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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXI.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

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



H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

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

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

#### TEMPERATURE.

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING						
May 23rd, 1880.				Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
70°	54°	62°	75°	49°	62°	
68°	48°	58°	76°	55°	65°	5
75°	45°	60°	73°	47°	60°	
75°	55°	65°	77°	63°	70°	
73°	59°	66°	75°	58°	66°	5
70°	55°	62°	64°	42°	53°	
75°	55°	65°	70°	40°	55°	

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 29th, 1880.

### THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The heavy pressure on our columns in the present issue will not allow us to go into that fullness of detail in regard to the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday which we had contemplated and would much have desired, but we trust next week to call in the aid of the artist's pencil and present our readers with a vivid description of the scenes of military festivity in the historic old capital of Quebec on that auspicious day. Of course, a full letter-press account will accompany these pictures.

In the celebration of last Monday at Quebec, the most remarkable feature was the military review on the Plains of Abraham, at which the descendants of Levis' Grenadiers mingled in friendly rivalry with the sons of Fraser's Highlanders. There is a world of comment in this fact, and we must regard it as an historical incident of special significance. The prestige of the occasion was heightened by the presence of a Royal Princess and a Royal Prince, who accompanied His Excellency the Governor-General.

Another remark worthy of attention is the wisdom of bringing our volunteer corps together on occasions like these. The little money spent by the Government for such a purpose is most legitimately and fruitfully laid out. Not only do the volunteers of the different parts of the Dominion come to know each other, but their military spirit and ardour rise through competition. Altogether, the celebration of the Queen's Birthday at Quebec was most successful, and we trust that there may be many repetitions of the same festivities.

### POINTS OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

A learned and esteemed subscriber in Gaspé writes to us asking some precise information about the Lieut.-Governors of Gaspé. As he is gathering notes on that subject he has consulted many authors, who more or less allude to it, and this is the synopsis of what he has harvested:

Shortly after 1760 was that *sinécure* established with a high salary, as reward to English officers. No duty, no residence enforced. Was not the first who occupied it named Elliott?

About 1774 the fifth (?) titular was Nicholas Cox. That officer had taken part, under Wolfe, in the sieges of Louisbourg and Quebec, and commanded a company of the 47th Regiment at the first battle on Abraham's Plains. In 1775 he was attached as Major to the staff of Lord Dorchester, and, as such, participated in the defence of Quebec. He was charged to settle American loyalists in Douglasstown and New Carlisle, in the district of Gaspé. A castle was built for him mid-way, at Percé. Then his salary was £1,000. Besides he was superintendent of Labrador Fisheries. In 1784 he settled in Quebec, where he died Jan. 8th, 1794, and was buried with military honors. (Vide *Quebec Gazette*, Jan. 16th, 1794.)

Frs. LeMaistre succeeded him. We have two of his proclamations, dated Percé, Aug. 11th, 1784, addressed to some people residing at Restigouche and close to Dalhousie, for their local affairs, that would tend to show a certain territorial jurisdiction. He was besides, at least about the end of his life, Adjutant of Provincial Militia, and Colonel of a battalion of Quebec Militia. He died at his residence, Rue Ste. Anne, Feb. 13th, 1805, and was buried with military honors. (Vide *Quebec Mercury*, Feb. 16th, 1805.)

Alexander Forbes was the next and probably the last of that dynasty. He occupied that place till 1833, when the *Quebec Almanach* named him as such, with a yearly salary of £300, for the last time.

In 1821, the Quebec House of Assembly declared that, the Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé, not residing in the Province, that charge was a useless burthen of £300. The Government remained deaf. In 1825, the same House refused to sanction that item: Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé, £300. So in 1829 and 1830. In 1831, the Government declared that before consenting to abolish the charge, the House should pay the arrears of two years and a compensation. The House refused.

This is all that our correspondent found as likely to be correct, but it is impossible to make a whole of it. To supply a missing link he propounds the following:

1st. Was a kind of Province formed of the country subjected to that functionary? Was there a real administration, archives, &c.? Does any trace of it remain somewhere? Why this charge?

2nd. *Quod* Lieut.-Governor Cox, is there anything else mentioned about him in authors or newspapers published at or before his death?

3rd. Can any official paper be found about the settlement of loyalists in Gaspé?

4th. Who were Frs. LeMaistre and Alex. Forbes, and is anything else known or mentioned about them?

5th. Are there descendants or heirs of Cox, LeMaistre and Forbes, who might, perhaps, have registries, archives or correspondence from them?

### H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Leopold George Duncan Albert, K. G., K. T., Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, who is now on a visit to Canada and the United States, was born April 7th, 1853. Owing to feeble health, Prince Leopold has been unable to win popularity by frequent appearances in public, but nature, as if to compensate him for bodily weakness, endowed him, more than any of his brothers, with his father's thoughtful and scholarly habits of mind, and the modified form of university life which he passed at Oxford seemed exactly suited to his genius and temperament. His slight form was constantly seen in the lecture-hall, at the debating club, and at the musical gathering, in the last of which, whether as an instrumentalist or vocalist, he was, like his late father, qualified to render no mean assistance. Should his life be spared, and should improved health accompany the full attainment of manhood, it seems highly probable that the peculiar excellencies of Prince Albert's career will be reproduced in that of his youngest son.

The young Prince is accompanied on his travels by his constant friend and confidant, Hon. Alec Yorke, and his private medical attendant, Mr. Rhyll. The party first go to Canada, staying for a short time with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Prince Leopold has often promised the Princess to pay her a visit at her Canadian home, but he has not hitherto been able to carry out his wishes. Since the accident to the Princess, Prince

Leopold has become anxious about his favourite sister's health, and is more than ever desirous of seeing her. From Ottawa the Prince and his suite, as at present arranged, will go to the United States; then West, touching at St. Louis, Chicago; and then to Cincinnati, returning by way of Washington to New York, which city His Royal Highness is particularly eager to see. The Prince will reach Newport in the season. It has been resolved to abandon the original intention of visiting California. It was the first intention of Prince Leopold to be away on this tour some twelve months, but he has limited the duration of his absence to about four months. Much will depend upon the condition of his health, which the tour will, it is hoped, materially strengthen. Prince Leopold, in undertaking this tour, is actuated by no other desire than that of seeing the New World and gathering fresh experiences by the way.

### ENGLISH LEADERS.

#### DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE IN THE LAST PARLIAMENT.

When Lord Beaconsfield sat on the treasury bench, the duldest debate always had a resource of interest. No one knew that the premier might not interpose, and no one could imagine what he would say if he did. His resource was unending and his audacity untameable. In whatever mood he might be he was interesting. He never laughed himself, but he was the cause of constant laughter to others. Sometimes, when he assumed that solemn mask from behind which he was wont to give tongue to vague and solemn generalities, he was laughed at. Oftener he was laughed with, and by mere audacity he often succeeded in turning into a jest a situation which promised to be full of danger.

There is a phrase already become a colloquialism, which illustrates the rare and great gift of governing. People often write or say "a great deal has happened since then," and think they are quoting Lord Beaconsfield. It is near enough for all practical purposes; but whilst the precise wording of the aphorism has been lost, the circumstances that gave it birth have long since been forgotten. It was on the 15th of April, 1874, that the house was crowded in expectation of seeing the premier floored on what was certainly an awkward point. The new government had not been long in office, and parliament had scarcely settled down to work. During the election contest, the turmoil of which was only just subsiding, the then candidate for Buckinghamshire forgot the possibilities of responsibility, and in more than one speech alluded to the coercion acts, which he denounced as "the most stringent and severe known in any part of the world." Lord Robert Montague had hunted up these speeches, and had given notice that he would ask the prime minister whether it was true that he had thus alluded to the coercion acts, and if so, whether he considered that such acts were necessary for the rule of Ireland by a British Parliament.

This was just one of those questions that Mr. Gladstone would have blundered over. He would have treated the matter with supreme gravity, and would have argued at some length in support of the acts. What Lord Beaconsfield would do in these circumstances was anticipated with the liveliest interest. Lord Robert Montague put the question amid the profound silence of a crowded house. The premier, approaching the table and pulling himself together with the familiar shrug of the shoulders, said, with inimitable voice and manner, "It is some time ago since the observations referred to by the noble lord were made; and," he added, dropping his voice, "a good deal has happened in the interval." The house burst into a roar of laughter, amid which the premier, with a face solemn to the point of lugubriousness, resumed his seat. Lord Robt. Montague was savage beyond control at the easy manner in which the fish that almost seemed to be in his landing-net had escaped. He rose and insisted upon having a more definite reply, but the premier had drawn the house with the bait of a jest. Lord Robert Montague shouted in vain against the cries of "Order!" that came from all parts of the house.

As for the premier, he was not the man to spoil a success by an additional word. Whilst Lord Robert Montague fumed and shouted, the house roared. Mr. Disraeli, with one hand lightly reposing on his waistcoat and the other holding a copy of the "Orders," sat with one leg crossed over the other, regarding the lighted ceiling with an absent air. This is but one instance of a score that recur to the memory in looking back at the time, that seems already so far distant, when Mr. Disraeli led the House of Commons.

In the first session of the new parliament the position of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons must have been painful to himself as it was embarrassing to every one else. No one quite understood it, and the House of Commons may be forgiven if, after for at least twenty years owning his supremacy, it was not readily to be brought to consider him as holding second rank, or even as not having commission at all. Circumstances, moreover, were further complicated just then by a sore bitterness existing between Liberal members and their late leader. Members could forgive much to their great chief, but they could not forget the inconvenience and even danger to which he had sub-

mitted them by reason of the suddenness of the dissolution.

This feeling found expression toward the end of April, 1874, when Mr. Smollett brought in the shape of a motion what was practically a vote of censure on Mr. Gladstone for "the abrupt dissolution of the late parliament." This again was one of those things that Mr. Disraeli would have managed much better than Mr. Gladstone. The gentleman who undertook to bring the matter under the notice of parliament was himself guilty of grievous presumption. He was a new member, and so far from personally suffering from the circumstance he deplored, he had found a seat as a consequence of it. Mr. Disraeli would probably have had a little jest in this direction (if indeed he had noticed the matter at all), and there the thing would have ended. But here was Mr. Gladstone making an infrequent appearance on the opposition with a sheet of notes in hand, listening with the quickest attention to the coarse vituperation of Mr. Smollett, and rapidly making notes. There was evidently some fun in store, and the house swiftly became crowded. As for Mr. Smollett, what he undertook to prove was that the late premier had "organized a dissolution in secret and sprung it upon the house." He variously described his conduct as "indecent," "utter wantonness," "a pious fraud," and as "sharp practice more likely to have come from an unscrupulous attorney's office than from a Cabinet of English gentlemen." Finally he observed that "the strategem had recoiled on the head of the trickster."

This was very coarse, and the house, which, even on the Liberal benches, was not inclined to defend Mr. Gladstone arraigned on this deadly sin, rebuked Mr. Smollett with angry cries of "Order!" When Mr. Gladstone rose he was pale with passion, and proceeded in an elaborate and eloquent speech to make an end of the truculent member. That he succeeded is perhaps not a matter that history will care to record to his credit. A fly can inevitably be broken on a wheel, but there is always a question whether it were necessary to put in action such machinery for such a purpose. This eagerness for the fray, and this unfortunate inability to disregard the sting of gnats, has been too often illustrated in later periods of the parliament to make its recurrence noteworthy. It has served the purpose of many an obscure member, from Mr. Smollett to Mr. Chaplin, to draw upon himself a little notice by attacking the too sensitive giant.

### LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF INTEREST AND SENTIMENT.

(Continued.)

This want of conviction on the part of the great majority of Canadians that it would be better to become annexed, or even independent, is the reason why Goldwin Smith (who may be called the greatest literary acrobat of his age) has so signally failed in the creation of what has been erroneously termed a "national sentiment." The "national sentiment" exists, but, unfortunately for Mr. Goldwin Smith's theory, it is not on that side which he would like to see it, so he says there is none. And for the same reason a public opinion exists, notwithstanding we have been told by a clerical editor that there is no such thing as a public opinion in Canada.

But while admitting the unwisdom of advocating annexation, as premature and opposed to the sense of dominion, we must not forget that freedom of speech is permissible, although it is often impertinent and illogical. It may even pass—and has done—beyond the bounds of loyalty, yet freedom of speech is the safety valve of public order. It is known in the United States as "friction" and has doubtless preserved that Republic from those semi-annual revolutions which affect the sister Republics of South America. With the unreflecting masses the magnetism of eloquence often usurps the place of conviction, and at moments of great political excitement the shouting is always done by the many and the thinking by the few. No one would seriously think of advocating annexation with the United States unless he thought it would be to the interest of Canada to be annexed. Thus are we brought to consider the question of loyalty to the British Crown in the light of interest. British interests have always been the basis of British diplomacy. Therefore, it is in order to enquire what is meant by "British interests." If we accept the belief the best interests of Canada are absorbed as a part of the interest of Great Britain, then we must do England the justice to suppose that the same principle which would compel the motherland to keep the Russians out of Afghanistan would be also exerted in keeping the United States from encroaching upon Canada. Again, it cannot with entire truth be said that British interests are exclusively the interests of England alone. The integrity of the Empire as a whole is an important factor in her insular vitality. According to Mr. Traill, in his paper upon "England of To-Day," published in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*, "the immense majority of Englishmen are as proud of their Empire and their power in the world as their fathers ever were, and they avow in theory as full a determination to retain it. If we accept this as the true reflection of English opinion, there is no fear that England will readily abandon any of her colonies, however small or insignificant. Having protection, therefore, we are in no anxiety of our safety being endangered by any power. This, certainly, is a most important ele-

ment in the consideration of loyalty in the light of interest. But it may be asked, are we really a self-governing people? and should we, if we were independent, be any better off than we are now? Of course, I can but casually glance at these great questions, which require decades of years to answer fully. But in attempting to furnish a reply, one very important consideration must not be overlooked. Assuming Canadian interests to mean everything for Canada and nothing for the power that guarantees her integrity as a part of the British Empire, you will admit that that would be a one-sided and unjust view of the matter. To take all we can and give nothing in return is the most selfish and impracticable bargain that any young nation could expect, and yet no other people in the world have so free a constitution or has been left so untrammelled in the building up of its own nationality as the Dominion of Canada. But are we a self-governing people? or are we subject in law and fact to the legislation of the Imperial Parliament? The former has hitherto been the prevailing impression among Englishmen and foreigners. Four years ago England's Colonial system was quoted with wondering approval in the French Assembly. The London *Examiner*, a very high authority upon such matters, in its edition of June 3rd, 1876, says: "Among the vast majority of colonists there never has been a shadow of a doubt since the first concession of constitutional right, that independence within the limits of the constitution granted is complete. \* \* \* The Canadians, for instance, have presumed not unreasonably that the interference of the Imperial Parliament in Canadian affairs had been abrogated forever in regard to specified subjects of legislation by the 91st clause of the Dominion Act. By that clause it is enacted that the Parliament of Canada has 'exclusive legislative authority' (these are the words) over twenty-nine expressly enumerated categories of legislation." But it was for "Historicus,"—Sir Vernon Harcourt—in a letter to the London *Times*, to discover that this was all fond and foolish fiction, for he found among the text-books of Stephen's Blackstone the following doctrine: "Our colonial possessions, under all circumstances, and whatever may be their political constitution, are subject to the legislative control of the British Parliament. That is to say, there is nothing to prevent the Parliament at Westminster from enacting that Canada shall furnish twenty regiments to the British army or a half-dozen ironclads to the British navy."

"If," says the London *Examiner*, with generous frankness, "the doctrine of Stephen's Blackstone be found to represent the existing state of constitutional relations with the colonies, it must be amended by a prompt and clear enunciation of any such legislative supremacy, which is inconsistent with political facts." Surely the most loyal Canadian could not expect more. England has practically abandoned the position taken by Blackstone, and, therefore, should at any time a conflict between Imperial and Colonial legislation arise, it would be a difficult matter for England to insist upon maintaining that position, which she has voluntarily relinquished since Confederation. Therefore, we may, I think, safely assert that Canada is a self-governing country within the limits of its constitution. If you accept this construction of our relationship with the mother country, our loyalty and our interests are identical.

I now come to the question of our fiscal policy as another illustration of our self-government. The fiscal policy of a country—especially a young nation like ours, which is just beginning to start out in business for herself—is its chief source of strength. A bankrupt nation is always in hot water, and must of necessity go to the wall. We may have vast natural resources, but we must also possess the means of adapting them to purposes of manufacture. As you may remember when Sir Leonard Tilley announced the fiscal policy of this country, great anxiety was felt as to whether the Imperial Parliament would sanction the tariff submitted by the present Government. The Opposition papers spared no pains to show how such a tariff would prove disastrous to certain British mercantile interests, and Hon. Mr. Mackenzie was busy with his pen in trying to convince an English newspaper that we were all going to ruin. These magnificent nightmares did not in the least affect the repose of Imperial statesmen, and never was a better illustration shown of Great Britain's determination to let Canada legislate for herself than in taking no notice of the flea-bites which so greatly disturbed the peace of Liberal politicians. If England's interests were jeopardized by the adoption of this measure, it was surely an opportune moment for England to assert her legislative supremacy, if she intended to assert it. Whether the tariff is a success or not is outside the purpose of this paper. But I think you will agree with me that Canada has no occasion for complaining of England's treatment. When you remember that no inconsiderable portion of Canadian loans are guaranteed by England, the question naturally presents itself, what would this country do in such a matter if it were independent? Upon whom could it rely, and what would its guarantees be worth if deprived of the prestige of British connection? How long would we be free from direct taxation? Should we be able to hold our own against a foreign power? All these questions come under the head of loyalty in the light of interest. The safety of our fellow-subjects abroad is another important thought in the same connection. Says Hon. Robert Lowe, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and Mr. Lowe is no great admirer of

Colonial connection, "Our Consuls in the East could tell us of the great relief which they would experience if the Maltese, for instance, were not as much entitled to the protection of the British power as the inhabitants of London. Subjects are not always a support, but they very often become a burden. We spent ten million pounds in order to rescue from captivity three or four British subjects detained in Abyssinia."

(To be continued.)

#### THE SEARCH FOR H. M. S. ATALANTA.

A singular incident occurred in the cruise of H. M. S. *Wye*, Staff Commander Sarratt, which was despatched in search of the missing training-ship *Atalanta*. The *Wye* arrived in Plymouth Sound a short time ago. Commander Sarratt started from Gibraltar on the 20th ult. in search of the *Atalanta*, and arrived at Vigo on the evening of the 23rd. He left Vigo on the morning of the 24th. When about six miles from that place a small fishing-boat, with a man in a crouching posture, was observed. It was blowing hard at the time from the north-east, with a heavy sea. A boat having been lowered, the fishing-boat was taken in tow, brought alongside the *Wye*, and hoisted on board. The occupant turned out to be an old fisherman, apparently about seventy years of age. He was perfectly unconscious when brought on board, and only lived about twenty minutes, although every effort was made by the medical officer, Dr. Lyon, to restore animation. The *Wye* returned to Vigo and delivered the body to the Spanish authorities, who expressed their gratitude to the Commander for the attention shown. It is supposed the man was a Spaniard. The boat had only one oar, and had evidently drifted off the shore or out of one of the bays; the old man being unable, when he had lost an oar, to withstand the strong easterly gale. The *Wye* had been ordered to the Azores, but the Channel Fleet were despatched in search of the *Atalanta*, and the *Wye* left Vigo the next morning for Plymouth. A look-out was kept from the *Atalanta* port seen.

#### A LITERARY DINNER PARTY.

There are many people who entertain an ardent longing to get into a literary set. After anxious and weary struggles they obtain the acquaintance of an intellectual lion-hunter, and, by dint of perseverance, induce this being to invite them to meet some literary people. We will imagine, says the *Saturday Review*, a would-be member of such a clique going to a dinner party of this description. He congratulates himself that the golden gates are at last about to open to him, and he feels that, after all, patience and dogged perseverance are always rewarded in the end. He is about to find himself among congenial spirits, and his own true worth is going to be for the first time appreciated. Instead of feeling that he is going amongst strangers, he seems rather to be returning to his own brethren and his father's house. On entering the drawing-room, the first thing that strikes him is the ugliness of most of his fellow-guests. His genial host takes him by the arm, and confidentially tells him "who's who." As each celebrity is pointed out to him, he feels as if a star had fallen from his little heaven, so disappointing are the fleshy appearances of these great writers in comparison with the ideals which he had previously formed of them. He is sent in to dinner with the daughter of a savant. He tries to say something clever on the staircase, and tells an amusing literary anecdote as soon as he is seated at the dinner-table; but "Yes," "No," and "Really" seem to constitute the entire vocabulary of his companion. As he cannot succeed in interesting the fair creature, he tries his other neighbour. This is a lady with a long skinny neck, whose dress resembles a flimsy yellow sack. He talks books and magazines to her for a few minutes, and receives a little cold encouragement. She then smiles for the first time, and quietly says, "You seem to have read a great deal of rubbish." After this he relapses into silence for a time, and has leisure to observe the *litterati* devouring their food. There is a famous poet at the opposite end of the table, but all that he can see of him is that he is fat, and has a long grey beard. There is a red-whiskered man, and there is a red-nosed man, and he knows that one of them is a writer and politician of high reputation; but he could not quite make out from his host's description before dinner whether the nose or the whiskers belonged to the genius. Immediately opposite to him sits a well-known writer of articles in the magazines, whom his host told him he ought to know. This gentleman is apparently a clergyman, and does not look very clean. He never has the opportunity of getting a single word with him during the evening. A famous novelist is in full view. Her books are intellectual, with a strong flavour of the romantic. There is a spirit in them that yearns for the days to come, when modern science shall have torn away the veils of prejudice and superstition, and the new gospel shall be fearlessly preached. She wears a false front, and seems uninterested in anything except her dinner. Near her sits the writer of some amusing, but naughty, novels. She has a stern face, and looks like a severe governess. The idea of facing these viragos when they shall be let loose in the drawing-room is terrifying to our novice; but it is some temporary relief to his

mind when they leave the room, and the men draw up to one end of the table. He finds, however, that nobody cares to talk to him, or to hear what he has to say; so he might have saved himself the trouble of cramming up all the leading weeklies and monthlies for the occasion. The whole party listen to the conversation of two men who "talk like books," as unlearned people sometimes say. The most ignorant man in Britain who would hold his tongue would have made an excellent member of a literary party of this kind, and our novice begins to be conscious that he can scarcely have been invited on account of his prodigious talents. In the drawing-room he finds that the guests break up into little groups and converse confidentially, and he himself is left alone to his own devices. At last a charitable savant takes pity upon him, and enters into a conversation on topics which he thinks suited to the inferior intellect of a poor creature evidently belonging to the outer world. Although the experience is humiliating, even talk of this kind is better than none; but it is scarcely begun when silence is ordered that one of the company may give a recitation in French, and soon after that the party breaks up. As he drives home the aspirant feels that his entrance into literary society has been far from a marked success, and he owns to himself that he had never in his life felt so much "out of it" as he did during the last three hours. If this is the way in which the learned spend their evenings he would rather dine at his club, and it seems probable that the men and women of letters whom he has just left will offer no obstacle to his doing so.

#### MUSICAL.

After a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, the Grand Benefit Concert to Mrs. Thrower and Mr. Lucy-Barnes took place at Nordheimer's Hall, on the 20th inst., before a fair but appreciative audience.

The quartette, consisting of pianoforte, violin, viola and cello, played by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes, Deseve, Reichling and Leblanc, was ably rendered. The second part seemed particularly to fascinate the hearers, and their acknowledgments were promptly accepted by the players, who displayed great firmness and boldness until the end of the third part when one of Mr. Deseve's strings came to grief. This dilemma, however, was soon remedied by the substitute of another violin, from which Mr. Deseve brought forth all there was in it, until shortly after the beginning of the fifth part when his string E broke, which caused an interruption till Mr. Deseve had put his number one in order, which served him then all through the evening. The "Jewel Song" from Faust, by Mrs. Lucy-Barnes, did not take as well with the audience as should be expected, but the jewel was in Mrs. Barnes' voice, which is and always has been listened to with the greatest attention.

Lachner's pianoforte solo "Praeludium und Tocatta," by Mr. Lucy-Barnes, was played in a masterly manner, and left nothing to wish for except that it could have been shortened on that night, owing to the oppressive heat. "Constancy," and "Fall of the Leaf," one of Schumann's duets, sung by Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Thrower, received well merited applause, which was responded to by an *encore*. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 47), by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes and Deseve, afforded those gentlemen a great opportunity to show what command they have over their instruments which entitles them fully to the places they have taken in their profession. Mrs. Thrower's song "The Parting in Spring," was well received, to which she gave an *encore*.

By this time some of the audience began to leave, and many showed signs of anxiety and restlessness occasioned, no doubt, by the great thunder-storm which during the performance visited our city, and by the unbearable heat which was increased, as the windows were closed to prevent the rain from coming in.

The quintette (Op. 44), by Schumann, performed by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes, Deseve, Duquette, Reichling and Leblanc, brought the entertainment, at which a Weber Piano was used, to a close, and though it did not prove to be a great financial success, we can be proud of the professional talent we have in our city.

#### THE CANE.

"To cane or not to cane?" That is, indeed, a knotty problem, and one which assumes, in some instances, all the seriousness of a *questio vexata*. First, the schoolmaster finds himself in very direct relation with lads and lasses who are as untamed and about as amiable as the wild asses of the story-book, or the, perhaps, rather wilder Arab of the desert, full of animal spirits or of pent-up mischief, to which school affords congenial opportunity, and on whose untoward natures home discipline has been exercised for the worst, or it may be even not at all. Having become impressed with this fact, he may next find himself dealing with parents on whose sympathy, whose reasonableness, or whose co-operation he can place but slender or unstable reliance, while in the distance stands his school committee or school managers, the correspondent of the local newspaper, and the inspector. Thus surrounded, and in some degree at bay—lacking much of the support and sympathy to which he is truly entitled—feeling his isolation, perhaps, somewhat too keenly, as indeed he may—with but partially-capable or inadequately-trained pupil teachers or assistants—with, it may be, inconvenient or incomplete school buildings or school arrangements—perhaps with numbers

beyond his provision, and with his entire success depending upon the reality of his discipline—what is the teacher to do?

Let his critics, at any rate, put themselves in the schoolmaster's place, if they would do himself or his profession the justice to which both are entitled; let them stand face to face with his difficulties—registers, codes, managers, and inspectors, all included; and then let them do more; instead of coldly standing by to criticise, let them put their shoulders to the wheel and help. Let them do this with energy and with judgment, and probably they may find their efforts after the more humane treatment of the juvenile British Philistine in some considerable degree salutary and effectual.

There is, on the whole, it must be admitted, considerable readiness to do justice to the teaching profession in this particular on the part both of the press and of the public generally. Rarely will a faithful teacher be refused a hearing or unjustly dealt with on this score. Let him seek the fullest publicity, and court the fullest inquiry in case of attack, and he does wisely.

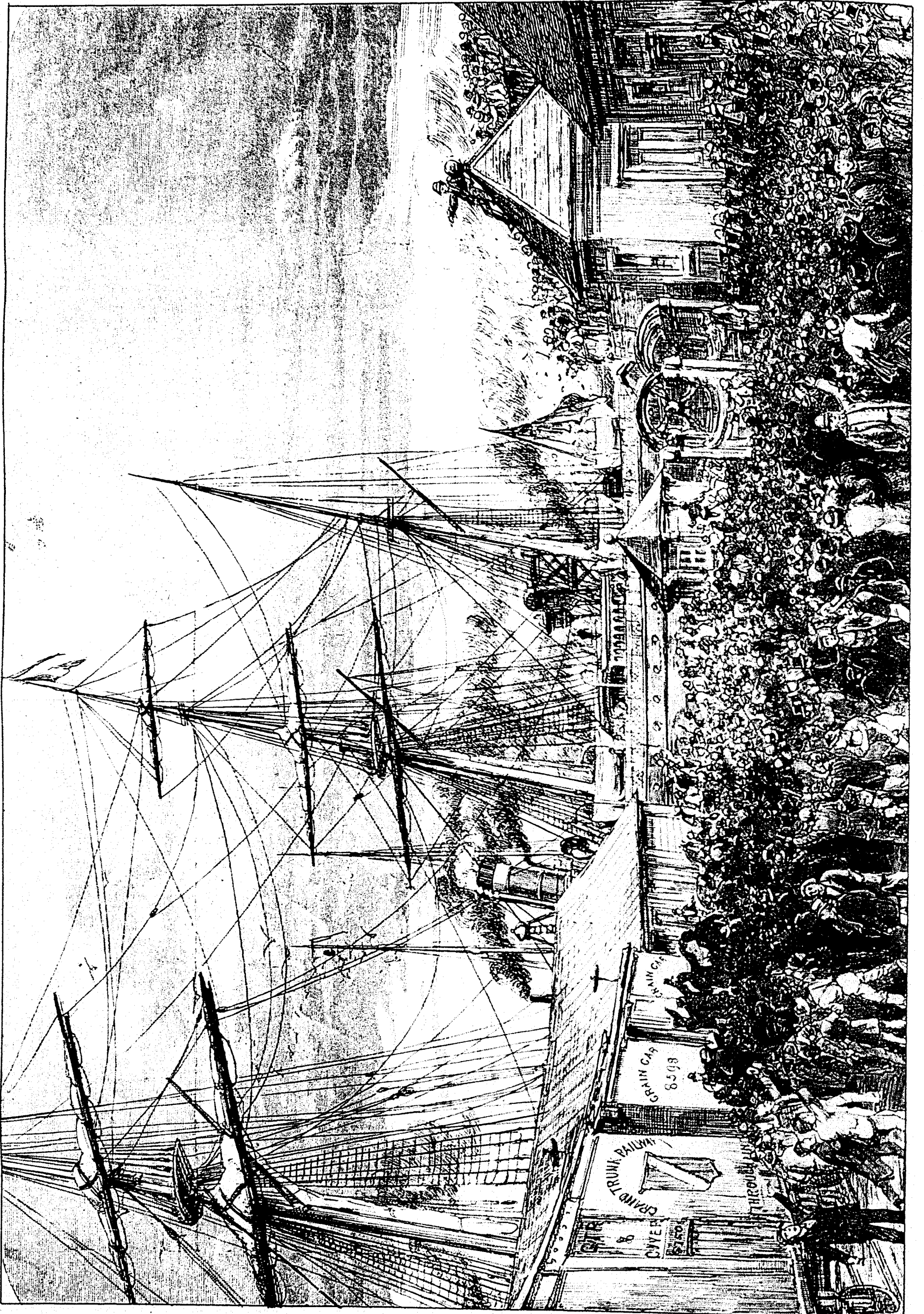
But we confess that we prefer to see him taking far different ground—that while he feels himself of necessity compelled absolutely to keep the cane in reserve as a *dernier ressort*—that while obstinate and wilful resisters to discipline and to order may look for nothing less, he shall take care it be only so used and not otherwise—that it be used by himself only as head teacher, and never by his assistants or subordinates, and that every moral influence which forethought may suggest, which capacity can devise, or which decision of will can exercise, shall have the fullest play before the aid of this oldest and least welcome of methods of government be invoked.

Judiciously on the defensive always, the teacher should never forget to point out that the adoption of corporal punishment must ever depend more upon others than upon himself. Children who are used to discipline at home—where in truth all discipline ought to begin—are ready for discipline at school. It is not these who give trouble to the teacher. School managers are bound to see that school buildings, fittings, ventilation, and other arrangements, have proper attention, and that all the teacher's aids and instruments are the best and most perfect of their kind. They should see to it also that the teacher has sufficient helpers to enable him to make his teaching arrangements efficient and his supervision complete. They should take care that he be neither overcrowded nor outnumbered—that he is free from the harassing and depressing effects of social ostracism and disrespect, of hostile criticism and insufficient remuneration. They should give him—parents and managers alike—every moral and material support which, in the nature of the case, may be possible; and then, depend upon it, let their standard be however high, they may reasonably expect that corporal punishment will be reduced to its minimum, if it be not happily and entirely abolished.

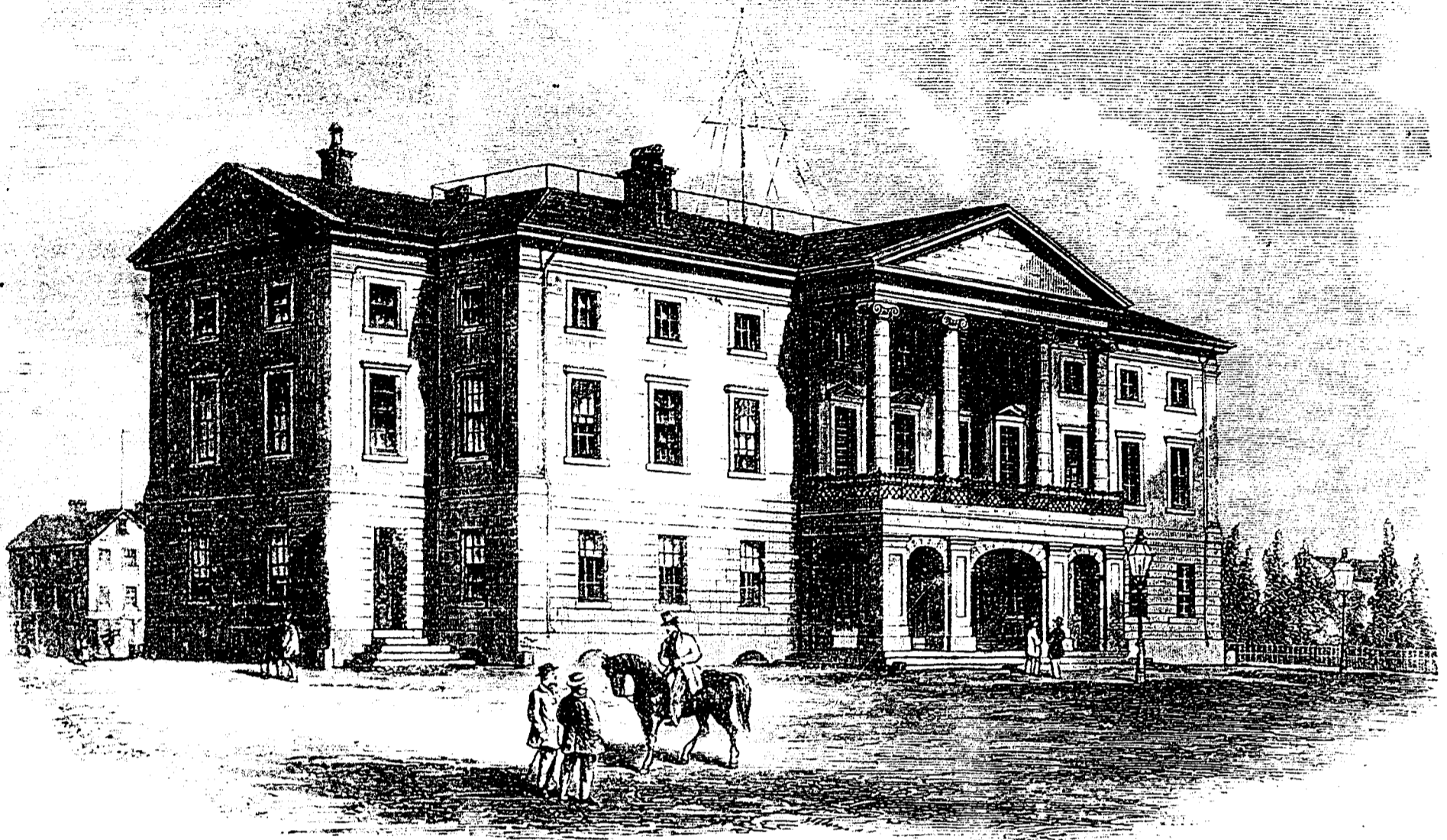
Meantime, teachers have a duty to themselves and to each other. They are well aware that among their number are to be found a few, happily now a very few, whose conduct in this particular does suggest criticism, and whose notoriety is unenviable. The man who, whether from want of training, or from want of self-control, or from natural infirmity or incapacity (which should have prevented his entering the profession at all), forgets the dignity of the educator in the character of the bully, and who thrashes, with equal want of discernment, the timid blunderer and the hardy and daring breaker of discipline, obtains deservedly from the public and the profession alike the coolness which he has earned. He is correctly estimated and wisely avoided. He is, as every judicious teacher feels, a standing misfortune to the profession which he misrepresents. Such men afford little satisfaction to parents or to managers; and rarely earn any credit for the schools entrusted to them from Her Majesty's Inspectors. This species of dominie is likely to become, we hope ere many years have passed, as extinct as the dodo.

We know nothing of the Society for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment—what they propose or project, or how they desire to carry out their objects, or whether, in short, they have "proceeded" in any way to promote their distinctive aims. We have never seen their prospectus or proposals; but their aims, as they are no doubt aware, have far more concern for the public than for the teaching profession. They have a large area on which to exercise their influence, and the society may depend on it, provided only they succeed in converting the public to a due discharge of its responsibilities in respect to children at home, that every faithful teacher will be only too pleased to carry out his daily programme free from the exercise of the cane upon children at school. Meantime our counsel to all is *upward*, and with an improved race of children on whom to operate, improved codes, improved buildings, improved manuals, improved methods, sufficient teaching power, and good music, no doubt the cane itself may, in good time, be "improved" out of the school altogether.

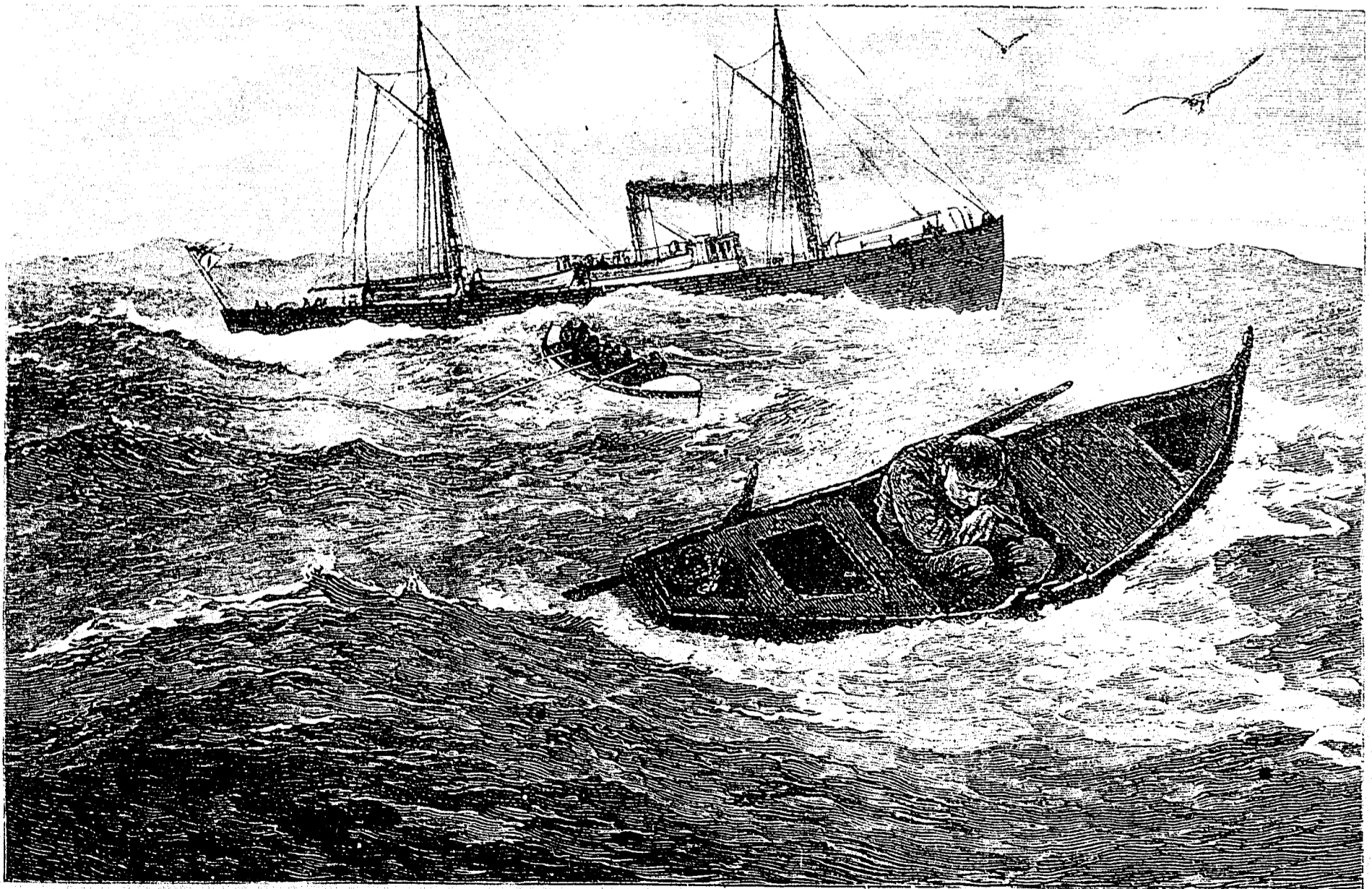
The eminent English statesman, Mr. Gladstone, amid all the excitement of a closely-contested election for the representation of Midlothian, finds time to make a Latin translation of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages," and mail it to his fortunate friend, General Grant Wilson, of this city, who has the precious manuscript framed with the ex-premier's portrait.



MONTREAL. THE SHIP LABOURERS' STRIKE. DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE S. MONTREAL.



THE PROVINCE HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



AN INCIDENT IN THE SEARCH OF H. M. S. ATALANTA.

## THE CHILD'S VISION.

"Father, don't you hear the music?  
How it fills my soul with joy!  
And the father softly answered,  
"Go to sleep, my darling boy."

But again, that voice prophetic  
Broke the stillness of the night:  
"Father, don't you hear the music?  
See you not that vision bright?"

"Tis the Saviour's face, I know it—  
Sadly sweet, divinely fair—  
See! the angel hosts attend;  
Hark! their music fills the air."

Then again the anxious father  
Tried to soothe his wakeful child:  
For he thought his wayward fancies  
Made his words so strange and wild.

Ah! he little thought his loved one  
Saw the bright, the heavenly band  
That had come to bear his spirit  
To the fair, celestial land.

But at morn, when that fond parent  
Stood beside his darling's bed,  
Then he understood the meaning  
Of the words his son had said.

Cold and lifeless lay the body,  
Out of which the soul had fled;  
And the sorrow-stricken father  
Wept because his son was dead!

H. M. STRAMBERG.

Paris, Ont.

## THE LEGEND OF EPOI.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

On a day of a year long past and gone, an encampment of the numerous tribe of Epoi dotted the eastern slope of a hill not far from the winding banks of the ever-flowing Yarra Yarra.

It was a day of the year when the sun and the moon gaze upon each other from opposite edges of the horizon, the moon for one moment shyly lifting her pale face, tinted with a maiden's blush, at the presence of the sun, in his radiant garb of crimson and gold. He, for that instant, flashing all his glories forth in homage to the eastern queen, bends low beneath the western hills, leaving the heavens shawled in purple and crimson. Orange and scarlet form a loom, the softer, richer hues of which shame those of famed Cashmere.

The encampment consisted of more than a hundred mia-mia, neatly constructed of bark and waterproof, with thatched, dome-like roofs. Long spears stood in the ground at the entrance to each dwelling. The light dart, feathered with grass tree, which is hurled afar, urged by the ingenious womrah (a throwing stick), the heavier javelin, barbed with the teeth of the kangaroo, and longer than its swift glancing brethren.

As the moments passed dark forms glided from the forest successively into the circle of the fire-light, dropping from hand or shoulder the spoils of the chase into a common heap. The pile of game grew larger, higher still, showing from what a noble hunting-ground the Epoi took their prey. Mingled indiscriminately were the greater and the lesser kangaroo, the shy, dark wild duck of the upland creeks, the stately, gliding swan of the broad, reed-fringed lakes. The great wingless bird which rivals the ostrich of the desert was there; the lesser rodents and marsupials; while to crown the abundant feast some of the dark lithe lads and more aged men brought in coolamuns brimming over with the luscious honeycomb. All, save these last, were cast carelessly upon the heap, to be divided by the elders of the tribe when the last hunter returned.

The women, old and young, kept the fires glowing and the oven-stones red hot in expectation of the approaching feast. Naked, dusky children, with dark-gleaming eager eyes, gathered around the savory pyramid. The latest lingering sky-tint from the hidden sun passed from view. There was one, but one, hunter missing. It was Windaru—the most fearless, the most skilful of them all. He it was who brought the richest honey, the longest, strongest strings of wood duck, the fattest emu. Suddenly a sound of fast-flying footsteps was heard, and Windaru bounded into the camp. Instead of, as was his custom, proudly throwing from his shoulders his hunter-spoils, he came empty-handed. Driving his spears fiercely into the earth, he stood panting before them. His arched chest rose and fell with the mechanical sob which indicates the distress produced by long-sustained speed. The muscles clasping his supple form quivered and strained as if striving to bear him onward in his mad career. His eyes seemed gazing far away, fastened to the terror they had left behind. As he stood beside his tall spears, horror appeared to radiate from him. The men of the tribe drew silently around, awaiting the commencement of his speech. A young girl, tall and lithe, with startled eyes, glided to him and seated herself at his feet. Gradually the heaving breast, the quivering muscles grew calm. His eyes rested sadly on his people, as he thus spoke:

"My brothers! let us sharpen our war spears and count our fighting men. We have to fight against an enemy such as the oldest warrior of our tribe never gazed upon. I wandered far to-day. As I hunted the lagoons where the ocean drinks of the waters of the Yarra Yarra, I heard a sound come out of a black cloud which rested on the salt water. The cloud hovered over a floating island which had wings like the flying fox. I hid myself. I watched the island float quickly over the water. Within a spear's flight of the shore it grew still. Its wings were folded,

it sat on the water with three leafless pines growing upward. Then I saw two canoes paddle out toward the land where I lay hid. In these canoes were men; when they landed my head was filled with a great terror. My brothers! the men were white! They were tall and strong, they carried strange weapons in their hands. The sea birds flew screaming round the heads of these strange being. They pointed their weapons at the birds, fire came forth out of the ends with a mighty noise. The birds fell dead. Men of Epoi! these strange warriors have come to take our land. They will point their weapons at us, we shall be devoured by fire as were the sea birds. When I saw the birds fall dead, far beyond the reach of our lightest spear, terror seized me and I fled. Let the ancients of the tribe now say how we shall meet this terrible foe. The tale of Windaru is done."

The men of the tribe, old and young, listened with wonder and fear to these awe-striking tidings. In their faces was visible the hopeless, withered look common to men about to engage overwhelming odds. Windaru pulled up his spears, spoke a few words in a low tone to the girl coiled at his feet, then walked slowly towards his mia-mia. When there, he placed the spears erect at the entrance and sat moodily before the fire.

The girl followed him. Perceiving that he did not attempt to address her, she spoke in the soft, low gutturals of the Epoi tongue: "Shall Oondilla bring Windaru the bright honey or the young of the wood duck? The stones of the oven are hot. He has travelled far and fast; he must be weary. If these strange, white beings are strong, the bravest warrior of the Epoi should eat and be strong to fight with them."

The pleading tones and low, soft voice had their effect. Windaru was at the next moon to take Oondilla to his mia-mia. He answered wearily: "If Oondilla will bring the honey and the duck, Windaru will eat and be strong." When Oondilla went for her share the old men were dividing the spoils. The women were permitted to eat of certain portions of the kangaroo, young wood duck, bandicoots, opossum and honey; the elders and hunters reserving to themselves the haunch of the kangaroo, the emu, the black duck and iguanas. Oondilla returned to Windaru laden with honeycomb, a plump young wood duck and pieces cut from the fattest emu. These latter she placed in the oven, covered with aromatic gum leaves, heaped over with earth to retain the heat. Windaru gazed on her sadly. From time immemorial his primeval people, when conquered, had forfeited the flower of their womankind to the conquerors—and he loved Oondilla as few of his race had ever loved.

Sadness brooded in the air above the camp. Instead of the gay, incessant chatter of the women and children, mingling with the deeper tones of the men, there was a mournful hum as of a disturbed hive of bees. The old women kept up a wailing corroboree chant, beating with feeble hands the rolled opossum rugs between their knees. The old men sat in council—the younger men taking no part in the debate, but passing to and fro between their own fires and where the grey-beards sat. Some, in an irresolute manner, finished half-made weapons or sharpened blunted spears, hardening their points in the fire. As the night wore on the encampment became silent. The fires grew dim. But the grey hunters and warriors talked on.

On the morning following the evil tidings of Windaru, the camp of the Epoi was early astir. A silent meal was made from the fragments of the evening feast. As the sun appeared in the east twelve greybeards of the tribe, headed by Worangou, chief of the Epoi and father of Windaru, stalked into the open space reserved in the centre of the camp. Worangou planted his weapon in the ground, and stood beside it. Then each of the eleven thrust his spear into the earth, forming a circle round their chief, every man standing beside his weapon in the inside of the ring.

At a signal from Worangou, the men of the tribe drew near to hear the decision of the wise man in this novel danger. When all were present the chief spoke:

"My children," he said, "you have all heard the tale of sorrow told by Windaru. A floating island has approached our shores, from which have landed men of a different colour, covered with skins of animals unknown to us, and bearing in their hands weapons which destroy with fire. How shall our spears successfully contend against warriors who have but to hold forth an arm to destroy their foes? Legends have reached the wise men of the Epoi from tribes on the northern shores of the great water. These legends tell that floating islands appeared many years ago to them. Men, white in colour, and armed with the same strange weapons, landed and made an encampment upon their hunting-grounds.

"What happened, O! warriors of the Epoi? The tribes of the northern shore fell before the white men as leaves before the great dust storm. They opposed them in vain. We, if we oppose them, shall also be destroyed and our women made a prey. I and my old men have, through the long watches of the night, taken counsel as to how we may save the hunting-grounds of the Epoi. Let us meet the strange people with boughs of peace in our hands. Should they become our friends it will be well. If our enemies, an Epoi can die. I, with my old men and twelve young men, will go forth to-day. We will offer peace to the stranger."

Worangou, having finished speaking, selected, amid profound silence, twelve hunters from the

tribe to accompany him. Among them strode Windaru. At a sign from their chief the hunters sprang like squirrels into the branches of the huge trees surrounding the camp, and with their stone axes cut from them large boughs.

Armed only with these weapons of peace, the company of heralds set forth to proffer vassalage to the white man. On arriving within view of the sea, the truth of the tale told by Windaru was apparent. The floating island rested quietly on the water, with the three leafless pines up-reared towards heaven. Many tents were already pitched on the shore, while pale, full-bearded, strong men were gathering fire-wood and cooking food. Canoes of large size went back and forward between the shore and the dreaded island. Worangou placed himself at the head of his little band, and all danced towards the white men, waving their boughs high over their heads, and chanting the song of peace.

The strangers came forth to meet them; and perceiving that the dark sons of the soil were unarmed, laid down their weapons. Then for the first time, on the southern shores of the great ocean, the black man and the white man gazed at each other's eyes. With kindly signs the white men invited Worangou and his followers to their camp. Food was offered to them. They were presented with iron axes, with mirrors, beads, and gay-coloured handkerchiefs. The younger men, all save Windaru, quickly lost fear of the dreaded strangers. It was long before they tired of encircling their heads with the gaudy cloth and viewing their swart countenances for the first time in mirrors.

Windaru and Worangou talked apart. The future destiny of their hitherto free and beautiful country was apparently revealed but to these two.

As the father and son talked, youth and age seemed wondrously alike. Their souls appeared to have penetrated their bodies. These souls were fate-laden. Who shall decide which bore the keenest agony? Youth with a withered Future—age with its Past erased?

No longer would Worangou sing to himself the war-song of the Epoi, telling of by-gone glory, the wisdom of its old men, the strength of its youth. The white Destroyer had come. The Past and the Future of the black men died on the same day.

Peace was established with the strangers. The Epoi encampment was changed to a spot within a short distance of the tents. Generous gifts were the foreigners, for they needed guides to point out the fertile plains—to lead them to the broad inland lakes.

Weeks passed away. The Epoi still lingered by the tents of the strangers. Other floating islands arrived. From these came forth animals as strange to the inhabitants of the land as were the white men themselves. Sheep with woolly skins. Cattle whose horns resemble boomerangs. Dogs, swifter and more fierce than any they had seen. Birds which had wings but did not fly.

Willingly did the Epoi toil for their new found friends. The sheep and cattle were guided to the haunts of the kangaroo and wallaby, where the longest and sweetest grasses grew. The game fled scared back to the hills. Hunting seemed forgotten by the tribe. They fed on the offal of the slaughtered beasts. The fierce dogs of the stranger pulled down for them the kangaroo and the emu. They smoked the rest-wood of the white man. They drank his fire-water, and danced and shouted among themselves. In these days Worangou, with Windaru and Oondilla, dwelt apart. They looked on with stricken hearts at the decadence of their people.

For Worangou, his authority was gone. The demon of the white man's fire-water had fastened on a prey hitherto beyond reach. He clasped his willing victims with the tenacity of the Poulp. Windaru had supplied his mia-mia with game from the forest. It was daily more difficult to obtain. He refused to guide his enemies to the grassy dells among the hills, or to discover the secrets of his hunting-grounds. He accepted no presents, and Oondilla was the only woman of the tribe undecked in the cheap finery freely bestowed upon the others.

It was many months since the floating island had first appeared near the silent strand of the Epoi. Windaru strode into the camp long after the moon had risen. He threw from his weary shoulders his day's spoil. Far and fast he had toiled for it, and his soul was troubled to find the game retreating still farther inland day by day.

He passed on to the mia-mia of Worangou. The old warrior lay on his back, with face up-turned to the sky. The opossum rug was cast from his brawny chest. His flowing silver beard shone in the moonlight. His lips moved; his heaving breast showed that his sleep was troubled.

Oondilla, ever watchful, with well-heated oven-stones, prepared the evening meal. Together they partook of it. Then they sat silently watching the sleep of their father—of the father of Epoi. As the moon hovered over the centre of the earth Worangou awoke and sang loud and long the death-song of an Epoi.

Mournfully rose and fell the monotonous cadence of Fate fulfilled. An avalanche of woe seemed to pour from the heart of a lost race. In that death-song the blood of the black man's future was offered up as a holocaust for the mighty requirements of the white man's rule. The last tones of the song sunk lower and lower, till borne away by the wind as it sighed through the swaying forest trees.

The eyes of the old chief fell on the listening

countenances and intent forms of his son and daughter. He beckoned to them. They approached and sat at his feet. Windaru knew well that he was about to listen to the last words of his chief and father. Patient and dumb as a young Indian warrior he made a gesture of attention.

"Windaru, O my son, and Oondilla, my daughter!" said the great chieftain solemnly, "the only ones, of so many, who have not cast the traditions of the Epoi behind you, listen: My soul will linger but a little while in the land of my love and of my birth. Last night my soul was in spirit land. I have looked upon the future of our race.

"I saw the tribe of Epoi, with its mia-mias scattered over many hills. The hunters spread over the plains and thread the forest. Kangaroo and emu fell before the swift-flying spear. The bees rendered up their treasure of yellow honey. The rivers and lakes offered their fish, the earth its roots and herbs. The women of the tribe were busy all through the long days trimming and softening the skins of the animals slain by the hunters, fashioning them into warm rugs for the cold of winter. The children were many and rolled with the dogs on the grassy slopes, or played with the 'witchie-witchie' among the mia-mias. The ovens were gaping with fiery teeth of red-hot glowing stones for the ever-ready feast. Peace and plenty filled the land. The Epoi were free and happy.

"Suddenly from the East arose a cloud on the sea, with three leafless pine trees upreared to heaven. Swiftly the cloud travelled till it rested in the air over the hunting-ground of the Epoi. In the centre of the cloud stood a form white as the down of the black swan, but with a cold and cruel countenance.

"He looked on the lands of the Epoi. He saw that they were good. He stretched forth his hands over the hills and valleys and there flew from him two white owls. These darted into the plains and multiplied into myriads. The air was full of them. They killed and devoured all the ground game—bandicoots and water rats, iguanas, field mice, and opossums—they left not one alive. When there were no more, the owls disappeared, save two, which returned to the Cloud.

"The Cloud Form again raised his hand. Fishing nets descended and raked the fish from every river and lake, leaving them to rot in the sun. The nets were again drawn back to the Cloud.

"The hand was again uplifted. The kangaroo and emu were seized with a pestilence. They went blind—they killed themselves against trees and were drowned in the rivers and lakes, until none were left.

"Then the hand of the Cloud Form was again stretched forth to sprinkle the wide land with liquid fire. The blackmen, as it touched them, went mad. They fought—they slew one another. There were no animals for food—no fish—no skins to make coverings from the cold. The women bore no children, while those not slain by their brethren died of cold and madness.

"My soul gazed far and near over the beautiful land of Epoi. There was nothing living to be seen, such as I have seen in my youth, my manhood, my old age.

"Again the Form spread his hands forth above the land. It became covered with sheep in countless numbers. Doves of cattle and horses fed on the plains. White men built great camps on the hills and in the valleys. Everywhere there was life; but everywhere that life was white. Then a voice said unto my soul, 'Worangou! return unto the earth and sing the last song of thy race—a race without a future, without a history.' This, my children, is the vision which my soul saw in the Spirit Land."

When the sun rose the mia-mias of Worangou and Windaru were empty. The tribe of Epoi never more set eyes upon their chief or upon his son and his son's wife.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"LET me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband: "Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

A MAN who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A cross petition!" exclaimed the husband; "it is just like her. She never did a good-natured thing in her life."

CALINO has the misfortune to lose his wife. He ordered to be engraved upon her tombstone the single word "Regrets." "Why," said the stone-cutter to him, "do you not say eternal regrets?" "Can't do it," said Calino; "I only rent the lot in the graveyard for five years."

A JERSEY widower, who had taken another partner, was serenaded on his wedding night. The parties brought a phonograph, in which was preserved some of the obnoxious of his first wife, and when they set it going under his window, the happy bridegroom broke out into a cold sweat, and crawled up the chimney on a bridal tour.

"Is it becoming to me?" she asked, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

A PHILADELPHIA friend, who rejoiced in the name of comfort, paid his debts to a young and attractive widow, named Rachel H—, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old, or from some other cause, the offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known where Rachel refused to be comforted.

It is said that Dan Thompson's father is the copy from which the actor takes his Yankee character, if that is so Dan plays the old man for all he is worth.

JUST OVER THE BAY.

Just over the bay, just over the bay,  
As twilight winks darkness into the day,  
The star-beaded heavens with beauty inlaid  
Drop pearls of dew where the dreams of day fade,  
Just over the bay.

Just over the bay, just over the bay,  
The mantle of night wraps the shoulders of day;  
A censor of faith breathes the sweetness of prayer,  
While tapers of hope light each altar of care,  
Just over the bay.

Just over the bay, just over the bay,  
Night weeps by the coffin of breathless day;  
My heart weeps in sorrow for joys that are fled,  
While Memory as mourner sits by the cold dead,  
Just over the bay.

Belleville, Ont.

"OUIDA."

THE NOTED ENGLISH NOVELIST AND HER CRITICS.—HOW THEY ABUSE HER, AND HOW SHE FIGHTS BACK.—HER TILT WITH THE LONDON "TIMES."—A SAVAGE ASSAULT BY THE "STANDARD."

LONDON, April 19.—The lady who writes lustful novels and calls herself "Ouida" is kicking against the critics most prodigiously. Her last reply to the reviewers eclipsed everything of the kind I ever came across. It is "Ouida" because it is clever, insinuating and naughty. I say he "last reply" so as not to be misunderstood, for lately the lady has spent a good part of her time in waging war against the critics. Before speaking of "Ouida's" present grievance I may be suffered to refer to the one which immediately preceded it.

Not many weeks ago the author of "Chandos," "Folle Farine" and "Moths" wept great, bitter tears of regret that anonymity had become so general in writers for the press—though as far as I know there never was a time when British journalists signed their work. She said it was one of the vices of an epoch that had created the Jersey boddice and the professional beauty, and added that no brave man surely would ever criticise anything without putting his name to his opinions. Then, with true feminine consistency, she rashly signed her phrases with a non-de-plume. This, however, is a minor matter. Scarcely was the ink dry on her folio when there appeared in one of the London weeklies a scathing reply called "Unsigned Criticisms." Ridicule kills, says the French proverb; and probably "Ouida" never had it brought home to her more unpleasantly than at the moment of reading this article. "Yes," said the critic, meekly, "the epoch is wicked, and the world is full of sin. 'Ouida' herself has done her best to stay its progress. She has shown the profligacy of our time in a very picturesque way. Her majors are patterns of dangerous wickedness; her kitchen-maids blossom with ease into gorgeous and repellent courtesans; her profligate young men are led to consume fleas from the bodies of their mistresses with a passion and daring unparalleled in history. But all these presentments of the loathliness of vice are of no avail, and the Jersey boddice and the anonymous journalist continue to desolate the community." Speaking with her usual fine freedom from vulgarity, she observed in her attack that the public "would not be impressed were the article signed by an obscure A B writing in a paragonage to eke out his slender income, or needy X Y Z writing in his chambers to gain the guineas that no briefs bring to him." This statement, of course, involves a vast and vulgar error, and the censor tore it pitilessly to pieces. How a gentleman writing in a paragonage can affect the quality of his literary judgment is something that most of my readers will fail to see. Sydney Smith wrote in a paragonage. A young anonymous named Macaulay made his name before he ever had a brief. Fonblanque revolutionized English journalism, though he was but a brilliant wight. Emanuel Deutsch was only an ill-paid superintendent when he gained a European reputation by one criticism. Dickens was a reporter when he stepped to the head of English letters. One Thomas Carlyle was a poor mathematical tutor when he ventured to begin reviewing. Young Mr. Disraeli made very acute criticisms on very great personages before he was 21. And "Ouida" was—I will not say what.

It has often been our gifted novelist's fate "to see articles (always anonymous) on herself which more than one English queen's counsel had advised her to pursue as sheer and unmitigated libels." I will quote the reply: "It is strange that so many reviewers should be taken with libellous inclinations when they read 'Ouida.' The coincidence offers food for sustained reflection. As to the 'always anonymous,' we can only say flatly that it is not true. The most fierce and able reviews of 'Ouida's' books have been signed by the writers. In 1873 a long article appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. This article went so far as to call 'Ouida' an ignorant and vulgar woman. And the writer said other pretty things which we do not care to repeat. We never read a bit of criticism so pertinaciously bitter, and, we may add, so little humorous. Wit there was in plenty, savage phrases in plenty, but of good-humoured banter not a line. The article was signed. So it appears the most virulent attack which the author of 'Chandos' ever provoked was boldly avowed by the man who made it. The fact is, that critics with any sense of honour can do nothing but be amused over 'Ouida's' works. They recognize a certain trance-like intensity which is not ineffective;

they see that in some undiscovered country the Creator may have framed beings like to those who appear in 'Folle Farine' and 'Strathmore'; and that, granting such a lapse of judgment on the part of the Author of the universe, 'Ouida's' scheme of life and emotion is tolerably well worked out. But the sense of the ludicrous is constantly being poignantly touched, and the stern reviewer is ever and anon shocked into laughter. He hears of university oarsmen who fleet along the course lifting their oars in perpendicular fashion; he learns that university 'quads' are overgrown by waving elms; he reads proud references to Petronius Arbitrator, and he is moved to smile. Then, again, he finds that impassioned Menads sometimes dip roses in Burgundy, and crown exalted heroes with wreaths of the dripping vegetables; and he thinks how much better and cleaner it would have been to have used Brussels sprouts and water. Once more the enduring man has to scrutinize the most wonderful Spanish and classical quotations that ever occurred to the human mind. His task grows upon him, and he brings relief through laughter. But, if to laugh be libellous, who, then, shall escape the Guildhall? As to 'Ouida's' moral or immoral influence, we do not think any adult ever had any serious misgivings. The marionettes of her novels are utterly sexless. The stuffing is jerked out of them with every movement, and the idea of sexuality in their connection would never occur save to a revolted and excitable school-girl. We do not think that 'Moths' would be an improving book for a young lady's reading, but we are equally certain that no grown person need fear to look through it. It is blantly, absurdly pretentious. It puts on the most comic airs of acquaintance with dark and unnamed vice, and these airs might impress young men and maidens, but people who have lived long can see that 'Ouida' knows as little of vice as she does of, say, Petronius Arbitrator. In short, she is like the gentleman who was said to be 'le fanfaron des vices qu'il n'avait pas'; or, to quote a brilliant essayist, she is bent on dancing the can-can for a livelihood, and has quite forgotten that she has two wooden legs. This forgetfulness results in evolutions which are less unvirtuous than ungainly. But, despite all these considerations, 'Ouida' is implacable, and feels herself to be a wronged child of genius with a mission of vengeance. 'The English press, with a few estimable exceptions, loves platitudes and sophisms. I loathe them. So the English press and myself are eternally opposed, and shall so remain to the end of time.' Thus does she challenge the Fates, and launch the gage of battle towards the Infinite. It is a moving spectacle, and we confess to a momentary feeling of insignificance. 'Ouida' till the end of time! It is a dread prospect."

I come now to 'Ouida's' present grievance. She is cut up because the London *Times* reviewer courteously suggested that, piquant as "Moths" was, it could scarcely be accepted as a true picture of life as it passes before us, whether in Paris or in London, in Norman watering-places or on the shores of the Riviera. The novelist could endure any comment but this. To tell her that she does not see the things and people as they are, is to put the most terrible affront upon her literary genius. I will be fair to the lady, and give the important part of her remonstrance, in her own words.

After the usual compliment to the critic, she writes:—"No one who knows the 'great world' at all will, on serious reflection, fail to acknowledge that the charges brought against modern society in 'Moths' are substantially just and justified by actual truth. Your reviewer thinks that hundreds of houses in London would have shut their doors to Lady Dolly; he forgets that, though the reader sees Lady Dolly in all her nakedness and naughtiness, society only sees her in her pretty disguises. I describe her essentially as a woman who had the wit never to be publicly compromised. She was always careful of appearances and she lived under the same roof with her husband at least three months in every year. Now, unless there is a public scandal about a woman who is highly born and has great connections to sustain her, her relatives will always 'keep her up.' Both Belgravia and the Faubourg will always uphold their own women, unless compelled by some notorious publicity to drive out the sinners who have been so foolish as to become town-talk. It is certain that a woman meeting relatives all round her as strong and as highly placed as Lady Dolly is described to possess, will always be received, unless she pass that boundary line which the great world sets—the line which separates the sins that can be ignored and glossed over from the sins that have been published and pilloried. They change the famous line of Corneille, and it is the scaffold, not the crime, that makes the crime in their eyes. It is not only in Paris, or at Trouville, or at Nice, but in London as well, that the woman who plays and never pays; whose expenditure is certain to exceed her income, however large that may be, whose amourettes are well known to all her set, though she continues never to be dangerously compromised; who, in a word, is a *cocotte à seize quartiers*, is to be seen by the score in the very best of London worlds, and (though some may think it impossible) deceives her husband, and yet goes to court. I say distinctly that Lady Dolly was never among the *peches à quinze sous*; she was always 'in the swim,' to use the cant phrase of the hour; and her living prototypes are to be numbered by the hundred. They are not Bohemian; if they were so, their influence would be imperceptible, and their follies of no importance.

"As regards the prodigality of the modes of living that I have described, I cannot admit that there is the slightest exaggeration of my own there. I have, indeed, described nothing I have not seen, and it would be impossible for any one to exaggerate the caprices and the splendour of a great Russian. Who could have exaggerated the magnificence and the expenditure of Paul Narischkine or of Paul Demidoff, under the second empire? Society nowadays is in itself madly extravagant and very strangely composed; any truthful picture of it looks of necessity overdrawn. Its passion for display, for excitement, for notoriety, is one of the saddest maladies of our times. English novelists do, it is true, still continue to depict mankind as always seated at an Aunt Tabitha's tea-table, the current of small talk only being allowed variety from the visit of an occasional murderer or detective; but English novelists are not conspicuous for their knowledge of the world, and their ignorance does not change the fact that no generation was ever more sadly burdened than our own with license, with satiety, and with a passionless immorality which has not even the excuse of ardour. A *luxe effréné* is the note of the time; and it is a contagious disease, which spreads downwards from the palace to the cottage. This I have reflected and portrayed in 'Moths'; the exaggeration is not mine, but the epoch's."

There! there she is in all her purple magnificence. That "Ouida" is a woman, nobody need be told who reads the letter. Logic was never woman's strong point; and what little "Ouida" ever possessed was exhausted before she wrote to the editor of the *Times*. I do not wish to misjudge the lady, or to prejudice my reader; but I must say that this reply strikes me as being about the most brazen contribution even she has yet favoured us with. As I said at the beginning of my letter, it fairly eclipses all previous efforts in the same line. "Nakedness and naughtiness"—this is her own measure of the qualities of one of her characters, and there are some who will be unkind enough to say that the words are a truthful epitome of all she writes. English novelists are ignorant, are they? And the exaggeration is the epoch's, not hers, is it? Oh, the modest woman! Oh, the naughty world! Marry come up, why were we ever born? I don't know—do you? There is enough sin in the world, we all know, but the hypercritical are likely to question how much the cause of transgression is advanced by a writer who cloaks transgression in purple and fine linen.

In answer to the letter the *Times* published a column leader, decidedly racy in tone for the editorial page of the leading journal, poking fun at the author in amusing fashion—crediting her with some gifts, but telling her in a grandmotherly sort of way, that her novels are intrinsically wrong in conception, and that it is not by such as she that the world is kept sweet and habitable. The satire of the whole was admirable and did credit to the waning art of Printing House square.

But the *Times'* review and editorial sink into utter nothingness compared with the cruel attack on novel and author which has just appeared in the *Standard*. Since the old days when the savage *Edinburgh* critics autocratically said what should and what should not be—happily now no more—I question if equally severe strictures have been passed on any work—excepting, perhaps, the notorious *Quarterly* censure of Macaulay's "History." *Blackwood* once commenced a criticism on a volume of poems with this apostrophe to the author: "Come along, donkey, and be cudgelled." Now, the *Standard* is more polite, but not less mordacious. It says that "Moths," with its false sentiment and cheap display of sham learning, is ridiculous and contemptible; a libel upon contemporary society, and the work of a morbid and mischievous imagination. The novel is one, it writes, which it is little credit to any respectable publisher to have produced. Its sentiment is false and corrupt. Whatever is unhealthy and effeminate in passion, whatever is sickly in sensuality, whatever is misleading in sentiment, is depicted or suggested in this book. Its atmosphere nauseates and depresses, and the reader lays down the volumes with the feeling that might be experienced on escaping from an air laden with polluted odours. If its author had deliberately set to work to compress into three volumes as much of mischief as a meretricious imagination suggested, she could not have succeeded better. It is not agreeable to read these things of a lady, but the writer of "Moths" would probably be the last person to wish that her critics would be troubled with any compunctions on the score of her sex. She has, in fact, in her later novels, unsexed herself. She has thrown away all scruple of reserve, and it is only by a masculine standard that her novels can be measured. "In 'Moths' 'Ouida' seems to have touched the lowest point which any English novelist has yet reached. Wherever she looks she can see nothing but debauchery and sin. Whatever she touches, she degrades." \* \* But it is monstrous—a sin against decency as well as against art—for a writer to present us with an exaggerated sketch of her own associations and experiences, and then tell us that they are representative of modern life." Let those of us who are without the pale thank our stars we are not writers of fiction.

It is so easy not to write three-volume novels.

IRISH crochet in revived Venetian design and Carrick macross point coupes are reasonable priced lace novelties, suitable for trimming either velvet robes or children's soft all-wool wraps, particularly white and pale blue wraps for children.

AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN.

It is acknowledged on all sides that Agnosticism is gaining ground among men. It is not so thoroughly realized that in this case it must in the long run equally gain ground among women. This side of the question is not one that is often raised. Men do not see willingly that which they dislike to see, and there can be little doubt that the spread of Agnosticism among women would tend to make them discontented with the quiet home life which is often their only lot. It would, moreover, increase tenfold the cry of women for the right of employment in the more active lines of life at present denied to them. Men prefer to hope that women will be slow to drive logic to its ultimate end; that they will still cling with womanly inconsistency to all that is refining and soothing in the old creeds; and that the newer and colder lights of their husbands and brothers will only serve to eliminate from those creeds the elements of superstition and fear which are now considered so debasing. But in a day when intellect in woman is valued more highly than it has ever been, they will not long be willing to hold a belief that is not shared by men. The strength of women lies in their heart. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of a member of a family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister, with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case. Without dwelling on the greater physical weakness of women in general, it is a fact that their brains are more easily deranged, and unless they change greatly they are apt to deteriorate in essential womanly qualities if thrown much or prominently before the world. They are seldom fitted to rule; emulation and jealousy being generally strong in their character, while their feelings and judgments are often rapid in the extreme. It is in the heart, therefore, that a woman will more especially feel the effects of Agnosticism, whether those effects be for good or for evil. Her head may gain in grasp of logic and in clearness of view; but if her heart, with all its powers for good, is weakened and discouraged, she will gain little ultimately by the spread of the new views. When the heart is dispirited, or thrown back upon itself, the action that springs from it tends inevitably to fall lifeless to the ground.

FASHION NOTES.

GOLD lace and coloured lace is used for millinery purposes, for trimming parasols, fans, and rich brocade and velvet dresses.

SOME very handsome Surah silk and satin petticoats have two puffs stuffed with hair placed at the top of the skirt in the back.

COUNTRY dresses for summer wear are made of light flannel of various colours—navy and peacock blue-gray, olive, maroon and cardinal red.

FRENCH costumes of Turkey red calico are given a softening effect with embroideries of creamy white muslin and pleatings of Languedoc lace.

YACHTING costumes of wool bunting are made effective by combinations of handkerchief pattern bunting, with dark blue bunting, polka dotted with red.

NEW silk and lisle thread gloves have the wrists much longer than the season, and finished in lace clookings to imitate the lace-trimmed kid and kid lace topped gloves of last winter.

INDIAN broches have been so much improved that they resemble Turkish embroidery, the stiff palm leaf patterns being lost in the variety and harmonious intricacy of the designs.

SEVENTY-TWO different shades of colour have been counted in the new cashmeres, toiles religieuses, muslin de laine, and batiste de laine, seen on the counters of A. T. Stewart & Co., this spring.

POINT Colbert is one of the lace novelties found in A. T. Stewart's lace department. It is a revival of early Venetian rose point, and admirably adapted for trimming velvet and rich satin robes.

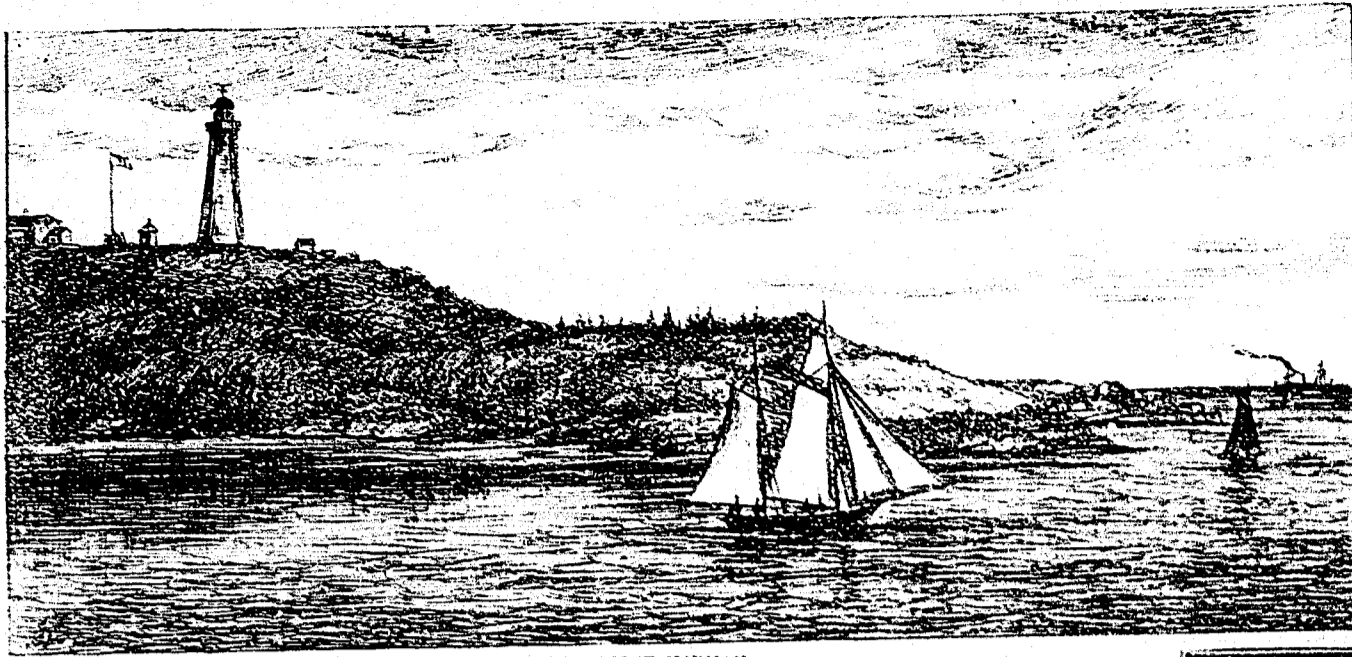
WORTH'S London house, in Hanover Square, has brought out a Jersey bodice corset, invented for wearing under the Jerseys, and so arranged that the silk under body now necessary is done away with.

NEW black silk and black lisle thread gloves for summer wear have lace-cloaked tops in bands around the arm alternating with solid spaces in the style of the black kid lace-trimmed gloves of the past season.

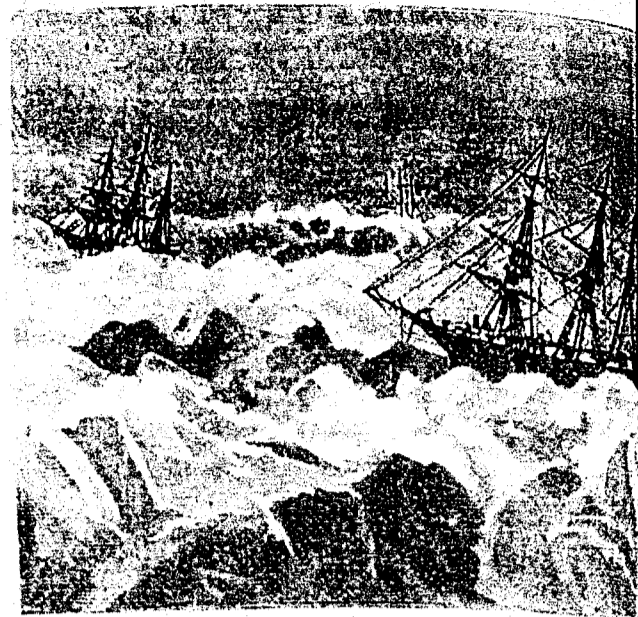
THE improved English Jerseys for children are lined with blue and gold facings in the back, and have lacings on the front, the hips, and the wrists, the tags being left like Henry V.'s needles hanging from the lacings.

THE Englishwoman's "costume of the future," embroidered with coloured crewels in bouquets and set flowers, roses, carnations, blue bells and dandelions of life size, is growing in favour on this side of the water.

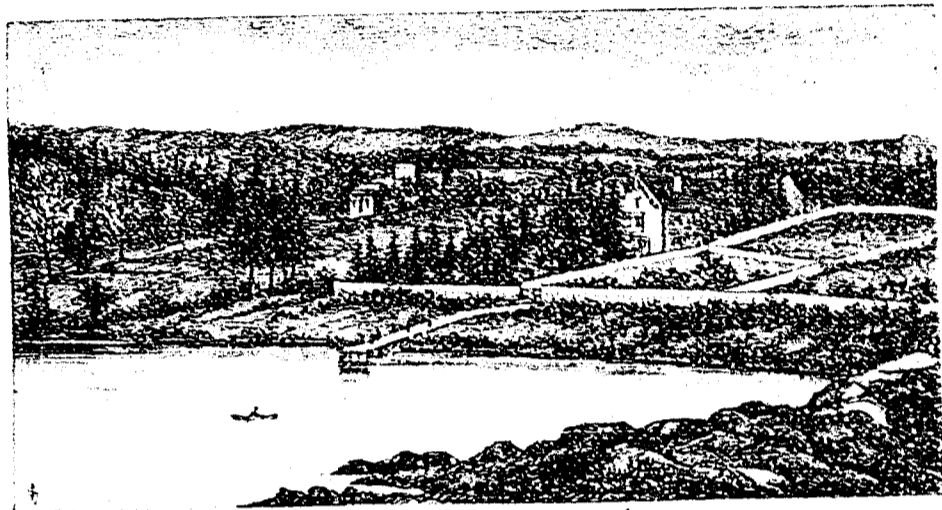




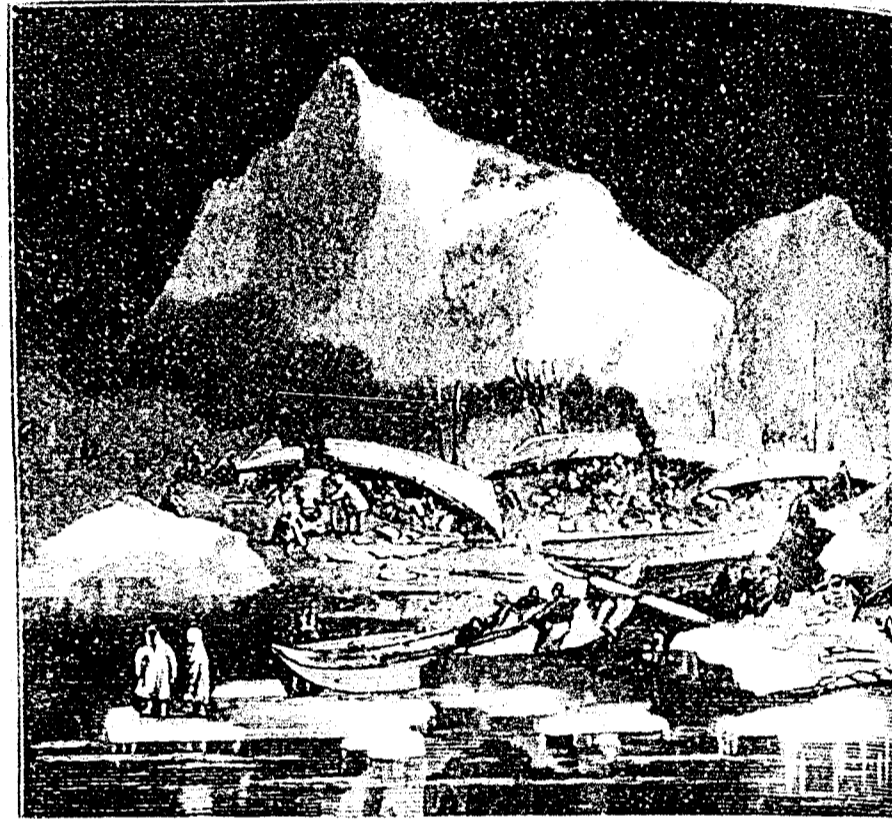
POINT NORMAN.



THE WHALING FLEET.



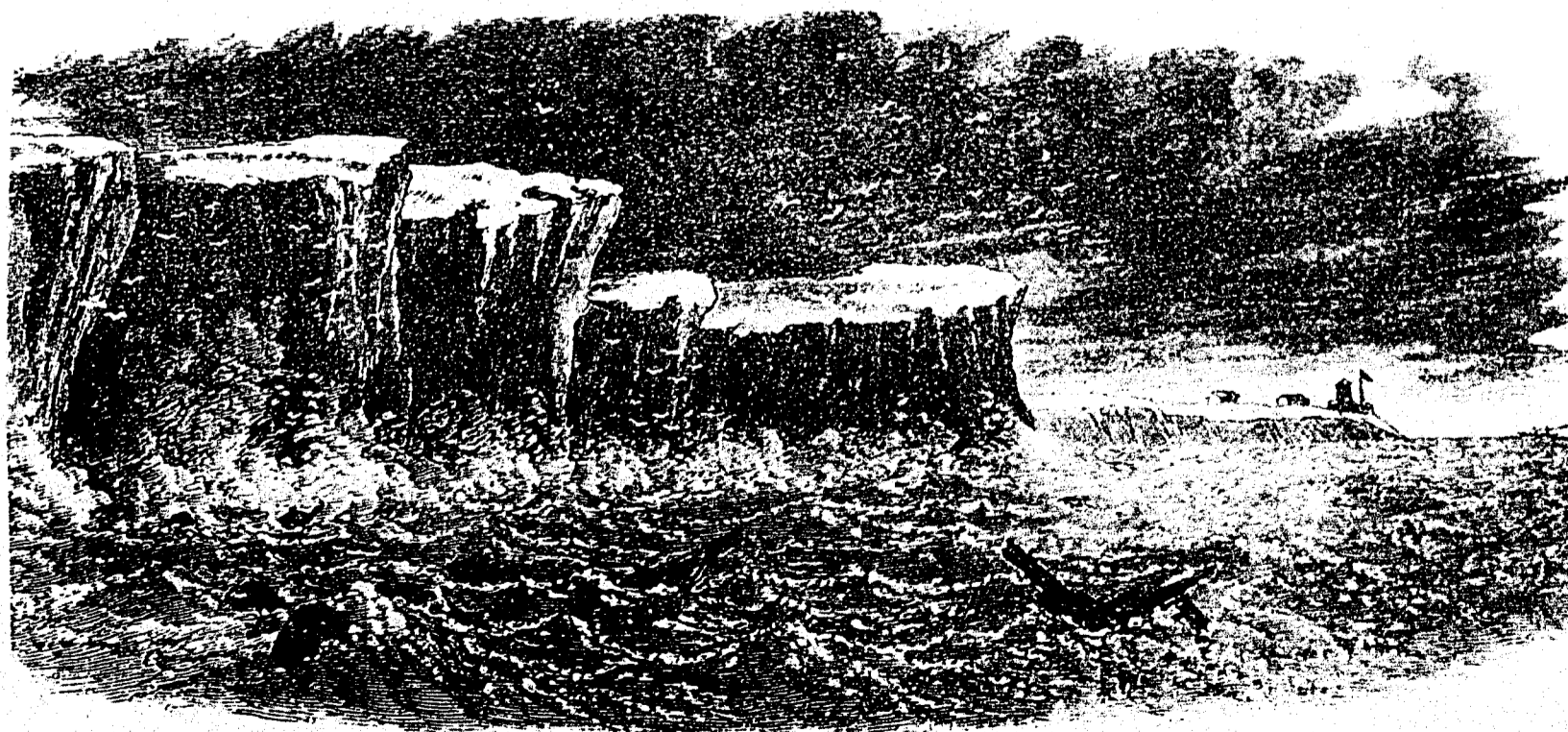
NORTH BANK, NEAR ST. JOHN'S.



CAMP ON A BAY.



QUIDI VIDI LAKE, NEAR ST. JOHN'S.



CAPE RACE.

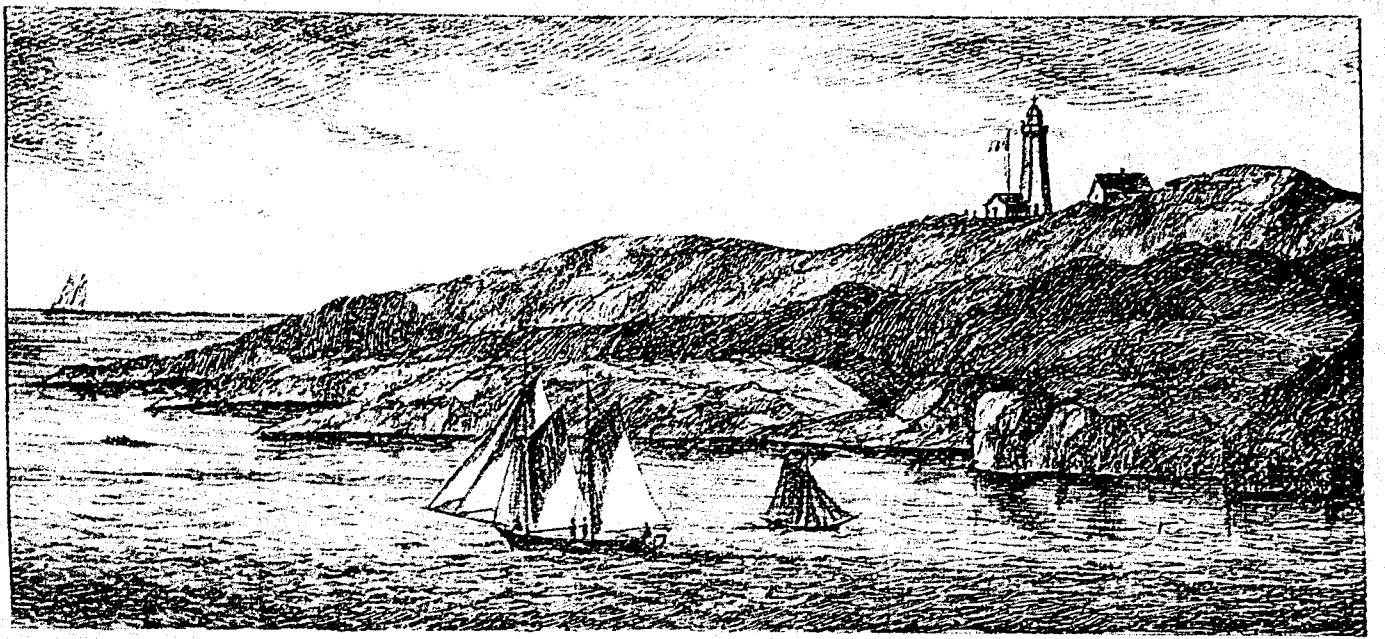


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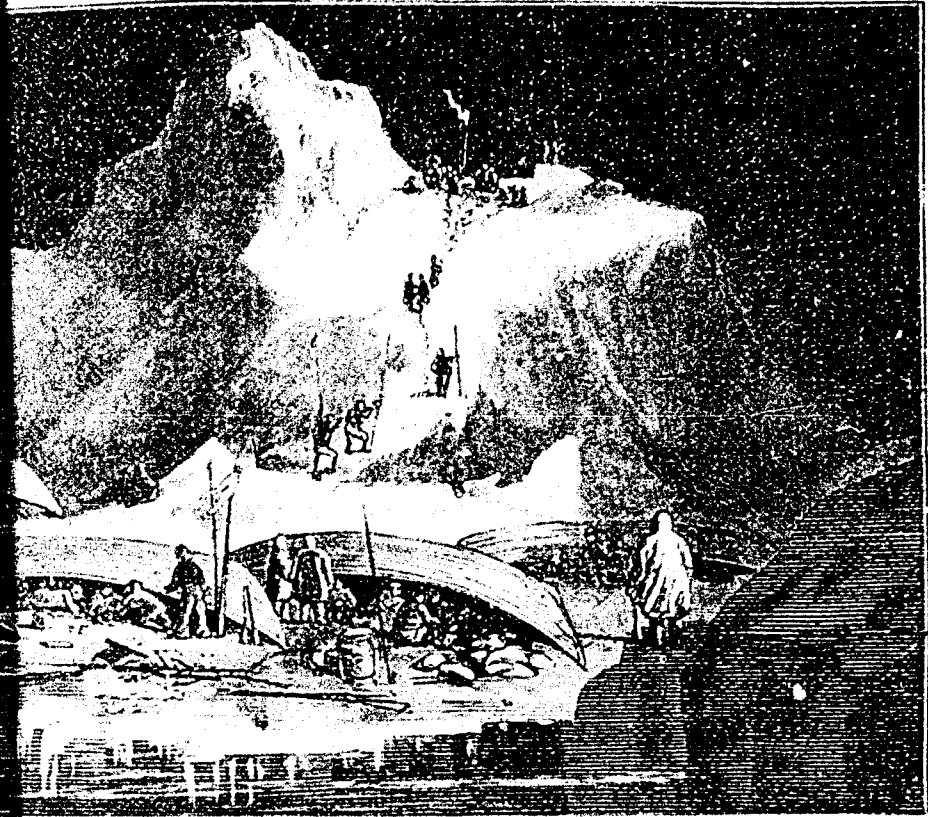
# OUR NORTH



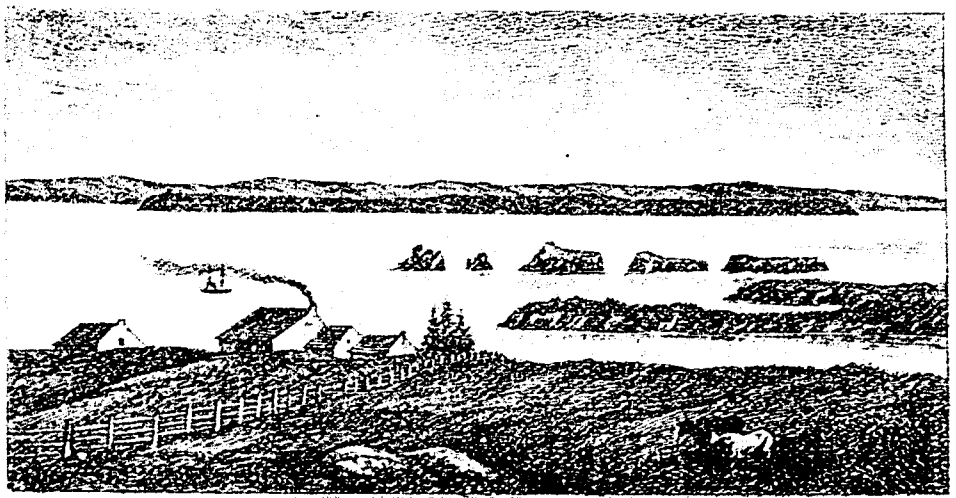
IGLOO IN AN ICE-PACK.



CAPE RAY.



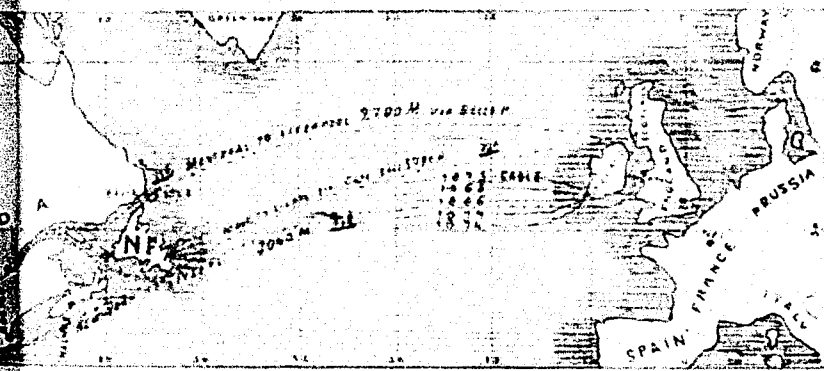
ICEBERG.



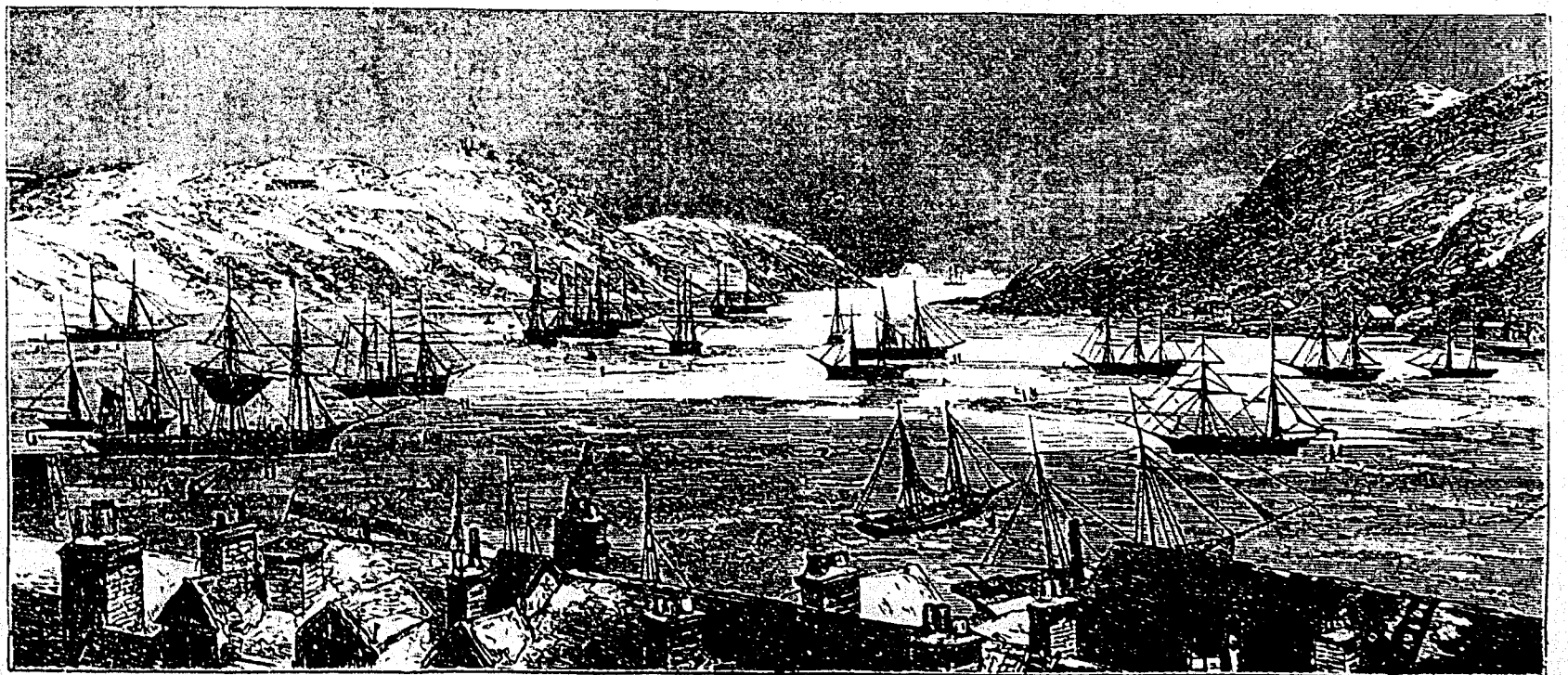
CONCEPTION BAY.



CAPE SPEAR AND FRESHWATER BAY.



NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE SEAL FISHING FLEET IN ST. JOHN'S BAY.

# NORTHERN SEAS.

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# CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## CAUGHT AT LAST.

The Board of Revenue at length determined on the capture of the *Nancy* at any cost, and to effect this a sloop of war was stationed in the channel with strict orders not to let her escape. After the encounter with old Luff, Jack Pegden had remained in Calais until his health had become fully restored. This kept His Majesty's ship beating up and down in the offing, until her officers and crew became enraged from very weariness. It appeared to them as though the smuggler having heard of the look-out kept for him, was afraid to put to sea. This conclusion was wrong; and on the very night that mysterious vessel crossed the bows of the *Speedwell*, those on board the sloop of war *The Ranger*, had the mortification of hearing that the smuggler had again eluded the watch and landed her goods.

The news that the *Speedwell* had left the port of Folkestone, and who they were forming her crew, quickly spread through the town, and raised an earnest enquiry as to her destination and the design of her voyage. None knew whither she had gone; and as in all kindred cases, when conjecture has to take the place of actual knowledge, numerous speculations were set afloat. One man only of those who heard these reports guessed the cause of her departure, and that man was Sir Harry Chillington. Scarcely did he appear in the town; yet there were not wanting those who for purposes of their own kept him informed on what was passing. Every fresh scrap of news was conveyed to him by these parasites, on whom the proscription of public opinion failed to produce an effect. It required but little time for the baronet to draw a conclusion from what he had heard, and become indignant; neither was his wrath appeased in reflecting on his own helplessness to interrupt any attempt made against himself. That Jacob Winter and friends were gone to try to effect the release of Charles Freeman, he had no doubt; and what could be done to prevent it? Anything money could do he was willing should be tried to frustrate their plan; but supposing he was already released and on the way to England, could not criminal proceedings be instituted? This latter thought made him tremble. Furious in speech, fearful in revenge when it did not immediately inculpate himself, he was at heart a coward. He was tenacious of his life, and dreaded every incident which might place it in jeopardy; but for what reason he was so anxious to remain in this life, unless it was to avoid a worse, was not easy to define.

Being disturbed by the thought of the possibility of being arraigned as a criminal, he examined closely every link in the chain of evidence which might be brought against him. "It is impossible if what I conjecture be true, and that wretched plebeian should ever return, that I can ever become accused of having spirited him away." This expression was employed by the baronet as he strode up and down the floor of his library. There he had received the intelligence, and there he walked cogitating the matter. "But how did his whereabouts become known to his friends? Who has played the part of traitor in this matter? Not Jethro, certainly; he is too intimately mixed up in the affair; nor does he know where he is. Can it be that beautiful daughter of his? That she hates me, I know; and can it be that she has taken this method to be revenged on me for what she terms annoyances? Pshaw! It cannot be she. Yet where is she gone; and why might it not be she?"

Thus speaking with himself, and vacillating on the subject as to who could betray him, Sir Harry stood in a deep reverie. At length a thought flashed to his mind, and quitting the Priory he started for the gypsy encampment. Jethro was in camp when the baronet made his appearance.

"Good morning, Sir Harry," said Jethro, as he saw him approaching. But without regarding the salutation he enquired,

"Where is your daughter?"

"Would that I knew, Sir Harry."

"Come, Jethro, no nonsense. I paid you well for that little job, and you are playing a double game."

"What do you mean?" enquired the gypsy, jumping to his feet, and confronting the baronet.

"I mean this; that yourself and your daughter are playing me false in the matter of sending that worthless wretch across the water."

"Sir Harry Chillington," replied Jethro, cold from indignation, "I will suffer no man, rich or poor, lightly to accuse me of such an act. I am not particular in what I engage to do against your house-dwellers, as I consider you all to be natural enemies of our race, against whom it is

fair for me to make war without any consideration; but once I have engaged to act in any matter, I am bound by the laws of faithfulness to abide firm by my agreement. I have honour and distinction to maintain as the head of my tribe as well as any of you; and if you think I have played you false, I am willing to settle it with you after the fashion of your own people. Do not disdain me because I am a gypsy. I am a prince among my own people; and as a man I am worthy of yourself."

"Tush! Rubbish! but where is your daughter?"

"Why do you enquire? I have more than once suspected that you know better where she is than I do; I have tried every means to detect you, and had I found you guilty I should have made short work of you."

"Cease your anger, man, and listen to me."

Sir Harry then told Jethro of the departure of the *Speedwell*, of those forming her crew, and the conclusion he had arrived at on the subject. On hearing this the gypsy became thoughtful; while with the quickness of light there flashed on his memory the recollection of the doings of Mad Tom on the morning they found the ear-ring. "Can it be," he thought, "that in a fit of disgust for my conduct in this matter she has left me to proceed to France, and having effected his release, will bring him back as a swift witness against me? She can never be so foolish. Yet I know her spirit, and I know that she would support her idea of what is right at any sacrifice."

While thinking in this manner, Jethro stood kicking a fire-brand with the toe of his heavy boot.

"What are you thinking of, Jethro?"

"I am thinking we had better at once start to see if Jack Pegden is at home."

"Agreed," was the reply; and the next minute the baronet and gypsy were walking toward the smuggler's home.

To decide which was the better man of the two as they walked along, would form a curious study. They were both villains of the deepest dye; but one had method in his villainy, and thought it right to avenge the insults offered to his people; while the other was a villain that he might carry out his wretched caprice, or indulge his brutal passions. Yet the man who could associate with gypsies and smugglers to carry out his vile purposes, entertained a murderous objection to an educated, noble, and pure-minded young man becoming allied to him in marrying his daughter, because he was not of titled birth.

On reaching the house of the skipper they found him at home. He was remaining ashore to arrange with the merchant contrabandists for another voyage, and during his stay his vessel had been run into a place of secrecy. After such a salutation as vulgar persons on terms of freest familiarity indulge in, Sir Harry enquired,

"Have you recently carried a passenger across the water?"

"Why?" was the answer returned, with that suspicion which ever lurks in the mind of such as practice evil.

"I have my reason for enquiring."

"And I have my reason for demanding an explanation from you before returning an answer."

The baronet felt the rebuke, and belched forth his wrath in oaths and curses. Two such natures meeting in opposition, could only result in an explosion with perilous consequences. Confronting each other with fury written on their countenances, and both encased in obstinacy, there appeared no chance, so far as they were concerned, that the object for which they had met would be obtained. Jack Pegden, with the desire which is felt by an ignorant person to make a temporary superiority felt in meeting with one of a higher grade in social life at an advantage, was determined to let the baronet see that he was as good as himself, and required nothing from him; while Sir Harry, who considered all beneath him in the social scale but inferior beings, made to follow his caprice, resolutely defied the smuggler. In this manner the business on hand came to a dead lock, and it would have remained so, had not Jethro, trained to conceal his feelings, come to the relief.

"Jack," said the gypsy, "have you taken my daughter to France?"

The sound of this fresh voice broke the spell; it was a sound with which there was nothing unpleasant associated in the smuggler's mind, and it commanded his attention.

"I have not, Jethro," was the answer produced.

"Nor any one disguised who might have been her?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"Stay! before the fight with old Luff, in which, to tell the truth, I came off but indifferently, I carried over a young fellow who said he had escaped from prison."

"About what date was that?"

Comparing the time when the princess left her home with that mentioned by the smuggler, there remained but little doubt she was working against their design. Jethro felt confounded before this evidence, and wondered why she was doing it. That she would carelessly expose herself to danger he had not thought; and that she had not considered the matter he would not believe. Again he asserted his ignorance of the matter, and held himself in readiness to defend his position. Having told Jack Pegden of the departure of the *Speedwell*, the consideration of what was to be done under the circumstances engaged their attention.

"There is only one thing to be done," said Sir Harry; "Jack must go across at once and put Monsieur on his guard; he must then try to discover the princess and bring her back; and then, if possible, get the *Speedwell* arrested as a privateer."

"Well advised," said Jethro.

"A good stroke of business, truly," answered the smuggler; "the proposals are modest. First, put Monsieur on his guard; quite a useless undertaking, I assure you, gentlemen; for he is too crafty not to sleep with one eye open. Next to discover the princess and to bring her back. A pretty task, this, and one which might land me in limbo as a spy. And last, to betray the *Speedwell* as a privateer, and to get her captured. These things seem to you, gentlemen, as easy as kissing your hand, and because they appear so easy, permit me to advise that you undertake the work yourselves."

"Nonsense, Jack," replied the gypsy; "none but yourself can do it."

"Sweet flatterer, honey will not make me run."

"What will then?"

"Oh, nothing but 'palm oil,' I assure you."

"What do you mean?" enquired the baronet.

"Sir Harry can scarcely require to be told," replied the gypsy.

"I suppose it to be a slang term for money. Curse the money; nobody cares to move a finger without money. This affair will ruin me. What will take you across and upset the plot to release the wretched being?"

"I can only promise to try what I can do in the matter."

"For how much?"

"Fifty guineas down, and another if I succeed."

"It would cost me less for the funeral of my silly girl, than this constant drain upon my purse."

A silence followed these ominous words, for both the smuggler and the gypsy felt themselves to be immaculate in the presence of such a monster.

"Take the fifty guineas," said Sir Harry, sullenly, for he knew that it would be useless to haggle with the smuggler.

"And your note for the other, should I succeed?"

"Take my honour for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst forth the smuggler in a loud laugh; and as he did so he reached a tobacco pipe from the chimney-corner and began to fill it. "Your honour isn't worth that," he replied, as he snapped the pipe asunder.

Knowing that the smuggler had him at an advantage, he clutched convulsively the stump of the pen, and in a moment transferred the desired document to the skipper.

Having settled the business, the baronet took the road to Canterbury.

The next night saw the *Nancy* cutting the water on her voyage to France. The smuggler had gone about three miles of her passage, when a signal from the shore gave warning that something extraordinary was taking place. A fire was burning on the cliff; and leaping and dancing the flickering flame cast a fitful light across the angry waters.

Other eyes than those on board the *Nancy* saw the fire; and on seeing it, the lieutenant in command of the *Ranger* ordered the helm to be put down, an extra look-out to be kept, and taking a reef in his mainsail, started his vessel away with her head bearing west nor-west.

"Keep a good look-out," was the order given.

Pursuing her course in the darkness, she seemed a phantom ship, impelled by either pleasure or fury toward increasing night. The *Nancy* was also pushing forward; and both ships were approaching each other, hidden in secrecy beneath the veil of gloom.

"A sail on the larboard bow!" shouted the look-out man on board the *Ranger*, and in an instant every eye was turned toward that quarter. Gazing over the bulwarks, the strange vessel was seen dashing over the waves under the guidance of a skipper pilot.

"It is the *Nancy*," said the lieutenant; "we have come directly across her course. Hail her;" and in a moment the sound of, "Ship ahoy!" was floating toward the smuggler. The voice from the *Ranger* met with no response, and shifting her course the *Nancy* held on her way.

All hands on board both vessels were now excited, recognizing it to be a government ship which hailed them, Jack himself took the helm of the *Nancy*.

Under the extra pressure of canvas the *Ranger* reeled for a minute, and then rushed forward with the water nearly on her deck. This increase of speed brought her nearer to the run-

away. Both vessels were now doing their best, but the *Ranger* was the swifter sailor. Having come nearer to the smuggler, another gun was fired as a signal for him to heave to. But the same silence prevailed.

The next order given was to man the guns and to load with grape shot. This being done, and the helm of the *Ranger* being placed hard a-starboard, her head was brought to the wind, and a volley was poured into the smuggler.

It required no more to bring the *Nancy* to: she had run her race, and her helm being let go, she came round with the wind, and threw herself right across the bows of the *Ranger*. The call for quarter now arose, and on boarding her the cause for her coming round so suddenly appeared in her steersman, Jack Pegden, having fallen to the deck shot through the head.

The race of that wild, daring fellow, who had from childhood defied the laws of his country, had been finished suddenly. It was the death he had expected. He never spoke after he fell; and there were no last words to convey to fond hearts at home. He died as he had lived, defying alike the laws of God and man. The ship was taken up the Thames and confiscated; the crew banished, or sent aboard of man-o'-war.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THE ESCAPE.

Lisette had succeeded in rescuing her prisoner from his dungeon. It was now ten o'clock; one hour more and the party would be free. The darkness of the night rendered the fugitives safe from all observers; and particularly as they had reached the point where they were to descend the cliff which was a considerable distance from the public road. At this place they lingered, watching the lights reflected from the points of the English shore, and anticipating the pleasure of being shortly there. While waiting the sound of the tocsin fell upon their ears.

"Why are they ringing that bell?" enquired Charles Freeman.

"It is the sound of alarm," returned Lisette.

"And we had better make our way down here," said Anthony.

"I cannot descend this place, my child. I am certain I cannot," said Madame.

"You must," replied Lisette sternly. "What can we do with you here?"

"Leave me behind; it was foolish of me to attempt to escape."

"Leave you here; and should we be sought for betray ourselves?"

"I have looked toward the land I love, now let me die."

"See yonder," said Anthony, cutting short the talk of Madame; "here comes a party from the town with lights."

"Let me die! Let me die!" exclaimed Madame.

"You must live this time against your will," replied Anthony.

"Here, take hold, s'r," and responding to the command, Charles Freeman and he carried her down the cliff.

"They are coming," said Lisette, as the noise of a number of persons was heard on the cliff; "should they find us we are lost."

"They must not find us," replied Anthony; "follow me, and carrying the old woman, he quickly secreted the party beneath the rock where he himself had hidden.

At this moment those on the cliff stopped at the place of descent, and from their manner it appeared as though they had found something to interest them.

"Have any of you dropped any article?" enquired Charles Freeman, and simultaneously with this enquiry Madame exclaimed:

"I have lost my shawl!"

"That has betrayed us. See, they are holding something up to the light, and are searching around the place." By the light of the lanterns and torches carried by the party, their doings became revealed to the fugitives on the beach.

"I fear we are ruined," said Lisette, bitterly.

"They fancy they have found traces of some one they are in search of."

"They will now proceed with caution," replied Anthony; and in an instant every light was extinguished.

The sound of persons descending the cliff was now distinctly heard.

"They are coming! Look to your pistols, friends," said Charles Freeman.

"And what use are they in the presence of so many?"

"I will sell my life dear at any rate."

"Oh! dear," sighed Madame; "it is all my fault."

Lisette stood as a statue, her eyes fixed on the cliff; but all her power of invention was taxed in vain to devise a plan for their escape; and in that moment of agony her soul flew forth for aid to a source beyond herself, and she exclaimed,

"O God, save us!"

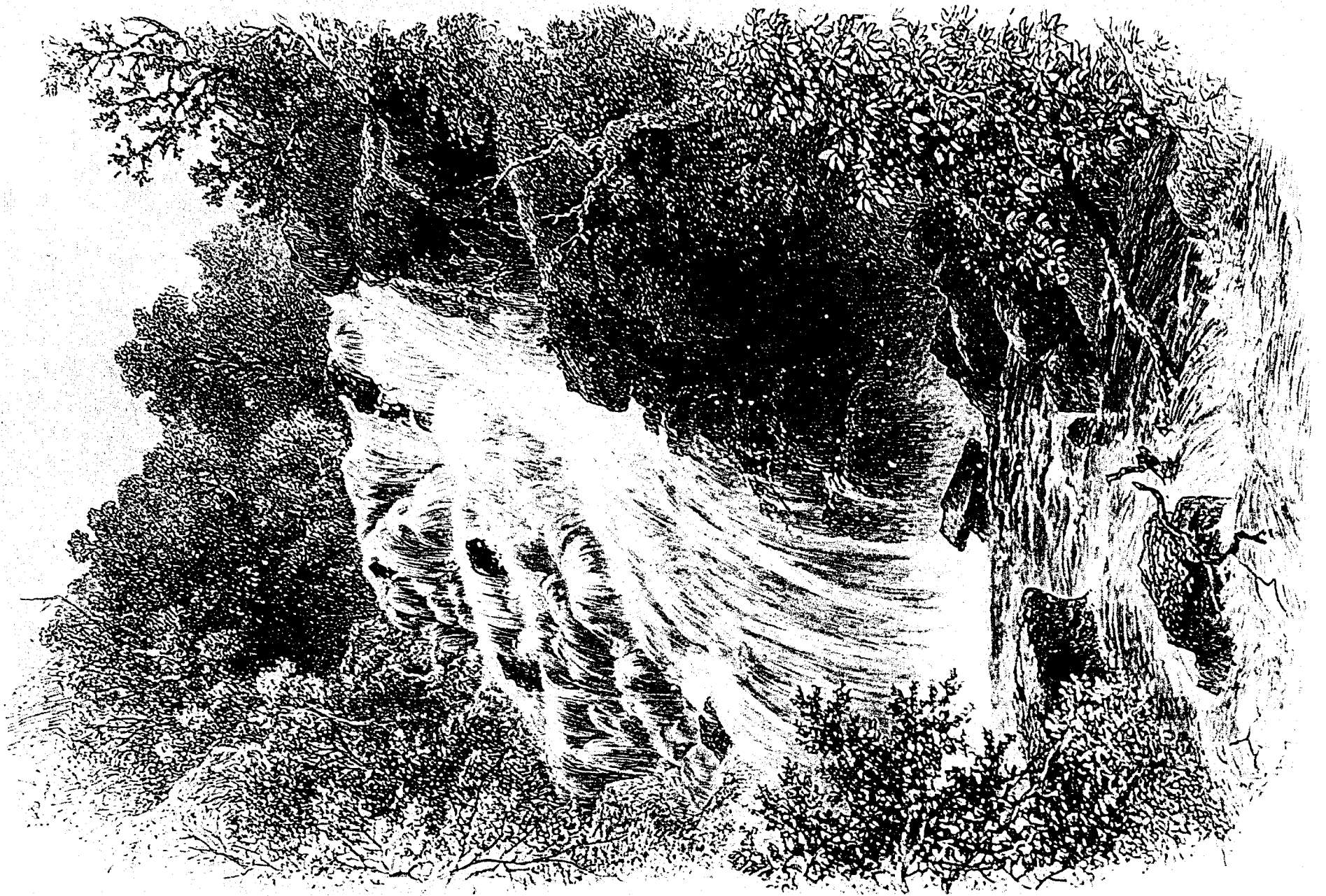
The Frenchmen were now upon the beach, and were descending to the water's edge. Lisette drew Madame to her, now almost dead from fright. At that moment the sound of a distant clock rang out the hour of eleven.

"We are saved!" exclaimed Lisette; and as the whistle fell on her ear, the boat from the *Speedwell* grated on the beach.

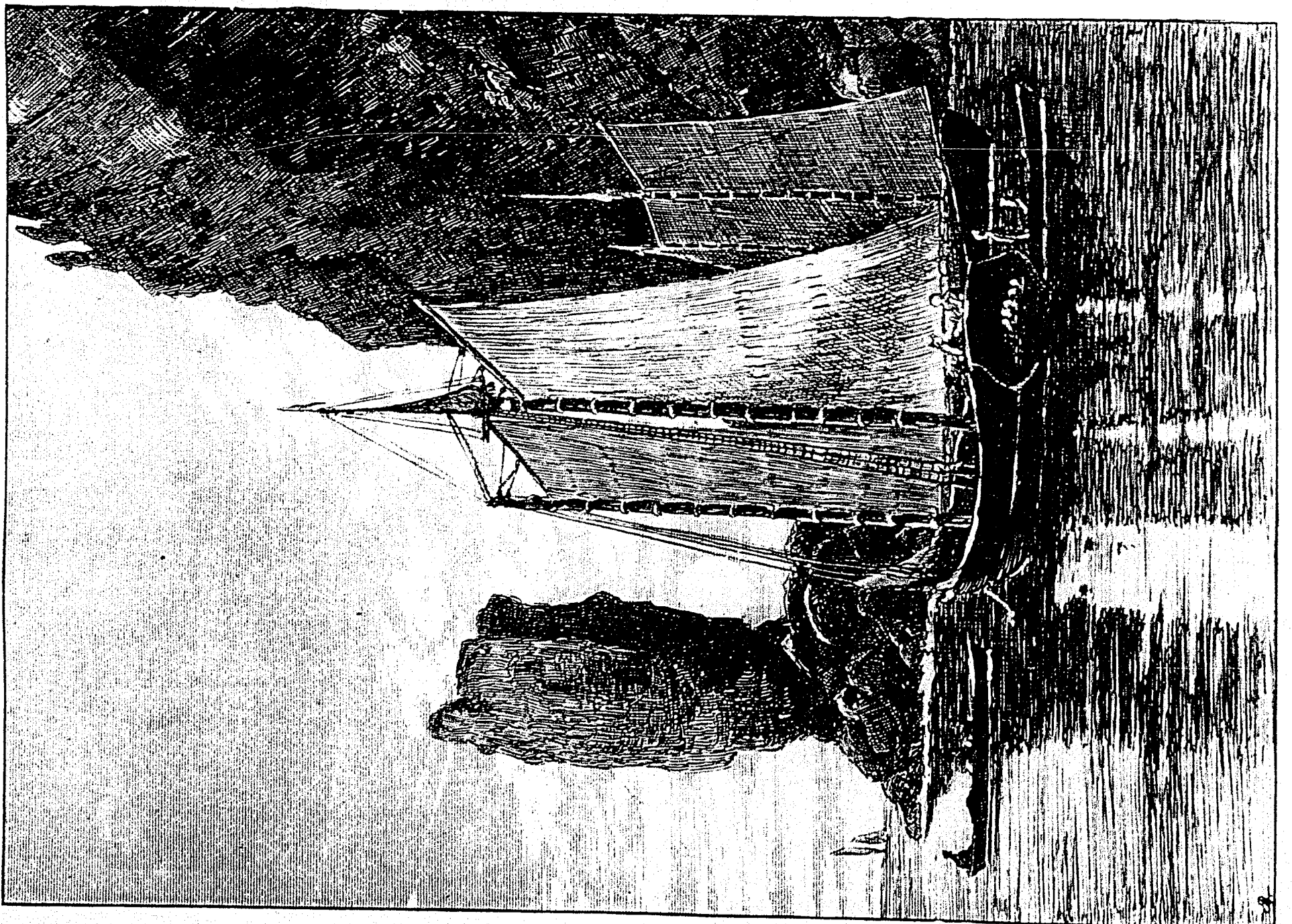
"Quick, aboard!" was the order; and while Charles Freeman took Madame in his arms, the gypsy carried Lisette. It was the work of a moment, and the boat was pushed off.

The passengers from the *Speedwell*, on land-

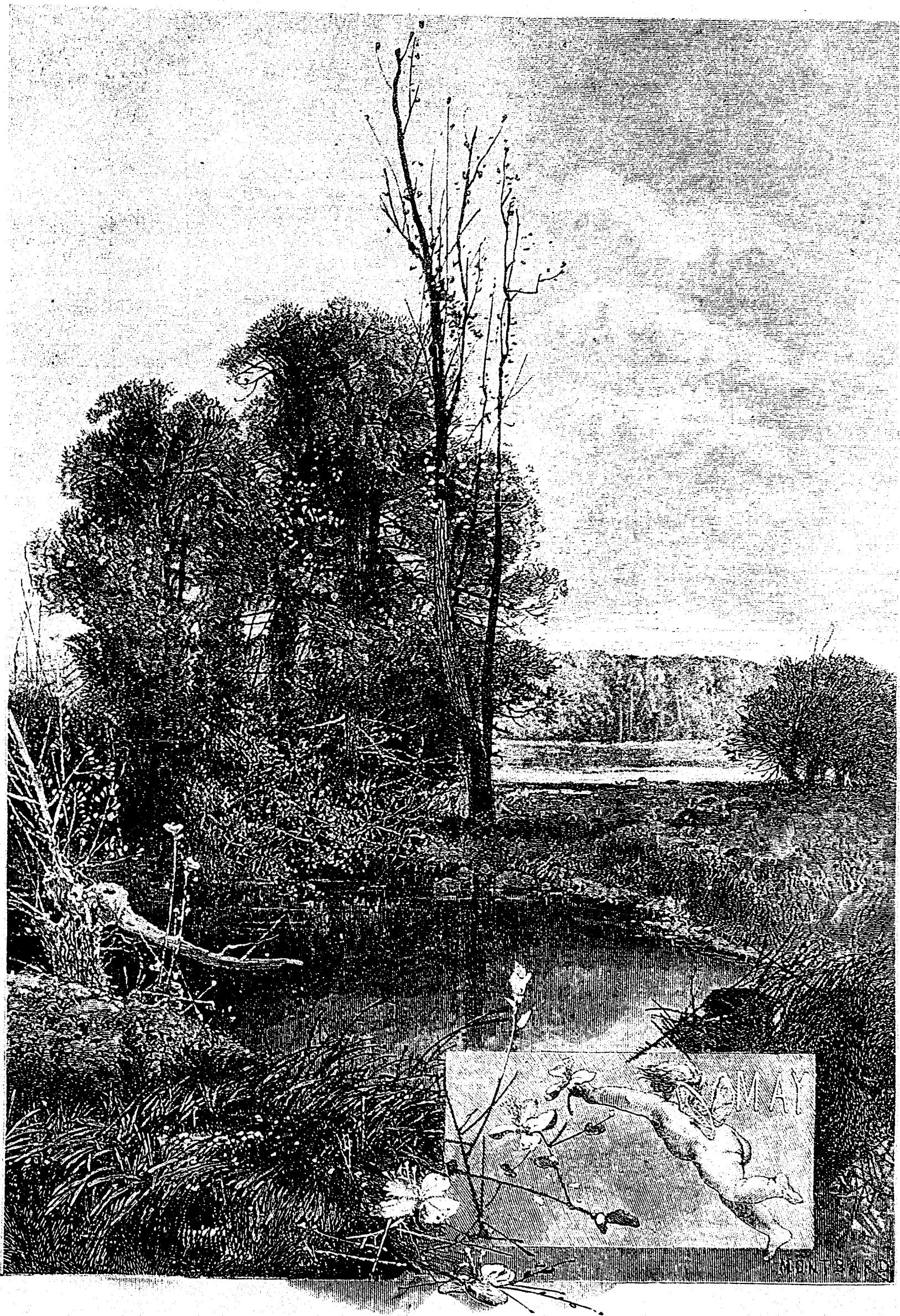




THE CASABELL KILLARNEY



MOONLIGHT, BISHOP'S BAY, N.S., BY T. F. O'BRIEN, C.A.



M A Y .

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

**MONDAY, May 17.**—Russia is preparing a force of 24,000 men to go to Amoor and Kuldja. The Internationalists are co-operating for a general labour strike throughout Europe. The Porte proposes an international commission to settle the Albania-Montenegro difficulty. The Solicitor-General for Ireland was re-elected by a large majority over the Parnellite candidate. At a meeting of Home Rule members of Parliament yesterday, Mr. Parnell was elected leader of the party by a vote of 23 against 8 for Mr. Shaw. The St. Petersburg Government is endeavouring to check Russian emigration to America, and a number of emigration agents have been arrested. The Governor of New Zealand intends ordering from England a number of torpedo boats for the torpedo corps being organized by the colony, as additional defences for the islands in the event of war between Great Britain and other naval powers.

**TUESDAY, May 18.**—The death warrant of the murderer of the Russian Col. Comeraoff is still unsigned by the Sultan. Teheran despatches say that Ayoub Khan, with 14,000 men, left Herat on the 18th ult., to attack Candahar. France intends to urge on the Porte the plan of an international commission to supervise the administration of Turkish affairs. A despatch from London says it is intended to invite the Dominion to provide a station in North America to aid in Arctic research. It is said that to remain in Rome during the whole of the summer will seriously endanger the Pope's life in the present state of his health. The combined vigilance of the Canadian and United States authorities has succeeded in preventing the Ryan-Goss prize fight from taking place. Great excitement has been caused in Constantinople by an attack of Mussulmans on English residents, while walking in the suburbs of the city.

**WEDNESDAY, May 19.**—Great distress is reported from Northern Hungary, where the inhabitants are suffering from lack of food. The Italian Ministry anticipates having a majority on the result of the elections now in progress, of 137 in a house of 386 members. The four new Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States were consecrated yesterday, at the General Conference in Cincinnati. Hanlan won the race at Washington yesterday by six lengths. Trickett wishes to row him on the Thames in the autumn, for the English championship. Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to London, has been called to Constantinople to take part in a conference concerning the proposed international financial commission. A great meeting of the Opposition was held last evening at Ellesmere, to organize for the coming session of the Imperial Parliament. Lord Beaconsfield made a long address. Negotiations between England and France for a new commercial treaty have been broken off, on account of Mr. Gladstone's views on the reduction of duties on French wines.

**THURSDAY, May 20.**—"Isonomy" won the Manchester cup yesterday. Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is to visit England. The Viceroy of India has invited the Ghilzai chiefs to Cabul. Sitting Bull is on his way from Wood Mountain to Winnipeg. Mr. Smyth, Home Rule member for Tipperary, has resigned his seat. The French Chamber has under discussion a proposal to increase the duties on cotton. Bills relating to married women's property will be brought before the English Parliament this session. Articles of agreement for the race between Hanlan and Riley were signed yesterday. The race is to be rowed next Wednesday, at Washington, for a citizens' purse of \$2,000. The Imperial Parliament opened yesterday. Mr. O'Connor Power's amendment to the address, complaining that no mention was made in the Queen's speech concerning the Irish land question, was rejected by 300 to 47.

**FRIDAY, May 21.**—The French Chamber of Deputies has refused to increase the import duty on cotton. Boyd, the English sculler, has challenged Trickett to row on the Tyne in the autumn, for £200 a side. Chas. Bradlaugh was before the bar of the House of Commons yesterday, when he asserted his willingness to take the oath. Mr. Gladstone was severely handled in the House of Lords last night by Earl Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, for his note to the Austrian Minister. A Paris banking house has offered to loan money to the Turkish Government conditional on being allowed to open a casino in Constantinople similar to that in Monaco. Sir Chas. Dilke, the new Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, promised in the House last night that the papers concerning the Fortune Bay dispute would shortly be laid before Parliament.

**SATURDAY, May 22.**—Much opposition is being developed among the clerical party in Germany by Bismarck's compromise on the May Laws. Earl Granville is to receive a deputation to-day who will request the Government to mediate between Chili and Peru. A Paris despatch says the members of the Left have selected M. Leon Say as their candidate for President of the French Senate. A letter from the Archbishop of Syria, dated April 5th, making an appeal on behalf of the starving population, discloses a terrible state of affairs.

WOMEN IN THE TREASURY.

EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE SEVENTEEN YEARS—HOW THEY DO MEN'S WORK ON HALF PAY.

After nearly seventeen years of service in the United States Treasury, I feel competent to write on the subject of women in Government employ. In the first place the writer to the *Enquirer* is mistaken when he says that employment was first "given to women on the impulses of the rebellion, when the widows, sisters and daughters of deceased officers were pressed into the public service as a matter of need and gratitude." The truth is that the women had to be employed to count, sign and arrange the greenbacks which were issued to meet the emergencies of the war. After the first war loan was effected the ladies would be kept at work until after midnight signing the crisp new notes, which did more than the sword in putting down the rebellion. Then the internal revenue bureau was organized, and it was a matter of economy to employ hundreds of women at \$50 a month, and leave the large salaries for men, who stole about as much as they turned over to the commissioner of internal revenue. It was necessary to increase the force in the quarter-master-general's office, and again the Government took advantage of the needy women and made them write or copy for \$50 a month side by side with the men who received \$100, and over that amount, for the same class of work. It is no child's work to perform the duties in the

departments. It is to go to the office every day, in all kinds of weather and at all seasons, and to be closely confined from 9 to 4 o'clock. The writer of the article speaks as though the average was \$1,000 a year. This is a mistake; \$900 is the salary, with one here and there who is fortunate enough by long years of responsibility and hard labour to be promoted to \$1,000 or \$1,200.

The writer suggests that all the women be turned out and men put in their places who have their own families and a mother-in-law to support. With characteristic recklessness, he in one place speaks of the confinement to clerical labour, and in another that the duties are light and that the women use their salaries in extravagant dress. The girls especially use their money to buy ribbons. It is true that there are many girls among those in Government employ, and I look at them with great respect when I see them cheerfully renouncing the pleasures incident to youth, and passing what should be the happiest years of their lives in the close, foul air of the departments, and working hard for the support of parents or the education of younger members of the family. One girl in the same office with myself has been there seven years. She gives all her salary to her father and mother, who for years have been in ill-health. She uses none of her money for personal adornment, and never goes to a place of amusement, or, indeed, anywhere but from home to the treasury, back again to her home and sewing, and on Sundays to church. A year ago a gentleman's desk was vacated, he preferring other work in the bureau, his salary of \$1,800 a year was and is continued to him. Miss P., the young and pretty girl I refer to, was taken from the work she was employed to do at \$900 and put at the vacant desk. She has since that time discharged the duties with regularity and to the satisfaction of the head of the bureau. There have been two opportunities to increase her salary. Two of the head clerks have died during the winter. In the first case the vacancy was filled by promoting those of the men who were below the deceased clerk down to a messenger, who went up to \$1,200. In the next instance, an outsider, a man, was appointed, and Miss P. still runs the desk at the old \$900. It seems strange that men do not feel ashamed to practise such gross injustice towards a needy and deserving class, for there is no complaint in any of the departments in regard to the employment of women. There they are respected, and appreciation of their abilities is shown by putting them at men's desks whenever occasion arises. The two most abstruse set of sheets, figures, and reports made in the office of the controller of the currency are those prepared by Miss Simpson and a handsome young widow, Mrs. McCormick. This lady has a young son to raise and educate. The controller refers to these ladies when he needs information.

Ex-Secretary McCulloch often alludes to the fact that when Secretary Chase called upon him to organize the national banking system he organized the bureau with two ladies and one gentleman. Mrs. McCormick was one of the two ladies. She was at that time the handsomest girl in Georgetown. She has since met with the loss of an excellent husband, a physician, and for twelve years has devoted herself to work and the care of her boy. But to return to the character of the women in the government employ. In my bureau there are many widows who are providing for their children. They live the most self-denying lives to enable them to clothe and educate sons. Will these boys, when they become voters, forget what has been done for them by their self-sacrificing mothers, and will they enact laws to oppress the sex, or to say that because men are vain and loose in their morals, therefore women should be debarred from working where men might be tempted to love and marry them? Mr. Christianity has performed no work in the Senate nor as a Minister to Peru which is half as noble or deserving of commendation as the daily acts of hundreds of noble women in government employ who are moulding the characters of our future rulers. I do not know of one single case where, as asserted in the *Enquirer*, a woman has writing sent to her home, and then she farms it out. So much spleen should not be thrown because women get \$900 a year, for after the month's expenses are paid there is nothing left over. If some are fortunate enough to be able to buy little personal adornments it certainly is no worse to use their earnings in this way than to do as many or most men do, spend it in cigars, billiards, and drinks. The seventeen years I have been in the treasury I have frequently heard the charges made against the morals of the departments. There are some frivolous women just as we find everywhere, even in the highest and best circles, but I have not known a single case of the kind so frequently hinted at. The widows and girls are generally earnest and faithful in the discharge of their duties. Many are as busy with household duties out of office as they are during the hours for office work. Thus they have no leisure, and realize the saying "a man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done." Civil service reform would be a great benefit to women. They need some such security to relieve them from the constant anxiety of removal. They believed that it was really meant in earnest when it was enacted as a law that no one should be removed but for just cause; yet it frequently occurs that removals are made to make room for new applicants. Then, too, women ought to stand an equal chance with men for promotion. Sixteen years ago a man was appointed as messenger in

the same room with myself. For the past five years he has been the head of a bureau at a salary of \$2,500. If I had been a voter I might have had his place or that of assistant-secretary, for I rank Mr. Upton, who had just been elevated to that high office by two months' longer service. If women are struggling and petitioning for the ballot, is it not because they are made to see its power? While senators are dragging their titles through the dirt we are elevating woman's work. We will earn respect in all our undertakings by retaining our modesty, our social position, and honesty and fair dealing. We will help men back to the paths of rectitude; we will nurse them when they are sick and need our services; we will give them good advice when it is asked; in short, we propose to continue to be man's guardian angel, with the pedestal left out.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 277. Correct.  
J. R.—The game shall appear shortly.  
E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 274. Correct.  
B., Montreal.—Problems received. Many thanks.

We see from the chess columns of England that the match between M. Rosenthal and Dr. Zukertort was to begin on Monday, the 10th of the present month. By this time it has been decided who is to be considered the greater player, and we have no doubt the games which have settled the matter will prove to be a valuable addition to our rapidly-increasing chess lore.

M. Rosenthal appears to be a great favourite with the players of London, Eng., and they have shown their appreciation of his talents and agreeable manners by entertaining him at a supper, where he met a large number of chess celebrities. The general feeling, however, was that he would find it difficult to beat his formidable opponent; but with chess, as with many other things, the anticipations of those best able to form opinions often fall to the ground.

We insert the following at the suggestion of a correspondent:—Ed. C. C.

I proudly hope to see the day when, in every poor man's cottage, the chessboard will find a shelf, for I am well convinced that it will tend as much to induce domestic order as all the temperance societies and legislation in the country.—Sir George Stephen.

The following will be interesting to chessplayers on both sides of the Atlantic:

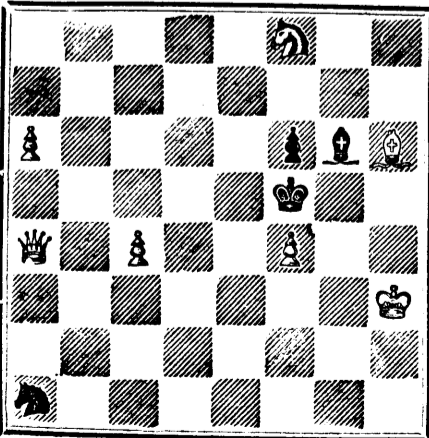
A new star has arisen among the blindfold performers in the person of Herr Fritz, a young law student only 20 years of age, who, on the 11th and 12th ult., gave an exhibition of conducting 12 games simultaneously, blindfold, at the Ballhaus of Mannheim, before over 200 spectators, which included members of chess societies from various German towns, who had been invited for the occasion by the Mannheim Chess Club. Herr Fritz commenced at 2 o'clock p.m., and played without interruption till 9.30 o'clock, the time appointed for supper. The performer then announced he would resign one of the games and would win three in a few moves, and the result bore out his calculation. The other eight games were postponed till next day. A convivial supper, speeches, and songs, in which Herr Fritz took a principal part, and which lasted till two o'clock in the morning, concluded the first day's proceedings. Next day Herr Fritz resumed play at one o'clock p.m., and finished the eight games in two hours, his total score being at the end, eight won, two lost, and two draws. The performer astonished his German spectators in a manner which is familiar to attendants of Blackburne and Zukertort's blindfold exhibitions here in this country. He had occasion to quote the whole score of some of the games in order to prove and correct mistakes on the part of his opponents. He also gave other proofs of his clearness of memory, and altogether accomplished his task in the most creditable manner. Herr Fritz is announced to take part in the German Chess Congresses of Wiesbaden and Brunswick in July next.—*The Field*.

Our Australian exchanges show that the game of chess has a most healthful existence at the antipodes. The Observer, of Adelaide; The Tasmanian Mail, Hobartstown; Town and County Journal, Sydney; and the Chronicle and Mail, of Adelaide, are all entitled to the highest praise for the zeal exhibited in furthering the interests of the chess fraternity. They are equally deserving of commendation. "May they live long and prosper.—*The Hartford Times*."

PROBLEM No. 278.

By J. G. Finch.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 408TH.

The following sprightly specimen of Australian chess was played in a Tourney at Adelaide some time ago: (French Opening.)

(Remove Black's Q Kt.)

- |                            |                       |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| White.—(Mr. Shuttleworth.) | Black.—(Mr. Tyrrell.) |
| 1. P to K 4                | 1. P to K 3           |
| 2. P to Q 4                | 2. P to Q 4           |
| 3. P takes P               | 3. P takes P          |
| 4. Kt to K B 3             | 4. B to Q 3           |
| 5. B to K 2                | 5. P to K R 3         |
| 6. P to B 4                | 6. P takes P          |
| 7. Q to R 4 (ch)           | 7. P to Q B 3         |
| 8. Q takes P at B 4        | 8. Kt to B 3          |
| 9. Kt to K 5               | 9. B to K 3           |
| 10. Q to B 2               | 10. Q to B 2          |
| 11. P to B 4               | 11. Q to Kt 3         |
| 12. B to K 3               | 12. Kt to Q 4         |
| 13. Q to Q 3               | 13. Q takes Kt P      |
| 14. P to B 5               | 14. Q takes R         |
| 15. P takes B              | 15. Castles Q R       |
| 16. Castles                | 16. B takes Kt        |
| 17. P takes B              | 17. Q takes K P       |
| 18. B takes Q R P          | 18. Kt to B 5         |
| 19. Q to K B 3             | 19. Kt takes B (ch)   |
| 20. K to R                 | 20. Kt to Q 5         |
| 21. B takes Kt             | 21. R takes B         |
| 22. P takes P              | 22. R to B            |
| 23. Kt to B 3              | 23. R to Q 2          |
| 24. Kt to K 4              | 24. R at Q 2 takes P  |
| 25. Q to K Kt 4 (ch)       | 25. K to B 2          |
| 26. R takes R (ch)         | 26. R takes R         |
| 27. P to Kt 3              |                       |

And Black announced mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 276.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. B to K B 6 | 1. Any move. |
| 2. Mates acc. |              |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 274.

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| WHITE.        | BLACK.        |
| 1. Q to Q B 8 | 1. K takes R. |
| 2. B mates    |               |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 275.

White. Black.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| K at Q R 5    | K at K 5       |
| Q at K B sq   | Kt at K R 5    |
| R at K 7      | Pawns at K B 4 |
| Kt at K 5     | and Q R 3      |
| Pawn at Q B 3 |                |

White to play and mate in two moves.

LITHOGRAPHIC STONES.—There is a very large demand for lithographic stone in the United States, and the supply has until recently been chiefly from Germany. Now, however, Canada will probably contribute a considerable share in this trade, for the quarries of Marmora yield a stone which is quite as suitable for lithographic purposes as that obtained from Germany. It has been tested by practical lithographers, who say that its closeness of grain and general adaptability for the purpose will enable it to be used by lithographers with complete success.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until  
**Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.**  
Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

**Tuesday, the 8th day of June.**

By Order, F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,  
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE, next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until  
**Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.**  
Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

**Tuesday, the 8th day of June.**

By Order, F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

A LADY

having a superior country residence, would receive two or three young girls to educate with her own child, under a highly-qualified English governess.

Address H. S.,  
Care of Editor "Canadian Illustrated News."

W. S. WALKER.

IMPORTER OF

Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewelry,  
ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS,  
SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE,  
No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.



Grenville Canal, Ottawa River.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works to be done, can be seen at this Office and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, the 20th MAY, instant, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract within eight days after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.
2 Wing Ploughs.
2 Snow Ploughs.
2 Flangers.
40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Port William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

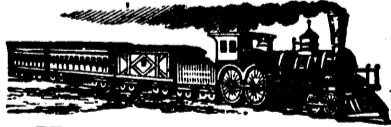
For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

Commencing SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY until further notice, an Express Train with Palace Car attached, will leave Hochelega for Quebec at 4 P.M., and a similar train will leave Quebec for Montreal, at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.30 P.M.

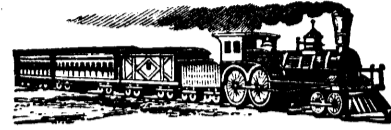
L. A. SENEAL, General Superintendent.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN BRIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c. "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years." To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL, EXPRESS, and NIGHT PASSENGER. Lists departure and arrival times for routes between Hochelega, Hull, Quebec, and St. Jerome.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

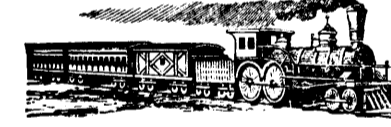
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

TICKET OFFICE, 202 St. James Street.

L. A. SENEAL, Gen'l Sup't.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL and MIXED. Lists departure and arrival times for routes between Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents.

Offices, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

20 new Gold and Silver Chromos Card 10c. with name, Silver or stamps taken. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, at 54 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. Steven's Card Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford Ct.

MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S

Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS MAY BE MADE FOR IT IN

NEW YORK.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

Tuesday, the first day of June, next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank,

On Monday, the Seventh day of June, next.

The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock.

CHS. F. SMITHERS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1880.

25 all Gold and Silver, Motto and Floral Cards 10c. Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

AND

PATENT OFFICE RECORD,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage... \$2.00

One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10

Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments. INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,

IT SAVES TEMPER,

IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,

17-19-52-362

55 College Street.

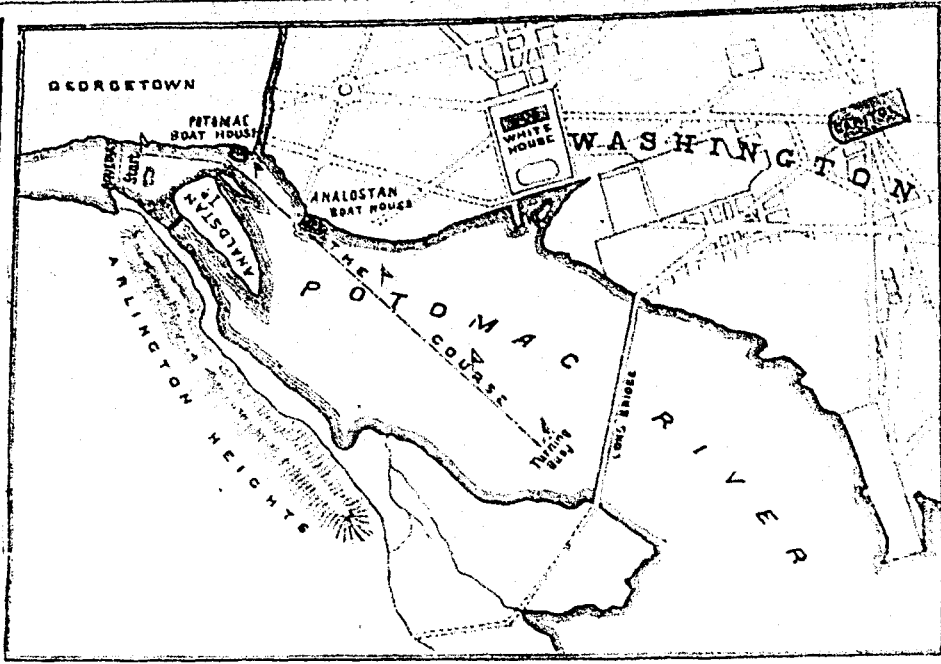


**CAMPBELL'S**  
**QUININE WINE.**  
 THE TONIC OF THE DAY

**THE QUEEN'S**  
**LAUNDRY BAR.**  
 Ask for it, and take no other.  
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
 Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF** is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

**LIVE AND LEARN;**  
 or One Thousand Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing and Pronunciation, Corrected and Explained. 213 pages; fancy paper cover; 35 cents rec by mail. Clougher Bros., Booksellers, Toronto.



**THE COURSE.**  
 The course over which the race was rowed lies between the city of Washington on the one side and the historic hills of Virginia on the other. It is well sheltered except from a south east wind, which is so unusual in that latitude that the waters are rarely disturbed. A strong north west breeze will also ruffle the river to some extent, but the city of Georgetown, which is situated on a rising slope, breaks the force of any wind from that quarter. The course has been often used for amateur contests between local boat clubs. A long line of red flags, placed one-eight of a mile apart, marked out the route followed by the rowers. The first one was placed at a point about one hundred yards below the Aqueduct bridge (a structure which connects Georgetown with Virginia) and near the northern bank of the river. The course proceeded from that point in a south-easterly line towards the north eastern extremity of Annapolis Island, where a white flag marked the turn. It thence stretched out in a straight line towards the National Observatory grounds, and thence across the channel to near the southern extremity of Long Bridge, where the stake-boat was stationed. The angle at the turn was an easy one, not less than one hundred degrees, and could be made with two strokes of the oar. There was no perceptible current in the river. The tide, which here rises and falls about three feet, was at its height, and the race was fortunately commenced before the ebb had begun.

THE HANLAN-COURTNEY RACE COURSE ON THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON AND WHERE THE HANLAN-RILEY RACE IS TO OCCUR.

**RUSSELL'S**  
**St. Louis Hotel**  
 ST LOUIS STREET  
 R. O. B. C.  
**The Russell Hotel Company**  
 WILLIAM RUSSELL, President

This Hotel, which is unparalleled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodations for 500 Guests.

**TRUTHS.**  
**HOP BITTERS,**  
 (A Medicine, not a Drink.)  
 CONTAINS  
**HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,**  
 AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.  
**THEY CURE**  
 All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.  
**GOOD IN COLD**  
 Will be paid for a case they will not cure, or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.  
 Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.  
**HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,**  
 Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ont.  
 FOR SALE AT  
 LYMAN, BONS & CO., Montreal  
 H. S. EVANS & CO.  
 H. HASWELL & CO.

**THE GEM.**  
 30 inch, 32 inch.

**BOOK BINDERS',**  
**PRINTERS' and**  
**MACHINE MAKERS'**  
 NEW YORK, PAPER BOX  
 23 Beekman St.  
 CHICAGO,  
 77 Monroe St.  
**GEO. H. SANBORN,**  
 Standard Machinery Co.

**THE STAR.**  
 30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 44 inch, 48 inch.

**THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.**  
 LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.  
 Established 1863.—13,000 now in use.  
 Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.  
 Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.  
 International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.  
 Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.  
 Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.  
 Mr. Hazen of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming." For Catalogues, address:

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS,  
 MONTREAL.

Superior Pale and Brown Malt, India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-32-292

In consequence of spurious imitations of  
**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,  
*Lea & Perrins*  
 which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.  
 Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Croxall and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
 To be obtained of  
 52-13-14 Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**THE Canadian Spectator,**  
 A high-class Weekly Journal,  
 EDITED BY THE  
 Reverend A. J. BRAY.  
 SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
 OFFICES: 102 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**  
 TRADE MARK **NORTON'S** MARK.  
**CANOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."  
 "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
**CAUTION.**  
 Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

**THE DUCHESS CORSET.**  
 Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition.  
 Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.  
 Saleen Jean, \$2.50; Coutil, \$3.50 and upwards.  
 Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.  
 Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front.  
 Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

**YOUR NAME** on 25 Pretty Chromo and Floral Cards, 10 cents; or, 25 Beautiful Fancy Mixed, 10 cents. Send 3 cent stamp for 10 samples and price list, or 10 cents for full outfit. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

20 Lovely Rosined Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

**Gray's**  
**SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**  
 Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

**E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.**  
 Advertising Agents,  
 186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,  
 Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.  
 Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.  
 CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case. Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

**W. BELL & CO.,**  
 447 East Market Square, Quebec, Que.  
 Or J. HECKER, 15 1/2 St. Jacques, Montreal.  
**JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,**  
 OIL, LEAD, PAINT.  
**COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS**  
 IMPORTERS OF  
 English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled Sheet and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass  
 PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.  
 310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,  
 AND  
 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.  
 MONTREAL.

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and class, names in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.  
**ROBERT MILLER,**  
**BOOKBINDER**  
 AND  
**WHOLESALE STATIONER,**  
 15 Victoria Square, Montreal.