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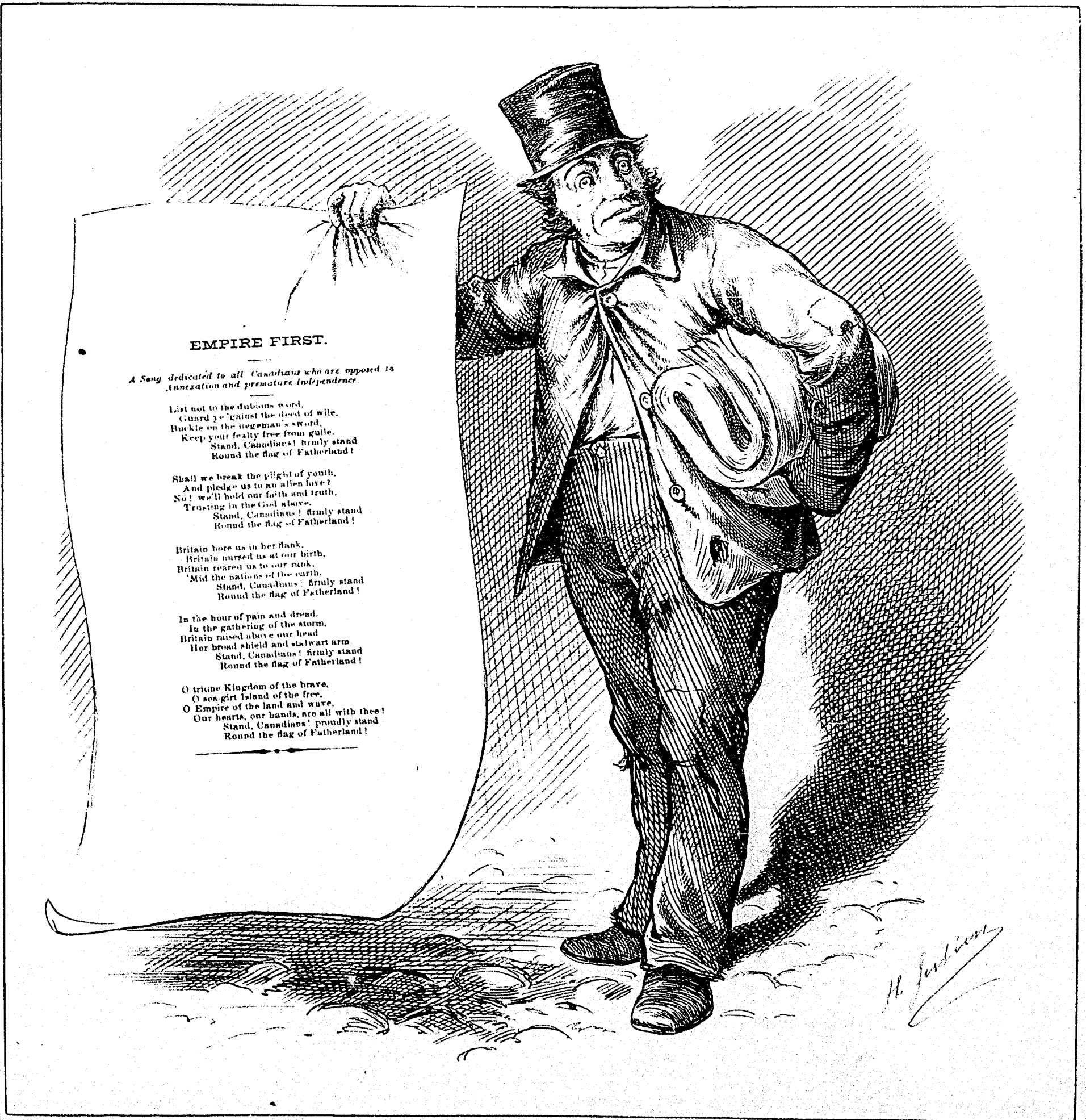
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FRIDAY Wholesale News

VOL. XVI.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



EMPIRE FIRST.

*A Song dedicated to all Canadians who are opposed to
Annexation and premature Independence.*

List not to the dubious word,
Guard ye 'gainst the deed of wile,
Buckle on the hero's sword,
Keep your fealty free from guile,
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! we'll hold our faith and truth,
Trusting in the God above,
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank,
Mid the nations of the earth,
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and stalwart arm,
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

O brave Kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt Island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all with thee!
Stand, Canadians! proudly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

BALLADMONGER:—"HERE'S YOUR ONLY TRUE SONG. BUY IT, SING IT, PRACTISE IT."

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: 1.78 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.

NOTICE.

In the next number of the
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

We shall publish the portraits of the three
leaders of the

REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH

in the United States and Canada:

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOPS CUMMINS,
FALLOWS AND CHENEY,

With memoirs of their lives and labours.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 1st, 1877.

THE FISHERIES AWARD.

In our last number we prepared our readers for the proximate close of the labours of the International Commission, which has been sitting at Halifax since last July. This conclusion was reached on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., and the award to this country for the use of its fisheries during the following twelve years is set down at five million, five hundred thousand dollars. It is asserted that Hon. Mr. FOSTER, the American Commissioner, did not agree to this decision, but as His Excellency M. DELFOSSE, Belgian Minister at Washington, and Umpire of the Commission, sided with Sir ALEXANDER GALT, the British Commissioner, the award may be regarded as final. We are informed, in addition, that Mr. FOSTER's dissent was not based on any denial of the value of Canadian fisheries, or the justice of Canadian claims, but rather on the failure of the other Commissioners to appreciate the value of the concessions made by the United States under the Treaty of Washington. The Congress have still to pronounce definitively on the award, but there is reason to believe that they will imitate the generous promptitude of Great Britain in the much heavier award of the Geneva Conference, and pay over the money without demur.

In advance of the publication of the official proceedings, it is impossible to go into particulars concerning the operations of the Commission, and we must, for the present, confine ourselves to only a few remarks, based on information derived from reliable sources. It will be remembered, as we stated at the time, that our claim for compensations for the right of trading in bait and supplies on the coast, was thrown out by an unanimous vote of the Commissioners, on the ground that this right was not included in the Treaty of Washington. Thus an important sum, which we might have expected from this source, was cut off. As an offset, however, the question of the headlands was not pressed to a decision, thus leaving our territorial sovereignty intact, at the end of the twelve years.

When everything is balanced, the award must be regarded as satisfactory. It is certainly more than we had been led to expect, considering the manner in which England has generally allowed herself to be duped in her treaty relations with the United States. The sum is a fair compensation for our claims, so that really we

have had to yield nothing. It will be a welcome acquisition to Mr. CARTWRIGHT's depleted treasury, while it will be no burden to the United States, inasmuch as they have several millions of the Geneva Award on their hands, of which they have not been able to dispose. In other words, and pleasantly enough, it will be British gold coming back to us.

We have private advices to the effect that the labours of the Commission were carried on in the most effective manner. Not only did the greatest cordiality prevail among the several members, but there was a common feeling of conciliation, and every disposition was shown, consistent with duty, to further the cause of right and justice. Among the Americans, Hon. Mr. DANA seems to have particularly distinguished himself for general ability and comprehensive grasp of the subject. Among the Canadian Counsel, Mr. THOMPSON, of New Brunswick, is said to have presented a most luminous case, and to have so conducted himself throughout the sittings of the Commission, as to lead to the hope that he may hereafter enter more prominently into our public affairs. As to Sir ALEXANDER GALT, he is said to have "run" the Commission, which means that he was the life and soul of the whole business. This is no more than we expected of the valiant Knight, and we are pleased that, even in his retreat, he has been enabled to render another signal service to his country, for which the citizens of Montreal have undertaken to thank him by the tender of a public banquet.

THE REMONETIZATION OF SILVER.

The remonetization of silver, about which so much is heard in the American papers, means the restoration of that metal to the currency, and the re-establishment of the silver dollar as a standard of value, the same as gold. It needs to be remembered that the double or bi-metallic system is general in the Latin Union, or in all the States of Europe, except Germany, Holland and England. Germany still held it till 1873, when Bismarck, as arbitrary in finance as he is in politics, abruptly discarded it, setting up the single gold standard, and thereby contributing, as is generally admitted, to that terrible commercial crisis which has made Germany the most unfortunate nation in Europe. In France the double standard is in full vigour, but silver is minted only to meet the total of minor transactions at home. There is no use denying that Italy is flourishing under the system, her volume of business being proportionately greater than that of any European nation. In the United States the silver dollar was always held in the highest estimation, there being a patriotic sentiment attached to it as the old Revolutionary medium of operations. But in 1873, it was demonetized, that is, it was withdrawn from circulation, and the English or single gold standard was adopted.

The question agitating the country is now whether silver should be restored to its former place of honour, or whether it should remain where it is. It is the object of the Bill introduced into Congress by Mr. BLAND, of Missouri, to effect the restoration, and he has so far succeeded as to have coached it safely through the Lower House. Even in the Senate the preamble of the Bill meets the approval of the majority, and it is only in details that amendments will be introduced. In other words, the remonetization of silver is as good as accomplished, and there only remains the sanction of the President to make the Bland Bill law. But whether the President will sign the instrument or not is a matter of present doubt, and in fact he must be sorely perplexed in the premises, placed between two fires—the West that clamours for the silver dollar, and the East that protests against it.

The chief objection to the Bland Bill, and that precisely with which the Senate had the most trouble to deal, is the free coinage clause, which means the unlimited

minting of the metal on the mere depositing of silver bullion. It is urged that, if silver is coined without limitation, it will drive gold out of the country, and thus practically become the single standard, and as a single silver standard would be an anomaly, owing to the fluctuations of that metal, there would be confusion worse confounded in the finances of the country. The argument is a powerful one, and we should be pleased to see a complete answer to it.

Another potent objection is that the silver dollar being worth at present only 93½ cents, and the greenback dollar 97 3-10 cents, the remonetization of silver would entail the loss to the labourer of the difference between these two values. The reply to this argument is that, if the silver dollar is coined as an unlimited legal tender, the silver and gold dollars will be equalized in law and in fact. Then the bank notes that were left would be convertible into greenbacks, and the greenbacks themselves would be convertible into gold or silver. In other words, the greenbacks would be retired and there would be no further use for them. The reply is ingenious, because there appears no reason to doubt that the remonetization of silver would give a powerful stimulant to resumption, that is, to the withdrawal of paper currency and the adoption of specie payments.

BUSINESS MORALITY.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that our preachers and pastors, while their recurring Sunday text brings them yearly through the whole series of Gospel precept, so seldom insist on that particular line of ethics which concerns fully the three-fourths of the men of the world. We refer to commercial or business morality of every kind. The large majority of men are occupied in some one or other branch of trade, either as buyers or sellers, and even those who live entirely on their capital have money transactions to attend to nearly every day of their lives. Now, any one who has experience of the world knows very well that the code of laws governing business men in their pursuits is a very peculiar institution, full of problems and perplexities, deserving altogether of the attention of our teachers and spiritual masters. It were an ungracious and an ungrateful task to sketch the outlines of this strange morality, and the editorial page is hardly the proper medium of that remonstrance which is so richly deserved; but, were we called upon, we should point to the three headings of untruthfulness, dishonesty, and heartlessness.

It is astonishing how the cardinal virtue of veracity is juggled with in the whirl and hurry of business. It is next to impossible to get a straightforward answer in regard to the real value of any article, and as to its market value, that is regulated by a sliding scale which is graduated by the assurance of the vendor or the ignorance of the buyer. We imagine one could count on his ten fingers the occasions when he has sold a thing for exactly what it was worth, without haggling, or when he has bought the same thing without the consciousness that he has been the loser of more or less money.

Dishonesty is only a corollary of untruthfulness. The man who can lie to the face of a customer in any dealing, will not hesitate a moment to cheat him if he has the least chance to do so. And it is remarkable how keenly schooled he becomes in those chances. He is not always aware of the extent or disastrous consequences of his unwholesome science, and in many instances, when he is charged point blank with dishonesty, he either denies the accusation with indignation, or parries the blow by the disingenuous excuse that he is only practising a knowledge of human nature essential to him in his avocations. The fact is that the best men form to themselves false consciences in this respect, and become so rooted in the obliquity as to absolutely take credit for that which ought to be a subject of shame. In other cases,

refuge is taken behind the plea that commerce is nothing better than a game of hazard, that the business man must take his chances, and that he is the most successful who becomes the most skilful adept at this species of legerdemain. It needs not to be told that this reasoning is intrinsically fallacious. Trade, from its highest to its lowest forms, is not a game of hazard, but a necessary and legitimate medium of interchange. It rests on this elementary principle—that value should be given for value received. This and nothing more. Any and every species of trickery is inconsistent with this principle, and such trickery is only an euphemism for dishonesty.

And then there is heartlessness. It is not enough to lie to a man and cheat him, but advantage must be taken of his sorest need to extort money from him and add to one's ill-gotten hoard. How many thousands of men there are in every community who have built their fortunes on the ruin of their fellows, and how often this is done without a symptom of remorse. The old excuse is invariably proffered, that there is no sentiment in business. If sentiment means weakness, the saying may be accepted; but if it means mercy and a certain rough tenderness for misfortune, the axiom is glaringly false. As a matter of fact, the men are precious few who are injured through consideration for an unfortunate customer, and, anyhow, they merit and receive sympathy for having erred on the right side.

THE day of Thanksgiving lately celebrated formed a most encouraging evidence of the advance of united feeling in the several Provinces of the Dominion, and the reverential sentiments promoted by the occasion should harmonize well with the political arrangements that paved the way for their expression. Next to the duty of thankfulness for the abundant harvest with which we have been blessed, is that of properly economizing the gifts of a kind Providence. We believe the too frequent habit of holding back the grain crop on the part of our farmers to be a mistaken policy in every sense. In the manner in which grain is now stored, it amounts practically to leaving large portions of the food of man for the rats and the weevil. Markets can never be calculated upon with certainty, and the satisfactory prices prevailing should be taken advantage of by agriculturists. For certain periods of time grain has always to be stored in the locality where it is produced, and if every village could get itself furnished with a public granary, having the floor supported on pillars, such construction for the general benefit might be made to form the roof for the weekly market. The expense would soon be returned to the municipality, for, in addition to protection from vermin and reduction of fire risk, the accumulated yield of the district might be brought together in the centre of the village, so as to make it far better worth the while of buyers and agents to include the district in their circuits. There would be more competition, and far more assurance than now of the farmer getting the market prices. Cereals that are scattered over all the homesteads in small parcels are often not considered to be worth looking up by the men of the cities, and at length come to be taken by the local storekeepers often at very inferior quotations.

THE question is raised how to avoid colds. What we call a cold is generally the result of changes of temperature in the air that is heated and also brought in contact with the skin—and this annoying affection of the system is also a good deal connected with the condition, healthy or otherwise, of the digestive organs. Prevention is better there cure in this case. Clothing and exercise must be attended to. Careful diet, with, let us say, an occasional camomile, and the dwelling well warmed and ventilated will be leading preventives. Let the sleeping couch be placed within the triangle of the room which has no

doors or windows in its sides. Learn from the Indians to blanket the body so as to diffuse the heat equally over the surface—and to avoid those channels for cold air, that in the case of ordinary bed-clothes are so apt to chill the frame at every movement. A knitted vest to sleep in, with no more than sufficient blanket over the chest, will be important. Our Canadian bedmakers are well versed in the art of closing the sides from the air. If our dwellings have neither furnace-heating, nor hot-water, nor steam-pipes, we may have at least a self feeding stove, and may regulate it so that the temperature at night shall never be excessive. As to the conduct of the currents of air which it sets in motion, though we do not say with the illustrious Dundreary that no one can understand the subject, it is yet one upon which no general consensus has been arrived at, so far as we are aware—and yet it might seem that if we can make one house comfortable, we can do as much for five hundred. The best test of all the systems, no doubt, is the having slept in perfect comfort, and the ability to awake in the morning with the thorax uttering no complaint, and the frame, generally, fresh and fitted for the business of the opening day.

The splendid new hotel for working-women, which has just been completed in New York in accordance with the bequest of the late A. T. Stewart, might well be considered as a normal establishment, for where is the city in which the young women engaged in factories, &c., do not need this valuable kind of protection? In the new establishment they are to obtain first-rate hotel accommodation at the most moderate charges. The building has many stories. The lower floor are fire-proof—the upper ones of hardwood on iron joints. We could wish they also had been cased with tiles or other fire-proof material, and as to the arrangements for escape from a fire, if such should unfortunately occur, we are as yet without information. We earnestly trust they will be sufficient, for in no form of construction could they be more needed, and this notwithstanding the partially fire-proof arrangements. The security of life should be as nearly absolute as it can be made.

In this fearful, if not unprecedented, Indian famine, of which we have written so often, the chief pressure of want might be laid upon the Government in any one of three forms—the want of grain and other food, the want of adequate relief staff and communications for transit, or the want of funds. Though the relative claims of each of these great needs have never, so far as we know, been indicated with full distinctness—it is pretty evident from all that can be learned, that money is the great requirement. From all the conclusions that can be formed upon the Imperial economy of this immense question, it may be affirmed that the need of funds should be covered from Imperial or guaranteed resources, and that it would be a perfectly correct and ultimately remunerative policy that the monetary operations for that end should be undertaken.

In reply to the House's enquiry as to the objections by the heads of departments to using the metric system, the Postmaster General of the United States says the only objections are the expense of changing and the lack of knowledge of the new system. The Secretary of the Navy says if the metric system were applied to soundings given on charts, it would involve a total loss of all charts. If the heads of departments have no better reasons to adduce against the introduction into the United States of that only scientific mode of calculation—the metric system—they ought at least to refrain from publishing them for the honour of the country.

THE FREE LANCE.

Two lady friends were conversing together. One was artistic and sentimental; the other simple and commonplace.

Queried the former: "What is it that has struck you most in life?" "My husband!" was the innocent reply.

It is the most dangerous thing in the world to attack an Irishman with the weapons of wit and humour. I have long given up the attempt, having met with so many discomfitures.

My friend Basilens was not so wary, as the following anecdote will show.

It was a glorious snow storm, and four of us, all drivers of the quill, hired a sleigh for a circuit of the mountain. I here declare that there is perhaps no mode of recreation so exhilarating as such a ride in such weather.

After leaving the Mile-End behind us, we pulled up at the toll-gate, the keeper of which was a queer looking customer. Basilens, spite of our warning, resolved to "go for" him.

"Irishman?"

"Yes, sir; only six weeks out."

"Like the country, eh?"

"Oh, sir, but it isn't the wild soil."

"You're right, my boy. The Green Isle above the world."

"Sure you're not an Irishman, sir?" with a queer look.

"Why not? Didn't I suck all my wisdom from a Kerry cow?"

The toll-man looked again at Basilens and said:

"Bedad, it must have been the skimmed milk that you got."

It was in front of the City Club, after dark. A gentleman, coming forth, was accosted by an old Hibernian cabman, who offered his services. My friend, who is fond of a joke, recognized the Jehu, and, in my presence, proceeded to draw him out.

He told a long yarn of a blind fiddler in Killybeg, who swam over a very wide lake, accomplishing quite a feat. I was much interested, and so, apparently, was he; but when we expected him to express his enthusiasm, he contented himself with asking:

"Had the man a compass, sir?"

LACED.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

There is no country of its age which presents so many points of interest for the antiquarian and historical student as Canada. We have long desired, and have been often asked, to open a column in which such curious points might be discussed, where questions on such topics might be put and answered, and where the notes of searching writers might be consigned. Our paper is acknowledged to be the most fitting medium for such communications, and we have therefore decided upon opening this column of Notes and Queries. We invite all persons interested in these matters to send in their questions and notes, and we have no doubt that, in time, we shall succeed in gathering together many curious things, illustrating many obscure points, and collecting the material for a most valuable volume.

We open to-day with a few articles which have been lying on our table for several weeks.

NOTES.

No. 1.—In the magnificent speech delivered by Lord Dufferin, at Winnipeg, prior to his departure from Manitoba, he alluded to Rainy Lake as an instance of a name that has been distorted by the ignorance of travellers. He stated that the real appellation of the well-known sheet of water was "Bene" Lake, from the given name of some or other *coureur des bois*, who either discovered it or settled on its banks. His Lordship gave no authority for his enunciation, and I saw lately that an old Hudson's Bay official disputed it. He said that, in ancient maps of the country to which he had access, he found the designation "Lac du Plumes," which is bad French for "Lac des Plumes," but conclusive as to the correctness of the present name. A further inquiry would be as to the reason why the beautiful lake has obtained the reputation of pluvial.

SCOTUS.

No. 2.—As a curious instance of etymological corruption of names I may mention a suburb of the great city of St. Louis, the Queen of the Mississippi valley, and now the fourth city, in point of population, of the United States. This was called *Vide Poche*, a name frequently met with in Canada. The first transformation in the mouth of American settlers was *Vid-Push*, but that being unmeaningless, it was further changed into the bucolic *Wheat Bush*, which stuck to the place for many years, until the authorities christened it *Carondelet*, after an old French governor of Louisiana.

J. L.

No. 3.—The French are just as skillful in barbarizing proper names as are the English. Somerset, in the Eastern Townships, is almost invariably pronounced by them *St. Morrisette*.

X.

QUERIES.

No. 1.—I should like to learn from yourself, or some of your many learned correspondents, what is the origin of the custom—almost universal in Lower Canada—of making tally, molasses candy, or *les* on St. Catherine's Day—the 25th November. My curiosity is the more stimulated to this inquiry from the fact that, last Sun-

day, I was plied with these sweets from rosy fingers until I had to call for quarter.

CRAIG.

No. 2.—Can any of our older men, whose memories go back for forty years, inform me whether it was generally believed, as stated by Sir Francis Hincks in a late lecture, that Sir Charles Metcalfe was sent over to Canada purposely to destroy responsible government?

HISTORY.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is most probable that the Prince of Wales will be present at the marriage of the King of Spain in Madrid next February.

An interesting story is being told about the Duke of Edinburgh. One day he thought he would begin the tedium of life in Bosika Bay by a little music. The admiral and the chief officers of the fleet duly gathered on the quarter-deck of the *Saltire* to hear his Royal Highness perform. His music was on the stand, his fiddle was in his hand, and after a good deal of tuning the strings and rosining the bow the Duke made a start. But he soon came to a stop; then he began again, and again there was a halt. Then with a blush said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, I cannot play to-day. I have forgotten the tune." So there was no opportunity of testing if music hath sufficient charms to sooth the savage Turk.

It seems that the Duchess of Edinburgh, on her recent passage through Paris, did not edify Madame MoMahon. On this occasion the Grand Duchess excused herself. "She looked upon herself," she said, "as a person in deep mourning. Her father and brothers were at the war, encountering great dangers, while thousands of brave Russian soldiers had lately been killed." She preferred, therefore, to stay incognito at the Russian Embassy. As a matter of fact, the Duchess is in mourning for her cousin, the Duke Sergius of Leuchtenberg.

With the exception of Mr. Justice Butler, Mr. Theiger will be the youngest judge who ever sat on the Bench. Without any exception at all he is the youngest Lord Justice ever created. He is only thirty-nine years old, and has only been a Queen's Counsel four years. Such rapid promotion is probably unparalleled. What is better still, is that the promotion is thoroughly deserved. He has the largest and most lucrative practice at the common-law bar. As everybody knows, he is the son of Lord Chelmsford, an ex-Lord Chancellor. It is rare indeed that legal genius is hereditary. There are many examples in late years in which the opposite has been proved. In politics the same may be said. Lord Beaconsfield, as is well known, desired to have Mr. Theiger as one of his law officers in the House of Commons. It is not always possible for even a Prime Minister to command a seat in the House of Commons. Sir Harding Giffard waited long without avail, and Mr. Theiger failed to command a seat at all. His father, Lord Chelmsford, was long conspicuous in Parliament as a law officer, and went to the woolsock post.

All work at the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament has been completed, both inside and out, and the official report of the cleaning and repairing of the clock itself has been issued. By means of telegraphic apparatus added by Messrs. Dent, the clock now reports its own time to the makers twice a day, the signal passing on from the Strand to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. At the commencement of this year the works were found to be getting very dirty, but its variation scarcely ever reached three seconds. The principal work besides cleaning was an entirely new escapement, as the old one of late had been getting very shaky. Two months previous to cleaning the Clock Messrs. Dent had to remove the escapement to their factory for repair. On that occasion, to avoid the public inconvenience of stopping the clock, they sent up to the Clock Tower a sufficient staff of workmen with chronometers, and at a good deal of pains kept the clock going with just the same accuracy as if it had been controlled by its pendulum. The new escapement is so constructed that it is impossible for its several parts to get loose, and its advantage over the old one is already apparent by the really extraordinary accuracy with which the clock has commenced going.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORT GARRY.—This building is situated within the walls of the fort. It belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company and was the residence of Mr. MacTavish, (deceased), and others of the Governors prior to the transfer of the territory to Canada. In it General Wolsley found shelter when he went up in pursuit of Riel. Governors Archibald and Morris have resided in it, and it will be the official mansion of Hon. Mr. Cauchon. In our illustration there is an open carriage in which are seated Mr. and Mrs. Morris. The other view on another page represents the entrance to Government House with its quaint old gate, which is a part of Fort Garry proper. Governor and Mrs. Morris are seen standing at this gate.

D. O. BOYBERRY, M. P.—The member elect for Drummond and Arthabaska, was born at St. Pierre les Bequets, on the 21st September, 1834, of farmer parents. He was educated at

Three Rivers in the College of the Christian Brothers and at the English Commercial School of Mr. Thompson. He received his commercial training at Quebec, where he resided four years, whence he removed to the Eastern Townships, about twenty years ago. He is mainly occupied with commercial pursuits, his place of business being at Victoriaville, Arthabaska Station. He is also interested in farming. Among the offices of honour and trust which he has filled, we may mention those of Justice of the Peace, Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, Director of the Arthabaska Building Society, of the Agricultural Society of the same County, and Mayor of Victoriaville. Occupying a central position for the greater part of the County of Arthabaska, his commercial relations with his friends won him a popularity which proved a source of strength to him during the late election.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR MORRIS.—When the Hon. Mr. Morris was Minister of the Crown at Ottawa, we had great pleasure in publishing his portrait and tracing his career up to that point. Now that he has just closed a career of distinguished and highly useful service in the Northwest, we have great pleasure in reproducing his likeness, with some notes descriptive of his labours in that distant sphere. He has concluded five and a half years of official life, three months as Chief Justice—three months as Chief Justice and Administrator, and five years as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. He was during four years Governor of the Northwest Territories as well, and latterly Governor of Keewatin. From a return of the Senate as to his rule in the Northwest, we gather that he was the chief negotiator in the making of treaties, three, four, five and six and that he revised treaties one and two, while it will be seen from the last report of the Minister of the Interior he suggested the making of the last and seventh treaty, that with the Black Feet. Mr. Morris returns to his home in Perth, with the consciousness of duty well accomplished, and the respect of all his countrymen, irrespective of party, for his laborious and patriotic statesmanship.

THE IMPERISHABLE BOY.—The best authorities among scientific persons have long ago conceded the fact that it is impossible to kill a boy by any of the recognized processes of denudation. He tumbles off chestnut trees and falls down wells with impunity; he is perfectly happy in the midst of harrowing railroad accidents, and prematurely enthusiastic Fourth of July explosions afford him intense delight; the most persistent book agents have done little more than discourage him, and able-bodied strokes of summer lightning have passed him by with disgust.

Yesterday afternoon there was a persistent recurrence of ominous silence and hilarious laughter among the two dozen or more carriers of the *Free Press* that became so monotonous that we felt called upon to investigate. We looked, and behold! the boys had invented a new game, having all the elements of dangerous fun necessary to perfect enjoyment.

LITERARY.

JOHN RUTHERFORD has in press the "Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy."

BRECHER is losing his grip. He lectured to a small audience in Springfield, and a considerable portion of that was made up of out of town people.

FRONDE is collecting materials for a life of Carlyle, a task which the Chelsea sage himself entrusted to him.

RICHARD H. DANA lately celebrated his ninety-third birthday at Boston, and among those who called at his house to congratulate him were Langfellow, Wainwright and James T. Fields.

QUEEN VICTORIA having recommended "Edgar and I: the story of a Home," for perusal to the Empress of Russia, a large demand for the book throughout the United Kingdom is looked for.

The third volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Lives of the Prince Consort" will be published early in December. As it must include the period of the Crimean War, it cannot but prove of great interest in connection with the all-absorbing Eastern Question.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for publication a fac-simile reproduction of the MS. of the original draft of the "Christian Year," in the author's handwriting. The volume is dated 1822, and is entitled "MS. Verses, Chiefly on Sacred Subjects."

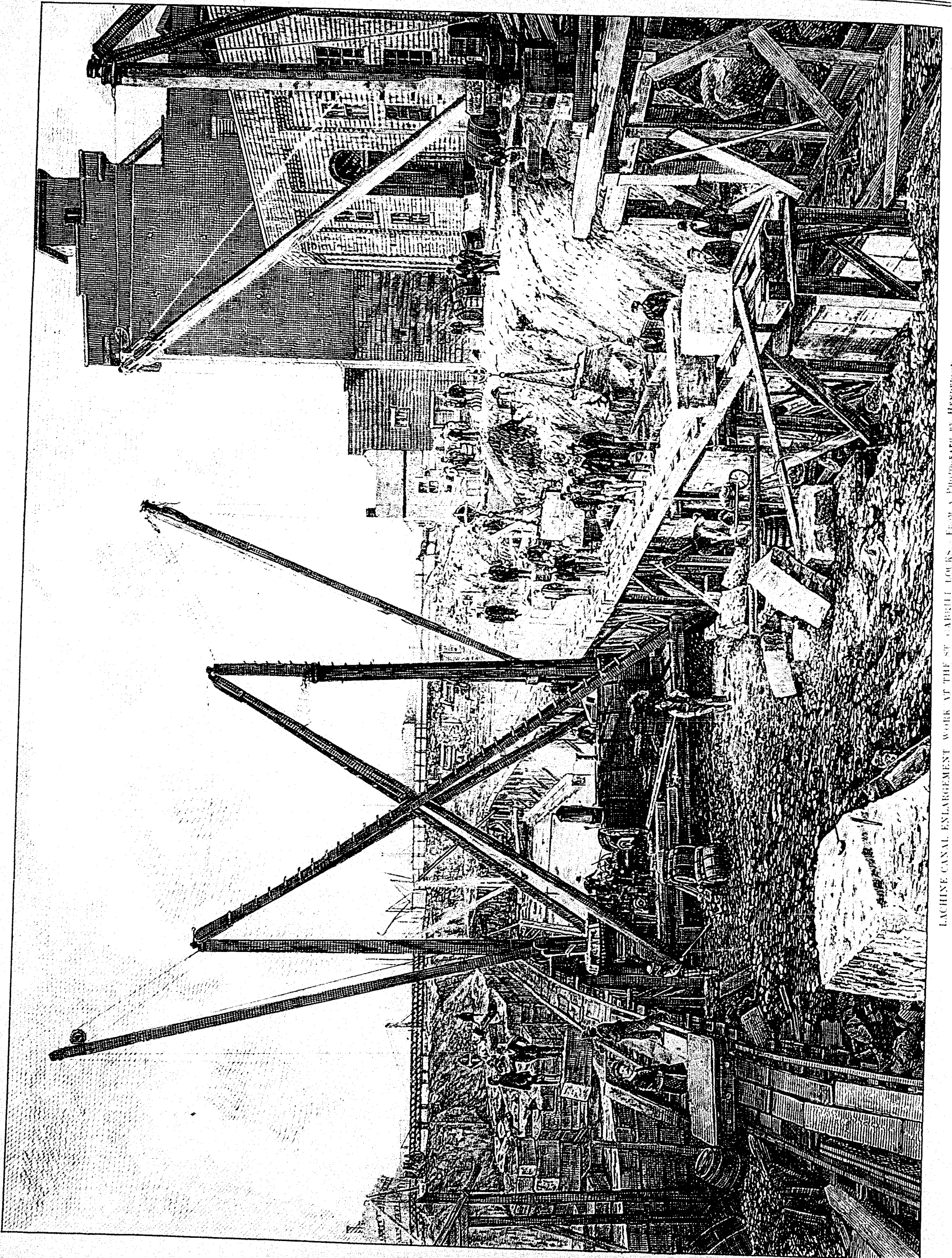
A ROMANCE, hitherto unknown, by Edgar A. Poe, has recently come into the possession of Mr. John H. Ingram. It is entitled "The Journal of Julius Rodman," and is a description of an imaginary "First Passage Across the Rocky Mountains of North America over a Route by Civilized Man."

The King of Sweden and Norway has completed a dramatic poem, entitled "Mime fan Upsala," the scene of which is successively laid in the Cathedral, in Odin's Grove, and in Old Upsala. This drama, to which Ivar Hallstrom has written the music, is now under rehearsal, and will be shortly performed.

HERM KRABBE, of Stuttgart, is about to issue an unpublished collection of letters and papers by Goethe. The volume will contain the correspondence of the poet and Fritz Schobser, between 1808 and 1832; letters to and from Goethe's parents and relatives; and, finally, the poet's letters to Sophie Laroche, from 1772 to 1775.

FRANCES HOBGSON BURNETT publishes a long card of explanation and protest—explanation of the manner in which her earlier stories, "Theodora," "Dolly," "Kathleen," etc., came to be published, and protest against the conduct of the publishers who refused to respect her wishes for the suppression of those works.

AMONG the literary curiosities of the season is announced "A New Biblia Patriarum," consisting of thirty-eight books, engraved in 1470, which appear never to have been used in any book, with illustrative readings from Welf's Testament, printed in Saxony type. The whole forms a unique volume, and will be issued as a memento of the Centennial Celebration, 1877, and the Welf's Quincentenary.



LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT WORK AT THE ST. CARRELL LOCKS - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON

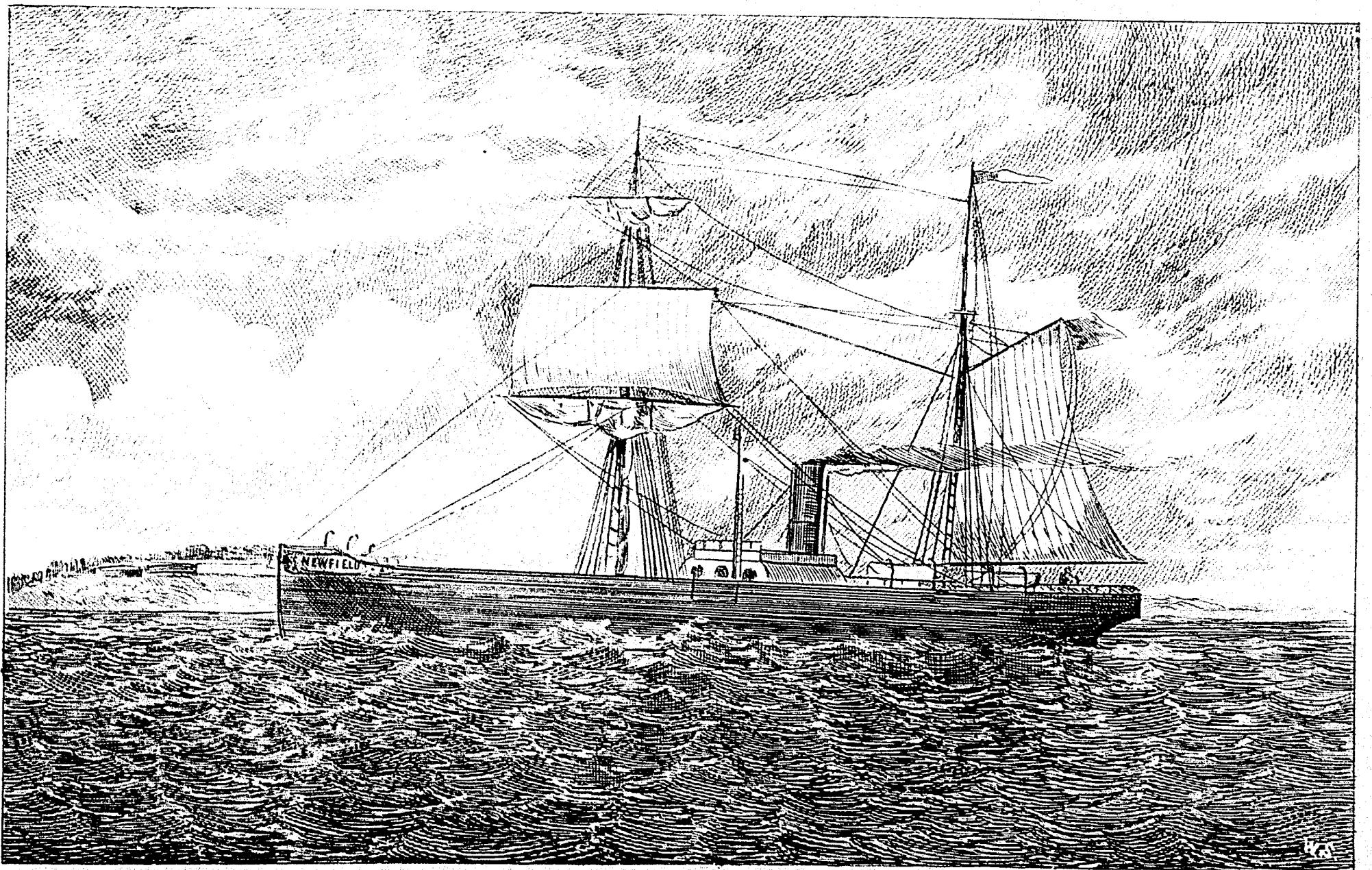
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 289.—HON. ALEX. MORRIS, LATE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA.



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MONTREAL.—THE GOVERNMENT S.S. *NEWFIELD* LEAVING PORT, LADEN WITH CANADIAN EXHIBITS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

WASSIELEWSKI'S SECRET.

The Polish newspapers at one time, and until they were ordered to desist, used to print the words Past and Future in very large capitals, while they spoke of the present in the smallest possible type. That was Wassielewski's method. The past was radiant with Polish glory and Polish struggles set in a black background of Russian atrocities. Like one of the new-fashioned "Arrangements in Brown," the details were smudged. The Future, after a good deal more of fighting and bloodshed, was also to be a chronicle of great glory. As for the present it did not exist, it was a dream.

For himself he was almost the last of the Poles whom I remembered as a child in the old black barrack. The barrack itself was gone, and the Poles dispersed. Those who were left lived about the town singly. Wassielewski alone among them still nourished thoughts of revenge and patriotism. He was certainly the only man of all the exiled Poles capable of giving life to the cause in a hopeless effort, where the only object was to keep alive the spark of rebellion. He also never flagged or lost heart, because he knew what he had to give, and he knew what he was going to get. I was used to his fanaticism. If he met me when I was a child, he was wont to say, parenthetically, "Ladislav, Poland is not dead, but sleeping," and then pass on without waiting for an answer. He was like a bird which has but one tune; his one idea was the resuscitation of his country. Sometimes he would stop me in the street, and take off his hat, standing like a prophet of Israel with his deep-set eyes, his long white locks, and his passionate look, keeping me beside him while he whispered in earnest tones, "Listen, Ladislav Pulaski, there is a stir in her limbs. She will spring to her feet again, and call upon her children to arise and fight. Then let all the Poles scattered over the broad face of the earth, the Poles of Galicia, the Poles of the Kingdom, join together. We are the children of those who fought with Kosciuszko, and we are the grandchildren of those who followed Sobieski. If we die, the tradition of hate will be preserved. Let us die, if Heaven so will it."

I was therefore trained in the traditional hatred of Russia, almost as much as if I had been brought up in Warsaw among those Polish ladies who go in mourning all their days, and refuse to dance or have any joy. But my own feeling was of the passive kind, which is not fertile in action. By temperament as well as physique I was inclined to the contemplative life. If I regarded the Muscovite with patriotic hatred, I was by no means prepared to leave my own ease, and put on the armour of a soldier. Besides, to all intents I was an Englishman, with English ideas, English prejudices; and the Poles were foreigners to me, although I was of Polish blood, and—I was a cripple.

Wassielewski saw with pity that his most fiery denunciations, his most highly-coloured narratives of blood failed to rouse me to the level of his own enthusiasm, and therefore the old conspirator had recourse to his last and most desperate measure. If that failed I was hopeless. He told me the secret that had been religiously kept from me by the Captain, Mr. Broughton, and the few who knew it—the tragedy of my birth.

I wish he had not told me; I ought to have been spared the bitter knowledge; it was with kindness that it had been kept from me. For the story fired my blood, and maddened me for a while with the thirst of vengeance.

It was about four o'clock one afternoon—a week before Leonard's return, that I went to Wassielewski's lodgings—at his own request. I went unwillingly, because it pained me to see him so eager, and to feel myself so lukewarm over the wrongs of my country; but I went.

His one room was furnished with a narrow bed, a chair, a table, and a music-stand. A crucifix was hanging on the wall—Wassielewski was a Catholic—a sword hung below it; at the head of the bed was a portrait in water colours, which I had never seen before, of a young lady, dressed in the fashion of the Thirties. She had a sweet, calm face, and her eyes which shone upon me when I entered the room seemed to follow me about. They were large eyes full of thought and love.

"It is your mother, Ladislav Pulaski," said the old man slowly. "Your sainted mother, one of the martyrs of Poland. Claudia, wife of Roman Pulaski."

My mother! I who never knew a mother, and hardly ever gave her memory one filial thought. A strange yearning came over me as I gazed at the face, and saw it blurred through the tears that crowded in my eyes.

"My mother? Wassielewski, why have you never shown this to me before?"

"Because I waited for the moment to come when I could give you her portrait, tell you her story, and send you forth to kill Russians in revenge. Sit down, poor boy. I have much to say, and nothing that is not sad."

I sat down with strange forebodings. But I took the portrait of my mother from the wall.

"You will give this to me, Wassielewski?"

"When I die, or when we go together to Poland."

Ah! The tender sweetness of the face; the kind face; the noble face. Ah! the good and true eyes that saw her son after so many years; so bright, and yet so sad. For they had the sadness which seems to lie in the eyes of all whom death takes young. Death! How did my mother die? And while I looked I felt that the poor old man who loved her so much—or else he could not have been so careful for me—was looking with me in her face, and dropping tears upon my head.

"Do not tell me, Wassielewski—not now—if it pains you so much."

"That will pain you more," he groaned. "Day and night for twenty years it has ever been before my eyes. I was only her humble friend and servant. You are her son. How shall I tell you the shameful story?"

"Sit so, Ladislav Pulaski, with your eyes upon the face of your dead mother—perhaps she will smile upon you as she does upon me sometimes in moonlit nights when I lie awake and listen for the call from Poland. So—so—while I try to tell you how she died, and how your father died."

His voice was calm and steady, but his eyes were wild. I looked at him no more, but kept my eyes upon the picture, awed and expectant.

He took his violin from the case, and played a few bars walking up and down the room.

"That is a Polish waltz. We used to dance a great deal in Poland before 1830. We were Russian subjects, it is true, but we were happier than our brothers who were under Prussia. Some of us were young, too—not I. I am seventy-five now, and I am talking of events which took place only five-and-twenty years ago. But I was not too old to join in the dances of the people. And I was happy in my stewardship of the Lady Claudia. She was an only child, like your father, Roman Pulaski, and I was the steward of her father, and had special charge of the young lady. There is a girl in this place; I often see you with her."

"Celia Tyrrell?"

"Yes—perhaps. She has the eyes of your mother and her sweet face. I think she must be good like her."

"Lady Claudia was not proud. We went about together, her father and she and I, to all the peasants' festivals. I was but a peasant born, but she, it is true;—she was a great lady. When we had a wedding it lasted a week, and we danced all night; we wore our national dress; we sang our national songs—this was one of them."

He played a quaint delightful air, full of sweetness and character.

"We ate our *bigos* and *cholodier*; we laughed and joked. And with the Muscovites we were friends. You would have been a happy child, Ladislav Pulaski, could you have been brought up among your own people, and learned their customs—such as they were. Now, it is all changed. The national costume is forbidden; we may not sing the Polish hymns—Listen to one. Ah! you cannot understand the words."

He played a hymn with soft and melancholy cadences, crooning rather than singing the words, which I could not, as he said, understand.

"We dance no longer; even the young Polish girls, who loved dancing more than any girls in the world, dance no more; we go in mourning all our days;—even the young Polish girls, whose dress was so gay and bright, wear black all their lives; we laugh no more, but sit with weeping eyes; we go to church, not to pray for good harvests and joy; but for the hour of revenge."

He paused for a moment.

"That is what you know already. Up to the age of nineteen, my young lady was as happy as the day is long. She was as happy as God ever allowed any human being to be. For when she was eighteen she was married—to your father."

"Roman Pulaski was worthy of her—he, alone among men. He was of a good descent; he was as rich, he was as handsome, he was as strong and brave as she was true and good. They were married and you were born—a strong and straight-backed boy—a true Pulaski, with curly brown hair, and plenty of it, when you were but a little baby. And who so happy as your mother? All day long she held you in her arms; all day and all night; it made the tears come into my eyes only to see how pleased and happy she was with her child."

"That lasted two years. Then came the insurrection. Of course, your father joined it. How could he keep out of it? And the Lady Claudia wove silk banners, and brought her jewels to buy arms, and gave all she had to the brave rebels."

"One day, after three months of fighting, I came back—alone. Your father disappeared; our men were all killed; and the Russians were marching upon the castle to destroy it. I remembered how, once, they set fire to a house full of Poles, and killed all who tried to escape.

So I hurried your mother away; we carried the child between us, and I escaped into the woods, where we wandered backwards and forwards through the bitter cold night, and watched at nightfall the red glow in the sky, which marked our burning castle. So you no longer had a house, you and the Lady Claudia."

"In the morning finding that the Cossacks were gone, I took her home to our village. It was a place full of women and children; not a man left in it; only a few boys of ten and old men of seventy; but because there were no men I thought she would be safe. She was brave—always brave—and in her pale face there was no thought of repentance. They weighed the cost, and joined the losing side. Her husband gone—perhaps dead; her house destroyed; nothing left in the world but her year-old child. Yet she never lamented. Only, the second day, she sent me away. 'Old friend,' she said. 'Go—and, if you can, bring me news of Roman Pulaski. If he is dead we will mourn for him as those who mourn for the dead in Christ.'

"I left her—in safety, as I thought—I crept cautiously through the woods, from village to village, and asked of the women and men in each place for news. For a time I could learn nothing, but one day I found a newspaper, and read that Roman Pulaski was not dead, but a prisoner."

"It would have been better for him had he died in battle. You have heard—I have told you over and over again—how the Czar Nicholas hated the very name of Pole; how there was no cruelty practised by his officers, no severity too great, towards the Poles that it should displease him. But the case of one who stood so high as your father was too important to be decided upon even by the Archduke Constantine's favorite, General Kuruta. Roman Pulaski had been a favourite in the St. Petersburg Court; he had attracted the notice of the Empress, who hoped to attach him to the Russian cause; his rebellion incensed the Czar more than the defection of all the other Poles put together. Imagine, therefore, his satisfaction at having his enemy in his own power. At first he ordered that the prisoner should be shot. This order was immediately afterwards commuted, as he called it, to hard labor in the mines of Siberia for life. Which was called the Czar's clemency."

"Even the Russians were appalled at such a sentence, which condemned a gentleman to the lowest degradation of companionship with criminals. They drew up a petition; it was represented that the Count Roman Pulaski was young and hot-headed; they said he had been drawn into the rebellion by disaffected advisers and by misrepresentations. The Czar refused to receive the petition. Then the Empress herself, his own wife, threw herself on her knees at his feet and implored mercy."

"You ask mercy for a Pole,' he cried. 'Then this is what you shall get for him.' He took the paper containing the sentence, and added to it, *in his own handwriting*, 'And the prisoner shall walk the whole way.'

"Walk?—walk the whole way from Warsaw to Siberia?"

"Walk. Think of it quietly, if you can for a while. Try to understand something of what it means. To be one of a gang of murderers and common thieves, because they did not allow him to perform his journey with brother Poles; to step side by side, manacled together at the wrist, with one of the worst of those criminals; to sleep with him at night on a sloping bench; to eat and drink with him; never to be separated from him; to be driven along the never-ending road by Cossacks armed with whips; to endure every indignity of blows and curses; to have no rest by day, no repose by night; to eat the vilest and commonest of food; to spend the winter—it was in the winter that he started—pacing for ever along the white and frozen snow; to be on the road when spring returned; to be still walking, always with the thieves and murderers, in the glaring summer."

"Take a map, measure the distance from Warsaw to Moscow, from Moscow to Astrakhan, from Astrakhan to Tobolski, and thence to the mines. You will say to yourself, 'Fifteen miles a day; that makes—how many months of walking? Behind him a wife, young and beautiful as the day; a boy not yet old enough to do more than look in his father's face, and cry, 'Papa—Wassielewski!'

"Wife and boy gone—happiness gone forever—no hopes—before him the long road with the horrible daily and nightly companions, and after the road. Perhaps after the road the worst part of the sentence; for in the road there is change, in the mines none; day after day the same work; day after day the same hopeless toil; day after day the same gloom; day after day the same wretched fellow prisoners; the same face; the death in life."

"They used to go mad, some of them; they used to commit suicide; some would murder a soldier or a gaoler for the mere excitement of being flogged to death. Some tried to run away. It was fortunate for those who made their escape in winter, because when night fell they lay down in the snow—out on the free white snow, which covered them up and hid them after the cold winter wind had fanned them to sleep, and when they were found in the spring they were dead corpses covered over with tall-grasses and pitiful flowers. Those who neither went mad, nor were knouted, nor were frozen to death, nor committed suicide, dropped away and died day by day, like your father, and for the last few months of their lives, God, more merciful than the Czar, made them stupid."

Wassielewski stopped. I looked up at him

with beating heart and flashing eyes. His own eyes, deep set and stern, were glowing with the intensity of his wrath, and the red gash on his cheek was a long white line.

"Go on, Wassielewski," I cried. "tell me more."

"I have thought upon that journey," he continued in a calm voice, "till I seem to know it every step. And he was so tall, so brave, so handsome."

"News came, later on—not for a long time—about him. More than half the convicts died upon the road, the man to whom he was manacled threw himself down upon the road one day, and refused to make another step; they flogged him till he could not have walked if he had tried; but he still refused, and then they flogged him again until he died. That was part of the Czar's clemency. Your father was one of the few who survived the journey, and reached Siberia in safety. He sent home by a sure hand a little wooden cross, on which he had carved—the names of Claudia his wife, and Ladislav his boy."

"Stop—stop! Wassielewski, I cannot bear it."

"I shall not stop," he replied, "you must bear this, and more. There is worse to hear. Do you think it is for nothing that I tell you all these things? The cross was to show his wife that he was alive, and that he still thought of them. But when it arrived, his wife was dead, and the child was in exile."—he opened a little cabinet which stood upon a chest of drawers—"the cross is here. I have kept it for you."

It was a roughly-carved cross, eighteen inches long, of a dark-grained wood, a Latin cross. On the longer limb was carved in letters rude, but deeply cut in the wood, "Roman to Claudia," and on the transverse limb the single word, "Ladislav."

"See from his grave your father calls you."

"From his grave?"

"He died like all the prisoners in the mines, of hard work, of despair, of misery, and neglect. He could write no letters, he could receive none; he had no longer anything to hope for in this world. Roman Pulaski died. Grey, deaf, and blind, my poor old master died. He was not thirty years of age."

"When he was dead lying news was published in the papers by the command of Nicholas. They said that he had been released from the mines, that he had voluntarily entered as a private soldier in a Caucasian regiment, that he had fallen in action. Lies! Lies! No one believed them. As if Roman Pulaski would not have written to Poland for news of his wife and son; as if he would not have flown along the road as soon as he obtained his liberty, to learn if they were dead or living. No! In the darkest and deepest mine, with the foulest thieves of a Muscovite crowd, Roman Pulaski lived out his wretched years, and died his wretched death. And you are his son."

"Before you go home, remember this: he died for Poland; his death is not forgotten; for fifty generations, if need be, the story shall be told of the Czar's revenge."

He paused for a moment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

"I have more to tell you," he went on, wiping the beads from his brow wearily. "More to tell you, more that I cannot tell without the bitterest pain, and that will sadden all your after years. But you must learn it, you must learn it, before you become a true child of Poland."

He leant over me and kissed my head.

"Poor boy! I thought at one time that you might be spared. The good Captain said to me when you went away to live with him, 'Let him not know, Wassielewski, let him never know.' I said, 'He shall never know, Captain; no one shall tell him;—unless his country ask for him. Then he shall know, because the knowledge will fire the blood, and make him fight like ten men.' We are all like ten men when we rise to fight the Muscovite. So I promised and I prayed of a night to the Lady Claudia, who is now a saint in Heaven, and hears what sinners ask, that she would guard her son from harm. 'Because,' I said on my knees, 'he is not a strong man like your husband or your servant; he is afflicted, he is feeble, he is a boy of peace and fond of music, and he has made good friends.' I knelt by the bed, and I looked on that face. The face changed as I prayed, and sometimes, by candlelight, or by moonlight, I could see the eyes of my mistress shining upon me, or see her lips move as if to speak or to smile. And always happy. Ladislav, happy are those who forgive."

"But we cannot forgive," I said.

"Never, boy, never. We are God's instruments of wrath. And now the time has come, and Poland asks for you. So I must tell you, Ladislav," he added, pitifully, "I must tell you, in addition, how your mother died. You will think over the story every day for the rest of your life. And you will understand, henceforth, how Russia may become the Protector of 'Christians—out of her own country."

"It happened while I was away, looking for certain news of your father. I left her in safety, as I thought, among the women and children. Even I did not know how far the Czar could carry his revenge. Not even the little children were safe. An order came from St. Petersburg that all orphan Polish children—all those whose fathers had fallen in the insurrection—all who were a burden to the State—should be carried away and brought up in military schools. That was a master-stroke. The little Poles were to become Russians, to fight their brothers.

"You were not an orphan, nor a burden on the State; you did not fall within that law. It was by the great, by the divine clemency of the Czar that ukase was issued, to save the children whom every Polish household would have welcomed, to relieve the State of a burden which did not exist. But the order did not effect you, and if I had known of it I should not have been disturbed. You were safe, safe with your mother, and she was safe among her own people, the women who knew her and loved her.

"As the order was issued it had to be carried out, and the soldiers were sent to find orphan children, begging their bread, and a burden on the State. But there were none; yet the order must be obeyed. So they began to carry off the children they could find, whether they were orphans or not, whether their mothers wept and shrieked, or whether they sat silent, struck with the mad stupor of a misfortune greater than they could bear.

"When Herod slew the infants in Bethlehem, there were some thirty killed. When Nicholas murdered the innocents in Poland, there were thousands. Perhaps, when one crime becomes as well known as the other, that of the Czar will take its proper rank.

"In the afternoon, when the day was sinking, there came clattering up to the village where your mother had taken refuge a long cavalcade of carts, horses, and cavalry. In the carts were infants;—it was a day of winter, and the snow was lying over the fields and in the branches of the pines. The carts were covered, it is true, and within them the children cried and moaned, huddled together against each other for warmth; some mere infants in arms; some five or six years of age, who carried the smaller ones; some little toddling things of two. They had spread rough blankets on the floors of the carts; but still the helpless babes were cold. And their only nurses were the soldiers who had small pity.

"The women of the village came out crying over the poor children, bringing them bread and milk. With them they carried their own. They had better have stayed indoors; better still have fled into the woods, and hidden there till the Cossacks went away. For presently, the soldiers began picking up the children of the village and tossing them, too, into their carts. Among them, led by an older child, wrapped in furs, was a little boy of two years old—you, Ladislav Pulaski.

"You were straight-backed then, poor boy; straight and comely, like your father—

"When they rode away, the carts lumbering along the roads, the children crying, the soldiers swearing, they were followed by a stream of women, who shrieked and cried, and first among them all ran and cried your mother—the Lady Claudia. Yes—she was brave when her beautiful home was burned with all the sweet things she had grown up amongst; but when she saw the boy torn from her, she became, they told me, like a mad woman. They were all mad women.

"It was twenty-four hours later when I returned and heard what had happened. The carts had all that much start of me; also I had to be careful, because near the village I might be recognized and arrested. I followed on the high road when I could—through forests when I could find a faithful guide—any how so that I followed. After two days of pursuit, I found—courage, Ladislav—courage, boy—so—drink this water—lie down for a moment—sob and cry—it will do you good as it did me, when I found her—the tale is almost told.

"I found her lying cold and dead in the road. She was bareheaded, and her long hair lay blown about her beautiful head; her face was looking, with its pale cold cheeks and closed eyes—looking still along the road in the direction of the carts—one arm was bent under her, one hand upon her heart; one lay extended, the fingers clutched in the snow as if she would drag herself along the way by which she could no longer creep; her shoes had fallen from her feet, she was frozen;—in the night she had fallen, and, too weak to rise, must have died in the painless sleep that swiftly closes the eyes of those who lie down in our winter snow. I lifted her and bore her to the edge of the forest, where, because I could not dig her a grave, I made a hole in the snow, and covered her over with branches to keep off the wolves. I knelt by her dead form and called Heaven to witness that such revenge as I could work upon the people who had killed her I would work—it is a vow which I have renewed from day to day; and, after many years, the time has come at last. It always comes to those who have faith and patience.

"When I had buried your mother, I hurried along the road still in pursuit of the train of children. These trains do not move quickly, and I knew that I should come up with it—sooner or later. The roads were very still and quiet; it was not only the snow that lay on the earth, but the dread and terror of the Cossacks. Death was in the air; in the woods lay the bodies of the men; in the villages lay the women weeping; on the cold roads lumbered the long lines of kibitkas that carried away the children. Somewhere on that road marched the train of convicts manacled wrist to wrist, your father among them.

"Presently—it may have been a day, it may have been an hour, after I left your dead mother—I heard far off the dull dead sound of the carts, the cracking of whips, and the curses of the drivers. Then I stopped to think. If they saw me I should be shot, and that would be of no use to any one. Now, if I lost sight altogether of the train, how could I help you, who were in it?"

Walking and running, I kept up close behind the train; as the night fell again, I could get so close as to hear the wailing of the children, who cried for hunger and for cold. And Providence befriended us, for while I went along the road, I saw something move in the moonlight,—and heard a faint cry. Ladislav, it was you. You had fallen from the cart, and they left you there to die. Perhaps they did not see you. Five minutes more and you would have died, like your mother, of that fatal sleep of frost.

"There is nothing more to tell—I had a long and weary journey from village to village before I reached the Austrian frontier, and found a friend who would help us over mountains and by forests to Switzerland. All Europe was full of our sufferings, and we made friends wherever we went; there were societies called 'Friends of Poland,' who helped us with money and work; had they given us soldiers and arms we should have asked no other help—we passed from Switzerland to France, and from France we came to England. Always the same kindness from the people; the same indignation; and the same help. I wonder, now, if they have forgotten the cause of Poland; perhaps, because it is twenty years ago.

"Well, as the days passed on, I noticed something. At first, it was not much, but as the time went on, I found that your back was round, and that you were—poor boy—deformed. It was done by the fall from the cart. Remember, Ladislav, that you owe that, as well as everything else—to the Czar. When you look in the glass, say to yourself, 'But for them I should be well and straight like my father; when you pass a rich man's house you may say, 'My house stood among woods fairer than these, with more splendid gardens; the Czar burned it, and took my broad lands.' When you stand upon the ramparts and see the lines of convicts working, silent, in single file, think of your father dying slowly in the Siberian mines—and every evening and every morning, look at the face of your mother and think of her rushing along the frozen roads, catching at the hands of the soldiers, crying and imploring—to fall at last for very weakness on the ground and die in misery.

"Hush, boy—hush—strengthen your heart—rouse yourself—think that your arms are strong, though your back is round; you can fire a gun; you can kill a Russian; you can fight, as men fight now; and you are a Pulaski.

"I thought, when I saw what you were, that Heaven had resolved to spare you the common lot of Poles. But that is not so—we must all go, now."

"Yes, Wassielewski—all must go. I among the rest."

"I knew you would say that, when you had been told all. Look me in the face, boy, and swear it."

"I swear it," I murmured, in a broken voice. "By the portrait of my mother, Wassielewski, I will go with you to Poland, when you claim my promise. You shall take me back to my own people: you shall say to them that I am poor and deformed; that I can neither march with them, nor ride, nor stand upright among their ranks; that I cannot even speak my own language; but that I have greater wrongs to avenge than any of them; and that I ask leave just to crawl among them and load my rifle with the rest."

"Good—boy—good." The old man's eyes had an infinite tenderness in their depths while he took my hand. "I am taking you to Death. That is almost certain. I pray God that we may die together, and that we may die upon a heap of Russians while the enemy is flying before our faces scattered like the chaff before the wind. Then I can take you by the hand and lead you to Heaven, where we shall find them both, waiting for us—Count Roman and Lady Claudia—and I shall say, 'My master and my mistress, I have brought your boy home to you. And he died for Poland.'

"It is not that I have done this myself," he went on. "For years a voice had been ringing in my ears which at first I could not understand,—it was only a voice, and indistinct. Gradually I began to hear and make out what it said. 'The time is coming,' it said, 'the time is coming. Prepare to end thy work. The time is coming.' That lasted for a long while, but I was patient, because I knew that it was the Lady Claudia who spoke to me at night, and she would have good reason for what she said. And now the voice says more. It says, 'Ladislav must be told; Ladislav must go with you; let Ladislav, too, fight for Poland.' We must obey a voice from Heaven, and so I have told you.

"Remember, I can promise you nothing,—not even glory, not even a name. You may be killed in a nameless fight upon a village green; you may follow your father to Siberia; I know not. I partly read the future, but not all. I see fighting. I hear the Polish Hymn; there are the accursed grey coats, there is the firing of guns, and all is finished. Among the patriots I do not see you, Ladislav, and I do not see myself.

"You have sworn and I will give you, besides your father's cross, your mother's portrait. Take them with you to-night, put them in some safe place, pray with them in your hand, night and day. Remember, you are no longer a music master in an English town, you are a child of Poland, and you teach music till you hear your country's call. And now, farewell; wait and expect."

"Play something, Celia, my dear," said the Captain. "Soothe his spirit with music. Poor boy, poor boy! He should not have told you."

I went home in a dream, bearing with me the precious relics which Wassielewski gave me. I think I was mad that evening. It was nine o'clock when I reached home, and Celia had waited for me all the evening. But I had no eyes for Celia, and no thought for anything but what I had heard. And then, in such language as came to me, with such passion and tears as the tale called up within me, I told my story and once more renewed my vow.

There was no sleep for me that night, but in the morning I fell into a slumber broken by unquiet dreams. There was the lumbering, grinding roll upon the frozen snow of the children's train escorted by the mounted soldiers; there was the figure of my mother, lying stone dead on a road of ice; there was the gang of convicts limping along a road which seemed to have no beginning and no end.

They would not let me go to my pupils; my hands were hot, my brow was burning. Celia came to sit with me, and we talked and wept together. I was fain to tell my story all over again. She held my hand while I told it, and when I had finished I saw in her face no wrath, none of the madness with which Wassielewski filled my soul the day before, but only a great sadness. I was still mad for revenge, but somehow I felt instinctively as if Celia's sorrow was a higher thing than the old Pole's thirst for revenge. And I was ashamed in presence of her sad and sympathizing eyes to renew my oath of vengeance.

"Poor Laddy!" she said, "What a tale of misery and wrong! Let us pity the soldiers who had to carry out such an order. Let us believe that the Czar did not know—could not know—how his order was obeyed. Do not dwell upon it, dear. Do not let cruel and revengeful thoughts grow out of the recollection. 'Vengeance is mine,' you know. Your mother's face—how beautiful it is!—does not make you think of revenge? See how calmly the sweet eyes look at you! And oh! dear, dear, Laddy, make no more rash vows, at least till Leonard comes home. And it wants but three days—three short, short, days, and we shall see him again, and all will go well with us once more."

The Captain said nothing, but in his sad face I saw that he sorrowed for me, and in his grave eyes I read the warning which did not leave his lips.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DAY BEFORE.

They were very patient with me, the Captain and Celia, while the madness was in my blood. They let me talk as wildly as I pleased, and did not argue. But on the third day Celia put her foot down.

"I will hear nothing more, Laddy," she said. "You have spent three days in dreams of bloodshed and battle. Talk to me about your mother, if you please. I shall never tire of looking at her eyes. They are like yours—when you do not madden yourself with the recollection of that story. Let us picture the sweet life in the Polish village with the chateau beside it, and the girls dancing. Let us play their waltz, or let us go up to the wall and talk of Leonard. But no more battles."

It was a wise prohibition, and I had to obey. My thoughts were directed into a new channel, and the furies which had taken possession of me were, for the moment at least, expelled.

Four days, then, to the twenty-first. Four long, tedious days.

Then three. Then the days became hours, and at last we were only a single day—only four-and-twenty hours from the fixed time when Leonard should come back to us. "In riches or in poverty"—somehow, in spite of all obstacles—he was to return to Celia's Arbour on the evening of the twenty-first of June, 1858. How would he come back, and what would be his history?

"If he is changed, Laddy," said Celia, "he will find us changed too. You, poor boy, under a promise to go out and get killed for Poland. Not that you shall go in spite of the old patriot. And I—what am I, Laddy?"

"You are like Andromeda chained to the rock waiting for the monster to come and devour her. Or you are like an Athenian going out to the youth-devouring Minotaur. But patience; Perseus came to Andromeda, and Theseus killed the Minotaur. I fancy the Minotaur must have been a tall and rather imposing animal to look at, six feet high at least, with a heavy white moustache and a military carriage. And very likely he wore blue spectacles out of doors."

"And what was Theseus like?"

"I think we will call him Perseus, and our monster shall be Andromeda's terror. There is an ugly story; you know, about Theseus and Ariadne."

Cis flushed a sweet rosy red.

"Then tell me what Perseus was like."

"He was about as tall as the monster, perhaps not quite. He was very handsome, had curly brown hair, perhaps he had a moustache, he was about four-and-twenty years of age; he was greatly esteemed by everybody because he was so brave and strong; there was a mystery about his birth which made him only more romantic; there was, you know, about a good many of the ancients. Theseus, for instance, Achilles, Edipus—the damsels all fell in love with him because there was no one in all Greece or the Isles half so handsome; but he kept himself away from all of them; I believe there is a story about some Queen offering him half her throne if he

would marry her, but he would not,—declined in the most respectful, but unmistakable terms. When she received his answer, and sent half-a-dozen men to murder him—because terrible is the wrath of a woman whose beauty has been despised—he stood with his back against a wall, with his short sword held so, and with his shield held in the other hand, he made mince-meat of all those six murderers together, and went on his way without further molestation. There was a Dryad once, too, who met him in an Arcadian forest, and proffered him, in return for his love, half the balance of her life. She said she didn't know how much there was left to run, but she thought about fifteen hundred years or so, when she and her sister, and the great God Pan, would all be snuffed out together. Perseus told her that Love was immortal, and not a slave to be bought or sold. So he passed away, and the Dryad, sitting under a tree, slowly pined and pined till Orpheus found her at last changed into the strings of an Æolian harp, and sighing most melodiously when the western breeze blew upon it. Perseus—"

"Laddy, talk sense."

"I can't, Cis. I feel as if Leonard was coming home to lift a great weight from both our hearts. I do not know how. I feel it. Perseus, however, was not callous to female loveliness, only he had given his heart away five years before, Cis, five years before."

"Laddy, I forbid you to go on."

"It is not a made-up story, Cis. I am certain it is all true. Arthur and Barbarossa are coming some day, to remove the miseries of the people. Why not Leonard to take away our troubles? We had no troubles; when he went away. Now we are hampered and fettered, by no fault of our own, and I see no way out of it."

"Does the Captain know that it is so near?"

"Yes, he has not spoken of it to me, and he will not, I am sure. But he knows, and is looking forward. Last night I heard his step for an hour in his room, after he had gone to bed. He was thinking of Leonard; and could not sleep. And this morning he told Mrs. Jeram that you were going to stay all night to-morrow."

"Did he? The kind old Captain!"

"And that there would be another guest, and she was to get supper, a magnificent supper. The other guest, he explained, was to have his own room, and you were to have the spare room. Then I interposed, and said that a better arrangement would be to put the stranger in the spare bed in my room, so that he would not have to turn out. He grumbled and laughed, but he gave way."

"So he knows—but no one else."

"No one else: not even poor old Mrs. Jeram."

"We have gained a little time," said Celia, "Herr Räumer has not yet asked for my decision; but he has not given me up; and I am sure he will not. My father says nothing; but he starts if I come upon him suddenly. How will Leonard be able to help us with him?"

"How indeed? And yet somehow, he was going to help. I was quite sure of it."

"And how will Leonard help us?" I asked.

"It is no use hoping," said Celia. "Leonard cannot help either of us."

"He will help you somehow, Cis. Of that be very sure. But he cannot help me."

"He shall help you, Laddy. Do you think we are going to let you go off to be killed?"

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE WORLD.

The famine in the northern Provinces of China continues.

A UNION of manufacturers and others has been formed at New York with the object of securing the representation of the United States at the Paris Exhibition.

PERSONAL.

O'DONOGHUE amnestied.

LIEUT.-GOV. CAUCHON arrived at Winnipeg safe.

EX-PRINCIPAL SNODGRASS has left Kingston for Scotland.

The remains of Bishop Laval are to be interred in the chapel of the Seminary of Quebec.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THANKSGIVING DAY was generally observed throughout the country with special services.

The opening of a branch of Laval University at Montreal has been definitely decided upon.

The track of the Montreal, Ottawa, and Occidental Railway has reached Hull.

GREAT destitution is anticipated among the Newfoundland settlers in Anticosti this winter, and applications for relief have been made to both the Dominion and Quebec Governments.

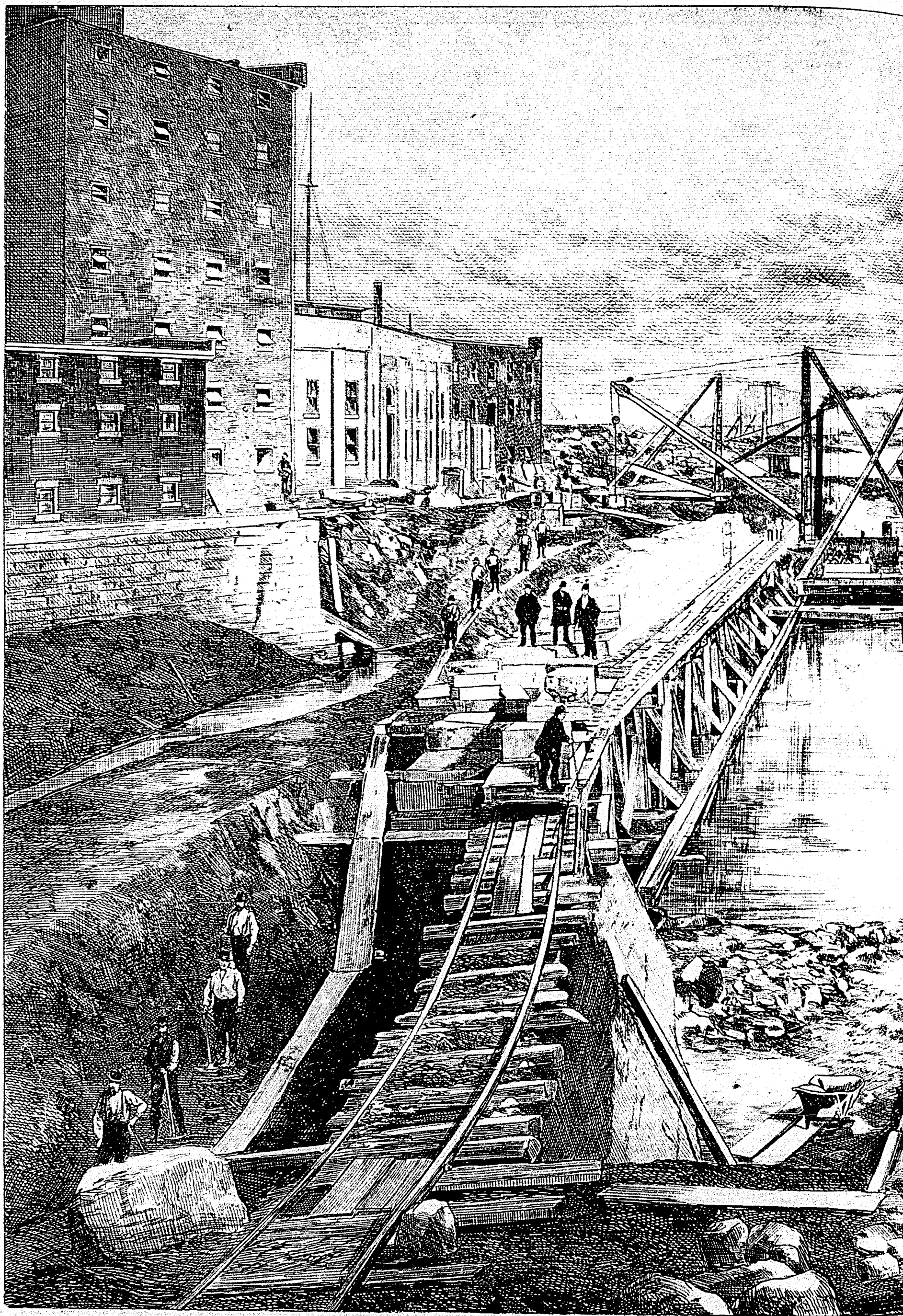
The Government steamer *Newfield* sailed from Montreal on Wednesday week for Paris with goods for the Exhibition. Dr. May is preparing for the Exhibition a large collection of Canadian fish, game, and fruit.

The City Council, Chamber of Commerce, and Inspectors' Association of Halifax are taking steps to endeavour to secure an arrangement by which that city shall be made the winter port for the imports and exports of the West in so far as the Allan line of steamers is concerned.

READER! If you are SUFFERING from NERVOUS PROSTRATION, or your health is endangered by hurtful influences, such as unhealthy occupations, sedentary pursuits, and those which necessitate undue physical or mental strain, use a RELIABLE MEDICINE like

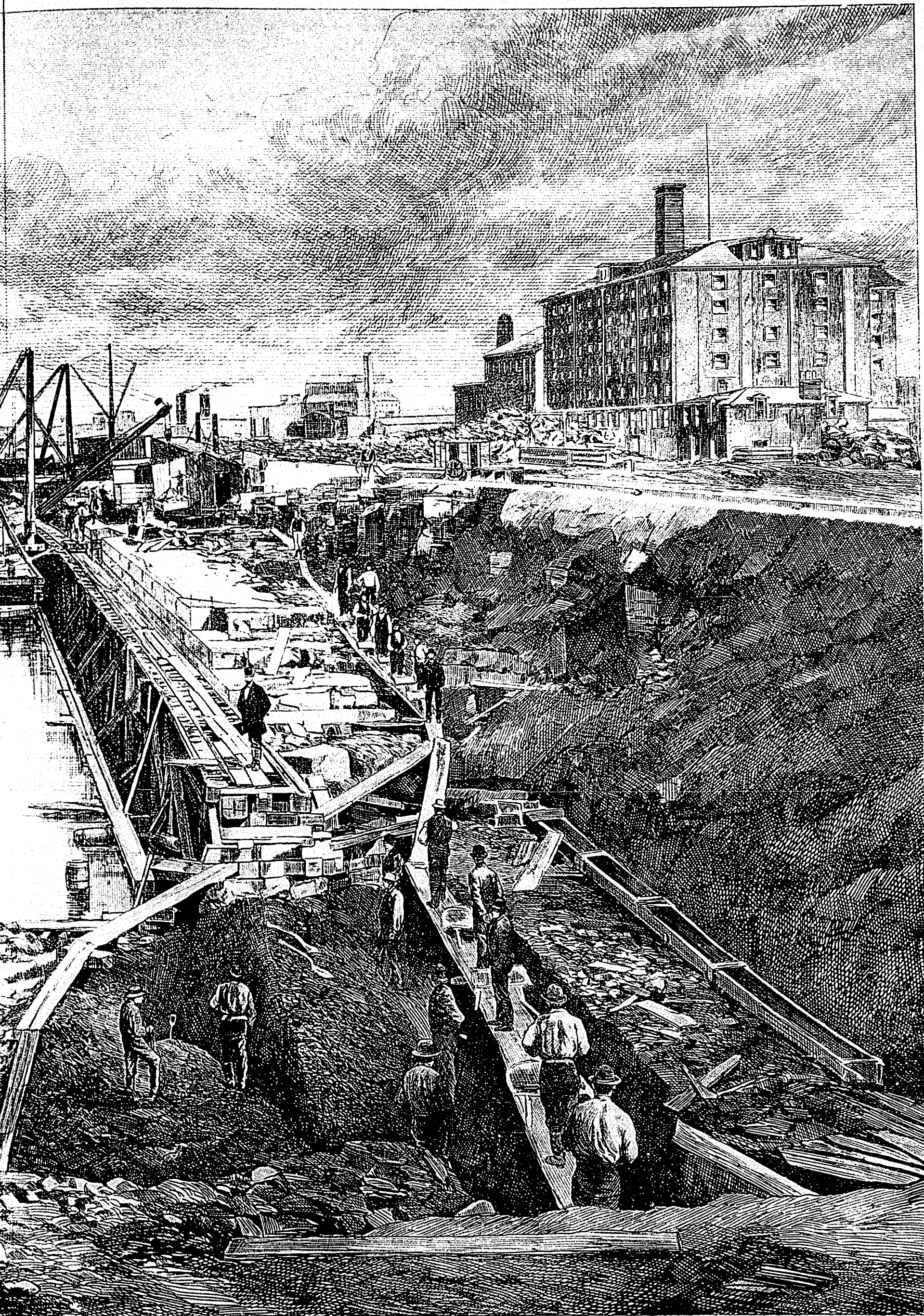
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and, though you may have tried other remedies a hundred times before without much benefit, you will bless the moment you read this and used PHOSFOZONE!



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GRAPH BY HENDERSON.

LOVE'S TRUTH.

She.—That verse! 'twas only pretty lies,—
 He.—'Twas truth to me in every line,—
 She.—But, dear, what nonsense—
 He.—Love, your eyes
 Are ever bright as stars to mine.

She.—And then my lips,—
 He.—Well, aren't they ruby?
 At least, to me they ever seem so.

She.—Now, Ned, just once, I pray you do be
 Half sensible.

He.—Then stars don't beam so.

She.—And then, you miserable fellow.
 You said my hands were soft and white;
 I do believe you think them yellow
 And almost hard—

He.—On me, you're right.

She.—And how you raved about my hair,
 O such a lot of silly stuff,—

He.—I didn't, dear,—

She.—Sir, will you dare
 To tell such fibs,—

He.—Well, that's enough,
 I'll never do so any more.

She.—You did not mean it, and you swore
 You did, oh my, you wretch inhuman!

He.—But then, my dear, you said I did not,—
 She.—But then you do, I'm sure you must?
 He.—How can I when you sternly bid not?
 She.—Now don't be foolish, dear,—

He.—I trust
 I no more shall be, Heaven prevent it—
 She.—Ah! now you're cross, come, let me see
 The verse again, of course you meant it—
 He.—Yes, darling girl, 'twas truth to me.

BARRY DANE.

Manitoba.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

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

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

Rollo came forward and offered the lady his arm; then gravely led her across the big room among baskets and packages to where Wych Hazel was seated on her low cushion.

"Duchess," said he with stately form, "Primrose's cousin Kitty desires to be recommended to your grace."

"No, I don't," said Kitty. "That is a fib. The duchess and I were well 'acquaint' when Duke did not stand quite so high in favour. But I am thankful for my part, you two people have given up mischief and settled down. Sit still among your baskets, child; they become you."

"Perhaps you will sit down among the baskets too," said Dane. "Don't you want one?"

"It's only to look and choose, Kitty," said Molly Seaton. "Such another chance you won't have again."

"If you have one large enough to hold her valentines," said Hazel with a glance at "Duke,"—"that might do."

"Valentines!" echoed Kitty Fisher.—"you'd better! Richard is going into a decline, madam, I suppose you know. And the major is drowning care—and himself with it. And Lancaster's pining for war and a stray bullet;—and Stuart Nightingale— Then in town here there's a list of killed, wounded and missing as long as my arm. O, I must tell you the best joke. There was a parcel of men dining at the club the other day, and toasting Miss Kennedy, witch, sorceress, etc.—till they couldn't see. Then in rushes Tom McI tyre, out of breath, and says, 'Miss Kennedy is extinct!'—Pd rather have seen their face," said Kitty, stopping to laugh, "than get Stuart's best philippic."

"It is really unkind," said Josephine, "to take people by surprise, without letting them get accustomed to the idea. Of course they are liable to fall into all sorts of ridiculous situations."

"You have undertaken a great deal, Dane," said Mrs. Powder, "in venturing to marry a lady accustomed to so much admiration."

"I like whatever I have to be admired," said Rollo coolly.

"But how do you expect she will do without it in future?"

Dane lifted his eyes for a second to the lady with a certain hidden sparkle in their gravity, and asked her, so seriously that she was entrapped by it, "If she thought admiration was bad for people in general?" Mrs. Powder fell into the snare, and before she knew it was involved in a deep philosophical and moral discussion, as far as heaven from earth removed from all personalities. The younger ladies however found this tiresome.

"Do leave that, mamma!" said Josephine.

"The question is, whether he and Hazel are going to give us a grand reception, and challenge the admiration of the world by something the like of which was never seen before. A scene out of the Arabian Nights, with enchantment, flowers, fruits and singing birds. They ought, for they can. What's the use of having money?"

"I dare say they will do something of that sort," said the elder lady smiling. "It really is society's due, I think; especially as they have cheated the world with a private wedding."

"I like to pay my dues," said Dane carelessly, turning over and unpacking things all the while. "Mrs. Powder, there is a paper knife for you."

"But you don't do it," the lady went on, smiling at the same time over the paper knife, which was so pretty. "Now will you and Hazel hold a reception, as you ought to do, and let people see her as your wife?"

"No fear they won't see her," put in Kitty Fisher. "I know some people who mean to have a good time when he's away at the mills. Where are your presents, child? I came to see you on purpose to see them. I suppose they are the ninth wonder. You have seen them, Mrs. Powder?"

"I have seen nothing," said the lady blandly, for however she disapproved of Kitty's style of application, I have no doubt she would have liked it to be successful.—"I have seen nothing, except baskets."

"There is a good deal here besides," said Rollo. "Mrs. Charteris, don't you want a bread trencher? Or a rocking chair? And here are pens."

"Thank you. Are you going to set up a shop?"

"That is what I was going to ask him," said Molly Seaton.

"When I do, you will not be able to buy at it," said Rollo; "so make the most of your advantage now."

It was a very silent young duchess that sat there, all the while, amid the medley of people and things. The colour sometimes coming, and sometimes going; a smile ditto; the little fingers busy with packages, the head of the brown curls bent over them. Well she knew how Rollo was shielding her by his play, amusing her inquisitive visitors, at the same time attending to her slightest movement; for his fingers came to help hers whenever a knot was too hard, or a paper wrap too obstinate, or too heavy for them.

"Well," Kitty repeated, eyeing her, "where are the presents?"

"Not on exhibition," said Wych Hazel.

"Except in detail."

"Don't see the details yet," said Miss Fisher examining her. "I have seen that opal pin before—bewildering thing! Josephine, haven't you seen them either?"

"Kitty, you are very impudent!" said Mrs. Powder laughing.

"Presents are good for nothing; but to be shewn," remarked Mrs. Charteris.

"My present is worth more than that," said Rollo. "It has 'Waste not, want not,' carved on it, if you will notice. That may be very useful to you and Mr. Charteris."

"I wonder who is impudent now!" said Josephine.

"Well what did you wear?" pursued Miss Fisher. "Stephen Kingsland fell back in a swoon when he found he had missed your wedding dress."

"Well, I think people have duties to society," uttered Molly Seaton.

"And society's bound to make 'em pay," said Miss Fisher. "I won't rest till I have seen those presents, you may be sure."

"Use your eyes then," said Wych Hazel with a warning flush which Kitty remembered.

"Because they are not labelled—and never will be."

Kitty winked at Mrs. Powder.

"Stupid!" she cried,—"use my eyes, to be sure! Why there's the big apron! Of course that's a present, only she don't like to say so. The child's turned economical. Nobody ever saw Miss Kennedy protect her dress, I'll warrant. Pretty pattern, isn't it? I wonder if I could get it—against my moon—so-called—of honey?"

"The apron would be no use without the economy," said Rollo.

"What have people so rich as you to do with economy?"

"Nobody needs it more."

"Hear him! Then I don't know what economy means," cried Kitty.

"I doubt if you do, my dear," said Mrs. Powder.

"What it means?" echoed Josephine. "Economy is being mean and pinching."

"Economy is saving," added Molly.

"Looks awfully proper and matronly," said Kitty, going back to the apron. "When will you give your first ball, Hazel? It might be a calico ball, you know, and then all the dresses would help out with the mill hands."

"The first ball I give," said Hazel, gravely examining a pasteboard box filled with the article, "will probably be one of soap,—but just when it will be, I do not know."

"And do you mean your first cards issued to be wool cards, my dear?" said Kitty with secret delight.

"Kitty," said Rollo,—"suppose you take a sugar-plum—and behave yourself."

"I can't stay," said Kitty giving way a little.

"Only came just to—"

"That's what I came for, too," said Josephine; "and now I am going."

"We have all got more than we came for, then," said Molly; "but I have staid too long, too. Will you take me home, Phinney?"

The ladies swept away; the room was full of rustling silks for a moment, and then was clear. Rollo came back from putting them into their respective carriages, and stood and smiled at Hazel.

"It has come at last," he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PLEASURE BY EXPRESS.

"It was to be expected," Dane went on resignedly. "I told Arthur to send proper no-

tices to the papers; and I suppose he has done it, and this is the consequence. Never mind; we will run away as soon as we can. Now, Hazel, what shall we do with all this lumber?"

"Lumber is something out of place, according to Byo," said Hazel contemptively. "Now one of these two foot stools would be in place in Dr. Maryland's study;—is there another tired minister somewhere else?"

"Tired minister?" said Dane. "I suppose there are hundreds of tired ministers scattered all over the land, out west, and on the frontiers.—If one knew where!"

"Somebody must know."

"I suppose somebody must."

"Well cannot you find out?"

"I suppose I can!"

"They may want some of these books, too. Dr. Maryland always wants books, although he has so many. And if the ministers are tired, their wives must be," said Hazel, with a new fit of contemplation settling over her face. Rollo stood in the middle of the floor, looking at her, and at the same time considering the confusion.

"I will make a bargain with you."

"Well?"

"These things must go somewhere, that is clear. I will find out the names and addresses of a hundred, say, who are in need of help. We will send off so many boxes; and you shall arrange what is to go in them."

Wych Hazel folded her arms and looked up at him.

"Olaf—I never was tired in my life!—At least, but once."

"I thought I was tired five minutes ago," said Rollo, "but I have got over it."

"I could think of pretty things enough to send," Hazel went on. "Do they want pretty things out there, I wonder? Good people here do not always like them, I think. But I never saw a missionary—or his wife."

"Perhaps you did not look in the right place. You make your list, and I will get mine. We might send off a couple of hundred boxes, and put fifty dollars' worth of comfort in each. These things will find a place somewhere."

"Fifty dollars!" said Hazel opening her eyes. "My dear friend, have you any idea how much one dress costs? Fifty dollars will not do much for two people."

"I will shew you what can be done with fifty dollars. And give you your second lesson in economy. Where did you get that name for me?"

"Picked it up, one day when you ceased to be an enemy."

"In some place where worn-out things were lying about. Worn-out things are shabby."

Hazel drew a protesting breath. "There is nothing shabby or worn-out about it! It is entirely new,—spick and span. Please, is my next lesson to go deeper than Prim's trunk, and take off all the glove buttons?"

"For people who have no gloves, Hazel?"

Hazel looked startled for a minute, but then she looked incredulous.

"Go and find out all about it," she said; "and then we shall know what to do. I am talking of clergymen's wives."

Dane left that point uncombated. The next evening he came in with his hands full of pamphlets. And after dinner, when the room was clear, and the gas burners lighted up the warm, luxurious comfort and seclusion, glowing and rich, around them, Dane took his papers and sat down by Wych Hazel's side.

"I have found out several things about your clergymen's wives," he began. "Here, as you see, is a bundle of reports. They concern certain funds of relief, established in various churches, for the help of disabled or superannuated ministers and their families. And, without going into details,—there are hundreds of such cases. Some of them are sick and old ministers, worn out in the service; others are widows of such men; others again, orphan families, whose mother and father are both gone. I have been told of the sort of destitution that is found among them. What do you think of a delicate child, for whom a bit of flannel could not be afforded? What do you think of a family of women and girls getting their own firing out of the woods, cutting it and backing it home, and that by the year together? What do you think of an old minister supported by the handiwork of an infirm and herself not young daughter? And I could tell you of living without books, without paper for writing, in want of calico for dresses, and muslin for underclothing, without pocket-handkerchiefs, without yarn to knit stockings or a penny to buy any, lying on the coarsest food— And I am talking of clergymen's wives, Hazel."

Hazel looked up at him with wide-open eyes while he spoke, then down at herself, taking a sort of inventory of her own belongings. What stores of embroidery and lace were there, even hidden away, and out of sight! And what sort of relation did these costly silken folds bear to those needed calicoes? Her note-paper was monogrammed and edged to double its first cost,—that shawl, tossed carelessly on a chair, would have clothed in flannel a whole hospital of sick children. Point by point she went over it all past the thirty dollar buckle at her belt down to,—I dare not say how many dollars' worth of shoes that covered the little feet.

And these people were life-long workers, for good—or children of such men and women, who had hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus,—and she, an idler all her life! Hazel put her head down in her hands, and answered not a word.

Dane waited awhile; then he ventured a gentle query.

"I cannot bear myself!" Hazel broke out. "I feel as if I had been stealing, and defrauding, and embezzling, and every other dishonest word in the dictionary! O do you think the cry of such labourers has been going up against me, all my life?"

"What shall we put in our boxes?" said Dane smiling.

Hazel caught up a bit of paper and ran off a list long enough to call for good packing,—then she stopped suddenly.

"Olaf—we cannot send in the dark. One man may have ten children, and another may have no wife. And people in Florida don't want thick shawls, and Oregon can do without thin muslins."

"We will pack every box according to its destination. Let me hear your list."

"Well," said Hazel, folding her hands and gazing into the fire, "let's begin with the imaginary family. People rather old, five children, and one of them delicate. And suppose they want a general outfit,—a great piece of white cotton, and plenty of flannel; and I have seen Mrs. Bywank dispense ready-made felt shirts."

"All right so far. Go on."

Then there must be dresses, of course; and one specially nice for the minister's wife. And a shawl. For her, I mean. The delicate child must have a soft quilted jacket, and a bright-coloured warm wrapper, for days when she wants to lie on the sofa."

(To be continued.)

DEER-HUNTING.

I.

We left Montreal by the western train, and were speeded along by the iron horse in a very few hours to the town of Brockville, whence we were hurried, after a short delay, to Renfrew. Darkness had set in so we resolved to resume our journey at the break of day. We found out the village doctor, a jolly young soul, who seems to enjoy all the pleasures and comforts of life, though he assures us he has not had a holiday during the past three years. He is to join us in the morning, and has made himself acquainted with the haunts of the noble game we are in quest of, and has got everything ready. Early on the following morning, a stage waggon calls for me, and we set out while still the village slumbered. Fido, our retriever, heralds our departure, and expresses his glee by many a wag of his shortened tail, and many a yelp of content. Shamrock village is left behind, and Dacre, a collection of a few houses, is reached at noon, and after dinner we journey onward. Fido breaks upon the monotony of things every few minutes by starting up a fluttering partridge which lazily leaves the road-side until we have passed.

A few miles above Dacre, we have the Opeongo road which has joggled us so far, and we dive into what seems to be the terminus of creation. Steep mountains of granite, tufted here and there with stunted pines and cedar, surround us on every side. Onward we go, the partridges increasing in numbers and boldness, and the landscape becoming more rugged and picturesque. At last a turn in the road presents to our view Black Donald's Lake on whose shores we know there are welcome greetings for us. Soon the graceful curl of the camp fire's smoke denotes where our friends are, and we are in a few minutes seated before a blazing log, listening to the yarns of our hosts who have spent the day catching trout and prospecting for game. Deer are reported to be scarce here, and the settlers look upon us as poachers who trespass on their preserves. After supper some of us sit and smoke and chat by the light of the moon, while others glide out upon the placid bosom of the lake, preceded by the glare of numerous pine knots, in quest of that most beautiful fish, the speckled trout. We watch them as they wend their way along the sinuosities of the shore, their paddles shivering into a thousand diamonds the moonbeams on the water, and we note the success with which the man at the bow wields his three-tined spear. In half an hour they return with some forty specimens of the prince of the finny tribe. It is time for sleep; the youngest of the camp, who has acquired much experience in the North-West, prepares our sleeping apartment with an eye to our comfort, and the fatigues of the day enable us to appreciate his skill; so we sink swiftly into the land of dreams. It is dawn upon the hills, and our leader is calling us forth to admire the scenery, and to partake of the breakfast he is preparing. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view we obtain of the surrounding country. The silvery lake, hemmed in on every side by towering hills whose summits are crowned with pines and tamaracs and maples of every autumnal hue—the struggling light of day breaking through the mist that lingers round the mountain top, are lovely indeed, and suffice to repay us for our visit to the County of Renfrew. All are soon astir, and after the morning meal, some start for the woods with the anxious hounds, while others take up their position at various points along the lake shore. The deep baying of the dogs is soon heard, and awakens the echoes of the surrounding hills; it nears us, and it would seem that the deer must be almost upon us, but no, the sound grows weaker and weaker, and we soon realize the saddening truth that the antlered monarch has doubled back towards the fastnesses of the mountains, and is

cantering away to some distant stream where no one awaits him. Another run is had with like success, and we are led to realize the fact that we need not count upon much luck here. We are therefore constrained to journey back to Daere, filling our bags with partridge on the way.

II.

Here we are met by fresh forces from Portage-du-Fort, a notary and a merchant, who insist upon us accompanying them to Highland Lake. After a slight resistance on our part, we find ourselves committed to the back seat of a lumber wagon, and to the roughness of the Opeongo road. Clontarf is reached and the foot of Lake Clear, a grand expanse of mountain water, nine miles long and two or three wide, studded with innumerable islands, indented with frequent bays, and hemmed in by frowning hills of various heights. From Clontarf to Vanburgh is two miles of steep hill-side, which compels us to leave the wagon, and as we trudge along, each turn in the path affords us a fresh view of the broad expanse of water. At last we reach the summit, and we stop to gaze on the beauties which nature has distributed with lavish hand on these remote scenes. Far away to the north, Golden Lake shimmers in the sunlight; other lakes and sparkling streams dot the country round; mountains raise their green-clad heads, and frown on every side; a few straggling cottages and barns appear, and the blue line of the Laurentians borders the horizon far away beyond the shining house-tops of Egansville. Mr. Plaunte makes everything snug and cozy for us, and after refreshing the inner man who begins to make his existence felt, we once more leave the highway, and direct our course southward into the forest.

Along we go blightsome and gay; but the distance is too great, and darkness comes down into the valleys and envelopes everything ere we have reached our destination. A high steep hill of difficult ascent confronts us, and disputes arise as to the proper course to take. We are evidently strangers in a foreign land, and the truth dawns upon us that we are in a worse plight than the dusky sons of the forest who exclaimed: "Wig-wam lost, Indian not lost!" A council of war is held; the opinion of the Montreal lawyer, who wishes to proceed towards where Mars and Saturn are in quiet confab, is discarded, and that of Saw-bones adopted, and we follow a mountain stream, faintly hoping it may lead us somewhere. Fido, our dog, keeps to the front, scattering ever and anon a covey of partridge that flutters past our faces, and he seems to have picked up all the gay spirits we have lost. We seem no nearer to our destination, and as a last resort fire a volley, the echo of which rebounds from hill to hill, and rolls away to the left on the evening air. "There's water in that direction," remarks the most experienced, and the words are cut short by the responsive sound of a rifle-shot coming from those whom we are seeking to join. Our courage returns, and plunging through briars and tangled brush-wood, we speedily catch a glimpse of Highland Lake, and perceive the glare of the welcome camp fire. Soon we are snug in our forest home, being well laughed at for our awkwardness, and then the truth comes out that the lawyer's opinion was, as usual, correct, and that we had trebled toil and trouble by listening to the medicine man.

The sun lies longer abed than we, and breakfast being over, we each prepare our weapons for the fray. Some of us go to Deep Lake, others to Poison Lake, which are both quite near, while we of Montreal are left in camp. The cook, who is as expert in the bush as he is over the fire, sallies forth with the hounds who seem more eager than ourselves.

The lawyer remains in charge of Highland Lake, and soon his heart is gladdened by the music of the hounds which rises and swells upon the morning air. Hector and Wallace, twin brothers, are coming towards us, while Paddy's deep baying is heard toward Deep Lake, and Bronson and Captain branch off on another scent in the direction of Poison Lake, making the welkin ring with the deep, low sound of their anxious voices. We are all in luck, and if our rifles and hands are true, there will be no jealousy in the camp at noon. The dogs seem to follow the lake shore, and to be driving their antlered victim away. Our hopes begin to flag, but what means that slight ripple which fans out from a small dark object near the other shore? Yes, it must be the game we are after; the canoe shoots out and noiselessly brings us between his highness and the bay towards which he is paddling. He sees us and turns bewildered, but his fate is sealed by a discharge from one of Scott's double-barrelled guns, and a beautiful buck of three summers succumbs to our warrant of arrest. He is hauled ashore, and in a trice, his snowy haunches depend from the crotch of a tree. A few hours later, our friends return, each with a story similar to ours. The hounds are coupled and given a biscuit. Pat complains against the Fates and dinner is attacked. Pat is the Shakespeare of the colony, and keeps us in roars of laughter, while Gerald looks happy and contented. He has made a bull's-eye on the running deer at one hundred yards, and is acknowledged the hero of the morn.

But there is time for another chase, and Montreal Saw-bones and Pat are sent to Poison Lake which we soon reach. Seated on the roots of a charred pine tree, we await our chance, Pat evidently unable to contain himself. We chat

in a low tone, and listen to the welcome barking of the hounds who seem to approach. Suddenly Shakespeare exclaims, "Perdition catch my soul, but see the buck!" and sends a rifle ball wandering heedlessly into the middle of the stream. A stalwart deer jumps from the water not twenty yards from us and plunges towards the sheltering woods, hurried on by the echoing of Pat's blunderbuss; but the doctor, true to his calling, administers a dose which is not of easy digestion, and we score another pair of antlers, and Pat quotes Shakespeare to express his disgust at our good luck and his own misfortunes.

Success has attended all our arms, and we count five beautiful specimens of the red deer of Canada. Two days more and the number is increased to eleven.

But, alas! our holidays are over, and we must leave the dense copse, the wildwood, the green covered hills, the silvery sheen of the lakes, the cheerful company of Gerald and Pat, and the stirring music of the hounds.

To those who desire to enjoy the pleasures of deer-hunting in perfection, our advice is to eschew those too frequented haunts which are near the homes of men, and to delve into the forests and hills and among the countless lakes of the Upper Ottawa, where the noble game abounds, where obliging hosts sojourn, and where success is sure to attend upon well directed efforts.

Montreal.

F.

LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

We present our readers with two views of the works now in progress at St. Gabriel's Lock. Section No. 3 of the Lachine Canal Enlargement. This contract, which was taken in hand during the fall of 1875, extends from about 200 feet below the Grand Trunk Railway crossing, Wellington Street, and terminates at the head of McGauvran's Island, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This contract is now being carried on under arrangement with Messrs. Loss & McRae, American contractors, and from their large and extended experience for many years in the construction of canals and other similar works, with their well known energy and ability, and also their having a large stock of plant and machinery on hand, the work has been taken in hand vigorously and is now being prosecuted towards a successful completion. In the foreground of the view there is seen the new and improved steam double-action derrick, the invention of Mr. L. M. Loss, the senior partner of the firm. The derrick is admirably adapted to the work of laying any heavy class of masonry with facility and ease, being almost automatic in its action.

The following brief description will give a general idea to the reader of its construction and action: The machine is erected on a timber frame about 30x45 feet, fitted with wheels running on a track, laid on the Lock bottom. On the sides of the frame are erected two derrick masts, each 46 feet high, well braced and stayed. Springing from near the foot of the masts are 50 feet booms, worked with wire ropes. On the framed staging are arranged the boiler with a 20 horse-power engine attached thereto, the latter coupled to gearing for moving the whole structure on the tramroad laid underneath on the Lock bottom for its full length. The Derrick is worked by the engineer and two brakemen, the whole arranged for hoisting, swinging, lowering and raising the booms and moving the whole machine backwards or forwards in the line of the Lock channel; the whole operation being done rapidly and without manual labor. There are two additional motions applied to this machine not heretofore adopted, viz.: The swinging and lowering or raising of the booms, and the moving of the whole structure by steam power on the tramroad.

The machine being almost self-acting, greatly facilitates the laying of large dimension masonry, some of the stones in this being upwards of 6 tons weight. 160 cubic yards of masonry have been laid by this machine in 10 working hours, and under favorable circumstances 200 cubic yards can be accomplished in the same period.

Steam derricks of this form no doubt would greatly facilitate the operation of laying large dimension masonry at reasonable cost and in less time than when laid by the machinery generally used, thus enabling works of great magnitude to be executed rapidly. In addition, the contractors have constructed a tramroad from the surface ground at the head of McGauvran's Island, branching into two roads at the head of the Lock; thence, turning on trestle-work alongside of each chamber wall. The heavy ashlar and backing are run down on lorries to the steam derrick. The tramroad having a down grade runs from the surface ground at the rate of about eight miles per hour. On arriving at its destination the brakeman applies his brake, suddenly stopping the lorry. Iron grips are then applied and the stone hoisted, the derrick boom swung round, the stone laid in place by the masons on the wall, the whole operation being accomplished in a few moments. Upwards of 3000 cubic yards of masonry have been laid by this steam derrick within the past six weeks. The Lock foundation is found to be a light brown alluvium, on which are placed through timbers 12 inches thick, spaced from 6 to 8 inches apart, laid in hydraulic mortar and the spaces filled with concrete, covered with two layers of plank, fastened to bottom timbers on which the Lock walls are founded. The rear of the walls are then puddled and filled as the walls are built.

On the south side of the canal a dock wall is in progress from the Wellington Street G. T. R. Bridge to the foot of the present Lock, having a length of 3000 lineal feet and a height of 17 feet, of which about one-third is completed. This wall will be pushed forward at the close of navigation when the canal is run dry.

The dredging and general excavation in the deepening to 14 feet water and widening of the canal to 200 feet is in a forward state ensuring an early completion. In addition to the foregoing work the contractors have to complete the raceway and sluices during the season of 1878, on the north side of the new Lock in front of the premises occupied by Messrs. O'Gilvie, McDougall and other manufacturing establishments, and in connection with the tailrace running at the rear of their premises, the length of this work being upwards of 500 feet. Also the erection of the new bridge masonry for the Wellington Street crossing of the G. T. R. Bridge, with the rubble walling to slopes of canal. These items with other work will keep the contractors fully employed during the season of 1878.

The works on sections 1 and 2 are in a very forward state and may be opened for navigation in the course of next season. The remaining sections, from No. 4 to No. 12, are progressing favorably under the several contracts, so that approximately we may assume that by the year 1880 the whole of the enlargement will be opened for traffic, thus relieving the present pressure on the navigation at the busy seasons of the year, by the enlarging of the locking facilities of this important section of the river St. Lawrence, the navigation outlet to ocean shipping, of which Montreal will reap the advantage by the increased facilities for handling ocean freights.

A NOTE ON SUFFRAGE QUESTIONS.

With a great deal contained in your able leading article of last week I can agree. There is always a certain danger in suffrage extensions of one class obtaining too preponderant influence in the State, but I do not consider that this danger has developed itself in the Dominion. As to the real occasion of Mr. Lowe's article in the *Fortnightly* and Mr. Gladstone's reply to it in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, although we can claim no immediate vocation as Canadians to interfere in the local affairs of the Mother Country, except so far as they may affect ourselves, I am not deterred from giving the opinion that the cause espoused by Mr. Gladstone is the right one for the country at the present time—and I say this without having yet been privileged to read either article. There could not be much doubt in the minds of liberal minded politicians generally that the franchise in the English Counties ought to be extended as the best hope of benefitting the agricultural population—of getting them educated in politics and the principles of a self-respecting social life, and of having them better considered, as citizens, by the other classes in the State. That is Joseph Arch's view, and I am inclined to rate his opinion highly, although he might not be able to advocate it in so brilliant or instructive a form, or to bring to us so much valuable light, upon the general questions, as the two great antagonists who have entered the lists.

As to franchises in Canada, it does not seem well to lay down any strict or unyielding rule. When extensions are really needed, they will probably come. It is not desirable to be always amending the Constitution, and constitutional agitation is often one of the greatest retarders of administrative progress. What we need much more at present is fuller protection for the life and property of the subject, and that there ought to be more attention turned to that branch of politics will be the view of many. Still an extended suffrage in most countries ought to be a guarantee of equal rights for all before the law. The claim of any unenfranchised class to be endowed with representation should depend first upon the conduct and intelligence of the class, especially for the avoidance of the two evils of corruption and violence—things in which the educated are sometimes as much to blame as the others—and it should also be made to depend upon the general harmony between different classes—which must be considered to differ greatly in different communities. In Canada we have little to complain of under this head—nor are we troubled with revolutionary plans. Our various political elements respect the party demarcations—and set forth politicians of more or less eloquence and skill as candidates. The suffrage properly used is a noble educational institution. Its greatest foes are violence and corruption—and we may indulge a confident hope to see these nearly extinguished in the Canadian Dominion.

CANADENSIS.

P. S. In my article lately published there were some misprints which rather affected the sense. Your readers will perhaps, nevertheless, have been able to follow its drift without much difficulty.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

STRAKOSCH made \$20,000 on his recent opera season in San Francisco.

THOMAS B. MEAGHER, son of the Irish patriot, has taken to the stage, and is meeting with favour.

STRAKOSCH will bring out Mme. Marie Roze-Perkins to this country during the coming season. She was for a long time Tietjens' deputy, and is the only artiste the British public will accept in her place.

THE National Opera House on the Thames embankment in London is to be turned into an hotel, its original object being considered a failure by the bondholders.

DR. JOHN HULLAH, the musical critic, believes that home piano playing should be subdu-d, and he commends Bach's fugues and Mozart's works, and criticises the modern bravura playing.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS, who has lately lived very much secluded, has been closely devoted to musical composition. His opera, "Dumb Love," (the second within a year,) is reported to be now in readiness for the copyists.

LOUIS FIGUIER, well known for his popular books of science, has followed the example of Jules Verne, by writing a grand geographical drama, entitled "Les Six Parties du Monde."

IX Strakosch's new opera troupe is a young artist of extraordinary talent, named Estella de la Mar. She was educated at the expense of the King of Holland, under the tuition of Georges Cabel, is only seventeen, and is to receive a salary of \$40,000 annually for five years.

A LONDON manager, Felix Rogers, has beaten Cleopatra with her legendary swans. He has performed the feat of sailing in a tub, drawn by four geese harnessed to the pole, from Battersea to Westminster Bridge, the time occupied being one hour and twenty minutes. He was dressed in a naval captain's uniform and received a salute of four guns, one for each goose.

DOMESTIC.

OAT-MEAL CAKES.—Take two cups of boiled oat-meal; mix one egg through it; one tablespoonful of sugar, and prepared flour enough to make into cakes; dip each side into rolled cracker and fry brown.

LAMB STEW.—Take half a shoulder of lamb, boil it in two quarts of water for two hours; then put in potatoes, onions, turnips, cut in quarters, two teaspoonsful of salt, and pepper to the taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

TOMATO SOUP.—Pour over a dozen ripe tomatoes a small quantity of weak stock, and stew them very gently until quite tender. Mash them through a sieve, and add the required quantity of good strong stock; add cayenne pepper to taste. Let all boil together for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

MASHED POTATOES.—Boil a quantity of potatoes, and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get to the desired consistency.

OLIVE SAUCE FOR DUCKS AND BEEFSTEAKS.—Carefully stone a quarter-pound of olives by paring the fruit round in ribbons, so that the olives may recover shape when stoned. Blanch them and throw them into cold water, and let them soak till freshened, when stew slowly for a half hour in a half pint of brown gravy. Add more gravy if needed. A squeeze of lemon is sometimes added, but being disapproved of by those who like the native flavour of the olive, may be given at table.

CHESTNUT-SAUCE, WHITE AND BROWN, FOR TURKEY AND FOWLS.—Throw half a pound of fresh chestnuts, stripped of the outer rind, into boiling water; scald for five minutes, and peel them. Stew them till quite tender in gravy, with a bit of lemon peel, and rub them with the gravy through a hair-sieve, as if pulping peas. Season with white pepper and cayenne, and add a large glass of cream. Just boil up the sauce, stirring it till it boils, and serve. The brown sauce is stewed in rich brown gravy, is more poignantly seasoned, and has no cream.

CALVES' OR PIGS' FEET JELLY.—Boil one set of feet to shreds in five quarts of water, strain, cool and take off the fat; then add to the jelly a pint of wine, three cups of sugar, whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, juice of one lemon or a fine orange, half the grated peel if the flavour is agreeable, with a little cinnamon or nutmeg; boil these all together till clear; then strain into moulds or glasses. It is not generally understood that pigs' feet are equally good for jelly as calves' feet. We like them better, because the flavour is more delicate.

THE LETTER BOX.

I.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Your article, last week, on the financial problem of the Americans, was a very instructive analysis of perhaps the greatest puzzle of modern times. You have thrown much light upon it, but I should be obliged if you would follow up the matter by an article on the re-coinatization of silver. To me, so far, that is a subject which "no feller can understand."

Yours faithfully,

Ottawa.

[Our correspondent has anticipated our intention. Before receiving his letter, we had already written the article on the re-coinatization of silver, which will be found in our editorial columns this week.—ED. C. I. NEWS.]

II.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

SIR.—I quite agree with the sentiments contained in your editorial on the new National Society attempted to be established in this city. Such a society cannot be political without stultifying itself, and I doubt whether it can succeed simply on a social basis. The constitution, as presented at last Wednesday's meeting, was a nice bit of condensed sentiment, but the very proceedings of that meeting, preliminary though it was, showed how little the essential element of harmony can be depended upon. I have no intention of discouraging the good intentions which actuate the leaders of the movement. Indeed, I wish them all success, but, if they want to succeed, they will have to go about it in another way, and get some man of real power to head them.

Montreal.

WELL-WISHER.

III.

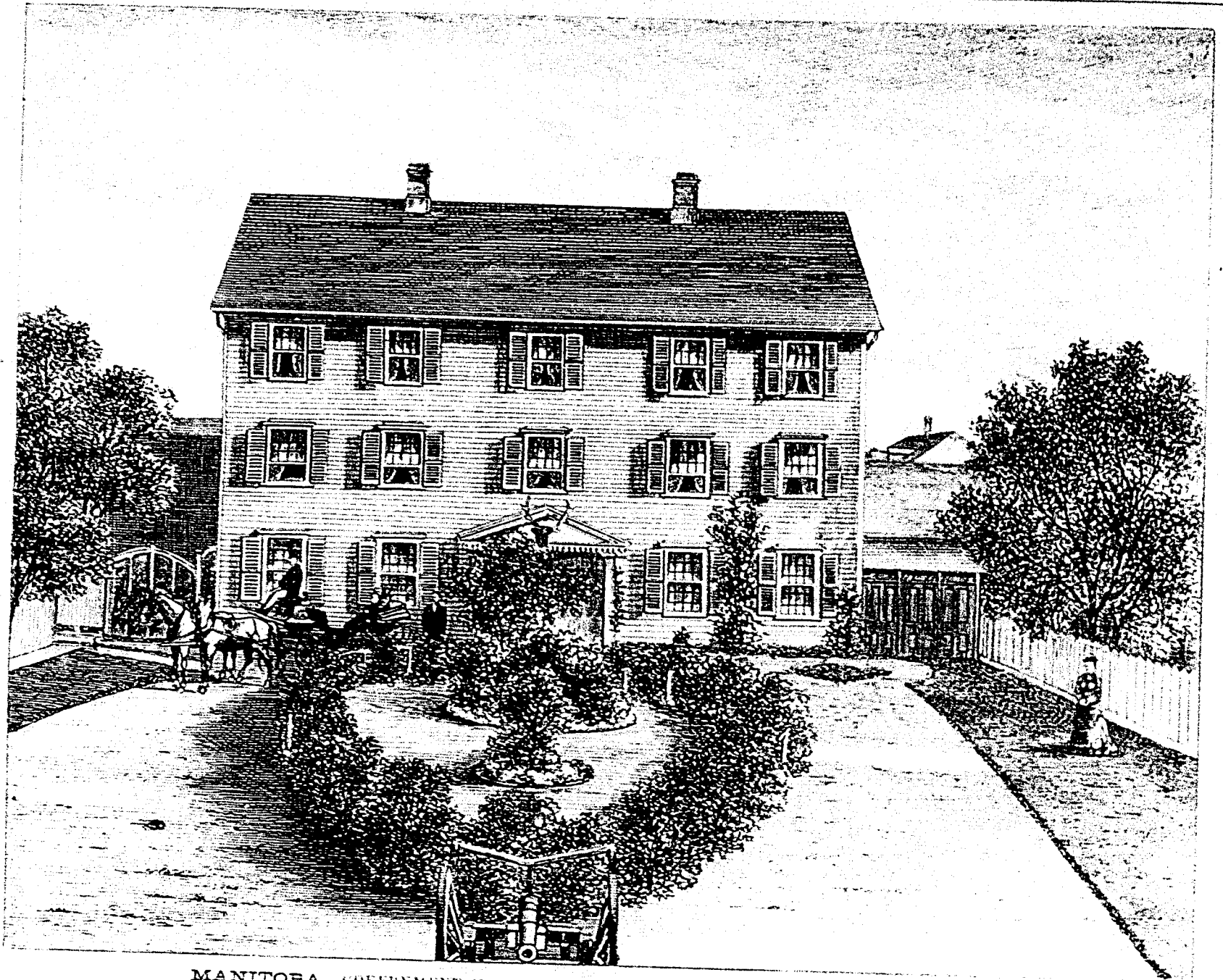
ROBERT GOURLAY.

In a long letter from a gentleman of standing in this Province, relating to our article on Political History, published last week, the writer concludes by saying:—"Whenever Canadian History comes to be written, I trust they will do justice to Robert Gourlay, whom Miles has thought fit to drag through the mud—a fine enthusiast, who died at a great age a few years since in Edinburgh."

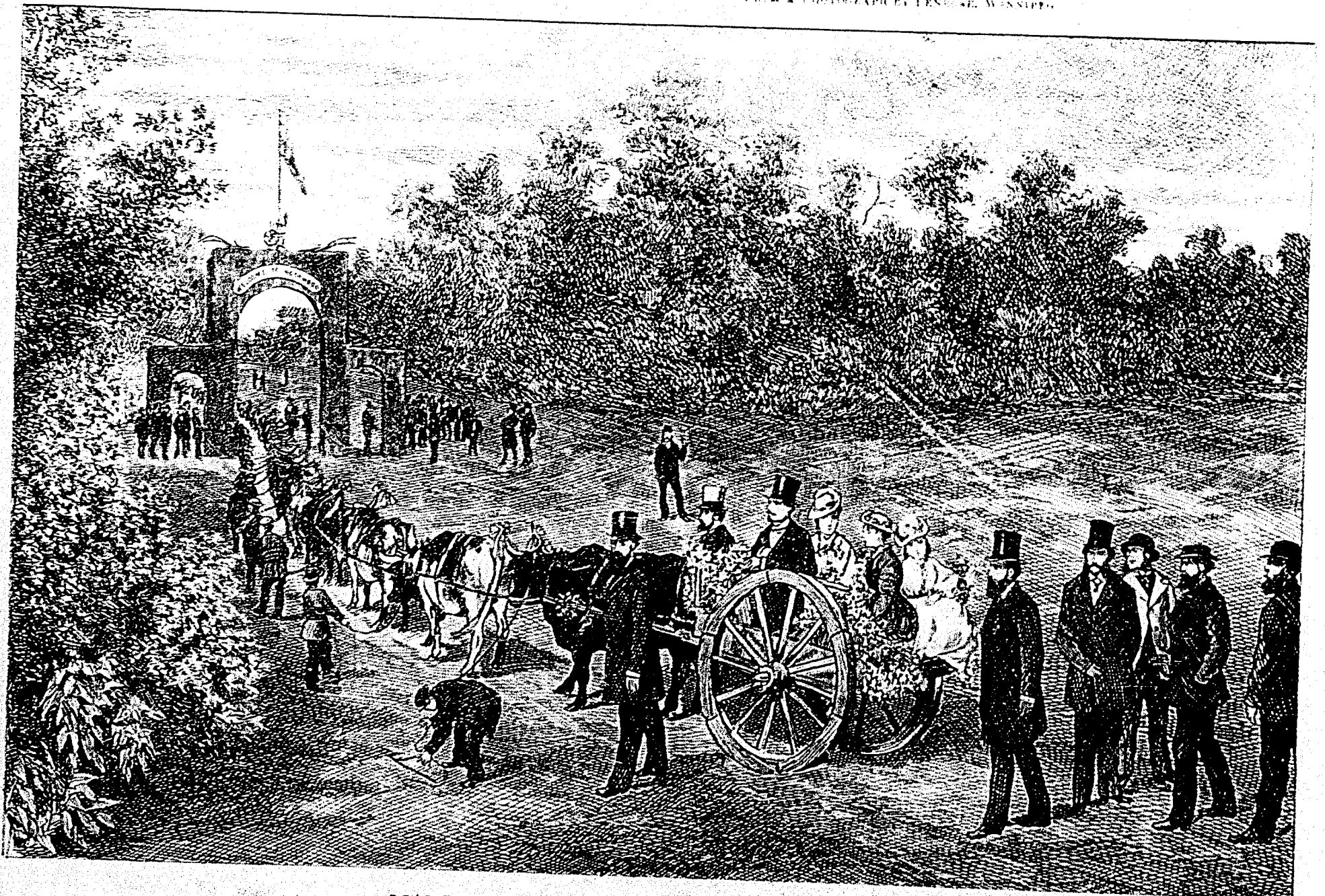
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.

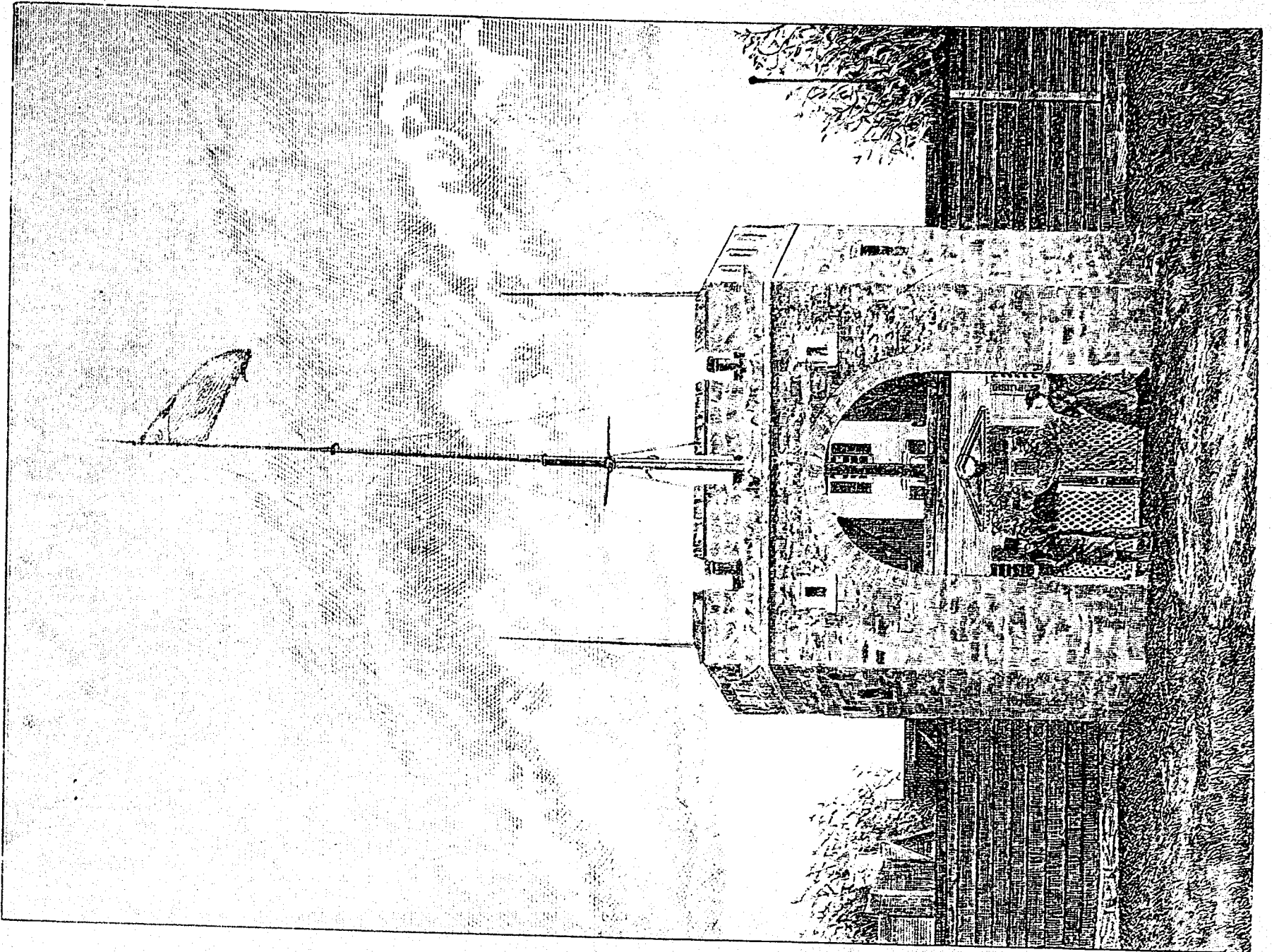
J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.



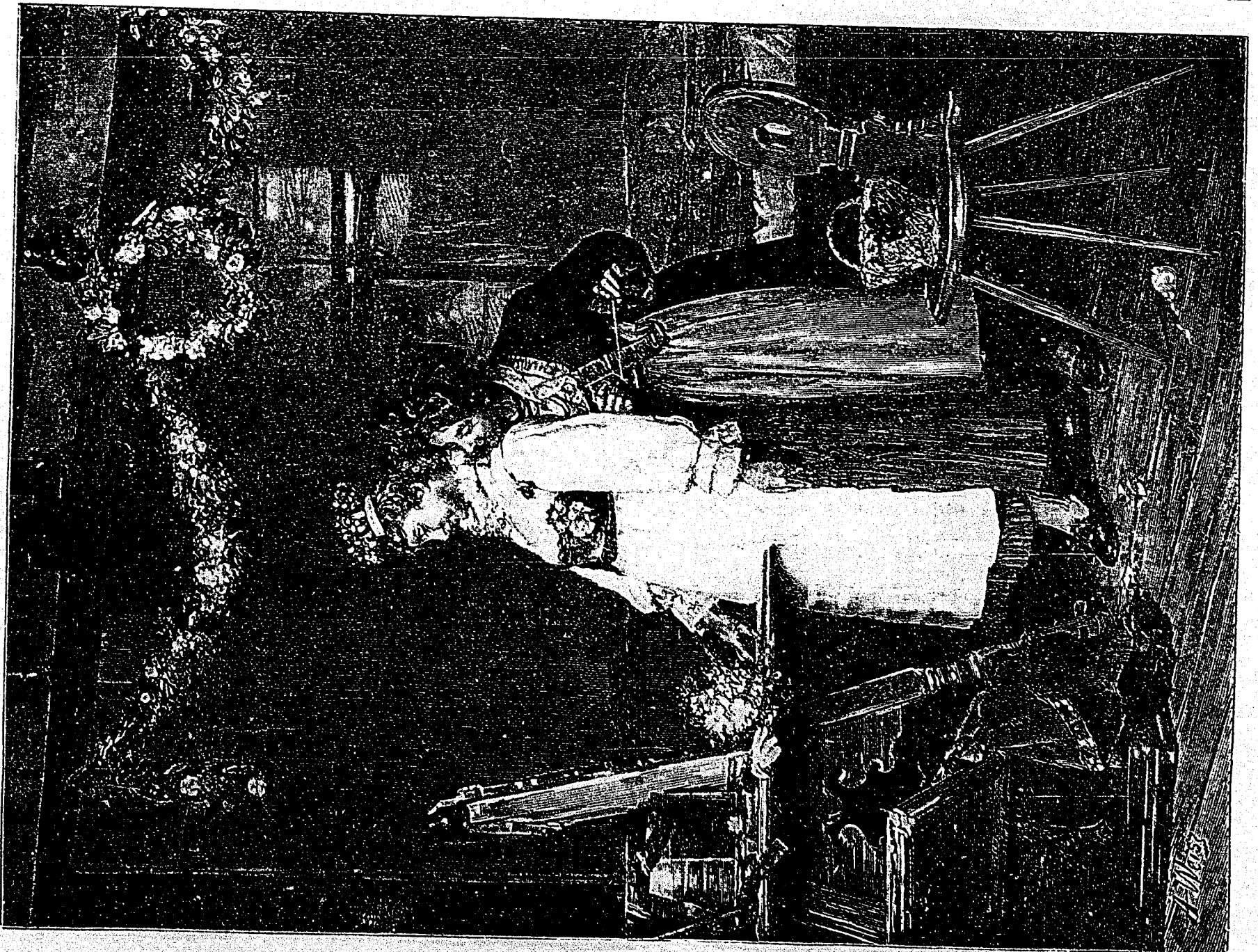
MANITOBA - GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORT CARRY - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PENNY & WENNIP.



MANITOBA - LORD DUFFERIN'S WELCOME TO ROCKWOOD.



THE ENTRANCE TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORT GARRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PENROSE, WINNIPEG.



THE MORAVIAN BRIDE.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Those marble-lidded eyes unclose,
Wake from thy sleep's angelic trance!

My life's brief summer thou didst blight—
My ghost away thou canst not chase,

Torn from the world, I did not sigh,
Nor could thy fondest lovers crave

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MOVEMENT AT MONTREAL.

What may truthfully be estimated as a large number of Hamiltonians read with considerable interest the recent telegraphic news of a meeting held in Montreal for the purpose of organizing a "Canadian National Association."

The Association started with a membership of native Canadians, but that limit was soon found to be inadequate to the requirements of the organization and the doors were then thrown open to all British subjects residing in Canada.

The Canadian Association of Hamilton continued to flourish until the following winter, when it came to an untimely end.

It can be readily seen, therefore, that the people of Western Ontario, and particularly of Hamilton, will observe with the keenest interest the progress of the movement in Montreal.

The question of the relation of the Canadian National Association with other national societies in Canada, is one that can be easily settled if rightly gone into, and no doubt the gentlemen in Montreal will have no difficulty in that respect.

Hamilton, Ont.

W. F. McMAHON.

It is stated that Sothorn will take his flight, annual flight, we may say—to the Haymarket Theatre, London, in May, with the "Crushed Tragedian."

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOME VIRTUES.—In the sphere of home the graces of gentleness, of patience, of meekness, of generosity, and of self abnegating love are far more esteemed and prized than any personal attractions, or mental gifts and accomplishments.

JOY BRINGERS.—Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—It may be ours only to sow little seeds of love and kindness in some neglected corner of our own surroundings, or to uproot from our own hearts noxious weeds which may be thriving there; or it may be our mission only to suffer the will of God.

THE BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY.—We leave it to you if she don't invariably "turn out" the worst of the lot? If she don't cultivate the outside of her head to total forgetfulness of the inside?

We never see a very handsome child of either sex, set up on the family pedestal to be admired by that family and its friends, to the exclusion of the other children, that we don't feel like patting these last on the head, and saying, "Thank Providence, my dears, that you were not born 'beauties.'"

USEFUL HINTS.—Careful housekeepers are willing to learn lessons from anybody. Says a woman of experience "I have been a housekeeper for a score of years, and have learned a good many things by experience, a knowledge which may be of use to those who have but recently taken charge of a house of their own.

VARIETIES.

LITERARY PARALLEL.—Some literary rum-mager has found a "parallel" of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," in an old poem by William Holloway. London, 1802.

"Beneath yon elders, furr'd with quick'ning smoke,
The sinewy smith with many a laborer's roke

The "elders" being replaced by "the spreading chestnut tree," the remainder of the idea is completely reproduced. "The sinewy smith" is he of the "large and sinewy arms," and the "clinking anvil" recalls the sounding of "the village bells," while "truant school-boys" are replaced by better children who are "coming home from school."

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR.—A good editor, a good newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet,—born, not made. Exercise and

experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers have been tried and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the Times to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense."

THE BEAUTY OF THE BISMARCKS.—There is a pretty legend in connection with the Bismarck family which goes to show how the oak leaves adorning the Bismarck shield were added to the clover and the nettle leaves. It runs as follows:—Many years ago there was a lovely maiden, Gertrude Von Bismarck. Numbers of noble knights and courtiers sought her hand and heart, but she was, by her own consent and her father's wish, betrothed to a cousin, a noble and princely youth.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—We have a grain to acknowledge the receipt of valuable Chess information which we will avail ourselves of in due course. Correct solution of Problem No. 148 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 148 received. Let us remind you that we are always glad to receive your contributions to our Column.

Alpha, Montreal.—The solution you sent of Problem No. 148 is not the one given by the author. It is, however, correct, and there are evidently two solutions of this position.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 148 received. Correct. You have overlooked the defect of the position.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 146 received. Correct.

J. B.—Send the position for inspection.

Sigma.—Solution of Problem No. 148 received. Correct.

We insert the following from the New York World to the exclusion of other Chess matter, because we believe it will be acceptable to several Chess Problem composers in the Dominion, who will, doubtless, be anxious to compete for some of the honors to be awarded at the close of the contest.

We have in the Province of Quebec, Problem composers who have acquired a reputation for their productions, and we shall be much disappointed if they let slip this excellent opportunity of adding afresh to their laurels in this respect.

FIRST GRAND PROBLEM TOURNEY OF THE AMERICAN CHESS AND PROBLEM ASSOCIATION.

In offering the First Problem Tourney to the world, the American Chess and Problem Association addresses the Chess world with great confidence, feeling sure that any contest in this branch of our beautiful art is certain to be warmly welcomed and eagerly entered into by composers. The honors to be striven for in this tilt, depending as they do upon the liberality of competitors in joining the Association, promise to be great, as we anticipate such a roll of membership as shall enable the Association to announce the largest prizes ever before competed for in a Problem Tourney.

Let the editorial fraternity take up the cause with spirit and assist in securing a grand success.

THE PRIZES.

Table listing prizes for the chess tournament, including percentages for original problems and best sets of problems.

CONDITIONS.

- 1. Competitions open to the world and will be free. But as the amount of the prizes will depend upon the receipts of the Association, competitors are invited to join as members, thus becoming entitled to vote on all important questions, and to receive due notice of all important meetings and tournaments of the Association. Fee, one dollar.

3. Each set must be entered under a motto, and may be sent to any Chess editor in the United States, who will forward a correct copy to the Secretary. But it is suggested that composers send each problem of their set to a different chess publication. This will enable competition to begin at once, as it will not be necessary to wait until a set is completed. It will also more fairly distribute the honors of publication. In this case the sealed envelope, superscribed with the motto, and containing the author's name and address should be sent direct to the Secretary, J. B. McKim, Cleveland, O.

Table with columns: Faulty, Bad, Poor, Fair, Good, Fine, Splendid. Rows: Beauty of Idea, Neatness of Position, Merit of Construction, Difficulty of Solution.

Total for best possible!..... 24

5. The committee of award will consist of three members to be selected by the officers of the Association. 6. Competition will remain open till March 31st, 1878, and entries may be mailed up to that time.

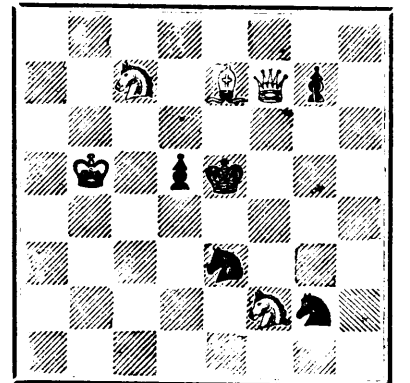
We have just learned that the author of the "Draw" Problem which we inserted in our Column of last week has been declared the winner of the second prize in the La Stratégie Tourney (sol-mates). Mr. A. Townsend bears the reputation of being one of the best British Problem composers.

PROBLEM No. 150.

(From Land and Water.)

By P. J. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 222ND.

Played between Dr. Bradley and Mr. Henderson, at Quebec, in the late Dominion Chess Association Tourney.

WHITE.—(Dr. Bradley). BLACK.—(Mr. Henderson).

- 1. P to K4 P to K3
2. P to Q4 P to Q Kt3
3. B to Q3 B to Q Kt2
4. P to Q B4 P to Q B4
5. P to Q5 P takes P
6. K P takes P K Kt to B3
7. Q Kt to B3 P to Q3
8. Kt to K B3 B to K2
9. Castles Castles
10. Kt to K4 Kt to Q2
11. P to K R3 Kt takes Kt
12. B takes Kt Kt to B3
13. B to Q3 Q B to B sq
14. Kt to K Kt 5 (a) P to K R3
15. Kt to K4 Kt takes Kt
16. B takes Kt P to K B4
17. B to Q3 Q to K sq
18. Q B to B4 B to Q2
19. R to K sq Q to K sq
20. Q to R5 B to K sq
21. Q to B3 B to K Kt4
22. R to K3 B takes B
23. Q takes B R to B3
24. B takes P (b) B to Q2
25. P to K Kt4 Q to K B sq (c)
26. R to K B3 B takes B (d)
27. P takes B Q R to K sq
28. K to B sq Q R to K4 (e)
29. Q to R2 K R takes P
30. R takes R Q takes R
31. P to Kt3 Q to Q6 (ch)
Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A useless move apparently.
(b) Very hazardous in the present position, and the beginning of White's troubles.
(c) Black determines to maintain his advantage of position.
(d) The best move at this point.
(e) After this move White's game becomes a very difficult one to play.

GAME 223RD.

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. W.) BLACK.—(Mr. W. A.)

- 1. P to K4 P to K4
2. K Kt to B3 Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4 B to B4
4. P to Q Kt4 B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B3 B to R4
6. P to Q4 P takes P
7. Castles P takes P
8. Q to Q Kt3 Q to K B3
9. P to K5 Q to Kt3
10. Kt takes P B takes Kt
11. Q takes B K Kt to K2
12. P to Q R4 P to K R3
13. B to Q Kt2 Castles
14. P to K R3 P to Q Kt3
15. Q R to Q sq Q Kt to R4
16. B to Q3 Q to Q B3
17. Q to Q4 Kt to Q Kt6
18. Q to Q Kt4 Kt to Q B4
19. B to Q Kt5 Q to K Kt3
20. K Kt to R4 Q to K5
21. Q R to Q4 Q to Q B7 (a)
22. K R to Q B Q to Kt6
23. Q to Q2 K to R sq
24. B to Q B4 (b) Q takes P
25. R to K Kt4 Q to B3
26. P to K6 P to K B3
27. P takes P B takes P
28. Kt to Kt6 (ch) Kt takes Kt
29. R takes Kt B to K B4
30. R takes R P (ch) P takes R
31. Q takes P (ch) B covers
32. B to Q3 (c) R to B2
33. B takes B R takes B
34. B takes B (ch) And wins

NOTES.

- (a) The Black Queen is quite a traveller.
- (b) After this move Black's game is hopeless.
- (c) The terminating moves are well played by White.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 148.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. B to Kt 6 (ch)
- 2. Kt takes P
- 3. Q mates

- 1. K to K 3
- 2. Anything

There is a second solution of this problem by Q to Q 4 checking, as shown by our correspondent Alpha.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 147.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. P to Q 4
- 2. Q to Q 4
- 3. Q mates at Q K 5

- 1. K to Q R 2
- 2. K moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 147.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K to K R 4
- 2. Q to Q 4
- 3. K to K R 3
- 4. Pawns at K B 3 and K B 5

- 1. K to K B 4
- 2. Q to K 4
- 3. Pawns at K B 3 and K B 5

White to play and mate in two moves.

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