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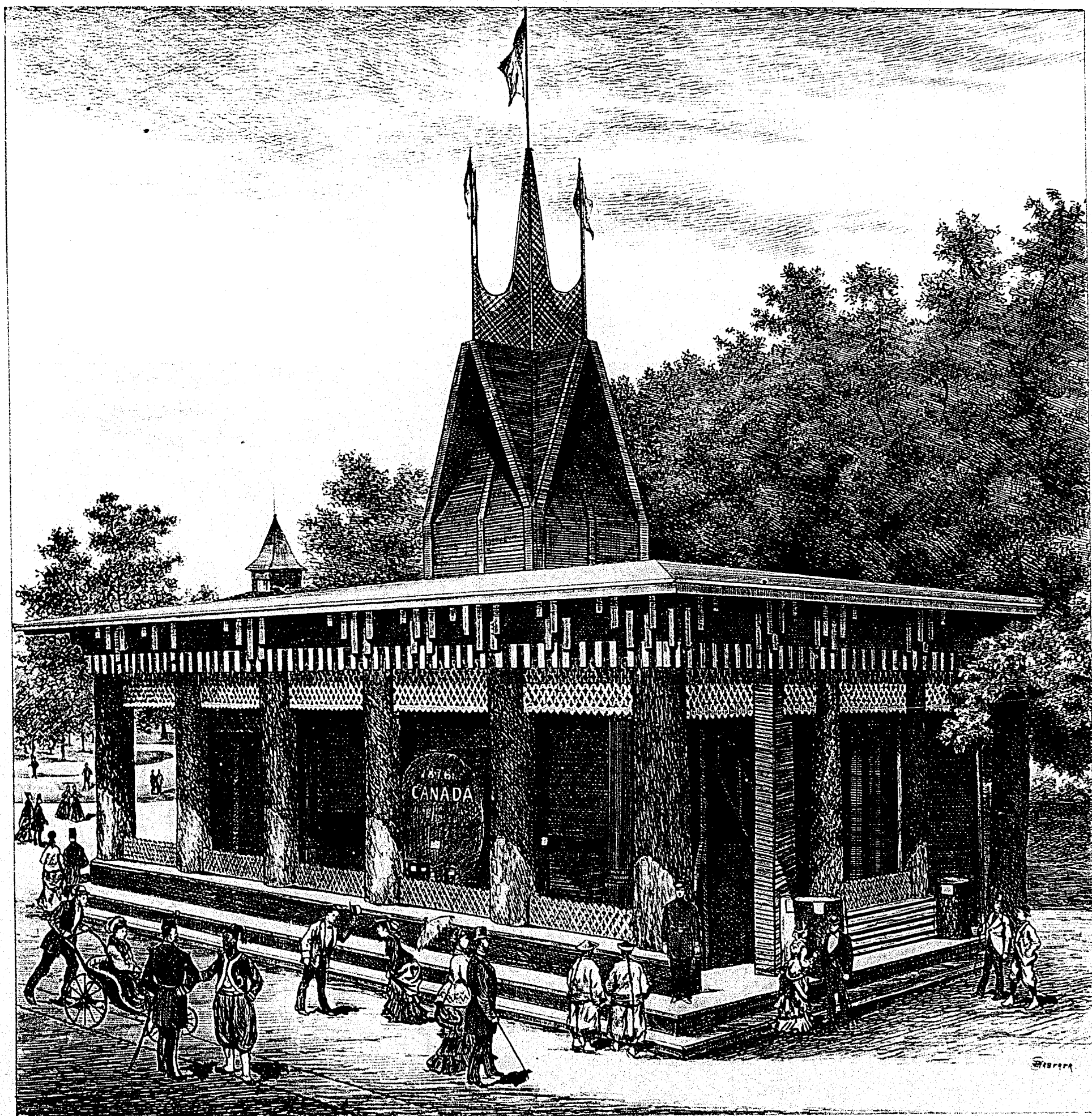
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THE CANADIAN LUMBER TROPHY AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 15th July, 1876.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

It is surprising how much Manitoba and the North-West have contributed to the literature of the Dominion. We could count from memory at least a dozen volumes published on this subject within the past six or seven years. There is much romance about the country, and its history and condition exert a fascination on all who have visited it. But of all the books that we can call to mind, by far the most valuable is that written by Mr. J. C. HAMILTON, and published by BELFORD BROTHERS, of Toronto, under the title which heads this article. The exterior of the work is attractive, being as fine a specimen of book making as the enterprising publishers have yet turned out. But the reading matter is quite worthy of its outfit. The author travels over the whole ground of the history, present condition, resources and prospects of the Prairie Province. He writes in a free unpretentious style, while his statements are invariably backed by facts and figures which give the satisfactory element of reliability. We know of no work which contains so much useful information in so small a space. Our public men and public writers can find in it all the data they need towards an accurate comprehension of the present position of Manitoba, while for emigration purposes we should fancy that a cheap edition would materially facilitate the task of our agents abroad. Neither could a better book be chosen for distribution as a school prize. Did our space permit we would call attention to the chapter on the Indians and Half-Breeds, which contains much that we never could learn before of the condition of the aborigines in that distant land. The subjects of climate and production are exhaustively treated and we are told a great deal that is new concerning manufactures, labor, trade and the markets in the North-West. The invasion of the grasshoppers has been frequently and elaborately treated in these columns, as its paramount importance deserved, but within the limits of about twelve pages we have learned more about the grasshopper plague from Mr. HAMILTON than we had ever gathered from hundreds of pages of desultory reading. The same remark applies to the present position of the Hudson's Bay Company. After giving a history of this great establishment from its inception, the author informs us that "under article five in the deed of surrender, the Company is entitled to one-twentieth of all the land in the great Fertile Belt as it is surveyed and set out in townships. In carrying out this agreement, the Company have assigned to them, in every fifth township as surveyed, two sections, or 1,280 acres, and, in every township 560 acres; and this applies to all lands whether arable or mineral. All this in addition to the sum of £300,000 sterling paid, and to the land in and around every fort or trading post occu-

ried. What the Company pretend to have lost, as to the fur trade monopoly, they have more than gained by their treaty and statutory title to the lands which will be made yearly more and more valuable by the labor of immigrants, and the expenditure for public works, and opening of the country at the expense of the Dominion and Provincial exchequers."

This is a striking statement and there are many such bits of revelation throughout the work, which we heartily recommend to the public as a contribution to our political and historical literature creditable alike to the author and his publishers.

YOUNG TURKEY.

The Porte is in a critical position. It is attacked both in front and rear. Not only are its borders assailed by the insurgents of the Danubian Principalities, but there are dissensions in Constantinople itself. Last week we published the programme of the rebels, as formulated by Prince MILAN. To-day we present the prospectus of Young Turkey, as we find it set forth in the Paris papers. Young Turkey aims at an entire religious and social revolution, the establishment of a Council of State and of a Chamber of Deputies composed of an equal number of Mussulmans and Christians. To this programme are added numerous economic reforms and reductions of expenditure which must make the mouths of all the innocent subscribers to Turkish loans water. Amongst all the proposed changes, the most important, perhaps, is that which would enable Christians to enter into military service, and which would be the consecration of the principle of political equality. Are all these reforms possible in a country like Turkey, founded on conquest and maintained by armed domination? We are ready to try to believe this, but we shall believe at the same time that there is no more Turkey. It will be admitted that the means employed hitherto have not been strictly constitutional, and that the reformers enter upon the parliamentary stage by a strange beginning. Ever since the Turks announced that they are going to enter upon the path of civilization and to inoculate themselves with western institutions, we have seen nothing but revolvers, daggers, and scissiors. One would imagine that in studying French history they took the 2nd of December for the perfect model of peaceful and constitutional reforms. The late Sultan was regarded as the creature of Russia; and was deposed, imprisoned, and committed suicide, and England triumphed. The new Minister for War, a true Turk of the old stock, was determined to reduce by arms the insurrection which Russia supported. Then comes a Circassian, who shoots him dead, and Russia has her revenge. Thus cleared, the ground now belongs to Young Turkey and electoral reform. The Minister who has been assassinated was an obstacle; it was for the advantage of Old Turkey that he made the revolution; he regarded the proposed constitutional schemes as dreams and heresies, and it was he that desired to make an appeal to Africa and Asia in order to rally them round the standard of the Prophet. He has disappeared, leaving the field free to the theorists.

RECIPROCITY.

The meeting of the American National Board of Trade, held in New York, the week before last, barely touched upon the vital question of Reciprocity. It is interesting, in view of many circumstances which affect ourselves at the present time, to learn how such a paper as the *New York Times* appreciates the manner in which the subject was handled. It asks whether on the question of reciprocal trade with Canada, it is not time that generalities and sentimentalities were discarded, and that the business men who evince the slightest interest in it, descended to talk about it in plain, busi-

ness terms? The National Board of Trade took it up on Thursday, but in a perfunctory way, and apparently more out of a desire to be civil to the Canadians who were present than with any expectation of accomplishing a practical result. The Board "resolved" in favor of Mr. Ward's plan for the appointment of an international commission to consider the subject and devise some mutually acceptable arrangement. Instead of thus wasting words—for the resolution can really amount to nothing—why did not the Board appoint a committee of its own members to confer with the visitors from Canada, and to do exactly what Mr. Ward's commission is wanted to do? Had this course been taken, we imagine that both parties would have very soon discovered the hopelessness of the project. Before the preliminaries were ended the Canadians would have been obliged to confess that they are fettered in the negotiations by their connection with Great Britain. Our people, on the other hand, would have said that it is idle to call for reciprocity so long as Great Britain insists that Canada shall not make better terms with the Americans than with her own manufacturers. Setting aside romance and good, neighborly wishes, the plain truth is that in its present state, clogged as it is with imperial conditions, Canada cannot offer a full equivalent for the benefits it would derive from free access to American markets. The former treaty never would have been ratified but for the fisheries which formed the solid consideration offered by Canada in return for the privileges it acquired. Now it hopes to get a large sum for opening the fisheries to American fishermen, and consequently has no other available bonus to tender as a make-weight in a bargain that would otherwise be a little too one-sided.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

LORD DUFFERIN, with his usual consideration and that aesthetic sentiment which is one of the most prominent features of his gifted nature, has taken the earliest occasion afforded by his present visit to Quebec, to recommend, in the warmest terms, the plans of restoration and improvement, which he himself has suggested for the maintenance of the historical monuments of old Quebec. Every word which his Lordship uttered concerning the picturesqueness and the antiquarian interest of the ancient Capital is heartily echoed not only throughout the Province of Quebec, but throughout the whole Dominion. Even beyond our border, we are pleased to read in the more thoughtful papers of New York and Boston that the peculiar merits of Quebec are acknowledged and that gratification is expressed that its venerable walls, gates, bastions and other relics are to be religiously preserved from the ruthless levelling of the pickaxe and shovel.

While we all applaud this material rehabilitation of the old town, it is agreeable to be able to testify that its own sons are not backward in endeavoring to perpetuate its legends, chronicles, traditions and other landmarks in the still more enduring form of literature. Chief among these unquestionably stands Mr. J. M. LEMOINE, who has made a name for himself no less in the natural sciences than in the domain of archaeology. That gentleman is the author of several works on the antiquities of Canada, and especially Quebec, but he has crowned all his other labors by his latest publication entitled *Quebec Past and Present*. This is an octavo volume of considerable size, well printed and bound, and worthy on every account of a place in all Canadian libraries. Nothing pertaining to the local history of Quebec is forgotten in its pages, while there are hundreds of new details never published before. A most interesting chapter is that devoted to the gates and fortifications. It is to be regretted that the author did not embody in this volume his account of the streets of Quebec, which lately appeared *seriatim* in the

columns of this journal. A large appendix contains detailed descriptions of many of the public institutions and buildings, some of them from the elegant pen of Mr. LESLIE THOM, formerly of the *Chronicle*, and at present of the *Montreal Star*. Altogether we take great pleasure in recommending Mr. LEMOINE'S work to our readers, and we repeat that a copy of it should be in the library of every Canadian.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

From all accounts, we are pleased to learn that the Centennial Celebration of the Fourth of July was in the highest degree brilliant and enthusiastic. On that occasion, all kinds of reminiscences were indulged in, both by the orators and song writers. One of these concerning the American Flag is of sufficient historic interest to be preserved in our columns.

The American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, June 13th, 1777: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." There were several flags used before the striped flag. In March, 1775, "a Union flag with a red field," was hoisted at New York on a liberty pole, inscribed "George Rex, and the Liberties of America," and on the other side: "No Popery." On the 18th July, 1778, Gen. Putnam raised at Prospect Hill, a flag bearing the Connecticut motto: "Qui Transtulit Sustinet," on the other, "An Appeal to Heaven." In October of the same year, the floating batteries at Boston had a flag with "An Appeal to Heaven;" the field white, with a pine tree upon it. This was the Massachusetts emblem. Another flag used during 1775, in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattlesnake coiled, with the motto: "Don't Tread on Me." The grand Union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, January 2nd, 1776. The English regulars thought the new flag was a token of submission. The idea of making each stripe for a State was adopted from the first. The pine tree, rattlesnake and striped flag were used indiscriminately until July, 1777, when the blue with the stars was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law, when by act of Congress the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the introduction of each new State. The army standard flag is fixed at six feet six inches, by four feet four inches—the first stripe at the top is red, next white and so on, the last being red; the blue field for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz: four red and three white.

UNITED STATES TREATIES.

We learn from a correspondent at Ottawa that the free navigation of United States Canals, reported to have been given to Canadian vessels under the terms of the Treaty of Washington, has been so hampered with vexatious restrictions as to be practically valueless! We cannot honestly say that this announcement causes very much surprise. It is certainly in keeping with all that has preceded on the same subject. It is plain from the correspondence laid before Parliament that the concession which the good faith of the United States, pledged under a most solemn obligation, required, was not granted until every shift of diplomacy had been tried and exhausted. Then, we were three or four weeks ago told with a flourish that at last United States Canals were open to Canadian craft. Now it comes out that while the letter of the Treaty is apparently kept, its spirit is violated to such an extent as to render the concession valueless. Our correspondent further informs us that reprisals have been determined in such way as to subject United States vessels in Canadian waters to precisely the same restrictions as ours are subjected to in theirs. In the popular adage, what is good for the goose

ought to be good for the gander; and the action of the Ottawa Government will give satisfaction to the country at large.

THE TECUMSEH BASE BALL CLUB.

The Tecumseh Base Ball Nine of London, Ont., has distinguished itself this season by defeating not only the strongest clubs in Canada, but also the champion Nines of Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

THE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, was born in New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, 1814.

THE HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Mr. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for the position of Vice President of the United States, was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, September 7, 1819.

South Hanover College, and on the completion of his collegiate course studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1843.

EX-MAYOR BERNARD.

The death of this well-known citizen of Montreal took place suddenly at San Jose, California, on the evening of the 3rd inst.

REVIEW.

We have received another of Mr. Benjamin Sulte's neat brochures, forming a portion of his Melanges d'Histoire et de Littérature.

We know of nothing which affords us greater pleasure, as evidencing the growth of a popular taste for wholesome literature in Canada, than the successful efforts made by the firm of Belford Brothers, Toronto, in the sphere of publication.

Mathews, LL.D., of Chicago. This is a series of graduated essays on the main topics connected with secular vocations, well written, wholesome in philosophic tendency, and particularly rich in historical illustration.

BURLAND-DESBARATS NEW BUILDING.

The Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company has now fairly settled down in their splendid block of buildings on Bleury street, which have recently been erected for them at an immense outlay, no expense or trouble having been spared to complete a thoroughly modern and commodious premises, coupled with architectural beauty, for their rapidly-increasing business.

The grandeur and magnificence of this famous establishment can scarcely be adequately described. It will compare most favorably with those monster establishments of a like kind in Leipzig, Germany, London, England, as well as New York and Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.

Receiver-General Coffin is very ill at his residence at Barrington, N. S. Lt.-Col. Casault, C. M. G., late Deputy Adjt.-General, died at his residence, Quebec, last week.

LITERARY.

Mr. CHARLES RADE is reported to be too unwell to leave his room.

Mr. SWINBURNE has just returned from a walking tour through Brittany with Professor Nichol.

Mr. DISRAELI has granted a pension of £50 a year to the widow of Michael Bannin, the Irish author.

BLACK, the novelist, will be accompanied during his American visit by his young and pretty wife.

A complete edition of the Poet Laureate's works is now in preparation, and will be carefully annotated and published in one volume.

THE death is announced, in her sixty-third year, of Mrs. Eliza Zante Esdaile, the only daughter of the great poet Shelley.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S poem before the Dartmouth College Class, one thousand lines long, was called the "Nude Weird West."

Mr. G. W. CARLETON, the New York publisher, is sending each of his clerks in turn to the Centennial, paying all expenses.

BROWNING'S new volume is entitled "Pacchiarotto—and how he worked in Distentep; with other Poems." It will be published in a few days.

THE Countess of Charlemont, who lately contributed a paper on Lady Macbeth, to the New Shakspere Society, has in preparation a work on "Shakspere's Men."

ROBERT HAMERLING, the author of "Ahasuerus at Rome," has published a three-volume novel, "Aspasia," treating, as its title indicates, of the most flourishing period of Greek antiquity.

M. CARNOT, Senator, has just presented to the library of the Arsenal two curious manuscripts, being the autograph memoirs of Grégoire and Barrière, both members of the First Constituent Assembly and the Convention.

LAST week, in Baldwinville, N. Y., Mr. James W. Morris, the well-known author of "K. N. Pepper Papers," died. In other days, he was a frequent contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine, Putnam's and the Atlantic.

"STELLA," author of "Sappho," "The Pearl of Poland," "Records of the Heart," etc., was a great favorite of George Sand. It is believed she furnished the type of the heroine of one of the great novelist's stories.

MR. MASKELENE, the conjuror, whose mechanical figures do such wonderful tricks at St. James Hall, has published a pamphlet, wherein he contends that all the phenomena of Spiritualism are based on trickery.

A CURIOUS volume, containing the biography and autobiography of Elizabeth Evans, the alleged original of Daniel Morris in "Adam Bede," has just been published.

AT the Williams College commencement banquet, in reply to an inquiry of Dr. Prime's as to when "Thanatopsis" was written, Mr. Bryant said that having joined the Sophomore class at Williams in 1811, he left it in May, 1812, to go to Yale.

ARTISTIC.

THE Paris Exhibition in 1878, will cover Trocadero Heights and the Champ de Mars, and these places, separated by the river, will be connected by two bridges across the Seine.

A MONUMENT, with recumbent figure, is about to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the late Dean Milman. The main portion is made in Roche Abbey stone, with dark marble panels.

AN ancient idol has been taken from a mound in the neighborhood of Pizzo, Ill. It is a representation of a human head of the Aztec mould.

By direction of the Society of Arts, of London, tablets have been placed upon houses formerly occupied by the following distinguished persons:—John Dryden, George Handel, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Byron, John Flaxman, Napoleon III., Mrs. Siddons, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Benjamin Franklin, George Canning, David Garrick, Horatio Nelson, and Michael Faraday.

A NEW Holy Family by Raphael has just been discovered at Lavagna, in Liguria. A peasant of that place recently took an old picture which had been long placed in a loft to hang before some broken squares of glass in a window, in order to keep out the wind.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE portion of the Russian navy stationed in the Black Sea is being prepared for active service.

AUSTRIA and Hungary are taking steps to carry out the military works necessary for the safety of their frontier.

THE Turkish Government have officially notified Austria that they will abstain from naval operations on the Danube.

THE Northern powers have forwarded to Great Britain most satisfactory assurances of their determination to remain neutral in the Eastern war.

THE command of the Turkish army has been transferred from Mouktar Pasha to Mehemed Ali, the former having left for the Servian frontier.

THE Home Rule motion of Dr. Isaac Butt was defeated in the British House of Commons, by a vote of 129 to 61.

THE Khedive of Egypt has furnished the Sultan with 12,000 troops, and 10,000 of the Turkish Imperial Guards have been despatched from Constantinople for service.

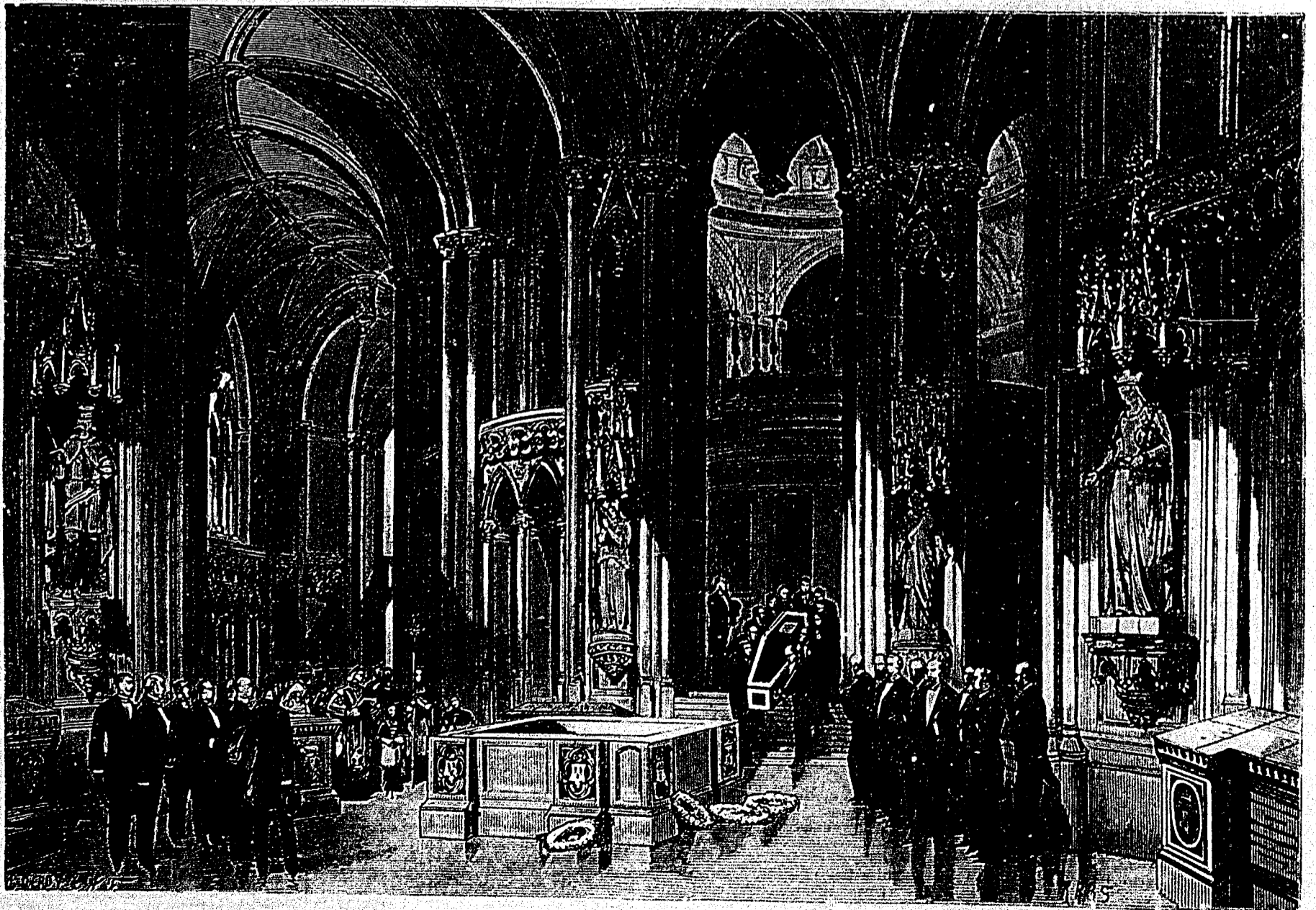


THE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

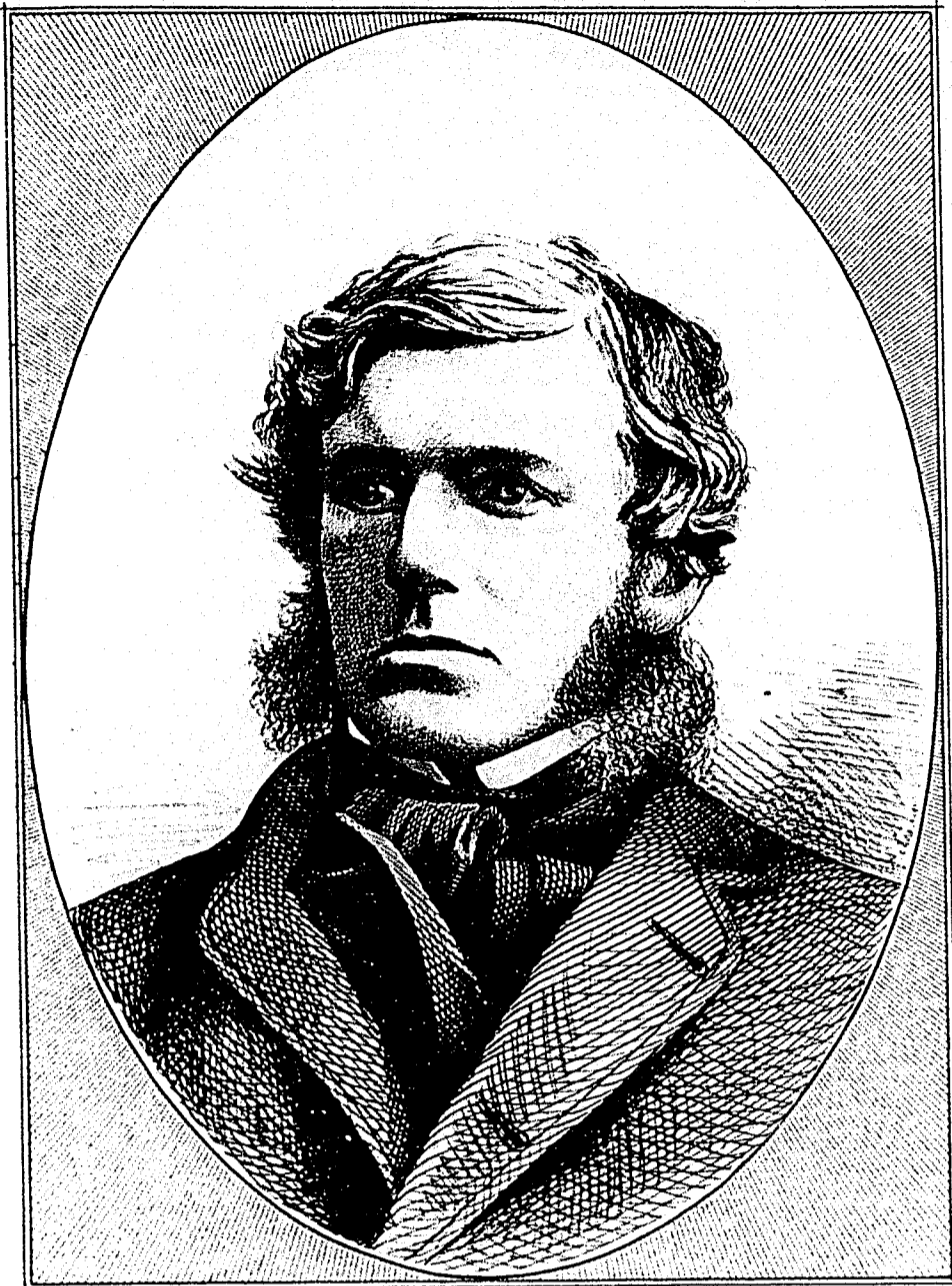


THE HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.



DREUX: TRANSFER OF THE REMAINS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ORLEANS INTO THEIR MORTUARY CHAPEL, ON THE 9TH JUNE.



THE LATE MR. BILLINGS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



THE LATE ALDIS BERNARD, EX-MAYOR OF MONTREAL.



TORONTO:—THE NEW ROOMS OF THE ONTARIO ARTISTS' SOCIETY, RECENTLY OPENED.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

SUMMER.

I sing the rapture of the Summer days
Wherein always
Angels, robed, crowned, and winged with light abide.
And soar and glide,
By us mistook for sunbeams. How they swim
Upon the sea, and lead its choral hymn!
How dewy white
They poise, like clouds in heaven, and melt away.
Beyond our sight,
Merged in the splendour of immortal day!
Like fever-nurtured dreams, the rainy, cold,
And manifold
Sad days of Autumn and of Winter are
Fled fast and far—
So far, methinks they never can have been,
Oh, joy to lie and watch the em'ral sheen
Of flick'ring leaves—
To catch, 'mid other sounds, their languid kiss,
Which each receives
And gives as though it brought an actual bliss!
Earth is prophetic of Heav'n; the sea
Whispers to me,
What time it lays its white hand on the shore,
"Sorrow no more!
The blue air fainting on its jewelled breast,
The wild cliff-shadows way'ring into rest,
The winged things
Which float, like films upon the atmosphere,
In airy rings—
All have a voice for him with ears to hear.
Slight, graceful grasses touch me unafraid,
And 'midst them, made
From the superfluous azure of the sky
By elves, which lie
In their fine domes by day, and shine by night
Like drops of dew, the harnells cluster bright,
And softly chime.
Where'er the South wind swings them at a breath,
To find those coral stars which grow beneath,
In tuneful time.
The lark's glad song is chorused in my brain
With almost pain:
And purest joy hath bred these tears, which rise
Swift to mine eyes.
Earth seems indeed like Paradise regained,
And something of lost Eden hath remained
For Summer hours;
God hath still left us some of its delight,
Some of its flowers,
Some of its colour rare to bless our sight.
The bliss of being overflows me quite:
Height after height,
It floods what erst was barren in my soul,
And leaves the whole
Flow'ring with ecstasy. I feel the wings
Of Mind burst from the shell of earthly things!
I am possessed
Of radiant fancy, clothed in rainbow hues,
That—scarce confessed—
Wich new emotions my pale life endues!
I will look up. I will take heart once more!
Winter is o'er—
Summer betokens the dear love of God:
And from the sod
Each buried hope and withered joy shall rise,
Tempest shall pass for ever from our skies—
Summer shall reign:
Joy's morning ever crowns the night of gloom,
Peace crowneth pain,
And life shall spring immortal from its tomb.

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

PHAROS AND PSYCHETTA.

The Prince Pharos was receiving the deputation which arrived at the palace with a charter in a wagon drawn by six horses.
It is true one steed could have done it; but six gave half a dozen times as much importance to the procession as a single horse would have obtained for it.
The population boasted that everyone in the kingdom had signed the petition, because there were quite as many signatures as there were inhabitants in the land, including the babies of five years old and under.
In fact, there were more signatures than natives; but this abundance was accounted for on the plea of enthusiastic foreigners.
It is true the various lengths of the petitions were displayed at the street-corners, and it was suggested by a very few wisecracks that perhaps in some cases the signatories attached their names more than once. Indeed, it was whispered that in one instance a school of boys had quite outshone themselves in finding new designations for their pens' points, and that there was one portion of the great petition to the Prince which might be found to be exceedingly light reading.
But as the persons who said these things were limited in number, others only had to make a slight hubbub, and there was an end to the matter.
There could be no question about this, that the petition was in the court-yard of the palace, the six cart-horses could be seen by everyone, and at that very moment the Prince was being interviewed by the deputation.
The great organ of the land, the *Diarnalis*, had sung great praises concerning the learned nature of the deputation. It was composed of persons of every antagonistic interest and all varieties of opinion.
"The Prince," said the magnate of the *Diarnalis*—"will, for the first time in his life, have to confront the representatives of all the classes of his people; from the peer to the peasant, from the philosopher to the plough-boy, it will be permitted him to see and to question all. It is a great day for his royal highness, and if he profits not by the magnificence of the opportunity ours will not be the blame. In times gone past, when ignorance was omnipotent, and distrust prevailed, the potentate was by the very nature of his position shut out from community with his people; but in our enlightened age, the Prince moves from pole to pole of society, and it is the fault of the latter if the former is still unconscious of his duties and his true value. When these lines are read, the mighty communion of all classes of society demonstrating to our royal chief the unanimity of their sentiments and the quality of their wants, will be in the full pomp

of progress. May the Prince be so enlightened and illuminated that he may gain by a communion denied to his forefathers, and even unpermitted to his immediate predecessor. His highness, properly advised and admirably concessive on this point, has undertaken to answer all questions, and to give lucid, direct, and unmistakable replies.
"By these utterances we must judge him; by these answers his reign is mighty or he is confounded. We await in calmness the result, conscious that human intellect is the highest force, and that light is the most benignant form of human progression."
Most people were moved to tears by this "leader," and representatives of all classes said, or to the same effect, "Let Prince Pharos get out of that if he can!"
In fact, there were signs of general and subterfugal joy as to the probability that the Prince would not be able to get out of it.
The Prince pained everybody at the start, for instead of receiving the important deputation while seated upon his throne in state, he was standing easily in a window-seat, and actually nodded and smiled as it entered.
"Humph!" thought the aristocratic portion of the deputation: "he receives us in the afternoon fashion in order to curry favour with the multitude."
"Humph!" thought those of the deputation who did not belong to the Court party: "he does not receive us seated on his throne because he does not suppose us worth the trouble mounting the steps."
So the very means the Prince took to simplify the meeting caused the Prince to be condemned at once.
"Sire," said the leader of the deputation, whose forehead was at about the angle of the roof of an ordinary shed, and who had been chosen because he did nothing but smile whenever a dilemma occurred—a very safe way, indeed, of meeting your difficulty—"Sire, we approach your throne"—here the speaker, becoming aware that there was no throne at that moment to approach, caught his breath, and continued—"your highness with abject feelings of humble duty."
At this there were audible murmurs amidst the deputation.
"That is to say we would," said the trimmer, "but that we draw near with sentiments of loyal reproach. As representing this great and mighty deputation, your royal highness, I hardly know how to begin—in fact, what does your highness propose?"
"Ha!" said the deputation, as though the speaker had him there.
"Oh," said Prince Pharos, "permit me to observe that I am not the deputation—I am the target, or, I should say myself—fire away!"
"Sire, this great and mighty deputation—"
Here the man with no forehead worth talking about came to a marvellous full-stop.
"Look here," said the Prince, easily; "suppose you all ask questions; and I will answer, or try to answer, every one to the best of my ability!"
Thereupon, and immediately, every man asked a question.
"Not more than six at a time," suggested the Prince.
Twelve of the more energetic then put questions.
"Suppose you do it in a row!" queried the Prince.
Everybody thereupon tried to be number one.
After, perhaps, an hour's free fight, the line was formed, a noble brother called Kahrot being first, and an old general with a thick stick second. A sweep, who would have been first but for a kick from the butcher, was third, with which position he was, perforce, obliged to be satisfied.
The philosopher, who denied everything, and was a dwarf, stood distinguishedly last.
"I will go down the line," said the Prince, "and answer as loudly as I can."
Out came a fair hundred note-books, and every man holding one frowned.
The butcher began: "We hear, sire, rife'ness, as you don't eat meat for breakfast?"
"No," replied the Prince; "it makes me hot. I do not think I want meat more than once a day; and, the less I eat, the more there is for others."
"Then you are opposed to the hinterests of our country."
The general said: "We" (they almost all began with "we," although each man asked an individual question)—"We hear your highness is opposed to war?"
"I am, except in self-defence."
"Then your royal highness's opinion is adverse to the interests of the country."
A millionaire said, "The syndicates of the bankers are informed that your royal highness is tainted with the theory of an equal distribution of property?"
"His highness," answered the Prince, "certainly thinks that property ought to be more equally apportioned than it is."
"We are sorry to hear your highness has that impression."
A vineyard owner urged as follows: "The Association of Vine-growers hear with pain your highness rarely drinks anything but water?"
"Seldom!"
"Then, if the fashion takes, we shall have to burn our vines!"
Thereupon a water-drinker cried, "We hear your highness now and again tastes of the iniquity of fermented liquors?"
"Oh, yes; and I find myself not any the worse for it."

"Your highness is hurrying to perdition."
A farmer inquired as follows: "It is said your highness thinks every man ought to have a bit of land to cultivate?"
"Yes; for he would love the land the better."
"Rank revolution!" exclaimed the farmer.
A politician spoke high, and asked: "Your highness is stated to actually believe that men can govern themselves?"
"Well, I did think so until an hour since. I still believe that if they exercised their intelligence as much as do their greed they would find they could do it."
The politician shook his head.
"Politics is a science," he observed, "and one denied to princes. In politics all that seems to be is not, and all that appears not to be exists. And between them is at rare intervals the golden mean."
"I do not understand," said the Prince.
"That," rejoined the politician, "I knew before I spoke, so profound is the ignorance of princes."
Having reached the end of the wrangling line, the Prince went back to his standing-place by the window.
"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a wiser and sadder man than when I rose this morning. I perceive that to please everybody I must be everybody, and that appears to me to be impossible. The millionaire quarrels with me because I would see his poorer brother richer, and the beggar condemns me because I think that in a proper state of society charity need not exist. The coach-builder and horse-seller quarrel with me because I sometimes walk, the bootmaker because I sometimes ride. The wine-presser condemns me because I prefer water to wine, and the water-drinker sends me to perdition because I sometimes drink a cup. The farmer is annoyed because I would give every man a bit of land, or enable him to buy it, and the general is angry because I am unmerciful of crowding the men from off the land and having them shot on a field of glory. Well, well, I find that every man wishes me to be himself, and, therefore, I shall keep my own identity. I shall eat what I like, walk when I elect, ride when I wish, and dress as it pleases me. Rule yourself if you can, but you shall never rule me. You ask for your liberty, and you deny me mine; each man requires me to support him, and no one thinks of asking what assistance I want. Either I am right or wrong in all I think—perhaps sometimes one, and sometimes the other; but of this I am certain—you cannot all be right, since each wants a different system, and society depends upon compromise. As to my answer to your petition, you shall have it to-morrow; and I promise you it shall be generally liked, as far as you can like anything, and that you will have nothing more to say to me. Good day."
What princely insolence! He did not even ask them to stay to lunch.
The editor of the *Diarnalis* also made one, and his questions we will spare our readers. He wrote an article, in the beginning of which he contrived to say everything that was kind of the Prince, but so arranged matters that before he reached the end of his observations he had demonstrated that the Prince must be a complete idiot.
"I wonder how he will like that," remarked the editor.
Well, he never found out, for next morning it was discovered the Prince had carried his insolence to such a pitch that he had purchased a small portmanteau and other matters, and gone off in a light cart.
Every epithet from "abominable" down to "zanyed," an adjective coined from zany, was showered upon the Prince, and six hours afterwards the palace was burnt, the streets bore evidence of a sanguinary encounter, and women and children were killed by the hundred.
"See here," said the various members of the deputation—"mark the work of Prince Pharos!"
Now what the Prince had done was this—to learn a lesson in selfishness, and to look after his own interests by flying from a kingdom whose people turned his own virtues against him.
Kahrot gained the day, for he was deeper across the chest than his brother-citizens; while he was thicker in the arm, and his pole-axe had the largest handle in the city.
He began his reign by ordering everybody to eat a pound of beef-steak for breakfast, and by demanding a new palace to be built twice the size of the one destroyed.
When his Prime Minister, El Ben Khaunt, asked him what was to be done with the rest of the bullock, the beef-steaks apart, he cleft the scence of that recant, and told the remainder of the court to look out.
Down they fell, and appeared to worship him.
Meanwhile Prince Pharos travelled away, and soon left the kingdom of Babil behind him.
He never felt freer in his life.
He had no money, and wanted not any.
He had with him an astonishing little machine, which was properly prepared, and with the help of the sun produced portraits in a few moments, and even without the sitters knowing what was being done.
This wonderful magic box was quite enough to procure him not only simple sup and bite, and a trust of hay in the stable, but the thanks of his host, for by the good chance of his passing, they could hand down their likeness to their children, and keep together more thoroughly their family ties.
"And, pray, why is the forest called 'Goose Wood'?" he asked, one morning, when setting

out from a little cottage where he had passed the night.
"Because there lives a talking goose, who is very wonderful bird."
"Indeed; never have I seen a talking goose. I hope I shall meet her!"
On he went; and it was about mid-day when he flung himself under a tree, whose shadow was deep, and there he lay.
"Good day!" said a voice.
He looked about, and saw no one. Nothing moved but a gray wild goose upon the lake at his feet.
However, he very civilly returned the salutation—"Good day!"
"If I were you I would not remain under that tree."
"I beg your pardon," said the Prince; "but whom have I the honour of addressing?"
"I am the Goose."
The Prince made another bow.
"To be sure; I heard of your existence this morning. You appear to lead a very solitary life."
"I do, sir," answered the goose; "but I get through the day by trying to be useful."
"How useful?"
"I warn the birds against the fowlers' nets; and, whenever there are a bow and an arrow in sight, I give the alarm. Where are you going? Pray, come out from the shadow of that tree; it is too cold!"
"Going? I wander; I have no destination."
"Tis a very sad journey that has no end."
"Is it not? But I have no friend."
"What are you?"
"I am a Prince, alone in the world. I tried to govern my people justly; but the mere thought of change frightened half my subjects because they wanted not any, while it maddened the remainder with disappointment at not getting more than was possible; so I ran away."
"It is cowardly to run away, sir."
"I should have been slain, whereas I can be of use in the future."
"Well, then, I really cannot blame you. By the way, the winter is coming on, and I should be happy to offer you hospitality."
The Prince laughed.
"Oh, do not be satirical," said the goose. "I am a far more practical person than you think for. Be good enough to remember that some of my progenitors once saved the Capitol."
"Was it worth saving, you goose?" asked the revolutionary Prince.
"That," said the bird, "is quite another question. But I shall have to beg of you not to call me a goose, for there is a certain modern contemptuous suggestion in the name which scarcely agrees with me. My name is Psychetta."
"Indeed! Psychetta?"
"Yes, Yours."
"Prince Eros Pharos."
"Something of a Greek family. Ah! I am Greek myself, by way of Marsolia. What do you say to my offer? My cottage is very tolerable, and I have passed a good deal of the summer laying up dried fruits, roots, and other plain and wholesome food."
"Madame," replied the Prince, "I am altogether most obliged and obedient servant. It is so long since I heard the language of civilization, that I feel quite at home. Is your place far from here?"
"Yes; but, perhaps you will not mind hanging on to my neck. I am aware it appears to be a familiarity, but it will be a great convenience to both of us. I can confide in your sense of propriety—any man named Eros may certainly be trusted."
The Prince thereupon embraced this wonderful bird's neck; and up flew Psychetta easily, and bore the Prince to one of the most pleasant cottages he had ever seen.
"How peaceful it looks!" said the Prince.
"Yes, because your own mind is at peace," said the goose.
"Really, madame," cried the Prince, "you are a personage of very considerable information and acuteness."
"Yes," answered the bird; "my education was certainly not neglected when a gosling."
Now it is exceedingly difficult to have to explain that a Prince fell in love with a goose.
But have you never been struck with the strangeness of the love some hideous creature has for its young? A spider will die in defence of her little ones; a serpent cannot be induced to leave its eggs; a very toad loves her young.
Why, then, if man is paramount in lasting love, should he not love even a goose if cut off from his kind, and if he is left lonely in a sad world?
So good and simple was the goose—as many a human goose is good and simple—that, long before the spring sun came again, he loved Psychetta.
By that time King Kahrot had sufficiently levelled the land and sat above it—he going even to bed with his pole-axe, to be prepared for emergencies.
"Do you really love me?" asked Psychetta.
"I do with all my heart!"
"And you will prove it?" asked the goose.
"I will."
"No matter what the trial?"
"No matter what the trial."
"Then wring my neck!"
"Alas! of what avail would be your death?"
"No matter; I may not say. All I am permitted to observe is this—that you can only serve me by strangling me; by which means alone can you oblige your hostess."
Great beads of perspiration stood upon the Prince's brow. But his common sense prevail-

ed; so, stooping towards the wise goose, who appeared to be emulating Mrs. Bond's ducks when they ran to that good woman to be killed, he shut his eyes, caught his fair friend by the neck, and, in the midst of a great whirl and flutter of feathers, he swung the self-condemned bird round and round in the air.

Suddenly he felt no weight hanging from his hand.

Looking down, he perceived nothing but the skin of the goose.

"Thank you," said a voice.

He glanced upwards, and saw a very charming young lady, who was smoothing herself and clasping her neck, which certainly looked red and rough.

"You!" said the Prince, for he recognised the voice.

"Myself. I was enchanted, and I could only regain my natural form after being loved by an honest prince, who would for my sake, and at much pain and suffering to himself, strangle the goose whose body I inhabited. I am much obliged. Henceforth always believe a lady's word."

The Prince took her hand, and kissed it.

"I love you now far more dearly than I did," said the Prince.

"And would you really marry me?"

"I would, indeed!"

"What, without knowing anything about me?"

"Your face is your warrant."

"I fear I am a great chatterbox."

"Your voice is soft!"

"Then, again, I have not spoken as a woman for some time, and I am under the impression that these clothes are, mayhap, a little old-fashioned."

"They are perhaps a trifle behindhand," said the Prince; "but I fancied that perhaps you might have been converted when you were at a masquerade, which perhaps would account for the garments."

"Not at all. My mamma ever adhered to the fashions, and dressed me in good taste; and that reminds me that if you were willing to marry me I should come to you completely dowdier."

"I am only sorry for your sake," said the Prince; "that you are poor, because I am not rich, and certainly I cannot treat you as a princess should be seen to."

"As far as that is concerned," said the Princess, "I want for little. My mamma was a person of great good sense, and never led me to think more of breakfast than could be suggested by wholesome strabout. But I feel that a princess ought not to go to her husband without some fortune. Yet when I tell you that I have been three hundred years looking out for a prince with a heart, though I have met several without, you can easily understand that my patrimony has run to waste. I was heiress of Hesperidia."

"Yes; but it may have lost that name."

"Not at all, for I am the exiled King of that land."

"I am in amazement! Then you must be some kind of distant cousin of mine."

"Maybe; but distant enough to justify the marriage, I trust," said the Prince.

"Well, three hundred years apart does seem enough—does it not?"

"I accept that proposition, with a reservation to the Crown lawyers. Ah, I forgot—neither you nor I have longer a Crown lawyer."

"I can get along very well without one. Can you?"

"Quite."

So the two went to the next hermit, and were made man and wife.

But not even love can live on flowers, and though it is extremely doubtful if love flies out of the window in the majority of cases when poverty comes in at the door, nevertheless it is always pleasant not to give love any such chance.

So the poor Prince Pharos and his young wife had to wander from town to town, living by the sale of the little sun-portraits already spoken about, and doing the best they could upon very little—yet remaining as happy as the summer day was long.

At last, one morn they were trudging along together, Psychetta with her face stained, and an ugly, worn calf-skin over her shoulders, that her beauty might not attract attention, when they found an old creature lounging at the side of the road, and with an open basket on her lap.

"Good mother," said Pharos, "what ails you?"

"My sucking pig," she said—"my sweet sucking pig! It has leapt from the basket, and has taken to the woods."

"How long since, good mother?"

"Some sad six minutes."

"We will see if we can find him," said Pharos; "for a pig is a pig."

Five minutes afterwards Prince Pharos came back, his presence heralded by the cries of the little pig, whom he had found with one leg caught in a gate, while a huge eagle was preparing to pick his eyes out.

"Bless you!" said the old lady. "Now, if I knew where you were lodging in the next town, I would send you a honeycomb by my boy Tommikin."

"Alas!" said the Prince, "I cannot say where we shall lodge yet, for we are poor wanderers."

"Yet your wife would not take half my apple while you were hunting for my pig in the forest!"

"Because, good mother," said Psychetta, "I saw you had no other in your basket."

"Good—so. But I live near, and if you will sup strabout and go to sleep upon thistle-down, you are welcome."

"Thy hut will be a palace; the strabout ambrosia," said Eros.

"And I have no doubt, husband," added the Princess, "your head will rest more happily upon a thistle-down pillow than does that of many a prince within his satin curtains."

"So be it," said the little old lady; and she led the way home.

It was a charming cottage in the heart of the forest, covered with flowers, and surrounded by a delightful stretch of forest land, which grew most simple things in abundance.

Tommikin, and Giff, a hunchback, were the only servants at the farm; and their mistress, styled Durdena, was quite as much their servant as they were hers.

In the cottage there was a mandoline, which the Prince took down from its peg and played.

Then the Princess sang, having cleansed her face and thrown off the mauseous calf-skin; but hers was very old-fashioned music, and it made Tommikin and Giff laugh.

"So please you," said the Princess, "what is that?"

"A spinning-wheel."

"For spinning. Ah! in my time we used a distaff. I remember that spinning-wheels were introduced by King—I forgot his name—a neighbouring potentate of my father's. He commanded that no distaffs should be used, because a cruel fairy had predicted that his only daughter, Princess Dormira, should be wounded by a spindle; and she was so wounded by a deaf old woman in one of the royal palaces, who had never heard of the edict. The Princess fell dead—or, rather asleep, because she was saved from death by another and a good fairy; and she slept for a hundred years, when she was found by a Prince, who kissed her hand, when she awoke, married him, and was happy ever after, poor dear child! No—spinning-wheels had not come into our country at that time!"

"Why, bless the child!" cried the old farmer-wife; "how old are you?"

"About three hundred and seventeen," said the Princess, simply.

Tommikin and Giff burst out laughing.

The Princess showed no signs of impatience; but in a few words told all her history.

"Well, to be sure!" said the old woman. "I knew geese lived to a hale old age; but I never thought they went so far as that!"

"Teach me to spin with the wheel," said the Princess.

"With a glad heart," said the old woman; and so while the Prince played the mandoline and sang the fashionable airs, his Princess fell to work, learning how to spin at the spinning-wheel.

Suddenly the little old woman looked up, and said, "Stay with me. There is enough for all. Remain here in peace, for wandering is weary work—is it not?"

So they agreed to stay at the cottage, and help the old woman, Durdena, to farm.

Two happy months passed away, and then the old lady said, "I have a journey to make, and I will leave you here to guard my house and mind the farm. I but make one condition—that you not turn no one from the hut who asks for a night's lodging. Do not look pained both of you. I know you well enough to be aware that if the cottage were your own you would go out to welcome a passing vagrant; but the place being mine, you would hesitate, fearing that you were taking liberties. I shall be gone before the dawn. I think that happier days are in store for you."

It was some three weeks after Durdena had left the cottage that, as the night was falling fast, there was a great hee-hawing at the portico.

"Tis sure the white donkey got from the stable," said the Prince; and he went to the portal.

"Ho! good people, be not afraid; for though I have the head of an ass, and bray as an ass, and even bray when I speak, yet I would have you know that I am a true man, and am, moreover, named as one."

"I seem to have seen your face before," said the Prince.

"That which is, or that which was, my face," said the wanderer.

"I know not whether you have changed your features," said the Prince; "but as they are, I should know them."

"Learn that I am a true man, and walk on two legs, though I have the head of a donkey."

"The head of a donkey?" said the Prince.

"I see that your ears are long, and your muzzle somewhat red-haired, but I do not mark that your head is other than that of a man."

"What, hee-haw! Have I my head again?" cried the wanderer. "Pray you let me see my own old self in a glass?"

"Come in; there is a mirror in the sitting-room."

"Alas!" said the visitor, staring in the glass, "I am still an ass. But I would have you know I am not to be made to carry wood; for, such as I am, I am a prince, or have been, though now unhappily enchanted. And this is the strange part of it—that though I am an ass proper, I am not such a proper ass as to eat thistles. At this moment I could eat a chine of bacon as fast as any man living."

"Stop here and eat, friend, for there is even

part of a hock of bacon at your disposal, and there is plenty of sweetish metheglin in the bottles."

But the Prince doubted much whether he had done wisely in admitting this guest, for he frightened the Princess Psychetta, and even Giff shuddered in his shoes as he saw the animal eat.

He ate rather as though he honoured the food, than that the food was merely necessary to existence.

But when he had swallowed two or three cups of the metheglin, his thick tongue began to wag.

"Ho, ho!" cried he, "that his majesty should come down to a poor hock of pork and a mug or two of thick fermented honey. Have ye no red wine or white? For I would have you know that I am a prince chosen by the people for his wit and strength. And yet they called for their old Prince Pharos who could no more fell a man who offended him than he could skin a sheep—poor fool!"

"Prince Pharos?" cried the Prince.

"Ay, my predecessor—a very poor penn'orth amongst princes. 'Twas I succeeded him—I, Prince Kahrot. Oh, how ungrateful are the people, for you must know they stuck a pointed cap on my head, and rode me through the city with my head looking the other way. But that was after the fairies addled my brain, and gave me a donkey's head."

"Do the Hesperidians want their Prince back?" inquired the Princess.

"Ay, the thick heads do, fair lady. Oh, be not afraid, though I am an ass, I am all the gentleman. And a true prince, I would have you know, and drink more at a time than any man of them. Yes; they have proclaimed him Prince again in his absence, the poor spirits being more of donkeys in their brains than I am in outward sign and sight."

"Ah, Psychetta! let us go to our people, for they are ours. They are sorry. We will go amongst them as we are quite poor, and they will love us."

"But," said the Princess, "we promised to take care of the farm."

"True; and we will keep our word. But when Durdena returns, we will go back to them, for they are sorry."

Here there was a great perfume of honeysuckle, and a charming creature appeared before them.

"You knew me as Dame Durdena—I am the Home Fairy (called Honeysuckle at the Court of Flowers). But you must not return to court—the best of beggars are despised. Unfortunately, I cannot give you a retinue, but a neighbouring king is much beholden to me, and he will oblige you with the loan of a sufficient cortege to compel your subjects to respect, which is the high road to love. You will be not any the worse for your adversity and time of trial. To your people be suave and just, yet have your way. If you wish to keep at home, keep there—claiming the right the lowest of them has. Dress as you will, live as you will, plainly or richly, as it takes your fancy. Men only respect those who respect themselves, and those only respect themselves who are ever just and never abject. Come, let me lead you to my chariot."

"As for thee, friend Kahrot, thou wilt be happier far as donkey than as something between ass and man. There is plenty thistle in the wood; and thou canst kick so readily, there is no need to give thee a talisman against boy-riders. Be perfect changed and gone, and bray through honest life."

W.

CANADA LUMBER.

There is, perhaps, no building on the Exhibition grounds which displays so much taste and judgment, and attracts so much attention as the Canadian Log Building, of which we publish a drawing in the present issue.

The building is seventy-five feet long by fifty-six feet deep. It is composed of logs without cutting, straight pieces, laths, shingles, and other forms of timber so familiar to those who chop wood in the pine forests of Maine, and run the risk of breaking their necks in the Valley of the Yosemite.

The peculiarity that first attracts the observer's attention is the formation of the front; the roof is supported on columns and facing to the narrow gauge road there are six columns composed of timber, with the bark on each, 16 feet high, ranging from 48 inches diameter down to about 36 inches, each column being of a different variety ready for the market or the saw-mill, as the case may be. The material is the same as is exported at all times when there is a market, from the Valley of Ottawa and the adjacent mountainous range. The cornice is made of deal plank, piled one above another, to the height of about five feet, with an outward slope to the verge of the roof, the incline starting at the top of the columns.

The roof is composed of planking which juts over the face of the column about 8 feet, the width of the planking being in no case less than 24 inches, the timber used being poplar wood clear of knots, and on the top of the roof there is a tower, made of deals and planks which are piled in angle style, and on the top of this a new kind of flagstaff.

The plan of construction is such that, although unenclosed, it has, when inside the pillars, all the appearance of a house. There are made from

the timber twelve flights of stairs, from which a visitor can see all around, the stairways being constructed of planks, deals and boards of all quality of timber grown within the jurisdiction of what was originally the domain of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. The appearance inside is that of several rooms with a series of arches and stairways, the latter leading direct to the tower.

The rooms are filled with different qualities of lumber cut in sections to show the grain fibre and age of the trees of which they are specimens. Starting at the south east corner of the building toward the fountain, the first column is forty-one inches diameter of yellow pine, and from it there starts to the second column, continuing between all those on the front, a lattice work of laths, shingles being pendant, in order to give a finish to the cornice and projecting roof. The size of the columns will be noticed as the dimensions are given. On the front, the next column is of sugar maple, 39 inches in diameter; then an ash, 40 inches in diameter; then a birch, 41 inches; a yellow pine, 38 inches; and a soft walnut at the northeast corner, 45 inches in diameter; all of these logs being 16 feet in length. Going West, as Horace Greeley advised the young man, and following the square of this very remarkable building, the next log used as a support is a beech, over 32 inches in diameter; then a cherry, 24 inches; and at the northwest corner a hemlock, 37 inches in diameter, which is said to "be small in growth for its age."

On the west side towards the south, next the corner, the first column is of butternut, 40 inches diameter; the next a species of cherry, 32 inches diameter; a walnut of closer grain than those mentioned, 36 inches; a red cherry, 35 inches; and at the southwest corner, a yellow pine, 36 inches diameter. On the south, the log columns are a spruce, 36 inches in diameter, and a wide maple, known as the "strong iron-wood," which is 26 inches through.

The arrangement of the lumber into stairways and arches divides the display into several rooms, the centre ones leading to the tower to be erected on the roof. In the west room there is a table 4 feet wide, 12 feet long, 6 inches thick, a single plank of yellow pine; and on this table there are two planks set to form a triangle, one of the sides being of white cedar, 4 feet wide, the other about 45 inches; between these is a section of white cedar, 52 inches in diameter, the bark on, sections of maple, cherry, white pine and white maple, and some specimens of rosewood, which closely resemble bird's-eye maple, though larger in the circle, and which is susceptible of a very high polish. The east room towards the front has at the north and south ends columns, the one to the south of ash, on a white pine pedestal, 4 feet 2 inches in diameter, the latter being in the rough. The column is turned from the log, is 16 feet high and 30 inches in diameter; the other column is of a finer grained ash, allied to maple, on a pedestal of spruce 3 feet in diameter.

Between these columns is a table, the top of which is a solid piece of Douglas pine, 14 feet long, 8 feet 4 inches wide, and 9 inches thick, equal to anything in the Brazilian section in Agricultural Hall. This is clear of knots; the logs of the table are made of sections of black ash logs, 20 inches in diameter, 5 in number. On this table is a monster section of pine with the bark on, cut from a 30-foot log, which could not be transported, owing to its size; the section shows six hundred and sixty-four years of growth and is 8 feet 5 inches in diameter, sound in every particular; is 3 feet 9 inches thick, the bark 2 1/2 inches, and the weight of the slab 7,500 pounds—about 3 1/2 tons! Scattered about are sections of different qualities of lumber over 3 feet in diameter.

A platform surrounds the entire building, composed of black walnut, green walnut, soft walnut, and poplar, some of the specimens being nine feet nine inches wide, elastic timber, such as are used for hooping, matting, barrel staves, bows, etc.

The building which is certainly one of the great features attached to the Britain section, has been erected under the special supervision of Mr. A. Hippolyte Laroche, of St. Anselme, Dorchester, Province of Quebec, who has been appointed by the Canadian Government to take charge of the lumber department. The peculiar manner in which the rough timber, without cutting, has been put together, to show its length, breadth, thickness, and quality, will attract the attention of those who build houses and want sound lumber in them. There is nothing to be compared with the display on the grounds in extent and variety, not excepting Brazil, South Australia, Queensland, or the giant trees of California.

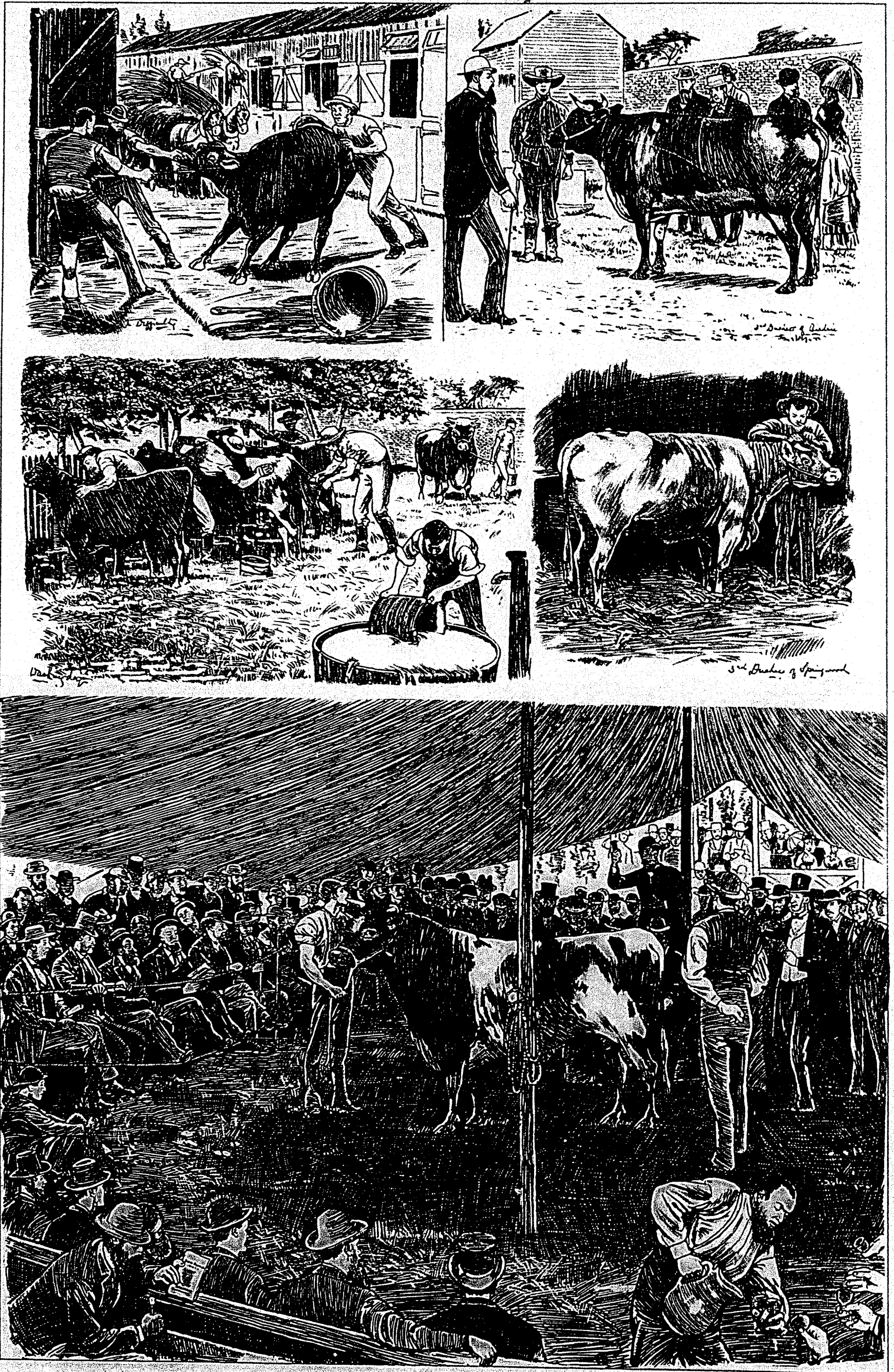
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. OFFENBACH says it is not musical etiquette for a composer to seek an introduction to a conductor.

OTHER than plays in English have ceased to attract in London. Salvini, Rossi, Janaschek have lately been playing there to nearly empty theatres.

ANNA DICKINSON has written a new play in five acts, and each illustrates the fortunes and persecutions of a Jewess in a different country—England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States. She is to play the part of the Jewess.

MR. GYE, Jr., is in luck. At the conclusion of the present operatic season, he will espouse a very talented wife, Mlle. Albani, the first of our rising operatic stars. It is to be hoped that, after a brief retirement, Madame Gye will again be a chief attraction at the Covent Garden House.

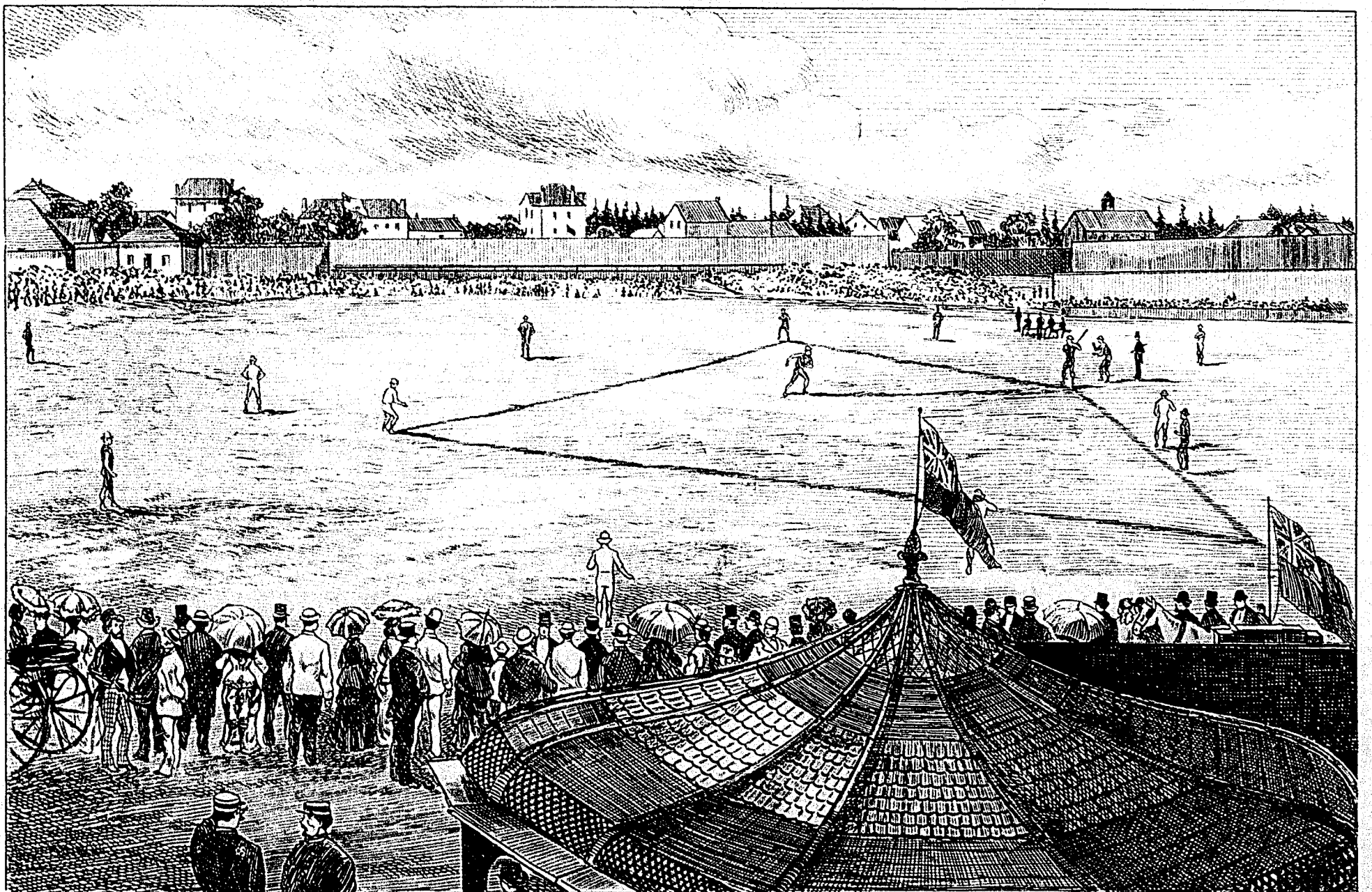


TORONTO :—SKETCHES AT THE RECENT SALE OF SHORT-HORN CATTLE.—By W. CRUIKSHANK.



DINNEN, 2ND BASE. GOLDSMITH, PITCHER. LATHAM, CAPTAIN, 1ST BASE. POWERS, CATCHER. HUNTER, R. FIELD.
 HORNUNG, SHORT STOP. BROWN, C. FIELD. GILLEAN, L. FIELD. LEDWITH, 3RD BASE.

LONDON, ONT.—THE TECUMSEH BASE-BALL CLUB.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK COOPER.



LONDON, ONT.—INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE TECUMSEH CLUB, AND THE MUTUALS (PROFESSIONAL) OF CHICAGO.
 FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. McARTHUR.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS :

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

IX.

PAULINE'S DEVELOPMENT.

Insensibly a change was coming over Pauline. The sharp, varied experiences of the past month had a decisive schooling influence upon her. It is often the case that simple untutored natures like hers develop more rapidly in days of crisis than characters fashioned of sterner material. There is no preliminary work of undoing to be gone through. The ground is ready prepared for strong and lasting impressions. The process of creation is hampered by no obstacles. There is, on the contrary, a latent spontaneity which accelerates its action.

Pauline herself was hardly conscious of this change. At least she could not formulate it in words, or even enumerate its phases by any system of analysis, but there were moments when her mind surged with feelings which she knew that she had never felt before, and she caught herself framing visions whose very vagueness of outline swelled before her like the shadows of a portent. At times, too, through these mists there flashed illuminations which startled her, and made her innocent heart shrink as if they were presentiments of doom.

She had seen so much, she had heard so much, she had learned so much during these eventful weeks. The old peaceful life was gone, and it seemed ever so far away. She was certain that it would never return again. Amid her trouble, there was even a tinge of pleasure in this assurance. That was, at least, one thing of which she was positive. All else was so doubtful, the future appeared so capricious, her fate and the fate of those she loved was shrouded in such mystery.

On the evening of the day, on which occurred the incidents related in the last chapter, she was sitting alone in her room. A circumstance, which, of itself, should have excited in her emotions of pleasure, threw her into a train of painful rehearsals. Her father was singing snatches of his old French songs in the room below—a thing he had not done for weeks. This reminded her of the visit of Bouchette, and from that point her mind travelled backwards to all the scenes, and their concomitants, of which she had of late been the witness. There was the snow-storm in Cathedral Square, when her father was summoned to the presence of the Lieutenant Governor; there was the burning of Roderick's letter; there was the meeting with him at the water's edge; there was the dreadful altercation and the happy reconciliation between him and her father; there was the firing on the handsome young American from the walls; there was the visit to the Sarpy's; there was the night ride back to the town; there was the dazzling magnificence of the Governor's ball. And through all this she saw the weird form of Batoche, flitting in and out, silent, mysterious, terrible. She saw the yearning, anxious, loving face of Roderick Hardinge. She saw Zulma leaning towards her, and, as it were, growing to her with a sister's fondness. The spell of Zulma's affection appeared to her like the embrace of a great spirit, overpowering, irresistible and withal delicious in its strength. And spite of her, she saw—why should the vision be so vivid?—the beautiful, sad eyes of Cary Singleton, as he sat beside her at the Sarpy mansion, or parted from her at the Palace Gate. She remembered how noble he looked as he conferred with Roderick under the walls, when bearing the flag of truce; how proudly he walked back to the ranks of the army, nor even deigned to look back when a miscreant fired at him from the ramparts. She recalled every word that Zulma had spoken about him, so that she seemed to know him as well as Zulma herself.

When Pauline had gone over all these things several times, in that extraordinary jumbling yet keenly distinct way with which such reminiscences will troop to the memory, she felt positively fatigued, and a sense of oppression lay like a burden at her heart. She closed her eyes while a shudder passed through her frame. She feared that she might be ill, and it required all the tranquil courage of her nature not to yield outright to the collapse with which she was threatened.

At length she bethought her of a means to regain her serenity. She would write a long letter to Zulma, describing the Governor's ball. She, at once, set about the task. But when the paper was spread out, she encountered a difficulty at the very threshold. Would she write about herself? Would she speak of Roderick? Would she repeat the salutation of his Excellency? Would she narrate her interview with Captain Bouchette? If she did, she would relapse at once into the train of ideas of which it was the object of her letter to get rid. Already, two or three times, she had detected herself gliding into them, with pen poised in her hand.

"No," she murmured with a slight laugh. "I will do nothing of the kind. I will write like a

milliner. I will give a detailed account of the dress worn by every lady in the chateau. This may amuse Zulma, or it may disgust her, according to her mood when she reads the letter. But no matter. It will answer my purpose. Zulma has often scolded me for not being selfish enough. I will be selfish for once."

With this plan well defined, the writing of the letter was an easy and a pleasant task. As the pen flew over the paper, Pauline showed that she enjoyed her work. At times, she would smile, and her whole face would light up. At other times, she would stop and reread a passage with evident approbation. Page after page was covered with the mystic language of the *modiste*, in which Pauline must have been an adept—as what young woman is not?—for she made no erasures, and inserted no corrections.

"Now that I have come to my own costume, shall I describe it?" she asked herself, and almost immediately added:

"It would be affectation if I did not."

She forthwith devoted a whole page to the description.

Were we not right in saying that a great change had come over Pauline? She, who, only a few weeks ago, was the simplest and most unsophisticated of girls, now knew the meaning of that dreadful word—affectation. She not only knew what it was, but she knew that it must be avoided, and she took particular pains to avoid it.

A little later on, she asked herself again:

"Shall I make any mention of Roddy?"

The query was apparently not so easily answered as the other. She passed her left hand wearily over the smooth hair that shaded her temple. Her eyes were fixed vacantly on the green baize of the table. There was just the slightest trace of hardness, if that were possible, on her features.

At length she whispered:

"Zulma would think it strange if I did not."

Besides, I know she admires Roddy. Yes, I must tell her about the Lieutenant—oh, beg pardon, the Captain," and she smiled in her natural way. "Of course she must hear of his promotion. Poor Roddy! How proud he was of it. And he seemed to cling to me closer afterwards, as if he meant that I should share half of the honour."

After detailing that circumstance, she added a few words about Carleton and Bouchette, and wound up by expressing the regret, which was sincere with her, that Zulma had not been present at the festival. She wrote:

"Captain Bouchette was kind enough to name some one whom you know as the belle of the ball. That was flattery, of course. But had some one whom I know been there, not only M. Bouchette, but the Governor himself and all the company, not excepting Roderick, would have acclaimed her queen."

This was not an idle compliment from one girl to another. It was a courtly tribute from woman to woman. Clearly, Pauline was making rapid progress.

The letter was immediately folded and addressed. Holding it in her hand, as she rose from the table, Pauline felt wonderfully refreshed. She glanced through the window, on her way down stairs, and a new horizon spread before her. Her misgivings for the time had departed, her doubts were dispelled, and all that remained was a certain buoyant hopefulness, which she could not explain.

She met her father below and inquired after Batoche.

"He is not here, my dear, but may return to-night."

"I have a letter for him."

"A letter for Batoche?"

"That is, a letter which I would wish him to carry?"

"For whom?"

"For Zulma Sarpy."

"Oh, that is very well. Write to Zulma. Cultivate her friendship. She is a grand girl."

Batoche did call again at M. Belmont's that night, but it was only for a moment, as he was about to betake himself once more out of the town. He accepted Pauline's commission with alacrity.

"I will deliver the letter myself," he said.

"I am glad of the chance to see that magnificent creature again."

X.

ON THE CITADEL.

The next day, instead of experiencing the usual reaction, Pauline continued in precisely the same state of mind as when she handed the letter to Batoche. She was not by any means gay. For instance, she could not have sung a comical song with zest. But she was more than merely calm. There was a quickening impulse of vague expectancy within her which led her to move about the house with a light step and a smiling face. Her father was much pleased, as he too had not outlived the effect produced upon him by the visit of Bouchette. Furthermore, the weather may have contributed to the pleasantness that reigned in the house. The sun

was shining brightly, the wind had fallen, and the snow lay crisp upon the streets inviting to a promenade.

Hardinge called about noon for the purpose of asking Pauline to accompany him in a little walk.

"I have a couple of hours before me—a thing I may not have every day—and a ramble will do both of us good," he said.

Pauline was soon ready with the cordial consent of her father.

After wandering through the streets for some time, and stopping to speak to friends whom they met, the two wended their way towards Cape Diamond. On the top of that portion of the Citadel they were quite alone, and they could commune together without interruption. They both appeared to be pleased with this, each probably feeling that he had something to say to the other, or rather that they might touch upon topics, untouched before, which might lead to better mutual understanding. Roderick was a trifle graver and more reserved than his companion. Pauline made nothing of that, attributing it to his military anxieties, a supposition which his conversation at first seemed to justify.

"This is an exposed point," said he, "which in a few days none of us will be able to occupy. When the whole rebel army moves up from Pointe-aux-Trembles, they can easily shell us out of this side of the Citadel."

"But it is a good point of observation, is it not?" asked Pauline.

"Capital, though not so good as that one higher up which is well guarded and where double sentries will always be posted."

As he spoke, Roderick caught view of moving figures on the high way near the Plains of Abraham.

"Look Pauline," he said. "Do you know those fellows?"

"I do not. Are they soldiers?"

"They call themselves Virginia riflemen. They are the advance guard of the rebel army. They have been prowling around for the past two days."

"Virginia riflemen, Roddy?" said Pauline looking up with an expression of languid inquiry in her dark eyes.

"Yes. You ought to know something about them. Don't you remember the young officer who escorted you to the gates the day before yesterday?"

"Oh," replied Pauline, with no attempt to conceal her surprise or interest, "you don't mean to say that he is down there among those poor unsheltered men?"

"I do, certainly, and I am sure he enjoys it. I would in his place. He has plenty of room to rove about in. It is not like being cooped up, as we are, within these narrow walls."

"Well, he is strong and hearty and can stand a little hardships. That's some comfort," said Pauline wagging her little head sympathetically.

This evidently amused Roderick, who replied:

"Yes, he is a stout, tough fellow."

"And so brave," pursued Pauline with growing warmth while her eyes were fixed on the plain beyond.

"Every soldier ought to be brave, Pauline. But I must allow that this man is particularly brave. He has proved it before our eyes."

Pauline answered not, but her attention remained fixed on the distant sight before her. Roderick burst out into a hearty laugh and said:

"Surely this is not all you have got to say about him. He is strong, he is brave, and— isn't he something else, eh, Pauline?"

She turned suddenly and answered Hardinge's laugh with a smile, but there was the tell-tale blood in her cheek.

"Come now, dear, isn't he handsome?" continued Roderick, proud of his triumph and full of mischief.

"Well, yes, he is handsome," answered Pauline with a delicious pout and mock-show of aggressiveness.

"And what else?"

"Modest."

"What else?"

"Refined."

"What else?"

"Educated."

"What else?"

"Kind."

"Kind to you, dear?"

"Particularly kind to me."

"Thank him for that. He could choose no worthier object of his kindness. Excuse my teasing you, Pauline. It was only a bit of fun. I quite agree in your estimate of this American officer. He and I ought to be friends, instead of enemies."

"You will be friends yet," said Pauline with a tone of conviction.

"Alas!"

A pause ensued during which despondent thoughts flashed through the brain of Roderick Hardinge. All the horrors of war loomed up in a lump before him, and the terrible uncertainties of battle revealed themselves keenly. He had never felt his position so deeply before. This rebel was as good as himself, perhaps better. They might have met and enjoyed life together. Now their duty was to do each other to death, or entail as much loss as possible upon one another. Losses! What if one of these losses should be that of the lovely creature at his side? That were indeed the loss of all losses.

But no, he would not entertain the thought. He tossed up his head and drank in the cold air with expanded lungs. He felt Pauline's small

hand upon his arm. The touch thrilled his whole being.

"Look, Roddy," she said pointing to the plain.

XI.

HORSEMAN AND AMAZON.

What they both saw was this. A band of some twenty men, members of Morgan's corps, stood in groups on the extreme edge of the plain. At a given signal a horseman issued in a canter from their midst. The animal was almost pure white, with small well-proportioned head, small clean hoofs, long haunches, abundant mane and sweeping tail. Every limb was instinct with speed, while the pricked ear, rolling eye and thin pink nostril denoted intelligence and fire. The rider was arrayed in the full uniform of a rifleman—grass-green coat and trousers, trimmed with black fur through which ran a golden tape; crimson sash with white powder horn attached; a black turban-shaped hat of medium height, flanked over the left temple with a black aigrette of short dark feathers which was held by a circular clasp of bright yellow metal. The rider trotted around leisurely in a long ellipse until the snow was sufficiently beaten for his purpose. He then indulged in a variety of extraordinary feats, each of which seemed to be demanded of him by one or the other of his companions. Among these the following may be worth enumerating. He launched his horse at full speed, when suddenly loosening his feet from the stirrups and his hand from the bridle, he sprang upwards and threw himself with both legs now on the left, then on the right of the saddle. He leaned far forward on the horse's neck so that the two heads were exactly parallel, and next fell back into the saddle facing the crupper and holding on to nothing. He stopped his horse suddenly and made him stand almost perpendicular on his hind legs. Then, without the assistance of bridle, stirrup, or pommel, he secured his position and made the animal plunge wildly forward as if he were clearing a high hurdle, while he no more swerved from his seat than if he had been pinioned to it. Setting his horse again at his topmost bent, he took his pistol, threw it into the air, caught it on the fly, and finally hurled it with all his might in front of him. Then slipping one foot from the stirrup, he bent his body over to the ground, seized the weapon as he passed, recovered his position and replaced the pistol in its place, before reaching the end of his round.

The friends of the rider were not more intent in their observation than were the two spectators on the slope of the Citadel.

"Marvellous horsemanship," exclaimed Hardinge with enthusiasm. "The animal must be an Arabian or some other thorough-bred. Whose can he be? There is no such horse in these parts or I should have known it. And yet it is hardly possible that he should have come along with Arnold's expedition."

"And the rider?" murmured Pauline, advancing several steps in the earnestness of her gaze.

"Yes, the rider," continued Roderick. "See he lives in the horse and the horse in him. They seem to form part and parcel of one another. A magnificent fellow."

"Impossible!" said Pauline, shading her eyes with her hand to sharpen her vision. "It cannot be."

"What?" queried Roderick.

"I thought perhaps..."

"But it is, Pauline."

"You don't mean it?"

"It is no other."

"Cary Singleton!"

Forgetful of everything, in her transport, she applauded with her gloved hands. Roderick took off his cap and saluted.

"This is a brave sight, Pauline, and well worth our coming thus far to see."

The girl was silent, and when at length she diverted her eyes, it was not to encounter those of her companion. A slight trouble arose within her which might have increased into an embarrassment, had not another incident almost immediately occurred to give her distraction.

The rider, having finished his gyrations, returned to his friends who after a brief parley dispersed, leaving him alone with a small group of two or three among whom appeared to be a lady on horseback. At least, so thought both Roderick and Pauline. They did not mind the circumstance, however, and were on the point of retracing their steps homeward, when they noticed that two riders detached themselves from the rest and took the direction of the plain. It was easy to recognize Cary Singleton, and, in a few moments, as easy to see that he was accompanied by a lady. The twain went along at a gentle walk directly towards the St. Lawrence. The sun was still shining brightly, and as they rode, they were sometimes in light and sometimes in shadow, according as they passed the leafless maples that skirted the path. When they reached the high bank overlooking the river, they stopped for a few moments in conversation, Singleton evidently describing something, as indicated by the movement of his arm along the line of the stream and again in the direction of the town.

While they were thus engaged, the couple on the Citadel watched them closely without uttering a word. The reader will readily guess that Pauline watched the man, and Roderick, the woman. Of the two, the latter was far more intent in his observation, the former looking on in rather a dreamy way.

At length, the officer and the amazon turned their horses' heads on their backward journey. As they did so, they both happened to look directly toward the town. Whatever it was that

drew their attention, it was sufficiently interesting to cause them to stop and confer together.

"I thought so," was his brief remark, uttered almost sternly between his teeth.

Pauline did not appear to hear him.

"I knew I was not mistaken," he continued a little louder.

Pauline caught the word and looked up in wonder.

"I have a right to remember her."

"What do you mean, Roddy?"

"It is the very same riding habit!"

Pauline was now perfectly astonished. Harding's face was aglow.

"I would know that form in a thousand."

"What form?"

"And that carriage."

"Roddy, you don't intend to say?"

"I tell you it is Zulma Sarpy."

"You are jesting."

"Look, she is waving her handkerchief."

And so she was. She twisted and brandished it, and, in doing so, agitated her horse to that extent that he fell back on his haunches and pawed with his front feet. Roderick took off his cap and remained uncovered a moment.

Pauline shouted for joy and fluttered her handkerchief in return. Singleton doffed his plumed hat, bowing low over his holsters. It was a moment of exquisite excitement. But only a moment.

Swift as the wind the riders dashed away over the plain. Turning suddenly, Harding recognized the danger of his position.

"Let us go, Pauline," he said, "we may be seen by our men and it would be very awkward."

They hurried down the slope of the Citadel and entered into the town without almost exchanging a word. Pauline was radiant. Roderick was somewhat sullen. Gradually, however, they both resumed their composure and sauntered for another half-hour together very agreeably but talking of quite indifferent subjects.

"That spectacle was more than we had bargained for," said Pauline, taking off her gloves and laying her furs on the little central table of her chamber. "I certainly never expected to see him again. That graceful salutation of his was intended for me, no doubt. And I recognized him at once, while Roddy did not. On the other hand, he recognized Zulma, and I did not. Wasn't that strange?"

Pauline paused in her disturbing and thought over this. And the more she thought over it, the more it appeared strange. It appeared so strange that her features assumed a look of sadness and anxiety.

"What could Zulma be doing away from home to-day?" thought Pauline further. "How was it that she met the handsome officer? What if she came purposely to see him? That would be just like Zulma. She is a fearless girl. She cares for nobody. She can do what no other young woman could attempt without exciting criticism, or if there is criticism, it falls harmless at her feet."

For the first time in all these days, Pauline experienced something akin to an envy of her brilliant friend. That is, she envied her spirit of independence. She, of the drooping eyes and slumping heart, felt that she too would like to dare just a little, as Zulma did. Another proof of the transformation which was being effected in her. But in this particular, it was impossible for her to go beyond velleities. Much as she might charge, Pauline Belmont could never be Zulma Sarpy, and if the dear child only knew it, it was not desirable that she should be. She had her own claims to admiration and love. Zulma had hers. These were almost radically different, but precisely their contrast enhanced the value of each.

"I wonder if Zulma received my letter," added Pauline after finishing her toilet. "It is possible that Batoche may have met her and delivered it. I hope he did. In that case she must have been particularly glad to see us and salute Roddy after his promotion. I am convinced of one thing. Much as Zulma admires Cary Singleton, she thinks a great deal of Roderick Harding. And I am equally sure that Roddy thinks a great deal of Zulma."

And Pauline, sitting before her fire, crooned the old songs of youth, while her mind wandered away and away, till the shadows of evening lay deep on her window squares.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

MOVING for a new trial—courting a second wife.

AN arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bow as she pleases.

THE height of politeness is passing round on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

TO a lover, there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

A young lady down East advertises for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says, if he will come to their town, he can do better.

A Syracuse drummer who visited Camden one day recently, came away cross-eyed. He says that it is foolishness to try to look at all the

pretty girls who pass on both sides of the street there.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that "when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of deprivities; the task of extorting them home devolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex.

At a street corner, in New York, an old apple-woman offered her fruit to a sea-captain who was sighing over the good times of cheap things. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look, and said, "Well, well. Why, you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth." "Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied. "I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do." "Take an apple for a cent, captain," she answered, smiling like a rose. "Some rich old fellow will come pass some day, searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to sell apples any more." "Here, captain, two for a cent; take two of the biggest," she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

THE GLEANER.

THE "suicide" of the ex-Sultan leaves a stall vacant in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

THE complaint for which Prince Bismarck has been ordered to drink the waters of Kissingen is induration of the bones.

THERE is no truth in the statement that Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) are "about to leave England for America, where they intend to reside."

MIRAL V. of Turkey, is described as good-looking, pasty-faced, thirty-six years of age, with a fat nose, a small moustache, and a tendency to plumpness.

THERE are in London 8,000 children dependent on poor law relief, having either no homes at all, or no shelter but wretched dens that cannot by any euphemism be called homes.

THE old Dutch man-o'-war recently found in the Medway, and which had been buried there for two centuries, is being broken up. Twenty more of her guns have been discovered in the mud.

VICTOR HUGO must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, 800 shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2,850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over £83,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

MR. BURR and Mr. Macdonald enlivened the House of Commons lately by presenting two bundles. They contained the names of simple petitioners, who wished that no further grants might be made to the royal family until there is a full statement made of their present income. Of course there was immense laughter.

THE Royal Society has, at last, yielded to "the logic of events." At a recent *convocation* ladies were invited. The experiment was eminently successful, and the various scientific apparatus and other objects of interest contributed for the entertainment of the company were apparently appreciated to the full, as much by the ladies as by the gentlemen.

It has been noticed, that while in Paris fewer women patronize the theatre, in Berlin the contrary is the case. The stage of Berlin is not the less in a very pitiable condition. The fact is, in Paris ladies prefer going to a ball to gossip and where they can better display their toilettes; this arrangement suits gentlemen, as after conducting their female relatives to the ball, they drive off to the green room or the green cloth at their clubs.

COUNT MARCHAND, formerly first valet-de-chambre of the Emperor Napoleon I., whom he accompanied to St. Helena, is seriously ill. In the Emperor's will occurs the bequest: "I leave to Marchand, my first valet-de-chambre, 400,000 francs. The services he has performed for me are those of a friend. I desire that he may marry a widow, sister, or daughter of an officer or soldier of my old guard." Marchand is in his eighty-sixth year.

ONE of the chief amusements at present for Parisian high life is the mail-coach picnic. Several owners of four-in-hands start for a fixed point inside the suburbs; if a passable inn can be found, the parties enjoy their ease there at déjeuner; if not, the materials for a lunch are extracted from the boots, a tent run up, and a dance improvised if possible on the grass. The Baroness Rothschild drives her own mail-coach and is a capital whip, and races with these vehicles are on the cards.

THE Medical Academy of Rome has been considering the subject of the unhealthiness of the city, and of its unfitnes as a residence for foreigners. Doctors Lauzi and Terrigi, having for a series of months made minute examinations of the air of the different quarters, give their conclusions, that Rome in the spring and winter may be resided in without any danger; but in the autumn and summer, certain quarters of the circumference are temporarily insalubrious, while the air maintains its good quality in the centre of the city.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SLEEP IN CHILDHOOD.—It is well known that childhood requires a greater amount of sleep than a maturer age. The rule should be, for children between five and seven, about twelve hours' sleep; children above that age ten, and never less than eight hours. Care should be taken that they be disturbed as little as possible. The time for going to sleep should be seven in summer and about six o'clock in the winter; and keeping strictly to this hour will not only be beneficial to the children's health, but will accustom them to a certain sense of punctuality and obedience.

LIFE'S OBJECT.—Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and resounding in the heaven, and that the oak should be crushed to pieces which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow-men.

NOVELTIES IN PARIS.—Nets for the hair are once again coming into vogue, made of silk braid worked over a very coarse mesh; there is a bow of ribbon at the top of the head, and the braid always matches the toilette in color. Artificial flowers are abundantly used, both on bonnets and for head-dresses. The colors just now in greatest favor for these are cream, French blue, and sea-shell pink. Among wreaths for bonnets, one of the greatest novelties is composed of seaweed appearing of a dark green, artistically shaded toward brown. Other charming combinations consist of small daisies, intertwined with blades of grass; oats *in nature*, with scarlet poppies; strawberries with strawberry blossoms; blade grass with berries mounted with corn flowers and daisies.

It is no longer considered good style to wear flowers under the bonnet in front, except the large round wreath always to be seen under the "plate bonnet;" a *cache* or tulle or Valenciennes lace now usually replaces the flowers.

Simple bonnets of coarse straw are much ornamented with snow gauze; a thin material, covered apparently with tiny flakes of snow. It is made in all colors, but green and blue, with flakes of the same tint, are the most popular; gray, with white flakes, is also pretty; and this make of gauze is not only used for bonnet trimming, but it is made into head-dresses and *nichas*.

THE BABY.—Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents in this puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little, that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtues. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his face of importance. Out of blocks, cards and draughtmen, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young Englishman studies new and speedy modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the neck and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandames,—all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

NO SECRETS.—The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend that her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; a little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell *too much*, they are much better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent, and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been here; I met So and So; such and such remarks were made; and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her great experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is only when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent.

You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything *very* wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

SHE CONQUERS WHO STOOHS.—Men are, for the most part, of a proud and unyielding temper,

and may, consequently, be much more easily led than driven. They cannot bear the least appearance of slight or of dictation, but are touched and soothed by the appearance of submission and affection; and it is thus that, strong in her very weakness, woman literally conquers by stooping. There are a thousand unimportant but delicate attentions which an affectionate wife may pay to her husband, and which will insensibly, but irresistibly, bind him to her; while the least appearance of hauteur, of cooled affection, or of a desire to dominate, will rouse his anger and self-love; his indomitable pride will be called into action; and then, farewell, for ever, to the wife's happiness.

Great as is the value of *finesse* displayed by women in yielding to men's vagaries, this quality cannot compensate for the absence of affection. In every case this is woman's strongest hold upon man's love, and her most effectual aid in securing his good conduct. If she be affectionate to him, he will not fail to be, sooner or later, subdued to her will and to her pleasure. But, though we thus strongly recommend the reality and the manifestation of affection, though we place it first among the duties of a married woman and among the chief requisites to matrimonial felicity, let us not be misunderstood. Affection cannot be too warmly displayed by a wife, but she must display it *to* him, not *at* him. Good breeding and delicacy alone, were there no other reason, would require that fondness should be suppressed before witnesses; and ostentatious tenderness it usually thought to be anything but genuine. It makes him upon whom it is lavished ridiculous.

DOMESTIC.

A CONVENIENT weight for keeping doors open in the summer-time may be made by wrapping a common brick in red or green baize, or a piece of carpet similar to that in the room into which the door opens.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil white potatoes; when cold peel and slice; season with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; chop one white onion very fine, and add, also, one red beet, and one spoonful of capers. Pile in the salad bowl and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SCOLLOPED TOMATOES.—Stew and season one quart of tomatoes to your taste; add two spoonfuls of butter, a small onion chopped fine, one coffee-cup of grated bread crumbs; turn into a pudding-dish and strew the top thickly with bread crumbs; lay a few bits of butter on and set in the oven twenty minutes.

BOILED RICE—SOUTHERN STYLE.—Into two quarts boiling water put one spoonful salt; then throw in one pint washed rice; boil twenty minutes, stirring often; drain in a colander; put back into the saucepan awhile by the fire to dry off; in this way the kernels will be soft and separate, instead of the pasty and spoiled appearance this dish often presents when poorly cooked.

CASSEROLE OF FISH.—Divide any nice cold fish into small pieces. Boil six eggs very hard, work the yolks fine, chop the whites, and mix the eggs and fish together. Then add eight boiled and mashed potatoes, and a large lump of butter; put in small mould and bake twenty minutes, or in large mould and bake a handsome brown. Serve with butter.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Three quarts clear beef stock, cut up and fry four nice white onions in butter till well browned. Add these to the stock, together with three young carrots, three turnips, a good stalk of celery all chopped very fine, add one pint green peas, and one pint string beans, boil all two hours slowly, strain through a napkin. If not very clear, add a little salt and strain again. The English always drop in three or four lumps of block sugar, just before sending to the table. Some put in a few poached eggs, after putting it into the tureen, allowing one to each person.

TO COOK PEAS.—Peas are cooked without water in French kitchens. Put the peas in a saucepan, with a good piece of butter—size according to the quantity of peas. Place two or three lettuce-leaves over the top. Put on the cover, and set on the back of the range. They must cook very slowly till tender. Take out the lettuce-leaves, and serve. If peas are cooked with water, they must boil. Let there be only just sufficient to cook them. Add a bit of soda the size of a pea. When tender, do not drain them, but salt, and add three or four spoons full of rich cream—or butter will do.

HYGIENIC.

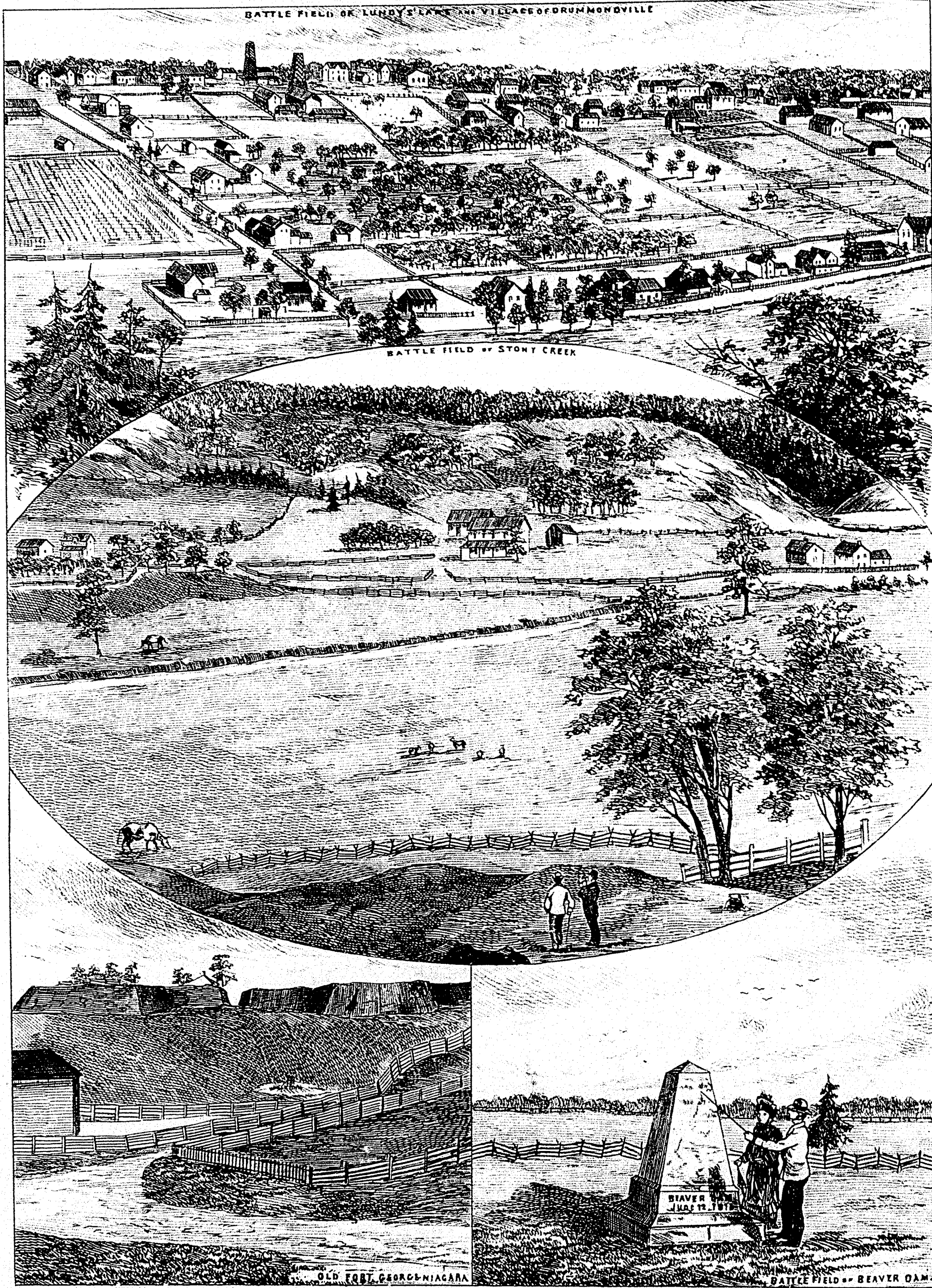
GERANIUMS and calcceolarias in a window will, it is said, drive away flies.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A plum-sized lump of alum attached to a string and swung around a few times slowly through a pitcher of water will cause the sediment to fall to the bottom in a few minutes. The neutral sulphate of alumine will make lime-water perfectly pure destroying at the same time all organic compounds. Almost all water has lime in it.

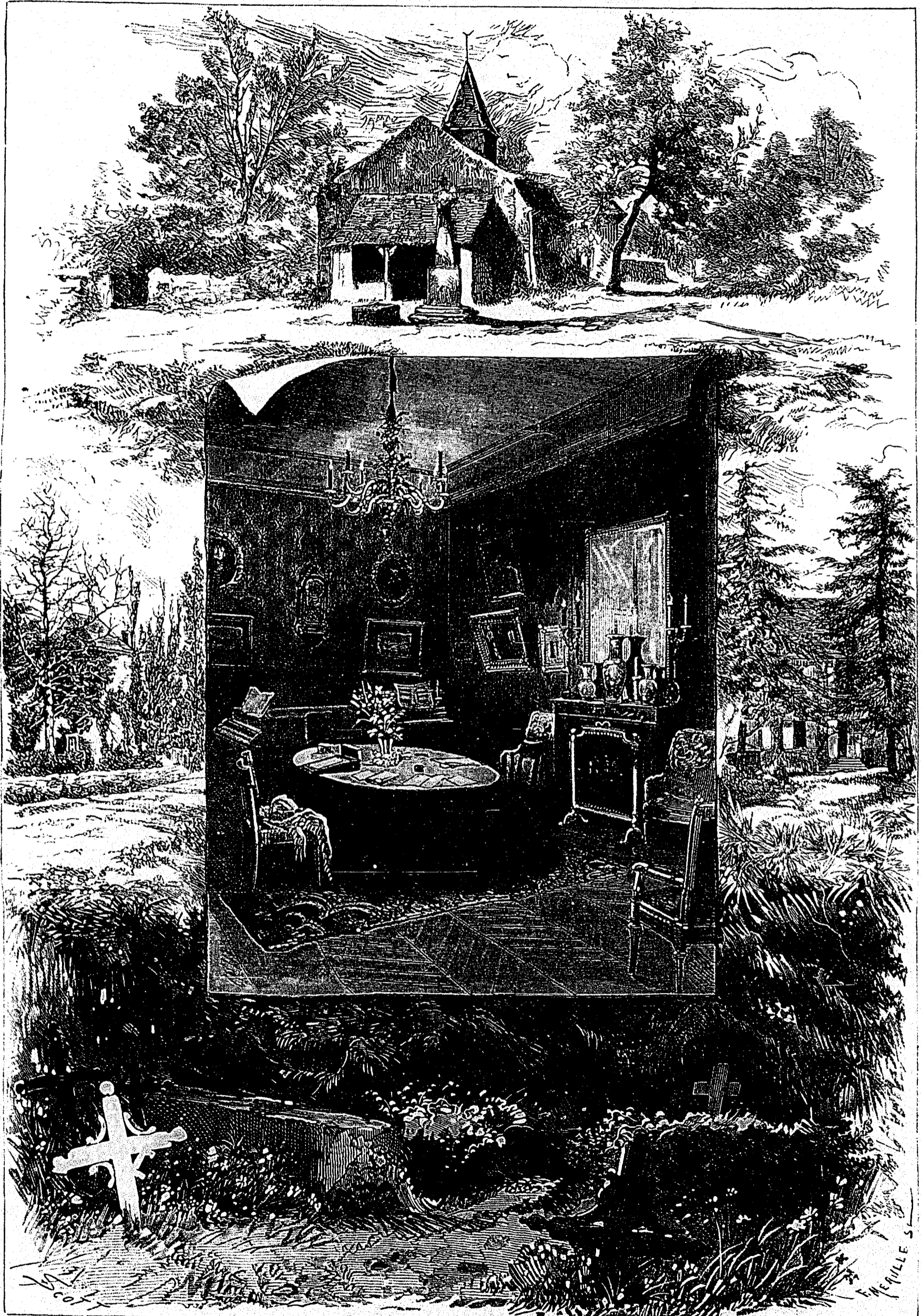
MORE than a score of years ago, M. Valleix, the distinguished author of the "Guide du Médecin Praticien," called attention to the frequency of vertebral *points douloureux* in neuralgia, and the necessity of directing the treatment to them. Professor Dupuy, of Bordeaux, now publishes, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, the particulars of three cases of neuralgia that resisted all other treatment, and eventually rapidly subsided after the application of blisters to these points.

It has hitherto been the habit to recommend in hot climates a temperate use of animal diet, and to replace it by a free use of vegetable food. This has been proved by Dr. Livingstone, by careful observation and experiment upon himself during his travels in Central Africa to be a false theory. He says that amongst the natives the appetite for animal food is voracious in the extreme, and is not the result of a savage nature, but a natural consequence of climate; and his conviction was that "for all climates, and under all circumstances, the most valuable of all food is beef."

THE air in a house is constantly made impure by the neighbourhood of the dustbin. Cooks are often told that vegetable refuse of all kinds should be burned, instead of being stowed away with the ashes and left to decompose until such time as it places the dustman to call. To this they object that potato-parings, cabbage-stalks, and the like will not burn. They only scoulder away on the top of the fire, and make it useless for the purpose for which it is wanted. If thrown at once on to the grate, they will not burn, because they contain a great deal of water; but, if they are first thrown under the grate, and left there to dry for four or five hours, they gradually dry and become quite combustible. If cooks were universally brought to understand this, and to see that the very substances which, before they are dried, put out a fire make it burn better after they are dried, the grate problem of the disposition of dust would be brought materially nearer to a solution.



THE BATTLE FIELDS OF ONTARIO.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. J. DYER.



THE VILLAGE.

THE LODGE.

THE "SALON."

THE CHATEAU.

THE CEMETERY.

NOHANT:—ORDINARY RESIDENCE OF THE LATE GEORGE SAND.

BEAUTY.

Every grand and lovely thing
Reigns like an eternal king;
All that's bright and all that's fair,
Hath its children everywhere.
Where the silken butterflies
Use like fans their painted wings,
Fanning the young summer's eyes,
There the brown bee sucks and sings.

Beauty never comes alone,
But hath beauties in its train
If it be a music tone,
Echo utters it again.
If it be a star or sun,
Then the stream makes two of one
By the magic of its mirror;
Oh, believe it not an error,
For the soul to cling and linger
Here on earth, and gladness feel!
Beauty is God's mighty finger,
Multiplying beauty still.

Look on night, and look on day,
When they come or glide away;
Sister queens, they often meet,
But we hear no fairy feet.
Though they morn and eve salute,
Like their feet, their kiss is mute,
But lest beauty should be missing,
Twilight cometh of their kissing.
Though we cannot, like King Midas
Change to gold all dust and dross,
Beauty ever stays beside us,
And the tiniest bit of moss
That an infant's hand will pull,
Is than gold more beautiful.

Let us not like fools despise
Earth, which is a seat of beauty,
But the love-light of our eyes
Turn unto it as a duty,
Beauty here hath done its mission,
When it guides us to death's portal,
For its presence is a vision
Of a beauty all immortal.

DRAMATIC ART IN FRANCE.

The lustre of the French stage is due rather to its actresses than its actors. Mdle. Mars was at the head of that earnest, dignified, serious comedy of which the "Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" are the finished models. And she was also at the head of the lighter and more graceful class, in which the wit of Marivaux effected so much for the French style of conversation. Mdle. Rachel followed, as the most perfect tragedian in the true French style—or one might even say the true antique style that ever lived. While Mdle. Mars owed everything to education, Rachel may be said to have owed everything to nature. It is difficult to imagine circumstances less favourable to art and sentiment than those in which Rachel was reared; but her natural gifts were so truly remarkable that not even the deteriorating influences of her home could spoil them. Perhaps her family life even forced her to keep down the passion which was always smouldering in her breast, and which in later life burst out in such magnificent explosions. Many stories are told to show that she had no instruction whatever, and never even learned to read or write till late in life; but such accounts should be received with great caution, and none of them will bear the inference that they are intended to carry. No doubt she had not Talma's knowledge, which would have enabled her to study the characters of Hermione, Rodogune, Phèdre, and Roxane, in the light of classical antiquity or of the *bas-campire*. But even her immense dramatic instinct could not alone have insured her pre-eminence, or given her the power to cope as she did with history, philosophy, and all-embracing poetry. Her beauty was not of that plastic order which we naturally associate with the ancient heroine; and yet no one ever more resembled the Panathenaic figures of Phidias. She was of moderate height, and looked tall because her figure was so elegant and well-proportioned. Her thinness was proverbial, but on the stage it was not noticed. Whether beneath the *peplum* or not, the angles of her shoulders and the prominent joints of her arms seemed in perfect harmony with the rest of her figure. When in repose she was like a marble statue; but the marble was full of life, breath, and passion. Her head was certainly not pretty, and yet its beauty was remarkable; the forehead was ample and full of vigorous thought; the nose small, lengthened, and delicately curved; the mouth of charming contour, the teeth small, but ferocious, and the chin rounded in a single perfect curve; the lip curving occasionally with an ineffable expression of irony or contempt; an ear worthy of Praxiteles; the head long, the cheeks thin, the hair and eyebrows black—all this will be understood to have made up a head both strikingly original and full of character. But the most remarkable thing in Rachel was the way in which she looked at you. Beneath the rounded arch of her eyebrows and in the depths of their deep and gloomy caverns her black eyes seemed to slumber under their long lashes; but on a sudden, the eyelids would lift, the eyes flashed like lightning, and darted like the thunderbolt. Nothing, by any possibility, could be more sudden or more terrible. The forehead seemed to glow, the word rushed from the lips, and the audience trembled. What was it that produced this extraordinary effect? What, indeed? Her eyes had opened, her mouth had unclosed, and her thin arm had been raised. And the effect was simply prodigious. I am trying to convey how Rachel, with so little apparent means, produced such enormous effects. Her *pose*, her attitudes, her gestures, were all quiet in the extreme. Other tragic actors make their effects by exaggeration,—rolling their eyes, whirling their arms, and twisting their hands, exactly as if in a fit of epilepsy; she was always quiet and self-possessed, truthful, simple, and dignified. But then her smallest word was like a blow, her least gesture told, and her look was

far more powerful than if it had been more violent. And the same thing with her voice. No shouting or noise, but subterranean explosions, distant thunder rolling nearer and nearer and at last exploding through the clouds in thunderbolts which never missed their mark, and—more important still—never went beyond it. Thus her acting possessed an intellectual greatness which defied competition, and raised it far above that of actors like Ristori and Rossi, whose style is full of exaggeration. Rachel passed away at the flower of age and the very acme of her talent; the blade had worn out the scabbard. After her death it almost seemed as if the French theatre were at end. But, though the brilliant stars had disappeared, there remained actors enough to play comedy in perfection, such as Provost, Samson, and Régulier. They have been succeeded by Got, Coquelin, and a few others who have the gift of perpetual youth, Mdle. Croizette, though much talked of, owes more to her toilet than her talent.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Many of the residents in the city of New York must remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. It was a favourite vessel, and on board were persons of the highest social standing. Consequently, the name of the Arctic was on every lip; and, while the friends of those on board were oppressed with the most terrible apprehensions, the public mind generally was scarcely less excited.

The Collins' vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour; and when day after day sped by, and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At that time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Sunday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother; but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What is the matter with Collins?" asked one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another; "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep, solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible!" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. James Brown, a leading director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualification of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those help-

less ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Collins, you must have some good reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another, in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins, with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things; but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved—and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship go down."

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after, the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavoured to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached the American shores with the harrowing tale of the disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts become known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Sitting in the twilight, our minds go forth to meet the shadowy future; and, stealing along the "corridors of Time," the present glides swiftly on to the future—the "yet to be." What longings, what aspirations high, have we for the future! And, amid these longings, there is one—that we may be, in the future, to some heart what the sunshine is to the flowers, as the sturdy oak is to the trailing vine, which clings so lovingly to its branches.

On the unquiet sea of the present we are tossing; and, alas! too often we find that under the high waves of joy there are billows of care and trouble. We should make the most of the joy-rays of our lives, for they are as fleeting as sleep-thoughts, that pass through the brain, and are gone. We know that we cannot have the light without the shade; what would the picture be without the dark touches here and there? Indeed, it has been truly said that "most of the shadows which cross our paths through life are caused by standing in our own light; many are the times when we are blind to the bright side, and see only the gloomy, forbidding aspect, forgetting that to every cloud there is the silvery lining."

The twilight hour is especially adapted for musing; it is the most delicious one of all the day; it softens, as if by magic, the heart of man, and stills the tumultuous passion that surges in our bosoms. To the earth-worn, world-weary heart, the twilight hour is soothing in its very repose. Then is the time for reflection; the day's work is done, and it is too soon for the lighting of the evening lamp. Many, many times has the "sweet story," been told in the dusk, the friendly twilight hiding the almost inexpressible joy of the maiden, on finding that she is loved by the one dearer than all the earth beside; the vows are made, and henceforth these two are as one. With her head pillowed on his shoulder, the young man tells her how he doubted—how he struggled to keep back his love, fearing lest it might not be returned.

"But now," glancing tenderly at her, he says, "you are mine, mine own darling."

Ah! when the true note of love has been struck, when there is perfect harmony between the two, then, indeed, it is bliss.

Like the sea, the mind of man is never at rest; there is a continual tendency to send forth our desires to something beyond our present reach, which cannot, will not, be curbed by perpetual disappointment. We are never satisfied with our present attainments, but look and long for something more, something higher yet.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," 'tis said; and, in our moral world, we find it verified; the objects of our wishes are magnified in proportion to their distance from us; and, as we near them, the charm is broken, and we find them but an illusion, which vanishes as does the morning dew. Still we are not satisfied, and every fresh disappointment seems only to lead us to make new and greater exertions; the most unbounded success will hardly satisfy us; we pine for more. As the old adage has it, "the more we have, the more we want."

SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.

We present sketches to-day of the sale of short-horn cattle from the herds of Beattie and Hope, and Senators Cochrane and Brown, held at Toronto, on the 17th ult. The purchases were mostly made on the first day's sale by breeders from the States, Crane, of Kansas, buying the two highest-priced animals, Cochrane's Airdrie Duchesses, 2nd and 3rd, for \$21,000 and \$23,000 respectively, the latter we believe the highest price ever paid in Canada. We give a portrait of the beast in the series. Bidding was less lively on the second day, when valuable cattle could be had for a song. It was evident the bottom rock had been reached when some of the best lots of the Bow Park herd were withdrawn, the highest price paid being \$1,500 for the 3rd Duchess of Springwood, of the Craggs family. It is a pure white cow like the cow Troyon painted so splendidly; the large feet and joints (notwithstanding they are characteristic of the Craggs), and the coarseness of the skin in parts, made it, without doubt, the handsomest cow in the field. We present a portrait of her grace at her toilet, the herdsman being engaged sandpapering and oiling the horns. In the larger sketch Hope's young bull, Baron Liddington, is under the hammer.

ONTARIO BATTLE FIELDS.

We publish to-day a page of sketches consisting of the following battle fields in Ontario:—Lundy's Lane where, without doubt, the hardest fought battle of 1812-15 took place, and in which more troops were engaged than in any other engagement of that war; the battle field of Stony Creek where the Canadians and Indians made a night attack on the Americans and achieved a victory over a greatly superior force and obliged the Americans to retreat back to the shelter of Old Fort George which was the scene of many engagements during the war. Beaver Dam battle field is just in the suburbs of the thriving village of Thorold, and the monument covers the remains of several soldiers whose bodies were unearthed during the building of the new Welland Canal at that place.

OUR PICTURES.

In addition to our other illustrations fully described in appropriate places, we give a sketch of the transfer of the remains of the Royal Family of Orleans from Twickenham to Dreux, an account of which we have already published. In connection with the portrait of Mr. Billings, the well-known geologist, published this week, we shall publish in our next a memoir which came too late for the present number. There are besides views of the new rooms at Toronto, of the Ontario Artists' Society recently opened, and of the Chateau of Nohant, the residence of the late George Sand, of whom we printed a portrait and history at the time of her decease.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.—Many men's success in business, can be traced in a great measure to their good health. A sick man cannot work. Let a man be ever so ambitious, and determined to succeed, if his energies are impaired by illness he stands no chance. But if the blood is kept pure and healthy, Disease makes no impression upon the system. The best remedy for all diseases of the blood, is WINGATE'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

HUMOROUS.

The phrenologist lifted his hand from the boy's head and said, "Your son has extraordinary developments, sir; he will be a great man." The father dropped his chin upon his breast and mournfully added, "Then, he can never be President."

HE bought a cheap coat of one of the gentlemen from Jerusalem, and he observed next day that it was made of two kinds of cloth, or else it had faded from some previous wear and tear. He went to the dealer with fire in his eyes. The dealer looked at the garment without surprise, and at the wearer with extreme wonder. "By, mine, goodness!" he said, "you been wear de goat in the sun! You tink him maat of sheet-iron, hey?"

A LOVE scene on the banks of the Chattahoochee, as described by the St. Louis Times: "They were sitting together like two ebony images, he staring vacantly out of countenance, and she resting her raven curls on his heaving shoulder, 'Miles away from hyar,' she fondly murmured, 'where de buffonno rips and tairs and frows dirt at de settin' sun—dar's whar we'll 'Gawge.' 'Gawge's lips moved not, neither did he utter any word, but the whites of his eyes repeated, 'Dar's whar we'll go.'"

The following epigram appears in the *Glasgow Mail*:—

"ON THE LOST PICTURE."
"Fair Devonshire's Duchesse, unrivall'd they say,
By none could those charms be cut out in her day.
One kiss on her cheek when the contest began,
She at once paid the price and her canvas was won;
How chang'd now her fate! To the purchaser's cost,
Her charms are cut out and her canvas is lost."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

TEN cannon with equipment arrived at Toronto on the 4th, and were placed in the old Fort.

ONE ship has just sailed from Nova Scotia for England with \$62,000 worth of canned lobsters.

THE first through express train on the Intercolonial Railway, left Halifax on the 3rd for Rivière-du-Loup.

THE ninth anniversary of the confederation of the Provinces was fittingly celebrated throughout Canada.

THERE were ninety-one failures in Nova Scotia during the last six months, with liabilities amounting to \$1,021,110; assets, \$300,104.

THE Quebec Government have purchased the cricket field at Quebec from the Dominion Government for \$15,000, in which the new departments and library will be erected.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

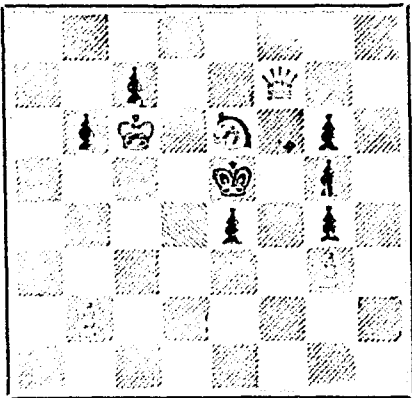
Y. Mount Forest, Ont.—Received Solutions of Problems for Young Players No. 75, Problem No. 76 and Problem No. 77. All correct. Also your letter and problem. We would have sent a reply by post, but have not your full address. As regards the Problem, what is there to prevent the Black Q from checking by taking White's K B P? Look at the position again, and send a reply.

M. J. M., Quebec—Problem received. Many thanks. H. A. C. F., Montreal—Letter received. Many thanks. The Problem No. 77 (Healey's) is a very neat position, and not very easy of solution in two moves.

There seems to be some dissatisfaction among Chess players with the programme of the Philadelphia Congress. Unless the prizes are to be paid in money, and of an amount sufficient to repay the expenses attending long journeys, it is plain the Congress will miss some of the great players of the day. Most persons object to anything in the shape of contesting for money between parties playing at Chess, whether they find the stakes themselves, or have them found by their friends for that purpose. This savours too much of gambling, which we trust never to see associated in any way with the Royal game; but where subscriptions are raised to repay the outlay of excellent players, who put themselves to great expense in order to compete with foemen worthy of their steel, the best thing that can be done is to let the prizes be of a nature the most advantageous to the successful recipient.

The Tournament at the Cafe International at New York is not yet finished. Mr. Alborni has completed his score, and is sure of a prize. The following players are the only ones who have any chance of successful competition at present:—Mr. Bird, Capt. Mackenzie, Mr. Delmar, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Becker.

PROBLEM No. 78 By Dr. Gould. BLACK



White to play and mate in three moves. GAME 11111.

Played a short time ago in the Divan Tournament between Herr Zukertort and Major Martin.

EVANS'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE.—(Herr Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q K 4 5. P to B 3 6. Castles 7. P to Q 1 8. Kt takes P (a) 9. Kt takes K B P (c) 10. B takes R (cb) 11. P to Q 5 12. Q to B 4 13. Kt takes B 14. Q to Q B 4 15. B to K 2 16. Q to K 1 17. K to R sq 18. P to B 4 19. QR to K sq 20. Q takes P 21. B takes Kt 22. Q to K 1 (cb) 23. B takes Kt (cb)

NOTES.

(a) This line of attack has been recently revived by Mr. Mason, of New York. Against the best defence, White recovers the gambit pawn, but gets an inferior position.

(b) This is generally considered to be Black's best reply to White's last move.

(c) B to R 3 is the usual continuation, but the move in the text gives White a strong attack, and leads to a very interesting game.

(d) If H K Kt takes P; White replies with 15 B to K 1, etc.

(e) Black has been overweighed throughout, and this move brings matters to a speedy end.

GAME 11210.

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

(King's Gambit Refused.)

- WHITE.—(Dr. Howe.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. P takes Q P 4. Kt to K B 3 5. Kt to Q B 3 6. K to K B 2 7. B to Q K 5 8. B to Q 5 sq (cb) 9. B to Q R 4 10. P to Q 3 11. Kt to K 4 12. B to Q K 1 13. Q Kt to K K 5 14. Q to K 2 15. R P takes B 16. P to Q K 4 17. Kt to K B 3 18. Q to Q 2 19. Q to Q B 3 20. Q to Q R 3 21. K to K B sq 22. B takes Kt 23. P to Q B 4 24. P to Q B 5 25. R takes P 26. Q B to K sq 27. K R to K 4 28. P to Q 1 29. K R to K 2 30. K to K sq 31. Kt to K B 2 32. Kt to K 1 33. P to K B 3 34. Kt to K R 4

- 35. Kt to K B 3 36. Kt to Q 6 37. P takes B 38. R takes R 39. Q to Q 3 40. Kt to K 5 41. Kt to K K 1 42. Q takes Q 43. R to Q 2 44. P to K K 4 45. P takes P 46. R to K 2

- P to K K 4 B takes Kt R takes R Kt to K B 4 Kt takes P Q to Q 4 Kt takes Q R to K K 1 P takes P Kt to K 6 Kt takes P

And White resigned.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 78.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q 2 2. B to K P 6 3. B to K K 4 4. R to Q 4 mate (A) 3. B to Q 5 (cb) 4. R to K B 3 mate

- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 77. WHITE. 1. R to Q B 8 (cb) 2. Kt to Q 8 (cb) 3. R mates.

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 75. WHITE. K at Q B 2 R at K R 4 B at K B 3 Pawns at Q B 4 And Q K 5 White to play and mate in two moves.

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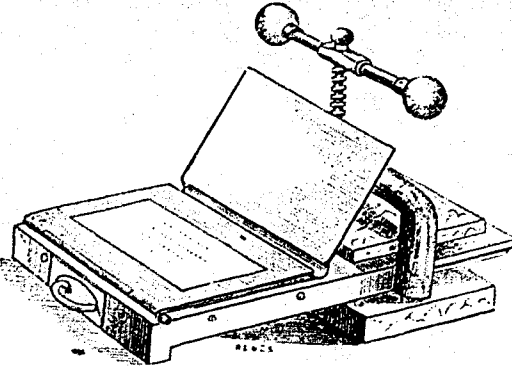
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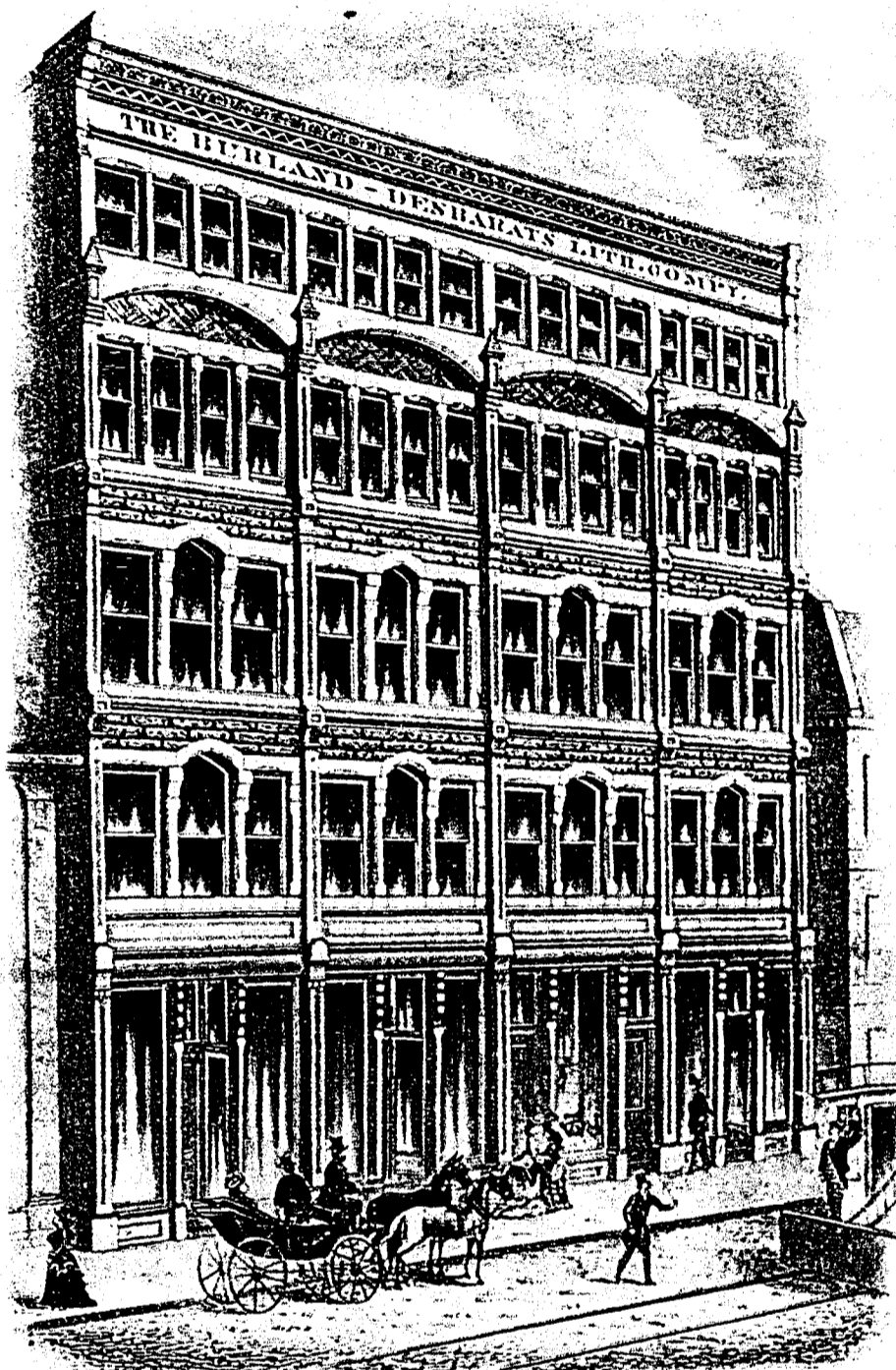
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