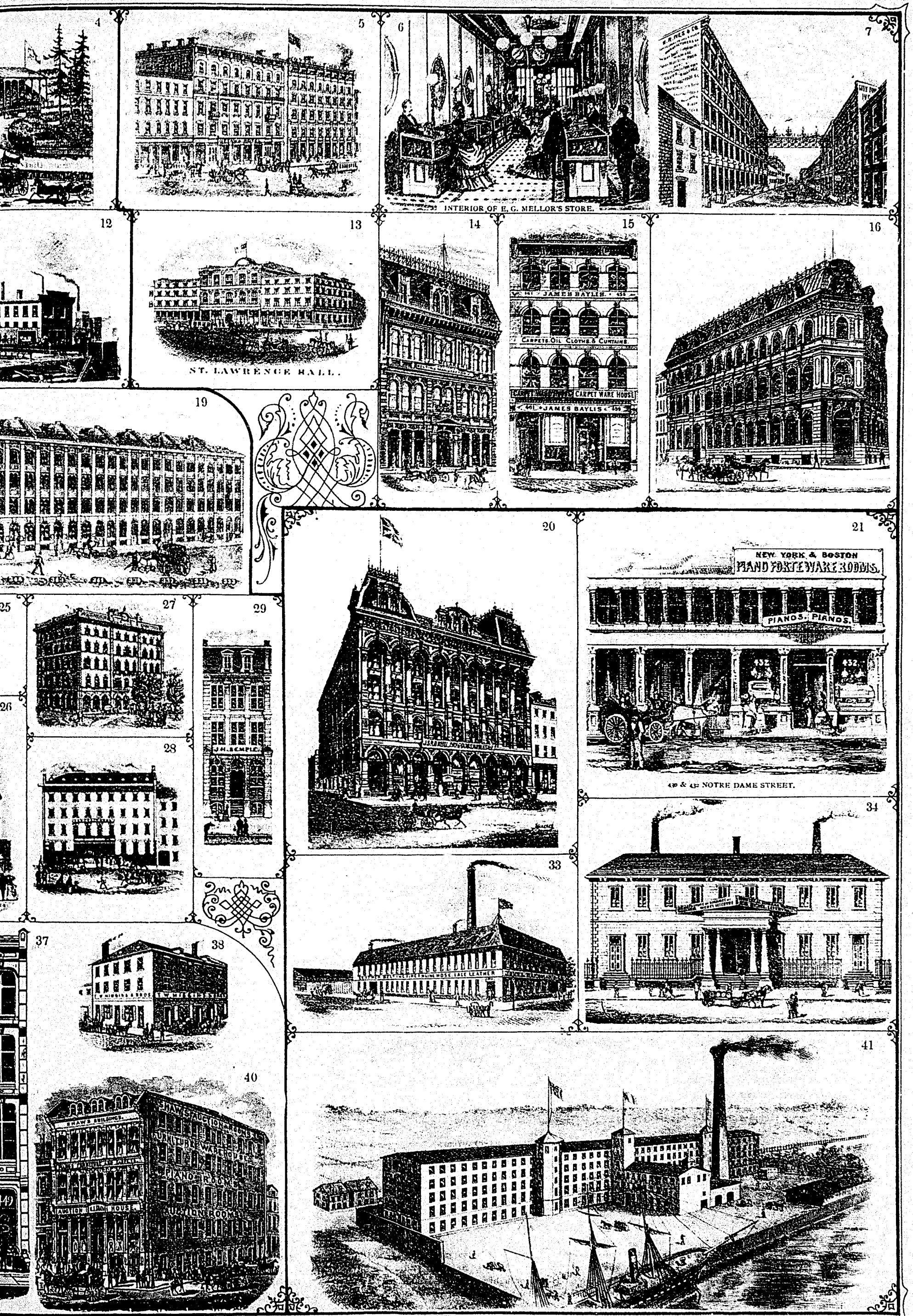


LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND, Place d'Armes Hill and St. James Street.



ALBION HOTEL.





INTERIOR OF E. G. MELLOR'S STORE.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

NEW YORK & BOSTON
HAND FORCE WARE ROBBS.

PIANOS PIANOS.

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME STREET.

MONTREAL.

THE COMING CITY OF THE NORTH.

INSIGHT INTO ITS PROSPERITY.

The thousands who will take up the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and cast a glance over the two superb supplementary sheets which we have issued with it, will at once make up their minds that Montreal is a pretty good looking city, has public institutions plentiful and handsome and is rather well represented in the way of banking, manufacturing and other commercial buildings. The first favorable impression will deepen on an inquiry into the rise and progress of Montreal.

We shall not go back to Jacques Cartier and the Algonquins. That part of the history of Montreal, for a century and a half downwards, is very interesting, but it teaches us nothing half so instructive, as the sudden growth of the city and its continued prosperity since 1850. Up to that date, Montreal crept slowly along, pushed ahead by the steady wave of advancement which propels all American cities, but it had really achieved nothing and its promises were none of the best.

What was the cause of Montreal's sudden rise? Railways and steamships. It was said truly by the distinguished chairman of the Brydges banquet, at Toronto, the other day, that the

GRAND TRUNK AND THE ALLAN LINE

had made Canada. It is undeniable that they made Montreal. The moment channels of communication were opened for it, it shot upwards. In 1851, the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway was opened from Longueuil to Richmond, in the Eastern Townships, a distance of 96 miles. In June, 1853, the Grand Trunk was opened to Portland. In July, the foundation of Pier No. 1, of the Victoria Bridge was laid. Shortly after, the pioneer vessel of our steamship lines, the "Genova" steamed into the port. In 1855, the Grand Trunk was completed to Brockville. The future of Montreal was now safe. The facts are there to prove that it has rapidly pushed onward ever since. In 1851, the population was 57,715; in 1853, it had risen to 80,000. In 1861, it stood at 91,159. In 1871, it numbered about 118,000. This is exclusive of the suburbs, but they should be counted in, for in no city of the continent are the suburbs so closely affiliated to the metropolis—geographically, commercially, and socially—as are St. Jean-Baptiste, Lachine, the Tanneries, and Hochelaga, to Montreal. Taking in these suburbs, our population may be safely set down at from 170,000 to 175,000. Means ought to be taken to register all the new comers of every year. In the past three years, any body who has his eyes open, must notice that many Americans have set up in this city, a large number of French, Belgian, Italian, and German workmen have also found work here. When we hear all these languages freely spoken in the street, it is a sure sign that immigration is making its way. If an account of all these arrivals were made annually, the growth of Montreal would be made more perceptible. As it is, the probabilities are that at the next census, our population will be 200,000.

Other

PROOFS OF PROSPERITY

are not wanting as evinced in the statements published up to 1872, (the statement of 1873 has not yet appeared) by that very able and accurate statistician Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, secretary of the Board of Trade and Corn Exchange. A few examples are worth citing. The aggregate values of Real Estate within the city for the past fourteen years, were:

ASSESSED VALUE.	GROSS REVENUE OF THE CITY.
1859..... \$26,812,290	\$368,904
1860..... 27,649,550	448,732
1861..... 28,978,270	468,961
1862..... 29,357,480	530,437
1863..... 31,832,930	570,679
1864..... 30,573,020	579,122
1865..... 37,931,000	592,725
1866..... 39,889,700	623,613
1867..... 43,796,400	705,679
1868..... 45,250,520	778,283
1869..... 47,679,000	783,614
1870..... 50,600,000	805,656
1871..... 53,992,000	848,380
1872..... 56,293,000	894,361

The following properties, included in the foregoing, are exempted from assessment:—

Government properties.....	\$1,811,800
Municipal properties.....	1,901,750
Benevolent properties.....	170,000
Nunneries.....	1,394,700
Roman Catholic Churches.....	1,112,000
Protestant Churches.....	1,015,000
School-Houses.....	1,128,400
	\$8,334,050

The above table shows that the increase in value of real estate in fourteen years was \$29,390,710, or 109.61 per cent.; while the increase in revenue was \$525,457, or 142.43 per cent. Deducting the above-mentioned properties exempted from taxation, the city revenue in 1872 was equal to \$1.87 per cent. (upon \$47,868,950.)

As a banking centre, Montreal stands preeminent among the cities of the New World. The Bank of Montreal is now recognized as the leading institution in America. The Banking capital of the city in 1872 was over thirty millions and a half of dollars, considerably more than three fourths of the total banking capital of the united provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Taking population in account, this is a very significant test and speaks volumes for the prospective stability and increase of the city.

As a port of entry, the growth of Montreal may be instanced by

THE IMPORTATION OF DRY GOODS.

The value of these imports rose from \$2,994,688, in 1850, to \$12,317,861, in 1867. From the 1st July 1867—the birth-day of Confederation—to the 1st July 1872, the aggregate value of dry goods imported into the Dominion was \$125,072,096, of which \$52,939,712, or 42.37 per cent were entered at our port.

While Jacques Cartier was about it, he should have placed his city at Hochelaga. That was its natural position as a shipping port. Twenty years ago, people of the West End would have hooted at the idea, so that the Malouin is not much to blame after all. But now, there is no help for it. The French Canadians of the Quebec suburbs, who have long been the poorest of our people, will now become the richest. All their land will increase in value for the next twenty-five years. Montreal must shift down to Hochelaga. The Foot of the Current is unquestionably a draw back to the growth of the harbour, while the basin of Hochelaga is one of the finest havens that could be desired. Isle Ronde might, indeed, be cut up by the roots and sent floating down to the gulf, but the rocky bed of the current could hardly be blasted. So perforce, the shipping will prefer Hochelaga Bay. Besides, the present harbour is already too much crowded. The following table gives the

TRADE OF THE PORT

as shown by the tonnage of vessels arriving from sea, and of river craft:—

Tonnage Vessels from Sea.	Tonnage River Craft.	Total Tonnage.	Increase
1857..... 67,740	334,523	402,263	} from 1857 to 1861 96 per cent
1858..... 78,809	343,221	422,033	
1859..... 91,660	459,093	550,753	
1860..... 121,539	348,652	470,191	
1861..... 261,793	530,224	792,017	
1862..... 265,243	523,991	789,234	} from 1862 to 1866 2½ per cent.
1863..... 299,224	534,740	743,964	
1864..... 181,901	439,057	620,958	
1865..... 152,943	601,071	754,014	
1866..... 205,775	613,679	819,454	} from 1867 to 1871 23½ per cent.
1867..... 199,043	744,476	943,519	
1868..... 198,759	748,921	947,680	
1869..... 259,863	721,324	981,187	
1870..... 316,056	819,478	1,135,532	
1871..... 353,621	824,787	1,178,408	
1872..... 398,800	936,782	1,335,583	

The increase in tonnage from 1857 to 1871 was thus 190 per cent.

Montreal is destined to be the great city of the North, but the centre of the shipping trade will be Hochelaga. The North-shore Railroad with have its terminus there. So will the Northern Colonization, which is the last link of the Canada Pacific. The Grand Trunk is already running along the wharves and will pull up at Ruisseau Migeon. The excavation of a vast basin is contemplated and will be executed at Hochelaga. A canal from Bonsecours Market will run as far as Longueuil Ferry and from thence into the interior to strike the ravine lying at some acres from the highway. This ravine will be dug to form a wide basin. From that point, the Canal will fall into the river, a little on this side of Longue-Pointe. With the completion of these works, the advantages of Montreal, as a dockyard, winter station and shipping port will be absolutely unrivalled.

Politicians may theorize as they like, but Confederation was a glorious idea. The seven years from 1867 to 1874 have done more for Canada, than did the seventy years preceding, and on the top wave of this marvelous prosperity rides Montreal. She has drawn to her warehouses an immense share of the grain trade of the West. She is running New York a tight race and has fairly distanced Boston. The single Allan line is now supplemented by six or seven more—the Dominion, Temperley, Barrow, London, and Hughes. There are two or three lines of Steamers to the Gulf Ports. The number of sailing vessels, of all sizes and descriptions, is innumerable.

HER MANUFACTURES

also are rapidly increasing. These are of almost every variety and they are constantly being augmented. Free traders cannot gainsay the fact that moderate protection has done us a world, of good, and Reciprocity or no Reciprocity, we must continue to have that protection.

The two double-page illustration which we publish to-day, show that Montreal is a beautiful city. Most of its streets are wide and well paved, and a majority of them are lined with trees. St. Paul, McGill, Notre-Dame, St. James, and Craig are the main thoroughfares of wholesale and retail trade. Griffintown and Point St. Charles contain the manufactures. For residences, Beaver Hall, St. Catherine and Dorchester are

unrivalled, while Sherbrooke street, throughout its whole extent, presents as fine a series of palatial mansions and landscape gardens as is to be found in America. In public institutions, the city is particularly rich. There are asylums, homes, reformatories, hospitals and refuges to meet every want of age and sex. The churches are almost innumerable, and still they are building. From Dominion Square, one can count eleven spires almost within stone throw.

There are some drawbacks, of course, and unaccountable ones. Montreal has good comfortable hotels, but none that correspond to her wealth or to the numbers of visitors who crowd in every summer. Neither has she a theatre or Opera House worthy of her standing. But the ugliest feature of all is that she has no public library. Indeed, her intellectual activity is not on a level with her commercial spirit of enterprise and in this respect, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other young western cities are far ahead of us.

We subjoin

AN INDEX

to the Commercial Houses represented in the Supplement:

- 1.—H. Shorey & Co., wholesale clothing manufacturers, 724, 726, 728 St. Helen street.
- 2.—H. J. Shaw, auctioneer and commission merchant, 656 Craig street.
- 3.—Barron Block: offices of the Royal Canadian Insurance, 160 St. James street; New York Life Insurance, 162 St. James street.
- 4.—Decker Park, St. Jean-Baptiste Village.
- 5.—Ottawa Hotel, Brown & Perley, proprietors, 246 to 248, St. James street.
- 6.—E. G. Mellor, jewellery store, 235 Notre-Dame street.
- 7.—H. R. Ives & Co., foundry, 113-125, Queen street.
- 8.—L. J. Campbell & Co., leather belting, &c., 594-598, St. Joseph street.
- 9.—Gault Bros & Co., fancy and staple dry goods, Canadian woollens, corner St. Helen and Recollet streets.
- 10.—Savage, Lyman & Co., jewels and fancy articles, 226-228 St. James street.
- 11.—John Murphy & Co., dry goods, 403-405 Notre-Dame street, and 155-157 St. Peter street.
- 12.—E. Fisher & Son, woollen mills, St. Gabriel Locks.
- 13.—St. Lawrence Hall, F. Geriken, proprietor, 139 St. James street.
- 14.—J. C. McLaren, leather and belting, 12 Bonaventure st.
- 15.—Jas. Baylis, carpets, 459-461 Notre-Dame street.
- 16.—Macdougall & Davidson, brokers, Agents of North British and Mercantile Insurance, 72 St. François-Xavier street.
- 17.—Muir, Ewan & Co., clothing manufacturers, English and Canadian woollens, 36-38 St. Joseph street.
- 18.—Mechanics Hall, office of the South Eastern Railway, 204 St. James street.
- 19.—Nuns' Building, St. Paul street: Kerry, Watson & Co., wholesale druggists, 351; Hodgson, Murphy & Sumner, dry goods, 347; Alexander, Murphy & Cuddihy, importers of dry goods No. 343; John L. Cassidy & Co., glasware, chinaware, 339; Adolphe Roy & Co., dry goods, 337; Canadian Rubber Co., 335.
- 20.—J. & R. O'Neill, dry goods, 138 McGill street.
- 21.—Thos. A. Haines, New York and Boston Piano Company, 432 Notre-Dame street.
- 22.—Wight & Deschamps, dry goods, 906 St. Catherine street.
- 23.—Albion Hotel, Decker, Stearns and Murray, 141 McGill street.
- 24.—Brown & Claggett, dry goods and fancy, 436-438 Notre-Dame street.
- 25.—Montreal House, Decker & Co., proprietors, 6 & 9 Custom House Square.
- 26.—Merchants Bank, Jackson Rao, cashier, corner St. James and St. Peter streets.
- 27.—Cooper & Linton, boot and shoe manufacturers, Victoria Square.
- 28.—Canada Hotel, Aimé Beliveau, proprietor, 17 St. Gabriel street.
- 29.—J. H. Semple, wholesale grocer.
- 30.—Life Association of Scotland, corner Place d'Armes Hill and St. James street; Richard Bull, secretary.
- 31.—City and District Savings Bank, E. J. Barbeau, cashier, 176 St. James street.
- 32.—Ireland, Gay & Co., wholesale hardware merchants, 39 and 41 St. Peter street.
- 33.—J. L. Hardman & Co., leather belting, hose, &c., 107-109 Queen street.
- 34.—Michel Lefebvre, vinegar manufacturer, 40 Bonsecours street.
- 35.—Canadian Rubber Company, Francis Scholes, manager, 272 St. Mary street.
- 36.—J. Smith & Co., wholesale grocer, 24 Chaboulez Square.
- 37.—C. E. Pariseau, cabinet-maker, 449 Notre-Dame street.
- 38.—T. W. Higgins & Bros, wholesale wines and liquors, 24-28 St. Maurice street.
- 39.—E. Muir, chemist and druggist, 307 Notre-Dame street, corner Place d'Armes.
- 40.—H. J. Shaw, auctioneer.
- 41.—The Victor Hudon Company, & Cotton Mills, Hochelaga.

KING FRITZ.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE W. M. THACKERAY.)

King Fritz at his palace of Berlin
I saw at a royal carouse,
In a periwig powdered and curling
He sat with his hat on his brows.
The handsome young princes were present,
Uncovered they stood in the hall;
And oh! it was wholesome and pleasant
To see how he treated them all!

Reclined on the softest of cushions,
His Majesty sits to his meats,
The princes, like loyal young Prussians,
Have never a back to their seats.
Off salmon and venison and pheasants
He dines like a monarch august;
His sons, if they eat in his presence,
Put up with a bone or a crust.

He quaffs his bold bumpers of Rhenish,
It can't be too good or too dear;
The princes are made to replenish
Their cups with the smallest of beer.
And if ever, by words or grimaces,
Their highnesses dare to complain,
The King flings a dish in their faces,
Or batters their bones with his cane.

'Tis thus that the chief of our nation
The minds of his children improves;
And teaches polite education
By boxing the ears that he loves.
I warrant they vex him but seldom,
And so if we dealt with our sons,
If we up with our cudgels and felled 'em,
We'd teach 'em good manners at once.

FOR EVERYBODY.

Naval Sharpshooters.

The German marine force includes a body of naval sharpshooters, all of whom are picked marksmen. The chief of the Admiralty has ordered these men to be regularly practised in firing with their improved needle rifles at objects on the land or floating in the water while the vessel is in motion, the men being placed on the masts or at other convenient points.

Worth Knowing.

A correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* that the worst toothache, or neuralgia coming from the teeth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the late sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.

Condensed Coffee.

A Frenchman roasts coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it slightly, mixes it in twice its weight of powdered white sugar, and then presses it into tablets. One of these tablets can be dissolved at any time in hot or cold water, making at once the very perfection of coffee; and it is claimed that a pound of the berry will go much further by this than by any other preparation of the beverage.

Not Any German, Thank-You.

The boy who swallowed the fork, about whose fate there is much curiosity, is dying. The French surgeons endeavour to blister a hole in his stomach to extract the foreign body. Eminent foreign surgeons make pilgrimages to see the patient; even a German has arrived and offered to operate; rumour asserts since the Teuton appeared the lad has become worse. He says the Germans have extricated enough from France already.

Patents Of Nobility.

It may not be generally known that an ordinary peer receives his patent of nobility in a circular box of black tin, while members of the Royal Family are handed theirs in a silver box. That of the new Duke is richly embossed, and has appended to it a pair of silver tassels as fine as silk. It will be sealed with green sealing-wax, with which, by the impression of the Great Seal, the ribbon will be incorporated, and to this the parchment containing the Prince's titles will be appended.

An Imperial Joke.

The English Metropolis has been in an ecstasy over a little joke attributed to the Russian Emperor. The talk of his English entertainers fell, of course, upon the rather worn-out and farcical topic of invading London, when the gentleman alluded to saw the merits of the subject, and remarked, "London is so immense that I believe any small invading army landing at the East-end of your capital would lose its way, and at the close of a week or ten days the soldiers would be taken up by the police at the West-end for begging."

Brevities.

The British volunteers are about to assume the national red coat.—The period of the Directoire is the rage in Paris just now, and everything relating to the Republic, from memoirs of '93 to *m-reveilleuse* bouquets, is *à la mode*.—The last new thing in dry goods stores in Paris is a billiard room for husbands and brothers to beguile the time while their fair companions are making their purchases. A good lunch and glass of wine are also provided gratis.—The Zurich Cremation Society intends offering a prize for the best method of cremation—only those which have been actually proved to be considered.

King Coffee's Uncle In Liverpool.

In the "strangers' book" at the Liverpool Exchange News-room was recently inscribed the name of "J. Ossoo Anshah, Coomassie." The gentleman in question is nephew to Saï Quamina, the former King of Ashantee, and predecessor of King Coffee Calcailli, of whom Prince Anshah is uncle. The prince, who is married to a native Christian, and was at Cape

Coast Castle when the late war broke out, but had to remove to Sierra Leone in fear for his life, has, it is stated, come to England to endeavour to get compensation from the Government for the destruction of his property. He was British envoy at Coomassie for some time, and suffered captivity there in consequence.

"On A Change Tout Cela."

A correspondent writing from Havre says that since the German war the *mœurs* of both the officers and the men of the French army have undergone a great change. "One of the officers, with broken voice, described how the old soldiers had been mowed down during the late war, and how disasters had thickened upon his country. 'We are wiser now,' he said, 'you never see our officers at the cafés, nor our men in the streets. We are working from morning to night to become efficient; our discipline is of the strictest.' An English resident afterwards told me this was strictly true, and that the troops throughout France are working with a quiet determination, never before known, to acquire perfection."

A Novel Dining Table.

A dining-table, which far surpasses in ingenuity of mechanism the celebrated table used by Louis XV for his little tête-à-tête dinners *au naturel*, is in use in one of the palaces of the Emperor of Russia. The table is circular, and is placed on a weighted platform. At the touch of a signal, like a rub of Aladdin's lamp, down goes the table through the floor, and a new table, loaded with fresh dishes and supplies, rises in its place. But this is not all; each plate stands on a weighted disc, the table-cloth being cut with circular openings, one for each plate. If a guest desires a change of plate he touches a signal at his side, when his plate disappears, and another rises. These mechanical dining-tables render the presence of servants quite superfluous.

Awful Blunders.

A recent issue of the *London Times* contains a curious misprint. After stating, in the Parliamentary report, that various votes were agreed to, it says: The Chairman was then ordered to "repeat prayers." It should have been "report progress." But this is nothing compared to the awful slip made about the same time by another English daily in reporting the reception of the Czar at the Guildhall. Instead of printing "His Majesty then rose and replied in English," the compositor dropped the three first letters, "rep." How it came to pass has not transpired, but there has been thunder going on at the office, the paper being, to give it its due, extremely courteous and correct in the conduct of its language at all times.

An Obliging Couple.

The ex-Chief of Police in Terre Haute, Iowa, was recently married under rather unusual circumstances. His son, a little fellow less than a dozen years old, suggested to him the desirability of a change in the domestic arrangements, and having evidently given the matter considerable thought suggested the lady whom he would accept as a step-mother. Prompt in all his movements the ex-Chief sought the lady, told her of what his son had suggested, and intimated his desire to gratify his son's wish in the matter. The lady heard with respect, then awakened her little daughter, before whom she laid the whole subject, received the daughter's consent to the arrangement, and then gave her own. The wedding took place the next day. The *Terre Haute Gazette* gives the statement and is responsible for its truth.

The Force Producing Value Of Foods.

In a recently published Treatise on Foods and Dietetics, the author, Dr. Favy, gives some curious tables showing the force producing value of various foods. From them we learn that, in order to raise the body of a person weighing 10 stone to the height of 10,000 feet, the quantity required to be consumed in the system would be one and a third pounds of isinglass, costing 11. 2s., or twelve pounds of cabbage, costing 1s.; six bottles and three quarters of Guinness's stout, costing 5s. 7d., or nine bottles of Bass's pale ale, costing 7s. 6d. In this case, the experimenter might find a difficulty in consuming the whole of the cheapest article of diet if he selected cabbage, and a great incapacity for raising himself at all if he selected stout or pale ale. Fortunately, however, he might qualify himself for the same work by consuming one and a third pounds of oat meal at the cost of 3d.

Severities Of Prussian Discipline.

Prussian discipline deals hardly with those Germans who flinch under its yoke. A Saxon officer, a Hanoverian by birth, who had served King George until the time of his de-thronement, and when expatriated sought refuge under the Saxon banner, has been recently cashiered for refusing to drink the Emperor William's health on a public occasion. A Bavarian corporal of the reserve has now been dealt out even more rigorous punishment for a lesser offence. Regarding the war medal of 1870-71 as a badge of servitude to Prussia, he has declined to wear it, and for this offence he has been sentenced to degradation and a year's imprisonment. Against this sentence the corporal has appealed, on the ground that he cannot be compelled to wear decorations; but opinion in Germany seems to doubt whether his suit will be successful.

A Runaway Wife's Farewell.

A letter from Madame Georges Lambert to her husband, a retired grocer, finds its way into the columns of a daily Paris paper. It is as follows:—"My husband—In looking over an old almanack I came upon this passage, 'Ill-favoured by nature, he who is born in the month of August will be badly built, of hideous ugliness, and devoid of all wit or intelligence. He will be utterly null, and will succeed in nothing; he will be enticed into taking shares in all kinds of spurious speculations, and he will be much given to dominoes and fishing for gudgeons, he will subscribe to the *Constitutionnel*, he will be a corporal of the National Guard, and will pass his evenings at the Odéon.' My husband—You first saw the light in August, and you were born to justify all these predictions; you will therefore understand why I have run away from you. I have been carried off by my lover. Amuse yourself by yourself, if you can; and if you can't, at least let me alone.—Your spouse, Pulcherie."

Tea In Sicily.

We learn from the Italian papers that the attempts made last year in Italy, without success, to grow the tea-plant, are being renewed in the southern districts of Sicily. It is hoped that this attempt will prove successful, as special pains have been taken to procure seeds and plants from the best sources direct from Japan. Last year's failure is not unreasonably referred to the fact that the entire stock of seeds and plants had been injured by immersion in seawater through the shipwreck of the cargo.

The Temperance Cause In Cleveland.

Speaking of the crusade in Cleveland, O., a correspondent writes:—"The churches are in perpetual sessions in the height of the crusade, the women deploy, rally by fours, and march to the dram-shops like the flock of Peter the Hermit, backed by one of the leading daily papers here. Over three hundred indictments have been found by the Grand Jury for selling spirits by the dram, and all will be pressed for trial. Not a drink can be obtained at any hotel or saloon in Cleveland other than native wine, ale, beer, and cider, and the liquor-sellers are demoralized, many of them have gone out of the business, and the strife has extended to politics. Where else could such a society be found in the midst of this speculative and peculative century to initiate and support a radical social movement with the enthusiasm of Whitfield and rely upon respectable womankind to mount guard upon it?"

Londoners In Luck.

"Baron" Grant, who has recently beautified the ugly eyesore known as Leicester Square and presented the same to the city of London, has made a further bid for popularity. He is now endeavouring to obtain the countenance of the Prince of Wales to the project of purchasing, decorating, and throwing open to the public all the square gardens—84 in number—in the metropolis. He believes that by so doing he will not only make these gardens—in many cases languishing—more healthy and more ornamental, but by allowing the public to traverse them, increase the facilities of that open air exercise which the Londoner has in many cases but little opportunity of indulging in, thus expanding "the lungs of London." He counts on the support of the medical profession. He may also count upon the sturdy opposition of the aristocratic dwellers in such squares.

The Power Of Dynamite.

Judging from some recent experiments recently made near Maidenhead, dynamite is not such a dangerous monster as it has been depicted. It is alleged that it will only explode in two ways, one being by concussion between iron and iron, the other by the detonation of a cap. To test this assertion Mr. Downie, the experimentalist, rolled up some of the brown, earthy-looking powder in a piece of paper, laid it on the stump of a tree, and then struck it with a sledge hammer. The spectators naturally felt nervous, being by no means sure that they would not be blown skyhigh, but the only effect was that the cartridge was flattened into a cake. Applied, however, in the proper manner, the power of this explosive was shown to be enormous. Huge tree stumps and boulders were torn up and rent asunder, while some dynamite cartridges connected with a fuse having been sunk to the bottom of a pond, the water was sent flying over the tops of the loftiest trees adjacent.

A New Rifle.

A gunmaker of Limoges has submitted to the military commission at Vincennes a rifle of a very novel construction. It is thus described in a Paris Journal, *La Liberté*. The new gun presents nothing remarkable exteriorly, but the lock is so arranged that the breech is opened by cocking the piece, and the charge being introduced, the breech is closed and the gun fired by touching the trigger. The cartridge consists of a hollow leaden cone filled with powder and closed at the base by means of a piece of cork. At the moment the cartridge is introduced into the breech the powder escapes by a small hole in the cork, and an imperceptible ball of fulminating powder which forms the priming takes its proper position. The triple action of cocking, loading, and firing is thus effected simultaneously, so that a man with very little experience can fire twenty rounds a minute. The cartridges are stored in an iron tube, which is placed parallel with the barrel, and contains thirty balls, so that the piece may be fired as many times almost without any interval, and without removing the stock from the shoulder, as there is nothing to be done but to cock and pull the trigger. There may be occasions when such rapid firing may be of use, but it is pretty generally admitted that soldiers with the present arms fire away most of their ammunition uselessly.

The Armies Of European Nations.

A German paper publishes a statement concerning the increase that has taken place in the armies of Europe since 1859. The forces of Austria have, it says, increased by 222,580, and amount at present to 856,980 men; Russia has augmented her armies, which now number 1,519,810 men, by 295,660; Italy counts 287,550 more soldiers than in 1859, and her present aggregate military strength is 605,200 men; the German Empire can summon to the field 1,261,160 men, an increase of 424,360 since the abolition of the old Federal Constitution. The French army, 977,660 strong, is greater by 337,100 than that maintained by Louis Napoleon, and under the new army organisation is steadily increasing. Great Britain, including volunteers, has added 233,020 to the total of her land forces, which now include 478,820 men. The Swedish army of 204,510 has now augmented by 69,601; the Belgian army of 93,590, by 13,340; and the Dutch army of 64,320, by 5,770 men. Denmark alone has diminished her war power, her present army of 48,700 being less by 3,850 men than in 1859. These figures bring out the startling conclusions that the additions to these armies during the last fifteen years amount to no less than 1,839,990 men, and that the number of soldiers of all descriptions at present at the disposal of the different Governments of Europe shows a grand total of 6,110,690. In the Austrian army, to every 1,000 combatant foot soldiers there are 103 cavalry and four field guns; in the European army of Russia, 178 cavalry and four guns; in the army of Asia, 910 horsemen and three guns; in the Italian army, 57 cavalry and three guns; in the German, 117 cavalry and three guns; in the French, 119 and five guns; in the English, 132 and four guns.



FRANCOIS-XAVIER GARNEAU
ANT. NORBERT MORIN
SIR GEO. ET. CARTIER

COL. CHE. DE SALABERRY
MGR. JOS. OCT. PLESSIS
VALLIERES DE ST. REAL

PIERRE LOUIS PARRY
SIR LOUIS HYP. LAFONTAINE
LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU

CELEBRATED FRENCH CANADIANS.



L. O. LORANGER,
President of the Organisation Committee.
FRÉD. HOUDR,
Member of the U. S. Committee.
J. B. LABLLE,
Leader of the Orchestra.

ARRR DESCHAMPS,
Preacher of the Festival.
LUDGER DIVERNAY,
Founder of the Society.
ARRR PRIMEAU,
Cure of Worcester, Mass., Member of the U. S. Committee.

C. J. COURSOL,
President of the Society.
FERDINAND GAGNON,
Member of the U. S. Committee.
ALP. LAROCQUE,
Secretary of the Organisation Committee.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE St. JEAN BAPTISTE SOCIETY.

ODDITIES.

Some wit observes that Collins Graves in the first milkman who ever ran away from water.

Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

"Boll'd Eggs" is the name adopted by a cricket club, to signify how impossible it is to beat them.

New apples are one dollar and ten cents a quart. Ten cents for the apples and a dollar for the doctor.

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot water."

Mr. Edgar Bascom was taken to the insane asylum at Hartford this morning, just three months from the day his son Joseph purchased a fiddle.

Some thoughtless person says: "It is unkind to ridicule those items in the papers about centenarians. It is no easy thing to become a centenarian; several have failed."

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school one day was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

The *Detroit Free Press* says: "The *Albany Journal* never has less than eight columns of a hanging affair, and sometimes reaches twelve, and a marked copy is always sent to the widow."

Thiers is credited with having made a *bon mot* consequent upon some one having said something about the state of France. "Don't say France," he exclaimed, "Call it the *Duchy of Magenta*!"

A Georgia negro who bet ten dollars that General Washington commanded the Federals at Bull Run, handed the money over with the remark: "Well, dis yere hist'ry business is all mixed up, anyway."

A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fadder was a jackass."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

A bad little boy in Aberdeen rubbed cayenne pepper dust all over the back of his jacket. The schoolmaster thrashed him briskly, but dismissed school immediately to run to the nearest chemist for eyewater.

"Farewell, Susan, you have driven me to the grave," wrote John Larch, of Alabama, four years ago, and left the note on the river bank. He was arrested the other day in Cincinnati married to another woman.

An Iowa engineer married a young lady while waiting for a late train last week. That's no great shakes. A couple might marry and raise a large family of children while waiting for a train in some of the Indiana depots.

A Nevada lady recently took unfair advantage of her husband's unusual indulgence in a bath to elope with another man, and the bereaved one expresses his conviction that she had been awaiting the opportunity for months.

A Danburian, who was in New York on Saturday, came up with the wild statement that he had seen a hotel clerk with side whiskers. That is more a lie than any man should undertake to tell. Hair growing on the cheek of a hotel clerk—Scat!

Here's a love-stanza all the way from Omaha:

And as we travelled through the fields,
And through the tangled fern,
I tore my mus'n't-mention-ems,
And had to put on her'n!

A New Bedford paper tells a story about a shopkeeper who advised a lady customer to buy two mohair switches instead of one, as the article was becoming scarce. He said that the man whom he hired to hunt moes had only caught two within a fortnight.

An aged Texan who had actually never seen a railroad before, recently rode in one to Houston to see the State fair. Having been asked his opinion about railroads, he replied, "Well, it did seem kinder to me as if it were a streak of lightning running away with a palace."

The following anecdote is told by a preacher for a fact—He was praying, and in his prayer he said, "I pray that the power of the devil may be curtailed." Just then an old darkey in the congregation cried out, "Yes! Amen! Bress me! Cut him tail right smack smooove off!"

When a lover returns after a long absence, and hears the parrot shouting, "Kiss me, darling," as soon as his beloved enters the room, his interest in "Enoch Arden" naturally begins to deepen, and he suspects some ardent or hardened villain has supplanted him in her affections.

A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand, at the close of the ceremony, and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, "I think he is the one to be congratulated."

An Ottumwa, Oregon, paper says: "During the windstorm the other day Richard Warden, of the *Courier*, lost his hat, which went whirling into space, or rather into a mud-hole. Richard, however, was equal to the occasion. He simply crossed his ears over his head and bid defiance to the storm."

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at a London theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and resting himself!" He immediately slunk down.

In a country town in Illinois a few evenings since, at a panorama of the Bible, a little eight-year-old sat wrapped in admiration at the scene until the picture of Jacob and Rebecca at the well appeared, when he looked up and said: "Pa, do you see that picture? I'll just bet five dollars they're Grangers."

At the court of Louis XV. there were two fat noblemen—cousins. The King rallied one of them on his corpulency, and added, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your Majesty will pardon me," replied the Duke, "for I generally walk two or three times round my cousin every morning."

A fellow at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt, and then set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Bar-keeper."

A Detroit female, breathing hard and carrying a large hickory cane, ran down the street the other morning enquiring if anybody had seen a "small, cross-eyed man anywhere along here?" Several persons asked, "What's the matter?" But she hurried on, saying, "Haven't time now; I want to get my paws on the sawning sycophant for just a minute."

LIFE AND DEATH.

We stood on the brink of a river,
And that river's name was Life,
And on its dark waters floated
Grim vessels of war and strife.

We stood on the brink of the river,
And my darling whispered to me:
"Hark to the wall of the river
As it hastens on to the sea!"

We walk'd by the side of that river,
And I laugh'd at the water's moan,
For my darling was beside me,
And in his heart my home.

The river grew wider and stronger
As it flow'd with its ceaseless moan,
And my love cross'd over the water
And left me—forlorn alone.

I will follow that river sadly
Through the chain of weary years
Till I gain the far-off ocean
With bitter, blinding tears.

For I know that when the river
Is hush'd on the sea's blue tide
I shall see my lost love waiting
For me by the ocean's side.

And so I hasten onwards,
With feeble, falling breath,
Longing to meet the ocean,
For the ocean's name is Death!

ETHEL DE GRENIER DE FONBLANQUE.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE CORVETTE CLAYMORE.

"Let us continue. Do you know La Tourgue?"
"Do I know La Tourgue? Why, I belong there."
"How?"
"Certainly, since I come from Parigné."
"In fact, La Tourgue is near Parigné."
"Know La Tourgue! The big round castle that belongs to my lord's family. There is a great iron door which separates the new part from the old that a cannon could not blow open. The famous book about Saint Bartholomew, which people go to look at from curiosity, is in the new building. There are frogs in the moat. When I was little, I used to go and tease them. And the underground passage—I know that; perhaps there is nobody else left who does."

"What underground passage? I do not know what you mean."

"It was made for old times, in the days when La Tourgue was besieged. The people inside could escape by going through the underground passage which leads into the wood."

"There is a subterranean passage of that description in the castle of Jupellière, and the castle of Hunandaye, and the tower of Champéon; but there is nothing of the sort at La Tourgue."

"Oh yes, indeed, monseigneur! I do not know the passages that monseigneur spoke of; I only know that of La Tourgue, because I belong to the neighbourhood. Into the bargain, there is nobody but myself who does know it. It was not talked about. It was forbidden, because it had been used in the time of Monsieur de Rohan's wars. My father knew the secret, and showed it to me. I know how to get in and out. If I am in the forest, I can go into the tower, and if I am in the tower, I can go into the forest, without anybody's seeing me. When the enemy enters there is no longer anyone there. That is what the passage of La Tourgue is. Oh, I know it."

The old man remained silent for a moment.

"It is evident that you deceive yourself; if there were such a secret, I should know it."

"Monseigneur, I am certain. There is a stone that turns." "Ah, good! You peasants believe in stones that turn and stones that sing, and stones that go at night to drink from the neighbouring brook. A pack of nonsense."

"But since I have made the stone turn"—
"Just as others have heard it sing. Comrade, La Tourgue is a fortress, sure and strong, easy to defend; but anybody who counted on a subterranean passage for getting out of it would be silly indeed."

"But monseigneur"—
The old man shrugged his shoulders. "We are losing time; let us talk of what concerns us."

The presumptuous tone cut short Halmalo's persistence. The unknown resumed. "To continue. Listen. From Rouffeu you will go to the wood of Montchevrier; Benedicté is there, the chief of the Twelve. There is another good fellow. He says a blessing while he has people shot. War and sensibility do not go together. From Montchevrier you will go"

He broke off. "I forgot the money."

He took from his pocket a purse and a pocket-book and put them in Halmalo's hand.

"There are thirty thousand francs in assignats in the pocket-book—something like three livres ten sous; it is true the assignats are false, but the real ones are just as worthless. In the purse—attention—there are a hundred gold louis. I give you all I have. I have no need of anything here. Besides, it is better that no money should be found on me. I resume. From Montchevrier you will go to Autrain, where you will see Monsieur de Frotté; from Autrain to La Jupellière, where you will see De Rochecotte; from La Jupellière to Noitieux, where you will find the Abbé Baudoin. Can you recollect all this?"

"Like my paternoster."

"You will see Monsieur Dubois-Guy at Saint-Brice-en-Cogles, Monsieur de Turpin at Morannes, which is a fortified town, and the Prince de Talmont at Château-Gonthier."

"Will I be spoken to by a prince?"

"Since I look to you."

Halmalo took off his hat.

"Madame's fleur-de-lys will insure you a good reception everywhere. Do not forget that you are going into the country of mountaineers and rustics. Disguise yourself. It will be easy to do. These Republicans are so stupid that you may pass anywhere with a blue coat, a three-cornered hat, and a tri-coloured cockade. There are no longer regiments, there are no longer uniforms; the companies are not numbered; each man puts on any rag he pleases. You will go to Saint-Mhervé; there you will see Gautier, called Great Peter. You will go to the cantonment of Parné, where the men blacken their faces. They put gravel into their guns, and a double charge of powder, in order to make more noise. It is well done; but tell them, above all, to kill—kill—kill! You will go to the field of the Vache Noire, which is on a height; to the middle of the wood of La Charnie, then to the camp Avoine, then to the camp Vert, then to the camp of the Fourmis. You will go to the Grand Bordage, which is also called the Haut de Pré, and is inhabited by a widow whose daughter married Treton, nicknamed the Englishman. Grand Bordage is in the parish of Quenilles. You will visit Epineux-le-Chevreuil, Sillé-le-Guillaume, Parannes, and all the men in all of the woods. You will make friends, and you will send them to the borders of the high and the low Maine; you will see Jean Treton in the parish of Vaisges, Sans Regret at Bignon, Chambord at Bonchamps, the brothers Corbin at Maisonnelles, and the Petit-sans-Lent at Saint-John-on-Erve. He is the one who is called Bourdoiseau. All that done, and the watchword—*Revolt! No quarter!*—given everywhere, you will join the grand army, the Catholic and royal army, wherever it may be. You will see D'Elbée, De Lescure, De Larochejacquin, all the chiefs who may chance to be still living. You will show them my commander's ribbon. They all know what it means. You are only a sailor, but Cathelineau is only a carter. This is what you must say to them for me: 'It is time to join the two wars, the great and the little. The great makes the most noise; the little does the most execution. The Vendée is good—*Chouannerie* is better; for in civil war the fiercest is the best. The success of a war is judged by the amount of harm it does.'

He paused. "Halmalo, I say all this to you. You do not understand the words, but you comprehend the things themselves. I gained confidence in you from seeing you manage the boat. You do not understand geometry, yet you perform sea-maneuvres that are marvellous. He who can manage a boat can pilot an insurrection; from the way in which you have conducted this sea intrigue, I am certain you will fulfil all my commands well. I resume. You will tell the whole to the chiefs, in your own way of course, but it will be well told. I prefer the war of the forest to the war of the plain; I have no wish to set a hundred thousand peasants in line and exposed to Carnot's artillery, and the grape shot of the Blues. In less than a month I mean to have five hundred thousand sharpshooters ambushed in the woods. The Republican army is my name. Poaching is our way of waging war. Mine is the strategy of the thickets. Good; there is still another expression you will not catch; no matter, you will seize this: *No quarter, and ambushes everywhere*. I depend more on bush fighting than on regular battles. You will add that the English are with us. We catch the Republic between two fires. Europe assists us. Let us make an end of the revolution. Kings will wage a war of kingdoms against it; let us wage a war of parishes. You will say this. Have you understood?"

"Yes. Put all to fire and sword."

"That is it."

"No quarter."

"Not to a soul. That is it."

"I will go everywhere."

"And be careful. For in this country it is easy to become a dead man."

"Death does not concern me. He who takes his first step uses perhaps his last shoes."

"You are a brave fellow."

"And if I am asked monseigneur's name?"

"It must not be known yet. You will say you do not know it, and that will be the truth."

"Where shall I see monseigneur again?"

"Where I shall be."

"How shall I know?"

"Because all the world will know. I shall be talked of before eight days go by; I shall make examples; I shall avenge religion and the king, and you will know well that it is I of whom they speak."

"I understand."

"Forget nothing."

"Be tranquil."

"Now go. May God guide you! Go."

"I will do all that you have bidden me. I will go. I will speak. I will obey. I will command."

"Good."

"And if I succeed"—

"I will make you a knight of Saint Louis."

"Like my brother. And if I fail, you will have me shot?"

"Like your brother."

"Done, monseigneur."

The old man bent his head and seemed to fall into a sombre reverie. When he raised his eyes he was alone. Halmalo was only a black spot disappearing on the horizon.

The sun had just set.

The sea-mews and the hooded gulls flew homeward from the darkening ocean.

The sort of inquietude which precedes the night made itself felt in space. The green frogs croaked; the kingfishers flew whistling out of the pools; the gulls and the rooks kept up their evening tumult; the cry of the shore birds could be heard, but not a human sound. The solitude was complete.

Not a sail in the bay, not a peasant in the fields. As far as the eye could reach stretched a deserted plain. The great sand-thistles shivered. The white sky of twilight cast a vast livid pallor over the shore. In the distance the pools scattered over the plain looked like great sheets of pewter spread flat upon the ground. The wind hurried in from the sea with a moan.

BOOK THE FOURTH

TELLEMARCH.

I.—THE TOP OF THE DUNE.

The old man waited till Halmalo disappeared, then he drew his fisherman's cloak closely about him and set out on his course. He walked with slow steps, thinking deeply. He

took the direction of Huisnes, while Halmalo went towards Beauvoir.

Behind him, an enormous black triangle with a cathedral for tinn and a fortress for breastplate, with its two great towers to the east, one round, the other square, helping to support the weight of the church and village, rose Mount Saint Michael, which is to the ocean what the Pyramid of Cheops is to the desert.

The quicksands of Mount Saint Michael's Bay insensibly displace their dunes. Between Huisnes and Ardeven there was at that time a very high one, which is now completely effaced. This dune, levelled by an equinoctial storm, had the peculiarity of being very ancient; on its summit stood a commemorative column, erected in the twelfth century, in memory of the council held at Avranches against the assassins of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. From the top of this dune the whole district could be seen, and one could fix the points of the compass.

The old man ascended it. When he reached the top he sat down on one of the projections of the stones with his back against the pillar, and began to study the kind of geographical chart spread beneath his feet. He seemed to be seeking a route in a district which had once been familiar. In the whole of this vast landscape, made indistinct by the twilight, there was nothing clearly defined but the horizon stretching black against the sky.

He could perceive the roofs of eleven towns and villages; could distinguish for several leagues' distance all the bell-towers of the coast, which were built very high to serve in case of need as landmarks to boats at sea.

At the end of a few minutes the old man appeared to have found what he sought in this dim clearness; his eyes rested on an enclosure of trees, walls, and roofs, partially visible midway between the plain and the wood—it was a farm. He nodded his head in the satisfied way a man does who says to himself—"There it is," and began to trace with his finger a route across the fields and hedges. From time to time he examined a shapeless, indistinct object stirring on the principal roof of the farm, and seemed to ask himself: "What can it be?" It was colourless and confused, owing to the gloom; it floated, therefore it was not a weather-cock; and there was no reason why it should be a flag.

He was weary; he remained in his resting-place and yielded passively to the vague forgetfulness which the first moments of repose bring over a tired man.

There is an hour of the day which may be called noiseless; it is the serene hour of early evening. It was about him now. He enjoyed it; he looked, he listened—to what? The tranquillity. Even savage natures have their moments of melancholy. Suddenly this tranquillity was, not troubled, but accentuated by the voices of persons passing below—the voices of women and children. It was like a chime of joy-bells unexpectedly ringing amid the shadows. The underbrush hid the group from whence the voices came, but it was moving slowly along the foot of the dune toward the plain and the forest. The clear, fresh tones reached distinctly the pensive old man—they were so near that he could catch every word.

A woman's voice said, "We must hurry ourselves, Flécharde. Is this the way?"

"No, yonder."

The dialogue went on between the two voices, one high-pitched, the other low and timid.

"What is the name of the farm we are stopping at?"

"L'Herbe-en-Pail."

"Will it take us much longer to get there?"

"A good quarter of an hour."

"We must hurry on to get our soup"

"Yes, we are late."

"We shall have to run. But those mites of yours are tired. We are only two women—we can't carry three brats. And you—you are already carrying one, my Flécharde. A regular lump of lead. You have weaned the little gormandizer, but you carry her all the same. A bad habit. Do me the favour to make her walk. Oh, very well, so much the worse. The soup will be cold."

"Oh, what good shoes these are that you gave me. I should think they had been made for me."

"It is better than going bare-footed—eh?"

"Hurry up, René-Jean!"

"He is the very one that hindered us. He must needs chatter with all the little peasant girls he met. Oh, he shows the man already."

"Yes, indeed; he is going on five years old."

"I say, René-Jean, what made you talk to that little girl in the village?"

A child's voice—that of a boy—replied, "Because she was an acquaintance of mine."

"What, you know her?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ever since this morning; she played some games with me."

"Oh, what a man you are!" cried the woman. "We have only been three days in the neighbourhood; that creature there is no bigger than your fist, and he has found a sweetheart already."

The voices grew fainter and fainter, then every sound died away.

II.—AURES HARET, ET NON AUDIET.

The old man sat motionless. He was not thinking, scarcely dreaming. About him was serenity, rest, safety, solitude. It was still broad daylight on the dune, but almost dark in the plain, and quite night in the forest. The moon was floating up the east; a few stars dotted the pale blue of the zenith. This man, though full of pre-occupation and stern cares, lost himself in the ineffable sweetness of the infinite. He felt within him the obscure dawn of hope, if the word hope may be applied to the workings of civil warfare. For the instant it seemed to him that, in escaping from that inexorable sea and touching land once more, all danger had vanished. No one knew his name; he was alone, escaped from the enemy, having left no trace behind him, for the sea leaves no track; hidden, ignored, not even suspected. He felt an indescribable calm; a little more and he would have fallen asleep.

What made the strange charm of this tranquil home to that man, a prey within and without to such tumults, was the profound silence alike in earth and sky.

He heard nothing but the wind from the sea; but the wind is a continual bass, which almost ceases to be a noise so accustomed does the ear become to its tone.

* NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.—Dunes is the name given to the great sand-hills on the coasts of Brittany, Normandy, and Holland.

Suddenly he started to his feet.

His attention had been quickly awakened; he looked about the horizon. Then his glance fixed eagerly upon a particular point. What he looked at was the belfry of Cormeray, which rose before him at the extremity of the plain. Something very extraordinary was indeed going on within it.

The belfry was clearly defined against the sky; he could see the tower surmounted by the spire, and between the two the cage for the bell, square, without penthouse, open to the four sides after the fashion of Breton belfries.

Now this cage appeared alternately to open and shut, at regular intervals; its lofty opening showed entirely white, then black; the sky could be seen for an instant through it, then it disappeared; a gleam of light would come, then an eclipse, and the opening and shutting succeeded each other from moment to moment with the regularity of a hammer striking the anvil. This belfry of Cormeray was in front of the old man, about two leagues from the place where he stood. He looked to his right at the belfry of Bager-Pican, which rose equally straight and distinct against the horizon; its cage was opening and shutting, like that of Cormeray.

He looked to his left, at the belfry of Tanis; the cage of the belfry of Tanis opened and shut, like that of Bager-Pican. He examined all the belfries upon the horizon, one after another; to his left those of Courtils, of Précey, of Crollon, and the Croix-Avranchin; to his right the belfries of Raz-sur-Couesnon, of Mordrey, and of the Pas; in front of him, the belfry of Pontorin. The cages of all these belfries were alternately white and black.

What did this mean? It meant that all the bells were swinging. In order to appear and disappear in this way they must be violently rung.

What was it for? The tocsin, without doubt. The tocsin was sounding, sounding madly—on every side, from all the belfries, in all the parishes, in all the villages; and yet he could hear nothing.

This was owing to the distance and the wind from the sea, which, sweeping in the opposite direction, carried every sound of the shore out beyond the horizon.

All these mad bells calling on every side, and at the same time this silence; nothing could be more sinister.

The old man looked and listened. He did not hear the tocsin; he saw it. It was a strange sensation, that of seeing the tocsin.

Against whom was this rage of the bells directed? Against whom did this tocsin sound?

III.—USEFULNESS OF BIG LETTERS.

Assuredly some one was snared. Who?

A shiver ran through this man of steel. It could not be he? His arrival could not have been discovered; it was impossible that the acting representative should have received information; he had scarcely landed. The corvette had evidently foundered, and not a man had escaped. And even on the corvette, Boisberthelot and La Vieuville alone knew his name. The belfries kept up their savage sport. He mechanically watched and counted them, and his meditations, pushed from one conjecture to another, had those fluctuations caused by a sudden change from complete security to a terrible consciousness of peril. Still, after all, this tocsin might be accounted for in many ways, and he ended by reassuring himself with the repetition of—"In short, no one knows of my arrival, and no one knows my name."

During the last few seconds there had been a slight noise above and behind him. This noise was like the fluttering of leaves. He paid no attention to it at first, but as the sound continued—one might have said insisted on making itself heard—he turned round at length. It was in fact a leaf, but a leaf of paper. The wind was trying to tear off a large placard pasted on the stone above his head. This placard had been very lately fastened there, for it was still moist and offered a hold to the wind which had begun to play with and was detaching it.

The old man had ascended the dune on the opposite side, and had not seen this placard as he came up.

He stepped on to the coping where he had been seated and laid his hand on the corner of the paper which the wind moved. The sky was clear, for the June twilights are long; the bottom of the dune was shadowy, but the top in light; a portion of the placard was printed in large letters, and there was still light enough for him to make it out. He read thus:

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

"We, Prieur of the Marne, acting representative of the people for the army of the coast of Cherbourg, give notice: The *ci-devant* Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount of Fontenay, so-called Breton prince, secretly landed on the coast of Granville, is declared an outlaw. A price is set on his head. Any person bringing him, alive or dead, will receive the sum of sixty thousand francs. This amount will not be paid in assignats, but in gold. A battalion of the Cherbourg coast-guards will be immediately despatched for the apprehension of the so-called Marquis de Lantenac.

"The parishes are ordered to lend every assistance.
"Given at the Town Hall of Granville, this 2nd of June, 1793.

"(Signed),

"PRIEUR DE LA MARNE."

Under this name was another signature, in much smaller characters, and which the falling light prevented the old man's deciphering.

It was unsafe to remain longer on this summit. He had perhaps already stayed too long; the top of the dune was the only point in the landscape which still remained visible.

When he reached the obscurity of the bottom, he slackened his pace. He took the route which he had traced for himself toward the farm, evidently having reason to believe that he should be safe in that direction.

The plain was deserted. There was no passers-by at that hour. He stopped behind a thicket of underbrush, undid his cloak, turned his vest the hairy side out, refastened his rag of a mantle about his neck by its cord, and resumed his way.

The moon was shining. He reached a point where two roads branched off; an old stone cross stood there. Upon the pedestal of the cross he could distinguish a white square which was most probably a notice like that he had just read. He went towards it.

"Where are you going?" said a voice.
He turned round. A man was standing in the hedgerow,

tall like himself, old like himself, with white hair like his own, and garments even more dilapidated—almost his double. This man leaned on a long stick.

He repeated: "I ask you where you are going."

"In the first place, where am I?" returned he, with an almost haughty composure.

The man replied: "You are in the seignury of Tanis. I am its beggar; you are its lord."

"I?"

"Yes, you, my Lord Marquis de Lantenac."

IV.—THE CALMAREP.

The Marquis de Lantenac—we shall henceforth call him by his name—answered quietly, "So be it. Give me up."

The man continued, "We are both at home here; you in the castle, I in the bushes."

"Let us finish. Do your work. Betray me," said the marquis.

The man went on: "You were going to the farm of Herbe-en-Pail, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Do not go."

"Why?"

"Because the Blues are there."

"Since how long?"

"These three days."

"Did the people of the farm and the hamlet resist?"

"No; they opened all their doors."

"Ah!" said the marquis.

The man pointed with his finger towards the roof of the farm-house, which could be perceived above the trees at a short distance.

"You can see the roof, marquis?"

"Yes."

"Do you see what there is above it?"

"Something floating?"

"Yes."

"It is a flag."

"The tricolour," said the man.

This was the object which had attracted the marquis's attention as he stood on the top of the dune.

"Is not the tocsin sounding?" asked the marquis.

"Yes."

"On what account?"

"Evidently on yours."

"But I cannot hear it."

"The wind carries the sound the other way."

The man added, "Did you see your placard?"

"Yes."

"They are hunting you;" and casting a glance toward the farm, he added, "There is a demi-battalion there."

"Of republicans?"

"Parisians."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

June 17.—The 30th annual session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America opened at Toronto.

Memorial presented in the U. S. Senate from the citizens of Michigan against any Reciprocity Treaty with Canada.

The cable SS. "Ambassador," with thirty miles of the shore end of the new cable, arrived off Portsmouth, N. H.

Rochefort arrived at Dublin and hissed by the crowd. Increase of cholera reported from India.

Debate on the Organic Municipal Law opened in the French Assembly; the Government insisting on its right to nominate mayors. The Deputies of the Left Centre publish a note again inviting an alliance with the Right Centre, in order that both parties may establish the Republic; they offer all necessary constitutional guarantees, and declare that if the alliance they seek is refused, the Right Centre will be responsible for the possible return of the Empire. Defeat of Moorish insurgents at Algiers. Commission instituted to prepare a new press law. Defeat of the Carlists at Alcora; Don Enriquez, son of Henry of Bourbon, killed.

June 18.—Tenders advertised for for the construction of a telegraph line across the continent. Westmoreland (N. B.) election for Local Legislature. Smith, Picard, McQueen, and Humphrey, Government candidates, elected. Mr. Geoffrion accepts a seat in the Cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue. Free school candidates elected in Carlton (N.B.) to Local Legislature.

New Reciprocity Treaty sent to the United States Senate. Rochefort arrives in London; no demonstration being made on the occasion; he is surveilled by French detectives.

The French Assembly rejects, by a vote of 327 to 375, the Municipal Organization Bill, giving to the largest tax-payers a right of membership of municipal councils; the Left, the Bonapartists, and a portion of the Right Centre voting with the majority. The Right Centre open negotiations with the Right and with a portion of the Left Centre, in the hope of forming a new majority upon a program based on the bill submitted by M. Lambert de St. Croix on the 15th inst., providing for the confirmation of President McMahon's powers; the organization of the second Chamber; conferring the right upon President McMahon to dissolve both branches, and the appointment of his successor by a joint convention of the two Chambers.

June 19.—Anglican Synods of Montreal and Ontario closed. Order rescinded prohibiting fishing in the St. Lawrence near Kingston. Heavy rain at St. John, N.B.; rivers overflowing and much damage done by the carrying away of bridges and injuring of roads.

Tweed brought to New York to testify in a suit before the Supreme Court. Petition forwarded to the President from members of the Anti-reciprocity Association protesting against the laying of the corner stone of the new government building at Chicago with Masonic ceremonies.

In the Assembly an amendment to the Municipal Organization Bill was adopted, which completes the defeat of the measure. The amendment in effect maintains the existing system of municipal elections, striking out the clause which provides for minority representation by cumulative voting. It was adopted by a vote of 579 to 34, which caused great surprise. The Right is deeply discouraged by recent votes in the Assembly. It feels that its power is gone, and that the majority which it was hitherto able to command is broken up. The Left Centre is determined to make a change in the domestic policy of the Government. Wife of Don Carlos arrived in Paris, en route to Switzerland.

The Cathedral Chapter of Posen refused to obey the Government's order to elect a Vicar-General, declaring that it does not consider that a vacancy exists.

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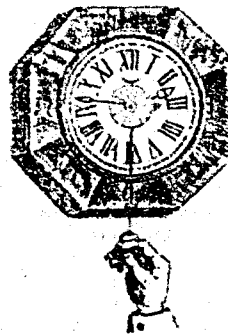
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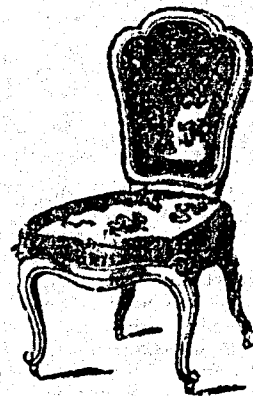
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