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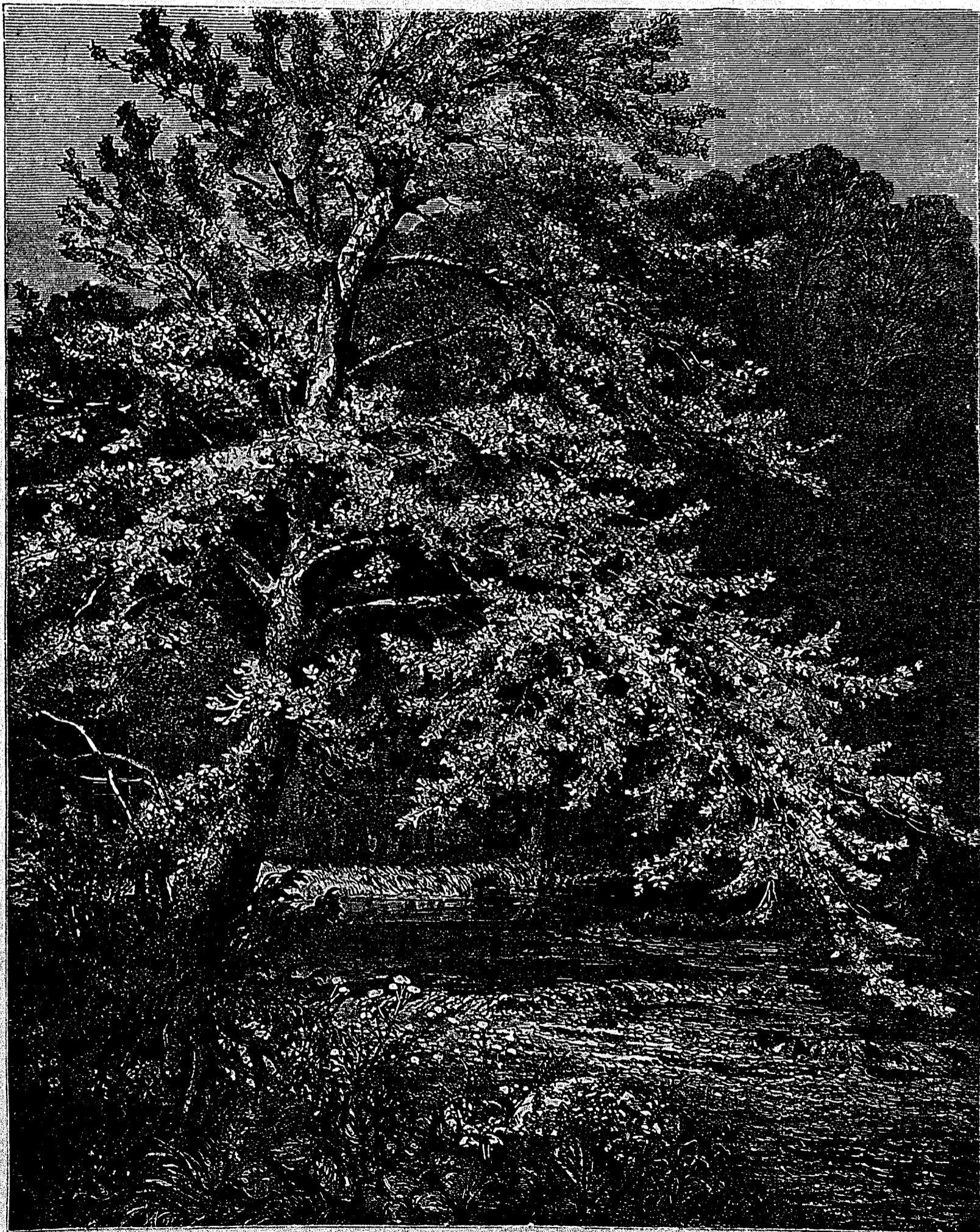
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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

WANTED.

The call for Nos. 2 and 4 of the NEWS was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have these numbers, and are willing to part with them, would oblige us by sending them to us, if in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the numbers.

IROQUOIS ILLUSTRATED.

In this number we present a large double-page illustration of Iroquois, Ontario. It consists of views of the most prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the Montreal Star, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for this Iroquois Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 23rd, 1878.

FIELD MARSHAL FROST.

The inroad on that portion of the present issue set in brevity, or smaller type, is so great, that to do justice to our sketch of the "B" Battery in winter encampment, kindly sent us by Lieut.-Col. Strange, we are obliged to yield most of our editorial space, and we further draw our material of description from an article, under the above heading, which lately appeared in the excellent Military Column of the Montreal Gazette.

Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the dangers and difficulties of invading Eastern Canada during the Arctic winter, difficulties which were fully exemplified more than 100 years ago, when the armies of Arnold and Montgomery had to retire discomfited from the old rock fortress of Quebec, we are glad to see that its tiny garrison are being familiarized with military operations in winter. A handful of hardy, disciplined Canadian soldiers equally handy with axe and rifle, who can, on their snow-shoes, move through the forest, carrying their own provisions, blankets and ammunition, transporting their tents and light sheet-iron stoves on toboggans or Indian sleighs, would make a very serious diversion on the flank of an invading force, confined to the trampled high roads and incapable of deployment.

The left, or French-Canadian Division, men for the most part who have served an apprenticeship in the lumber shanties, marched from Quebec on the 26th February, at daybreak, in heavy marching order, with blankets, three days' provisions, snow-shoes, and an axe replacing the sword bayonet in the waist belt. Having reached the north shore of

the Lake St Charles, they struck into the woods, about 15 miles from Quebec, clearing a roadway through the bush for the teut sleighs. Here they were joined by Indian guides of the Huron tribe, under François Gros Louis, of Lorette. Camp was pitched on the picturesque shores of Lac Sagamité, which nestles amongst the lower spurs of the Laurentians. In an amazingly short space of time arms were piled, packs off, and the forest ringing with the rapid strokes of their axes; soon the blue smoke curled from the canvas village and the savoury steam of the soldiers' supper soup mingled with the fragrant sapin boughs, which forms the elastic bed of the wearied soldier. On the following day the Right Division marched in the same order and encamped with their comrades (the demi-Field Battery being left as a citadel guard under Capt. Short.)

The night was cold and clear. A huge camp fire threw into fantastic light and shade the picturesque groups of soldiery, who disturbed the stillness of the starry night, mingling their English songs with the refrain of the old French-Canadian *vingt-neuf chansons*. The next day was devoted to practising the new attack in snow-shoe heavy marching order. The programme, anticipating an enemy from the direction of the settlement of Stoneham, picked marksmen of the battery, under the guidance of their Huron ally François, acted as scouts, the position of the enemy being supposed to give him command of the open surface of the lake: a long flank march was made through the woods, and the line of attack and supports formed on his flank, cutting him off his line of retreat to Stoneham. The attack was delivered, to the manifest alarm of the occupants of a log hut, who took up a strong position under their bed, and could not be dislodged by force of British arms or the diplomacy of a Schouvaloff. On the return march a small river had to be crossed, the Indian guide declared the ice unsafe, and the force crossed on a couple of felled trees, Indian fashion (*ou point sauvage*). The only casualty occurred to a field officer, a heavy swell, who fell through the ice attempting a passage on his own account. He was none the worse, only wiser for his ducking. The sound of firing now showed that the old camp had been occupied by an unexpected party of the enemy. A second detour had to be made, and scouts again sent out, who reported the camp occupied and an ambuscade laid by the hostiles, who had also sent out Indians and scouts. After some skirmishing the camp was taken from the rear, thus cutting off the retreat of the defenders, who fortunately turned out to be friends from town, laden with a very welcome and varied supply of provisions, which they kindly helped to do justice to in spite of their apparently treacherous designs so happily frustrated. Friday was wild and stormy; the tents were struck and the force marched home, leaving a small detachment under Capt. Duchesnay to bring up the rear the next day. Not a man fell out during the march, and the only casualty was a frozen nose of the Wellington type. As the tents of the Militia Department were not available, Mr. Joly, the kind and liberal Seigneur of Lotbinière, lent some light cotton tents and portable stoves used by his lumbermen in their encampments for driving logs. Each tent holds fifteen men, and with his stove, only weighs thirty-five pounds. The hunting tents of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, Mr. D. C. Thompson and other friends were also cheerfully lent. Not one cent of expense was laid upon the Government. This is not the first experience of the Battery in winter expeditions. Long snow-shoe marches are frequently made, and in the winter of 1873 the battery bivouacked in the woods without tents. It is to be hoped the oft-repeated recommendations of the General commanding to extend "A" and "B" Battery into one general instructional brigade of all arms, with companies of infantry attached, will be found a satisfactory method of using a portion of a

small sum annually voted for militia purposes; and if the liberality in point of numbers, formerly extended to the old military schools (which only taught barrack yard drill and the theory of interior economy) could be extended to such an instructional brigade, considerable numbers of the militia officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of all branches would *make* time, especially in winter, to do a little practical soldiering, as well as the theory of field fortification and tactics of all arms already taught by the Quebec Gunnery School. A uniform system of military certificates could then be established all over the Dominion.

THE BI-METALLIC STANDARD.

Now that the Silver Bill has become law in the United States, spite of the President's veto, our American friends are desirous of obtaining the sanction and co-operation of other countries, and Secretary Evans, with this view, has just addressed an important letter to members of the Latin Union. He invites the Governments of Europe to join the United States in a conference to adopt a common ratio between gold and silver for the purpose of establishing, internationally, the use of bi-metallic money, and securing fixity of relative value between these metals, such conference to be held at such place in Europe or in the United States, at such time within six months as may mutually be agreed upon by the executives of the Governments joining in the same, whenever the Governments so invited or any three of them shall have signified their willingness to unite in the same. As the President, in his message to Congress, distinctly expressed his opinion in favor of maintaining silver as one of the two precious metals which furnished the coinage of the world, and keeping up to as full a measure as possible the volume of the two precious metals as intrinsic money, and as the act of Congress was passed by very great majorities of both houses, the policy of the country in support of bi-metallic money may be considered as decided. The position of the country commercially, from its relation to the Western and Eastern nations of the other hemisphere, gives to it a paramount interest in proper adjustment of the two precious metals in their common service of furnishing the intrinsic and universal money of foreign trade. And besides, as a principal producer of silver, the United States have a just disposition to promote one of the important uses of that precious metal as a constituent part of the money of the world. The attention of European Governments is drawn to the great interest which the United States Government feels in the measure now proposed for conforming the coinage and proportions of the two precious metals in the systems of the two countries invited to participate therein to the common advantage of the world. An early adhesion of at least three of the European nations to this project of the conference is of the first importance. This being assured, it will be in the power of the President to appoint the Commissioners provided for in such case by the act of Congress.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

We are permitted to offer to our readers the following advance sheets of a work in press of some 400 pages, by the author of "Quebec Past and Present."

CODRES ISLAND.

On returning from Murray Bay, the steamer, after touching at the long Government Pier at Eboulements, skirts, until it reaches Bay St. Paul, the base of the rugged North Shore range, with *Cap-aux-oses*, *Cap-aux-Corneilles*, and *Cap au Corbeau* towering in the skies above. On your left lies a low, grassy, fertile island, nearly nine miles long by four miles broad: *Ile-aux-Coudres*, thus designated more than two centuries ago.

Here sojourned on the 6th September, 1535, the venturesome St. Malo' mariner, Jacques Cartier. At the west end you can get a glimpse of the little harbour where lay the three French vessels. It is known now as *Harre de Jacques Cartier, le Mouillage des Anglais* (the English

anchorage), hereafter we shall say why, and the *Barre de la Prairie*, probably on account of the meadow stretching along the beach. Cartier named this inviting abode *Hazel Island, Isle-aux-Coudres*, from the abundance of *Ilex* bushes (*Coudriers*) growing there.

In few corners of New France, under French régime, could you have found, or could you find to this day, more fully, more agreeably preserved the manners, *bonhomme*, patriarchal simplicity of the early Norman and Breton settlers of Canada, though the land grants are all posterior to 1720.

Everything, it is true, tended in this direction; the unsettled state of the inhabitants, the exegency of this sea-girt kingdom, the uneventful, even tenor of their lives, their feudal, social and religious training. During the summer months, being equal to providing for all their wants, the islanders have little communication with outside barbarians. No telegrams, no railways, no steamers to wait their tidings of the shifting, wicked outer world, no communists to array them against Church and State. Occasionally, on the eve of a general Parliamentary election, a dazed politician may land on these peaceful shores, momentarily ruffling the surface of this guileless Arcadia—a passing ripple, nothing more.

Cold, torpid winter has one advantage. The islanders are then safe, or nearly so, against politicians and electioneering agents. When snow storms rage, shutting out from view the frowning North Shore settlements and their white-walled dwellings, like awnings dotting the sea shore, you might remain there for days a captive, though the hospitality of the natives would render it a mild captivity. 'T would be worth the lives of a crew for a cause to be caught in a blinding snow storm, amidst the hammocks and beds, chocking up the narrow passage between *Ile-aux-Coudres* and *Point St. Paul*, with the tide rushing past like a mill race.

To the pious of the neighbouring parishes on *Acadia*, sufficiently hardy to tempt, as pilgrims, the perils of the deep, the island is invested with more than ordinary interest. A supernatural, a mystic glamour hangs over its solitary shores.

Here, on the 7th September, 1535, being the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, was celebrated the first mass said on Canadian soil, for which incident, we have the undoubted authority of Jacques Cartier.

Three and a half centuries after, imagination likes to recall to mind the brave little French squadron—the *Grand Hermine*, the *Petit Hermine*, the *Esmerillon*, quietly at anchor on yonder bay.

A mellow autumnal sun gilds the hills in rear, dispelling the haze, which September's cool evenings draws from the bosom of the heaving waters; the neighbouring groves, with their graceful maples, sturdy oaks and quivering pines, rustle under the morning breeze to the depressing notes of the retiring migratory birds. Their foliage glistening with the dew, touched by the first chills of September, are hushed with gold—bathed in amber, or tipped with scarlet—a gorgeous, a royal mantle, with the sheen of diamonds and rich gems, thrown over nature by the genius *bee*, as it were to greet the famous discoverer and sea captain. Mark to the cadence of oars, from boats bearing ashore French uniforms—French colours! You could not mistake their nationality, the officers, soldiers and sailors of the gallant *Frances I.* Here followed the almoners of the fleet, Dom Anthoine and Dom Guillaume le Breton, bearing in their hands the sacred vessels, for the celebration of the sacrifice of mass.

To every son of Rome, rejoicing in religious freedom on Canadian soil, under his Protestant Queen, the spot where was offered for the first time the holy sacrifice is indeed a sacred spot.

On a slight eminence close to the shore, in commemoration of the event, a wooden cross, surrounded by a palisade, was erected in 1848, by a devout islander, the Rev. Epiphane Lapointe. On the base may be read the following inscription, calculated to mislead those unacquainted with early Canadian history:

4 Ici
Fut célébré
La Première Messe
Dûe à l'Isle-aux-Coudres
Par
Le Révérend Père De La Brosse
1763

Father de la Brosse was an excellent priest—a devout missionary. He closed his career on the 11th April, 1782, at midnight, at Tadoussac, some seventy miles lower down. We are informed by Abbé Casgrain, the historiographer of the island, on the faith of a pious tradition current all over *Ile-aux-Coudres*, that the news of his death was wafted that very night (not by telephone, be it remembered), but by a voice, which naturally or supernaturally whispered into the ear of the pastor of the island, Rev.

"Le sixième jour du mois, nous vîmes poser à une île qui fait une petite baie et couche de terre. Cette île contient environ trois terres de long et deux de large, et est une moult bonne terre et grasse, pleine de beaux et grands arbres de plusieurs sortes; et entre autres y a plusieurs coudres franches qui trouvaient fut chargées de noixelles aussi grosses et de meilleure saveur que les nôtres, mais un peu plus surs. Et par cela nommâmes l'Isle-aux-Coudres."

Le septième jour du dit mois (le septième) jour de Notre Dame, après avoir ouï la messe, nous partîmes de la dite île pour aller à mont le dit fleuve."

(Voyages de Jacques Cartier)

1 Here was celebrated the first Mass, said in the *Ile-aux-Coudres*, by Revd. Father De La Brosse, 1763.

Messire Compain, about twelve at midnight, when he had just gone through his breviary and beads and was seated down to study by the gleam of his lamp. He was further told to hurry down next morning to the east end of the island, where he would find a canoe waiting to convey him to Tadoussac, there to commit to earth the body of the devoted missionary. The news was rendered still more impressive by the immediate tolling of the bell of his own chapel, and, on his entering the church, the bell continued to toll, though he could discover no human agency, and that no person, in fact, except himself, was there. Though much startled, he recollected having heard that the bells of the different missions, where Father De La Brosse had ministered, would announce the hour of his death. The next morning he accordingly travelled to the lower end of the island, and, sure enough, a canoe was waiting his arrival.

His first words before embarking were to inform the amazed crew of his previous knowledge of the death of Father De La Brosse and the manner of his learning it. The Tadoussac mariners had details still more miraculous to communicate about the good missionary's death; how he had prophesied it long before—how he left instructions not to mind wind or weather, but to launch, without fear the guaranteeing them against harm, a canoe, to fetch the pastor of Isle-aux-Coudres, Rev. Messire Compain, to commit to earth his remains which nobody else was to interfere with; how in fact they had ventured notwithstanding the south-easterly storm raging that morning; how, on the faith of his assurances, four expert canoe men had ventured out in their frail craft; that so soon as they were out of the bay a perfect calm reigned round them, whilst the waves ran mountains high close to them; how, conducted by an invisible hand, they soon weathered *Cap aux Pins*, (*Goose Cape*) and arrived safe at *Isle-aux-Coudres* at 11 o'clock in the morning to fulfil their errand. Father De La Brosse it was said, after predicting the hour of his death, was found at 12 o'clock, at midnight, dead, with his head resting on his hands, on the first step of the altar of his Tadoussac Chapel.

Rev. Messire Compain landed safely at Tadoussac that night.

It was currently stated afterwards, that at the churches of all the missions which had the benefit of Father De La Brosse's ministrations—Chicoutimi, Isle-Verte, Trois Pistoles, Rivouiski, Baie des Chaleurs—the bells, set in motion by invisible hands, had tolled at midnight, on the day of his death.

Such adds the annalist of the island, is the marvellous legend, which all the islanders repeat with some additions and variations to visitors and which now in its leading features regulates beyond their home.

Despite the inscription on the cross aforementioned and the miraculous circumstances attending Father De La Brosse's demise, the privilege of having said the first mass on the island must revert to Jacques Cartier's almoner.

The origin of this singular island emerging from the waters, under the shadow of the stupendous and volcanic crags of the Laurentian range, has given rise to many conjectures.

Some have even asserted that at one time it formed part of the mainland, from which it was wrenched by a violent convulsion of the earth, and that the crevasse between was worn away by the action of the tides, until it formed the deep channel now existing to the north of it. If so, it could not have been produced by the great earthquake of 1663—as old writers mention the existence of the island prior to that year.

About one quarter of the island is yet a forest interested by sugar maple plantation, looked after with such care, by the inhabitants, on account of the sugar and fuel they annually furnish. A *serotinus* covers the centre of the island; these portions of the soil are not under culture.

Population about 750 souls, all Roman Catholics. The parish church stands at the west end; it is dedicated to St. Louis (Louis IX. of France).

Coudres Island is occasionally visited by violent wind and rain storms, which seem as if they dropped down from the lofty cape. Across the channel to the north of it the western extremity faces the Gouffre River, and the deep gap between the capes at Baie St. Paul acts like an outlet through which "rude Boreas" rulls and rushes across the narrow strait until his fury is spent on the green fields and sandy beaches of *Isle aux Coudres*. The annalist of the island, whilst dilating on the fertility of the soil, mentions the rich porpoise fisheries of *Point a la Prairie* which in 1875 yielded one hundred huge porpoises.

Coudres Island has also its whale story; but we do not wish to exhaust the subject and will leave it to the next chronicler.

We are also told that formerly the woods at the west end were infested by myriads of herons or bitterns, during the period of incubation.

This bird, which we take to be the night heron or *Qua* bird, from its peculiar note "Cnac" were called *Chacks* by the Canadian peasantry; the young being juicy and tender, were made into pies—*quac* pies; hence the peculiar name the islanders go by to this day—*Mangeurs de Quacs*. The heronry was called "Cnaerie"—this is the only species of Quackery which can be charged on the honest and hospitable islanders.

If the island produces in abundance sugar, grain, fish, game and oil, its sandy shores yield a produce highly objectionable to strangers, if not to the hardy islanders whose hide is perhaps

impregnated with porpoise oil; we allude to the robust breed of fleas for which, says Abbe Casgrain, the isle is famous.

Enough ancient this sweet Arcadia, though under the guidance of such a well informed cicero as Monsieur l'Abbe Casgrain*, one would not mind to follow him in his pilgrimage so as to view every spot so well described: *P.ase a l'Attente, la Point a la Prairie* and *P.ase a Battouant*, each the theatre of a shipwreck on the 27th November, 1832, where three Quebec home bound ships, the *Rosalind*, *Balek-foot* and another were stranded, the master and crew being most hospitably entertained. We promised to tell why the anchorage at the west end was called *Le Mouillage Anglais*. It was known under that name ever since the 23rd June, 1753, when the rear of the English fleet under Admiral Durell anchored there. The Admiral had a good reason to remember the spot, as his grandson, a midshipman in the fleet and two other naval officers, were made prisoners at *Cap a la Branche*, whilst riding over the island, some accounts say in quest of game, others, to plant the British flag on an eminence. They had had their horses shot from under them, without being themselves in any wise hurt, by two Canadian militiamen, Francois Javard and Nicette Dufour, who had secreted themselves in an ambush planned under the directions of Capt. de Niverville, then stationed at St. Joachim or at Bay St. Paul, with a party of 60 Abenakis Indians and 60 Canadian militiamen. The gallant British youths praised the skill of the Canadian marksmen were sent to Quebec where they were closely questioned, then transferred to Three Rivers, and finally exchanged and released in the ensuing fall.

With Bayard Taylor we may safely say in closing: "The *Isle-aux-Coudres* is a beautiful pastoral mosaic in the pale emerald setting of the river."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Most of our engravings in the present number have separate descriptions of their own. We have, therefore, only to call attention to the sketch of Gen. Burke's lecture on Robert Emmet, given in the Royal Opera House, Toronto, in which the faces of those sitting on the platform are likenesses, so far as the size of the picture would allow. "Spring Freshets" is a beautiful sketch appropriate to the present unusually early season. The little squib on the last page is a pleasant travesty of *Punch's* cartoon on Marshal MacMahon, when that gentleman did precisely what the present Lieut.-Governor of this Province has been doing.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

IN consequence of the debate last session with reference to reporting in the House of Commons, Hansard has sent representatives into the gallery this session, who will report fully the speeches of all members who like to pay for that luxury. Mr. Latimer, formerly on the *Times*, and lately editor of the *Plymouth Mercury*, is at the head of the corps.

Is the performance of the taking of Plevna, which is represented at the Agricultural Hall, the manager apologizes for a slight inaccuracy in detail, namely, that the Turks take it from the Russians; he says this is necessary as a concession to popular feeling. It was tried in its historical truth the first night, and was received with yells of indignation; now it meets with the warmest approval.

A SMALL neatly-executed cartoon has been just circulated, representing the meetings of several well-known radicals with their distinguished chief. The scene, Parliament street, time, gas-light. The chief accosts them, thus, "Have you heard the news, friends? England has been degraded to a third-rate power!" at which there is a general chorus—"We're so glad—we're so glad."

HERE are two of the latest *nots* from the lobby. "Why don't you dissolve?" said Mr. Peter Rylands to a Conservative friend. "Because we don't want to lose you," was the prompt reply. Mr. Rylands, however, will not admit that Burnley means to cast him off. The other *not* is a hit against Lord Derby, against whom many sharp things of the kind are being said by men of his own party. "We want a firm man (firman) for our fleet."

The Radicals have agreed, like the Home Rulers, to form an independent party, and to kick over the faint semblance of alliance with Lord Hartington and the official Liberals which they have maintained. None but those who were among the 124 who went into the lobby against the Government and the Vote of Credit are to be found amongst its members. But there are two sides to a wrestle, and Lord Hartington may have flung over these Radical adherents, and will endeavour to form a party more in accordance with patriotic and constitutional Whig notions.

THE Pantomime amateurs of the Gaiety have consented to play once more in London for a

* *Pelerinage a l'Isle-aux-Coudres* par l'Abbe R. H. Casgrain—Cote & Co., printers, Quebec, 1877.

charity. The good cause has not yet been decided on. Subsequently, they will act three times more in the country, if arrangements permit; namely, at Manchester, where they have been specially invited by Mr. Alfred Thompson; at Liverpool, where they will be welcome; and at Brighton, where their success is assured. The cast of the Pantomime will be pretty much the same as before, except that a prominent part will be given to Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley, who played the small part of the Trumpeter so admirably, and so conspicuously wriggled his fantastic legs.

GLEANER.

PIUS IX. ordered that his tomb should not cost more than £80.

FRANCE smoked 150,000,000 cigars last year and 182 tons of cigarettes.

THE Countess d'Eu, the Crown Princess of Brazil, has been delivered of a son.

MR. GRANT DUFF proposes to give the throne of Bulgaria to the Duke of Edinburgh.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is to have statues erected to his memory in several Italian cities.

IN 1872 there were thirty-two circus shows on the road. This year there are but thirteen.

ONE of the latest fashions in hats is the Plevna. The idea is that it does not suffer by battering.

IT is stated that a church in memory of Pope Pius IX. will be built in the new quarter of Rome.

THERE is some talk of another batch of knights to be taken from the ranks of literature and science.

A REQUEST has been made to the Board of Works to permit sphinxes to be placed on each side of Cleopatra's Needle.

THE Mississippi Legislature has decided that there is such a thing as eternal damnation, and that hell shall witness it.

A REMOUR has come from the Hague that the King of Holland is thinking of abdicating in favour of his son, the Prince of Orange.

THE unfortunate quaker who refused to be a soldier of France has been condemned to two years' imprisonment for disobedience.

A "GREAT Conservative song," entitled "Hurrah for Beaconsfield: or, God Defend the Right," is being sung in the London Music-halls.

THE *souvenir* of the late King Victor Emmanuel, an elegant silver inkstand, has found a resting-place on the table in the large drawing room at Osborne.

WOMEN are doing work in the departments of Washington for \$900, while men for precisely the same work receive \$1,200, \$1,400 and \$1,600.

A GERMAN has invented a self-winding clock, in which the winding machinery is operated by the alternate expansion and contraction of glycerine, or other suitable liquid.

THE height of good taste in Paris this winter is to attend balls without dancing. So far has the fashion extended, that people who give parties are now obliged to have hired dancers.

SOME meritment has been caused by a name just given by Lord Lansdale to one of his race-horses, "Tommy up a par tree" being the designation chosen.

IT has been already said that, if possible, the Emperor of Austria will visit the Paris Exposition. It is now announced that the King and Queen of Italy intend to come as well.

THE framework of the trophy tower for the Canadian Department of the Paris Exposition has been shipped from the Government shops at Ottawa.

NOTHING has yet been decided respecting the ultimate fate of Temple Bar, but it is not impossible that the structure will, at no distant period, be found forming the approach to Epping Forest from Loughton.

A COMPETITION for a monument to the sculptor David is open, and the exhibition of the model is now being held at the chapel of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. There are only twelve competitors, and four prizes will be awarded.

ALL the reports as to the resignation of Hobart Pasha and Colonel Baker are incorrect. The Colonel looks wonderfully well for a man who has been killed half-a-dozen times and wounded a score (by the newspapers) in the course of the last campaign.

FATHER GUILLAUME, a priest of Russell township, near Ottawa, recently arrived at the Canadian capital conveying a train of eighty-five cords of wood, the gift of his parishioners to the poor of the city without regard to nationality or creed.

A NOTLOW metallic ball which had been long used by the late Pope as a hand-warmer has been selected as an interesting relic to be forwarded to the Queen. This ball, when filled with warm water, was held in the Pope's hand, and gave some glow of comfort to his fingers.

THE Press of Vienna announces that the Chamber of Commerce of that city has opened a subscription to send workmen and small manufacturers of ability to the Paris Exhibition to purchase samples of new products, models of instruments, and machines of recent invention.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

wear black kid buttoned boots without heels.

PAINTED pottery cannot be baked in an ordinary range.

"BELATED SISTERS" is the latest title for the old mails across the Atlantic.

SMALL round hats of lace or of soft white chip are worn by boys just in short clothes.

APPROPOS of the Lord-Hicks scandal: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

WEAR white kids, or silk, or satin slippers—not black—with a white satin bridal dress.

A FAMILY at Pawlet, Vt., recently had a quadruple wedding, marrying off four daughters at once.

GET brocaded gauze, either cream-colour or pink, to combine with your red silk for a stylish evening dress.

IT is now the comfortable fashion to keep children in shoes without heels until they are eight or ten years of age.

BIERSTADT, the artist, once proposed to Dr. Mary Walker. He proposed that she get out of his studio, and she agreed.

Two long loops of braided hair in the back, with Montagne waves in front, will dress your hair stylishly for any occasion.

IT has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.

GET striped summer silk, or else the small-figured damasse silks for summer. Choose it the shade of plain blue silk, or else gray, and make a Margherita polonaise.

THE Nevada man who had seven homely daughters, for a box of cigars got the local editor to publish a rumour that he was a desperate old miser, who had seven barrels of gold buried in his cellar, and all his daughters were married off in four months from that date.

LITERARY.

MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain") and family start for Germany, April 11th, and will remain abroad one or two years.

A POETESS weighing 160 pounds yearns "to twitter as a bird on some lone spray." When she gets on a spray and begins to twitter there is going to be an item in the local paper, unless the spray is as thick as an underground gas pipe.

ONE American house has paid an English author \$10,000 on a single book. On the other hand, a small honorarium, \$100 at the most, is practically the limit of English payments in this country, even for books that sell abroad by the ten thousand, and a leading American author, whose many books are favourites and widely selling abroad, states that his returns from England have never reached a total of \$200.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BRESSANT, the famous French comedian, is dying of paralysis.

OLD English and Irish songs and ballads are now the features of many of the concerts given in Great Britain.

IN the recent season of six weeks, at the theatre in New York bearing his name, Edwin Booth netted twenty thousand dollars.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON, the well-known actor, announces an original play, in three acts, entitled *Baluchava*.

MISS ROSE GARIBALDI, the niece of General Garibaldi, is acquiring fame for herself and the General as a dancer on the stage.

THE success of *Hernani* is enormous at the Theatre Francaise. Last month the receipt nearly reached the sum of 200,000 francs (£8,320).

MR. ALBANI and MM. Capoul and Pandolfini have made a joint success in Paris in *La Traviata*. The amount cashed for four performances has been £2,600.

FLOROW, who has not produced a new opera since 1868, has brought two to Paris, of which one, *The Enchantress*, is to be played at the Italian Theatre forthwith, and the other, *Rosolana*, in the coming winter.

IN order to do the modern sprite business, like the Girards, the spine and three ribs on each side are extracted at an early period of life. When the sprites retire on their fortunes spine and ribs will be returned to their proper places.

ACCORDING to a letter from Naples, Patti, at her last performance at the San Carlo, received twenty-three recalls and was presented with 1,200 bouquets, six of which were three yards round, and a golden coronet on a velvet cushion.

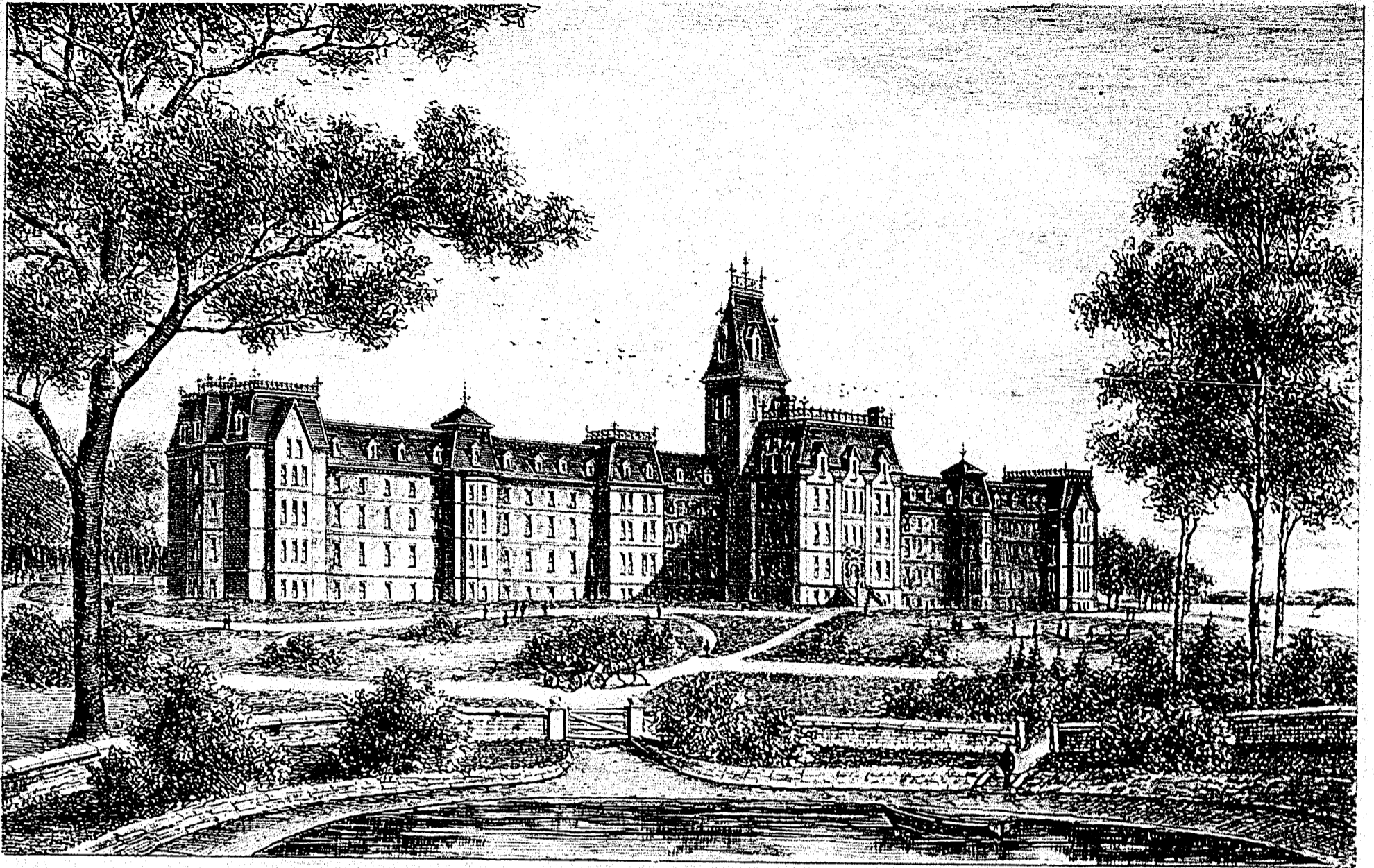
THEATRE parties are the rage in New York. Whole blocks of seats are taken by a circle of friends, who make themselves as much at home as though in their own houses, and considerably annoy the remainder of the audience by carrying on animated conversation.

A YOUNG Englishman, Mr. Richard Coker, a native of Yarmouth, has made a brilliant *debut* at Lucan, as the King in *La Favorita*. He is said to possess a beautiful baritone voice, handsome person, finished and artistic style of singing, and exceptionally great dramatic talents.

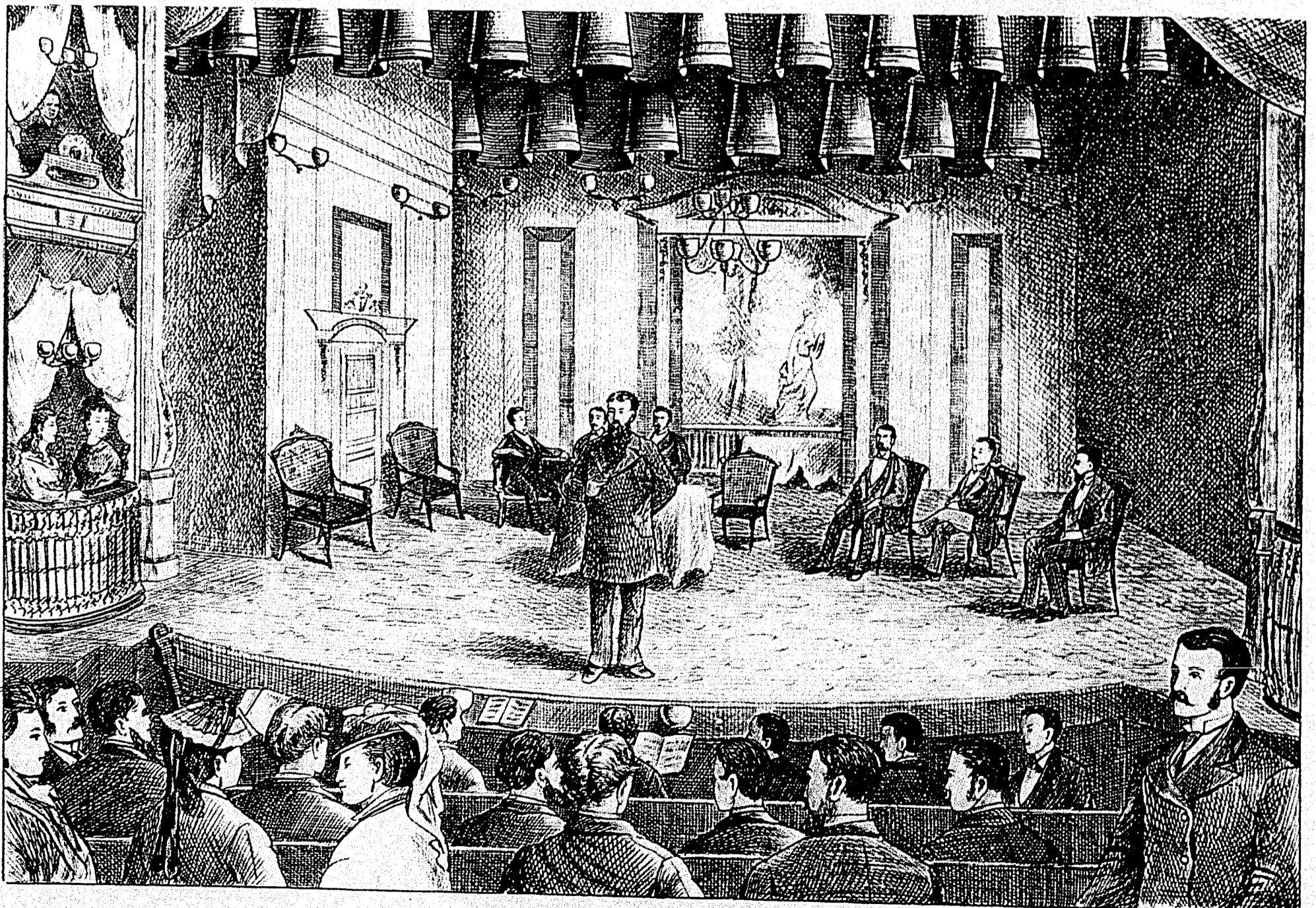
A COLOSSAL bust of Wagner has been placed in the vestibule of the Opera House at Leipzig, which is said to be his native city. The bust, the work of the sculptor Zar Strasse, has been presented to the city by a wealthy admirer who prefers to remain anonymous.

WAGNER, who professes to read no papers, has started one for himself in which he very severely attacks Berlin, and says that all that is good in Germany is to be found away from the capital. His proposed Wagnerian Academy at Bayreuth has lapsed simultaneously with the establishment at Berlin of the new Academy of Music.

OVER £300 profit was made on the 1,000th night of *Our Boys* at the Vandeville Theatre, London, and the money will be divided between the Royal and Theatrical Fund and three Metropolitan hospitals. New scenery, new dresses, and new properties have been mounted, and there seems to be every chance of the play continuing to draw for another year and perhaps longer.



FALCONWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM, NEAR CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—FORM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HARPER.



TORONTO.—GENERAL BURKE DELIVERING HIS LECTURE ON THE EMMET CENTENARY AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

This celebrated caricaturist, who recently died in London, at the age of eighty-six, was a man of most vigorous and versatile genius. He could be playful, tender, graceful, bitterly sarcastic, or terribly in earnest, with his pencil. Throughout his long life, says one who knew him well, his genius "has been a lash to scourge vice; a passionate appeal for the oppressed and ignorant; a merry and kindly reprimand for folly in dress, manners, and customs; and a hearty, good-natured pat on the back—worth a good deal of less honest praise—for well-doing or amendment, while many of the books that have been a joy and delight to our fathers and ourselves owe no little of their charm to the same skilful, never-failing pencil."

Among the many works for which he furnished designs were Grimm's *German Popular Stories*, *Mornings at Bow Street*, *Peter Schlemihl*, *Italian Tales*, *Hans of Iceland*, *Tales of Irish Life*, *Punch and Judy*, *Tom Thumb*, *John Gilpin*, *The Epping Hunt*, *Three Courses and a Dessert*, etc., in all of which the humour is irresistibly attractive and charming. In the delineation of swell-mobsmen, co-kneys, and other subjects of London life he was unequalled. Some of his works possessed great tragic force. As specimens of this class may be mentioned several of his illustrations in *Oliver Twist*, and especially "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," "Sykes Calling his Dog," and "Sykes Escaping to the Roof."

Cruikshank was also greatly interested in the temperance movement, and many years ago began to employ his pencil in promoting the cause among the people. "The Bottle" was a series of etchings of a very powerful character, illustrating the drunkard's progress from moderate drinking to mortal excess, and this was followed by a series exhibiting the downward career of the drunkard's children.

This series of sketches pointed out the absolute facts of the drunkard's course and its awful effects, and drew attention most powerfully to one of the greatest evils of the day. Many shuddered at the unexpected and awful spectacle presented to them, while others redoubled their efforts to rescue or save their neighbours from their wretched thralldom. While the world will lavish praise on the Hogarth of his age, some will gladly give the second father of



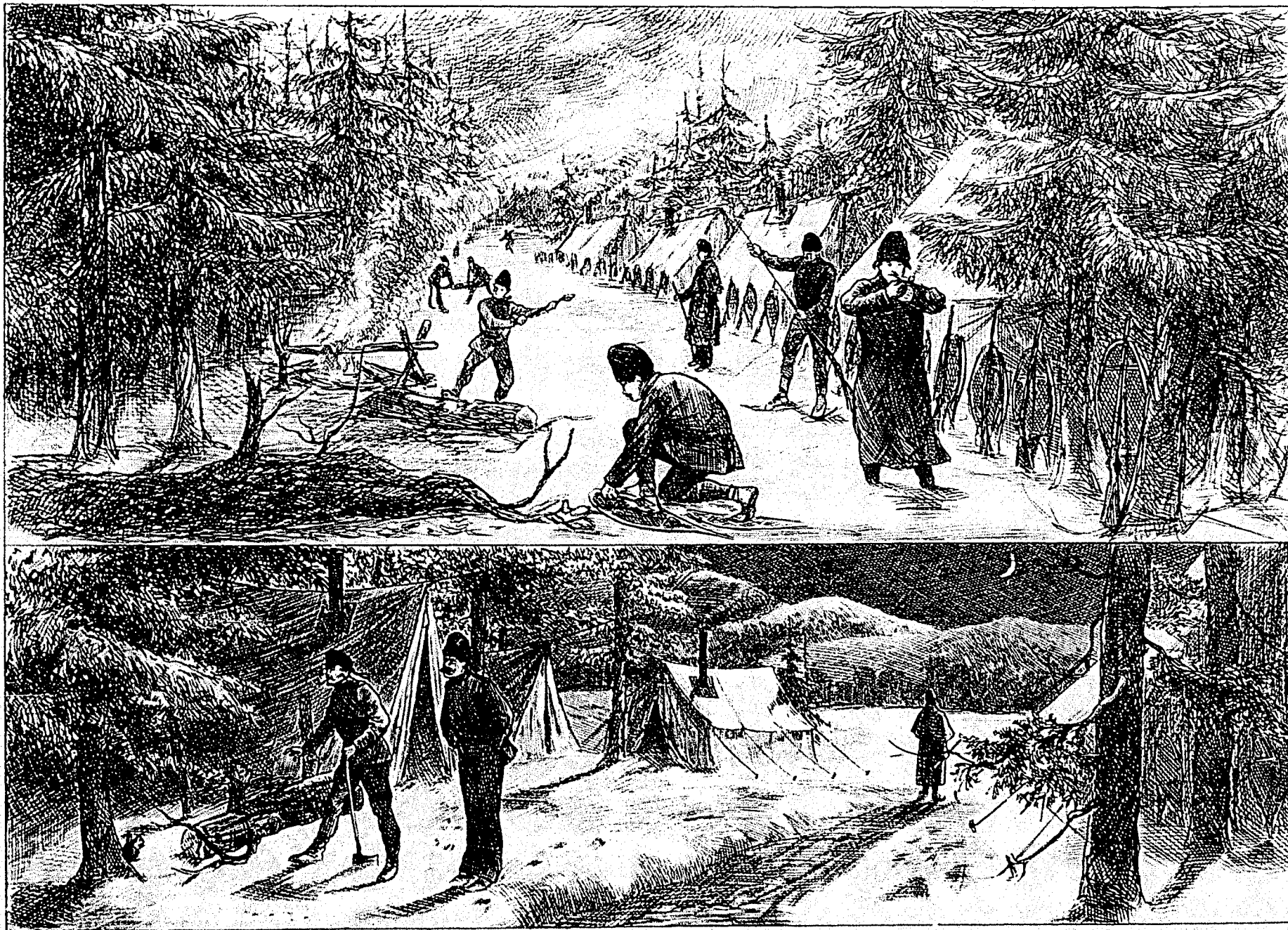
THE LATE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

the temperance movement the loving tribute of thanks which he would have still more highly valued in his later years, for the salutary lesson taught by "The Bottle."

Cruikshank was also largely instrumental in doing away with the barbarous punishment of hanging for forgery. One morning many years ago, while taking an early walk, his steps were arrested by seeing a vast crowd collected. On asking the cause of the excitement, he was told, "Oh! five or six women have just been hung." "What was their crime?" "They had issued forged one-pound notes." Poor, miserable, half-starved, untaught wretches, whose days had been spent in "stitch, stitch, stitch," till the moral eyes were blinded in the bitter struggle to live, whatever might be the case with the bodily ones. For them the brave outspoken denunciation, the urgent petition, and the bitterly indignant satire of the wonder-working pencil came too late. But happily these protests had good work to do, and by the efforts of man the law of death for forgery of these notes was abolished.

A WHALE STORY.—We have a story from Oakland, Me., that out there on the banks of Newfoundland a whale got entangled in the anchor cable of a schooner in the afternoon, and towed it at the rate of twelve to fifteen knots an hour until nearly midnight, and then broke the cable. The crews of other vessels were astonished to see the schooner moving swiftly past them with no sails and no visible means of propulsion. To find a parallel to this, read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

A SEVERE PUNISHMENT.—The following paragraph is going the round of the German papers: "Russian Civilization—An atrocious punishment has been inflicted by the Governor of Kieff, Prince Dundukoff-Korsakoff, on five Polish ladies, for expressing sympathy with the Turks. While the Turkish prisoners were being conveyed through the town, these ladies distributed among the Turkish officers baskets containing wine, cigars and other refreshments. The Russian Governor, under the pretext that nothing had been given to the Russian soldiers forming the escort, ordered these ladies to be taken to a madhouse five versts from Kieff. They were liberated only three days after, and had to perform the journey home on foot. Such is Russian civilization!"



QUEBEC.—WINTER ENCAMPMENT OF "B" BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY GUNNER MORIN.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

IV. IROQUOIS.

NOT A WIGWAM CITY—BLIND TOM'S VISIT—
CHATS WITH PIONEERS—QUEER FINDINGS—
THE VILLAGE AND THE VILLAGERS.

I.

OLD TIMES.

Iroquois, Ont., is not, as many may suppose, an Indian encampment, but a cheerful-looking village, peopled by pale-faces. It is snugly situated in the bosom of a bay on the St. Lawrence river, about eight miles west of Morrisburg and ninety-nine from Montreal, Township of Matilda (by which name it was formerly known), County of Dundas, bordering close upon the County of Grenville. The name is rather puzzling to a stranger not versed in the Indian language. When that extraordinary character "Blind Tom" visited the locality, he was asked to spell Iroquois. The manager of the entertainment, who had invited the audience to test Tom's ability in the spelling line, instantly protested that his charge did not understand the Indian tongue, but finally it was agreed that Tom should wrestle with the word. The darkey braced himself up and opened his capacious jaws as though he were about to swallow something exceedingly large. Then he went at the word with a desperate effort, and in stentorian tones shouted out—"E-A-R, ear, A, eara, Q-U-O-H, quob, EARAQUOH!" And unprejudiced people said it was a very good attempt.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

As in the case of the adjoining counties of Stormont and Glengarry, the first settlers were United Empire Loyalists from the old Johnstone settlement on the Mohawk River, N.Y. They were principally Dutch, the few Scotch being rather looked down upon by the predominating race. Even to this day the pride of birth shows itself occasionally. As showing the feeling alluded to, it is related that a lady of Dutch descent, having accidentally learned that a lady friend's ancestors hailed from auld Scotia, remarked, in a deprecating tone: Mrs. — I didn't know you had any Scotch blood in your veins." "Thank God, I haven't a drop of Dutch!" was the biting retort. But, Dutch or Scotch, they come of a good stock, for there are yet a good many who can, as eye-witnesses, tell of the struggles and hardships of the pioneers, and relate incidents connected with the war of 1812.

The "oldest inhabitant" of whom I could glean any information, very nearly reached the age of one hundred and three. I found her grave marked with a neat headstone, bearing the following inscription:

MAGDALINE COONS.

Died

May 7, 1869,

Æ 102 yrs, 8 months and
13 days.

A tender wife, a mother dear,
A faithful friend lies buried here.
In love she lived, in faith she died,
Her life was asked, but God denied.

These lines testify how much the aged Magdaline was beloved. After she had lived nearly 103 years, one would think her friends would have cheerfully allowed the aged soul to go to her rest, but no—"her life was asked, but God denied." I learned that almost to the last her faculties were unimpaired, and her knitting at 100 would compare favourably with any in the county. She had a large family of daughters, several of whom are still living and getting well on towards ninety. A friend of the family told me that it used to sound rather comical to hear the old lady speak of "her gals." Upon one occasion a granddaughter, being without a domestic, Granny Coons, as the old lady was called, mentioned to my informant, that she was going to send down "one of the gals to scrub and churn and do the heavier work," till the young wife could get a servant. Upon enquiry, it turned out that the "gal" in question was seventy-two years old!

All around Granny Coon's grave I found evidences of the longevity of the early settlers. I read that Mary Coons died aged 80; Matthew, aged 75; Morris Bedstead, aged 84, 1 month and 1 day, and George Hannah, 72. I have had interviews with several old stagers who bid fair to become centenarians. They have a good old custom in these parts of speaking of an aged man as Uncle so and so, and an old lady as Aunt this or that. In my Morrisburg sketch I noticed this affectionate and respectful habit, and I find the same kindly practice prevails in and about Iroquois. It is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that families here are wonderfully intermarried. It is hardly possible to mention a family that, in some way or other, is not connected with almost every other family in the county. This comes, apparently, from the isolated condition in which the early settlers found themselves. In those ante-steamboat and railway days Jack was content with Jill of the neighbouring farm, and did not go roaming o'er land and sea in search of a help-mate. And doubtless there are many

who are entitled to speak who will stoutly maintain that the old-fashioned matches were quite as good as the "engagements" and showy marriages of these latter days; "aye, and a great deal better, too," I fancy I hear a good wife chime in.

Among the old inhabitants whom I interviewed, Aunt Rachel deserves early mention. The good woman is now blind, but otherwise quite hale and hearty, and never so pleased as when she is nursing a grandchild. Like a true daughter of Eve, Aunt Rachel cannot appreciate the motives which prompted the U. E. Loyalists to forsake their homes and bury themselves in the Canadian wilds. "I think they were very foolish," said the old lady, "my mother told me that our home on the Mohawk River was a beautiful place, with everything anyone could want, a splendid farm and well-filled barns. My father put his title-deeds in a tin-box, which he buried in a stone heap. And then they packed up a few things and came to the backwoods of Canada, undergoing great hardships on the way, and at last finding themselves in the wilds, where they had to literally hew out a home." Aunt Rachel told me how, in 1812, she and other girls watched the American soldiers pass down the road after they had caused a small posse of Canadian militia at Point Iroquois to fall back. She says the dragoons looked pretty well, but when, soon after, the British troops came along in pursuit, she says she and her companions were in ecstasies over the fine appearance and noble bearing of both men and horses.

The British, it will be remembered, caught up with the invaders at Chrysler's Farm, a short distance east of Morrisburg. The result was a precipitate retreat on the part of the Americans, who were in such a hurry to get across the river that they neglected to take their horses. Aunt Rachel, with a sly smile, remarked, "Pennsylvania horses were plenty after that," adding, "they were mostly fine big animals, and were to be had for the catching. Some of our men brought home two each. It was a good thing for the county, for horses were then rather scarce."

In those days everything but farm produce was very dear, for there were no stores, and supplies had to be procured, first from Montreal, and later from Cornwall. As instancing the state of affairs, a middle-aged lady told me that her mother had related to her how, upon one occasion, when the scissors were mislaid and the thimble lost, she (my informant's mother) was obliged to make a thimble of leather, and use a jack-knife to cut out a pair of pants for her husband. A thimble at that time cost twenty-five cents, but there was no store nearer than thirty-five miles. In the early days the nearest mill was at Kingston, eighty-five miles distant. Families used to unite and go to the mill in parties, as it required a considerable number of hands to get the heavy batteaux up the rapids. These voyagers would camp at night, lighting big fires and making themselves as comfortable as possible. The meagre bill of fare would be varied with fish, which were then very plentiful and easily caught. Ten pounds of the finest butter were required to purchase one pound of very ordinary tea. A Three River box stove cost eighty dollars. Good roads were few. Carriage roads of the roughest description and bridle paths predominated. The "ride-and-tie" plan of journeying was generally followed. Two persons started out with a saddle horse; one rode a mile, dismounted, tied the animal to a tree and went on his way on foot. When the other came up to where the horse was tied, he mounted and rode a mile or so, then dismounted, and left the horse tied to his companion, and so the programme of ride-and-tie was repeated until the journey's end was reached.

The first store of any note was opened by Mr. George Brouse, in 1816. It still stands, a substantial stone building, occupied by Mr. J. Forward, general merchant. Mr. Brouse was the first Postmaster and the first Reeve; indeed, for many years he was a little king, doing the financing for nearly all the settlers, and acquiring farm after farm until he had them by the dozen. He died in 1860. I had a talk with his oldest surviving brother, now over eighty, familiarly known as Uncle William. He informed me that the Township of Matilda was famous for its oak. It had furnished the best and largest in Ontario. Uncle William can tell many stories relative to the war of 1812. He remembers that, when the Americans rejoined their boats after passing Prescott, they wasted a deal of ammunition firing at stumps along the river bank, evidently mistaking them for lurking sharpshooters. He says the moon was shining brightly at the time. He says the American army looked very large, and when he saw the small, closely-packed British force come along, he remembers thinking that the Americans would have an easy time disposing of their pursuers, or, as he forcibly expressed it, "knocking them on the head." But he also remarked that the British soldiers, though few, were well drilled, while the enemy, though many times superior in point of numbers, lacked discipline. The invaders marched about two miles below the site of the village, where they camped for the night. Next morning, Uncle William says, a British officer asked him to saunter down the road and see what they were up to. He obeyed, and found that the invaders were embarking. He reported the fact, and was rewarded with a dollar. In a very short time the British were also on the move, overtaking Wilkinson and his army, as before stated, at Chrysler's Farm.

Mr. Jacob Carman, or Uncle Jake, as he is

generally called, is another old-timer. He was born Oct., 1793, and all his life followed lumbering. As a living exponent of the healthiness of that occupation, he is immense. He is as lively as a cricket, and can see and hear well. Uncle Jake allowed me to look over the pages of an autobiography, which he has recently begun. He says his father settled in Canada with the first batch of U. E. Loyalists, and records that, as showing the value of land, he (his father) purchased 200 acres on Point Iroquois for a horse, saddle and bridle. Under date 1814 I find the following: "In this year my father took a large contract with the British Government to furnish all the square timber they should want to build a fort on Point Iroquois, which took us all winter and a good part of the summer. And from what I saw the job paid well. I saw him bring home two boxes of silver coin—each one containing one thousand dollars—and I found one of the boxes to be a good lift for any man." Uncle Jake goes on to relate particulars of his several ventures in the way of getting out timber and taking it to Montreal or Quebec for sale. He seems to have been generally very successful, for in the pages before me, I constantly meet such phrases as this: "And after all charges were paid, we found we had left us six hundred pounds clean money." Uncle Jake first helped to clear the vicinity of Iroquois of timber, then his felling operations were on the shores of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Niagara River, and lastly in the River Trent region.

There were sharpers even in those "good old times." Under date 1824, I find that Uncle Jake and a Mr. Wills went into partnership with a George Taylor, who proved a veritable bad 'un, and such a personage as would have done credit to the Tweed Ring or any modern band of swindlers. This Taylor led Uncle Jake and his partner a pretty dance and almost ruined them. They subsequently found out that the fellow had so ingratiated himself with a Quaker community in Indiana, that he had been made Treasurer and sent to New York to purchase \$25,000 of goods for the winter's supply, and deposit \$25,000 in the U. S. Bank. He purchased the goods, but deposited the cash in his own pocket and left with his family for New Orleans, via the Ohio Canal. Near New Orleans he spied a steamerboat just ready to be launched, and, landing, struck a bargain with the builder, paying him \$2,000 cash and the balance in cheques, payable in Kentucky. The builder went thither with Taylor, who had engaged a crew and turned Captain. When the cheques were presented at the bank, the answer was, "We don't know Mr. Taylor." The duped boat-builder took passage in the first upward-bound vessel, and ere long encountered Taylor's craft. Going on board he in wrathful tones informed Taylor that the bank people didn't even know him. Taylor, cool as a cucumber, looked calmly at his victim, exclaiming, "Who are you? I don't know you either," adding that he would do well to leave the steamer at once. It appeared that Taylor had sold the boat for \$60,000 and put the cash securely away. Even in these degenerate days, a man who could follow up the embezzlement of \$25,000 with the theft of a steamerboat, would be counted a pretty smart rogue.

Chatting with Uncle Jake about the old war times, he told me that he remembered well the capture of Ogdensburg by the British, and he chuckled as he related how the latter managed to lull the suspicions of the American garrison. He says it was in January, 1813, the river was frozen over, and the British were in the habit of drilling on the ice. This went on for some time, until the Americans, who at first had watched the operations keenly, paid very little attention to the marching and counter-marching.

Each day, however, the British drilled a little nearer the American shore, until one fine morning, when there seemed to be nobody watching in the American lines, the order to charge was given, and, with a lusty cheer, the Britishers rushed forward and captured the place before the garrison quite understood what had happened.

The Dutch settlers have the reputation of being hard bargainers, and exceedingly "close," quite equal to the proverbial Scotchman. It is told of one Hans Sliver, a rich store-keeper, that, being asked how he managed to make so much money with such a small stock, he replied, "Oh, I soon told you; it is just as easy as de roll off de log. I charge one per cent. profit." "But," said the gentleman, "you would have to sell an enormous quantity of goods to bring in anything like a respectable amount." "I don't know somethings about dat," said Hans, "but one per cent. is plenty enough for me. I show you. If I give one dollar for him cap, I charge two dollar for him. Dat is one per cent. and I don't want any more. One per cent. plenty for me." This was in the old times when stores were few, and Hans had a monopoly of the trade in his section. The story is an old one, but I never before heard that it originated in Dundas County.

II.

POINT IROQUOIS.

The good people of Iroquois are very proud of the headland which forms the western arm of the bay wherein their village nestles. The point is, in all truth, a very lovely spot. On the east side its shore runs out at right angles to the river for perhaps a quarter of a mile, rising gradually from the shore until, at the crown, it is probably fifty feet above the water. The summit is level and splendidly wooded, with a natural avenue of noble trees running nearly all round. This portion is owned by Mr. Gordon Brouse, who, I am glad to say, intends to lay it

out as a park. A more beautiful site for a pleasure resort it is impossible to imagine. Jutting far into the noble St. Lawrence, it commands clear views east and west for miles. Looking eastward, the gazer seems to be at the head of a lake. The spires of Morrisburg and Waddington, several miles distant, appear to denote a city at the lower end. To the left lies the village of Iroquois, looking quite a large place with its four churches, fine new school and Town Hall. Looking westward, the point more gradually merges into the mainland. In the distance, Edwardsburg is visible. The river is very swift, and hurries round the Point as though eager to get down to the sea. It is always open water here, the only ice to be seen is that in the bays, and occasionally field ice broken up by the Prescott ferry boats. The Point is a charming place for a reverie or a constitutional. During my stay in Iroquois I loved to stroll thither, ramble through its pine groves and muse awhile leaning against some lichen-clad boulder at the edge of the swift-flowing current. In my mind's eye I would picture dusky warriors assembling from up and below and across to commune in council—for history says it was a favourite meeting-place with the aborigines. Here war was declared and peace proclaimed. Relics brought to light by the plough prove that it served as a resting-place for the dead. And, doubtless, it was the scene of many a sanguinary encounter.

In later times, when the pale-faces, having mastered the red-skins, quarrelled among themselves, Point Iroquois figured conspicuously as a strategical stronghold, and just before the unnatural war of 1812 came to an end, the British commenced to erect the fort to which Uncle Jake alludes in his narrative. It is certainly a commanding situation, for the river is not more than five hundred yards wide, and the guns would sweep over a large area.

Among the curiosities found in this locality, the most remarkable is what is supposed to be a petrified human foot. It was brought to light by Mr. John Kelly when ploughing on the west side of the Point. The foot is ten and a half inches long, and from the sole to where it appears to be broken from the limb measures twelve and a-half inches. The material is dark grey stone, the instep is very plainly marked; so are the toes; and, indeed, altogether it is a very remarkable curiosity. Mr. Kelly also found a peculiarly shaped stone slab five feet six inches long and four inches thick. On one side were four stubs. I could not get a glimpse of this, as the farm hands had, most provokingly, used it with other stones as a basis for a haystack. I saw the foot, however, and made a sketch of it. Mr. Kelly stated that the women folks were half afraid of it, and did not like it kept in the house. The sketch of the slab is according to Mr. Kelly's description.

Mr. Brouse intends to build a summer hotel, lay out winding paths, and a trotting track circling the grove, erect a pavilion, swings, a platform for dancing, &c., &c. All winter he has had men at work clearing the land of stones, which are being utilized in the building of a wharf. The natural beauty of the Point is great, but the improvements being carried out by the enterprising proprietor will make it a pleasure-resort the like of which will not be found on this continent. When finished, Point Iroquois Park will attract excursionists from far and near, for really enjoyable summer resorts are by no means plentiful. The general experience of an excursionist is a wearisome journey, followed by a period of misery—dust, heat, mosquitoes, poor food, and a longing to get home—but Point Iroquois seems to me to be the *beau idéal* of a picnic ground. The shade trees are handsome, large and wide-spreading; the Point is too high and breezy for mosquitoes, being in the midst of rapid splashing waters, the air is always cool and refreshing; the river, with its "floating palaces" and picturesque rafts, forms a delightful panorama; for those who love sport, there is excellent fishing, and the beautiful bays and still-water stretches afford plenty of elbow-room for such as are fond of boating. The coming hotel will, we are informed, be supplied with all the luxuries of the season and be managed in first-class style—in short the proprietor will strive to make his charming retreat known as "The place to spend a Happy Day."

Point Iroquois appears to advantage from the water, and tourists always muster on deck when the steamer approaches this historic spot. The turn which the river here makes is so sudden that those not acquainted with the course generally imagine that an accident has happened and that the captain is running the vessel aground on the American shore. But in an instant the bow is turned sharply to the north, and, presto! a magnificent view bursts upon the astonished traveller. The river suddenly expands into lake-like form, and in place of high banks, crowned with pines, there is seen at the foot of a deep bay the village of Iroquois, in the midst of a fine farming country, dotted with comfortable-looking homesteads. The village would make a much better appearance if the authorities had either disallowed building on the south side of King Street (in other words, on the shore) or obliged those so building to make the back of their premises as presentable as the front. A board walk or wharf, adorned with shade trees, running from the entrance to the canal to the eastern arm of the bay, would then have been in order. Such a plan would have made Iroquois a place to excite the admiration of all beholders. As it is, the river front is disfigured with unsightly out-buildings, and in a short time, apparently, the villagers will be denied a glimpse of the glorious river except they go to

either extremity of the main street or peep down one of the few narrow lanes which run to the water's edge.

But a short distance west of the village proper there are many charming sites yet untenant, and I do not think that the great mistake to which I have just alluded will be repeated here. On the south-east side of the Point, Mr. Philip Carman owns a considerable tract of land, extending from the crown of the hill to the water's edge. This he has had surveyed and laid out in good-sized lots, intersected by wide streets. These lots are offered at very reasonable prices, and already a number of them have been taken up. The situation is delightful, commanding a clear view down the St. Lawrence for many miles. In the rear is the Park property before mentioned. A healthier spot it is impossible to imagine. And here I may remark that Iroquois is known to the medical profession as a good place to *emigrate from*. But if the village, lying low as it does, is healthy, how much more so must be the elevated ground which constitutes the Point. Here no noisome odors can linger, and the lay of the land affords unequalled facilities for perfect drainage. The site is especially well adapted for the erection of villa residences. Those contemplating retirement from the burly-burly of city life should visit Point Iroquois before deciding upon a location. It offers all the attractions of the choicest parts of the St. Lawrence at figures within reach of men of modest means. Further west a desirable site is not to be had except at high rates. At Iroquois a very nice lot can be had for from \$100 to \$200.

THE VILLAGE

was originally located on the Point—a most charming selection—but the construction of the canal which cuts through the base caused the abandonment of this idea, and the nucleus of the present village and future city of Iroquois was a few log houses clustering round about the locks. Near here the late Mr. Daniel Carman, who built the first wharf, established the first Iroquois industry—an axe factory. The village today occupies the whole space between the Grand Trunk Railway and the river, and extends a considerable distance east and west. The population is said to be nearly 1500. The total assessments amount to \$178,125, and the rate of taxation for all purposes is two cents and one mill on the dollar. The Village Council consists of the Reeve, Mr. John N. Tuttle, J.P., and four Councillors: Messrs. L. Cameron, H. H. Ross, S. Richmond, and W. M. Doran; clerk, Mr. James Tindale. Mr. Tuttle was Clerk of the Council for twelve years. Upon resigning that position he was elected a Councillor, and after six years service he was elected Reeve by acclamation. At the end of his term of office he was re-elected in the same flattering manner, and at the last election the opposition did not amount to anything. Though Mr. Tuttle followed a mercantile life for over twenty years, nature evidently intended him to be a lawyer. He now does considerable conveyancing. Few men are better posted in the laws of their country than he is, and I was not surprised to hear that many think more of his advice given gratis—than they do of the opinion of full-fledged barristers. Mr. Tuttle has proved himself a very useful member in the County's Council. As Reeve he did much to promote the erection of the fine Common School and Town Hall which lift Iroquois far ahead of most villages in the Dominion. Of course there were those who grumbled at the "expense," and thought there was no need for the buildings, but the bulk of the people declared for Progress, and the result is Iroquois has public buildings worthy of herself, and by judicious management the financial burden has been made exceedingly light. Mr. Tuttle is spoken of as the coming candidate in the Liberal interest, and no doubt the popularity he has gained as Reeve and as member of the County's Council will secure him a large measure of support should he decide to run.

THE TOWN HALL BUILDING

is of noble proportions, tastefully designed and substantially built. It cost about \$8,500. It includes the Council Room, Market Clerk's Office, two stalls, and a fine public hall. The revenue is sufficient to provide for the debentures. The Iroquois *Times* office is located in a corner of the building. The *Times* is a neat, newsy sheet, much ahead of the average country weekly, and reflects great credit upon its hard-working editor and proprietor, Mr. J. H. Graham.

THE SCHOOLS.

Opposite to the Town Hall is the High School, a substantial stone building, which was presented to the county by the late Mr. J. A. Carman. The land was presented by the late Mr. Coons. The school has been for the past eighteen years under the management of Mr. W. A. Whitney, and it enjoys a very high reputation as a seat of learning. There are about forty pupils.

A little further west is the Public School, a tastefully designed brick building, erected in 1876-7, and cost \$8,250. There are 4 teachers and 150 pupils.

THE CHURCHES

are all creditable structures. The Anglican Church, dedicated to St. John, is a substantial cut-stone edifice. The interior is rich with chaste decorations, the adornments of the chancel being exceedingly handsome, while the general effect is heightened by the soft light of stained glass windows. The singing at this church is a notable feature. There are few better choirs in the Dominion. It is composed of a quartette of

about twenty-five boys and youths. The young lady who sings soprano possesses a voice remarkable alike for its tone, power and compass. The singing altogether is of an uncommonly high order. Heartiness characterizes the worship at this church. There are no pew rents; voluntary contributions meet all expenses. In the porch I noticed a feature worthy of imitation. On either side are small Gothic windows of stained glass, on which is the solemn injunction: Enter His Gates with Thanksgiving, and His Courts with Praise—a reminder that too many church-goers now-a-days sadly need.

Close by is the Parsonage, a fine large cut-stone edifice. The charge so often heard that congregations do not do their duty by their clergyman cannot justly be laid against the worshippers at St. John's, Iroquois. The residence in question would grace the most fashionable street of any of our cities. It is pleasing to be able to add that the interest upon the debt is guaranteed, and that the work of paying off the principal is going on apace. The Rector is the Rev. G. W. White, B.A.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

This body worship in a very fine stone church sometimes called "The Metropolitan." It will seat 600, and the pews, which are roomy, with comfortably sloped backs, are arranged so that every one faces the preacher. The windows are all of stained glass, the large circular light over the entrance being particularly fine. There is a \$1500 organ, by Warren, of Montreal, in an elevated gallery above the pulpit. Over the pulpit is the text "Holiness Becometh Thine House, O Lord." The walls are frescoed in buff, blue and brown; the ceiling of the organ gallery is blue, with golden stars. There are four six-light chandeliers of handsome design. The basement contains a commodious Sunday School-room, several class-rooms, and a kitchen completely furnished. The pews, stairs, wainscotings, &c., are of ash and walnut. The debt on the church is now comparatively small and all provided for. The Rev. T. G. Williams is Pastor, E. W. Crane, Assistant.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

near by is a commodious edifice of red brick. Service is conducted every Sunday afternoon by the Rev. W. M. McKibbin, B.A., who ministers at churches in the rural districts morning and evening.

THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST CHURCH

is a stone building, with an interior answering to the type of the "good old-fashioned meeting-house." It was erected in 1861, and will seat about 300. The Rev. T. W. Pickett is pastor.

SOCIETIES.

Friendly Brothers Lodge No. 143 C. R. has a very fair hall, and the fraternity are reported to be flourishing. Mr. D. Fink, W.M.

Riverside Lodge No. 145 I. O. O. F. meets every Friday. Mr. J. Croil N.G.

Life Boat Lodge I. O. G. T. meets every Monday. Mr. W. H. Coons W.C.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 139 meets once a month. Mr. S. Larue W.M.

KING STREET

is the main thoroughfare and here are to be found the leading stores. Chief among these is the establishment of Messrs. C. & M. Mills, general merchants, whose fine store even in these "hard times" always has an air of bustle about it. I saw forty customers at the counters one afternoon and was told that this number is sometimes doubled. During the busy season twelve clerks find plenty to do; just now seven suffice. It is said this firm does a larger business than any other house of the kind between Toronto and Montreal. They draw trade from a very wide section; customers come to them from beyond the Nation River. Having a large capital and good connections in the business centres, they are enabled to keep abreast of the times and sell cheaply. They are part owners of the Matilda Flour and Grist Mill (Mr. W. C. Bailey being associated with them), and proprietors of the woollen mill adjoining. It will be easily perceived that these establishments are immensely valuable to the agricultural community; indeed without them there would be little in the village to attract trade from the outlying districts. The Messrs. Mills are prominent among the few enterprising men of the place. Not only are they active business men, but they are active members of their church and active workers in any cause which is calculated to benefit the community and redound to the credit of the village. Iroquois unfortunately is burdened with a lot of small-spirited mortals who care for nobody but themselves and take not the slightest interest in anything that does not directly add to the pile which by scrimping and scraping they have managed to heap up. Enterprise, patriotism, progress are words not found in their dictionary. Such as these are as millstones round the necks of the noble few who take pride in seeing their town advance in the several ways indicative of the spread of civilization. The enterprising men of Iroquois are few, but they are good men and true, and not easily discouraged. As I have said, the Messrs. Mills are among the number who believe in progress. But for them and a few others Iroquois would undoubtedly be a poor, slow going place.

The flour mill above mentioned has four run of stones and is furnished with all the latest improvements, purifier, brandster, &c. Last year it ground up thirty-five car-loads of various kinds of grain, and the gristing business amounted to over 10,000 bushels.

The woollen mill is fitted with the best machinery extant. It is a one set mill and gives employment to twelve hands. The trade is almost local—the country folks bringing in wool either to exchange for tweeds or flannel or to be manufactured into yarn. The goods turned out at this mill do one's eyes good in these days of Shoddy. The mill was started mainly because of the difficulty experienced in getting really honest cloth. The term "All Wool" is no misnomer here. Both these mills are run by water power.

Next to Messrs. Mills' establishment is the equally fine store of Mr. D. Abbott, also a general merchant. Mr. Abbott established himself in Iroquois in 1855, and has prospered with the village. He carries a large and well-assorted stock, including dry-goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, groceries, stationery, china, glass and crockery, oils, &c., &c. He has commodious ware-rooms and outbuildings. In 1874 a fire destroyed Messrs. Mills and Abbott's stores; the present fine premises were erected on the old site. The second flat is laid out for offices; the third is occupied by the Orange Fraternity. Mr. Abbott is Secretary-Treasurer of the Iroquois Milling Company and is Chairman of the School Board.

Adjoining is the Medical Hall Mr. Edward Ault, proprietor. All that is looked for in such establishments will be found here: pure drugs and chemicals, patent medicines, surgical appliances, toilette requisites, dye stuffs, &c., &c., and, to meet the wants of the community, Mr. Ault keeps on stock a thousand and one articles and knick-knacks. He is one of the representative men of the village and has its welfare and progress at heart. As a humorous reader he has quite a fame and he cheerfully devotes his time and talents to add to the attractions of local programmes. He is District Deputy Grand Master of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, and for many years has held a prominent position among the Orange fraternity.

On the opposite side of the street adjoining the Post Office is the well-stocked hardware store of Ross Bros. & Co., whose sign-board with its old English letters in gold on a black ground imparts to the establishment an air of extreme respectability. It is rather a treat to come upon a store where one line of business is followed. Messrs. Ross' store answers to this description and consequently looks quite city-like. Their show case with cutlery, plated-ware, &c., is fit for an international exhibition. The founder of this firm, Mr. John S. Ross, was for several years in Parliament, and it is said he will likely be nominated in the Conservative interest at the forthcoming general election. He is described as one who thinks more of measures than of men. Such politicians are greatly needed in "this Canada of ours." Mr. Ross is President of the Iroquois Milling Company.

The Post Office is ahead of most country offices. The Postmaster, Mr. J. Grier, has held the position for the past eighteen years, and he is universally admitted to be "the right man in the right place."

Next door to the Post Office is the Grand Central Clothing House, Mr. John Murray, proprietor. It is a busy establishment: the cheery clatter of many sewing machines is heard all day long, and one would think Mr. Murray had a contract to uniform the Dominion Militia. His fame has extended even to the Pacific, for a week or two ago he filled an order from British Columbia for quite an outfit. He has also customers in Chicago. Fancy supplying all wool tweed and Irish frieze overcoats for \$8, and tweed suits for \$10! No wonder they want such goods in Chicago and the Pacific Province.

On the corner of King and Albert streets is the old established store of J. A. Carman & Co. Besides the lines usually dealt in by general merchants, Messrs. Carman make tailoring a speciality. They have a large assortment of clothes to select from and claim to have a cutter who ranks A 1.

Nearly opposite are the Marble Works of the Monk Brothers. Their show-rooms contain some very creditable specimens of handiwork, and in the Medical Hall there is a small copy of the "Greek Slave" which shows that Mr. J. Monck is as successful in shaping diminutive statuettes as he is in chiselling mantels or tombstones. In the workshop I noticed a good assortment of American and Italian marble and Scotch granite.

Crossing the road we arrive at Tindale's oyster depot and refreshment rooms where the famed "Blue Rocks" or sweet flavoured Baltimore bivalves are to be had in all styles. Mr. Tindale deals in groceries and proposes opening up a news-stand which will be well supplied with the literature of the day.

Noticing in the local paper an advertisement headed "New Jewelry Store," I wended my way to the spot indicated and found the enterprising owner to be Mr. W. A. Short, a practical jeweler who believes in the motto "Creep and Go." He has not opened in an expensive store and handicapped himself with debt at the start, but he has secured modest quarters in a central situation and though I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I am willing to predict that, before many years, ay, perhaps months, Mr. Short will be the proud owner of one of the most flourishing businesses in Iroquois.

"Goods at Cost" is the startling announcement made by Mr. J. N. Forward in the columns of the local paper. Mr. Forward keeps store in "Brouse's Old Stand"—the oldest store in the village—and deals in a variety of wares. He is clearing out his stock of dry goods and boots and shoes intending to confine himself

hereafter to groceries—hence the attractive heading above mentioned. Mr. Forward is agent for several celebrated organ manufacturers.

"All work made by hand" is the great inducement held forth by Mr. W. J. Shaver, harness maker, King street. He claims to have facilities for manufacturing cheaper than can be done at any other shop in the country. When I mention that he offers a set of harness for \$10, I venture to think no one will dispute his claim.

THE IROQUOIS MILLING CO.

The premises of this Company occupy a commanding position on the river bank near the centre of the village. The flour mill has four run of stones. Besides flouring, a considerable gristing business is done. The manufacture of oatmeal is also carried on.

Adjoining is the saw-mill furnished with all machinery necessary for a general country trade. Both mills are run by steam power, the former having an engine of seventy-five horse power, while one of twenty-five suffices for the latter. The Company has a capital of \$15,000; Mr. J. S. Ross, President; Directors, Messrs. D. Abbott, (who is also Secretary-Treasurer), R. Oxnam, W. M. Barrie, W. A. Munroe, R. Milligan and D. Bowen.

OTHER INDUSTRIES.

There are two stave mills in the village fitted with the most improved machinery for the manufacture of barrel staves and heads. One of the mills situated in the rear of the Milling Company's Works is not now in operation: the closing of the sugar refineries throughout the Dominion having effectually put a stop to the business.

The other mill owned by Mr. Arthur Patton, is situated on the canal bank. Here staves, heads and hoops for kerosene, pork and fish barrels are manufactured. The staves are sawn out of what are called "bolts" of the requisite length, by means of a cylindrical saw. Ash, elm and soft maple are the woods used. The hoops are split by hand from ash saplings.

Near by are Cameron's saw mill and Keefe's sash and door factory. In the village there is a foundry, a tannery and a small sash and door factory. All the manufacturers report trade very dull.

PINE TREE POINT

is about two miles east of the village. It is remarkable as being the narrowest part of the St. Lawrence River. One would think that an expert thrower could cast a pebble upon the opposite bank. The vast volume of the noble river pours through this narrow channel at a great rate. It must be very deep here. Even near shore a depth of one hundred feet has been found. In the old days this was a favourite place with the Americans for harassing the British when conveying supplies for the military posts westward. The British at last began to build a battery here and doubtless if the war had continued the Americans would have followed suit and some lively artillery duels would have ensued. The earthworks on the Canadian side are still to be seen.

Iroquois is one of the chief water stations on the Grand Trunk Railway. At the depot—a neat cut-stone erection—there are two fine new tanks which are supplied by steam pumps located on the river bank. The track at this point presents a straight run of several miles and nowhere, perhaps, can a better estimate be formed of the splendid condition of the permanent way. Along the track there are several granaries and others are in course of erection.

HUMOROUS.

CROUSSES are already found in the suburbs of the city—generally strutting near the bonnettes.

WE read that burnt alum will cure dyspepsia, and reflect how sad it is that dyspepsia does not know it.

IT is not often the fulfillment precedes the promise, but "new maple sugar" always appears before the sap begins to run.

THE ladies are all opposed to the telephone. They don't care to have a young fellow whispering in their ears with his mouth twenty miles away.

SIX hundred deaths are recorded this winter, directly caused from sliding down hill. We advise our youthful friends next season to slide up hill.

DR. MARY WALKER pines to be a politician. We don't know of any surer way of getting her out of sight than by making her a politician at once.

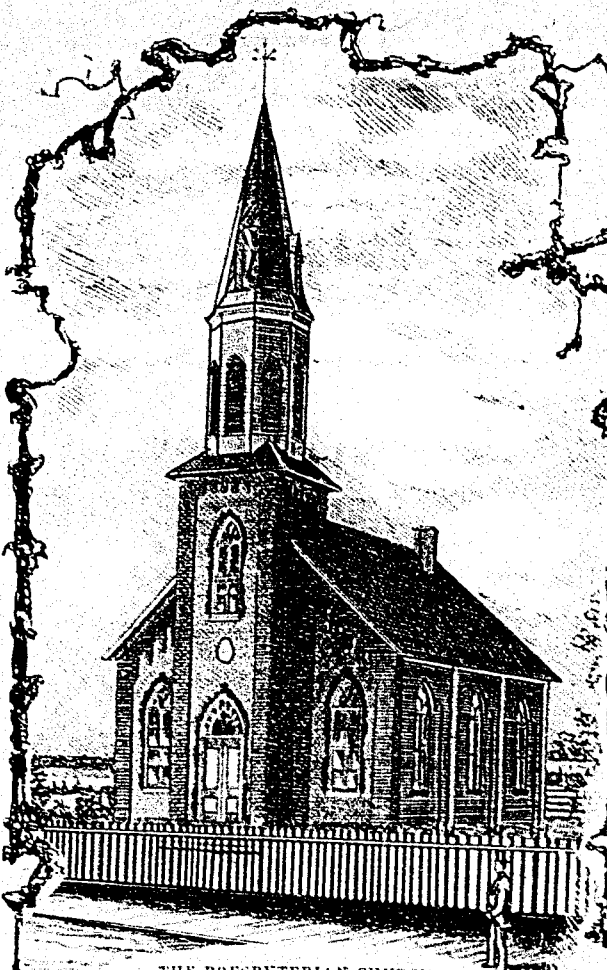
A VASSAR College girl objects to continuing the present fashions, because they interfere with the exercise of sliding down the banisters.

KING ALFONSO refused to witness the bull-fight prepared in honour of his wedding, preferring to shun all warlike spectacles until after the honeymoon.

PERSONS contributing spring poetry will be required to hand in the names of the friends whom they have selected as bearers—not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

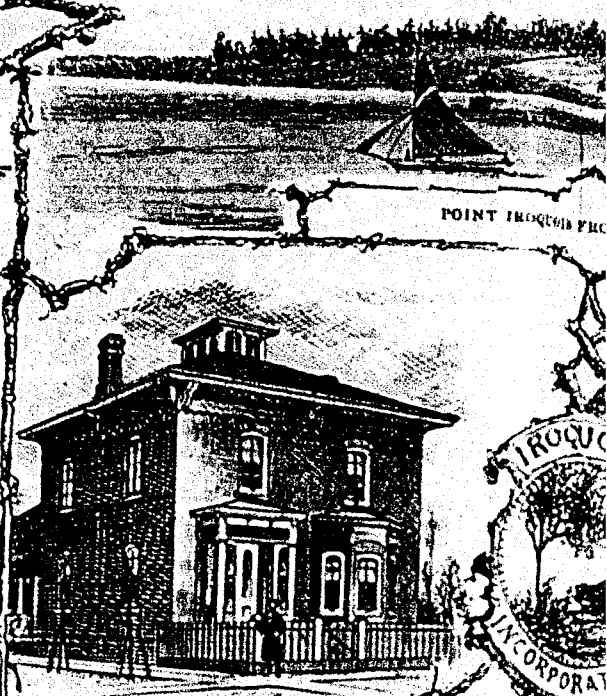
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed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



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



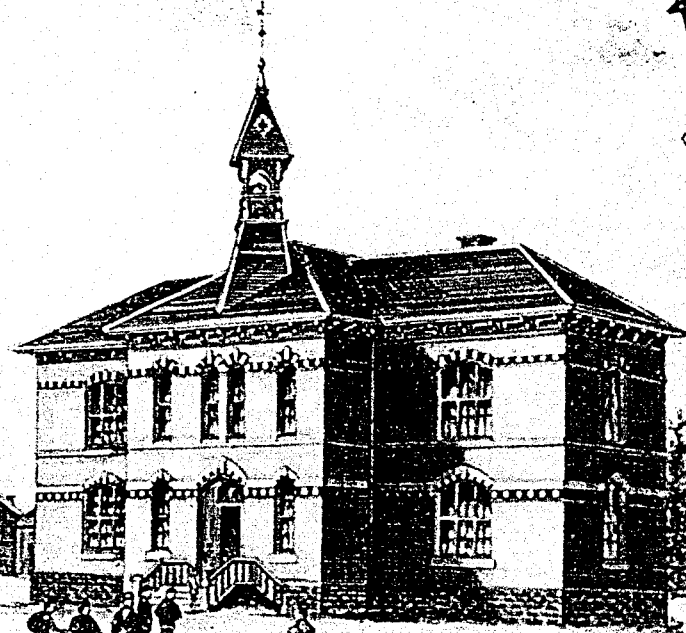
GRAND CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE.



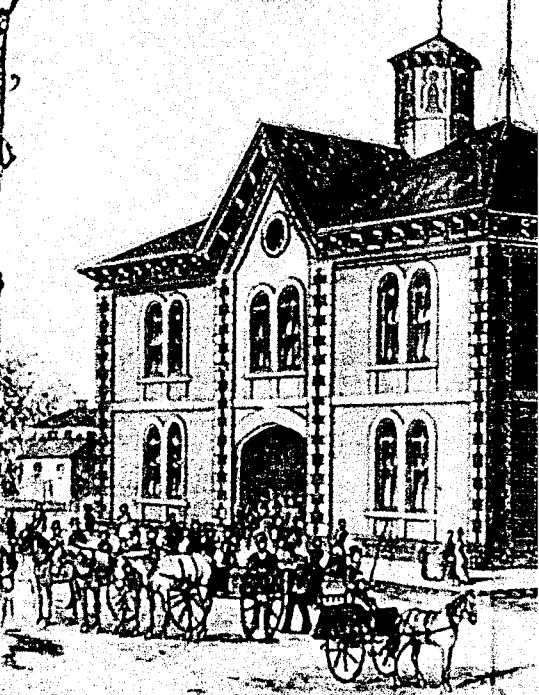
RESIDENCE OF D. ABBOTT.



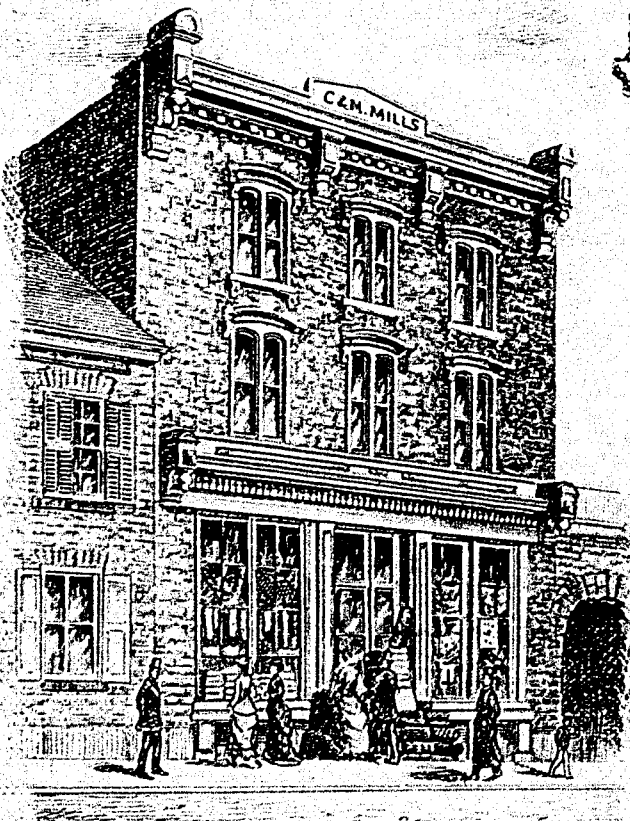
RESIDENCE OF G. W. BROUSE.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.



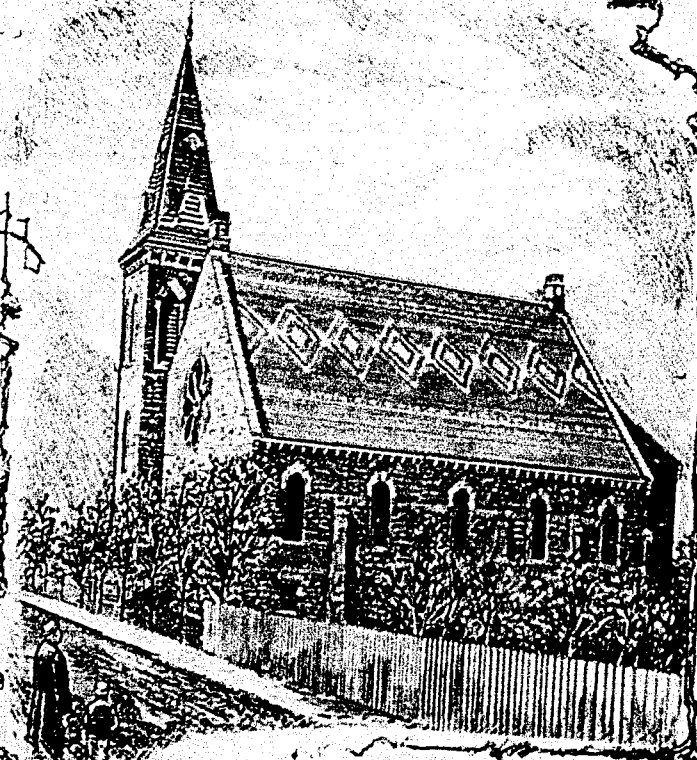
TOWN HALL AND MARKET.



MESSES. C. & M. MILLS' STORE.



INDIAN STONE FOUND AT POINT IROQUOIS.



THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.
(Methodist Church of Canada.)



MEDICAL HALL, W. RD.

IROQUOIS (ONT)

FROM THE VILLAGE.

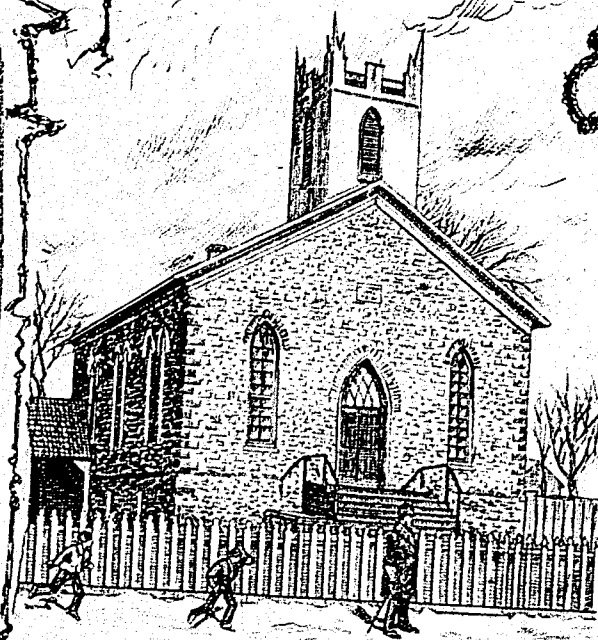
ILLINOIS
INCORPORATED 1857



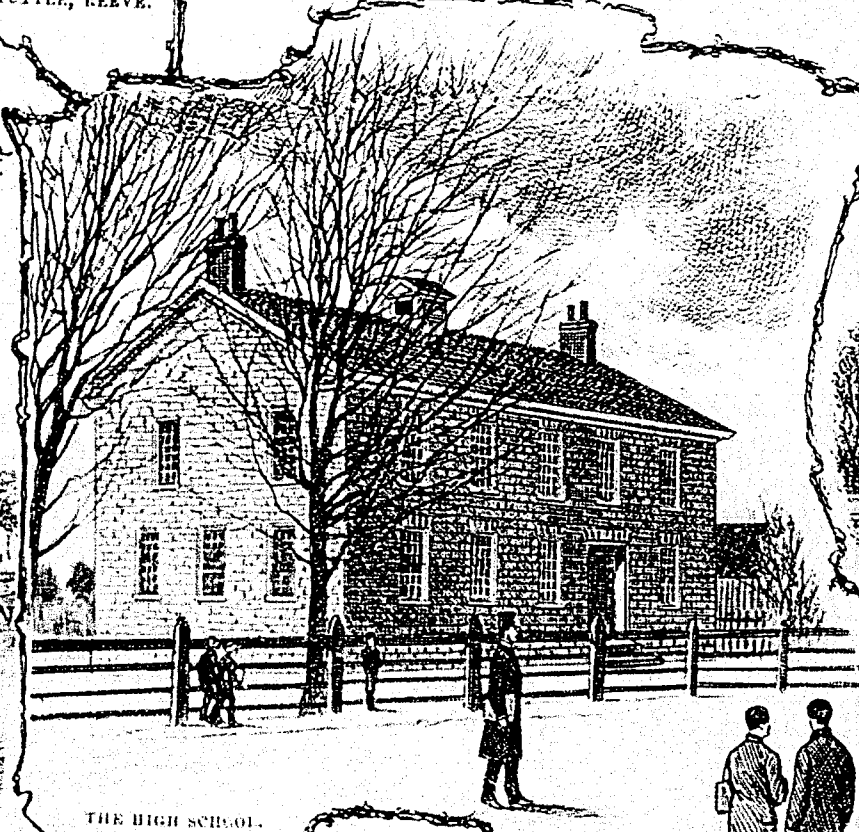
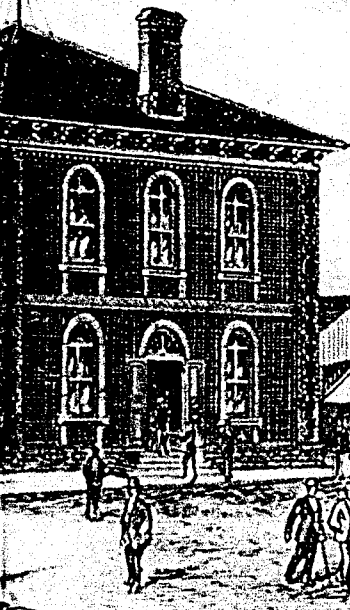
RESIDENCE OF J. A. TUTTLE, REEVE.



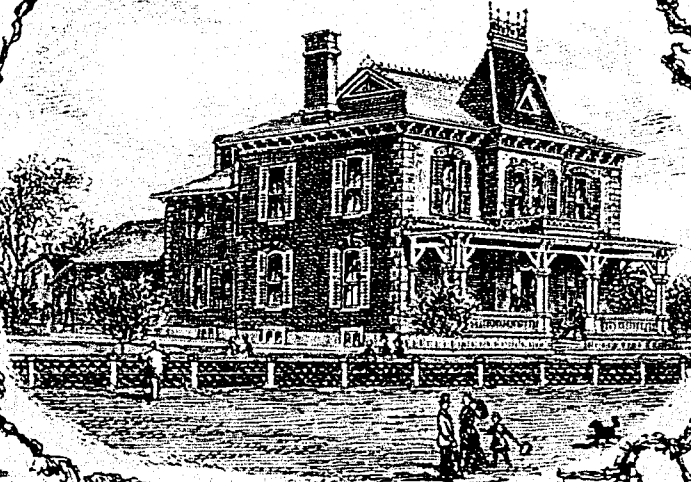
ROSS, BROTHERS & CO.



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.



THE ST. JOHN'S PARSONAGE.



L. HALL.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.



INDIAN STONE FOUND AT POINT BROUQUAIS.



D. ABBOTT'S STORE.

T.) ILLUSTRATED.

(COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.)

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIMER,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

Mr. Tyrrell was by no means the kind of man to make a mean show on this auspicious occasion. He had a marquee erected in his garden, where two tables were laid; he invited to breakfast his whole staff of clerks with their families, including all who bore the name of Brambler—they had the second table; he would have invited all the regiment if Leonard had allowed him. As it was, there appeared a great gathering of his brother officers. No nobler wedding breakfast, Ferdinand Brambler reported, had ever been witnessed in the town, and it reflected, he said, the greatest credit on Mr. Honeybun, the eminent local confectioner and pastry-cook, who evinced on this occasion talents of an order inferior to none, not even Fortnum and Mason, the purveyors of princes. It may be mentioned that the occasion was one of which Ferdinand made four columns and a-half. The wedding report ran to the butcher's bill for three whole weeks, and included a small outstanding account with the greengrocer, as Augustus himself told me. It was headed, "Wedding of the Mayor's only Daughter," in large type, and was divided into headed sections. Thus: "The Churchyard," "Decorations of the Church," "The Organist," of whom he spoke with some reticence, for Ferdinand had feeling for my long friendship with bride and bridegroom; "The Bridegroom and his Gallant Supporters," the "Arrival of the Bride," "The Wedding," in which he gave the rein to religious feelings, and spoke of the impressive reading of Mr. Broughton, the reverent attention of those war-stained heroes, the officers of the regiment, and the tears of the bridesmaids; "The Departure," in which my own rendering of the Wedding March was gracefully alluded to; and finally, the "Wedding Breakfast," in the description of which he surpassed himself, so that those who read of that magnificent feed went hungry immediately. I do not know what reward he received of Mr. Honeybun, the confectioner, but he ought to have had free run among the tarts for life. It was not at all a solemn or a fearful meal. Mr. John Pontifex, seated well out of his wife's sight, was between two young officers, to whom he communicated recollections of his early life at Oxford and the reckless profligacy which he had witnessed, and even—"Oh!" I heard him say, "it is a most awful event to look back upon"—participated in and encouraged. He told them the Goose story, he told how he had once fallen in love with a young person—in fact, of the opposite sex—in Oxford, and how, excepting that single experience, "Love," as he said, "has never yet, I regret to say, reached this poor—cold—heart of mine." All this was very delightful to his two hearers, and I observed the rapture with which they pined him with champagne, of which he drank immense quantities, becoming frightfully pale, and listened to his reminiscences. No doubt Mrs. Pontifex would have been greatly pleased had she been present that evening in the mess-room, and heard the reproduction of these anecdotes. It was in the ponderous manner peculiar of his standing and scholarship that Mr. Broughton proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. He had known them both, he said, from infancy. There were no words at his command strong enough to express his affection for the bride, or, if he might say so as a Christian man, his envy of the bridegroom. On the other hand, for such a bride, there was none finer than such a bridegroom. This young Achilles, having obtained from the gods a better fate than the hero to whom he likened him, had returned victorious from the wars, and won the fairest prize. They all knew Leonard Coplestone's history, how the young gentleman, the son of a long line of gallant gentlemen, met adverse fortune with a resolute front, and conquered her, not with a sword, but with a bayonet; what they did not know, perhaps, was what he could tell them, as Leonard was his pupil, that he had always as a boy looked on the gallant soldier as the noblest type of manhood. "We all," said Mr. Broughton, "envy the man who fights; even the most popular priest is the priest militant; the glory of a poet or a painter is pale compared with the glory of a general; let us wish for Leonard Coplestone a long career of honour and distinction, and for them both, my friends, for Leonard and Celia Coplestone, let us wish that their love may endure beyond the brief mood of passion, and grow in depth as the years run on; that, in fact, like the finest port, age may develop its colour, bring out its bouquet, and mature its character."

The old Captain would not speak, though they drank his health. He had been sitting opposite to Celia, and when they said kind things about him—it was Leonard's Colonel who said them—he only got up, and with a breaking voice said that he thanked God for the happiest day in all his life.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Draw the curtains, Mrs. Jeram; we will shut out the night. I will light the candles."

It is nearly twenty years later than Celia's wedding. Mrs. Jeram is an old woman now, and blind, but it pleases her to do little things, and to fancy that she is still housekeeper.

Everything is changed in the town. They have pulled down the old walls and levelled the moats; the dockyard has spread itself over the place where from Celia's Arbour we looked across the harbour. All the romance went out of the place when they swept away the walls and filled up the moats; it was a cruel thing to do, but no one seemed to remonstrate, and it is done now. The Government wanted the ground, they said. There was plenty of other ground lying about, which they might have had. The milldam is filled up, and a soldiers' hospital has been built upon it; of course, the King's Mill has gone, too. All the old guard-houses have been taken down; the gates are no longer shut at night; in fact, there are no more gates to shut. The harbour, too, is not what it was; they have wantonly broken up and destroyed nearly all the old historic ships, save the one where Nelson died, and she is as naked and as empty as when she first came out of dock; only a few of the venerable hulks remain, and I dare say, while I am writing these very lines, some economic Lord of the Admiralty is issuing orders for the destruction of the rest. The veterans with their wooden legs have all left the bench upon the Harb, and gone to the churchyard. The very bench is gone; steam launches run about the harbour to the detriment and loss of the boatmen; and a railway runs down to the edge of the water. No doubt the improvements were wanted, but still one regrets the past. Of course, the sailor of the present is not like the sailor of the past; that we all knew, and there is little room for sorrow on that score. A new suburb has grown up behind our old wild and desolate seashore; it is a fine place, and we are proud of it. We are all changed together with our surroundings, and the *vie de province* is no longer what it was in the days of Mr. Broughton and the Captain. As for me, I have not changed. I am still a music master. As I said at the beginning, you may read on my brass plate the name of "L. Pulaski, Teacher of Music and Singing." And people have quite left off the little whisper, "a Pole of illustrious family—might enjoy a title if he wished." I have made a little name, not much, by certain things I have written, especially the Symphony I wrote for Celia—the best piece I have ever done. Mrs. Jeram, as I have said, lives with me still, and talks about the old days. She is sitting before me now as I write. See— I leave the table, and open the piano. The tears come into her darkened eyes.

"It is the tune the Captain liked," she says. "To be sure it is."

The wind that blows, and the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor.

Almost needless to say that all the actors in the drama of my life are all dead.

The first to go was Mrs. Pontifex. She was, in her way, fond of me, and I should have been guilty of ingratitude if, in return, I had not conceived a respect for her. As I think of her, so gaunt, so unbending in principles and shoulders, so upright in morals and in backbone, so unyielding in doctrine and in muffins, I wonder if I am already only forty, since she has left no one like her, and her race is extinct. She died of a cold caught through her adherence to one of her Christian privileges—never to light the fire in her sitting rooms till November.

It was in 1860, a year about which I remember nothing except that it rained from June to October without stopping, and a wag announced in *Punch* that there would be no summer that year because the Zodiac was taken up for repairs. We all laughed at that, and then some of us began to reflect with shame, and especially those who had been educated by the Rev. Verney Broughton, that very likely it was true, and that certainly we had no sort of idea what the Zodiac was.

At the end of that continuous rain, Mrs. Pontifex died, and was gathered to her forefathers. A fortnight after I called on her husband. He was gardening, looking, as he stooped with his long thin figure over the plants, very much like a letter of the Hebrew alphabet.

He was weeding the strawberry bed—the strawberries that year, by reason of the long rains, had been like turnips for size and taste. He rose when he heard my footsteps, and shook his head solemnly. In either hand he held an apple. It struck me that this was the first proof of recovered liberty, as in his wife's time he had never been allowed to eat any fruit at all. The prohibition, based on hygienic reasons, always appeared to me to have been issued because John Pontifex was particularly fond of fruit.

"I mourn not, Johnnie," he said, taking a bite out of the right hand apple; "I mourn not for her who is departed. Rather," he added with emphasis, biting into the left hand apple, "I rejoice—ahem—with exceeding great joy." Whether he rejoiced because she was gone, or because of an assurance of her future, did not appear on the face of his statement. What he

added was more obscure still. "Next year," he said, with a noise which might have been a sob and might have been a chuckle, "next year I shall have all those—ahem—those apples and strawberries to myself, Johnnie."

Shortly after this conversation he entertained at dinner the Rev. Mr. Broughton, the Captain and myself. It is noteworthy that the "beverage" of which the wife would never allow him to partake was on this occasion, and many subsequent occasions, freely produced. In fact, I should say, from recollection only, that he and his brother clergyman despatched a bottle and a-half each. It was orthodox port, but indubitably inferior to that possessed by the perpetual curate of St. Faith's.

One thing pleased Mr. Pontifex mightily to relate at that dinner. An unfortunate curate, enthusiastic but young, had the Sunday before preached a discourse in which his rev. senior fancied he saw glimpses of Tractarianism. So he waited till the misguided youth came out of the vestry, and then said to him, before the churchwardens and a small gathering of friends, "Well, that was—ahem—a most infamous sermon of yours."

And then he walked away, leaving the poor young man to seek such explanations and apologies as he pleased.

"The Tractarians," he said to-night, after the first bottle had brought up the natural pallor of his cheek to a ghastly whiteness, "the Tractarians may use their arguments as they please, but to me they fall off as water from the back of the—ahem—the proverbial duck, though I have never yet, I confess, poured anything but gravy on the back of that—toothsome delicacy, and therefore am not in a position to assert that water actually does run off their backs."

"The Tractarians," said the perpetual curate, whose face was quite purple, "are they Arians?" They are up and doing. They will make a clean sweep of pastors like me and idle shepherds like you, Brother Pontifex."

And now they are both gone, and the perpetual curate's prophecy has come true, and the Church has been reformed, with, of course, a small gathering of the foolish who want to go on beyond the bounds of reason. Such a service as I knew at St. Faith's would be impossible now even in the steepest city church. The duet between the parson and the clerk has ceased, the choir is trained, the hymns are improved, and the people are attentive. Speaking as a musician, I do not find the change altogether for the best. I miss the old melancholy hymns of Wesleyan origin which we used to sing. It seems to me that life is sad, the note of rapture at which we strike so many of the new hymns is strained and unreal. We are still too much like the poor little charity children of my youth, when, after the three long services of the day, through which they had been cuffed and caned into attention, they had to sing as a concluding or parting hymn,

Oh! may our earthly Sabbaths prove
A foretaste of our joys above.

I find, but then I am only a humble organist in a country town, and never go about in the world, but for myself I find too much relation, too much joy, to suit the grey tints and sombre colours of the working and sorrowing world.

Mr. Pontifex, the type of the old high-and-dry Calvinist, whose life was as straightened as his doctrine, with whom laughter was a sin, and every innocent recreation an occasion for repentance, is gone, and his place knows him no more.

Mr. Broughton, the jolly old parson of the high-and-dry church type, who enjoyed all that can be enjoyed by a scholar and a Christian in the world, strong in his firm and unshaking belief that the doctrines of the Church, faithfully held, avail unto justification, has gone, too. We have none like him now. I am not a theologian, and, in church matters, doubtless a fool. Nevertheless, I venture to say that I regret and mourn his loss. He was not only a gentleman—there are plenty of gentlemen still in the church—he was not only a man of pure life and benevolent conduct, but he was a scholar. And I look in vain for scholars—*rari moles in gente rusto*—in these later days. Here one, there one; but—ah! the old Greek scholar, massive and critical, is no longer to be found even among the sleeves of the lawn; such scholars as we have mostly run to history—a study which Mr. Broughton held to be vain and illusory, except when it was the History of the Chosen People—and as regards all but modern history, fruitless, because history, he thought, repeats itself, and everything new has all been done before.

"We have Hume," he used to say, "we have Gibbon; we have Robertson; and we have the grand histories in Greek and Latin of the days when men were great. What more can one want? Let us sit down and read them; let us teach the boys how to read them; and let us leave to restless willings the task of labouring in a worn-out field."

Restless willings! Dear me! Suppose Mr. Broughton had lived to the present day!

Others have passed away who twenty years ago took part in the drama that I have tried, with pen unpractised, to relate. The two brothers Brambler sleep side by side in the new cemetery, cut off in their vigour, Ferdinand from a cold caught while in the excess of his zeal noting the incidents of a review during a hailstorm; Augustus from a sort of grief consumption which seized him at the death of his brother. He "never joyed after;" and though on Sunday afternoons he still maintained the imaginary state and splendour of a "gentleman

sitting over his wine" at the front window, it was a performance which brought him no pleasure but that of mournful reminiscence. And so he drooped and died, trusting that he would be remembered by posterity for his services in the Legal.

Friends there were who took charge of the little ones, from Forty-four to Fifty-three. And they all did well. My especial friend, Forty-four, is married, and has a row of children like herself, as apple-faced, as cheery, and as sanguine. I hope they will do better than their grandfather. She is good enough to maintain her old friendship towards myself, undiminished by the love she bears her husband and her offspring, and confides to me all her joys and sorrows.

Let me pass to the last scene of my story.

After Celia married, and the regiment went away, the good old Captain began to droop. He was nearly seventy years of age, it is true, but I thought he was hale and hearty—good for ten years more.

That was not so. Age crept upon him with stealth, but with swiftness. He still went out every morning, but his afternoon walks were gradually shortened, and finally had to be dropped altogether.

Then his friends began to call in the evening to talk to, and cheer up, the old man. Mr. Broughton would come with a story and anecdote of bygone days; one or two old naval men, chums of his youth, would drop in for a glass of grog and a yarn; we became hospitable, and kept open house. And all went well, in spite of increasing weakness, until one day it became apparent that the old man could not go out to make his morning round.

Then, for the first time, I learned from him, though I had long known it, what the morning round had been, for more than twenty years.

He sat feebly in his arm-chair, patient, under the inevitable. Nothing was wrong with him, but the weakness of extreme old age. His mind was bright and clear, as the last runnings of a cask of some noble vintage, but on this morning he realized that he must not think of going out any more, as he had been wont, in fair weather and foul. A cold east wind blew down the street, and a bright sun shone without warmth from a steel-blue sky.

"The end is growing near, Laddy," he said. "They will miss me when I am gone."

"Who, sir?" I asked.

He was silent for a space, thinking.

"To all of us," he said, "the Lord giveth His gifts in trust. To me he gave, besides Her Majesty's pension of two hundred pounds a year, a private fortune. No need to talk about it to you, Laddy, or to Leonard. It was not a great fortune, only this house and a hundred pounds a year, which my father saved up out of his pay. It was in the old prize days."

I began to understand.

"So long as you and Leonard were boys," the Captain went on, "we had the pension to live upon. Plenty for us all. And there was the hundred a year for which I was a trustee, you know. When you began to make an income the pension became part of the Trust—"

"Of course, sir, I quite see that."

"That made three hundred a year. A good deal ought to be done with such a sum. I doubt whether I have done the best—but I have tried—I have tried. If a man tries to do his duty—he may be stupid—but if he tries, the Chief knows. You will find out, when I am gone, how far I have done the best, Laddy. It will be yours, the hundred a year and the house; you will use it, my boy, as you think best—not to follow up my lines, unless you think that the best way, but as a Trust from the Lord, unless your income fails, when it will keep you from want. No, Laddy, no need to promise. We have not lived together for five-and-twenty years for me to begin distrusting. But, if you can, look after them, my boy. They are ignorant, they have no friends; they are degraded; you will meet at first with all sorts of snarl and disappointment; but go on, never leave them, and you will end, as I have done, by winning their confidence."

I did not ask him who "they" were, partly because I guessed. The old seaport town had dens of wickedness in it of which I have said nothing. Indeed, as children, though we went daily through the streets which reeked with every abominable thing, we saw and knew nothing—how should we? It is the blessed prerogative of innocence that it plays un hurt in the den of wild beasts, rides upon the horn, and walks scatheless among the rabble out of Cosmos.

All that morning the Captain sat in disquiet. The current of his daily thoughts was interrupted. After our mid-day dinner, he refused his pipe of tobacco and sat in the window, gazing silently upon the Milldam pool, crisped by the cold east wind. His work was over; nothing more for him to do but to sit in the chair and wait for the end. That must be a solemn moment in a man's life, when he realizes that everything is finished. The record complete, the book of work shut up, and after all attempted and achieved, the inevitable feeling of unprofitable service.

Two days passed; the east wind continued, and grew colder; there was no hint at any possibility of going out; and on the third day there came, creeping stealthily, a deputation consisting of two women, to ask after the Captain. They stood shame-faced at the door, and when I asked them to enter and see him, they hesitated and looked at each other. Then they came in, looking strange and abashed. I took them to the Captain, where he sat in his arm-chair, and

left them with him. Presently, sitting in the other room, I heard sobs and cries.

Afterwards others came, not always outcasts: old greybeards who had been sailors, some of the wooden-legged veterans whom I remembered as a boy, aged women, their wives and widows, even young fellows, sailors themselves, their sons and grandsons. Among them all one woman who came oftenest and stayed the longest. I remembered her as the blackhaired fury who once, as Leonard had reminded me, came one evening, and made the night air horrible with imprecations. Now she was subdued, now she sat as long as we would let her, silent and gazing with her black and deep-set eyes in the old man's face. It matters nothing about her history, which may be guessed—there is a dreadful similarity about these stories, an emotional, impulsive woman who loved and hated, sinned and repented, with the same ardour and vehemence, who believed in the Captain, whose patience she had sorely tried, as one believes a Gospel. He was her Gospel.

The end came more quickly than expected. One morning I saw a change, and telegraphed for Leonard and Celia to come quickly. The Captain knew, I think, that his last day had dawned, for he asked me when I had dressed him if I would send for "the boy" and Celia.

They could not arrive before the afternoon. We allowed no one to see him except the one who would not be denied, and she sat crouched in a corner of the room, her arms round her knees, looking at the feeble figure in the arm-chair.

The Captain spoke little, he suffered no pain, he was perfectly cheerful.

"Do you think they will come in time, Lady?" he asked. "I should like to see them before I go."

Presently he slept, and so passed away the morning unconsciously, the black eyes of the woman watching him from the corner. Outside there were gathered knots of men and women, the old salts, the outcasts, waiting sadly for news.

Leonard and Celia came at last. The old man woke as he heard "the boy's" voice, and eagerly held out his hand.

"Don't cry, my pretty. Don't cry, Celia, my dear," he whispered. "To every man his turn, and then we separate for a while, a little while. Celia, and then we shall all be together—you and Leonard and Lady and I—all together, dear. Never to part again."

He was growing weaker every moment. I gave him a little wine. As Celia knelt at his feet, and laid her hand upon his right hand, the other woman, as if jealous, crept stealthily from her corner and seized the left. The Captain looked down on both, turned from one to the other, and then, disengaging his hands, laid one on either head, as if with a solemn blessing, equal alike for Martha or for Magdalene.

"Lady," he murmured, "put on my uniform coat and my cap, and give me my sword."

It was his fancy that he would die in the uniform of which he was so proud. We dressed him in the coat with epaulettes; we pinned on his medals, we laid his sword across his knees, and we placed his undress cap upon his head. And then we stood round him in fearful silence.

Presently a shiver ran through his limbs.

"Leonard"—his voice was very low now—"take the sword. It is all I leave you. God bless you, Leonard—Lady—Celia—and you—you." His hand fell out as if for the poor woman who threw herself forward with sobs and passionate crying.

And then a strange thing happened. His voice, which had been sinking to a faint murmur, suddenly grew full again, and strong. He lifted his figure, and sat upright. His eyes flashed with a sudden light as he raised his voice and looked upwards. He lifted his right hand to the peak of his cap—the old familiar salute of a sailor—as he reported himself.

"Come aboard, sir!"

Then his hand dropped, and his head fell forward. The Captain was dead.

We buried him in the old parish churchyard, a mile from the town. Leonard's mother lay there, somewhere among the paupers; Wassielewski slept there in peace, Poland at last forgotten; Wassielewski's victim lay there too. The brand new cemetery, which they opened a year or so later, would have been no fitting place for the remains of one who is death as well as in life should be among his fellow-men. And in that great heap of bones, coffins and human dust, piled five feet above the level of the road, we laid the Captain. It was not without a certain fitness that his grave lay next to the Paupers' Acre. When the great Resurrection shall take place the Captain shall lift his head with the ignoble and unknown herd for whom he gave his substance, and march along with them to that merciful Judge who knows the secret of every heart.

While we were yet half a mile from the church the funeral procession was stopped. There was a crowd of old sailors and people of every degree, but chiefly of the lowest; some of them stopped the hearse, and others, opening the doors of the carriages, invited the occupants to descend. We complied, wondering. They quickly formed themselves into procession. First went the old tars, two and two, stamping on wooden legs, then came a band, then the coffin borne on the shoulders of sailors, sons of those who marched first; on the pall were the Captain's cocked hat and his sword, and then we, the mourners, fell in.

The big drum, muffled, gives the signal—boun-

—boun—how many times before had that March from Saul awakened my soul to the glory and the mystery of death; the knell of warning, the wail of sorrow, the upward cry of yearning faith—and now I can never hear it again without my thoughts flying back to the old man before whose honoured remains a grateful and lamenting folk did this reverence.

Boun—boun—boun. A man who loved his fellow-men is dead. He will bring no more words of counsel, no more exhortations to duty—no more comfort for the afflicted, no more solace for the outcast. Boun—boun—boun. Wail and weep, dirges, with us whose hearts are sore. Boun—boun—boun. And yet it is but for a season. Change, oh music inspired of God, the souls of those who mourn till they become the souls of those who trust.

We are at the lych gate. Mr. Broughton—none other—waits to read the service.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life—"

From every lane and court, from every ship in harbour, from every street, the mourners are gathered together: in the presence of Death, in the graveyard, in the hopes of immortality, we are all equal; all brothers and sisters. The women weep aloud—there is not one who is unrepentant now; the tears run down the faces of the grizzled men who are standing by the graves of their brave and single-hearted old officer; none in all the world to harbour an evil thought, to raise an accusing word, against the man of seventy summers who lies in your black coffin. Throw flowers upon him; pile the lid with flowers, with every flower a tear. The flowers will be crushed and killed by the cold clay, but the memory of the Captain shall be green.

And of all the mourners around that grave there were none there could be none—who mourned the Captain more deeply, who loved him better, who owed him more—than the two boys whom he had picked from the very gutter, to bring them up in the fear of God and the sense of duty.

When Mr. Broughton came to certain words in the service his voice fell, and his speech was choked for a moment. Then he cleared his throat, and looking round upon the folk, read out in clear and triumphant tones, as if the words should at once bring admonition, as well as joy and consolation and hope for all of us:

"In soul and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life."

THE END.

FALCONWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM.

This fine building is in course of erection near Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island. The following is an extract from a report on the building, its site and arrangement: The site chosen for the building is situated on the north bank of the Hillsborough River, being about 100 acres in extent, and generally known by the name of Falconwood. It is about three miles distant from Charlottetown, and for a long time has been used as the Government Model Farm.

There are about thirty acres of woodland. A fine grove of beech, birch and maple trees, intermixed with spruce, skirt the north side of the fields chosen for the site. These will form a good protection from north winds in winter, and with a little judicious thinning of underbrush, will make a fine park for summer use. The carriage-entrance to the Asylum will be along the Model Farm Road, branching from thence under the large avenue of trees, and winding through the wood near the western part of the farm at the entrance to Coles' Creek, and thence up along the front of the building.

In locating the Asylum, all the natural advantages of the situation have been taken hold of. It has been arranged so that the patients in the front dormitories will have the benefit of direct sunlight from sunrise till about two o'clock in the afternoon, while those in the rear will have it from three till sunset. The recreation hall and day rooms will receive the sunlight during the whole day. From each of the recreation hall bay-windows there will be a beautiful prospect of the river and town. A large belt of woodland will protect the rear of the building in winter. The highest point in the field has been taken for the centre of the building, and in the survey made of the site, a very strange coincidence happened, namely, that from this central point to the extreme points east and west to where the building, when altogether completed, is to extend, a distance of seven hundred and seventy-nine feet, there was a natural fall in the land to the east of 6 feet, and to the west of 6 feet 1 inch, thus making a fine natural grade line for the face of the building. By grading the earth excavated from the basement, the natural surface around the building will be raised on an average 3 feet all round, thus giving a very good grade from front and back of the building down to the shore. This grading will be sown with grass, thus giving a pleasing effect to the lower stonework of the building, which will show about five feet above the finished grade line.

The buildings are to be built of brick, having stone window sills. The style of the architecture has been kept as simple as possible, and the architectural effect will depend upon the broad masses of the separate sections. To make a prominent central feature, the administration block has been carried up one story above the surrounding buildings, and the water-tanks are to be placed in a tower rising out of this central roof, the iron van of which will be 102 feet above the surface of the ground and 41 feet above the roof of the administration building.

Everything has been arranged, both in the internal arrangements and outside appearance of the buildings, to keep from the minds of the patients the idea of prison life. At each end and centre of the recreation hall there will be large day rooms, pleasantly lighted by bay windows, from which a beautiful view of the river may be had, arranged in situation so that the sun will continually shine into some of the windows from morning until night.

When all the future extensions of the buildings are completed, there will be accommodation for 400 patients. The central block of buildings is devoted to administration offices in the front, the kitchen arrangements in the rear. The ground and first stories will be used for physicians' apartment, officers' sleeping-rooms, and chapel. In the upper stories of this building convalescents are to be placed.

Connected with this central buildings by long fire-proof corridors, there are two large wings—one on the east side and one on the west. Each wing is to be three stories high, beside having basement and attic. Eighty-seven patients may be accommodated in either of the wings, and these patients classified into twenty-nine inmates for each ward. Each ward may be subdivided into two distinct portions, by having an iron sliding door in the centre.

The general classification will place all the female patients to the right of the centre building, and all the males to the left.

The building, when finished, will be an ornament to the locality, and a lasting monument of the humanity of the people of Prince Edward Island, in thus providing for the unfortunates who cannot provide for themselves.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Speaking of the journey of the King of the Belgians to Berlin, the *Patrie* remarks with anxiety that he is accompanied by two important military officers, and that Count Moltke has been attached to his suite. In presence of Prince Bismarck's known views, the Conservative paper holds that these facts imply a political mission as well as a visit of courtesy. The neglect latterly of the British alliance and the influence of Major Sumnerfield, a Prussian, in the councils of the little kingdom, are regarded as signs of the desire to trust simply to the protection of the new empire, a course which will ultimately lead to annexation, to the prejudice of Great Britain and France.

At the Opera the other evening attention was attracted to a coloured lady in one of the boxes, very elegantly dressed, and surrounded by a number of other persons of ebony complexion. It was the Princess Celia, daughter of Soudouque, once Emperor of Hayti, and her family. This descendant of the sovereign who was the first to place the Imperial Crown on his woolly head covering, usually resides in England. It may be remembered that Soudouque, having declared himself Emperor of Hayti in 1849, created among the negro population 400 nobles, of whom four were princes, fifty-nine dukes, and twelve marquises. The others were counts, barons, and knights. He also created two orders for men—one military, that of Saint Faustin; the other civil, the legion of honour; also two for women—those of Sainte Madeleine and Sainte Anne, of which the two daughters of the Emperor were Grand Mistresses. Soudouque could not write more than his signature, and he could only read print.

There is a fair plot for a drama from the Paris police courts. A youth comes to the capital full of literary ardour, but has the reception of mediocrity without influence. For a living he is obliged to enter a merchant's office. He obtains the confidence of his employer, and is working up when he hears that his father's good name and position are in jeopardy for the want of a couple of thousand francs. After a struggle he steals the sum from his cash box, and his home is saved. But the crime is discovered, and he is arrested. Hereupon his friends replace the deficit, but the law refuses to be appeased. His father visits him in goal, and, overwhelmed by the disgrace of which he has been the indirect cause, commits suicide. The judge, moved to pity, passes a light sentence, but the young man's prospects are ruined, and all the romance fades out of his life at twenty-one.

Nearly thirty years ago the Pope was put upon the stage; yet not for derision, as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton were some five years back. The title of the piece was *Rome*. It was written by Laloue and Labrousse, and all Paris went to see it at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The play represented Mastai Ferretti as having been driven by his disappointment into clerical orders. But he retained a love for his former profession of arms, and was not so strict a cleric but that he occasionally visited the play. While he was watching a ballet he received the news that he had been nominated a cardinal. The next scene was the death of Pope Gregory XVI., at which Mastai Ferretti was present, and pleaded the cause of the Liberal party, to the great delight of the Parisians. The closing scene saw him become Pope and Garibaldi and Mazzini masters of Rome. This scene gave rise to such immense political excitement, the Republicans applauding the efforts of the Italians, and the Reactionaries applauding the interposition of the French troops, under Oudinot, that a serious riot threatened. The matter was reported to M. Dufaure, then Minister of

the Interior, now Prime Minister. The Archbishop of Paris and the Papal Nuncio protested against putting the Holy Father on the stage. General Changarnier, commandant of the garrison, declared that the French army had been insulted, and the murder of Rossi taking place about this time, the Government ordered the play to be withdrawn, which ruined the manager.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvass, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death throes, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip, and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed, he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists,—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpet" no less than the human form divine,—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity,—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty—Health—beyond repairation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

DOMESTIC.

WINTER SALAD.—(1) Slice a cold boiled or baked beefsteak, arrange it in slices overlapping each other, pour over a small mixture made with cream, a very little vinegar, pepper and salt; garnish the dish with horse radish and hard-boiled eggs, whites and yolks separate. (2) Slice some cold boiled carrots, arrange them in a dish with a dressing made with cream and lemon-juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt; garnish the dish with hard-boiled eggs shredded, with minced parsley and capers, and chopped olives. (3) Pick off the flower from one or two cold boiled cauliflower, dispose them in a dish, and pour over them some dressing made with cream and lemon-juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; garnish and minced parsley, powdered sweet herbs and capers.

HOT-POT OR COLD MEAT.—Take cold mutton or cold beef, or both; cut from the bones into neat pieces as for a hash, pepper them well, and add a little salt and two ounces of chopped onion—sprinkle for choice—to every pound of meat. Break the bones and place them at the bottom of the dish, add the pieces of meat, put in half a pint of cold water or any gravy you may have by you to the same quantity, cover with a layer of potatoes, cold and washed without butter or milk, and put on the top as many potatoes, freshly washed and cut in pieces of a convenient size, as may be thought necessary. Bake for an hour in a moderately quick oven, and serve in the dish with a napkin tied round. This is the roughest form of the dish, but it is greatly improved if, instead of stewing over night in the hot-pot, they are put into the stew-pan over night with any bones that may be handy, a head of celery—or the outside leaves of two or three heads—and an onion stuck with cloves. Let this stew all night, and in deed until required for use; then strain the soup clear and add it to the meat.

ARTISTIC.

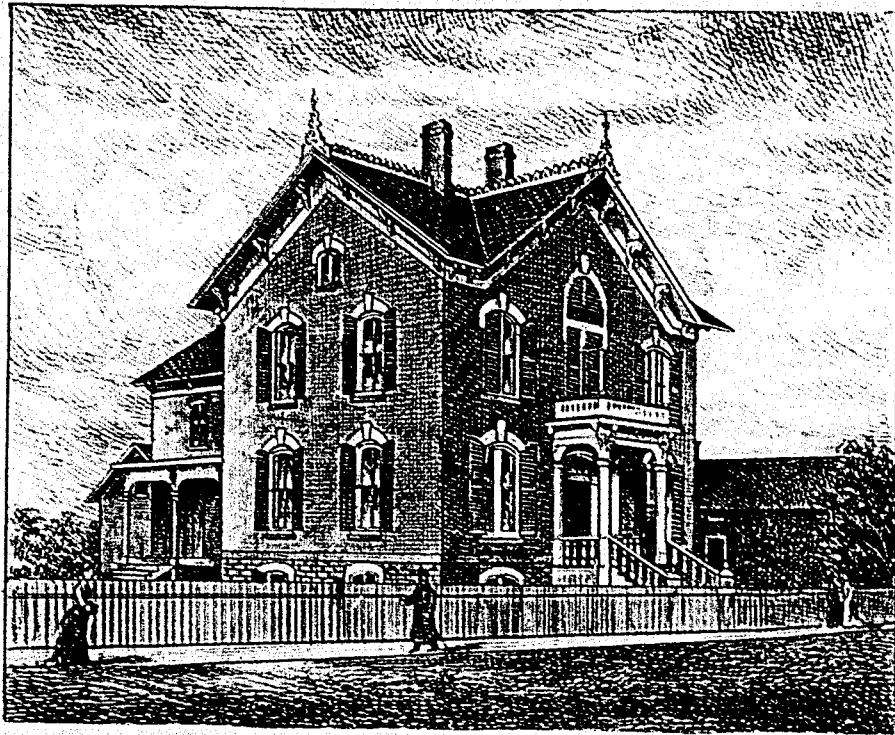
VICTOR HUGO has contributed four designs to the illustrations of the splendid new edition of *Notre Dame de Paris*.

ARTHURS of Carpenter's picture of Lincoln's Cabinet, Don Platt observes that "historical painting stepped out when pantaloons stepped in."

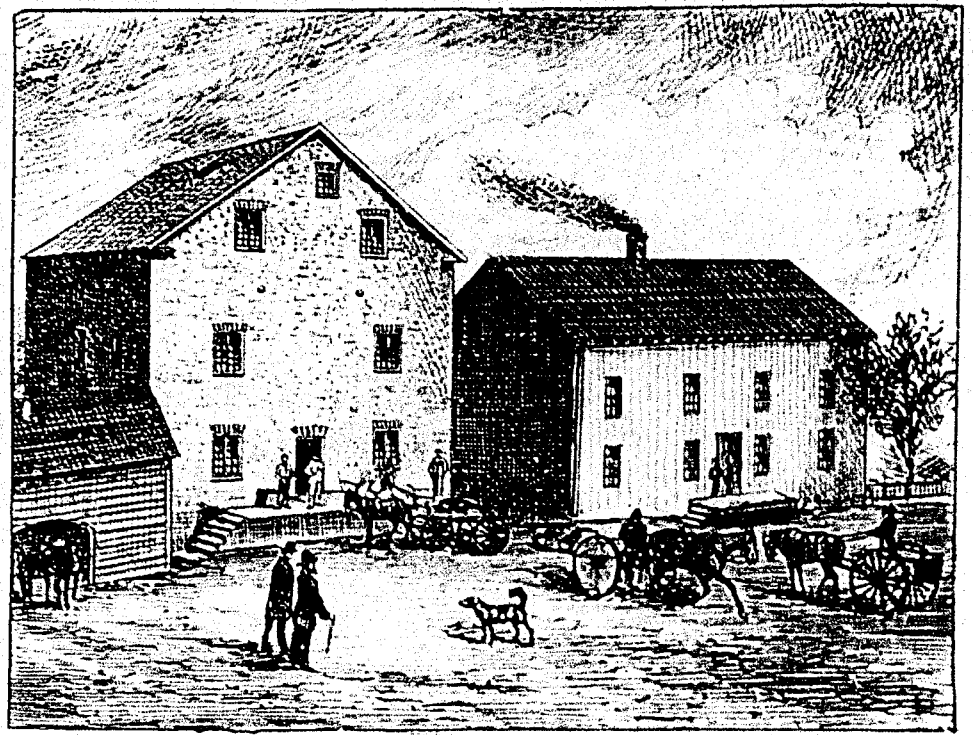
M. BAUDRY has executed the design for the diploma to be given at the Universal Exhibition. It is symbolical of France leaning on Peace, in order to protect Industry.

MARTIN MILLMORE, the sculpture, who has lived many years in Italy, says the Italian people have simple habits, their food is light, they drink freely of the wines of the country, and drunkenness is unknown.

SAYS London *Trait*. If any one wants to know what Cruikshank looked like he has only to turn to one of the illustrations of Oliver Twist. The artist was sitting meditating how he should portray Fagin. He saw his own shadow reflected on the wall, and it became Fagin.



RESIDENCE OF MR. ARTHUR PATON.



THE MATILDA FLOUR AND WOOLLEN MILLS.

I R O Q U O I S .

VARIETIES.

FUN IN A GRAVE JUNCTURE.—The number of members of the British Parliament who dropped into in a friendly way during the recent debates appears to have been large. Apropos of the war credit, Sir Wilfred Lawson, the cold-water Baronet, electrified the House by a spirited rendering of the popular music-hall refrain,

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too, too!

While the countermanding orders to Admiral Hornby were being discussed, Mr. Osborne Morgan raised a laugh by a new adaptation of the couplet :

The British fleet, with twenty thousand men,
Steamed up the Dardanelles and then steamed down again.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of War, contributed a quotation from Tom Moore, which applied to Gladstone's Oxford attack on Lord

Beaconsfield. Then Gladstone himself capped the climax by declaiming with mock earnestness, and amid uproarious laughter :

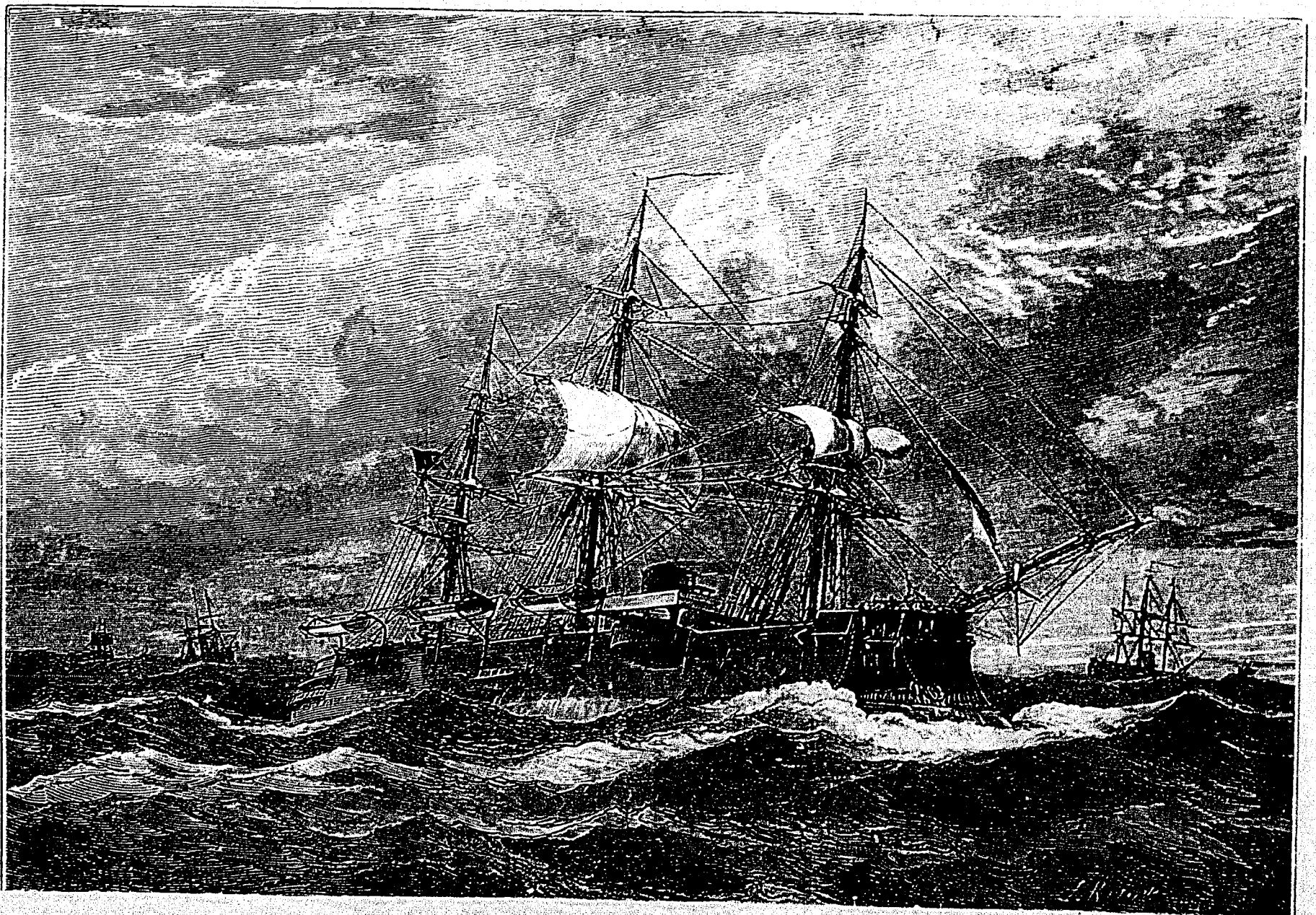
"Ring out the battle cry,
Vote us our war supply ;
This must we have or die—
Vote the six millions ;
Yours not to reason why,
Ours not to make reply,
Ours but to say ' You lie !'
Vote the six millions !"

THE Pope was a great billiard-player. He had a French table (without pockets) at the Vatican, and, when his health allowed it, used to play two or three games every evening before going to bed. He was not an early riser, and his habits had a great deal of the Italian indolence. He liked sweet-meats, pastry, and playful conversation. Wine he never touched at table, and he took all his meals alone, it being contrary to etiquette for any one, even a crowned head, to eat with the Supreme Pontiff. Most of the bulls and pastorals issued from the Vatican were indi-

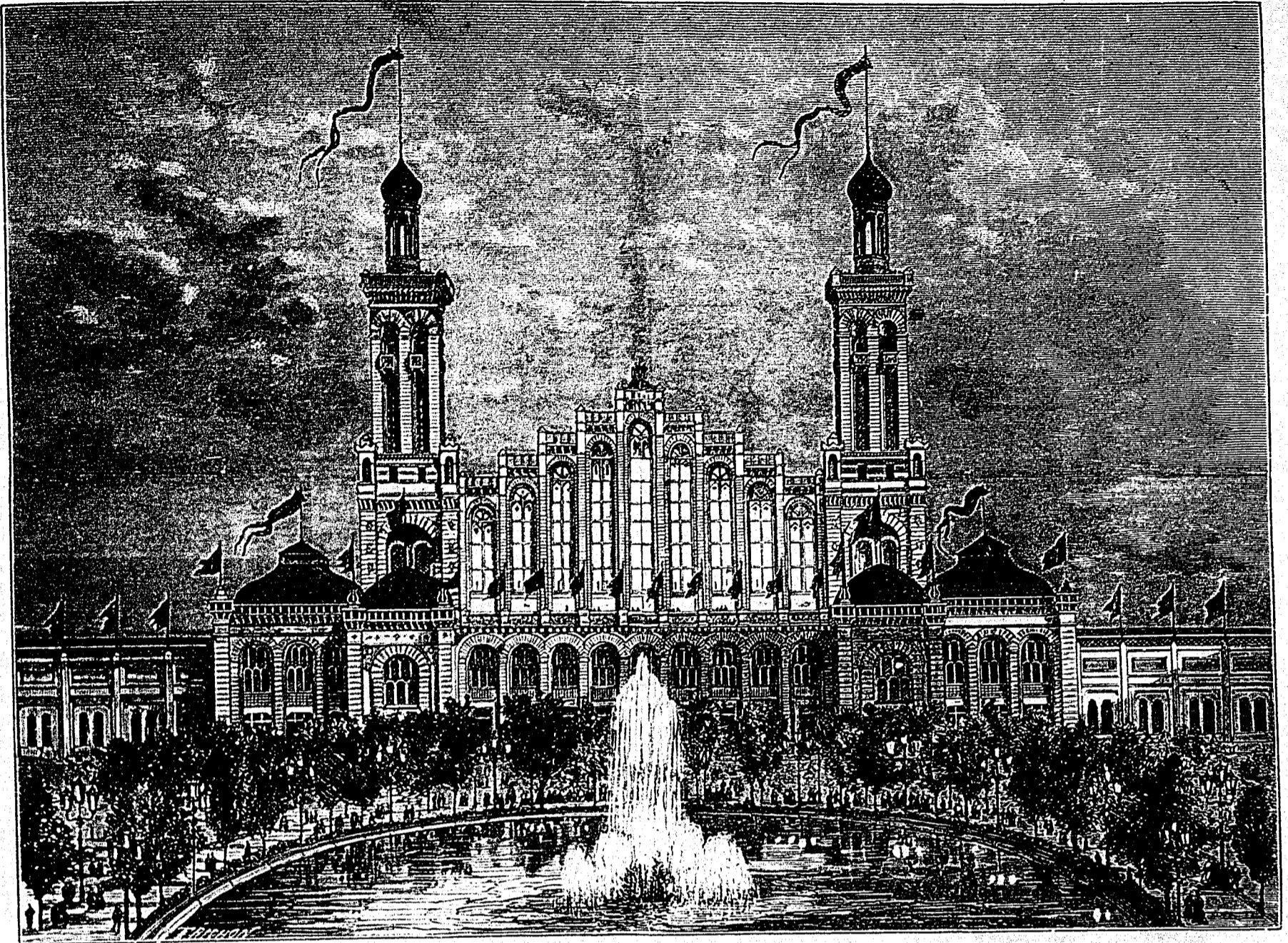
ted by Cardinal Antonelli or Cardinal Simeoni, both excellent Latin scholars, which Pius IX. was not. He wrote Latin fluently, but not too correctly, and made no pretence of pursuing the classics, which he said wearied him. Reading, in general, had few attractions for the sprightly conversationalist, and he never employed the services of a secretary, as his predecessor Gregory XVI. did, to entertain him with French novels. On the other hand he spoke French well, and occasionally threw an eye over M. Louis Veullot's articles in the *Univers*. The Pope somehow never liked Napoleon III., who had rendered him the important service of delaying the fall of the temporal power by twenty years. The late Pope must have left a large fortune, for, contrary to all that the Clericals have insinuated, the offerings of Peter's pence were amply sufficient to cover his expenses at the Vatican two or three times over, setting aside the fact that during his tenure of the temporal power the Pontifical Civil List was, compara-

tively to the population of the Papal States, the largest in Europe. However, the Pope was conspicuously open-handed, and not content with enriching his own family, which comprised numerous cousins and nephews, he scattered gold freely amongst all his courtiers and servants. These lose in him a generous as well as a good master.

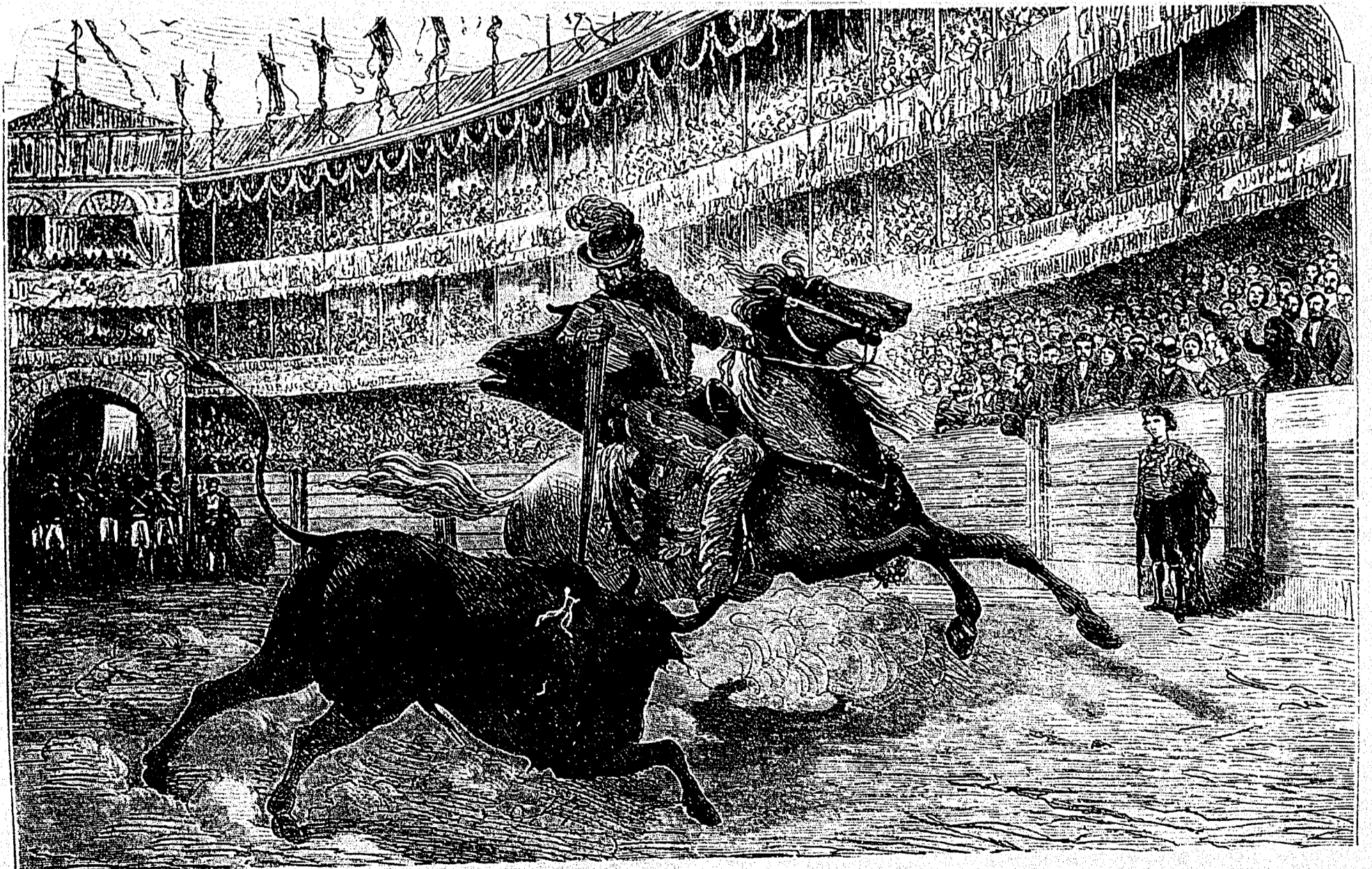
Pope Pius IX. has made the following bequests to distinguished personages of the Roman Catholic faith:—To the Comte de Chambord, a representation of the Virgin in mosaic; to the Duchess Dowager of Modena, a mosaic of the Virgin; to Queen Isabella of Spain, a crucifix; to the ex-King of Naples, a group representing the Holy Family; to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a copy of Raphael's Virgin; to Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, a large device in mother-of-pearl representing the Resurrection; to the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, a silver crucifix, studded with diamonds, and containing a relic of the true cross.



THE NEW FRENCH IRONCLAD COLBERT.



PARIS EXHIBITION. — THE TROCADERO PALACE AS FINISHED.



MADRID. — GREAT BULL FIGHT DURING THE ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

COQUETTE'S TROUBADOUR.

Ah, sweet coquette,
With gallants making wild ado. -
Think you for eye to be beset -
The saucy lip one day may rue.

KIT LAYER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from our list.)

The landlord, despite the low hisses and groans of the angry mob, at once yielded. He had no choice.
Leading the way up-stairs, he showed the messenger a room of small dimensions, square, with one window. It had a table and low chairs.

when a clatter of horses' hoofs was heard; the riders drew up at the inn, and next moment the King's messenger and several officers entered.
The man in the cart had given the first clue, the innkeeper the second, and one who saw him cross the bridge the third. All was over.

At last he was found "Guilty," and condemned to death with all the disgusting formula observable in high treason cases in those days.
When it was over, he was sent back to the Tower, where, strange to say, he received certain indulgences which surprised him at the time.

income of the son, and the source from which it is derived, and also pretty nearly what his expenditures are; and the knowledge that they are giving attention to these matters will be a strong check against wrong-doing, if any check is required.

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSPHORUS has never been known to fail in preserving a body from decay, and it is the most effective preservative known.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions of Problems sent only to correspondents will be duly acknowledged.
TO CORRESPONDENTS:
J. W. S. Montreal - 1st prize and 2nd prize received.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOSS OF FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The conductor of the Tourney begs to inform the intending players that the list now contains 15 names from the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.
When the number shall have reached 25, it is proposed to put the Tourney into active operation.

quirement of 21 players taking part in the Tourney, and has given full discretion in the disposition of the gift to the conductor, who has decided to place the same second in order on the list of prizes, in place of being awarded to the best game in the Tourney, as he foresees great difficulty in the latter method of disposing of the prize.

In the presumption that the full number (17) of players will shortly be completed, the corrected list of prizes will be as follows:

- 1st. A Silver Cup, value \$45
- 2nd. A Set of Chess-men and Board, value.. 20
- 3rd. .. 15
- 4th. A Chess-table, (Inlaid squares) .. 10
- 5th. Works on Chess .. 5

N.B.—The prizes can be changed at the option of the winners for anything of equal value, for the money, if desired.

In this connection, the conductor might add, that the sum of ten dollars will be deducted from the gross amount of the entrance fees, to be applied toward the expense of management (postage and stationery outlay.)

The following suggestions are made with a view to the saving of time in the playing of the games:

That each player will use all possible dispatch in making his moves, and putting same.

That he will not take advantage of the full-time limit when such can be avoided, e.g., when the reply is apparent, as in the case of a capture, &c.

That a player will resign any game that has reached such a stage as to leave the issue of same beyond a doubt.

That each player will include the *last move* of his adversary when writing his reply.

If a move should be made that is doubtful of interpretation, the same to be judged according to the intention of the sender.

It would be desirable if each player having the attack, i.e., first move, would forward say eight or nine opening moves, giving the second player the option of changing the defense at any point he may desire, much time would be saved thereby.

In conclusion, the conductor would respectfully request the payment, as early as possible, by intending players, of the entrance fee, by *P. O. Order or Draft on Montreal*, to obviate the possibility of risk to his address.

J. W. SHAW,

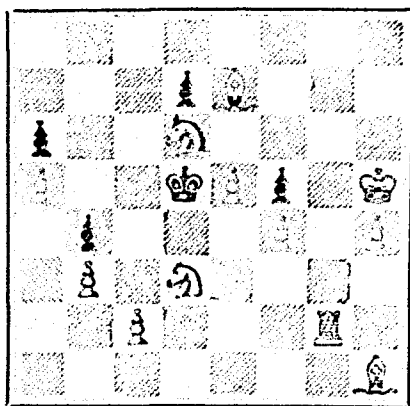
26 Windsor Street,

Montreal, Q.

Montreal, March 23rd, 1878

PROBLEM No. 106.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec
BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 24-111.

Played at Simpson's Divan, London, Eng., three years ago, between Dr. Zukertort and an Amateur, the former giving the odds of Q K.

Remove White's Q K.
(King's Gambit.)

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE—(Dr. Zukertort.) | BLACK—(Amateur.) |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K B4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K to B3 | 3. P to K K4 |
| 4. B to B4 | 4. B to K2 |
| 5. P to Q4 | 5. P to K R3 |
| 6. Castles. | 6. P to Q3 |
| 7. P to K K3 | 7. K to Q B3 |
| 8. P to B3 | 8. B to R6 |
| 9. R to B2 | 9. K to B3 |
| 10. P takes P | 10. K takes K P |
| 11. R to K2 | 11. P to Q4 |
| 12. P takes P | 12. P takes P |
| 13. K takes P | 13. P to K B4 |
| 14. K to K6 | 14. Q to Q3 |
| 15. B takes P | 15. B to K5 |
| 16. K takes B (ch) | 16. K to Q2 |
| 17. B to K (ch) | 17. K to Q sq |
| 18. B takes P | 18. R takes P |
| 19. B to K5 (ch) | 19. K to K2 |
| 20. R takes R (ch) | 20. Q to K1 (ch) |
| 21. R to K2 | 21. Q takes R (ch) |
| 22. K takes Q | 22. B takes Q |
| 23. K B takes K | 23. B to K5 |
| 24. B to B5 | 24. B takes B |
| 25. K takes B and wins | |

NOTES.

(a) Brilliant move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 104.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q3 | 1. B takes R |
| 2. Q to R3 (ch) | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. B mates | |

Black has other defenses, but none to delay the mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 102

In this Problem a black P should be at Black's Q B5.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K B5 | 1. P to Q B6 |
| 2. R to Q K7 (ch) | 2. K to R sq |
| 3. B to Q B6 | 3. P to Q B7 |
| 4. K to Q B6 | 4. P Queens. |
| 5. R mates. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 103.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q2 | K at Q5 |
| R at Q R8 | Pawns at Q6, K3, and Q3 |
| K at K B4 | |
| Pawns at Q K3, and K B2 | |
- White to play and mate in three moves.

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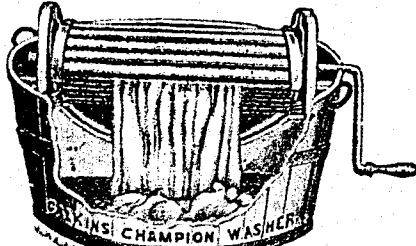
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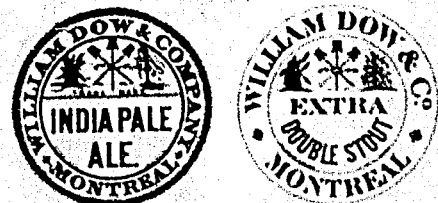


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