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Vol. XVIII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

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THE DIVORCE REVOKED.

Mrs. CANADA :—Very well, John ; I will give you another trial. But mind, you are on your good behavior. If you return to any of your old tricks, I will drive you away forever.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall begin the publication of our new story

BENEATH THE WAVE:

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

We have acquired the sole right for the Dominion of publishing in serial and later in book form. We trust our friends will appreciate this effort of ours to supply them with good and entertaining literature, and that they will induce many of their neighbours to subscribe, so as to secure this new story from the beginning.

OPINIONS OF THE PREEES ON DORA RUSSELL'S NOVELS.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

- "Footprints in the Snow" is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year."—*Graphic*.
- "With a deep knowledge of the ways of wicked aristocrats."—*Standard*.
- "Miss Russell uses the pathetic, and uses it with effect."—*Queen*.
- "The incidents are skilfully dealt with."—*Pictorial World*.
- "The interest is fairly sustained throughout the book."—*Saturday Review*.
- "Several characters are drawn with a skill that deserves much praise."—*Spectator*.
- "Elizabeth Gordon's character is well drawn. The story is fairly told."—*Athenaeum*.
- "Elizabeth's struggles for independence in London are particularly well described."—*Whitehall Review*.
- "Footprints in the Snow" is a novel which can be read with satisfaction and even enjoyment."—*World*.
- "Miss Russell's story is unquestionably clever, extremely amusing, and will, we doubt not, be a favourite in the libraries."—*Academy*.
- "There are here all the elements of tragedy, enough to have satisfied Webster or Marlowe, and Miss Russell's scenes are of a dramatic kind."—*Daily News*.
- "A plot which will highly interest romance readers."—*Stamford Mercury*.
- "Miss Russell has effected considerable progress as a novelist."—*Carlisle Journal*.
- "Miss Russell writes with so much vigour and gives so much flesh-and-blood interest to her novels."—*Scotsman*.
- "Novel-readers should find 'Footprints in the Snow' very much to their taste."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.
- "The best and truest thing we can say of it, that it is extremely popular."—*Warrington Guardian*.
- "Miss Russell has made herself a name by this work which must bring her considerable fame."—*Bury Times*.
- "The authoress has displayed considerable skill in the way in which she has put her figures into contrast one with another."—*Bradford Observer*.
- "Will be read with interest. . . . There is a good deal of originality in the plot, and its elaboration is skilfully carried out."—*Leeds Mercury*.
- "We have read this story with great pleasure, and consider it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English fiction."—*Monk's Herald*.
- "There is a freshness of description and a facility of expression which is a treasure beyond price in these days. . . . One of the best novels that have come under our notice for some time."—*Nottingham Guardian*.
- "A really interesting and well-written story, and one which we can heartily recommend to our readers. When we say that it is rather sensational we have mentioned the only fault we have to find with it."—*Hersford Times*.
- "Racily written, and full of stirring incident, brilliant description and spirited dialogue, the tale is one of the most successful and interesting pictures of modern life which have come under our attention for several years."—*Kent Messenger*.
- "Is well—and in parts powerfully—written; will become—and deservedly—a popular story. . . . The female characters are admirably drawn, the style is excellent, and the incidents are so varied that the interest never flags."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.
- "Is one of the really good novels which have been published during the last few months. . . . It shows a firmer and more practised hand, has more strength of plot, and is altogether more complete and artistic than any of the writer's earlier stories. Miss Russell is steadily marking out a line for herself."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.
- "We regard Miss Russell as a very successful follower of some of the most popular novelists. . . . The characters are fairly and consistently drawn, while the leading one only falls slightly short of real excellence. . . . 'Footprints in the Snow' is the work of one who has a talent for this species of literature."—*Sussex Daily News*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 2, 1878.

COLONIAL REPRESENTATION IN ENGLAND.

We do not refer here to so ambitious a subject as the Federation of the Empire and the consequent representation of the colonies in the British Parliament. Our aim is the more lowly, although practical one, of encouraging the means by which our material Colonial possessions and products may become better known and appreciated by the Mother Country. The Royal Colonial Institute has already done a deal of good work in the diffusion of this knowledge, and the last volume of "Transactions," for which we have to thank the Hon. Secretary, may be pronounced of extraordinary importance from both the variety and the value of the topics discussed. But it has long been felt that something more might still be done in this direction, and we are very much gratified that an initial step has at length been taken in the matter. A few days ago, at the British Embassy, in Paris, the Prince of Wales received an address from the members of the Colonial Commission at the Exhibition, which Mr. KEEFER—whom we have the pleasure of being the first to salute as a C.M.G.—had the honour of reading to His Royal Highness. The object of the address was to urge the erection of a permanent Colonial Museum in London, where the products and manufactures of Her Majesty's more distant possessions might at all times be on view. It was urged that the nucleus of such a collection might be at once commenced with the articles now in Paris. The Commissioners therefore begged His Highness to prevent their dispersion by using his influence to secure at least temporary accommodation for their exhibition in London until further steps could be taken. In reply, the Prince, after expressing his entire concurrence in the fitness of the plan thus laid before him, very properly reminded the Commissioners that the carrying into effect of such a scheme required mature deliberation on the part of the several Colonial governments, and its success depended upon their readiness to provide the means to found and support it. Meantime, however, he promised to apply to the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1881 to place at their disposal a space requisite for the preservation, during the ensuing year, of such goods as they may desire to retain as a nucleus for a permanent collection. Both the initiative of the Colonial Commissioners and the ready response of the Prince will be hailed with genuine satisfaction throughout the Colonies, and nowhere more so than in the Dominion. We have too long suffered from the ignorance of our products and resources in the British markets, and American rivalry has been too much in the habit of depriving us of a just recognition. There is every reason to believe that the new Canadian Government, fresh from the electorate, with a special mission to promote the cause of our national industries, will enter heartily into this project, and that, at the next session of Parliament, ways and means will be provided to secure our share of a permanent exhibition in the British metropolis. The advantages to accrue from the step are too evident to need enumeration.

The new Dominion Cabinet is now complete and has pretty well entered on its functions. So soon as the Ministers have secured their re-elections, we may rely upon their "settling down" to business. The public feeling in regard to them is depicted in our front page cartoon this week. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his colleagues are afforded a new trial by a generous electorate. If they do their whole duty—as we have reason, from their ability and patriotism, to believe that they will do—the whole country will support them. But it must be remembered that an honest

and economical administration will be insisted upon. The old style of government which prevailed ten or fifteen years ago cannot be revived. The Conservatives have before them a magnificent opportunity, and we trust that, for the sake of the whole country, without distinction of party, they will improve it.

It would seem that we are returning to the era of the Carbonari. The form of secret society now rampant bears different names—Socialist in Germany, Nihilist in Russia, Communistic in France, and International elsewhere. But the end is the same everywhere, and the revolver is the universal weapon of fanatical slaughter. The last attempt at official murder is that of the young King of Spain. He was fired at in a public street of Madrid by a dastard named Moncassi. His Majesty was fortunately not injured and the assassin was captured. The assault has naturally created a profound sensation throughout Europe, and will lead to more stringent measures against secret political societies. Meantime, the whole movement is significant of peril, and mere legislative repression will be powerless to stem it.

It is expected that the proclamation of war against the Ameer of Afghanistan will be gazetted shortly, specifying in full the reasons which decided the British Government to take the step. We were almost prepared for this announcement, but it is a matter of regretful surprise all the same. The prospect of an Afghan war is by no means a pleasant one. It appears from the latest advices that England's first step will be the occupation of South Afghan, in which event it is quite probable that the Russians will occupy the North. That the Muscovs are quite alive to the situation is evinced from the fact that the Russian general staff has had printed several thousand copies of a new Afghan dictionary for the use of army officers.

We have official information that, at length, the Sublime Porte has decided to acquiesce in all the British demands for reformation in Asia Minor. Lord SALISBURY has sent a despatch expressing the satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government, and thus a most important advance in the fulfilment of the Anglo-Turkish Convention has been secured. We may judge of the extent of these concessions when we further learn that Sir A. LAYARD has been energetically insisting on that clause of the Convention which proposed abolishing the sale and importation of slaves.

AFGHANISTAN.

The old adage that the unexpected is that which always happens never found a better exemplification than in England's present agitations in regard to Afghanistan. After having triumphantly overcome, both at the time and since the Russo-Turkish war, a series of complications that from moment to moment made her participation in the struggle seem inevitable, she now finds the gauntlet thrown down to her by an Eastern power so insignificant as scarcely to have been named in the recent chapter of great events. Undoubtedly the ruler of Afghanistan feels that he has the hosts of Russia at his back, or the recollection of the power of British bullets in 1839 would have made him more cautious. Certainly his conduct toward the British envoy, Sir Neville Chamberlain, indicates an amount of audacity that could scarcely exist even in an Eastern chief secure in his own mountain fastness, unless he were supported by some such belief.

So far as we can learn, the recent English mission to Afghanistan had for its object the confirmation of friendly relations between the Afghan and Indian governments, and to put a limit to the growing influence of Russia in the Ameer's dominions. But instead of being received with the courtesy due from one power to the envoys of another, the party were informed that they must not proceed beyond the border. Not only were they stopped at Ali-Musjeed, but Major Cavagnari, the officer sent forward by Sir Neville Chamberlain, was graciously informed by the commander of the fortress that but for personal friendship he would have shot him then and there. At the same time a large body of Afghan troops were paraded on the heights. Whether such an insult as this is likely to be followed by serious consequences depends, of course, on the action of the Ameer, and whether he will disavow all responsibility in regard

to his subordinate's conduct, and punish him accordingly. In the meantime, while negotiations are pending, the mission has been withdrawn, and considerable activity is observable at the British military posts in the vicinity.

Unfortunately for any prospect of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty, Shere Ali, the present Ameer, is described by those who have had personal experience of him as an "uncompromising and morose barbarian," who has never ceased to nurse a bitter hostility toward England. The latter sentiment is perhaps only natural, considering his past experiences, while the peculiarities of his temper may be accounted for by the difficulties he has had with his subjects and his domestic misfortunes. When Dost Mohammed, the father of Shere Ali, died in 1863, he left several sons, and the right of succession, according to the usual rule, belonged to Afzul Khan. His claim had, however, been set aside during his father's life by the appointment of Shere Ali as heir-apparent. Thus, when Dost Mohammed died, a strife at once commenced for the throne; but, after the manner of Eastern royal houses, the struggle was not confined to the principals concerned, for every scion of the dynasty at once struck a blow for individual independence. Obstinate ill fortune followed Shere Ali's arms, and at last Afzul Khan was proclaimed, under a royal salute, Ameer of Cabool. The new ruler, however, soon alienated the affections of his subjects, who at once cast their eyes toward the exiled Shere Ali. But the fortunes of war were still against the ex-Ameer, who suffered in person a decisive defeat in January, 1867, while his general, after gaining two victories, was finally defeated in September. Afzul Khan died at Cabool, the capital of Afghanistan, in October, and Azim Khan, at the head of a victorious army, formally assumed the throne. Shere Ali was at this time in Turkestan, and his son Yakub Khan at Herat, and against these the new ruler now directed his army. But Shere Ali, waiting till Abdul Rahman was well into Turkestan, slipped past him into Cabool, and while the Turkestan chiefs kept the enemy occupied, he dispatched Yakub Khan against Candahar. That gallant soldier defeated the forces opposed to him, and then Shere Ali leaving his son Ibrahim Khan at Herat, marched upon Candahar, which he entered in triumph in June, 1868; and a successful intrigue soon after leading to the mutiny of the army at Cabool, the capital also declared for Shere Ali, who thus in September re-entered Cabool as Ameer.

Some idea of the character of the country over which Shere Ali rules may be gained from our engraving of the Khyber Pass on the succeeding page. The main features of Afghanistan, which measures about 430 miles from east to west, and 400 miles from north to south, are the mountain chains, the general direction of which is east and west, but which throw out huge spurs to the north and south. The Khyber Pass, from its Peeshawur end, near Jamrood, to its Jelalabad end, at Dakka, is twenty-eight miles long. Excepting the valley of Lalbeggurhee, six miles long and one and a quarter broad, the rest of the pass, twenty-two miles in length, is completely commanded, and there are few places where an advancing army could find cover. As in the course of these twenty-two miles the width of the passes ranges mostly from 100 to 200 yards, and nowhere exceeds 300, and as an Afghan jazail, fired from a rest, will kill at 800 yards, it follows that any troops entering the defile with hostile intent would be exposed to a murderous fire. The summit of the pass is near the village of Lundeekhana, nine miles from Dakka. Here the greatest height, 2,488 feet above the sea-level, is reached. The descent to Dakka is not very abrupt, but the road is contracted between precipitous bluffs covered with stunted bushes, and the path is rough and stony for the best part of the distance. Beyond Dakka, again, comes the Kum or Khoord Khyber, otherwise the "Little Khyber"—a gorge three-quarters of a mile long, where two horsemen can scarcely ride abreast. The most important section of the pass, however, is at Ali-Musjeed, and here it is that the English are usually met when the rulers of Afghanistan are disposed to offer any opposition to their advance into Afghan dominions. It was at Ali-Musjeed that Sir Neville Chamberlain received the rebuff which is likely to lead to war, and it was here that in 1839 opposition was made first to the advance of the troops under Sir Claude Wade, and later to a force of Sikh auxiliaries. The section is about a mile and a half long, and is commanded by jaghirs (towers) and sungahs (stone breastworks) at every point. Ali-Musjeed itself is perched on a rock 2,433 feet above the sea. The fortress is about 150 feet long, and there are three hills within a short distance of it, each of which is fortified.

The town of Candahar, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most important in Afghanistan, for an army that should succeed in reaching this point would have the whole district south of the Hindoo Koosh virtually at its mercy. Through it passes also the best line of communication between Cabool and Herat. Candahar is on the site of an ancient city, supposed to have been founded by Alexander the Great, and named Alexandria, whence came the old name Iskandaria. This also suffered a change, so that the present city, founded by Ahmed Shah in 1747, is known as Candahar. It was the seat of government until 1774, when Cabool became the capital. The city is large and populous, containing, it is supposed, about 150,000 inhabitants, chiefly Afghans. In general form it is oblong, and planned with great

regularity. There are four main streets, each fifty yards wide, meeting in the centre, where there is an immense domed building called the Charsoo. Beneath it is a covered space where proclamations are read, where the mutilated bodies of malefactors are exposed, and where the best stores are located. In one portion of the Charsoo is the Nakarra, or room where the royal band plays, and it is from the terrace of this apartment that our sketch is taken. The music of the Afghan band, which performs here daily, is rather trying to the nerves of European visitors. One traveller says of it: "Nothing can surpass the stunning and unearthly music of his Majesty's band. The performers attempt only three or four notes, repeated in regular rotation on a dozen deafening drums, discordant horns, and hoarse speaking-trumpets, from the most dismal bass to a high braying treble, the whole burden of the strain being 'Shah Shujau—Shah—uh—Shu—jau.' These reverberations, heard for miles around, proclaim the entrance of the sovereign and the princes, and serve likewise to mark the divisions of the day, as the band plays at daybreak, mid-day, and midnight, after which hour until the morning beat no one can appear in the streets under pain of imprisonment and fine." The best part of Candahar is the suburbs. Passing out of the town by the gate leading toward Herat, the visitor finds himself in the gardens of the former rulers of Afghanistan, and among the ruins of the old city. These cover a great extent of surface along the base and slope of a high ridge that rises on a plain about four miles west of the present town. In the suburbs are also many gardens and vineyards producing various kinds of grapes and a great variety of fruits. The military force quartered at Candahar is always considerable. The distance from it to Quetta, on the frontier, where an English force is established, is 150 miles, but the country, between is so difficult to traverse that on one occasion a body of troops were eighteen days in making the journey, although their advance was unresisted.

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

Perhaps it may be profitable to consider why a large percentage of otherwise good and respectable persons systematically absent themselves from public worship. Religion is at the present moment passing through a phase of transition and difficulty, and the ship of the Church is rocked to and fro by the winds of many doctrines. The dread of priestcraft has resulted in the glorification of rationalism, and strong minds who have begun with thought have ended in doubt. It is not surprising that a large proportion of the sheep nominally in the sheepfold have a secret desire to stray from the safe and sheltered road pointed out by the shepherd, and it may be reasonably averred that the three principal causes why people shrink from the external observances of religion are infidelity, moral torpor, and self-will.

It is a commonly received notion that men may be more lax about religious practices than women. Thus if the father of the family stays from church it is attributed to a hundred-and-one excellent reasons sooner than the true one, that he does not believe. Possibly he considers himself a pantheist, a theist, or a deist; probably he is an excellent member of society and a pattern of conjugal and fatherly virtue. If he be very sensitive, and honest with himself, he ceases to go to church, as some people abstain from wine, because it heats and excites him. He cannot listen Sunday after Sunday to truths which he does not allow to be truths, or join in prayers the efficacy of which he denies. Yet he has not the moral courage openly to proclaim his opinions. They would shock his wife, who trusts in his superior judgment on all mundane matters, or might injure the prospects of his sons and daughters. Those whose consciences are not so sensitive do not go to church simply because, not crediting the efficacy or necessity of such worship, they regard it as pure loss of time. Nominally belonging to the Church, they are in reality her bitterest enemies, for an open foe is always less dangerous than a false friend. Again, with most thinking men there has come a phase in their life when they have doubted everything—God, religion, love, themselves. Well-balanced minds recover, as the horse steadies himself on landing after a tremendous leap; but doubt being very real, and for the time being as potent as faith, they cannot go to church and act a lie. In time "the beneficent harness of routine" reduces them to order, and they become tame and tractable like the rest of the world. They are human *Ætnas*, with their periods of eruption and wild riot; but after a lapse all settles down, the grass grows, and cities spring up, regardless of the dangerous crater on which their foundations are laid. But the fire of the volcanic temperament in the individual usually becomes extinct—occasionally from old age, which mellows all things; frequently from a sense of responsibility, which beloved women and helpless children, butchers' bills and exorbitant house-rent, must inevitably entail.

The second class of non-worshippers are the chronic victims of a certain moral torpor. The Bishop of London once said, "An earnest service does not always mean a praying people," and in the sense in which he used it, the assertion was true. It has further been remarked that no religion is worth anything for which its votaries are not prepared to die. This it was which gave such intense vitality to the Christian religion

in the first centuries, when frantic fanatics had to be forcibly held back from martyrdom. Contrast this with the placid indifference of our days, when to go to church or not is a purely personal question, depends on a rain-cloud, may be controlled by the fact of possessing a pair of thick boots, or guided by the exact temperature of the place of worship. Moral torpor is a catching malady; it is at some seasons and in some classes an epidemic. Its victims would indignantly deny the fact were they charged with being unbelievers. Yet to what other conclusion do their habits point? "Oh, I am a Church-woman," they will answer; "but really I can say my prayers just as well at home, undisturbed by distracting sights and sounds; and I know best what suits my own especial state of mind." Were these peculiarly nervous organizations closely pressed it would probably appear that the religious service conducted in the privacy of their chambers consisted in the perusal of a French novel, with their feet on the fender, or a communion with Nature in the shape of a doze under an apple-tree in the garden. Very queer vagaries have been seen in the ranks of those who, if they go to church at all, do it from a strange sense of the proprieties of religion. One of the most remarkable instances of this frame of mind was exemplified by the Marchioness of Salisbury, who, on arriving late and finding the church door closed, remarked to her daughter, as she turned away, "Well, we've done the civil, at any rate." An odder jumble of pride, profanity, and well-meaning endeavour to do right cannot be imagined.

Many avoid church from self-will. The brilliant writer asks indignantly how we can expect him to sit calmly listening to a preacher whose reasoning is assertion, and whose illustrations are dragged in inappositely by the head and shoulders, whose rhetoric is froth, and whose grammar is doubtful; or the aesthetically educated girl will plaintively remark that her ear, accustomed to harmony, cannot endure the twang of the village choir, led by a phthisic schoolmaster, and plentifully enriched with the local accent. One person objects to the omission of the Litany, another to the introduction of the Athanasian Creed, a third to the tone of the officiating clergyman, some to the wearing of surplices, others to the nasal chanting and the incense; in short, as it is impossible to please everyone, it ends by one and all eschewing church, each on his or her own especial ground of complaint. It is very easy to palm off upon others our own shortcomings, and to credit them with our laziness or self-will. As a gifted author has said, "I have found that men carry their religion in other men's heads, and their morality in their own pockets." Preachers may occasionally give their congregation legitimate ground of offence, but that sermon must be indeed a bad one out of which some grain of wisdom cannot be extracted, some little germ from which may spring a whole tree of wholesome and invigorating thought. Self-will thus deprives many good souls of the benefit of public worship, and many excellent clergymen of the satisfaction of overflowing congregations. Possibly it might be well for us if we could go to church in the spirit of the old Scotch-woman, who, when asked if she understood a peculiarly metaphysical and scholastic sermon, to which she had been listening with great gravity, replied, "Wad ye have me presume to understand what the meenister says?"

Is it, then, an unmitigated evil that people calling themselves Churchmen should not attend the rites instituted by their own ecclesiastical polity? It must be regarded as a discredit to religion that congregations should be thin, churches empty, and services chill and depressing, from the evident inattention and indifference of the worshippers. We may not appoint lovers' rendezvous or pass billets-doux, as they have a habit of doing in Spanish cathedrals; but we occasionally show an amount of torpor which is the reverse of an honour to the time-hallowed usage of assembling ourselves together. Yet it is very possibly not from a hatred nor from a cold reluctance to acknowledge the necessity of a faith of some kind, in order to vivify and enlarge the moral perceptions, but rather from a deep sense of the real truths underlying the perfunctory practice of rites indifferently acquiesced in by the many, and a kind of desire that principle and practice might be more in unison, that numberless honest and straightforward people eschew church.

ILLUSTRATED AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

We have received by this mail from Mr. George Collins Levey, Secretary to the Commissioners for the Colony of Victoria at the Paris Exhibition, a copy of the above paper. It consists in a double number specially prepared for visitors at the Paris Exhibition; as an illustrated paper it ranks equal to any on this continent. It contains a series of engravings representing the more important buildings, manufactures, and works at Melbourne, and some of the other towns of Victoria, Australia. Amongst them will be found a view of Melbourne, and of the buildings now in course of construction for the International Exhibition, which is to be held in that city during 1880.

The newspaper also contains a short but interesting account, in French and English, of the Colony, its history, its climate, its institutions, and the advantages which it offers to colonists. We acknowledge the receipt of this paper with thanks, and note with satisfaction the progress of our Antipodean cousins.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The management of the Academy of Music has been taught a lesson, which it will, if it is wise, take to heart. Montrealers, who have been accustomed to look upon the Academy as a place of entertainment where the exponent of art can do justice to them as well as to himself, expressed their indignation at the performance which dragged on a miserable existence last week. In the so-called spectacular play of "Magia," there was neither wit, comicality nor acting, and in the matter of dress the motto of the actresses seems to have been "they wanted but little here below and wanted that little short." On the first night the public hissed to their hearts' content, and during the rest of the week left the performers in presence of empty seats. If Mr. Barnes wishes to secure a successful season during the winter, we would suggest that he employ only the best material and never present any spectacle that is not in every respect true to the promises of the programme. On Friday and Saturday next will be produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Miss Lottie as *Topsy*, and from the 5th to the 9th inst., Stetson's Opera Bouffe Company will occupy the boards, opening with "Evangeline."

JOURNALISTIC.—The *Pembroke Standard*—one of the most enterprising of the Ottawa Valley weeklies—referring to our *Pembroke* number, says:—"The *News* also contains a lengthy and very ably written article from the pen of Mr. Tolley, on the rise and progress of our young town. We give the letter-press *in extenso* on our first and second pages. The enterprise of the *News* in thus illustrating our Canadian towns is very commendable, and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect with persons at a distance who are somehow inclined to look on us, in this part of the country particularly, as little better than savages."

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of No. 1, Vol. 5 of the *McGill Gazette*, which reflects great credit on the *alumni* of our University, and compares most favourably with other similar periodicals. Besides a couple of cleverly-written poems it embodies several papers of merit, sporting news and reviews of American University journals. We wish the *McGill Gazette* long life and prosperity. Another *Gazette* also makes its appearance this month, the *Canadian Military Gazette*, a paper devoted to the interests of the Active Militia of the Dominion. It is full of valuable information and interesting news for our volunteers, who will no doubt give it their support.

THE last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains splendid pictures of all the new Cabinet, besides some other very excellent illustrations.—*Hatifax Herald*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SOUL LUSTRE.—It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore. Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful—angular, not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. So in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre.

DO EVERYTHING WELL.—If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more depends upon the manner in which things seemingly trivial are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well, and you will find it conducive to your happiness, and that of those with whom you come in contact.

BE FRANK.—Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious, when you relate anything, to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell something that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantages of this course.

SYMPATHY.—Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety, but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of Heaven, because they shine by numbers, by unions and confederates of light and joy.

RIDICULE.—If ridicule is ever allowable or justifiable, it certainly is not so when directed against physical or mental defects. Some parents, teachers, and other guardians of the young think it wise to use this weapon for the purpose of stimulating the ambition or of improving the manners of their children or their pupils. It may perhaps avail where there is no sensitiveness in the individual—in which case other means will answer quite as well, and better. Ridicule however is a most cruel and dangerous remedy for any fault or failing, and is likely to be productive of greater evils than that upon which it bears, especially as it is almost always aimed at those things which the poor victim is thoroughly conscious of, but is not able to help.

A WAYSIDE COURTESY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a handsomely-dressed young lady, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body." A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and, just before he reached us, he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward; "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate open till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

A THOUGHT.—"I remember," says Macaulay, "that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals who were again to destroy civilization? Alas! it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighbourhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila."

HUMOROUS.

THE drowsy, innocent wasp comes indoors these fine, cold autumn days. He is no aristocrat this wasp; he picks you up with one tine of his fork.

THE tramps are a lucky lot, after all. The returns are all in, and it is a positive fact that not a single solitary tramp lost a dollar by the Bank of Glasgow failure.

GOLD keeps coming down, we hear, and really it must have gone down past us while we were asleep. We must go down and see what has become of it, and what it is doing.

ANOTHER one of those things that no fellow can find out, is why a man's wife thinks he cares nothing for preserves and other choice dainties save when she has "company" for supper.

SOME young men on West Hill organized a string band last week. They have only had two rehearsals, and broke up a cottage prayer meeting, a debating club, three whist parties and a beer saloon. The defenceless villagers are now talking about an injunction.

"EVER since," said Mr. Smiley at the breakfast table the other morning, "ever since that little fellow, Jimmy Puck, put a griddle cake round the earth—and it only took him forty minutes to do it—I have always held that a buckwheat flap-jack, with a little sprinkling of honey, was fit food for a fairy. Hannah, pass us a hot one!"

A MEAN spirited Ohio man took a fourteen pound club with a knob on the bad end, and got his friends to put him in a coffin and place it in a vault. By the gray of the dawn two solitary figures were seen coming along the highway into Cincinnati. One of them went lamed to the Ohio medical college with a lump on his head that lifted his hat off, and the other went to a quiet home, with a spoiled child under his arm and the glad light of a happy smile shedding the light of peace and duty over his honest countenance.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.—Some time ago a leading London journal threw out the suggestion that it would be a good thing if some practical analyst, or somebody else, would discover an extract of unusual strength-renewing property to reanimate the enfeebled constitution of those who by over-work or study had sacrificed themselves. The idea was admirable, and one which doubtless thousands have often expressed. And it will be surprising and welcome news to such to learn that there is already an Extract just of the nature so ardently longed for. We refer to "JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF," which possesses all the nutritive properties that can possibly be contained in any preparation. It has the unqualified recommendation of the Faculty, and is now being exclusively administered in all the leading Hospitals in Great Britain, and is even gaining popular favour on the Continent, and in America. In cases of consumption it is unparalleled, and is an admirable substitute for stimulating *solidi*. It is sold in tins at a moderate cost, and may be obtained of the leading chemists and purveyors everywhere.—*The Christian Union Glasgow*

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



The Sanitary Police in New York Harbor.



The Last Survivor.



The Burials at Memphis.



Hospital under Canvas.



New Victims.



A Sanitary Barricade



Memphis People fleeing from the Plague.

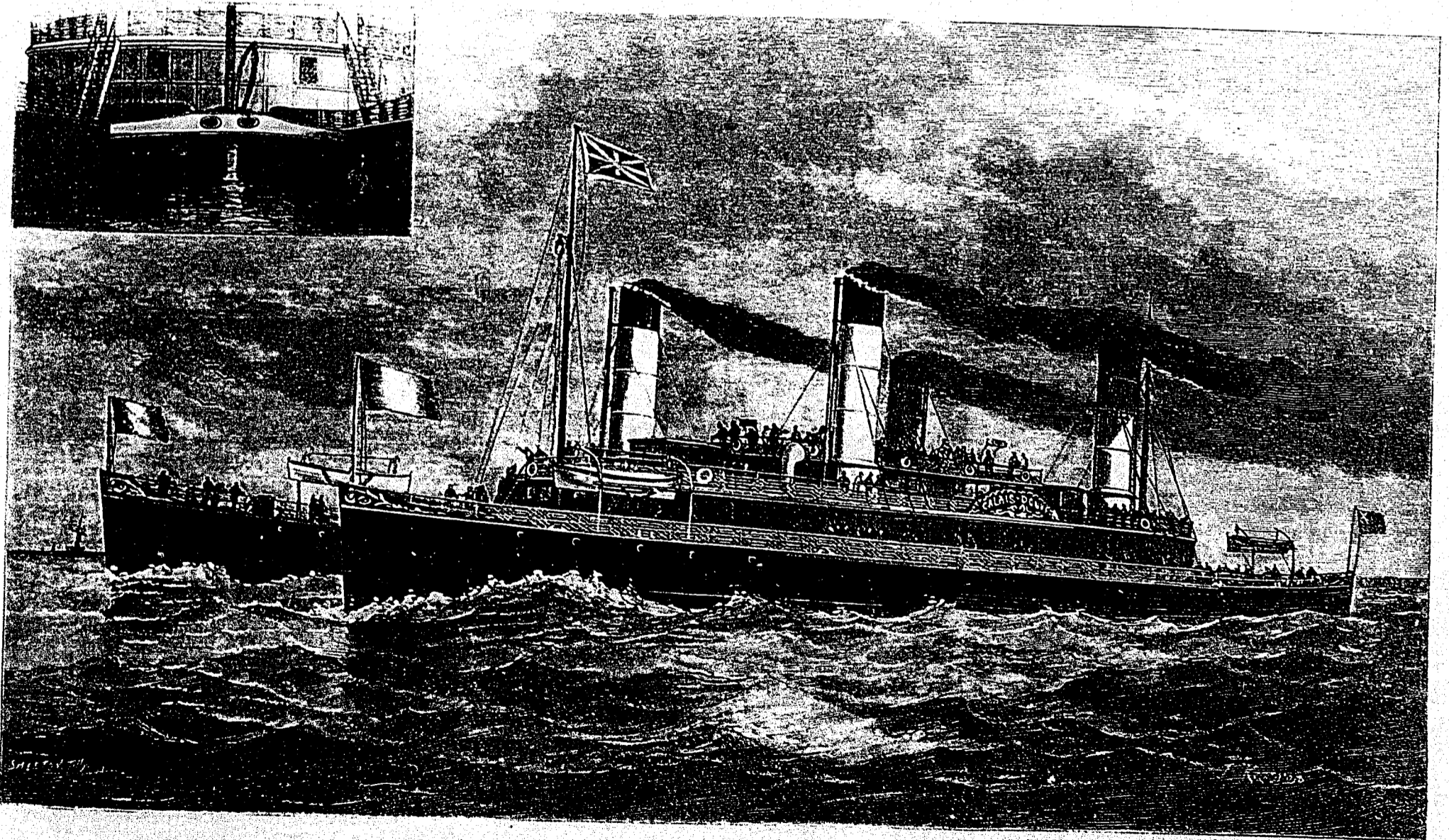


Starving Groups at Memphis.

THE YELLOW-FEVER IN THE SOUTH.



SHERE ALI, AMEER OF CABUL.



THE DOUVRE-CALAIS—THE DOUBLE-KEELED VESSEL PLYING ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

SYMPATHY.

A dreary wood, whose birds, affright
At their own echoing notes, are still;
A garden, whose first opening flowers
Are nipped by frost's unkindly chill:
A field on which no verdure dwells,
A desert waste, a soundless sea,
In all of these are imaged forth
The heart bereft of sympathy.

From Friendship's hand I'd ask no gift
Of costliest worth, our bond to seal,
But crave beyond all else on earth,
A heart that with my heart could feel.
A kindly word in season, should
My soul bereft of courage be;
A ready smile to greet my joy,
A tear, when grief o'ershadowed me.

Alas! too oft I've felt the need,
Of bath my heart its throbs repressed,
And many an aspiration warm
Hath germinated in my breast:
But, venturing forth, the tender shoot
Met scorn, or chilliest apathy,
And, withering 'neath that frigid breath,
Hath died, for want of sympathy.

Now care's dark clouds around me lower,
And sorrow soon may me enthrall,
When smiles will flood my soul with light,
Whose friendly hand will lift the pall?
A safe retreat remains at last,
A constant friend when others flee,
The grave's a calm and peaceful bed:
In death I'll crave no sympathy!

M. J. WELLS.

Montreal, Oct., 24th.

THAT OTHER FELLOW.

I.

I never knew her age; but she was the daughter of my tutor, and a dainty, winsome little lady. I was about twenty; ardent in the pursuit of field sports, tolerant of most things save advice; generous perhaps, impulsive undoubtedly, and over head and ears in love with Constance Silverthorne.

My education was at that period anything but complete. I was destined for the diplomatic service, a calling for which time and opportunities have since discovered me to be singularly unfit. In those days, however, I was vaguely ambitious, and sustained by hope, a perfect digestion, and the conviction that, as an Englishman, I was superior to the less fortunate mortals born on the other side of the British Channel.

Nowadays my hopes are few and by no means invigorating; my digestion is a thing of the past; and as I have been taken in and outwitted by every foreign diplomat with whom I have had dealings, my national egotism is somewhat less obtrusive than in the days of my giddy youth. Not the least memorable event in that gay and reckless period was my sojourn at Greybridge with Rev. Dr. Silverthorne, a wise and learned minister of the gospel, whose knowledge of the classics and theology was renowned. He was rector, with a large house, a small living and an only daughter. At one time fellow of his college, Christopher Silverthorne had established his fame as a tutor, and to him I was attracted in my despair at the prospect of a civil service examination, and a general idea as to my own incompetence to pass it.

Greybridge, as every one familiar with our dear old river knows, lies about a mile distant from the Thames. The church, however, and the adjacent rectory stand on high ground between the two, and the private garden, which is full of apple trees tenanted by hundreds of squirrels, stretches from the top of the hill down to the water's edge.

There was every comfort at the rectory—indeed, most of the luxuries of life were discussable and enjoyable. The pupils could do pretty much as they liked, and with scarcely an exception they liked the company of Miss Constance Silverthorne. When I joined the household in the month of July, the only other pupil was Stuart Smart, a young gentleman from Christ Church, who was leisurely reading with the Doctor for his forthcoming examination in "Meds." Smart was a cheerful, healthy, well-conditioned fellow, with the prospect of a pecunious future before him, liable to laziness, except in the matter of cricket, and more than imperturbable in the matter of feminine advances.

Illi robur et es triplex
Circu pectus eras.

as far as woman's wiles were concerned. At all events, he gave me that impression, and others also.

The Doctor received me affably and with an air of cheerful dignity, made me acquainted with the details of the household, and left me to my own devices until dinner. Naturally enough I strolled out among the trees, watched the frisking squirrels with some interest, and in a few minutes found myself on the river's bank. A canoe and a pair-oared skiff were floating temptingly beneath me. Evidently they belonged to the house, so I settled myself in the canoe, and paddled on a voyage of discovery up-stream.

The sun was hot; I was disinclined for active exercise, and the little craft was urged but slowly forward. Perhaps a mile of river was leisurely traversed, and then the Berkshire side rose into high and thickly-wooded ground. Foliage lightly kissed the wavelets, and the bank was broken here and there with shady recesses fit for meditation and flirtation, if fortune and a lady favoured. I paddled toward an inviting willow, anxious to avoid for a few moments the glare of the sun, but was suddenly interrupted by a girl's voice on the left.

"At the risk of being thought inquisitive, may I ask what you are doing in that canoe?"

With a sweep of the paddle I turned my craft and faced the speaker. She was young and pretty, and was seated in a canoe similar in size and shape to mine. A book lay upon the waterproof which covered her dress, and the look with which she greeted me seemed to convey surprise, indignation and defiance.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," I replied, not quite knowing what to say.

"That's very kind of you. Do you happen to know that the canoe is private property—is mine, as a matter of detail?"

I told her that I had no idea of that interesting fact. "I thought it belonged to Dr. Silverthorne," I humbly protested.

"Not a bit of it," said she, impatiently; "it belongs to me. Papa gave both these canoes to me early in the spring."

"Oh! then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Silverthorne?"

"Yes," said she, "you have that pleasure."

"Allow me, then, to introduce myself—my name is Stow, Godfrey Stow."

She burst out laughing. "I see it all, now; you are the new boy. I didn't expect you till next week."

"Hang it!" I thought; "new boy, indeed! This pert little miss must be taken down a bit. I hated to be called a boy, perhaps because I bore such unmistakable evidence of being one. I had in those days a horrid habit of blushing, and I was conscious of feeling red from my hair down to my collar."

She laughed again, not in a feeble, inane giggle, which so often accompanies girls in their teens, but a clear, ringing, enjoyable laugh, which seemed to be set to melodious music. When Constance Silverthorne laughed her dark brown eyes glittered, her cheeks broke into dimples. She was a most enjoyable sight.

"I can't help laughing," she cried, taking two strokes with her paddle, which brought her within a yard of me, "you blush so delightfully."

However attractive her presence might be, Miss Silverthorne's conversation did not add to my composure. I blundered on:

"I am happy to be able to amuse you," I returned, pettishly. "Do you never indulge in a blush?"

"No; it doesn't suit my complexion. Besides, I never say or do anything which should cause me to blush." And she dipped her paddle in the water and glided out into mid-stream.

"I am going home," cried she, looking back at me over her shoulder, "*qui m'aime me suivit*."

"I'd rather accompany than follow you," I returned, coming up alongside.

"And you have not known me long enough to—er—to do the other thing."

"Not quite; but you may live in hope, Miss Silverthorne."

"That is better," quoth she; "you are capable of improvement, I see. There, don't blush; allons."

The stream carried us swiftly down to the boat house in the rectory garden. I disembarked first, and stooped in order to steady her canoe as she rose. She sprang on to the wooden step, and with her finger tips lightly touched my cheek. "Good boy," she said demurely, and without another word fled toward the house.

I hardly knew whether I was more surprised at the caress than at her sudden disappearance. I lighted a pipe, in my doubt, and lay down on the bank and thought about her. Truly, she was a most unusual young lady. Not that my knowledge of womankind was extensive or deep, but with the confidence born of my twenty years of life I flattered myself I knew a thing or two, and woman was one of the things, of course.

"Her presence certainly adds a flavour to the place," I thought to myself; "she will help me to spend my leisure pleasantly enough, I have no doubt." And then the dinner-bell sounded, and I strolled off to dress.

When I descended, the rector was standing with his back to the fireplace chatting to Stuart Smart. I was introduced to that gentleman, and agreed with him that the weather was all that could be desired. Then the Doctor was of opinion that if rain did not fall within the next six weeks a drought might possibly ensue; and so in the interchange of other original and appropriate remarks, in the unimpeachability of which we were generally agreed, five minutes slipped by.

"Ha! at last," said the Rector, as Miss Silverthorne glided into the room. "Constance, let me introduce Mr. Stow, my new pupil."

She bowed rather frigidly, I thought, and busied herself with some roses at a side-table.

"Will you take my daughter in to dinner, Mr. Stow?" asked the Rector, presently. I bowed, approached her, and offered my arm—rather awkwardly, I must admit. She placed the tips of her fingers on my elbow, and walked into the adjoining apartment.

She sat on my left at table, and I had occasional opportunity of observing the beauty of her figure and the easy grace of her movements. She wore a dress of some light material, which fitted her perfectly. Her bosom and arms were covered with black diaphanous muslin, which showed up, rather than concealed, the dazzling whiteness of the skin. Her hair was light, with an inclination toward auburn, and had here and there a golden glint; her eyes were very dark, and produced a decided effect on me when, dashing out from under yellow eyebrows, they met mine. On this occasion Miss Silverthorne was chary of her glances, and though I was lost in admiration, she gave me no encouragement.

When the claret was put upon the table, she

rose without speaking, and left the room. The Doctor was chatty, and compared notes with Smart as to the difference between Oxford of to-day and Oxford of years ago. I was not interested in their discourse; I longed to be away, to talk with Constance, whom I could see playing at fancy work on the lawn, for although the restrictions of society closed her Christian name to my lips, in my thoughts she was Constance already.

I took the first opportunity of escaping from the dining-room, but as I found my way to the lawn she escaped into the house through the French window.

"Vitas hinculeo me similis, Chloe."

I quoted in my despair. Could she be angry with me? Had I offended her?

I paced up and down, smoking a cigarette. Presently, the Rector and Smart came out into the soft, summer air, still discussing the virtues of a proposed University Reform bill. I threw away the tobacco and approached the window through which she had disappeared. It led into the drawing-room, and Constance was sitting in the far corner running her hands idly over the keys of the piano.

"Can't you be tempted into the garden, Miss Silverthorne?" I asked in my most insinuating tone.

"Oh, yes!" said she, listlessly; "when the tempter asks me, I'll go."

This was encouraging, so I entered the room and faced her. "Very well, here he is."

She laughed lightly. "Dear, dear! How the boy flatters himself."

This was hardly encouraging; still I would not be rebuffed.

"Your father and Mr. Smart are engaged in a most interesting conversation; come out and listen to it."

"Thanks; I leave inquisitiveness to the men."

"You needn't trouble to do that," I answered glibly; "they have plenty of their own."

She played a bar of music.

"You don't understand me, Mr. Stow; I'm not at all curious."

"Then I certainly don't understand you; for to my lights you are the most curious little lady in the world."

She smiled, rose from the music stool, and took my arm. The contact thrilled me strangely; she gave me one serious look with her eloquent brown eyes, and led me out half dazed into the happy twilight.

II.

About 10.30 on the same night I entered the apartment known as "the study," which looked out on the trees and faced the river. This room the pupils were allowed to regard as their own. They might read, write, or smoke in it, and these privileges were indulged in according to the taste or laziness of each. On the night I refer to I found Stuart Smart stretched at full length on the couch close to the open window, a cigarette between his lips, and a silver mug containing claret cup within reach of his hand.

"Have a weed?" he asked lazily as I entered.

I lighted the proffered cigar, and looked dreamily out of the window. I didn't wish to talk. My heart was full, and my brain occupied with thoughts which were continually grouping themselves into possible realities round and about her.

"Rather nice girl, Miss Silverthorne," said Smart, after a pause.

"Ye—es."

"Isn't quite my style, but doosid nice all the same. You seemed rather fetched."

"Ye—es; oh yes. I beg your pardon, I'm sure; I mean that Miss Silverthorne seems a very charming girl."

"Umh! yes; in fits and starts. She is sometimes a most provoking little minx. Try some of this cup; I brewed it myself."

I felt like committing an assault on Stuart Smart; but he was lying supine, and the odds were too many in favour of myself. I quenched my rising wrath in a draught of claret.

"Very picturesque and idyllic you both looked to-night. The old boy, though, didn't think it half so pleasing a sight as I did. Ah! ah! It will be fun to watch that other fellow!"

"What other fellow, Mr. Smart?" I asked, trying not to appear anxious.

"The other fellow—I can't pronounce his name. He called himself a Mugyar, whatever that may be. Of course, he's doosid clever, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, but beastly objectionable; and he is undoubtedly sweet on Constance."

"Confound the fellow!" I thought to myself, "how dare he take her name in vain!" I felt that delicious right belonged to me alone, already.

"He is some distant relation, I believe. Not that he is very far off, don't you know; he will be here to-morrow, and then I fancy there will be fun."

"Oh! indeed! Is he particularly humorous, or witty, or what?"

"Oh, Lor', no," answered Smart with a chuckle; "only you and he will most likely come to loggerheads."

And we did. I bade a hasty good-night to Smart, and eagerly sought the solitude of my bedroom, but not to sleep. I was not insufferably romantic in those days, nor was my imagination unnaturally developed for my twenty years. I had a fancy for mooning, however, a habit which has grown upon me since; and gaz-

ing out on a heavenly July night, with her sweet voice ringing in my ears, and with the gentle pressure of her fingers fresh upon my hand, I felt happy, but anxious.

Sleep did not visit me till daybreak, and 9 o'clock had sounded before I splashed out of my tub and had finished my ten minutes' dumb-bell exercise. Through the window I could see Stuart Smart bowling at a single stump in the paddock, and a small boy endeavouring to stop the cricket ball as it bounded by the wicket. The sun was shining mildly, but gave every indication of treating us to a scorching day. I descended to the garden, and was presently conscious of a female figure fitting among the standard rose-trees. With my hands in my pockets I sauntered toward her and asked her for a flower.

"Most emphatically no," says she, with a little start. "Why should I?"

How fresh and sweet she looked in her morning dress! still, I was put out by her answer.

"Why shouldn't you?"

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "A man shouldn't ask; he ought to take."

"Then I'll take a liberty and a rose as well,"

and I chose a flower from the basket which hung on her arm. I stuck it in my button-hole. She said nothing but turned aside.

"Now a pin, and my bliss is complete," said I, arranging the stalk so that the rose should not escape. With a swift movement she was at my side, pinning the flower into my shooting jacket. Her linen collar hung awry. She had robbed herself to satisfy my whim.

"No matter," said she, guessing my thoughts; "the brooch will fasten it."

She raised her hands to her throat, but failed to secure the obstinate linen. "My turn now," I said, firmly but quietly, and, clasping her hands in mine, I succeeded in fastening the ends of the collar. I held her so for a few seconds, gazing wistfully down into her big brown eyes. A most tempting, delicious, ever-to-be-remembered moment—but the breakfast bell interrupted us; she broke away and ran into the house.

The first object which met me in the dining-room was a stranger. He was actively engaged upon a cold pie, and scarcely ventured upon a slight nod of his head as I entered the apartment. With a nonchalant air I walked to the window and looked out, wondering why the deuce the family didn't make its appearance. The stranger went on with his meal. With my hands in my pocket, I regarded him from the window with some attention. He seemed a tall, well-built fellow, with muscular hands, and a countenance swarthy and somewhat unfathomable. The eyes were dark, the hair was crisp and curly, the nose somewhat thick, and the lips, shaded by a black moustache, were evidently full and sensuous. Instinctively I felt that I disliked the stranger, and my budding aversion did not add to the ease of my manner. When a lad of twenty feels himself awkward, he assumes an air of easy indifference; my hands plunged deeper into my pockets, and a faint apology for a whistle escaped me.

"You are not hungry, sir? You have made your breakfast—yes?"

Thus did the stranger break the monotonous silence. He spoke with a foreign accent, laying more than ordinary stress upon the consonants. His tone did not betray any intense interest regarding the state of my appetite; his observation of question seemed rather to proceed from a person who had glutted his animal craving, and was indulging in subsequent and casual commonplaces.

"No," I replied, haughtily, "I have not yet breakfasted. I am waiting for the Doctor and Miss Silverthorne."

"Ach! Then sit down at once and feed," replied the stranger, smiling as he rose. "The Doctor and his daughter make their breakfasts up-stairs. I shall see you in the library afterward, isn't it?"

"I—er—er—I suppose so," I answered vaguely, and immediately fell to. A second or so after the stranger departed, Stuart Smart came in.

"Mornin', Stow," was his epigrammatic salutation. "So you've met that other fellow, eh?"

"I suppose so," I replied grumpily. "If you mean the fellow who looks like a nigger and talks like a Frenchman, I have."

"Ah! He isn't so bad as he looks. And as to his looks, there are women who think him doosid handsome. He isn't my style, don't you know; he is too doosid clever and all that sort of thing." And Mr. Stuart Smart leisurely cracked a second egg, and proceeded to discuss its liquid contents.

"What's his name?" I asked rather indifferently. "I suppose he is here to learn English."

"Not he," returns Stuart. "He knows more English than most fellows I know. He's not reading here; he's a sort of tutor."

"Tutor!" I cried in astonishment and despair.

"Rather!" replied my friend lachrymally; "and he has come up from town on purpose for you. I'm reading classics with the Governor, don't you know?"

The information was correct. This other fellow, with his swarthy skin, his thirty years of age, his stress on the consonants, and his admiration for Constance, was to be my tutor for the next six weeks. With him—the man I was sure I loathed—I was to read German and lower mathematics, from him, the probable adorer of Constance, I was to imbibe the art of *precis* writing and correctness in French composition;

from him, the accomplished and erudite, was I to win my peerless love; on him rested my sole chance of satisfying the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Civil Service.

With such convictions, which were scarcely mollified even by a favourite cigarette, I entered the library and discovered the other fellow in conversation with Dr. Silverthorne.

"Stow," said the divine, "let me present you to Count Teleki-Glicska, who is good enough to assist me with the pupils, and whom you will find far better informed than I am in the studies necessary for your examination."

The other fellow bowed, I inclined my head, and after a few words the Doctor left us together.

"Now, Mr. Stow, let us see in what I can be of service to you." He spoke cordially and sympathetically, and I began to melt from my reserve at once.

"You like Glicska?" asked Constance after luncheon.

"I don't know," I returned, evasively; "but, what is more to my purpose, do you?"

"Do I? Of course I do."

"Exactly; that is—er—er—of course."

"There, you are blushing again."

"I don't care if I do. I—I—"

"Mr. Stow."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Silverthorne. I ask your pardon for blushing. It was thoughtless for me to suggest that you had given me cause for so doing."

"Oh, nonsense! and don't try and be satirical, it's not your forte. Are you going on the river this afternoon?"

"I have half promised Stuart to practice cricket. Does—does that other fellow play?"

"No. Who ever heard of a Hungarian playing cricket? Well, good-bye, I'm going out in my canoe."

"Oh! oh! if only he could be lured out into the paddock," I thought. "I would choose the spot, and then, with the blessing of Providence and some bumpy ground, if I wouldn't bowl him down some teasers! Pitched rather short, but guaranteed to rise. Half an hour would be enough—but what was the use of building up such delightful air castles? The man was a beggarly foreigner, and as likely to play cricket as to use a tub of a morning."

Thus I, in my bitterness. And she liked him, and confessed the fact without a simper or a change of colour! I joined Stuart Smart in the cricket field, put on the pads, and let him bowl at me. I felt as mad as I knew how, and cut savagely at his first ball. Away it went, and away the small boy after it. His second ball seemed straight, but I stepped out, caught it on the half volley, and sent it over his head for an easy five. Smart grinned quietly to himself, and clean bowled me three times running immediately afterward.

So the day went by. I progressed not more in my studies than in the affection of Constance. But I, perhaps, should add that my advancement in learning was neither rapid nor overwhelming. Time sped. The Doctor was affable, Stuart Smart was laconic, Constance was distractingly fickle, and the other fellow was attentive and industrious.

A month rapidly passed, and then she avoided me. She shunned the canoe, and, in order to keep at a more appropriate distance, attached to her side a couple of girls—senseless, soulless beings I thought them—the daughters of the local doctor. Constance allowed these young persons to adore her, and they by their continual presence threw such obstacles in the way of my adoration that her victory was, if possible, more complete. She grew paler, too, and the only exercise she allowed herself was an afternoon siring on the river, when the soulless ones would punt her mildly up stream and then drift back. I accompanied her once in one of these lazy outings, and enjoyed it after a disconsolate fashion. She read a book, I remember, all the time, and I employed myself in watching the action of her dark lashes against her white skin, and the varying expression which broke from the corners of her mouth. I was hardly less egotistical than most boys of my age, but I began to realize what a worthless person I was in comparison with her bewitching and semi-divine self. Constance—why—Constance was worthy of the greatest and noblest man in the land, while I? And in the meantime Godfrey Stow, *etat* twenty, was morally convinced, however much he revelled in doubt, that Constance Silverthorne and he were spiritually one, as he was determined they should presently be morally and practically.

Some Frenchman has remarked that a man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool; and if this moral reflection be just it is evident enough that after the fashion of a fool I must have worshipped my divinity. I never saw a maniac making love, and nowadays I don't believe a man of sense ever loves at all.

Yes, I loved her; possibly like a fool, at all events like a boy. I have seen and known many women since whose beauty was indescribable, whose fascination was enthralling, whose wit was inspiring. I have been enticed through the fancy, I have been flattered through the intellect, but never have I thought so unselfishly or lived so free from worldly cravings as during those summer days at Greybridge, with Constance as the goal of my ambition and my life.

One happy consolation was afforded me. After the soulless ones had received their dismissal, when the house was still, the Doctor dreaming of his work on the digamma, Smart of his next cricket match, and the other fellow of his oppressed Magyars, I used to leap out of the study window and watch the flickering light which shone through the curtains of her bed-chamber. Frequently she would lean out on the sill and watch the stars for half an hour at a time. I took care to let her be aware of my presence, and then she would bid me a soft "good night" and retire to rest. One evening—how well I remember it!—the light was flickering as usual, but no divinity was forthcoming. I waited for an hour at least, and then her light was put out. Oh! the anguish of that sudden eclipse. She could not have known that I was there, leaning, anxiously expectant under the copper beech! I rushed to the study, snatched a pile of newspapers, and set light to the blameless sheets a dozen yards distant from her window. The flame rose and lit up the solemn grandeur of the trees; still no movement in her room. I threw patriarchal *Times* on blazing *Telegraph*, heaped blushing *Globe* on incandescent *World*, with such effect that never have these irreproachable journals thrown so much light on a "situation" since. Yet there was no responsive glimmer from Constance's chamber. Presently the flames died out. The fiery columns of even "world-wide circulation" are less than ephemeral, and in a minute and a half they were dust. Then a voice reached me from her window.

"Sh—ush! How could you? Do go to bed."

And I did.

The next day she avoided me. I had a notion she would, but felt piqued nevertheless. At night I mastered my desire, and did not watch beneath her window; of course I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I met her among the standard roses. She gave me a budding flower.

"This, without asking," she said. I knew I ought to say something, if only to declare my passion, but I couldn't. I blushed pinker than the rose itself.

"You are a very silly boy," she said, oh! so demurely, "and why on earth do you wander about the garden at night?"

"I didn't wander last night," I returned, with an effort of indifference.

"No," said she, fixing the rose in my coat, quite as a matter of course, as it seemed. "No, you didn't wander last night. And, pray, why didn't you?"

III.

One evening after dinner she went into the drawing-room, contrary to her usual custom, and seated herself before the piano. The other fellow was there reading his favorite Rochefoucauld, but rose as she entered and placed some music on the instrument. Then, as a matter of course, he began to sing. To do him justice, the wretch had a magnificent voice, and the two presently started the duet, "La ci darem." Somehow I felt *de trop*, and retired to a dark corner and watched them. The melody was anything but music in my ears, and a dull aching pain crept into my heart. Jealousy is nourished by a doubt, and I was determined to put an end to both as soon as possible. In the meantime their singing was unbearable; I rose and abruptly left the room, threw myself upon the lawn, and smoked.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, and then she, unconscious of my supine presence, stepped out upon the grass alone. She was singing lightly to herself the refrain of her favorite song:

"Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

"Oh, here you are, *beau sire*. So you don't like my singing?"

"Yes, I do, Constance; I like it more than words can express when you sing to me;" and I sprang to her side, all on fire with the sweet intonation of her voice.

"And may I not sing for any one else?"

"Constance, dear, this doubt is killing me. You know I love you, do you not?"

"Yes," she returned softly "I suppose so. I always expected you would."

"You darling!" Doubt vanished forever, and I pressed her to my heart.

"No, no, no, Godfrey! Indeed, no." But I held her close, and would listen to no maidenly protest now she was mine.

"I shall speak to the Doctor to-night," I said emphatically; "to-night, Constance."

"Gracious! what are you thinking about?" she cried in alarm. "Papa would immediately pack me off to Yorkshire. Oh! I am sure he would. He did it only last spring."

"Last spring?"

"Yes; you don't suppose that you are the first man who has—has fallen in love with me?"

"Of course! how could I expect anything so ridiculously unlikely. I felt a pang, nevertheless."

"No, Godfrey, you must be calm and undemonstrative. Leave it all to me. And you really want me to—to be your wife?"

"That's very prettily said. No, Godfrey, not again. Tiresome boy, well—there!"

The next few days flew away like a dream. Occasionally I saw the other fellow addressing her, and then I forgave him, and began to find some good points about him which hitherto I had failed to appreciate. After all, he couldn't help loving her! At the same time I was convinced that the duty I owed myself and Constance was a speedy wedding. My mother would love her at first sight, and my good-natured guardian was, I know, an advocate for early marriages. I should be of age in a few months, and my means would be sufficient to provide for our modest wants. Again I urged Constance to let me ask the Doctor for her hand.

"And lose me forever, Godfrey?" she would ask with tears in her eyes.

Her answer was of course conclusive. There was nothing to be done but an elopement. I did not like the idea, but anything was preferable to the loss of my Constance. So she and I began to plot, and without any intense trouble we arranged our plan.

The last up-train left Greybridge Station at 9:30, we should reach Landon about 10:15, and I should immediately take her to the house of my old nurse, who was now married and lived in Camberwell. The good old creature was true as steel, and I could trust her. In Camberwell, therefore, Constance should remain until the wedding took place, the next day if possible, and then we would together ask forgiveness from Papa Silverthorne.

At 9 o'clock on the appointed night—it was a Friday, I remember Constance left the rectory alone. I remained behind, according to our plan, to see that no inquisitive eyes had watched her departure. Everything was quiet. The doctor was up-stairs in his sanctum, the servants were going to bed, Smart was asleep in the study, and the other fellow was reading unconcernedly by the window.

"What a terrible sell for Glicska! I chuckled to myself, and thence scudded across the fields and reached the station just in time, and I rushed to the office to take the tickets. "I have got the tickets, Godfrey," said she; "I thought you might be late, and I saved the time, you see."

We walked on to the platform. As the train entered the station, Constance—who, contrary to my suggestion, wore no veil—bade the station-master "good night."

"Good night, Miss," said the official, looking from me to her with surprise.

"Is this the train to Waterloo?" cried I.

"Yes, sir; jump in," returned the porter. And when we were seated the door was locked, and the 9:30 train started on its journey up.

"Mine at last, Constance!" I whispered to the beautiful girl at my side. "Who shall separate us now?"

She shivered slightly as my arm encircled her, but I took no notice. I was in Elysium! no matter how slowly the train rolled along, how often we stopped—at one point in the middle of the line it seemed we waited ten minutes—she was by my side, the girl I fondly loved, mine now and evermore.

At length we reached Waterloo; we were twenty minutes past our time; no matter—now for Camberwell.

I sprang out from the carriage, and—Heavens!—the first person I encountered was that other fellow, whom I had left an hour ago in the study at Greybridge Rectory. There was no mistaking him. He certainly had not traveled by our train. How on earth—

He advanced to the carriage and raised his hat. "I have been waiting ten minutes," he said to Constance, "come." She stepped from the carriage and took his arm. I staggered back dumbfounded.

"Wait!" I cried; "counfound you, sir; what do you mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and led her to a hansom awaiting his orders.

"Mr. Stow," said she, turning round to speak to me, "I have been wrong, cruel perhaps, but you must learn to forgive me."

"Come, Constance, said Glicska, resolutely, as he handed her into the cab. "Good night, Stow; many thanks for your services; you are a brave boy, isn't it?"

And the driver whipped up his horse, and Constance Silverthorne was carried from my sight forever.

I never returned to Greybridge. In a few months I passed my examination and went abroad. The following year at Homburg I met Stuart Smart, who gave me some information of my Berkshire associates. Constance had married the other fellow, and the Doctor, unable to carry on his work without their assistance, had graciously forgiven them. They were quite a happy family, Smart observed. Constance and her husband had been secretly engaged for years, but as the Doctor would not hear of their marriage they had determined to elope. I had been used as the means of putting the Doctor off the scent.

"Yes, I understand all that now," I remarked to Smart; "but how on earth did that other fellow get to Waterloo before we did?"

"Ah! that was doosed clever of them. The last advertised up-train from Greybridge to Landon leaves at 9:30. That's a local train. At 9:15 the Southampton express is due at Greybridge, but is always twenty minutes late. You started at 9:30 punctually. Five minutes later the express arrived, which the other fellow must have caught. You were shunted on to a siding, while the express and Master Glicska passed you. *Hinc ille lacryma!* Ta-ta."

Nowadays I can look back without pain upon my sojourn at Greybridge, for I am morally convinced of the truth of the maxim that "Nothing is more natural and more fallacious than to persuade ourselves that we are beloved."

VARIETIES.

THE PIANO OF THE FUTURE.—The piano pupil of the day finds difficulties enough in his way towards the achievement of even moderate success in his art to tax his best powers and to occupy most of his time for years, but if the *London Musical Standard* is correct in predicting that a piano recently invented is to become "the piano of the future," the pianist of the future will find his task a far greater one. This new instrument is provided with a second keyboard, the scale of which runs in an inverse direction from that of the usual order; that is, it ascends from right to left. The object of this second keyboard is to facilitate the playing of the passages that now require the crossing of the hands, instead of which operation the second set of notes are to be used, the hands thus playing apart from each other. An ascending passage of the left hand, for instance, is played on the old-style keyboard to almost the centre for the piano, then continued by playing backward on the other board, and so with passages for the right hand. The increased power thus given to the musician in the execution of difficult music is obvious, but the corresponding difficulty of learning to use it to advantage will be discouraging to many already skilful pianists. It requires, for instance, a trip score, and the confusion of playing alternately backward and forward will be something requiring much patience to become accustomed to. The new instrument is a French invention.

STINGY MEN.—I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his hand twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds and thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know, I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocket-books—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which is most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her asking you every day for a dollar or two dollars, or to humbly beg for fifty cents. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? O, I tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family, and look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always, looking as bad as you can! Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANNA DICKINSON has given up the dramatic field and proposes to return to lecturing.

SINCE the reduction of prices by the management at Booth's Theatre the houses have steadily enlarged, and "Henry VIII." has become more popular than ever.

A SILLY boy in Chicago sent Miss Kellogg an anonymous note, recently, enclosing a diamond. She turned it into money and sent it to the yellow fever sufferers.

THE leading tenor of Vienna, who is driving the people there wild with enthusiasm, was formerly a baritone. In despair at some love affair he cut his throat and was taken to the hospital to die. A clever doctor mended his larynx and he came out of the sick room the sweetest tenor known to the world. The rest are ready now to cut their throats for jealousy.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



COLIN RA...

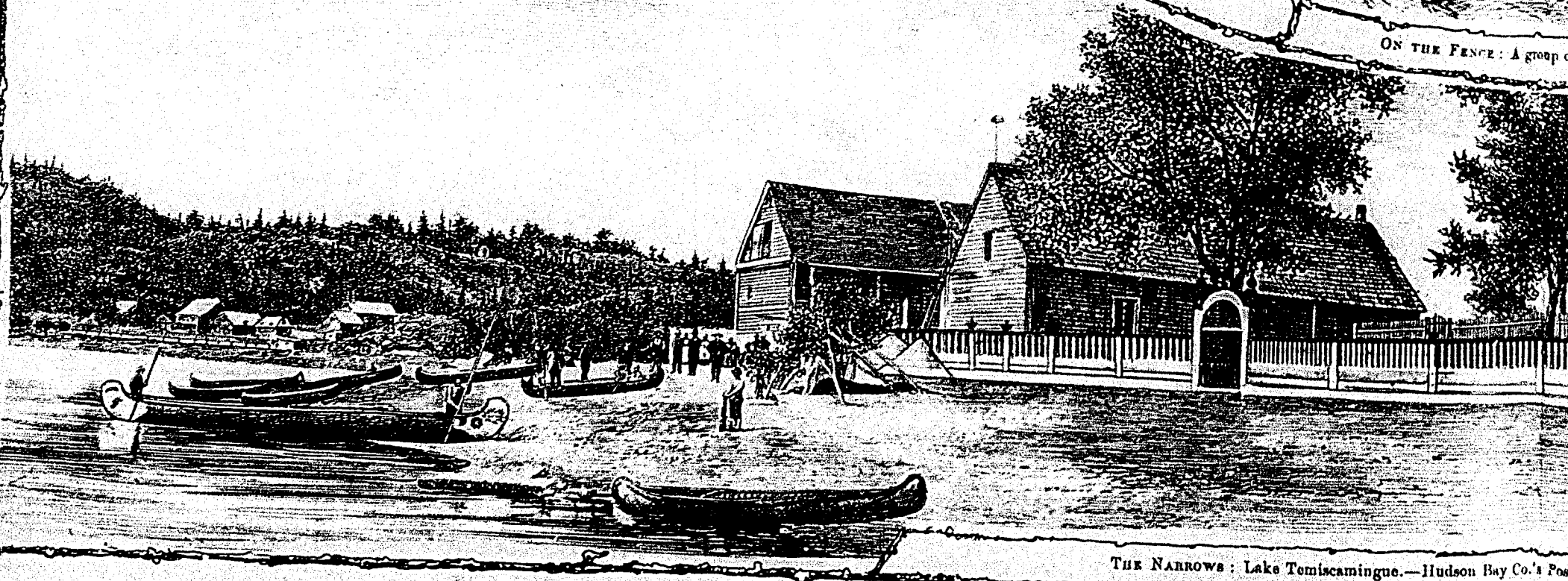
The Hudson Bay Co.'s Landing.
TEMISCAMINGUE:
The Rob Roy Canoe.



Lake Temiscamingue, looking East from the H. B. Post.



ON THE FENCE: A group of...

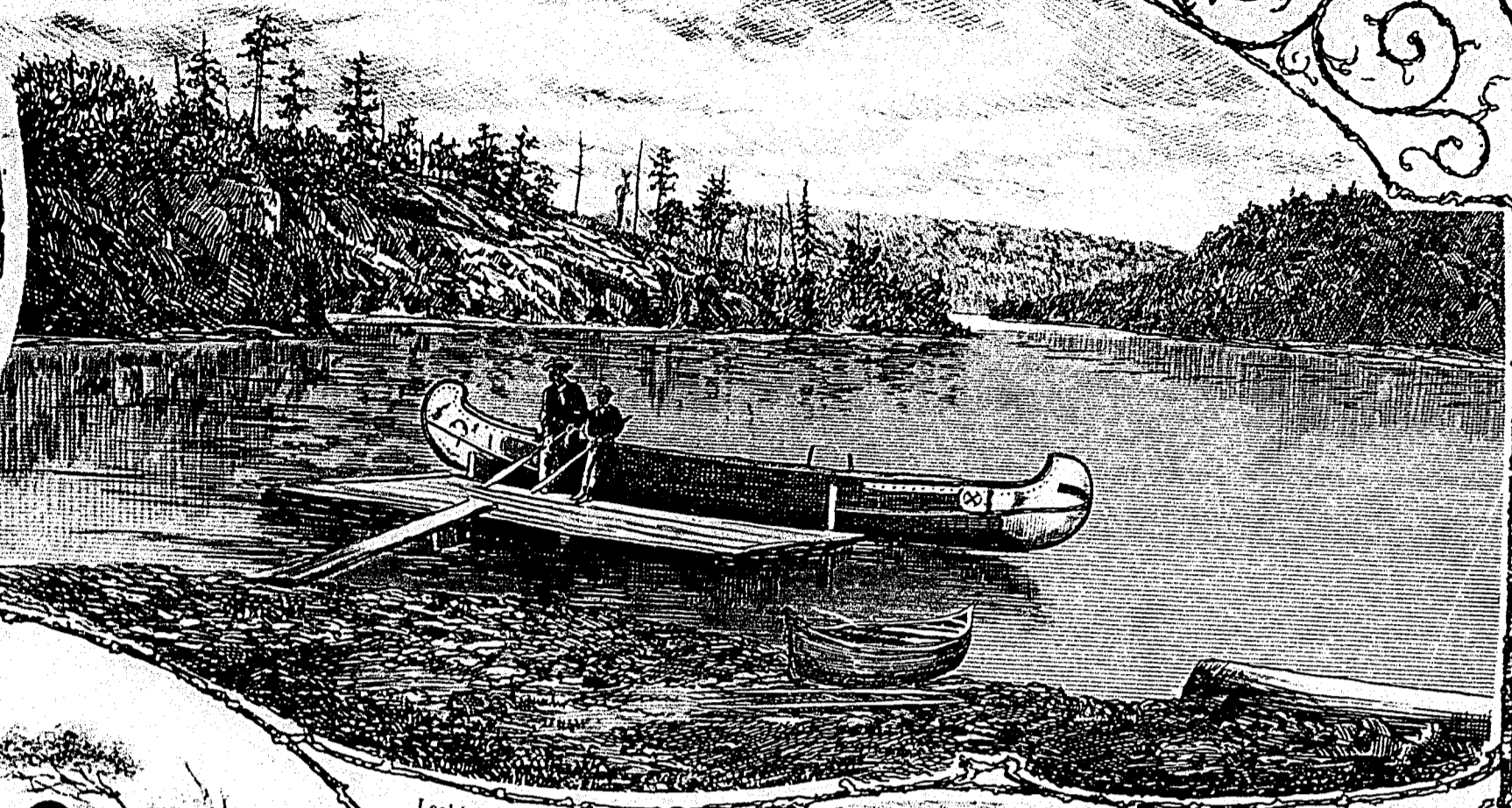


THE NARROWS: Lake Temiscamingue.—Hudson Bay Co.'s Post.

UP THE OTTAWA.—FROM MAT...



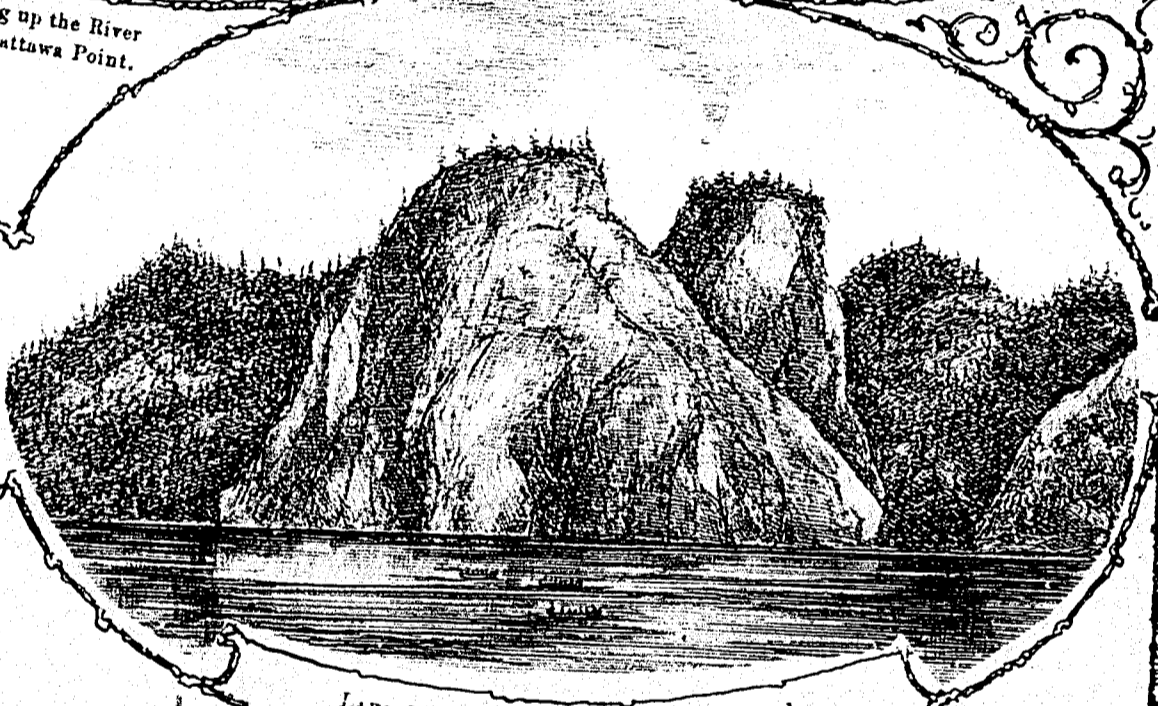
ANKIN, Esq.



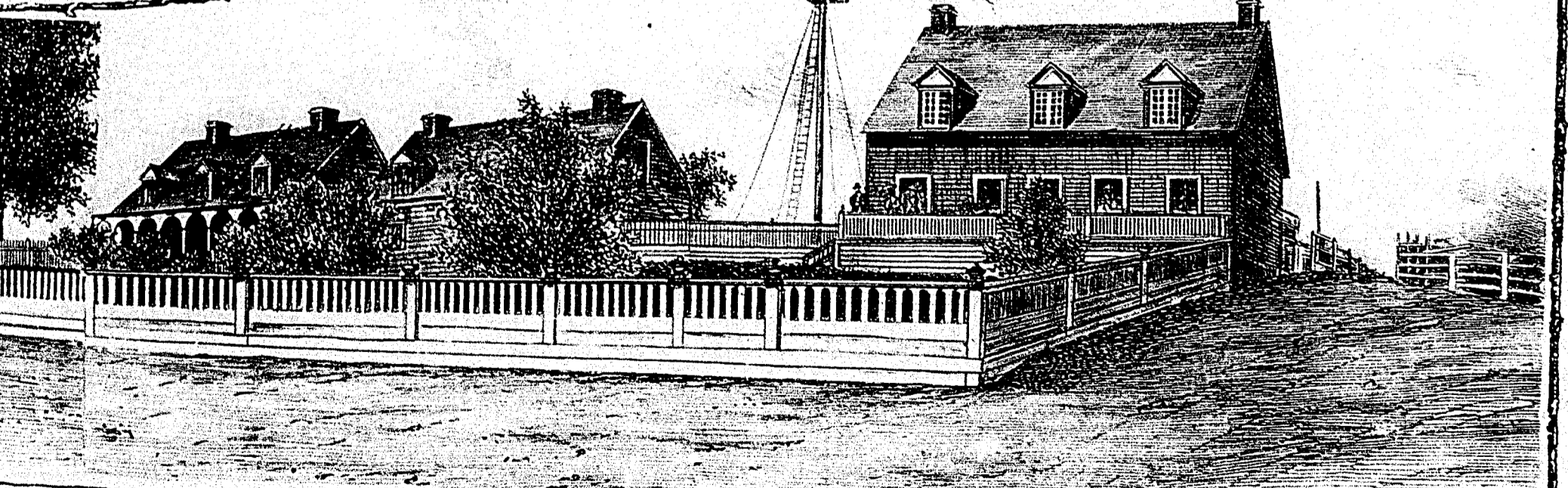
Looking up the River from Mattawa Point.



of Temiscamingue Boys.



LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE - The Kookoomis Rock.



at in the foreground ; R. O. Mission Station to the left.

MATTAWA TO TEMISCAMINGUE.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XII.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

FROM MATTAWA TO TEMISCAMINGUE—ARRIVAL OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FUR FLEET—A LONG JOURNEY IN A BARK CANOE—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE—SURMOUNTING THE RAPIDS—GRAND SCENERY—A PICTURESQUE MEETING—AN EXCITING CANOE RACE—LIFE AT A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST—CROQUET AND ICE CREAM IN THE "WILDS"—A GLIMPSE OF INDIAN LIFE—THE RETURN TRIP.

LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE.

The river above this point, for about ten miles, winds through some beautiful stretches, diversified with islands; mountains of various heights and shapes sometimes running to the water's edge, and in places receding a considerable distance, always forming the background on either shore. Then we entered Lake Temiscamingue, a noble body of water about seventy-five miles long, and ranging from two to four miles wide, except at the H. B. Co.'s post, where it narrows to a few hundred yards for a short distance and then opens out again to the average width. At the foot of the lake, on the Ontario side, Mr. James McLaren, an Ottawa lumberman owning limits in the vicinity, has a fine farm. A few miles above, on the opposite shore, is Mr. Marten's "hotel," or "stopping place," a busy spot in winter, being the point where the road leaves the river for the land, flowing streams rendering the ice above insecure. The establishment, which, by the way, includes a post office, is located on a sandy point, and consists of a long, low log-house, with barns and stables. The Hudson Bay Co. have here a large building for the storage of supplies, brought up in winter and taken to the Temiscamingue post by schooner or canoe when navigation opens. We did not stop at Mr. Marten's, but pushed ahead on the opposite side of the lake; a sharp lookout being kept for the other canoes, which we felt certain of overhauling.

The scenery here became very grand; indeed, awe-inspiring; in place of sloping pine-clad mountains, were bald-faced, rocky heights, towering probably a thousand feet, marked with great clefts, and with summits apparently overhanging and threatening us with destruction. Here and there a little stream would be seen trickling down a narrow gorge, giving life to mosses and ferns, the vivid green tints contrasting strongly with the sombre hues of the rocky strata. Looking at the tremendous cliffs and then at our canoe creeping along in the shadow line, one could not but feel dwarfed and puny. The water to the very edge of the lake is deep; without rocks or reefs. We went along so close to the shore that it could be touched with an outstretched paddle, and a large steamer might have followed the same course. It is a wonder a steamer has not long ago been placed on this lake, as there is money to be made in towing rafts, which at present have to be hauled for miles along shore by means of a windlass, an operation only possible with favourable weather. A good deal of timber comes from about Lake Kippewa, a fine body of water on the Quebec side running parallel with Lake Temiscamingue, and connected with that lake by the River Kippewa at the upper end, and by a smaller outlet called Gordon's Creek, which comes in near the foot of the Long Sault. A Mr. Robert Porteous has undertaken to improve Gordon's Creek, so that timber can be brought out by it instead of by the Kippewa. This would, in certain cases, save towing up Lake Kippewa and down Lake Temiscamingue—a matter of perhaps seventy miles—but it is not yet completed, and it is said that, to render the work successful will require more money than the scheme is worth. Apart from this, it is alleged that Mr. F. C. Smith, one of the pioneer lumbermen in the district, will apply for an injunction to stop further operations, on the ground that it will take so much water that the Kippewa River route, which he has improved and made serviceable at considerable cost, would be rendered useless. Moreover, every season lumbering operations leave the Gordon Creek region further in the rear.

A LEGEND.

A mile or two above Mr. Marten's, there is an exceedingly high cliff called "The Buffalo"—it is the highest rock on the lake, I believe—and on the face of it the voyageurs have managed to make out the profile of an old woman, which is known as the "Kookoomis." The theory is that this stony personage has the controlling power over the winds and waves, and is furthermore inclined to be rather unfriendly to the voyaging fraternity. To propitiate the old lady it is customary to cast offerings at the foot of the rock—generally a small piece of tobacco. Our men followed the custom, but some of them were inclined to be irreverent, and, instead of throwing a piece of tobacco cut from a plug, they threw a quid. I am of the opinion that the old lady did not perceive this insult, or perhaps she regarded it with contempt—at any rate, no unfavourable wind interfered with our progress.

A PICTURESQUE MEETING.

When about ten miles above Mr. Marten's, some keen eyes discerned two objects just turning a point. A field-glass was brought into requisition, and the two objects pronounced two canoes—the third having parted company, being destined for Hunter's Lodge, the H. B. post on Lake Kippewa. We did not see them again for some little time, and then they were lashed together and bore sails, made out of a pair of blankets. Our men plied their paddles with renewed vigor; it was soon seen that we were gaining, and in due time we were alongside. It was a picturesque meeting. The sun was about to disappear behind the mountains, and its rays came straight down the lake, making the waters golden and sharply defining the lines of the canoes. The voyageurs were all swarthy Indians, clad in all manner of quaint costumes, and disposed among the merchandise in various free and easy attitudes. Sitting in the shadow of the sails was a farmer's wife, who had been given a passage up from Maitland. I suppose my fair readers will be astonished to read that a white woman would trust herself alone with Indians, but it may be a greater surprise to know that white women would be much more liable to unkindly treatment among a company of her own race, of a similar class, than among a host of so-called "dusky savages." The quiet politeness and gentle demeanour of the voyageurs were to me fruitful subjects for thought. Their behaviour would put to shame many who boast of their culture and advanced civilization.

A REVERIE.

When we came up to the canoes, the wind, though light, was fair, and the united craft glided along as gracefully as two swans. A few words were exchanged, the result being that the sails were taken in and the canoes unlashd. So we paddled along side by side. I reclined lazily and enjoyed the scene in silence, gazing now at the picturesque boats and now at the grand surroundings—the placid lake, the towering rocks and the hazy, pine-clad mountains, whose summits kissed the fleecy clouds. A sense of dreamy enjoyment came, and I fell to wondering why in ordinary life there is so little of the beautiful and true and so much that is horridly matter-of-fact or outrageously sham. Amid this glorious scenery, feeling so thoroughly "comfortable," I involuntarily shuddered at the thought of having once more to plunge into the life lived in towns and cities, with its humbugs, its hypocrisies, its "cheek," its grovelling and its selfishness. The announcement by our commodore that we would land at the first convenient and inviting spot and take tea, put an end to my musings—brought me to my senses, I suppose the reader will say—and in a few moments we were on shore, where the rocks afforded natural seats, and, while the kettle boiled and the ham frizzled, a few of us gathered bouquets of wild flowers, which we found to be both pretty and plentiful. We were now about twenty miles from our destination, and would be unable to make the distance before eleven o'clock. The men were asked if they would prefer to paddle on or camp and proceed early next morning. They chose the former course, and, being well refreshed and the evening cool, they paddled at a great rate. The three canoes for a time kept abreast, but gradually the *Rob Roy*, and our craft, the *Peep-o-Day*, drew away from the older *Chief*.

A CANOE RACE.

Almost unconsciously, it seemed, the crews drifted into a race; quicker and quicker went the paddles, the dignified men at the bow and stern took tremendous strokes with their great blades; all had flung off their head-gear, setting free their black hair, which reminded one of the shaggy manes of mountain ponies; the faces were a study, each a picture of firm determination, the gleaming teeth tightly closed, the veins of the forehead distended, the eyes steadily fixed on the rival boat. For half a mile we kept as we started, then, almost imperceptibly, our canoe drew ahead, inch by inch, until we had gained half a length, when the contestants simultaneously slackened speed. When the *Chief* came up, another trial was made, with a similar result. It was a pretty even match, for though the *Rob Roy* was manned by a stronger crew than ours, she carried a heavier cargo, being a larger boat.

The shades of night now began to fall, and the outlines of the mountains grew dim. The light breeze had entirely died away, and the surface of the lake was like a mirror. For some time we paddled on in silence, then a halt was called, and for some ten minutes or so the three canoes rested, while the men enjoyed a smoke. It will have been noticed that, in canoeing, there are three sorts of stoppages—the short stop afloat for a smoke, the short stop on land for a cup of tea, and the long stop on land for a "square meal," or a regular camp. Having finished their "bacca" and taken a draught of the limpid Ottawa water, our long-enduring paddlers once more bent to their task. It was quite dark, and only the sound of the paddles told us that the other canoes were near by. After a time we got abreast again, and a song was started. These canoe songs have an unlimited number of verses, and, as the chorus is usually repeated twice, one lasts a long time. We were treated to quite a number—"La Claire Fontaine," "La Belle Rose," "En Roulant ma Boule," &c., &c. Among others new to me, was one which told how the singer set to work to skin a snipe—a verse being devoted to details of how he began with the head, another dealing with the neck, a third with the breast, and so on—the chorus repeating

these very interesting particulars and sounding the praises of the snipe-skinner. But, childish as the words of these canoe songs mostly are, the air is invariably pretty, and exactly fitted to keep time with the paddles.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

Presently a bright light appeared amid the gloom right ahead, then another shone out. "That's Temiscamingue," said our leader. The lights seemed to be in the middle of the lake. The singing was resumed with vigour—to let the folks know we were at hand, and in half an hour or so the canoes were alongside a miniature floating wharf moored to a sandy beach, which appeared to stretch right across the lake.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Having been travelling since three a.m., the reader may be sure I slept sound that night, but curiosity to know what manner of place I had arrived at, caused me to be astir early. The first view of Temiscamingue by daylight caused a feeling of mingled astonishment and delight.

The lights in the middle of the lake and the long sandy beach were quickly explained. The lake at this point narrows from, say, three miles to two hundred yards wide, and almost as suddenly opens out again, leaving a point on which the Hudson Bay Co.'s establishment is located. On the opposite, or Ontario, shore, there is a Roman Catholic mission station. On the H. B. Co.'s side, the first building on the point is a storehouse, supposed to be about one hundred and fifty years old—a respectable relic for Canada;—next comes the general store and office; then above, fronted by a nice croquet lawn and three shade trees, is Mr. Rankin's residence. The next building is a storehouse, and the house to the right of the flag-staff is the clerk's quarters. A short distance further along the beach, but not shown in the engraving, is a range of cottages for the regular employees of the Post, sheds for building and storing canoes, &c. The beach is of fine sand, and slopes gently to the water's edge.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

Here the Indians, visiting the Post to trade, pitch their camps. During my stay there were probably thirty families encamped. Most had good canvas tents; the others lived in square wigwams, made of bark. Every camp had at least a couple of dogs; many had half a dozen. These Indian dogs are very fox-like in their appearance—tawny, sharp-nosed animals, quarrelsome, vicious and stealthy. When they are not fighting, stealing or getting a "licking," or snapping at the legs of strangers, they are asleep by the camp-fire or in the sunshine. Among Indians, as among other races, there are to be found those who are industrious, careful and neat, and those who are lazy, thriftless and untidy. The majority of those I saw were of the former class, and they seemed to be living as comfortably as possible under the circumstances, but there were others who appeared to be dragging out a miserable existence, which the winter season would greatly intensify. It is a queer life these wandering people lead. I saw a man pack his wife and family, dogs, tent, provisions, &c., into a two fathom canoe, push off silently and paddle down the lake. I learned that he was going a journey of about one hundred miles, and would be away for many months, when he would return to the Post with furs. Thus the whole of the Indians camped on the beach would steal away, "saying nothing to nobody." In the solitude of the wilds what a varied experience must be theirs—periods of hunger, cold and wet; fancy the sufferings of the sick, the comfortless condition of the dying. With health, and strength, and sunshine, their mode of life seems at first glance free and easy, with a tinge of the romantic about it—almost inviting, in fact—but when health fails, and inclement weather takes the place of the joyous summer days, the picture becomes terribly matter-of-fact.

Under the H. B. Co. the Indians appear to have fared much better than they would have done had they been left entirely to the advancing wave of white occupation. The Company has always been regarded by the aborigines as in some shape representing the Queen, and as the officers have taken great care to cultivate confidence and respect, there has been insensibly given a tone to the society of the backwoods—so to speak—which would do credit to many a community rejoicing in the possession of all modern institutions. I have mentioned the uniformly excellent behaviour of our canoe men—their quiet demeanour, willingness and indifference to fatigue. I must also bear testimony to the honesty and fidelity of the race generally. As I have said, there are good and bad Indians, but the bad are comparatively few, and they are well known. Given a bad Indian, and the chances are that he has been rendered so by strong drink. No liquor is obtainable at the H. B. Co.'s stores, but now and then traders go through the country and leave a track of misery and degradation behind them.

LIFE AT THE POST.

The stations of the H. B. Co. are variously termed Posts or Forts, but there are only two stations deserving the latter name—viz., Fort Garry and Stone Fort, in the Red River territory. The station at Temiscamingue is simply enclosed by an ordinary fence, while bolts and bars on the houses are never thought of. I dare say the reader will imagine that life at Temiscamingue would be a very dull affair. I found it exactly the reverse, and shall ever remember my sojourn there with unalloyed pleasure. In

the first place, the situation is charming, and, secondly, the hospitality enjoyed at the Post could not be outdone. Mr. Rankin is pre-eminently the man for the place he occupies. Quick and far-seeing as a business man, of a determined will, and a disposition not good to thwart, he unbends in a moment and enters into the lighter business of life—in other words, sports and pastimes—with a zest characteristic of youth. In the wilds, threading the forest, or navigating some turbulent stream, he is at home, and his skill, courage, strict integrity and uniform good spirits have won for him the respect and esteem of the aborigines. He speaks their language, sings the songs they love and knows their habits and customs. Mrs. Rankin is a most worthy consort. Born and brought up in one of the foremost towns of Ontario, she cheerfully accompanied her husband to the backwoods, and, like him, she has shown an adaptability to the situation which is truly marvellous. Young in years, but old in housewifely wisdom, she has endeared herself to the employes and visiting Indians by countless kindly acts. Just before I left she was doing what she could to lighten the grief of a squaw who had lost her infant child.

The days passed pleasantly. I found the two clerks, Messrs. Cummings and Simpson, jolly good fellows, always ready to do their best to provide entertainment when released from the store. In the morning we went for a swim; during the day there was fishing, canoeing, a saunter through the woods or up the hills; a book under a shady tree, the Indians making canoes; a visit to the opposite shore and a talk with the priest. In the evening we usually played croquet on the lawn fronting the house. "A croquet lawn in the backwoods!" I fancy I hear some fair reader exclaim. Yes, dear friend, and between the games ice-cream would be handed round. How is that for "life in the wilds!" Perhaps some may have thought that the ladies at Temiscamingue don a dress à la Pocahontas. On the contrary, Mrs. and Miss Rankin might have been set down in St. James street, Montreal, and if they attracted any special attention it would have been on account of the good taste shown in their attire and the grace with which it was worn. Oh! no, there is no needless "roughing it" at Temiscamingue. Whatever drawbacks the isolated situation may have are counterbalanced by a skilful and ingenious use of the means at command. A single illustration will exemplify my meaning. Every window of the house was fitted with a mosquito bar. Consequently we could at all times have the windows open, yet were not annoyed by insect pests. Now, how many country houses within the bounds of civilization (*i.e.*, railways and telegraph poles) can the reader remember as having these simple but important appliances? I question if he can name one; yet it is not because mosquitos are not plentiful anywhere a few miles outside any of our towns or cities. What is the result? One has either to close the windows and be almost suffocated with heat, or open them and find that the lamp has attracted swarms of blood-thirsty flies.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION.

is dedicated to St. Claude. There are two priests, Father Pian and Father Laverlochere, the latter the founder of the Hudson Bay Missions. Through exposure and hardships experienced in his early days, Father Laverlochere is prematurely an old man, and suffers greatly from rheumatism. Father Pian is all activity. With his own hands he is building a new church. He has been twice to Hudson's Bay. The farm work, &c., appertaining to the Mission, is performed by four labouring Brothers.

Near by reside three Sisters of the Order of Grey Nuns of Ottawa. They look after the sick, and teach the Indian children.

THE TEMISCAMINGUE DISTRICT.

over which Mr. Rankin has charge, embraces the following Posts: Grand Lac; Hunter's Lodge, on Lake Kippewa; the Barrier, on Kakepongay Lake; Temagamingue, on the lake of the same name, and Abitibi, a Post beyond the height of land, about four days' travel from Temiscamingue. His duties require him to visit all these places periodically and superintend the transactions of the several officers. Having been with the Company since 1849, first at Mattawa, then St. Maurice, next at the King's Post, below Quebec; afterwards on Lake Superior, then at Simcoe—he may be truly said to be well posted. He is very popular with the younger officers, and not very long ago was the recipient of a very handsome piece of plate in token of their esteem. I may mention that the officers of the District have formed an association for the purchasing of books, and by this means they have gathered quite a nice library—one of the rooms at Temiscamingue being set apart for its accommodation.

THE RETURN TRIP.

The time for setting out upon the return trip came along all too quickly. I could hardly believe that eight days had slipped away since I set foot on the little wharf. Our party this time consisted of two canoe loads. Mr. Rankin and Mr. Farr (the latter then in charge of Hunter's Lodge) were bound for Kippewa Lake via Mr. Marten's portage. Mr. Rankin was then to canoe down the Desert River into the Gatineau and so to Ottawa. Good-bye having been said, we pushed off and were soon speeding down the lake. It was blowing pretty fresh, and when we had gone about twenty miles a regular hurricane came on. We were near shore, and, as rain threatened, the order was given to land. This was soon accomplished, and our men quickly

rigged a sail cloth over some leaning trees, so that when the thunder-cloud burst upon us we were as snug as could be. A fire was started, tea made and ham fried. Meanwhile the wind blew very hard, and every now and then we could hear a crash on the mountain side when some half-rotten or burned tree would succumb to the blast. The storm soon spent itself, and we once more got afloat. We decided to put in the night at McMarten's, and had reason to regret that we did not push on and camp in a good locality. The place was infested with sand-flies and mosquitos. We spread our blankets on the floor of the biggest room, extemporised pillows, and attempted to woo the drowsy god, but the drowsy god wouldn't be wooed to any appreciable extent. The flies wooed us, though, and they won. Not a wink did any of us get, and I was heartily gratified when the word to get up was given. We took a cup of tea and a bite of bread, said good-bye to Mr. Rankin and his companion, and, just as the stars began to fade, we stepped into the canoe and were soon gliding over the dark waters. Settling well down among the blankets, I fell asleep, and did not awake until the sun was well up. After we left the lake the journey was full of excitement, as we ran all the rapids but one. The sensation of passing through one of these wild places in a bark canoe is indescribable. The cool, dignified demeanor of the Indians, especially the bowsman, inspires one with a feeling of security; yet the chances of swamping seem exceedingly great. But this is only the experience of a novice. The Indians will tell you there is not the slightest risk, and indeed the records fully bear them out. They are extremely careful, and always closely inspect any pitch which they think a rise or fall in the water may have changed. We got through without the slightest mishap and reached Mattawa early in the evening of the second day.

I should not conclude this narrative without bearing testimony to the *esprit de corps* which pervades every branch of the Hudson Bay Company's service. From the casual voyageur to the highest official I met, all appeared to entertain for "the Company" a feeling akin to loyalty to one's Sovereign, and for the Chief Commissioner this feeling found expression in sentiments indicating the very highest personal esteem. In these days when we hear so much of that foolish, unhappy spirit which prompts "Jack" to imagine himself "as good as his master—and a great deal better," it seemed to me really refreshing to come into contact with a community untainted by the disease which, under the fair-sounding name of "Socialism," threatens to eat the heart out of civilization. I am not lauding anything approaching humiliating servility, but simply that proper respect for elders and those in authority without which there can be no happiness in the family circle nor stability in the State.

Before concluding this chapter I would like to express my thanks to Messrs Rankin, Warnock, and the other officers of the Hudson Bay Co. for innumerable kindnesses; to Captain Mullen, of the staunch steamer *Mattawa*; to Captains Hunt, Pegg and Murphy, of the Union Forwarding Co., for courtesies and kindly attentions. I hope that next season many seeking a healthful change will follow in my footsteps and explore the Upper Ottawa. I am sure that any who do so will thank the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for having drawn attention to a section of country hitherto unwrapped in almost as much mystery as Stanley's "Dark Continent."

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled—troubled by a vague sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A staid, sober old trader of long experience, had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumours concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time for his return passed, and still he did not come.

A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side. Her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice as she said: "Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?"

"I hope so, Mary; but it is very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But, papa, something may have happened to detain him."

"Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced; her father was angry, and, knowing his strictness of principle, and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach

of discipline, she did not venture to speak again.

The time dragged slowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw that he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depths of her heart there went up a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him, would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong.

Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but, for the first time in his life it did not interest him. He was thinking of the young clerk, and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him. And Mary, reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by the slur cast on her lover's honesty by his suspicions; her every thought was a denial to his doubts, and, as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtain aside with eager hands; "look, papa; I said he would come—I knew he would."

The merchant's stern face relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing, with a bow, the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said, quietly, as he placed a thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand; "but I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed?"

"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get cash for the check."

"Do you think they will break?"

"Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."

"You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?"

"No, but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been a heavy loss."

"It would have done me serious injury just now."

"And yet," said Tom, gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against it ever reaching you."

"How?"

Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one, and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and was now Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said; "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen. Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested in the speaker's manner, as he began:

"When I got the check I had an idea that all might not be well, so, to make sure, I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and, while the consultation was going forward, I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race-course, in the billiard-room, and in other places more or less respectable. Now, he was changing a check for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes, and found that I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard-room. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling, which had been growing upon me, took a sudden turn which startled me.

"The challenge was from the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favourite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him any particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister-looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

"I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace.

"We played for an hour with alternating success. He was an amusing companion, well informed and had travelled; but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to the Temple.

"When, at the expiration of some thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet-street, almost the first person upon whom my gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards.

"I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting, since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite, but with a companion.

"Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective.

"He was fashionably dressed, and looked an

aristocrat of the first water. I went up, and greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said: 'Come with me; I have something to say.'

"He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm, and we entered an adjacent hotel.

"I told him of my suspicion, told him of the sum in my possession, and of the journey I had to perform by rail.

"I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two men.

"'They mean business,' said Vixen, quietly, 'but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have scented the game.'

"'And you, I said; 'how will you act?'"

"'I will travel to Liverpool by the night express.'

"He left me. I had no fear now, knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow.

"Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul.

"I strolled along the churchyard, wandering nearly to Islington, then went through the city again before I made for the station. My acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

"I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before I entered the carriage, but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman in by my side, and we were off.

"The man whose face I had not seen turned towards me.

"I could hardly repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister.

"He had me, then, at last. Vixen had broken en his promise, and I was left to travel that perilous journey alone with the man who had followed me so skilfully, another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants and locomotive-travelling in general, was fast asleep in the corner.

"That the intentions of my billiard-player were bad was manifested by the fact of his having assumed a false moustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but lent to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic.

"He spoke to me, remarking the oddity of our being travelling companions, and grew unpleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come.

"We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling through the gloom, when among other topics our conversation touched on jewellery. He drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover.

"I took it, searched in vain for a spring, and then, returning it to him, it dropped and rolled under my feet.

"I stooped to pick it up, and so did he; but at that moment when my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.

"His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest and two strong brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat.

"Though the horror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hand searching for the pocket-book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

"Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space I was powerless, and the veins in my head and throat were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance. I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me, stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, lifted him away and dashed him down on a seat.

"There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click. Scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on.

"They were more prompt than I had expected, said the old gentleman, removing his woollen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind him, 'and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle.'

"The pocket-book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the old gentleman, who, without his spectacles and muffler, stood out in bold and pleasant relief as the detective, kept guard over them.

"At the station they were handed over to the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express."

The contents of the pocket-book were Mary's bridal dowry.

The detective speaks of the senior partner of the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career.

HEALTH OF LITERARY MEN.

Professor Francis W. Newman says: I have never in my life had the habit of making alcoholic drink an ordinary beverage, and have retained my childish dislike for it. In my own estimate, I have had always a good appetite, but others call me a small eater. My habit was to dine on the first solid dish which presented itself: this goes a great way to save one from eating too much. I have maintained the same weight all my life since early youth—that is, for more than fifty continuous years—and have remained wiry, without any fat. If I may advise any one, it is to eat the very least in quantity which will keep him in health. Any superfluous food must either derange health, or use up (in chemical process to get rid of the superfluity) force which else would be at his voluntary disposal. It is a great thing in advancing age to be light as a boy. My digestion was always painful, until I became a vegetarian, ten years ago; but though painful, I make no doubt it was successful, to judge by the state of my skin, and my unchanged weight. But I regard abstinence from flesh-meat to be an advantage to an intellectual and sedentary person, scarcely inferior to abstinence from wine, ale, etc. Sedentary I suppose I must be called; yet I have from youth been an active walker, and still, at seventy-two, walk very sharply, though seldom long distances. Above all, I covet sleep. The more I sleep the better I am. No student should grudge himself sleep. I count seven hours normal; and six too little; if I can get now and then eight, my brain is stronger for it, and I can work more hours after it. Perhaps I ought not to conceal that I am sadly out of harmony with the prevalent doctrine of the day concerning hardihood. When I was a young man I had my own theories about bracing and hardening my body. I slept on a hard straw mattress. I generally scorned a greatcoat, at least a warm one. In Asiatic travel I had plenty of necessary hardships. I slept with open window in most seasons, but trial brought me around to an opposite conviction. At University College, London, I found that the young men with open necks had no such immunity from cold and cough as I enjoyed through my wraps. One of my greatest distresses there was wrapping (loud) against their coughs and nose-blowings. Except in warm summer, I seldom rise early, because I become cold in sitting still, especially after the night has chilled the room: Once only in seventeen years was I absent from my lecture-room in London through inability to use my voice; an inability caused only by struggling against the noises of coughs, etc. But my dear wife (whom I lost last year) said that in more than forty years she had not known me to have a cough. Yet, at this moment, I am the weaker from having foolishly "roughed it" eight years ago, when in September sudden cold came on after great heat, and I had no winter flannels with me. Let me add, that I hold to Cicero's advice (given to a student), "Take exercise, so much as is needful for health; but not so much as will conduce to the greatest bodily strength." I have no doubt that hard, muscular work stupefies the brain. I have as much manly strength as my duties require. Not long back, a person standing at my side, while I spoke loud to a large audience for an hour and a quarter, told me that my last sentence was uttered as vigorously as my first, and that he had watched in vain to hear me failing. But of course in lifting weights, etc., I could not be called anything but a weak man. What does it matter? Each has his own speciality. With no padding of fat, I am glad of good thick clothing; or in bed, of soft undercloth or feather bed. I shun linen sheets and everything glossy; preferring rough cotton. In short, I try to nourish and cherish my skin, and find it succeeds. Dry rubbing suits me far better than cold baths.

LITERARY.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY is writing a novel called "Don Quixote."

JOAQUIN MILLER weeps because Italy is not his native land. We join our tears with his.

THE sixth and concluding volume of "Pepys' Diary" will be issued in London at the end of this month.

DR. Philip Schaff says it is thought that the Revised New Testament, at least, will be published in 1880.

JAMES R. RANDALL, author of the song "My Maryland," has taken editorial charge of the *Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel*.

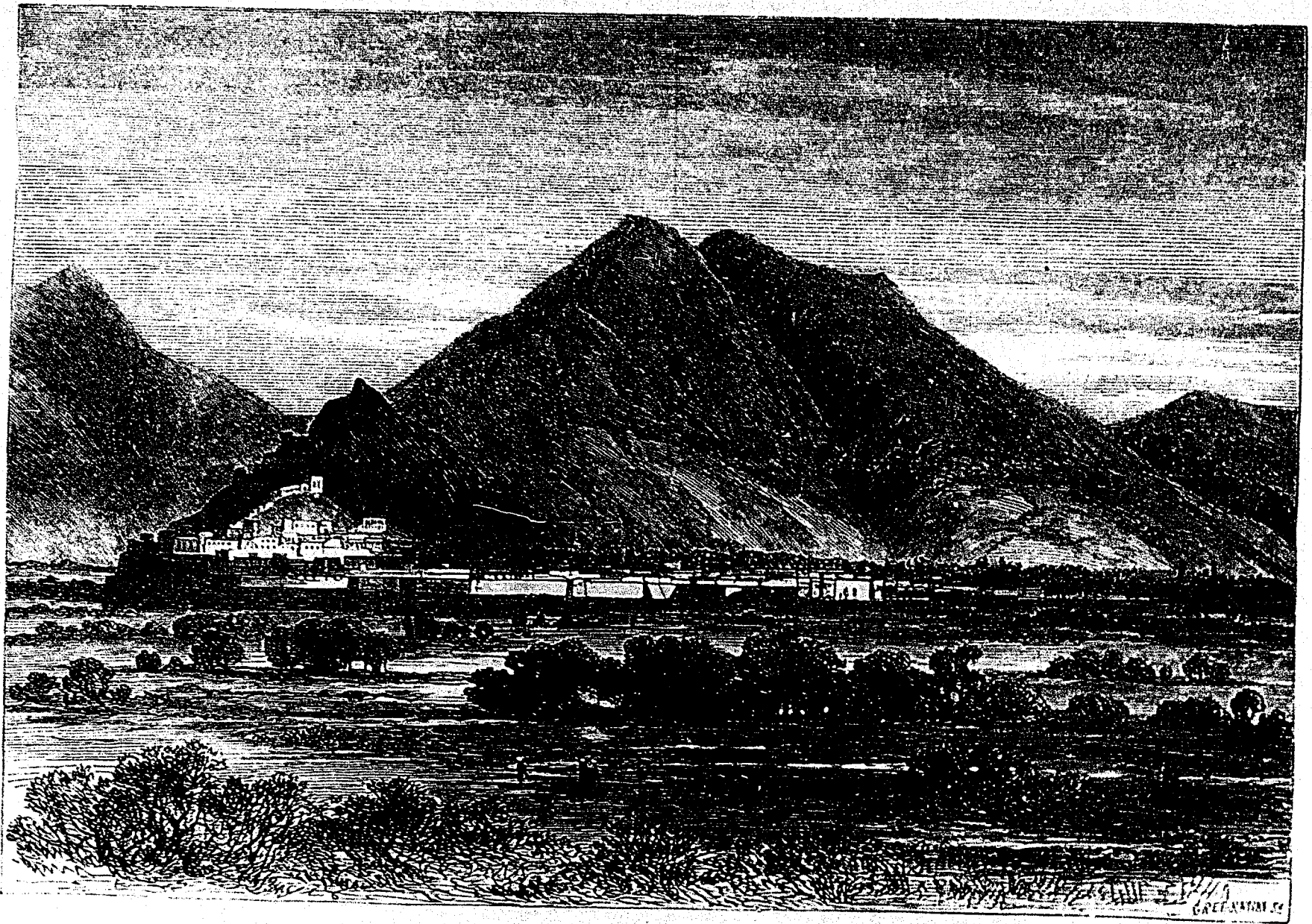
A LONDON publisher spent \$12,500 in advertising a new magazine before the first number was printed, of which 100,000 copies were subsequently sold.

EVEN Dean Stanley is going to write a book about America. He says he thinks the new government building for the State department at Washington is going to be one of the grandest buildings in the world.

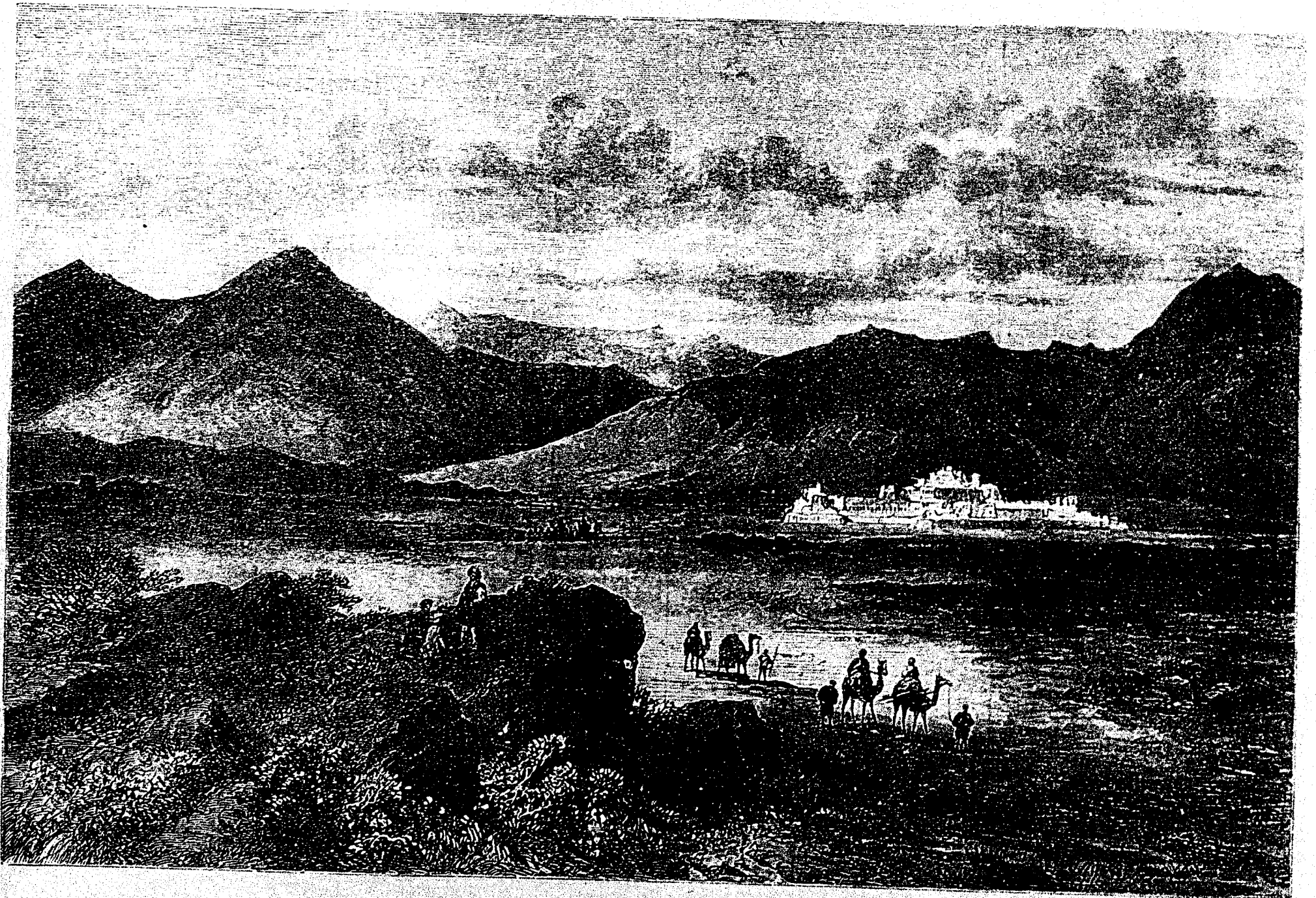
DEAN Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is the original Arthur who won the heart of Tom Brown at Rugby, by kneeling down at his little bed, in the presence of a rough crowd of boys, and saying his prayers before retiring.

AN answer to Mr. Gladstone's latest literary indiscretion will appear in the November number of one of the magazines. It will be from the pen of a well-known Liberal M. P., who knows a little more about the actual condition of things in the United States, and the combination of qualities and circumstances which go to make up commercial and manufacturing supremacy than the ex-Premier.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



CABUL.—SHERE ALI'S CAPITAL.



ENTRANCE TO THE KBYBER PASS AND THE FORT OF JAMROOD.



UNE COUVÉE.

EX HUMO.

Should you dream ever of the days departed—
Of youth and morning no more to return—
Forget not me, so fond and passionate hearted,
Quiet at last, reposing
Under the moss and fern.

There where the fretful lake in stormy weather
Comes circling round the reddening churchyard pines,
Rest, and call back the hours we lost together,
Talking of hope, and soaring
Beyond poor earth's confines.

If, for those heavenly dreams too dimly sighted
You became false—why, 'tis a story old;
I, overcome by pain and unrequited,
Faded at last, and slumber
Under the autumn mould.

Farewell, farewell! No longer plighted lovers,
Doom'd for a day to sigh for sweet return;
One lives, indeed; one heart the green earth covers—
Quiet at last, reposing
Under the moss and fern.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BURLESQUE.

CAPTURING A COCKTAIL.—"A relic of old
decency," in the form of a dilapidated specimen
of humanity, with a varicolored nose, walked
into a Montgomery street saloon last evening
and jauntily waltzed over to the lunch counter,
remarking to the bar-keeper, en passant, "Mix
me a stiff cocktail, please," and proceeded to
lop off a section of corned beef as large as a
basalt block and covertly dump about a half-
pound of crackers through a hole in the lining
of his coat. The cocktail being ready, the cus-
tomer leisurely swallowed it, and taking the
measure of the cocktail-dispenser through the
bottom of the glass, asked:

"Has 'Goosey' been around here to-night?"
B. K. replied that he had not the honor of
that individual's acquaintance.

"What! Don't know 'Goosey'? Why he
hangs around here every night. You must know
him. He walks in this way."

He walked towards the door, imitating the
waddle of a goose. Having reached the entrance
he vanished into space. When the bar-keeper
recovered from the paralytic stroke of astonish-
ment he prescribed for himself three fingers of
"Old Blue-glass," charged two drinks on a
customer's card, and fell to moralizing on the
advisability of mounting a small howitzer some-
where within range of the front door.

TERRIBLE FATALITY AMONG STOVEPIPE
PUNSTERS.—Last week we advertised for a bran
new stovepipe joke. The following have been
handed in, and the authors all settled with save
two, and our detective has just telegraphed us
that he will have both of these before another
moon is hung and quartered.

No. 1. Why is a stovepipe like a political
candidate? Because it is all holler. (Author
killed on the spot.)

No. 2. Why is a stovepipe like a broken leg?
Because it is a painful operation to join it togeth-
er. (Postman who brought this is foully
murdered.)

No. 3. "Mr. Editor: You can get up a new
joke on a stovepipe about its being like a toper's
arm—always crooking its elbow." (No name;
detective on the trail.)

No. 4. "A stovepipe is the devil's best ally.
It makes even deacons fall from grace." (Hunted
him two days. Found him. Verdict: "Death
from unknown causes.")

No. 5. "A swallow built a nest in a stove-
pipe, but when the hired girl built a fire with
kerosene, he flew away." (Convicted and will be
hung next Friday.)

No. 6. What pipe is never the pipe of peace?
A stovepipe. (The other one the detective is
after. Chances good to catch him. Look up
that stuffed club, John. Yum, Yum! Be-lud.
Be-lud!)

No. 7. The season of the year approaches
when the fond husband and father is called upon
to arrange the stovepipe in the winter kitchen.
A strong man can endure the presentation of a
notice to pay a note in bank when he has no
money; he can endure the gentle persuasion of
the highway robber, but when he comes to ad-
justing the joints of a stovepipe, the climax of
human endurance is reached. (Saved us any
trouble by dying on his own motion.)

No. 8. A Groatbeck boy, in answer to our ad-
vertisement for a new stovepipe "choke," thinks
we would get enough to soot by burning egg
coal for awhile. (Eggs actly! We smoke the
pun! A man has been sent on to smoke him
out.)

The entries for stovepipe jokes will positively
close this week.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—Mr. Maroonny is
foreman in a foundry, and gets a salary of thirty
dollars a week. With this salary the family
ought to get along well and save money, but
they did not. Mr. Maroonny has a cousin, a shoe-
maker, who only gets fifteen dollars a week, yet
sails right along in lightning express, while
Maroonny comes lumbering along like a freight
with a hot box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would
frequently ask, "to get along the way you
do? Here you actually keep your family and
save money on fifteen dollars a week, while it
takes every cent I make to live, and I get double
the pay!"

"Oh, I don't manage it at all," says Jack,
"just take my money home to the old woman
every Saturday night and she takes her five
dollars to run the house with and puts the rest
away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asked Mr.
Maroonny, musingly.
"Oh, no, not quite; I keep a little for to-
bacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me

from being lonesome. If I keep it all in my
pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it
tight and safe."

Mr. Maroonny talked it over with his wife
that night, and they concluded to try Jack's
plan. The following Saturday night he brought
home his thirty dollars to her, and she prom-
ised to do her level best to set the table on
five. The first week she squeezed through some-
how and along with six and a half. Mr. Maroonny
was quite pleased and began lying awake at night
thinking about what kind of a house he would
build. He thought a plain rustic cottage with
a bay window would be about right. The next
week the expenses footed up five dollars and
eighty cents, and Maroonny changed his design
for a future residence from frame to brick. The
next week she brought it down thirty cents
more, and he added a wing with a wash-house.
Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buy-
ing milk, and came within two shillings of the
goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Mar-
oonny decided on an iron fence in front of his
premises. The next week she lost ground, slip-
ped and came out at the six-dollar post. Mr.
Maroonny thought a neat paling fence was good
enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week
she came in with flying colors and struck the
five dollar mark in both eyes, Mr. Maroonny had
the iron railing reinstated and granite running
up to the door. The next week she took the
money she had saved, went and bought her a
love of a hat, too zute for anything, a black silk
dress, and cherub of a cloak that made the wo-
man next door cry with envy till her nose got
sore, and Mr. Maroonny came to the conclusion
that it didn't pay to live in one's property, keep-
ing up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry
and stew and dread of fire and earthquakes more
than counterbalanced any trifling advantages
there might be.

JONES AND THE BARBER.—"Ah! I'm in
luck," said Jones, as he entered the barber-shop
and found the barber reading the paper;
"won't have to wait for my next," and he
tossed his hat into a corner and seated himself for
a shave.

"How is this?" said the barber, reading from
a paper that marks its witty column with a blue
pencil. "By George, how's this? Pretty good,
I take it," and he read:

"Did you ever see a pump handle anything?
Did you ever see a witticism? Who ever saw
a dog call her?" And the good barber laughed
heartily at these scintillations of wit, and said
that "some of them fellers are most blamed
clever."

Then he turned to the yellow lever department,
and, after reading three or four despatches,
asked Jones if he thought the scourge would
reach Oil City.

Jones said there was a possibility that it
would get here by the middle of the winter, and
he would like to be shaved and fixed up before
it arrived.

The barber said it was a terrible thing, yaw-
ned, laid down the paper, and shuffled up to the
chair. He arranged the towels about Jones'
neck, felt his beard, run his finger through his
hair, scrutinized a wart on the side of his nose,
turned his lower lip down over his chin, and
asked him if he had his tooth fixed in the oil
regions or in New York.

Jones answered as best he could, considering
that the barber still kept his lip hauled down
taut.

After examining the dental work on the tooth,
which he unhesitatingly pronounced "a good
job," the barber let go Jones' lip, and went to
throw a stone at a dog that was barking at a
cat in the back yard.

When he came back Jones said he would like
to be shaved as quickly as possible, as he was
in somewhat of a hurry.

"Certainly, certainly!" said the barber, as
he spread the lather over Jones' face and began
to hunt for a razor. After examining several,
he began to slap the strap with one, while he
remarked that fall had probably set in in earn-
est, and that the base-bill fever was about as
bad as ever, etc. Giving the razor one pull
down over the side of Jones' face, he wiped off
the blade, laid it down, took up another, exam-
ined its edge, and wiped the strap with it as be-
fore, asking Jones if he really thought business
was picking up any, and if he thought it would
rain.

Jones moved uneasily on the stocks, and said
he was sure there would be a storm, and he
wanted to get shaved and have his moustache
waxed before the flood came.

The barber grew pale about the mouth, and
his lip quivered. "You said that once before,"
he remarked curtly. "Don't say it again,
please, or there'll be trouble. I'm a gentleman
when dealing with a gentleman; but I know
when I'm insulted, sir."

"Well, confound it all," exclaimed Jones,
very much out of patience. "I came here to be
shaved, and not to be talked to death."

"Oh! you want to be shaved, do you?" ex-
claimed the barber, in a rage. "You don't
want to be talked to death, don't you? A bar-
ber can't open his mouth, can't he? O no! a
barber is a doggoned machine, I suppose, and
must move about his work like a wooden Injun
in front of a cigar store. All right, all right!
you shall be shaved and have your moustache
waxed so blamed fast it'll make your head swim!"

And, buckling down to his work, he shaved
Jones in two minutes and a half by the watch,
and cut him seventeen times by actual count.

Moral.—Let a barber talk. It is cheaper than
to be kept away from business for two or three
days while you stop bleeding.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communica-
tions. Correct solution of Problem No. 196 received.
Tory, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 195
received.
W. A., Montreal.—Shall be glad to have the promised
Problems.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No.
196 received.
E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problems for
Young Players, No. 194, received.
E. S., Montreal.—Will be able to give an answer next
week.

The success attending the play of the Australians in
their late contest with the Canadian cricketers has given
rise to many suggestions, which, no doubt, will be of ad-
vantage to those who found themselves so easily defeat-
ed in this manly game.

It is evident that in Australia the game of cricket has
been so thoroughly practised, that eleven players from
that distant Colony are able to meet on equal terms a like
number of the best players of the mother country, and
hold their own, with all the disadvantages which we
might expect them to find when playing so far from their
native land.

Such being the case in England, we need not be sur-
prised at the result of their play as far as our Canadian
players are concerned. The Australians, we feel sure,
have reached their proficiency by systematic organiza-
tion in their mode of play, continued practice, and unre-
mitting attention to every point of importance connected
with the game. It was stated by a Montreal paper that
the chief circumstance leading to a desultory course of
Montreal cricketers was owing to the weakness of the
practice which resulted in failure at the moment when they
wanted their best players, and had to select them. Now,
it appears that the Australians could rely upon every
man in their field filling to perfection the post assigned
him.

In making these remarks respecting the defeat of our
cricketers, other considerations naturally present them-
selves. What about our Chess, for instance? If cricket
cannot produce so little to maintain the credit of our Cana-
dian players, what might we anticipate should our Chess
be put to a similar test?

This is a question which is not easily answered.
Are we sure that we should be able to make a fair fight
with the best players of Australia and New Zealand, in
both of which places, from all accounts which we can
gather, Chess has received more than ordinary attention,
and clubs are established in almost every spot where the
foundation of a future city is laid.

We are not inclined to attach too much importance
either to cricket or chess. We look upon them as recrea-
tions, and value them as such. Of this, however, we are
certain, that the way in which they may be cultivated in
any country where they have obtained a footing, may be
taken as indicative of much that may be, either for, or
against the present and future advancement of that
country. A desire for perfection, either in innocent
amusements, or loftier pursuits, must be productive of
benefit in the end.

In our chess affairs, are we a whit superior to our
cricketers in our practice and system of play? We fear
not. In our clubs, our play is in most cases of a nature
not at all calculated to promote individual progress, and
the object is generally the mere gratification of the hour.
It is not by such means that a Stelmitz, or a Zukertort
reached the proud position he occupies in the Chess
world. Until we adopt some regulation which will serve
to show a any period the relative standing of the mem-
bers of a club, and at the same time afford facilities for
individual advancement, it is in vain to look for the pro-
gress of our players as a body. Tournaments among the
members of the same club, frequent contests with players
of clubs of remote or neighbouring districts, and, when they
may be practicable, occasional telegraphic encounters,
may all tend, if properly used, to develop the chess skill
of a country.

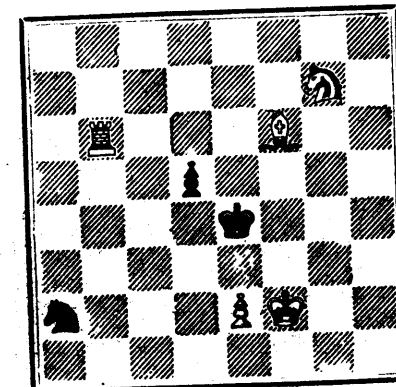
(From the Westminster Papers.)

Many of our elder amateurs of chess in England will
regret to hear of the death of Mr. T. H. Worrall, who, a
quarter of a century ago, was so well known in London
circles as the "Mexican Amateur." The following tribute
circles as the "Mexican Amateur." The following tribute
to the deceased gentleman's memory is from "Turf, Field
and Farm": "Mr. T. H. Worrall, the well-known ama-
teur, whose genial countenance has been of late years so
familiar to the habitués of our metropolitan chess resorts,
died in this city on Saturday last, at the age of 71 years,
Mr. Worrall, many years ago, while residing in Mexico,
as British Commissioner for the adjustment of Mexican
claims, achieved an enviable reputation for his skill as a
chessplayer, being acknowledged the champion player
in that country. On removing his residence to New
York, he at once took a high place in the ranks of our very
strongest amateurs—a position which he retained to the
last. He was always an enthusiastic chessplayer, never
weary of the game; frequently during the last year of
his life playing for ten hours at a single sitting. He was
a warm friend, a most pleasant and enjoyable com-
panion, with great conversational powers, and an inex-
haustible fund of anecdote always at command. In
common with all who know him in his other walks in
life, chessplayers will mourn his loss occasioned by his
death, and Captain Mackenzie, at his welcome home,
will sadly miss one of his warmest and staunchest
friends."

PROBLEM No. 196.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 307TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOUR-
NEY.

Played between Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, and
Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton.

WHITE.—(J. Henderson.) BLACK.—(Dr. Ryall.)
(Ruy Lopez.)

- 1. P to K4 2. Kt to Q B3 3. P to Q R' 4. Kt to K B3 5. P takes P 6. Kt to K5 7. P to Q Kt4 8. Kt to Q B4 9. Kt takes Kt 10. B takes B 11. B to Kt2 12. B to Kt2 13. Q to K2 14. P to Q B4 15. P to Q4 16. Q takes P en passant 17. B takes Q 18. Q R to Q sq 19. K to B2 20. B to K2 21. R takes R 22. B takes R 23. B to K Kt4 24. B to K B3 25. B to Q4 26. P to Q R4 (b) 27. B to Q B3 28. P to K R4 29. K to Kt3 30. B to K4 31. B to Kt2 32. P to K R5 33. K to B4 34. B to R3 35. P to K Kt3 36. P to R5 37. B to Q Kt2 38. P to Kt4 39. B to Q4 40. B to Q B3 41. B to K B5 42. K takes B 43. P to K4 44. B to Q4 45. B to Q B3 46. B to K sq 47. B to Q B3 48. P to K5 49. P to K6 (ch) 50. B to Q2 51. B to K3 52. K to Kt6 53. B takes Q 54. K takes P 55. K takes P 56. K to R7 57. K to R8 58. P to R6

NOTES.

- (a) White obtains a useful pawn by this exchanging process.
(b) The advance of this pawn seems premature. Black's danger is on his Queen's side of the board.
(c) The young player will see that White could not take the pawn at Black's Q R4 without loss.
(d) Towards the close of a game of this nature, a Kt becomes a very useful piece.
(e) Very necessary at this juncture.
(f) The right move here, which leaves Black no chance of escape from defeat.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

Two games recently finished.

GAME 308TH.

(No. 20 of match.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
J. Parker, Grimby, Eng. I. E. Orchard, S. C.
1. P to K4 1. P to Q4
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to K3 3. Kt to B3
4. P to Q Kt3 4. B to Kt5
5. B to K2 5. B takes Kt
6. B takes B 6. P to K3
7. P to B3 7. B to Q3
8. P to Q4 8. Kt to K2
9. Kt to R3 9. P to Q R3
10. Castles 10. P to B3
11. Kt to B2 11. Q to B2
12. B to Q Kt2 12. P to K Kt4
13. P to Q B4 13. Kt to K B4
14. P to Q B5 14. B to K2
15. P takes Kt P 15. Kt to Q2
16. B to K Kt4 16. Kt to R5
17. B to R5 17. R to K B sq
18. B takes P (ch) 18. R takes B
19. R takes R 19. K takes R
20. Q to R5 (ch) 20. K to Kt2
21. Q takes Kt 21. K to R sq
22. Kt to K sq 22. R to K Kt sq
23. Q to B4 23. Q to R4
24. Kt to B3 24. Resigns

GAME 309TH.

(No. 22 of the match.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
J. Parker, Grimby, Eng. I. E. Orchard, S. C.
1. P to K B4 1. P to Q B4
2. Kt to K B3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to K3 3. P to Q R3
4. B to K2 4. P to K Kt3
5. Castles 5. P to Q4
6. P to Q4 6. P to K3
7. P to B3 7. Kt to B3
8. Q Kt to Q2 8. P to Kt3
9. Kt to K5 9. Kt takes Kt
10. B P takes Kt 10. Kt to Q2
11. P to K4 11. B to K Kt2
12. P takes Q P 12. P takes P
13. B to B3 13. B to Kt2
14. Kt to Q B4 14. Castles
15. Kt to Q6 15. B to Q B3
16. P takes P 16. B takes P
17. Kt takes K B P 17. K takes Kt
18. B takes P (double ch) 18. K to Kt2
19. B takes B 19. R takes R (ch)
20. Q takes R 20. R to Q B sq
21. B takes Kt 21. Q takes B
22. B to B4 22. Resigns

Mr. Orchard is said to be the best player in the Southern States of America.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 196.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q3 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 194.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q takes Q 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 196.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K Kt sq K at K2
Q at Q sq Q at K4
R at K sq B at K B sq
B at K8 Kt at Q2
B at K R4 Kt at K Kt5
Kt at K B6 Pawn at K Kt2
Pawn at Q4

White to play and mate in two moves.

WOMAN ON THE PHONOGRAPH.—A Nob Hill man retired early last evening, weary with the heat and tired out from a protracted siege of pedro, and vainly endeavored to woo the drowsy god, sustained and soothed by the uninterrupted flow of small talk from his wakeful spouse. Her conversation was not exactly in the line of a curtain lecture, as she was not in an inharmonious mood, but was rather seeking information on the world's work. Her last question to her nodding lord was in reference to Edison and his inventions.

"How about the phonograph, dear?" she queried; "you never have explained it to me. How does it work?"

He roused himself and answered: "It's a little machine that the husband leaves on the table while he is down town, and on his return he turns a crank, and it informs him of everything that has been said on the premises during his absence."

She meditated a moment, then broke out: "The fool men are always getting up some pesky invention, and if you bring one of those things in this house I'll leave."

He promised not to do so, if she would let him go to sleep, and a great silence fell on the room. But she is now firm in the belief that Edison is a monster and an enemy to poor, weak woman.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current HALF YEAR, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this City, on and after

Monday, Second Day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 15th October, 1878.

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THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningham, near Warminster, Wilts.— "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.

Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L. S. To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON

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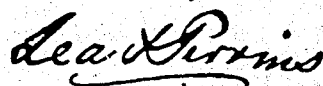
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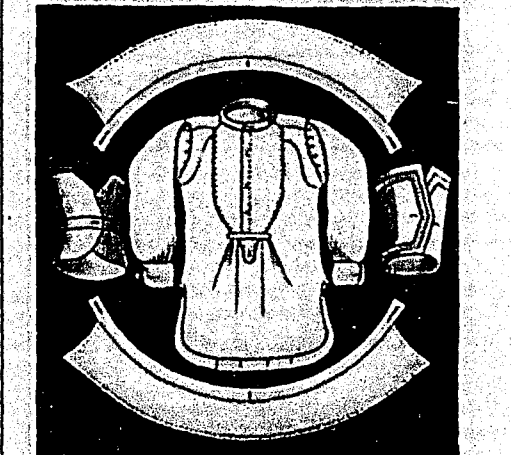
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