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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1876.

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EXTRAVAGANCE AKIN TO DISHONESTY.

PUBLIC OPINION, *loy*.—If you wish your husband to be prosperous, honored, and happy, my dear, reduce your personal expenses. Many a man has been driven to dishonesty and despair by the reckless extravagance of his wife. Be warned in time.

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NOTICE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal Saturday, 15th April, 1876.

THE SESSION.

The week, since our last remarks, has been one of lagging and long hours for the members, the House of Commons sitting till two and three o'clock in the morning and sometimes later, and sitting, also, on Saturday, many members having besides committees to attend in the morning. Being a member of Parliament, in these circumstances, is not a pleasure; but very severe slavery. Mr. MACKENZIE, the Premier, even with his rugged constitution, has succumbed to it, having been obliged to leave the House sick. Dr. TUPPER, the "Rupert of debate," has gone to Halifax, to attend what was feared to be the deathbed of his father.

There was a very discreditible scene on Saturday afternoon between Mr. MACKENZIE and Dr. TUPPER. Mr. MACKENZIE told Dr. TUPPER across the house, while making a speech against the Ministry, that he did not know what he was talking about. For this and some other remarks of equal politeness, he was told by Sir JOHN MACDONALD that he had forgotten his position as the leader of the House. The scene altogether was most regrettable, but it must be said that the explosion appears to have cleared the atmosphere, and there has been altogether better temper since.

Of course, with such constant application, a great many measures have been advanced a stage; but the estimates have made slow progress, and the items for Immigration, involving the discussion of the late Agent Generalship and the London office, were kept back till the closing scenes. The Ministry got the items passed; but they had difficulty.

The Life Insurance Bill, which had excited a great deal of attention and feeling, has finally been withdrawn by the Government, upon the pressure, it is understood, of American companies; but Mr. CARRWRIGHT stated that the Bill would be re-introduced next session, adding the delay afforded would give the British companies sufficient time to be heard from respecting its provisions. The object of the Bill was to ensure greater security for persons insuring by increasing the amount of deposits in Canada.

The Protection question came up incidentally again on a motion of Mr. COLBY to reduce the present duty on coal oil to one half the present amount. He made out an admittedly strong case; but his motion was rejected on a vote of 120 to 60. Possibly in another temper of the House, his proposal might have been accepted, as it has for object to break up a ring of oil manufacturers.

The great event of the week has been the explanations of the Premier respecting the Pacific Railway. He distinctly admitted the public faith was pledged to proceed with that work as rapidly as the country could afford; and described the position so far established by the several surveys and the difficulties within the

Province of British Columbia. The surveys are not yet in a sufficiently advanced state to enable the line to be located in that Province. It is almost impossible to find a line from the Tête Jaune pass through any of the lower portions of the Province, and the surveys of the more northern routes are not yet completed.

In the Senate, there was a vote of censure passed by a small majority against the Government for not proceeding more rapidly with the Pacific Railway than they proposed. The composition of the Senate is not very favourable for the Ministers; and this vote seems to be an injustice, if the public professions of the Ministers are accepted, and certainly by these they ought to be judged.

The steel rails question was also brought up in the House, and of course led to some bitterness of debate. But nothing new was elicited. Mr. MACKENZIE declared the purity of his intentions and this declaration was accepted by his followers. He also stated that he acted under the advice of his Engineer in Chief, when no person will accuse of jobbery. There yet remains the fact that the bargain has been highly improvident to the Dominion to the tune of some half a million of money, and it was further open to the grave constitutional objection of being unnecessarily undertaken without the previous consent of Parliament. This was the really weak spot for the present Ministry, in view of their former ones.

Another important railway explanation was that of the Premier on the cancelling of the contract for the Georgian Bay railway. It appears from the documents that the contract was let before any adequate surveys were completed, and that the proposed location of the line was altogether a mistake and an impossibility. Mr. A. B. FOSTER claims some \$40,000 for money expended in his operations, and Mr. MACKENZIE, by order in council, has admitted that he might safely be paid \$20,000 on account, the remainder being left open for investigation. An inference from these circumstances is that it would have been better not to have given Mr. FOSTER the contract with so much haste. Perhaps also Mr. LEGG will find some satisfaction in its now being admitted that the more northerly portions of the country are better adapted for a railway—at any rate more perfect surveys will give us the facts.

The Committees were not so active during this week as the last. That on the Depression has continued to take evidence, but has elicited nothing of fresh interest. That on Agriculture has further elicited that there is a strong desire on the part of the agricultural community for a certain measure of protection. That on Immigration has taken further evidence to establish that our North West Territory contains altogether more vast resources than the public generally believe.

OUR INDIANS.

The Reports of the Indian Superintendent and agents for 1875 have been laid before Parliament since our former papers were published. The Superintendent states that there is little to record in that year respecting the Indians of Quebec, except the prevalence of a malignant type of fever to which many of the Montagnais of Lake St. John fell victims, and the expense drew heavily on the Indian fund of the Province. Among the St. Regis Indians, there was an increase of 18 in the year, and an increase in value of personal property of about \$3,000. The majority were sober and industrious, and some of them very good farmers. Complaints are made of the sale of liquors to the Indians both at Caughnawaga and Lake of Two Mountains. A school was established at Temiscaming during 1875 and the attendance at school generally improved. No allusion is made by either the local agent or the Superintendent or the Minister, to whose department they belong, to the Oka troubles; nor the desire of the St. Regis to emigrate.

In New Brunswick there are two Indian Superintendencies. In the northern there

are about 900 Indians. The Reserves are mostly wilderness lands, with small patches cultivated on the banks of rivers on which oats and potatoes are raised. Their dwellings are built principally of deals got from the mills in the neighbourhood. Personal property is of little value, and with little exception, they own no live stock. They are civilized and quiet, but suffer from the use of liquors furnished by unprincipled dealers, whom, so far, it has been impossible to convict. They are all under the supervision of the Roman Catholic Church and could have plenty of employment and improve their condition if they were willing to work.

The agent in his report for 1875 notices upon the whole a slight improvement and is confident the stringent regulations respecting liquor traffic are producing a good effect. In the Southern Superintendency of New Brunswick there are several small bands of Indians numbering in all 502, a small decrease; but a considerable number of children and aged people died during 1875. There are six Reserves, but on some of them no Indians live preferring to settle down on any unoccupied land. The Reserves amount in all to 19,712 acres. On the largest of these, on the Tobique and St. John rivers, a number of lots have been sold, and a number of others occupied by white settlers, but there still remains a large quantity of excellent land, sufficient for many more Indians than reside on it. The soil is cultivated to a small extent on all of the Reserves, but the Indians are generally very poor. Hunting and fishing are pursued to a limited extent, and they work as laborers near the Reserves. Their morals will compare favourably with their more civilized brethren. Roman Catholic Missionaries visit them occasionally and nearly all belong to that Church.

They have nearly finished two chapels, and mission houses, on the Tobique and Kingslear Reserves, but are indifferent about schools, and none have been established. They own little personal property, and make slow progress in civilization, few of them being inclined to regular work. Timber has been extensively pillaged on the Tobique Reserve, and in 1874 a large quantity was seized and confiscated by the Indian Agent.

In Nova Scotia there are 8 Indian Districts, but from some of these no reports have been received. The Indians in the Bear River District, numbering 363, cultivate 100 out of their 3000 acres and have 400 in pasture. They have 50 dwellings, some cattle, and personal property to the value of \$10,000, and they sell annually fish oil and furs to a considerable value. Their morality is fair, and there is a gradual improvement in civilization and wealth. There is a school among them, but the attendance is small. The 200 Indians in the Kentville District have a large reserve, but little of it fit for agriculture. They manifest a desire to lead more civilized lives to have houses and farms of their own, and more comfortable than are attainable in a wigwam. The Pictou Indians number 210, and have a reserve of 130 acres, besides two fertile islands in Merigonish acres. They have a church and a few houses but no school. Their improvement is slow, and they show a great aversion to farming, only 10 acres of their reserve being cultivated. The women are stated by the agent to be specially industrious. The Antigonish Indians number 158 having a reserve of 700 acres, of which they cultivate 200. They are sober and industrious, are preparing to build houses, have some personal property, and depend mostly on fishing and coopering for support. In Richmond Co. there are 220 Indians, on a reserve of 1281 acres of which 200 are partially cultivated. The crops are oats, potatoes and barley, but they do not raise enough for their own needs. They are sober and industrious, but very poor. Neither in this nor in the Antigonish District are there any schools. The Miacaes about Port Hood number 216. They have a reserve of 3,200 acres worth \$4 an acre. Some of

them have houses, horses, cattle &c., raise good crops and are prosperous; but the majority are poor. They are excellent labourers; their morality is good; and they make a living by hunting, fishing, and coopering. They have a school with a regular attendance of 30 children. There are 254 Indians on Cape Breton, as a rule sober, quiet, industrious, and religious. They have a reserve 3 miles long, but with few houses or barns or improvements, though they raise sufficient potatoes and oats for their use. There is a school with an average attendance of 29 children.

On Prince Edward Island, there are 305 Indians, mostly on Lennox Island, in Richmond Bay. There is also a reserve of 189 acres on the mainland. Lennox Island contains 1320 acres and is held in trust by the "Aborigines Protection Society of London." About 350 acres of this are barmen, bog, and peat.

The personal property of these Indians consisting of fishing boats &c., is valued at \$646. They have 10 frame buildings and about 560 other dwelling places. About 60 acres of land are cultivated, and 927 in wood. Their agricultural implements consist of ploughs, harrows and carts, and they have a few cattle. Their morality is fair. There are 99 children of whom 40 attend the Government school. The Superintendent speaks hopefully of their probable improvement and progress.

WINTER NAVIGATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

This is a subject which we may be said almost to have made our own, on account of the frequency with which we have treated it, and the varied information, literary and pictorial, which we have brought to bear on it. When a special committee was cast during the present session we urged a thorough study and expeditious treatment of the question, and we have of late several times alluded to the progress of the committee's labors. We are enabled to-day to lay before our readers an abstract of the report. We regard the matter of so much importance that we shall recapitulate the principal points of this report. The committee consider that the following data appear to be established.

- I. The floe ice of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence is composed chiefly of ice the weight or resistance of which does not justify looking upon it as a serious obstacle to winter navigation.
- II. The floe ice never covers the river from shore to shore.
- III. The floe ice lies for the greater part of the season on the south shore, from the fact of the prevailing winds coming more or less from the north.
- IV. From the position of the floes steamers navigating up and down the St. Lawrence would seldom or never come in contact with the ice to such an extent as would seriously impede their progress.
- V. Throughout the ice regions the surface of the water is perfectly smooth, a great advantage to a screw steamer.
- VI. Fogs of very rare occurrence during the winter months, and the whole season is sometimes entirely free from them.
- VII. Snow storms are not so numerous as to justify our attaching any great importance to them, and a vessel in such a position as a vessel enveloped in a fog, the former having the floe ice under her keel, acting as a shield between her and the shore, while the latter has not such protection. The committee therefore consider the practicability and safety of the winter navigation of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence established; they consider that the commercial results would be in proportion to the amount of confidence derived by experience from the successful issue of the proposed experiment, which they recommend should be tried as soon as circumstances will admit.

A POINT OF THE POSTAL LAW.

We beg to draw the attention of the Post Office Department to the effect of a regulation which appears to us, in its application, to conflict with the spirit and letter of the Postal law. The law says

that: "All newspapers and periodicals printed and published in Canada and issued from office of publication . . . and addressed and posted by and from the same for transmission by mail to regular subscribers or news agents in Canada, may be posted by the same on prepayment of a rate of one cent for each pound weight." Under this law we mail papers from this office for distribution, say in Toronto, where they are sorted and put in the boxes or drawers, at a total cost to us of one cent per pound, whereas we are required under the regulation of the Department, as we are informed by the Postmaster of this city, to prepay one half cent each on the same papers, addressed in the same way, and to be also put into the boxes or drawers, if the parties live in Montreal. Why is this? Why carry papers one thousand miles to British Columbia, Manitoba or Halifax, sort and deliver them from the post office, at one cent per pound, and charge us 3 1/2 cent per pound, which is the same to us as 1/2 cent each, for the same service here, and no carriage to pay? It has struck us that perhaps the regulation imposing one half cent on local deliveries, (not at domicile, but in the post office), was intended to be applied to papers other than those issued and posted from the office of publication. We cannot otherwise reconcile it with the law above quoted. This regulation is not only a tax but an annoyance to all publishers in Montreal, and it is to be hoped that the Department will give due consideration to these remarks.

A report laid before Parliament a few days since gives the names and ages of the veterans who served in the war of 1812-15, together with other interesting facts which show that the climate of Canada is as conducive to longevity as any in the world. The report shows that out of between 10,000 and 11,000 men who served in the war, there are no less than 3,032 who applied for a pension, whose ages varied from 74 to 103 years as follows:

Age.	No.	Age.	No.
74	2	90	54
75	4	91	25
76	7	92	27
77	66	93	18
78	187	94	14
79	231	95	12
80	369	96	6
81	259	97	4
82	289	98	3
83	223	99	2
84	234	100	2
85	170	101	1
86	119	102	1
87	84	103	3
88	58	Unknown	18
89	47		
Number of applicants paid \$20		2,500	
" " not proved		127	
" " not enrolled		47	
" " already pensioned		18	
" who left limits		95	
" who served in Imperial Corps		32	
" who procured substitutes		5	
" whose service were too short		3	
" declining to receive allowance		1	
" died since payment made		112	

In view of the approaching Presidential elections in the United States, we give the following table, prepared for reference, showing the political sentiments and the date of the inauguration of each President, the length of time he lived after that event, and his age at the time of his death:

1. George Washington, Independent, inaugurated 1789; lived 10 years; age, 68.
2. John Adams, Independent, inaugurated 1797; lived 29 years; age, 90.
3. Thomas Jefferson, Democrat, inaugurated 1801; lived 25 years; age, 83.
4. James Madison, Democrat, inaugurated 1809; lived 27 years; age, 85.
5. James Monroe, Democrat, inaugurated 1817; lived 14 years; age, 73.
6. John Q. Adams, Whig, inaugurated 1825; lived 23 years; age, 81.
7. Andrew Jackson, Democrat, inaugurated 1829; lived 16 years; age, 78.
8. Martin Van Buren, Democrat, inaugurated 1837; lived 25 years; age, 80.
9. W. H. Harrison, Whig, inaugurated 1841; lived 1 month; age, 68.
10. John Tyler, V. P., Independent, inaugurated 1841; lived 21 years; age, 72.
11. James K. Polk, Democrat, inaugurated 1845; lived 4 years; age, 51.

12. Zachary Taylor, Whig, inaugurated 1849; lived 16 months; age, 66.
13. Millard Fillmore, V. P., Independent, inaugurated 1850; lived 24 years; age, 74.
14. Franklin Pierce, Democrat, inaugurated 1853; lived 16 years; age, 65.
15. James Buchanan, Democrat, inaugurated 1857; lived 11 years; age, 77.
16. Abraham Lincoln, Republican; inaugurated 1861; lived 4 years and 11 months; age, 56.
17. Andrew Johnson, V. P., Independent, inaugurated 1865; lived 10 years; age, 66.
18. General Grant, Republican, inaugurated 1869.

We have received several letters in regard to the words "Homeward Bound" which were employed by us in connection with the last stormy voyage to Portland of the steamer Circassian. Our correspondents contend that the vessel was "outward" and not "homeward" bound, because they assert that her papers are British, and her crew British. Turning the subject around in all its aspects, we believe there is as much to be said in favor of the expression which we used as against it. It may be that the papers of the Allan steamers are English, but the vessels belong to a Canadian firm and are exclusively subsidized to carry the Canadian mails. It may be that the officers and men are for the most part British, but the owners are Canadians, resident in Canada, and raising families in Canada. It may be that Englishmen born when they cross to England speak of going "home," but it is equally true that Canadians born when they cross to Canada speaking of coming home. It is also grammatically true that when a vessel of a Canadian line sails to Canada we, in Canada, may say that she is "homeward bound" to us. However, as the point is pleasant enough, we invite the critically inclined to discuss it for further elucidation.

It would doubtless be wrong to suppose that the great Dependencies of the Crown are not interested in the outcome of the Royal Titles Bill. While no one could imagine that they could desire the title of Empress as the expression of their own relations to the monarchy, it is also pretty certain that the recognition involved in the separate mention of "The Dependencies" in the Royal Titles, designed as these are to express the facts of Sovereignty during a long contemplated future, would be generally acceptable and really valuable to their citizens as not merely loyal subjects of the Crown, but also owing to a sincere and hearty reverence for the Royal Lady who now adorns it.

Mr. Cook has withdrawn his Bill to provide means of escape for persons falling into the water in the vicinity of wharves and docks, and thus are probably doomed (negatively) a number of citizens of the Dominion to the calamitous loss of their lives during the Legislative year 1876-77. The measure had been well received by the Press generally, as it deserves to be, and Mr. Cook, had he succeeded in passing it, would have been recognized as a public benefactor.

COMMONPLACES.

A writer, signing A. B. C., whom we may therefore call the *literal* contributor, puts a few etymological queries in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Among other things, he is exercised about the spelling of the word "abscess," which he believes should be written "abcess." The gentleman forgets that its derivative is the Latin "abscedo," and, try as he will, he cannot get rid of the "abs." I fear his phonetic attempts will be unavailing as they have been in the case of most influential scholars in all languages. The late Firmin Didot, bibliophile as well as bibliophile, tried hard to simplify the French language in that direction, but he met with no success. In orthography, pronunciation and even definition, the old rule holds its own.

Si volet usus
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.

Herr Hiller, in a remarkable article on the Wagner works in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, contrasts the composer's career with that of the third Napoleon, and predicts that Bayreuth will be Wagner's Sedan, as his cause is based altogether on false principles, like those of the late Emperor. This, from a German critic and such a musical authority as Hiller, appears very conclusive of the ultimate fate of the "music of the

future." Music, like poetry, must be absorbed and assimilated, not gulped down. It falls as the gentle dew from heaven into the minds of men. If you have to study to make it out, it may be something wonderful, but it is not music. Wagner's music, like Browning's poetry, may be wondered at, but can never be relished, because it is not understood.

Now that Spelling Matches are the rage in the United States and England, I have come across several definitions of the word *Bee* which is more commonly applied to them. Some trace the term directly, and naturally enough, to the busy insect. A patriotic Scotchman claims the word for his countrymen, and in confirmation, tells this wonderful story: "A teacher in Forfar, being one day in a merry mood put the question to his class 'whether is a "B" or a bull's fit (foot) the biggest?' With one voice the urchins shouted *the bull's fit!* when taking the chalk and writing up a "B" the full size of the black-board, he appealed again to his pupils whether they had ever seen a "bull's fit" as big as that "B?" they unanimously replied in the negative, but added, "O, but we thought it was *bum-bec* and meant." This is fantastic enough, and it encourages me to suggest my own definition. I claim that the word is of French Canadian origin, that it has been corrupted into English by our lumbermen, and thus exported to the United States whence it crossed to England. *Faire un bis or bic* (I'm sure I can't spell the word), is an expression used among the *habitants* to denote combined volunteer work. Thus when women get together for a quilting party, they call it a *bic*. When farmers club together to haul their winter supply of wood from the bush, they employ the same term. It is the equivalent of the better known *corvée*. Now it is not improbable that our lumbermen on the Ottawa and elsewhere caught this word from their French comrades, and turned it into *bee* just as they have made *shanty* out of *chantier*. I submit my derivation to the critics and would like to hear from them.

I learn with regret that Montreal is going to lose the distinguished violinist, Prume. It is a pity that we cannot appreciate a good thing when we have it. There is nothing to prevent M. Prume forming a school here. He has the qualifications for it, and there is abundant talent in our midst. Is it possible that the Philharmonic Society is irretrievably defunct? Certainly it would be worth while to make one more effort and some of our wealthy patrons of art might have an understanding with the eminent Belgian. Quebec is leading the way towards the formation of a Musical Conservatory, under the auspices, I believe, of Laval University. If our principal institutions could cooperate to the same or a similar end, the union of all these efforts might later result in something substantial. Of course, we are not in a condition to embark on a very ambitious project, but we ought to make some sort of a beginning at any rate.

A. STEELE PENN.

LACROSSE.

The Dominion of Canada, after the manner of all nations and peoples, has its national sport, and that sport is Lacrosse, a game till lately almost peculiar to Canada, but now, under the influence of the proposed visit of a team of Canadian white players and a team of Indians to Europe, it is becoming adopted in the United Kingdom, where already five or six clubs have been organized during the last twelve months, and there can be no doubt but that new clubs will spring up through England, Scotland, and Ireland, after the people have witnessed it as it will be played by the two teams chosen to represent Canada in the "Old Country." The origin of the game of Lacrosse is shrouded in mystery, but it is certain the originators of the game are the North American Indians. Some writers claim a similitude between it and the ancient Irish game of *Comran* or *trundling*, but this is very unlikely, and Lacrosse as at present played is widely different from the old Indian game. By them, it was played with a different shaped stick, or as it is technically termed "crosse," and by some even with two crosses carried, one in each hand, the shape being somewhat after the fashion of a Racket Bat, but of rude construction. By them too it was a game midway between a sport and a deadly combat, often lasting three or four days, and joined in by several hundred players, while now it is simply a healthy sport, played by twenty-four to forty-eight players.

It was not till about the year 1856, that Lacrosse became popular as a field sport to the white men; but for years its practice was limited to a very small number, and it was not till the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Canada, in 1861, that any very strong revival in the game took place. But even that revival did not last long; the game became unfashionable and remained so till early in 1867, when a party of Montreal men—not the Montreal Club—were defeated at Cornwall, Ont. That defeat awakened the spirit of young Montrealers, and the new Dominion being about to be proclaimed, it was proposed by Dr. G. W. Beers, in a letter published in the *Montreal Daily News*, in April of that year, and distributed throughout Canada, that the proclamation of the Dominion of Canada and the adoption of Lacrosse as Canada's national game should be simultaneous. This proposal was eagerly taken up throughout the country, and was duly accomplished.

The first laws of Lacrosse were framed by the Montreal Club in June, 1867, and in September

of the same year that Club called a Convention of Canadian Clubs, at which the "National Lacrosse Association of Canada" was formed; the laws were amended and a constitution framed and adopted. Since that date, Lacrosse steadily became more popular, and is now the means of affording a good healthy amusement to thousands of our Canadian youth. The present game of Lacrosse, as reduced to rule by the whites, employs the greatest combination of physical and mental activity white men can sustain in amusement, and is as much superior to the original as civilization to barbarism, or a pretty Canadian girl to an uncultivated squaw. One of the most popular features of Lacrosse is its extreme simplicity, thus making it so much more interesting to spectators than almost any other national pastime. Unlike Cricket, or Baseball, it requires no explanation. Lookers-on can see at a glance that the object of both sides is to put the ball through the goal of his opponent and preventing him getting it through; and all the running, throwing, and endless variety of play tends to that end. It has the merit, too, of being a cheap game, in which all can participate without much outlay. It is not exclusive; every player has his innings, so to speak, at the same time, and no one monopolizes the best part because he happens to be an extra good player. Lacrosse dislikes snobs of any kind, it has no sympathy with grumpy, selfish brutes, whose science consists in swiping and who think more of their individual performance than the honor of the game. Neither has it affinity for those model specimens of propriety who think a young man is on the road to perdition, unless he is always reading good books and making himself a nuisance to his friends by stale, hypocritical conversation, who never can take a joke, and who prefer Bagatelle and *Bézique* with other "nice young men" to healthy Lacrosse. Lacrosse dislikes all hypocrisy, unnaturalness, and assumption, and is the very thing to knock all such out of a man. As a beneficial exercise it has no superior, combining as it does the benefit of several. It brings into operation at one time more muscle than any other game, requires a steady concentration of the mind while it is being played, sharpens the faculties of the dullest and equalizes its exercise over the entire system. The following brief description of a match between a team of Indians and a Montreal Club team, taken from Dr. Beers' valuable and interesting work on Lacrosse, may convey to the reader some faint idea of the excitement felt by the spectators of a Lacrosse Match. "It was marvellous to see, as the ball for the first time flew up in the air, those statues spring into life instantly. The field is dotted with groups of struggling figures, now running with jostling knuts, now fanning out in swift lines like skirmishers before a grand army. Every now and then there would break away from the rest a sinewy, subtle runner, who, winding and twisting like a serpent, would dash between the eager ranks of his rivals, avoiding every blow, now stopping, now leaping, now turning, quick as a greyhound and artful as a fox, and then, as the ball was shot between the crimson flags of the Montreal men, the Indians would give a war-yell that echoed again."

A chosen double team—twelve of the Montreal Club and twelve Caughnawaga Indians—proceeded to Britain on the 29th inst., to give a series of games in the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and perhaps even in Paris. We shall endeavor to keep our readers advised of the progress of this interesting tour. Dr. Beers, Captain of the Team and President of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, leaves to day with Mr. C. W. Massiah, a well-known and esteemed journalist of this city, as agent. We congratulate the party upon having secured the services of so competent a man as Mr. Massiah.

MARAT AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY

A house of sinister historical interest is about to be demolished to make way for the Boulevard St. Germain, Paris—that in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday. The room where this event took place now forms part of an apartment occupied by Dr. Gaudier, and it appears that the preceding tenant several times received a call from Mademoiselle Albertine Marat, who used to visit the spot where her brother was stabbed; she died in 1842, in extreme poverty. Another person used to visit the house, M. Pillet, who died quite recently, and who was the last person who spoke to Marat before Charlotte Corday was admitted. He brought Marat a bill, and the terrible member of the convention, who was in his bath, asked him to open a bit of the window. As Pillet was leaving the house he met Charlotte Corday, who was trying to persuade, and who finished by persuading, Simonne-Evrard to allow her to see Marat. So writes a chronicler in the *Gaulois*. According to Lamar-tine, who calls Charlotte Corday the Jean of Arc of liberty, her name was not Charlotte but Marie, and Catherine Evrard was Marat's servant, who assumed the name of Albertine Marat.

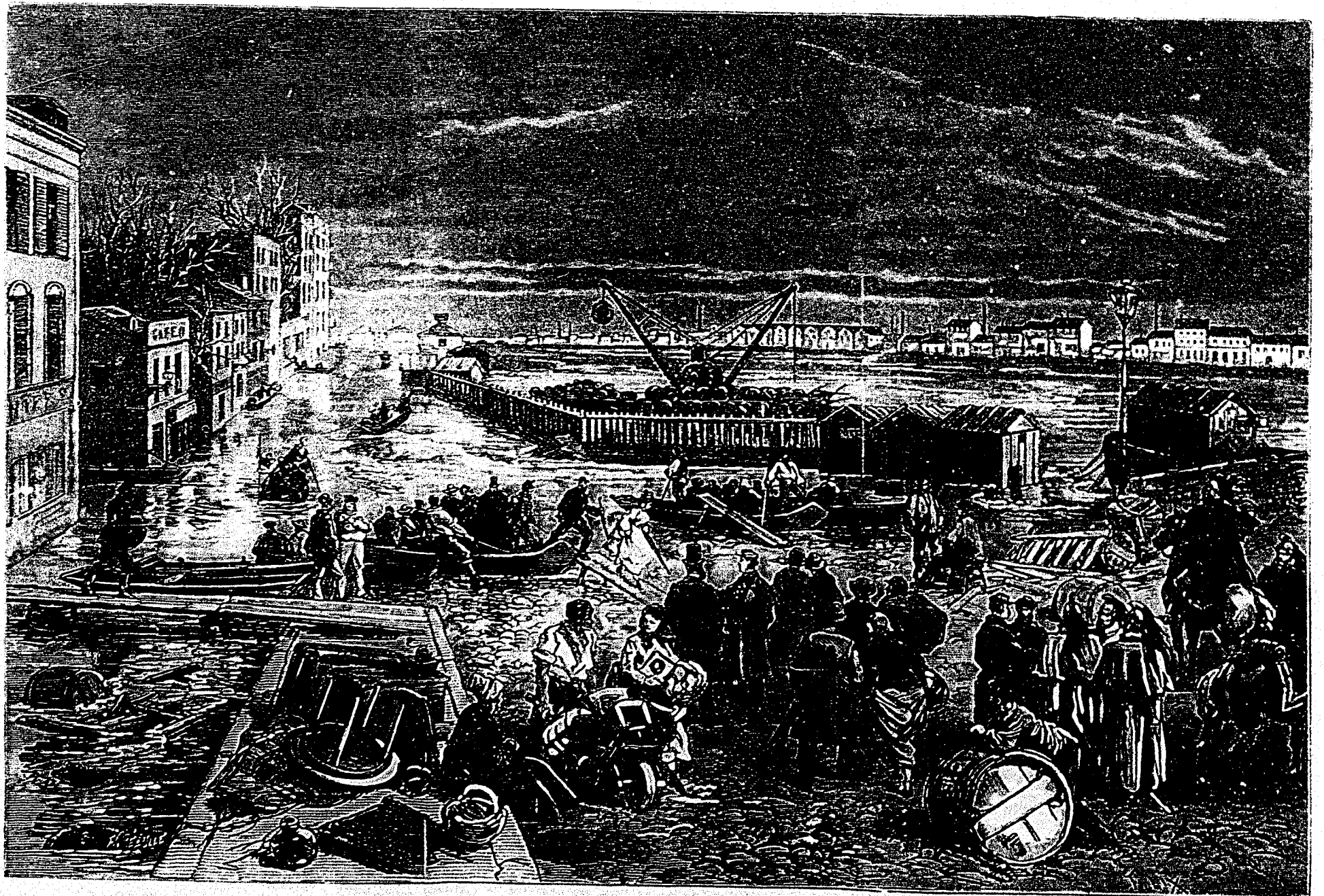
A large class of men express dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Government in not making a change in the protective duties. Some even go the length of accusing the Government of really calculating the number of Nova Scotians who for "coal" reasons wish the tariff to remain as at present and of sacrificing the majority interest for the minority. This argument, if it is used by the Government, is a fallacious one, because it is impossible to separate the prosperity of the city from the prosperity of the country districts. The *Canadian Illustrated News* has very aptly pictured the position by representing Mr. Cartwright conjuring up, by means of his budget, "Hard Times," or "The Black Crow Back Again," in place of the fine fat goose which it is thought would have been secured by higher protective duties.—*New York Daily Graphic*.



MADAME D'AGOULT.



MADAME LOUISE COLLET.



PARIS:—INUNDATION OF THE SEINE.

**THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE,
VICTORIA, B. C.**

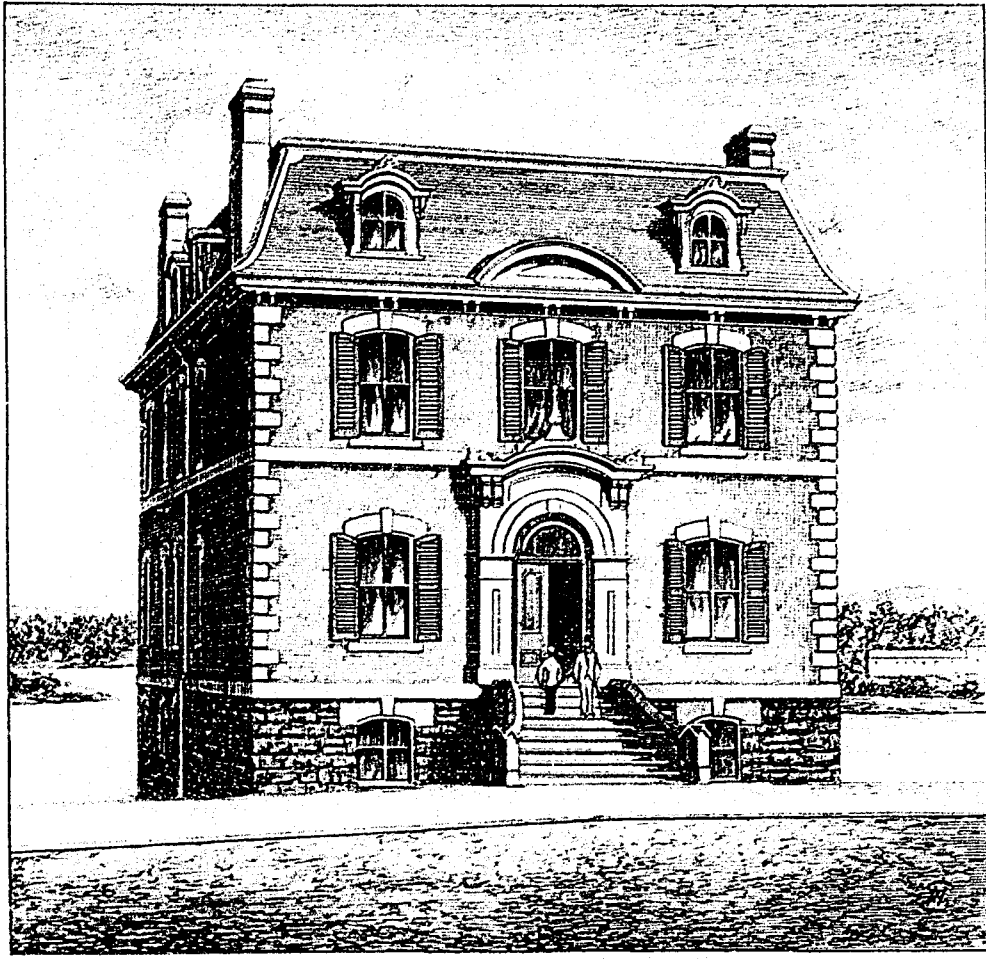
This building was erected by the Dominion Government, in the year 1875. The size of the building is 40x62; 50 feet in height. It is intended to afford accommodation for the Officers of the Customs, Internal Revenue Department, Telegraph Department, Marine and Fisheries Department. It is considered as fine and substantial a building as there is in Victoria. It cost about thirty-three thousand dollars.

WALT WHITMAN.

Rowell's *Newspaper Reporter* has the following scathing and truthful remarks:—

Walt Whitman is one whose condition illustrates the adage, "A man is never a prophet in his own country." Though an American poet of high merit, the meagre patronage accorded him by his countrymen has resulted in bringing him to absolute impoverishment. Over the water, however, his value is recognized. In England, Robert Buchanan, a brother poet, learning of his forlorn state, wrote to the *Times* a letter in which the following passage occurs: "I suggest the formation of a committee to collect subscriptions for the purchase of Whitman's complete works (which the latter is now preparing), to begin with—say 600 copies, and if the number could be extended to 1,000 or more, so much the better for the poet, so much more honor for England, so much more shame to the literary coteries which emasculate America."

This rebuke is well deserved. Too little do Americans encourage home literature. Publishers too often are the incarnation of sordid meanness. By taking illegitimate advantage of the state of our copyright laws, they secure, without recompense to the laborers, the works of the best European authors for publication, their outlay being merely on account of mechanism. They will either not pay at all for literary work or else give only such prices as forbid the hope of adequate remuneration. It follows that they are few, outside the ranks of journalists, who pursue literature. To those who do surmount the difficulties which beset their path, and elicit from the public recognition of their worth, the esteem due is immense, for highest talent and grand pluck are alone the parts which enable them to accomplish this. Whitman is one whose talents were brought him prominently to the front; but, unfortunately, they have not barred him against poverty and suffering. In his case genius and want (so far too often has been the case) are allied. Will not his countrymen bestir themselves in his behalf? Shall we rest under the stigma that our truly great men are dependent on the pittance of another people



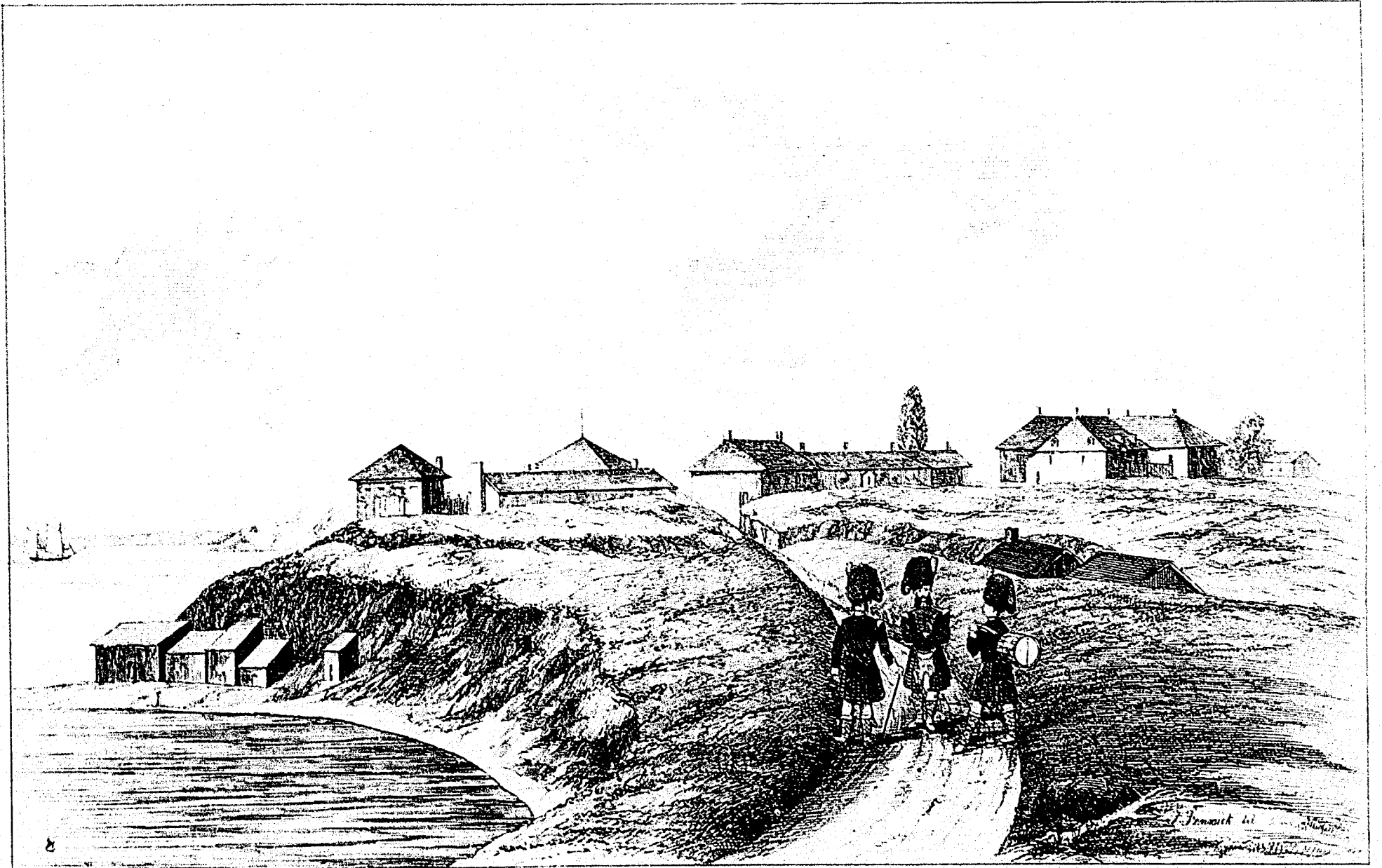
VICTORIA, B. C.—THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOAH SHAKSPEARE.

for the wherewithal to meet their daily needs! It would be not short of disgraceful to withhold a helping hand in face of the noble generosity of Mr. Buchanan. It is high time we honored and paid fewer rogues and did more to hold up merit to the emulation of the people. We appeal to our fellow journalists to ventilate poor Walt Whitman's case.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST ON JOURNALISM.

Mr. John Lemoine, one of France's greatest journalists, on being admitted a member of the French Academy a few weeks since—amongst the highest honors to which French contributors to literature, science, or art aspire—in the course of a felicitous speech, addressed to his *confrères* the following sapient words on journalism: "Journalism has been a progress and another conquest; but it has not superseded, and will not supersede, the book. You make books, and you excuse those who only make pages. Monuments and books remain as the most deliberate, most tranquil, most perfect forms of thought. The newspaper comes and a new expression to it, taking its own place and not theirs. The newspaper—that is to say, the daily extemporized word—has come to respond to the exigencies of a new civilization, whose rapidity has been increased ten-fold, a hundred-fold, by the miracles of science. The Press has pursued a parallel course to that of steam and electricity. It has been necessary to speak and write at express rate, and to photograph current history. I know, indeed, that man cannot increase his stature by one cubit, but he multiplies his means of action and expression. It is possible that maturity of thought and correctness of language lose in this hasty production; but how many ideas would perish without this sudden and immediate incorporation. Milton has admirably said—"The revolutions of ages frequently do not rediscover a rejected truth, for want of which the entire nations suffer everlastingly." Who, then in these alternations of science and tumult of license and tyranny, which we traverse ever since we have been in the world, has not experienced the irresistible need of uttering a cry—a spontaneous cry—like him by whom it was said *Rapide ipsi clamabant!* Who has not repeated Pascal's splendid remark—"Silence is the greatest of persecutions; the saints were never silent?" It is this want which the newspaper meets, and that is why journalism has taken its place in the world. More than once, when the ambition of sitting among you was suggested to me, I was told, 'Write a book.' My book I have been writing every day for thirty years, and I thank you for having discovered it."



FORT YORK, TORONTO, IN 1841.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE J. GILLESPIE.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

ARCANUM.

I taught the draperies of Sheep And rose with him in mystic flight Across a black and writhing deep To the far realms of Ice and Night.

And there sits Time and weaves the shroud Of all things being or to be. Sovereign of the uncertain crowd Who sway upon that chilly sea.

There sits the changeless; thence unchains The impatient ages each in turn; Assigns each hour-glass its grains And guards the sepulchre and urn.

Like drifting mists the weary years Float back to seek a shade once more, And gladly leave the throne of spheres To reach again that icy shore.

So rests he till the trumpet blast That heralds not his majesty Shall hurl him from his seat at last To sink him in the writhing sea.

And with his fearful fall shall end The silent rule of Ice and Night. While Hades, justice-struck, shall bend, And all the legions die in flight.

THE BARTONS.

"There is no use in talking, Gustavus; I have chosen a cap for Charlie, and he shall wear no other."

"Don't be unreasonable and obstinate, Emily. I wish him to wear the cap which I have selected."

"It cannot be," said the lady, decidedly. "I would not show my want of taste by putting a blue cap and purple mantle on my child."

"You know as well as I do that blue is the most becoming colour to a child like Charlie; and I do not believe," added he reluctantly, "that if I had not happened to express a preference for it, it would have been your choice."

"Oh, surmise and believe as you will; he shall wear the cap which I have chosen, and no other."

"He shall wear it, you say?" reiterated the husband, sternly.

"He shall wear it," repeated the wife, with calm decision.

"Then, madam, all I have to say is this, and I wish you to understand it distinctly," rejoined the now thoroughly enraged husband, emphasizing every word, "the day that next sees Charlie Barton in the street with that green cap on his head, will also witness our immediate and lasting separation."

"Then this day will witness both!" was the wife's rejoinder.

The dispute concerning the green and blue caps affords a sample of the sinful folly by which domestic peace may be embittered and destroyed.

Alas! that love once warm and tender could be weakened by petty disagreements! Yet weakness it undoubtedly was, for the silken chain had long weighed heavily as one of iron, and the severance of its galling links seemed the only means of regaining peace and happiness.

Three hours after that decisive conversation, Mrs. Barton, dressed in the most elegant style, and leading little Charlie, with his purple mantle and green cap, by the hand, was slowly passing the fashionable street with a friend whom she had met during a morning call.

Emily was in her gayest mood. During the past hour compliments extravagant enough to satisfy even her most exacting vanity had been lavished upon her fair boy; and she was chatting merrily, as if no thought of care had ever crossed her mind, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, gleefully, "Oh, here comes papa!" And, with secret uneasiness, she saw her husband, in company with another merchant, coming towards them.

As they met, both gentlemen politely raised their hats; but at the same instant a gleam of suppressed anger shot to Mr. Barton's eye, which had just noticed the unfortunate green cap, and without a word he passed on.

By a great effort, Emily preserved her gay manner until she parted with her companion; when returning home without delay, she dismissed Charlie to the nursery, and began arranging her personal effects as if for immediate removal.

While she was thus occupied, Gustavus hastily entered. He glanced around at the disordered apartment, then turned a scrutinizing regard upon his wife, who, continuing her task, cast upon him an occasional glance of inquiry. At last he spoke.

"You have not forgotten, I presume, what was said this morning?"

"No; I have not forgotten," was the brief reply.

"Your resolution is then taken?"

"It is."

"And so is mine; let things take their course."

His voice was husky with grief and anger, and he paced the apartment several times rapidly, as if seeking to keep down the struggling emotions. Then opening a bureau drawer he drew forth papers, glanced carelessly at them, and replacing them, turned more calmly to Emily.

"These are the title deeds of the houses."

"I have no need of them," interrupted Emily, haughtily.

"You are aware that they were purchased for you and the children, and the income accruing therefrom will probably be of some little use." He paused an instant, then added, "For the rest, as soon as I can arrange my affairs, half of what I possess will be at your command; give me the address of the person who will act as your agent."

"When your children are grown up, of course you will do your duty by them. At present I need no assistance in maintaining them."

Emily spoke quietly but firmly, and for a time nothing more was said.

"Why cannot you remain in this house?" asked the husband, at length. "I will never trouble you with my presence here again, if that is what you fear."

"No; I will not remain here," she rejoined, hastily. "After to-day the house will be at your disposal. The furniture I will take, as it was my mother's choice."

She broke off abruptly, for the recollection of her deceased parent brought tears to eyes; her hands trembled nervously as she continued her employment.

The husband's heart softened as he saw the gushing tears. He knew how deeply she had felt her mother's death; how she must miss her at this juncture; and for a moment he accused himself of perverseness, and half-excused her; but he quickly hardened himself against the repentant impulse.

The door opened, and Charlie gayly bounded into the room. His father caught him in his arms, and gazed upon him with mingled pleasure and pain. But the little fellow saw that his mother was grieved, and struggled to free himself from the close embrace.

"Won't you stay with me, Charlie?" asked the fond father, and there was deep mournfulness in his tone. "Mamma is going away—won't Charlie stay with papa?"

The child looked strangely from one to the other, but when the question was repeated, replied readily, "No, I must go with mamma;" and gliding from his father's relaxed grasp, was folded closely to his mother's bosom.

She cast upon Gustavus an expression of half-dread, half-defiance.

"Fear not that I shall ever deprive you of him," he answered to that look with bitterness. "I have no longer wife nor child."

After a time he approached Emily, and extending his hand, said, with forced composure, "At least, let us not part as enemies. Good-bye."

Emily's hand trembled as she placed it in his; but resolutely smothering her feelings, she responded to his good-bye with equal appearance of indifference. He again embraced little Charlie, who still holding to his mother with one arm, put the other around his father's neck, while his artless pleadings fell sadly upon the ears of the misguided ones.

Gently Mr. Barton put away the encroaching arm, and in a low tone asked where was "little sissie."

"In the nursery with Jane," replied the child; and the father departed to bestow a last caress on the petted babe.

Presently a light tap was heard at the door which was partly open, and Barton's voice called softly to his firstborn. The child hesitated, and it was not until his mother whispered "Go," that he approached the door. Gustavus stood on the outside.

He drew the child to his bosom, looked at him fondly with moistened eyes, as he whispered, "Charlie, you will never see papa again—won't you love him always when he is far away?"

Kissed him again and again with passionate tenderness; then suddenly taking his watch from his pocket, put it and his pocket-book into the tiny hands of the sorrowful and bewildered boy, sat him down on the threshold, and rushing down the stairs, the quick closing of the door announced to the listening wife that he had left the house.

And she sprang to the window, gazing wistfully through the partially closed blinds after that familiar form until it passed from her long-lingering sight; then gave vent to her long-suppressed feelings in a burst of agony.

The next morning Mrs. Barton with her children left the city. A trusty domestic, who was to remain in her service, was directed to superintend the removal of the furniture to a small town, at some distance, where she intended for the future to reside.

Gustavus also had disappeared, having on the close of that eventful day retired into the country, whence he wrote to his mother a full account of what had occurred.

The windows of a large, handsomely-furnished chamber were thrown open to the soft breezes of May, which, toying with the light lace curtains, admitted the golden day-beams in picturesque alternation with cool, deep shadows.

There was a sad, tearful woman sitting in that pleasant room, surrounded by gladsome sights and sounds; but she sees but one object—the suffering occupant of the couch, by which she watches with patience that never wearies—with love stronger than death—with agony that wrings every fibre of her maternal heart.

Not alone the unutterable anguish of the mother hovering o'er her suffering, dying child is here—there is another feeling that renders more acute every pang—every trial,—her lost husband, whose name the little invalid repeated in endearing terms.

Few months had passed since she was moving

in conscious pride amid gay and fashionable associates; yet how few of them could have recognised the lively and blooming Emily Barton in that sad, spiritless woman, wasted by secret sorrow and maternal solicitude! For many weary weeks little Charlie had been an invalid; hope alternately rose and fell in the anxious parent; now the last glimmer of hope had faded from her sinking soul, and the unclouded glory of advancing spring—the beauty of that lovely day mocked her with its cheerfulness, for a fearful presentiment haunted her through the rosy hours, that with the fall of night on nature's glories the darkness of bereavement would envelope her in gloomy clouds. And it was to be so. For when the animation with which the little invalid, so long confined to a sick-bed, hailed the fair scene he had pinned to look upon, had passed, the quickened pulse, as if exhausted by its transient animation, grew feebler and lower—a chill pallor took the place of the momentary flush of joy—and the signs of approaching dissolution became more fearfully evident.

The mother wept on long and bitterly without fear of disturbing the loving child, who now lay unconscious alike of her tears and caresses. Time passed on counting out the last hours of that brief young life; and from that death-like stupor little Charlie awoke amid the angel host of heaven.

His beautiful remains were laid in the quiet churchyard not far from her dwelling, and thither would the bereaved mother often repair to weep and muse above the hallowed spot. Of a fine summer afternoon she would take her little Emily, now a sprightly, winning child, whose lisping prattle whiled many a weary hour; and they would wander through the shady precincts of the "city of the dead."

One afternoon, it was towards the close of October, her steps were directed to her accustomed haunt. Two days had passed since her last visit, and the heavy rain that had fallen almost continually during the interim had robbed the graveyard of the remnants of summer beauty; and as she passed slowly through the leaf-strewn paths she trembled with grief and nervousness, when her eye rested on the spot so dear to her maternal heart. There, more than anywhere else, she thought, were the ravages of the chilling storm; and she went more disconsolately than since the first days of bereavement, as she bent over the faded mound—her face bowed upon her hands, as was usual with her in seasons of great anguish.

She continued thus indulging her grief, till startled by an approaching foot-step, and looking up, beheld a gentleman almost at her side. With a wild scream, she threw her arms about him, sobbing convulsively, "Oh, Gustavus, our Charlie's gone! our own darling little Charlie!"

The gentleman was, indeed, Gustavus Barton. Vainly had he sought in foreign climes the peaceful happiness he had recklessly shipwrecked; and returning to his native city, was told of his son's death. Stunned and heart-stricken, he had set out to visit the grave, and wandering through the churchyard, had witnessed his wife's anguish, which softened still more his relenting feelings. Tears streamed over the face of the proud man, as, tenderly supporting his distressed wife, he knelt with her beside the grave where reposed the remains of him who had been so dear to both the erring parents. He could not speak, and Emily also wept in silence—till at length the night shadows deepened they rose sadly, and together proceeded to her quiet dwelling, where the only remaining object of parental tenderness was clasped in the fond embrace of a father of whom her infant mind retained no remembrance.

The sight of her recalled more vividly her brother's image, and he exclaimed, "My bright, beautiful boy! I told him he would never see me again—but, oh, I thought not of death!"

In the city where the first years of their married life were spent, Mr. and Mrs. Barton now reside, less gay, but more really happy than in the time to which both look back with painful self-upbraiding. But the lessons of the stern teacher, affliction, have not been in vain; they have learned mutual forbearance, which renders lasting the reconciliation tacitly made at the grave of little Charlie.

OUR CARTOONS.

We give our readers two spirited pictures this week in the way of cartoons. The one has a politico-social significance referring to the extravagance of dress among the fair sex, which, so often, is the primary and fatal cause of downright dishonesty on the part of husbands. It may look like a bit of strained sentimentality to appeal to women as co-operators in the needed work of reform, but when the grim facts of life are probed to the bottom, there is a startling reality in this appeal which makes it positively necessary. The case of Mrs. Belknap, wife of the ruined American Secretary of War, is a lesson which even our Canadian belles would do well to take to heart betimes. The other cartoon depicts quite graphically the result of the late Parliamentary trials of strength. One after the other, Mr. Workman, Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. De Cosmos, Dr. Tupper, and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, have tested the Government's power, as represented by Mr. Mackenzie, and on every occasion they have been defeated by considerable majorities. Reviewing the Session at its close, it may be said that the Ministry has been not ineffectually assailed in many points, with an ultimate result which may yet lead to weakness, but that, in numerical adherence, it prorogues Parliament with sufficient strength to do as it pleases for at least another year.

LITERARY.

WALT WHITMAN, through the medium of Mrs. Conway, authorizes a denial of the reports that he is in great poverty and distress.

LORD LYTON, it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Viceroyalty, that he has withdrawn "King Poppy," his new poem, which was on the eve of publication.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE will commence a serial story in the May number of *Temple Bar*, to be entitled "The American Senator." The scene of the story is laid in England.

MR. A. N. WOOLASTON, of the Political Department of the India Office, is about to publish a new translation of the Persian work, "Anwar-i-Suhbi," which for more than twenty years has been a text book for the Indian Civil Service.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF has just commenced a series of Shakespearean readings at the Langham Hall, London, and is engaged in the preparation of an entirely new edition of his "Art of Elocution," which work has been out of print, and quite scarce for some years.

The early publication is announced of the *Memoirs of Herr von Kündworth*, the confident and colleague of Prince Metternich. They comprise the inner and political history of half a century, and include, it is said, interesting details, which may clear up facts hitherto unexplained.

As we announced some time ago Hon. Wm. M. Evans has consented to be the orator on the occasion of the Centennial celebration of the Fourth of July in Philadelphia this year. Mr. Longfellow having declined to be the poet by reason of ill health, the Commission asked Bayard Taylor to deliver an ode, and he has accepted the appointment.

The publishers of *Putnam* will exhibit a magnificent book case of gigantic dimensions at the Centennial Exhibition. It is of exquisite workmanship, is about 12 feet square by 22 feet high, and will contain the printed publications of the exhibition, with various illustrations and personal by-prints over the entrance. Shakespeare's motto, "Come and take choice of all my library, and so beguile thy sorrow,"

The Bishop of Killaroe writes that Mr. Forster, shortly before his death, informed him that he had been mistaken in stating that Swift was ordained by Dr. W. King, Bishop of Derry. Mr. Forster was led into that error by confounding, in Swift's letters of orders, the title *Episcopus Darenensis*, which would mean Bishop of Killaroe, with the title *Episcopus Darenensis*, which would mean Bishop of Derry. The Bishop of Killaroe when Archbishop of Killaroe, saw Swift's signature upon the ordination roll of that diocese.

Mrs. MITCHELL, widow of Hugh Miller, died at Assiat, Southlandshire, on the 11th ult., at the age of sixty-four. Her maiden name was Lydia Fraser, and she wrote several books under the name of Miss of Harriet Myrtle. At the time of the disruption of the Scottish Establishment she published a novel entitled "Passages in the Life of an English Heiress," in which the views of the "Non-Intercommunion" party were advocated. She also wrote a book for young people, with the title "Cats and Dogs," took an active part in editing her husband's works after his death, and gave much assistance to Mr. Peter Bayne in the preparation of his biography of her husband.

MR. SWINBURNE has recently finished a poem, called "The Last Oracle." Starting from the fact ever brought back from Delphi to Julian by his enemy, A. C. C. 1601, the poem invokes Apollo to regenerate a race that called him in Greece, merely son of Zeus, the son of Chronos, but under that name, the Light and Word incarnate in Man, of whom comes the latest sunlight of the human mind, whence all ideas of gods possible to man, take shape. Of this, the sun-god and singing god of the Greeks is assumed by the poet to be the most perfect to be attainable, and is called upon to return and reappear over the graves of interfering gods. It is, no doubt, the most daring poem Mr. Swinburne has written since "Hertha."

PERSONAL.

"JEMUEL BRIGGS" intends to reside in Boston.

The Hon. George Brown is expected home in May.

PRINCE GORKSCHKOFF will accompany the Emperor Alexander to Enns.

Sir Henry Halford has formally resigned the Captaincy of the British National Rifle team.

LORD LYTON, the new Governor-General of India, arrived at Bombay on the 7th inst.

MR. DEYMON, of Ottawa, has invented a machine that will set from undistributed type.

Hon. Mr. Geoffrion is now in New Orleans. He is expected at Ottawa about the end of this month.

The United States Senate in executive session has rejected the nomination of R. H. Dana, Jr., to be Minister to England.

It is said that Mr. Geo. Shephard, well known in connection with the press of Toronto some years ago, is to be the editor of the new paper in Toronto.

Mr. Jefferson Davis will sail for Europe on the 1st of May, where he will remain for six or eight months to promote the establishment of a direct trade with the cities of the Mississippi Valley.

It was currently reported in Montreal last week that there are to become important Cabinet changes at Ottawa, Mr. Holton to succeed Mr. Huntington, and Mr. Lafontaine, M. P., to take the place of Mr. Gosford.

It is stated that Mr. John Cameron, publisher of the late *Illustrated*, has an interest in the proposed Toronto *Evening Telegram*, and that Prof. Goldwin Smith has withdrawn from the *Nation* to devote attention to the new paper.

HUMOROUS.

Mustaches the barbers love die young.

AN American paper says that a rich tailor—a Mr. Nihil—wishing to sport a moustache, was supplied with "Ex nihilo nihil fit." It was however soon laid aside, for uncles and customers translated it, "At Nihil's nothing fits."

A gentleman in the city has a pair of pantaloons which were worn by his ancestors a hundred years ago. They are made of homespun cloth, except the seat which is thick leather. It is inferred from this that the original owner was a book agent.

HE never touched a bit of warm sugar all through the evening, because he said it did not agree with him, and yet when he bid her adieu at the door of her home, he bore away on his lips an unmistakable flavor of maple, and it is nobody's business how it came there.

THERE is a man who looks smilingly out on the stormy dawn of a March morning and murmurs blessings on the night-made drifts, and hurries eagerly after his snow shovel and clears off his sidewalk before breakfast, while a smile of serene self-satisfaction lights his face, until it looks like a pumpkin with a candle in it. There is such a man, but we don't know where he lives.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A St. Louis woman says that a good waltzer never shows her ankles.

A little girl who wanted to be very good during Lent proposed to give up going to school.

THE newest floral sentiment. "If you wish for heart's ease, don't look to marigold."

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

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has foresworn fast trains. He is saving up money now to pay for silken trains.

EVERY married woman is personally acquainted with a man who will sit right alongside of a stove and let the fire go out.

A young Philadelphian, threatened with a breach of promise suit, says—"Sue away; contracts made on Sunday ain't legal."

As long as a woman can attend an auction and buy three links of rust-eaten stove-pipe for sixty cents, she will not worry about suffrage.

A Saratoga philosopher says a single woman, as a general thing can be told from a wife, and yet he has known many a girl to be taken for a wife.

AFTER a play a young Frenchman said to his friend, "I could play the lover better than that myself." She replied, "Then why in heaven's name don't you?"

A lady of rank complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

AFTER the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

AN experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

BACHELORS are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner:—"The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

JOHN asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me."

"I wish I might die," sighed a sentimental maid, as she stood rubbing the shoulder of her dress with benzine; and yet the very next time he came she let him lay his head right on the same spot.

"No, GEORGE," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt-buckles in a show window would make any woman lose a train; but," she added, musingly, "sometimes she might have to run a little."

IT is lamentable to think that so many young ladies of comparatively good bringing up, will, after their forefinger becomes girdled with a pearl engagement ring, become so unladylike as to keep continually poking it in everybody's face with whom they come in contact.

IT is agreed by doctors that American women live longer than those of any other country. They are leaner and wirier, and of late years have worn something like sensible garments, of which the most sensible are thick-soled boots. As for the hat, there is not much to say on that head.

ONE of the trials of woman's life is keeping dinner waiting for her husband. An elderly Danbury lady has a remedy for this. She says she sits down to eat as soon as the meal is ready, and then he is sure to come. "A watched pot" she gracefully observes, "never boils."

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.

SEVERAL fashionable celebrities in Paris have set the example of wearing the Greek costume for evening dress. A correspondent says the innovation will not prevail, for the age is too artificial. The utter simplicity of the costume, the grace and dignity it requires in the wearer, the scope it gives to ostentation and pride of purse, will preclude its universality.

WITH a white chip bonnet, paper of pins, and box of miscellaneous feathers, lace, ribbons, and flowers, any girl of the period, with a small stock of ingenuity, can convey the impression to the public at large that she has half a dozen bonnets this season. A very fashionable shape is that made by sitting down or stamping on an ordinary shape, and then putting in some large roses.

A young gentleman in New York lately made an evening call upon a young lady, and got rather shabbily treated. It was getting along towards nine o'clock, when the young lady inquired the time of evening. "Five minutes to nine," was the reply.—"How long will it take you to go home?"—"Five minutes, I should judge."—"Then," said the young lady, "if you start now, you will get home at just nine o'clock."

EVERY woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; for, if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to be-

lieve she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world;" and it would be folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

HEARTH AND HOME.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, and seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were blind. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow from causes like this, until, in process of time, mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

ACCURACY.—The truly accurate man neither despises minuteness nor makes an idol of it. He is broadly general where a general statement is what is needed. He is minutely detailed where minute detail is what is needed. But, whether general or detailed, he is always careful that what he says conveys at once a clear idea and a true idea. D-tails will sometimes make a statement more clear, sometimes less. He acts accordingly. It might perhaps not be too much to say that details sometimes make a statement truer, sometimes less true. In this case he acts accordingly also.

THE HOUSE.—Mr. George Dawson, in a lecture at Birmingham, said that the office of a man's house was not only to give shelter, food, and meat, but also to surround his children with those fair sights and sounds by which the sense of beauty might be developed. There were houses in that town in which not a poem was read nor a song sung throughout the year, and yet people wondered why their children were vulgar. The beauty of towns was one of the most neglected duties and one of the most deserving. If a town was beautiful, people took pride in it, liked to live in it, and were sorry to leave it. In Birmingham they wanted a new society, to be called the Beauty Society.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—Human nature is the same now that it ever has been. The same laws govern our existence; the same conditions regulating success and failure are just as applicable to us as they were to our progenitors. There is still the oft-repeated history of a wasted life; here and there, scattered thickly all through this earthly vineyard, we find drones, sluggards in human form, who are subsisting on the goodness of a plentiful giver, yet giving nothing in return, not even a symptom of gratitude. And why this listless life, without any noble aim or heavenly aspiration? We are told there is something good in every heart, and truly do we believe that the wise Deity, who formed man in his own likeness, a little lower than the angels, placed in that heart a strong reminder of the fact that there is a creator greater than the creature; that there is something better beyond this life to satisfy the unrest of the human heart, and fill that "aching void," and continued longing for something in the future, which nothing earthly can do. Why are we, then, so constantly found wandering from what we know to be the path of duty to Heaven and man? Is it not because our good resolutions are not kept and lived out in our daily life? Man resolves and resolves, then dies the same. It is only when we resolve by the aid of a higher strength, and stand determinedly upon that resolution, that we succeed.

CHILDREN AND STUDY.—It is a moot point as to when children should begin to study. That they should not begin too early, however, is the opinion of those deemed most competent to judge. Spurzheim asserts that experience has demonstrated that, of any number of children of equal intellectual power, those who receive no particular care in childhood, and who do not learn to read and write until the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commence earlier and read numerous books when very young. The mind ought never to be cultivated at the expense of the body, and physical education undoubtedly ought to precede that of the intellect, and then proceed simultaneously with it, without cultivating one faculty to the neglect of others, for health is the base, and instruction the ornament, of education. Hufeland states that intellectual effort in the first years of life is very injurious. All labour of the mind which is required of children before their seventh year is in opposition to the laws of nature, and will prove injurious to the organization, and prevent its proper development. It is necessary that we should not begin to exercise the faculties of the mind too early; it is a great mistake to imagine that we cannot commence their cultivation too soon; we ought not to think of this while Nature is wholly occupied with the development of organs, and has want of all the vigour of the system to effect this object. If children are made to study before this age, the most noble part of the vital force is withdrawn from perfecting the organization, and is consumed by the act of thought, from which it necessarily results that the bodily development is arrested or disturbed, digestion is deranged, the humours are deteriorated, and scrofula is produced.

WISE EXPENDITURE.—When a young professional man of limited designs to marry, he naturally desires to win a prudent, economical wife, and, with that idea in his mind, often fondly imagines he is acting wisely in choosing a wife from a family poorer than his own. He fancies that a young lady brought up with few luxuries will be simple in her ideas. He calculates that, having never had money to spend, she will be moderate in her expenditure; that being a poor man's daughter, she is the better fitted for the part of a poor man's wife; and that, having lived in a household supported on, say, three hundred a year, she will be easily able to make both ends meet where there is two thousand. He could hardly make a greater mistake. There are brilliant exceptions, no doubt; but the girl who has never had any money to spend, and who has never seen money spent, has no idea how to spend it when she has it. She fancies that an additional two hundred a year will buy a multitude of luxuries heretofore unattainable, and launches out into a series of extravagances, which soon awakens her husband to a sense of the mistake he has made. We do not believe in marrying for money; but a man with a small income consults his future comfort to much better purpose by choosing a wife where there is money, even if he is not to have any share of it with her. If she has seen her father give a hundred pounds for a picture or a house, she at least knows how much such things cost; and if, as in most families of the kind, the young ladies have a regular allowance, she is able to tell how much will be required for dress, and how impossible it will be to have any of the things which an inexperienced wife will wish for and perhaps expect. She has also the advantage of knowing how little married happiness really depends upon such things, and how small is the gratification to be obtained from possessing them. Accustomed to several servants, she understands how to manage them, and knows what care will be needed to get the work of even a small house done by two; and so she helps them as much as possible. Servants like a mistress of this sort, and respect her, even if she is not a good housekeeper; while, so far from trying to impose upon her inexperience, as they might impose upon one unused to their management, they endeavour to be careful and saving in their own department. But such mistresses are rare, and the man who has one of them for a wife is fortunate.

THE GLEANER.

A direct descendant of the Prophet Mahomet is now in Paris on a diplomatic mission from the Sultan of Morocco. El-Hadj-Abd-el-Slam descends from Mahomet's daughter Fatima.

DON CARLOS is about to take up his abode at Twickenham, having, it is rumored, purchased from the Duc d'Anmale Orleans House, together with the surplus furniture and effects left by the Duke.

IN the eighteenth century snuff-taking was a general habit. Did Marie-Antoinette take snuff? Probably, but Queen Charlotte certainly did. Captain Gronow, as an Eton boy, beheld her Majesty walking with the King upon the terrace at Windsor, "her royal nose covered with snuff both within and without." The great Napoleon carried snuff in his waistcoat-pocket, and took prodigious quantities. George the Fourth carried a box, but only made believe to apply the powder to his nose. He was an impostor even in the matter of snuff-taking. At the regimental mess-tables of the time snuff-boxes were sent round with the decanters after dinner. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, the Tragic and Comic Muse, were both persistent snuff-takers, even on the stage while employed in the representation of the most important characters. Gentlemen of fashion formed collections of snuff-boxes and "cellars" of snuff, stored in canisters and prized like wine. Lord Petersham was supposed to possess a box for every day in the year. Of a light blue Sevres box he was wont to say, "Yes, it's a nice one for summer, but it would not do for winter wear." His sitting-room was like a tobacconist's shop; jars with names in gilt letters of various kinds of snuff were ranged against the walls with the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. "Lord Petersham's Mixture" long remained an esteemed snuff, and favour was won by a scented snuff, "Prince's Mixture," so called in honour of the Regent. A snuff-box known as "No. 45" long signalled the popularity of Mr. Wilkes; "Hardman's No. 37" was the snuff used by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who took it profusely, powdering his waistcoat with it, letting it fall in heaps upon the carpet, and even upon his palette, so that it became mixed with his pigments and was transferred to his pictures.

OUR PICTURES.

We give place to the portraits of two female notabilities who have long occupied a large space in the French literary world of our epoch. A sketch of Madame Collet appeared in our last issue. Of Daniel Stern there is mention in our interesting Paris letter, and there is only need to add that she was further distinguished by a number of historical and sentimental works of high merit. There is a lively sketch of the recent inundation of the Seine at Paris and two half pages are devoted to as many pretty works of art—the Doge's Wife and the Vendor of Statuettes. Our other illustrations will be found fully described under separate heads in different columns of the paper.

MAN'S ALLOTTED SPAN.

The determination of threescore and ten years as the allotted period of human existence is doubtless in a considerable degree owing to that period having been adopted by the Royal Psalmist; but modern science, while it has postponed somewhat the average termination, has also still more largely prolonged the hypothetical duration of life. Flourens, reasoning from the time required for the full physical development of a human being, as compared with that taken by other animals, fixes the natural limit at 100 years, and this is also the period fixed by Dr. Farr as man's natural death-time, although at present he finds, as the result of ten years' approximately accurate and complete registration, that this limit is scarcely reached by one English child in a hundred thousand. In some districts, of which the town of Liverpool is an exceptional example, the proportion is much below this. In this, however, as in many other respects, we are far in advance of our ancestors.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Toronto *Globe* appears in new type. KINGSTON has a Workingman's Temperance Association.

EIGHTEEN vessels are in course of construction at Quebec.

ABOUT twelve million dollars are invested in Nova Scotia coal mines.

THE revenue of Newfoundland last year was \$630,000, and the expenditure \$66,000 in excess of revenue.

AT a meeting of the Ottawa Stonecutters' Union, it was arranged that \$3 per diem for a day of nine hours should be the rate of wages.

THE new post office at Montreal will be put into use next month, the removal taking place gradually. There will be 1,500 lock boxes.

A number of torpedo boats, constructed at Chatham, have been sent out to Canada lately to the order of the Canadian Government.

MR. DICKEY's motion in the Senate censuring the Government for not making more speedy progress with the Pacific Railway, was carried on a division by 34 to 24.

BUSINESS in Toronto has revived a little and great activity is found in clover seed. It is said that about \$40,000 have been brought into the country from this source since January.

ABOUT \$20,000 worth of bass have been caught in the Miramichi river this winter. The increase is due to the protection of spawning grounds in the spring and summer.

A number of Methodist ministers of London, Ont., profess a wish to be taxed like other people, so as to give them an unquestioned right to discuss public matters, especially the liquor traffic.

A GOOD proposal is made by some Halifax philanthropists to have a training ship in the harbor to receive boys who have been brought before the police courts, and train them for seamen.

THE usual spring emigration of young men and women from Nova Scotia to the States has commenced. Numbers are going from the shore districts, many of them fishermen, to join the Gloucester fishing vessels.

TWO pieces of quartz weighing respectively 20 and 35 ounces and valued at \$1,100 were recently obtained from a Nova Scotia gold mine. They will be exhibited in the Canadian mineral department at Philadelphia.

THE latest reports from Newfoundland are not encouraging relative to the prospects of the seal fishery. Many of the vessels are still in sight off the shore from the effects of ice and adverse winds. Several sailing vessels had been crushed by ice and sunk.

SHIPBUILDING in Nova Scotia does not seem to be affected by the dullness in shipping, for in the village of Maitland on the Basin of Minas, no less than four ships, five barges and two brigs are under construction, giving a total measurement of 10,700 tons, which at \$40 per ton is \$428,000. Other yards seem to be doing quite as well.

A MAGISTRATE in Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, has been removed for violating the Provincial Statutes which prohibit a magistrate from being engaged in the liquor trade. And a law was before the Legislature of that Province to make liquor dealers responsible for any damage by drunken persons who have purchased the article from them.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE iron trade in England grows duller.

THE whole of Bosnia is now in open revolt.

CARLIST depots of arms still exist in Biscay.

YELLOW fever is committing fearful ravages in Rio Janeiro.

THE Connecticut elections resulted in a complete victory for the Democrats.

THE headquarters of the American army have been re-established at Washington.

THE French Government will support the Khedive in raising a new loan to supersede the floating debt.

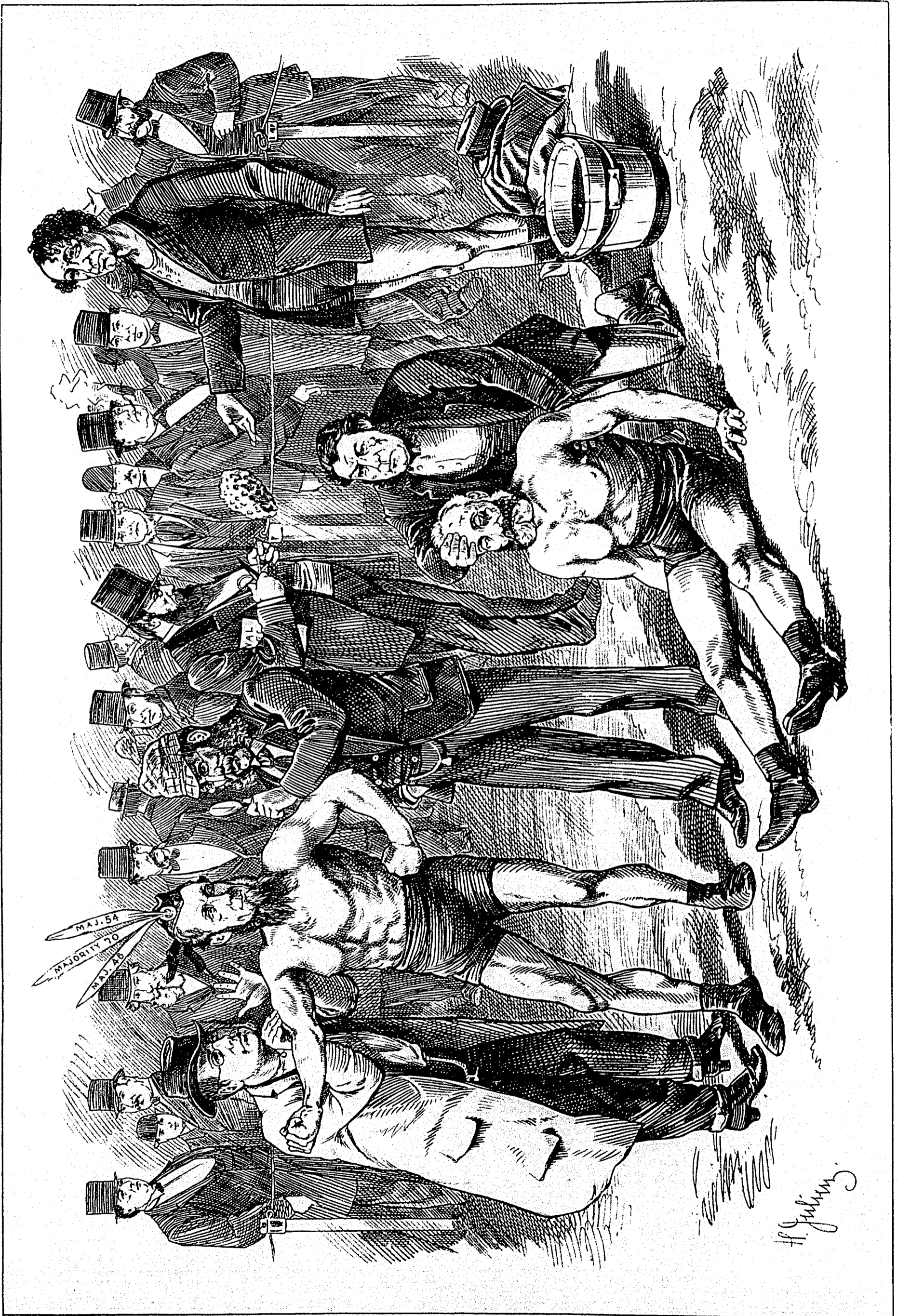
THE assizes throughout Ireland generally indicate a very great decrease in crime. Agrarian outrage would appear to have completely died out.

THE Russian press severely criticizes Mr. Disraeli's speech on the Royal Titles Bill, and especially that part of it in which he referred to Russia's conquest of Tartary.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE Smithsonian Institute is making a collection of specimens of all the animals of the United States that are hunted or trapped for economical purposes; and also of the different apparatus used in their capture by hunters, trappers, and sportsmen.

IN Vienna the other day, Dr. Rosenthal delivered a lecture on the use of electricity as a safe means of detecting suspended animation in cases of apparent death. A corpse immediately after death can be so influenced by the electric current that it will appear to breathe, the breast will heave, and the face assume expressions of joy or pain. But where death has really come all this will cease at the end of two or three hours, and the electric current is then powerless; while, on the other hand, in case of only apparent death, electricity continues potent until animation is restored. So, if a movement of the muscles is seen three hours after the commencement of the electric treatment, it is certain that life is not extinct.



AFTER THE LAST ROUND.

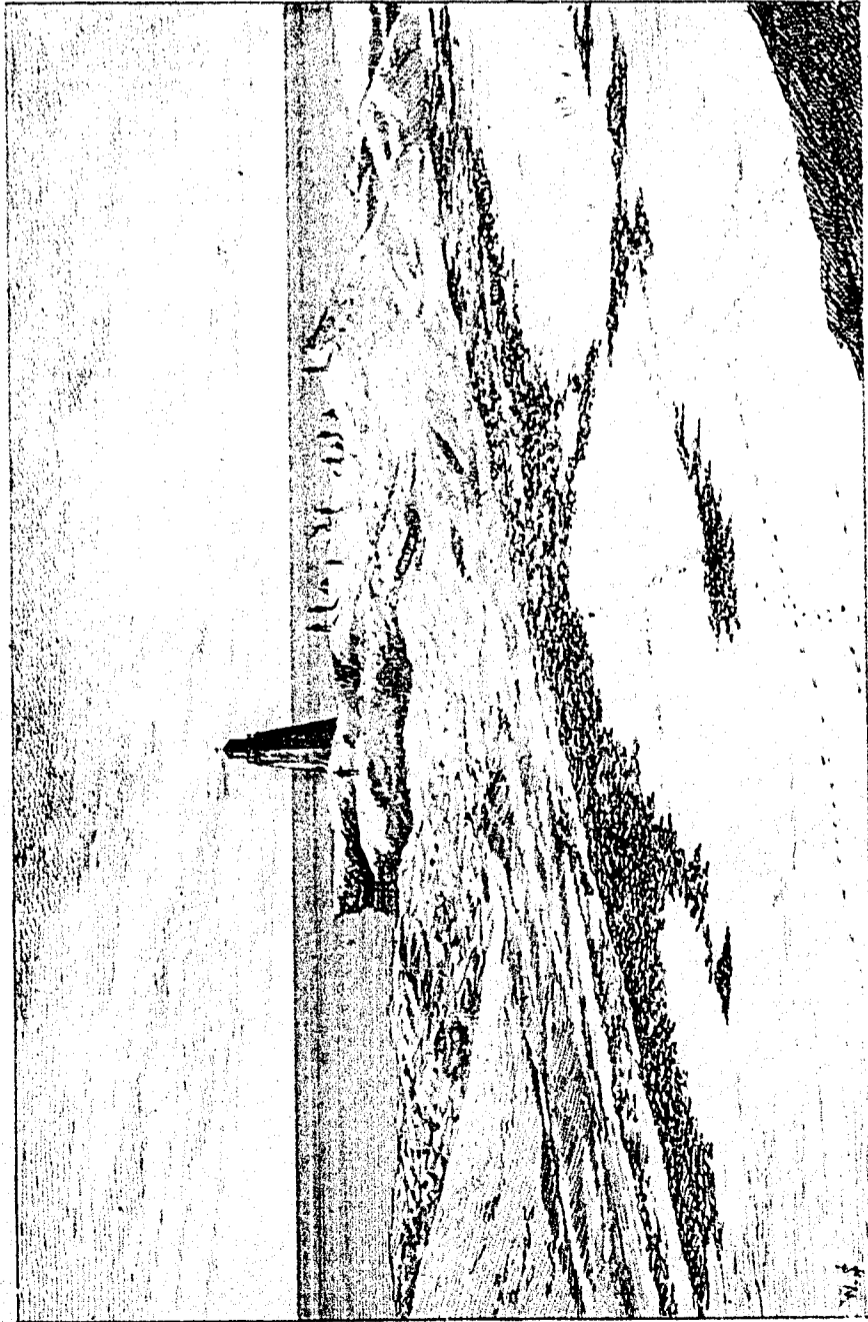
H. Johnson



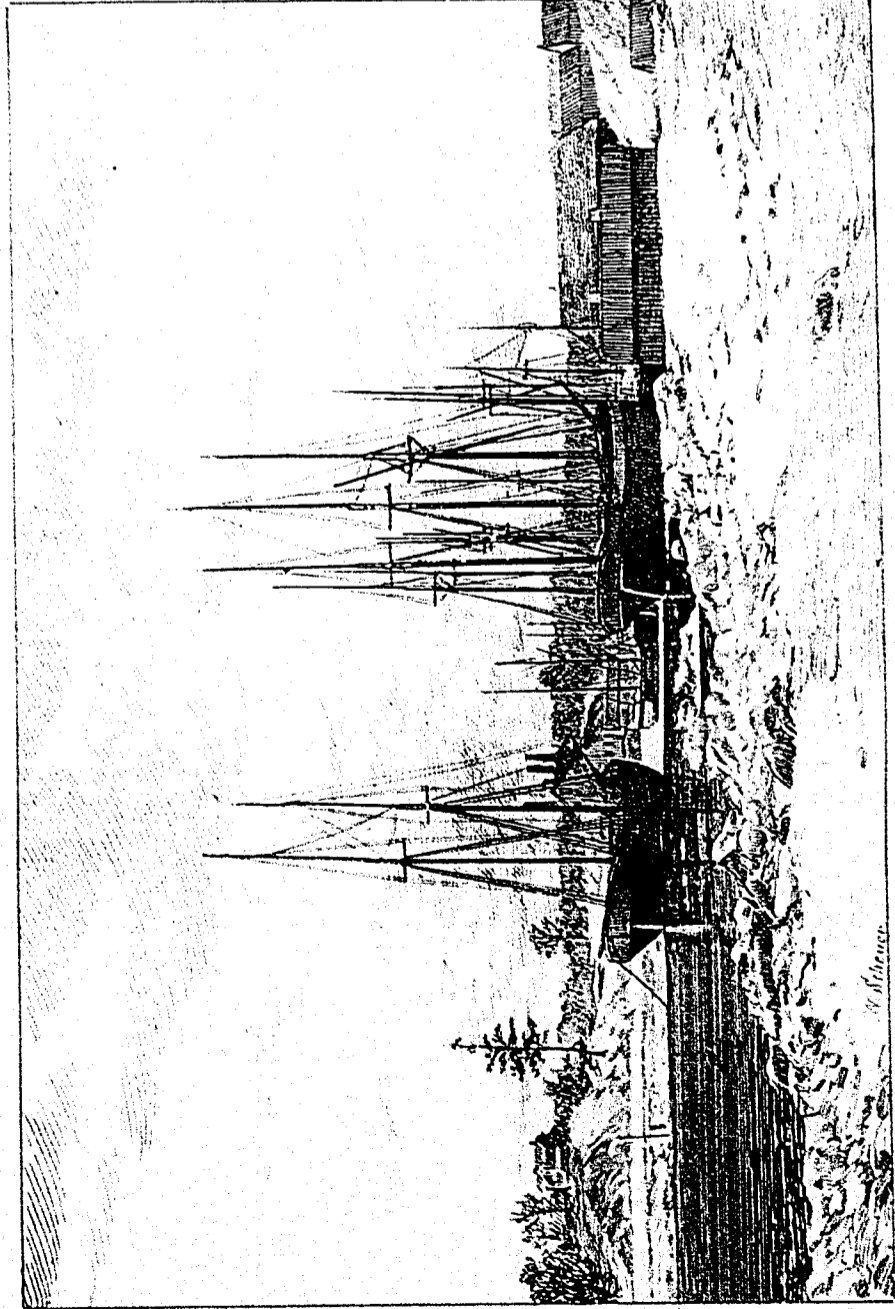
The Great Ice Bank and the Light House.



The Ice Banks and the Town, from the Pier, looking East.



Oakville Pier, the Ice Banks, and Lake Ontario.



The inner end of Pier, looking up the Harbour.

THE GREAT STORM AT OAKVILLE, ONT.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK II.

THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

XII.

A WOMAN'S TACTICS.

When Zulma Sarpy reached home on the evening of her eventful journey to Quebec, her aged father observed that she was under the influence of strong emotions. She would have preferred keeping to herself all that she had seen or heard, but he questioned her closely and she could not well evade replies. It was quite natural, as she fully understood, that he should be anxious to obtain information about the state of affairs, especially as he had heard several rumors from his servants and neighbors during the day. When, therefore, she had composed herself somewhat, after the abundant and deliberate meal of a healthy, sensible woman, she narrated to him in detail all the events which she had witnessed. Sieur Sarpy frequently interrupted her with passionate exclamations which surprised her considerably, as they showed that he took a deeper interest in the impending war than he had intended or than she had expected. The incident of the bridge particularly moved him. "And you are certain," he asked, "that the young officer was the same who was fired at from the walls?"

"I am positive I cannot be mistaken," she replied. "His stature, his noble carriage, his handsome face would distinguish him among a thousand."

"But you do not know his name?"

"Alas! no."

"You should have inquired. The man who treated my daughter with such high courtesy should not be a stranger to me."

"Ah! never mind, papa, I shall find out his name yet," said Zulma with a laugh.

"Perhaps not. Who can tell what will happen? War is a whirlwind. It may blow him out of sight and remembrance before we know it."

"Never fear," interrupted Zulma with a magnificent wave of her white arm. "I have a presentiment that we shall meet again. I have my eye on him and—"

"He has his eye on you," added Sieur Sarpy, breaking out with a little merriment which was unusual with him.

His daughter did not answer, but an ineffable light passed like an illumination over her beautiful face, and words which she would have uttered, but did not, died away in a delicious smile at the corners of her rich, sanguine lips. She rose from her chair, and stood immovable for a moment, gazing at a vase of red and white flowers that stood on the mantel before her eyes. Her snowy night dress fell negligently about her person, but its loose folds could not conceal the outline of her bosom which rose and fell under the touch of some strong mastering feeling. Sieur Sarpy, as he looked up at her, could not dissimulate his admiration of the lovely creature who was the comfort and glory of his life, nor restrain his tears at the thought, vague and improbable though it was, that perhaps this war might, in some unaccountable way, carry with it the destiny of his daughter and change for ever the current of their mutual existence. As she stood there before him, knowing her as he did, or perhaps because he did not know her so well as he might have done, he felt that she was about to make an important communication to him, ask him something or pledge him to some course which would affect him and her, and bring on precisely that mysterious result of which the shadow was already in his mind. But before he had the time to say a word either to quiet his fear or dissipate his conjecture, Zulma moved slowly from her place and dropped softly before his knees. All the color of her face, as she upturned it to his, was gone, but there was a melting pathos in those blue eyes which fascinated the old man.

"Papa," she said, "will you allow me to ask you a favor?"

Sieur Sarpy felt a twinge in his heart, and his lips contracted. Zulma noticed his emotion and immediately added:—

"I know that you are feeble, papa, and must not bear excitement, but what I have to ask you is simple and easy of accomplishment. Besides, I will leave you to judge and abide unreservedly by your decision."

Sieur Sarpy took his daughter's hand in his and replied:

"Speak, my dear, you know that I can refuse you nothing."

"You have resolved to be neutral in this war."

"That was my intention."

"Did you come to this resolution solely for your own sake?"

"For your sake and mine, dear. I am old and infirm, and cannot take part in the struggles of strong men. You are young and I must guard your future."

Zulma remained silent for a few moments, as

if she could find no further words to say. Her father, observing her embarrassment, brought back the conversation to its original drift, by inquiring into the nature of the demand which she had intended to make.

"I had intended to ask you my liberty of action," she said, with suddenly recovered energy. "But I will not do so now. Circumstances will perhaps occur to modify the situation for both of us before hostilities have progressed very far. All I shall ask of you now is that you will allow me to see that young officer again."

The old man, on hearing this innocent request, breathed more freely, as he exclaimed:

"Why, is that all, my darling? You certainly may see him again. I would like to see him myself and make his acquaintance. As I told you before, I have great admiration for his bravery and his gallantry towards you. And, Zulma, the next time you see him, don't fail to learn his name."

"That is precisely what I want to obtain," said the girl with a smile.

"Then we are quite agreed," rejoined her father, tapping her on the cheek and rising to close the interview.

He was now in great good humor, and she also affected to be gay, but there was a flush on her cheek which told of an interior flame that glowed, and when her father had departed, she walked up and down the floor of her bedchamber with the slow measured step of deep anxious reflection.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE.

Four days later, the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles was startled by the approach of Arnold's men. Their appearance was so sudden and unexpected that the people did not know how to explain it, and the most of them barricaded their houses. But the American advance was very orderly. The vanguard wheeled to the left from the village and took up its quarters on the extreme edge of the St. Lawrence. The main body stacked arms in front of the church, and billets were at once secured in all the houses of the village. Arnold himself took up his residence with the cure who treated him well, and frequently during their short stay invited the principal officers to his table. This clergyman was opposed to the American invasion, in obedience to the mandate of the Bishop of Quebec, but for the sake of his people he judged it advisable to use the Continentals with as much respect as possible. And his courtesy was properly rewarded, as during their whole sojourn at Pointe-aux-Trembles, the Americans treated the inhabitants with unusual consideration. The rear guard passed through the village and echeloned along the road for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. This division was mainly composed of cavalry and riflemen whose duty it was to scour the country in search of provisions, and to keep up communication with the upper country where the reinforcements from Montgomery's army were daily expected.

All Arnold's officers approved of his temporary retreat, for the precise reasons which had been laid down by old Batoche appeared to every one of them urgent under the circumstances. But if there was any one of them more pleased than another it was Cary Singleton. He had other than military reasons for applauding this measure. The opportunity was afforded him—at least so he fancied—of recovering the treasure which he had lost under the dark covered bridge, of seeing once more the vision which, since that eventful night, had always floated before his memory. Glorious illusion of youth! At that favored period of existence so little appreciated while it lasts, and which, when it is gone, is the object of bitter lamentation for the rest of life, even hardship gives zest to enjoyment when the heart is buoyed—as what youthful heart is not?—by the sweet potency of woman's love. Fatigue, hunger, thirst, disease, and poverty are only trifles that are laughed at, so long as there is seen in the background of it all the lambent light of tender eyes speaking, as nothing else can, the language of the devoted heart. For many of his brother officers, men with families, or already advanced in years, this American invasion was a dreary reality, made up of a dismal succession of marches and countermarches, parades and bivouackings, attacks and repulses, privations of every description, with the prospective of defeat at the last. But to Cary Singleton the war had been up to the present a constant scene of pleasurable excitement, as he will have occasion to testify himself in a subsequent chapter, while from this point to its close it rose with him to the proportions of a romance.

His single clue was that the beautiful girl whom he sought lived in the neighborhood of his present encampment. Whether it was above or below, on the line of the river, or somewhere in the interior, he could not of course tell, but he was determined to find out. He knew that the present quarters of the army were only temporary, that within eight or ten days, at the

furthest, they would be on the forward march again, when the hurry of battle would ensue and his fate might be a bloody grave under the walls of the old capital. Hence the necessity for diligence. He thought he should be willing to die if his eyes were blessed only once more with the sight of the object of his worship.

These thoughts were passing through his brain, as he slowly rode along the road one quiet afternoon while the sun lay white on the frozen ground, tingling the leafless branches of the beeches and birches with a silver light. He little knew what was in store for him as he mechanically pulled in the reins, and looked up an avenue of maples leading to a mansion on his right.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

QUEEN AND EMPRESS—THE CHIEF JUSTICE—SACRED CONCERTS—ANGRY POET—THE PRINCE—THE BOAT RACE.

LONDON, MARCH, 26TH.—The Royal Titles Bills has created an unwanted stir. The chief objection to it was a personal one. It was feared that considerations of family etiquette induced the Queen to resort to this method of attaching the prefix of Imperial to the names of her children. Thus: His Royal and Imperial Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh; Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Princess Beatrice; and so on. In the first place that, would have been a laughable anomaly, for everywhere else the title Imperial precedes that of Royal. But in his second great speech on the subject, Mr. DISRAELI took the sting out of this whole argument by assuring the House that at no time and under no circumstances, would the word Imperial be used, outside of the Indian Department.

The Opposition was very persistent and very sycophantic. All sorts of socialism was indulged in, small talk that did well enough in the mouth of younger members, but which sounded strangely out of place from a scholar and statesman like Mr. GLADSTONE. One question of his was amusingly well answered by the Premier. Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out that there were 100,000,000 coins in India, every one of which had on it "Victoria, Queen." Were these to be withdrawn and recoined? It was also desirable to know whether there was to be any alteration in the sign-manual. Mr. DISRAELI said the title of the Queen would be "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India." The sign-manual for India would be "Victoria, Regina et Imperatrix." Changes that might be made by any future Minister would depend on the will of Parliament. With reference to the coins, he had two or three shillings of George, in his pocket, which had not yet been called in. Of course, there was a laugh, and of course that laugh ruined the member for Greenwich.

It has been said that Mr. DISRAELI has not been himself in all this matter. That is a mistake. Vivian Grey is never more jaunty than when he has to meet GLADSTONE, LOWE, HARCOURT, FORSTER, and all his great adversaries one after the other, as he did during the memorable debates. It is fair to say that the Marquis of HARTINGTON showed more taste and moderation than any of his colleagues, and has thus won a further claim to the leadership of the Liberal party.

Lord Chief Justice COCKFIELD has just been presented with the freedom of the City of London. His speech in reply was a notable one, earnest and eloquent. He insisted upon the codification of our laws and passed a glowing tribute on the Code Napoleon. He eulogized the present Lord Chancellor CATHES, and his predecessor Lord STURBORN. Incidentally he threw out a hint that it would be some long time before the actual government was driven from power.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts have been resumed this year with Handel's *Sampson*. The two salient features were the presence of the great conductor, Sir Michael Costa, after a long and distressing illness, and the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves. There was the usual printed slip on the seats, with the Doctor's certificate explaining that the great tenor could not appear on account of illness. Sir Michael Costa is considerably altered by his late sickness, but he conducted with his accustomed spirit. The wave of that magical baton in the right hand, and the repressive motions of the left arm, are as ever potent to rule the largest, if not the best orchestra in the world.

There has been much merriment in the clubs over the letter of the poet Buchanan, in favor of the American versifier Walt Whitman. Buchanan is a clever man, but insufferably conceited, and, like Ginx Jenkins, spoils everything he touches by his rude side-thrusts. While proposing a large subscription to the collected works of Whitman, now being prepared, he pitches into American publishers and the "emasculated" of American literature. There may be truth in both charges, but Buchanan has not the grace to deal with them remedially. The best of the joke is that Walt Whitman, having heard of this officious advocacy, makes known to the British public that he is not in need.

The Common Council of London have decided to invite the Prince of Wales to the City on his return from India, and a committee have been appointed to make arrangements for the reception. The Prince will be entertained by M. De Lesseps on his passage through Suez, will make a stoppage at Malta, and is to be grandly entertained at Lisbon. It is possible that now the Carlist war is over, he may pass from Portugal through Spain and thence through France. He is not

expected in England before the latter part of April. It is not known whether the Queen will have returned from her German tour before his arrival.

The Empress of Austria is still with us, in the apparent enjoyment of excellent health, as she rides to hounds with all the relish of a sportsman, and the skill of a trained equestrienne. She was present one day at a meet of the Bicester Hounds at Thorpe Mandeville; two days later, she had a day's hunting with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild and the next hunted with Mr. Lowndes's hounds. She is accompanied by her sister, the beautiful ex-Queen of Naples.

As I write, opinion in rowing circles is much divided on the relative merits of the Oxford and Cambridge crews. The odds just now are in favor of the former, but I should not be surprised if, as the training goes on, they should change to Cambridge. Bow BELLS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS DAVENPORT proposes to start out with *Mable Rebecka* during the summer.

MIDDLE ILMA DE MURSKA was married at Sydney, on the 29th of December to Mr. Alfred Anderson, a well-to-do gentleman in that colony.

"PIQUE" in New York has beaten all its rivals. Seats have already been purchased as far ahead as the one hundred and fiftieth performance. Mr. Daly has succeeded better than Shakespeare and Bismarck.

THE death is announced at Milan of M. PAVI, the Italian poet, who was the colleague of Verdi in the libretti of "Ernani," "Rigoletto," and "Lansauze." For several years past he had lost the power of speech.

ANOTHER of Horace's Odes, the 9th, book 3, "Douce graine cran tibi," composed by Charles Salaman, a duet for soprano and tenor, will shortly be published in the original language, with an English version by his son, Malcolm Charles K. Salaman.

Maurice Strakoski, who has not been in America for seventeen years, has arrived in New York. The advent of this famous *impresario* at this time is accompanied by considerable interest, as it is thought that he may entertain some project for an operatic campaign during the Centennial.

AMONG the approaching *debutants* at the Grand Opera, one of more than usual interest is cited—namely, that of Mile. Fischer, the daughter of the well-known actor. The character of Mathilde in *William Tell* has been selected for her first appearance, from which fact we should infer that her voice is a light but well cultivated soprano.

MISS ROBERTSON made a great impression by the brilliancy of her execution and compass of voice at Mrs. Gladstone's concert, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. She took a natural and alluring full time above the table, in the *Mozart's* "Cinquant' Années." *Lucia* for the Italian opera, the piece is translated from the honor so as to reduce the F natural to E flat.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has been talking with a reporter of the *St. Louis Times* about the success of the character of *Colonel Sellers*. He says he is making \$250,000 a year, and thinks the part will wear as well as Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*. He first played it, but in another dramatization in California, but Mark Twain stopped the performance, having planned to put it on the stage himself, with *Colonel Sellers* as a serious part played by Lawrence Barrett, if possible. "I came East," says Raymond, "saw Twain, got him to go to work, fixed up the stage business as I thought most effectively, and started out with the piece at Rochester. It didn't go. Then I did a rash thing. Without a dollar in my pocket I broke for New York. Not a manager would touch it. I borrowed some money, paid a week's rent in advance for the Park Theatre, got up a tolerable company, and opened out. I had Mark Twain on hand to make a speech. That attracted a full house, not a paying one. Between the third and fourth acts Mark Twain lounged out to the footlights. He was as solemn as a mule. During the whole of his twenty minutes' speech he never cracked a smile, while the audience were roaring. Every hit took. That night a thousand people advertised *Sellers*, his smiles, jokes, songs, and eye-glasses. From that time on the houses increased nightly until there was no more room for an increase. I played one hundred and twenty nights, took a short run to the other large cities, came back to New York and played forty nights more, and the next season every theatre in the country was offered to me on my own terms." Raymond intends to play *Colonel Sellers* in England in 1877, believing that the English managers will estimate the English people so that they will appreciate the points of the play.

ARTISTIC.

PERUGINO'S "Family of the Virgin" at Marsoles is rapidly deteriorating, and will have to be transferred to a new canvas.

THE Queen of England's paintings, which will be exhibited at the Centennial, will be guarded constantly by a squad of policemen. The pictures have been heavily insured in eight different English companies.

An old manuscript has been fished up in the archives of Pisa, giving a precise and detailed description of an immense treasure alleged to be buried near a hospital in the city of Cagliari, Island of Sardinia. The treasure is minutely described as consisting of millions of money and of phenomenally sized diamonds, and is promised to the finder. Amateurs have been zealously digging away for it, but so far, in the dark.

A new system of parquet flooring invented by M. Briffaut, is spoken of. The squares are composed of strips of oak or other wood, or a combination of woods forming patterns; the pieces are held together by a layer of bituminous cement laid hot on their under side, and this cement is in turn covered with a paving tile, so that the three substances are intimately united. In order to obtain a more perfect adherence, conical iron pins are driven through holes left in the tiles and into the wood while the cement is still in a liquid state. The squares are laid in mortar or cement over a layer of sand, and are joined together by very fine iron tongues fitting in grooves.

A CAST of M. Clermont Ganneau's restoration of the Moabite stone has been presented by the directors of the Louvre to the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The long delay of seven years in putting together the fragments which remain must be laid partly to the account of M. Ganneau's official occupation in Constantinople, and partly in his recent work of research in Palestine. The stone, as now constructed, is 4 feet 1 inch long by 2 feet 2 inches broad, having a raised border of 2 inches running round. The upper end is circular, the lower square. About two-thirds of the inscription are preserved in the fragments. There are twenty-one of these; two are of considerable size, the rest are quite small. The remainder of the inscription is made up from M. Ganneau's squeeze of the whole, and from six consecutive lines copied for him by the Arab who took the squeeze.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

PUBLIC PRAYERS—AT VERSAILLES—STORMS—FECHTER'S DAUGHTER—DANIEL STERN—THE SALON—THE THEATRE.

PARIS MARCH, 21ST.—The enemies of the Republic may pretend that the new régime is hostile to religion, but certainly the ceremony which took place on the Sunday preceding the opening of the chambers was edifying enough. On that day public prayers were offered up at the Church of Notre Dame. The event was very solemn. Besides civic deputations, the vast space in front of the old edifice was occupied by four battalions of infantry, a squad of cuirassiers and a detachment of dragoons. At noon, the mass commenced at which all the Ministers and High Dignitaries of the State were present, and which was celebrated in the presence of the Cardinal-Archbishop and his coadjutor. The scene within and without the cathedral was magnificent, every detail being managed with that sense of picturesque effect in which the French are unequalled.

The opening of the Chambers, at Versailles, was also very imposing. The former Legislative Hall having been assigned to the Senate, the Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies, inaugurated their new quarters built expressly for them. It has many advantages, but its acoustic properties are defective and will have to be improved. The old revolutionist, RASPAIL, eighty-two years of age, could not be heard at all. The President GREVY was not audible beyond the front benches. In the Senate, VICTOR HUGO when he read his impassioned plea in favor of general amnesty filled every part of the room. The poet behaved uncommonly well on this occasion. He did not lose his temper at any time, and to one particularly irritating interruption from M. PARIS he did not so much as vouchsafe a reply. The author of LES MISÉRABLES looks hearty and active, and is good for at least ten years more of literary work.

A hurricane has passed over Marseilles. Vehicles were blown over in the public streets, and their inmates more or less injured, and traffic on the quays was stopped. A military review at the Pharo was carried through, but not without great difficulty, as the men could not stand steadily in the ranks, and such was the violence of the gale that it completely overcame the sound of the musketry. A number of tramway cars were blown off the rails, and a number of omnibuses were upset. Several persons were driven into the sea, and drowned in presence of a crowd, which was utterly unable to extend to them the slightest assistance.

The debut of MARIE FECHTER, only daughter of the famous actor, was announced for last week at the Grand Opera. But the event has again been postponed, much to the disappointment of the young lady and her friends. She was to have appeared as *Mothilde* in ROSSINI'S "Guillaume Tell." FECHTER, while unaccountably tarrying in America where he is doing nothing worthy of his powers or his fame, leaves his wife and two children here in Paris almost totally dependent on themselves. The other child is a youth named Paul, after his godfather, the novelist PAUL FEVAL. He is about completing his studies. MARIE FECHTER has received some instruction from FAURE and other good masters, and is said to promise well for the lyric stage.

Madame La Comtesse d'AGOTTE, better known under her pen name of DANIEL STERN, and whose death recently took place, will perhaps be best remembered by her early union with the great musician LISZT, and by their two daughters, one of whom was first married to HANS VON BULOW, the pianist now in America, and who after being divorced from him, became the wife of RICHARD WAGNER. What a mockery of fate that the living wife of the man who hates and ridicules France in his music should be a Frenchwoman. The other daughter, who is a miracle of beauty and grace, is no less a personage than the wife of EMILE OLLIVIER, the Minister of NAPOLEON III. and the man who declared the Prussian war with "a light heart."

Preparations are already far advanced for the Salon of 1876. It may safely be said that at no time has art been so conscientiously cultivated and so generously patronized as it is in France under the Republic. This year will reveal a still further improvement. When we consider that no artist may exhibit more than two pictures at a Salon, the number exhibited is something extraordinary. BOUGREAU will give a *Pietà* in his very best manner. It is a Virgin weeping over a dead Christ with angels hovering above the group. GUSTAVE DORE will present one of his gigantic conceptions, a canvass ten metres wide by six metres high, or five hundred and forty feet square, of which the subject is "The Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." There are about 200 principal life-sized figures in this great picture, and it is needless to say that while the genius of DORE is sometimes negligent of the perfection of details, the general effect is impressive and sublime. BAUDRY, the painter of frescoes in the Grand Opera House, has two portraits, and so has CAROLUS DÉRAS, VIBERT, the clever satirist of clerical life, has one in the same spirit, The Antechamber of a Cardinal. DETAILLE continues his military studies with *A Reconnaissance in a Village Street*. Two Prussian Lancers are seen in the foreground, and a French regiment approaches in the distance. One of the lancers is killed by a shell with his horse under him; the other is disabled. BOSSAT gives one of his forcible Scripture scenes in *Jacob Wrestling with the Angel*.

DEMAS' play, *L'Etrangère*, is not generally liked. Indeed it is a disagreeable subject and the handling has little of the originality expect-

ed of its author, yet it continues to draw at the Français, the houses averaging 7000 francs or \$1400 a night. The other theatres, with the exception of the Feydeau or Opéra Comique, which is in a chronic state of financial difficulty, are all running handsomely. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, while travelling around the world, maintains its stand here, having reached the unprecedented term of six hundred nights.

FRICASSEE.

REVIEW.

"Church and State" is the title of a second pamphlet written by Sir Alexander T. Galt on the politico-religious question in the Province of Quebec. The author plainly states that his design is to oppose and protest against "the efforts now being made by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Quebec to impose upon those belonging to their communion the extreme doctrines of the Italian Ecclesiastical School." In the body of the work he inquires first, whether the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards Civil Society has changed since Confederation, and whether such change has been signalized in Lower Canada by overt action; secondly, whether such change affects the general rights of Protestants as citizens of Quebec, and, especially, weakens their guarantees obtained at Confederation; thirdly, whether the issue thus raised is political or religious. All these points are fully treated, and the whole work is written in a spirit of moderation. Sir Alexander, in this pamphlet, has shifted the ground assumed in his previous brochure to this extent that he disclaims attempting to form a new party, or allying himself on this issue to either of the existing political parties. His suggestion is "an organization composed of Catholics and Protestants, irrespective of creed, nationality, or political party, for the maintenance of the Civil Rights of the people." The work is published and for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city.

Belford Bros., of Toronto, pursue their mission as Canadian publishers of popular works, by the issue of Mark Twain's amusing volume, entitled "Old Times on the Mississippi." We had frequent occasion, as these papers appeared in successive numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to express our sense of their delicious humor, truthful local delineation and original insights of which we could not better judge from personal reminiscences of our own childhood in the Mississippi Valley. The Canadian reprint is neat and elegant, but the publishers will allow us to call their attention to several serious misprints in this, as in other of their issues. They know as well as ourselves that mis-readings are fatal to the perfection of modern bookmaking.

In the April number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY appear the opening chapters of a new novel entitled "As Long as She Lived," by F. W. Robinson, a well-known English novelist, the author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Second-Cousin Sarah," and other notable works of fiction. The new serial is published by arrangement with the author, and is expected to be completed in about ten numbers of the Magazine. A short sketch by Miss Georgiana M. Craik, entitled "Charlotte Brontë's Birthplace," which also appears in this number, is likewise published by arrangement with the author.

VOCAL DANCE MUSIC.

Our readers will perhaps remember in an account of the late Fancy Ball, at the Government House, Ottawa, that one of the most original features of the splendid entertainment was the dance music set to popular words, and sung by a large number of trained voices. The effect is said to have been strangely pleasing and to have contributed singularly to the enjoyment of the evening. Our esteemed friend Jacob G. Ascher, Esq., of this city, has sent us a copy of this music with a kind note, in which, after some compliment to ourselves—which our modesty, of course, forces us to disclaim and suppress—he says truly: "The idea of vocal dance music is a novel one, at any rate for Canada, and the fact of its being introduced by the Vice Royal Representative in Canada, who is always foremost in countenancing what contributes to the social as well as the intellectual advancement of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, should elicit commendation." The music is in two parts—the Lancers and Waltz, and the words are adaptations from old nursery rhymes. The music is pretty, using that word in the sense that it pleases by an original treatment of those well-known dances. We particularly liked the fourth movement or number of the Waltz, in B flat, where the choral effect is really striking, and which, rendered by a number of voices, must be very amusing. The author is Mr. Frederick W. Mills, the organist of Christ Church, and conductor of the Choral Union, Ottawa. This gentleman is doing good service in the cause of native composition, and our readers will perhaps remember him in connection with the authorship of the operetta called the "Maire de St. Briens," a scene from which we published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at the time of its production at Rideau Hall. We trust that the undoubted success of that work and of the present dance music will encourage our Canadian composer to persevere in his mission. The sheets before us are published by J. L. Orne & Son, Ottawa, and the frontispiece is a very appropriate piece of Gothic lettering and scroll-work from the pencil of W. Beymner.

FORT YORK, TORONTO, IN 1841.

The above named Fort is not one of much account. The buildings belonging to it are all of brick or wood, roofed with wooden shingles, except the magazine, which is of stone, roofed with tin. It is more commonly called "The Old Fort," "The Old Barracks," or "The Old Garrison," to distinguish it from a collection of stone buildings with tin roofs, situated not a great distance to the west, built at a much later date. The latter, though it is sometimes called "The New Fort," is improperly so called, as it is designed only for the accommodation of troops. The present Fort York stands near where the one of the same name stood, which was taken by the United States' troops in 1813. Soon after the enemy entered, the British blew up the magazine, thereby killing a great number. The commander, General Pike, was mortally wounded on the occasion. It is said that the force of the explosion shattered the windows of the house occupied by the late Bishop Strachan, a great way off. The British themselves suffered severely by their own act, as 300 of their number perished.

Our illustration represents Fort York as it appeared in 1841. It is from a sketch by the late John Gillespie, a Toronto artist, who died a few years ago. When it was taken, the 93rd was stationed in Toronto. Accordingly, three of that gallant regiment are very appropriately introduced. This was the last killed one which ever visited Toronto. No British soldier of any kind is seen there now, and it is not likely that any ever again will be. The Fort itself, as regards the buildings, is very little changed from what it was 35 years ago. It is, however, far otherwise with the surroundings. Several lines of railway now pass by it, for the first of which the ground was not broken till a good while after.

The artist above named was a native of Scotland. At one time, he was a Captain in H. M. 50th Regiment. He had a good knowledge of drawing and perspective, and a considerable amount of imagination. In colouring, he was somewhat deficient. Alas! like many another clever person, he was much given to intemperance. At times, he would join a total abstinence society, and, for a time, do well. On these occasions, he produced several pieces representing the effects of Temperance, and Intemperance. Some of the latter were of a humorous, others of a mournful nature. But he soon fell back into his old habits. He had a brother named George, who died before him. The latter, besides turning wooden articles—which was his calling—occasionally turned verses. He published a small volume of his poems, with illustrations by John. Some of the passages in it were not wholly destitute of merit. It is now quite forgotten, as regards the public. George, like his brother, loved the bottle. The poet and the painter, together kept "bachelor's hall." Their abode was, therefore, not a model of neatness. John died in the Toronto General Hospital.

THE FASHIONS.

I. BLACK CLOTH DRESS.—This paletot fits close at the waist, but rises a little behind to fall in a point in front. A fringe surrounds the basque and terminates the ornament.

II. CLOTH JACKET.—Fits closely at the waist and is adorned with cloth fringe, applied on the stuff and retained by a quilting of heavy silk. A slight fillet surrounds the basque.

III. CLOTH PALETOT.—This article of dress falls straight before and behind, and is not very tight fitting. A series of tassels encircle the basque. The same ornaments are repeated at the sleeves.

IV. VISITING TOILET.—Dress of taffetas streaked grey and maroon. The skirt with train is adorned below with three plaited volants, the tunic appears double, but the second skirt is simulated. A series of knots close the tunic in the shape of a jacket. A graceful pocket with maroon buttons on the bodice and a number of ribbons adorn the left side of the train in front.

V. VISITING DRESS.—Valencian skirt with satined streaks with volants of the same material alternating with plaits of various colored silk. Tunic of the same formed by a double scarf falling the one on the other. Two fringes with quadrilled heads adorn this scarf which folds itself in a cascade on the train. The bodice is half silk and half valencian. The capote is of cream silk with red gartered roses around the edge.

VI. DEMI-TOILET.—A comfortable paletot, shorter behind than before. A large tassel depending from a quadrilled fringe frames the whole vestment.

VII. OUTDOOR COSTUME.—Dress of a tawny color the skirt of which, with large flat folds forming a train, is terminated behind by two volants. The tunic is of brown grey, relieved by red, green and blue bars with silver fillets. A cascade of knots retains behind the folds of the tunic, being gracefully prolonged on the train.

THE GREAT STORM AT OAKVILLE.

We are indebted to the kindness of the editor and proprietor of the Oakville, Ont., *Aegis* for a number of views of that locality during the late storm of snow and ice which raged there, and for a description of the same abbreviated from his paper. On Thursday, the 16th March, a most terrific east storm raged on Lake Ontario. The wind blew with a tremendous force, and the watery billows rolled high. During the storm's height a view from near the pier was grand beyond conception. On the east side of the pier there was a large cone of ice formed, the point of which was about forty feet from the edge of

the water; and all along the shore the ice banks extended into the lake for about fifty yards, and they probably reached the bottom of the lake in from four to ten feet of water, and rose above the water from six to twenty feet. Against this barrier of ice the sea broke with awful force, the waves seeming to concentrate themselves on the east side of the pier, and incredible as it may look, it is nevertheless a fact that showers of stones were with nearly every wave thrown high above the ice cone, falling and rolling down upon the ice banks, and very many of them going over into the harbor. One gigantic wave threw a number of stones full twenty feet above the ice cone (sixty feet from the water's edge) into the air. This stone was a large flat one, being some six inches thick and weighing not less than 120 pounds. Many others of similar size were continually in the air. Friday the wind abated and shifted off the land, and the sea soon thereafter went down. A beach formed outside the line of ice, and near the pier where formerly there were twelve feet of water it was now dry land—or stones and gravel rather—two or three feet above the water's edge. At the extreme end of the pier where the ice had been washed off, the planks and covering of the pier had been entirely swept away, and many cords of stone were washed out. The tons of solid ice encircling the light-house entirely protected it from the fury of the storm.

FRUITFUL AGE.

We are all either old or growing old, and we are all therefore interested in the question, which is often discussed, whether the faculties of the mind may go on increasing in strength to the last, or whether they must necessarily partake of the gradual failure of the bodily powers. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" enumerates many striking instances of the display of great intellect in advanced life. Sophocles, he reminds us, composed one of his finest tragedies—the "Edipus at Colonus"—when he was nearly ninety. Eschylus, at seventy-three, wrote his "Orestes." Simonides gained in his eightieth year the crown of victory over all competitors, by his "Dithyrambic Chorus." Pindar, the greatest of lyric poets, wrote with undiminished powers till past eighty. Metastasio lived and wrote till he was eighty-four; and Goldoni, who died at eighty-seven, wrote, after he had passed his fourscore years, some of his happiest plays. Wordsworth lived to eighty, and Goethe to eighty-three, with unflinching poetic power. Titian's pencil only dropped from his hand when he was stricken by the plague at nearly a hundred years of age. Michael Angelo's fervid brain carried him on with ever fresh creative power and imaginative capacity to ninety. Leonardo da Vinci, master of all arts and sciences, the fullest and ablest man in all directions that perhaps ever lived, died at his easel, with undiminished faculties, at seventy-five. Tintoretto's unwearied pencil worked until he was eighty-two. Palma Giovine lived and exercised his art until he was eighty-four. Perugini's skill had not fallen at seventy-eight. Rubens was irrepressible as ever at seventy. Teniers elaborated his groups and interiors until he was eighty-four; and Claude's pictures were still as charming as ever when he died at eighty-two.

DOMESTIC.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take four potatoes, three turnips, one carrot and three onions; cut them into small pieces and put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound each of butter and ham, and a bunch of parsley; let them remain ten minutes over a brisk fire, add a large teaspoonful of flour; mix well in, moisten with two quarts of broth and a pint of boiling milk; boil up; season with salt and sugar; run through a hair sieve; put into another stewpan; boil again. Skim, and serve with fried bread in it.

COLD BOILED HAM.—When a ham has been a long time boiled and is becoming dry, cut some thin slices, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry quickly, and serve immediately; or, cut off all fat, mince the ham very fine; break into a pan half a dozen fresh eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and pepper, and set on the fire; as soon as the eggs are set or nearly solid, spread one-half quickly with the minced ham, and fold the other half on to it, and slip carefully from the pan to a dish. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

BAKED BREAD PUDDING.—Housekeepers often have sundry scraps—crusts and remnants of bread left in the bread tin, and if they are not musty or mouldy, no matter how dry they may be, a good pudding can be made from them. Break them up into small bits, and turn over them enough boiling hot milk not only to cover them when dry, but let them soak out well. Chop fine three tablespoonfuls of suet and add to the milk. Also put in salt and sugar to taste. Put the pan on the back of the stove, and let it stand till the bread is soft; then mix it up with a spoon, and add too well beaten eggs to each quart of milk, and a cupful of currants and raisins mixed. Turn it into a pudding dish; put a few bits of butter over the top, and also some raisins, and bake for twenty minutes, or until the milk becomes set. If three or four eggs are added and two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, it can be boiled in a tin pudding mould and turned out on a platter and served.

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."—This week's number contains a lively sketch of the Allan ss. "Circassian" in a recent two day's storm; a picturesque winter view of the iron steam ferry at Sarnia; two admirable portraits of Messrs. John Cameron, of the *Advertiser*, and J. G. Buchanan, of the *Times*, the President and Secretary of the Canadian Press Association—so natural that you almost reach out your hand to shake Buchanan's. The Government buildings at Victoria, B. C., are presented, as well as the handsome St. Martin's Church, Montreal, the Sherbrooke Street C. M. Church Sunday School Concert, with Centennial and French Chamber scenes. The cartoon is well drawn; the Premier rides the Free Trade horse, with Mr. Cartwright leading it by the ear, and Sir John and Dr. Tupper illustrating the latest "pull back" by hauling on its tail. A capital number.—*Kingston Whig*.



THE VENDOR OF STATUETTES.



THE DOGE'S WIFE.



[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

SWEET HEART.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE. From a flowery bank in a wooded dell— Sweet Heart, have you heard of the Kirtle river?

THE KHEDIVÉ.

I have met the Khedive on two occasions during our sojourn in Cairo, and had a full half hour's conversation with him. He received us at his palace without much ceremony, coming down one flight of stairs to meet us half way, and then leading the way to his very plain but cosy reception room.

FIRE-BURIAL IN GERMANY.

The movement in favor of cremation has been resumed in Germany by a Dresden Society, which has addressed an appeal to all kindred societies of the German Empire, of Austria, and Switzerland.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO.—The annual balance sheet of the COMMERCIAL UNION which appears in the present issue, commands the attention of seekers after security on fire or life policies.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

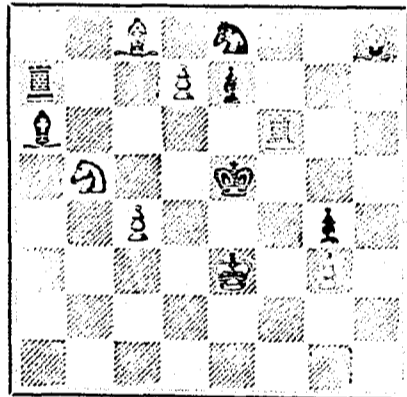
All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 64 and No. 65 received. Correct. W. A., Montreal.—Letter and Solution of Problem received. Many thanks.

PROBLEM No. 67.

By W. ATKINSON, Montreal. BLACK



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 5918.

(From the "Field.")

Being the seventh and last in the late match between Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne.

WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz). BLACK.—(Mr. Blackburne.) (Vienna Opening.)

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

NOTES.

- (a) Safe enough. (b) This move was played by Anderssen against Blackburne in the Vienna Tourney; whereupon the latter replied P to Q R 3. (c) Stronger than P to Q R 3. (d) The answer to either P to K Kt 3, or Kt to Q R 4 would have been P to Q R 3. (e) In order to fortify the attack immediately by P to K Kt 4 in case Black attempted to castle on the K side, or to open the game by P to K Kt 5, as afterwards done.

- (f) White, being safe on both sides, makes an opening for his B to prevent his opponent exchanging it by Kt to R 4. (g) White threatens now to take possession of the open K Kt file with both Rooks, by K R to Kt sq, followed by Q R to R 2. (h) R to R 6 would not have improved Black's position for his opponent would have first answered K to K 2 before attacking Q. (i) R to R 2 was the only means to prevent the hostile R, cutting off the K by R to Kt 7. (j) Better than checking with the R. (k) White threatens P to Q 6, winning a piece. (l) The Pawn could not be retaken on account of Q R to R 7, winning easily. (m) Had he played K to K 2 white would have played P to Q 6 (ch) followed by B takes R & c. (n) A last desperate attempt to prolong the game by P to Q B 3, in case White takes off the B at once; but White's reply leaves no escape.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 65.

(By Mr. J. Murphy.)

- WHITE. 1. B takes R (ch). 2. Q to Q B 4. 3. Kt to Q Kt 5, mate. BLACK. 1. K to Q 3. 2. P to Q B 4 (A). (B) 2. Kt to K 2. 2. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 64.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 2. 2. P to Q B 4, mate. BLACK. 1. P takes Kt.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 65.

By M. D'ORVILLE.

- WHITE. K at K R sq. Q at Q Kt 2. R at Q 5. Q R at K Kt 3. BLACK. K at Q B 5. White to play and mate in two moves.

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By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

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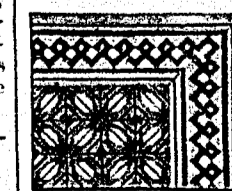
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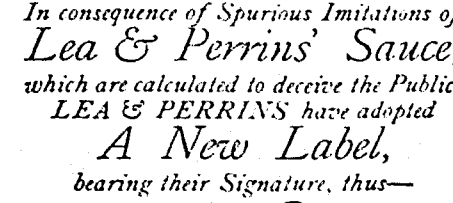
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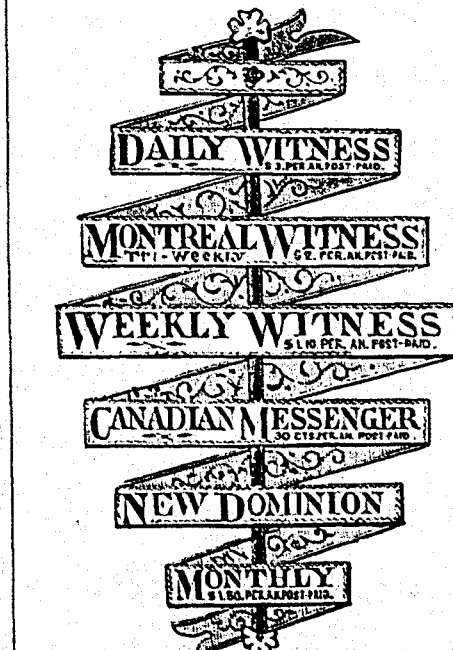
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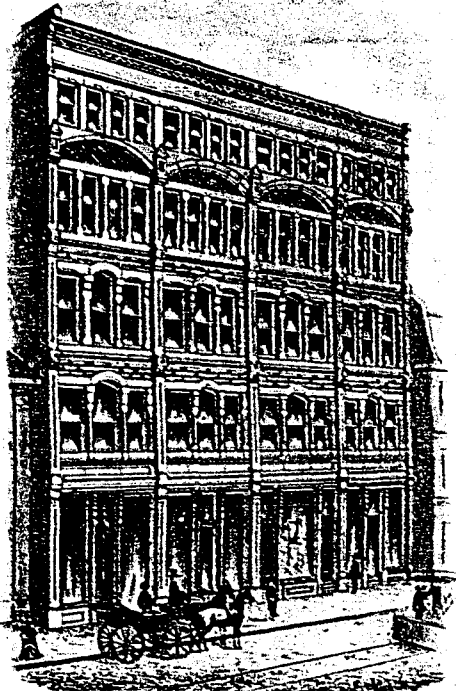
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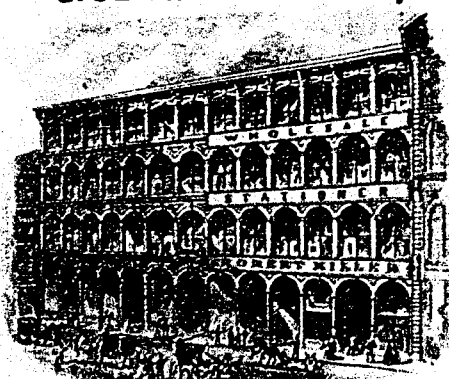
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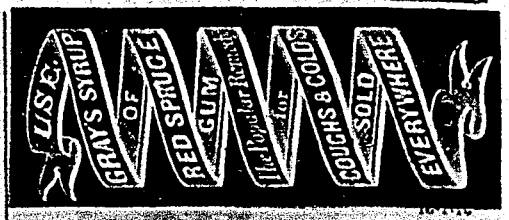
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