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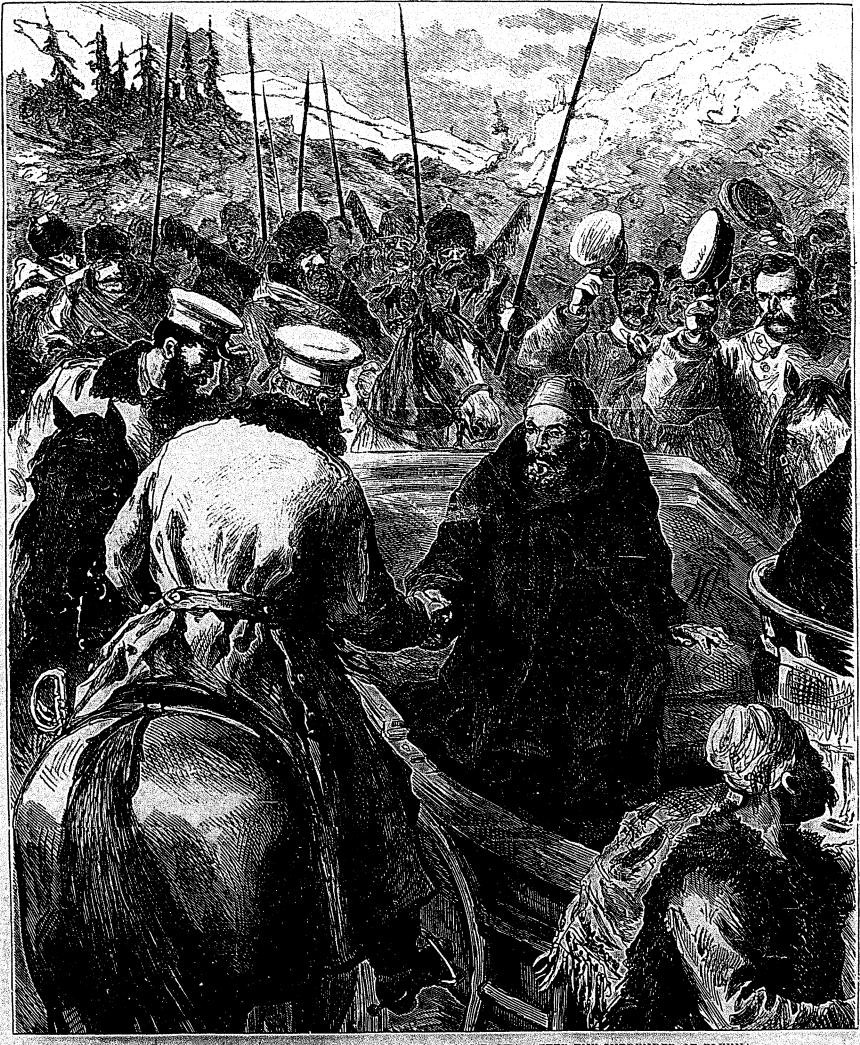
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Vol. XVII.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. 44 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MEETING OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AND OSMAN PASHA, AFTER THE SURRENDER OF PLEVNA.

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

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

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ST. JOHN, N.B.

The present number contains the second of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., accompanied by brief biographical memoirs. We shall continue to pr duce them during the next four or five weeks. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.

In the present number of the CANADIAN IL LUSTRATED News appears a fine double page illustration of the principal buildings and points of attraction about the flourishing town points of attraction about the flourishing town of Cornwall, thus continuing the series which we lately initiated. Although this is only a beginning, and we expect to do far better as we progress, yet we are willing to offer the promised illustrations of Cornwall with the full letter-press description as a fair indication of what we intend to accomplish. In a short time we shall have illustrated as much of Canada as will both interest and astonish our readers.

NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. are now ready, and those of our subcribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 26th, 1878.

OUR NEW ENTERPRISE.

The resources of Canada are not sufficiently understood by Canadians. They are altogether too prone to ignore or undervalue the wealth that lies within their reach. Not only do they allow outsiders to indulge in the ungracious task of belittling them, but in many instances they aid in the work of depreciation. Hence that lack of self-confidence which is so painfully apparent in our midst, and that want of alert initiative which characterizes all nations that feel the vivifying breath of genuine patriotism. Anything which shall tend to enlighten this ignorance and remove this apathy ought to be hailed as a benefaction. And it is the pleasant duty of every public man, whether through the medium of voice or press, to take his share in the mission. Within the sphere of in the mission. their opportunities, it is the intention of the conductors of the CANADIAN ILLUS-TRATED News to make this the very object of their particular attention during the present year, feeling that they have exceptional means of doing so, through the aid of the pictorial art—the very best mode of reaching and impressing the public eyethey have resolved to spare space periodically for the illustration of everything that may tend to show the resources of the country. For this purpose, they have engaged a Special Correspondent, a gentleman of talent and ability, widely known through the press, who is to visit in succession every place of interest throughout the Provinces, and communicate to us the fruits of his researches. Public buildings, historical sites, portraits of leading men in every locality, bits of by him and illustrated. And in a very special manner he will devote his care to the different industries, manufactures and branches of business, which he will meet the difference of business of bus scenery, scraps of curiosity, will be selected

to learn what our people are doing in the way of enterprise and self-support; how much skilled labour they employ; to what channels their capital is directed, and what special results may be expected from our different lines of trade. In many instances our readers will be surprised at the facts laid before them, and we trust that gradually all will appreciate the immensity of the resources which lie within reach of the energy and good-will of the people of Canada. The work which we propose will, in time, form the most valuable gazetteer ever published in this country, and, apart from the letter-press, which will be both reliable and interesting, the pictoral attractions will form a precious auxiliary. We feel, therefore. justified in calling upon our friends everywhere to aid us in this national undertaking.

THE Conservative Convention, which met last week at Toronto, has published the following propositions:

I. They are satisfied that the welfare of Canada requires the adoption of a national financial policy, which, by a judicious readjustment of the tariff, will benefit and foster the agricultural, mining and manufacturing interests of the Dominion.

II. That no such re-adjustment will be satisfactory to the interests affected or to the country, if adopted as a provisional means only to meet a temporary exigency or to supply a temporary deficit, nor unless it is made and carried out as a national

III. That until a reciprocity of trade is established with our neighbours, Canada should move in the direction of a reciprocity of tariffs, so far as her varied interests may demand.

IV. That it is the duty of the people of Canada to force upon the attention of the Government and Parliament of the Dominion the necessity of carrying out their views, and to withhold or withdraw their confidence from any Government which may fail, from want of will or want of ability, to enforce them by legislative en-

THE Society of the Holy Church is as new and as strange as the Order of Corporate Reunion, Its object is to unite every sect-Roman, Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, Coptic-into one single body. For this purpose it proposes to use the Anglican service, musically rendered by Gregorian tunes or Anglican chaunts. Roman Catholics have to submit to a condemnation of auricular confession, and to be content with a public examination, the answers to which they make to their own private hearts. Ritualism is not permitted, but every member has to carry a button with his number graved thereon. A cardinal is shortly to be appointed as the visible head of the Church without infallibility. Women are to be admitted into the teaching body. Faithful laymen who distinguish themselves are to be made members of a legion or order of work very much like the Lègion d'honneur. A "consistory" is shortly to be held, at which two Roman Catholics, two Anglicans, two Greeks, two Wesleyans and Independents, two Armenians, two Lutherans, two Huguenots, and others, will elect their High Cardinal.

THE article upon the French army, con tributed by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to the Nineteenth Century, possesses a peculiar interest. If France is not in a position to make war, she is, at least, in Sir GARNET's opinion, strong enough to resist attack. Nothing in her history has been more remarkable than the determined energy and unity which have marked, during the past seven years, her efforts for the reorganization of her army. It is no secret that the Prussian system has been closely followed,

as he goes. It must be interesting to all available at the present moment for defensive purposes may, according to the reviewer, be taken at 1,200,000 men, the strength of the active army being 719,000, with a reserve amounting to half a million regularly trained soldiers. In some ten years' time Sir GARNET WOLSELEY estimates that France will have an army of 2,471,000 men, but already she has a force which cannot be easily broken up.

> An astounding and incredible rumour comes from Europe, to the effect that Queen Isabella, in revenge for alleged grievances against her son and the Spanish nation, has written an autograph letter to the Emperor of Austria full of aveux honteux and repentirs tardifs, the purport of which may be guessed, and the object of which is undoubtedly to impeach the legitimacy of Don Alfonso. This letter is addressed doubtless to the Emperor of Austria as the Chief of the Catholic Sovereigns, and as the special protector of Don CARLOS and his family. But the ex-Queen can gain nothing, not even the barren joy of revenge, by publishing her own shame. The legal title of Queen Isabella's son remains unimpeachable, whatever may have been his mother's errors. If such a letter has been written, it goes far to justify the statement of the Spanish Government that the ex-Queen is actually insane.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The union of the Galaxy with the Atlantic Monthty is a literary event of importance to which we have already directed the attention of our readers. The Galaxy, like the Atlantic, trusted to the interest of its literature unaided by the sister art of illustration, and it differed from it chiefly in those qualities in which priority placed the elder magazine beyond its generous rivalry. Each had its advantages, and these advantages are now united. It is for the periodical whose name survives to claim the public favour only upon the firmest grounds, and to seek more and more to merit that favour in the field where, it is no disparagement of its contemporaries to say, it now stands alone. Its position is well defined as that of a thoroughly national magazine, sustained solely by American authorship, and confiding to the appreciation of its readers whatever is best in American thought and literary art. The freshness, the alertness, that gave tone to the Galaxy will not cease, we hope, in the alliance which makes the Galaxy and The Atlantic one,—and The Atlantic that one,—but will hereafter be constantly recognized and enjoyed in our pages. Certain field where, it is no disparagement of its contemcognized and enjoyed in our pages. Certain features of the former necessarily disappear; but, retaining its chief writers, *The Atlantic* will aim to perpetuate the finest characteristics of a magazine which for eleven years has been a presence in periodical literature so distinctly agreeable and useful that it could not wholly pass away without great public regret.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL for February, in pursuance of the announcement of an illustrated series of articles describing "The American at Work," has a paper on salt-making at Syracuse, work, has a paper on satternating at Systems, accompanied with suitable engravings, the text of which is by W. H. Rideing, and the drawings by Kelly. Among the articles in the number likely to attract attention, is one "Rip Van Winkle," which is not a criticism on the character of the play, but an embodiment of a num-ber of interviews with Mr. Jefferson, by which we have the actor's own ideas of his performance of the character of the play, and of the people that gather to listen to him; and in addition to this there are some "behind-the-curtain" views of Jefferson in his private life and his social personality. It is a fresh and readable paper. Dr. Guernsey has made a connected narrative of Stanley's recent remarkable voyage down the Congo, which is of great interest, and of value to all who have imperfectly followed the explorer in his letters from the field of adventure. piorer in his letters from the held of adventure. George M. Towle writes interestingly of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ. Maurice Thompson has an entertaining paper in which the pugnacious spirit of birds is described and exemplified by numerous examples. Professor Harrison, of the Washington and Lee University gives a description of a voyage from Athana ty, gives a description of a voyage from Athens to Corfu, which is full of graphic pictures. There is a short story by Mrs. Lillian Browne; a pathetic poem by Edgar Fawcett, entitled "The Dying Actor;" and other good things. "Cherry Ripe" is concluded in one long instalment; and "By Celia's Arbour" gives fresh evidence of being one of the best novels of the season. The editor discusses Human Interest in Landscape Art; the latest experiments as to the influence of plants upon the atmosphere; Whittier's birthday; the quarrels of statesmen; the function of day; the quarrels of statesmen; the function of criticism, etc.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February con-

from personal observation, with illustrations from personal coservation, with Institution from original drawings by an artist of the London Graphic. Alfred T. Bacon's account of Syracuse which forms the concluding paper of his "Month in Sicily," and Professor James A. Harrison's "Glimpses of Sweden," are equally vivid and instructive, and are copiously illustrated. "Glimpses of Sweden," are equally vivial instructive, and are copiously illustrated. "Hunting in France," by L. Lejeune, shows a knowledge of the country and its sports such as no foreigner can possess, and contains many graphic descriptions and amusing anecdotes. Simpler but not less striking, is "A Reminis-Simpler, but not less striking, is "A Reminiscence of the First Iron-Clad Fight," by an officer on board the ill-fated Cougress, whose account of one of the most dramatic incidents of modern warfare is a valuable contribution to the history of our civil war. "Thirty-five Years off Soundings" is the punning title of a paper by a deaf contributor, who has made a close study of his infirmity, and who relates his experiences in as way that must engage the sympathy of all hi readers. There are several capital stories in the number, and the "Gossip" is fresh and entertaining.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OSMAN PASHA AND THE GRAND DUKE .-- After his surrender, the greatest sympathy and regard was shown on all sides to Osman Pasha, whose bravery and skill all admired, and the wounded General was placed in a carriage and driven into Plevna. Hearing, however, that the Grand Duke Nicholas was coming in his direction, Osman Pasha turned back to meet him, and the subsequent interview is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the Daily

"The Grand Duke rode up to the carriage, and for some seconds the two chiefs gazed into each other's faces without the utterance of a word. Then the Grand Duke stretched out his hand, and shook the hand of Osman Pasha

heartily and said : "'I compliment you on your defence of Plev-na. It is one of the most splendid military feats in history.' Osman Pasha smiled sadly, rose painfully to his feet in spite of his wound, said something which I could not hear, and then reseated himself. The Russian officers all cried, 'Bravo!' 'Bravo!' repeatedly, and all saluted respectfully. There was not one among them who did not gaze on the Hero of Plevna with the greatest admiration and sympathy. Charles, who had arrived, rode up, and repeated unwittingly almost every word of the Grand Duke, and likewise shook hands. Osman Pasha

again rose and bowed, this time in grim silence.

"He wore a loose blue cloak, with no apparent mark on it to designate his rank, and a red fez. He is a large, strongly-built man, the lower part of whose face is covered with a short black beard, without a streak of grey. He has a large Roman nose, and black eyes. The face black beard, without a streak of grey. He has a large Roman nose, and black eyes. The face is a strong face, with energy and determination stamped on every feature—yet a tired, wan face also, with lines on it that hardly were graven so deep I fancy five months ago; and with a sad, enduring, thoughtful look out of the black eyes.

"Colonel Gaillard, French military attaché,

said: 'I was almost afraid to see him, lest the reality should destroy my ideal. But I have not been disappointed. It is a grand face and

"" It is the face of a great military chieftain, said young Skobeleff. I am glad to have seen him. Osman Ghazi he is, and Osman the Victorious he will remain, in spite of his surrender.

SKATING CARNIVAL AT QUEBEC.—The hand-tome new rink erected by the Quebec Skating some new rink erected by the Quebec Skating Club upon the north side of the Grande Allée, immediately outside of St. Louis Gate, was opened, according to previous arrangement, on the evening of Saturday week last. Reference to the carnival will be found in the paper of Kriss Kringle from "The Ancient Capital," in another part of to-day's paper.

KING HUMBERT AND HIS QUEEN.—The new King of Italy was born in March, 1844, and is now in his thirty-fourth year. Immediately upon the death of his father he issued the fol-

upon the death of his father he issued the fol-

lowing proclamation: "ITALIANS: The greatest misfortune has sudictor Emanuel, the founder denly befallen us. Victor Emanuel, the founder of the kingdom of Italy and its unity, has been taken from us. I received his last sigh, which was for the nation; his last wishes, which were for the happiness of his people. His voice, which will always resound in my heart, bids me vanquish sorrow, and indicates my duty at this moment. There is only one consolation possible, namely: to show ourselves worthy of himby following in his footsteps, and you by remain ing devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he accomplished the difficult task of renoring Italy great and united. I shall be minddering Italy great and united. I shall be mindful of his grand example of devotion to country, love of progress, and faith in liberal institutions, which are the pride of my house. My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my people. "Italians, your first king is dead. His successor will prove to you that institutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of great sorrow.

Let us strengthen that concord which has al-

ways been the salvation of Italy."

On the same day the was proclaimed King of Italy, under the title of Humbert I. His first act was to confirm the present ministers in their

KING ALFONSO AND BRIDE.—The Moniteur gives the dower of the Infanta Mercedes at one million sterling, independently of diamonds and other jewellery. King Alfonso has ordered for her the most extravagant parures. Queen Isa-

bella, who, the Moniteur says, presents the only clouded brow amid the general radiance, will not give up any of the jewellery she took from Spain in 1868. The Pope is sending a diamond rose to the bride, who, he trusts, by her piety, will hereafter merit a golden one.

Pore Pres IX. AT THE VATICAN. - During the past few weeks, we learn, the Pope has been compelled to suspend his favourite "constitutional" walks in the gardens of the Vatican, and with them the audience he was then accustomed to give to the parties of pilgrims who visited him with tokens of reverence from all quarters of the globe. One of our foreign pictures this week shows the Holy Eather in the Vatican gardens, where, until recently, during fine weather, he was in the habit of having himself carried in his easy-chair, and where, in the shade, he joined with spirit and enjoyment in friendly converse with those about him.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

Among the most noteworthy portions of Lonsion which are being, or have recently been, removed in order to carry out building improvements, is the north-west portion of the Piazza, in Covent Garden, from "Evans' Supper Rooms" to the street which joins the Garden with Long-Yew are aware that, when first crected, this Prozza was regarded as the wonder and the pride of London, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say one of the wonders of the world. It was designed by Inigo Jones, and if his plans had been carried out, it would have been carried all round the square, instead o merely the northern and north-eastern portion

A WELL-KNOWN sculptor has lately cominto possession of a handsome fortune. ago he had asked a wealthy elderly frien to be godfather to his child. The request wa granted. Some time afterwards the gentlema made his will. After writing down a large number of bequests he came to a stop. The lawyer reminded him that there was still some 50,000% to dispose of. The testator was puzzled as to what he should do with it. At last he said, "I'll leave it to Theed; won't he be surprised?" The sculptor certainly was surprised when he was informed of his good fortune. He had thought that there might be 500%, for his son, but this sum of five figures was quite another

The following heirs-apparent of peers will attain their majority during the present year :-

Hon. William Bagot, eldest son of Lord

Bagot, Jan. 29.

Hov. Luke White, Scots Fusilier Guards, eldest son of Lord Annaly, Feb. 25. Lord Moreton, eldest son of the Earl of Ducie,

Hon. Henry Charles Hardinge, Rifle Brigade,

eldest son of Viscount Hardinge, Aug. 1. Hon. George Fitzroy Henry Somerset, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lord Raglan, Sept. 18.

Earl of Mount Charles, Royal Meath Ar-tillery, eldest son of the Marquis Conyngham, Oct./ 1...

Viscount Lumley, 7th Hussars, eldest son of the Earl of Scarborough, Nov. 16.

The peers at the present time minors, with the years in which they attain their majority, are as follows :

1878, Lord Redney, Feb. 28; Lord Hast ings, April 4; Lord Windsor, Aug. 27.

1880. Earl of Yarborough. 1881. Earl of Shrewbury and Talbot, Earl of Hopetoun, Lord Boston. 1882. Viscount Exmouth.

4883. Earl of Norbury. 1884. Viscount Clifden.

Lord Kenyon. 1886. Lord Athlumney. 1888. Lord Southampton.

1892. Marquis of Downshire. 1893. Marquis of Camden.

THE following document, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, to be stamped at one of our public departments: "1, of—, of the one part, and—my wife, of the other part, do hereby agree by mutual consent and agreement to separate and part from each other; and we do further agree not to annoy nor molest or interfere or break the peace towards each other in discharge me the said—from all liabilities arising from sickness or distress or trouble that she may hereafter meet with at any time during her natural life, and I -- (another shoemaker), do hereby agree to take the said -- wife of -and by his own free good will and consent maintain and support her free of all expenses and liabilities and provide for her in the best way that lays in my power, free of all charge or assistance of the said -- for ever." Of course, the Government did not the least object to stamp this precious document. It smiled and took the money.

The Queen has been graciously pleased, by an instrument under Her Royal Sign Manual, to institute and create an Order of Distinction to be styled and designated "The Imperial Order of the Crown of India," to be enjoyed by the Princesses of our Royal House and the wives or other female relatives of Indian Princes and others to be by the Queen selected.

In accordance with this decree the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the decoration of the said Imperial Order of the Crown of India upon-Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of ermany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and

Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of lesse (Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ire-

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland.)

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marhioness of Lorne.)

Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Du-hess of Edinburgh (Grand Duchess of Russia.) Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cam-

Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (Princess Augusta of Cam-

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck Princess Mary of Cambridge.)

Her Highness the Maharnee Dulcep Singh. Her Highness Nawabshabjihan, Begum of Bhopal, G. C. S. L.

Her Highness Maharance Seta Velass Dawajee Ammance Anaro of Mysore.

Her Highness Maharnee Jumna Bai Saheb

Gaekwar of Baroda. Her Highness Dilawar un-Nissar Begum Saheba of Hyderabad.

Her Highness Nawab Kudsia, Begum of Bhopal.

Her Highness Vijaya Mohenu Mukta Boyi Ammance Rajah Saheb of Tanjore. Maharante Hai Nomoyee of Cossimbozar.

Elizabeth Georgiana Duchess of Argyll. Georgina Caroline Marchioness of Salisbury. Henrietta Anne Theodosia Marchioness

Ripon, Lady Mary Temple Nugent Brydges Chandon

Mary Louisa Countess Downger of Elgin and

Kincardine. Blanche Julia Countess of Mayo. Lady Susan Georgiana Bourke.

Mary Viscountess Halifax. Mary Catherine Lady Hobart. Lady Jane Emma Baring.

Anne Jane Charlotte Baroness Napier. Edith Baroness Lytton.

Harriette Katherine Baroness Lawrence. Cecilia Frances Lady Northcote.

Catherine Lady Frere. Mary Ann Lady Temple. Caroline Lucy Lady Denison. Katherine Jane Lady Strachey.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

GEN. DE WIMPFFEN has written a letter to Major Labordere, approving the course he adopted in refusing to obey the orders given to him during the recent political crisis. In the face of a foreign enemy, General de Wimpffen says, both officers and men owe absolute of edience to their chiefs. The case is different when they are called upon to act against their fellow citizens. It is then the duty of the troops to act with much caution, and only to use their arms in the last extremity. Gen. de Wimpffen hopes that Major Labordere will soon be restored to the ar my with the title of lieutenant-colonel.

PUZZLES under various names are as plentiful as blackberries: the "peace cannon" goes off with all the noise bays could desire, without the aid of any fulminant; the most nervous lady might handle it; after the report it can be converted into a Savoy flute or a calumet of peace; Two babies kick up their legs, throw their arms out, and squeal, as soon as their cradle on the tree top rocks -- when the wind does not blow. are French Punch and Judies on horseback, that are as merry as crickets in the shanty, but that become afflicted with stiff joints the moment they quit it : no child ever succeeds in remedying the affliction by a surgical operation.

FRENCH children are more and more counting upon two gift days instead of one. The Cobden treaty, or the, up to 1870, remains of Germanie customs, have added Christmas Eve, as a black mail day, to that of the New Year. Happily the tastes of infant France have altered for the better; there is a decided falling off in the demand for extraordinary bagatelles. The toys exposed for sale on the hut-fair along the Boulevards are all cheap; the counters that display a choice of forty toys and knick-knacks, at one son each, are what attract the children, as honey does flies. Imagine a young youthful receiving permission to select a score of objects; he will remain an hour over the work, silent as a trappist, and as smiling as a cherub, and the variety of his purchases is not the least important factor

AMONG the many extraordinary sights in store for us at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, not the least attractive will be the great show of tulips which Holland is preparing. The show will comprise no fewer than 40,000 of the tarest

tend them night and day. The planting took place at the end of last month, and it is calculated the tulips will be in full blossom by the end of April. They way in which they have been laid out will attract almost as much attention as the flowers themselves. The parterre will represent in form and colour the armorial bearings of the town of Haarlem. The sword which figures in the centre of the escutcheon will be made of white tulips; the stars which surround it will be formed of red tulips; and the whole encased in a deep border of white and red tulips, with the words "Haarlem" and "Holland" above and below, picked out in the same colours.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A BAD TEMPER. -There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of the sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any rate is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better after it. After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all. It is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with anger and passion. Since anger is useless and an unspeakable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

MATERNAL AFFECTION .- All brutes, even the most savage, are attached to their young. At a recent exhibition of animals, there was shown a lioness and panther with their cubs. It was curious to notice, in both animals, that peculiar pride in showing their offspring which the domestic cat manifests in the most unmistakable manner. It seemed also as if these old animals regarded sudden raps on the bars of the cage, or the introduction of canes to induce their progeny to take better attitudes for sketching purposes, in the light of grateful attentions; as, no matter how much the young ones spit and scratched, the mothers never showed the slightest resentment, but quietly crouched and stared at the interloper in abstract coolness. The writer saw the lioness deliberately wake up her cubs, who were cuddled into an undistinguishable ball of fur, and spread them aport with a blow of her paw, for no reason that could be divined other than that she wished to display They manifested no hunger, but sat up, and blinked like suddenly awakened babies, until their eyes became accustomed to the light.

THE ART OF FORGETTING, -- What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer :- "If you would keep a book, and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or, rather get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter." The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations.

THE INFANT. - Great is the vitality of the infant-fearful and wonderful to behold. If a grasshopper or small insect with abundant legs be seized and lifted by one of them, the leg immediately breaks loose and the insect escapes. The human infant, on the contrary, is often suspended by one arm, and even dragged long distances, while its nurse is earnestly conversing with a male friend. No instance has yet been known of the arm giving way under such eircumstances, and it is believed that the infantile leg is at least equally strong. Infants are daily to be seen lying head downward across a nurse's lap, or dangling over the back of a bench in a position that suggests apoplexy, suffication, and other fital results. These infants, however, always exhibit unimpaired vigour when replaced in a natural position, and will promptly swallow marbles, small pebbles, or any other food which may be given to them. Their power of oratory, also, is wonderful, and the man who constantly finds from six to twelve infants congregated under his shade trees, and vieing with one another in efforts to express their views upon public and private topics, naturally feels inclined to take stern and decisive measures. It would, however, be impolitic to permit the killing of infants by private citizens other than regular medical practitioners, and it is doubtful if public sentiment would support the appointof the Exhibition. The bulbs have been already planted, and gardeners from furf-amed Haarlem tality of the baby!"

THE GLEANER.

THE French Government is said to contemplate a measure to remove from their commands all general officers suspected of anti-Republican proclivities.

THERE is a report that the Queen will reside for some time at Buckingham Palace during the season, not unnaturally awakening predictions of entertainments on a grand scale.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, who is still at Windsor Castle, is too unwell to take any out-door exercise; he has not even taken a drive or left the Castle since he came from Scotland.

IT is expected that Indian titles will be conferred on the Queen's daughters in a subordinate degree to that of Empress, and that the new ti-tles and dignities will be officially announced in a few days.

PERSONS who have mourned over the taking down of Temple Bar may "greet" over the prospect of losing their cherished piece of antiquity, Aldgate Pump, for it is to be swept away in the plans for the ground improvements from London Bridge to the far East of London.

THERE are persons to whom nothing is sacred. In a prospectus of a "personally con-ducted tour," the following passage occurs: "Time allowed to bathe in the Dead Sea if desired, and then go forward to Jordan, taking lunch and rest on the margin of the sacred stream. Time allowed for bathing."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE temperance movement seems to be gaining strength in all parts of the country.

AMONG the measures likely to be introduced at the coming session of the Dominion Parliament are a liberal Homestead Law for the North-West, and a law providing for the construction of colonization railways in the same region.

FRESH trouble is anticipated among the workmen on the Lachine Canal, in consequence of a reduction of the force employed on one of the sections, and a deciaration by the contractors that, in future, payments will be made monthly.

THE eighth annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade assembled at Ottawa on the 15th inst., the President Mr. Adam Brown, in the chair. There was a fair attendance of delegates and a representation from the National Board of Trade of the United States. Resolutions in favour of reciprocity were adopted unani-

LITERARY.

THE Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has in the press a new work, under the title of "Some Present Dangers of the Church of England."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE brings back from the Cape of Good Hope, a carpet-bag well stuffed with notes and manuscripts, to be transformed with all due dispatch into a volume.

Mr. H. R. HAWEIs is engaged on a new series of studies in music, to form a supplement to his "Music and Morais," and he is also going to issue, it is said, a "Study in Early Clarreb History."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK has obtained permission to reproduce in fac simile the famous copy of the Indi-tatio Christi, which is in the Royal Library at Brussels. It is expected to be published at an early date this year. THE second volume of M. Taine's work on the

Beginning of Contemporary Frames, is now in the press, and will be published shortly. This volume, which will be entitled. The Revolution, will contain many new details about the way in which the French people make use of their freedom.

THE correspondence of that willest of old dipiomatists, Prince Metternich, is at last to be made public under the editorship of his son, the present Prince Metternich. It includes many interesting and important letters from the Duke of Wellington, Talleyrand, and other celebrities who were his contemporaries.

It is related of Wilkie Collins' boyhood that, when placed at school at Highbury, after a residence of three years on the Continent, his mates despised him as "a French frog." because of his superior knowledge of the French and Italian languages. In this awkward position little Collins was lucky enough to secure the layour of a big boy by telling him stories, and the big tellow protected him on account of this amusing quality. If, however, the young story-teller fell short at any time and could not produce a story to order, his protecter and tyrant had an infallible method for stimulating invention, being of opinion that a sound thrashing had an excellent effect in quickening the action of the brain.

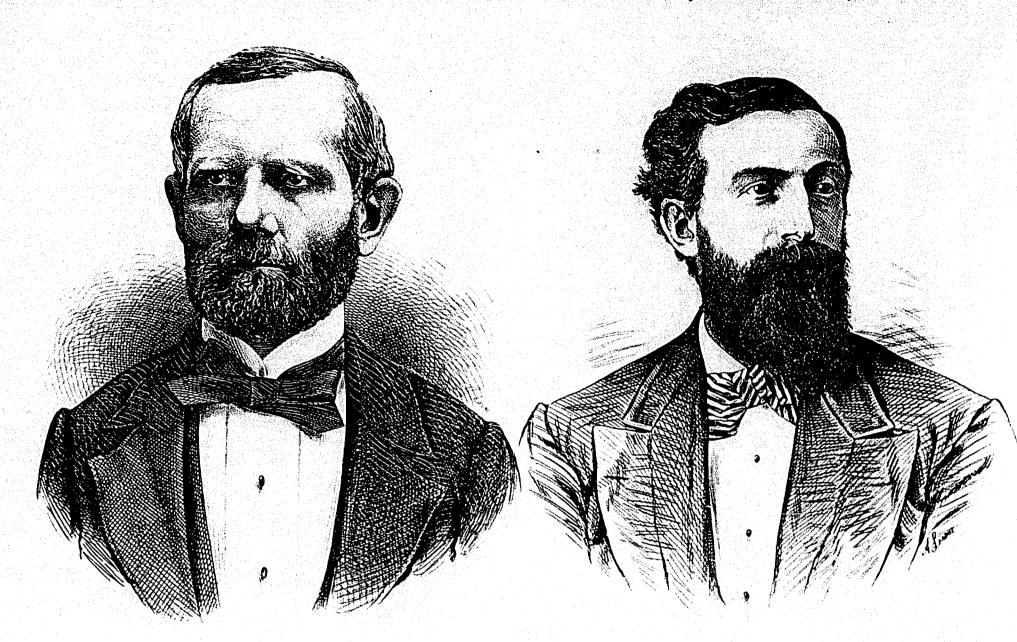
Mr. Wilkir Collins is removed to have It is related of Wilkie Collins' boyhood that,

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is reported to have written one-third of his story of "The Woman in White before he could get a title for the work. After cudgeling his brains in vain, he betook himself in despair to Broadstairs. He walked and smoked for hours on the cliffs, but no title came. At last, as the sun went down, he threw himself on the grass and looked crossiy at the North Foreland Lighthouse. Savagely biting the end of his last cigar, he said aloud to the building standing stiffly and coldly in the evening light, "You are ugly and still and awkward, you know you are; as stiff and weird as my white woman,—white woman i—Woman in White! The title, by Jove!" And the book was named. MR. WILKIE COLLINS is reported to have

"DOWN IN THE MOUTH." Where there is a continual drooping down

into the back of the mouth, with irritation and inflammation of the nasal cavities and throat, with hawking, spitting, and a sense of fulness about the head, be not deceived or faucy it a simple cold. You are afflicted with that scourge of this climate, Caturrh, the forerunner of consumption. In its early stages a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect an entire cure. When confirmed, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be used in connection with the Remedy. These standard medicines have been before the public many years, and their use has been attended with the most grati-tying success. A full discussion of Catarrh and its rational treatment is contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-two engravings, bound in cloth and gilt, price, post-paid, \$1.50. Adsress, Publishing Department, World's Dispendary, Buffalo,

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY .- From Photographs by James Notman, St. John, N.B.



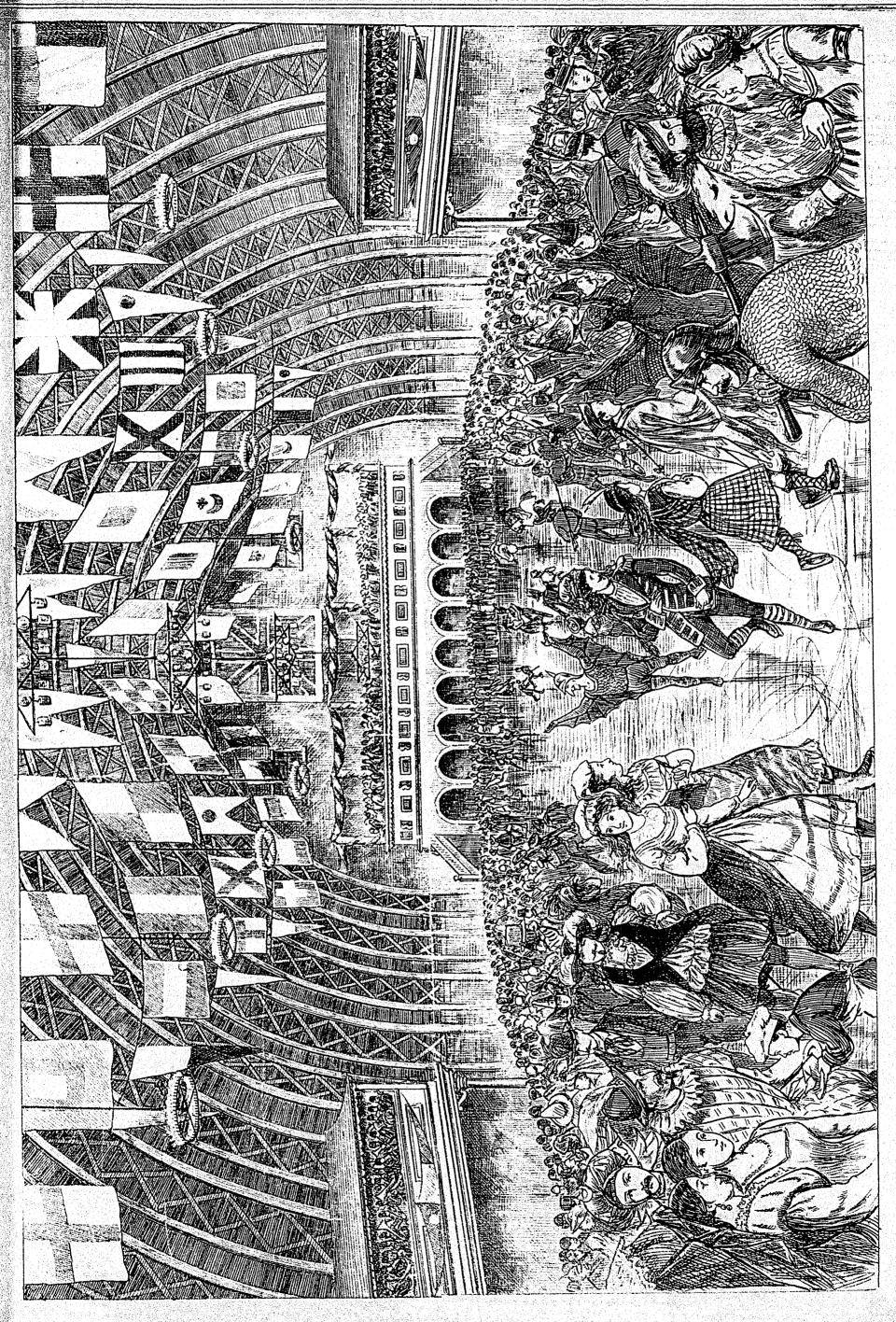
No. 284.-A. L. PALMER, Q.C., M.P., St. John, N.B.

No. 285.—EDWARD WILLIS, M.P.P., St. John, N.B.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SULEIMAN PASHA SALUTING THE WOUNDED.





BEAUTY AND WORTH

She sphroed it with her dainty foot.
"Twas but a weed," she said.
That by the beaten thorougufure Upraised its modest head

Whilst in it, all its humble life. No human eye had seen. A beauty, save its waxes stem. And foliage darkly green.

It bore no odour prisoning bud. No spike of brilliant flowers, Like those, above the neighbouring wall Adorning cultured bowers.

'Sweet rose!" the maiden cried, and peeped The gamen wall above. 'Sweet rose! thou art the Queen of all. Thou flower of youth and love!"

The acene is changed. The maiden droops Upon her couch she lies; Her hallowed cheek is deathly pale, Half closed her languid eyes.

Whilst Love and Science by her side Keep watch, both day and night. Love weeps in unavailing wee Before the pitcous sight.

But grave-eyed Science, hoping still.
Wields every power to stay.
The gristy conqueror, who speeds
Upon his coming way.

Love cuiled the rose with eager care. And laid it by her bed. She smiled, then sighing turned away. It fades, like me," she said.

Nor all its odour sweet could stay That fast-departing breath. Nor could the reflex of its bloom Displace the hue of death.

Now Science brings that weedling's inice, With cunning care expressed; She drinks, and soon new life pervades. The fountains of her breast.

The crimson tide now purely flows.
Through every branching vein.
And cheek and lip incarnadine.
With healthier hues again.

Once more she sees the smiling fields Again the pathway treads. While flowers, of every varying that. Binsh from their turfy heds.

But carelessly she passes all To where a weedling droops. That once despi-ed, neglected grew While gratefully she stoops.

And gathering a with tender care. Her heart sincerely cries. Ne'er will I value beauty most. True worth, alone, I'll prize!

MARY J. WELLS.

THE

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

II.

CORNWALL, Ont. AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

INTERESTING NOTES RESPECTING THE SETTLE-

MENT AND GROWTH OF ONE OF THE

OLDEST TOWNS IN CANADA.

The town of Cornwall is the outgrowth of one of the oldest settlements in Canada. It is only sixty-seven miles, by Grand Trunk Railway, west of Montreal, and but a short distance from the Provincial border; yet, the Ontario stamp, as it were is unmistakeable, though there is lacking, in some degree, the spirit of enterprise characteristic of your thorough-going Western town. But it is only fair to state that Cornwall is in a transitory condition. In the old days it was quite an aristocratic place, the Belgravia of Canada, so to speak, and though some "blue blood" still remains, the town, as a whole, has changed its character, and is now developing into a commercial centre.

The site is in many respects an advantageous one, as a glance at the map will show. It is the pivot point of the Provinces of Ontario and Que-bec and the State of New York, and is the County town of the united Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, being situated in the south-east corner of the first-mentioned County. It is backed by a fair farming country, but the evidences of wealth, seen in agricultura districts further west, are wanting. The country is pretty well eleared for a distance of thirty miles back, then the farms are few and far be tween, though the work of bringing the wilderness into subjection is steadily progressing. In the heart of the forest, about Scotch River, where the red deer still abound, and bears are some-times met with, there is quite a colony of French-Canadian pioneers from about Beau-

The following interesting notes respecting the settlement and growth of Cornwall were kindly obtained by Dr. J. J. Dickinson, from S. d Chesley, Esq., a venerable fellow-townsman, who was for many years Indian Agent at Cornwall, and is now engaged in the Department of the Interior at Ottawn. Mr. Chesley tells us that the settlement of Cornwall began in 1784, prin-

manded by the Hon. Sir John Johnson. town was laid out about that time by Mr. Patrick McNiff. The Counties of Stormont and Russel, of which the Lown of Cornwall was the judicial and electoral centre, were first represented in Parliament, soon after the division of the Province of Quebec, 1791, into Upper and Lower Canada, by Mr. D'Arcy Boulton, of Little York, now Toronto. Among the leading residents at that time were Col. Gray, Capt. S. Anderson, Capt. Neil McLean (the first Treasurer), Cornelius Monroe (the first Sheriff), Joseph Anderson, Richard Warffe (the first Coroner), and David Sheik. Among the first physicians were Drs. Wood, Noah Dickinson, John Moseley and Timothy Johnson. The mer-cantile community was represented by Messrs. Michael Van Koughnet, Chas. Jones and Burk. The first resident lawyers were Messrs. John Lowe, Farrand and Wilkinson. The town was incorporated in 1884, and Mr. George S. Jarvis was the first Parliamentary representative. The bill to provide for the construction of the Cornwall canal was introduced by Mr. Hamilton Merrit, and work commenced at Pot-Ash Point, July, 1834. The first vessel that passed through was the steamer Highlander, Capt. A. Whipple, November, 1841. The first passenger boat that plied on the St. Lawrence from Cornwall was named the Cornwall. It was worked by two, sometimes three, horses. This craft sometimes attained a speed of six miles per hour in slack water. Its capacity did not exceed fifteen tons.

Previous to the war of 1812, the mails between Montreal and Kingston were carried by footmen once a fortnight. "On one occasion," says once a fortnight. "On one occasion," says Mr. Chesley. "I happened to be a fellow-passenger on a freight isteau from Catanu du Lac to Cornwall with one of these mail carriers, who, perceiving that I spoke his language (French), when opposite Lancaster, asked me to examine his mail bag to ascertain whether there were any letters for that place. There being buy one, he concluded not to stop then, but said he would deliver it on his return." What would the love-sick maiden of the period, anxiously awaiting her billet-doux, or the modern merchant, who counts time by minutes, say to such treatment? "The establishment of a line of stage-coaches

between Montreal and Kingston, in 1817, by the brothers Horace and Barnabas Dickson, improved the postal facilities, and the mails thenceforth were delivered twice, then thrice a week, and eventually daily. The postage in those times on a letter from Cornwall to Montreal was seven pence, and to Little York eleven pence.

"Before the construction of the canal, the transport of freight from Montreal to Cornwall was done in summer by bateaus of five tons capacity, mannel by five persons. The voyage upwards from Lachine occupied usually three days, and the return, one or two. The cost of transport was fifty cents per cwt, or 112 lbs.; now it is eight cents per 100 lbs. The winter service was by sleighs, at about the same rates as in summer. "The Presbyte ians built the first clience in

Cornwall, near the site of the present St. John's Church. The first minister was the Rev. John Bethune, of Williamstown, father of the late Dean of Montreal and of the present Bishop of Toronto. The arst clergyman of the Church of England was a Mr. Rudd, who must have ministered at Cornwall at the beginning of the present century. In 1803, John, afterwards Bishop, Strachan, at the age of 24 years, was ordained a Deacon by the first Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, and appointed to the then vacant incumbency at Cornwall. In addition to his clerical duties, Mr. Strachan opened a Grammar School and taught in a small building till about 1806, when he removed into a more commedious school-house, which he erected at his own expense. This building he sold to the Eastern District on leaving Cornwall for Little York, in 1811. It is still standing on the same spot where it was erected, 71 years ay and it would be, says Mr. Chesley, 'almost a sacrilegious act to disturb Among the estiment and distinguished men who were educated at the Strachan School, were the Hon. Sir John Beverly Robinson, of Little York ; Justice Jones Jones, of Brockville : Hon. Justice McLean, of Cornwall; Chief-Justice Sir J. B. Macauley, C.B.; Hon. Wm. Robinson, of Little York; Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, Hon. P. Van Konglinet, Chancellor Van Koughnet, Col. G. A. Gugy, Rev. William McAulay, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, the present Lieutenant-

lovernor of Ontario, &c. "The first Episcopal Church was begun in 1804, and completed in 1806; the builder was Abner Young, an American. It was consecrated under the name of Trinity Church, by Bishop

"The teachers of the Cornwall District School, after Mr. Strachan, were John Bethune (late Dean of Montreal), Rev. J. Johnstone, Presbyterian; Rev. Harry Leith, doo; Rev. Hugh Irquhart, do; and Mr. Kay, do.

Cornwall was a military garrison during the war of 1812-13, and was commanded in succession by Col. Neil McLean, Major Clifford, Col. G. McDowell and Col. Grant. Detachments of the 49th and 70th regiments, besides a park of ar-tillery, were stationed there in 1813 and 1814. A company of drafted militia, commanded by Capt. Philip Empey, of Col. McLean's Stormont Militia, kept the garrison the first year of the

Judge Jarvis is one of the few surviving cele-

to tell of his early military days. He went into service as a drummer-boy and left it a Colonel. He was a youthful ensign when he saw General Brock shot, and heard the cry "Avenge the General !" as the British troops made the irresistible bayonet charge, which secured them the victory. Among other old-time recollections, the venerable Judge mentioned that Judge Me-lean, when practicing at the Bar, managed to persuade most of his clients to settle their cases out of Court -his desire being to discourage litigation, not foment, as is too frequently the case now-a-days with members of the legal fraternity.

As a contrast to the many murders and few hangings of the present day, he graphically described the execution of five men at Cornwall, in 1817, for the murder of a labouring man.

Mr. A. P. Macdonald (of the firm of Worth ington & Macdonald), told the writer a story of early days in Cornwall, which will illustrate the "larking" propensities of the Canadian youth in the "good old days." It appears a circus visited Cornwall, but young Macdonald and his chums were not satisfied with the performances in the ring, and sighed for something really novel. So they met and talked matters over, and finally resolved to raise a fund of \$100 and offer it to the proprietor of the circus if he would allow his elephant to show his abilities as a swimmer. The offer was accepted. After the afternoon performance the elephant was taken down to the river bank. It took a good deal of persuading and prodding to get the beast to enter the water, but, when he did go in, he set off straight for the south shore. This was more than the owner of the elephant bargained for, and he and his men put off in boats to turn the huge beast back. They might as well have attempted to stop an ice-berg. Mr. Elephant was bound for the south shore, and he pushed the obstructing bolts away as though they were so many straws. When he landed, he showed no disposition to re-enter the river, and it was night before he was induced to make the return trip. The affair afforded the "boys" no end of fun, but it prevented the circus showing at Prescott, as it was hilled, and upset the tour generally. On another occasion, when a circus was passing through the country, young Macdonald and his mates hit upon an ingenious plan by which they and the people of the country-side could get a good look at the elephant gratis. In those days to "see the elephant" literally, was regarded as a great thing. The virens people had arranged to pass into Cornwall before day-The elephant was not then carried about in a railway van. He walked and carried his own trank. The point was, how could the elephant be detained on the road till day light came. Again "Young Canada" was equal to the occasion. It was resolved to scatter potatoes irregularly along the road a few feet apart. This was done, the boys getting several bushels of "small potatoes" for the purpose. Then they hid and watched. About two o'clock the sound of wheels was heard, and slowly the cavalcade approached. The elephant walked majestically at the senter of the string of vaggons. Suddealy he stopped, and began feeling about the road with his wonderful trunk. He had struck the potatoes. The keeper tried all sorts of plans to get the beast along, but elephants are partial to potatoes and do not get them every day, so this one evidently reflected, for he only moved in zig-zag fashion, and that slowly, fearful of missing a solitary tater. Being summer-time, the rosy dawn soon tinted the sky, and the last two miles into Cornwall were made in broad daylight, so that folks were enabled to stare at the elephant to their heart's content. So much for Cornwall as it was: Cornwall as

it is now demands attention.

The population of Cornwall is estimated at The total assessment amounts to \$640,-520; the revenue is \$11,290, and the rate of taxation for all purposes one cent and twenty-

mills on the dollar.

The Town Hall building, a brick edifice on Pitt street, is by no means an attractive looking pile, but it serves a variety of purposes. Beneath its roof is the Council Chamber (which also answers for a Police Court), a Fire and Police Station, a market and a concert hall. The latter is commodious but devoid of any attempt at decoration. Why is it that town halls in "this Canada of ours" are, as a rule, so dreadfully dismal? If we cannot expect handsomely frescoed walls and ceilings, at least we might have a pleasant tint in place of the reguation dirty whitewash. An at the would cost but little more if a platform of tasteful design took the place of the orthodox erection of planks. Perhaps some of these days those in our midst who believe that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and a great civilizer, will establish a "Society for Improving and Beautifying Town Halls in Canada." So mote

The Council is made up of the Mayor, C. J. Mattice, Esq., the Reeve, Deputy Reeve and nine Councillors. The Council Chamber is neatly furnished and cleanly.

Cornwall has wisely patronized native manufactures in the matter of a steam fire engine and possesses one of the best in the country. It was made at Chatham, Ont., and has been worked with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero. It is a splendid looking machine and seems capable of doing grand work. There are three hose-wels with 1,000 feet of hose n all, and a hook and ladder waggon. The brities of Cornwall. His Honour is over eighty volunteer system is still in vogue here; the years old, barely able to walk about his room, of company is frequently drilled and is said to be cipslly by United Empire Loyalists and soldiers | venerable presence; fine profile, with long sil- very efficient. Besides the canal which would wants of his customers, and he believes that he from a disbanded regiment that had been com- very beard; fond of a novel, and always ready be available for a considerable portion of the is going to do a large business, therefore he has

town, there are large tanks scattered through the streets.

In the rear of the Town Hall is a wooden building used as a drill shed and armory.

The Court House and Jail are comprised in a large cut stone edifice at the foot of litt street, facing the river. The court room, which is very large, contains life-size portraits of the late Judge McLean and Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. The Assizes, County Court, Court of General Sessions of the Peace and Chancery Court are held in this building. The town and township of Cornwall consti-

tute the borough which is represented in the Commons by Alexander Sandheld Macdonald, Esq., and in the Local Legislature by Mr. G. G. Snetsinger, merchant, Moulinette.

During the past year a very fine High School has been erected from plans prepared by Mr. Johnstone, of Ogdensburgh, N. V. Mr. W. Atchison, of Cornwall, was the builder, the contract amounting to about \$5,000; It will accommodate two hundred pupils. Over eighty pupils have been enrolled during the present year; there are two teachers, and a third will probably be engaged shortly. The High School District embraces the Town and Township of Cornwail, and the Townships of Osnabruck, Finch and Roxborough. Dr. N. McNeish is Principal.

To the memory of Bishop Strachan a very beautiful stone church has been erected on Second street, a short distance west of Pitt. It takes the place of the venerable Trinity Church before mentioned, a wooden structure which has been moved back bodily and serves for Sundayschool purposes during the summer. The new church cost \$37,000, of which \$30,000 have been paid. The steeple has yet to be completed. The congregation have done and are doing nobly. but as this is a memorial church assistance from admirers of the late Bishop will be thankfully received by the rector or churchwardens

主意

The late rector, Rev. Canon Preston, it may be remembered, died of heart disease while on his way home from the Provincial Synod held in Montreal last September. The congregation felt the betravement most keenly, for he had endeared himself to many hearts, and his closquence and kindly disposition won him hosts of admirers. The present rector is the Rev. Canon Pettit, from Richmond, near Ottawa. He is an eminently practical preacher and seems to be well-liked by his flock. The church will seat six hundred comfortably. It boasts a very fair

In the graveyard of Trinity Church there is a quaint old relie in the shape of an enclosure some twelve feet square and six feet high, the walls being of nubewn stones. They enclose two venerable class which take up a great deal of the space, one being at least four feet in diameter. At one corner there is a padlocked door almost off its hinges. Outside, leaning against the stones, stands an notice viab or tablet which sets forth that the enclosure contains, with others, the remains of Colonel James Gravwho died 1795.

The elements here had a remarkable effect upon this toldet. The wood has been worn away but the paint has withstood the ravages of time so well that the letters stand out clearly, so that if inked and placed upon a printing press, a very good impression could doubtless be taken. The walls are falling here and there, and there is some talk of removing them. Doubtless the antiquarian would rather see them subjected to a little

The Presbyterians, who form a large and influential congregation, worship in St. John's Church, a feame building on l'itt street. The Rev. Dr. McNeish is pastor.

The Wesleyan Methodists have a commodicus brick church on Second street. Rev. Mr. Hall. paster.

The Roman Catholic Church is a plain, roomy structure, dedicated to St. Columbia. Rev. Father Murray is Parish Priest.

Pitt street, running from the depot to the canal wharf, near to the steamboat landing, is the business thoroughfare and promenade. A considerable portion of this street was devastated by fire a year or two ago. The new buildings are quite city-like, and if, as is likely, rebuilding continues in the same style Cornwall will boast a "main street" equal to that of any town of its size in the country. Among new buildings on this street may be mentioned "The Cornwall Cloth Hall," Mr. James Mc. Donell, proprietor. Mr. McDonell claims to be the leading merchant tailor of the town, and to this business he has added a well assorted stock of gentlemen's furnishings, ready-made clothing, hats, caps and turs. Though of a most clothing, hats, caps and turs. I hough of a most social disposition, Mr. McDonell is quite an adept in the art of cutting. So skilled is he, indeed, that he finds employment for about forty outside hands. The second flat of the building is laid out for law chambers, and the Good Templars, who are reported to be in a flourishing condition, occupy the upper story.

One of the finest structures erected in "the burnt district," as a Chicagoan would say, is that owned by Mr. Duncan McRae, grocer and provision merchant. Here the spicy products of the Indies and Araby the Blest mingle their sweet fragiance with the more substantial perfume evolved from the cod of the Banks and the tear-compelling onion from the local market garden. What you expect in a grocery you will surely find here, and a glanco around will reveal many things which you never expected to see. Mr. McRae believes in meeting the

built himself a commodious store which is a credit to the town.

Cornwall boasts quite a number of hotels; the American House, Commercial Hotel and Ottawa Hotel taking the lead. The former is centrally situated at the corner of Pitt and Second streets, the latter an exceedingly pretty street in summer time. The proprietor of the American Heuse, Mr. A. J. Maley, has had considerable experience in the management of hotels both in Canada and the States, and his patrons speak of him in most favourable terms. The house is already a large one, but the demands of the public are such that the addition of two stories will be made this spring.

The Commercial Hotel, Mr. J. D. McDonald,

proprietor, is situated further south on the corner of Pitt and First streets. This old estab-lished hostelry is within a few doors of the post office—a most dingy little hole by the way—and not far from the Court House. It is conand not far from the Court House. It is consequently patronized by the Judges, and is the abiding place of the member of Parliament for the town and township. The spirit of enterprise promises to show itself here also, the talk being that a new edifice is to be erected this summer.

The Ottawa Hotel, also on Pitt street, enjoys a central position between the two former. Established some forty years, the present proprietor, Mr. L. Masterson, fully sustains its reputation. The house has accommodation for forty guests and is a favourite one with the commercial community. The offices of the Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies are close by. As is the case of the other hotels, guests are conveyed to and from the trains and boats

There are two papers published in Cornwall, both weekly. The politics of the Reporter are not of a very pronounced order, though it is called the Conservative organ. The Freeholder is regarded as the organ of the Sandfield Macdonald family. donald family.

Besides enjoying service by the boats of the Royal Mail Line, Cornwall is the starting point for the *Bohemian*, and the rival steamer St. Francis. The competition during the past summer was so keen that a cabin passage to Montreal was given for twenty-five cents; deck

Montreal was given for twenty-five cents; deck passengers are said to have paid what they pleased, while no charge was made for a trip through the Beauharnois Canal.

The work of enlarging the Cornwall Canal is being pushed ahead. Messrs. Woodward and Gordon are the contractors. A new cut is being made at the eastern end for a distance of about a quarter of a mile which will do away with a considerable curve. considerable curve.

Being blessed with wide straight streets, liberally shaded by noble old trees, which in some places meet and form a leafy alcove, Cornwall is quite a pretty place in the summer time, and for those who desire unfettered recreation the charming islands about Summerstown, a few miles down the river, offer unrivalled attractions. Midway between Cornwall and Summerstown is Stone House Point where are to be seen the ruins of the first stone house erected in Canada. In ages to come this, at present, rather fresh relic, will perhaps be thought as much of as are the crumbling castles along the Rhine.

Opposite the town is an island of considerable size called Cornwall Island. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence is the Indian village of St. Regis, situated partly in the Province of Quebec and partly in the United States, the line 45 running through the settlement.

THE CANADA COTTON MANUFACTURING CO.'S

occupy a commanding position at the entrance to the canal. The buildings are of red brick; the main edifice is 314 ft. x 90, four stories, with a flat roof. There are 20,000 spindles and 500 looms. A portion of the top flat is devoted because The to the manufacture of cotton hosiery. The other products of the factory comprise Sheetings, Shirtings, Cheviots, Check Shirtings, Ducks, Tickings, Denhams, Cottonades, Seam-Ducks, Tickings, Denhams, Cottonades, Seamless bags for flour, grain, &c., cotton yarn and warps. The looms turn out on an average 100,000 vards per week. There are about 400 hands employed; they are principally of Scotch descent, natives of the locality and mostly trained at this factory. The pay roll averages \$10,000 per month. The machinery is mainly by Platt, of Oldham; it is driven by two turbine wheels of about 250 horse-power each. To meet emergencies such as the emptying of the canal there is a Corliss engine of 500 horse power. In connection with the factory there power. In connection with the factory there are large warehouses, a dye-house, gas works, cottages for the overseers and large boarding-house where the hands can obtain good, honest board at the rate of \$8 per month for females, and \$10 for males. The boarding house is leased to a skilled caterer.

A walk through the factory is more than or-

dinarily interesting on account of the varied characters of the articles manufactured. as regards strength, evenness of texture and prettiness of design, the check shirtings will compare favourably with any in the world, and the same high standard of excellence is observable in every branch. The Company seems determined that in the company seems determined that is th mined that in every respect the purchaser of their goods shall get full value for his money; it is not, therefore, surprising to know that at the Centennial Exhibition they carried off the highest honours. On what is known as "Family Cetton" a novel and characteristic device is noticeable, viz., a yard measure printed on the material surrounded by the words "Hon-

est Width." One of the labels of the Company is an excellent chromo portrait of old Baptiste, the famous Indian pilot of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The factory is well protected against fire; a system of hydrants permeating the building and the male employees being periodically drilled in the use of the apparatus. The Company enjoy telegraphic communication by both the Montreal and Dominion lines. The capital invested in this enterprise is wholly Canadian, and the Managing Director and Directors are leading Canadian merchants. Mr. A. D. Bar-ker is Manager, and Mr. A. G. Watson, Secre-

The establishment of this factory has done much to promote the growth of Cornwall. In the vicinity quite a new town has sprung up and building is still going on apace. We wish we could add that the enterprise is returning the shareholders a fair profit upon their investment, but the fact is otherwise and apparently must be so until Canadian manufacturers are placed upon a better footing as regards foreign competition.

THE CORNWALL MANUFACTURING CO.'S MILL

adjoins the cotton factory. It is a large, substantial-looking edifice of brick. The Company manufacture woollen goods, principally medium class tweeds, using both Canadian and imported About two hundred hands are employed; the wages amount to from three to four ployed; the wages amount to from three to four thousand dollars per month, and the product about 350,000 yards per year. The first mill built in 1868, was destroyed by fire in 1870. The present building was erected the following year. Sir Hugh Allan is President of the Company, Mr. George Stephens, Vice-President. In connection with the mill there is a dyence of the result of the stephens. house, store-houses for wool, and tenant cot-tages for operatives. This fine factory, in common with Canadian industries generally, is suffering keenly from the present trade policy. "We are making no money," said the man-

A GROUP OF MILLS.

At the Canal Bridge, high above the steam-boat landing, are the Woollen, Grist, Flouring and Saw Mills owned by Mr. Andrew Hodge. The former is what is called a "one set" mill, and with the dye-house gives employment to about twenty hands. The business is principally of the class known as "custom work"—that is to say the farmers of the locality bring in the results of their shearing and either have it made up or exchange it for such manufactured articles as they may want. This sort of trade is perhaps somewhat bothersome, but it is certainly safe, which is a great deal now-a-days. Besides a large variety of tweeds, Mr. Hodge makes plain and fancy flannels, blankets and yarn. The sterling qualities of Canadian tweeds and blankets are proverbial, and it only remains to add that at this establishment every effort is made to sustain the fame which Dominion-made goods have acquired.

Adjoining is the Grist Mill, a solid structure containing six run of stones. Alongside is the Saw and Planing mill run by Mr. R. A. Hodge, who besides attending to a brisk general trade, manufactures the celebrated portable Fanning Mill and Seed Seperator, known as "The King of the West."

Close by are the charred ruins of a paper mill

Close by are the charred ruins of a paper min and Gault Bros & Co.'s cotton mills.

We are indebted to Mr. H. W. Weber, Pitt Street, Cornwall, for copies of most of the photographs from which our engravings are made. Mr. Weber is not only a skilful photographer, but also a dealer in jewellery, toys, fancy goods, and picture frames.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzelton, referring to one of her neighbours.—"Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the old lady, "for he's the meanest man in our town.

"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart ?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment, as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and bluffly said, "Oh, them inyuns? Tenpence."

"MY son," said a mother to a little boy four years old, "whom above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?"—"Goliah!" shouted the child, with a joyous anticipation; "unless," he quickly added, "there's a bigger feller there."

A little girl was heard telling another, "My father is taller and handsomer and cleverer than yours." For a moment the other looked rather put out, but, suddenly brightening up, she answered, " Perhaps he is; but mine is much older than yours.'

"Anna, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up; whereupon William said, "Because when I come to cu, of course I cannot go further." Anna said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

AT an evening party in the Faubourg St. Germain, the conversation turned upon the word "kiss." "Oh," said a member of the institute, "it is derived from a Sancrit expression, meaning to open the mouth." An old mathematician, who was seated in a corner, was asked his opin-ion. "Kissing," he answered, quietly, "is an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same bend, as far as the point of the contact."

FASHION AND SOCIETY.

On Thursday of last week a wedding took place in Hamilton, which united in holy wedlock Miss Catharine Lucy Turner, eldest daughter of Mr. James Turner, and Robert Knight Hope, son of Charles J. Hope. The marriage took place in Highfield, the family residence of the bride's father. Soon after nine o'clock the bridal procession formed in the upper rooms and came into the spacious hall-way of the mansion, in which hung a marriage bell, beautifully garlanded with floral decorations. The following are the names of the

BRIDESMAIDS:

Miss Carpenter, Hamilton. Miss Carrie Turner, Hamilton. Miss Hope, Hamilton. Miss Emily Turner, Hamilton. Miss Harvey, Hamilton. Miss Ida McGiverin, St. Catharines. Miss Hunt, London.

Mr. George Hope, Montreal. Mr. Adam Hope, Hamilton. Mr. Alexander Turner, Hamilton. Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, Hamilton. Mr. James Turner, jr., Hamilton. Mr. Charles Dyett, Goderich.

Filing down the broad stairway, the bridal party had a most brilliant and captivating appearance. As the bell was approached a merry peal was rung upon it, and beneath it the intended bride and bridegroom took their stand, the band playing the wedding march. The Rev. D. M. Fletcher then advanced and, according to the rules of the Presbyterian Church. performed the marriage ceremony. This over, the reverend gentleman, in a speech marked by excellent and kindly appreciation of the bride, proposed her health, to which the bridegroom responded in very happy terms. For a short responded in very happy terms. For a short time the company dispersed, most of them examining the magnificent wedding presents which the bride had received. Soon after dancing was commenced and kept up with spirit. About half-past ten o'clock the happy couple took their departure amid a perfect hurricane of old slippers, and a vivacious chorus of hearty wishes for their future happiness.

HARD TIMES.

MY DEAR TOM, -Your kind favour was duly received, and I hasten to reply to the kind sentiments expressed therein.

I am glad you spent so pleasant a holiday time. We had a very quiet Christmas in the city, but accompanied by the usual amount of indigestion on the part of greedy youngsters and adults, who consider it their bounden duty to over-eat themselves in honour of the occasion. As if it was doing honour to the festive season by making one's self a glutton. There was no snow at Christmas, and that was certainly a drawback. Say what you like, it isn't half a Christmas without snow outside, and a house full of children inside. The weather prophets said it was a Green Christmas. The tradesfolk said things looked blue for them. Which are you to believe? New Year's Day was also very quiet. Although the first, it is to be hoped it will be the last of such a monstrous state of affairs. In fact, business here has been bad, and that is sufficient to explain all. Old residenters begin to think the bottom has fallen out of Montreal, while others say it never had any. The result is general mistrust, and that, as you will admit, is a very unhappy state of affairs in a commercial community such as this is. After the splendid harvest, people looked forward to a busy and prosperous winter, but that good time has not yet arrived and the winter is half

Tailors are not to be approached without money, a deposit, or first-class security, and when they thus flee to the mountains, you can

imagine what state of affairs exists.

Shoemakers are incredulous of future prospects, and demand money down, or its equiva-lent. You may tell them of glorious prospects of unlimited coming wealth, but to this they turn a deaf ear. Such is another instance of the condition of affairs.

Bar-keepers and saloon proprietors no longer ecognize the mysterious wink, or significant shrug of the shoulder, and the well-known statement, "I'll fix that the next time," meets with no encouragement. In fact, in many drinking places, they have conspicuously posted up a very bad engraving of a dog lying on its back, with the words, "Poor Trust is dead, bad pay killed him," written underneath. This is still a greater proof of the want of confidence and money, prevailing at present.

Even the news-boys, who were wont to pocket the cents you gave them without hesitation, now give the coppers a sharp scrutiny, I presume to see whether they are good or not. Can there be any greater instance of the general distrust? In a confidential confab with a dealer in pea-

nuts and chocolate-drops, at the corner of St. Lambert hill and Notre Dame street, he informed me that he had twice moved his stand from localities where he has heretofore enjoyed a liberal share of patronage. Even at his new stand, at the juncture of two of our most crowded thoroughfares, he declares business is had, and his position is made still more aggravating by a rival, who has taken up his position at the opposite corner, and who has not only a much brighter lamp, but the advantage of a large cot-

ton umbrella, wherewith to protect himself and his stock from the elements. Even in this humble line there is rivalry, and the business is evidently over-done.

It would hardly be believed that such is the general stringency, that the stock-beggars have thrown away their piteous looks and business tone, and may be seen walking briskly about. tone, and may be seen walking briskly about. Meeting a party of juvenile beggars, whose line was to appeal "for charity for Heaven's sake," with the proper expression, skipping and romping at a street corner, I asked what were they doing, and I received the answer—"Oh, business is bad, people ain't got any money, and there is no use working." Can anything be more strikingly illustrative of the state of affairs in

the metropolis?
So far has the rivalry in business gone, that

So far has the rivalry in business gone, that merchants now hesitate to fail, except for respectable amounts. Smudge and Fudge are on the eve of suspension, but they won't cave in for a cent less than \$200,000, for Tudge and Dudge, next door rivals, went under the week before for \$190,000. This is really a very critical state of

In some cases the hard times have had effect. In some cases the hard times have nad enect. For instance: I met my friend Wilkins at Alexander's the other day, where I had dropped in to have a cup of coffee. Wilkins, in prosperous days, never took more than one mnttonpie. On this occasion, I noticed, he took two. On asking the reason, he replied: "Hard times, old fellow; must economize. You see I can get two pies, eight cents apiece, for fifteen cents. Save a cent."

Such is another phase of the depressing state

of things.

In fact, the hard times have driven many persons to economize, who never dreamt of such a thing before. Malcolm, of Malcolm Falcon & Co., for instance, was caught buying three tickets for the Academy of Music, instead of two, and in extenuation of his conduct, exclaimed, "Hard times, hard times. If I can get three tickets for same price as two, can go myself again to-morrow night, you see, haf ha!" Bargain-hunters consider it their duty to spend more money than ever, for money is so searce and times are so hard. People with money find a good opportunity to make an excuse, for lending, and those who borrowed before now try to borrow the more, all on account of the depression existing. Mean people are glad of the op-In fact, the hard times have driven many per sion existing. Mean people are glad of the op-portunity to be meaner still, while the Corpora-tion, with its big soul of generosity, cuts down the laboring man's pittance ten to fifteen cents on the dollar per day, and votes its members \$8 each for cab-hire, because they are too rich and too lazy to walk to Committee meetings in the City Hall from their respective places of busi-

Heartily, my boy, do I wish then that this season of hard times and hypocrisy were over, and the blood of sound health once more coursed through the veins of Montreal city.

Your affect. chum.

SANDY.

HUMOROUS.

RECTOR: "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition. Jarvis." Jarvis: "Yes, sur, they be. Ah, sur, if we was all ou us on'y as fit to die as them are,

"THAT parrot of mine's a wonderful bird," said Smithers; "be cries 'Stop Thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop. What are you all laughing it, any way!"

A MICHIGAN father writes to the faculty of Yale:—"What are your terms for a year? And does it oest anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as to row a boat?"

DARWIN says a monkey "takes after man more than any other living thing." There are other ani-mals, however, that "take after man" more than a monkey does. A tiger, or a savage dog, for instance. An editor was knocked down the other day

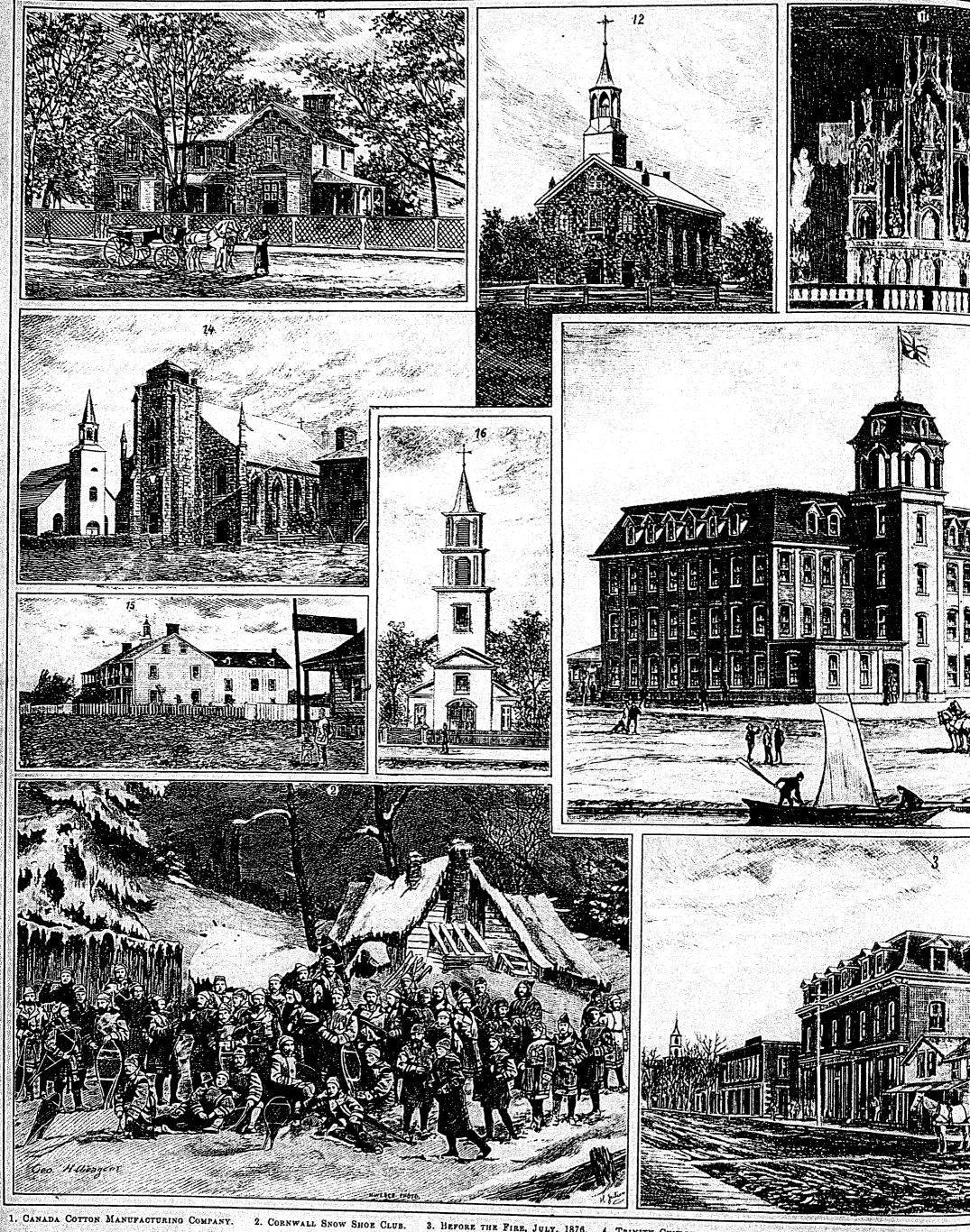
by a highwayman, who demanded his valuables. The poor man took out his scissors to pass them over to the highwayman, but the latter thought it a revolver and im-mediately retreated. Robinson went up to his room the other after-

noon, and noticed that there was only one match remaining in the box. "New. if that shouldn't burn to-night when I come in," solitoquised he, "whata fix I should bein." So he tried to see if it was a good one. It was. THE following incident happened in one of the public schools:—Teacher: "Define the word excavate."—Scholar: "It means to he llow out."—Teacher: "Construct a seutence in which the word is properly used."—Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets but"

Now, for instance, here are some pictures NOW, for instance, here are some pictures from Germany. The horses wear No, 12 eyes, ladies' size. The clouds are eleven miles thick, and the edges are fringed with mountains. The babies have lips big enough for a clamcake, and, wings and all, these babies weigh 397 pounds apiece. The heroes are nine feet across the calf and the ends of their little toes would fit into the top of a chimney. Art is long and time is facting.

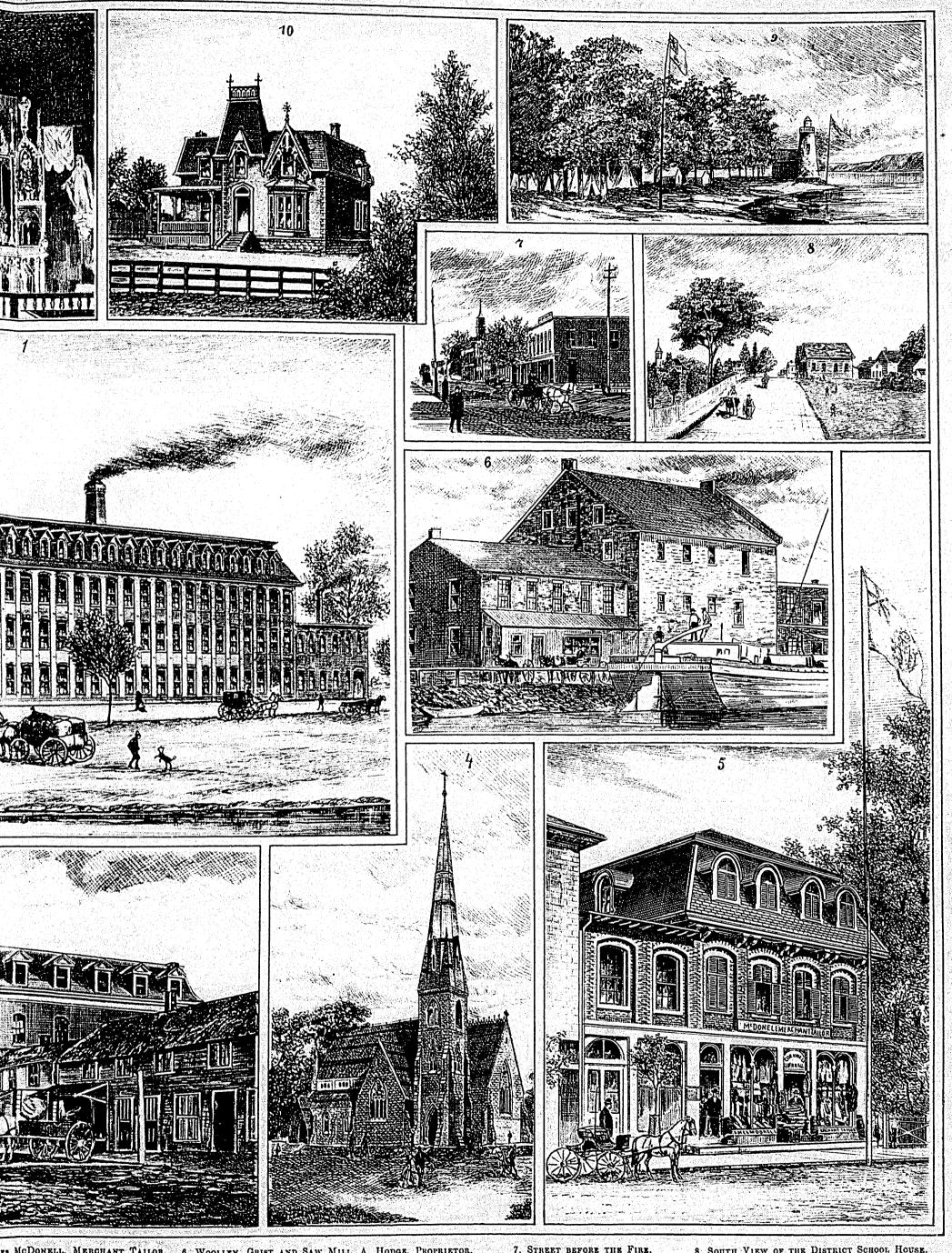
GRACE GREENWOOD, while riding in a Wash-UNAUE UREENWOOD, while riding in a Washington horse-carrecently, was thrown by a sudden jerk into a gentleman's lap, when she said: "I beg pardon, sir; but you see I am a Lap-lander." The same sort of accident happens daily in the bobtail lines of New York as the cars are jerked suddenly around the frequent corners, and t e passengers have a way of calling the fair victims "diving-belies."

A CROCODILE watched a small boy who sat in-A GROCODILE watched a small boy who sat injudiciously near him on the bank of the river. The small boy was eating a piece of bread. He was hungry. The crocodile was also hungry. On perceiving this sympathetic bond between their natures, the crocodile was moved to tears. "Poor boy." he said, "you want your breakfast, So do I. Yet why should I deprive you of your bread, which you eat with so much reliab! I will not. But your legs—you cannot eat them. I will eat them for you."



9. View of Hamilton Island, Summerstown.

3. Before the Fire, July, 1876. 4. Trinity Church, erected in Memory of Bishof Strachan. 5. James 10. Residence of Rev. Father Murray, Parish Priest. 11. Interior Williamstown R. C. Church. 12. Exterior Williamstown R. C.



ES McDonell, Merchant Tailor. 6. Woollen, Grist and Saw Mill, A. Hodge, Proprietor. 7. Street before the Fire. 8. South View of the District School House.

Church. 13. Judge Pringle's Residence. 14. Naw R. C. Church at St. Andrews, 12 miles North of Cornwall. 15. Convent at Williamstown, 12 miles from Cornwall.

16. St. John's Church (Presbyterian).

[COPTRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.]

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR

A NOVEL.

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

his manner with Celia, and stood before us angry, flushed, and revengeful. It was pretty clear that he would get what revenge he could, and I began to hope that, after all, Tyrrell had possessed himself of those papers.
"Come, Tyrrell," he said, "you know what

will follow. Think of your own interests. have never yet been beaten, and I never will. Those who stand in my path are trampled on without merey.

"No," said the Worshipful the Mayor, "I will not be under any man's power. Do what you like, say what you like; and as you please. I would rather see Celia dead than married to

you."
"Then you declare war!" he took a little key—ah! how well I remembered that instrument of Temptation-from his waistcoat pocket. "You declare war! This is refreshing. Some people say that nothing will ever induce an Englishman to declare war again. And here we have an example to the contrary. But I must crush you, my friend. I really must crush

"Gad!" cried the Captain. "Can't you open fire without so much parley? We are wait-

ing for your shot."
"Tyrrell." Herr Räumer turned upon him once more. "I am almost sorry for you, and I have never been sorry for any one yet. Such a pity! The Worshipful the Mayor! The rich and prosperous lawyer! The close relative of the great Pontifex family! With so large a balance at the Bank, and so many shares, and such an excellent business! And all to come to such a sud-

den and disagreeable end. It does seem a pity."
"Pluck up, Tyrrell, this is all bounce."
I wondered if it was. At that moment Mr. Tyrrell quietly went to the safe.

I will not trouble you to open the safe. It is already open."

Herr Räumer sat down and looked at him. "This is a stroke of genius," he said. "I did not think you had it in you. Were you, too, Captain, an accomplice! He finds my safe open, or he gets a key, or in some way gets it open; he takes the compromising papers, and then, you see, in full family gathering he defies It is an excellent situation, well led up to, well contrived, and executed admirably. Tyrrell, you are a dramatist lost to your country.

He did not appear the least disconcerted; he took it as quite natural that he should be defeated by deceit, craft, and cunning; they were weapons which he held to be universal and legitimate; he had, as he might cynically say, used them himself all his life. Now, in an unexpected manner, he was actually met and defeated by his own methods.

"This is really retreshing. Who is the best man in all the town, Ladislas Pulaski! Is it George Tyrrell? Why, he is better than the

best, because he is the cleverest."
"Perhaps not," said Mr. Tyrrell, as he took a bundle of papers tied in red tape out of the "I found this open last night. I suppose

The German snatched them from his hands. and began to turn them over.

"All? All?" He untied the tape, and opened paper after paper. "All! Impossible." He looked carefully through the whole bundle. As he got to the end his face changed, and he looked bewildered. "They are all here," he said, looking at us with a sort of dismay. "What

is the meaning of this?" He sat down with the papers in his hands, as if he was facing a great and astonishing pro-

"You are a theologian, Mr. Pontifex, and have presumably studied some of the leading cases in what they call sin. Did you ever read of such a case as this?"

"When I was a young man at Oxford (where -ahem-I greatly distinguished myself), I certainly did-ahem-study a science called Logic,

which my reckless companions—"
"A man," interrupted Herr Räumer, and addressing his remarks to me, a man gets possession of a bundle of papers which contain facts the suppression of which is all-important. He may destroy them without fear; no one knows about them except a single person who has no other proof; he deliberately adopts a line of conduct towards that person, who is a hard man with no seutimentality about him, and who has never once forgiven anybody any single wrong, however small, which that person is bound to resent. And while he does this he hands back to that hard and revengeful person the very papers which alone give him the power of re-This is the most extraordinary line of action I have ever seen pursued, or ever read of.
What am I to think of it? Is it part of a deeper

"Rubbish," said the Captain. "Can't a man avoid a dishonourable thing without having a plot! Do you suppose we are all schemers and

The English are, indeed, a wonderful race,"

said Herr Raumer.

"Can you not believe in a common act of

He had quite put off the bland politeness of honesty! Man - man!" said the Captain, what sort of life has yours been ?"

" I have seen a good deal of the world," Herr Raumer went on, meditatively. "I was in Vienna and in Paris in 1848. You got a con-"I was in siderable amount of treachery there. But I never before saw a case of a man who had ruin-yesruin staring him in the face—who was too honest to prevent it. Too honest."

He sat down and resumed his blue spectacles,

and then took his hat, still holding the papers in his hands.

At last, he said, with an effort, "I honour the first piece of genuine honesty that I have ever, in the whole course of my life, leisure, 'are liars.' George Tyrrell, I give you back these papers. Take them and use them as you please. Best burn them. I give you the key of my sale; you can paint my name out to morrow, if you please. Gentlemen, you will all three, I am sure, wish to keep this secret of our friend's life, as far as you know it, locked up and forgotten. Mr. Pontifex, you will say no thing about it to-to the she-dragon.

I promised not to shake him, Johnny," Mr. Pontifex said, as if that engagement was sacred, and the only thing which prevented him from

ommitting an act of violence.

"Allons," said the philosopher, gaily, "let us be friends. Tyrrell, shake hands. I am going to leave this town, where I have spent ten years of my life, and shall return to-morrow or next day to-to the Continent. I shall see you again, Ludislas. Perhaps this afternoon.'

He stopped at the door.
"Tell Celia," he said, "that she is free, and that I shall always regret that I could not take her away with me,

He laughed, and went away.

Then we all looked at each other as if we had been in a dream. There was actually a weak spot in the whole armour of cynicism with which Herr Raumer had clad himself, and we had found it.

Celia rescued. Andromeda free: the loathly dragon driven away; Andromeda's papa delivered from personal and private terror on his own account; and by the strangest chance, the whole brought about, though not continued, by me. I, who berrowed the key; I, who did a mean and treacherous thing, which gave the opportunity of an honourable and fearless action After all, as Herr Raumer once said, the world would be but a dull place without its wickedness I was as if Perseus, instead of flying through the air with winged feet and a sword swift to slay, conscious that the eyes of the Olympians were upon him, had crouched behind the rock when the Egean wave lapped the white feet of the damsel, and from that safe retreat astonished the monster with a Whitehead torpedo. Nothing at all to be proud of. And yet no dragon assailed with a torpedo could be more astonished than our foreign friend at the exhibition of an undoubted act of pluck and honesty. No doubt the admonitions of the Captain spurred on the hero, out of which I came, myself, as I felt,

Let me say, once for all, that I do not know what the papers contained. Whether my old friend had committed a crime-whether it was forgery or burglary or anything else of which his conscience might have reproached him, and the opinion of the world looked askance upon, I do not know. Nothing more was ever said on the subject. The four actors in that little drama, including John Pontifex, maintained total silence. Even the safe disappeared. And neither then, nor at any subsequent period, was the leading lawver of the town, its Mayor, its most eminent Freemason, subjected to the slightest

suspicion, attack, or misrepresentation.
I asked to see Celia, but she had gone to her own room. I wrote a short note to her, sent it up, and went into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Pontifex and Mrs. Tyrrell, newly reconciled. were sitting in great state and friendliness. Cake and wine were on the table, not that the ladies wished to sustain nature, but that their production, like the pomegranate in the mysteries of Ceres, was a symbolical act. It meant reconciliation, and Mrs. Pontifex, who liked that the family should agree in the way she thought fit, contemplated the glass of sherry before her with an eye of peculiar satisfaction. I briefly narrated what had passed, glossing over the part that related to the papers, and dwelling chiefly on Herr Raumer's disinterested and generous

"And what were the threats!" asked Mrs. Pontifex.

"There hardly appeared to be any threats," I " Herr Raumer made some allusion to papers in the safe, but as he left papers and all with Mr. Tyrrell, I presume they were unim-portant, and referred to private transactions."

"I must say, Clara," said Mrs. Pontifex,

"that George's behaviour was very good throughout. I am much pleased. In a moment of weakness, no doubt, he listened to the proposals of this foreigner, who is, I admit, a clever and plausible person. Both George and Celia said quite the right thing in the right way, and I am

greatly pleased. You say the man is gone, Ladishas ?

"Yes; he is going to leave the town, and return to the Continent.'

So much the better. He and his church ou Sunday mornings, where he hoped to catch Celia! Fudge! I can forgive most things, Clara,"-she did not look as if there was much that she would forgive, but I am giving her own words-"hypocrisy I cannot forgive. I watched him once actually pretending to listen to one of John Pontifex's best sermons-that on Capernaum, which has, you remember, an application to the present condition of thoughtless mirth which has possessed our young people."

It was pleasant to feel that peace was restored between the two houses of Pontifex and Tyrrell. More pleasant still to feel that a great danger had been averted.

Let me hasten the story of the day big with fate. I imagine, if you please, the new born pride of Leonard as he introduced Celia to "My aunt, Miss Rutherford," Imagine the satisfaction and joy of that excellent lady on being quite certain that Moses-Moses with the face and the passion for beer was exchanged for this gallant and chivalrous young fellow—"he has got his father's graces," she whispered to me, "and his mother's sweetness."—Pass over the little tender scene where Miss Rutherford thanked the Captain solemnly for his care and bounty to "her boy" -we cannot describe everything; there are some things which are better left unrecorded. It was a time of great joy. We had an early dinner at home -the Captain, as usual on great occasions, produced champagne. There were Celia and Miss Rutherford, both shy and a little frightened of each other, but hopeful that each would turn out as delightful as she looked. There was Leonard, of course, and the Captain, and my-And he sure that Mrs. Jeram had not been forgotten, before dinner else why those tearful eyes with which Miss Rutherford left our old housekeeper, and which spoke of talk over the poor creature who staggered three-andtwenty years before into Mrs. Jeram's arms, to die after giving birth to a man child ! There was nothing noisy and mirthful in our party-nothing to illustrate Aunt Jane's "present condition of thoughtless mirth among the young people." And but for the disquiet of the morning deputation, I should have been perfectly happy-as happy as Leonard and Celia. And

beaminess and warmth. We fell to talking over old times. tain discoursed on the boys and their admirable qualities; Leonard told stories of Mrs. s menage and the fights he used to have with Moses; Miss Rutherford listened with delight. She was in a new atmosphere—this retired and secluded lady who knew nothing of the world—the atmosphere of the fighting world; the old Captain who had fought; the young officer who had fought; I even belonged to a fighting stock. And it was half-past two when Celia took the elder lady away to introduce her to her mother-and we began to clear the decks for our deputation.

Leonard's face was like the sun in June for

"You will let me be present," said the Cap-in. "I have something to say to them. Rebellion, indeed! What sort of a rebellion is that got up by half-a-dozen exiles in foreign lands? No, my boy, I don't don't have the state of No, my boy, I don't deny the right of the Poles to rebel-but you shall not throw away your life till the whole nation rises. Then, if you like, you may go."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Five minutes for rest and reflection. What would this deputation of Poles say to me, and what was I to say to them? How to receive them? Was I to feign an ardour I did not possess; to put on the zeal of passionate Wassielewski, and clamour for the revenge which my English training made me hold to be impotent and barbaric; to throw in my lot with a knot of hopeless enthusiasts, and for the gratitude and respect I bore to one man to throw away my life in a mad enterprise?

Or-the other line-was I to stand before them and say, like another Edgar Atheling-'I have no thought or care about the Fatherland; I am a Pole in name only; I will not fight myself, nor lend you my name, nor join your ranks! Go your own way. Let the dead past be buried, and for the future the cause of Polish freedom shall have no sid from me." -- lastly -could I say, "I am an Englishman, and not a Pole; I have an Englishman's sym-pathy with an oppressed people; but I see no sense in obscure risings, and I hate conspira-

And yet that was the truth. Wassiclewski, a son of the soil, preserved all the prejudices and most of the ignorance of his country. ideas of revenge were barbaric, but he did not know that; to shoot down Russians because twenty years before Russians had been made to commit unheard-of atrocities - as if we should suddenly resolve on murdering Hindoos in memory of Cawnpore-was in his mind a great, a noble, a patriotic act-more-an act which was pleasing in the eyes of his dead mistress, my mother, the Lady Claudia.

It is true that there were moments when the

old conspirator's projects and plots had appeared to me admirable and worthy of emulalation; when the thought of my father's cruel march through winter snows and summer heats on hie weary way to be slowly done to death among the commonest and vilest criminals

unaddened me; or when I look at the wooden cross he carved in the gloom of the Siberian mine for me, his little child, whom he was never to see again; or when I pictured him as he had been seen a year or two before he died, whitehaired at thirty, aged and bent; or when I remembered-the auguish of that memory has never left me-the convoy of carts filled with children dragged from their mothers, the despairing women who ran behind crying, shricking, for their little ones-my own poor mother among them. Then, indeed, as now, I should be less than human did not the blood boil in my veins; did not the pulses quicken within me, did not passionate desire for some kind of wild justice swell up in my heart. Revenge is unsatiable -had one killed with the vigour of a Nero, the spilling of blood could never quench the righteous wrath, or deaden the pangs of sorrow and pilu which would rise again in thinking of that great suffering, that most terrible crime. My mother, without doubt, has long since, in the land where tears are wiped away, forgiven. I cannot forgive, for her sake, Perhaps I understand how sins against oneself may be forgiven, but not sins against those we love. Lastly, against this conflict of opposing forces I had to place the calm good sense of the man whom most I had to consider -- the Captain; the entreaties of the girl whom most I had to love; the firm decision of Leonard, that happen what might, I should not be dragged into the plot.

I hope I have not tried to depict myself in any false colours. I was not a hero; in calm moments I saw the madness of the projected insurrection. I knew that such revenge as the old conspirator proposed was wild and useless; and yet, in his presence, by the enthusiasm of his ardour I was carried away, so to speak, out of myself, and was ready to dore and to do, But since Leonard's arrival this infection of enthusiasm had been checked. By his help I saw

things in their true light.
"You, Laddy?" said Leonstd, laughing.
"You to go out a rebelling, with your face and your eyes! Go tell the Kussians who and a hat you are; announce your intention of raising the standard of insurrection; they will lough at you; they will take you in and make much of you, give you a piano, and refuse to let you you, give you a piano, and refuse to let you come home again because you play so well. are no longer in the days of the terrible Nicho. las. Alexander has begun a new era for Russia, which Wassielewski and his friends cannot

"I am too obscure," I said, bitterly, "even to do any mischief.

"Any man," said the Captain, "can do mis-I was alward a frigate once that was set on fire by a powder-monkey. If you want to do mischief, Laidy, in Poland or anywhere else, you can do it."

I have mentioned once before little Dr. Roy, the neatest and nost dapper of tiny men. He.

too, must needs join in the general cry.

"I hear," he said, one day meeting me in the street, "I hear a whisper that the Poles are stirring, and they want to make tree of you and

I made no answer.

"Don't," he said impressively, "Relieve a man that once risked his neck in rebellion, that it is a most miserable line to take up. It was in Canada - I daresay you have heard something about it. We had grievances, we made a clamour about them; the Government would not give in ; so we rose, and we did a little lighting. It wasn't very much, but it brought out pretty clearly all the miseries of the revolt. were put down. Everything that we rebelled to gain was granted by the British Government; everything, properly represented, would have been granted without rebellion. We had our revolt, our lighting, our loss of life our destruction of proverty; nor realousies and personal squabbles; our treacheries and our treasons; our trials and our escapes, just all for nothing. No one got any good out of it at all, not even the half-dozen who went across to the States to gas about their bravery. Even the grandour of being a rebel--- I thought of Herr Raumer's remarks on the rebel's enjoyment of being shot does not compensate for the trouble. And then to find out that you have no real grievances, after all. My own reward for the Canada rising was that I lost a capital practice in a delightful Canadian town; that I was very nearly caught; that if they had caught me I should have been hanged; and that I am here on sufference, because which I am not afraid of they might arrest and hang me to-morrow on the old account. For heaven's sake, Pulaski, keep out of rebellions. They won't give you back your father's lands."

All in the same tale; Herr Raumer's sneers and contenut were on the same side as Cella's prayers. Little Dr. Roy with his experiences

was on the same side as the Captain.
And, against all these, I had to consider especially poor old Wassielewski. The old man, crazed with inextinguishable rage, looked on me as an instrument, ready to his hand, given him by Providence. For my part, I had to regard by Providence. For my part, I had to regard him as my saviour, the protector of my infancy, the faithful friend of my father, the devoted servant of my mother. Could I inflict upon him the cruel pain, the bitter humiliation, of seeing a Pulaski refuse to fight for Poland I. Every Pole, he used to say, owed his life ab-solutely to his country. When he cannot fight to defend his rights, he ought to die in order that his people may not forget them.

I venture on a suggestion to rulers and desnots. There are two or three ways of treating

unsuccessful rebels. To shoot them publicly, transport them, torture their wives, and issue arbitrary laws of repression—all this is simply to give the cause immortality. This is what the Russians have always done. The best way, surely, would be to forgive them, simply, and take away their arms, and to say, "My friends, you have now neither guns nor powder. We are not going to give you any. Sit down and grow your crops." Then such hot-headed irreconcileables as my old friend would be impossible. Or if they must be punished with death, then let it be done, as with Jugurtha and Catiline's conspirators, in the secrecy of some dark dungeon where newspaper correspondents cannot penetrate.

"Where are they, these heroes of Poland?" asked Leonard, laughing. He was determined that the thing should not be treated seriously. Let us push the table back to the window-Now, Laddy, if you stand there on the hearth rug to receive them, it will be like holding a levee. The Captain shall be your Court I will be your vide-de-camp. And here they

Five men, headed by Wassielewski, came solemnly into the room, nearly filling it up. The last of them shut the door carefully as if he was shutting out the world. But it opened again, and to my boundless astonishment admitted Herr Raumer, in his blue spectacles. He came in as if invited to take part in the ceremony, walked across the room, and stood in the window, his back to the light, beside the Captain. We formed two groups. I on the hearthrug, with Leonard at my right hand; and on the left the Captain, who contemplated the strangers with eyes of no favour, and beside him our German friend, to whom, since his magpaninous conduct in the matter of Celia, one telt an access of friendliness. And before us, the five men of my father's nation.

It was, as Leonard said, something like a levee, only there was a certain incongruity about it which made one feel rather ashamed.

It was curious to consider that the men who stood before us were, so to speak, pledged to fall for their country. One thought of the prisoners brought out to fight their last battle with each other; every man resolute to make a brave show and please the thousands; every one hopeless of any escape; every one looking forward with a certain learful expectation to the down-turning of the thumb; one or two, perhaps, the more aged men, not sorry to escape the miseries of captivity in the glorious rush and shout of vivid battle; some whose thoughts turned backthen Leonard touched my shoulder, and I gave my attention to things present. Wassielewski was there to introduce; not, he said, to speak. He were a satisfied and even a glad expression. The long-wished-for moment had arrived. He had brushed his black cost and buttoned it tightly round his long lean figure; his white hair was combed back and fell behind his head, leaving his face standing out keen and eager with bright and deep-set eyes, and full white beard. His nervousness and restless manner was gone. You might think of him thus calm and collected charging his rifle for one more shot in a hailstorm from the advancing grey-

The first of the four who came with him, and the most important, was a Pole about forty years of age; a tall, upright, and strong man, looking like a Frenchman in dress and the cut of his hair. His eyes had something of the wild look which characterized Wassielewski.

Wassielewski was about to introduce him to me, when he broke away and advanced, speaking in French, with a certain gaiety of manner, and held out his hand to Leonard.

"Count Pulaski," he said, " we are indeed re-joiced to had you like your father, among the friends of Poland. Wassielewski had not prepared us for such an accession to our ranks.

I was hardened by this time to any such reference to my deformity, but I must own that it was not without a pang that I witnessed disap-pointment in his face, as Leonard bowed and indicated myself, the hunchback.

"Pardon, M. le Comte," he said. "This is my friend, Ladislas Pulaski,"

The Pole's face fell, in spite of a polite attempt to disguise his disappointment. To be sure, there was some difference between a tall and handsome young man, whose very face com- forgotten in twenty years." manded trust, and proclaimed him a natural leader, and myself, short, round-backed, and dreamy-eyed. We shook hands, and he said who after all these years would be stirred for a nothing, but stepped aside to make room for moment by the intelligence that a Pulaski had the other three. I received the greetings of all joined the insurgents! Was my first feeling one the other three. I received the greetings of all in turn. One of them was a short, thickset man, apparently an artizan, a man of fifty or so, in ragged and threadbare blouse, whose face was decorated, like Wassielewski's, with a subre cut. Another was a much older man in spectacles and black cloth clothes. This was a Professor in some American College, who had come across the Atlantic in vacation to see his compatriots, and learn the chances. The third was, I believe, an importation from Warsaw direct, who spoke nothing but Polish, and was pained to find that I could not understand him. It seems strange that Wassielewski should have allowed me to grow up in ignorance of so important a thing. As they stood before me I was struck with a resemblance which they all seemed to bear to each other. It was only for a moment, and was due I suppose, to the Slavonic type of face. And oddly enough, Herr Raumer's face bore this same characteristic. I thought of Leonard's suspicions. Could he, too, be a Slav! But it was absurd to harbour suspicions against one who had actually been converted—that very morning that voice—many times. When! In Warsaw.

to the conviction that there may be honest men in the world.

"We are all friends of Poland, I suppose?" said the leader of the deputies, looking suspi-ciously around. It was old that no one, not even Wassielewski, took the least notice of Herr Rau-

mer.
"I am an old friend of Ladislas," said Leonard.
"Wassielewsk "I am almost his brother, as Wassielewski knows. But we will withdraw if you wish."

" He is an officer in the British army. He has fought the Muscovite," said the old man. "He

The first speaker, the Gallicised Pole, drew out

a paper.
"This is little more," he said, "than a meeting to make the acquaintance of a young Pole of illustrious descent, great misfortunes, and undoubted talents."

I bowed. "Whose pursuits, we learn, have hitherto been peaceful. We hear, however, with pleasure, that we may confidently look for his adhe-

sion whenever we find it possible "That is, immediately," said Wassielewski.
"To take practical steps in the desired direc tion.

"To call Poland once more to arms," ex-plained Wassielewski. "Speak, Ladislas Pu-

"Gentlemen," I said, speaking in French, "you see me as I am; deformed from my childhood, bearing a name which can never be made glorious by any achievement of my own. You know my story, and the fate of my father. Was-

sielewski has urged upon me to join you."
"And I," said Leonard, also in French, "have urged upon him the madness and folly of joining in your plans. Gentlemen-you, M. le Cointe,"
-he addressed the chief of them-" are not all wild earhusiasts. If you concert any plan of rebellion, draw I.dislas Pulaski. If you concert any plan of it up without consulting I.d is not a soldier, nor is he of the stuff which makes soldiers. He is a poet and a musician. If you must pit the feeble resources of a province-1 beg your pardon-a nation like Poland against the armies of a mighty Empire which has been able to resist for two years the combined forces of England, France, and Turkey, do not add to your numbers a man who in the field will be useless to you, whose death can do you no good, and whose life may do others much good."

The leader hesitated. Then he whispered to Wassielewski.

And then the old Captain had his say.

"I do not," he said, stepping forward and laying his hand upon my shoulder. "I do not unfortunately understand any language but my own. I have never regretted the fact till the present moment. Gentlemen, this boy is my son. I have adopted him, I have educated him, I refuse to let him go."
"The name of Poland," began my old con-

spirator.

In the name of Poland," said the Captain, "I would let him go if I thought he would be of any use. But this is not in the name of Poland. It is pardon me if I am rough in the name of a conspiracy. Assure me, if you can, that the nation is with you, and Ladislas shall go."

"No, no," cried poor old Wassielewski. "He comes of his own accord, he cannot be kept lack, he fights for his mother's wrongs. Tell me, Ladislas, tell me, is not that the case

His voice trembled, his eyes were so pathetic that I could not resist their appeal. I took his hand, and pressed it. But I had no word to

The man they called the Count looked disap-

pointed and uneasy.

"This is not," he said to Leonard, " quite the reception which we expected. Still no doubt there is truth in what you urge, and besides-besides-nothing is quite certain. Be assured, M. le Capitaine," he addressed the Captain, "that we shall spare Count Pulaski if possible If his name will help us, and if we can satisfy you that we obey the voice of the nation, we may call upon him-

If if ?" repeated Wassielewski. "Why, are the Poles gone mad to forget the glorious name of Pulaski !"

" Not mad, my friend," said the Count. "But twenty years have passed. In Polish villages, where there are no books and no papers, much is

I understood his look as he said these words. I was not to go. Of what use could I be, and of relief or of humiliation?

But the conference was brought to a sudden and unexpected end. The Count, looking round, perceived Herr Raumer standing modestly in the shade of the curtain.

"And who is this gentleman?" he asked. "Is he also a friend of yours, Count Pulaski to Before I could answer, Mar Raumer replied

for me. It was in his most mocking tone, which brought out the curious rasp in his voice. It was a voice which somehow haunted one-you could never forget it. I hear it still, sometimes,

in dreams.

"A friend of Ladislas Pulaski, and a friend to Poland. Perhaps a closer friend than any of you. Pray proceed with your papers, M. le Comte.

was the ragged workman, the man in the blue blouse, who sprang forward as if he had been shot, and pushing everybody aside, began gazing in the German's face, gesticulating and

police—the Russian police!

His voice rose to a shrick. Herr Räumer did not move or answer. His ma-sive face seemed to be of marble as he stood there returning the other's gaze. And when the workman removed his blue spectacles he made no resistance, nor

any sign. "Who is this man, Wassielewski!" asked the Count.

"I do not know," he replied carelessly. "I did not see him come in. I have seen him walk-

ing with Ladislas. He belongs to the town."
"Man!" cried the ourries, "do you not know his voice? Are you deaf, then? Have you for-

gotten? Speak again—you. Speak, spy.!"

But Herr Raumer did not speak. He folded his arms, looking down upon the little outries. with an expression of great contempt. But he did not speak.

The workman shricked in a kind of rage.

"Maisoni," he cried, "mai oui. I am not mistaken. Wassielewski, M. le Comte, look at this man, I say again. Look at him. Here is treachery, here is a spy of the Muscov. We are invited to meet a Pole—bah! a Pole who cannot speak his own tongue-and we find our enemy in the middle of us. Mes freres," he looked round him with a face which revenge and hatred made a curious and hideous caricature, "mes freres, shall we let this man leave the house

"Enfin," cried the Count. "Who is he? Is it any use, Count Pulaski, asking you who he

"It is Herr Raumer," I said, "a German gentleman, who has lived in this town for many years."

"Who brought him here!" asked the chief.
"He came in with you," I replied. "I thought
Wassielewski brought him." The old man, puzzled and uneasy, shook his head. He was o eager to begin the fighting, this veteran rebel, that this preliminary talk, even talk of traitors and spies, worried him. No: he had not brought in this stranger, he said.

Then Herr Raumer Laughed and spoke.
"I came," he said, in that deep base voice which jarred upon our nerves like a violoncello out of tune, "I came uninvited. Let that be understood. I was not asked to come by any one. I wish to make one in this gathering of Polish conspirators. It is a movement in which take so deep an interest that I may be excused for wishing to know all that goes on

Of course he was sneering, and, equally of course, he did not expect to be believed.

The Parisian Pole shricked and danced with rage, ejaculating, cursing, pouring out impreca-tions with a volubility almost incredible.

"Here!" he cried, a fittle exhausted, "Here!

In the very presence of the young Count Pulaski. You, Wassielewski, look at him. Do you not know him?"

He lifted himself on his toes and hissed a ame in Wassielewski's ear.

The old man staggered.

Here-in the same town-all these yearsand I not to know it"-he cried. "Not to know Then he advanced upon Herr Räumer, tall, threatening, wild-eyed, waving his arms like the sails of a windmill.

"Oh! men-men-shall we kill him?"
He was hungry for the blood of the spy. Had

he possessed a weapon, I think there would have been an end of him at once. Two of the others the Professor and the Count, placed themselves before the door, and the man in the house danced round and round, loudly crying that he should be

killed, and that at once.
"He is a spy-oh! Lulislas-hope of my heart-the son of my dear mistress whom this man murdered, what have you told him about us

-about our plans?"
"Nothing, We Wassielewski. Remember-

know nothing.
"He has told the spy nothing," Wassielewski repeated.
"Have you eaten his bread, Ladislas? Have you entered his house? Have you taken

"I have done all those things," I replied. Herr Raumer laughed.

" He has done all those things. Why not, onspirator and rebel ?"

Wassielewski pointed to the man in the blonse. "Tell him," he said, "tell Ladislas Polaski he sa d, " tell Ladislas Pulaski why he should have not done those things.

"He should not have eaten his bread, or entered his bouse, or taken his hand, because the bread is paid for by Russia, because the house is the house of a Russian spy, and because the hand is red with Polish Blood.

"And more—and more," said Wassielewski.

"Much more. That hand was the hand

which arrested Roman Pulaski on his way to the Austrian frontier. It is the hand of the man who lead the Cossacks when they robbed the Polish mothers of their children. Count La is-las Pulaski, there stands the man who murdered

your mother, and made you—what you are."
"More," said Wassielewski. "More."
"It is the hand of the man who drove Roman Pulaski along the road from Warsaw to Siberia.

Leonard laid his hands upon my shoulder.

"Steady, Laddy—quiet, dear boy, patience."
Then the Count spoke.

"It is unfortunate. We might have known that Russian spies would be in this place somewhere. We did not expect to find one in our yery midst."

Among us all these years, and I never knew him" groaned poor Wassilewski. "Poles! What shall we do to this man!"

"Mountime," said the Count, "we have to face the fact that he has been here before to-day,

From whom? From an agent of the police—the that he knew of our coming, and the reason of it, and that all our proceedings will be reported immediately to St. Petersburg. This, at least, changes our plane."

"Not to-day's proceedings. For he shall die -he shall die," cried the workman. And then there was dead silence. The men

looked at each other, as if asking who would strike the blow.

The Captain interfered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "do not forget that whatever this man is, or has been, he is in my house, and in England, and must be allowed to go unhurt. You cannot, as you might in Poland, kill him as a spy. That is impossible. You must let him go."
"Let him go?" cried the Parisian, springing to the front. "Never."

I will do the man justice. He never flinched or showed the slightest fear. But the Count drew him back gently.

"Let him go in peace," he said. "In England we cannot shoot him. Go; all that we can do, Monsieur le Mouchard, is to parade your name, to describe your person, to make your calling impossible unless you can disguise yourself, and therefore to ruin you with the Secret Service Department. Go, loathed and accursed among men. Go, canaille.'

He turned from him with such a gesture as Peter might have made to Judas. Leonard, to my astonishment, took Herr Raumer by the arm, and led him to the door, going out with him, as the Poles fell back right and left. Wassielewski and the man in the blouse whispered together for a moment, and then followed to-gether. That boded ill for the spy, and I was relieved, on the whole, to think that Leonard

I was left alone with the three Poles and the

Captain. "Count Pulaski," said the leader, "I greatly deplore this accident. I hoped that we should have been able to lay before you all our plans, to enlist you in the cause, and to hold out hopes of an immediate insurrection."

"And now?"
"Now we have no plan. We must first find out how far our secrets have been made known

"Can I not help you?" I asked, "I am what you see me—but I might do something yet for Poland."

"You shall lies for Poland," he went on, with a sad but kindly smile. "No! we shall not, as your friend said, add murder to revolt in lragging you away from your peaceful life. Think, if you can, sometimes, of those who have personal sufferings and degradations burning in their soils. You have none. My back has felt the Russian stick; my check yet burns with the Russian blow. Still, you have the memory of your father's death, and you cannot love the Russian cause. Forget us, as soon as you can. I shall take Wassielewski away, and leave you free. We shall have meetings, I suppose, but you will not be asked to join. Everything is uncertain because in London, Paris, everywhere, the monchards throng. And, of all moughs eds, the most crafty, the most difficult to detect, is the Russian. I wish you farewell, Count Pu-

He took my hand and was gone, followed by his three friends, and I was left alone. This was the end of my grand deputation.

I was free; my promise would never be fulfilled; I was relieved of my pledge. And I was profoundly humiliated. For I was allowed to go as one who could be of no use to the cause. saw the disappointment on the chief's face when he turned from Leonard to me; I saw the readiness with which he acquiesced in Leonard's expostulation; I was of no use to him or to his party. The last of my race was another Edgar Atheling.

And would they think-no-they could notthat I had revealed the plot to this Russo-German spy! Or that I was a foolish creature who could not hold his tongue ?

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE WORLD. OBITUARY .- Sir Stirling Maxwell. - A son of

Richard Cobbett. ITALY .-- The funeral of Victor Emmanuel took

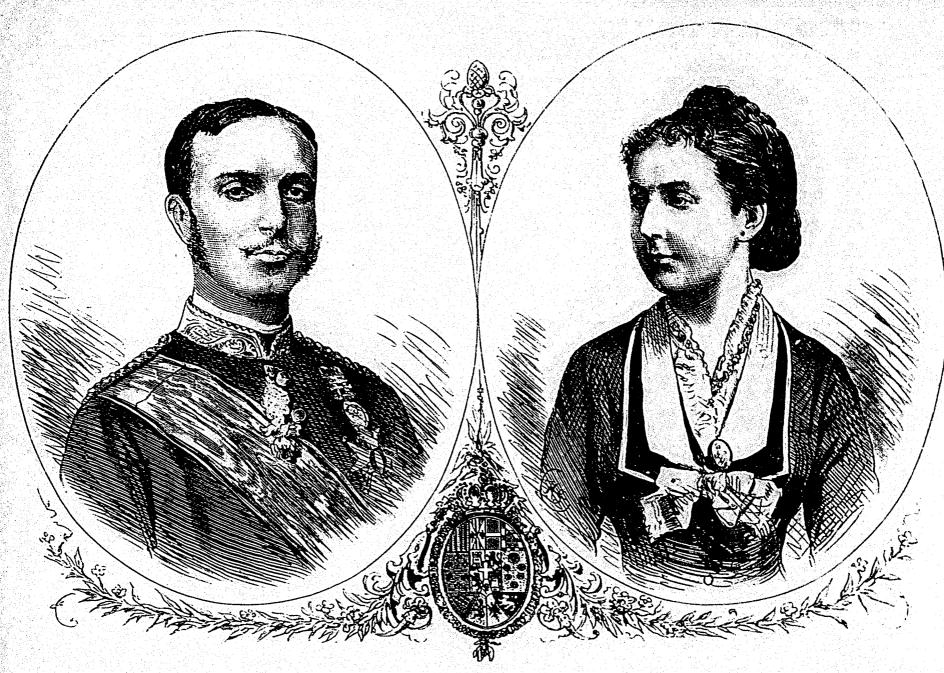
place at Rome on the 17th, and was attended by an im-mease concourse of foreign and Italian deputations. THE EASTERN WAR .- The Porte has asked

for an explanation of the protest from Austria and Eugland against a separate peace with Russia, and asks how far Turkey may rely on the help of the two former powers.—At a preliminary conference between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Turkish peace plenipotentiries, at Tirnova, the former said he would treat only at Adianople, which place was therefore exacuted by the Turks, who retired upon the fortified lines round the city, where reinforcements are being concentrated.

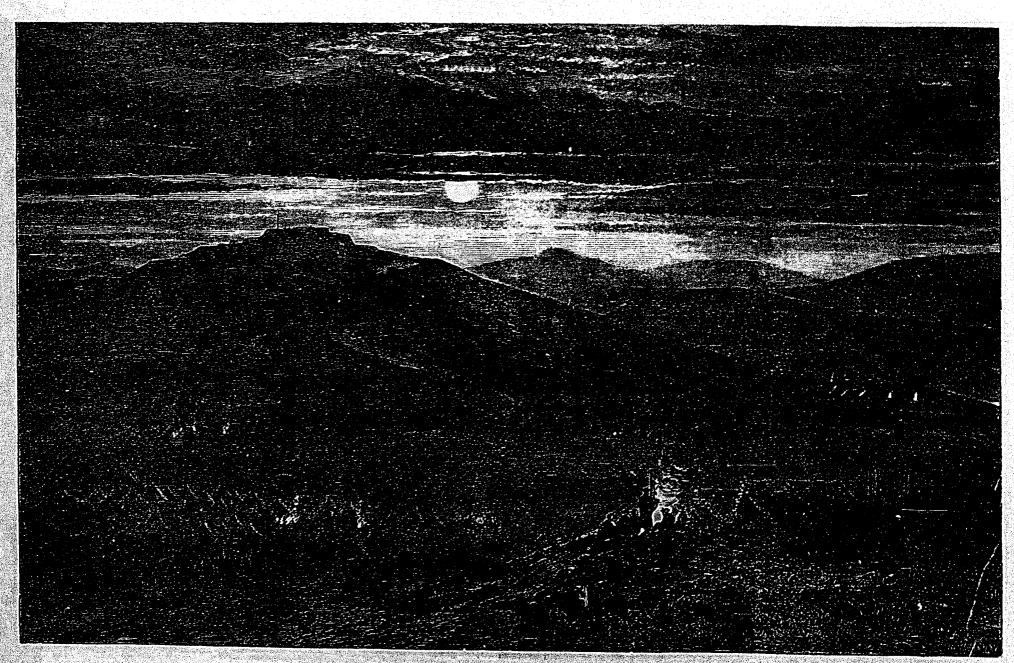
GREAT BRITAIS.—The Imperial Parliament was opened on the 17th by Royal Commission. The speech from the Throne states that s long as England's neutrality is respected, her attitude will remain unchanged, but expresses a desire that precautions be taken in the ovent of unexpected occurrences, which may render it incumbent upon the country to interfere. During the debate on the address in the House of Lords, both Earl Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Safisburg denied the existence of divisions in the Cabiner, and the Address of Safisburg denied the existence of divisions in the Cabiner, and the Address of the Cabiner, and th dress was, after some debate, agreed to.

INDIGESTION.

Chronic Indigestion almost invariably affects the kid-Chronic Indigestion almost invariably affects the kidneys and bladder, producing acidity in the urine, which, on being analyzed, is found to be loaded with exalate of lime. Individuals in this unhappy condition stend in great and urgent need of the Phosfozone. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosfozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a Invorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Moutreal.



KING ALFONSO XII. AND HIS BRIDE, THE INFANTA ROSA MERCEDES.



PLEVNA AFTER THE SURRENDER.



HUMBERT 1., KING OF ITALY, AND MARGHERITA, HIS QUEEN.



THE POPE CONVERSING WITH HIS FRIENDS IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

A NORSE SUPERSTITION.

"Nay, mother, may; the pictured coal is glowing. Dully and redty on the hearthstone there; You was no flame of carcless idders' throwing, Nor recket flashing through the startled air. Twas but the gleaning of the Northern Lights— Ah, there again, they reddened Hunteliff beights.

"So let me raise you softly on the pillow, See, how the crimson lustre flares and dies. Turning to red the long heave of the billow, And the great arch of all the starloss skies: The Eshers say such beauty bodes them sorrow. Telling of storm, and wind to blow to morrow."

"No, child, the busy wife may buit her lines. And not and gear lie ready for the morning. No pressee in that wavering glory shines. No doom in the rich have the clouds aderaing: They do but say the lingering hours are par The gates, the golden gates, unclose at last.

4. Won, the long hill so steep and drear to climb. Own, the long last so steep and areas to count.

Done, the long task so bitter larst in learning;
The tears are shed, and gamered up by time.
The heart bears, freed train all its lonely yearning;
The bar swings back, and, flowling seas and skies.
Burst out the deathless lights of Paradise.

"See, see, by the great valves of pearl they stand. Friends, children, busband; see glad bands outreaching For me, for me, the undiscovered land. Its promise in that rosesite signal teaching: Ay, kiss me, child, the lips will soon be dumb. That yet in earthly words can say, 'I come."

Again the bounet of the Northern Lights. Waved broad and bright across the face of heaven; And in the cottage on the rugged heights. The passing radiance, by their glory given. Showed a pale orphan weeping by the bed, And the calm smiling of the happy dead.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

PARLIAMENTARY - MUNICIPAL - SKATING RINK -A NEW WAR THEORY -ART EXHIBITION.

To-day the House awakes after its holiday rest, the blinds are drawn up, the furniture uncovered, the extra employees have returned, messengers who were clad in every day apparel now present an eminently respectable appearin swallow-tails, white gloves and neckties, and lastly the members have returned en masse. Yesterday besides the Cabinet Ministers and those members who reside in Quebec, the Hon. Geo. Bryson was the only member of either House who had returned; to-day, however, members are as common as blackberries; one cannot stir half a dozen rods without rubbing

shoulders with one.
Of course, it will be impossible to fill a letter of any interesting length with simply Parliamentary gossip, but so tar as it will go, I will retail all I have gathered during the recess.

A Conservative member told me the other day, that if the figureful condition of the Province was as low as unnour states it to be he would propose, for the sake of economy, either to abolish the Legislative Council or refuse to vote them the usual \$600 per annum, also he would suggest the abolition of two portfolios in the Cabinet, those of President of the Council and Solicitor tieneral, neither of which offices he considered as necessary for the governing of the Pro-

A rumour is also current that Mr. Tarte, member for Bonaventure is, to be brought before the Bar of the House, for having written disrespectfully of the Lieutenant-Governor in Le Canadieu, a newspaper of which he is the editor, concerning the difficulty elleged to have existed between His Honor and Mr. Attorney-General Angers, the particulars of which are already fimiliar to your readers.

A propos of that scandal, another rumour has it that, it having been made a Cabinet question, a motion will be made to bring down all papers in the matter, when, if such motion prevail, we shall get at the truth of the story. As it stands at present, Mr. Angers has the advantage. He declines to say a single word on the subject, alleging if it be a Cabinet question, his mouth is scaled, therefore all particulars we have hitherto received together with the authoritative denial, must have some from the other side; indeed as regards the denial that appeared in the Telegraph of this city, I have the best of authority

for stating that it did.

A great deal of wire-pulling is going on here the corporation affairs, and as they will come before Parliament in a very exciting shape, early particulars will be interesting. The latest seemdal is the deficit in the cash entrusted to the City Treasure, which deficit amounts to ly unsatisfactory condition of the city finances, has caused considerable stir among the citizens who have been holding caucus meetings, in some of which it has been resolved to request the Goverument to but the city into the hands of a commission, in others to adopt a system of cumulative voting, and give a vote for every \$500 invested; others again propose a council of ien, while there are others, I think the majority, who prefer to retain their present form, reducing the number of councillors by one from each Ward.

Many hot headed people insist on blaming the present council for the condition of affairs in which the city now finds itself, when this body was only elected some twenty one months since, whereas all the trouble originated during the reign of past councils. I heard rather a good story about this. It seems at one of the caucus meetings in which several gentlemen abused the present council, a late member rose, and slowly casting his eyes round said, "Gentlemen I see here fifteen ex-Aldermen and Councillors, I should like to hear from them, what they did

while in office, to prevent the present condition of affairs; for my part, I must cordially state that I did nothing. Not a single one besides himself said a word and the meeting , broke up.

The great point at issue is "commission or no A prominent Government supporcommission. ter stated publicly he had been consulted as to who should be appointed on the commission, and he confessed he was unable to suggest any name. It will, I expect, resolve itself into a political ques tion. The Conservatives want a commission when they will get the million dollars for the North Shore Road, the Liberals want no commission as they do not wish the grant to be paid. Notice has been given for an amendment to the city charter, so that when it comes before the Private Bills Committee we may look out for

Quebec possesses a new Skating Rink, which in character resembles the Victoria Rink, in your city. It was opened at the close of last month by the Lieutenant-Governor, and last week the first carnival (a sketch of which you have received) took place. It was a great success: the ice was crowded with skaters in every variety of costume; the rink was decorated (by volunteer decorators) and the whole affair proved so interesting that, although I did not know more than one of the participants, I remained till midnight, and found it amusing till that

Perhaps you are not aware that the Telephone is in use here commercially. A jeweller on John street has a branch store in St. Rochs, and has connected them by means of this instrument. At first he found a difficulty in making it act satisfactorily, but setting his wits to work he has so improved it that now one can hear voices as clearly as though the speakers were in an adjoining room. He gave an exhibition of its power a few days since, and the result is that several banks and lumbermen have determined to adopt it.

The Eastern War is a subject that but few in this city have studied, but the other day while teading the papers at the Merchants' Exchange (thanks to the kindness of the manager who has given me Carte Blanche), I en ered into conversation with a gentleman, who is a partner in a wealthy lumber firm doing business both here and at Montred, and who has made it his hobby. He propounds a theory that is new to me, which is that in case of any trouble arising between the other European countries, Austria and France would join with Russia, against England, Germany, and Italy, between whom he argues a private understanding already exists. He is unusually well read on the subject for a city man, and his interest is so great that he goes to Enghand shortly in order to be nearer the scenes so interesting to him.

At the last quarter sessions two notorious young men were tried for assaulting Colonel Collier on the evening of the day on which the election for Quebec East took place, by which assault the Colonel fell and broke his leg. One of the accused was convicted and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment, with hard labour. This fact contains but little significance, but some time ago Colonel Collier performed the difficult feat of running away with a steam engine, and it app ars strange, to say the least of it, that Col. Collier's companion with whom he Collier's companion with whom he was walking at the time the assenit occurred, should have been left untouched and have disappeared so soon as the assault convenced and did not ven return to his hotel

Quebec is at present cojoying an intellectual treat in the way of a Loan Art Exhibition, held at Morrin College, for a charitable purpose. It consists of two rooms, one hung with oil paintings and the other with water colours, and also containing a number of curiosities, statues, and bronzes, being in each room. The paintings are some Art Union pictures, others from the Royal Academies of London and Edinburgh, others again are by local artists, notably Kreighoff, Sewell, Miss Rowand, and others, while the names of Allan Duncan, Copley, Williams, Jordan, Mohert, Stellan, Devaria, and others are also to be found in the corners of several of the pictures. The pictures are, as a rule, well-hung, and many of them are of exceptional merit. spent a couple of hours there yesterday morning, and would have stayed longer with pleasure, so interested was I in all I saw. The curiosities are many of them rare, a case of East Indian goods containing silver ornaments 200 years old, also some small idols, 600 years old. In another case is a copy of one of Corregio's pieces of sculpture and the largest elephant's foot I ever saw It is mounted as a foot-stool and his toc nails each are as large as my list, and are highly polished. In another case is a copy of the Pall-Mall Gazette, reduced in size, which was sent into Paris by carrier pigeon during the Franco-Prussian War besides a quantity of other curiosities too numerous to particularize.

Had there been more room there would have been more contributions, but as it is, the articles now there are insured on bloc for \$40,000, so it can be readily imagined the exhibition is well

worth visiting.

The effect has been beyond the hopes of the organizers; the rooms are crowded, and from the numerous favourable opinions I have heard expressed by those who have attended, I have no doubt but that a public Art Loan Exhibition will be held, when a large number of gentlemen will be happy to contribute their treasures, especially when they find how high-their generosity will be appreciated, and what incalcu-lable benefit such an exhibition bestows on the public of large.

what is being done in Montreal concerning the Beniah Gibb bequest. Of course I could only re-spond that a meeting had been held, at which resolutions were passed to do something and yet nothing had been done. They said, "Of course you have a small exhibition such as this every year." I was obliged to confess that Montreal had been without any Art Exhibition for over five years, and there did not seem to be any chance of her having one for another live.

Quebec is the only city in the Domi ion (so they say here) that still keeps up a driving club, and it is no uncommon thing on a fine day to see half a dozen tandems with one four-in-hand driving through the streets occupied by gentlemen of Quebec and their "Muffins." Quebec has become accustomed to seeing this, but last Saturday pedestrians were surprised to see about forty or fifty wood sleighs occupied by young men, who were seated on empty candle-boxes, covered with buffalo robes. The leader contained two buglers, while the whipper-in had grotesque "buttons" who wore a hat four times too large for him, with a burlesque cockade fastened on one of its sides. This procession, which I understand is to be continued weekly. created considerable amusement, it being evidently intended as satire on the Tandem Club Though why the latter should be satirized is more than I can say. Its members are all gentlemen, and they have never yet made themselves in any way obnoxious to the public.

Politics once more. The House has resumed its sessions, and so far, have done nothing but routing work. A short discussion took place on the opening day, on a motion of Mr. Bellingham to submit all proposed loans to the municipal electors of the Province. It was a lame attempt to get any inkling of the Government policy, but Mr. Church told Mr. Bellingham he was very much mistaken in his man, and the motion was afterwards withdrawn.

The Treasurer has aunounced his Budget Speech for Wednesday next, so my third letter will expose that greatest of all mysteries, "what policy the Government intend to pursue." I attended a debating club on Tuesday night,

when the subject was Free Trade against Protec-The views on both sides were very well tion. laid before the audience, who decided in favour of Protection for Canada. On Tuesday week the subject is likely to excite considerable interest; it Is the present Federal Administration worthy of our support !" A lively debate is anticipated.

KRISS-KRINGLE,

ACALUS L. PALMER, Q.C., M.P.

This gentleman, who is perhaps the foremost barrister of St. John, is a son of Philip Palmer, Esq., of Sackville, N. B., who for many years sat with credit in the New Brunswick Legislature, and is descended from a loyalist family. He was born at Sackville, 25th Aug, 1820, and there educated. He was called to the Bar of New Brunswick in 1815, and after more than twenty years successful practice at Dorchester, returned to St. John, where he is more constantly engaged in the courts in important cases than almost any other barrister. He was for several years a member of the Council of the Barristers' Society of New Brunswick, and in 1867 was created a Queen's Counsel. Mr. Palmer was a supporter of Confederation and twice contested the County of Westmoreland for a seat in the New Brunswick Legislature in that interest, but without success. He was also an unsuccessful candidate for St. John city in the Local Assembly at the General Election in 1870. He was first returned as member of the County of St. John in the Dominion Parliament at the General Election in 1872 and was again elected in 1874. He was a supporter of the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald and is an opponent of the present administration. Although not a particularly fluent speaker, he is a very forcible one and is always heard with attention in the House. As a lawyer his attainments are of a very high order and his practice is very large and has been remarkably successful. Mr. Palmer is a large ship-owner, and, although a very heavy loser by the fire, is a man of wealth. His elegant mansion on Queen's Square, which cost over \$30,000 was totally destroyed by fire, his office was also swept away and a remarkably valuable and complete law library. He also lost much other property, probably in all not less than \$70,000. His energy is equal to the occa-sion, and the manner in which he bears his losses and the carnest way in which he entered into the work of rebuilding, and organizing measures for the general good, are worthy of all praise.

EDWARD WILLIS, M.P.P.

EDWARD WILLIS was born in Halifax, N. S. on the 5th Nov. 1835, and educated in the National and Grammar Schools of that city. When 15 years of age he commenced to learn the printing business and continued to work at it until his removal to St. John, N. B., in 1854. He worked for some time in the office of Mr. G. W. Day, and subsequently with H. Chubb & Co., proprietors of the Courier newspaper, of which he became first foreman and then editor and general manager. He started a paper in Carleton, in 1856, under the title of the Recorder and also a Masonic Magazine. Here he continucd to publish for nearly three years. Subsequently, after a fire, which destroyed a considerublic of large. able quantity of his plant he removed his office Several of the promoters have been asking me to the east side of the harbour, and started the

British American, which lived but a little while. He then returned to his former position in the Courier office, and in 1863, when Mr. Fenety became Queen's Printer, he became editor of his paper, the Morning News, then a tri-weekly. In conjunction with Messes. Smith & Davis he purchased the paper, but afterwards bought out is partners and remained sole proprietor until he began to aspire to political life, when Mr. Mott became a partner with him in the business and ownership of the Morning News. In 1867 Mr. Willis became a candidate for a seat in the Legislature as representative of the County of St. John, but was defeated. He was, however, elected in 1870, and again in 1874 returned on the Government ticket. When he first entered tho Legislature Mr. Willis was a supporter of Mr. King's administration. A year later he went into opposition, but in 1872 he occupied a seat in the Government. In 1876 he differed from his colleagues with regard to the choice of a caudidate for the city of St. John, resigned his seat in the Government, and now he is again in opposition.

Mr. Willis is an active member of several societies and is Grand Muster of the Orange Association, which he led in procession through the streets of St. John, on the 12th July, 1876. He was a strong advocate of Confederation from the first, did what he could to aid in the establishment of free schools, and is now an advocate of Maritime Union. He was a heavy lesser by the fire, his residence and place of business being both destroyed, but was well insured, and is again in his new place of business. Mr. Willis is a persistent advocate of whatever he takes in hand, and is a man of kindly impulses, and a favourite with those who know him best. He is a ready speaker, and by his addresses on temperance and other subjects is well known throughout the Province.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DION BOUCHEAULT has just fitted up a new apartment at an expense of \$13,000. The tests room, all marble and precious atones, is described as a wonder of luxury and magnificence

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has read at the Odéon his long expected piece, "Joseph Balsamo." The read for, which lasted three hours and a halt, preduced an mmense effect.

THE Mayor of Philadelphia refused on the 3rd to license any variety theatres hir 1878. He said that he would abide by the decision of the Courts, and if this should be adverse, he would chose them all up.

Miss Lottle Sangenr, of Boston, is said to sing with equal case, clearness and sweetness each of the four parts in a quartet. When she arigs toss her sorce cannot be distinguished from that of a man, and her high testen in migranis ports are equally strong and pure.

THE cout worm by John E Crwpis, as Nolice Shingle was pirchased in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Oneas, while at a hotel, saw a man riding past on a load of a cood, wearing the cost, and immediately valled the man in and paid him his price for the garment.

ADELINA PATTI, accompanied by the tenor, Niccolini and servant, is travelling in Italy. A carriage, drawn by four horses, is bet means of conveyence. She had intended to purchase the pay of villa, the sitto but will not, on account of the bad condition of the road lending

At the great international concerts abreh will AT the great intermational contents where a re-be organized during the Exhibition, and which are to take place at the palaces on the Tree-dem, will be given a splendid "Requiem" by Herling. It was compressed for the funeral of General Damremont, and was executed by four orchestrus playing together at the Hotel des to-

HERR RICHARD WAGNER has announced to HERR RICHARD. WAGNER has amounteed to subscribers toward the proposed school of rimie which was to be established under his anapieces at Rayman, that, owing to the want of funds, rice unload cannot be uponed this new year. There is still some hope of opening it next year. Meanwhile, Herr Wagner proposes that a unusical magazine, representing his precitiar school of music, should be founded. Should the project for establishing a schoolagain full in 1879. Here Wagner proposes to bring out his new Opera. Percival for the benefit of subscribers, some riman was originally intended namely, in 1889. pamely, in there

ALL the signs point to a grand success by Gilmore's Band of early five performers who will next spring start for Europe to represent America in a musical tour. Every member has already pold in \$100 and lockwesk for members per man. They also upened a subscription list to about there is a prompt subscription by sixteen members of \$100 cech Altogether the band will raise among themselves about \$10,485, and they count on gener mas springly of fixeds to increase the innoint to \$10,485.

LAWRENCE BARBETT thinks the "combination" system is diamed. Only 'one company of this kind, he says, has made any money this season, and that one is Kate Chaton's. Managers and stars are that their minutal interests he in the failure of this system, and they will yet unite with such managers as Ford of Palitaneere and McVicker of Chicago, in breaking it up. Mr. Barrett thicks that the experiment of lower rates of diminsion hicks that the experim will not succeed; and says that salary lists must be reduced before it can be tried.

THE following are some New York actors salary per week; John Gilbert, \$175; Mostague, \$260. Eme Gormon, \$100; George Holland, \$49; Rese Coghlin, \$175; Katherine Rogers, \$175; Mme, Ponisi, \$75. Ed. Holland, \$40; Jumes O'Nell, \$125; Fann, Morant, \$140; Charles Thorne, \$200; Chas. Fisher, \$125; J. H. Stoddart, \$125; Davidge, \$100; Harry Bocket, \$250. Mekee, Rankle (when in stock), \$80; Chara Moris (when in Intelland Mekee, Rankle (when in stock), \$80; at Daly'a), \$200; Coghlin (when at Daly'a), \$350; Mand Harrison, \$60; Dom. Goldthwaite, \$60; Linda Deitz, \$60; Bijon Heron, \$55;

NOTICE TO LABIES.

The undersigned began aspectfully to inform the Ladies of the city rad country that they will find at his Refail Store, 198 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

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

FAREWELL.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

Parewell! I do not think that e'er We two shall meet again; Fule calls thee hence, but leaves me here. To feel love's bitter pain.

I will not weep, but patiently Must wait thee for awhile When thou departest I will see Thy parting with a smile.

Thou goest forth with hope that glows,
Thou wilt return with pride—
But coldly then wilt look on those
Who for thy presence sigh'd.

Farewell! Thy dreams will all be gay,
Thy life be full of song:
The Star that lights thee on thy way
Will daze thy vision long.

But thou shall learn, belov'd by none, Love's value to thy cost— What happiness it brings, when won, What misery, when lost!

Montreal.

GEO. MURGAY.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

There is, perhaps, nothing within the city limits as eminently characteristic of Hamilton as the architecture of its City Hall. In the year 1839, when the population of the town was only 3,350, an act of Parliament was passed authorizing the Corporation to obtain a loan of one thousand pounds, for the purpose of erecting a second market place. The brick building, a section of which is visible behind the tower, was the ultimate result of that negotiation, and, when completed, the townspeople regarded the result of their public spiritedness with proud satisfaction. The lower portion of the building was set apart for "lock-up" purposes. The ground flat was converted into the market place, and thither our estimable grandmothers hied them to procure the requisite eggs, butter, meat, etc., while the whole of the upper part was mo destly fitted up for the various municipal offices In one of these, the tax-gatherer of the day col-lected the dues from the people, the value of whose assessable property only reached a total of 53,0007.

The window, observable in the corner of the upper story, permitted the sun to shine through its twenty-four panes, into the Council chamber, but as the townfathers were in the bubit of holding their municipal sessions at night, the extra expense of the window might have been saved to the Corporation. It was in this chamber that all those tremendous schemes were concocted which, long ago, gained for Hamilton the enphemistic cognomen of "The Ambitious Little City." Located at the head of navigation, a belief in its geographical advantages impressed the people with the idea that the place was destined to become the great business centre of the West. Accordingly, whatever was to be done in the way of public improvements had to be calculated an as to meet the requirements of the future greatness of the city. Vast sums of money were borrowed, from time to time, and paid over the ensure the construction of several rail. over to ensure the construction of several railways, which, when completed, would add millions to the wealth of the place. The immense debt was, later on, further increased by the commenegment of a grand but costly system of water works which would afford the citizens an abundant supply of pure water, pumped from Lake Ontario, seven miles away. Strange to say, the several railways refused to be built, and the beautiful dreams were not at all realized. Thus, in 1844, with a population of about 20,000, the "ambitious" city found itself burdened with an unremunerative debt of \$1,643,786, besides other large amounts required for local mat-ters. The city was obliged to fall behind with the interest, and some of its foreign creditors finally put in the sheriff. Those were, indeed, dark days for Hamilton. "Then was the winter of its discontent." The whole of the Corporation property, consisting of fire engines, vacant lots, un olk cted taxes, office furniture fineluding the identical curtain which may be observed at the before mentioned window) were sold. Sold for a song, as it were. A judicious financial arrangement was made soon after, however, which embled the city to honourably pay off its indebtedness without burdening the citizens with any greatly excessive taxation.

The same chamber in which, in 1839, the

representatives of the three thousand inhabitants transacted the affairs of the town, is still used to day for the same purpose by the representatives of the thirty-three thousand citizens. Insignificant though the building appears, still, it is safe to say that almost every rising young lawyer, doctor, merchant, mechanic, etc., looks forward hopefully to the time when he may gaze out of that old window from an official chair in the council.

The door, from the steps of which the snow has been carefully shoveled (as an example to delinquent citizens) leads into the central police station. The open door is beautifully symbolical of the alertness of the force. An inner door leads directly into the Police Court room, where, every morning at nine o'clock, His Worship the Police Magistrate carefully adjusts the balances, and attends to the weak and erring.

The telegraph pels, in front of the corner of the building, conveys some notion of the extent and importance to which the city has attained, for, upon the upper portion of the pole, may be observed a number of cross pieces, upon each of which are several wires. Thus, it may be deduced that the trade of the city is such as to necessitate between twenty and thirty wires on each telegraph pole. each telegraph pole.

By far the most conspicuous thing about the City Hall is the stupendous tower, which stands in front of it. Possibly, strangers may note some little lack of harmonious proportions between the tower and the building, but that is nothing. The tower was not made for the building. The latter happened to be there when the tower was creeted, and if our forefathers had no notion of creeted, and it our forelathers had no notion of the correct thing in the way of city architecture, it was no fault of the builders of the tower. The tower may be regarded as an indication of the existence of the old "ambition," for it was creeted when "the winter" of the city's "dis-content was made into glorious summer." And when that summer is made still more glorious, the old hall will be tween made and creekly activities. the old hall will be torn away, and a building put up which will match the imposing specimen of architecture at present in front of it. In the summit of the tower is placed a wooden faced clock, the hands of which do not have to be set oftener than once a week. In it is also a huge bell which has often impressed the people with its supreme indifference for lecturers, actors, vocalists, &c., who may be displaying themselves in a neighbouring music hall.

The space on each side of the tower, directly in front of the building, is usually occupied by pea-nut venders, but I have left them both out of the picture, as I do not wish to convey the impression to strangers that the people of Hamilton have any weakness for such things as peanuts.

The lamp post in front has stood there for more than thirty years, and, had it a tongue, what tales could it not tell of the thousands who have entered the Mayor's office for relief; of the thousands of unfortunates who have gone in and out of the Police Court ; of the hundreds of thousands who have passed up and down the street, day and night, but more particularly at night.

Shine on, old lamp post, Tell not what you see; Do unto others As you've done for me.

That is to say, on many a rainy evening, its elcome rays have enabled me to keep out of the mud, on my way home from church. W. F. McMahon.

In a London letter, describing the journalists' dimer to Mr. Forbes, the following paragraph makes mention of the manner in which certain notable literary men do their work: "Many journalists in the present day dictate their work to short-hand writers. One of the most prolific leader writers on the Daily Telegraph dictates every line of his work. He has a curious habit of composition. He makes a point of producing his leader at the office every night. He takes off his cost, waist-cost, and boots, lights a short pipe, and walks about the room and in an hour his article is finished. Now and then it is completed in half that time, Lucy, of the Daily Neer, dictates the whole of his matter. Yates bardly ever wites a line. His short-hand cierk is continually at his elbow."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

cll Communications intended for this department to be of tressed Chese Editor, Office of Canadian ILLUS-TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter and contents received. Much obliged.

J. H., Montreal.—Games received. They shall both

J. H. Montreal.—Colors received. They shall both appear in due course.

Sindent, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 157 received. Correct.

T. S. St. Andrews. Manitoba.—Problem received. It shall appear very shortly.

J. M. Montreal.—We did not get your solution. Send

another postal.

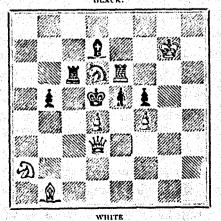
E. H.-Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 154 received. Correct.

It appears that a match is now being carried on in England between Mr. E. Thorold and Miss Rudge, the lady receiving the odds of Knight.

At first, it seems, the fair player was unfortunate, as she host five games to three. At the last record, however, of the contest, a change had taken place, and Miss Rudge had scored eight games to her opponent's six. This state of affairs leads to the hope, in which we are sure all players will indulge, that the lady may prove victorious. Miss Rudge, according to latest news, was about to attend the Grantham meeting.

We were sorry to notice an omission in our last Problem, No. 157. The Black King did not appear on his third square. This, we find, was owing to a defect in the type. A new diagram is being made, which will prevent any mistakes of this nature in the future.

PROBLEM No. 158. (From the Illustrated New Yorker.) "Respectfully dedicated to A. P. Barnes, Esq." By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec BLACK.



Whiteto play and mate in two moves.

It will be recollected that the International Chess Match was set on foot by the joint action of the Chess Editors of the Glasgow Nees of the Week, and the Hartford (Conn.) Weekly Thus, each of these jointwis lawing a Chess Column which forcishes a large class of a

readers with the most recent intelligence of the game and of its magnates; and now that the games of the match have reached a point to make them interesting, it has been determined by the same parties to publish the scores in order to satisfy, to a certain extent, the desire of those who feel a natural inclination to know some.hing of the progress of the struggle. Last week, we were able to copy from the Glasgow paper two games, which, from the standing of the antagenists, will be certain to obtain general notice.

From the same source, we, this week, subjoin two

outain general notice.

From the same source, we, this week, subjoin two
more games, which, although not far advanced, will not fail to attract the attention of Chess amateurs. They are between Mr. E. H. Heath, London, Eug., and Mr. D. C. Rogers, Detroit, Mich.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES. (Scotch Gambit.)

Mr. P. H. HEATH. Mr. DON C. ROGERS. (British.) (British.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. K B to Q B 4 5. Castles. 6. P to Q K 2 7. P to Q K 4 9. Q to Q K 1 10. B to K K 15 11. Q K to K 2 12. Q R to K 8q 13. P to K 5 14. Kt takes K 1 15. R takes K (Americ 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P tukes P 4. K B to Q B 4 5. P to Q 3 6. P to Q 6 7. B to Q K 3 9. Q to K 2 10. Kt to K B 3 11. Castles. 12. B to K 3 13. Q Kt takes P 14. P takes K 15. Q to Q 3 16. P takes B (American.) 17. R to K R 5

Ruy Lopez.

Mr. Don. C. Rogens,	Mr. E. H. HEAT
(American.)	(British.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. K B to Q Kt 5	2. P to O R 3
4. B to Q R 4	4. Kt to K B 3
5. P to Q 4	5. P takes P
6. P to K 5	6. Kt to K 5
7. Castles	7. Kt to Q B 4
8. B takes Kt	8. Q P takes B
9. Kt takes Q P	9. B to K 2
10. Kt to Q B 3	10. Kt to K 3
11. Kt takes Kt	11. B takes Kt
12. Q to K 2	12. Castles
13. B to K 3	13. P to K B 3
14 P to K B 4	14 P takes P

15. P takes P

15. Q to Q 2

As regards the general condition of things in the match, we cannot do better than to copy from the News of the Week the following, which we understand to refer entirely to the British players.

"Reports occasionally reach us how some of the players are failing or succeeding. For instance, one mourts the loss of a Bishop for a few Pawns; another announces he has won a piece; better still, a third is in hopes of winning a game already; a fourth intimates he has a pretty strong attack in one, and even in others; while a fifth acknowledges that he had only one move at his command to prevent his opponent aunounting mate in a few moves; a sixth expects to hold his own."

GAME 235TR. CHESS IN LONDON, Eng.

The following game was played a short time ago at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. MacDonnell and another clever smateur.

(Scotch Gambit.) WHITE.
(A. W. E.)
1. P to K 4
2. Kr to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. Kt takes P
5. Kr to Kt 3 (a)
6. Kr to B 3
7. B to Q Kt 5
8. B to Kt 5
9. R to K P 4 Mr. MacDonnell.) P to K 4 1. P to K 4 22. Kt to Q B 3 3. P takes P 4. B to B 4 5. B to K 3 6. P to Q 3 7. Kt to B 3 9. P to K R 3 9. P to K R 3 R to K R 4 9. P to Kt 4 10. B to Q 2 11. R to K Kt sq 12. P takes P 13. Q to K 2 14. Castles (Q R) 15. Kt to K 4 16. Kt takes Kt Castles (Q R) 15. R to R 15. R to R 6 16. Kt to Q 5 17. P takes Kt 18. Q takes B 19. R to R 7 20. B takes Kt 21. Q to K B sq 22. R to Q 2 (b) 16. Kt takes Kt
17. B takes Kt
18. Kt to Kt 5
19. Kt takes P
20. B takes B
21. Q to K 6 (ch)
22. B to K 8
23. Q R to K 9
24. B takes R 23. R takes P 24. R takes P 24. K to Q sq 25. Kt takes B 26. Q to B 5 (ch (c) 27. R takes Q 28. R takes R 25. Q to K 4 26. Q takes Q 27. Q R to K B sq (d) 28. R takes R And White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) Not an ordinary move at this point.

(b) A singular mistake, losing the exclusing at least.

(c) This move is altogether in Black's favour. (d) The shortest way to the end of the game.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 236TH.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs, Henderson and Shaw, the former giving the odds

(Remore Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Shaw.)
1. P to K 4th
2. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th
3. Q to Q 2
4. B to Q 3
4. Q to K B 2
5. P to K R 4
6. P to Q B 3
8. K to K B 3
8. K to K B 3
8. K to K K B 3
9. B to Q 2
10. P to K R 5
11. B taken B (b)
12. Q to R 4 (ch)
12. K to Q B 3
13. B to K t 5
14. B takes B
15. Q to K 13
16. K ta Q B 3
17. K takes B
18. Q to K 13
19. K to Q 8
11. K takes B
11. Q to K 14
11. B takes B
12. Q to R 4 (ch)
12. K to Q B 3
13. B to Q 2
14. B takes B
15. Q to K 13
16. K takes P
17. K takes K 1
18. K to Q 8q
19. K to B 7 (ch)
19. K to B 2
20. K to K tsq
20. C to B 19. R to B 7 (ch)
20. K to B 2
20. K to K tsq
20. C to B 10. C takes B
20. K to K tsq
20. C to B 2
20. K to K tsq
20. C to B 2
20. K to B 2
20. C to B 20
20. K to B 2
20. C to B (Remore Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.) 19. R to B 7 (ch) 20. Q to Q 6th (ch) 21. Q R to K B sq 22. Q to Q 7 (ch) 23. R to B 8 24. R takes Kt and wins. 19, K to Rt sq 20, K to Kt sq 21, K to B sq (c) 22, Kt to Q sq 23, K to Kt sq 24, R tukes R 25, P to R 3

NOTES. (a) A good move at this stage of the game.
(b) P to Kt 4 appears more promising.
(c) Black by this move considerably strengthens his

(d) A slip apparently. He should have played Q to

Q3 (e) White annual now retrieve the game SOLUTIONS.

R takes B)ch) 2. B takes Kt 3. B moves.

Solution of Problem No. 156. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q R sq 2. B to Kt 5 (ch) 3 Q mates 1. B takes Kt 2. Anything

There are other variations to this very pretty problem.

Salution of Problem for Young Players, No. 154. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt takes R 2. P moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 155. WHITE. BLACK.

K at K B 5 R at K B 4 B at K sq Kt at Q R 2 Pawn at K Kt 2 Kat K 6 Pawn at Q B 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

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