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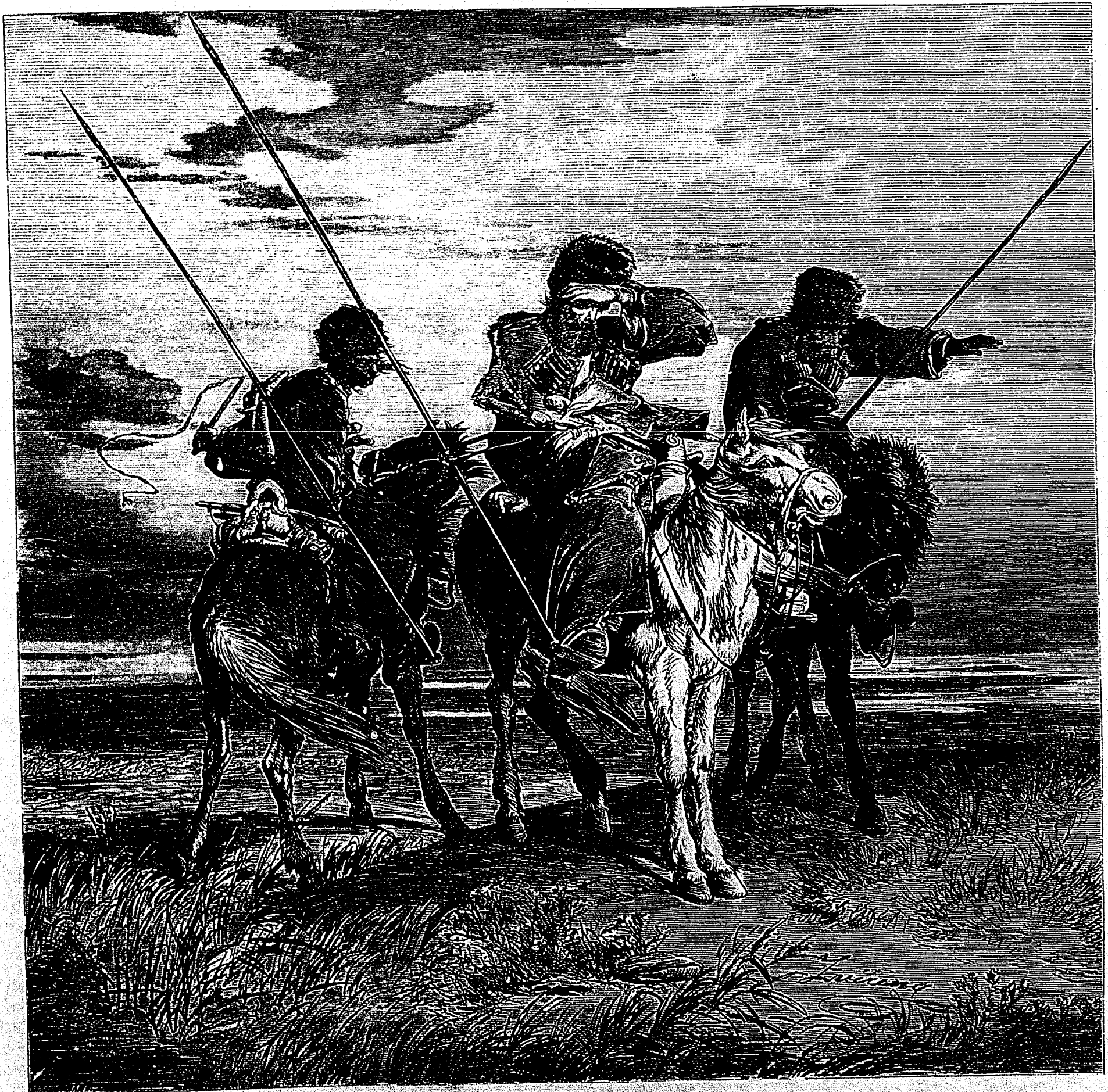
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GRAND ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XVI.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1877.

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.75 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 13th, 1877.

COLLISION ON THE COAST OF ENGLAND.

One of the most disastrous collisions that have been recorded of late years took place in the English Channel on the night of Tuesday, 12th September. The two ships, the *Arvalanche* and the *Forest*, were beating down the channel against a strong wind in a night both dark and foggy. The *Arvalanche* was a New Zealand emigrant ship, and an iron vessel of eleven hundred tons burden, having on board sixty-three passengers and a crew of thirty-four. The *Forest* was a wooden built barque, in ballast, of fifteen hundred tons, with twenty-one hands. Both ships were from the port of London. They met on opposite tacks, the *Forest* striking the *Arvalanche* between the main and mizzen masts. When danger was discovered, the *Forest*, from, as it is supposed, stress of weather, failed to answer her helm. The emigrant ship sank almost immediately, even before the passengers had time to come on deck, thus carrying with her all the passengers and the whole of the crew, save three who managed to clamber or jump on board the *Forest*. The striking ship was not long in following her fate, the captain and crew putting off in the boats, but of two boats out of three nothing had been heard at last accounts. Thus out of a total of one hundred and eighteen souls in both vessels, only twelve are known to be saved. There was no evidence of a bad look-out on either ship, or of the absence of lights. The darkness and the strong sea running were together sufficient to account for everything that happened. So far we go with the London *Telegraph*, but our devotion to the principles of common sense is too great to admit of our following that popular and eloquent journal to its final conclusions. The following are some of its expressions:—"Meantime the calamity teaches us how, in spite of all that human skill and care can do, the terrible sea persistently and relentlessly claims its victims. The two vessels which have foundered with all hands were not, it is true, Cunard or Peninsular and Oriental liners, nor were they first-class armoured frigates. They were, however, fine ships, admirably built, splendidly equipped, and in all respects well found; and they might reasonably have been expected to ride out any tempest, no matter how severe. The one had on board her not only an able captain, but a certificated pilot. The other was in charge of an experienced, energetic and skilful officer.

Under ordinary circumstances, a collision between two vessels so situated and circumstanced ought to be impossible. Unhappily, in the present instance, there were extraordinary sources of danger against which it was difficult to guard. The night was so dark that signals were barely perceptible; the sea was running violently; the wind was almost a hurricane. With such odds to contend against, the best ships that ever floated become occasionally unmanageable; nor is it possible to point out any appliances by which the terrible consequences of the mishap could have been averted or even diminished. These statements of the *Telegraph* as to fact and consequence may all be true if we will once grant the needlessness of the essential means of protection in the circumstances, but they are certainly untrue on a general and faithful view of the means now known for overcoming the particular liability of sinking after collision, for water-tight compartments, properly constructed and periodically surveyed, with the "collision bulkheads," as they have been called, kept carefully closed so long as there is the least danger of striking anything, are an arrangement which is now put beyond a peradventure as a sufficient means for preventing these dreadful catastrophes and preserving the lives of passengers and crews. Our Canadian public must certainly feel itself to be privileged, for their London fellow subjects on this occasion could not be told so much as we have now stated by our good friend the *Telegraph*. The omission is, of course, exceedingly regrettable, because the very greatest element of weakness in all that relates to the protection of life is the unhappy absence of technical instruction in the education of the great mass of the people. If the people were so educated they would as a body become self-protective, while individuals could always save themselves by their previous knowledge of the ship in which they were about to take passage; but it will probably be some time even yet before such mental furnishing will be widely attained; so if the journals that have gained their ear will not consent to play the part of educators, or, doing so, exclude the chief propositions from their theses, it becomes a pretty bad look-out for all on board the ship of state. For we are all aware that there are strong interests engaged imbued with the notions of the old routine, and not particularly alive to the merits of the compartment system, while quite willing to persuade themselves that, if safety could only be secured by seamanship, together with general care of the vessel in her equipments, there would be a sort of commercial economy accruing. Great interests and great newspapers have strong tendencies to get into close and mutually protective relations, so that we have articles written, not from the standpoint of the scientist or the ship-building expert, whose opinions a recognized public instructor like the *Telegraph* is thus careful not to refer to, but from that of the ship owner with all the accumulated prejudices of routine and the insurance system, and, until of late years, with prescription also on his side. We venture to say to our English journalistic friend from across the Atlantic that this will not do. If these ships had had compartments, they would have been saved. It is true, there is always a Board of Trade investigation to be quoted in anticipation by the kindly dispositioned journalist, and an excellent fender it may be seen to be, not in the nautical sense from collisions, but rather in the domestic one from the fire of public indignation, for while these courts of enquiry raise the public expectation of justice to a high pitch, and are serviceable on all but the essential points, they are just as careful as the newspaper to limit their enquiry to the questions of seamanship and general seaworthiness. It is a special sea-worthiness, or rather *shock-worthiness*, that the public ought to insist upon, and continue so to do until the mischievous anomaly is consigned to the limbo of mental confusions and popular weaknesses.

THE model embodying the designs for the new Parliamentary and Departmental Buildings for Quebec, by Mr. EUGENE TACHÉ, which formed so striking a feature in the late Provincial Exhibition, seemed to foreshadow buildings that will be well adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. It is the Renaissance style which has in the main been followed. There is of course a certain loss of perspective in the quadrangular form, but accompanied with this is also a considerable economy of space. A little more ornamentation seemed to be required on the general elevation, and we are informed that this will be supplied in the actual building. The entrance tower will be a very important element in the general proportions. The buildings have to be conformed to Provincial means, and must not be compared with the abiding places of Imperial Legislatures, or even of that of the Dominion.

THE death of Sergeant DORÉ, of the Quebec Provincial Police, by the hand of an assassin while accompanying a party of the police on a search for a ruffianly criminal in the County of Beauce, has created the deepest feeling in Quebec and wherever the news has gone. The late sergeant who was noted for his great stature, kind demeanour and excellent conduct in the force, died most peacefully. Great exertions are being made for the detection of his murderers.

THERE have been several attempts lately by fiendish wretches to wreck trains on the Grand Trunk Railway in the neighbourhood of the Chaudière Falls. The latest instance of this diabolical wickedness was frustrated by the prompt action of a good woman, who removed the obstacle from the rails. The neighbourhood will doubtless be carefully watched, and the dastardly perpetrators brought to justice if means can compass it.

AN unusual pressure of matter has forced us to curtail our editorial and other departments in the present number, and remit several original articles till next week.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Almost all our illustrations are separately described this week in different columns of the paper. The pictures of the Eastern War were fully explained in our last chapter on the History of the War. The picture of the Gilchrist Scholar of this year was furnished us by President Allison himself, who has done so much to enhance the reputation and increase the usefulness of that fine institution.

THE PHYSIOGNOSCOPOCHRIPHALS AT KINGSTON.

The old Limestone City was the scene, on Thursday, the 27th, of a revival of the society which takes the "tongue splitting" name heading this notice. We clip the following from the *Kingston Whig*:—"A lengthy period having elapsed since the last turn out, the mere announcement that the Physiognoscochriphals intended to confer distinction upon several of our prominent citizens created a stir in society such as it had not felt for many a day. Shortly after dark last evening, the streets were crowded with people, indicating the great interest taken in the event. Shortly after eight o'clock, the procession formed. The physiognoscochriphals in the Hay market. They were all mounted in some way, if not on horse-back, then on wagons, which had been fitted out expressly for the occasion. The costumes of the favoured members exhibited taste in design, and arrangement, and the characters took in a caricature of a number of those who had made such a social and domestic move as called for the special attention of the ancient order. There must have been fully two hundred masqueraders, whose groupings and assignment to the various important posts, showed that in the preliminaries the smallest details had been carefully attended to. Perhaps the most important personage was the Generalissimo, whose commands were most obediently carried out. The long procession was very creditable and picturesque, too when under the illumination of a hundred torches. The proceedings were most orderly, and we are glad to find that our anticipations were so fully realized. There were those who felt intensely anxious lest any resort should be made to disorder, but none of this occurred, and the whole programme led to a deal of innocent mirth and appreciable passing pleasure. Calls were made at four or five places and the objects of the Order's solicitude requested to put in an appearance. On doing so one of the A.D.C.s—possibly the Scribo

—read and presented an address, of which the following is a copy:

Kingston, Sept. 27.

To DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned members of the ancient and time-honoured Society of Physiognoscochriphals, approach you with all desire to manifest our good-will and friendship, and hereby tender you our most hearty salutations. It is not the intention of our noble order to offer insult to any one. On the contrary, our venerable order deem those on whom it bestows its greetings to be in a peculiar degree honoured and respected.

And, sir, on behalf of the Physiognoscochriphal Society permit us to extend you most cordially their sincere wishes for your future welfare, along with that respected lady your good wife, with whom we hope you may be permitted to enjoy many happy years together.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Society,

MONCHANSSEN,
Generalissimo.

CLOD HOPPER,
Scribe.

At all but one place the Physiognoscochriphals received, and indeed speeches were made, in which thanks were conveyed to the visitors. At ten o'clock the procession wound up at the Market square, where speeches were made, and in which special mention was made of the police-guard which had rendered them an efficient service in keeping the crowd back. It was also remarked that the Physiognoscochriphals wished to show that they could have their fun without bluster and annoyance, and the result was evidence of their success.

The Physiognoscochriphals will turn out again probably next week on a grander scale than ever. It is long since we have so many hundreds on the streets in the evening.

That the affair was acceptable may be judged from the following letter:

To the Editor of the *British Whig*.

DEAR SIR,—Last evening the Physiognoscochriphal Society made its intended visits, to pay respects and congratulations to several citizens who encourage and prefer a happy married life and desire others should enjoy the pleasures of this world as well as themselves and not be a selfish, lonely single being when nature provides otherwise. As I am one of those favoured with a visit and an address from the said Society, I was pleased to observe the orderly and good appearance of so large an assembly as passed along the streets. It was gratifying to see their whole arrangements carried out with a spirit of a higher order than is generally exhibited on such occasions. There was nothing repulsive or objectionable in their conduct, dress or appearance in any way, and, I must acknowledge, they deserve great credit for their good regulations throughout. Much fear was entertained by many that this undertaking would create insult and trouble, similar to that caused by societies of a lower order appearing for objects different to those of last evening. So long as the members of the Ancient Society of Physiognoscochriphals conduct themselves with the same decorum and respect as on this occasion there can be no objection to their enjoying themselves and giving pleasure to others. Hoping their future appearances in public will be such as not to be less worthy of the good opinion gained for themselves last evening, I remain,

Yours, &c.,
Sept. 28th.

MARY.

LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE LOWER ST LAWRENCE.

Owing to the courtesy of R. S. M. Bouchette, Esq., late Commissioner of Customs, we are enabled to present our readers with a series of light-houses in the Lower St. Lawrence, which, we believe, will be regarded as of very general interest. We shall shortly publish a second series. The letter-press, likewise from Mr. Bouchette, is accurate and reliable.

PASPEBIAC is a village on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleurs. West of the village is Newcastle, a small fishermen's village.

DALHOUSIE, N.B., is a small, straggling village at the mouth of the river Restigouche. It is very prettily situated. The principal trade is salmon and lobsters. The Intercolonial R.R. is about four miles distant from it.

THE VIEW of the entrance of Picton harbor, N.S., represents in the foreground the dock, where vessels of small tonnage can be dry-docked and repaired. On the right is the coal wharf.

MELVILLE ISLAND is situated at the N.W. arm of the Halifax harbor, and is approached by a remarkably picturesque road, overshadowed by pines, maples and chestnuts. On the island is the military prison of the Halifax garrison. In 1812 the English confined their French prisoners there.

BELLECHASSE LIGHT-HOUSE, bearing S. 4 mile. Lat., 46° 56' north; long., 70° 46' 00" west. Fixed light, white, catoptric; tower, hexagonal, white; height of the centre of the lantern above high water, 70 feet; height of the tower from its base to vane, 30 feet. May be seen in clear weather a distance of 13 miles.

LIGHT-HOUSE, POINTE DES MONTS, bearing N.N.W. 4 mile. Lat., 49° 19' 35" north; long., 67° 21' 55" west. One light, a fixed one, white, catoptric; height of the focus of the lantern above high water, 100 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 75 feet; circular tower, white.

There is here a depot of provisions for the shipwrecked, and a cannon is fired every hour during fogs or heavy snow-storms.

LIGHT-HOUSE, WEST POINT, ANTICOSTI, bearing S. 1/2 E. 1 mile. Lat., 49° 52', 30" north; long., 64°, 31', 40" west. One fixed light, white, dioptric, 2nd order; height of the focus of the lantern above high water, 112 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 109 feet; tower circular, white. There is here a depot of provisions for the shipwrecked. A cannon is fired every hour during fogs or heavy storms.

LIGHT-HOUSE, S.W. POINT, ANTICOSTI, bearing about S.E. by E. 1/2 a mile. Lat., 49°, 20', 45" north; long., 63°, 35', 46" west. White revolving light every minute; height of the focus of the lantern above high water, 109 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 75 feet. Tower circular, white. Character of apparatus is catoptric.

LIGHT-HOUSE, SOUTH POINT, ANTICOSTI, bearing distance, 1 mile. Lat., 49°, 4', 0" north; long., 62°, 15', 10" west. Flash light, white, revolving every 20 minutes; height of the focus of the lantern above high water, 75 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 54 feet; tower hexagonal, white; the light is catoptric. A steam fog-horn is here sounded during fogs and storms for 10 seconds in every minute, thus leaving an interval of 50 seconds between each sound.

ESSEMINAC LIGHT-HOUSE, bearing north, distant 2 miles, entrance of Miramichi Bay and harbor. From on board the Government S.S. *Apollon*, July 25, 1877, 2:30 p.m. Lat., 47°, 4', 32" north; long., 64°, 47', 30" west. Fixed white light; height of the focus of the lantern above high water, 70 feet; height of the light-house from base to vane, 58 feet. A fog-horn, situated 300 feet west of the tower, is sounded in foggy or snowy weather 10 seconds in every minute, with intervals of fifty seconds between each continuous sound of the horn. In calm weather or with a favorable wind, the horn is heard at from 9 to 11 miles; when the wind is unfavorable, at from 3 to 6 miles. The light is dioptric, 2nd order.

THE RAY OF QUINTE.

Notwithstanding the commercial death of the village of Bath, it will always possess a charm for the Canadian historian and the lover of the rural picturesque. It must be remembered that here the very first steamboat was built by Mrs. Finkle, the grandmother of the present well-known Charles and James Gildersleeve, of Kingston steamboat fame. We give a view of Finkle's Point, where this important event in lake navigation took place. Here also once flourished Finkle's tavern, in which the courts were held for want of more appropriate accommodation. The old tree stump in the picture is what remains of a gigantic elm, to which a negro was once tied and flogged by order of the Court for stealing bread. All traces of this tavern have been obliterated. In contrast with the Squire's home of eighty years ago, we present our readers with a picture of a mechanic's residence in the present year of grace. This illustration will speak louder than words for the march of progress that has characterized the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists. The handsome modern cottage was built and is owned by Mr. Phillip Carpenter, Bath. Another contrast can be shown between the old-fashioned windmill (the ruins of which we have already sketched for our readers), and the more modern water mill near Millhaven, which, in its turn, is becoming ancient, and calls up remembrances of the long past, giving signs that it is in its dotage. In old age, however, it forms a quaint foreground to a pretty picture of woods and water.

Apollon's town was the centre of civilization and refinement when York, or rather Toronto, was yet primeval forest. It has been, and let us hope still is, the nursery of Ontario statesmen. It was here that the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, when a boy, trembled beneath the withering glance or uplifted arm of the profound pedagogues, Burns and Hughes. Here it was that the ex-Premier's good father looked at his thin-legged stripling and declared that "John A. would make a man yet." The old school house is no more, but the willow trees which stood near by, and from which the master made his urelins cut his whip sticks, stand and flourish still. The old oak tree is there also, around which the school-boys were wont to gambol, and where, in mutinous conclave, the school lads schemed deeds of vengeance against their tyrannical domine. No less than fifteen members of Parliament have arisen out of Adolphustown, among whom we call to mind Van Alstine, William Casey, Samuel Casey, Paul Peterson, Daniel Hagerman, Christopher Hagerman (Judge), Philip Roblin, David Roblin, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sheriff Rutlan, Philip Doran, etc. In the old U. E. Loyalist burying ground can be seen the resting place of the first settlers, where may be noticed dilapidation *par excellence*, the boundary fence being down, and many of the enclosures (Hagerman's in particular), lying in wild disorder. The headstone of "Van Dusen" measures its length on the ground, as though it had got tired of the obituary business and wanted to go back to the less exalted avocation of an ordinary stone, and will succeed in its effort unless something is done to prevent it. We here again present our readers with a striking contrast in the picture of this desolated cemetery and the splendid mausoleum of the Ellison family. The latter is situated on the banks of the Bay, and was erected at a great cost by David Ellison, Esq. The interior is ar-

ranged for the depositing of thirty bodies, in apertures having marble tablets for the inscription of names. There are double walls to the building, between which a man may walk. A stranger approaching it would wonder what proud hero or statesman rested under such an imposing structure. Neither hero nor statesman, however, as yet, has graced this receptacle of the dead. The bones of the hero of the Ellison family, the United Empire Loyalists, still lie in the cemetery spoken of. At present there are three members of the Ellison family buried in the vault, among whom is the father of D. Ellison, whose lives were as uneventful as they could very well be—lives of ordinary honest labour incident to a farmer. We question very much whether the old man, whose bones now occupy a shelf in that grand, lonely mausoleum, would not have preferred a quiet unassuming corner in God's Acre among his fellows. There is an air of quiet beauty about Adolphustown that is quite captivating. A prominent view as you ascend from the water is "Glenwood," the seat of John J. Watson, Esq., a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists. The old English Church, surrounded by numerous monuments of the dead, stands as a memento of the past. It was built about thirty years after the advent of the Loyalists to the Bay of Quinte. It is a quaint edifice, the interior being arranged in the old fashioned English way, and is in keeping with the quiet, peaceful, contented, and prosperous community amid which it is situated.

FREE LANCE.

Cleopatra's needle has been turned to its proper use at last. It is now literally threading its way to England.

The *Herald* says that there is some talk of organizing a small bore club in this city. How many will that make in all?

It was a clever lad who being asked why ships were of the feminine gender, replied that it was because they need men to manage them.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, the talented French actress and sculptress, is having an elegant hotel built in Paris after designs by Esclavier. Of course she could not do without stairs.

There is more truth than poetry in the old epitaph of Rosamond, the fair rose:

Her face in tomba Rosamundi non Rosamunda. Non redolent set olet, que redolere solet.

One of the really good jokes of the day is that of the American paragonist who says it is patent to every one that the recent conflagration at Washington, a view of which is presented in our present issue, was a model fire.

A stranger coming to the city asked if there was any news.

"No, nothing particular. Only a great rumour between a leading grocery firm and a wholesale agency."

"What about?"

"About food for Nestle-ings!"

Loop Revil sends me the following lamentation:

"AFTER THE SEASON IS OVER."

SCENE.—The landing at a fashionable watering place. Maiden plaintively:

The guests have flown,
And left alone,
I feel like one deserted,
And sit and sigh
In shades where I
Have sat before and—died!

I'm weary
Of this dreary
Place, this "Cottage by the Sea."
The constant roar
Upon the shore
Is hateful now to me.

There's not a boat
In sight, afloat,
There are no bathers in the sea,
There's not a soul
To take a stroll
Upon the lonely beach with me.

The wintry breeze,
That strips the trees,
The silent cottages and lanes,
And gloomy skies,
All emphasize
The desolation that remains.

LACLEDÉ.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ONE of the features of the ceremonial on the decease of M. Thiers which has since been greatly commented on is the absence of the Orleans Princes, and indeed, of any representative of that royal family which the deceased statesman served with so much fidelity for so many years. The only member of the house of Orleans who took the trouble of even inscribing his name at the Hôtel Thiers was the Comte de Paris. Nevertheless, was it not under the presidency of M. Thiers that the claims of the family for the money of which they were deprived during the Empire were brought forward, allowed, and paid!

Among the myriads of anecdotes about Thiers that go the round in Paris is the following, which gives a very good picture of him. It is well

known that he was an undisciplined Minister, and that he almost daily quarrelled with Louis Philippe. Just as he did when he was President of the Republic so he used to threaten the King with his resignation. "Sire," says Thiers, "I will be obliged to resign my portfolio." "No fear," answered the King, "you think too much of it." "Sire! I assure you it costs me the greatest effort to keep it." Louis Philippe only laughed out loud. "Sire!" said Thiers, "when you told us in July, 1830, that it cost you a great effort to accept the throne, didn't I laugh!"

A CORRESPONDENT says that there can be no doubt now that Marshal MacMahon has not been received with enthusiasm during his tour. At Bordeaux, Arcachon, Angoulême, Périgueux, Poitiers, and Tours, the cries of "Vive le Maréchal!" were drowned by the cries of "Vive la République!" At Bordeaux he spurred his horse to a gallop to get away from them, and the mounted police almost charged the people. Many persons were arrested merely for crying "Vive la République!" At Tours, Marshal MacMahon, replying to an address from the Deputy-Mayor, said that elections favourable to his policy would soon restore calmness and prosperity to France. In another speech he declared that the Constitution of which he was guardian could only be endangered by the adversaries of his policy.

IMMEDIATELY the news of the death of M. Thiers reached Rome some of the prelates hastened to convey it to the Holy Father, who merely remarked, "Let us respect the decrees of Providence!" The next day, his Holiness, talking of the sudden death with various persons around him, said:—"It is assuredly an event of great importance for France, and which may have serious consequences; but I do not share the opinion of those who rejoice at that loss, as if it would be an embarrassment the less for the men in power. That idea is, in my opinion, an error. I do not desire to specify the qualities and the defects of M. Thiers, but I say that his presence might have been more useful than injurious to the cause of order. What will happen? Parties will be more ardent than ever, and I should not be surprised if that unfortunate country should yet have to pass through some terrible trials. May God grant that my provisions are erroneous!" The persons present looked at each other, and a long silence followed those words of the Pope.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is a significant fact that during the representation of *Henry V.* at the Bath Theatre, no passage in the play has been more warmly applauded than that, in giving which Mr. Coleman, slightly altering Shakspeare, says:—"Shall not thou (Katharine) and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a body, half French, and half English that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the hand?" Shakspeare has the last word *heard*, but Mr. Coleman apparently thinks—and doubtless rightly—that his way of putting the King's address to his lover, is more consonant with the present state of public opinion than the literal rendering.

FOUR large London firms were yesterday invited to tender for the supply of corrugated iron for huts to contain a hundred thousand Russian soldiers. The huts are to be of a four sizes, for twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, and five hundred men. They are to be delivered at Antwerp, and sent direct to Bucharest, across the Continent by rail. These are for erection in the neighbourhood of Bucharest. Orders have been issued for eight railway stations for a strategic railway. These are to be complete in every way, and are to be provided with heating apparatus. The delivery of the iron at Antwerp is to commence in ten days, and the whole quantity to be delivered in a fortnight afterwards.

THE following story has obtained circulation:—La Marquise de— (an Englishwoman) tells this story. She was in a shooting gallery at Rome last year, when a son of Prince Bismarck was present. He playfully presented a pistol at her. Said she, "You shouldn't offer to shoot your friends." He replied, "Friends! Do you know what my father says! He says that Russia will go to war with Turkey, and she will be beaten, and that Germany will go to her aid. We have an enormous army, but money is scarce. We shall aid Russia to wrest India from you; it is a great prize, and we mean to have it and its wealth. Think you we shall be friends, then?" Political sagacity is evidently not hereditary.

Mr. Fisher has struck out a curious thought in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, which is nothing less than co-operative house-keeping with an "associated kitchen," instead of the *table d'hôte* system which has its obvious drawbacks. Already the proposal has begun to take root in certain quarters. The Queen Anne Mansions which Mr. Hankey has run up, Babel-like with a top towards heaven, are already in great request, and speculative builders are arranging to have more of the many storied mansions erected in the Kensington quarter. A kitchen below stairs being out of the question, and a hoist up of all provisions far too irksome, the proposal is to lodge the commissariat department on the ground-floor, so that the guests will be brought to the dinner instead of the dinner to the guests.

THE fact that the Russian soldier can fight so well on black bread, and the Turkish soldier on a simple diet of dates, has apparently stimulated the Anti-Flesh Eating Society to renewed activity. It has been a common complaint with vegetarians that they cannot go to an eating house or restaurant to refresh the inner man, without having their nostrils offended by the smell of the roast beef of old England or some such objectionable viand. They have therefore decided to form a Dietetic Reform Club, which among other functions is to "counteract the stagnation" existing in the metropolis in the matter of vegetable diet. At the last meeting at which this step was decided on a discussion arose as to the advisability of admitting ladies as members; but so grave were the issues involved in the question, that the matter was referred to a committee for solemn consideration.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Premier is recovering gradually from his indisposition.

THE Central Board of Missions of the Methodist Church in Canada met at Brockville last week.

THE Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition at Kennebec was opened last week by Lieutenant-Governor Archibald.

THE construction of the line of the New Brunswick Railway from Grand Falls to Edmonton is to be proceeded with at once.

A COUNCIL of the Roman Catholic Bishops of this Province was held last Monday, at which Mgr. Conroy, the Delegate Apostolic, presided.

WORK on contract 14 Canada Pacific Railway is progressing rapidly, and the whole contract, excepting 12 miles, will be completed this fall.

THE Montreal City Council has decided by a strictly party vote of 13 to 11 not to pay the volunteers for their services on the occasion of Hackett's funeral.

ABOUT 4,000 Cree, Assiniboine and Saulteaux Indians congregated at Qu'Appelle the first week of last month, to receive the treaty payments. A few Sioux were also there. All is quiet. Buffalo were numerous about four days' distance from Qu'Appelle.

THE Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church, which was in session all last week at Toronto, have secured the services of Rev. W. R. Ross, of Pickering, and Rev. Alex. Campbell, of Montreal, as missionaries to Manitoba. These gentlemen leave for their future fields during the present month.

ROUND THE WORLD.

CHINA is making great preparations for the Paris Exhibition.

JULES SIMON, French ex-Minister of the Interior, is seriously ill.

GAMBETTA has appealed against the sentence of the Correctional Tribunal.

THE Russians officially acknowledge a loss of 52,000 to September 7th.

GAMBETTA's manifesto to his constituents particularly attacks MacMahon, disdaining to notice the Ministers.

OWING to the unhealthy state of Gorney Student, the Russian headquarters will be transferred to Sistora.

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites at the Vatican has pronounced against the proposed canonization of Columbus.

BETTER prospects are reported in Madras; the crops are doing well. The number in the relief camps has decreased from 14,000 to 15,000. The calamity is about over.

THE Montenegrins have abandoned hostilities in the Herzegovina, because the territory they now hold on that side corresponds with the lines of demarcation fixed by the international commission, and accepted by the preliminary conference at Constantinople.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LOTTA will probably not act this season. She requires rest.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says it takes her fully a year to satisfactorily learn an opera.

BEFORE being created a Russian noble, Anton Rubinstein had received a patent of nobility from the King of Denmark.

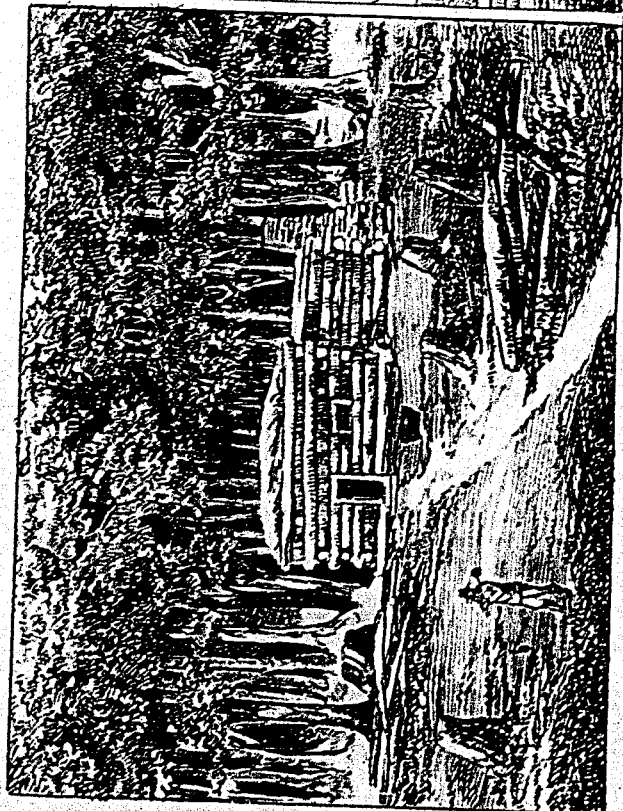
AN Italian paper states that in the Russian army now in Turkey there are twenty-eight professional vocalists, two prima donas attending the ambulances, nineteen comedians, twenty authors and three sculptors.

AS curious examples of the superstitious of actors and showmen, Tony Pastor says he wouldn't think of letting a woman be the first to pass the doors after opening a performance. Fanny Dawson thinks a oonary in the house is a sure sign of a death.

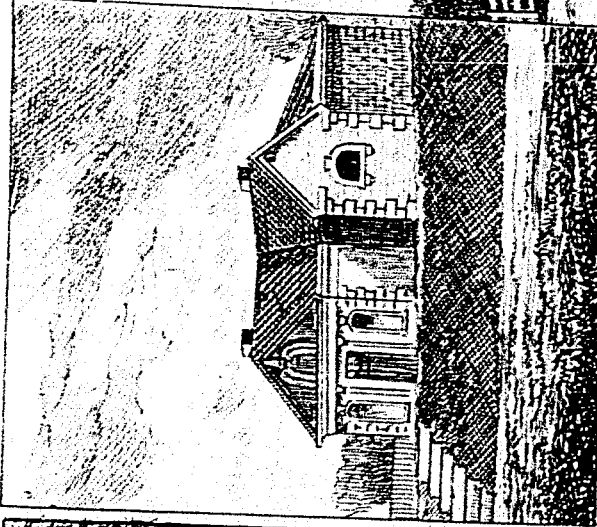
A VERY happy woman is Mme. Antoinette Sterling. She lives in a beautiful home in London, full of refinement and luxury. She is benevolent in the extreme, and yet without ostentation. She is in receipt of an ample income, being incessantly engaged, and always receiving from \$100 to \$250 a night for one or two songs.

A MAN at the Alexandra Palace named Maraz takes his stand within a few inches of the roof, and jumps head foremost to a net placed within a few feet of the floor. As he reaches the net he turns and alights on his feet. There is nothing particularly clever about the feat, but if the man failed to make the necessary half revolution of his body he would sustain a severe concussion of the brain.

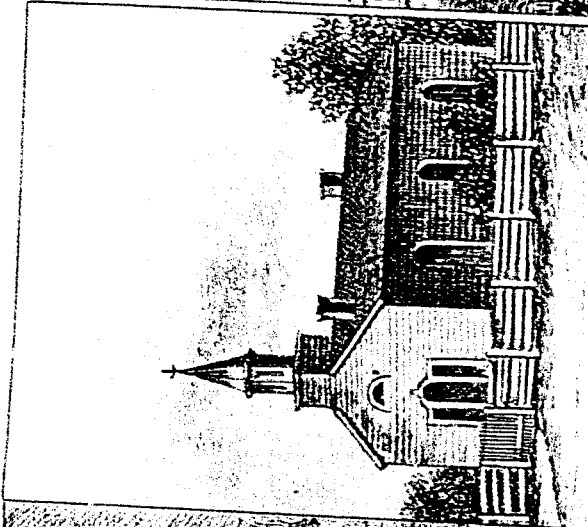
THE annual subventions granted to the principal theatres in Europe are as follows: Paris Opera, 800,000fr.; Theatre Royal, Berlin, 700,000fr.; Stuttgart Theatre, 625,000fr.; Dresden Theatre Royal, 490,000fr.; San Carlo, Naples, and Vienna Imperial Theatres, each 300,000fr.; Apollo, Rome, 290,000fr.; Carlruhe and Weimar, 250,000fr.; Munich, 195,000fr.; Stockholm, 150,000fr.; La Scala, Milan, 175,000fr.; Bellini, Palermo, 120,000fr.; Theatre Royal, Turin, 60,000fr.; Pergola, Florence, 40,000fr.; the orchestra salaries paid by the town; Carlo Felice, Genoa, 10,000. The Fénice at Venice formerly received 180,000fr., but that subsidy is now withdrawn.



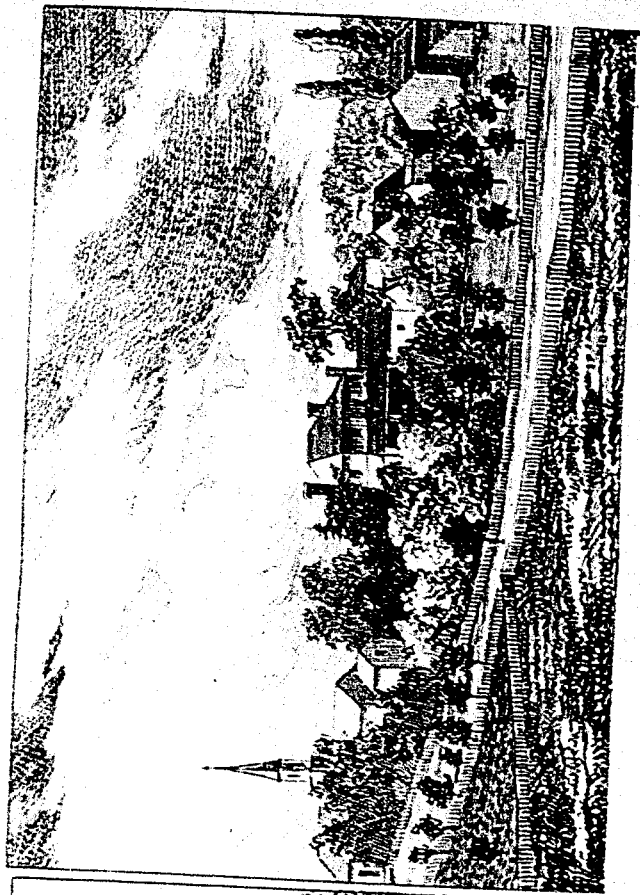
AS U. E. LOYALIST SCQUIRE'S HOME, 80 YEARS AGO.



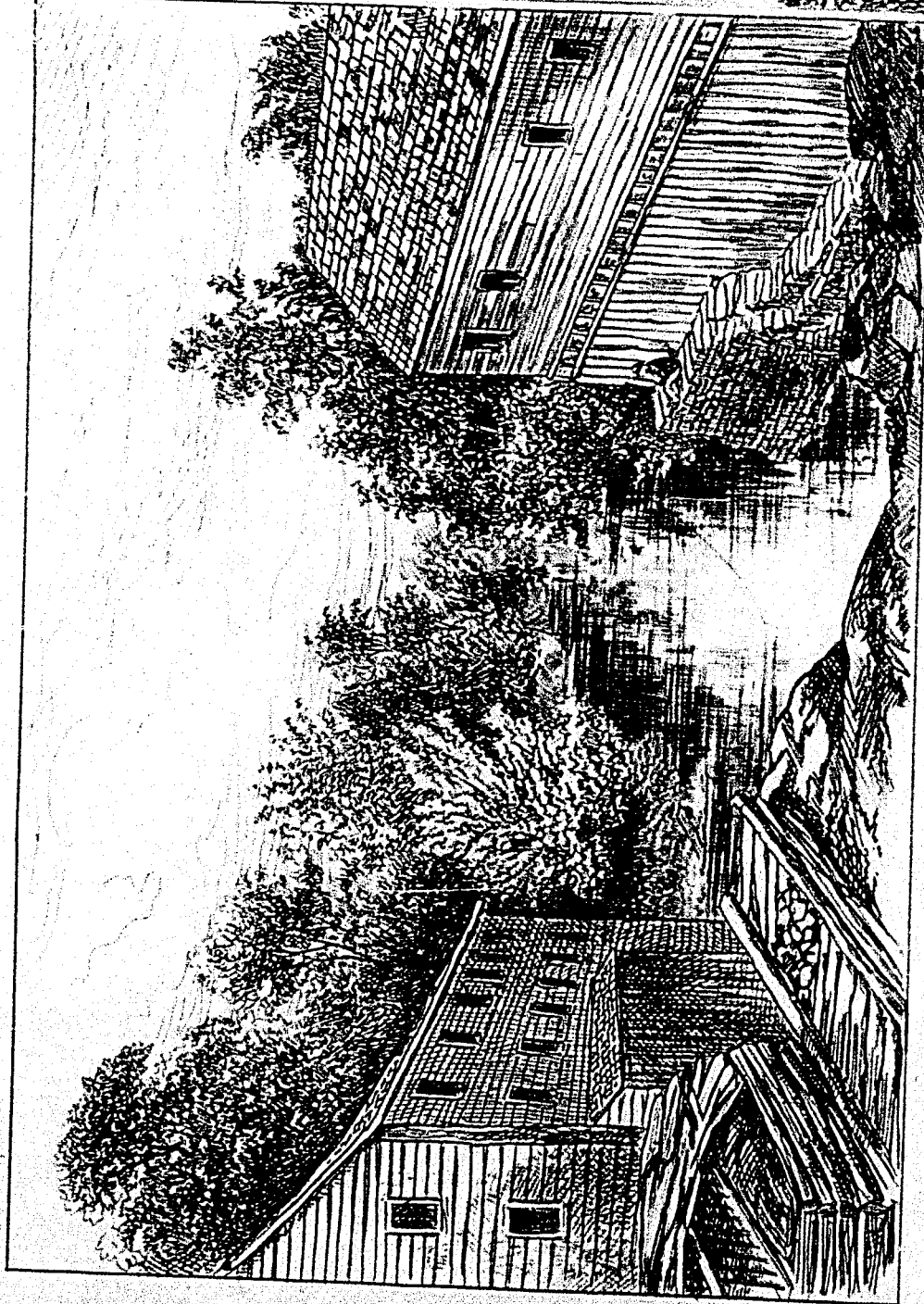
THE ELLISON MAUSOLEUM, ADOLPHUSTOWN.



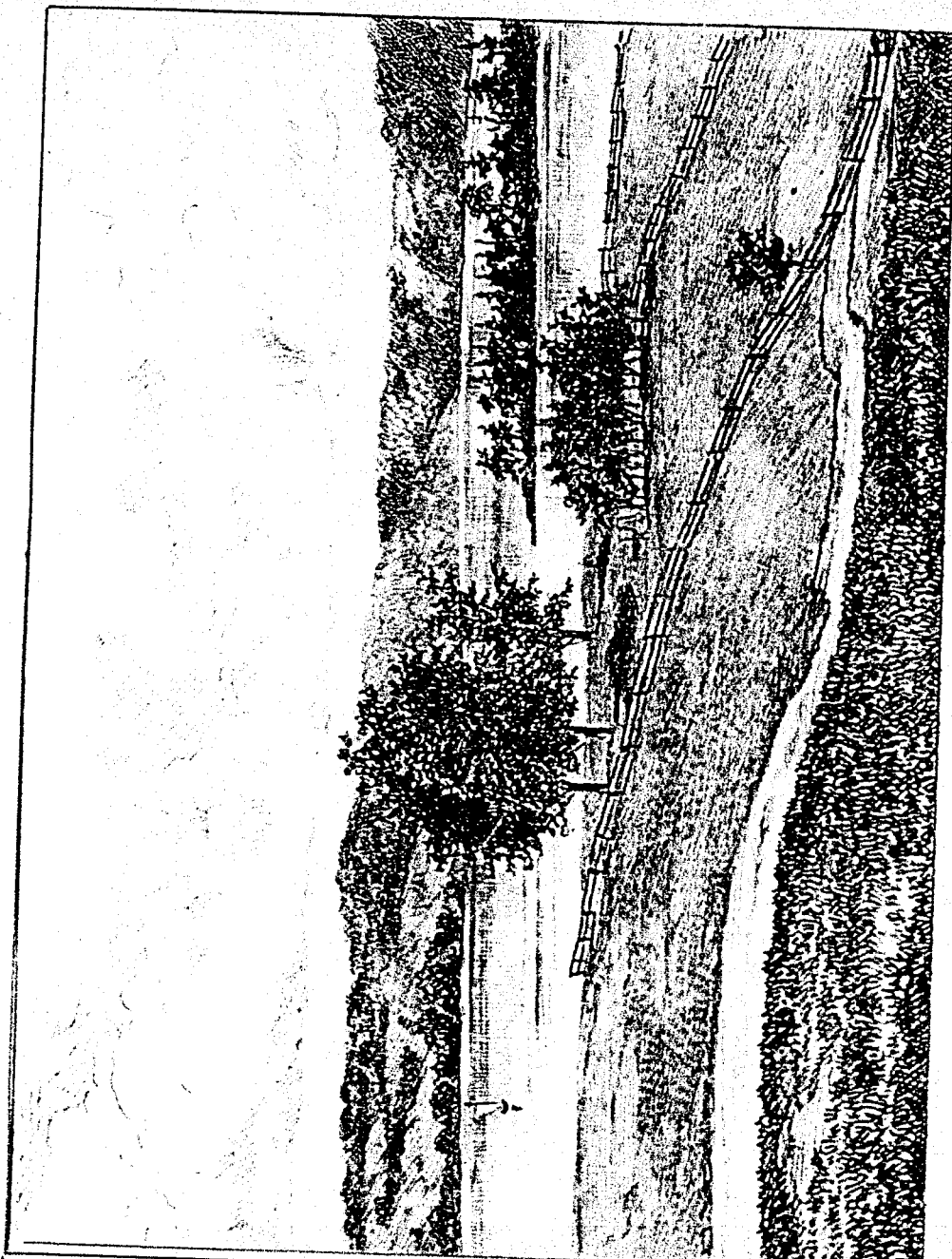
Old English Church, Adolphustown.



VIEW IN ADOLPHUSTOWN, GLENWOOD.



Old Mill at MICHAVEN, NEAR BATH



Old BERRYING GROEND OF U. E. LOYALISTS, ADOLPHUSTOWN

BAY OF QUINTE, ADOLPHUSTOWN. FROM SKETCHES BY A. W. MOORE.

THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP OF 1877.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of Mr. William L. Goodwin, the winner of the Gilchrist Scholarship for 1877. Mr. Goodwin is a native of Bay Verte, N. B., where he was born in 1856, and son of E. C. Goodwin, Esq., a prominent merchant of that place. He was, during the collegiate year 1876-7, a member of the Freshman Class of the Mount Allison Wesleyan College, Sackville, N. B. His preparatory training was received entirely at the Mount Allison Academy in the same place. He is the first New Brunswick who has won this distinguished honor. He has sailed for London to pursue his studies at University College in accordance with the privileges of his scholarship.

THE "CLERGY LIST" REVISED AND CLASSIFIED.—Under the title of "The Clergy List Revised and Classified," a young lady, says the *Rock*, has produced the most entertaining brochure we have met with for many a day. To Shakespere's question, "What's in a name?" she replies by showing us that a very great deal may be made out of the names of the clergy when subjected to her clever manipulations. Thus she analyses their "colours," and finds there are 70 White to 4 Black, and 2 Blacker; only 4 Blush, though 3 are Pink and 2 Scarlet; 64 are Green and 76 are Brown. There are 2 Ushers and 19 Birches to 11 miserable Boys; 2 Flints to 8 Steel. Under Anatomy we find 4 Bodies, though with only 3 Heels; there is, however, one additional Pate; 11 Temples have only 2 Hairs and 1 Lovelock; there is 1 Boniface, but with only 4 Teeth (N.B. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham is one of these); 3 Bones to 4 Bucks; 1 Heel to 5 Feet, 5 Hands and 3 Legs. Only a solitary cleric has any Blood in his veins. All must admit that the "Parties in the Church" are very unfairly represented by their names, for we find only 1 Broad, 2 Low, and 4 Dry. Of High there is not a trace. But we learn that there are already no fewer than 14 Abbots, 7 Priors, 4 Monks, and 8 Nuns. Hoods and Capes abound, while there are also 9 Garlands, 2 Banners, 3 Images, 12 Crosses, 1 Crucifix, and 1 Crozier (among 12 Bishops). In the column devoted to "Useful Clergy" we find Pitchers, Potts, Canus, &c. The Kings, of whom there are 38, outnumber the Knights by nearly 2 to 1. The "Qualities of the Clergy" open a very wide field. Here we find both Old and Young; some are Bright, others Moody, 5 are Blind and 2 Cross, 6 are in Bliss and 6 in Pain, 11 have not ceased to Hope, but there are 4 Crokers, of whom our fair authoress takes no account. There are also 3 Guys and 1 Bogie, 1 Wildman and 1



WM. L. GOODWIN, WINNER OF THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP OF 1877.

Wiseman. The Clerical Aviary is very well furnished, for there are 2 Crows, 9 Ravens, 1 Daw, 5 Rooks, 1 Jay, 1 Nightingale, 1 Gull, 1 Bunting, 1 Robin (to 3 Wrens), 5 Sparrows, 6 Finches, 28 Martins, 1 Swallow, 2 Doves, 3 Eagles, 3 Falcons, 1 Hawke, 1 Stork, and 2 Parrots. For "The Clergy at Table" a most liberal provision is made. Under this head—we begin, of course, with the Fish—we have 5 Salmon, 3 Haddock, 2 Herrings, 2 Smelts, 4 Cods, 5 Whiting, 1 Grayling, 1 Pike, 3 Roach, and 2 Crabbes. For *pièces de résistance* we have 16 Bullocks, 7 Kidde, 2 Veales (with 8 Bacons, 3 Tongues, and 2 Bad-hams), 8 Lambs, 14 Harts, 1 Stag, 3 Bucks, 1 Doe, 9 Roes, 7 Hinds, 2 Fawns, and 1 Eland. For Game and Poultry we have 7 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 1 Cock, 1 Henn, 1 Duck, 20 Drakes, 1 Gander, 3 Goslings, 6 Swans, 4 Peacocks, 4 Partridges, 8 Wood-cocks, 1 Cooie, 1 Teal, 2 Cranes, and 1 Heron. The supply of vegetables is very scanty, being limited to 2 Beans and 1 Onion. The clergy are not generally fond of made dishes, and accordingly we find only 2 Curries. The supply of sweets is more liberal, and includes 4 Pyes, 11 Rice (puddings, we presume), 2 Jellies, 3 Moulds, and 1 Cake-bread. For condiments we have 2 Pickles, 7 Salt, 1 Mustard, and 1 Pepper. For dessert there are provided 3 Peaches, 8 Pears, 1 Orange, 1 Sweet-apple, and 8 Nutts. Nor is the cellars department to be despised, for there are 3 Binns, with a dozen and a-half of Perry, the same quantity of Hollands, 1 of Ginn, 1 of Port, and 1 of New-port.

A BIRD THAT WALTZES.—The *Kingston Freeman* has the following story about a bird in the collection of a dealer in that city:—This bird is a bobolink, and, it seems, took as naturally to dancing as a country maiden at an apple bee. He is a very sprightly bird, and though his owner knew he was something more than an ordinary bird, he had no idea he could waltz until one day, while whistling a German tune, the bird suddenly cocked his head to one side, and with a knowing look and a lively "Bobolink, bobolink, spink, spank, spink," commenced to waltz, taking a regular step of "one, two, three," as though he had in his mind's eye the artistic rules of the dancing-master. His evolutions were very graceful, the whirl each time being made off the perch, as it were, only his toes touching as he twirled himself completely round. This a good illustration that our American birds are fully as wise as those in the old country, if not more so, for this one at least had never been taught as the German birds are. The dancing-bird is moulting now, but when he again recovers the elasticity and vigour of his body, he will, no doubt, give some new exhibition of terpsichorean skill.



THE PHYSIOGNOSOSIPOCHRIPHALS AT KINGSTON.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER X.

WAR.

Besides the long lines of soldiers embarking every week in the huge transports, there was the preparation and the despatch of the great and splendid Black Sea and Baltic Fleets.

It is something to have lived in a time when such ships were to be seen. It is a memory which binds one to the past to think of that day, in March, 1854, when the Baltic Fleet set sail amid the prayers of the nation. Never was so gallant a fleet sent forth from any shore, never were shores more crowded with those who came to criticise and stayed to cheer. We had already—Cis and I among the number—cheered old Charley Napier when he walked down the pier to embark on his ship, pounding the timbers with his sturdy little legs as if they had been so many Russians. To-day he was on board the *Duke of Wellington*, the biggest ship in the world, a great floating fortress mounting one hundred and thirty-one guns, built to sail when wind was fair, with a crew of a thousand men, and an admiral who meant fighting. No one who ever saw that day will forget the departure of the fleet. It was a fresh and breezy day in March, the sun came out in occasional gleams, or shot long arrows of light athwart the clouds. The sea was dark with multitudes of boats, yachts, steamers, and craft of all kinds; the shore was black with the thousands who sat there watching for the signal to be given. And riding at anchor lay the ships on whom the fortunes of England depended. There was the *St. Jean d'Acre* of one hundred guns, the *Royal George* of one hundred and twenty—she floated over the place where lay the bones of her namesake, the flagship of Admiral Kempenfeldt, when he went down with "twice four hundred men," and almost as many women; the *Princess Royal* of ninety-one guns; the *Impetuous* and the *Arrogant*—I was launched on board the *Arrogant*, and remembered her well—there were, all told, in that Baltic Fleet, though all were not gathered together, between fifty and sixty ships. Presently we saw the Queen's steamer, the *Fairy*—the pretty little yacht, with her three sloping masts—threading her graceful way swiftly in and out of the ships, and the jack tars manned the yardarm, and cheered till the shore took it up with echoes and the counter-cheering of the spectators. When the old men with Nehemiah saw the diminished glories of the Second Temple they lifted up their voices and wept. When the old men on our shore saw the magnified glories of the Victorian fleet, they lifted up their voices and wept, thinking of the days that were no more, the breezy battles with a foe who dared to fight, the long chase of a flying enemy, the cutting out, the harvest of a score of prizes. This time, with better ships, better crews, we were going on a fool's quest, because all the good we did was to keep the Russians within their port. Well, our trade was safe. That was a great thing. The ships would go up and down the broad ocean without fear of the Russians, because these were all skulking behind Cronstadt towers. I am not a Muscovite, but a Pole, yet I was ashamed for the Russian sailors, who were not allowed to strike a blow for their country, while the soldiers were dying in thousands, dogged, silent, long-suffering, in obedience to the Czar, whom they ignorantly worship.

They sailed, the Queen leading the way. Out flew the white canvas, fluttering for a moment in the windy sunshine, and then, with set purpose, belling full before the breeze, and marshalling each brave ship to her place in the grand procession.

The *Arrogant* passed out of sight, and we all went home. The Captain was moved to the extent of a double ration that night; also, he sang a song. And at prayers, he invented a new petition of his own for the honour and safety of the Fleet. There were occasions, he said, when if a man did not feel religious he didn't deserve to be kept on the ship's books any longer. And he told us—Cis was staying with us that day—for a thousandth time the story of Navarino.

When the fleets were gone, and the soldiers nearly all sent off, we began to look for news. For a long time there came little. Charley Napier told his men to sharpen their cutlasses; that was just what the old fellow would do, because if he got a chance of fighting, he meant fighting. But he did not get that chance. Within the fortress of Cronstadt, in ignoble safety, lay the Russian fleet, afraid to come out. There was a little bombardment of Sweaborg, Helsingfors, and Bomarsund; we made as much as we could of it at the time, but it was not like the fighting which we old men remembered. And only a few prizes, here and there. One was brought in, I remember, by the *Argus*, at sight of which we all turned out to cheer. The Captain sorrowfully said that in the good old days when he entered the Navy, about the year 1805, he might have been in command of a dozen such prizes every year.

That summer of 1854 was a long and dreary time. We were waiting for something to be done, and nothing was done. Good Heavens! Were our generals stupid, or incapable, or were

they dreaming away the time? Who does not remember the cholera at Varna, after the long and unnecessary delay, the sickness of the troops before a blow had been struck, and at last the embarkation for the Crimea? So great and terrible was the spectre of Russian greatness that even the three great Powers of France, Turkey, and England hesitated before attacking this monstrous Frankenstein in his den. They went at last, greatly daring, and their reward was—Alma.

And then followed the splendid months of barren victory—Inkermann, the soldier's battle, the foolish braggadocio of the Light Cavalry charge, followed by the cruel winter and the unmerited sufferings of the troops, for which a dozen commissariat officers ought to have been shot.

About this time I saw my compatriots, the Russians, for the first time. Some prisoners were brought to us; they wore flat caps and long coats, they had good-natured faces, not at all foolish; they had wide noses, like Tartars, and they made themselves quite happy and comfortable with us, carving all sorts of toys, and showing a power of laughter and humour quite incompatible with the devilry which we had learned to attach to the Muscovite character. They were only devils, I suppose, by order of the Czar, and in the ranks. Outside the ranks as peaceable, docile, and quiet a set of fellows as ever wanted to grow an honest crop in peace.

But how we received the news in those days! With cheers, with illuminations, with feasting, with receptions of captains, generals, and admirals. Still the exodus of our *juventus* went on. The *juvenes* were younger, smaller, and more rustic in appearance. They all, however, had the same gallant bearing, these brave country lads, fresh from the plough and the stable, redolent of Mother Earth. A few weeks before, and they were leaning against posts in the village street, feeding pigs, driving calves, striding with a side-ward lurch after cows, sitting almost mute on a bench in the village alehouse. Now they were well set up, drilled, inspired with warlike ardour, filled with new ideas of duty, responsibility, and a career, ready to do—and to die. Let us confess that the readiness to die was qualified by that belief which every soldier has, that he, if no one else, will be the one person to escape. If it were not for that saving clause I fear that even in the times of greatest danger to the country service in the ranks would not be popular. Men did not volunteer for those charming fights in the arena before Nero, when all had to die on the ground. Quite the contrary; they disliked that kind of fight, and I have often thought how greatly the vivacity and ardour of the combat would have been increased if the combatants had been told beforehand that one—say the bravest—would have his life spared, with a pension of a shilling a day ever afterwards. *Vos morituri salutant* might have been said by those fresh-cheeked young English lads on their way to club muskets at Inkermann, and to fall in the storming of the Redan.

And after a while they began to send the wounded home.

To receive them, a hospital was built in one of the meadows under the Ramparts, and a portion of the wall was railed off for the convalescents to walk upon. This made Celia's Arbour still more quiet and secluded.

In 1856, the sick and wounded were brought home by every ship that arrived from the East, and week by week, sometimes daily, might be seen filing up the long and narrow street a long and dismal procession. It consisted of sailors carrying stretchers, four to every stretcher. There was no band now, nor would be any more for most of the poor men upon the stretchers, till the drums and fifes marched before the coffin and played the "Dead March." The townsfolk who had turned out to wave their handkerchiefs when the soldiers went away came out now to greet them back. But what a greeting! and what a return! Some, sitting half upright, waved feeble hands in response to those who lined the way and cheered their return. Their faces were pale and worn with suffering; sometimes a sheet covered the lower limbs, which were mutilated and crushed; some, a little stronger than their comrades, sat up, laughed, and nodded. Some, worn out by the rolling of the ship, the pain of their wounds, and the long sufferings of the campaign, lay back with closed eyes, patient and sad to see, and made no sign. And here and there one was borne along ghastly, the pallor of death upon his cheeks, life done for him; not even vitality enough left to think about the future world; his eyes half open, with a fixed glare which observed nothing. This, with the row of tombs in the Crimea and at Scutari, was the end of all that pride and pomp of war. What was it Tennyson said—

The long, long oaker of Peace is over and done.

We were to wake to nobler aims, leave the sordid and base, give up cheating and strike home, were it with the cheating yard measure.

Well, the war came, ran its course, and ended. What nobler ends followed? How much was abolished of the old cheating, the sordid

aims, and the general baseness of a world at peace? How much less wicked and selfish were we, when all the fighting was finished, and the soldiers came back to us?

And after all, we return to Celia's question, "What had they done to each other, the Russians and the English that they should stand face to face and fight?"

"Take me away, Laddy," Celia said one day, after seeing one of the gloomy processions of the wounded partly file past. "Take me away. I cannot bear to see any more. Oh! the poor soldiers—the poor soldiers—What punishment can be great enough for the men who have brought all this misery upon the earth?"

What, indeed? But Nicholas was dead. General Fievrier killed him. Perhaps, after all, he was not the guiltiest. But he gave the word. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that autocrats do not know what war means, else surely the word never would be given, even to save the throne, and every nation would manage its own affairs in quietness.

And yet England had to fight. It seems most true that the war could not be avoided. All that blood, all that suffering, the moans of so many thousands of wounded, the tears of so many thousands of women and children, the awakening of so many evil passions, the letting loose of so many devils, must fall upon the head of Russia. First to excite revolt among the Christian subjects of the Turk; then to make difficulties for the Turks in putting down the miserable victims of the Russian plot; then to call on Europe to mark how Turkey treated her subjects; then to proclaim herself the protector of Christians; this was Russia's game in 1828, in 1853, and, lastly, in 1876. And the glory of the poor soldiers! They died for their country, and have such glory as belongs to one of a nameless fifty thousand fallen on the field.

The fight was just and the victory righteous. We pay the penalty now of not having carried the war to its legitimate end. We should have restored Poland, driven Russia back to the Caucasus and the Caspian, given Finland again to Sweden, and taken away her southern ports. All this we could have done; it was possible to England and France, twenty years ago. Will the chance ever come again?

Through the whole of the war there was no man in the town who took a keener interest in it, who was oftener in the streets, who hung more about the harbour, or talked more with soldiers and sailors, than Herr Raumer.

The war, in my case, did good to our own people at the Dockyard town. There had never been such times since the old long war, when a man who had a shop near the Hard had but to open it and stand all day taking the sailors' money as fast as they poured it out over the counter. Every ship that came home brought her sailors to be paid off, the money to be all spent in the town; every ship that sailed for the East carried away stores for the soldiers, chiefly bought in the town. Those who were in the way of all this money-making made fortunes out of it, and retired to suburban villas, with gardens, for the rest of their lives. I do not think that the green coffee berries, the putrid preserved meat, the mouldy compressed hay, or the biscuits that walked about animated by a multitudinous hive of lively creatures, were supplied by any of our people. We were too patriotic; we had friends on board the ships if not in the regiments—could we send them out rotten provisions or brown paper boots? Then there was the revelry. Out of all the millions spent in the Crimean War, think how many went in the drink-shops and the dancing dens. The fiddle of old Wassielewski, I know, was in constant request; and often and often I heard the well-known sound—I knew his style, which was distinct from that of any other of the sailors' musicians—from behind the red curtains of a sailors' public-house, behind which Jack and Jill were dancing, drinking, and singing. The China War, by the way, was long since played out, and the picture had given way to another in which Russians were playing an ignominious but dramatic part. A side picture represented French sailors and soldiers, very tight of waist, moustached, and black of hair, fraternising merrily with our own men,—with drink, hand-shaking, and song, they were celebrating the *entente cordiale*. Listen! It is the sailors' hornpipe; within is one who, grave of face and agile of foot, treads that mazy measure alone, while around are grouped the crowd of sympathetic rivals, who drink, applaud, and presently emulate. The dancing is facing old Wassielewski, who sits with outstretched left leg, his deep-set eyes fixed on the opposite wall, his thoughts far away in the dreadful past or the revengeful future, while the fingers, obedient to his will, play the tune that he orders, but does not listen to. It is, I know, because I do not look in, but feel all this, a low room, and it is redolent of a thousand compound smells, ancient, fish-like, capable of knocking a stranger down and stunning him with a single blow. The windows have never been open for twenty or thirty years; of course, once in a way, a pane was broken, and there were occasions when some young mariner, ashore after three years' cruise, was fain, out of the plethora of his joy, to find relief in smashing them all. But the smell of that room was venerable by age, and respectable by association, though more awful than it is permitted to me to describe. Jack and Jill did not mind it. There was rum in it, plenty of beer, a very large quantity of tobacco, onions, beefsteaks, mutton chops, boiled pork and cabbage, pea soup, more tobacco, more rum, more beer. That smell, my friends, is gone; the public-house is gone,

Jill is almost gone, Jack is an earnest Methodist by religion, and he spends his time ashore at the Sailors' Home.

And there then was the Dockyard with all its extra hands, and the work going on day and night, so that the solemn silence of the darkness was unknown. Victory Row must have lost one of its chief charms. For the whole twenty-four hours, there was the incessant tap-tap of the caulkers, the heavy thud of the steam-hammer, the melodious banging of the rivets, followed by countless echoes from the many-cornered yard, and r-r-r-r of the machinery. No rest at all, except on Sunday. That emergency must be great indeed when the British Government would ask its workmen to give up their Sabbath rest.

As for the sailors, there seemed no diminution in their numbers, or in the number of the ships which crowded the harbour, and was perpetually coming and going with their thunder of salutes. Jack only had two stages: he was either just paid off, and therefore ostentatiously happy with his friends around him, his fiddlers, and his public-house, or he was just embarking again on a newly-commissioned ship, going off for another cruise with empty pockets, coppers terribly hot, and perhaps, if he was Jack in his youth, with the faint and dimly-seen ghost of a possible repentance somewhere lurking about his brain, a spectral umbra pointing heavenward which faded as the shore receded, and vanished about six bells in the morning.

For soldiers, we fell back upon the militia. We have never yet grasped the truth that England may have to defend what she has got; that she is not only the admiration, but also the envy, of all other nations; that Russia would like Constantinople and India; Germany, Austria—good heavens, think of the shame and ignominy of letting an un-English speaking country have Austria; the States, Canada; France, Egypt and Syria; Italy, Cyprus; Greece, Crete, and so on. When these facts have become convictions, when we fairly understand how great is our position in the world; what a tremendous stake we have in it; how much of unselfish humanity depends on the maintenance of English hegemony; then will England arm every man between fifteen and fifty, and make all from twenty to thirty liable to foreign service. Patriotism sleeps, but it may be awakened. If it continues to sleep, farewell to England's greatness. A century of ignoble wealth, a generation or two of commerce diverted, trade ruined, industries forgotten, and the brave old country would become worse than Holland, because the English are more sensitive than the Dutch, and the memories of old glory, combined with present degradation, would madden the people and drive them to—the usual British remedy, drink.

In 1855 we—I do not speak as a Pole—were rather better off in the matter of regiments and recruits than we should be in 1877, were the occasion to arise. In all these years we have learned nothing, taken to heart nothing, done nothing, prepared for nothing. We have no large army, we have no better organization, we have no more intelligent system, we have not made our officers more responsible. Twenty years ago we threw away twenty thousand men—with a light heart sent out twenty thousand men to die because we had no system of control, transport, and commissariat. All these poor lads died of preventable disease. What have we done since to make that impossible again? Nothing. Talk. At the very Autumn Manoeuvres, when we have weeks to prepare and a paltry ten thousand men to provide for, we break down. Continental nations see it, and laugh at us. What have we done to make our children learn that they must fight *pro patria*, if occasion arise? Nothing. Board Schools teach the Kings of Israel; the very atmosphere of the country teaches desire of success and the good things which success brings with it; no school teaches, as the Germans teach, that every man is owed to his country. That may come; if it does not come soon, farewell to England's greatness. Again; that the Empire was created and grew great, not by truckling to the pretensions of modern diplomats, but by saying, "Thus far, and no farther." Do this wrong or that, and you will have to fight England. That the most glorious country that the world has ever seen, the finest, the richest, the most splendid, the most religious, the least priest-ridden and king-ridden, was made what it is by its children being willing and able to fight—all these things were not taught in 1855, and are not yet taught in 1877. Good heavens! I am a Pole, and yet more than half an Englishman; how noble are his annals; how profound a gap would be made in the world by the collapse of England; and how little English people seem to understand their greatness. I have been waiting for twenty years to see the fruits of the Crimean War—and, behold, they are dust and ashes in the mouth.

Revenons à nos moutons. Our garrison, then, consisted of a couple of militia regiments. They came to us, raw country lads, like the recruits whom we sent to the East, but, being without the presence of the veterans to control and influence them, they took longer to improve. And yet it is wonderful to notice how an English lad takes to his drill and tackles his gun from the very first, with an intelligence that is almost instinct. He is, to be sure, almost too fond of fighting. There is no other country besides England, except France, where the recruits can be taught to march, to skirmish, and the rest of it, without the aid of Sergeant Stick, so largely employed in the Russian, German, and Austrian services. These young fellows came up to barracks, with their country lurch upon them, their good-natured country grin, and their insatiable

thirst for beer. They retained the last, but in a very short time got rid of the first. One whole regiment volunteered for foreign service—I forget what it was—and went to Corfu, the island which a late Prime Minister, more careful of a theory than of a country's prestige, tossed contemptuously to Greece, so that all the world sneered and even the gods wondered. Well: these rustics of militia men, I declare, after a few weeks were as well set up, pipe-clayed, and drilled, as any regiment of the line, and as trustworthy in case their services would be required.

In one thing, one must needs confess, they were inferior to the regulars. It was not in perpendicularity, which they easily acquired. We were still in the pipe-clay days, when the white belt and the cross shoulder-straps were daily stiffened by that abominable stuff: the white trousers of summer had also to be kept in a whitened sepulchral semblance of purity by the same means; a man who is pipe-clayed cannot stoop: the black leather collar kept the head at an unbending line with the body; and the yellow tufts on the shoulder, with the swallow-tails of the absurd regimental coat and the tiny ball of red stuff on the regimental hat, all combined to necessitate a carriage ten times stiffer and more rigidly upright than in these degenerate days. The most lop-sided and lurcher-like of rustics was bound to become perpendicular. But their falling was in the way they took their beer. The old regular got drunk as often as the militia man, but the drunker he got the stiffer he grew, so that when he was quite helpless he felt like a lamp-post, with unobtrusive legs. And we, who knew by experience how a soldier should fall, remarked with sorrow rather than anger that the militiaman fell in a heap like a plough-boy, and so betrayed his customary pursuits.

CHAPTER XII.

This was an especially good time for Ferdinand Brambler, the journalist, and consequently by the children. Such years of fatness had never before been known to them. Not, it is true, that fortune befriended Augustus. Quite the contrary. War might be made and peace signed without affecting his position in the slightest. Nothing ever happened to better his position. On one occasion, even, I think it was in 1856—he received an intimation from Mr. Tyrrell's head clerk, who had vainly trusted him with some real work, that his resignation would be accepted if he sent it in. Therefore, with enthusiasm ever equal to the occasion, he hastened to desert the legal, and once more returned to the Scholastic, taking the post of writing and arithmetic master in a Select Commercial Academy.

"After all," he said to me, "the Scholastic is my real vocation. I feel it most when I go back to it. To teach the rising generation—what can be nobler? I influence one mind, we will say. Through him, I influence his six children; through them their thirty-six children; through them again their two hundred and sixteen—there is no end to the influence of a schoolmaster. I shall be remembered, Mr. Pulaski, I shall be remembered by a grateful posterity."

Perhaps he will be remembered, but his chances of exercising permanent influence were scanty on this occasion, because, although he fought with extraordinary zeal and activity, the Principal actually complained after three months, that his boys were learning nothing, and gave him notice in the friendliest and kindest manner.

Some secret influence was brought to bear upon Mr. Tyrrell at this juncture, when the Brambler household threatened to lose the income derived from the labour of its chief, because Augustus went back to his old office and his old pay, sitting once more cheerfully among the boys, mending the pens with enthusiastic alacrity, serving writs with zeal, copying out bills of costs with ardour, and actively inspecting old books in an eager search for nothing.

"I do think," he said in a burst of enthusiasm, "that there is nothing after all like the legal. When you have deserted it for a time and go back to it you feel it most. Law brings out the argumentative side—the intellectual side of a man. It makes him critical. Law keeps his brain on the stretch. Often on Saturday night I wonder how I have managed to worry through the work of the week. But you see they could not get on without me."

Perhaps not, but yet if Augustus had known by whose fair pleading he was received back to become a permanent incubus on the weekly expenses of that office—

In the Scholastic, in the Clerical, or in the legal, Augustus Brambler never changed, never lost heart, never failed in zeal, never ceased to take the same lively and personal interest in the well-being of the House. He had his punctual habits and his maxims. He was a model among employees. Fortune when she gave Augustus a sanguine temperament and a lively imagination, thought she had done enough for the man, and handed him over to the Three Sisters, as sufficiently endowed to meet any fate. And they condemned him to the unceasing and contented exercise of illusion and imagination, so that he never saw things as they really were or understood their proportion.

But during the years of war, the children, in spite of their helpless father, waxed fat and strong, and even little Forty-six looked satisfied and well fed.

It was through the exertions of their Uncle Ferdinand.

I had long observed that whenever anything was going on—and something in these days was constantly going on—Ferdinand, beside Herr Räumler, was always on the spot. Whatever the nature of the ceremony, whether it was the embarkation of a regiment, or the arrival of the invalided, or a military funeral, or an inspection of troops upon the Common, or a launch, Ferdinand was in attendance and to the front, wearing a face of indescribable importance, and carrying a notebook. This in hand, he surveyed the crowd on arrival, and made a note; cast a weather-eye upwards to the sky, and made a note; then as soon as the function began he continued steadily making notes until the end. I did not at first, being innocent of literary matters, connect the notes with certain descriptions of events which regularly appeared in the local *Mercure*. They were written with fidelity and vigour; they did justice to the subject; they were poetical in feeling and flowery in expression. A fine day was rendered as "a bright and balmy atmosphere warmed by the beams of benevolent Sol;" a crowded gathering gave an opportunity for the admirer of beauty to congratulate his fellow-townsmen on the beauty and tasteful dress of their daughters; when a ship was launched, she was made by a bold and strikingly original figure to float swan-like on the bosom of the ocean; when a public dinner was held, the tables groaned under the viands provided by mine eminent host of the George; the choicest wines sparkled in the goblet; animation and enthusiasm reigned in every heart; and each successive flow of oratory was an occasion for a greater and more enthusiastic outburst of cheering. The writer was not critical, he was descriptive. That is the more popular form of journalism. Froissart was the inventor of the unmerciful historian. And Ferdinand was born either too early or too late.

For all these beautiful and gushing columns, invaluable to some antiquary of the future, were due to the pen of Ferdinand Brambler, and it was by the frequency of the occasions on which his powers were called for that the prosperity of the Bramblers depended. And Ferdinand, an excellent brother and the most self-denying creature in the world, worked cheerfully for his nephews and nieces. Beneath that solemn exterior, and behind those pretensions to genius, there beat the most simple of hearts.

Ferdinand did not report, first, because he could not write shorthand, and secondly, because he thought it—and said so—beneath the dignity of genius to become the "mere copying clerk of Yestry twaddle." He lived on his *manuscripts*, for which, as he was the only man in the place who wrote them, and therefore had the field all to himself, he received fairly good pay. During the Crimean War, he had a never-ending succession of subjects for his pen, which was as facile as it was common-place. It was the history of the regiment; it was a note on the next roster; it was the service roll of a ship; it was the biography of a general; nothing came amiss to the encyclopedic Ferdinand; and whatever he treated, it must be owned, was treated with the same hackneyed similes, the same well-worn metaphors, and the same pleasantries: for, while Augustus looked on life through the rosy glasses of a sanguine imagination, Ferdinand regarded things from the standpoint of genius. He wrote for a provincial weekly paper; nothing higher would take his papers: he was not the editor; he was not even on the regular salaried staff; he was a mere out-idea, sending in articles on such topics as occurred to him; but in his own imagination he wrote for posterity. Like Augustus he believed in himself. And just as Augustus assumed in the family circle the air of one who unbends after hard intellectual labour, so Ferdinand when he emerged from the ground floor front, which was his study, and contained his library, moved and spoke with the solemnity of one with whom his genius is always present.

From 1853 to 1857 the family flourished and grew fat. For after the Russian War was finished, and the treaty signed to be broken as soon as the semi-barbaric Muscovite thought himself strong enough—there arose in the East another cloud. I have often wondered whether the Indian Mutiny, like the late Bulgarian insurrections, was got up by Russian agents, and, if so, I have reflected with joy upon the maddening disappointment to the Tartar that it did not happen just two years before.

We had achieved peace, not a very glorious peace, because we ought to have driven Russia back to the Caucasus as a frontier before any peace was thought of, but still peace, and with the memory of those three years upon us, the sufferings of our troops, the unpreparedness of England, the rascality of contractors, and the inefficiency of our officers, we were glad to sit down and rest. How have we profited by the lesson of twenty years ago? What security have we that on the next occasion, when our men are ordered out again, the same things will not happen again—the green colic, the putrid preserved meat, the shoddy coats, the brown-paper boots, the very powder adulterated?

Peace! Well, we had fought two or three gallant battles, being jealous of our gallant allies, killed an immense number—say, altogether, with those who died on the march, and those who died of disease, and those who died in the field, about half a million of Russians, fifty thousand Englishmen, double the number of French, and the same number of Turks; we had put a sudden end to Tennyson's "long canker of peace," and made it war—first for righteous reasons, and then for the lust of blood and

battle, the red-sheeted spectre which rises when the trumpet sounds and fires the blood of peaceful men. As for the morality at home, as I asked in the last chapter, were we the better?

Then came the Indian Mutiny. For a while it seemed as if the very foundations of the Indian Empire were shaken. And at no time were the hearts of Englishmen more stirred in the whole of England's history than by the tales of massacre and murder which came by every ship from the East. The troops which had enjoyed a brief year of rest were hastily re-embarked; the flags which bore the names of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava, were carried out again to get the names of Lucknow and Delhi; but the men who marched out in '54 with the sturly look of men who mean to fight because they must, went out now with the face of those who go to take revenge because they can. It was a war of revenge. And, whatever the provocation, it was a full and even cruel measure of revenge that the British soldiers took. We were growing sick of "history," Cis and I. We waited and watched while the red coats went and came; wanted to go on without excitement with our music and our reading, and we longed for peace.

"The Lord," said the Captain, "gives us peace, and the Devil gives us war. Until the nature of men is changed, there will be peace and war in alternate slices like a sandwich. In good times the sandwich is meaty. Meantime, let us keep up the fleet."

We came to the spring of 1858. Mr. Tyrrell was Mayor for the second time. It was the year when Leonard should return,—five years on June the twenty-first. Celia looked at me sometimes, and I at her. But we said nothing because we understood what was meant. And one day I surprised the Captain in Leonard's room. He was opening drawers, arranging chairs, and trying window blinds. "All ship-shape, Laddy, and in good order. Don't let the boy think the vessel has got out of trim after all these years."

The Mutiny was over, the punishment had been inflicted, and our town was now comparatively quiet. No more hurried preparation of armaments and despatch of ships. Things became flat, the people who had not already made fortunes out of the war saw with sorrow that their opportunity was past, the extra hands at the dockyard were discharged, and the town became quiet again. It was bad for all who had to earn their bread—even I felt the change in the falling-off of pupils—and it was especially bad for poor Ferdinand Brambler.

I met him one day walking solemnly away from the yard, notebook in hand. I stopped to shake hands with him, and noticed that his clothes were shabby, his boots worn at the heel, his hat ancient, and his general get-up indicating either the neglect of outward appearance peculiar to genius or a period of financial depression. While I accosted him his brother Augustus passed by. He, too, was in like pitiable guise. And he looked pinched in the cheeks, albeit smiling and cheerful as ever.

"What will it run to, Ferdinand?" he asked anxiously.

"I should say," said Ferdinand with hesitation, "unless I am disappointed, mind, which I may be, I should say it will be a pound of tea, the greengrocer's bill, and something to Forty-seven's new shoes."

"The wife did say," replied Augustus, "that the children's breakings out are for want of meat. But if we can't have meat we can't. Awfully busy at the office, Ferdinand. Money pouring in. Nothing like the legal."

Poor Ferdinand, who by long struggling with the family wolf had got to look on everything he wrote as representing payment in kind, was right in being proud of his profession, because he had nothing else to be proud of. It was not in quiet times a lucrative one, and I should think, taking one year with another, that this poor genius, who really loved literature for its own sake, and who with better education and better chances might have made something of a name, received from his profession about as much as his brother in the legal, and that was sixty pounds a year.

I repeated this conversation to the Captain at dinner. He became silent, and after our simple meal proposed that we should go for a walk. By the merest chance we passed the Bramblers' house.

"Dear me," said the Captain, "the very people we were speaking of. Suppose we pay our respects to Mrs. Brambler."

The poor woman was up to her eyes in work, her endless children round her. But the little Bramblers did not look happy. They wore a pinched and starved look, and there was no disguising the fact that they were breaking out. Forty-eight scowled at us with rebellious looks; Forty-six was wolfish in hungry gaze, and even the mild-eyed Forty-four looked sad.

Mrs. Brambler read the pity in the Captain's eyes, and sat down, bursting into tears, and throwing her apron over her face. The elder girls stole to the window and sobbed behind the curtain—the younger children sat down every one upon what came handiest, and all cried together. They were a very emotional family.

"So—so," said the Captain, "we were passing—Laddy and I—and we thought we would drop in—thought—we—would—drop—in. Come here, Forty-six—Does this boy, do you think, Mrs. Brambler, have enough nourishment?"

"Augustus does all he can, Captain, and so does Ferdinand, I'm sure. But there was the rent, and we behind with everybody—and—and—sometimes it's most too much for me."

"We dropped in," repeated the mendacious

Captain, "to invite the children to tea and supper to-night—"

"Hooray!" cried Forty-six, dancing about; and the faces of all lighted up with a sunshine like their father's.

"It's only your kindness, Captain. You don't really want them."

"Not want them? Where is Forty-four? Come and kiss me, my dear. Where is your colour gone? Not want them? Nonsense. Nothing but shrimps and periwinkles, and watercress, perhaps, for tea; but for supper—ah!—eh! Laddy, what can we do in the way of supper? What is in the larder?"

"A leg of mutton, a beefsteak, and a pair of chickens," I replied. "I think that is all."

The larder, was, in fact, empty, but this was not a time to parade the vacuum.

"You see, Mrs. Brambler; much more, very much more, than we can possibly eat. Friends in the country. And we did not think that the steak for supper—"

"Ah!" cried Forty-six irrepressibly.

"With the leg of mutton for yourself and the pair of chickens—"

Mrs. Brambler laughed through her tears.

"There—go along, Captain," she said. "We know.—But if it wouldn't trouble you, the children shall go and welcome."

"Very lucky, Laddy," said the Captain, in the street, "that the larder is so full. Let us call at the butcher's as we go home."

I ventured to mention to Herr Räumler the distressed condition of the family with whom he lodged.

"I know it," he said, helping himself to a glass of Hock. "I have seen for sometime that the children were not properly fed. It is a pity. A good many children about the world are in the same plight."

"Help them!" I said, sententiously, "when you can."

He shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.

"I am past sixty. I have seen so much distress in the world that I have long since resolved to help nobody. The weakest goes to the wall in this best of all possible worlds. If it is not the best it is not my fault, because I did not make it. Every man for himself, as you will say at sixty if you are honest. This is a comfortable chair, that is good Hock, this is excellent tobacco. Why should I trouble myself because people are starving in the room below us any more than because they are starving in China, which is a good many miles off? Pity and charity are excellent things in the abstract. Applied to individuals actually before you they are disgusting. *Allons, cher Ladislas, seignons philosophes.*"

He was a man of infinite pity in the abstract, wept over any amount of woe served up in the yellow paper covers of a French novel, but in the presence of actual suffering he was callous. "Every man for himself." Since I have grown older I have learned to distrust many a philanthropist whose sympathies grow deeper the further they reach from home.

"And now," he went on, changing the position of his legs. "Let us be cheerful, and talk of Celia. Pretty, delicate, little Celia. Tall and *gracious* Celia. Choice and delicious Celia. She is a credit to you, Ladislas Pulaski. Her husband will thank you. I drink her health. Ah! The English girls. . . . After all, we must grant these islanders some superiority. They are stupid, ignorant and prejudiced. They call Continental diplomacy bad names, and are going to ruin themselves because they will not have secret service money. But their girls—their girls are charming. And the most charming of them all is Celia."

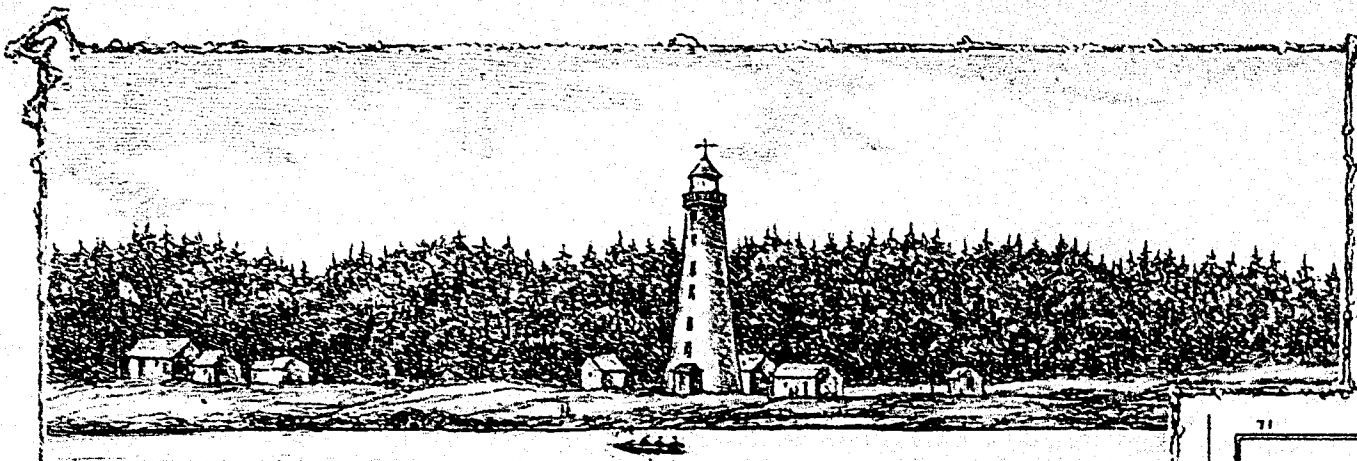
(To be continued.)

AS OTHERS SEE US.—Dr. Lyman Abbott of the N. Y. *Christian Union* writes: "I think Montreal is the handsomest city on the continent. There are individual finer buildings in Boston, New York and Chicago, perhaps in other cities; but I know of no city which is so uniformly fine. The great stone wharves, how ugly our rotting wooden piers seem in comparison; the substantial mercantile structures, less ornate but more enduring than those of our own Broadway; the trim lawns and great shade trees, which make Sherbrooke street more than the peer of Fifth Avenue; the magnificent churches both Roman Catholic and Protestant looking as though they were built to last till the day of judgment; the numberless public buildings, increased by Roman Catholic institutions—monasteries, nunneries, hospitals, asylums; the cleanliness of even the poorer quarters of the city; the seemingly entire absence of a Fourth Ward or a Baxter street; and last, but not least, the incomparable view from Mount Royal—the city at your feet, the St. Lawrence in the background, and the steamer in the distance making that plunge down the rapids that you took a day or two ago—this is the glimpse I got of Montreal, and it is only glimpses I tried to get."

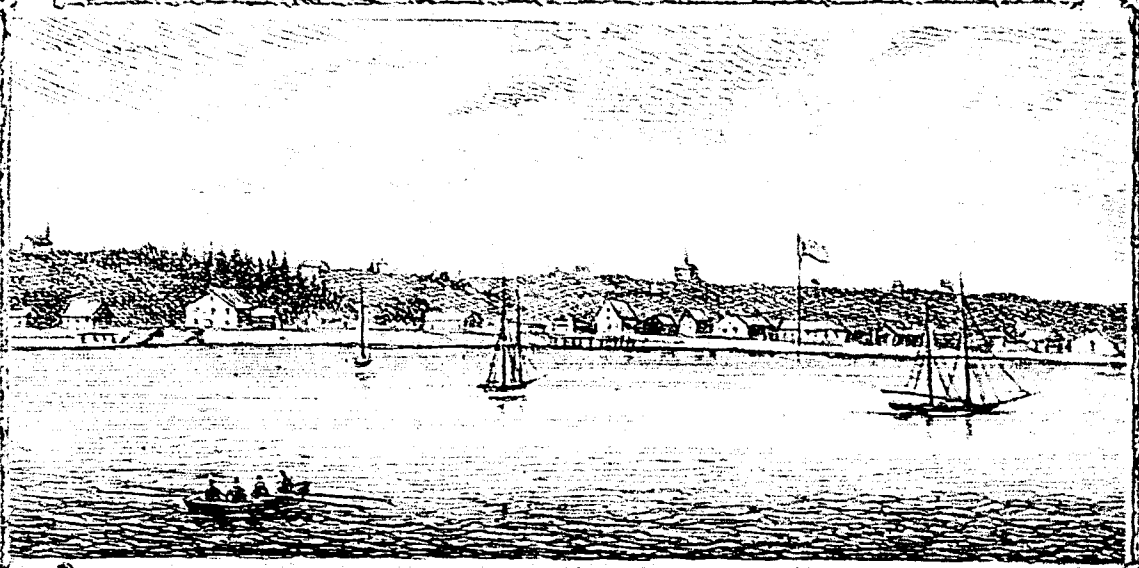
H O W

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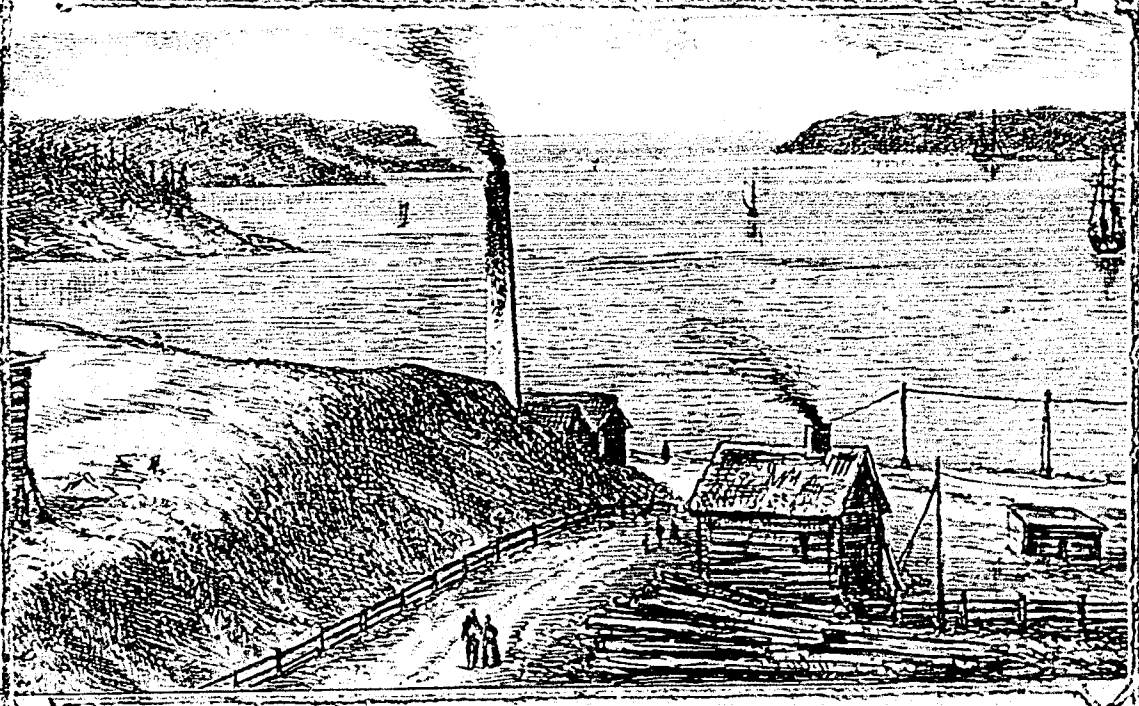
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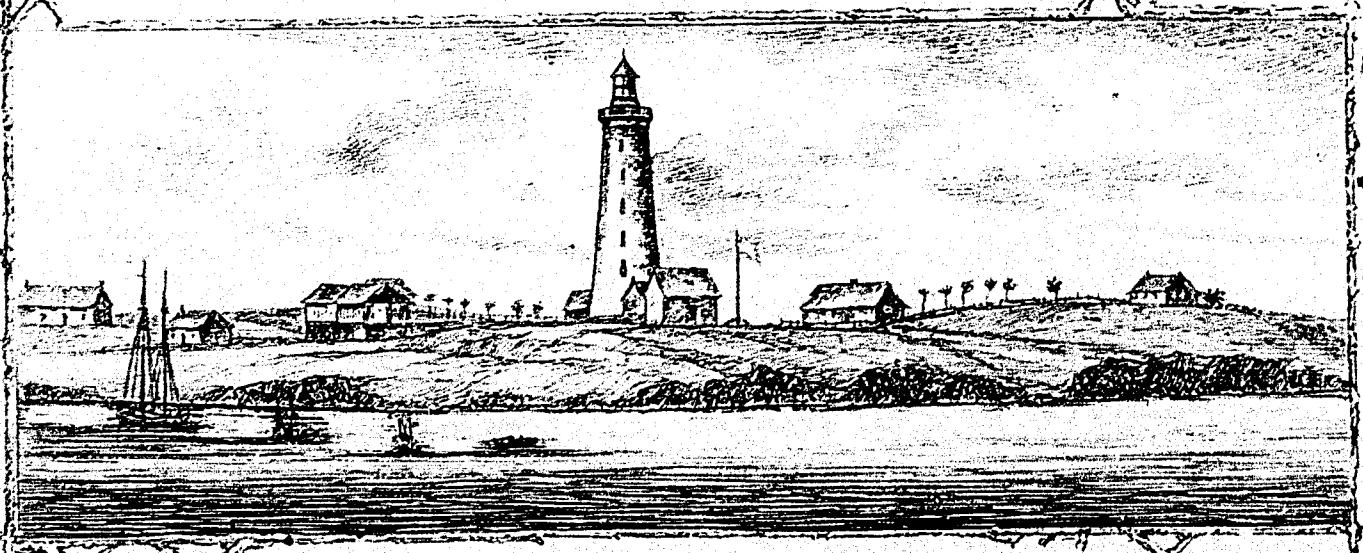
2. LIGHT-HOUSE, POINT DES MONTS.



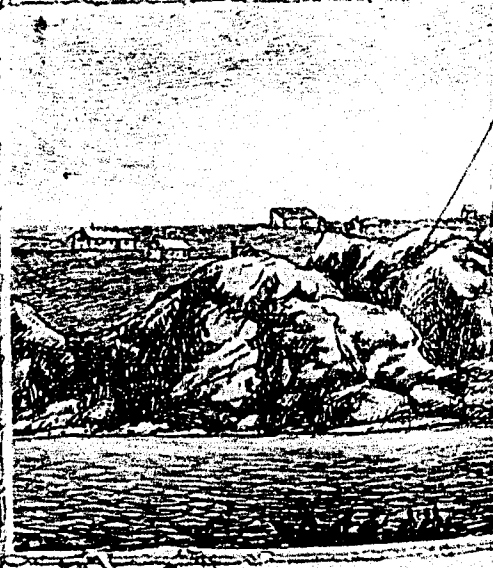
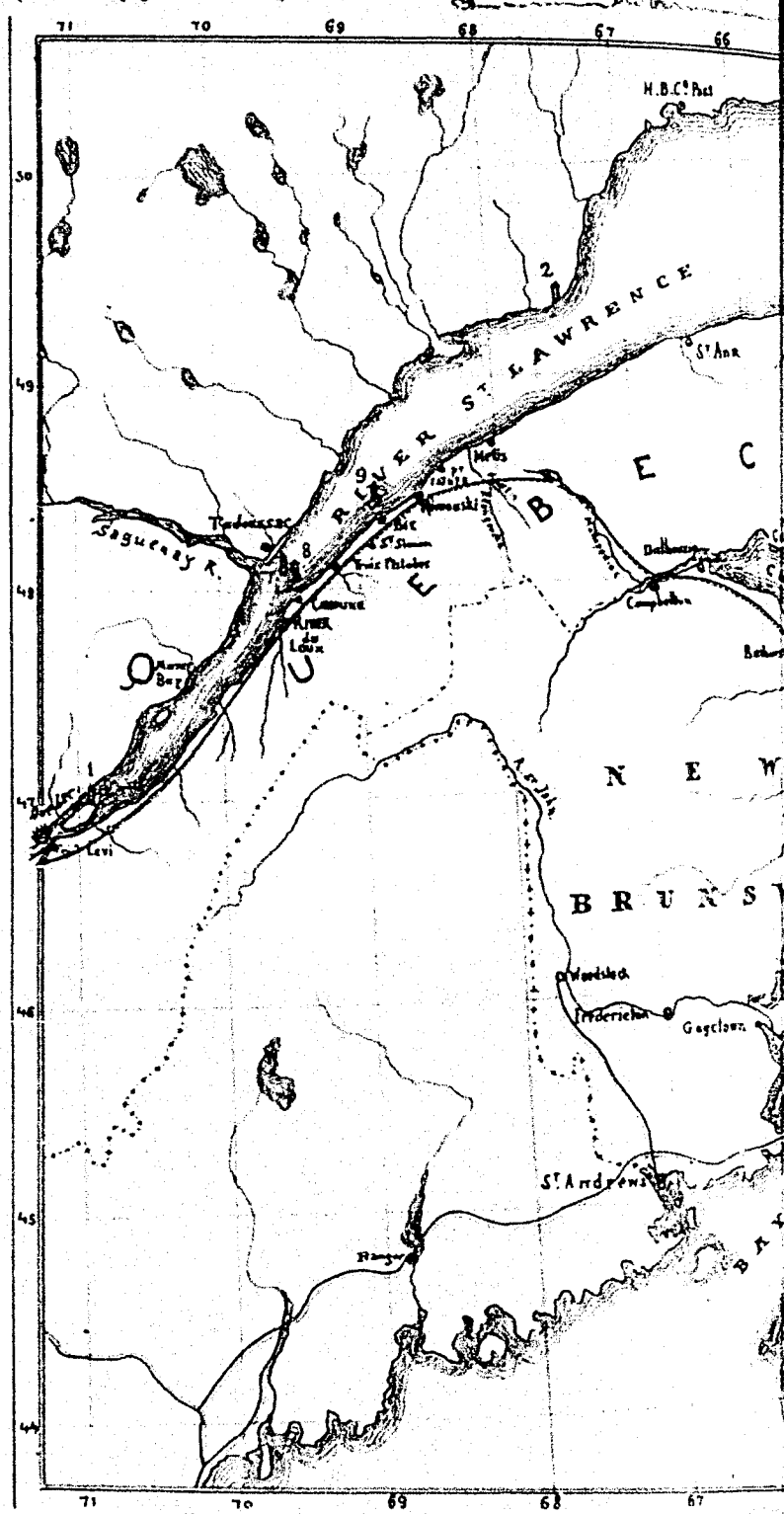
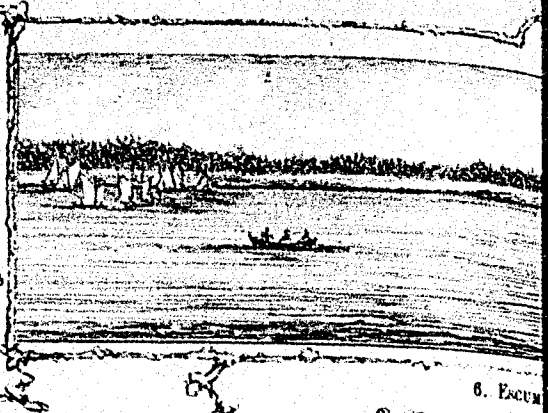
VIEW OF PASPEBIAC, QUEBEC.

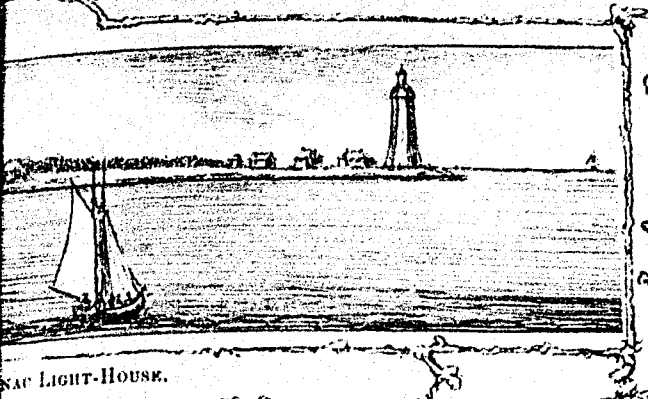


MELVILLE ISLAND, HALIFAX.

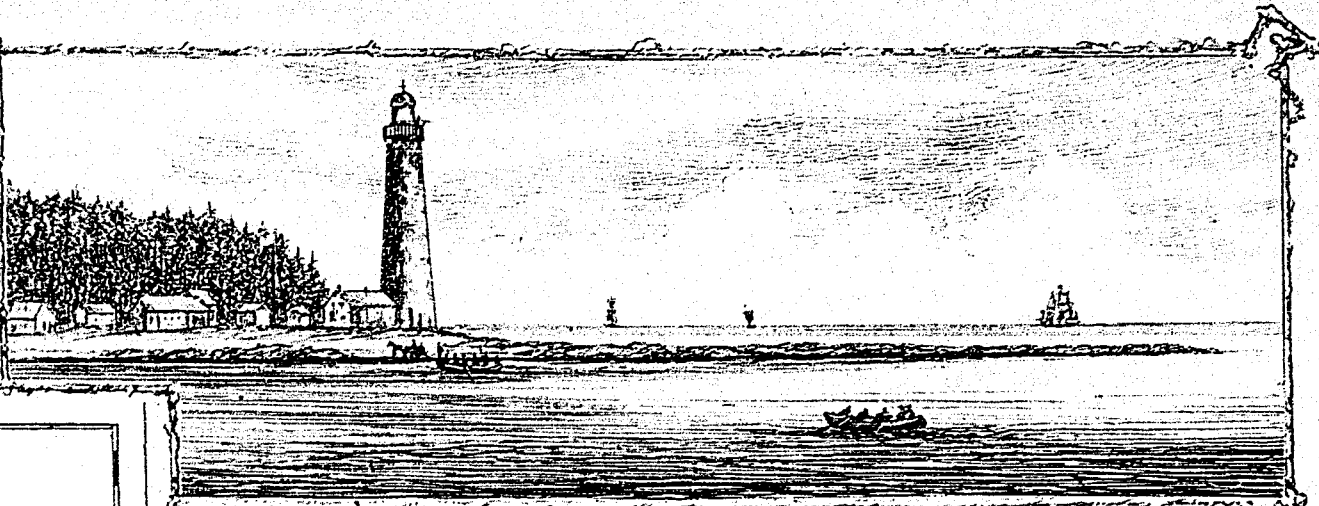


4. LIGHT-HOUSE S. W. POINT, ANTICOSTI.

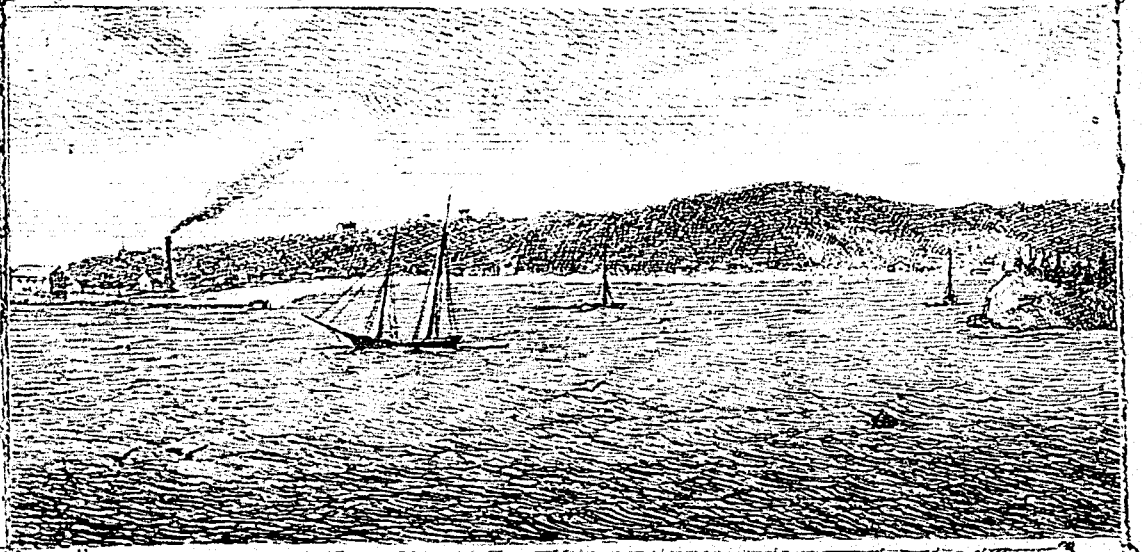
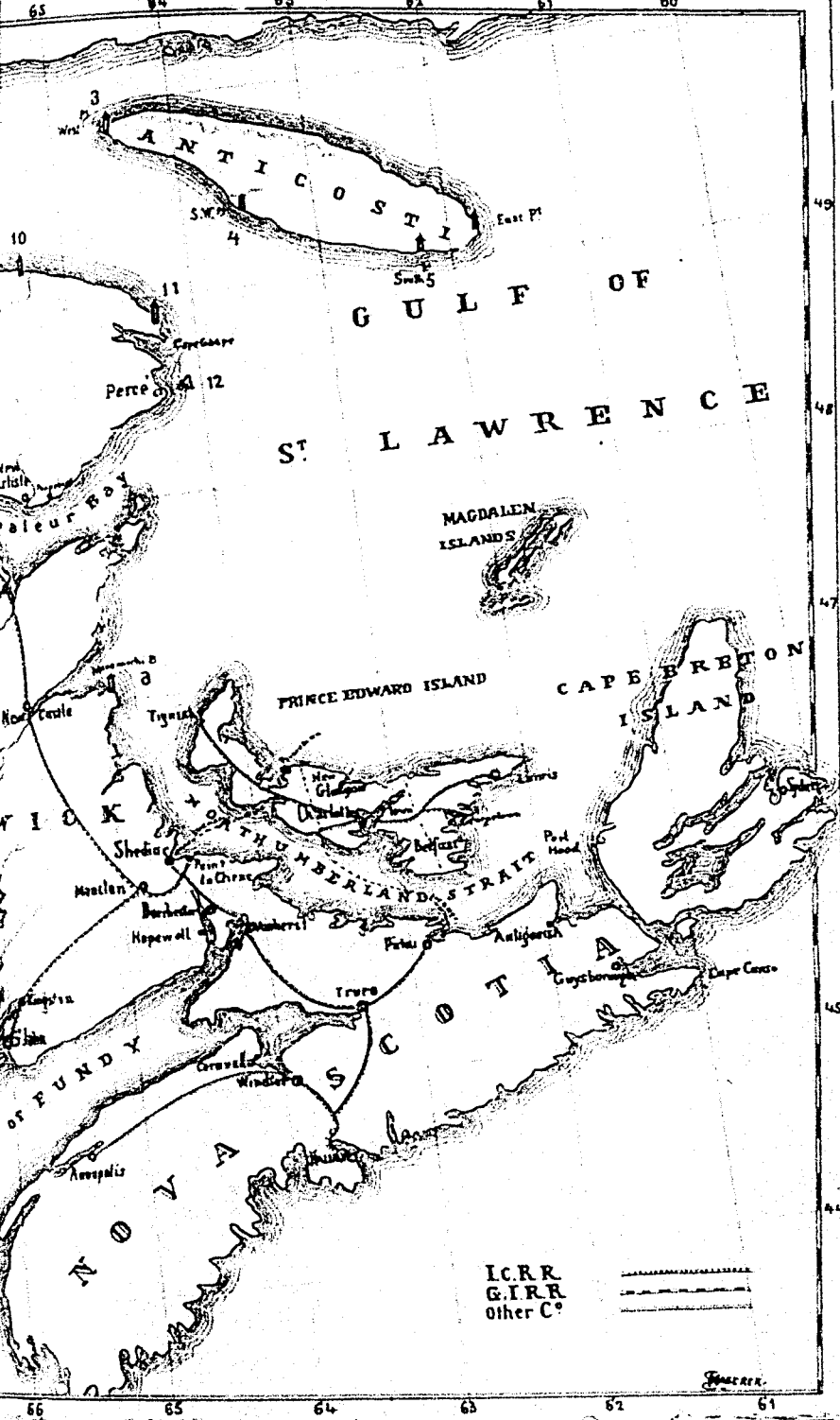




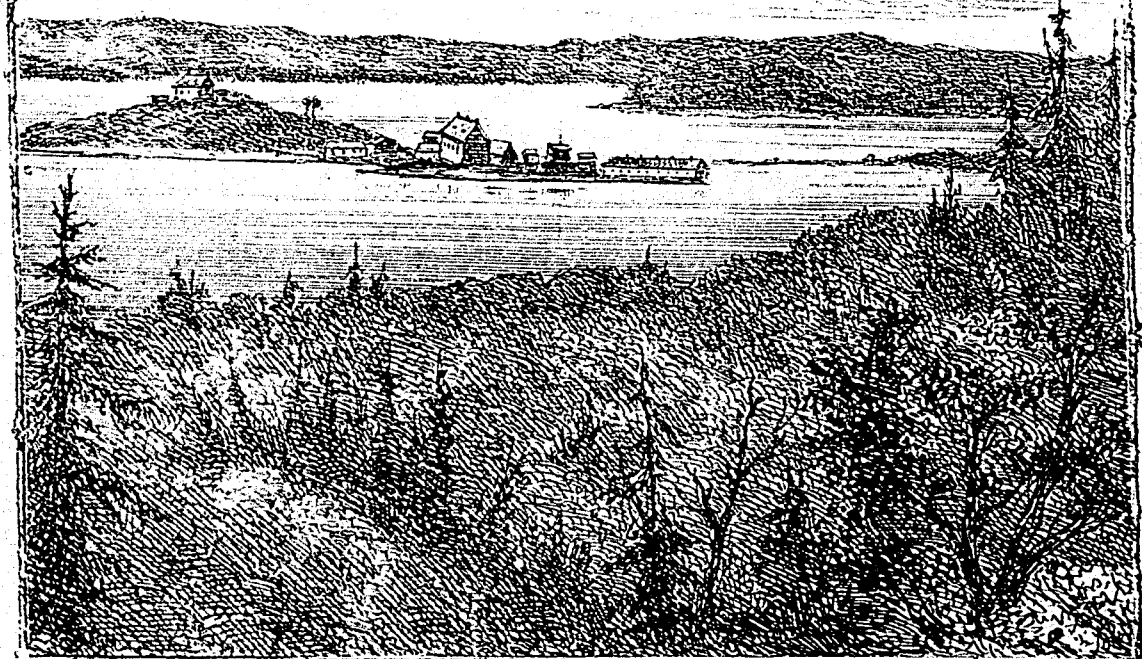
CHASE LIGHT-HOUSE.



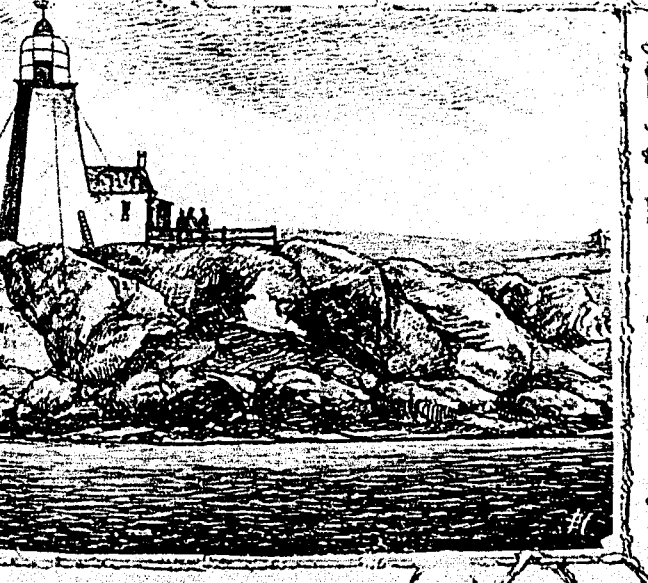
3. LIGHT-HOUSE, WEST POINT, ANTICOSTI



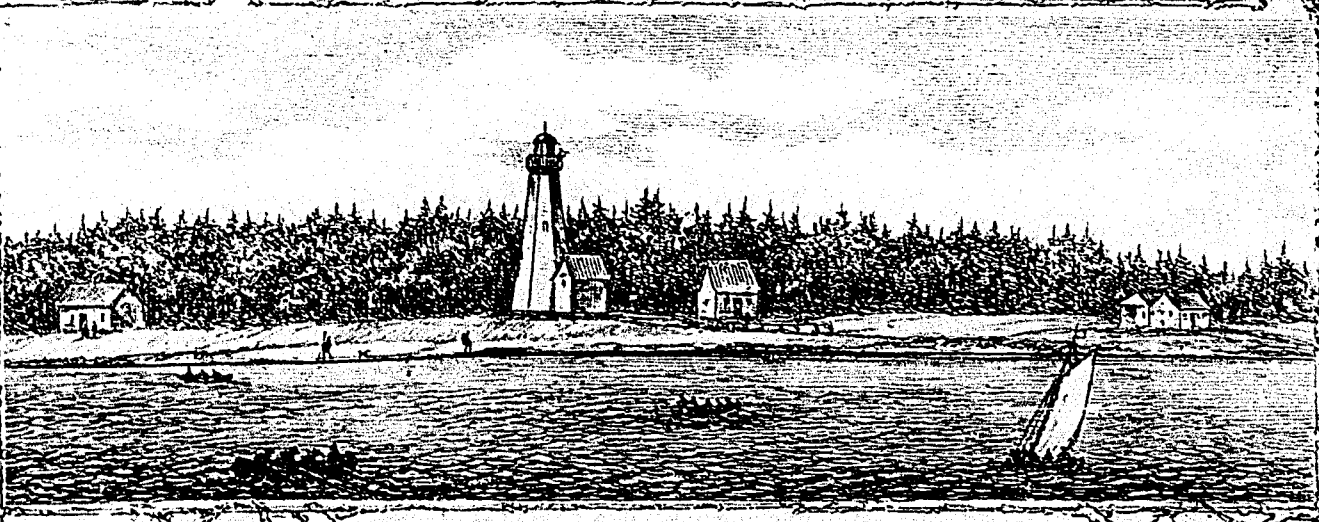
VIEW OF DALHOUSIE, N. B.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF PICTOU HARBOUR, N. S.



CHASE LIGHT-HOUSE.



5. LIGHT-HOUSE, SOUTH POINT, ANTICOSTI.

LAWRENCE, WITH MAP OF REFERENCE.

"HOME AGAIN."

After an absence of some duration, with what expected eagerness do we look forward to a return to our old home? As the boat, steaming slowly on, gradually approaches her destination, how intently do we find ourselves gazing off towards the old hills, and, as the familiar elevations and depressions of the far off outline become more and more distinct, how the mind teems with a thousand recollections! One's experience in the old place may be looked back upon as one long, joyous summer holiday, or the memory may be tempered by sadness, still, as the familiar objects loom up in the distance, the eyes turn longingly towards them and the heart swells with the anticipation of once more reveling among the scenes we love so well. Forgotten, for the moment, is all the gratification realized during our absence—the pleasant associations, the new friends, the fresh ties and the varied experience, so recently left behind. In our valise, perhaps, are carefully treasured many little souvenirs, but these, too, are forgotten; chased out of the mind by a glimpse of a far-off spire, or the reflection of the sun upon some well-known dome.

While we are away among friends, or off on an extended tour, or spending the season at some favorite resort, how quickly the time flies; but when we think of home, or approach its threshold, what an age it seems since we left it!

It is said the author of that sweetly beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home," was one of those unfortunate Bohemians who never knew the charms of what he could call his own fireside. Who could have believed it? Millions of people in all phases of life have been charmed by his exquisite description of their own feelings, and the plaintive, heart-moving air, is warbled by beautiful vocalists, and hummed by all classes, the world over. How dear it is to the mariner in a foreign port; to the soldier in the tented field; to the traveller, whenever he may be. I, too, love the song, and in my wanderings have often been moved to—ah! what am I talking about! I am as mad as he was. I have been a wanderer all my life.

But, as I was saying, these old hills awaken a flood of recollections. Yonder are Burlington Heights, which I know so well; all along on the left extends the "Mountain," up which I have chambered in a hundred different places; those inlets and nooks are familiar to me, and all these wharves and warehouses, a little shabby, it is true, are—"HAMILTON"—confound that fellow for interrupting me so abruptly. But here we are, shame enough, and I must look after my baggage.

"To my lodgings," I say to the "John," and then I lean back in the seat and resume my reverie—"Home, Sweet Home." But—"shaw!"—I can make no kind of progress with my meditations, for I find myself constantly looking out of the window, in the hope of seeing somebody I know. But "John," the miser, takes me up a back street, for a short cut. It was a little annoying at first, but, upon further reflection, I concluded that it was, perhaps, better after all, as I always did object to talking to a lot of people on the street. I had scarcely got the dust brushed off my garments, in my room, when there was a loud ring at the front door bell. "Hello," I said, "I'll bet that's Snuffers. How the deuce did he find out I was back." I went to the door to embrace him, but, it wasn't Snuffers; it was only a young man who was anxious to sell one of his "Patent flip-up oyster openers."

I went back to resume my toilet, and was musing over old times, when, soon after, there came another ring. "That is Slicer, the old scamp; I know his ring," I thought, as I went out to meet him, but it was only an agent for some new kind of clothes wringer.

I was permitted to finish dressing without any further interruption, and had just begun work, at the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, when I was startled by a tremendous jingle at the door bell. Sounds awfully like a bailiff, I mused, but if it turns out to be any more of those "Patent Right" men I'll hit him over the head with this clothes brush. I was determined in this, and went boldly to the door, but it was none other than my good old friend Snuffers. As soon as he laid eyes upon me, he broke out in his usual hilarious manner.

"Hawthorn, old fellow, glad to see you. Brown as a nutmeg, aw. How have you been?"

"First-rate," I said, "come in, old boy, and have a cigar."

After the usual amount of badgering had been got over with, I asked:

"What's the news, Snuffers? You are always pretty well posted."

"Bad," he drawled out, "bad; trade is dull; nothing doing. Snickers is gone up, Mixton is tottering, Bupley is believed to have run off, and what we are all coming to I'm blessed if I can make out."

"Good heavens, Snuffers," I exclaimed, "you are surely not in earnest."

"O, it's all true enough. But say, Hawthorn, did you hear about little Miss—?"

"No," I said with alarm. "What about her?"

"Why what the mischief have you been doing with yourself? You haven't heard anything," exclaimed Snuffers, with derision.

"I have been away, you know," I said, by way of apology. "But tell me, what has happened to her?"

"Why she is married; yes, married to that old money grubber, Littleby; old enough to be her grandfather," replied Snuffers, in his forcible manner.

"Why," I remark, with some hesitation, "we

used to think there was every probability of her becoming, eventually, Mrs. Snuffers."

"There was no ground for the supposition," he exclaims, and then, after a short pause, he asks, as he smacks his lips, "Where did you get that sherry, Hawthorn?"

"What do you think of it?" I ask, glad to change the subject.

"Not bad," he replies, as he resumes it.

Just then there was another ring at the door-bell.

"That's Slicer, I guess," remarks Snuffers.

"He told me he was coming round."

It was that gentleman, sure enough. As may be expected, the meeting between us was exceedingly cordial, for we had been friends for a long time. In the course of the chat which followed Slicer remarked,

"I have no particular news to tell you, Hawthorn; I will leave all that to Snuffers; but I have something else for you, though, which may do as a substitute, and that is an invitation from— for to-night. Now don't say no, for I just left them, and they made me promise to bring you."

"O yes, that's so, Hawthorn; I was to have told you about it myself, but I forgot it," said Snuffers.

"Just like you," remarked Slicer.

"I will think about it," I replied, and then we had a real pleasant talk.

"By the by," said Slicer, "Lumpkin's last article in the *Parade* is capital, and Pintoff has a splendid new picture on view up town; let's go up and see it."

A little later the three of us went up to see the painting, and then we went round to see Pintoff himself.

On our way up we accidentally ran against Goggles. Goggles used to be a first-rate sort of a fellow, but he has latterly developed into a miserable old note-shaver.

"Hello, Hawthorn," he says, "back again, eye? I knew you would not stay away long."

"I staid away as long as I intended to," I reply, rather curtly.

"That was until you spent all your money, I suppose," and then he laughs like a fool.

"But anyhow, Hawthorn, what are you going to do, now?" he asks, seriously.

"The first thing I intend to do will be to cut some of my friends," I remark, with some sarcasm.

"I advised you to do that long ago," he chuckles, as he looks at Snuffers. "I must be teedling on, though," he adds, "will be down to see you before long, Hawthorn; by, by."

"Confound his impudence!" I exclaim.

"He is an awful bore," remarked Snuffers.

"He gives me the blues every time I meet him," adds Slicer.

"I won't stand any of his nonsense," I exclaim, savagely.

Pintoff was really glad to see us, but it seemed as though he had become even more melancholy than he was before I went away. We found him soliloquizing over Tom Moore's well-known lines—

I feel like one who is left alone
In some banquet hall deserted,
Whose vapors have fled, whose garlands are dead,
And all but him departed.

"Nonsense, old man," began Slicer, and, leaving the three to conduct a rather animated dialogue as to the grand object in life in general, I resume my meditations on the pleasures of home.

QUIP HAWTHORN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

UNKINDNESS.—Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

BEAUTY.—Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movements or expressions which stamp their characters upon it.

SLOW AND SURE.—There are circumstances in life when speed is folly, and to be slow is to be almost insured to safety. Take friendship as an example. How many of us are apt to run headlong into those pleasant bonds of affection for well-seeming and charming people, of whom in reality we know nothing, only to find that seeming and being are by no means interchangeable terms, and that what we took to be harmony with ourselves turns out to be discord instead!

LAZINESS.—"Man of leisure" is the polite term for a genteel drone. We call this ragged, peniless fellow-sluggard with unkempt hair and unwashed face a "loafer;" but, as the former manifests some respect for the decencies of life, and has the wherewithal to pay his way instead of begging it, we dignify him with the title of "man of leisure." Morally, however, the twain are fellow-tribesmen. There is no essential difference between them, the only disparity being in their pecuniary circumstances and methods of wasting time. Both are lazy; neither fulfils the purpose for which he was created.

HIGH FOREHEADS.—The notion that high foreheads, in women as well as men, are indis-

pensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology, and is going out with the decline of that pretentious and plausible "science." Not long ago, more than one "fine lady" shaved her head to give it an "intellectual" appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably originated in the same mistaken ambition. When it is considered that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look—that from *frons* (forehead) comes the word "effrontery," it will not be wondered that the ancient painters, sculptors, and poets, considered a low forehead "a charming thing in woman," and, indeed, indispensable to female beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead (*leucis frons*), and Martial also commends the same grace.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. Polished manners have made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. Drives of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true civility.

TIME WELL SPENT.—It is a grave error and an ungrateful deed to swallow well-cooked, palatable food at such a pace as to prevent your getting the full amount of pleasure out of the act of eating, and which renders you indifferent to your cook's skill. There are some supremely vigorous beings who condemn epicurism as something horrible, and as likely to lead to murder, petty larceny, and other objectionable crimes; but, good souls, they often confound refinement and discrimination in feeding with gluttony, and in their desire to avoid this, and set a high example of indifference to the flesh, adopt a scornful regard to what and how they eat and drink, and, pretending to be above such mundane considerations, bring themselves into a chronic state of ill-health, which it takes years of strict regimen to recover from. No; you must linger over the taste of your food as you linger over the smell of a flower. Nature demands of you this concession to health, and there can be nothing more sinful in indulging the sense of taste than the sense of smell.

LITTLE THINGS.—It is only a little thing only a small sacrifice—therefore it is not appreciated. How many admirable actions are overlooked because they are little and common! Take, for instance, the mother who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep a while when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips any herself; and often the cup is handed back before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this is not for one, but for every morning perhaps through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how woman shames man by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! It is these little things that are tests of character. It is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the household home is made beautiful, though we fail to see it, alas, until the chair is vacant and the hand that kept in motion all the domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"I DON'T care anything about money," said an extravagant young lady, "but I do dearly love to spend it."

A SPANISH proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family, will never get promoted."

A ST. JOHN'S man asked his sweetheart in New York, by telegraph, if she would marry him. That's what we call electric sparking.

The reason that new-married men are called Benedicts is because they are supposed on their marriage to give up all the bad habits to which they had "benedicted."

CIRCASSIAN women are selling their glorious hair in order to provide funds for the wounded soldiers. Some of their tresses sold in London are two feet long.

WHEN a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "Hen-RE-E,"—finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humour.

LADIES subject to sunburn or freckles will be glad to know that by wearing a veil made of yellow gauze, and by lining the brim of the hat with the same color, they will greatly mitigate the infliction.

SISTER: "Well, you know, Bobby, your eye's very inflamed; you can't go out with Tommy Brown till that speck of dust's out of it!" Bobby (anxious to be off): "I'm all right—I know it's out now"—(earnestly)—"I—I—I think I heard it fall."

A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a

young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year old, "what is a widow and what is a widower?" The mother explained to the little fellow, and by way of further explanation, said, "If you should grow up and get married, and your wife should die, why, then, you would be a widower."—"Oh, no, I wouldn't," said the little fellow; "I'd court another girl."

WHEN you see a young fellow standing at a corner with a far-away look in his eyes and a lot of yarn on each of the last two fingers of his hand, you may be tolerably sure that he has just begun keeping house, and that he is muttering to himself, "Chopping board, eggs, clothes-line—that's the thumb and first two fingers. Now what did she want on the other two fingers?"

AN unsophisticated maiden in Illinois has invented a simple but ingenious device for securing by one operation both a husband and a fortune. She offers herself as a prize to be raffled for—one hundred thousand tickets to be issued at one dollar each, reserving to herself the right to reject the holder of the lucky number on payment of five hundred dollars.

A BABY is not a very large thing—"only a baby," says the poet. And yet this inconsequential package of tender humanity will, with scarcely an apparent effort, drown the heavy breathings of a mighty engine, out-blow the raging ocean, banish sleep from two decks of a steamboat, and chain the attention of a thousand sleepy passengers for seven consecutive hours.

"Do you know that expensively-dressed fellow there?" said a young man to his friend at a ball the other night, pointing as he spoke to an exceedingly fashionable married belle. "Yes; what about her?" was the reply. "That is the woman that our friend Colonel—tried to seduce to win for his wife—but he lost her; and now there is only one other person who is as respectable as the Colonel is." "And who is that other person?" "The lady's husband," was the reply.

WHAT is a child to answer when asked where it got "that beautiful hair?" There is one little girl who baffles all such inquiries. The governess was teaching her the alphabet the other morning, but it was a lovely day, and it was more attractive to look at Coniston water, which lay just outside the balcony, so, when Miss Lindley Murray said, "Dolly, what were your eyes made for?" Dolly was quite equal to the occasion, and replied, "To look out of the window with."

THEY were out walking, enjoying the cool and refreshing air. The bright moon cast its rays over the lady, giving her an almost angelic appearance, and imparted to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft white hands rested in his, and ever and anon she met his ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her features; her full red lips trembled as if with suppressed sobs, the muscles of her faceless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath, and, stretching her hand from the soft pressure of his, she turned away, buried her face in her cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed.

LITERARY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT once studied law, but was so disgusted by his defeat through a technicality in words that he abandoned the profession.

MISS MULLOCK has written an interesting article concerning her discovery of a promising young poet in the deformed daughter of a poor postman in the west of England.

VICTOR HUGO, in public, is thus portrayed: White-haired, eagle-eyed, square-faced, square-shouldered, short of stature, firm of gait, with a look at once of intense watchfulness and intense self-concentration, seeing everything about him at once, and never quite losing his consciousness that he is the best worth seeing of all.

LIKE the late A. T. Stewart, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford refuses to have taken any sort of pictured resemblance of herself. No extraneous can prevail upon her to be photographed. It is only by words that her readers can ever get any idea of the beautiful eyes, the soft brown hair, the dainty, delicate grace and charm of this reserved little New England woman.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S house has about it an air of antiquity. Old pictures look down from the walls, quiet blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generation of the past. On his books there is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, each volume seeming to have grown old in constant service. The study is a quiet room up stairs, and there Mr. Emerson is steadily at work, despite advancing years, he being now seventy-four. He speaks of writing as a man whose work is nearly ended, but the only sign of falling power noticeable in conversation is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word—especially a proper name.

HYGIENIC.

PROFESSOR BOEDEKER, with a view to arriving at certain results, has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at different periods of the day. The Professor found that the solids of the evening's milk (15 per cent) exceeded those of the morning's milk (10 per cent); while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 per cent. to 86 per cent. The fatty matter increases as the day progresses. In the morning it amounts to 21 per cent., at noon to 31 per cent., and in the evening to 51 per cent. The practical importance of this discovery is at once apparent: It develops the fact that, while 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield but half an ounce of butter, about double the quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from 21 to 24 per cent., but the albumen is diminished from 6.44 per cent. to 6.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight (41 per cent.) and most plenty at noon (42 per cent.). The percentage of the salt undergoes scarcely any change at any time of the day.

A BIBLICAL BILL OF FARE.

QUEER QUOTATIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES WELL WORTH REMEMBERING.

Of preservation as a curiosity, the annexed bill of fare is worth preserving. Taken wholly from the Bible, a right royal Christmas banquet it would make. As will be seen, the courses, as at State dinners, number five. The candelabra and music are specified. Each course is by its appropriate wine accompanied. Though in Palestine there is now no game, yet at this dinner quails and partridges are provided. With them the spiced wine of the Canticle is prescribed. At such a desert as this, with the sweet wines of the Prophet Amos, we should like to sit. Corresponding bills of fare have from Shakespeare been framed. This one from the Sacred Scriptures is unique. Of preservation as a curiosity, as we have above remarked, it is worthy. It is as thus:—

A DINNER FROM THE BIBLE.

Spread a cloth of blue, and put thereon the dishes and the spoons, and the bowls, with the bread in the basket.—Num. iv. 7, and Levit. xiii. 31. Salt without prescribing how much, and oil in a cruse.—Ezra vii. 22, and 1 Kings xvii. 12. Right shining on a candle giveth light.—Luke xi. 6. Tell them who are bidden I have prepared my dinner.—Matt. xxii. 4. They are strong of appetite.—Isaiah vii. 11. Let us eat and be merry.—Luke xv. 23. The feast is made for laughter, wine makes merry.—Eccl. x. 19. Ye hear all kinds of music.—Dan. iii. 5. Grace—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. vi. 11.

SOUP.

Pour out the broth.—Judges xi. 20. Feed me with pottage.—Gen. xxv. 30. Eat this roll.—Ezek. iii. 1. Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.—1 Tim. v. 23.

FISH.

We remember the fish we did eat freely.—Num. xi. 5. They gave him a piece of broiled fish.—Luke xxiv. 42. Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xxi. 10. Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine.—John iii. 10.

ENTREEMES.

Hare.—Levit. xi. 6. Chickens.—Matt. xxiii. 35. Besides hair and fatted fowl.—1 Kings iv. 22. Kidneys.—Deut. xvii. 14. The wine is red.—Psalm lxxv. 2. Olives.—Mic. vi. 13. Give a little water for I am thirsty.—Judges ix. 12.

MEAT.

All manner of baked meats.—Gen. xv. 17. Ye shall eat of the swine's flesh.—Deut. xv. 15. Ye shall eat of the swine's flesh and wild ox.—Deut. xv. 23. Cause the strong wine to be poured out.—Num. xxviii. 24.

VEGETABLES.

Take unto thee wheat, barley and millet.—Ezek. iv. 9. They brought parched corn and beans.—2 Sam. xvi. 22. After that the fall corn in the ear.—Mark iv. 28. We remember the look and the onions, and the cucumbers and the garlic.—Num. xi. 5. The manna was as coriander seed.—Num. xi. 7.

GAME.

Partridges.—Jeremiah xlii. 11. Two young pigeons.—Lev. x. 7. And he brought quail.—Psalm cv. 49. I would counsel thee to drink spiced wine.—1 Sam. xvi. 2. Carry these ten cheeses to the captain.—1 Sam. xvi. 18.

DESSERT.

Behold a basket of summer fruit.—Amos iii. 1. They brought of the pomegranates and figs.—Num. xiii. 23. Comfort ye apples.—Gen. i. 2. The children of Israel brought dates.—2 Chron. xxxi. 7. Two baskets of figs.—Jeremiah xxiv. 2. Then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill.—Deut. xxiii. 24. We remember the figs.—Num. xi. 5. They brought bunches of raisins.—1 Chron. xii. 40. Carry nuts and almonds.—Gen. xxii. 11. Sweet wines.—Amos ix. 15. Royal wine in abundance.—Ezra i. 7. Drink thy wine with a merry heart.—Eccl. ix. 7.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Tunis is interesting to the American visitor from its association with the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Here he spent the last years of his life, and here he died and was buried. He who sang so sweetly of home was a wanderer. An interesting story about him was related by Mr. Heap, American representative at Tunis.

"Once when I was in London," said Payne, "I ran out of money, and was at last driven into the streets from inability to pay for my lodgings. It was a dismal rainy night when I wandered out with not a penny in my pocket, and not knowing where to go. A bright light in a window attracted me. The curtains were up, and I could see a parlor filled with a happy company. Several gentlemen were standing near a piano, where a young lady was seated, and singing with an exquisite voice, my song, 'Home, Sweet Home.' I stood there for some minutes, and listened, and then went slowly on, feeling sadder than ever before in my whole life."

"Why didn't you," said Mr. Heap, "ring the bell and tell them you were the author of that song?"

"Tell them that, indeed," Payne replied. "They would have ordered me away, and possibly called a policeman to arrest me as an impostor."

Payne's grave is in the foreign cemetery at Tunis, and shaded by a pepper-tree, whose growing roots have cracked the masonry above the feet of the gifted writer. There is no monument beyond the broad slab of marble which

covers the grave, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, TWICE CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FOR THE CITY AND KINGDOM OF TUNIS, THIS STONE IS HERE PLACED BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. HE DIED AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE IN THIS CITY AFTER A TEDIOUS ILLNESS, APRIL 1ST, 1852. HE WAS BORN AT THE CITY OF BOSTON, STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE 8TH, 1792. HIS FAME AS A POET AND DRAMATIST IS WELL KNOWN WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SPOKEN, THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED BALLAD, "HOME, SWEET HOME," AND HIS POPULAR TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS," &c., AND OTHER SIMILAR PRODUCTIONS.

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled To realms beyond the azure dome, With arms outstretched, the angel said, Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home.

THE GLEANER.

The Turkish troops were last winter trained in target practice.

It is said that Mme. Tussaud is to add Brigham Young and his widows to her collection, and is building an extension for them.

Fat digests more readily if fat is mixed with it. Fat also takes an important part in the formation of cells, blood-corpuscles, and even the generation of blood.

M. GREVY, ex-President of the French Chamber of Deputies, has been selected to succeed Thiers as the leader of the Democratic party in France.

Of forty-three varieties of apples tested by M. A. Truelle, of the Chemical Society of Paris, the red American rennet was found to contain the largest amount of sugar.

Mr. MURPHY is said to be showing the results of overwork. He had been obliged to forego solid study during the past summer, and has suffered from some trouble in the head.

A VIRGINIA paper thinks that Thomas Jefferson's greatest deed was bringing "love apples" (which are now tomatoes) from France to America as food for his hogs.

GENERAL RADZISKY, the commander of the Russian troops in the Sappka Pass, has taken a prominent part in more than 150 battles and skirmishes, and possesses three St. George's Crosses, a distinction rarely met with in the Russian army.

M. DE BROGLIE, the Premier of the French Government, and the leading spirit in the prosecution of Gambetta for having indulged in freedom of speech, is a grandson of Madame de Staël, whom Napoleon I. pursued relentlessly for her advocacy of liberty of speech.

To keep in order the trees, shrubberies, and seats upon the Paris boulevards and in the Paris public squares and gardens costs every year about \$400,000. The number of trees in the squares and courtyards of public buildings is estimated to be 8,300; the number in the cemeteries, 18,400, and the number in the avenues and boulevards, 82,201.

The French are trying, instead of tents for troops bivouacking, a waterproof sheet woven of cotton one side and wool the other, and on the cotton side is laid a specially-prepared vulcanized india-rubber, which neither heat nor cold affects. They are very light, and are said to keep out damp admirably.

THIERS once told an American that "Lafayette had plenty of patriotism but no ability whatever. He had too little brains for a soldier, too much heart for a politician, and not enough tact for a diplomat. He was a failure in everything he attempted—was dangerous only to the cause he espoused, and but for his American escapade would be unknown to history."

THE Times says of Osman Pasha:—The defence of Plevna by Osman Pasha has stamped that General's name high on the scroll of military fame. His perception of the value of the position, the energy and rapidity with which he converted an open town into a formidable fortress, the coolness and courage with which he has resisted a long bombardment and a desperate assault, and his just appreciation of the exact moment at which to abandon the defensive and deliver an attack, establish him as a commander of no ordinary capacity.

BURLESQUE.

A WOMAN WHO MEANT BUSINESS.—There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to "cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes" shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person's hand—"price 25 cents; no cure no pay." Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a doorbell on John street yesterday had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buyers, lightning-rod men and sollicitors for the fire-sufferers. He had a good thing and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it.

When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?" she grimly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season," he remarked,

"Who's children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I never had any, sir! What brought you here anyhow? Why do you come asking those questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh high-sky in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what's all this to me?"

"Why, madam—why—?" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked as well as the strong and brave."

"And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Who's catarrh, sir?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care! Must you ring my door-bell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful round the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am sorry he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-bye, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute!" she called, "what was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir; you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do you want a bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them; here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America by Columbus. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backwards through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-bye he said:

"You can never tell where to find 'em!"

A SUMMER REVERIE.—Summer, sweet, good-bye.

"'Tis the last rows of summer," as the boy said who hoed down the potato rows on the 31st day of August.

The boy never did and never said anything of the kind. He was four miles away, doubled up with the cholera morbus in a stranger's orchard. But if you have got to confine yourself to prosy, solid truth, what is to become of all the poetry?

And all the newspapers?

Don't speak of it.

Summer is gone.

We don't know where to, but it is gone; or at least it ought to be. Here it is past the middle of September, and if summer isn't gone, when is it going?

As for us, we love the merry, merry sunshine, tra, la, la, la.

Sweet spirit of the sinned past. Gone, forever gone. Gone, with the long, the silent afternoons. Gone, with the sun-crowned hill, and the glen in sombre shadows lulled. Gone, with the song of woodland bird. Gone, with the evening hum of insect life. Gone, with the faded memories of dimpling ring and yellow stubble-field. Gone, with the ring of the scythe in the meadow lot, the sun-crowned reapers and the long-drawn howl of the farm hand with his foot in the knives of the mower. Gone, gone, gone!

Oh, tender grace of the cucumber time, when there were sounds of cholera morbus in the land. Oh, smiling dreams of the first strawberry days, when the infinitesimal pint wrought laughter for the thoughtless crowd. Oh, merry joke of the watermelon rind. Oh, happy thought of the grape seed under the false tooth plate. Oh, laughing gulp of the cherry worm. Oh, lithe-some jest of the boy putting on his angel plumage with both pockets and a stomach full of green apples. Oh, sweet, blithe roundelay about the woman chasing flies. Oh, clink of the ice in the e-bbler. Oh, several things not down in the bill.

Call around next week.

So summer is past.

All things must pass. All things except the lead nickel.

And it will pass on the street car, and at the Sunday picnic.

Pass here.

BADLY FOCUSED.—They were telling hunting stories in a C. street saloon, a night or two since, and after several persons had given in their experience, an old chap who appeared to be a stranger in town, took the floor. Said he: "Thar is a power o' game down to Humboldt Sink—ducks, geese and sich—but in some respects it's unpleasant down thar. I got about the wust fooled I ever was in my life the fust time I camped down thar. I was on a hunt, and had a little round tent that I stuck up in the shadder of a bunch of willers. At night I curled up in this tent—just room enough for me—calkerlatin' to git up bright and airly next mornin', to try luck on the ducks and geese.

Thar seemed to be considerable muskeeters about, so when I got into my tent I pinned up the slit that made the door in sich a way as to keep 'em out. Next mornin' I woke up, and finding it still dark, took another nap. I slept a good while, and when I woke up it was still dark. Took another nap and woke up. Still dark. I thought daylight would never come. I tried to sleep, but only dozed off a little at times.

It seemed the longest night I ever saw. Finally I concluded to see what time it was anyhow. So I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes of two o'clock. This leat me. I concluded I'd take a look outside an' see if thar was enny sign of daylight coming. I unpinned my tent and, on pulling open the door, a black mass of something that seemed alive, fell on the ground, a blaze of light at the same time strikin' my eyes and nearly blindin' me.

Bein' kinder frightened, I rushed out, and thar I saw, all over my tent and kiverin' of it to a depth of about four inches, a reg'lar mass of muskeeters. I looked at the sun and saw that my watch was right. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Gentlemen I never was so fooled afore in all my life regardin' the time of day—all along of them air muskeeters, and it wasn't the reg'lar muskeeter time, neither."

ORIGIN OF SOME FAMOUS LEGENDS.—Not among the different members of the great Aryan family only are the germs of many of our best stories discoverable. They seemed to belong to humanity. A lively American, Professor Fiske, of Harvard University, noticing how the "William Tell" legend (for it is a legend), and that of which the Welsh form celebrates the death of Gwylt's faithful hound, and a good many others besides, are found everywhere, says: "We must admit, then, that these fireside tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations; that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of yava, and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of 'Boots' and 'Cinderella,' and the 'Master Thief,' in the slays when the squat Laplander was still master of Europe, and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmoisted in the Punjab." True; but may we not go further, and say that finding these tales, or their counterparts, among Zulus and Mongols and Malays and red Indians we must either pronounce them to be "innate ideas," or else hold that men had invented them in the old, old time when the differences between Aryans and non-Aryans had not yet grown up? Sir H. Rawlinson seems to prove from the earliest Assyrian remains, that, "in the beginning," Hamite and Semite and Japhethian were all one—that even what afterwards became of the Aryan tongues were then "agglutinative," like the red Indian of to-day. Some one, too, has just "proved" the old Peruvian was a kindred speech to the Sanscrit! No wonder, then, that the same stories are current all the world over.

ARTISTIC.

MILLAIS gets \$105 for artists' proofs of the engravings of his picture of "Edie Deans."

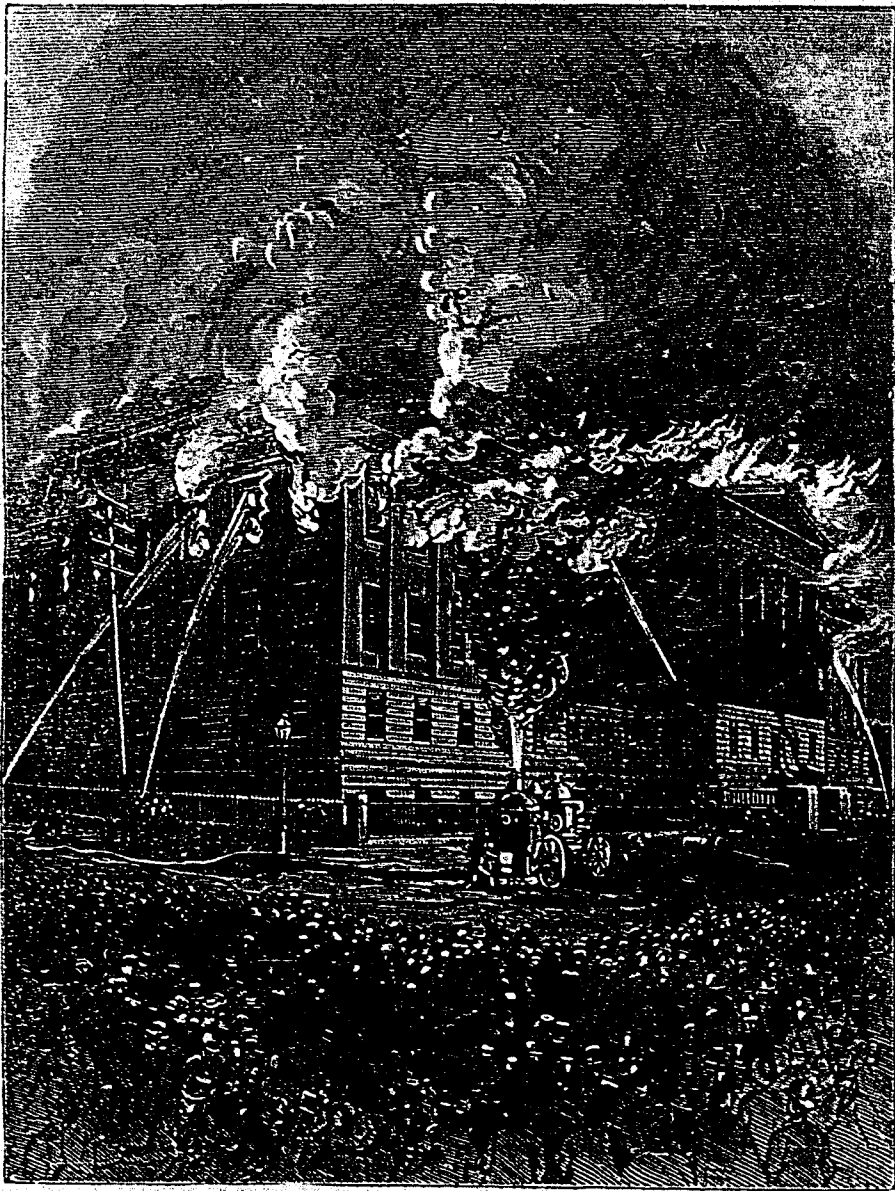
NETMEGS and mace possess narcotic properties. They should therefore be used with caution by persons of an appetitive tendency.

A school of art for ladies is being established in Rome. A house has been taken in the Via degli Artisti, in one of the healthiest parts of Rome, and it is proposed, if the funds can be raised, that the school shall be opened next month, under the auspices of Miss Mayor.

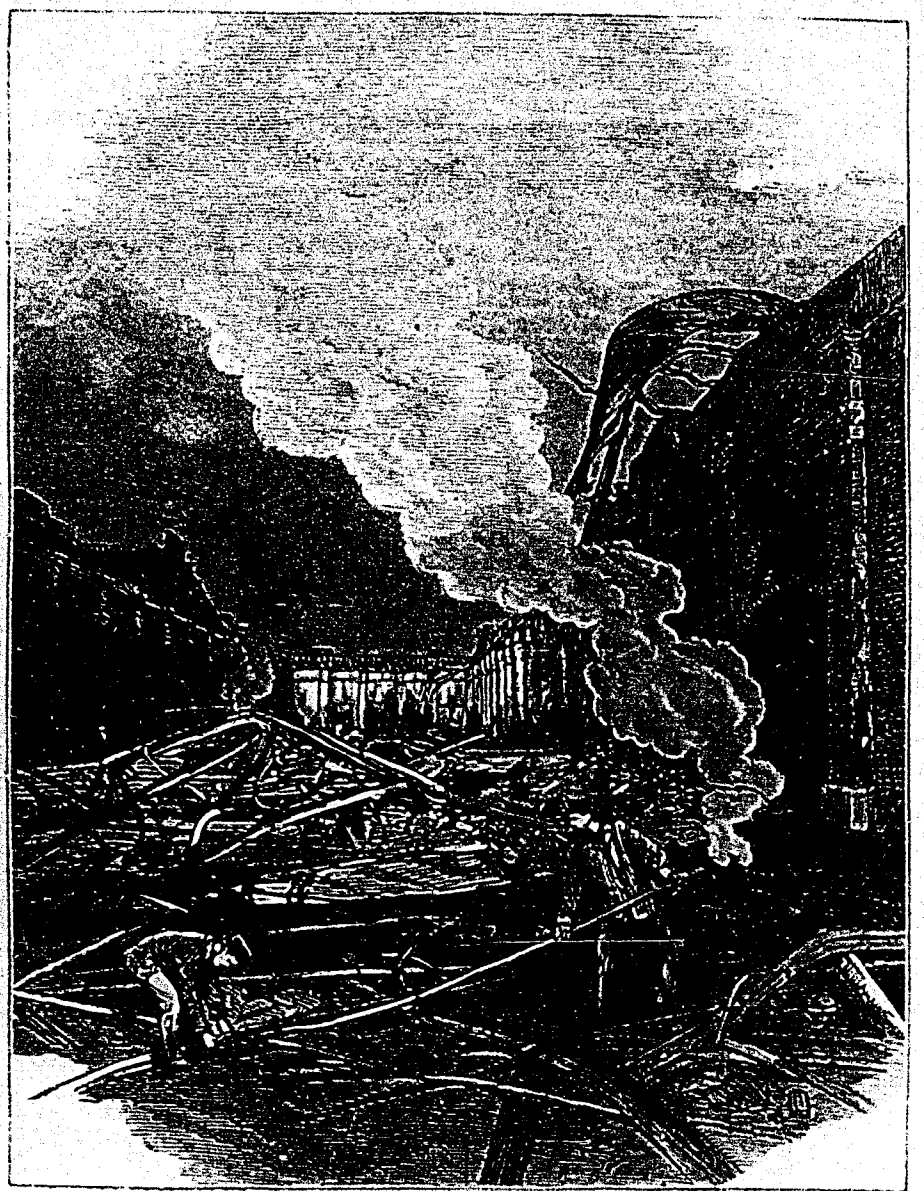
AN eminent sculptor who has devoted himself for many years to his statue of the ideal woman, was being quizzed by brother artists on the time he had given to the work. "Well," said he smilingly, "since it takes Nature eighteen years to make a beautiful woman, why should I finish my work more quickly?"

It is stated that M. THIERS had it in contemplation, at the time of his death, to write a History of Florence, and also a Life of Michel Angelo. He was, as is well known, an able art-connoisseur and critic, and found time amid all his other avocations to contribute numerous articles on aesthetic subjects to various journals and reviews. It is hoped that these will now be gathered together in a volume.

THORWALDSEN'S fine group of St. John in clay above the entrance of the Free Church at Copenhagen, has recently been copied in marble by several of the first sculptors in Denmark, it having been determined to replace the clay sculpture with one in the more durable material. The marble group has been exhibited this summer at the Fine Arts Academy at Charlottenburg, and will now soon be set in its place.



FIRE ON THE EXTERIOR.



AMONG THE RUINS.

THE FIRE AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.



THE EASTERN WAR.—BATTLE OF KARAHASSANKOI. TURKISH INFANTRY STORMING THE FIRST LINE OF RUSSIAN TRENCHES.



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA. THE RUSSIANS ATTACKING THE FORTIFIED HEIGHTS OF RADICHOVO.

THE SUNSET LAND.

In the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
With green under foot and with gold overhead,
Where the sun takes flame, and you wonder whether
'Tis an ale of fire in his foamy bed;
Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
In a rough-hewn fashion, in a forge flame red.

In the land where the rabbits dance delicate measures,
At night by the moon in the sharp chapparral;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth and hoard
treasures;
Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and
well,
Fight almost like Christians; fight on and find pleasures
In strife, like man turning earth into hell;
Where the plants are as trees; where the trees are as
towers
That, too, as it seems, with the stars at night,
Where the roses are forests; where the wildwood flowers
Are dense unto darkness; where, reaching for light,
They spill in your bosom their fragrance in showers
Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite.

'Tis the new-finished world; how silent with wonder
Stand all things around you; the flowers are faint
And lean on your shoulder. You wander on under
The broad, gnarly boughs, so colossal and quaint,
You breathe the sweet balm where boughs break asunder—
The world seems so new, as if smelling of paint.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

The sun of that short Christmas day was already dipping behind the tall Chickaree woods, laying bars of light and threads of gold where once green leaves had been, when Dr. Maryland's little sleigh came jingling up the long hill road to the door of the house. There had been a heavy fall of snow two days before, and wanderings and rides—and everything but sleighing—had been effectually stopped. Only the doctor and his two daughters were in the sleigh; for Dr. Arthur was helping his friend in the Hollow, to appear with him by and by at dinner time. But this day Wych Hazel did not come running to meet them, as sometimes. The ladies were ushered and waited on by Phoebe in one of the state rooms; and Dr. Maryland was taken care of in another to match, so full of wax candles and firelight and cheval glasses, and whether it was himself or the attendant confronted him at every turn, the doctor could hardly tell. For though there was lingering sunlight still out of doors, shutters were closed and candles lighted all over the house, in every open room but Wych Hazel's own. In her special room of rooms and retreat of retreats upstairs, the afternoon sun came glinting in as long as it would, and for a successor had only the twilight. And there she knelt by the window, gazing out on the fired tree tops, and the gathering shades, till she heard the sleigh bells come. Yes, till she heard the steps go down the staircase, and the door of the great drawing-room open and close behind her guests. O if Mr. Falkirk were there! she thought. And then came Phoebe with a message, to know if Mrs. Boerresen might see her. Gyda was at once asked to come upstairs. Hazel met her standing, in the middle of the room. It was in half gloom by this time; but only by the faint light Hazel could see the glitter of the embroidery on the Norwegian jacket. Gyda was in great state. The fair, mild, old face Hazel could not well see; the voice was its fit interpreter. Gyda came forward and kissed her hand.

"How is my dear lad's lady to-night?"
The adjective doubled duty; but the tone was unmistakably tender and anxious. Hazel had met her with both hands stretched out; now she drew her along gently to a chair.

"Sit down," she said. "I can spare a few minutes." But she herself stood still, keeping fast her hold. "I am glad you have come. Are you well?—after all that fatigue?"
"Doesn't my lady know, that there is no evil to them that trust in Him?"

"Yes."
"It is a glad day for me, my dear; but I know the heart of a young maiden, and that it's not altogether a glad day for you. Can my lad's old nurse be any use? He told me to see if I could; that's why I'm bold to ask."

Hazel passed her little fingers softly over Gyda's hand; she did not speak at once.

"Perhaps—after dinner. Will you sit here after dinner till I come? Now I must go."
Hazel put her visitor in Mrs. Bywank's charge, and, giving herself no time to think, ran down stairs.

The great drawing-room was all ablaze, with hickory sticks and wax candles, and the reflected sheen from old chairbacks, and brass andirons, and silver sconces. The turkey carpet on the floor alone absorbed and hid the light. Into this glow came Wych Hazel suddenly and softly. She was in one of her brilliant toilettes to-night; one that made Mrs. Coles open her eyes, and forget for a minute to open her mouth; and must have plunged Prim in a puzzle. One vivid spot on her cheek, and the silky hair in curls and waves and rings of its own making, and the brown eyes looking somewhere where you could not follow,—it was better than a pic-

ture to see her, it was almost like music to hear her tread.

But old admirers of Miss Kennedy knew well that a brilliant toilette did not bespeak the lady to be easy of access. So it was to-night; she was unapproachable. It was like looking at the fire through a glass screen. Yet she was very affectionate to Primrose, a little stately to Mrs. Coles; and gave Dr. Maryland's hand a grip of her small fingers which would have gone to his heart had he known what it meant.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Coles, "you look as if you expected a party. It isn't true? I thought we were asked to just a family gathering."

"I expect only the gentlemen from the Hollow," said Wych Hazel. "Prim, are you quite warm?"

"It makes me warm only to look at you," said Prim admiringly. "Oh, Hazel, you do know how to dress beautifully." Prim's eyes were wondering as well as admiring, and a trifle speculative also.

"It is of no use to dress for gentlemen, Miss Kennedy," said Prim's sister, shaking her head, the fair bandeaux of which were in excellent order. "They never know what we have on. It is mortifying—but it's a fact."

"Facts about oneself often are," said Hazel. "But fiction comes in to set things straight."

"I am thinking," said Mrs. Coles, in a half whisper and with a smile, "how Dane's principles will harmonize, by and by, with Hazel's practice. Will he hold himself responsible, Prim, do you suppose?—or will he console himself with the reflection that he cannot help it? Though if Dane Rollo does that, it will be the first time in his life. What are his notions about dress, now-a-days, Miss Kennedy? has he revealed them to you yet? I don't see any change in his own."

"I think I know more of my own notions," said the girl. "Dr. Maryland, you have taken the hardest chair in the room! This is the one you ought to have, by me."

"You have a pretty house, my dear," said the old doctor, as he obediently made the change. "I never saw it look prettier than it does to-night. A handsome old house! I hope Dane won't want to make any changes here. If he does, don't let him, my dear."

"He won't," said Prim. "What an idea, papa! Dane has some sense."

"When anybody gets in the spirit of change, though," said Prudentia—"you never know how far it will go. He may think one end of the house suitable for a hospital; or build an addition for a refuge."

"Prim, you do talk nonsense," said the sister. "Hazel wouldn't like that; and Dane wouldn't like what she wouldn't like."

"Wouldn't he?" Mrs. Coles responded, with a little, most disagreeable laugh.

"Hazel will be able to regulate all that," said Dr. Maryland. "I don't think Dane would do what she disapproved of. Ha, there they are!"

The jingle of the sleigh bells was heard passing the window; and for a minute all the party were silent. And the Christmas wind moaned in the chimney, as much as to say, "I have seen many a Christmas here; you are all new comers, compared to me." And Wych Hazel sat trying to manage herself, with her heart on the jump. She has been breathless and speechless during the late pleasant little discussion of her affairs, but now for the moment even Mrs. Coles was forgotten. The next thing was a message from Mrs. Bywank; could Miss Wych step to the housekeeper's room for a moment? And in the housekeeper's room Hazel found only one person, and that one was not Mrs. Bywank.

He met her eagerly, and at the same time with the manner of reverential tenderness she was accustomed to have from him lately; as if he remembered how alone she was, and that he must be mother and lover and all in one. And she did her best to give him a smile; but he got it most in the low-toned intonation, after all, with which she answered his question, how she was?

"You did not get the Christmas gift I had intended for you," he went on; and if his eye had a sparkle of joy in it, his face and manner were as grave and quiet as consideration for her could have suggested. "I have been disappointed, much to my mortification. The carriage has not come. I had ordered a pony chaise to be here, which I thought you would like. The pony is in the stable."

She glanced up at him and down, with quick changes in her face, but somehow words would not come. His words touched too many things,—and things would not bear touching to-night. And she could not say a common "thank you"; she could not talk of the trouble he had taken; and pleasure was rather dull down at present, with some leagues of uncertain weather between. No use!

"How could you find time?" she said timidly. But again her voice supplemented the words; and Rollo probably did not feel himself unthanked, for he went on with no want of content in his voice.

"I have left all happy in the Hollow. Every house has a Christmas dinner; and your sugar-plums are making life sweet to the souls of young and old. Charteris men and all; every house has comfort in it to-night. I wish you could have seen a few of the faces that came to thank me. You know, I sent off the parcels to the several houses; so for a while I worked on free enough; but when the thing began to get wind, men, women and children came collecting about me, looking on with great eyes of wonder,

and some eyes of tears, and muttered words—I can tell you, I wished them all away!"

There was a suspicious sympathetic softness in Rollo's own eyes, which complemented his words.

Then Charteris men at last set up petitioning. "Wouldn't I have mercy on them?"—And Dane broke off short, and turned to the table where lay a jewel case.

"Here is a sugarplum for you, Hazel," he said presently, with his voice clear again. "You do not want sugarplums—but I want you to have this—"

What he took out was an old-fashioned, rather massive gold chatelaine; heavy and rich and quaint, with various trinkets fastened and hanging to it.

"This makes you my castle-keeper," said Dane, proceeding to attach it properly to Wych Hazel's belt. "My mother used to wear it. This,—taking up a little gold key,—you will observe, is the key of your money-box. These seals you will study at your leisure. Here is a wee gold compass, Hazel; this is symbolical. It means, 'Know where you are, and take care which way you go.' Your vinaigrette you will never get again. I shall have to find you another."

The jewel hung richly at Wych Hazel's side, giving a curious touch of stateliness to the little lady. Indeed little she was not, in matter of stature; it was the extreme daintiness of every detail that gave occasion to the epithet. Dane's eyes took the effect. Hazel stood looking down, possibly taking the effect too. Then she turned short about.

"I have nothing to give you," she said,— "except—You will think all my gifts are in one line."

She was gone out of the room in a moment, but in another moment or two was back again, and holding in her hand a little gold locket. "I found it one day among the old things, and I thought, perhaps, you might like—"

She touched the spring and laid the open locket in his hand. It was an exquisite miniature of herself as a child; the Wych Hazel of six years old, in a white frock. A few hurried words finished the sentence.—"Might like to see what they gave you, so long ago."

In all true manliness there is a large element of tenderness; and something stirred the tenderness in this man more than he cared to shew. Wych Hazel's mood needed no exciting. He was very still for a few minutes, looking at the locket, with eyelids dropped too low for her to see his eyes; then he turned to kiss her.

"I do not take this from your hand, Hazel, but from your mother's. You cannot give me anything to-day but the original. I know she will know how I hold both."

It was time to rejoin the people in the drawing-room, but it suited Hazel to let Dane go in by himself and to follow afterwards alone. She did not escape Mrs. Coles.

"I thought," remarked that lady with a significant smile, "that your housekeeper was too skilled in her business to need consultation with anybody."

"Prudentia," said Dane, "you are not looking well."

"That is very impolite—from a gentleman to a lady."

"Not from a brother to a sister, though."

A flush rose into Mrs. Coles' cheeks, which were pale enough, and a strange confusion of expression for a moment reigned there. She was plainly surprised, evidently gratified, as evidently very much puzzled. Withal, so much moved, from whatever cause, that her features were not quite under command and her answer was scarce intelligible.

"She's been a little weakish, or so," said her father. "She don't complain much."

"What's good for you?" said Dane.

"It is good for her to be out," said Prim.

"But you know we can't touch in this weather. Arthur drives her out sometimes; but Prue don't like his driving so fast. Do all doctors drive fast? Why can't they go like other people?"

"Policy. If we drove slowly, people would say we had small practice."

Dr. Arthur found it unusually hard to get his hands warm to-night, and still stood up by the fire taking notice. Among other things—there was not a flower in all the rooms. Nor a wreath, nor anything that looked like decoration. The doctor's quick eyes went from the unadorned rooms to Wych Hazel's dress, and her face, and Dane's face. After which, Dr. Arthur professed himself comfortable, and sat down. But a little silence had fallen upon the people; and the wind moaned in the chimney again.

"It is a sweet time, this Christmas time," said Primrose. "I always enjoy it. It feels like Christmas, somehow, here to-night. Listen to that wind. I dare say it is going to snow again. But it sounds like Christmas."

"Why?" said Dane.

"I can't tell the why of things," said Primrose. "I suppose I have been thinking of your doings in the Hollow, Duke. Wasn't it good?"

"It was very good, Prim. It is good now to think of. Yes, it does feel like Christmas, as you say. All Mill Hollow is happy to-night. No! I'm too hasty. The Charteris men cannot be happy; for they don't know what is to become of them when their Christmas beef is gone!"

"What will become of them, Dane?" said Primrose, looking very anxious.

"There is no hope for them, except in the mills going on with work."

"And is there any hope of that?" said Mrs. Coles.

"Not unless somebody buys them off Charteris's hands."

"Perhaps you'll do that."

"I should hardly think that would be prudent," said Dr. Maryland. "Dane's responsibilities are large as it is."

"Miss Kennedy, perhaps?" suggested Mrs. Coles. "Hasn't Dane touched your heart for the mill people, Miss Kennedy?"

She turned for a better look into Hazel's face; but Rollo interferred again.

"You forget she is under guardians, Prudentia. What would Mr. Falkirk say?"

"How comes it Mr. Falkirk is not here?—to-night of all nights!" said Dr. Arthur suddenly. He was sitting by Wych Hazel, and she answered pretty steadily, though certain intuitions were waking up concerning his face.

"Mr. Falkirk wrote that he could not come back for Christmas,—nor perhaps until spring."

"He does not take the same pleasure in it that Prim does," Rollo remarked.

The dinner bugle, and the opened door, cut short all further comment upon Mr. Falkirk. Wych Hazel went in upon Dr. Maryland's arm, with a strange feeling of its being the last time,—the last of her entertainments, which had been so pretty and so popular. So she felt when in her place at the head of the table, with Dr. Maryland on her right and Dr. Arthur on her left. There were flowers enough here, the table was in a glow. Not stiff baskets and made-up bouquets, but cut flowers in every sort of dish and arrangement for which there was room; from the low narrow border of violets and rosebuds which fenced off the plates, to parian shells and fairy glasses and a bewildering pyramid in the centre. The very candlesticks were wreathed. No gardener's work; those who had seen such before knew the touch of Wych Hazel's own fingers. She hardly knew it herself; and eyes that watched her might catch now and then a dreamy look at the flowers,—wondering if she had arranged them!—if she should ever arrange any more.

Besides this the table was bountiful of course with the old Chickaree silver and china and glass; and by each plate on the rich damask, lay a separate, individual knot of flowers, with a scroll around it, naming the guest. These were culled flowers; but Dr. Arthur took notice that Wych Hazel did not even handle her own, but left it where it lay.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

CHIEF JUSTICE DRAPER is dying.

HON. MR. CAUCHON has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

It is announced that Sir John Rose, formerly Finance Minister of Canada, has retired from the banking firm of Morton, Rose & Co., London, England.

MAYOR WALLER, of Ottawa, has accepted the Registrarship of the County of Carleton. Senator Skoad's name is mentioned in connection with the Mayoralty.

REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, of Halifax, has been appointed Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, in the room of Principal Snodgrass, who has resigned.

REV. J. McCANN, of Oshawa, has been appointed to the Chancellorship of the Archdiocese of Toronto. He will be succeeded at Oshawa by Rev. Father McIntee, of Uxbridge.

HUMOROUS.

"You are as pretty as a picture" is no longer the correct compliment to pay a lady. Simply say, "You put me in mind of a chromo."

WHAT the milkman said when he found a fish in the lactical fluid, "Good heavens! the brindle cow has been in swimming again."

"WHAT will become of the last man!" says a scientific exchange. Manufacturing shoes by machinery is, we believe, knocking him out of his business.

AN American listened to an Englishman's description of a London fog, the other day, and then coolly enquired if the fog was so dense that they had to run snow-plows on the railroads to clear the tracks.

THE man who has heretofore collided with a plate of soft butter when feeling around the cupboard in search of something to eat after dark, now experiences a relief from the monotony by sticking his fingers in pumpkin pie.

THE Philadelphia *Chronicle* yells out in agony: "What is going to become of the last man? We don't care what becomes of the last man, or the first one, either. It is what is to become of the intermediate fellow that interests us."

AN agricultural correspondent writes to correct what he thought to be an erroneous statement that recently appeared in a certain paper relative to cows giving buttermilk. We adhere to our original statement. We never saw a cow give any thing but her milk.

A CAMBRIDGE, Mass., man, waiting in line for his turn to buy some lecture tickets, got hungry and gave a boy a quarter to hold his place while he went to lunch. The boy, with true Yankee thrift, immediately sold out the position to another for two dollars, and left.

AN exchange says: It makes one sad, when treading up the costly carpeted aisles of an up-town church to think how many church members belong there who have not good clothes enough to attend the preaching of God's word. We are spared all this sad feeling by attending where there are no costly carpets, and where a man coming in late drowns the organ with the music in his sole.

A GREAT pianist says: "If I stop practice for one day I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days my friends notice it; if I stop three days the public notice it." It is different with the young man who practices down the street. If he stops for one day the whole neighborhood notices it, and feel like paying him \$50 never to begin again. If he doesn't stop for two days, the neighbours ask the police to notice it as a nuisance; and if he doesn't stop for three days, they get down their shot guns and go gunning for him.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

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

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 141 received. Correct. We think you rightly estimate this difficult position. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 141 received. Correct. H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 139. Correct. J. B., Montreal.—The best practice for improvement is to study the games of first class Chess players. J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks.

The Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association which was played at the Annual Congress held at Quebec on the 28th of September last and the four following days, has just been completed. We have seen no official statement of the result, otherwise we should have been glad to publish it in our Column this week.

We have heard it stated that Dr. Howe, the President of the Montreal Chess Club, has obtained the first prize, and if such is the case, we shall be happy to congratulate him on his success against a very formidable list of opponents. We shall refrain from making further remarks until a full report of the Congress makes its appearance, giving the names of the successful competitors, the value of the different prizes, and all other particulars connected with a contest which has peculiar claims on the attention of Canadian Chess players.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that no official results connected with the late Quebec Tourney have been published by the managing committee, owing to a dispute having arisen respecting the counting of games lost by default.

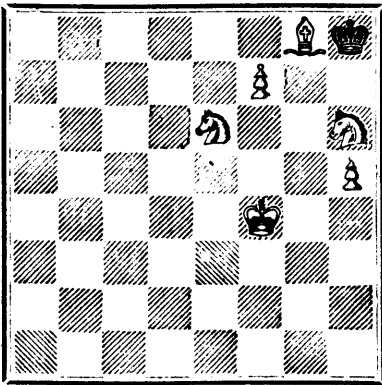
We are pleased to see that Editors of English Chess Journals and Chess Columns are calling attention to Mr. Bird's new work, "Chess Openings," and urging the numerous friends of that gentleman to show their appreciation of their countryman by an early effort on their part to support an undertaking which requires more than mere words to make it successful.

A handicap Chess Tournament is shortly to be played at the Café Logelung Chess Rooms, New York. There are six prizes offered for competition, and the players are to be divided into four classes. These classes will be arranged by Mr. Bird, from whom full particulars of the Tournament may be obtained by those wishing to take part in the contest.

PROBLEM No. 143.

BY M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 209TH.

The following game is one of a match played between two sons of D. S. Robertson, Esq., of Lennoxville, P.Q. The winner of the game is only nine years of age, and exhibits Chess skill of no ordinary character for one so young.

(French Opening.)

- WHITE.—(E. A. R.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 4. Kt to K B 3 (a) 5. B to Q 3 6. B to K Kt 5 7. B to K R 4 8. Kt to Q B 3 9. P to K R 3 10. Castles. 11. B to K Kt 3 12. B takes B 13. B to Q Kt 5 14. B takes Q Kt 15. Kt to K 5 (b) 16. P takes K Kt P 17. P to K B 3 18. Q to K 2 19. Q Kt to Kt 5 (c) 20. Kt to R 7 (ch) 21. K Kt to Q B 6th (ch) 22. Kt takes P (ch)

NOTES.

(a) The young player seems well posted in the first moves of this chess opening. (b) The preceding two or three moves are very well played by White. (c) A useless move if answered by K to Kt sq, but Black seems unaware of the danger menacing him. (d) Losing the Queen in a few moves.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GAME 210TH.

Played some time ago in a match between Messrs. Elson and Neill. The notes are by Capt. Mackenzie.

(Ray Lopez Knight's Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Elson.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. Castles. 6. R to K sq (a) 7. B takes Kt 8. P to Q 4 9. Kt takes P 10. P to Q B 3 11. P to K B 4 12. Kt to K B 3 13. Kt to K 5 14. Q to R 5 15. Kt to Q 2 16. Kt to K B sq 17. Q to K 2 18. B to K 3 19. B to B 2 20. Q R to Q sq 21. Kt to Kt 3 22. P to K R 3 23. P to Q 5 24. Q to Q 3 (d) 25. Kt takes B P 26. Q takes B 27. Q to Q 2 28. P to K Kt 4 (e) 29. P takes Kt 30. Q to K Kt 3 31. Q to Q 3 32. Q to R 3 33. R to K 2 34. K to B sq 35. R takes B 36. R to K 2 37. R to K sq 38. R to K 2 39. R to K sq 40. Q to R 2 41. R to K 2 42. Q to R 5th

NOTES.

(a) The usual continuation we believe to be as follows:— 6. P to Q 4 7. B to Q Kt 3 With a tolerably even game. (b) This part of the game is very carefully managed by both players. (c) Doubtless the best reply to White's last move. (d) At first sight it would seem as though White must now win a pawn; that he does not is due to Mr. Neill's very accurate play. (e) This hazardous advance compromises White's game. It would have been tolerably equal if he had simply captured B with P. (f) An excellent coup. From this point to the end Mr. Neill's play could hardly be excelled. (g) The position is curious, and it will be found that White, notwithstanding his superiority of force, cannot possibly save the game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 141.

- WHITE. 1. B to Kt sq 2. Q to B 2 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. K to R 4 2. Anything. 1. B to Kt 7 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 139.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q B 6 (ch) 2. B to Q 6 3. B mates. BLACK. 1. K takes R 2. Either P moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 140.

- WHITE. K at Q Kt 7 R at K R 4 Pawns at Q R 3, Q Kt 3, and Q B 2. BLACK. K at Q Kt 4 Pawns at Q 5 Q R 4, Q B 4, and Q Kt 3. White to play and mate in two moves.

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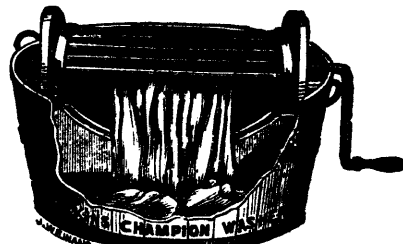
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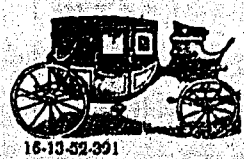
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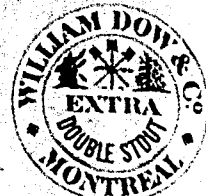
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