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AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

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

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

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## NOTICE.

Among other pictures to appear in the next number of the

### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

ARE:

The portraits of the nine chief officers of the Methodist General Conference.

Cartoons of the elections.

Views of Pembroke.

Views of the Ontario Provincial Exhibition at Toronto.

A sketch of the late flood at Port Credit, Ont.

### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1878.

We had an article on Fruit Culture and other editorial papers prepared for this number, but pressure of matter has crowded them out. We have space only to state that the Montreal Horticultural and Fruit Exhibition was an unequivocal success, and we shall refer to it next week.

#### THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

By consulting the list which we publish in another column of the present issue, our readers will be able to form a correct estimate not only of the general result, but also of the intense significance of the elections which took place throughout the Dominion on the 17th of the present month. From a minority of a hundred five years ago, and of forty-five at the last session of Parliament, the Conservatives have in a single day risen to a majority of seventy—a reaction certainly unequalled in the political annals of Canada. It will be seen that every Province, with the single exception of New Brunswick, has taken part in the change, and that Ontario, in especial, for the first time since Confederation, has deserted the Liberal cause. All this is very curious, and to the political student, outside altogether of party affiliations, a subject of interesting inquiry. It is simple truth to add that no one anticipated such a result. The Liberals never faltered for a moment in their anticipations of a triumph, while among Conservatives, beyond a few who were smiled at as enthusiasts, none ever dreamed that they would be so far successful as to resume power.

As to the future bearings of these elections, it is not too much to say that they are profoundly important. A new policy must be inaugurated on which the most delicate issues depend. The responsibility of them will rest solely on Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his associates. It is too early to cast a horoscope of what this new policy may be, but even at this initial stage we may be pardoned for turning our attention to another branch of the question—that of a sternly pure and honest administration. The Conservatives will have totally to abandon the effete system of twenty-five years ago, when they ruled according to the canons, and often the caprices, of a quasi-personal Government. In the distribution of offices, in the letting of contracts, in the use of special funds, they will have to eschew favouritism in all its forms and confine themselves strictly to the standard of merit. In other words, the Departmental Administration will have to be brought up to the requirements of the times. In this respect the MACKENZIE

Government have left a very good record which their successors will have to improve upon as much as they can. None of their opponents refuse them the tribute of ability or patriotism, and they owe to themselves to earn that of honour and fairness. Several of the older members have, in the mysterious turns of the battle, been deprived of their seats, and the country must deplore the loss of such men as BLAKE, YOUNG, CARTWRIGHT, MITCHELL, GIBBS and JONES. But among the new men on both sides there are sufficient to force upon the new Government the line of action which we have ventured to lay down. When the country has spoken so emphatically and unmistakably, all must acquiesce and the people that have risen in their might will insist that what they have voted for shall be carried out to the letter. As we pointed out in a previous article, this has not been a battle of men but of principles, and these principles must be upheld, under pain of another revulsion as general and as final.

#### YARMOUTH, N. S.

On the 9th June, 1761, shortly after the close of the long contest between France and England for the possession of the northern and eastern portion of America, a party of colonists from the seaport towns of Massachusetts landed on the south-west point of Nova Scotia, and laid the foundation of the present flourishing township of Yarmouth. The Acadians, who had formerly occupied portions of the territory, had been removed by New England troops, and dispersed through the various provinces, and the new settlers had the field to themselves. They were true children of the Puritans,—religious, enterprising, firm to obstinacy in their opinions, possessing an intense individuality, and inheriting that deep yearning for the salt sea which characterizes the descendants of the old Saxon and Danish vikings. Recruited from year to year by new-comers from Massachusetts and Connecticut, the little village grew in numbers, and struck its roots deeper into the soil.

The war of the Revolution separated them from their kinsmen across the bay, although the journals of the Massachusetts House of Representatives give ample evidence that many, if not a majority of the settlers, were in sympathy with the cause of the patriots. The close of the war left Nova Scotia still under the flag of England; and whatever may have been the views or the wishes of the settlers of Yarmouth, they wasted no energies in unavailing regrets, but resolutely turned their attention to clearing away the forests, breaking up the stubborn soil, and extending their commerce. The war of 1812, ruinous alike to the States and the Provinces, checked the progress of the town. A new generation, born on the soil, had grown up, who vigorously defended their homes and property against the attacks of their American kinsmen. Upon the return of peace, prosperity again rewarded the industrious townsmen, and commerce, ever the leading interest, found new paths for its enterprise. The trade with the West Indies and a coasting trade with the seaports of Maine and Massachusetts, formed the main portion of this business; but a participation in the European carrying trade early attracted the attention of the Yarmouth ship-owners. The fisheries, although carried on to some extent, never received that exclusive attention given to it by other portions of the Province, or by some of the seaports of Maine and Massachusetts.

When the discovery of gold in California and Australia gave a new impetus to commercial activity, Yarmouth shared fully in the movement, and entered the lists as a competitor for a portion of the carrying trade of the world; and soon her ships were to be seen in every civilized and semi-civilized port of the globe. The civil war in the Union with the destruction of American ships by Confederate cruisers, aided in this development of the shipping interest of the town, and the number of vessels increased rapidly, with a more than corresponding increase of tonnage, the ships and barques outnumbering smaller craft, the tonnage now reaching nearly 150,000. The people, therefore, can proudly boast that the shipping of Yarmouth, in proportion to the population, far exceeds in tonnage that of any country in the world.

While shipbuilding and navigation has always been the controlling interest of Yarmouth, around which all other industries have centred, other branches of trade and manufacture have been established; and machine-shops, foundries, mills of various kinds, and manufactories are now assuming importance.

At the head of the manufacturing interests of the town stands the Burrill-Johnson Iron Co., well-known in all the Maritime Provinces, with a flourishing branch at the city of St. John, N. B. They have ample capital, and with the practical experience of Mr. Johnson the Company are able to undertake any work from casting a stove to building an iron steamboat. Indeed their stoves, it is said, have virtually driven out of the market all others of foreign make. Manufacturing, however, is still in its infancy; but when the great resources in

water-power of the country shall be utilized, and some of the capital now invested in shipping turned in this direction, it will add to the prosperity and population of the town.

Banks and insurance offices sufficient for the wants of business have been organized, and have been managed with a skill and ability which has placed them on a firm footing. A marine railway has been in operation for several years, and much of the repairing formerly done abroad now furnishes employment for native workmen.

Farming brings less returns in Yarmouth than in some more favoured parts of the Province, but it is still conducted with energy, and the Agricultural Society, under the efficient and liberal management of its President, Charles E. Brown, Esq., has done much to introduce improved breeds of cattle and modern ideas.

The first settlers were thoroughly alive to the value of education, and schools have always been opened wherever there were children enough to form a class. It would be a rare sight to see an English-speaking native of Yarmouth unable to read and write. An academy was maintained for many years, where in addition to the common English branches, the classics, French, and the higher mathematics were taught by experienced teachers; and the present generation of active and intelligent business men owe much of their success to the training received from the stern masters who then presided, and to the influence exerted by the academy over the other schools in the town. Yarmouth now has a high school and three fine grammar schools, which will compare favourably with those of any town or city in the Dominion; while the surrounding villages are well provided with good schools. These schools are free to all the children, and are supported by general taxation.

A free public library, founded by L. E. Baker, Esq., is constantly receiving additions while the museum attached to it bids fair to contain in the future one of the finest collections of curiosities to be found in the Dominion, the hundreds of shipmasters of the town seeming to bear it in mind in their distant voyages. There is also a reading-room supported by the business men.

A newspaper was started in Yarmouth in 1831; but it was short-lived, and was succeeded in 1835 by the Yarmouth Herald, founded by its present publisher and editor, Alexander Lawson, Esq., who for more than forty years has sent his welcome sheet into the households of Yarmouth people at home and abroad. The paper numbers among its readers many of the grandchildren of its first patrons, and stands second to none in the Province. The Tribune is published and ably edited by Richard Huntington, Esq., one of the first supporters of the Herald, and who at one time published a bright paper in Chelsea, Mass. The Yarmouth Courier was published for several years by John G. Bingay, Esq., whose early death was a loss to the town. Mr. Handley Flint published a temperance paper, the Temperance Gazette, for two years, and also continued the publication of the Courier for some time after Mr. Bingay's death.

Considering their origin, the people of Yarmouth would naturally be a church-going folk; and the town is well provided with places of worship. Among the churches in the town proper are three of the Baptist denomination—the First Baptist (over which the venerable Father Harding was settled for sixty years), the Milton Baptist, and the "Temple;" two Methodist—the Providence and the Milton; one Congregational, the "Tabernacle;" one Episcopal, and one Presbyterian. With the exception of the First Baptist, which has been remodelled several times, these churches are all comparatively new (the Episcopal and the Presbyterian having been built within a few years), and are all comfortable and attractive places of worship. There is also a Catholic chapel, and several smaller buildings where divine service is held.

Yarmouth possesses a beautiful resting-place for the dead, the Mountain Cemetery, which has been laid out with care and taste, and which offers a pleasing contrast to the bleak, bare, repulsive old graveyards

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

along which we went shuddering and whistling many a night in boyhood.

Not many strangers have settled here. At the close of the Revolutionary war, a few Royalists arrived, and occasionally an Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman took up his abode among them; but at the end of the first century of its history, Yarmouth was inhabited by a homogeneous population,—perhaps the purest New-England-blooded town to be found on the coast of America.

While Yarmouth has received comparatively small accessions from immigration, it has sent its sons and daughters broadcast over the continent; and they are to be found in all the larger cities of the Northern States and California—merchants, mechanics, professional men, seamen,—many of them occupying responsible positions, readily assimilating with the communities in which they reside, and taking an active interest in public affairs. During the late war they were found on all the prominent battle-fields, and in nearly every naval conflict, and several fell fighting in the front of the battle for their adopted country.

Among the prominent men contributed by Yarmouth to the public life of the Province, may be mentioned Hon. Herbert Huntington, Hon. Stayley Brown, Hon. James Bond, and Thomas Killam, Esq. The county is now represented at Ottawa by Hon. Frank Killam.

The scenery of Yarmouth and vicinity, although not sublime, is exceedingly picturesque; and in the autumn, when the forests have put on their gayest attire, a drive among the numerous lakes and water-courses, on whose clear surfaces every shade of scarlet, and yellow, and green is reflected, leaves an impression on the mind of the tourist long to be remembered, and recalled with pleasure. The coolness of the temperature in summer, the fine facilities for boating and fishing, the invigorating sea-breeze, the quaintness of the manners still existing among the Acadian population in portions of the county, the hospitality of the people, the ready communication by mail and telegraph with the great business centres of the continent, need only to be known to make Yarmouth a favourite resort for the professional or business man desirous to escape from the heated atmosphere and the exhausting activity of the great cities.

Yarmouth has direct steam communication with St. John, Boston, Halifax, and New York, and the railway now being built will soon make a connection with all the great continental lines. We advise all our readers who are tired of the beaten paths of travel to take an early opportunity to visit the sturdy and enterprising town.

Our illustrations of Yarmouth are from five photographs by S. A. Hood and L. G. Swain, of the same city. We have in hand a number of other views from the same artists which we shall take pleasure in reproducing shortly.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS.—This cartoon is a pleasant reminiscence of the day after the election, and every one of our readers will find a counterpart for each of the two figures among his own friends. Speaking generally, however, the Conservatives enjoyed their triumph with more moderation and the Liberals bore their discomfiture with more dignity than is usually observable under such peculiar and unforeseen circumstances.

KELOGG AND CARY.—The history of these renowned artists, well-known through the Dominion, will be found in another column.

THE TORONTO YACHT CLUB.—A full account of this event is given in a separate article of this week's issue.

THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—In connection with our picture of this year's exhibition, we refer the reader to our remarks in the editorial columns.

YARMOUTH.—A history of this prosperous ship-building city is detailed in a special paper to be found in another part of the present number.

CONSERVATIVE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—On Thursday evening, the 19th, a large representation of the Conservatives of the city assembled on the Champ de Mars for the purpose of marching to the Bonaventure Depot, to extend a welcome to Mr. Thomas White, who had been returned for Cardwell. The procession was soon formed, and headed by the City Band, started up Craig street, cheering lustily along the route. On reaching Victoria Square, where a considerable crowd had assembled, the cheering was renewed, and continued as the procession moved up St. Joseph street. The first carriage was occupied by Messrs. M. H. Gault, M.P., C. J. Coursol, M.P., and M. P. Ryan, M.P.; the fourth seat having been reserved for Mr. Thomas White, M.P. A long line of carriages followed, containing leading Conservatives with several bands, among them that of the Sixth Fusiliers. Bonaventure Depot was reached about nine o'clock, and already a large crowd had assembled. The arrival of the train was greeted with enthusiastic cheering and the discharge of fog-signals which had been placed on the track. As Mr. White left the car he was quickly surrounded by crowds eager to present him with a bouquet of flowers. Having been carried bodily to the carriage, the procession resumed its march, while a number of rockets were discharged from the Mansion House on Bonaventure street. The route taken was up St. James street, through Place d'Armes into Notre Dame street, several stores being illuminated. The *Minerve* office was well decorated with several mottoes, and portraits of Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the late Sir George E. Cartier, Sir John A. Macdonald, and C. J. Coursol, M.P. The procession turned up Visitation street to St. Catherine street, and proceeded to the Windsor Hotel, which was reached about eleven o'clock, and several speeches were made—the chief of which was that of Mr. White himself. We take this occasion, as journalists, to offer our congratulations to a distinguished fellow journalist who has thus risen to eminence. Mr. White ranks among prominent Canadians, as a writer of power, an orator of natural eloquence, a political man of vast experience, with a variety of resources which shall not only make him shine in Parliament, but fit him for a place at once in the Cabinet Councils of the country.

THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS.—The *Canadian Illustrated News*, bearing date of September 21, 1878, contains an excellent *fac-simile* of the Ontario Municipal Address, recently presented to Lord Dufferin. The *fac-simile* occupies one-half of a page of that journal, and is finely executed, the finest lines being admirably reproduced. At the top of the address is a representation of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, beneath which are the royal arms. Below is a beaver and maple leaves in the centre, while on the right is a view of Niagara Falls and Goat

Island light-house, and on the left is a view of the Lachine Rapids. The centre of the page, of course, contains the address. As many persons will be pleased to improve the opportunity of securing a fac-simile of this address, it is probable that this number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* will have a very extensive sale.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

**ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL MENTSEW.**—Another crime of the Russian Nihilists. The General, who was high in the military police force of St. Petersburg, was quietly walking along the boulevard, when he was attacked with both poniard and pistol, by two well dressed young men, who leaped out of a carriage to commit the deed, and immediately escaped by the same conveyance. The General died a few hours after the occurrence.

**CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN A PODSCAPHE.**—Mr. Fowler, an American, resident of Bordeaux, lately crossed the English Channel in a foot boat 18 feet long. He left Boulogne at 4 1/2 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Sandgate beach at 3.35, after a voyage of about 12 hours. The sea was rough throughout, and the bold navigator was unable to make a halt, so that, during the whole time, he partook only of a small piece of bread and a few drops of coffee. He was accompanied in the crossing by the *Petrel*, a vessel belonging to an English captain.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The October number of *St. Nicholas* opens with a very interesting story, "The Violin Village," which carries us away to the mountains of the Tyrol, and tells the varied adventures of a bright young goat-boy of that region. The two serials, "Under the Lilacs," and "Dab Kinzer," are brought to a happy close and there are several good short stories, one of which, "Mrs. Primkins' Surprise," contains some additional exploits of Nimpo whose "Troubles" interested the readers of *St. Nicholas* some years ago.

The long-promised paper on "Parlour Magic" is given in this number, and the boys who wish to get up lively evening entertainments will be glad to see it. It contains plain and simple directions for the performance of many curious experiments.

The "French Alphabet," with twenty-six original pictures also appears, and among the other useful papers is one entitled "How to Keep a Journal." "Cutting the Pie," a humorous poem by Rossiter Johnson, will amuse the older boys and girls, while "Happy Little Froggy" will make everybody laugh. "A Tale of Many Tales," and "Prince Curbita" are lively sketches, with pictures of novel design; and there are several funny cuts scattered through the number. The "Very Little Folks" have a bright poem, "Hare and Hounds" with a fine picture by Sheppard; and the departments are, as usual, well filled with good things.

The October *SCRIBNER* opens with a twenty-page paper on "The Art-schools of New York," by W. W. Brownell, the art editor of the *New York World*. Among the illustrations are specimens of drawings from the east and from life by pupils of the three schools, viz., those of the National Academy of Design, taught by L. E. Wilmart; the Art Students' League, taught by Walter Shirlaw; and the Cooper Union, taught by Wyatt Eaton and Swain Gifford;—the design of both text and pictures being to reflect, as far as possible, the different methods of the three schools. "A Company of Actors," by J. Brander Matthews, is an account of the leading theatre of the world, the Comédie Française, with much anecdote and personal gossip, and with cuts of Croizette, Sarah Bernhardt, De-launay, Got, Coquelin Aîné, and others. "A Trip with Lincoln, Chase and Stanton," in 1862, is described by Gen. Egbert L. Viele, who gives some new stories of the President, and tells amid what stupidity the capture of Norfolk was effected. "Artemus Ward at Cleveland" by C. C. Ruthrauff, shows the kindly as well as the eccentric side of the humorist, who was also a good deal of a practical joker. A laughable sketch of "A Ward and his Grate Show," and a view of him at work (both by George Hoyt in 1859), and his portrait and autograph are given with the paper. "Leo Marinus, the Sea-King," by Henry W. Elliott, is an account of the sea-king of Alaska, whose capture and driving (by aid of the blue gingham umbrella) are made vivid by the illustrations. "How Uncle Gabe Saved the Levee" is a story of the Mississippi River by Wm. L. Murfree, Sr., with an illustration by Allan C. Redwood. "Miss Calderon's German," a society story by W. H. Bishop, has drawings by the author. The serials are illustrated: Boyesen's "Falconberg," by Mr. Dielman, who (the author says) has cleverly caught the Norse physiognomy; and "Roxy" (which comes to a conclusion in this number), by Mr. Shirlaw.

The unillustrated material comprises a second posthumous paper by Robert Dale Owen, on "Texas and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo," which is chiefly in defense of the part of the United States in the Mexican war, and a history of the extraordinary illegal negotiations of the treaty by which the war was ended; a paper on "Neophonography," by the inventor of the system, James Richardson, a short-hand writer of long experience; a sketch of "College Journalism" in America, by Charles F. Thwing, and an essay on "Socialism," by Prof W. G. Sumner, of Yale College, who considers the historic origin and the aims, fallacies and methods of the new movement. The poetry is contributed

by Bret Harte, James T. McKay, Minnie Fry, Susan M. Spalding, Andrew B. Saxton, Henry S. Cornwell and Dora Read Goodale.

In "Topics of the Time," Dr Holland writes of "The Premier at a Premium," "Our Garnered Poets," and "The Capitalist and the Laborer." "The Old Cabinet" is about "The Dominion of Canada." There is a "Communication" about "Points in the Copyright Discussion." "Home and Society" has advice to "The Beginner in Journalism." "Culture and Progress" has the usual quantity of book notices and some information about "Foreign Art-journals." "The World's Work" deals with "Portable Railways." "Improved Steam-Engine," "Desilvering Lead Base Bullion by Electrolysis," etc., etc. "Bric-à-Brac" completes the number.

"Haworth's" Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, will begin in the November number. The first instalment will have four pictures by Bolles and Dielman.

ARABESQUES.

A LADY traveller says that she never finds a newspaper or a clock in the ladies' parlour of a hotel, but that she always finds a mirror.

ELDER sister: "Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, but I could give you a wrinkle or two!" Younger sister: "No doubt—and never miss them."

THE incorrigible small brother of a fascinating young lady does more towards breaking up a courtship than all the rocks and shoals of a treacherous ice-cream saloon.

THE mother who went to Saratoga with her three eligible daughters and failed to marry any of them off can be identified as she returns by the way she sends glances of death and destruction at the baggage-master who drops the trunks on end.

HENRY was sitting in the parlour with Laura, and in attempting to turn the gas down dim he extinguished it. "There!" he exclaimed, "the gas has gone out." "Yes," murmured Laura, "and I wish somebody would follow its example." Then Harry went out, too.

THE English daily papers used to say that Mr. So-and-So was married on such a date and ignore the bride altogether, but of late years even the *London Times* has concluded that the bride can be mentioned in a sort of careless way.

THE coarsest father gains a new impulse to labour from the moment of his baby's birth; he scarcely sees it when awake, and yet it is with him all the time. Every stroke he strikes is for his child. New social aims, new moral motives, come vaguely up to him.

A LITTLE Norwich girl was standing by her mother's side at the window in deep meditation. As one star after another came twinkling into the sky she watched them with eyes that grew bigger and brighter. At last she turned to her mother and said: "I gueth it's 'bout time to light up, mother. God's lit up his houth."

WE once heard a wise old woman say that there are three topics in which you are justified in opening a conversation with no man: his politics, his religion and his matrimony, each of these subjects not only being liable to draw the interlocutor into regions where it might prove awkward, but being also personal and peculiar to the individual, are sacred from intrusion.

"HAVE you got your lesson to-day?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a little maiden whose head was bandaged in red flannel. "No, ma'am," said the child. "Well, then, have you got your catechism?" "No, ma'am," again answered the child. "Well, have you got your hymn?" The child drawled out, "No, ma'am." "Well, then, I'd like to know what you have got?" impatiently continued the teacher. "Please, ma'am, I've got the mumps," patiently responded the little unfortunate.

THE other night a Rockland man dreamt that his house had blown up, with himself in it, and that as he sailed through the air, four left-handed devils in blue shirts grabbed him with long iron hooks, and hauled him over a road filled with red hot spikes. He awoke bathed in cold sweat, and heard a knocking at the door. It was his wife's aunt from Massachusetts, who had come in on the morning boat, with two trunks, a band-box, a bird-cage, a reticule, a parasol, a copy of Gospel hymns, three paper parcels and the rheumatism. The Rockland man believes there is a wonderful fatality in dreams.

EVERY woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the prettiest little baby in the world; and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

FOOT NOTES.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The electric light has already been put to various uses, but the most novel is that contemplated by the Rev. Canon Bagot, rector of

Athy, and a well-known agriculturist. The Canon announced his intention of doing his harvesting this year by the aid of the electric light, but we have not heard whether his experiment has been successfully accomplished.

A SIMPLE PHONOGRAPH.—In the *Scientific American* appears a short description of a very simple phonograph. It consists of a mouthpiece similar to that used for a telephone, but on the under surface it has the phonographic style or needle fixed to it. Fastened on to this mouth-piece is a circular rim of wood, with two grooves opposite to each other cut in it; a piece of wood with a groove along its length accurately fits these grooves, and, when a piece of stout tin-foil is attached by bees'-wax on the surface next the needle, the wood and foil being drawn slowly along whilst a person is speaking into the mouth-piece, the usual phonographic impressions are made on the foil. In this way a very simple and inexpensive phonograph may be made.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL AND COLERIDGE.—The Emperor of Brazil has proved himself, during his long reign, one of the very few emperors whom the world has reason to respect. A man of unusual culture and liberal sentiments, his aim has been to establish justice and good government among his people. He was one of the friends or students of Coleridge, and has lately sent a silver vase, as a tribute of regard, to Mr. Thomas Allsop, the oldest living personal companion of the great master. Mr. Allsop's *Recollections of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, a book which throws more light upon the opinions and character of the famous Gamaliel of Highgate, and gifts of letters and documents, interested the Emperor of Brazil very much, recalling the characteristics of his honoured friend: hence arose this graceful gift to Mr. Allsop, which may be chronicled among the courtesies of emperors to men of letters. The vase has been sent from Rio Janeiro, and came to England through the hands of the Brazilian ambassador. The inscription is:

TO THOMAS ALLSOP.

FROM PEDRO III.  
In Recognition of Interesting Documents and Letters, Throwing Light on the Life of S. T. Coleridge, As the only surviving Friend of the Philosopher and Poet,  
WHOM I LOVED LIVING AND HONOUR DEAD.

When the Emperor was last in England, he paid a visit to Coleridge's tomb at Highgate, one morning as early as six o'clock.

HAZLITT'S PORTRAIT OF LAMB.—A portrait round which a very exceptional account of literary interest clusters has, according to the *Athenaeum*, been offered to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery for purchase. It is a likeness of Charles Lamb, painted by the artist and essayist, William Hazlitt, and presented to Coleridge; Coleridge left it to his friend and host, Mr. Gillman, and from the widow of Mr. Gillman it has come to its present owner, Mr. Moger. The likeness has been spoken of with special approval by Crabb Robinson in his *Diary*. The picture represents Lamb at the age of about thirty, in a sixteenth century Spanish costume, half length and full size; the amount of lifelike variable expression in the face is very considerable, and the execution is sufficiently good to show that Hazlitt, however superior he may have been as a writer, was not by any means without capability as a painter. A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of Mrs. Moxon; there cannot be a doubt that the original is the one now offered by Mr. Moger for purchase. It has been engraved in one of the collections of Lamb's letters, but the oil picture is vastly better than the engraving.

PRIZE DESIGNS FOR A LOVING CUP.—In December, 1877, Messrs. Watherston & Sons, manufacturing jewellers and silversmiths, of 12 Pall Mall East, with a view to the advancement of British Art in its application especially to silversmiths' work, offered three prizes 50*l.*, 30*l.* and 20*l.*, to be awarded by the Department of Science and Art, in a competition among students of Schools of Art throughout the Kingdom, for the best designs for a loving cup. The awards which have been made by Mr. Poynter, R.A., Director for Art, are as follows: George Daniels, student at the City and Spitalfields School of Art, first prize, 50*l.*; W. Watkins, student at the National Art Training School, second prize, 30*l.*; J. A. Kean, student at the National Art Training School, third prize, 20*l.* The designs were on view in the French Annex in the Exhibition Road, South Kensington, with the works sent up for the national competition.

HUMOROUS.

TO-MORROW—The day when misers give, when idlers work and when sinners reform.

CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE, the writure, acteure, and authoure, is added to the list of failleures.

DON'T attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business on a small capital.

CINCINNATI has had two or three cases of yellow fever, and it is noticeable that church attendance is picking up.

A PHILOSOPHER says that the most difficult act to perform is to pick up a chalk mark on a dark night under the impression that it is a letter.

ENGLISH is the court language of Germany. It is a proud moment when an American visiting the palace, is saluted with, "Dot was booty schpienting mor-nia, don't he?"

ENGLISH papers don't propose to have libel suits when it can be avoided. They therefore speak of "the alleged late accident by which 300 persons were drowned."

THE poet who delights in extravagant flights of pathos will have to step up lively before he overtakes a sadder subject for dyspeptic rhyming than a man struggling home from market with both arms full of house-plants.

PHYSICIANS have determined that if in man one faculty is lacking, another faculty becomes unusually strong. We have noticed that where a politician has no conscience his bank account grows very large.

COUNSEL had been questioning a certain witness named Gunn, and in closing he said to him, "Mr. Gunn, you can now go off." The judge on the Bench, seeing the pun, gravely added, "Sir, you are discharged." Of course an explosion in court immediately ensued.

THE last man will have an awfully lonesome time of it. Nobody to drink with or borrow money of; nobody to dun him or raise his rent; no gas meter to make things lively; no book-agents; no life-insurance man, and no oldest inhabitant to declare that it's the most remarkable weather we have ever had. The last man! Excuse us. We are not a candidate.

HIS proper place.—A noted sharper, wishing to ingratiate himself with a clergyman, said: "Parson, I should like to hear you preach more than I can tell you." "Well," responded the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you would have heard me." "Where was that?" asked the sharper. "In the county jail," was the reply.

TWO Highlandmen, kilted in primitive order, dropped inadvertently into an Episcopal chapel on Sunday and seated themselves in a comfortable pew. A beautiful symphony was struck up by the organist. At that instant a gentleman came to take possession of the seat, and civilly laid his hand on the shoulder of one of them and pointed to the door. "Hout, tout," cried the Highlander; "tak out Donald there; he be a far better dancer than me."

Full many a Jim of poorest razor e'en  
The deep unfathom'd caves of barbers bear;  
Full many a flour is burned when baked unseen,  
And wastes its wheatness owing to the care-  
lessness of the cook, who leaves it in the oven while she  
stands out at the fence, telling Mr. Hubb's cook how she  
is going to have her bonnet trimmed.

LITERARY.

MISS BRADDON is on the Continent, engaged on a new novel.

JOHN H. INGRAM, Esq., Poe's biographer, is passing a few weeks at Scarborough.

CHATTO & WINDUS, the Piccadilly publishers, have failed for a large amount.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S poems, complete in one compact volume, will be issued.

"STELLA" (Estelle A. Lewis) is in Paris, and will return to London to superintend a new edition of "Sappho" in October.

THE Waverley Dictionary, containing a complete alphabet of all the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with descriptions of each and selections, by Mary Rogers, is in the press.

ALFRED TENNYSON writes regarding Mr. William F. Gill's "Life of Edgar A. Poe," the fourth edition of which has just been issued in England: "I never could believe the slanders against Poe, and I am delighted to find them so incontrovertibly refuted."

THE Michelet correspondence is to be published shortly. M. M. Nael and Damesnil have obtained the necessary permission from Madame Michelet, who merely stipulates that she shall be consulted about any suppression that may be thought necessary.

MRS. CLEMENT has revised her handbook of "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers," adding new notes and an appendix, in which she puts together many facts gleaned in a recent visit abroad about the prices of famous pictures and the history of celebrated works of art.

THEODORE MARZIALS is engaged upon a German translation of select English modern lyrics. The first of these, Mr. Philip Bourke Marston's "My Garden," has appeared in the last number of the *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteratur*, published at Klausenburg.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, the poet, has five children. Onslow, the eldest, is married and a man of business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter, studying abroad; Alice, the eldest of the girls, is a pleasing writer, unmarried; Edith is a golden-haired young lady of twenty-five, who has just married the third son of Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

OCTAVE FEUILLET, the charming author of the purest of all French romances, is full of homelike eccentricities, which illustrate his kindness of heart. He rents two stories above the one he lives in, so as to secure a quiet place to write in. He hates railways, and always rides down with post-horses to his summer residence in Normandy, sending his family ahead by rail. He cherishes a lively regard for the Empire and is a devout Catholic.

MADAME DURAND, "Henry Gréville," has authorized Miss Helen Stanley to translate her novels from the original manuscript in French into English. In accordance with this agreement, Miss Stanley has made a version of the new novel, "L'Aimée," which will shortly be issued by Peterson & Brothers, in uniform style with "Sonia," "Savelli's Expiation," and "Gabrielle," by the same author. The scene of this story is laid in Paris at the present day, and the work is said to show admirably the author's peculiar skill in the analysis of character. It presents a tender and touching picture of French home-life, and is filled with the faith which now seems declining in the world, in the value of true, enduring love.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE coming of Rossi is announced in Paris for October, when he will play Macbeth with Madame Ristori.

IT is said that Nilsson has grown fat, and, like Swedes generally after the spring of life has passed, coarse in features and gross looking.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, the world-known prima donna, will shortly sail for Europe from New York. Madame Bishop will settle in her native country, England, devoting her time to teaching music, a vocation for which she is eminently fitted by her great ability and vast experience.

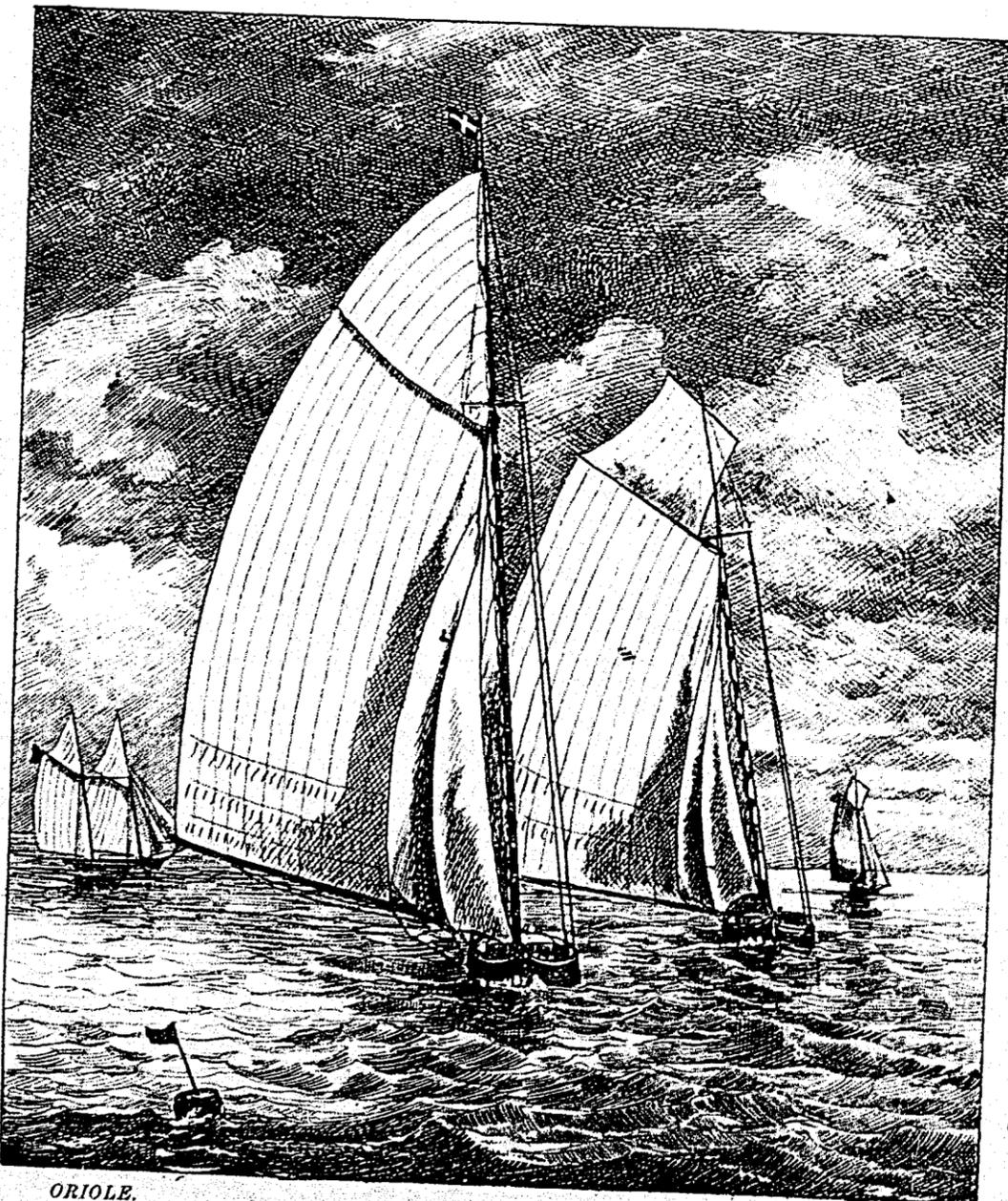
ROBERT BUCHANAN, the Scottish poet, thus characterizes a popular American actress: "In Miss Rose Eytling we have a woman who, even physically, possesses us with a peculiar sense of grandeur and repose; a woman whom Walt Whitman would delight in and recognize as the justified mother of men; a large-minded, vigorous, erect, and noble animal; over and above the animalism, so necessary to this character, a consecrated maternal soul."



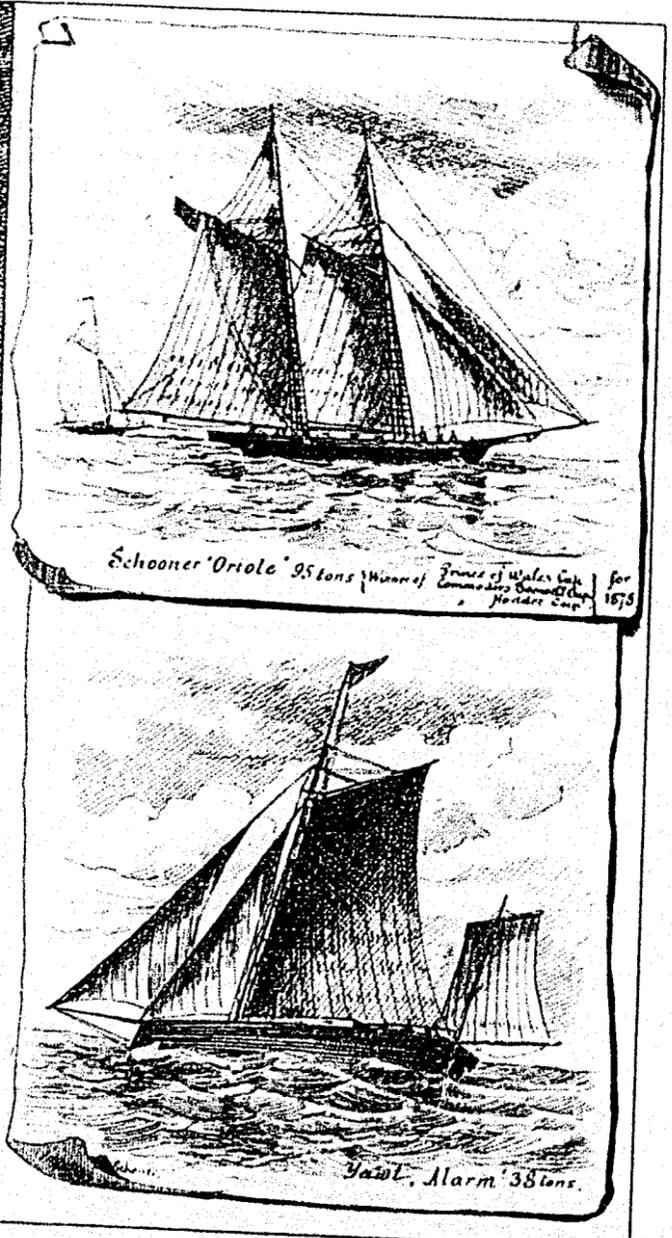
CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.



ANNA LOUISE CARY.



ORIOLE.

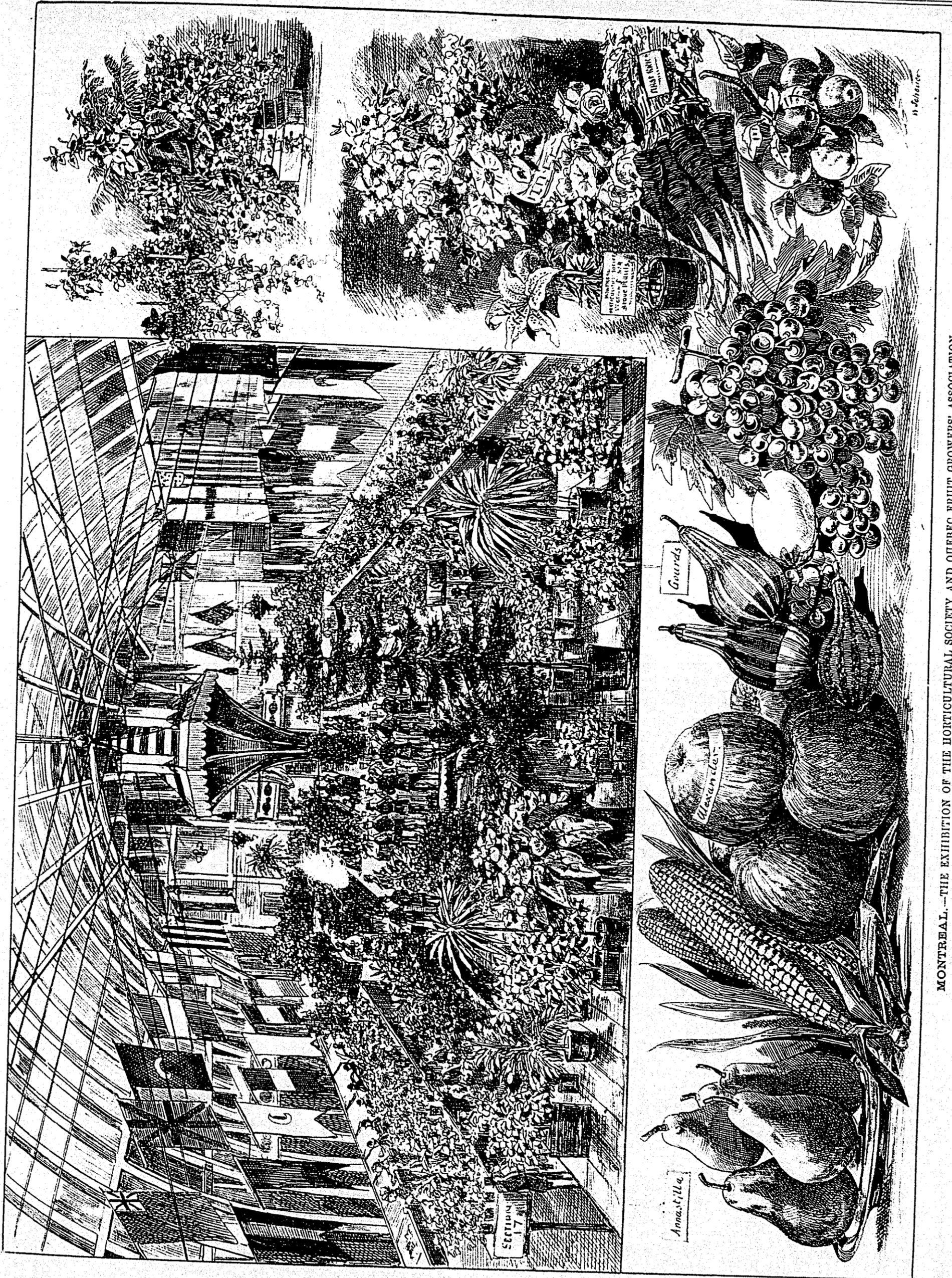


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## CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the renowned prima donna, is the daughter of Connecticut parents. She was born in Sumpterville, South Carolina, in 1845, and went to Connecticut when a little child. Her musical talents developing generally at the age of twelve years, she was placed under the charge of Rivarde, the first musical instructor in New York, and graduated when sixteen. She made her *début* in opera at the Academy of Music, New York, in February, 1861, in the rôle of *Gilda*, in *Rigoletto*, receiving a complete ovation, and from that time her success was assured. In 1865, she visited Europe and immediately accepted a splendid engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, which continued to the close of the season. She afterwards travelled over Europe and returned to this country to receive still more flattering offers from American managers. In 1871, Miss Kellogg again visited England, was entertained by members of the Royal family and a grand farewell dinner was given in her honour by the Duchess of Somerset. In 1874, Miss Kellogg ventured into the field of English opera which for four years proved one of her most lucrative engagements. Mr. Max Strakosch secured her last year for both English and Italian opera by paying her \$60,000 for 100 nights, and he reaped a profit of \$30,000. She is engaged a second time by Mr. Strakosch for a season in the United States and Canada. Miss Kellogg is now in the zenith of her powers—her magnificent voice has never yet been equalled by an American artiste, and but by very few of the foreign singers. As a woman she is affable, of a genial disposition, generous to a fault and a model daughter.

## ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

Annie Louise Cary was born in Wayne, Kennebec County, in October, 1842. Her father, Nelson H. Cary, M.D., resided at Gorham, Maine, which place was Miss Cary's home in early childhood. Dr. Cary's children, six in number, were all possessed of considerable musical ability. Annie was the youngest of the family, and early gave unmistakable evidences of a love for both vocal and instrumental music. With her brothers and sisters she often joined in singing even before she could pronounce the words clearly. She received her early education at the Gardner Lyceum, Maine, and was subsequently for some time a member of the Gorham Female Seminary. At the age of 15, she went to Boston, and prosecuted her musical studies under the tutelage of John G. Wetherbee, a musician of excellent culture, and the late Lyman W. Wheeler, whose musical talent was developed in Europe. Miss Cary attracted much attention whilst singing in the choir at Rev. Dr. Stone's Church, Dr. Lowell's, Dr. Huntington's and at concerts in the larger cities. In August, 1866, she quitted America for Milan, at the Conservatory in which city she studied for upwards of two years, at the expiration of which she determined to try her fortune on the lyric stage, and accordingly accepted an engagement to go to Copenhagen with an Italian Opera Company. Her *début* was entirely successful, the richness and flexibility of her voice, the high training and artistic aptitude she exhibited, and her handsome personal appearance, all contributed to secure for her the admiration of the public. She was the idol of the hour, and the recipient of the popular adulation wherever she appeared. Ferdinand Strakosch heard her sing the part of Maffeo Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and knew no rest until he had secured her services. She sang first under his management, at Christiania, Norway, before the King of Sweden, and subsequently at Gothenburg, Bergen, Stockholm and other northern cities. From thence she made the tour of Europe, gathering fresh honours everywhere, especially in London and St. Petersburg, in which latter capital she was idolized by the Russian nobility, who with their proverbial open handedness loaded her with valuable presents in addition to the unbounded applause which they continually bestowed upon her. Returning to the United States with the Nilsson Opera Company, Miss Cary commenced a career which up to the present day has been one continued succession of triumphs. From one end of the continent to the other—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—her name is a household word amongst lovers of music. In 1877 Miss Cary visited San Francisco, and sang in that city for a season of 12 weeks at Baldwin's Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Hattaway & Pond, of the Boston Lyceum Bureau. She was received with enthusiasm. A well-known critic in that city wrote as follows:—"There is an honest brightness in Miss Cary's eyes, a refinement in the shape of her head, and a certain stately delicacy of bearing, which invests her with the power of commanding admiration, and indicates the genius with which she is gifted. Her voice is of infinite sweetness and power, and goes straight to the heart. It is a wide range contralto, and the notes seem to be produced without any effort, and still are strong enough to fill the whole house with melody. Her style is pure, correct and rational. She indulges in no liberties with her author, and whatever graces she introduces are never redundant. Her sostenuto is remarkably steady, firm and equal. She has succeeded in acquiring a good Italian pronunciation and accent, and is an excellent actress." Miss Cary's repertoire is very extensive, including "*Azucena*," "*Travatore*," "*Sibel*," "*Faust*," "*Frederic*," "*Mignon*," "*Maffeo Orsini*," "*Lucrezia*,"

"*Anneris*," "*Aida*," "*Arsael*," "*Semiramide*," "*Oscar*," "*Ballo in Maschera*," "*The Page*," in "*The Huguenots*," &c., &c. It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns that Misses Kellogg and Cary will give two grand operatic concerts at the Academy of Music, Monday and Tuesday, October 7th and 8th.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A JUDGE complained of being unwell of late, as he had several attacks of sleeplessness on the Bench.

CYPRUS has got into the pulpits; and one excellent divine has discovered that the island is mentioned in Genesis—a fact which places its respectability beyond all question.

A CERTAIN noble lord is the owner of at least half-a-dozen milk shops in various parts of London; while a lady with a long pedigree, has started a laundry which is largely patronized by her more fortunate friends and acquaintances.

"THE 'beauty' of next season will be a young lady from Ross-shire. She distinctly declines to be photographed." Others have it that it will be a young lady from Nairnshire, who, in consequence of that rumour, was looked at with interest, and we must add admiration, at the Nairn flower show recently.

MR. PULESTON, in the course of his address to his constituents at Devonport recently, said that an American friend of his had well summarized the position of England with regard to the Eastern Question:—"You may say what you like about Lord Beaconsfield, but he lifted you out of the back seat."

THE Earl of Beaconsfield has consented to accept a magnificent pair of carvers from a firm of cutlery manufacturers in Sheffield. They may be taken as a memento of the Berlin Treaty, inasmuch as, in addition to his lordship's crest, the handles bear a representation of Peace, beneath which are written the words "Peace with honour."

A DISCOVERY is alleged to have been made by Mr. Gresham, a practical mechanic, of a method by which a ship may be photographed on the high seas, distant from 100 to 5,000 miles—the photograph giving the name, the latitude and longitude, and the destination, taken from chalk-marks on her deck. An artificial mirage is to be produced in the sky from the ship, which can be photographed by means of the "phantasmograph" at the distance above named.

SOME genius seems to have hit upon a novel means of making money. On an office doorpost in the city, there is a notice of a reward for the discovery of the person who persists in painting out the name of the firm. At first the reward was only thirty shillings; now, owing to the increasing exasperation of the injured merchants at this surreptitious insult, it has risen to fifty pounds. If this sum should satisfy the ingenious speculator, he will no doubt get himself discovered, and afterwards share the fruit of the enterprise, minus a small fine, with the informer.

AT Oxford the Dons still forbid their young men, even those who are reading hard for honours, and therefore are not likely to give them any trouble, to reside in college during any part of the long vacation. One consequence of this restriction is, that a large number of them have gone to Cambridge, and have settled on the banks of the Cam, where they are reading with tutors of the sister university. When will persons learn that all needless restrictions on the freedom of the subject are absurd?

SOME of the best families in South Wales are setting a reform in dress, most picturesque, but becoming. Many of the principal families in Swansea have dressed their grown-up daughters in the old Welsh costume, the bodice, the "bed-gown," and petticoat being looped back in true orthodox fashion. The dress is short, reaching to the ankle, and white linen cuffs up to the elbow, and the cockshell hat completes the picturesque costume, which is rapidly coming into use in Wales amongst the best families, and giving a much-needed impulse to the Welsh flannel trade.

ANY one who knows the fragile build of the London Saloon Steamers, and compares it with the towering hull of the *Bywell Castle*, as she lay in a reach of the river near Greenwich after the terrible accident, would have no difficulty in measuring in his own mind the tremendous force of the blow which sent so many people to their graves. A huge iron steamer, which had on her all the way that her powerful engines would impart, accelerated by the set of the tide, may well, as some of the witnesses have said, have crushed the *Princess Alice* like a band-box, and yet have come out of the encounter with nothing but a few scratches on the paint of her bow.

AN interesting episode of the Queen's drive through Dunbar was her encounter with a rival sovereign, none other than Queen Esther, of the gipsies. The Bohemian monarch was prepared to do due honour to her sister Queen, and had enthroned herself on a platform near the park railings, surrounded by the principal members of her court, all gaily appalled. Esther

herself wore a purple dress, trimmed with white lace. The Queen's attention was attracted by the strange group, and she acknowledged their greeting. The Duchess of Roxborough, who accompanied Her Majesty, informed her that Queen Esther was there, and Queen Victoria accordingly looked back with a smile and a bow specially for the gipsy sovereign, greatly to her gratification.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The King of the Belgians will certainly visit Paris in October; there seems to be some doubt about the King of Italy going to see the Universal Exhibition.

THE Persian Ambassador at Paris has, by command of the Shah, presented to the Duchess of Magenta the Ladies' Order of the Sun, reserved as a rule for Royal personages.

THE official notification of the names of the exhibitors who have been awarded prizes at the Paris Exhibition will not be made until the last week in October; but it is believed that the successful exhibitors will be acquainted—unofficially of course—with the awards they have gained almost immediately.

FRENCHMEN have long envied the liberty enjoyed by English passengers of gaining access to the platform as soon as they have taken their tickets, and on the Eastern Railway they are henceforth to be allowed this privilege instead of being cooped up in waiting-rooms till the train arrives or is on the point of starting.

Mlle. MARGUERITE GIDEL, the daughter of the Principal of the Henri IV. College, has just passed the first part of her examination as Bachelor of Art at the Paris Faculty of Letters. The young lady is only sixteen years of age. M. Louis Audiat, Professor of Rhetoric at Saintes, and laureate of the institution, presented three of his children, one of whom is a girl, to the Commission, delegated by the Faculty of Poitiers at Limoges, for the examination entitling to the degree of Bachelor of Art, and all three were received on the same day with commendations.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has carried off the first *diplôme d'honneur* for wheat at the Paris Exhibition, the jury describing its exhibits as a "collection *magnifique*;" also a gold medal for flour. It sent seven specimens of wheat and flour, and to each a prize has been awarded. Adelaide wheat obtained a gold medal in 1851, and has always fetched the highest prices at Mark-lane.

WE have now got a key to Germany's disinclination to take an important part in the Paris Exhibition. It is not, as was suggested at the time, that the German Government and people were indisposed to aid France in showing to the world that she possesses a recuperative power, such as no other European nation can lay claim to, but that they are desirous of holding an International Exhibition of their own, in which the industrial projects of the Empire will show with all the charm and effect of novelty. Berlin, as a matter of course, will be chosen for this proposed new world's fair; and it is thought probable that arrangements may be completed in time to hold it in 1880, or, at the latest, in 1881.

THE Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just had before it an action brought by Madame Quentin-Profit against the Prince and Princess Galitzin, to recover 6,000*fr.* for services rendered. The plaintiff is a matrimonial agent, and about three years ago the Princess, at the recommendation of a friend, applied to her to find a suitable partner for her son, who desired to get married. After lengthened negotiations a lady was found, and an interview arranged, but the affair was eventually broken off. Madame Quentin-Profit then sent in her bill, thus composed: Carriages, 432*fr.*; cost of toilettes, 1,000*fr.*; money expended, correspondence, &c., 150*fr.*; honorarium, 4,018*fr.*; total, 6,000*fr.* The Court appeared to think the charge high for the services rendered, and awarded 500*fr.* only.

THE fountains with which Sir Richard Wallace has enriched Paris have done good service this summer. Thousands of persons, many of whom, especially among the provincials, belong to the bourgeois class, do not disdain the refreshment of the modest goblet. *Apropos* of fountains, Paris is singularly deficient in monuments of the old régime. Henry IV. was one of the Kings who first comprehended the blessings of a plentiful supply of water. It was he who constructed the Samaritaine, a hydraulic machine leaning against the Pont Neuf, and adorned with a clock, the chimes of which are celebrated in French history, and a bronze group representing Jesus and the Samaritan at Jacob's well. The gay and thoughtless songsters of the period sang—

Arrêtez-vous ici, passant,  
Regardez attentivement:  
Vous verrez la Samaritaine  
Assise au bord d'une fontaine,  
Vous n'en avez pas la raison:  
C'est pour laver son cotillon!

Amongst the old fountains of Paris are the Fontaine de Grenelle, built by Bouchardon; the Fontaine Gaillon, which is not very remarkable. It is due to Chamillard, a billiard-player whose cannons won him a seat in the king's council.

The Fontaine Molière dates only from the reign of Louis Philippe. The idea is due to the actor Regnier, who got up the public subscription which paid for it.

## BURLESQUE.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE BEATEN.—At the earnest solicitation of his many friends, a West Hill boy consented to allow his name and himself to go before a water-melon patch in the suburbs Wednesday night. The convention was somewhat disorderly, owing to the appearance of a strong delegation from the farm house that came in without credentials and insisted on being heard. It was entirely irregular, of course, but all the same the boy was seized in an inverted attitude just as he was climbing over the fence, and the chairman of the new delegation fanned his suburbs with a hedge switch until he consented, for the sake of peace and harmony, to withdraw, which he did at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour.

I LICKED HIM.—"Now, Mrs. Roosmyer's said his Honor, "What do you want a warrant for?"

"Foor my hoosband, so much I know."  
"What's he been doing?"  
"I licked him."  
"You licked him?"  
"I licked him. Und I got right py dose."  
"How do you make that out?"  
"Ven I told you, then you find out. I fix his dinner so he go py his vork. Then he catch his hand pehint und say he got a pain in his pack. So he lie down on the lounge und groan like he vas very pad. Ven he feels petter it vas too late to go py his vork, so he say he go mit the greek und catch some fish. He don'd goome pack before it vas night, und all the fish vat he got vas a meersable leedle pull-head what you couldn'd ground; put he smell like some peer parrels more ash dwendy dimes. Und den he say:

"What for supper aind ready?"  
"I tell him schplit some of dose firewood und I dalk mit you. Then he catch by his arm und scream:

"Oh! I got the roomaticks!"  
"So you can'd schplit some wood?" I say.  
"Nein. Oh! oh! dose roomaticks! dose roomaticks!" he kept on crying.  
"Then I vas madder ash you dink. Und I say:

"Ven you dold me you got a bain in your pack, I say noting. Und ouf you got dooble up on account you got some of dose roomaticks, I say it vas all righd. Put, by golly, ouf you got dose bain in the pack und dot roomaticks vot don'd come only ven you got some vork to do, then I lick you on sighd."

"Very well, if you licked him, what do you want a warrant for?"

"On account he shall be locked out the vay so I put smearcase on my own brod, by shimme-ney! Vot you dinks?"

AN OBTUSE MAN.—She was a stylish old maid and to accommodate a friend she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along and inquired for a certain person supposed to live on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said:  
"Nice child, that; I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.  
"Boy, eh! Well, he looks just like you."  
"It isn't mine!" she yelled again, but he nodded his head and continued:

"Twins, eh! Where's the other one?"  
Despairing of making him understand by word of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes, I see; t'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed and asked:

"Do they kick round much nights?"  
"I tell you 'taint mine!" she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up, and asked:

"Have to spank 'em once in a while, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house, he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

GENERAL ELECTIONS.

The following gentlemen were returned by acclamation on Tuesday, the 10th August:

QUEBEC.

Table with columns for Opposition and Ministerial, listing names like Huntingdon, Laval, Quebec, W., Sherbrooke, and their respective roles.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Table listing names like Gloucester, Restigouche and their respective roles.

The following is a list of the candidates returned so far as heard from:

ONTARIO.

Large table listing candidates for various Ontario constituencies such as Toronto East, Toronto West, Hastings, etc., with names and initials.

QUEBEC.

Table listing candidates for various Quebec constituencies such as Quebec East, Missisquoi, Rouville, etc., with names and initials.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Table listing candidates for various Nova Scotia constituencies such as Halifax City, Lunenburg, Pictou, etc., with names and initials.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Table listing candidates for various New Brunswick constituencies such as St. John (City), Carleton, King's, etc., with names and initials.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Table listing candidates for various Prince Edward Island constituencies such as King's County, Prince County, etc., with names and initials.

VARIETIES.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S great vase, executed for the Paris Exhibition, is regarded by an English paper as "the most original design which can be found in modern sculpture."

SAUCE FOR THE OLD BIRD.—A wee Ayrshire laddie, while repeating his lesson at his mother's knee, chanced to make a slip, whereupon his father, who was sitting within hearing distance, immediately called out, "Gie him his licks, mother—gie him his licks!"

A GREAT PAINTER'S FAILINGS.—Numerous are the stories of the meanness of Turner, whose father is said to have received shillings from visitors for showing them his son's works at his house in Queen Anne street.

THE GREAT CANTATRICE.—"Christine Nilsson, in a plain gray costume and a hat shaded with gay plumes, c aims," says Mrs. Hooper, "more than a passing glance—more for the sake of the past, however, than for that of the present, for her beauty once so real and so winning, is sadly faded, and the passage of years has accentuated the marked points in her countenance, such as the high cheek-bones and the general hardness of outline."

THE GREAT FRENCH POET.—Victor Hugo has quite recovered from his recent indisposition, which was never so serious as some people imagined. He complained of a pain in his side, which, however, was charmed away by the sea air at Guernsey.

For a good many years past Victor Hugo has been saying that there is a certain amount of work which he wishes to complete before he dies, but in spite of his great industry, he never seems to exhaust the literary projects with which his brain is filled.

THE QUEEN AND THE ADMIRAL.—A pretty story is told of Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, commander of the North American Squadron, to the effect that when a young officer he had the luck, on one occasion, to be particularly handy in assisting her Majesty down a ship-ladder.

OLD PLAYS IN FASHION.—This seems to be a time when old plays and plays founded on old novels are growing into favor once more. One of these, "Evadne," soon to be presented here, used to be in the repertoire of many leading actresses, but has been shelved for the last 25 years or more.

CHARLES READE—as described by Rose Eytinge, who was presented to this eccentric man of letters during her stay in England—is a man of the greatest delicacy and refinement. He is of large frame, solid, but not stout, and bespeaking sedentary habits.

LITERARY RESEMBLANCES.—"One of the most elegant literary recreations," says Diarceli, "is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities, for assuredly similarity is not always imitation."

tation is, then, not only a matter of right, but a matter of necessity. Him who does not imitate the ancients, says Boileau, none will imitate. What is the result of a man trying to stand on his own bottom in the minor circumstances of expression? He becomes a Gongora or a Marina, a Cleaveland or a Lowenstein.

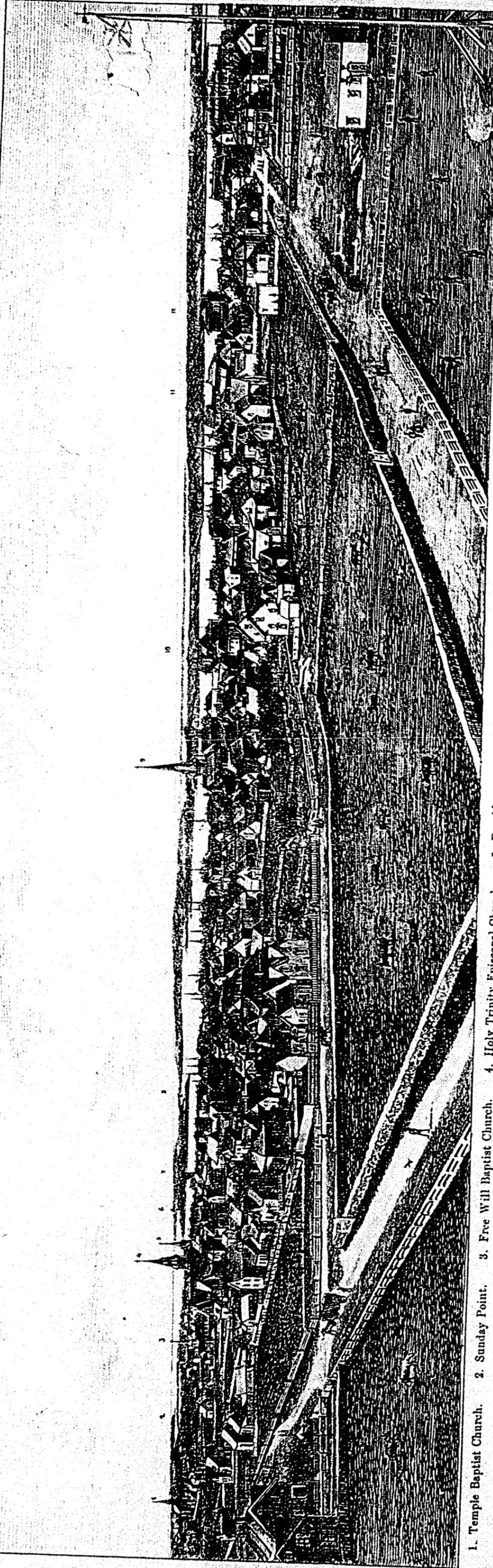
DURER AND HOLBEIN.—Durer's portraits are daubs in comparison with Holbein's. Yet, while Holbein is known only by his portraits, Durer stands out in the history of art as grandly and distinctly as he stood out among his contemporaries and rivals at Antwerp and Venice.

END OF THE WORLD.—Americans have hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being the sole inventors of the end of the world. The peculiar body known as the Millerites used, some 30 years ago, to fix the date of dissolution of the planet and the ascension of the true believers to the abode of the blessed.

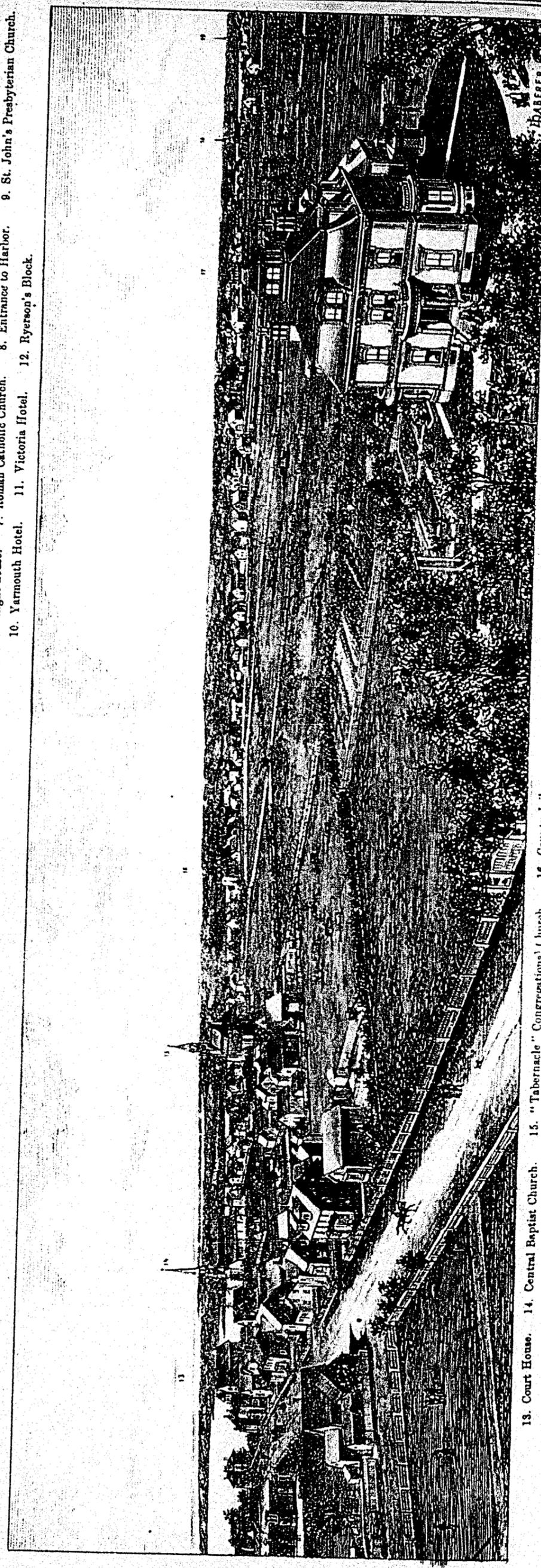
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows.

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

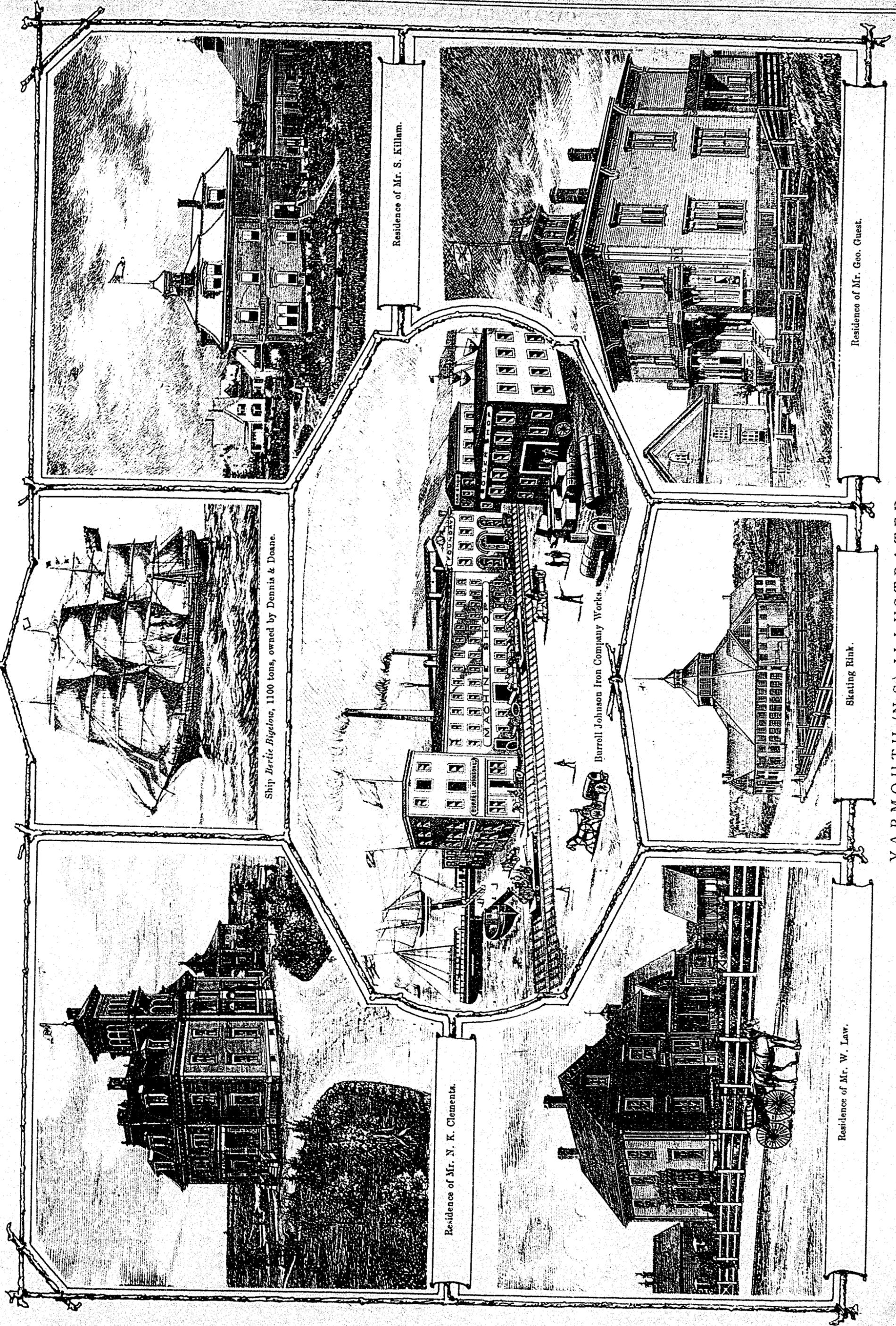


1. Temple Baptist Church. 2. Sunday Point. 3. Free Will Baptist Church. 4. Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. 5. Providence Church, Methodist. 6. Light-house. 7. Roman Catholic Church. 8. Entrance to Harbor. 9. St. John's Presbyterian Church. 10. Yarmouth Hotel. 11. Victoria Hotel. 12. Ryerson's Block.



13. Court House. 14. Central Baptist Church. 15. "Tabernacle" Congregational Church. 16. County Jail. 17. Residence of Mr. J. K. Ryerson. 18. "Wesley" Methodist Church, Milton. 19. Milton Baptist Church.

YARMOUTH (N.S.) ILLUSTRATED.



YARMOUTH (N.S.) ILLUSTRATED.

## FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

## THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child!

The way is long, my father! and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;  
While yet I journey through this weary land  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,  
Quickly and straight  
Lead to heaven's gate  
Thy child!

The path is rough, my father! Many a thorn  
Has pierced me, and my feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,  
Then, safe and blest,  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
It long and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fleeting spirit rise to that blest land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand  
And reaching down  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child!

## THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,  
I would not always have thee walk by night;  
My dealings now thou canst not understand,  
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
My child!

The way is long, my child, but it shall be  
Not one step longer than is best for thee;  
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand  
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand  
And, quick and straight,  
Lead to heaven's gate  
My child!

The path is rough, my child, but oh! how sweet  
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet;—  
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land  
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,  
And, safe and blest,  
With me shall rest  
My child!

The cross is heavy, child, yet there was One  
Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,  
My well-beloved! For Him, bear thine, and stand  
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,  
Thy cross laid down,  
Receive a crown,  
My child!

## MRS. FORSYTH'S FORTUNE.

Remembering that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, there were few that knew Mrs. Forsyth who did not wish that there were more of her sort in this one. A minority there were, to be sure, who found Mrs. Forsyth exasperating—women who lay on the sofa and read novels all day, and who, after hearing that John McIntyre has been brought home with a broken back to his penniless wife and babies, felt that, while it was doubtless very provoking on the part of Providence and John, yet if it had not been for Mrs. Forsyth they might never have heard of it—and she certainly was the greatest gossip of a woman—just as they needed a new silk, and were going to give a dollar a yard more for it than usual—and did.

Mrs. Forsyth had never had a new silk in her life. No; there I am wrong; she had had one, her wedding silk; but she gave it away so very soon to another impetuous young bride, who was presently buried in it, that perhaps it should not count. Yes, first and last, a good many of us, rather than a few, found Mrs. Forsyth exasperating; and if we did not endure the sensations of the old Grecian whom the laurels of Miltiades would not suffer to sleep, we did of that other one who tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. Yet if Mrs. Forsyth had known it tired us in the least, she would have been very unwilling to be called the Just. But to tell the truth, nobody ever did call her so; justice had nothing to do with Mrs. Forsyth; she was just to nobody, and least of all to herself. She began her course early too, when she took the ribbon off her own little cottage bonnet to trim the hats of her sisters who were the pride of her heart. When she saw the rosy darlings tripping and skipping down the path in their delightful finery, she felt happier than if any fairy godmother had touched her old merino to velvet.

But talking of fairy godmothers—it was she that played the part for those children. She would have told you, even then, that it was purely selfishness, that what she did was for her own pleasure, that she took her pleasure in theirs. But she was a blooming lassie herself; she knew where the young gallants of the town strolled to meet the maidens who waited innocently by; among them all there was maybe one, the sight of whom made her own heart stir; yet she sat at home till night fell, sewing on the fine shirts she was making for the Governor, and with whose proceeds she was to buy cloaks for her little dandies. The satisfaction she took in laying out that money before she had it, was only equalled by the satisfaction she took in laying it out afterwards. She solaced herself for all pleasures forgone, by picturing, with every stroke of the needle, the delight of the little bodies trudging along, fine as the Governor's children in their cloaks of scarlet cloth.

Nor was it quite an unpardonable vanity on her part. This Governor had lately bought a place in the town; but her people had been there before there was a town, the first settlers,

the old proprietors, the colonial dignities of the place, their house open to all the world, their table laid in gold and silver, their wines flowing free. Things were different now. Perhaps the wines had flowed too free. At any rate there were none left to flow. Her father had been kept at home to help his father uphold the house; one day the elder gentleman died, leaving his son in possession—she could just remember the great scene of the mutes and plumes and weepers; a year afterward the son was struck with palsy.

Affairs were in a pretty bad way when the elder gentleman left them; they were presently worse; nobody knew anything about anything. Stocks passed away through crooked paths; taxes ate up lands and houses; before long there was nothing left but the old place and plate; when her father died there was not even that. But she held up the family courage through it all; she kept a smiling face and talked of the time when her ship would come sailing home, and when the girls were almost in tears she drew graphic outlines of what they should have when she came into her fortune, but could hardly controvert her grounds for believing in hers.

She had married the Governor's son by that. For a little afterward she dreamed she had already come into her fortune. A charming-looking youth he was, with his dark eyes, the dimple in that set rich tint of his bronze cheek, his broad shoulders, his long limbs. He had a smile, a cheery word for every one; it was all he had—the Governor's son was afraid of coming to want. When her father died, and long patient creditors rose in their might, she took her mother and the young sister home. You can imagine the sweet time she had of it.

The old Governor left but little individually; yet it never occurred to young Forsyth to work; he had the homestead, and maintained the name. When the mother and young sisters came, and so increased the expense, far from him was any thought of work—he only proceeded to starve himself.

No one noticed this at first. Mrs. Forsyth was in trouble—turning her small music to account and giving lessons to half a dozen children, but afraid of the Forsyth pride, not liking to keep it from her husband, not daring to confess it. "Don't fret," she would say gayly to him, when she fancied he looked grave. "It will be all right when I come into my fortune." One day she went to him with the money in hand. To her amazement he was delighted; he ate that night the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks; he never said another word about coming to want; he left her to manage it all, as if she had really come into her fortune.

She had an abiding faith in that fortune, by the way, possibly stimulated by a cherished tradition in the family that her grandfather had buried money in war-time. When she had shuffled the wishing-card for the girls, she would take a private shuffle for herself; and her fortune was coming over the land or over the sea, but always coming; and she would be as cheery after this interview with fate as if it were already here. It made no matter when a young Italian came and swooped away all her scholars. "It is much better for them," she said, "and certainly he needed them most." She abandoned music and took to boarders. That did not please the Forsyths. They felt she need not have put that stigma of poverty on the name but for her family, and were not too delicate to let the feeling be seen. Mrs. Forsyth then exerted herself the more, and sat up after all the village slept, doing fine-lace work that paid for all her people had. She took but one malicious gratification in it; when she sat with her eyes smarting over the stitches till after midnight, she knew the Forsyth girls would think the lamp signaled the presence of Lucian Gray as the guest of Alice. One evening, having taken home her work and received and spent the pay for it, she dropped in at her mother-in-law's. The worthy woman exhibited a pair of mittens. "The wool for these," she said, "has been carded and spun and knit by me to-day. What have you done so useful?"

"I finished Mrs. Burt's flounces and got my money," replied the daughter-in-law.

"To spend on finery, I suppose," said the other.

"I bought a piece of cloth, a barrel of flour, a cord of wood, and two Swiss muslins for the girls."

"And nothing for your husband?" said the elder.

What was Mrs. Forsyth to say to that? As if the cloth, the flour, the wood, were to none of his advantage! You can imagine whether or not she was already half a saint, when, instead of gravely surveying this old woman and demanding if she were not ashamed of herself having given her such a husband, to give her such insolence, she said, "I did want to get him a camlet and pay his score at the Corners, but it wasn't enough, and he is very good about it, and will wait."

The Forsyths used to say among their cronies that if their brother had married a different woman he would have been a different man. "They should think," they said, "that Lucian Grey would take warning enough not to marry into a family where the woman pampered the men's appetites simply to make themselves masters." Of course it was all repeated in kindness to Mrs. Forsyth, who took no notice of it.

But Lucian Grey took no such warning; one evening he quietly married Alice. Marcia Forsyth, of course, was at the wedding. She was in a remote corner of the room, and young

Manser was in the other. The next morning a letter was received by that prosperous young gentleman, stating incidentally the fact of their marriage having taken place, tacitly and without form, at the same time as the ceremony of the evening before, and requesting him to send up certain articles from the store to his devoted wife, Marcia Manser. That night Marcia went to the asylum, where she stayed till all of her name were under the sod. But the circumstances shed a cruel light on Mrs. Forsyth's mind. She had never before thought of insanity and her husband together. During the starvation episode she had supposed that worryment spoiled his appetite; when he sat up every night for a week, drawing and redrawing the charge from his pistol, she still thought him troubled by the slipping away of his possessions; this woodland, those colts, that trifle of bank-stock, and that he played with the weapon absently, as with the tongs and coals. As for idleness, that was perhaps eccentricity, nothing more; in fact, it rather encouraged her belief in him, and in the slumbering powers she daily expected to develop into something great. But now, with this revelation concerning Marcia, it slowly began to dawn upon Mrs. Forsyth that she was married to a madman. A little abrupt inquiry betrayed that there had been insanity in the family for generations—a fact concealed from her.

Nobody can tell the horror that swept like a breath from some internal cold over Mrs. Forsyth, with the recognition of it, and seemed turning her to ice. This man, this lover, whom she had so served—well, she adored him still, she would serve him forever! Yet she could not hinder a sense of personal wrong—as if she had really never had a husband. It made her only the tenderer towards Mrs. Forsyth; but for a while she could not cross his mother's threshold. One day, though, it occurred to her that perhaps the mother had been served as she had been; and that forty years of the Forsyth eccentricities, taken by the rough side, would have soured the temper of a better woman. She forgave the mother. But that made the fact no better to bear. The tears she dared not shed would choke her when she looked at her husband and thought of their happy young years; the evening by the riverside when those dark eyes first bent above her with meanings that made her heart stand still, and all the joys of the swift, sweet courtship. The lightest dancer, the gayest jester, the best shot, the bravest spirit—now wasting his days away, and soon to be a gibbering idiot in a mad-house.

But Mr. Forsyth never came to that. As the years wore on, it seemed sometimes to his wife that she would be the gibbering idiot first; yet not often; for after the first shock, seeing that he grew no worse, Mrs. Forsyth was sure he was going to get better; and she had nearly as much satisfaction as if it had been an accomplished fact, in thinking what they would do when that happy time came and they had unearthed the money of her old grandfather's burying; or when some conscience-stricken buyer of the lands sold for taxes should restore them—lands, for instance, on which good parts of Detroit and Chicago were built—or when the French claims should be paid; in fact, when she came into her fortune. Actual possibilities to her—there was nothing to hinder their happening except total depravity. So she and Mr. Forsyth went to Mexico, as she sat over her sewing, went to Europe, went up the Nile, had a run to Holy Land, cruised about the Mediterranean shores, and many an hour she stole after every one had gone to bed, as if preparing herself for the gay future, by reading such books of travel as she could come across, not escaping, however, the lynx eyes of her mother-in-law, who was sure to ask her if she felt warranted by anything she accomplished in wasting so much oil.

But she accomplished a good deal; she made a cheerful home for her boarders, and with house and garden and lace-work, made both ends meet and lap over a little on the poorer.

The garden was perhaps as broad as it was long—not to speak topographically. Having it, she felt it should be turned to account, and that it would not hurt Mr. Forsyth to do the turning. Mr. Forsyth disagreed with her there. One or two springs he made it, but she herself weeded and harvested. The year of her mother's fever, when what sleep she had was had standing and holding by the bed-post, Mr. Forsyth did not make the garden at all; and she hired a man to lay the whole spot down in oats. She was ill herself in the fall, and those oats rotted on the ground while Mr. Forsyth sat in the seat which he had worn quite perfect at the corners. A man took the garden at the halves after that—except the cherry trees and nuts which Mr. Forsyth gathered.

The next spring, muttering something about their absorbing all the goodness of the ground, Mr. Forsyth went out and cut them down. It was the first piece of work he had done in nearly a twelvemonth, and the last he did in his life.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Forsyth, as Louise bewailed the trees, "we can buy all we want when I come into my fortune."

The bill to pay the French claims was then before Congress, and had not yet been vetoed by the President. Mrs. Forsyth spent happy hours investing her share of the wealth for the good of all the rest. Her mother and Louise still preferred to live with her; in some inscrutable way the old lady felt that Mrs. Forsyth, having worked for her all her life, ought to work for her the rest of it; and Mrs. Forsyth felt so too.

Louise was a brown-eyed, pale-haired beauty, who for years had carried a great grief at her heart—the grief for a lost lover. He had sailed, just after their betrothal, for South America, and neither vessel nor crew had ever been heard from.

One day a stranger came into her presence, and fell fainting before her. It was Gilbert, who had been taken off an island in the Pacific and brought home more dead than alive. But even this ghost of him, how dear! how welcome! As if he had dropped out of the generation, Gilbert could never exactly find his place in the world again. Full of desire and determination, everything he touched turned to ashes. In one long struggle with misfortune, he, at length, waiting for something to turn up, took the little village school on a pittance a year that would hardly support a mouse, let alone two, and cast longing eyes at the flourishing St. Martin's school on the hill, with its golden harvest. So they waited till days should brighten, faithful lovers, although apart; and if the years were weary, and even children smiled at their impossible folly, they thanked heaven they had each other—and were yet a little sad.

Fortunately Mr. Forsyth was very fond of his mother and of Louise, and he had taken as much pleasure as she had in his wife's embroidery of the poor wedding-gown that had never been worn. Between him and his wife there was unanimity of opinion in many things; she thought it her duty to work like a slave; he thought so, too; she thought it was hardly to be expected of Governor Forsyth's son that he should labour for his living; he thought so, too; and perhaps there was no more proof of his insanity needed than his firm belief in the coming of that fortune of her's, expectation which she had at first invented to comfort others, and now treasured herself.

It was a year or two after Gilbert had been settled in his school, and Louise had wanted herself to the joy of having him alive, hardly knowing what to do with the ghost she had so long cherished in her heart, and not yet so sad and worn as she afterward became in that long engagement, that as Mrs. Forsyth was coming from the mill where she had been on an errand, she met her husband by the brookside and they strolled on together.

Suddenly she felt a quick motion, a slide, a push, a fall, as if the earth was giving away; and she was rolling down the bank, while her husband stood with uplifted hands and blazing eyes above. "We'll go together! We'll go together!" he was crying. But she had caught among the bushes, and had scrambled up, and ran and stumbled and climbed the fence, and taken the short cut for home where the brook ran through their own field. Her husband ran in a moment after, ruddy and laughing. "Well, you are a goose," he said. But not his caresses could stop her trembling that night.

A few mornings after that she was hunting for eggs in the hay-mow, when all at once something whizzed through the air, and a rope rigged as a lariat was round her waist and drawing rapidly over a beam above; fortunately it was outside her arms, and she slipped through it and dropped herself down on the hay in a manger and escaped to the house. She did not know what to make of it; she knew a little better that night when she woke struggling under a pillow held over her face. In her terror and impotence she probably fainted; for when she came to herself he was holding her in his arms, kissing her, crying over her, calling her tender names, cursing himself, imploring her to wake, and a month of that sort of repentance was enough to make her wish he had succeeded in his effort.

At the end of the month the fit was on again. It was the day after the President had vetoed the bill for paying the French claims. The day that the bill had passed one body of Congress, Mrs. Forsyth gave a tea party, and bought each of her nieces a pair of bronzed boots with permission to walk in the puddles in them if they chose. When it passed the other House, she thought they might safely get a new carpet, and there would be no trouble about any accounts now—her fortune had all but come; she went with Alice to look at another dwelling, and she decided that the long-embroidered muslin, whitened out, was not half good enough for Louise to be married in. She was living among great figures—when the dreadful news of the veto came, and the card-house fell to the ground.

"How absurd it is," said Mr. Forsyth, "for us to allow fate to twirl us around in this way. We had best quit such a world."

"Oh, why do you talk so?" she cried.

"It is wise to accustom oneself to the thought of death," he responded.

"What do you know about death," she answered, "you who never saw the face of a dead person! If you had you would not be so free with your fancies."

It was true; some constitutional humor had hindered his looking on the face of the dead. Walking in the field the next morning, he crossed the brook and bent over the rail to look at the fish darting below. What thing was this starting up at him, wide-eyed, wide-mouthed and ghastly, beneath the slipping water! Still, still, so still, among all the darting, living, swimming, glancing shapes. A dead man's face. He hung there fascinated; he went home, and came back, and went home, and never said a word. When he came back again the thing had washed on. He was bewildered; somehow it seemed to him a necessary part of Fate that there should be a dead man's face there—the world would be out of balance otherwise. He

went to and fro between the brook and the house all day, and got up to go again in the middle of the night. There was a dead man's face there in the morning. He had waded into the brook and lain down, and let the water flow over him. It was his wife that found him there.

You would have supposed Mrs. Forsyth had lost the best husband that ever lived. Hard as she had worked for him alive, she worked harder for him dead, till she had built a monument commemorating more virtues than all his race put together ever possessed. Before that was done she discovered that the place had long since passed out of his hands, together with the small remnant of his dead mother's property. Mrs. Forsyth sold her right of power for a sum just sufficient to pay Mr. Forsyth's long standing and many time presented score at the Corners.

"Now," said Mrs. Forsyth, as if it were something she had never done before, "I am going to work."

Confident in her power to work, Alice did not offer her a home. She hired a couple of rooms and by dint of sewing by day, and watching by night, nursing the sick, and caring for the dead, Mrs. Forsyth all the time encouraging her mother and Louise with visions of what would happen when she came into her fortune, they kept soul and body together. The chief vision she indulged, to be sure, was that of Louise's marriage—the lovely home, the rosy future there—more ashes fell upon the future every year, but she never saw it; and for herself, she no longer thought of travels, of velvet gowns or diamond crosses, but of houses to be built for orphan babies, summer seashore hostels for little city beggars, insane asylums on principles of her own, aqueducts for the town. At length the old mother left them; then Louise went to Alice's and the care of a young crazy woman was given to Mrs. Forsyth.

The first use he made of her salary was to purchase a right in the home for Indigent Women. That done, her rainy day was provided for; she had a home always in reserve and a base of operations. She never meant to come into her fortune by marrying. The rest of her salary she spent. Alice's babies had entered the world faster than there were shoes for the little feet; Mrs. Forsyth cobbled her own and bought them new ones—cobbled them with no self-denial, but with a sense that she should presently be in the habit of paying \$25 for satin boots, and till then it was no matter. Every inconvenience of the present was a mere bridge to the future; it hurts no one to dine on bread and tea to-day, who dines on turtle and turkey to-morrow, and Mrs. Forsyth was never ashamed to give a beggar a single penny, knowing her intention of one day carrying no less than half eagles. By this time Alice felt to the full all her sister's long self-forgetfulness, and suffered with everything she was obliged to receive. "What odds does it make, my darling?" Mrs. Forsyth would cry. "We are just tiding over the time till I come into my fortune."

When things seemed already as bad as they could be, Marcia Forsyth came out of the Asylum. Her distant relatives vouchsafed no reply to Mrs. Forsyth's letter concerning her. She had no where to go but the almshouse. Governor Forsyth's daughter—her husband's sisters—in the almshouse! Mrs. Forsyth surrendered to Marcia the dearly cherished right in the Home for Indigent Women. Marcia indignantly called it genteel pauperism, and feeling it altogether Mrs. Forsyth's fault that she was obliged to go there. But to Mrs. Forsyth it was a mere makeshift; the day she came into her fortune she should put Marcia into a palace.

As if destiny meant some bitter irony, the fortune one morning came to Mrs. Forsyth. The attorney of a dying man called upon her, and ignorant of Marcia's existence, placed in her hands a debt of which Governor Forsyth's estate had been wronged, a sum equal to life-long comfort. But not Mrs. Forsyth's. It belonged to Marcia. A long and bitter pang to think it might have come in her husband's life; then glimpses of Louise's home, of taking Alice's girls to Europe, with poor tired Alice herself—and she sent the man to Marcia.

Before she could follow him, Marcia had bestowed her place in the house on an old family servant, and had vanished with her inheritance from the horizon. Poor Mrs. Forsyth! Not she. She was, as she said, flat on her back, looking up. Anybody else would, in despair, have taken it for granted that no such chance could come a second time. On the contrary, she felt that good luck had just found out the way.

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place!" she asked of herself, her only confidante in this affair. "That is precisely the mistake. It always does. What drew it once, draws it twice. I am in the track of fortunes. Between the Forsyth's estates and grandfather's there should be good remnants, just as where a great planet bursts you may look for aerolites. I shall unearth my grandfather's buried money now!"

So, in the hope of her fortune, she went on forgetting herself and remembering the rest, early in the morning and late in the night, and, whenever the care of her sad patient allowed, busy in stitch and gather, upholstering Alice's furniture, making over her mattresses, tailoring her boys, bonneting her girls, spying odd knick-knacks for that yet not possible home of Louise's, never forgetting such as John McIntire, and abandoning her life to others. Yet it is written that they that lose their life shall find it.

One twilight, her poor charge having gone to

sleep in the other room, she was sitting by the fire with Louise—for Louise liked to run over just as the last orange glow laid a comforting ember in the west, as if it were the light of some great hearth where the lonely and the outcast might be warmed—when Gilbert came in. He looked paler and more dejected than ever, a trifle bent, a trifle weary.

"If I do not get him out of this rut," thought Mrs. Forsyth, "he will surely die—and then what will become of Louise! Oh, why can't I come into my fortune!"

Louise, too, was pale—the bloom was gone from the thin cheek, but the dark eye had softened and deepened, and in the face there seemed to be some reflection from that life to come, where only, she had grown to think, should she and her lover be united.

"I have missed my chance again," said Gilbert. "Louise, I wonder you bear with me, that you do not discard a wretch who has lost his place in the world. When I think that love of me has kept you out of all the happiness of life—that you might have married—that you might—"

And then Louise turned her lovely face upon him—lovely in spite of its forty years. "Has the love of me taken all the happiness out of your life?" she said.

"What chance have you lost?" said Mrs. Forsyth abruptly, in fear of a scene.

"A chance I never had. That of buying out St. Martin's school. The principal has gone south and will sell it for \$10,000. Manser is his agent. It is vacation now, and the place is empty, but the income of the school year would make us happy forever, and the house and grounds—"

"Are simply enchanting!" cried Louise. "Oh, if we had only \$10,000!"

"If I had only come into my fortune!" cried Mrs. Forsyth.

"There is something out of the way about me," sighs Gilbert, his head in his hands. "It makes me superstitious. Were the wrong stars in conjunction; was it an evil meridian overhead? Look at Manser! Luck labours after him, trying to catch up. They say he has found a fortune in old Spanish doubloons in his garden!"

"In his garden?" Mrs. Forsyth sprang to her feet. "Wait a bit, till I come back!" she cried. "His garden was ours once. I have unearthed my grandfather's money! My ship is in the harbour, Gilbert! My ship! My fleet! I am coming into my fortune!" She was gone before any person could gainsay her—and perhaps the poor lovers did not so much mind that, after all.

She had flown straight to Mr. Manser. The clouds and the wind, and the stars seemed all to be flying away. "You have found my grandfather's money," she said. "It is ours, you know, not yours." "Why do you hide it? What have you done with it? Where is it?" And she pursued her attack so swiftly that the bewildered man acknowledged the truth of all she said before he knew what he had done.

"You might as well surrender it," she cried, "as have me go to law and cost you half of it!" And when he seemed obdurate, she sat down and told him the whole story of her life, from first to last.

"It is hard! It is hard!" she cried, at the end. "That is the way I have worked. This is the way I have been served—an old woman—wronged of a home—growing helpless." And for the only time in her life, Mrs. Forsyth was seen to cry—hot tears that scalded her heart and scalded her listener's heart as well.

"It is true," he said; "you could cost me half of it if you went to law. It is true your grandfather buried it, for here is his name inside the box. I can't think how it leaked out. It is true, as you say, I am already rich. But yet I have my rights in it. See, I will give you half of it; will that do?"

Something seemed to break in Mrs. Forsyth's heart at that moment. She caught both the man's hands and kissed them, and kissed them. She ran back breathlessly to summon Alice; and when Mr. Manser brought the gold and poured it out before them—the dirty old mould-covered gold—they gave him his quitance.

Ease for Alice. Joy for Louise. She pushed the half towards one; an hour later, the other half had bought the school. What a night it was! She could not rest. "You have waited long enough," she said. "You shall be married and go to your home to-night. To your home, Louise! By and by I will come and live with you. I dreamed last night—such a strange dream—I shall be as superstitious as Gilbert; I dreamed that I had come into my fortune."

Mrs. Forsyth dropped asleep in her chair—by the falling fire, after Louise, and her husband, and the rest, went home that night. She slept long and heavily and dreamed. Her light went out. The stars came round and looked in at her, shaking all their white flame between the fir-boughs, the planets like great winged spirits, the milky way stretching up like a path of glory into heaven. The poor crazy woman said, in the morning, that she had waked and told her dream—told of seeing the vision of the Apocalypse, of hearing a voice calling to her: "Buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed," and just as her eyes rested on the great city descending out of heaven from God, another voice cried: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

She was still sitting in her chair, by the gray ashes, when Louise, joyous, and almost rosy, ran round in the morning, the poor crazy woman

cowering on the other side of the hearth, and gazing up at her with awe. White and cold, her face was yet radiant as though the light from the throne still shone upon it through the open gates. She had entered into the joy of the Lord. Yes, Mrs. Forsyth had come into her fortune.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

ANNUAL REGATTA.

The annual regatta of this Club came off at Toronto, on Saturday, September 7th, over a course intended to be 30 miles long, but which, in all probability, was very close on 40 miles.

Starting opposite the Club House, the yachts had to run out through the narrow western channel to a buoy anchored off Mimico (about 7 miles), leaving this on the port hand to a buoy about a mile south of the lighthouse on Gibraltar Point. This buoy was to be left on the starboard hand, the course then lying for about 7 miles due south, out into the lake, where another buoy was anchored, also to be rounded on the starboard hand. From this point the yachts had to run into the lighthouse buoy, again to be rounded on the starboard hand, thence to a buoy off Scarborough, about 7 miles down the lake, and exactly opposite the celebrated Victoria Park. Rounding this buoy on the port hand, the yachts once more were headed for the lighthouse buoy, and thence northwards past the judges' boat, anchored off the west point of the island, where Hanlan, the champion, resides.

A more favourable day for testing the sailing qualities of a yacht than Saturday last, could not have been desired. The wind was blowing pretty fresh E. & N., while a heavy swell was running outside the island.

When the gun fired, the following yachts left their moorings and took up their positions for crossing the line:

- Schooner *Oriole*, Toronto, 95 tons.
- Yawl *Alarm*, Toronto, 38 tons, allowed 9m. 30 sec.
- Cutter *Rivet* (iron), Toronto, 16 tons, allowed 18m. 42 sec.
- Sloop *Coquette*, Hamilton, 13 tons, allowed 21m. 42 sec.

The schooner *Geraldine* (28 tons), and yawl *Madeleine* (6 tons), nicknamed *Evangelical*, started, but with no intention of sailing the race, so that the Prince of Wales' Cup, Commodore Boswell's Cup, and R.C.Y.C. medal for second yacht in the race of the Prince of Wales' Cup lay between the four yachts—*Oriole*, *Coquette*, *Rivet* and *Alarm*. Beside these, the Hodder Cup, for deep draught yachts, lay between the *Rivet* and *Alarm*, and the Hodder Cup for centre-board yachts between the two former.

The yachts crossed the line in the following order:

- Alarm*, 10 hrs. 23m.
- Geraldine*, 10 hrs. 25m. 12 sec.
- Rivet*, 10 hrs. 25m. 33 sec.
- Oriole*, 10 hrs. 26m. 33 sec.
- Coquette*, 10 hrs. 26m. 48 sec.
- Madeleine*, 10 hrs. 27m. 8 sec.

The *Alarm* was carrying mainsail, mizzen, topsail, jib and flying jib; *Rivet*, mainsail, foresail, jib and topsail; *Oriole*, with main, fore, and stay sails, jib and topsails; *Coquette*, mainsail, jib, jib topsail and racing topsail. After crossing the line, all the yachts got up their spinnakers, the little *Coquette* fairly staggering under her press of canvas, while the *Oriole* went magnificently onward. After passing the Queen's wharf, the *Oriole* picked up and shook off first, the *Rivet* and then the *Alarm*, and went dashing on for the Mimico buoy, closely followed by the *Coquette*, which had already picked up second place.

The Mimico buoy was rounded by the

- Oriole*, 11 hrs. 11m. 30 sec.
- Coquette*, 11 hrs. 15m. 17 sec.
- Alarm*, 11 hrs. 16m. 22 sec.
- Rivet*, 11 hrs. 18m.

All the yachts having first of all got in their spinnakers, the *Oriole* now replaced her racing-topsail by a gaff-topsail, while the *Alarm*, *Coquette*, and *Rivet* took in topsails altogether, for a six-mile beat to windward was now the order of the day. The yachts all stood out into the lake for about two miles; and then, going about, stood in again towards the old Garrison Common, where the Provincial Exhibition buildings are in course of construction. The rough water now began to tell tremendously in favour of the *Oriole*, and she rapidly drew away from her rivals. The *Rivet*, after going about, got up her gaff-topsail, and very soon began to get away from the *Alarm*. Keeping well into the lee of the island before going about, she was able to weather the lighthouse buoy, sailing all the time in comparatively smooth water, thus gaining considerably on the *Coquette*, who made a grand mistake in not adopting the same tactics as her rival. The buoy was rounded in the following order:

- Oriole*, 12 hrs. 36m.
- Rivet*, 1 hr. 2m. 30 sec.
- Coquette*, 1 hr. 10m. 15 sec.,

while the *Alarm* was by this time thoroughly out of it.

From this buoy out into the lake, and this six miles was probably the most exciting in the whole race—for the *Coquette*, hoisting first her gaff-topsail and then her jib-topsail, carrying every inch she could to pass the old *Rivet*; both yachts seemed to be fast overhauling the *Oriole*, who appeared to have come to grief, as

she was wandering about in the most erratic fashion. However, she rounded the buoy ahead of the others, viz.:

- Oriole*, 1 hr. 17m.
- Rivet*, 1 hr. 34m.
- Coquette*, 1 hr. 36m.

The *Oriole* now, all the yachts close, hauled for the lighthouse buoy, forged rapidly ahead, while the *Coquette*, having got in her kites again, regained the second place, sailing all the time about half a point closer to the wind than the old *Rivet*. The lighthouse buoy was rounded by the

- Oriole*, 1 hr. 57m. 30 sec.
- Coquette*, 2 hrs. 27m.
- Rivet*, 2 hrs. 29m. 30 sec.

The *Oriole* was already more than her 21 ms. ahead of the *Coquette*, in the long heavy beat to Scarborough, only increased her lead, rounding the buoy at 4 hrs. 6m. 15 sec., followed by the *Coquette* at 4 hrs. 40m., and the *Rivet* at 5 hrs. 22m. Each yacht, after gibling round the buoy, hoisted her kites for the homeward run, sending down spinnakers again as each neared the lighthouse buoy for the short run up to the Judges' boat. The yachts finished in the following order:

- Oriole*, 5 hrs. 0m. 52 sec.
- Coquette*, 5 hrs. 50m. 52 sec.
- Rivet*, 6 hrs. 30m. (?)

Thus the *Oriole* wins the Prince of Wales' Cup (to be held for one year), the Boswell Cup, and the Hodder Cup, for centre-board yachts. The plucky little *Coquette* wins the medal presented by the Club to the second boat in the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup, and, had she been a little better sailed, would probably have taken even a better position than she did. The *Rivet* wins the Hodder Cup for deep draught yachts.

The *Alarm*, *Geraldine* and *Madeleine* did not sail over the course.

C. C. M.

Toronto, Sept. 10th, 1878.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A RAIN-BEAU—a young man carrying an umbrella over his best girl.

THE girl of the period sits at the window watching for the "coming man."

"SIX into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

A MAN is obliged to die before his will amounts to anything, but that of a woman is always in force.

IT is well to remember that for 564 bushels of chestnuts in market some boy has fallen from a tree and shortened one leg six or eight inches.

A GREASED boy cannot run so fast as a boy in a cellar who hears his mother say she must go down and see if the rats are after the preserves.

A YOUNG man without money is like a steam-boat without fuel; he can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon of a cloudy night—he can't shine.

If you put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the one who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

A fashionably-dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

IT was a funny but expressive way the five-year-old lad had of describing the decorated military officer he points out to his mother, as "the soldier with those baggage checks on his coat."

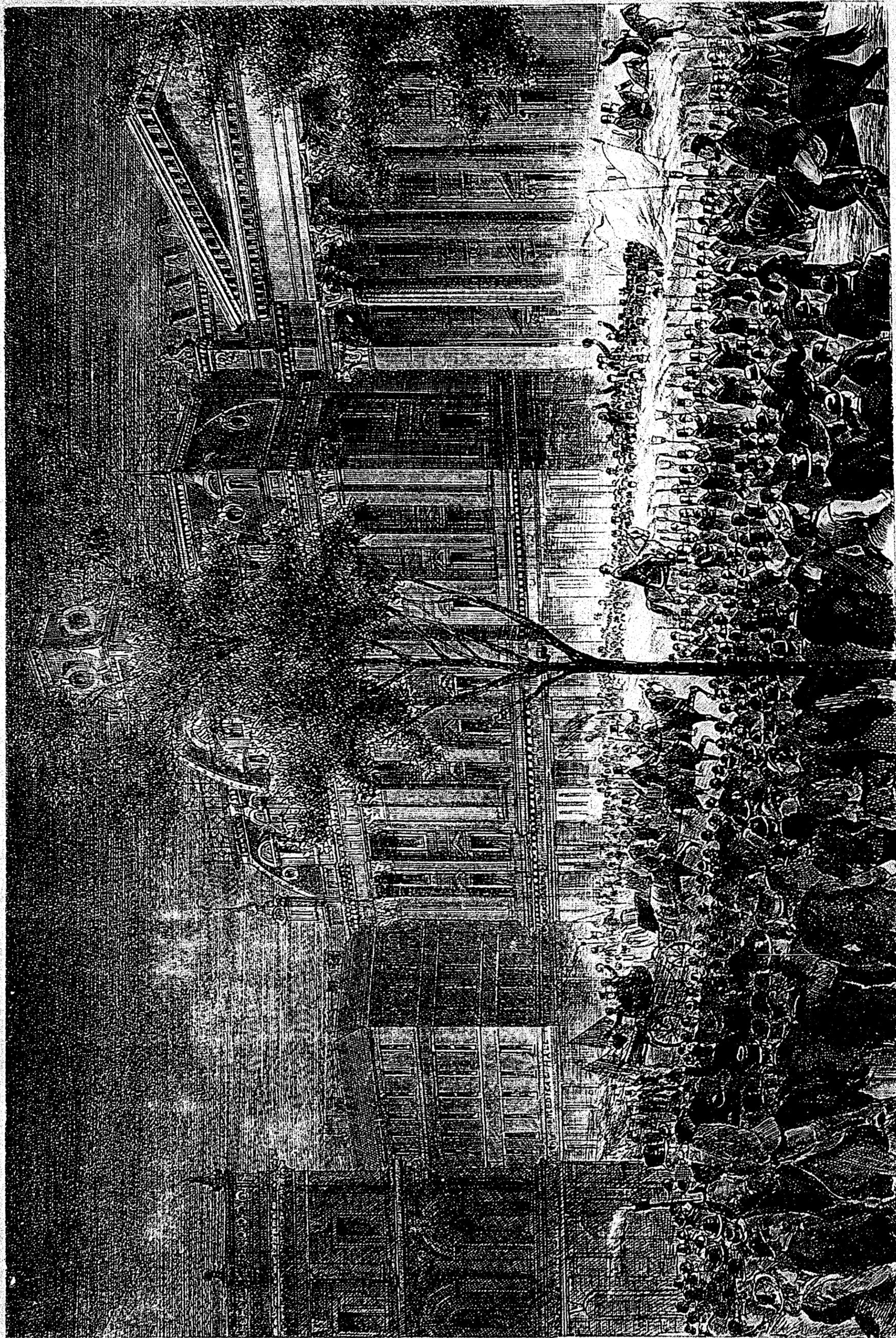
BESIDE the grand old ocean she stood in apt devotion, with a look that seemed to clasp some visionary land; then turned about her paces, one of the barefooted graces, and her airy feet made post-holes in the sand.

CHARLES (playfully): "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?" Jennie: "If you really want to inspect the bill for my dry goods, Charles, there is a way to do it." [And what else could Charles do but propose on the spot!]

THE boy who has crept forty rods on his hands and knees, over rocks and ruts, and through thistles, to discover that "those melons" were picked and taken in at sundown, cannot be blamed if he suddenly loses a large area of faith in human nature.

A FAMOUS Roman ecclesiastic was making his periodical tour of inspection in the Dublin Sunday-schools. "Kate Maloney," said he to an intelligent-looking girl, "explain the meaning of the holy sacrament of matrimony." A pause. "Please yer honour, it is a sad state of existence before entering into purgatory." "Go to the bottom of the class, you ignorant girl," cried out the local clergyman, very much ashamed of his pupil. But the archbishop stopped him. "Not so fast, Father Patrick, not so fast. The lass may be right, after all. What do I or you know about it?"

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



MONTREAL.—THE GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOR OF MR. THOS. WHITE, M.P. FOR CARDWELL, AND THE CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS ELECT FOR MONTREAL.

THE HABIT OF READING.

A man who has the habit of reading will not refuse a tract. There are often very good stories in tracts—in the first page and a half, that is to say—the honey-smeared lips of the cup which is sometimes full of wormwood. You get from tracts an insight into the habits of costermongers, and the incidents which diversify the life of cabmen (a very convertible class). You are put on the track of unexpected analogies, between the daguerreotype and conscience, for example, or some information about the art and mystery of rope-making goes before remarks (which may be skipped) about the bondage of bad habits. A man with the habit of reading has a Mahomedan respect for all printed paper. He finds things he is glad to know about in the scraps inserted in the binding of old books. Important facts meet him in the greasy country newspapers which lie on the tables of rural inns. He cannot take up a mouldy octavo on a stall but he learns something from the researches of a forgotten pedant. It is true that the confirmed reader may be missing something else that is worth looking at in human life, while he pores over the productions of the feeble or the mighty minds of old. On the other hand, he has so far the advantage over the mentally dissipated mechanic, that in everything he reads he finds grist for the mill that works up the solid literary vestments of old times into the marketable shoddy which is the raiment of the modern spirit. He is working at his trade, not neglecting it, unless he is one of those misers of reading who keep all they find to themselves. There is not much to be said for the habit of reading when it merely ministers to a man's contempt for people who live their lives in the sun and the wind and are careless of books.

There is this to be said for the habit of reading, that it fills up waste hours as nothing else does, except, perhaps, the refreshment of smoking. A man who can find amusement in any printed trash suffers less than others from long periods of waiting at railway stations. He exhausts the advertisements, and it is strange if he does not find on the



MONTREAL.—CELEBRATION OF THE CONSERVATIVE VICTORY ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 17.

bookstall some sixpenny volume which makes him laugh or wonder. The very cheapest and most trivial literature introduces you to an undreamed of world of readers and writers, about whose intellectual tastes and habits there is no other way of getting information. Who, for example, would know the whole truth about the mental vacuity of people of fashion if he did not, in some forlorn hour and place, read the literature which they love and help to construct? Who could fathom the depths of popular politics and political economy without aid from the journals of the uninstructed? Their novels are equally strange, and equally reward research. The habit of reading is invaluable, too, when a man is waiting at a dentist's or a doctor's. No hours of waiting for a verdict can be more dreary; and he is blessed who can bury himself in old numbers of *Punch*, in the paper of yesterday, and in goody-goody books about cruelty to animals.

It is a mistake to suppose that all bookworms are people who have no interest in practical life, and no power of dealing with men and with circumstances. There never was a more confirmed bookworm than Napoleon, who for all that was, it will be allowed, "a man of action." In all his campaigns he carried a travelling library of novels. He had an official in Paris to look after his literary *en cas*. Just as the life of a servant was devoted to keeping a roast fowl always ready to be eaten, so this literary taster had to supply Napoleon with novels eternally fresh. From Moscow, from Madrid, he kept writing for new novels. He often complained that they were really too bad. He would read a few pages in his travelling carriage, and then throw the dull volume out of the window, and turn, voracious, to a fresh packet. He projected a miniature travelling edition of all readable French literature, but the publication in the desired form proved too expensive, even for an Emperor. This taste for trashy novels was not peculiar to Napoleon. Many men of active minds, even when refined taste is combined with activity, many judges, barristers, scholars, find rest and solace in the very poorest novels. As long as there is a plot, and a narrative, and a mystery, they are content.



ASSASSINATION OF THE RUSSIAN GENERAL MENTSEW AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The habit of reading is only noxious when it becomes, as it often does among indolent people, a disease. Their mental emptiness produces a morbid hunger; they must for ever have a rattling paper in their hands. They can read only literature which deals with known people and with "personalities" and gossip, but of that they are insatiate. They have grafted on malice and idleness the form, but not the essence, of the habit of reading. It is a habit which is depriving lecturers in the Universities of their office, and which once threatened to silence orators. Fortunately it has been found that the speeches of orators are very useful as texts for the endless flow of printed matter which streams from the literary men. If Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield did not speak there would be nothing to write about, therefore nothing to read, and a serious void in the breakfast hour of respectable families. Bookworms ought to be anxious to have themselves marked off as a species distinct from mere newspaper worms. There is something respectable in the habit of the bookworm, which causes libraries to be kept up and knowledge to be stored, while the devourer of the flying leaves of literature is another creature, a sort of butterfly or locust. He is indolent, ignorant, and retains nothing but a confused memory of gossip, with the wrong facts affixed to the wrong names. No honest bookworm would willingly share the habit of the newspaper devourer; he would rather consort with the depraved mechanic who lives in a fantastic world of romance. In him there may be the undeveloped germs of the scholar or poet; but the languid butterfly who settles on the leaves of the lighter press is generally nothing but a scandalmonger too lazy to walk and talk and pursue his profession in the old manner of the backbiters and sneerers. For the worthier habit of reading, Fulke Greville is the best apologist, with his confession of the advantage of retiring from "the heavy wheels of fortune" to "the safe society of books and of dead men."

### PRETTY MRS. OGILVIE.

All the women are jealous of her; there is no doubt about that. The first time she appears in church with crisp mauve muslins floating about her, and a dainty mauve erection on her head, which presumably she calls a bonnet, I know at once how it will be. And of course the other sex will range themselves on one side to a man; that is also beyond question. As she rises from her knees and takes her little lavender-gloved hands from her face and looks about her for a moment with a sweet, shy glance, she is simply bewitching; and I doubt if any male creature in our musty little church pays proper attention to the responses for ten minutes afterward. A new face is a great rarity with us, and such a new face one might not see more than once in a decade, so let us hope we may be forgiven.

As I gaze at the delicate profile before me, the coils of golden hair, the complexion like the inside of a sea-shell, the slender, milk-white throat, and the long, dark eye-lashes, which droop modestly over the glorious gray eyes, shall I own that I steal a glance of disapproval at Mary Anne—my Mary Anne—the partner of my joys and sorrows for twenty years, and the mother of my six children? Mary Anne's figure is somewhat overblown, her hair is tinged with gray, and the complexion of her good-natured face is slightly rubicund. But she has been a good wife to me, and I feel with a tinge of compunction, that I have no right to be critical, as I think of a shining spot on the top of my own head, and of a little box I received from the dentist, only a month ago, carefully secured from observation. But as we emerge from church I draw myself up and try to look my best as we pass the trailing mauve robes. Jack, one of our six, stumbles over the train, which gives me an opportunity of raising my hat and apologizing for the brat's awkwardness; and I am rewarded with a sweet smile and an upward glance out of the great gray eyes, which is simply intoxicating.

"We must call on Mrs. Ogilvie at once," I observe to Mary Anne as we proceed across the fields on our homeward walk. "It is my duty as her landlord to find out if she is comfortable. She is a lady-like person," I continue, diplomatically, forbearing to allude to the obvious beauty; "and I dare say, my dear, you will find her an agreeable neighbour."

"Lady-like!" cries my wife, with a ring of indignation in her voice. "I don't call it lady-like to come to a quiet country church dressed as if she were going to a flower show. Besides, she is painted. A colour like that can't be natural. But you men are all alike—always taken with a little outside show and glitter."

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "perhaps she did not know how very countrified and bucolic our congregation is; and I really do think it will be very unneighbourly if we don't call. It must be very dull for her to know no one." I ignore the remark about the paint, but in my heart I give the assertion an emphatic contradiction.

Mrs. Ogilvie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west country village, in which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in a flying squadron, and has settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been found quite unexceptionable, and, indeed, she is slightly known to the squire, as also her absent husband. "A splendid fellow he is," Mr. Dillon tells me; "stands six

feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo. Indeed, I don't believe that, for good looks, you could find such another couple in England."

The following day Mary Anne, with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage and call on Mrs. Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid-servant. She is at home, and we are ushered into the drawing-room, which we almost fail to recognize, so changed it is.

Presently Mrs. Ogilvie comes in, looking, if possible, even lovelier than she did the day before. She is in a simple white dress, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon about it; and she has a bit of blue also in her golden hair. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife with pleasant, cordial words for being the first of her neighbours to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne, whose heart is as large as her figure, basely deserts the female faction and goes over to the enemy. Mrs. Ogilvie is very young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years, she tells us.

"It is dreadful that Frank should have to go away," she says, and the tears swell up in her large, gray eyes: "that is the worst of the service. See, here is his photograph," lifting a case from the table and handing it to Mary Anne. "Is he not handsome?"

He is most undoubtedly so, if the likeness speaks truth, and we both say so; Mary Anne with the privilege of her sex and age, adding a word as to the beauty of the pair.

"O, yes," replies Mrs. Ogilvie, without the smallest embarrassment; "we are always called the 'handsome couple.'"

I suppose something of my astonishment expressed itself in my countenance, for she smiles, and says: "I am afraid you think me very vain; but I cannot help knowing that I am good-looking, any more than I can help being aware that my eyes are gray, not black, and that my hair is golden. It is a gift from God like my talent, a valuable one, too, I think it, and I own that I am proud of it for my dear Frank's sake, who admires it so much."

Yes, this is Mrs. Ogilvie's peculiarity, as we afterward discover—an intense and quite open admiration of her own beauty.

At first every one is astonished at this idiosyncrasy of hers, but in a little while all come to laugh at it; there is something original and amusing about it; and in all other ways she is so charming.

My wife, with whom she speedily becomes intimate, tells me that she is sure she values her beauty more for her husband's sake than her own. "She evidently adores him," says Mary Anne; "and he seems to think so much of her sweet looks. She says he fell in love with her at first sight, before he ever spoke to her."

But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly-educated woman, a first-rate musician, and a pleasant and intelligent companion, and, more than all, she has a sweet, loving disposition, and a true heart at the core of all her little vanities. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I am on my rounds I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

In a quiet little neighbourhood like ours such a woman cannot fail to be an acquisition, and everyone hastens to call on her, and many are the dinners and croquet parties which are inaugurated in her honour. To the former she will not go; she does not wish to go out in the evening during her husband's absence—much to my wife's satisfaction, who approves of women being "keepers at home"—and it is only seldom that she can be induced to grace one of the croquet parties with her presence.

But when she does, she eclipses everyone else. She always dresses in the most exquisite taste, as if anxious that the setting should be worthy of the jewel—the beauty which she prizes so highly.

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years, and is beginning to count the weeks of her husband's return. We do not number them quite so eagerly, for when he comes he will take her away from us, and we will miss her sorely. It is summer again—a hot, damp summer; and it has been a very sickly summer, and my hands are full.

"I shall have to get a partner, my dear," I say to my wife as I prepare to go out. "If this goes on I shall have more to do than I can manage. There is a nasty fever about which I don't like the look of; and, if we don't have a change for the better in this muggy weather, there is no saying what it may turn to."

"I am glad the boys are all at school," observes Mary Anne, "and I think I will let the girls accept their aunt's invitation and go to her for a month."

"It would be a very good plan, and I should be glad if you would go, too. A little change would do you good."

"And, pray, who is to look after you?" asks my wife, reproachfully. "Who is to see that you take your patients properly, and don't run off to see your patients, leaving your dinner untasted on the table?"

Mentally I confess that I should probably be poorly off without my Mary Anne; but it is a plan to encourage vanity in one's wife, so I say, "Oh, I should be very well by myself;" and with a parting nod betake myself to my daily duty.

In the village I meet Mrs. Ogilvie, basket in hand. She doesn't look well, and I say so.

"You have no business out in the heat of the day," I tell her. "What will your husband say if he does not see you looking your best when he comes back?"

A shade passes over her face. "Ah! he would not be pleased," she says, rather gravely; "he always likes to see me look my very best and prettiest."

"Well, then, as your doctor, I must forbid you doing any more cottage visiting just at present. You are not looking strong, and going into those close houses is not good for you. I will come and see you on my way back."

Which I do. I find there is nothing the matter with her; she is only a little languid.

"You had better send the children away tomorrow morning, Mary Anne," I say as I get in. "Mrs. Black is very ill, and I am afraid—I cannot quite tell yet, but I am afraid—she is going to have small-pox. Of course, I will have her removed at once, if I am right; but it may prove not to be an isolated case, and it will be as well to get the children out of the way. I shall try and persuade every one in the village to be vaccinated to-morrow."

"You will be clever if you manage that," says my wife. "I am afraid some of the people are very prejudiced against it. You know when the children and I were revaccinated three years ago, you could not persuade any of the villagers to be done at the same time."

On the following day we dispatch the children early to their aunt's under the care of an old servant, and as soon as I have seen them off I go down to Mrs. Black's. To my consternation, I find Mrs. Ogilvie just leaving the house.

"I have been disobedient, you see," she says gayly; "but I promised to bring Mrs. Black something early this morning, and she seemed so ill yesterday that I did not like to disappoint her. But I am not going to transgress orders again—for Frank's sake," she added, softly.

I gave an internal groan. Heaven grant she may not have transgressed them once too often! And I hasten into the cottage, to find my worst fears confirmed. Mrs. Black has small-pox quite unmistakably.

For some hours I am occupied in making arrangements for her removal to the infirmary, and in vaccinating such of my poorer patients as I can frighten or coerce into allowing me to do so; and it is afternoon before I am able to go and look after Mrs. Ogilvie.

She seems rather astonished when I inform her what my errand is—that I want to vaccinate her (for I do not wish to frighten her by telling her about Mrs. Black); but she submits readily enough when I say that I have heard of a case of small-pox in a neighboring village (which I have), and think it would be a wise precautionary measure.

"It is very good of you," she says, in her pretty, gracious way, as she bares her white arm. "I have never been vaccinated since I was a baby, so I suppose it will be desirable."

"Desirable? I should think so, indeed!" And I send up a prayer, as I perform the operation, that I may not be too late. I am so busy for the next few days that I am unable to go down to the cottage. One or two more cases of small-pox in the village, and I am anxious and hard-worked; but Mary Anne tells me that Mrs. Ogilvie has heard of Mrs. Black's removal, and is dreadfully nervous about herself. "I hope she will not frighten herself into it," adds my wife.

"If she hadn't contracted it before I vaccinated her, I think she is pretty safe," I reply; "but there is just the chance that she may have had the poison in her previously."

Almost as I speak a message comes from Mrs. Ogilvie, who "wishes to see me professionally." My heart sinks as I seize my hat and follow the messenger; and with too good reasons. I find her suffering from the first symptoms of small-pox; and in twenty-four hours it has declared itself unequivocally, and threatens to be a bad case. I try to keep the nature of her illness from her, but in vain. She questions me closely, and when she discovers the truth gives way to a burst of despair which is painful to witness. "I shall be marked: I shall be hideous!" she exclaims, sobbing bitterly. "Poor Frank, how he will hate me!"

In vain I try to comfort her, to convince her that in not one out of a hundred cases does the disease leave dreadful traces behind it; she refuses to be consoled. And soon she is too ill to be reasoned with, or indeed to know much of her own state. She is an orphan and has no near relatives for whom she can send, so Mary Anne installs herself in the sick room as head nurse, and as I see her bending lovingly over the poor, disfigured face, and ministering with tender hands to the ceaseless wants of the invalid, my wife is, in my eyes, beautiful exceedingly; so does the shadow of a good deed cast a glory around the most homely countenance.

For some time Mrs. Ogilvie's life is in great danger; but her youth and good constitution prevail against the grim destroyer, and at length I am able to pronounce all peril past.

But alas! alas! All my hopes, all my care, all my poor skill, have been in vain, and the beauty which we have all admired so much, and which has been so precious to our poor patient, is a thing of the past. She is marked—slightly, it is true, but the pure complexion is thick and muddy, the once bright eyes are heavy and dull, and the golden hair is thin and lustreless. We keep it from her as long as we can, but she soon discovers it in our sorrowful looks, and her horror, her agony, almost threaten to unseat her reason. My wife is with her night and day, watching her like a mother, using every argu-

ment she can think of to console her, and above all counselling with gentle words submission to the will of God. But her misery, after the first shock, is not so much for herself as for the possible effect the loss of her beauty may have on her husband, who is now daily expected. His ship has been at sea, so we have been unable to write him; and only on his arrival at Plymouth Sound will he hear of his poor, young wife's illness and disfigurement. Before her sickness she had been counting the hours, now she saw every day go past with a shudder, feeling that she is brought twenty-four hours nearer to the dread trial. At length his vessel arrives and I receive a telegram telling me when we may expect him, and begging me to break the news gently to his wife. She receives it with a flood of bitter tears and sobs, crying out that he will hate and loathe her, and that she is about to lose all the happiness of her life. My wife weeps with her, and I am conscious of a choking sensation in my throat as we take leave of her an hour before Mr. Ogilvie is expected, and pray God to bless and sustain her.

We are sitting in rather melancholy mood after dinner, talking of the poor young husband and wife, when Mr. Ogilvie is announced, and I hasten to the door to meet him.

"She will not see me!" he says, impetuously, coming in without any formal greeting. "She has shut herself into her room, and calls to me with hysterical tears that she is too dreadful to look upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I behold her, and that she cannot face it." And then the strong man falls into a chair with a sob.

"I don't care how bad it is," he cries; "she need not doubt my love. My poor darling will always be the same to me, whether she lost her beauty or not."

Whereupon I extend my hand to him and shake his heartily; and I know my wife has great difficulty in restraining herself from enveloping him in her motherly arms and embracing him.

"We must resort to stratagem," I say. "I will go down to the cottage at once, and you follow me in ten minutes with my wife; I will try and coax Mrs. Ogilvie to come out and speak to me, and you must steal upon her unawares."

Mrs. Ogilvie at first refused to see or speak to me; but I go up to her door, and am mean enough to remind her of my wife's devotion to her, and entreated her, for her sake, to come down to me.

"Where is Frank?" she asks. "I left him at home with Mary Anne," I reply, feeling that I am worthy of being a diplomatist at the court of St. Petersburg, as she opens the door and descends the stairs. I take her out into the garden and begin to reprove her for her conduct, with assumed anger. She listens with eyes blinded by tears. I am on the lookout for it, hear the latch of the garden gate click; but she, absorbed in her sorrow, does not notice it. I look up and see Frank Ogilvie's eyes fixed hungrily on his wife. Her changed appearance must be an awful shock to him; but he bears it bravely; and in a moment he has sprung forward, clasped her in his arms, and the poor scarred face is hidden on his true and loving heart.

Then Mary Anne and I turned silently away, and leave him to teach her that there are things more valuable, of far higher worth than any mere beauty of face or form.

After all, we do not lose her, for Mr. Ogilvie, coming into some money, leaves the navy and purchases a small estate in the neighbourhood, on which they still reside. Mrs. Ogilvie is no longer young, and has a family of lads and lasses around her who inherit much of their mother's loveliness. But one of the first things she teaches them is not to set a fictitious value on it; "for," she says, "I thought too much of mine, and God took it from me." No one ever hears her regret the loss of her beauty; "for," through that trial," she tells my wife, "I learned to know the true value of my Frank's heart."

She simply worships her husband, and is in all respects a happy woman. Indeed, seeing the sweet smiles which adorn her face, and the loving light which dwells in her eyes, I am sometimes tempted to call her, as of yore—Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie.

### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many Thanks. Also, correct solution of Problem No. 192.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 192 received.

W. T., Montreal.—Not quite correct. Try again.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 188 received. Correct.

We are much pleased to see the complimentary notice which the *Ayr Argus* and *Express* gives of our Chess Column. We can assure our contemporary that we are always anxious to have what may be done in the way of Chess in the Dominion occupy some part of the attention which our friends at home give to the progress of the Royal Game in distant parts of the world. Considering the number of Clubs that exist in Canada, the establishment of a hitherto, successful Chess Association, and the recent commencement of a Chess Correspondence Tourney, which is being carried on with much satisfaction by a large number of players, we do not think we err when we say that interest in the game exists, to a considerable extent, amongst us.

We are aware that there is still much to be done. We should like to see more of our young people, of both sexes, making the game a study.

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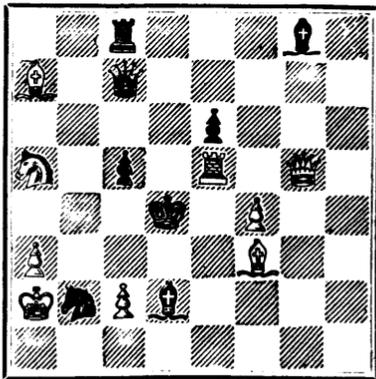
The "Leipzig Chess Congress," a book giving the games and an account of the Leipzig Chess Tournament and the festival in honour of Herr Anderssen, has just been issued.

We learn, from the Illustrated London News, that the friends of Captain McKenzie are anxious to back him against Dr. Zukertort or Mr. Winawer, or against any first-rate player who did not find it convenient to compete in the Paris Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 193.

By J. FINCH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE PARIS CHESS CONGRESS.

GAME 297TH.

(From Land and Water.)

A game played in the concluding round of the International Tournament.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- WHITE.—(Prof. Anderssen.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. P to Q 3 (b) 5. P to B 3 6. Castles 7. P to Q 4 8. R to K sq 9. P takes P 10. Kt to B 3 11. P to K R 3 12. B to Q 3 13. Kt to K 2 14. Kt to R 2 15. P to K Kt 4 16. B to K 3 17. P to K 5 18. B takes Kt 19. Kt to Kt 3 20. P takes P en passant 21. Kt takes P 22. Kt to Kt 5 23. Q to Q 3 24. Kt to B sq (f) 25. P to Kt 3 26. Q R to B sq 27. Q to K 4 (g) 28. Q takes Q (i) 29. Kt to Q 2 (j) 30. P to K B 4 31. R takes R 32. R to K 7 33. R takes B

NOTES—(Condensed.)

- (a) The Berlin Defence. It is somewhat inferior to the now usual continuation of 3 P to Q R 3 (b) White's best move is P to Q 4 (c) P to Q 3 is the correct reply, and Black has nothing to fear from B takes Kt. (d) The advance and retreat of this Knight do not exactly arouse admiration. (e) Giving up a Pawn and possibly purposely, in the hope of redeeming his very inferior game. (f) Better to bring it to B 3 (g) Very unhappily chosen, indeed. He should play Kt to Q 2, threatening to go then to K 4 (h) The correct reply. (i) This is simply ruinous. His only resource is to withdraw the Queen to Q 3, mortifying as such a retreat may be. (j) Too late now. There is absolutely no way of avoiding the impending collapse.

GAME 298TH.

(From the Chess Player's Chronicle.)

Played in the late Tourney of the Counties' Chess Association, held at King's College, London, Eng.

- WHITE.—(Major Martin.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. K Kt to B 3 4. P to K R 4 5. Kt to K 5 6. P to Q 4 7. B to B 4 8. Q Kt to B 3 9. Kt takes B P (a) 10. B takes R (ch) 11. B takes P 12. B to Kt 5 (b) 13. B takes Kt 14. Castles 15. Kt to K 2 16. P to B 3 17. Q to Q 3 18. Kt to B 4 19. R to B 2 20. Q R to K B sq 21. Kt to R 3 22. Kt takes B 23. P to Q 5 24. P to B 4 25. P to K Kt 3 26. Q to Q B 3 27. R to B 7 (ch) 28. R takes B (ch) 29. Q to Kt 7 (ch) Mates in two moves (f)

NOTES.

- (a) This sacrifice appears to be necessary to keep up the attack, for if he retreat the Kt to Q 3, the answer is R to K sq (b) Better than P to R 5, to which Black could have replied with Q to K sq. (c) Exchanges being in Black's favour, he should here, we think, have captured the Kt and followed it by P to K R 4, and B to Kt 3. (d) A weak move, but in truth it is hard now to find a good one; the best resource probably was Q to K Kt sq. (e) A fatal error; he had still a very defensible game by playing Q to K R sq, or K Kt sq, we believe. (f) Major Martin's conduct of this game with so much vigour and judgement, makes his announced intention of retiring henceforth from the arena of Chess Tourneys the more regrettable.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 191.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K R 8 2. Q to K B 8 3. Kt takes P mate Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 189.

- WHITE. 1. K Kt takes P 2. B Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 190.

A CURIOUS END GAME.

- WHITE. K at K R 1 Pat Q R 4 Pat Q Kt 4 Pat Q B 4 Pat Q 4 BLACK. K at K R 6 P at Q R 3 Pat Q Kt 3 Pat Q B 3 Pat Q 3 White to play and win.

It's hard to impress the average boy. There's a Keokuk mother who delivered a lecture to her son on the noble quality of self-denial the other day, and that urchin hung around the door until dinner was over that day and licked the son of a neighbour, who had been invited to dinner, because he got a seat at the first table, while the boy who had been lectured had to wait. Human nature will assert itself.

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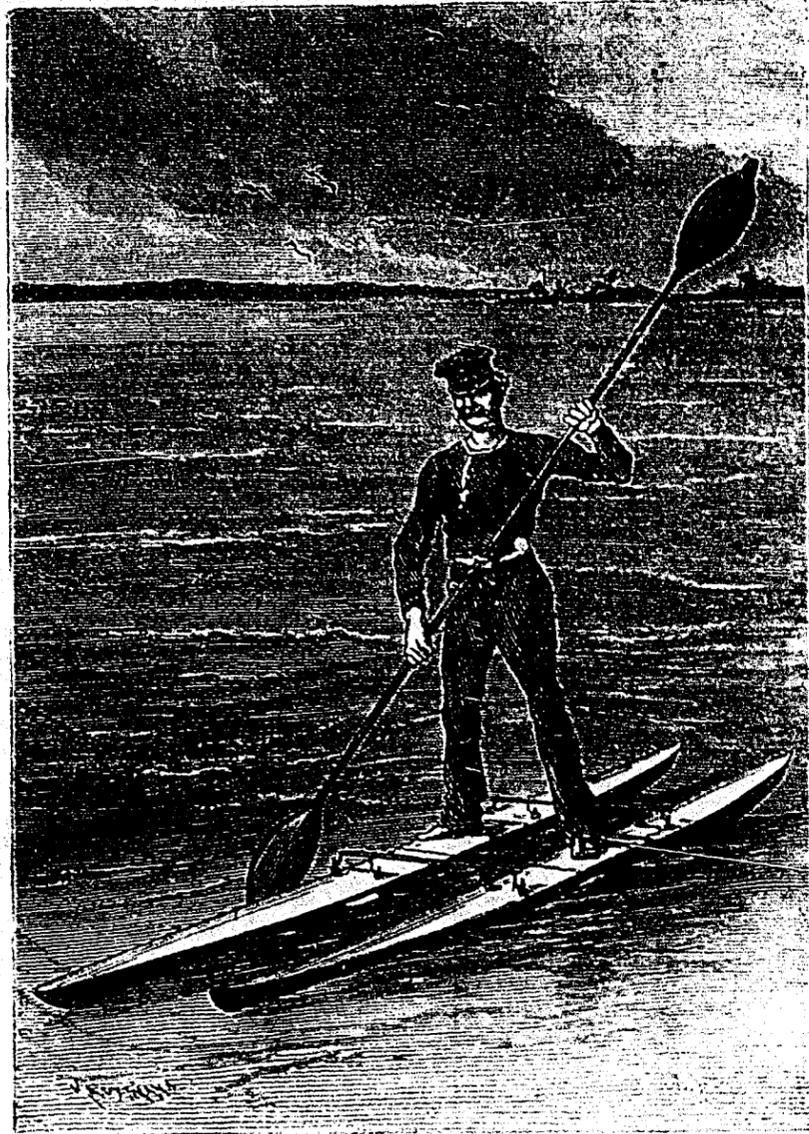
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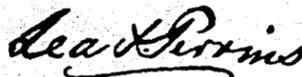
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