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Vol. XI.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



THE CHALLENGE.

A MODERN VERSION OF ROLAND AND OLIVER .- (See page \$74.)

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC hold of the Council Room, or he will im-AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the follow-AND FUBLISHING COMPANY ISSUE the IOHOW-ing periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The Canadian Illus-TRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANA-DIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICA! MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PU-BLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED

Montreal, Saturday, June 12th, 1875.

THE POSTAGE

On the Canadian Illustrated News, will henceforth be prepaid by the Publishers. Subscribers need not therefore pay any postage, commuted or otherwise, at their respective Post Offices.

A FURTHER INDUCEMENT.

Some subscribers have attended to our request, and paid their accounts; some make it a rule to save us the trouble and expense of collecting, and pay in advance others seem indifferent and do not respond with alacrity to our call. The occasion now offers to make a special distinction between these two classes, and we propose favoring the first as follows. Hitherto all subscribers have paid postage on the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to the amount of 20 cents per annum, if commut-We have now arranged to prepay the postage on every paper we mail from this office, but we do not intend that those who neglect to pay their subscriptions shall profit by this new arrangement. Nothing will be charged for postage to subscribers paying in advance, but those who allow themselves, from any cause whatever, to fall in arrears in our books, will be charged postage at the rate of 20 cents per annum, and this amount will be collected from them with their subscription. This rule goes into operation at once, therefore we again request all subscribers owing arrears or current term to settle at once, for their own sake, as well as to save us expense and annoyance. Let them not forget that our Chromo, so highly praised by the Canadian Press in every section of the country, will not be given to any subscriber still in arrears on 1st July So once more, pay, and look plea-

TINKERING THE CONSTITUTION.

The utterances of Mr. BEAKE, as an individual, are worth what that gentleman himself is worth, and no more. The utterances of Mr. Blake, as a Cabinet officer, bear a far higher import, as they entail Ministerial solidarity. When he entered the Government a few days ago, it was confidently asserted that he would forego his own ideas and quietly fall into the routine of his colleagues. His speech at Walkerton, on his reelection, has belied that statement. He there repeated the views proclaimed many months before at Aurora, thus proving that he has not lost the courage of his opinions. It is true that he took pains to impress upon his audience that these theories were his own, and that the Government was not expected to share the responsibility of them, but the force of that statement was considerably weakened when he quoted a speech of Mr. MACKENZIE that the PREMIER seconded question of an elective Senate. Be this

port them there and enforce them. If the former, then we have nothing more to say, and, during his tenure of office, Mr. BLAKE will no longer be thought of as a constitutional reformer and instructor of the people. If the latter, the case becomes serious, and we may sound aloud the old warning: festina lente. A Parliamentary free lance may be doing a world of good by broaching new ideas to the people, but a responsible Minister is sworn to the maintenance of a trust in the written Constitution of the country and he must prefer the routine of duty to the novelty of radical reform.

We should distinguish between legislative and constitutional questions among those advocated by Mr. BLAKE. Compulsory Voting, the Representation of Minories and Cumulative Suffrage are measures of legislative detail which a Government may well take up in the interest of the public. But the subject of a change in the Senate is a clearly constitutional one and we hold that the plain duty of the Government is, pending the unmistakable will of the people, to maintain the status quo. We think Mr. MACKENZIE committed an error in voting for the MILLS motion last session, because that motion aimed at a radical change in the British North America Act, and his Government, like every Government that has preceded it, or will succeed it, is bound to keep that Act free from the passing tricks of Parliamentary gymnastics. Another feature of the MILLS motion is that it is the first direct attempt at tinkering the Constitution. The abolition of Dual Representation, and the establishment of the Supreme Court were not precisely constitutional questions, because the British North'America Act made no mention of the one, and distinctly allowed legislation on the other. But it is not so with the Senate whose mode of existence is fully laid down in the Act.

It is a fundamental principle of successful administration that the letter of a Constitution should be as little and as seldom altered, as possible. Our American neighbors, impetuous and variable. as we are fond of representing them to be, have, in a century's time, attached only fifteen amendments to their Constitution, most of them of slight importance, and the chief of them necessitated only by the exigences of the Civil War. And yet the Constitution of the United States is a far less complete and perspicuous document than the British North America Act. The Americans, besides, rigidly insist upon their capital two-thirds rule, which should be the model, in such cases, of legislative decision among ourselves. On this particular question of the Senate, we can afford to speak more freely, as we are theoretically in favor of an elective Upper House, but we believe the higher principle of not meddling with the Constitution, until it has had the mature test of years, a far more important matter than the change advocated by Messrs. MILLS and BLAKE. We need not insist upon the further view that the elective system, like the abolition of judicial appeal to the Privy Council, is the severance of another link which attaches Canada to the Crown. From this stand point, we are sure that a considerable fraction of the Liberal party itself, represented by the Toronto Globe and the Montreal Herald, will decline making undue inroads into the Constitution. Altogether, we think the Government, even with Mr. BLAKE in it, had better accept the "rest and be thankful policy," with which some of its adversaries pleasantly twit it, and apply itself to questions of administration. instead of attempting measures of constitutional change.

INDIANS OF THE DOMINION.

We have received a copy of the first report of the new Department of the Interior, which deals with the important his views on the important constitutional subjects of Indians and the Dominion Lands. The Dominion Lands' portion of point, however, as it may, one of two the report, being printed separately, we things must happen, now that Mr. BLAKE have already noticed. The portion relathas accepted the portfolio of Justice. He | ing to the Indians contains matter of much will either drop his theories at the thres- interest. It is fortunate for us that we not exceed a few hundred dollars.

have no Indian questions of an exciting nature as our neighbours have; and this may be ascribed to the good faith with which the Indians on British Territory have ever been treated. It is doubtless no more than the simple duty of an individual or a nation to observe good faith, but still when we look at the disgraceful perfidy with which the Indians have been treated from the earliest times in America, it is a subject of legitimate boast to be able to say that, on British Territory, good faith has produced the fruits of peace and good will.

We learn from this report that, within a few months past, four treaties have been made with the Indian population of the North West—thefirst with the Chippewas and Crees, numbering 3,374; the second with the Chippewas, 881; the third with the same, 3,050; and the fourth with the Crees and Sauteaux, 3,000; in all 10,305. These treaties give an enormous extent of territory for peaceful civilization, stretching from the 90th meridian of west longitude very nearly to the 111th; and reaching from the boundary line (49th parallel) to the 53rd. Much of this immense tract is of the highest fertility, and destined in the immediate future to become the home of an immense population. The details of these several treaties are printed in the report, to which we refer those readers who desire to make particular study of them. Our space will not permit us to give them. Enough to say that they were negotiated with great patience and appear satisfactory to all concerned, although it is true that the Indian demands, in many cases, were much larger than were antici-

The Hon. Mr. LAIRD, the Minister of this Department, who was personally present at the negotiation of one of the treaties, reports the incident that, during his visit to the North West, he met with several chiefs and head men of that portion of the Sioux tribe, who fled to British Territory after the Indian massacre in 1862. Every one will remember how bloody and dreadful that was to the settlers of the state of Minnesota. It is now established that it was an act of revenge for breach of faith with that tribe of Indians. Mr LAIRD states: "I was pleased to observe numbers of them working in the harvest fields of the settlers near Portage LaPrairie, and, on inquiry, found, that generally speaking, they conducted themselves as peaceable and honest people. Lieut.-Gov. Morris and myself strongly urged them to remove to the reserve which the Government had assigned for them near the confluence of the little Saskatchewan river with the Assiniboine. They were evidently fully sensible of their position as exiles, and seemed to feel that, having no territorial rights in the country, they had been kindly dealt with in being assigned a reserve. They however begged for a little assistance in seed grain and agricultural implements, and they were promised, provided they settled on their reserve without delay ' that they would receive some aid of this We have quoted this official statement because it seems to us to be an historic fact of strange and gratifying interest as compared with the previous bloody antecedents of these men. It furnishes also a striking illustration of the further fact that kindness and good faith are a better policy and cheaper than per-

The report deals with the position of the Indians in British Columbia. This does not appear to be free from difficulties arising from the mixing up of Dominion and Provincial qustions, incident to the entry of that Province into the Confederation. The Dominion Government have acted on the principle of dealing liberally with the British Columbian Indians, and have in two years expended no less than \$54,000 for their benefit. The Minister remarks that this liberality of the Dominion Parliament stands in marked contrast to the policy hitherto pursued towards the Indians by the Local Government, whose

Early last year, the sum of \$6,000 was appropriated by the Dominion Government for the purpose of making a survey of the Indian Reserve of British Columbia. It was better to spend this amount of money than to have disputes between the Indians and white settlers, with regard to their respective land claims. Nothing is more important than a good understanding, and, on the whole, the administration of Canadian Indian affairs, by the Dominion Government, is satisfactory.

THE CZAR AND M. THIERS.

It is really too bad that the peace of Europe should be at the mercy of one or two men. A fortnight ago, BISMARCK was on the point of precipitating a war with France, which, considering the circumstances of the attack, would inevitably have involved a greater portion of the continent. He was arrested in his headlong course solely, as we are assured, by the interference of the Russian Em-PETOR. For so much ALEXANDER II deserves the thanks of the civilized world, but it is none the less lamentable that even so wise and humane a prince as he should have the destinies of Europe dependent upon his word. The reflection is a bitter one that, notwithstanding the boasted progress of ideas in our century, autocracy should be so palpably in the ascendent, and it is only a small measure of relief that France, profiting by her terrible experience, has decreed in her new Constitution, that the President of the Republic cannot declare war without the consent of the Chambers.

The danger that threatened, a few weeks ago, may arise again at any moment. The CZAR himself seems to be of this opinion. and, in preparing for it, evidently wishes to fortify himself by a thorough knowledge of the situation. For this purpose, he has intimated the wish of a personal interview with M. THIERS, in order to obtain the views of that remarkable man on the condition of Europe. The compliment is a high one to the veteran statesman, but it is thoroughly deserved, because no man is more conversant with the whole range of diplomacy and none better entitled to deliver a statement based on experience, judgment and patriotism. It may happen that circumstances will prevent M. Thiers meeting the Emperor, at Brussels, during the summer, but pending the possibility of such personal meeting, the ex-President has already placed himself in communication with his old friend, Prince Gortschakoff, through the medium of his ambassador at Paris, Count Orloff.

M. THIERS will doubtless improve the opportunity to acquaint the Russian Court with the real significance of the Republican movement in France, the true nature of the Constitution of the 25th February, and the honest desire of rehabilitation, quite distinct from any motive of aggression or vengeance, which the immense majority of the French people entertain. He will explain that the organization of the army is not a menace, but a precaution in view of unforeseen but inevitable contingencies, and that the measure is necessary to restore France to her rightful position in Europe. He will prove the sincerity of this view by pledging partial or total disarmament, if Germany and Russia will do likewise. All the phases of the religious question will doubtless come up for consideration. Here the opinions of M. THIERS will be particularly valuable. He is not an Ultramontanist, nor even a tholic, but a free thinker, and his whole career proves that he cannot be in sympathy with that party in France which would provoke hostility against Germany on account of the latter's contest with the Catholic Bishops and Clergy. He will have no difficulty in showing to the CZAR that the French government, on more than one occasion of extreme delicacy, has done its best, and successfully, to avoid giving offence in this respect, while the present large majority of the Left in the Committee of Thirty, and the certain triumph of annual expenditure on their behalf did the Republicans in the impending general elections, are so many strong guarantees

that questions of Church and State will be kept apart, and that purely religious issues will not be allowed to shape the foreign policy of the Republic. Altogether the case of France is sure to be well presented by M. THIERS, and it is to be hoped that the information will so strengthen the Czar's hands as to enable him to enforce peace once more should the unfortunate occasion arise, or else throw the whole responsibility and odium of war upon the shoulders of Germany, should Bismarck insist upon attacking the Republic.

It appears from the report of the Commissioner of Ordnance Lands, published in the appendix to the report of the Minister of the Interior, that the sales of these lands now amount to the large sum of one million dollars. They yielded last fiscal year, from rents, interest, and products of sale, \$215,504.42, and there are yet, we are informed, extensive lands available for sale at Amhersburg, Fort Erie, Niagara, Toronto, St. Johns, Chambly. Three-Rivers, and Kingston, besides small lots in other localities. The policy pursued with regard to these lands appears to be that which is best calculated to promote the prosperity of the country, while it is highly satisfactory in a financial point of view. The Commissioner remarks that, in 1856, these lands were regarded as little better than a bankrupt estate, with an uncertain and unpaid income of fifteen thousand dollars per annum. The contrast with their present state is striking.

A great deal of unnecessary controversy has been going on with regard to the statement that Mr. Blake was first sworn in as Post Master General, the other day, and then took the portfolio of Justice when Mr. FOURNIER consented to fill the place vacated by Lieut.-Governor MAC-A reference to the Canada DONALD. Gazette settles the matter. It is there stated, that Mr. Fournier was sworn in as Post Master General, vice Mr. MAC-DONALD, resigned. In the other event, the statement would have been vice Mr. BLAKE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE JUBILEE IN PARIS.

Our sketch represents the numerous files of flacres or cabs awaiting the pilgrims who are performing their devotions for the Jubilee, in the church of Notre Dame, Paris. Our Canadian readers are probably aware that Pope Pius IX has set aside this year as a Jubilee, or series of devotional exercises to which are attached a number of spiritual favors. The Jubilee is periodical in the Roman Catholic Church, and this year seems one of those set apart for it.

DALMATIAN GIRLS AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

On his return from his visit to Venice, the Austrian Kaiser improved the opportunity to make an extended tour through his own dominmake an extended tour through his own dominions. Our illustration pictures an episode of his passage through Dalmatia where he was well received, and where, at one place, fair damsels strewed his path with flowers. The view is specially valuable as showing the extremely rich and beautiful costumes of that country.

FORT ELLICE.

This is a view from the pencil of our special artist who accompanied the N. W. Mounted Police on their six months journey over the prairies, last summer and fall. A description of it appeared in the papers lately published in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, under his name.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE

A view of the well-known post of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the far shores of the Saskat-chewan. It lies on the route of travel to the chewan. It lies on the route of travel to Rocky Mountains, and is mentioned by tourists.

HON. CHARLES BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE.

The Hon. Charles Eugene Boucher de Boucherville, Premier of the Province of Quebec, belongs to one of the first families of New France. He is descended from Li utenant-General Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Grosbois, Governor of Three Rivers and founder of the Seignories of Boucherville, Niverville, de la Bruère and others. His father was the late Hon. Pierre Boucher de Boucherville, member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and his mother belonged to the equally honorable family of the de Bleurys. He was born at Boucherville in 1820, and his education was performed at the Montreal Seminary Choosing medicine as his profession, he studied at Paris, where he received his degrees. He did ed for Chambly and kept his seat till 1867. At that date, he was called to the Legislative Council and immediately called into the Chauveau Cabinet, Speaker of the Upper House and President of the Council. This post he retained till 1873, when Mr. Chauveau resigned. In August 1874, he was summoned to farm a new Cabinet on the he was summoned to form a new Cabinet, on the resignation of Mr. Ouimet and his friends. This he accomplished on the 22nd September. He is now appealing to the Province for support in general elections. Mr. de Boucherville is a fine type of the real French gentleman, moderate, courteous and independent in both his views and

THE LOVERS.

We publish to-day another of those beautiful steel engravings which have been such a feature in the Canadian Llustrated News, and which our readers appreciate so much. The scene is eloquent of life's spring time, even among the lowly, in sight of the shining sea, amid the budding flowers, under the purple light, with the warmth of young love bubbling in the heart and gleaming from the eyes. A copy of this picture, on plate paper, will be sent prepaid to any address for 75 cents, which is a trifle, as the original is worth five dollars. We publish to-day another of those beautiful

Oddfellows' Demonstration, Toronto.

On the evening of the 25th ult., a large number of Oddfellows and others, ladies and gentlemen, assembled in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, to hear orations from the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the Vice-President of the United States, the Hon. M. J. Durham, of Kentucky, Grand Sire of the Supreme Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. and Mr. J. W. Stebbins, Rochester, M. W. Grand Master of New York State.

The parquet, dress circle, and family circle of the Opera House were each pretty well filled with a very respectable audience, and there was also a considerable number in the parquet circle. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Badenach, D.D.G.M., of Toronto, and besides him and the D.D.G.M., of Toronto, and besides him and the three visitors already named there were on the platform Dr. L. de V. Wilder, Dr. Lyon, and J. White, of Rochester, N.X.; R. H. Morrison, Michigan: W.m. Fitzsimmons, G.M.; G. Buttery, D.G.M.; J. B. King, G. Sec.; James Woodyatt, G.R., and John Gibson. After a few introductory remarks from the Chairman, orations were delivered by the Hon. Mr. Durham. tions were delivered by the Hon. Mr. Durham, the Hon. Mr. Colfax, and Mr. Stebbins, in the order in which they are named. Our illustration represents Mr. Colfax in the course of his oration.

A collation was afterwards given in the Queen's Hotel in honour of the Hon. M. J. Durham, Grand Sire, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the Hon. J. W. Stebbins, M. W. G. M. State New-York, and other dsstinguished Oddfellows.

S. P. C. A. CONVERSAZIONE TORONTO.

The Ontario Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held a conversazione in the Normal School building, Toronto, the 27 ult, which was largely attended by members and friends of the Society. In opening proceedings the President, Hon. W. P. Howland, stated that the Society had good reason to congratulate themselves upon the amount of good they had done. During the past year the Society had taken action in about four hundred cases, most of which were settled without recourse to law. The diminusettled without recourse to law. The diminu-tion in the amount of cruelty in the market and on the streets was very noticeable. Excellent selections of vocal and instrumental music were given by Mrs. Beard, Miss Maddison, Miss Mc-Cutcheon, Mr. H. Murray Scott, Mr. Goldie, and Moris Pernet. Mr. J. W. Bengough gave a Moris Fernet. Mr. J. W. Bengough gave a number of his humorous sketches, accompanied by suitable remarks, which caused considerable amusement, and elicited hearty applause. Not the least entertaining was the "great optical illusion" exhibited by Dr. May, known as the Sphinx. At the conclusion of the first part of the programme Prof. Goldwin Smith delivered a few remarks. Our sketches of the Conversazione and of the Odd Fellows' demonstration are from the pencil of F. M. Bell Smith, Esq., of Toronto.

ESTRAY.

No one could say who owned that mule. Small boys had pelted him with liberal hand, and the police had made glorious but unsuccessful efforts to ensuare his wayward steps and turn him over to the poundmaster.

A gray mule, well put together for an animal of the kind. The rotundity of form which distinguishes the well fed mule was lacking. A bite of grass here and there, an occasional thistle head, a nibble at a passing load of hay, may blunt the edge of hunger, but will not produce plumpness nor good nature. He had wandered from home, this mule—started out with a desire, perhaps, of visiting strange towns, meet strange adventures, and of seeing the world. His strange adventures, and or seeing the world. His owner had been left one mule less, and mayhap he had searched long and diligently, and been patient and hopeful, trusting that the wheel of time would turn and return the mourned estray.

Down the street—around the corner—the gas-light playing for a moment on his faded coat and the mule crowded close to the fence and peered over with hungry eyes at the juicy green grass. Thus have we raised the curtain of fact and introduced to orchestra, parquette, boxes, and gallery the leading character, playing not the role of the old man, but the role of the old mule.

In the parlor sat the lovers. She was beautiful he was worth 500 shares of Lake Shore stock, Choosing medicine as his profession, he studied at Paris, where he received his degrees. He did not enter public life till 1861, when he was elected loved, and he trusted that she reciprocated. He

had come prepared to announce his love, and she

blushed as she read the fact in his eyes.

"My dear Isabella," he commenced, as he tenderly pressed her soft fingers, "I think

"Gee-haw! Gee-haw!" roared the wayward mule, rendered melancholy by the sight of the

bountiful supper just beyond his nose.

The fair Isabella sprang up in alarm, and it was several minutes before the young man with

Lake Shore stock could quiet her.
"It is nothing but a mule," he explained, as he looked from the open window; and he scowled darkly at the wanderer, and made threatening gestures.

She sat down again, and the painful silence was at length broken by his grasping her hand

and saying:
"I have to-day been analyzing my feelings to-

ward you, and I find that—"
"O-h! hoo-haw, gee-haw—gee-haw!" announced the homeless, houseless mule, as he caught the scent of roses and tulips from the lawn. He saw things as a mule sees them—he

hungered as mules hunger.
"It's that beast again!" whispered Lake Shore stock, as the fair Isabella uttered a little shriek of alarm.

He went to the window and ordered the grey haired outcast to move on—to leave that locality without any unnecessary delay, and secure standing room on the common.

They sat down again. He had something of interest to communicate, and she had a curio-sity to know what it was. Minutes ticked away before he looked into her lustrous eyes again. He thought he saw the light of love shining brightly, and he stole his arm along the sofa and

"You must have seen-you must know, that

"O-h-h! gee-gee-ah-ah! ah ah?" came a voice from beneath the window. It was not the voice of a drifting sailor, going down to a dark, deep grave after a valiant struggle for life. It was not the voice of a lost child crying out as it stumbled through the darkness, longing for the strong arms of a father to enfold it. It was the strong arms of a father to enfold it. It was the voice of the old gray mule, quavering strangely as hunger brought up recollections of corn cribs and timothy hay.

A smile flitted across her face. The human

soul is so constructed that one may smile at a victorious, exultant champion, or at a down-cast discouraged mule.

Lake Shore stock approached the window again and as he brandished his fist in the air, he warned the intruder to dissolve in the dim distance, under penalty of being found dead with a severed

jugular.
When a rubber ball is flattened it will spring back to its original shape as soon as the pressure is removed. When a lover's declaration has been thrice broken in upon, his thoughts are slow in gathering. They sat there and gazed at the opposite wall as if waiting for a railroad train but she finally glanced up coyly and lovingly and whisnered: and whispered :

You were about to say something !' "I was," he whispered in return, reaching out for her hand. "The public have acknowledged me as your—your favored suitor for months past, and this fact has emboldened me

" Hip—hup—haw—gee—haw—ah !" came s voice on the night breeze—a voice which halted and gasped and hesitated as if the owner had risen from beside the grave of aloved, lost friend. It was not the voice of a troubadour warbling words of anguish set in rhyme. It was not the voice of a lone night bird calling for its lost It was the voice of that same mule calling to the lilac bushes to come a little nearerto come and get a bite.

"Is that an odious cow?" she softly inquir-

"No-it's a blasted mule!" he exclaimed. "Such language, sir!" she said as she rose

up.
"Such a mule, madam!" he replied, pointing to the window. "I'll kill the man—the mule—that has dared to come between us!" he shouted, and he rushed from the mansion.

"I's maltar! 'Ent. age-worn mule with lawn or-

He pelted that age-worn mule with lawn ornaments; he pelted him with a picket torn from the fence; he pursued his retreating form and battered it with stones pitched from the street or found alongside the curbstone.

Halting under a lone tree on the dreary common—gazing through the deep shadows of night to discover why pursuit was at last abandoned, the old gray mule seemed to realize that, even as a mule, it was safe to have an accident insurance ticket in his pocket, and he sighed and gasped and tremulously solilioquized:

"Gec-haw-gec-at And the shadows grew deeper, the night breeze sighed with renewed loneliness, the stars nestled behind the clouds to sleep, and he felt that he was a mule beloved by none

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Duke D'Audiffret-Pasquier has been elected President of the French Assembly.

The forest fires now burning in the Upper Ottawa district are said to have already destroyed more pine than the lumbermen would cut in three years.

Recent rains in Indiana have done great damage, the loss in the vicinity of Portville being over quarter of a million dollars.

A mass meeting, at which upwards of 80,000 persons were present, was held in Hyde Park,

London, in reference to the cabinet makers Sixty persons have been drowned in the Tagus

apsizing of a lighter near Lisbon. The German Ambassador at Brussels has made resh representations to the Belgian Government

especting Catholic processions.
Dr. Peters, of Clinton, N. Y., has discovered new planet of the eleventh magnitude.

Reports for the south-eastern portion of Ne-braska, so severely afflicted this last spring by grasshoppers, state that they are rapidly going

General Phil Sheridan has been married to

Miss Irene Rucker, of Chicago.

20,000 pilgrims visited the shrine at Parayle-Monial one day, last week. The Archbishop The Archbishop of Paris, Archbishop of New Orleans, and other distinguished prelates were present.

The Carlist General Saballa, with 2,000 men, has been repulsed at Blanco; 60 killed.

General Jovellar, formerly Captain-General of

Cuba, has been appointed to the command of the Spanish Army of the Centre.

Rumors for some time in circulation of the coming marriage of King Alfonso with a German Princess, and of the Countess Girgenti with a

Bavarian Prince, are unfounded.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec has issued his proclamation dissolving the present House of Assembly, and ordering the holding of new elections. The nominations to take place on Wednesday. nesday the 30th instant and polling in contested

constituencies on the 7th July.

The writs issued on Monday, the 7th inst., and the elections will be held simultaneously throughout the Province on the 30th June, excepting in the Counties of Chicoutimi and Gaspé,

which elections will be held fifteen days later.

The Treasury Department at Washington has decided that fish caught from the inland lakes, or Canadian tributaries thereof, are not free under the Treaty of Washington, but when imported and entered in good faith for immediate con-sumption as fresh fish, are free under the tariff. If salted and packed after importation, they are liable to duty at the rate of 50c per 100 lbs.

HUMOUROUS.

Why is President Grant like a power of attorney? Because he "Knows all men by these presents!"

Does the court understand you to say that you saw the editor intoxicated! "Not at all, sir, only live seen him in such a-a-a-flurry as to attempt to cut out copy with the snuffers; that's all."

This world would be a sandy desert of lonesomeness if women were not privileged to attend auction sales and pay more for an old bureau than a new chamber set would cost.

TALLEYRAND once complained that the English had thirty-nine religions and only one sauce, which evoked the retort from a witty Englishman, "And the French have thirty-nine sauces and no religion."

An aristocratic New Yorker, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing re-ply: "Certainly; which would you prefer, the house-maid or the cook?"

WHEN Pope, the great poet and satirist, was dying, a friend, coming in just after the physician, who had spoken encouragingly of his case, had gone, inquired how he did. "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms," was the characteristic reply of the great

A COMPOSITOR on a New York daily in setting up a French word inserted a w. When the proof-reader sent out his proof the compositor remonstrated, saying he followed copy. The proof-reader informed the gentleman that w was not used in the French language, whereupon the compositor inquired of the karned artist "how he would spell wheelbarrow without a w?" The roar of laughter from his fellow compositors can be juragined.

FOOTE, the celebrated humorist, whilst gra-FOOTE, the celebrated humorist, whilst graduating at Worcester College, Oxford, found in the head of it, Dr. Gower, a highly suitable subject for one of his stroll devices. Observing 'that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near the ground, in an open space where cows were sometimes kept for the night, he fastened a wisp of hay to it, and the consequence was that some one of the animals neverfailed to seize the hay before morning, and so produced a most unsessonable and mysterious ringing of the bell. A solemn consultation took place for the elucidation of the portenous circumstance; and Dr. Gower, having undertaken with the sexton to sit up all night for the purpose of catching the delinquent, disclosed the nature of the jest by pouncing out upon the poor cow, and had the hearty laugh of all Oxford to reward him for his pains.

ARTISTIC.

THE death, at Lyons, is announced of M. Chenu, aged forty, a painter of talent, who had distinguished himself by his effects of snow and fog.

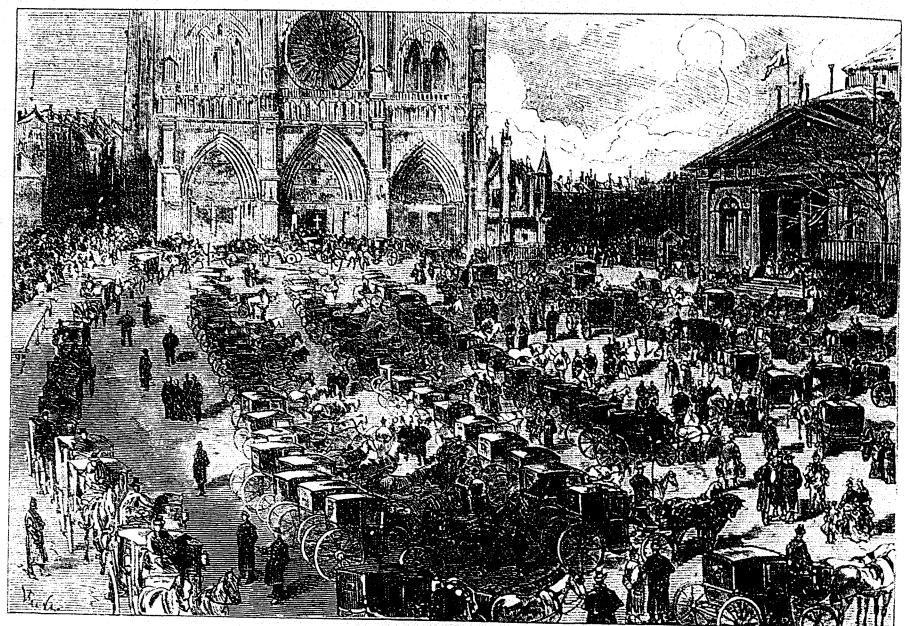
MR. Ruskin has made good the promise made in "Fors Clavigera," and opened a shop in London for the sale of pure tea to all who care to have the article in its unadulterated state.

A PAINTING of the appearance of the Holy Virgin to St. Francis d'Assisi, in the church of Notre Dame at Cassel, department of the Nord, has been dis-covered to be an original by Rubens.

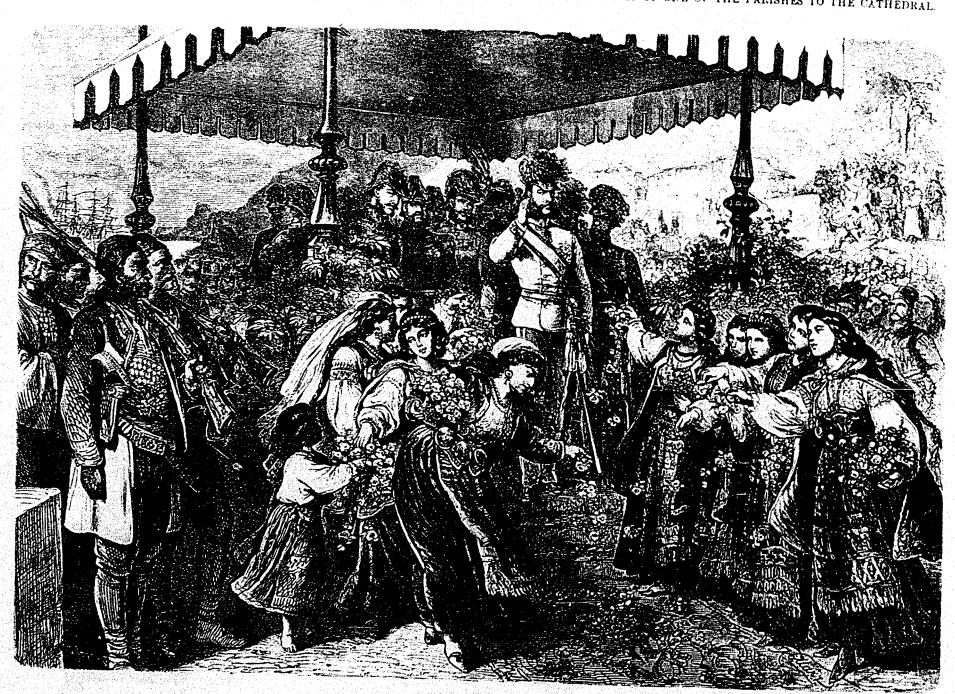
A STRIKING portrait of Raphael, in the possession of Cardinal Mossarenti, at Rome, is now the subject of great interest in that city. It represents Raphael at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six. Eminent consisseurs are divided in opinion as to whether the portrait was painted by Raphael himself.

It is agreeable to learn that the Solario that was for sale at Milan has been acquired by the National Gallery. It is portrait of a man, only the head and bust. The drappry is red. The whole is a magnifucchi piece of drawing and modelling. The character is olearly given, and the expression is full of His and force.

To A picture of a frightfully wan, emaciated girl, exhibited in Paris. is accordent the distory. It is the portrait of an artist sweethers. It begans to paint it when she was healthy and beautiful, her while the work was in progress she fell sick with the sumption, and slowly wasted away. As the deadly disease changed her looks, he touched and retouched her likeness until inst hefore her death it great y he was the ness, until just before her death it grew to be what it now is.



PARIS:-CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE: VIEW OF THE PLACE NOTRE DAME, DURING THE VISIT OF ONE OF THE PARISHES TO THE CATHEDRAL.



DALMATIAN GIRLS STREWING FLOWERS BEFORE THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

THE SOMOVAR.

A correspondent of the London News says : "Tea drinking is one of the great institutions in Russia; the outward and visible symbol of this institution is the somovar. There is something almost sacred about the somovar in Russia thing almost sacred about the somovar in Russia I searcely like to talk about it amongst profano things. It ranks with the gilt images of Greek saints which are found in the corners of every room in Russia, and before which the pious believer is never tired of crossing himself. liever is never tired of crossing himself. In the same way not a household, however poor, in Russia is without a somovar. To make tea in the vulgar fashion of pouring boiling water into the teapot would be to rob it of all its cheering grace and to profene the institution. The somovar is essential to the orthodex practice of tes, and as the first world you learn in Russia is 'tchai,' so the first which with strike your are the first world you learn in Russia is 'tchai,' so the first thing which will strike your eye on arriving there is the somovar. The somovar is a large urn made of bronze or brass, with a tube running through the centre, into which charcoal is placed. When the tea hour arrives (and every large is the tea hour in Russia) the standard of the standard hour is the tea hour in Russia) the charcoal is lighted, rather should I say, like the sacred fire of the Zoroastrians, it is never quenched. There it burns in its brazen tube, and the water boils audibly, and the little china teapot is placed simmering at the top of the charcoal—although this last is really a heretodox practice which has crept insensibly into the pure religion of tea and in this way cup after cup of the Russian nectar is supplied."

THE QUATTRE FONTANE.

A Roman correspondent writes: The other day I was walking in the Via Delle Quattre Fontane. I had just crossed the Via Porta Pia or Venti Settembro-cas it has been rechristened with questionable taste since the entry of the Italians in 1870. It was the Porta Pia, at the end of the street, the gate at that part of the city wall which was bombarded and the breach made in the wall through which the Italians entered on the 20th of September, 1870, hence the cause of the new name-Venti Settembre. It is a beautiful street corner, especially on such an April morning as yesterday. A soft sirocco was blowing, and yet the sun was trying to peep out after three days sulkiness; then came little whiffs of west wind, showing a disposition to aweep cloud and sirocos off into Africa. As you stand on the summit where the streets cross, you! rarely see a finer view. On one hand you look toward Trinita de Monti piazza and its obelisk, and Monte Mario with its pines, forming a lovely background, now very green and soft; on the other hand, the great streetsweeps down the Quirinal and rises up the Viminal, and its vista is closed by the imposing apse of St. Maria Maggiore, the north piazza of the church and obeliak. Then, if we look up and

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE HON CHARLES BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE, PREMIER OF QUEBEC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRENIER.

down the street Porta Pia, we see the Michel Angelo gate at one end, with its pallium ornsments, telling that it leads to St. Agnes, outside the walls, where the little pallium lambs are blest in the spring. On the other side the street sweeps out on to the bold Quirinal hill, which has one of the grandest of Roman views. We can which gives the hill its popular name—Monte Cavallo. This group consists of an obelisk and the two famous colossi called Castor and Pollux in former times. Now they are great statues of men holding boldly each a wild horse. In the centra between they were the abelief. centre between them rises the obelisk, and in front is one of the most charming fountains of Rome. The water rises in a great tazza of bigio granite, of seventy-six feet in circumference.

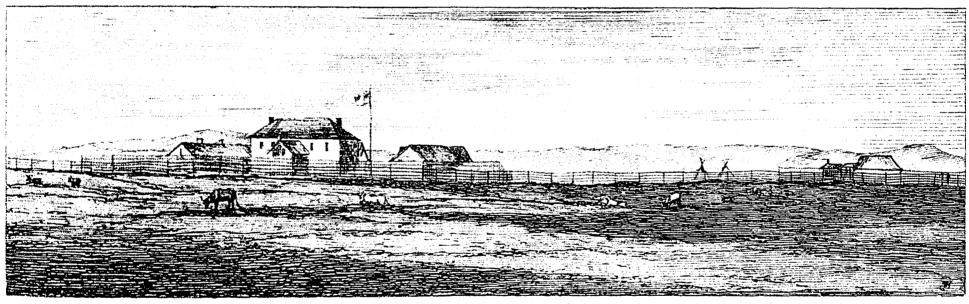
A FETE OF THE EMPIRE.

Lucy Hooper, in a Paris letter to Appleton's Journal, says in speaking of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: In 1857 the first of the official fancy-dress balls, which were among the most splendid of the fêles of the empire, was given here. It created an unbounded sensation in the social world of Paris. Count Walewski, in the dress of a minister of the days of Louis XV., with powdered hair, in a costume of black velvet empowdered hair, in a costume of black velvet em-broidered with jet and crossed with a broad blue ribbon, and earrying a gold-headed cane, received his guests at the entrance of the apart-ments. The Emperor and Empress were always present at the balls, concealed beneath the dis-creet folds of their dominoes. They entered the ministry by a small back-staircase opening upon the courts. Notwithstanding all their precau-tions they were generally recognized by their fellow-guests. A small side room was placed at their disposal, wherein they took refuge several their disposal, wherein they took refuge several times during the evening to change their domi-noes, in the hope of eluding the vigilance of their subjects. At the first ball the Countess Walewski subjects. At the first ball the Countess Walewski appeared as Diana, with powdered hair and a golden quiver. The young Viscount Amelot de Chaillou wore the costume of a rag-picker; his hook was of silver, his basket of gold filigree filled with bouquets of natural flowers, his suit of white satin, and his lantern of silver and plate-glass, with his armorial bearings engraved upon it. This lantern was lighted, and, on being asked the reason the Viscount made answer, "Like Diogenes, I seek a man." Stepping up to the Emperor the witty rag-picker cried, "I have found him!" and then blew out the light.

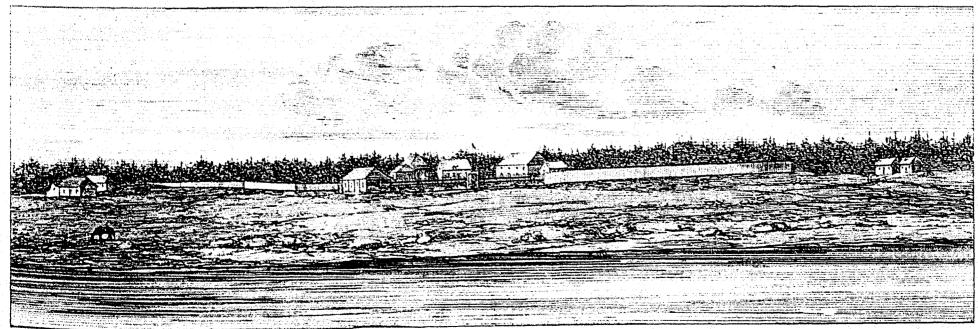
The Empress after supper threw off her domino and appeared in a superb Bohemian costume, but still wearing her mask.

but still wearing her mask.
"How did you recognize me?" she asked of one

of her partners who bent respectfully before her.
"By the Spanish grace of your fan, madame." she made answer.



FORT ELLICE, N. W. TERRITORY-VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE. - SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CUMBERLAND HOUSE, H. B. Co.; SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.-FROM A SKETCH

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) HOME DREAM.

Weary and footsore 'neath this ancient gable, I sit me down to wipe my brow and rest,
While in the distant west,
Light vapors of alternate white and sable
Wave piumelike o'er the pall which shrouds
The sun in russet clouds.

I tire now of Alpine dale and mountain, And roaming over foreign boreal fields Where Nature steruly yields Her hardiest truits; this classic fountain These Druid woods—even the beautiful Druid woods—even the beautiful sea Have lost their charms for me.

I feel, as never I felt, the grievous burden Of loneliness press upon my soul,
I see the intangible goal
Vanish into space, and no hores of guerdon
For manly strivings in my solitude, arise
Before my straining eyes.

But on this summer eve, a new sensation
Throbs through my spirit like a vital spark,—
A beacon in the dark
Of weary, weaty years,—a strange pulsation
Waking sweet music upon rusted strings
With oracular murmurings.

My eyes with tears of joy are streaming,
And an infantile jubilation leaps
From unsuspected deeps
Ofmy drained heart;—the boon before me gleaming
I grasp at with both hands and cry
In rapturous ecstasy.

Ah! Home to the wanderer when his day is ended, Home to the orphan in the lanes of life,
Exhausted with the strife [are blended, Of one against the many;—Home! where all joys Joys of the present, the future and the past,
Sole joys of earth which last.

Joys never tasted! I close my eyes and listen
To distant echoes from the vale—the muffled sounds
Of busy household rounds,—
The sweet low tones of wives whose soft eyes glisten
With love upon their offspring, and the grave word
Of benison at the board.

I see through the outer gloom the light of faces illumined by the hearth—the radiant smile

Of maidens without guile—

The father's kindling look—the thousand graces
Of childhood in the crib—and, holy as angel's

The mother's patient care. [prayer,

Would that a country home were mine!—and sobbl think of quiet farms and winding streams, [ing, And yellow fecund gleams
Of sunshine on the corn,—the warm air throbbing
With the simmer of elm leaves, and the simple ease
Of rural families.

Oh! I will take my pilgrim staff to-morrow,
And turn away from these bleak Northern climes
To where the silver chimes
Of my parish bells invite me. All the sorrow
All the care of solitary travel then will cease,
And I shall dwell in peace.

es, I will rest among the few who love me, Yes, I will rest among the lew who love and Or will create new loves where none remain, And mingle in the train
Of those who live and hope. An angel above me Beckons me onward to the purple shore,

My Home for ever more JOHN LESPERANCE.

ROLAND AND OLIVER.

THE OLD VERSION.

The yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea. Clear river falling noiselessly into Lake Leman, and bearing its tides to wash the sands of Pro Two Knights stand upon its banks in the grey dawn, young, ambitious, rivals in glory, jealous of each other's fame. Closely mailed in steel, bright casque, impenetrable visor, long lance, broad sword, thick shield, indomitable courage-ROLAND and OLIVER!

A boat is rooking at their feet in the eddies of the Rhone. "Bateliers!" cries Oliver, and the Rhone. "Bateliers!" cries Oliver, and four strong, smart peasants issue from their cabins in the neighboring wood. "Row us to yonder island." And they step in, violently balancing the boat beneath the burden of their tread. Softly cleaves the keel the yellow waters of the Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green sile radiant in the morning sunshine. The oarsmen look with suspicion on their mailed men look with suspicion on their mailed pussengers and furtively glance at each other, not daring to speak. Who are they? What do they seek in the island at this early hour? The grates upon the pebbles of the shore, the warriors spring out, and in silence advance to a slight emineuce overlooking the stream. "What can they mean?," whisper the sailors, as pushing out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dews sparkle, flowers blossom, birds sing, breezes play on the island shore.

H

Silent stand the warriors carine at other through the two apertures of their visorsgazing with eyes of flame. They draw their magicswords—Oliver, his Closamont, Roland, his Durandal. Had you seen these warriors yesterday, you would have beheld two pages, gentle and rosy as girls, playing among their companions at home. Now, with their visors down, and harnessed in mail, they resemble two spectres of steel. Behold! They fight body to body—black, silent, obstinate, enraged. They fight so close, with low mutterings, that their warm, rapid breath stains their armor. Foot presses foot, swords clash, helmets ring, fragments of haubert and falchion bound, at every men, in terror, allow their bark to drift away, and gaze from far upon the scene. The combat continues the whole day and all through the night. The sun rises and sets the second day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the fourth day, and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom, breezes play, and in that quiet landscape fearful is the sound of clashing steel.

The sun rises on the fifth day, and still they Their casques are indented with blows, their breast-plates chequered with sword thrusts, but the impenetrable mail is uninjured. The sun reaches the meridian, pouring his fierce fire on their crests, but they do not desist. The day begins to wane, when suddenly, Oliver, moved by a strange fancy, stops short and exclaims:
"Roland, we shall never end this combat.

We may continue for days and nights and not approach a term. We are not wild beasts whose rage is insatiable. Were it not better to be Mand, the blue-eyed. Marry her!"

"With all my heart," quoth Roland. "And now let us drink a toast together."

The toast was "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"

The warriors twain their good fortune laud, And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud!"

THE NEW VERSION.

I.

The blue St. Lawrence flows swiftly to the sea. Mighty river noisily falling into the gulf and bearing its tides to dash the shingle of Anticosti.

Two seigniors stood upon its banks last Sunday morning. Handsome, nonchalant, rivals for office, jealous of each other's emoluments. Loosely clad, in whitestraw hats, Marseilles waistcoats, nankeen breeches, broad cloth coats, with thick rolls of newspapers in their pockets—Boucher-VILLE and JOLY!

A boat is puffing at their feet in the current of the St. Lawrence. "Boatmen!" cries Sieur Joly, "steam us up to St. Croix, in my good county of Lotbinière." And they stepped in upon the deck, with the agility of two dancing masters. Swiftly cleaves the packet the blue waters of the St. Lawrence and beautiful before waters of the St. Lawrence and beautiful before them rises the white spire of St. Croix, glistening in the morning sunshine. The boatmen look with admiration upon their titled passengers, and, nudging one another, whisper: "Who will win?" "I bet on the Blue," says one. "I and, nudging one another, whisper: "Who will win?" "I bet on the Blue," says one. "I bet on the Red," says another. The boat rubs her nose against the black pier of the long jetty, the seigniors march out, jump into a carriage and ride up into the town, until they reach the front of the church.

Meantime, a great crowd is assembled from all the country side. Women prattle, boys play, men stare and three cripples sit on the fence.

11.

Up stand the seigniors bowing to each other, and clearing their throats. They draw their magic newspapers—Joly, his *Evenement*; Boucherville, his *Canadien*. Reader, had you seen these two gentlemen yesterday, you would have beheld two mild individuals eating their mutton pies at a corner restaurant, with all the meekness pies at a corner restaurant, with all the meekness of a bank messenger who gets seven dollars a week. Now, with their hats off, and their coats thrown back, and their newspapers flourishing in air, they look as if all St. Croix belonged to them, with the rest of the Province thrown in to them, with the rest of the Province thrown in to fill up. Listen! They talk till they are black in the face, their cravats slowly working round and round their necks, and their starched shirt bosoms blistering with heroic perspiration. Argument presses argument—wordsclash—shouts ring—fragments of reputation, like rags, fly at every moment over the heads of the crowd. The audience gare wondering much the cases in blist. every moment over the neads of the crowd. The audience gape wondering upon the scene, in blissful ignorance of what it is all about. The talk continues a part of the morning and up till noon. One o'clock strikes and still they talk. Two o'clock strikes and still they talk. Three, and still they talk. still they talk.

Women prattle, boys play, men stare, three cripples set on the fence, and, in that quiet country place, fearful is the sound of clashing words.

The clock strikes the fifth hour and still they talk. The elastic of their suspenders has given their handkerchiefs are saturated with mopping, but the interminable talk is unchecked. The women have stopped their gabble for a wonder, boys have gone home for bread and butter, the men have finished their last pipe and a feeling of lassitude comes over all. Sieur Joly,

moved by despair, stops short and exclaims:

"Sieur de Boucherville, we shall never end
this combat. We are not wild beasts whose talk is insatiable; were it not better to go to dinner! I have a fine goose at home, a snow-white Aylesbury. Eat him!"

bury. Eathim!"
"With all my heart, I am very hungry and dry," responds de Boucherville.

And thus the two seigniors who had talked each other down for hours, went off and had a friendly roast.

A model for politicians!

Trade and Insurers have protested against the monopoly fire insurance companies tried to establish in enforcing the new scale of rates on risks of fire; and the countenance given by public patronage to the "Stadecona" Fire Insurance Company—office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, shows how timely was the formation of a Company having for its object the rating of risks according to their importance and dangers.

LONDON GOSSIP.

A FULL MUSICAL SEASON—LOHENGRIN—DETAIL-ED DESCRIPTION-VERDI'S REQUIEM.

London, May 14th.—There never was such a musical season in London. Drury Lane and Covent Garden give the grand opera, the Gaiety gives the real French Opera Comique, there are concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the new Philharmonic Concerts, there is English Opera to the Covered Pales of the Philharmonic Concerts, there is English Opera at the Crystal Palace, there are the Recitals of the Musical Union at St. James' Hall, and two companies produce Opera Bouffe. take columns to give you a description of the doings at each of these places. I will confine myself to the event of the week—the production of "Lohengrin" at the Royal Italian. I would not presume to rehearse the opinions of contemporaries on the performance, much less hazard my own, but here is one which is able and im-partial and goes over the whole ground. "Lohengrin" will certainly not owe popularity in Lon-don to the way it was presented last Saturday at Covent Garden, despite a most lavish expenditure on the mise en scéne. Watching the physiognomy of the audience, close observers came to the conclusion that the encores for the orchestral preludes preceding the first and the third acts, and for the jubilant chorus when Lohengrin is first discovered in the boat drawn by the swan, emanated mainly from the gallery. A more apathetic auditory in the stalls and boxes was never assembled, and apathy was followed by evident fatigue, and the lassitude led just be-fore midnight to the beginning of an exodus, which continued until the fall of the curtain at a quarter to one o'clock. The amateurs who had heard "Lohengrin" at various opera houses in Germany were shocked at the imperfections of in Germany were shocked at the imperiections of the execution; it could not be called even an average dress rehearsal. The drawbacks and effects arose—first, from a fatigued chorus sing-ing flat through the opera; secondly, from the pitch of the brass on the stage differing so awfully from that of the band; thirdly, from the loose-ness of the stage business, masses filling space without effective grouning; and finally from without effective grouping; and finally, from the very indifferent cast. Mlle. Albani as Elsa, and Signor Capponi as the Herald, were really and Signor Capponi as the Herald, were really the only two artists who did anything like justice to the music. If the lady was not powerful in her acting, she was at least sympathetically subdued, and she sang some portions nicely, for there is no call for florid display, and when her high notes came in her voice told; in the middle and lower notes the organ was deficient, and the tremolo was too palpable at times: but the the tremolo was too palpable at times; but the vibrating tones from palsied voices were dreadful. Signor Nicolini as Lohengrin, M Maurel as Federico, the new bass Herr Seideman as the King, and the mezzo-soprano Mlle. d'Angeri as Ortruda, were all at fault. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, was as much state the signor vianesi, the conductor, was as much stage manager; the pointing with his finger, his working with the left hand, rising from his seat to gesticulate, were eyesores. It was not fair to produce the open with such a legle of property with such a legle of property in the seat of the sea opera with such a lack of preparation; the principals were under constraint, nervous and excited; so that, while the times were dragged in the two first acts, hurry was the predominant feature of the last one. The opening prelude, in which the crescendos, diminuendos, and pianissimos ought to be so delicately observed, was not dreamy enough in the interpretation; the highest notes of the first violins, which have to blend with the harmonic sounds of the wood and brass, were not brilliant. The opening chorus, the recitative of the King, the accusation of Elsa by Frederic, fell heavily on the ear, until Mlle. Albani gave relief by her nice singing of the Vision and Prayer. The double chorus preceding Lebengrin's entering applies applies applied. ing Lohengrin's entrance awoke applause; but monotonous weariness of the recitatives in the duel scene caused depression and marred the finale of the first act; but the patience of the hearers was still more sorely tried in the two ducts—first between Ortrud and Frederic, in which it is resolved to persuade Elsa to break her promise to Lohengrin not to ask his name, nor where he came from, as it is believed he is her champion from Heaven to defend her from her champion from fleaven to defend her from the accusation by Frederic, who had been re-jected by Elsa, of assassinating her lost brother Godfrey; and secondly between Elsa and Ortrud in which the ear of the former is poisoned by inin which the cal of the sinuations. Elsa has a species of nocturne, which has some pretension to be regarded as an aria, but the discordant brass in the finale was awful; this finale, by the way, is quite laid out in the Verdi and Meyerbeer mode. The pace at which the prelude of the third act was taken, and the predominance of the brass, were no doubt owing to the lateness of the hour, and for the same reason the pretty Bridal Chorus suffered. The long and tedious duet between Elsa and Lohengrin, in which she breaks faith and dispels the charm of his remaining with her, he being a knight of the mystic Holy Graal, is a very weak essay to imitate the effects of Meyerbeer in the duet between Valentine and Raoul in the "Huguenots." The pageant of the last scene— "Huguenots." The pageant of the last scene—a view of the Scheldt at Antwerp, as in the opening—was delayed, owing to the absurdity of making it a fourth act, breaking the continuity of the story and quite discretizes the continuity of the story, and quite defeating the composer's intentions. In the transformation of the swan into the lost Godfrey, Elsa's brother, who is hail-

him? The libretto, as a specimen of the poetic and ideal drama of Wagner, is full of inconsistencies and contradictions. The sorceress Ortrud absurdly reproaches her husband in the second act for his lack of skill; for she states, if he had only wounded Lohengrin in the slightest degree, the enchantment in the combat would have ceased. Now Ortrud is present during the fight near her husband, but does not give him the office to be cunning of fence. There is also no earthly or even supernatural reason why Lohengrin should conceal the name in the first act he avows in the final one. It is very easy for Wagner to abuse the absurdities of other librettos but his own is by no means free from adverse criticism. Masterly as the orchestration of "Lohengrin" is, impressive and even grand as are some of his choral effects, his theory of sacrificing the solo singers to the instrumentation cannot be maintained. Poets might just as well try to dispense with the soliloquy in the drama as musicians can expect to do away with the solo in opera. Melody is the first element of music, melody is the second one, melody is the third, and melody is paramount before instrumentation, however ingenious. Verdi's Requiem has met with more spontaneous and general approval. The Pall-Mall echoes pretty much the universal verdict when it pronounces it the most beautiful music for the Church that has been produced since the Repuiem of Mozart. As to its execution at the Albert Hall under Verdi's direction, it was perfect; indeed, four such solo singers as Mme. Stoltz, Mlle. Waldmann, and Signors Masini and Medini have not been heard together in one time. ROCHDALE.

DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE.

Last week, this cosey little theatre was well patronised, and deservedly so. Miss Ada Gray took the leading parts in several well selected plays of the modern emotional school, such as The New Magdalen, Whose Wife, Article 47. In all these, this young and talented American artist won golden opinions from the patrons of the Opera House. We had the good fortune to witness her performance of "Cora Delafield" in Article 47, and have rarely seen a more vivid and life-like impersonation. Her rendering of the transition from love and revenge to insanity, was complete and painful in its truthfulness. The character she portrayed was of a debased and The character she portrayed was of a debased and ungentle type, but she imparted to it much grace and finish, wherever the text allowed the display of those qualities. The support was very good, Messrs. H. W. Mitchell, A. H. Stuart, W. T. Harris, and P. E. Sullivan contributing more especially to the success of the piece. Mr. DeBar and his company deserve public natronage and should receive it. deserve public patronage and should receive it. We are glad to notice that his theatre is gaining every day in popularity, and as long as he maintains the present standard of his company, and engages such artists as Miss Ada Gray, public favor cannot but steadily increase.

DOMESTIC.

SHRIMP SAUCE. - Shell a pint of shrimps, and mix them with half a pint of melted butter, to which a little cayenne, mace, and essence of anchovics have been added. Immediately that the sbrimps are heated through erve the sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Grate very small a stick of young horseradish; then, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of it, mix a small tenspoonful of sait, and four tablespoonfuls of cream; stir it briskly, and add by degrees a wineglassful of vinegar. Excellent to serve with cold roust beef.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Half a pint of milk, two rrench Pancakes.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, two ounces of louf sugar, two ounces of flour, two eggs. Put milk, butter, and sugar into a saucepan to dissolve (not boil), beat eggs and flour together till quite smooth, then add the other ingredients and well mix. Divide the quantity and put it in four saucers to bake for twenty minutes; lay two pancakes on a dish, spread preserves over, and cover with the other two pancakes. Serve hot.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Pare, and split into quarters, four full-grown but young cucumbers; take oct the seeds and cut each part in two; sprinkle them with white pepper or cayenne, flour and fry them in a little butter, lift them from the pan, drain them on a sieve, then lay them into as much good brown gravy as will nearly cover them, and stew them gently twenty-five to thirty minutes, or until they are quite tender. Should the gravy require to be thickened or flavoured, dish the cucumbers and keep them hot while a little flour and butter, or any other of the usual ingredients, are stirred into it. Some persons like a small portion of lemon juice added to the sauce; cucumber vinegar might be substituted with very good effect, as the vegetable loses much of its fine flavour when cooked. STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Pare, and split into

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR SALVINI has been elected an honorary member of the Athenæum Club, the most exclusive literary club in London.

VERDI has been nominated by Marshal de 'onimande f the Le ion of Honour, on the recommendation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

DION BOUCICAULT made \$4,000 in one week of "The Shaughraun" in Boston. He goes to Philadelphia and San Francisco, and afterward to London, where he opens in Drury Lane, Oct. 11.

GEORGE RIGNOLD, his wife, and Clara Morris will go to Europe at the close of the season at Booth's. Janauschek is playing in San Francisco. Jefferson has entered upon a vacation which he intends to make two

In the transformation of the swan into the lost Godfrey, Elsa's brother, who is hailed Duke of Brabant—in the sailing away of the boat, now drawn by a dove—in the rage of the defeated Ortrud, whose husband has been killed while trying to assassinate Lohengrin, the remaining portion of the audience evidently took little interest; and what sympathy could be felt for Elsa, whose life and honour had been saved by Lohengrin, for not keeping her pledges to A CALCULATION has been made of the time

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

ONE MOMENT.—We have but one moment at once—let us improve it. One moment will soon come when this life will cease—may we so live as to meet it without regret.

Secrets.—He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him was never worthy of the name of friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

Love.—Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

BEAR YOUR OWN SORROW.—Very likely your trouble is grievously hard to bear; your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up?

THE FAMILY.—The family stands midway between the secret and the public life of a man, and vitally affects them both. Here a man spends a large part of his life; from it he derives the chiefest good of earth; here are his highest joys; here are his profoundest sorrows; here are his hopes and fears; here the fountain whence flows streams which make pleasant or weary his way; here are his loved ones; here those in whom and for whom he lives; here those whom he is set to guard and guide, whose destiny he shapes for the eternal years.

Aspire.—Take the wise lesson. Aspire to the higher places, and leave those you now have for other beginners. Aspire, but remember that you shall win them only by present content, and by doing faithfully what you now have in hand. You reach them only because you have more than filled your present place. If, because you think yourself too good or too big for it, you decline its duties, you will simply demonstrate your unfitness for it; the shrinkage will appear, and you will slip into a smaller and a smaller place. In the long run, and for the most part, men are found in the places they have fitted themselves to fill. Aspire and look forward to independent positions, but only by rounding out and overloading present duties.

FAMILY TIES.—In the passing of human life there frequently comes a time when the mutual duties of child and parent are reversed. Advancing years bring a childhood to the one and the care of childhood to the other. To the aged father and mother the days of labour are over, the work of life has been done. Now attentive tenderness becomes the duty of those who once received it all themselves, while those are dependent upon it who once gave it all. Now the parent is the child and the child is the parent. The watchfulness and care of many years ago are to be repeated over again; only that the giver then is the receiver now. To a true-hearted child here is a return of love which it is good to make. There is a deep satisfaction in being able to repay by words and looks the lavished love of the bygone time.

Home.—A careful observer thinks that as a rule the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty-stricken home or the wealthy home. In this average home, whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlour shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or a disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study; some, occupation in business; some submit with what patience they can; others are attracted by the cheer of the public-house; and it is especially young men who are apt in consequence to drift into bad company and bad habits.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Many of our correspondents solicit information as to the best way to choose husbands; and, on the other hand, many of those whose destiny it probably is to be chosen as husbands, anxiously inquire how they shall choose wives. Of one thing the girls may be sure, and that is, that the young men who make the best sons and brothers will also make the best husbands. And the young men may be equally sure that those girls who are the best daughters and sisters will, also, as a rule, be the best wives.

If a young man, before he is married, is destitute of those affections and principles which come out in filial obedience and fraternal courtesy, and a controlling sense of duty, he will be equally destitute of them after he is married. The mere fact of wedlock will not change the fundamental principles of his nature. He will be essentially the same human being after marriage—or, at least, after the honeymoon—that he was before

The same principles hold true with regard to women. She who is selfish, and vain, and idle, and deceitful, as a girl, will be pretty apt to be the curse of the man who marries her. While the girl who is dutiful to her parents, and industrious, and unselfish, and truthful, will be almost certain to be a blessing to him whogets her for a

THE GLEANER.

THE Germans at Strasbourg are experimenting with carrier pigeons.

RIVALS to the multiplicity of English Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons have been found in Paris. There are in the city 4,900 Duvals, 3,500 Leroux, and 3,600 Dubois.

Or late some spiritualists have accepted the doctrine of reincarnation or transmutation of souls, basing their belief upon the supposed instances of materialization, and there is a likelihood of a schism.

It has been decided that the statue of Napoleon the First shall occupy its former position on the column of the Place Vendôme. The restoration of this statue has been confided to M. Penelli, a sculptor of talent.

ONE of the few surviving French veterans who took part in the Battle of Waterloo, the Marquis de Blagne, died last week. He was one of Cambronne's guard, and alw. ys denied that his commander had made use of the well-known phrase, "La Garde meurt," &c.

PARENTS of children in the habit of straying from home should adopt the Parisian system of attaching a label with their name and address to their girdles. These labels are supplied at the local police stations. The idea is worth some reflection.

A CREMATION company is about to be established in Zurich, in Switzerland. The shares are to be twenty francs each, and the undertaking starts with the support of 500 of the inhabitants. A piece of land in a cemetery has been given to the company, and upon this it proposes to erect a furnace, a mortuary chapel, a room for urns, &c. It is estimated that the cost will be 50,000 francs.

The old engine house at Harper's Ferry, in which John Brown and his party were stormed and captured, is used by an undertaker as a hearse house. The loop holes which the insurrectionists made have been bricked up, but the outlines can readily be traced. The places on the floor where one of Brown's sons died and the other was mortally wounded are pointed out by the villagers, although the blood stains that remained for several years have faded out.

STATISTICS have been collected in France, Algeria and Prussia, by which it is known that the Jewish race has a mean average duration of life exceeding that of Christians by about five years, and that this people enjoy greater immunity from disease than Christian races. The causes ascribed are the inheritance of sound physical constitutions and the watchful care of mothers over their offspring. The plagues which have visited various countries have left them unscathed. Croup is said to be extremely rare among their children and they have very little scrofula.

A WRITER in the Berliner Tageblatt, prefaces a thrilling description of the wreck of the Schiller with an account of the place where the disaster occured. The Scilly Isles, he tells us, with scrupulous precision, are "a not very well known group of islands in the South Sea, between Cook's Archipelago and the Society Islands, in the 16.28 deg. of south lat. and the 150.50 deg. of west long." He sagely speculates upon the probability of assistance being afforded from the "neighbouring Tahiti, where most European vessels call on the homeward voyage from America!" What about French geographers now?

M. DE LESSEPS has again been in negotiation with the Powers respecting the Suez Canal dues. The revenue of the canal being now more than 30,000,000 francs a year, the tariff should, according to the rule laid down by the International Commission, be lowered. M. de Lesseps, however, argues that a reduction of the dues is impossible, as extraordinary expenses will have to be incurred this year for the canal. The entrance at Port Said is to be deepened and otherwise improved; the harbor at Lake Timsah must be enlarged, and the bend in the canal at Ramlej must be removed in order to facilitate the navigation. These works would alone cost at least 30,000,000 francs. M. de Lesseps has sent his son to Constantinople to continue the negotiations on this question.

A stony is current in Paris, as follows: Vicomte de H—— was seventy years old, but retained the freshness of youth mentally as well as physically. This was the result of an odd theory put into practice. He lived always moderately, systematically reserving a proportionate share of entertainment for his old age. Certain books, plays and places were avoided by him until the time prescribed for them arrived, when he would enjoy them all the more because of the long anticipation. His appetite was regulated in the same cool manner. His object, he said, was to escape tiring of life, and to use the world's pleasures in the wisest and most rational way. In the realization of his plan he only reached opera a short time ago. "The Huguenots" was the one selected, and he was in a state of high excitement on the night of his first visit to the Grand Opera House. He had a whole box and, being an ardent lover of Meyerbeer's music, he was enthusiastic in his admiration of the entertainment. At the end of the first act he fell from his chair and instantly died. The undue agitation had induced an attack of heart disease. In his desk wes found a carefully prepared programmme of pleasures that would have lasted until his eightieth year. It included a tour of America, the reading of Dicken's works, etc.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

ABOUT 100 discharged volunteers have left Manitoba for Canada.

REPORTS from the Upper Ottawa state that fire is committing great ravages in many of the timber limits on the Mattawan and Kippewa.

THE Brockville volunteer camp has been staked out, and several wells required by the force are being sunk. No canteens will be allowed.

THE Toronto Masons intend erecting a Masonic Temple in that city, and a joint stock company is being formed for that purpose.

The by-law to grant \$100,000 to the Canada Central Railway Company was defeated at Ottawa by a majority of over seven hundred votes.

THE twenty-second Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church in Canada, met in the Primitive Church at Guelph, last week.

INGERSOLL has gas manufactured by a patent processand the company contemplate reducing the price from \$5 to \$2.50 per thousand.

SEVERAL large fires have been raging in the neighbourhood of Parry Sound, causing considerable damage to the woods, and destroying much pine timber.

THE last few days has been the severest weather of the season, in the North West. Latest reports confirm the destruction of the grasshoppers by cold, rain and snow.

SHERBROOKE is making preparations for a grand celebration on Dominion Day. Among other things, a game of Lacrosse between Indians and whites is mentioned.

THREE little boys in Montreal have been sentenced to three years in the Reformatory School for stealing pigeons and plucking all the feathers of the birds while living.

THE first sod on the main line of the Canada Pacific Railway at Red River, crossing Manitoba, was turned last week, and there was an enthusiastic demonstration.

The other day, Mr. John Proctor set free six imported English sparrows in the Gore Park, Hamilton. They made themselves perfectly at home, flying from tree to tree chirping as gaily as if they were home in "Merrie" England.

QUITE a number of houses are in course of erection at Prince Arthur's Landing. Some of the silver mines are about resuming operation, and everything indicates a busy season in the vicinity of Thunder Bay.

The Wimbledon team of Riflemen sailed for Liverpool by the Polynesian on her last trip. The members of the team from Toronto are Messrs. Bell and Mills, of the 10th Royals, and Messrs. Cruit and Little, of the Grand Trunk Rifles.

One day last week a monster bear was shot at East Chester N. S. by means of a trap gun. He measured over seven feet in length. A few days previous to being shot he had killed a cow belonging to a poor man.

MAJOR-GENERAL SMYTH will commence his inspection of the Militia by visiting the forces in Prince Edward Island, and, after visiting the various brigade camps of exercise, it is expected he will complete his tour by proceeding to Manitoba and British Columbia.

It is said that among the passengers by the last mail steamer to England were Mr. Allan Cameron and wife, elderly inhabitants of Mabou Harbor, C. B., who, after an absence of fifty years from Scotland, go home to look after an estate that has been left to them.

A PETITION was recently sent to the Board of School Trustees asking for the introduction of the German language as a study in the Public schools of Hamilton. The Committee has deferred consideration of the petition and will not likely take action in the matter.

The conviction of Greaves and Sparkham, the Brockville abortionists, an appeal against which was carried to Toronto, has been sustained by the Judges. Their only hope of escaping the execution of the sentence now rests on the elemency of the Executive.

Fires in the woods in the neighborhood of Halifax, are becoming serious, and the atmosphere is charged with smoke and strong smell of burning wood. The house of a colored man, named Millers, at Preston, caught fire from the woods, and an infant, eleven months old, was burnt to death in its cradle.

WATERTOWN is a pattern of what a lively city should be. It has had several celebrations already this year; is now at great trouble and expense conducting a week of sport for the benefit of the Sportsmen's Convention; will soon have a week of base ball; also a big trot, a Fourth of July celebration, and dear knows what more.

Some interesting and curious remains of the past have been disinterred from the foundation of a house in Notre Dame street, on the river side, at Levis which was burned last year. A stone knife, a small cannon, evidently a field piece, a female skeleton, with gold bracelets on, and a male skeleton, ironed at the wrists, are amongst the articles exhumed from beneath the ruins.

Dr. B. S. Thorne, of Havelock Corner, King's County, N.B. is in possession of one of the greatest curiosities in the Province. It is an animal having an elephant's trunk, eyes, ears and tail, and the hide is soft and smooth like that of the same animal. The feet are, however, those of a pig. Its mother belonged to the latter species. The body is rather larger than that of an infant pig, while the head is very large. The doctor intends preserving the body of the snimal, which has died.

PERSONAL.

Chas. de Rémusat, the eminent author and politician, is dead.

Mr. Hagar, father of the member for Prescott, is dead.

Hon. Edward Blake has been returned by acclamation, on accepting office as Minister of Justice.

The Ven. Arch. Deacon Balch, lately of this city, and latterly of Grace Church, Detroit, is dead.

The petition against the return of Mr. A. F. McDonald, member for Cornwall in the Commons, is to be withdrawn.

It is stated on undoubted authority that the

Hon. Geo. Brown will receive the honor of knighthood while in England.

Mr. Schwob, of the Hamilton Spectator, accompanied by a gentleman friend, had a very

narrow escape from drowning in Burlington Bay last week.

Sir A. T. Galt has been appointed one of the British Commissioners to decide on the amount

British Commissioners to decide on the amount of compensation to be paid by the United States to Canada for fishery privileges.

It is said that the Hon. Mr. Fournier's first act as Postmaster-General will probably be the estallishment of an additional weekly mail to Europe by the Dominion line.

The Rev. J. P. Maddigan, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, has left for Europe. On his tour he will visit Ireland, England, France, Italy, Rome and other places of interest. He will le about four months absent.

Mr. Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa, who spends a good deal of his time on the Lower St. Lawrence during the summer season, has procured for himself a beautiful yacht which he purchased during his recent visit to the Old Country. It is a steam screw yacht of seven tons burthen, and was built on the River Thames. It is 50 feet in length, has an 11 feet beam, draws 5 feet of water and is 16 horse power.

A presentation was made to Mr. Stuttaford, of the Governor General's Foot Guards Band, Ottawa, of a very handsome framed group portrait of the band, accompanied by a suitable address. The presentation was made by Major White, to which Mr. Stuttaford made a very appropriate reply. It is the intention of Mr. Stuttaford to return to England by the next steamer, and in his departure has the best wishes of many friends and acquaintances.

At the annual meeting of the Most Worshipful Grand Orange Lodge of British America, held at Sarnia, on the 2nd, a presentation was made to Grand Master Bowell of an address, accompanied by a purse, tea and coffee service of solid silver, and his portrait in oils. The Testimonial was got up in accordance with a resolution of the Grand Lodge passed at its meeting held in St. Catharines last year, and the hearty response of the Brethren was not only creditable to their liberality, but evidences the high and deserved place in their esteem which their Grand Master occupies.

VARIETIES.

M. JOHN LEMOINNE has been elected a member of the French Academy, vice Jules Janin. Jules Simon, who was a candidate to replace Guizot, failed by one vote, which he would have had but that M. Duvergier de Hauranne was absent, owing to the serious illness of his son, the Deputy for the Cher. This election, the ballot being inconclusive, was adjourned for six months.

A COLOSSAL statue of "Gomania," by the eminent sculptor Helbig, is about to be presented by the King of Bavaria to the inhabitants of Oberammergau, the scene of the world-famed passion play. The conveyance of this work of art along rough country roads and over difficult mountain passes will be a ticklish affair requiring extraordinary mechanical appliances and very skilful management.

THE pollution of rivers in England by the manufactories along their banks has become a serious matter. Chemical works and dye houses are the worst poisoners of the water. A man who fell into the river at Bradford died from swallowing some of the liquid. The Clyde is described as emitting malarious effluvia, the Mersey as almost unbearable in stench, and the Bourne as thick and yellow. The few fish that live in these streams are unfit for food. English sanitarians are trying to devise some plan for rendering sewage and refuse innocuous.

SEVERAL heads of mummies were shipped from Egypt to Halifax, England. They were packed in separate boxes, and one of them got soaked in salt water on the voyage. This particular head when taken out was found to have recovered its natural outlines, the sea water having had an astonishing effect. M. D. Conway, who was present, says: "For a few minutes we saw an numistakably Egyptian countenance, with pleasant composed expression—the face of a man who lived at least three thousand years ago. We could only conclude that the powerful aromatic gums which had been used had arrested the decay which the salt water had now rendered possible, and which speedily set in after the head was taken from its box and wrappings I can never forget the lifelikeness of the face before the swift decay of flesh which followed."

At the recent election of the Athenæum Club in London, there were over 1,600 applicants, though there were only about filty vacancies. At this rate of progress it would take more than thirty years to get admission to this club. Of course, the reason why it is so popular is that only the most distinguished in the literary, scientific, and artistic worlds are admitted. Otherwise the club is not nearly so comfortable as many of the others. For this ware, no member can invite a Iriend who is not a member to dine, and strangers are ruthlessive excluded. For all that, there always has been a great crowd of applicants for admission, and always will be. A gentleman who had recently passed with eclat the Indian Civil Service examination, and received an appointment which would probably keep him absent from this country for twenty years, had his name put up at the Athenæum before he left England, and hopes by the time he has finished his Asiatic career he may be so fortunate as to get elected.





C. A. DEBLOIS Sc.

SEE NOI

A FEW DAYS.

Just a few days! Ah, such a few Since the summer moon watched me and you, As we loitered along the golden sand, Heart in heart and hand in hand; And the waves in eternal ebb and flow Chimed to your sweet words, soft and low Ah me! such a few little days ago.

Just a few days! The wooing breeze Swept softly over the sleeping seas, Whispering, whispering hope and truth, In the happy language love teaches youth; Which the tiny wavelets seemed to know. As they broke at the feet that lingered slow At their marge a few little days ago.

Just a few days! And to-night I stood Alone at the edge of the rising flood; There was not a murmur of joy for me In the angry moan of the rising sea; There was but a menace, stern and low, Speaking of treachery, loss, and woe, All wrought since a few little days ago.

S. K. PHILLIP

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

A REMINISCENCE OF GRAND OPERA.

I

It is the palace of the Grimani at Venice, beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea. A gorgeous festival is going on by night. The terrace and the palace are illuminated. Masks flit among the shrubbery. At the back, gleams the cural of the Guidecca, on which gondolas skim darkling at intervals. A number of young cavaliers in the service of the Republic, Gazella, Petrucci, Vitellozzo, Liverotto, Orsini and Gennaro, are attached to the suite of Grimani who is about to start on an embassy to the court of Ferrara, and who gives this festival at his palace to celebrate his departure. The reigning Duke of Ferrara is Don Alfonso d'Este, and his Duchess is the famed Lucrezia Borgia. The young cavaliers are out upon the terrace. They descant on the glories of their country, on the pleasures of their embassy. But while praising the splendors of the court of Ferrara to which they are repairing, they all unite in horror and dread of the Borgia. Orsini is particularly eloquent on this theme. All listen to him intently except Gennaro, who wraps his mantle round him, turns on his side and falls asleep. The music of the dance strikes upon the ear. The young men retire, leaving Gennaro alone.

A gondola passes, and lands at the foot of the terrace. A masked lady steps out of it. She advances cautiously, sees Gennaro asleep, appearance of the step of the proaches and remains gazing upon him with pleasure and awe. It is Lucrezia Borgia! She has just arrived on a secret visit to Venice, accompanied only by one Gubetta, a Spaniard. Standing over the slumbering form of Gennaro, she bursts out in that immortal song Com' e bello. The beauty of the sleeping cavalier fills her soul, she wants to awaken him, to speak to him, but she dares not. At length, however, driven by her passion, she stoops and kisses the hand of Gennaro. He awakes and detains her by the arm. Frightened, she endeavors to break from him, but he holds her fervidly and pours his love into her ear, for he too is fascinated by her transcendent beauty. They converse. But in the course of their dialogue, Gennaro confesses that, before everything else, his heart is set upon his mother whom he never knew and about whose history there lies the shadow of a great mystery. Lucrezia, more and more interested, entreats him to relate the sad story. He does so in the beautiful song, Di pescatore ignobile, so well-known in English as: Make me no Gaudy Chaplet. The burden is as follows: "I believed I was born of fishermen purents, and I lived with them in the lowly huts of the Neapolitan shore, during the first years of my childhood. But one day, an unknown knight drew me out of my error. He gave me arms and a steed and left a screed in my hands. It was penned by my mother. She told me of the fate to which she had fallen a victim, said she trembled, day and night, for herself and for me and begged me never to reveal her name. I have obeyed her." Lucrezia is deeply moved at the recital, and passionately urges him to love that mother; am' tua madre.

O, with the fervent soul of youth, Ever adore thy mother, Pray that her fate may be averted And changed into another; Pray for the day her longing kiss Welcomes thee on her breast.

The tender interview is interrupted. Ladies and cavaliers in masks approach from different parts. Among them is Orsini, who recognizes Lucrezia Borgia. And no wonder. At a banquet, she stabbed the brother of his mother and poisoned his own brother Vitelli while he was sleeping. The scene of revelation that follows is terrible. Lucreziais cowed under the accusation of Orsini, not so much through dread of him, but because she fears to lose the love of Gennaro. She tears off her mask, throws herself at the latter's feet, and with the cry of horror from the lips of all the throng, she faints away.

II.

It is a public place in Ferrara. On one side, a palace with a gallery, and under it an escutcheon of marble, on which is written, in visible characters of gilt metal, the one word Borerla. On the other side, a small house, the windows of which are illuminated from within. The time is night. The Duke of Ferrara and his attendant, Rustighello, walk up and down in front of the palace. Jealousy gnaws the heart of the Duke. He believes that the Duchess is in love with Gennaro. Shaking his sword at the lighted windows of the

small house opposite, where Gennaro resides, he proclaims his vengeance in a tempest of song. Rustighello goads his wrath, and their plans are all prepared when the lights are suddenly extinguished in the house of Gennaro, and the young cavaliers issue gaily into the square. Then the Duke and Rustighello retire. The youths fill the square with their badinage. Noticing that Gennaro is a little thoughtful, they make him the butt of their merriment. At length, Liverotto goes so far as to say that Gennaro is in love with Lucrezia. The latter flares up at once

butt of their merriment. At length, Liverotto goes so far as to say that Gennaro is in love with Lucrezia. The latter flares up at once.
"Signors," he exclaims, "I swear to heaven that I will endure no bantering. The man does not live who abhors the she fiend more than I do."

"Be silent," whispered Petrucci; "yonder stands her palace."

"In that case my action will suit my words."
Gennaro then ascends a flight of stairs leading
to the escutcheon and with his dagger strikes
out the first letter of the name BORGIA.

"Now read the inscription," he cries.
And they read ORGIA!

After which escapade Gennaro retires to his dwelling and his companions disperse.

Outraged beyond measure at the insult offered to her name, the Duchess of Ferrara extorts an oath from her husband promising the immediate capital punishment of the culprit. The culprit is produced at once, having been already arrested by the minions of the Duke for his supposed attachment to the Duchess. The Duke and Lucrezia mount the chair of judgment, the criminal is ushered into their presence, and, when the Duchess recognizes him, she is seized with consternation. She pleads for him, thus increasing her husband's suspicions, but she pleads in vain, because, upon being interrogated, Gennaro brave, confesses having mutilated the Ducal escuthcheon. He is led into a guard room while the deliberations proceed, and Lucrezia seizes the opportunity to press his suit with her Lord, but it is in vain. The beautiful tigress then turns to threats.

Aye, tho' the fourth of my husbands ye lord it, Don Alfonso, too steraly, I tell thee They that have wronged me have ever deplored it. And they that will slight me can ne'er shun my fury. All thy malice I scorn with derision, Know that thou hast with the Borgia to deal, Wary, wary, Alfonso, be wary Know that thou hast with the Borgia to deal.

But the Duke is inexorable. He leaves her the dread alternative of seeing Gennaro die by the sword of his agent Rustighello at once before her eyes, or of administering with her own hand the famous Borgia wine, a fearful and most deadly poison. Driven to despair, Lucrezia accepts the latter proposition. The prisoner is brought back into the presence and is made to believe that he is to drink a parting cup with the Duke and then be liberated. A salver is fetched on which are two vessels, one of silver, the other of gold, and two cups. The Duke helps himself out of the silver vessel, Lucrezia pours out to Gennaro from the golden vase. Sure of his victim, the Duke then leaves Lucrezia to reveal to him the horrible snare into which he has fallen, when, in her agony, she remembers having upon her person the only known autidote to the fatal draught. This she forces the half-maddened Gennaro to drink, and gives him means to escape from the palace.

It is the Negroni Palace at Ferrara, brilliantly illuminated and decorated. On a table covered with rare luxuries and flowers, the Princess Negroniis seated, surrounded by her ladies of honor. All the young Venetian envoys are present and Gennaro among them. It was a fatal imprudence on his part. Restored to life and health again, he should have left the city forthwith, being pursued by the Duke, but he allows himself to be persuaded by his friend Orsini to accept an engagement at the banquet of the young and wealthy Princess Negroni. He, therefore, consents to postpone his departure till the morrow, not, however, without many misgivings and forebodings. The festival is splendid, but it is doomed to have a terrible termination. In the midst of the general merriment a quarrel arises between Orsini and Gubetta; rapiers and daggers are brandished aloft. The ladies fly like frightened doves. A temporary lull ensues, during which Orsini sings the rollicking song which Alboni has made memorable for ever. Holding his goblet in air, he intones *Recgreto per esser felice.*

O the secret of bliss in perfection
Is never to raise an objection
Whether winter hangs tears on the bushes,
Or the summer kiss decks them in blushes;
Drink and pity the fool who on sorrow
Ever wastes the pale shade of a thought,
Never hope for one jot from the morrow,
Save a new day of joy by it brought.

All drink, except the spy Gubetta, who empties his goblet over his shoulder, but the bout is suddenly interrupted by the distant sound of a funeral bell and voices chanting in a doleful tone:

La gioja de' profani E un fumo passegier.

The joy of the sinuer Is a smoke that passes.

The lights of the banquet-hall begin to turn blue and gradually pale, and a procession of Capucin monks files in. The revellers begin to tremble, but their horror is at its height when, on the threshold of the hall, attended by armed men, they behold—Lucrezia Borria

men, they behold—Lucrezia Borgia.
"We are lost!" is the general cry.
"Yes, I am the Borgia!—

un ballo, un tristo ballo Voi mi deste in Venezia; io rendo a voi Una cena in Ferrara. "A ball, a sorry ball you gave me in Venice. In return I give you a supper in Ferrara.—You are all poisoned!" The monks draw aside, and in an inner room five coffins are seen standing ready against the wall for Orsini and his four companions.

"A sixth for me!" exclaims Gennaro.

To her horror and amazement, Lucrezia discovers that he whom she had once saved, and whom she believed safely away from Ferrara, had fallen again a victim to her arts. Clearing the room, she remains alone with him and offershim the antidote once more. He refuses it because he cannot divide it with his friends. He, therefore, determines to die, first bidding the lovely woman before him to prepare for immediate death at his hands. Horror-stricken, Lucrezia warns him off with the words:

"Thou art a Borgia. My fathers are thy fathers!"

Gennaro is astounded and asks for more revelations. As life is fast ebbing, Lucrezia confesses that she is his mother. The work of the poison is culininating. Gennaro c vers his face and sobbing in grief and love, expires. Lucrezia throws herself upon his prostrate form and when the Duke Alfonso, followed by h s guards, appears at the central door, he finds mother and son clasped in each other's embrace—dead!

J. L.

FOOT NOTES.

EVERY species of snake may be permanently driven away from an infested place by planting geraniums.

MOUNTAINEERING is rapidly becoming fashionable in France. The French Alpine Club now comprises 850 members.

Albert Smith's famed talking-fish has been equalled by one of the elephants in the Paris Jardin des Plantes, which has been taught to articulate "Papa" most distinctly with its trunk.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh is an accomplished linguist. It is said that at her imperial father's court, she was able to speak with all the foreign embassadors, except the Turkish, in their own language.

A REGATTA by electric light formed part of the rejoicings on the occasion of the late visit of the Emperor of Austria to one of the Italian seacoast towns. The idea might be brought into use in British and Canadian waters.

The prospects of the Volunteer season in England, this year are, it is stated, financially roseate. There is estimated to be something over £30,000 offered in prizes at the various metropolitan and provincial meetings. How about Canada?

RECENTLY in an English theatre, the stage manager struck a supernumerary who had exasperated him behind the scenes, whereupon the supernumerary came before the footlights and formally announced to the audience that he had resigned.

Apropos of the Pope's pungent sayings at an audience, a few days ago, when some persons remained silent when he addressed them, and standing when they should have knelt, he said, smiling, "The last addition of statues to the Vatican collection," and passed on.

The closing of the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, the oldest establishment of the kind in Paris, and once the resort of Voltaire and the literary celebrities of his day, was announced some months since. The Café has just been reopened, however, in a very brilliant condition.

THE sensation among the fashionable loungers of Cheltenham this season is a young German lady of tender years, who drives in a toy dog-cart a pair of very handsome and spirited ponies, tandem. This little lady is a most accomplished whip, and her noval equipage excites much attention.

The death is announced of the father of English Chess players, Mr. Samuel Newham, who expired some days ago at his residence in Nottingham, at the ripe age of 83. The deceased gentleman was at one time the strongest provincial player, and in 1851 he took part in the great International Tournament, where he had the ill-luck of meeting in the first round one of the strongest opponents, the great Hungarian Szen, by whom he was thrown out from further competition.

A DISCOVERY of treasure has just been made at Courbevoie, near Paris. A labourer, while digging the foundation of a wall in Avenue de St. Denis, near the site of a former convent of Ursulines, found at the depth of about a foot below the floor of a cellar, two small boxes, one containing 79 gold pieces of 48 livres, bearing the image of Louis XV., and the other 587 silver coins of six livres, of the same and following reigns, the whole forming a value of about 7,000 francs, to the half of which the finder is entitled.

Anglo-Indians are generally exercised about the kind of reception which they ought to give to the Prince of Wales. They are saying that it would be awkward if he were to go out as the representative of the Cueen, since in that case he would take precedence of the Viceroy, and that this, so far as politics and the administration of Government are concerned, would be hardly desirable. The truth is, he will go out as a Prince, just as the Duke of Edinburgh did before, as naturally the future Emperor of Hindostan.

RACHEL AND THE QUEEN.

Lucy Hooper, in a Paris letter to Appleton's Journal, says: I was recently presented to a gentleman who was for years the French tutor of the Prince of Wales, and who is still held in great friendship and affection by his quondam pupil, who never comes to Paris without inviting him to dinner or to pass the day with him. This gentleman, whom I shall call M. X—, owed his appointment to his post as tutor to the prince toa rather curious circumstance. When Rachel first made her appearance in London it was in the days of her youth, when she was as renowned for the purity of her conduct as for the greatness of her genius. Consequently Queen Victoria, who in her genius. Consequently Queen Victoria, who in those days was young and gay, and very fond of the theatre, not only appeared continually in her box at the French Theatre, and commanded a private representation of one of Mademoiselle Rachel's leading characters at the palace, but invited the gifted tragedienne to one of her private entertainments, and presented her with a bracelet entertainments. entertainments, and presented her with a bracelet bearing the inscription, "Victoria to Rachel." The next season, when the French company returned, the Queen, who, meanwhile, had heard sundry reports derogatory to the private reputa-tion of Mademoiselle Rachel, no longer bestowed upon her such marked favor, nor did she invite her to any of the royal entertainments. She commanded, however, a private reading, at which one of Racine's tragedies was to be declaimed by Mademoiselle Rachel. Piqued and indignant, the haughty actress took her revenge by sending word, and at the last moment, when all the guests were assembled, that she was too ill and hoarse to read. What was to be done? Everything was ready for the reading save the reader, and who could supply her place? In this dilemma a lady was sent for; he came, read the play to perfection, and so charmed her Majesty by the purity of his French, the graces of his diction, and the charm of his manners, that he was at once appointed French tutor to the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, the present Duke of Edinburgh. M. X— is a perfect specimen of an old French gentleman, refined, courteous, and agreeable, and (rare accomplishment for a Frenchman) he speaks English almost as well as he does his native tongue.

LITERARY.

THE Temps announces that another batch of letters by Mérimée to a second "Inconnue" has been discovered, and will shortly be published.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON attends Boston receptions, at which he reads his lectures and answers questions put by his admirers.

THE Emperor William has conferred the order of Civil Merit on Hon Geo. Bancroft, historian, and Hy. W. Lonfellow, poet.

In June will appear General Ducrot's book, "La Défense de Paris," which is likely to produce a considerable sensation, as it will give the causes of the capitulation of 1871.

THE proprietor of the Paris Figaro, bankrupt in 1835 and in 1844, has just paid his debts with interest to all the creditors he can flud, and is advertising for the others.

PRINCE AMADEO of Italy is occupied in writing the history of his reign in Spain. The title of his work will be "Recollections of a King." The Princess Marie is assisting her husband.

Mr. TENNYSON has, at last, sent to the press the drama which he has had so long on hand. It will be published shortly by vessrs. H. S. King and Co. It is entitled "Queen Mary: a drama," and embraces the life of Mary Tudor from her accession to her death, together with the chief scenes in her reign.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Paris, states that all the copies of the first edition of the French translation, published by Messrs. Hachette, of "Young Brown" ("Le Jeune Brown", a novel published in London some months ago, have been bought up by order of Prince Bismarck, and despatched to Germany.

In the Royal Libraryat Berlin a collection has been formed of books, newspapers, paintings, sketches, and soulpture relating to the Franco-Prussian war. It is amusing to learn that a place has been found among the volumes included in the collection for "The Battle of Dorking."

It is proposed to calendar and publish the records of the Scotch Privy Council from the beginning of Queen Mary's reign down to the union. These records have hitherto been practically inaccessible, and it is expected that their publication will throw much new light on some of the most interesting periods of Scotch history.

A LITERARY treasure is to be seen at Scribner's store, N.Y.: the Hon. Wm B. Reed's own copy of their print of his Blackwood's memorial of the Thackeray, "Haud Immemor." It includes the originals of the letters there given—which readers will remember from the Bric-à-brac book—including Thackeray's amusing 'hubbering' letter on his sudden departure for home, a hong epistle on the margin of which is one of the most characteristic sketches, the letter of Miss Anne Thackeray to Mr. Reed, and others.

MR. J. W. BOUTON, a book importer of New York, has re-ently sold a Bible, in the preparation of which Mr. James Gibbs of London, passed the greater part of his lifetime. This remarkable book contains the entire text of three or four rare editions of the Bible, and consists of sixty volumes. The text is carefully inlaid and illustrated by the insertion of upwards of thirty thousand plates, original drawings in oil, water colour, and pencil, specimens of early printed, rare, or curious Bible etchings, engravings on steel and copper, and mezzotints. The book, which is a library in itself, was sold for ten thousand dollars to a private collector in that State.

PARIS CHRONIQUE.

DIPLOMATIC STRAWBERRIES - ART - ATMOS PHERE—THE SALON—CHARITY AND MUSIC -MICHEL LEVY-CHEAP LITERATURE FASHIONS.

Paris May 15.—You have doubtless read a good deal in the English papers of the so-called French scare. Do not believe a word of it. The rumors of war may or may not have been true. It is generally believed here that they were not true, but even if they were, they did not affect true, but even if they were, they did not anecothe Bourse to any appreciable extent, and that only for a few hours. I have one circumstance to prove that there was no room for apprehension, and I think you will allow that it is as forcible as many more showy ones that might be adduced to the contrary. Not later than last week, the German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe, assisted at a dinner given by Marshal MacMahon, at the Elysées. Every body noticed that he asked for a second dish of strawberries. Now, is it in the nature of things even Teutonic, that an ambas-sador who asks for strawberries a second time, should the next day demand his passports?

You have often heard of the art-atmosphere of European cities. I believe that it almost unknown in America. Here it is palpable, tangible, it surrounds you and takes you in. The art event of the month of May is the Salon or Picture Exhibition. Would you be surprised if I told you that thousands upon thousands visit it every day, most of them in full dress, out of respect for the occasion, and that the crowds are as great as at a public ball! And it is not merely curiosity that impels most of them. They inspect the pictures, study them, observe a religious silence around the master pieces, and some of the shrewdest sayings are heard there. Of course, I am not going to attempt a description of the Salon which contains 3862 entries, 2019 of which are oils, 1620 sculptures, and the rest water colors, pastels, miniatures, enamels, architectural drawings and engravings. Doré is not a regular exhibitor, but this year he is represented by two immense canvases, one entitled "Dante and Virgil in the Seventh Circle" and the other "Judas Iscariot communing with the Chief Priests." Battle pieces and patriotic themes are also frequent, the chief merit of which is their or the idea of vengeance. Principal among these is the "Sacrifice à la Patrie" of Merson. Although the style is slightly academic, yet the execution of the figures betokens the most serious and conscientious study. In front of a temple which forms the back ground of the painting, is stretched out on the altar of fatherland the corpse of a young man. His nother kneeling and with hands thrust in herdisheveled hair, abandons herself to a wild grief, while a beautiful symbolic figure elevates a chalice into which have flowed so much blood and so many tears. On the right, So much blood and so many tears. On the light, Glory, beneath laurels of gold and fire-colored draperies, blows a trumpet. In the foreground are seen a young tree torn up by its roots, a number of useless arms, broken eagles and a little genius bearing the inscription of Horace: Bella matri-bus detestata. Gerome, Meissonier and other mas-ters are well represented, either through their own works, or through their pupils. The roman-tic school also shows well with Carolus Duran, Bonat and others.

It is fashionable to think that the French are penurious. But in matters of charity, they certainly belie that opinion. The ladies of Paris have raised hundreds of thousands of francs in behalf of the poor during the winter, and Madame de MacMahon has given them a noble example in that respect. But even in their charities the French like a little amusement and a little art. Instead of a cold, silent subscription list passing around, they favor a dramatic representation or nusical soirée. Thus, last Saturday, there was a grand representation at the opera for the benefit of the two unfortunate aeronauts who perished in the balloof Zenith. Such artists as Faure, Gailhard, Villaret, Belval, Mme Krauss, Mme Miolan-Carvalho and others lent their precious services. Verses written expressly for the occasion by Victor Hugo carried the audience by storm. The proceeds were some 25,000 francs. This sum added to that received by the papers and by the Society of French Aeronauts will form a total of 150,000 francs, or \$30,000, no mean support for the aged father of Croce-Spinelli and the two orphan children of Sivel.

You have doubtless heard by telegraph of the inusical soirée. Thus, last Saturday, there was

You have doubtless heard by telegraph of the death of Michel Levy, the famous publisher. In a death of Michel Levy, the ramous publisher. In a commemorative paper written by George Sand to the Univers Illustré, the remarkable views of this successful man on cheap literature are given. "It is possible, even probable," said he, "that the cheapening of books will at first give vogue to frivolous and mediocre works. But such readto an inevitable will make men anxious to read, will give him the habit of reading and this habit will become a necessity. I intend before ten years are over, that the appearance of a new book will be expected as impatiently as a dinner to the lungry man." Ten years had not elapsed before Michel Levy's prediction was verified and thus his theory on the value and importance of mediocrity in the arts was established. He became the publisher of aff the great French authors. He leaves a fortune of 17,000,000 francs, but as yet the heirs are not known, because the will cannot be found. The publishing business will be carried on by his

partner and brother Calmann Levy.

Marshal MacMahon has returned to take up his residence at Versailles. The Palais de la Presidence has been splendidly refurnished during the holidays, and the first reception is announced for the 20th. Before leaving, the Maréchale gave

a charming garden party in behalf of the Sainte Clotilde orphanage.

Last week the principal modistes in Paris were

all occupied with court trains for Queen Victoria's Drawing Room. There is a particular stamp about Court dresses made in Paris; they are not sorich looking as those made in England, they are not overcharged with ornamentation, but they are singularly graceful. Among several of the robes of truly formidable dimensions I noted one espe cially of black net, powdered all over with gold; the train was black faille, trimmed with gold lace, and bordered with a thick black ruche, and rows of gold braid; in the centre of the train there were three lace pattes, with several rows of gold braid. The faille bodice was ornamented with lines of gold braid, and the headdress was composed of feathers, a maize rose, and bows of gold braid.

Straw is likely to be a formidable rival to jet as a summer trimming. Straw embroidery, straw fringe, and even a material made of straw are in preparation for July and August. The material consists of a network made from tubes of straw eut in small pieces, and the meshes mark-ed with a jet bead, and from this tabliers and ed with a jet bead, and from this tablers and cuirasses are made in a single piece, and worn over pale shades of silk. Besides this network made from tubes of straw strung together, there are gauze and summer silks embroidered with straw and jet beads intermixed. Fringes are made to match; black veils are embroidered with veillowertow, and white veils are embroidered with yellowstraw, and white veils with black; there are straw parasols, and fans are also embellished with straw. This caprice will probably be ephe-meral, but large quantities are being manufactured.

Never was there more demandfor embroidery of all ki ds than at present; but the variety affected by the fashion consists of shaded flowers, worked in the softest shades and colours on nar-row bands of black velvet. These bands look like insertion, and are used for trimming many dresses, but particularly black faille ones. The bodice is striped all over with these bands, which are considerably narrower than those on the skirt. On white baregedresses the embroideries on velvet are most effective. For small dinner and evening dresses white barége is both pretty and appropriate, and is frequently very elegantly trim-med. The bodice of one dress that came under my notice was composed of very fine Bruges gui-pure, the side pieces alone being white barége; the sleeves were guipure, and the front breadth was divided into three wide guipure bands, each terminating with a point, and one separated from the other with a narrow band of barege, ornamented with white silk and silver braid. The edge of the skirt terminated with a row of narrow Bruges guipure, an insertion, and three rows of sik and silver braid. Pale pink or white

MARGINALIA.

The Duke of Argyle has fenced in a deer forest six miles round.

In some of the French cities the person whose house gets afire has to pay the expense of the engines coming out.

A French exploring expedition will try to cross Africa next year from the Congo to the White

The Turkish Government has concluded to let Dr. Schliemann keep his Trojan antiquities, on payment of 50,000 francs.

Italy is fitting out an expedition to explore the country between Abyssinia and the Victoria Nyanza, an almost unknown region.

San Francisco boasts of having a Greek Church with the regular services according to the Greek form, and a Russian Bishop.

Gratitude—A bachelor made a will leaving his property to the girls who had refused him. to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

In China a liquor is distilled from the flowers of the chrysanthemum, which is regarded as an elixir vitæ, and a powder of these flowers is prescribed as a cure for drunkenness.

The survey of the great interoceanic railroad across the Andes, from Buenos Ayres to Chili, has been completed. The line can be easily and cheaply constructed.

Mr. Pullen, who wrote the clever satire "Dame Europa's School," will accompany the the British Arctic Expedition as one of the chap-

Gas made from oil is to be used for lighting railway carriages in Switzerland. It is to be supplied from reservoirs to gasometers fitted in each carriage, and capable of containing suffi-cient quantity for eight hours' light.

A San Francisco company which manufacture extensively paper barrels, has recently shipped some of them to China and Japan, filled with sugar, and they seemed as good when they reached their destination as when they started.

Beet sugar is made in California at seven cents a pound, including every expense. The increase in the cultivation of beet root in Europe, for the

manufacture of sugar, is said to be causing enormous losses to the cane-sugar planters in

A girl was recently arrested in Limerick, Ireland, for causing the death of a child consigned to her care. She went out for a walk with the child, which was in a perambulator, and, meeting a friend on the quay, stopped for a gossip, and the perambulator rolled away unnoticed into the water and the child was drowned.

M. Thiers loses none of his activity as he grows old. He is said to have accepted the proposal of a deputation of the inhabitants of Belfort to become their candidate for the Senate in their Department: and he is working with great zeal upon his Memoirs, which he expects to extend to sixteen volumes. Besides this, he is engaged upon a History of Art, of which he has completed only the Italian portion.

An Englishman has just accomplished the seent of Mont Blanc at a time of the year when no tourist had ever ventured on the attempt. Mr. Kennedy member of the English Alpine Club, set out from Chamounix on May 15th, accompanied by two guides, and reached the Grands-Mulets at four in the afternoon. The following day the party started at three in the morning for the summit, and after contending with the difficulties of the snow giving way under their feet, and of a burning sun, they arrived at the Grand Plateau. From that point the surface was firmer, so that they were enabled to attain the highest point toward noon; and there the travellers planted an alpenstock and drank a bottle of champagne "in honor of the tourist world, past, present, and to come." Owing to the intense heat the descent was difficult, but it was safely effected at eight in the evening.

A Brussels paper gives a painful account of the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico. Her physical health is good, but her mental condition is hopeless. She lives in constant communication with imaginary beings, and dislikes the presence of any living person. She speaks only when obliged to do so, and gives orders to her attendants in writing. She dresses herself without suffering assistance, takes a fixed walk in the park every morning when fine, frequently plays on the pianoforte, and sometimes draws and paints with decided taste. She recognizes no visitors, not even her brother, King Leopold, or the Queen. The latter always accompanies the physician on his monthly visit, when, in reply to his inquiries as to her health, the Empress coldly says she is well and immediately retires. She has become stouter, and shows a tendency to corpulency, but at present it is stated that this only increases her beauty, which is now truly striking.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.] BOATING ACCIDENTS.

From the prevalence of Boating Accidents upon our Canadian waters a stranger might infer a general fatuity in this regard in the Canadian people. We do nothing of the sort. There are many citizens amongst us, we are sure, at the moment while we write, who have their plans for overcoming the difficulty. If they remain dumb it is because they know that their special public would be constituted of the young and the public would be constituted of the young and the self-willed, and a spirit of reserve keeps them

The prevalence of these disasters calls earnestly for an effectual remedy, and in the first place we ought to look for the active cause of these accidents.

If I were to describe a small Canadian sailboat as constructed with the greatest beam, the greatest cutwater, and the greatest sheer possible to one model, I believe the picture would be so easily recognized that the form might be almost repeated by a builder in England without any visual reference.

Now this model for a boat has undoubtedly great elements of stability, independent of its sailing qualities, but it does not by any means comprise all the elements of stability, and those which we overlook form all the danger. If our boats are to be prevented from capsizing in future, boats are to be prevented from capsizing in future, they must be differently ballasted from what they are now. They should have fixed ballast, and that in exact sufficiency and rightly placed. These boats are not "crank" in build, but they are often "crank" in behaviour under canvass, because they are improperly ballasted, and because too much sail is often crowded upon them. The quantity of sail that will suit fair weather and the vanity of an emeteur will be weather and the vanity of an amateur, will be excessive in a sudden squall. The boat will capsize under it. Stability is actually secured in the school-boy's toy-boat, because he places the leaden ballast all along the keel. We see no rowing beat should not be ballasted exactly in the same way, but, not being boat-builders, we will not take a particle of responsibility in saying so. The plan in use is to do without scientific ballast altogether in a small boat, and to overload her with upper ballast in the shape of persons, into the bargain. We thus secure unstable equilibrium, mitigated only by aqueous support when on the tilt. There are two other prevalent dangers: and these may be described as "want of trim" or "shifting ballast " created by moving about in the boat unscientifically, and " ignorance of navigation" on a river of rapid currents. Those who have not yet learned to understand boats should not attempt to sail them alone. Are we going to have the satisfaction of beholding a little more thought and care in the season now begun ! Are the boat-builders going to help us, instead of merely humoring the whims of their customers?

And, finally, are our Legislators going to make provision that the limit of number to be carried by a small boat shall be discinctly inscribed on some part of the vessel where it can be seen and followed? These things will be better than the tenderest bewailings even of good and honest

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The problem we publish in this number was sent to us for insertion by a kind friend in the United States. It is not difficult of solution, but is a curiosity in Chess on account of its symmetrical construction. Mr. Wheeler, we understand, is favorably known as a composer of Chess

problems.

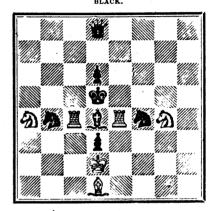
We believe it was stated at the Chess gathering in

We believe it was stated at the Chess gathering in Montreal at the last Congress, that the best games of the Tourney, and, also, the problems which took prizes, were to be published as soon as they could be got ready. We have no doubt a small work of such a nature would be acceptable to all Canadian Chess players.

The publishing of works on Chess seems to be a successful undertaking elsewhere, if we may judge from the number which are constantly making their appearance. It is now said that Mr. Bird, the well known English player, will shortly publish a collection of "Chess Musterpieces." The selection will consist of about 150 games played since 1849, and every game will be a specimen of the highest order of play.

What lover of the game would not be anxious to be in possession of such a fund of amusement and instruction!

PROBLEM No. 23. By C. H. Wheeler, Englewood, Ill. BLACK.



White to play and Mate in two moves SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 21.

BLACK.

1. R takes K P[ch]

2. P to Q 7th

3. K takes R

4. K to K5th (or A)

WHITE.

1. R takes R

2. R to Q 5th

3. P to Q 7th

4. P to Q 8th and wins

4. P Queens

4. P Queens, Checks, and wins

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 20.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 21.

BLACK. K at K R sq Kt at K B 3rd P at K Kt 2nd and K R 3rd K at K R sq Q at K 4th B at K Kt 2nd B at Q B 3rd Kt at K B 8th White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in three

GAME 27th.

Played recently by two of the members of the Moutreal Chess Club.

BLACK. (Dr. H—.) WHITE. (Mr. H—.)

[Sicilian Game.]

1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd P to K 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
4. P to K 5th Q K to B 3rd
5. K B to Q K to th Q B to Q 2nd
5. K B to Q K to B 3rd
6. B takes K B takes B
7. Castles B to K 2nd
8. P to Q B 3rd P to Q B 5th
9. P to K R 3rd P to K B 4th
10. K K to R 2nd
11. P to Q K 4th
12. Q B to Q R 5th
P takes P
B takes B

P to Q B 5th
P to Q R 5th
P to Q R 5th
P to Q R 5th BLACK. (Dr. 11—[Stef 1. P to K 4th 2. K K to B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. P to K 5th 5. K B to Q Kt 5th 6. B takes Kt 7. Castles 8. P to Q B 3rd 10. K K to R 2ud 11. P to Q K 4th 12. Q B to Q R 5th 13. B takes P 14. P takes B 15. Q to Q 2nd 16. Q K to B 3rd Ptukes P
B takes B
Q B to Q R 5th
P to Q Kt 4th
K Kt to K R 3rd
K Kt to K B 2nd
P to K R 3rd
Q io K 2nd
K Kt to R Bq
P to K K 4th
R P takes P
R takes Kr 14. P takes B
15. Q to Q 2nd
16. Q K to B 3rd
17. P to K B 4th
18. K K to B 3rd
19. K to K B 2nd
20. P to K R 4th
21. P to Q R 3rd
22. K to K 3rd
23. R P takes P
24. K takes P
25. P takes R
26. K to K 2nd 24. Kt takes P

25. P takes R

25. P takes R

26. K to K 2nd

27. R to K B 2nd

28. K to K 8q

Q R to

28. K to K 8q

Q R to

29. Q to K B 4th

30. K R to K B 3rd

31. K R to K B 8q

Q to I

32. Q to K B 2nd

33. Q R to Q B sq

34. Q to K B 3rd

35. Q to K R sq

36. R to K B 2nd

37. K to K B 2nd

38. K to K K 2nd

39. R to B 3rd

40. Q to K B 7rd

41. K to K B 2nd

42. R to K K 3rd

44. K to K K 3rd

44. K to K K 2nd

45. K to K R 2nd

46. Q to K R 6th

44. K to K K 8q

46. Q to K R 3rd

47. Q to K B 2nd

48. K to K K 2nd

49. Q to K R 6th

44. K to K K 8q

46. Q to K R 4th

47. Q to K B 2nd

48. K to K K 2nd

49. K takes Q

49. K takes Q

P to Q

40. Q to K B 4th

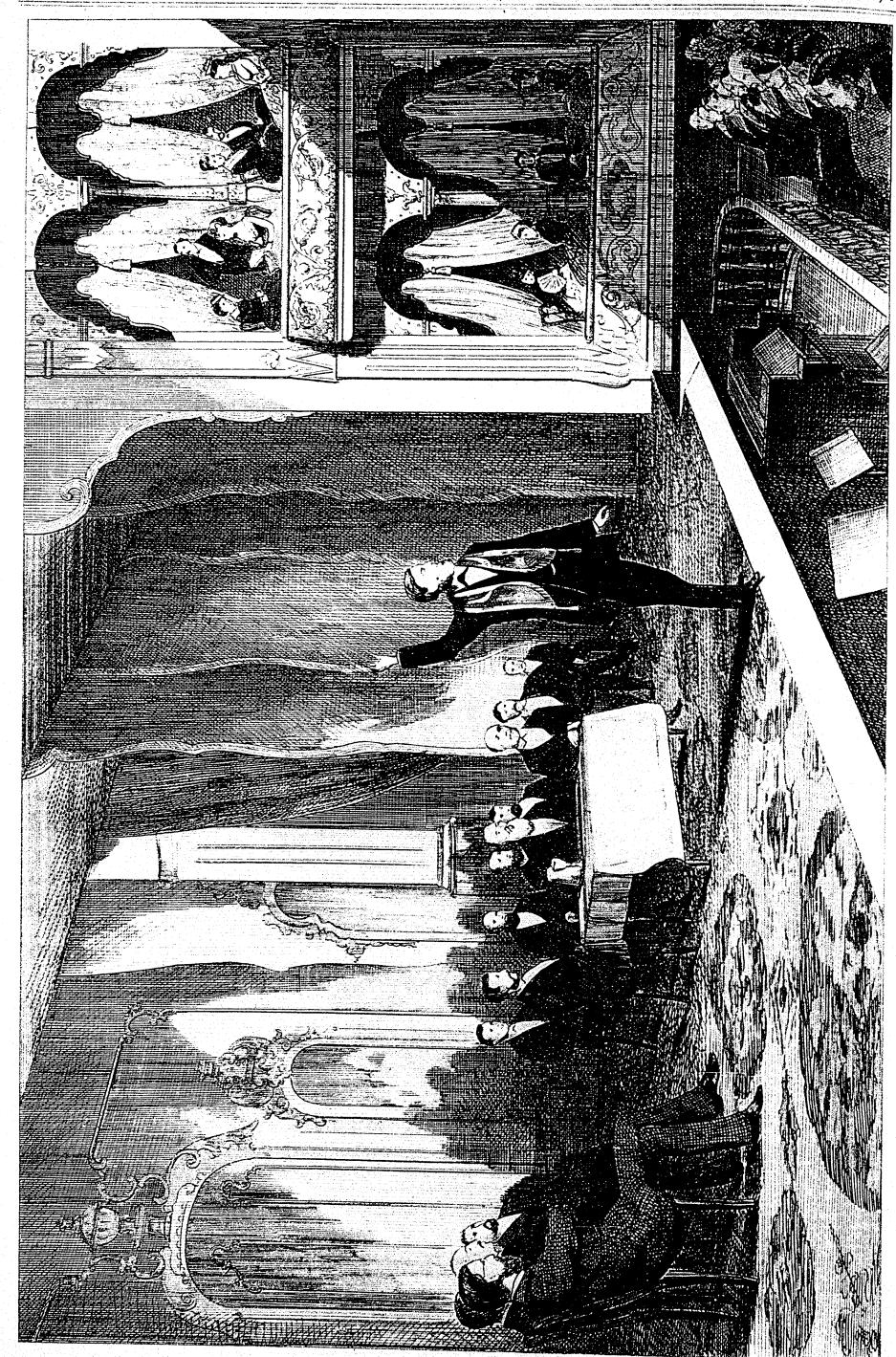
47. Q to K B 2nd

48. K to K K sq

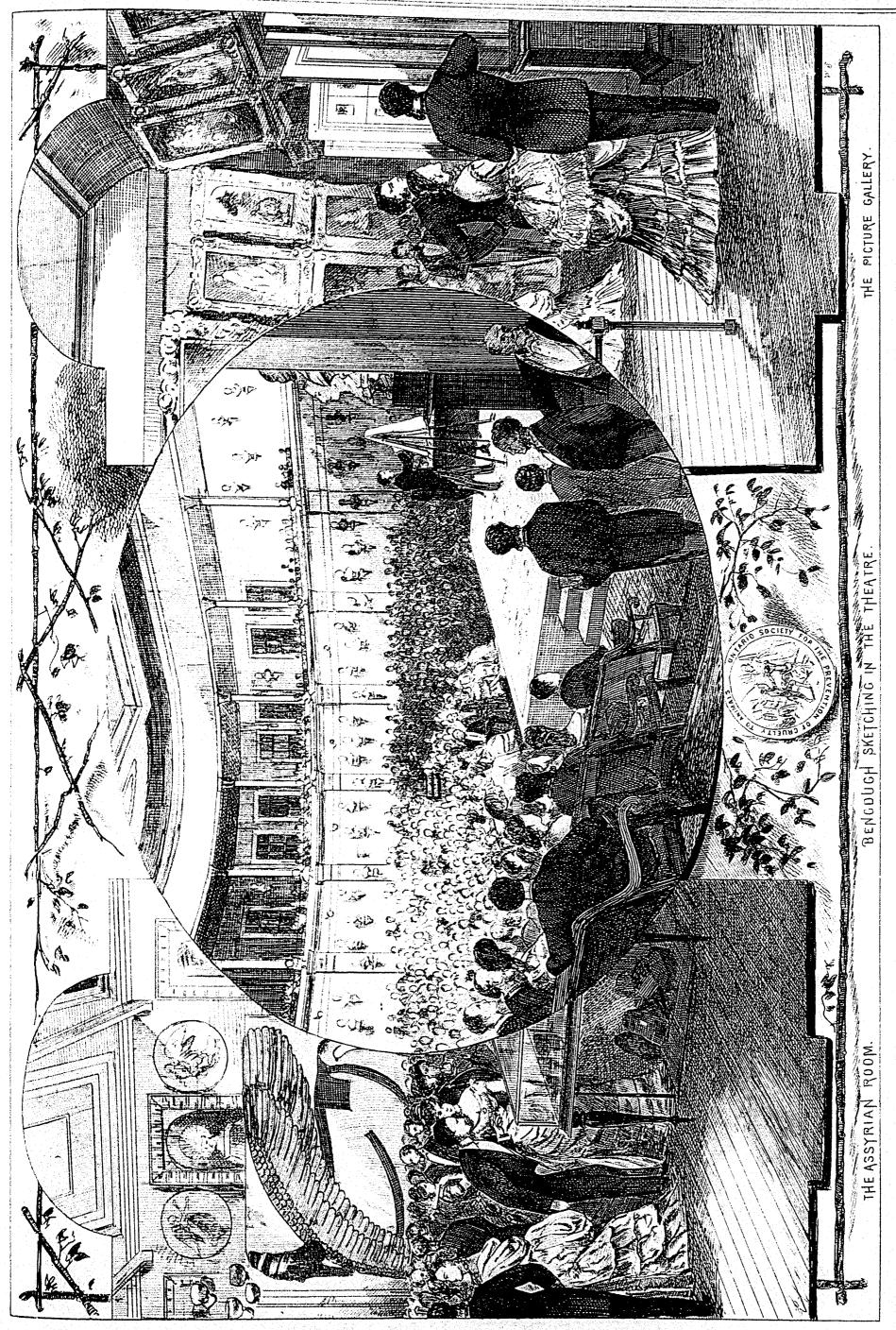
49. K takes Q

P to Q

And Black resigned. A takes P [ch]
Q takes Rt P (ch)
Q takes Rt P (ch)
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grad.



THE ODDFELLOWS DEMONSTRATION ON THE 25th MAY, THE HON SCHLYEFE COLEAN DELIVERING AN ADDRESS IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.



CONTO: -- CONVERSAZIONE AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. TOR

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

XIV.

Margaret went out directly and brought in old Mathusalem, who was known to everybody: his real name was Dominique Saint-Fauvert, and all the old people said they had never known so old a man to get about; he was a hundred years old; his face was so yellow and so wrinkled that it looked like a gingerbread cake, and no one could hardly make out the shape of his nose and his chin, and the place where his eyes ought to be so covered they were by his eyebrows, as shagzy as a poodle's. He had on a grey felt hat, the point raised like a vizor, with a cock's feather in it; his frock-sleeves and his breeches were fastened with strings down his legs like network, and the airs he played dated back at least to the time of the Swedes: one felt incided to great score and one one one one of the string of the stri Swedes; one felt inclined to cry as soon as one heard them.

"Ah, Mathusalem! is that you?" said Maitre Jean ; " walk in, walk in."

He handed him a large glass full of wine, which old Dominique took, and acknowledged by three bows; he then shut his eyes and drank it gently off. Dame Catherine, Margaret, and Nicole stood behind him, and we looked on quite afficted.

When he returned the glass, Maître Jean askwhen he returned the glass, Maitre Jean ask-ed him to sing something. But old Mathusalem replied he had not sung for many years; and while we were still under the influence of the same feelings, he began to play an air so old and so tender that no one recognised it; they looked at one another. All at once my father called out-

" Ah! it is the air of 'The Peasants."

And the rest said-

"Yes, yes, it is the air of 'The Peasants;'
Jean-Pierre, you must sing it."
I did not know my father could sing well; I had never heard him; he said—

"I have forgotten it all; I don't remember the first words."

But as Chauvel pressed him, and as Mattre Jean said that in former years he had never heard any one sing better than Jean-Pierre, at last, with rather red cheeks and downcast eyes, he gave a gentle cough, and said-

"Since you absolutely insist upon it—well, I will try and recollect it."

And then he sang the air of "The Peasants," accompanied by the hurdy-gurdy, with a voice so soft and sad, that we fancied we could see our poor forefathers creatching the ground and harnessing their restrictions. harnessing their wives to the plough; and then the plliaging soldiery come and rob them of their crops; and then their straw-built villages on fire, the fruits of their harvest fly away in sparks, their wives and daughters dragged into by-places, and famine, disease, executions—all these horrors—so it lingered on.

In spite of the good wine I had drunk I was already in tears, with my face on the table, while Letumier, Hure, Cochart, Maitre Jean, and two or three others sang the chorus as if they were singing at the funeral of their father and mother.

Margaret sang too; her voice rose above the others, like the voice of a woman who was being harnessed or dragged off; it was dreadful, and made my hair stand on end.

When I looked round I saw we were all as pale as death. Chauvel at the end of the table clenched his teeth and glared about him like a wolf.

At ast my father ceased. The hurdy-gurdy groaned on. Chauvel said-

"Jean-Pierre, you sang well; you sang like one of our forefathers, because you have experienced the same things, and our forefathers and grandfathers, and all the men and women from whom we derive our evistence for the past

thousand years, have felt them."
As everyone was silent, he cried out-

"The one song is over; some one must give us another!" And then at once all those present, and I first

of all cried out-"Yes, let us have another song; we have suffered too much !"

" We shall see about that soon," said Chauvel. "Now, rame Catherine has warned us not to make a noise, and she is right. Here it does no good."

Maître Jean then thundered out the blacksmith's song by himself. Valentine just came in, and we accompanied him together, and this song enlivened us a little. It was rather sad too, but t had life in it; the chorus was that the smith forges iron, which left much to be implied, and made us smile. That day many other songs were sung, and some good ones; but my father's song I shall never forget, and when I think of it I cry still-

"Oh, great and holy Revolution! let that French peasant who denies you learn his forefathers' song, and if that song does not convert him, let him, his children, and descendants sing it again on the land; then perhaps may they understand it, and their ingratitude meet its

General were not distant.

After Chauvel left us, for some days we talked of nothing but the business of the great baili-wick, and chiefly of the incorporation of the three orders in one, at the States_General. This was one of the most important discussions I

ever knew in my life.

As the king's ordonnance had declared that the Third Estate should be doubled—that is, we should have as many deputies as the two other orders together—we desired to vote man by man, to abolish privileges, in spite of all the nobles and bishops could say; but they, as they tenaciously held to their ancient rights, insisted on voting by orders, because they were then sure of being in a majority ag inst us, and of always having two votes to one

sure of being in a majority against us, and of always having two votes to one.

You should have seen the indignation of Maitre Jean, Letumier, Cochart, and all the notables assembled in the yard of the Three Pigeons, under the great oak, for, some days lince, they had set the benches and tables out of doors in the avaning on assemble freeholds. of doors in the evening on account of the fresh air. The beat in April was as great as the wind and rain in May, 1789; everything was green and in flower; the birds had already built their nests by the 15th. I remember Valentine and I worked at the forge in nothing but our frocks and breeches; our shift work hand are able to the forge in the and breeches; our shirts were hung up behind the door. Mattre Jean, red and glowing with

health, called me out every moment, crying—
"Come here, Michel, come here!"
And I had to pump on his baid head and his shoulders. That was his fashion of cooling him-self. Madeleine Rigaud, the wife of the turner

opposite, used to laugh at him.

This is to tell you how hot it was, and after eight o'c'ock, when the moon was up, we were glad to be in the cool air, drinking one's wine or cider in the yard, behind the trellis.

All along the street the women and girls were spinning at their doors and enjoying the fine weather. We could hear them talking and laughing a long way off, and the dogs barking, and the neighbours could also hear us disputing; but that was nothing; we began to feel more confident.

Margaret came ocoasionally; we talked and sughed together by the hedge, while Letumier laughed together by the hedge, while Letumier would hammer the table with his fists, and

"It is all over! It cannot last long! It must be conceded that we are everything."

And Dame Catherine would say—
"For Heaven's sake, Maitre Letumier, don't break our table; it does not want to vote by orders !"

So things went on, and I do not remember ever to have been happier than when I use I to talk to Margaret, without daring to tell her that I was in love with her; I never enjoyed greater happiness. But one evening about eight o'clock, we were in the yard leaning about, and the moon was just over the tree. Letumier was making a noise, and Cochari, with his hooked nose in his red beard, his pipe between his teeth, and his eyes round, like an owl's, was smoking, with his elbows on the table. No one suspected anything, and Cochart least of all, though he had a lucky chance that day. The occupation of a woodcutter was not very profitable, as you may believe; but he sometimes passed the line of the customs authorities, and went to Gradithal for a big of good tobacco, which he sold very well in the neighbourhood, the best red at four sous a pound instead of twenty, and the best black at three sous instead of fifteen.

The discussions on politics seemed likely to last till ten, when the trellis.gate in the street opened, and a man in plain clothes and two sergeants of the customs walked gently into the yard and looked us over. It was fat Mathurin Poulat cellariet of the Ports de l'Allemagne. Poulet, celiarist of the Porte de l'Allemagne, with his little cocked hat at the back of his head, his yellow wig twisted up in a coil under it, his great red nose in the air, his ox eyes shining in the moonlight, his doub'e chin in his shirt-frill, and his paunch beyond his knees—a terrible eater. He would have six sausages cut up in a salad-dish with white beans and oil, a three-pound loaf, and two pots of beer for his breakfast; and has much for his dinner, with several slices of ham or mutton in addition, with cheese and onlors besides. Believe if you can, then, how the profits of a cellarist enabled him to live! Nor did Poulet care either for father or mother nor any other relations when the saiaddish was to be replenished. He would have in-formed against his Creator to get the reward, and though he looked stupid, he was as cunn. ing as a fox in det cting cheats and hunting up smugglers. He thought of nothing else all day and all night, and lived by informing as others do by their work. See what it was to have to nourish such a stomach as his; the heart makes its habitation in the stomach, as it were, and one thinks of nothing else but eating and driuk-

Two sergeants followed bim, dressed, as all seigeant inspectors were, in white coats with helion trinkerons and the the libite of

It was late that day before my father and I "bands of bacon," their hats set across the returned to the viliage. The next day, April 10th, 1789, Chauvel left for Nancy. The Statesshoulders, and their swords dangling against the calves of their great legs. They were five feet six each, and both strongly pitted by the small-pox. Before the Revolution almost every one was thus disfigured; pretty girls ran the risk of losing their beauty, and good-looking men too. There were plenty then who had lost one eye or both from that dreadful complaint, and God only knows what trouble it was to ch and God only knows what trouble it was to obtain the adoption of vaccinatio, perhaps greater than the introduction of potatoes. People always begin by rejecting what does them service.
What a misfortune it is!

Well, these people came in, and Poulet, about four pares from the table, seeing Cochart, said, with satisfaction—

"There he is—we have him!"
There was a general cry of indignation in the yard; for a long time Cochart brought Poulet his tobacco for nothing. But Poulet did not make himself uneasy about such a trifle, and said to the sergeant—
"That's he—bring him along!"

The two seized on cochart, who began to call out, letting his pipe fall—

"What do you want with me? what have I

The sparks from the pipe flew about our feet, we looked frightened at a ne another, and Poulet laughed and answered-

"We have come to fetch the two bags of tobacco which you brought from Graufthal yester-day; you know—the two bags of tobacco which are on the right as you enter your left, behind the chimney under the slates."

We then knew that poor Cochart had been

informed against by some envious neighbour; every one shivered; it was a case of the galleys!

No one dared to move, for offering any registance to the revenue officers was a worse affair then that even now; not only did they take houses and lands, but if they were in want of rowers anywhere, at Marseilles or Dunkirk, they sent you there, and you were never heard of again. This had happened several times in the mountain, and even at the Baraques, to the son of old Genevieve Paquotte; on Poulet's information he had been convicted of smuggling salt; and since then, people said that François was in the country where they grew pepper and cinnamon. Genevieve lost all her property in the expenses of the trial; she had become infirm, and was a beggar.

You may now understand people's terror.
"Come," cried Poulet, "search!"
And Cochart, holding on by the table, and panting, cried—
"I won't go!"

Letumier had no desire to say a word, and was as silent as a carp at the bottom of a pail. All these noisy fellows, when they see a sergeant, or the gendarmes, become cautious, and often those of whom it is least expected display courage.

By dint of pulling and shaking him the two sergeauts had nearly dragged Cochart from his bench; Poulet cried-

"Another pull—that will do it," when Margaret, who was sitting by me against the trellis, raised her voice in the midst of the si.ence, and said-

"Take care, Mr. Poulet; you have no right to arrest this man!"

Every one round the table, at the door, Maitre Levery one round the table, at the door, mattre Leroux, Letumier, Dame Catherine, Nicole, pale of fear and pity, turned round in a fright. They knew Margaret's voice, but they could hardly credit her courage; they shuddered at it. Poulet, with his nose in the air, like the others, leaded activated as the states have locked astounded; such a toing had never hap-

pened to him before; he called ou.—
"Who was that speaking just now? Who dares to oppose the administration?"

Margaret quietly answered from her place "It is I, Monsieur Poulet Margaret Chauvel. Estate to the great ballwick at Nancy. In what you are now doing you are in the wrong, seriously in the wrong, M. the Cell rist, to arrest a man who is a notable, without the express order of the provider.

press order of the prevot."
She rose, and went up to the cellarist and the two sergeants, who turned round and looked at her from un'er their great cocked hats, without loosing their hold on Cochart.

"You do not, then, know the king's ordon-nance," said she; "you arrest people on your exchequer business after six o'clock, when the ordonnance forbids it; and you want to oblige them to open their doors to you at night. Why, all evil-doers could say, "We belong to the revenue—open your door!" They might rob a village at their leisure, if the ordonnance did not forbid what you do; and did not the edict direct that you should be accompanied by two echevins, and come in the day-time?'

She spoke distinctly, and without being embarrassed, just as Chauvel himself; and Poulet semed confounded that any one should dare to address him; indignation made his cheeks tremble. Every one took courage. A great noise was heard out in the street while Margaret was speaking, and as she ended a sad and plaintive voice was heard, the voice of old Genevieve Paquotte, crying out"Ah, the robber! ah, the wretch! What! is he come again? He wants fathers of the families as well as the children!"

The poor old woman shook her crutch above the hedge, and amids cries and sobs she continued.

"It is you who took my boy --- my poor François! It is you who drove me to want. Ah, God is expecting you he is waiting for you all is not over yet—the unfortunate will be there!"

It gave me the horrors to hear her. Some turned pale, and Poulet looked and listened to the noise in the street. The sergeants turned round too. At that moment Maltre Jean rose and said-

"M. Poulet listen to that poor creature's voice! It is awful! No one here could bear to have such a thing on their conscience! it breaks one's heart to hear it."

Genevieve Paquotte cried no longer, but she sobbed, and you could hear hear crutches as she

sobbed, and you could hear hear crutches as she slowly went up the street.

"Yes," cried Maître Jean, "it is frightful.
Think well of what you are about. We live in difficult times for all of us, most especially so for officers of the revenue. The cup is full; take heed it does not run over. Five times already have you been here at night, and you have alwester. have you been here at night, and you have also made visits at Lutzelbourg last winter after midnight to search for smuggled goods. If people at last tire of this, if they end by resisting you, what are we good citizens to do? Are we to render help to you, acting in opposition to the king's edict? Are we to nelp those who trample on edict and ordor nance, or those who defend their rights? In the name of heaven think what you do! I only ask that, Monsieur

He sat down again. The noise in the street

increased. A great many people were I oking over the hedge ynd listening. Cochart cried—"I won't go! I stand by the ordonnance!" Poulet, seeing that the two sergeants began to reflect, and were looking about them without daring to put his orders in execution, suddenly recollected. Margarat, and turned on her in a recollected Margaret, and turned on her in a

rage, clying out—
"So we owe this to you, you Calvinist! We should have had no trouble but for this breed

He walked up to her, his face and neck scarlet, like a great turkey-cock running after children. He was going to give her a push, when he saw me behind her in the shadow. I don't know how I was there, in my shirt-sleeves. I looked at him, and thought to my-

"You wretch! I pity you if you touch her!" I could feel his great neck in my hands as if in a vic. He saw it and turned pale.

"Come," said he, "never mind; we will come back to-morrow!"

The two sergeants, seeing the crowd leaning over the hedge and so many eyes glistening in the dark, seemed well satisfied to go. They let go Cochart, who stood up again, his frock torn, and his cheeks and forehead covered with sweat.

I never stirred. Margaret then turned round a daw me. Many others were looking at me. I might say I was forry to see the fat cellarist go off with the sergeants. That evening I should go off with the sergeants. That evening I should have enjoyed a fight. Men are strange creatures! How our ideas alter wit eur years! But we have not always the arms and shoulders of eighteen and the hands of a smith, nor does one think of showing one's strength or one's courage to the woman one's loves! At last they all went. Margaret said, laughing—"They are going, Michel."

And I answered

"That is the best thing they can do."

But they were hardly outside before hisses and shouts of laughter were heard from one end of Baraques to the other. Cochart, still in disorder, emptied his jug at a draught, and Margaret said to him-

"Get your smuggled goods into the wood as fast as you can. Make haste.'

She looked so happy, and poor Cochart how pleased he was! I am sure he wanted to thank her, but he was terrified still. He ran away up the street without stopping to say good day or good evening.

Poulet and his two sergeants, who went across the fields, must have heard us far off, as far as the little alley of the cemetery near the town. The wretches must have been very vexed at missing their prey.

Mattre Jean called for cider, and for a long time we talked round the table of what had just happened. Every one had something to say, even those who had hardly dared to oreathe like the rest; but all acknowledged Margaret's courage and good sense.

Maître Jean cried-

"It is the old man's genius which is in her. He will laugh when ne hears the way she talked to to the revenue officers, and how she obliged them to let Cochart go. It will delight

(To be continued.)

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM EVERETT CHESTER, of the City of Montreal, Builder,

An Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, DAVID J. CRAIG, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed As signee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July next, at 3 o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

DAVID J. CRAIG.

DAVID J. CRAIG,

Montreal, 31st May, 1875.

Official Assignee. 11-24-2-160.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM TATTERSALL, of the City of Montreal, Builder,

I, the undersigned, DAVID J. CRAIG, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at No. 144 Nazareth Street, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July next, at 11 o'clock forenoon, for the public examination of the In-olvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

DAVID J. CRAIG.

DAVID J. CRAIG, Official Assignee

Montreal, 31st May, 1875.

11-24-2-161.

Exchange Bank of Canada. DIVIDEND No. 6.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT., being at the rate of Eight per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House, on Monday, the 12th day of July next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon. By order of the Board of Directors,

R. A. CAMPBELL, Cashier.

Montreal, 1st June, 1875. 11-24-4-164.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIV-

FOUR PER CENT.

FOUR PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current Half Year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after FRIDAY, the SECOND day of JULY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the Life.

of JULY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MERTING of the Shareholders will be held in the Banking House in this City, on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JULY NEXT.

The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock, noon, precisely By order of the Board,

Montreal, 29th May, 1875.

JACKSON RAE, General Manager. 11-24-4-165.

Union Bank of Lower Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIV-

FOUR PER GENT.

on the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half Year, and will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

The Tranfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on

Thursday, the 8th July.

Chair to be taken at noon

By order of the Board,

P. MACEWEN. Cashier. 11-24-4-167.

Quebec, 28th May, 1875.

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Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
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From whatever cause arising.
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11-20-56-148

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A DIV-

SEVEN PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City. on and after

TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY of JUNE NEXT. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the SEVEN-TEENTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock p.m.

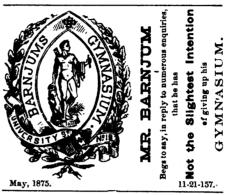
Montreal, 23rd April, 1875.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager 11-18-7 138.

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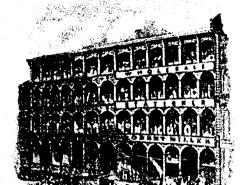


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