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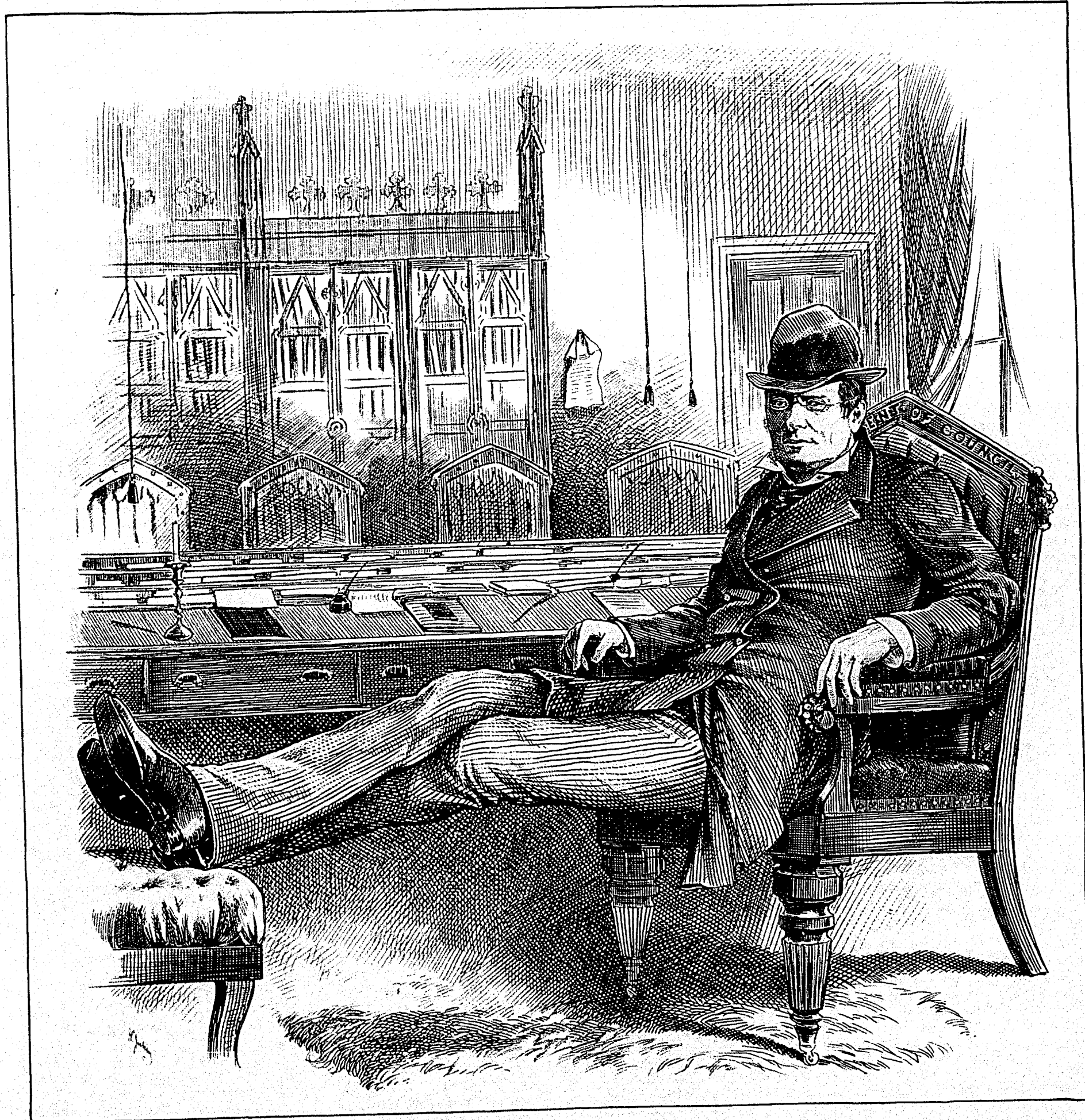
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Wholesale News

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 23rd, 1877.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

The 1st July is a holiday throughout the Dominion which, we are pleased to be able to record, has always been celebrated in a becoming spirit of patriotism. But the 1st of July, 1877, should be a holiday of special enjoyment, because it is the tenth anniversary of the establishment of Confederation. When the great scheme of Union was inaugurated, there were not wanting the prophets of evils, like Calchas of old, who predicted that it would not live to see the dawn of its tenth year, and in the interval restless spirits have been at work, at first openly enough, and then more covertly, to divert the ship from its channel and wreck it on the rocks of Annexation or a premature Independence.

The prophecy has proved a mockery, and the efforts of malcontents have only resulted in cementing and consolidating the structure of Confederation. At present Canada finds herself a compact, homogeneous people, has taken a distinct rank among the nations of the earth, with something of a substantial past to look back to, and the broad vista of a glorious future to stimulate her energies towards the fullest development. The fruits of Confederation are there, and they cannot be overlooked. Our destiny is in our own hands, and we have only to operate upon the material within our reach to secure all the advantages which nature lays out before us.

We think it is a debt which we owe both to ourselves and to our country that we should celebrate the coming anniversary with more than usual splendor. The great cities of Toronto and Montreal should take up the brilliant example set them by Ottawa and prepare a fitting demonstration. The time is indeed close at hand,

but yet it is not too late. A few public-spirited men who would take up the movement could accomplish wonders in the next ten days. Committees should be formed here and in every town and village throughout the country. The co-operation of the militia and of other public bodies and societies can always be depended upon, and should be secured at once. The usual display of fire-works, illuminations, regattas, excursions on land and water, the unfurling of banners, and patriotic mottoes, games and sports, could all be incorporated into the proceedings, as part and parcel of the celebration. The Fourth of July orations have been much laughed at in the United States, but nothing has more contributed to keep up the patriotic spirit among American youth than these outbursts, and a few such speeches from the young men eloquent of our towns and villages would be quite in order, and might at least be tried as an experiment this year.

We most earnestly call upon our fellow citizens to respond to the invitation which we hold out to them. Let the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS throughout the country see to it that the occasion is not allowed to pass away without a proper demonstration of patriotism. The enthusiastic celebration of the first decade of Confederation will inspire us with courage to enter upon the second decade with energy, determined to do our whole duty towards the country. With the return of financial ease and commercial enterprise, there is every reason to hope that Canada will add immensely to her resources in the next ten years.

THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

There is perhaps no Province of the Dominion so well known as Manitoba. Thanks to the works of distinguished travellers, both European and Canadian, and the official reports of the authorities, the resources of the Prairie Province are as familiar as those of the four original members of the Confederation. And the consequence is that emigration has set in westward in a steady tide, with results, since 1872, which must be accepted as satisfactory, when all circumstances are considered.

Among those who have most contributed to bring Manitoba to our knowledge is Mr. THOMAS SPENCE, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of that Province, whose valuable pamphlet, entitled "Manitoba and the North-West," reached a distribution of 60,000 in Europe and the older Provinces of Canada. The same gentleman is now attempting to do as much in behalf of the Saskatchewan country, and with that view has published, through the Lovell Printing and Publishing Company, another pamphlet containing information on that important portion of the great North-West Territory. That section contains an area of about two hundred and eighty thousand square miles, equal to that of France and Germany, or about six times that of the State of New York. The seasons are much the same as in Manitoba, winter beginning about the middle of November, and breaking up about the 10th April. The rivers are generally open about the 20th of April. Snow falls to the depth of about two feet, and continues all winter. The climate is exceedingly healthy, and, owing to the rolling character of the prairie and the loamy nature of the soil, ploughing can be commenced whenever the snow is off the ground, and especially on land cultivated for any length of time. Summer frost never injures anything. The wheat, barley, oats, roots and vegetables raised at this settlement could scarcely be excelled in any part of the world. The adaptation of the climate to agriculture is evinced from the statement that the returns from Prince Albert and other new settlements on the Saskatchewan show a yield of 40 bushels of spring wheat to the acre, in several instances mostly off newly broken land, the average weight being about 63 pounds to the bushel. The average yield of wheat in the Pro-

vince of Manitoba deduced from the local estimates is 25 bushels to the acre, while the average production in the State of Minnesota as deduced from its own official returns, and which is considered the best wheat-growing State in America, is only set down at 20 bushels to the acre. This is certainly a very important statement, and one that must arrest the attention of emigrants and intending settlers.

The prairie lands of the Saskatchewan country resemble those of the United States, and offer all the advantages which have rendered these for years the great home of settlers. The hewing of the forest is dispensed with, the labour and expense of "clearing" are eliminated, and the pioneer finds himself at once in the full, free possession of his acres. Of course the want of supplies of wood is a drawback, but not so serious as to counter-balance the advantages of rich and fertile pasturage.

Perhaps the chief source of wealth of this country, and one which alone will be sure to insure its colonization, is its coal fields, ranking among the most extensive in the world. Between the 50th parallel and the North Sea, it has been calculated that there cannot be much less than 500,000 square miles that are underlain by true coal. The average breadth of this belt is about 280 miles. In addition to the coal, this country contains rich deposits of iron ore. On the North Saskatchewan River coal prevails with little interruption in beds two and two and a-half feet thick on the bank of the river, from a little below Edmonton upwards for two hundred miles. On the Pembina River, 70 miles to the west, there is a seam ten feet thick, of a very superior quality. On the Battle River it is also noted, and in the Red Deer Branch of the South Saskatchewan, 170 miles from its mouth, are extensive deposits of coal, and at 100 miles further up it is there in beds so close that of 20 feet of strata exposed, 12 feet are coal.

We cannot follow the author in his figures and statistics, which would weary the general reader, but it is only justice to say that he makes out a strong case in favour of the Saskatchewan country, which, with the Province of Manitoba, he declares to afford the finest and most inviting field for emigration in the world to-day. He is an old resident in the North-West, his official position gives authority to his words, and it may be well farther to know that "he has no real estate to sell and is in no wise connected with the land business."

He concludes by informing us that the best and most advantageous time for emigrants destined for the Saskatchewan to arrive at Winnipeg is as early after the opening of navigation as possible, say about 1st of May, and should not be later than, say the end of August, in order to have time, after their journey over the plains and arrival at their destination, to make temporary provision for the winter in building. All necessary further information regarding this can be had on their arrival at Winnipeg, when selecting their necessary outfit. Doors, sashes, flooring, and all kinds of dressed lumber, well seasoned, for fitting up the interior of a temporary log house comfortably, can be had at Winnipeg at reasonable prices. During the winter months the settler may profitably occupy his whole time getting out timber for larger buildings, fencing, etc., and generally preparing for an early start on his land in the spring. Before the snow falls, if provided with a mower, he will cut sufficient hay for his cattle during winter to feed when not turned loose.

DON CARLOS.

It will be remembered that, a few days ago, DON CARLOS was invited to retire from his residence at Passy, and seek a resting place somewhere else. He accepted the invitation, like a sensible man, and the last we have heard of him is that he is residing on the confines of Austria. We allude to this circumstance, however, not for the purpose of discussing it, but in

order to call attention to the reckless manner in which it is appreciated by no less a journal than the London *Graphic*. Maintaining, as we have the right to do, that the editorial mission is to instruct and to guide, we protest that a writer for the press ought to know what he writes about, before venturing to place his views in type. The *Graphic* expresses its legitimate pride at the refuge which England has given political exiles of every stamp during the last eighty years. "Refugees of numerous nationalities, and of the most conflicting political creeds, have sought the shelter of our flag. Priests and nobles flying from the guillotine; members of Royal and Imperial families, Legitimist, Orleansist and Bonapartist; Poles and Hungarians escaping from the vengeance of 'Holy Russia,' or of absolutist Austria; French, German, and Italian Republicans of the reddest dye; Bourbonist and Papal adherents; Spanish Carlists and Intransigent; North American Confederates, and South American *pronunciamentistas*; here they have been seen, like a 'Happy Family,' all living in the same cage. Nothing, moreover, has stirred popular feeling more deeply than any attempt to restrict this right of exile. Even when there was strong evidence that this country was being made the focus of plots against the life of the late French Emperor, we firmly declined to give up the alleged conspirators. Such being the state of feeling here, the expulsion of DON CARLOS comes like a shock of surprise, and makes us feel that England and France are, in some respects, a couple of hundred years apart." While heartily granting England all the credit which is her due in the premises, we beg to deny the inference which is instituted. The insular position of England makes her particularly fit for the reception of political exiles. They are safe within her boundaries from all police or military pursuit. Neither has England dynastic or political relations with other powers which would make these exiles dangerous to the English community. It is very different in France, especially in the case of DON CARLOS. That prince is a member of the Bourbon family, one of the three monarchical aspirants to the French throne, and one of the three parties that are continually keeping that unfortunate country in turmoil. If DON CARLOS could or would remain as quiet in France as he would naturally do in England, he would not be disturbed. As a matter of fact, so long as he did remain quiet, he was left in peace. It was only when his presence in Paris was made the occasion for secret movements, and even demonstrations which affected Spain as well as France, that he was required to pass the frontier. Every other continental nation would have acted in the same way under the circumstances. When, therefore, the *Graphic* adds, by way of clincher, "We offer no opinion here as to whether the De Broglie Government were right or wrong in the step they have taken, but the fact that such a step should be possible proves that France, politically, is still in the swaddling clothes of the seventeenth century." We can only say that if France, with her present position in the ranks of modern civilization, "is still in the swaddling clothes of the seventeenth century," the condition of the other nations of the continent must be very primitive indeed. Fortunately the man who proves too much proves nothing.

BEEF SUGAR.

We have received a pamphlet on the Economical Production of Beef Sugar in the Province of Quebec, from the pen of Mr. E. A. BARNARD, a well-known authority, who is Director of Agriculture for this Province. The subject is one of such considerable importance that, although our space does not allow us to summarize the able paper of Mr. BARNARD, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the principal conclusions which the writer attains. From the facts and figures adduced by him he states his conviction that we can grow beets here as cheaply as in Europe, a

fact of practical moment when we remember that Canada imports annually about one hundred and sixty-five millions of pounds of sugar and molasses, which cost, laid down here, over twelve millions of dollars. The manufacturing of this quantity of sugar would necessitate the establishment of over fifty large sugareries, giving work, in one way or another, to 15,000 men, besides the farmers; it would enable the farmer to grow annually, with great profit to himself, and with great advantage to the country around, 60,000 acres of beets, at 20 tons per acre; it would produce annually 240,000 tons of refuse or beet pulp, which would cost nothing to the farmers and yet would be worth as much to them as 80,000 tons of hay. It would also enable us to keep four times more stock on our farms, quadruple our barn yard manures, besides enabling us to purchase an abundant annual supply of artificial manures, which would all be paid by the beet crop and leave a large profit. The author cites a fact which is probably very little known, but with which every farmer of the Province should be made acquainted. He states that so far back as 1873 the Local Legislature passed a law offering \$25,000 as a premium to the first successful manufacturer of beet sugar in this Province, and that in 1875 this premium was increased to \$7,000 annually for ten years, which is equal to the sum of \$70,000.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WOODSTOCK FIRE.—The three views of the ruins which we publish will give our readers a vivid idea of the desolation produced by the terrible fire which lately ravaged the beautiful town of Woodstock, and of which full accounts were published at the time.

GAMBETTA.—A full biography of this distinguished man has already appeared in our columns and need not therefore be repeated. His portrait is, however, reproduced to-day in connection with the recent Ministerial crisis in France, where his attitude of moderation and his tact may be said to have done much to prevent any outbreak among his excitable followers.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.—The 16th May will be memorable in French annals as that on which occurred Marshal MacMahon's attempt at a *coup d'état* by the abrupt dismissal of a Ministry which was in accord with a majority of the Lower House. The agitation in France was naturally extreme. Our sketch represents the crowds in the evening on the fashionable Boulevard des Italiens, eagerly scanning the papers for the latest developments.

THE CARRON.—Our front page represents Mr. Blake occupying the President's chair in the Council Chamber, and settling down to a good quiet snooze. He stretches out his nether limbs, pulls his soft hat over his glasses, *more sno*, and is determined to have his rest. His health is known to be impaired and who shall begrudge him that repose? Meantime the lions may roar and the geese may cackle, but they shall not disturb his equanimity.

BOAT RACE ON THE KENNEBECASIS.—This event took place on Wednesday, the 6th inst., between Walter Ross, the champion of New Brunswick, and Fred. A. Plaisted, of New York. The race cannot be considered very satisfactory inasmuch as a foul was claimed for and obtained by Ross through Plaisted cutting off his water. It proved, however, the evident superiority of Ross, and that much it is pleasant to record. It was a straight away race of four miles, and the stakes were \$1,000. Owing to the circumstances which we have mentioned, the race was given to Ross before a mile was completed. There was another, but not an official trial, immediately after, however, in which Ross clearly and unmistakably defeated his competitor. The New York oarsman acknowledged that he had been beaten fairly in the race, and considered that his opponent was too much for him throughout, while Mr. Meeker, his backer, said he believed that Ross was able to cope with any man on this continent.

SINKING OF A TURKISH GUNBOAT.—On the 12th of May, a Turkish double-turret gun-boat, the *Lufti Djelil*, was lying off Matchin. The Russian battery consisted of two guns, a 6-inch mortar and a 24-pounder. Sub-Lieutenant Romanovsky pointed the mortar, and sent a shell into the funnel of the monitor. A white puff of vapor rose immediately from the vessel, and then flashes of flame and a cloud of smoke. A moment later an explosion was heard, and when the smoke cleared away nothing was seen of the monitor save the tips of her masts. It was supposed by the Russians that the shell found its way into the magazine, but the cook of the vessel, who was picked up by the Russians, asserted positively that the destruction of the ship was the accidental explosion of her boilers. The officers and crew

numbered two hundred persons, and all were lost but the cook. The clearest account is given by the correspondent of the *Engineer*, who witnessed the destruction of the vessel. A shell entered the side or base of the funnel, and bursting in the "up-take" caused the boilers to explode. The column of flame and smoke did not mount high, nor was the report loud. The flame was like that of a burning tar barrel accompanied by black smoke.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITION.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Jas. Brown, one of the Assistant Commissioners for Canada, and at the suggestion of Hon. John Young, Commissioner for the Dominion, we are enabled to present our readers with two sketches, one of the Exhibition Building itself, and the other of some of the principal gentlemen connected, in an official or representative capacity, with the Australian Exhibition. Commencing at the left these gentlemen may be thus numbered:—

- No. 1. Mr. Jules Joubert, Secretary Agricultural Society.
- No. 2. W. J. Dangar, member of Council Agricultural Society.
- No. 3. Hon. James White, M.P., Vice-President Agricultural Society.
- No. 4. Hon. Sir Wm. McArthur, Vice-President Agricultural Society.
- No. 5. Hon. John Young, Commissioner for Canada.
- No. 6. Mr. Fenwick, Commissioner for Queensland.
- No. 7. Mr. Wallis, Chairman Agricultural Society.
- No. 8. (background) Mr. Thompson, Sydney *Morning Herald*.
- No. 9. Mr. Brown, Assistant Commissioner, Canada.
- No. 10. Mr. Fleming, Assistant Commissioner, Canada.
- No. 11. Mr. Bernays, Commissioner Queensland.
- No. 12. J. J. Calvert, Member of Council Agricultural Society.

From a series of interesting letters contributed to the *Herald* of this city, we learn with pleasure that Canada has given a very good account of herself at Sydney, and that many of the articles exhibited by Canadians have carried the field by their incontestable superiority. We trust that the result of this show of enterprise on the part of our country will be to open a large trade with Australia, and give a new impulse to our languishing industries.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

In our last number we gave a brief history of the origin of this important Commission, and traced in outline the subjects upon which its deliberations would hinge. We have the pleasure to supplement this information by presenting the portraits of the gentlemen who will sit at the Board in different capacities, along with such notices of their respective careers as we have been able to obtain. The day appointed for the first meeting was last Friday, the 15th inst. The Commissioners then assembled, exchanged credentials, discussed rules, transacted other preliminary business, and finally received the "leaves" of both parties to the treaty of Washington. From our present information, writing in advance of news from Halifax, they will then adjourn for several weeks, during which time the Agents on both sides will devote themselves to studying the respective cases, and preparing themselves for the business of trying them at the next meeting of the Commission, when the examination of witnesses, the hearing of arguments and the presentation of evidence and documents not produced in the first instance will take place. The official titles of the Commissioners, so far as we can ascertain them at present, when there is still considerable uncertainty, are as follows:

- Sir A. T. Galt, K.C.M.G., of Montreal, H. B. M.'s Commissioner.
- Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg, of Pittsfield, Mass., U. S. Commissioner.
- H. E. Maurice Delfosse, of Washington, Envoy Extraordinary of Belgium to the U. S., Umpire, nominated by the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.
- F. C. Ford, Esq., H. B. M.'s Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, British Agent.
- Hon. Dwight Foster, of Boston, Mass., Agent of Counsel on behalf of the United States.
- Joseph Doutré, Esq., Q. C., Montreal.
- Samuel R. Thomson, Esq., Q. C., St. John, N.B.
- Robert L. Weatherbe, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, N.S.
- Hon. Louis H. Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Counsel on behalf of Canada.
- J. H. G. Bergne, Esq., of the Foreign Office, London, Secretary.

As we write, we learn by telegraph from Halifax, that Mr. John S. D. Thompson, of that city, will be associated with Hon. Dwight Foster as Counsel for the U. S. Government. Another telegram states that Mr. Jackson, American Consul at Halifax, will likely assist at the meeting of the Commission in some capacity. Of these two gentlemen we have, of course, not yet obtained photographs, and the portrait of Mr. Delfosse, notwithstanding our strenuous efforts, was found impossible to obtain. As the deliberations proceed, we shall endeavour to supply omissions and present further details, especially not overlooking Mr. F. W. Whitcher, our Fisheries Commission at Ottawa, whose presence at Halifax must be a necessity, inasmuch

as no man can possibly know more than he about all the ramifications of this important question. We now proceed to give such brief memoirs of the different gentlemen as we have been able to procure, adding that the portraits of Sir Alex. Galt and Mr. Ford are from photographs by Topley, of Ottawa; those of Messrs. Doutré, Thomson, Davies and Weatherbe from photographs by Notman, Montreal, Halifax and St. John; that of Honorable Mr. Kellogg from Warrens, and that of Judge Foster from Smith, Boston, while that of Mr. Bergne, is from Blanchard's, London.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT.—Our readers do not need to be made acquainted with this eminent statesman who has been before the country for so long, and of whom we have had such frequent occasion to speak in these columns. Sir Alexander is a thoroughly representative Canadian. His high social and financial position would alone suffice to raise him to the highest rank, but his services to his country have still further added to his fame. He is one of the Fathers of Confederation, having proposed resolutions in that sense in Parliament as early as 1858. He was Minister of Finance from 7th August, 1858, to 21st May, 1862, and again from March, 1864, to August, 1866, and again from July to November, 1867. Among other missions fulfilled by him with credit, he was a delegate to Washington respecting the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866, and to the London Colonial Conference in 1866-67. He now holds the appointment from the Imperial Government of Commissioner under the Washington Treaty for the valuation of the fishery privileges conceded to the United States. He is the author of several pamphlets of public interest. In 1869, he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He sat for Sherbrooke County in the Canada Assembly from 1849 to 1859, and for Sherbrooke town from 1853 till the Union, when he was returned to the same seat for the House of Commons, from which he retired in 1872. He has since been out of active political life. No better choice for the present position could have been made, the whole country, irrespective of party, having entire confidence in his ability, integrity and firmness.

THE HON. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG.—Mr. Kellogg has had long experience in public affairs and an intimate personal acquaintance with the leading men of his country. Early in life entering the Legislative Assembly of Massachusetts as a member of the Whig party, which for a generation was the dominant party of that State under the lead of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and Rufus Choate, he acquired prominence when laurels were not easily won, and whether in the forum or as presiding officer of the House of Representatives, he honorably maintained the position he assumed and early took rank as one of the foremost men in his native commonwealth. His independence of character, unwavering and outspoken adherence to his conviction of right and duty, and his contempt for all the low artifices of the demagogue, caused Mr. Kellogg to remain somewhat isolated as a public man, after the dissolution of the Whig party. Had he early actively joined the ranks of that party which succeeded the Whig, no man would have been more certain of prominence in it. But the civil war aroused him and again brought him into public life, and during the war and since its close, he has frequently been called by his fellow-citizens from his study and the charms of an exalted social position to again mingle in political affairs. As a speaker and orator, in early and middle life, Mr. Kellogg had few equals. His open, manly and logical style of oratory was characteristic of the man, and his genial, often humorous and somewhat conversational manner of speaking was interspersed with sudden outbursts of impassioned eloquence and periods of intensified power, so that an assembly rarely failed to be affected by his arguments. Age, while it has admonished him that he stands as one of the best representatives of a past generation of great men, has not subdued the youthful fire which now, as of old, can on occasion burst forth in all the glow and fervor of dramatic eloquence, nor has it changed the love of social enjoyment or weakened his power to attract and attach to himself a host of admiring personal friends. For the important and honorable position he is about to assume he is admirably fitted, by his long experience in public affairs, his familiarity with the history of the questions he will be called to examine and decide upon, his readiness and tact in debate and his judicial and candid mind.

MR. FRANCIS CLARE FORD.—This distinguished gentleman is son of the celebrated English author Richard Ford whose writings on Spanish subjects and literature are so well known. Mr. Francis Clare Ford served for some years in Her Majesty's Regiment of 4th Light Dragoons, and in 1852 entered the Diplomatic Service. He has been employed in various quarters of the globe, and having been appointed in 1867 First Secretary of the Legation at Washington, acted for some months there, in the year 1868, as Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Ford was promoted to be Chargé d'Affaires at Carlsruhe and Darmstadt in 1873, and was appointed Her Majesty's agent to attend the Fisheries Commission at Halifax, on the 26th of July, 1875.

HON. DWIGHT FOSTER.—He is the son of Alfred Dwight Foster, and was born at Worces-

ter, Mass., on December 13th, 1829. He graduated at Yale College, in 1848, and was admitted to the bar at Worcester in 1850. Mr. Foster has been Attorney-General of the State of Massachusetts, and Judge of the Supreme Court of the same State. This position he resigned to resume the practice of his profession at Boston. Gifted with legal attainments of the highest order, ripened by his experience on the Bench, of courtly manners and address, of high social position and genial temperament, the United States possess in Judge Foster a sound lawyer and a safe counsellor. Our readers will doubtless notice the striking resemblance of Judge Foster to the present Earl of Derby.

JOSEPH DOUTRE, Q. C.—This distinguished French-Canadian gentleman was born at Beauharnois, near Montreal, on the 11th March, 1825. After completing his studies, in which he succeeded admirably, he was admitted to the Montreal Bar on the 30th April, 1847, and on 15th August, 1863, was created Queen's Counsel. Mr. Doutré served a short term in Parliament, but his sturdy advocacy of Liberal principles, without truckling to expediency or sacrificing the least of his convictions for the sake of office, has rendered his advancement in his own party almost an impossibility. And yet Mr. Doutré, as even his adversaries have always been the first to acknowledge, has all the qualifications of a party leader—sterling judgment, immense energy and a profound knowledge of men, thus resembling in many respects his great opponent, the late Sir George Cartier. Mr. Doutré has a world-wide reputation in connection with the case of Guibord which he championed from the beginning, pleaded in three different trials and finally won before the Privy Council. It was he who was charged with the burial of the remains, and though foiled in the first attempt, he persevered until he succeeded. He is at the head of one of the largest and most successful law firms in the city of Montreal. In November, 1875, he was appointed Counsel for H. B. Majesty before the Commission sitting at Halifax under the Washington Treaty, and having thoroughly mastered his case, we have full confidence that he will handle it with his usual prudence and ability.

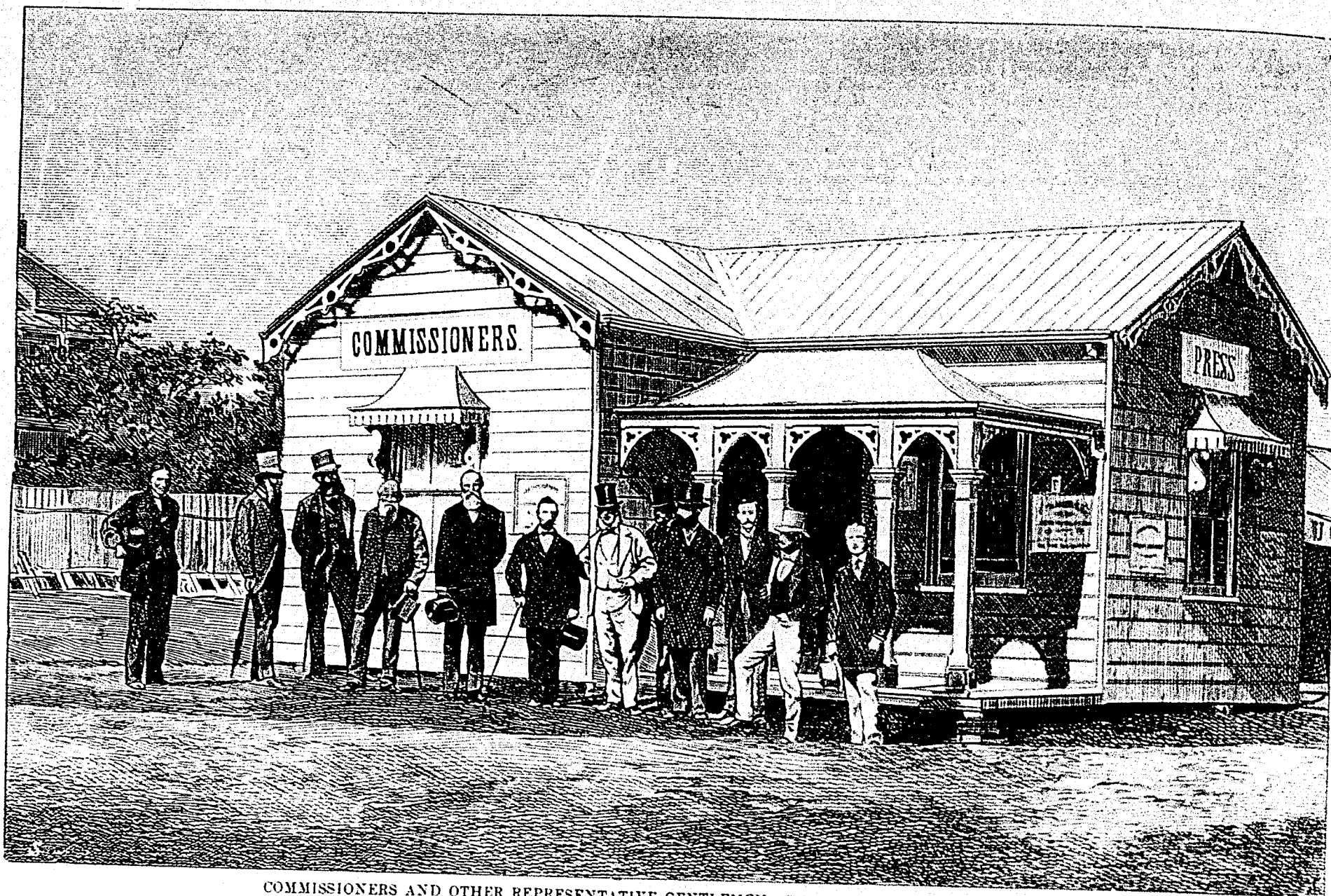
SAMUEL R. THOMSON, Esq., Q. C.—We have not been able to procure, notwithstanding application, any notice of the career of this gentleman. It is to our knowledge, however, that he is a very able lawyer, of large practice in St. John, N. B., and his appointment to his present position is convincing proof of both his abilities and standing.

ROBERT L. WEATHERBE.—This gentleman was born in P. E. Island and first studied at the Central Academy of Charlottetown, the capital. He graduated B. A. of Acadia College, 1858, where he filled the position of Professor of Mathematics till the following year, when he commenced the study of law at Halifax with the Hon. J. W. Johnston, afterwards Equity Judge. He was called to the Nova Scotia Bar in 1863. Previously, as well as subsequently to this period, he was chief political editor of the old and well-known *Acadian Recorder*, contributing at the same time to other periodicals. He married in 1864, the daughter of Dr. Lewis Johnston, of "Annandale," Wolfville. He is mentioned in the *Illustrated Canadianist* as author of a pamphlet entitled "Dawn of a New Empire," Halifax, 1867, and in that year was chosen, jointly with the late Hon. Wm. Garvie, Corresponding Secretary of the "League of the Maritime Provinces," established by the late Hon. Joseph Howe, to oppose the "Quebec Scheme" of Confederation. He was appointed Law Clerk to the Parliament of Nova Scotia in 1868, and afterwards successfully practised his profession in Halifax. He was appointed in 1875 one of the Counsel to represent Great Britain before the Mixed Commission to sit at Halifax under the Washington Treaty. He was created a Q. C. in 1876, and is the head of the prominent law firm of Weatherbe & Graham. He has acted as agent for the Minister of Justice for the Province of Nova Scotia since 1875.

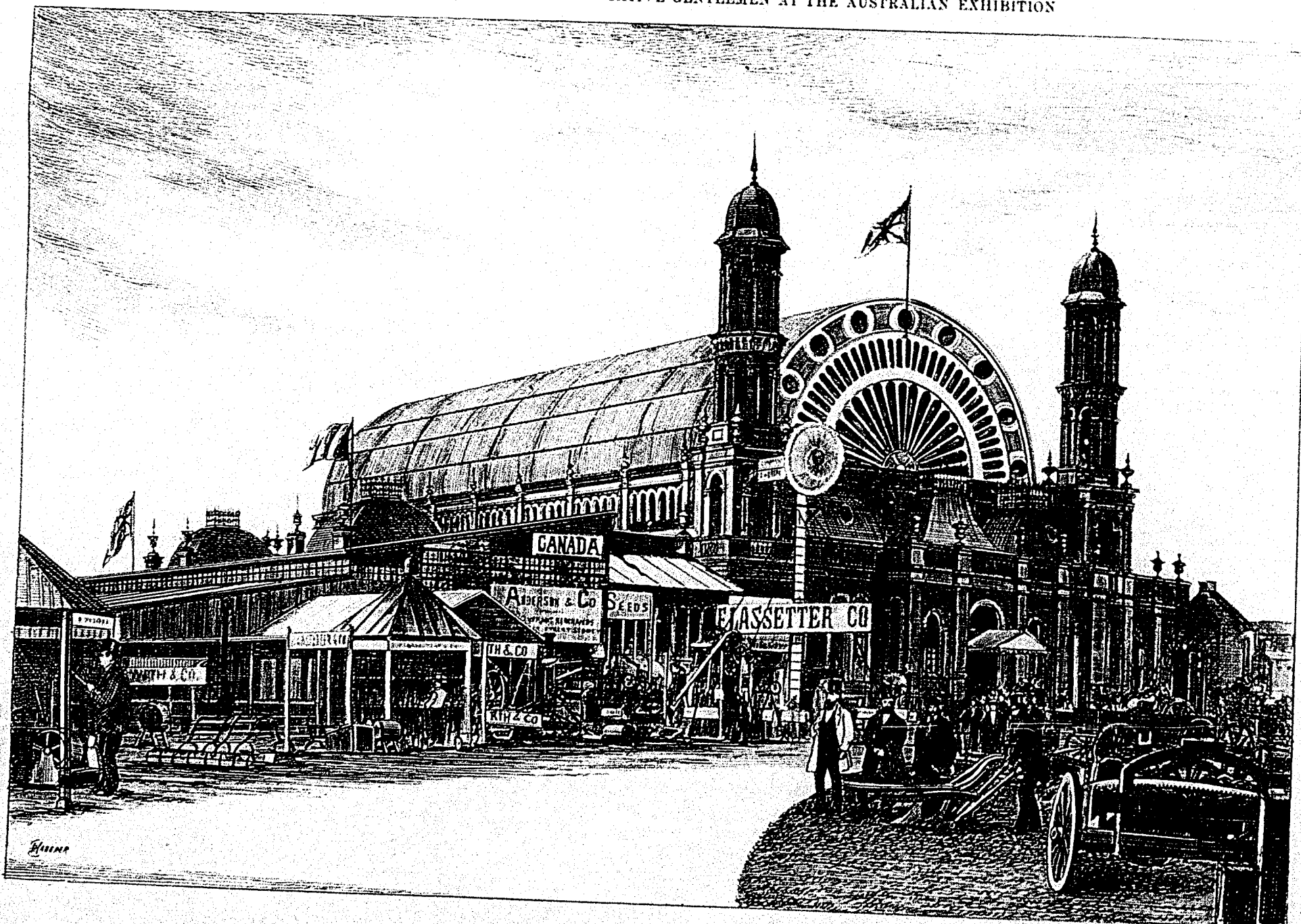
HON. L. H. DAVIES.—We have sought in vain for notes of the previous history of Mr. Davies. He is a younger member of the legal profession, and a very clever man. He holds the high rank of Premier of the Prince Edward Island Government.

MR. J. H. G. BERGNE.—This gentleman is son of the late Mr. J. B. Bergne, who was for many years Superintendent of the Treaty Department at the Foreign Office and enjoyed a European reputation as an authority on all treaty matters. Mr. J. H. G. Bergne entered the Foreign Office in 1861, and has recently been appointed assistant in the Turkish and Russian Division of that Department. He also holds the rank of Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and has been detached on special service in connection with the Halifax Commission.

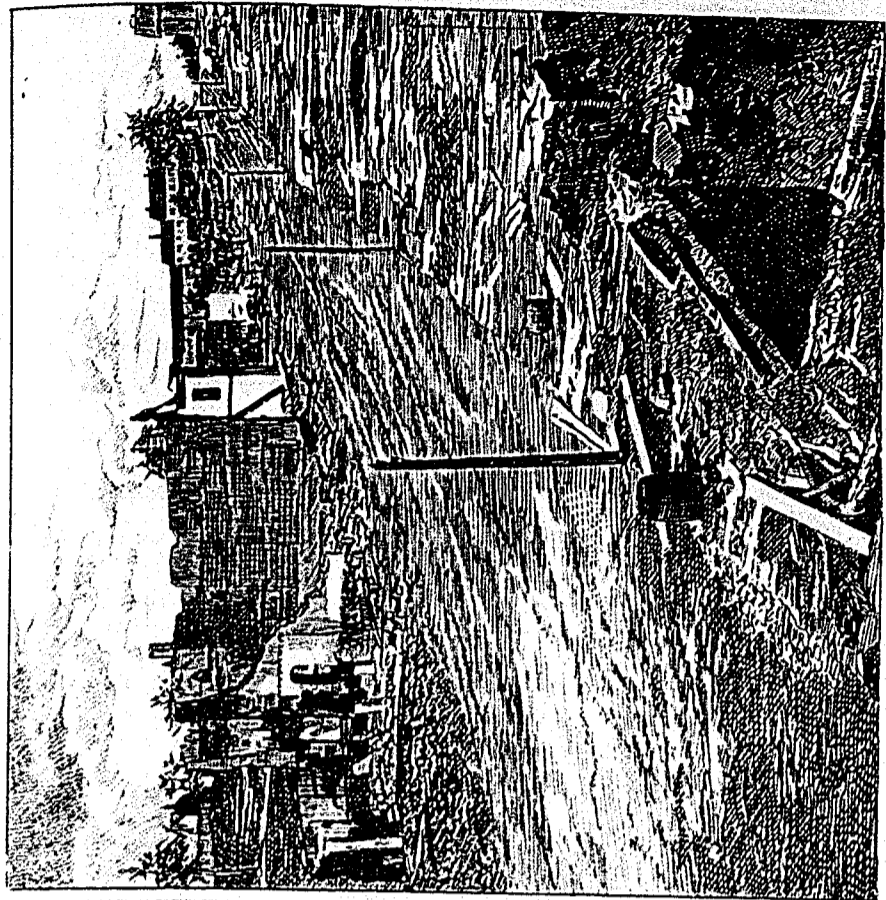
SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST.—The Jesuits have applied for and obtained permission from the Quebec Government to take possession of the old belfry on the Jesuit Barracks, and the entablature inside and outside of the main gateway leading from the old Upper Town market, which bears the monogram of the Society of the Order of Jesus, the original founders of the buildings and college—their object being to preserve the same as mementoes of the early labors of the pioneers of their Order in the colony.



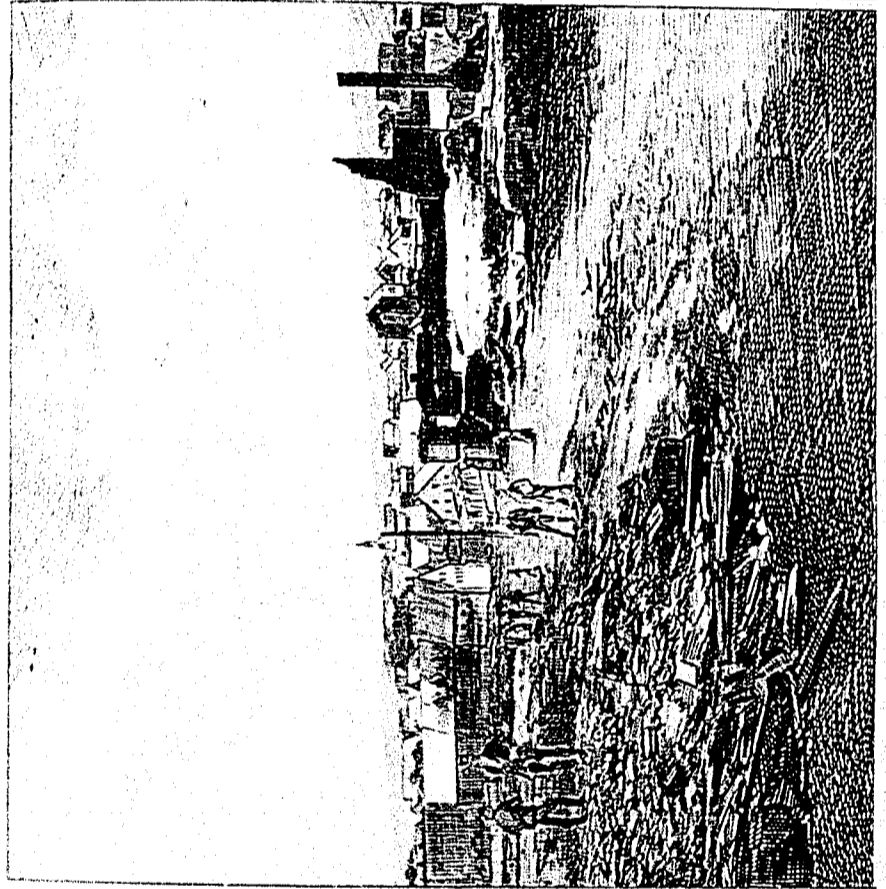
COMMISSIONERS AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVE GENTLEMEN AT THE AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITION



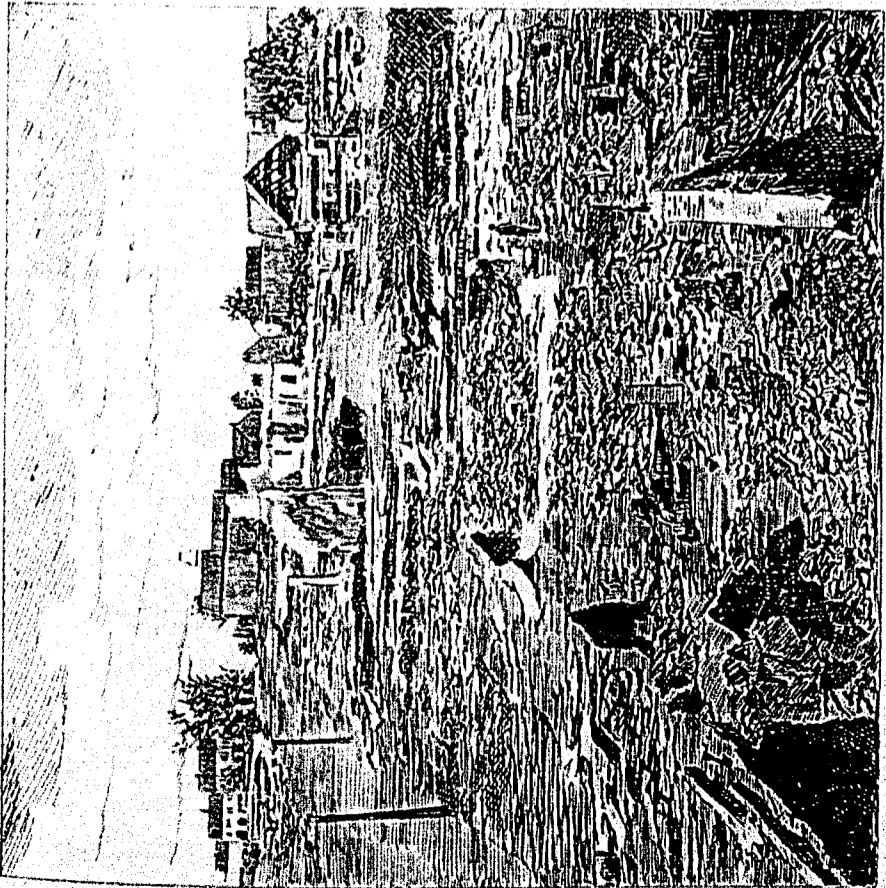
A VIEW OF THE AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITION BUILDING.



LOOKING UP ACROSS MAIN STREET.

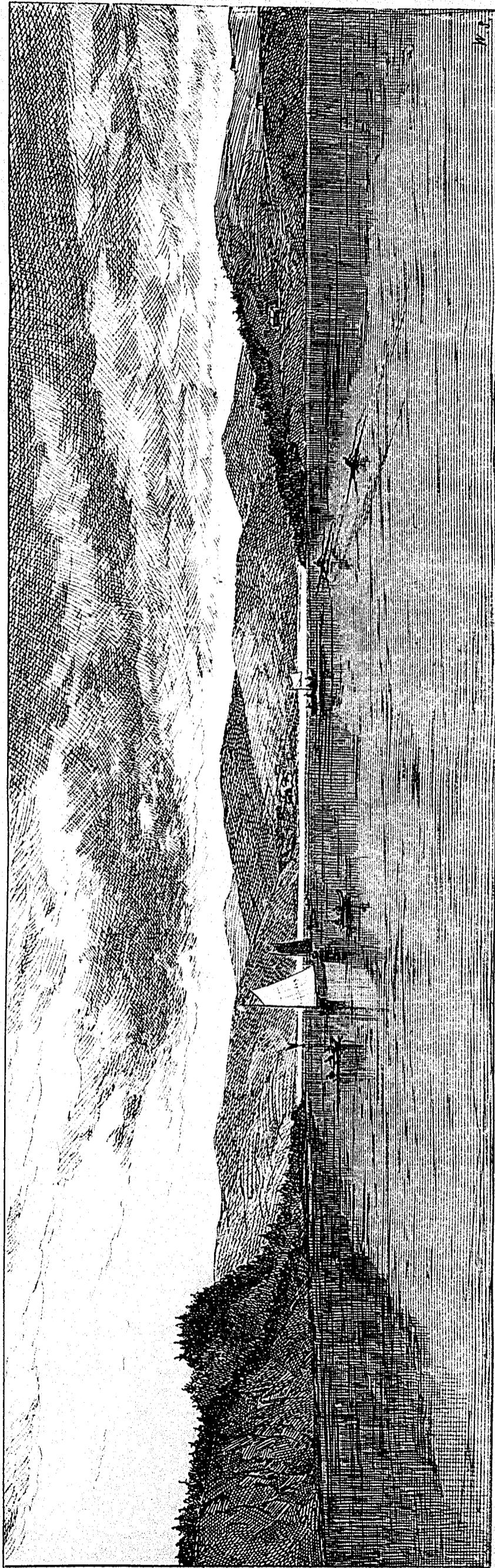


LOOKING DOWN MAIN STREET.



GENERAL VIEW FROM KING STREET LOOKING UP MAIN.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—SCENES OF THE GREAT FIRE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. MOORE, FREDERICTON.



MINISTER'S FACE

CLIFTON UPPER STAKE BOAT TO FINISH.

ROSS.

PLAISTED.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE ROSS-PLAISTED BOAT RACE ON THE KENNEBECASIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. MILLES.

THE FREE LANCE.

A tremendous big woman, ugly and pretentious, came out of the Paris salon. Meeting a friend upon the stair, she said:

"I have made up my mind to get my portrait painted."

"By whom?"

"I am not decided yet."

The friend said quite innocently:

"You had better have it done by Rosa Bonheur!"

Snow-balls in Viger Garden. What a climate!

Why is the office-seeker like the King in "Hamlet?"
Because his offence is rank.

Canadian journalists are not a whit behind their American colleagues. Sitting in his sanctum, the Chicago man writes telegrams from the seat of war on the Danube. Sitting in his sanctum, the Canada man writes glowing letters from the "City of Brussels."

A certain gentleman went lately on a trip for his health, of which grave fears were entertained. Fortunately he came back much improved. And this additional circumstance was observed—that whereas, when he started, he was as grey as a beldzer, when he returned his hair and whiskers were black as the raven's wing.

"That's it, exactly," said Loftus. "He went abroad to dye."

He got home from Dawson's with a handsome big war map and two paper boxes of pins—the one blue-headed, the other red-headed.

"We shall revel to-night," he said to his wife, as he proceeded to unroll the map on the dining table.

"Hold on, my boy," said the wife, "the girl is just going to lay the cloth for supper. In the meantime, perhaps you might take off your hat and coat. You sleep here to-night, don't you?"

He didn't eat much, but talked loudly about his big map. She ate a good deal, very deliberately, and seemed in no hurry to have the tea things removed. It dawned upon the poor fellow that matters didn't look exactly propitious, but he took patience and waited.

His chance came at last. The table was cleared, and the map spread out, with a book to keep down one corner, and a lamp to hold the other.

"What pins do you take?" he asked.

"The blue, of course. I'm in favour of Holy Russia."

"And I go for the Turks. They're so fond of the sex, you know."

She looked at him, and the smile died on his lips.

"Here's Ardahan," he said.

"I stick it."

"No, I stick it."

"The Russians took the place."

"But the Turks retook it."

"They didn't."

"They did."

"They didn't, I tell you."

And she stuck it.

"Well, here's Kars."

"That's mine."

"Oh, no, my dear."

"But it is. The Russians took it two or three times."

"It has been denied."

"I don't care if it has."

And she stuck Kars.

The husband's sense of justice naturally revolted at these high-handed measures, and he resolved to take his revenge.

"Well, here is Soukhoum Kaleh: you must acknowledge that that was taken by the Turks."

"Yes, but it was evacuated. How could a fleet hold it?"

Not minding her, he stuck a pin into Soukhoum Kaleh. She stuck a pin. He stuck another. She another. In the excitement, he stuck a pin into her finger. She screamed, threw down her box of pins, pushed away the map, in which act down came the lamp, smashing to pieces, and besmearing the beautiful sheet. The Eastern war is a forbidden subject in that household now.

A gentleman had been reading the very interesting letters published by the *Herald* about the Australian Exhibition, and still he was not satisfied.

"The report will never be complete without a long speech from Hon. John Young, with a quotation from Burns in it."

"Oh, be easy!" I said. "That speech will be sure to come."

And it came the next day, quotation and all.

The Shamrocks were burked of the championship at Toronto.

Sir John repeated the good old saying at London, the other day, that the tree which bears most fruit is known by the pile of stones under it.
LACLEDE.

EPIHEMERIDES.

A public discussion is going on with regard to the formation of an orchestra for this city, severely-trained musicians insisting upon professional material, others contenting themselves with good will and practice. I shall not enter into the discussion to-day, but I will assert, as an exponent of a general feeling, that the era of

amateur orchestral playing is about gone, and that if we desire to keep pace with the times, we have to aim at a higher standard. In parlors and private meetings, the amateur is in his place, but in the public interpretation of masterpieces where execution is nearly the whole of success, we can no longer put up with even the best meant efforts of amateurs. I am sure that none feel this more than Messrs. Gould, Prune, Lavallée, or Dr. MacLagan, and it is to them we must necessarily look up for the imperative reform.

I see that an English paper considers it a mistake to have devoted the Order of St. Michael and St. George exclusively to the colonies. It asserts that in British North America, Australia, and New Zealand, England has to do chiefly with men of her own race and language, and for them no special Legion of Honour was needed or ought to have been devised. The Bath should have been made the reward for distinguished public service in the colonies as in the Mother Country. The arrangement by which, in the transfer of the Ionian Islands to Greece, the St. Michael and St. George was converted into a general colonial distinction places the colonists or servants of the Crown in the colonies, who may be considered worthy of some special mark of royal favor, in a somewhat invidious position. They are carefully ticketed and kept apart from the general body of distinguished public servants. True, the royal dukes and a sprinkling of ex-Secretaries and ex-Under-Secretaries of State adorn the roll of the Order, but that does not in any way affect the objection to the isolation of the colonists.

The Caxton celebration, which is to take place in this city on the 26th inst., deserves the attention of the whole public, and it is to be hoped that the citizens of Montreal will show their appreciation of so rare and notable an event by giving it their most generous encouragement. Toronto and other cities have done nobly in this respect, setting an example which this city is bound to follow, if it expects to maintain its reputation for culture and liberality. A number of literary gentlemen, acting under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, to whom is due the initiative in the matter, have devoted their time, labour, and abilities in making a large collection of works representative of the art of printing in its multifarious branches, and it is within my knowledge that they have succeeded far beyond any expectations, so that the exhibition in the Mechanics' Hall will prove an agreeable surprise to all who visit it. The idea is to give a conversation in that hall on the 26th, when the exhibition will be laid open with a number of attractive accompaniments that will heighten the enjoyment of the public. This conversation is not a speculation, but the proceeds are intended solely to cover the rather heavy outlay which the committee have necessarily been called upon to make. I have no doubt whatever that all the tickets will be taken up, and that we shall have the pleasure to record one more triumph in the cause of literature and art.

Whether rightly or wrongly, executive clemency has been extended on two previous occasions to miserable abortionists in the Province of Ontario. That this course has not tended to a diminution of this horrible crime is only too evident from the recent case of poor Alberta Wade at Castleton, whose fate is one of the most painful on record. A young woman of good family, fine education, perfect health, and of unusual personal charms, is made the victim of the seducer in the isolation of her school house, and when the traces of her sin are about to appear, she is taken to a lonely hut in the woods and left to the tender mercies of the heartless abortionist. Stretched upon a couch, the terrible irons are applied, and under the concussion, the fair head falls back, the body is distended, and Alberta Wade is a corpse. She is then hurried off to the dusky thicket and hidden under the leaves. I have put the case as delicately as possible, because the truth ought to be known everywhere, inasmuch as so many beautiful girls are in similar danger, but the reality is much more horrible, and will hardly bear to be set on paper. I need not remind the authorities that abortion is a double murder, of which, if we look at matters from a severe Christian standard, feticide is perhaps the more heinous of the twain. It is to be hoped that this time justice will have full sway, and that whatever example may be demanded by an outraged public opinion will be unflinchingly given.

A. STEELE PENN.

FREE TRADE DEMONSTRATIONS.

Weak causes are always on the look out for aid and comfort from abroad. Hence, the Free Trade party here got a great lift lately by a little demonstration made by their friends in the States. This little affair is giving them great encouragement. The slowness of the Americans to move in the matter has up to the present time baffled all the efforts of Free Traders here. A few years ago, when the insurgents were ready to action in Canada, their friends in the States hung fire, hence a good chance of introducing

the Free Trade hobby was lost; and now there appears to be an equally serious drawback of another kind. The foreign mercenaries are showing signs of life, but the patriots at home are, by desertions and "hope deferred," totally demoralized and unfit for action. It is just as well for them it is so. Even their combined strength would amount to nothing any how. The movement, though weak enough here, is ten times more so in the States. The delusion is, nevertheless, injurious. There are great numbers of persons, with no settled convictions regarding Free Trade and Protection, ever standing between the two extremes, and ready to rush from one to the other, as the cause of each appears to be on the decline or in the ascendant. There are others who will go for Protection if they cannot see Free Trade. But like the dog crossing the stream, if they see even the shadow, they will drop the bone and grasp at it. Now, Protection is the bone, and Free Trade is a shadow. And he who drops the former for the latter gets as badly fooled as the dog every time. An idea was started last year that Australia would be a good market for Canadian manufacturers. Some Protectionists as well as Free Traders fell into this error. There was really no need for any one falling into it. Some grasped at the shadow, and tried the experiment to their cost. But if we cannot compete with Americans, here, at home, how can we compete with them elsewhere? Have we better facilities for sending goods to Australia than they have? These are the questions that should have suggested themselves to every one. With Canadian manufacturers it is the home market or no market at all. Setting a child on the top rung of a ladder first is the surest way to get him killed. With a little protection, Canadian manufacturers would soon be able to do the home trade better than any foreigners, after which it would be time enough for them to think of selling goods, in other countries, with profit. Free Trade demonstrations may represent "the rustic murmurs of a borough," but protection is to-day "the great wave that echoes round the world." There is no such thing as Free Trade, there never was, and there never will be. Hence, protection may say to Free Trade—

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me.
For you cannot kill the immortal!"

I admit that Free Trade opinions made some progress at one time. I admit that they injured Protection, somewhat, either through its own apathy or for want of skill in its advocates. But a rat may hurt a lion; a rat may kill a lion, if the lion lets him. But the lion needn't let him if he likes. So it is with Free Trade and Protection. Free Trade can never get more than an apparent footing at any time. One may cease breathing for a few seconds, but the cessation cannot last long. The lungs must resume work, or death will soon ensue. A nation may cease to protect his industries, for a while, as one may cease breathing, without feeling any immediate loss of power, but this state of things cannot last. It must ultimately return to Protection, or national poverty and decay will follow. While separate nationalities exist, while national debts and burdens are unequal, there can never be Free Trade, however much men try. There may be what is called an approximation, but this is often nothing more or less than moderate Protection.

The difference between Free Trade and Protection is this: Free Traders insist that it is best for governments to collect revenue, by the cheapest and most direct methods, without regard to the effect of any particular tax on production. Protectionists believe that the effect of a particular tax on production, is the best method of ascertaining whether the tax is advisable or not.

Free Traders look at only one end of the question; Protectionists look at it from beginning to end. Free Traders consider what is easiest done in customs houses; Protectionists consider what is most convenient and profitable for the public. Let us consider how it would do for a farmer to make up his taxes according to the Free Trade plan. Selling his oxen or horses might be the easiest and most direct means of raising the money. But what would be the effect? He might have to replace them, shortly, at a much higher price, or allow part of his farm to remain uncultivated, rendering himself still less able to make up his taxes the next year. In like manner, under a Free Trade government, people become less able to pay their taxes each year, while under Protectionist governments they become more able. The reason is that the taxes each year frequently interfere with production the next. In England and Canada the pinch of paying the taxes is becoming greater every year, while in France and the States, on account of Protection, it is becoming less, notwithstanding their enormous war debts. England is giving the world Free Trade, without getting it from a single nation in return. She is prodigal of her favours and resources, "casting pearls before swine," or rather, as it were, "giving the children's bread to dogs." Those who are now profiting by this folly on her part, do not thank her, and never will. Prodigiousity is popular while it lasts, and so is Free Trade. While the prodigal has gifts and favours to bestow, he is sure to have admirers. But when he comes to eat the husks, few there are to care about, or follow after him.

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

ARTISTIC.

"THE Taking of Rome by the Gauls," is the subject given for the *Prix de Rome* in painting this year.

The Prince of Wales likes the grouping of artists' pictures together, and proposes that this shall be done for the *Exposition Universelle*.

We are glad to be able to number among the Canadian prize-winners at the Australian exhibition the name of Mr. William Notman, who obtained the first prize over all competitors for the excellence of his photographs.

SEVERAL valuable paintings in the Birmingham Art Gallery have been seriously damaged by gas. The painting of ancient Rome has been destroyed, the portrait of Sir Josiah Mason spoiled, and others of the best pictures show signs of injury.

THE heirs of Turner, the painter, have brought an action against the heirs of the attorney who acted for them, and who paid them only £2,500 for engravings which he afterwards sold for £37,000, and which had been valued at £5,000 before he paid the smaller sum.

It is said that 3,000 pictures were rejected from the Royal Academy this year. A meeting of the unhappy artists has been held, to consider their position, and to see if they cannot put themselves right with the public another year. It is proposed to open an independent gallery, and to this artists will be invited to contribute.

MR. HENRY WEEKES, R.A., the celebrated sculptor, died recently at London, in his seventy-eighth year. He was a pupil of Chantrey, and among his most distinguished works are the statues for the Martyrs Memorial at Oxford; of Lord Bacon, for Trinity College, Cambridge; and of Charles II. for the House of Lords. He also executed one of the groups for the Albert Memorial.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD, the sculptor, is on his way to Australia, prior to returning home. He did not get on too satisfactorily with the official work in India. He went eastward with the intention of creating at Delhi his statue of the Queen, as a memorial of Her Majesty's proclamation as Empress of India. The Government failed to fund the purchase money demanded, so the Imperial edify goes to Calcutta, to be there on pedalled by public subscription. Mr. Wood is well known in Ottawa, where he had trouble with the Government. It is his statue of the Queen that stands in Victoria Square, Montreal.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LUCIA is to retire from the operatic stage, and will make Goldenberg, Switzerland, her home, where she has a villa.

THE Queen sent to inquire after the health of Miss Tittens, and there is universal sympathy with the great artiste in every circle of society.

It is a fact but little known, perhaps, that Cora Pearl is the daughter of Cromach, the painter of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Two days after leaving the port of New York Old Bull scattered flowers on the water, at the request of his parents, who, on a previous voyage, had buried their little child at sea.

PREPARATIONS are being made by the International Mozart Society for a grand festival in honor of that composer, to be held during the latter part of July in Salzburg, his native town.

THERESA, the famous French singer, who has never before been heard in London, is there now. She fills the stage by herself in a piece called *Les Chateaux de Suzon*, which permits her to sing all her famous songs in one evening.

MR. MAPLESON'S new tenor, Signor Carrion, is the very racket tenor of the period. He is about the feet three inches in height. So the contrast with Signor Foli (who is some six feet four inches tall, when the one played *Almaviva*, his other brother was Italian).

It is reported that the last act of a play was omitted entirely lately in London, because there was no carpet for the stage and the floor was so dirty that the actress refused to go upon it with an elegant white dress she wears in that act. She is not the only actress who thinks more of her wardrobe than her art.

Mlle. ALBANI is continuing her Italian success in London at the Covent Garden. The Londoners are delighted to find in her more highly perfected gifts, both as singer and actress, than she has ever shown before. She fairly divides the honors with Nilsson, who is singing at Her Majesty's.

HUMOROUS.

ON account of the Turco-Russian war and the failure of the American cabbage crop last year, nearly all the genuine imported Turkish tobacco will have to be made at home.

AN old citizen of this place, aged eighty-four, says that in his pilgrimage through this world he never saw a rich man who could sing. He is no doubt right, for no man can get rich who wastes his notes.

THE season has arrived for a man to depart from among the five hundred dissatisfied flag-men stars and creep up in the back room to battle with the one impetuous specimen who inhabits that room and wants to form his acquaintance.

"YES," remarked a tramp, as he stretched himself out to sleep on a seat in the Senate gallery, "the glorious palladium of our liberties must be preserved. We can't watch these politicians too closely; in fact I think I shall stay here all night."

THE architect who discovers a plan whereby a double house may be built so that you can hear all that is said next door, without the people in the adjoining house being able to hear a word uttered in your side, will have no reason to complain of a stagnation in business.

BE kind to the book-agent. He has a father, perhaps, and a mother, who knew him in his innocent youth. Perhaps even now, in some New England village, fond hearts are beating for him, and sweet lips breathe love's dearest prayers for his welfare. Therefore lay him down tenderly, fold his hands peacefully on his breast, and close his eyes gently as you put him to rest under the branches of weeping willow, where the birds carol all through the summer days their softest songs. But plant him deep—plant him deep!

A GOOD story was lately told *en passant* to English reserve. An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose; at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his necktie. At last the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

III.

THE FORCES OF THE BELLIGERENTS.

In order to be able to judge reasonably of the probabilities of the war, it is necessary to have an accurate idea of the relative strength of the contending forces.

First, the Russian army of the Danube. For this army—generally called the Southern Army—four corps were sent into the field, making a total of 130,000 infantry and cavalry, with 450 guns and 30,000 horses.

The Russian army of the Caucasus consists of 95,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, 300 guns, and fully 10,000 militia from the environs—making a total of at least 130,000 men.

The Turkish army of the Danube, north of the Balkans, numbers 128,000 men, and south of these mountains 30,000, making a maximum of 160,000 men.

The Russian army is well equipped, and while the men are ordinarily good, the officers are very efficient. The Turkish army is poorly equipped, and while the men are admittedly brave, even to rashness, they are wretchedly officered.

It will be seen that the odds are all against Turkey, and that she will have to fight two to one. Hence, if the war is prolonged, the issue may be easily foreseen.

In regard to the naval forces, the parties are more evenly balanced, as the following accurately prepared tables will show:—

Table comparing Turkish and Russian squadrons. Columns include ship names, tonnage, and counts. Total Turkish: 44,200 tons; Total Russian: 41,855 tons.

It will be seen from the above that there is no great difference of armor between the two squadrons taken as a whole. As regards guns, the comparison is as follows:—

Table comparing guns in Turkish and Russian squadrons. Columns include gun counts and weights. Turkish: 12 of 18 tons, 14 of 12 1/2, 68 of 6 1/2, 24 guns weighing 684. Russian: 4 of 40 tons, 7 of 37, 6 of 31, 57 guns weighing 1012.

Having the command of the Dardanelles gives the Turks an exclusive hold in the Black Sea which manifestly increases their advantage on that side, but the system of torpedoes laid by the Russians is a powerful offset, as is proved by the blowing up already of two powerful Turkish gunboats.

IV.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE WAR.

It is impossible to follow the varying events of a war without a knowledge of its topography, and, of course, the topography cannot be known without the assistance of a map. Two large and accurate maps of the seat of war have been published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

With these maps outspread before them, let our readers follow us as we proceed to describe the principal topographical points of this war. First: There is the great problem of the passage of the Danube. The average width of this historic river from Widdin to Hirsova is about 1500 paces.

best of all is at Oltenitza, opposite Turkutai, which seems to be the point chosen by the Russians. The Turks have no permanent works at Turkutai.

Next comes the passage of the Balkans. First there is the coast line, but that is utterly impracticable. Next there is the pass of Schumla, but there is an entrenched camp there which would offer serious resistance.

The position in Armenia is easily set forth. The Russian headquarters are at Alexandropol on the frontier. The Turkish line of defence is a triangle with Erzeroum at the apex, and Kars and Trebizond at the two extremities of the base.

CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AT BALACLAVA, 1854.

When did the Highland bonnets ever waver? History answers "Never!" for on her brazen front the gallant sons of Scotland have cut their names in lines imperishable and during.

The battle having raged for a long time, the Turks began to despair, and to their shame be it recorded, fled before the Russians. They betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies, placed on the flanks of the Highlanders.

The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two columns. The first column consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens.

They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo Highlanders! well done," shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen.

were still advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes.

VARIETIES.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—The following romantic incident occurred during the voyage of the "City of Brussels." It appears that Hon. Senator Smith, of Toronto, whose wife and whole family form a part of the pilgrims on board, was overwhelmed with anxiety for their fate up to the time when the vessel was first spoken.

A CLOCK THAT STRIKES THIRTEEN.—The Duke of Bridgewater was very fond of watching his men at work especially when any enterprise was on foot. When they were boring for coal at Worsley the Duke came every morning and looked on for a long time together.

the boring. On inquiry he found out the cause, and communicated it to the Duke who, from that time, made a point of immediately going off when the bell rang, returning when the men had resumed work, and remaining with them usually until six o'clock.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.—For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR AN EXAMINATION.—

The student should, the few weeks preceding the day of examination, subject himself to rigorous self-tests; he should systematically work out past examination papers, carefully noting all points in which he fails, and afterwards endeavoring to overcome any difficulties he may have met with. The memory should be refreshed in all matters of dates, facts and figures and essential principles of every subject should be kept diligently before the eye.

PHOSFOZONE

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J. H. G. BERGNE, BRITISH SECRETARY.

ON SITTING AT HALIFAX.

QUEBEC SCENERY.

I.

LOOKING FROM THE CITADEL.

Fall oft has nature cast in some rare mould Her grouping of the hills and rivers sweet...

II.

THE CATARACT MONTMORENCY.

When Time rough-handed, broke the rocky urn That held thee, Montmorency, in the hills...

III.

FROM POINT-LEVI.

We came upon a hilltop and behold The river passed, with his sonorous chain...

A FIGHT FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

I.

I sat at breakfast one autumn morning, lazily sipping my coffee and trying to solve a problem that completely eclipsed the point osinorum...

MY DEAREST WILLIE,

"And I really don't see that we need be in any hurry to be married. We have only been engaged a year. You are only twenty-two, and I am but nineteen..."

Of course I had read her letter first, and had inwardly resolved upon overcoming her fears and getting married off hand...

"The six months your deceased relative directed his will to be kept sealed were up yesterday, and the will was read by me before several of his relatives..."

"I am, sir, yours faithfully, J. H. PROCTOR."

My bright hopes were banished, and it was with a sorrowful heart that I came to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but to wait as patiently as possible...

"Good morning, Mr. Herbert. You are late."

"I have had unwelcome news, sir, and forgot how the time was passing."

"I have been well pleased with your business tact and energy, Mr. Herbert, and have sent for you now to undertake a rather ticklish matter..."

"You know we have discontinued working the Lleydem brickfields; and it appears that our late manager has allowed the royalty to Earl — to fall into arrears for two years..."

"I withdrew to make the necessary preparations and cogitate about my anticipated good fortune, and the strange service I was engaged upon..."

II.

I alighted at Nantygolyn Station, and engaged a room at the sole inn the village boasted of. It was still early in the evening, and I started after dinner to walk as far as Llysoy, a distance of about two miles, to reconnoitre...

It was a wild and lonely place where the brickyard was situated. It was just where the moorland commenced, and where there was nothing to interrupt the eye as it roamed over the purple flat, strangely lit up in places by crimson gleams and patches of golden brown...

even catch, borne on the wind, the faint roar of the surf on the flat sandy shore.

Nothing could be done that night, and on the morrow I mounted a sorry animal which mine host called a saddle-horse, and rode off to the mines to bespeak the services of a dozen men and three horses—all they had to spare—for eight o'clock that night, and then back to the station to put all right with the station-master...

At eight o'clock it was already quite dark. When I reached the bank over the line I saw that the men, by the light of lanterns, had rigged up a temporary crane, and were tugging away at the ropes, trying to raise the fallen engine...

"Look sharp, hobs, and get her on the line before they come," I cried, and lent a hand to the ropes myself. At last, with a thud, she was righted, and then the screw-jacks were again applied to lift her properly on the rails...

"It shall be a fair fight," he said. "Let us see which can pull the hardest. Now, and you take your chance in the law afterwards."

By mutual consent we unscathed the wheels, and the tournament began. First one party gained a few yards, then the other. The animals tugged their very hardest, abled by the men. The Englishmen were the strongest, although the fewest in number, but the incline was in favour of the Welshmen...

"There will be none as good as you, sir; and they be all tired with this pulley-hauling work." "Well, then, I'm off to Nantygolyn Station; and I'll come back with the engine of the luggage-train. Do you see? Look to the points at the junction."

and dashed over the bank and into the narrow road. I had scarcely got out of the glare of the fire when I was roughly collared by somebody. As he was evidently not a friend, and there was no time for explanation, even if I wished to give any, I placed my hand over his shoulder and my arm under his chin, and with a sudden wrench, taught me by a Welsh collier, forced his head back, and left him half insensible on the ground.

That was a run!—along a rutty, stony road, and the night, or rather morning, pitch dark. It was tolerably good running that covered the two miles in a quarter of an hour, and I was thoroughly pulled as I got into the station. The train had been waiting a few minutes, and, although it was exceeding my power, I took the responsibility on myself of detaching the engine and going forward along the line...

Such a yell arose, after the first astonished silence, from our opponents, answered back by a ringing cheer from my men. The cattle were quickly unloosed and ridden off out of the way by three men. The ropes were quickly transferred to the big engine; and in the midst of a general mêlée the two locomotives moved slowly off, dragging their horses and donkeys backwards...

Well, that is how I fought for and won the locomotive. I do not know, good reader, if you will want to know any more. In case you do, I may say that my salary was raised considerably. Mary decided to take the risks of a married life on a still small income; and, so far, we have had no reason to repent taking such an important step.

LITERARY.

The third (and concluding) volume of "The Life of the Prince Consort," will not be published in the autumn of next year.

BRIEF HALLIE has written a new poem, and doesn't swear in it until the last verse of all. He is evidently losing his spirit and power.

It is said that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has an offer of \$25,000 from the Boston Lecture Association to spend his vacation in California.

SHAKESPEARE has been translated into Telugu. A certain Vasubala Vasuddeva Sastry has converted the German name Julius Caesar into the aboriginal tongue of South India.

MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, author of the "Household of Housewife," and other novels which have won a creditable place in Southern fiction, is recently deceased. She was a resident of Kentucky.

MR. AUSTIN, the writer of the American Centennial Letters to the Tower, has suddenly been summoned to Europe by his editor, and will be sent to write letters from the seat of war in the East.

M. JULES VERNE has reaped such substantial rewards from the sale of his story-books for boys, that he is extremely well off. Last year he had a very pretty yacht built for him, in which he is now cruising about the Channel.

PRINCE LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE has given to the Philological and English Dialect Societies ten copies each of his new octavo map, in red and black, of his "Classification of the English Dialects." He also has publications on the subject, which are well known many years before the Dialect Society started.

M. VICTOR HUGO's new volume of poetry was recently published in Paris. It bears the title of "L'Art d'être Grand-Père." The same great writer has in hand a history of the coup d'état. This will appear in October next, and it will be published simultaneously in French, English, Italian, and German. M. Hugo is also writing a novel.

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER has sent out the installment of his excellent new quart. edition of Shakespeare's plays, which contains "Titellus," and is at work on "Anthony and Cleopatra." This volume is a splendidly bound, as a supplement to this edition, the poems "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and "The Yorkshire Tragedy."

PROF. LEO, a learned German student of Shakespeare, has recently devoted several weeks to an examination of the Birmingham Shakespeare Memorial Library, in order to prepare the material for a new edition of Shakespeare's plays. Professor Leo has found much valuable material in the library which cannot be met with elsewhere.

THE EMPEROR of Brazil while in Paris visited Victor Hugo. He assured the author that he had always wished to express his admiration, and being uncertain whether he would ever return to Paris, he was resolved not to miss the opportunity. He spoke of Hugo's plays which he had seen acted in Brazil, and which had been very successful there. Some of them had been translated into Portuguese.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use "Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer" say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table.

When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

I.

ON BOARD THE G. P. S. "SECRET."

I can recall the time when the only mode of transit between Quebec and the Lower St. Lawrence, in summer, was by the medium of coasting vessels, ranging in size from forty to one hundred tons; this of course takes one back to a rude, primitive era in the colony, when, according to Hon. Mr. Fabre, of the *Evenement*, the members returned to parliament by the Lower St. Lawrence constituencies came up in schooners to take their seats, boarding occasionally within these floating hotels when circumstances permitted, or else putting up at some of the *Cul de sac* hoteliers of the period, and dispensing *in toto* with any kind of polish on their red heel and round-toe moccasins. Gaspé was then in verity a *terra incognita* during the long and dreary months of frost and snow. The mail service was performed monthly and consisted, for Gaspé, of one solitary strong leather bag strapped to the back of a sturdy Indian who went forth on snow-shoes; when tired he would transfer his despatches to a sled drawn by his faithful Indian dog. Later on, rough paths having been hewn through the woods by the Government, the mail matter went through the parishes, drawn by horses, to meet the Halifax packet, when not sent via New York. Quebecers, in these days, used each morning to cast an enquiring look towards the telegraph crowning the dizzy heights of Cape Diamond to ascertain when the long looked for letters might reach; several balls hoisted to a yard across a lofty post, such was the system of telegraphing then in use. The signals were carefully repeated from headland to headland—from parish to parish—from Bic to Quebec, a distance of some 180 miles. To the simple denizens of the country a trip to Gaspesia, or the maritime provinces, was a serious undertaking, and never lightly talked of. Its duration to and through at the shortest, covered four or five weeks. The route was not reckoned safe; the river not lighted, nor properly buoyed. There were many dreaded spots where superstition had hung more than one wild legend—where shipwrecks had spread innumerable harrowing memories. It was not unusual for the proudest amongst the country travellers to call in the village notary to draw up in legal form the last will of an anxious father or of a rich uncle; the demure official of course took care to add his mite to the terrors possible or even probable of the intended trip. Those who go down to the sea in ships witness many sights, it is well known, which are denied to timidous landmen.

Indeed, a trip to Gaspé had trouble at its very threshold. Before smelling salt water, one day's sail from the city plunged the traveller in the tumultuous surges of the *Gouffre*—the maelstrom once so dreaded between *Heaux Coulees* and *Bate St. Paul*—where the un lucky craft, often gyrating thirteen times or more in the baffling eddies of the *Gouffre*, if not swallowed up at once, had a fair chance of being cast ashore on the ledges of *Pointe à la Prairie*, on the west end of the *Heaux Coulees*. The *Gouffre*, however, by the shifting of its sand banks, or other causes, has lost much of its terrors; the merest tyro now ventures through it without "vowing a candle" to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patroness of mariners, whose chapel, decorated with ex-votos and crutches, is in view from St. Joachim. Opposite to the *Gouffre* at *St. Roch des Abatis*, was the shallow *Traverse* and its mill sluice racing tide, disclosing amongst other dreaded landmarks *la Roche Aiguille*, where the Allan steamer "Canadian" came to grief a few years back. No spot, however, was more feared than the entrance of the river *Madeleine*, lower than *Mataue*; there, during easterly storms, was heard the *Brailard de la Madeleine*—the wailings of an un baptized child, whose unquiet spirit hovered over this rocky shore ever since the date of *Le Grand Naufrage Anglais*, 1711. Not even the dismal shores of Anticosti, where shipwrecked seamen had been compelled to live on one another's flesh, and where the fearful pirate *Ganache* held undisputed sway, caused more alarm than the idea of being becalmed opposite to the river *Madeleine*. Then again, what could that fantastic rock at Cape Gaspé, *THE OLD WOMAN*, portend when its quasi-human shape loomed out in the dusk of the evening during a stiff northwestern? *Pereé Rock* had also its ominous and death presaging sights. Had not several noticed many white objects moving about on its verdant summit in deep twilight? They could not be gulls hatching there—but were more than likely the souls of the departed whose boats had been shattered against this lofty rock at night during storms. Such were some of the subjects of alarm for the simple minded generation of fishermen which formerly constituted the bulk of travel between Quebec and the Lower Ports. Of the protracted duration of one of those Gaspé trips I can speak from experience. In October, 1843, it took me seventeen days to reach, in a coaster of 43 tons, "*La Marie Louise*," Capt. Cayen, of Islet, from *Pointe Peters*, Gaspé, to the then capacious harbor of the Palais, Quebec. Of storms, bilge water, pea soup, and junk pork fried I had a lion's share—of comfort not a shadow. On emerging from the close cabin and unwashed berth it necessitated, need I say, more than one ablu tion to fit a traveller for the drawing room. How quickly our respected fathers might have ended their misery had a little bird whispered to them to get up a Gulf Port line of steamers!

The idea of navigating the Lower St. Lawrence by steamships had originated as early as 1831. On the 28th April of that year, at a cost of \$64,000, the *Royal William*, steam and sailing ship of 180 horse power and 1,000 tons burden, had been launched at Quebec, from the shipyard of the late George Black. This vessel, the pioneer of our early steam marine, was intended to ply, and did ply two years, between Quebec and Halifax. For many a long day the name of the late Capt. John McDougall, her commander, was a household word amongst Quebecers. This vessel, we are told, was purchased in London by the Spanish Government and became the *Isabella Secunda*, ship of war. It is sometimes stated that the *Savannah*, built at New York, first crossed the ocean by steam. She did not use her engine in crossing, whereas the *Royal William* steamed all the way from Quebec to London. English as well as American books of reference ignore the *Royal William*—she was only "colonial." Let us come to a later period, about 1843. A generation still exists which can look back to the palmy days of the good ship *Unicorn* and her experienced commander, Captain Walter Douglas. The *Unicorn* was the pioneer of the Cunard fleet to Halifax, and after accomplishing the first voyage, proceeded to take her place on the route from Quebec to Pictou, which she held for several years, aided occasionally by the *Margaret*. The *Unicorn* was intended to be the connecting link between the ocean line to Halifax and Canada.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A PECULIAR phase of the social economy is that a girl often marries a loss, while a widow always marries again.

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"—"Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

A WOMAN thinks a man brave if he only picks up a cockroach with his fingers, but she doesn't think it requires any courage to swear off for three weeks.

A MERCHANT advertised for a boy who was "quick at figures." A darling youth appeared, bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the lancers and the polka.

A WRITER says, "The boys must help themselves." Most boys do, until the old man admonishes them by a thump on the head that somebody else likes cake as well as they.

THE young man who cannot afford to keep his girl stuffed full of ice-cream and strawberries can invite her into the garden and show her how to cull the sportive potato bug.

SOME atrocious cynic says that going to be married is very much like going to be hanged, and observes that there is only the difference of an aspirate between the altar and the halter.

PEACE hath her victories no less than war, and no one realizes this more fully than the fond husband who, from a safe retreat in the barn loft, watches his wife bringing in water for the Monday's washing.

MRS. QUINCESS advises young men to marry the women they love, and to love women, not 'cause they are han'sum or know how to play the pianer, but because they can cook an' air satisfied to eat a plain dinner and hev an idee of religion and the vaily of truth.

A WISCONSIN man put his arm around a girl while they were out riding together and within two minutes it was paralyzed. Paralysis is a bad thing, but around here it is considered a pretty mean sort of man who isn't willing to risk both arms if necessary.

"Ah love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "ah! dearest, why do the summer roses fade?" He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

"Ah," said a Sunday-school teacher—"ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"—"I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a hor-phan."

A lady whose cook went to a wake was given notice by her a fortnight afterwards that she was going to be married. "Whom to?" asked the mistress. "Please, ma'am, to the husband of the corpse."—"Why—does he love you?" was the next question. "Oh, yes, ma'am; he said I was the light of the funeral."

It happened the other day that our wife got hold of a war map, representing the Black Sea and Russian and Turkish armies, and when we got home she had cut out two new dresses and a neat basque by it, and was beginning on a new fashioned coat for ourselves. She thought 'twas a fashion cut—and she believes so yet.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."—"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A NORWICH man who went to the Black Hills a year ago has written home that he has been captured by the Indians, and probably will be unable to return for fifteen or twenty years. His wife believes it, and is trying to get the Government to organize an expedition to

save him from torture and death. Woman's confidence in man seems at times too beautiful to be exposed to the rude criticism of the world.

WE were crossing an alley on East Mansfield street when our attention was called by some boys drumming on a tight board fence. Suddenly a little fellow on the opposite side on tip-toes called out, "Stop yer noise, boys."—"Hello, Tommy, is that you?" said one of the boys. "Yes, and we've got a new baby; he is orful tired, walked all the way from heaven last night; don't want any row kicked up round here now."

THE wise daughter is the pride of her father; yea, her mother also doth delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow. She hange eth on the front gate; she tippeth up her hat over her left ear. Her eye is full of old Nick. She glance eth over her shoulder when she promenade on Dominick street. Her handkerchief also is seen. Then the dry goods clerk says, "Ha! ha!" He smileth to himself; he makes mistakes in the measure of calico.

A poor young man once fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly.—"I cannot command much," was the reply.—"What are your prospects?"—"Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter, and marry her, if you don't give your consent!"

"Who was that Kate Harding you came down from Boston with?" inquired a north end woman of her husband.—"What's that?" returned the surprised spouse.—"Oh, you can't fool me," said the north end woman; "I heard you telling Mr. Barter about your Kate Harding."—"You don't mean the Katabdin, do you?" said the husband, as a light broke over him; "she's the steamboat, you know." The north end woman offered to do all the house cleaning without hiring any help, if he wouldn't tell of her mistake. He told us, but we promised not to say a word about it.

THE GLEANER.

THE Turks in Armenia are very weak in cavalry.

THE Czar has ordered all the adult Imperial Princes to join the army.

DR. SCHLIEMANN holds it as certain that the ancient Trojans spoke Greek.

MR. GLADSTONE opposes strongly the law making vaccination compulsory. Take note Dr. Coderre.

A STEWARDESS of the Cunard line is about to retire with a fortune of \$25,000, the result of 20 years service.

MR. DIXON'S agent has obtained absolute possession of Cleopatra's Needle from M. Demetrio. The operations for the removal have commenced.

THE family of Mr. George Macdonald, the novelist, announces that they are ready to make engagements for private theatricals in drawing-rooms or at garden parties.

H. R. H. THE Prince of Wales, it is said, expressed his strong desire to be allowed to accompany the army to the "front," whenever that may be, in the event of England going to war.

It has been rumoured that the Turkish Government have tried to get Captain Shaw, of the London brigade, over to Constantinople to form and indoctrinate a Fire Brigade.

MR. GLADSTONE has revised for publication the two speeches he delivered in the recent debate on the Eastern Question. They will be issued in a popular form almost immediately.

SCOTLAND is also to have its "University Boat Race," the Glasgow and Edinburgh University Boat Clubs having all but decided to try their strength on the Clyde towards the close of the summer session.

HER Majesty has recently adopted a new monogram to be impressed on note paper for private use. It consists of the letters "V. R. I." (in different colours), surmounted by a crown in gold.

ON the 24th ult. the last of what was so long known as Table Rock, at Niagara, broke off and fell into the river. The mass weighed nearly sixty tons, and up to 1876 over four thousand names of visitors had been carved upon it.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS now lives near Mississippi City on the border of Ponchartrain, between New Orleans and Mobile. He is writing his memoirs, is in excellent health, and looks younger than he did a few years ago.

A LETTER from the Russian headquarters states that the red cross begins to be seen again and many ladies of high rank have enlisted to serve under it. Nurses who have no private means receive a monthly stipend. Deaconesses and kind sisters are already in full activity.

It is a notable circumstance that the Earl of Beaconsfield was almost the only Peer of any eminence who did not pay a visit to the House of Commons during the recent five nights' debate on the Eastern Question. The noble Lord has never set foot in the House since his elevation to the Peerage.

QUEEN VICTORIA is fifty-eight years old. There are only twelve out of the thirty-eight

reigning sovereigns of Christendom who have reached that age. The oldest of all is the Pope, who is eighty-five; Emperor William is eighty, the Czar is fifty-nine, Victor Emanuel is fifty-seven, Emperor Francis Joseph is nearly forty-seven. The youngest of the sovereigns is Alphonso, of Spain.

THE armaments of Europe in the present year are described as follows in a little tract published by the Peace Society:—

	Popula- tion	Army peace	Army war	Navy	National Debt
	Millions.	footing.	footing.	Tons.	Millions.
Russian (European)	80	800,000	1,600,000	85,000	200
Germany	45	800,000	1,400,000	85,000	150
France	37	750,000	1,350,000	100,000	780
Austria	38	400,000	800,000	65,000	350
Italy	28	200,000	450,000	100,000	450
Great Britain	33	150,000	400,000	200,000	730

A DECIDEDLY fishy individual turns up in San Francisco who pretends to have in his possession the log book of the schooner *Osprey*, which the claimant Tichborne said picked him up while adrift in the Atlantic Ocean. His name is Captain Mitchell Owens, and he has answered an advertisement in the San Francisco *Call* for information as to the crew. The captain has not appeared personally, but uses an agent, and wants money or he will keep eternally silent.

A CONSIDERABLE trade is being done in Birmingham in American boots and shoes, and there is every reason to believe that it will grow and seriously interfere with the home manufacture, unless machinery is more extensively employed in the production of the articles, so as to enable the makers to sell as cheaply as the Americans. Within the last two or three months upwards of £3000 worth of boots and shoes have been imported from Canada and the United States into Birmingham.

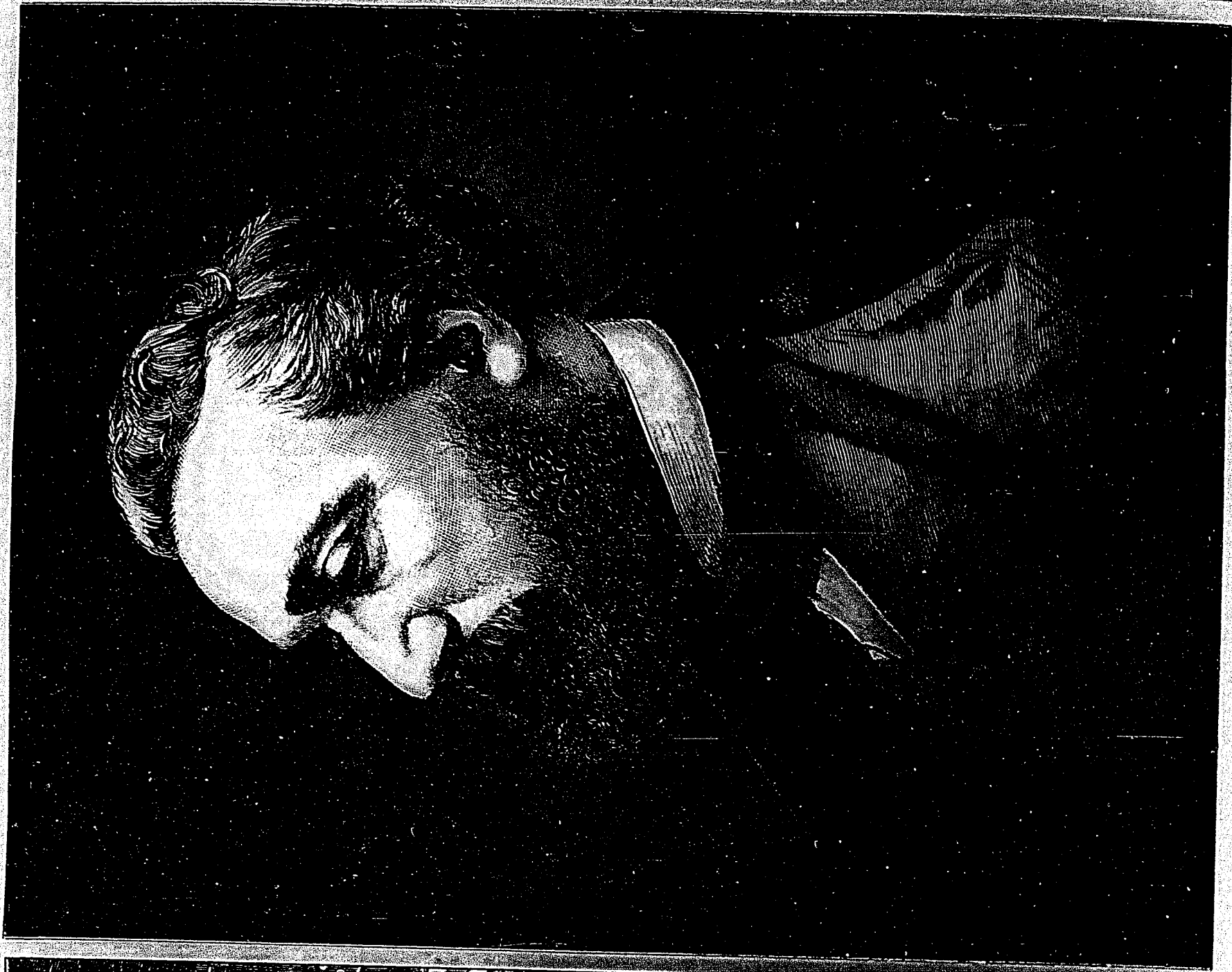
THE suit of black for evening dress is being silently abandoned to butlers and waiters; coloured costumes are taking its place. Flowers are not worn for evening dress; but in the morning a plain rosebud, a sprig of lilac or lily of the valley is not out of place in a buttonhole. Yellow gloves are the mode in the day-time, and Swedish of a very light shade are preferred for the evening. These with a good supply of toothpicks constitute a fashionable turn-out for what modern society, aping English, calls a "swill."

THE CANADIAN TROPHY.

THE Canadian Wimbledon team will this year bring with them a magnificent trophy which the Dominion Rifle Association has offered for competition at the meeting. This is added to the prize list, and the feeling with which it is regarded in Britain may be inferred from the language used by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, when addressing a meeting of the National Rifle Association. Referring to the prize list, H. R. H. said:—"They had appropriated to it as a challenge prize the magnificent trophy given by the Canadians, and His Royal Highness took that opportunity of expressing the warm thanks of the Association for this splendid gift. He might mention that he understood that a Canadian team would again come to Wimbledon this July. This he considered to be not only advantageous to the National Rifle Association, but to the country at large. It was very gratifying to see the Colonies taking so much interest in the proceedings of the Mother Country, and proving that they considered themselves as part and parcel of this great Empire."

MR. DIOGENES.

This singular man lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For example he took a lantern one day when the sun was shining brightly and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuating that were exceedingly scarce. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to "get out of his sunshine." To cap the climax of his oddities, he dressed like a beggar and lived in a tub! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife, first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman would take kindly to one of his habits, dress, or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," it is true, but the woman who would live in a tub, and especially with such a *companian*, has not been heard from. The misanthropic spirit which possessed this man was doubtless due to disordered digestion, biliousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposition. The tongue is heavily coated, giving rise to a bad taste, the appetite is not good, and the patient feels dull, sleepy, or dizzy, and is apt to be fretful. Unfortunately, Mr. Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets were invented, a few doses of which would have relieved him of his "bile," and enabled him to find scores of "honest men," without the aid of his lantern. Under their magic influence, combined with that of the Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse his blood, he might have been led to "spruce up" in personal appearance, and at last have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners, both of which were in evident need of repairs, and become the happy sire of little Diogenesses who would have handed down to posterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher, but of a *cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man!*



M. LEON GAMBETTA



THE CRISIS IN FRANCE. READING THE NEWS ON THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE TURKISH GUN-BOAT LUTFI DJELIL SUNK BY RUSSIAN BATTERIES NEAR BRAILA.

HOLIDAYS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The holiest of all holidays
Are these kept by ourselves,
In silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart.

When the full river of feeling overflows,
Those happy days unclouded to their close,
Those sudden joys that out of darkness start,
As flowers from asbes, swift desires to dart,
Like singing swallows down each wind that blows.
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fits in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are
A fairy-tale of some enchanted land,
We know not where, but beautiful
As a dream within a dream.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?" Clarence Spencer to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom upon his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I hear and see enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been only a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice rose higher; reason was unhinged; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sign of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more—he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered: "Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

The merchant smiled, and sat down. His face beamed with goodness, and an earnest light was in his calm blue eye.

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't think anything about it—I know!"

"You know she loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you know that, deep down in her heart, she holds your love as a most sacred treasure?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now, mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly:—Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Is she not, probably, in the seclusion of her home, suffering more keenly than you are?"

"I doubt that, Mr. Wardle. At all events, I hope she may not be suffering more."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing that part of the burden?"

"Yes—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wondering.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can.' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant: "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such a case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms round your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect, esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence if you would but try!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear!"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown back the whole burden of reproach back upon herself.

She saw him noble and generous and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," he said, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we shall be happy."

"Always!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result, he could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye; and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and the jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

HEARTH AND HOME.

SERVANTS.—When you perceive a servant's faults, guard against being at once set against her. Weigh her good and evil, and be sure that you are fortunate if you find the most essential good qualities. Think how many are worse than she is, and consider how to amend her faults, which very likely are the results of bad training. As to the infirmities of natural temperament, do not expect to cure them; be satisfied with softening them, and then bear patiently with all such. If you persist, in spite of experience, in trying to correct a servant of some failing which is as the marrow of her bones, it will be less her fault for not being cured than yours for attempting the cure.

ORIGIN OF QUARRELS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axes of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, the waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours of exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure an exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, and the giant dies." Low spirits can't exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

WORLDLY WISDOM.—In vain does man try to content himself with material enjoyment; the soul recoils dissatisfied with its own pride, self-love and ambition. But, on the other hand, what a miserable existence is that of cold, calculating men, who deceive themselves nearly as much as others, and who repel the generous inspirations which may be born in their hearts, as a disease of imagination which needs to be dissipated to the air! What a poor existence also is that of men, who, not satisfied with doing evil, treat as folly the source of those beautiful actions, those great thoughts! They confine themselves in a tenacious mediocrity; they condemn themselves to that monotony of ideas, to that coldness of sentiment, which lets the days go by without drawing from them either fruit, progress, or remembrances; and if time did not wrinkle their features, what marks would they retain from its passage? If they had not to grow old and die, what serious reflections would ever enter their minds?

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge, too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower than we have ourselves tended than on the odour which we cull with carelessness and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweet-

ness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another.

NATURALNESS OF CHARACTER.—Plenty of people are transparent—we can read their motives at a glance—whom yet we do not call natural, either because what nature reveals is not to our mind, or because there is nothing distinctive or forcible enough to attract our notice. Naturalness of character, to be praised at all, must be superadded praise. Nor is it a quality to be consciously aimed at; we must lay ourselves out to be honest and true, but naturalness, as a characteristic, is not to be got by striving after. It is a gift as well as a grace—a gift, we might almost add, of fortune. For are not the people we single out as examples favoured persons, favoured in circumstances? Was not their youth a happy one? Were they not, as children, tenderly treated, considered, listened to, encouraged to express their thoughts, driven to no subterfuges, rarely snubbed, set down, or disparaged? Have they not a charm in their candour, beyond the candour itself, derived from a well-founded reliance that whatever they say will be well taken? In fact, those whom we thus distinguish among our acquaintance have escaped the dangers incident to prosperity, which in inferior minds are fatal to simplicity of character.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J.W.S., Montreal.—Letter received. Contents very acceptable. They shall appear shortly. Correct solution of Problem No. 125.

C.H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 125, received.

A.S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 125 received.

Chess has a history and a literature to some extent peculiarly its own, and now the fashion is manifesting itself of connecting the game and its associations with the ordinary affairs of every day life. In this way tales, poetry, and anecdotes, to a great extent, *(Chessical)* are found in other pages than those originally devoted to Chess studies. We see that prizes have been offered by the *Hartford Times* for the best literary productions, either in the shape of a story, or poem on the subject of Chess, and we will endeavour in a future Column to give fuller particulars of this Tourney. In the meantime we are glad to be enabled through the kindness of a friend to give the following incident in connection with the game which will, we doubt not, be interesting to some of our readers.

A GAME OF CHESS FOR A HEART.

Improbable though this may appear, yet such a game has actually occurred, and has been played in Berlin, at the "Café Kaiserhof."

The story runs as follows:—The beauty and amiability of a young lady had completely infatuated two young artists, a painter and a sculptor. The attachment of both for the young lady was apparent, and both were unremitting in their attentions, but appeared somewhat undecided what course to pursue. Recently, however, the sculptor, in all courtesy (they were intimate friends), suggested to the painter that he should desist from his attentions to the young lady, as he was strong in the assurance of her preference. At this, the painter expressed the greatest amazement, and declared he was at least as certain of being the one of her choice, and was determined not to relinquish his claims. But both friends soon saw that it was embarrassing to continue in this obstinate course, and it was at length proposed to decide their fate by a game of Chess. It was accordingly arranged that the loser should leave Germany for two years! One evening a few days ago, there stood in front of the "Café Kaiserhof," about an hour and a half before the departure of the train from Cologne to Paris, two cabs laden with the personal effects of the two artists; while within the Café the two lovers sat before the Chess-board, and in an excitement greater than was perhaps good for their play, conducted the game which was to deprive the loser of all right to his heart's treasure, and to consign him to an exile from the Fatherland. The young painter was at length mated. He immediately arose, pressed the hand of his friend, and without uttering a word, jumped into the cab, and directed his way to the train. The young sculptor repaired to his home.

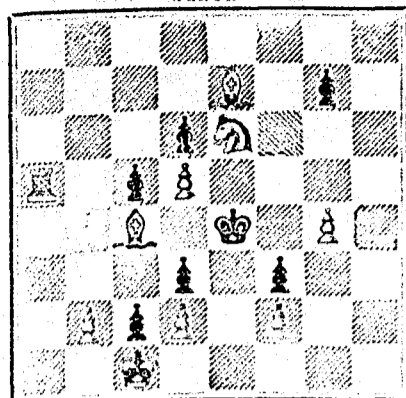
The fair lady, who was the Queen of this game of Chess has to-day no knowledge of the reason for the sudden departure of the young painter.

We can assure our readers that the story here told, did, in actual fact, occur, as related, a few days since, and the names of the young artists are in certain circles well-known.

"SCHACHZEITUNG."

PROBLEM No. 127. By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

CHIEF IN MONTREAL. GAME 1876.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. Atkinson and G. Barry, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE.--(Mr. W. A.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. B to Q B4 4. P to Q Kt4 5. P to Q B3 6. Castles 7. P to Q4 8. P takes P 9. P to Q5 10. B to Q Kt2 11. B to Q3 12. K to R4 13. P to K R3 14. Q takes B 15. P to K R5 16. P to K B4 17. P to K5 18. P to B5 19. R takes Kt 20. P to B6 21. Q to K5 22. Q to R7 (ch) 23. R to K R sq 24. Q to K4 25. Q to Kt6 (ch) 26. P to Kt3 27. K to Kt sq 28. R takes B (ch) 29. Q takes Kt P (ch) 30. Q takes R (ch) 31. Q to Kt7 (ch) 32. B to R6 (ch)

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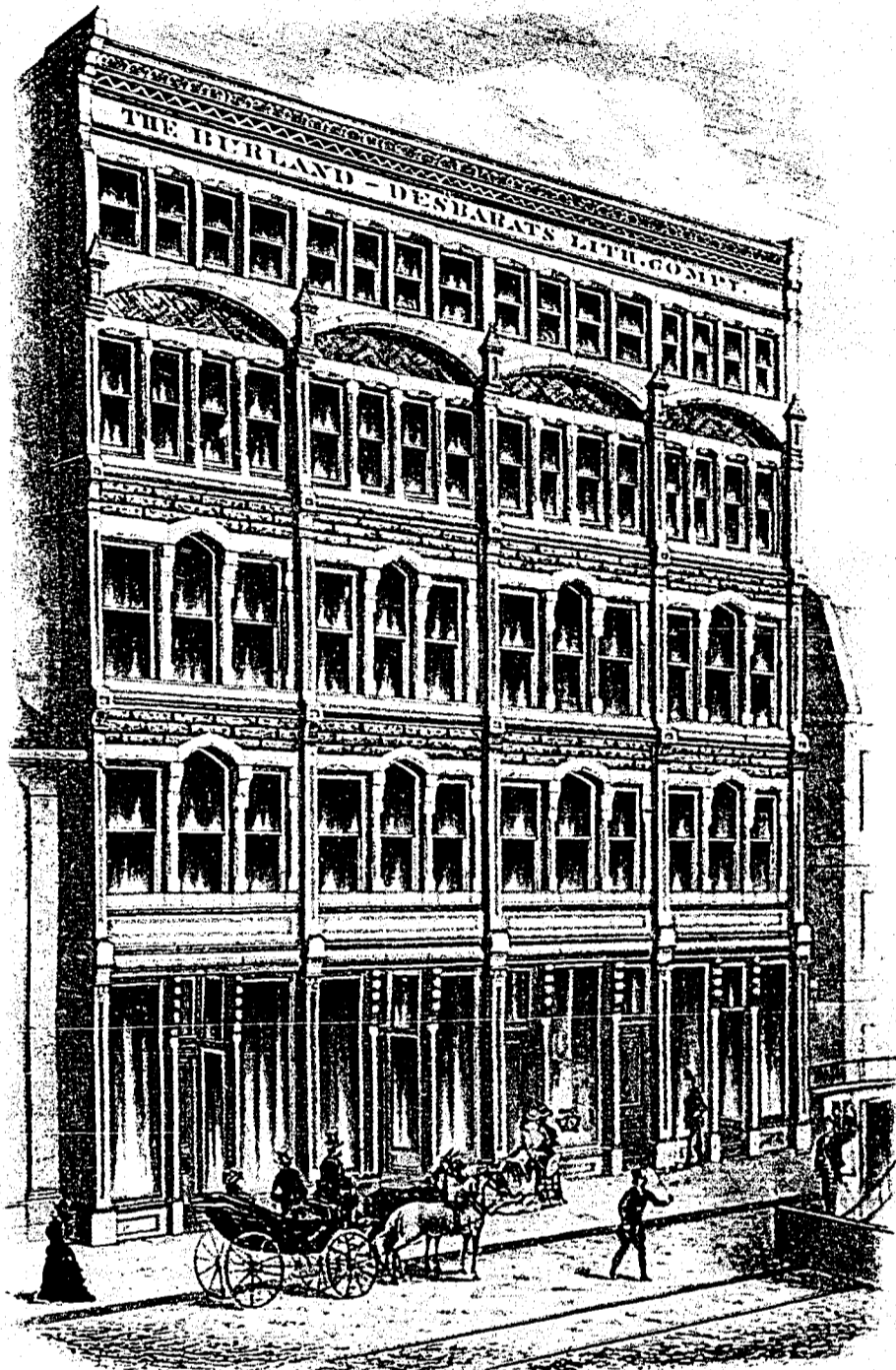
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