Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

	Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
	Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
	Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
	Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque	\checkmark	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
	Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
	Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire	e) 🗸	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
	Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long of marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
/	Additional comments / Continuor	us pagination.	

Vol. XVI.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



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

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

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

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

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

DECISIONS REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

- 1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
- 2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
- 3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.
- 4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional

ONLY ONE.

All we ask of each subscriber of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, August 4th, 1877.

THE AXIOM OF THE CONSTITU-TION.

Our Ministerial Toronto contemporary has laboured with some earnestness to make it appear that the Government of the Dominion has no discretion in case of threatened riot in one of its cities, accompanied by municipal dereliction of duty, as to the procedure it shall adopt for guarding against, and if necessary quelling, such riot, directly or otherwise, the force it shall have sent, or send by direct orderswhether police, regulars, or militia-and the time to be deemed right to have such force on the ground. If things were really so, and the Government rested under such disability, we should certainly have to get the existing law changed-for the Constitution would not work on such a system, and the gentlemen in office at Ottawa Ministers for Canada But things are not so, and his argument will curred, when the arches fell like ninepins. be found to be built upon incomplete traditions. From Alfred to Victoria, whatever the other defects of rulers, the State in Britain has never been allowed to succumb to the roughs. Referring, in passing only, to the great English precedent of the the roof, a blow from a high wind, or 10th April, 1848, which, though forming a good rule for Canadian guidance, may have been very much according to the practice already established in Britain, in strength will be only the means of concen-

freely resorted to as in what we have recently beheld amongst ourselves, we say the Globe may clear up the point with little difficulty, if it will only call in British authorities, who will be found not alone the best commentators on the domestic troubles of their own land, but at the same time the safest, because the most constitutional interpreters of the broad statements of the Imperial Act on which we base our practice in Canada.

In London, we can assure the Globe, the Home Office" is found in active efficiency, as well as in mere prosecution of enquiry, whenever grave disturbances are threatened in any part of the kingdom; and we are sure that if application were made in regular form to the Colonial Office, all this would be made plain to the quick Canadian intelligence.

There can be no room for the aberrations of party spirit on this vital subject and some of our contemporaries must be considered much to blame herein-the peace of the country is too serious a macter to be made a party tool of. It is seen to rest too entirely at the foundation of the liberties, both civil and religious, of a lately progressive, and, in the main, harmonious people, and one which will yet be recognized, we trust, as a worthy member of a great empire, and with an important future of its own to develope.

OUR LATEST FIASCO.

A new skating rink has been projected in Quebec by an association comprising many of the leading inhabitants, and it was to have been formed of semi-circular wooden arches to support the roof, with a very pretty white brick elevation; but lo after the construction of about five of these spans, one of them—the end onetoppled over against the next, and by the force of the blow, transmitted from each to the next in the row, the whole five went down, breaking off short at various distances up the spring of the arch. The work people at the moment were fortunately drawn away to witness something going on in the streets, and so escaped to a man. We may be thankful for that, but what about the future of the building if it should be erected upon the plans originally proposed? This is a question for a qualified engineer and architect to report upon, and if we add some of our own impressions, it is only in entire deference to professional opinion of the right order when obtained. We believe that a faithful inspection of the projected roof of this new building will shew that it is utterly untrustworthy, and liable at any time after completion to give way before the pressure of wind coming from the north and north by-west, in which direction the building, standing, as it does, near the height of the rock, will present an immense broadside. The arches are within another, connected by trusses, consist only of three planks, as they might be called, of soft wood; and these flat pieces are weakened by, first: lateral pins to make them unite; next: the thickest or centre one is weakened at short intervals by a much heavier pin connecting it with the trusses and the companion arch; thirdly, the arch is weakened by good sized notches cut in the outer pieces to receive the longitudinals; lastly, and most important of all, the arch, which looks like a triplicate, is reduced by the joints to the value of the mere centre piece, at the connections. Such a construction, even if safe from bulging, has would cease de facto to be the Queen's almost no lateral strength, as is clearly evidenced by the accident which has oc-

If it be said that the transverse roof pieces will hold the whole thing together when completed, we admit it, until the force of impact is introduced. Give the structure, with the additional weight of slight shock of earthquake, such as we have had several times within the last few years, and the tyers that seemed to add which, though the numbers were large, trating force, and of bringing the whole the violence was not so openly avowed or down upon the heads of the skaters.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE AMERICAN RIOTS.—The daily papers having been filled, almost to satiety, with an account of those disturbances, we have contented ourselves with simply referring to the chief of the occurrences, which we publish in the

THE FAVOURITE FLOWER .-- The old Dutchman is showing the young man his favourite tulip. The youth pretends to listen, but his eyes and mind are fixed on the lovelier living flower seated quietly in the background. It is a charming example of cross purposes.

REVIEW AT LONGCHAMPS .- On our first page is a picture of the great review of 40,000 French troops on the Plain of Longchamps, near Paris, in presence of Marshal MacMahon. The significance of the event lies in the order of the day issued to the troops, in which the Marshal, after commending their discipline and good appearance, called upon the troops to assist him in preserving peace through France. This was re-garded as a hostile manifesto by the Republi-

SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.—Figs. 1 and 6. Summer dress (back and front). Checked fancy material, trimmed with faille of a dark shade; round skirt, bordered with a deep plaiting, trimmed with a faille band; tunic round in front, and with pointed ends at the back; bodice hollowed out on the hips, and with habit basque at the back; it opens in front over a plaited waistcoat, fastened across with pattes; sleeves, with double cuffs. Pattern of bodice and tunic, 3s. 7d.

Figs. 2 and 3. Grey cachemire d'Ecosse, trimmed with cachemire galon, with black ground round petticoat, formed of a deep flounce, trimmed with bands of a darker shade of cashmere polonaise, trimmed in front with a double row of galon and a single row round the edge; the front is fastened midway with buttons, a box-plait being added for the purpose. For the back of the tunic see Fig. 3. The sleeves terminate with cuffs, which turn back with revers, and are ornamented with buttons; an upright col-Pattern of polonaise,

3s. 7d.; skirt, 2s. 7d. Figs. 4 and 5. Grey cashmere, trimmed with black and white checked silk; demi-long skirt, bordered with a deep plaiting, bordered with a silk cross-band; polonaise, forming a shawl-shaped tunic at the back, the left side being pointed, and the right side rounded, and draped high; it is bordered with a cross-band of checked silk. The polonaise fastens at the back, and is trimmed the entire lenth of the front with a bouillonné; the sleeveless jacket is short at the back and long in front, and fastens with a single button; it is livewise bordered with a deep crossband of silk, small breast pocket on the left, and large silk pocket on the right side. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with a bronze wing and gold colored fancy gauze. Pattern of pol-onaise, 3s. 7d.; sleeveless jacket, 0s. 1d.

RUSSIANS CROSSING THE DANUBE, -Some delay was occasioned by the storm and flood that swept away a number of their pontoons collected for the bridge at Simnitza, drowning not a few men, horses, and oxen, and sinking twenty of their field guns. The actual first crossing of troops, 27th June, as shown in our illustration this week, was chiefly effected by means of boats and rafts, from the small isle of Vardin to the Bulgarian shore, over the main channel of the river. The bridge of boats only crossed the nar-row side channel between the isle of Verdin and the Roumanian bank, so that no complete bridging of the Danube was at that time attempted in the neighbourhood of Sistova. The subsequent leisurely construction of a bridge for the use of the whole Russian army and its future reinforcements, is a very different affair. In like manner, at Braila and the shore near Matchin, where a bridge of boats was made and brought into use on the 21st ult., it must be re-membered that the chief use of this bridge has been for the bulk of the forces, with their artillery and stores, to be taken over into the Dobrudscha, after the capture of Matchin by a small detachment of troop which crossed the river in boats from Galatz, taking the Turks by surprise. In both instances, the reader will observe, the ostentatious work of constructing a bridge served to deceive the enemy with respect to the point at which the sudden assault was to be made; and the opposite bank was gained by a coup de main, with the simplest means, before the Turks could take their eyes off the elaborate preparations they saw made for laying an artificial road over two or three miles of river and flooded marshy plain. Now that the Russians have secured their possession of both shores or banks of the Danube, and of the adjacent country, except in the vicinty of the principal Turkish fortresses, they will probably make several new bridges, and roads or even railways leading to them, for the accommodation of military traffic in a war that may be prolonged till next year.

SIR JOHN GLOVER.

Sir John Hawley Glover, G.C.M.G., belongs to a family several members of which have rendered high service to their Queen and country. Two of his brothers distinguished themselves in the war with the Maori tribes of New Zealand, and both Captain and Lieutenant Glover were killed on the same day in the fatal attack on the Gate Prah. The circumstances are touchingly related by Major-General Alexander in his

work published in 1874, entitled "Bush Fighting in New Zealand." The father of these noble brothers and also of Governor Glover was chaplain or minister of the English Church at Cologne. Sir John was trained for the naval profession, and highly distinguished himself in his professional studies. He became a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy in 1851, and up to a year or so ago was engaged in some kind of warlike occupation, and in nearly every quarter of the globe. In 1862 he rose to be a commander, a promotion due not alone to the ordinary changes in the service, but to his efficiency and For some years before he had been in command of the Otter steam vessel, engaged in suppression of the infamous slave trade. He was then known as Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Glover, R.N. For his services he was appointed Administrator of Lagos, once the stronghold of the slave trade, now an English colony. The Colonial Office had no reason to regret their countries. regret their appointment of Commander Glover as their administrator. He was able, by his untiring energy and superior abilities, to intro-duce important reforms and to give a check to the slave trade from which it has happily never recovered. The ascendancy he acquired over the natives was wonderful. By a combination of firmness, rigorous justice, and true kindness, he obtained unbounded sway over them, and was able to introduce among them some of the elements of civilization. In the neighbourhood of this place and close to lower Niger, there was a band of fierce fighting men called Houssas. Sir John was able to reduce this wild tribe to submission, and not satisfied with this, he drilled those side file. drilled these wild fellows into capital soldiers, and formed some regiments which were as docile and faithful as any European regiments could be. Personally his power over them was unbounded, and he could lead them almost anywhere and do almost anything. When the expedition against Coomassie was undertaken, Sir Garnet Wolsely ordered Captain Glover to take his faithful Houssas and Yorubas and support the main advance on Coomassie. the main advance on Coomassie. This service Sir John carried out with great gallantry and success. He entered the Ashantee kingdom as success. He entered the Ashantee kingdom as soon as Sir Garnet did, captured two important towns, and aided powerfully in bringing Coffee Calcalli to submission. Though not actually present at Wolseley's victory over the Ashantees, yet it is well known that the fall of Comassic, and the sofe return of the British troops, were and the safe return of the British troops, were, to no small extent, the result of Captain Glover's own independent exertions. He is fairly entitled to an equal share of the credit due to the Commander-in-Chief for the successful result of the campaign. In the resulution passed by the House of Lords and the House of Commons his services were duly recognised, and were described as "largely conducting to the success of the main operations under the Major-General commanding." Soon after Sir John General commanding." Soon after Sir John was placed on the retired list of commanders, and last year he was appointed Governor of New-foundland. Such have been the heroic achieve-ments of the present able and sagacious Governor, who brings into the civil government of the Province over which he rules an energy which no difficulties can daunt, an experience of many years in the management of men and affairs, and an earnest purpose to do "with his might whatever his hand finds to do." At the present juncture of affairs, when the colony may be said to have got fairly into the groove of progress, it is most fortunate that they have at the head of affairs a Governor like Sir John, possessed of sugacity, energy and experience. Already he has made himself throughly acquainted with the condition and wants of the people, and they are experiencing the good effects of his beneficial rule. Lady Glover, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. W.T. B. Scott, of Anne's Grove Abbey, Mountrath, Queen's County, Ireland, is an amiable and accomplised lady, and in every way worthy of such a husband.

As a personal friend, and one who has had intimate relations with the press of this city, we beg leave to offer our congratulations to W. S. Walker, Esq., B.C.L., of the well-known law firm of Doutre, Doutre, Robidoux, Hutchinson nrm of Doutre, Doutre, Rodioux, Ruteninson & Walker, upon his auspicious marriage, which took place on the 11th July. The fair and happy bride is Sarah, youngest daughter of David Perney, Esq., Waterford, Ont., who is heartily welcomed to Montreal by the large circle of her bushend's friends and against anger. husband's friends and acquaintances.

On Tuesday of last week the officers and members of Mount Royal Lodge, No. 32, P.Q., A.F. & A.M., at St. John's Hall, St. Catherine street, availed themselves of the occasion of his marriage to present their Master, Very Worshipful Brother W. Simpson Walker, B.C.L., with a very handsome and marriage. some and massive silver tea set. presentation was made by Brother Fred. Massey, S.W., and accompanied by a most flattering address.

Very Worshipful Brother Walker replied in very appropriate terms, thanking the Brother-hood for this token of their regard, upon which he would ever look with feelings of the deepest satisfaction and appreciation.

After the presentation the members and visit-After the presentation the members and visiting brethren sat down to a bountiful repast, at which were present a large number of leading Masons. Addresses appropriate to the interesting occasion were delivered by R. W. Bros. Mc. Minn, D.D.G. M., John Urquhart, P.D.D.G.M., W. Brothers Mackie, Boswell, Jacques, Mc. Charles Lor Engineer McCouling McCouling McCouling Gregor, Ion. Ferguson, McCauliffe, McTavish, Adams, &c., &c.

In common with all our colleagues of the press, we have to express our regret on the retirement of Mr. George Tolley from the editorial management of the Star. Mr. Tolley is thoroughly acquainted with all the intricacies of journalism, and his successful direction of our evening contemporary, during the term of nine years from its inception, is the best tribute to his ability and the fittest proof of his professional worth. Mr. Tolley retires to the country for several weeks, but we express a general feeling when we state that all his friends hope for his return among us. A few days before his departure he was entertained at a public dinner by a number of his friends. By some unaccountable mistake, however, a still larger number were not apprised of the fact, and the representatives of the press generally were thus unable to avail themselves of the occasion to do him honor. Still, in all the good wishes expressed on that occasion the absentees fully concur, and Mr. Tolley will please take note of the fact.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The season has come round in Paris which is called "la saison des étrangers," and our prom-enades and theatres are filled with fresh faces, which, by their different types, are known to be English, American, and Spanish. This is em-phatically the season of sales and bargains, and should like to offer my readers a few words of advice on the subject of laying out their money to advantage. When you are in Paris you should look suspiciously on what our shop-keepers called "la haute nouveauté," for this is the name too often given either to conspicuous models of dresses, &c., made up to sell, but which no lady with the smallest pretension to taste or elegance would wear, or to models which have ceased to be the fashion, and which we call "des rossignols." Of course there are many houses where the inexperience of a purchaser is never abused, but unfortunately there are others who trade on the confidence of foreigners. I am led to these reflections by the apparition of a rich banker's wife from Madrid, who has just paid me a visit. It is true she is only twenty, and this is her first journey to Paris; but her toilette consisted of a Madras dress, dark blue and red, ornamented with a profusion of flamecoloured bows; a small round mantle of pale blue tricot, starred with white silk, and a large straw hat turned up on one side, with a tuft of flame-coloured roses, and ornamented on the other side with a long white feather. It would not have been polite to have informed my visitor that she looked ridiculous and a caricature, but such was the case; her dress was a complication of startling colours, made for a shop window; her mantle was a "rossignol," and her hat was a mad dream of some delirious milliner—all the result of rash shopping in Paris.

There is, however, a great allowance made for unhappy selections of colour this season, for never do I remember such original combinations as are now the fasbion. They call for discernment on the dressmaker's part, because only an experienced eye can combine satisfactorily the strong contrasts and select the subtle varieties of shade now in vogue. In former letters I have indicated the popular colours. A dark blue linen dress can be trimmed with cherry red ribbons, and be worn with a hat ornamented with a garland of cherries and blue bows. Costumes of navy-blue ribbon are also trimmed with white braid, arranged to form trellis work, and also with Russian lace, having a red border.

New toilettes for seaside wear are now occupying the attention of our modistes, as the gay world of Paris is away to the sea, in order to repair the fatigues of the season. At the Maison Roger there are some new pilot jackets, made especially for the seashore, where the winds are ruder and the breeze fresher than inland. The material is thick navy-blue cloth, the form is demi-fitting, with large pockets, trimmed with white braid, and enormous white marcarons placed in the centre of the pockets. Marcarons to match, with a march to match the centre of the pockets. to match, with a white tassel issuing from the centre of each, ornament the sides of the jacket; the sleeves and back are likewise trimmed in the same manner; sometimes lozenges or squares of white braid replace these macarons. For casino and afternoon wear there are new polonaises made of alternate bands of white muslin and crèpe de Chine, either pink, mauve, blue, or green. The muslin bands are embroidered with very fine and silky wool (also a novelty) of the same colour as the crépe de Chine, with which they are to be combined. The crèpe de Chine bands are embroidered with white silk to match the muslim with white silk to match the muslin. When the crepe bands are coralpink the polonaise cooked sorrel green skirt, as this combination of colour is still most fashionable. Another curious colour is jade green; but this is usually trimmed with embroidery of a still lighter shade.

Toilettes of two colours are also in vogue, and they offer an inexhaustible mine of ingenious combination. A style in high favour is to open the polonaise in front and at the back over a dress of a different colour, invariably made plain, while the material of the polonaise is woven with stripes, and brocaded in thick and open-worked designs. Bronze and turquoise-blue form the prettiest combination of colours for this style, although golden-yellow with violet, and pale pink with spinach-green are newer. Pipings take a leading place in fashions just now; the are lavishly used on dresses, trimming all the outlines, and when the toilette

is very elegant, the pipings are double, each of a different colour. For example, a prune dress would be trimmed with double pipings; one of mandarin, one of tilleul, &c.

For seaside wear and travelling there are some new collars and cuffs made of twilled écru foulard, embroidered with bright coloured wools, such as blue and red, brown and yellow, green and pink. The form of the collar is the sailor, and it is edged with white lace, which is mixed with one of the colours used in the embroidery. For a dressy toilette at the seaside Mme. Roger has introduced a novelty in the form of a large coat à la Français, which is to be worn ever a muslin skirt. It is made of plain double foulard; the front forms a very large waistcoat, on which are placed bands of Venetian guipure, and the coat fastens with white satin bows; the large pockets are trimmed with lace, likewise the edge of the coat, which is only half-fitting at the back. The brown Russian lace, with colour introduced, is sometimes used instead of Venetian guipure.

Venetian guipure.

I will describe two seaside dresses, one for day and one for evening wear, just completed for a noted elégante. The first consisted of a moss-green silk skirt, covered with double barége (a soft, silky, strong material), which was plaited from the waist to the feet, the silk skirt being edged with a narry vandyked border of plain blue and dark green embroidery. Four bands of éeru cambric commenced at the waist and descended the skirt; they were vandyked at both edges, and entirely covered with a mixture of green and blue chenille embroidery. The bodice was a blouse, plaited all over, with the exception of the side pieces; a waistband of pale blue silk, and a large sailor collar and deep cutis, embroidered all over, completed the dress. This make, which is plaited all over, is one of the successes of the sweens.

the successes of the season.

The Casino toilette was composed of orange and straw-coloured foulard; the orange skirt was trimmed with three plaitings, the centre one being orange, the Louis XIV, over-skirt was straw-coloured, and was ornamented with gros grain bows, a mixture of orange and turguese blue; the front was plaited, and the centre trimmed with two flat rows of wide Valenciennes lace, tied with orange and blue butterfly bows. Orange bodice, with straw waistooat covered with crépe lisse, and fastened with orange and turquoise bows. The bodice was square, and the opening filled with Valenciennes lace; demi-long sleeves, with crépe lisse and Valenciennes ruffles, and looped up with orange and blue bows.

I paid a flying visit to Dieppe a few days ago. It is the same gay town it has ever been since the Duchess de Berri frequented it; and it remains the popular bathing place for the French aristocracy.

The English style of costume is affected for early morning wear-Cheviot cloth, ornamented with large buttons and belts. There appeared to be quite a furore for belts, leather belts, Russian belts of gold and silver braid, and steel belts with silver nails. Belts, with Spanish buckles of damascened metal, were also to be seen. The favourite shoes are Russian leather of light colour, and are worn with checked gaiters. Woollen costumes in tiny checks, such as black and white, brown and white, blue and white, and sometimes red and white, are extremely popular. They are trimmed with a profusion of bows-often as many as elevenof narrow worsted braid, or with one row of exceedingly wide braid; the narrow variety is generally dark, the wide is white. The hats for early morning are bell-shaped, and are crowned at the top with a sort of mushroom of velvet the same colour as the toilette, with two Spanish silk balls of some bright colour, such as red or yellow. Others have large coloured gauze veils, which are twisted as a scarf, falling over the face and fastening under the chin. Feathers are not worn in the morning, but at the Casino the fashionable Leghorn bonnet, with long

white ostrich plume, is to be seen.

The favourite bathing dresses are navy blue flannel, trimmed with white, red, or blue braid; gray flaunel suits are trimmed with rows of white cotton tape stitched on flatly, and have large gutta percha buttons; some have chain stitching, worked by machine in braiding patterns on the yoke, cuffs, and belt—pale blue, white, or scarlet stitching is effective on dark blue. The white flannel costnmes have sailor collar, cuffs, and belt of bright blue flannel; but the most costly bathing suits have woollen braids laid on in the Breton style. Bathing cloaks, for wearing when coming out of the water, are made of white Turkish towelling, and trimmed with red or blue braid; bathing shoes are made of sailcloth.

Among novel items may be classed the new fringes for trimming black and cream grenadine dresses; they are made of natural oats strung on chenille. Feather fringes have netted headings in trellis patterns, with marabout feathers hanging below.

Before quitting Paris many of the residents have visited the more noted among our fancywork shops, so as to lay in a store of ornamental work for their sojourn at the seaside during the long days of summer. The Madras work, for covering cushions, &c., is new. The foundation is a cotton handkerchief printed in bright colours—in fact, the Madras which West Indian women wind round their heads as turbans. In the centre of the squares which form the pattern a single flower is embroidered, and the lines dividing the squares show rows of fancy stitches in many-coloured silks. This Madras work is novel, and appropriate for decorating the furni-

ture of country houses, but it is original rather than pretty.

Coutille—a grey and white twilled cotton of firm quality and of which fine stays are sometimes made—is the new material for screens, cushions, chairs, &c., that are ornamented with embroidery and appliqué; the prettiest screens have a stork in the centre, and a black velvet bordering all round; some of the appliqués are of the new repped cretonnes, worked with point Russe and feather stitch. Another new material for faney work is Turkish towelling of fine quality; it is decorated with appliqué harlequins, griffins, and dragons, cut out of grey, blue, scarlet, go'd, and black cloths, and embroidered with long Russe stitches and sprays of faney stitches. Some of the designs for chairs are Egyptian heads, lions rampant, stocks of gay colours, bees, and butterflies.

For tricot and knitted shawls and hoods,

For tricot and knitted shawls and hoods, Shetland wools and Shetland floss are used in preference to Zephyr wools; they are light and firm, and do not tumble so easity. Silk purses are in use again, and ladies are knitting them with dark shaded silk and beads. Holbein work is now done on a new canvas that shows alternate squares of honeycomb patterns with the plainer ava canvas; the Holbein work is done in darming stitches, that make it alike on both sides. The new canvas, embroidered in this manner, is used for antimacassars, dressingtable covers, &c. There is another novelty in canvas, called the Ida, which has a star woven into the pattern. But little cross-stitch or Berlin work is now to be seen; when it is used the designs are in the fade colours of Gobelins tapesty.

ELIANE DE MARSAN.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MRS. PARTINGTON says one is obliged to walk circumscrumptiously these slippery times.

MANY young men would pay very little regard to the church' bells but for the thought of the church belles.

The old historical oak under which it is said Wesley preached his first sermon in America is still standing at Frederica, Ga.

In Paris there has been opened a new restaurant at whose door stands a physician. He examines into your health and prescribes your dinner.

CLEVELAND young women write comments on the margins of the library novels they read. One emotional creature writes: "The pangs of love are grate i have ben there my self."

Some one attending a fashionable marriage stated that he beheld, when the bridegroom knelt down, fifteen shillings and sixpence marked in plain figures on the soles. It was a very gorgeous wedding.

Another doctress, Mlle. Anna Dahms, has passed a brilliant, examination before the Paris Faculté de Médecine. She was received by unanimous vote, and was, moreover, complimented by the president.

Miss Rose: "Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it was very cold." Lover: "Shall I get my overcoat and put it on you?" Miss Rose: "Oh, no; but (glancing at the clock) hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

A FASHIONABLE young man lately presented his sweetheart with a string of pearls. As she hung them joyously around her neck, a cloud came over her brow, and she cried: "Beloved, do not pearls betoken tears?" "Nary tear," was the response; "them's imitation."

"I DIDN'T at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitor, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

NEIGHBORLY. -- "Can't stop a minute; baby's crying; but I just ran over to tell you that Mrs. Jones' husband came home a moment ago just as tight as he could be. Only think! Must go—knew you were not at the window to see him get home. Awful! Good-bye, love."

THE latest thing in dolls is a young lady of tinted wax, who, when wound up and given a high chair at the table, reaches out her arms, seizes a piece of bread and slowly puts it in her mouth; when she has done this a number of times, it is necessary to open her back, remove the food, and wind her up again.

Ir thy wife be small, bend down to her and speak to her; do nothing without her advice. Everything in life can be replaced; the wife of early days is irreplaceable. An honourable man honours his wife; a contemptible one despiseth her. The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime.

"Mr. Tomeins," said the young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Julia," meekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

Ar a brilliant wedding, the other day, the pew-opener showed some very worthy but socially obscure people into pews. As soon as the clerk discovered it, he hastened to the pew-opener, and exclaimed, "Did you give those common people that pew?" "Yes." "What on earth did you do that for? Did you not know that they were only free-seat trash?"

A WOULD-BE swell, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful woman in the street, with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket as he approached her, and inquired if she hadn't dropped it. She glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, thanked him, and marched on, leaving the exquisite to be laughed at by his companions.

They were walking arm in arm up Middle street, last evening, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new Princesse dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heaven, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow over all the earth. He said, in a subdued tone: "Isn't it lovely?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her for anything." He shuddered.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for a compliment):

"Ah! Mr. McJosephs, beauty is the most precious of all gifts for a woman! I'd sconer possess beauty than anything in the world!" Mr. McJosephs (under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable): "I'm sure, Mrs. Golightly, that any regret you may possibly feel on that score must be amply compensated for by—or—the consciousness of your moral worth, you know, and of your various mental accomplishments."

"On, dear," said she, sweeping away with her broom, "what shall I do? Here it is eleven o'clock and I haven't this room swept, the beds are not made, and the breakfast dishes are yet to be washe!. Oh, dear, was ever woman so much pressed for time as I am!" Then she suddenly stopped, leaned on her broom, and listened for a half hour trying to catch the points of a quarrel which was going on between a married couple in the next door house. The study of feminine character is a hard one.

VARIETIES.

Profits of Theatres.—The stage, like the pulpit, rarely pays, in the business sense. The science of profitable management is yet to be discovered. It is noted that the only London theatres that realize profits for their managers are those which run single pieces for a long time. Hence the tendency there, as in New York, to quit the old practice of changing the play every night or week, and to give attention exclusively to "hits" which may run a hundred or more nights. It will surprise some who imagine the theatrical business to be a very profitable one, to learn that "Drury Lane" has never prospered as a commercial speculation for the last seventy years.

The Prime Minister in a New Role.—A very unusual incident occurred recently in the House of Lords. Earl Beauchamp brought down with him his eldest son, a little fellow five years of age, who, unfortunately, is motherless, and seated him on the steps of the throne. The Earl of Beaconsfield shortly afterwards entered, and took his seat on the Government benches. Presently his eye caught the little stranger, who was now gazing round the House in wonderment, and anon scanning the Lord Chancellor and his wig. A smile broke over the Prime Minister's careworn features; and, rising from his seat, he walked to the steps of the throne, and reclined by the side of the youthful lord, with whom he at once struck up an acquaintance, chucking him under the chin, and calling him, no doubt, a fine fellow. The strange and touching spectacle of a Prime Minister unbending in this manner speedily attracted a group of peers to whom, as well as to Lord Beaconsfield, the little stranger was for a time an object of interest.

TREATMENT OF ENGRAVINGS.—Every one who possesses engravings which are neither framed nor bound in volumes, is probably aware how dangerous it is to show them to any but a very few exceptionally careful people. One of the most eminent engravers of the English school had a fine collection of proofs which he hardly dared to show to his acquaintances, and he used to say that he very seldom met with any one who could or would hold a print so as not to injure the paper in some degree. What people generally do when they get hold of a print is to break the paper either by taking it with one hand only, on one side, when the weight of the paper is enough to cause a break, or else by seizing it in such a way as to produce a hollow about the thumb, the edges of the hollow being fractures in the substance of the paper. The proper way to hold a print is to take it with both hands, and the thumb and forefinger of each hand, placing them at half the height of the paper. In this way the paper is so held that its weight will not crease paper with the thumb and forefinger only.

LITERARY.

As an illustration of the truism that good writers are seldom fluent speakers, it may be remarked that Victor Hugo never learned the art of thinking upon his feet, and had to prepare his Parliamentary effects beforehand, and to read them from manuscript. In this connection the Paris Figaro relates this anecodote: The time was after 1848, and one day M. Victor Hugo, being in the tribune, read a manuscript on which had been noted at a certain passage (at which he supposed a storm of interruption would take place) the following words: "Ah! you interrupt me!" But, on the contrary, not a member said a word. The orator paused, and repeated in his most sonorous voice, "Ah! you interrupt me!" M. Dupin, who presided, leaned a little toward him and said to him in a tone to be heard both by the Deputies and the public: "Not at all! not the least in the world!"



SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER, G.C.M.C., GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.



LADY GLOVER,

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT VII.

SUBJECTS HISTORICAL-LEGENDARY - CRITICAL, &c., &c. De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

Drawn, of course, much respected reader, by the purest patriotism, towards the study of all matters and things pertaining to our beloved country, for the time being we have taken in hand the annals of a little known but most picturesque portion of the Dominion, Gaspesia. the bound of the bound of the state of the still remain "unhonored and unsung" had you merely my poor pen to depend on! Luckily, the beautiful and hospitable shores of Gaspé have attracted many visitors, and recently one of antiquarian tastes and deep research, my much esteemed friend the noted antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. To him shall we look for supplying omissions, for filling up a lacuna. Not having, however, either the leisure or facilities to verify all that falls from the lips of this sage, we must leave to him, to him solely, the responsibility of the facts and theories it has

pleased him to put forth.

The Chronicles of the Pasbyjacks—by Jonathan Oldbuck, Fellow of the Royal Society, with a notice of a remarkable Prophesy, attributed to Merlin.*

Few antiquarians there are who at some period or other of their useful career, in ransacking the garrets of old castles or archives of mediaval cathedrals, have not had their acumen tested by worm-eaten charters or dusty parchments, dating long before the day of Wynkyn de Worde. Nay, it is within our recollection that a Runic inscrip tion in Massachusetts so puzzled the New England antiquaries that some of them were on the verge of madness; the Dry-as-dust, who had pronounced the inscription Scandinavian and fixed its date to the year 1100, became a raving lunatic when the characters were established to be Indian and comparatively recent.

dent there is danger in too much learning.

Cimmerian darkness veils the origin of some portions of the chronicles of the Paspyjacks, as traced by our worthy sire, the late Mr. J. Oldbuck, of blessed memory; one of the quaintest parts of this quaint business is that relating to his strictures on the prophesy it contains of evil days to come for the Paspyjack kingdom. One, one copy only of this marvellous book, we recollect meeting in our youth; fortunately some extracts and notes were taken at the time. The fulfilment of the prophesy having caused much disturbance amongst some ferocious pundits of Quebec, the priceless volume was acquired for 1,000 guineas and deposited in the dark and impenetrable recess of an ancient library, called L'Enfer; from which, it is currently stated, no power on earth can now extricate it; the more's the pity. Twofold is the principle and source fons et principium- of the Paspyjack chronicles. The prophesy, which, strange to say, is inscribed (with an ink of which the secret is lost) on a piece of birch bark, in shape like a heart, the chronicles proper—on some musty and ancient parchment, found at Paspebiac in a de-cayed oaken chest, with steel clasps, supposed to have been landed there by mistake from the "Sea Flower," the brig which brought out the great Charles Robin, Esq., in 1766, the founder of the wealthy and respectable house still known under the name of Chas. Robin & Co., though like that of Dombey & Son, few of the original names now form part of it. Poland Robin, one names now form part of it. Poland Robin, one of the firm, still lives, we learn, in Naples. It is especially the history of the ancient Pas-

pyjacks which is curious and instructive; under by Jacks which is curious and instances as he whom we now find watching over them, they bid fair to blossom forth a civilized nation. That scamp Byron used to say that to soothe human wee, there was nothing like "rum and true religion. If the Paspyjacks are better men than they were, it is owing chiefly to having dropped the first and stuck to the second. So much for their

Let us now view Paspebiac, the chief emporium of commerce in the Baie des Chaleurs, as we recently found it. Its Indian name in Micmac means "Point of Rest"—such it was for the Micmac canoes from Gaspé, &c., frequenting the river Restigouche at the top of the bay. It is formed of two pasts the formed of two parts: the green ridge of groves, and corn fields crowned by handsome dwellings in rear, conspicuous amongst which are the houses of the managers of the great Jersey firms, the Robins and the LeBoutilliers; and a triangular, low, sandy spit, four miles long—jutting out in the sea—at high water nearly an island, covered with the fishermen's cottages and lofty fish stores and outhouses of the Princes of Paspebiac, Messrs. Robin and Messrs. LeBoutillier; the latter are less ancient, less wealthy, the combination C.R.C., (Chs. Robin & Co.) Both are deservedly respected for their honourable dealings, powerful by their accumulated wealth and compact organization. Though at least these houses may be said to represent intelligent monopolies, still, during the dreary months of winter, they are the true, often the only friends the starving fishermen can count on. More than one century of success has surrounded the oldest house, C.R.C., with incredible prestige in the eyes of the simple-minded fishermen. C.R.C. is undoubtedly a tower of strength in all Gaspesia; the firm has four fishery establishments

* Gesta Paspyjackorum, a Jonathare Oldbuck compilata, Regnante Victoria Prima. 1837.

on the coast, at Paspebiac, Percé, Grand River, Newport, and also one at Caraquette on the New Brunswick side, whilst the LeBoutillier firm own establishments at Bonaventure Island, at Forteau, Labrador, at He à Bois, Straits of BelleIsle, and on the Island of Miscou. C.R.C. is indeed a powerful combination of brains, ac tivity, method, money. Canada Banks may get into chancery, wind up, the Bank of England might even get tight, hard up, but C.R.C. never Such is the universal belief in the realms ruled over by this powerful firm. amongst all these bright elements of social success there should be a dark speck! The managers and clerks are denied at Paspebiac the sweet companionship of womanhood; they may own wives in Jersey, where they are generally allowed to spend every second winter, but once in the kingdom of cod and herring, strict celi-bacy is the order of the day; no undivided at-tention between family ties and business is tol-So was it ordained more than one hundred years ago, by the inexorable Charles Robin, the founder of the Robin dynasty; his laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, they alter The historian Ferland observes that even to the food of the clerks is regulated. No change is likewise tolerated in the mode of constructing their coasters; one and all must have round sterns. One of their ship carpenters who had dared to try an innovation on this point was threatened with a dismissal, and round sterns prevailed.

To each fishing establishment is attached a provision and dry goods store; the fishermen receive their pay part in cash, part in goods. This is styled truck. During severe winters. when the fall fishing has failed, without the Robin's and LeBoutillier's help there is no other alternatives, for many families, but starvation. So long as the capture of cod and herring continues to supersede the tilling of the soil, the large Jersey firms must continue to retain their hold: their sovereignty will in a measure cease when agriculture shall attract the natives.

The Paspyjacks, as a people, one regrets to say, neglect the tillage of the soil. Far better off than they are the Scotch, English and Irish, with their farms ; indeed, they seem a superior race of colonists. A writer has asserted of the English, that the reason why in enterprise, commerce, freedom, wealth, they surpass al to a varied and lasting concrete, a mud of many nations, made up: Ancient Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans, all blended in one harmonious whole. One cannot say the same of the Paspyjacks; some element is wanting in the concrete. The majority had Acadian fathers; others had Jersey sires, some of the blacksmiths, carpenters and ishermen who came out with Charles Robin in 1766, but for where out with Charles Robin, in 1766, but for whom celibacy had no attractions. Wives were scarce on the Gaspe coast; they tamed as a substitute some spruce Restigouche Pocahontas trapped at the Mic Mac settlement; the offspring, bleached tolerably white; one perverse taint remained a craving for fire-water. A marked trait of Indian character, the love of revenge, occasionally cropped out under the stimulus of the rendering them quarrelsome. Hence why the neighbours stood off. The Frenchmen of Perce creaded and shunned the fierce Pospilots, whilst the canny Scotch and law-abiding inglish saw little glory in tighting the bellicose Paspyjacks.

Have you ever watched the early dawn break-

ing over a fleet of fishing barges near Ship Head or Miscore? 'Tis indeed a pretty sight to follow those swift crafts under a press of canvas, steering merrily for the Orphan Bank, perhaps never to return should a storm come on. We have, more than once, seen the whole shore alive with white-sailed smacks in quest of cod. The Paspebiac roadstead contains more than fishing smacks: noble barks, brigs, brigantines from Jersey crowd in; some are drying in the morning sun their fleecy topsails, whilst others, dismantled until the ensuing fall, are riding lazily at anchor in the bay, whilst lighters are conveying to a few their cargoes of salt fish for Brazil, Lisbon, Cevita Vecchia, the West Indies; among them you can easily, by her size, recognize the "Sea Flower," a large bark, thus called after that other "Sea Flower" which one entury ago brought out the great founder of a

The Paspyjacks are different from other Gaspé communities; they might inscribe on their escutcheon "Hard work and moderate intellectual developments.'

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

BURLESQUE.

SLOW BUT SURE. -The "slow fighter" was tall, raw-boned specimen of the Pike County and when h the boys began to have fun with him-to" mill him, as they call it in the parlance of the

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanirrity, until finally one of them dared him out doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off. Pike County stretched out his neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly to his tormentor. "I'm a little temptingly to his tormentor. "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one a good 'un right on the end of that smeller."

His request was complied with.

"That was a good 'un," he said, calmly, but Swimming, Lying and Walking.—It takes I don't feel quite riled yit—(turning the side of about two dollars to pay for the "lemonade")

his head to his adversary)—please chug me another lively one under the ear.'

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike County, remarking that he was "not quite so well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could, sailed into the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes and tenderly resurrecting

AN INTERESTING MENAGERIE. -- Travelling exchange menagerie -- summer exhibition :

A rooster on a farm near Poughkeepsie accidentally had one of its drumsticks cut off, but now stumps about on a wooden peg manufactured expressly for it by an ingenious young

A photographer at Council Bluffs was astonished to see a woman, whose portrait he was about to take, cautiously and tenderly remove from a basket a snake six feet long and coil it round her neck. It was her own dear little pet.

locomotive on the Lake Shore Railroad struck a two-year old bullock. The animal bounded over the smokestack and fell across the boiler, the forelegs on one side and the hind legs on the other. The fireman went out on the engine and held the animal till the train could be stopped. The lively little bullock was scratched; nothing more.

A pigeon perched on the minute hand of the clock in the tower of Trinity Church. Pittsburgh, at a quarter of eleven Friday forenoon and held its post until its body was securely fastened between the awo hands. When it attempted to fly it could not stretch its wings, and in a few seconds was squeezed to death. ponderous machinery was stopped by the sexton, and the dead bird could not be taken out until the hands were unscrewed.

A faithful hound followed the hearse containing his mistress's remains to Bellevue Cemetery, Wilmington, Del., and whined dismally at the grave.

THE TRUTH TOLD BY A SWIMMER. At noon yesterday a policeman found a boy bathing in a slip near the foot of Randolph street, and he called to the lad to come out and be arrested like a man for breaking the ordi-

"Is it agin the orjunance for a boy to fall into the river?" queried the bather.

No sir, but you are not dressed."

" Does the law say that a boy has got to have his clothes on when he falls in ?

"The ordinance prohibits bathing here, and now you come out."
"Is it bathing when a fellers cuts his foot on

a piece of tin, knocks his head agin a beam, and wallows four catfish and a gob of mud."

I want you!" called the officer. What for?" called the boy.

"I command you to come out." 'I can't come," sorrowfully answered the her. "The real truth is, I jumped in here to rescue a drowning female, but her hair pulled

off and she's at the bottom. As I have no wit-

off and she's at the bottom. As I have no witness I darn' go to trial."

"I'll bring you out!" growled the officer as he made for a boat. But the boy disappeared hand was seen no more. While the officer was looking under the wharf the half of a good-sized and was added to add down the back of his sand pile suddenly slid down the bad neck and into his boots, and a musical familiar

voice was heard saying:

"My shirt's on hind side afore, pants turned around, and this vest is wrong end up, but I feel as clean as a new stamp from the post-office, and Lor! what an appetite I've got for pop-corn balls."

FRITZ'S TROUBLES.-Fritz has had more troubles with his neighbours. This time he determined to appeal to the majesty of the law,

and accordingly consulted a legal gentleman.
"How vas dose tings?" he said, "ven a ve lare's got a garden, und der odder vellare's got some chickens eat 'em up. Don't you got some

some chickens eat em up. Don't you got some law for dot?"

"Some one's chickens have been destroying your garden?" asked the lawyer.

"Straw in mine garden? Nine, it vas vege-

tabless.

"And the chickens committed depredations on them?"

Ish dot so ?" asked Fritz in astonishment. "And you want to sue for damages?" contin-

ned the lawyer. Yaas. Gott for tamages, und der gabbages, und der lettuges

Did you notify him to keep his chickens

up 2 Yaas, I did nodify him."

"And what did he say?" "He nodify me to go to grass, and vipe mine chin off down my vest."

"And he refused to comply with your just demand " Hev ?"

He allowed his chickens to run at large?" "Yaas. Some vas large und some vas leedle vellares, but dev vos scratch mine garden as der sefen dimes itch.

"Well, you want to sue him?"

"Yaas, I vant to sue him to make one blank fence up sixdeen feet his house all aroundt, vot de shickens don't get ofer."

The lawyer informed him he could not compel him to build such a fence, and Fritz left in

a rage, exclaiming:
"Next summer time I raise my chickens, too, you bet. I raise fidin chickens, by tam! Vipe off your vest down."

for the group of old sailors usually to be found around the ferry-dock saloons. They had a misunderstanding a few days ago as to whose turn it was " to call on," and one old lake cap-tain in particular took a solemn oath never to stand treat again. He was in dead earnest at the time, but yesterday forenoon he thought it all over and concluded to inaugurate the good old custom. He didn't care to give in all at once, and after due reflection, he went out approached a stranger, and the two had a private confab. When the captain returned to the saloon he was followed by the stranger, and pretty soon the old sailor remarked:
"Gentlemen I was just thinking of the

accident to the schooner Sunlight, and how

near I came to a watery grave."
"How was it?" asked several of the sitters. "Well, you see, it was twenty-four years ago, and a squall struck us when forty miles off Lexington, Lake Huron, she went down like a bar of iron, and only two of us got clear of the rail. This man here and myself were the two. I met him a few minutes ago for the first time since we had that long swim togethe.

Yes; that's so," added the stranger.

"We had nothing to float us," continued the captain, "and after waiting around for an hour or so we struck out for Lexington. It was a clean forty miles, and that smim was the longest on record. "Mind you gentleman, we didn't have even a straw to help float us, and were also weighted down wit our clothing. We'd swim for awhile and then stop and pray, and then swim on again, and next day at noon we landed on the beach where Lexington now stands."
"Don't believe it!" shouted several voices.

"Well, I'm telling you the truth," replied no captain in a grieved tone. "When we the captain in a grievrd tone. "When we landed I borrowed \$2 of my friend here for general expenses. I have never paid the debt, am going to now. Do you think I'd hand him money if I didn't owe it, and if we hadn't taken that swim together?"

The crowd began to believe—also to lick their chops in anticipation. It had been arranged by the captain for the stranger to spend the money the bar, but when he received the bill he

folded it up and said:

Gentlemen, what the captain says is strictly true. We smam plump forty miles, and he borrowed two dollars of mc. He is an honest wan to repay it. I'm in a greal hurry to go to Windsor or I'd tell you about how we had to sleep in the woods for several nights."

Pocketing the bill, he walked aboard a boat,

and the captain fell back in his chair and wouldn't answer any further questions.

RULES FOR MATRIMONY .- They who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness.

Marry in your own religion. Never both be angry at once Never taunt with a past mistake. Let a kiss be a prelude of a rebuke. Never allow a request to be repeated. Let self-abnegation be the habit of both. I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly. Make a marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry into a family which you have long

nown. Never make a remark at the expense of the

other. Never talk at one another, either alone or in

Give your warmest sympathies for each other

If one is angry, let the other part the lips uly for a kiss.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another. Never speak loud to one another unless the

house is on fire. Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

The veriest felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness. Always leave home with loving words, for

they may be the last. Marry into different blood and temperament

from your own. Never deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never must wholly again.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each

other's tastes, habits, or preferences.

Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air.

A hesitating or glum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

Consult one another in all that comes within

the experience, observation, or sphere of the

They who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

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. SWIMMING, LYING AND WALKING .-- It takes Gloves cleaned and dyed black only

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

A FAIR FACE IN A YELLOW CHARIOT.

It was quite with the air of the grand seign eur that he presented himself next day at Ken sington square. To his surprise he was no well received.

There had been a scene between Keziah and her aunt directly the former re-entered the house on the previous evening. The girl, without attempting to withhold one iota of information, had given her aunt a full account of what had occurred—the coachman's misconduct. The danger only averted by the timely intervention of a strange gentleman, who had kindly escorted her home.

"His name was Lord Featherstone."
"That wretch!" instantly cried Miss Parker, an old maid, prim and precise in her appearance and in all her ways, yet not disinclined to listen to at least half the scandalous gossip in circulation through the world.

Do you know him, Aunt Parker?" "Who does not? He is a notoriously wick-

ed man_,

I thought him very nice." Keziah spoke defiantly and very firmly in defence of her new friend.

"Of course you did. He can be most agreeable. I have heard that of him over and over That's the danger of him." "He was so kind and obliging. He told me who everybody was in the Park."

"Can it be possible that you were so mad as to go into the Park with him in the afternoon, when it was crowded, when hundreds must have seen you together?"

Of course we came through the Park together; it was the shortest way home. I can-

not see any great harm in that.

lt's not likely; you are so young and unexperi he knew the mischief he was doing only too well. The wretch, the wretch!" Mild Miss Parker would have been glad to see wild horses Farker would have been glad to see wild horses tear him limb from limb. "However," after a pause, "you must promise faithfully that you will never speak to him again."

"He said he would call to inquire how I was." Kayish said in a low woise which

was," Keziah said, in a low voice, which might easily have meant that she hoped he

"I will see him if he comes," Aunt Parker finally replied. "It is not fitting he should pursue his acquaintance with you, begun as it was under such questionable auspices. And in this decision Keziah was forced to ac-

When therefore, after some delay and demur, Lord Featherstone was admitted to Aunt Parker, her manner was perfecty arctic. She sat bolt upright, with a stony look in her eyes

and only frigid monosyllables on her lips.
"I called," said his lordship with much aplomb, "to see Miss Leigh."
"Yes?" Aunt Parker asked, much as though Lord Employees are the beatmaker's man Lord Featherstone was the bootmaker's man, or had come to take orders for a sewing-machine,
"My name is Lord Featherstone."
"My name is Lord Featherstone."

"Is it?" He might have been in the habit of assuming a dozen aliases every twenty-four hours, so utterly indifferent and incredulous was Aunt Parker's tone.
"It was my good fortune to be able to do Miss Leigh a slight service yesterday," he went

"A service!" Miss Parker waxed indignant at once. "I call it an injury—a shameful mischievous, unkind act; for which Lord Featherstone, although I apprehend it is not much in

his line should blush for very shame."

"Really madam" he hardly knew whether to be annoyed or amuse—"I think you have been misinformed. Probably but for me Miss Leigh's neck would have been broken."

"I know that I know that and I almost."

"I know that, I know that, and I almost wish it had, sooner than she should have so far forgotten herself." Miss Parker looked up suddenly and sharply, saying with much emphasis, "O Lord Featherstone, ask yourself—you are an arrival and a steady your selfare, or ought to be, a gentleman, at least you know the world by heart—was it right of you to take such an advantage? Did you think what incalcuable harm this foolish, thoughtless mistake which was a such as a such a take-which is certain to be magnified by malicious tongues-may work against an innocent, guileless child?"

"I know I was greatly to blame. I ought to have known better. But it was Miss Leigh's own wish to go through the Park, and I gave

How noble of you to shift the burden on to her shoulders! But we will not, if you please try to apportion the blame. The mischief is done, and there is no more to be said, except to ask you to make us the only reparat

"And this is -?" he looked at her in surprise. She did not surely mean to forestall him, and demand that which he came to offer of his own accord?

To leave the house, and spare us hence forth the high honor of your acquaintance.

"That I promise if you still insist after you have heard what I am going to say. I came to make reparation full and complete, but not in the way you suppose. I came to make Miss Leigh—and if she and you as her guardian will deign to accept of it, an offer of my hand." deign to accept of it—an offer of my hand.

Little Miss Parker's face was an amusing study. Her lower lip dropped, her eyes opened till they looked like the round marbles on a solitaire-board.

"Lord Featherstone, you!"

"I trust you will not consider me ineligible; that you have no objection to me personally beyond a natural annoyance at this silly escap-

"It is so sudden, so unexpected-so-so-Poor Miss Parker was too much bewildered to find words, a thousand thoughts agitated her. This was a splendid offer, a princely offer. Matchmaker by instinct, as is every woman in the world, she could not fail to perceive what dazzling prospects it opened up for her niece. But, then, could any happiness follow from such a hastily concluded match? The latter and better thoughts prevailed.

"Lord Featherstone, it is out of the question or at least you must wait. Say a month or two,

or till the end of the season.'

"The engagement ought to be announced immediately to benefit Miss Leigh."
"And that is your real reason for proposing?

Lord Featherstone, I retract my harsh words; you shall not outdo us in generosity. We can-not accept your offer, although we appreciate

"I assure you, Miss Parker, I esteem Miss Leigh most highly. I like her immensely. I

am most anxious to marry her.' The bare possibility that he might be refused -he of all men in the world-gave a stronger

insistence to his words. Miss Parker shook her head.

"No good could come of such a marriage; you hardly know each other. You say you like her, perhaps so; but can you tell whether she likes you

"At least let me ask her. Do not deny me that? I will abide by her answer.

There was no resisting such pleading as

this.
"I may prepare her for what she is to expect?" asked Aunt Parker, as she moved towards

the door.
"No, no; please, do not. Let me speak my

He did not distrust the old lady, but she might indoctrinate Keziah with her views, and prejudice her against him. It was becoming a point of honour with him to succeed, and he thought he could. He was no novice in these matters; ere now he had often held the victory in an issue more difficult than this in his grasp, and all he wanted now was a fair field and no favor.

"Aunt Parker said I was never to speak to you again," Kiss said, as she came into the room, with an air of extreme astonishment; "and now she sends me to you of her own accord! What does it mean?"

"It means that I have something very par-

"You are no w You are no worse for your drive I

hope?"

"Is that all? Yes; I am ever so much worse heard Aunt

Parker go on! Did anybody scold you?"

"I escaped any very serious rebuke—except

from my conscience "Dear me, Lord Featherstone, you make me feel as though I were in church. very wicked then, to help me in my distress? I thought it was most good of you."

This simple but italicized carnestness was

very taking.

"No; but people are very censorious. They will talk. They are coupling our names together already."
"Does that annoy you?" Her air was candour itself. "Do you mind—very much?"
"Well replaces not your years much. It

"Well, perhaps, not very, very much. It can do me no harm."
"I am glad of that."

"But it may you, and it ought to be stop-

ped.

"Of course; but how?"

"There is only one way that I can see. Let us have only one name between us. I cannot very well take yours. Will you take very well take yours.

"Why—why—" A light seemed to break on her all at once. "Oh, what a funny "Why-whyin on her all at once. "Oh, what a runny
man you are! That's just the same as an
marriage. You can't mean that, offer of marriage. You can't mean that, surely? It would be too-quite too-ab. surd

"I don't see the absurdity," said his lordship rather gruffly. "Were well meant over-tures ever so shamefully scorned?"

"O, but I do!" Keziah's little foot was playing with the fringe of the hearthrug. "I do. That is, if you are in earnest, which of course you're not."

"I am in earnest. Why should you think

I'm not?"
"You don't know me; you can't care for me. You never spoke to me till yesterday. You are only making fun, and it isn't fair. I wish you'd leave me alone."

Her eyes were full already.

"I am to go away, then? That is your answer?" She hid her face in her hands and would not speak. "You will be sorry for this perhaps, some day." She shook her head most vigorously. "Keziah Leigh, you are the only woman ever I asked to be my wife. I shall never ask another. Good-bye, and God bless you!

And Lord Featherstone, with a strange feeling of dejection and dissapointment, left the room. He could not have believed that within this short space of time he could have been so irresistably drawn towards any girl. Now he was grieving over his failure as though he were still in his teens.

Presently Aunt Parker came in and found Keziah sobbing fit to break her heart.

"I don't want him! I don't want him! He can go away if he likes—to the other end of the world."

"Have you been very ill-used my sweet? What did he say to you?"
"He asked me to marry him," she said with

difficulty between her sobs.
"Was that such a tearible insult then?"

"He was only making fun. I don't like such fun. And I don't want to see him again, never, never, not as long as I live!"

'Kiss, you are right to consult your own feelings in this. But Lord Featherstone was in earnest, I think, and his intentions do him infinite credit."

Then she told her niece what had passed. "Still, if you don't care for him, it is best as it is. Dry your tears, Kiss, and think no more about it."
"But I think I do care for him," she said,

and began to cry again.

Lady Carstairs became very much exercised in spirit as the days passed, and yet nothing positive was known of Lord Featherstone's intentions towards Miss Keziah Leigh.

She made many futile efforts to meet him, then she called and sounded the ladies in Kensington square with whom she was moderately intimate. They put back her cross-examination mildly but effectually. Bus at last she met Featherstone face to face, and attacked him

"Your high-flown sense of honour did not bear practical test, then?" "How so, Lady Carstairs?" his coolness was

provoking.

"Why rush off to Central Africa, except to escape scandal?

"Am I going to Central Africa? Perhaps In. Why not?" am. Why not?"
"Can it be possible that she has refused

you?"
"Who could refuse me, Lady Carstairs?"

"No; but do tell me I am dying to know." "You must find some one else to save your life, then."
"But Lord Keetherston we shall see

"But, Lord Featherstone we shall see you once more before you start? You will come and dine with us? Just to say good-

"I will dine with you with pleasure, but not necessarily to say good-bye."

He could not well escape from an invitation so cordially expressed, and the night was fixed. But he little thought what malice worked be-

The party was a large one, and he, as was often the case, was very late. But he entered gaily, as if he had come a little too soon, shook hands with the hostess, bowed here and there, nodded to one friend and smiled at another then, last of all and to his intense surprise his eyes rested on Kiss Leigh.

Lady Carstairs had done it on purpose of

course; that was self-evident. Unkind, unfeeling, ungenerous woman. For himself he did not care, but it was cruel on the timid birdling, so new and strange to the world. But fast as this conviction came upon him, yet faster came the resolve that Lady Carstairs should make nothing by the move. A throughly well-bred man is never taken aback, and Featherstone rose to the occasion. Without a moment's delay, before the faintest flush was hung out like a signal of distress upon Keziah's cheek, he had gone up to her, shaken hands, and spoken a few commonplaces which meant nothing,

and yet set her quite at ease.

"Miss Leigh and I are very old friends," he said. "How do you do, Miss Parker? How is the coachman? Have you heard, Sir John, the Prince, is expected next week? There will be great doings."

great doings."
That little Kiss was grateful to him for his self-possession, was evident from the satisfacfaction which beamed in her eyes. O those telltal eyes:

Now Lady Carstairs brought up her reserves

and fired another broadside.
"It is so good of you, Lord Featherstone, to come to us; when you have so few nights

left." "When do you go, Featherstone? and where ?" Haven't you heard? To Central Africa." Lady Carstairs answered for him.

Can this be true? Keziah's eyes asked him mute but eloquent language, which sent a thrill through his heart.

"Where this story originated I cannot make out," said Featherstone slowly. "I am not going to Central Africa. On the contrary, I have the very strongest reasons for staying at home.'

And those reasons ?"

"Are best known to Miss Leigh and my-

THE GLEANER.

It is computed that 60,000 bicycles are in use in Great Britain and Ireland.

THE prorogation of Parliament is expected to take place on Friday the 10th of August. For three whole days in one week, lately, there was not a single birth in Naples, out of a

population of 500,000 souls. ', HER MAJESTY'S Archbishops and Bishops" will henceforth be "the correct card," as they were thus designated on the dinner card at the

Mansion House the other day. A BRONZE statue of Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday school system, is about to be erected by national subscription in his native town of Gloucester. The movement is promoted by the Sunday School Union.

P. T. BARNUM says: "I am forty-six, and my wife is the same. That is, I am sixty-six, and she is twenty-six; but as she says I am the younger of the two, we have agreed to average it and call it forty-six apiece."

Mr. Cushing, of New York, is now completing an ideal statue to be called The Mayflower. It represents a maiden of the New England type in the May-time of life, who has been alarmed while gathering flowers, and has started up to discover the cause.

ABDUL KERIM, the late Commander-in-Chief ABDUL KERIM, the late Commander in one of the Turkish army, did not treat newspaper correspondents with great courtesy. To a representative of an English paper, who requested a pass recently, he replied—"What do you want here? I mind my own business; go back to your country and mind yours.

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. Recently when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" he leisurely remarked, "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock stitch; a box of pills, and a pair of calf skin boots."

THE Exhibition building on the Champ-de-Mars and the Trocadéro are progressing so rapidly that even now one may have an idea of the grandeur of the works when completed. The palace on the Trocadéro heights will loom up commandingly, having a magnificent view all over Paris. It will remain one of the wonders and beauties of the capital.

THE work of removing Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to London is proceeding rapidly. Two inscriptions have been discovered on the crabs supporting Cleopatra's Needle-one is in Greek, the other in Latin. They fix the date when the obelisk was erected at Alexandria, namely, the eighth year of Augustus Cæsar, by Barbarus, prefect of Egypt, Fontius, engineer.

THE tenor Roger has given Paris a new idea. Frenchmen are very particular about their shirt bosoms. A drop of soup or wine which soils the immaculate purity of their front takes away their appetite. Roger has come to their relief. He ties a very small knot in one corner, which he slips in his collar, and voilà l'affuire. is crazy over the discovery. Figure devotes a column to the idea, which has not been surpassed for originality since Columbus made an egg stand erect.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. ALICE OATES has gone to Paris.

ALBANI bids fair to be the Senta of the Italian stage.

BOUCICAULT'S new comedy is entitled "The LECOCO'S "La Petite Mariée" is meeting with success in Europe.

MISS NEILSON will not be able to visit the nited States this season.

EDWIN BOOTH subscribes \$500 to the Shake eare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. GOUNOD has been decorated with the Comander's Cross of the Crown of Italy.

Four hundred and fifty-two concerts were ven in Paris from October, 1876, to June, 1877. FROM 1870 to 1876 inclusive, some two hun-

dred and eighty new operas were produced in Italy. SCRIBE, the French dramatist, is reported to have 3,000,000f, out of his translations

ALARMING reports have lately been circulated concerning the state of Vieuxtemps' health, but, happily, without foundation. THE friends of Richard Wagner, in London, are endeavoring to make up the sum of £1,200, to be presented as a testimonial to the master.

Ir is said by a New York paper that one of the débutantes who appeared at Booth's recently, paid £200 for the privilege of acting Juliet.

AMBROISE THOMAS' "Françoise de Rimini" will be put into rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris, immediately after the performance of "L'Africaine."

SALVINI is getting better recognition in Berlin than he did in New York. Emperor William has sent him a diamond ring with a complimentary letter through Privy Councillor Bork. AN exchange says "Max Strakosch will manage Miss Kellogg next season." Before the season is over Miss Kellogg will be managing Max Strakosch. That is the universal outcome of every attempt of a man to manage a woman.

BESIDE the German papers, Bismarck reads the French and English. In the Figaro, the letters written by M. Albert Wolff on the "Bayreuth Festival" especially pleased him. The prince is opposed to Richard Wagner's music, and for this reason was delighted with M. Wolff's letters.

WHEN Macready was playing "Macbeth" in the provinces, the actor cast for the part of the Messenger in the last act was absent. So the stage manager sent a supernumerary on to speak the lines set down for the Messenger, viz:—"As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked towards Birnam, and anon methought the wood began to move." Macbeth: "Liar and slave!" Super: "'Pon my soul, Mr. Macready, they told me to say it."

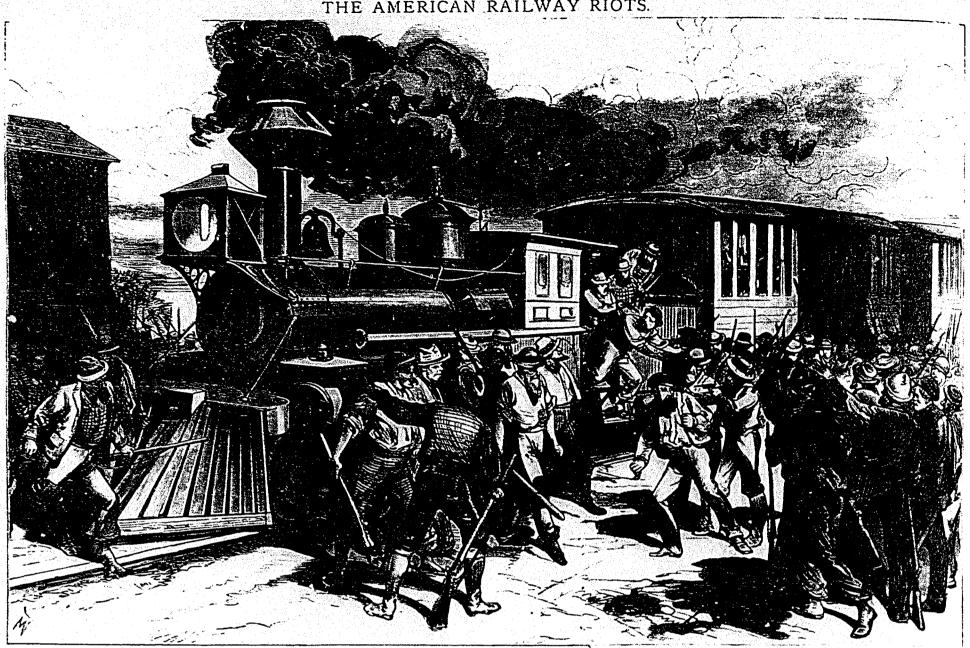
PHOSFOZONE.



Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. James Hawkes, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Moutreal. Pamphlet seut postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

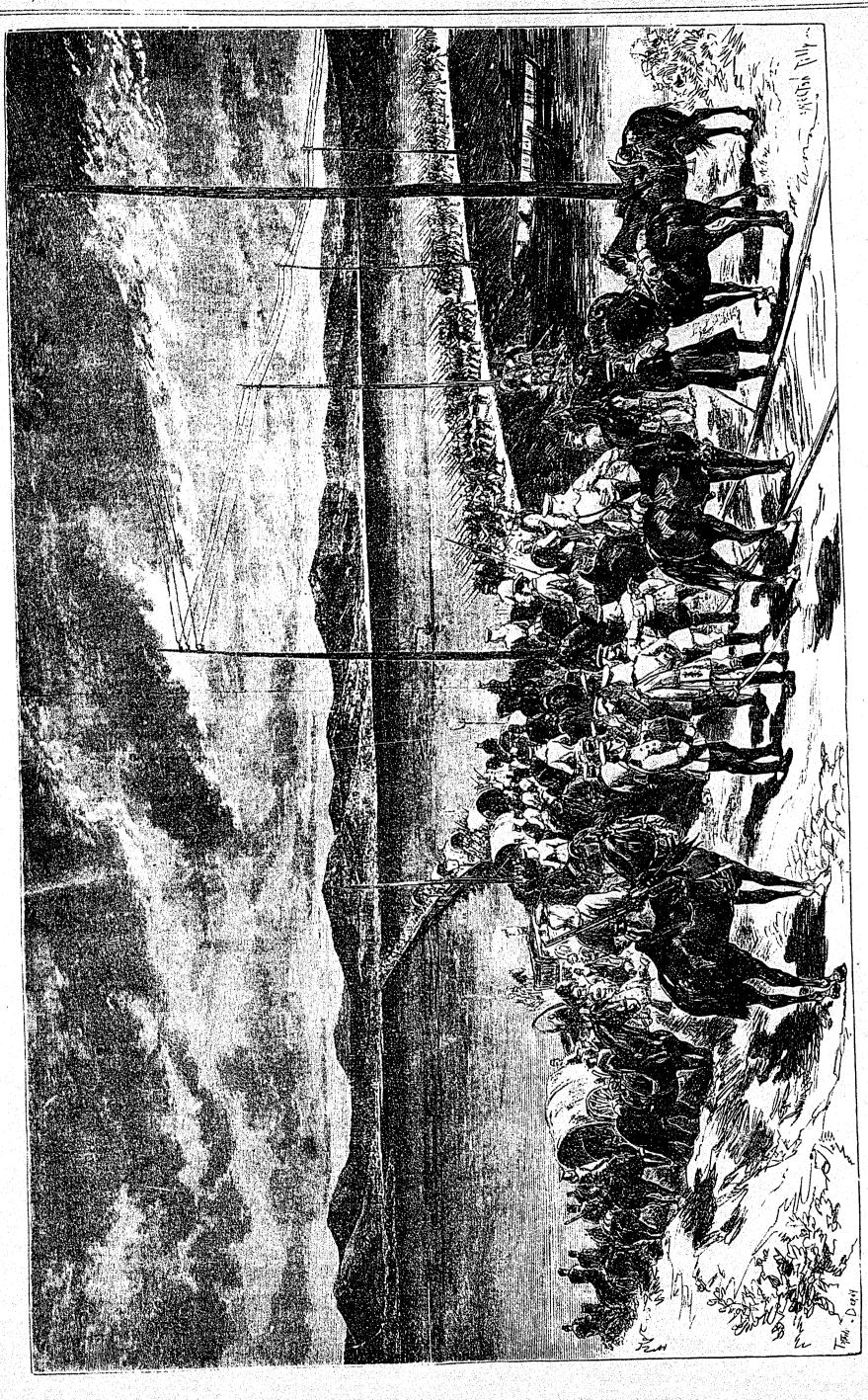
THE AMERICAN RAILWAY RIOTS.



STRIKE IN WEST VIRGINIA. DISAFFECTED WORKMEN DRAGGING STOKERS AND ENGINE-DRIVERS FROM THE TRAIN AT MARTINSBURG.



STRIKE ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY. BALTIMORE MILITIA FIRING ON THE MOB.



LAUGH AND SING. YE HAPPY CHILDREN.*

(Song and Chorus.) BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

Mem'ry often hids me wander To scenes that long since gone by; Childhood passes by before me. My heart cannot suppress a sigh. Oft I watch the happy children. My heart cannot suppress a sign.
Oft I watch the happy children.
Laughing and sin ing while they play.
And wish that I was young again
That I might drive dull care away.

Choovs:—Laugh and sing, ye happy children.
Youth's bright hours are fleeing fast:
Soon these blissful happy moments
Will have vanished in the past.

Often in your happiest dreams
You'll live your school days o'er again;
When your cheerful youth has flown
You'll wish it back—but all in vain.
Cherish, then, your hours of sunshine,
For, life's black clouds will surely rise,
And darken all the brightest joys
Of childhood's ever-beaming skies.

CHORUS:-Laugh and sing, &c.

111.

Sadly does my recollection

Go back to dear old days at school—
Days of joy and sweetest freedom,
Aitho's spent under rod and rule,
Where are now my gay companions
Of those old happy years ago?

My mem'ry almost hates to tell
The tales that my sad heart would know.

CHORUS :- Laugh and sing, &c.

GOLD OF CHICKAREE

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

BOLLO'S EXPERIMENT.

"You can do that," said Rollo; "and that is just what you will do admirably. Did you think I was going to set you to teach school?" "Are you quite sure you are not?" said she, laughing up at him. "I could, Mr. Rollo,—if

I might learn first."
"You could not teach these creatures. But you see another use for my nondescript building

over there. Shall we go and look at it?"

The short walk was enlivened for Hazel by the encounters that met them. Every child gave a full smile, and every man a salutation gave a full smile, and every man a salutation with good will in it. On the other side the master had a word for every one, gracious as well as discriminating. It was evident that he knew them all, and their ways and their needs.

The schoolhouse, if it were that, was found to be rather a spacious erection. The main

to be rather a spacious erection. The main apartment was lofty, large and light; the fittings were not in yet. On each side a narrous and land the whole rower and lower room or hall ran the whole length of the central one which was lighted from a clerestory. The workmen were putting in window-frames and hanging doors, and fin-ishing the roofing. All the halls communi-

"This is for the children by day, and for the nightschools and my entertainments in the evening. The hall to the west is for a coffee oom. My coffee and buns are popular."

"Where do you get them? From the top of

the hill?

Rollo shook his head. "No, that would not do. I arranged an old office for a bakery, found my people, and got Gyda to teach them. So several of the women in the Hollow turn a penny that way; and then the bread is sold to the men at cost prices. Coffee the same. And Sunday nights the throng is in earnest. Then they come to me in good humour."

"Well, do many of the older women work in the mile."

"They all work that can," said Rollo gravely.
But Mr. Rollo!—then I will tell you another thing you want; and that is a room and a keeper for the little children. Don't you know?" keeper for the little children. Don't you know? she said, facing round in her eagerness, - "such a place as I have read of in Franc, I think, where the women who go out to work leave their children all day; so that they cannot hurn themselves up, nor fret themselves to death, nor do anything but play and be happy."

Dane looked at her with a smile.

"I told you I wanted your help." he said

"I told you I wanted your help," he said.
"That is something I have not thought of."
"I am glad!"—She could not say another word, for sheer pleasure, and those were as

word, for sneer pressure, and those were as quiet as three mice.

"I am but making a beginning as yet, Hazel," Dane went on. "The first obvious things it is easy to get hold of. This for one: every child shall go half the day to school. I will not have then on any other understanding. will not have them on any other understanding. There are few adult scholars at present; their numbers will grow. What shall I do with the hall on the north side of the school-room?"

"The people work from morning to night,

every day?'

"From seven to seven. But come, you must not stand here any longer looking at carpen-

* Set to music by the author.

ters. Come on to Gyda's. I want you to see one or two cottages on the way.'

Empty buildings. One was a little frame house; the other was quite a pretty, low, gray stone cottage. Neatly furnished, provided with snug little kitchens and small sheds adjoining for wood: the paling fence, unpainted yet, enclosing a bare space that might one day be a

"Here will be work for you, Hazel, you see.
All these garden plots must have something in them; and as soon as may be I want to see roses and vines creeping over these walls. But we must go slowly. You and I cannot do it. The only way for permanent results, is to rouse the desire, excite the ambition, and then supply the means. Outside the gardens I mean to plant trees, of hardy shade kinds: but I have

"I think you have done a great deal," said Hazel. "No wonder you were too busy.—How do you expect to rouse the desire, Mr. Rollo By a specimen cottage !-- or by tea-drinkings down at Chickaree?

He smiled and said "they were far from that yet. But desires grow," he added, "and one thing leads to another. Now come away."

CHAPTER X.

ROLLO'S COMPANY.

Gyda was expecting them, and certainly looked glad enough in her quiet way. She took yeh Hazel off into an inner room, a little bit of a clean, coarse furnished place, to remove her hat and refresh herself. When she came out, Rollo was busy making one of the great settle chairs into a resting place for her, with cushions and shawl as once before. He put her in it and sat down beside her.

You have helped me to-day, Hazel. True help. But you know what was said of some of the early Christians—"they first gave their own selves to the Lord"—so I want you to do. You will not be the less, but the more, mine.

She did not answer a word, only by the drooping head and the curious pale alternations of colour—sure tokens with her of excited feeling. That thought had so run through the morning had so half spoiled it for her at times.

'Not a word?" said he softly.

"If one word would do it-But it would take

"Many words? to do what?" he asked in the soft musical tone that in itself was a caress.

"To tell why I cannot answer, —why I cannot promise—to be all you wish."

"Lay your head down and rest," said he; and don't promise, but do it. Are you tired?" He left her and went to help Gyda in serving her luncheon. This was rather a more enjoy-able meal than the last one, when nobody could eat. There was happiness in every line of Gyda's shoulders, and in every movement she made between the fire and the table; and Dane was at home and at play. He was changed since a year before. The always bright, gay, masterful face was full now of a deeper purpose and a more centred energy; but the eye quick and as flashing as ever. And Wych Hazel, not as mistress in her own house but as guest in anothers, was waited upon—how shall I ay !—as such men can do it. And that is ra-

ther a rare kind of petting.

A week? was it only a week ago? Hazel wondered. Those three days of prostration had seemed to put whole continents of time between her and the wild walk across the hill-top though the traces of that day, and of the weeks that went before, were still visible enough. Not strong yet, to withstand and manage the in-coming tide of new thoughts and prospects and responsibilities, she took all the petting and pleasure and care with the most gravely girlish face imaginable. Watching her two companions. listening to them, and giving them now and then a bright blush or smile out of the midst of her thoughts, yet all the time conscious of the thoughts as well.

No, she was not quite all he could wish; not all that he ought to have. She knew that; she had known it ever since last winter; and whatever love and devotion could do, let the supply be never so unlimited, they could not do all. There would be ground he would occupy, where she could not stand by his side; there would be work he would do, which she was not fit to share. Would be? there was now. This coming in among his labours and plans had brought it home to her keenly. All the same, she could take no new stand just to please him; it would not be true, she could not keep up to it, could not act it out. Was she ready, for other reasons, to take such a stand ! The old tangle of perplexed questions seemed closing her in again; and now and then, between whiles, when Rollo was looking away, the brown eyes studied him; as if studying his face would magnetize her out of her difficulties,—the one person in all the world who belonged to her, and to whom she belonged. But it was intensely like Wych , that the more she realized this, the more she hung back from following in the steps of his Christian life merely because they were his. They should be true for her, or she would not them at all.

The talk at the table ran a good deal upon matters and things in the Hollow. Gyda knew the ins and outs of many a house there; she could illustrate and prove the truth of some of Rollo's statements, and she could suggest wants, even if she did not know how to contrive the

"There's something you havn't thought of yet, Olaf," she observed. "There are just heathens and savages down there."

"What makes you think I have not thought

of it?"
"Well, you haven't begun to plan for it."

"How can you venture to say that? "I haven't heard you say a word."

"Do you think, Hazel, that proves anything?" "It would not with me," she said. "But

Mrs. Boërresen should know you."

"She should," said Rollo. "It appears she

"You talk of a great many other things," id the old woman smiling. "I've been wait-

said the old woman smiling. "I've been waiting to hear when that would come up. What are you going to do, lad?"
"Gyda is quite right" said than turning

"Gyda is quite right," said Dane, turning again to Wych Hazel. "They are little better than heathen, and do not know much more. You remember our first visit here? A party of the children had made a plan to throw stones at our horses as we passed through the Hollow on our return. There is no danger of that now. But what would you do with such a community?

"I could not do much," said the girl gravely. "I suppose, if I were you -You should ask peo-ple who know what they are talking about, Mr.

Rollo. Not me." "But I ask you. What occurs to you, as a good first step?"

"It did not 'occur' to me," said Hazel,-"you made me think of it. I suppose, then—if I knew what you know, Mr. Rollo; if I felt as you feel; I should want to tell them that, first of all. I should set them the lesson you set me," she added, her voice changing a little. "And—very much as you set it for me." A swift deprecating glance begged him not to think that she was either criticising his work, or assuming that she knew what it was; or in general, that she knew anything about anything

"And when and where would you do this?" said Dand, his manner quite grave and quiet, his powerful eyes nevertheless absorbing every indication of the changes in hers.

"I should think they would come any time when you wanted them," she said, making revelations in her unconscious way. suppose they would have most time. And Sundays, too, they would be a little more dressed up and ready for the best things you could tell them." The words came simply, but very sothem." The words came simply, but very so-berly, as if she remembered all the while that in

such plans she had nothing to do.
"Well," said Dane, "our thoughts lie sufficiently near together. That is just what I have proposed to do, Wych."
"Yes. I knew you would."

"Yes. I knew you would."
"Do you think," said he slowly, as he was helping her to something, "do you think one ought to wait for anything but an opportunity—before telling good news to people whom it concerns." concerns

"But I did not think you had waited."
"No," said Rollo gravely. "I started a gen-

ral proposition."
"Opportunity is only the sand-paper," said Hazel in her quick way. "Of no earthly use

Rollo's eye danced; nevertheless he answered as demurely as possible—"What do you consider a match?"

"Hidden fire. The complement of the op-portunity,—waiting for it,—ready for it. I sup-pose I meant that—"she said, retreating into herself again.

herself again.

"I suppose you did," said Rollo smiling, "for it is a sharp truth. But Hazel, there is also hidden fire in the good news we carry; and if we cannot make it catch, perhaps (fod will. Suppose you have nothing to give but the naked truth in your naked hand—won't you take it to the people whose lives it may light up for agent?" the people whose lives it may light up for ever?

She did not answer him, thinking of the time—not now long past—when her own life had been like midnight. Hazel pushed away her plate, and folding her hands in her lap, sat looking down at her, or at her ring, or possibly

seeing neither.
"Olaf," said Gyda, suddenly coming back from the outer door to which she had been summoned, "somebody is a wanting you down you-der. There's always somebody wanting him now, my lady."

Who is it this time? "Hans Heinrich-he has got hurt in some o'

the wheels and things."

"He is not one of my hands."

"He is not; but he wants you, my lad, for all that. He's hurt bad; and there's no one to tell 'em what to do; and Lina Heinrich, she sends word to you to come for Christ's sake."

Dane hesitated but a moment and turned to Wych Hazel.

Can you wait for me?"

"O yes,—I wish I could help."
"You had better lie down and take a sleep.
Look after her, Gyda." And he went off, losing

no time.

Gyda had been clearing her table, and as soon as everything was in order she took a chair and sat down opposite Wych Hazel.

"What do they want him for so often, Mrs.

"Help, my lady. O there's sore need of it, certainly. But these are not his own people; nevertheless, there is no help but his for them." Hazel mused over the words, her own eyes going off to the fire now. She understood it all

going off to the fire now. She understood it all well enough,—felt from the depths of her heart what delight it would be to help him, ever so little. And what could he think of her, that she was not more ready? Ah, if he only knew all the history of this year! all the questions and sorrows and perplexities she had been through!—And it was just what she could not

tell him, and just what he could never guess. So she gazed at the twinkling fire, shewing brighter and brighter as the afternoon began to die away; until at last, with her head somehow nestled against shawl and cushions in the extemporised easy chair, one sort of weariness claiming the right of way, Wych Hazel went fast asleep; and Gyda might study the fair young face at her leisure. Gyda's own face looked happy the while; and noiselessly she made up the fire, and softly her old lips whispered prayers oftentimes as she moved hither and thither.

The afternoon was waning, though evening had not yet set in, when the door opened gently and Primrose Maryland appeared. Gyda's finand Primrose Maryland appeared. Gyda's finger at her lips stayed all but softly uttered words, till Primrose came up to the fire and looked at the sleeper in the cushioned chair.

Prim looked, and looked away. ment first was to go to the table and take off her bonnet and lay down her shawl and right herself a little. Yet Prim was nothing of a co-quette, not the least in the world, and never thought about her dress but to have it respecta-Neither did she think about it now; for there was no glass in the room, and the move-ment with which she pushed the hair further back from her brow assuredly had no origin in regard to appearances. However, she came back after that and looked at Hazel more steadily, and then sat down by Mrs. Boërresen to talk in a soft undertone which could disturb nobody. a soft undertone which could disturb norogy. The two girls had scarcely seen each other since the fall before, except in the most casual manner at church or in some chance meeting. Hazel had had good reasons for keeping herself out of the way, and when they met had wrapped her-self in a triple veil of defences; so that it was rather a revelation to see her as she looked now. A tired child asleep, instead of the energetic young lady of Chickaree. Her three days' slumber had but partially done their work, and Hazel slept on now in the profoundest way ; her face and hands in rather noticeable acceptance of the gray shawl, considering whose it was. Prim looked, and looked, from time to time in the intervals of talking, until the talking seemed to die away; and she sat drawn back into herself. The light was failing now. Gyda mended her fire again, and the heavy iron tongs slipped from her hands and fell with a harsh clang upon the hearth. Wych Hazel awoke.

The greeting then was very affectionate.
"Wherever in the world did you come from?"
said Hazel. "Does it take two people to keep
watch of me?"

watch of me?"

"I came here to be out of the way," said Prim. "Dane wanted Arthur, or at least the hurt man wanted him. What in the world are you here for, Hazel?"

"Oh I have been inspecting the mills," said Hazel with a laugh; "and of course after such profound work I was tired. But I did not mean to go to sleep. Has averyhody also gove.

mean to go to sleep. Has everybody else gone home?—it is dinner time this minute."

'Nobody has gone home," said Primrose; "and they cannot help it's being dinner time,

you know. Were you ever here before !—in this house, I mean."

"Yes—O," said Hazel with sudden recollection, "has it taken all this time to attend to that man?"

"Arthy in these."

"Arthur is there."

"Is he?—that is good. But all this time?"
-with a shiver. "I do not see how I could sleep!"—she stood looking grave, as if rather disapointed in herself.

Yes," Primrose went on, -" Arthur and 1 were driving through the Hollow, just to see the things; and Dane laid hold of Arthur and sent me up here. He didn't tell me I should sent me up here. He didn't tell me i should find you." Primrose paused, as her eye fell on Hazel's cushioned and draperied chair. "You have changed your mind about Dane, haven't you Hazel?" she asked abruptly. Hazel faced round upon her in undoubted surprise.

"Changed my mind!" she repeated, flushing.

"Changed my mind!" she repeated, flushing all up, —"what was my mind!"
"You remember—last year."

"What about last year

"Why you remember, Hazel. You did not like him at all, and used to get out of patience with him.

"Of course I did. There is no particular call to get out of patience just now. And even generally wait for a reason."

"Have you made up you

"Have you made up your mind you will never get out of patience again?" Prim asked, with a keen look to the answer.
"No."

Prim's eye fell on the cushions and the gray

"You aren't going to vex him, Hazel, are you?

""Why, Prim "—Hazel took hold of her shoulder and gave her a gentle shake, though with a queer mixture of softness and sharpness, -"do I look like the good little girl in storybooks, that you put me through such a cate-

"No; but I find you up here,"—and again Prim's eye went to the grey shawl and came back to her friend's face.

"I am not specially responsible for that. The thing just now is to get away. Mr Falkirk will be out of his wits."

Prim was uncertain and dissatisfied, and sat

with Miss Kennedy, Hazel was a little shy of him; somehow she half fancied that his quick eye had read her secret.

you. And they want better care than they get."

"Thank you," said Rollo in his turn. "I him; somehow she half fancied that his quick eye had read her secret.

"Not possible, my dear. Rollo and I must be here all night on duty. And it is quite too dark for you to go alone."

"That poor man?" said Primrose. "Does the want you still? you and Dane?"

"No, it's not that. But some of that poor man's fellow-workmen have set their hearts, it is said, upon making a bonfire in one of Dane's mills, -to stop his making some people more comfortable than others, I suppose; and the

"A bonfire "said Prim. "I should think Duke would put a stop to that."

"So he intends, but you cannot always stop a thing before it is begun."

Dr. Arthur leisurely warning one foot as he 107. Arthur leisurely warming one toot as ne stood at the fire, took notice now that the third member of the company, not saying a word, was watching him with an interest before which even Prim's grew tame. And (all things being fair in the pursuit of science) suddenly intercenting the look be found that it as sudintercepting the look, he found that it as suddenly retreated, in some confusion. Whereup on "standing attention" a little more, Dr Arthur took the measure of the grey chair as accurately as he intended to have one made for himself, and then with a smile came back to the more selfish business of his warming his other foot. Therewith entered the temporary

master of the house.
"Well, ladies" said he; "have you come to any conclusion as to what is to be done We do not but half understand the case yet,

Duke," answered Primrose.

He passed through the room to Wych Hazel's

"I have got to be in the Hollow to-night," he said. "The wife of the man who was hurt, in an impulse of gratitude, I suppose, has warned me that an attempt will be made before morning to fire one of my mills. I do not half believe it; and yet I think I must be on hand. What will you and Prim do? There are only two things; for you to ride to Dr. Maryland's and that is seven miles-alongside of Arthur's buggy: or that you should spend the night here. I think Gyda can make you comfortable, have sent a messenger to Chickaree

Excuse me for interfering," said Dr. Arthur, but as my buggy remains here, the honour of Miss Kennedy's company alongside would be of doubtful expediency.

"Nonsense, Arthur!" said Dane; "if she wanted to go, I should let you take the buggy. What do you say, Miss Kennedy?"
"I shall stay," said Hazel just ready to laugh at the unwonted name. "Unless I can go alone."

"Sit down then," said he taking her hands and putting her back in her chair. "Arthur, take off your overcoat and make yourself components of the said fortable if you can. Prim, I am glad to see you." And he went over to kiss her. "Now we have got the evening before us. Gyda, we are all going to stay. Is your kettle on?"

CHAPTER XI.

He went out, probably to fill and put on the kettle himself; and came back with an armful of wood for the fire. In the light of a splendid blaze the four friends sat in a half circle round the fireplace, and the evening was falling grey outside.

"Do you expect they will really set fire to your mills, Duke?" Primrose asked.

"I do not know what to expect."

"But I thought they liked you so much?"
"Those are not the people who are talking of lighting up Morten Hollow. Do you know," he went on to Wych Hazel, "it is thought by some parties down there—that my doings are so much parties down there, that my doings are so much in want of explanation that the secret is probably to be found in Satanic influence."
"If they have house Beclzebub," said Prim, with her eyes

"And it would not pay to drench the cotton bales on an uncertainty"--said Hazel, her eye mentally fixed on one particular bale for which she had a kindness.

"I can't conceive how they should think so after all, Dane," said Primrose.

It seems unnatural for a man not to take all he can get. Therefore it has not been very difficult, I fancy, to persuade some of the ignorant people that a deep scheme to wrong them must be hid under the apparent plan for righting them. It is easier to believe that than

the truth."
"A little natural envy too," "said Dr. Ar-"Just when is this performance to come

"Impossible to guess

"The possible to guess.—Affaur, sand rans suddenly, "I want you for my doctor."
"You have me, sir," said Dr. Arthur, bending his brows upon his friend. "What's the matter with you?

Do I have you? I want you for a perman-

"I see. The case promises great interest. Well?—Begin with your most unpleasant sensations.

"You b gan with them this afternoon," said Dane gravely. "The case does possess interest, for it regards the sensations of fifteen hun-

thought you would, and yet it is a load off my

mind."
"Why it will be delightful," cried Prim.

"Nothing could be nicer."
"The next thing is, Arthur, where will you

"Why at home, can't he?"

"No. I will build a house for you, Arthur,

if you can put a housekeeper in it."
"Don't let such a trifle stand in your way," said Dr. Arthur. "There'll be one in it when I am there. And when I am not it's no

Dane uttered a low whistle, and looked at the other members of the little circle.

"Shews how much he knows about house-

keeping!"
"For a particular man, which he is," said

Prim.
"You wouldn't believe it," said Dane, his eye coming round to Wych Hazel, "but I shall the tea carefully to-night because that fellow is here."

"All which proves that I know to make it for myself," said Dr. Arthur composedly. "But it is mere fudge, Dane, about building a house for me. Get your hands roofed in, and then don't do one other thing at present. I'll live somewhere."

Lodge under a hedge, and dine in the top of a beech tree. Where would be a good place?

I do not mean, for the beech tree. Some where near the spot where the road to the Hollow leaves the Crocus road—that's about three miles. That would be in the way-of everything

"But Duke," said Primrose, "are you in earnest? Couldn't he be at home."

"Seven miles off, Prim? he was only just in time this afternoon. Arthur, I wish you would draw out a plan of a house you would like."
"But who could keep house for him? Pru-

dentia ?' No," said Dr. Arthur, "I cannot manage any prudence but my own. But Dane, I am in earnest. I want you to let your reserve force rest. You may reach corners where you will need it all."

"What are 'corners' in mill-work?" said the silent little figure in the depths of the cushioned chair. Dr. Arthur turned to her instantly, listened with almost critical attention while spoke; but then he drew back and waited

for Rollo to give the answer.
"A corner," said Dane with critical gravity, "is a place where your path is crossed by ano-Which indeed usually makes two corther.

ners; perhaps fonr."
"What do you do then?"
"Turn. That is, if I cannot go straight

on."
"Therefore you see that with a train of fifteen hundred men, a corner is an awkward

place," said Dr. Arthur. Wych Hazel went back to her cushions and her pondering making no reply. And Dr. Arthur, waiting for the answer which came not, took out his pencil and a card and began idly sketching an imaginary house. "There," he sketching an imaginary house. said, handing it over to Rollo, —"see if you can execute that ?"—Across the house was writ-

"Make her talk. I want to hear her."

"There is another sort of corner," Dane went on meditatively, after glancing at the card; a corner where ways end instead of meeting. The corner of a wall, for instance, inside, where there is no way out but to jump the wall."
"Yes," said Hazel. "I thought perhaps

that sort existed only in my experience

What is your experience of corners?' "I have seen two fences-meet."

"Yes, but where were you?"
"Mr. Rollo, I am talking seriously. What corners may be 'ahead, in this mill-work?"

"None, I hope, that I cannot get round. But if we are to speak more seriously, suppose that there should be a sudden failure of orders !

"So that he could make in two days more than he could sell in six," said Dr. Arthur, who with arms folded and eyes on the floor was lis-

tening keenly.
"But the man could not stop enting because

he stopped selling,"
"Of course," said Dane laconically.
"Of course," said Dane laconically.
"Then if the work went on as usual how long could you do it? 'Maryland means,' said Hazel. That is what Dr.

You see the corner.'

Hazel saw it, and retreated again to her own among the cushions.

"I am not in it yet,"—said Dane looking at her

"No. And I should not think you would call any place where you ought to be, 'a corner,'" said Hazel, who was generally impartial in her reproofs.

Not if it was a corner?" said Rollo with the

most innocent gravity.

' No. She laid her hand up against the side of the chair, leaning her face upon it, watching the fire. Turning slightly, from under the shadow of his own hand, Dr. Arthur studied her-

" Meauwhile, let us consider the plan of the charge of it;—on a salary to be fixed as hereafter agreed upon. What do you say?"

"Thank you—I should like it very much,—if it were only for the pleasure of working with

"It needn't be a large house, I suppose, Dane," said Primrose.
"Mem. To be a small house."

"A hush, Duke!" said Prim. "That is not

"Have, do tell him something," said Prim"Havel, do tell him something," said Prim-"He is laughing at me."

Hazel smiled, but she was not much inclined

to enter the lists.
"I am sure he has been laughing at me," she said. "And I do not know about the house only it ought to be perfectly bright and pretty in every way. Because Dr. Maryland will see so much pain in the course of his work, that he ought to find nothing but a welcome when he comes home."

"Are you satisfied, Arthur?" said Dane, as he gravely added to his notes.

"Quite. One should be, with perfection," said the doctor. "If Prim will kindly let me

arrange my own closets."

Prim was silent, and what she was thinking of, this story does not tell; but her next words

"Dane," she said suddenly, "is there any necessity for your going down to the mills to-night unless you are sent for?"

"I think it would be proper," said Dane, making his notice.

making his notes.

'Then you will go ?" "I suppose so.

"But if you had set men to watch, I should think they might have prevented all the trou-

ble."
"I did not want to prevent it."
"Not? Why, Duke?"
" would rate "If it is to come, I would rather it should come now, when I am here and expecting it."

"Is there danger of any rough work?"
"Among the men? I cannot tell."
"O Duke! if you had set men to watch, I should think they could have put out a fire without you.

Hazel roused up suddenly. "Prim, how can you talk so ?" she said in quick emphasis. "Of course he must go '"

Dr. Arthur smiled.

"I do not see the must," Primrose answered.
"You do not know what a mill-fight is,

The girl shrank back among her cushions. "But he must go-" she repeated, half to her-

"I do not expect to hear of many more mill-fights in Morton Hollow," said Dane very calmly. "What is it, Gyda? Supper? Well, some of our friends here will be very glad of it."

There was porridge and cream and flad-brod, of course; there was hung beef and honey; altogether it was rather a sumptuous meal. Rollo attended to the coffee on the hearth, and made the tea; as usual did half of the serving himself, and took care that his old nurse should not exert her strength beyond very gentle limits. They voted to disregard the table and keep their places round the fire. So in a grand red illumination from the blaze they took their cups of coffee, which Dane filled from the pot on the hearth; and handled their plates porridge and cream; and but for the night's work in prospect, would have regarded it as a piece of grand fun. To the young men indeed that circumstance was not enough to make it any less than fun, and to one of them it was much more. Gyda, whose little black eyes watched them all keenly, found it a pleasant sight; for the smile on her old lips was as sweet as May. Though indeed Gyda's smile was quite wont to be that. She sat where Rollo placed her and suffer d him to attend to her wants; but she said never a word unless spoken

It was still not far on in the evening when the supper was disposed of and the room was again in company order. The little circle gathered somewhat closer together. They had been talking gaily, yet something in the social atmosphere hindered conversation from the buoyancy natural to it in happy circumstances; it acted like a wreath of chimney smoke in a damp morning. In a pause which had come, no one knew why, Primrose remarked,

"I wish you would sing something, Duke." Why?"

"Why, because I like to hear you."
"Yes, do," said Dr. Arthur. "Prim's nerves are sadly out of tune." "I don't think my nerves are ever out of

tune," Prim answered gently.
"Not when they have work to do," said Rollo. "Nor ever at another time, that I

Rollo. "But you can sing, if I don't want tuning." "Certainly. But in all questions that are of duty, you have to consider the effect."

not of duty. The lazy deliberateness with which this was spoken, was at least as provoking as it was comical. Wych Hazel from her place was silently watching them all, her eyes going from one speaker to the other with wide open consi-

deration. Now, her lips just parted and curled and came back to their gravity.

"Go on-will you?" said Dr. Arthur,-"I have a perplexing question to decide before tomorrow; and it rather helps me to have some-body make a noise."

y make a noise. If you would tell us the question, perhaps it would help us make a noise," said Dane with

"Profound!"—said Dr. Arthur. "Well—give us something in that line."

"Original and scientific observation."

"That's your line. I was thinking—how would you define 'noise?"

"Extraneous sounds come pretty near it, with me," said Dr. Arthur.

"But you wouldn't call music 'a noise," said Primrose.

"Wouldn't I!--When Miss Powder has wandered off alone in the Sands of Dee and doesn't want to be interrupted !---

"But what you would call a noise, isn't music, Arthur. Now Hazel, I wish you would just sing one of your little songs and confound Primrose spoke entreatingly. in that way—than I can tell," said the doctor.
"Thank you," Hazel answered laughing;

"my songs are quite too small to do that for anybody. And besides, as I once heard somebody say,—'I was not asked first.'" "You are asked to be the first," said Rollo.

"I remember one night at Newport—"
Arthur began. Hazel interrupted him. "Need I not!" said the doctor smiling.
"Agreed!—I like this much better. But one night when you were singing to Kitty Fisher, in her room, she had secretly posted an ambush underneath the window. It would be hard to forget those songs, or to cease wishing to hear them again."

"Kitty Fisher!"

"You will certainly do for Prim what you would do for Kitty Fisher," remarked Rollo.

"I suspect I did it for myself then," said Hazel; and "for self" was the way she liked best to sing. But if he wished it— So without more ado the song came. Not one of her gay little carols this time, but a wild Border and true. gay fittle carois this time, but a while border lament; inimitably sweet, tender, and true. As effortless in the giving, as forgetful of auditors, as if she had been a veritable bird among the branches; for Wych Hazel always

lost herself in her music.

Then more was called for, with a general soft shout. And then, by and by, as Wych Hazel sang, a soft rich accompaniment began to chime in with her notes. Those two had never sung together before; doubtless that was forsung together before; doubtiess that was forgotten by neither; and it is not too much to say that the one voice came caressingly attending upon the other; playing around her notes with delicious skill, accompanying, supporting, contrasting, with a harmony as gracious as it was wilful; till at the close of a somewhat larger vices they made there was a printered longer piece than usual there was a universal burst of applause. Small audiences are not generally wrought up to such a pitch; and when they had done they all sat and laughed at

each other.
"Ah" said Dr. McArthur, "I asked for a noise, and after all had to make it myself!

They had got intoxicated with melody. They went on singing, of course. Various and diverse things, but for the most part of the deeper and thoughtful styles of music; sometimes together, sometimes alone. At last Gyda asked for a human state of the deeper and thoughtful styles of the style labeled at Wand Market and the state of the style labeled at Wand Market and the state of the style labeled at Wand Market and the style labeled at Wand Market and the style labeled at Wand Market and Mark for a hymn. Rollo looked at Wych Hazel. The two spots of colour which had been burning in

her cheeks, changed suddenly to a grave flush.
"That is for you," she said softly.
He waited a moment, and then sang,—

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"-

To hear Rollo sing a hymn, or any other song, was to have the meaning given with not less but more than speaking expression, and Wych Hazel's winter studies had enabled her to follow the words. The listeners were all very still, and no applause followed. But when the last line was ended, Rollo rose and announced it was time to go. As soon as he and Arthur had left the cottage, Hazel sprang up.

"Mrs. Boerresen, which window best commands the Hollow?"

mands the Hollow? "You can't see into the Hollow from any one of 'em, my lady."
"Where then ?"

"You know there's a bend in the Hollow, Hazel," Prim remarked. "We cannot see into it from anywhere here.

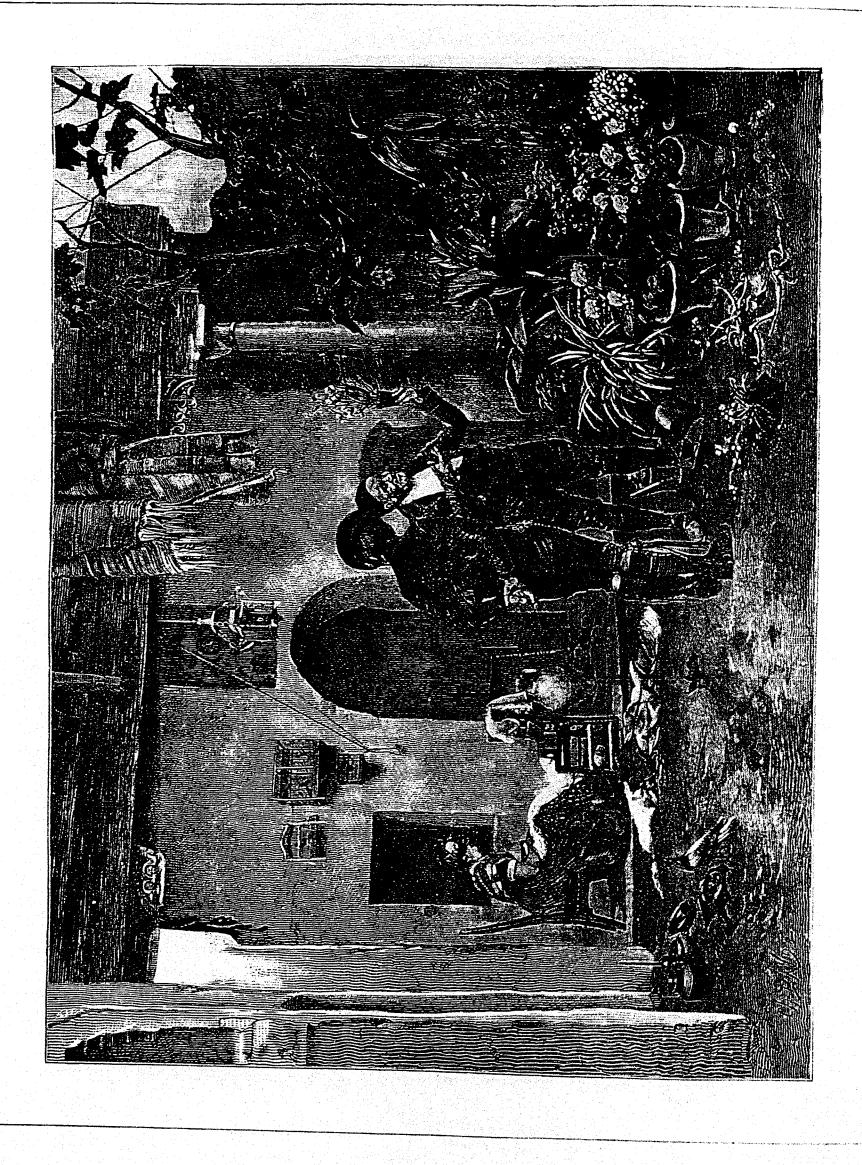
Wych Hazel stood looking down into the burnt out fire, her hands knotted tight to-gether. If she were but alone !-Could she in any possible way elude her companions and not any possione way cliude her companions and not be found out?—especially the first. Certai:ly she was a wayward creature, they might think. Five minutes ago listening to that hymn with the most quiet, subdued child's face; and now fairly sparkling with energy and purpose. How could she manage? Prim was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"It is not very cold," she remarked. "I am going as far as the top of the road."

(To be continued.)

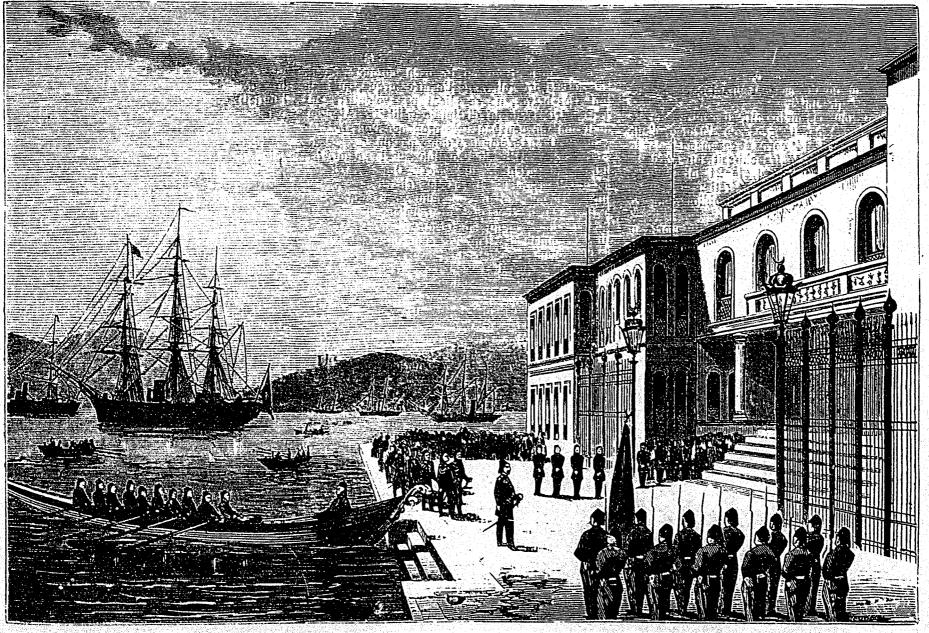
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the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

HEARING RESTORED—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp f r particulars. JNO. GARMOR, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.





SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.



THE EASTERN WAR.—ARRIVAL OF THE EGYPTIAN CONTINGENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHAT WILL BE.

BY W. M., HALIFAX, N. S.

What will they say when I am dead the winds will sigh around thy grave, And bid thee sleep; the long grass wa Its whisperings hush whate'er is said.

The willows bended, old and gray, Above thy tomb will throw their shade Seem weeping o'er where thou art laid, And caring for thy mouldering clay.

The leaves will fall around thee dead. The grass will wither o'er thy mound; Ah! what a sermon from the ground. Speaking of death when summer's fied.

The rain will drop from cloudy skies In dark midnight its pattering fall, And voices in the clouds that call Will seem to thee like angels' cries.

Like now when thou art prest with care, And all alone the world shut out, Thou look ist for succor all about And feel'st angels in the air.

Thro' ages summer suns will shine. Cold winter storms will flow around, And thou beneath the frozen ground Will calmly wait the end of time.

But what will they—the living—say When life is done, and I am dead? Of all my faults what will be said When neath the grass I mould away

What will they say—the living say! They'll all be dead thy name who knew They all will then be sleeping too. As a still night they'll pass away.

As one still night will ages pass, And thou sleep on thy sleep begun. The voices from the world that come Are but the murmurings of a mass.

But thou shalt sleep, thou'lt calmly rest, Thy grave with lich u covered o'er, With grass and blue bells, but the door To homes where dwell earth's pure and be-t.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

It is not so much an experience of my own that I am about to relate, as it is one connected with a dearly loved daughter—Heaven rest her soul-who is now no more.

Twenty years ago I was curate of a little town in England called Pitsleigh. Pitsleigh is town in England called Pitsleigh. Pitsleigh is situated in the heart of the coal district, and hard indeed was my task among the rough miners of the place. I seemed to have cast my lot with a set of savages who had copied the worst vices of civilisation without adopting any of its virtues. Drinking, wife-beating, and dog fighting were among the commonest of their degraded anywersets. degraded amusements. Soon, I became obnoxious to them, for my plain speaking, and went every day in fear of some brutal outrage. Still, it was my Master's work, and I was resolved to continue it as long as possible. My eldest daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, had established a class for the "gillies," or little boys who worked down in the mines, and only came un negationally to breath a the scarcely love seel. up occasionally to breathe the scarcely less coal impregnated air of day. Her favorite scholar was little Jim. Little Jim was a kind of male Topey. He had a fairned and Topey like he Topsy. He had no friends, and Topsy-like he "growed" into existence. There was something winning and attractive about the boy despite his dare-devil ways and elfish speech. As time his dare-devil ways and elfish speech. As time passed, and we learned to penetrate the mantle of reserve in which Jim wrapped himself up, a great many of his good qualities came to light. As for my daughter, little Jim listened to her with a kind of reverential admiration, and, in his uncouth way, was constantly expressing his anxiety to serve her.

The crisis at length came. For some time past I had been threatened by roughs who would openly insult me, and disturb the respectable part of my little congregation.

It was a very dark Saturday night. I had retired to rest when a thought suddenly struck me, and putting on my dressing gown I hastened to embody it in my sermon for the morrow. Scarcely had I taken up the pen when I heard a loud way at the series of the seri loud rap at the window, and the panting of some one who had evidently been running a running a

long distance. "Master, master," cried an eager voice, "let me in, master."

Hastily unfastening the window I pulled it open, and litle Jim, more dead than alive, crawled through. crawled through.

He tried to speak, but his purched and swollen tongue refused to perform its office.

I raised him and moistened his lips with water. in a little while he recovered sufficiently to sit up on the floor, and drink greedily from the

At last, he was able to speak, and as I watched his countenance it seemed to be full of some strange emotion that filled him with overmastering dread. Staggering to his feet with an involuntary movement he closed the window.

By this time I was becoming seriously My wife and daughter, aroused by Jim's en

trance, hastily dressed, and came down.

The sight of Eva my daughter seemed to exercise a magical effect on Jim. Drawing himself up to his full height, he pulled an old pistol from his pocket, and listened eagerly as if he expected some one.

"What is it, Jim!" said Eva, tremblingly.
To shorten Jim's rambling statement, it appeared he was returning from the pit and came suddenly upon a body of miners talking stealthily to each other. In the darkness he mingled with them unnoticed, and heard all their plan for attacking my house. They had been drinking freely, and though, at first, some of them were unwilling to join in the affair, they, after

a time, consented, and Black Evan, the instigator of every riot for miles around, was selected as their leader.

At that moment the glare of torches became visible on the carriage drive, and a disorderly crowd rushed along it to the front of the house. Opening the window, I carnestly endeavored

to persuade them from such a frantic course.
"Come out, come out," they yelled. "Dang
ye, parson, we thought ye'd show the white feather, come out.'

It seemed to me to be the best way, and that by so doing I could divert their fury from my helpless wife and child. I could not, however, remain proof to the latter's entreaties, and whilst hesitating what course to pursue the mob became impatient. Picking up a log they used it as a battering ram against the door. For some time it resisted their efforts. Ater repeated failures it at length gave way with a crash, and Black Evan, with a huge stone in his hand, sprang into the hall.

Jim had hastily constructed a barricade at the head of the staircase, and stood manfully by my daughter, his pistol in his hand.

Black Evan stood as if uncertain what to do. I could see by the hideous grin on his distorted lips, and the cvil glare of his eyes that he meant mischief. Drawing himself back he whirled the stone round and round his head, and then paused with a mocking laugh to see the agony of suspense with which I followed all his move-

I ought to have explained that I stood at the head of the staircase on the first flight. On the next flight was Jim, beside my daughter, and

behind them my wife.

The staircase there was very narrow, and there was no chance of avoiding any missile that once passed me.

There was an oath, and the stone came gyrating with tremendous force towards me. To my shame, be it spoken, I bowed my head, and it whizzed by my left temple just grazing the skin.

Overcome with anguish I tottered against the wall, feeling that it must carry certain death to my loved ones, and bitterly regretting the cowardice which had prevented my barring its course with my own body. I turned sick and faint as Jim sprang forward in front of my daughter to shield her.

With a dull, harsh thud the stone struck heavily on the child's breast, and the tender bones crushed in beneath its cruel pressure. I could feel the warm blood splash over my fea-tures as the murderous stone fell at my feet, and rolled slowly past me.

With a shrick Jim fired the pistol, and fell

back wildly beating the air. Black Even stumbled forward on his face, a thin, red stream trickling from his temple where the bullet had

entered, and I knew that he was dead.

A hush felt upon that awe-struck crowd. They seemed sobered directly by the awful presence of death, and dispersed in all directions. My daughter's tears fell thick and fast as she bent over Jim, and gently kissed his white

lips.

He still breathed but was unconscious. There was something very pitiful and pathetic about the small golden-haired figure that lay there so unnaturally still and calm. Poor little, lonely Jim! In all our meetings he had been so full ot life, so gay, as happy during his brief sojourn in the sunshine as any butterfly that flew from flower to flower; so brave in his patient endurance of wrong, so compassionate to any thing weaker than his own puny strength, and now he was about to leave the only friends he had ever known. They were the only ones who with a kindly look or smile had brightened and cheered his little toilsome existence, and he was about to give up his life for their sakes, dear, noble little Jim!

Towards morning he opened his eyes, and smiled feebly as he felt our wet tears on his

My daughter held his little feverish hand in hers, "Oh! loving, faithful heart," she sobbed, "you have sacrificed yourself for me," and, stooping, she kissed repeatedly his clammy

Little Jim smiled. Such a smile! In its tranquil radiance his features shone with all the glory of another world. Though the blood was running from his mouth he struggled to speak.

"Be quiet, Jim," she cried. "Only be

quiet, and you may yet live. Try to live for

nly sake, that you may be a brother to me!"

Little Jim feebly shook his head, and motioned for something to drink. The light came back to his eye, and he struggled into a sitting

"Miss Eva," he whispered. "Don't cry when I am gone. Indeed, indeed it does not hurt me now. I never had anybody but you to love, and, though they called me bad and wicked, I would not steal or lie after you had from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the farm by which it suffers. taught me better. I never knew that it was wrong until you told me." His voice grew His voice grew fainter, but, after a pause, he resumed. never seemed to come within that dark, dark mine. I always thought he loved the sunshine and the birds, and didn't care for us so far

With a sigh he sank back, and, in his wanderings talked to the horse, the faithful companion of his dreary solitude. "Good bye," he murmured. "I'm 'fraid you'll miss me when I'm gone. No one will ever bring you flowers and green, cool grass again. You'll be beaten and driven, and then you'll miss me for

The twittering of the birds came through the casement in the dim dawn. "Listen! listen!

The music and the singing !" he cried. "They're

calling, call—ing—me—a—way"——
The blood gushed from his mouth as he fell

still smiling, and little Jim was dead.
Since then I have passed through many lands, but every year I return to visit two graves nestling side by side in that dull region. One of them is my daughter's, and the other that of little Jim.

GEORGE B. BURGIN. L'Orignal, Ont.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PATIENT SUFFERING .-- There is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

GAMESTER.—Take a skeleton from the box of an anatomist, give its head an immovable mask of flesh; clothe the skull, but leave all besides dry bones; make it calculate, but not feel; give it motion but not life, and there's your model—there's your trading gamester.

DUELLING. -- If a man pronounces you a liar it is very absurd to call him out for the same This ceremony does not prove that you are not a liar; it only shows, that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol--probably a leadless one-- is fired at you.

SENSIBILITY .- A man who would thrive in the world has no such enemy as what is known by the term sensibility. It is to walk barefoot in a mob; at every step your toes are crushed by the iron-shod shoon of crowding vagabonds, who grin from ear to ear at the very faces you make—at the cries that may escape you.

CHEERFULNESS .- The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates are resulted and stand threat the same standard and standard threat the same standard threat threat the same standard threat th every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

PATH OF SAFETY .- Some clear-headed fellow says there is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and this is economy and faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society where he is living beyond his means. Let all true and noble women express their disgust at the extravagant and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the millstone that has dragged over republics to destruc-tion; so shall our young men find a larger and nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert English womanhood.

SOLITUDE .- Oh, solitude, how sweet are thy charms! to leave the busy world and retire to thy calm shades is surely the most cestatic leasure the contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendour, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us incite us to contemplate and adore. In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it, and render it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature. Blest selitude! may we never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great advantage.

JEALOUSY.—Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and feeding alike upon his heart and brain, it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment-scat, and gives the reins to passion; it is the punishment of Tantalus without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain; the proofs which convince but tend to confirm its fatal error.

MARRIAGE .-- Perhaps nothing shows the existence of the Divine idea in marriage so much as its incomprehensible mystery, which all those who enter it, save the most frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to recognise, feeling themselves as much surrounded by it as if they lived among the great primeval agencies that first set the world going; for to all it seems as strong as if they were the first and only ones, and they are at a loss to explain it or to penetrate the meaning of the deep and sacred enigma. They understand a mother's love for the flesh of her flesh in her children, a child's love for the visible providence of its father; but who is to comprehend the love of the husband, who, arrived at maturity, with all his prejudices formed, his course marked out, meets one who, in scarcely more than an instant, becomes more to him than father and mother, sister or brother, or all in the world—in short, on whose presence the happiness of the world hinges! And who shall comprehend the devotion of the wife, who, if need were, would die for her husband?

HUMOROUS.

AN old negro says, "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey needs some oder kind of dressin."

WHERE one youth depends on his mental ability for success in life, nine rest their hopes on the cut and gloss of their collars.

THERE was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: "He was umpire in a close game."

A SHOPKEEPER in the Far West, having had a stormy discussion with his better half, put the shutters up and affixed the following netice—"Closed during altercations.

"So," observed a friend to the father of a 50, observed a friend to the father of a pupil who had carried off a prize at the Paris Conservatoire. "your son has earned his spurs?"—"Yes." replied the practical sire. "and now he has to earn his boots."

The following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter—"Tell him (1) will see: (2) to use blacker ink; (3) to round his letters; and (4) that there's no h in exorbitant."

It was Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb who was asked to give an appropriate motto for the collar of a dog named Spot, and suggested "Out, damnéd spot, which displeased the owner, but was a capital instance of the pun-quotation. Another was suggested, which was not bad, for a cat's collar, "Micat interomnes"—"He shines among all."

This is the season of the year when the This is the season of the year when the average clerk talks carelessly for a few days about Saratoga, Long Branch, and other fashiohable watering place, buys another twenty-five cent white tie, packs his valise, bids all his friends adieu, and slides carefully up the back streets, and takes the stage up country to help the old folks get in hay for a week or two.

the old folks get in hay for a week or two.

THE man who was inspired to write a long poem just because he heard the rain on the roof, should come and sleep with us at our boarding house. He'd hear a noise on the roof that would form a foundation for a whole volume of poetry: that is, if there is any inspiration to be received from hearing a man crawl along the ridge pole, only pausing occusionally to pull down his shirt or throw a soap dish or china match safe at a cat just ahead of him.

cat just ahead of him.

An Ohio political stumper, while making a high-flown speech recently, paused in the middle of it and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man in the assembly rose and, with one eye partly closed, said, with a Scotch broque, "Mr. Speaker, I think, sir—I dae indeed, sir—I think that, if you and I were to stump the country together, we could tell mair lies than ony ither twa meh in the country, sir; and I'd no say a word mysel' a 'the time, sir."

TITANS AND MEN.

"Blessed are the meek," exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreaded monster is consuming his vitals? We are not a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand channed to turing rock with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of horoic and even meek endurance. But Proof heroic and even meek endurance. But Promethus has left no descendants. With vultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miserable. Fre ful, gloomy, hypochondrical, he sees the world and life all on the wrong side—the dark side - and who ever dares to assert that there is a sunny side, he regards as an enemy, or at best a mocker of his imaginary woes. Unlike the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is like the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is not succorless. There is an arm to rescue—a balm to cleanse and heal. As remedies for this most depressing of all diseases—"Liver Complaint," none are more efficient or popular than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Pellets effectually remove the effect and poisonous matter, while the Medical Discovery imparts strength and health to the entire system. They are sold by druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of Canadian ILLUS-TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters received. Many thanks D. C. M., Quebec.—Letter received. We have attended to your suggestion.
J. B., Montreal.—The Canadian Chess Congress and Tournament will take place at Quebec, on the 20th of August next, and following days.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS MATCH BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

According to promise, we give to-day a few more particulars connected with the correspondence match which is about to come off between Great Britain and the United States. This contest appears to have been suggested and set on foot by the editor of the Glasgow News of the Week on the one hand, and the editor of the Hartford Times, Conn. U.S., on the other. From the latest intelligence we learn that twenty-eight players on the British side have already been registered, and sixteen only, as yet, on the side of the United States.

As regards the selection of antagonists for individual games, this can be ascertained by reference to the anexed rules. Each player in the match will have to contest four games with his opponent, and the side winning the majority of games will claim the victory. For the annexed rules and the foregoing particulars, the whole of which are from the Glasgow News, we are indebted to the kinduess of our correspondent, Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal Chess Club.

RULES OF PLAY IN INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

CREAT BRITAIN vs. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CREAT BRITAIN vs. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1st. Play to be conducted according to "Chess Praxis" by Staunton.

2nd. Intending players allowed one month from date of publication of announcement, to enter. Envelopes to be marked "Chess," and addressed to the Editor of The News of the Week, Glasgow.

3rd. The Editors of the Hartford Times and News of the Week wish applicants to state their experience in such contests, so that the pairing may be as even as possible on that basis.

4th. The time to elapse between receiving and posting replies to be two clear lawful days. In all cases, the moves and date on which the moves are received to be alluded to in the replies, and the date to be given in a record of the games at the close.

5th. If six weeks elapse, and no reply be received, the player not receiving such reply may make a claim for the unfinished games by appeal to the Editor under whom he entered; but the illness of a player, or his departure for another country, will not be deemed a sufficient reason for cancelling such unfinished games.

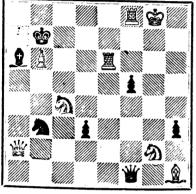
6. The players of each country to have the first move in two games, and they will arrange to number them 1, 2, 3, 4. The players representing the "old country" will have the first move in Nos. 1 and 2, and the players in the United States in Nos. 3 and 4. It is suggested, in order to save about six months time, that ten or a dozen of the opening moves on both sides be made up to a point where neither side has the advantage, and the party who selects the opening moves permits his opponent to take choice in positions.

7th. If, at the end of two years, any unfinished games remain, the players shall forward copies to the Editors under whom they entered, and give diagrams of the positions, on which they shall give an analysis showing draws or wins. The editors will then communicate with each other, and should they not agree, such games to be cancelled.

PROBLEM No. 133. By R. B. WORMALD.

(From Pierce's "English Chess Problems.")





WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 191st.

Played some time ago in the Divan Tournament, between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

(Scotch (Fambit.)		
WHITE.—(Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. 2	
1 71		

1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3 (a)
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt Ptakes Kt
6. B to Q 3.	P to Q 4
7. Q to K 2	B to K 2
8. Kt to B 3	Castles
9. Castles.	R to K sq
10. P to K 5	B to K Kt 5
11. Q to Q 2;	
12. P to B 4	Kt to Q 2
13. P to B 5	Kt to B 4
14. P takes Kt	Kt takes B
15. P to B 6	P to Kt 3 (b)
16. 0 45 75 7	B to K B sq
16. Q to Kt 5	Q to Q 2
17. R to B 4	B to K B 4
18. P to Q 4	P to B 4
19. R to R 4	B to Q 6 (c)
20. Q to Kt 3	P takes P
21. R takes Q P	B to B 5
22. R to R 4	Q to B4
23. B to B 4	P to Q 5
24. Kt to R 4	B to Kt 4
25. P to Kt 3	B takes Kt
26. P takes B	QR to Kt sq
27. R to K su	R to Kt 8
28. B to B sq	B to Kt 5
29. R to B sq	Q takes R (ch) (
30. K takes Q	R takes B (ch)
31. K to K 2	R takes P (ch)
32. Q takes R	R to K 8 (ch) (e)
	and wins.
	and wine.

NOTES.

(a) This is now considered to be a good defence, and certainly safer, where time is limited, than 4. Q to R 5.
(b) This was almost compulsory, as White threatens to win a piece by P to K R 3.
(c) A very fine move, preventing White's meditated sacrifice of the Rook.
(d) The termination is played in Mr. Zukertort's happiest style.

pleas style.

(c) From this point Mr. Blackburne unnecessarily pro-tracted the game sometwenty moves longer; but White's ultimate victory is so assured that we do not think it necessary to give the concluding moves.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 131.

BLACK

WHITE.	
1. Kt to Kt 3	
2. Q to R 7	
3. Mates.	

B takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 129.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. R takes P (ch)
2. Kt takes P (ch)
3. B-mates.

l. K to K Kt 3 2. K to B 3

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 130. BLACK. WHITE.

Kt at Q B 3 Pawns at Q5 and R K at Q 3 R at Q B2 Pawns at Q B 4 and Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves

In consequence of spurious imitations of

PERRINS' SAUCE, AND LEA

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,

Lea Livins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
MESSRS, J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL, MESSRS, URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL,
14-14-52-156

Agents Wanted for "History of Turkey and the War in the East," by Dr. Hammond. Prospectus books are ready. Now is your chance to make money.

Address. A. H. HOVEY & CO., Publishers.

No. 48 Ktng St., E., Toronto, Out.

Superior in Style, Elegant in Workmanship, Faultless n Fit. New Ties and Silk Handkerchiefs, including Silk Hemstitched, with embroidered initials; Dent & Fownes' Kid and Tan Gloves; Single-breasted Summer Vests, new styles. W. GR NT & CO., 249 St. James Street. Samples of Chiefman and Dental Street. Street. Samples of Shirtings sent by mail.

OUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEU MATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS. Circular free.

A. NORMAN.

15-23-52-266

4 QUEEN STREET, TORONTO.

PER MONTH MADE BY SELLING our letter-copying book. No press or water used. Send stamp for circulars. Money refunded. A. ELKIN. Room 11. No. 46 Church Street, Torouto.

J. K. MACDONÁLD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH, &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

EMPLOYMENT, We are offering good pay two enterprising men or women in each County. Send for the most complete Illustrated Chromo Catalogue ever published. W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING

BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.

244 Parthenais St., Montreal.

15-17-52-232

BULMER & SHEPPARD.

THOS. CREAN, MERCHANT AND MILITARY TAILOR.

(LATE MASTER TAILOR IN H.M.S.)

SCOTCH TWEEDS, and ENGLISH SERGES BLACK, BLUE, and GREEN, for Suits, always or hand. No. 435, Yonge Street,

8-25-24-272

TORONTO.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal and Ottawa

Passengers by Day boat teast every morning at 7 a.m

By Night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m.,
except on Saturday. Baggage checked through.
Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station,
Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa.

R. W. SHEPHERD,

15-21-26-259

DR. A. PROUDFOOT, OCULIST AND AURIST. Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall,

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

GOLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled. Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and

Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, PRUSHES CHEMICALS, DYE. STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &C.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST, PAUL ST.,

253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST., MONTREAL.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neatly done



For sale by McGIBBON & BAIRD, DAVID CRAW FORD, St. James Street, DUFRESNE & MONGENAIS, Notre Dame Street, and by Grocers generally throughout the Dominion. 15-10-26-216

ANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dealers our new unbreakable glass chimneys and laune goods. N49 PEBBLING. Salary liberal, business permanent. Hotel and traveling expenses paid.

MONITOR LAMP GO., 284 Main St., GENCHARAT, OMO.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and SKIN radically cured by using NEPENTHE BITTERS. Ask for

NE-PEN'-THE BITTERS,

take no other, and you will obtain immediate relief.

15-23-52-266

TO LET

AFIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING, No. 1464 Abbotsford Terrace (opposite Emmanuel Church), 8t Catherine Street, in good order, well drained, and rat proof. Rent moderate.

Applyto

G. B. BURLAND.

Burland-Desbarats Lith. Co., Bleury St.



CAUTION.—A great many Gentlemen buy their Shirts ready-made with a view to economy. If you really wish to study economy, the best way is to order your Shirts, which will cost no more and will keep clean longer than ready n.ade. Printed instructions and price list sent free. Address:

A WHITE.

A. WHITE, 65 King St. West, Toronto.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FAGULTY DEVINS, WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy forWorm in Children or Adults Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adult : PASTILLES DE DEVINS APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE

A Box will be sent to any address in Canada (post paid) on receipt of 25 cents. DEVINS & BOLTON Druggists, Montreal.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

USE DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S

EXPECTORATING SYRUP,

Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir, 64, ST. DENIS STREET,

Corner of Dorchester.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$55 to \$77 B. Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

THE COOK'S FRIEND **BAKING POWDER**

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

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVESTIME.

IT SAVES TEMPER.

IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS. 55 College Street

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada. A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND, SUCH AS

FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES,

SELECTED NEW MUSIC, DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the

Illustrated Family Friend

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

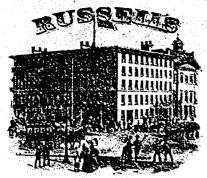
Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY."

Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO.,

PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS. 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL

F. N. BOXER, Architect, Meditor.



ST LOUIS STREET OHEHE C The Russell Gotel Company

WILLIS RUSSELL, President.

This HOTEL, having been painted and refitted through out, has now been Re-opened for summer business and pleasure travel. 16-1-5 274

FACLE FOUNDR GEORGE BRUSH. STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS STEAMPUMPS DONKEY ENGINES. CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS, GEAR WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES, HANGERS,&C. MPROVED HANDAND POWERHOISTS STONEAND ORE BREAKER. WATERS PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR



New Work of Vital Interest.

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg. PROM

J. WILLIAMS, P. M.

22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABRRDREN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE

CONTENTS:

-Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.

3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion.

4.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments.

5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

ASK IMPROVED
Marseilles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine
Balls, also
Button and English Liquid
and and Parisian Square Washing Blues GROCER

14-23-52-189

ROWNTREES' Prize Medal ROCK COCOA

The popularity of this Rich and Nourishing preparation is due to the facts

I .- That it contains COCOA and H. I. Bowntree & Co., SUGAR ONLY, without any admixture of Parina.

II.—That the proportion of Coccy to Sugar is exceptionalla

YORK,

RK, large.

III.—That the Cocca used is not robbed of any of its nourishing constituents.

IV.—That the delicate flavor of the Cocca Nib is not hidden by any other flavor.

15-9-26-214

" Berkeley, Sept., 1869 .- Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above named Pills, for wird in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted .- I am, Sir, yours truly HENRY ALLPASS,-To the Proprietors of NOBTON's 14-6-52 -02 w. CANONILE PILLS

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL. BELFORD BROS.,

FIRE. CAPITAL, Unlimited liability of

ASSETS, OVER

W. E. SCOTT, M. D. Medical Adviser JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector



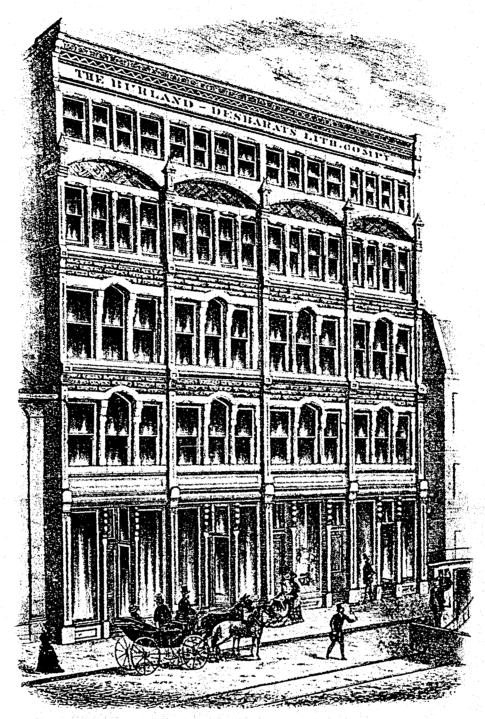
LIFE. \$10,000,000 \$16,000,000

Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.

H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agents. W. TATLEY, S

15-1-59-201

OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal



NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAIN & Co., and at 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESHARATS, being merged into the

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the nomy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND DESBARATS LITHO-GRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

IN THE BEST STYLE,

AND AT LOWEST PRICES

Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of

ENGRAVING,
DIE SINKING,
EMBOSSING.
PLAIN. GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING,
STEREOTYPING, &c., &c.

At the Office Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling out.

ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY. 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

PUBLISHERS,

60, York Street, Toronto, Ont.

JUST PUBLISHED.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.—Sequel to Helen's Rables, by the author of Helen's Bables. Cloth. 750.; paper, SOC.

SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST; or EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOURS, by the author of Helen's Bables. Cloth, 75c; paper, 50c.

THE AMERICAN SENATOR, by Anthony Trollope, author of the Prime Minister, &c., &c.

EVERGREEN LEAVES, being notes from my travel book, by Toofie. Crown dro; cloth, \$1 50; paper, \$1 00.

This is a charming book of travel by a Toronto lady. IN A WINTER CITY, by Onida. Cloth, \$1 00; paper,

ARIADNE, by Ouida, author of Strathmore, Ina Win-ter City: Chandon: Puck, &c., &c. Cloth, \$1:25, paper, \$1.00.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS, by Prof. Mathews, author of Getting on in the World, &c. Cloth, \$1.00, paper covers, 75 cts.

Belford's Monthly Magazine,

TERMS .-- 33 00 a year, in advance; 30 cents a Number Published the 10th of every month.

The Fortnightly Review, Canadian Edition.

PRICE, PRR ANNUM, \$5.00. SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS To Agents wanting to canvass for the above Mag

BELPORD BROTHERS, Publishers, 60 York street, Toronto

AGENTS WANTED.

IN A FEW DAYS.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT FIRE IN ST. JOHN, N.B., June 20, 1877, by Geo. Stewart Jr. St. John, N.B., with map and numerous illustrations. Agents wishing territory should apply at once. Belford Brothers, Publishers, Toronto.

JAS. CLARKE & CO. Agents for Ontario, Toronto

DAWSON BROTHERS.

Agents for Quebec Montresi

The above works supplied by all backsellers by the DAWSON BROTHERS,

Agenta for Eastern Ontario, Quebec and the 15.24-50-267 Maritime Provinces

WANTED AGENTS to sell the MIRACULOUS in required. Alors a ready. Lasts our year. Sells at sight. Sample 10 cts.; 3 for 25 cts. Address. MONTREAL NOVELTY Co.,

Will, St. James Street, Montresi, P.Q.

\$66 a Week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out to the HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine

1877.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

The GRAND HOTEL at this popular summer resort He rol musications for all

RHEUMATIC and CHRONIC

complaints will be open from 31st May till October. Most liberal terms and special inducements to families. Ample accommodation, comfort and recreation.

Route by Ottawa River Boats, and M. & O. Railway. Send for circular to GRAND HOTEL COMPANY. Ottawa or Caledonia Springs. Orders for water solicited and Agenta mantel.

15 20-13 256

Fun and Amusement! 48 Styles, the Best Out!

Transparent Cards.

25 blank, 15e, 25 printed, 20c. 25 Bristol Cards, 10e, 25 Snowfake, 20c., 12 beautiful Chromo cards 20c, 25 Mixed Cards, 20c., 9 samples sent for 3 ct. stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents Wanted. Order of the old established and reliable firm, A. II. Fuller & Co. Brockton, Mass. Brockton, Mass.

ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and

WHOLESALE STATIONER.

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS.

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine

ALWAYS ASKS WHERE is the original ULLEY'S BRUSH WORKS! It is It

ALBERT J. ULLEY. 15-18-13-242

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the Burkand-Desharats Lithographic Company (Limited), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.