

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

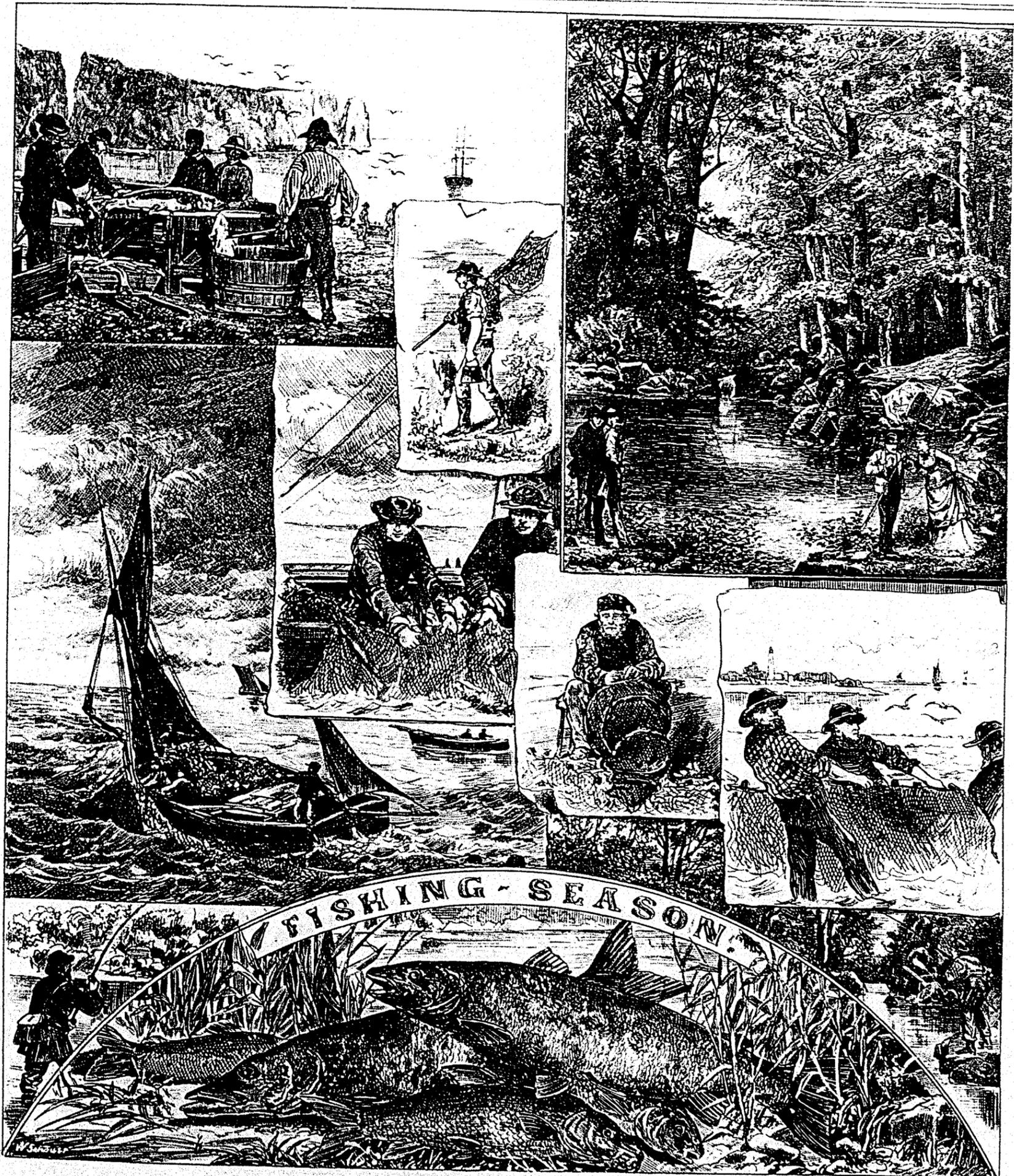
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

GRAND MAR Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



SKETCHES FROM NATURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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

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

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

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

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 17, 1878.

LITERARY CONVENTION.

In pursuance of our vocation as a literary journal, we hasten to place before our readers the results of the International Literary Congress, which met for the first time on the 11th June last, at Paris, and which sat for three weeks. The following resolutions were put forth:—

I. The right of the author over his work is not a legal concession, but one of the modes of property which the Legislature is bound to guarantee.

II. Literary property is perpetual in the author, and in his heirs or assigns.

III. After the expiry of the author's rights, as determined by the laws actually obtaining in different countries, every person will be free to reproduce his works on the condition of paying a certain sum to his heirs or assigns.

IV. Literary, scientific or artistic works will be treated in each country as if they had been first produced in that country. The same rules will apply to the representation of dramatic and musical works.

V. To obtain the above protection, it will be sufficient for the author to go through the customary formalities of the country in which his works are first brought out.

VI. With regard to translation and adaptation, the Congress expresses a hope that international treaties will secure for authors the exclusive right of authorizing the adaptation or translation of their works.

VII. The Congress is of opinion that the amelioration of the moral and material condition of Literary men is indissolubly connected with the establishment or development of societies having for their object the protection of the rights of authors and the creation of a fund for relief and pensions.

Further the Congress expressed a hope that the question of a literary advance fund might be studied, and included in the programme of the next International Congress.

Lastly, it has approved the project of founding an International Literary Association, open to the literary societies and writers of all nations.

At a general meeting of the Congress, Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously, and referred to the bureau of the International Literary Society to be carried out:

I. That the members of the International Committee in their respective countries form societies on the plan of the Société des Gens de Lettres de France.

II. That in each country there be a corresponding member of the International Committee, through whom all communications between the said Committee and his nation shall pass, and whose duty it will be to keep the said Committee informed on all subjects of interest to the great Republic of letters.

III. That the members of the International Committee endeavour to establish an exchange of books between their respective countries, by which libraries of modern literature may be gradually formed in the great capitals of the world for the use of

men of letters; each Société des Gens de Lettres will be kept *au courant* of the literary activity of the world, and reproduction, translation, and negotiation for the purchase of copyrights will be facilitated.

IV. That the headquarters of the International Committee be at the offices of the Société des Gens de Lettres de France.

V. That the next International Congress, to report on the work which the members of the International Committee have done in the year, in furtherance of the resolutions of the Congress of 1878, be held in London in June, 1879.

The French Executive Committee of the International Literary Society are now at work upon its constitution, and are receiving from the foreign delegates who have returned to their respective countries the names of honorary and working members. In the first list of the Honorary Committee, drawn up hastily at the closing meeting of the Congress, are the names of VICTOR HUGO (President), BARON TAYLOR, JULES SIMON, IVAN TURGENIEF, EDWARD JENKINS, member of Parliament, (member of the English Royal Copyright Commission); BERTHOLD AUERBACH, EMILIO CASTELAR, MENDÈS-LÉAL, MAURO-MACCHI (Italian Deputy), DR. LAVELAYE, EDMOND ABOUT, TORRES-CICEDO, &c.

The duty to form a committee to act in England in connection with the International Committee, and to lay the foundation of an English society on the basis of the Société des Gens de Lettres de France, is intrusted to Messrs. BLANCHARD JERROLD and EDWARD JENKINS. We throw out the hint at once, with the intention of elaborating it later, that a Canadian Literary Society should be formed upon this basis and enter into relations with the International Bureau.

OUR MILITARY SYSTEM.

Very lamentable events have, within the past two or three months, drawn general attention to the means with which our Provincial and Federal Governments are endowed for the repression of public disorder, and to the uses to which our militia have been perforce destined. The labour riots in Quebec and the threatened disturbance of the 12th July in Montreal, have shown clearly that, in connection with them, there is a vast amount of uncertainty, a certain conflict of authority arising out of ill-defined notions of jurisdiction, and especially an enormous outlay quite disproportioned to the work required and altogether inconsistent with the weak condition of municipal and governmental exchequers. In the case of Quebec the amount involved in the calling of the Montreal volunteers was so great that, in order to insure its prompt payment, the Provincial Government had to strain a point and advance the money. In the case of Montreal, the money still remains unpaid, with the chances that when the day of settlement comes, it will provoke a much more acrimonious debate than on any other previous occasion.

In Great Britain the volunteers are never called upon to do police duty. This is reserved for what is properly called the militia and for the regulars. And there appears to be good reason for this when we reflect on the composition of our volunteer corps and the intimate relations—social, commercial, religious and political—of its members with the different classes of society. It is a hardship for these men, and particularly so for the officers, to have to come into hostile contact with those upon whom, in many cases, their future as public men may depend. To obviate this inconvenience—which becomes greater as events increase in importance—it might be worth while to consider the propriety of petitioning the Home Government for at least one regiment of regulars to be stationed in the Upper Provinces. The headquarters of such a body might be at Quebec, with a company or two stationed at St. Helen's Island and a company or two kept at Kingston. These points,

being on lines of communication by rail and boat, could be communicated with at once, and as many troops as would be required could be concentrated at a given seat of disturbance within the Dominion in twenty-four hours. It needs not to be said that one regiment of British troops would be amply sufficient for all purposes of repression, especially in the initial stages of disorder. The present would be a proper time and our recent unfortunate experiences a proper pretext for making a move in that direction. The Government of Lord BEACONSFIELD are favourable to a closer union of the Colonies with the Empire, and there is no more living link of such union than the presence of British soldiers in our midst. The advent of a new Governor-General would doubtless add to our chances of success. The event too, if brought to a favourable result, would tend powerfully to infuse a new military spirit in our volunteers, which would be all the more gratifying that, at no time since the passage of the Militia Act, have there been so much energy, enthusiasm and constructive cohesion as are at present evinced by all grades of our citizen soldiery. The matter is worthy of attention, and we may have an opportunity of returning to it.

ITALIA IRREDENTA.

The Italians, like the French, are fond of political catch-words. The latest, growing out of the results of the Treaty of Berlin, is that which heads our present article. Its literal meaning is "Italy unredeemed," and its scope is the ambition to recover the last remnants of Italian territory still remaining in the hands of the stranger. These remnants are the Trentino or Valley of the Trent, and the country around Trieste. The feeling of those who raise the cry referred to is that so long as these possessions are not restored, Italy is still unredeemed from foreign domination, and GIOBERTI'S dream of an united and free peninsula *dall'Alpi al mare* remains unfulfilled. For a couple of weeks after the signing of the Berlin Treaty, there was much popular agitation on this subject in the larger cities of Italy, especially those of the North, such as Venice, Milan and Genoa, which have naturally closer relations with the inhabitants of the Trent and of Trieste. But what gave the movement an international significance was a monster meeting at Rome, where inflammatory speeches were made, aggressive resolutions passed and whence the crowd surged toward the Austrian Embassy with shouts and songs of an offensive character. The incident gave rise to an interchange of notes between the Quirinal and Schönbrunn which has proved satisfactory in so far as the Italian Government, while declaring its maintenance of the right of public meetings, disclaimed any sympathy with that of the Argentina Theatre. The consequence is that Austria has taken no further notice of the demonstration and that the agitators themselves have ceased to put their Government in a false position.

The movement, however, is one which, although at present ill-timed, owing to the peculiar circumstances of Europe and the delicate nature of the whole Eastern Question, rendered now more complicated, perhaps, than it was before, is still fraught with a vitality which must, sooner or later, lead to a rectification of the Southern Austrian frontier and a peremptory claim on the part of Italy for the possession of the Rhetian and Julian Alps. The recovery of Trieste will be a more difficult problem, owing to its separation from the mainland of Italy by the Adriatic, and other geographical causes. But so long as Austria occupies Bosnia and the Herzegovina, there is no doubt that the jealousy of the Italians will be kept alive, and their desire for compensation in Trieste and even in Albania will be made the lever of some or other political party.

Although less pronounced, the displeasure of the Italians at the British oc-

cupation of Cyprus has been marked and, we may add, it is very natural. Apart from political or even commercial considerations, there are historical memories connected with the beautiful island of Venus which render it dear to the Venetians, the Genoese, and the votaries of the House of Savoy, and would cause them to resent what they regard as the ignoble barter of the doubly classic land. This sentiment of regret must, however, prove ephemeral in view of the material prosperity which the island itself will reap from its change of masters, and it is to be hoped that the cannon of Famagousta, stamped with the names of the Italian founders, will never be turned against Italian ships in the roadstead, nor that the rocks over which the Red Cross now waves will ever be the scene of such bloodshed as we read of when René's standard fluttered there.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.—Our front page this week is very appropriate to the season. The abstract question of fisheries is always interesting from a commercial point of view, but the pastime of fishing, in all its aspects, is particularly attractive during this summer season when so many hundreds flee from the dust and turmoil of the city to seek health and recreation on the shingle of the sea-shore, in the depths of the wood, or beside the cool lakes and streams where the waters teem with abundance of the finny tribe. Our special artist has reproduced many of these pleasant scenes. The bits of landscape which he also introduces serve as so many pretty frames to pictures of rural enjoyment. These sketches will prove an agreeable souvenir to many who have themselves taken part in them, while to the scores who, like ourselves, have been obliged to remain in the city during the whole of the sweltering summer, they will procure at least "the pleasures of the imagination."

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S RETURN.—The arrival of the Earl of Beaconsfield in London from Berlin was greeted with a popular ovation. The Prime Minister, with the Marquis of Salisbury and Lady Salisbury, landed at Dover from the double-hulled steamboat "Calais-Douvres," received an address from the Dover Mayor and Corporation, and one from the Dover Constitutional Association, and proceeded to London by special train. The Charing-cross terminus was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The flags of all the great European Powers, with the Union Jack in the centre rising highest, were arranged over the entrance archway, both inside and outside of the station. The arrival platform, and the opposite platform on which seats were ranged for the company of privileged spectators, were adorned with about ten thousand plants of various kinds. Palms and ferns were placed at the base, with geraniums, fuschias, calceolarias, and other bright flowers; beds of green lycopods, with taller plants rising from their midst, and a profusion of roses trained up the lamp-posts and pillars, or festooned across, which had a beautiful effect. The special train from Dover came in about ten or twelve minutes before five. Its arrival was awaited by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, wearing their robes and badges of office, and by a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen of rank, including several of the Cabinet Ministers, the Dukes of Northumberland, Sutherland, Abercorn, and Beaufort, many peers and members of Parliament, with their wives and daughters. Lord Henry Lennox acted as marshal of the reception; and the Marchioness of Abergavenny, with Lady Northcote, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., personally took care of Lord Beaconsfield as soon as he had received the official greeting from the Lord Mayor. The Prime Minister was dressed in a white overcoat, and seemed not more fatigued than most men of his age would be after a long journey on a hot summer day. He was kept some time shaking hands with his numerous friends. Among those who first approached him were Lady Burdett-Coutts and the aged Sir Moses Montefiore, who blessed him for the provision made by the late Congress to ensure better treatment of the Jews in Servia and Roumania. There was a good deal of cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs and fans as his Lordship, with the Marquis of Salisbury, Lady Abergavenny, and Lady Northcote, entered the carriage which was to convey them to Downing-street. This was Lady Abergavenny's own carriage, and it was followed by others, a brougham conveying Mr. Montagu Corry and Mr. P. Currie, private secretaries, having charge of the Treaty just concluded, and two carriages with Lady Salisbury and her family. There was an immense throng of people outside the Charing-cross station, in West Strand, Trafalgar-square, and Whitehall; and the windows, balconies, and house-tops were occupied by hundreds of spectators. The Premier and the Foreign Secretary were enthusiastically cheered as they passed round to Whitehall. At the fronts of the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the Home Office, and the Colonial and India Offices, in Whitehall, and the Foreign Office in Downing-street, many of the gentlemen employed in those Government departments turned out

in honour of the First Minister. The buildings in Downing-street were draped with crimson cloth, and bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows above. Lord Salisbury alighted at the door of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's official residence, while Lord Beaconsfield entered his own, that of the First Lord of the Treasury, at the top of the street, in which stood many Conservative members of Parliament. A bouquet of flowers sent by the Queen was received by Lord Beaconsfield on alighting from the carriage. Having entered the house and gone up-stairs, he presently appeared at a window, and thanked his friends for this reception. He observed that Lord Salisbury and he had brought home peace, but peace, he hoped, with honour, which would satisfy their Sovereign, and be for the welfare of their country. Nearly the same words had been used by his Lordship in his reply to the Mayor of Dover two hours before.

ILLUMINATION AT THE CAMP OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES.—On Saturday night, 3rd inst., the camp of the "Vics," "the ladies' pets," or the "feathered soldiers," as they are dubbed by friends and enemies, was brilliantly illuminated. In the evening, after inspection, Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, D.A.G., visited the tents and expressed himself particularly pleased with No. 4 tent of No. 5 Company, which was carpeted and adorned with flowers and pictures. The Colonel pronounced it to be "splendid" and "elegant." In fact, this tent was known in the camp as "The Windsor Hotel." As soon as it was dark, rows of Chinese lamps were swung and lighted from tent to tent. In the foreground stood an illuminated board bearing the inscription, "V.V.R. Jolly No. 5 Company," in letters of red and yellow, a "happy thought," originating in the minds of Corporal Thos. Bacon and Private D. C. McLaren, who are ever to the fore when the honour of the Company is at stake. The Company here tenders its thanks to the Captain of the *Lady Eric* who kindly lent them his ship's flags to decorate the camp. On Sunday, "une procession aux lampes" took place, headed by the band, from the top of whose bushes shone small lamps. The officers were serenaded, and thus ended the last day of the camp.

THE ILLUMINATED ADDRESS TO LORD DUFFERIN.—It was determined by the proprietors that the farewell address of the two Houses—the Senate and Commons—presented to His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, in the Senate Chamber on the 15th of April last, should be illuminated for presentation to the Governor-General, and the clerks of the Houses, Mr. Leacock and Mr. Alfred Patrick, were deputed to see the project carried out. Upon Mr. Patrick, who is an officer of the oldest standing in the Civil Service, devolved the chief part of this duty, and he is to be sincerely congratulated on the result of his labours. A gentleman was found in Montreal, Mr. Edwin Cox, who had become proficient in the beautiful art, and after a number of conferences with gentlemen of taste in and out of Parliament, Mr. Patrick's quaint design was approved, and the work to-day, presented on another page, is the finished labour of the artist. It is really very beautiful, both in design and execution. It is an arch enclosed in a parallelogram 24 by 20 inches. Within the arch is the address, most elaborately engrossed in illuminated letters of gold and crimson, and blue and green, written in the medieval style. Around the arch runs a wreath of maple leaves, emblematic of Canada, peined in the rich and brilliant autumnal tints peculiar to our foliage in the fall of the year, which to a European will seem garish, though they are not in the slightest degree overcoloured. At the head of the arch are placed the Armorial Ensign of the Dominion, supported on either side by a lion and unicorn *anchored*. At the end angle of the square are globes, two of gold and two of sapphire, on each of which is placed an earl's coronet in gold. At the bottom of the arch, in an oval, is placed a view of the Parliament buildings, from the Ottawa. On the left side, midway, is a view of the Falls of Montmorency, and on the right, one of the Falls of Niagara. The remaining space between the arch and the outer line of the parallelogram, is filled with flowers at the upper angles, and most intricate and elaborate tracings. The most brilliant and varied colours are used in the ornamentation, and the amount of labour expended is very great. The work is exceptionally beautiful, and the illumination is probably the finest specimen of the art yet executed in the Dominion, or possibly in the United States. It is to be sent to Paris, Ont., for the signature of Hon. Mr. Christie, Speaker of the Senate, and to St. John, N.B., for that of the Speaker of the Commons, Hon. Mr. Anglin, when, after being framed, it will be sent to His Excellency. In entering the frame, the *Ottawa Citizen*, from which the above is substantially taken, suggests it should bear the armorial ensigns of the various Provinces, and, if possible, the woods for which they are distinguished should be used—the Douglas pine for British Columbia, bird's eye maple for Ontario, the oak for Nova Scotia, and so on. But the matter is entirely safe in his hands, and no doubt His Excellency will be almost as well pleased with this small memento of the affection in which he is so deservedly held by the Senate, the Commons and the people of Canada, as he doubtless was by the presentation of the address itself. To render this gift as complete as possible, it is understood a duplicate of the illumination will be prepared and bound in a book for His Excellency, and that he will receive both before his departure from Canada, in September next.

PRINCIPAL FACADE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

—This grand facade, raised above a prolonged terrace, with several approaches by steps, protected by curving balustrades, presents a central arched nave, of superior dimensions, with transepts extending far to the right and left, each terminated by a domed tower of four arched sides, which is supported by angle-buttresses. This is the general form of the edifice, while its aspect is further relieved by the series of perpendicular external beams, surmounted with decorative coronets and flags, rising at certain intervals along the front elevation. The lines of the central structure are boldly defined, its great arch being deeply recessed and crossed by a transverse balcony above the numerous small doorways, with side openings which give a view of the staircase inside, and with huge scroll-shaped buttresses upholding the balcony; while the upper part of the arch is ornamented with escutcheons, and with the initials of the "Republique Française," supported by winged seraphs, at the summit of all. In the grounds on this side of the Exhibition Palace, along the broad gravelled paths which cannot easily be overcrowded, there is ample space for a promenade in the fresh air; or a brief repose of body and mind can be enjoyed in the comfortable seats, covered with basket-work to form portable alcove or summer-house, which are placed for the accommodation of weary visitors to the Exhibition. Seats of this kind might well be introduced on the esplanade, or the sands, or beach of any of our sea-side places of much resort, instead of the open benches generally provided; and we have no doubt that a small fee would gladly be paid for the use of such accommodation.

THE MONSTER BALLOON AT PARIS.—This is by far the largest balloon ever constructed, and all the appliances of science and art have been used to make it the most successful of its class. It is attached in the garden of the Tuilleries, and a number of ascensions are made daily therefrom to the infinite enjoyment of the ascensionists.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

FRIENDLY VISITS.—EMANCIPATION.—INTERESTING STATISTICS.—COLLECTIONS OF CURIOSITIES.

Scidm has any place been honoured with so many fraternal visits, of all sorts of societies, national, benevolent, and otherwise, as this city has been favoured with this summer. The papers teem with announcements of the intended visit of neighbouring societies, such as Masons, Odd-Fellows, Orangemen, Young Britons, Emeralds, Foresters, St. George, etc. The railway and boat facilities are of such an excellent nature as to make Hamilton easy of access from all quarters. There are many delightful pleasure resorts about the bay, and the Crystal Palace grounds and Dundurn Park are thrown open to visiting bodies. Nearly every society that can be thought of is represented in Hamilton, and the members of each appear to take great delight in extending the fraternal hand of welcome to their visiting brethren. The streets are almost daily enlivened by the music of some band, accompanying some excursion party through the city. All right-thinking people must acknowledge that this fraternalizing spirit is a good one, and the extent to which it has attained in Hamilton, speaks well for the hospitable nature of the citizens.

Yesterday, 1st of August, was the anniversary of that great event in British history, the

EMANCIPATION

of the coloured people in the British colonies from the bondage of slavery. The day was celebrated in Hamilton by its coloured citizens in a most joyful manner. A large number of their brethren and sisters came from Toronto, St. Catharines and elsewhere. The procession through the streets was headed by two excellent coloured bands of Toronto and Hamilton respectively. Standing at a street corner, and gazing out upon the largest number of well-dressed, well-behaved coloured people that we had ever seen, and watching the glad faces that fairly shone with a consciousness of freedom, as they passed along in the procession, which was to commemorate a day, the importance of which, perhaps, the whole of them did not fully realize, we could not help marvelling at the strides these poor people have made in a period of forty years. They had a picnic at the Palace grounds, and they had their own orators to tell them of the sufferings of their people in the past, and to give them hope for the future. Two largely-attended balls wound up the proceedings in the evening, without fireworks.

In the matter of

STATISTICS

perhaps some of your lady readers will be glad to learn that there were, in the month of July, in this city, 52 marriages, and exactly the same number of births. Why there should have been exactly the same number of births as marriages, is a conundrum that we give up. Some one more experienced in subjects of this kind will probably give their views on the question. It would be interesting to know whether the 52 comprise more girls than boys, or more boys than girls, but the fact was not made known, so we will be satisfied with the knowledge that the population is steadily increasing.

We are able to announce that we have recently discovered that a few of the citizens have some interesting private collections of

RARE CURIOSITIES.

comprising Indian relics and historical scraps and fragments, which are well worth visiting. It is our intention to call on these gentlemen and get permission to speak of the interesting objects in a more extended manner. I have been promised the assistance of one or two who are interested, and who take delight in collecting rare and historic articles. It is believed by many that Hamilton occupies ground that was once covered by the wigwam village of a powerful Indian tribe. This belief appears to be fully borne out by very many proofs of various kinds. There is plenty of material for some interesting papers on this subject. Adieu.

W. F. McMAHON.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

I send you, dear Editor, a copy of a letter which I received some time ago, and which, being of a somewhat curious character, I fancy may interest the readers of the News. I have transcribed it as faithfully as possible, preserving all its distinctive features, and present it as follows:

INFORMATION WANTED.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 22, 177.

SIR:

It has now been 21 years since I first began to search for the unknown Parentage of Mrs. O—; whose maiden name was a mystery as the parish Authorities of "St. Cutberts, in Edinburgh City, Scotland, either could not or would not say,—How they first came by the Infant Child, called "JAKY-JAN," in the year 1825? Mrs. O— says, however, that they took her from a very old-gipsy-like-woman; who was standing alone in a cold empty Room, or Prison-house; and from where the child herself was creeping and screaming upon the Floor! This same child "JAKY-JAN" was also "visited," she says, "by a LADY and GENTLEMAN, riding with fine large CARRIAGE and HORSES, in the years 1827 and 1831." Also from *devious* it would that she was the stolen daughter of KING GEORGE the FOURTH; and that her right name was "GEORGIANA."

But during the last three years, however, I have written many lengthy Letters upon the subject of Mrs. O—'s supposed Royal descent from the "ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK!" and strange to tell—*and our word has ever reached us in reply*—save the recent Publication of "JOAN" novel; and which we don't believe of course; except to intrigue and murder! I need scarcely mention that the said Child "JAKY-JAN," was also given the names "JOAN GLASS, first of all in Edinburgh, in the year 1830—I believe for the purpose to deceive. Wherefore, sir, seeing your name for the first time, in last week's issue of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of this City,—I thought possibly "JAKY," might mean "J—"; and that the secret of my wife's maiden names, might be "JANET J—Y." I can assure you Sir, that it is for the wealth of Mrs. O—'s *unknown* RELATIONS, that we search so earnestly to discover them; but because we believe, THEY ARE WORTHY OF BEING KNOWN; that is, if they are at all, as she is—*Full of superior moral qualities, and intellectual greatness; and which far exceeds the common attainments of mankind*— "HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS" *accepted*. We should, indeed, be very happy to know them; whether they have money or whether they have none.) FOR THEIR REPUTATION'S SAKE. In fact, Mrs. O— is a Lady possessed of GOD-LIKE ENDOWMENTS; like the "PATRIARCH DAVID" of old—loving to Friends, and bitter to enemies! Her musical Talents are excellent! She has sung many good songs to the delight of hundreds of persons in various Towns and Villages in Ontario. And, even now, in appearance, no one would suppose her to be more than Thirty-five years of age!—although, from the "Parish Books" in Edinburgh, and other proofs, it is well known her age must be fifty-two or three years at least. Sir, would you please be so kind as to forward us some information concerning the name "J—Y." How it is pronounced, and of what nationality it belongs to; and whether there was ever to your knowledge, Sir,—any RELATION LOST or STOLEN belonging to the FAMILIES of "J—Y'S" about FIFTY YEARS ago!

Madam is rather short and thick-set, with fine dark eyes and hair; and of Fair Complexion. The sad account, as given in the new novel book "JOAN," is very discouraging, indeed, to the party whom it specially refers; and I am sure THAT that party is Mrs. O—y; for it contains several items I have written and mailed in Letters upon the subject. It also shows, that if "JOAN" pushes her legal claim, she may expect naught but "Isolation, Imprisonment, or Death!" Death of every Friend living!—beginning with "her FATHER," and "Grandfather," who dropped down DEAD SUDDENLY in a public place in KETTERING, on the 28th of last October! and without any "Inquest" being held!!! See book "Joan"; page 1 and 2.

Wherefore, Sir: any information which you may choose to send us upon the above mysterious subject; we shall I assure you be happy to receive with every sense of Gratitude. I am Sir—Yours respectfully,

WM. O—Y.

To Mr. C. E. J.

I regret to say that I have been unable as yet

to obtain any information which can be of any use to the gentleman who sent me the above letter, but am living in hope that I may with the assistance of some of the readers of the News be able to throw light upon the mystery. Fired with the hope I publish the letter and call upon all to put their shoulder blades to the wheel and lend a helping hand. I have carefully abstained from mentioning names as the writer of the letter might not like it to be read by unsympathetic eyes, but all who may require further information are requested to address their enquiries to

Stayner, Ont.

C. E. J.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops of the Quebec Province paid their respects to Lord and Lady Dufferin last week.

TWELVE hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed for the new Catholic University at Lille, France.

As a memorial to the late Bishop Selwyn, it is proposed to found a Selwyn College at Cambridge, England.

DR. KERRY (M.D. Bishop's University, 1878,) has been appointed Curator of the museum in the Medical Faculty of Bishop's University.

A BERLIN despatch says the negotiations between Prince Bismarck and the Papal Nuncio are progressing satisfactorily for a *carta*, in consequence of the important concessions made by Bismarck.

NEWS has been brought from Scotland which has saddened all the friends of the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, late Principal of Queen's College. His brother, Mr. R. Snodgrass, was struck by a railway train near Patrick and ran over, death ensuing in a few hours.

MGR. DOMINIQUE RACINE was consecrated Bishop of Chicoutimi with befitting ceremonies in the Basilica, Quebec, His Grace Mgr. Taschereau officiating, and all the bishops of the Province and a large number of priests assisting. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Hamel, of Laval University.

HUMOROUS.

THE only people who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

THE wages of sin (ah Sin) are seventy-five cents for a dozen pieces.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says the milk of human kindness is all buttermilk.

DIGNITY is best when the weather is cold, and starch will stay in a man's clothes.

LIGHTNING might do more sometimes if it wasn't in such an awful hurry.

THE Breakfast Table thinks trade is looking up, because it is flat on its back.

AN air-tight trunk is the latest novelty. The key-hole is hung on a strap and fastened to the handle.

EVEN the ocean cannot show much bigger swells than can be found at the pleasure resorts in the summer.

MORE young men would have fixed principles, politically, if it did not cost so much money to fix them.

THE police at Long Branch are placed there simply for ornament, or at most, to help a high-toned drunkard in his efforts to step over a straw.

"I WISH to be a friend to the friendless, a father to the fatherless, and a widow to the widowless," said a gushing speaker at a recent revival meeting.

"How sleep the brave?" enquires the *Chicago Tribune*. Nicely, thank you, except when it is oppressively warm; then we lie awake half the night.

"FINE nail-book, embroidered, makes lovely little slips for children," says a fashion writer. Orange peel on a sidewalk continues to be good enough for men.

THE average codfish may be possessed of 1,000,000 eggs, as Prof. Baird asserts, but we want him to understand that no heinous any of her vested rights on this account.

"CAN I ask a few questions concerning the celebrated Damascus steel?" is the way a correspondent begins his letter. Certainly we don't care a Damascus anything you want to.

"DAD, have you ever been to the museum?" said a ten-year-old. "No, my son." "Well, go, and mention my name to the keeper, and he'll take you round and show you everything."

RESTAURANT patron: "These sausages are hardly up to the mark." Waiter: "They ain't, eh? Well, d'ye expect Italian greyhounds and thoroughbred Scotch terriers for two bits?"

"Who has seen a bald-headed woman?" asks the *Inter-Ocean*. We have no doubt a good many persons have; but unfortunately the woman succeeded in killing them before they had a chance to tell of it.

THE Shah took thirty-six caskets of gold to Paris and took away only eleven. If he had visited Niagara Falls several years ago with his thirty-six caskets of gold, and remained a week or two, he would have been obliged to borrow ten dollars from a newspaper man to get home.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience and hold the torch of truth to all the dark corners and hidden cavities and not come up with a shudder and a chill as he thinks of the man when he undertook to talk politics with the dead old father of his first sweetheart while the girl was present.

A RECENT advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocery's shop, he will bear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"A WASP'S nest contains 15,000 cells," and the greatest of these "cells" is to sit down on the nest under the mistaken impression that all the wasps have gone to the sea-side or somewhere on a visit. A single wasp loitering in the back kitchen will give a sifter a warm reception. And no doubt the married one would treat you in the same manner.

We don't know that any man ever owned an umbrella for two years. That is, the same one. If there is any such man in the country, we should be pleased to receive his name and address, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith. We think he would be a curiosity, and would, furthermore, be quite an acquisition to some travelling show. Besides, we should like to borrow his umbrella.



ON THE HEIGHTS IN THE GULF.



LONDON.—RECEPTION OF LORD BEACONSFIELD AT THE CHARING CROSS STATION ON HIS RETURN FROM BERLIN.

THE LATE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The news of the death of Bishop Conroy, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, which occurred at St. Johns, Nfld., on Sunday, the 4th inst., was received by all classes in this country with mingled surprise and regret. His Excellency left Quebec for Newfoundland nearly six weeks ago. A month ago he was taken ill with violent inflammation of the lungs, but though he rallied, and was at one time thought to have shaken off the attack, it suddenly took another turn and brought on a sudden termination. Bishop Conroy was born at Dundalk, in January, 1833, studied in Ireland and Rome, and was accounted one of the most accomplished of the Irish priesthood. He was ordained in Rome by Cardinal Patrizzi in 1857, and returned to Dublin, where he worked hard work at missions, and as the secretary of Cardinal Cullen, whose nephew he was. In 1871 he was consecrated Bishop of Ardagh. On the 10th April, 1877, he was appointed by the late Pontiff Apostolic Delegate to Canada. His mission here was attended with great success, and it is understood that the present Pope had continued his mission, extending it to the United States. His time in Canada was chiefly spent in Quebec, where his mission chiefly lay, although he twice visited Ontario, on one occasion officiating at the dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton. It is stated that his remains will be sent back to his Cathedral at Ardagh.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.—A London paper says of Clara Morris: The word Egypt is written all over her form. Look at her low, square forehead, her shield-shaped face pointed at the chin. Notice her magnificent eyes, set slightly oblique, and which she uses with marvellous power, sometimes with the lids open, sometimes almost closed with the languor of the tropics. See the high, square shoulders which carry the head a little forward of the perpendicular. Mark well how her lithe, willowy form tapers downward with all the delicate lines of beauty that we find in the Etruscan vase. All this is Egypt. This is the painting, this is the statue, that all the artists for eighteen centuries have called Cleopatra, and surrounded by the rushes, and floated on the silent waters of the Nile.

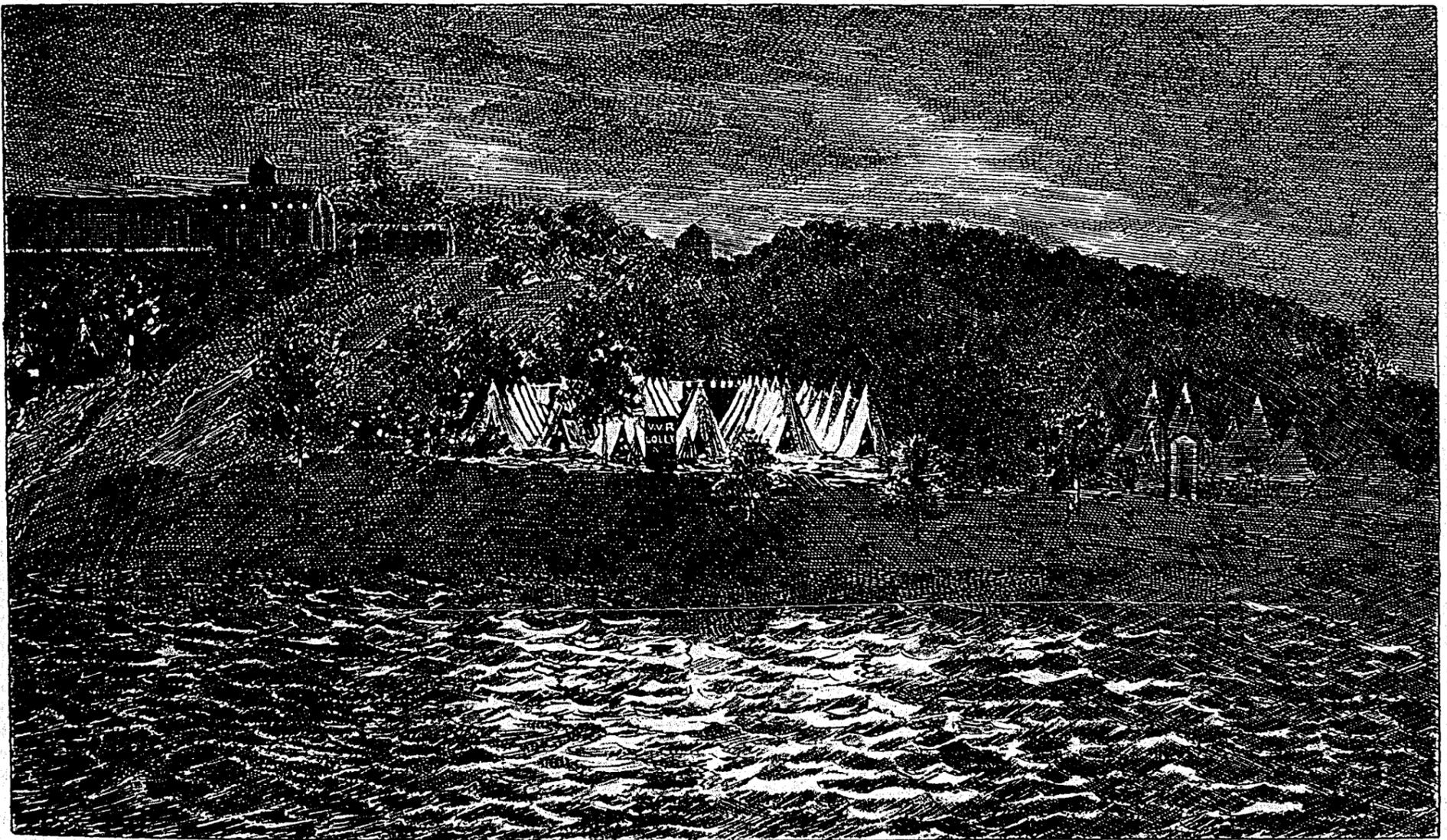


THE LATE DR. CONROY, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA.

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. While thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt occupy it but once; it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

HOW A LORD LIVES.—Lord Beaconsfield, when departing from Berlin, left \$250 to be distributed among the servants of the Kaiserhof, the hotel where he stopped. This hotel reaped quite a harvest from the Congress. The staff of the English Embassy, who inhabited nearly all the front rooms on the first floor, had to pay altogether about \$10,000, or about \$250 per day. Including the officials and servants attached to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, numbering about fifty, sixty-three had been taken by the British delegates at the Kaiserhof. The Premier, occupying some really magnificent apartments, was charged \$7,000. His lordship, whose table was always furnished with the delicacies of the season, was very well satisfied with the catering of the manager, whom he specially thanked on leaving the hotel.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON, the author of innumerable "sensation" novels, now forty-one, is portrayed as stout, blowsy, and prosaic-looking as any ale-wife in England. Romantic though her stories be, she is the incarnation of the unromantic in face and figure, and would never be suspected of the remotest connection with literature. Her conversation is said, however, to contradict her looks, for she talks very brightly, and has a pleasant, well-modulated voice, as so many of her countrywomen have. She made various juvenile ventures in prose and verse, but gained no special reputation until she produced, in her twenty-sixth year, "Lady Audley's Secret." Since then her novels have been in active demand, and she is reputed to have rendered herself handsomely independent by the proceeds of her pen. "Lady Audley's Secret," "Eleanor's Victory," "Aurora Floyd," and "Henry Dunbar" have sold by tens of thousands. She edits *Belgravia*, in which many of her stories appear; is mentioned as kind-hearted and charitable, and ever ready to assist the needy of her own sex.



MONTREAL.—ILLUMINATION OF THE CAMP OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 3RD.

RED ROCK CAMP.

AN EPISODE OF EARLY COLORADO.

My simple story is of those times ere the magic power of steam
First whirled the traveller o'er the plains with the swift-
ness of a dream,
Reducing unto a few days' time, the journey of many a
week.
That fell of old to the miner's lot, ere he "sighted" tall
Pike's Peak.

'Neath liquid sunshine filling the air, 'mid wild flowers
varied, gay,
A prairie waggon followed the track that led o'er the
plains away;
And most of those 'neath its canvas roof were of lawless
type and rude.
Miners—broad-chested and strongly built, a reckless
gold-seeking brood.

Yet two of the number surely seemed most strangely out
of place,
A girl, with fragile, graceful form, shy look, and beau-
teous face;
One who had wrought out the old, old tale, left her home
and friends for aye.
Braved family frowns, and stranger's smiles love's
promptings to obey.

And the lover husband at her side, no miner unlettered
he,
Not such the tale told by well-shaped hands as a wo-
man's fair to see;
But his tall, lithe form, stalwart, well-knit, firm mouth
and look of pride,
Told of iron will, resolved to win a fitting lot for his
bride.

Tender he was, but the plains were vast, toilsome and
tedious the way,
Developing soon the fever germs that within her latent
lay;
And daily the velvet, azure eyes with a brighter lustre
burned,
And the hectic flush of her waxen cheek to a deeper car-
mine turned.

Oh! the dread time 'neath that canvas close, when she
bravely fought for breath,
Fire in her veins, whilst more panting came each labor-
ing painful breath.
At length one eve, she clasped his neck, with a wild and
wailing cry,
"O, darling, lay me on God's green earth, 'neath His
sun-bright clouds to die!"

Mutely the bridegroom caught her up after that touching
appeal,
Why refuse her prayer when on her brow was already
set death's seal?
To proffered help and rough words of hope, to protests
whispered low,
He murmured, "Leave us—go on your way! Good
comrades, it must be so!"

Then in the eyes of those reckless men bright tears were
glistening seen,
For in their rugged, though willing way, most kindly
had they been;
And no selfish fears of sickness dire had they showed by
look or word,
For whate'er of good dwelt within each heart, that help-
less girl had stirred.

They raised a rude tent, and from their stores they
brought of the very best,
Whispering of speedy help to be sent, as each clammy
hand they pressed.
"Nay, friends," he said, with a short, sharp laugh, more
painful than sob to hear,
"No help send back, for myself and wife must perforce
both settle here."

Then he sat him down and placed her head on his ach-
ing, throbbing breast
While the sweeping rush of prairie winds seemed to
bring relief and rest,
And her dim eye watched without a shade of regret or
passing pain,
The receding waggon, soon a speck on the wide and
boundless plain.

"Oh, Will! on your true and tender heart, tranquil
and happy I die,
Knowing our lives, though now severed here, will be
joined again on high;
One kiss, my husband, loving and loved, one clasp of thy
strong, kind hand,
One farewell look in thy mournful eyes ere I pass to the
Spirit Land!"

But, God! what is this? she wildly asks, with hurried
panting gasp;
Her fingers have touched a weapon of death in her hus-
band's hand close clasped;
"O, surely, you would not—dare not go, uncalled, to
your Maker's sight!"
"Wife, when passes your spirit away, mine, too, shall
take its flight!"

It boots not to tell the loving prayers that welled from
that true wife's heart,
She sued with an angel's holy power, a woman's win-
ning art,
Till that despairing man, with quick, low sob, his weapon
tossed away,
And promised, till came his Maker's call, on this cheer-
less earth to stay.

Then sunshine lit up her wan, white face, and bright-
ened her failing eyes,
Enkindling upon her marble cheek the glow of the sun-
set skies;
Closer she nestled into his breast with a smile of child-
like bliss,
"Already a forerunner of you bright Heaven is given me,
Will, in this!"

A little while and the lashes drooped, unstirred by life's
faint breath,
Whilst the sweet smile on the perfect lips was sealed
there, for aye, by death,
With the second sunset he laid her in her lonely prairie
grave,
Then joined a passing miner's band that a friendly wel-
come gave!

But as time sped on, all wond'ring marked his silent, un-
social ways,
And the brooding nature, reeking nought for blame, nor
mirth, nor praise;
At direct tasks of the miner's toil with fevered zeal he
wrought,
But unto its tempting golden spoils he rarely gave word
or thought.

Then want and work and cold autumn rains brought
fever in their train,
And Red Rock Camp-echoed, alas! to delirious moans
of pain;
And the healthy shrank from the fevered, with hard un-
pitying eye,
And listening but to their selfish fears, left the sick, un-
nursed, to die.

Then unto the stranger in their midst new life, hope,
vigour came,
Enkindled swift in that nature grand, by charity's ardent
flame.
He nursed the sick and buried the dead, by the dying
watched until
The miners' rough low blessed the chance that had
brought them "Parson Will."

'Twas thus they named him. When health returned to
the stricken camp again,
Yet one victim more the fever claimed, it was him; nor
grief, nor pain
Looked forth from his earnest eyes, instead, they shone
with a radiant light,
As he whispered, "Joy and brightness come close after
the cold dark night.
A few short hours and from life's dull chain will my
weary heart be free,
Then, angel wife, my promise kept, I go unto God and
there!"

Montreal.

MRS. LEPROHON.

HEARTS AND HANDS.

I am a widow with one son and one daughter.
We live on the north-western coast of Scotland,
in a spacious house, built one hundred and fifty
years ago by one of our ancestors. I have heard
that he was a naval officer in the British ser-
vice, and had lived under the British flag,
"wherever the breeze could bear or ocean
foam," until, weary with roaming, he sought
this world-forgetting spot, manifesting his en-
doring love for the ocean by settling within the
sound of the siren's voice, yet safe from her
embrace. The mansion which he built must be
an emblem of herself—half-feudal, half-
modern—clinging to graceful tradition, yet
mindful of living facts. Everything in and
around the dwelling and the place suggests to
me the symptoms of family traits; the wild
shore, unvisited save by the heaving ocean; the
dark forest in one direction, looking as though
its recesses might be the abiding places of bogies
or of beautiful fairies; while on the other hand
lay the desolate yellow hills, crowned by gray
clouds that seemed ever unwilling to yield to
sunshine.

The house itself suggested refined comfort.
It was spacious and substantial. Every part of
it was moulded with a symmetry that lent grace
to its strength, and clearly bespoke a nature
cultivated and proud, secure of its own claims
and confident of its own taste; but the lofty
vestibule, the wide stairway, and the spacious
halls were imbued with the gloom that no fancy
decoration, nor music nor laughter, nor the in-
toxication of wine could unbend, for there was
an invisible presiding influence that seemed to
penetrate the hollowness of mirth and predict
the briefness of joy. From long seclusion from
such a haunt, my own mind has become as-
similated to the atmosphere, and when I attempt
gayety it is in that subdued form which ex-
presses due reverence for the stately gloom of
surrounding associations.

It was a gloomy night, the rain poured
heavily, but the winds lay still as if spectators
of the performance of the pitiless flood—a slow
heaving of the tide that was coming in from
the sea. The fire roared and crackled as if try-
ing to be hilarious in spite of the sullen gloom
without. Cousin William, my children and
myself sat around the broad hearth and a sym-
pathetic seemed to fall upon us all. I tried in
vain to think of something pleasant or cheerful
to say, but as each idea presented itself I found
some fault with it, as being too light, too
sombre, or too commonplace to be worth the
utterance.

At length, Cousin William—more in a tone,
however, of soliloquy than of conversation—
said:

"Yes! just thirty years to-night since he
died."

Anything was a relief to the long silence, and
we all eagerly caught at the opportunity.

"Since who died?" "Whom do you mean,
Cousin William?" "How strange that you
should remember so well anything that trans-
pired so long ago!" "Who was it that died?"
"Any one in whom we are interested?" I
asked.

"Only as a kinsman," he said, "and one of
whom you have sometimes heard—our cousin,
Sir Hugh, who was once possessed of these
domains; one who enjoyed the position and
advantages which wealth and title gave; one
who had a brilliant career, who should have had
a happy life, but whose death was strange and
sad."

"Do tell us," I said, "something about him.
I have always felt a curiosity about him, for all
the intimations I ever had of him have been
faint, indistinct glimmers—nothing plain and
explicit like the details of our other dead kin-
smen; and I am just in the mood to-night to
enjoy a rummage into the secret drawers and
hidden passages of the past; so, Cousin Wil-
liam, if you will lay aside your cigar and drink
this glass of wine, I know you can make your-
self so entertaining that the beating rain and
moaning sea will be forgotten. I will even
volunteer to place you on the train of the for-
saken past by asking if our cousin, Sir Hugh,
was not a very eccentric sort of a person?"

"Rather strange, I might say," replied
Cousin William, "because his unlikeliness to
others did not show itself to overt actions, as do
the whims of eccentric men. Society recog-
nized him as one conforming to her rules, and
welcomed him as a leader who could dictate its
opinions or grace his pleasures. His strange-
ness was known to those who mingled in his
daily life, and who, like myself, looked up to
him, and, by chance, looked into him. He had
the faculty of obtaining the entire confidence of
his associates without yielding anything in re-

turn, and while seeming to open his mind to
you, he was only penetrating your thoughts; so
that, on comparing your relations with what
you had heard, you were made to know that you
had given all and received nothing."

"Was he handsome?" asked my daughter.
"That was always a mooted point," said
Cousin William; "those who had only a passing
view pronounced him almost homely, while
those who knew him well considered him incom-
parably handsome, the influence of his voice
and manner being irresistible."

"I can understand exactly how it was," said
I; "even at this distance, I know that big
cousin of ours and feel his power. I believe I
can even tell you what portion of this house he
built, for I can see it has some touches greatly
differing from others. I believe that he built
those two towers on the west side, that look like
far seeing eyes, trying to catch visions of some-
thing longed for which never came and never
was to come for him: I feel as though his heart
longed always for the taste of some joy it could
never reach, or was embittered by the thought
of something foolishly thrown away."

"You are romantic," said Cousin William.
"Not romantic, if you please," said I, "only
very impossible, for although, as you already
know, I am a widow, possessed of a stout boy
and budding daughter, I am not one of those
dutiful dames who confer all their bloom upon
their daughters and all their heart upon the
sons. I still can boast roses on my cheek and
acknowledge some flushing of the heart when
either dead or living heroes are the subject of
conversation. No," I reiterated, "I am not
romantic, but I can enter into some people's
natures, though their possessor have been long
dead, and I can gather them close to my heart,
and suffer the longings that made them sick
and mourn for the faults that made them for-
lorn. I wish I had lived when he lived, and
had been his sister, or—"

"Or perhaps his sweetheart?" continued
cousin William.

"Did he have a sweetheart?" eagerly in-
quired my little son. "Did he not love any of
the pretty ladies?"

"He was married," I said, anticipating
cousin William's reply.

"He was," said cousin William, "but un-
fortunately marrying and loving do not always
go hand-in-hand, and his was one instance in
which, I think, they walked very far asunder."
"And yet," I said, "from all you tell me, I
imagine he might have chosen and been satisfac-
ed."

"His success with women," replied cousin
William, "was without parallel. His slightest
attention seemed to have more weight than the
earnest devotion of other men. I might even
say he was sought of women. Wealth, family,
position, personal fascination, all tended to
make him the marked ideal of the female sex;
but I fear that his choice fell in what he con-
sidered an unpropitious spot, and in this fact
lay the secret of his strangeness. It was during
the summer preceding his death that I became
acquainted with incidents which opened many
incidents to me. He and I were affectionate
companions, I being the younger of the two;
and, as I have said, during the summer preced-
ing his death he proposed that we should pro-
ceed together a pleasure tour among the High-
lands; so we set off provided with hunting and
fishing implements, and for many days pursued
our sports with much avidity—at least, I did,
but I could afterward, in thinking of the expedi-
tion, recall the restless desire which Sir Hugh
seemed to repress, while he exhibited an un-
conscious anxiety about something not present.

"We had pursued our sports for the space
of ten days, when, on the afternoon of the
eleventh, we suddenly and without any warn-
ing, arrived at a cottage situated snugly in the
cleft of the mountain, looking like the nest of a
bird. I was startled by the cultivated beauty
of its surroundings, just in the midst of the
mountain winds, reminding me of some rare
flower borne by the winds from a foreign shore,
with no kindred blossom to bear its compani-
ship. The welcome accorded to us by the heads
of the family proved that Sir Hugh was a valued
if not a frequent guest. A look of inquiry
showed me that all the usual family were not
there; but the rustling of a dress, the sound of
a light footstep, and in the door stood a young
woman whose presence certainly answered to
Sir Hugh's unuttered question. 'Miss Esther
Montrose, allow me to make you acquainted
with my cousin,' and I felt a soft hand for a
moment within my own, a frank pressure, as
though the introducer were a guarantee for any
one, and in a few minutes I was feeling myself
unaccountably at my ease among total strangers.
The father and mother, though their faces re-
minded one of the old Covenanters, were plain
and kindly in their manner; and the daughter
had the sweet graciousness, that dignity of
innocence, that no fashionable training can
ever confer, but which always accompanies a
tender heart and refined imagination. The
hours passed unheeded; and the days grew into
weeks almost unheeded by either of us. I
think, for the only time in my life, I saw Sir
Hugh seem quietly happy.

I cannot recall any of our conversation, but
my memory of her is like the effect of an autumn
day, and her beauty seems to have been made
of the tints of the sea-shell, the odor of jessa-
mine, and the fettered rays of sunshine. I
watched Sir Hugh closely, and he did not for-
get his usual caution. His bearing toward her
assumed a high tone of gallantry, mingled with
sternness which I knew was affected; for

several times when he thought himself un-
observed, I read in his glance a passionate de-
votion which made me feel that there was the
talisman which in society shielded him from all
the charms and wiles spread before him by
courtly dames.

"I have said hours became weeks in this
dream of happiness, when at last I announced
that I must be turning my face homeward. Sir
Hugh immediately sanctioned the movement,
and it was agreed that two days more should
conclude our visit. Esther was not present
when we spoke of our intention to leave, nor
do I know how she became informed of it. I
only remember that when it was alluded to she
seemed not at all surprised.

"The last evening of our stay was unusually
beautiful. The clear orange sunset was soon
suffused with the silvery beams of the full
moon. Tea was served in the arbor, where
music, song, and subdued conversation beguiled
the time until midnight. I know I reproached
myself at the time for intruding on the parting
hours of those whom I felt were lovers. I think
they watched the night out together, and with-
out any endeavours on my part, I heard so
much of their conversation as served for a key
to his past and his future life.

"Are you in earnest about not returning
here?" I heard her say.

"I said I would not return until I brought
my bride."

"Your bride!" she said. "Is she already
selected?—and how long have you loved her?"

"That is a question," he said, affecting to
laugh, "hard to answer. I have known her
these two years. As to loving, you are the only
person authorized to speak on that matter.
Surely you know that no living woman, except
yourself, has ever caused my heart a throb."

"You love me and yet you leave me! Strange
contradiction," she said. "But it shows me
that what has been my entire life has been
with you only a passing episode."

"If your design is to be severe," he said,
"you certainly have driven home the weapon
this time, and given me an undeserved thrust.
I am glad to say you have done me the greatest
injustice."

"I judge you by your own actions," she
said. "Surely no man should demur to such a
tribunal."

"You forget," he answered, "that I am not
my own master. Position has its demands."

"None," she said, "but such as a strong
man could control without any detriment to
his manhood."

"You mistake," he said. "You do not
know the world and its dictates—how it sets
aside feeling when it conflicts with custom and
public opinion."

"I confess that I know little of the world
and I wish to know still less of institutions
that demand falsehood in the holliest ties of
life; but I do not know that the world, nor
death should sever me from that fealty which
should be governed by higher laws than man
ever enacts."

"You should know that rank pays heavy
penalties for its privileges, and the heaviest
penalty is the one which concedes the choice of
wives and husbands to the dictation of our
peers. As a prince seeks a princess, so must an
earl seek a countess."

"Can I ever forget how my chivalry fired at
this expression! Sir Hugh was my kinsman,
yet how I longed to stand before him as her
champion, and tell him that the wealth of her
heart was richer than the rubies of the bridal
gifts, and her brow a throne before which
coronets might kneel.

"I heard but little more of the conversation.
I thought I heard a sob, and then he seemed to
be pleading earnestly and tenderly for some
token or privilege. Her last words were these:

"Promise me that, whatever betide, you will
come at my summons."

"I promise," replied he. I heard no more.

"Early the next morning we set off. Esther
pleaded indisposition as an excuse for not ap-
pearing, and through her mother sent her fare-
wells and kind wishes for our journey.

"Our journey home was anything but pleas-
ant. Sir Hugh was moody beyond power to be
roused. Had I known less of his secret, I might
have rallied him on the subject of his pretty
treasure; but I knew too well where the for-
bidden ground lay to dare place my foot upon
anything concerning her. To me she seemed
so holy, so far above the ordinary level of ba-
dinage, that for her sake, even more than for
his, I refrained from all reference to the subject.

"We had returned from our excursion only
about one month, when Sir Hugh made known
the fact that, ere long, Lady Louisa Page would
be the mistress of Darkwood Place. I had never
seen the lady, but rumours of her beauty, high
birth, and fashionable prestige had reached me
and I felt no little curiosity to see the future
bride.

"The day of her arrival was exceedingly sunny
and with the bustle of arrival, the reception of
strangers, the supper, the loud music and merry
laughter, the old house seemed for a time com-
pletely transformed, and I almost wondered if
all my former life had been a concatenation of
dreams, and if this were not my first awakening
to actual life. Nothing had before ever worn
such a look of reality. The bride was a stately
beauty, her personal charms being such as were
grasped at a glance, consisting of regular fea-
tures, fine eyes and noble carriage.

"Some of the guests remained several weeks;
for Sir Hugh was a gracious host; but I could
see how little his heart was in all these gay

manifestations. At length all the visitors departed, and things resumed their usual routine.

"Lady Louisa was a woman very fortunate in her composition, which rendered her nearly, if not entirely, independent of the sentiment of daily life. If conventionalities were to be observed she never troubled herself about the motives by which they were actuated, and if forms were maintained she was never affected by the expression. She valued what the world valued, and, if not disappointed in the facts that life yielded her, she sought neither pleasure nor pain in fancied interpretations of material things; therefore if her lord dispensed the hospitalities of his mansion with fashionable grace, it mattered not to her if the smile he wore reached no farther than the lip. If he sustained his share in the conversation, she cared not though his eye and his thoughts might be wandering far away from the scene.

"It was not long before everything assumed the moody look that again rested on Sir Hugh, for I verily believe the master spirit in a household does endow mute surroundings with its own colors. Lady Louisa was healthy, and possessed a physical vivacity that was able to triumph unconsciously over it all. I know that I felt grateful to her for giving a wholesome air to the daily occurrences of our establishment. I was glad that he had the faculty of always being able to talk and laugh about common-place things in a common-place manner, and I found that the fact of my finding relief in this daily chat made me very companionable to her, and sufficed to much negligence on the part of Sir Hugh, who never made, or seemed to take, any effort to adopt himself into her society. Things wore on this way until the approach of autumn; a season welcome to me and to him, because it furnished us with out-door sports; a season welcome, because it was the precursor of a London season, a period which summed up for her all the vivid enjoyments of existence.

"This is actually the fifth of September," I said, one morning at breakfast. "The air is keen enough to make hunting very enjoyable."

"You could not have hit my mood more exactly," said Sir Hugh; "and let us start before the edge is taken off the air. I love to feel my cheeks tingle with the cold while I am pursuing my game."

"The day could not have been better suited to the purpose. The gray clouds admitted a level light, rendering distant objects more distant than even a bright sunshine would have done. We had a long tramp, and toward the close of the day returned, bearing ample evidence of our success, and we found the fire at home and the handsomely served dinner very welcome creature comforts.

"It was as we were slowly sipping our wine that we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the yard, and, after a lapse of a few minutes, a servant handed Sir Hugh a note. This was nothing remarkable, for social occasions, as well as business requirements, brought such missives, but the blackness that fell upon his face was singular as he read this note, and, crumbling it in his hand, ordered his horse to be made ready without delay, saying that important business demanded his instant departure for the North. We begged him not to leave until the morning, as it was now late, and there was every indication of a snow-storm. To all our importunities he paid no heed, but as quickly as portmanteau and steed could be made ready he bade a hasty adieu and left, saying that he might be absent three days, perhaps his absence might reach the length of two weeks.

"I found it impossible to banish a vague apprehension of gloom that would fix itself upon my mind, and I nervously watched the road many times, to catch, if possible, the first glimpse of the comer.

"It was on the afternoon of the ninth day that I had the pleasure of seeing a horseman approach the house, who, upon a nearer view, proved to be Sir Hugh; and, having summoned Lady Louisa to ascertain if my convictions were correct, we both watched him for some time, and were quite unable to comprehend why he should return bearing a veiled lady behind him, for we could distinguish her with sufficient clearness to see the folds of her veil floating in the breeze. We conjectured in vain as to who it might be, when, to our amazement, as he rode to the foot of the steps, the lady was no longer to be seen.

"Almost before we had greeted him we exclaimed:

"But the lady! What have you done with her?"

"What lady," he said. "I am sure I saw no lady during my ride to-day, excepting the wife of the landlord at the inn, twenty miles distant."

"But we both saw the lady mounted behind you—a lady wearing a long veil—and she did not leave you until you were sufficiently near for us to distinguish her hand, as she held it about your waist."

"Sir Hugh looked much annoyed, and said he was so weary and hungry he could relish rest and refreshment much more than meaningless jokes. This remark ended all our badinage, and I think the strange circumstance was never referred to again.

"Sir Hugh volunteered nothing to any one on the subject of his trip, and his evident reserve prevented my intruding any question or remark bearing on the point. I could not, however, but be impressed with his extreme sadness.

"It may be fortunate, in the general arrangement of Providence, that the future is concealed from us, but I do think that preternatural vision would at certain times be better for us all. If,

for instance, what was to transpire in our household at that time could have been revealed to me, I imagine that much suffering might be averted. An overburdened heart, like a battery overcharged, deals destructive shocks upon the human system, and sympathy is a great and safe conductor of those tremendous thrills which otherwise tear and rend the human vitality. I am trying to say that had I induced Sir Hugh to confide his secret to me, such an outlet would have benefited his mental condition. A pent-up sorrow, like fixed air, stifles him who breathes it.

But it is useless now to speak of what I might have done, or its probable results. Suffice it to say that within a few weeks after his return Sir Hugh sickened; though all was done that science or the closest attention could do, it had no visible effect. He said but little during his illness about his situation. He was apparently calm, and alluding to his state always spoke of his recovery as a thing not to be expected.

Several times we thought him delirious, because he was evidently talking with some one who, we thought, was not present. But a few days before his death his attendants insisted that on several occasions they saw a female figure near him, which was closely veiled. I, for one, can testify to the fact that there certainly was a palpable, visible intangible presence, more distinct, in a faint light than in a full light; and, this I suppose, was the reason why Sir Hugh cried so earnestly, 'Light! more light!'

"The nearer he approached dissolution the more distinct the image became, until we all felt that a stranger was present, of whose home or name none of us knew aught. After many pangs, Sir Hugh breathed his last. The night was close and sullen, and the stillness of death pervaded everything, when a deep moan penetrated every portion of the house, from room to room, through stairway and hall, then passed into the wide air, and with it went the everlasting soul of him who, but a few days before, had been the fortunate possessor of all that makes life grand and sweet.

"There has always been a superstition," continued Cousin William, "that on the anniversary of his death, the same strange moan permeates the air."

"Do you believe it?" I asked. "I can't say I believe it," he replied; "yet there are strange coincidences in the case. I was thinking of this being the anniversary, until my ears were arrested by a singular moan."

"I heard it," said I, "but thought it was the sudden swelling of the wind."

"And so did I!" exclaimed both my son and daughter.

"If it was the wind," said Cousin William, "it is the only blast we have had to-night."

"What became of his wife?" I asked.

"She returned to her family."

"And the fair woman of the mountains?"

"I afterward ascertained she died in the arms of Sir Hugh. It was her summons that called him away on that memorable day. Grief for his desertion killed her. Her last words were, 'Meet me soon'—the words were but too faithfully obeyed."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is said the Duke of Sutherland is already forming a company to get the commission of the Euphrates Railway.

We are threatened with an attack of Cypromania, for we have already a shirt, a hat, a wine vault, a cigar, a necktie, a boot, a musical march, named after our newly-acquired island possession.

HER Majesty's Government, in order not to separate the affairs of Asiatic Turkey and Cyprus, have definitely decided to place the latter island under the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office in preference to the War or Colonial Offices.

THE Board of the Corporation of Trinity House have decided to build the new Eddystone Lighthouse themselves, and not to give the work out to contract. The estimate of the Board's engineer was £15,000 less than the lowest of the three tenders received, which was £105,000.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE has presented to Lord Beaconsfield the Star and Badge of the Garter in diamonds of extraordinary beauty. But the circumstance that confers a special value upon this graceful act is that the Star and Badge are those which were formerly worn by the Prime Minister's old friend, Lord Hertford.

A PROJECT is afoot for the thorough and systematic exploration of the antiquities of the Euphrates Valley. It is proposed to organize an expedition to leave England during next spring, the funds for which are to be raised by contributions, the Government having refused to lend its aid. The organization for the carrying out of the scheme is to be on the model of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

AN East-end curate recently preached a sermon on behalf of music-halls, which called down the wrath of the Bishop of London. The theatrical and music-hall world have, nevertheless, determined that the curate is a martyr to their cause, and they are getting up a church for him. It is stated that one music-hall proprietor alone is ready to advance £1,000 to further the enterprise.

AT Windsor the other day the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice returned from a cruise up the river in Major William's steam launch, when by some mistake there were no royal carriages waiting for them at the station, so the illustrious quartet chartered a four-wheeler and drove up to the castle, amidst cheers and laughter, in the latter of which they joined heartily.

THE real tourist business for Cyprus does not begin until October. Mr. Cook announces that he has not yet surveyed the island. "One of his chief representatives" is going out for the purpose of sending out "reliable information," but as he cannot very well send his report home until the middle of August, it will not be until the middle of October that "Mr. John Cook, with qualified assistants, will leave England to personally conduct a tourist party, specially arranged for Cyprus, giving a fortnight on the island; which will be ample time for visiting all points of either tourist or commercial interest."

A LETTER has been addressed by the Crown Prince of Germany to the Queen, thanking Her Majesty in the name of the Emperor William for the assistance rendered and the sympathy displayed by the English authorities and people on the occasion of the sinking of the "Grosser Kurfürst." The Crown Prince adds that as he himself had the opportunity of witnessing, immediately after the catastrophe, the noble emulation with which the first help was rendered to the wrecked men on English soil, his satisfaction has been all the greater in expressing these sentiments, which he thoroughly shares.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND is the only Knight of the Garter whose predecessors in the title have every one of them successively been decorated with the blue ribbon, unless the Duke of Wellington, who is but the second of his name. The Marquis of Salisbury, his father, and brother were Knights of the order, but Robert Cecil, the first Earl, and several of his successors died undecorated. The Dukes of Northumberland of the present creation have all but the last Duke been Knights of the Garter. All the Dukes of Devonshire have been admitted to the order, but their predecessors, the Earls of that ilk, were none of them so privileged.

THE parson who is going to Cyprus is Mr. David Nicholson, a most earnest and energetic man, fond of working among the poor, and never weary in his work. He is hardly what one would call an English parson. He was born in Nova Scotia, educated in Nova Scotia, ordained in Nova Scotia, and received his first preferment in Nova Scotia. He came to England about three years ago in search of harder work. Of late he has been a chaplain of the forces. For a short time he was curate for Mr. Harvey Jones at the historic Church of St. George's in the East. It is announced that Bishop Cloughton intends to pay him a visit in the autumn, and there is some talk of creating a Bishop of Cyprus.

ONE by one the old landmarks of London and Southwark are disappearing. Christ's Hospital, in spite of the vigorous opposition of many "Old Blues," has been definitely condemned, and its removal, partly to the suburbs and partly to the country, is now merely a matter of arrangement with the builders and architects. Horse-monger-lane Gaol, which has been pretty even with Newgate during the last fifty years in its distinguished convicts, is about to be closed, under the new Prisons Act. Newgate also is to sink into a thing of the past, and its valuable site put to some more useful purpose. Detaining prisoners in a building of which the ground is valued at many pounds the square yard is wholly inexplicable.

THE new Euphrates line of railway is increasing in pretensions. It is now proposed that it should be about 2,500 miles, at a cost somewhere near to £25,000,000; but in order to fulfil the idea of direct rail communication with India it will be necessary not only to bridge over the present gap between Belgrade and Philippopolis, but also to prolong the Asiatic section from Bagdad, *via* Howajja and Bunder Abaz to Kurra-chee—a further distance of 1,600 miles. By extending the line through Persia we should be within 232 hours of London, that is, London to Constantinople, 1,800 miles; Constantinople to Bagdad, 1,500 miles; Bagdad to Kurra-chee, 1,700 miles; or nine days sixteen hours—a saving of upwards of a week on the present Brindisi and Bombay route.

A CURIOUS scene was enacted in one of the London churches on Sunday. The Bishop of London had been preaching a sermon on behalf of the curate, who, as he gets only £80 a year from the incumbent, is granted an "annual benefit." The bishop preached a charitable sermon. Then came the collection. Who, of all people, should be selected to read the offertory sentences but the unfortunate curate himself. It is very wrong to feel so, yet it was comic to hear that curate represent to the congregation that if they added to his salary they would be laying up treasure in heaven, and holding up to them for imitation the example of Zacchæus, who said, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor." And this took place in a West-

end church and before a wealthy congregation; the poor curate's attention meanwhile being divided between his book and the sound of coins dropping into the plates at various parts of the church.

THE GLEANER.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has returned to London after a long residence in Palestine.

MME. TUSSAND's last novelty is a very effective representation of the meeting of the Berlin Congress.

THE Prince of Wales intends visiting Australia and contiguous English colonies next year, also China and Japan.

A COPY of the prospectus of an international exhibition at Sydney, Australia, in August, 1879, is published.

YARMOUTH, N. S., is agitated on the question of a water supply, to be brought in ten miles from Lake George, and distributed at a cost of \$130,000.

TORONTO experienced the greatest hail storm within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" recently. Considerable damage was done to property.

LORD DUFFERIN, when in New York recently, informed a friend that he should return to England in September, and that his successor would arrive in October or November.

MR. ADAM BROWN, of Hamilton, has presented the Caledonian Society of Lucknow with a silver arrow, bearing an inscription which will show the winner of the same to be the champion lady archer of Canada.

THE style and title under which Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley entered upon his new appointment as administrator of the Island of Cyprus was Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief.

LORD DERBY has a ponderous frame and his head resembles that of a prize-fighter's, his enemies say. When he speaks his manner is somewhat fidgety and nervous.

THE oldest house in Boston, which for more than two hundred years stood at the corner of Moon and Sun-Court streets, North end, has recently been demolished. This quaint old structure was built in 1677, and in the following year changed hands at the modest figure of £45.

ANOTHER London celebrity has disappeared. The old hall-porter of the Army and Navy Club is dead. He served in his box there for over 40 years, and perhaps no man living saw so many warriors go in and out of a doorway. His faculty for remembering faces was marvellous, and even royalty might have envied it at one time, but latterly this faculty was considerably on the wane.

THE Victoria (B. C.) *Colonist* says:—Within the past few days there has been minted and run into bars at the Bank of British North America, in this city, some \$25,000 of Cassiar gold dust. Of dust from the various localities, that from Walker Creek is the finest—having an assay value of about \$20 per ounce. This gold is of rich yellow colour, and is the purest yet found in British Columbia.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

H. J. ARGENT, who is now in Paris, has engaged Carolus Duran, the best painter there, to paint a full-length picture of Mme. Modjeska, at a cost of 40,000 francs. Mme. Modjeska is now sitting for the picture.

ONE of the recent successes of the German stage is Franz Suppe's comic opera, "Fradinza." It is said to be drawing crowded houses at the London Alhambra. The plot is described as amusing, with the music light, airy and attractive.

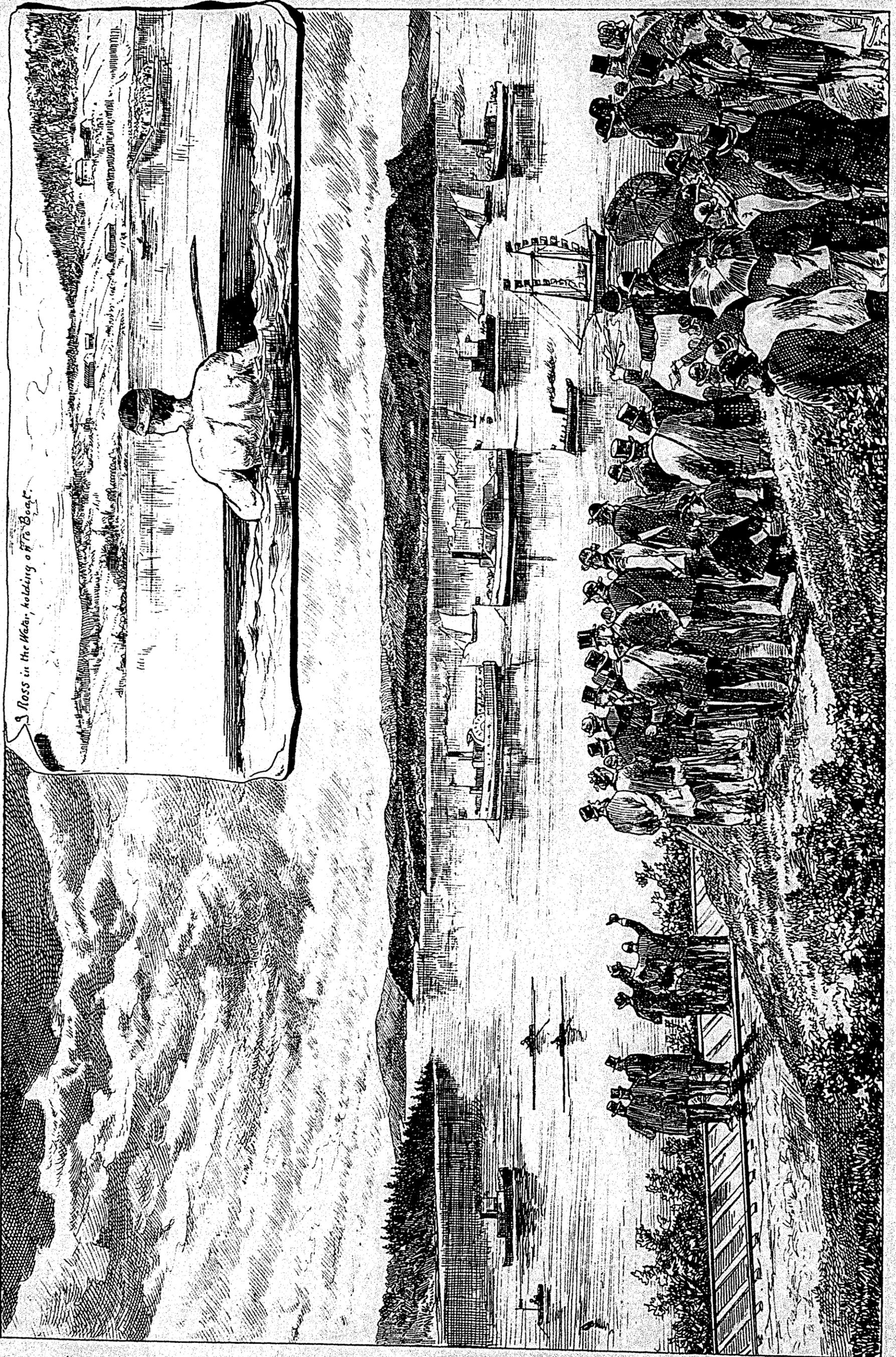
A CHICAGO capitalist, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who is a strong admirer of James O'Neil and the legitimate, offers to take handsome Jimmy in hand for a period not less than five years, at a salary of \$300 a week for the first year, with a handsome increase yearly, and \$1,000 a week for the fifth, to star him in legitimate business only.

CARL ROSA directs attention to the fact that the three operatic artists who are attracting the widest attention in the musical world at the present time are Patti, Hanck and Albani—all American born. The latter is by birth a Canadian, but she lived in the United States nearly all her life before she went abroad. "An Italian *prima donna assoluta*," adds Rosa, "is phenomenal at the present day."

RUBENSTEIN, the pianist, who is Director of the Conservatory of Music at Moscow, has gone to Paris for the purpose of organizing three grand official concerts, to take place at the Trocadero on the 7th, 14th, and 15th of September. His own compositions and the best specimens of the sacred music of Russia will form the staple of the programme. Among the assistants are Henri Wieniawski, the violinist, and his scarcely less celebrated brother, Joseph, who is highly reputed as a pianist.

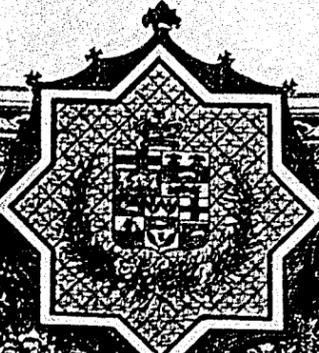
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE's grave is described by a visitor as marked by "a simple granite stone, worn with the weather, its edges softened by the clinging lichen, and bearing only the name, 'Hawthorne.' It is not more than one foot and a half in height, and seems peculiarly appropriate to a nature so sensitive, so reticent as his. The mound is covered with the sweet white clover, mingled with the pine needles shed by the majestic trees, whose branches swaying in the breeze sigh and moan an endless requiem for the illustrious dead."

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



J. Ross in the Water, holding a Flag Boat.

THE HANLAN-ROSS BOAT RACE ON THE KENNEBECASSIS.



DIEU ET MON DROIT

Joint Address
of the Senate and House of Commons to the
Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin
upon his departure from Canada
1878.

His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Frederic A. P. Earl of Dufferin Viscount
and Baron Lansdowne of Lansdowne in the County Down in the Province of the United Kingdom Baron
Dufferin and Lansdowne of Balbleidie and Wleleach in the County Down in the Province of Ireland
and a Baronet Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick Knight Grand Cross of the
Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George and Knight Commander
of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath Governor General of Canada and Vice Admiral of the same. etc.
etc etc.

My it please Your Excellency.

Of His Excellency's faithful and loyal services as Senate and Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled, we have the pleasure to approach
Your Excellency with the expression of the deep feeling of regret which we experience at your approaching departure from Canada.
We feel it to be a duty to assure Your Excellency that the people of your great abilities on all occasions to the public interests is read in high apprecia-
tion and that especially the people in each of the Provinces and Territories of the Dominion by which Your Excellency has familiarized yourself with the wants of
the people and the resources of the country, and the abundant supplies in which Your Excellency has endeavored on these points have been attended with the most beneficial
results in attracting attention to Canada.
We are highly sensible of the great benefit which literature and art and the industrial pursuits have received encouragement from Your Excellency's efforts and liberality.
We believe to convey the assurance that Your Excellency and your distinguished Consort will be remembered in our hearts as our warmest wishes for your future well-
fare and happiness, that in your life in the Dominion though Canada may no longer possess the advantage of Your Excellency's experience and knowledge of our affairs
in so extensive a degree as she has enjoyed them in the past, this country will continue to have in Your Excellency a friend and advocate, and that the great benefit which in
many years the Country at large may have the benefit of Your Excellency's ripe wisdom, experience and eminent abilities.

The Senate,
41st April, 1878
House of Commons,
41st April, 1878

Speaker
Speaker



THE ILLUMINATED FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA TO LORD DUFFERIN.

ELYSIUM.

Afar in the depths of the bright blue sky,
To an isle unknown, in the airy sea,
Where we could forever so happy be,
We long to fly away, my love and I.

To a haven of rest, a saintly place,
Where love is lovely, and nothing of care,
Or sickness, or sorrow pervades the air:
Where sin has not left its death-dealing trace.

I'd build a temple in our home in the sky,
And my love should be a goddess divine,
My heart, the censor, burning at the shrine,
Sweetest incense; and we should never die.

F. M. DEVBREUX.

Kemptville, Ont.

MARK-ERSKINE'S VISION.

Mark Erskine was a young man of twenty-five. There was a perpetual shadow on his brow, a touching sadness in his eyes, and the gloom that had settled upon his handsome features moved not even when he smiled.

I felt a powerful interest in this man the moment I saw him. I was fascinated by his face.

I was drawn towards him. Even in my sleep his face haunted me—the great, mournful eyes looked on me till my soul was stirred, my heart was wrung to agony, and I awoke longing to share his burden, impatient for the day to dawn that I might seek him.

Yet, when we met, I durst not approach the subject I had so much at heart. I feared my awkwardness would wound him, and that I should lose his esteem.

I loved him with a fervour that surprised me. Months passed away—our friendship gradually ripened; but the strange sadness that oppressed him was still a mystery to me.

His father, who had been dead for many years, was a clergyman. His widowed mother lived at P—with her sister; while Mark held a good appointment in a bank in our little town.

At length I began to notice a slight improvement in his appearance. The cloud seemed less sombre on his brow—there was even a slight vivacity in his face at times, and I was thrilled with the hope of seeing his dark sorrow depart from him.

One evening he took me to a neat cottage on the outskirts of the town, and I was surprised when he unlocked the door and entered unannounced.

I followed; and the joyful light that beamed from his countenance, as he turned to watch my surprise, filled me with an indescribable pleasure.

"This is my new home," said he, with a cheerfulness that was quite new to him; "my mother is coming hither to live with me. Do you think I have chosen a pleasant spot?"

"You have chosen admirably," I replied, with emotion, as I grasped his hand. "My dear fellow, you are a worthy son."

I remained with him a considerable time; and when I left him my hopes were very strong—for the brightness still illumined his face, and the cheeks that had been so pale were tinged with a warm, animated hue.

Sleep visited me not that night. I was restless and nervous—a strange feeling of dread and apprehension had taken hold of me, and I could not cast it away.

I was in full health, had neither ate nor drank inordinately; my condition, therefore, was beyond comprehension.

I had heard nothing, seen nothing, to excite my nerves to this unwonted tension; but there was a something that I felt—something intangible, but very potent—something beyond the grasp of sense and faculty alike.

I arose and left the house, for I was impelled by a power I could not withstand—impelled to seek my friend.

I had no ability to act or even feel independently. Without the persuasion of reason, without the faintest mental perception of necessity, I was impressed with a sense of duty, filled with a single purpose.

It was long after midnight when I passed the "Crown and Sceptre."

I heard the voice of a young man of my acquaintance within, but why I was attracted by it I know not.

I sought admittance, obtained it, and drank with the landlord and his customer.

The latter invited me up stairs (he appeared oblivious of the fact that it was "after hours"); he conducted me to a room where a dozen young men sat at card-tables.

They were all desperate gamblers; and there were some there at that moment who had madly staked and lost their whole—some who had even gone further than that, and encumbered themselves with "debts of honour."

Some of these broken ones—broken for the present, and their fair prospects blighted—sat opposite those whose pockets contained the lost money—whose tables recorded the extent of future claims.

Yet all were "dear familiar friends"—daily companions.

"Erskine is a long time away," observed one of them.

"Do you expect him here to-night?" I inquired.

"Yes; I have a wager with him. I left my cane to-day, through forgetfulness, on the tomb on 'Haunted Common,' and I challenged him to fetch it. He should be here by this time."

I left the "Crown and Sceptre," and hastened to the common.

"Haunted Common," as it was called, was a piece of waste, rocky land, about a mile distant.

"The Tomb" was a large, flat stone, overgrown with lichens, and generally believed to mark the resting-place of some departed lonely one, who, having lived in solitude, chose that his bones should lie apart from other human dust.

To this spot I directed my steps. The moon was up, and by its pale light I saw my friend standing, with folded arms, against the trunk of a blasted fir-tree, whose limbs, withered and naked, stretched in the pale light like the arms of a giant skeleton.

While I hesitated, thinking how I might attract his attention without alarming him—his head was bent upon his breast, and he appeared to be wrapped in profound reflection—he started from his position, discovered me near him, and came towards me.

"This is very strange!" he ejaculated. "How came you hither?"

"I came to see you. Come, let us get away from this place."

"Indeed!" he cried, gazing earnestly into my face. "Then you, too, are inspired? But come." He linked his arm in mine, and drew me away. "I must catch the night mail."

"Why?" I asked looking at him wonderingly.

"I am going to my mother's funeral!"

I trembled, for the terrible idea flashed upon my mind that he was mad.

I dared not question him. I did not even look upon his face, but hurried him away.

As soon as he perceived my intention of taking him to my house, he resisted.

I humoured his mood, and suffered him to lead me to his rooms.

"You are too late for the mail," I said, seeing him put some articles into his travelling-case. "Be persuaded by me, my dear fellow, and take some rest; you need it sadly."

"Listen," he began. "I went to that tomb to-night to decide a wager."

"I saw my mother there as plainly as ever I beheld her."

"I had no power to move, nor speak, but stood gazing at the apparition till it vanished; and, even then I continued to gaze at the vacant place, fastened to the spot where I stood."

"The bell of the church clock struck the hour of two, and its tones startled me from my reverie."

"I was faint and sick, and leaned against a tree for support. You found me so."

"You are my dearest friend, but you have not known the secret of my gloomy countenance. I will tell you now."

"I was a reckless gambler. My passion for it was all-absorbing."

"I raised the demon, and it fettered me, body and soul, till my bondage was complete. This was the canker that corroded my manhood; the infernal power that imperiled my immortality, and set its black seal upon my forehead."

"You who have never felt the power of this abominable vice that I encouraged, can never conceive the terrible thralldom into which it inevitably lures its votaries."

"But I have broken from my chains. Oh, may I ever shun even the very outside, feeblest current of that pool, whose treacherous eddies whirl its wretched victims at every turn nearer to the fatal vortex at its centre, which descends even into hell!"

Presently the day dawned, and Erskine expressed his intention of taking the early train to P—, for he professed himself firm in the belief he had adopted at the tomb on the common.

I used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain; he was steadfastly resolved to go.

While he was preparing to start, the door-bell rang. I answered it, and trembled when I received an envelope, which I knew contained a telegram, from the hands of the official messenger.

Erskine came towards me; his face was pallid, but his voice steady when he said, "In that envelope you will find a message written thus: 'Your mother died at two o'clock this morning.' Open and read."

I obeyed.

The message contained the very words he had uttered; adding only, "Come at once."

A year passed away. Erskine was an altered man, indeed. He was cheerful, happy; his melancholy had flown, but there was just a little sadness in those great, glorious eyes of his.

He came to me at my house one evening, and, when we were comfortably seated at the fire, he looked at me so earnestly that I feared he was in trouble.

"George," he said, "I have come to tell you something that will make you sad. I should have broken it to you before this but that I knew it would grieve you to know that we must part."

"Part!" I cried. "That must not be. I could not bear to lose you, Mark. Surely you are jesting with me?"

I looked into his eyes, and oh! how I wished I had not spoken of jesting! He gazed at me with such a depth of tenderness, such a wealth of love and friendship, and withal, a sorrow so chastened, so pure, that I felt as though I looked upon the face of an angel.

"I have only one regret," he continued, grasping my hand, "in leaving this world; and that is, that you will sorrow for the loss of your gloomy friend. But, for my sake, check your sorrow, my dear George; our separation will not be for long—a lifetime is so short."

He rose, still pressing my hand, and, though I would have remonstrated with him for indulg-

ing in such melancholy forebodings, my utterance was choked with emotion, and I pressed his hand in silence.

He looked at his watch, and then said, "I must be going, old friend; my time is very short. My spirit yearns towards you; I cannot satisfy its ardour now by one poor formal pressure of hands."

He put his head upon my shoulder, wept—not for himself, but for the grief he knew that I should have to bear.

The bitterness of that moment makes me shudder even now.

I verily believe my heart stood still. A pressure fell upon it; I thought it had crushed it. At length it throbbed again; and then the anguish burst over me unchecked, and I, too, wept upon his neck.

One long embrace, forgetful of all conventionality, and then he gently disengaged himself.

"You would not see me die?" he asked.

"This is a mere illusion!" I cried. "I pray you shake off this gloomy thought. You must not—"

But he interrupted me.

"I saw my epitaph upon the rugged tomb on the common; and my mother's spirit, on that night you found me there, pointed to the date that limited my life. I feared to grieve your heart with this before. Within an hour I shall have left this world of many sorrows."

He would have bidden me farewell, and hastened to his own house, but I would not have it so. I kept him with me, and strove hard to shake his strange conviction; but I failed.

I now began to realize my position, and telling him I had something I wished him to look at, I left the room as if to fetch it.

I flew to the doctor's house, and summoned him to my friend.

He returned with me, and I ushered him into the room; but on the couch, where I had left the man whose friendship was dearer to me than life, we found but a dead man.

HEARTH AND HOME.

AN UPRIGHT LIFE.—Nothing is more certain than that human conduct produces its effect upon human character and determines its future weal or woe. Virtue and uprightness give the pure heart and clear conscience, whose working is an ample reward for effort and sacrifice. Vice and wrong inevitably leave their marks upon the soul and tend to misery. Retribution follows as the night the day upon human action. Goodness hath its reward; sin hath its punishment.

CORNERS.—Corners have always been popular. The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart? Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame. Arrive at that, you become immortal.

MANLINESS.—There is nothing in this world so important as that a man should be manly, or as that a young man should grow up right-minded, straightforward, and sturdy, with the habit of judging what is best for himself clearly and on moral considerations; and, if a man has formed that habit, he can be trusted anywhere, but, if he has not, he will go wrong. A man should "be fully persuaded in his own mind" that he is right in regard to whether it is safe for him to go to this place or that. If he is not so persuaded, he had better stay at home.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Brilliant talents, graces of person, and a confirmed intrepidity, and a continual habit of displaying these advantages, is all that is aimed at in the education of girls; the virtues that make domestic life happy, the sober and useful qualities that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never inculcated. One would be left to imagine, by the common modes of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it.

A CHEERFUL FIRE.—What can be more cheerful, or more conducive to home comfort, than the open fire, with its blue and gold of smoke and fire curling and twisting together as they find their way up the open chimney? Who does not love to sit before such a fire and look into it, and dream away the hours with eyes half closed, forgetting the corroding cares and sorrows of life as in fancy they behold such pictures as nowhere else are revealed to those who really desire to see them. It is a comfortable arrangement, too, this fire on the hearth; but, above all, it is a very healthful one, for by it the room is well ventilated. Let the family sit by it during the long evenings, and so enjoy it to the fullest extent. We believe the open fire will do much to check the desire of the young to be out evenings, to make the house seem more truly like home.

A SORRY FELLOW.—Girls, will you listen to a few words of advice? Do not marry if you cannot find a suitable husband, for a bad husband is infinitely worse than none. Never marry a fellow who is ashamed to carry a small bundle; who lies in bed until breakfast, and until his father has opened his shop, or office, and swept it out; who frequents taverns, bowling saloons,

prize fights, &c.; who owes his tailor, shoemaker, washerwoman, jeweller, barber, printer, and landlady, and never pays his debts; who is always talking about his acquaintances, and condemning them; whose tongue is always running about nonsense; who thinks he is the greatest man in the neighbourhood, and yet whom everyone despises and shuns. We say never marry a fellow with all or any of these qualifications, no matter how handsome he is, or how agreeable he can make himself on occasion. He will make a bad husband.

THE DEVOTED MOTHERS.—Many a poor mother in a humble cot, with no money or position, has struggled hard to feed and clothe her little ones, to train them to be an honour to their country and a blessing to the world. Most of our useful, prominent men came from such homes. Our church-yards are full of such sleeping mothers, whose hands are folded over their breasts. No worldly eye ever saw the records of their lives. No tall monuments and high-sounding epitaphs mark their resting-places. What a responsibility rests upon the mothers of this country! Life is too short to be spent in accumulating the things of this world that must perish. The children do not stay with us long enough to permit us to waste our hours in the pursuit of fashion and gaiety. What we sow now we shall reap hereafter. Heaven gives to all mothers grace and strength to fulfil their duties aright, that their influence for good may be felt from generation to generation.

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one, at least, is the fairest face in all the world; that the heart which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth.

SOCIETY'S INNOCENTS.—There are certain old people who go about the world continually asking others to tell them the scandalous stories which may be afloat in their society, and which they have heard twenty times already. They do not repeat them, but their pleasure is to hear them told by different "hands" and to note the discrepancies in the various accounts. They are innocents, and never know anything, but look blank and unconscious when all the world is ringing with the story, and they themselves have heard it in every house where they have a footing. To the last they profess ignorance of the whole affair, and hear the twenty-fifth version with the same freshness of ignorance. They are safe people in their way possibly, but all the same they are unpleasant.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MARRIAGE.—Marriage, says Jeremy Taylor, has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity—and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

PERSONAL.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR LETELLIER has gone to River Ouelle.

PREMIER JOLY is travelling on the Inter-colonial Railway.

LIEUTENANT GLADSTONE, R.N., son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is in Quebec.

LORD DUFFERIN, when in New York, was a guest at the Manhattan Beach Hotel.

GENERAL SIR SELBY SMYTH left for Europe in Friday's out-going mail steamer.

It is reported that Col. Gzowski is to be honored with a knighthood of baronetcy by Her Majesty.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, the British Ambassador at Washington, is the guest of the Governor-General at Quebec.

MR. E. H. HARRINGTON, of the Civil Service at Ottawa, fell down the stairs of his house last week, and was severely injured on the head.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE number of admissions to the Exhibition has fallen off daily from 100,000 to 69,000 in round numbers.

A GRAND Provençale fête is being organized in Paris on the occasion of the Exhibition. Farandoleurs are being actively enrolled at Arles in order to procure for the Parisians the spectacle, unknown to them, of the national farandole. The tambourine players of Aix and the provençal flutists are likewise expected in force.

M. GIFFORD'S fixed balloon has made a trial. The scene from the elevation of 700 yards, to which the cord stretches, is curious. On the first evening, which was favourable, Paris looked like a silk pocket handkerchief on a grass plot. The Exhibition resembled a small bun in the centre of the said handkerchief.

THE heat of the last few days has played some funny tricks with the statues in wax, stearine and soap which are to be found in various quarters of the Champ de Mars Palace. One of them very much surprised the visitors the other day by suddenly lowering its left arm. The statue of has now the attitude of a goddess scratching her knee; formerly she had a commanding air.

THE other day an English lady was walking in the Boulevard de Capucines, Paris, with a valuable King Charles dog. A young man approached as if to admire "the charming animal," but he suddenly seized it and fled. The lady made an alarm, upon which the young man called an empty cabriolet, which was passing, and leaping in gave the coachman an address. The Englishwoman, failing to catch the attention of the coachman, took another cab and followed the thief. A police-officer did the same, and there was a chase and a loud hue and cry along the boulevard. The thief, finding his pursuers gaining upon him, threw the King Charles into the street, and shortly afterwards he leaped out himself. In doing so he fell, and was arrested. Neither the thief nor the dog were injured, though the lady's feelings were.

ONE of the most pleasant episodes of the Exposition, recently, was an international picnic in the Forest of Meudon for the purpose of testing a newly-patented tree-felling machine, by Mr. Allan Ransome, of the Stanley Ironworks, Chelsea. The machine, though only a few inches high and a yard and a half long, is capable of laying low the king of the forest in a very few minutes. It is worked by a very tiny steam engine. The weight of the machine is said to be only 4 cwt., and is easily carried by four men. It is readily fixed at the root of any tree, and rapidly saws it through close to the ground level, thereby saving not only manual labour, but the waste of the chips made by the axe and the splintering, often extending to six feet of the best part of the timber. The experiment was a great success.

It has often been noticed that the Paris cabmen would seem to have been chosen for their total ignorance of the art of driving. A peculiar sight is to observe them dawdling along, listlessly dropping their hands beneath their knees, putting no restraint whatever upon their brutes, which take the greatest possible advantage of the latitude allowed them by shambling forward as slowly as they can. They generally adopt a zig-zag method of progression, by which they are in danger of a collision with every vehicle they meet. And yet carriage accidents are rare in Paris, probably because there is none of that hurry and rush in the streets of the French city which give such a busy aspect to most parts of London during business hours. If the dunder-headed French coachmen were allowed to hold the ribbons in the streets of London, they would wreak fearful havoc at every turn. They can accomplish any awkward feat with the whip and reins, but are constitutionally unable to drive a horse straight.

BURLESQUE.

TOO TRUE TO BE JOKED ABOUT.—They were in the parlour together. The light had gone out and they stood at the window in the radiance of the moon. He had his arm about her, and was looking dreamily at the queen of night. Softly he spoke:

"Darling, I am thinking how happy we will be in our home when we are married. It shall be a pretty home, and you shall be its dear little mistress. We will have a little parlor, and a little dining room, and a little kitchen for you to manage. We shall be there all by ourselves, and we shall be happy, my darling."

"Oh, Henry," she despondently uttered, "I thought we were going to board."

There were tears in her eyes for him to kiss away, but he let her remove them with what facilities she could command.

IT HAD GRASS IN IT.—Some years ago there lived in Trenton an editor whose paper had quite a circulation down in Jersey among the pines, and when his subscribers neglected to pay up promptly he would go off on a collecting tour. One summer day he stopped at a hotel kept by a countryman. It was situated near a cedar swamp and the bracing pine air felt good to the editor.

"Give me a mint julep," he said to the countryman as he entered the bar-room.

"A what?" asked the astonished greeny. "A mint julep," said the editor, "don't you know what that is? If you don't I'll show you how to make one. Got any mint?"

"Y-a-as."

"Got any lemons?"

"Y-a-a-s."

"Got any ice?"

"What fool ever heard of ice in summer time," said the countryman.

"Oh, well I can get along without ice, then." And the countryman cut some mint in his garden, brought the lemons and sugar, and soon the editor, not forgetting the brandy, had made two juleps, one for himself and another for his host.

"By gosh, but that is good," said the latter, as he smacked his lips. "I'll make some more of that."

The editor left, and the countryman, who had never drunk to excess before, now drank mint juleps by the dozen. About the same time the next year, the Trenton editor again stopped at the hotel, and before him he saw a very stout woman dressed in black.

"Where is the landlord?" he asked.

"Dead! Dead!" she exclaimed, and in another moment she had burst into tears.

"Why," returned the newspaper man, "the landlord looked good and healthy when I was here before."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and so he was, but some dirty beast came along one day and taught him how to make a drink with grass in it, and he drank, and drank and drank, until it killed him."

For some reason or other the journalist left without presenting his bill.

A GRAND SCHEME.—We were returning from business last week, the evening being lovely. We remained on the stern deck of the steamer that we might enjoy the tranquility of the scene. The sun had just set and twilight floated serenely in our viewless wings.

"Oh, this is divinely beautiful!" we soliloquized, as we puffed our cigarette indolently.

At that moment our attention was called by a man who approached us and opened a conversation with the remark—

"May I trouble you for a light?"

"Certainly," we replied, extending our cigarette.

"Ah, this is luxury," he continued, "but I am going to get up something that will just knock the spots out of a cigar!"

He was silent for a moment, and just as we were about to address him, he continued:

"Yes, I'm agoin' to revolutionize things generally. I'm getting up the biggest scheme ever heard of!"

We were on the point of asking him some questions about the plan which, if carried out, was to be of such especial benefit to mankind; but he anticipated our intentions, and exclaimed:

"You shall know all!"

Then, at his suggestion, we sauntered into the cabin and took a seat.

"You see," he commenced, "I want to accumulate a fortune, and I'm going to do it. After a while smoking is going to cost only, on an average, five cents a day. This is my plan: I'm going to have great furnaces in some central locality. The furnaces are to be kept going all the time, and the only fuel used will be tobacco.

"Each furnace is to burn a different brand, and tubes will be run to the residences of patrons, who, when they desire to smoke, will only be obliged to go over to the wall, take hold of the tube, turn on and smoke to their hearts' content.

"Over each tube will be marked the brand, whether it be 'Perique,' 'Durham,' or 'Caporal.' Just think of it, being able to have a smoke without being compelled to strike a match! Besides, nobody can borrow your tobacco. I tell you, it's the biggest thing ever heard of. You shall have a tube running to your house for nothing."

We paused for a moment and then continued:

"I had my pocket picked this afternoon and if you'll lend me enough to take me home, I'll—"

He didn't finish his sentence, for we rushed into the crowd and managed to escape.

HE WANTED AN EXPLANATION.—He came into the *Sentinel* office the other day and looked around somewhat indifferently, while it was evident he had something on his mind. We waited for him to unbosom himself and finally gave him an inquiring glance. Pulling a well-worn copy of the *Sentinel* out of his pocket, and pointing his finger along the column of "Brevities," he asked—

"What does this here mean—these letters O, Y, B, W, I?"

"That's a little dialogue between the *Rome Sentinel* and the *Rochester Express*. Don't you understand it?"

"No."

"You have heard people say O! before now, haven't you?"

"Say O?"

"Yes—when they have been suddenly surprised, for instance."

"O, yes."

"Well, the *Sentinel* said O, and the *Express* asked Y? The answer was B!—bee. Do you see?"

"No; b double e—let me see; I don't get that quite yet."

"Well, if a man were stung by a bee it would not be strange if he exclaimed O! would it?"

"No, I don't know's 'twould. That's it. I see now. Then, what does the W stand for?"

"Why, don't you see the interrogation point

after it? The *Express* asks, did it double you? And the answer is, I."

"Did it double you up to have the bee sting you—that's it, eh? Who represents I?"

"I stands for Aye, and means yes. Do you see?"

"Yes—O, Y, B, W, I."

By this time several interested listeners had gathered around the desk. The inquirer folded up his paper, put it into his hip-pocket and went out of the door, with the remark—

"Well, by Jove, some folks will conjure their brains awfully to get off something smart."

For five minutes thereafter it would have been difficult to determine whether a swarm of bees had come to entertain our friends, or whether a theatrical rehearsal was going on. The floor around our desk was strewn with wriggling humanity, some bowed low with cramps, the reception chair was upset, the ink bottle was tipped over on a correspondence from Lee, and the air was filled with hideous howling. Hereafter when we explain a joke or a series of enigmatical puns to an inquirer we shall know enough to take him into the back room alone and fasten the doors.

A GREAT SHOCK.—A cross-eyed man in a long ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye) so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No, a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age?" said the woman; "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened, what—"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands, tell me the worst—is he—"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle—warranted—"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

SPRINKLING THE STREETS.—Mr. Trevelyan, who lives on Court street, has had troubles already with his garden hose. Since the introduction of the Holly water system it has been the delight of Mr. Trevelyan to turn himself into a pipeman at sunset, and with his garden hose sprinkle the thirsty streets with the clear, cool waters of the mighty Mississippi. Miss Norah Donovan, a young lady who is connected with the culinary department of Mr. Trevelyan's house, and is also superintendent of dormitories and general overseer of carpets, had often watched, as her duties would permit, this process of cooling down the streets at eventide, and she had been heard to wish that this duty might be entrusted to her. She finally framed her wish in a direct petition, and last evening she entered upon the active duties of her new office.

When Miss Donovan took the nozzle from the hands of her master, it was pointed almost directly at the middle of the street, and Miss Donovan conscientiously retained it in this position, while her whole frame was convulsed with delight. Presently there came dashing down the street, in a light, open phaeton, two happy young people. In vain the male young person shouted, "Hi, there, I say; turn her off!" and in vain the female young person shrieked, and essayed to hide behind a parasol no larger than a water lily. Miss Donovan only stared at them and wondered if peradventure they might be crazy, and when they passed through the torrent they came out on the other side very sad, very silent and very damp, not to say limp. Then the gentleman who lives next

door, came out and called to her as he approached intending to instruct her how to shut off the deluging stream or turn it aside when any one approached. But Miss Donovan hearing him call her name, said, "Sorr?" and turned about and faced him with the nozzle doing its level best, wide open and a fire pressure on. He turned with the first shot and fled for his own door, the cooling stream following him every inch of the way, like an angel of mercy in disguise. But by the time he reached his own door he was so thoroughly drenched that his suspenders mildewed. Then a North Hill street-car came rattling down, an open, summer car, just crowded with people coming in from a picnic at Sunnyside, and when they heard the driver shout, and then dodge, and then swear, they saw their fate and Miss Donovan, and just howled and wailed and screamed, and tried to get behind each other, and crept under the seats, and some of them even jumped off the car, and all of them by their frantic jestures, wild shrieks and singular behaviour, impressed Miss Donovan with the idea that they were dreadfully drunk. The street car passed on, and when it was beyond the line of Mr. Trevelyan's garden stream, the driest man in the car could have put out a conflagration by simply leaning against the house that was burning, and before the car reached the next corner there were four well-defined suits for damages fixed up against Mr. Trevelyan.

By this time Miss Donovan was pretty thoroughly convinced that the manipulation of a garden hose required that broad judgment and liberal education and shrewd insight into men and motives that belong only to the aristocratic classes, and she determined to resign her position forthwith. She went into the hall carrying the nozzle with her, and spreading desolation and dismay wherever she went. "Whist!" she shouted, as the torrent drenched the hat-rack. "Murder!" she howled when it knocked the globe off the hall-lamp. "Misther Trevelyan!" she shrieked, "where in the wide world is the shtopper?" And then she bent over the irrepressible nozzle and essayed to stop it with her finger. The howl of dismay that followed this attempt brought the startled family up into the hall, and in less than three minutes every seat in the house was taken, standing-room all gone, and the play declared a success.

LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN is studying German at Heidelberg.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE loves this trinity—Dante, Michael Angelo and Mazzini.

BRET HARTE has arrived at his Consulate at Crefeld, Rhineland. His munificent salary is five thousand dollars a year.

DR. SCHLIEMANN is about to return to Athens, with the intention of recommencing his excavations at Hissarlik or elsewhere.

WITHIN a hundred yards of the grave of Charles Mathews are the graves of three of his most intimate friends—Thackeray, Robert Bell, and John Leath.

GEORGE ELIOT appears almost an invalid in her delicate feinty. She is very quiet and self-poised, but Lewes, slender and nervous, is almost boisterous in his cordiality.

THE works of that unhappy man but brilliant writer, Prevost-Paradol, who committed suicide when French Minister at Washington, will soon be published in an English translation.

AMONG the Communists proclaimed as coming within the recent amnesty declared in France, is M. Reclus, the eminent geographer, exiled for complicity in the outbreak of 1871.

MR. EMERSON has failed greatly in the last few years. When asked to take part in a conversation lately, he spoke of failing memory, and remarked that he did not trust himself to discuss a certain class of themes.

VICTOR HUGO can hardly be persuaded to leave Paris, so greatly does he love to reside there. After energetic urging, however, by his physician and friends, he has lately been induced to go to Guernsey for a change of air.

THE Old Testament revisers, who began their work on the 30th of June, 1870, have sat for 460 days for six hours each day, and have gone over the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of part of Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and Daniel.

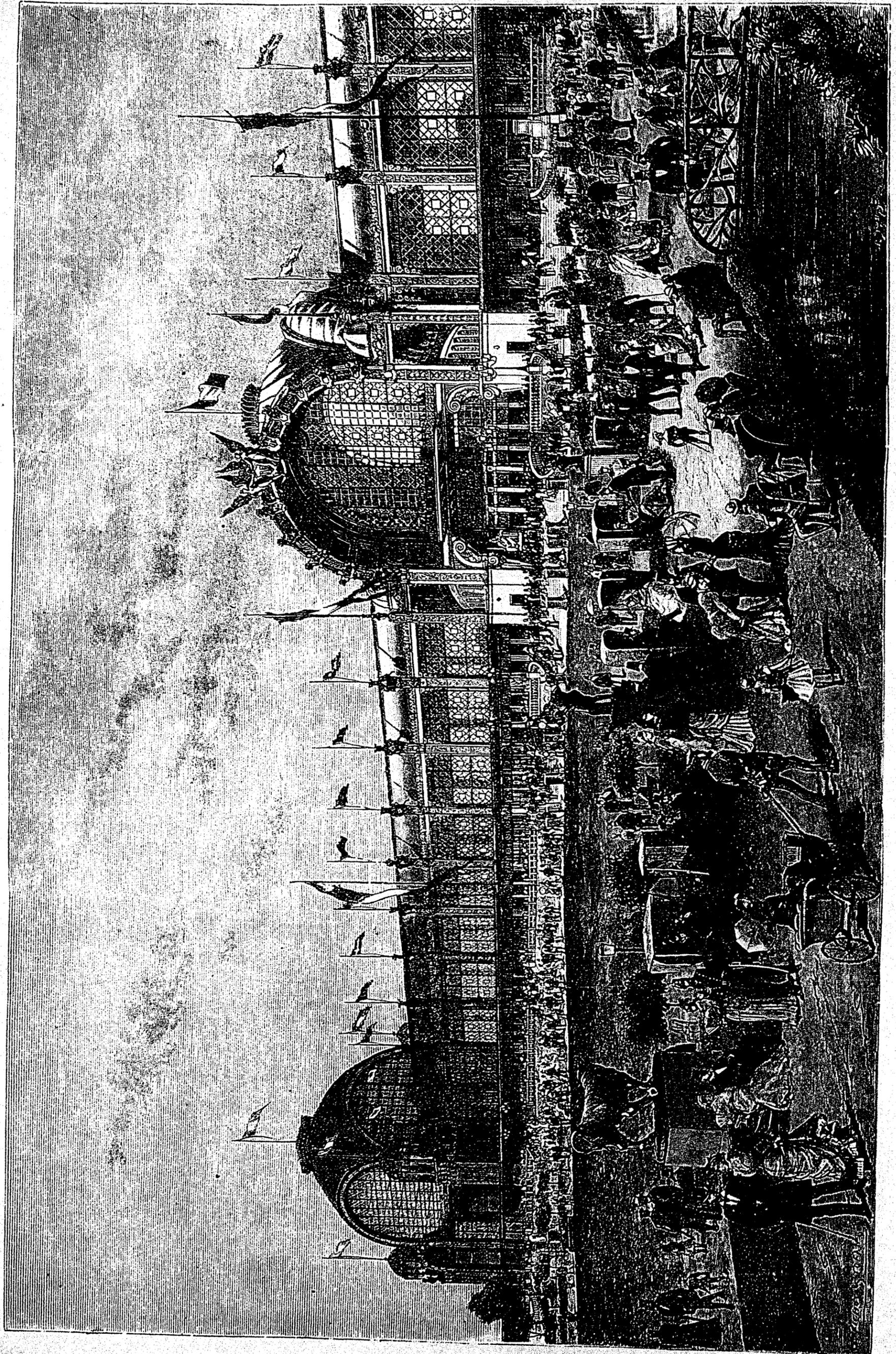
A "POETICAL" young lady obtained the other day the desire of her heart—she met the Poet Laureate at dinner; and the sympathetic hostess even arranged that she should be placed next to him. One remark, and one alone, did the poet address to the gushing maiden at his side, and it was this—"I like my mutton cut in wedges."

THE late Mr. MacGahan has left behind him, corrected for publication, as much of his experiences of Bulgaria and the Russo-Turkish war as will form a memorial volume. It will probably be issued under the supervision of his brother, who has come from the United States in order to take possession of his personal effects.

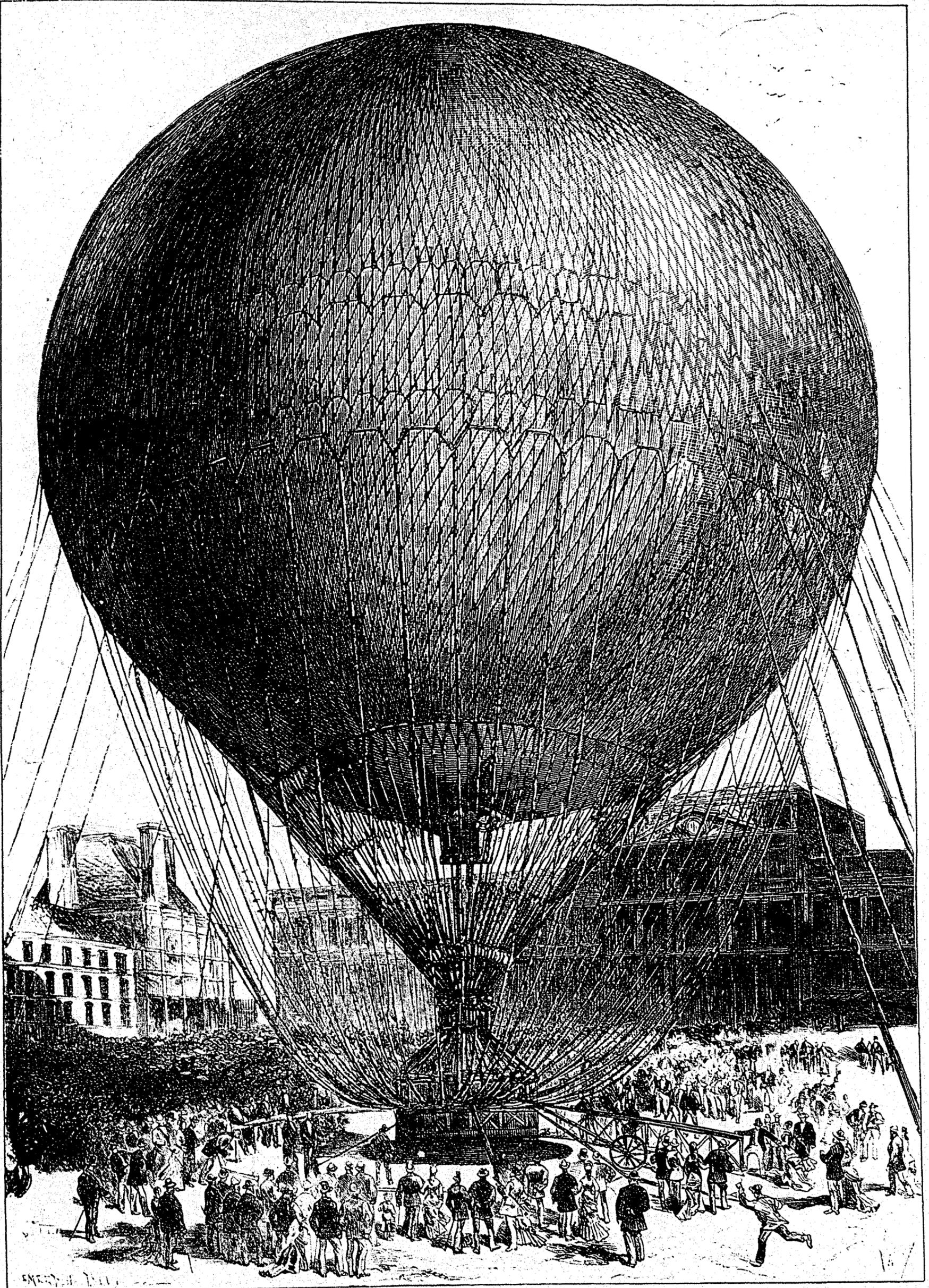
MR. JAMES MORTIMER, editor and proprietor of the London *Figaro*, has leased the Holborn Theatre, and produced a version of George Sand's "Petite Fadette," (the "Little Cricket,") with Miss Lydia Cowell as the heroine. The story is a beautiful idyl, and Miss Cowell's action is spoken of as the work of a consummate artist, with a girlish presence and a voice that is music itself.

IT is not generally known, perhaps, that during the stay of our esteemed Governor-General in Canada, he has given to the various societies, religious institutions and educational establishments of the country upwards of five hundred beautiful medals in gold, silver and bronze. We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. George Stewart jr.'s great work "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," will contain a complete list of these medals with the names of the parties who have received them, the object for which they were given, and the various dates of issue. This will add largely to the interest of Mr. Stewart's book, which we learn is being eagerly subscribed for.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



PARIS.—PRINCIPAL FACADE OF THE EXHIBITION.



PARIS.—THE MONSTER BALLOON AT THE TUILERIES.

THE BRAVE, SO TRUE!

'Twas on a calm midsummer's lovely day,
When fields were verdant, and the birds sang gay.
The woods re-echoing their merrily lays,
As o'er the rocks the sparkling streamlet plays.

I sat me down beside a maple tree,
Within the shadow of the forest free,
To muse with Nature, 'neath a dome most grand,
O'erarched with emblems of my native land.

I dreamt of battles, and of glory won,
Long marches forced beneath the burning sun,
Of aborigines, in paint and plume,
Their war-whoop ringing o'er the cannon's boom.

I thought I saw upon another field,
A soldier brave as ever sword did wield,
Whose deeds and bearing in the battle's van,
Proclaim the chief, the noble, and the man!

The sun shone dimly o'er the strife below,
As through the haze the lurid flashes glow,
When loud and piercing through the smoke and fire,
A bugle sounded the command—retire.

Met thought loud thunder ceased the earth to quake!
Whilst swiftly gliding o'er the little lake,
An Indian maiden in her bark canoe,
Bore high the holy for the brave, so true!

St. Hyppolite street, Montreal.

J. HENDERSON.

SIGNOR MARIO AT ROME.

If you drop in at Morteo's any evening on your way from the opera you are pretty sure to see a group of the Italian jeunesse round one of the small tables, generally a corner one. They are carrying on an animated conversation.

It is not wonderful if the stranger jumps to the conclusion that the light-bearded, well-dressed Mario must be well off. The truth is that Mario disdains to betray the appearance of poverty, just as, when a refugee in Paris forty years ago, the pride which caused him to refuse the offered assistance he saw no probability of being able to repay, made him turn his talents to account before the footlights.

He had no intention of abandoning a military career. He hoped to get a commission in the French army in Algiers, with the Carlists in Spain, or in the Greek service. In London the Duke of Wellington was very kind to him, but no opening was to be found. Live as economically as he could, the money he had with him was rapidly becoming exhausted; at last he determined to try his fortunes in America where many of his countrymen were teaching Italian under assumed names.

paid for it. In despair he returned to Paris. Friends there interested themselves with the Sardinian Government on his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that he should be restored to his former rank, on condition of his seclusion in a French fortress for six months, and afterward serving six months as a private in his own regiment. The ordeal of serving in the ranks where he had once commanded was too much for him.

In the meantime Meyerbeer, who had heard him sing, offered to prepare him for the stage, and secure him an engagement at the Grand Opera. This was the lesser evil of the two; he could not starve, he would not borrow, and he accepted it. Meyerbeer prolonged his stay in Paris eight months to drill him into his role of "Robert le Diable," and Fanny Ellsler taught him to walk the boards. "I shall never forget her goodness," says Mario; "dancers generally have brains only in their feet, but she was a woman of great intelligence. She began by caricaturing the way I walked, and taught me more than any one else. On the 4th of December, 1838, I made my first appearance. I had no fear about my voice, but I felt as if I were about to ascend the scaffold. I then fully understood what must be the feeling of a political prisoner going to execution, and the struggle he has to make to bear himself like a man of courage and a gentleman. When I got before the footlights I felt as if I were under the influence of a fearful nightmare. I saw nothing but a multitude of eyes—eyes everywhere. I was successful; but then you know the house was filled with my friends. They were there to give me a hand to rise, and I owed my success to them. And then, again, I was splendidly supported; Levasseur sang the part of 'Bertrand,' which Meyerbeer had written for him; Dorus Gems that of 'Alice,' and Mlle. Neaux that of the 'Princess.' Fanny Ellsler was the 'Abbess.'"

In the spring of 1839 he came out in London in the part of Gerardo in "Lucrezia Borgia," the other characters being sustained by Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, "and if I remember rightly," says Mario, "Marietta Brambilla. It was a great success, certainly; but then, you know, it was the first time 'Lucrezia' was sung at Her Majesty's; then there was the romance about my past. I had known many of the best families in London when I was there a year before, and society had more to do in sustaining my appearance in London than any merits of my own. You must remember that Rubini was still deservedly held in great esteem. No, I never sang in Italy nor in Germany. I had promised my brother, who became General de Candia, that I would never appear on the Italian stage."

Mario lives in the Corso, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. If you call upon him between the months of May and November he will receive you in a spacious suite of rooms, a series of salons, elegantly if not luxuriously furnished. The walls are covered with paintings, chiefly portraits of his family—his father, his mother, his children. He took the house years ago, when rents had risen to fabulous prices and cunning landlords would only let on long leases. He must keep it on or relet it for half he pays. When he was obliged to admit the stranger within his walls he took all his boxes down into three little rooms—once the servants' rooms—on the entresol, and a fourth on the ground floor. Into these you must penetrate—if you can—to find out what manner of man Mario is. You might have been acquainted with him for twenty years, living in a handsome apartment, with plenty of money in his pocket, and still have failed to discover the full extent of his attainments, his intellectual needs and strivings, and how little more than a part of the mechanical formation of the man was the voice which made him famous. If you went by chance into the rooms he now occupies, not knowing who lived in them, you would be puzzled to make out whether the inhabitant was a student, a sculptor, a painter, a musician, a cabinet-maker, a wood-carver, or an archaeologist, or whether, indeed, you had not been translated into Don Quixote's *somnium*. Take the middle room; it is about twelve feet square. A table and a chair placed sideways by it, stand in the centre—an old battered arm-chair, with high back, the only available seat in the room. There are books everywhere. Those that lie open on the table treat of the forgotten languages, Etruscan especially. For the rest, one notices a box with well-used color-tubes and brushes, some pallets, a number of bottles of varnishes and pigments, ginelets, screw-drivers, modelling-tools, notes of invitation, visitors' cards, and cigar boxes.

Around the apartment, heaped up on the floor, against the walls, on some plain deal shelves, upon a chest of drawers, filled all of them with autographs, are hundreds of dusty volumes, portfolios of prints and drawings and pieces of old armor. On the walls are hanging plaster casts of hands and feet from the life sketches in oil and water colors, tobacco-pipes and all kinds of arms—not stage properties; these and his costumes he parted with long ago. In one corner there is a modelling-stool, with a little bust in progress upon it, and behind it stand some lances and long bows. The little bed in a corner is overlaid with portfolios, and sometimes he has to toss the mattress over to find the prints which he wants lying beneath it. The room on the ground floor to which you descend by a little dark staircase, barely three feet wide, is the workshop where Mario does his cabinet-making and carving—where he converts some old wooden fluted columns into a mantelpiece reaching up to the ceiling for one of the rooms in the piano nobile above, produces a handsome piece

of furniture out of some early Renaissance carved and gilt consoles, or makes anything else he wants, from plain book-shelves to that pretty carved letter-box on the inside of the workshop door, which opens on the side of the entrance hall from the street.

All this music—the works of more than a hundred masters, and many English numbered among them—lies piled on the floor of the third little room above his joiner's shop, and fills the greater part of it. "I have never had time," said Mario, "to arrange it since I came down here; but now I am going to send it to my native town of Cagliari. They have founded a musical club there, and paid me the compliment of calling it 'The Mario's'; so, instead of putting all this music in order, I shall get rid of a nuisance at the same time." The only part of his strangely-crowded quarters where any order exists is that devoted to his collection of works on music. He has long had an idea of preparing a history of music; but an idea it remains, though he commenced to collect materials for the purpose years ago. He ransacked the library of the British Museum, copying many curious examples of antique scores and ancient glees. He collected old manuscript music in all the countries he visited. In an old Mass-book he picked up at Toledo, he found the original setting of the "Last Rose of Summer."

As you see Mario sitting at the opposite side of Morteo's, you would never think he had known a moment's trouble. If you could obtain the *entree* in Roman society, you would constantly meet him in that in which he was born, ever surrounded by the younger men.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

How to remove weeds—Marry the widow.

WOMAN'S sphere—that she won't get a rich husband.

THERE are times when the patient housewife grows weary of sewing for others to rip.

WHAT riles a country postmistress is to find a postal card come to the office written in French.

EDGAR FAWCETT wishes "that man could make love like a bird." He does, Edgar, he does; like a goose.

THE brunette has come to the front at last. Ladies, rub your cheeks with lampblack and colour your hair anew.

WHEN a young lady offers to lend a ambria handkerchief for a rich bachelor, depend upon it she means to sew in order that she may reap.

AN old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

IN Virginia City, on the Fourth, they took a vote on the prettiest girl, and now all the candidates but one insist on going behind the curtains.

THE question has been asked: "Can a Christian go the circus?" Yes, until he's married, and then in most cases the circus comes to him.

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following: "Twixt women and wine, man's lot is no smart—'tis wine makes head ache, and women his heart."

IT is melancholy, says Gilda, in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely in order to get rid of their mothers.

AN old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

THE municipality of Prague has forbidden the wearing of dresses with trains upon the streets, "because of the dust, injurious to the public health, raised by them."

THE physiological fact which scientists have never yet wrestled with, is why the husband of a red-headed woman stands the heat of summer so much better than other men.

GUSSIE: "Lizzie, darling, why do you wear another woman's hair?" Lizzie: "Gussie, dear, why do you wear another cat's mean, why do you wear calf's skin on your hands?"

WOMEN were never made to carry parasols or they would have been constructed tall enough to keep the points of their sunshades from plowing into a man's silk hat or poking his eye out.

AN old bachelor said: "There is more jewelry worn now-a-days than when I was young; but there's one piece I always admired which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked a young lady. "A thimble," was the reply.

WE have done some awful mean things in our life, but we were never mean enough to hurt the feelings of three women walking abreast on the crossing, by stepping off in the mud. There's something human left about us, if we are in the newspaper business.

A WOMAN was sitting at the breakfast table, the other morning, when an almost breathless neighbour came in and informed her that her husband was dead. She calmly remarked: "Wait until I'm through breakfast and then you'll hear howling."

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life." At once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown; "They take so much time in their dressing!"

A young bachelor who had been appointed sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed and said his attachment was reciprocated.

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it's leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting."

"Mrs. P—, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting."

"The justice! Why, I prefer a parson."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several communications.

Student, Montreal.—A piece was misplaced.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 183 received. Correct.

S. N.—We will endeavour to answer your questions in full in a future Column.

THE PARIS TOURNAMENT AND PLAYERS.

(From the Age, Argonaut and Express.)

This event, of absorbing interest to the whole world of Chess, has doubtless not escaped the interested attention of our readers, and it is therefore with warm pleasure that, through the great kindness of our esteemed correspondent well known in the chess world in Paris and London, we are enabled to present them with a narrative on the style of play of the various competitors, and on the prospects of the ultimate result.

PARIS, 7th July, 1878.

On Saturday a grand banquet was given in honor of Anderssen, the senior player among those taking part in the Tournament, but who unfortunately appears to have but little chance of success. His play is solid, unobtrusive, mathematical, but wanting in inspiration. He has a good deal to do with this.

The current week will see the close of the Tournament, and the games will be the more interesting in that the strongest players will be matched against one another. Without venturing to hazard a positive prediction it is pretty safe to say that the winner of the first prize will prove to be one of the following five players—viz., Winawer, Rosenthal, Blackburne, Zukertort. The last named fell a little behind at first, but he has recovered his lost ground with great strides, and at the close of last week was bracketed second with Winawer, whom he may possibly have passed by this time.

Zukertort has all the qualities of a most finished chess player. Study, power of appreciating at a glance the exact state of the game, combination, imagination, boldness, and inspiration. Were I obliged to stand upon my feet for the winner, I should name him.

Winawer is more methodical in his play, more learned, perhaps, and less daring. Blackburne, usually so brilliant, has modified his play on this occasion, and takes for his model what was once a mouse, biding his time, and taking advantage of any mistake which his adversary may make.

Rosenthal, with all the imagination, inspiration, and boldness of Zukertort, has perhaps a little more dash, and makes more brilliant combinations, but being more highly nervous and impressible, his temperamental fit to be heated by his own master of his own resources.

M. Kienzer is the type of a gentleman player, with most elegant and distinguished manners. Having been overmatched at the outset, he did not begin to flourish until he has done somewhat recovered himself, and is now a candidate for the first prize, but slender. His play is brilliant, bold, and decided, and learned.

Mason's play is less learned than M. Kienzer's, and being it is said a party to dyspepsia, he is obliged to play fasting.

Gifford is a correct player, but slow and uneventful. Core, an indefatigable and most persevering amateur, seems to confine himself tightly to two styles of play, viz., the Vienna opening, when he has the move, the French when he has it not. A sure, his play is rather too fond of trappings, valuable method with some exceptions, but of little use against his present adversaries.

First, another gentleman like M. Kienzer. A charming player, rather too fanciful, but bold and brilliant to a degree of uncommon imagination, and great wealth of resources. If he were to trust less to inspiration he would probably be more successful.

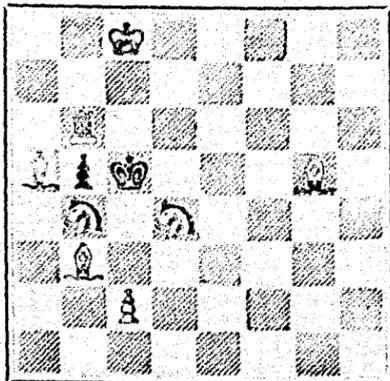
English.—His play is brilliant, fruitful in results, but unequal, and somewhat easy to break up. This amateur has evinced many valuable qualities, and may fairly be called a teacher. He is young, and with excellent and experience may yet become a great master.

Last of all comes Pilschell. His play is conventional and cautious. Having in former tournaments gained several games with Anderssen and Blackburne, he has the reputation of being a very strong player, but on this occasion his success has scarcely answered expectations, and he seems to be quite out of the running as far as the prize is concerned.

PROBLEM No. 187.

By J. P. FAIRLO.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 221ST.

CHES IN LONDON.

The following well-fought game was played at Simpson's Divan.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. Eccles.) BLACK.—(Mr. Blackburne.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Kt 5
4. B to R 4
5. Castles
6. P to Q 4
7. Kt takes P
8. P takes Kt
9. B to Kt 3
10. B to K 3
11. Kt to Q 2
12. P to K B 4
13. P to Q B 3
14. Kt to B 3
15. P to Kt 3
16. B to B 2
17. Q to K 2
18. Q R to K sq
19. Kt to R 4
20. P takes R
21. Q to Kt 4
22. R takes B
23. Q takes Q
24. R to B 3
25. R takes P
26. P to Kt 4
27. P to R 3
28. R to B 3
29. R to B 2
30. R takes Kt
31. K to Kt 2
32. B to B sq
33. K to Kt 3
34. K to Kt 4
35. K to Kt 5
36. P to R 5
37. K takes P
38. P to R 4
39. R to Q 2 (ch)
40. B to Kt 2 (ch)
41. B takes R

And White resigned.

GAME 222ND. CHES IN PARIS.

Played at the Café de la Régence between Messrs. Morel and Bezknowny.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(M. Morel.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bezknowny.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. Kt takes P
5. Kt to B 5
6. Kt to Q B 3
7. Kt to K 3
8. B to K 2
9. Castles
10. K Kt to Q 5
11. Kt takes Kt
12. B to Q 3
13. Q to R 5
14. Q to R 6
15. B to K Kt 5
16. B to Q B 4
17. B takes Q
18. Kt takes B P (dis ch)
19. Q R to Q sq
20. Kt takes R
21. R takes R (ch)
22. Kt to Q B 7
23. Kt to Q 5
24. Kt to K 3
25. K to R sq
26. P to Q Kt 3
27. R to Q sq
28. R to Q 8
29. R to K R 8
30. P to Q R 4
31. Kt to Q sq
32. R takes P
33. R to K R 3
34. R to K Kt 3
35. Kt takes P
36. Kt to Q 5 (ch)
37. R to Q B 3

And after a move or two more White resigned.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 185.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q 8
2. Mates
1. P moves

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 183.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 5 (ch)
2. Q mates
1. K moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 184.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q Kt 6
Q at K B 7
R at Q Kt 2
R at K B 6
B at K B 5
Kt at Q Kt 7
Pawn at Q 3
K at Q 5
R at K B 6
Kt at K B 7
Pawns at K 4
K B 5, Q B 4
Q Kt 4, 5 and 6

White to play and mate in two moves.



THOMAS CREAN MILITARY TAILOR,

Master Tailor to the Queen's Own Rifles. Late Master Tailor in H. M. 16th Regiment. Uniforms and accoutrements strictly in accordance with the "Dress Regulations for the Army," and of the best workmanship and quality.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake, Oriental, etc., in 25 styles, with name, 10c. J. B. Huested, Nasseau, N. Y.

BIG PAY Made by Agents selling our RUBBER STAMPS for Banking and general business purposes. Agents Wanted. Terms Free. Address C. C. STEWART, Toronto, Ont. P. O. Box 1557.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS., Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O., Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO.'S STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal every morning at 7.15 a.m. for Lachine to connect with steamers for Ottawa. Baggage checked through. Daily Excursions over Lachine Rapids, 50c. for round trip; leave by 5 p.m. train. Daily Excursion for Carillon; fare for round trip, \$1.25. Tickets at 13 Bonaventure street, Windsor Hotel, St. Lawrence Hall, and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office.

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

17-17-seas-350

R. RITCHOT, COACH MAKER.

No. 159 1/2, St. Antoine St., Montreal. A large assortment of Coupés, Drolets, Victoria Phaetons, Rockaways, T. Carts, Buggies, and all kinds of Family Carriages on hand, cheap. Repairs promptly attended to.

AGENTS WANTED, male or female, to sell the Greatest Sensation of the Age. \$5 per day. Outfit 10 c. Address A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.

Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST., AND 253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST. MONTREAL.

JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS.,

17 26-52-373 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

14-6

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



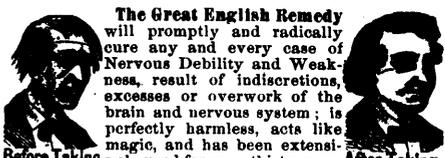
which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

16-19-52-30

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of indiscretions, excesses or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years.

Before Taking very used for over thirty years. After Taking, with great success. Price: \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address: WM. GRAY & CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA.

SUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEUMATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS. Circular free. A. NORMAN, 16-25-46 4 Queen Street, Toronto.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and SKIN radically cured by using NEPEN-THE BITTERS. Ask for NEPEN-THE BITTERS, take no other, and you will obtain immediate relief. 16-25-46-266.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

WANTED Men and Women in every Dominion town to work for the family paper. The Contributor. 15 departments; 64 columns. Royal Art Premium, Cole's Voyage of Life (plates alone cost \$12,000). Goes everywhere. The Contributor, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., 5 & 7 BLEURY ST., Began to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of ENGRAVING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING, Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES. Special attention given to the reproduction by Photo-Lithography OF MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders. G. B. BURLAND, Manager.

The Smith American Organ Co. OF BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.,

which has been established over twenty-six years, and has made over EIGHTY THOUSAND INSTRUMENTS, would respectfully call the attention of the people of the British Provinces to their NEW & ELEGANT STYLES FOR 1878.

The Smith American Organs are distinguished from all others for their pure, resonant and voice-like quality of tone. Their excellence is the result of long and careful experiment; the mechanism is perfect and without fault; the best materials only are used; and no instrument is sent out until after thorough and repeated inspection. THIS EXCELLENCE IS CONSPICUOUS in the cheapest as in the dearest Organs.

The Company employs an architectural designer of rare taste and experience, and the cases are all models of beauty and symmetry, as well as adapted to use, either for private houses or churches. Those who live within convenient distance of Montreal may address the Company's Agents, Messrs. LAURENT, LAFORCE & Co. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues, &c., sent free on application to any address. THE SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO., Tremont Street (opposite Waltham Street), Boston, Mass., U.S.A. 17-21-26-365

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

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

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND,

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

SELECTED NEW MUSIC, DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the Illustrated Family Friend

PATENT OFFICE RECORD,

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

Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. F. H. BOXER, Architect, M.A.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-52-362 55 College Street.

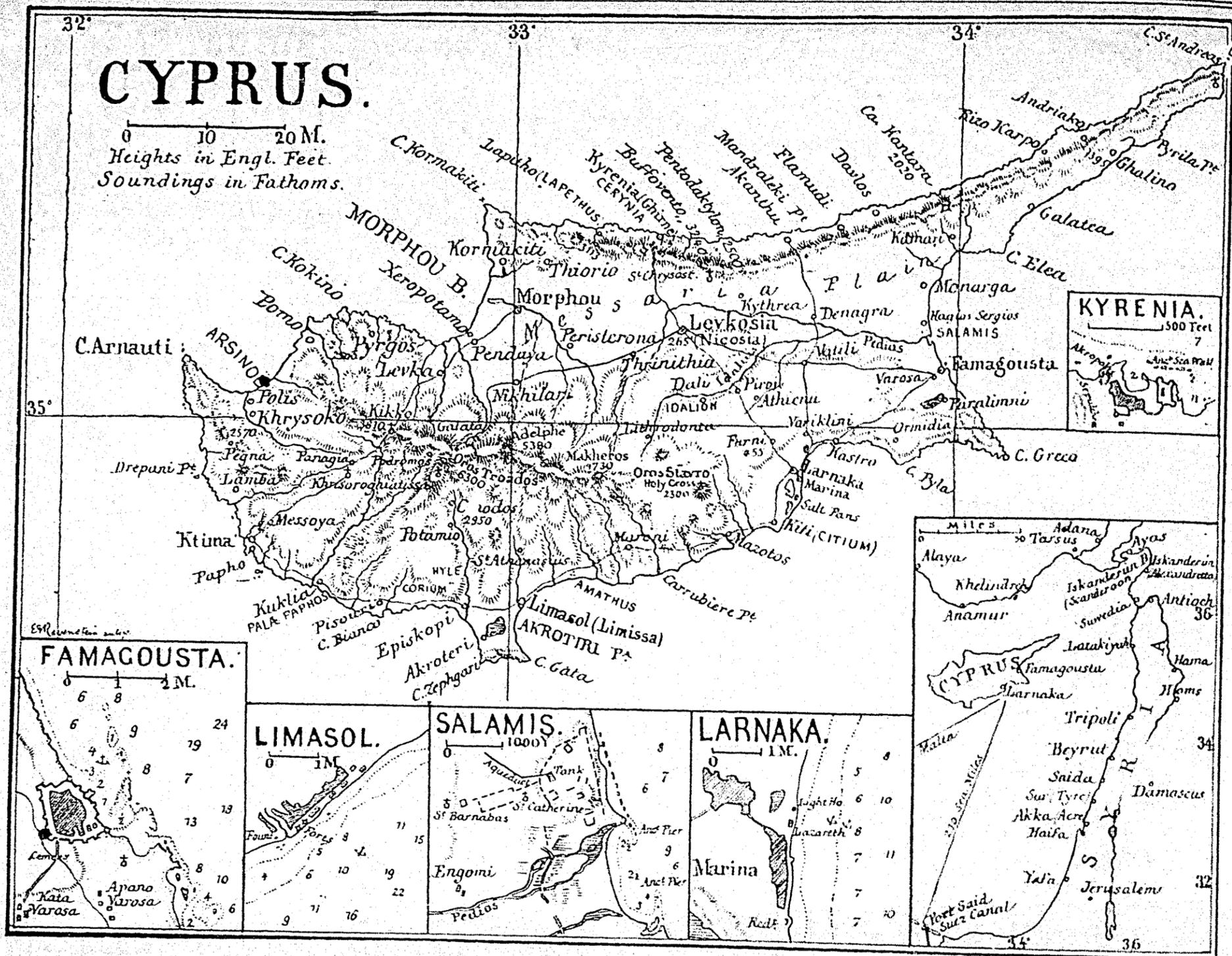
THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal, EDITED BY THE Reverend A. J. BRAY. SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM. OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton." PUBLICATIONS: BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth... \$1.00 BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love... 50 DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle... 60 The Ten Commandments... 60 DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer... 50 MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles... 15 TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words... 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.



MONTREAL HOUSE
 1000 RUELLE ST. LAWRENCE

MONTREAL P.Q.
 This old and favourably known Hotel, situate in the centre of the city, fronting the river St. Lawrence, lately closed, has been re-opened by MR. GEORGE T. MOREHOUSE, as proprietor—formerly U.S. Consul at St. Johns, and later of Boston—and has been thoroughly repaired and re-furnished, and will be kept as a Family Hotel, where the travelling public will always find a quiet home, with good catering, clean and comfortable apartments, with moderate charges.
 MR. MOREHOUSE has hosts of friends in Canada and the United States, who will be pleased to learn that he has opened this Hotel, and will make his house their home when visiting Montreal for business or pleasure.
 17-21-13-358

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS
 MONTREAL.

Superior Pale and Brown Malt.
 India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.
 18-6-32-282

J. K. MACDONALD,
 BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH
 & Co., 24 Latour Street, Montreal.
 REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
 17-20-52-354

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COUGHS, COLDS

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.
 The great Canadian Summer and Health Resort. White Sulphur, Saline and Gas Waters and Baths. Specific in all RHEUMATIC, DYSPEPTIC, Blood, Skin and kindred Affections.
 The GRAND HOTEL, accommodating 300 guests, open from 1st JUNE to 1st OCTOBER.
 For guide giving routes, rates and full detailed information, address
 THE GRAND HOTEL COMPANY, OTTAWA.

S. J. BAKER & CO.
 SHIRT MAKERS & HABERDASHERS.
 Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Bezatta Shirts sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dent's Gloves, &c., always on hand.
 138 ST. JAMES STREET,
 Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,
 MONTREAL.

British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
 MONTREAL.
 Incorporated by Letters Patent.
 Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers
 Bank Notes, Bonds,
 Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
 Revenue Stamps,
 Bills of Exchange,
 DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
 Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
 Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.
 Portraits a Specialty.
 G. B. BURLAND,
 President & Manager.

New Work of Vital Interest.
 Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg.
 FROM
J. WILLIAMS, P. M.
 22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND,
 NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.
 CONTENTS:
 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments, including Exhaustion, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility.
 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness.
 4.—The Coca Leaf's Restorer of Health and Strength.
 5.—Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-369

RUSSELL'S

St. Louis Street
QUEBEC
The Russell Hotel Company
 WILLIS RUSSELL, President.
 This Hotel, which is unrivalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodation for 500 Guests.
 17-21-13-363

CARRATRACA MINERAL WATER.
 We are now receiving daily supplies of the above well-known, valuable Water direct from the Springs at
PLANTACENET, ONTARIO.
 For sale, in quantities to suit all.
P. B. WINNING, SON & CO.
 393 St. Paul Street.

P.S.—The only fault with Carratraca Water (in Canada) is that it is "Canadian," but, notwithstanding that melancholy fact, it is superior to, and more certain for all purposes for which it is recommended, than any other Mineral Water known.
 17-21-13-367
 The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DEBARRATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.