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Vol. XI.-No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



THE SHIP LEFT WITHOUT A PILOT.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are [18yable in advance:—The Canadian ILLUSTRATED News, \$4.00 per annum; The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION Pu-BLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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# THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE, we purpose giving views of the Synobs in session in Erskine Church, St. Paul's Church, Knox Church, and the American Presbyterian Church, in this city. Also portraits of the four Moderators, and an illustration of the UNION SOCIAL GATHER-ING in the VICTORIA RINK on Tuesday

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, June 19th, 1875.

THE LOSS OF THE VICKSBURG.

Unfortunately, we have only a brief and partial account of the circumstances under which the ill-fated steamer Vicksburg went down into the sea with her precious cargo of lives and merchandise. We have merely the statements of JAMES CROWLEY, the boatswain's mate, who was rescued by the Georgia, with four of his companions, and that of a seaman who was rescued in the second officer's boat, and basing our judgment on those declarations. were are bound to say, that the history of the loss of the steamer is far from satisfactory. We learn from CROWLEY that the Vicksburg first fell in with a field of ice, on Sunday evening, May 30, and was soon surrounded by it. She was stopped till daylight on Monday, when she proceeded again with little ice in sight. At half past nine, on Monday night, the 31st of May, she stopped again amid heavy ice, and then, to get clear of it, proceeded at full speed in the direction of the south. Now, this statement, if correct, gives rise to serious misgivings. Steaming at full speed through a field of ice strikes one as a dangerous experiment, and so it proved, for at one o'clock, on Tuesday, the 1st of June, the vessel, which had already moderated at half-speed, struck the ice heavily aft, on the port quarter. This was manifestly a terrible collision, as the fans of her propeller were carried away and a hole was knocked through the plates, on that quarter. So much water was instantly shipped, that all hands were ordered to heave the cargo overboard. Here was evidence of extreme danger. The work proceeded till six o'clock of the same Tuesday morning, when on sounding, the after steerage was found full of water and five and a half feet of water stood in the main hold. With this immense amount of rising water, it would seem that the ship could not live, yet we are informed that the Captain ordered his men not to mind the boats, as he thought he could make St. Johns, Newfoundland, 120 miles to the north-west. It was only discovered that the fires in the engine room were drowned out, that he gave orders to launch the boats, with their respective crews. It is evident that, at this moment, a panic ensued. Only three boats were lowered, No. 1, containing CROWLEY and his companions, the second officer's boat with ten men, and No. 2, with the chief officer and some thirty persons, which was floated from the stocks only at the last moment, when the ship went down with a rush. This phase of the tragedy is inexplicable. By reference to our engraving on another page, it will be seen

Each of these boats could hold comfortably at least thirty persons, or a total of over two hundred passengers. The Vicksburg had comparatively few souls on board—ninety-two all told. If the boats had been properly lowered, in the interval from the first signal of extreme danger to the time she sank—a space of a full hour and a half—there is reasonable ground for supposition that every body would have been saved. The salvage had the inappreciable advantage of broad day light. are not told that the sea was dangerously rough, indeed, in his drifting from Tuesday morning, till the next Saturday morning, when he was picked up by the Georgia, Crowley complains of the cold, but says little of a boisterous sea. Altogether, there is a painful mystery hanging over this dreadful disaster. It is due to the memory of Captain Bennerr, whom we know to have been a consummate sailor, that a strict investigation should take place and that Crowley and all thesurvivors should be thoroughly cross-examined. Light must be thrown, in the interests both of the Dominion Company and of the public, on the following salient points:

I. The steaming, at full, and later at half-speed, through a field of ice on a dark night.

II. The order of the Captain countermanding the clearing of the boats at six o'clock on the morning of the first, long after the ship had struck.

III. The reason why three boats only, out of the seven, were launched.

In terrible calamities of this sort, there must be no squeamishness as to complete investigation. From a mere business point of view, security of travel is an indispensable guarantee to trade. The Vicksburg was more a freight than a passenger ship, and it is only this fortunate circumstance which prevents us from chronicling a disaster equal in horror to that of the

# PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

The meeting of the different Presbyterian Synods in this city is one of the most interesting and important ecclesiastical events which have ever taken place in We have been used to the in Canada. annual assemblies of these various bodies, and they have always been imposing, as all gatherings of clergymen must be who seek to promote the great work of the Gospel-but this year, the convocation has a higher historic significance, as it is mainly occupied with the pregnant question of Union. The idea of consolidation and centralization is especially popular in our day, and its wonderful results in political and social life are patent to every observer. That it should be attended with like effects in the spiritual sphere cannot admit of a doubt, and the example of the Church of Rome is there to show what immense power can be wielded by the system of cohesion.

The old Church of Scotland, or, as it is technically called, the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the United Presbyterian Church of North America and the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, now find themselves in presence for the first time. They meet, represented by nearly one thousand delegates, tolay the foundations of a general Union, which shall be known as the Presbyterian Church of Canada. It must be borne in mind that all these n denominations have a fellow ship of doctrine, and that they have hitherto been divided on simple questions of management or discipline. The chief of these is the State Aid or money grant which, from very early times, has been allotted by Government to the Church of Scotland. In the event of Union, this State Aid would have to be poured into the general fund, and the reluctance in some quarters to such destination of the money has hitherto been one of the objections to the Union. But we trust that diffimight be found so to order the distribution as that the original grantees would suffer little or no loss. Certainly we have no idea that a mere question of temporalities will be allowed to stand in the way of a great spiritual consummation, or that the magnificent results of Union will be suffered to hinge on a matter of dollars and cents. Minor points of difference connected with the hymn book and the organ in the churches have already been settled in a Christian spirit of compromise, and we expect in the next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to be able to publish sketches representative of the celebration of the Union de facto.

The Presbyterians will thus become one of the most important ecclesiastical bodies in the Dominion, and their progress, dating from their amalgamation, will be certain to take a sudden rise. One of their first works will be the establishment of a central college or theological seminary, where all the best teaching talent of the Church will be gathered, and where all the young aspirants to the Ministry will receive the highest training and instruction necessary to the successful accomplishment of their evangelical labors. The Missions will also receive a decided impulse from concerted action, and we may look for the pushing of outposts to the furthest limits of our western deserts.

We are pleased to have this opportunity of congratulating our Presbyterian friends, through all the Provinces, on the great work which has been accomplished and which is destined to mark an era in the history of Canada, and we trust that the few churches which still remain outside of the Union, may speedily see their way towards coming to a harmonious and amicable understanding.

# CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Mr. Potter, President of the Grand Trunk Company, has gained a victory, and Sir Hugh Allan has experienced a defeat. The attacks upon Canadian credit in general, and upon the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway in especial, have had the grave effect of preventing Sir Hugh from negotiating a loan for his line. Were this a check to the Northern Colonization alone, the evil would be less, because partial, but in as much as it proceeds from a diminution of confidence in all Canadian railways, we must regard it as a matter of very serious import. It is only due to truth, however, to observe that Mr. Por-TER is not solely, nor perhaps primarily responsible for the present altered state of feeling. The main cause is remoter and clearly traceable to the disastrous failure of the Union Pacific, and the bankruptcy of JAY COOKE. With that event, all American railway securities received a shock throughout Europe, and particularly in England, from which they have so little recovered, that American railways, almost without exception, are in a worse financial condition, at present, that they have been at any time since their immense development during the Civil War. Of course, and not indeed without reason, Canada has had to pay the penalty of her contiguity to the United States. The British distrust of American railway stocks naturally extended to Canadian railway enterprises, and Mr. POTTER's letter to the Times may be said rather to have given emphatic expression to this distrust, than to have increased it.

Of course, we have to accept the situation with as much philosophy as we may. Indeed, it depends upon ourselves to draw a measure of advantage therefrom. While we still hold, as we did in several previous articles, that in the particular case of the Northern Colonization Railway, sufficient substantial guarantees were offered to the British capitalist, it is nevertheless true, in a certain degree, that all our railway ventures do not present the same advantages. We shall go further culties arising from this source will be and affirm that the failure of Sir Hugh surmounted. The aggregate sum is not may serve as a lesson which it would be that the Vicksburg carried seven boats. relatively large, and even if it were, means wisdom on our part to accept and ponder.

Mr. WALTER SHANLY warned us, nearly a year ago, that the railway business was being overdone in Canada, and the indications are that he is right. When railroading is turned into a speculation, instead of remaining a legitimate branch of business, it becames dangerous, and there is no doubt that much of this fascinating speculation is getting rife in Canada. It is an axiom that railways build up a country. But that proposition is correct only within certain limitations. Between two or more important centres, a railway builds up the intervening country, as the Grand Trunk and Great Western have proven. The Northern Colonization will do the same service to the fertile interval between Montreal and Ottawa. But until the trade of these centres imperatively demands the increase, two competing lines between them are sure to injure one another and result in the failure of one or both. On the other hand, a railway, starting from a large centre and leading to some indefinite spot in the interior, does not so much build up the country, as it depends for its success upon the country being built or building itself. In other words, a railway may precede the march of colonization into the interior of a new country, but it must precede it only by a small number of mile posts, relying upon progressive settlement in its rear to justify it in moving onward by a few chains. The reckless pushing of lines into the wilderness, the building of railways leading nowhere, as the Times expresses it, is not to be encouraged either by Government subsidies or by private

It seems to us that the Province of Quebec has set a good example in this respect. Its railway policy has been generous, yet prudent. The sums allotted from the Treasury for the aid of lines in the different parts of the Province make a considerable total which has resulted in the accomplishment of a good deal of work, but the disbursement has been within the limits of the public means, the Provincial credit has been benefited rather than injured by it, and many miles of important railway were laid, while all tendency to speculation has been kept in the back ground. A similar policy on the part of the Federal and the Provincial Governments would enable us to build nearly all our railways as fast as we need them, and make us relatively independent of foreign capital.

# HONEST JOURNALISM.

The political meeting at Ste. Croix on the 6th inst., was so novel and so thoroughly rench in all its appointments, that we felt an unusual curiosity to learn its re-The fantastic challenge of Mr. sults. Joly, the ingenuous acceptance of Mr. DEBOUCHERVILLE, the quiet Sabbath of a country parish disturbed with a display of logomachy, the amusing spectacle of three thousand people standing from eleven in the forenoon till seven in the evening listening to a tempest of talk—these circumstances invested the Ste. Croix assembly with an interest which neither the speeches, nor the results likely to flow from them at all warranted. Hence, as we have said, our anxiety to know all about it. have elapsed and our readers will be surprised to be told that we have yet to learn the truth about that meeting. read all the Montreal and Quebec papers -French and English-and have obtained only garbled and absurdly partial accounts. The Ministerial papers belittled the  ${f utteran}$ ces of the Opposition speakers and described the result of the day as a signal Conservative triumph. The Opposition journals truncated the orations of the Ministerial debaters and represented the tournament as an unequivocal Liberal success. Some papers deliberately omitted all the speeches of their opponents, while they published those of their friends in full. Others printed the speeches of their adversaries with running comments of their own, while they put forth those of their friends with all the ostentation of cheers," "laughter" and "bravos."

If this mode of reporting were a solitary

instance, it would afford intense amusement, but unfortunately it is only a striking example of a widespread vice, which is glaringly on the increase, and which. perhaps more than anything else, is tending to bring journalism into disrepute. In fact, the evil has grown to such dimensions, that the people ask themselves whether such a thing is possible as honest political reports in Canadian newspapers. If a meeting is that of friends, the numbers present are doubled or trebled, the enthusiasm is exaggerated and the effect of the speeches is distorted beyond all reasonable proportions. If the assembly is that of adversaries, the number is ridiculously reduced, enthusiasm, if any is shown. is changed into apathy or silence, and the best points of the speakers are either slurred over or misreported even to burlesque. The only way to get any idea of the true import of a political meeting is to read the reports of the two rival papers and strike a balance between them. This, under certain aspects, is amusing enough, but it is the most withering commentary on the reliability of journalism.

The public have a right to complain. They buy newspapers for news, and the first quality of news, as of every thing else in this world, is truthfulness. In political news, more especially, it is in the interest of all parties that the truth should be known. If a journal does not wish to give a political rival the benefit of its columns to chronicle his course at political meetings, it may ignore him altogether. It will then be guilty only of the minor sin of omission towards its readers. But if it notices the politician at all, it must tell the simple truth about him, else it practises a fraud upon the public and insults the people. There are many ways of reporting political friends or enemies without violating the absolute truth, and journalists have therefore no excuse for stooping to a course of misrepresentation. Men of culture and standing, for the most part, they should not allow their pens to be prostituted, either at the bidding of their superiors, or to earn the evanescent favor of politicans.

This branch of the subject leads us naturally to another. Our excellent Toronto contemporaries, The National, The Nation, and The Leader, have inaugurated an equally needed reform in dramatic and musical They intend to pursue a thoroughly impartial course towards the theatre, independent of the advertising column and the jobbing department. A couple of months ago, we published a series of letters in which hard truths were told on the prevailing method of theatrical notices in Canadian newspapers. But the evil still exists and of late, in this city, several of these notices have been the laughing stock of the public and the profession. Musicians and actors should be made to understand that there are, on almost all our papers, critics who are quite competent to judge them on their merits. and that if they hitherto failed to do so, it has been through mistaken kindness for their failings. We trust that the example set us in Toronto will be universally followed, and that in this important department also, all our papers will distinguish themselves by rigid houesty.

# PROMENADE CONCERT.

The Victoria Rink is admirably adapted for summer amusements. Newly floored, with appropriate decoration in the shape of flags and thinese lanterns, it affords a most agreeable and breezy promenade, where families can move about at their case for a couple of hours in the evening, and listen to the performance of choice This species of recreation is very popular throughout Europe, and, in London alone, there are three or four famous resorts where Promenade Concerts are in vogue through the whole season. To our fellow citizen, Mr. Vogt, is due the credit of having imagined the feasibility of similar performances in Montreal, and we are gratified to be able to state that his first venture has been crowned with success. On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., he offered his first Promenade Concert with the following programmé :-PART I

1. Overture-La Dame Blanche..... Boieldieu 

4. Valse-Interpretationen.....Straues PART II. 

7. Ballet music—Rosamunde......Schubert. 8. Quadrille-Babil & Bijou..... Riviere. 

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

We publish the programme, because Mr. Vogt is before every thing else a musician, and it is upon the excellence of his selection, that he mainly based his hopes of success. We have already informed our readers that Mr. Vogt, who is a distinguished graduate of the Berlin Conservatorium, has spent the winter in efforts to create a homogeneous orchestra, which Montreal might call its own, and which would be at hand at very important occasion. His labors have not been wholly unrewarded, as the evening of last Wednesday proved. The orchestra occupied a spacious platform erected on the north side of the Rink, and notwithstanding some acoustic peculiarities of the vast building, was well heard throughout. The performance of the first part was very creditable indeed, especially the overthroughout. ture of La Dame Blanche, and the Interpretationen Waltz, a charming composition written in Strauss' largest style. Towards the end, whether through fatigue, or distraction produced by the passing crowds, it weakened a little, performing the delightful ballet music of Schubert's Resembled. Rosamunde, which on a former occasion was rapturously applauded, almost without exciting notice. Mr. Vogt, through the medium of these concerts, has the opportunity, which we are certain he will improve, of introducing in Montreal, the best music of Strauss, Gungl, Arditi, Labitzky, and others of that school. Of course, in such an immense space as the Victoria Rink, chamber music is out of the question, and instead we should have pieces adapted to the locality and the circumstances of the promenade. We can trust to Mr. Vogt's judgment in this particular, as his first selection proved, and we look forward as his first selection proved, and no took to his future concerts, as among the most enjoyable entertainments of the summer season. would suggest that programmes should be profusely supplied, so that visitors can follow and become acquainted with the music. Refreshments were served during the evening and sold at very moderate prices.

#### MUSICAL NOTICES.

A ballad written and composed by S. H. Brandon Harris, with the title: Tell me, Darling, You are Free, is a simple melody in F sharp, easy of execution, and well allied to the words. The author, however, uses "thee" and "thou and "you" promiscuously with an effect which is not precisely agreeable to a correct taste. The ballad is within a due range of voice, and will prove an attraction to the piano album. The publisher is C. C. Dezouche, 211 St. James

The public of Montreal are not not sufficiently aware of the opportunities which they enjoy for the cultivation of music. Not only have they a number of choral and instrumental organizations under skilful training, not only have they several musical stores where they can procure the latest novelties, but they have a goodly array of professors distinguished for talent in both ex-ecution and composition. These quiet modest men are not sufficiently appreciated, because they have not the worldly commercial trick of advertising themselves, and it is therefore a plea-sure to call attention to their merits whenever opportunity offers. We happen to have this opportunity in the case of Professor William Boh-rer, well known in our city for the past six or seven years. An earlier composition of his, entitled "Golden Grains", achieved an unusual popularity, the first edition being rapidly exhausted, and a second one already called for. He has recently put forth two new compositions, for copies of what we are indebted to Messrs. S. T. Gordon, the popular musical firm of New York. The first is named "The Merry Postillion," a galop caprice dedicated to the young ladies of Mrs. Mercer's educational establishment, Montreal. The work is one of those effects of initiative than the state of the set of the state of the set of the s forts of imitative harmony so attractive to beginners and which render so much assistance in the mastery of the technics of an instrument. The author has introduced an agreeable variety, and his use of appropriate coloring is very judia more ambitious character. It is a Nocturne, entitled Clorinda, dedicated to our energetic publisher, C. C. DeZouche. The bars glide under the fingers dreamily, sadly, with something of the indistinctness of twilight which is a distinguishing feature of this content of the same of guishing feature of this species of composition.

The last part especially strikes us as pleasing and poetical, and altogether we may recommend the Nocturne as a very superior composition.

The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Moutreal, has frustrated by its formation, the attempt to monopoly foreign Insurance companies were trying to establish.

Prompted only by earnest desire of conciliating the interests of both parties to the liberrance contract, the "Stadacona" is already-successful in demonstrating that competition is as necessary in writing theirs of risks as in any other branch of business.

#### THE BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE GLUB

We are pained to learn that the Beethoven Quintette Club, of Boston, is about to dissolve partnership. It has existed for several years and has acquired a national reputation. It was, we believe, the first in the field in its particular sphere of performance, and deserves all the credit attached to pioneer efforts for the popularization of classical music. The extent of its success may be measured by the amount of imitation which it has produced, two or three other clubs, such as the Mendelssohn and Boston Philarmonic, having followed in its wake by periodical visits to the principal cities of the United States and Canada. In Montreal, the Beethoven Club won a commanding position from the beginning, and has maintained its standing throughout, spite of the honorable rivalry by which it was attended. The Concert, on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., had therefore a supreme interest, from the fact that it was the grand Farewell of the Club. The members finding that their engagements in the city of Boston itself precluded their travelling together for the future, resolved up n visiting their patrons for the last time prior to their final retire-

The Concert certainly partook of the circumstances under which it was given. All the members of the Club seemed determined to leave the most favorable impression, and they played their best both in the Solos and the Concerted pieces. For an opening, the ever pretty overture of Rossini's "Italiana in Algeri," so rococo in some parts, so sweetly melodious in others, was rendered with a facile feeling of ease and enjoyment. Rubinstein's Quartette in F was a stranger to us, being performed, to our knowledge, for the first time in this city. We confess we did not seize the mot ve of the first two parts, but the Andante and Presto were quite intelligible and replete with poetry. The execution was superb, sure, spontaneous and brilliantly colored, especially the finale of the Andante, and the whole of the Presto. It was the chief feature of the evening, and happy as we shall be to hear it again, the impression made upon us by the rendition of the Beethovens will always serve as a standard of comparison. A novelty was offered on the programme, in an Adagio, for four violoncelli, never before played in Canada, in the performance of which the Club had the assistance of Mr. Lal bat, of Montreal. The music did not appear to us thoroughly concerted, being rather a simple accompaniment in three parts to the cantante part executed by the first instrument. Still the effect was charming. Mr. Ries played the first cello in his own admirable style, while the intermingling and replication of the bass effects were novel and pleasing. The Adagio of Mendelssohn, op. 87, is an old favorite, and was executed in a master ly manner. But nowhere did the precision, correction and simultaneity of the Club's playing appear to such evident advantage, so that the most unmusical could not fail to notice it, as in the accompaniments. There the discipline of long mutual exercise was apparent. The notes of the five instruments came out as one, clear, clean, distinct and impressive.

The vocal part of the concert was entrusted to Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, who at once established herself as a favorite. She ranks high above the average of concert singers. Her method is excellent and is specially apparent in the grace and lucidity of her phrasing. The qualities of her voice are purity, strength and flexibility. The range is not wide and some of the lower notes are apt to veil, but with practise she may overcome these little drawbacks. Judging from her case, and the antitudes of her figure, we think ease, and the aptitudes of her figure, we think Mrs. Carter would figure with credit on the stage. She certainly contributed her full share to the success of the Concert, and we hope to hear her again.

In losing the Beethovens we trust that our judicious and enterprising music publisher, Mr. De Zouche, will not relax his efforts to have its place supplied by performers who will enulate the excellences of the members of the Quintette

# LITERARY NOTICES.

Ever since the spelling insurrection, as Mark Twain calls it, has broken out all over the country, people are beginning to find out how little they really know about orthography, and the oppor-tunity is capital for zealous teachers to come forward and show them. Professor Charles W. Sanders A. M. has come forward with his Test-Speller, an excellent little manual all difficulties into a small compass, and points out how to resolve them. With this book in his hand, Professor Robbins, chairman of the late spelling bee in our city, could floor all the repor-ers of the Dominion, in less than ten minutes. But with this book, the reporters could laugh at Prof. Robbins. It contains about five thousand words all systematically arranged, so as to place them under a set of easy rules. The book is published by the well-known educational firm of lvison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., New York and Chicago, and is for sale by Dawson Brothers.

We have received also from Messrs. Dawson Brothers, a useful little book by Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D., Headmaster of the City of London School, on How to Write Clearly. It contains rules and exercises on English composition and the popularity of the work is attested by its large sale—already in its twelfth theusand.

The June number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY is decidedly one of the best equipped which we Onr national magazine is showing signs of growing prosperity, and we are heartily glad of it. It deserves general encouragement. As proof of its progress, we may note the following announcement of the editor :—The pressure has become so great, owing to the large number of articles available for publication with which our contributors are kind enough to favour us, that the management have determined upon com-pressing the printed matter by lessening the space between the lines, by which means additional matter equal to about fifteen of our present pages of large type will be published each month. There will, however, be no alteration in the price of the magazine. The change will take fect in the forthcoming July issue, the first number of the eighth volume.

We have received the June number of the Ca-MADA MUSICAL, a periodical devoted to the beautiful art, and edited by the well-known professor and music dealer, Mr. A. J. Boucher, of this city. We hail the appearance of this elegant and well-written monthly among our national publications. It supplies a need which the editor is contract to full. the editor is quite competent to fill.

#### DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE

Mr. J. J. Wallace, on Friday evening, 11th June, emphatically endorsed the recommendation of several star actors preceding him on the same boards, and expressed the hope that the Montreal public would worthily support Mr. De Bar, and shew their appreciation of his excellent management of this legitimate little theatre. He praised the stage arrangements and the support, and also qualified as genuine the announcement of G. L. Fox's appearance here. Mr. Wallace's rendition of Meg Merrilies on the evening mentioned was a finished piece of acting. The fame of G. L. Fox, and his "Humpty Dumpty at Home" ought to fill the House every night this week.

#### DOMESTIC.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup of sweet milk or cream; season with a little salt and pepper. Cut stale bread in slices, dip in the milk to moisten, and fry in butter on a griddle. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

To Cook Asparagus.—Tie in bundles, cut off the white ends evenly, and place in boiling water with a little salt in it. Boil rapidly twenty minutes, remove from the water, lay on slices of buttered toast and then out off the string which ties the asparagus together. Serve immediately.

Delmonico Pudding.—One guart of milk; three even tablespoonfuls of cora flour, dissolved in cold milk; the yolks of five eggs; six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three or four minutes; pour integs padding-dish and bake about half an hour. Beat the whites of the egg with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; put it over the top and return the pudding to the oven till it is a nice light brown. This is very good eaten cold.

LETTUCE SALAD. -For four heads of lettuce LETTUCE SALAD.—For four heads of lettuce of medium size, take two eggs, and boil them ten minutes, then place them at once in cold water. This will make the shell peel off easily. Mash the eggs in a plate, pour over them two tablespoosful of salad oil or melted butter, a tablespoonful of made mustard, a little salt and pepper, mix thoroughly. Then pick over the lettuce carefully, zinse it, pour over it a half a gill of vinegar, sprinkle on a tablespoonful of sugar, cut it in fine and mix with the other ingredients. Taste it and add whatever condiment it lacks.

# HUMOROUS.

CUSTOMER—" Mother want a nice plump hicken, please." Shopman—"Trussed !" Customer -"Oh, no; I am going to pay for it!"

A MAN called on a dilatory debtor, and politi-ty said, "If you'll pay me the amount of your bill im mediately, you will oblige me: if not, I shall have to oblige you."

"THERE was an old family fuel between them." was what a witness in a Chicago murder case said to the jury, Tho judge asked her if she didn't mean feud;" and she asked him who was telling the story.

CHARLES HUGO has translated Shakespeare. When he came to "A plague o" both your houses," he did not search for the French equivalent, but rendered the line thus: "Que la petite vérole mange vos maisons toutes les deux!"—May the small-pox destroy both your houses!

They were playing, at the Marquis d'Aligre's, a genume financier's game—that is to say, for very small stakes. The marquis was losing. He threw a louis on the table, which rolled on to the floor. The Marquis d'Aligre dropped on all-fours to look for his money, disturbing everybody and delaying the game. Baron de Rothschild was dealing. "A louis lost 'he said. "That is worth looking for;" and putting on an expression of deep anxiety, he rolled up a thousand-franc note, lighted it at the candle, and held it to assist the Marquis d'Aligre in his search.

# ARTISTIC.

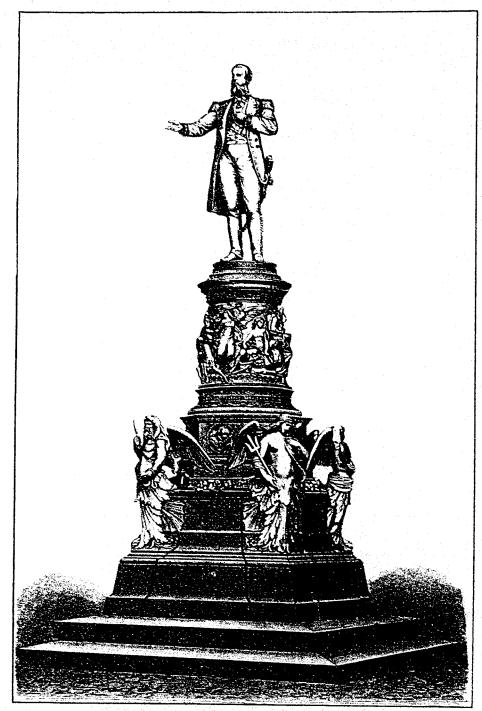
GUSTAVE DORE, it is said, is to have \$50,000

THE statue of St. John the Baptist, discovered a few months ago at Pisa, and recognized subsequently as a work of Michael Angelo, is said new to have been executed by that artist in his 21st year, and to be the same spoken of by Vasari.

M. LEMAIRE, a sculptor of San Reno, Italy, is at work on an allegerical group for the Philadelphia Exhibition, and is in Paris arranging for shipping it. The group represents a genius dispessing the Denaited derived from Commerce, Agriculture and Manufacture. All the statues composing it are of life size.

All the statues composing it are of life size.

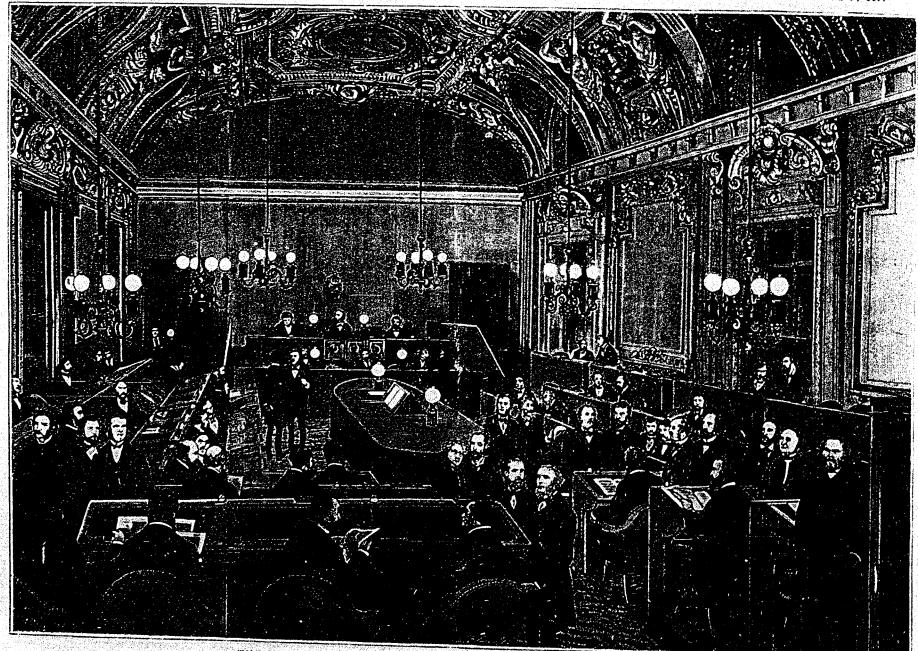
A CARGO of 113 statues and 115 paintings has just been shipped from Gellon to South America, to be there exhibited for sale at the various cities. The most eminent painted and sollptors of filler, Florence, House made sale the varietie in the collection their best speciment of workmaintain in the hope of getting good prices for them and tradering fallowing at attractive to new customers, as native beginning for the sale further between.



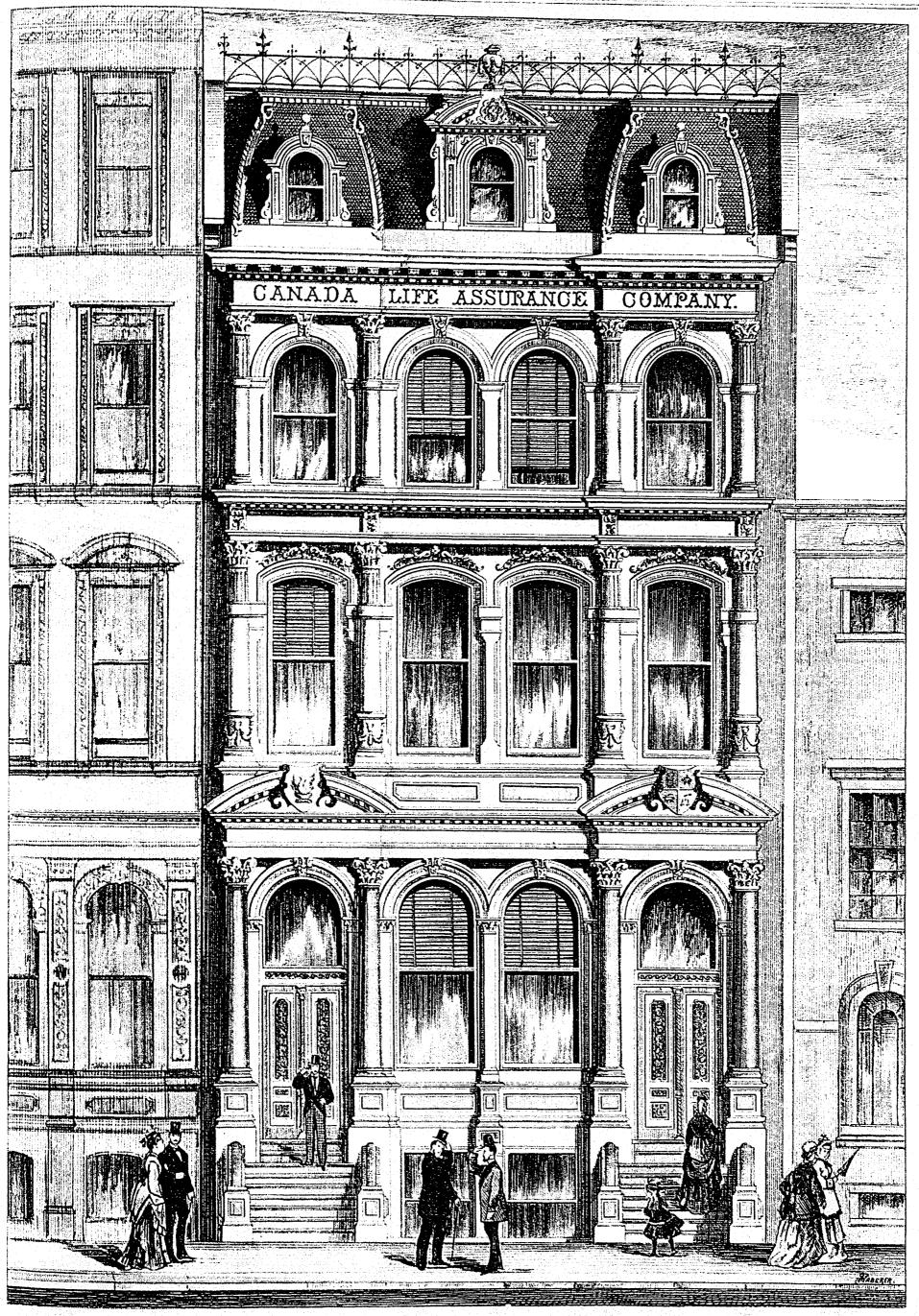
THE MONUMENT OF MAXIMILIAN AT TRIESTE.



CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS. - STATUE OF THE PARIS-SALOS, 187



THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS IN SESSION AT THE LUXEMBOURG.



MONTREAL .- THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, ST. JAMES STREET.

#### BLIGHTED LOVE.

The following which appeared in the last number of the FIGARO-PROGRAMME is by our friend and contributor ISIDORE.

> I met her once upon a stair, And loved her dearer than myself; And loved her dearer than myseif;
> For she was young, and slim, and fair,
> Although her mother dealt in delf.
> Within her shop I breathed my vow,
> And in my frenzy broke a plate;
> She hoarsely cried, "Don't make a row!"
> I shrieked farewell, and cursed my fate.

I broke a plate; she broke my heart;
And yet I swore again I'd try.
"Oh, heal," I said, "this dreadful smart;
Oh, do not let me pine and die."
She laughed. "Oh. simpleton!" she cried.
"My fate is sealed; you're come too late."
I heard no more—I might have died;
But I preferred to live and wait.

The daily press disclosed the truth:
The girll loved had married him,
Companion of my wayward youth,
My only friend—his name was Jim.
At once I loathed my daily food;
I scorned my pipe; I hated beer;
I nursed revenge in solitude,
With many a group and many a tee I nursed revenge in solitude, With many a groan and many a tear.

I let my beard grow wild and long;
I cursed the day that gave me birth;
Indited verses sad and strong,
And then indulged in hollow mirth.
I gazed upon the moon at night,
And acted like a maniac;
Until my landlord, in a fright,
Begged me to quit "his three-pair-back."

Oh, Perficy, thy name was Jim!
Oh, cruel deceiver, christened Jane!
Why did'st thou go to church with him!
To make me starve myself in vain!
But, as the years rolled on, at last
My grief did almost disappear:
In softer tones I cursed the past,
And did not always loathe my beer.

One day—'twas in a music hall—

1 heard a voice that called my name :
And covered with a Paisley shawl, gazed upon an unctuous dame. longer beautiful and slim, Her presence filled me with surprise, As, leaning on the arm of Jim,
My sweetheart stood before my eyes.

"Oh, Jim" I said, "perfidious one, Was it for this you took a wife?
To leave your only friend undone, And blight his young and hopeful life?
Oh, Jim! you've cleft my heart in twais, And robbed me of my peace and beer!
And then, for you, oh, callous Jane!
I've shed. oh, many a manly tear."

Then Jim replied, in whispered tones, So that his wife no word might hear:
"Be yours the laughter, mine the groans, For mine have found no listening ear.
Alss! for those unsparing blows.
Dealt by misfortune and my wife;
I can't recount the tragic wees,
That darkened my desponding life.

"My manly arms are black and blue;
My shoulders—never mind the rest;
I only know, she proved a shrew—
Of faults and vices both possessed.
I almost curse the horrid fate
That linked me to this dreadful Jane.
So leave me hopeful and elate
And thank your stars you've loved in vain."

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

# THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

At the end of last October, I was returning on foot from Orleans to the Chateau of Bardy. Before me, and on the same route marched a regiment. I had accelerated my pace in order to hear that military music which I love so much. But the music was mute. The tapping of drums, at intervals, alone marked the uniform step of the soldiers.

After half-an-hour's march, I saw the regiment enter a little plain, surrounded by small cedars. I asked of one of the captains whom I knew whether they were going through the exercise. "No," said he, "we are going to judge and probably shoot a soldier of my company, for having robbed the house where he was billeted."
"What?" I exclaimed. "You are going to indoe condemn and execute him all at once?"

judge, condemn and execute him all at once?"
"Yes," was the answer. "Such are our capitulations.

That word admitted of no reply. I accepted the offer of the captain to advance and witness the

The regiment was formed into a square. Behind the second line, and on the border of the wood, some soldiers were digging a grave. They were commanded by a sub-lieutenant, for, in the service, everything is done in order, and there is a certain discipline to be observed in digging the grave of a man.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated on drums. The ninth, on the right and a little in advance, was writing something on his but with negligence, an d simply man might not be killed without some forma-

The accused is summoned. It was a young man of high stature, of noble and mild figure. With him advanced a woman, the only witness in the case. When the Colonel was about to question this woman, the soldier said:

It is useless, I acknowledge I stole a handkerchief at this lady's."

COLONEL.-You, Peter? you passed for a

good soldier. PETER.-It is true, my Colonel; I always

tried to satisfy my superiors, and it was not for me that I stole. It was for Marie.

COLONEL.—Who is this Marie?

Peter.—It is Marie who lives beyond . . . . at home . . . at Areneberg . . . . where there is the

COLONEL.-I don't understand you, Peter, ex-

plain yourself.

Ретек.—Well Colonel, read this letter. And he handed the following epistle to the officer.

My good friend Peter.

I send this letter by Arnold, a recruit in your regiment, along with a silk purse which I made for you. I hid myself from father to do it, because he always scolds me for loving you so, and says that you will not come back. Now, won't you come back? But even if you never came back, I will love you any how. I promised myself to you the day that you picked up my blue handkerchief at the dance at Areneberg, and gave it to me. When will I see you again? What pleases me is that they tell me you are esteemed by your superiors and loved by the others. But you have two years more to serve. Finish them quick, because then we will get married. Goodby, good friend Peter.

Your dear Marie. P. S.—Try and send me something from France, not because I might forget you, but that I may carry it about me. You will kiss what you send, and I am sure I will find at once the place that you kissed.

When the reading was done, Peter said:
Arnold gave me this letter last night, when I got my billet ticket. All night I could not sleep. I thought of home and of Marie. She had asked me for something from France. I had no money; I had given all I had to my brother and my cousin who returned home a few days ago. This morning when I got up to start. I opened my wining, when I got up to start, I opened my window and saw a blue handkerchief hanging on a line. It looked like Marie's. It had the same color and the same white stripes. I had the weakness to take it and put into my knapsack. I then went into the street. I repented of what I had done, and was returning to the house, when this lady ran after me. The handkerchief was found. This is the truth. The capitulation requires that I be shot. Shoot me, but do not

despise me.

The judges could not hide their emotion; however, on the vote being taken, the man was unanimously condemned to death. He heard the sen tence with calm and, approaching his Captain, he begged him to lend him four francs. The Cap-

tain gave them to him. He then advanced to the woman to whom the blue handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words:

" Madame, here are four francs. I do n't know whether your handkerchief is worth more, but even if it were, I pay it so dear that you will acquit me of the rest."

Taking the handkerchief, he kissed it and give it to the Captain:
"My Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains. If you go in the direction of Areneberg, ask for Marie, give her this handkerchief, but do not tell her how I

Then he knelt down, prayed to God, arose and marched with a firm step to the place of execu-

I walked away, and entered the wood, so as not to witness the close of this cruel tragedy. A few rifle shots soon informed me that all was

I returned an hour after. The regiment had gone and all was calm, but on following the border of the wood, I perceived a few traces of blood, and a mound of earth freshly stirred. I blood, and a mound of earth freshly stiffed. I took a branch of cedar. With it I made a kind of cross and placed it on the grave of poor Peter, already forgotten by all the world, except me and perhaps Marie.

J. L.

# YOUNG ENGLISHWOMEN IN PARIS

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: Owing to the unfortunate fact that female labor is superabundant in England while there is a lack of it in France, a great number of English girls make their way to Paris, believing, and with much reason, that there, if they have no other knowledge, that of their own language will secure them employment in shops which de-pend for custom upon English visitors. They arrive, however, unprotected, ignorant of the habits of the country, and utterly unable to cope with fraud and dishonesty. It is while they are with fraud and disnonescy. It is will enter are seeking for work that they are inveigled into wretched hotels where exorbitant prices are asked, and where they get into debt, leading to worse perplexities. If the workers in Miss Leigh's home did no more than meet our poor young countrywomen at the railway stations to help them in their first difficulties the establishment would be deserving of support. A trifling fact will sometimes give a clearer idea of a certain state of things than the most appalling surtheir proba iences. and I confess that an account Miss Leigh herself gives of the first arrival in Paris of one of her young charges leaves the impression that few could have witnessed it without wishing her God speed. She witnessed it without wishing her God speed. She found the young woman standing on the platform crying bitterly, "What is the matter?" she inquired. "Oh," said the girl, "they take me for a thief; they have opened my boxes and looked them through and through." "But don't you see that they have done the same by the other passengers?" "Yes; no doubt there has been a great robbery, but they looked the other passengers? "Yes; no doubt there has been a great robbery, but they looked through my box most carefully. They think I am one of the worst." The law of the land being explained to this poor innocent, all went well, but her mistake proved she was hardly a heroine fitted to cope with low lodging-house keepers and other harpies of that sort.

#### FOOT NOTES.

By a law of Switzerland the signatures of 30, 000 citizens suffice for subjecting an Act passed by the Federal Legislature to the ordeal of an appeal to the people.

Pius IX. has a god-daughter and two god-sons. The first is the Queen of Portugal and the second are the Prince Imperial and Alfonso, King of Spain.

THERE are complaints that the Harvard oarsmen approach too nearly to nudity in their rowing costume, and the Crimson, the college paper, admits that there is need of a reform.

GERMAN pilgrims are flocking to Rome, and some of them are said to be very queer looking birds, such as even the Eternal City has rarely seen the like of before. They are from the rural nooks and out-of-the-way corners of the Father-

A MAN in France who had his foot amputated, refused to pay the fee charged by the surgeon, and commenced an action against the latter for damages, because the foot, instead of having been buried, had been dissected in the interests of science

HORSE is eaten openly and without reserve in Sweden, generally in September, or after the summer heats are over. Various preparations of colt and filly may be seen entered without disguise upon all bills of fare about the fall of the

THE Chinese salutation consists of clasping the left hand with the right and waving it up and down, at the same time bowing deeply; or, if unusual respect is wished to be evinced, the Chinaman bows as low as is possible, swinging his clasped hands between his legs backwards and forwards.

THE immunity from snake-bite enjoyed by Europeans in India is largely attributable to their dress. A snake in striking at the trousered leg of a European mistakes the folds of the cloth for the offending substance, and strikes accordingly, while the man rarely gives the reptile an

opportunity of repeating the experiment.

"I want it nice, and strong, and snug like," said the widow, exhuming a fresh pocket hand-kerchief, and controlling her sobs with difficulty.

"Oh! that's all right, ma'm, that's all right," returned the undertaker, tapping the coffin merrily; "he could n't get out of it, ma'm, if he had a mind to."

THE excavations undertaken by Sir George Alexander for the purpose of recovering the obelisk which is known to be buried close to Cleo-patra's Needle, in Egypt, have been commenced, the Khedive having authorized the explorer to convey the monolith to England should he succeed in unearthing it and in finding means to carry it away.

THE lovers of pure olive oil will be glad to hear that the product of the olive groves in Tunis and the Barbary States during the past year has been so great as to cause a decided fall in prices. Since the manufacture of lard in England great frauds have been practiced in France and Italy by mixing the lard oil with the husks of the olive to give it the right tint and flavor. This is put up in foreign shaped bottles and flasks, and labelled in a foreign language, and so skilfully is the operation performed that experts are often puzzled to decide between the real oil and its imitation.

THE following figures represent the annual death-rates in various parts of the United-States. They show remarkable differences, ranging from a minimum of 10-97 to a maximum of 39-79: a minimum of 10-97 to a maximum of 39-79:

New York, 29-33; Philadelphia, 24-90: Brooklyn, 24-70: St. Louis, 13-55; Chicago, 14-04; Boston, 23-15; Baltimore, 24-55; Cincinnati, 22-00; New Orleans, 26-31; San Francisco, 19-94; Washington, 31-25; Pittsburg, 20-74; Miiwaukee, 14-04; Providence, 22-44; Richmond, 19-60; Charleston, 39-79; Toledo, 11-76; Memphis, 26-50; Paterson, 27-30; Dayton, 10-37; Nashvile, 35-50; Wheeling, 21-77; Elmira, 13-16: Knoxville, 12-56. How about Montreal?

DR. DESPINE, in his Psychologic Naturelle, gives a striking analysis of the mental status of the criminal classes. Attracted by the singular want of emotion displayed by most criminals, Dr. Despine was led to a thorough examination of court records and other sources of information. He arrives at a belief in the entire absence of moral sense in this class. He says that free-will, which in the normal man is only controlled by the sense of duty, in the criminal has no such counter-balance, this sense being wanting. His acts are therefore mentally automatic, the result of the strongest instinct, appetite, or passion prevailing at the time. Most criminals are thereore morally irresponsible, no matter how great the crime is against society. Like brutes, savages, and idiots, they yield to natural appetites and passions, unrestrained and unreproached by any feeling of impropriety, although intellectually cognizant of the moral standards of society. Hence their remarkable sang froid, and the superficial character of any apparent reformation or

# HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Prince-Bishop of Breslau has been fined 200 marks or 133 days' imprisonment for illegally excommunicating a priest.

Bills for the amendment of the labor law in England were introduced by the Home Secretary in the Imperial House of Commons.

At Ascot races lately the gold cup was won by Doncaster. Bay of Naples and Craig Miller ran a dead heat for the St. James' Palace Stakes.

In another column will be found an account of the loss of the steamship "Vicksburg," with the statement of one of the five survivors who were picked up by the "Georgia."

The report of the epidemic among the Fiji Islanders is stated by Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary of State, to be confirmed by official despatches received from the Islands.

Moorshawsk, a Russian town of 20,000 inhabitants, has been utterly destroyed by fire.

At the Ascot races, last week, Organist, won the Ascot stakes, Marie Stuart, the gold vase, and Earl of Dartrey, the Prince of Wales stakes.

Messrs. Jewett, Vanderbilt and Scott, respectively of the Eric, New York Central and Pennsylvania Central Railways, held a long con-sultation, lately, with a view to mutually benefiting their lines, but no understanding was arrived at.

The British Government have instructed their envoy to Burmah to demand immediate explanations of the King of the friendly reception ac-corded by that monarch to the Chinese General implicated in the late murder of an English ex-The Burmese are cutting the telegraph wires.

Doncaster won the Alexandra Plate at Ascot

Egypt is to be represented at the Philadelphia International Exhibition.

A crisis is imminent at Athens, which may result in the abdication of the King.

Sixteen thousand lives are reported to have been lost by an earthquake in New Grenada.

An iron safe, supposed to contain upwards of \$100,000 in gold, has been recovered by a diver from the wreck of the Cumberland, sunk in Hampton Roads in 1862.

The establishment of a neutral zone has been suggested as the means of arriving at a friendly understanding on the Central Asian question between England and Russia.

Fifty thousand natives are reported to have died of epidemic measles in the Fiji Islands.

A London despatch announces the death of the celebrated English architect, Mr. Edward Welby Pugin.

The Federal Union of Agricultural Laborers is sending out two delegates to prospect the Mississippi Valley as a field for emigration.

In the Jefferson Borden mutiny case, the Magistrate has ruled that there is sufficient ground for sending the prisoners to the United States.

All land lying contiguous to the Mississippi, within 12 miles of the river, has been reserved by the United States Government for military purposes.

Twenty-two Chicago Aldermen have been fined \$100 each for contempt of Court in violating an injunction issued by Judge Williams restraining them from counting the votes of the last municipal elections.

A duel was fought at Havana, a few days since, between a Spaniard and an American, arising out of a misunderstanding regarding the former's wife. Five shots were fired, when the American fell, though not mortally wounded; but the aggrieved one, thinking he had killed his adversary, reloaded and blew out his brains.

# VARIETIES.

To Archbishop Whately is ascribed this paradox: "The larger the income the harder it is to live within it."

A GAME of chess between a player of Pforzheim in Baden, and another in New York, begun in 1859, has just ended after sixteen years playing, the New Yorker winning. The moves were conducted by letter.

IT is still uncertain whether Garibaldi will accept the 50,000 france annuity for life and 50,000 france additional, with remainder to his heirs in perpetuity, to which the Italian Senate has just given its cousent.

A JAPANESE prince, a near relative of the Mikado, is about to enter a Prussian regiment in order to acquaint himself with the discipline of the Prussian

IF you want to see a man struggle to do several things at once, just watch him trying to put on his over-coat and rubbers with his head bowed down while the minister is pronouncing the benediction.

SIX thousand, five hundred and fifty-three students frequented the universities of Italy during the session of 1874-75. Naples and Turin numbered the

THE Duke of Edinburgh is the only one of Queen Victoria's sons who is not a member of the Masonic order, and his father-in-law; the Emperor of Russia, is one of the few sovereigns of Europe who oppose Masonry.

THE conductors of one of the grammar schools in Nashna, N. H., has discovered a useful method of teaching grammar and rhetoric. The pupils are awarded two marks for every error found in a local news-

THE bust of the Republic, in the shape of a The oust of the republic, in the shape of a Greek head, has been voted for the municipal offices in Paris, and the principal city halls in the provinces are to be decorated, by order of the Minister of the Interior, with engraved portraits of MacMahon. Some of the severer critics maintain that as a republic represents the faces of all citizens, it needs no bust.

THE cows of Alderney, according to a recent visitor to that island, are milked three times a day, and the milk is churned without skimming. They are fed on grass and vraie, the latter being a seaweed, and are kept much of the time in the shade. A pound of butter a day is not an uncommon yield for a good cow. The breed is defended against admixture by stringent laws, and no cattle are allowed to be taken into the island except to be slaughtered.

## MARGINALIA

NEWS TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS .- It is proposed to re-establish whipping-posts in Canada, on the ground that imprisonment is not an effec-tive punishment for hardened criminals. The above is an English paper's way of encouraging emigration to Canada.

The following notice recently appeared in one of the London papers: "Mr. Peter Tate has left his home. His wife and children would be thankful to any one who can give information of his whereabouts, He is subject to fits and resembles the German Emperor.

Dickens has already become the subject of col-Messrs. Sotheby, was a complete set of the novels in their first editions. The original covers of each number, with all the notices and advertisements, have been preserved carefully and bound with every volume.

The champion shot of the United States this year and captain of the American team expected in Ireland is General "Joe" Hawley, of Con-necticut. He is said in a recent trial to have made one miss, one outer, and four bulls'-eyes at a thousand yards in six shots, and this at a time when the wind was variable and the light described as uncertain.

Instances of peculiar cases of familiarity between the great and the small of strength having been lately given, it may be curious to mention that in a large thick-foliaged tree in one of the forests near Constantinople, is a nest of a couple of eagles, surrounded by over a hundred nests of the Spanish sparrow. They not only live on friendly terms, but the eagles protect the sparrows from the attacks of hawks and falcons, which are very numerous in Turkey. which are very numerous in Turkey.

Tennyson is one of the slowest of poets. He rarely throws over a dozen lines in a day, brooding over an image or a simile in his garden, with a cigar, hour after hour, trying it in his mind in a hundred forms. He then sets it in type, sometimes in two or three forms, pulls a proof of it, recasts it, and tries again. "I smoked a dozen cigars over the line," he told a friend recently, when the friend happened to quote one of his poems as a happy instance of the natural expression of a spontaneous thought, and that is a fair sample of the way in which the Poet Laureate

No nation has ever displayed greater readiness than Japan to adopt the habits of foreign coun-The natives abandon, without regret, customs which have stood the test of centuries, and adopt institutions hopefully of which they have had no practical experience. Even the tall hat seems to have suddenly become popular among this lively race. As might be expected, they have given great attention to the development of journalism. A few years ago such a thing as a newspaper was unknown in Japan now it boasts of no-fewer than 34 newspapers. Last year, it seems, 2,564,900 copies of journals passed through the Japanese Post Office.

A Bazaar has been held in Boston on behalf of "Our Dumb Animals," and Longfellow was asked if he would contribute towards it. He sent a note expressing good wishes for the success of the fair, and the following lines:—

# " A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A SAMRLESS GRAVE."

"A soldier of the Union mustered out"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News beside the salt sea wave,
Nameless and dateless: sentinelor scout,
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedge through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions storming the redoubts,
Thou unknown hero, sleeping by the sea,
In thy forgotten grave! With secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst—thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return."

The Geneva (Switzerland) Museum has acquired a set of Roman kitchen utensils found in a field near Martiguy, having probably been buried on account of some sudden alarm. There are thirty articles, mostly in bronze, some of them elaborately worked, reminding one of the beau-tiful shape and ornamentation of Pompeian ves-sels. The shovel and pot-hanger do not differ much from modern articles, and there is an earthen mould shaped like a shell, several plates in various size, a saucepan with the bottom worn away, a large boiler, a funnel, two ladles, a stewpan, and vases, or ewers, with two handles, one of which bears the representation of two gladiators, and apparently awarded as a prize. here are also two silver ornaments, seemingly of later date, and believed by Dr. Gosse, the curator, to have been used in Christian worship. He too the find to the third century

Among the unrecorded events of last mail was a sale, at Messrs. Southby and Wilkinson's rooms, of "Johnsoniana," or relics of Dr. Johnrooms, of "Johnsoniana, or relies of Dr. Johnson. Forty letters in the handwriting of the "dictionary maker" were put up, and fetched prices varying between £5 and £50. This last price was realised by the doctor's celebrated letter to "Ossian" Macpherson, which caused much angry feeling and bad blood in literary a fierce controversy in the news circles, and a fierce controversy in the newspapers. Other letters in the handwritings of Garrick, Boswell, Arthur Murphy, Voltaire, Mrs Piozzi, Mrs. Henry Thrale, Swift, Gray, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., were also put up; and the entire collection fetched as nearly as possible £1,500, in other words, three times at least as much as its owner had given for it. Autographs, therefore it would seem are a good investment circles, and therefore, it would seem are a good investment.

## HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

DECISION .- A woman of irresolute constitution gives herself a treat of the rack every time she is called to make up her mind respecting some petty domestic arrangement. The poorest arguments will make their way when delivered with firmness and decision. Indecision arises from two very opposite causes—seeing our way too far, and not far enough.

HEALTH.—Health is the one thing needful therefore no pains, expense, self-denial, or res traint which we submit to for the sake of it is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favourite indulgences, to control intemperate passions or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.

LAZINESS.—A lazy girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy god-nother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair, and so on. All was done so nicely, that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the god-mother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty fingers." And they are there yet.

PSCYCHIC.—Every soul has an immortality and infinity in itself that cannot be searched or expressed; it is an awful secret that neither language, nor action, nor expression of any kind can disclose. We all of us long for what life cannot supply; our aspirations are infinitely beyond our attainments—so much so that they who are contented with the world as it is are the mere cattle of society. All improvements originate with discontentment: we labour and bring forth in sorrow; genius is a labourer, an operative, a slave; and every useful man and woman is the

HABIT.—"I trust every thing under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance. Habit makes everything easy and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make riety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless pro-fligacy will be avoided. Give a child the habit sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, cheating, or steal-

DISAPPOINTMENT. - Out of Pandora's box flew all the ills of earth; and among those other evil ones which ever since, harpy-like, have preyed on human happiness, defiling and despoiling, came Disappointment, with her cruel sneer and mocking laugh, the child of hope, and the mother of despair—she who sends men mad with pain, and who ruins lives as blight and frost destroy the summer flowers. And yet, more than all the rest, this terrible school-mistress of sorrow has proved a melancholy blessing in her sad disguise, because helping to break the magic spell of man's content as nothing else can, and so lifting the soul from earth to heaven—if by pain, yet with power.

COMPOSURE. - We must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdued him. And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. We cankered his home peace: I nat is strong cha-too often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house hold quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong—he, mastered by them, is weak.

THE AFFECTIONS.—There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, the great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression:—"Were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress, to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, they are not so much the means of happiness, as their exercise is happiness itself.

# THE GLEANER.

Carrier pigeons re to be used on board the Alert," Arctic exploring vessel.

When a Calmuk has a marriageable daughter he flies a flag from the top of his house. idea might be Anglicised.

It is now reported that from five to seven per cent. of the Henri-Martini's are always in the the hands of the armourer on account of broken tumblers and springs.

Mr. George Smith has received instructions from the British Treasury to renew his researches in Mesopotamia. A sum of £1,000 has been placed at his disposal, and he will remain in the East until that amount is exhausted.

The very reasonable idea of connecting light-houses with the shore by means of the telegraph has at last been proposed, owing to the circumstances connected with the loss of the "Schiller." It is inconceivable that it has been so long de-

The French infantry are to have a different kind of uniform, one in which they can act with freedom of limb. It will be similar to the pelisse of the chasseurs-a-cheval, says the authority, but surely something more in continuation is required.

As a souvenir of the late interview at Venice the Emperor Francis Joseph has just sent to King Victor Emmanuel two superb fowling-pieces inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. On the case are the escutcheous of the houses of Savoy and Hapsburg.

Herr Krupp has never answered the Palliser letter and challenge, in which the latter claims priority of idea for the principle of the breechloader now so successfully used in the Woolwich gun, which has never met with one acci-

Engraving watchcases seems to be a new specialty with one of the London Spiritual Mediums. A watch is taken from a gentleman's pocket and returned with an engraving upon it. Recently the word Joey was engraved, the time occupied being less than two minutes.

Here is a mot from St. Germain, the chief comedian of the Paris Vaudeville. "Dress is the prospectus of women," once said before him a celebrated demi-mondaine. "Yes," made answer the actor, "when woman becomes mer-

"Ten thousand Cabanas, Cabargas, Intimidads, Partagas, Upmari, and Zumala cigars, and ten thousand cigarettes," is the announcement in the late sale catalogue issued by Messrs. Christie and Manson. This enormous quantity of tobacco belonged to the late Earl of Yarborough.

A machine for writing, destined to take the place of pen and ink copying in all mercantile and other offices, is the latest novelty. It is a very compact and ornamental piece of furniture, about the size of the sewing-machine, and bears the same relation to writing that it does to sewing, supplanting the pen as the sewing machine

A velocipedist has made the journey from A velocipetist has made the journey from Briey, by way of Gravelotte, Pont-a-Mousson, and Nancy, to Lunéville, a distance of 71½ miles nearly, in 8 hours 24 minutes, inclusive of rests, occupying 44 minutes in all. He accomplished the distance in 1 hour and 36 minutes less time than was provided for in a bet. Of course everything depends upon the nature of the road.

The Princess Louise seems a devoted student of art. Several busts modelled by her have been exhibited at various times; but she has discovered for herself how necessary thorough training is, and has been a diligent worker in the Art School at South Kensington daily for some months. A little statuette, modelled by her, of Edward the Black Prince, and cast in bronze, has been sent for exhibition to the Royal Scottish Academy.

Prince Leopold is quite recovered from his re-ent indisposition. He is at Oxford again, and ent indisposition. is looking wonderfully well. He drives to college in the morning, but he walks down to the boats every night, and, like the rest of the undergraduates, contrives to get up an excitement over the races two or three times in the course of the evening without apparently injuring him-self. He shares the fervour with which an oar generally inspires an Oxford man.

A capital story anent an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer is going the rounds. At a dinner party under the hospitable roof of the right hon. gentleman, the conversation turning upon the introduction of many unnecessary passages in the marriage service, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to the absurdity of a man who had no property whatever gravely declaring that he endowed his bride with the whole of his possessions! "Now, when I married," said the ex-(----), "I hadn't a shilling in the world." gentleman, the conversation turning upon the "But chimed in his wife, you had your splendid talants." "Well, but I didn't endow you with them," was the smart rejoinder.

## MONKEYS AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

Mr. Sclater, F. R. S., recently lectured at the Zoological Gardens, London, on "Monkeys and their Geograpical Distribution." After referring to the considerable series of monkeys in the so ciety's collection, from which a specimen of the Chimpanzee (Troglodytes niger,) of an albino Macaque Monkey (Macacus synomolous), and others were exhibited, Mr. Sclater drew sttention to the six zoological provinces into which the surface of the earth was generally acknowledged to disidual. be divided. These he had named and defined as

1. Palearctic Region.—Europe, Africa north of the Atlas, and North Asia.
2. Ethiopian Region.—Africa south of the Atlas, and Madagascar.

3. Indian Region.—South Asia, Philippines, and Islands of Indian Archipelago to Wallace's Line

4, Nearctic Region .- North America down to Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

5. Neotropical Region.—Central America, south of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and South America.

6. Australian Region.—Australia, New Guinea and Austro-Malay Archipelago. No monkeys being found in the Australian or Nearctic regions and none in the Palæarctic, except the Macaque of North Africa and Gibraltar.

Commencing with the Anthropoid Apes, the Gorilla (Troglodytes gorilla) was shown to inhabit the tropical regions of West Africa only, not extending south beyond the River Gaboon. The same region is the home of the Chimpanzee, which however, spreads to the east for a considerable distance, having been captured in Abyssinia. It is also found as far south as the north bank of the River Congo. Of the two other genera of Anthropoid Apes, the Orang Utan and the Gibbon, the former is confined to Borneo and Sumatra, the latter to the Malay Peninsula, Assam and the islands of the Indo-Malay Archipe-

of the Catarrhine, or Old World monkeys, there is a peculiar long-tailed genus, Sennopithecus, found in India and the Malay region. This cus, found in India and the Malay region. This is represented in Africa by the similarly peculiar genus, Colobus, which wants the thumb; it is found mostly in West Africa, extending east as far as Abyssinia. Of this group the Indian Entellus monkey is best known. The genus Macacus is almost confined to the Indian region; a species (M. Speciosus) is, however, found in Japan; and the Barbary ape (M. inuus) from Ape's Hill has crossed to Gibraltar. The genera Cercopithecus and Cynocephalus are confined to the Ethiopian region.

The Platyrrhine monkeys, with an extra premolar on each side of each jaw, are inhabitants of the tropical portions of the Neotropical region only. Amongst them are included the genera Cebus, Ateles, Mycetes, Brachyurus, and others, some with and some others without prehensile tails, many of which have, at one time or other, lived in the society's gardens. The Marmosets have one less molar in each half of each jaw, which makes the number of their teeth the same as in man, although this is the consequence of there being four more premolars and four fewer true molars.

The Lemuride, whether they ought to be included with the monkeys, or whether they form an independent group, may be considered with the quadrumana, as has been usually the case. They are distributed throughout the Ethiopian and Indian regions, nearly all the species, including Chiromys, being confined to Madagascar, which must be considered their true head-

# CORRESPONDENCE.

## WINTER NAVIGATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—We have all admired Mr. E. W. Sewell's 🦠 enthusiasm and perseverance in his endeavours to demonstrate to the Legislature and the country that steamships can be navigated through the winter ice of the St. Lawrence and Gulf. We would respectfully call upon him, now, to

show us, in the columns of the Press, how a passenger steamship can be constructed to pass in safety through an occasional Ice-Field of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the early summer season. We are yours, faithfully.

CITIZENS OF QUEBEC. Quebec, June 12, 1875.

# LITERARY.

LEAD and silver have been found at Haverhill, Mass, on the farm where the poet Whittier was born, and a shaft twenty feet deep has been sunk, from which ore equal to that found at Newbury has been taken

THE health of the poet Longfellow is reported so precarious that he does not attempt to accomplish any literary work whatever, but takes exceeding care of himself. He is a constant sufferer from acute neural-

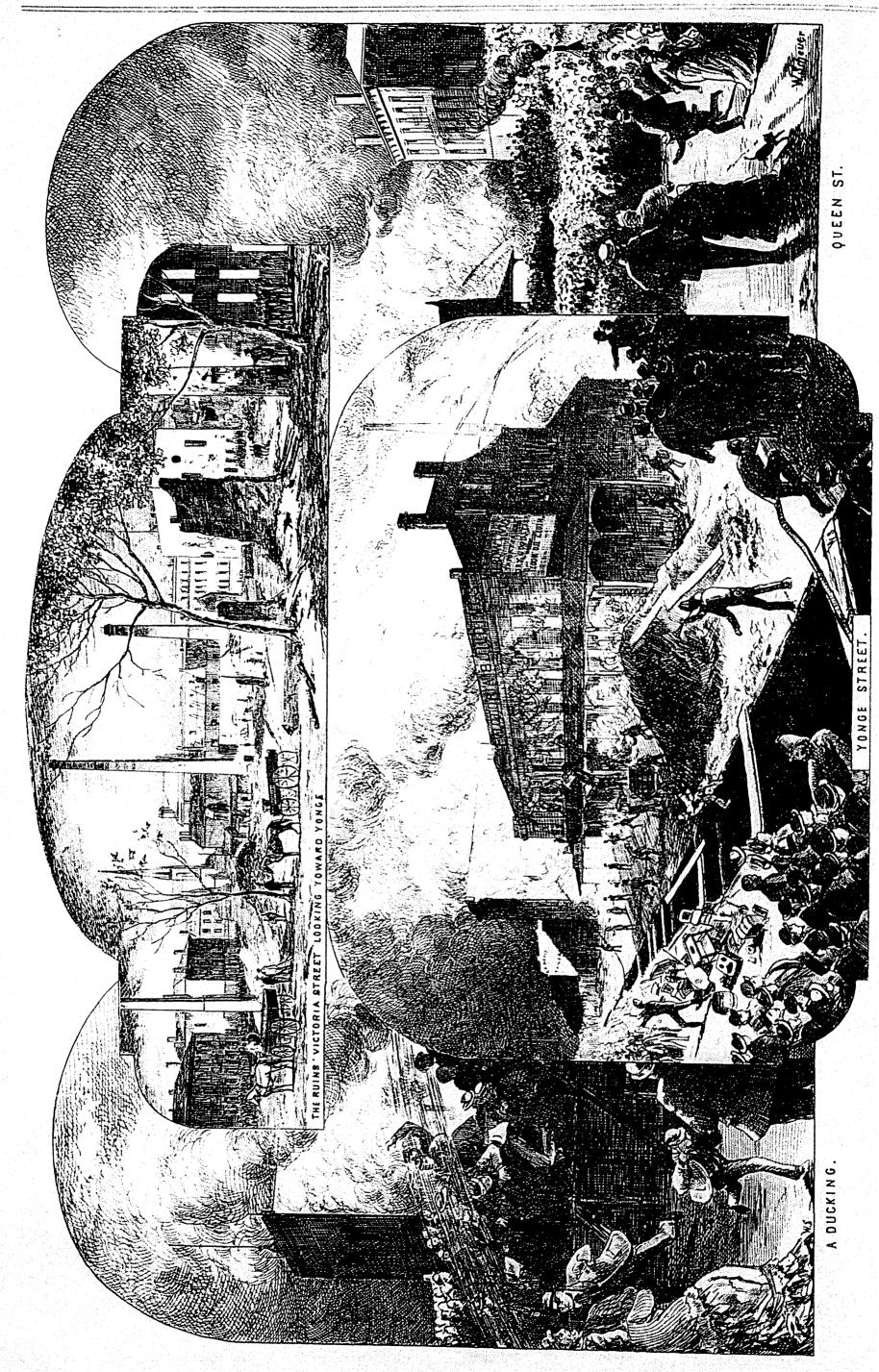
JOACHIM, the famous violinist, was recently bitten by a dog and suffered so horribly from fear of hydrophobia that his friends were greatly alarmed about him. Liverpool papers, however, announce that he is rapidly recovering.

GENERAL SHERMAN assured a reporter of the Chicago Times that it was at the urgest personal solicitation of George Bancroft, combined with that of the historian, Dr. John Draper, of New York, that he allowed his recently published memoirs to see the light.

A NEW edition of Diderot's works is soon to be published in Paris. No complete edition has appeared since 1820, and there have been awaiting publication for the last 20 years important additions derived from manuscripts preserved in Russia at the Hermitage

On May 20th, there was issued at Berlin another volume of Von Moltke's big history of the war of 1870, giving an account of the bettle of redan and a fac simile of Napoleon III's letter accompanying the surrender of his sword to King William. The Germans lost in the battle 8,960 killed and wounded, and the French 17,000 ditto.

MR. RICHARD H. DANA, jr., has received from the Lexington Centennial Committee a silver medal in recognition of his services as orator at their record celebration. It was struck at the Philadelphia Mint, and is a little smaller than the old American silver dollar, bearing on one side the seal of the town, surrounded by the historical words: "What a glorious morning for America!" and on the other the winds: "Destannial celebration of the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1875." The case inclosing it bears the stand: "Presented by the town of Lexington."



# THE WRECK OF THE VIOKSBURG. LOSS

The "Vicksburg" left Montreal on 25th May with seven cabin and twenty-five steerage passengers. She had a crew of fifty-nine men, and was laden with a cargo of about 60,000 bushels of grain and a quantity of timber and general merchandise. The following are the names of both cabin and steerage passengers, as far as can be ascertained:—

Cabin—Bryan McShane, Montreal; Rev. C. A. Adams, Gore's Landing; Miss C. Sutherland Toronto; Mr. H. Betts, Belleville; Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Mr. W. Vipond, Montreal.

Steerage—C. Perran, G. R. Armstrong, Philipe Penil, Isaac Roesor, Markham; Mrs. E. D. Gunning and infant, Sherbrooke; J. Griffith, Minnesota; John Delaney, Melbourne, P. Q.; G. Burner, Minnie Burner and George Burner, jr., Richard Corbett, Mrs. C. J. Barry, Montreal; Albert Knoph.

The "Vicksburg" was an iron vessel, built in Scotland, and was considered one of the best ships in the Dominion line; she was about 2,500 tons, well engined and fitted, and commanded by a very able and efficient officer, Captain Bennett, late of the Allan Line, who went down with his ship, and of whom we speak more particularly in another column. Her value is stated to have been \$325,600, said to be fully insured in England. Her cargo consisted of 21,100 bushels wheat, shipped by W. Gunn & Co., who state that it is insured by consignees in England , 11,000 bushels wheat shipped by R. Simms & Co., insurance not known : D. Butters & Co., 20,366 bushels wheat, 7,945 bushels peas ; Mr. Butters refused to give reporters any informa-tion as to insurance; D. Torrance & Co., 3,000 bushels peas and a quantity of lumber, covered by insurance, but companies not known; James McShane, 92 head of cattle, insured for \$14,000 in Royal Canadian, part of which is understood to he re-insured.

The "Vicksburg" left Quebec on Tuesday morning, May the 27th, with a ship's crew of 60 men, all told, and eight salpon passengers—five gentlemen and three ladies—and about 20 in the steerage, of whom four were females. The weather was fine until nine o'clock on Sanday evening. May the 30th, when she fell in with field ice, and was soon surrounded by it. The ship was

# LOSS OF THE VICKSBURG.



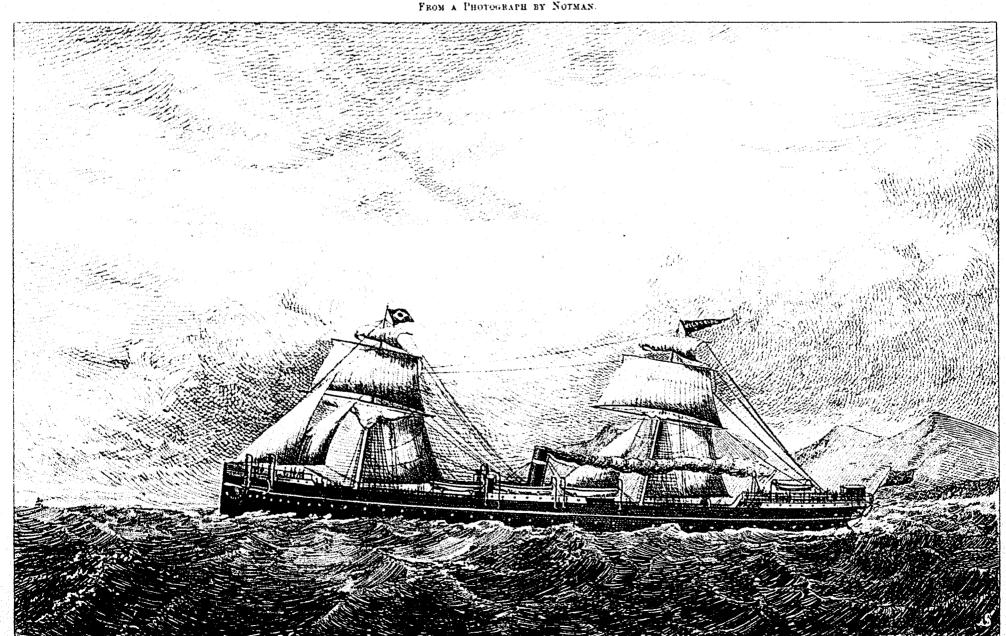
CAPTAIN W. L. BENNETT, Commanding the S.S. Vicksburg.

WICKSBURG.

stopped till daylight, when she proceeded again, with but little ice in sight. At 9.30 p.m. on Monday, all hands were called to shorten sail, the ship was stopped amongst the heavy ice and headed to south, when she proceeded at full speed to get clear of the ice. At one o'clock, at half speed, she struck ice. On Tuesday morning she began to fill and at 10 a. m., she went down. Three boats were launched, one with thirty, one with ten, and one with five passengers. The latter only have been heard from. These are the latest details up to the present writing.

# THE LATE CAPTAIN BENNET.

Any notes of our own on the career of the late lamented Captain William L. Bennett, who found a watery grave in the discharge of his duty as commander of the ill-fated steamer "Vicksburg," are forestalled by the following lines from a personal friend which appeared in the columns of our contemporary, the Sun, of this city:--Captain Bennett was by birth a Yorkshireman, went into the navy at an early age and rose to be navigating-lieutenant in her Majesty's service. Entering the merchant service, he engaged in the Allan Line and was successively second and first officer under Commodore Dutton, on the "Prussian." When the Dominion Line was starting, he accepted the position of master of the "Quebec," whence he was promoted to the same rank on the "Vicksburg." It was only a few days ago that we bade him farewell on his last voyage, full of life and hope. He was married, last fall, to a daughter of Col. Pope, of Quebec, and the future appeared bright with promise before him. He went down, as we with promise before him. He went down, as we have said, sticking to his ship, following the example of his predecessors on the "Northfleet," and the "Schiller," and others who have made the glory of the British navy. Captain Bennett was a thorough seaman; we once heard him described the search of the search o cribed as " the smartest young officer who ever slept on salt water," and his untimely fate seems only too sadly to verify the prophetic words. The deep is his grave, and we can only pass this tribute to a memory that was worthy of honor and friendship. The last known of him on the morning of the disaster, by the survivors who escaped to tell the tale of shipwreck, was that he was seen, with another person, floating on a bale of hay among the wreckage. The men in the boat tried all they could to pick them up, but owing to the boat being half full of water and the ice about, they were unable to do so.



THE STEAMSHIP VICKSBURG, OF THE DOMINION LINE, LOST AT SEA ON THE 1st JUNE.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

#### NIAGARA.

Niagara, Niagara!
I cannot sing thy praise—
The thunder of thy majesty
O'er whelms mere human lays.
We stand and gaze at thy descent,
We go from shore to shore—
And yet thy waters are not spent
"They come" for evermore,
For evermore, for evermore!
Thy seething waters roll
Poured from the hollow of His hand
Who made the immortal soul:—
None but an angel's tongue should speak
Upon so grand a theme,
None but an angel's hand could paint
The beauties of the scene.—
E. L

Niagara Falls, May 29th, 1875.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS).

#### ESCAPADE.

LEAF FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE BOOK.

About three years ago, there resided in Kingston, Ont., a family by the name of Robinson, which consisted of the husband, John Robinson, a good looking, robust Englishman, of about 40 years of age, and the lady, his wife, a tall mus-cular woman of about 56 years, and a Miss Smith, a handsome young lady of some 24 summers Things went on in all Arcadian simplicity, until the year 1873, when the young lady was discovered by Mrs. Robinson to be getting wild, and was requested to leave the house, which she did. A month afterwards, a letter was received by her friends in Kingston, saying she was well, and living with a Mrs. Brown, and her address was

Miss Smith, St. Ann's, Quebec.

Nothing was heard of her for two years, until January 1875,, when she pays her friends a visit, staying a week and never telling them anything of her history of the past two years. A few days after her departure, strange to relate, Mr. John after her departure, strange to relate, Mr. John Robinson also disappears, taking with him \$30,000, the property of his wife. The outraged wife, being of a masculine turn of mind and not liking the turn events had taken, buckled on her armour, and having Miss Smith's address of 1873, starts in pursuit of her erring husband and erratic friend. She arrived in Quedece on her almost hopeless errand on a Thursday morning almost hopeless errand on a Thursday morning. waited on the courteous Superintendent of Police to whom she related her story. He, sympathising with her in her trouble, informed her she should have all the assistance he could give her, but he thought it would be hopeless, she having no clue to go by, only an old envelope of the year 1873, the name Brown and the word St. Ann's. Detectives England and Ireland being consulted after the manner of Detectives, proceed to analyse the clue they have; they find that there are two St. Ann streets in the city, and seven or eight parishes of St. Ann, any number of Browns, and, in the year 1873, the Post Office was in St. Ann St. They visited all the boarding houses in the city, looking for a Miss Smith who boarded in some of them in the year 1873, and visited all the Browns without any success. After a hard day's work they returned to report progress to Mrs. Robinson (who may have been remarked by some of our Quebecreaders about the streets about that time, she being a remarkably tall, muscular American looking woman, staying at an hotel.) A gentleman, who was a stranger to the lady, but well-known to the Detectives, and whose name we withold for certain reasons, having learned what the Detectives and lady were looking for, informed them he came from a place called St. Ann's, that there was a man named Ireland, living in that place, and a young lady had been living there for the last two years; she had been away a week and just returned in company with a man who answered to the description of Mr. Robinson.

On receipt of this information, the lady once more waited on the Superintendent of Police requesting that the Detectives might be allowed to complete the work so well begun, and accompany her to St. Ann's and restore her husband to her despairing arms (or, at least, some of the money).
The Superintendent of Police informed her "the law could not interfere between them; but she being a stranger in a strange place, she might have one of the two Detectives to see her safe to her journey's end." Mrs. Robinson and Detective Black left by midday train for St. Ann's, on Saturday last, leaving Detective Fair in Quebec, imagining to himself the feelings of Mr. John Robinson when he encountered his wife, she being the kind of woman who will proceed to read him a lecture on the wickedness of his ways, liberally besprinkled with pious quota-tions on wordly pleasures, fully illustrated by a tration if hed money. On their arrival at St. Ann's, Detective Black left her in a place unlikely to draw attention, a difficult thing to de, the lady by her style of dress and her inability to stop from talking, and a propensity she had of making a confident of every person she met with, insisting upon telling the conductor, breaksman, the woman with the baby and the boy who sold apples, who she was, her name, where she was going and what she was going to do. Detective Black after reconnoitering the house and being satisfied from his observations, that the time to enter was come, gave the signal to his ally which had been agreed upon, and entering (striking Tableau)
Miss Smith fainted, or pretended to do so; husband
very white and pale; Irish friends very red in
the face; wife speechless for once in her indignation; but making frantic attempts to smooth

his hair to appease her wrath; Detective placidly regarding the scene. Grand Finale, husband gives up the money and a general reconciliation takes place. False and fair one receives a sum of money to keep herself in board for some time to come; husband and wife prepare to return to their domestic fireside; Irish friend shakes hands with everybody; Detective is handsomely rewarded and takes his departure from the scene.

We cannot close our little sketch without stating the lady assured us that she can never express her gratitude to the gentleman who be-friended her when in Quebec, and the Superin-tendent of Police for his courteous kindness, also Detectives Black and Fair for their indefatigable exertions in bringing to a successful issue a case which to her was the most important of her life.

#### THE FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. Dress with Shoulder-Apron for Young Girls.—Apron and shoulder bands of white batiste with banded lace trimming.

Fig. 2. Dress with Overskirt and Pele RINE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.—Pelerine of Vienna lace and ecru. Overskirt gathered at the back and trimmed with plissé.

Fig. 3. HAT WITH FLAXEN CROWN.-Interior side lined with black velvet, between two rows of white cord. On right front, large bow of pink velvet, surmounted by roses and corn flowers.

Fig. 4. HAT WITH RINGS.—Interior garnished with forget-me-nots and green grasses. Bows of black silk on either side. Bow on crown and various flowers, and long grey ribbon floating behind.

Fig. 5. COSTUME FOR SMALL BOY .and frock of grey linen. Jacket dentated and garnished with buttons behind and on the turnedup lappels of sleeves.

Fig. 6. COSTUME FOR LITTLE GIRL. - Dress of white percale, striped with black of same material. The specialty is the long and bowed scarf of black rep.

Fig. 7. HAT WITH HIGH CROWN. - Mat rial of brown straw, slightly raised all round. Garnished with large bow of brown velvet on right front, and topped with flowing brown plume, one or several.

Fig. 8. DIADEM HAT.—So-called from towering plume rising and flowing over a nest of flowers. Material of Italian straw. Long pendent ribbons behind.

Fig. 9.—Bohemian Hat.—Made of black tulle. Heavy bands reaching under chin, of blue velvet, white flowers and foliage on inner side, especially daisies and campanulas or blue Two large convoluted blue plumes, on top. bells.

Fig. 10.—Dress WITH CONTRACTED OYER SKIRT.—Bodice of the latest cuirasse shape Skirt and sleeves garnished with triple folds of

Fig. 11. Dress with Pointed Jacket. Beautiful costume for theatre or concert. Jacket without sleeves of black tulle, or silk gauze, garnished with pearls, insertion, or point lace according to taste. The dress of some bright clear material has a puff trimming for sleeves and down the tunic.

Fig. 12. Dress with Fight.—The fichu is of white silk tulle. From the pectoral bow depend long bands of pink ribbon.

# HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

George Cary Eggleston lately held on a New York weekly paper, a position analagous to our own on the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. He was editor of *Hearth and Home*. In that capacity, he received numerous letters of inquiry on all sorts of domestic and family subjects. The substance of his replies is embodied in a handsome little volume with the title attached to the head of this article. The book is full of good things and should be in the hands of every young person who has at heart to get on in the world.

On the question of money, the author lays down the following sensible propositions:

I. It is both right, and the duty of every man,

to make money enough to supply the reasonable wants of himself and his family.

II. It is the right and, in some sense, the duty of every man to make as much mere as he can, consistently with his obligations to himself, his family and the world at large.

III. Every man must pay for what money he gets, and the price of money is very much more than most men can afford to pay, and much

more than most men are willing to pay.

IV. Money is good as a means to the accomplishment of worthy ends, but as itself an end, t is utterly unworthy of human effort . where fore its pursuit, except as a means, must of ne-

cessity be debasing.
On the choice of a business, the following

I. Select a calling for which you are fitted by nature, education and circumstance.

II. Learn your business thoroughly, making yourself a thorough workman.

III. Entertain no thought of changing from ne avocation to another.

IV. Bring to bear upon your work all the v. De your work conscientiously, remembering that to do it ill is to defraud yourself, your family and the world.

VI. Respect yourself too much to hold your calling unworthy, bearing in mind the fact that that work is most honorable which is best done.

Mr. Eggleston is decidedly in favor of marriage rom a business point of view. He holds that it is a positive economy. He lays down the matter axiomatically thus:—they are not married men because they are better off than their fellows, but they are better off than their fellows because they are married men. He then goes on to tell the married man how to keep within the average of his income, how to save, when and where to save, how to buy and how to keep out of debt. He dilates shrewdly on personal expenses, as a man who knows how it is himself, and he waxes eloquent in denouncing the extravagance of shams. One capital feature of his work is the introduction of illustrative anecdotes which are well told, and generally come in pat. On leaving his editorial duties, he must have gone into the Life Insurance business, because he has a long chapter wherein he discourses learnedly on that intricate and delicate subject. Altogether the book is a sterling contribution to social and domestic needs and we again cordially recom-mend it. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and is for sale by Dawson Brothers, of this city.

#### THE VICKSBURG.

Just as we are about going to press, the following later and cheering intelligence reaches us.

Alderman McShane of this city, received the following telegram from his uncle, Bryan Mc-Shane:

"St. John's, Nfld, June 12, 1875. "Vicksburg and cattle lost. Myself and ichard well: Home soon." Richard well:

Richard, who is referred to in the telegram, is ne of Alderman Mr.Shane's men who went out

one of Alderman McShane's men who went out to take charge of the attle.

Messrs. David Townce & Co. have also received the following telegram:

"Nine crew, three passengers. Vicksburg, brought here by American fishermen."

The following are the names of the boat's crew brought into St. John's, Nfid: Parker Greenwood, James Callaghan, John Ryan, James Doran, William Jones, James Walter, seamen; John Curtain, John Redmond, Martin Lee, firemen: Bryan McShane. Richard Corbet. Joseph men; Bryan McShane, Richard Corbet, Joseph Pengelly, passengers.

The following telegram was also received by

Messrs. Torrance & Co:

"Ship in ice 31st May. Eleven at night stove in. Captain and men did everything to partial disaster. Steam pumps worked all night. All hope given up at five in the morning. Five boats launched with plenty provisions. Captain and officers behaved like men to the last. Ship

to the bottom half-past six.

"B. McShane."

Parker Greenwood, seaman of the S. S. Vicksburg, states the following: On the night of the 31st May got into scattered ice steaming slow expecting to get through. Heavy sea. Ice struck the propeller. The ice afterwards knocked a hole near the bunkers. At 6 a. m., June 1st, found vessel sinking fast by the stern; got boats out, but the first boat with four men was swamped alongside. Our second boat with twelve men got stove, but stopped the leak with a blanket. Quarter of an hour afterwards vessel sank. Tried to save men floating on spars and hay, but could not get near them for the sea and ice. Saw one boat with twenty men, and another with first officer and six men. Afterwards saw her bottom up; first officer and three men on her bottom. Captain told us we were 120 miles from St. John's, to steer northwest. Saw Captain on the bridge a moment before steamer sank. fifty-two hours in the boat when picked up, 300 miles from land.

# TWO NEW PICTURES.

A review of the Paris Salon says: There are two large pictures by Puvis de Chevannes, which are to be distinguished from the crowd of works that fail in the attempt to illustrate the highest style. The more successful of the two, both in color and design, is called "Famille de Pecheurs," and in it the artist has striven, not without effect, to combine grace of pictorial design with a perfect simplicity in sentiment. The figures are of the life size, and the system of representation is so far ideal that the painter has allowed himself the liberty of presenting some of the figures in the nude. In the centre of the composition, outlined against a space of smooth blue sea, is the figure of a fisherman with one arm raised to loop the nets over the fork of an old tree-trunk planted in the shingle; upon a ledge of rocks at his feet sits a young woman, her body supported by one handthat rests upon the rock, while with the other she controls the movements of an infant who struggles to get free from her grasp: to the right is the form of an old man reclining in repose. The earnes' poetic feeling in this work and the consequent choice of the most simple and natural system of expression, serve to give it a place by itself in the present exhibition. By the side of nucle forms posed with dexterous force in every difficult and graceless attitude, these figures seem at first sight almost awkward in their direct simplicity of gesture and movement. And in the sometimes imperfect technical power of painter, in his inability to carry out his invention with absolute completeness, there is something to support this first impression of awkwardner The simplicity seems almost wilful, and the dignity and sincerity of the composition do not immediately impress themselves upon the spectator. A longer and more serious study of the

work exhibits these qualities in a different light; we recognize that the simplicity in appearance is the direct expression of the painter's thought and no accidental awkwardness, and we discover that the natural grouping of the figures approaches nearly to the perfection of an impressive pictorial design. And on the side of color the work exhibits the same distinct qualities. The strength of the painting is regulated to the requirements of decorative effect, and the delicate harmony is gained rather by right choice of the colors employed than by the suppression of the purity of individual tints. Above all we are impressed with a sense of the painter's pleasure in the execution of his design. There is no sign of effort, no straining after an effect, no overcrowding of the canvas with useless details merely for the sake of displaying executive dexterity. cond picture represents a company of poets and men of letters assembled in the Convent of St. Croix during the sixth century. It is not less delightful in color, and there are fine suggestions of graceful attitude, but the technical difficulties have made a more severe trial of the painters'

#### A ROMANCE OF BACK HAIR.

At a ball given by Louis Napoleon (when President) at the Elysée, some nights before the coup d'état, Mademoiselle Eugenie met her future Emperor and husband. The manner of meeting was somewhat romantic. Louis Napoleon did not much care for the rush of ball-room; and he had chosen a propitious moment to escape with his friend, Edward Ney (the Duke of La Mos-kowa), into the Elysée gardens, when he sudden-ly came upon a radiant, blushing girl, who was trying up her hair, opposite a glass in the con-servatory. Her hair had come down during a waltz, and the crowd was too great to admit of her reaching the ladies' dressing-room; so that she glided in here, hoping to be unobserved. Louis Napoleon, seeing her in this strait, gallant-ly gave her his arm, and led her round by the private apartments to the dressing-room in ques-tion, and from this time there were apartments. tion, and from this time there was a mutual regard between Napoleon and the fair stranger.

During the following twelve months, Madame de Montijo and her daughter were invited guests at all presidential residences-Fontainebleau, Compeigne, St. Cloud—and it escaped nobody that the Prince paid Mademoiselle Eugenie an inordinate amount of attention. No one supposed, however, that these attentions could end in a marriage; for the President, having performed his coup d'etat, was on the point of becoming Emperorand it was no secret that his ambassador at Munich was trying to arrange a match for him with a princess of Bavaria. The King of Bavaria refused to give away his relative to a prince whom he styled an "adventurer;" and then it was that Louis Napoleon, much mortified to the arthur resolved not to average himself to five at heart, resolved not to expose himself to further insults in courting royal princesses. Possibly Madame de Montijo had been waiting her opportunity; for two days before the Bavarian shub had begun to get bruited, she asked a private audience of the Prince, and told him that, as his attentions to her daughter were beginning to excite comment, she had the intention of leav-

ing France.
This was at St. Cloud, where the mother and daughter both were staying. The Prince asked Madame de Montljo to tarry one day more, for he might have something to say to her; and he em-ployed these twenty-four hours in acquainting his Ministers of his intention to marry Mademoiselle Eugenie. The news fell upon them like a shell. Nothing of this kind had been apprehended by any one, and Count de Morny, Count de Persigny, and Edward Ney earnestly implored the Prince not to contract such a mésalliance. The communication was made to the Cabinet on the 25th of November. On the 2nd of December the Prince was proclaimed Emperor; on the 2nd January the coming marriage was officially notified to the French people, and on the 30th of January it was solemnized at Notre Dame.

# HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE.

A writer says: Always on a Southern gentleman's table the dessert of oranges is furnished with small silver fruit knives and spoons. The orange is held in the napkin-just as you hold an egg-and with the slender point of the knife a circular incision is made in the stem end of the orange and the stem core is nicely taken out, leaving an orifice large enough to admit the eggspoon. The orange is held and eaten then, just like gourmands eat an egg in its own shell; and the skill and grace with which this is done, that is, without soiling the fingers or napkin, are, as in the same process with the egg, a test of good breeding. I have known the most inexpert persons to master the few difficulties in the way after two or three efforts; and their satisfaction was an infinitely pleasant sight. To hostesses who like to have their table preserve in some degree, at the close of an entertainment, the beauty which dazzled the guests upon entering, this method is most desirable. Servants—let me put in a plea for those silent ones whose interests are too seldom regarded-are spared the tedious duty of gathering up the fragments, and guests who look with dismay at this tempting apple of the Hesperides can thus enjoy it as they never did before. Only the delicious nectar of the fruit is eaten, with the more delicate pulp, the tough fibre—of which, indeed, there is very little in an orange plucked from the tree under its own skies—being left in the shell.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

We publish to-day the sketch of the new building erected by this company, in Montreal, on St. James Street. The Company, established in 1847, has a capital of One Million Dollars subscribed for by a large and wealthy Proprietary. It has been patronised by all classes of the community, who recognize the advantages offered by an Institution which has so successfully stood the practical test of more than a quarter of a century, and receives an amount of support and confidence such as is equal to any other Company in Canada.

To-day its life assurances exceed those of any other Company in Canada, reaching the large sum of nearly thirteen and a half millions of dollars, and yielding the company the handsome annual revenue of some five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; while its assets, which amount to about two millions and a half of dol-lars, afford to its assurers the very best security the fulfilment of all its obligations. following will show how steady has been the progress of this Company:—

.1870 1871 .1872 1873 874 No. of Policies. 1,651 1,279 1,512 269 447 831 1,062 1,529 1,156,855
1,584,456
2,221,944
2,114,095
2,267,013
1,854,766 Abt 355, 437 411,181 355 Assurances in force at dates given. 4,550,355 4,755,993 5,476,359 6,404,438 8,309,111 9,682,746 11,066,092 11,954,659 13,422,011 11,066,

Head-quarters of this Company are at Hamilton, where Mr. A. G. Ramsay is Managing Director, that gentleman having been mainly instrumental in placing the "Canada" in the front position which it now occupies. In Montreal the Company, with a Local Board, is managed by Mr. Pownall.

# GREAT FIRE, AT TORONTO.

At ten minutes to nine on the night of the 8th the alarm was sounded indicating a fire on Queen street. The flames were first noticed in Good's stove manufacturing establishment, but that gentleman suspects that the flames originat-ed in the varnishing shop of Messrs. Samo & Johnson, which was at the rear of his establishment. Mr. Good's factory was a wooden building, and the fire spread with great rapidity and burned with intense heat. The surrounding buildings quickly caught fire. The engines were quickly on the spot, but owing to Yonge Street being cut up by the new sewer, considerable delay was occasioned, and it was not till fifteen minutes past nine, or until twenty-five minutes after the alarm was struck, that the first engine commenced to play. During the interval the flames had made great headway and the streams thrown by the engines were of comparatively little use, and to the spectator the direction of the hose did not always appear of the wisest character. The intense heat from Mr. Good's burning building set on fire the side-walk, the adjacent lamp-post and telegraph poles and also Davies' pork-packing factory, which latter was fortunately saved by the fire engines. A brisk breeze sprang up and fauned the flames north and east and soon the buildings along

Yonge and Victoria streets, were on fire.

The following stores on Yonge street were completely destroyed:—Geo. Ellis, store for the sale of hair and fancy goods; Wm. Lamb, shoemaker: J. Davis, musical instruments: Wm. Hodson, tinware; Goulding, milinery; Samo and Johnson's furniture factory; Jas. A. Cherry, dry goods; Snider, livery stables, and ten private houses on Victoria street. In addition to these the stores of Wm. Rowland, dry goods; Noverre, tobacconist; McEachren, tailor, and two houses on Victoria street, were considerably damaged. The total loss is set down at \$200, 000, only partially covered by insurance.

# THE HOLYOKE CATASTROPHE.

We need not rehearse the sickening details of the tragedy which took place in the French R. C. Church of South Holyoke, in the last week of May. We publish a number of sketches illustrating its principal phases, because the majority of those who perished were native Canadians.

#### THE SHIP WITHOUT A PILOT.

This is a humorous view of the situation during the absence of Mr. Mackenzie in Eng-It seems that no one has been commis sioned to act in the distinct capacity of Premier. Whatever that may mean, and how much practical inconvenience it may entail, we are sure we do not know, nor does any one seem to know. Yet the circumstance is curious and comical all the same. Our cartoon represents Mr. Mackenzie going off in a boat and bidding his lieutenants take good care of the ship, but the two pilots, who will be easily recognized by their spectacles, seem to be tugging at the wheel each in a contrary direction. The Postmaster General is sitting on his mail bags and looks as if he

#### THE MONUMENT OF MAXIMILIAN AT TRIESTE.

This splendid monument has been erected at Trieste in view of his once beautiful Villa of Miramar, to the memory of the late unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. It is a well deserved tribute to a well meriting hero, who was the victim of his own good intentions, and who perished miserably in vengeance for the ambibition of others. Maximilian was among the noblest of the Hapsburgs and deserved a better fate from Republicans who preach clemency and humanity to monarchists.

#### CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A mythological study in plaster cast which received high honors in the Paris Salon of 1875.

#### THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS.

We introduce this view to give our City Fathers of Canada an idea of how municipal matters are appreciated in the old countries. The Hall is worthy of a Parliament and is furnished with every convenience.

In our account, of the Desjardins Canal Iron Bridge, a fortnight ago, we omitted to mention that the engineer who designed it is Mr. J. K. Griffin of Watertown.

# EN TROUBADOUR.

A charming young actress of beauty and viva-city, who is the pet chanteuse of one of the opera-bouffe theatres in the boulevards, lately made a wager that during a relache of the theatre she. although ignorant of the English language, would travel a week in Hampshire, supporting herself by singing in the villages the favourite chansons of France. Not many weeks ago, ma-demoiselle sailed from Havre for Southampton, cleverly disguised in Alsatian peasant costume. Not daring to trust herself in Southampton, where so many of her compatriots are always to be found, she took train at once to Farnham, and with all the dash of a gay young Parisienne, was soon, guitar in hand, singing one of Beranger's songs in the market-place of a picturesque little English village in that vicinity. The coppers of the rustics were not slow to reach the wallet of the fair *Bohémienne*, whose eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy as she found how soon her own marvellous musical talent befriended her onforeign shores. A party of young officers from Aldershot sat at an open window of the leading hotel. In the careless manner of their order they chaffed each other on the strolling singer's beauty, and tossed her some silver. Among these gay fellows there was one young officer who in boyhood had been educated at Lausanne. He was fascinated with the girl's faultless singing. The young Cavalry officer in a twinkling became—as the novelists delight to put it—hopelessly in love: Such eyes! such a form! such a divine voice! Mademoiselle was pressed after the fatigues of the day to dine with Messieurs les Caviliers, but with a thousand thanks she declined. She would accept only, and accepted gratefully, a crust of bread and a glass of generous Bordeaux. She travelled on foot to a neighbouring hamlet, in a very humble hostelry of which she spent the night, after laughingly counting over the gains of her after laughingly counting over the gains of her first day's serenade. A neat little letter addressed to Paris gave a piquant story of the first hours of her campaign, and paid a flattering compliment to 'the heautiful young cavalry officer' who so loved the chansons of Béranger. Next day mademoiselle was warbling again, and and her adorer of yesterday was in her train. Again his hospitable solicitations were refused, but again she deigned to accept the crust and the kindly claret. Might he not accommany her? windly claret. Might he not accompany her? "You may accompany me if you will travel en troubadour." He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. To travel en troubadour along his shoulders. To travel en erousewar, with mademoiselle through the dusty villages, with mademoiself through the dusty villages, and gathering coppers from wayside stragglers, and within a few miles of Aldershot, was too much. The sequel of the story is equally telling. week, a charming blonde actress, the idol of the Boulevards, retired from the footlights under showers of real flowers, and amidst the loudest acclamations. During the evening, in one of the avant-scenes, there sat a pensive young English officer watching the movements of the brilliant actress with passionate ardour. On the portico, as she stepped after the evening's permance into her barouche, the same young officer gently intercepted her, looking into her beautiful eyes with all the fondness of undying love. He whispered something. Mademoiselle turned with a saddened expression, and quickly said, in an almost mournful tone, as only a French-woman could say it, "No, no, monsieur, we

cannot now travel en Troubadour. Adieu,

#### JANE DONCASTER.

Jane Doncaster was perfectly right. If every married woman had the spirit to do as she did, there would be less misery in this world, and drunkards would be left alone in their beastliness, to make none wretched but themselves and die off as speedily as possible.

Jane Doncaster was by no means a perfect girl. She had plenty of faults of character, and some of them serious enough. But she had decision and a certain stiff pride inherited from a mother who had known grief and the heartless-ness of men. The two lived in a sleepy old inland town called Norborough, and their existence partook of its humdrum. So long as Jane was in her teens, the mother bore her lot patiently, but with the advance of infirm age and the increase of uncertainty about the girl's future, she fretted very much and was quite unhappy. Things were looking their bluest, when Norborough was visited by an aristocratic family, the Leightons, who resumed residence in their own Hall, on the outskirts. The household consisted of Mrs. Leighton, her son Charlie Reginald and an elderly aunt, named Lady Ann. Of course, Charlie Reginald must fall in love with Jane, and, of course, Jane, notwithstanding the dis-parity of their condition, must return the love of Charlie Reginald. So far, so good. Poor Mrs. Doncaster is contented; she sees her fondest anticipations fulfilled, and goes out of this troubling

The two young folk were married six weeks after that event. They spent the honeymoon at a small country house in Surrey, and every thing went on in the most approved meli-lunar fashion for the first fortnight. Then came a little in-cident. One night, Jane found her husband lying on his face on the floor of the dining-room dead drunk. He had swallowed the best part of a bottle of brandy, which she had opened for culinary purposes about an hour before. Quite naturally, the young wife was rather bewildered. She inquired of the attendant butler what it all meant. His answer was, "Mr. Leighton as been like this from a boy, ma'am; and I'm told is father and grandfather was so before 'im."

The first storm of despair over, Jane took a re solution. She went over to the Hall and scolded Lady Ann for having tricked her into marriage with a confirmed drunkard, and never giving her any warning. The old aunt tried to storm back, but it was no use. The little fiery spirit was up. Jane went away from the Hall and from her home for ever. She set to work at once to make her living. There were ugly passes to go over, but she bore through them

It goes without saying that she had her reward in time. She met an old flame, a man named Forsyth, and they fell in love with one another again. They fought away the little devil of love, but it was no use. They swore eternal friendship, they resolved to be brother and sister to one another, and all that sort of thing, until circumters on a part of the state of the s

stances should change.

Circumstances did conveniently change. First,
Lady Ann went to her long home. Then Charlie Reginald, having no longer any restraint over his passion, finished himself a few months after. The way was now clear. Jane and Forsyth got

married, and oh! were n't they happy!

Now, we submit that this is a good story.

The author is MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, wife of the blind Professor Fawcett, M. P., and her portrait lately appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED News among a number of distinguished English women. Her writing now and then betrays the 'prentice hand, but it is generally equal to the simple purposes of her narrative. The edition before us is the Canadian copyright of Hunter, Rose & Co., our enterprising Toronto publishers who are doing so much to popularize good literature among us, by the issue of cheap and well printed books. The work is for sale by Dawson Brothers, of this city, and we would resommend it to all those of our readers who like a straightforward, common sense novel.

# CRYOGENS OR COLD-PRODUCERS.

Some experiments were recently described, at the Physical Society, in relation to cold-producing chemical mixtures. The main object of these experiments was to ascertain the manner in which mixtures of salts act as cryogens, and to study their combination with water at various temperatures and in various proportions. two salts, to which either the acid or the base is common, and which do not form a double salt, are mixed in equivalent proportion, the cryogen produced has nearly the temperature due to the salt, which alone would produce the greatest degree of cold. Solidification begins at a temperature below the melting point of the least fusible, and continues at lower and lower temperatures until the temperature due to the other constituent salt, is reached. Occasionally a cryohydrate, having a constant solidifying point, has been obtained by mixing in definite proportions salts which are not known to exist in the form of a double salt. In all such cases the solidifying point of the mixture is intermediate between the solidifying points of the constituents and its temperature as a cryogen is also between the temperatures of the constituents when sepaused as cryogens. When two salts composed of different acids and bases are mixed and no precipitation occurs, it is generally considered that partial double decomposition takes place, two new salts being formed. It was found that if the salts AX and BY be mixed in atomic proportion and dissolved in the smallest possible amount of water a mixture identical with that produced on mixing AY with BY is obtained.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

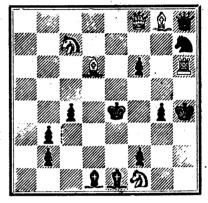
#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hear that the Prospectus for our Chess Congress and Tourney of 1875, will soon be published. We shall be glad to see it, and trust that every member of the Canadian Chess Association will do his best to make this gathering at Ottawa, in August next, creditable to the Dominion. An interest in the noble game is not wanting either across the Atlantic, or in the States, and Canada which is manifestly keeping her own in material wealth, must not, and will not, be left behind in all that relates to intellectual advancement.

Two games by correspondence have just been played by two Canadian amateurs. We give one of them this week, and the other shall appear in due course.

#### PROBLEM No. 24.

From the English Mechanic. By S. H. Thomas. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and Mate in three moves

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 99

Solution of Problem 140. 22.		
WHITE.		
<ol> <li>B takes Q</li> <li>Anything.</li> </ol>		

Q to K 5th [ch]
 P takes Q. Mate.

Q to Kt 7th [best]
 Q takes Q.

2. Q takes Q B P 3. P takes Q. Mate 3. Q mates.

1. P to Q B 5th 2. Q to K 4th 1f 2. Anything else

2. Kt to Q 8th 3. Kt mates.

1. B to B 3rd 2. Any move.

1. B to Kt 6th 2. Kt takes B

Kt takes Q

Solution of Problem for Young Players,

BLACK.

 Q to K R 7th [ch]
 Kt to Kt 6th [ch]
 B to Q 5th, mate. 2. K moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

WHITE KatKsq RatKBsq RatQKt7th KtatK6th Pat K Kt 6th

BLACK. K at K R sq R at k Kt 7th R at Q R 7th Kt at K Kt sq Kt at K B 3rd .P at Q Kt 6th

White to mate in three moves.

# GAME 28th.

Piayed in Canada by Correspondence. WHITE, (Henderson) BLACK. (H. Northcote) [Scotch Gambit.]

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th
4. B to Q B 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P takes P
7. Kt to W B 3rd
8. P to Q 5th
9. B to Q 3rd
10. P to Q R 2rd
11. B takes P
12. Q to R 4th (ch)
13. Q takes Kt 11. Q to R 4th (ch)

13. Q takes Kt

14. Q to Q 3rd

15. Castles

16. P to K R 3rd

17. B to K 3rd

18. K to Q 4\*h

19. B takes B

20. P to K B 4th

21. P to K 5th

23. P takes P

24. K t takes B

25. Q takes Q K t P

26. B to Q K 6th

27. B to B 2nd

28. P takes K t

29. K to R 2nd

30. B to K t 3rd

31. R to B 2nd

32. B takes R

33. K to K 2 2nd

34. Q takes P

35. Q to K 8th [ch]

36. R to K K sq

37. Resigns.

pti. J
P to K 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
P takes P
B to Q B 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
B to Q Kt 3rd
P to Q 3rd
Kt to Q R 4th
P to Q B 4th
P to Q B 4th
Kt to Ke B 5rd
R to Q 2nd
R to Q 2nd
R to Q 2nd
R to Q 2nd
R to Q 2nd R to Q B sq Castles
P to K R 3rd
Kt to K R 4th
K R to K sq
B takes Kt P to Q R 3rd P to K Kt 3rd Kt to K Kt 2nd P takes P Bto Q Kt 4th P takes Kt Kt to K 3rd Q to KiR 5th Q takes P [ch] R takes P [ch] R takes R (ch] Q to K 4th (ch) R takes P [ch] Q to K 4th (ch) R takes P [ch] Q to K 7th K to R 2nd Q to Kt 5th (ch) Kt to K Kt 2nd



THE HOLYOKE CATASTROPHE, IN WHICH 75 FRENCH CANADIANS PERISHED.



Pig. 1.

F10. 2.



Fig. 3. Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

5. Fig. 6.



F16. 7



Fig. :



Frg. 9.



F10. 10.



Fig. 11.

THE FASHIONS.



Ftg. 12

# THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

# THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

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

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

I listened in silence, close to Margaret. I was the happiest lad in the country. And very late after ten, when the others were all gone and Maltre Jean closed his door, crying, "Good night, friends, good night! What a fine day's work!" and some went off right and left by twos and threes, Margaret and I last of all left the yard, shut the trellis-gate, and slowly took the road to the village.

We were both of us thoughtful, looking at this fine moonlight night, the trees throwing their shallows across the road, and the countless stars overhead. It was absolute silence; not a leaf stirred; some old women wished us good night and in front of Chawel's house, under the hedge of their little's oping orchard, the spring which flowed out of the bank through the old pipe bubbled in its trough, nearly level with the

I see the water flowing over the trough; the watercresses and the iris which cover the rotten old pipe; the shadow of the great apple tree at the corner of the house, and the moon, which was reflected in the trough like a looking-glass; everything is quiet; Margaret looks on a mo 

Then she stoops with her little hand on the pipe and her mouth under it, her beautiful hair pipe and her industriance is not consume a single down her cheeks and over her pretty brown heck, and she drinks. I look at her in ecstasy. All of a sudden she stands up, wipes her chin with her apron, and says-

er chin with her apron, end says—
"Yes, Michel, all the same, you are the boldest of all the village lads. I saw you well
enough behind me; yeu did not look very kind
—no; and that is the reason Poulet was in such
a hurry to go after looking at you!"
She began to lauth, an i while I was delighted
to hear her in the quiet street, she asks me—
"But tell me Michel what were reason.

"But tell me, Michel, what were you think-ing about to make such a face as that?"

"I was thinking is he had the misfortune to touch you, or say even a word to shock you, that he was a lost man."

Then she looks at me again, and her cheeks

"But you would have been sent to the gal-

"But would that have muttered? I should have killed him first."

How all this comes back to one after the lapse of so many years! I can hear Margaret's voice; every word is now in my ear, and the small murmur of the spring, all, all comes back. Oh, love! what a pleasant thing! Margaret was then sixteen; for me she has never

grown old. We stood dreaming there an instant, and then Margaret turned towards their door; she said nothing; but just as she opened it, with her foot in the passage, she turned round and stretched out to give me her little hand saying-

"Come, good night, Michel, and thanks."

And I feit her press my haud. I was very much troubled at it. After the door was closed much troubled at it. After the door was closed I stood for two minutes listening to Margaret moving about their cottage, go upstairs, and then seeing the lamp lighted through the crack in the shutters, "Now she is going to bed," said I to myself, and I set off, saying in my inmost soul, "Now she knows you love her."

I have never since felt similar agitation or

similar enthusiasm. I fancied all this to myself, with tears in my eyes; and I thought too that Father Chauvel would be pleased to have me for a son in-law. What could be have much better than a good workman, hard-working, saving, and capable of workman, hard-working, saving, and capable of putting money by; a plain and honest man like myself? I felt sure he would give his consent; everything seemed reasonable, and I became quite affected at my own happy imagination.

Unharpily, things happen in this world when they are the least expected.

One morning, five or six days after the arrival of the revenue officers, we were shoeing the old Jew Schmoule's cart-horse in front of the forge, when the woman Steffen came in from the Baraques. She was returning from selling her eggs and vegetables in the town market, and said to Maître Jean-

"Here is something for you."

It was a letter from Nancy, and Mattre Jean

cried out—
"I bet it comes from Chauvel! Read it to us, Michel; I have no time to look for my spectacles.'

I opened the letter, but had scarcely read the two first lines when my knees began to tremble. and I feit a cold shiver all over my body. Chauvel informed Mattre Jean that he had just been named deputy from the Third Estate to the States-General, and begged him to send Margaret to the inn of the Piat d'Etain, Rue des Vieilles Boucheries, at Nancy, as they were to set out together for Versailles.

That is all I can recollect of a tolerably long letter. I continued to read without understand. it, and at last I sat down on the anvil quite

upset. Mattre Jean crossed the street, calling

"Catherine, Chauvel is named deputy for the Third Estate to the States-General.'

Valentine joined his hands together and

"Chauvel at court, among the seigneurs and

"Chauvel at court, among the seigneurs and the bishops! Oh, Lord!"

And old Schmoule, the Jew, said—

"Why not? he is a sensible man, a true man of business; he is as fit for that place as any

I was in great trouble. I kept saying to my-

"Now it is all over—all is lost; Margaret is

going away, and I am left behind."

I had a great mind to cry, but shame pre-

vented me: I reflected-"If they know you love her the whole coun-

try will laugh at you. What is a journey man blacksmith compared to the daughter of a deputy of the Third Estate? Nothing at all. Margaret is up in the sky and you down on the

My heart was broken.

The street was already full of people, Dame Catherine, Nicole, Mattre Jean, and the neighbours crying out-

"Chauvel is deputy for the Third Estate to the States-General?"
"We are all crazy on account of the honour

to the country—we think of nothing else. Michel, run and tell Margaret!"

I got up. I was afraid to see Margaret. I was afraid of crying before her, of betraying that I loved her, and of making her feel timid. Even in the passage I stopped a moment to summon

up courage, and then I entered.
She was ironing in the little room.
"Why, it is Michel!" said she, surprised to see me in my shirt-sleeves, for I had forgotten to put on my jacket and wash my hands.

I replied—
"Yes, it is I; I bring you good news."

"Your father is named deputy to the States-General."

While I was speaking she became very pale, and I cried-

"Margaret, what is the matter?"

But she could not answer; joy and pride were the cause; and then, suddenly bursting into tears, she threw herself into my arms, saying— "Oh! Michel, what an honour for my

I held her tight; her arms were round my neck; I felt her sobs; her tears rolled down her cheeks! How I loved, how I should have liked to keep her! In my soul I said, 'Let any one try to take her from me! and yet I must let her go.' Her father's will was law. Long did Margaret cry; then letting go her hold on me, she ran and wheel her face on the towel, lawred and said. laughed, and said-

"How silly I am, Michel! How can one cry about such things?"

I said nothing. I looked at her with a love which cannot be described. She paid no attention to it!

"Now," said she, taking my arm, "come!" And we walked off.

The great room of the Three Pigeons was full of people. I do not care to describe to you the embracings of Mattre Jean, Dame Catherine, and Nicole; nor the compliments of the notables, Letumier, old Rigaud, and Huré. That day the inn was not empty till nine in the evening; men, women, and children coming and going, waving their bats, their caps, failing about, and shouting loud enough to be heard at little St. Jean; glasses, bottles, and pipkins tinkled, Maître Jean's loud voice was to be heard above the tumult, with shouts of laughter which seemed never ending; it was an inde-scribable fête. Seeing all this, I said to myself— "What a wretch you are! The village is re-

joicing in honour of Chauvel and Margaret, everybody is delighted, and there you are as sad

as death—it is shameful."

Valentine alone was of my way of thinking. "It is the end of all; the rabble goes to court now; the seigneurs are mixed up with ragamuffins; there is no respect for anything; Cal-vinists are named instead of Christians; the end of the world is coming."

And in my great sorrow I thought he was

tht: my courage was disapnot remain there in the crowd; Margaret herself was forced back into the kitchen, where the notables went to congratulate her. I took my cap and walked off. I went God knows where ! straight before me, by the side of the road, I believe, across the field.

It was as fine as it had been for a fortnight: the oats began to grow green, the wheat to shoot, along the bedges the linnets chirped, and in the air the larks hovered and sang their everlasting songs; the sun and moon rose and shone in spite of me; my misery was dreadful. I sat down three or four times under the shade of a hedge, with my head in my hands; and I dreamed! But the more I dreamed the sadder I became. I saw nothing either in the past nor in the future, as they say of wretches lost at sea, who can see nothing but water and sky,

"Now it is all over-...ow we must die ! "

nothing to me.

At last, at night I returned to the village, I knew not how, and I reached the back of our cottage. At a distance, at the other end of the street, I could still hear their cries and songs. I

listened, and said to myself—
"Cry and sing; you are right; life is a trouble! and I went in; my father and mother vere sitting on their stools spinning and plaiting. I wished them good evening; my father looke t at me and said

"How pale you are, Michel; you are ill, my

I d d not know what answer to make, when

my mother smiled, and said—
"Why, don't you see he has been drinking with the others? He has had as much as he could carry in honour of Chauvel!"
I auswered in the bitterness of my soul—

"Yes, you are right mother, I am ill. I have had too much-you are right; we must take advantage of an opportunity."

My father said gently—

"Well, my child, go to bed; that will go off; good night, Michel."

I climbed the ladder with the little tin lamp,

quite worn out; I was obliged to rest my hand on my knee to help myself up. When there I set down the lamp on the floor, and I looked at my little brother Etlenne, who was sleeping so soundly, his fair head thrown back on the coarse linen pillow, his small mouth open, and his long hair round his neck; I looked at him, thinking, "How like he is to my father, how very like!" And I kissed him, crying to my-self, and saying, "Now I shall work for you, since everything is going, and nothing remains for me, it is for you that I will labour, and perhaps you will be happier than I. She whom you may love perhaps will not go away, and we shall live altogether."

Then I undressed myself and lay down by him; and all night long I did nothing but dream of my misfortune; repeating to myself that no one ought to know of my love for Margaret, that it would be disgraceful; that a man ought to be a man, and so on. And next day early I went to the forge, determined to be firm. That did me good.

That day the compliments continued: and it rhat day the compliments continued; and it was not only the Baraquins, but the town notables, MM. the mayor's officers; MM. the échevins, assessors, syndics; MM. the secretaries, registrars. treasurers, receivers, and comptrollers; MM. the notaries and hammer-keepers of the freedom of the waters and forests and how many and More that the constraints of the secretaries. forests, and how many? More than I can tell.

All this crowd of people, whom no one knew, came one after the other with their cocked hats, their great powdered wigs, their long ivory-topped canes, their ratteen coats, silk stockings, shirt-frills and lace. They came like swallows round a church-tower in autumn; they came to compliment Madlle Margaret Chauvel, the daughter of our deputy from the balliwick to the States-General. They seemed as pleased as if our elections had anything to do with them. What an abomination! The whole room smelt of musk and vanille. I have often thought since that they were true cuckoos which occupy the nest when it is completed, but which never brought a single straw to help to build it. Their chief business is to profit by everything without trouble, and to obtain good good places by bowing and scraping.

Before the elections they would have wished neither good night nor good morning; but now they came to offer their services to us, thinking that Charvel at Versailles could return it to them twice and thrice over. The wretches! only seeing them made me feel ill-will towards

Valentine and I could see from the forge opposite, while Maitre Jean, Margaret, and Dame Catherine were receiving all these fine people. We could see all their grimaces through the open windows; and Valentine, yellow with in-

digna ion, said to me Look at Syndic this, or M. Hammer-keeper that, making his bow; that is the proper way to bow. Now he is taking his pinch of rappee on his thumb; he knocks the tobacco from his shirt-frill with the end of his finger-nails; he learned that at Mgr. the Cardinal's, but that does very well to an innkeeper's; that flatters he turns on his heel and bows to the rest of the company.

Valentine laughed; but I hammered away without looking, choking with rage. I then perceived still more clearly the distance there was between Margaret and myself. The Bara quins might have erred in respect to the importance of a deputy of the Third Estate to the States-General; but these others ought to know something about it; they would not make their bows and pay their compliments for nothing.

Margaret had only to choose—in fact, I felt she would be wrong to take a journeyman smith instead of the son of a counsellor or a syndic. That seemed to me a matter of course and grieved me all the more.

Well, this scene was repeated up to five

Margaret was to leave at night with the Paris courier: Maitre Jean lent her a trunk; it was | back."

This is what my thoughts were. All else was | a large one, covered with cowskin, which he had inherited from his father-in-law, Didier-Ramel; it had been in the loft for thirty years, and I had the job of strengthening the corners with sheet-iron. Twenty times that day did the idea of smashing it to pieces with my hammer come into my head; but thinking I was working for Margaret, and that, doubtless, for the last time, filled my eyes with tears, and I continued time, filled my eyes with lears, and I continued to work with a zeal which one no longer feels after twenty. It would not be finished; I had always something to file or a hinge to fit; however, some minutes before five there was nothing more to be flone; the lock acted well; the claw of the padlock fitted perfectly; everything was strong.

Margaret had just left. I saw rer go into their house. I told Valentine I was tired, and should feel obliged if he would carry the trunk to Chauvel's. He took it on his shoulder, and went off with it at once. Quite done up, I had not courage to go there, or to find myself again alone with Margaret. I feit that my wretchedness would be ray itself so I put on my jacket and went into the inn. Every one else was gone, thank God! Maitre Jean, with his cheeks red and his eyes bright was singing the glories of the Three Pigeons. He declared that no other inn had ever received such an honour, and Dame Catherine was of the same opinion. and Dame Catherine was of the same opinion.

and Dame Catherine was of the same opinion.

Nicole was laying the cloth.

Mattre Jean, seeing me, said that Margaret had had her supper and was in a hurry to get her baggage tegether and to choose those of her father's books which she had to take with her. He asked about the trunk; I took him it was finished, and that Valentine had taken it to Chauvel's house.

At that moment Valentine came in magazing

At that moment Valentine came in; we sat down, and we had our supper.

I intended going home before eight o'clock, without taking leave of any one. What was the use of paying compliments, since it was all over, and I had nothing to hope for? I thought, "When she is gone Maître Jean will write to Father Chauvel that I was ill, if he troubles himself at all about it. If he does not have the state of self at all about it; if he does not, so much the

That was my idea; as soon as supper was over, I quietly got up and went out. It was dark: there was a light in the upper room in Chauvel's house. I stopped a minute to look at it; and then seeing Margaret come to the window, I ran away, but just as I turned the corner of their orchard I heard her cry out, "Michel! Michel!"

And I stopped as if the chimney had fallen on

my head.
"What do you want, Margaret?" said I, my hosom. heart beating as if it would burst my bosom.

"Come up," she answered; "I was going to look for you; I want to speak to you."

So I went upstairs very pale, and I found her in the upper room before an open wardrobe. She had just filled the trunk, and said to me— "Well, you see I have made haste; the books

are at the bottom, the linen above them, and on the top of all my two dresses. There is nothing more to pack. I am looking—" And as I made no reply, being so very much embarrassed "Look here," said she, "now I must show you over the house, for you will have to take care of it; come!"

She took me by the hand and we entered the little back room, above the kitchen; it was their fruit room, but there was no fruit, only the

"See," said she, "here you must put the apples and pears of the orchard. We have not many, so much the more reason for taking care of them. Do you see?"

"Yes, Margaret," said I looking at her, much

affected.

Then we went downstairs; she showed me the lower room, where her father slept, their little cellar, and the kitchen opening on the orchard; and then she recommended her rose. trees to my care, saying that was her chief anxiety, and that she should be very angry with me if I did not take care of them. I thought to myself, "They will be well looked after, but what is the use of that if you are going to leave us?" Nevertheless I felt a sort of hope gently revive, my eyes grew dim, and seeing myself alone talking to ber. I said to myself-

"My God! is it possible it is all over?"

As we returned to the lower room Margaret pointed out her father's books, arranged on the shelves between the two small windows; she said-

"While we are away you must often come and fetch books from here, Michel; you must teach yourself; without learning you can never be anything."

She spoke, but I could not answer, being so touched to see that she could think of instruction for me—the very thing I had so often cousidered as first of all. I said to myself-

"She must love me! Yes, she does love me! How happy we should have been !"

After putting the lamp on the table, she gave me the house-key, and told me to open it from time to time to preserve it from damp.

Just as we went out she said, "I hope it will be in a good state, Michel, when we come

11-16-52-131.

When I heard her talk of coming back, I

oried—
"You are coming back, then, Margaret? You are not leaving for good?"

My voice trembled and my head swam.

"What do you mean, if we return?" said she, looking at me with astonishment! "why, what do you think we are going to do, you silly fellow! Do you believe we are going to make our fortunes there?" She laughed.

"Come back? yes, and poorer than we went We must come back and attend to our business as soon as the people's rights are voted; we shall be back this year, or next year at the

"Ah!" said I, "I thought you were never coming back !"

And not being able to contain myself any longer, I began to sob like a child. I was sitting on the trunk, my head between my hands, thanking God, and yet ashamed of having spoken out. Margaret said nothing. This lasted several minutes, for I could not check myself. All at once I felt her hand touch my soulder. I stood up. She was pale, and her beautiful black eyes glistened.

"Work hard, Michel," said she softly, again pointing to her father's little bookcase; "my

She took the lamp and went out. I put the trunk on my shoulder, as if it were a feather, and followed her into the passage. I wanted to speak but the words would not come.

Once outside, I shut the door and put the key in my pocket. The moon was shining amidst the stars; I cried out, as I held my head up—
"What a fine night, Margaret! Thank God

for giving you such a fine night for your jour.

I was happy; she seemed more serious, and said as we entered the inn—

"Don't forget anything that you have pro-

The courier ought to leave about ten. There was just time for us to get there. Every one kissed Margaret, except Mattre Jean and I, who were going to accompany her to the town; and some moments after we set off, by a beautiful mocnlight. Dame Catherine and Nicole stood at the door, calling out—

"A pleasant journey, Margaret; come back soon! She replied-

"Yes, and may we all meet again as well as we are now !"

I took up my trunk, and we walked along the road with the two rows of poplars which lead to the glacis. Margaret walked by my side; two or three times she said to me-

"Is not the trunk heavy, Michel?"

And I answered-

"No! it is nothing at all, Margaret."
We were obliged to hurry, and we walked

We were obliged to hurry, and we walked faster; when we reached the foot of the g.acis Mattre Jean called out—
"We shall be there directly."
Half-past nine struck; some minutes later we passed the Porte de France. At the end of the street, where Lutz now lives, the vehicle was to stop. We ran, and at about a quarter of the length of the street we could hear the noise of the carriage, which was crossing the Place the carriage, which was crossing the Place

"We are just in time," said Maître Jean.

As we turned the corner the light from the courier's lantern fell on us from the Rue de l'Eglise; we went under the archway, where by the greatest chance we found the old Jew Schmoulé, who was going to Nancy. Just then the vehicle stopped. There were several empty places. Mattre Jean kissed Margaret. I had put down the trunk, and did not stir.

"Come here," said she, offering me her cheek

to be kissed.

As I kissed her she whispered in my ear-

"Work, Michel—work!"
Schmoulé had already taken his place in one

corner. Maître Jean, as he lifted Margaret into the carriage, said to him— "Take care of her, Schmoule, I trust her to

you.'

"Be easy," said the old Jew, "our deputy's

daughter shall be attended to. Trust me."

I was glad to see Margaret with an old acquaintance. She leaved out of the window and gave me her hand. The conductor went into the bureau to see if the places were paid for. He mounted his seat, and said—

The horses started off, and we called out all together-

"Goo -bye, Margaret! Good-bye! Good-bye,

The carriage rolled away before us; it pas under the Porte de France. We followed it, thinking. Once outside the works, we could only hear the horses' bells as they gallopped

along the Sarrebourg road. Mattre Jean said-"By eight o'clock to-morrow they will be at

Nancy. Chauvel will be there to meet Marga. ret, and in four or five days they will be at Versailles."

I said nothing.

We returned to the village and went straight to our coltage, where I found every one asleep in the peace of the Lord. I scrambled up the ladder, and that night I had no bad dreams, as I had the preceding.

(To be continued.)

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# INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM EVERETT CHESTER, of the City of Montreal, Builder,

An Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, DAVID J. CRAIG, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before metitin one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July next, at 3 o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

DAVID J. CRAIG,

Montreal, 31st May, 1875.

Official Assignee. 11-24-2-160.

# INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM TATTERSALL, of the City of Montreal, Builder,

An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, DAVID J. CRAIG, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at No. 144
Nazareth Street, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July
next, at 11 o'clock forenoon, for the public examination
of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the

DAVID J. CRAIG,

Montreal, 31st May, 1875.

Official Assignee. 11-24-2-161.

# Exchange Bank of Canada. DIVIDEND No. 6.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT., being at the rate of Eight per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June both days inclusive.

30th June, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House, on Monday, the 12th day of July next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon. By order of the Board of Directors,

R. A. CAMPBELL, Cashier.

Montreal, 1st June, 1875.

# MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIV-

FOUR PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current Half Year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held in the Banking House in this City, on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JULY NEXT.

The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock, noon, precisely By order of the Board,

JACKSON RAE, General Manager. 11-24-4-165.

Montreal, 29th May, 1875.

# Union Bank of Lower Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIV-

FJUR PER GENT.

on the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half Year, and will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after THURNDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

The Tranfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MERTING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on

Thursday, the 8th July.

Chair to be taken at noon

By order of the Board,

Quebec, 28th May, 1875.

P. MACEWEN, Cashier. 11-24-4-167.

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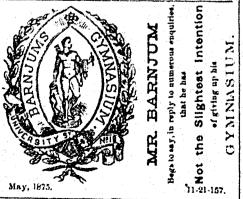
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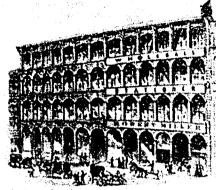


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