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Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

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THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, we shall publish the portraits of three of the most prominent champions of the Prohibition Movement in Canada,

HON. MALCOLM CAMERON, HON. SENATOR VIDAL,

and
MR. GEO. W. ROSS, M. P.

We shall also present some views of the different sittings of the Convention in this City, as well as of the gathering in Victoria Hall.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 25th, 1875.

OUR CHROMO.

In reply to frequent inquiries from our friends, by letter and otherwise, concerning the Chromo which we promised them in the course of the summer, we have to say that the work is progressing satisfactorily and will be ready for delivery at the latest, by Christmas. To those who may wonder at this delay we shall remark that it is not a mere colored print that we are preparing for them, but a real Chromo, a genuine work of art which, in both design and execution, will be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. To complete such a picture requires time, care and considerable outlay. The picture has already been two months in hand and is being proceeded with as expeditiously as a due regard for excellence of finish will warrant. Our friends may rely upon a Presentation Plate such as has never been surpassed in Canada.

We shall take this occasion to urge all our subscribers who are yet in arrears to settle their accounts as speedily as possible, offering as a further and final inducement, that every one who does so and pays a year's subscription in advance will be entitled to our beautiful Chromo. The offer is a rare one. Let all take advantage of it.

AID TO MANITOBA.

We learn from a correspondent at Winnipeg that the Government of the Dominion has determined to come to the relief of the sufferers in the Province of Manitoba from the devastations of the grasshoppers, by making an advance of \$60,000 to buy flour and pork and seed grain. That money or rather these provisions are not to be given in the form of eleemosynary aid; but as an advance to be repaid. The money, of course, is not voted; and Parliament must be asked to sanction the appropriation. We do not, however, see any difficulty in this. The case is clearly one of urgent necessity, and calls for what is technically called an "unforeseen expenditure." A portion of the loan will be made to the Mennonites who came last year; and they, before the grasshopper disaster came to them, did cheerfully repay to the Government the advance made to them to enable them to come to Canada. We have not a doubt that they will as cheerfully follow the same precedent of prompt payment in this case of what may be termed the grasshopper advance. The Metis are perhaps not so much accustomed to pay-

ment of dues to the Government. But what, in a matter of this kind, the Mennonites do, they will find it necessary to follow. Be this however, as it may, the duty of the Dominion Government, which owns and has to dispose of, all the lands in Manitoba and the North West, is clear. It could not hesitate to make such advance; the alternative being the suffering and perhaps the starvation of a large number of people, and throwing back, perhaps for years, the prosperity of a Province which it has the greatest interest to foster.

This proceeding of the Dominion Government is no doubt a consequence of the recent visit of the Hon. Mr. LETELLIER, the Minister of Agriculture and also of Immigration. He is represented to have expressed himself in the highest terms as respects the natural capabilities of the country. He found that the richness of its resources exceeded his expectations. The drawback is the grasshoppers. But the visitation of this pest only comes periodically, with a lapse of years between each one—that is with any seriousness. And the people do entertain hopes that with the progress of settlement, it may be overcome. Be this, however, as it may, the position of Manitoba, as respects the grasshopper is not worse, but even better, than the neighbouring and flourishing State of Minnesota.

The precedents, or as one of our Montreal statesmen would word it, the "ante-cedents," of the party now in power, would lead them to decry such action as the Ministry has now taken; while those of the present Opposition must lead them to support it. We support it because we believe it to be right.

THE IRON SHIPS.

When poor Captain BENNETT of the *Vicksburg*, a brave and accomplished officer, after his ship had struck and been perforated by the floating ice, cried out in the hearing of his passengers: "You need not mind the boats. I will take you in safety into Newfoundland!"—he was relying upon those "water tight compartments" formed by "Bulkheads" in the hull of the ship, which when first announced created so great an *écrit*. And the interest the public gave to the question was not without reason, for the little initiated in mechanics soon perceived that the world had got hold of a good principle, and one thoroughly worth studying and working out in practice. But these very Bulkheads were the cause of the ruin of the *Vicksburg*—passengers and crew and poor Captain BENNETT. Had they been reliable, in American parlance, or trustworthy, if our English friends prefer the term, they would certainly on that occasion have saved the ship and all on board. The filling of the after compartment when the ice had crushed the side in would have been the whole difficulty. But, as it was, the compartments being faulty, the water began steadily to rise, according to the distinct testimony of a surviving member of the crew, who gives the actual soundings in one compartment after another, going forward of the ship, until the whole ship was filled to the sinking point and all was lost. Plain as this fact is, the Court of Assessors at Liverpool could not see it, although perfectly able to throw all the blame upon the dead seaman. The problem involved is simple. If you will only make your compartments impervious—which will of course include shutting the doors close—and so rigid, from the general good structure of the vessel, that they will not budge perceptibly, when the shock comes upon the ship, she will keep floating long enough at any rate to afford time for escape. The proposition may not be abstract enough for some tastes, but it is valuable, and one with which we have just now great concern. There should, we submit, be an official test before the ship starts on every voyage both of this rigidity and imperviousness. Of course, it would be better—far better—that the hull should not be pierced at all, even within a safe compartment. Let our shipbuilding friends

show what arrangements of iron and wood will do for us here.

The water in which the vessel floats is already, to some extent, the test of the state of the outer hull, but the Bulkheads which are provided for emergency, do not get their proof of efficiency until the emergency is actually upon the ship—a most defective state of things—and one which our readers should calmly take into their consideration. The fact is evident that we want no more steamers with "egg-shell sides"—without attempting classification which we have not now the means of making, for this great Atlantic service,—that, indeed, we require quite other ships than those, whether brought from the Clyde or Tyne, or manufactured, with the exception of the engines, by our own people, so as to secure actually certified improvements.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND APPLIED SCIENCE.

Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW, at the Bristol meeting of this now venerable association, had a long and interesting tale to tell of the history, the progress and the triumphs of Engineering Skill in the old Mother Land. No doubt his hearers were warmed into much enthusiasm by the eminence of the speaker as the companion of the two Stephenson and Brunel, and other heroes of British invention and achievement. It is certainly a wonderful page of the general history, and not the less wonderful because altogether different from, and in some respects even exclusive of, the special merits of Greek and Roman civilization, which, however confused on the subject of the Godhead, never, in theory, made man and his best attributes give place to any branch of creative effort. But a benevolent tone was not absent from Sir JOHN's discourse. He was conscious that all these grand discoveries and inventions are in a general way subordinate to the advancement of human happiness, and the peace and prosperity of nations. War, he said, must be made subservient to progress, while not assuming in itself that war is in itself desirable, or to be otherwise than avoided where it can be done without. Of course, his address would have been nothing without statistics. Knowledge that comes by numbers is accumulated with a praiseworthy earnestness in the Mother Country. So English audiences will love to be told what a great number of miles they can travel and carry their families, without being destroyed in an accident. But essential knowledge is gained in other forms, and our brothers and friends across the Atlantic are perhaps less conscious of a real and valuable social principle which may be stated as that, as long as a single life can be preserved by the ingenuity of contrivance in the service of humanity, it is not beneath us to set that contrivance to work for the purpose of saving it. A few thousands of lives only are destroyed or injured in every year. If we could turn those thousands into hundreds, or tens, or units, by faithful study of the conditions, and practical enforcement of the true processes in our Railway organizations, should we not be right in doing so? And is not the cause of the public safety still more imperative, when some of those processes are both obvious and urgent? The Civil Law has surrounded the life of the citizen with all its safeguards. Negligence to pursue the right course to protect that life, if wilful, is justly visited with severe penalties. Never, till Transit companies absorbed a certain legislative power over modern countries were averages pleaded in excuse for carelessness of the individual life, except in the warlike movements of States—and Governments were always considered bound in honour to maintain the health and well-being of their soldiers, so far as was permitted. But Companies have assumed a new prerogative, and new motives of action. The precious human life, with all its claims and affections has often, in their rash and heedless systems, and anxiety for material results, been squandered like water. It would be difficult to see

to what useful conclusions optimist statements of the sort recited by Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW are intended to lead, or what right emotions are to be promoted by them. Perhaps these might be paraphrased by the forms: "We are a great people, living in the advanced age of the world, the tone of whose civilization we have a large share in giving the key to; and some of us are very clever and persistent persons. We have gone a long way ahead of most other nations in things that are useful and magnificent, and it is exceedingly difficult to see where we shall stop. It is a fast age that we find ourselves living in, and all things considered, there are few faster people than the progressive community we form a part of, &c., &c."

That, we have no doubt, is a most suitable tone for the annual gatherings of the British Association of Science, which deals, we believe, with moral as well as physical considerations; and to begin at the beginning of things, and to show how thoroughly physics are dependent on morals—if the converse proposition be equally true—the question might have been proposed in one of the quietest sections of that intelligent gathering, not as excluding human safety as affected by Railways and Manufactures, but certainly as deserving close attention:—"How is it that the construction of vessels propelled by steam, and serving to carry on the daily commerce of the world, does not come more frequently to be discussed in scientific caucuses, and in the press and in popular gatherings? And why have not the people afforded them the same means of comprehending the build of ships of commerce, as of ships of war?" We cannot but think this enquiry, followed as it should be still more practical studies, would be fully as productive of valuable social fruits as the most pictorial and exhaustive *résumé* of the achievements of this surprising age, unrestful, as it is, or believes itself to be, till everything has been regulated after the most intelligent as well as the most humane theories.

The concluding sentence of the paragraph on the Bridge over the Richelieu at Belœil in our last number, should have read "whatever the height of the Bridge, there is no need of a Drawbridge, with none but Barge traffic on the river. The Barges could droop their masts, as they have to do on the Thames at London." An important principle in the adjustment of streams of traffic would thus have been affirmed, for there is no more time and labour consumed in letting down the mast of the barge a few feet and raising it again by the windlass, than in moving and replacing a drawbridge, and by the former method the public security would not be endangered, nor a vast passenger and goods traffic hindered, as it is constantly by the existing plan. As our readers know, we have terrible records in more than one Province of the Dominion, to impress our minds with the need of a change. The breaking of a pin should not be allowed to hazard a hundred lives, as it can do now, if a judicious and simple regulation can prevent it. The question has an intimate bearing upon the safety and happiness of the whole travelling community, thus concerning our friends in Europe as fully as it does ourselves in Canada.

If it be said that this would be transferring the labour from the railway company to the crew of the barge, there is nothing in the objection, for the labour being on the average no greater than before, could be performed by the company's workmen if insisted upon.

The following is the creed put forth by the recent conference in Bonn, at which eight Old Catholics, twenty-one Catholics, twenty Anglicans, and about fifty Christians of other denominations took part:

In regard to the Holy Ghost, we accept the doctrine of John of Damascus as, in

the old undivided church, it is contained in the following propositions :

1. The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father as the Beginning, the Cause, and the Source of the Godhead.
2. The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son, because in the Godhead there is only one Beginning and one Cause, out of which all that is in the Godhead proceeds.
3. The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father through the Son.
4. The Holy Ghost is the image of the Son, the image of the Father proceeding from the Father and abiding in the Son as a power which emanates from Him.
5. The Holy Ghost is the personal emanation of the Father, belonging to the Son, but not from the Son, because it is the breath of the mouth of the Godhead which speaks the Word (Logos).
6. The Holy Ghost forms the connection of the Father and the Son, and is connected through the Son with the Father.

A letter addressed to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Church of England Temperance Society, has been received from Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH, in which he says that he had the honour of submitting to the Queen the memorial signed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York from the Executive Committee of the Church of England Temperance Society. He is commanded by her Majesty, in reply to the prayers of it that her Majesty should become the patron of the society, to say that her Majesty has already expressed her opinion in favour of the objects which the society desires to promote, and consents to become a patron to it, organized, as it appears to be, on a basis, which includes all who advocate temperance without insisting necessarily on total abstinence. The Queen trusts that education and the enlightenment of the people, together with the improvement of their moral and physical condition, will gradually do much to induce temperance, and to diminish the evils complained of.

Regarding the recent Ministerial crisis at Madrid it has transpired that three of the Ministers who represented the old party, being opposed to universal suffrage resigned contrary to the wishes of CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, who urged that the Government ought to respect the state of affairs legally established and leave to the future Cortes the task of modifying the electoral law if any alteration was then considered necessary. The King thereupon requested CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO to form a new Ministry; he declined, on the ground that having long presided over the Cabinet which represented the conciliation of the old parties, he ought not to remain at the head of one party only. The King then entrusted Gen. JOVELLAR with the formation of a new Ministry, and the present Cabinet, which is more homogeneous and liberal than its predecessor, was constituted with the concurrence of CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

The Canada Gazette contains, the following proclamation:—"Whereas by an act to establish a Supreme Court and Court of Exchequer for the Dominion of Canada, amongst other things it is enacted that said Court shall come into force on a day to be appointed by proclamation under order of the Governor in Council, it is ordered that the said act shall come into force as respects the appointment of Judges, registrar clerks and servants of said Court, the organization thereof and the making of general rules and orders under the seventy-ninth section of the said act on the 18th day of September in the present year, 1875." It will be observed that the proclamation leaves the Appellate clause of the Act still in abeyance, as it has not yet been pronounced before by the Imperial Government.

BOSTON PHILARMONIC CLUB.

By the time this issue reaches our readers, this classical club will be in our midst and for true lovers of music, the opportunity of hearing them is not to be missed. We have before us the programme which is a varied and tastefully

selected one. When we point out Beethoven's Quintette No. 3, in C Minor, a Fantaisie of Ernst, a Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream among other gems, we feel sure that such a programme executed by these renowned performers will hardly fail to attract Montreal Concert goers. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow will sing "Qui la voce," from I Puritani, besides two other ballads.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR. JOHN HARRISON O'DONNELL.

Dr. John Harrison O'Donnell is the youngest son of the late Mr. John O'Donnell of Delhi, Ontario, who emigrated from the County of Mayo, Ireland, in the year 1832. The subject of our illustration was born on the 7th of April 1838 at Simcoe, Ontario. He graduated as an M. D., Victoria College, in May 1860. He married in June 1861 the only daughter of Mr. H. Rutledge of Yorkville, Ont. In 1864 he went to England and spent a year there and on the continent visiting the several hospitals both in England and the continent. He went to the Red River settlement in 1869 and commenced the practice of his profession there. During the troubles of that and the following year he was among those imprisoned by Riel on the 7th of December '69, in Fort Garry, in which place he remained a prisoner ten weeks. After the arrival of Lieut.-Governor Archibald, Dr. O'Donnell took an active part in the first general election, and on the 15th of March 1871 he was called to the council. The same year he was gazetted a Justice of the Peace for the Province and Coroner for the Province, and Coroner for the County of Provencher, and President of the Medical Board of the Province of Manitoba, and member of the Dominion Board of Health for the same Province and the North West Territories. In 1872 he was appointed a member of the Manitoba Board of Education.

In 1873, as a magistrate, he issued a warrant for the arrest of Riel, Lepine and others, in consequence of which act the Government cancelled his commission as Justice of the Peace. A few days after his commission of the Peace had been cancelled, he was notified by the clerk of the Crown and Peace to hold an inquest into the death of one Merchand. The Doctor immediately tendered his resignation to the Provincial Secretary as Coroner for the County of Provencher giving as his reason that it would be unbecoming in him to continue to act as an officer of a Government, whereupon the Government dismissed him, 15th March 1873. He was appointed President of the Legislative Council of Manitoba on the 25th March 1875, which position he now holds. The Doctor's participation in public affairs have been of a strictly independent and honorable character. He has a large and lucrative practice in his profession which removes him from the temptations which too often beset the ordinary political mortal. He is "National" in politics.

THE KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

On another page the reader will find some sketches of the Kingston Penitentiary, pleasantly situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about two miles from the City of Kingston.

It is the largest institution of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, and, until recently, was used as the Penal Prison for the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

The Dominion Government, however, have recently adopted the policy of establishing a Penitentiary in each Province, and an institution of this kind for the Province of Quebec has been started at St. Vincent de Paul, near the City of Montreal.

There are about 12 acres of land enclosed within the Kingston Penitentiary boundary walls on which are erected the prison buildings, Chapels, Hospital, Workshops, &c., with two gardens and a few grass plots. Outside the boundary walls there are extensive grounds for raising vegetables, grain &c., which are cultivated by the Convicts, and the produce thus raised is used in the Prison.

There are also extensive stones quarries on the Prison property, which are worked by Convicts, and from which all the stone used in erecting the Penitentiary buildings, as well as the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum, have been taken, both institutions having been constructed by Convict labor.

The Convicts employed in shops within the Walls, work at lockmaking, as shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, stonecutters, tailors &c.

All Convicts may earn a remission of sentence by industry and good conduct. Those who get the highest number of marks gain a monthly remission of five days after the first 6 months of their sentence. This remission is subject to forfeiture in whole or in part by bad conduct and idleness.

The Kingston Penitentiary was established nearly forty years ago when such institutions were looked upon as places for the confinement and punishment of the criminal classes rather than as places where any reformation could be made.

Hence the cells are very small, and improved modes of heating and ventilating which are now introduced into modern institutions of the kind, are wanting in this Penitentiary.

Five officers guard the institution by night, two outside in the yard and two within the main building where the Convicts sleep, and one who goes the round to see that these guards are on the alert. Altogether there are 9 keepers and 34 guards employed at the Prison. The night guards inside ring a small bell through the wings at half past 5 a. m. in summer and half an hour

before daylight in winter, when the men arise, wash, dress, put up their beds and bedding, and at 6 o'clock in summer and at daylight in winter the prison is opened.

On the opening of the prison by unlocking the cells the Convicts pass out out of their cells, carrying their night buckets to the lower end of the prison yard, where they are emptied and washed during the day, their contents being utilized for manuring purposes. In the afternoon they are returned to the cells with a piggins of clean water and washing water in a small tub.

After depositing their buckets, the Convicts march into the dining hall to breakfast, which consists of three quarters of a pound of good white bread, a pint of pea coffee sweetened with sugar, and about a quarter of a lb of meat; generally boiled beef. This is varied occasionally by fish and hash; pickled beets, onions &c., are supplied in addition from the prison gardens.

After breakfast, morning prayers are read to Protestants and Catholics separately, after which all get off to their several places of work a few minutes before 7 o'clock. At 12 o'clock, noon, all the Convicts come into the dining hall again for dinner, which consists of half a lb. of white bread, 1 lb. potatoes, one third of lb. of beef or pork and a quart of vegetable soup. This is varied occasionally with fish, and stews of meat, potatoes and carrots. Eating dinner occupies about twenty minutes, after which all who require instruction in school retire to the school room, where six officers are employed to teach them in reading, writing and arithmetic as far as the Rule of Three.

Many Convicts who receive the shortest sentences—(two years) and enter the prison ignorant of the alphabet, are able to read and write well on leaving. The appointment of Penitentiary officers as teachers is a recent arrangement, and has proved most successful, as they not only teach well but keep good order in the school.

During the dinner hour also, men who cannot write have parties detailed to write their letters, and a well organized choir for each chapel practices church music at the same period on two days in the week.

There are two large libraries of well selected, instructive books for Convict use, and each well conducted Convict is furnished with a light outside his window till 9 p. m.

All clothing, boots and shoes are made in the institution. The bread is also baked on the premises, and all the vegetables, except, in part, potatoes, are raised on the prison farm and gardens.

The Convicts quit work at 6 p. m. in summer and at dusk in winter. On passing to their cells each man receives for supper three quarters of a pound of white bread and a pint of pea coffee sweetened with sugar or the same quantity of tea without sugar or milk.

Uniform clothing suitable for the seasons is provided, which is regularly cleaned and changed. All bedding and wearing apparel is numbered, so that each Convict receives his own garments, sheets, night and day shirts &c., Convicts are bathed once a week in summer and once a fortnight in winter.

There is a large, well ventilated hospital connected with the institution which is attended daily by a skillful surgeon. And all sick confined therein are also visited daily by the Chaplains.

There is a Protestant and Catholic chapel, with a paid Chaplain for each. Divine Service is held twice on Sundays and on each Wednesday at noon there is also a short service. The Religious Ordinances of the Church of England and of the Catholic Church are administered in the Penitentiary just as outside.

On Sunday, after morning service, all the Convicts are turned out into the yard for an hour's walk.

There are at present in Kingston Penitentiary 485 male Convicts and 22 Women.

MASONIC GATHERING AT HALIFAX.

This notable event was fully described by our Halifax contemporaries and was one of the most prominent incidents in the Masonic history of the Lower Provinces which has taken place for years. Our sketch represents the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the New Temple. The site was covered by an amphitheatre filled with the fashion and beauty of Halifax. In front were seated the Lieut.-Governor and Staff the ground being occupied by almost nine hundred members of the Craft, in full regalia. The dais was occupied by the Grand Master and the Deputy Grand Master who performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone. The Master of Ceremonies is on horseback superintending all the details. A view of the old and new corner stones is likewise given. The former is a fac simile, as regards the lettering, having been laid by the Duke of Kent.

CANADIAN LAUREATES.

Louis H. Jordan, winner of the Dufferin Gold Medal at Dalhousie College, Halifax, was born in Halifax, N.S. He is the son of William Jordan, Esq., Retired Merchant, a grandson of the late Rev. George McElwaine, and was educated, previous to entering college, principally by private tutors. He is about to begin the study of Theology.

The Gold Medal was awarded to the student of the fourth year who stood highest at the Final Examinations for the degree of B. A., the examinations embracing the following subjects: 1. Latin. 2. Ethics and Political Economy. 3. Universal History. 4. Greek or Mathematical Physics. 5. French or German.

The Silver Medal, won by the student who took the second highest standing in an examination upon the same subjects, was awarded to George McMillan of Scotch Hill, Pictou.

OTTAWA EXHIBITION.

The Ontario Provincial Exhibition opened on Monday at Ottawa, and from all accounts has been very successful. We give a view in our present number of the Main Exhibition Building. In our next we shall publish several illustrations of the different aspects of the Fair.

VIENNESE BEAUTIES.

In the shape of an open fan, the heads of several types of Viennese beauty are presented. The design is very pleasing and artistic, while the faces themselves are models of beauty.

"1795."

This picture by Jules Lavée is intended as a study of costume and character during the French Revolution, in the calmer days, after the Reign of Terror.

A COPPER, PLEASE, SIR!

A beautiful little conceit, conveying a picture of real life with which all of us must be more or less acquainted.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The mackerel fishing of the Magdalen Islands is reported a failure.

A memorial to the late Hon. George Coles is proposed in Prince Edward Island.

Forty of the 1812-15 veterans residing in Prince Edward County were paid off at Picton.

The Gilchrist scholarship has been won by J. G. Schurman, of Prince Edward Island.

The St. Johns News P. Q., says that effort are being made to start another glass factory in that town.

An investigation into the working of the Montreal Custom House is now going on. One of the officers is said to have resigned.

The Baie Verte Canal Commissioners will shortly meet in St. John, and prepare a final report on the practicability of the work.

In the election just held in British Columbia, returns indicate that the Walkem Government has been sustained.

The Jacques Cartier Bank at Montreal has resumed business. The bank will do no discounting for several months.

Three hundred miles of the Pacific telegraph line between Fort Pelly and Battle River have been constructed.

The Canadian eleven have been defeated by sixty-eight runs at Philadelphia. The score for the two innings was, Philadelphia, 231; and Canada, 144.

At Montreal last week the first session of the Prohibitory Convention was held. The number of delegates present was large, representing all the Provinces.

The American Custom House Officers at Island Pond detained the cups won by the Maritime Province team at the late rifle matches in Ottawa.

The Government aid to the sufferers by the grasshoppers in the North-west is to be given out in the shape of seed grain, and, where absolutely necessary, in food.

Dr. Hingston, Mayor of Montreal, was married on the 16th inst., to the second daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at St. Michaels Cathedral, Toronto.

It is stated that Chief Justice Dorion has declined the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, and that it has now been offered to Chief Justice Richards.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries is now busy in preparing information on which the claims of Canada for compensation from the United States for the fisheries are to be based.

The shareholders of the City Bank of Montreal approve of the proposed amalgamation with the Royal Canadian Bank. The union will be effected as soon as the necessary legislation is passed.

Mr. Thomas Workman has accepted the candidature of the Reformers in West Montreal for the Commons. The seat was vacated by the unseating of Mr. Fred Mackenzie, who has retired from politics.

Winnipeg is considerably agitated over the Red River crossing of the Pacific Railway. A large meeting has been held, and resolutions passed in favour of the Pembina branch and a crossing at Winnipeg.

The Cobourg Regatta took place on Wednesday last, over a course of 32 miles, about the same course as that sailed over in previous years. For first-class yachts two prizes were offered—\$100 to first, \$50 to second yacht; and for second-class yachts two prizes were also offered—\$40 to first and \$10 to second yacht.

The most interesting astronomical event of the year will be the annular eclipse of the sun, which will occur on the morning of the 29th of September. At all places in the United States east of the Mississippi valley the sun will rise more or less eclipsed. The phase will be annular from the Sedus Point on the south shore of Lake Ontario to the ocean. Along the line of central eclipse the size will be 1 1/4 digits. The eclipse will end about seven o'clock.

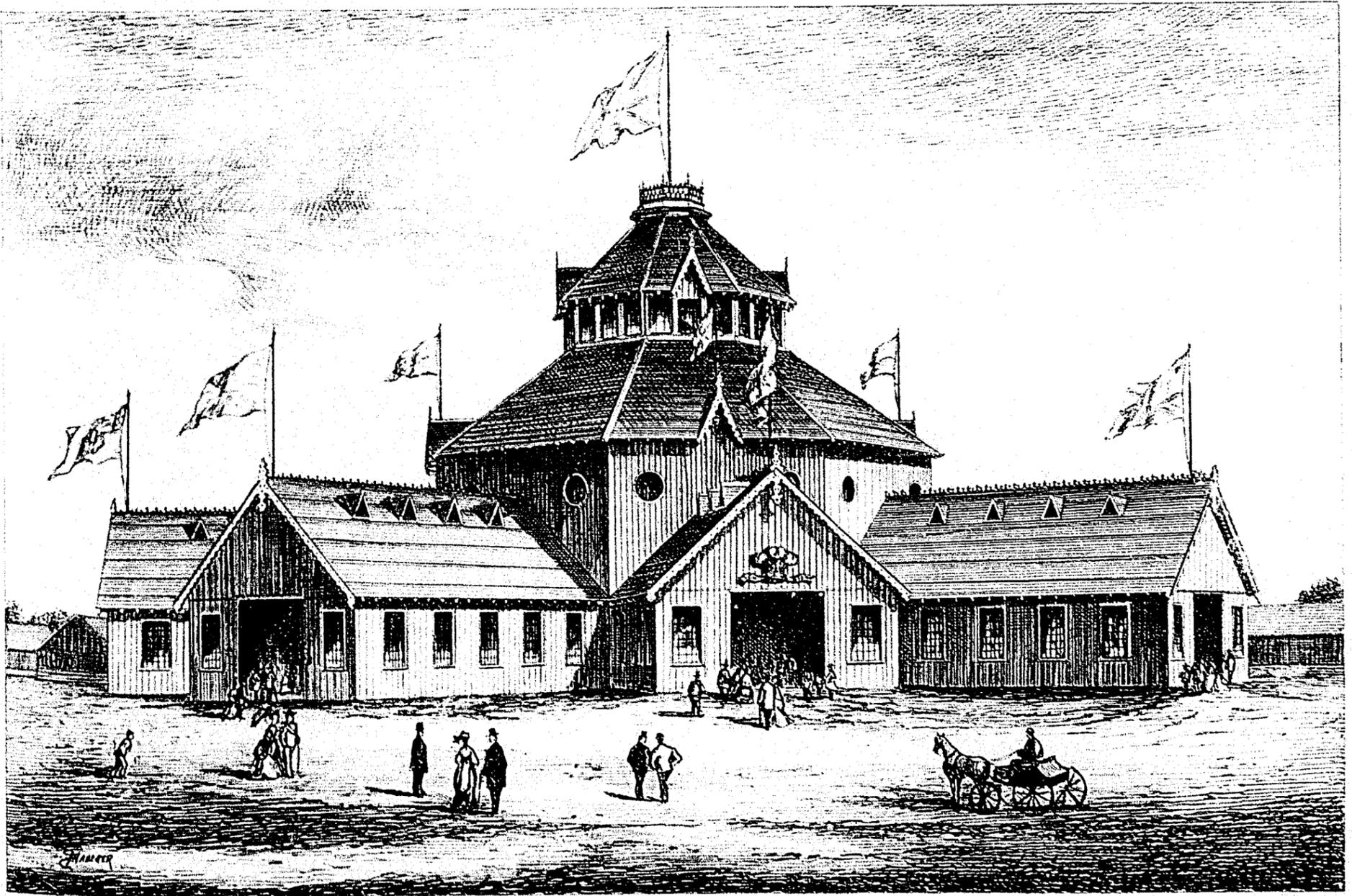
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OTTAWA:—THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

THE FAËRY REAPER.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

'Tis on Eilanowen,
There's laughter surely!
For the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain.
It springs by moonlight
So stilly and purely,
And it drinks no sunlight,
Or silver rain;
Though the shoots upcreeping
No man may see.
When men are reaping,
It reaped must be;
But to reap it rightly,
With sickle keen,
They must lead there nightly
A pure colleen!

Yes, pure completely
Must be that maiden,
Just feeling sweetly
Her love's first dream.
Should one steal thither
With evil laden,
The crop would wither
In the pale moon's beam!
For midnights seven,
While all men sleep,
'Neath the silent heaven
The maid must reap;
And the sweeter and whiter
Of soul is she,
The better and brighter
Will that harvest be!

In Lough Bawn's bosom
The isle is lying,
Like a bright green blossom
On a maiden's breast—
There the water-eagle
O'er head is flying,
And beneath the sea-gull
Doth build its nest.
And across the water
A farm gleamed fair,
And the farmer's daughter
Dwelt lonely there;
And on Eilanowen
She'd sit and sing,
When the Fays were sowing
Their seeds in spring.

She could not hear them,
Nor see them peeping;
Though she wandered near them
The spring-tide through,
When the grouse was crowing,
The trout was leaping,
And with harebells blowing
The banks were blue.
But not by moonlight
She went that way.
And on Eilanowen
They walked each night,
Her footprints sowing
White lilies white!

When the sun above her
Was brightly blazing,
She'd bare (God love her!)
Each round white limb.
Unseen, unnoted,
Safe fay-folk gazing,
Dark-haired, white-throated,
She'd strip to swim!
Out yonder blushing
A space she'd stand,
Then falter flushing
Across the strand—
Till the bright still water
Would sparkle sweet,
As it kissed and caught her
From neck to feet!

There, sparkling round her
With fond caresses,
It clasped her, crowned her,
My maiden fair!
Then brighter glowing
From its crystal kisses,
The bright drops flowing
From her dripping hair,
Outleaping, running
Beneath the sky,
The bright light sunning
Her limbs, she'd fly—
And with tinkling laughter
Of elfin bowers
The Fays ran after
With fruit and flowers!

Could the Fays behold her,
Nor long to gain her!
From foot to shoulder
None white as she!
They cried, "God keep her,
No sorrow stain her!
The Faëry Reaper
In truth she'll be!"
With stalks of amber
And silvery ears,
From earth's dark chamber
The grain appears.
'Tis harvest weather!
The moon swims high!
And they flock together
With elin cry!

Now, long and truly
I'd loved that maiden;
And served her duly
With kiss and sign;
And that same season
My soul love-laden
Had found sweet reason
To wish her mine.
For her cheek grew paler,
Her laughter less,
And what might all her
I could not guess.
Each harvest mornow
We kissing met,
And with weary sorrow
Her eyes seemed wet.

"Oh, speak, mavourneen,
What ails ye nightly?
For sure each mornow
'Tis sad ye seem!"
Her eyes not weeping
Looked on me brightly;
"Each night when sleeping
I dream a dream."
'Tis on Eilanowen
I seem to be,
And bright grain growing
I surely see;
A golden sickle
My fingers keep,
And my slow tears trickle
On what I reap!

"The moon is gleaming,
The faeries gather,
Like glow-worms gleaming,
Their eyes flash quick;
I try while reaping
To name 'Our Father!'

* The osprey.

But round me leaping
They pinch and prick—
On the stalks of amber,
On the silvery ears,
They cling, they clamber,
'Till day appears!
And here I'm waking
In bed, once more,
My bones all aching,
My heart full sore!"

I kissed her, crying,
"God bless your reaping!
For sure no sighing
Can set you free.
They'll bless your wedding
Who vex your sleeping;
So do their bidding,
Ma cushla chree!
But oh, remember!
Your fate is cast,
And ere December
Hath fairly past,
The Faëry Reaper
Must be a bride,
Or a sad, cold sleeper
On the green-hill-side!"

"Sure wedding's better
Than dying sadly!"
She smiled, and set her
Soft hand in mine.
For three nights after
She labored gladly,
'Mid fairy laughter,
And did not pine;
And when the seven
Long nights were run,
Full well 'neath heaven
That work was done;
Their sheaves were slanted,
Their harvest made,
And no more they wanted
A mortal's aid.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

CRITICISM ON MY TWO WEEKS HOLIDAY.

Proverbially a man may have too much of a good thing, or a woman too for that matter. Unfortunately each has been my case for the last few days, having had a superfluity of time at my disposal, of which I could by no means get comfortably rid. Like an old cabhorse that can manage to get through its day's work if it is tightly strapped up, but collapses the moment it is unfastened, so I can contrive to do a tolerable share of work "on compulsion", as old Jack Falstaff says, but when left to the freedom of my own will, it is some days before I can realise the sweets of liberty and proceed rationally and profitably about some good work. So for the first week of a well earned holiday I contrived to devour a small library of useful and useless literature, till the head getting muddled and the power of attention completely exhausted, I am perforce set pedestrianising or driving, or boating, with as much extra vigor as was before exhibited of slackness. This unfortunate state of matters proceeds from a want of elasticity of temperament, and is more common than is imagined, rendering the victims of it subject to great depressions and great exaltations of spirits, not resulting naturally and *per saltum*, and continuing in either case to a dangerous length not at all to be desired. However, during these dull moods a good deal of miscellaneous reading is done which fits some how into one's stock of information and becomes useful some day.

Of the books devoured lately to render life endurable, the first in my remembrance is *Our Mutual Friend*, by Dickens, read now for the first time. This fact may seem very strange to some, but after reading most of Dickens' works, his mannerisms have grown upon him in such a degree "in his last novels," that any person with the slightest pretension to classical taste is shocked by the perusal, in spite of their acknowledged genius. Pet turns of phrase continually recurring to express some social or economical monstrosity are at the best unpleasant. Did ever such people exist as the Veneerings, the Podsnaps, Lady Fippen, and Mr. Freemom? Silas Wegg and Mr. Venus are monstrosities. His good people are too good, and his bad unredeemed by an excellence. Such disinterested self denial as that of *Our Mutual Friend*, such a sudden conversion from frivolity and heartlessness to deep feeling and nobility of character as that of his pretty testamentary wife, such a pair of amiable old humbugs as the Golden Dustman and his wife do not exist in *verum natura*. Indeed all seem too strongly drawn. Not such is the method of the great masters of fiction. Take up either Shakespeare, Fielding or Scott, and the characters are flesh and blood, such as we meet with daily in our walk through life; whereas in Dickens they seem to be but caricatures. Still just this kind suits the taste of some, when again many of our wives and daughters, and not a few of our model young men, long for gentle mental titillation, which shall combine somewhat of the pious, somewhat of the literary, and a good deal of the *wishy-washy*. Such writers as the last mentioned may be sure of a long and appreciative audience, as long as there are myriads of tolerably educated, well-to-do people, too lazy or too feeble to think for themselves. To the best minds of the lower, as well as to the best of the higher classes, such writer is not and cannot be acceptable; but to the immense herd of the common place, vulgar, middle class, it must be as marrow to their bones.

It is a sad case, but it is true, that in this utilitarian age, the best writing will be to the great reading public that which pays best, or rather what jumps with their humour will be by them handsomely paid for.

In other words, the successful author will not be the one who leads the public ahead of and away from its shows and shibboleths to fresh fields and pastures new, to a purer ether, a diviner air; but who skillfully hitting between wind and water, its in reality the mouth piece of a

common place age, which he is acute enough to be able to appear to direct.

Thus far of criticism and no farther, for the *tedium vite* under which we labored for several days had to be got rid of by more energetic measures, criticising, of course, under the circumstances, with infinite spleen, the works of the best or any author. Therefore a run for the train, a farewell to Canada for a few days—and on returning, I will discourse upon some of our American Cities, as viewed through my spectacles.

F. E. K.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson was about six feet tall, very lank and long-limbed. When he walked it was with a long, methodical stride, and accompanied with a leisurely, pendulum-like swaying of the arms. He wore a military cap, the visor of which nearly touched his nose, and his eyes seemed always fixed on the ground. When I knew him he always wore short whiskers and moustache, which concealed the lower part of his face. But I remember distinctly meeting him one day on the first Bull Run battlefield, the day after the battle, and getting a view of his mouth. The mouth is usually a great index of character; but any one would search Jackson's mouth in vain for any sign of greatness. His lips were thin and red, his upper lip short and the corners of his mouth slightly upturned; the whole mouth expressing in a most unmistakable way a vast amount of sweetness and gentleness, but giving no hint of courage, endurance, perseverance, or any sort of genius. Jackson's voice was like his mouth, very soft, kindly, and inarticulate, sometimes like a faint jabber. His forehead, nose and chin were prominent, and corresponded more with his character. It is pretty safe to say that while his appearance and carriage were somewhat eccentric, his looks were entirely destitute of anything *distingué*, and that he passed for an ordinary-looking man.

Jackson's military character was a very strong one, totally unlike that of any of the great generals of modern times. Its peculiarities lay in its simplicity. Jackson was never known to devise a complicated campaign. Gen. Lee's plans consisted of a hundred parts, and, although, they were concocted with consummate ability, some of them always broke down on the day of battle. But Jackson's strategy consisted simply in reaching some point before his opponent had the slightest idea he could do it, and then fighting him with a good deal of dash. All his wonderful feats were accomplished by rapid marching, so that the rest of his army used to call his troops "Jackson's foot cavalry." And it is a very singular fact that, although the Federal generals knew that Jackson was as fleet as the wind, and were always making allowances in their plans for the extraordinary rapidity of his movements, he continued to the day of his death to surprise them in the same way.

Gen. Burnside, having very foolishly crossed the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, where Lee was ensconced in impregnable natural fortifications, and having been dreadfully cut to pieces during the afternoon and evening, Lee called a council of war late in the night to determine what should be done to follow up his advantage. Among the Major-Generals present was Jackson, who, as soon as he got a seat, was fast asleep, and remained so throughout the conference. When every one else had given his opinion, Jackson was, with some difficulty waked up, and requested to say what he thought had better be done with the enemy, and the only words that could be extracted from him were: "Drive 'em in river; drive 'em in river;" after mumbling which he instantly relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Nothing could be more characteristic of the great captain than this incident. The other Generals were full of marching and counter marching, of combinations, and tricks, and heroic ventures; Jackson had only one weapon—surprise. He knew that Burnside's men were lying along the bank of the river in multitudes, in a terribly demoralized condition, and that a night attack would strike them with terror, and drive them like sheep into the Rappahannock. He afterward explained that it was a part of his plan that the attack should be made in the darkest part of the night, with fixed bayonets, and that the Confederates, in order to avoid slaughtering each other, should strip themselves stark naked. Truly this was an original and startling project. But I have never yet seen any one who doubted that, if it had been carried out, not a baker's dozen of Burnside's troops would have escaped.

The admiration and love of the Southern army for Jackson was something wonderful. There never was a clearer case of hero-worship. He was regarded as a faultless man, and an invincible man; and I suppose he could at any time have got his men to march out by platoons and be shot, if it would have gratified him in the slightest degree. At his death the whole South was in tears, and not more for their irreparable loss than on account of their tender love for the man.

As regards Jackson's relations with Lee and the other great Southern Generals, it was obvious to me that they felt toward each other like brothers, and never knew what the feeling of jealousy was. Lee was always thrusting Jackson forward whenever anything glorious was to be done, and Jackson always showed the most sincere admiration and respect for Lee's plans and orders. When victory perched on their banners, Lee hugged Jackson and told him the credit was all due to him; then Jackson would declare that Lee was the man that deserved all the praise; and then both of them would agree that to God belonged all the glory.

VARIETIES.

THE name of the new Roman Catholic Club in London is to be the *Tiara*, an allusion, of course, to the triple crown of his Holiness.

A Pennsylvania camp meeting was recently broken up by six poor little skunks. The devil comes in various guises, and this particular one is not to be prayed down.

As a novelty, the application of the camera obscura has been introduced in railway carriages, exhibiting to the traveler a moving picture of the country through which he is passing.

THE projected bicycle ride from Vienna to Paris has failed. The bicycle broke at the end of fifty miles, and Mr. Nairns was unable to find a blacksmith who could repair it. He went on to Paris by rail.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Khedive of Egypt with \$100,000 pay for the first year, and \$25,000 a year afterward. Gen. Johnston is said not to have accepted the offer.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN has written eleven elaborate letters to prove that the best thing France can do is to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany against all comers, especially against Russia. Only one single journal of the French press is in favor of the idea he is running.

THE most prominent lecturers this winter will be Theodore Tilton, Moncre D. Conway, Richard A. Proctor, Carl Schurz, Wendell Phillips, Bret Harte, and Bayard Taylor. Schurz is set down as the most indefatigable lecturer in America; his health being strong, he is enabled to speak night after night, generally five out of every week.

THE Duc d'Aumale is described as slender, correct, and balting with the left leg like a soldier cured of an old wound. He has a fine head, a well-formed nose, an intelligent forehead, slightly protruding cheekbones, and his grave metallic voice has that natural vibration which conceals unexpected emotions.

IN France the telegraphic service has yielded the past year an excess of \$400,000 over expenses. The year before expenses and receipts balanced, but always previously there was a deficit. Thus it appears that cheap despatches do develop an increased use of the wires; but it takes longer to get the effect in France than it did to get the equivalent effect in cheap postage.

THE convent is about to deprive France of one her heroines, Mdle. Hassi de la Tour. This modern Charlotte Corday killed a Prussian officer who had offered her an insult at her father's residence, which had just been invaded by the enemy during the late war. The German troops were about to take her life, when Prince Frederick Charles came forward and pardoned the courageous young lady.

Now that there is no hope from Bessemer, it may be useful to mention that the following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Hahnman, and is very palatable and agreeable:—Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add a pint of fresh milk, a pint of water, sugar to make it palatable; boil, and drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

DOMESTIC.

CHOWDER.—Cut three or four slices of fat pork; fry them a very little; lay them in the bottom of a stew-kettle. Cut a fresh cod into thin slices, place two slices of fish on the pork; then put in layers of split crackers, pare and wash eight potatoes, and cut them into thin slices; put on a layer of the sliced potatoes, then alternately the other materials, till the kettle is full; season with pepper and a little salt. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with a tea-spoonful of cold water, and pour in after the chowder begins to stew. Put in a quart of water, cover the stew-kettle very tight, and let it stew three hours.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—He took the thin, long-handled frying-pan from its nail, and putting it on the stove heated it quite hot. In this he put the piece of steak previously pounded, but to their surprise he did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not salt the steak. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over and then turned it quickly to the other side, turning it several times in this manner until it was done. Four minutes were not employed in the operation, but a juicier steak was never eaten. It was, when done, laid on the platter, previously warmed, and was buttered and salted and set a moment in a hot oven. Allowing the steak to heat but a moment on each side, helped it to retain all its sweet juices, and putting the salt on at the last moment after it was on the platter, drew out its juices.

TOOTHACHE.—A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlour, who said he would not retain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told him how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How? how? inquired I; "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he, "Betty, have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it and some common salt."

They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible."

It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

HUMOROUS.

A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.—A carpenter's shop.

HIGH LIVING FOR HARD TIMES.—Rooms in the attic.

A CRACK invisible to the naked eye.—The crack of a whip.

Is it any proof that logic has legs because it always stands to reason?

WHAT is the greatest stand ever made for civilization?—The inkstand.

WHAT man must have his glass before he can do a day's work?—A glazier.

A NEGRO's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and then gib one general conwulshun."

"MADAM," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." Quoth the lady: "what a fact you must be!"

A WOMAN will reach up and pull at a window-sash for a few seconds quite good-naturedly, but when it doesn't come down, and she turns around and sees her husband looking comfortably on, she mentally asks herself, "Is civilization a failure?"

THE GLEANER.

ENGLAND and Wales have two hundred Y. M. C. A.'s.

Belgium sells annually \$4,000,000 worth of Valenciennes lace.

A scheme for establishing a German colony in Abyssinia has failed.

GENERAL PEMBERTON, who defended Vicksburg for the Confederates, is to build iron-works at Perth Amboy for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A Yankee has submitted to the French Government a decapitating machine intended to supersede the guillotine. It is on the pneumatic tube system and automatic in action, thus doing away with an executioner.

A change is said by the newspaper *La France* to be probable in the policy of the Right Centre, due to the wishes of the Orleans princes, who are said to be about to renounce all claims to the throne and adhere to the Republic without reserve.

THERE died recently in London a retired policeman named George Waddington, who was known to thieves as "Old Boots," from the fact that he always wore jack-boots. He was seventy-eight years old when he died, and had been retired from the service twenty years on a pension. Dickens is said to have had him in his mind when he conceived the character of the jailer Grummer in "Oliver Twist."

THE number of marriages celebrated in Paris during the last five years shows a marked increase for 1872, 1873, and 1874. In 1870 and 1871 the war naturally caused a diminution. In the former year the number during the twelve months was 12,298. In 1872, however, despite the fact that the war and the Commune had reduced the population by 250,000 inhabitants, the marriage total rose to 21,873, in 1873, 19,520 unions occurred, and last year 18,827.

IN charters granted to street railroad companies it is usually stipulated that the tracks shall not be guarded against the ordinary travel of the thoroughfares through which they run, but that all kinds of vehicles may freely pass over them. Of course a rival line of cars could not use the same tracks without obtaining a charter, but there seems to be no legal obstacle to a number of persons buying a car and running it for their own use. So think some people in a St. Louis suburb, and they are really going to try the experiment.

AMONG remarkable deaths reported in Paris is that of a man whom the French think may have been the involuntary cause of their defeat at Waterloo. Pierre Cockx, a naturalised Belgian, was arrested by the army of Blucher, tied to a horse's tail, and made to serve as a guide during the terrible days of June 15 and 16, 1815. At least, so the French obituary says. Pierre has just died at Nogent, at the age of 75. The papers state that he never forgot the horse's tail, and dreamt nightly of the pistols that were held over him while in that uncomfortable position.

WHILE the inhabitants of the sandy plains of Brandenburg have to struggle with a plague which in former years was confined to the southern regions, the swarms of locusts, the south of Germany is assailed by the bark beetle, which was almost entirely unknown there, and seemed to be confined to the northern provinces of Prussia. This disagreeable insect is already doing great damage in the beautiful parks and woods which surround the lake of Starnberg, near Munich, and which belong to the King, the Duke Max (father of the Empress of Austria), and the ex-King of Naples.

A singular cricketing incident happened the other day at Barrow. The wicket was hit by a ball bowled, and of the balls, though lifted from the wicket and removed from its place, oddly enough returned to its groove, leaving the wicket perfect as at first. The umpire gave the batsman not out, but it gave rise to some discussion. There can have been no doubt whatever but that the judgment of the umpire was in perfect accord with the M.C.C. rules. Rule twelve says, "The striker is out if either of the balls be bowled off." We should like to see this done again.

A life which formed a curious link between this century and the last just been ended. La Mère Mars, the *doymne poissonnière*, or fishwoman of the Halles, died recently in Paris at the age of 97, in a lodging near the Rue St. Denis, which she occupied time out of mind. Her speciality was fresh water fish. She was daughter of the Marquis de Juxta-Nantz, executed in the Reign of Terror, and of Madame de la Motte Valois, the artificer of the diamond necklace intrigue. A Fury of the Revolution took pity on the little girl, whom she saw blowing a kiss to the Marquis on his way to the scaffold, and adopted her. She left her a fishstall at the Halles. This descendant of the Kings of France—for Antoine de Bourbon was an undoubted ancestor of Madame de la Motte—had no other ambition than to get through life honestly. She was supposed to have made a good deal of money with her trout and crawfish. La Mère Mars was a fine-looking, robust old woman, and generally superior to the *poissonnière* sisterhood. She could not have resembled her mother, who was of little form and a delicate oval face. The fishwoman who has just died remembered Cagliostro, Cardinal de Rohan, and Marie Antoinette, whom she saw going to be executed. Her early years were spent in the mansion of the Marquis Juxta-Nantz, in the Rue Turenne.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, even at home.

Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity.

Fault-finding, long arguments, or scoldings end the happiness that begins in kisses and love making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make it up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in striped calico, she is silly not to wear it.

A HAPPY COUPLE.—A man should always be a little bigger than his wife, and a little older, a little braver, and a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. A woman should always be a little younger and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care and tenderness that affection may prompt, but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burthen. Better live on a crust that he earns than on a fortune that she has brought him.

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches:—"It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and short-comings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed under the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there in what may be a sick member or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

THE AWKWARD AGE.—A wise and sweet woman suggests, as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of what we are wont to call the awkward age in boys and girls—that time when they are too large to feel like children, and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat even the smallest children with the courtesy and consideration that we show to grown-up people, and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception, thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable "awkward age." There are few things more important in the right development of a human creature than self-respect. But how is a child to learn to respect itself, if it sees that it is alone in the sentiment—that by no one else it is respected? More harm is perhaps done children by snubbing than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child's idea on any point under discussion was greeted with—"Who asked you what you thought?" or with some sarcasm such as "Ah, now we shall have the matter settled—Miss experience is freeing her mind." It is so difficult to hit the right mean. We do not want our children troublesome to visitors—grown-up people do not care to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinions of thirteen—but what if we tried the experiment of respectful attention for a while? Would not the young folk stop talking until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention, as if they felt that their voices were but beating the air?

THE MOTHER'S FAVOURITE.—One of the most touching stories ever set in circulation is that of the little girl who, on account of lack of beauty, was slighted by a vain mother who lavished all her love and pride on the poor child's lovely sister. One day, when mamma lay on a lounge in her own room, languidly reading a novel, a knock sounded on her door. "Is that you, darling?" asked the lady. "No—it is only me, mamma," timidly answered the poor neglected one. "Only me!" What a story of slighted love and meek humility those two words expressed! The mother's heart was touched, and from that time she strove to divide her love more equally between her children. There should be no favourite in the family; such an arrangement is a blot and a curse upon its perfect happiness. In the first place, the favoured child is harmed by favouritism. If a boy, the chances are that he turns out very badly; if a girl, she is spoiled in her temper, and if she does not become a vixen, develops into a young woman as soft and impressionable as a bit of wax, and without some severe after training, too likely some stinging chastisement, quite unfitted to be a wife and mother. Then the mischief done to the other children is incalculable. In our own experience we have seen many families shipwrecked on the fatal rock of favouritism, and in most cases the chief offender was the mother. So that a mother with a family of daughters should strive to her utmost to be a mother to all of them, bestowing the same warm kiss and hug upon the plain-faceted Kate as upon the outwardly more attractive Ethel, her supreme thought being that the mind and future of the one are as precious in the sight of duty—motherly Christian duty—as

of the other. A mother having a favourite child, and showing her partiality, unconscious though it may be, sows the seed of envy, jealousy, rage, and mortified vanity in the minds of the rest of her offspring; and so, in after days, when self-reproach is mere idle snivelling over the delinquency, brings on them and herself the blackest of clouds. A mother should spread her love as evenly as she spreads butter on bread, not squander its whole wealth on one, and that, too, a daughter among daughters; for slighted sons can rub off the impression in contact with the work-a-day world, but in daughters it is ineffaceable. The memory of kisses and presents in which they did not share clings to them through life, and must, to a lesser or greater extent, weaken the texture of their moral nature.

FOOT NOTES.

THE Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen are excellent actors.

THE Kentucky Legislature will be urged to prohibit lotteries.

COTTON planting is to be attempted in Turkistan and the Caucasus.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is seeking a position in the Russian army.

A machine has been invented in England for making hay by artificial heat, at a cost of 8s per ton.

THE Bessemer steamship is, it is said, an acknowledged failure and she is to be sold and the company wound up. The *Castalia* is a success.

IT is a notable fact that while not one ex-President of the United States is living, the wives of five of them survive—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lincoln, and Mrs. Johnson.

THE Gregorian Calendar has been adopted by the Russian postal authorities throughout the empire. It is to be hoped that this is only the prelude to a general adoption of the Calendar in Russia.

THE Workmen's Peace Conference at Paris has unanimously passed the principal resolution before it, which solemnly protests against armaments of the European powers as an intolerable burden on the people.

Queen Victoria has given her name and patronage to the Church of England Temperance Society, and advised the Society that she did so expressly and only because it is a temperance and not a total abstinence society.

AGNES BECKWITH, daughter of the well-known Professor Beckwith, of Lambeth Baths, a young girl aged fourteen years, swam from London Bridge to Greenwich, a distance of five miles, in an hour and five minutes.

ROCHEFORT, the Communist, has recently had a narrow escape from drowning at Geneva. He went out with his daughter on Lake Lemman. A squall suddenly arose and upset the boat. Fortunately assistance was soon at hand, or both would have perished.

CHAINES Jeanne d'Arc and Jeanne d'Arc belts are the latest fancy additions to the feminine toilet. They encircle the neck or waist at pleasure, or suspend the vinaigrette, fan, Swiss watch, chatelaine, or any other article that a lady may need when shopping or visiting.

HERE is a story of Madame de Staël's large feet. She went to a fancy ball as Minerva. "How shall you know your goddess?" said one of her admirers to another. "Par le pied-de-Staël," was the response. Had she gone otherwise than as a goddess she would not have needed a pedestal.

MR. CAIRD, in an elaborate review of the harvest prospects, estimates the total gain to the British consumer from the fine harvest of 1874 at twenty millions. The total consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom he estimates at 100 million cwt., of which a fraction over one-half is home grown.

A new vine disease has excited much uneasiness in Rheintal, Frickthal and Thurgau in Germany. Vines which are apparently flourishing in the morning wither in the course of the day, without, however, turning yellow, and in a short time die. The symptoms have no resemblance to those of phylloxera.

The fashionable people of Louisville, Ky., habitually go to the theatre on Friday nights. So fixed has this usage become that on this evening of every week the house will not hold all who come, and on others it is nearly empty. That is not a profitable custom for the manager, and during the coming season he will endeavor to break it up by calling the favored occasions "popular nights for the people," and reducing the prices of admission.

A singular and melancholy mortuary relic was lately exhibited at a private *soirée* in Paris. It is the handkerchief which the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico held in his hand at the moment of his execution. It had evidently belonged to the Empress Carlotta, as it is a woman's handkerchief of small size, of the finest cambric bordered with Mechlin lace, and bearing the arms of the empress embroidered in one corner. At the moment that he fell his fingers closed convulsively upon the blood that flowed from a wound in the wrist. This mournful token of conjugal affection and misguided and betrayed ambition belongs to Don Andres de Valdejo-Arjona, a wealthy Mexican gentleman.

ARTISTIC.

THE Prussian Chambers have voted the sum of \$30,000 to defray the cost of rebuilding the Academy of Art at Dusseldorf.

MR. SIDNEY P. HALL has been commissioned by the Prince of Wales to attend him on his tour in India for the purpose of illustrating it with sketches.

SIR JAMES ALEXANDER is persevering with his scheme for the removal of Cleopatra's Pillar from the neighbourhood of Alexandria to London, but as yet he has met with no encouragement in official quarters.

M. CHALES BIGOT, of the *Siècle*, contends in a recent number of the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* that the modern school of sculpture in France has this year produced works more remarkable than any produced in the sister art of painting.

GEROME is studying Turkish architecture in Broussa and Constantinople. It is said that he is going to try his hand at painting marine views—a complete change of style, and one that we should hardly fancy would prove beneficial.

THE statue of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, which formerly stood on the Boulevard du Prince Eugène, and was pulled down by the Republicans on the 4th of September, 1872, is about to be restored and will be placed in the courtyard of the Invalides.

THE Vendôme Column is finished and will be opened to the public next month. Of course, according to French accounts, fabulous sums are offered by the English for the first ascent. Where are these English so free with their money and careless of their own credit for common sense? They must be all in Paris, for we know they are not in England.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMS, the distinguished Southern novelist, who is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., is to have a monument. The committee having the matter in charge has decided to adopt the suggestion of a bronze bust on a granite pedestal, similar to that erected in the Central Park to Humboldt. When completed it will cost about \$2,500.

THE Pope having commemorated the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by a monument, has long contemplated the erection of a similar memorial in connection with the dogma of Infallibility. A site, it is said, has been chosen, and as the ornaments in marble and bronze are now completed, the monument will shortly be erected.

THE Greek Government, mindful of the services of Lord Byron to Greece, and desirous of seeing them commemorated, has offered to supply whatever quantity of Pentelic marble the Byron memorial committee may require for the monument free of all cost, and that the expenses of its transit will be paid out of the Greek Exchequer. A site on the Thames embankment will be offered to the committee.

THE mania in France for wood carvings has lately broken out again. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild pays no less than \$8,000 for the carvings of the Hôtel Bretony lilies and antique palace of the Ile Saint Louis. His kinsman, Baron Gustave, even outdoes this extravagance. For the adornment of his new residence, between the Avenue d'Auteuil and the Rue du Cirque, he buys the wainscoting and cornices of the Hôtel du Sacré Cœur, Rue de Valenciennes, at \$7,000. This famous mansion was once occupied by the Biron-Lauzans. It had three grand apartments lined with oak and other woods, superbly carved. The lining of the principal room fetched \$2,800.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

MENG-SEN, a Chinese tenor, is to sing in the Paris Grand Opera.

THE *Journal de St. Petersburg* announces the death of Signor Ronconi, the celebrated Italian singer.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER, the sculptor, has written a clever little play for amateur players, which is now in print.

THEODORE WACHTEL, the great tenor of Germany, will commence his opera season at the New York Academy on the eighteenth of October.

WE are told that M. Gounod is setting the story of *Lady Jane Grey* for the new National Opera House (Thames Embankment).

ONE of the greatest events of the present dramatic season in London will be a performance of "Macbeth," with Rossi as *Macbeth*, Salvini as *Macduff* and Madame Ristori as *Lady Macbeth*.

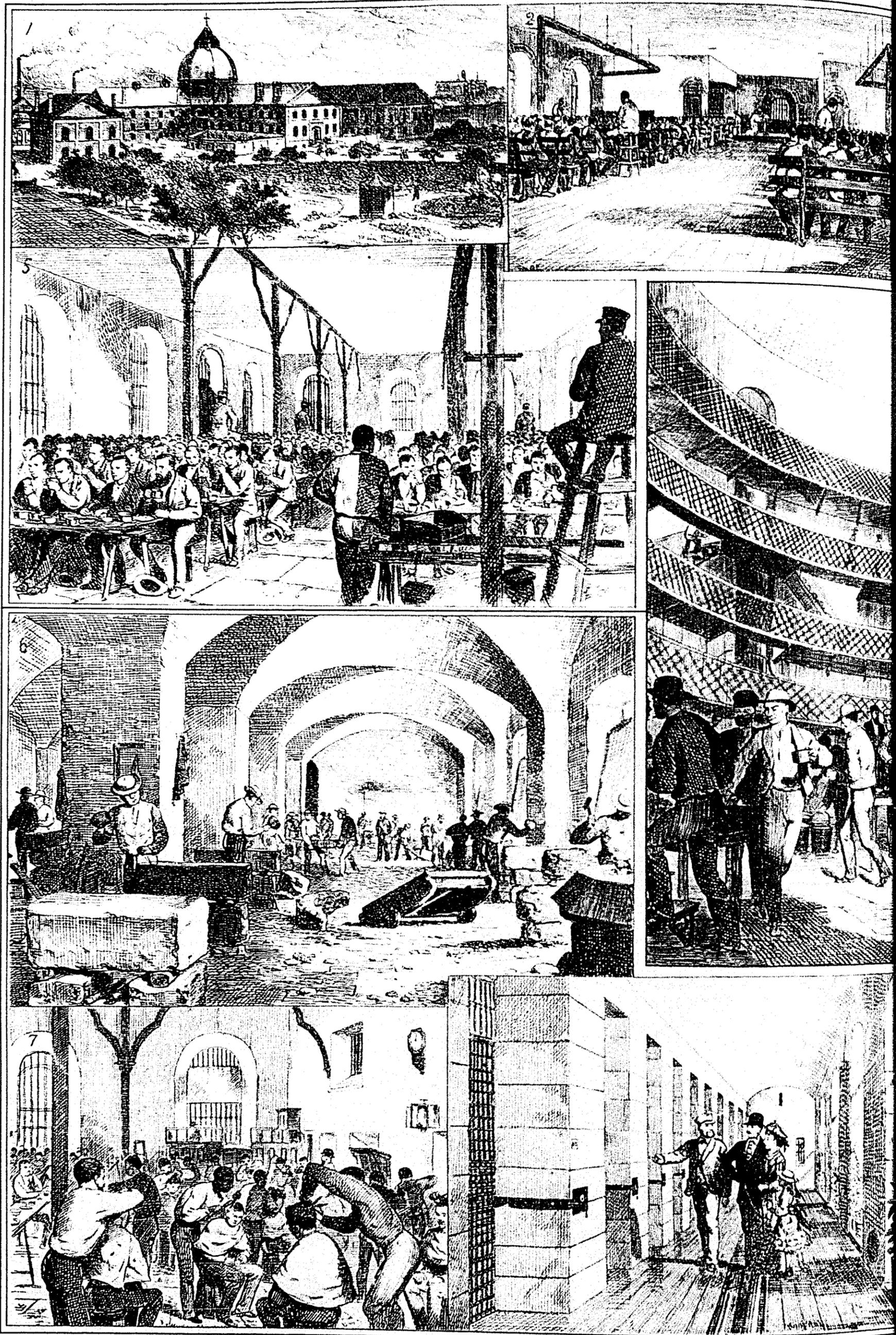
A NEW edition of Sir John Hawkins' "History of Music" is about to be issued. The work will not only be printed on better and larger paper, but will be considerably reduced in price.

THE music publisher Trebbi, of Bologna, has just opened two large rooms in which, for fifty cents per hour by day, and one franc at night, he provides pianos and music for any one disposed to practise.

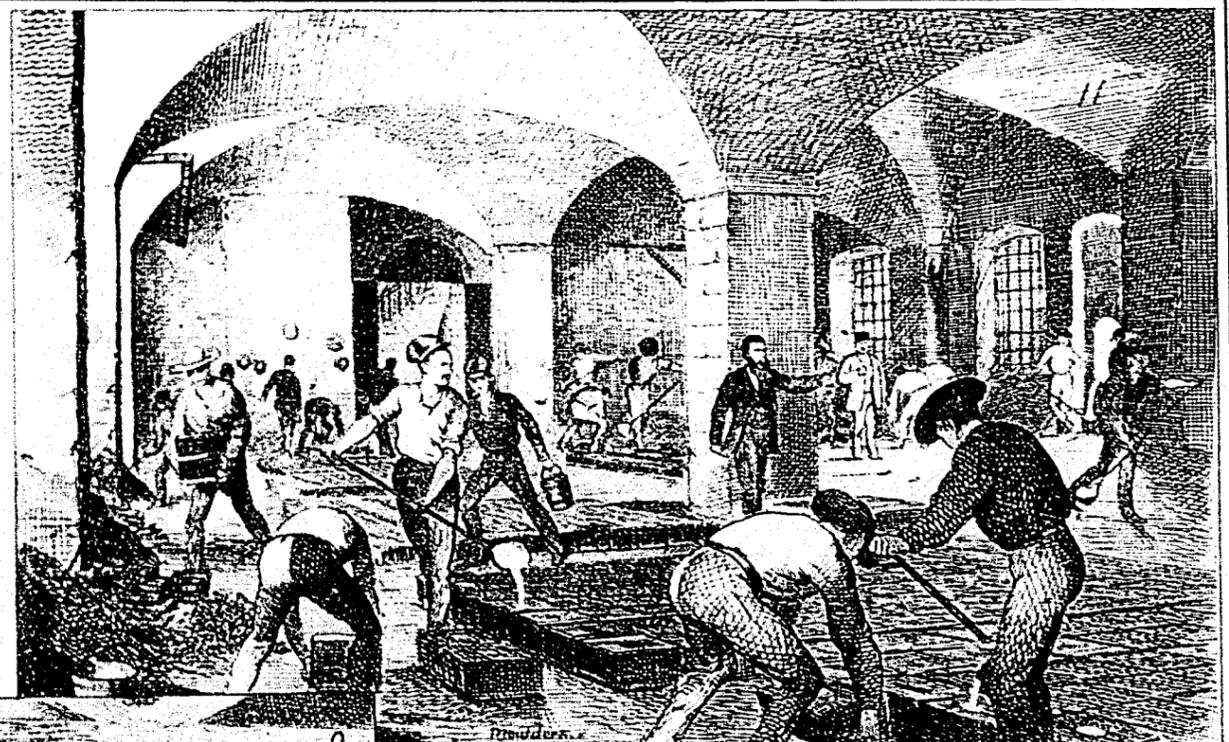
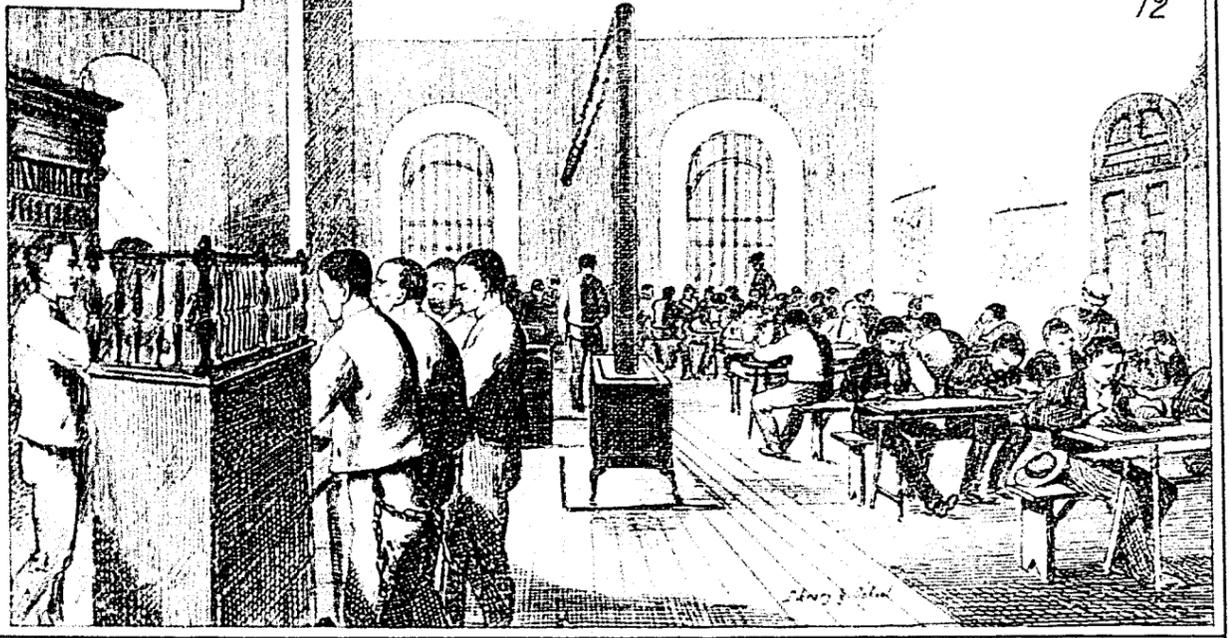
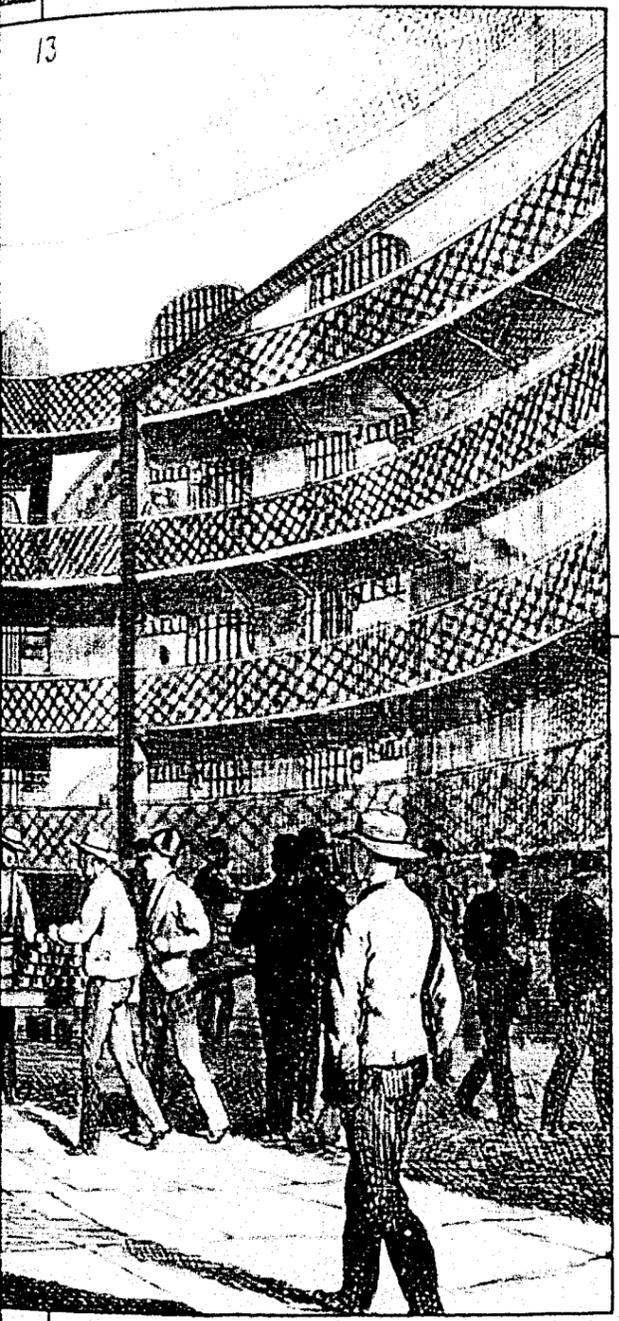
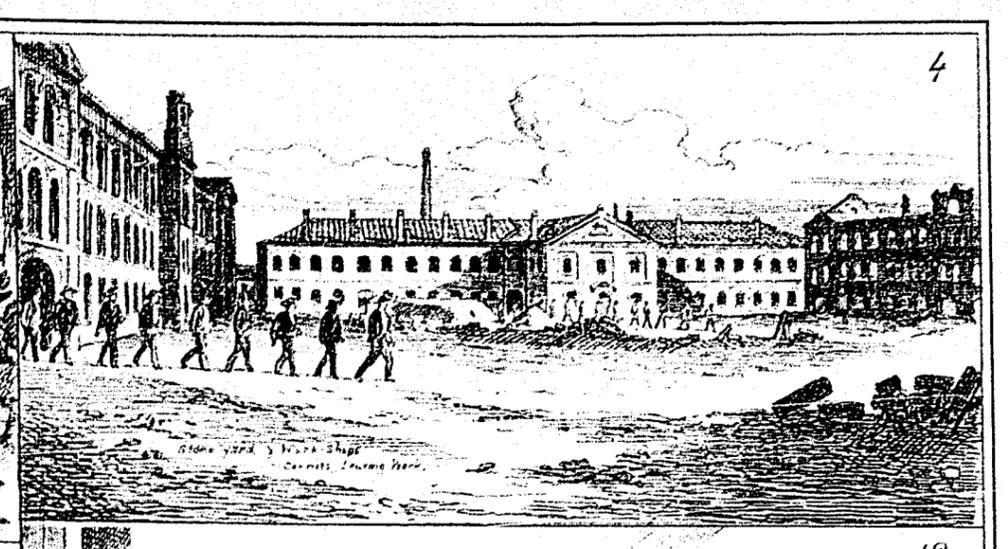
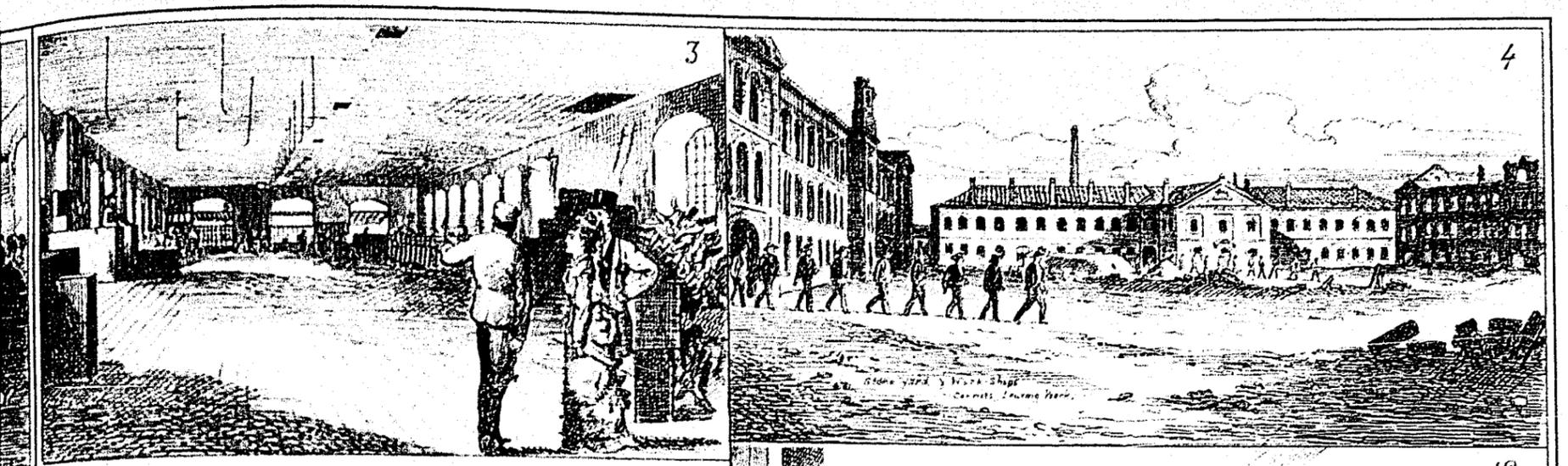
THE engagement of Signor Ross at the Lyceum Theatre, N. Y., begins on October 25, as *Hamlet*, a personation which will be followed in succession by *Romeo, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Damon, Louis XI., and Keane and Catege and Verone*. On leaving New York, Signor Rossi will begin at Boston a tour which will terminate at Galveston. Mr. Grau has eight years past been endeavoring to induce the distinguished Italian actor to visit this country.

IT is said that Adelina Patti's facility for study has so greatly increased that she finds it possible to learn in a few weeks a rôle which others blunder over for months. She already knows thirty-four operas from beginning to end. When she is studying, her habit is not to sing aloud the rôle which she wishes to learn. She either reads, or hums it. Even her accompanist often cannot hear her voice on these occasions. It is the same at rehearsals. Only at the last grand general rehearsal does she condescend to sing with her full voice. She goes to bed late and is up early; at table follows no special diet, but eats heartily three times daily, and drinks Bordeaux and champagne freely without any effect upon her voice being perceptible, notwithstanding a popular impression that singers should not use them. Her supper is usually served about midnight. The days when she sings in opera she dines several hours before she appears on the stage, and generally looks over her rôle for half an hour before going upon the stage.

SCHNEIDER is making an ado again among authors and managers, after her usual irrepressible fashion. She was engaged to create *La Boulangerie à des Ecus* at the Variétés, as we stated a few weeks ago, but she refused to sign any contract, and the other day, after exacting from the managers and MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and M. Offenbach, all sorts of impossible changes and alterations, she coolly walked out of the theatre, declaring, like a spoiled child, "if you don't do as I ask you, I won't play." Tired out with her whims, M. Bertrand, the director of the Variétés, took the troublesome lady at her word, and engaged Mademoiselle Aimée to fill her place. Now, be it known that there is no rival in the profession more disliked and dreaded by the bumptious *Grande-Duchesse* than is pretty, winning Aimée; so she forthwith came back to the theatre, and declared that she would play. "You shan't," quoth the manager. "I will!" vowed the lady. Thereupon she appealed to the law, and lovers of theatrical gossip are on the *qui vive* respecting the case of Schneider vs. Bertrand, which is shortly to come before the tribunals.



1. Front view of the Penitentiary buildings.—2. Protestant chapel : convicts seated in Church.—3. Contract shoe shop.—4. Stone shed : Stone cutters at work.—5. Convict barber cutting hair at entrance to dining hall.—6. Hospital.—7. Moulding shop of Canada Lock Company.—8. School : men standing up are getting books from the library.—9. they take to their cells.



SCENES OF THE PENITENTIARY.

F. M. BELL SMITH.

4. Yards and workshops: convicts marching from work.—5. Dining Hall: where all the convicts take breakfast and dinner together.
 8. Corridor.—9. Kitchen: food cooked by steam.—10. General jobbing shop, including carpenter, cooper, waggon, tinsmith and paint shops.
 13. Domes through which convicts pass to their sleeping cells. They are receiving their tin of tea and piece of bread for supper, which

GILLFLOWERS.

Old fashioned, yes, I know they are,
Long exiled from the gay parterre,
And banished from the bowers;
But not the fairest foreign bloom
Can match in beauty or perfume
Those bonny English flowers.

Their velvet petals, fold on fold,
In every shade of flaming gold,
And richest, deepest brown;
Lie close with little leaves between,
Of slender shape and tender green,
And soft as softest down.

On Sabbath mornings long ago,
When melody began to flow
From out the belfry tower,
I used to break from childish talk,
To pluck beside the garden walk
My mother's Sunday flower.

In Spring she loved the snow-drop white,
In summer time carnations bright,
Or roses newly blown;
But this the flower she cherished most,
And from the goodly garden host
She chose it for her own.

Ah, mother dear! the brown flowers wave
In sunshine o'er thy quiet grave,
This morning, far away;
And I sit lonely here the while,
Scarce knowing if to sigh or smile
Upon their sister spray.

I well could sigh, for grief is strong,
I well could smile, for love lives long,
And conquers even death;
But if I smile, or if I sigh,
God knoweth well the reason why,
And gives me broader faith.

Firm faith to feel all good is meant,
Sure hope to fill with deep content
My most despairing hours;
And oftentimes He deigns to shed
Sweet sunshine o'er the path I tread,
As on to-day, these flowers.

And chose He not a bearer meet,
To bring for me those blossoms sweet,
A loving little child?
And child and bonny blossoms come,
Like messages of love and home,
O'er waters waste and wild.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

BESSIE'S HERO.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

"Oh! If I could only get those lovely harebells!" Bessie Swayne looked around to see if none of the youths who were anxious for her smiles were at hand to climb the steep mossy bank and gather the tempting cluster for her, but she looked in vain.

Yes, leaning against a tree, idly looking through the branches at the gay picknickers as they busily prepared for their sylvan banquet, but never aiding, was Percy Stone. Bessie saw him, but doubted much whether gallantry would impel him to risk the immaculate whiteness of his pants in a scramble for wild flowers; but few could resist Bessie, and she tried her wiles.

"Do you see what a lovely bouquet I have been making?" she asked, showing the blue forget-me-not and wild rosebuds she held in her hand. "Now I only want a fringe of those harebells and it would be complete, but they are too high."

"Yes," said Percy looking up languidly, "they are out of reach without climbing, but your bouquet is very pretty as it is."

Bessie felt piqued; she knows Mr. Stone prides himself on never paying "ridiculous small attentions," leaving it to be inferred, of course, that where great exertions were needed he would not be remiss, yet womanlike she is only the more anxious to be the one exception to his rule. She is too proud to show her pique, but when John Bronte comes towards her, she looks at him so graciously that the poor fellow, who is over head and ears in love with her, does not know how to account for such a sudden change in his favor, for she is more sparing of her smiles to him than to any one, nay, he often fears he is more than indifferent to her. But now her eyes sparkle with pleasure, her face dimples with smiles as she sees him coming. He does not stay long to account for this new caprice, but resolves to improve the hour.

"I came to tell you our banquet is ready."

"And I have been gathering flowers to deck the boards. I was just wishing those harebells were within reach, they are so lovely."

"Do you want them?" he asks quickly, but not waiting for her answer, he climbs after them, and Bessie casts a glance of supreme contempt on the languid Percy.

It is thrown away, however, for that cool gentleman is solely engaged in watching with much interest John, as, not without one or two slips, he accomplishes his task. He comes down, the knees of his pants green, his hair dishevelled, but radiant with pleasure at having been able to do something to please Bessie, who still smiling, thanks him profusely, and then he walks with her to where the cloth is laid and seats her next to where he intends to sit himself, and then leaves to wash off the traces of his scramble.

Meanwhile the company have seated themselves, and Percy saunters up and takes John's intended place, and, I blush to say for the credit of woman's gratitude, Bessie has a thrill of pleasure at the substitute, and, there being nothing to do during the merry meal, Percy devotes himself to the pretty girl at his side. He says simple things in the tender way for which he is famous, pays her indirect compliments, and Bessie feels perfectly sure he cares more for her than any one else. He may be a flirt, but there is not always a difference that can be felt when a man is really in love, and when he is only feigning to be so? And Bessie is quite sure there is that difference

in his tone to her now. His voice trembles as if with suppressed emotion when she receives some half expressed assurance of his devotion with light banter. His dark eyes look into hers as, she is sure, they can never have looked twice to a woman.

In short, Bessie, almost unconsciously to herself, is in love, and with the man of all men she never intended to do anything but hate. When he came to Romley, his reputation as a lady killer came with him, and Bessie, when all her girl friends were in raptures about his manners, his eyes, his teeth, determined she should dislike him, and let him see there was one girl who could resist him. At the same time she was herself the belle of the place, and it would be a great triumph if she would attach him to her string of beaux, and so she laid her snares, and notwithstanding she could not make him pay any of those attentions men generally pay to women, he yet seemed to have walked into them, and Bessie was waiting until his captive state should become obvious, and then she would snub him.

Poor Bessie! she had been playing with edged tools, and now she began to think if he really loved her, it would be very cruel of her to trample on his love after having worked very ingeniously to obtain it. After all, would it not be better to try and love him in return? Bessie was debating this as he sat by her side, and almost made up her mind that when he told her his love plainly she would be very kind to him, and allow him to hope that in time she might return it.

Poor John Bronte had taken his seat opposite the one usurped by Percy, and could see the latter's loverlike manner, almost guess the things he said so tenderly in her ear, and worse than all, he had to see the evident happiness of Bessie in receiving them. He had often seen her coquetting with others, but never had he seen her listen so quietly with such a sweet tender look in her eyes as now.

"Poor little bird! She is caught at last," he sighed to himself, for he knew there was suffering in store for her, as there had been for so many others that Percy Stone had known.

After the dinner was over, and the party were all wandering off in couples, Percy decorated Bessie's hair with the harebells John had gathered, and Bessie laughing merrily ran to the brook to look at herself and then came back, and Percy was evidently asking something very earnestly which she appeared to grant, for she took the rosebuds she was wearing in her bosom, and gave them to him. They were alone now, or thought they were, and did not see John lying in the grass, a miserable spectator of the little scene. Percy's hand closed on Bessie's as she gave him the buds which he pressed to his lips, and murmured as to himself, but loud enough for her to hear,

"My darling."

But nevertheless as they walked, he took the direction of the rest of the company who were laughing and frolicking gaily among the trees.

"Ah! he has gone far enough, the rascal, and thinks it would be convenient to have by standers now—poor little Bessie, my dear little girl, and I have loved her so long."

John pressed his forehead on the cool grass, and passed a very bitter hour, struggling to conquer his emotion and be master of himself, but it was not easy; he had never been without hope, but it was gone, and worse than all she was giving her love to a man who could cast it aside as a worthless thing whenever it suited his pleasure. Poor, poor Bessie!

The carriages that had brought the party had been left at an inn at the other side of the little river at the foot of the hill, and returning home, the party kept together until they came to the river when Bessie proposed walking to the mill and crossing there. It was a prettier road and somewhat nearer. Most of them, however, preferred the way they had come, and so Bessie and Percy separated from the rest agreeing to meet at the inn. They sauntered on under the over-arching trees, following the rapid little river until they came to the mill stream.

"Let us stay a minute. I love to watch the wheel so much. See how it draws everything to it," Bessie said throwing in some wild flowers she had in her hand.

"It is like life," she continued a little sentimentally, "we begin our journey very slowly at first, but gradually the pace grows rapid and more rapid until we are rushing along the death."

"The mill being death, and we being represented by the flowers, eh?"

"Yes."

"Very pretty and poetical."

"Well, write me a pretty poem for my album."

"I am no poet, not even a poetaster, unless appreciation of a living poem makes me one."

He looked into her eyes as he spoke, and Bessie knew she was the poem he meant. She blushed rosy red, and then stepping on to the plank that crossed the millstream, she said:

"We had better go on or they will be waiting for us. I declare I have stared at that old wheel until I am giddy."

"Take my hand."

"Oh no, I am all right now" and they began to cross.

When they had reached the middle she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Stone, I have left my parasol against the tree."

"I will get it," he said turning back to where they had been watching the mill. Just as he grasped it, he heard a shriek for help. He turned and saw Bessie struggling in the stream. He sprang to the edge of the water, but alas! she

was being rapidly borne to the wheel, and to her death. For one instant he had thought of attempting to rescue her, but a glance at the rate at which she was being borne along by the stream showed him the impossibility of saving her and the almost certain destruction to both if he attempted it.

"Oh, save me! save me!"

The cry came to him, and made him shudder, as he caught a last reproachful glance from Bessie, and then she sank from sight.

"Poor, poor girl, but what can I do! It would be madness to throw away my life, and I cannot save hers, I know."

As he speaks, he glances towards the mill, and ready to plunge into the whirling water at its most dangerous point, stands John Bronte.

As poor Bessie's white dress appears again on the surface, this time terribly near the wheel, and torn and lashed with the furious waters, he springs into the stream!

"He is mad, he cannot save her!"

And then Percy Stone gazes as if fascinated at those two beings so soon to meet their death, as he thinks.

He sees John Bronte grasp the white dress, and then by a tremendous effort beat his way out of the vortex, and into the still water. He has called for help, and the miller's family are already hurrying forth. Percy waits to see no more. It strikes him that his conduct would contrast ignobly with John's if the truth became known, and the elegant Percy took counsel of his shame and walked away.

And poor pretty Bessie! She had still a spark of life in her which after much tender effort allowed itself to be fanned into a flame, and a few days after her perilous adventure she was as well and blooming as ever, but how much wiser, and perhaps a little sadder!

Percy was seen no more in Romley, and John Bronte was the hero of the place, for although he said nothing of Percy Stone's cowardice, Bessie did not fail to proclaim that she owed her life to John's bravery, and in answer to the hundred eager questions with which she was beset, she had to relate again and again how it had all happened, and as a sort of penance she did it faithfully, not glozing over the fact that Percy could have saved her with much less danger to himself than John had run, and when she heard the exclamations:

"Oh, the coward! what a mean fellow! After flirting so desperately with you all the afternoon."

She said nothing, thinking she deserved all the stings that lurked in what they said, but she was not equally silent when they spoke of Bronte as "a splendid fellow," "a real hero."

"He is indeed a noble man," says Bessie "and I owe him my life!"

For with days in humility she acknowledges to herself she has mistaken the tinsel for gold, and that plain, homely, sensible John had all the elements of the romantic hero she had fancied Percy to be.

"But of course he despises me now," thought Bessie "he has seen what a foolish frivolous thing I am. I believed he liked me once, but he will not waste any more thoughts on such a vain little fool as I have proved myself."

And then she shed a few quiet tears, and determined to be an old maid, and be very good to little children, and darn stockings for her little nephews and nieces all her days, but just as she had come to this heroic conclusion the lion of the day came in, and seeing her meek air and tear stained cheeks, took heart of grace, and insisted on knowing her trouble, and in order to induce her to impart it, tells her his dearest wish in life is to share it, and this makes Bessie cry more than ever.

It is of no use talking to Bessie about heroes nowadays. She smiles with calm superiority in the possession of one all to herself.

AN IMPERIAL ROLE.

Albert Rhodes writes: The Empress Eugenie was very desirous of playing in a comedy at the court, but none could be found suitable for such an august person. One only has to look over the usual repertory of society plays to understand her embarrassment, all the women parts being subjected to personal familiarities which an empress could not undergo without a shock to court etiquette. Notwithstanding an extended search, the character could not be found that was not embraced, that did not engage in familiar talk, nor shake hands. M. Feuillet untied the knotty difficulty by writing a little comedy for the occasion called "Le Portrait de la Marquise," in which the hostess may be said to have played her own character, flattered by an admiring poet. Being rather mediocre in histrionic talent notwithstanding her fondness for playing, hers was the only woman role, in order that there might not be unpleasant comparisons in the minds of the privileged spectators. Naturally M. Feuillet was in full feather during the rehearsals and representations.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Spain is sending more troops to Cuba. Four lives were lost at Humber Bay, Toronto, on Saturday last, by the capsizing of a yacht. Kaiser William of Germany will visit the King of Italy on the 30th instant. It is not definitely settled whether Bismarck will accompany him or not. Snow fell at Rivière du Loup on the 18th and the 19th, on Mount Washington, a train was blocked by the same wintry obstruction for several hours. One third of the native population of the Fiji Islands have died within a space of four months, from measles, and it is feared, that the disease will kill the entire population unless checked.

The Pope held a Consistory last week, and conferred upon Cardinal McCloskey the Ring and Title of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The majority of the Servian Legislature does not appear to be in favour of declaring war against Turkey. The minority, however, are endeavouring to provoke war.

The Papal Nuncio has sent a circular to the Spanish Bishops claiming the fulfillment of the terms of the Concordat, by which the exercise of any non-Catholic creed is forbidden, and which requires the clergy to superintend education, and pledges the co-operation of the secular power in suppressing heretical teaching and literature. The circular is causing much commotion.

The followers of some of Don Carlos' most influential partisans are endeavouring to induce him to conclude peace. The bands of Carlists encamped near Tolosa refused to fight; their commander has been arrested.

Messrs. Thiers and Gambetta are reported to have agreed on a common programme.

The great race for the St. Leger Stakes was contested for at the Doncaster September meeting last week. The race, which was very exciting, was won by Craigmillar, the second place being taken by Balfe and the third by Earl Dartrey.

General Jovellar, the new Spanish Premier, says that the efforts of the ministry at present will be directed almost entirely to the pacification of the kingdom.

The New York Democratic Convention has been held at Syracuse, and resolutions in favour of hard money, canal reform, and opposition to a third term adopted.

LITERARY.

ROCHEFORT'S *Lanterne* has suspended for want of readers.

LOUISE ALCOTT has made \$60,000 from her books.

THE scene of George Eliot's new story is laid in America.

EMERSON'S promised volume of essays will not be ready this year.

JOAQUIN MILLER, they say, is able to discount the chirography of either Rufus Choate or Horace Greeley.

TWO printers with nothing else to do have estimated that the full report of the Beecher trial would fill eight volumes the size of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia."

THE literary world is to have a new treasure. The original manuscript of the hitherto imperfect tragedy "Politian," by Edgar Allan Poe, has been discovered and will soon be published.

WALT WHITMAN, is living in seclusion at Camden, New Jersey. He is about to publish a new volume of poems. The young men of Camden have formed a literary club called the Walt Whitman Club.

IT is reported that General Dufour has left an important MS., which will shortly appear in print. It is the history of the Sonderbund war, and will be prefaced by the life of the General, compiled from his own memoirs.

WHAT troubles Thomas Carlyle most keenly is that the nerves of his hand are so shattered that he cannot write himself. He is obliged to employ an amanuensis, and that is a serious drawback to one who has been accustomed to do his thinking with a quill in his hand.

THE late Lord Derby was the author of a small volume of poems which were printed for private circulation. According to the *Liverpool Courier* the present earl is said to contemplate the republication of the volume, so that it may be within reach of all admirers of the gifted translator of Homer.

THE Earl of Albemarle has in preparation a volume to be entitled "Fifty Years of My Life," which, it is said, will contain many new facts, social and political, about the chief persons and events of the early part of the present century, including an account, founded on his own experience, of the battle of Waterloo.

BARON IMBERT DE SAINT-AMANT has published an interesting work on all the ladies who have graced the French Courts for the last two centuries. *Mlle. de la Valliere, Madame de Montespan, the Duchesse de Berri, Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Stuart, Marie Antoinette,* and many other historical figures are depicted in turn. *Portraits de Grandes Dames* is the title of this work.

IN the papers of Guizot there have been found some additions to his memoirs, written in 1849, in which he details a conversation held that year with the Duchess of Sagan, the niece of Talleyrand. Guizot spoke of the Revolution of 1849 as not having produced a man, and the Duchess said she had met in Germany a little Pomeranian named Bismarck, who would be talked of some day, if he should live.

THEODORE TILTON is engaged to lecture every night from the 15th instant to the 1st of June next, except Sundays and Christmas Day. He is to receive \$100 a night and a greater sum in large cities. On the night of Beecher's reception in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, September 29, Tilton will lecture in New York, on the following night he will speak in Brooklyn, and on the next in Boston.

TENNYSON has been staying in London for a considerable time this season, and has been out a great deal into society. He has freely expressed his opinion that his new dramatic poem will be a success. The mounting of the play will be superb. Tennyson, who has cleared many thousands of pounds by the sale of his "Queen Mary," is the very ideal of a poet. He wears his hair about his shoulders and is never seen but in his brigand hat and extensive flowing cloak. In a room he is a brilliant conversationalist, but more than a little egotistic and self important.

THE smallest Bible ever produced has just been issued from the Oxford University Press Warehouse. It is printed legibly on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures 4 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, and weighs, when bound in limp morocco leather, less than 34 ounces. It can be sent through the post for a penny. The Oxford University Press, being very ably managed, has produced numerous attractive specimens of the bookbinders' art that will meet with general commendation. An additional novelty has been produced—the miniature Prayer book—with the new "Registered Oxford Suspension Clasp" for suspending the book to a lady's waistband by means of a chain attached to a double-acting hinge.

THE London *World* has met with remarkable success. It is now but a year and nine weeks old, but it is already a prosperous and money-making journal. A very well informed gentleman says that the three great authorities in London now on financial affairs are the *Times*, the *Examiner*, and the *World*. The articles in the latter paper entitled, "In the City," which are written by Mr. Labouchere, have very great influence on the Stock Exchange. The circulation of the paper is about 8,000, and its advertising represents about £60 a week. The paper sells at sixpence, but counting it at fourpence a copy and the advertising at only £50 a week you have an income of £9,400 a year. Out of this, of course, must be paid all expenses, and the *World* pays its contributors very handsomely. But still there is a good margin of profit, for if it pays at the rate of five guineas a page for all its matter—which is an extravagant figure—its outlay for literary work in a year would be only about £4,500, and its other expenses are small.

RECIPES FOR JELLIES.

GOOSEBERRY (GREEN).—Boil some carefully picked green gooseberries in water, three-quarters of a pint to each pound of fruit, reduce them to a pulp—it will take about half an hour—strain through a jelly bag, weigh the juice, and to every pound allow one pound of pounded sugar; boil up the juice quickly, add the sugar, boil till reduced to a jelly (about twenty minutes), skim and stir well; pour into pots.

GOOSEBERRY (RED).—Make it in the same way as the green, but ½ lb. of sugar will be sufficient for each pound of juice. In straining the juice be careful not to press the fruit. The surplus fruit, with the addition of some currant juice, can be made into common jam for children and servant's pudding, &c.

MIXED FRUIT.—Take ripe fruit—strawberries, currants, cherries, &c.—strip off the stalks and remove the stones from the cherries, boil altogether for half an hour, strain the juice, and, having weighed it, allow ½ lb. of pounded-sugar to each pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, stirring well till quite dissolved, boil again for fifteen or twenty minutes till it jellies, stirring frequently, and carefully removing all scum as it rises.

RASPBERRY.—Boil some ripe, carefully picked raspberries for ten minutes, strain and weigh the juice, and allow ½ lb. of pounded sugar to each pound of juice, add the sugar, and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, skim and stir well.

CHERRY.—Boil Maydukes or Kentish cherries in water, three-quarters of a pint to one pound of fruit, strain the juice, and proceed as for raspberry jelly.

CURRENT (RED).—Pick the fruit and simmer it in water for about one hour, or until the juice flows freely; stain, weigh, and allow ½ lb. of sugar to the pound of juice; boil up the juice, add the sugar, and boil again, skimming and stirring well for fifteen minutes. Put into small pots, and when cold and firm cover it.

CURRENT (BLACK).—Make it the same way, but use rather a larger proportion of sugar.

CURRENT (WHITE).—Pick the fruit carefully, weigh it, and put into the preserving pan equal quantities of fruit and sugar. Boil quickly for ten minutes, and strain the juice into the pots; when cold and stiff cover them.

BLACKBERRY.—Make as directed for red currant, but use only 10 oz. of sugar to each pound of juice. The addition of a little lemon juice is an improvement.

BARBERRY.—Take ripe barberries, carefully reject any spotted or decayed ones, wash, drain them and strip off the stalks. Boil with a very little water till quite tender, press out and strain the juice, weigh it, and allow ½ lb. of pounded sugar to every pound of juice; boil up the juice, add the sugar and boil for ten minutes, skimming and stirring as above.

MEDLAR.—Put ripe medlars into a jar with a very little water, bruising them slightly as you put them in; tie down the jar, and put it into a slow oven for ten or twelve hours. Strain off the juice without pressure, weigh it, and allow equal weights of sugar and juice. Boil the juice, add the sugar, and boil again, skimming and stirring well till it jellies.

QUINCE.—Peel, cut up, and core some fine ripe quinces. Put them in sufficient cold water to cover them, and stew gently till soft, but not red. Strain the juice without pressure, weigh it, and to every pound of juice allow 1 lb. of crushed sugar; boil the juice for twenty minutes, add the sugar and boil again till it jellies—about a quarter of an hour—stir and skim well at the time. Strain it again through a napkin, or twice folded muslin, pour into pots or moulds, and when cold cover it. The remainder of the fruit can be made into a marmalade with ½ lb. of sugar, and ½ lb. of juicy apples to every pound of quinces, or it can be made into compotes or tarts.

QUINCE AND APPLE.—Take equal quantities of quinces and apples; stew them separately till tender (the quinces will take the longest), strain the juice, mix it, and to every pound of juice allow ½ lb. of pounded sugar; proceed as for quince jelly.

APPLE.—(1) Peel, core and quarter some sound apples, and throw them into cold water as they are done; boil them till tender, then strain the juice from them through a fine sieve, and afterwards through a jelly bag—if necessary pass it through twice, as the juice should be quite clear—weigh it, and allow ½ lb. of sugar to every pound of juice, boil up the juice, add the sugar, stir till melted, and boil for another ten minutes, add the strained juice of a lemon to every ½ lb. of juice just before it is finished. (2) Wash the apples, quarter them (do not peel or core them) put them into a preserving pan with a very little cold water, and boil till tender; strain the juice and weigh it, allow 1 lb. of sugar to ½ lb. of juice, add the sugar, boil again, stirring and skimming for ten to fifteen minutes, or until it jellies; just before it is finished add a few drop of cochineal.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A "MAIDEN" SPEECH.—Yes.

THE cause of a woman's suffrage.—Scarcity of husbands.

LOVE, and a good dinner, are said to be the only two things that change a man's character.

"THE only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a superelegant, "is to shut your eyes."

REFLECTIONS should never be cast on an elderly young lady for consulting her looking-glass—she, at any rate, faces her difficulties.

THE women in Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it "Moremen," instead of "Mormon."

AN Iowa bride made every girl of her acquaintance attend her wedding by keeping the name of the bridegroom a secret until the last moment.

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

A lady barber is said to have been recently driven out of Dubuque, Iowa, by the married ladies of that place. They said "she scraped acquaintance too easily."

A French widower says that when a Frenchman loses his wife, it is at first a duty to cry over his loss, and then it becomes a habit, and finally a pleasure.

TURKISH trousers for women are coming into fashion. Each trouser leg will be "fulled into a band around the ankle, and finished with a ruffle edged with lace."

A Milwaukee paper says of the air, in its relations to man. "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Mr. Jones says that description suits his wife exactly.

THE proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of papers a picture of the building, with two girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

THERE is a very pretty young lady in Chicago who has a bashful lover named Joy. She is impatient to have him "pop the question," and thinks of availing herself of the female privilege of Leap Year. In that case she would "leap for joy."

A lady in Paris is introducing a new fashion in regard to furniture. She is having all her chairs, sofas, and even her carriages, stuffed with aromatic herbs, which fill the air with an agreeable, but not too powerful, perfume. The fashion is derived from the Eastern nations, and prevails extensively over a considerable part of Asia.

OF the humours of infancy there is no end. A French newspaper gives us now a story of an infant, aged four, whose mamma thought it right to refuse the child something upon which his heart was desperately set. Finding that there was no hope for him, the youngster burst into a passion of tears and exclaimed, "Well, then, what did they born me for?"

THE chemiloon is an invention for the seaside. To explain it lengthily, we suppose it is a sort of sacque extending from the neck to the ankles, properly belted and with some buttons and things, and it seems that it must be a nice thing. It saves pins. It saves time, for no woman need be an hour and a half dressing in a chemiloon—with the outside ornaments, of course, and it seems quite popular already at the seaside.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We always open the October Magazines with interest, because after the drought of summer, we expect from their pages something of the ripeness of the harvest. SCRIBNER'S is particularly rich and we have not seen a better number in months. Among the articles, we have space only to refer to a new writer who labors to prove that Poe was a madman, the victim of cerebral epilepsy. We fear the idea has not even the merit of being ingenious, while the proof, if valid, would apply to hundreds of the first names in literature.

LIPPINCOTT'S has an article on the "Truth about Madame Rattazzi," evidently an answer to a paper on the subject in a late GALAXY. We have a second instalment of the Atonement of Leam Dundas, from the pen of Mrs. Lynn Linton. It is yet too early to judge of the artistic merits of the work, but its constructive quality is being well developed.

THE GALAXY is more and more getting an air of substantiality about it which must give it increased consideration. It combines brilliancy with solidity in a high degree. We are glad that the second paper on Sherman's Memoirs puts that officer at his proper level. Sherman has been an overrated man, and it is a queer retribution that his own autobiography should prove a corrective. The Napoleon of History is commonplace and unworthy of Grenville Murray, but the papers of Albert Rhodes, and H. James, Jr., are up to the standard of those fine writers.

ST. NICHOLAS maintains a variety and freshness which is in the highest degree creditable to the judgment of the editor. The October number is more strictly juvenile than some of its predecessors have been, and of course, is all the better for it. There are over twenty-five contributions in prose and verse besides the usual editorial departments which are usually so well filled. The November number, which begins the Third Volume of this incomparable little magazine, will be furnished with new attractions and we recommend our friends to subscribe to it.

THE October ATLANTIC contains a tenth chapter of Roderick Hudson. We fear Albert Webster's outline sketch of Southern Home-Politics is rather too gushing. Southerners, as a rule, acknowledge the situation made by the war and honorably abide by it, but anything like a sentimental adherence to the old Union does not generally exist, and we hardly see how, in the nature of things, it can exist. The ATLANTIC

promises good things for the next number, among which we must set down the beginning of a new story by the editor, Mr. Howells, a master of style and one of the advanced guard of a thoroughly refined and cultured American literature.

If proof were wanting that the people of the South are socially and intellectually a different race from their Northern brothers, it is only necessary to glance at their literature, and much of this literature is well represented in the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, published by Turnbull Brothers, Baltimore. There is a spirit of freshness and abundance in the various papers contributed to this able monthly which is already well on in the seventeenth volume of the old series. The poems and stories display a richness of imagination warm as the Southern climate and luxuriant as its vegetation, while the political articles are distinguished by a generous outspokenness. The SOUTHERN MAGAZINE is a credit to American letters and we particularly recommend it as the exponent of Southern talents, tendencies and aspirations.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Montreal. Solution to Problem 35 received. Correct. Also problem for insertion which shall have due attention.

M. J. M. Quebec. Solution of Problem No. 36 received. Correct.

We have had a glance recently at a specimen copy of Mr. Bird's work on chess, entitled, One Hundred and Fifty Masterpieces. It is in the hands of a gentleman in Montreal, and is well worth the inspection of chess players. We anticipate for it a large number of subscribers. We can safely say that it is just the book for the student who desires to make himself acquainted with the highest description of play. It is universally acknowledged that the best practice for the learner of chess is to study the games of the best players, but in some cases it is difficult to make a selection from a large number of contests and all are not equally profitable. Here, however, in Mr. Bird's work we have "la crème de la crème," and no one will question the author's ability for the task which he has imposed upon himself.

Since writing the above we have received the following remarks on the book from a gentleman who has examined it, and who is well able from his skill in the game to form a correct estimate of its merits.

"We have to call attention to a very interesting chess production edited by Mr. H. E. Bird of London, that has lately been given to the London Chess world.

Mr. Bird is well known as a veteran in the game, being both an accomplished player, and a close analyst. The aim of the work is to present a series of games of the very highest order of excellence, embracing the best played during the last twenty-five years by the great masters; illustrating their various styles, and arranged so as to furnish good and instructive examples of "every form of opening." Some of the contests given, especially those of Morphy and his opponents, are not unknown in chess circles, and the same can be said of many in the collection, which numbers 155; nevertheless, most of the games will, we think, be new to the reader and hailed with pleasure, placing him as it were in direct communion with the master chess minds of the age. We cheerfully commend the work to all lovers of the game, as affording not only a high intellectual pastime, but also as the means of improving and perfecting their knowledge of chess."

Solution of Problem No. 36.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 5th (ch) 2. Kt to Q B 4th (ch) by discovery 3. R mates
- BLACK. 1. K takes P (ch) by dis. 2. K takes either Kt or moves to his 5th

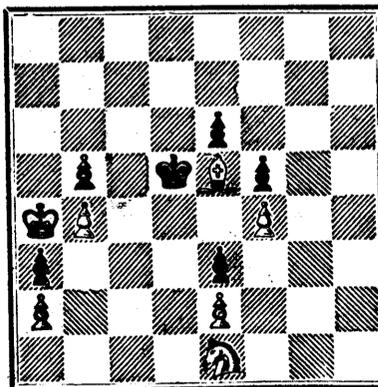
Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 35.

- WHITE. 1. B to R 3rd 2. Kt to Q sq 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. Kt to Q B 2nd, mate.
- BLACK. 1. K to R 8th 2. K to Kt 8th 3. K to R 8th

PROBLEM No. 38.

[From Land and Water.]

BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 36.

- WHITE. K at Q Kt 4th R at Q R 5th B at K R 6th Kt at K B 4th Pawns at K Kt 3rd K 2d K 6th and Q B 2nd
- BLACK. K at Q 5th Pawns at K Kt 5th K 2nd and K 6th

GAME 418T.

Played between Mr. Jackson and Mr. Andrews in the late Tournament at Ottawa.

- WHITE.—(Jackson.) 1. P to K 4th 2. B to Q B 4th 3. P to Q Kt 4th 4. P to Q B 3rd 5. K Kt to B 3rd 6. Castles 7. K Kt to Kt 5th 8. P takes P 9. K Kt takes K B P (b) 10. Q to K B 3rd (ch) 11. P to Q 4th 12. B takes Kt (ch) 13. Q takes R 14. Q takes K Kt P 15. B to K Kt 5th 16. K R to K sq 17. Q takes K R P (e) 18. Q takes P (ch) 19. K to Q 2nd
- BLACK.—(Andrews.) P to K 4th B to Q B 4th B takes P B to Q R 4th Q Kt to B 3rd K Kt to K 2nd (a) P to Q 4th K Kt takes P K takes Kt K to K 3rd (c) R to K B sq (d) Q takes B Kt to K 2nd B to Q 2nd Kt to K Kt sq P to K 6th Q takes B P to Q 3rd Q takes Kt

NOTES ON THE GAME.

- (a) K Kt to K B 3rd would have been better.
- (b) A sound move, the beginning of troubles for Black.
- (c) A bad place for a King at the commencement of a game.
- (d) An unfortunate slip; Q Kt to K sq would have been a better move.
- (e) White can afford now to give up a piece.

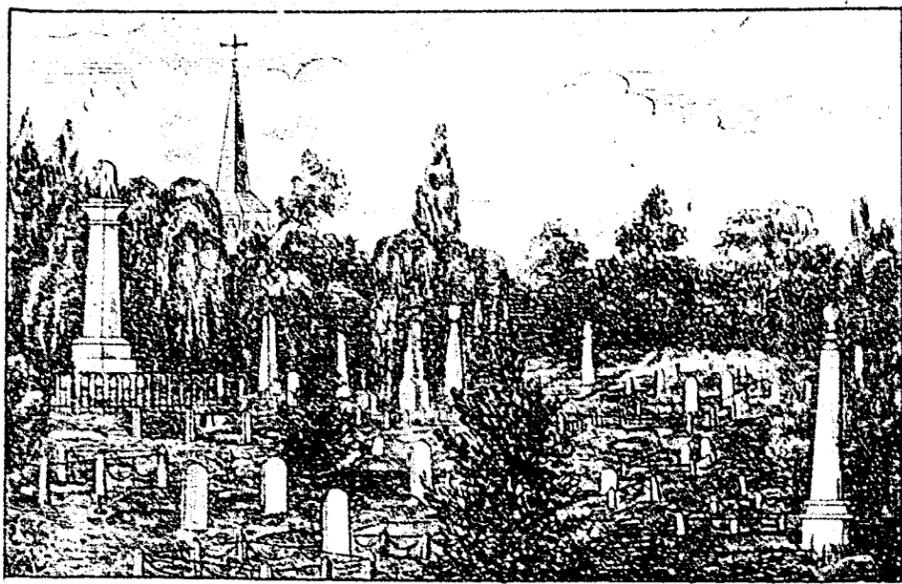
BALL-ROOM PORTRAITS.

A writer in the Washington Capital says, apropos of belles at a ball: For instance, the young lady whose brilliant blonde colouring reminds you of tobacco brand pictures. She imitates Aimée in the arrangement of her hair, and looks impudently modest or modestly impudent. She has an intense expression of eye, and is in great request among the old men and college lads. She is a type peculiar to America, "touching the brink of all we hate," but never going over it. There is the *lebutante* in white, with a child's innocence in her soft, brown eyes, and the fresh violets in her hands are not more pure in their dewy sweetness than her fair young face. She is destructive among the reformed fast men of thirty-five. Here, there, everywhere is the stylish looking girl who has evidently much reputation among her set for beauty. She infests the stairs and conservatory between dances and wears the expression of carrying on flirtations, that senseless amusement of mediocre people. She teases herself about some man or other, and her talk is made up of affected archness, affected Englishisms, and unaffected folly; such phrases as "Ever so nice, don't you know," "Dead loads of money," "Had such a jolly time, for I was the only American present; all the rest foreigners," filling up largely. She has plenty of partners for the dance, but none for life offering, and her chaperone, who is taking short naps while the band is braying in her ears, is deceived by reason thereof. There are girls who are carefully shunned by men of every age and condition. They have pale faces, hair the color of unwashed wool, and invariably wear pink roses. You never see the shadow even of a man fall on them. They never leave the wall, and yet sometimes there is a vacancy in the ranks, and on inquiry it turns out that the vacator has gone on her wedding tour, and when the husband is produced for public inspection he is an intelligent, agreeable man. Why he marries is a mystery, unless he is actuated by the same feeling which makes women buy a cheap dress because they can get two for what one good one would come to. But little do men know these cheap women. They live forever and often have the pleasure of seeing a third husband put well under ground, for *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. After having achieved the difficult step to a first husband all the rest is easy walking. The married belle stands in a group of adorers. She is tall, with a handsome figure and easy manners. She says and does things with captivating grace that would be alarming in unmarried women, and men who are afraid of being snared before their time revel in the thought of being safe, matrimonially, here, and enjoy laying their cautious gullantry aside. Indeed, every man in the room has been up to her bright chit-chat but one, and consequently you set him down as being her husband. As he, her legal protector, is so amiable as to let her devote herself to calling forth other men's admiration, far be it from me to cast a pebble at this importation of Parisian principles to America, although I suppose one may cherish one's private opinion of it.

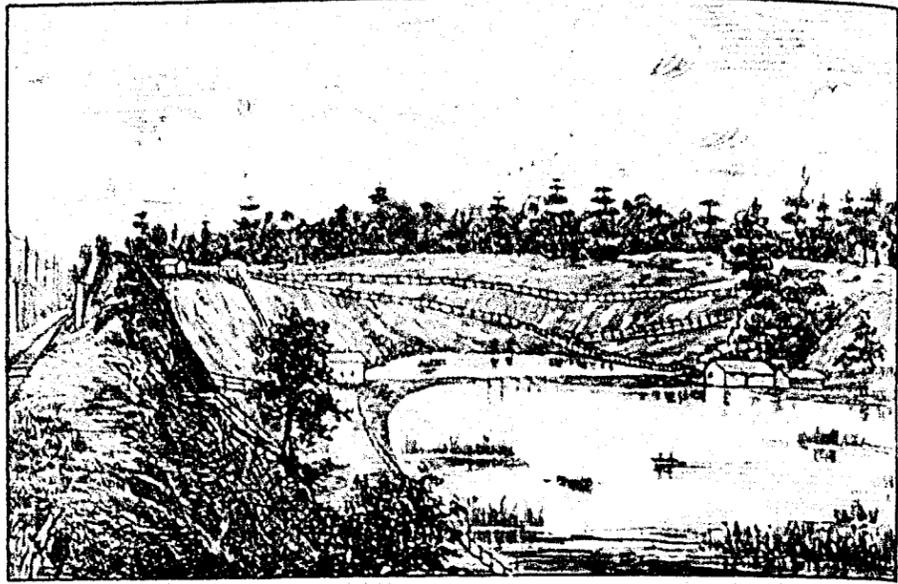
Dr. PIERCE'S Pleasant Purgative Pellets are so compounded from concentrated principles, extracted from roots and herbs, as to combine in each small granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, as much cathartic power as is contained in any larger pills for sale in drug-stores. They are not only pleasant to take, but their operation is easy—unattended with any gripping pain. They operate without producing any constitutional disturbance. Unlike other cathartics, they do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, they establish a permanently healthy action. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them.

\$500 Reward is offered by the Proprietor to any one who will detect in these Pellets any calomel or other form of mercury, mineral poison, or injurious drug.

They are sold by Druggists.



VIEW IN BURLINGTON CEMETERY.



VIEW NEAR THE "JUNCTION."

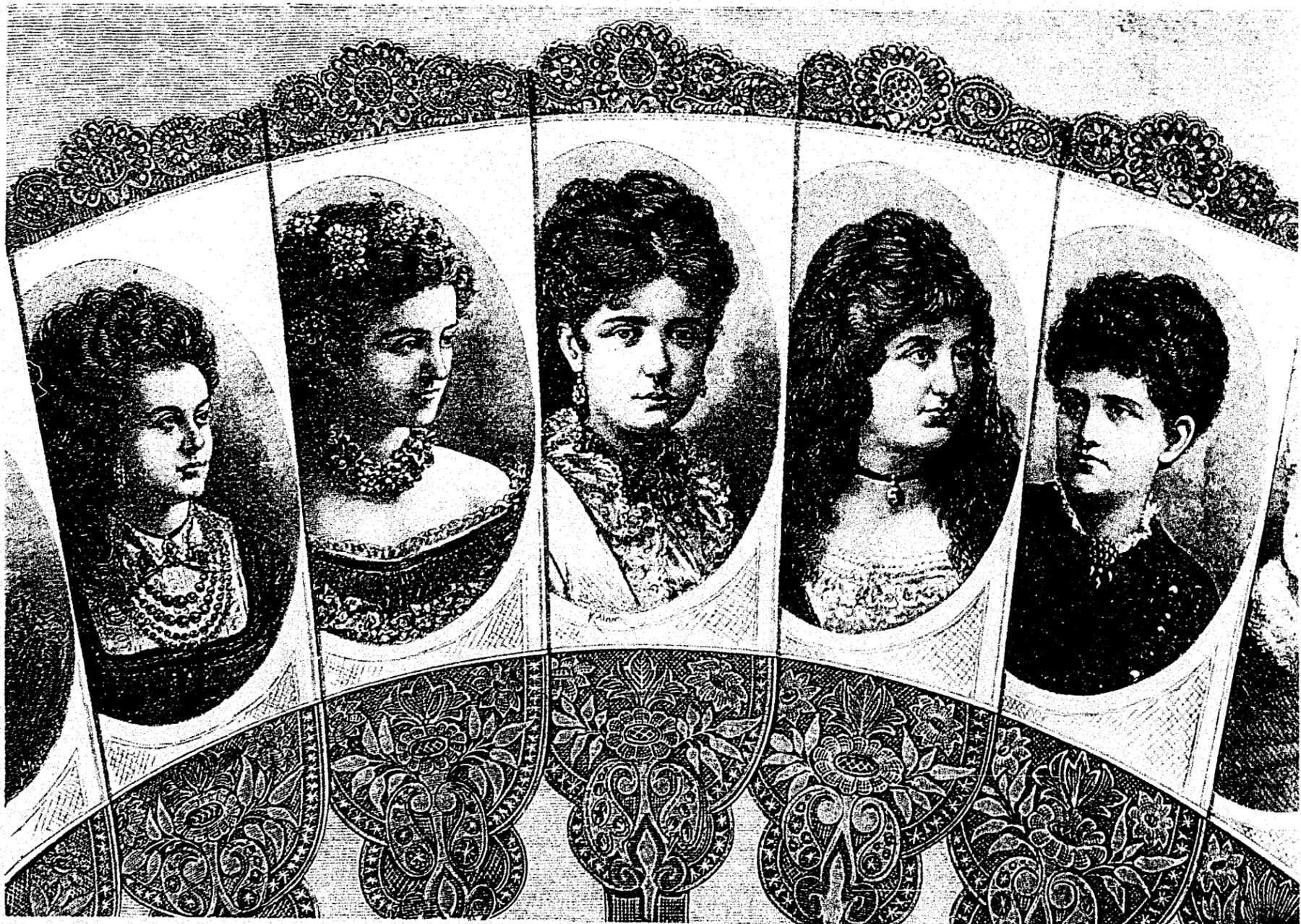


"DESJARDINS CANAL"



"PRINCES ISLAND."

HAMILTON:—SKETCHES BY JAS. G. MACRAY



VIENNESE BEAUTIES.



Jules Lavee

J. P. ROBERTSON

"1795," BY JULES LAVEE, FROM THE PARIS SALON.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

VII.

The National Assembly, wishing to prevent the disturbing of order by these men, ordered a camp of 20,000 men to be formed near the capital. But the king put his veto on this decree too. At the same time he sent Mallet-Dupan to the Prussians to press them to hasten their advance, and to proclaim on their march that they had no quarrel with the nation, but only with the seditious, and that they merely came in the cause of legitimate government, and to put down anarchy.

See this honest man, this good king, in concert with his people's enemies. Pity him, indeed! he wanted to put the halter once more round our neck. The poor man has failed; the patriots have vanquished the king of Europe and established and maintained justice at home. What a misfortune! he is to be pitied! and the queen too, that kind-hearted Marie-Antoinette, who said every day that the Prussians, and her nephew, the King of Hungary, Emperor of Germany, would march and deliver her, over the bodies of two hundred thousand Frenchmen!

The Girondins, having at least seen how they were played with by the court, determined to force an explanation from the king, and the minister Roland addressed him a letter requesting him to be frank and declare himself either for or against the nation; if for, that he should sanction the two last decrees; if against that he should maintain his veto, and then the people would know that Louis XVI. sided with the enemies of France.

It was just; he said to him—

"Your majesty was in the enjoyment of great prerogatives, which you believed to belong to royalty. Brought up in the idea of their preservation, you could not see their loss without displeasure; the desire of recovering them was as natural as the regret felt at their deprivation. These feelings enter largely into the calculations of the enemies of the revolution; they reckon on secret favour until circumstances shall admit of avowed protection. The disposition cannot escape the notice of the nation, and it has maintained this state of distrust. Your majesty, therefore, has had the alternative of yielding to private affection, or of making sacrifices exacted by necessity, and consequently to embolden rebels by disquieting the nation, or to pacify the people by joining them; everything has its day, and the day of doubt is come.

"The declaration of rights is become a political gospel, and the French constitution a religion for which the people are ready to die. All sentiment has adopted the tones of passion; exultation is extreme; it will break out in some terrible manner, if a reasonable confidence in your majesty's intentions cannot calm it; but this confidence is not to be based on protestations, it can only have actions for a foundation. It is no longer time to draw back; there is no possibility of temporising; the revolution is made in men's minds; it will be completed at the price of blood, and cemented by it, if there be not wisdom sufficient to anticipate those evils which may be avoided; a short delay, and the people with grief will be bound to see in its king the friend and accomplice of conspirators."

The king, by way of reply, dismissed the Girondin ministers, but the National Assembly voted that the ministry carried with them the regret of the country, and that Roland's letter should be sent to the eighty-three departments. The king then appointed Dumouriez war minister. This general was a very shrewd man; when he saw that in spite of his advice Louis XVI. would not sanction the two decrees, he preferred resigning and accepting a small command in the army; so that the king, finding no man of sense willing to risk the danger of his two vetoes, was very much discouraged. The queen gave him confidence by saying to him—

"The Prussians will soon be here; have patience for a little while, and do not be discouraged."

This has been reported by one of Queen Marie-Antoinette's waiting-women, and I believe it to be true, because it is just as it used to be at home when my father lost courage, and my mother would say—

"Never mind, the time of drawing for the militia will soon be here; we shall be able to sell either Nicolas, Claude, or Michel. One of the three is sure to draw a white ticket. We shall be easy then; we can pay off the usurer, and with the rest we can buy a cow or a couple of goats."

It is always the same story: instead of selling one of us the queen would perhaps have given up Alsace. All France was afraid of it; this idea was a heavy weight on our hearts, for the poorest Baraquin loved his country better than those people did. I am sure of it, real patriotism is only to be found among the people; they love the land they cultivate; the others love places where they can gain pensions by doing nothing—at least, so it was then.

Every evening motions for exterminating everybody were proposed at the club, and Chauvel constantly repeated—

"Be calm! be calm! anger can do us no good;

it disturbs everything. These two vetoes have been an advantage to us; the enemy is beginning to unmask; it is better to see his face. Up to the present moment we have been in doubt; now we have none; they have sought to create agitation, trouble, and dissensions among us. It is our enemies' plan. The greater the necessity for union and coolness. They will not have confederated patriots near Paris—a greater reason for sending the best. Let every man prepare to march; let those who remain subscribe their money to pay them. Let every man do his best. Attention. Let us remain united, and have no dissension."

Among provincial clubs, ours, in consequence of Chauvel's good sense and firmness, was perhaps the best. Our motions were sent to the Jacobins, and sometimes they were referred to during their sittings.

Suddenly Lafayette, who had hitherto been considered a good patriot, and been supported by the Girondins against the Montagnards, unmasked his batteries, and it was seen they were pointed at us—that he sided with the court and laughed at the people.

What he had done up to the present moment was mainly through vanity; now he put on his old nature; he was a marquis and a dangerous marquis, since he was at the head of an army, and he might try to lead it against the National Assembly.

This was the first time danger from such a quarter threatened us; since then other generals have had the same idea. Fortunately Lafayette had won no great victory; after a trifling affair before Maubeuge, where the Austrians had been beaten, he said, "My army will follow me," but he was not sure of it, and contented himself by writing a very insolent letter to the Assembly, in which he declared the Jacobins were the cause of all disorder, called the Girondins intriguers, and gave a sort of order to the Assembly to dissolve all the clubs, and to withdraw its two decrees respecting refractory priests and the camp to the north of Paris. After that trust marquis, friends of Washington, a soldier without a victory who wants to give orders to the representatives of his country! Since then M. the Marquis de Lafayette, once the friend of Washington, now the court's defender, was a known man. The king liked him no more than the patriots; he was too much of a republican for him, too much of a marquis for us.

The National Guard, since his departure from Paris, had joined the people; the citizens and workpeople were united, as in '89. Petion's good sense had brought them together; and when they saw the insolence of this marquis they agreed to celebrate the anniversary of the tennis-court oath, which fell on the 20th of June. Chauvel had spoken about it a week before in his back shop.

"It is the greatest national fête," said he; "yes, the tennis-court oath is, in its way, worth the taking of the Bastille. These two great fêtes ought to be put in the calendar as the passage of the Red Sea and the arrival on Sinai among the Jews!"

The day before the 20th, even before hearing of Lafayette's letter, which we did not get till the 24th, Chauvel said—

"We shall not be able to celebrate this oath at Phalsbourg; in a fortified town we must have the minister's permission, and I would not ask it; all the same, I invite you to-morrow after dinner to take a good glass of wine in honour of this day; we shall not be alone in France."

We understood that something was about to take place—that he knew it, but was too prudent to tell us.

Every one knows now that the 20th of June the Parisians rose early, and led by Santerre the brewer, Legendre the butcher, Rossignol the jeweller, and some other patriots, an immense crowd of men, women, and children, with cannon and pikes, colours, and breeches hanging from poles, went to the National Assembly, shouting "A bas le veto! vivent les ministres Girondins!" and singing "Ca ira!"

The National Assembly threw open its doors to them; about twenty-five or thirty thousand marched through for three hours, and then they went and paid a visit to the king, queen, and their ministers at the Tuilleries.

The National Guard, no longer under the command of Lafayette, instead of firing upon them, fraternised with them, and they all entered the palace together.

The poorer people were astonished at the works of art and luxury which they saw there for the first time; they also saw the king, surrounded by his domestics, in the recess of a window. The butcher Legendre told him he must sanction the decrees; that the people were tired of being taken for fools; that they could see things clearly, and were not to be deceived. This was the speech of a plain-spoken man.

The king promised to observe the constitution. He then got on a table, put the red cap on his head, and drank a glass of wine to the health of the nation.

There was a great tumult in the saloon; but Petion came at last and told the patriots, who were passing their time in looking about the palace, that if they remained there any longer the enemies of the public good would misinter-

pret their motives: he also told them they had shown the dignity of freemen, and the king would reflect with calmness on what his decision ought to be. They saw their mayor was in the right, and they began to file off through the palace while the Queen and the little dauphin, were sitting in one of the large saloons. This filing off lasted until evening.

This has been represented by many as a crime of the people against the king. The more I think of it the simpler and more natural it appears to me. Of course no man is especially pleased at seeing a great crowd of people in his house; but a king ought to be the father of his people. Louis XVI. had said so a thousand times.

Well, if it was true, and if he thought so, he ought not to have been surprised; there is nothing more natural than to ask a father for what one wants. But I believe he said so as he had said other things, and this visit from his children frightened him, as they came too unceremoniously; and as there was no want of Valentines then, there was no end to their regrets.

On the other hand, the patriots had hoped that Louis XVI. would have reflected on seeing this mass of people, and would have sanctioned the two decrees—so thought Chauvel. But the king maintained his veto, so that altogether the affair was a failure, and our enemies profited by it.

They might have been sure of it. The party of the Feuillants, and the soldisant constitutionals, Barnave, Monnier, Lally-Tolendal, Dupont, the brothers Lameth, who always talked to the people about respecting the constitution, and advised the court to destroy it—these people, half the National Guard, and seventy-six departmental directories, cried that all was lost; that there was no respect for the king; that Santerre, Rossignol, and Legendre, and all the chiefs of the manifestation of the 20th of June, should be brought to trial, as well as Petion, for not having fired on the people, as Bailly did on the Champ de Mars; and Lafayette himself, instead of remaining at his post, watching the eighty thousand Austrians and Prussians assembled at Coblenz to invade us—Lafayette left his duty and came to Paris to require, in the name of the army, the chastisement of the insurgents of the 20th of June.

He was honourably received by the Assembly, which did not prevent the Girondin Guadet saying—

"When I heard M. Lafayette was in Paris I immediately thought we had no longer any enemies abroad—the Austrians are vanquished. This illusion has not lasted long; our enemies are still there, and yet M. Lafayette is in Paris. What powerful motives can have brought him here? Our domestic troubles? Does he, then, fear the National Assembly has not sufficient power to repress them? He constitutes himself the mouthpiece of the army and of all respectable people. These respectable people where are they? This army, how did it come to this decision? I believe M. Lafayette takes the wishes of his staff for those of the whole army, and I say that if he has left his post without the minister's permission, he violates the constitution."

That was clear. Lafayette is the first example of those generals who afterwards deserted their armies to come and seize upon power under the pretence of serving their country.

He ought to have been arrested and tried by court-martial. If he had been condemned to have a cannon-ball chained to his leg for ten years, as a private soldier, he would not have been in such a hurry to go to Paris without orders.

At last, after having denounced the Jacobins at the National Assembly, he hurried to offer to escort their majesties to Compiègne, whence the king could order the revision of the constitution, establish the monarchy in its prerogatives, and the nobility in their civil privileges. He, Lafayette, would undertake to carry out the king's wishes, and if Paris resisted to treat it as a city in rebellion. This we found out afterwards by letters from Coblenz. But the king and queen gave him a cold reception.

The queen wanted to be rescued by the Prussians and not by Lafayette, who had dragged her from Versailles to Paris, surrounded by a crowd in rags, crying out, "Here is the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice!" She could not forget it, nor accustom herself to the idea of any constitution, and still less to see in M. Lafayette the saviour of the monarchy. The absolute rule of the Prussians and that of her nephew Francis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Emperor of Germany, was much more preferable. Lafayette, seeing that the days of the white horse were gone, tried all the same to raise the National Guard to exterminate the Jacobin Club; but Petion forbade the rappel to be beaten. No one came, and the marquis in despair quietly returned to his army near Sedan.

The patriots saw through his treason, and the Assembly received petitions from all quarters to demand the punishment of traitors, and especially of Lafayette.

It was about the beginning of July, during the greatest heat in the year, that thousands of confederated patriots, without troubling themselves about the veto, set off to organise a camp of twenty thousand men; they started in small bands of five or six, in their blouses, with red caps on their heads, and with a change of clothes and shoes in a handkerchief at the end of a stick, crying—

"To Paris! to Paris!"

The elder ones, when stopped on their road to take a glass of wine or beer, would say—

"We are going there to defend liberty, resist oppression, and punish traitors."

They were covered with dust. My heart beat when I saw them pass, turn round to wave their hats and caps in the air, and shout to us—

"Adieu! You shall soon hear of us!"

I would have followed them, but the idea of father and mother, Mathurine and Etienne, who could not do without me, kept me back. It was hard to stay behind.

The king's minister Terrier then wrote to the directories of all the departments to stop and disperse these assemblages by all reasonable means; to remind the districts and municipalities that the magistrates ought on their own responsibility to order police-officers, the national gendarmes, and all public forces not to allow these people to leave their native place under pretence of going to the capital. But his letter had no effect; on the contrary, all the clubs were against it, and Chauvel declared it was treachery; that every facility had been given to the Prussians and Austrians to unite their forces; that the road into our native country had been, as it were, cleared for them, and that now they had recourse to the veto and the threat of martial law, and other bombastic devices, to prevent the citizens from doing their duty. He discovered also that the king's servants, disguised as National Guards, went everywhere, turning the federals, whom they called sans-culottes, into ridicule, as if poverty was a crime. Very often a poor man had more heart and more self-respect than rascals like them, for it is not difficult to be a valet, and one earns more money that way than by working at a trade from morning to night. It was universally considered to be time to put these people in their proper place, and the National Assembly passed a decree that those citizen National Guards who had been induced to come to Paris through attachment to the constitution, either to join the army of reserve at Soissons or to go to the frontiers, should enrol themselves at the municipality; that they should be present at the federal fêtes of July 14th; that they should receive billets for military quarters during three days, that then the municipality would give them the route for their destination, where their battalions would be organised and paid on a war footing.

This decree did good; it was sent by a special messenger to the eighty-three departments, and the king, the queen, the courtiers, and the ministers at last understood the veto was not final; and notwithstanding that Luckner fell back before the Austrians according to orders from government, in spite of the junction of ninety-five thousand Austrians and Prussians at Coblenz, with twenty thousand émigrés ready to invade us; notwithstanding Bouillé's fine plan, who kept his promise to show the foreigner the road to France, and whom Frederick William, Francis II., and the Duke of Brunswick had summoned to their councils; in spite of his fine plan of attacking Longwy, Sedan, and Verdun, which would hardly offer any defence, and then to march on to Paris by Rethel and Rheims, across the fine plains of Champagne, where they would find in the granaries and barns of our peasants the means of supporting their invasion; notwithstanding the preaching of refractory nobles, which severed Brittany and La Vendée more than ever from our revolution and the raising of the Lower Languedoc peasantry by the Count de Salliant, the king's lieutenant-general; in fact, in spite of all the treasons of the nobility, the court, and the émigrés united against us to establish the king's good pleasure, the game was not in their favour. Yes, if these people had not possessed a shadow of common sense, they ought to have seen that armies of cobblers and lawyers, as they called us, dreaded neither the grenadiers of Frederick nor the lancers of the King of Bohemia and Hungary, nor "the illustrious descendants of a haughty race of conquerors."

In the first place, it is a different thing to fight for oneself to getting one's head broken for a prince, who would afterwards lay you aside like a useless crutch. This idea must have occurred to them, and I think to Louis XVI. also; for, some time after, letters were found in the iron chest, despairing letters, in which he spoke of the trouble and uneasiness which the creation of the army of cobblers and lawyers caused him and whom he would have preferred to see fighting one another.

I shall never forget the passage of the federals nor the terrible cry from France, when, at the beginning of July, the famous speech of the Girondin Vergniaud was published in the country and when each of us recognised our own opinion of the treachery of Louis XVI. in that of the National Assembly. Chauvel himself read this

speech to the club. We grew pale on hearing it. Vergniaud said—
 "It is in the name of the king, to avenge the king's dignity, and to come to his assistance, that French princes have raised the courts of Europe against us; that the treaty of Pillnitz has been signed; that Austria and Prussia have taken up arms. All those evils which they are exerting themselves to heap on our heads, all those which we have to dread, it is the name of the king only which is the pretence or the cause of them."
 (To be continued.)

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 PETER HIGGINGS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 11-9-52-103

CANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

LAWLOR'S
 CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,
 365 Notre Dame Street, 11-7-52-96. MONTREAL.

JAMES MUIR,
 HOUSE AND LAND AGENT,
 New Canada Life Buildings, No. 190 St. James Street Montreal. 12-1-52-173

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
 For Style, Fit, and Workmanship, call on J. D. DRESSER & CO., 433 Notre Dame St. 11-16-52-131.

GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT
G. H. HUDSON & CO'S,
 Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal. 11-9-52-105

HATS THAT R HATS.
 DEVLIN'S HAT AND FUR DEPOT,
 416 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. 11-13-52-123.

HOPKINS & WILY,
 ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS,
 235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-99

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS
 Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c. 181 St James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-7

JOHN DATE,
 PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
 Coppersmith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus.
 657 AND 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-102

JOSEPH GOULD,
 Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS,
 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-96.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET,
 Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

L. J. FORGET,
L. STOCK AND SEARE BROKER,
 104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Bank Building.) 11-19-52-146.

MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR
MSHOW CARDS
 11-6-52-88. of every kind—Montreal.

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED
 a very fine collection of STEREOGRAPHIC VIEWS of Yosemite Valley, Serranavada Mountain & Niagara Falls. 11-8-52-101

PATENTS!
F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-8-52-100

P. KEARNEY, GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF
 P. Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. Old Frames regilt equal to New. 11-9-52-104

REFRIGERATORS, Filters, Water-Coolers, Ice-Cream-Freezers, Iron-Bedsteads, &c., &c., at
MELLEUR & CO'S,
 11-4-52-87. 652 Craig, near Bleury Street.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING
BRICK MACHINES!
 Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also, HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.
 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 11-12-52-122. BULMER & SHEPPARD.

W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFEC-
 tioner, and Dealer in Canned Goods of all descriptions. 134 Queen Street East, bet. George & Sherbourne Sts., Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-110

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MIN. SEND
 \$5 for Agents' outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded.
 A. D. CABLE,
 10-21-52-39. 568 Craig Street, Montreal.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE
 Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted
 All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-20.



NEW BRUNSWICK Manufacturers' and Mechanics' EXHIBITION, 1875.

To be held at St. John, N.B., commencing September 27th, to continue for one Week.

The competition is open to the Province, and articles to represent New Brunswick at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, will be selected from those exhibited.

A great variety of machinery will be exhibited in motion, and other novelties introduced.

The Band of the 1st Battalion 20th Royal Rifles, now stationed at Halifax, and acknowledged to be one of the best in the British service, will be in attendance day and evening.

No pains will be spared to make this Exhibition attractive, and it will far surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted in the Province.

The most favorable arrangements found practicable will be made with Railroad and Steamboat Proprietors for the conveyance of articles and passengers at reduced rates, and ample provision will be made for accommodating strangers visiting the city.

IRA CORNWALL, Jr., Secretary. Office 23 1/2 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

N. B.—Persons intending to exhibit will please take notice that the entries for Machinery requiring Motive Power MUST BE made on or before August 27th, and for other articles not later than September 25th.

ARMY EQUIPMENTS, CANADIAN PATENT FOR SALE. Adopted by U. S. Army, used by Sportsmen, Travellers, Porters, &c.

Lieut. G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army. 12-8-10-183. Nashville, Tennessee.

Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking "Norton's Camomile Pills." I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all.

Muzzle and Branch Loading Guns, Revolvers, Saloon Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Skates, &c. T. REEVES & CO., 687 Craig St. B. L. Shells loaded on short notice.

L. L. BANCS & CO., 783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, MANUFACTURERS OF FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING. Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.



GASALIERS NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS RICHARD PATTON, 745 Craig Street, Montreal. 11-19-52-145

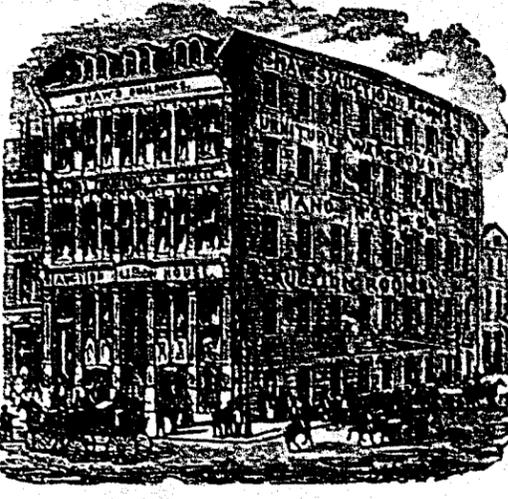
INVENTORS who want PATENTS should write to H. T. HARTLEY, P. O. Box 313, No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal. Fees contingent on success. 12-4-52-185-08.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE undersigned has this day admitted Mr. ANDREW YOUNG and Mr. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm. JAMES MATTINSON. May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice. MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO., Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Coppersmiths, &c 12-1-26-175

J. DALE & CO., FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS, No. 684 Yonge Street, 11-10-52-112 TORONTO.

THE LARGEST STOCK of FINE FURNITURE and PIANOS IN THE DOMINION always on sale at WHOLESALE PRICES PRINCIPAL AUCTION HOUSE FOR THE SALE OF Works of Art, STATUARY, PAINTING & FURNITURE, PIANOS, &c.



WHOLESALE AGENT for several of the PRINCIPAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS of the DOMINION and United States, and also several of the MOST EXTENSIVE PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS in NEW YORK and BOSTON. Auction Sales TWICE A WEEK, AND DAILY during the BUSINESS SEASON.

SHAW'S BUILDINGS, Nos. 724, 726 and 728, CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 12-10-26-118

INDICESTION! INDICESTION! SEE NAME ON LABEL. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. SOLD as wine in bottles; Lozenges in bottles; globules in bottles; and as powder in 1 oz bottles, and by Chemists and Manufacturers. Full directions given. T. MORSON AND SON, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, RUSSELL-SQUARE, LONDON. 11-3-17-41-63-24

The Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool FIRE AND LIFE CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 ASSETS, OVER 16,000,000 UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS. AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS. W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser. Office: 64 St. Francois-Xavier St., Montreal. H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agents. JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector. W. TATLEY, 12-7-26-191

The Royal Canadian Insurance Co'y. CAPITAL, \$6,000,000 CASH ASSETS, NEARLY \$1,200,000 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. P. SINCENNES, Vice President "La Banque du Peuple." JOHN OSTELL, Director "The New City Gas Co." ANDREW WILSON, Director "The New City Gas" and "City Passenger Railway" Companies. M. C. MULLARKY, Vice-President "Le Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," Vice-President "Quebec Rubber Co.," and President "St. Pierre Land Co." J. ROSAIRE THIBAudeau, Director "La Banque Nationale." W. F. KAY, Director "Merchants Bank of Canada." ANDREW ROBERTSON, Vice President "Montreal Board of Trade," and Vice-President "Dominion Board of Trade." DUNCAN MCINTYRE, of Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Wholesale Dry-Goods Merchants. HUGH MACKAY, Esq., of Messrs. Joseph Mackay & Brother, Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants.

OFFICERS: President: J. P. SINCENNES. General Manager: ALFRED PERRY. Sub-Manager: DAVID L. KIRBY. Vice-President: JOHN OSTELL. Sec. and Treas.: ARTHUR GAGNON. Marine Manager: CHAS. G. FORTIER. Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and Freights on First-Class Steamers and Sailing Vessels. HEAD OFFICE: 160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 10-20-52-22

Commercial Union Assurance Company. HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON. Capital, \$12,500,000.—FIRE, LIFE, MARINE. BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL. 10-19-52-28 FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.

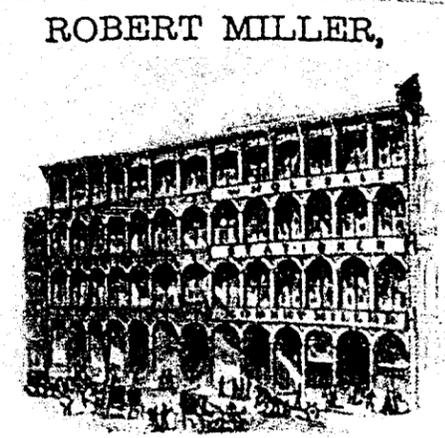
Provincial Insurance Company of Canada, HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont. FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS. MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE DAME 10-19-52-29. T. S. EVANS, AGENT.

PAPER HANGING WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC BLINDS and SCENERY. GEO. C. DEZOUCHE, 351 NOTRE DAME STREET. 12-3-13-198.

MOLSONS BANK. THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE MOLSONS BANK are hereby notified that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT. upon the Capital Stock was this day declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Office of the Bank, on and after the FIRST DAY of OCTOBER next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th instant, inclusive. By order of the Board. P. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS, Cashier. Montreal, 2nd Sept., 1875. 12-12-2-204

NOTICE. Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorize JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three Islands in the River St. Lawrence above Lachine, known as "LES ISLES D'ORVAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON. Montreal, 2th Sept., 1875. 12-12-9-200. SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S ACADEMY OF DANCING & DEPORTMENT, re-opens for reception of pupils, Friday evening, Sept. 2nd. Opening Party, Wednesday Evening, September 22nd. Signor Hazazer's Grand Bal Masque, Fancy and Citizens' Ball, Victoria Skating Rink, Thursday, October 14th. Tickets, \$2.00, including a Gentleman and two Ladies, Gentlemen's Single Tickets, \$1.50. Ladies Single Tickets, 50 cents. Fancy Dresses, Masks and Domino's, can be had at 964 St. Catherine Street. Tickets to be had at Music Stores. Private Class on Thursday Evening, October 7th. Old Clothes Party on Friday Evening, October 22nd. For Circulars, address Box 720 P. O. 12-11-7-199

MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE BY KEMP & CO. Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment 300, NOTRE-DAME ST., MONTREAL. 11-26-13-168



ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER, IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 10-19-52-64-20.

The Travelers Life & Accident Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD, CONN. CAPITAL, \$2,000,000 CASH ASSETS \$3,500,000 SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES \$1,000,000 Grants everything desirable in Life or Accident Insurance on the most favorable terms. FOSTER, WELLS & BRINLEY, General Agents for the Dominion. OFFICE, 197 St. James St., Montreal. 12-1-52-174

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER Causes the hair to grow, invigorating the roots. Not soiling the skin. Grey hair it restores. Again to its natural colour. Leaving it beautifully embellished and glossy. Stops its falling off. Exceeds all others. Price 25c. Three bottles for \$2.00. For sale by Drug-gists every where. J. GARDNER, CHEMIST, 457 Notre Dame street, Montreal. 10-25-52-72

STRATHY & STRATHY, STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS. Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange. No. 100 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL. 11-16-52-125

JAS. K. POLLOCK, CARVER, GILDER, Looking Glass, Picture Frame AND PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER, No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 12-7-52-178

DOMINION TYPE FOUNDRY COMPANY. Chenneville Street, Montreal President, ALEX. MURRAY. Vice President, RICHARD WHITE. ALEX. BENTIN, D. J. BREE. C. T. PALGRAVE, JOHN WHITE. W. J. McDONELL, JAMES SIMPSON. WM. HALL, Managing Director. Manufacturers of the STANDARD FACES for Newspaper, Book, and Job Work; Dealers in PRESSES and all kinds of Printers' Material. The latest improvements are introduced, and the Company invite comparison with any imported Type for Accuracy, Durability, and Style. The newest Designs in JOB LETTER at lower prices than type of foreign manufacture. AGENTS FOR THE "RELIANCE" WHARFEDALE MACHINE, and the best English and American Job Presses. Estimates for Newspaper and Job Offices on application. Liberal discount for cash. 12-2-52-177

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