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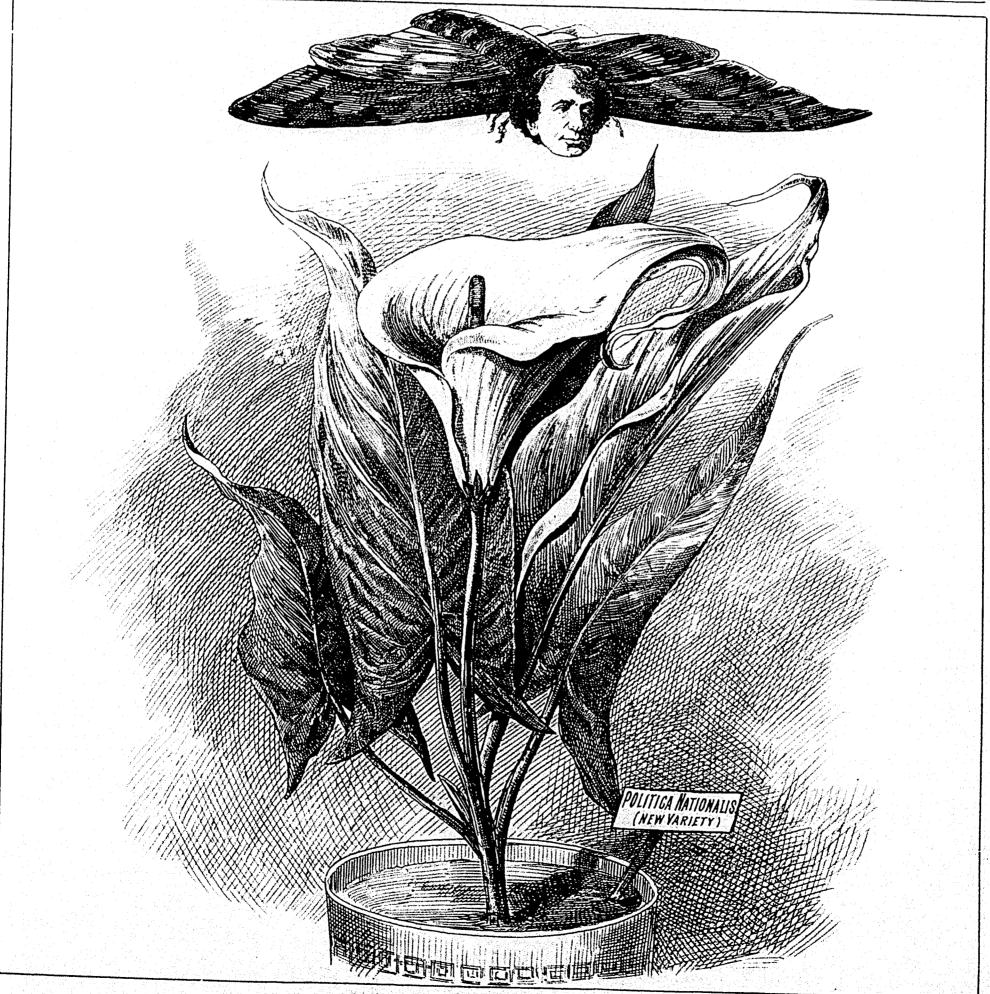
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

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"COMETH UP AS A FLOWER!"

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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NOTICE.

In the next number of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

there will be a large double-page picture of the

HANLAN-COURTNEY RACE

at Lachine, along with portraits of the contestants in costume and in their shells. Also a number of smaller sketches descriptive of the whole event, with full letter-press description. We shall also publish a sketch of the new Ontario Exhibition Building at Toronto.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 5, 1878.

VICTORIBUS SPOLIA.

This delicate question has, during the past week, been agitating the minds of militant journalists. The old Roman cry that to the victor belong the spoils of war is one whose echo has been taken up and acted upon to an appalling extent in modern political life. It was the late Governor Marcy, of New York, Secretary of State under President PIERCE, who is said to have popularized the doctrine among our neighbours, and one of the greatest Americans that ever lived, Andrew Jackson, carried it out in the most lavish and reckless manner during his first administration. Since his time it has become a recognized rule of action in the United States, President HAYES having so far been the gentlest in its application. To cloak somewhat the injustice of the practice, the euphemistic term Rotation in Office has been conveniently imagined. In France, every change of Cabinet seems necessarily to involve a general change of even minor officials, and this ludicrous habit has furnished the inimitable CHAM with some of his most felicitous cartoons. In Canada, taking all in all, we have been comparatively free from the nuisance, thanks to our scheme of Civil Service, based upon that of the Mother Country, but recent events have shown that we are not altogether free from an infliction which must give a great deal of trouble to the men in power. As a rule, there is far too much political feeling in the ranks of our Civil Service, and this is owing to the palpable fact that appointments are mainly due to political influence, instead of to competitive merit and regular promotion as the inflexible rule ought to be. Members of the Civil Service, being generally men of intelligence and education, cannot, of course, divest themselves of political partialities and prejudices, but beyond the recording of their ballot, they should be strictly guarded and never go should be strictly guarded and never go beyond the bounds of an honourable neutrality. In other words, they should be epiccenes. They ought not to give any government the pretext of removing them government the pretext of removing them on the score of interference in active politics, and government, on the other hand, ought not to remove them except upon the most patent cause. This has not always been the case, and the consequence is that a movement of retaliation is spoken of by the opposing party. But we trust the movement will not go beyond velleities or threats. A victorious party can afford to be generous. Their best recourse is to strengthen the system of the Civil Service and enforce its rules. This was one of the points touched upon by Lord Duffern in his late admirable speech or threats. A victorious party can afford

at the opening of the Toronto Exhibition, and we trust that his wise counsels will be heeded. He insisted upon the doctrine that the Civil Service was part and parcel of the stable administration of the country, quite independent of the vicissitudes of Cabinets, and that its character of inamovability should be strictly guarded. The incoming of a new Ministry is not the signal for a distribution of spoils among hungry parasites, but the rallying point of a progressive administration.

WATER METER.

A recent number of the Rochester, N.Y., Democrat and Chronicle contains a long account of a new water meter which has been recently invented in that city by Messrs. Chas. C. Barton and J. B. West, which, it is stated, measures with perfect accuracy, and the durability of which the inventors agree to guarantee. The Chief Engineer of the Rochester Water Works has tested the meter, and says that he feels satisfied that it will register with great accuracy, whether the streams be very small and under a light head, or the stream, large or small, be under great heads, and he recommends it to the careful consider-ation and examination of all boards and water engineers.

Some two years ago the report of the Montreal Water Works had this to say concerning the rapidly-extending waste of

"This extraordinary increase has alarmed the water committee, and a strict inspection of water pipes in houses has been established. This had the effect of bringing down the consumption nearly 1,000,000 of gallons per day. This mode must be resorted to until the general introduction water meters shall have produced a check upon the recklessness of some of our consumers."

We have not the space to enlarge upon so important a subject, but if the invention is what it is represented to be, it is well worthy the attention of our Water Works Committee.

THE TRADE QUESTION AGAIN.

There is at the present time a great diversity of opinion as to whether Protection or Free Frade is best for the interests of the people of Canada, and, as the matter at present stands, if we may believe certain writers, the question is even more one of party than of principle, they contending, without an exception, that the in-terests of the country and Free Trade are one and the same thing. I should be glad to be permitted to give my views on the subject, and herewith append a few remarks, which may or may not be useful towards elucidating the matter.

In advocating or resisting the claims of Pro-ection, we find many and diverse arguments dismetrically opposed to each other. First, England has prospered under Free Trade secondly, the United States are suffering under Protection. I am about to give my opinions upon the reason of these two countries standing in the reason of these two countries standing in the respective positions which they at present occupy, and they are as follows: Firstly. Eng-land occupies an exceptional and peculiar posi-tion as a great central figure amongst the na-tionalities of the globe, and by her isolation from the rest of Europe she enjoys exemption from their difficulties and their standing armies from their difficulties and their standing armies. Scarcely ten years pass away but one or another of the European nations is engaged in a conflict with a neighbouring power, into which all the other European nations, with the exception of England, become more or less involved. Any way their standing armies are greatly increased, and the workshops are for the time being almost deserted. During these times England has laid the foundation of her great mercantile superipolicy so to do. The silks of the East, teas from China, wool from Australia, cotton from India and America (manufactured and raw), watches from Switzerland, toys from Germany, wheat from Canada, spices from the Indies—all could be purchased there as reasonably as in the respective countries where produced, and far lower and in greater abundance than in any other country in the world. Hence to her market flocked the merchants from all parts of the habitable globe; hence her rapid, prodigious prosperity. Looking, on the other hand, to the decline of business in the United States, I have

reared up around her a bulwark against British manufacturers, only to establish a race of her own incapable of honestly conducting business on the principle of paying their debts. Thus their credit is exhausted, they distrust one another, and business is brought to a perfect stand-still. So long as the standard of commercial morality is so fearfully low in the United States as it is at present, we can expect no very serious competition on their part against Great Britain, or, if so, it will be at a loss to themselves. For some years the goods they have been carrying to foreign markets actually cost them more than the sum for which they were sold; so far from the transactions being profitable to them and in-creasing their wealth, they only by degrees brought about the present miserable state of things existing amongst them. Thus you see in each case, both in Great Britain and the United States, peculiar advantages or disadvantages have been the cause of the success or non-success of

each respective country.

Now let me with regard to Canada define my ideas as to the position she now stands in and the great future before her, should she adopt a good, sound system of protection around certain articles which would decrease our importations and make the balance of trade more even, and give us a chance of doing what we have not been heretofore doing-viz., paying 100 cents in the dollar on all goods which we may hereafter purchase. Canada is in a more fortunate position than any European nation, or even the United States, in having a fine country for producing the first essentials required by the human race viz., food. Humanity can exist without the curiosities, delicacies or luxuries of the Indies, of China, or of Europe, but the plain produc-tions of our own soil it can ill dispense with Thus, as one thing or another thing is for the time the fashion in regard to us, our treasures are treasures for all ages. The workman of the globe, wherever he may be, will always remain true to our bread and our meat, and sad indeed will be the fate of rulers who may place a tax on these the prime necessaries of the human family. England may be offended at our duty upon her manufactures, but yet feel ill-disposed to add to the expense of the living of her workmen by a tax upon the food imported for their benefit. Thus, having these saleable articles, all we have to do is to carry them to market, there dispose of them, and, happy idea, for cash. Having so done, our next idea must be to preserve to ourselves the use of the money given us in exchange for our own sole and exclusive benefit.

As matters now stand, say we export at the rate of 60 millions per annum, and import 90 millions. I have nothing to refer to by me at the moment, but I believe this is about the proportion. Well, at this rate, we cannot pay proportion. Well, at this rate, we for what we buy at invoice rates. In order to live at all we must be dishonest and pay about 67 cents for what we have engaged to pay 100. Supposing that, by a readjustment of the tariff, our imports are reduced to, say from England 25 millions, instead of fifty millions. I should imagine the English creditor would be far better satisfied to sell half and get full value, than to sell double of that and get only 67 per cent. of his money. He would be better off, and we would have a better standard of morality prevailing amongst us, and feel the satisfaction of having an honest name, which, I am sorry to sav. as it now stands, we run a great chance of losing for ever.

Supposing we put a heavy duty on English broadcloths, cottons, manufactured furs, hats, etc., there are always a great number of the wealthy who would still take these things, but the majority would be satisfied with our own Canadian productions, and the manufacture of a better quality of goods would be stimulated by a better price or a more extensive use. persons imagine that Protection would necessarily involve a great increase in prices. My idea is that so far from that, it may be the means of purchasing our necessaries in these lines actually cheaper than ever-viz., from the competition engendered by fostering the manufactures, the great increase consequently in the number of the same—the infallible lowering of prices ensuing therefrom. Should, as some people say, there be not sufficient revenue acquired for the purpose of carrying on the government of the country, then we must have recourse to a tax upon personal and other property—the only proper way, to my way of thinking, for raising a revenue in any country. During a late visit to the Maritime Provinces, I found the people there entertains a most following the property. there entertaining a most fallacious ideathat Protection would increase the price of flour, an idea which I endeavoured to combat in every case by assuring them that the price in Liverpool would not be one whit affected by a duty on flour here, and, consequently, as they pur-chased in Liverpool at a regular rate, that rate would be pretty well observed in trading through the Provinces. All our Ontario farmers wanted was to save the expense of shipping to Liverpool what they ought to find a market for here, a result caused by American farmers sending in their flour to compete with ours, duty free. The their flour to compete with ours, duty free. The only saving to Ontario farmers would be then a very great one—viz., the cost of railway to seaboard and ship to Liverpool.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Second General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada was in session, in this city, during three weeks, commencing on the 4th of September last. The Conference was composed of clergymen and laymen, in about equal numbers. About two hundred and twenty representatives were in attendance. We give, in the present number of this paper, portraits of the officers of the Conference, and of the heads of the departments elected during its recent

The President of the Conference is the REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D., of this city. Dr. Douglas is the Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal. He was born, we believe, in this city; has been about thirty years in the ministry of his church; and is about fifty-five years of age. He was the Vice-President of the First General Conference of the Methodist Church of the Dominion. He has filled with distinguished ability several of the highest official positions in his church.

The REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D., is the ex-President of the Conference, having been elected its first President at the session held in Toronto, in 1874. Dr. Ryerson is about seventy-six years of age, and retains his health and vigour in a remarkable degree. He was for about thirty years the Chief Superintendent of Education in Ontario, and is the father of the present school system of that Province. He has neld some of the most important positions in his church, and has always, with marked ability and success, discharged the duties devolved upon

him.
The Vice-President of the Conference is the REV. SAMUEL D. RICE, D.D. Dr. Rice is now a little more than three-score years of age. He was, for a short time, Governor of Victoria College, Cobourg, Ontario. He was mainly instrumental in originating the Wesleyan Female College, in Hamilton; and has filled the position of Governor of that institution for the last

sixteen years.
The REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D., of Sackville, New Brunswick, was elected Book Steward for the eastern section of the work which includes the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion and Newfoundland. Dr. Pickard has been for about forty years in the ministry of his church. He was the first Principal of the Wesleyan Academy, at Sackville, and the first President of its College, and retained his connection with the educational institutions at that place for more than a quarter of a cen-

The REV. ALEX. SUTHERLAND is the Secretary of the General Conference. He is now in the prime of life, having passed his forty-fifth birthday during the recent session of the Conference. He has been twenty-three years in the During the last four years he was one of the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of the Dominion. He has been elected to the same office for another quadrennial term.

The REV. EDWARD HURTLEY DEWART has been re-elected Editor of the Toronto Christian Guardian for the ensuing four years. Mr. Dewart has been in the ministry twenty-seven years, and has been during the last ten years Editor of the connexional paper at Toronto. He is the author of several popular volumes that

nave become widely circulated.

The Rev. Duncan D. Currie, of the New Brunswich Conference, has been elected to the editorial chair of the Halifax Wesleyan for the ensuing quadrennial term. Mr. Currie was on everal occasions a delegate from the late Conference of Eastern British America to the old Canada Conference, to seek the promotion of the mion of the Methodistic bodies of this country. He was the Secretary of the First General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

The REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has been elected Book Steward of the Book and Publishng Department of the Connexion. Mr. Briggs s still comparatively a young man, having been

not more than twenty years in the ministry.

The Rev. John Bredin is the Journal Secretary of the Conference. He filled the same position in the First General Conference. Mr. Bredin has been thirty-six years in the ministry in this country, and was a short period in his earlier years in the Wesleyan ministry in England. He has been elected Secretary in many departments of the work of the church in the Annual Conferences of which he has been a

V. V. R. No. 5 COMPANY.

Last Saturday took place the annual shooting matches of the above company at the Point St. Charles Ranges. Numerous were the competi-tors animated by the desire of showing that they had improved on their previous year's per-formances and attracted by the valuable prizes offered by Major J. J. Redpath, their popular commander, Captain Homer-Taylor and Lieut. Anderson. The shooting commenced at one and Anderson. The shooting commenced at one and was closely contested; and by six o'clock, every one, winners included, was heartily tired of hearing of "windage," "elevation," "magpies," "bull's-eyes," "outers," and all the other slang phraseology connected with the handling of the rifle. It was then announced that Major Redpath had expressed the hope of seeing the members of the Company at his residence in the evening at 8 o'clock. So off they dence in the evening, at 8 o'clock. So off they

drove in the last 'bus, just in time to see the "City of Ottawa" balloon come down from above and safely bring back with it the now celebrated Witness reporter. Thence to their homes to give a "parting look at the looking-glass," like their sisters so often do, after which off to their host's house. The reception they met with there will long be remembered. At the door they are greeted with a cheery "Come in how" and are the theorem. in boys" and are shown into the drawing-room Major Redpath's lady, who kindly shakes hands with each man as he advances, recognizing old faces, greeting new ones and vieing with the Major in making the evening an enjoyable one to all present. The drawing room soon presents to all present. The drawing-room soon presents an animated appearance and volunteers forget their griefs against an ungrateful Corporation. The prizes are distributed amongst cheers and laughter at the appropriate and notunfrequently humourous remarks which accompany the prize and the fortunate winner of the "cross guns" is doubly honoured in having them sawn on his doubly honoured in having them sewn on his sleeve by the lady of the house. The night is spent in various ways; for those who have artistic tastes, there are valuable photographs of the old masters upon which the eyes can feast; literarily-inclined young men discover interesting books; musical and vocal talent displays itself, and various are the tunes sang from operatic snatches down to the well-known "Grandfather's Clock;" two or three dances follow and the "Vics" execute several pas-de-deux like my Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury; of course among the "boys" are some old fogies (not very old) and they get into a corner and play that game of games, whist; there are others of multifarious and Bohemian tastes, who go through all this in succession. Supper comes and the "Vics" sit down to table and eat, drink and are merry. The usual loyal toasts, the health of Major Redpath, that of his lady and of Lieut. Anderson, not forgetting their late Captain Homer-Taylor are enthusiastically drank. Auld Lang Syne is sung, then God Save the Queen and it is getting near midnight so 'tis time to father's Clock ;" two or three dances follow and and it is getting near midnight so tis time to take leave. Once more do the men of No. 5 Company shake hands with their kind hosts heartily thanking them for the more than enjoyable evening that they have spent.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—At 2.30, on Saturday, His Excellency arrived upon the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, of this city, to attend the pic-nic and games of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. He was accompanied in the same carriage by M. H. Gault, Esq., M. P., the same carriage by M. H. Cautt, Esq., M. I., and Captain Hamilton, and in an accompanying carriage by Captain Ward and Messrs. Douglas, of England, and Kidd, of Ottawa. His Excelof England, and Kidd, of Ottawa. His Excellency was received by the committee, though no formal reception was given. His Excellency immediately descended and began a tour of inspection of what the ground contained. The principal attraction was the great balloon "City of Ottawa," which was being inflated with gas from the street pipe, under the superintendence of Prof. Grimley. Much attention was paid by the Governor-Ceneral to the air ship and to the preparations made for its ascent. Prof. Grimley. preparations made for its ascent. Prof. Grimley was called upon to answer a large number of questions as to the size and make of the balloon, and his experience as a balloonist. His balloon is made of Irish linen oiled so as to make it air tight, and contains when inflated 14,000 feet of gas. The inflation occupied about seven hours and a half. The crowd becoming also interested and a nail. The crowd becoming also interested in the balloon began to encroach upon the grounds, and when the "tug of war" and the dancing began, the small boys, and a great many larger boys, who would have been expected to harger boys, who would have been expected to have more sense, rushed under the ropes, until it was found impossible to proceed with the sports, simply for want of room. On this account, many of the most interesting competi-tions did not come off. Only one "tug of war" was "tugged"—that between the members of St. was "tugged"—that between the members of St. Patrick's Society and the members of the St. Joseph Society. It was a most exciting contest, and in the heat of the fight class distinctions were overridden entirely. Young swells and city aldermen and volunteer officers mixed promisenously with tradegrees and laborate and city aldermen and volunteer officers mixed promiscuously with tradesmen and laborers, and even His Excellency himself was unpleasantly crowded, while the shoutings were like Babel gone cruzy. The competitors "tugged" their very best, and the contest lasted for about four minutes each time—the convention was two minutes each time—the competition was two out of three points—but fortune went with the Irishmen in each case. About half-past four it was noticed by the crowd that the "City of Ottawa" had become almost completely inflated, and from that moment interest centred upon the point where preparations for the air-flight were in progress. Shortly after, everything was announced as ready, and the two intending voyagers, Prof. Grimley, and Mr. Hiram A. Moulton, reporter of the Witness, entered the basket, which was just large area. which was just large enough to hold them comfortably. The monster air-ship was then transported to the front of the grand stand, surrounded by an exciting crowd, and then the word "let " was given, and the balloon rose slowly and majestically in the air. A shout arose as she left the earth, and hats and handkerchiefs innumerable were waved to the occupants of the basket. As they rose they threw out handfuls of small printed circulars, which fluttered down like flocks of tiny birds. The balloon first took a northeasterly direction, rising as she advanced,

upon the grounds. The sun went down behind the mountain, but for a long time after it could be seen brightly shining on the air ship in its lofty flight. About half-past five His Excellency the Governor-General re-entered his carriage and left the grounds, and shortly after the band of the 5th Fusiliers, who had played some excellent music during the afternoon, pealed forth the strains of the National Anthem, and the specta-tors dispersed. The balloon safely descended near Wellington bridge after a most successful voyage.

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES.—The Priness Alice was a paddle-steamer belonging to the London Steamboat Company. She was built of iron, and was of 158 tons net tonnage. The Bywell Castle is an iron screw-steamer. After a day's excursion trip for pleasure, the Princess Alice was on her return up the river from Sheerness and Conversed ness and Gravesend. It was at twenty minutes to eight in the evening, with full moonlight, that she was met and run down by the Bywell Castle off Tripcock Point, or Margaret Ness, a mile below Woolwich Arsenal, and opposite to the Beckton Gasworks on the north shore. The fragile saloon steamboat was actually cut in two, and she sank within five minutes. Of the multitude of men, women, and children left struggling for life in the water, about one hundred escaped by swimming or clinging to the ropes and floating articles thrown out from the Bywell Castle, or were immediately picked up by the boats of that vessel and others. There was a strong ebb tide, which carried many away down the river. Six hundred lives and more have

Toranto Sketches.—We publish in this issue two sketches from Toronto and its environsthe old Mill on the Humber, well known to the inhabitants of the Ontario metropolis as a renannabitants of the Ontario metropolis as a rendezvous for picnics, and a wreck on the beach at Port Credit—"After the Storm." A large amount of shipping was destroyed during the late gale and floods. A number of vessels were torn from their moorings and driven out into the lake. Port Credit suffered more apparently than any other harbour on Lake Ontario.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

So popular has the Prince of Wales made England in France, that whenever "God Save the Queen" is played, the audience arise, uncover their heads, and cheer. This has been noticed in the provinces as much as in Paris.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S Jour de Noce is now being put on the stage at the Opéra Comique. It will be remembered that this piece was ready when the Petit Duc was brought out, but certain similarities of plot and situation caused the representation to be adjourned. The authors have now made important alterations. Madame Galli-Marié will create the principal rôle.

MRS. MACKAY, the wife of an owner of silver mines in Nevada, is a great nurchaser in the jewellery court of the French Exhibition. She has bought from Boucheron a parure of diamonds, consisting of a diadem, brooch and pendants, bracelets, ring, and earrings. The parure is ornamented profusely with blue sapphires, and terminated with a handsome pearl. The centre terminated with a handsome pearl. The centre sapphire is valued at 200,000fr., and the entire parure at 850,000fr. Also a necklace of brilliants terminating in a briolet drop valued at 125,000fr

WE hear that Paris is about to be enriched with another theatre which will be situated in the garden of the Tuileries. The actors will be of wood, and the theatre will be specially designed for the delectation of children, that is to signed for the delectation of children, that is to say, the stage will be peopled by those pupazzi which used to be a great source of delight to Georges Sand and Charles Nodier. In the old days these marionettes, which originally came from Italy, were popular with grown up people. Although they were known in the time of Henry IV. they did not become popular until the reign of Louis XIV., through the genius of the famous Brinché. There was then a celebrated marionette Brioché. There was then a celebrated marionette theatre at the foot of the Pont Neuf, of which the decadent glories of Guignol in the modern Champs-Elysées give but a poor idea.

At the Paris Exhibition is exhibited by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of London, the most powerful land steam engine in the world; it is capable of raising steam from cold water to the working of 100lbs. on the square inch, within ten minutes of lighting the fire. It is easily drawn by a pair of horses, and is capable of discharging 1,500 gallons per minute to a height of 250 feet. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 of 250 feet. At the Paris Exhibition of 100/ this firm exhibited an engine upon the same principle and design; it pumped 1,200 gallons per minute and topped the Lighthouse lantern which was 212½ feet. The engine was purchased by the British Admiralty for Chatham Dock-

A good story from the Reichsbote, a Berlin paper, is worth repeating. The other day a native of Cologne arrived at Paris on a visit to the Exhibition. At the station he put himself under the guidance of a party who was looking out for visitors. He was soon installed in private lodg-ings in the "Rue de——." As soon as his lug-gage was brought up he wrote a letter to his wife watched with intense attentiveness by all those | informing her of his safe arrival and giving her

his address. The wife had scarcely read the letter when a telegram was handed to her from her husband asking her to send his address in the French capital, as he had lost himself and had no recollection of where his lodgings were-not even the street.

ENGLISH girls will learn with interest that the value of a French girl's nose has just been judicially appraised at £200. Some time ago a Paris omnibus horse became frisky; there was a collision, a window was smashed, and a passenger, a young demoiselle, received some of the broken glass in her face. It was at first thought that the hurts were trifling, and her parents declined the proferred services of the omnibus company's doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they were expected to do, and the girl's father brought a suit against the company, alleging that her nose had been permanently marred, and that this seriously diminished her prospects of establishment in life—in other words, of getting a husband. He obtained £40 on the first trial and doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they £200 on the second.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE new premises of the London Art Union in the Strand—a very handsome structure—are progressing towards completion with great rapid-

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, who has returned to England, intends to devote himself to the working of the public school at Kensington. This school, founded by Monsignor Capel some five years ago, has secured a freehold site of about six acres and a half of land in the Warwick-road.

THE Princess Alice is the steamer that was selected in 1873 to convey the Shah of Persia and his suite down the river to Greenwich Hospital, on which occasion she was painted white and superbly decorated, and after was known as "The Shah's Boat," bearing on her paddle boxes the Persian Lion and Sun.

WE hear nothing more of the new batch of peers which was talked of at the end of the session, although the rumour has been repeated again within the last few days with positive circumstantiality. The four M. P.'s named for promotion were Mr. Chaplin, Mr. B. Cochrane, Mr. B. Hope (who at once put in a disclaimer), and Mr. Walter. The constituents of two of these gentlemen, Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Walter have sufficient faith in the rumours to be preparations. have sufficient faith in the rumours to be preparing for an election.

MR. JOHNSON, the money taker on board one of the London Steamboat Company's boats, the Duke of Cambridge, called the other day on Mr. Hodson, the Southend ticket collector, and asked him if he believed in dreams, and then told him that he had had a very peculiar dream on the wight hefers the accident hempend to the on the night before the accident happened to the Princess Alice. He said he dreamt he saw the Princess Alice run into and cut in halves, and between 400 and 500 people sank to rise no more. In consequence of the dream Mr. Johnson declined returning from Southend in the Princess Alice, and went by the next steamer and thus saved his life.

HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.

Kingston has Gunn over to the Liberal party And it came to pass on that day that Hagar went out into the wilderness.

The Conservatives have a Bannerman in South Renfrew.

There was a Little victory in South Simcoe.

The electors of Centre Toronto are determined to make Hay while the sun shineth.

That was a great display of Bunting in Wel-

North Wellington Drew well. York has lost its Dymond.

That was a Strange victory in North York.
The Tories couldn't Skinner in South Oxford. I Trow it was a close shave in South Perth. They are fond of Currie in West Middlesex. South Grenville is Wiser after the election. The Mills of Bothwell are still grinding.

Blake defeated in South Bruce. O Shaw!

In Cardwell it was White mate in three

The Chandlers of Brome don't care for any Fostering influence. A holy party. Two Popes in it

Mother Joliette comes up smiling with her The motto of Champlain : Montplaisir. Les Rouges ont fait Tremblay à Charlevoix.

Laflamme still flickers in Jacques Cartier. It was A. Wright royal victory in Ottawa County.

The Conservatives beat the Liberals in Ri-

chelieu with a Massue (club).

They have given up horse-flesh (Cheval) in Rouville and taken to leg of mutton (Gigault). A big Gill of comfort for the Tories in Yamaska.

Queen's County (N.S.) has sent up a big Bill to Parliament.

King's County (P.E.I.) Muttart deep damnation against the Government.

Sherbrooke Brookes no opposition.

Niagara is out of Plumb.
The "White Boy," as he was called on a

late visit to the home of his ancestry, in Ireland, has turned up all right in Cardwell.

By a strange reversal of things, after the elections all those who felt Blue were very happy, and all those who were Rouge or ruddy felt most consumedly sick.

In the new Parliament there are two Whites and one Brown. No Blacks. No Greens either, nominally, whatever there may be de facto. There is a Baker also and a Currier.

Lennox has distinguished itself by a change of tradesmen. The Cartwright is replaced by the Hopper.

the Hooper.

North Sincoe has dismissed its Cook.

The vote in Ottawa City was massive (Tassé). There is La-rue in Belle-chasse, and while the Olivier and the Laurier still bloom near the Grandbois, Desaulniers is blossoming in Des-

LACLEDE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI presented a necklace valued at two thousand dollars to Madame Albani on the occasion of her marriage.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF is engaged in preparing several young ladies for the stage. Among her present pupils are Miss Helen Ames, a sopratio of promise, who will make her début next winter; Miss Aunie Notton, of Cincinnati, who will continue her studies for two years; Miss Kate Esty, of St. Joseph, and Mrs. Dezter, who is engaged for the Worcester festival.

"BRIGNOLI and his Deer" is familiar to man-"BRIGNOLI and his Deer" is familiar to managers and expressmen. It is a stuffed deer's head with the huge antiers. It carries it about with him boxed up to insure his success. If he were to go from here to Newark to sing for one evening the deer's head must go oo. On one occasion when he went over to Brooklys to sing he did not encumber himself with the deer. The papers the next morning pronounced the voice of Brignoil to be on the decline, husky, and losing its richness. "There, did I not tell you that I should fall because my deer did not go with me," he said to his agent. Ask any of the expressmen about this deer which Brognoli wishes to pay for by weight and not size, or the operatic managers who make, because forced to do so, an arrange, ment as to this talisman of Brignoli. They all know it-

HUMOROUS.

ANY American in Paris may well say:—" I was a stranger, and they took me in."

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," and we do our lying for ourselves when we get older.

Most of the shadows that cross our path arough life are caused by our standing in our

A MULE must behave himself eleven years and six months just to get one off-hand snot at a middle shirt stud.

Thousands of boys would go dirty all summer, if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

Boston school-house doors swing both ways, and teachers have an awful advantage over a bad boy.

THE worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to when and where it had better settle down and bite.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses so that the hungry poor who stop "to get a bite" may get it outside the door.

IF a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

THE boy who is having the first tooth pulled doesn't care anything about the present, and futurity is as blank as a last year's water-melon.

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection," in its practical workings, by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table. THE man who can hum a hymn while joint-

ing a stove-pipe is good enough to walk right into full membership of any church without probation. ELI PERKINS gives an account of the conver-

sation between a male and female idiot. Eli does not mention the name of the woman he was talking to. Wио would be a candidate for the governor-

ship and fardels bear (whatever fardels are) when a base ball catcher is the hero of the men and darling of the ladies, with \$7,000 a year? THE Indianapolis *Herald* has discovered that the number of tools is to the number of wise men as the number of times one gets nothing for something is to the number of times one gets something for nothing.

A GRADUATE of one of our leading American

colleges is acting as cook at one of the summer resort hotels, and the hash is served up in seven languages— just six more than the average guest can wrestle with. Some recently - discovered inscriptions on

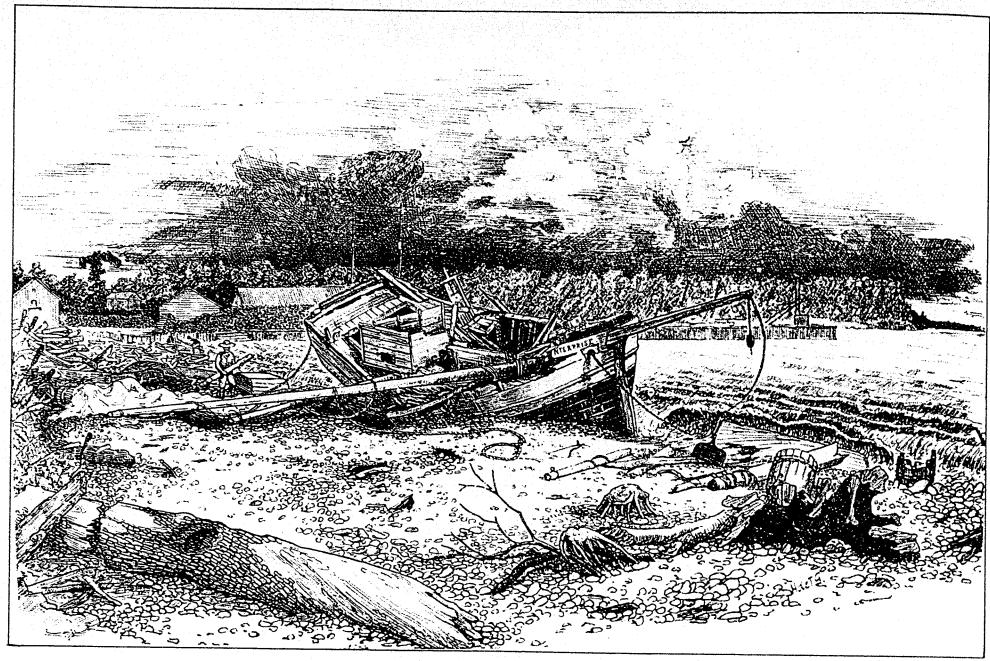
burned bricks bring to light the astounding revelation that King Ahasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordeon and put the price down to \$1.75 so that every young man might have one.

IF you are inquisitive, like l'aul Dombey, and want to hear what the wild waves are saying, get behind a tow-boat in a leaky skiff with a broken oar. The probabilities are that you will get on your knees and ask for a change of conversation.

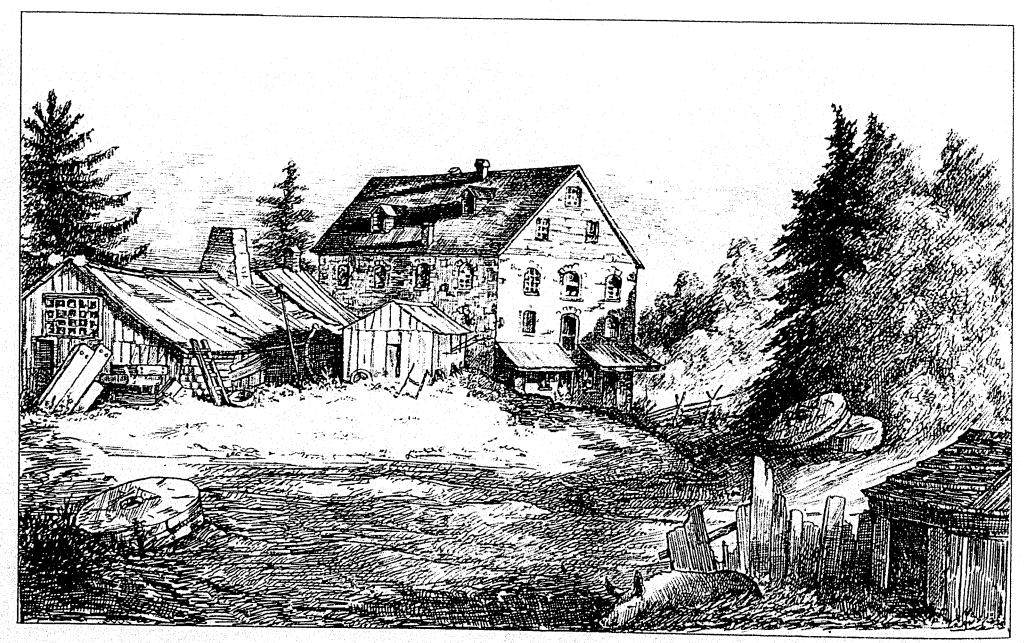
THE cool, bracing air of autumn, weighed down with subtle perfume of languishing flowers, is very nice and cheerful in its way, but, at the same time, it isn't a circumstance to the zephyr which meanders from the culinary department to one's bed-room just before hreakfast.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



THE WRECKS CAUSED BY THE FLOOD AT PORT CREDIT, ONT.



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THE

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XI.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

PEMBROKE AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE MIRAMICHI FIRE-A TERRIBLE VISITATION -PEMBROKE FOUNDED BY SURVIVORS-THE LATE PETER WHITE-MICHAEL HENNESEY, THE RIVER PIRATE-PEMBROKE PAST AND PRESENT-A PARADISE FOR PAINTERS.

Crossing from Quebec into Ontario by means of the bridge spanning the Ottawa river at Portage du Fort, a pleasant drive of about seven miles brought me to Healey's Station, on the Canada Central Railway, distant about twenty-eight miles from Pembroke. The evening express from Ottawa, punctual to a minute, soon hove in sight, and by the time I had begun to get used to the novel sensation of riding in a railway car-I had been out of the land of cars and in the land of waggons, boats, and cribs of timber for a month or two—by the time I had got comfortably sented and had satisfied the outh who peddles figs and light literature that I was not in want of any of his wares, the train drew up at the Pembroke station, and the number of individuals shouting the names of rival hotels convinced me that Pembroke was a con-

I should, perhaps, explain that Pembroke is situated on the south shore of Lake Allumette an opening of the Ottawa River-in the South Riding of Renfrew, of which County it is the County town. It is the most northern town in Ontario, ninety-six miles from Ottawa, and the present terminus of the Canada Central Rail-

I have a liking for arriving in a strange place at night for the sake of enjoying the surprise in the morning. One generally forms an idea of a place one has never seen, and generally finds that the picture conjured up is not at all like the real thing. I had heard a good deal in praise of Pembroke on my way thither, and, among other special attractions, the size, style, and general excellence of the newly-opened hotel, known as "The Metropolitan," formed topics for the display of much eloquence. I had my own ideas upon the subject, but though I discounted all I heard, I still entertained very high expectations regarding this far-away town in the north. I am proud to be able to record that my expectations were far exceeded in every particular. The first surprise was the "Metro-politan," which is, indeed, in all respects, a very superior establishment. The guest gets a very good idea of the house directly he enters the doors. The office is large, lofty, tastefully fitted up, light and cheerful, and these are the char-acteristics of the hotel throughout. From top to bottom, all is first-class. Dining-hall, drawing-room, parlours and bedrooms all reveal the same good taste and careful attention to details —an air of comfort pervades the house, and everything is so nicely arranged and managed that one feels quite "at home." The drawing-room is a magnificent apartment, handsomely furnished; the bedrooms are simply splendidfurnished: the bedrooms are simply splendid—all are large, well furnished and command a pleasant outlook. For families, or persons of luxurious habits, there are rooms en suite. There is a bath-room upon each floor. Commercial gentlemen have the choice of a range of excelentrange of excel-ient sample-rooms. The hotel is situated in the best part of the town, near the railway-station, and from its elevated position commands mag-nificent views of the lake, which is Pembroke's great charm. In front are the beautiful grounds of the Supple estate, a portion of which, including a fine croquet lawn, has been secured for the use of guests. Occasionally promenade concerts are given by one of the bands of the town, the are given by one of the bands of the town, the grounds then being prettily illuminated. I should add that the rates at the Metropolitan are very reasonable. The proprietors, Messrs. C. B Jones and A. B. Macdonald, are gentlemen who thoroughly understand their business, and such as would make any house, popular. The hotel has enjoyed a very fair run of business this season, and now that the News is making the season, and now that the NEWS is making the beauties of the Upper Ottawa widely known, the prospects are that it will command a large share of public patronage, especially pleasure travel,

in the near future.

After the hotel, the next surprise was to find so many tine residences round about. I question if any place of the size on the continent can boast such a number of handsome and well-appointed houses. Red brick is the prevailing material used in building. The gardens are generally large and tastefully laid out; indeed it was pleasing to notice a fondness for floriculture among all classes. It is remarkable how much a few bright blossoms improve the humblest dwelling. In my rambles I often am reminded of this.

In my rambles I often am reexactly alike, side by side, but in one case there will be a little flower-bed in front of the door; the earth banked around the house will be sodded, and home-made hanging baskets, mossy, and made graceful with delicate creepers, will be swinging at the windows; probably there will be a bird-cage somewhere, with a sweet-voiced canary to supply the music, which is so closely allied to flowers. The next cottage will be entirely destitute of even an attempt at adornment the timber caused the attention of lumberers to the attention o

—there will perhaps be a muddy puddle in place of the flower-bed; around the house there will be heaps of foul-smelling refuse; if you look to the windows for the hanging-baskets you will most likely sec, instead, broken panes filled up with dirty rags. Of course, the exteriors of these two houses proclaim the nature of the in-teriors. Yet, if the matter were inquired into, it would often be found that the man with the pretty cottage earned less wages than the man who inhabited the dirty place. It is not a matter of money; it is a question of taste; the one has a taste for the beautiful, the other, probably, has a taste for whiskey.

HOW THE TOWN IS LAID OUT.

Pembroke may be said to be built upon three terraces, which run parallel with the lake. The lake shore in front of the town is flat, and, as usual, marred by dilapidated sheds and the poorest kind of houses. The street on the next level is the main business thoroughfare, and, from the "Metropolitan" eastward, it is on this that most of the best residences are to be found. On the level above are the schools, the Roman atholic church, the convent, and the best of the West-End residences. About a mile south, the Muskrat and Indian rivers unite and flow into the Ottawa through the centre of the town. The two ordinarily form but a small stream. though in the freshet time the volume pouring over the Pembroke dam is said to make quite a respectable waterfall. The town site is mainly sand over clay. On the highest level there is a good quarry, but the stone is principally used in building foundations. The County Buildings are built of a beautiful free-stone, procured from a small island, known as Morrison's, situated at the foot of the lake. It is said there is plenty more stone, but that it would not pay to quarry it, on account of the strata running almost perpendicularly. It is a stone of a beautiful cream colour, with a sprinkling of grit in it. It is in no way affected by the weather, but always looks as if fresh from the mason's hands.

SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH.

In the early part of October, 1825, a terrible conflagration took place in the woods about Miramichi, New Brunswick, at that time the scene of the bulk of the lumber trade of Canada. The district was well settled for one hundred miles, bordering the river, and lumber shanties and depots were thickly scattered through the bush. Pine, spruce, hemlock and fir, of first-class quality, were plentiful, and the demand was brisk. Everybody was making money, and, according to an eye-witness, few thought of any-The last of September and beginning of October, of the year in question, was marked as an exceedingly dry period. At nine o'clock on the night of the 6th October, news came to Miramichi that a fire was raging in the bush. People looked out and saw a lurid glare in the murky sky, but they thought little of the circumstance—there had been fires before, and they had been extinguished before doing a great deal of damage. So they expected this would be. But it soon attained alarming dimensions; the wind rose till it became a tornado, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, a thunder storm of the most terrific character set in. The flashes of lightning dimmed the forest blaze, as if laughing to scorn mere earthly fire; the thunder was, if possible, even more frightful, causing the wretched people to think that the earth was splitting asunder. The boldest blasphemers quaked; men who had not prayed since they knelt at their mothers' knee then threw themselves to the ground and called upon the Almighty to save them. Particularly noticeable was an American atheist, named Bryant, who proclaimed in fear and dread to a terrified crowd

THE LAST DAY HAD SURELY ARRIVED,

and such was the general belief. The flames spread with frightful rapidity, being carried onward in great wreathing masses of resinous smoke, which burst and set fire to the bush far ahead of the main conflagration. were as a vast bon-fire, made ready for the torch. As an instance of the rapidity with which the flames advanced, it is related that a lumberman drove his team into the forest to alarm his comrades who were in camp. He found them in the shanty playing cards, unconscious of the swiftly-approaching danger. They disregarded his warning, and he had barely time to reach the river before the avalanche of fire was upon them-both men and horses perishing in the flames. At last the fire reached the Miramichi river, at this point about three-quarters of a mile wide, and began to devour the shipping Despite the best efforts of the crews, a large number of vessels were destroyed. Newcastlethe county town of Northumberland-and Douglastown were burned to the ground, but the fire was checked by the river, though not before about six thousand square miles of the finest timber lands of the Province were devastated.

Three hundred human beings were known to have perished, but there were numbers of strangers in the shanties of whom no count could be made. The destruction of farm stock and animal life generally was enormous. The dreadful visitation only lasted about twelve hours, but it was most complete. The heart was taken out of the settlement, and there arose among the survivors a desire to leave a place which they

be turned in other directions, and the trade which Miramichi had enjoyed was transferred to Quebec. A little batch of Miramichi people pushed up the Ottawa, and settled near the present site of the town of Pembroke. They christ-ened the place after their old home of sad memory, and for some time there was a Miramichi on the Upper Ottawa. Meanwhile,

MR. PETER WHITE,

lately deceased, had for several years been lumbering in this section, and in 1828 he became a resident. With him and sundry Miramichi men rests the honour of having laid the foundation of the present town of Pembroke. ticulars respecting his life may prove interesting, for he was widely known. Mr. White was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 31st, 1794, and early manifested a strong liking for the excitement and dash of a seafaring life. His parents not being favourable to his views, he took "French leave" at the age of tourteen, and was next heard of on board a man-of-war-one of the fleet commanded by Sir James Yeo-fighting the Americans on Lake Ontario. It is mentioned as an interesting coincidence, that on the same vessel was the late Bishop Richardson, who subsequently became head of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. Young White served his country well, and did not leave the service until the close of the "unnatural war." Then he took to lumbering, as before stated, and for forty years engaged in this staple industry. Some details connected with the bringing of his family up from Hull, when he had determined to settle on the shores of Lake Allumette, give an idea of what life was in those early days. The trip had to be made in a canoe, and occupied fourteen days. It is now made in something When the little party arrived at the Mountain Rapid-a short distance above Portage du Fort—they were benighted, and the weather was bad. They found a shanty, occupied by a notorious character named Martin Hennesey, who, with a gang of kindred spirits, lived a wild, lawless life,

HALF PIRATES, HALF SHANTY-MEN.

There was no "administration of justice" in those parts then—might was right. Hennessey and his gang used to rob right and left and beat any who raised the slightest objection. They were credited with having caused the death of more than one victim. Such were the men whom Mr. White and his young wife encountered on a dark and stormy night in the midst of one of the wildest scenes on the Upper Ottawa. What did the bandit chief? Rob the men and ill-treat the woman? No. It has been said that there is no ruffian bereft entirely of humane promptings. So it proved in Hennesey's case. Directly learned of the arrival of the travellers he ordered his men to clean up the shanty and make it as comfortable as possible, after which it was placed entirely at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. White, Hennesey and his gang camping

There were those who prophesicd that Hennesey was destined for the hangman, but the prediction was not verified. One day, Hennesey and an American quack doctor, named Whitney, quarrelled about a degraded woman, with whom the former cohabited. The meeting was in Hennesey's hovel, on Allumette Island, opposite Pembroke, and eventuated in a challenge to fight on the shore. Hennesey went out first, and directly he got over the threshold, Whitney struck him down with an ironwood poker, and showered blows till life was extinct. Whitney gave himself up, and pleaded that if he had not killed Hennesey, Hennesey would have killed him. The Court not only held the plea well him. The Court not only held the prea were founded, but commended the act, remarking that it was not often given a man to rid a community

of such a ruftian as Hennesey.

But let me tell of pleasanter things. After
Mr. White had located, he began to look about for those elements which are essential to the well-being of society. He was the means of bringing the first minister and the first schoolmaster to the settlement, and was the instigator and helper of many other good works, being for some years a member of the Township Council. He joined the militia twenty years ago, and latterly held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel of the North Renfrew Division. Of ten children, four survive him, his second son and namesake representing North Renfrew in the House of Com-Mr. White died on the 6th August last, aged 84. The funeral drew together a large concourse, mourners coming from all parts of the country, and comprising many who, side by side with Mr. White, watched the little village of hi develop into the town of Pembroke.

" WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK," ETC.

Of those who saw the great fire, there are but two now living in Pembroke, Mr. Andrew Irving, Registrar—to whom I am indebted for many interesting notes—and Mr. Michael McNeil, Sheriff's Officer. In a letter just to hand, Mr. Irving, referring to the atheist Bryant, before mentioned, says: "I met the old sinner often after that, but although he never forgot the fire. he soon forgot the religious impressions the fire, he soon forgot the religious impressions the fear of it produced. All the religious denominations kept the 7th October as a day of fasting and humiliation for many a year. Perhaps some of them (likely the Presbyterians) keep it

from Addington, Scotland, in 1834, and settled at New Edinburgh, subsequently removing to Pembroke. He also erected a woollen mill. The same year the first saw mill was erected by the late Samuel and James McKay. The first store was opened by Mr. E. Bourke, now County Treasurer, in what is now called Lower Town, an eastern suburb of Pembroke. This was christened Campbelltown in 1846, in compliment to a popular hotel-keeper, named D.Campbell Dunlop. The christening took place on Mayday, and the village schoolmaster, John Burray, composed the following lines, which were sealed in a bottle and deposited beneath a flag-staff erected as a May-pole:

"The name of this town-By Victoria's Crown— Was given by D. C. Dunlop; When Time is unveiled, The bottle unsealed, You will think upon Campbell Dunlop."

The late Mr. John Egan, famous for his mam-

moth lumbering operations, was a clerk in Bourke's store. Mr. Powell, now Governor of Carlton County Jail, was also one of the earliest store-keepers, and his brother, now Sheriff Powell, served him as clerk. The late John Supple bought the McKay saw-mill in 1844, and became one of the leading residents of Pem-Mr. Supple represented the County of Renfrew in the Parliament of Canada, and in 1854 defeated Mr. Alex. Morris, ex-Governor of Manitoba. After the division of the county, in 1867, Mr. Supple represented the North Riding in the Local Legislature.

THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN.

In 1851-2 Pembroke had a taste of "religious" roubles. A report went round that the Orangemen intended to destroy the R. C. Church on the 12th July, and a strong body of defenders surrounded the edifice on that day, armed with all manner of weapons. No general encounter took place, but a few Orangemen, whose way home took them past the church, were roughly used. On the 26th August following, the Orangemen had a procession and speeches at the Presbyterian church. Between that time and the following July, both parties were preparing for a jolly row on the "immortal 12th." As the time drew nigh it became evident that a breach of the peace was determined upon, and Sheriff Thompson and a magistrate, named Andrew Dickson, forwarded a requisition to the authorities for troops. Meanwhile, the opponents of the Orangemen were addressed by a Mr. Kelly, who wielded great influence, and the upshot was a promise that no opposition would be offered the processionists. The detachment of troops the processionists. The detachment of troops was halted at the Chat's Rapids, and the day passed off quietly. The Orangemen have walked unopposed ever since.

For some time a bitter antagonism existed between the French-Canadian and Irish shantymen-the latter being known as "shiners." culminated in a bloody pitched battle at the Mountain Chute, near Portage du Fort—the French gaining a victory which ensured "equal rights" thenceforward.

Besides Miramichi, Pembroke has been known Besides Miramichi, remotoka nas socialistic for short periods as Sydenham and Moffat. In honour of being proclaimed the County Town was secured only after a desperate struggle, characterised by diplomacy worthy of a Berlin Conference or High Joint Commission. County Buildings were begun in 1861 and finished in 1867—a fierce legal fight raging meanwhile, and the building operations being stayed by injunction. The buildings cost \$50,000, and are in all respects very creditable. The jail contains twenty-four cells, and is a model establishment, except as regards the water

THE LUMBER TRADE AND THE FARMERS.

Pembroke was incorporated as a town in 1876, Mr. William Moffat, a son of the pioneer, being elected Mayor—a position he still holds. The population is reported to be between two and three thousand. Like the other towns and villages along the Ottawa, Pembroke was an outcome of the lumber trade and its fortunes have fluctuated with the ups and downs of that great industry. Four or five years ago, when the tra e was brisk, Pembroke grew rapidly and money was plentiful. Everybody either dab-bled in lumber or was more or less interested in the business. Very little attention was paid to the agricultural development of the surrounding country. Those who took up farm lands merely tilled just enough to supply their own wants, trusting in the main to employment at the hands of the lumbering firms. When the lumber trade received the severe check under which ti is at present labouring, the people of Pembroke felt the blow keenly. Latterly the farming classes have been compelled to pay more attion to their lands, but still the country round about Pembroke has the appearance of having been but recently settled. Perfectly cleared fields and good farm buildings are quite the exception. It is thought, however, that the lesson taught has been a good one, and that the all-important work of building up what is termed "a good back country" will henceforward proceed steadily.

and Woollen Mills. They are situated in the centre of the town, deriving water power from the united Muskrat and Indian Rivers. grist mill is a fine substantial stone erection fitted up with all modern improvements. It has seven run of stone and is furnished with steam power for use during the dry season. The woollen mill has four looms and when in full operation employs twelve hands. The other industries include two saw-mills, a foundry and a sash, door and blind factory. Among the enterpris-ing firms that of Messrs. T. & W. Murray occupies a prominent place. When times were brisk the Messrs. Murray built largely and did much to advance the town. Mr. Thos. Murray's residence, situated on the high level, commanding magnificent views of the lake, challenges the admiration of every visitor to Pembroke. The Murray Block on the main street includes the Copeland House, and the commodious premises wherein the firm carry on business as general merchants, besides a large concert hall. Mr. Thomas Murray was a member of the Ontario Legislature for North Renfrew during the last two sessions of the Sandfield Macdonald Administration, and the same constituency elected his brother William to the House of Commons, but some irregularity led to the election being declared void after Mr. Murray had sat one session. In 1872, Mr. Thomas Murray contested Pontiac for the Commons, and though not successful, the large vote he polled against Mr. McKay Wright sufficiently testified to his popularity.

Besides a considerable local trade, the Messrs

Murray do a large business in lumberer's supplies, and deal extensively in raw furs. Being "all business" they tendered for and secured a contract to grade the first section of the Canada Central RR. extension which is to connect with the Georgian Bay Branch.

THE COPELAND HOUSE

was built to supply a long-felt want -good hotel accommodation—and it speedly secured a large run of patronage. It is situated in the centre of the business houses and has accommodation for one hundred guests. The rooms are com-fortably furnished and the table is at all times well supplied.

A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.

Among the many fine residences in Pembroke, that erected by Mr. David Bell stands in the front rank for its noble dimensions and the general excellence of the internal arrangements. It reveals the ideas of one who, having translated deciments and welling which shall also the present of the present of the present of the least of the present of the least o velled, desires to possess a dwelling which shall combine the best qualities of those he has seen. But family reasons lead the owner of this beautiful house to seek a lessee or purchaser, and I believe that anyone so inclined could make an excellent bargain. The residence, known as "Belmont," has large grounds attached with good stables, outbuildings, &c.

LAKE ALLUMETTE.

As I have before remarked, the chief glory of Pembroke is the lake which is some twenty miles long and about five miles wide. Opposite the town is Allumette Island, P.Q., christened "Isle de Tessouac" by Champlain. A small steam ferry runs to the island, which averages seventeen miles long and from three to seven miles wide. The island contains a population of about 500, and is in the main well tilled; some of the farms are, indeed, exceptionally The island contains a population good. On the north side, at a village called "The Chapeau"—on account of a hat-shaped rock in the channel—there is a bridge giving access to the main Quebec shore. The Chapeau was once a brisk little place, but it is very dull now. Six miles above are the celebrated Cul-bute Locks, intended to overcome the Culbute Rapids and to permit steamboats to run between Bryson and Des Joachims—a stretch of nearly six miles. I visited these works and shall have something to say about them in a future issue.

The lake on the Pembroke side of the island is divided at its foot into three "Snyes." The first, known as "Allumette," is that used by the raftsmen; the second is called "The Lost Snye," because it is so wild that it is believed no human being could go through it and survive; the third is of a milder description and known as "Beckets."

A DAY DREAM.

Close by is what one would suppose to be the entrance to a nother channel, but which is really the entrance to a very beautiful bay known as "Hazley's." This bay and the several islands which make the above mentioned channels are favourite pic-nic grounds—being a nice distance from town, about three miles, in the midst of charming scenery, affording good fishing and an abundance of wild fruit and flowers. At the time of my visit I stretched full length amid a bed of wild roses and picked and eat wild straw-berries to my heart's content. In the distance I could see where Champlain turned back in 1613, disgusted with the tissue of falsehoods which the impostor Vignan concocted relative to a passage to China viá Hudson's Bay. A far away canoe on the bosom of the lower lake brought the historical incident vividly to mind, but just then a terrific blast from the iron horse but just then a terrine blast from the fron horse thurrying along the neighbouring shore dissipa-ted all my romantic musings and reminded me that I lived in the nineteenth century; also that if I wanted to get to town before dark I would have to row the three miles intervening

Westward, the lake stretches for twenty The glories of the sunsets at Pembroke I shall never forget. Every one seemed different from the last and every few moments brought exquisite changes in what was lovely brought exquisite changes in what was lovely before. The great breadth and depth of the view, the grandeur of the distant Laurentian Mountains; the minuteness of the details—the fragile-looking trestle pier stretching far into the lake, the white steamer, looking like a toy, moored at the end; the many skiffs and canoes, some near and others mere dots, the flash of the sun's rays on the wet oars or paddles alone telling that they moved; the islets with their tapering pines—all rendered clear and distinct by the rich golden light of the setting orb—these things made up a picture which often seemed to me more like a great painting viewed through a magnifying-glass, than an everyday scene free to rich and poor alike at Pembroke Pembroke.

THE STEAMER "JOHN EGAN"

which runs between Pembroke and Des Joachims is a fine commodious boat fitted up in first-class style. The trip up Lake Allumette and Deep River is one which no visitor to Pembroke should miss. I followed the Ottawa for nearly two hundred miles above Pembroke, but must reserve my notes of the journey for a future

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

The necessity of selecting articles of diet with due regard to their quality, is gradually with due regard to their quanty, is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of the community. Very few are aware of the extent to which the adulteration of food is carried; so universal is it in fact, that we venture to say there is not a single variety or article of food on which it can be practised that it is not done, and especially is this the case in the finer and more delicate classes of prepared food, those in fact that we suppose are particularly prepared for the infant and invalid. This class of articles is receiving the full measure of adulteration, as Dr. Edwards clearly shewed in his last re-We shall here briefly refer to one, Cocoa, which, from the large consumption merits an attention that might perhaps be denied an article having only a limited demand. Cocoa, one of the most invigorating and refreshing of bever-ages, and which in its pure state is highly re-commended by the Medical Faculty, as a most nourishing and remedial agent in incipient and pulmonary consumption, is more frequently debased than most other articles. The varieties commonly sold are mixed with starch, farina and other more hurtful conpounds, and such is done under the plea of rendering them "soluble," "prepared," etc. Actually this adulteration makes them thick, heavy and indigestible, and consumers of such are preparing for themselves the pice time with dysposeis. But year simple its the nice time with dyspepsia. But very simple is the means of proving the adulteration, for if cocoa thickens in the cup, it proves the addition of starch or other foreign substance. These kinds avoided by the intelligent housewife. It is appropos to here remark, and this without any desire to administer what is commonly known as a puff, that a cocoa made by Messis. Rown-tree, of York, England, and known as "Rowntree, of York, England, and known as "Rowntree's Prize Medal Rock Cocca," is, judging from the analysis, a perfectly pure article. Quoting from Dr. Edwards' report, it is found to "contain only cocca and sugar," entirely free from all farina and starch, and therefore a thin, not a thick, pasty drink. Its purity and delicacy of flavour commend it to those who are in health, and being anti-dyspeptic — agreeing with the most delicate stomach, is one of the most agreeable and nutritious kinds of food most agreeable and nutritious kinds of food which can be used in liquid form, and admirably suited to the sick. Such articles are worthy of commendation, and it is by producing such that makers seems a mountains. that makers secure a reputation as high as that enjoyed by the Messrs. Rowntree.

THE GLEANER.

CREMATION becomes legal and optional with the people of Gotha the first of October. A chapel for the purpose has been erected.

A LONDON society pledged to total abstinence from flesh, alcohol, and tobacco, rejoices in the title of the "Order of Danielites."

WHEN a man is "dying" for office, and is encompassing heaven, earth and the other place to secure a nomination, his friends go about talking shout "prepareding him to account" ing about " persuading him to accept.

"TRUTH is not drowned by water nor destroyed by fire," but we've seen men who'd stand up and make kindling wood of her in order to beat a street car conductor out of five cents.

If a train boy throws a lot of dirty papers and novels into the lap of a lady, she must hold them until he calls for them. The boy has a license to be a nuisance and his feelings must not be

A FRENCHMAN wants to know why plugging a watermelon means to cut a hole in it, while plugging a tooth means to fill it. Well, they plug a watermelon for a fill, and dig a hole in a tooth for a plug, and you take your choice between choic and toothache. Either is werry fillin at the price fillin at the price.

BUTTER was not in use before the Christian era. It was first used as a cosmetic for hair-

dressing by women. For some centuries later it was used as burning-oil; lamps and churches were lighted with it abroad at so late a period as 1500. Since then it may be considered an article of food solely.

THROUGHOUT France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present twenty-eight thousand of these schools, each of which has a garden at-tached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

In Bulgaria a new baby is first salted thoroughly, as if it were a Block Island codfish, and then it is wrapped up. After that an omelette is made of three eggs; black pepper is sifted over this, and the child's head is poulticed with the preparation. The purpose of this is to harden the skull against sunstroke.

DETROIT Free Press :- " What the Reform party in Canada now needs most is a good, trust-worthy and pliable returning board. If they had this handy institution they could easily overturn the Conservatives and change the will of the people. But the Canadians always were a little slow and now, in their time of need, they see the desirability of a country with all the modern improvements."

DAVID WHITMER is in possession of the original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," and Elders Pratt and Smith of the Mormon Church have been to his home, in Richmond, Mo., to secure the book. They urged that it ought to be deposited for safe keeping in Salt Lake City, and offered to buy it; but Whitmer, who has kept it for nearly half a century, refused to give it up.

A MOST amusing story comes from Russia. The filness of the Chancellor of the Empire at and since the Berlin Congress is well known. The cause, it appears, we, however, are ignorant of. They know better in Moscow. At Berlin our Prime Minister presented Prince Gortschakoff with a basket of delicious strawberries. The Russian Chancellor has been ill since—therefore the strawberries contained a slow poison. not dramatize the idea?

An English officer sent on a special mission by the war office included in his accounts an item of 1 shilling for "porter." The war office sent him a formidable letter by return of post to inform him that the government did not pay for his beer. He explained that the shilling was for the man who carried his luggage, and then received another note advising him that he should have charged for "porterage." When 1 shilling 6 pence for "cabbage," considering that that was the proper way to set down a charge for cab hire, but he promptly received another wigging for making unauthorized investments in vocatbales. vestments in vegetables.

THE Scotch papers report that Mr. John Rankin, a young Kilmarnock gentleman, has just completed a journey to London and back on a bicycle. He left Kilmarnock on the 23rd of July, and reached the metropolis on the 1st of August, after having made a stay of two days at Sheffield, part of a day at Birmingham, and part of a day at Coventry. The distance of 439 miles was thus run in about six days, making allowance for stoppages. Mr. Rankin left London for home on the 5th of August, taking the east coast route, and reached Glasgow on Saturday evening route, and reached Glasgow on Saturday evening, thence going to Kilmarnock that night by train. The longest run in one day was from Morpeth to Edinburgh, the distance being 112 miles.

The most conspicuous producer of anagrams ever known seems to have been one Billon, an advocate member of the parliament of Aix, who, on Louis XIII. visiting that city, met his sovereign at the gates and presented him with no fewer than 500 anagrams on his name. The king was so pleased with Billon, who had flattered his sovereign in 500 different phrases, that he gave the courter like adject to the courtier-like advocate a pension for life—a mark of appreciation which was perhaps to be expected from a monarch who never did the least thing for Corneille. A complete account of famous anagrams would include some mention of various scriptural ones based on phrases from the "Vulgate." Thus, Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" is shown to contain within itself its own answer: "Est vir qui adest."

MODERN CRUELTIES.

have to relate much that will shock the feelings of the more enlightened people of the century to come. The police news of any day's paper reveal a distressing state of crime and vice streets at night are crowded with drunken peo-ple reeling home. In the lowest part of London and of the great provincial towns men brutally ill-treat their helpless wives, who in turn savage-ly assault their defenceless children. Degrading and cruel punishments are still in force in our gaols, and are defended by most of the upper and middle classes who wish to be considered sensible. Thousands of unfortunate and miserable women nightly pursue their wretched trade in the streets, unpitied and uncared for. Nor is cruelty and oppression confined to the poor and ignorant. Domestic journals of a wide cir-

hold a contrary opinion are namby-pamby prigs. The majority of the male portion of well-to-do people spend their hours of relaxation in hunting to death animals which are preserved solely for this purpose. Excursionists and holiday makers of a humbler class find amusement in riding on donkeys scarcely strong enough to bear them, and which are excited to a gallop by repeated and heavy blows. Fashionable women are gorgeously attired in skins which have been torn from the backs of living seals, or wear hats adorned with feathers plucked from writhing birds. The dinners of the wealthy are not complete without salads seasoned with least on which have been pluced into the lobsters which have been plunged into celd water and then slowly boiled alive, the flesh of calves which have been allowed to die by gradual depletion of blood, or the delicate pate made out of the livers of geese which have gone through months of suffering to provide this enticing meal. Learned scientific authorities consider that a medical education is wanting in thoroughness unless frogs and other animals are opened before the students, in order that they may become practically acquainted with the truths of physiology. In short, a casual review of the social polity of the present day is not altogether edifying.

But what is to be done? This is indeed a most

serious and a most difficult problem. are many in favour of the most stringent and severe measures. The disgust which has been created in the minds of respectable people by the revelations from the colliery districts and the poorer parts of great towns as to the way in which husbands treat their wives has raised a bust of indignation and a demand for the flogging and torturing of the torturers in return; but this plan is rather like attempting to cast but this plan is rather like attempting to cast out Beelzebub, by Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. Drink is without doubt the main cause of vice and brutality among the men and women of the lower orders. This is now generally admitted; and, thanks to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others, people have begun to see that there is no necessity that one out of every ten houses in mean and populous districts should be a beer-shop. A great deal of misery prevails owing to the complete ignorance of one-half of the world as to what the other half is about. There are indeed a few noble men and women There are indeed a few noble men and women who are courageously battling against the brutalities and vices of the age, and private effort is of the utmost importance, for much remains to be done. No direct measure can be devised that will meet the difficulty. We cannot make people either sober or humane by Act of Parliament, but we may assist them to become so by

thoughtful measures framed with a regard to their improvement and prosperity. Until sport becomes injurious to the country from the division of the land and the consequent widely distributed interests in its culture, it will remain as a blot upon our humanity. Nevertheless, this barbarous custom may be checked by the disdain of men and women who will have the courage openly to express such a feeling. There was a time when the upholders of cockfighting, before the final expulsion of that singular amusement, were compelled to take their pleasure in obscure and disgraceful quarters of the kingdom. Lovers of the noble art of self-defence had soon to follow their example. Perhaps in some not far-distant time advocates of sport will be forced to hide themselves that they may preserve the ancient past-time in secret and unobserved. The countless cruelties which are perpetrated in order to pamper the luxury and extravagance of the age could, we firmly

believe, be dismissed by a vigorous protest.

But many will say that we are travelling into Utopia, and cynics will tell us that we must despair of ever being able to alter the unfortunate penalties of our existence. There is no such thing, they will say, as kinduess and good feel-ing in the abstract. We are humane only to those whom it is our interest to benefit, or to those whom public opinion would condemu us for maltreating. The white man is a good-natured, soft-hearted gentleman in the midst of his belongings and in his own country; but he becomes a tyrant if suddenly transported to a colony of blacks. The country gentleman is kind to his horses and dogs, but brutal to the game and wild animals which stock his preserves. It may be so; but let any one who holds such views read Lecky's history of the eight teauth. such views read Lecky's history of the eighteenth century, and learn what we were a short time ago. He knows what we are now. He will reflect upon what we may be made to become.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.-Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall-Beaconsfield, Cruelty is by no means a thing of the past.

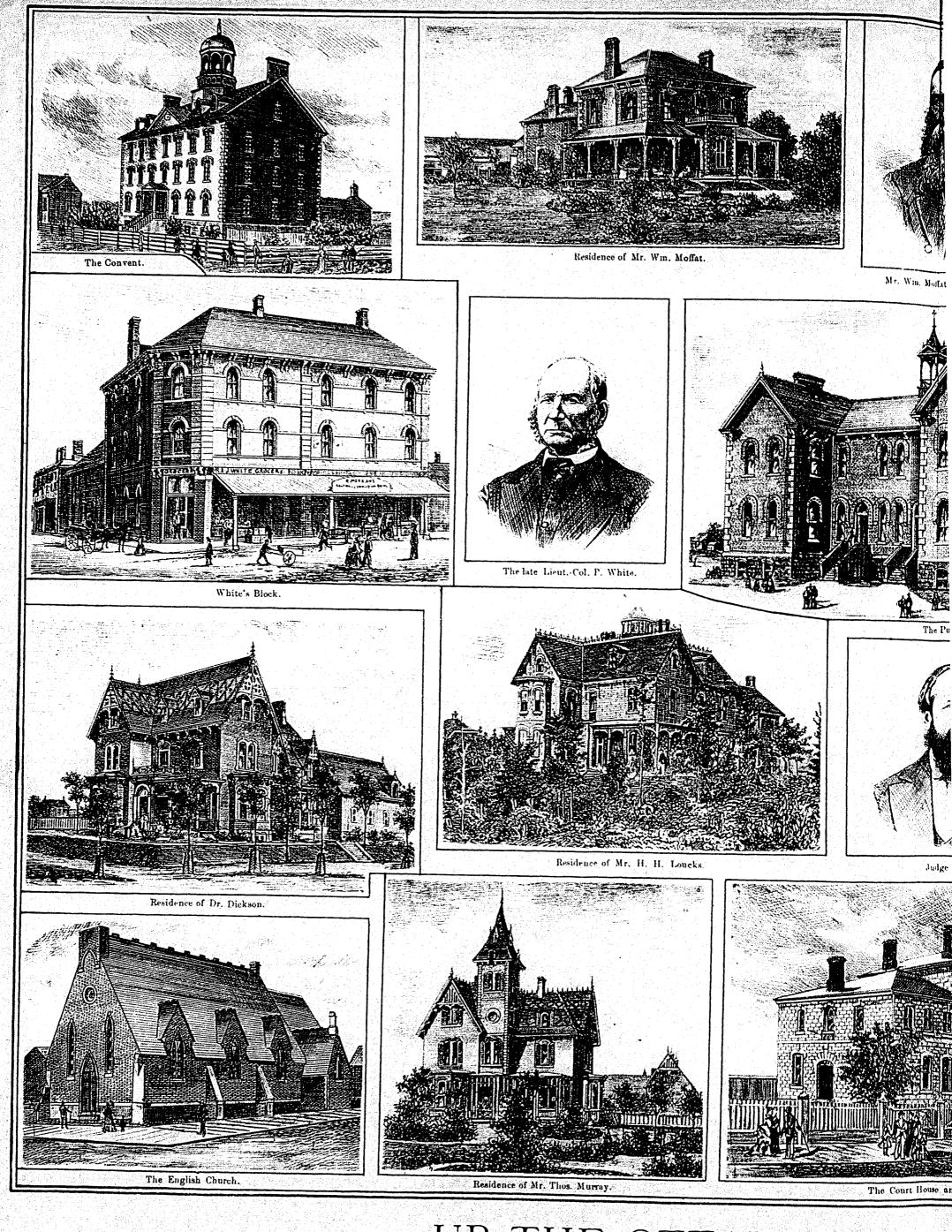
The historian of the nineteenth century will

Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff.

The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

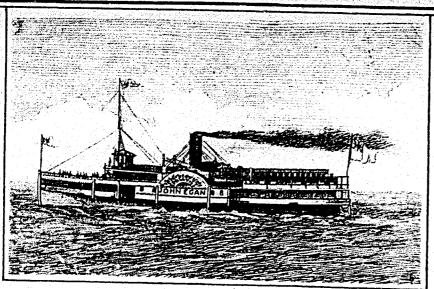
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his sufable women nightly pursue their wretched trade in the streets, unpitied and uncared for. Nor is cruelty and oppression confined to the poor and ignorant. Domestic journals of a wide circulation strongly urge that it is impossible to train young children to be honest and industrious without flogging them, and that all who desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



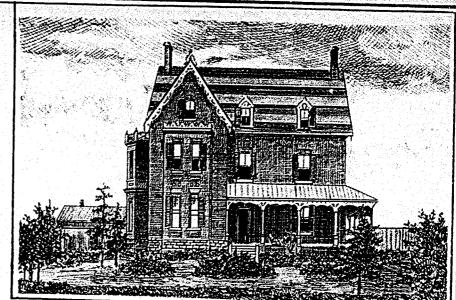
UP THE OTTAWA.-PEM



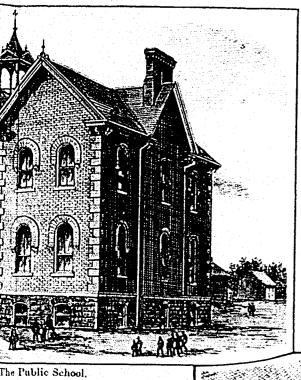
Moffatt, Mayor of Pembroke.

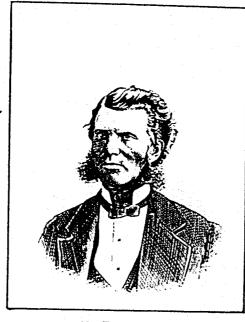


The Steamer plying between Pembroke and Des Joachims.

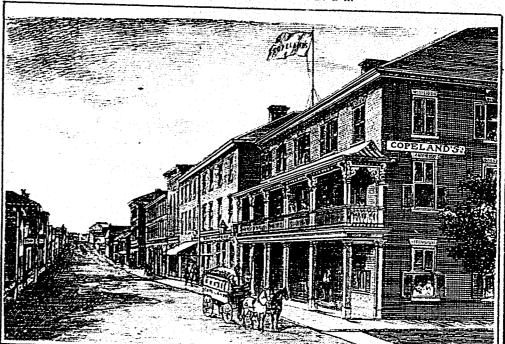


Residence of Mr. D. Bell.





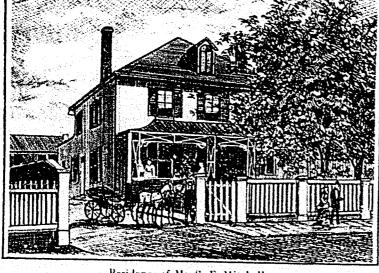
Mr. Thos. Murray.



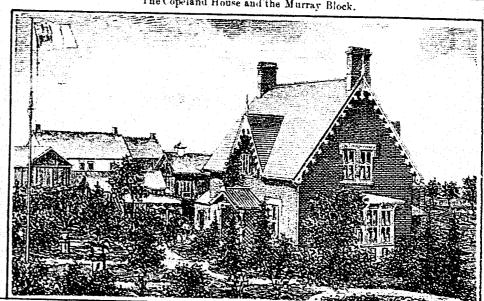
The Copeland House and the Murray Block.



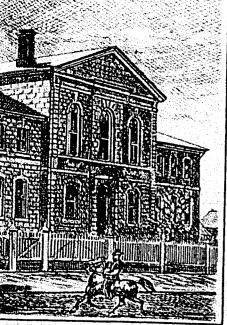
udge Doran."

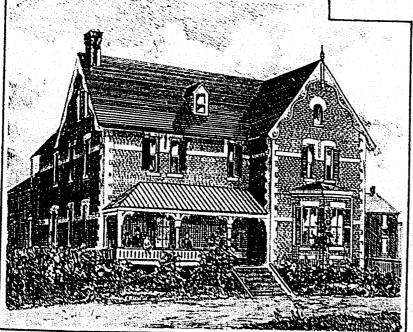


Residence of Mr. S. E. Mitchell.

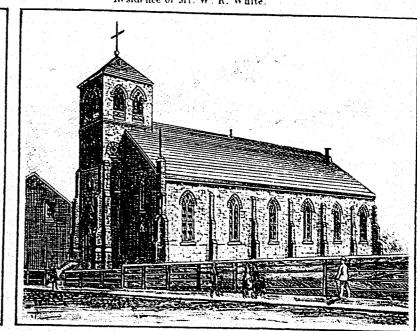


Residence of Mr. W. R. White





Residence of Judge Doran.



The Roman Catholic Church.

MBROKE ILLUSTRATED.

IN THE SUMMER TIME.

Amid a witchery of flowers,
That awed me with delight!
When calm suffused the fragrant hours,
And made the moments bright;
Amid the clover and the thyme,
I met her—in the summer time.

The glowing days, with beauty fraught,
Passed silently away,
And every hope and every thought
Were beautiful as they!
And so, amid the season's prime,
I wooed her—in the summer time.

And every hour that dawned so bright,
Was sweeter than the last;
Her smile the crowning ray of light
That summer o'er me cast;
And thus, amid the pleasant thyme,
I won her—in the summer time.

And all the woodlands had a voice To thrill me with their lay,
And every echo said, Rejoice
Upon our bridal day;
And so, amid the church bells chime, We wedded-in the summer time.

And like the sweetness of a dream, The changeful years have sped, Her constant love, the truest beam That summer days have shed; Till heedless of all change of clime, Our life is always summer time!

Forest Hill, July, 1878.

THE LOVES OF HERCULES.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

I.

IOLE.

Eurytus, King of Œchalia, decided not to accept Hercules for a son-in-law. It would never do. He might as well cease to be king as take a man into his family who would rule him, making him do all the despicable work of governing a turbulent people, and taking to himself all the accruing credit and none of the blame. That Hercules would appropriate the glory Eurytus knew full well; for the son of Jupiter, who was a master of any weapon he used, excelled in the exercise of none more than the long bow and the hatchet; the former he drew, the latter he threw, to an unrivalled

At that time Hercules was a name as common in Attica as Jones at a later day in these parts, and any deed of prowess done by one of his name was at once claimed as his own particular performance by the Theban Hercules. He was prodigiously strong and vastly clever, and he had a knack of compelling folk to do as he chose, Eurytus knew; but these were attri-butes not wanted in a son-in-law by a king who was constitutionally weak in the knees, who was not clever, and who, moreover, had himself a very great desire to do as he liked. And it struck him that, by refusing an alliance with so great a man, he should obtain a larger space in future classical dictionaries than by accepting him; so he said very blandly.

"No, my dear friend; proud as I should be to accept the honor you propose, I am bound by a sense of reverential duty te decline a match which would certainly be regarded as a mesalliance by your dear papa. And I wouldn't annoy Jupiter for worlds, that I wouldn't."

It was the first time Hercules had been re-

buffed, and to be baulked by a puny, insignificant, knock-kneed monarch was an indignity that he could not calmly receive. He flew into a desperate passion, and looking about for a means of revenge, he caught sight of Iphitus, the infant son of Eurytus, who, at that moment, was calmly imbibing nourishment from a papboat in the arms of his father. (It was washingday, the queen was out, and Eurytus was "just habet for four trees." holding baby for five minutes.") In an instant Hercules snatched the innocent child from his parent, dabbed it on the chiffonier, and deliberately sat upon it. The furniture was smashed, and so was the babe.

They were rather particular about princes in those days, although they seem to have been as plentiful as, and not much more useful than, at present; and the consequences of his rash act flashed across the mind of the Theban as he surveyed the battered Iphitus.

"I've made a pretty mess of it now," thought he. And the only way of escaping the penalty of his act that appeared to him was to feign madness. So he trimmed his hair with straws, sang snatches of comic songs, and gave up drinking spirits, openly declaring that he was mad for love of lole. Of course the tribunal before which he was accused of murder acquitted him on the ground of insanity, and the king was charged to keep him under proper restraint, he having indirectly been the cause of the

This was not gratifying to Eurytus; Hercules required so much restraint and food, and so many visitors came to see the unhappy lover. He broke all the furniture in the palace and the heads of every one he did not like; he howled all night, so that no one could get a wink of sleep; and he once threatened to murder Eurytus when cold mutton was served

up for dinner. These sleepless nights Eurytus employed in deep thought, taxing his ingenuity for a means of ridding himself of his intolerable charge. He tried poison, but to no purpose; Hercules had the digestion of an ostrich, and prussic acid merely sharpened his appetite. But after thinking no end for three weeks, the king devised a

"I have it," said he; "yes, that's it. I see way to reimburse myself for this outlay and that babe; and, what is more, I'll sicken this joker of going mad at my expense."
So he called Mercury to his assistance, and

between them they arranged matters for the disposal of the shackled Hercules.

П. OMPHALE.

Omphale was a lovely widow, young, and sweetly sad. She had beautiful large eyes, where sorrow seemed to dwell on sufferance, while the legitimate tenants, love and laughter, were absent. But sentimental sadness suited her face. just as a nightingale's song harmonizes with

the still beauty of evening.
She was Queen of Lydia, and there was at her side a vacant throne, at which she never looked without a sigh. Was it for him who was gone, or for him who should fill it?

She sat inattentively listening to the stories of her women, when her prime minister—a managing old man, who kept the hall door, squared accounts with foreign powers, and tidied up the palace before breakfast—tapped at the door, and wished to know if her majesty would

purchase a fine strong Theban slave.
"I have enough women already," sighed the

queen.
"Beg your pardon, your gracious majesty, but
this slave is of the other denomination."
"A man? Hem! Well, I don't mind looking

at him. Bring him before us."

The old minister retired, and presently introduced a slave-dealer and the slave. The latter was of magnificent proportions, and the curls on the top of his magnificent head were nicely oiled. A murmur arose from the women as they regarded the handsome bondman. "What a duck!" "Quite too dreadfully nice!" "Awfully charming!" were the classic phrases that caught Omphale's ear. She silenced the girls with a frown, and then leaning her cheek ipon her hand, her elbow upon the arm of her throne, she gazed pensively at the slave. He, with a boldness not born of slavery, met her gaze, and they looked steadily into each other's eyes while the dealer eulogized his man. Two people cannot forever look at each other; if they be of opposite sexes, in nine cases out of ten they cannot do so for three minutes. or other changes color, and the eyes drop. Omphale reddened. Sorrow seemed fluttering in her eyes, as if it had notice to quit, and was preparing to leave. The lids closed rapidly twice or thrice, as if they were ashamed of the eyes beneath, and would hide their tell-tale glance; the corners of her lips twitched, as though tired of their long laxation. She looked down for shame, and then looked up, ashamed of being shamed, and hard she tried to restrain her glance, knitting her pretty brows in a frown, and tightening her lips. But, oh, it was impossible to look thus long. The man was so handsome and so audacious. She turned her head away, now quite angry, and stamping her little foot upon the ground; it was so shameful that she, a queen, should feel herself conquered by a slave. The dealer had been long expatiat-

ing upon the merits of his man; but Omphale had heard nothing. She tried to listen now.

"He has three years of servitude yet unexpired," the dealer said; "at the end of that time his freedom must be given him.'

"Methink this slave of thine doth not wait for freedom to be given him; he takes it, with a witness to it."

"If your majesty knew to what uses his courage can be applied you would excuse his being a little bold. Behave yourself, sir."

being a little bold. Behave yoursen, sn.
"Is he very courageous?" asked Omphale.
"The most daring young man, I assure you."
"The won can suggest by way of test Is there anything you can suggest by way of testing his valor, anything you think would terrify

him?"
"Robbers!" whispered Omphale, with bated breath.

"Oh, catching robbers in his ruling passion. I assure you he looks under all the beds every night with the hope of finding some one there."
"Oh, wouldn't it be nice to have him in the house?" murmured one of Omphale's women.

In truth, since the king's death no man had slept in the palace except the prime minister, and he was as timid as a kitten. Lydia was overrun with robbers, and the poor girls never

went to bed without fear.

"If I buy you," said Omphale, addressing Hercules, "will you have any objection to examining every part of the rooms before we retire to rest?"

"There is nothing that I should like better, said he, with a look of determination.

The elever dealer in construction clanned his

The slave-dealer in consternation clapped his hand over the slave's mouth. At the same time Omphale put her hand to her mouth to suppress a cough, and all the young ladies of the court followed her example.

"Do you think you are strong enough for the situation?" asked the queen.

Hercules smiled, and, taking between his fingers the chain that held his wrists, he snapped it like a thread. Then he looked about, and, seeing the premier near, he caught him by the shoulder, turned him upside down, and balanced him on his extended hand.

"That will do," said the queen, a remark which was echoed by the disconcerted factorum. But I shall be almost afraid of one so powerful.

He fell upon his knees at her feet, and bowed is head. They were pretty little feet.

Omphale smiled to see this great monster humbled before her—quite a small woman. "I think I will have him. You can leave

"I think I will have him. You can leave him here. My prime minister will pay you."

The slave-dealer retired. The slave still knelt at the queen's feet. Oh, they were pretty feet!

"How shall I chastise you if you are naughty?" asked Omphale.

Hercules lifted up one of the little feet ever so gently, and, taking off the sandal, handed it the shall have the shall be said to the sandal of the said.

to the queen. He kissed the pretty white foot before he put it down; and Omphale, to punish him, beat him with her sandal—tender little taps that a fly would have borne patiently. The

slave liked it.

"What is your name?" asked Omphale.
"Hercules," replied the slave.
He certainly cleared the place of robbers effectively, so that there was scarcely a tradesman, a priest, a managing director, or a burglar to be found in the whole of Lydia. Omphale was very grateful for these services. He was clever at many things, and especially at charades; so was Omphale. But like most clever people who think they can act well, these two delight-

who think they can act well, these two delighted to take the most unsuitable parts.

On one occasion Omphale dressed up in Hercules' lion-skin, etc., and he managed to bind himself up in her robes. Of course they were flattered greatly, every one declaring that the difference could not be detected; which certainly must have been a very great falsehood, when you come to think of it. However, they did not see through the flattery, and it was did not see through the flattery, and it was their great delight to assume each other's cha-

Now one day there was a pic-nic, and, after dinner, Omphale, as usual, put on the lion's skin, and Hercules took the queen's head-dress, (1) and once more every one laughed and dress, (1) and once more every one suggests complimented them. Then the company broke up, and wandered about the woods in pairs.

Openhals and Hercules were together. They had a very pleasant walk, and did not think of returning to their company until the evening was far advanced. Then they could not find their way, and wandered up all manner of turnings without seeing a soul, or even a body. Poor Omphale began to cry with apprehension and alarm, and it took all the tenderness Hercules could command to console her. She grew weary, and he carried her; she grew sleepy and chill, he not getting a word from her for some time, growing tired of the monotony of walking out of one pit-fall into another, looked about for a resting-place. There was a cavern at hand, where lived a goatman named Pan, and into this cavern Hercules carried Omphale. There was moss there, and this Hercules divided, making a bed on one side for the queen and another in the opposite corner for himself. This he did with his foot, still carrying Omphale, who slept as quietly as an infant. Then he laid her gently down, and softly disengaged her arms that were twined about his

Hercules could not help kissing her as he said good-night. Then he took his place in the other corner and fell asleep, not heeding the chill night air, though his robes were Omphale's and thin.

The moon shone full into the cave, and very late came Pan back to his cave. The first thing he saw was one asleep on his moss.
"Whom have we here?" bleated he, in a

thin voice.

He caught sight of the lion's skin and club, and knowing them to belong to Hercules, he retreated quickly to the opposite side. There was another asleep; but this one had the soft tunic and toga of the queen.

"Ha, ha!" said Pan, and he bent down over

the sleeper.

Hercules was awoke by his sense of smell. "What a smell of goats!" said he.

Opening his eyes he saw a hideous face bending down to kiss him. He planted his foot in the stomach of Pan, and shot him out through the opening of the cave—far, far away, and he was found in the middle of the next week. Ex pede Herculem.

But the noise frightened Omphale, and her terror and dread were not to be appeared by

words from a distance. After that they were married.

III.

DEIANIRA.

Omphale may have died, or Hercules may have made a mistake. That makes no difference to history; and the fact is to be told that he left Lydia and Omphale and married Deïanira. I do not think he would have done so had it not been that Achelous wished to get her. Well, having married her, he has to take her with him. But he was not every anxious about her; for when they came to the swollen Evenus, he left her to be carried across by Nessus, instead of taking her in his own arms. If any one could carry her over safely, it was Hercules; but the rational presumption is that he did not care for Deïanira, and only wanted her when there was a chance of losing her. He sat down moodily on the bank, laving himself amid the stream, and watched Nessus with Deïanira.

Now it happened that Nessus was an old admirer of Deïanira: and no sooner was her husband's back turned than he began to talk to her; and as he spoke he artfully walked along the margin of the river instead of across it, every

(1) It is curious to remark that this strange freak is frequently observed at the present day.

moment increasing the distance between himself and Hercules.

"O, Deïanira," said he, "do you remember ne—Nessus, the son of Ixion?" me-

"What! the greedy little boy with the curly hair ?"

"Yes; see what my greediness has brought me to. I wanted too much happiness, and I lost all. I wanted you, and without you I cared for nothing, so that my disregard for things in general made me accept this waterman's situa-tion. I never thought I should hold you in these arms. How plump you are!"

"Leave off!"

"Deïanira, I love you."

"Well, you mustn't. I'm married, and my husband's looking."
"Your husband! Bah!

" What ?"

"He cares for none save Iole."
"Iole! who is she?"

"The daughter of Eurytus."
"Hold me up."
"Do you feel faint, dearest?"

"No; but you are draggling my skirts in the

water."
"Oh let me take you from here! Let me fly with you, or rather swim, to a subterraneous path, by which we may escape your husband."
"What! leave my husband when I know he loves another woman! Never! I'll stick to him.'

"Nay, then, I will carry you off by force."
"I will kick."
"I will drop you in the water."
Denanira thought of her wedding robes, and shricked at the prospect of their being spoiled. Hercules heard her scream; and seeing that there was a possibility of Deïanira being taken from him, he became interested in securing her, dead or alive. He drew his bow and shot at the distant group. The bolt struck into Nessus.

"I am hit; I die," he cried.

"Don't die in the middle of the river, for heaven's sake. Get on to the shore, do."

"On one condition. Avenge my death upon Hercules.'

Deïanira thought of Iole.

"To oblige you I will."
Then Nessus carried her to shore, and died; and with his last breath he prescribed a punishment for Hercules.

IV

IOLE AGAIN.

Eurytus gave a special fête and grand archery meeting in honor of his daughter's birthday. Iole was eighteen, and the father declared that she should be the prize of the most skilful toxophilite. It was an arrangement that suited him well; for the entrance fee was high, and the number of suitors and shooters large. But Iole was not pleased; for in her memory still lingered a vision of Hercules. He was a man compared with whom all others were pigmies. She loved him, and could love none other. He was so handsome and so great; and these men she saw around her were so horribly ugly and undersized, with names that no one had ever heard of. He who was reputed the best shot had anything but winning ways, and the look of him made Iole feel unwell.

The archers were all assembled upon the lawn; and Iole, pale and sad, was seated upon a dais, whence she looked round disconsolately on her admirers. The numbers increased as the time

admirers. The numbers increased as the time for the contest approached. The king was in great glee, for his carpet-bag was full of collected fees. Presently a bell rang, and the king cried, in a joyous voice, "Fire away!"

The toxophilites rushed to the scratch, and Iole gave a sigh of relief as the crowd of ugly men left her. The next moment she heard her sigh echoed; and turning about she beheld at her elbow Hercules. With a little suppressed scream of delight she gave him her hand, then scream of delight she gave him her hand, then drew it back hastily, and looked at the groups of eager archers. They were all engaged upon business, and with them Eurytus who was keeping the score. All had their backs toward her; so she turned to Hercules, and held out her cheek to be kissed.

He looked very nice, for he was in full archery costume, which in those days was very like the becoming uniform worn by members of the Ancient Order of Foresters on fête days. He had a gorgeous hat, turned up at the sides, and studded with large brass nails; and feathers of

all the primitive colors nodded in the breeze.
"Oh, what have you come here for?" asked

"You, dear," replied Hercules.
"But you know papa doesn't like you."
"That makes no difference so long as his daughter does not share his sentiments.

And are you still single?' "Quite," replied Hercules, with the most in-

nocent smile.

"You are nice." "Yes, the costume is rather tasty, isn't it?" "Because you wear it. Have you had any

refreshment? One sip of nectar. But I thirst for more Will you give me another taste?

They might see. "Come into the shrubbery, and set up a little refreshment on your own account.

"You naughty darling." They walked among the myrtles until a loud shout proclaimed that the victory was won—so far: then Hercules strolled down to the group

and bent his bow, while Iole, who had slyly re-

sumed her seat, clasped her hands and prayed

The archers were just hoisting the ugly man upon their shoulders, he having alone hit the bull's eye, when Hercules, in a voice that reached Iole's ear, said, quietly but sternly, "Take that man down."

"But he has won the prize!" cried every one except Eurytus. He had become suddenly ill at the sight of Hercules.

No, he hasn't," said Hercules. "I haven't fired yet, and I mean to. If anybody wishes to know why, he may know that it's because I am Hercules.

"Just so. Now then, marker, mind your bull's eye.

He shot, and his arrow went wide of the mark.

"I thought I should hit it," he said calmly. "But you didn't," remarked he who had.
"Did you say I didn't hit the bull's eye?' asked Hercules, doubling his fist.

'No, I said nothing of the kind. I only re-

marked it was a tie."
"Yes, a tie!" shouted everyone.
"Then we'll shoot it off. Best two out of three.
You shoot first," said Hercules.

The champion shot and went wide of the mark; for the muscles of his body, like the remainder of his arrows, were all in a quiver.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Hercules, and he took his adversary's hand and shook it

warmly, smashing his fingers with his iron grasp. Then he shot and made an outer; but the champion could not use his fingers for the third shot, and so Hercules was acclaimed victor. He went to Eurytus and embraced him.

"We will have a dance in honor of this oc-casion," said he. "Order a good supper, and send for a band and plenty of nice girls."

Eurytus obeyed. Deïanira was at home making puddings when a messenger arrived with a short letter. It was brief, and ran thus; "Be good enough to send my evening dress per bearer.—Yours, in haste, HERCLIES" Detantes was never free from such Deianira was never free from su picions, and now they were aroused to the full by this request for the full dress. She plied the messenger with many liquors and punch, and then pumped him. She learned the whole truth, and while the bearer was recovering sobriety, she planned revenge. That prescription of Nessus had not been forgotten; it was made up in the form of an ointment, and labelled Holloway's; but it was nothing of the kind. No the way's; but it was nothing of the kind. No, the most fearful drugs, known only to the worst of chemists, were compounded together, and this mixture she carefully spread over the inside of Hercules' dress shirt.

"There," said she, "that will make him dance, I'll warrant."

And it did. The first few rounds of a dance with his young bride caused the ointment to melt. His shirt stuck to him like a pitch plaster, but it was pitch in a state of combustion. In a few minutes he was enveloped in flame. Then few minutes he was enveloped in flame. the great qualities of his mind were displayed, for, despite the fire that raged upon him, he never for a moment lost his equanimity. fact, nothing could put him out. He was burnt to a cinder; but the gods, admiring his genial qualities, accepted him among their number.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-PITY.—No subtler habit of evil is there in the world than that of self-pity. The victim of this form of selfishness is always surveying the dark side of things. If we choose, we can cultivate in ourselves and in our children the sunny nature, as well as that which is ever bemoaning itself and comparing its lot with that of others. It would be well for each of us, every day, when trials press, to say, "But, after all, how much pleasure there is hore, how much delight there is yonder, and what a garden of glory is this beautiful world! Let me at least try to be as happy as I can.'

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE. - There is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be acquired. Watch your voice day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.

AN AFFABLE MANNER .-- Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demean our. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful circumstants. ner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. -A wife must

seeking to know in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weak-nesses by working upon them—she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him—never, if possible, to have "scenes." If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases, for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong.

Man's Opinion.-Woman may laugh at the idea if they will, but the taste of men in the matter of women's dress is well worth consult-They may remember that all their stuffs are devised, and all the patterns of those stuffs designed by men; that almost all the new fashions originate with men. Then why not compromise on the subject, and admit that men and women need to work together in this as in many other things, and that each needs the other's help if a good result is to be obtained? The help of artists, too, is often of great value, and if accepted, may lead to important revolutions. The colors that have been so fashionable for several years—the new shades of green, blue, red and all the old intermediate combinationsdirectly owing to the so-called pre-Raphaelite painters in England—to them and to their schools and followers, who first had stuffs dyed in colors to suit themselves, then persuaded their wives and sisters to wear dresses made of these materials and devised by themselves, and finally came to control the manufacture of stuffs that would take the folds they liked. From them the fashion extended all over the civilized world so that now there is scarcely a rare and beautiful color which cannot be secured in a woman's

COLDNESS OF MANNER.—There is no other vay by which friendship may be so completely broken, or so thoroughly or completely crushed out of existence, as by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and no doubt that is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and whose counten-ance lights up with a cheerful smile as he utters pleasant and welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are, or at least should at once be, ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our every attempt to be cordial by a impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed, over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

A CONSTITUTIONAL WALK .- Few people walk enough in winter, yet it is precisely at that season which people of close sedentary habits should walk. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs! How clear and sweet it is to the nostrils! How it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gate of four or five miles an hour! How the cheeks glow, and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with delightful vigor, after such a walk through the winter sunshine! A chaise ride is not half so good, for it robs the trip of the necessary exercise. Try it, you who seek health and strength. Winter walking as a "nervine," is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harbourful of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drugshop's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs-and especially your hips-were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies, and shoulders—and no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some shapely woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of a It is never too late to learn how to walk by walking.

A CHEAP COMMODITY. -- Advice is cheap, consequently many people are fond of giving it away. "If he had only taken my advice," says away. "If he had only taken my auvice, say.
Mr. Wiseacre, "things might have been different." True, they might have been much worse. For do we not all know, or believe we know, our own affairs, our own necessities, our own desires, better than any other mortal can ever know them, even though that other may be our most intimate friend? And no matter how unreserved our confidence, how frank our admissions regarding the circumstances in which we are placed, will there not always be some point or points on which we cannot be fully explicit to any human ear? So, even while we imagine that we have perfectly explained our

the situation of another, some detail will always be wanting, whose omission changes the whole case; perhaps makes the counsel which seemed so judicious entirely impracticable. Don't worry yourselves then over the good advice so often wasted on your friends, but try to remember that as you never can occupy their exact standpoint, so you never can be an infallible judge of their proper conduct. To be sure, in some cases, your advice may be necessary; give it them humbly, not arrogantly, and be content that it is accepted even with reluctance; for advice, at best, is a nauseous pill to swallow.

WHEN TO BE IDLE.—There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking, great or small. There are studies which are not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old house-wife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark, or rethread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith n the achievements done in odd minutes. believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labour—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough selfmastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

Florists's flowers never lack admirers, and the cultivators of them will not cease from the land These flowers, however, are despised by the shallow zealots who put the garden into competition with the hedgerow, and insist that thistles and briers shall lean against the windows of the dwelling. In a majority of instances florists flowers constitute the finest furniture of the hardy garden such as it should be from our point of view—a repertory of vegetable splendours arranged to mutually aid each other in the display of their several characteristic features. The pansies, pinks, pentstemons, anemones, ranunculuses, polyanthuses, and pyrethrums, have their special uses and attractions for the florist as well as for the collector of hardy plants, and in their way are as respectable as roses, gloxinias, and pelargoniums, which we do not intend to run down in the vain hope of thereby enhancing the value of good honest border flowers. A few dozen auriculas may be grown in a frame in a back yard where there is neither room nor air for the decent growth of a score of good border plants. And that is one good reason why artisans in towns take to flori-culture, for not only do they thereby secure beautiful flowers in their season, but the critical study of varieties grows into a passion that pervades the whole life to the direct advantage of the man possessing it. The want of a hobby is the ruin of thousands, and we cannot, as citizens, afford to frown upon any hobby that is in its essence innocent, and that carries its votary into the large regions of the world of life and To intimate in any way that floriculture is a frivolous pursuit is unworthy even of the man whose head is crammed with the names of weeds sufficient to constitute a new creation. The collectors and cultivators of hardy plants broader in their sympethies than their apostles and prophets represent them, for actual cultivation of good things is more beneficial than merely writing about them; it enlarges the capacity of appreciation, and quickens the perception of universal beauty. We do not need to contract, but rather to enlarge, our sphere of observation and interest; and the increasing favour in which hardy plants are held affords a guarantee that plants of other kinds, in so far as they have claims upon our admiration, will be more and more admired and cultivated, and that thus floriculture will in a certain sense increase in comprehensiveness and engage the attention of all sorts and conditions of men.

THE COUNTRY EVANGELIST.

The country evangelist must have good lungs and good legs, and not be afraid to draw very largely on the quality of both. The roads and lanes by which he has to travel from village to village are often in bad condition, especially in winter. Sometimes he will take a church path for a near cut, and after wading in the mud for a mile or two, he will have to retrace his steps to the road. Or, he may be taking the best road he can get to the place where he holds a meeting, and he comes to a hollow through which the road goes. At the side of the road is a watering place for cattle, where the hoofs of cattle and horses have been working in the soft mud after a learn how to form her husband's happiness by own position, or have as perfectly comprehended day's rain. A tiny tunnel carries the overflow

of water over the road into a ditch, and the ruts of cart-wheels are two-feet-deep pools of muddy water. The ploughed fields on one side are of the consistency of soft soap, and the grass fields on the other side are up to the knee in water. Wellington boots and thick soles are great comforts in such circumstances, and the ability to take a good leap is often his only means of safety from wet feet and a bad cold. Perhaps the snow than fallen a foot deep, and been driven by the wind into wreaths across the road, so high that no vehicle can be driven along, and no farmer would saddle his horse for a ride on such a night, but the country evangelist has a meeting advertised, or one of weekly occurrence in a hamlet or village some four or six miles from his lodging; and if he be a true man, no weather that ever deepened into storm will make him fail in his engagements. He faces the storm and pursues his way in the teeth of the blinding snowflakes, and is often well rewarded for his trouble in finding a crowded meeting of anxious souls waiting to hear the glad news of the gospel of Christ. Or, it may be there has been a continuous downpour of rain for twenty-four hours, and the reads in many places have become running streams, and the ditches little rivers. The hollows are like mill-ponds, the fields turned into lakes, and the cottages of the people are for the time like "marine residences." But the country evangelist has a meeting some miles off that night; a warm heart, the genuine pluck of a true muscular Christianity, bears him through the discomforts of a thorough soaking, and then a hearty welcome, a good fire, and the incomparable cup of tea, soon make him forget the storm without, while the heart-burst of some soul refreshed and comforted by the religious service which follows, sends his thoughts above and beyond the present to the "recompense of reward."

MUSICAL.

Our celebrated Canadian violin virturoso, Alfred Deseve, who lately returned from Paris, where he has created for himself a high reputation, has completed his arrangements for a grand concert, which will take place at the Academy of Music, on the 10th October. Mr. Desève has been under the care of the celebrated masters Leonard and Vieuxtemps, and comes back to his native land crowned with the highest testimonials from the Parisian critics. Mr. Desève, while in Paris, has appeared on several occasions before the most refined society, and lately before Her Majesty Isabella II., Queen of Spain, who made him her violin soloist in admiration of his talent. Mr. Deseve has already received the most tempting offers to travel on this continent, but his intention is to devote his time to teaching in Montreal. We hope that every appreciator of music will give the young artist, Mr. Desève, on this occasion, a welcome by their presence in numbers at the Academy of Music, on Thursday next.

ARTISTIC.

WYATT EATON has been painting at their residences this summer the portraits of Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson.

THE Princess Louise's studio, which has for some time past been in course of erection from designs by Mr. E. W. Godwin, in the garden of Kensington Palace, is nearly finished.

JAN VAN EYCK, the old Flemish artist, who has the credit of first bringing painting in oils into prac-tical use, has been commemorated at Bruges by a statue, which was unveiled by the King of the Belgians on the 18th of August last.

THE pictures of Turner have been removed from their places in the National Gallery in London to the basement of the building, much to the disappointment of visitors. This step is said to have been taken to check the decay which has lately become apparent.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, before leaving Paris, bought from among the pictures in the Salon Letebyre's "Mignon," for which he paid 20,000 francs, and Emile Villa's "Japanese Girl:" and a work of Meissonnier's, for which he paid 57,100; a charming Dupré, "L'Orme peaché sur l'Oise," which cost him some 20,700 francs, and Corot's "Le Soir," for which he give 8,000 francs.

LITERARY.

IT is said that Mr. Gladstone is paid two lineas a page for his articles in the Nineteenth Century.

MR. Ho, the Chinese Ambassador, in London, is translating Shakspeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. The similarity has struck him.

It is remoured that Mr. Longfellow has a poem on the stocks which has for its subject a dialogue between Shakspeare and one of his companions as the Mermaid.

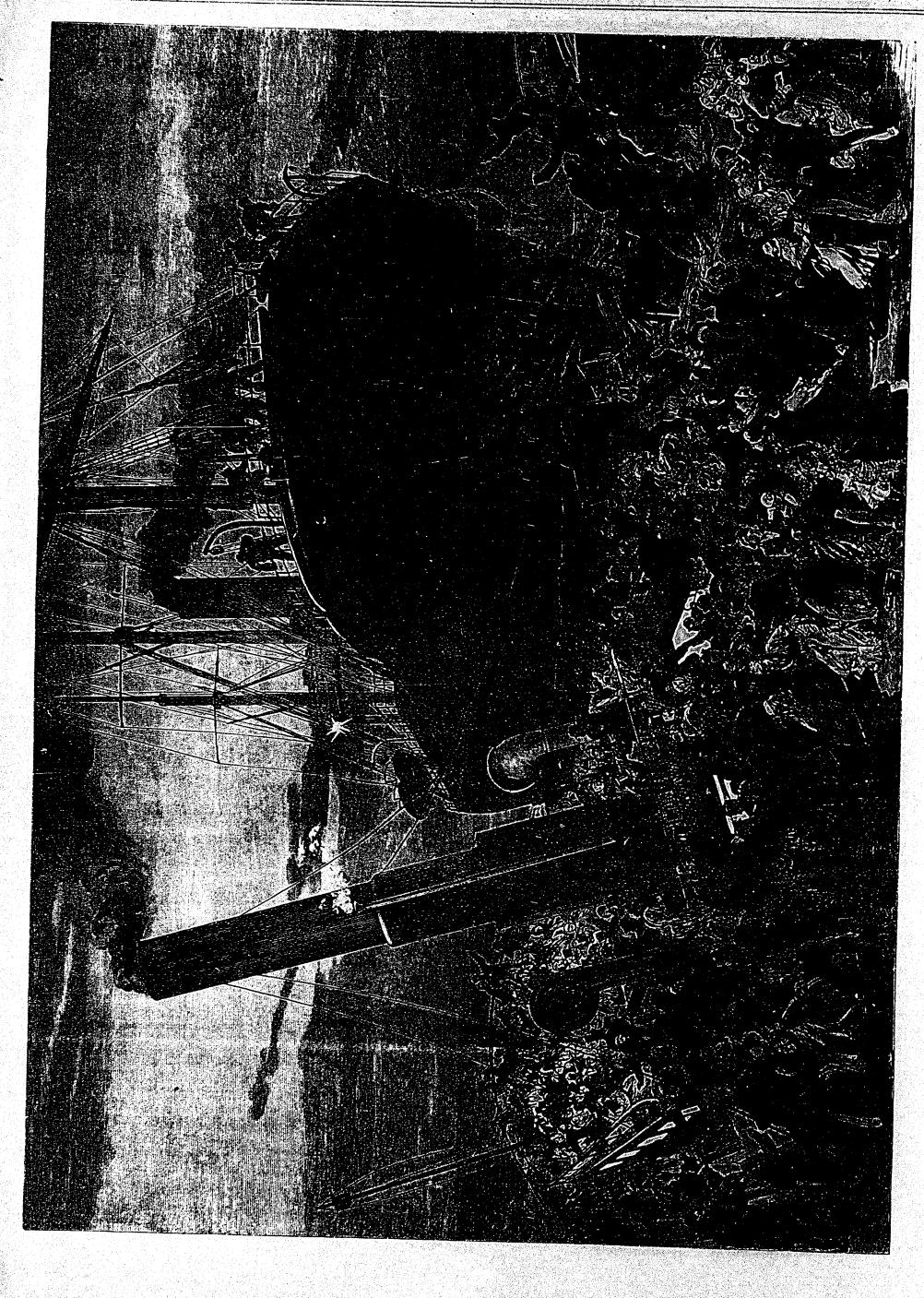
MR. WHITTIER says Ralph Waldo Emerson is the one American who is sure of being remembered a thousand years; and the Buffalo Express believes the memory of Whittier will be on hand to see that he is remembered correctly.

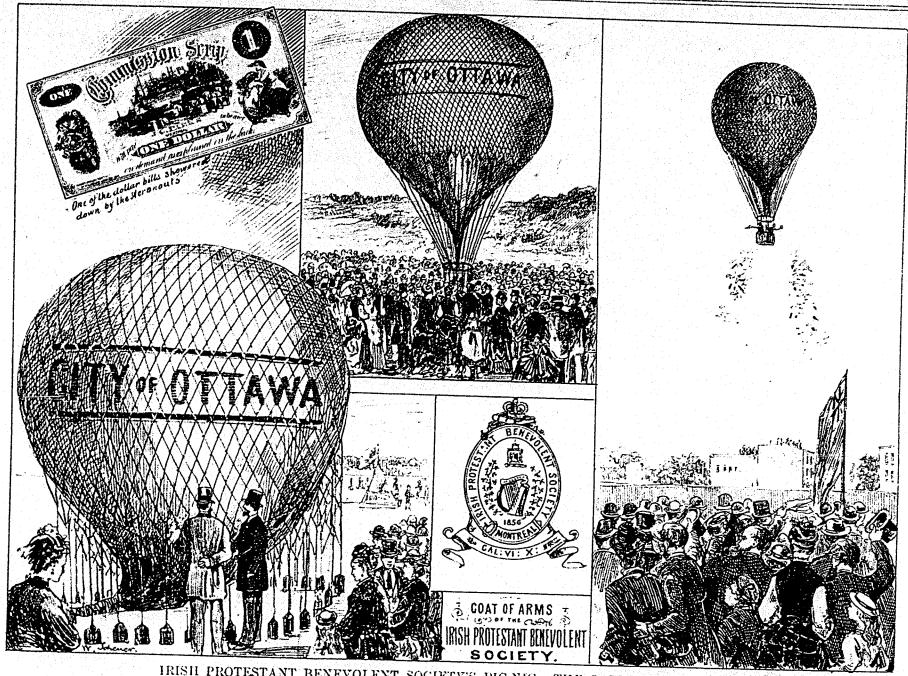
Or Longfellow's five children, Onslow, the eldest, is married and in business in Boston; Ernest is a painter, studying in Europe; Alice, the eldest daughter, is a writer; Edith is now Mrs. Richard H. Dana, 3rd; and Anna is literary in her inclinations.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, the editor of St. MAS. MAN'S MAPES DODGE, the custon of so-Nicholas, on her return from a trip to California re-ceived a serenade at Cincinnati from several hundred little folk, who sang several of her baby songs. Each of the children carried a red and white banner, formed by sticking together the covers of St. Nicholas.

A Waverley Dictionary is about to appear in New York. It has been compiled by a lady—Miss Mary Rogers—and contains an alphabetical arrangement of all the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with a descriptive analysis of each character, and illustrative selections to me the text.

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IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC .-. THE BALLOON ASCENSION.



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor house, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom; and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and, on the whole, it was rather pleasant

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning, as we got to the avenue which led to the Manor house, Mr. Cartwright

asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said yes, but I did; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared this pale face, and his low, pleading voice would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or, perhaps, it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but any how I said yes, and in due time w

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband; but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage

he was not happy either.

It was all my fault—I either would not or could not love him; I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it, and I am sure he had found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded

and I was conter than ever; I only once antucut to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with As the train moved off I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked dreary and empty and there was no one to meet me. Presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a how for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he fol-lowed me whining into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master. At last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings and liked me to sit and work, and now I remembered how often I had excused myself saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me standing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed, the room was full of little remembrances of me; I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath it, in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at, reminded me of his goodness to me and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero seemed to think so, too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing around his master's chair in the most melancholy man-

My plate, for the first time since my marr was empty, as I sat down to breakfast; for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning. Frequently I forget all about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully if he had

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself and go and visit some of the poor people in the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story : all held forth on my husband's goodness and kind-ness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very

person whom he most loved and cherished.

'At last I went home, tired and sick at heart;

but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, and no one to make me lay down and rest. as he would have done had he been there. how I missed him! What a fool I had been Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Was there ever friend so ungrateful? Oh! why did I ever let him leave me? I was sure he never would come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought almost maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress him. I pictured her receiving tenderly the loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived, in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothersin-law in general and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger that I really felt against

myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.
"Why, Nelly," said Maud, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much and thought her so nice that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband, very properly, as

mamma says, objected."
"So I did," I answered; "but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really Nell you are very hard on the poor

"Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good,'' said Maud.

Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it,' I replied, rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother, and you are making your-self miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cart-wright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare

say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason that I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous and that I was in love, as she

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew that I loved him than I longed to tell him so and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty, for I could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to cond letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him: it was the first I had received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious or so pleased with her first love-letter as I was over

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality, I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health; begged me to write to him a few lines every day, but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tear-ing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool and with no allusions to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write my expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so. For a whole week I went on in this way, suf-

fering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cart-wright, and writing short, cold answers.

lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night. and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and declared she would write and summon my husband home, and telling him that I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, i.e. I should frankly contess brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go on to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her of my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed a few things and I'll see that you always have cause."

"IF I should mairy spective son-in-law, "I should frankly contess one thing in advance—I am of rather a hasty temper and apt to get mad without cause." Oh, that'll be all right," blandly replied the dear old lady; "I shall go and live with you, and I'll see that you always have cause." could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I deter-

It was a three hours' journey. They seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a large town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the drawing-room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, so I found my mother-in-law

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His stood open, a letter to me which he was

writing lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews. my voice failing me as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.
"My dear! Nelly! Has anything happened?

How ill you look? What is it?" she exclaimed.
"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking to a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went for him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! what is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last

I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life. In spite of my tears, and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learned from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places anyone on earth. We went back to the rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MANY beautiful ladies when walking out are angry if they are gazed at, and indignant if they

WE'LL give a handsome wedding present to the man who'll marry the young lady who thumps all day on the piano in our boarding-

THE new song, "Sounds of Childhood," realls tender recollections of a matronly shoe, a shrill treble voice, and an utter disinclination to sit.

THE "Age of Man" furnishes an interesting field for speculation, but by common consent the age of wowan is a matter which is left en-

THE woman who drives is never so complaent as when she stops her horse on the street crossing, and sweetly waits for the tardy shopkeeper to tie up a dozen bundles.

"WHOSE bread I eat, his song I sing." penniless music teacher, who married a thrifty baker's daughter in Chicago, has dedicated a march of his own composition to his father-in-

It was a man who invented the side-saddle, and every time Anna Dickinson thinks of how much time he threw away to make a woman look ungraceful she wants to pull some one's

THE Nation thinks that a part of the drill of every girl's school ought to be the reception by a wife in an old gown to a dinner of corned beef and cabbage of an unlooked-for guest, thoughtlessly brought home by a reckless husband

Ar a Dubuque wedding the other day among the wedding presents ostentatiously displayed was a \$1,000 bill, a present from the doting father to his darling daughter. After the guests had departed the old man coolly rolled up the bill and put it in his vest pocket, and that was the end of it.

A little five-year-old boy, residing with his

parents in the Cheney Block, was asked by a lady a few days since for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady noticing that the little fellow drew his hands across his lips, remarked, "Ah, you are rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder, "I'm rubbing it in."

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE. - Exercise oils the joints of the body, and prevents them from growing stiff. It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing only it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those who are to day, over to right on the prevent steple size and to-day over-taxing so many school-girls, and instead judicious, vigorous out-door exercise aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast, and is there any doubt which will pay the better, and make the girl the happier, the better fitted for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? It is as necessary to develop vigorous, healthy bodies as it is to cultivate the mind; for what is mental power without bodily strength?

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters and game received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No-170 received.

J. G. F., Halifax, N. S.—Letter received. The game shall appear shortly. Thanks.

H. S., Montreal.—The score will be published as soon as the Tourney is finished.

The friends in Canada of Mr. Bird, the well-known Chessplayer of England, will, we are sure, be glad to hear a few particulars connected with the part which he took in the recent great Paris Chess Tourney. We are the more certain that these will be read with satisfaction here, from the fact that Mr. Bird, during his sojourn in Montreal, gained the good-will of all by his genial manners, and willingness at all times, even at much personal inconvenience, to gratify any player who was desirous of crossing pawns with bim.

It appears that at the Paris Tourney he lost his first five games, but won thirteen out of the last seventeen he played. Out of these, he won two from Anderssen, two from Mason, one from Blackburne, one from Mackenzie, and one from Rosenthal.

Almost throughout the contest he suffered to a great

and one from to scential.

Almost throughout the contest he suff-red to a great extent from the gout, which must have been a very unwelcome companion to one who had sufficient in the skill of his adversaries to occupy all the power of his

mind.

Mr. Bird's decisive mode of play pleased the Parisians much, and his victory over the renowned Anderssen, just after that player had scored two games with Mackenzie, was a subject of much comment. It is singular that he did not draw a single game, and, as was remarked by Zukertor, the champion of the Tourney if won games only had counted, Mr. Bird would have gained a second prize.

A few days ago we made some remarks on the social advantages of our Canadian Correspondence Tourney. We have much pleasure now in inserting the following remarks by one of the competitors. They form part of a letter sent to Mr. Shaw, the conductor of the Tourney: "Had I won every game in the Tourney, and had the honour of claiming the highest prize, it would not have afforded me half the gratification that I have received from letters from those who have won games from mer among which letters, yours of the 15th inst., stands preeminent. I certainly prize these more than merely winning a game, so that should I lose every game, I feet that I shall have won more than all of you put together—that is—the good-will of my opponents. So far, I have never yet had to do with such a uniformly pleasant set of Chessmen, and I trust, if our lives are spared, to have the pleasure of meeting every one of the members of the Tourney in person. This Tourney will ever be an "emerald" spot in my memory.

DEATH OF A NOTED CHESS-PLAYER.

To the Editor of the Detroit Free Press :-

(Detroit Free Press.)

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 10, 1878.

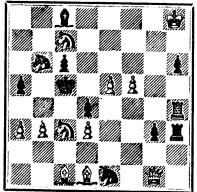
I regret to inform you that Mr. Edward Himes. President of the New Orleans Chess Club, and one of the contestants in the International Postal Tourney, died on the 6th inst. of yellow fever.

Yours respectfully,

WM. GEREKE.

We are sorry that, owing to a mistake in the address, the copy of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS sent to England every week, has not reached the Editor of the Chessplayers Chronicle, which valuable periodical, however, we receive very regularly. The mistake is our ever, we receive very regularly. own, and shall not occuragain.

> PROBLEM No. 194. By R. B. WORMALD. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 299TH.

Played between Messrs Pitschel and Rlackburne in the late great Paris Tourney.

9. P to K B 4
10. Kt to K B 3
11. P to Q B 3
11. Q to K sq
12. Q to K t3
14. Q to R 3
15. Kt to B 2
16. P to K Kt 3
17. K R to Q Kt to K sq
19. Q to B sq (a)
20. P to Q 3
21. R to B 2
22. R to Q sq
23. B to R 3
24. P to Q 4
27. Kt to Q 3
28. B to R 3
29. P to Q Kt to K 5
30. B to B sq
31. Q Kt to K 5
32. B takes Kt
34. Q Kt to K 3
35. Kt takes Kt
34. Q to R 3
25. V ** V K 12. P to Q 4
13. P to Q R 3
14. Kt to Q 3
15. B to B sq
16. Kt to K 5 17. R to R 2 18. R to Q 2 19. P to K Kt 3 20. R to R 2

19. P to K K 3
20. R to R 2
21. Kt to Q 3
22. P to K R 3
23. P to Q K t 4
24. Kt to K t 2
25. B to K 2
26. Q to R 4
27. Q to B 2 (b)
28. R to B 3
29. Kt from B 3 to R 4
30. Kt to B 5
31. Kt to Q s 6
23. Kt P takes B
34. K takes K t
35. K to K t 2
36. R to B s 9
37. B to Kt 2 (d)
38. B to K 1
39. Q R to R s 4
40. K P takes P
41. B to B s 9
42. P takes P
43. K to R 2
44. B takes R
45. B takes R
45. B takes K t
46. Q to K B 2

45. B takes Kt 46. Q to K B 2 47. K R to K sq 48. R to K 3 49. R to Q sq 50. Q R to K sq (f)

42. Rtakes P
43. Q to Kt 2
44. Q takes B
45. B takes B
46. R to K sq
47. R to K 3
48. Q to Kt 2
49. Q to R 3
50. Mate in two moves

33. Kt takes Kt
34. Q to R 3
35. Kt to K 5
36. P to K 4 (c)
37. B to K 3
38. B to Q 4
39. P takes B P
40. P to Kt 4 (e)
41. R to K Kt 2
42. R takes P
43. O to Kt 2

50. QR to K sq (f)

50. Mate in two moves

NOTES.

(a) I do not admire Mr. Blackburne's proceedings up to this point. Possibly, what seems like an elaborate development of eccentricity, arises from the fact that, having intended a certain line of attack, he finds the opponent stronger than he had counted upon.

(b) Having taken nothing by his motion, better to have captured the Pawn last move.

(c) This bold device does not surprise one, coming from Mr. Blackburne. Its soundness against the best play is questionable. The idea, I believe, is if 37 B P takes P, then Q to Kt 4. 38. R to B 3, B to K 3, with B to Q 4, as the continuation.

(d) This makes matters very comfortable for Black, seeing that now B P cannot take P.

(e) This, as will be seen, has to be followed up by the sacrifice of the exchange, and though the attack obtained may seem a sufficient justification, yet where is the necessity with such an impregnable position? I would decidedly prefer here Q to K 2.

(f) This is too absurd!

GAME 300TH.

Played recently between Mr. C. A. Boivin, of St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., and Mr. Geo. P. Black, of Halifax, N.S., in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney.

| Hyacinthe, P. Q., and Mr. Geo. P. Black, of Halif N.S., in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney (Irregular Opening.)
| WHITE.—(Mr. Boivin.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Black.) | 1. P to K 4 | 2. K t to K B 3 | 2. K t to Q B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 3 | 3. B to Q B 4 | 4. P to Q 3 | 5. Castles | 5. B to K K 5 | 6. P to Q B 3 | 7. P to Q 3 | 7. K K t to Q 2 | 8. B to K 3 | 8. B takes B (a) | 9. P takes B | 9. K to K B 3 | 6. K to K B 3 | 9. P takes B | 9. K to K K B 3 | 6. K to K B 3 | 10. Q K to Q 2 | 12. K P takes Q P | 13. P takes Q P | 14. K takes P | 14. K takes P | 14. K takes B | 15. K to K 5 | 16. B takes B | 16. K takes K to K 17. P takes Kt | 18. Q takes Kt | 18. P to Q B 3 | 19. R to K B 4 | 19. Q to K t 3 (ch) | 20. Q R to K sq | 22. Q R to K sq | 22. Q R to K sq | 22. R to K K 2 | 23. K R to K sq | 24. P to K K t 3 | 25. P takes R (c) | And the game is drawn by perpetual check. 3. P to K kt 3
4. B to K kt 2
4. P to Q 3
5. Castles
6. P to Q B 3
7. P to Q 3
8. B to K 3
8. B takes B (a)
9. P takes B
10. Q Kt to Q 2
11. P to Q 4
12. Q to B 2
12. K P takes Q P
13. P at K 3 takes P
14. K t takes P
15. Kt to K 5
16. B takes B
17. P takes Kt
18. Q takes Kt
18. Q takes Kt
19. R to K B 4
20. R to K B 2
21. K to K B 2
22. Q R to K B 2
23. R to K B 5
24. R to K K 5
25. Q to K R 4
26. Q to K K K 5
26. C to K K t 5
27. P takes R (c)
28. R to K K 5
29. R to K S 2
20. R to K B 2
21. K to K S 2
22. R to K S 2
23. R to K B 5
24. P to K K T 2
25. P takes R (c)
26. This record deep content to impact to the proportion.

NOTES.
(a) This move does not seem to improve Black's position.

(b) The last two moves of this Kt have caused a loss to Black of valuable time.

(c) P to K B 4 appears to be well worth consideration. Taking the R leads to a draw at once.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 192. BLACK. WHITE 1. Q to Q R sq 2. Mates acc. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 190. WHITE. 1. P to R 5 1. P takes P 2. P takes Q P

2 P to Q 5 3. P to B 5, etc. There are other variations.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 191.

WHITE.
K at Q R sq
Q at Q B 8
R at Q B 3
R at K 8 Pawn at K 4

Kat Q5 Pawns at Q 3 and 4

White to play and mate in two moves.



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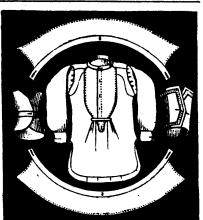
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