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Schall & Hays 1876

THE CENTENNIAL.—INTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 3rd June, 1876.

MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

Owing to the crowded state of our pages, we must place in the editorial column a brief account of the inauguration of the Mount Royal Park which took place on the Queen's Birthday of this year. Our illustrations give a view of several of the ceremonies accompanying that event. The volunteers, who turned out pretty strong, held a review on Fletcher's Hill in the vicinity. When the brow of the Mountain was attained, the Park was declared opened in a neat speech by Mayor HINCHINSON, who was followed by other speakers, and lastly by Hon. PETER MITCHELL, to whose oration we refer in another column. Alderman NELSON, the Chairman of the Municipal Finance Committee, delivered a practical discourse detailing the costs of the Park up to date. He said that many persons in Montreal had no idea that the road had been constructed whereby so many citizens had been enabled to ascend the mountain by an easy and gradual carriage road, and it was for the purpose of showing it to them that the Corporation had decided upon the visit. It was intended to have made the roads much more complete, but the bad weather of the past few weeks prevented the accomplishment of their wishes. Still they had worked unceasingly when they could, and the result was patent to every one. In giving the figures he would not undertake to give the whole cost of the Park, because he could not do that. There had been opposition to the Park on the part of certain proprietors. They had suits at law with these, some of which the city gained, and some of which they lost. But even if the Park completed should cost \$2,000,000—which was one-tenth of one per cent. on the value of taxable property of the city—the tax on the assessed value of the taxable property of the city to meet interest and sinking would be \$16.25 on each \$100,000 value. If any one figured it up, he would find that in thirty years the whole debt and interest could be paid off at a small cost to each man. He proceeded to read the following figures, showing the amount expended in improving the Park so far:—

Paid Mr. Olmstead on account of contract entered into with him for \$5,000 U. S. currency to furnish plans and supervise the laying out of the grounds.....	44 90
Engineering expenses, making surveys, preparing contour and other plans, and forming the minor drives and walks during the years 1874 and 1875.....	7,430 12
Erecting stairs, sheds, &c., on Peel street front.....	750 00
Erecting stairs, sheds, &c., at east end.....	1,281 00
Work on Main avenue in 1875, \$12,531 31, to 22nd of May, 1876, \$21,302 01.....	33,833 32
Cost of flag staff and flag, and erection.....	303 68
Nursery for trees per pay list of 22nd of May.....	127 65
Total.....	\$ 30,122 30

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

The fourth volume of the Census of Canada, from 1665 to 1871, just published, furnishes some interesting and hitherto unknown information concerning the Uni-

ted Empire Loyalists. The subject is invested with additional interest at the present time from the celebration of the American Centennial.

Whilst the War of Independence of the thirteen colonies was being prosecuted, the Loyalists, as they were called, a large number of whom had joined the British Army, suffered confiscation and banishment; the greater number remained, notwithstanding, in their native or adopted country; others sought refuge in England; others, again, to the probable total number of from 35,000 to 40,000 persons, including disbanded soldiers, came to seek an asylum in Canada and Nova Scotia. Before their arrival the population of British origin in the latter Province amounted to 12,000 souls, being a decrease from the number by the Census of 1772 in Nova Scotia, which then included New Brunswick. The part of the Province of Quebec now constituting that Province contained about 10,000 souls of the same origin; that part of Quebec, now forming the Province of Ontario, may be said to have been then uninhabited. The great movement of the United Empire Loyalists to England, began on the conclusion of the peace by the Treaty of Paris, signed on the 3rd September, 1783, but from the time of the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, a considerable number of Loyalists had sought refuge in Nova Scotia. Similarly, after the capitulation of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, in October, 1777, a certain number of Loyalists obtained shelter in the Province of Quebec. The Loyalists were well received by Britain and her Colonies. Parliament passed an act authorizing the Crown to settle the amount of the losses they had sustained by the confiscation of their property, and to indemnify them, which was done between 1784 and 1788, the Commissioners holding Courts of Enquiry successively in England, in Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. In the Provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia, there were given to the Refugees land to the extent of from 200 to 1,200 acres to each family, agricultural implements and food and clothing for two years. Besides what was done for the refugee families, an Order in Council by the Government of the Province of Quebec, dated 9th September, 1789, provided for the settlement of the children of the Loyalists. The following is an extract from this Order in Council:— "The Council concurring with his Lordship, it is accordingly ordered that the Land Boards take means for preserving a register of the names of all persons falling under the description above mentioned, to the end that their posterity may be discriminated from future settlers in the parish registers and rolls of the militia of their respective districts and other public remembrances of the Province, as proper objects by their perseverance in the fidelity and conduct so honourable to their ancestors for distinguished benefits and privileges. And it is also ordered that the Land Boards may, in any such case, provide not only for the sons of those Loyalists as they arrive at full age, but for their daughters also of that age, or on their marriage, assigning to each a lot of 200 acres more or less." Lists still exist in Canada; a copy of one of these is deposited in the Archives of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, the original of which belongs to the Ontario Government; and there are to be found in the London Archives, amongst the documents known as the "Haldimand Papers," lists of names and other memoranda relating to the Loyalists, anterior in date, however, to the Order in Council just cited. The despatches of Governor Parr of Nova Scotia, dated in September and October, 1783, give 20,000 in all as the number of United Empire Loyalists who had taken refuge in that Province, including New Brunswick, which was still part of Nova Scotia. In 1784 the whole littoral of the River St. Lawrence, from Lake St. Francis to Lake Ontario, the shore of Lake On-

tario as far as and including the Bay of Quinté, the neighbourhood of the town of Niagara, then called Newark, and part of the shores of the Detroit River, were colonized by about 10,000 United Empire Loyalists who, assisted by Government aid, took possession of land which had been laid out for their reception. Previous to that time and since, a number of Loyalists, less considerable than that of the refugees in Upper Canada, but still important, had settled in the Lower Canadian part of the then Province of Quebec, especially on that part which lay close to the American frontier. Without it being possible to give the precise number of the United Empire Loyalists who, during the course of the Revolutionary War, and for some years after the Treaty of Peace in 1783, took refuge in what is now British North America, it may be estimated as amounting to about 40,000. The fact that the Loyalist emigration towards the British Provinces lasted many years must not be lost sight of, for, even after having escaped the first dangers of the Revolutionary period, and long after the Peace was concluded, the position of the Loyalists in the midst of the new Republic was often difficult to endure.

REPUBLICANISM IN FRANCE.

The Republican idea is steadily making its way in France. In a circular issued a few days before his death, the late Minister of the Interior, M. RICARD, affirms it in a most emphatic manner. He says that for some years it has been open to the men appointed to conduct the business of the country to think that the political regime, not being settled, they might, without any dereliction of duty, maintain openly and seek to forward their own political opinions. Hence the equivocations and contradictions which have offended public feeling. It is therefore necessary to put an end to doubts which are injurious to the Government, and to discourage party hopes which are now nothing but factions. For this reason Prefects ought to declare they are the representatives of the Republic in their department; they are called to co-operate in a work of conciliation and pacification, which they will prosecute with unflinching constancy in the administrative domain, while in the political domain they will lend themselves to no equivocation or complaisance. The harmony of the organized powers, so necessary to their common work, demands in their mutual relations a certain deference and respect. Men in the position of Prefects have in the past sometimes considered themselves justified, by differences of political opinions, in neglecting these duties towards the elected representatives of the district. This is wrong, and it is aggravated by the responsibility of their positions, as it almost always gives rise to difficulties in the conduct of affairs. Without insisting more upon those duties of courtesy, which democratic manners alone should render so natural, the best means of maintaining proper relations with the deliberative bodies is to respect scrupulously the attributes of each of them. This duty is and will become at once more imperious and more difficult; for it demands on the part of the Government and of the administration a kind of disinterestedness and at the same time attentive vigilance. The liberties given to the local councils are in a measure detached from the entirety of the attributes which were concentrated in the hands of the administration. All ought to aid the country in resuming possession of the management of its own affairs, and at the same time to maintain carefully in the hands of the central authorities that share of power which it is for the advantage of the State that they should retain. A disposition towards encroachments is natural in bodies but recently emancipated. The administrative machinery has been for centuries and will remain one of the great forces of the country; but this force must yield to new usages, and accustom the nation to use the liberties it has gained without endangering

its prosperity and its power. The Prefects represent a government which is neither that of a particular class of citizens, nor that of a sect; therefore party spirit must not guide their conduct towards men, or dictate their decisions in matters of business. So also, in the exercise of the powers which belong to them for the fulfilment of their mission of order and social security, they will not seek pretexts for lightly sacrificing individual rights, the more sacred because they are the rights of the weak. The only means by which the Republic will merit the gratitude of the country are by putting an end to all divisions, by satisfying the great interests daily created in the bosom of an industrious society; and finally, by enabling France, pacified, reassured, and protected without being restrained, to enjoy the happiness reserved to free nations—a happiness which consists in a sense of vitality and in a lofty self-esteem.

THE FREE LANCE.

When a man says the debt of nature his other creditors are sometimes left in the lurch.

When you are firing for practice the first time, you will be as likely to hit the target as any other place, because it is all accident.

The best way to learn geography nowadays is to get up a war. It is thus we have learned all about Abyssinia, Khiva, Achenes, Ashantee, and Herzegovina.

A dramatic critic wrote, the other day, that the audience settled themselves down to the *lectures* of a good programme. Now the question arises—of the programme got a delirium, what did the audience get?

The proprietor of a certain inebriate system advertises that he *treats* his patients well.

We "poor devils" in the world are like the poor "devil" in our printing office. We should never be in the way, and never be out of the way. There is no "third term." Where are we to go?

People talk glibly enough of the faults of their neighbors. Their sorrow over their own faults is too deep for utterance. They never say a word about them.

A leading grocer's firm in this city advertises "English sugar in loaves" as something new and particularly fine. And people buy it on the strength of its name. Now what in the name of St. Kitts is English sugar? In what part of the tight little island does it grow?

The following is delicious because it is true: A dealer had bought a lot of wood from a barge that was scared off by the ice, at \$6 a cord. A gentleman who had knowledge of the transaction priced the dealer's wood.

"Nine dollars a cord, sir."
"Why such an enormous advance?"
"For prospective storage, sir," said the dealer, thrusting his hands into the bottom of his pockets and looking steadfastly over at St. Helen's Island.

In a certain daily paper we read the following curious notice:

"A Temperance concert, to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, at the ——— street Church."

What is a temperance concert? A waggish friend replies that it is a concert in which the band *abstains* from music.

Two young fellows were speaking of the injustice and inascibility of their employer, in a public department of this city.

"I wonder why he is always raising Cain at us," said one.

"Because he isn't Abel," replied the other.

NO MOTHERS IN LAW.—New Caledonia must be a paradise. There is a dearth of females there, and the French Government has undertaken to supply the convicts with at least one apiece. Widows or young girls are sent to them with a *trousseau*, but without a mother-in-law.

PENITENCE.—Men wish to practice penance and self-denial during Lent.

Two friends meet.

"Come and dine with me at the Terrapin this evening; we will have a fine time."

"No, thank you; this is Lent."

"And where do you dine?"

"At home with my wife."

A PRUDENT HUSBAND.—A gentleman moralizeth with a friend of his.

"My dear George, you ought to be more domestic in your habits; stop at home more and give more time to your little wife. You know how she loves you and how much she deserves to be loved in return."

"Oh yes, Jack, you are right. But I know myself, you see, I am very sensitive, indeed too sensitive, and have to be prudent. If I loved my little wife too much I should go mad with grief on the day of her burial." LACRÈDE.

THE ART OF DINING.

I have a friend who is a convivial fellow. Nothing delights him so much as a nicely spread table, and the company of a few congenial friends. The friends must be few, for he dislikes noise. They must be congenial, for he likes to talk while he eats, and, to talk with satisfaction you must have companions who can answer your questions, understand your allusions, appreciate your jokes, and help you out of their own abundance, to make the current of pleasant entertainment flow on in a continuous stream.

My friend is something of an Amphitryon also. He can put on the white apron and prepare the daintiest of dishes. He does not affect luxury, nor does he countenance extravagance. His partiality is for petits soupers, costing little, but perfect in their minutest appointments. In the circle of his literary and artistic friends, these little suppers are famous. The dishes are unsurpassed at the Terrapin, the Carleton or the St. James Club, and the men that gather about the round table are the best intellectual heads of Montreal.

All his menus are printed on cards and he keeps them nicely bound in an album. I have peeped into this album, and been allowed to make a few selections therefrom, which I think the readers of the NEWS will thank me for laying before them.

Here is a bill of fare in the English style for a party of eighteen.

- Paletine soup. Gravy soup. Boiled codfish. Oyster sauce. Fried snails. Mutton cutlets, tomato sauce. Chicken croquettes. Beef olives. Salmis of partridge. Roast turkey and sausages. Roast salmon of beef. Mashed potatoes, Broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Stewed celery. Roast pheasant. Roast pheasant. Biscuits on toast. Plum pudding. Tasty cake. Punch jelly. Pine apple cream. Mince pies. Meringues. Cheese, Butter, Celery, Biscuits. Dessert.

We need hardly explain that by duplicating a few of the dishes, more particularly the entrees, sweets, and vegetables, this bill of fare can, if needed, be adapted to a larger party, and in the converse way it can be made to serve for a smaller party by omitting some of the same dishes.

Now, for a dinner of a more artistic character, such as our friend Jones would approve of, or Mrs. K. would place before her guests on a Christmas-day, the following is a good example:

- Oysters. Clear game soup. Baked turbot, Dutch sauce. Consommé of lobster. Larks in cases. Grenadine of beef. Braised turkey, truffis sauce. Roast woodcock, and snipe. Russian salad. Cheese fondue. Plum pudding. Chateaufort of oranges. Mince pies. Small bouquets.

This dinner would be quite sufficient for a dozen people; but, as it may be thought too expensive by some, here is another of a more modest character:

- Celery soup. Baked sea bream. Filet mignon with spinach. Fillets of beef with olives. Roast turkey, chestnut sauce. Endive salad. Biscuits with cheese. Plum pudding. Snow eggs. Mince pies. Apple tartlets.

And this, we imagine, will also be found sufficient to dine twelve persons.

For a snug party of fifteen, the following is not bad, and one advantage is that it will be found comparatively cheap.

- Consommé à la Nessel. Purée à la Reine. Casserole de ris à la française. Galatine à la gelée. Turbot sauce hollandaise. Roshif à l'Anglaise. Filets de canotons, à la Mousquetaire. Cotelettes d'Agneau aux petites pois. Potatoes à la fermière. Salade de bonnet à la gelée. Croquembouche de choix. Biscuit à la vanille. Poulets nouveaux. Biscuits et macarottes. Haricots verts à la Française. Saucisson au velouté. Savarin au rhum. Gelée de fruits, garnie. Biscuit à la crème. Pouding à la Chateaubriand.

I would particularly recommend the next one, which I have tried myself and found quite satisfactory indeed.

- Huitres. Pâtage. Consommé Condorsat. Biscuits aux écrevisses. Haricots à la Russe. Truffes à la Rothschild. Biscuits. Rockfish à l'amiral. Filets de bonnet aux légumes farcies. Escalopes de volaille à la royale. Cotelettes de chevreuil à la Russe. Ris de veau à la moderne. Sorbet. À l'Amalgame. Rôtis. Cailles. Canvas-back duck. Entremets. Petits pois. Haricots verts. Epinards. Suettes. Pudding diplomat.

- Gelée aux amandes. Crème aux amandes. Gâteaux à l'Anglaise. Meringue Chantilly. Gâteaux Suédois et mille-feuilles. Pièces montées. Boudoirs. Moutons. Petits fours. Glaces. Napolitaines. Parfait au café. Fruits et dessert.

For a specimen of a Canadian dinner, pure and simple, I refer my friends to this given by Mr. Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief, Canadian and Intercolonial Railways, to a few professional friends, embracing some of the principal engineers engaged on the Newfoundland, Intercolonial and Pacific Railways. Ottawa, April 12th, 1876.

- BILL OF FARE.—Dominion pea soup. Newfoundland—Cod, come by chance oyster sauce. Nova Scotia—

Hallbut, anchovy sauce. New Brunswick—Restigouche salmon. Matapédia sea trout. Prince Edward Island—Oyster patties—Cotelette de Shadine. Honard de Cobequid. Ris de Veau à la Baie Verte. Quebec—Dindon bouilli, sauce au celeri. Langue. Ontario—Roast beef. Potatoes, tomatoes, parsnips, sweet corn, green peas, asparagus. Manitoba—Poulet de prairie, garnie de sauterelles. Kewatin—Pemmican of the Saskatchewan. Beaver tail. Cariboo tongue. British Columbia—Pouding au Continent, sauce à l'île de Vancouver. Rocky Mountain ice cream. Dessert—Coffee, &c.

A new style of dinner programme.—The following list of fare at the Shaksperian Festival of the Urban Club, held on the 24th of April, is a curious change upon the usual "Menu" à la Française to which we have been accustomed. The president on the occasion was Dr. Doran:—

"Sir I shall not be slack, in signs whereof, Please ye we may continue this afternoon."

And do as adulteraries do in law, Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends." The Taming of the Shrew, 1st folio, 1623, Act 1, s. 2, lines 275-9.

- Ye Bible of ye Olde Englyshe Fare. Ye Royale Salmon and ye Lobsters Sauce. Ye Fryede Soles. Fryede Eels. Stewede Eels. Ye Turbot. Roaste Fowles. Boyled Fowles. Boyled Turkies. Ye Anciente Ham and Tongue. Rump Steak Puddynge and ye Jollie Larkes. Ye Ruyne Royale Jaggede Hare. Cheese. Celerie and ye Greene Water-Cresse, ande, &c.

"Sirs bez knyghtly of contenance, and confarthes your selynite. We knowe nighte in this countrie of curious metez; In these larynge landez, brades none other, fore-thy wythoutyn feynynge, enforce you the more To fede you with kyche felle as ye be fore fynde."

"MOORE ARTHUR," Early Eng. Text Socy., Reprint 1865, No. 87 p. lines 222-6. Montreal. A. STEELE PENN.

MR. JOHN GUSTAVUS NORRIS.

The people of Canada have, within the past few months, heard a great deal of the gentleman whose portrait appears on another page. Mr. Norris is by no means a stranger to us, but having been absent from this portion of the Dominion for the long period of eighteen years, his name and fame may not be as well known to the younger portion of our readers as they are to the older Canadians.

A little brochure, printed for private circulation, a copy of which we have been privileged to possess, tells the story of his successful mission to England in 1858 to invite the Prince of Wales to visit Canada. This was a wonderful achievement for a private gentleman, unaided and alone. Red Tape was opposed to him; the Circumlocution Office was opposed to him, and the whole Tite Barnacle tribe was opposed to him. Yet, in spite of all, he triumphed, the expenses of his journey to and fro—no trifling sum—being borne by himself. Mr. Norris, as the narrative runs, was not present in Canada when the good Prince made his celebrated tour. He had gone, some time previously, to search for nuggets in the gold fields of Cariboo, and we are happy to chronicle that he was successful, as an English Parliamentary Blue Book will testify, Mr. Norris there receiving "honorable mention" for being the first to bring a bag of gold from the diggings into Victoria! Had Mr. Norris been in Canada when the Royal visit took place, he could not well have been passed over in the distribution of honors that followed. As it is, we hope it is not too late for the proper authorities to make amends in this respect. The Prince of Wales has just returned from a second successful tour, this time through his Royal mother, "the Empress of India's" great domain, and there has been a rather heavy showering of ribbons, stars and crosses on those whose merits commended them to the notice of the Heir-apparent. We hope we may not lay ourselves open to a charge of officiousness if we suggest—as we now do—that some mark of Royal favor be extended to the subject of this sketch for his good work in 1858. It is the almost universal opinion of those whose opinion is worth notice, that some such recognition has been well and ably earned, and it is not because eighteen years have been allowed to come and go, without its taking place, that it should never be done. Canada has received scant justice in this particular respect. Let a "new departure" be inaugurated in the person of Mr. Norris. As to Mr. Norris' personal history, we have only to add that he is the youngest son of the late Captain Patrick James Norris, of the British army, and that he was born at Queensferry, County Galway, in 1829. He was originally intended for the army, but the death of a relative, Colonel Meyrick Shaw, Military Secretary to the Marquess Wellesley, interfered with this design, and he entered commercial life. In 1856 he came to Canada, and with his subsequent course, both here and in British Columbia, in which latter he was a member of the Yale Convention and subsequently a candidate for Parliament, our readers are sufficiently familiar.

typified the highest delight of the eye arising from the sight of precious stones and gold. The Jews, indeed, in the year nought A.D., were not civilised enough to derive conscious pleasure from scenery. And, in fact, none but the Anglo-Saxons would seem as nations to do so. "Les beautés de la Nature," said the Parisian exquisite, "pour moi je les abhorre." And as a jolly little girl said to us when climbing up Ben Cruachan, "It is not the scenery I care for, it's the lark."

But who that has regularly "gone in" for real music and real mountain scenery but would say, "One hour of a passion so holy is worth Whole ages of base gastronomical bliss."

We reluctantly own to little taste for statuary or "stone gals," but the enjoyment of melody, harmony, pictures, architecture, scenery, are free even from Satisty, that Demon which the Greeks believed to haunt all human bliss. From the fount of their delicious springs, no bitter flings its bubbling venom over the flowers, nay the appetite for them grows by what it feeds upon. A musician and art student is like a man climbing a mountain. Fast as by a little self-denial he learns to appreciate a higher grade of art or music, so fast a vista of other and higher grade still opens out on his de-lighted eye and ear. The rule is simple. Gaze at the best pictures, hear the best classical music within your reach. You will soon learn to enjoy it.

The higher senses divert us from sensuality. The artistic eye or ear beguiles the mind, like a diverted river, into moving less strongly in the channels of lust and gluttony, and even that middle sense which refines itself into patchouli and pomade.

We double human happiness then by training our children to take pleasure in these two higher senses. Our daughters must be gently turned to it when young plants. As the twig is bent the tree's inclined. We need not restrict their enjoyment of delicately flowered fruit or food. These, too, are God's good gifts.

But we should speak somewhat scornfully of the pleasures of the table, And we can do more than this

ON A RATIONAL SCALE. We have already advocated in these columns that every child in our national schools (which work under one of the best systems in the world) should be taught to sing. It is good for health, for school discipline, and increases the amount of other studies learnt. But also in Canada, EVERY BOY SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO DRAW.

By this means the Dominion will be somewhat diverted from the costly national outlay for spirits and tobacco, and lured to take the inexpensive unlimited pleasure offered by the beauty that's all around our paths. For no one enjoys scenery like the artists; and, moreover, a half hour drawing (alternately with singing) in the middle of a forenoon of book-study increases the amount of book-lore, permanently acquired.

Again the spread of artistic knowledge is proved to enormously increase the value of a nation's manufactures. At the Exhibition of 1851, England was last but one and the United States last in the list of nations exhibiting manufactures requiring artistic skill. England took alarm and established art schools throughout the country. At the next Exposition, England was first, and the United States still contentedly last. And these manufactures pay the best in the world.

The mere commercial man, anxious to see his country increase in wealth, can do it best by devoting national attention to Art. Art is too often mistaken for the foe instead of the foster mother of money, while it is Art alone that enables us to enjoy that wealth with which her own teeming womb is pregnant.

Lennoxville. F. C. E.

THE DUNDAS FRESHET.

Owing to a prolonged and heavy thaw, and the frequent showers prevailing during the early part of April, the waters of the creek were swollen to a degree previously unknown. At one time such was the force of the current that serious fears were entertained lest the embankment should give way, as in such case a large portion of the town would have been flooded and incalculable damage to property resulted. It was while endeavoring to prevent the encroachment of the water at the point shown in sketch that the late sad accident occurred, resulting in the death of Mr. Thomas Ireland, "a gentleman well known in the community and universally esteemed by all who knew him as an upright and honorable man." It appears he got on top of the flume to assist in dragging a tree into place which was intended to over-ome the force of the current at the above-mentioned point, and while pulling on one of the limbs the branch broke, and he was precipitated backward into the stream and instantly dashed away by the current. The doomed man was seen once or twice afterwards, and every effort made to save him, but in vain.

Immediate search for the body was begun, and has been vigorously prosecuted up to the present time. A large reward was offered, and nothing which the affection of his brother John could suggest has been left untried. Mr. Thomas Tindell, of Hamilton, who has had considerable experience in such matters, with a number of his men, have been constantly employed. Every part of the creek has been searched over and over again, and torpedoes have been called into requisition, but all useless. It is the opinion of Mr. Tindell that the body lies buried under

an accumulation of stones and earth carried down by the current. Deceased leaves a wife and two children, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

SCIENTIFIC.

PERSONS who work late at night are often troubled with sleeplessness. A light wrapper just before bed is a certain cure.

A NOVEL suspended railway car for sick and wounded has been successfully tried by the Great Eastern Railway of France. This will prove a boon, as hardly any movement is felt by the patient, even when trains are stopped with extreme suddenness.

PROF PERREY of Toulouse, has reported to the Académie des Sciences at Paris that there are more shocks of earthquake at new and full moon than at the quadratures. Of the quakings noted between 1843 and 1872, no many as 3,290 occurred when the moon was nearest to, and 3,015 when she was farthest from the earth.

Formerly rain was unknown upon the northern part of the Red Sea, but since the building of the Suez canal showers have fallen regularly about once a fortnight. The result has been to start vegetation up, even upon the Asiatic side, in the most wonderful manner. If things go on as they have begun, the sands of the Isthmus will be covered with forests in another fifty years.

A NEW TRICYCLE.—The Field says that an inventor has come to the aid of the very numerous people who are unable to use the bicycle, and has with some considerable ingenuity overcome most, if not all, of the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of a successful tricycle. The instrument has been subjected to a public trial, a test which it has endured very satisfactorily, though here and there a modification may have to be made. Hands and feet work together in the propulsion of this machine, and the steering arrangements are said to be satisfactory. Though users of this machine will not get the pace out of it that can be got out of the bicycle, yet they will have an instrument which is safe and easy to sit, and in which they can make their time or ten miles an hour on ordinary roads in comfort.

EFFECT OF EXTREME COLD ON MIND AND BODY.—M. Payer, the eminent Arctic explorer, referring to a certain day on which the thermometer indicated 35° below zero, Farh., says that so great an amount of cold paralyses the will, and that, under its influence, men from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of such cold mentioned by Mr. Payer, is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body. It is unwholesome, too, to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings on inflammation of the throat, palate, and tongue; besides, a temperature of 36° to 37° below zero, Farh., makes it taste like molten metal. Snow-eaters in the North are considered feeble and effeminate, in the same way as is an opium-eater in the East.

THE curious fact has recently been pointed out by Dr. R. W. Richardson that the changes of the seasons have a potent physical influence upon the body. Some years ago, in a convict establishment in England, a number of men were confined amid surroundings of clothing, room, food, etc., practically the same for each individual. The medical superintendent of the jail undertook investigations, extended over some nine years, and during which over 4,000 individuals were weighed. It was found that during the months of winter the body wastes, the loss of weight varying in increasing ratio; that during summer the body gains, the gain varying in an increasing ratio; and that the changes from gain to loss and from loss to gain are abrupt, and take place, the first at the beginning of September, and the second at the beginning of April. This is shown in the following figures, indicating the ratio of loss or gain: Loss:—January 0.14, February 0.24, March 0.55, Gain:—April 0.03, May 0.01, June 0.52, July 0.08, August 0.70, Loss: September 0.21, October 0.10, November (exception) a slight gain, December 0.03.

HUMOROUS.

ONE who is sharp in business is apt to be blunt in manners.

KINGS and authors should be very careful how they treat their subjects.

NO MAN will ever regard you as his dear friend if you make yourself too cheap to him.

Speaking of a new club "with home comforts," some one asks, "Why not have a home with club comforts?"

ANYTHING Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

The Chicago Times is authority for the statement that a pair of Indiana twins, each fifty years old, wish to pass themselves off for a centenarian.

A homely Scotch proverb says: "A door plate wif a man's name on it is a very guid thing, but a deener plate wif a man's deener on it is a better."

IN Nevada, when a building falls and kills two or three people, the jury first hunt up the contractor and hang him, and then bring in a verdict that nobody is to blame but the contractor who cannot be found.

LADY HOLLAND was rather fond of crowding her dinner table. Once, when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order to Luttrell—generally most subservient to her ladyship's wishes—"Luttrell, make room. 'T must certainly be made," he answered, "for it does not exist."

THE following cure for gout is taken from an old work:—1st. The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition; 2nd. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous; 3rd. He must send to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient; 4th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; 5th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

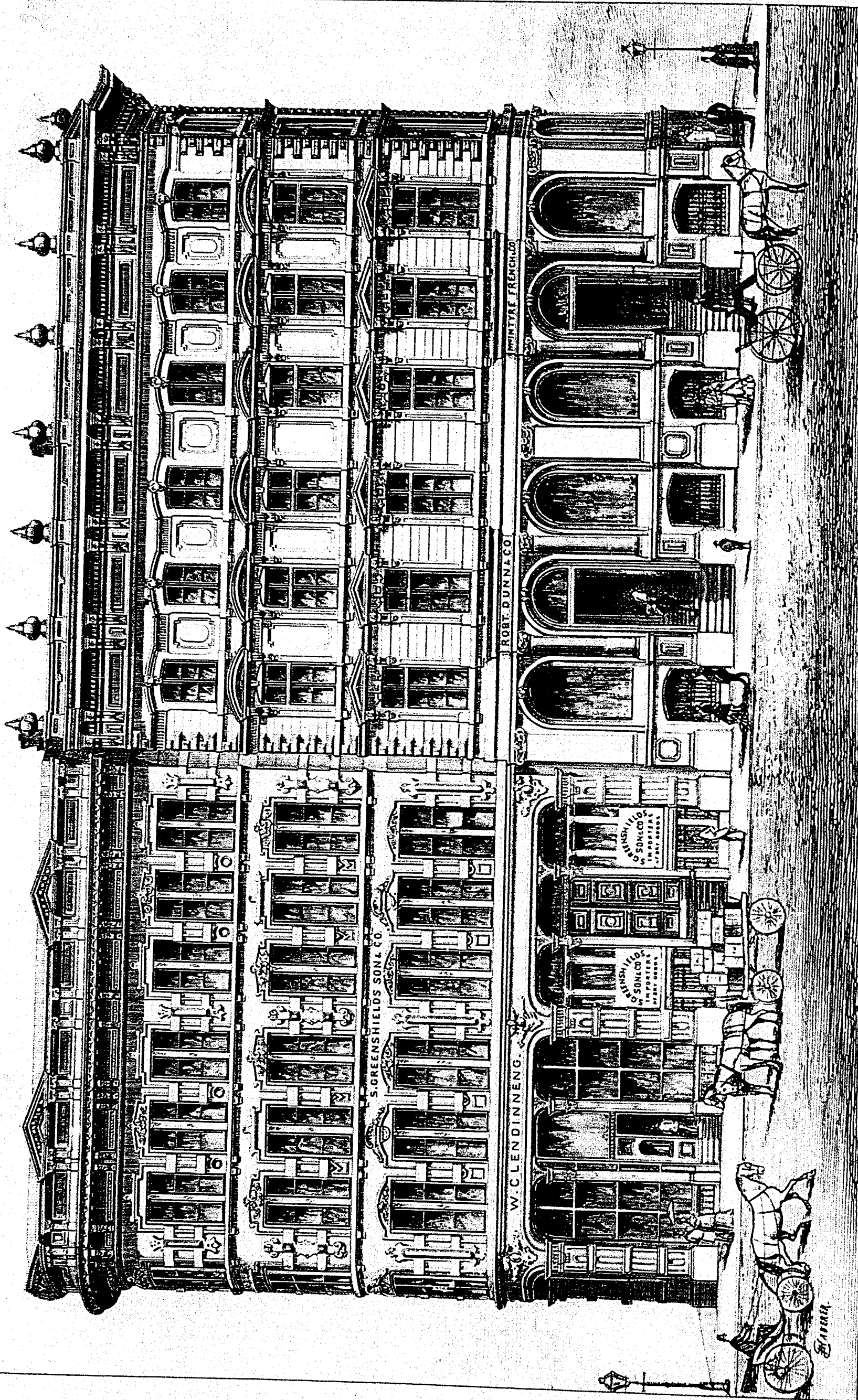
ARTISTIC.

ENGLAND has now about 140 art schools, which have an attendance of nearly 30,000 pupils.

M. BARTHOLDY, the French sculptor, who made the great statue for Bellin's Island, is in New York.

THE statue of Columbus, the gift of Italy to America, is to arrive from Carrara in time to be inaugurated on the 4th of July in Philadelphia.

THE Paris papers just at hand tell us of the intended departure for the United States of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, one of the most distinguished American residents in Europe, author of several scientific works, and proprietor of the American Register. While one of the objects of his visit is to participate in the national Centennial, another is to organize, if possible, some action in behalf of his proposal to erect in Paris a monument commemorating the services rendered the country by the French during the Revolutionary struggle. Everybody in Europe is familiar with the project of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, who has himself headed the subscription list with ten thousand dollars.



MONTREAL:--THE VICTORIA BUILDINGS, CORNER OF VICTORIA SQUARE AND CRAIG STREET.

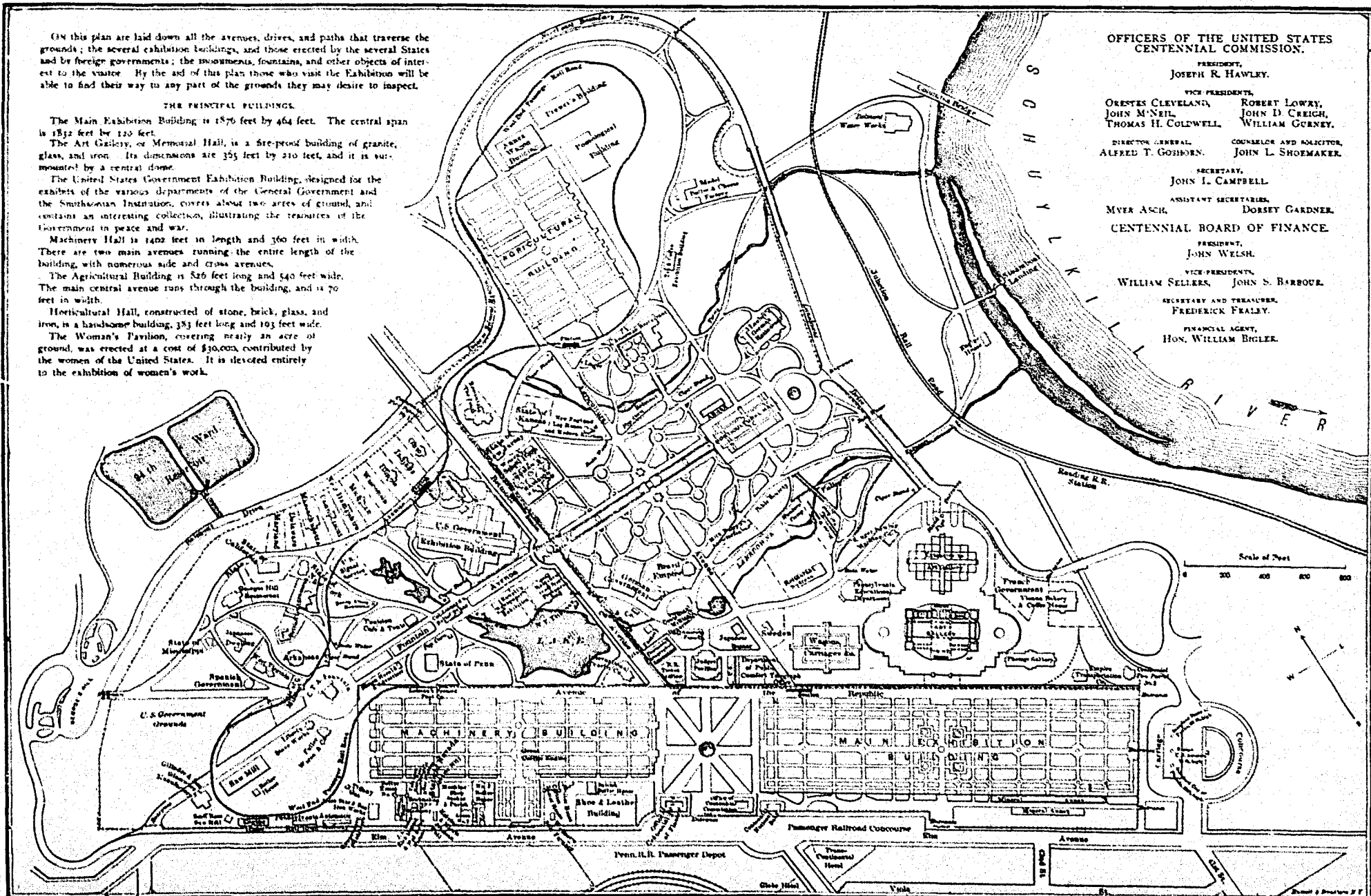
W. CLAYTON



JOHN G. NORRIS, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



REV. JAMES ROY, M. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FIELD.



ON this plan are laid down all the avenues, drives, and paths that traverse the grounds; the several exhibition buildings, and those erected by the several States and by foreign governments; the monuments, fountains, and other objects of interest to the visitor. By the aid of this plan those who visit the Exhibition will be able to find their way to any part of the grounds they may desire to inspect.

THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

The Main Exhibition Building is 1876 feet by 464 feet. The central span is 1832 feet by 120 feet.
 The Art Gallery, or Memorial Hall, is a fire-proof building of granite, glass, and iron. Its dimensions are 355 feet by 210 feet, and it is surmounted by a central dome.
 The United States Government Exhibition Building, designed for the exhibits of the various departments of the General Government and the Smithsonian Institution, covers about two acres of ground, and contains an interesting collection, illustrating the resources of the Government in peace and war.
 Machinery Hall is 1402 feet in length and 360 feet in width. There are two main avenues running the entire length of the building, with numerous side and cross avenues.
 The Agricultural Building is 826 feet long and 540 feet wide. The main central avenue runs through the building, and is 70 feet in width.
 Horticultural Hall, constructed of stone, brick, glass, and iron, is a handsome building, 385 feet long and 105 feet wide.
 The Woman's Pavilion, covering nearly an acre of ground, was erected at a cost of \$30,000, contributed by the women of the United States. It is devoted entirely to the exhibition of women's work.

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THE CENTENNIAL:—PLAN OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

OUR LACROSSE TEAM IN BRITAIN.

SCENES IN LONDON—CANADIAN GOODS—ENGLISH SCENERY—BRISTOL—THE FIRST GAME.

BIRMINGHAM, May 11, 1876.—In my last letter I informed you of our London fixtures, concluding with Lord's Ground on 17th June. I can now begin this with saying the Teams have arrived, and yesterday played their first match at Belfast under the auspices of the North of Ireland Cricket Club [full particulars of which I will send per next Cunard.] Some of my London experiences may be interesting to your readers. The first thing that struck me was the almost unvarying impudence of the shopkeepers, more especially in the Strand. When I entered, to ask if they knew of the whereabouts of a certain public officer (which I afterwards found was within a few doors of them), or I asked for some article they did not happen to keep, it was always "they did not know," and this said in a manner far from polite. In striking contrast to these are the London policemen, a most polite, and, to all appearance, efficient body of men, always willing to direct any passer-by, and even to make enquiries for one in the event (a rare one, by the bye) they were unable to answer correctly. I visited the Canadian Government Buildings, and there found Mr. Dore, who very kindly tendered his services towards in any way advancing our Lacrosse mission. *Aspects of Canada*, one very noticeable fact is that Canadian goods exposed for sale in the shop windows are not sufficiently distinguishable, bearing only local marks, such as Halifax, N.S., or again, Ontario, &c. Those marks are well understood by Canadians, but not by the generality of Englishmen, especially those who desire to emigrate, and the consequence is our goods are generally sold as American, and not Canadian. Quite a striking example is to be found in the Provision store of Messrs. Hudson Bros., on Ludgate Hill, one of the many who sell Canadian goods, but the only one, or at least the only one I could find, who display them as Canadian. Their show windows are stocked with "Canadian Cheeses," which are so ticketed, while in others they are simply marked American cheese, a manifest injustice to Canada, whose cheese is superior to that from the United States, on account of the rigorous inspection bestowed on it before it is allowed to leave our shores. Other Colonies are much better off. One sees everywhere "Australian Meat" in large letters. "Indian Teas" are made specialties of; and then, again, there are "Texan Tongues" and "Baltimore Oysters," carefully styled "American." What is the consequence? People who desire to emigrate like to judge for themselves, and when they see the class of goods that come, or are said to come, from certain places, they feel more inclined to go there. A remedy for this is very simple. Let the Canadian Government enact that all goods leaving Canada shall be branded with the word "Canadian." It will be very simple, attendant with no expense, and must manifestly benefit Canada.

My business in London kept me so continually in the business portion of the city that I was unable to visit the Parks or other fashionable resorts, concerning which I will write fully on my return to the Metropolis.

On Saturday afternoon I left London for Bristol, and greatly did I enjoy the journey. The country looked so fresh and green, and all the streams we passed were so full, and clear, and cool-looking—in fact the whole scenery was so English, and so unlike our grander Canadian scenery, that the three hours occupied in travelling seemed scarcely one. The fields were all so compact, surrounded by their hedges, now in full foliage, and in many places containing lofty and ancient-looking trees. Then the village churches, with their square towers, looked so cosy and comfortable buried in the trees of their churchyards, or sometimes partially clothed in ivy, carefully trained round their pointed-arched diamond-paned windows; and the graveyards themselves, so solemn looking, yet so gay, with the closely-trimmed turf stretching in rows of mounds, varied here and there with tombstones of all shapes and sizes, yet differing in their tints from weather-beaten grey stone to the latest planted white marble. The orchards, now one mass of blossom, almost concealing the old English farmhouses, were so numerous, and so beautiful, that one could almost look at them for ever. Then the pastures, well stocked with sheep and newly-born lambs frisking about their mothers in the warm afternoon sunshine—all made up a panorama of English scenery to be witnessed nowhere but in England. An amusing incident I saw is worth mentioning here. In one field a large pig had trespassed too near the favorite feeding grounds of a flock of geese, and they were in a terrible state of agitation, which was brought to a climax by the old gander rushing at the pig, seizing him by his left ear, and leading at full pelt across the field, while the remaining geese, with wings flapping and necks outstretched, chased him from behind with the most hideous discord. I fancy Mr. Piggy will be careful how he intrudes on that sanctum of geese in a hurry, for the last I saw of them the whole procession was in full cry down the field.

I found Bristol considerably improved, but Clifton, its fashionable suburb, but very little altered. Of course, after five years absence, the faces of those I knew had somewhat altered, but it was amusing to see the puzzled expression of some of their faces on meeting me in the streets. There was a sort of half recognition and low

just at passing, which, however, generally resulted in their turning back and calling me by name, asking where I had been this long time, &c., &c. I had expected some of the leading cricket clubs would have taken up the Lacrosse and invited the teams to visit Bristol, but I found all the old clubs were defunct, the names only being retained for the purpose of matches, when an eleven would be organized. The next best thing was to make an arrangement with the Zoological Gardens Company, the Secretary of which was delighted with the idea, and took the matter up quite warmly, so much so that I expect the Teams will play there on the 19th and 20th June next. I left Bristol this morning for this city, Birmingham, again passing through the same beautiful scenery. On my arrival here I immediately visited the different newspaper offices, where, as in Bristol, I met with a most cordial reception, the editors asking me a number of questions concerning Canada, its manners and customs, &c., and in all cases promising to do all in their power to promote our enterprise. I expect to-morrow to complete my arrangements here, and shall then go on to Sheffield, where Mr. Sam Wallis, formerly Secretary of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal, is living.

This morning's papers, all over the Kingdom, contain the following telegraphic paragraph, which will be interesting to all our well-wishers, and which I expect appears in many of to-day's Canadian papers:—

THE GAME OF LACROSSE.—The Canadian gentlemen amateurs who, with a team of Iroquois Indians, are about to make a tour of the United Kingdom, playing the Canadian national game of Lacrosse, made their first appearance at Belfast yesterday. There was a very large assemblage, and the Canadians proved the victors. C. W. M.

THE METROPOLIS OF CANADA.

The celebration of the Queen's Birthday, at Montreal, this year, derived unusual brilliancy from the inauguration of the Mount Royal Park, and the circumstance naturally leads to a rehearsal of the history of the Island, as set down in that useful work, *Montreal Past and Present*. In his oration on that day, Hon. Peter Mitchell drew amply from that source.

On the 2nd October, 1535, Jacques Cartier landed about six miles from the town of Hochelaga, below the current St. Mary. He ascended the mountain and named it Mont Real or Royal Mountain. In 1609, CHAMPLAIN visited it and christened the beautiful island opposite, St. Helene, after his handsome young wife. In May, 1642, PAUL DE CHOMEDEY, SEIGNEUR DE MAISONNEUVE took formal possession of the island and laid the foundation of the city.

In 1647, the first vessel from the sea arrived in Montreal, under command of M. D'AILLEBOUR who brought with him one hundred men. In 1644, the whole island was conveyed to the Sulpicians of Paris by the King of France, and in 1657, Abbé DE QUELUS founded the Seminary of St. Sulpice for the conversion of the Indians, and in 1657 built the old building alongside of Notre Dame. In the same year, MARGUERITE BOUREGON laid the foundation of the Congregation of Notre Dame. In 1722, Montreal was regularly fortified by DE LERY, and in 1760, Montreal and all the French fortresses in Canada were surrendered to Great Britain by MARQUIS DE VAUDREUIL. Montreal then had 3,000 inhabitants, and extended from McGill to Dalhousie Square and back to Fortification Lane. In 1775, the old Parish Church stood in the centre of Place d'Armes. In 1792, the city was divided in two Wards, and the first Parliament of Canada held at Quebec. In 1799, an act was passed authorizing the erection of the Court House. Water was then drawn from the river, there being only one or two town pumps, and in 1801 an application was made for leave to lay down water-pipes. In 1805, an Act was passed for improving the navigation of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, and the Trinity House was established. In 1809, the first steamer, the "Accommodation," fitted out by JOHN MOLSON, sailed between Montreal and Quebec. In 1814, the "Swift-sure" made her first trip to Quebec, and in 1820, the number of vessels was increased to seven. In 1817, the first bank was established in Canada, and ships of 500 tons could go up the harbour. In 1821, the Lachine Canal was commenced, the Hon. J. RICHARDSON laying the foundation stone. It was not opened for traffic until 1846, and in 1830, the Act was passed for the improvement of the Harbor. In 1831, Montreal became a port of entry, and was incorporated in the following year. In 1844, the seat of Government was removed from Kingston to Montreal, and in 1849 the Parliament Houses were burned, and in the year following occurred the great fire of Montreal, 207 houses being burned. The cholera in the same year paid a visit to the city, and in 1848, a great flood occurred, lasting for three days. The year 1851 witnessed the opening of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, from Longueuil to Richmond, and the dredging of Lake St. Peter was commenced, while another great fire occurred, burning 1,200 buildings and destroying \$1,000,000 of property. In 1852, the present water works were commenced, and in 1853, the Grand Trunk Railway was opened to Portland. In the same year the *Genova*—the pioneer of our noble lines of ocean steam vessels—arrived in port. The Victoria Bridge foundation of No. 1 pier was commenced on the 22nd of July, 1853, and in 1854 another visitation of the Asiatic cholera—terrible in its effects—caused much depression in

the city. In 1859, the first train passed through the Victoria Bridge, and in 1860 it was opened by Prince Albert Edward.

HOW TO SET A TABLE.

In answer to a question, a lady writer for the *New York Tribune* gives the following directions for "setting a table" and table etiquette generally. She writes: There is no surer test of refinement in persons or families than the manner and style in which their food is served and eaten. Absolute and thorough cleanliness in the first requisite in the preparation and serving of food. Next to that may be placed taste and judgment in the arrangement of the table and the succession of courses. But, leaving all side issues, let us attend simply to the question in hand. "How to set the table." In the first place the sides of the table should be parallel with the sides of the room. It is simply distressing to a person with an eye to symmetry to have the table "askew." In the next place the tablecloth, which should be clean, white and nicely ironed, must be put on so that the middle of the cloth will be in the middle of the table and the folds of the cloth be parallel with the sides of the table. The plates are usually placed around the table and turned down to prevent any dust or other defilement from soiling them. Often, however, when they have been in the warming oven they are placed in a pile before the host, and after being served, handed to each guest. At the right of the plate, at right angles to the side of the table, is the knife, with the edge of the blade turned from the plate; parallel with that is the fork, with the tines turned down. The handles of the knife and fork are an inch or two from the edge of the table. Parallel with the edge of the table at the side of the plate opposite the guest is the spoon, with the bowl turned down. The napkin is sometimes placed at the right of the fork, sometimes on the plate, sometimes folded in fancy style and put in the goblet, but all the napkins on the table are in the same respective position. At the right-hand corner of the plate is a little butter receiver, of glass, or of china, and a salt cellar. All the butter plates are in line, all the salts in line; so of the glasses or goblets, which are near the salts. In the centre of the table is the caster, or in its stead a vase of flowers or fruit. On one side of these stands the butter; on the other saucers in bottles, pickles and relishes. In the waiter at the end of the table occupied by the hostess, at her right, are coffee cups and saucers, at her left those for tea; the stop-basin and milk pitcher are at the left, the cream and sugar basin at the right. The tea and coffee are served in urns or pots and placed in front of the hostess. In this position they are not likely to burn the hands of the one at the right of the hostess. Bread is placed at the left of each plate, or laid on the plate, or nicely cut in slices and set on a bread plate at each end of the table. Soup is always served by the host. Fish is also served by the host, unless there are two kinds, when he serves the boiled fish and the hostess that which is fried. At the top of the table is placed the roast, at the bottom the stew. Where there is but one principal dish it is served by the host. If there are three, one is placed before him, the others opposite each other near the bottom of the table. Vegetables and other dishes occupy positions between the principal dishes. As each dish is set on a mat, and if for a time removed and returned to its place again, the table once properly set is easily kept in order till the repast is over.

Buildings and pies are generally served by the hostess. It is a good plan in teaching children and servants how to set a table to draw a diagram of the table with all the dishes in place and write down the names so that everything will be plain. Paste this on the inside of the closet door and then offer a suitable reward for perfect conformity of the table to this plan. The point to be made is uniformity in setting the table, that everything shall be precisely in its place every time. The very look of a well-set table is appetizing, and when, in addition to this, the air of the dining-room is sweet, the walls are pleasantly decorated with pictures, the chairs are comfortable, the hostess is lovely, sweet-voiced and hospitable, the most languid appetite is stimulated and every sense is gratified. The table may be decorated with flowers or fruit, one or both. If there are neither, napkins of delicate tint relieve the white. They may be placed in the bread tray or the cake basket, though white is usually preferred. In some of the best families of the South, breakfast and tea are always served without a cloth, on a handsomely-polished mahogany or black walnut table. Under each plate is a napkin fringed and worked in cross stitch with scarlet cotton where the fringe ends. Mats of white crochet with scarlet edges, receive the dishes and contrast with the dark brightness beneath them.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.

"Rejected Addresses," by Horace and James Smith, was offered to Mr. Murray for twenty pounds, but refused. A publisher, however, purchased it; and after sixteen editions Mr. Murray gave one hundred and thirty-one pounds for the right to issue a new edition. The total amount received by the authors was more than one thousand pounds. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, was, it is said, rejected by several publishers. This, however, is rather doubtful. We believe the manuscript was sent to Smith,

Elder & Co., in Cornhill, and there it remained for a long time, till a daughter of one of the publishers read it and recommended her father to publish it. The result is well known; it brought the author fame and money. "Eothen," by Mr. Kingslake, was offered to twenty different houses. All refused it. He then, in a fit of desperation, gave the manuscript to an obscure bookseller, and found the expenses of publication himself. This also proved a success. "Vanity Fair," that very clever work of Thackeray's, was written for Colburn's Magazine, but it was refused by the publishers, as having no interest! "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by Mr. Prescott, was rejected by two of the first publishers in London, and it ultimately appeared under the auspices of Mr. Bentley, who stated that it had more success than any book he had ever published. The author of "The Diary of a Late Physician" for a long time sought a publisher, and unsuccessfully. At last he gave the manuscript to Blackwood's Magazine, where it first appeared, and was very successful. The first volume of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" was rejected by every publisher in Copenhagen. Andersen had then neither name nor popularity, and published this exquisite book at his own expense, a proceeding which soon brought him into notoriety. Miss Jane Austen's novels, models of writing at this day, at first met with no success. One of them, "Northanger Abbey," was purchased by a publisher in Bath for ten pounds, who, after paying this sum, was afraid to risk any further money in its publication, and it remained many years in his possession before he ventured upon the speculation, which, to his surprise, turned out very profitable. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a very narrow escape from rejection. This work first appeared in the numbers of the *National Era*, and when offered to the American publishers, Messrs. Jewett & Co., their reader and critic decided that it would not be worth republication; but the wife of the latter so strenuously insisted that it would sell, that he recommended it to the firm. No book has perhaps had so large a circulation. When the poet Gray's "Ode on Eton College" appeared but little notice was taken of it. The poet Shelley had always to pay for the publication of his poems. The "Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore at Corunna" was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe. It was rejected so scornfully by a leading periodical that the author gave it to an obscure Irish paper.

A SINGULAR OLD SONG.

This double-entendre was originally published in a Philadelphia newspaper a hundred years ago. It may be read three different ways: first let the whole be read in the order in which it is written; second, read the lines downward on the left of each stanza in every line; third, in like manner on the right of each stanza. In the first reading the Revolutionary cause is condemned, and by the others it is encouraged and lauded:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war is heard,
Our seas and solid grounds, both call us to arms.
Who for King George do stand, their honors soon shall shine.
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cruel intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will streak away, who Independence boast.
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who set a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Butte, may daily pass
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evenings;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block of cord, to General Washington.

LITERARY.

WHITTIER'S Barbara Fritchie's house has been turned down and the site is covered by an unsightly tin shop.

LONDON Society has changed owners, and Mr. James Hogg, its founder and original conductor, remains the editor.

DR. PETERS, a law reporter of Brooklyn, is announced as the new editor of the "Aldine," in place of Mr. Henry Morford, resigned.

P. R. SULLIVAN has returned to Boston, restored in health after a tour of California. Mrs. Partridge was in his company, but he did not bring her.

THE French Academy has awarded the Marcellin-Gobert prize of 5,000 francs to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps for his work on the Suez Canal.

Immediately after the appearance of the last book of "Daniel Deronda," George Eliot will leave London for Embrun, in the South of France, near which she will spend the autumn.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY HUELBERT having purchased all the shares of the stock of the "World" Company from Mr. Manton Marble, he is now the editor and proprietor of that newspaper.

MR. EUGENE L. DIDER, author of the new life of Poe, to be published by Widdiston, in September, has found many new and interesting facts from classmates of the poet in Virginia, and members of the family in Baltimore.

ONE of the rare autographs recently sold in London, was a prayer written by Dr. Johnson on the 5th December, 1784, a week before his death. It is written with a tremulous hand on a folded half sheet, and begins "Almighty and merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of Thy son Jesus Christ." It fetched £50. Another was a letter from Oliver Cromwell to Col. Wilton, dated 24th July, 1641, just after the battle of Marston Moor and beginning, "Truly, England and the church of God hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great victory, given unto us such as the like never was since the world began." It fetched £150. A letter of Charles I. written after the battle of Naseby, brought £200. "I will suffer all extremities," he says, "than ever to abandon my religion, than to give my consent to any such allowance of popery as must evidently bring destruction to that profession which by the Grace of God I shall ever maintain through all extremities."

GREAT GRANDSON OF BYRON.

The career of a great grandson of Lord Byron, the particulars of which are now given for the first time, contains many romantic episodes. The daughter of the great poet, Ada, it may be remembered, married in 1835 William Lord King, afterwards Lord Lovelace. Her eldest son, therefore the grandson, by direct descent, of Lord Byron, was Byron Noel, Baron Wentworth, usually known as Viscount Ockham. In 1839 a second son was born, Ralph Gordon Noel, who, in 1861, took by royal license the name of Milbanke, and who is the present Baron Wentworth.

In 1852 the elder brother of this boy was a pupil at the Botworth Grammar School in the city of the same name. Ockham, as he was called, is described by an old schoolfellow, a gentleman now resident in Harford, as having at that time been a tall, stoutly-built boy, with a big moonish face and an awkward manner, always conceiving mischief and carrying his freaks out at any risk. Within the limits of the school his pranks assumed an even more serious character, and all the authority of Dr. Fry, the principal, and of his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Noel, curate of Kirkby, failed to curb his wilfulness. Nothing but the strenuous efforts of his uncle and his sworn promises of amendment saved him from expulsion, and even they failed of their power when, some seven months after he had donned the student's gown, he was detected in an attempt to fire the school buildings and inconspicuously dismissed.

Mr. Noel was at the head of an experimental model school in the village, at which he exercised his clerical capacity, and thither he removed his scapegrace charge. Under his strict rule young Ockham was for a time remarkably docile and quiet; but the old mischievous craze broke out in him again upon the occasion of a short absence of his uncle. This time it led to so flagrant an act that his guardian resigned all further efforts for his improvement. A midshipman's commission was procured and the ungovernable lad packed off to sea in the bread-nought *mon-of-war*. A remarkable trait of the boy's character was his uncomprehending aversion to the element of which his famous progenitor had been so inordinately fond—the sea. It required absolute violence to embark him on the vessel, and he took the first opportunity of deserting that presented itself. It was not until three weeks after his escape that search instituted for him resulted in his capture. He was scarcely on board once more than he effected an arrangement with some of the sailors by which he was stowed away snugly, so that search for him proved entirely vain, and he was set down as having been either voluntarily or accidentally drowned. The *Dreadnaught* was on its way from Portsmouth to Gibraltar at the time, and upon arriving at the latter place Ockham made his way ashore and disappeared. Three years later Lord Lovelace learned that a youth calling himself Ockham and answering the description of his intractable son, was working as a common laborer in the employ of a bricklayer of Limehouse, named Hopkins. Inquiry established the identity of the party, but as he refused either to return home or to accept pecuniary assistance from his family, he was allowed to do as he chose. He soon after married the daughter of his employer, by whom he had one child, a boy. His marriage, however, made but little alteration in his working life, which he proclaimed his intention of continuing until the death of his father should entitle him to his estates. Before the termination of this period of waiting, on September 1, 1862, he died. His father-in-law failed in business a short time before, and after Ockham's death the widow, reduced by her parent's misfortune to the act, applied to her husband's family for relief. The Earl of Lovelace, making the mother a paltry allowance, placed the son, his grandson, George Ockham, as he was called, at a Yorkshire school. In 1872 the boy, then twelve years of age, maddened by the harsh treatment of his preceptor, fled the place, made his way to Leeds, and there embarked upon a collier to work his passage to London. The child, alone, friendless, and penniless, wandered starving through the streets which, two generations before, had witnessed the extravagant madness of his famous ancestor.

Six months of this life wore the child to a mere shadow of his former self. During this time he subsisted by begging, slept everywhere, oftener in the streets than indoors, and at whatever came into his hands. Such bed as he found of best was at some waterside hotel, where for three pence he slept in common with a miscellaneous herd of tramps, drunken sailors, beggars and riff-raff generally, in a noisome room whose very echoes bore the taint of wickedness and crime. Before he had been six months in London he was detected, as alleged, by the captain of a West Indian trading bark in an attempt to pick his pockets. The good-hearted sailor, affected by his story, refrained from giving him into custody, however, and after some consideration determined to assume charge of him. So George Ockham came to sail on the bark *Cyane* for the Bermudas. Of four letters addressed to his grandfather, both by himself and Captain Beauvais, none were answered. The first the boy had written to his mother, telling her that he was in London, but concealing the fact that he was starving with a touch of the determination that he had inherited from his father, had been replied to by the poor woman. Two others remained unanswered. It was not until 1874 that the lad learned the reason. In the interval

between the receipt of his first and second letters his mother, by marriage the daughter of one of the proudest and wealthiest of nobles in Great Britain, had died of want.

The West Indian voyage of the *Cyane* was a disastrous one, and, caught in a hurricane, in the Caribbean, she was so badly injured that the captain determined to run for the Bermudas to refit. Of the Bahamas the unfortunate vessel caught one of those wintry gales that sweep the Atlantic with such deadly force, and went down with all but the second mate, two sailors, and George Ockham, the cabin-boy, who had managed to free the long-boat from its lashings and float off in it when the vessel foundered. Without oars or sails these miserables were tossed about, the playthings of the elements, for three days, when they were picked up by the schooner *Ocean Pearl*, of New York, and carried into Bermuda, where the *Pearl* was going to repair damages that were received off Martinique in the same hurricane which had berthed the *Cyane's* doom. The schooner was the property of a gentleman of this city, and sailed in a miscellaneous West Indian trade. After refitting and receiving a fresh cargo she was despatched to Jamaica, and thence to Port Limon, Costa Rica, the eastern terminus of the Costa Rica Railroad, then in course of construction. There Captain Blanchard proposed erecting a store for the sale of general stores to the laborers on the road. He had scarcely done so, and installed George as salesman behind the rough pine counter, than the jealousy of a native woman, with whom he had become involved, caused his death by poison.

His property was seized by creditors, and the great-grandson of Lord Byron was once more cast upon the world, for in the troubles consequent upon Captain Blanchard's death the *Ocean Pearl*, which had been threatened with seizure on account of the fifth share that the late captain owned in her, had weighed anchor and sailed under command of the mate, Robert B. Miller. It was the height of the rainy season. All work on the railroad was suspended, and the little town was in a great measure deserted. Poor Ockham, after a month of dreary life, pervaded by more or less privation, was glad to accept a proposition from the officer in command of the Guatemalan filibustering expedition, whose vessel, the *General Sherman*, put into Port Limon for supplies. The lad, although but fifteen years of age, had grown to be a fine specimen of adolescent manhood, with a graceful and powerful figure and a face singularly like that of his poet ancestor. In the expedition which the party with which he had united himself made against Omoa he proved himself a lion in courage, and carried off two bad wounds as his share of the honors. The steamer returning to Aspinwall was there seized by the United States man-of-war *Kansas* for illegally flying the American flag and her crew and passengers disbanded. Ockham, whose illness in consequence of the defective treatment of his wounds necessitated his admission into the hospital, became, after his recovery, an employee of the Panama Railroad Company, which post he holds to-day. His story is well known to his fellow-employees, although he is by no means proud to speak of it. Since his meeting with the relative from whom the above information is derived, and who came upon him in the course of a journey from San Francisco to New York some months ago, he has entertained an idea of laying claim to at least a portion of his father's lawful inheritance at present in possession of the Earl of Lovelace.

REV. JAMES ROY, M. A.

The subject of this sketch was born in Montreal, on the 12th of November, 1834. His early education was chiefly obtained, first, at the school of the late Mr. John Bruce, and afterwards, at that of Mr. (now Rev.) Chas. E. Harris. He subsequently became assistant teacher in the school he last attended; and, at a later period, he became the successor, in another school, of a gentleman who is now a prominent alderman of the city. In spare hours, he privately studied Greek, and continued the study of Latin, which he had commenced at school. In very early life he loved God; but, in boyhood, he lost his religious enjoyments, until, through the instrumentality of a companion, a relation of Gideon Onseley, he was induced to attend a Methodist class-meeting. Here he received such instruction as led him to obtain anew the religious life of his childhood. Having connected himself with the Methodist Church he began privately the study of theology. He entered the ministry on probation in 1854, and was ordained in 1858. After preaching for a few years, he formed the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a University training, an advantage he had previously been offered, but which he had, from ecclesiastical conditions attached to the offer, refused. He made arrangements to study in connection with Toronto University, but found his circuit work too heavy to admit of this, and was forced to abandon his design. He was subsequently admitted as a student of Bishop's College, pursuing a great part of his studies, including all his Euclid, on horseback and in the carriage or sleigh, while he was visiting his people. Becoming a "Supernumerary," he removed to Cobourg, where, in 1868, he graduated as B. A. and Valedictorian of his class. He was then appointed Classical master in the Cobourg Grammar School, of which he subsequently became Principal, taking as his share of the teaching chiefly French, German, and part of the classics. Under him that institution became successively a High School and a Collegiate

Institute, a department for ladies being added to it. He took his M. A. in 1871. He was afterwards appointed French examiner to Toronto University, a position he still holds. In addition to his other work, Mr. Roy has conducted the French and elocution classes in Victoria College. In 1874, he gave himself again to the regular work of the ministry, receiving from his students, assistant teachers and other friends, on his removal from Cobourg, several valuable presents, including a silver tea-service. Mr. Roy is now pastor of the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church in this city, and has won the esteem and love of his congregation in no small degree. His preaching is clear, vigorous and practical, while his rich culture and scholarship, and great skill in exegesis, render his sermons most instructive and edifying to all who sit under his ministry. To these excellencies, he adds a zealous devotedness to his Master, united with an admirable Catholicity of spirit. We predict for him a useful and honorable career, and an eminent position in the church to which he belongs.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children are children, as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there, in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

NATURALNESS.—Naturalness in any character removes the fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, amounting sometimes into enthusiasm.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will cure you of false notions, and eradicate unprofitable ideas, and in time make you better men and women. You will thus gain from surroundings, you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family.

THE FAMILY.—Fathers were before kings, and the patriarchal staff before the sceptre of royalty, and the simple majesty of parental rule before the oldest thrones. Kingly and imperial sway are mere ephemera in comparison with the family. The first rude domestic tent of palm leaves ever spread by the Euphrates was the emblem of a power more enduring and pervading than that of the Caesars. No other human relation is comparable to that. Whatever changes may yet take place in earthly governments, and whatever the form that shall ultimately prevail, the permanence of the family is assured to the end of time.

THE SPREAD OF EVIL.—The person who corrupts the faith, or taints the morals of another, may commit such an injury as the whole world could not compensate; and, if he draws his brother into evil, it is hardly to be conceived, much less to be expressed, how wide this vice may extend, and what numbers it may be the cause of corrupting and ruining hereafter. Thus, not only witty authors, or loose companions, may do great mischief, but also all other authors and all other companions who entice and ensnare, and who insinuate the poison of vice by the wit and mirth, the agreeableness and pleasantries, with which they know how to disguise and set it off.

BREAKING DOWN.—Men often have their hands full, are overcrowded with business and drive hurriedly along at it, but they may not be overworked. We cannot always tell when we are overworked. A man does not always know himself, no more than he knows the strain on the mainspring of his watch that will break it. But there comes a time when it breaks—a click, a snap, and the watch stops. Men break down in this way. They go on, day after day, the pressure being harder each successive day, until the vital force gives out, and the machine stops. It is a great pity that the indications of this state of things cannot be seen beforehand, and, if seen, regarded. It is one of the last things that men will admit to themselves, much less to others. They flatter themselves that it is only a little weariness of the flesh, which will pass off with a few hours rest, when, in fact, every nerve, power and resource is exhausted, and the system is driven to work by sheer force of the will. When the oil on the shaft or in the oil-box is exhausted, every revolution of the wheel wears on the revolving part, and soon will ruin it. The same is true of the human body.

SUNDRIES.—Into well kept household accounts the item "sundries" is never admitted. No one who has not tried it would believe what a check it is upon personal expenditure to keep a thorough account of money spent, and not only a check, but a help; for prices may be compared and thus lessons learned from experience. Generally speaking, whenever large savings have

been made, they have been effected in little sums. Very few persons of ordinary honesty deliberately set to work to make large purchases which they cannot afford; and yet numbers spend just as much in the long run in little things that they scarcely think worthy of notice. It is very difficult to realize fully the value of small sums; but it is just these little savings in personal expenditure that in the end amount to something. What is spent over the household is generally needed, but the small personal luxuries, which cost so little, are not. And when any saving is made in this way, the money should be put aside as saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as frequently as possible; that will make you understand as soon as anything what small economies amount to. When money is put aside to be saved, it should be put in some place where it cannot be directly got at—a bank, for instance. The very fact that a little trouble and formula has to be gone through before it can be obtained prevents it being spent many a time when it most certainly would be if it were close at hand.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

There is no use talking. True art always makes its way. Perfection in details always sells. Look at the Mendelssohn Club. You enjoy their playing though you understand nothing about "classical" music. Eye, ear—the whole being is absorbed in them. Women—the dear creatures—forget to inspect their neighbor's toilet. Men forget to look at the women. Music is Queen.

I shall not go over the programme. I need not tell how all the instruments were as one voice, the attack being spontaneous, the *sostenuto* literally homogeneous, and the combined effect that of palpable weight.

"Can't we really get up such a quartette in Montreal?" I asked of one who knows.

"No," was the emphatic reply.

"But with time?"

"We won't take time, and besides, it requires more than time. It requires artists."

The oftener Mr. D-Zouche brings the club to Montreal the better. One concert was plainly not enough.

The truth must be told about Sothorn and I am proud to see that at least one of our papers had the pluck to say it. He disappointed many both in his Dundreary and his David Garrick. There seemed to be no "go" about him. He was unmechanical. And indeed, I do not wonder he should be after playing the same character for fifteen years. And a restricted light comedy part at that. At no time was there any enthusiasm in the audience, though there were hundreds present who had seen him in the old country and would swear by Ned Sothorn.

HOFFNUNG.

THE GLEANER.

Two years ago only forty riders could be got together for a bicycle race in London. Now there are seventy clubs, who sent 400 members to the last gathering.

THE 2,629th anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus was celebrated in that city on the 23rd of April, with an illumination of the antique monuments and relics.

THE members of the British Royal Institute have resolved to present a piece of plate and a purse of 300 guineas to Prof. Tyndall, with their congratulations upon his recent marriage.

THE rigorous enforcement of sanitary laws in London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of 3,000,000.

SIXTEEN hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tipping habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow.

DURING the past year 699,000 persons visited the Zoological Gardens in London. The society is now in its forty-eighth year, and the directors propose to enlarge the Gardens if the Government will grant additional space.

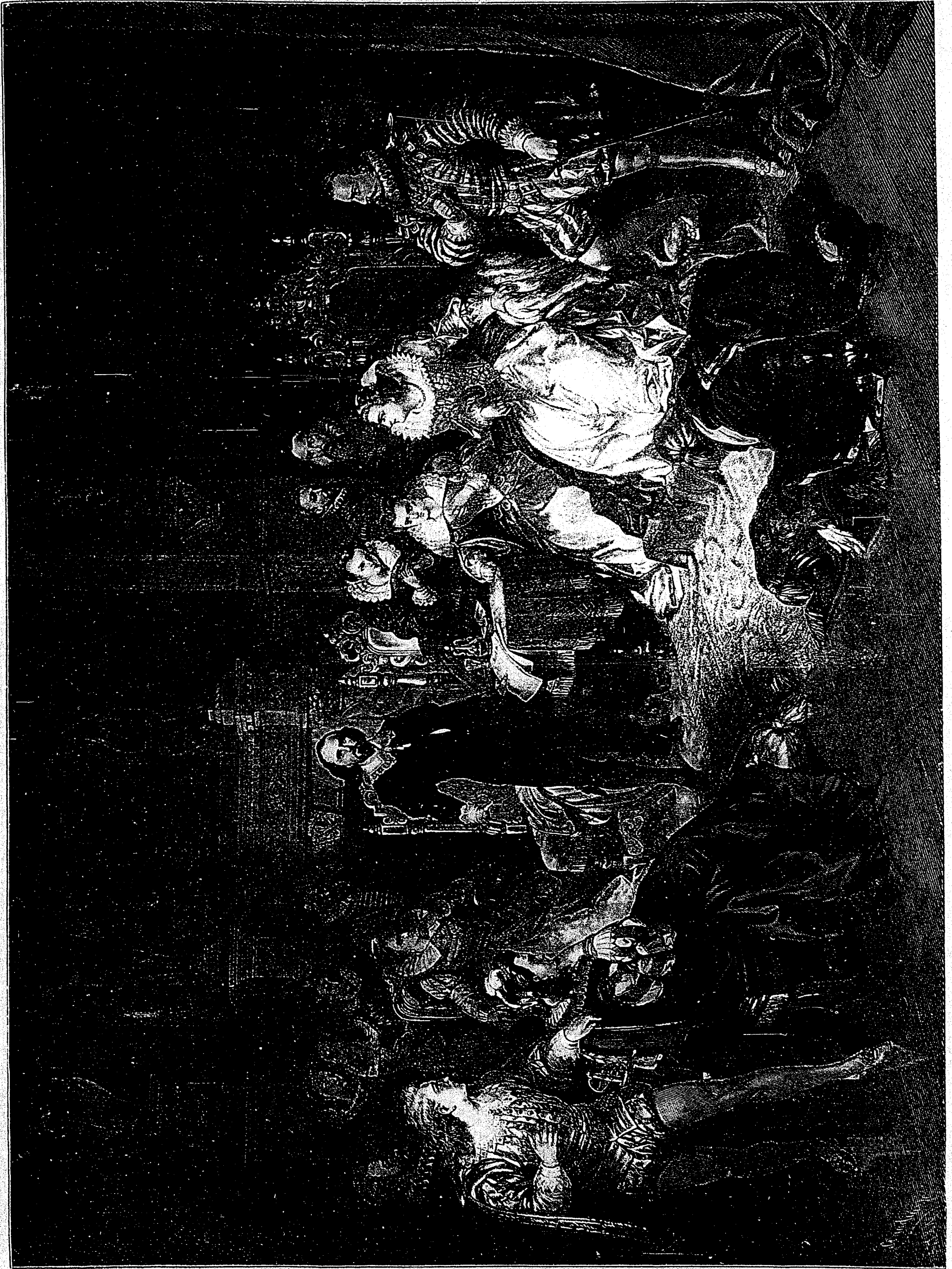
It is generally conceded in diplomatic circles that the centre of political gravity, which six years ago was at Paris, has been transferred to St. Petersburg, and that Russia holds the key of the modern temple of Janus.

As an instance of the influence of popular usage with respect to royal or imperial titles, it is curious to notice what has happened in Germany. In 1871 the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, not Emperor of Germany, for the obvious reason that the other German Sovereigns should not feel themselves prematurely mediatised. The title "German Emperor" appeared, however, so uncouth, that it became at once the usage in all foreign countries to designate the Emperor as "Emperor of Germany."

THE increasing demand for chignons, curls, wigs, &c., promises to extend the trade in human hair over the whole globe. Marseilles last year imported 75,000 kilograms from Asia Minor, Egypt, India, China, Italy and Spain; while France exported false hair, beautifully got up in different shapes, to the amount of 130 tons, worth nearly 2,000,000 francs. Nearly the whole of this went to England and America. The Paris chiffonniers now carefully collect all small paper parcels with hair combings which ladies and servants daily throw out of the windows, and obtain five francs per kilogram for the combings.



MONTREAL:—(CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, AND INAUGURATION OF MOUNT ROYAL PARK.



SHAKESPEARE AT THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

LONELY.

A hush on the lofty mountains,
A hush in the lowly vales,
And night from the lanes of the forest
Her funeral shadow trails.
I wander afar on the headland
To the foot of the tamarac tree,
And I muse forsaken and lonely,
Ah! lonely as lonely can be.

I bend my ear and I listen
If the voices of loved ones at home
Will come through the silence and whisper
A solace to me in the gloom.
Alas! I hear naught in the stillness,
Save the moan of the desolate sea,
And my heart it is aching and lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

I look above in the heavens
To the star by her set apart,
Which often in hours of sadness
Illumined and gladdened my heart:
But to-night a cloud has come o'er it,
And hidden its lustre from me,
Ah! to-night I am mournful and lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

A sigh o'er the days of my childhood,
A tear for the beautiful past,
No trust in the hopes of the future,
No hopes of a joy that will last!
I live encircled by phantoms
And cling to a love that must flee—
I never was so sad and so lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

Poor wail! what need of repining!—
Said a voice from the caverns below—
If the hearts thou hast loved are too narrow
To embrace thee now in thy woe,
Look up to Him whose affection
Is broad and immense as the sea,
And thy soul, so despondent and lonely,
Shall be happy as happy can be.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

ROBINETTE.

"Bournemouth is not a bad place to spend three months, after all, especially when one has a scheme to develop which requires careful management," murmured Hector Campbell, as he strolled through Hinton Wood one fine September morning.

The speaker's tall, upright figure showed him to be a man in the prime of life; but his most intimate friends could not even have surmised what had in a few days changed the light-hearted young officer into a grave, careworn man. Some great sorrow or trial had sprinkled his hair with gray, and stamped deep lines of care on his countenance.

About eight years before he had disappeared from London in the height of the season, nobody knew whether; and at the end of three weeks he returned only to make arrangements for the sale of his commission, and to announce his immediate departure for Bombay, where he had purchased a partnership in a well-known mercantile firm. This sudden decision created some surprise in the circle of which he was a popular member; but he was soon forgotten, or spoken of only as "that unaccountable fellow Campbell."

"I wonder where," he began, thinking aloud, but suddenly stopped on hearing a sweet bird-like voice singing—

"Oh, my love she's like a red, red rose!"

On looking round he perceived a small maiden, apparently about eight years old, seated on the ground, half hidden by the tall fern-leaves, busily occupied with a large family of dolls in various stages of dilapidation. An expression of surprise, not unmixed with pain, flashed across Campbell's face; but he said nothing until the child, having finished her song, commenced a French lullaby.

"What is your name, little one, and who taught you to sing?" asked Campbell.

"My name is Robinette, and the *bon Dieu* and the birds taught me to sing," was the ready reply as the child looked up with a quaint little jerk of her head and a sparkle in her bright black eyes, which fully accounted for her name.

"Have you no other name?" continued Campbell.

"Oh, yes! My grand company name is Gwendoline Holt; but I don't like it, and nobody ever calls me by it. If you are tired, you may sit down on my table, but you must nurse Euphrosyne and Melpomene, my twins," said Robinette, with an air of patronage.

Campbell took the dolls, which were wrecks of former grandeur, and seated himself on the stump of a tree.

"My twins were once very pretty," continued Robinette, gravely, "when the Owl brought them from London two years ago; but the sun and the sea, and our dog Brick, have injured them so that they have only two legs and a half and three arms between them. Still I love them much better than this child in my lap, who is so vain because she came from the bazaar only last week."

"May I inquire who the Owl is?" asked Campbell, who was highly amused with his original little acquaintance.

"Oh, he is my very biggest playfellow—nearly as big as you—and he paints such lovely pictures, to buy bread-and-cheese with, he says; and he wears eye-glasses, and likes to go out by the sea at night; so I called him the Owl. Every year he comes to stay at granny's house for a month—and we have such fun; and when I am a woman he says I shall be his servant and clean grates. But granny says that cannot be; for I am a lady, and must learn to be clever, because my grand stranger-papa will come and fetch me away some day."

"And which would you rather do—clean grates, or go and live with your grand stranger-papa?" inquired Campbell.

"Clean grates for Owl, of course!" was the prompt reply. "I love him dearly; but my stranger-papa, I don't care for one bit, cos he never comes to see—so he can't love me. But I must run home now, for it is twelve o'clock, and Madame la Marquise will be ready to give me my music lesson," said Robinette.

"And how do you know it is twelve o'clock?" asked Campbell.

"The sun tells me," replied Robinette. "Tenet—you see he is passing through the top-most branch of that fir-tree; every day he moves a little farther off, but I know where he'll be at twelve o'clock, for Madame la Marquise teaches me lots about the sun and moon and stars." As she carefully packed her family into a perambulator, she added, "Good-bye, monsieur. I wish you would come and stay at granny's house—it is so comfortable, and I rather like you. We live at the Heron's Nest—through the avenue *la-bas*."

"Well, perhaps I may come, little," said Campbell, as he kissed the rosy, upturned face. "Adieu—au revoir!" sang Robinette, as she opened a little wicket-gate and ran down a shrubbery.

The same afternoon Hector Campbell presented himself at the Heron's Nest, where his arrival was expected by Mrs. Lynn, the worthy mistress of the establishment. Arrangements were soon made by which he became master for three months of a pretty suite of apartments as the most fastidious lover of comfort combined with elegance could desire.

"Your little granddaughter told me I should be very comfortable here," remarked Campbell.

"Well, sir, you must know Robinette is not my grandchild," said Mrs. Lynn. "There's quite a romantic story about her, which perhaps some day you would like to hear; but, after all, it may be the very old story of villainy on one side and betrayal on the other—yet I can't help feeling there's good at the root of my romance."

"I should like to hear it now, if you can spare the time to relate it," said Campbell.

"Well, sir, there's not much to tell—it's just this," responded Mrs. Lynn. "Nine years ago come next May-day, a very respectable party arrived here by the bus, quite natural-like, carrying a sweet little mite a few weeks old, and took two rooms for a month. There was nothing particular in her ways, until one morning she said—

"Mrs. Lynn, will you take charge of this infant, and bring it up, asking no questions? You will be allowed a hundred a year until she is grown up and claimed by her father. Understand, she must have the education of a lady. Take these papers to your lawyer, or anybody whom you can trust, and you will find that the money is safe."

"Give me the child," said I, "and never mind the lawyer; I don't hold with such people. If the money's safe, well and good; and, if the precious darling's own flesh and blood means to forsake her, I have enough to keep us both, and the wee birdie shall never want."

"So it was settled, and the woman—she couldn't have been its mother from the way she kissed the baby—went away, and I've never set eyes on her since. The name written on the baby's clothes was Gwendoline Holt; and the party which left her told me that she had been christened and vaccinated. The marks of one were plain; the other—well, I should have liked a certificate, but, as my birdie doesn't seem likely to die, it isn't of much consequence. Well, sir, I am an ignorant woman as far as book-learning goes, but I've taught her to say her prayers and tell the truth, and looked after her health—she can swim like a fish—and put by fifty pounds a year for her marriage portion. A French lady who lodges with me all the year round and goes to see her friends in Paris only at Christmas is very fond of our Robinette, and teaches her French and to play the piano; and a young lady comes every other morning to look after her English; and in due time she will learn to ride and paint and do everything that a young lady of fashion should. If her unnatural father ever turns up, he will surely worship her."

"Your Robinette seems very accomplished for so young a child; but you must not overwork her," observed Campbell.

"No fear of that, sir. She's as flighty and lovable as the bird she was named after by a young gentleman who comes to me every summer; he's a painter—a poor business, I should think, to judge by the holes in his socks and his buttonless shirts."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Robinette, who came waltzing across the lawn and passed in through the window.

"I've learnt a new step, granny, and shall teach you and Madame and Brick to waltz!" she exclaimed; and then, seeing Campbell, she made a polite curtsy, and added, "So you've come, monsieur; then you must be taught to waltz."

Very soon Hector Campbell and Robinette became firm friends, and when, at the end of three months, his leave of absence was up, and he began to make preparations for his return to India, the child wept bitterly.

"Ten years is such a great long time; and perhaps my stranger-papa will take me away. Oh, I know how I shall hate him!"

"No, darling, you must promise to love him very much," pleaded Campbell.

"Never, never!" exclaimed Robinette, passionately. "I love you, oh, so much. But all the little girls at the dancing-class have good, kind papas, and I have only a cruel one who never comes to see me."

"Don't cry, birdie. When I come back I will try to bring your papa with me; at any rate I promise to stay here in England for ever," said Campbell, as he hugged the child close to his side.

"Ten years!" murmured Robinette as she held up her hands with the fingers spread out. "I shall paint ten big figures, and put them in a box, and every year, on the first of December, I shall burn one, and, if you don't come home before the last is destroyed, you will have told a story."

Campbell smiled at this quaint notion, but promised gravely to keep his word or forfeit Robinette's love and faith for ever.

Mrs. Lynn and Robinette accompanied Campbell to Southampton to see him off, and when at parting the weeping child clung convulsively to him he gently unclasped her arms from his neck, and said—

"If I promise you on my honour to come back before number ten is burned, will you believe me, my birdie?"

"Yes, Rajah!"—this was the play-name chosen for him by Robinette—"but you need not hunt for my papa, as we shall be much happier without him."

"A letter from your old friend the Owl! He has returned from foreign parts and is coming down here. Only fancy, after being away five years!" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, as she rushed into the room appropriated to Robinette, who was now grown into a young lady of seventeen, although but little changed, for there were the same roguish sparkle in her eyes and the same quaint little jerk of the head which had gained her the name she still bore.

Robinette stopped in the midst of her song, and looked grave, as she said—

"I am almost sorry to hear it, for he will be so changed and clever that I shall never dare to call him Owl again."

"So much the better, child," responded Mrs. Lynn, "for you are too old to play with a young man of twenty-eight."

"But I shall sing with him, and make him read Italian with me, and never show him my miserable sketches, and—" began Robinette, but was interrupted by Mrs. Lynn.

"I must run away to get his room ready, for he will be here to-night," said the bustling old dame, and left the room.

When she found herself alone Robinette turned towards a looking-glass, contemplated herself for some minutes, and then broke into a soliloquy.

"Robinette, you are very little changed since he painted yonder portrait of a chubby little girl of ten years. You have the same round face and dreadfully healthy cheeks—the same ugly dimples and curly hair which no amount of coaxing will turn into a smooth chignon. What a rustic I shall seem to him after all the classical beauties he has seen in Rome! I wonder how he looks with a moustache and beard! So saying, she opened a photographic album and looked at the portrait of a very fair young man with a delicate complexion and faultless features.

"Ah, Monsieur Ellis, it strikes me very forcibly that your beard will be red and you very conceited. Shall we ever be the same merry companions of bygone days? Alas, no! For prudent old granny tells me I must behave like a proper young lady, and never kiss your dear handsome face again."

"Not till the next time!" said a voice behind her; and Robinette felt a strong arm round her waist and a soft golden moustache touching her lips.

She extricated herself from the unexpected embrace, and, with an attempt at dignity, said—

"You are very impertinent, Mr. Ellis, and seem to forget that I am no longer a child to be played with!"

Graham Ellis threw himself into a chair and burst out laughing.

"Only fancy our chubby little Robinette calling herself a woman! Why, you are as much like your roundabout feathered namesake as when we last parted!" said he.

The blood rushed angrily into Robinette's face as she exclaimed, passionately—

"And you have grown into a rough, rude, disagreeable, handsome man! I cannot help being short and round and ugly! It is not my fault that I am like a horrid little robin instead of a grand Roman model!" Here Robinette, having exhausted her stock of adjectives and breath, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Graham instantly became serious, and endeavored to remove her hands as he said, soothingly—

"My poor little birdie, I did not mean to wound you. Not all the beauties of Rome combined could ever make me forget my own original little redbreast. I have been looking forward all these five long years to the time when you would clean my grates and tidy up my studio."

At this climax Robinette uncovered her face and began to laugh; so peace was soon restored.

Great was Mrs. Lynn's dismay, on entering the room a short time after the reconciliation, to find Graham and Robinette seated side by side on the couch, entering upon the first chapter of a love-history.

"Dear me, what a man you've grown, to be sure—lost your complexion, and grown a beard!" exclaimed the old lady. "But now, young gentleman, once for all, you must no longer treat Miss Holt like a child. No more scouring the glens and chimes, scrambling over the cliffs, and things of that sort! You may walk to-

gether on the pier or to church. I'm responsible to her unknown papa that she shall be a lady-like young woman—not a romping hoyden—when he comes to claim her which it strikes me will be very soon."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Graham. "Now listen to me, granny. Robinette and I have agreed to be on the same brotherly and sisterly terms as we were in bygone times; and so pray do not put any nonsensical ideas into her head. I have brought her some pretty Italian songs, and intend teaching her to sing them with proper feeling, so as to charm her lost parent when he makes his appearance."

"I don't hold with foreign songs, and can't understand them, but Madame la Marquise can; and if you are determined to teach Robinette such nonsense, why Madame shall, what she calls, 'assist at' the lessons."

From that moment Mrs. Lynn's troubles began. The poor old lady was always on the watch, aided by Madame la Marquise de St. Foix, a wiry little Frenchwoman, who trotted about after Robinette with a vigilance which did not in the least disturb the young girl, although Graham often chafed beneath it.

The summer and autumn sped rapidly by, and love was sown, sprung up, and blossomed in Robinette's heart before she was aware of its existence. One day, however, her eyes were opened, and she discovered that Graham was dearer to her than a brother. It was a glorious sunshiny day towards the end of September. Graham and Robinette had obtained permission to spend several hours at the Glen, where the former was painting a large picture; and the latter worked severely at stumps of trees, and studies in perspective, by the express command of her severe instructor, who had ruthlessly condemned all her previous out-door sketching, and put her back to what he called the alphabet of art. Of course Madame la Marquise went with the young people, but she had the satisfactory habit of dropping asleep at the end of a long walk and peacefully slumbering for hours together.

As she was leaving home Robinette met the postman, who gave her an Italian letter; she put it into her pocket unopened, and observed—

"I will read it when we arrive at the Glen."

Time was when Indian letters were received with delight; now the sight of one filled her with a dread she knew not what. Robinette could not enjoy her walk over the cliffs and chimes, which were then in their full autumnal glory of purple heath and golden gorse; the remembrance of the letter in her pocket subdued her gaiety.

Graham had hired a room at a cottage close to the Glen, where he kept his picture and easel. When, after a light luncheon, he had arranged his work, he lighted a cigar and said—

"Sing me a song, birdie; I shall allow myself half an hour's repose."

Madame la Marquise was soon asleep, and Robinette began to sing, but there was a tremor in her voice which attracted Graham's attention.

"What is the matter, dearest?" he asked. "That letter in my pocket—I so dread to open it," she said.

"Courage, *mon enfant*; no man on earth shall divide us, for if a stern parent should make his appearance and forbid the banise, we will be off to New Zealand and live in the bush."

So saying, he took the letter, opened it, and handed it back to Robinette, who read aloud—

"The time is fast approaching when the last figure must be burned; and I am ready to keep my promise. On the 1st of December I shall be with you, accompanied by your father, who is longing to embrace his child and spend the remainder of his life with her."

"But what of this Graham Ellis? Your letters are full of his praises. Beware of creating a hero from some no'er-do-well artist-sea!"

Here Robinette paused, in evident confusion. Graham took the letter from her and finished the sentence—"some no'er-do-well artist-sea, who is probably looking out for your fortune."

"Complimentary," observed he, with a careless laugh. "We must convince this cautious personage that Graham Ellis is neither seedy nor scampish. Robinette, do you love me sufficiently to stand firmly by me?"

"Yes, dearest, for ever!" was the whispered reply; and then followed a little love-scene just under the nose of Madame la Marquise, who still slumbered serenely.

A week before the dreaded first of December, Graham Ellis, at the urgent request of Robinette, started off to London, "for," said she, "I shall be able to coax the Rajah into taking our part if papa should prove stern, whilst you would most likely go off in a rage and quarrel with them both."

"How cold it is to-night, granny!" said Robinette with a shiver, as she sat down on the rug before the fire, which was lighting up every corner of the pretty boudoir, and displaying to great advantage Graham's picture of "The Glen," which had just come home from being framed previous to exhibition in the North.

"You are nervous, my birdie, and so am I—for it strikes me we have neither of us behaved quite right to your father. I ought to have known better than to let that lad come hanging about you with his handsome face and winning ways, and you should have turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to his charms," sighed Mrs. Lynn. "And when we know that the ship is close at hand which contains our judges, we tremble like two guilty women as we are."

"I wonder if the Rajah will find me much altered," said Robinette.

"Of course he will; your hair looks so queer since Graham twisted it up in that fantastical fashion—and yet I don't think it's ugly," observed Mrs. Lynn.

"Ugly, indeed! Why, Graham says it's charming, more particularly when the redbreast aigrette is in it!" rejoined Robinette, as she settled herself snugly on the couch. "Now, granny, we will have a nap until tea-time, and then I will sing all our favorite songs over, perhaps for the last time."

Tears were in the eyes of the young girl as she leaned back upon her folded hands and "fell a-thinking." But she had risen that morning at six, in order to finish a piece of lace, and despatch it to Paris in time for Madame la Marquise to receive it on her birthday, as that worthy dame was on a visit to her relatives, and so the warmth of the fire quickly lulled her to sleep.

"Tea is ready, and the mullins are getting cold—wake, idle little drone!" said a familiar voice in her ear, which caused Robinette to awake with a start and exclaim—

"Welcome back to England, dear old Rajah!" The first greetings over, Robinette looked uneasily around, and asked—

"But where is my father?" Campbell took her two hands tenderly in his, and said—

"Did you not guess my very transparent secret, daughter mine?"

With a little cry of delight Robinette sprang into her father's arms.

That evening Hector Holt, no longer Campbell now, having given up the name which he had temporarily assumed—told his story to Mrs. Lynn and Robinette.

"Nineteen years ago I met your mother at Lynmouth, not very far from here; she was staying here with her father, an austere man, who seldom or never accompanied her in her rambles. We became acquainted, and met daily for several weeks, until at length we loved. I proposed for her hand, and was rejected with scorn."

"Hark, you young red-headed jockanape," said the old man severely. "My daughter shall never marry you, nor any other man, with my consent; and, if she does so without it, every half-penny of my money will I bequeath to public charities, so that her children will be beggars!"

To these insults he added many sneers, which grieved me on until I took an oath that my children should be made rich even if I died over my task. Your grandfather had lived for many years in India, which accounted for his eccentric behaviour. Your mother and myself were privately married. I rejoined my regiment at the urgent entreaty of my wife, who promised to break the fact of the marriage to her father at the first opportunity. Months passed by, and every letter that my darling wrote was full of promise for the future. 'My father grows kinder and gentler every day,' wrote she, 'and soon, dearest Hector, I shall send for you home.' One night I was at a Court ball—a very dreary amusement, believe me—when a whispering at one of the entrances attracted my notice, and presently I heard my name mentioned.

"A telegram for you, Holt, marked 'immediate,'" said a brother officer. I tore it open, and read—

"Come and claim your beggar-daughter. I will bury mine."

I rushed from the palace, took a cab, and hurried away to the Waterloo Station. No train started for Devonshire until early morning, and I was obliged to spend five dreadful hours in suspense before getting away. There was a lingering hope that this cruel telegram might be false. Alas, it was too true! My darling lay dead, with you, a frail little being, by her side."

Holt rose and paced the room in great agitation, but presently recovered himself and continued—

"I will not distress you with a recital of the dreadful scene which took place between her father and myself; enough that as soon as your mother was laid in her grave I sent you away with the woman who had nursed you both. I kept my word, and started for India, where an opening offered to further my end. I determined not to make myself known until you should have attained your seventeenth year—the age of your mother when we were married. The day I saw you in Hinton Wood, and heard you warbling—

"My love, she's like the red, red rose,"

—a song which your mother loved to sing—my resolution almost gave way, yet I contrived to keep my secret from—"

"All but me," interrupted Mrs. Lynn. "I guessed it from the first time you took our birdie in your arms, and bid her good night with a simple 'Heaven bless you.' From that time all my anxieties about Robinette came to an end—I knew that she was not alone, with only an old woman to love her."

There were no old songs sung that night, for there was so much to talk about that it was long past midnight before father and daughter separated.

"And so, Miss Robinette, you have already chosen a mate without asking my leave," said Holt, with assumed gravity.

"Indeed, papa, you are quite wrong—Graham and I are not properly engaged, but wait for your leave," returned Robinette, eagerly.

"And pray where is Graham?" asked Holt.

"He went to London, from fear of my imaginary father; but, had he known you were the dreaded sire, he would not have run away from such a dear good creature, who will go to-morrow to the railway station and telegraph, 'Hector Holt to Graham Ellis—Come back immediately. I am longing to make your acquaintance.' Look at his handsome perfect face," she added, taking a locket from her neck and displaying a very good photograph of her lover.

Holt looked steadfastly at the portrait for some time, and then said, with a touch of sadness in his voice—

"I shall not keep my little daughter very long; but, if this young fellow is as good and honest as he is handsome, I can scarcely forbid the banis. You, Mrs. Lynn, must take as good care of me as you have taken of my child."

Graham Ellis was summoned back the next day, and by the time Madame la Marquise had returned from Paris "everything was comfortably arranged;" so said Mrs. Lynn—and nobody contradicted her.

Hector Holt designed and planned a charming villa, which he caused to be built on the West Cliff, and called it "The Bird's Nest;" and there the young couple took up their abode when they returned from a six months' honeymoon on the Continent. H. L. B.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE GIRLS.

No doubt, many a father is puzzled what to do with his girls. His boys he has comparatively little difficulty in placing in the world; but his girls hang long and often heavily upon his hands, and, in a few cases, he ends by dying and leaving them unprovided for. Apparently believing that their destiny is matrimony, he waits and hopes—how earnestly he hopes none but the poor man himself can say—for an eligible young man to come forward who will be willing to wed one of the damsels. When such a young man does, opportunely, put in an appearance, it would, perhaps, be unwise to say that any great amount of harm is the result of the course which has been pursued; but when a candidate for matrimony, who would be acceptable, declines to come forward, and the maiden's beauty fades away, it may safely be asserted that the father has good reason to ask himself if he has not been acting foolishly. His unmarried daughters, too, who see old maidhood looming in the not very distant future, may be excused if they come to the conclusion that fortune is treating them badly, and that those who have had the direction of their destinies are deserving of a certain amount of censure.

At the same time, it is to be feared that many young women, who live in a respectable sphere of society, fall too readily into the belief that they have been born to become the wives of men who are more or less rich, and that it is, therefore, unnecessary that they should do anything for themselves except sit with folded hands and make their appearance as becoming as possible. As a consequence of this pernicious belief, they develop many objectionable traits of character. For instance, they become apparently incapable of exertion, they acquire expensive habits, and they fall ready victims to the minor sin of vanity. Thus they are more unattractive than they might otherwise be, and the tempers of those whose lot it is to live with them are sorely tried.

Possibly many of their less lovable qualities are due to the fact that they have but an imperfect knowledge of the world. At any rate, it is but reasonable to suppose that if they knew how difficult it is for a man, whose credit is not particularly good, and whose capital is not large, and who has a certain position to keep up, to make ends meet, they would not feel particularly elated when they had obtained a financial triumph over their papa, and they would pause ere they rushed into extravagances for which he would have to pay. But as it is, they seem to think that when they have got the better of him they have done a clever thing, inasmuch as his resources are supposed to be inexhaustible, and it is believed that it is merely stinginess which prevents him from producing his purse whenever he is requested to do so. Following this line of thought, it is but natural that many a family of girls, who have a mother who thinks with them, and is as ignorant of the world as they are, should be continually planning, not how to strengthen their minds and make themselves useful, but how they may drag from their father the greatest amount of money in the shortest possible time—money which they will thoughtlessly squander upon superfluities, which they no sooner get than they become tired of.

It seems to matter little to them that while they are doing this their father's brow is becoming more and more furrowed, and that his hair is prematurely whitening. It is just possible that they fail to notice many of the signs of decay which he exhibits, just as they fail to see that he makes himself a common grudge, not for his own gratification, but in order that he may let them have as much as possible of what they want. They look upon it quite as a matter of course that he leaves his home ere they have thought of quitting their bed, and that he should be poring over papers, muddling his brain and spoiling his eyes at the same time, while they are planning how they may scheme out of him new dresses for the next ball which they have firmly resolved to attend. The signs of decay, begot by overwork and anxiety, which are upon him, are always before them, and long have been so, and thus it is that they fail to read their

significance. If they did read the meaning of what they ought to notice, seeing that they are often moved to compassion by the sight of a lame beggar, and grow tearful over the woes of the mythical heroines of popular novels, it is but reasonable to suppose that they would act otherwise than they do. It is only when the breadwinner has broken down that they begin to reproach themselves; it is only when his remains have been consigned to Mother Earth, and his affairs have been wound up to an universal chorus of how reckless and imprudent he must have been, that they fully see the meaning of all those signs—they have been apparent enough to the eyes of unprejudiced onlookers—which they have persistently ignored. Sad as is the climax of their wasted youth, the blame does not attach to the girls so much as to the parents, who have neglected their obvious duty of teaching them how to provide for themselves.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

OLD bells can be made as good as new ones. Old belles can't.

THE bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

A LITTLE girl at a school examination, in reading her exercise, changed Keat's line into "A thing of beauty is a boy for ever."

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

MY dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect pearl.—"And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

A YOUNG woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him he's sure to talk it to her.

"It's generally the case with bad boys," philosophically remarks Mark Twain, "that they look like their mother and act like their father."

A YANKEE husband telegraphed to his wife:—"What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?"—The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

A YOUNG doctor to a lady patient:—"You must take exercise for your health." "All right," said she, "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married in about six months.

MISS LAURA SPENCE, of Georgia, is six feet two and a half inches high, and when her young man sings "Thou art so near and yet so far," he can throw more feeling into the song than any other man in the State.

A MILWAUKEE man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about saying he owes his life to that woman.

AN old lady was in the habit of talking to her friends in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting only the sad side of life. "Why," said one, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

"So you are going to keep a school," said a young lady to her old maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

"RESKIN observes that as a rule women have no eye for color. This explains why a woman is obliged to spend three-quarters of a day in getting the exact shade of ribbon to trim a dress, while when it comes to mending her husband's pantaloons she seems to think that a yellow patch is just the thing to match black broadcloth."

SOME old fraud says: "Get up with the sun if you want to be healthy and wise." It is easy enough to follow this advice in the winter, when the sun acts sensibly, and doesn't get up until seven o'clock; but when he commences to get up at four o'clock, we have observed that the wisest men give him about two hours start, and let their wives accumulate health and wisdom.

ONE of the rules of Mount Holyoke Seminary, forbidding one lady from introducing a gentleman to another lady, was neatly avoided the other day by a Northampton girl, who, when her father came with a trunk to her room while her friend, a Miss Blank, was present, said: "Father, I am sorry I cannot introduce you to my friend, Miss Blank, but the rules forbid it." "Yes," said the father, shaking hands with the young lady, "and I am sorry, too."

A WOMAN was about to move, and convinced her husband that they couldn't do better than sell out their furniture at auction and buy some more at auction, maintaining thus the apparently irreconcilable thesis that (1) you can always get things at an auction for less than their worth, and (2) that you can always get more at an auction for things than they are worth. Accordingly, she disposed of her household effects on a Friday. Saturday she went to another auction and bought back for \$19.75 the girl's bedroom set that on the preceding day sold for \$10.60, less charges and commission. When her husband reminded her of it she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if this was all the thanks she got for trying to save his money.

THE VICTORIA BUILDINGS.

Our sketch represents the magnificent pile of buildings erected on Victoria Square, at the corner of Craig street, by Alderman Clendinning and Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., the whole covering the site of the old St. Patrick's Hall. The portion adjoining Morgan's store, at the corner of Fortification Lane, is occupied by the proprietors, McIntyre, French & Co., and the other half by Robert Dunn & Co. That portion fronts 41 feet on Victoria Square, is 100 feet deep along Fortification Lane, and is 5 stories in height. The building has been specially adapted for the large and increasing business of these two well-known firms. This portion of the block is from the designs of Mr. W. T. Tomas, architect, and reflects the greatest credit on his professional capacity. The edifice has a splendid appearance from the outside, and the interior arrangements are perfect. It would do honor to any of the business streets of London or New York. Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Robt. Dunn & Co., have already removed into it and are transacting business. The Corner of Craig street and Victoria Square is occupied by Mr. Clendinning himself as a sample and sale room for his store and general Foundry business. The remainder of the block is to be occupied by Messrs. Greenhields Son & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants. This part of the building is built after the design of Mr. J. J. Brown, architect.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWARD BOOTH netted \$50,000 in his recent Southern tour.

MINNIE HAUCK has grown desperately stout, but she sings as divinely as ever.

JOE JEFFERSON is nearly as good an artist as an actor, and is going to send some of his pictures to the London exhibition.

RUD. ARONSON has recently forwarded to New York, from Paris, the scores for string and military bands of his "Washington March."

MUSICAL affairs in Paris are brilliant. Mr. Charles Cabot has just finished an opera comique in three acts, and four tableaux, titled "Le Grand Vizir."

JOHN ECCLES of the South Wales Survey Department has invented a lithographic process which is said to be a great improvement on the common practice.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, acknowledges his deep indebtedness to the able dramatic editor of the "Tribune," and pays him this compliment—he has named his latest born, William Winter Jefferson.

M. GOUNOD has terminated the score of "Poignance," which will be produced in the coming winter at the French Opera. The part of Pauline will be confined to Mlle. de Reszke, Solomon will play the hero, and Faure will represent Séverus.

VERDI'S "Aida" is a great success in Paris; "Jeanne d'Arc," Mermel's just the contrary. "La Petite Mariée" will soon reach its one hundred and fiftieth representation. Offenbach's "La Boulangère a des Ecus" has been received at the Varieties, and is drawing immensely.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S hideousness in the character of *Mag Merrilies* was produced by very careful painting. She was a large, rather plump woman, yet as the Scotch hag her face and arms were made to seem wrinkled and thin. A writer in *Belgravia* says that the pencilling was done by a female attendant who had been thoroughly instructed by Miss Cushman, and occupied half an hour previous to each performance.

AN uncommon dramatic performance has taken place in London, if the announced programme has been carried out. "The School for Scandal" was to be played by prominent actors and actresses, even to the smallest parts. Charles Mathews, Henry Irving, Charles Santley, Benjamin Webster, and John Clarke were those in the cast who are known in this country, but others of equal reputation in England were included.

DOMESTIC.

OAT MEAL AND GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix equal parts of fine Irish oat meal and graham flour into a thick batter with milk and water equal parts. Fill hot gem irons and bake with a brisk heat. Very sweet and tender.

PEELING ONIONS.—In peeling onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

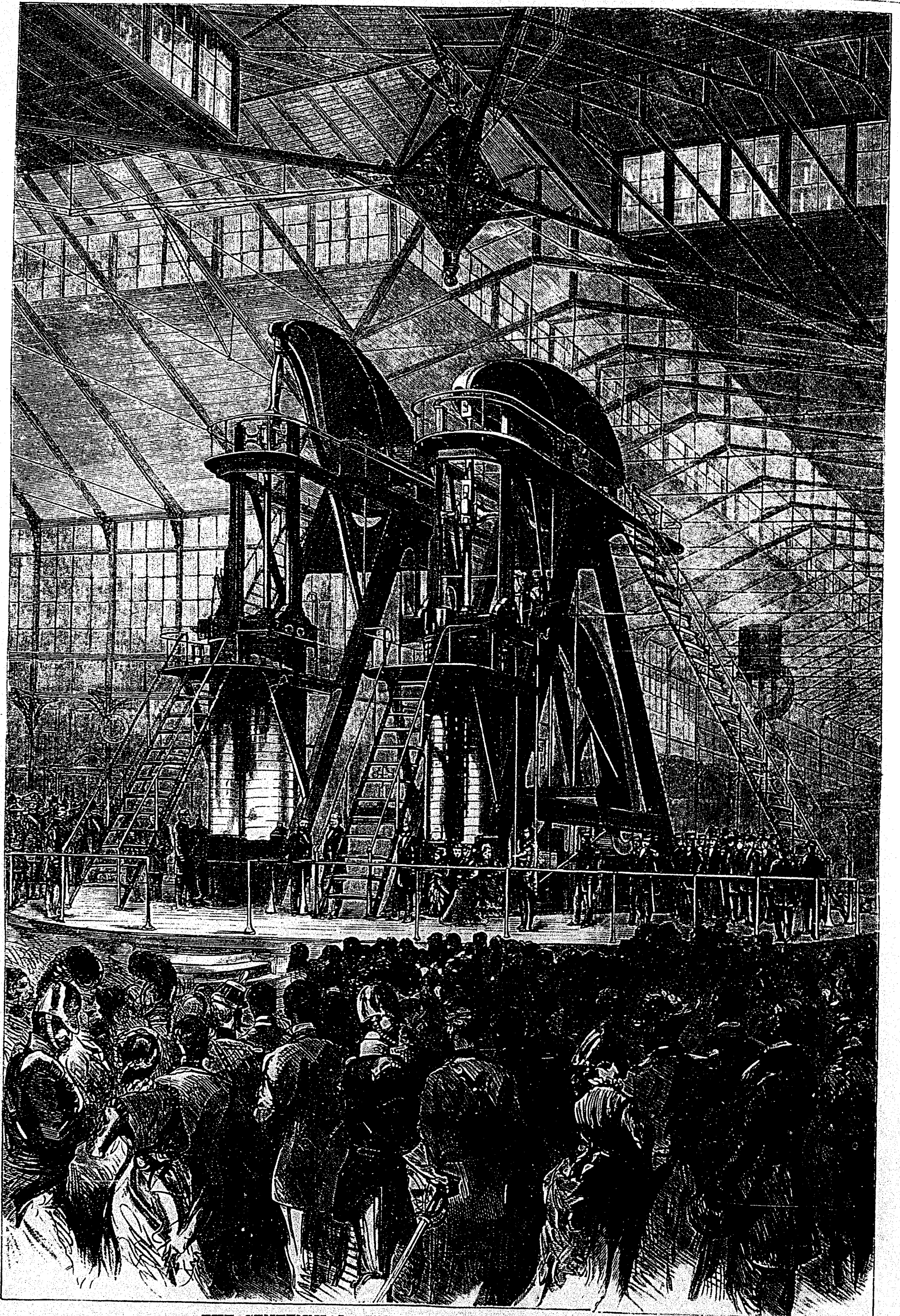
FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light and stir them in a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea—quite equal to waffles.

CAULIFLOWER.—Soak the head two hours in cold salted water, and boil till tender in plenty of water. Have the water boiling when you put in the flower. Pour off the water and add a cup of cream or milk. Rub together a teaspoonful of butter and a large spoonful of flour. Stir into the milk, season as you like, and let all boil up together for five minutes and serve.

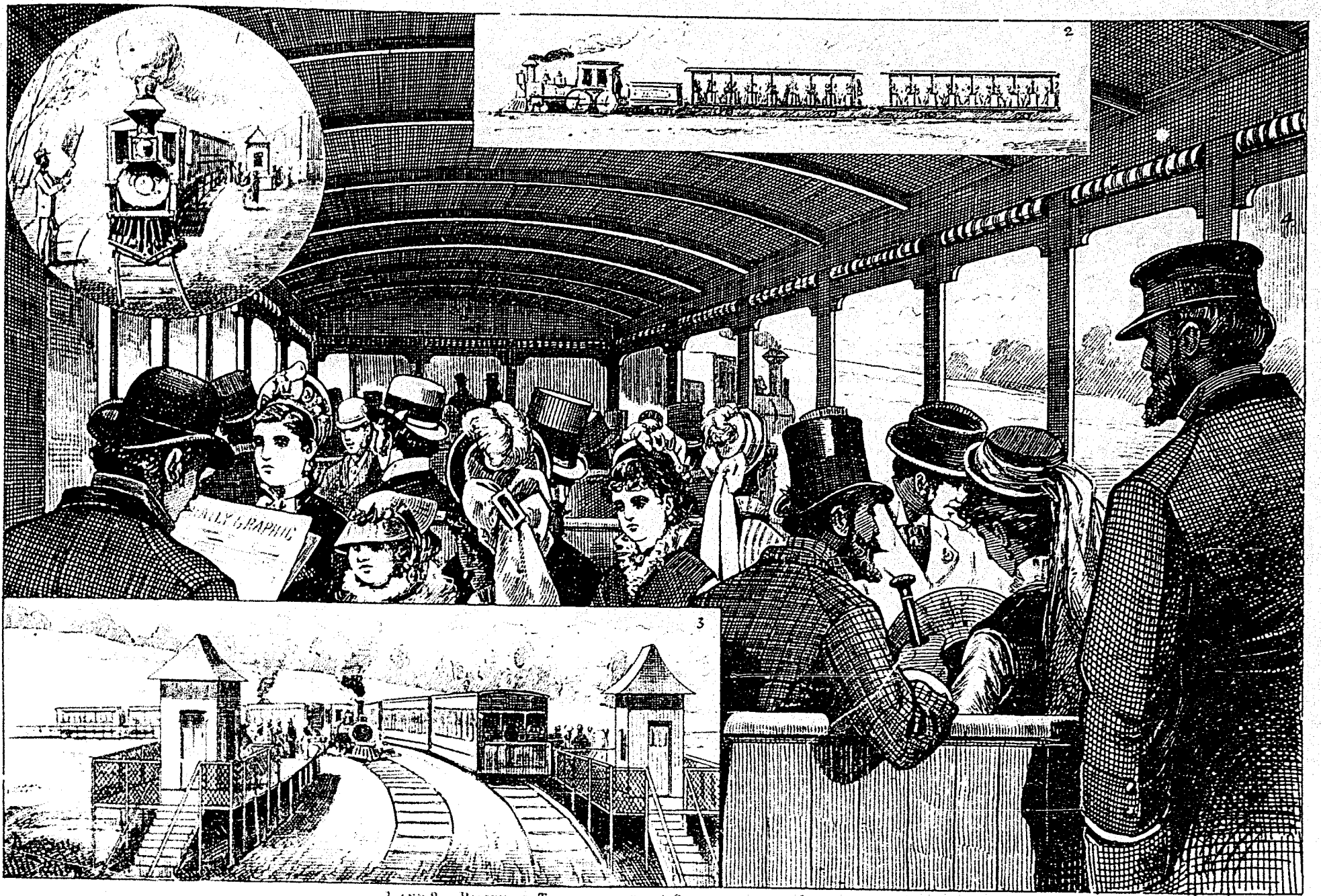
CHEAP PUDDINGS.—Plain puddings may be in great variety with suet, to which a little baking-powder is added when mixing the flour; flavoured with one lemon or an orange, chopped figs or raisins, or plain milk; sugar to taste; also corn-flour with one egg and milk made into a custard about an inch thick, and baked over apples, pears and rhubarb in winter, and cherries, currants and other fruit in summer.

KIDNEY STEWS.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lie in cold water with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done add one large onion, sliced, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little ground nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

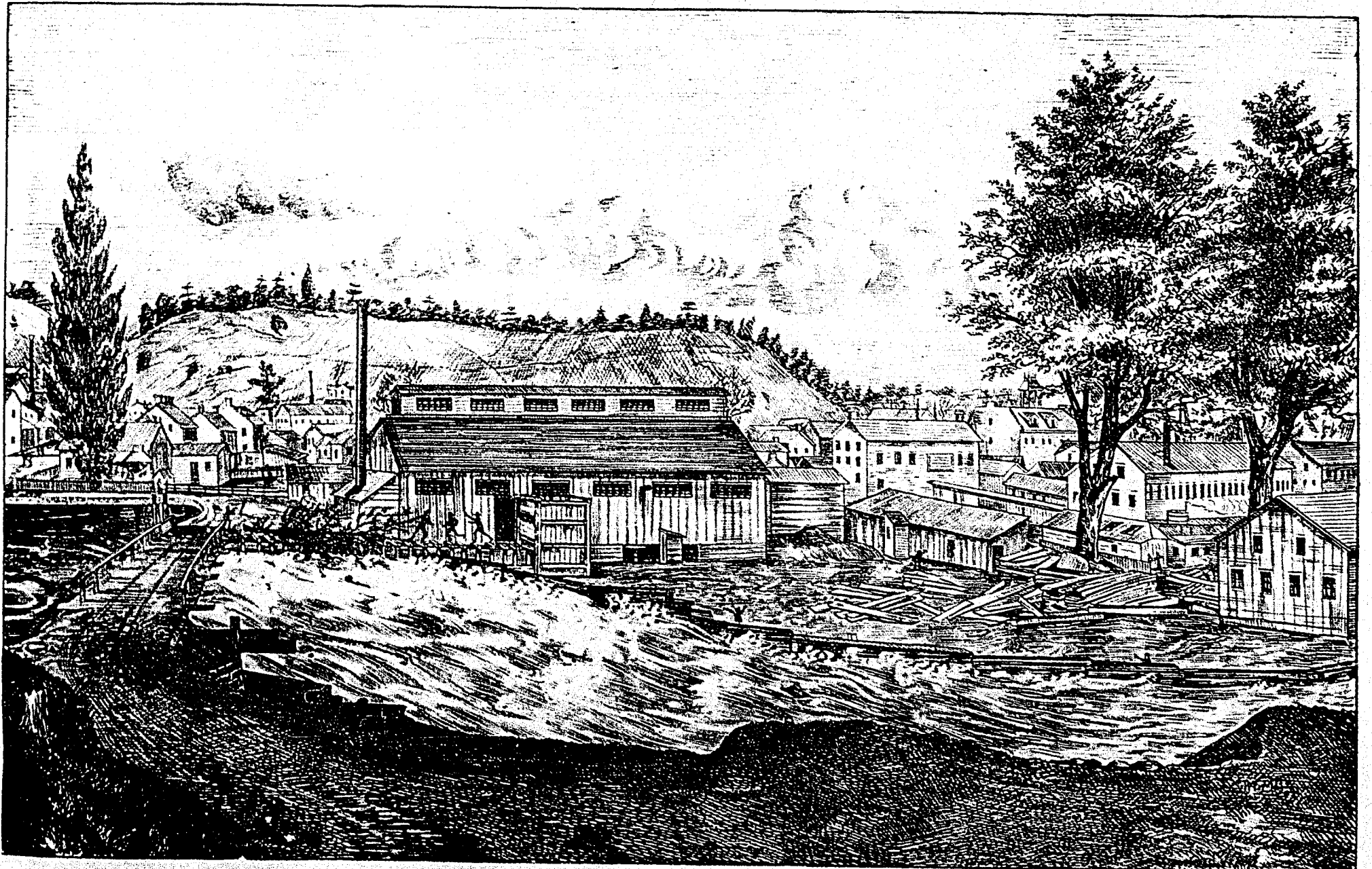
VEGETABLE STOCK.—Take some carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, and celery, in equal quantities; cut them up into small pieces, and toss them in plenty of butter for half an hour; then add two heads of lettuce shred fine, some parsley and chervil, a little thyme, marjoram and tarragon in judicious proportions; toss them a little longer, and then add as much water as you want stock; pepper, salt, cloves, mace to taste, and a pinch of sugar; let the whole stew gently for some hours and then strain the liquor through a cloth. N.B.—A couple of tomatoes—either from a tin or fresh—or two or three spoonfuls of *conservé de tomates*, are a great improvement.



THE CENTENNIAL.--THE GREAT CORLISS ENGINE IN MACHINERY HALL.



1 AND 2.—PASSENGER TRAINS. 3.—A STATION. 4.—INTERIOR OF A CAR.
THE PASSENGER RAILROAD IN THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



DUNDAS:—THE LATE FRESHET ON THE "DUNDAS CREEK;" SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.

TIME TRIES ALL.

"But, sir, I love her!" persisted Alfred Ashford, speaking to his uncle, Mr. Lionel Ashford, the rich banker.

"Love her—Mina—my daughter?" echoed the banker, in surprise. "How dare you mention the subject to me, sir?"

But Alfred, despite their incompatibility in station, had dared to love Mina Ashford, and, what was more, had the courage to declare the fact, and ask for the hand of his blue-eyed cousin. The result was the sharp rebuke administered by his uncle, under whose charge he had been since a child, having lost his parents through a serious railway accident at a very early age.

"Love her!" again thundered the banker. "Ay, sir!" replied Alfred, with fervour. "It is true I can offer only the affection of a warm heart, but I am prepared to fight the battle of life with a strong hand and clear conscience, and I am determined to make myself worthy of her love! I am not unmindful of the obligations I am under to you from childhood, and do not forget the large sums you have spent on my education, or the high position you have given me in the bank; but I entreat you to bear in mind that Mina and myself have been brought up together from our earliest years, and what is more natural than that we should love each other?"

"I will hear no more!" replied the banker, trembling with passion. "Your words insult me; and, since you persist in your ridiculous suit, you are from this hour discharged from my employ, and my home shall no longer afford you shelter!"

Alfred started at the announcement, though not altogether unexpected; but, bowing deferentially, he replied, in a quiet, yet firm tone, "Mr. Ashford, I do not deserve this harshness, but, had I known before your unfeeling disposition, I would never have permitted myself to talk to you of this matter, but would have consulted my own heart, and that of Mina. However, I have no alternative but to obey your commands; but before many years have passed perhaps you will have reason to regret turning me from your door!"

The banker could hardly control his rage, but, waving his hand, he commanded Alfred to leave the room.

The nephew, with a slight but silent inclination of the head, quitted the presence of his uncle, and made his way to the conservatory, in search of Mina.

He found her deeply interested in a volume of Tennyson. She was not aware of his presence, till he touched her lightly on the shoulder, at which she turned, and exclaimed, "Why, Alfred! I declare you quite startled me! But," she added, "you look very pale! Why is it?"

"Mina," he said, struggling with emotion, "I have come to bid you good-bye!"

"To bid me good-bye?" she exclaimed, putting the book on one side, and looking anxiously at her lover. "What do you mean?"

"This, Mina," he replied: "I spoke to your father respecting our union, and asked his consent. He flew into a violent passion, and would hardly hear me out; and when I had done, he discharged me from the bank, and ordered me out of his house, the only home I have ever known!"

"Oh, say no more, Alfred!" cried Mina. "You would not leave me after so many years of happiness! Surely there is some mistake! My father would not be so cruel as to separate us!"

"It is too true, Mina; and I mean to go to London, and try my fortune there."

"But stay, Alfred!" said Mina. "I will see papa. Perhaps he might now be sorry for what he has said. He may have spoken hastily, and have regretted his impetuosity. At all events, I will see him."

"No, no, my love, he meant it; and I will not allow you to supplicate for me! but I will try to win a name and fortune, as thousands have done before me. I have heart, and hope, and energy, and these must stand me instead of fortune. All my father's possessions went with Morley's bank, which, you remember, failed; and Mountford Hall, at his death, was sold to pay his debts. My sole legacy is a locket, that was my mother's. It contains her own and my father's portraits. Will you accept it as a souvenir? Come, let me place it around your neck. Some day, when I have won my spurs, I will return, and claim my darling."

He gazed at Mina affectionately, as he placed the locket around her neck, and kissed her tenderly.

"Good-bye!" he again said. "I must be gone. Bear up till I return. It will not be long, and then I will bring that back with me which will command your father's assent, and claim you as my own. Come," he said, "one more kiss, before I go. Why, Mina, you are crying!"

"I cannot help it, Alfred!" she replied. "This parting is so sudden—so unexpected! But there—go! I will not detain you. I will try to bear up till you return."

"My brave darling!" he said, kissing the tear-stained face; and, in another moment, he was gone.

He went to his room, and was soon busy preparing for his departure. In half an hour the coach was at the door. The trunks were put on top; and, after he was comfortably seated, it drove off to the railway station, where he alighted.

Alfred Ashford had little faith in any inter-

position on his behalf, and he therefore secured his ticket for London; and it was not until his trunks were transferred from the coach to the break-van, and himself safely seated in a first-class carriage, that he gave himself up to thought.

He began, when he had fairly started, to wonder what he was going to do when he got to his destination. He knew he was journeying to London, but what he would do when he got there he was wholly unable to divine.

It was a beautiful June morning, the sun was shining brightly, the birds were melodiously singing.

Alfred lit a cigar, and enjoyed the journey to town.

When he reached the metropolis, he took rooms at a modest hotel, and the next morning strolled about the town.

While out, he bought a newspaper. Looking over the column of wants, he came upon the following advertisement:—

"WANTED—A confidential clerk, with unexceptional references. Apply to Mr. Wrexham, Mark Lane."

Hailing a passing omnibus, he mounted the top, and was soon taken to the Bank.

After some slight trouble, he found Mark Lane, and Mr. Wrexham, with whom he had a satisfactory interview.

In a few days, his references being satisfactory, he was installed in the duties of his office; and so readily did he fall into the system of business, that it was not long before he was placed in a confidential position.

Five years had flown away, and Alfred, from a mere stripling, had developed into a broad-shouldered, robust, imposing-looking young fellow. He was still in the employ of Mr. Wrexham—every year adding to his usefulness and value, as the working head of a flourishing establishment.

Poor Mina grew pale and ill as time wore on. The loss of her lover was telling on her, and she became languid and reticent. She found no pleasure in company, and avoided all those girlish pursuits in which she formerly took so much delight. Her father saw with regret the change which had taken place in his only daughter, but he would not acknowledge the cause.

She had suitors in abundance, but she rejected them all, for she cherished the hope that Alfred would yet return to make her happy.

Business with Mr. Ashford did not prosper, and after Alfred had been nearly five years away, the crisis came. There was a run on the bank, and the astute financier was brought to the brink of ruin. The bank was closed, his house was mortgaged to a London merchant, and he had to retire into private life.

Poor Mina was now compelled to earn her living as a governess, giving lessons in private to such pupils as were recommended by friends and acquaintances.

The money for which Mr. Ashford's house was mortgaged was not forthcoming at the proper time, and the holder of the mortgage desiring the place himself, sent notice of foreclosure.

Clouds gathered thick upon Ashford Hall that once happy home, and the once prosperous owner hourly expected to be turned out of it. He now bitterly regretted his conduct to Alfred, and as time wore on, the once hale and hearty banker began to age rapidly. Hoary locks took the place of the erewhile raven hair. His shoulders rounded, and he stooped considerably. In fact, his system had undergone an entire change.

Instead of only five years elapsing, it seemed, to look at him, as though he had passed through twenty years of toil, and trouble and anxiety.

With Alfred, time played lightly, and fortune prospered him. The chief of the house in which he was engaged died, and left him the entire business, which he continued to develop with assiduity and success.

But the prosperous merchant had not forgotten his first love, nor had his heart received any new impressions. Mina was his only love, and to her, in the midst of his prosperity, he turned as the dove to the ark.

W. R.

(To be continued.)

OUR PICTURES.

We present our readers to-day a number of views and sketches illustrative of the American Centennial Exhibition. The rest of the pictures are described under appropriate heads in different parts of the paper. The page representing Shakespeare at the Court of Queen Elizabeth is by an Austrian artist of renown, and deserves attention from its intrinsic merits as a work of art. Historically, however, it appears to be of no value. We have the authority of the Shakespearean scholar, T. D. King, Esq., of this city, for saying that we have no knowledge of Shakespeare having ever read his Macbeth, as the picture suggests, before Queen Elizabeth.

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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 ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 71, received. Correct.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 71, received. Correct.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Letter and problems received. The problem in three moves in the amended form shall be looked at. Your solution of Problem No. 72 is correct. The remark "that there is a dual mate in a variation of this fine position" is apparently true but: this occurs in the best compositions and takes very little from the merit of so good a problem.

H. L. Y., Mount Forest, Ontario.—Your solution of problem for young players No. 69 is correct. The problems you refer to shall be looked at.

The Divan Tournament was brought to a close on Saturday the 29th of last month, the result being that Mr. Blackburne won the first prize with a score of eight won games, and one lost, Mr. Zukertort took the second prize with a score of five games won, four drawn and one lost, and Mr. Potter secured the third prize by winning five games, drawing two and losing three. Every drawn game counted half a game to each player.

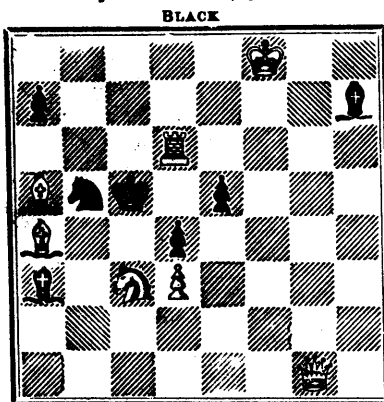
We insert two more games of this contest in our column of to-day.

The Divan Tournament, the Inter-University Tournament, and the Tournament at the Café International at New York, are the three great events which have agitated the Chess world during the last two or three months.

With reference to the latter, it began on the 21st of last March and, according to all accounts, the final result would be known on, or about, the 20th of the present month. There were fourteen players engaged in this trial of skill, and three prizes to be contested for. The result of the play will influence, to some extent, the selection of those who are to represent the United States in the matches which are to come off at Philadelphia during the exhibition.

It appears from the last report that Alberoni had scored the greatest number of games, and was expected to take the first prize. The other prizes, according to all appearances, would fall to two of the following: Mackenzie, Mason, Bird, Becker, Delmar and Ensor.

PROBLEM No. 74. By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 101ST.

Played in the Divan Tournament between Mr. Potter and Herr Zukertort.

(SCOTCH GAMBIT.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt to Kt3 6. Kt to B3 7. B to K B 4 8. B to B4 9. Castles 10. Kt to Q5 11. B to Kt3 12. Kt takes B (a) 13. Kt takes B 14. Kt to Q4 15. Q takes Kt 16. Q to Q5 17. P to K B 4 18. P to B3 19. K R to K sq 20. Q to Q Kt 5 21. P to Kt3 22. Q to Q3
- BLACK.—(Herr Zukertort.) P to K4 Kt to K B 3 P takes P B to B4 B to Kt3 K Kt to K2 P to Q3 Castles B to K3 Kt to Kt3 K Kt to K4 B takes B Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt Kt to R4 Kt to B3 Q to B3 Q to K3 K R to K sq Q R to Kt sq P to Q R 3

And the game was abandoned as drawn.

NOTE.

(a) This move initiates a series of exchanges, which leads naturally to a drawn position. The opening is an instructive example of careful and equal development of the opposing forces, a quality in the lack of which the preceding one is singularly conspicuous.

GAME 102ND.

Played in the Divan Tournament between Mr. Potter and Mr. Jansens.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to Q4 2. P to Q B 4 3. Kt to K B 3 4. P to Q B 3 5. P to K3 6. Kt to B3 7. B to Q3 (b) 8. B takes P 9. B to Q3 10. B to B2 11. P to K4 12. P to K5 13. Castles 14. B to Kt5 15. P takes Kt 16. Kt to Q2 17. B to R4 18. Kt to K4 19. B takes B 20. Q to Q2 21. P to K B 4 22. K to R sq 23. P to B5 24. Q takes Kt 25. Q to K Kt3 26. P takes K P (c) 27. Q to Kt6 28. Q to R7 (ch) 29. R takes P (ch) 30. B takes K 31. Q takes K P and wins
- BLACK.—(Mr. Jansens.) P to Q4 P to K3 (a) Kt to K B 3 P to Q B 4 Kt to B3 P to Q R 3 P takes B P (c) P to Q Kt 4 P to B5 B to Q3 B to B2 Kt to Q4 B to Kt2 Kt takes Kt Kt to K2 P to R3 Q to Q2 B takes Kt Kt to Q4 R to Q B sq B to Kt3 (d) Castles Kt takes P B takes P P to B3 Q takes P B takes R (f) K to B2 Q takes R K to K sq

NOTES.

(a) The Queen's Gambit is rarely or never accepted by good players. In declining it the move in the text is the best that can be adopted.

(b) 7 P to Q Kt third, followed by B to Kt second, leads also to an even game. (c) The line of play adopted by Black is hardly judicious. The early development of these Pawns is afterwards a source of danger to him. (d) Intending to play Kt takes Q B P, followed by B takes K P (ch). The device is such a simple one, and is so easily evaded, as shown in White's next move, that it was hardly worth attempting. (e) Mr. Potter plays with his usual force and precision. (f) B takes P is obviously better, but Black's game is past surgery.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 72.

- WHITE. 1. R to K7 2. Kt takes B P dis (ch) 3. Kt to K Kt 4 mate
- BLACK. 1. K to B4 (A) 2. K to B3
- (A) 1. K to R4 (B) 2. K moves
- (B) 1. K to R6 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 71.

In this problem a Black pawn is wanting at Black's Q B 5

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K B sq (ch) 2. P to Q B 3 (ch) 3. Q mates
- BLACK. 1. K to Q5 2. K takes P

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 72.

- WHITE K at Q2 Q at K B 7 Kt at K R 3 Pawns at K4, K B 3, Q Kt 3 and K R 2.
 - BLACK K at K4 R at Q B 2 B at K2 Pawn at Q B 4
- White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to "Alphabetical," in your last issue, for a remedy for consumption in its first stages, I can recommend Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," if taken according to directions, for it has been thoroughly tried in my family, and the results were glorious. "Alphabetical" must not expect one bottle to do the work—my wife took three bottles before she could discover any change, but after the third bottle every dose seemed to strengthen the lungs, and now she is well and hearty. If "Alphabetical" will write to me I will get witnesses to the above.

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND at the rate of THREE PER CENT.

for the broken half-year ending on the 10th May proximo, has been declared on the Capital Stock of this Bank and will, on the 1st day of JUNE, be payable to THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, in pursuance of the terms of the Act of Incorporation. The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th May, and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE. The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, for the purpose of electing Directors and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Offices now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at TWELVE O'CLOCK, Noon.

By order of the Board.

THOS. MCCRAKEN, Cashier.

13-19-6-124

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of SEVEN PER CENT.

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

THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

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

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FIFTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock P. M.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 26th April, 1876.

13-19-5-119

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The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th MAY (when the amalgamation of the CITY BANK and THE ROYAL CANADIAN BANK takes effect), and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, for the purpose of electing Directors, and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Office now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next, at TWELVE o'clock NOON.

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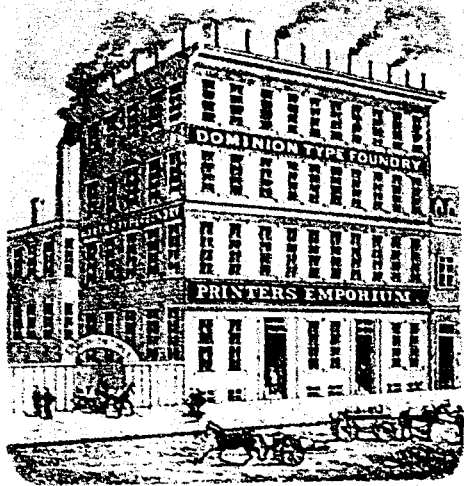
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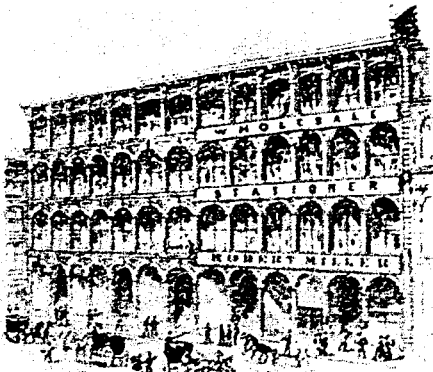
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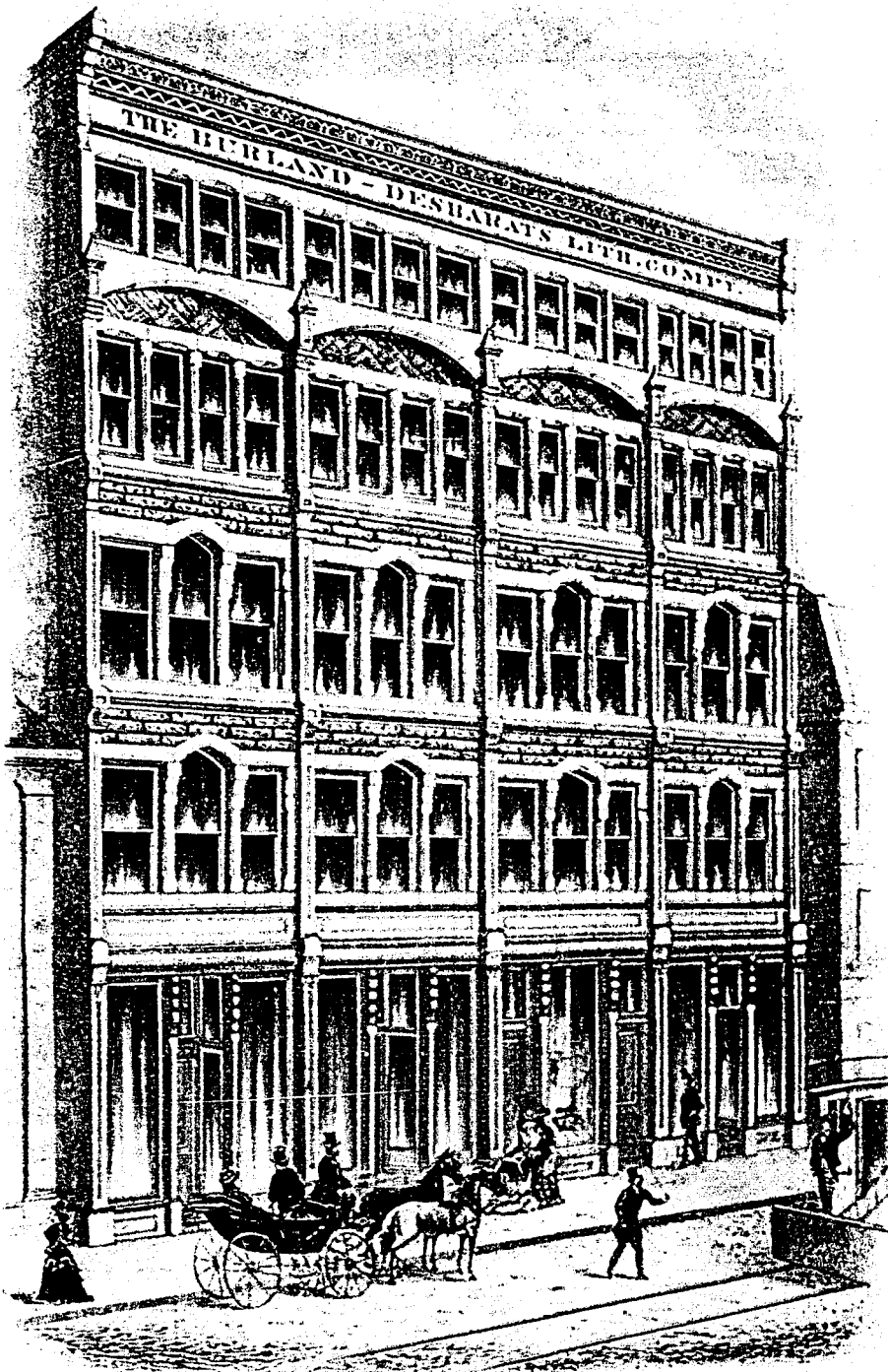
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