

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

Vol. XIX.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

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



THE CARRIER PIGEON.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING					
April 13th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 42°	35°	34°	Mon. 47°	35°	41°
Tues. 48°	34°	36°	Tues. 51°	37°	44°
Wed. 50°	32°	41°	Wed. 55°	36°	45°
Thur. 44°	24°	34°	Thur. 55°	46°	50°
Frid. 37°	27°	32°	Frid. 54°	47°	50°
Sat. 46°	36°	38°	Sat. 53°	47°	50°
Sun. 45°	25°	35°	Sun. 48°	40°	44°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 19, 1879.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

[Owing to extraordinary pressure on our space, we have to set our Parliamentary letter in editorial type, to the exclusion of other prepared material. This letter will be found as substantial and interesting as its predecessors.]

The political event of the week was a fact which may be said to mark an epoch in our Canadian history. This was the division on the New Tariff, or National Policy. The vote stood as follows: Yeas, 136; nays, 53. The yeas were therefore much more than two to one. From this point we take a new departure, supported by an overwhelming majority of the representatives of the country in Parliament.

The debate was continuous up to the time of the division from the date of my last letter, and several able speeches were delivered on both sides of the question. But they were, after all, a somewhat wearisome, thrice-told tale. It was like threshing straw—all the grain had been got out that could be. The most remarkable incident in the debate was a speech and proposed resolution in amendment by Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition. His business, I need not say, was to lodge his formal protest against the new policy. He made what his opponents conceded was a manly speech from his standpoint, and some of his statements would certainly seem to require some courage on the part of a popular leader. He told the country, and especially the Province of Ontario, that it was his deliberate belief, upon calm reflection, that the people had been deceived into voting for the new policy; and he stated that he and his little band of followers were quite willing to make sacrifice of place and power, if simply for a protest against gigantic error, fraught, in their belief, with disastrous results to the country. He contended that his party could have retained power if they had been willing to trim their sails to the popular breeze of protection; but that they preferred to wait for the sober second-thought of the country. Perhaps they will have to wait a long time, for, in proportion that industries become seated, they are difficult to displace. There can, in fact, be no doubt that the country is fairly launched on the career of the New Policy, and, when its great resources are considered, together with the energy of the people, there can be no reasonable doubt that great results will in the next ten years be shown.

I may just state for record, that Mr. Mackenzie's amendment alleged that the scheme submitted to the House by Mr. Tilley "distributed unevenly the burdens of taxation; that it would tend to divert capital from its natural and most profitable employment to benefit special classes at the expense of the whole community; that it would tend to render futile the costly and persistent efforts of Canada to secure a share of the immense and growing carrying trade of this continent; and that it would tend to create an antagonism between the commercial policy of the Empire and that of Canada, which might lead to consequences deeply to be deplored." In other words, this amendment was a careful epitome of all the arguments used on the Opposition side, as against those which I have shown you in former letters were set forth by the Ministerialists. The House declared itself overwhelmingly against the amendment; and the part of wisdom on the side of the Opposition now would be to assist in making the Tariff as perfect as possible.

I may recall that my last letter was written on the 6th inst., immediately after the first announcements had been made in the Letellier matter, and when many men were wildly attacking the Governor-General, as if he were personally responsible for the action; and I do this for the purpose of pointing out that the debate and the arguments have since come down to the precise point I indicated they must. Sir John Macdonald formally announced that the Ministry were responsible for the reference to England. It was therefore this responsibility that had to be held to account. There can be no wilder or clumsier mistake under our system than attacking the Governor-General in any circumstances while the Ministers remain in power.

The air has been fairly alive with rumours; one of which took specific form in a leading Toronto newspaper, to the effect that the Marquis of Lorne had written an autograph and indignant letter to Sir John Macdonald, complaining that he had put him in a false position by the announcement he had made, and had made him (the Governor-General) a target for attack. Sir John, upon this, sent the statement to His Excellency, who wrote him in reply that it had no foundation in truth, and that he might contradict it if he thought it worth while.

Mr. Langevin, as you will have seen, has left for England to present the case to Her Majesty's Government, and Sir John stated in the House that Mr. Abbott, of your city, would probably accompany him. There were rumours that delegates would also go to argue the Letellier side, but probably these do not rest on any good foundation. There was a further rumour that Captain Harvey, one of the Governor-General's aides-de-camp, had gone to England to present personal views the Governor did not desire to write; but this has no foundation. Captain Harvey has gone home in consequence of the serious illness of his father.

The reference to England brings with it an entirely new form of question, and this, I understand, is the main point submitted: Is it within the competence of the Federal Government of Canada to deal with the question at issue as respects Mr. Letellier? or are the Lieut.-Governors of Provinces to be considered as representatives of the Crown, to be dealt with as such by the Governor-General in his capacity of Imperial Officer? Both views have been maintained. But in my mind there is not even a doubt on the question. Both of these points will be largely governed, in any reference to England, by the further question of the extent of the right of self-government enjoyed by Canadians; and I do not see that there can be a doubt in the mind of any reasonable man who has followed and is acquainted with our politics for the last few years, in their relations to the Mother Country, as to what the answer on this will be. In fact, as I write these lines, there is a summary of an article in the London Times, tele-

graphed to the leading Toronto Opposition paper, to the effect that the answer to the question, as I have stated it, must be in the affirmative. I think it would be absurd to suppose that the Imperial authorities could so far mix themselves up in our questions of self-government as to answer it in the negative. This argument is altogether apart from the original question of the merits of the case, as between Mr. Letellier himself and his assailants. That is by no means free from doubt, and, if simply presented, it is quite possible that the answer might come in His Honour's favour. But, as it is, it may be stated, he is sure to fall under the operation of the other question, Sir John being supported by so large a majority fresh from the country, it being impossible to believe that the Governor-General would precipitate a crisis in the face of such odds on such a question, or that he could be advised by the Imperial Ministers to do so.

The Coteau Bridge since my last letter has occupied a great deal of the Railway Committee chiefly to settle whether it should be allowed in view of the interests of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. There have been strong opinions both for and against. Mr. Page, Chief Engineer of the Department of Public Works, was against it. Mr. Holton thought that in addition to the views of Mr. Page, those of Mr. Shanley should be had; and this was ordered. At present the aspect is rather bad for a swing bridge; and it is said that a high level one would imply the death of the project.

Mr. Loucks, of Manitoba, was examined before the Immigration Committee and gave evidence corroborative of the very great fertility of that Province. There appears to be a perfect rush to it from all parts of Canada; but the people are making a great mistake in going before the roads are dry. They will be sure to suffer great hardships. Of course it was quite different with those who went in a few weeks ago to avail themselves of the snow roads to reach fixed destinations.

The diversion of the Pacific Railway from the northern or "Narrows" route, as it is called, to go south of Lake Manitoba, has been officially announced, as I told you in my last letter it would be. Lands to the extent of twenty miles on each side of the railway track are already withdrawn from purchase by means of scrip. The policy is to sell these lands at a high price and make the proceeds from them build the railway. The amount of expenditure on the Pacific Railway to March 1st last was \$5,536,534.

There was a personal matter on Thursday night brought on by an attack of Sir Albert Smith on Mr. Tilley. The retort of the latter was that he had been offered through Sir Albert a second term of the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Brunswick, together with hopes held out of a Cabinet position in the Mackenzie Government, both of which he had declined from his want of sympathy with that Government, as not representing the true interests of the country. As against this it was represented that Sir Albert was not authorised by Mr. Mackenzie to make these offers. From the looks of things we shall probably have the correspondence itself.

The Committee on Insolvency has received a report from its sub-committee on the proposed new Insolvent Bill. The principal recommendations were: to diminish the facilities of the debtor for obtaining his discharge; to deprive him of the power of getting back his estate, leaving it to be divided among his creditors; and to provide additional supervision over the insolvent and the assignee.

The contract for the new bridge above the Chaudiere has been let; and this when completed will connect the Ontario railway system with that of the North Shore Line of Quebec.

The House adjourned on Thursday night over Easter, and will meet again on Tuesday, when the details of the tariff will be resumed.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ITALY.

The Villa Clara, at Baveno, a sketch of which we present to-day, was selected by the Queen's *aide-de-camp de voyage* as the most suitable residence for Her Majesty during her visit to Italy for the sake of her health. Application was made to the owner, Mr. CHARLES HENFREY, to let it; this he declined, but said he should be honoured if he might be permitted to lend it to Her Majesty; and his offer was accepted. The villa is situated on the eastern slope of the range of mountains which separates the Lago d'Orta from the Lago Maggiore. It commands lovely views of the latter, and of the Borromeo Islands, as well as of the Alps of the Simplon Pass, and the Monte Leone, which form the north-western boundary of the Lago Maggiore. The gardens in which the villa is placed are very beautiful. Even in this district, where the gardens of the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre have been celebrated for more than a century, the gardens of the Villa Clara are the most admired. During the absence for some years in India of the owner, the gardens were laid out and planted with rare shrubs. The winding roads, paths, and terraces were constructed, and the plateau on which the house was to be built was prepared. About seven years ago the house was erected from the designs of Mr. W. A. BOULNOIS, an English architect; its style is a mixture of the Lombardic, Italian, and French. The rooms are of moderate size, but lofty, and are like those of an English house, decorated in the Italian style. There is a staircase of white Carrara marble. A loggia or covered arcade leads round the house on three sides, and the rooms open upon it. A lofty tower with an open balcony affords extended views over the lake and mountains. Within the grounds is a small church in the Romanesque style, which was built from the designs of Mr. PULLAN. This church is the place of worship for the English visitors to Baveno, and is placed at the northern end of the grounds, within five minutes' walk of the houses and hotels of that village.

"CANADA'S FLOATING FARMS" forms the title of a very effective original sketch which appears in the present number of the NEWS, and to which we beg to draw attention. The exportation of live cattle for the British market is fast developing into a great industry, and what contributes largely to its success is the admirable mode of carriage adopted on shipboard. Our sketch represents a scene on board of the "Memphis," of the Dominion Line. The way in which the cattle are cared for is so remarkable, that, according to a correspondent who supplies us with information, he never heard one bellow during the whole length of a voyage. The attendance on them is continual. The sheep are also well attended to, a certain number of them being even let out in rotation, as the weather permits, for the exercise of their limbs, cramped by their rather narrow stalls. Altogether, they are a source of no annoyance to passengers, contributing, on the contrary, some amusement, and helping to break the monotony of the voyage. To give a faint idea of the extent of this cattle trade, we may mention that the shipments by the Dominion Line alone, for the year 1878, consisted of 6,620 cattle, 24,030 sheep, and 120 horses. Our other lines drive as large a trade, and altogether the business is one that promises to develop to very great proportions.

The Russians have a way of making a man literally eat his own words. This is realism with a vengeance. A writer who had published a satirical work denouncing the Czar, the high officials and the Administration of the country generally, was sentenced to swallow his own volume. A platform was erected in one of the public squares of the city. Bound hand and foot, the victim was seated in the centre of the platform. The imperial provost, the magistrate, the physician and

the surgeon of the Czar were in attendance. The obnoxious book had been separated from its binding, and as an act of grace the margin had been cut off. The leaves were then rolled up, not unlike cigar-lighters. And there they were—a basketful. Now the meal began. Amid roars of laughter from the ignorant and degraded populace, the provost served the author leaf by leaf with his own production, putting the rolls of paper one by one into his mouth. He slowly chewed and swallowed one-third of the book, when the medical gentlemen concluded he had received into his stomach as much of the innutritious material as was compatible with safety. He was then re-conducted to his cell to digest his meal. The two following days the same scene was enacted, until every leaf was swallowed.

UP THE OTONABEE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

Where is the Otonabee? I think I hear some of my readers exclaim.

Turn to the map of Canada, and, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, some miles east of Toronto, you will see the town of Cobourg marked, twelve miles north of which is an elongated body of water, known as Rice Lake, and that winding thread which connects it with an endless chain of upper lakes is the river Otonabee.

Many scenes less beautiful, though, perhaps, more full of interest than Rice Lake, have been immortalized for their beauty by poet's pen and artist's pencil. Here we have no moss-grown, unadorned ruin to add to the picturesque beauty of the landscape, while it tells its own tale of bygone glory. Dame Nature reigns supreme.

And while we gaze upon the towering forest trees, now all aglow with the gorgeous tints of autumn, our mind is carried back to days gone by, when season after season, silently and unnoted, they rained their glowing leaves into the rippling water until it became a drifting sea of scarlet and gold. And when Rice Lake, dotted with islands and streaked with yellow rice beds, and in all its glorious beauty of light and shadow, lay embosomed in an amphitheatre of purple hills, in the midst of a vast solitude, while the wild deer roamed about its shores at pleasure: when the golden rays of the rising sun flashed through the morning mists, we can imagine them coming from out the leafy forest, or through the dowy sea of wild flowers on the plains to quench their thirst and lave their feet in the limpid waters of the lake, over which a perpetual silence reigned, unbroken save by the cry of the water-fowl or the dipping of the Indian's paddle as he glided through the water in his graceful bark canoe. But alas! the glory of the Indian has departed.

The red man in all his bravery is among the things that were. To quote Flood Davin, in "The Irishman in Canada," "The Indian has passed away, and his ghost is dirty, and wears the cast-off clothes of his white brother."

We have seen the squaw in her wigwam, surrounded by her paposes. There might have been poetry in the fragrant hemlock boughs of which her habitation was composed, and over which the trickling sunlight flickered, and in the damp moss and drooping soft-flower at her feet, but though her voice is soft and mellow, and her manner as gentle as that of any high-born dame, it must be admitted that there is very little of the poetic element in this degenerate specimen of the aboriginal race. She is ragged and dirty, and, worse and worse, she smokes and gets drunk, and thinks nothing of getting a whacking from her lord and master. Even as we write, the shrill steam-boat whistle reminds us that our fathers came from over the sea and awoke the sleeping echoes in these wilds. With their good axes they laid low many a mile of trackless wilderness. As we steam across the lake, the receding shore discloses fair meadow lands and comfortable farmsteads, with here and there a cluster of houses, a glittering spire and a tall mill chimney.

Notwithstanding the inroads of civilization, Rice Lake still continues to be the haunt of the sportsman, the rice-beds affording a harvest for all sorts of water-fowl during the autumn. But woe betide the unwary mortal who allows his canoe to become entangled in their treacherous meshes. Many a body has been found floating among the rice at the breaking up of the ice in early spring-time, whose spirit had flown when the glowing overhanging world dyed the water crimson and caused it to shimmer like living jewels in the sun.

The rice first appears over the water like floating green meadows, and as the season advances it turns yellow, and streams through the water like long waving tresses of golden hair. When at maturity, it is a couple of feet above water, and rustles in the summer breeze like ripe grain waiting for the sickle, when the Indians put out in canoes from Hiawatha, the Indian village on the north shore, to gather it.

As we wind up the river we catch a glimpse of a tent here and there through the trees, and ever again we pass a sportsman skimming along in his canoe with dog and gun.

The river flows like molten bronze, and the reeds rise out of it in drifts of gold all flecked with scarlet.

Tall trees line the river bank on either side, and we are accompanied on our winding way by a magnificent panorama of brilliant autumn tints, which are so vividly mirrored in the water that the shadowed world appears to be divided from the real one only by a streak drawn through the trees. Light and glow and vivid flashes of colour greet us at every turn, and silent little showers of leaves are continually falling and strewing the water. The scrub oaks glitter in the sun like clouds of scarlet jewels all dripping with crystal, and mingle with great leafy drifts of pale gold, which flaunt their boughs far out over the water. Further on, a crimson shower of vines trail from the overhanging boughs into the water. As we go on and on, occasional gaps in the trees disclose miles and miles of glowing forests, with purple hills in the distance. As we move through this leafy world we encounter nothing more exciting than a flock of ducks swimming in a reedy covert, an eagle flapping its great wings over a bed of dead brackens, out of which we have startled it, or a sunburnt son of the soil, who pauses in his labour of turning over the soft brown earth with the ploughshare, to gaze at the passing boat. As we near the swing-bridge, we are rather surprised to see that that lumbering structure is opened by a woman, whose gown flutters in the soft breeze, while her arm whirrs about like the arm of a windmill.

Here the smoke from a neighbouring fallow floats in through the trees, and, strange to say, has a very beautiful atmospheric effect, softening the glare of the setting sun, and veiling the distance in a floating violet haze, which is mirrored in the water, mingled with streaks of gold. As we enter the locks, in the midst of all this glow and warmth of colouring, by some strange incongruity Poe's weird lines come into our mind:

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were withering and sore—
It was night in the lonesome October
In my most immemorial year;
It was laid by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty wild region of Weir,
It was down by the dark caves of Auber,
In the ghost-haunted woodland of Weir."

How an American poet could have conjured up anything so woefully dreary in the most glorious month in all the year is rather extraordinary.

When we float out of this gaping cavern the moon is high in the heavens, and sheds a long silvery beam in our wake, though the shadows still glow in the waters, and the trees appear to be lit up by flashes of sunlight. We are followed by a shower of sparks from the engine, and a youth in a canoe, who has evidently come down the river with the intention of returning in the swell of the boat. He looks like a phantom as he flashes through the silvery waves, while the gloom of night gathers about the shadowy river banks.

The glory of the sunset still lingers in the west, and Little Lake lies before us, an unruined sheet of dead gold, containing unfathomable depths of purple shadows. Peterboro, instead of being a flourishing little country town, and lying among the hills, might be a city of palaces, as its lights gleam through the purple mist, which envelopes on every side. But the shadows are beginning to die out of the water, and the queen of night begins to assert her supremacy as we steam into Peterboro wharf.

Cobourg, Ont.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* the following graphic picture of the charge:

"Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces he said: 'My men, we have received orders to silence that battery.'
"My God! my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said:
"Fred, my dear fellow, good-bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me—'
"What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of:
"Charge!"

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said:
"There goes the first!"
"The first was Lord Lucan's aide-de-camp, Capt. Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.
"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharp-

shooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horse, ploughing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricocheting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners! Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabring the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the bank of the Tchernaya river.

BLOODY REMINISCENCES.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry:
"Ah! you would, would you?" and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting-point a cannon ball struck my brother and beheaded him. 'Tom, ah, thank you!'"

The colour-sergeant drained another glass.
"When we formed up on arriving at our starting-point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said:
"It was not my fault, my men."
"And the men replied with one voice:
"We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us."
"Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.
"When my time expired in the cavalry I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! fill that glass again, Tom."
Thus ended the sergeant's story of this famous charge.

LITERARY.

TENNYSOON'S next play is entitled "Eleanor and Rosamund."

PRINCE METERNICH'S autobiography will be published simultaneously in Vienna, London and Paris.

MR. HENRY JAMES, the novelist, is thirty-six years old, and a native of New York city, having been born there in April, 1843.

AN English newspaper is now being published at Ali Masjid. It would appear that the 51st Foot have a regimental paper, rejoicing in the title of the *Bugle*.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, United States Minister to Russia, has received a leave of absence from the Government, and will visit America during the summer.

PROF. GOERTING, of Leipzig, who has been engaged on the third volume of his *Kritische Philosophie*, has committed suicide at Eisenach. Cause, over-study.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* will, it is announced, be published separately in May, and the final volume towards the close of the year.

MR. BROWNING'S "Dramatic Idyls," which we mentioned the other week, will be six in number. The titles of the Idyls are "Martin Rolph," "Pheidippides," "Halbert and Hob," "Ivan Ivanovitch," "Tray," and "Ned Bratts."

THE poet Longfellow is in the habit of taking tea with his intimate friends in Cambridge in the most informal manner. The windows of his charming study look toward the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery, in which his lamented wife is buried.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH will bring out before long a new novel styled "The Egoist, a Comedy in Narrative." This work is in some degree an experiment, as it is a deviation from our later realism, and its point of view is the comic, in the higher sense of the word, instead of the sentimental.

ELIZA METCAL, the English authoress, better known as "Silv'pen," is dead. She is known as the authoress of several stories—her earlier productions—and more recently as a writer on antiquarian subjects and sanitary measures, more especially in relation to extra-moral burial. She was for many years a contributor to the London press.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, poet, is now busy weaving and tinting, not a new poem in words or such stuff as dreams are made of, but lambrequins, curtains, and the like. In order to secure the tints he requires, and to be certain that the colours he obtains are permanent, he prepares his own dyes with a thoroughness that sends him through London streets one day with olive-green hands and the next day with hands of pale blue.

LEO XIII. has made a valuable addition to the Vatican Library in the shape of 135 volumes of the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris, containing the continuous issue of that newspaper without a break, from the day of the publication of its first number on November 15, 1789, to the end of the year 1861. The volumes were offered for sale at a recent auction at the starting price of 2,000 francs. The Pope gave an unlimited commission, and they were knocked down to him at 4,000 francs.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GOLDBERG'S opera, "The Queen of Saba," has had an immense success at Turin. The composer was called before the curtain fifteen times on the night of the first performance.

SEVERAL ungalant press correspondents write that Janussek is becoming exceedingly bulky, and that it is not improbable that advancing years will compel her early retirement from the stage.

RUBINSTEIN'S success as an operatic composer has inspired him with fresh energy, and he is now hard at work on another opera, "Kupce Kalashnikov," which, as its name suggests, is founded upon a Russian subject.

MADAME ALBANI will return to England about the 1st of May. Her success in St. Petersburg has been almost unprecedented, and at her farewell in "Sonnambula" she was so overwhelmed with bouquets, many bearing costly presents, that she was compelled to make a short speech promising her return to Russia next season.

MADAME NILSSON has undertaken to appear in Madrid for two months for 25,000 francs. It is rumored that in Mr. Mappes's forthcoming season she will sing in "Le Roi de Lahore." She has not, however, contracted any save the Spanish engagement—her husband, M. Rouzeau, having purchased a share in an Agence de Change in Paris and taken up his residence in that city.

A VIENNESE teacher of singing is said to have invented a toy, under the name of "Notenspiel," for teaching a child the musical notes, which, at the last Exposition Universelle, received honorable mention. The child is presented with a movable toy, through which the sense and taste for drawing is awakened. Through it the child gets acquainted with the whole musical system, and is enabled to set a whole chord, and even a musical phrase, from which it unconsciously learns to sing and play at sight. "We are on the high road now."

THE last week of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville Theatre, in London, has been announced. It had grown to be as much a constant institution as Mme. Tessand's, and the *Saturday Review* says it is not a little probable that some persons may have acquired a habit of going to see "Our Boys" as others get into the way of drinking a particular wine after dinner, and to them its withdrawal will assume the aspect of a personal grievance. No one attempts to explain its extraordinary success, but the *Review* says that at any rate it owed nothing of it to an unexquisite taste in either author, actors or audience.

MR. CHIPPENDALE'S benefit at the London Lyceum was a great success: every seat was taken, and £300 was the amount realized by the entertainment so generously provided for him by his fellow artists on his retirement from the stage. Mr. Chatterton made £400 by his benefit at Covent Garden.

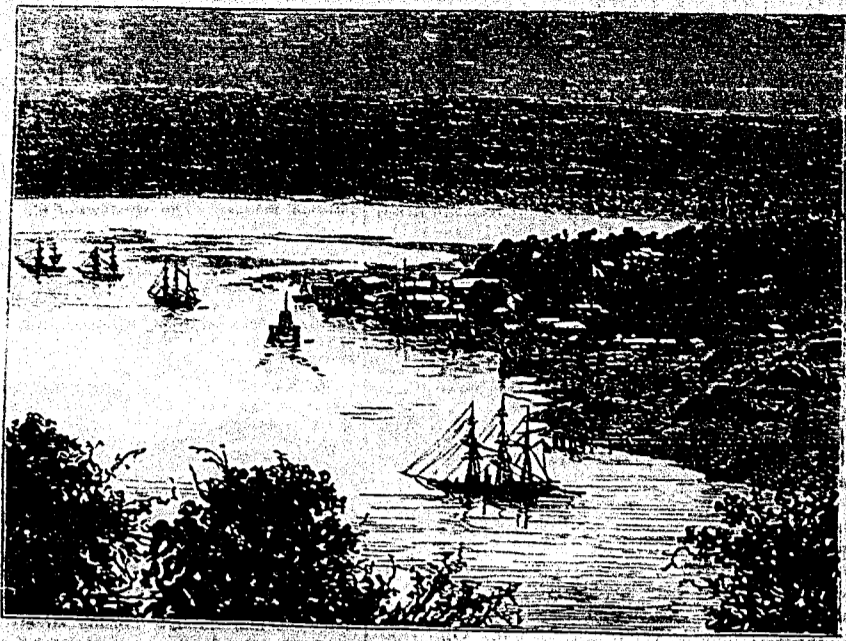
Let him who'd sing in Pinafore
His choir connection sever,
He never more will raise a hymn,
That is, he'll "hardly ever."

Six nights of op'ra unfit
The mind for hymns and chants,
M— says his disciples think so, too,
And so do his cousins and his aunts.

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address, TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

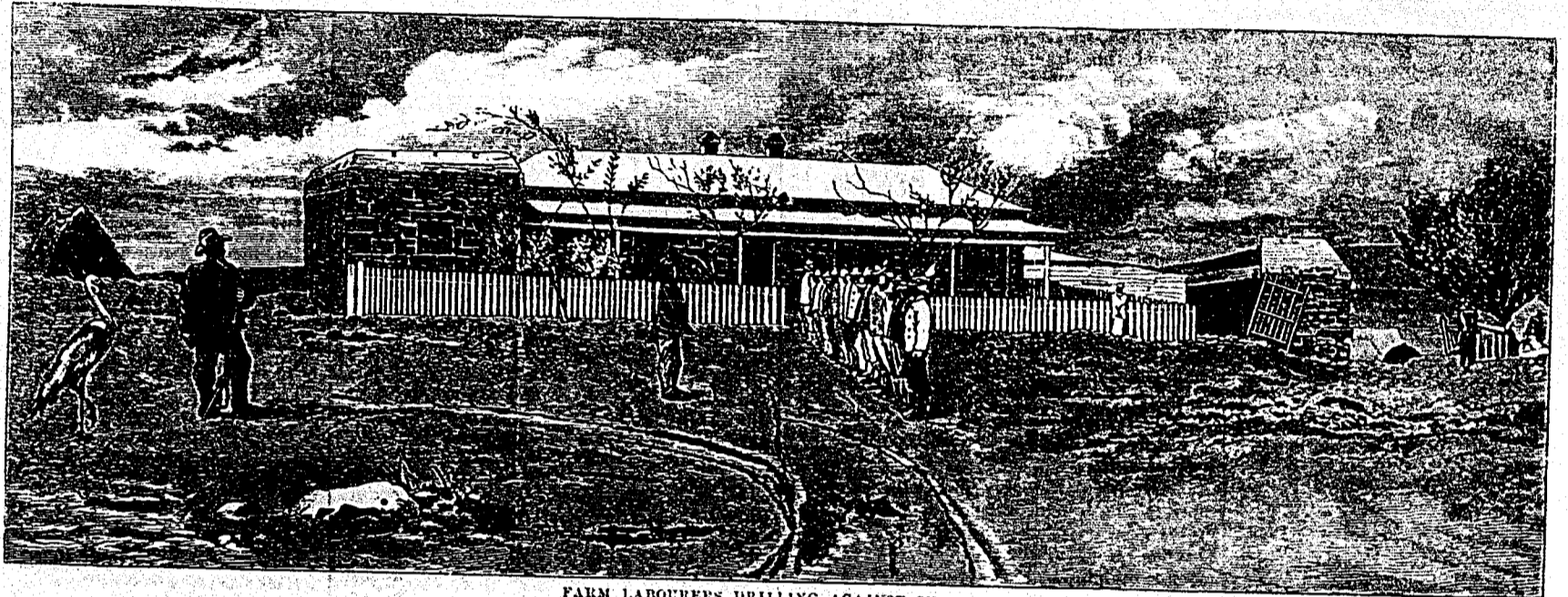
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous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



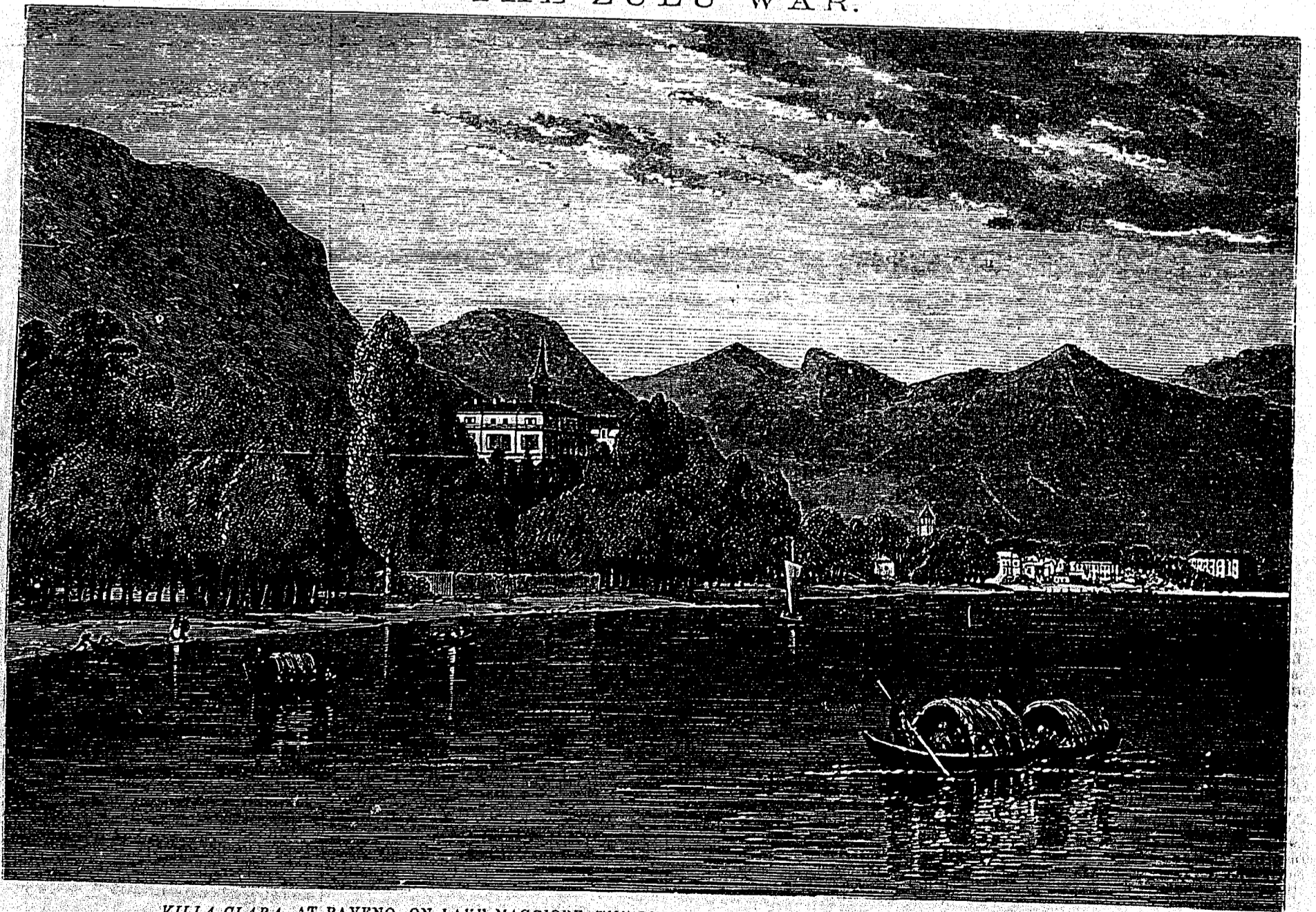
FORT NATAL.



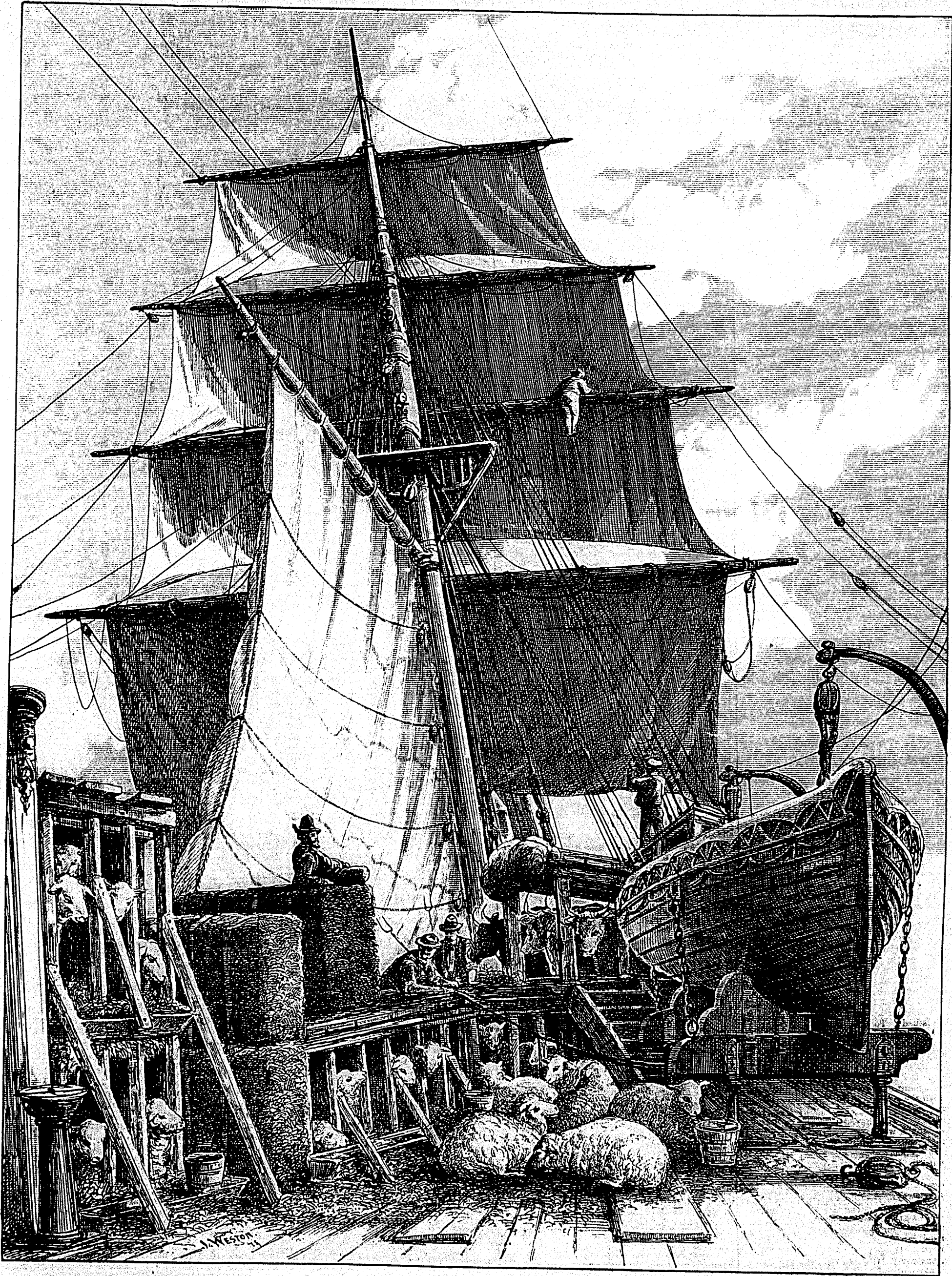
ZULU WOMEN AT THEIR TOILET.



FARM LABOURERS DRILLING AGAINST ZULUS.
THE ZULU WAR.



VILLA OLARA, AT BAVENO, ON LAKE MAGGIORE, THE RESIDENCE OF HER MAJESTY DURING HER STAY IN ITALY.



CANADA'S FLOATING FARMS. ON BOARD THE MEMPHIS.

THE OLD MAN'S IDYL.

BY RICHARD REALFF.

By the waters of life we sat together
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather

By the rivers of life we walked together.
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather

In the garden of life we amused together.
And the luscious apples were ripe and red.
And the luscious blue and honeyed beehive

In the meadows of life we strayed together.
Watching the waving harvest grow;
And under the benison of the Father

Who was with us and what was round us.
Neither myself nor my darling guessed.
Only we knew that something crowned us

O the riches have decked us!
O the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit

Harms of the world have come upon us.
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us

So we sit by our household fires together
Dreaming the dreamy of long ago.
Then it was balmy summer weather

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XV.

BROCKVILLE, Ont.

A STRANGER'S EXPERIENCE—HISTORICAL NOTES
—A FISH STORY—REUBEN SHERWOOD'S EXPLOITS—THE CAPTURE OF BROCKVILLE—DEACON M'CREADY AND THE FIDDLE—H. SPAFFORD, alias LORD CHESTERFIELD—A RARE PRINT—SKETCH OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

I doubt if there is a town in Canada where people enjoy life better or take things easier than they do in Brockville. But if life is easy and time glides swiftly by in winter, in summer, I am told, the facilities for elegant "loafing" are increased and enhanced a hundred-fold.

have engagements thick and three-fold, and finally to tear yourself away costs an effort almost Herculean, and you do not feel quite safe until a Grand Trunk engine has borne you miles away. Such is Brockville—as I know it. A most charmingly-situated town, at the foot of the Thousand Islands, one hundred and twenty-six miles from Montreal, two hundred and seven from Toronto, and sixty-six from Ottawa;

RETROSPECT.

As far as I can find out, the first settlers arrived in 1784, coming from the dissatisfied colonies to the south. Among the first families were the Sherwoods, Buells, and Jones. The latter is a name remarkably plentiful along this part of the St. Lawrence, putting the Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons quite in the shade.

REUBEN SHERWOOD'S EXPLOITS.

Reuben Sherwood, a brother of the late Sheriff, was a remarkable character, and a distinguished figure in the war of 1812. He was a large, powerful man, a thorough woodsman, daring to a fault, and ever eager to engage in some secret service calling for tact, skill and courage.

a trial. Proving not only skilful, but a great worker, the boss raised him to the position of foreman and doubled his wages. He lost no time in taking observations and sketching a plan of the place. On the fourth day he asked an interview with the boss, to whom he told a yarn to the effect that he was so well pleased with his job that he would like to run back to Vermont, marry his sweetheart, bring her back and take up his residence at the Harbour.

Reuben astounded his comrades by announcing that he meant to capture a block house situated a few miles down the shore. Pushing off, the distance was soon made and a landing effected near the fort. A chest which had greatly excited the curiosity of his subordinates was now opened and from it Reuben took a magnificent uniform which made the erstwhile shipwright look nothing less than a Field Marshal. In a whisper Reuben gave the Indian his instructions. The block house was situated in a small clearing backed by a dense bush.

THE CAPTURE OF BROCKVILLE.

A few months previous the Americans, smarting under the loss of Ogdensburg, planned the capture of Brockville, which was accomplished by a party of Forsyth's riflemen under command of a Captain Lytle. With the exception of one shot fired by the irrepressible Reuben Sherwood, no opposition was offered.

INCIDENTS OF THE TOWN'S GROWTH.

Brockville was laid out in 1802, the chief property holders being the Jones and the Buells. Mr. William Buell gave the land for the Court House and all the churches except the Anglican Church, the site for which was

donated by the Hon. Chas. Jones. Messrs. Jones and Buell were chiefly instrumental in getting Brockville made the County Town in place of Johnston, an out-of-the-way and senseless settlement, a few miles east of Prescott, which speedily died a natural death.

Kingston claims to have had the first newspaper in Upper Canada, the Gazette, established in 1816, but Brockville was not far behind, the weekly Recorder, now a daily, being started by a Mr. Beach in 1820. It is strong Grit. The Monitor, a Conservative weekly, was established about 20 years ago.

About this time a queer character by the name of H. Spafford alias "Lord Chesterfield," flourished in Brockville. Spafford was a general merchant in a moderate way, a bachelor and a bit of a dandy, very fond of strutting up and down in front of his shop. He lost no opportunity of "shewing off" before strangers. Beneath his store he had a small cellar wherein he kept a stock of wines and spirits. If he wished to be particularly gracious to a stranger and at the same time convey the idea that H. Spafford was no twopenny-halfpenny trader, he would command his shop boy somewhat after this style: "John! go to vault number nine, bin twenty, and bring up some of that rare old port wine from cask fifty-two!"

BROCKVILLE IN 1828.

This interesting picture is from an engraving in possession of Mr. George Dana. It was drawn by a retired army officer, Capt. Gray, who also at that time sketched Kingston, Quebec, and other places for an English publishing firm. The prints were dedicated "To Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieut. Governor, and the gentlemen of Upper Canada." The view is from "Umbrella Island," a name now extinct. The large tree shown in the picture fell down some years ago. The building in the centre of the view is the first Court House, a brick building subsequently destroyed by fire. The church with the spire is the first Presbyterian Church and that with the square tower the Anglican Church, St. Peter's, just then erected. The steamboat and barge are curiosities in their way. The steamer could probably go four miles an hour with the current, judging from the paddle wheels. The smokestack is simply immense. The two gentlemen on the barge appear to be having a good time. The one in the boat, it will be observed, is busy with a kettle, but whether his ultimate aim is "the cup that cheers" or a stiff "swifter" of hot grog must be left to conjecture. The individual in the stern is apparently busy with his own thought. The barge ruder is a study.

THE COURT HOUSE.

Brockville is the County Town of the Counties of Leeds and Grenville. The Sheriff is Mr. Wm. Patrick, the Treasurer Mr. F. Schofield, and the Registrar Mr. Ormond Jones. The Court House is an imposing-looking stone building occupying a commanding position in a central locality and faced by a large square. The entrance is not much to boast of. The chief court room—also used by the Counties' Council—is disfigured by a useless gallery running round three sides which gives it the look of an old-time "meeting-house." The jail department comprises twenty-two cells and the necessary officers, yards, &c. It is kept scrupulously clean under the charge of Jailor White.

THE LATE COL. D. E. MACDONELL.

The late Col. MacDonell was born near Cornwall, Ont., July 31, 1794, and received his early training under the eye of the late Bishop Strachan. At the age of eighteen he left home as a volunteer attached to the 8th or King's Regiment, receiving a commission a few days after joining, and participated during the war of 1812-13 in the battles of Lundy's Lane, Stoney Creek, Sackett's Harbour, York, &c. From the 8th he was commissioned to the 90th, and performed station service at Halifax, N.S., the Isle of Wight, and Tilbury, England. Selling out of the army he returned to his native Province and organized a militia corps which he commanded during the rebellion of 37-38. He contested successfully the Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry and was elected three times to represent that constituency. He afterwards filled the offices of Crown Lands Agent and Sheriff for the above mentioned counties, and in 1849 was appointed to the Wardenship of the Kingston Penitentiary, which office he held for upwards of 20 years, resigning therefrom in 1869, and retiring after

57 years public service, distributed under the reign of four Sovereigns. Upon his retirement he selected Brockville as his place of residence, where he lived admired and respected by all who knew him, and quietly passed away on the 11th of March last, aged eighty-five.

Brookville Novelty Works.

These extensive works have lately been brought very prominently before the notice of the general public, from the fact of the proprietor, Mr. James Smart, having received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the French Government, in token of their appreciation of the splendid display of manufactures of iron, &c., made by him at the Paris Exposition. The articles exhibited were so varied, so uniformly excellent, and so tastefully displayed, that they excited general remark and astonished in no small degree those dwellers outside the Dominion who had been accustomed to regard Canada as a semi-civilized region somewhere near the Arctic circle. The bestowal of the Cross in question is an unusual honour in such cases, and it can only be accepted by British subjects with the special sanction of the Imperial Government. The late Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Waddington, sent the following note in transmitting the Cross:

Paris, Oct. 31, 1878.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic, having appreciated the merit of the articles you have sent to the World's Exposition at Paris, desires, at my recommendation and that of my colleague, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, to give you a special proof of his good will by conferring upon you the Cross of Chevalier of the National Order of the Legion of Honour. Accept, sir, the assurance of my most especial consideration.

Waddington.

The engraving herewith gives a good idea of the extent of the Works, which are centrally situated, with an excellent water front, and cover about two acres. The articles manufactured number over three hundred varieties, and include, among others, Builders', Carriage-makers', Cabinet-makers', Blacksmiths', and general household goods, iron, brass, and electroplated. Among special lines may be mentioned stoves of all kinds, copying presses, scales, ornamental railings, and lawn mowers. The Prince of Wales has one of the latter—a magnificently finished machine, shown at Paris, and presented to the Prince by Mr. Smart at the close of the exhibition. During the period of depression the number of hands employed at these Works has been materially reduced—a vast stock of goods being on hand, and the American makers underselling wherever they could, even at a loss, in the hope of eventually securing the Canadian market. With the new tariff—if the duties are strictly enforced, and care is taken to prevent false entries—there is no doubt that the full complement of workmen will be required. The Works are large enough to afford employment to three hundred, when the demand warrants such an increase.

Mr. James Smart was born in Scotland, came to Brockville in 1841, went into business as a tanner at Sarnia shortly after; the late Premier, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, being one of the masons engaged in the building of the tannery. Subsequently Mr. Smart abandoned the tanning business, and returned to Brockville, where he began the manufacture of weighing machines, having secured a contract from the Grand Trunk Railway Co. From this the present extensive works have grown. Mr. Smart sent a fine assortment of goods to the Australia Exhibition, and in many other ways has shown himself to be as patriotic as he is enterprising.

Mann's Broadcast Seed-Sower, &c.

This very efficient and ingenious implement is manufactured by J. W. Mann & Co., at the Leeds Agricultural Works, Brockville. It is a machine which can be used either as a broadcast sower or as a root and corn drill. The change can be made in one minute, and long and critical trials have demonstrated that in either form it is simply without a single drawback. The engravings give an idea of the general appearance of the machine. In changing the root drill for the broadcast sower it is only necessary to remove the seed-box and shoe from the machine, and attach the long broadcast box. In either case there is a very ingenious eccentric attachment which works the seed shifter, rendering a clogging of the holes impossible. The broadcast sower is a box four inches deep by twelve feet long, covered by a hinged lid having a zinc bottom perforated with sets of small holes, which are opened in whole or part, as required, by a shifting slide perforated with large holes, so constructed that it can be regulated to sow the number of pounds required, varying from two to thirty pounds per acre. A boy fifteen years old can propel the machine with ease, and sow twenty-five acres per day. It has not only the advantage of sowing very quickly and at any time, but there is a positive saving of seed of at least 4 lbs. per acre, and the land much better seeded than by hand. It often happens that hired help are inexperienced in sowing, and consequently great loss is incurred. This is impossible in the use of the Seeder, as it must sow as it moves, the number of pounds per acre to which it is adjusted.

The Root and Corn Drill is one of the simplest in construction made: it will sow perfect all

kinds of seeds to be put in drills. The shoe is made so that it can be set to run any depth, which is very important, as onion seed does not require to be sown as deep as mangold wurtzels or corn.

The manufacturers are in receipt of most satisfactory testimonials from hundreds of farmers as to the uniform excellence of the work performed by this machine, and wherever exhibited the highest honours have been always awarded. Besides numerous county show prizes, it has been awarded first prizes at London, Hamilton, Guelph, Kingston, Belleville, Ogdensburg, Toronto, and at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. The machine is strongly made and nicely finished. It costs but \$25, complete.

(To be continued.)

LORD NELSON AT QUEBEC IN 1782.

"C'est l'amour qui fait le tour de la ronde."

By the author of "Quebec Past and Present."

A grave historian, Dr. Henry Miles, in a paper replete with antiquarian lore, contributed to the March number of Belford's Magazine, has made many a very creditable attempt to supply some of the links, in the chain of evidence, connecting the naval hero, Nelson, with an affaire de coeur, at Quebec, in 1782. Was the heroine Miss Prentice, Miss Cooper or Miss Simpson? Such was the inquiry he has tried to answer chiefly by the light of an unpublished correspondence, found among the papers of the late James Thompson, a volunteer under Wolfe, who lived to 1839.

Dr. Miles is quite right when he says that the local history of the Capital of Canada furnished not even an allusion to the visits of England's most renowned sea captain to our port in 1782. Possibly a few more items on this subject may not be unacceptable to the reader. In 1865, whilst perusing Robert Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, our attention was attracted by a passage alluding to a romantic attachment formed by him at Quebec, and which if yielded to, might have had an important bearing on his after-life. No lady's name was given. Who was the charmer?

Smith's History of Canada, the old Quebec Gazette, the Quebec Herald (1789-93), contemporary memoirs were ransacked; all in vain. Our venerable friends the historians Garneau and Ferland, Mr. DeGaspé, the Nestors in Quebec society, were closely catechised. None could tell who was the incomparable Helen who very nigh snatched the susceptible Horatio from Emma Hamilton and Westminster Abbey. Some had faint reminiscences of having heard in their youth aged folks speak of a Quebec beauty who by her human face divine used to "bewitch the sons of men." It was not, it could not be, the lovely and refined Mrs. De Léry, nee Marie Louise Magdeleine de Brouge, who on presentation at Court in 1762 to the youthful Sovereign of England, a gallant ancestor of our Prince of Wales, had caused the young monarch to exclaim: "Truly, if such are all the ladies of Canada, I have indeed made a conquest."

There were also some lingering memories of the fascinating but frail Mrs. Hughes Pean, after whom that dissipated rake, Bigot, lost his head—an Aspasia very graphically delineated by the author of the novel "Le Chien d'Or." Death had closed her career long before 1782, by cancer in the face, says the novelist Marmette. An interval of several decades in the city annals brought us down to that vision of female loveliness, the queenly Madame J. A. Panet, the spouse of the first Speaker of the Canadian Commons, at Quebec, in 1792, ten years after Nelson's departure from our port. None of those heroines supplied the missing link and Nelson's Juliet of 1782 remained to all enquirers a sphinx, an impenetrable mystery, defying the penetration of historians, antiquarians, clairvoyants and seers. The grave inquiry possibly to this day would have remained unsolved, but for an accidental question put by us about in 1865, to a well-informed old friend, alas! no more—the late Lt.-Colonel John Sewell, who in 1812 was a lieutenant in the 49th Foot, commanded by Colonel, afterwards General Isaac Brock, the hero of the Queenston Heights. Lieut.-Col. Sewell, though much advanced in years in 1865, with his retentive memory, was indeed a likely person to supply information on the part of his native city, many incidents of which were noted in the diary he had kept. Col. Sewell immediately replied that on his arrival in Quebec, at the beginning of the century, he had heard tell of Nelson's love affair from a connection of his family, the Hon. Wm. Smith, who had settled with his father, the Hon. Wm. Smith, Chief

Justice in Quebec, for years after the visit of Nelson to our port. Hon. Mr. Smith by his high standing in the fashionable world of Quebec, his family entourage, was more likely than any to get to the full particulars of any local incident bearing on such a celebrated character as Nelson. Col. Sewell, from what he had heard from Hon. Wm. Smith, pointed out the stately house known as FREE MASON'S HALL, as the spot more intimately associated with the romantic adventures of the victor at Trafalgar and Aboukir. Varied were the legends about the origin and antiquity of the large three storied stone mansion which the French inhabitants, down to the time of its destruction in 1871, persistently called "Le Chien d'Or," connecting it with Philibert's duel. After being used for various purposes, a hostelry, a place of worship, a printing office, an auctioneer's mart, in the day of Mr. Futvoys, it was purchased by Government from the heirs of the millionaire Geo. Poser, for \$16,000. On its site and on that of the adjoining house (Musson's drug store) now stands the new City Post Office. In the wall over the entrance, surmounted by the bust of Champlain, may yet be seen (thanks to Hon. H. L. Langevin, then Minister of Public Works), the mysterious golden dog, gnawing his bone as he did more than a hundred years ago, and the no less mysterious inscription:

"Je suis un Chien Qui Rouge L'Or en le rongeant je prends mon repos un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu que je morderai qui m'aura mordu." 1736.

This inscription with a slight variation and the Golden Dog had greeted the astonished gaze of the British squadrons when they invested the surrendered city on the 18th September, 1759. Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, an eye witness, notes the fact at page 149 of his journal of the siege, vol. ii.

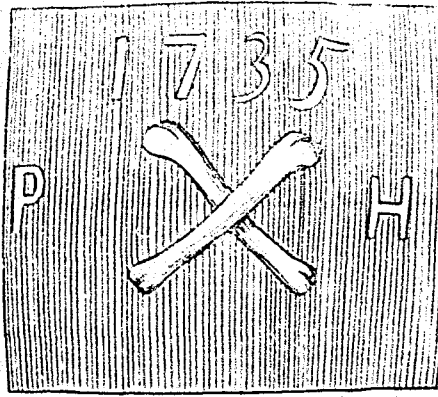
The history, as well as the many legends of this quaint old castle, have been chronicled in detail in the Maple Leaves for 1873.

One of Gen. Wolfe's Provost Marshals, Miles Prentice, a Free Mason high in the craft, for many years inhabited the house, which was then and later on styled FREE MASON'S HALL. Miles Prentice was a man of substance and note in Quebec, even after his active disciplinary functions ceased. He it was who was charged with the delicate mission of placing under arrest and in durance vile, in the cells of the old Recollet Monastery (destroyed by fire in September, 1796), which stood on the ground on which, in 1804, was erected the Anglican Church, the arch agitator Du Robert. Miles Prentice was the father of a handsome daughter who was subsequently married to a high official in New Brunswick, Surveyor-General Sproule. Mrs. Prentice ended her days in the Thompson homestead, in St. Ursule street, Quebec, in the year 1792. Miles Prentice had

— In demolishing, in 1871, the foundations of the stately old house, said to be the first built of stone in Quebec, a lead plate was found adhering to the corner stone, with the following inscription:

Nicolas Jarryin
Dit Pilliber
M'a Posé le 26 Aout
1735.

This corner-stone is quite singular. Under the date 1735 can be seen the two capital letters, P. and H., separated by a Greek or St. Andrew's Cross, deeply engraved in the stone and coloured red, thus:



The Golden Dog inscription is followed by the date 1736, under which are traces of letters, forming an inscription, which are obliterated and could not be connected so as to make any meaning.

— On the right of the descent, leading to the lower town, stands a stately old house, said to be the first built of stone in this city (Quebec), and over the front door of it is engraved a dog, gnawing a large fleshy bone, which he has got under and between his fore feet, with the following whimsical inscription:

"Je suis le chien qui rouge l'or. Sans en perdre un seul morceau: Le temps viendra, qui n'est pas venu, Je morderai celui, qui m'aura mordu."

The true meaning of this device I never could learn, though I made all possible inquiries, without being gratified with the least possible information respecting its allusion. I have been informed that the first proprietor of the house had been a man of great natural abilities, and possessed a plentiful fortune, which he, after many disappointments and losses in trade, had scraped together by means of the most indefatigable industry. Now, whether the foregoing device had any reference to these particulars of his own private affairs, or that we may rather suppose the bone with flesh on it to resemble Canada, and the dog, an emblem of fidelity, to represent the French settled there, as if determined faithfully to defend the colony for their King and country against the savage natives, who may perhaps be alluded to by the two last lines of the inscription, I will not take it on me to determine, but submit it to the penetrating capacity of the curious reader. ("Knox's Journal," vol. ii. p. 149-50.) The "penetrating" capacity of the curious reader "has not yet, after a lapse of more than a century succeeded to "penetrate" the mystery.

also two nieces of the name of Cowper, the eldest of whom was married, on the 6th Dec., 1780, at Free Mason's Hall, to Mr. James Thompson, a volunteer in Frazer's Highlanders, in 1730, subsequently promoted to the office of Overseer of Military Works. There was also present at the wedding a Mr. Simpson, a cousin of the bridegroom—Saunders Simpson, a Provost Marshal in Wolfe's army at Louisbourg—Quebec, &c. According to an entry in the diary of Deputy-Commissary-General Thompson, son of James Thompson aforesaid, Saunders Simpson was the cousin of James Thompson, the husband of Miles Prentice's niece. Provost-Marshal Simpson seems to have met very good company at the stately Free Mason's Hall, on that auspicious 6th Dec., 1780, viz., Mr. John Collins, Deputy-Surveyor-General, Captain Twiss, Roy. Eng., afterwards General Twiss, the same who, in 1793, superintended the rebuilding of the citadel on Cape Diamond. Far from there being in the associations of Free Mason's Hall anything to render it unacceptable to military or naval officers in 1782—much earlier than 1775 military men lodged there. Old James Thompson notes in his diary that here lodged, when he came to Quebec on business (and he had often come, it seems), Brigadier-General Montgomery, and that it was Mrs. Prentice who, after the discovery of his body in the snow at Près-de-Ville, on that stormy 31st Dec., 1775, recognized him by "a scar on his cheek, supposed to be a sabre cut." Nor is there anything in history or anywhere else, that we know of, to discredit the statement handed down to us from Hon. W. Smith, through Lieut.-Col. Sewell, that young Captain Nelson met his goddess and was victimized by the "fat boy with the arrows," under the roof of a mansion frequented not only by military men, but also visited by the father of the girl, whose beauty had produced such an impression on him. Free Mason's Hall, in 1782, we take to have been as familiar to travellers of note, as the Windsor or the Russell House is now to visitors and distinguished strangers at Montreal or Quebec. We repeat that we find nothing in history or tradition to bear out the hypothesis that Miss Simpson either visited or not Nelson, at the house of Alexander Davison, with whom Nelson was on friendly terms, at Quebec, in 1782, but we have old Thompson's written testimony to establish that Provost-Marshal Simpson, her father, had visited, the abode of Provost-Marshal Miles Prentice, having attended, there, on 6th December, 1786, the wedding of Prentice's niece, who married Simpson's cousin. Lieut.-Col. Sewell, in repeating the story handed down to him by Hon. W. Smith, distinctly connected the name of Nelson's innamorata with the well-remembered dwelling of the Prentices; it is, therefore, not unnatural to infer that she knew and visited the young ladies hailing from Free Mason's Hall, where her father had attended the wedding-party. The tradition embodied in print by us in 1867, pointing out Nelson's fair friend as being either a daughter or niece of Miles Prentice, after subsequent research, seemed to us, on that point, not proven, and in a later volume, "The Tourist's Note Book," printed 1st July, 1876, we for the first time suggested it might be Miss Simpson.

What we had put forth hypothetically in print, in 1876, had acquired the character of historical truth long before the appearance of Dr. Miles' interesting sketch in "Belford," hence why a passage of that sketch requires rectification.

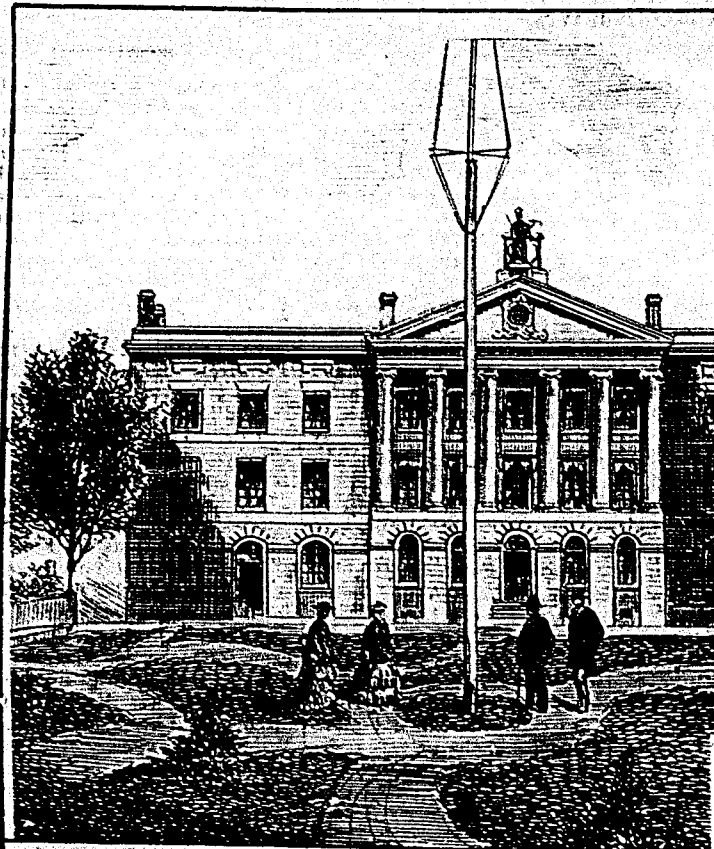
Doctor Miles certainly labours under an error, a very unintentional one, probably, in assuming that we unwittingly misled the distinguished guests, whom Lord Dufferin had invited us to meet, at a breakfast party on the Citadel, Quebec, the day before his departure. In relating the Nelson anecdote, no other name was suggested but that of Miss Simpson. It was no "exploded doctrine" which was prosulgated, but historical truth.

"The subject," says Dr. Miles, "of the great Admiral's love affair at Quebec, when he visited it in the capacity of Captain of a British frigate in 1782, naturally interests naval officers, whom duty, even in those days, brings to the harbour, whenever it is broached as a topic of conversation. We have a notable illustration of this in what occurred the other day. Just before the departure of our late popular Governor-General, the British war vessels "Hellerophon" and "Sirius," lying in port, the captains and some other officers of these vessels were entertained at breakfast by His Excellency, at the Citadel. The conversation turned on former visits of Commanders of ships of war, when Nelson's name being brought up, the Earl remarked that Mr. Le Moine, author of the "Maple Leaves," "Album du Touriste," &c., was able to afford them some information about him, as he had published something on the subject. Mr. Le Moine happened to be present, and, at His Excellency's request, rehearsed the whole of what he had related in the works cited above, much to the satisfaction of his hearers. Mr. Le Moine's account of the affair, however, as it is based on the now exploded doctrine that the heroine was one of the nieces of Mrs. Miles Prentice, was not, as has been shown in the foregoing article, the correct one, however gratifying to the distinguished listeners to its recital on that occasion."—Belford's Magazine, March, 1879.

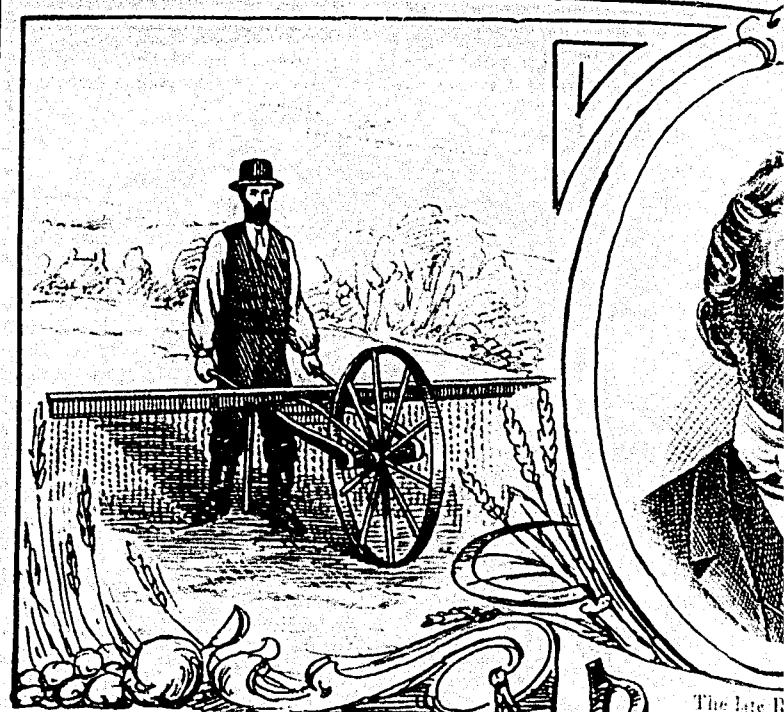
— Very Rev. Deau Stanley, Lady Dufferin's brother and sister, Capt. Sullivan and Harris, R.N. Mrs. James Thompson Harrower and others.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

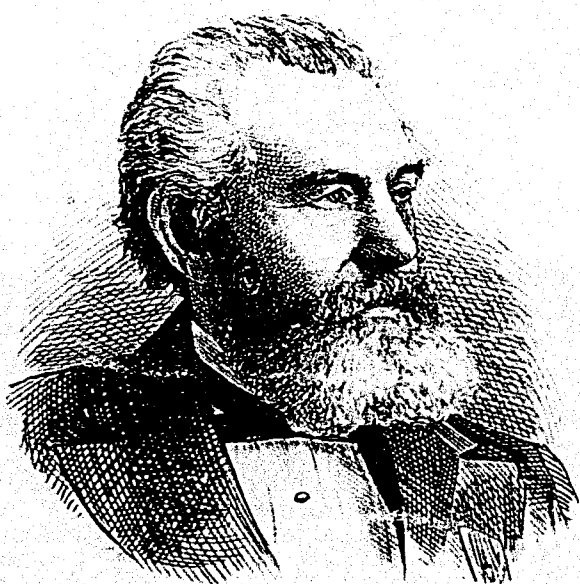
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed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



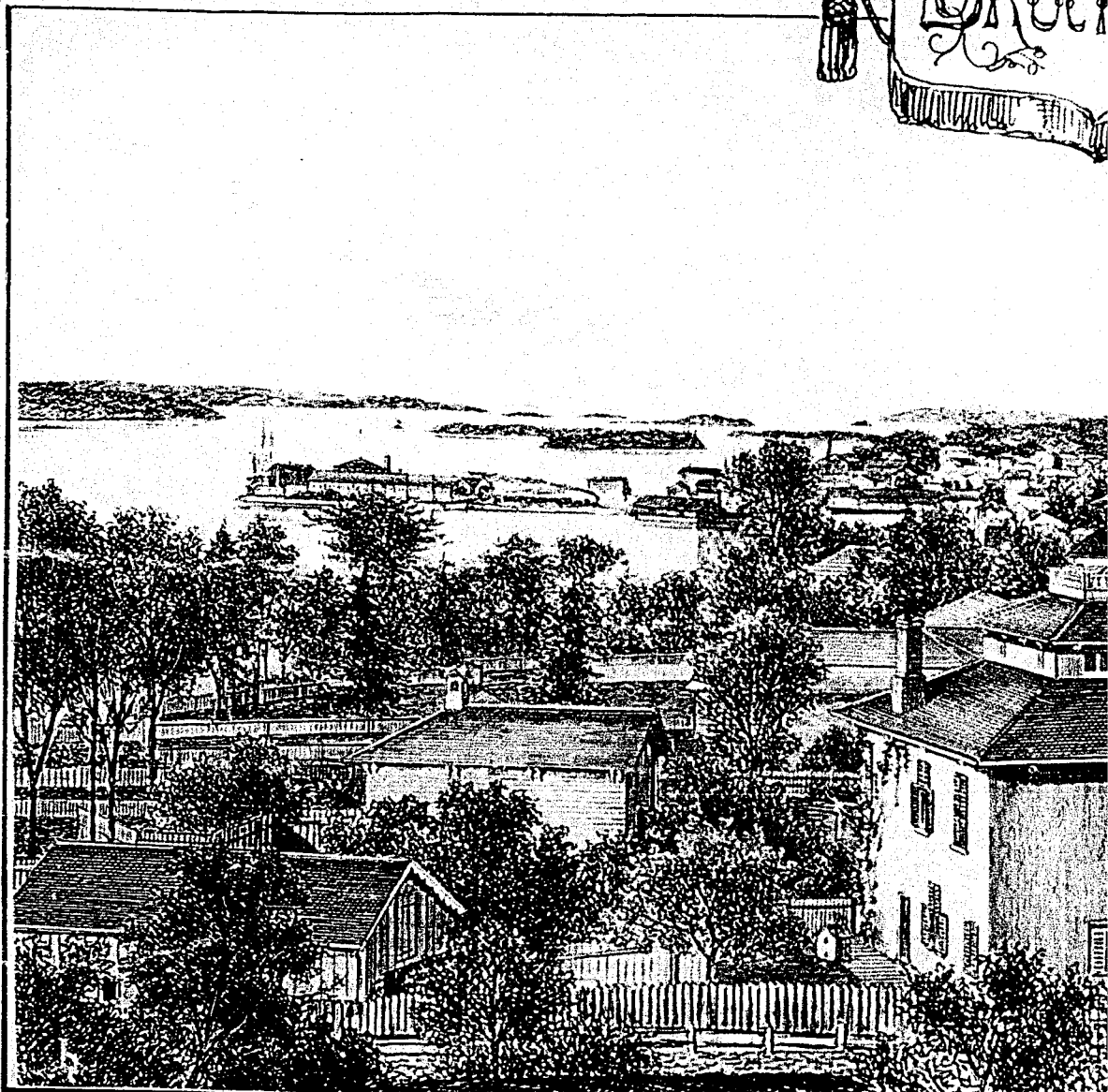
The Court House and Jail.



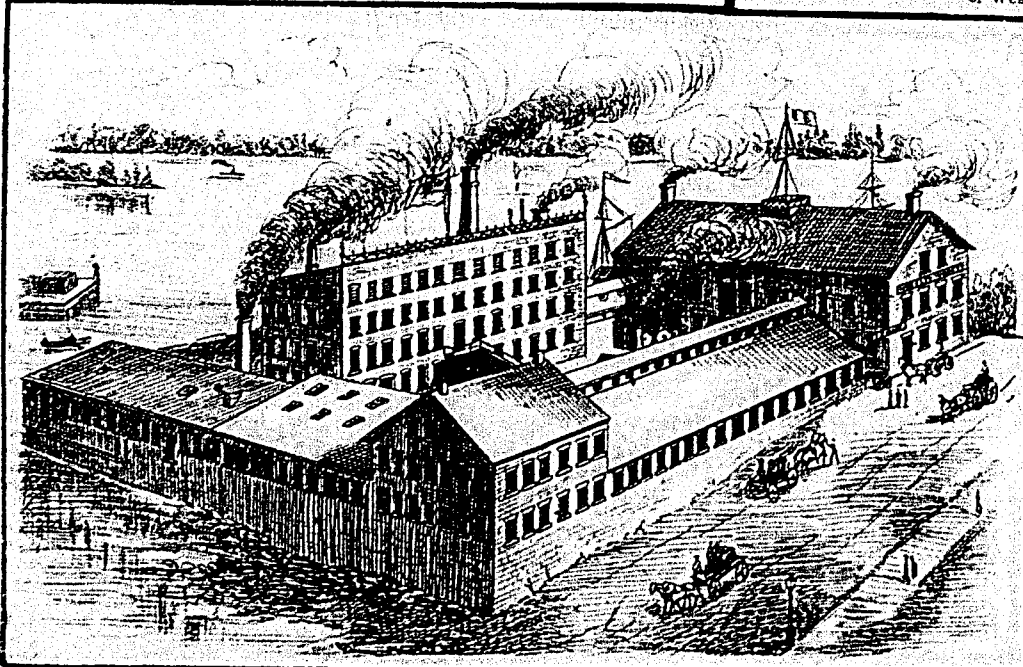
Mann's Improved Broadcast Sower.



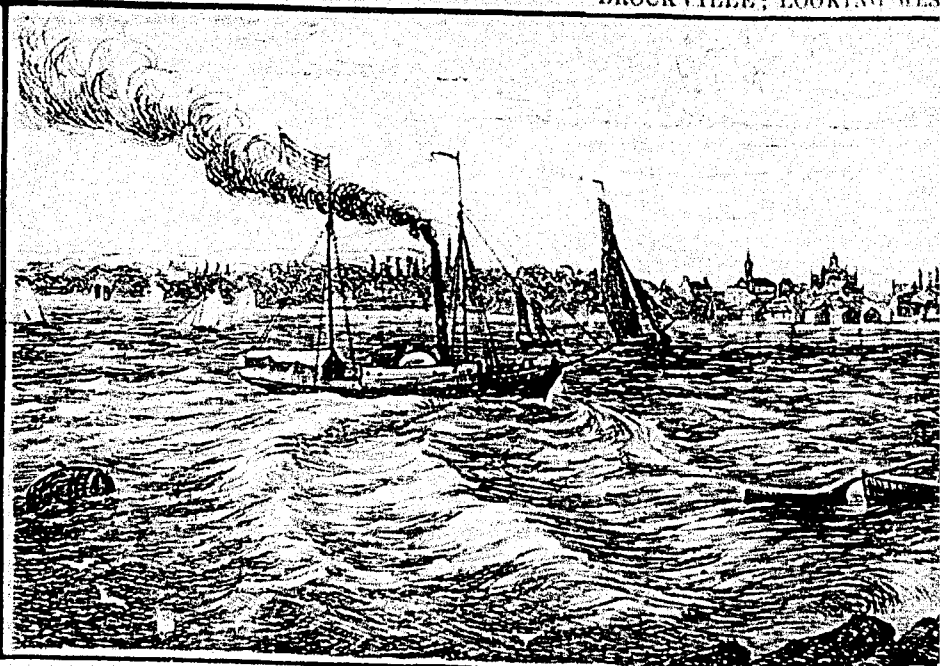
James Smart, Esq.



1. Brockville & Ottawa R. R. Terminus and Workshops. 2. Post Office, Victoria Hall and Market. 3. The Old Kirk. 4. Wesleyan Methodist Church. BROCKVILLE; LOOKING WEST.



Brockville Novelty House.



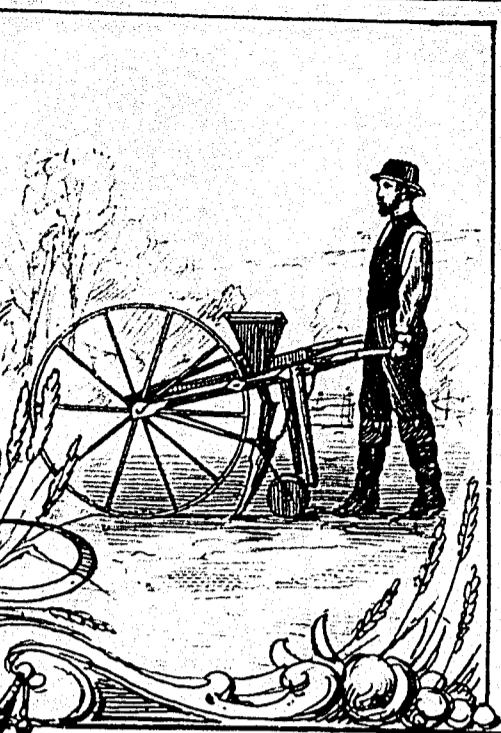
Brockville in

BROCKVILLE (ONT)

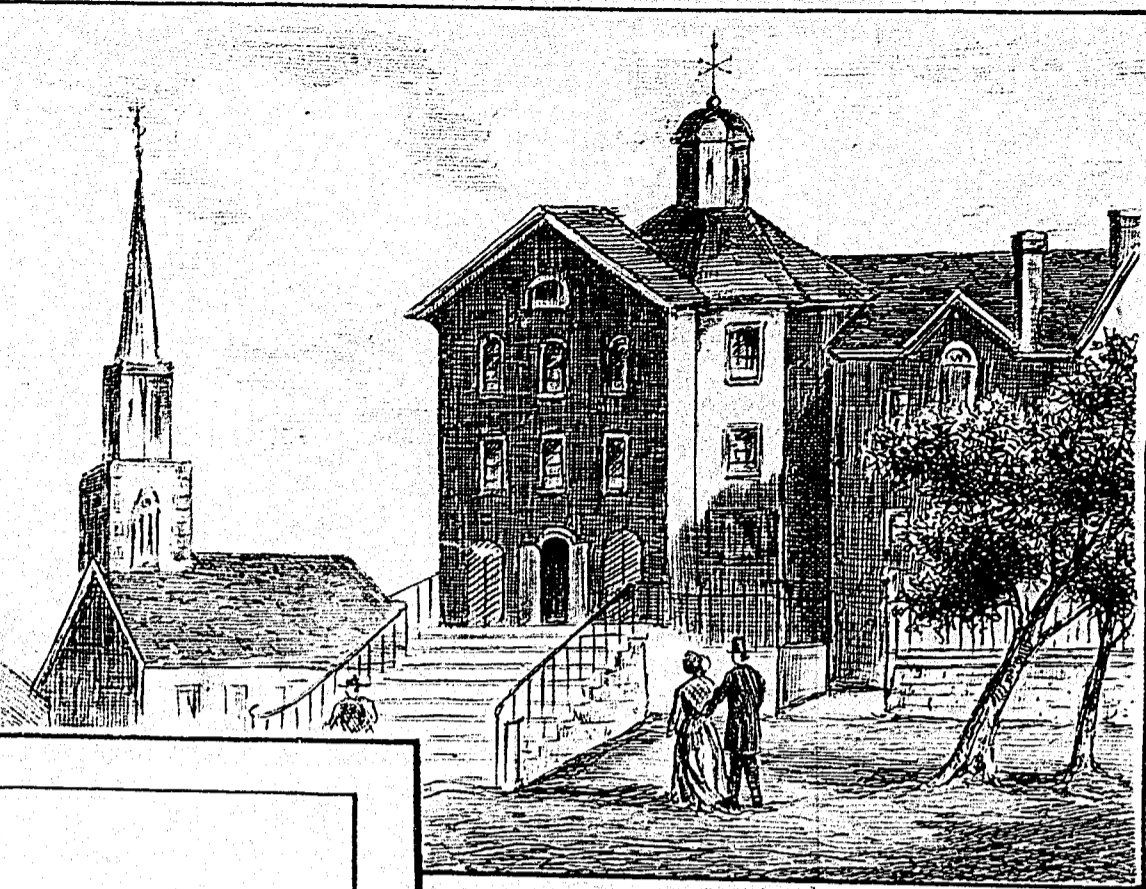


Rev. Mr. Smart.

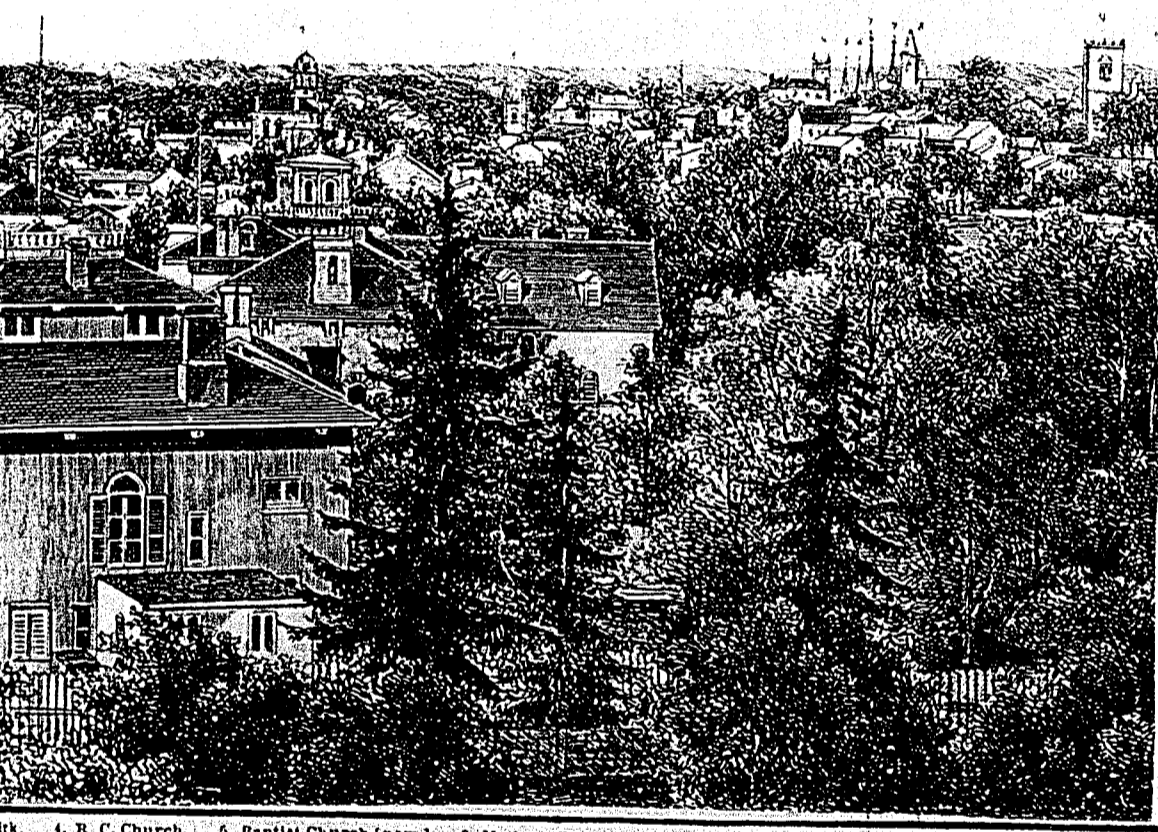
CKVILLE



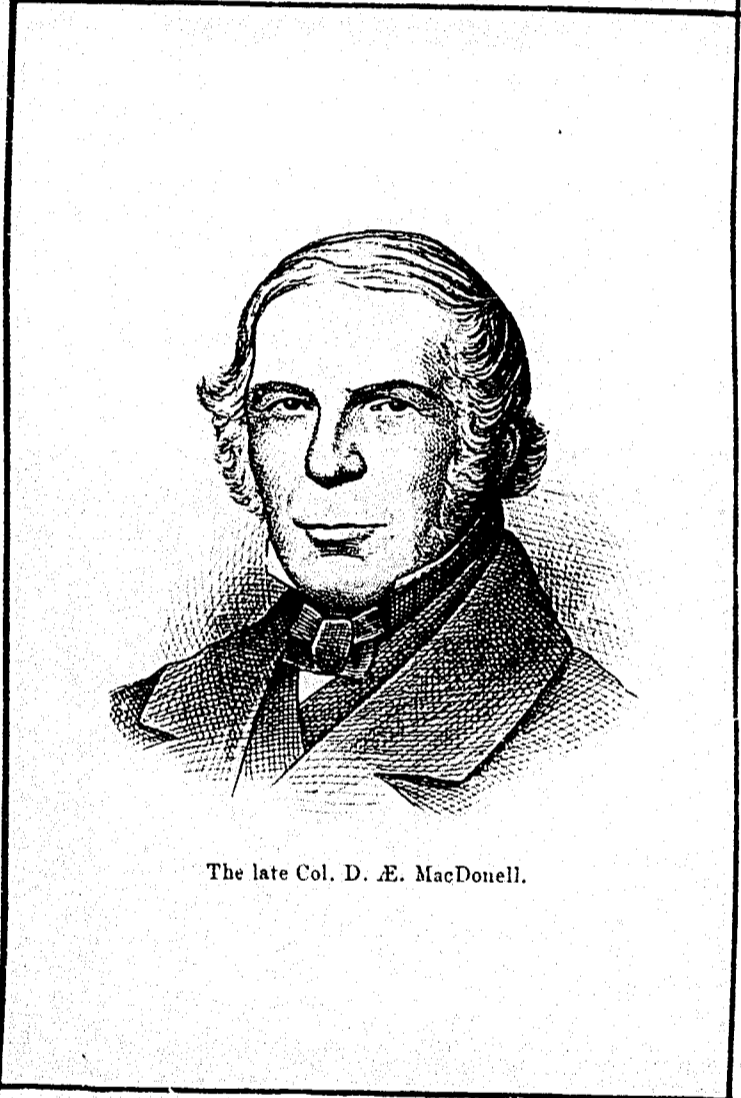
Mann's Improved Root and Corn Drill.



5. The old Court House.



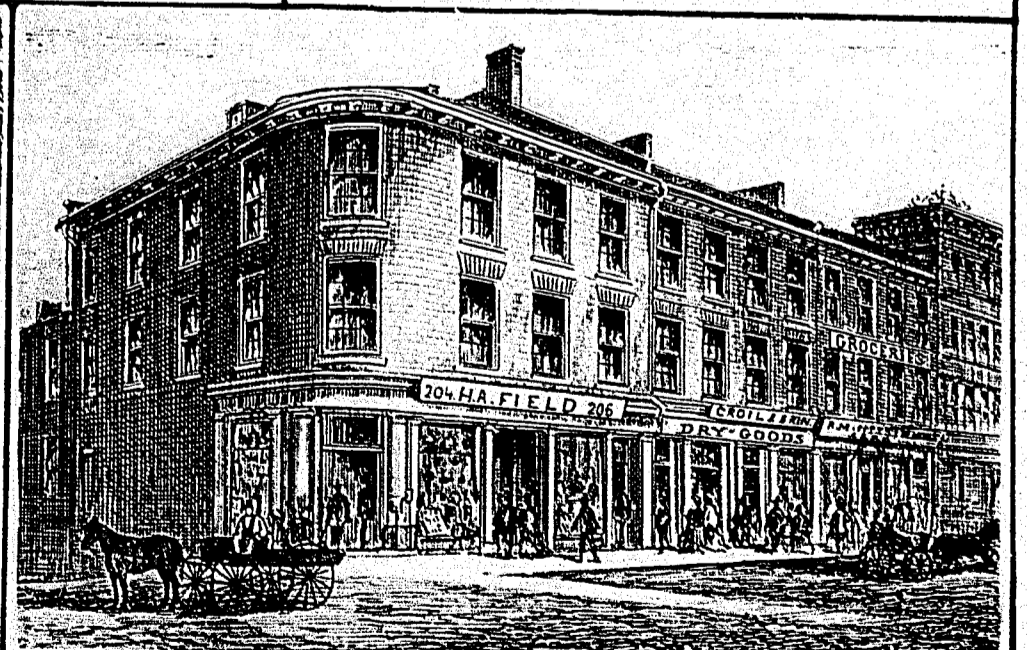
1. R. C. Church. 2. Baptist Church [new.] 3. Method. Episcopal Church. 4. Presbyterian Church [new.] 5. St. Peter's [Anglican.]



The late Col. D. A. MacDonell.



in 1828.



A group of King Street Stores.

T.) ILLUSTRATED.

THE ALARM.

"When the news of the capture of Fort Niagara reached Montreal, Sir Sidney Beckwith (commanding the garrison) in his delight ordered, though it was the dead of the night, the artillery of the old Citadel Hill to pour forth its thunder in honour of the event.

"The wonder of the good citizens was great indeed at the sound of cannon at such an untimely hour, and none for a time knew what to make of it, but soon the intelligence spread and they and their startled wives and children sought their couches more satisfied than ever that Canada would not be the prey of the talons of the American Eagle."

(From Literary Garland, published 1847.)

It was winter-time and midnight, and the moonlight's mellow glow shone upon the city, sleeping 'neath a coverlet of snow. That with misty, pallid splendor softly crowned the mountain's crest. Veiling with a chastened softness bleak Mount Royal's rugged breast. Men and maidens, youths and maidens, in the fairy land of dreams. Lived in fancy lives resplendent with the bright and mystic beams. That the angel Sleep had borrowed, when descending from above. To fore-shadow Heaven's glory, and foretell of Heaven's love. But the silence deep was broken, and the sleepers in affright heard the cannon booming wildly on the startled air of night. And the stoutest Montrealers started up at the alarm. Eager to defend their homesteads and their families from harm. Wild confusion filled the city as the men rushed to and fro. Aiming for the coming conflict with the long expected foe. But above the din and turmoil rose a shout upon the air. And its meaning spread like wildfire through the city everywhere. "Fort Niagara has fallen, and the cannon roar in glee. At the victory of our country, of fair Canada the free!" Then the surging masses mustered all the welcome news to hear. And the tidings glad were greeted with a great heart-stirring cheer. And with shouts for Colonel Murray, and with cheers for England's King. Far beyond the city's suburbs did the echoes roll and ring. Men and maidens, youths and maidens, heard the tale with flashing eyes. Of the march throughout the darkness to the fort, and the fierce obdurate onset hurling back the fated foe. Till the Union Jack was hoisted, and the Stars and Stripes laid low. Then a well-estate thronging thrilled through every nerve and vein. And the crowd right well contented sought their couches once again. Doubly sure the eagle's talon would grasp our country for its prey. But with torn and bloody plumage would be glad to steal away. To evade the burnt heroes of the brave red-coated band. Marching 'neath the flying colours of our own dear native land.

Stayer, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL.

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Anselm's Rival," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A SCANDAL.

On the night when Isabel left her husband's presence, after all her crooked ways, all her folly, and all her sin, had come to light, she hastily summoned her maid Ritson, and, after writing a few pencilled lines, placed them in the woman's hand.

"Take these," she said, "to Captain Warrington, he is waiting outside. Tell him to get a cab, and I will join him at once."

Then the woman spoke up, tremblingly and eagerly—

"Oh, my lady," she said, "don't go. Think a moment what you are throwing away. Go to your father's, and in the morning perhaps Sir George—"

"No," said Isabel, passionately, as Ritson paused, "do you think I would go there, and whine and beg for protection from Lucinda Featherstone? No," she repeated, "he has done it—I will not go back!"

"For Reggy's sake, for your little boy's sake," urged the woman; and for a moment a more womanly look than the hard and defiant one which Isabel's face wore, passed over it.

She paused. The God-given, motherly instinct, which in her cold heart was so slight, so overgrown, and overshadowed by other feelings, for a moment asserted its sway. Then came back the darker thoughts, the angry passions, and the child's little tender touch was forgotten.

"It is too late," she said. "Take the note—tell him I will come. And, Ritson—you stay behind and pack the jewels—I am not going at least to leave them." And Isabel gave a little and defiant laugh.

So she threw it all away! Her good name, her young child's love, the world's respect and honour, and higher and holier blessings still, of which Isabel had never thought. And for what? Let us, oh reader! for a moment follow Ritson's footsteps, and see how Isabel's

decision was received by the man for whom she had sacrificed so much.

The lamp-lights were shining on Captain Warrington's handsome face, who was pacing backwards and forwards in the street below, as Ritson approached him. But there was a frown on that handsome face. Captain Warrington bated scenes and exposures, and though he walked not in the straight and narrow way, he had never made himself very conspicuous in the broad one. He was therefore annoyed and disconcerted.

"I hope she's not going to get me into any confounded trouble," he was thinking, and as the thought passed through his mind, he saw Ritson approaching him.

He knew this woman well. She had carried his notes and his love-letters—the notes and the love-letters that were all now lying open before Sir George—and he therefore advanced eagerly to meet her.

"Well," he said, "has there been a row?" The woman's answer was to place Isabel's note in his hand, and as he read the few pencilled lines by the lamp-light that she had sent him, a curse broke from his lips.

"What!" he cried, with passionate anger; and then, with bitten lips and knitted brow, he stood silent to hear the woman's tale—the tale that left him burdened with a woman for whom he had no love and no respect.

The next day there was a scandal in Brighton. The beautiful Lady Hamilton had eloped, and everyone was eager to tell his or her neighbour the news. Then the scandal spread to town, and crept into the "society" papers, and was talked of and laughed about in the clubs. Capt. Hugh Warrington was a man who was well known, and Lady Hamilton was a beauty, and so the affair made quite a sensation. By and by the story came to Yorkshire, and tongues were loosened, and tales were told, that had only been whispered or suspected before. The dead lawyer, Mr. Hannaway, lying in his untimely grave, once more was talked of and commented on. This person had seen that, another something else. Lady Hamilton had flung away her fair fame, and everyone now was ready to blacken it.

In the meanwhile at the Park, the gloomy master passed his miserable days. It seemed now to Sir George (as he had told Hayward) that the hand of God had smitten him. A settled and profound melancholy oppressed him. The remorse that he had never succeeded in driving from his mind, even during his passionate infatuation for Isabel Trevor, now returned with ten-fold force. He was for ever haunted by his hidden crime. The woman who had loved him—the ignorant, once beautiful Spanish woman—was now bitterly revenged.

But he did all he could now to repair his wrong. He went up to town with Hayward, a few days after he had told his dark story, and saw his lawyer, and gave directions for a new will. At the same time he made a formal declaration of his first marriage, and instructed his lawyer how, in the event of his death, his marriage could be proved. Then he wrote to the Padre at Seville, who had charge of his till now unacknowledged son, and desired him to prepare the boy to come to England. "He is my heir," he said to Hayward, and Hayward, by his wish, started for Seville about a month after Lady Hamilton had left her husband, for the purpose of bringing this Spanish youth to his English home.

After Hayward was gone, Sir George's gloom and remorse grew darker and deeper. He had pressed on, with all the influence that his wealth and position could command, his projected divorce from Isabel. But he had to wait his turn. Other men and women too, were striving to be free from broken or dishonoured bonds, and "the Hamilton case" was one of many.

So alone—with some of the bitterest feelings that human heart can bear, for ever near him—Sir George lived on at Massam. It was a gloomy picture. A man beset by the darkest passions of our nature, and with no hope or comfort on which to lay his hand. Even his love for his little son was poisoned by the memory of its mother. The child had golden hair, and the hue of the little silken curls ever reminded Sir George of Isabel.

With morbid self-torture Sir George now constantly wore the dead woman's ring. He believed that it had been cast up by the waves as an avenging sign to him, and as a token that his sin had found him out. Conceivably, then, this crime-haunted man sitting in his stately home, with his sunken eyes fixed on the glittering pledge of a love that had so dear an end! No wonder that his brain reeled at times, and that his reason threatened to give way.

One day when the dark spirit was upon him the idea entered into his mind to go to Sanda to see the grave of the unhappy woman that he once had loved. He went—wandering in that sea-side churchyard, among the simple grave-stones that recorded many an untimely end. The cruel sea, whose waves were breaking on the rough brown rocks below, had swallowed up the bread-winner, the father, the beloved son. All around Sir George read the tragic tale. But among all the graves, among all the tomb-stones, he saw nothing to tell him of the one he sought. At last he went to Mr. Irvine, and in faltering, almost unintelligible words, asked where the woman's body lay that had been brought to shore by Mr. Hayward.

The parson knew the spot, and was ready and glad to repeat the tale.

"The poor soul had tossed many days in the sea," and, little guessing of the agony he was inflicting, he proceeded to describe all the details of the dead woman's appearance to the unhappy Sir George.

Then he pointed out the green hillock where she lay after her long wanderings.

"Aye," said the parson, "she sleeps here! Where, I wonder, poor sea-waif, are her friends and kindred—where, perhaps, the husband of her love?"

With knitted brow and bitten lips, Sir George stood by and heard. Where? It seemed to his maddened ears at that moment that a mocking laugh rang in the air. Where? Was it some devil that laughed, or was Sir George going mad! Almost with a cry of terror he turned from the grave, and the parson in some surprise and dismay followed him. Was Sir George ill? he asked, and urged him in his genial way to return to rest and refresh himself at the Parsonage.

But in brief, harsh words Sir George refused. No, he must go—go at once, he said. He scarcely answered the kind parson's farewells. He did not know how anxiously the good man looked in his face as he wrung his cold and nerveless hand.

All the way on his journey home he heard the sea breaking on the rocks at Sanda. Then, as wave after wave broke with melancholy cadence on his ears, he knew he was going mad.

But he regained his self-control before he reached Massam. He went straight into the library when he got there, and found a letter lying addressed to him from Hayward in Spain. Hayward had found the boy, he told Sir George, and when he received this letter, that he, and the young Juan, Sir George's Spanish son, would be on their way to England.

"He is a handsome lad," wrote Hayward, "with dark fiery eyes and an imperious manner." As Sir George read these words he seemed to see again the beautiful and passionate face of the unhappy mother, as he had first seen it in the bright days of her girlish love! Long years had passed since then. The ardent love had first grown cold, and then had turned to weariness and hate. But Sir George forgot all this now. He only saw the young Spanish girl, with her dark eyes fixed on his, and felt her rosy lips in their first fond kiss of love!

And the boy—how could he meet the boy?—he began asking himself. "Where is my mother?" he would say. "Where?"

As Sir George repeated this last word again and again, he was conscious that his self-control was once more passing away, and that the gloomy terrors of a mad-house awaited him.

"But I shall never go there," he decided, and so deliberately and determinedly he made up his mind to end his miserable life.

He took out a pistol and loaded it, and then with heavy, weary footsteps he went upstairs to kiss the little child. The baby-boy was asleep and made no sign, but the nurses saw that the stern-eyed, gloomy man had left a tear on the rosy, dimpled cheek.

"His wife has broken his heart," said the head nurse indignantly, after he was gone. "I said how it would end, when her ladyship, indeed, could not bear to hear the little angel cry just after he was born!"

After Sir George left the nursery he went out silently into the night. It was bleak and wet, and the wind was sighing through the trees in the deserted park, and the grass was dark and slippery. But Sir George noticed none of these things. He was about to take a leap in the dark; to begin a journey to an unknown land! So he heard the wind, but he heeded it not, and the rain fell in heavy drops on his face, but he never wiped them away. He knew what he was doing, but he knew also that this power would not last long. He felt, in fact, that he was going mad, and that his mind was giving way from the prolonged and terrible strain that had fallen upon it.

There was a long green arcade of trees in the park, where, in his early manhood, he had often lain and dreamed in the summer time a young man's romantic dreams. They seemed to pass before his mental vision now, when they had all ended in failure and in shame. He had done not good, but evil, he kept repeating to himself, and so despairingly and darkly, he went to his self-condemned doom.

He never uttered a prayer. How could he pray? Ah! poor soul, let us then pray, when that death shot rang through the still woods, and then with a wild cry Sir George fell quivering on the grass. There was no one to receive his last breath—no one to see his eyes grow dim and close. He died where he fell—beneath the green arcade where he had dreamed his young dreams, and which waved over his still form, after his wasted and unhappy life was done.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BITTER END.

When the morning broke, and the birds began to stir among the trees in the woods at Massam, and the hares and rabbits to peep out their brown heads from the misty undergrowth, a hurried footstep came stealthily along beneath the green arcade of trees, where Sir George's body lay.

He was a hunted man this new-comer; hunted, desperate. He had been a clerk, and had tried to rob his master, and the police were closely on his track. But he knew the woods of Massam, and he had lain hidden there for

days, and now desperate, hungry, almost penniless, he was about to try in the early dawn to make his escape.

Suddenly, as he half-ran, half-tramped along, he came to the spot where Sir George lay dead. Even amid his own terror, he stopped at this ghastly sight. The white face, and the half-open eyes fixed upon the sky, were terrible enough to make him, for a few moments at least, forget his fear. He knelt down and opened Sir George's waistcoat to see if his heart were still. As he did so, the clink of gold fell upon his ears. The penniless, starving man started at the sound. A second glance convinced him that Sir George was dead, and a second thought that he might as well make the best use of the chance that had fallen in his way.

So he took Sir George's gold with his trembling hands. He took also the dead man's watch, his pocket-book, and his outer coat, and then fled away down the winding paths of the woods, as he had fled before.

And all the day passed, and no other footstep drew near. The sun rose up and shone, and the birds sang, and the sun went down, and the birds were silent, and still Sir George lay there alone. There was no one, in fact, who dared to make any inquiries about him. He had gone out, and left no word, and who was he accountable to? Thus, at least, the servants argued, and thus for two days Sir George's body lay in the woods. But on the third it was discovered. A young keeper going his rounds in the early morning had his attention attracted by the whines and agitation of his dog. He turned out of his way to see what was disturbing the intelligent creature, and came upon Sir George lying dead.

Robbed and murdered. This was the verdict of all who heard the tale. Everything valuable about Sir George's person was gone, and the pistol also with which he had destroyed his life, had disappeared. There was a hunted man who knew better, but the hunted man very naturally was silent. All the country round was searched, and the woods trampled by many feet, but no clue was ever found. The hunted man had two days' start, and he made good use of them, and of the gold he had taken from Sir George.

So when Hayward and the young Spanish boy reached Massam, this tale of murder was told them. Hayward was utterly overcome by the news, and overwhelmed with grief about the death of Sir George. All the way home this young man had been promising himself how he would devote his life to comfort and console his friend. He only knew Sir George's dark secret. He only, when he heard the tale of murder, felt doubt as well as grief in his heart.

He went up alone to the gorgeously and gloomily-decked room where the remains of the rich man lay in state. Sir George was in his coffin, but it was yet unclosed, and the stern, handsome, white face looked stern and handsome still.

But he was not unmourned. Hayward knelt down and kissed the cold brow and the cold hand of his dead friend. Then in heartfelt and broken accents he began to pray. Oh! could he have known of the wild agony that had wrung Sir George's heart before he had gone out to die! But he knew enough; knew of the wearing remorse, of the passionate disappointment and pain.

Before they carried him away, Hayward took up the boy, young Juan, to see his father's face. The lad showed very little sign of emotion. Somehow there was a sense of wrong in his heart, and he had already guessed the truth of the stain on his mother's name. He was a proud, handsome youth, with dark eyes, and as Hayward had written to Sir George, with haughty and imperious ways. So he stood and looked at his dead father, and then with undimmed eyes turned away.

But Hayward was a true mourner. With a pale, haggard, drawn face he followed his friend to the grave. In that long procession he alone knew the truth of the sad life that now was done. But before the day was over, many knew of Sir George's first marriage, and how the young Spanish boy now claimed to be his heir.

After the ceremony was over, the London lawyer who had come down for the occasion, read aloud Sir George's last will. In this he formally made a declaration of his first marriage with Cattalina Mendoza, and of the birth of their son. To this son he left Massam, and the chief of the princely fortune that he had inherited. But he left also a large fortune to his infant son Reginald, and to his "dear friend, Philip Hayward," he bequeathed the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, and left him also the guardian of his two sons; beseeching them always to look upon him with respect and affection.

With surprised glances the funeral guests looked at each other after the will was read. There had always been a mystery about Sir George's life, they were thinking—so this was the mystery—this Spanish marriage and this Spanish son. And what a fortunate young fellow this Hayward had been was the next thought that occurred to some of those present, who ruefully reflected how convenient it would have been if Sir George Hamilton had left such a sum of ready money to them. But there was no one there who made any dispute about the will. Mr. Trevor was not present, though he had been invited to be so, but the proud, vain old man's

heart was almost broken by his daughter's shame.

At first he could not believe it. "It was a lie, a horrible invention!" he cried. But when all doubt was over, and when the proposed divorce between Sir George and Lady Hamilton was openly talked of, the Squire bowed his grey head and told his young wife that he thought it would kill him.

In vain Lucinda tried to comfort him. The Squire's vanity was one of his strangest characteristics, and his daughter's misconduct had wounded his vanity to the very quick. So when the news of Sir George's tragic end reached Sanda, the old man would not move in the matter. He refused to go to the funeral when asked to do so, and thus there was no one present who had any right or authority to resist the will. Young Juan Mendoza, therefore, who had hitherto borne his mother's maiden name, walked out from the room where his unhappy father's last testament was read Sir Juan Hamilton, the owner of the broad lands of Massam, and apparently in undisputed possession of his new wealth.

It was a great change of fortune also to Hayward. Twenty-five thousand pounds, and one thousand a year for managing the property, made him seem almost a rich man. But he felt a very sad one. He had learned to care very deeply for Sir George, and his miserable story, his remorse, and his bitter gloom, had filled the young man's heart with intense pity and sympathy for his unhappy friend. But now it was all over. He could not try to lighten the burden which had been too heavy for Sir George's strength to bear.

Among the many letters which Hayward received about this time, concerning the tragedy that had happened in the woods at Massam, was one from Horace Jervis. Hayward felt his face flush and his hands tremble when he read it. It was just like the writer, all kindness and thought for others, and here and there Hilda's name appeared. "My dear wife was with me—" and so on. She was evidently a dear wife, dear and well-beloved, as she deserved to be, Hayward thought with all his heart. But this letter nevertheless left a sort of aching void and pain in his breast.

"Do come and see us," Jervis wrote, and as Hayward was forced to be in town a few days after he received it for the purpose of proving Sir George's will, he made up his mind to call upon his old friends.

He sent in his card when he arrived at the neat, modest, well-furnished house that Jervis had taken for his wife, and while he was rather nervously standing in the drawing-room waiting, expecting Hilda's entrance, a lady entered who for a moment he actually thought was Hilda.

"Hilda!" he said, rather in an agitated voice, holding out his hand, but without any agitation the lady placed her hand in his.

"Mr. Hayward!" she said smiling. "I must introduce myself. I am not Hilda—Mrs. Jervis, but I am Marion Marston, Hilda's sister. I dare say you have often heard of me. At least I have often heard of you," she added with another smile.

Upon this Hayward looked at the young lady before him, and saw one of those strange family likenesses which we sometimes see in faces which are yet very different to each other. In features the sisters were extremely alike, but Marion's expression was totally different to Hilda's. It lacked the pathetic sweetness of the younger sister's, for Marion's nature had grown harder in her days of trouble, while Hilda had only become more tender and more sad.

But still Marion Marston was a very good-looking girl. She was lively, and agreeable also, and was bent upon making herself pleasant to Hayward.

"Hilda has told me what we owe you," she said, with some feeling in her voice, "little Ned's life, and I know not what. In fact Hilda says that we can never repay you for all your kindness."

As Marion said this she looked very kindly at Hayward, while Hayward was wondering what made her voice so different to Hilda's.

"Your sister is a great friend of mine," he said, simply. "I trust that she is well?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marion, "and she will be here directly. She is busy distributing some blankets or something of that kind, to some of Mr. Jervis's poor people. You know," she continued, with a little laugh, "I have only one fault to find with my new brother-in-law, and that is, he is too good."

"It is a good fault," said Hayward, smiling.

"Yes," said Marion, and she also smiled. Jervis had at least been very good to her, and Marion owed him some gratitude. He had, in fact, offered her a home, as well as little Ned; and when Hayward first went to Jervis's house he found that Marion lived there, and that the tired and hard-worked governess was now a welcome guest beneath her brother-in-law's kindly roof.

Just when Marion Marston and Hayward were speaking of Jervis, the room door again opened, and this time Hilda did enter.

For a moment she did not speak, as Hayward held her hand tight clasped; for a moment there was a slight contraction and a pallor passed over her face, but the next she recovered herself, and looked up with her calm, soft, grey eyes into his face.

There had passed over her expression a nameless change since Hayward had seen her. He could not tell what it was, but her face was altered. She was kind and gentle in her man-

ner to him, and said how glad Mr. Jervis would be to see him, but everything she said sounded sad. Yet she never said anything sad. But she had none of the change and brightness of manner which distinguishes a happy woman. The petulant gaiety with which a loving wife will at times talk to her husband was totally absent in Hilda's manner to Jervis. She was tender, gentle, and considerate to him in everything—"the sweetest, best of women"—Jervis told Hayward, but Hayward felt somehow that all this sweetness and gentleness arose rather from duty than from love.

He stayed to dine with them, and everything in Hilda's house was arranged to perfection. She was a good housekeeper, and spared no trouble to keep everything in order. It was a pleasant little dinner-party. Marion Marston exerted herself to be very agreeable, and Jervis was all kindness and geniality. Then, when the sisters retired together to the drawing-room, Marion began to talk of Hayward.

"I declare I have halflost my heart already," she said, laughing. "How charming he is! I only wish he would take a fancy to me, Hilda."

The younger sister suppressed a sigh, and answered kindly—

"Well, I am sure you could get no one better, my dear."

"And he's well off, isn't he, now?" continued Marion inquiringly.

"Yes," answered Hilda, slowly. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "don't think of him for that, dear. Philip Hayward deserves to be loved for himself alone."

"But one must live, you know," said Marion, with another laugh, and Hilda bent down her head and gave a low, soft sigh, which her sister did not hear.

Strange to say, at that moment Hayward was sitting downstairs, wondering if Marion Marston would suit him for a wife. "She is good-looking, lively, and very agreeable," he was thinking, "and she is Hilda's sister—" But this last thought somehow did not add to her attractions in Hayward's mind. Hilda's sister—Hilda, whose sweet, grave face wore such a sad look to Hayward's eyes. But then he must not think of Hilda, and so he went upstairs determined to be very agreeable to Marion.

Marion was delighted, and responded to his advances very eagerly. The two sat together chatting and laughing, and then Marion sang and played. Hilda was very quiet. She sat stitching, stitching on mechanically at some coarse, hard work. All her life had been hard, hard work, she was thinking—yes, all her life. But she must bear it—she must go on with it—it was God's will, and so she must submit.

"Hilda," cried Marion, from the other side of the room, "will you go with us to-morrow to the Exhibition of water-colours? I was telling Mr. Hayward about that lovely piece of woodland, painted by Horace's friend."

"Yes, dear, I will go with you," answered Hilda, but the patient ring in her voice—the touch of suppressed pain that she could not hide, was heard by Hayward, and he rose from Marion's side and went and stood by Hilda.

"What are you manufacturing?" he said, touching Hilda's coarse work.

"Clothes for Horace's poor," said Hilda, in her gentle way, glancing up as Hayward addressed her, and as Hayward stood looking at her sweet face he sighed deeply.

Yes, he had thrown away his dear woman's love, he was thinking, for what? For false smiles that meant nothing, and for honeyed words whose very sweetness was their sting. Truly Isabel Trevor had cost him dear. But for her—

"Mr. Hayward," said Marion, interrupting his reverie and coming to his side, "let us settle about to-morrow. Will you come here to lunch, and we can go to the Exhibition afterwards?"

"Yes," said Hayward, looking round, "if your sister will go with us."

"Oh, yes, I will go anywhere," said Hilda, and so they fixed it. All the next day Hayward was with the sisters. Marion evidently thought that she was making a conquest, and Hayward did not care to undeceive her. "She would do very well," he began to think. What was the good of thinking of Hilda? he ought to have thought of her long ago. So he talked to Marion, and Hilda walked gravely and quietly beside them.

Hayward stayed two days in town, and then returned to Massam. He had lived at the Park since Sir George's death, for an especial clause of Sir George's will had appointed him guardian to his two sons. Thus when he arrived he was surprised by the mysterious air with which the butler received him.

"Can I speak a few words in private, Mr. Hayward?" half-whispered the man, and he led Hayward at once into the library, carefully closing the door behind them.

"Who do you think has arrived, sir?" he said, still lowering his voice.

"Arrived? How can I tell?" answered Hayward.

"My lady came yesterday," said the butler, with some small pleasure in his heart, perhaps, to be the bearer of such momentous news. "She informed us that she intends to dispute the late Sir George's will—and claim the title for her son, the infant Mr. Reginald."

As the butler gave Hayward this information, the handle of the library door turned sharply, and when Hayward and the man looked round to see who was the intruder, Isabel, Lady Hamilton, stood on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," was born in New York, on the 9th of June, 1791. His father, William Payne, had previously lived at Easthampton, on Long Island, where he presided as master over the Clinton Academy. John Howard was the sixth of a family of nine children. When he was five years old, in 1796, his father moved to Boston to hold the position as master in the Berry-street Academy, and it is probable that the recollection of him in Boston in his early youth originated the statement that he was there born.

As a pupil in the academy he soon developed, under the elocutionary instruction of his father, a strong taste for the drama, and such a precocious power in recitation as kindled a hope in his breast that he might become the American rival of Betty, who was at that time creating a sensation as the youthful *Roscius* on the English stage. At the age of thirteen, however, he was sent to New York to become a clerk in a house of which a recently deceased uncle had been a partner. His taste for the drama still grew, and at the age of fourteen he clandestinely edited a little paper in the city of New York, called the *Theatrical Mirror*, in which, with marked ability, he criticized the plays and actors of the time. At the age of fifteen he was sent, under the patronage of a wealthy gentleman in New York, to Union College, where he remained about two years, until after his mother's death, which occurred in Boston in 1807, and his father's subsequent failure. He then left college, and with the determination of opening a career for himself and doing something to restore the fallen fortunes of his family, appeared, on the evening of the twenty-fourth of February, 1809, at the Park Theatre, at the age of seventeen, as *Young Norval*. After running through a very successful engagement in his native city, during which he appeared in "Douglas," "Zaphna," "Selim," and "Octavian," he filled engagements in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, all of which were marked by unequalled success, and sailed for England on the seventeenth of January, 1813, the first representative of the American drama to set foot on English soil.

After an engagement had been effected with the management of the Drury Lane Theatre, it was announced that on "Friday evening, June 14, 1813, the tragedy of 'Douglas' would be performed, the part of Douglas by a young gentleman, his first appearance." He described to me the nervous fear which almost paralyzed him before he went on the stage that evening, and its instant disappearance upon looking into the faces of his audience. The London newspapers were enthusiastic in their praises of his acting, but as the season was about to close, he made but one more appearance, and that in the part of *Romulo*. I learn from one of the biographers of Payne that in the performance of this play, Mr. James W. Wallack represented that evening the trifling character of the *Prince*, and his brother Lester the servant *Abraham*.

After successful engagements at Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, and again at the Drury Lane, he gradually abandoned the stage for a career as a dramatic author, for which his experience as an actor and his attainments as a writer seem to have peculiarly adapted him. His life in this capacity was one of varied fortunes, sometimes floating on the wave of success and popularity, and sometimes sunk in the depths of failure and despair. The two greatest productions of his pen, the tragedy of "Brutus" and the song of "Sweet Home," represent singularly enough the two extremes of those fortunes, the one written with the applause of the world in his ears, and the other when only the remembrance of home came to him as a solace in his poverty and distress.

Beside "Brutus," Payne was the author of the following tragedies: "Romulus," "Virginia," "Oswald," "Richelieu," "The Italian Bride," "Lovers' Vows," and "The Wanderer." His comedies and dramas include "Charles the Second," "All for the Best," "Plots at Home," "Woman's Revenge," "Procrastination," "Married and Single," "Spanish Husband," "Theresa," "Norah," "Adelene," "The two Galley Slaves," "The Rival Monarchs," "Pavoli," "Solitary of Mount Savage," "Ali Pacha," "Inseparables," "Maid and Magpie," "Accusation," "The Guilty Mother," "Man of the Black Forest," "Madame Da Barri," "The Festival of St. Mark," "The Bridge of Kehl," "The Judge and Attorney," "The Mill of the Lake," "Mazepa," and "Novido." Among his operas are "Clari, the Maid of Milan," "The White Maid," "The Tyrolese Peasant," "Visitandines," and "England's Good Old Plays;" and among his farces, "Eriandean," "The Post Chaise," "Mrs. Smith," "Twas I," "Love in Humble Life," "The Laneers," "Grandpapa," "Peter Smink," and "Not Invited."

All these productions of his pen had a longer or a shorter life on the stage, and their pecuniary returns kept him for most of the time during nineteen years' residence abroad far above the feeling of want. But there were times, he told me, when he was reduced so low that he was even obliged to take the position of master of the claqueurs at the Drury Lane Theatre to obtain a subsistence. During one of these seasons of want, while living in Paris, he wrote the immortal "Sweet Home." It was on one of those after-dinner strolls of which I have spoken, in the quadrangle of the Palais Royal, that he said to me: "Do you see that little window in the upper story?" pointing to that portion of the

building in which rooms were let by the week at moderate prices. After I had distinguished the window to which he referred, he said that in that room he wrote "Home, Sweet Home." He told me that on a dull October day, when he was sitting in his room oppressed with a sense of his loneliness, and watching the happy groups promenading the corridors below, the thoughts of other days crowded to his mind, and the result was the first version of the words of the song:

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other.)

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain!
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambskins that came at my call—
Those who named me with pride—
Those who played by my side—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palace through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish. There's no place like Home!

Not long after he incorporated the song into the opera of "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan." The air he had once heard sung by a flower girl of Italy, and its notes were dotted down by him, and placed in the hands of H. R. Bishop, the composer, who was employed to arrange the music for the opera. "Clari" was first brought out at the Covent Garden Theatre with great success, and for the first time this famous song was heard by the world. The version as arranged for the opera was somewhat different from the one above, as may be seen by comparing the two.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain!
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

In 1832 Mr. Payne returned to the United States, and was received with enthusiasm by his friends and the whole public. A benefit was given to him at the Park Theatre, the gross receipts of which were seven thousand dollars, and a public dinner at which Isaac S. Howe presided, and Prosper M. Wetmore and George P. Morris acted as vice-presidents. As an illustration of the happy method of expression that always characterized his efforts, and as conclusive proof of his birthplace, the following extract is given from his speech in response to the sentiment given in his honour:

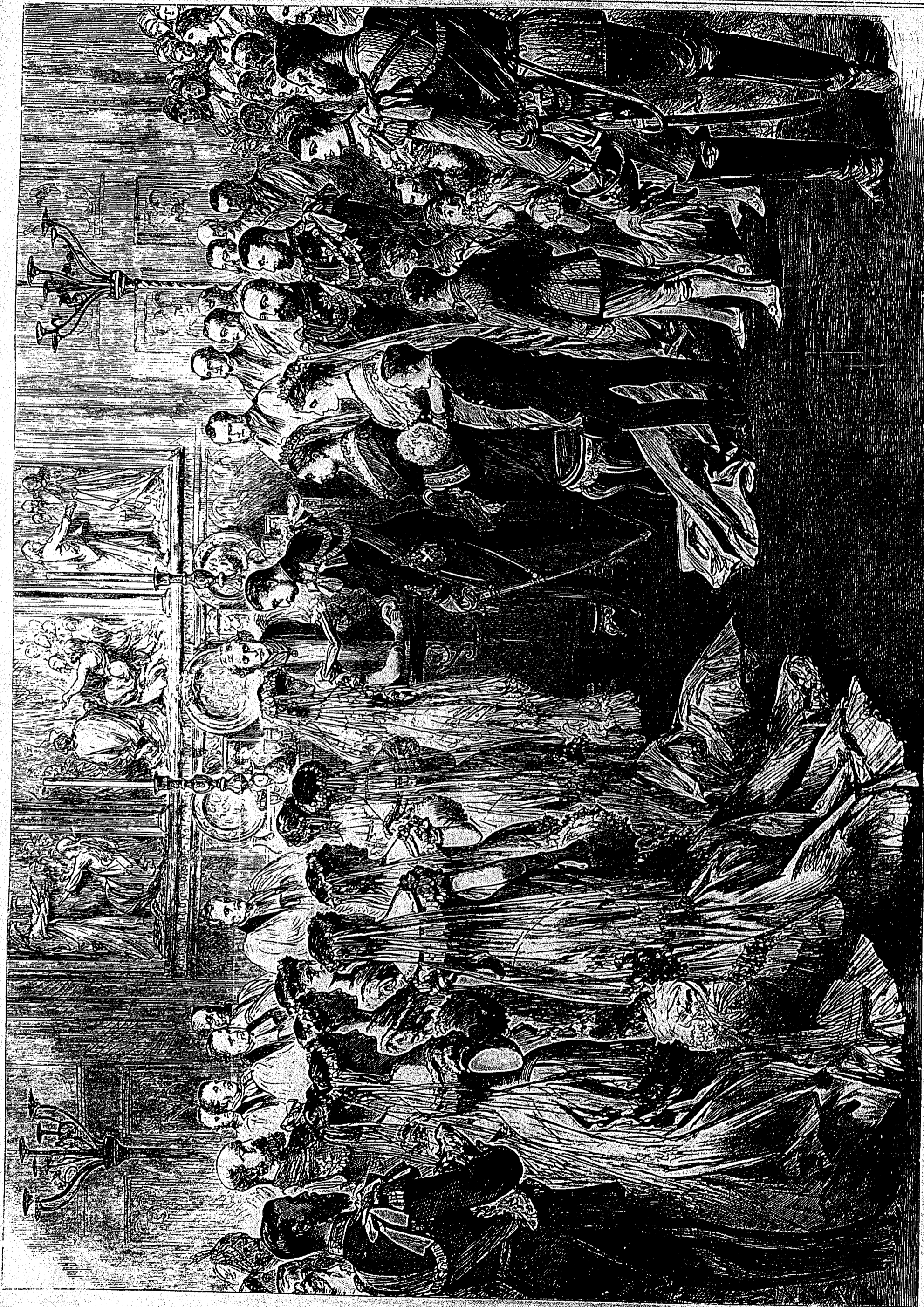
"You have alluded, Mr. President, to my long residence abroad. My career has, indeed, been a very checkered one, but I am not aware that its infelicities have exceeded those inherent in a literary life without advantages. In my earlier ramblings, I am bound to remember Frazer and the revered friendship of Talma; I should also speak of the hospitalities of Liverpool, and her lamented Roscoe; and when in Ireland, well-counselled by her O'Connell and her Phillips, and myriads of the warm-hearted and enlightened, I said to the people of Dublin: My countrymen shall be told from my experience that an American may make friends in other lands, but in grateful Erin he shall find a home; and I shall be glad to know that there are any present belonging to that country, for they would not let it be forgotten that my word to Dublin, eighteen years ago, is now fulfilled with pride and thankfulness to my native city of New York."

Benefits were also given him in Boston and New Orleans, and, indeed, wherever he went he realized with more than poetic truth that there is no place like home. After a residence of ten years in the United States, spent in travel and literary labour, he was appointed by President Tyler, August 23, 1842, Consul to Tunis, for which place he left New York on the following February. In 1840 he was displaced by President Polk, and it was during his stay in Paris, on his way home, that I made his acquaintance. In 1851 he was reinstated in his consulate by President Fillmore, and died in Tunis on the ninth of April, 1852. Few Americans have won more applause or suffered sharper pangs of disappointment: fewer, still, have touched so many hearts or passed away with a memory so fragrant and dear.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, *Teble makes the shirt for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 5 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

A CARD.

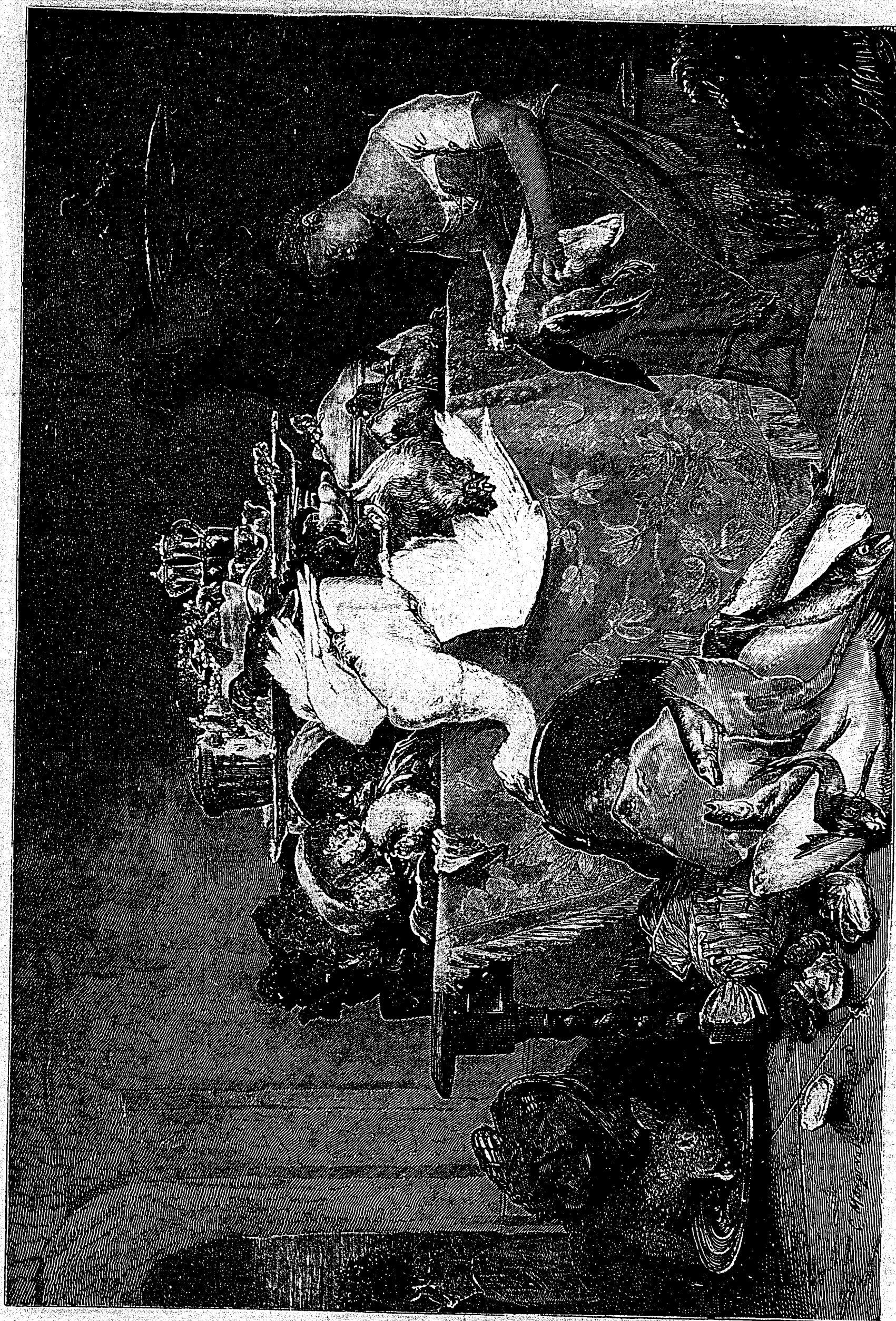
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. FOSMAN, Station D, New York City.



MARSHAL DUDLEY KING. PRINCE FREDERICK
 KING OF THE BELGIANS. CHARLES OF PRUSSIA.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

THE QUEEN. PRINCESS BEATRICE. PRINCE OF WALES. DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
 PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES. THE QUEEN'S PAGE.
 AND CHILDREN.
 CROWY PRINCE
 OF PRUSSIA.



THE LAST DAY OF LENT

WAS IT A GHOST?

THE STRANGE STORY OF MRS. GLENDENNING'S HUSBAND.

You remember Hawthorne's story of "Wakefield," a man who, from mere oddity and whim, after parting from his wife to go on a short journey, vanished into the wilderness of London and never returned to her, although he lived so near that he watched curiously her comings and her goings year after year, seeing her change from a happy matron into a melancholy widow, and so go on into cheerless age. Other things have happened quite as strange, perhaps stranger. Let me tell you the true story of Mrs. Glendenning's husband.

Agnes Holt met Hugh Glendenning before she left school: they fell in love, were engaged, and by the time she was 18 she married him. He was a young fellow of 26, and his most striking qualities seem to be good looks and impetuosity of temperament. In person he was of average height; his figure good; his face remarkably handsome; his hair and eyes dark; his complexion pale. Agnes was quiet, graceful creature, with blue, bashful eyes and the most charming smile in the world. In speech she was curiously reserved, and rarely expressed herself freely. One of the discomforts of the season of her engagement was that Hugh constantly pressed her for an ample confession of love which she would never make in words by more than a quiet assent when he demanded if she loved him. She hoped and expected that after marriage he would be less persistent and more ready to take things for granted, while he, on his side, looked forward to wedlock with the belief that once a wife Agnes would no longer torture him with her evasions and denials, but tell him with the same freedom and eloquence which he used himself the whole story of her passion for him. The two probably loved each other equally, but their temperaments were too powerfully contrasted to make mutual understanding possible. Agnes was slow, puritanical and, however faithful and strong in feeling, utterly destitute of spontaneity; while Hugh was quick, ardent and given to the most powerful expression of whatever feeling or mood came uppermost.

They had been married a month when business arrangements compelled Hugh to go to England, and he insisted on taking his wife. She yielded, but her inclinations were against the journey: she disliked to leave her family, and was, besides, in great fear of the sea. She was melancholy and nervous in parting from her friends, and for the first three days on the ocean spent the entire time in tears. Hugh could not understand her horror of the water, and felt, besides, that she was using him ill in feeling the least reluctance at severing her connection with her old home. He tortured her with questions. Did she love him? Did she trust him? If she loved him, if she trusted him, how could she help being glad to accompany him anywhere on the whole earth? These demands, incessantly repeated, insistently urged and pressed, wore upon the young wife: she knew they were actuated by a love which jealously demanded everything from her, but they developed a sort of coldness and perverseness in her mind.

On one occasion, when Hugh asked if she really loved him, she replied listlessly, "How can you expect me to love you when you wear me out like this? I shall soon begin to hate you if you go on in this way."

These careless words produced the most profound impression upon Hugh's mind, and were the beginning of calamity. He brooded over them, incessantly repeating them to himself. Agnes, who was a mere child at heart, and of a nature not wide enough fully to absorb the idea of another's, realized nothing of the suffering she had inflicted. Besides, Hugh's conduct began to estrange her. It became his wont to sit looking at her, his large black eyes growing gradually cavernous in their depth and unearthly in their brilliancy. At times he would exclaim, "You do not love me; you will soon hate me." At night he never seemed to sleep, and hanging the lantern so that the rays fell on her face, blinding and dizzying her, he would sit on the edge of the berth, staring into her face and muttering, "She hates me!"

They voyage was a short one, in ten days they were in London, where they met friends, and for the three months which followed both Hugh and Agnes had a comparatively happy and cheerful time. Agnes upbraided her husband for his absurdities, and he himself seemed to see his conduct in the light of day instead of the lurid glare of an insane, jealous dread. Still, married life was a palpable disappointment to Agnes, who began to feel that if she must bend her every faculty to the task of pleasing a man whose brain seemed in a whirl of false and distorted ideas concerning her and his love for her and her feeling for him, she should soon lose all respect for and belief in her husband.

Toward the latter part of the time they spent in London, her cousin, George Dana, a young man of 22, whom she had known and loved like a brother from her infancy, happened to join their party. His coming was the signal for more outbreaks of jealousy on Hugh Glendenning's part. His mind seemed all astray; he was indifferent to the fact that he placed his wife in a cruel and humiliating position; he persisted in the chimera that an easy habit of intimacy with her cousin George was the expression of a love which far surpassed the affec-

tion for himself. Again and again he taunted and insulted her, until she implored her cousin to leave London. George Dana, however, little guessing Agnes' actual position with a man who was half insane, could not be induced to go. He was not through with his sight-seeing; he was interested in the races; in short, he liked being in London at this time of the year better than being anywhere else in Europe, and he insisted on remaining, and even felt a sort of boyish satisfaction in anguishing Glendenning's jealousy to the utmost by constant offers of attention to the young wife. By the 1st of July Hugh's business was concluded, and he took Agnes to France and Switzerland for a month, but the two were no longer on terms of intimacy. Hugh was still jealous, and regarded his wife's steady coldness as a sign of the most chilling indifference. Agnes, on her side, felt that to maintain a semblance of buoyant happiness when she felt so dejected at the way she had been outraged was to lessen her dignity as a woman. The two sailed from Havre for New York on the 14th of August, 186—. On the seventh day out, when they were half way across the ocean, Hugh Glendenning was suddenly missed. There was no trace of him on board the steamer, and it was readily concluded that the rash and unhappy young man had thrown himself overboard.

It was naturally the cruellest possible trial for Agnes when she was forced to believe that her husband had committed suicide. She knew, too, that he had been disheartened by her coldness; again and again she repulsed him when he tried to have an explanation with her. Naturally, now that he was gone, all the generosity of her first love returned; she forgot his faults and remembered only her own; she accused herself of cruelty and heartlessness, and sorrowed like the most despairing widow.

The trouble which now overwhelmed Agnes and her family was one of those cruel enigmatical troubles which take all freshness out of life. Agnes, when restored to consciousness, declared that while she was crossing the fields her husband had suddenly started out from behind a tree, caught her by the arm, held her tightly clutched, and said to her in a horrible tone, "Do not dare to marry that man!" and that she remembered no more until she opened her eyes and saw her mother bending over her. A frightful bruise on the tender flesh of her arm corroborated her story. The family too had all seen a man who, if not Hugh Glendenning, was his absolute likeness. George Dana was the only one who combatted the truth of these ideas; he declared it to be wholly impossible that Glendenning should be alive; he himself had questioned the captain and officers on board the steamer after the suicide five years before. Everything pointed conclusively to the belief that the unhappy man had been drowned. The steamer had been searched over and over; on the fatal day of the disappearance they had not even sighted a vessel or a boat; thus there could have been no rescue from the sea. He was dead, George declared, with irresistible decision. When confronted with the fact that they had all seen Hugh or his ghost, he declared it to be a chance resemblance—that Agnes was dispirited and nervous, and when the man touched her, her disordered imagination supplied the words she believed him to have spoken.

George, however, being broken-hearted at the failure of his engagement, was not to be trusted as a counsellor in such a crisis. The marriage was given up. Advertisements were put in the principal papers for a year, imploring Hugh Glendenning, if alive, to communicate with his wife and family; but not a word was heard from him. Agnes naturally suffered the cruellest form of suffering—suspense, and dread, and helpless and hopeless misery. Her past was imbrued, present she had none, and the future was full of doubts and terrors.

Gradually, as two years, then three years, passed, everyone save herself ceased to believe in the reality of the apparition which startled them all on the 20th day of August. And at times even Agnes herself doubted the evidence of her senses. How could it be possible that Hugh was still alive when in all these past eight years he had only once disclosed himself to the sight of any of his friends? When he might come and claim her before all the world, what possible object could he have for lurking in shadow, only caring to overwhelm her when she made an effort at renewed ties?

George Dana naturally was not slow to help her in these questions and doubts; he tried, too, to inspire her with courage—that, instead of cowering helpless before vague and nameless shadows in the darkness, she should resolutely go on and meet and grasp and defy them. By this time, too, she was legally freed from her husband, even if he were alive, according to the laws of her state; more than eight years had passed since his apparent death. Agnes was at last persuaded to end the long suspense. She suffered not only for herself, but for George, whose life she was spoiling, and finally consented to marry him privately from her sister's house in New York. Their plans were not discussed beyond the family circle; it was decided that the two should quietly walk out to the city church, and there and then be married by a strange clergyman. Thus everything unpleasant would be avoided, and before consequences were faced they would be actually met and conquered.

This plan seemed destined to bring the happiest results. The morning of the wedding-day dawned. Agnes quietly ate her breakfast, then went to her room and put on her bonnet to go out and be married. As she stood at the win-

dow drawing on her gloves a man stepped suddenly on the pavement, looked up and gave a warning gesture, then ascended the doorstep. A moment later her sister entered the room, and found her sitting down by the fire, huddled as if to warm herself.

"Why, Agnes," said she, "I expected to find you all ready to start. Here is a little package which some one has just brought for you. Unless it was a secret about the wedding, I should suppose this was a present."

"There will be no wedding," said Agnes, in a hopeless tone; "I have just seen Hugh again. It was he who brought that. Let me see it."

She opened the little parcel listlessly. It contained a ring, a man's wedding ring—the very one she had given Hugh nine years before.

Agnes has never seen her husband since. Whether he is alive she does not know; whether he died that 20th of August at sea she does not know; whether the chain of contradictory circumstances we have narrated were actual and based upon the correct hypothesis, that he himself appeared twice before her in the flesh, she does not know. George Dana, urged by her entreaties and her prayers, finally renounced all hope of overcoming her reluctance to even think of him again after her double warning, and married. Agnes is a hopelessly-saddened, changed and melancholy woman.

It seemed natural, under the circumstances, that Agnes should not only mourn, but mourn with peculiar hopelessness, for her young husband, who had been taken from her only a few months after their wedding-day. She sorrowed a year, two years, three years; but by that time her family all began to make an effort to persuade her that it was wrong thus to continue opposing not only herself but them with this long-past affliction. She was faithful and tenacious of impressions, but at the end of four years she had resumed her ordinary dress and begun once more to mingle freely in the society at her mother's house. She was more attractive than in her girlhood, and her story, too, was well known and created a touching interest in her youth and beauty. She had several admirers, but not until George Dana returned did she allow any one to come near her as a lover. George had, perhaps, always been fond of her; he was, at any rate, now ardently in love with her. Remembering, as Agnes did, poor Glendenning's jealousy of the young man in London, it was with some mental disquietude and outward struggle that she allowed herself to yield to the feeling that she could love again, and love her cousin George. However, his courtship was so far successful that she had promised to marry him when she had passed the fifth anniversary of her husband's death. This date, which was to divide her old allegiance from her new, was the 20th of August, 186—. The day passed quietly in a pleasant country-house. George Dana was to come in the evening, and Agnes rose when she heard the train whistling at the bend and said she would walk across the field to meet her lover. Every one smiled and no one offered to accompany her. The family, consisting of the father and mother of Agnes, her three sisters and four of her married sisters' children, all sat on the piazza waiting for Agnes and George to return to tea.

Suddenly, Mary Holt exclaimed, "If Hugh Glendenning were alive, I should say that was he!" and she pointed to a man who passed the house at a distance of some two rods, and who now at her exclamation lifted his hat and bowed.

The sight of the man created the most powerful sensation in the group, and Mr. Holt sprang to his feet and went down to the gate; but he had vanished. The likeness to Hugh Glendenning had been startling; not only his face, but his attitude and gesture and his gait seemed to have declared that it was Hugh Glendenning himself. In another moment George Dana came running up, calling for help. He had, he said, while crossing the fields to meet Agnes, seen her in conversation with a man who looked like Hugh Glendenning, and who strode away on his approach, and when he himself reached her she had swooned away and was lying on the ground.

RURLESQUE.

A LUCKY BARBER.—He is a wag, facetious, droll and funny. His entrance upon a funeral scene always turns that depressing episode into a hilarious and joyous occasion. He realizes this and lives up to the character. His home is Springfield, but he visits Hartford at stated periods on important business. At these times the report reaches around that the "Springfield Delegation" is in town, and immediately the air is surcharged with good humour and mirth. On one of his recent visits he dropped into one of our barber-shops and a chair.

Barber—Shave, sir?
Springfield Delegation—Sha, heavings!
(Long pause, during which the barber goes on with his work.)

S. D.—Remarkable weather for spring!
(No answer.)

S. D.—Isn't the weather very uncertain in Hartford during the changeable months?

B.—Ah! Does it hurt?

S. D.—Oh, no! Are the crop prospects prospectively encouraging hereabouts?

B.—(Still silently and solemnly at work.)

S. D.—Am told they raise lots of tobacco in the Connecticut Valley. Is it true that the farmers who are holding it back refuse to send it forward?

B.—(Still taciturn, makes no reply and continues his work.)

S. D.—It seems to me this attempt to hold an extra session of Congress is an effort of the Democracy to trample on the necks of the down-trodden people of our glorious land, not to mention the independent Greenback voter.

B.—(Utterly oblivious and serious as an owl.)

S. D.—Don you think an enlightened public like ours, a free and untrammelled public, should give a moment's thought to those frivolous problems of an unscientific character, which now disturb and disrupt the whole of Eastern Europe and Asia Minor?

B.—(Still wearing an unconcerned and mournful expression and continuing his avocation.)

S. D.—In your opinion, that is in your unbiased and uninspired opinion, is the recent progress toward a higher development in art culture commensurate with the advancement of the ancient Romans during the period B. C., when their attention was chiefly devoted to interior decoration?

B.—(Stolid and expressionless as to face and mute as to voice.)

S. D.—(Settles back in his chair with a long-drawn sigh, and subsides in disgust and chagrin.)

The Other Barber—(after a moment of profound silence.) See here, stranger, that fellow you've been talking to is deaf as a bologna sausage.

S. D.—I've got to catch that Express for Springfield.

And the barber is out fifteen cents.

A COAL mine near Wattenscheid, in Germany, is now lighted by electricity, at, it is said, a cost of about 24d. for each light per hour. Another coal mine in the same district is repeating the experiment.

In France the number of Catholics is given as 39,290,000, and of Protestants as 600,000, while in Great Britain and Ireland there are 5,600,000 Catholics against 25,000,000 Protestants.

According to statistics it transpires that upwards of 24,250,000 was raised in London last year for charitable objects, and on a calculation it will be seen that this is more than 21 for every man, woman and child in the capital.

SOME experiments with the electric light recently made in the reading-room of the British Museum have satisfied the trustees of its applicability for the purposes of the room as far as the amount and distribution of light near concerned.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several valuable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 229.

J. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problems for Young Players, Nos. 216 and 217.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solutions received of Problems for Young Players, No. 217.

HERR ANDERSEN.

The following sketch of the career of the great chess player, Herr Andersen, has been most kindly forwarded to us by Mr. Bird, of London, Eng., for publication in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Bird speaks from intimate knowledge, when testifying to the skill and personal character of Herr Andersen, and on this account we are sure his sketch will be acceptable to our readers.

Herr Andersen, the celebrated chess-player and Professor of Mathematics at the University of Breslau, died in that city on the 14th ult.

The news will be received with much regret by all classes of the chess community, for of all the distinguished exponents of the pleasing and scientific recreation of chess, not one ever gained the admiration and esteem of lovers of chess to a greater extent than Andersen. Last summer in Paris, at the close of the grand International Chess Tournament, a banquet was held to commemorate the 60th anniversary of his birthday.

His victories over the chess-board in important and memorable International and other gatherings have been very remarkable. At London, during the Exhibition of 1851, he was winner of the first prize in the International Chess Tournament, defeating Staunton, the British champion, Kieritzky, of Paris, Lowenthal and Szen, of Hungary, Jansen, of Russia, and ten other eminent European players. In 1852, at the Tournament of the British Chess Association, held at Bristol, he again secured first prize, and also at Baden, in the year 1870. At Vienna, in 1873, and in Paris last year, he was also a prize winner, on the latter occasion securing two victories over the American champion, Mackenzie, in a manner worthy of his 123rd fame. His demure manner of play, beauty of style and power of combination, have commanded universal admiration; he was also a most chivalrous player, never, when apparently offered, evading a contest. Throughout his long chess career, he was only defeated by one opponent—Paul Morphy, the American prodigy.

M. GREY'S WIT.

The new President of the French Republic indulges in epigrammatic sayings. He is a very good chess player, and being asked recently to write something, however trifling in an album, wrote as follows: "Life is like a game of chess; each one holds his rank according to his quality; but, when the game is over, kings, queens, knights, and all the rest are thrown into one common box.—*Agr. Argus*"

CHESS IN IRELAND.

As we last month announced, Herr Zukertort, on the 18th ult., played twelve simultaneous blindfold games at the Dublin Chess Club, his opponents being Lord Randolph Churchill, the Hon. H. G. Plunkett, Sir John Blunden, Major Creagh, Capt. Wallace, Capt. Melhado, and Messrs. Cairns, Pim, Lewis, Goodbody, Woodet, and Sutcliffe. The Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough were among the spectators, and also the Commander of the Forces. Play commenced at 3 p.m.

and with an interval of an hour and a half, continued till midnight when six games had to be adjourned.

We regret to learn that Dr. Zukertort's health is very poor. He broke down while in Dublin lately.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

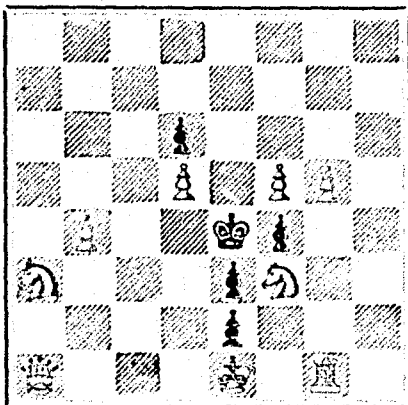
The Rev. C. E. Ranken has won another game, which makes the score Great Britain 17, United States 16, and 6 drawn.

A kind correspondent at Hamilton informs us that a match between the Hamilton and Toronto clubs took place over the board, at the latter city on Friday, the 13th inst., which resulted in a tie, each club scoring six games.

PROBLEM No. 221.

By Master W. A. Bohner, Hamilton, Victoria.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 337th.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Played between Mr. H. Charlick, of Adelaide, and Mr. A. Holloway, of Williamstown.

WHITE.—(Mr. Charlick.) BLACK.—(Mr. Holloway.) (Evans' Gambit.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. K to Q B 3
3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4 4. B takes K P
5. P to B 3 5. W to R 4
6. P to Q 4 6. P takes P
7. Castles 7. P to Q 6

P takes P is the move recommended by the German school as leading to the compromised defence.

- 8. B to R 3 8. P to Q 3
9. Q to Kt 3 9. Kt to B 3
10. P to K 5 10. B to Kt 3
11. P takes P 11. Castles
12. P takes P 12. Q takes P

A subtle move, menacing Kt to Q R 4

- 13. B takes Q P 13. B to K 3
14. Q to B 2 14. Kt to K 4
15. Kt takes Kt 15. Q takes Kt
16. Kt to Q 2

White prefers dislodging the Black forces to taking the R or P. For instance, B to B 2 or Kt to Kt 5 must be guarded against.

- 17. B takes P (ch) 16. KR to B
18. Kt to K 4 16. Kt to R
16. Kt to K 4 16. Kt to Kt 5

H K take B White forces mate by Kt to B 6 (dbl ch) and Q to R 7

- 19. B to Q 6

The position is quite picturesque.

- 20. P to KR 3 19. Q to KR 4
20. B takes P (ch)

Ingenuous, but unavailing.

- 21. Kt takes B 21. Kt to K 6
22. Q to Q B 22. Kt takes R
23. B to K 4 23. B to Q B 5
24. Q to K B 4 24. P to B 4
25. B to K B 3 25. Q to K
26. R to K 5 26. Kt to Q 7

Black is so intent on extricating his piece that he overlooks the threatened mate.

White mates in two moves

A neat problem for beginners. Time—One hour.

GAME 351th.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From Laud and Water.)

Being one of twenty games played simultaneously by Mr. Blackburne against the same number of players, at Manchester, Eng.

(Scotch Gambit Declined.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. H. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. G.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4 3. P to B 4 (ch)
4. Kt takes P 4. Kt takes Kt
5. P takes Kt 5. P takes P
6. B to Q B 4 6. P to K Kt 3
7. Q to Q 7. Q to K 2
8. B to R Kt 5 8. Q to Kt 2
9. Castles 9. Kt to K 2
10. Q takes K P 10. P to Q 4
11. P takes P (en pas.) 11. P takes P
12. Kt to B 3 12. K to Q 2
13. Q R to Q sq 13. Kt to B 3
14. R takes P (ch) (b) 14. K takes R
15. R to Q sq (ch) 15. K to B 2
16. Kt to Q 5 (ch) 16. K to Q 2
17. Q to K 6 (ch) 17. K takes Q
18. Kt to K 3 (dbl. ch) 18. K to K 4
19. P to B 4 (ch) 19. K to K 5
20. R to Q 5 (ch) 20. K takes Kt
21. P to B 5 (dbl. ch) 21. K to K 7
22. B to B 3 and mate

NOTES.

(a) This variation is likely to lead to interesting results. Ticking tigers has a similar tendency.

(b) Here begins a glittering finale, similar to many others that have proceeded from Mr. Blackburne's lively imagination.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 119.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K Kt 3 1. B takes R
2. Q to Q R 3 2. Anything
3. Q or Kt mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 217.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K Kt 7 (ch) 1. K takes B
2. Q takes B (ch) 2. K moves
3. Q mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 218.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K 2 K at Q 4
Q at K Kt 5 B at K 4
B at Q 4 Pawn at K 3, and Q 3
Kt at K Kt 6
Pawn at K Kt 4 and Q 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



LOBSTER FISHERY.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES. FISHERIES BRANCH. OTTAWA, 22nd March, 1879.

PUBLIC NOTICE is directed to the following Fishery Regulations adopted by the Governor-General in Council, on the 13th inst., respecting all Orders in Council relating to the Lobster Fishery:

1. In that part of the Province of Nova Scotia, comprising parts of the Counties of Cumberland and Colchester, on the Bay of Fundy, the Counties of Hants, Kings, Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queen's, Lunenburg, Halifax, Guysborough, Richmond, Cape Breton and Victoria, also in the Province of New Brunswick, comprising part of the County of Westmorland, on the Bay of Fundy, and the Counties of Albert, St. John and Charlotte; it shall be unlawful to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or (without lawful excuse) possess any Lobsters from the first day of August to the first day of April in each year.

2. In that part of the Province of Nova Scotia, comprising the Counties of Inverness, Antigonish, Pictou, and parts of Colchester and Cumberland, on Northumberland Strait; and that part of the Province of New Brunswick, comprising the Counties of Westmorland (in part), Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, also in the Province of Quebec and Prince Edward Island; it shall be unlawful to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or (without lawful excuse) possess any Lobsters from the 23rd day of August to the 23rd day of April in each year.

3. It shall be unlawful at any time to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess any female Lobsters in spawn or with eggs attached, soft-shelled, or any young Lobsters of less size than nine inches in length measuring from head to tail exclusive of claws or feelers, and when caught by accident in nets or other fishing apparatus lawfully used for other fish, they shall be liberated alive at the risk and cost of the owner of the net or other apparatus, or by the occupier of the fishery, on either of whom shall devolve the proof of such actual liberation.

By order, W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL. Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers. Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—two alike, with name. 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y. 25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold, Agents' outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co., Hudson, N.Y. 60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards (no 3 alike). Name in Gold and Jet, 10 cents. CLINTS BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION: 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager. F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor.

TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, \$1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 30 cts. per line; for six months, 50 cts. per line; for one year, 70 cts. per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

JUST PUBLISHED CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All-Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts. C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS., 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., 5 & 7 BLEURY ST., Began to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of ENGRAVING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING, Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES. Special attention given to the reproduction by Photo-Lithography OF MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS OF ANY KIND.

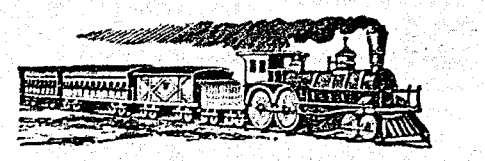
From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders. G. B. BURLAND, Manager.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVETIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-59-362 55 College Street.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th. Trains will be run on this Division as follows:— Leave Hochelaga. Arrive in Quebec. EXPRESS..... 3.00 p.m. 10.10 p.m. MIXED..... 7.19 a.m. 5.50 p.m. RETURNING. Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS..... 12.45 p.m. 7.30 p.m. MIXED..... 6.15 p.m. 10.10 a.m. Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Love & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 157 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations. J. T. PRINCE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent. Feby. 17th. 1879.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St. N. Y.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until

SATURDAY, THE 19TH APRIL NEXT, inclusively, for the construction and fitting up of a heating apparatus at the Departmental Buildings, in course of construction, at Quebec.

The plans and specification of the work may be seen at this office, every day after the 16th instant, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

The Tenders must be endorsed "Tender for a Heating Apparatus." The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

By order, ERNEST GAGNON, Secretary. Department of Agriculture and Public Works, Quebec, 14th March, 1879.

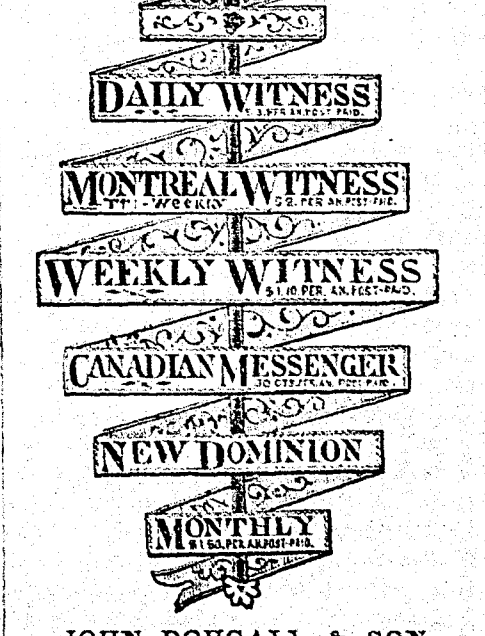
AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of \$2.00 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address: SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

TO LET.

In those central premises forming the corner of Bleury and Craig Streets, and in the adjacent house on Craig Street— OFFICES, double and single. FLATS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate. Apply to G. B. BURLAND, No. 7 Bleury Street.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALI & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing. Chromatic and plain.

THE Canadian Spectator,

A High-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 163 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton

PUBLICATIONS:

BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth.....	\$1.00
BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.....	50
DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle.....	50
DAWSON, GEO. M. A. Prayers, and a Discourse on "Purity".....	60
McLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Search Pebbles.....	15
TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words.....	50

Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing.—Literary World.

50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, name in gold & set in G. A. STARK & Co., Wallingford, Ct.

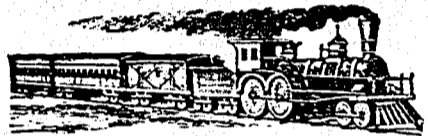
J. K. MACDONALD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

17-21-52-354.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.



WESTERN DIVISION
Q. M. O. and O. RAILWAY.

Shortest and Most DIRECT ROUTE to OTTAWA

For further notice Trains will leave Hochelaga Depot as follows:

	A.M.	P.M.
Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.30 and 5.00	
Arrive at Hull at.....	2.00 p.m.	9.15
Express Trains from Hull at.....	9.10	4.45
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.40 p.m.	9.00
Train from St. Jerome at.....	4.00 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later
GENERAL OFFICE—15 Place d'Armes Square.
TICKET OFFICE—202 St. James Street.

C. A. STARK, C. A. SCOTT,

Gen. Freight and Pass. Agent Gen. Superintendent.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

\$77 A Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents
Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

60 CHROMO, MOTTO, GILT-Edges & Lilly cards, with name. 10c. Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

14-6.

Every Man
HIS OWN
Printer



FREE TO ALL
D.M. FERRY & CO'S
ILLUSTRATED
DESCRIPTIVE & PRICED
SEED ANNUAL
For 1879
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains 12 colored plates, 500 engravings, about 150 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Roses, Etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit Mich.



TOUGANING AT FORT HILL, KINGSTON.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

For Blanc-mange, Puddings, Custards,
Children's and Invalids' Diet.

And all the uses of Arrowroot.

Durham Corn Flour!!

Has a World-wide reputation,
And is distinguished for
Uniformly Superior Quality.

ROWNTREE'S ROCK COCOA

Being Pure Cocoa will not thicken in the cup, is therefore a thin, not a thick, pasty drink.

It is one of the most nutritious and agreeable kinds of food which can be used in liquid form, as whilst admirably suited to the sick, is a luxury to those who are in health.

WM. JOHNSON,
St. Francois Xavier St.,
MONTREAL. SOLE AGENT.



SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold, in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

D. MORRICE & CO.,

Ice Dealers,

24 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, for making Junket or Sweet Curds. This preparation is prepared by a process discovered by Mr. Eagar, and by which the Pepsine as well as the Rennet is retained. Two teaspoonful mixed with a pint of warm milk converts the milk into a jelly and makes a delicious dessert, which may be eaten with or without cream or wine sauces.

It makes a light and very nutritious food. It is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia. It enables persons of weak digestive organs to digest their food. It restores patients to health when convalescent from fevers, &c.

It is found to be an excellent thing for persons who earn their living by brain work, as they generally require a very nutritious diet, yet are frequently unable to digest a heavy meal.

It can be made in five minutes, and is the most reliable and cheapest preparation of the kind in the market. Only 25c. per bottle. Wholesale by LYMAN, CLARE & CO., H. SUGDEN EVANS, and all Druggists and Grocers.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-C-52-222

WANTED A GOOD MAN FOR every State to sell our goods by sample. Fair Salary paid. References required. LA BELLE MANUFACTURING CO., 93 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great English TRADE MARK. Remedy. It promptly and radically cures any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

Sold in Montreal by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and everywhere in Canada and United States.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.
Advertising Agents,
186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON
OIL, LEAD, PAINT,
COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS
IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,
AND
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.
MONTREAL.

26-17-52-369

25 Beautiful all Chromo Cards, 10c. or 65 Snowflake, Rep. Damask, assorted 10c. (large size). Agent's Outfit 10c. Send Canada 1, 1 and 2c P.O. Stamps in payment. L. C. COE & CO., BOSTON, CO. N.

CARDS—10 1/2 of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 10 Stadel Love Letter, 1 Card Case, name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c. WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878-79.

Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to
G. W. ROBINSON,
Agent,
177 St. James Street,
C. J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESHARATH LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.