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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

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"Glory to God unto the Highest, and Peace to good men upon the Sea and Land."

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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

# NOTICE.

### PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number we shall present our readers with a double-page illustration of the flourishing City of Prescott, Ont., with appropriate letter-press description.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

... Intreal, Saturday, April 27th, 1878.

### THE RESERVES.

In speaking of the Reserves lately called out by Royal Proclamation, the Secretary of State for War, then Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, now raised to the Peerage as LORD STAPLEHURST, was explicit and reassuring, and declared that the intention of the Government, for the present at least, is merely to call upon those classes of men who have come into existence since Mr. Cardwell's régime of office. The conditions laid down in 1870 were :- 1st. That enlistment shall be absolutely voluntarily. 2nd. That it shall proceed on what is called short service, that is, six years in the ranks and six years in the Reserve. 3rd. That the service in the ranks may be prolonged with the goodwill of the superior authority. 4th. That a certain portion of men may be enlisted on what is called long service, which means twelve years in the ranks in the first instance, with the power of prolonging the term to twenty-one years. 5th. That the men are enlisted when they can be induced to serve, the nominal minimum age of the recruit being eighteen years. This same Act of 1870 extended the powers of the Crown, and enabled the Government, with the approval of Parliament, to call out what used to be called the Reserve, and also to embody the Militia. The present Reserves, therefore, date only from 1876, that is to say, two years ago, when the first batches began to pass from the active to the reserve branches; and by the latest return the First class Army Reserve numbers 11,258 men, while the Militia Reserve amounts to, in round numbers, 25,000 men, that is to say, a total of 36,258 men. Mr. HARDY put the Army First-class Reserve down at 13,000, and therefore, we may say, in round numbers, that the force to be now called out will not be more than 38,000

We must now examine the strength of the home establishment, and deducting the actual effectives we shall see how far these Reserves will go to fill up vacancies. The regimental establishments at home 18,769 of all ranks; engineers of all ranks, 3,980; infantry, 64 battalions, all ranks, 57.607 bayonets; Army Service Corps, 2,946; Army Hospital Corps, 1,470; making a total of 97,699 British troops for the home establishment. In the Colonies there is an establishment of 30,-338, and in India an establishment of 62,650 men, which make up the regular Army establishment to a total strength of all ranks of 190,687 men. Taking the effectives according to the latest returns, we find that at homethere are of all ranks, 98.677, or about 1.022 in excess, while in the Colonies and India we are rather | dian letters.

would be as follows: -- General establishment at home and abroad, 190,687 men; effectives, for service at home and abroad, 190,245 men—leaving a deficit of only 440 men. But this would only imply peace establishments, with weak battalions, and the 38,000 men now about to be called out will serve to raise these to the normal war strength. During the last year a further innovation has been adopted to increase the Reserves. All men of three years' service who were supernumerary to the home infantry establishment were passed on the Reserve. This system, of course, can only be applied to battalions which are at home, as those in India could not adopt it without great expense in transport. Mr. HARDY stated in the House that in the event only of an expeditionary force being sent out from England would the Militia be called out. Several of the London papers object to this, holding that the Militia is the natural and constitutional Reserve, loyal, well recruited, well or at least fairly officered, zealous and anxious to be employed, but at the same time ill-clothed, ill-armed, wanting in drill and cohesion, and to speak plainly, somewhat neglected since the Volunteer movement some eighteen years ago. If fate and Russia will that an expeditionary force be sent out from British shores, then England will see what true and staunch Reserves she possesses. According to the usual system, upon war being declared the Militia would be at once called out, and would hand its Reserve over to the Line, which, together with the First-class Army Reserve, would give about 40,000 good and seasoned men to bring up the Line battalions to war strength. This is now what the War Minister is doing, without, however, calling out or embodying the Militia. The Second-class Army Reserve, consisting of about 15,000 old soldiers, will not be called out as yet, though they are quite available for garrison duty. The four companies of regular infantry now at each of the seventy brigade depots will probably be formed into the cadres of seventy depot battallions, and would commence to recruit locally. There is a considerable number of men at present in the country who, having completed their ten years' service, are employed in civil life, and a large proportion of these men would gladly rejoin, were the smallest reasonable inducement held out.

under the mark, so that the general result

# CANADIAN AUTHORSHIP.

It has always been a rule with this journal to give its readers the primitiae of all literary and artistic works, and in accordance with this principle, we publish to-day a Canadian Prize Ballad, from the pen of Prof. George Murray, of this city. The prize was one offered by the Daily Witness and among the many competitors numbering, we believe, over two hundred -Mr. Murray was found facile princips. To those who know the author this will cause no wonder. Our readers are acquainted with the high poetic talent of Mr. Murray from his frequent contributions to the columns of the News, and they will rejoice with us if the rumour is confirmed that he intends shortly to publish these poems in a collected form. The ballad which we print to-day is what are set down as follows: — Cavalry of all a French professor of belles-lettres would ranks, 12,927 sabres; artillery, 18 horse, call un modèle du genre, and, barring a 47 field, and 50 garrison batteries, making few prosaic lines, its versification may be pronounced perfect. The vivacity, fire and dash which the story required, to be properly told, are all present, with that undefined charm which reveals the true poetic spirit. Another reason which leads us to publish the poem in full, with all its notes, is that it shows what we have so often maintained in these columns, how rich the annals of Canada are in those sources of inspiration which men of literary and artistic tastes require to build up

### REVIEWS AND CRITICISM.

We have much pleasure in noticing a Picture of Canadian Scenery, by a young gentleman of this city, named Mr. McFarlane Mushet. The scene is an Indian Encampment by moonlight after one of Bartlett's well-known Canadian Sketches, and is now on view at Pollock's in Bleury street. We heartily wish Mr. Mushet success in his future efforts in this direction, and hope many more of our young Canadians will do likewise, as we always encourage "Canadian art."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY - opens with a graphic story of the fisher-folk life of the Hudson River, with a fine frontispiece illustrating it, -both by Mary Hallock Foote, and executed with her best pen and pencil. The story tells "How Mandy went Rowing with the 'Cap'n,' and what happened to her baby-charge in her absence. The inimitable "Peterkins" of Luand what happened to the absence. The inimitable "Peterkins" of Lucretia P. Hale re-appear, this time in the perplexities of "moving," — a household trouble that brings out very amusingly their curious aptitudes for blundering. Mr. Irwin Russell tells about "Sam," a darkey boy, and his funny doings on his birthday with a chum, the story being characteristically illustrated by Sol Eytinge. "Old Soup" is a tale about a wise all alenhant of India, and has a striking full-Eytinge. "Old Soup" is a tale about a wise old elephant of India, and has a striking full-page picture by J. E. Kelly; and "The Charcoal burners' Fire; or, Easter Eve among the Cossacks," is a narrative of Russian life, by David Ker. The number is rich in poems, and contains "The Sing-away Bird," by Lucy Larcom, with a lovely picture; "Wild Geese," by Celia Thaxter; some sweet verses, entitled, "Wait," by Dora Read Goodale, a little girl ten years old; and two pieces of humorous rhyme, with capital pictures by Church Hopkins. Then there is a liberally illustrated article, en-Then there is a liberally illustrated article, en-titled, "Where Money is Made," describing the Government Mint at Philadelphia; a paper about school children in Paris, with several pictures; and "The Story of May-day" and some of its curious customs in various parts of the world, by Olive Thorne, with a drawing by Howard Pyle, giving an idea of an old-time May in "Merrie England." Besides these, there are several other lively and interesting papers and engravings; the very little folks have a pretty picture, and a story in large type; and the departments are well up to the standard. The whole number is full of diversion, and will be a great refreshment to the young folks in the middle of their long school term. SCRIBNER FOR MAY - is the medium of in-

troducing to its readers eight new draughtsmen, from the ranks of the painters, viz.: F. E. Church, S. R. Gifford, H. W. Robbins, L. De Forest, Wil. H. Low, Frederick Dielman, J. Alden Weir, and Walter Francis Brown, most of whom have contributions in the present National Academy. Drawings are also given by Walter Shirlaw, Kelly, Moran, Bolles, Reinby water Shirlaw, Keny, Moran, Dones, Kenhart, Vanderhoof, Riordan, Schell, Turner, Davidson, and others. Among the engravings of this number are two by Marsh, and two by Cole, with blocks by many others of the leading American engravers. The opening paper, "Merry Days with Bow and Quiver," is by Maurice Thompson, the archer-poet, whose paper on Archery last year in this magazine brought him nearly five hundred letters of inquiry. The present paper, which is the outgrowth of the increasing interest in this sport, is made of fresh material, including an account of an unique shooting-match between Gen. Lew Wallace's rifle team and Mr. Thompson's archers, in which the latter came off victorious. Another illustrated paper is by Edward Eggleston on "The New York Post-office," where the writer finds a model system of civil service, and many other equally rare and curious things. Among the numerous cuts is a large portrait of Post-master James, drawn by J. Alden Weir, and en-graved by Cole. Under the title of "Bohemian Days" Margaret B. Wright gives glimpses of the light and shade of artist-life near Paris, with the aid of some lively sketches by Walter Franthe light and shade of artist-life near Paris, with the aid of some lively sketches by Walter Francis Brown. In view of the coming bench-show in New York City, William M. Tileston writes of non-sporting dogs, with cuts of some of the purest-bred St. Bernards, Yorkshire terriers, Dandy-Dinmonts, pugs, &c. "Camps and Tramps about Ktaadn" is a paper descriptive of the wood-life of painters, with suggestions to campers-out in general, who may also see the humorous side of the thing in "Camping-out at Rudder Grange"—a droll sketch by Frank R. Stockton. Another "Rudder Grange" story will appear in an early number of Scribner preparatory to the publication of the series in book form. The first of Dr. Brewer's papers on the curiosities of "Bird-Architecture" is given in this number, and treats of the Bower-Birds, in this number, and treats of the Bower-Birds, and of the wonderful Garden and Cabin-building Bird discovered by Dr. Beccari, this being the first full account of the bird in English. Two engravings by Henry Marsh accompany this paper. The serials, Mr. Eggleston's "Roxy," and Miss Traiton's "His Inheritance," also have drawings. Of the unillustrated material, there is "An Impossible Sory," by Bayard Taylor, in which certain desirable reforms are behieved; "Lissy," a short story by Margaret H. Eckerson; "Little Rose and the House of the Snowy Kange." a Colorade hit of travel, by the Snowy Range," a Colorado bit of travel, by "H. H.;" and a light essay, "Concerning the Use of Fagots at Geneva," by Leonard W. Bacon. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses a national literature. We commend the poem to our friends and call upon them to preserve it as a precious relic of Canator of the Turk," and "The Talk about Retribution." In "Communications" there is an ac-

count of the marriage of Princess Mercedes, by an eye-witness. "The Old Cabinet" is chiefly about "Smooth Painting," "The Society of about "Smooth Painting," "The Society of American Artists," "Nationality in our Art," "Frauds and Good Men," and "The Sonnet." "Home and Society" gives experience in cooperative gardening, with other suggestions. "Bric-à-Brac" contains anecdotes in "Pidgin English," "Fables à la Mode," and verse and drawings of a humorous character. "The World's Work "describes a "Singing Telephone for Schools" (with cuts,) and treats of other practical matters. practical matters.

### ARTISTIC.

MR. R. C. Bell is now engaged upon the colossal model of Lord Byron, which he hopes to complete in about six months.

THE death of Mr. George C. Stanfield, eldest son of Clarkson Stanfield, is announced. He used to contribute brightly-painted landscapes to exhibitions.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., will be represented the Royal Academy by four-pictures. The subject-picture is "Britomart and her Nurse;" the remaining three are portraits.

M. DALOU is completing a group, commissioned by the Queen, to commemorate five of Her Ma-jesty's grandchildren. When finished it will be placed in a niche in the private chapel at Windsor.

THE bust of Stanley, ordered by the French Geographical Society, has been delivered, and is to be placed in the Hall of Assembly; it is the work of Mile. Dubray, a French artiste established in London.

MR. E. BURNE JONES will contribute three ictures to the forthcoming exhibition of the Grosvenor callery. One is called "Laus Veneris;" another is Le Chant d'Amour;" the third is a small picture of Pan and Psyche.'

A TELEGRAM from Olympia announces the discovery, in front of the Exedra of Herodes Atticus, of a great marble bull. On it is an inscription stating that Regilla, the wife of Herodes, presented it for the conduit built by her husband.

A PIECE of sculpture representing Helvetia supporting a wounded French soldier is to be presented by Toulouse to the Swiss Federal Council as an acknow-jedgment of the hospitality extended to Bourbaki's army in 1871. The work will appear at the Exhibition.

A PICTURE by the Brescian painter, Gian' Girolamo Savoldo, has been acquired for the National Gallery. It represents a young woman in balf-length bending forward to the left, and enveloped in a white silk veil, which covers the head and partly shadows the face.

A MAGNIFICENT Shakespeare Album intended A MAGNIFICENT Shakespeare Album intended for England is exhibited in the Berlin Museum of Industry and Art. The album, the gitt of Professor Leo, one of the leading Shakespeare scholars in the country, to the Birmingham Shakespeare Library, contains portraits of all the more important German scholars, poets, actors, and composers, to whose united efforts the Germans are indebted for their thorough acquaintance with and intelligent appreciation of the great poet.

### LITERARY.

JOSH BILLINGS makes \$15,000 a year by bad

THEODORE TILTON is to publish a volume of

St. Petersburg has a Latin poet who makes erses in honour of the Emperor's victories.

THE London Dailey News is represented at San Stefano by Mr. MacGahon, formerly of the New York Herald.

B. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington) is the author of a new book illustrating by text and picture the life of the "human boy."

MISS BRADDON is at work on a new novel to be called "The Vixen," which will commence appearing in All the Year Round in the course of the summer.

In Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Biography of George Cruikshank, an original drawing. The Gin Fiend," by the author's friend, Gustave Doré, will ap-pear as a frontispiece to the second, or Temperance, epoch of the great caricaturist's life.

A WRITER in Mayfair says: "Leo XIII. is a poet. A great many Latin and Italian poems from his pen are in existence, and, I learn from Rome. they are snortly to be published in a collected state. His Holiness will revise them before publication."

THE English Pure Literature Society supply monthly over 100 magazine associations, and circulate over 30,000 papers monthly. They have supplied nearly, 5,000 libraries to the value of \$220,000 a thaif-price to various associations and libraries all over the kingdom.

Ir has transpired that the "Encyclopædia IT has transpired that the "Encyclopiedia Britanica" and other works being issued by Messrs, Neill & Co., Edinburgh, are being published simultaneously in America. A printer in the employ of the firm has just been detected with proof sheets in his possession, and has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for the theft.

The current number of the Ecclesiastical Art Review contains a Latin version in elegiacs of "Brief life is here our portion," "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear that mourns thy exit from a world like this," and of "All praise to Thee my God this night," from the pen of the Rev. H. J. Dodwell, M.A., at present confined in Newgate on the ground of insanity.

THE Newburyport Herald relates the follow. ing: Joaquin Miller is going to Europe to stay, so he will not care if we tell a little aneedote of him, and probably he would not be unwilling that the story should be teld in any event. A few years ago Mr. Miller came into the Herald office and asked the meaning of the word "cyclades," pronouncing it in two syllables. He said it was a high-sounding word, and he wanted to use it in a poem he was about to publish. We gave him the meaning and the pronounciation, which he did not fancy, whereupon we suggested "cyclone," and sure enough, soon after came out one of his striking poems wherein a cyclone was introduced as occurring in Oregon

The publishing firm of P. Correct of Miler.

THE publishing firm of P. Carrara, of Milan, The publishing firm of P. Cariara, of Milan, have just issued a poem of Alessandro Manzoni's that has been unknown up to the present time. The poem is printed from the original MS. of the author, which is in the possession of the Brea Library. It deals with the triumph of freedom over tyranny and religion. The last number of the Rivista Europea treats of this interesting treasure trove. It says that the poem is a juvenile work in the strictest sense of the word, for it was written in Manzoni's fitteenth year, as attested by a note made by himself, later on, upon the MS. Manzoni presented the poem to his youthful friend Pagani, and it is his nephew. Signor Francesco Rovetta, of Brescia, who has presented it to the Brera.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK VIEWS .- The view of the port of NewYork presents a busy scene, while the sketch of the Woman's Hotel, built by the munificence of the late Alexander Stewart, shows one of the finest monuments of practical philanthropy ever exhibited to the world.

H.M.S. "BOXER" SURROUNDED BY WATER-SPOUTS. — "The sketch," writes Navigating Lieutenant C. B. Clark, "represents one of Her Majesty's Cruisers off the Gold Coast on the edge of a 'tornado,' while on a passage from the Palmas to Cape Coast Castle, where she had been to settle about the disposal of the palm oil paid by the King of Dahomey in June last year, which was lost on its passage to England in the steamer Gambia, and afterwards washed on shore. This coast, which usually enjoys fair weather, is occasionally visited by violent re-volving storms, called 'tornadoes'—luckily of short duration-which are very dangerous. On this occasion several waterspouts formed around our vessel, the *Boxer*, under the command of Commander Arthur F. Alington. The ship was under all plain sail, when the weather began to assume a threatening appearance, and water-spouts were seen forming in all directions, revolving and travelling at a high rate of speed. One of them appeared to be coming straight for the ship. 'Hands, shorten sail! Clear away the bow gun!' were the orders. In a very short time the little craft was under bare poles, and the gun ready with a blank charge; but our friend took a sudden curve the water. a sudden curve, the water at the base roaring in a very unpleasant manner, and was soon seen dissolving with the others, rendering the fire of the bow gun unnecessary, a blank charge from which would have been sufficient to have broken any waterspouts coming too close; but, happily, they all passed clear. A perfect calm ensued; steam was soon got up, amidst a perfect deluge of rain, which lasted about an hour, and the little ship steamed away on her pas-

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."-The news of the dreadful disaster which happened off the Isle of Wight on Sunday, the 25th ult., cast a gloom over the whole country. H. M. S. Eurydice was a wooden sailing frigate of 1,000 tons, fitted out as a training-ship for ordinary seamen, and was returning from her winter cruise in the West Indies, when about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon she was seen passing Dunnose, a headland on the south-east coast of the Isle of Wight, with all sail set. Shortly afterwards a sudden squell came on, accompa-nied by a blinding snowstorm, and the ill-fated capsized and foundered almost imme-Only five persons were picked up, and but two of these are alive-namely Benjamin but two of these are alive—namely Benjamin Cuddiford, able seaman, and Sydney Fletcher, of Bristol, a first-class boy. From the statements of the survivors, and the condition in which the wreck was subsequently found, it would seem that the orders given by Captain United States of the survivors sail were being carried out Hare for shortening sail were being carried out when the accident happened. The ship heeled over to starboard and then went down by the bow, those on board being carried down by the vortex which she created. A trading schooner, the Emma, of Padstow, which happened to be passing close by at the time, rescued the survivors and landed them at Ventnor, where on Wednesday an inquest was held on the bodies of Lieutenant Tabor, Captain Ferrier, R.E., and Mr. Bennett, petty officer belonging to the ship. An endeavour was, of course, made to ascertain how it happened that such experienced officers as those in command of the Eurydice could have ventured in such treacherous weather as that of Sunday, 25th inst., to let ous weather as that of Sunday, 25th inst., to let the vessel proceed with open ports under such a heavy press of canvas, but the evidence of the survivors convinced the jury that no blame could be attached to captain, officers, or men of the ship, and that the catastrophe was en-tirely due to the unprecedented suddenness and strength of the squall. Professor Airv's report from Greenwich tends to confirm this view. From about 1.30 to 3 o'clock the wind was variable, rising four times to a pressure of 11 lb. to the square inch; but from 3 to 3.55 it was nearly a calm, being scarcely \(\frac{1}{2}\) lb. to the foot, and at 3.36 it suddenly shifted in direction and increased to 4 lb. pressure, and at 4.3 to 9 lb. pressure per square foot. On Monday, 26th inst., Ministerial statements were made in both Houses of Parliament in reference to the disaster, and Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed to Mr. W. H. Smith, desiring him to make known her grief at the calamity, and her heartfelt sympathy with the afflicted relatives. The Eurydice is now lying some two miles off the Culver Cliff, her masts being visible at low water. Preparations are being made for raising her, and as many of the bodies of the hapless crew are expected to be found between decks a large number of coffins have been ordered. The body of Lieutenant Tabor was taken to his late home at Cheam for interment, and that of Captain Ferrier to Edinburg. Cuddiford and Flet-cher, who are at Portsmouth, are to be formally tried by court-martial A fund for the benefit of the widows and relatives of those on board has been opened at Portsmouth by Lord Charles Beresford, to which members of both Houses of Parliament have already subscribed. The Admiralty list of the lost includes 15 officers, 15 marines, 73 petty officers and others forming. the ship's company, and 220 supernumeraries in all, 323 souls.

# HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

QUIPS AND CRANKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Amid her darker and sterner history has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them. The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose grim visages Ammianus Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the Ogres whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "Non Angli sed Angeli" of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristocles has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad.) St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Huns sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit hardly worthy a Bishop of the Empire, that "these Tartarean demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus;" and thus the word Tartar sprang into being, to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror. Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herulian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and

"Stout shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou hold what thou winnest.

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as Odoacer.

The Middle Ages however, were undoubtedly

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly the era of punning par excellence. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes indulged, without stint, in the form of wit stigmatized by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of

the verbal juggles in which it delighted.
Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (gant), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I. —a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent then the largest town in the Netherlands. A much neater, as well as more practical rebuke, was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival Jean "Sans-Paur" of Russundy, who coping on the Orleans Peur," of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with a carpenter's plane.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—i. e., by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every school-boy the letters of a proper name. Every school-boy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout." The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodes" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sar-casms of Erasmus, satirised his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which even the Louis Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unalterable fashion, are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III's envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could

display the like.

"My master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are not seen around. are not seen everywhere, except on his own palace walls "

A similar check was once given to Louis himself by the famous Dunkirk privateer, Jean Bart, whom the King greeted on his return from a successful cruise with the flattering announce-

ment:
"M. Jean Bart, I have made you admiral of

my fleet."

The rough-hewn veteran, instead of being overpowered by the royal condescension (as the brilliant circle around him doubtless expected), answered bluntly—
"Sire, vous avez bien fait."

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when hearing a Spanish grandee boasting that he had "fifty thousand sheep," the great Hungarian remarked quietly—

Curious coincidence—that's just the number

The historical pleasantries of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Encyclopedist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettoes wherewith the wits of the day poignarded friend and foe alike. All the best

sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole and Frederick the Great bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicuous in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched a was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly-introduced Prussian coinage-Ein Reichs-thaler-into Ein Reich stahl er (he stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valley of Joachims-thal was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares. were wont to say, "Give me a their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachims-thal-er); and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to the world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalized by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now all. most forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, most forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed noblesse, seeing "Brotherhood or Death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid camber of 1706 07 which ended in the expect very neight of one of his most spiendid cam-paigns—that of 1796-97—which ended in the ex-pulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have chieved such wonderful successes, he answered sharply:
"Demain j'aurai Milan" (Mille ans).

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best. The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel apiece to two of his marshals:

'Ah, oui! ils defendront le trone et l'hotel' an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance,

to defend the throne and the altar" (l'autel).
The remark attributed to the Emperor Nicholas on his visit to Sobieski's statue at Warsaw, although probably due in reality to his court jester, Prince Menschikoff, has a grim signifi-cance when viewed by the light of subsequent events:

"That man and I are the two greatest fools of history, for we both saved Vienna."

### VARIETIES.

LEGAL AND ILLEGAL. - A Well-known judge not long since interested himself actively on be half of a member of his former circuit who happened also, a contemporary tells us, to be the son of a peer, and succeeded in obtaining for him an important lucrative appointment. The noble parent, full of gratitude, called upon the judge to thank him for his exertions, and said that he felt all the more obliged because his son had never done much at the Bar, adding, with unconscious and unintentional sarcasm, suppose he was too much of a gentleman.

Welsh Rare Bit .- A Writer in a contemporary came across a charming poem the other day with this title—"Poor Nancy Jones of Llanfairpwlchgwyngergobwlchllandyssiliogogo." gives one stanza as a specimen of the touching verses in which the poet laments the fate of his heroine :--

"The winter passed, the spring-time came, the summer sun shone bright— A green grave lies beneath the shade of Suowdon's kingly height; And many a tear I shed for her who lies in death so low— Lost Nancy Jones of Llanfairpwlchgwyngergobwlch-llandyssiliogogo."

A MODEL HOTEL.-In no city in the United A Model Hofel.—In no city in the United States is the travel-stained, weary traveller taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel. The manners and customs of the guest are carefully studied. A young man from the frontier, stopping at one of the said hotels, told the clerk the other evening that he was going to be out late. "Just wait a minute," replied the accommodating clerk as he rushed off, soon reannearing with a large envelope, which he placed appearing with a large envelope, which he placed in the guest's breast-pocket with the remark, "That is a bond, properly signed, for your appearance before the Recorder. As soon as you are arrested for being incapable and disorderly, just give the bond to the policeman, mention my name to him, and he will bring you home in a hack. Good-night."

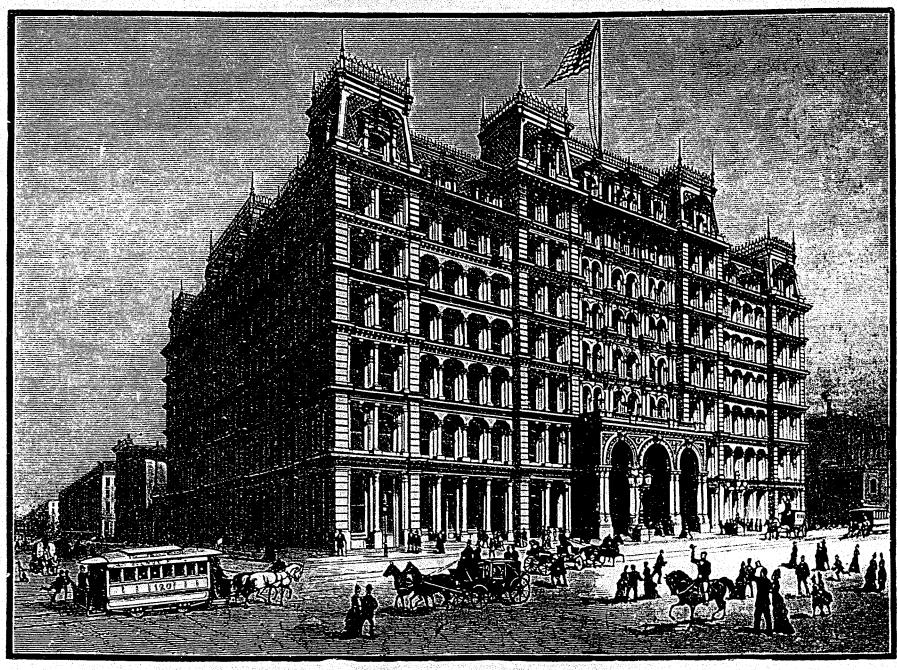
LABLACHE. -Planché relates of the great basso of times gone by at Her Majesty's Theatre:—
"Apropos of Lablache, it was after dinner at
Gore House that I witnessed his extraordinary representation of a thunderstorm simply by facial expression. The gloom that gradually overspread his countenance appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and a terrific frown indicated the angry lowering of the tempest. The light-ning commenced by winks of the eyes and twitchings of the muscles of the face, succeeded by rapid sidelong movements of the mouth which wonderfully recalled to you the forked

flashes that seemed to rend the sky, the notion of thunder being conveyed by the shaking of his By degrees the lightning became less vivid, the frown relaxed, the gloom departed, and a broad smile illuminating his expansive face assured you that the sun had broken through the clouds and the storm was over."

How They Do It in South Africa .-- When a young Boer—i. e., a Dutchman descended of some family long settled in South Africa—wants a wife, he puts on, Mr. A. Trollope tells us, his best clothes, mounts his horse, sticks a feather in his cap, carries with him a bottle of sugarplums, and a candle, which ought to be wax, or, failing wax, the very best "composite," and hangs his bridle on the gate of the house where dwells the young woman he thinks will best answer his purpose. He enters, and his smart gear, feather, and cendle are eloquent of his errand. To make the point quite clear however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house; and, if she takes it, it is lighted, the mother and everybody else at once retire, but not before the mother has stuck a pin into the candle to show how long the young people may remain together without interruption. Mr. Trollope together without interruption. Mr. Trollope does not say that it is open to the latter to take out the pin and put it farther down the candle as soon as they find themselves alone; but he does say that a little salt is sometimes put in, to make the wick burn more slowly. As soon however as the pin is reached by the flame, in comes the mother and the "freying" is over. A day or two afterwards the pair are married.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.-The Duke of Northumberland is stated to have recounted this anecdote to Miss Banks on the 30th of October, 1813, at Spring grove—it is taken from the Banks MSS. in the British Museum— Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick had, when elected to the order, the command of the Allied armies then opposed to those of France in Germany, and, was, at the time when the officers of the order arrived, bringing with them the insig-nia for his highness investiture encamped on the crest of a ridge, separated only by a narrow val-ley. The prince, highly gratified by the honour he had received, resolved to have the ceremony of his investiture performed at the head of the troops, had made the necessary preparations for that purpose. The Marshal Duc de Broglie, commander of the French army, hearing of this, and guided by that animating spirit of chivalry for which the French nation was then admired by all Europe, sent a flag of truce to the Prince to inquire if the fects were as he had bear the prince to inquire if the facts were as he had heard them represented, and in that case to offer the Prince a suspension of arms for the day on which the ceremony was to take place. The Prince willingly accepted this honourable and high-minded offer. The day arrived, and archibited had The day arrived, and exhibited both oner. The day arrived, and exhibited both the armies drawn up on their respective ridges in full view of each other. The ceremony was performed in the sight of both, and when ended both armies fired a fou de joie in honour of the occasion. The Prince had ordered tents to be pitched, in the intervening valley to give an entertainment in honor of the ceremony, and to this he invited the Duc and his principal officers, who accepted the invitation. They dined to-gether, and at night returned to their respective armies to recommence on the next rising of the sun the hostilities in which they were engaged.' Such a scene would have delighted the hearts of Edward III., the Black Prince, and the Founder Knights of the Order. "BURNT BAIRNS DREAD THE FIRE .--- Amongst

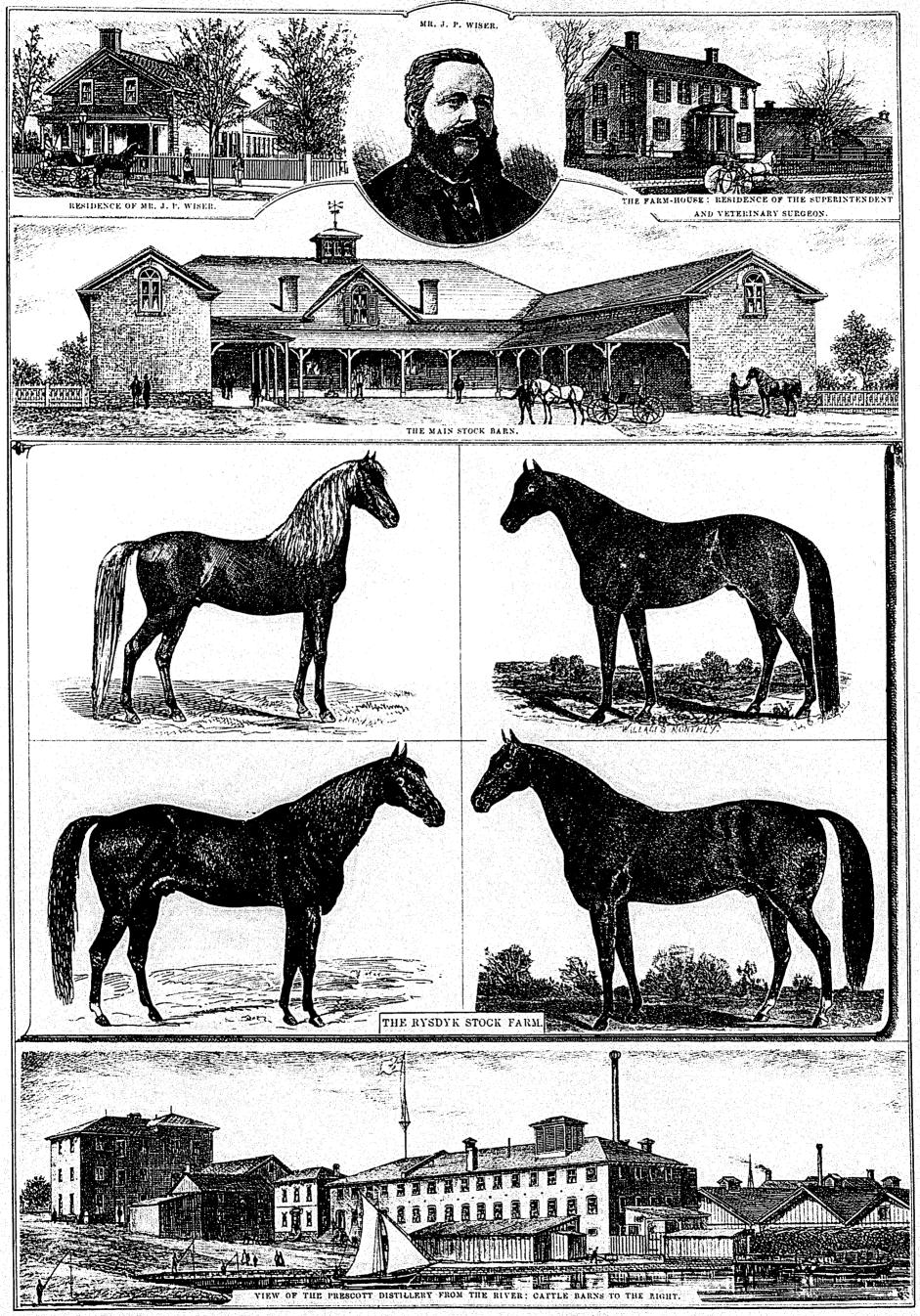
all the followers of field-sports, especially in the hunting-field, none had a better steed, or could more gallantly face a brake or brook, than Sir William C—— of C——, near Kilmarnock. William C—- of C—-, near Kilmarnock.
One day, when in full cry through heavy and trying fields, Sir William was told that his valuable steed had lost a shoe. The information thus tendered brought the baronet's sport to an end for that day, and, being in the vicinity of a middle that the state of the lost shoe smithy, he proceeded thither to get the lost shoe replaced. The baronet and the blacksmith were not unknown to each other, for Mungo Douglas, for his ability as a horse-shoer, as well as for his blunt, plain-speaking, was known far and near. Being somewhat rudely requested by Sir William to be quick in his movements did not add any serenity to Mungo's mind when performing his work. Having fitted a shoe on the hunter's foot by making the iron nearly red-hot, he carelessly tossed the shoe to the centre of the smithy floor. Mungo then gently lifted the nag's foot on to his knee, and began to pare and dress the foot preparatory to fixing the shoe with nails. As if to facilitate the work in hand, Mungo said, "Man, Sir William, haun me o'er that shoe." As quickly as asked, the baronet picked up the hot shoe, but dropped it suddenly, having got his fingers and thumb smartly burned. Flying into a towering passion, Sir William gave vent to his feelings in language not example. to his feelings in language not over-polite. With imperturbable gravity Mungo said, "Od, Sir Willie, I thocht ye wad 'a kenn'd better; the wee'st laddie I hae wad 'a been mair cautious." Expressing a doubt as to the truth of the blacksmith's assertion, and daring him to the proof, Mungo said, "Aweel, ring on the study [anvil] and you'll sune see." As requested, Sir William, with a hand-hammer, played a rat-a-tat-tat on the anvil, when, in answer to the summons, a six-year-old Mungo made his appearance, and quickly said, "What are wantin', faither?" "Haun me o'er that shoe, like tin, faither?" Haun me o'er that shoe, like a man." Stooping over the apparently cold shoe, the young philosopher dropped some spittle from his mouth upon it. At the cry from his father, "Leuk sharp!" young Hopeful said, "I maun hae the tangs, for it's warm."



NEW YORK.—STEWART'S WOMAN'S HOTEL



BROKEN IN THE ICE. A CANADIAN SCENE.



VIEWS IN PRESCOTT, (ONT.)

THE

# Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

### PRESCOTT, Ont.

TWO GREAT ESTABLISHMENTS-PRESCOTT DIS-TILLERY AND THE RYSDYK STOCK FARM.

Visitors to the historic town of Prescott, ont., are not long in learning that among the prominent residents Mr. J. P. Wiser holds a leading position. After having become acquainted with the details of the enterprises in which he is engaged, it is impossible not to feel that he is indeed a remarkable man. Now-a-days most men find it enough to successfully control one concern. Mr. Wiser is proprietor of two great establishments, both representing large investments; necessarily entailing weighty re-sponsibilities and demanding incessant thought. But, blessed with a fine physique, and having a large share of administrative tact, blended with laudable ambition, his watch-word has ever been "Excelsior!" and the results achieved prove that in him ability is equal to purpose.

### THE DISTILLERY.

I do not propose to bore the reader with technicalities or weary him with a scientific dissertation (such as can be read in any encyclosertation (such as can be read in any encyclopedia) upon the chemical changes, &c., connected with the manufacture of highwines, whisky, &c. If I chose I suppose I could fill a column or two with details about "steeping," "malting," "kilns," "wash-tubs," "heaters," "coolers," highwines, low wines, fermentation, filtration, rectification, "O. P." &c., &c., but I forbear and will content myself with giving a few general notes. few general notes.

As will be seen by our view, the distillery covers a large area on the river front. It is situated a short distance west of the centre of situated a short distance west of the centre of the town and is made up of a great number of large buildings. Mr. Wiser became sole proprietor in 1863, having since 1857 been a partner with the founders, Messrs. Egert & Averill. In 1864 a fire laid the establishment waste, but ere the ruins had ceased to smoulder the work rebuilding was begun on an enlarged and improved scale; the present distillery being nearly five times the canacity of the old one.

five times the capacity of the old one.

A few statistics may not be out of place. It costs nearly one million dollars per annum to "run" the works. The duties paid the Government average two thousand dollars per day. The storehouses will hold one hundred thousand bushels of grain. The establishment gives em-ployment to about sixty men, besides three Government officials to attend to the collection

The distillery is fitted up in the best possible form; whatever the inventive brain of man has evolved for the improvement of the process of distillation has been adopted. To a novice the vast floors containing immense vats, boiler and bins with their inlets and outlets, pipes, filters, and conductors, present a perfectly indescribable scene, but all these things constitute one vast machine, as it were, which works harmoniously to the tune of three thousand gallons of proof spirit daily.

# FATTENING A THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE.

After the process of distillation is completed there is of course a great residue. This material makes splendid food for cattle and its utilization is carefully attended to. Close by the dis-tillery buildings are immense barns wherein one thousand head of cattle are engaged in the important, and, to them apparently, very pleasant occupation of putting on flesh. These cattle are bought by Mr. Wiser during the fall of the year, and after grazing on his fine pastures for a time they are installed in the aforesaid barns, whence they do not emerge until required for shipment in the early part of the summer. The barns are roomy, well ventilated and in every respect capitally arranged for the purpose to which they are put. To feed, water and tend one thousand head of cattle is truly a tremendous task, but, by a carefully arranged system, the great work is brought under easy control. Hay is fed to the stock from the lofts above; the distillery refuse is conveyed to them by means of troughs, the floors are all sloped and provided with drains, and altogether the facilities for ministering to the wants of this great herd are admirable. Taken in gaunt bony beasts, are admirable. Taken in gaunt bony beasts, they emerge sleek and plump, suggestive of www.wieer's fat. cattle are greedily sought after by shippers.

Those now in the barns were bespoke some time ago for shipment to the old country. They make splendid beef. I saw one steer which weighed nearly 2,700 lbs.

### THE RYSDYK STOCK FARM.

Mr. Wiser is a great admirer of a good horse. Not only does he like to drive a well-bred animal, but he desires to see the breed of horses throughout the country improved as much as possible. In this regard, as in every other respect, he is eminently practical and his stock farm situated by the river side about half a mile west of the town will bear comparison with any thing of the kind on the continent. It comprises six hundred acres of gently sloping land, extending from the river front to the second concession road. In point of accessibility it 2.30 gait.

cannot be surpassed. As regards the transport cannot be surpassed. As regards the transport of stock by river, rail or road it enjoys peculiar advantages. All the lake and river steamers call at Prescott, which is moreover the terminal point of several railways. Patrons from a distance can rely upon their stock being met at the various depots by careful attendants by notifying the Superintendent of the time of arrival.

The buildings, as will be seen by our views, re first-class in every particular. The largest are first-class in every particular. The largest stock barn is 100 ft. by 42 ft. with wings 50 ft. by 18 ft. The loft has an area of 4,200 square feet. This fine building cost \$10,000. The other barn is of stone. The internal fittings and area of the stone. barn is of stone. The internal fittings and arrangements of both leave nothing to be desired. The health and comfort of the aristocratic inmates are matters that have been most carefully tudied. There is accommodation for one hun-dred and fifty head, and at the time of my visit there were nearly one hundred on the premises.

For exercising and training purposes there is perfectly constructed half mile track on the plateau in rear of the barns, and that the stock may not be debarred from their constitutional walks during inclement weather a lofty veranda ten feet wide projects from the walls of the

The farm has been laid out to the very best advantage; on the front portion there are twelve fine paddocks, while the rear is devoted to the raising of hay. Every field enjoys an abundant supply of water as a stream flows through the supply of water as a stream flows through the estate and there are numerous wells scattered about. The rich fertilizing material from the cattle sheds is used on the land and, as may be imagined, magnificent crops result. Such grazing is rarely seen, and the weight of hay per acre taken off is something enormous. The storage capacity of the hay barns amounts to three hundred tons three hundred tons.

### AMONG THE EQUINE ARISTOCRATS.

Selecting one of the fine, bright mornings which so pleasantly characterized the past month, I paid a visit to the stock farm, and fortunately found the superintendent, Mr. H. W. Brown, with leisure to show me through the establishment. Mr. Brown is a thorough horse-man, hailing from Kentucky. He seemed to be man, hailing from Kentucky. He seemed to be on the very best of terms with his numerous charges; from the proud monarchs of the stud to the youngest foals, all appeared to give him a kindly look of recognition. I was first introduced to "Rysdyk," who I found occupying a spacious stall, looking the personification of equine beauty and power. "Rysdyk," was bried by Mr. A. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia; foaled in 1866, by "Rysdyk's" "Hambletonian," by Abdallah," by "Mambrino," by "Messenger;" Dam "Lady Duke" by "Lexington," by "Boston," by "Timoleon." He thus inherits the blood of the highest type of the trotting horse, with that of the best racof the trotting horse, with that of the best racing sire produced on this continent. "Rysdyk' has verified all that was expected of him and more; he shows the unequalled staying qualities of "Lexington" and the purely-gaited trotting action of "Hambletonian." He is a rich bay, with black mane and tail, stands fifteen hands three inches in height, and weighs twelve hundred pounds. Viewed from any point he defies criticism. He is of a kindly disposition, dense criticism. He is of a kindly disposition, every movement denotes intelligence and high breeding. In all respects he is "a worthy son of a noble sire." Even when untrained as a trotter, "Rysdyk" has done a mile in 2.36, and from what he has exhibited since Mr. Wiser has bed him it is helicated that he carbolises that had him, it is believed that he embodies a fund had him, it is believed that he embodies a fund of pent-up reserve power. His sons and daughters have all sustained the reputation of their famous ancestry. Among the more notable may be mentioned the "Flora Temple" colt, owned by Mr. Bonner; "Beatrice," owned by Mr. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., has trotted in 2.26; "Chestnut Hill," described further on; "Hartford" a sulendid four-war old, standing sixten ford," a splendid four-year-old, standing sixteen and a quarter hands he h, and very speedy, while among the very young things, of which there are quite a lot at the farm, many give promise of turning out great goers.
"Rysdyk' was purchased by Mr. Wiser from

Mr. Pond, of Hartford, in 1874, for \$10,000.

# "PHIL SHERIDAN."

After interviewing some of the lesser lights of the stud, I was gratified with a sight of the renowned "Phil Sheridan," whose fame as a sire of tretters has reached every part of the continent where a good horse is appreciated. He is a magnificent dark brown, with a gleam and gloss on his coat that fairly flashes in the sunlight. As he stands with head erect, he looks a model, "without spot or blemish." He is a horse of great determination, but so intelligent that he etermination, but so intelligent that he never causes the slightest trouble. I noticed that he seemed to understand every word Mr. Brown said to him, and appeared to be as much

interested in us as we were with him.

He has produced some famous "clippers," for instance, "Commonwealth," with a record of 2.22; "Adelaide," 2.21\(\frac{1}{2}\) (brother and sister); "Hiram Woodruff," 2.25; and "Tom Malloy,"

Mr. Wiser purchased one-half interest in this grand horse from Mr. Dalzell, of Waddington, N.Y., in 1876, for \$10,000.

### "CHESTNUT HILL."

by "Rysdyk," inherits all the good qualities of his noble stock. He is a blood bay, command-ing in appearance, stands fifteen and one-half hands high; is five years old, and has shown a

"WILLIAM B. SMITH."

by "Thomas Jefferson" (otherwise known as the Black Whirlwind of the East"), is a bright chestnut, sixteen hands high, splendidly proportioned, and with a grand carriage. In the sunshine he looks like a statue of rich gold. He is a most promising sire.

### GENERAL NOTES.

Among other trotters developed, owned or Hong other trotters developed, owned or brought out at this Farm, may be mentioned "Deceit," with a record of 2.25 (on ice); "Rocket," 2.20; "Barbara Patchen," 2.38; "Orient," 2.24; "North America," 2.36, &c., &c. The number of young things that can beat three minutes are too numerous to mention. There are over two dozen brood mares—either with distinguished pedigrees or possessing exceptional qualities. I was shown quite a lot of colts and fillies, the produce of the famous stock before mentioned, principally by "Rysdyk."

At the time of my visit Mr. Wiser was busy

preparing for the spring sale, which is fixed for preparing for the spring sale, which is fixed for May 9th., "hail, rain, blow or shine." Mr. C. F. Elwes, of Montreal, the celebrated auctioneer, will knock down the animals. This will be a first-class opportunity for those on the look-out for something really fine in the way of horse-flesh. There can be no doubt that this Farm has already done much to improve stock, both in Canada and the States, but that which has been accomplished, excellent as it is, is small in comparison with what the next few years must show forth. It is gratifying to know that there is in this country a growing desire to improve the breed of horses, and that Mr. Wiser's plucky venture is being appreciated more and more as time goes on.

more as time goes on.

Those who desire full information respecting the coming sale, &c., should send to Mr. Wiser

for a catalogue.

On the day of sale vehicles will be provided on the day of safe venicles will be provided upon the arrival of all trains, to convey patrons direct to the Farm. A large attendance is expected, as it is said that an equal number of colts were never offered at auction by any establishment that could surpass these in quality, size, beauty, and prospective speed. The sale will be imperatively without reserve, and governed by the rules of the National Breeders' Association.

# ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NUMBER of peers-some twenty-five or thirty -who belong to the Liberal Party, have inti-mated to the Premier that in the event of a war he may count upon independent support from them. There are quite as many, if not more, who belong to the House of Commons, and are ready to say and to do the same.

WE believe that ere long the fiat will go forth condemning all grey or white horses for military purposes, and that the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons are to be "Greys" only in name, and that though it is now one of the cavalry regi ments first for service, it would not be sent out with the 1st Army Corps. Great will be the re-gret in the army if this should prove the case.

The youngest debutante who has come before the public for a long time made her appearance last week, at the Langham Hall, under the name of "Tiny." Tiny is a child of genius, aged seven, who already recites and declaims Tennyson's "Charge of the Six hundred" much better (because respectively). better (because more naturally) than some highly popular actresses of mature years. Tiny is also a clever pianist.

It has been arranged at the War Office that, in the event of the Highland regiments going into active service, the feather bonnet is to be substituted by the new helmet. This, because the feather bonnet has been found to be too cumbersome for fighting in the bush or thickly-wooded country. In times of peace, however, this favorite country. In times of peace, however, this favorite head-dress will be retained. Some officers of the Highland regiments were getting up a petition to get the head-dress changed to the flat bonnet with the eagles' feathers, à la Macbeth, as being not only the original but Scotch, which the present is not.

# HEARTH AND HOME.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN.—There can be no greater mistake than to imagine that all children develop at the same rate during the corresponding years of their existence. In a group or class of children each of whom is eleven years old, there will be many shades of difference of development—some people would say as many shades of difference as there are individuals. It follows therefore that the drawing of a hard and fast line as to acquisitions appropriate to any special year of a child's life is a mistake both from an educational and from a medical point of view.

Sorrow AND SYMPATHY .-- We must suffer before we can sympathise; and when we have suffered then our own experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best that sore of which we have felt the smart; and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with the greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; all the tender pity of age and the helpfulness of maturity come from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and shows us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.-It once happened that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld ed that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she should begin to teach her child to read?—"I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply.—"Why, then, have you written books for children of three?"—"Because, if young mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." We have known clever, precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was ra-ther uncomfortable about it, but said that as everybody did learn with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.-When shall we comprehend that all true hospitality consists in perfeet honesty, in freedom, ease, and subordina-tion of things to persons? Who would not prefer the plainest dinner or the humblest entertainment with bright, interested, sympathetic host or hostess to the most elaborate table or preparations for which he or she had already been exhausted? As the host so the company; he must be spontaneous, intelligent, tactful, or the company droops and is disappointed. To invite those we do not like or want is unkind to them and injuries to average as To de who them and injurious to ourselves. To do what we cannot easily afford is pretentious, and therefore vulgar. To rank our viands above our personality is a sorry compliment to our guests and a sorrier one to ourselves. Material enter-tainment can be purchased anywhere; that which should accompany it-sincerity, cheerfulness, esteem, benevolence, correspondence of feeling—must be gained by the right of desert, and without these hospitality, mask it as we may, is a misnomer.

# LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

11.

TOM MOORE AT MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

In Moore's Canadian poems we find the following impromptu:

After a visit to Mrs. S-

'Twas but for a moment, and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour,
Her eyes had a glow, like the sun of her clime—
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

could we have borrow'd from Time but a day. To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then

What we had not the leisure or language to speak.
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

In one of his letters he thus alludes to Quebec: "QUEBEC, August 20, 1804.

"MY DARLING MOTHER,—About 1,700 miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this deli-cious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses.

In his published poems no mention is made of Quebec, so that the following lines which he gave to a friend of his in the Ancient Capital, may prove interesting:

When the spires of Quebec first open'd to view,
And I knew that my voyage was o'er.
How I thought, with delight, on the girls I should meet
And the hours I should pass when ashore.

Yet damp'd were my hopes when on land I first came, And eagerly look'd for the fair,— For beauty, alas! there was none to be found, And I sigh'd with a heart full of care.

Then how keenly the joys of my own native land Quick as thought came full to my mind, And I sigh'd at remembrance of happine s past With the girls I had just left behind.

"Oh! beauty," I cried, "what a blessing art thou, When join'd to a heavenly mind, How thy smiles can impart to a breast filled with woe Every joy which on earth we can find."

Thus I said,—when, starting and turning around,
The charms of Annette came to view, er cheek was the beautiful bloom of Her eyes, as the heavens, were blue.

Since that day the dear kiss of my Nancy I find Just as sweet as the girls of our isle, And many a beauty in England we prize Not so sweet as my Nancy can smile.

JAMES M. O'LEARY.

Ottawa, 20th April, 1878.

# 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.

# HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

(TIME: MAY, 1660.)

"Il fant ici donner la gloire à ces dix-sept François de Mont fal, et honorer, leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est deu avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refiner sans ingratitude. Tont estait perdu, s'ils n'enssent péri, et leur malheur a sanvé ce puis."—Rélations des Jesuiles, Rélation, 1639, p. 17.

Buside the dark (1) Plawas' stream, two hundred years

A wondrous teat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
"Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the

It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clasion's What though no blazened conclupb, no sculptured

columns tell.
Where the stern between of my cong, in death triumphant, fall.

felt; What though beside the foaming flood untombed their

All earth (2) becomes the measurest of men who nobly

A score of troublons years had passed, since on Mount-

Royal's cross.

The gallant Mai unneave uprented the Cross devently bless'd. (3)

blookid, (3) And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Matte With patriot pride had fought and died--determined to

Piercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of

The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted

land.
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power.
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest

Paulic, the Captain of the Part-in manhood's flery

Hoth swern by some manortal deed to make his name sublane, the And sixteeen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true

and trind.

Have plodged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side; And this their outher on flood or field, to challenge face

to face.

The rathless hardes of Iroquois, the scoargers of their

No quarter to accept or grant-and, inval to the grave, I of me. like marters, for the land they valuely ideed to

Surved by the Priest, within the Church where off they

some fervour they receive the Supper of the

And tow those soil devoted youths from weeping friends

have passed. And on the Fort of Vide Marie each fondity looks his

has alled to steer the Irail cannot, or stem the rushing

On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide, weary of the paddle's dip, they meen their barks

A rapid of Utawas thand-other turbulent Long. Sault, tis

There where a grave of glosupy pages sloped gently to

A moss green pulisade was seen-a Port in days of

Penced by its citele they end an ped, and on the hetering

Before those stumped tirusaters slept arose the xone of

prayer.
Sentry and scant kept datch and daid: and soon, with glad surprise.

They welcomed to their rootless hold a band of dark

Two stalwart chiefs and torry braves "-all sworn to

strike a blow one great limitle for their lives against the common

Soft was the breath of balay spring in that fair month of

May, The wild flower bloomed the wild lard sang on many

a budding spray.... coder blow was in the sky, on earth a tender gree. And Peace seemed brooking, like a dure, der all the

When, foud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic

charm.

And scouts came burrying from the woods to bid their

comrades arm And swift cames, like floating swans, flashed gayly down the Sault.

Manuel by three hundred dusky forms—the long-ex-pected for.

# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

iii The Indian word I tawas is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more concrets than the name. Ottawa. So Moore, in his "Canadian Boat Song," written on the River St. Lawrence; "Utawas' tide! the trendline moon

Shall see us thent o'er thy surges soon.

(2) Of illustracts moundlearth is the sepulchre."—Thucydoles ii book, Xhii chap.

(3) "A large cross was made, and solemnity blessed by the Priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with fell the vermouries of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knell in advanta-nelated it mathe highest crest, and all knell in advantaa's Leguite in North Imerio.

(4) "The Iroque's boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the "white girls," meaning the Nurs, "to their villages," "-Park mun's Jesute in North America, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9.)

(5) "Adian Daulae or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty two. It was said that he but been involved in some affair which was said that he had been involved in some aftair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been lossy for some time among the young men of Montreat, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by eath to necept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneave's account they made their will, contessed and received. to accept the quarter, and the games of and received the sacraments,"—Parkman's Old Regime in Canada, p. 38cm also p. 443 Instairs de Montréal par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Sault."

did Ephin, le court les fit surmonter ce, que lour peu d'experience no leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arri-vèrent au peed du Long Santh, où treuvant, un petit fort sanvage nulloment flanqué, entouré de noblants pieux qui ne valetent tien, commande par un coletan varien, ils Montréal par M. Didher de Casson, p. 144.

Montréal par M. Didher de Casson, p. 144.

They spring to land—a wilder broad hath ne'er appalled the sight—

the sight—
With embines, (7) touchawks, and knives that gleam
with baleful light;
Dark plumes of engles creat their chiefs, and broidered
decskins hide.
The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be

dyed. Hark! to the death-song that they chant-behold them

as they bound,
With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, deflantly around—
Then, swifter than the wind they fly the barrier to invest, Like hornet-warms that heedless boys have started from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest driven waves dash forward on a

And madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by So onward dashed that surging throng, so, backward were

they buri'd,
When from the loopholes of the Port flame burst and

vapour curi'd. Each tuillet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through

Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred

The transhed torf was drenched with blood-bloodstained the passing wave-It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down-the fight was o'er-but sicen was Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for re-

The shot that hissed above their heads-the Mohawk's

taturding cries...
Warned them that never more en earth must slumber scal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by

craven dread, (8) Leaped over the parapot like deer, and traitorously fiel; And, when the darkness of the right had vanished, like

Twenty and two were left-of all—to brave a maddened host,

Folled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to

handred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the Pallsade:

punting for revenge, they speed, impatient for the fray. Like birds of carnage from their homes altured by scent

of prey h scrip-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge-With

Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier weicome

Than these doesned warriers, as they faced the desolat-

Of wide monthed musketoons that poured het cataracts of death, (10)

Eight days of varied horror passed; what boots it now

How the pule tenants of the Fort heroically fell ! Hunger, and thirst and sleeplessness-Death's ghastly

Hunger, and thirst and samplessness—locato's goosti-alise at length.

Maried and defined their councily forms, and qualled their giant strength.

The end draws night—they yearn to die—one glorious

tally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be

Sare of the Martyr's golden crown, they shrink not from

The Fort's fired-and through the flames with slippery.

The Fort's fired—and through the flames with shipperty, splashing tread.

The Resimen stimulae to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead, (11).

There, with set treth and nostril wide, Daulac, the diametics, stond.

And deat his too remorseless blows and blinding smoke.

and blood.
Tell backed and hown, he recled to earth, with proud.

uncomputed glades.

Dead-start immortalized by death--Leonidas of France!
True to their oath, his comrade knights no quarter basely

6: "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, had supplied the Iroquois with fire arms." -- Parkman's Jesuits in North America, p. 211

tri "Enfin ces ames laches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J. C., abandomacrent nos 17 François-sautant qui d'un côte, qui de l'autre par dessus les mé-chantes pulissades."—Indlier de Cassan, p. 147.

69 "Hs avoient boun enrager; ils ne pouvoient se venger; d'est pourquoi ils deputérent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étolent aux Isles de Riche-lieu, et qui les attenduient, afin d'empetter tout d'un coup ce qu'il y avait de François dans le Canadas, et de les abolit ainsi qu'ils en avoient conjuré la ruine."—Inflire de Casson, p. 146.

(lm " Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large ealibre, which scattering scraps of lead and from atmosg the throng of savages, often mained several of them at one discharge." — Parkman's Old Régimein Canada, p. 79.

(11) "Un de ces 40 lutrons nominé Louis arriva jei le 3e juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17. François étaient morts mars qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les enne-nis se serviient de leurs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissales de Fort où ils étaient."—Pollier de Carson, p. 150.

(12) "On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit rafféet perdu suivant la créance con mune," — Dellier de Casson, p. 151.

"To the colony this giorious disaster proved a salva-tion. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seven-tern Freedman, four Algonquins, and one Hurson behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such righting behind walls of stone t -- Parkman's Old Regime of Contact and Section 1. in Canada, p. 82.

"The self-devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effects; for the Savages, struck by the stout resistance they had met with gave up all thought of making an attack they had planned on Quebee ""-Garneau's History of Canada, vol. 1, p. 156 (Bell's Edit.)

"The Colony, in fact, was saved."-Miles History of Canada, p. 53.

THE preparations for M. Giffard's captive balloon behind the Tuileries are progressing. The car will contain fitty persons, and the cable 600 metres long, while, when at rest, the balloon will be 55 metres above the ground, or ten metres above the Arc de Triomphe. Its diamoter is thirty-six metres, and 100 women have becam the work of stitching the case. It will be raised and lowered by steam power.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which the exhibitors of dogs at the Exhibition can remove their animals at night on condition that they return them by a certain hour next morn-

THE Commission for the Exhibition has refused to accept some portraits of Marshal Mac-Mahon. It is now explained that the refusal is not owing to the ineligibility of the President, but to that of the painters.

FIVE pieces of Gobelin tapestry, once Mme. de Montespan's, were sold last week at the Hotel Druot for £300, as well as several other specimens of Gobelin and Flemish tapestry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE brothers Johann and Edward Strauss, of Vienna, have signed a contract by which they engage to give certain concerts during the period of the Exhibition. The orchestra will be composed of sixty musicians from the Austrian

ADVERTISEMENTS frequently appear in the French journals from persons desirous to adopt children. The want has been met by the opening of an office where babies to be disposed of can be registered and photographed, and applicants' wishes thus met.

THE Voltaire Centenarists are quarrelling among themselves. The Society of Gens de Lettres proposed that the movement should be made general by the appointment of Victor Hugo as President; the promoters say that the venerable poet is unfit for the post, "never having read Voltaire."

VIENNA and New York have followed the lead of Turin in proposing to send a representative orchestra to the Paris Exhibition. talks of sending the orchestra from La Scala, the municipal authorities being inclined to coutribute to the expenses. At Rome the general opinion is that it would be better to send up a choir of selected voices. The difficulty seems to lie with the ladies, who are for the most part unwilling to undertake the journey with its concomitant expenses.

It is estimated that more than a hundred thousand packages have arrived at the Champde Mars or the Trocadero, mostly belonging to the foreign sections. The articles to be for-warded from Germany will be assembled at Berlin, Dusseldorf, Munich, and Carlsruhe. Lafe yielded for the 'and they love they scorn to reckon the list's the land they love they scorn to reckon the land they love they scorn to reckon the list. exhibition of native artists in the Industrial Hall has been employed for the purpose. The sculptor, M. Fach, known for his experience in such matters, has undertaken to decorate the rooms in the palace of the Champede-Mars. selection of 150 works has already been made. The space reserved for Germany consists of 580 square motres of wall and a ground superficies of \$75 metres. The Berlin National Gallery supplies thirty-two of the works to be sent.

> THERE is not an hotel or boarding-house in Paris but is being painted or whitewashed; these changes, along with the to-be-expected rise in the price of comestibles, will have to be defrayed by welcome visitors as extras. A new system is being imagurated, that of running up shanties to board, and lodge the contractors and their caravius from all parts of the world. There is no fear of prices being so high as to produce a Vienna scare; the moment strangers do not put in an appearance to be fleeced, prices will fall as quickly as the funds at bad news. Ministers complain that the extra subsidies voted them by the Chamber are insufficient to enable them to give two dinner parties of sixty covers each per week; each guest is contracted to be stuffed at the time-honoured price of 25 francs per stemach.

# THE GLEANER.

The Duke of Westminster's income is \$10 a minute,

SAY nothing about yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent.

Episos, of telephone-erophone-phonograph fame, is only 31 years old. THE Thessalian insurgents have adopted

'Garibaldi's Hynin" as the national melody. EARL URENVILLE is master of twenty lan-

It is feared in Europe that Rev. Mr. Spurgeon will not be able to resume his pulpit ministra-

NEARLY three hundred members of the British Parliament are or have been connected with the army and navy.

By the Pope's desire the female members of families residing at the Vatican are being removed from the Palace.

Ir appears likely that Mgr. Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, will be a Cardinal. He is an old personal friend of Leo XIII.

AMONG unredeemed pledges in a Bowery (New York) pawn shop is a curious silver antique drinking horn, presented to Sir Robert Peel by his friends.

THE slight mortality among Russian officers during the late war is said to be due to the fact that they wear bullet proof steel cuirasses covering their chests under their coats.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has the valuable faculty for a soldier of sleeping at odd times and places, and doesn't know what it is to have nerves. He smokes eigarettes incessantly.

As a result of Stanley's explorations, a missionary station has already been established at the foot of the first rapids of the Congo, and the slave trade is being relentlessly put down.

THE price of cigars has already advanced in London an unblushing penny, in consideration of the fraction of a farthing increased duty which the eigar will cost the yender henceforth. THE latest French idea in railroading is to

have the track between important stations reflected upon a great mirror at each station, so the master can watch the actual progress and position of all trains. A SEW grain, claimed to be superior to rye,

and with a kernel twice as large, is now being raised in large quantities in California, from the sowing of a single seed obtained from the crop of a wild goose.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas is described as being "tall, strongly built and soldierly, but with a narrow forehead, coarsely moulded features and no signs of ability, yet he is one of the best linguists of Russia.

THE free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough.  $\Lambda$  lemon eaten before breakfast every day for a week or two will prevent the feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of Spring.

Htto points out an odd coincidence in his last book. St. Arnaud employed 16,400 French soldiers in the bloody and wanton massacre of the comp d'etat. The French killed and wounded at the battle of Sedan, where the empire thus established fell, numbered precisely 16, 1991.

# MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME SCHNEHLER and the "Grande Inchese de Gerolstein are to re-appear at Paris during the Exposition

Miss Emma Thirmshy says that it is a great mistake for a lady artist to marry while she is engaged in her profession, for either the profession or the buseaud mast suffer.

MILE, SANGALLI, who has returned from Trieste, where she outsined a brilliant success, is about to make her re-appearance at the Gratel Otera, of Paris in Sglein, the charming ballet of Leo Deilius. CAPOUL will p-turn to Paris in the course of

the summer to create the part of Rome in the Manquist Urry's open of "Les Amans de Verene." waich M. Escudier will produce at the Lyrique in August. THE musical critic and composer, M. Fugene THE musical critic and composer, M. Patgene Gautier, is dead. M. Gantier was a pupil of Habevy and recently hold the post of Professor of Harmony and Musical History at the Conservatoire. His works we more numerous than successful. His last piece, the Clif d'or," an open in three acts, was performed only a few months ago at the old Theatre-Lyrique.

J. C. WILLIAMSON has bought Joaquin Mil-J. C. Williamson has bought doaquin Miller's new play, which is as yet without a mane. My Williamson is an illustration of the sudden changes of fortune common in the annesement business. Several years ago be was an unimportant member of Wallack's company on a solary of \$40 a week for the season. He reamed to Culingula, married Maggie Moore, and with her appeared in "Struck Oil," Her impersonation of an American German girl was immediately successful. The pur went to Australia, thence to England and back to America, the trip around the world occupying two years and yielding \$100,000 besides expenses.

# HUMOROUS.

Foot for repentance - Mince-pie eaten late at

THE time to buy a new hat - When the band begins to play. The young man who married the charming

girl with ruby lips and a complexion of alal he finds her more than his fancy painted her. THE same woman who can take a mental inventory of another foundine's street affire in half a minute will occupy an entire morning in toiling her neighbour the details.

AGENTS of the English Government are in this country buying war horses. It they want to get hold of some A No. I chargers we would recommend them to the Niagara backmen. SomeBony estimated that every man who lives

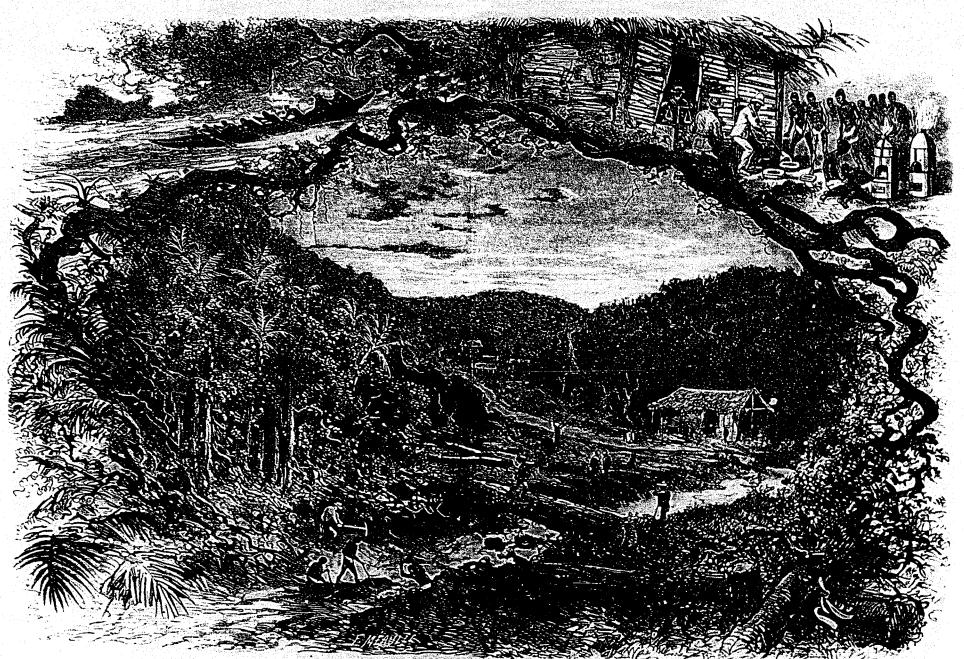
to be sixty years old has spent seven months fortioning his shirt collar. Thirty years more ought to be added for hunting up the collar button. WHEN the officials of a banking institution

WHEN the efficials of a banking institution commence to use the funds for their own benefit, they say, "Let's speculate." Pretty soon this suggestion is slightly changed to "Let's peculate"—and they "pec." A CANAPIAN priest lately stipd, a young man, whom he bad marriest for his needling fee, which he stated at \$15. The jury found for the defendant on the ground that the youth had received no appreciable value.

How women can sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left during a sermon in church, passes the understanding. A man will sit on the picket-fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quar-ters of an hour and he will wobble all over the seat

" Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit "Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit lawyer the other day, as he put the five-dollar bill away in his vest pocket. "Well," began his client, "suppose the man living next door wants to put a barn right up against my line, coming within two feet of my house." He can't do it; sir, Can't do any such thag, "replied the hawyer — Rut I want to put my born right up against his line." remarked the client.—"Oh-ab-e-es! I see, Well, sir, go right ahead and put your barn there. All the law in the case is on your safe."

Interest blinds some and makes some ser-Study your own interest and buy Treble's Perfect Shirt. The largest stock of French Cambrie Shirtings in the Dominion. Samples and eard for self-measurement sent free. TREBLE'S, & King Street East, Hamilton.



A SCENE IN FRENCH GUIANA.



NEW YORK HARBOUR.-VIEW FROM SOUTH STREET,



THE NARGHILÉ, -FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS LELOIR.

### GLOUCESTER'S GRIEF.

A BALLAD OF CAPE ANN.

BY KRISS.

In Gloucester's queer old seacoast town, Chief city of Cape Ann, There lived a banu of fishermen, A good, united clan.

A very simple people they, But little vice they knew; Tho' rough and ready were their ways, Their hearts were brave and true.

One day in sad November month, Ten vessels sailed away, Well manned by ten fine, jolly crews As ever left the bay.

All bound were they for fishing grounds At Grand Banks and La Have; All hearts aboard beat high with hope— Each man was strong and brave.

And when they steered their boats from home, Loud rang a lusty cheer, While many fond ones left behind, In silence dropped a tear.

Days sped on, and drear December's Rough gales began to blow; Then all ashore yearned anxiously News of the fleet to know.

Storms had been unusual flerce, Terrible wrecks were rife, Many a prayer went up for men Struggling at sea for lite.

Wearied and heart-sick from waiting, The faintest hope had fled; The feeling of anxious longing Changed to terrible dread.

Vague rumours were confirmed at last, The sad truth went around, That more than ninety fishermen Their watery graves had found.

The wails of widows and children Sound 'bove the ocean's roar, In grief for the loss of dear ones They'll welcome never more.

# MY STEP-SON.

BY MARGARET SCOTT MAC RITCHIE.

I had been married just a year when my life experienced its first great trouble—a trouble self-increased by the wilful pride and rebeilion

with which my headstrong girlhood met it.

Hitherto my path had been particularly sunny. The only child of wealthy and indulgent parents, I became engaged at eighteen vears old to Kendal Darcy, a rising barrister, became engaged at eighteen some years my senior, whom I loved with a warmth only equalled by my satisfaction when I found the affection was mutual. My father warned him that such a spoilt child would prove troublesome; but Kendal had no fears on that point, and as yet our wedded life had cast little enough of shadow upon us.

Now and then I did indeed notice upon my husband's face a grave, pre-occupied expression that I failed to understand, but I knew he was entrusted with important issues, and loving his profession as he did, it was no wonder that his mind should entertain its concerns even when he rested from its duties in his beautiful home at South Kensington. I guessed not that scenes in his past life were the phantoms so frequently arising before him, haunting him even in his

present happiness, unsuspected by his joyous

I was now about twenty years old, and happier than ever, for a beautiful infant boy had crept into our life and love. Ah, what marvellous hopes clustered round the rose-pink berceaunctte wherein reposed what the papers announced as our "son and heir!" Kendal used to pinch my cheeks, calling us a couple of babies, when he watched us together; but I knew he was as proud of our little Frank as myself, though his smile was so quiet and his looks were so subdued as he held the wee dimpled

hand in his.

Never shall I forget the morning we became aware that baby was not the "son and heir"that Kendal had a living son, and that I was step-mother. We were breakfasting in our favourite room, and the flowers were nodding in at us through the open windows, whilst the canaries were singing their sweetest, when my husband received a black-bordered letter that turned his face ghastly white as he perused it. I hurried to get him brandy, fearing he was going to faint. I guessed that something was amiss in his banking or professional affairs, but I could not annoy him with questions, and silently I knelt beside him, putting my arms

The story was told by-and-by, quickly and abruptly; but it was very long ere I realized the truth—that I was a second wife. In the early days of our acquaintance Kendal had heard me speak disparagingly of a friend's marriage, vowing that nothing should induce me to marry a widower; it was then he had most unfortunately resolved to keep the fact of his previous marriage private; and I could well understand how much suffering the deception

had caused him. As a youth of twenty-one he had met his first wife, the pretty daughter of a yeoman farmer, and the belle of the village where his guardian Colonel Grant resided. Home from college for his vacation, he delighted for so pleasant an acquaintance to beguile the tedium of his stav at the Hall, and their dance at the harvest home was the prelude to a very warm friendship.

Their constant meetings in the sunny meadows and shady lanes were a most agreeable change from the hard studies in which Kendal had been No word save of sympathetic friendship had been exchanged between them when he returned to college; but while his labours there soon drove his pretty companion from his mind, her weaker nature was completely changed by the past few weeks. By-and-by he was recalled to the village by a note from his guardian, who informed him on his arrival that Alice Graham was in a hopeless consumption, and that she had despairingly betrayed the secret of her love to her mother, who had, unknown to herself, appealed to Colonel Grant for advice. Kendal was shocked indeed when he saw the change in the girl he had left so rosy and blooming; and, though he knew he did not deserve all the blame his guardian and her friends evidently considered his due, he could not hold himself entirely innocent in the matter.

It was a sad affair. My husband spoke of it with a trembling veries

with a trembling voice, and in deep agitation. It seemed as though the very tendrils of Alice Graham's life were twined round one who realised now that pity was the utmost feeling of his heart towards her. Her father insisted on marriage; his strictly honourable guardian advised the same course, seeing that the "difference of station had prevented the courting." Her mo-ther "didna speak, but she looked in his face till his heart was like to break," whilst the station had prevented the courting." village doctor believed it was the one chance for her cure, and Alice herself, on hearing whispers of such a scheme, appeared quite a new creature.

Kendal was married then in obedience to kendal was married then in opedience to Colonel Grant's wishes and the promptings of his own good feeling, and, on his guardian's death from a fall in the hunting-field, he came into possession of a substantial provision. His legal studies had kept him much away from borne but he always treated his wife wife with the home, but he always treated his wife with the kindest consideration, and it was a real grief to him when, in consequence of the sudden tidings of Colonel Grant's death, a premature birth cost the young wife her life. The baby boy became Kendal's one solace in his double loss. I knew too well what he felt when he held his first born in his arms, and my heart grew hard and dry at the thought that such emotions had been excited by another than by little Frank.

As Kendal's duties called him away from the village, Alice's mother proposed to take care of the baby; and seeing that she had lately adopt-ed an orphan baby of a late neighbor and that it was thriving most admirably, he readily agreed to allow her a certain sum for the child's support. In a year or two however he intended take a London house for himself, and he made it distinctly understood that the child was then to leave its grandparent's and be brought up under its father's roof.

About nine months had elapsed, when he heard from Mrs. Graham that the child had suc-cumebd to an attack of croup. Wifeless and childless, he hurried down to look upon the tiny childless, he nurried down to look upon the tiny new-made grave, close to that of its mother-for little Willie was already buried. The farmer was ill with rheumatic fever, and Mrs. Graham was so worried and upset that Kendal did not speak with her long. He put away the past from him as a dream, and from that day to this he had never brought himself to visit the neighborhood again.

What, then, were his feelings on reading the letter received this morning? It was from the Vicar of Springmead, announcing the death of the aged woman Graham, who had been long widow, and enclosing a letter addressed to "Willie's Father." During her last illness she had fully confessed to the clergyman the imposture of which she had been guilty, begging, how ever, that it might not be revealed to her son-inlaw till she had passed beyond his wrath. Kendal's boy was still alive and nearly seven years old; it was her neighbor's child that had died in infancy, but her great love for her grandson and dread of losing him had tempted her to take advantage of the circumstance to retain her darling with her. The Vicar had soon traced Mr. Darcy, the barrister, to his abode, and he wrote that Mrs. Graham, even at the last, did not seem to realize the extent of her wrong doing; it seemed to her partly excused by the indulgent care lavished on the child she had taught to call her "grannie," and by the fact that she had never accepted the help of a farthing from her son-in-law since she had imposed upon him. Since her husband's death the small farm had suffered great misfortunes; it appeared that it was to be sold, and the proceeds were to pay the debts the widow's slender means had forced her to contract.

"My blue-eyed baby alive," cried Kendal, as if speaking to himself—" given back to me as it ly, though I fancy he was disagreeably surpriswere from the grave! I can even forgive the cruel wrong in the joy that is swallowing up every other feeling-the joy to know that my son is not dead !

At that moment I almost hated my husband his heart seemed so far from me and my baby that a passion of jealous anger seemed rending my soul. With bitter, cutting words did I reproach him for his deceit, and his only answer was a silent look of pain ; but when, incensed by his quiet manner, I began to hint that the child's training had not been such as to fit him for our house, I saw my husband angry with me for the first time in his life.

"A child of six or seven," said he, "can scarcely be considered as trained to perfectioneven Frank at that age will sometimes need our fond correction; but I suppose he will be no less our much-loved son."

"Frank has nothing to do with the present matter," was my haughty reply; "my son will always be a gentleman."

I was ashamed of my words as soon as spoken but Kendal made no reply. He walked up and down the room for several minutes ere he said-

"I am going down to Springmead to-day, and shall probably bring Willie home on Wednesday evening. Come, mamma," he added tenderly, "I know I can trust your woman's heart towards

him."
"You are mistaken," rejoined I quickly, "if you suppose I shall trouble myself in the least concerning him. I never arranged for the trying life of a step-mother. Frank's nurse had quite enough to attend to himself now. If you take my advice you will send him to a thoroughly select school for some time before you bring him home."

"You will allow me to decide that matter," said Kendal coldly. "My house is my son's home. I will take care that no trouble concerning him shall fall upon yourself or nurse.

Millicent"—and he tried to take my hand—"do not let us prolong our first disagreement. You must know how deep is my love for my wife and our baby, but you would despise me in your heart if I felt no yearning towards my first-born.

"I have no wish to make matters unpleasant," returned I, withdrawing my hand. "I only wish to know where the child is to sleep, only wish to know where the child is to sleep, for the nurse will object to have another one in the nursery, and the rooms are all disposed of."

"He can have the small red-room for a bedroom," answered Kendal courtly.

I had always meant to have this room for a

day-nursery by-and-by, and I was not at all pleased to find my plans frustrated. Without another word or look toward my husband, I hurried up stairs to my baby to pour into his unconscious ears all my indignant and tumultuous feelings.

My husband tried to reconcile me to the fact of the child's residence with us. I saw that he was as displeased with my conduct as I was with his own. But surely I had cause to be angry. Not only was I a second wife—a position to which I had a strong objection—but a vulgar farm-bred boy was to come amongst us, stealing from my baby the father's love and rights of the first-born that should have been his.

Bitter tears did I shed that day beside the cradle when Kendal had left for Springmead with a "Good-bye, Millicent," called from the bottom of the stairs. I imagined that I had already become less dear to him, and laid the whole blame of the unpleasantness upon the boy who had come between us

who had come between us. "Never mind, my baby!" I cried, pressing my lips against little Frank's velvet cheek. "We will love and comfort one another through itall."

On Wednesday I received a long fond letter from my husband, full of tender words for myself and baby, blaming himself for his secrecy, and pleading very hard for a mother's love for his son, however troublesome he might prove at first. He said that he had already seen my parents, having stopped for that purpose when half way to Springmead, and that they had treated him with a forbearing kindness he could nev-er forget. Instead of adding this letter to the precious packet in my dressing-case, I tore it up after the first perusal; I was far too angry with

my fate to be just toward my husband.

I asked my cousin Mrs. Tudor to spend the day with me, and she came to lunch, accom-panied by her two children, and her sister Miss their presence would take away some of the awkward nervousness with which I looked forward to Kendal's return. I did not enlarge on the facts of the case, but told them that Mr. Darcy had been deceived as to the death of his first wife's child, taking it for granted that they were aware of a previous marriage. My cousin were aware of a previous marriage. My cousin showed neither surprise nor curiosity, whatever their feelings may have been. Miss Clemence hoped that Willie would be a good boy and give me no trouble; and Mrs. Tudor, turning to her boy and girl, expensively dressed in the height of feehing hered they would be good friends. of fashion, hoped they would be good friends with the new cousin that they would see that evening.

It was nearly six e'clock when a cab drew up to the door, and I heard my husband's voice through the open window. A tastefully-spread tea waited upon the table—for we had made a luncheon of our dinner, as Archie and Beatrice Tudor could not be kept out late. We were laughing and chatting pleasantly with Kendal came in; little Frank in his very best lace robe, lay fast asleep in my lap, and I had no intention of waking him by disturbing my position in

ed at their presence; at any rate, he went back into the hall, saying—

"Run up stairs with Martha, Willie, and get

yourself tidy, for tea is quite ready

"I have engaged a nurse for Willie at a registry office," said Kendal to me in an undertone; "he is far from strong, and Martha will see to him entirely. Sturdy fellow this!" he added, turning to Miss Clemence as he bent to kiss the

I knew that he wanted me to look at him, that he might read my feelings in my eyes; but I kept my face resolutely bent down, in deep displeasure that a servant had been added to our household independently of my own will and

Kendal was thoroughly nervous when he brought his son into the room and bade him shake hands all round. My careless glance

as I touched his hand revealed a thin, pale child, very awkward and frightened, in a black sailor suit of country make, presenting a marked contrast to the self-possessed little Tudors who stared at him with the curiosity incident to their age. It was a religious that he may be religiously that he was a supplication of the religiously that he was a supplication of the religiously that he religiou their age. It was a relief that he was not vulgar looking; however, I chose to mistake his shyness for ill-breeding, and determined to punish Kendal thoroughly through the child. tle Willie sat beside his father at tea, and find-ing his child so little noticed, Kendal lavished upon him a fondness that inflamed my jealousy very moment. His first choice at table being a slice of very rich cake, of which the smallest morsel was sufficient for children, my husband, with the thoughtlessness of a man, heaped his plate with it. I knew that such a meal after a ong journey would certainly harm the boy, but I had not the grace to clothe my remonstrance pleasantly. I turned to Kendal with the cold

'That slice should be divided between the three children; no child could eat so much rich

"It won't hurt Willie," said Kendal obstinately ; and without noticing me further, he turned to converse with Mrs. Tudor.

I noticed, however, that after the first taste, little Willie only crumbled his food, gazing round the table with crimsoning cheeks and gulping down his tea as though forcing back something in his throat. I was becoming as nervous as the child, for I had a horror of

scenes and I knew very well what was coming.

"Eat your cake, Willie, like a man," said
my husband, as a lull in the conversation took

place.
"I am afraid he has a very poor appetite,"
remarked Miss Clemence; "he has eaten noth-

ing as yet."

Dismayed to find himself the general attention, Willie hastily swallowed a piece of cake, and then what I had forseen took place. He buried his face in his small thin hands, and, pushing away his plate, burst out crying. If my husband had been absent, I must have taken motherless boy in my arms and hushed him as I did my own Frank; as it was, I looked at the sleeping child on the couch, and remarked that he would be ill at night if suddenly awak-ened. Miss Clemence told Willie nobody would love him if he was not well-behaved; Mr. Tudor Archie abruptly produced a stick of chocolate from his pocket and forced it between Willie's fingers, and little Beatrice twisted her arms around his neck, whispering, " Please don't

cry, cousin."
"The child is tired out," ne child is tired out," said I; "he cries only from fatigue. He had better go to bed and have something to eat there."

Kendal was very more.

have something to eat there."

Kendal was very much annoyed at this public manifestation. He gave me a look of almost disgust at the indifference of my tones, and then, raising Willie in his arms, he carried him away. The last sound I heard was, "Grannie! I do want my grannie!" and the wailing cry haunted me throughout the evening.

From that time a great coldness arose between

From that time a great coldness arose between my husband and myself; while outwardly the same united couple, both were conscious that a barrier, in the shape of little Willie, really separated us. It so happened that this was term time, when Kendal was constantly occupied from home; but, when we were together, I easily recognized the absence of his former little tenderness, and my heart grew harder and harder against the little child who, I chose to believe,

had usurped my place.
Willie was left entirely to the management of his nurse, a person whose cringing manners to-wards myself at once prejudiced me against her. She was constantly complaining to me of the wilfulness of her charge, and I told her at last that he had been under her sole control for several weeks, and I had hoped for a report of a slight improvement at least. My great wish was to get the child away to school; evil passions once encouraged pervert the better nature, and despite the occasional whispers of conscience, I threw off all responsibility concerning him, dis-liking even the sound of his voice or the men-tion of his name. If Kendal was displeased with his home-training, why did he not send him

"That boy is always crying," said my husband, irritably, one morning, as he pulled on his gloves in the hall. "I wonder what is the matter now.'

"It is perfectly dreadful at his age," returned I. "Mamma will be here next week, and I am sure the noise will quite upset her."

"Willie must go to school next quarter," said he; "it will be altogether better for him than this house.

He turned towards the door, for our fond adieux were things of the past; but I saw before us a return of the old happy days, when Willie should no longer be an ever-present source of disagreement, and my heart went out yearningly

towards my husband. "You might spare me a kiss," said I, coloring, and put my hand on his arm.

There was a sort of affection in his look, as he answered sternly-

"When I have once seen you kiss my child, I shall know you care for such tokens from me Till then, let neither of us pretend regard, Mil-

"Be it so," said I, with angry pride. "You will never see me kiss that boy. I hate the sight of him !"

"Take care of what you are saying," remarked Kendal, quietly; "those are dangerous words to utter."

He had just left the house when Willie's creaming reached a higher pitch than ever, and I hurried up stairs in a rage, determined to exercise my authority at once, to show the child such an annoyance was unbearable. Pushing open the door of the room where Martha gave him his meals, I beheld a scene that fully accounted for his cries. The nurse held both his wrists in a cruel grasp, and was beating him unmercifully about the head.

"Say I'm tipsy again, you rascal!" said she in thick stupid tones. "You'll tell your pa I was tipsy all night, will you, when I was rolling in agony with the spasms? I have a mind to kill you, I have—and I will, too, if you go to tale-bearing to your pa!"

I wrenched the child from her hold, and con-

fronted the astonished woman. My fear of intoxication was completely overpowered by my indignation, and I spoke calmly and decisively.

Go to bed, Martha, you are unfit for your duties to-day. When you are better, I shall see

Her angry gaze changed slowly into a dull stare as she perceived my firm expression, and she sank into an arm chair where I knew she would sleep off the effects of her over-indul-I slipped the door-key into my pocket, and retreated, in my excitement, carrying Willie as easily as an infant. Frank's nurse looked thoroughly surprised when I entered her domain with my step-son sobbing hysterically in my arms; but my recital did not astonish her.

"I had no idea it was as bad as that, ma'am," said the nurse, "for Martha keeps herself to herself, and seldom allows her fellow-servants inside her rooms; but we all suspected she drank, for we smelt spirits often enough."
"But why did nobody tell me?" I asked,

crying myself as the nurse gently revealed the blue marks on Willie's shoulders. "This child

has been barbarously treated."
"Well, ma'am, we don't think it our place to carry tales so long as you were satisfied.

Many a time have I told Martha that Master
Willie ought not to cry so much, but she always said that she had your permission to punish him as she chose when he was troublesome.'

I felt the reproach her words conveyed to my conscience, and I knew it was deserved.

"Get him some breakfast, nurse," said I; "the things were only half laid on the table, and he has had nothing this morning. Now, Willie, I want to know all about Martha—come, tell mamma everything.'

She hasn't been quite so bad before," replied the little fellow, looking up into my face, "but she is always sipping some stuff from a bottle in her pocket, and it makes her so cross. Last night she was angry because I was in here playing with baby, and she sent me to bed without supper. She said that I took tales to the other servants, and that I had no business here; she told me you wouldn't have me touch baby because I was only his step-brother, and I was in his way, and you'd be glad if I was dead— but that's a story, isn't it?"

He fastened upon me his great earnest blue eyes, just like my husband's. I was crying fast—crying away all my unnatural hardness—and for answer I stooped down and kissed him.

"I knew it was a story," said Willie. "I do like you to nurse me, mamma; it feels like

"Did Martha dress you this morning, Master Willie? asked nurse, returning with some bread-and-milk and a little minced chicken.

"No. she sat up in the chair all night. She was asleep there this morning whe : I went in to see if breakfast was ready. I had dressed myself, see if breakfast was ready. I nad dressed myseli, and I woke her up and told her so. I began to cry, and said she was tipsy when she stared so oddly at me, and then she hit me because I tried to get away to tell papa."

"Master told me I was never to interfere with

Martha, but just attend to baby," said nurse indignantly, "else I'd have found out directly why he was screaming. Never mind, Master Willie; it's all right now."

"Nurse," suggested I, "I think we could have Master Willie's little bed in here. I wish you could undertake both the children, or, at least try it for a time. I can rely on you, and of course your wages would be altered. He would

not be much in your way."
"I am quite agreeable, ma'am," said nurse "Baby has taken wonderfully to Master Willie, and he always does what I tell him; but I can' have that naughty cough in my nursery, sir, I tell you.

"I don't cough for fun, nurse, declared Willie.

"I'll try to keep quiet—I will indeed."
"He has a nasty hacking cough at nights," en Wil dried, was playing bo-peep with baby in the berceaunette. "It goes right through you, ma'am. I doubt if he's long for this world after

"What a foolish idea!" said I hastily looking at the white face and slender frame, and wondering, with a sudden flash of horror, if my lack of love was thus to be punished by Heaven by The womanly yearnings crushed hitherto by jealousy, broke down every barrier then. I was myself at last, and my heart opened to take in my husband's child.

I longed to see and speak to Kendal again, and looked forward anxiously to his return. I was sadly disappointed when Mr. Tudor came to tell me that my husband, who shared his chambers, had been summoned to Exeter on legal business and might be detained some days. He had sent a list of certain requisites, and these I packed at once and despatched to the station to loved me, my cup of happiness was full.

follow him. I could not bring myself to write one line of all that I felt.

Mr. Tudor soon relieved my disquietude as to dealing with Martha. After a brief interview between them, in which he acted for Kendal, she quietly accepted a month's money in lieu of notice, and bestowed herself and her belongings in a cab, with a few threats and impertinence concerning myself and her late situation which

highly amused the cabman.

"She's gone!" shouted Willie, clapping his thin hands for joy. "Won't I have a good time now, mamma?

After this Willie's health did not seem to improve, and, broken-hearted, I realised one morning, as the rising sun was parting the gray clouds in the east, that all my care for my patient was in vain, a slight attack of pleurisy, anxiously watched by myself and a West-end physician I had sommoned, had taken a fatal turn on the previous evening, and we had tele graphed directly to his father, who had pre-ceeded directly to Ireland from Exeter.

Closer my boy clung to me with all his feeble strength. Baby was crying in the nursery, missing my presence there; but even his voice could not draw me from that bed-side. I would have died myself to save my other child, cut off in the very blossom of his days—a victim per-haps to the neglect which had left his warning cough unattended to. Unspeakably dear had Kendal's son become to me of late; his innocent lips had prattled to me of better things than my careless thoughts had hitherto heeded.

One evening footsteps came hurrying upstairs, and I was quickly pushed aside by my husband's hand. I knew what his first-born was to him as I noticed his evident distress. His emotion pained the child, who was placid himself with

the shadow of coming peace.
"Doctor Steane, tell me there is hope—there must be hope!" appealed my husband to the physician, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"I'm not afraid, papa dear," said Willie faintly, as Doctor Steane sadly shook his head. said Willie "But I cannot-I cannot let you go, my poor little boy!

A solemn silence fell over us, broken only by my husband's sobs; my own heart was too full to find relief in tears. I started convulsively when at the last there came a great cry, "My mamma!" and the little arms were stretched towards me. How could I ever wilfully put away my boy's tenderness? Just then I would at any cost have purchased a renewal of our term of

The rest is all to me as a dream-a vision of frightened faces, morning shadows superseding the candlelight, and a little figure calm as the flowers on which the sun was rising—an indis-tinct memory of stifled sobs, agitated whispers, baby cries, and through it all a boy's clear voice faintly recalling his daily prayer-

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child."

I knew I was forgiven as I stood in the stillness of the solemn room and tenderly looked my last at him who would so soon be removed from our sight. The heavenly calm of little Willie's face spoke peace to my troubled soul; the love that had given him rest had pardon too for me. I could not bear to remain there long; one mother's kiss I gave him—a parting kiss that refused to part—and then I left him as before, with the pure white roses strewn around him and the lilies on his breast. And my husband, who had followed me in unperceived, took me in his arms with a fondness that had a new element

in it.
"Dear love," said he, pressing his lips to mine, "I have learnt all now; and what remains untold I read in his eyes that morning as he looked upon you. Heaven reward you, my Millicent!"

I put down my head upon his shoulder and cried there for the first time since our sorrow cried out all the feelings I had no words to tell.

### THE HEIRLOOM.

The pearl cross was an heirloom. Etta wore it the first time I ever saw her, and I noticed its beauty as it rested upon a knot of deep blue ribbons at her throat. Ribbons and pearls both suited her fair complexion, deep golden hair, and brown eves, soft as a fawn's.

I think I loved Henrietta Raymond the first hour in which I met her at a small party my Aunt Hilda gave in honour of my return from a long business trip in Western cities. When the party was over Aunt Hilda told me that Miss Raymond was the niece of a new-comer in a retired clergyman, a house very near our own.

Had she been a great heiress or a very fine lady, I might never have drawn her into my heart of hearts, as I did very soon. But she was a loving girl, possessing no worldly wealth, and we met on terms of perfect social equality.

I was an orphan, who owed education, care, everything to Aunt Hilda, who had an income so very narrow that it must have cost her many

acts of self-denial to support me. But at the time I met Etta Raymond I had obtained a good situation in a commercial house in New York, and was putting all my spare funds into Aunt Hilda's keeping for her own comfort.

I had been absent more than a year on business for the firm, and was enjoying a vacation of a month's duration, when I met, wooed and won Henrietta Raymond. I courted her with all my heart; and when she acknowledged she

wordly prospects before him, was averse to an immediate marriage, but gave his hearty consent to our engagement. How the time speeded away, and how much of it we spent side by side in that happy summer!

A year passed, during which I was retained closely at my post in the counting house, having responsibilities and duties that kept me far into the night. As summer drew near, I was troubled by frequent attacks of vertigo, that I looked forward to my month's vacation as a much needed rest as well as pleasure. To my great disappointment it was postponed until September, and I was really ill when at last I packed my trunk and took the train for home. Before I saw Etta I was prostrated by an attack of fever that threatened my life, depriving me of consciousness for weeks. When I recovered of consciousness for weeks. When I recovered there fell upon me a blow that caused a dangerous relapse. I was blind. Our only doctor said hopelessly, incurably blind.

It was impossible for many bitter months for

me to feel resigned or patient. I prayed to die, rather than to live in my youth and strength a burden upon a weak and aged woman. My gifts to Aunt Hilda were melting away fast under medical expenses, and there was only her own

small income for our support.

But for Etta, I believe I should have taken my own life in these dark, despairing days. Yet she was a very angel of comfort. She refused to accept my offered release from her engagement, and actually proposed an immediate marriage and emigration to New York, where she was sure she could find work. Oh, my darling! how my heart wrapped you close in those dark days, when all other hope or joy seemed stricken from my life. Every day as I sat in our tiny parlor, helpless and idle, Etta came to me, pressing her soft lips upon my blind eyes, and whispering words of confort.

She read to me, talked to me, sang and played upon Aunt Hilda's old-fashioned piano all my favourite airs. If the weather was fine we walked out, Etta leading me to retired spots.

But I mourned for my future! What was life to be to me? I must learn some new pursuit to win bread, or depend upon charity. I was well again and strong, and every drop of my young

blood was in revolt at my enforced idleness.

At Christmas time, Mr. Raymond's only son came from Chicago for a visit. I had heard of Albert Raymond from Aunt Hilda. From his mother he had inherited a fortune, and he had loved his cousin Etta. Because of her refusal to be his wife he had gone to Chicago, where he was adding to his heritage by successful land speculations.

I was prepared to be jealous of Albert Ray-mond, for Etta always spoke highly of him, giving him warm sisterly affection. But after he came, though he was cordially pleasant with me, I hated him. Before he had been home a week I knew that he and Etta had some secret between them. I could grope my way by that time to several of the neighbouring houses, and was often Etta's visitor, as she had been mine when I was getting well.

More than once, coming across the garden, I could hear Etta and Albert conversing in an animated, eager tone, to stop abruptly the moment I appeared, or awkwardly to introduce general subjects I was sure were not the subjects of the original conversation. A visitor came from New York to Mr. Raymond's, a friend of Albert's; and Etta insisted upon my inviting him to my aunt's house.

He was a gruff-spoken man, and talked incessantly of my affliction. Knowing how I shrank from any conversation, from any sympathy upon this subject, Etta had always delicately led all such talk away from it. But, to my surprise, she encouraged this stranger, and fairly wrung from me every symptom, both pending and during my illness.

When he went away, she accompanied him home, though I offered to escort her over a little later.

It was a week after this, and Albert had been away, when he returned suddenly. Coming into the room, he said, "Etta, it will be all

right."
Then seeing me, I am sure, he made some awkward explanation about money investments. But Etta grew very silent, and soon after I heard a pencil over paper. Albert was writing! heard a pencil over paper. A few minutes later he left the room, and very soon Etta asked me to excuse her for a moment. and followed him. I groped my way to the table, where I was sure I had heard Albert writing. Nothing there! I felt about, till a small piece of paper was found close beside Etta's chair. She had trusted to my blindness

for its remaining undiscovered.

I was half mad with jealous pain, and I somehow got to Mr. Raymond's study.

"Will you read that for me?" I asked.

Without other answer, he read:
"I must speak to you. Will wait in the summer-house."
"Thank you," I said.
"What is it?" he asked.

"What is it?" he asked.
"The wrong note. I will find the other."
I went away then, to the summer-house, softly as a thief, guarding my steps on the frozen ground. They were there, and I could hear Albert's voice. As I came near, I heard Etta—"Ah, Albert, I will love you all my life for this!"

She was crying too. I could tell that by her broken voice.

I turned away and went home. It was a cold day, and I was utterly miserable. Aunt Hilda reflect Shirts for \$1 insisted upon nursing me, and I submitted, Street East, Hamilton.

Her uncle, Mr. Raymond, when I placed my brooding over my secret pain, seeking no sym-

pathy.

It was but natural Etta should turn from the blind lover, who was but a disappointment, to the handsome young man of fortune who had loved her so long. I would try to give her up, loved her so long. I would not in anger, but tenderly.

But I could not. Albert returned to Chicago, and every day Etta became dearer to me. She was the light of my life. She gave me every hour she could spare from her duties to her uncle and his house, and she spoke of our future as surely te be passed together. I had no courage to tell her I suspected her secret, and only in my lonely hours did I dwell upon

the remembrance of Albert's visit.

The long winter wore away, and early spring was gone, and when May blossoms were burst-

ing Etta came one morning to me.
"Do you remember Doctor Sanderson?" she

"Your cousin's friend?"

"Yes. He is a great oculist."

My heart seemed to stand still. "He came from New York solely to see you. and he warned us that we must give you no exciting hope for some months. Perfect tranquility, he told us, was the great hope for the

recovery of your sight." "Recovery of my sight!" I cried. "He thinks that possible?"
"He thinks it more than possible. If you

improved in strength as you have done all the winter, he was certain he could successfully operate this month."

erate this month.

I could not speak. Very gently Etta told me
her cousin's kindness. He had gone to the of her cousin's kindness. city solely to find this doctor, who was no more his friend than he was the friend of any other patient. He had brought him to see me, and then burdened my Etta with his secret instruc-tions. Even Mr. Raymond and Aunt Hilda

were ignorant of this loving conspiracy.

It humiliated me to think of the part I had taken, the unworthy construction I had placed upon Etta's outburst of gratitude. But she should never know I had doubted her, even for

an hour.
"Tell me," I said, "when this doctor will come again.

'He is here, waiting to see you."

He came in soon after, and there was no reluctance then in my answers to his searching questions. He examined my eyes closely, and gave me a promise of sight in less than two

And he kept his word. After the operation he gave strict directions for bandaging and confinement in a dark room, till, at the end of six long weeks, he came again, and let me see once more the blessed daylight and Etta's face.
From that hour I gained hope and courage

again, and when my eyes were perfectly restored returned to New York. I was expressly forbidden to resume my old duties, but the firm gave me a position as salesman and a good

Etta waited another year for me, when my great-uncle left me a legacy that enabled me to marry, having a sure income.

It was not until we had been married over a year that Etta asked me one day if I could spare her seven hundred dollars.

"Certainly," I replied.
"Do you wonder what I want of so much money?" she asked.

I did not wonder, for we had no secrets in our life, and my wife usually told me where she spent her money.

"I will tell you," she said. "I want to buy back my pearl cross."
"You sold that!" I cried. "I thought you

valued that above all your possessions!"

"But not above your eyesight! Dr. Sanderson was paid \$500 for the operation, not the \$50 you supposed."

"That was part of our secret. Albert would have given me the money, but I would not let you owe your sight to any one save me. So he took my cross, and sold it for \$700 here in New The man who bought it agreed to keep it for a time for me, and to-day Albert told me he could get it again."

I shall always think the cross had never been

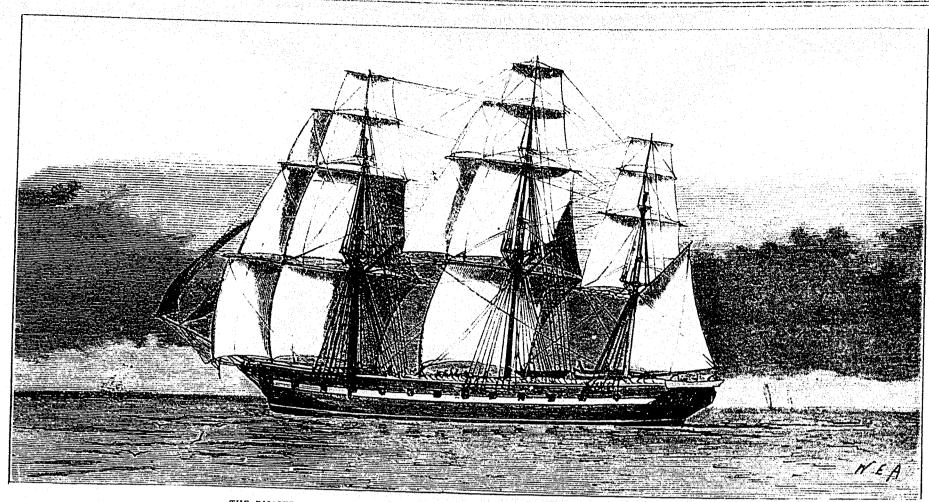
out of Albert's possession, and he was too delicate to give it again to Etta. But he was in New York on a wedding tour, about to sail for Europe, and he gave his cousin the opportunity to redeem the heirloom.

My wife wears the pearl cross whenever she is in gala dress, and I never see it upon her fair throat but my heart swells in loving gratitude to the faithful woman who sacrificed it, the for me, to restore to treasure she own me the lost blessing of sight.

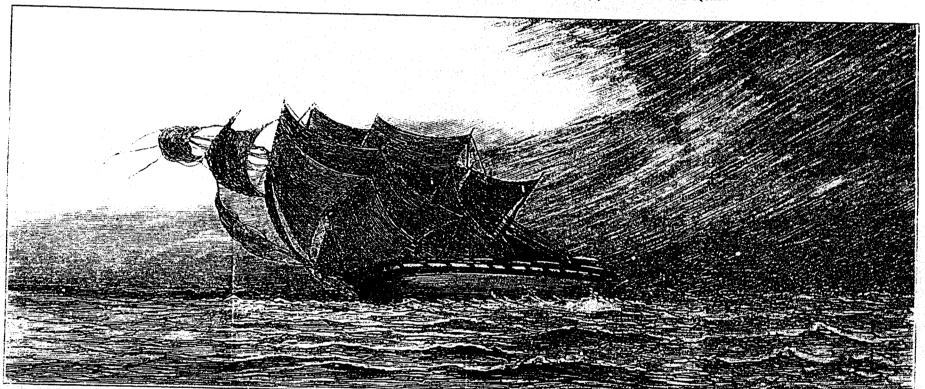
# IT ACTS WITH PROMPTITUDE.

PHOSFOZONE in the form of an ELIXIR, delicately and agreeably flavoured, may be prescribed to the most delicate patient without fear of rejection by the stomach. Judiciously administered, it has been found to act invariably with promptitude, establishing most beneficial changes without causing inconvenience or injurious constitutional reactions. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine vendors throughout the country. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

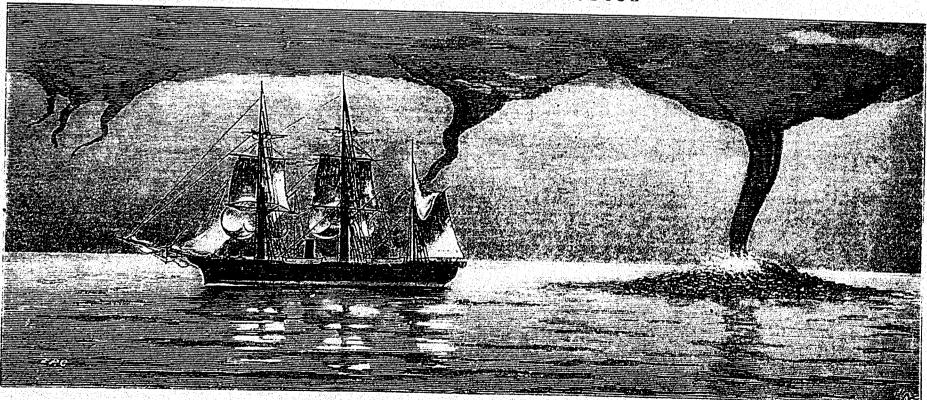
If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and eard for self-measurement, and get six of Treble's Perfect Shirts for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King



THE DISASTER IN THE CHANNEL-H.M.S. "EURYDICE" OFF DUNNOSE, JUST BEFORE THE SQUALL



THE LOSS OF H. M. S. "EURYDICE" ON HER BEAM-ENDS, JUST AFTER THE SQUALL



SKETCHES FROM THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA-ILM.S. "BOXER" SURROUNDED BY WATERSPOUTS



VENICE.—SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.

# LA DAME BLANCHE.

1.

The representation of Boieldien's opera at the Theatre Royal, in this city, has revived the memory of his works. Among the principal of these is "La Dame Blanche," one of the most popular "La Dame Blanche," one of the most popular operas of the French school. It is in constant rehearsal on all the stages of Europe, and last extraordinary success. For some reason or other, it has hitherto been almost unknown in the United States, but I was gratified to read the on the one hand, and opera bouffe on the other, is a mine of musical wealth, which it would pay any enterprising impression to open and develop for the benefit of the American public. This kind of composition is not necessarily comic, as its name would imply, but its characteristic is that spoken dialogue alternates with contabile parts and that the recitatives are declaimed, not sung. The only opera of that class with which we have hitherto been made acquainted in this country is Auber's "Fra Dravelo," and both the dramatic effects and charming melodies of that work ought to stimulate our relish for other compositions akin to it. Germany, Russia and England are much more appreciative. In the tormer country, French Opera-Comique has always retained a place of honour, and among the favourite impersonations of Wachtel, who was among us last winter, is the hero of Adolphe Adam's "Postillion de Lonjumeau." In Russia Baieblieu resided for ten years, and his "Caliphe de Bagdad," so well known everywhere by its richly wrought overture, is a stock piece at the Imperial Opera House of St. Petersburg. No. season is considered complete in London without the reproduction of Herold's "Zampa" or Halevy's "La Juive."

Some of the greatest composers of Europe. recognizing the poculiar mornts of the French School, and the avenues it opens to distinction, have contrived to associate their names therewith. Cherubini wrote his "Deux Journees;" Rossini his "Comte D'Ory;" Meyerbeer, his "Pardon de Ploermel; Flotow, his "Martha;" Denizetti, his "Fille du Regiment," for the French stage. The best of Balfe's works were composed for the same scene, and, indeed, the tamons frishman's genius bore the unmistakeable stamp of the French spirit.

As I have said, "La Dame Blanche" is a masterpiece. It is founded on simple material, but romantic and dramatic incidents abound, thanks to the wonderful skill of Scribe who was the librettist. This man had an instinct of the stage which amounted to intuition, and it is doubtful whether his place will ever be sucressfully filled. He gauged exactly the peculiar talent of all the composers for whom he wrote, and adapted his situations, and even the cut of his strophes, so as to lead them on and inspire them, instead of following in their wake. His name will share the immortality of Rossin's "Guillaume Tell," Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable," Auber's "Muette de Portici," Adam's "Chalet," and Boieldieu's "Dame Blanche."

The tradition of the White Lady is entertained in several of the oldest royal families of Europe and has passed into literature. Stuarts, in the day of disaster, were haunted by the snowy phantom; Louis XVI, referred mournfully to the visitation on the eve of his death: it is seen gliding at critical intervals through the palace of the House of Orange, and it is only the other day that we read of a Hohenzellern having caught a glimpse of it in a leafy avenue at Suns Souci. Sir Walter Scott After your departure yesterday he found others, has made imperishable The White Lady of And he has written nothing prettier." Avenel, and it is from him that Scribe took the idea of his libretto. When he went to Boieldieu with the manuscript, he found the master hard at work on a poem of the old school by Bouilly, which he had the utmost difficulty to convert into musical language. The work was "Les Deux Nuits," written by the pedantic old poet as a pendant to "Les Deux Journées," which, with the co-operation of Cherubini's score, had achieved a great success some thirty years previous. Fortunately for our two young authors, the tenor, Martin, to whom the principal character of Bouilly's opera was consecrated, retired from the stage at this time, and, as he could not possibly be replaced, Boieldien found himself at task was of the most congenial nature, and he proceeded through the first two acts with the rush of inspiration. He had more trouble with the third and concluding act. It is always interesting to trace the steps through which mas terpieces of art and literature have been executed, and in the present instance we are fortunate enough to have an account of Boieldieu's troubles from his favourite pupil, Adam, the reauthor of "Le Postillion" and "Le Brassen, de Preston."

11

Boieldieu, like Rossini, worked in bed, leaving it in busy times only four or five hours a day. It was thus that he composed "La Dame Blanche." One morning when Adam called, as usual, the master complained to him that, after having racked his brains during the whole night, he could find nothing for his third act except a treble oria, an unimportant little chorus, a trifling duet for female voices, and a finale without any development.

"I should have a great piece for effect," he continued, "and I have only a meagre charus of villagers exclaiming Vice, vice Monseigneur! Scribe has written on the margin that the pea-sants must throw their caps aloft, a poor that who created respectively the roles of Georges and cannot throw their caps in the air for a quarter gem was saved. of an hour. An idea struck me last night, however, which may be worth something. I was reading in Walter Scott that an individual, reeason was produced at the London Gaiety with turning to his native country after a long absence, hears from afar and recognizes an air which he had known in his childhood. If, instead of a chorus of acclamation, the villagers aunouncement that Clara Louise Kellogg in sang to Georges an old Scotch ballad which he tended including it in her repettory during the | would sufficiently remember to be able to take it present season. The whole series of French up and continue it, don't you think that the comic opera, as distinguished from grand opera, situation would be musical."

"Certainly," replied the pupil. "It would be clauming and you would till up your third act very niecly

"Yes, but I have no words for that," objected Boieldieu.

"M. Scribe lives close by."

"I cannot go to him, sick as I am."

"But I am perfectly well and will go at once. Without waiting for an answer, Adam ran over to Scribe's who resided at a very short distance. Scribe accepted the idea even more

eagerly than the young disciple had done.
"Go back to Boieldieu," said he, "tell him that it is excellent; that there is a great success in it; that the third act is safe, and that he will ave his words in a quarter of an hour.

The pupil hastily returned with the good news to his master, and the next morning he had the pleasure of hearing that delicious piece which did not indeed create the success of "La Dame Blanche," but tended powerfully to increase it.

I have mentioned the tacility with which the whole others was composed, but there is another interesting anecdots about what may be termed the spindle couplets, which deserves to be published, as illustrating the accidents to which strokes of genius are often indebted. One evening, the same Adam went to Boieldien's for his The two were alone and the master reprated a few stanzas which he had set to music the day before. They did not appear to the pupil as altogether worthy of the rest of the work, and without venturing to express an obinion, his countenance must have sufficiently indicated his thoughts, for Boickfieu seized the occasion to prove that he too was dissatisfied with himself, and, before the young man had time to interpose a word, he tore up the couplets and flung them into the basket. At the exclamations which Adam uttered over this unexpected display of vivacity, the wife of the composer rushed into the room, and it was against her that Boieldieu turned his wrath.

"Here," said he, "is one who is honest. He considered the bars detestable which you wanted me to keep. He has not disguised it. I have destroyed them and will write others.

It was in vain that the pupil tried to exense himself by protesting that he had said nothing. The master would not listen to reason, and accused his wife of weakness for his productions. She, on the other hard, reproached Adam with not sparing her husband who was killing himself with work, and she added that he was wanting in good taste and friendship.

To escape from this steim, the young man had

no other alternative than a hasty retreat, and, the next day, at the lesson hour, when he was obliged to return, he felt considerable embarrassment. He rang the bell timidly, fearing to meet some angry face at the door, but the first person he saw was Madame Beieldieu, whose

countenance was radiant.
"Ah, my poor Adam," she exclaimed, "but you did well to make him re-write his couplets.

She drew him to the piano where Boieldien was singing to old Mother Desbrosses the touching and warmly-coloured strophes: "Tournez, fuscaux legers, "turn, O lightsome spindles." Boildien desired Madame Desbrosses to sing them to him, but the venerable artist wept with pleasure and sympathy, and was neadle to proceed, and all the others wept with her. years later, these tears were renewed when this same air was played at Pere La Chaise as the coffin of the illustrious composer was lowered to

its last resting place.

111.

It was only a few evenings ago that Lassisted at a concert given by one of the best orchestras of the country. I sat in a corner with a programme in my hand, but had not looked at it, when suddenly I heard a passage in which the soft strains of the violins answered, in an echo, the veiled thunder of the 'cellos and counter basses. It was the beautiful overture of "La Dame Blanche," and I murmired the words—

La Dame Blanche vous regarde. La Dame Bianche vous entend. Prenez garde!

And as the music proceeded, I recalled the singular circumstances under which this overture was composed. The opera had been mounted in three weeks. At one of the last rehearsals, the faithful Adam, with others of his fellow-pupils, was in the pit with Boieldien. Pixerecourt, the manager of the theatre, was in a belony on the left. After the piece, entitled the "duet of had been repeated, he called out to fear. Boieldien : -

"This due is too long. There is too much music in the act."

" Very well," replied Boieldien, "let us cut it

down. I am not particular." "But we are very particular," interposed the great artists, Ponchard and Madame Boulanger, the passage must be animated and brief. They Jenny. And it is due to them that the little

This rehearsal appeared so satisfactory that the manager decided the open should be performed two days thereafter. Baieldien remonstrated, saying that it was impossible as he had not commenced his overture, and was unable to write it in so brief an interval.

"That is none of my business," replied the matter-of-fact manager. "We will do without an overture if we must, but the work is ready, the contract is explicit, and "La Dame Blanche

will be played the day after to-morrow."

"Ab, my children," said Boieldien, turning to his two favourite pupils, Labarre, the cele-brated harpist, and Adam, "do not abandon me or I am lost. I cannot leave a work of this importance without an overture, and unless you assist me I shall never be able to get through

The two disciples followed their master home and thelabour was soon distributed among them. Boieldien took for himself the introduction, and the three devised the plan of the allegee. They first selected the motives. Laborre proposed. and consed to be adopted, is a first theme, one of the British airs which he had heard in England when giving harp concerts there, and which had been employed in the first-chorus. Adam proposed for the second theme to take up in Hegen the and ante of a certain trio. For final coda Boieldien referred them to the "Telemaque," one of the operas composed by him in Russia, in which his pupils were to find the elements of the peroration.

The three worked steadily. At eleven o'clock Boieldien had almost finished his introduction. Labarre bent over to the table where Adam sat. and whispering to him that he must absolutely go away, stepped out of the room. As he did not return, Boieldieu inquired about his absence. Adam was forced to confess that he was gone for the night.

"Ah, then, it is all over," exclaimed Boicldien, "my overture will not be finished. And the copyist who is to be here at six o'clock in the morning! I am tired out and must go to bed, but you will keep on working. Be careful, however, to give nothing to the copyist without showing it to me."

Adam relates in a humorous strain that, having finished the overture at four o'clock in the morning, he placed the score in a conspicuous part of the dining-room where it could easily be found and, proud of the idea of at length being able to hear music written by himself alone without review or correction, he took good care not to awake Boigldien, but went to sleep on a lounge in the drawing-room. At ten o'clock, he was aroused by the voice of Boieldien who inquired how things stood. Being informed of all that had hammened, and that the score had been duly carried off by the convist, he scolded his presumptuous disciple and sent him to the theatre to recover the manuscript. Adam acknowledges that he did not perform this errand, but, presending to return from the theatre. stated to his master that the sheets had been distributed to a mumber of copyists and that it was impossible to recover a single one. That night, at rehearsal, he hid himself in a corner to hear his part of the overture. All was going well, when suddenly, at a forte, a fearful discord broke out. He had transposed the parts of the horns and trumpets which were not in the same tone. The whole orchestra stopped.

Kreube, the conductor, consulted the score.

"What in the deuce have you put here?" said he to Boieldieu. "This is not your writing." The composer, who was naturally quite confused, explained the matter by saying that, being very much fitigued the night before, he had dictated to Adam, who probably was not quite awake himself and had idundered. mistake was soon repaired, and the rehearsal went on without further mishap. After the success of "La Dame Blanche," Boieldieu success of "La Dame Blanche," Boieldien wished to rewrite the overture, but he never did so, and it remains as it was first composed, with the rare advantage to recommend it that it pre-

cedes a masterpiece.

IV.

It is just fifty. Blanche" was firwas first performed at the Theatre Royal de L'Opéra Comique, in Paris. The original cast is worthy of record. Anne, the White Lady, was represented by Mme. Rigart ; Jenny, by Muie. Boulanger, one of the most genial ce lebrities of the French stage; Georges, the young English officer, by the famous tenor, Ponchard; Gaveston, the wicked intendant of Avenel, by Henry, and the faithful farmer Dikson, by Fercol. Roger, the renowned tenor, was later gloriously associated with the role of Georges Brown. The opera crossed the channel almost at once, and so far back as 1826, I find an adapation for Drury Lane, under the title of "The White Lady; or, the Spirit of Avenel." In this piece, among other performers, figured the names of Miss Kelly, the celebrated actress, and Charles Horn, afterwards connected with "Casper" and "Cherry Ripe." Another version was produced under the auspices of Madame Vestris, at Covent Garden, and Henry Philips greatly dis-

but I believe that the Covent Carden adaptation was pretty faithful to the original, retaining all its essential features. The music of the part of Jenny is particularly well suited to the voice of our American prima donna, while the dramatic character of the role will not prove too much of a strain. The part of Gaveston will I am certain, find a forcible, eloquent and picturesque interpreter in Mr. Henry Feakes. If the opera is properly mounted. I venture to predict that it will prove both an artistic and professional suc-But, beforeland, in the name of all lovers of music, and out of respect for the memory of Boicldien, I demand that the opera be given entire, without excisions, and especially without interpolations.

The exquisite Scotch ballad " Robin Adair" runs through the opera of " La Dame Blanche" like a silver thread, weaving its parts together, and appearing alone at intervals with the full force of orchestration. The idea is a novel one in composition, and proved so successful that it suggested to Plotow a similar introduction of the Irish song, "The Last Hose of Summer," in his "Matthe." Aubermade a like use of the his "Martho." Auber made a like use at the beautiful air "Sur er rocher lorutain," or, as it is known among us, "On youder rock reclining," with striking effect in "Fra Davolo," and notable in the last seene of the third act, when the bold bandit steps down proudly from the high rocks near Terrarina, in bottle-green tunie, white plumed has, and ritle on shoulder, while Repperkneels in the valley, with outstretched arms begging purlon for his treachers. and the orchestra minimum the sweet air in panaisamos dangs. The idea of introducing "Robin Abar" into his opera came to Barchica as I have related in the loginning of this jugar. The work of Walter Scott which the composit was making in but when the election dawned upon his fancy was " they Manneting." the herewhy hears a sought his chibilious, on returning to his native village, and joins in the refram, is no other than Henry Bertram. Thus it is that both "Cony Mannering." and "The Mayasters" enter into the confection of "La Dame Blanche." Ressim drew the inspiration of "La Dame del Laga," and Potazetti, that of his deligious. "Inches," from the same souther. The ballad of "Rohm Adair" is further assessing. ed with one of the most remarkly wishlests of Boieldieu's domestic garner on tale of love wai life's spring time which has all the charm of a pastoral. But the reheared of that lovely and pathetic stary would require a paper all to there It will be more to the partiese to subject a be

paragraphs on the initial steps of Horoldicals artistic existence, with the view of showing how his true vocation was decided, for, like many other gifted vestics before and spice, he began life by mistaking his powers and going altogeth er wrong. It was in the year 170%. The Reign of Terror vasover, and att, like a flower, was covering many a moral, social and material rain in France. The history of art during the French Revolution is a most curious study which doerros to be better known than it has hitherto. been. Hoteldien was only twenty years of ago He had already written a great signl and had even ventioned on a little opera which was represent sented with appliance in Remai, his native office. By the advice of his friends, and especially of his master, the organist of the Catherina of Brancis, he was embeddened to try his fortune on the Parisian stage. The added composers of period in the capital were theration, Mehest. Kreutzer and Jadiu. The same of the two fat. mer is world-wide; that of the two latter is using ly confined to France. These relabilities were in the habit of dining together every ten days and making mosts to each other, thus diverting their minds from the anxieties and perils of that turbulent epoch. To our of these dinners young Bowldien had the honour of being admitted of the strength of his meritorious musical beginnings. He cut rather a sarry figure during the repast, being awed by the presence and the brilliant conversation of his illustrious hosts. But Kreutzer took pity on him and did his best to put him at his ease. After the finner, he proposed that Bedeldien should station himself at the plane and rehearse his opera. The youth was an excellent plantst and had a most agreeable tenor voice, but the podges were not men to be blinded by the more charm of execution. Every now and then, the poor young man saw a long thin finger swoop silently down upon his wore, pointing to some fault in harmony or other musical solecism of which he was wholly unconscious. This was the finger of Chernbint, the most terrible and inexurable of censors Boichlien was both discouraged and terrified, but he went on with his play. At length hope began to dawn in his heart as he noticed that Cherubini's finger ceased to appear upon his paper. "The middle of my opera," thought he, "is worth more than the beginning. Perhaps the end will crown the whole." Suddenly he came to a passage which had been highly successful at Rouen, and which, he felt sure. would carry the judges with him. He stopped as if to ask their counsel, and hearing nothing, turned round, when, to his shame and consternation, he found that the room was empty. His hearers convinced of the worthlessness of the composition, but unwilling to dash the feelings of the young aspirant by expressing their verdict, had quietly slipped out of the apartment. Baleldion burst into tears, threw up his arms and was about giving way to despair, when Jadin, the youngest of his judges, returned. "My young friend," said he, "do not grow desperate. One may be a very skilltinguished himself in the part of Gaveston. I not grow desperate. One may be a very skill-do not know what version Miss Kellogg intends ful musician without being able to write an to use in her promised reproduction of the opera, opera. You are a good planist; you have a fine

voice. You can easily get along in the world with this double advantage. But if you must with this double advantage. But it you must write for the theatre, study the science of composition of which you have not yet learned the first elements." The lesson was a rude one, but Boieldien took it to heart and profited by it. Boieldieu took it to heart and profited by it. He began by giving lessons on the piano, but also applied himself seriously to the science of counterpoint in which he soon made such progress that he was allowed the rare privilege of becoming a disciple of Cherubini. In this transition period, he produced "La Dotte de Suzette," "Zeraide et Gulnare," "La Famille Suisse," "Montbreul et Verville," "Les Méprises Espagnoles," "Beniowsky," and "Le Caliphe de Bagdad," works which are admirable in parts, but which, with the exception of the Caliphe de Bagdad," works which are admirable in parts, but which, with the exception of the latter, have not retained their place on the stage. It was only when he had thoroughly inbibed the scientific spirit of Cherubini, that he entered upon his second period with "Ma Tante Aurore." This work was the corner stone of his fame, as "La Dame Blanche" may be said to be its crowning glory. From 1803 till 1812, he resided in Russia at the express desire of the Czar Alexander, with whom he was always a favourite, and for whom he wrote several operas. In 1820 he became professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire, where he perpetuated the Paris Conservatoire, where he perpetuated the sound traditions of Cherubini, and produced the sound traditions of Calcardance in the sound traditions of Calcardance in the sound in the sound in the sound traditions of Calcardance in the sound tradition in the sou

# AN OPEN LETTER. It speaks for Itself.

ROCKPORT, Mass., April 2nd, 1877.

Rockport, Mass., April 2nd, 1877.

Mr. Editor: Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff" and "inhaling-tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and contitution broken, and I was hawing and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable titution broken, and I was having and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which medy induced the to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose. its purpose.

Yours truly,

S. D. REMICK.

# OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

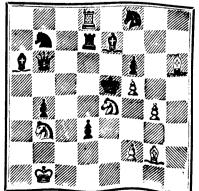
# TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 169 re-M. J. M., Quebec.—Have snewered your communica-

on by post.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No.
99 received.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 169 received.
Amateur. Montreal.—In the solution of Problem No. 169 if White 1 B takes B, B lack 1 Pawn at Q B 5 takes Q P. Try the solution from this point.
E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 167 received. Correct.
B. J., Montreal.—The score is correctly printed.
G. J., Edgmondville, Ont.—Letter received. Many thanks. The game shall appear next week.

PROBLEM No. 171. By J. PAUL TAYLOR, London, Eng. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and matein two moves.

# THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

The particulars connected with the Chess Congress, which is to be held at Paris, in June next, during the meet the Great Exhibition, have just been made pub-

which is to be neu a. Alle, time of the Great Exhibition, have just been made public.

The entrance fee will be 100 francs, and every competitor will have to play two games with each of the others.

The time limit will be 30 moves for every two hours. Drawn games to count half a game to each player.

Four prizes are spoken of, but it is probable the number will be increased to six. The Government will offer the first prize, which will be of the value of 6,000 or 8,000 francs. There is to be a Problem Tourney, and, also, an end game Tourney.

Altogether this programme is calculated to attract the attention of the noted players of the day, and there is every reason to believe that this great International Chess Congress will take a very prominent place in the annals of the Royal game.

Speaking of this International Congress the Dramatic Times says: We learn that Mr. Rosenthal and another gentlem n from Paris are expected in Loudon in a few days for the purpose of consulting with the leading players in England as to the best mode of arranging the programme of the Tourney for June next. All we hope and desire is that the rules and arrangements will not be such as to render it impossible for the amateurs, English and foreign, to take part in the contests. Thus, if the Committee, as at first purposed, limit the play to four games a week for each player, and further, require every competitor to play two games with every other, the time required for the completion of the Tourney will be so long that few amateurs will be able to take part in it. In fact, the two rules we have just referred to are calculated to throw the prizes into the hands of the professionals, who have nothing else to occupy them but Chess.

### (From the Hartford Weekly Times.)

(From the Hartford Weekly Times.)

Our readers will recollect the exceedingly difficult fifteen-move self-mate (No. 475) published March 7th. The Problem was composed by A. Townsend, and when first published a prize was offered for the first correct solution. No one in England solved it and the Problem was sent to the Hartford Times to be published, and was regarded as a sort of challenge to the American sharp-shooters. Mr. C. H. Waterbury accepted the challenge, and after a hard struggle succeeded in solving it. And we knew he would. Johnny Bull must yield the palm to America.

The Problem spoken of here appeared recent y (No. 167) in our Column at the request of the composer.

The following games, which will be interesting to Chessplayers at the present time asspecimens of the rlay of the late Mr. Cochrane, are taken from the Westminster

# **GAME 255TH.**

BLACK

(Mr. Cochrane

Played with Labourdonnais. (Cochrane Gambit.)

***************************************	BLACK
(M. Labourdonnais.)	(Mr. Cochra
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. B to B 4	4. P to Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. Q to R 5 (ch)
6. K to B sq	6. P to B 6 (a)
7. P to K Kt 3	7. Q to R 6 (ch)
8. K to B 2	8. Q to Kt 7 (ch)
9. K to K 3	9. B to R 3 (ch)
10. K to Q 3	10. P to Q 4
11. B takes P	li. Kt to R 3
12. P to B 3	12. P to Q B 3
13. B takes K B P (ch)	13. K to K 2
14. B to Kt 3	14. Kt to B 4 (ch)
15. K to B 2	15. Kt takes P
16. Q to B sq (b)	16. B to B 4
17. Q takes Q	17. Kt to B 7 (dis ch)
18. P to Q 3	18. P takes Q
19. R to Kt sq	19. R to Q sq
20. B takes B	20. Kt takes B
21. R takes P	21. Kt takes P
22. Kt takes Kt	99 PARIS TA (-1)
23. K to B sq	22. B takes Kt (ch)
24. Kt to Q 2	23. K R to B sq 34. Kt to B 4
~	94. KI to B 4

17. Kt to B 7 (dis c 18. P takes Q 19. R to Q sq 20. Kt takes B 21. Kt takes P 22. B takes Kt (ch) 23. K R to B sq 34. Kt to B 4 25. Kt to K 6 26. B to B 8 27. R to B 7 28. Kt takes R 29. R takes B (ch) and wins. 25. B to Q sq 26 K R to Kt sq 27. P to Kt 3 (c) 28. R takes B 29. Kt takes Kt

NOTES. And wins.

(a) This Gambit is nearly sixty years old. Lowenthal preferred it to the Salvio, and Von der Lasa seems to take the same view.

(b) White has a lost game, play how he may.

(c) If he try B takes P the Rook will go to B 7 all the

and wins.

# GAME 256TH.

Played in India by the late Mr. John Cochrane (Petroff Defence--Cochrane Attack.) WHITF .- (Mr. Cochrane.) BLACK .- (The Brahmin.)

7HITF.—(Mr. Cochre

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. Kt takes P
4. Kt takes P (a)
5. B to B 4 (ou)
6. Castles
7. P to K R 3
8. P to B 4
9. Kt to B 3
10. P to Q R 4
11. Kt to Q 5
12. P to K 5
14. B takes Kt
15. Kt Coch K 1
16. Kt Coch K 1
17. Kt Coch K 1
18. Kt Coch K 1
19. 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 3
4. K takes Kt
5. K to K sq (b)
6. P to B 4
7. Q to B 2
8. Kt to B 3
10. Q to K 2 (c)
11. Q to Q sq
12. P takes P
13. Kt takes Kt
14. P takes P
15. P takes B
16. P to B 2
17. K to B 3
20. Q to K 2
20. Q to K 4
22. Q to K 4
23. Q takes R
24. Q takes R 1. P to K 4 15. B takes Kt (ch) 16. Q to R 5 (ch) 17. P takes P 18. R to B 7 (ch) 18. R 10 B 1 (ch)

19. P to K 6

20. B to Kt 5

21. P to R 5

22. P to Q Kt 4

23. B to B 4 (c)

24. Q to Q B 5

B takes B (ch)

and wins 24. Q takes R

(a) Invented by Mr. Cochrane. Petroff stared when he saw it. "Why they bave actually turned my opening into a Gambit; should have thought it impossible" (b) The Bishop should be interposed, but no doubt the Hindoo expert considered the King too sacred a personage to be brought on to the third line.

(c) B to K 2 is better.

(c) B to K 2 is better.

(d) Affording an opportunity of which Mr. Cochrane is not slow to avail himself. The Brahmin should have played her to Q 4

(e) This would have been of no avail last move.

### SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 169.

WAITE. BLACK.

1. R to Q R 3 2. Q to Q B 2 3. Mates accordingly

3. Q mates

1. B to B 6 or B to K 8 3. Anything

R takes P (ch)

I. B takes B &c 2. K takes R

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 167. A Pawn is omitted in this Problem from Black's K B 3.) WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to Q 5 (ch) 2. K takes P 3. Kt mates

K takes R 2. Anything

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 168. WHITE.

K at K R sq Q at K 8 B at K Kt 2 Pawns at K R 3 K 5. Q Kt 3 and 4 and Q R 5

BLACK. K at Q Kt 2
R at Q 2
Kt at K B sq
Pawns at K 3, Q 3, Q
B 2 and 3

White to play and mate in four moves

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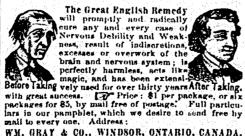
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