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Vol. XV.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1877

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



HON. A. J. SMITH, MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

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#### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 24th, 1877.

#### FISH CULTURE IN CANADA.

We desire to call the special attention the country. of our readers to the double-page picture in the present number illustrative of the successful efforts which are being made to preserve and propagate the fish resources of the Dominion. There is probably no country in the world so favored as Canada, in the quality, quantity and variety of its fish, and with proper management it ought to be made a vast channel of revenue and wealth. It is with this idea that the gentlemen who are at the head of our Fish-Breeding establishments have devoted their time, industry and intelligence to the good work. We publish to-day a brief memoir of each of these gentlemen-Messrs. Wilmor, WHITCHER and the Hon. A. J. SMITH. From these our friends will learn the great claims which each of them has to public recognition. It is not too much to say that their labors are fully as patriotic as those of our statesmen or members of Parliament. We also publish a paper on fish-breeding, complete in the information it affords of this branch of industry. The remarks contained therein respecting the fisheries clause of the Treaty of Washington, are deserving of particular consideration. Altegether the whole subject is of supreme interest and importance, and we are certain that our readers will thank us for the large space which we devote to it to-day. Indeed, it has occupied so much of our columns, that we are reluctantly obliged to lay over a great deal of matter-principally our literary reviews and Gallery sketchesuntil the next number. We have not been able even to use all the material at our disposal, as gathered from the Bluebooks, and must content ourselves with appending the following memorandum of fish eggs laid down in the several Government Fish-Breeding Establishments in Canada during the autumn of 1876 :-

Newcastle (Ont.)-

Whitefish eggs...... 150,000 California Salmon eggs...... 10,000 Sandwich (Ont.)

Whitefish eggs......8,000,000

Salmon eggs......1,000,000 30,000 Sea-trout eggs..... 5,000 California Salmon eggs Gaspé (Que.)

Salmon eggs...... 920,000

Restigouche (Que.) 

Miramichi (N.B.) Salmon eggs...... 640,000

These are all in thriving condition. The percentage of loss on the eggs deposited after impregnation has been exceedingly small. It is confidently hoped that this large stock of ova will be hatched out with a loss not exceeding seven per cent on the whole deposit.

Owing to circumstances which we could not control, we found ourselves at the very last moment obliged to postpone till next week the portrait of Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, whose place was naturally with the other gentlemen who preside over the tish interests of the Dominion. If we had been able to postpone the publication in the country. We invite our friends to till next week we should readily have done so purposely to introduce this portrait, but our mechanical arrangements were such that postponement was impossible. We shall supply the omission next week, however, and place Mr. Smith in our National Portrait Gallery, at the same time giving our readers a sketch of his distinguished official career, which has derived additional Justre from his visit to England, last summer, in connection with the Shipping Bill. In this mission he performed his duty to the entire satisfaction of the Government and

> Exception has been taken to the costumes of nuns which appeared in our illustration of the Toronto Skating Rink last week. We regret that it should be so, but we can assure our friends that there was not the slightest disrespect intended, either on our part, nor on the part of those who sent us the original from Toronto. In a mixed community like ours, it has ever been our aim to do justice to every one, and we should not for one moment willingly allow anything to appear in our illustrations or letterpress, calculated to give the slightest pain or offence to any of our numerous readers throughout the country.

> THEY know how to do things in Europe, and no wonder art flourishes. Gé ROME, the great French painter, has lately been visiting Naples, and before his departure received the honor of a farewell breakfast from the Neapolitan artists. On returning to his hotel, he found an officer of the royal household, charged to give him, in the name of VICTOR EMMANUEL. the cross of a Knight of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus; M. Goupil, who accompanied M. GEROME, being also decorated with the cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Various projects have been proposed to shorten the dreaded voyage between Europe and America. One plan contemplates a railway across Newfoundland connecting with swift steamers, which would make the trip from that island to Valentia Bay, Ireland, in three days. Another project, which would shorten the passage about one-half, is that of building a railroad from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, to Whitellaven, the most easterly point on the continent, and about 1.000 miles from New York, by which the ocean voyage would be shortened to five days.

A LONDON paper says: "The latest eccentricity, next to the new yellow color, invaluable to dark beauties and fatal to fair ones, is American beef. Dinners are arranged for the purpose of tasting it; luncheons are improvised in order to ex- Lospon, 1st March, 1877.

patiate on its merits. Deities of kitchens are appeased by presents, to sacrifice the claims of the family butcher, and house wives undertake omnibus journeys to the ice cold stores in Cannon street, valiantly bringing home sirloins in baskets, to the horror of conductors and the annoyance of fellow-passengers.'

Schliemann is again in trouble. Prof-HELBIG, at the meeting of the Correspond ing Institute of Archaeology in Rome, examined the discoveries in the Acropolis of Mycenie, and pronounced them untenable. PAUSANIAS, on whose text Schilemann relies, says nothing, he declares, to warrant SCHLIEMANN's pretence to have discovered the tombs of Agamemnon, Cas-SANDRA, and their companions.

PILGRIMAGES are the order of the day. French and Irish Canadians are getting ready to go to visit the Pope, and the famous Cook is about to start with a party of Sunday-school teachers and others on a two months' "Biblical education tour" to the Holy Land. It is stated that an unusually large number of travellers have taken tickets (at £90 a piece) for this

It is rumoured as being not improbable that the Prince of Wales will send his sons to the Britannia for a course of training, rather than to a public school. The elder one will ultimately enter the army, but the younger is likely to remain in the

During the past few weeks the New York Herald has been telegraphing the predictions of the bureau with respect to storms in Europe, and they have been verified. Here is a chance for VENNOR.

#### ESSENCE OF ENGLISH PARLIA. MENT.

THE LORDS - THE BERTLE -- THE CATTLE PLAGUE --- ADJOURNMENT --- LEADERS.

In the House of Lords, on the 22nd ult., the Premier was taken to task by Earl Granville and Lord Roseberry with repard to the statement made by him in his speech of Tuesday as to the dates of the atrocities in Bulgaria, and the delay in communicating the facts to the Government.

Lord Beaconsfield admitted be might have been inaccurate as to the precise dates as he spoke from memory, but maintained his general statements and that the inefficiency of the Consular service in the East was due to the abolition by his predecessors of many of the minor consulates

Some of the noble Lords were auxious to know how the Colorado beetle was progressing, and if there was any likelihood of its visiting England. Lord Carnaryon replied that he was keeping a sharp look out on the movements of that troublesome insect, and had arged the Canadian Government to take precautions not to export any to England along with their potators.

Enquiries were also made as to the cattle plague which is exciting some alarm, it being now prevalent in Ireland as well as England.

Stringent regulations have been made prohibiting exportation from all countries where the isease has made its appearance, and it was hoped that the success attending the exportation of fresh meat from America and Canada would tend to the extinction of the trade of live cattle.

In the House of Commons on Thursday last, there was a smart breeze with reference to the iournal debate on the Kasta

Some of the members, who had motions on the papers, declined to postpone them unless Opposition would formally challenge the action of the Government. This Lord Hartington refused to do, and after a good deal of discussion and cross-firing the adjourned debate on this burning question has been again adjourned

In the course of the discussion a good deal of amusement was caused by Mr. Mitchell Henry referring to the "Leaders of the Opposition" -the plural of the hon, gentleman called forth loud laughter and cries of "which leader" from the Ministerial benches, and the laughter was redoubled when he said in a bewildered manner that he recognized no less than three "leaders" on his own side of the House.

Mr. Trevelyan's bill to extend the principle of open competition to appointments in the Foreign Office and the diplomatic service, was thrown out on a division by 150 votes against

Other proceedings have been devoid of any W. H. F. special interest.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The greater part of the descriptive matter connected with our illustrations this week will be found in another column.

EMERSON.—Emerson is situated on the bank of the Red River of the North, in the Province of Manitoba, and from its position is destined to become one of the most importan towns in the Province of Manitoba. The International Boundary Line separates it from the State of Minnesota, while immediately on the opposite bank of the river is the Territory of Dakota. There is no portion of the Province so desirable for settlement. The terminus of the Pembina Branch is located here, which has done much to advance this young and rising town. No. 1 represents Uncle Sam and John Bull, one standing in Minnesota, the other in Manitoba, with the Union Jack, and stars, and stripes, inter-twined from either side of the Boundary Pillar. No. 2 is the building in which was held the International Show of last fall. No. 3 is a beauternational Show of last laft. No. 3 is a beau-tiful sketch of the River, with the town of Emerson in the distance. No. 4 is a view of a portion of Main street, showing the Dominion Lands' Office, and No. 5, the Episcopal Church of which the Rev. Mark Jukes is incumbent.

THE WHITE HOUSE, - A view of this his. torical building is of particular interest at the present time. The edifice is unpretentions and present time. The edifice is unpretentions and would be almost unimposing but for its Greeian portico, but its chief ment is the association which it suggests with the principal men of the United States.

The Paris Exhibition .-- With their usual artistic taste and instinct of symmetry, the French have already portioned out the divisions which each nation is to occupy at the approaching International Exhibition, and the buildings devised are in direct accord with the historical architecture of each country.

THE OLIOMAN GRAND COUNCIL. We are altogether too much disposed, either through ignorance or prejudice, to belittle the Turkish care. The accompanying picture is inserted principally to show our readers what manner of men dispose of the destinies of the Turkish Empire. In physique they will compare with the best races, while their political sagacity is best displayed in the present position of Far-

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT CONSTANTI-NOTIE, -M. Gallenga is the special correspondent of the London Times. He is an Italian by birth and took part in the events of 1848. He is a writer of recognized authority. Mr. George Augustus Sala is the special correspondent of the London Telegraph. He needs no introduction to our readers. As a mere newspaper man he may fairly claim to have no superior anywhere. Mr. Campbell Clarke is the regular correspondent of the London Telegraph at Paris. He was sent on a special mission to Constantinople during the sittings of the Conference. He is well known in the literary and artistic circles of Paris. M. LeChevalier is a resident at Constantinople and is the regular correspondent of the Jacraal des Debats.
M. Camille Barrere, the youngest of the correspondents, writes French and English with equal pondents, writes rienen and ringuish with equationality. He is the correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, the Manchester Guardian and the République Françoise. Dr. Carl Schnender is the principal Eastern correspondent of the Kölnische Zeitung. Mr. Edwin Pears is a lawyer and correspondent of the London Darily News. He has won world-wide fame as being the first to signalize the Bulgarian atrocities. Mr. MacGahan is the special correspondent of the Duily News. He was formerly engaged for the New York Herald, and as its representative followed the Russian expedition to Kluva. Mr. Melton Prior is one of the principal artists of the London Illustrated News,

#### ARTISTIC.

It is stated that Mr. Britton Riviere, besides his tendering of the legend of St. Patrick returning home with a young fawn in his arms, will contribute to the next exhibition of the Royal Academy a perture the subject of which is the Scriptural story of Lazarus and the dogs.

A NEW Trojan horse has been found at Cerea. near Verona, in the armory of Count Ludovico do Medici. This enormous wooden steed was soid to a joiner. When cutting it to pieces the latter found in its stomach a treasure of gold, silver, and jewols represent-

AMONG the buildings recently exhiumed at Pompeii is a drinking salom, with its tables and other appurtenances. The plettires frescord upon the walls represent tavern scenes. Men are drinking and gamiding at tables; others are sented upon wooden benches against the walls, and others are standing in conversation.

M. D'AMORE, the sculptor, has just completed M. D'AMORE, the scuiptor, has just completed a bust of Miss. Clara Morris, which is at superlative excellence. It will soon be placed on exhibition in the studio of M. Sarony, the celebrated photographer. It is really a noble work of art, and we trust uill be reproduced for the benefit of the public. The face is admirably executed, and the expression is beautifully rendered. The "American Rachel" appears to singular advantage in this artistic work, which shows improvement even on the young artist's fine Columbus, so much admired at the Centernial Exhibition.

Ir is proposed to erect a statue to Arago in It is proposed to erect a statue to Arago in Paris. The wonder is that the great astronomer and no-autrender Republican bus never yet been so glorified. He was so respected by the Second Empire that Napoleon III, exempted bin from taking the outh of allegiance—the sole functionary thus exempted. The peculiarity of Arago's lessons lay in his bringing home the truths of astronomy to minds totally unacquainted with mathematics. He was decorated with all the important orders of Eugope, yet such was his demogratic, and perhaps philosophic, disdain for these distinctions, that he never wore any of them; he said "they were toys only suited for white niggers."

## THE RICHELIEU.

111.

There are few places in Canada of more his toric interest than St. Johns. Though it was not the theatre of any great battles to which its name is attached, it is connected with nearly every expedition of any note that took place in the great wars which the French, English and Americans waged for the mastery of New France

Its situation at the head of navigation in the direction of Lake Champlain pointed it out to the early French engineers as a proper place for the erection of defensive works. Accordingly, so far back as 1758, Montealm built fortifications there, during the campaign rendered memorable by the victory of Carillon (Ticonde roga), the surrender of Fort Frontenac and the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, situateon the present site of Pittsburg. The remains of these ancient works are still visible, a little in the rear of the present barracks and adjoining the

The next year, 1759, Quebec fell and the country passed into the hands of the British, who made no use of Fort St. Johns for over filtren years. But at the out break of the American Revolution, the importance of this frontier post was immediately recognized, and Sir Guy Capteron, then Governor Ocheral of Canada, rebuilt and enlarged the fortifications of Mont-

In the autumn of 1775, St. Johns offered the hast serious resistance to the American forces that had been despatched by Congress to invade and capture Canada. Gen. S. huyler, at the head et a considerable army of Continentals (as the American militiamen were then called), appeared before St. Johns, in September of that year, Bong deceived by scouts as to the strength of the fort, he fell back to Isle-aux-Noix, where le was replaced by Gen. Montgomery, who on the arrival of reinforcements, immediately te-sumed the campaign. He led his advance guard oldly in face of the northern front of the fort. Here he had a skirmish with a detachment of the garrison, which was just returning from a successful sally. From the position of Montgomery's troops this first action must have taken place on the present site of the peaceful town, grobably quite uninhabitated at that time. The place was thickly planted with forest trees and me ground damp and marshy, so much so, inand, that the American Commander, a few days dur, shifted his position to the north-west of the fort on a higher plateau, in the neighborhood of the ridge that leads up to Bernier. Here threw up regular bysast-works and began term operations. A few days experience soon

convinced Montgomery that he had to do with a valiant garrison, and that nothing short of a

ombardment could make him master of the

fort. This he was unable to effect, for want of

siege ordnance, and he would most probably

have been obliged to withdraw on the approach

of the winter, but for two fortunate circum-

The first of these was the capture of the garrison of Chambly, which furnished him with much valuable war material. We shall relate this episode in full, in our next paper. second was the failure of Carleton to reinforce the St. Johns' garrison. When the Governor learned the fall of Chambly, he left Montreal with a considerable force and attempted to cross at Longuenil, on rafts and bateaux. Here he was met by a detachment of Americans who lay in wait for him. Just as he was about to land, they opened on his boats with grape and canister, capturing one and driving the others across the St. Lawrence. News of this success was immediately despatched to Montgomery, who communicated it to Major Preston, the valiant commander of the besieged garrison, along with a summons to surrender. Preston demanded four days of armistice, to decide upon his course. This was refused by Montgomery, who declared that he was willing to grant honorable terms to an enemy that had displayed so much fortitude and bravery, but that he was in a position to prosecute the siege with renewed vigor, and command an unconditional surrender. The fact was that the Americans, besides being emboldened by their successes at Chambly and Longueuil,

Major Preston, feeling his helplessness and complete isolation, at length consented to capitulate. He obtained honorable terms. The place where his troops laid down their arms was the open plain between the fort and the American breast works, now traversed diagonally by the railway to Montreal

on the works and mounted with one gun and

two mortars.

The siege had lasted six weeks, and the garrison which surrendered consisted of five hundred regular British troops and one hundred Canadian volunteers. There were a few civilians, too, included among these, whether residents Quebec, 17th March, 1877. of St. Johns or its environs, I have not been able to ascertain.

The Americans captured 39 pieces of cannon, from two to twenty-four pounders, 2 howitzers, 7 mortars, 800 stands of arms and a scanty sup-

ply of ammunition.

The fall of St. Johns created much anxiety in Montreal and Quebec. It opened the way for the march of the American invading army, and supplied it with an excellent base of operations.

Frouder, the common comm

Carleton had tried hard to prevent the advance of Montgomery and had not succeeded. Nothing now prevented this officer from proceeding to Montreal. Carleton's own hope was the approach of the cold season, and the insubordination in Montgomery's camp would give him ime to concentrate his forces.

The St. Johns' garrison surrendered, November 1st. 1775. The Americans took immeliate possession of the fort and retained it just six months, till May, 1776, when they were driven out of it by Burgoyne

The block house built by Montgomery on the other side of the river was still visible up to a

few years ago.

We have described a first chapter in the military history of St. Johns. There remains as much more to be related, which, for want of space, we shall lay over till next week.

John Lesperance.

#### GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

Amongst the most recent contributions to Canadian history, may be noticed a heachure of some 32 pages dated. Montgomery Place, Nov. 10, 1877, and containing together with a quaint memorandum penned by the late Mrs. R. Montsette. gomery, more original letters addressed by the General, to his then beloved young wife, Janet Livingstone, the daughter of Judge Robert Living-stone, also a transcript of the Will of Richard Montgomery, dated Crown Point, 36th August. and anthenticated by the signatures of Col. Benedict Arnold and Col. Donald Campbell. The following epistle exhibits some of the trials the youthful and handsome commander was subjected to on his taking possession of Montreal in November, 1775:

" MOSTREAL, Nov. 18th.

" My Dear Janet:

"This morning the Bostonians have marched into town; the Governor with his small garrison, having abandoned it two nights since, and retired towards Quebec where he will run some risk of being caught by Col. Arnold, who is arrived in that neighbourhood,

"I am summening all my virtue against the legion of females soliciting for husbands, bro-

thers and sons taken prisoners You may depend upon it, I will return home the instant I have put matters on such a footing as to be able to retire with propriety. I am very well and very auxious to see you.

" Farewell, my dear Janet, "RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

The next letter, amongst others, is not particularly complimentary, if true, to the manner in which the city was defended:

" MONTHEAL, Nov. 24th, 1775.

"My Dear Janet:

"I wrote to you by Harry, and hope you have some days ago had the pleasure of seeing him. I long to see you in your new house. the winter set in soon, don't forget to send for the lath to fence the garden, and also to have chesnut posts cut for the same purpose. I wish you could get a stove fixed in the hall-they are the most comfortable things imaginable.

The other day General Prescott was so obliging as to surrender himself and fourteen or fifteen land officers, with above one hundred men, besides sea officers and sailors, prisoners of war. I blush for His Majesty's troops. Such an instance of base poltroonery I have never met with! and all because we had half a dozen cannon on the bank of the river to annoy him in his retreat. The Governor escaped - more's the pity. Prescott nevertheless is a prize. He is a cruel rascal. I have treated him with the sovereign contempt his inhumanity and barbarity merit.

"To-morrow I hope to set out for Quebec, to join Col. Arnold, who is impatient to see us. His little army has undergone inexpressible hardships, and entered the country half-starved and half-naked. Should fortune continue her favor we may perhaps bring that business to a happy issue. In the meantime, adicu!

"Believe me most affectionately yours,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

J. M. L.

"P.S. - I have no time to write to your father. had creeted a powerful battery within 700 feet 1 have been overwhelmed with business, and of Fort St. Johns, and also a strong block house am out of all patience at being obliged to spend on the Iberville side of the river, bearing direct i so much of this precious season in this town.

"My most affectionate respects attend the old gentleman and lady. My love to the girls. Do they go to town? No husbands this winter.

Alas!"
"I live in hopes to see you in six weeks."

With the permission of our kind readers we shall furnish some further tidbits of these genial, fire-side effusions, which the grim warrior certainly never intended for the eye of a cold, unsympathizing public-now published for the

#### THE GLEANER.

In one house in Egland five generations are residing, the oldest eighty-five, the youngest a few weeks old.

FROUDE, the English historian, thinks American common sense is sufficient for all dangerous

THE great Cafe of Venice--Florian's, on the piazza of St. Mark—has never been closed, night or day, for one hundred and fifty years.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and a great number of the English nobility are expecting to spend Easter week in Paris. There will be a series of balls, dinners, and other entertainments at the Elysée, Marshal MacMahon and his wife having to enact the host and hostess to the royal personages.

UNTIL near the mindle of the last century there was an officer of the Court of England styled "the King's Cock Crower," whose duty t was during the whole of Lent to crow instead of cry, as watchmen did, the hour. The inten-tion of crowing the hour seems to have been to remind sinners of the effect of the third crow of the cock on Peter. The first Ash Wednesday George II., then Prince of Wales, passed in England, on his sitting down to supper, a person advanced before the chaplain said grace, and crowed "past ten o'clock." The astonished Prince mistook the ceremony for an insult, and was about to rise from the table in a rage, but he was informed that what he misconstrued as an affront was nothing but an act of etiquette practised from the time of the Tudors to that of the Stuarts. This absurd practice was long since discontinued.

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is the glorious privilege of the fair sex to eave a car door open.

How should love come to the door? -- Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

"Whom do you like best. Aunt Jane or Aunt lary!" was asked of a little miss. "Oh, Aunt Mary " Mary, of course, 'cause she keeps the cookies on the lower shelf.'

A STUDENT in a poem in the Bowdoin Orient inquires, "Why do I love my lassic?" Without the least desire to appear ostentatious, we should say because her father owns sixty thousand dollars in government bonds.

"What would you do if manina should die!" she nathationly and it is she pathetically asked of her little three year old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant with downcast eyes and a melancholy voice, "I thoose I should have to though mythelf!"

WHEN last year Mrs. Fawcett gave a lecture in a Scotch town, she read the following the next morning in the local newspapers: "Although Mrs. Fawcett has contributed to magazines, and even written a book, she is by no means repulsive in appearance.

"Put out your tongue a little farther," said a physician to a fair invalid. "A little farther, still, if you please."—"Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no cod!" said the gentle sufferer. "An cod, perhaps, madam," replied the Doctor, "but no cessation."

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself by her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, scratching his head. "I give it up." "Why, replied the wife, hitching up closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

AN Englishman says : " The attractions of French women born from French parents, as a rule, consist of a graceful movement of the body, small feet and well-shaped hands; a sometimes fascinating expression belonging to irregular features and a meility for conversation which often makes you forget they do not belong to the Phuryne ideal. They dress better than any other ladies in the world."

GENUINE Enthusiast (to his betrothed)-When we wed, Saccharissa, we will shun the West-end, and dwell in some old, old wainscoted house in the heart of Soho. We will have no friends that are not fine old English gentlemen, all of the olden time; no books that have not got nice long "esses," like "efs," our only newspapers shall be those of the last century, and we will laugh at no jokes that are not at least of a hundred years ago. When the gloam-ing comes, we will earol quaint old canzonets in early French, to an old spinet that I have my eyes upon (quite a bargain in Wardour street). And see here, Saecharissa! When the candles are lit, we will snull them with this exquisite pair of old silver-gilt snuffers, which I picked day for half a grown in a small com near Saint Martin's lane! Dost thou like the picture? Saccharissa (whose real name is Sarah, doubtfully). --- Ye-c-c-s.

#### VARIETIES.

PRESENCE OF MIND, - A propos of the Brook-lyn catastrophe, the anecdote is told that a year or two ago, at the Grand Theatre at Vienna, or two ago, at the control of the town were present, a cry of "Fire!" confirmed by an ominous smell of smoke, was heardearly in the evening from behind the scenes. A panic almost immediately set in. Emile Devrient, the well-known actor, was fortunately on the stage at the moment. He took in the situation at a glance, signalled at once for the curtain to be lowered, then stepped in front, and, in a ringing voice that commanded instant attention, spoke as follows:—"The Emperor has been robbed of an aigrette of diamonds. No honest person will object to be searched. You will pass out one by one at each entrance, and be searched by the police stationed at the several

Any person attempting to go out o order will be arrested." So cool and composed was the actor that the crowd were half taken in by his story. Each person slackened his pace, and on reaching the door was told to hurry on at once. Just as the last row of the gallery was passing out the curtain burst into flames, and in half an hour the building was a ruin. But, thanks to Devrient's wonderful coolness, not a life was lost.

Music And Colon.-There was a striking analogy between music and color; the rate of vibration in sounds gave rise to the gamut, and in colors the rate of vibration in like manner gave rise to the notes forming the spectrum. The colors of the spectrum showed a sequence analogous to the sequence of pitch in the gamut. Newton thought there might be a correspondence between the length and the spectrum colors and the vibrations of musical sounds, but the true relationship was between the vibrating pitch of color and the vibrating pitch of sound. The extreme limits of the spectrum embraced an octave in music. Calling red 100, the proportionate vibration of orange was 89, that of yellow 81, that of green 75, that of blue 69, that of indigo 64, that of violet 60, that of ultra violet 53, and an obscure or extreme violet 50. The vibration of C in music corresponds to that of red in color, and taking C as 100 the vibration of D was 89, that of E So, that of F 74, that of G 67, that of A 60, that of B 53, and that of C 50. The vibration of unison rendered visible produced on a screen the figure of a circle, that of an octave formed a figure resembling 8, and combinations of figures formed by the visible reflections of intervals of a fourth, a sixth, &c., were proportionately complicated. By means of tuning forks and sensitive flames the pro-fessor proved the correctness of his theory, and it was noteworthy, says an observer, that the figure of a discord was as perplexing to the eye as the sound was objectionable to the car.

A LESSON IN THE ART OF SAVING .- Guy, the founder of the noble hospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser Vulture Hopkins once called upon him to crave a lesson in the art of saving. On being introduced into the parlour, Gny, as it was in the evening and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins said, "Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money ; but, as I am informed you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, to be satisfied upon the subject." - "Oh, sir," responded Guy, "if that be all your busi-ness, we can as well talk it over in the dark!" Having thus spoken, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture. He took his leave at once.

#### HUMOROUS.

M. Offenbach complains because a Yankee purs on a white cravat at six o'clock in the morning and wears it all day.

An editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

A PREACHER who arrived at the kirk wet through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as some as ye can. Fell by dry enough there."

If the mild weather keeps on much longer the min with the Ulster overcost will turn benevolent, give his bulky garment to the heathen, and see how the poor benighted pagan likes it himself.

GRANT ruled 8 years atrociously. The 8 had men Stainted, threw out 8 thousand ballots, thus elevating a third-rs Storney to the Presidents until 188). Such is the 18cr history of these United Stes. STATISTICS as to causes of insanity are made

frequently, but no one, we believe, has over computed the number of people driven into madness every year by the utter impossibility of getting an overshoe that won'r make a foot like an overgrown flour barrel. In an Italian restaurant in this city, Giacomo

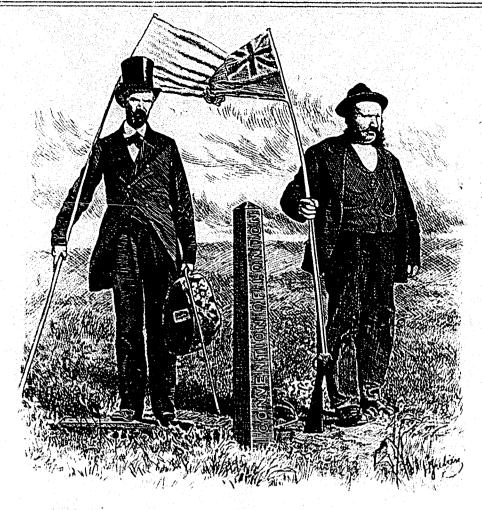
Sporcognubi made a wager with Signor Nonposse Bovere that he could cat one hundred vards more macaroni than the latter. Mr. Sporcognubi ate his first mile in twenty-one minutes, leaving his opponent 214 yards behind. The stakes were handed over to him. ONE of the saddest things in life is, that we so soon forget. Even those who have stood by us in the days of our trouble, sometimes fade from our memory ere the effects of our trouble is over. Tissoall through our checkered existence, and this brings the thought that many a snow shovel is to-day standing solitary and alone in a corner of the cellar as if it had never been, or that its glory had forever departed.

THERE was a boy on N..... street the other morning, trying to raise a kite. There were four dogs in a garden close by looking through a fence at the operation. The boy worked hard for fifteen minutes to make the kite go up, and then seeing that the task was hopeless he lost his temper, tore the cap from his head, threw it into the dirt, and jumped, hysterically upon it. Then the four dogs, as if animated by one impulse, dropped their tails, and flew from the seene with the speed of the wind. It is a very ignorant dog that can't tell a mad boy when he sees him.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

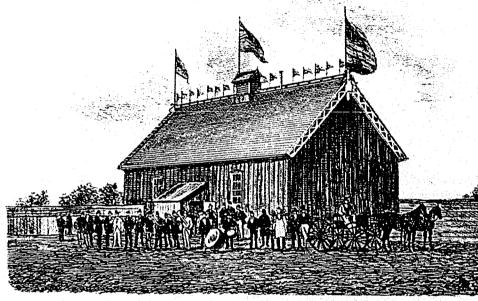
#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Want of space prevented us, last week, from noticing the great concert of Messrs. Prume and Lavallée. But it was of such excellence that we must endeavour to do justice to it in the present issue. We have heard Mr. Prume almost as often as he has played in this city, but we believe we can say that he never appeared to greater advantage than last Friday week. Banishing distraction and the strain of the nerves by closing one's eyes is a capital way of enjoying and critically appreciating a musical performance. As tried when Mr. Prume executed the concerto of Max Bruch, the effect was singularly impressive. There was no hall, no gaslight, no man, no fiddle, but only a voice, a wave of modulation which took possession of the whole being. The sounds of the accompanying instruments were discerned indeed, but only faintly and indirectly—not distinct from, but blended with and lifting the part of the violin. The whole revealed the artistic construction of the music by the author, and its perfect interpretation by the virtuoso. At other stages of the evening, M. Prume maintained the standard which he had set for himself at the beginning. M. Lavallée was stimulated to unusual exertion in Weber's concerto (op. 79), and executed its four numbers with magisterial power and precision. He is a most conscientious artist, clearly bent upon satisfying his audience to the utmost. And his efforts were received with enthusiastic applause. Later he gave an example of his versatility by executing a sweet melody from Dupont, the Saltarello of Duprato, and a grand march from Schumann. Madame Prume was in full strong voice. She delivered the Cavatina "Qui la voce," from I Puritani, with intelligent shadings. In the second part, she introduced a novelty to us in the "Chanson du Mysoli," from Felicien David's Perle du Brésil. Mr. H. Lamothe is not precisely a natural tenor, but he manages his voice with

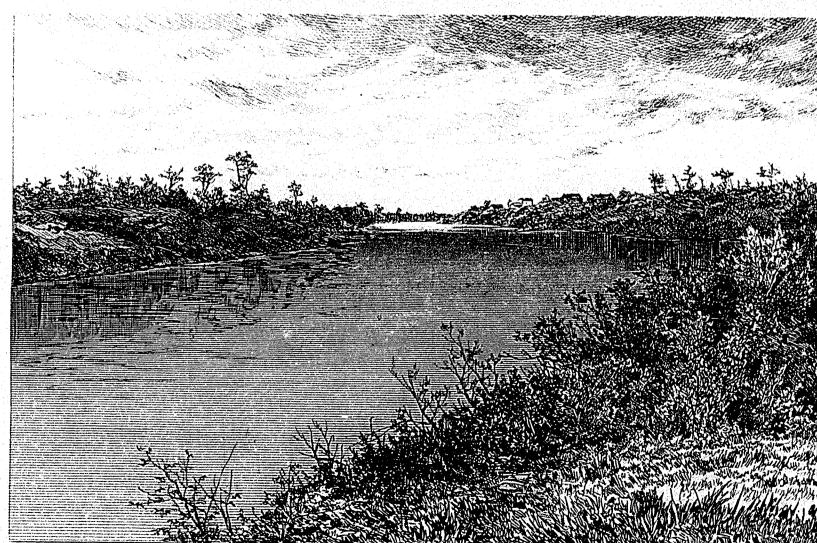


skill, and his clear phrasing indicates the excellence of Madame Petitpas' schooling. Mr. J. Hone, violin, Mr. C. Reichling, alto, Mr. A. Wills, cello, and Mr. G. Leclere, double bass, contributed much to the entertainment of the evening. This concert gave us a foretaste of the pleasure in store for us when Gounod's Jeanne d'Arc, now rehearsing under the direction of Messra. Prume and Lavallée, will be presented at the Academy of Music in May. With such leaders at the head of a grand orchestra and full choruses, we shall doubtless have a noble rendering of a noble work. And we have no doubt that Madame Prume will do full justice to the romantic figure of the great warrior-maid.

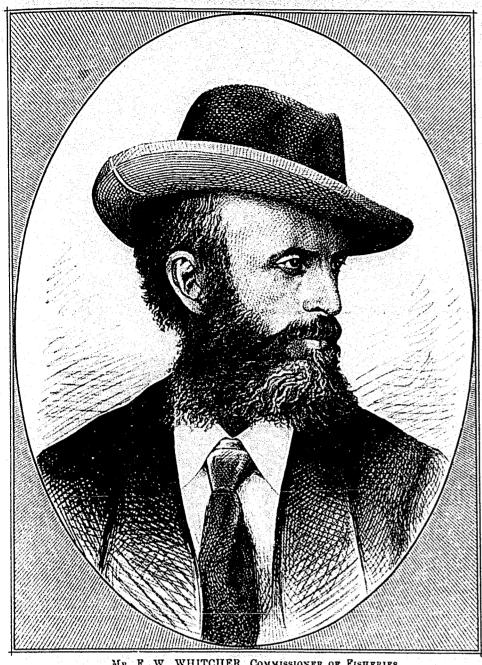
Out Clo.'—It is reported that a dealer in second-hand clothes living in the Quartier Latin in Paris has hit upon a somewhat ingenious idea for disposing of the garments which are too old-fashioned or two dilapidated to fetch anything like a good price. Attached to the various articles hanging outside his shop are modestly written cards containing announcements like the following:—"Pair of trousers worn by M. Guizot on his arrival in Paris"—"Overcoat belonging to M. Littré before he became celebrated"—"Dressing-gown formerly belonging to Alexandre Dumas"—"Vest worn by M. Thiers when President of the Republic." It is perhaps needless to state that these interesting relies are rapidly bought and proudly worn by the economical students, notwithstanding the scepticism of some of the purchasers. "Would you have me believe," said a young artist one day, as he inspected a velveteen coat, "that this belonged to Victor Hugo! Plainly it is too small for him."—"Do you think," replied the unabashed dealer, "that Victor Hugo would ever have sold so good a coat if he could have worn it with any degree of comfort!" And the bargain was struck.



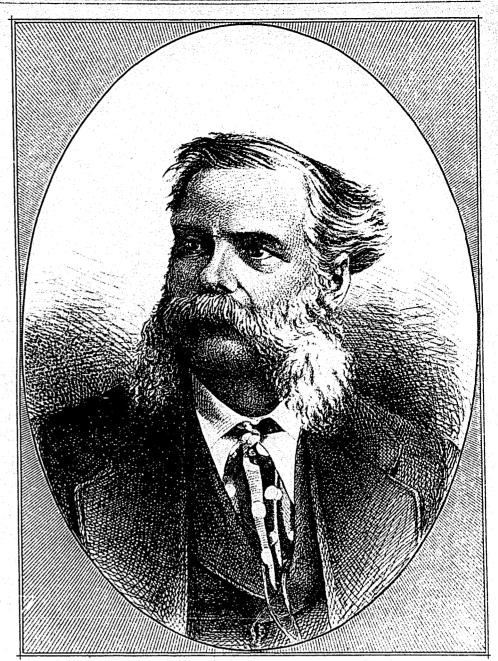




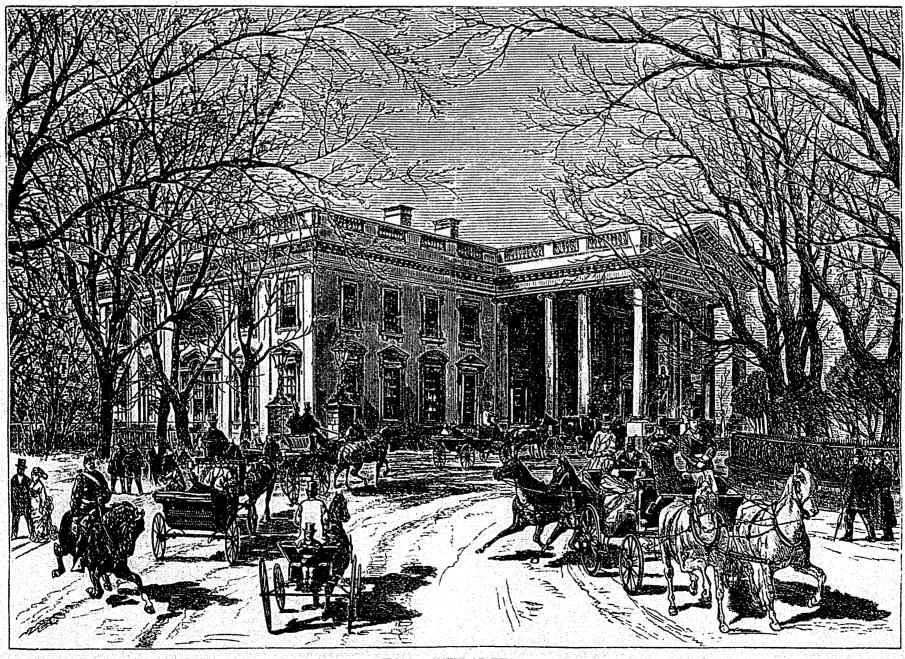
VIEWS OF EMERSON, MANITOBA.



MR. F. W. WHITCHER, COMMISSIONER OF FISHERIES.



MR. SAMUEL WILMOT, THE PISCICULTURIST.



WASHINGTON:—VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

#### FROM AN ALBUM.

Wed not with one of those whose only loves. Are fits of jealousy or fits of gloves.

Wed not for gold, it cannot purchase balm To ease the heart-ache, and restore the calm.

Wed not for beauty, for time's long embrace Pinches up wrinkles in the fairest face.

Wed not position, lest the world should laugh At six feet six, and four feet and a half.

Wed not for love, which often turns to gall, Therefore I pray thee wed not thou at all.

Montreal, 1877.

BARRY DANE.

# LADDIE.

COMPLETE IN TWO NUMBERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Third-class forward! Here you are, mum. Plenty of room this way! Now then! that ain't third, that's first. Come, look alive! All right behind there?"

Doors bang, a whistle—and the train is off. The guard had thrust into a third-class carriage, already nearly full, a bandbox with a blue spotted handkerchief round it, and a bunch of Michaelmas daisies, southernwood, and rose-mary tucked under the knot at the top; a mar-

keting-basket, one flap which was raised by a rosy-cheeked apple emitting a powerful smell; a bundle done up in a handkerchief of the same pattern as that round the bandbox, only bright yellow; a large cotton umbrella of a pale green colour, with a decided waist to it, and a pair of pattens. Anything else? Oh yes, of course! there was an old woman who belonged to the things, but she was so small and frightened and overwhelmed that she appeared quite a trifle beside her belongings, and might easily have been overlooked altogether. She remained just where the guard had pushed her, standing in the carriage clutching as many of her things as she could keep hold of, and being jerked by the motion of the train, now against a burly bricklayer, and now against his red-faced wife who sat opposite, while her dazzled, blinking eyes followed the hedges and banks that whirled past, and her breath came with a catch and a gasp every time a bridge crossed the line, as if it were a wave coming over her. Her fellow-travellers watched her, in silence at first, having rather resented her entrance, as the carriage was already sufficiently full; but when a sudden lurch of the train sent her violently forward againt a woman, from whom she cannoned off ag inst the bricklaver and flattened her drawn black satin bonnet out of all shape, the man found his tongue, which was a kind one, though slow in

"Hold hard, missus!" he said, "we don't pay nothing extra for sitting down, so maybe you could stow some of them traps of yours under the seat, and make it kind of more comfortable all round. Here, mother, lend a hand with the old lady's things, can't you? That's my missus, mum, that is, my better arf, as the saying is, and no chap needn't wish for a better, though I say it as shouldn't."

This remark produced a playful kick, and a "Get along with you!" from the red-faced wife, which did not show it was taken amiss, but that

she was pleased with the delicate compliment, and she helped to arrange the various baskets

and bundles with great energy and good-nature.

"Now that's better, ain't it? Now you can just seat yourself down. Lor bless the woman!

whatever is she frightened at?" For the bustling arrangements were seriously alarming to the old woman, who was not sure that a sudden movement might not upset the train, or that, if she let go of anything in an unguarded moment, she might not fall out and be whirled off like those hurrying blackberry-bushes or patches of chalk on the embankment, though, indeed it was only her patches are though, indeed, it was only her pattens and umbrella that she was clutching as her one protection. The first thing that roused her from her daze of fear was the bricklayer's little boy be-ginning to cry, or, as his mother called it, "to beller," in consequence of his mother's elbow in consequence of his mother's elbow coming sharply in contact with his head; and, at the sound, the old woman's hand let go of the umbrella and felt for the marketing-basket, and drew out one of the powerful, yellow apples, and held it out towards the sufferer. "bellerin" stopped instantaneously at su stopped instantaneously at such a refreshing sight, even while the mouth was wide open and two tears forcing their way laboriously out of the eyes. Finding that she to gain more confidence, seated herself more comfortably, straightened her bonnet, smiled at the bricklayer, nodded to the little boy, and, by the time the train stopped at the next station, felt herself quite a bold and experienced traveller.
"This ain't London, I take it?" she asked,

in a little, thin, chirrupy voice.

"London! bless you! no. If you're bound for London you'll have another five hours to go before you can get there."

Oh yes, I know as it's a terrible long way off, but we seemed coming along at such a pace

as there wasn't no knowing."
"You ain't used to travelling, seemings?"
"Oh! I've been about as much as most folks. I've been to Martel a smartish few times

when Laddie was there, and once I went to Bristol when I was a gal keeping company with my master, but that ain't yesterday, you'll be thinking.

"Martel's a nice place, I've heard tell." "So it be; but it's a terrible big place, how-

You'll find London a pretty sight bigger.' "I know London pretty well, though I haven't never been there, for Laddie, he's been up there nigh about fifteen years, and he's told me a deal about it. I know as it's all rubbish what folks say about it. I know as it's an rubbish what folks say about the streets being paved with gold and such like, though the young folks do get took in; but Laddie, he says to me, 'mother,' says he, 'London is paved with hard work like any other town, but,' he says, 'good honest work is worth its weight in gold any day.' so it's something more than a joke after day;' so it's something more than a joke after

The old woman grew garrulous as the train rushed along. Laddie was a subject, evidently, upon which her tongue could not help being

"An old hen with one chick," the bricklayer whispered to his wife; but they listened good-naturedly enough to the stories of the wonder-ful baby, who had been larger, fatter, and stronger than any baby before or since, who had taken notice, begun teething, felt his feet run off and said "daddy," at an incredibly early period.

. Bricklayer nodded her head and said, "Really now!" and "Well then!" inwardly, however, reserving her fixed opinion that the infant bricklayers had outdone the wonderful

Laddie in every detail of babyhood.

Father Bricklayer could not restrain a mighty yawn in the middle of a prolonged description of how Laddie's gums were lanced; but at this juncture they reached the station which was the destination of the bricklayer and his family, so the old woman was not wounded by the discovery of their want of thorough interest, and she parted from them with great regret, feeling that she had lost some quite old friends in them. But she soon found another listener, and a more satisfactory one, in a young woman, whom she had hardly noticed before, as she sat in the opposite corner of the carriage with her head bent down, neither speaking or being spoken to. She had a very young baby wrapped in her shawl, and as one by one the passengers left the carriage and she was left alone with the old woman, the two solitary creatures drew together in the chill November twilight, and, by and by, the wee baby was in the old woman's arms, and the young mother, almost a child herself, was telling her sad little story and hearing Laddie's story in return. There never had been such a son; he had gone on so wonderfully at school, and had been a favorite with everyone—parson and schoolmaster; "such a headpiece the lad had !"

"Was Laddie his real name?"

"Why no! he were christened John Clement, after his father and mine, but he called himself Laddie' before ever he could speak plain, and it stuck to him. His father was for making a schoolmaster of him, but Laddie he didn't take to that, so we sent him into Martel to the chemist there, to be shop-boy, and Mr. Stokes, the gentleman as keeps the shop, took to him wonderful, and spoke of him to one and another, saying how sharp he were, and such, till at last one of the doctors took him up and taught him a lot; and when he went up to London he offered to take Laddie, and said he'd take all the expense, and as he'd make a man of him. He come to see me himself, he did, and talked me over, for I was a bit loth to let him go, for 'twas the year as the master died; he died just at fall and Laddie went at Christmas, and I was feeling a bit unked and lonesome."

Were that long ago?" "Yes; twere a goodish time. Fifteen year come Christmas."

"But you'll have seen him many a time

Well, no, I ain't. Many's the time as he's been coming down, but something always come between. Once he had fixed the very day and between. Once he had fixed the very day and all, and then he were called off on business to Brighton or somewhere. That were a terrible disappointment to the boy; my heart were that sore for him I nearly forgot how much I'd been longing for it myself."

"But he'll have wrote?"

"But he'll have wrote?"

"Bless you, yes! he's a terrible one for his mother, he is. He've not written so much of late, maybe; but then folks is that busy in London they hasn't the time to do things as we has in the country; but I'll warrant he've has in the country; but I'll warrant he've has in the country; written to me every time he'd a spare moment; and so when I sees old Giles the postman come boriously out of the eyes. Finding that she up, and I says, 'Anything for me, master?' could accomplish this gymnastic feat without and he says 'Nothing for you to-day, mum' any dangerous results, the old woman seemed (for I were always respected in Sunnybrook from a girl up), I thinks to myself, thinks I, it ain't for want of the will as my Laddie hasn't wrote.' And then the presents as he'd send me, bless his heart! Bank-notes it were at first, till he found as I just paid 'em into the bank, and left 'em there; for what did I want with bank-notes? And then he sent me parwith bank-notes? And then he sent me par-cels of things, silk gownds fit for a duchess, and shawls all the colours of the rainbow, till I almost began to think he'd forgot what sort of an old body I be. Just to think of the likes of me in such fine feathers! And there were flannel enough for a big family, and blankets; and then he sent tea and sugar, I don't know how many pounds of it; but it were good and no mistake, and I'd like a cup of it now for you and me, my dear.'

"And have he sent for you now to come and live with him ?"

"No, he don't know nothing about it, and I mean to take him all by surprise. Old Master Heath, as my cottage belongs to, died this summer, and the man as took his farm wants my cottage for his shepherd, and he give me notice to quit. I felt it a bit and more, for I'd been in that cottage thirty-five year, spring and fall, and I knows every crack and cranny about it, and I fretted terrible at first; but at last I says to myself, 'Don't you go for to fret, go right off to Laddie, and he'll make a home for you and glad;' and so I just stored my things away and come right off.

"He've been doing well in London ?"

"Well? my Laddie's a gentleman! He's regular doctor, and keeps a carriage, and has a big house and servants. Mr. Mason, our parish doctor, says as he's one of the first doctors in London, and that I may well be proud of him. Bless me! how pleased the boy will be to see his old mother! Maybe I shall see him walking in the streets, but if I don't I'll find his house and creep in at the back door so as he sha'n't see me, and tell the gal to say to the doctor (doctor, indeed! my Laddie!) as some one wants to see him very particular. And then——" The old woman broke down here half-sobbing, half-laughing, with an anticipation too tenderly, ecstatically sweet for words. "My dear," she said, as she wiped her brimming eyes, "I've thought of it and dreamt of it so long, and to think as I should have lived to see it!"

The expectations of her traveller companion were far less bright, though she had youth to paint the future with bright hopes, and only nineteen winters to throw into the picture, dark shadows of foreboding. She had been well brought up and gone into comfortable service, and her life had run on in a quiet, happy course, till she met with Harry Joyce

"Folks say all manner of ill against him," said the girl's trembling voice, "but he were always good to me. I didn't know much about him except as he liked me and I liked him dearly, for he come from London at fair-time and he stopped about the place doing odd jobs, and he come after me constant. My mistress were sore set against him, but I were pretty near mad about him, so we was married without letting any folks at home know nought about it. Oh yes! we was married all right. I've got my lines, as I could show you as there wasn't no mistake about it; and it were all happy en-ough for a bit, and he got took on as ostler at ough for a bit, and he got took on as osher at the George; and there wasn't a steadier, better behaved young feller in the place. But, oh dear! it didn't last long. He come in one day and said as how he'd lost his place and was going right off to London to get work there. I didn't say never a word, but I got up and begun to put our bits of things together; and then he says as he'd best go first and find a place for me, and I must go home to my mother. I thought it would have broke my heart, I did, to part with him; but he stuck to it and I went home. Our village is nigh upon eight miles from Merrifield, and I'd never heard a word from mother since I wrote to tell them I was wed. When I got home that day I almost thought as they'd have shut the door on me. A story had got about as I wasn't married at all, and had brought shame and trouble on my folks, and my coming home like that made people talk the more, though I showed them my lines and told my story truthful. Well, nother took me in, and I bided there till my baby was born, and she and father was good to me, I'll not say as they wasn't; but they were always uneasy and suspicious-like about Harry, and I got sick of folks looking and whispering, as if I ought to be ashamed when I had nought to be shamed of. And I wrote to Harry more than once to say as I'd rather come to him if he'd a hole to put me in; and he always wrote to bid me bide a bit longer, till baby come; and then I just wrote and said I must come anyhow, and so set off. But oh! I feel skeered to think of London, and Harry maybe not be glad to see me."

It was dark by this time, and the women peering out could often only see the reflection of their own faces in the windows or ghostly puffs of smoke flitting past. Now and then little points of light in the darkness told of homes where there were warm hearths and bright lights, and once, up above, a star showed, looking kindly and home-like to the old woman. "Every bit as if it were that very same star as comes out over the elm-tree by the pond, but that ain't likely all this way off."

But soon the clouds covered the friendly star, and a fine rain fell, splashing the windows with tiny drops and making the lights outside blurred and hazy. And then the scattered lights drew closer together, and the houses formed into rows, and gas-lamps marked out perspective lines; and then there were houses bordering the line on either side instead of banks and hedges, and then the train stopped, and a damp steaming ticket-collector opened the door, letting in a puff of fog, and demanded the tickets, and was irritated to a great pitch of exasperation by the fumbling and slowness of the two women, who had put their tickets away in some place of extra safety and forgotten where that place was. And then in another minute the train was in Paddington; gas, and hurry, and noise, porters, cabs, and shricking engines—a nightmare, indeed, to the dazzled country eyes and the deafened country ears.

#### CHAPTER II.

In a quiet old-fashioned street near Portman Square there is a door with a brass plate upon it, bearing the name "Dr. Carter." The door not singular in possessing a brass-plate, for almost every house in the street displays one, being inhabited nearly entirely by doctors and musical professors. I do not attempt to explain musical professors. I do not attempt to explain why it is so, whether that part of London is especially unhealthy, and so requires constant and varied medical advice, or whether there is something in the air conducive to harmony; or whether the musical professors attract the doctors, or the doctors the professors, I leave to more learned heads to discover, only hazarding the suggestion that, perhaps, the highly-strung musical nerves may be an interesting study to the faculty, or that music may have charms to soothe the savage medical breast, or drive away the evil spirits of the dissecting-rooms. Any-how, the fact remains that North (redition Street is the resort of doctors and musical men, and that on one of the doors stands the plate of Dr. Carter.

It was an old-fashioned, substantially-built house, built about the beginning of the last century, when people knew how to build solidly, if not beautifully; it had good thick walls, to which you might whisper a secret without condition in the secret without conditions. fiding it to your next-door neighbour, and firm, well-laid floors on which you might dance, if you had a mind to, without fear of descending suddenly into the basement. There were heavy frames to the windows, and small squares of glass, and wooden staircases with thick, twisted bannisters—a house, altogether, at which housemaids looked with contempt as something infinitely less "genteel" than the "splendid mansions" of lath and plaster, paint and gilding, which are run up with such magic speed nowadays. We have no need to ring the bell and disturb the soft-voiced, deferential manservant out of livery, from the enjoyment of his evening paper in the pantry, for we can pass uninvited and unannounced into Dr. Carte s consulting-room, and take a look at it and him. There is nothing remarkable about the room; a book-case full of medical and scientific books, a large writing-table with pigeon-holes for papers, and a stethoscope on the top; a reading lamp with a green shade, and an india-rubber tube to supply it with gas from the burner above; a side-table with more books and papers and a small galvanic battery; a large india-rubber plant in the window; framed photographs of eminent physicians and surgeons over the mantel-piece; a fire burning low in the grate; a thick Turkey carpet; and heavy leather chairs; and there you have an inventory of the furniture to arrange before your mind's eye if you think it worth who

There is something remarkable in the man, John Clement Carter, M.D., but I cannot give you an inventory of him, or make a broker's list of eyes and forehead, nose and mouth. He is not a regularly handsome man, not one that a sculptor would model or an artist paint, but his is a face that you never forget if you have once seen it; there is something about him that makes people move out of his path involuntarily, and strangers ask, "Who is that?" Power is stamped in his deep-set eyes and the firm lines of mouth and chin, power which gives beauty even to an ugly thing, throwing a grandeur and dignity round a black, smoky engine, or a huge, ponderous steam-hammer. Indeed, power is beauty, for there is no real beauty in weakness, physical or mental. His eyes had the beauty of the power of the property many doctors' eyes, kind and patient, from experience of human weakness and trouble of all sorts; keen and penetrating, as having looked through the mists of pain and disease, searching for hope, ay, and finding it too sometimes where other men could only find despair; brave and steady, as having met death constantly face to face; clear and good, as having looked through the glorious glass of science, and seen, more plainly the more he looked, the working of the Everlasting Arms; for surely when science brings confusion and doubt, it proves that the eye of the beholder is dim or distorted, or that he is too ignorant to use the glass rightly. But there is a different look in his eyes to-night; pain, and trouble, and weakness are far from his thoughts, and he is not gazing through the glass of science, though he has a Medical Review open before him, and a paperknife in his hand to cut the leaves; his eyes have wandered to a bunch of Russian violets in a specimen glass on the table, and he is looking through rose-coloured spectacles at a successful past, a satisfactory present, and a successful future.
I need not tell my readers that this Dr. John

Clement Carter was the Somersetshire boy whom good Dr. Savile had taken by the hand, and whose talents had made the ladder which carried him up to eminence. The kind old doctor liked to tell the story over a glass of port-wine to the friends round his shining mahogany (he was old-fashioned, and thought scorn of claret and dinners à la Russe). "I was the making of the man," he would say, "and I'm as proud of him, by Jove, sir! as if he were

a son of my own."

It is quite as difficult to rise in the world gracefully as to come down, but everyone agreed that John Carter managed to do it, and just from this reason, that there was no pretence about him. He did not obtrude his low orgin on everyone, forcing it on people's attention with that fidgety uneasiness which will have people know it if they are interested in the subject or not, which is only one remove from

the unworthy pride that tries to hide it away altogether. Neither did he boast of it as something very much to his credit, but to anyone who cared to know he would say, "My family were poor working people in Somersetshire and I don't even know if I had a grandfather, and I owe everything to Dr. Savile." And he would say it with a smile and a quiet manner, as if it were nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to be proud of, but just a fact which was hardly of interest; and his manner somehow made people feel that birth and breeding were after all mere insignificant circumstances of life, and of no account by the side of talent and success. "He's a good fellow, John Carter, and a clever fellow too, without any humbug about him, the men said, and the women thought much the same, though they expressed it differently. Indeed, the glimpse of his early humble country life, so simply given, without any pretence or concealment, grew to be considered an effective, picturesque background which showed up to advantage his present success and dignified position. It was quite true there was no humbug or concealment about him, that was the very truth he told, and yet somehow, as time went on, the words lost the full meaning they had to him at first. Don't you know if you use the same words frequently they get almost mechanical, -even in our prayers, alas! they are no longer the expression of our feeling, but the words come first and the feeling follows, or does not follow! And then, don't you know sometimes how we hear with other people's ears, and see with other people's eyes! And so John Carter, when he said those simple, truthful grew to see the picturesque background, the thatched cottage, and the honey-uckle-covered porch, and the grand old patriarch with white-hair, one of nature's noblemen, leaning on his staff and blessing his son; and he gradually forgot the pigsty close to the cottage door, and father in a dirty green smock and holi-nailed boots doing what he called "munking it out," and stopping to wipe the heat from

his brow with a smully, red cotton handkerchief.

But come back from the pigsty to the violets which are seenting the consulting-room and buring Dr. Carter, not unwillingly, from the Medical Review to thoughts of the giver. Her name is Violet too, and so are her eyes, though the long lashes throw such a shadow that you might fancy they were black themselves. It is not everyone—indeed it is John Carter alone, who is privileged to look straight down in those eyes, and see the beauty of their colour ; only he, poor, foolish fellow, forgets to take advantage of his opportunity, and only notices the great love for him that shines there and turns his brain with happiness. His hand trembles as he stretches it to take the specimen glass, and the cool, fragrant flowers lightly touch his lin as he raises them to his face. "Pshaw!" I lip as he raises them to his face. hear you say - reminding no of my own words, "there is no locality in weakness, and this is weakness to a sensible man, past the hey-day and folly of youth, growing mandlin and senti-mental over a bunch of violets !" No, reader, it is power-the strongest power on earth-the power of love.

He had been used to say that his lady-love, and he had looked on with wondering, incredulous eyes at the follies and excesses of young loyers; he was inclined to think it was a mild form of mania, and required physicial treatment. And so he reached five-and-thirty unscathed, and slightly contemptuous of others less for-tunate than himself; when, one day, a girl's blue eyes, looking shyly at him through dark lashes, brought him down once and for ever-from his pedestral of fancied superiority, and before he could collect his arguments, or reason himself out of it, he was past cure, hopelessly, helplessly, foolishly in love. They had been engaged for two days; it was two days since this clever young doctor, this rising, successful man, with such stores of learning, such a solid intellect, such a cool, calm brain, had stood blushing and stammering before a girl of eighteen. If I were to write down the words he said, you would think my hero an idiot pure and simple; the most mawkish and feeble twaldle of the most debased of penny periodieals was vastly superior to what Dr. Carter stammered out that day.

But is this not generally the case ! Beautiful poetical love-scenes are frequent in plays and books, but very rare in real life. There is not am busy, and she must call again to-morrow," one love-scene in a thousand that would bear he said, "Well, show her in," and the man being taking down in short-hand, printed in withdrew in surprise. plain, black type, and read by critica through commonplace spectacles. Nevertheless, the feelings are no doubt sublime, though the words may be ridiculous. He was quite another man altogether (happily for him) when he went to Sir John Meredith, and told him he was no match for his daughter as far as birth

"My good fellow," the sensible little baronet answered, "there are only about ten families in England that can put their pedigree by the side of the Merediths, and it don't seem to me to make much difference, if you rise from the ranks yourself, or if your father or grandfather

did it."
"I can scarcely claim even to be a gentleman," the young man went on, feeling pretty sure of success by that time.

" Not another word my dear boy : not another word ! I respect your candour, and I esteem you very highly as an honest man-the noblest work of God, you know, ch?—though I'd like to hear anyone say you were not a gentleman as well. There, go along! shake

hands! God bless you! You'll find Violet in the drawing-room. Sly little puss! but I saw what was coming—and mind you dine with us this evening at seven sharp—old-fashioned folk, old-fashioned hours."

I think the wary baronet also respected Dr. Carter's income, and esteemed very highly his success, and having weighed the advantages of tamily and birth against success and income, had found that the latter were the more sub-stantial in the worldly scales.

And so Dr. Carter was dreaming rosy dreams that evening in his quiet room, as was fit and proper after two days' wandering in fairyland with Violet Meredith. But as the scent of the violets had led him to think of the giver, so it drew his thoughts away from her again back to springtime many years ago at Sunnybrook, and the bank where the earliest violets grew in the sheltered lane leading to the Croft Farm. Did ever violets smell so sweet as these? He remembered one atternoon, after school, going to fetch the milk from the farm, and the scent luring him across the little runlet by the side of the path, which was swollen into a small, brawling brook by the lately-thawed snow. He set down the can safely before he made the venture, and Dr. Carter laughed softly to himself to think how short and fat the legs were that found the little stream such a mighty stride. He was busy diving for the flowers among the layers of dead elm-leaves, which the blustering autumn winds had blown there, when a sound behind him caused him to look round, and there was the can upset, and the young foxhound quartered at the Croft licking up the white pool from the pebbles. In his anger and fear, and haste, he slipped as he tried to jump back, and went full length into the stream, and scrambled out in a sad plight, and went home crying bitterly, with a very wet pinafore, and dirty face, and empty milk-can, with the cause of his mishap, the sweet violets, still clasped unconsciously in his little scratched band. And his mother -- ah! she was always a good mother! He could remember still comforting feeling of mother's apron wiping away dirt and tears, and the sound of her voice bidding him "Never mind! and hush up like a good little Laddie." His heart felt very warm just then towards that mother of his, and he made up his mind that, cost what trouble it might, he would go down and see her before he was married, if it were only for an hour or two, just to make sure that she was comfortable, and not working about and wearing herself out. His conscience pricked him a little at the thought of what a pleasure the sight of him would have been to the old woman, and how year after year had slipped away without his going down. But still a comforting voice told him that he had been substantially a good son, and it was accident and not intention that had kept him away. "Anyhow," he said to himself, "another month shall not pass without my seeing my mother.'

At this moment the deferential man knocked at the door and aroused Dr. Carter to the consciousness of how far his wandering thoughts had carried him from his consulting-room and Medical Review

" What is it, Hyder!"

"Please, sir, there's some one wishes to see you. I told her as it was too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn't

be put off nohow, sir. What is her name?"

There was a slight smile disturbing the usually unruffled screnity of Mr. Hyder's face as if he had a lingering remembrance of something amusing.

"She didn't give no name, sir, and she wouldn't say what she wanted, though I asked if a message wouldn't do; but she said her business was too particular for that, sir." "What sort of person is she!"

The corners of the man's mouth twitched, and he had to give a little cough to conceal, an incipent chuckle.

Beg your pardon, sir! She appears to be from the country, sir. Quite a countrified, homely, old body, sir."

Perhaps the odour of the violets and the country memories they had called up made him more amiably inclined; but instead of the sharp, decided refusal the servant expected "Tell her it has long past my time for seeing patients, and I

ly ald bade the description brought back to his mind his mother, coming down the brick path from the door at home, with her Sunday bonnet on, and her pattens in her hand, and the heavy-leaded double stocks and columbines tapping against her short petticoats. The doctor smiled to himself, and even while he smiled the door was pushed open, and before him he saw, with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respect-ful Hyder, by this time developed into an uncontrollable grin, his mother, in her Sunday bonnet and with her pattens in her hand,

## CHAPTER III.

READER, think of some lovely picture of rustic life, with tender lights and pleasant shadows, with hard lines softened, and sharp angles touched into gentle curves, with a background of picturesque, satisfying appropriateness, with the magic touches that bring out the beauty and refinement and elegance of the scene, which are really there, and that subtly tone down all dient to you."

the roughness, and awkwardness, and coarseness which are also equally there. And then imagine it, if you can, changing under your very eyes, with glaring lights and heavy shadows, deepening, and sharpening, and hardening wrinkles, and angles, and lines, exaggerating defects, bringing coarseness and age and ugliness into gainful prominence, and taking away at a sweep the pretty, rural background which might have relieved and soothed the eye, and putting a dull, commonplace, incongruous one in its place. It was something of this sort that happened to John Carter that night, when the picture he had been painting with the sweet lights of love and childhood's fancies, and the tender shadows of memory throwing over it all soft tones of long ago and far away, suddenly stood before him in unvarnished reality, with all the glamour taken away, an every-day fact in his present London life.

I am glad to write it of him, that, for the first minute was the uppermost feeling in his mind, First thoughts are often the best and purest. He started up saying, "Mother? why, mother!" in the same tone of glad surprise as he would have done fifteen years before if she had come unexpectedly into the shop at Martel; he did not even think if the door was closed, or what Mr. Hyder would think; he did not notice that she was crumpled and dirty with travel, or that she put her pattens down on his open book and upset the glass of violets; he just took hold of her trembling, hard-worked hands, and kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated "Mother! why, mother!"

I am glad to write it of him, glad that she had that great happiness, realizing the hopes and longings of years past, consoling in days to come when she had to turn to the past for comfort, or forward to the time of perfect satisfaction. There are these exquisite moments in life, let people say what they will of the dissapoint-ments and vanity of the world, when hope is realized, desire fulfilled; but it is just for a moment, no more, just a foretaste of the joys that shall be hereafter, when every moment of the long years of eternity will be still more full and perfect, when we shall "wake up" and "be satisfied."

She was clinging meanwhile to his arm sob-bing out "Laddie my boy, Laddie!" with her yes too dim with tears to see his face clearly, or to notice how tall, and grand, and handsome her boy was grown, and what a gentleman. Presently, when she was seated in the arm-chair and had got her breath again, and wiped her foolish old eyes, she was able to hunt in her capacious pocket for the silver rimmed spectacles that had descended from her father, old Master Pullen in the almshouses, and that Laddie remembered well, as being kept in the old Family Bible, and brought out with great pomp and ceremony on Sunday evenings.

"I must have a good look at you, Laddie," she said.

And then I think her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son (though to her mind it seemed only like another tear dimming her sight, with a rainbow light on it,) to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and embarressment and disquiet had taken its place.

"However did you come, mother?" he said trying his best to keep a certain hardness and

irritation out of his voice.

'I come by the train, dear," the old woman answered, "and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny; but, bless you I soon got over it, and them trains is handy sort of things when you gets used to 'em. was a good deal put to though when we got to London station, there seemed such a many folks about, and they did push and hurry a body so I don't know whatever I should adone if a gentleman hadn't come and asked me where I wanted to get to. He was a tallish man with whiskers, a bit like Mr. Jones over at Martel, and I daresay you knows him; but he was terrible kind however.

John Carter did not stop to explain that there were many tallish men with whiskers in London.

"Why didn't you write and say you were

coming i"
"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking as I'd not be able to manage; but I'm not such a helpless old body, after all, Laddie."

"Who have you left in charge of the cot-

tage?" Why I've give it up altogether. Farmer Harris, he wanted it for his shepherd, and he give me notice. That's why I come all on a sudden like. I says to myself, says I, Laddie's got a home and a welcome for his old mother, and it's only because he thought as I was pretty nearly growed to the old place, and couldn't abear to leave it, that he ain't said that I must come and keep house for him long ago. But, bless you! I've been thinking so of the pleasure of seeing you again that I've pretty nearly forgot as I was leaving my master's grave and

And when must you go back?"

"Not till you get tired of me, Laddie, or till you takes me to lay me by the old master, for I'd like to lie there, if so be as you can manage it, for I've heard tell as it costs a mint of money buryin' folks out of the parish as they nies in, and may be it mightn't be just conve-

John Carter busied himself with making the ire burn up into a blaze, while his mother rambled on, telling him little bits of village gossip about people he had long since forgotton or never heard of, or describing her journey, which was a far greater exploit in the old woman's cyes than Lieutenant Cameron's walk across Afri-ca; or dwelling on the delight of seeing him again. He paid little heed to what she said, pretending to be intent on placing a refractory piece of coal in a certain position, or coaxing an uncertain little flame into steadiness, but his head was busy trying to form some plan for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt her, or to be unkind in any way; but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his posi-tion in his profession and in society; as to his engagement, he did not venture to allow himself even to think of Violet just then. He knew some doctors whose mothers lived with them and kept house for them, received their guests, but they were ladies, very different. The very idea of his mother with three or four servants under her was absurdity. And this thought brought Hyder's grin before his mind. What had happened when his mother had arrived: Had she committed herself and him frightfully by her behaviour! No doubt that impudent rascal was giving a highly facetions account of it to all the maids in the kitchen. Chattering magpies! And how they would pass it on! How Mary Jane would describe it through the area gate to the milk-woman next morning, and cook add a pointed word or two from the front steps as she cleaned them! He could aimost smell the wet hearth-stone and hear the clinking of the tin milk-pails as Biddy hooked them to the yoke and passed on with the story of his degradation. And he could fancy what a choice morsel it would make for Hyder to tell Sir John Meredith's solemn, red-nosed butler, behind his hand, in a hoarse whisper, with winks to emphasize strong points, and occasional jerks of the thumb over the shoulder and a careful avoidance of names. This thought was too much for his feelings, and the tongs went down with an ominous clatter into the fender, making the old woman jump nearly off her chair, and cutting short a story about the distemper among Squire Wellow's pigs.
"There; it brought my heart into my mouth

pretty near, and set me all of a tremble. I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and a little do terrify one so.

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his son's and doctor's heart under the fine, closely woven, well-cut coat of fine gentlemanliness and worldly wisdom which he was buttoning so closely round him.

"You are quite tired out, mother," he said, "you shall have some tea and go to bed. I can't

have you laid up, you know."

'There now! if I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! and for you to think of it! Ah! you remembers what your likes, bless you!

In that moment he had quickly made up his mind that at any rate it was too late for that night to do anything but just make her comfortable; to-morrow something must be done without delay, but there was ten striking, and she was evidently quite worn out. He must say something to silence those jays of servants, and get her off to bed, and then he could sit down and arrange his plans quietly; for the suddenness of the emergency had confused and muddled him.

(To be continued.)

#### HYGIENIC.

ONE of the most popular remedies for euronic heumatism is the mud bath.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD says that coughing may e prevented by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the eighborhood of the ear, and by pressing very hard on the top of the mouth.

M. FEA of Padua is greatly in favour of maize or Indian corn as an article of fool. He says that maize is superior to all other cereals in fatty matters, and that it may be considered as a perfect food.

STARCH, bean flour, sand, gum, mucilage, and gelatine are used as adulterants of honey. They are readily recognised, as they all, except sand, thicken on heating, while the pure honey becomes thinner under such a condition.

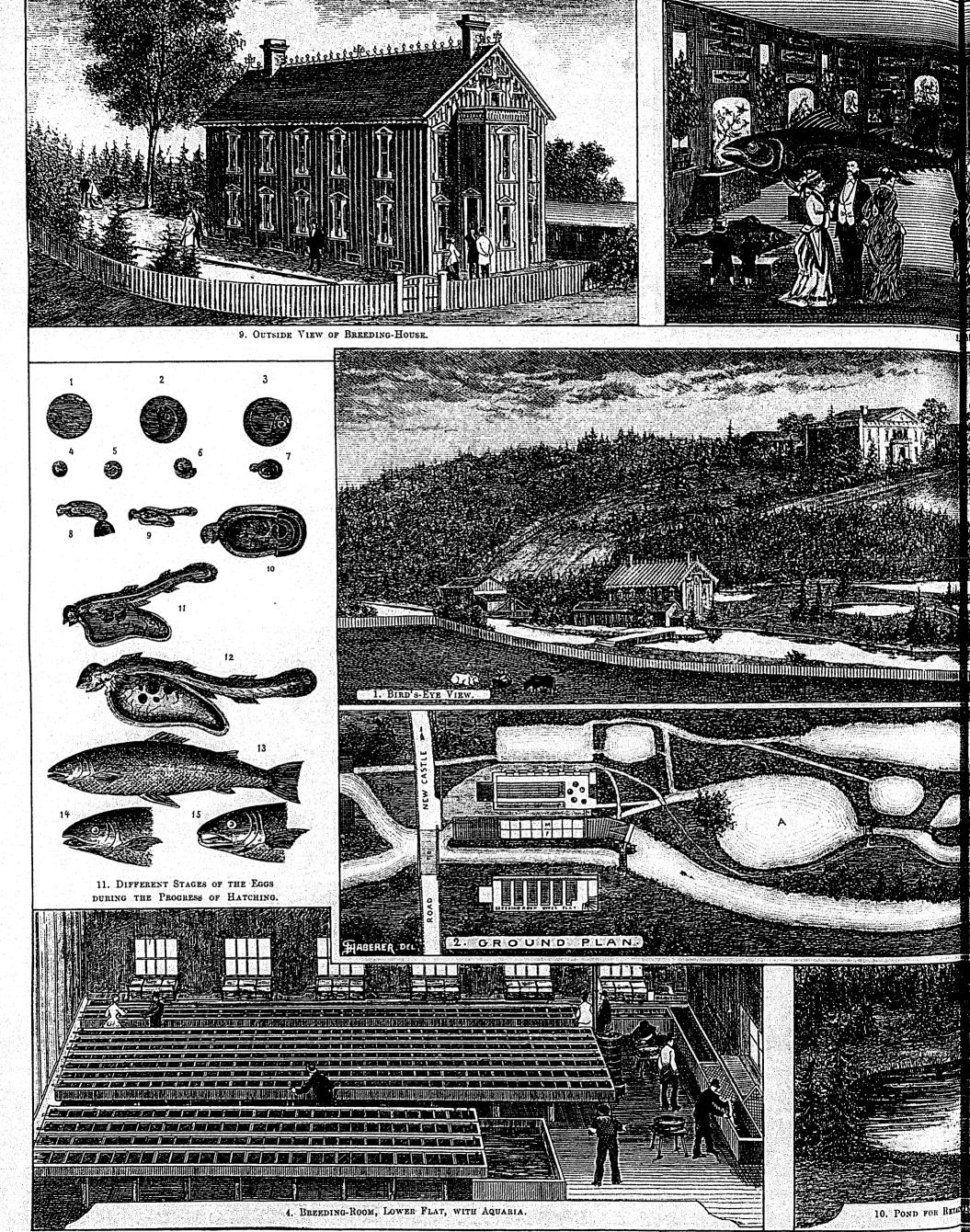
THE following points in house-construction THE IOTIONING points in mouse-construction Dr. Richardson recommends to the notice of all who de-site to have really healthy, habitable, comfortable places of abode. In the first place, he says, there should be no rooms underground. Tho basement should be simply an arched subway with a free current of air passbe no rooms underground. The basement should be simply an arched subway with a free current ordar passing through it, thus preventing any damp from ascending into the upper storeys, and affording an orportunity of warming the air admitted into the house. Secondly, the kitchen, instead of being in the basement, should be at the top of the house, by which means all smell of cooking would be kept out of the living rooms, and the conveyance of hot water to the bed rooms would be made much easier. Next, the staircase instead of being in the centre of the house, should be in a distinct shuft at the back. There should be a door on each floor communicating with the staircase, and lavatories and similar apartments should be placed in the shuft, so that they may be out of the house and yet accessible from each floor. Lastly, the roof should be level, paved with asphalte, and covered with glass. In this way a garden would be obtained on the top of every house, sholtered from the weather, and protected from frost by the warmth of the kitchen beneath.

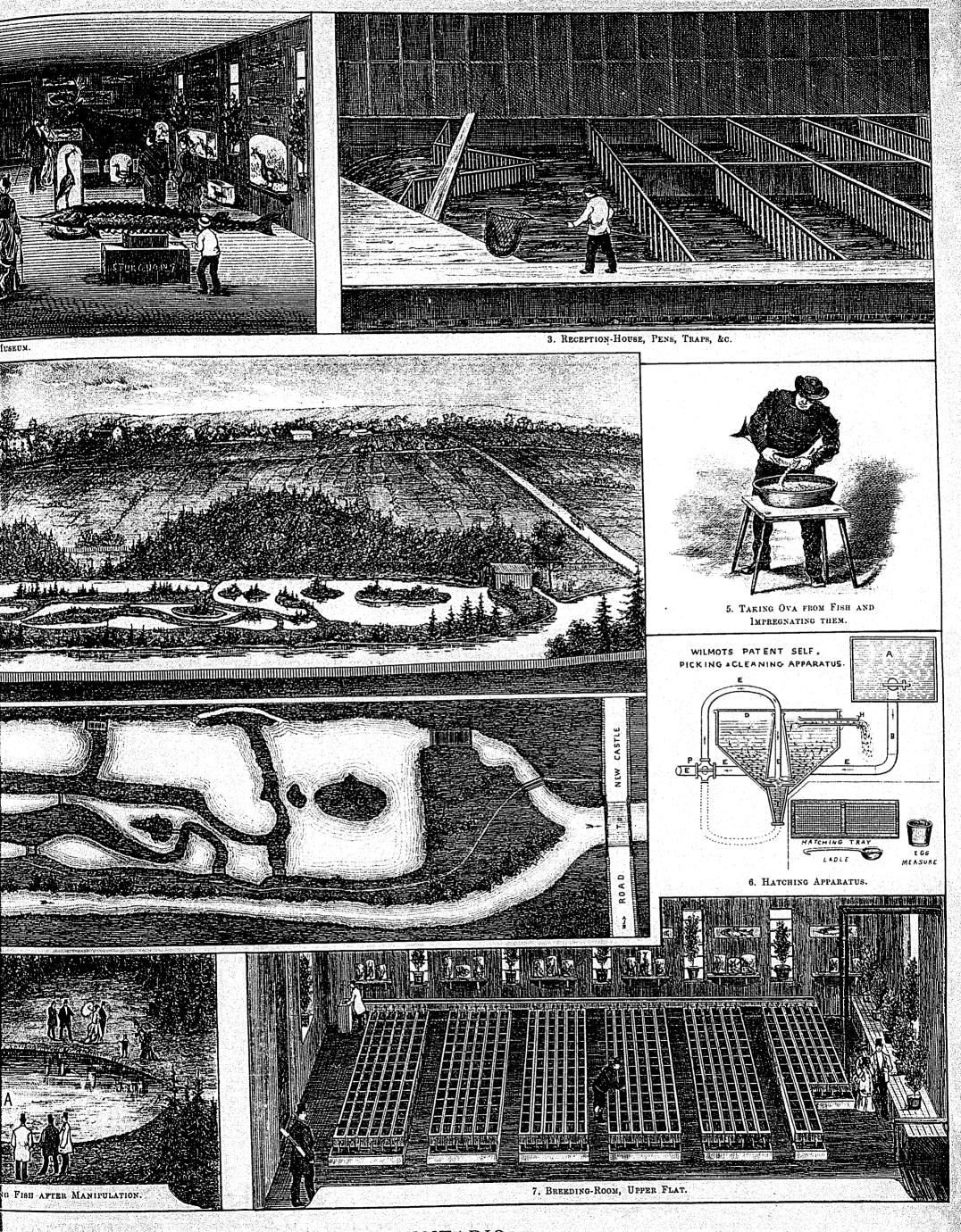
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TABLISHMENT, NEAR NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO.

#### THE FISH-INTEREST OF THE DOMINION.

HON. A. J. SMITH.

ALBERT J. SMITH, Minister of THE BOX. Marine and Fisheries, accepted this Department at the change of Ministry, in 1873. He had held office in his native province of New Bruns wick for several years, and has distinguished himself in many official missions anterior to the union of the Provinces. A successful member of the New Brunswick Bar, he has amassed considerable wealth, much of which is invested in real estate, ships and commerce. Being a man of independent means and not anxious for the cares of office, he has refused such dignified positions as that of Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, the Chief Justiceship of that Province, and the Ministership of Justice for the Dominion. These circumstances alone evince high estimation of his integrity and ability as a public man. The prime necessity of confiding our marine and fishery interests to a representative from the maritime section of Canada, has doubtess exercised a controlling influence in inducing Mr. A. J. Smith to accept his present portfolio. The Department which he now controls came into existence under the management of his predecessor, Hon. P. Mitchell, to whose energy and activity it is mainly indebted for its present efficient condition and great usefulness. Mr. Smith retains popular confidence by the impartial and conscientious character of his administration of the affairs of this important bureau, assisted by his ralented Deputies Mr. Wm. Smith, Deputy Minister, and Mr. Wm. F. Whitcher, Fisheries Commissioner, and an efficient staff of inside and outside officers.

#### SAMUEL WILMOT, ESQ.

SAMUEL WILMOT, Esq., whose portrait appears in our columns in connection with the subject of "Fish Culture in Canada," is a native Canadian, having been born in the Township of Clarke, in the Province of Ontario. He is the youngest son of the late Major Samuel Street Wilmot, and grandson of Captain Lemuel Wilmot, formerly of the Loyal American Regiment, who settled in New Brunswick at the close of the American Revolution. Major Wilm of emigrated to the old Province of Upper Canada previous to the war of 1812, and took part in the battle of York and other engagements where he obtained his commission as Major in the militia force. He also held a seat in one of the first Parliaments of the Province. Being by profession a Provincial Land Surveyor, he was for many years in the employ of the Government as valuator of Crown and Clergy The Wilmot name is a familiar one in New Brun-wick, where many of the family have held the highest public positions. The subject of this notice is a near relative of Ex-Governor Wilmot and Senator Wilmot of that Province,

Mr. Samuel Wilmot has been actively engaged in public matters where he resides, and for upwards of thirty years a local magistrate. He has also been an active member of the municipal institutions in his district, having held the office of Warden of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham, and is now Reeve of the Township of Clarke, to which position he has been elected by acclamation several successive years. He has also interested himself in agricultural movements in the country, and has been selected for a second term of three years a member of the Council of the Board of Agriculture and Arts of Ontario. His attention of late has been more particularly turned towards the practical application of the science of Fish-culture, in which calling he has been more than ordinarily successful, and has earned for himself well-merited notoriety in Canada and the United States. From a very small commencement in artificial fish-breedingoriginated by himself in his private residence at Newcastle, Ontario—the science of Pisciculture, through his personal enterprise and official zeal, has become an established governmental industry in Canada. His exertions were acknowledged in 1873, by the Société d'Acclimatation of France, by the presentation of a silver medal, which was forwarded to him by the Government of that country for his efficient labours in this department of practical science. Mr. Wilmot now holds the office of Chief Superintendent of Fish-Culture for the Dominion of Canada.

#### WILLIAM FREDERICK WHITCHER, ESQ.

MR. WILLIAM FREDERICK WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries, is widely known as an indefatigable official who devotes himself in an especial manner to the protection and increase of Fish and Game in this country. He is third son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Whitcher. a Paymaster and Purser in the Royal Navy, who on retiring from active service emigrated to Canada in the year 1815, after marrying a sister of the late Hon. William Bowman Felton, of Bel-videre, Ascot. Col. Whitcher resided at Sherbrooke, and held the offices of Sheriff of the St. Francis District and Grand Voyer, during twenty-six years. His eldest son, Mr. C. W. Whitcher, is now Deputy Sheriff of that district. Mr. W. F. Whitcher has been in public service for thirty years. Recognizing the great worth of the Canadian Fisheries, and appreciating the dangers to which they were exposed for lack of organized and authoritative supervision, Mr. Whitcher has laboured with tireless enthusiasm amidst many formidable discouragements to bring them under systematic control, and thereby to protect, increase and develope them. The

Government of the day having gradually realized the significance of such a patriotic purpose, has adopted executive and legislative measures to arrest the decline of these valuable resources; and already the Fisheries of Canada are restored to a hopeful state of productiveness. This gratifying result undoubtedly owes much to the moderation and perseverance no less than to the practical knowledge and personal diligence which have marked the services of the Com-missioner of Fisheries. The annual reports of this officer and of his outside assistants are replete with interesting information and useful suggestions. The most recent of these reports gives the total money value of the annual produce of the Fisheries of Canada at about cleven and a half millions of dollars, besides the additional value of a large quantity of fish used as food in the various fishing districts. This sum represents an industrial and commercial business ranking next in value to our agricultural in-

Mr. Whitcher is deservedly held in grateful steem amongst salmon anglers for his successful endeavours to restock the salmon rivers, so is to afford an abundance of this ennobling sport, while at the same time augmenting the catch of salmon on the coasts and in the es-

Quick to perceive the advantages of multiplying edible fishes in the greatly increased ratio attainable by artificial means, Mr. Whitcher advocates an extensive scheme of fish-culture as practised by Mr. Sannel Wilmot to be applied throughout the Dominion. His reports favor the idea of substituting by degrees this prolific system of fish-hatching for the slower and more uncertain methods of reproduction through natural facilities. "These latter," he writes, involve numerous difficulties in dealing with "the pressing necessities of our fishing popula-"tion, the changed nature of our breeding streams, and the peculiar circumstances of our manufacturing industries; all of which naturally operate as a cumulative sort of hindrance to improvement. The substitu-tion of a powerful reproductive system would, in some measure, obviate the necessity for enforcing many of the obligations on fishermen and manufacturers which are felt to be more or less burdensome and unpopular. If this change can be successfully worked, the probable and speedy result will be a very great increase of fish food in our markets and livelier occupation amongst the fishing communities, unrecompanied by most of the drawbacks which attend the present restrictions on this precarious calling necessarily imposed by the fishery laws.

The intrinsic value of the Canadian Fisheries is no doubt greatly enhanced by their importance as a national possession. It is to this larger view of their permanent welfare that Mr. Whiteher's attention appears to have been frequently directed. We find him also identified in all its phases and stages with what is known The Fisheries Question." The papers furnished by him in connection with the Headland Dispute exhibit a studied acquaintance with this subject, as affected by international law, and explain the special applicability and importance of a broad definition of exclusive mari-

time right in the case of Canada.

The extremely difficult position of Canada as regards a critical controversy involving matters of vital concern to her actual peace and future respectly as a colonial dependency carried on between the Imperial Government and the United States, is not generally understood. Certain disputed treaty stipulations have always tended to make the "Fisheries Question" be-tween Great Britain and the United States, particularly embarrassing. The petulant abroga-tion by the United States of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, about twelve years ago, revived these disputes; and when it became imperative for Canada, upheld by Great Britain, to enforce a defensive policy in assertion of her own rights and in support of her own interests, a time of anxiety and trial ensued which happily passed away without collisions, although several very narrow escapes occurred. We have reason to believe that the vigorous and popular course pursued by the Government of Canada was practically entrusted in the carrying out of ts details to Mr. Whitcher; and that, animated by an equally patriotic and prudent sense of the responsibilities of the situation from both Imperial and Colonial considerations, he manifested vigilance and discretion of the highest moment. The fact that for three eventful seasons Canadian cruisers were employed and vents the upward passage of the salmon. Being made numerous seizures of American fishing thus stopped on their progress up the main vessels without any mishaps occurring, sufficiently proves that the business was well-managed, and was also performed by those engazed with commendable discipline and judg-

Mr. Whitcher accompanied the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald to Washington in 1870, and was present during the negotiations resulting in the Treaty of Washington. The unlooked-for expedient respecting the Fisheries which was then adopted, has never been favorably viewed by Canadians. This dissatisfaction is probably caused quite as much by the unsatisfactory condition in which controverted points are still left, and the questionable feature of a bargain which resembles strongly an involuntary concession not altogether consistent with Canadian sentiments, as by the inadequacy of the equivalents provided for by the treaty. Public disfavor towards the negotiators of this part of the Washington Treaty has not yet sensibly abated; nor is it likely to do so until the con-

clusions of the approaching Commission at Halifax are developed. If these consequences shall be such as to establish the wisdom of the British element of the High Joint Commission in climinating the Fisheries Question from the perilous complications which attended the unsettled Alabama Claims, and referring it to the dispassionate adjustment of a tribunal composed of distinguished and honorable men, the country may after all be disposed to re-concile itself, in this particular at least, to the unpalatable dish of diplomacy served up for Great Britain and Canada at Washington, in 1871. The selection of Sir A. T. Galt as British Commissioner combines such Imperial and 'olonial guarantees as should inspire Canadians with a lively confidence in the trust. Sir Alex. Galt is a Canadian statesman of refreshing probity, enlarged views and consummate skill. The present Ministry has made an eminently judicious choice of a nominee which certainly affords unmistakeable proof of their desire to achieve success on behalf of Canada. The British Cabinet has been likewise happy in the appointment of Mr. Francis Clare Ford as Imperial Agent, of whose ableness and earnestness we heat most assuring accounts. The Counsel engaged on behalf of Canada, Messrs. Doutre, Thomson. Weatherbee, and Davies, are men of professional distinction, who will perform their duties in a spirit of intelligent patriotism. The advisory support which they may expect from their offi-cial relations to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, himself an able lawyer of an equitable and judicial disposition, will strengthen their hands considerably. We are not aware in what capacity Mr. Whitcher is attached to the Halifax Commission, but the country would be gratified to learn that his thorough devotion to Canadian interests receives at this juncture some appro priate recognition.

#### FISH CULTURE IN CANADA.

The propagation of fish by artificial means is science to which particular attention has been given in many of the leading European Governments, and which latterly has been brought prominently before the people of Canada and the United States, and is to be considered as a valuable adjunct to the natural methods of

fish-breeding.

It is but a few years since this new industry was inaugurated in Canada; but the rapid strides which it has made in the successful periments carried on at Newcastle, in Ontario, by Mr. Wilmot, together with the practical results which have been brought about in relation to this interesting procedure, has given it great popularity with the Canadian public, and it has been also thus far somewhat liberally ac knowledged by the fostering patronage of the Government.

A very general desire now pervades the minds of the people of Canada to encourage by every possible means the advancement of this practical science; and also to obtain such general information in relation to the modies operand of fish-culture as can be intelligibly given With this view as public journalists, our artist was despatched to the Government Fish-breed ing Works at Newcastle, Ontario, in order to be an eye-witness of the operations engaged in there, and take sketches of the buildings and grounds in connection with the establishment; and also delineate as minutely as pos sible by pictorial drawings the internal arrange ments of the breeding-rooms, and the apparatus used in the practice of artificial fish-breeeing.

The result of this visit has been that we are new enabled to present to our readers a series of pictures which will give a comprehensive idea of this national enterprise, and from which we trust the public will derive general information and useful knowledge,

Our pictorial illustration includes in it eleven lrawings, each representing different sketches of the outside premises and grounds, as well as views and plans of the interior arrangements of the buildings, as are more particularly adapted for the work. These drawings will be found numbered from one to cleven, for more ready reference.

No. 1 is a panoramic view of the buildings and grounds, and of the surrounding country. The building to the left of the picture, on the edge of the stream, is the Government Fish-Breeding Establishment, with its long, low reception house alongside; just here a permanent weir or barrier is thrown across the stream which prechannel, they are attracted by the mpid outflow of water coming through the reception house, and rushing up the current they pass through an ingeniously-contrived triangularshaped weir (No. 3), and become entrapped within the house where they are kent confined till they become ripe for spawning. From this building the stream runs (along the side of the picture) downwards a distance of some two miles, where it empties into Lake Ontario.

Beneath the two large clamps of evergreen trees in front on the hillside and the main stream, the several nurseries and retaining ponds are shown, dotted here and there with miniature islands. In some of these ponds the parent salmon are retained for a while to recuperate after the exhaustiion produced by spawning; others are used as nurseries in which the young fry are kept for a time just after they are hatched out, and have absorbed the umbilical

The small building to the extreme right of | nally; and the arrangements inside are conve-

the view was the old or original reception house, but it is now used as the gateway and general outlet from the ponds. On the extreme left, just above the main building, is an old mill with its raceway and mill pond beyond. From the higher elevation of this large reservoir a sufficient head is obtained to force through an underground pipe a large flow of water into the first and second apartments or breeding rooms; thus giving a constant and sufficient supply at all times for the hatching troughs.

he premises and ponds cover some ten acres of land; two public roads lead from the grounds, one at each extremity of the picture, and couverge together at the Village of Newcastle, about three-quarters of a mile distant, where an important station of the Grand Trunk Railway is located. The Town of Bowmanville is situated about four miles to the west, and the Town of Port Hope seventeen miles to the east. On the summit of the hill is the farm and private residence of Mr. Wilmot, the originator and founder of this institution.

No. 2 is a ground plan of the premises with the location of the buildings and ponds as described in the panoramic view No. 1.

No. 3 shows the inside arrangements of the reception house for entrapping and penning up the parent salmon. The fish enter this building through the triangular-formed weir, and become imprisoned in the first or large compact. ment. They are afterwards transferred tas represented by the assistant dipping them out with a small net) into the smaller pens above. The males and females are then separated and placed in different pens; in this way they tomain quiet, and are more easily retaken at the time when they become ripe for laying their eggs. When mature a dozen or more of these fish at one time are again caught with the band net, and carried (only a few feet) to the tanks, arranged for their sale keeping at the right hand side of the breeding-room, lower flat, No. 4. where the workmen are engaged at their work

No. 4. Here the process of taking the ova from the fish and impregnating it is carried on this is done by lifting from the tank a ripfemale fish and holding her over a vessel curely, and gently pressing her body with the hand when the eggs will flow freely from her. (See figure No. 5). After this operation is parformed, she is liberated by dropping her into a raceway running from the room, down which she quickly swims into the pond marked A of the ground plan No. 2. A male fish is then taken from another tank, and operated upon in like manner as the female, the milt extraied from him is mixed with the eggs by a gentle stirring with the hand; this causes immediate impregnation. The over are then dipped out of the pan with a small ladle, and put into a new sure made to contain one thousand eggs ; from this they are spread evenly on the hatching trays. (See apparatus plate No. 6.) These trays are made two feet long and ten inches wide, with a division in the centre, and hold four thousand eggs each; when filled they are carefully laid in the breeding troughs shown in figures 4 and 7. After the ova are thus deposited they are closely watched, and regularly cleansed from all sediments or other impurities which may settle upon them during the process of incubation.

The eggs are of a clear salmon color, but should any prove to be unfertilised, or become injured in any way, they change their appear ance to an opaque white, when they are picked out with forcess and cast away, thus prevent-ing the remaining ova from becoming con-taminated. At the time of our artist's visit million and a half of these vivilied eggs were

deposited on the hatching trays in these rooms. No 4 and 7 explain the manner in which the breeding troughs are distributed in the rooms. In the lower flat they are placed length wise, in the upper room crosswise of the building. Six of these are laid side by side with intervening aisles two feet wide for the convenience of the workmen in picking and washing the eggs. The troughs are each supplied with a constant flow of living water from the tanks which are fed from the raceway above, and are regulated in quantity by wooden taps as shown in the cut. In the lower flat a series of aquaria are shown; they are placed alongside the wall and contain young salmon and other fish which are kept for observation and also for exhibition to the numerous visitors who fre quent the institution.

No. 8 represents the upper story of the building, which, after taking from it office rooms, leaves a large commodious apartment used as a museum in which are collected a number of specimens of fish of various kinds and other animals. This natural history depository is only of a few months' existence, yet t comprises numerous specimens of the salmon family and other fish, prominent amongst which are the large ones shown in the plate; the one on the right is a sturgeon weighing 280 lbs.; the one on the left is the Tunny or giant mackerel-its weight when alive was apwards of 600 lbs, -- a Greenland snark ten feet long, an immense moose deer, male and female cariboo, a bear, and other animals; also an alligator ten feet long. All of these specimens present a a life-like appearance, and are artistically mounted.

No. 9 shows the front and side elevation of the fish-breeding house proper; its dimensions are 64 feet in length by 22 feet in width, with a cellar or lower flat built of stone, and two frame stories above ground. The building presents a handsome and commanding appearance extergives convincing proof throughout of the exercise of practical ingenuity, and personal in-

No. 10 gives a view of one of the retaining ponds (marked A. Fig. 2) into which the spent salmon pass from the main building after manipulation. It is about forty feet in diameter, and circular in form, with an average depth of water from two to three feet. At the time of our artist's visit, there were in this pond between three and four hundred adult salmon weighing from six to sixteen pounds each. It is doubtful, indeed, whether in any other part of the world a more wonderful or pleasing exhibition can be enjoyed at one sight of such numbers of large salmon as were enclosed within this small space. This extraordinary display is not of long duration, lasting only about a fortnight, generally during the last week of October and first week of November. Such an interesting feature, Fin connection with the institution, caused our artist to make a particular sketch of the pond with its funy occupants.

No. 11 gives views of the several shapes of

the eggs during incubation, and the growth of | Making a total from this hatchery

#### EXPLANATION TO NO. 11.

No I shows the young ova developing the head (neignified);

No. 2 shows ditto developed (magnified); No. 3, the head and body of the fish developed (magnified);

No. 4, young ova before the developing in natural size :

No. 5 shows the ova- of the natural size, after the vital principle has been developed. The body of the fish in this stage has a pinkish tinge and the eyes are very large.
No. 6, the shell of the ovum just burst, and

the head of the fish protrading from it.

No. 7, the state of the ovum shown after the bursting of the shell, when the pulsations of the heart become visible.

No. 8, the shell just thrown off, the tail drooping, about a third part of the shell, which is transparent, is fractured by the fish in its exertions to extricate itself. Before the shell is broken the tail envelopes, the yolk which is seen attached to the body of the fish.

No. 9, the tail in a short time becomes straight, and the fish more lively; the mouth assumes a distinct form, and the lower and pectoral fins, which are quite transparent, are in motion simultaneously with the actions of the heart, which beats from 60 to 65 times in a

No. 10 is a magnified representation of No. 7, the fish adhering to the shell, which is partly

No. 11 represents No. 9 magnified; the heart is before the pectoral fins, under the throat.

No. 12 is a still more enlarged view of No. 2, showing the direction in which the blood circulates, as seen by a microscope.

The blood flows from under the body of the fish through the blood-vessels, ramified along the sides of the back, and is then collected into the large vessel which runs along the front and bottom of the bag, communicating directly with the heart. An equal quantity of air, or some transparent matter, circulates with the blood. The blood is drawn by the heart from the large vessel alluded to, and thrown in regular pulsations into the vessels of the head and throat, where it assumes a dark colour. The rays of the gills are visible, and the fish soon begins to assume a brownish colour.

Salmon fry, or smolts, for some time wander about the sides of the stream, where the current is obstructed, but as they acquire strength, they trust themselves to the mid-stream, play in the pools and deep spots, and on the setting in of the spring rains in the following year, are carried down to the junction of the river with the salt water, where they remain till habituated to the novel element into which they then proceed. The growth of the smolts, or young fish, is very rapid, especially after they have reached the sea, where food is in abundance. Fry marked in April or May have returned by the end of June, eighing from two to three pounds and upwards, and a month or two later they have been found to weigh as much as six pounds. The small sized fish under the weight of two pounds are called "salmon-peel," all above that weight "grilse." The growth of the grilse during the second visit to the sea and for several subsequent years equals, if it does not exceed, that of the first year. The if it does not exceed, that of the first year. The Snobbington . . . Mr. Charles Dickens. band-launce and other fishes constitute the food The Stranger . . . Capt. Granville, 23rd of the salmon when out of sea; and that it is a voracious feeder may be inferred both from its rapid increase of size and its dental arrangement.

No. 13. Salmon (developed shape.) No. 14. Salmon, male (in summer.)

No. 15. Salmon (in fall.) The first practical experiments with Fish-culture in the Dominion originated with Mr. Wilmot at his private residence in Ontario, in 1865. Three years afterwards, when its benefits were made known, it was adopted by the Government, and has since been extensively carried on it several of the Provinces. The rapidly increasing popularity of the industry, together with the marked success which attended its opera-tions, has had the beneficial effect of inducing the Government to creet six additional fishbreeding establishments (beyond the original one at Newcastle) in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario. The Restigouche, a famous salmon

nient and well adapted for the purposes for which they are intended. The whole establishment lowing these, another was put into accompany lowing these, another was put into operation at Tudousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay river. In 1875, a salmon hatchery was built at Bedford, near Halifax; during the same year the largest fish-breeding institution on this continent was creeted at Sandwich, on the Detroit river; this one is especially adapted for the artificial propagation of white-fish.

That our readers may be enabled to comprehend more fully the importance of this enterprise, and the amount of benefit which has already been derived from it, we give the following statement, taken from official returns, of the numbers of young jish which have been distri-buted from the Newcastle establishment:

onsisting of almon, salmon trout and white-fish, which have been reared in it.....

There are, at the present time, in the several breeding-rooms in the course of hatching out living ora of salmon, trout and white-fish, and California salmon, amounting to......

From the other hatcheries in the Dominion, the young salmon and white-fish which have been planted in many of the rivers and other waters amount to...

re are also on the hatching-trays of the several buildings in the Maritime Provinces and at Sandwich vivified eggs of the salmon and white-fish, num-

total of fry and fish-eggs of the most valuable species which have been produced at the se-veral Fish-breeding establishments, for distribution in the waters of Canada, amounting 

28,515,000

5,125,000

1,775,000

6,900,000

9,215,000

#### CHARLES DICKENS.

In connection with the very interesting article in the Illustrated News of the 10th inst., from J. M. L., of Quebec, whose writings are always full of interest to us Canadians, I may state that the hurried visit of the great novelist to Quebec on the 27th of May, 1842, and his return to Montreal the same day, was possibly to be present at the rehearsal of the plays in which he was to take part the following evening.

Mr. Henry Hogan, of this city, has a copy of the programme of that evening neatly framed in his office, and to him I am indebted for the following copy :





ROYAL.

For this night only.

The Manager has the honor to announce a performance in which

CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., Together with the distinguished

GARRISON AMATEURS Whose successful performance on Wednesday last created such unbounded admiration, will appear.

This evening, May 28th, 1842,

The performance will commence with a

#### ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Sir Mark Chase . . The Hon, P. Methuen. Alfred Highflyer . . . Mr. Charles Dickens. Mr. Selbourne . . . The Earl of Mulgrave. Fixture . . . . . Capt. Willoughby.

Game keepers, &c., &c.

Maria Darlington . . . Mrs. A. W. Penson. Mrs. Selbourne . . Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Fixture . . . . Mrs. Henry.

#### After which

#### TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING,

. Capt. Granville, 23rd Regiment.

> To conclude with HIGH LIFE DOWN STAIRS.

My Lord Duke Sir Harry	Dr. Griffin, 85th Rgt. Capt. Willoughby,
Lovel	23rd Regiment, Capt, Torrens, do . Capt Granville, 23rd
Froeman Phillip	Regiment. Earl of Mulgrave. Mr. Charles Dickens,
1	Mr. Hughes.
Lady Bab	Mrs. Brown.
Chloc	Miss Heath.

ON MONDAY EVENING Mrs. and Mr. Sloman's Third appearance.

Montreal, May 28, 1842.

Gazette Office

Will not some of those present at this per-formance favour us with their recollections ?

JOHN HORN.

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

INTERMARRIAGE---It appears to be a law of nature, that frequent intermarriages among a par-ticular family, class, or nation, have a tendency to produce mental and bodily degeneracy; and the more limited the circle to which they are confined, the greater is the degeneracy. This accounts for the fact, that the children of cousins, or other near relations are so often weak in intellect-sometimes even to idiocy. It is well known that idiocy is by no means rare in royal and noble families among which the practice of marrying consins prevails.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SINCERITY AND RUDE-NESS .-- If you do not take care, you will fall into one the most disagreeable errors in the worldwhich is that of mistaking rudeness of manner for sincerity of character; one the most valuable quality, the other the most disagreeable that can be imagined. Everything in the human character is beautiful or not, according to its usefulness. Sincerity of character may be learned only by sorrow and adversity, in their most bitter moments; it is the personification of truth; it can lead to no disappointments, because it holds out no false lights to betray-gives no promise it does not mean to fulfil. But what is the purpose answered, or the end to be attained, by saying rude things

How to GET RICH .- Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you get, to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us, to be the friend of no man and to have no man for our friend, to heap interest upon interest, to be mean, miserable, and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as surely as disease and disappointment. And, when pretty near enough wealth is collected by disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment, save that of indulging in miserable meanness, death comes to mish the work, the body is buried in a hole, the heirs rejoice over it, and the spirit goes—whither?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. - When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have had a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered around our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their

MEN AND WOMEN .- Let those who fancy men ind women fitted for the same lives, formed for the same destinies, intended for similar career turn their attention for a little while to man and yoman in long clothes and socks still biting at their corals with half the teeth that Providence intends to give them, and attaining their objects in life by shricking-in other words, to babies, and, noticing their tricks and their manners carefully, declare, if they can, that a boy-baby and a girl-baby are not as evidently intended for two different life-paths as are ducks and chickens. Often the mother would like her little boy to play quietly with his sisters, or would not be averse to see her girl less timid and more like her brothers; but nature has worked the paths they are to tread. It is rare indeed for man to leave his; and, when woman is led from hers by some "ism," she seems less like a woman than before, just as she looks less like one in anything approaching masculine costume. The same education, the same work, the same pleasures, the same experiences are not meant for woman and her brother, and unerring childhood teaches us the lesson even before it learns to lisp.

A SAD BUT BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. -There is a small room somewhere in this world, nothing but "four square walls," but I wish to tell you some things that are in this room. Near one corner stands the stove, burning brightly this win-ter evening, the same as in thousands of other rooms; a few pictures and chromos on the wall, and a fine steel engraving of that well-meaning, honest, but erratic old man, Horace Greeley. In one corner, near the window, is a small stand, on which is an aquarium containing some very pretty shells and stones picked up, some at Cape May, some on the shore of Lake Michigan, some received from friends in far-away California. Over this is a large, three-shelf bracket, holding several juvenile books, finger worn and soiled; a miniature boat with sails spread; a "bank" partly filled with penuies, which enter the mouth river dividing New Brunswick and Quebec, had one built upon it in 1872. During the following year two more were erected, one at Gaspe. The performance to commence at half-past seven.

Chloe .......Miss Heath. of a freg, opening by a presure upon one of its feet; a top whittled from a spool, an arrow gold and silver beels, and real pearl buckles. Sometimes even rubles and damonds are wors.

three China cups, a ball, a knife, a bead-basket, a package of "little ones" letters, a fish-line, and numerable other little articles that make up

a list of juvenile property.

At the left of this bracket hangs the picture of a sweet babe with the innocent smile of babyhood upon her chubby face. When she went away last September she was ten months old. At the right of the bracket is the picture of a boy. He used to make this room ring with his shouts of merry laughter. His face wears a more thoughtful look than that of his sister just across on the other wall. He stands in an easy attitude with his legs crossed, one hand hanging by his side, the other resting upon a sofa-top stand; his eyes look a little to the left of you, and he appears to be in deep thought. At his feet erouches his dog, Prince. When Willie went away last October he was aged nine years.

There comes into this room while I write a a small woman with a look of sadness painly depicted on her face. She walks to the corner and ooks a moment at the fish swimming in the aquarium, and then raises her eyes and gazes long at the two pictures before her. The tears follow each other silently down her face. She turns away and seats herself in the rocker near the stove and rests her head upon her hand. She has no child now. We will not disturb her. She is thinking how she used to fondle her babe or make kites for her boy; she is thinking of the rape that was put upon the door; of the little coffin that was brought in and the silver plate on the lid, "our babe;" of the little grave up among the oaks, and how, with Willie, she vis-ited it the following sabbath, when Willie said, "When we come again I will bring a nice bou-quet for Clara." She is thinking how Willie went the next time he visited the spot-in his coffin, with the bouquet in his hand; she is thinking of the future, when she shall see them again, for she says, "Thy will, not mine, be done." There are thousands of homes like ours, where life seems as nothing since so much of life and love has gone, and some thoughtless paragrapher has caused many a pang by his peneillings.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

A TRIAL is now being made at Portsmouth of an invention by Captain Warren which consists in sheathing ships with paper, fixed on a with a peculiar coment; on paper seaweeds will not grow, nor will barnacles adhere to it. The results so far are said to be very encouraging.

A SMALL ridge of sand, it is found, separates A SIALL ruge of sand, It is todaid, separative the Mediterranean from the depressed dosert at the "back" of Algiers and Tunis. Some enterprising engineers proposed to pierce through the sandhill and let the sea in to overflow the desert, thinking to turn it into a mavigable lake. The French Académie des Sciences countenances the idea.

THE gardener of the University of Berlin has The gardener of the Chryesty of Dertin has made the discovery that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves. He cuts them close to the bulb, places them in a saucer, and covers them with a thin layer of sandy leaf mould. The saucer baving been placed in a green-house, the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry in about eight weeks, a sure sign that bulbs are greening out of them. are growing out of them.

M. Friedman, an engineer of Vienna, has devised a plan to keep a ship afton after a hole has been knocked through its hull below the water-line. The mechanism is simple. A filter is placed on the ship's keel, and connected with two pipes, one leading from the boilers and the other up the side of the vessel to a point above the water-line. If there is any water in the hold, it must find its way by gravitation to the filter, from which it is blown out and overboard, the instant the steam is turned into the pipe from the boilers, at the rate of 300 tons of blige water per hour. The cost of one such ejector, exclusive of pipes and fitting, is about £160. M. FRIEDMAN, an engineer of Vienna, has

#### $MUSICAL\ AND\ DRAMATIC.$

LISTZ is sixty-six. Verdi is sixty-three. Flotow is sixty-five. Offenbach is fifty-sight. Von Bulow is forty-seven. Saint-Saens is forty-two, and Rubenstein is forty-seven.

Miss Mary Anderson, the young actress, who has received so much praise in the South and West is very talented and very beautiful. She carries Plato and Plutarch in her pockets and reads Greek tragedies during her morning walks. Strange to say, she is only nineteen.

#### DOMESTIC.

SAVOURY PUDDING.—Scald a pint basinful of fine breaderumbs with milk, add half a pound of beef suct chopped fine, a handful of oatmost, four onions, par-hoiled and chopped, a little sage, pepper, and salt, and four eggs. Baked like Vorkshire pudding, or under pork or a goose.

STEWED STEAK WITH OYSTERS. - Cut the STENCE STEAK WITH COSTERS.—CHI The beefsteak, about two pounds, rather thick; brown it on both sides in a frying pan with butter; add one-slived onion, half a pint boiling water, salt and pepper, cover closely, stew slowly for one hour; add a glass of Port wine, a little flour, two dozen oysters, and their liquor strained; cook three minutes and serve.

### FASHION NOTES.

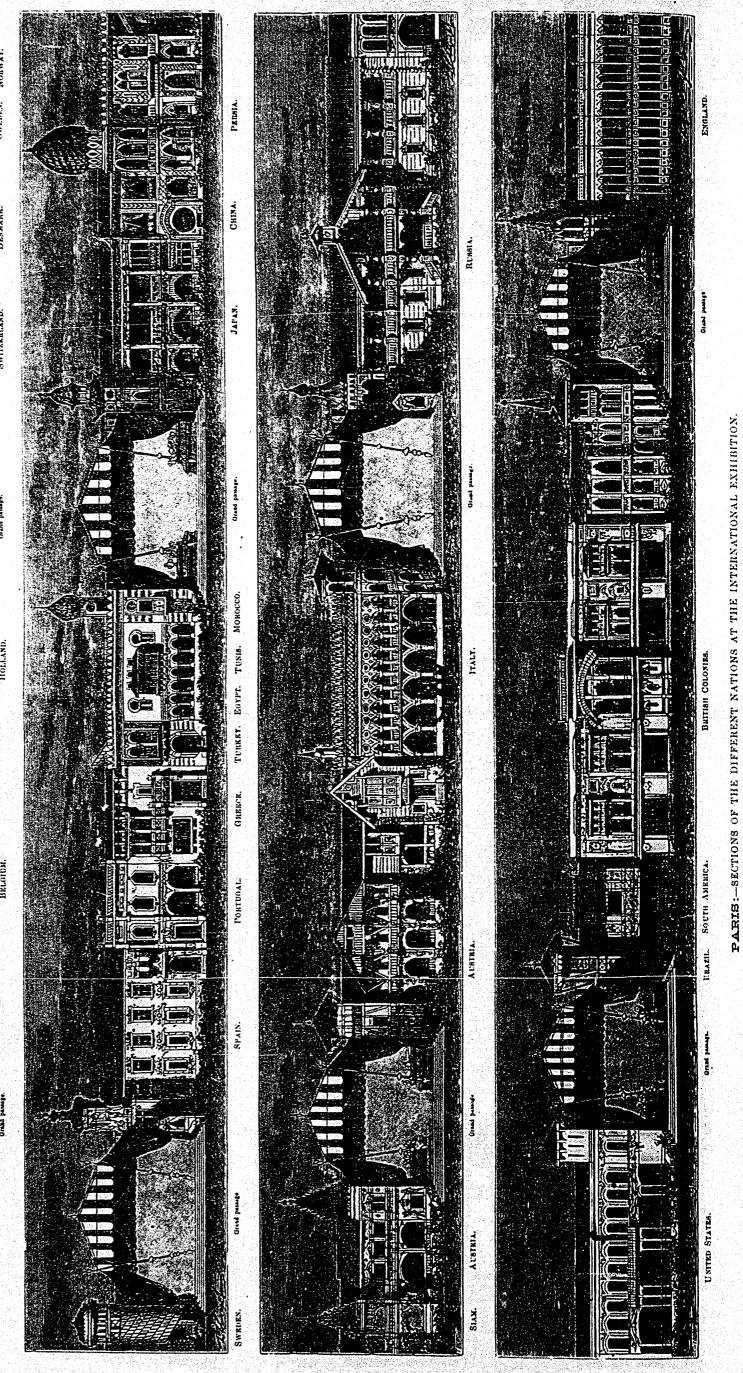
THE new hats have square crowns.

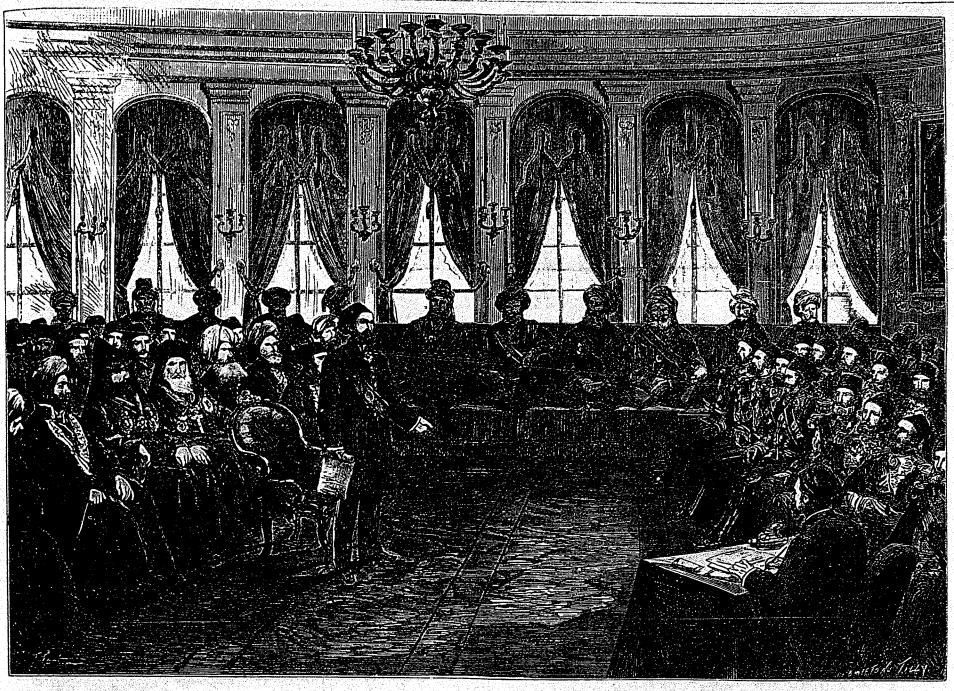
ONLY tight-fitting polonaises are fashionable. GENTLEMEN'S business suits are in very small heques or in plaids-either brown or gray.

Novelties in hats for children are in the sailor shapes of cardinal and navy blue striped with white. They are worn far back on the head.

THE favorite necktie with gentlemen is black satin. These are admissible with evening dress, though white lawn ties are generally preferred.

Kip, as a material for a ladies' bonnet, is amongst the latest Paris novelties. Kid for her gloves, kid for her shoes, quite a family.





CONSTANTINOPLE: -THE GRAND COUNCIL OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE IN SESSION.



Dr Schneider. M. Le Chevalier.

M. Sala,

M. Poars. M. Mac Gahan.

M. Prior.

M. Campbell Clarke.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

#### THE GREAT DEBATE

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY, 1877.

"But what good came of it at last?" Said little Wilbelmine, "Nay that I cannot tell," quoth be, "But 'twas a famous victory.

One February evening, When John Buil's work was done, And he was sitting by the fire Instead of in the sun—Because in that month, as I ween. The sun is very seldom seen—

He took his copy of the "Times,"
To read to Mrs. Bull
Particulars of the debate
Of which its page was full—
"The Eastern Question now." quoth he,
"Will soon be understood by me."

And then he read to Mrs. Bull.
Who sat expectant by.
The speech of Argyll's Duke, and when
He finished, with a sigh.
"What does he want to do?" quoth he,
"Upon my life I cannot see."

Lord Derby's speech he next perused. Nor missed a single word. Then turned to Mrs. Bull, who all The rigmarole had heard. "What does he mean to do?" quoth he, "Upon my life, I cannot see.

He waded through Lord Granville's speech. And still more puzzled got; But with the Earl of Kimberly He waxed a little hot. "Confound his impudence," quoth he, "A Bobudil he'd make of me.

But when Lord Salisbury's name he saw

fort when Lord Sansbury's name he saw Much brighter grew his face, "Now, I shall understand," he cried, "Something about the case." He read !--"Why, what the deuce," quoth he, "The Conference did, I cannot see."

The Prince and Princess both were there.

The House was very full."

The House was very full."

But what good came of all this talk i."

Then queried Mrs. Bull:

Nay that I cannot tell, "quoth he,

But 'twas a Great Debate, you see."

W. H. F.

#### THE POOL BENEATH THE WILLOWS.

BY MAUD D. HOWARD.

The villagers called it the "the pool," though in reality, it was a large and deep indentation of the river. On its margin the willow boughs dipped and laved themselves in its liquid cool-

Here, Armand Grey and Lillian Morse wan-

dered "Fie, Lillian, you must not grieve nor allow how! I foolish fears to trouble that smooth brow! I shall soon return a rich man to claim a dear, little wife!" and the handsome young fellow gazed foully on his fair betrothed.

A dark visaged man lurked behind the trees, watching the lovers and endeavoring to overhear their whispered words.

"You will wear this ring in token of our love while I am away. Lillian," said Armand, taking her pretty hand and slipping his gift on her slender tinger.

"And I have something you will please to accept for my sake," Lillian replied, glancing archly at her lover, and handing him a photograph of herself.

The man hidden among the trees gnashed his teeth and clinched his hands in a paroxysm of jealousy and rage.

"Lillian, I need searcely warn you against receiving any attentions from Gerald Fester-a bold, bad man."

"Ha, ha!" "What noise was that t" cried Lillian, in a frightened voice, clinging to her lover's arm in her terror.

"I heard nothing, darling. 'Twas probably

some bird."
"It is growing late, Armand. See, the sun has gone down.

They retraced their steps along the banks of the river towards the village where Lillian's parents lived.

"Good-bye, Lillian darling! I shall write Don't forget me, dear one. She stood looking after his retreating form-

for good luck-until it was lost in the gloom of the wood from which they had together emerged. Armand Grey walked onwards with a buoyant tread and gladsome heart, conjuring up images | He tried to shake this influence off, but to no of the blissful future.

Suddenly, a tall figure sprang in his path. Gerald Foster in a menacing attitude was before

Armand quietly attempted to pursue his course, but Gerald, thrusting out his long arm, stopped him.

So, you advised Lillian Morse to beware of Gerald Foster, a bold, bad man, eh?
"Permit me to pass."

" Take that ! and that !"

And ere Armand could raise an arm to defend himself, Gerald had ruffiantly struck him on

the head with a heavy stick he carried.

Armand staggered and fell to the ground. Gerald Foster looked cruelly and triumphantly down on the pale face, over which the blood trickled from a wound on the head.

dragged his victim to the edge of the pool and

threw him in. the Stygian depths, and then a great silence

he often stopped and cast a terrified countenance towards the spot he was hastening from.

When once clear of the wood he strove to compose himself, and to facilitate that purpose entered the village tavern, ordered a glass of cognac which he tossed down his throat

Meanwhile, a barge came floating slowly down the river, and had passed the pool when one of the barge-men called out to his companion:

"I say, Jack, what is this?" pointing to the body of Armand which the undercurrent had carried into the broad stream.

"Why, it's a man. Lend a hand, Bob, and we'll soon have him on board."

When they had taken the cold form from the water, they proceeded to resuscitate it, by sti-mulants and well-conducted friction. By-andbye their labors were rewarded, for breath reanimated Armand's frame, and the power of motion returned to his limbs. But he only awoke from his stupor to rave in delirium, such

was the effect the loss of blood made upon him.
"I say, Jack, this is a fine gold repeater the gentleman has." And as the admiring bargeman spoke he appropriated the time-keeper to

his own pocket.

"You may have his other trinkets, Jack," said the same speaker; "and, whew, here's the pictur' of his gal! I guess we'll let him have

"He's pretty well cut up. There's been foul

play here," said Jack.
"We'll have to nurse him through it, I sup-We have to be in Belton city to-morrow, you know, and can't afford to wait at this poky little village to be examined and all the rest of

"We'll just take him to Belton and give him in charge of Mrs. McCann," replied Jack.

Mrs. McCann was an old woman who resided lear the docks, and offered clean board and lodging to sailors desirous of such accommoda-

Armand was placed in her care by the barge men who promised to look in again on their way up the river.

For days and days the fever raged on him, and Mrs. McCann listened to his wandering speeches with ugly suspicions in her mind, concerning the barge-men whom she determined to interrogate on the first opportunity they gave

At length the fever became assuaged, and though very weak, Armand continued to rally.

Gerald Foster tried by every device in his

power to shake Lillian's faith in her lover. "He has forgotten you by this time," said the artful schemer, some four weeks after Armand's depar-

ture.
"O, no! I'm afraid his success has not beer what he anticipated, and he has likely travelled on farther, or, perhaps he is ill. I shall never believe him false."

"O, Lillian! Armand Grey could never have loved you as well as I do. Why do you prefer him to me? Say that if you don't hear from him within the year you will be mine

"How dare you talk so? Armand is truth itself. I will not listen to you. Go!"

"Hesitate, Lillian Morse, be rejected suitor, his dark eyes fired with suppressed wrath and his value heaven with ill-controlled passion. voice hoarse with ill-controlled passion.

"Fare-you-well, Miss Lillian, and hear me: the day that sees your lover return is far dis-

tant!"
With a low bow and mocking smile he left

Poor Lillian was greatly distressed. No word from Armand. And what could Gerald's threat forebode ?

It was Lillian's custom to stroll along the banks where she and Armand had last been together.

In these lonely walks she occasionally met

Gerald Foster, to whom the place had a strange

Lillian was sufficiently aware of his feelings towards her to account herself responsible for his appearance there.

Although the reason she assigned was somewhat flattering to her vanity, yet his presence was anything but agreeable to her peace of mind. or his manner was often wild and caused her

To-day, after he had been dismissed by Lillian, an invisible force, which he was incapable of resisting, drew him in the direction of the pool. ose; all his efforts ended by bringing him back to the same dreaded spot.

"Lillian, my child," said Mrs. Morse, " you seem possessed by some unaccountable restless-Take your hat; a walk may cure it.'

Lillian did as she was bidden, and unconsciously her feet turned into her favorite path which led to the pool. She sauntered on, and was soon within the grove of willows.

The sight that here greeted her eyes caused her to start back in dismay.

More than half his body outstretched over the dark water and grasping the slender willow boughs, Gerald Foster lay peering into the impenetrable depths of the placid pool. His face was hideously contorted with the horror of some phantom to which he spoke

Yes, Armand Grey, Lillian Morse will wait

against a tree and covered her face with her

hands, as sorrow laid his heavy gripe upon her.
"Who says I struck you" continued the conscience-stricken man in his fantasy and writhing. In his auguish he lost his precarious balance and fell headlong into the deep water.

Lillian bounded forward to proffer assistance but all she could do was to bend down the delicate boughs of the willows which snapped when

the struggler clutched them.

Of or aid! Help, help!" she cried loudly.
But help there was none, and in a few minutes the white face of the drowning man was lost in the blackness of the pool. Lillian ran by the shortest way to the village to impart the dreadful tidings. Before her, a man whose figure appeared familiar walked painfully along, support-

ing himself by a stick. Hearing light, rapid steps behind him the man turned, and

"Armand, Armand!" ejaculated Lillian in mingled surprise and joy, as she threw herself into her lover's own atms.

#### LITERARY.

Two hundred and sixty-eight periodicals in the Magyar tongue were issued last year, being twenty-eight more than in 1875.

MR. A. C. WHEELER, (" Nym Crinkle,") late of the "World," has succeeded Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., as dramatic and musical critic of the "Sun,"

Miss Dudy Flercher, the writer of "Kismet," is a young hely still in her twenties, very sparkling in her talk, pretty, and thoroughly accomplished in several languages.

THE literary staff of the English explorating ship "Challenger" ask for five years in which to draw up the account of their proceedings and collections, a length of delay which occasions some grumbling.

Mr. David Ker, the well-known contributor Chamber's Journal, author of "On the Road to hive "and other books, is "coming over to take notes,"

A BROTHER of Tom Hood, the poet, is a florist in Hergen, N. J. Heside being an accomplished botanist he is well versed in the classics.

THE Bioscublatt gives the gross total of volumes published in Germany last year, at 13,356 against 12,516 in 1875. Nearly 1,100 were belies lettres:

The author of "Daniel Deronda" is very far from handsome. She has an intellectual and striking face, too long and angular for symmetry; soft, abundant hair, streaked with grey; a low, sweetvoice; a remarkably quiet, somewhat pensive, and decidedly winning manner. Some persons do not like her at first, though all her friends, despite her unquestioned plainness, regard her as a charming woman.

JULES JANIN'S duel with Dumos, pere, was JULES JANIA'S duel with Dinnes, perc, was singular. Half on bour was occupied placing the parties in position. Janin asserted it was positive murder for Dunns to select the sword, not knowing how to use it. Janin presidents he would split him like a woodcock, and regretted be could not afterward swallow him like that bird. Dinnes then selected pistols, being able to smift out a candicarthirty paces; but then, he remarked, it would be positive murder for Janin to use a pistol, never having had one in his hard in his high. The autagonists hunghed, shook hands, and remained fast friends ever afterward.

AMONG the books at the forthcoming Caxton Exhibition in Stationers' Hall, London, will be "The Boke of Tulle of Old Age - Lingiyated by me simple persone William Caxton into Englysshe as the playsir solace and reverence of men growing in to old age the xij day of August the yere of our Lord M.evcc.laxxl." Also, "The Polyeronycon conteyning the Boryongosand Dedes of many Tymes in eyght Bokes. Imprinted by William Caxton after having somewhat channged the rude and olde Englysshe, that is to workerertayne works which in these Dayes be neither usyd ne understanden. E nded the second Day of Juyli at Westmestre the xxij yere of the Regne of Kynge Edward the fourth, and of the Incarnacion of oure Lord a Thousand four bundred four Score and tweyne." Caxton seems to have entertained conscientious doubts with regard to the spelling of his own Christian name, as may be gathered from the title of "The Chronicles of Englond. Emonted by me Wyllyam Caxton thabbey of Westmynstre by london the v day of Juyn the yere of thincarnacion of our Lord god m.ecc.laxx." Some of Wynkyn de Worde's works may also be forthcoming; such as "The Descripcyon of Englonde Walys Scotland and Irland ape\_king of the Noblesse and Worthynesse of the same Fynysshed and emprynted in Flete Strete in the syne of the Some by me Wynkyn de Worde the yere of our lord a M.eccec and il mensis Mayiis." Among the books at the forthcoming Caxton

#### Come now and let us reason together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures every thing?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatars to manufacture worthless nostrous and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes it fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in agne; and a febrifque property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleanaing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the hood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, cruptions, ulcers, swellings, tunors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its con-Then, the assessin partly lifted and partly ragged his victim to the edge of the pool and hrew him in.

With a dull splash the body disappeared in the Stygiau depths, and then a great silence regulated in the air.

The man turned and fled, though in his flight

"Yes, Armand Grey, Lillian Morse will wait ploy alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, utders, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in tensor of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in tensor of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you for the liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, as in cases of blotches. The liver or "billiousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, asuggested in cases of pulmonary to be a liver or "billiousnes

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to beaddressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUS. TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

A., Cowansville, P. Q.—Solutions of Problems Nos, 110 and 114 received. Correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 112 received. The dual in this position is very obvious. J. W. S. Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 110 and No. 112 received. Correct. Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosed game. You will perceive that the latter has been put to good use.

H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems Nos, 110 and 111 received. Correct.

Student, Montreel.—Correct solution of Problem No. 113 received.

We perceive that the influence of professional players on the advancement of Chess generally, is engaging the attention of Chess journals in England. It is almost impossible for us, in this new country, to give an opinion of any value on the subject. We imagine, however that the existence of a close of players who devote their whole time to the game, and make it a business, must lead to a degree of excellence in play on their part, which many would acknowledge to be worthy of some consideration.

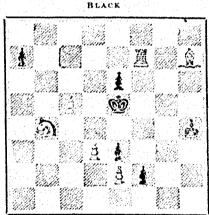
In connection with this we must not forget that in all the late great tournaments, whether at Vienna or Phila delphia, the professional element was booked upon as essential to success, and engerly saught for. We must, also, at the same time confess, that the late visit of a professional player to our city is considered by all our Montreal players to have been of much benefit. The interest of the Amateur in Chess matters is, however, rightly estimated as one of a healthy nature, and in every way consistent with the pursuit of a game which is always spoken of as a scientific pastine.

In our last Column a mistake was made in giving the result of the last match between Messrs, G. Barry and Shaw, It should have been stated that two draws occurred in the centest.

curred in the centest.

#### PROBLEM No. 114

By W. ATKINSON, Montreal.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

#### CHESS IN ENGLAND.

#### GAME 16380.

Played between Rev. J. Owen and Mr. Burn for the Provincial Championship. At the end of the match, which terminated in favor of Mr. Burn, the score was:
Burn 11; Owen 6. The subjoined game was the final

#### (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE .- (Rev. J. Owen.)

BLACK .- (Mt. Burns) 1. P to Q B 4 2. P to K 3 3. Kt to Q B 3 4. Kt to K B 3 5. P takes P P to K 4 Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 P to Q 4 Kt takes P Kt takes Kt P takes B P to K 5 B to Q 3 Q to Q 2 B to K 2 6. B to K15 6. B to K15
7. B takes Kt (ch)
8. Kt P takes Kt
9. Kt to K5
10. Kt takes Q B P
11. Q to R 4 (a)
12. Q takes P (ch)
13. Kt to K 5
14. Kt takes Q (ch)
15. Kt to Q B
16. P to Q 4
17. P to K B 3
18. P to K B 3
19. K to B second K to II sq B takes Q 19, K to B second QRtoQKt st 20 R to K R to Q Kt 4 K to Q 2 P taken P B to B 4 (ch) B to B 5 U to Q B 3 B to Q 4 (ch) B taken K Kt P K to K sq R to K B sq R to Q Kt 6 25, K to K 4: 26, P to B 5 26. P to B 5 27. K to B 4 28. P to K 6 (ch) 29. R to Q iq 30. P to Q R 4 31. K to K 5 (b) R to Q K1 6 R takes P (ch) R to K R 4 33, K to K 4 34, B to K 1 5 35, P to K R 4 36, K to B 5 37, K to K to 4 38, B to K sq (ch) 38, B to B sq (ch) 49, B to B sq. R to K R 4 B takes K P B to Q 4 (ch) P to K t 3 (ch) P to K R 3 K to B 2 K to Kt sq K to Kt 2 1 . 1: takes B Pinkes R

And Black wins.

#### NOTES.

(a) A mistake leading to the ultimate loss of the game (b) White makes a hold fight, but the two likehops of

#### CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 164TH.

Played at New York very recently between Messrs' inl and Channing, the former giving the odds of

(White's Q R must be removed from the board.) WHITE .- (Mr. Bird.) BLACK .- (Mr. Channing.)

1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. Kt takes P 4. B to B 4 5. B takes B 6. Q to R 5 (ch) 7. Q to B 7 (ch) 8. P to Q 4 9. B takes Kt 10. Kt to Q B 3 14. Kt to Kt 5 (ch) 2. P mates P to K 4 P to Q 4 P takes P B to K 3 (a)

#### NOTES.

(a) A had move, entailing the loss of the game, which is worthy of notice only, therefore, on account of the neat-ness of the checkmate at the finish. Q to Kt 4 is the

#### SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 112.

BLACK,
B 3 B takes B
B to Kt 2 WHITE. 1, Q to Q R 3 2, Q to K B 8 3. Q to Q 8 mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 110. WRITE.

1. R to K Kt 5 2. Bimates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 111. WHITE

KatKR sq QatQB4 BatKB2 PawbatQB2

BLACK. Kat Q R 4 Pawns at Q Kt 3 and 5 and K R 7

White to play, and mate in two moves

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representing Home.

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SUPERIOR COURT.

MARGARET ANN SIMPSON, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Hugh Gervan, of the same place, Trader, duly authorised à ester en Justice,

HUGH GERVAN, of the same place An action for separation as to property has been insti-tuted in this cause.

Montreal, 19th February, 1877.

L. E. BOWIE Atty. for Plaintiff.

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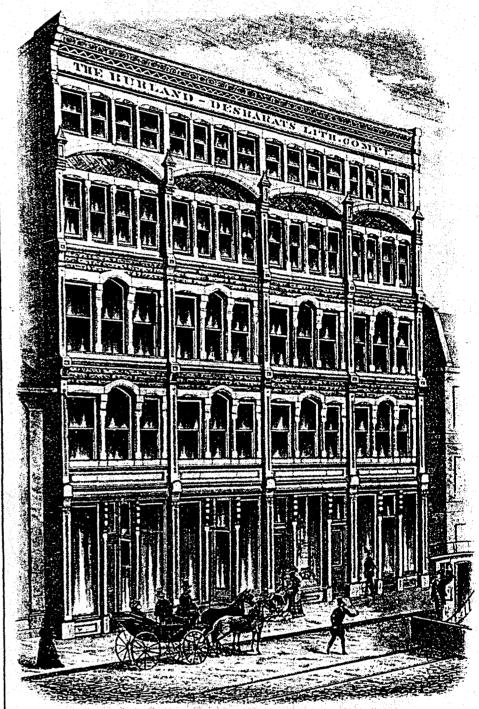


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