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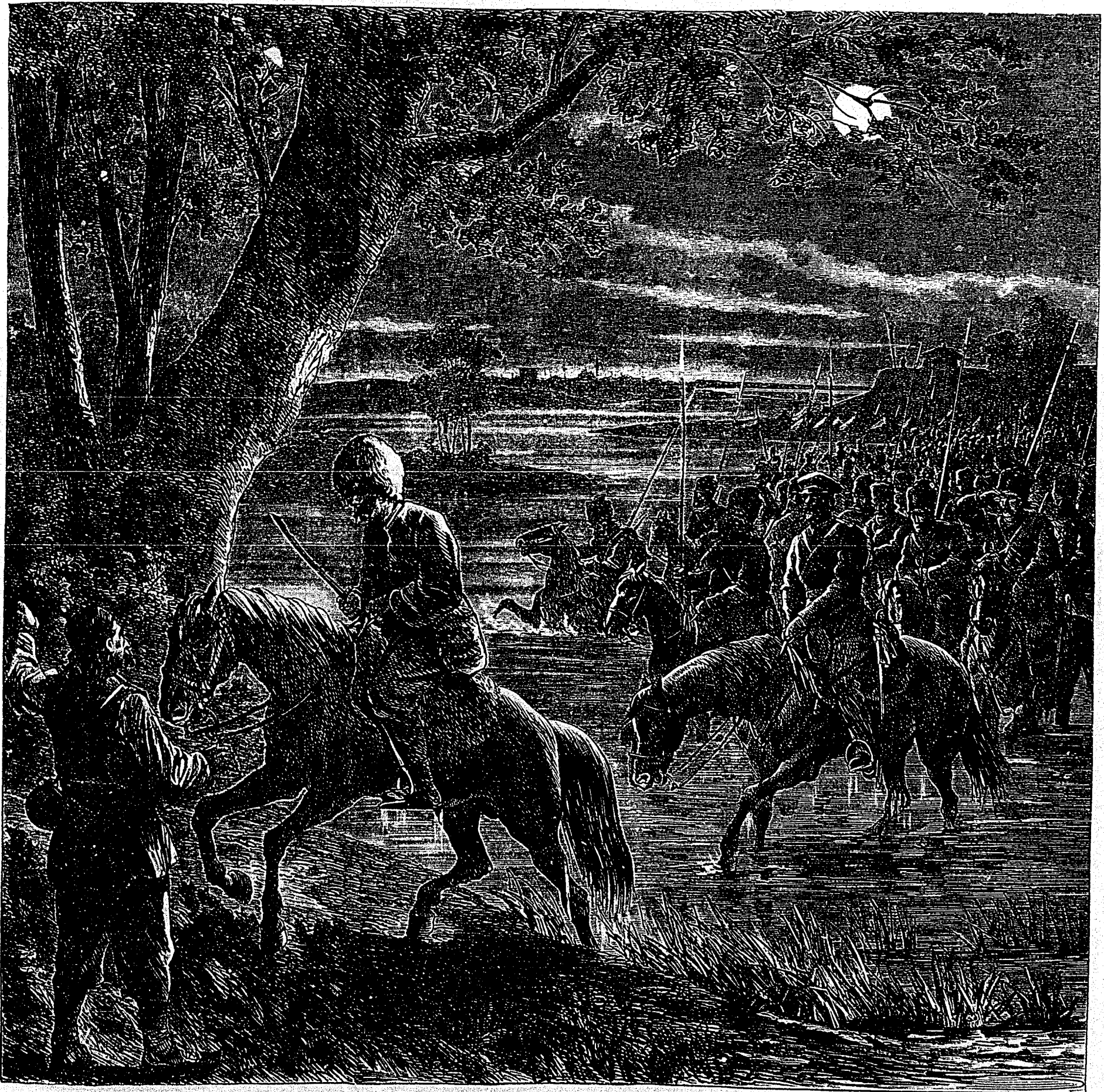
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Illustrated News

Vol. XVI.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

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



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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 28th, 1877.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

It is clear that, in view of the late lamented occurrences, Montreal affairs need the active agency for good order of the respectable citizens, and we trust that a firm and honorable stand will be made in dealing justice and establishing of law and order for the future safety of the city.

As Sir FRANCIS HINCKS has told us, we are able to do but little in forecasting politics generally, but we have here to deal with the lunacy of a day, and that, if it should again be threatened, can be guarded against more efficiently than it has now been.

Of the authorities, we cannot but look upon the Mayor as the main offender in his refusal to put in force the powers entrusted to his charge. All Canadians have an interest, if not all an equal interest, in the peace of the chief city which its chief magistrate has lately allowed to be overthrown.

When riot is threatened, we may consider a corporation has—in the constitutional discretion of the higher governing powers of the land—its hour allowed it for effective action, either direct or in appeal to those authorities, but it does not follow at all that the general government of the country is to vacate its functions, and its special prerogative of peace, and suffer the riot, should that corporation fail in its duty? The true theory of the constitution is, that if the country suffers or is wronged, the Government is so also, and may and ought to defend the common weal. Within the bounds of

established practice in the country from which we draw our precedents, the extent of the need is the only measure of the Government's action. Otherwise, we make such an official as the Mayor of Montreal an autocrat, and the dictator of our destinies. The Government which controls the force of the country should not be able to disengage itself from the general interest. As things now are in Canada, party excesses of one class or other are the means first of creating conflict, and then of paralyzing the powers which should restrain the passions of ignorant and excited bodies of men.

THE MAZARIN BIBLE.

The copy of this very celebrated Bible, and the most distinguished book in the annals of typography, lately exhibited at the Caxton Celebration in this city, is one of three copies only now existing in its original binding, and as there are but thirteen copies known to exist in the world, its value can only be computed by the depth of the bibliomaniac's pocket, when such a treasure is offered to public competition. The value of this copy is said to be \$25,000, and though we are not aware that this figure has been offered for any one of the thirteen copies, we do not discredit the fact that it will be considered cheap at this when a chance occurs to acquire it, as in the sale of the library of the late Mr. Perkins, a copy, in new binding, brought £3,400 sterling. The late Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, Connecticut, was fortunate enough, whilst travelling in Germany some forty years ago, to meet with this copy, and purchased it for nine thousand dollars. Through the courtesy and politeness of his son (a gentleman well known in Montreal) and the Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D., President of the Connecticut Historical Society, the Committee of the Caxton Celebration are much indebted for the privilege of having it as an exhibit, where it formed a venerable and worthy appendage to the many volumes there exhibited, and which followed in the wake of the publication of this Bible, imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of heaven.

The fac-simile page, which we have reproduced, will give a good idea of the style in which it is printed, the large heavy cream-coloured paper, with wide margins, here and there embellished with very handsome vignette paintings of church services, wild animals, illuminated letters, and the two double columns of jet black print, Gothic character, form together a *tout ensemble* at once attractive and interesting.

This Bible is stated to be the first work of any magnitude issued from the press of the inventors of the art. We use the word inventors advisedly, as it seems to be a matter of doubt whether JOHN GUTTENBERG, JOHN FAUST, PETER SCHOEFFER or indeed LAWRENCE COSTER, are to be recognized as joint inventors of the art, or any one of them. Certain it is, however, that the Bible, which was one of their first efforts, occupied them fully eight years in its completion, and though the first named is generally credited as the printer, it is peradventure more likely the work of the three printers than any one individual. The type consists of forty-two lines in double columns, printed from cut moveable types, forming a large folio, in two heavy volumes (the one on exhibition weighing about fifty pounds) having no colophon, date, name of printer, or place of publication.

It is admitted that it was completed about the year 1455, though five years earlier is sometimes attributed to it. In a copy belonging to the National library at Paris, an entry was made purporting that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz (the residence of the three first named, Coster belonging to Haarlem) on the feast of the Assumption (August 15), 1456.

Allowing a year or two for illuminating and binding, which latter, from the

magnificence in which it is completed, must have fully taken six months' work, consisting as it does of heavy boards covered with leather highly embossed with figures, and protected by corner spikes of brass, would bring it to about 1454 or early in '55. Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*, says: "It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was far within the first twenty-five years of the first invention of the art in its rudest form that this stupendous labor was undertaken."

The work is commonly known as the "Mazarin Bible," as it seems to have been entirely lost sight of during the century and a half succeeding its publication, and first came to light in the library of the eminent Cardinal of that name. This must go far to prove that a very small edition was published, and though not advanced in any works on the subject that we have read, it can admit of very little question. It is hardly possible that a Bible so legible and beautiful, and so far in advance of all others in point of typographical excellence, published for at least a century afterwards, should have remained comparatively unknown had it been issued in any quantity, as with the exception of its mention in one or two works during this period, it was unheard of until a copy was obtained by the eminent Cardinal MAZARIN in 1645, causing a search for the few others which have come to the surface, and which have since been known by his name.

It may therefore be safely inferred that the edition could not have consisted of more than twenty copies. This is further confirmed by the great expense it must have entailed to publish it. Apart from time and money expended in attempts with which all first ventures are attended, particularly such an art as that of printing which, to the uninitiated even in this day of intellectual discernment, is quite a puzzle, there must be taken into consideration the fact, that even the paper required to be manufactured especially for it, and as this item is well known to be a very expensive one, in our own times, how much more so was it at that day when money was worth at least fifty times its present value. This may account for the fact that of the thirteen copies now existing, six are on vellum, which at the time of the publication of this Bible was both scarce and dear, and of equal value with paper, and it is quite likely that by the lapse of time in an effort to explain this unaccountable interval of its disappearance that most amusing story got propagated of Faust having gone to Paris to sell these Bibles, where the art was yet unheard of, was arrested for providing them by Satanic influence, his Bibles confiscated and burned, and he himself condemned to the stake, only escaping from death, after being allowed an audience of the King and explaining the mystery by printing in his presence.

THE MAINTENANCE OF ORDER IN THE DOMINION.

In this Dominion of Canada we seemed to have enjoyed the blessings of constitutional government long enough to have partially forgotten their real nature, or at any rate to have allowed our minds to be engrossed at the expense of that excellent rule with a number of irrelevant ideas. There are not many of us who are wilfully disloyal to the Crown and the Empire, but there may be more who need the replenishing of thought and consideration towards our institutions, and a more perfect familiarity, especially, with that clause in the Imperial Act of Confederation which refers to "The Executive Government and Authority of and over Canada." By such closer attention we shall certainly be brought to see the necessity for preserving the peace of the Empire and of the Dominion. There is no organization whatever existing

amongst us that has a right to be set above the Queen and the State, and the authorities at Ottawa have to be sustained by all good citizens in patriotic action for maintaining the peace. We sometimes have leading politicians addressing large bodies of their fellow subjects on public affairs, but they do not dwell so much as they might do, we think, upon the question which transcends every other, one that can effect our welfare, namely, whether the established order is to be efficiently upheld by the Dominion authorities in the name of the Crown. It is very well for executive officers, and those who hope to become so, to be in full sympathy with the public on this subject, but in the case of the actual possessor of office there is a duty within all public addresses, and it is one which a sworn Minister of the Crown cannot shake off, and if he feels himself incompetent to fulfil its requirements, he should give place to those who would be better qualified in a personal sense. His qualification is already perfect in the official one.

Localizing the question, we say it is strange that the city of Montreal should have so long enjoyed a liberal charter and should only just have discovered that a body of police will always act with far greater efficiency when they know they will be properly supported by the military element. In cases of popular commotion, we ought to be aware that they never enjoy a proper confidence without this assurance. If there be vacillation and uncertainty in the orders they receive from above, they are under even a worse deprivation. Without defending them, we consider the police of Montreal have been hardly dealt with in the late disturbances, and that if they had proved efficient, it would have been little short of a miracle. The city has at length convinced itself that the Mayor, *ex officio*, has not the autocratic powers that had been tacitly allowed him, and the municipality should now be gaining hourly in self-reliance from the conviction. It would be only right to settle the limitations of his powers even more precisely, if there is to be any assurance of future prosperity. It would also be well, we believe, to define more exactly the duty and powers of the Chief of Police, and to initiate a careful investigation into the *personnel* of the force, and the citizens would very wisely come to some general understanding that if a local police force cannot be relied on in emergency, it is worse than useless, and that if the present force cannot be made fully efficient, it will be better to seek from the authorities at Ottawa an extension of the excellent system of Dominion Police in favor of the city.

THE expectation of a special meeting of the Provincial Legislature in New Brunswick, to deal with the question of the great fire and its consequence, is a cheering one. The city which, in its old-fashioned procedure, had never forbidden the erection of wooden houses, seems, in its present hour of bewilderment unable to find the courage to make a right beginning. Houseless proprietors of lots in their desperation are ready, in opposition to the efforts of the Insurance Companies, to do the first thing that comes convenient to their hands. There is evidently great need for wise legislative action, and we can only trust it will not be wanting in promotion of the permanent welfare of the restored city.

THE GLEANER.

The late Queen of the Netherlands was laid in her coffin dressed in her wedding gown.

Attention has been called to the fact that, apart from Queen Anne and other royal ladies, no woman in England has ever received the honour of a public statue.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught's name has to be included in the list of military inventors. His Royal Highness has submitted more than one of his ideas for the consideration of the Horse Guards, but has not yet succeeded in getting his articles put upon trial.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FUNERAL OF HACKETT.—We present our readers to-day with two pictures illustrative of the sad event. The view of the march along St. James street gives, better than any written description, an idea of the extent and character of the demonstration. There were fully four thousand persons in the procession, of whom nearly one-half were Orangemen. The picture is after a photograph by E. R. Turner, St. Peter street, corner of Craig, at Sawyer's old stand. The other sketch represents the body of the murdered man lying in state at the Orange hall. The engraving has been so done as to present nothing hideous or repulsive. Hackett seems to be asleep, with the floral offerings of his friends and sympathisers lying on his breast. The sketch is from a photograph by Field, Bleury street, near corner of Craig.

MR. WILLIAM PORTER.—In connection with the funeral of the late T. L. Hackett, which we illustrate to-day, so as to complete our record of this melancholy affair, we give the portrait of Mr. William Porter, who was appointed to lead the deputation of Ottawa Orangemen that attended the obsequies. Mr. Porter is a successful contractor, who has been identified with the capital since 1845, and is a representative member of his Order, being W. M. of Lodge 119 and Director of Ceremonies in R. W. Grand Lodge of Ontario. Among the several visiting lodges at the funeral, none bore themselves with more moderation and decorum than the Ottawa delegation.

CATCHING DOGS IN TORONTO.—Being now the height of the dog days, we give a sketch of the latest contrivance for clearing the streets of superfluous dogs. The arrangement, as will be seen, is one of primitive simplicity, but, in the hands of a man grown dexterous by the use of it, wonderfully efficient, with capacity for dogs of any size smaller than an ordinary freight car. All dogs unprovided with the license tag of the City Commissioner (costing seventy-five cents) are "netted" and dropped through a small trap-door in the roof of that funereal, zinc-lined van and taken to the pound to await the possibility of ultimate redemption or an untimely death. Of the dogs already caught ten per cent have been redeemed by the payment to the city of two dollars and fifty cents, the unclaimed "pets" being placed in an air-tight tank where their "little life is rounded by a sleep" produced by the fumes of a charcoal stove. The dog catcher is paid by the day, so that not only is he protected from being bitten, but is deprived of any interest in entering yards and stealing dogs for the purpose of making a good catch, which are among the principal "drawbacks" of the New York system.

EPIGRAMS.

It is not only in literature, but in art as well, that Canadians may complain of their countrymen. We had here almost simultaneously Miss Sallie Holman and Mrs. Oates. The former was almost neglected; the latter drew good houses. And yet Mrs. Oates cannot hold a candle to Miss Holman as a vocalist, while there is so much self-consciousness in her acting as to make it unpleasant. Besides, her "versions" of the comic operas were interspersed with Yankee slang. Miss Holman is a Canadian girl, and had she received the European training which inferior talent has received, would rank with the highest as a singer.

A correspondent who has courted the favour of the public, in a combined literary and artistic way, and whose talents I have already had the pleasure of recognizing, writes in the following doleful strain:—"Encouraging home talent and all that sort of thing is all very well on paper, but experience has taught me that 'no man is a prophet in his own country.' I am prompted to say this by the knowledge of the fact that the little success (however little) which I have gained elsewhere, I could never have met with in Canada. Nor do I say this with an egotistical spirit, but, you know yourself, you won't give a fellow a chance." There are moods of mind in which I would banter my correspondent upon the above lamentation, and then again there are other moods in which I feel that there is more truth than poetry in what he writes.

One fact appears to be established by experience. It is that a writer in Canada, who produces a work that rises in any fashion above the ordinary level, should not content himself with publishing it in this country only. If he does, it is almost certain that his book will be confined to a narrow circulation. The proper course to pursue is to make arrangements for a simultaneous publication in London and Canada, or in the United States and Canada. Our publishing houses in Toronto and Montreal should have such connections in London and New York or Boston as that, when they consider a book worth printing here, they may have it but forth in the latter cities as well. Canadian circulation does not suffice for the life of any book or the reputation of any author; and, what is still more unpleasant to say, Canadian appreciation is not strong nor wide-spread enough to ensure the recognition of a work abroad.

I notice with pleasure that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are awakening to the folly of conferring musical degrees. These have

long been a laughing stock, especially on the continent, where they are unknown among a nation of real artists and composers like the Italians, Germans, and French. One London critic states that the system has discredited music as an art, and that the degrees have become the almost exclusive possession of those who turn them to trade purposes, whose sole ambition is notoriety, and to whom that commodity is sufficiently secured by never omitting the slightest opportunity of appending to their names the magic words "Mus. Doc. Oxon." Professor McFarren, a true musician, says that, in his opinion, all the reasons that prevail against conferring degrees in painting (and these are too obvious to need citation) prevail equally in regard to music, since it is not his amount of knowledge, but his felicity in its application, that constitutes an artist.

And yet there are some authors who have the knack of pushing themselves forward, even in spite of popular disfavour. We had an example in this city, a few weeks ago, in the person of Mr. Charles Gayler. He produced a play called "Love Among the Roses," under the auspices of a much belauded actress and singer, Miss Jennie Hughes. The production was poor in every sense. It had not the slightest literary merit, its dramatic quality was commonplace, its teaching was of questionable taste, and its interpretation by the leading lady only tolerable. The public received it so coldly, that it had to be withdrawn in the middle of the week. And yet the author managed somehow to create the impression here and abroad that his play was successful. Indeed he had made up his mind to conquer success. Huge coloured placards, with artistic designs and figures, were posted all over the city, and otherwise a vast outlay had been staked upon the work. This, of course, must by all means be made good. Hence I shall not be surprised to hear that "Love Among the Roses" is going the rounds of the United States as having met with a triumphal reception at its first representation in Montreal.

Pending the inauguration of the Fraser Institute—alas! a dim contingency—and of the Gibb Gallery of Art, which cannot be opened for at least two years, the public of this city have a capital opportunity of aesthetic schooling and enjoyment in the Lambert Royal Museum. This is really a marvellous collection, which must be seen to be appreciated. I had no conception of its importance until I visited it. The object is to present the public with copies of all the works of all the great galleries of Europe—the Louvre, the Dresden, the Dusseldorf, the Pitti, and others—faithfully reproduced by the autotype process. Three large halls, on three different stories, are lined with these pictures, and the number of them is immense. There are other works of art, with proper decorations and a piano in each hall, and the visitor may view these masterpieces amid real artistic surroundings. On the first floor, after mounting a flight of stairs from the street, are a number of wax figures, after the manner of the Tussaud gallery, where children may learn much of contemporaneous history from life-like presentments. The object of the proprietor is to afford our public an opportunity for both study and pleasure, and I trust that he will receive such encouragement as to persuade him to make his institution a permanent. The entrance fee is really nominal, inasmuch as the twenty-five cents given at the door, besides admitting to all parts of the exhibition, is good for any object of fully that value which the visitor may wish to take along with him. I invite all my friends and readers to go to the Royal Museum, and I know that every one who does so will thank me for the inducement.

A. STEELE PENN.

THE LATE JUSTICE SANBORN.

Mr. Justice Sanborn was born on the 1st January, 1819, at Gilhanton, New Hampshire, his family originally coming from Hampshire, England. Until he was fifteen years of age he remained upon his father's farm, and his father being a man of considerable culture, received a good solid training. His eldest brother, Dyer H., M.A., was one of the most distinguished educationalists in New England; another brother, Edwin D., LL. D., is well known as a teacher and lecturer having been engaged for nearly forty years as Professor of Belles Lettres in Dartmouth college, in which institution the late Judge graduated in 1842. On leaving college Mr. Sanborn came to Sherbrooke, where, for three years, he taught the Academy, when he determined to study the profession of the Law, and became a student of the late Mr. Justice Short, finishing his legal studies with Messrs. A. & W. Robertson, in this city. In January, 1847, he was admitted to practice, and the same year was married to Miss Eleanor Hall Brooks, daughter of the late Samuel Brooks, who for many years represented the county in parliament. In 1853 Mrs. Sanborn died, leaving a family of three children. In 1856 Mr. Sanborn was married to Miss Nancy Judson. Haseltine, of Bradford,

Mass, who died within a short period of the judge's removal to Montreal. For nearly twenty-five years Mr. Sanborn occupied the position of the leading advocate in the St. Francis district. From 1850 to 1854 Mr. Sanborn represented the county of Sherbrooke in parliament, and in the last named year, on the division of the county, was returned for that portion of it known as the county of Compton, for which he sat till 1858. In 1862, on the death of the Hon. Hollis Smith, he was elected by acclamation to represent the division of Wellington in the Legislative Council, and on the expiry of his term was again returned unopposed for another period of eight years. In 1858 Mr. Sanborn associated with himself in his profession his brother-in-law, Mr. E. T. Brooks, M.P., with whom he was connected professionally until called to the Bench in 1873. At Confederation Mr. Sanborn was appointed to the Senate. In 1863 he was made a Queen's Counsel, and was offered the position of Solicitor General in the Sandfield McDonald government, which he declined. Upon the death of Judge Short, so general was the wish of the people of his district that he should be made the resident judge of the Superior Court of the district, that Sir John A. Macdonald's Government at once appointed him to the vacant position, much to the regret of his colleagues in the Senate. A year later, a vacancy occurring in the Court of Queen's Bench, he was elevated to a seat in that tribunal. Judge Sanborn received the *ad eundem* degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1845, and the same was conferred upon him by Bishops College in 1855 and in 1873 the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by Bishops College and in 1874 the degree of LL.D. was given to him by Dartmouth College. Outside his profession and politics, he interested himself with unwearied zeal in the religious and benevolent movements of the day. Commencing as a total abstainer from the use as a beverage of alcoholic drinks, he continued the practice during his whole public life. His identification with the temperance cause led to his being elected President of the Quebec Temperance and Prohibitory League. In Judge Sanborn the Province of Quebec loses one of her most faithful servants, while by the whole of the country he will be remembered for the honorable record which he has left as a member of Parliament, a Senator, a distinguished lawyer, and a juriconsult. The example of his public services and private virtues, is such as may be set before all our young men who aspire to the honour of a useful career.

FREE SALT WATER BATHS.

I lose no time in calling your attention to the free salt water Baths which we are told have been established for the benefit of children in the city of New York. Montreal philanthropists cannot ignore the fact that the mortality which makes the city so exceptional in summer is that of children under 5 years. Therefore let them act in accordance with their knowledge. Let us have the free baths at the expense of the community and carefully note results, the expense will positively be insignificant. Salt-water—nurses and wash-tubs comprise the whole matter, and as no one handles a child so judiciously as its own mother, the expense for nurses is mainly comprised in the item "superintendance." Let us wake up, and see if something cannot be done to put Montreal in the place she ought to hold among the great cities of the world.

CANADENSIS.

VARIETIES.

MEISSONIER.—Meissonier, for many years has not taken an order for a picture. He paints what he likes and when he likes, and then turns over his canvas to his friend, M. Francis Petit, of No. 7 Rue St. Georges, Paris, who finds a market for it. M. Petit has the reputation of being, perhaps, the most accomplished and honorable art expert in Europe. He sells only the most important works. Celebrated artists, as a rule, do not like to fill orders from a private customer, because they do not like to hear amateur criticisms, and do not care to alter a picture to suit the caprices of private buyers. They prefer to fill the orders of art dealers, who usually receive the finished work without unfavorable comment, and display it in the presence of a variety of tastes and opinions, some of which it is almost sure to suit.

GLADSTONE.—Gladstone is six feet high, and carries his head erect and thrown somewhat back, which adds to his stature, apparently. His figure is well developed, muscular and large boned, and his weight somewhere about one

hundred and ninety pounds. His eyes are full of fire, deep-set and keen. His cheek-bones are high and his jaws are broad, and somewhat bold—typical of his Scotch ancestry and descent. His general contour is easy, though angular. His complexion his swathy, and indicates a predisposition towards biliousness. He neither dresses well nor neatly. He wears high quarter shoes that are almost slovenly, and a hat that is hungry for a good brushing. In the style of his shirt-collar, Mr. Gladstone is peculiar. The Great Commoner affects a flowing style of linen side-brands, that are constantly in play with his tireless jaw-bones. As a whole, he would not strike the looker-on as an exceptional man. His walk and his talk, however, are strong.

THE LARGEST KNOWN DIAMONDS.—It is very easy now to make out which is the largest diamond in existence. Two are mentioned as entitled to the honour—the Braganza, in the crown of Portugal, and one which belongs to the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. The Portuguese jewel is of doubtful quality. It weighs 1,680 carats, and is the size of a hen's egg, but is believed to be only a white topaz. The Portuguese Government withhold any information on the subject, but if it is genuine it is worth nearly \$300,000,000. The Borneo gem was found on the Island, about 120 years ago, and weighs 367 carats. A Governor of Batavia is said to have offered \$150,000 and two men-of-war without success, and though many battles have been fought over it, the Rajah regards it as a talisman, and is still in the possession of the same family. The Orloff diamond in the Russian Imperial sceptre weighs 194½ carats; Catherine II. gave \$350,000 for it, and pensioned the merchant who brought it to her at \$20,000 a year. It is not cut to advantage, and another among Russian crown jewels, which weighs 86 carats, is but partly cut. The famous diamond which the Regent Orleans bought from Governor Pitt for \$675,000 formerly weighed 410 carats, but was reduced by cutting to 163½. The Duke of Westminster has one which was reduced by cutting from 80 78 carats. But the most prominent example of the kind is afforded by the recent history of the Koh-i-noor, which weighed 186 carats when it arrived in England, and lost 80 by cutting in 1851. The ancient regalia of the Visigothic kings in the Hotel Cluny, the so-called sword of Charlemagne in the Louvre, the ruby in the English crown at the Tower, are not less beautiful because they look a little rough. The great jewel wearers and collectors, the rajahs of India, seldom have their diamonds cut into regular forms and the Koh-i-noor was no exception. Its history may be traced for nearly 2,000 years, and it seems at some remote period it weighed 755½ carats; but that Shah Jehan had it cut by a Venetian in his service, who contrived to reduce it to the 186 which it weighed when it reached England.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. LEE. AIMEE will probably sing in "La Margolaine" next season.

CAPOLLI is said to cherish a conviction that the halcyon days of grand Italian opera are over.

ADELINA PATTI is at work on a new character, which has not yet been announced.

ERHARD, the well-known pianoforte maker at Vienna, has invented a mechanism rendering it possible to prolong the sound of each note of the piano.

M. LEE. MARIE SASS is coming to this country next season. She is a lyric artist of great breadth and finish.

At the first visit of a certain English opera company to Dublin some years ago, the prices of the "popular" parts of the house were raised for the occasion. The principal tenor, who had a very poor voice, had not proceeded far with his first solo when there came a solitary wail from above—"Och, my eighteenthpence!"

ELEKA GERSTER is the name of a new musical star who is just coming into note in Europe. She sang a month ago for the first time, and has since vaulted from obscurity to fame. Scarcely anybody, except a few musicians, had heard a word about her, and when she came on the stage as *Amino* in "Sommambula," she met with no "reception" whatever. It was a very different story before she got through her evening's work. The audience at once recognized the fact that a great star had appeared, and the moment that it was telegraphed over Europe that she had made a great success engagements poured in upon her from Paris, St. Petersburg and Vienna, in which cities she is to take up the repertoire hitherto filled by Patti.

LITERARY.

LORD LYTON is reported to be the writer of "The Chevalry Novels."

MR. WILLIAM BLADES has prepared a work on the biography and typography of William Caxton, which has been issued in appropriate binding, and forms an elegant memorial of the present celebration.

PROF. BLACKIE has in the press a poem in ten cantos, on the Wise Men of Greece. The subjects of the cantos are Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Thales, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Aristodemus, the death of Socrates, Aristippus, and Plato.

JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, has just entered his sixty-second year. He claims to be a lineal descendant of Hans Sachs, the old shoemaker-poet of Nuremberg, who was an ancestor of the famous Marshal Saxe, whose glory culminated in one of his descendants, "George Saxe."

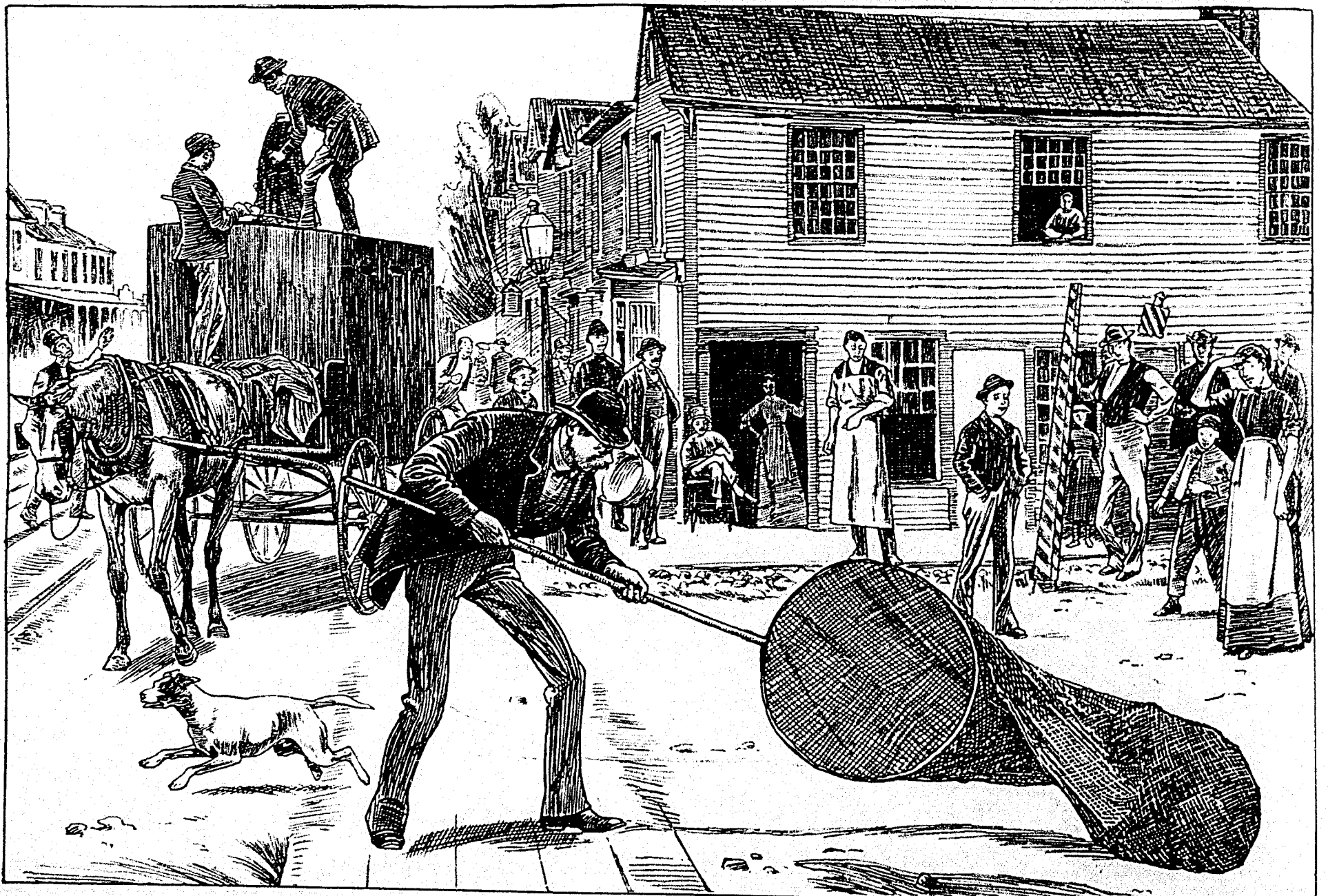
BERTHOLD AUERBACH, author of "On the Heights" and the "Village Tales," is a notable figure among the Berlin literati. As you glance at the bright eyes, the ruddy, bronzed complexion, and the well-knit figure, you will hardly believe that Auerbach but recently celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday, for, in spite of his grey hair—a little thin at the forehead—and beard, he does not look a day over fifty. He is a capital talker, and the bright sayings which he scatters about so lavishly would keep an average book maker busy for at least a year. Auerbach writes but little for the newspapers.



THE LATE JUDGE SANBORN.



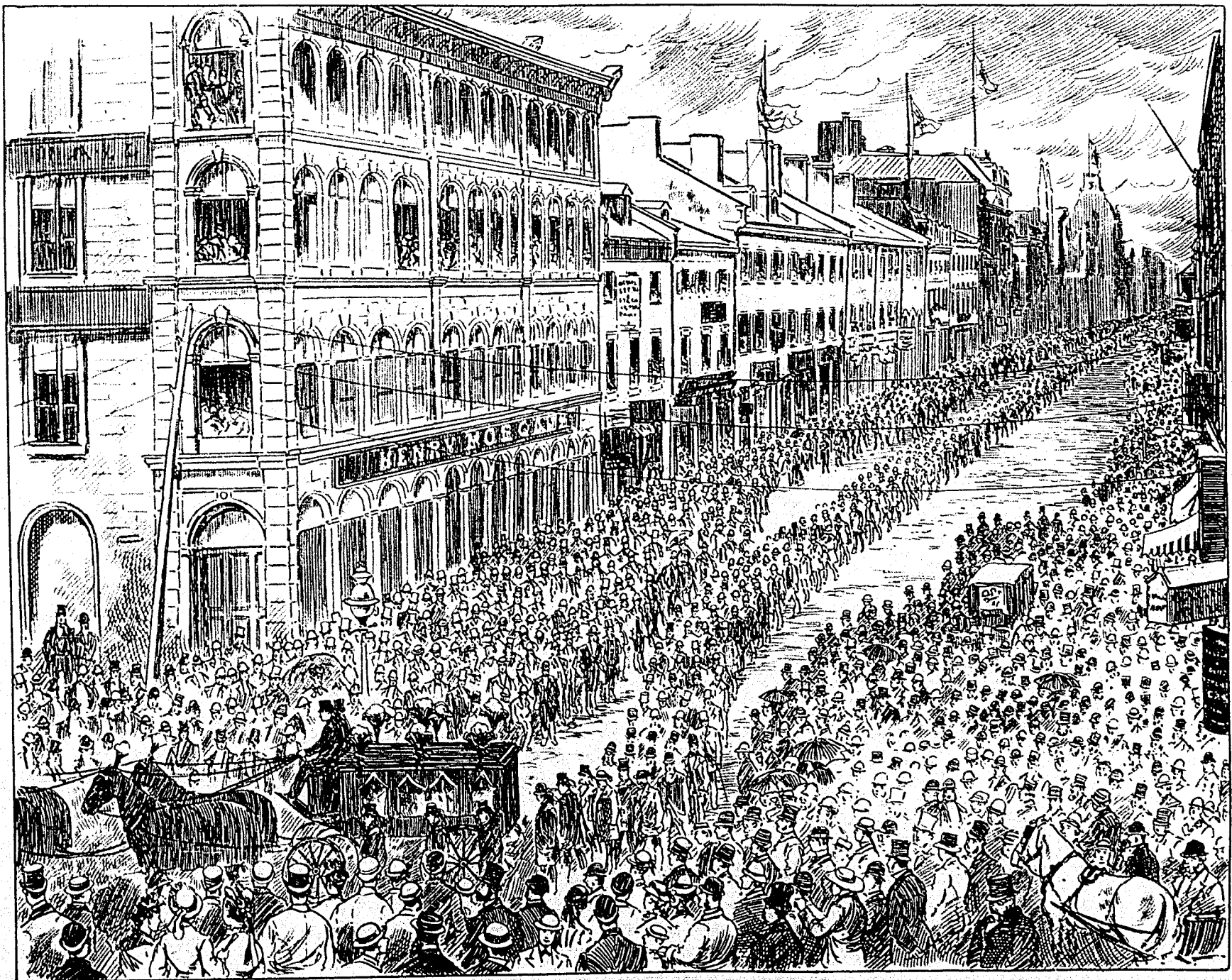
MR. WILLIAM PORTER, OTTAWA.



TORONTO.—THE DOG-CATCHING SEASON.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.



MONTREAL.—THE BODY OF THE LATE MR. HACKETT LYING IN STATE.



MONTREAL.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE T. L. HACKETT AS SEEN COMING DOWN ST. JAMES STREET. THE HEARSE TURNING INTO VICTORIA SQUARE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. R. TURNER.

BOOKS PRIOR TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

The two fac-simile pages which we have reproduced this week are from a couple of volumes of the 13th century, lately exhibited at the Caxton Celebration Exhibition, held in this City, in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton, and deserve more than a passing notice, as among the number exhibited they were notable as representing the two styles of writing then in vogue, and are among the finest specimens now extant, both as to preservation and character of the Augustan age of Caligraphic literature. Such monuments of the past exist in very small numbers, and smaller still in such perfect preservation as the two volumes we have before us. The labour attending the production of a book, prior to the art of printing, cannot be better presented to us than by the pages we illustrate, and as some facts remain of record relative to the work entailed, it may not be uninteresting to recapitulate them.

In the early days of Greece, when literature was so much encouraged, it is not surprising to find that the art of book-making was taken hold of by a large class of the community. First, we have a body of men whose duty it was to prepare parchment and vellum that its surface might be utilized for writing. A second body of men were required as writers or copyists, and a third as bookbinders, who usually acted as booksellers.

It required for these professions men of ability and learning, and it is a well-known fact that Demosthenes began life as a parchment maker, then copyist; it is to this latter trade that he owes his celebrity, as he himself admits that having written eight transcriptions successively of the text of Thucydides, he formed his almost inimitable style of clear diction so characteristic of his writings and speeches. It may thus be well surmised that the art of book making was brought to great perfection, and under the enlightened rulers of the people, so much encouraged that we would infer, at this distant day, we are far behind that age in our appreciation of books and their contents, though not behind them in our collecting mania, as bibliomanias seem to have been as prevalent then as now, for did not "Platon" pay 9000 francs for three small tracts written by Philolaus of Crotona; and Aristotle purchased the library of Zeuxippe, consisting of a very few volumes, for 16,000 francs. In fact, the mania was so great that it had to be met by a contrary remedy, scribes finding it impossible to supply the demand; circulating libraries were formed, and books loaned, at what would now be considered fabulous prices—biblioplists thus having an advantage over those of our times by receiving interest on their large outlays for uncommon books, this feature of bibliomania being one which the introduction of the printing press has eradicated. Rome, which followed in the wake of Greece, seems to have made some innovations in book making, probably engendered by the want of learned men to undertake the various branches, for we find that the three distinct trades of the Greeks are merged into a single hand, who was called "librarian." However, as the demand for books increased the trade of the "librarian" became divided into copyists (*scriptor librarius*) and booksellers (*bibliopolas*), the copyists doing their work in a large hall, under the dictation of a reader, a time-saving though laborious duty, but accomplishing the object it had in view most effectually. The copyists were paid by the "hundred lines," the reader, being a Government official, received a stated salary, the owner of the copyright, in his turn, paying royalty to the Government on each copy thus obtained. It may not be uninteresting to mention that from this system had our origin of "Schools."

In the days of the Caesars, and during their epoch, books were made in rolls, each page being glued together at the bottom, in the form of petitions as written in the present day, and the last leaf solidly attached to a cover of ebony wood, usually highly ornamented with precious stones and metals, the button invariably consisting of gold and precious stones, according to the caprice of the owner. It may, therefore, well be inferred that it was not only requisite that a bookseller (who usually was the publisher) should possess intellectual discernment, but also great wealth to cope with the fashions of the periods, as may be judged from the fact that Pliny was offered \$12,000 for a copyright, which he refused, preferring to publish his own works. From elaborate ornamentation of the covers it was but a thought to advance the interior of the work itself, the first change being effected in the vellum. Hitherto parchment was merely scraped and sized; it was now suggested that colouring might improve the appearance, consequently, each leaf was more carefully prepared, and dyed with a bright though light shade of purple, which was adopted, as most pleasing to royalty, and then finished off with cedar oil, to which latter process we owe the retention of the beautiful fresh appearance of the parchment in the books we have now before us. The next step was the illuminating of the initial letter of each chapter in vermilion or cinnamon colour, which remained in constant use during a period of 1500 years, only ceasing with the rapid improvements inaugurated by the printing press, when the work of the "illuminator," which became a separate branch from that of the "copyist," was no longer serviceable, and dropped.

It naturally followed that the embellishment, afforded by the introduction of one colour, soon gave way to a more extended use, illustrations and pictorial pages being inserted here and there. It, however, is generally conceded that the Greeks were the first to adopt hand coloured illustrations, as explanatory of their writings. Pliny mentions Metrodorus, Cretevas, and Dionysius, illustrating their joint medical works by a profuse representation of plants, but it does not seem that any general use of illustrating was adopted until the reign of Nero, when Varro wrote a treatise on the subject, which had great weight in causing its general adoption. About the beginning of the third century initial letters were first made of gold, and in the ninth century the use of it had become so great, that a pictorial bible, prepared for "Charles the Bald" of France, may, literally, be said to be of solid gold, fragments of the work being yet in existence in the archives of the "Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris;" there is also in the possession of the cathedral at Puy, a "New Testament," written on ordinary vellum, in alternate black, red and gold letters, and a part written on purple vellum in gold and silver letters, the capitals being most elaborate, and of a byzantine character; this is also of workmanship of the ninth century. It is a well authenticated fact that a copy of the "Evangelists," written at this period, in gold letters, was also bound in solid gold, weighing 15 lbs., and ornamented with precious stones.

Under Charlemagne the art was much encouraged in France, and though chiefly in the hands of the "Monasteries," it was found to be so profitable that lay monks were educated, whose sole duty it was to act as copyists. Their workmanship was not so gaudily illustrated as adopted in the "East," but yet it was of a costly nature. It was further a law of the realm that each Abbé, Bishop and Count, should have in his service a notary or secretary, who must be able to write correctly and in latin letters, which form of letter was ordained by Charlemagne to be used in all works relative to the Holy Scriptures. It might not be uninteresting to mention the progress of elongating capitals, which in the decline of the art of illuminating, as money became scarcer and dearer, gradually receded to their first proportions. Prior to the sixth century, it has already been mentioned that capitals or initial letters were formed of a size larger than the ordinary letters, and were of one colour, usually vermilion; in the sixth century the capitals were of the same size, but of different colours. In the seventh century the hand of the illuminator freed itself, and issued into more frequent capitals, some occupying the whole of a page in ornamentation, which at the ninth century consisted of representation of animals, birds, or human designs, so ingeniously wafted into the capital letters, that we are led away by the belief that it would have been impossible to have formed the letter otherwise. As an illustration, we might mention having seen a volume of this period in which the letter H was formed by two human beings—man and woman—dressed in Roman character, standing facing each other, with the leg raised so as to form an equal height, thus forming the bar of the H, the feet resting on an urn, from which sweet incense is rising. The letter T is likewise formed by a wolf, standing upright on his two hind feet, holding in his mouth a stick, to which is suspended at each end a "cock." This was followed by, perhaps, the most appropriate and handsome form of letter yet adopted, consisting of "marquetry" work, done in different colours, and so finished as to present, even at this day, a high enamel surface—of this class the "Dominical Benedictions," of which we present a fac-simile page, is a most beautiful specimen; the colours throughout the book harmonize and blend so well together, that it is a real pleasure to the eye to scan its pages, and it is quite a relief to the profuse use of gold, with which each page is enriched, that this introduction of other colors affords: from this period, the thirteenth century, gold was gradually allowed to fall into disuse, and be supplemented by colours far better adapted to books and less costly.

It is remarkable how proficient our ancestors were in the art of enamelling; as in this volume each letter, whether of gold or colours, is so glossy as to present the aspect of a raised letter, the gold being laid on in solid scales, the whole now presenting as bright and fresh an appearance as the day it was first illuminated. It is confidently asserted that this process of enamelling is entirely lost to the present generation. The book, as its title implies, gives full instructions and particulars in the various ceremonies necessary to the Roman Catholic church, introducing in a full page and a half the music of a Psalm, which is indicative of the music of the day is quaint and curious in the extreme: the absence of clefs, bars, measures, rests, division of notes, and the staff consisting of four lines only, at once renders incomprehensible the manner and practice of music at that epoch. The music is accompanied by words of the Psalm, each semibreve representing a word. From the first attempt in the volume at abbreviations being here made, we would infer that to music may be attributed the origin of that most objectionable feature of the literature of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, consisting of unnecessary abbreviations of words, which, in some cases are so frequent, as to render the reading of a book of that period a great task, and anything but a pleasant pastime. The book is a folio of 180 pages, each leaf being a sheet of

pure white parchment, consisting of twenty-one lines, written in a composition ink of a brownish black, with occasional lines in vermilion ink. Here and there interspersed, as shown in the fac-simile, are illuminated letters of various sizes and designs.

We now dismiss the "Dominical Benedictions" of Latin manufacture, and turn to the "New Testament," a contemporary volume, but of German hands. This book is a marvel of the patience exhibited by the copyist, who, on a computation, must have taken at least two years steady and close application in its preparation. The work is written in an exceedingly neat gothic letter, perfectly uniform throughout, and in double columns. The initial letter beginning the chapters is enlarged and illuminated in various colours, but of a like design, the scroll or ornamentation being generally carried above and below the body of the letter occupying the whole margin of the page; this embellishment has certainly a very pretty effect, and we cannot but commend the good taste of the writer in choosing for himself a new style of lettering and embellishing, so much better adapted to the "Holy Scriptures" than the gaudy and flippant character prevailing at the period, and which is so well shown in the "Dominical Benedictions." Another striking feature is the vellum on which the book is written; it consists of a carefully prepared sheet, so kid-like and fine, that it has every appearance at first sight and feel of thin tissue paper, the finish of pumice stone and cedar oil tending to this silken character. The writing is in Indian or sepia ink, and as black to-day as the day it was first written. Each page had a heading in Roman letter of different colours denoting the respective Gospels and Epistles. The chapters are numbered (probably a first instance of this division, as the Scriptures are said to have been divided into chapters by Cardinal Hugo, of Germany, in the thirteenth century), and run continuously, being undivided into verse; it consists of 154 pages of 51 lines each, without an error or erasure, and perfectly legible. The volume is a small octavo, and its value may be judged from the fact, quoted in Eadie's "Biblical Cyclopaedia," that in the reign of Edward I. of England, about the year 1250, the price of a fairly written bible was thirty-seven pounds, equivalent to a present valuation of £2,220 sterling, taking the value of a laborer's services at 7s. 6d. per diem, as compared with his then wages of 14d. A laborer would thus have had to give 154 years steady toil to acquire a single volume of the Scriptures, which he can now obtain for a sixpence. Such is the relative bearing of our days of civilization with the epoch of this "Testament." G. E. H.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"THAT'S the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

It is said that the kind mothers of the East are grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

WHILE woman was made the equal of man, he was made dissimilar, and was found to be subject to him, and not for him to be subject to her.

"AS soon as the novelty wears off," sententiously observed Mr. Bloggs, "a man never wakes up a baby for the purpose of making it laugh."

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady of her portionless niece. "I suppose, aunt, it is because I'm not a good match," meekly replied the poor niece.

A CERTAIN young lady boasts of having ten grown-up brothers to watch over her; but a certain other young lady prefers to have only one brother to watch over her—provided he is the brother of some other girl.

AMOROUS pedagogue: "Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" Jane: "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." Snobbs: "Nonsense!—speak out." Jane: "I like U because it always comes after T."

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover—"Now, George, don't you fail to be at the Nightingales' Retreat to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Worcester's Unabridged—there's no such word as 'fale.'"

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A COUPLE celebrated their silver wedding the other day, of whom it was said that they never exchanged a harsh word during their wedded life of twenty-five years. The most incredulous will believe it when it is stated that they are deaf mutes.

At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a by-stander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma.

LADIES who take young girls into their service will not be doing their duty to the young people under their care if they do not endeavor to occupy and amuse them rationally in their leisure hours; if they do not guard them from evil, and encourage them by advice and example to go on in the good way in which they had been brought up.

"MY LOVE," said Mrs. Fozzle to her husband, "oblige me with five pounds to-day, to purchase a new dress?" "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes; you called me a bear yesterday!"—"Law, love, that was nothing; I only meant 'ba' it you were very fond of hugging." "You're a saucy little puss," (sound heard very much like kissing), "but here's a five pound note."

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

THERE is an evil fashion of speech and theory that a man's love for a woman lasts better and is stronger if he is never fully assured of hers for him. This is a base and shallow theory. Nothing under heaven can so touch, so hold, so make eternally sure the tenderness, the loyalty, the passion of a manly man as a consciousness in every act of life that the woman he has chosen for his wife lives for him and in him absorbingly.

Men and women often say "Yes" when they ought to say "No," for want of consideration. A young man offers his hand in marriage to a young woman, and, if she would only stop to inquire, she would find that he is a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, who will never make her happy, and that a union with him must entail upon her untold miseries. But, because he is good-looking, or has a plausible tongue, and pleads his case eloquently, or because she thinks she may never have another chance, she says "Yes" to his proposal, and walks in darkness and gloom all the rest of her life.

ORIGINAL SCRAPS.

Why is the *Fortnightly Review* published monthly?—Give it up.

The Honest Watch Dog was not the only "barker" to be seen on the 12th.

The Americans say that Josephus Orange Blossom is a British subject.

Wanted, a map of the seat of war that will explain the seat of future operations.

A suit that will never wear out. The celebrated million dollar Tweed suit.

A carpenter thinks the rule to live by ought to measure twelve inches to the foot.

What's the difference between the Mayor and the Aldermen?—Two thousand dollars a year.

A reader suggests that St. François Xavier Street be re-named, and called the street of Bons secure.

When is the Board of Health most likely to be pitted? When the small-pox breaks out again.

The hazy aspect of United States politics have become less hazy since Hayes hazarded his new policy.

Why is the Craig Street tunnel likely to become an intolerable nuisance? Because it is a growing bore.

"Why is the Montreal Police Force below par?" asked a visitor from Kingston. "Because its coppers isn't worth a cent."

An inflammatory newspaper's sheets should be first soaked in nitrate of ammonia before they come from the press.

"Can you give me any work?" said an unemployed labourer to an Alderman. "Why?" "Because the city owes me a living."

"Did you ever see an operation?" asked a medical student of a young broker. "No, but I've bled freely at many a speculation."

Did you ever see a short-hand reporter boasting he could write two hundred and thirty words a minute who could read his own notes?

"Whose system do you use in reporting?" asked a young reporter to another. "Hav'n't got any any system," replied his friend.

The American office seekers who hung around the ex-President in London invariably commenced their petitions with "Grant, we beseech thee."

"Is there anything new?" said a reporter of a cotem to a *Gazette* man the other day. "Yes," replied the other, "I didn't notice a single item stolen from our paper to-day."

"Can yer change a ten dollar bill?" said a seedy passenger to the conductor of a St. Catherine Street car. "Well, I guess so," he replied. "Glad to hear it," returned the passenger, coolly. "I always thought that this comp'ny was a bloated monopoly, and I ain't goin' to encourage it—I hav'n't got five cents anyway."

ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

I.

In full view of the city of Montreal, within easy range of sling or arquebuse, lies St. Helen's Island, which may be pronounced, without exaggeration, the most beautiful pleasure ground on the American continent. It combines within itself a number of attractions which cannot be found elsewhere. Whether we consider its historical associations, its picturesque scenery, its healthy location, its easy access, or the important future reserved to it, in connection with the commercial expansion of the metropolis of Canada, we cannot too highly prize its acquisition by the city as a place of public resort. The writer, who assisted at its inauguration as a park in the early summer of 1873, and who has been a constant visitor to its shores in every successive season, has been so impressed with this fact that he judges it only right to make known the beautiful river park to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in all parts of the country.

The island derives its name from Hélène Boulé, the handsome young wife of Champlain. It is asserted by some that the founder of Quebec designated it thus merely as a compliment to her on his first visit to the village of Hochelaga, in 1620, but others declare that he became the first proprietor of the island, the purchase money being furnished from his wife's dowry. Hélène Boulé was only twenty-five years of age when she came to Canada, and after the death of her illustrious husband, she returned to France, where she spent the rest of her days in the solitude of a convent.

In 1688, after the establishment of Montreal, the island having become a property of importance, it was included, by letters patent of the King of France, in the seigniorie of Longueuil, and thus became associated with the illustrious family of the Lemoynes, whose fame has been made world-wide by the exploits of the two brothers—Iberville, the founder of New Orleans, and Bienville, the father of Mobile.

Later, the direct male line of the Longueuil seigniors having died out, the domain of St. Helen's Island passed into the hands of the Colonel Grant, of Blairfindie, who married the last baroness. They both inhabited the island for some years, and our old residents still remember a number of anecdotes about them.

During the early times no precautions were taken to fortify St. Helen's Island. The only enemies which the colony of Montreal had to encounter were the Iroquois, and their hostile expeditions generally came from the land side.

During the great war of 1759-60, which resulted in the conquest of Canada, St. Helen's Island was used as a strategic point of importance, and the ruins of the old French fortifications, commanding the rapids at the foot of the current, are still visible to some extent; but we have no information which would lead us to infer that the batteries there planted were ever brought into action.

In connection, however, with this memorable war, there is a dramatic incident of which the island was the theatre. It may be regarded as the last episode of the French defeat. After having fought with Montcalm at the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759, the Chevalier Levis rallied the remnants of the French army and gave Murray battle at St. Foye, in April, 1760, winning a brilliant victory. But Murray retreated into Quebec, closed the gates, and with the arrival of the fleet from England, a few days later, was enabled to bid his conqueror defiance. The brave Levis was then obliged to retreat to Montreal, where he found everything in confusion, and where, several weeks later, Vaudreuil, the Governor of the Province, signed the celebrated treaty which handed over Canada to the dominion of Great Britain. Levis strove hard to obtain for his army the honours of war, which, considering their valour and misfortunes, the English general should have granted; but, not succeeding in this, he withdrew sullenly to St. Helen's Island. There, on a dark night, a sublime scene was enacted, a fit subject for an historical picture, which some of our native artists should undertake to paint. He caused a great fire to be lighted in the centre of the island, and, gathering his troops in the surrounding gloom, ordered the standards to be brought forward. Then, drawing his sword as a signal, the work of destruction began. After a military salute, and amid the shedding of many tears, the staffs of the battle flags were snapped, the silken emblems torn from their fastenings, and the whole was thrown upon the funeral pyre. In a moment the flames had consumed everything. The army of Levis, on the dawn of the next day, was a prisoner, but all its trophies were consumed.

II.

During the American invasion of Canada, in 1775-76, St. Helen's Island figured on only one occasion. It was in the beginning of November of the former year, when Governor Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, attempted to cross from Montreal to the vicinity of Longueuil in boats, in order to march to the assistance of St. Johns, which was then on the point of falling into the hands of Montgomery. On reaching the south shore of the St. Lawrence, Carleton was suddenly confronted by a body of Continental troops, who had advanced in that direction, after the capture of Chambly. So great was the surprise that his troops were thrown into confusion, and he had to beat a hasty retreat. For greater safety, many of his boats rowed directly to St. Helen's Island, where they were out of

reach of the American musketry, and where the men could take shelter in the dense woods until they were quietly transported back to Montreal.

In 1807, when a war with the United States was again looming up, Great Britain realized the importance of the island as a strategic base, and acquired the possession of it from the Longueuil family. Several redoubts were then built upon it, and notably the blockhouse on the highest part of the island, which exists to this day.

It was at this epoch also that the present barracks were built, as also the powder magazine, store-house, and military prison. From that time downward the island was a post of the Montreal garrison, and was always a favourite residence for officers and their families. In the fifty ensuing years, some of the highest names on the army annals of Great Britain were connected with the beautiful little island.

In later days the grounds were used for target practice, and every regiment in turn spent weeks there for the purpose of going through this exercise.

In 1870, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur spent a fortnight there with his battalion.

When the troops were withdrawn from the country, six or seven years ago, the island became the property of the Dominion Government, and was devoted exclusively to militia purposes. There one of the companies of the Red River Expedition went into garrison after returning from the North-West. Since then a detachment of the well-known B Battery has been stationed there. A disastrous fire destroyed a portion of the barracks last year, but sufficient remains for all practical purposes.

In 1873 the island was ceded to the city, under certain conditions, as a pleasure ground. The soldier has disappeared, the cannon is silent. Nothing remains but the military traditions of the island, but the military works are fenced in from the rest of the grounds, and if necessity should arise, the batteries on the north-west elevation may still be brought into requisition.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

VI.

TWO INVASIONS.—THE LOBSTER AND SALMON QUESTION.—ITS PRACTICAL BEARING.

In the year 1775, there was trouble in this Canada of ours; our worthy neighbours, the "Bastonnais" were seized with an irresistible craving to improve our social condition. We were supposed to be flagging, pining away, under a King—longing for the freedom, more properly, the license a republic brings among other blessings. The grand panacea to cure all our colonial evils, was republican institutions. How much suffering from cold—fatigue—hunger; how many privations, our trusty and well beloved cousins endured in their disinterested efforts to regenerate Canada, I shall not here rehearse; the dismal tale I have unfolded elsewhere. The invasion of 1775 was a *fiasco*—a very complete one; it did not pay.

One century later, the Province, at least that portion entered by the *Baie des Chaleurs*, is again invaded; our intelligent neighbours, this time not devastating our farm or poultry yards—no homes, except those of the lobsters and salmon, are to be invaded: our good friends are not come to regenerate us, but to enrich themselves—this second invasion will pay.

Until last fall, the New Brunswick side of Baie des Chaleurs was studded with lobster and salmon establishments, worked by 'cute Americans, intent on teaching the Blue-Noses how much hidden wealth lies imbedded, unrevealed, profitless in the river St. Lawrence. They fished—they netted—they trapped every living thing the beach possessed, having the shape of a lobster, "provided it was nine inches long," without despoising salmon. For some cause or other the Americans have crossed the bay to the Canada side, where they leased fishing grounds and built thereon factories; at the present moment, they are spreading in all directions hard cash. American companies have now at least five fishing stands on the Canada side, in addition to their chief place of business and export, New Mills, Near Dalhousie, N.B. Their spirit of enterprise has found vent at Carleton, Marie, Caplan, Bonaventure, and within a few weeks, at Port Daniel, twenty miles lower than the great emporium of trade, Paspbiac. This latter establishment I was shown over, by the worthy mayor of Port Daniel, who seemed to take a most legitimate pride in this new source of prosperity for the municipality over which he has presided as Mayor for the last thirty years. I shall have a word to say hereafter about this enlightened civic magistrate.

The canning of lobsters and salmon at Port Daniel is worthy of some notice. The factory, a plain wooden building, provided with chimneys, ovens, ventilators, hydraulic power, etc., is 100 feet by 30—on a small point formed by a brook, whose water is pumped in the building. The internal management seemed admirable as to system, time and economy;—no useless gossiping allowed; no profane language; men, boys, girls, each at their allotted task. Naturally the lighter duty devolves on the young girls, who get 40 cents per day; the full grown men get from \$20 to \$30 per month, according to their experience, knowledge and ability. Foreman, clerk and workmen all labour together; no drones in the hive. When the clerk is

not engaged at figures, he is to be seen with apron on, in the roughest work the factory offers.

Before beginning operations, the "Boss," as he is named, called on the owners of salmon nets, settled in writing with them the price they could sell their salmon at, viz.: 43 cents the pound; lobsters were to fetch 23 cents per pound, when the fisherman furnished their own traps. A lobster trap is a strange apparatus. It represents, in shape, the half of a cylinder; light lathes—about three feet long—nailed round the halves of a hoop. At each end there is a piece of net: in the centre an aperture through which the lobster crawls in, tail foremost of course, with one claw lapped over the other; this aperture forms a species of tunnel; once inside it is impossible for the crustacean to find his way out. The companies sometimes furnish the lobster traps, sometimes they don't: when they do, one-third of the catch is first applied to pay for the use of their traps, baited with clams, herring, caplan. On the 8th June instant, the catch for that morning amounted to five tons of lobster, representing about 2,500 individuals. None but fresh, live lobsters are received, and the care with which they are prepared for the cans, and the precision used in making the cans air-tight, are striking. The first boil the lobster goes through is intended to detach the flesh from the shell; when hermetically sealed, the cans are again immersed in hot water and boiled; each vessel contains one pound exactly, and is expected to fetch from 15 to 20 cents wholesale, and 25 cents retail.

The only point on which we cannot chime in with these enterprising Americans, is that of passing off our delicious salmon and lobsters for United States fish, through the printed labels, and trade marks attached to each can. However, if our own folks are lacking in the enterprise necessary to realize profit, from the wealth of our own waters, it would be a kind of dog-in-the-manger policy should we object to their coming in our midst. Success say we to American enterprise! A canny Scot of Port Daniel, Mr. Miller, leased the company this land, as a fish station, asking merely a nominal rent for the lot, provided he was allowed to have all the offal as fish manure for his meadows and potatoe ground. The lobster's offal, as a fertilizer, is said to be unrivalled, and the effluvia arising therefrom, in the dog days, after a while gets to be less intolerable. *Gaspesia* is the land of loud smells: all know.

All canned fish is removed in boats to a small steamer the company owns. It may be "a joy for ever"—it is not "a thing of beauty." This black odoriferous craft is picturesquely ugly. It strikes us, it might travel lobster fashion, stern or stern on. However it answers its object and that is the main point.

(1) "The company pays 35 cents per hundred weight, right out of the sea, which will come to about 2½ cents per lb. in tin. The factory during June have put up over 50,000 lbs. of lobster and salmon; it makes shipments every week. At the end of June a schooner took 250 boxes of 4 dozen cans in each box, to the Allan line agent at Quebec, to be sent by one of their steamers to Liverpool; they keep posted in the best markets, whether in Europe or the United States."

W. M.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LABOUR.—Labour, though it was at first inflicted as a curse, seems to be the gentlest of all punishments, and is fruitful of a thousand blessings; the same Providence which permits diseases, produces remedies; when it sends sorrows, it often sends friends and supporters; if it gives a scanty income, it gives good sense, and knowledge, and contentment, which love to dwell under homely roofs; with sickness come humility and repentance, and piety; and affliction and grace walk hand in hand.

WORTH.—The name of a country may be obliterated from a map, the deeds of heroes be effaced from the annals of the world—the pursuit of truth can only cease when man is no more; its light may be veiled by ignorance, craft, or cupidity, but it cannot be extinguished. The cities that gave birth to the illustrious philosophers of old have long ceased to exist—yet the immortal works of those sages that have escaped the ravages of time are still fresh and luxuriant, as when their glorious oratory enchanted their disciples' ears.

CHARITY.—If the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.

A HINT.—How much valuable and useful information of the actual existing state of arts and knowledge at any period might be transmitted to posterity in a distinct, tangible, and imperishable form, if, instead of the absurd and useless deposition of a few coins and medals under the foundations of buildings, specimens of ingenious implements, or condensed statements of scientific truths, or processes in arts and manufactures, were substituted! Will books infallibly preserve to a remote posterity all that we may desire should be hereafter known of our-

selves and our discoveries, or all that posterity would wish to know? And may not a useless ceremony be thus transformed into an act of enrolment in a perpetual archive, of what we most prize, and acknowledge to be most valuable?

"WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."—Of all the words to conjure with these are the most powerful, and help the soul over the rough pass of absence with the firmest and most consoling touch. Nothing equals them for power of comfort—not even the knowledge that the dear absent ones are happy; and, to those who love truly, they work as a charm on a wound, soothing the pain of the smart if it cannot close the gaping edges. "We shall meet again." Seas may be between the loving, and distance may lengthen time into what seems an unbearable extent; but "we shall meet again" sounds like the far-off voice of the watch-dog when the wanderer is lost in the darkness of the pathless moor or the bewildering depths of the lonely wood. It is a voice that guides him to the safe security of home, and is an earnest of the reward to come when the weary journey is over.

A LITTLE CHILD.—A glittering golden sunbeam, an emblem of faith, love, purity, truth, humility, innocence, and simplicity; little creature of merriment, full of confidence and unflinching, implicit trust, courageous, dauntless, and fearless, the very embodiment of kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and affection; little restless spirit of joy, flitting as a bird, here, there, and everywhere; happy little tyrant and conqueror; a little wingless angel, ceaseless object of care and anxious solicitude; a seedling for good or bad fruit; a gentle and reproving monitor, perpetual reminder that this earthly life is probationary only; a mirror of life reflecting all its various dispositions and tendencies; little messenger from God, a test of our trusteeship and stewardship, a talent to be accounted for; an indefatigable seeker after knowledge; little creature of imagination in the highest degree; little philosopher, ever questioning "why and wherefore," "cause and effect"; a willing listener and apt scholar, with little ears only too ready and little eyes only too open, and possessing a mind capable of the slightest impression for good or for ill; sensitive and fragile as a delicate plant, easily distorted or bent, and speedily broken; the harbinger of peace; a little physician, healing all wounds, and diffusing comfort; a ray of sunshine on our rugged path, here this instant, gone the next, by its absence rendering darkness darker, creating a void, a blank, a rent in the heart that nothing can fill or heal, leaving behind a terrible unutterable stillness and solitude.

HUMOROUS.

THE MOST RECENT CASE OF absence of mind is that of an editor who copied from a hostile paper one of his own articles, and headed it "A wretched attempt at wit."

A BASHFUL compositor, who was an old bachelor, refused to work in an office where girls were employed. He said he had never "set up" with a girl in his life, and didn't like to begin such foolery at his age.

It is said of a very respectable old historic parish in Connecticut that they starved their minister, and are now about to erect a splendid monument to his memory. He "asked for bread, and they gave him a stone."

A MAN ate seven cucumbers, a few radishes, a basket of strawberries, and drank a part of a goblet of water before going to bed last night. To-day he says: "A person has no business to drink water just before retiring."

TWO country attorneys overtaking a waggoner on the road, thinking to break a joke with him, asked him why his fore-horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, replied, "That the fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients."

A POVERTY-STRICKEN clerk lately applied for a situation to a large employer of labour in the metropolis. There was no vacancy, and he was curtly informed of the fact. Being of a religious turn of mind, as he was leaving the office he consoled himself with the passage of Scripture, the concluding words of which are, "Hath not where to lay his head." "Don't stand there quoting Shakespeare," said the employer, "I can't give you what I haven't got."

THERE was recently a concert on the skirts of Dumfries, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival," through which he struggled with exemplary courage; and at the end he dropped his bow and addle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astonished by an exclamation from the back seats—"I say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be a' nicht tunin' that fiddle o' yours? or are ye gaun to gie us a tune?" Interpreters of classical music to the million, please take the hint.

DRAWING THE LINE.—An amusing story has told of the quick wittedness of a negro preacher who had elaborated a new theory of the Exodus, to wit, that the Red Sea got frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage; but when Pharaoh with his heavy iron chariots attempted it, they broke through, and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation on that point. "I see been studyin' gography, and de gography say dat be very warm country—where dey have de tropics. And de tropics too hot for freezin'. De pint to be 'plained is 'bont breakin' through the ice." The preacher straightened up, and said, "Brudder, glad you axed dat question. It give me 'casion to 'plain it. You see dat was a great while 'go—in de ole times, 'fo' dey had any gography—'fo' dere was any tropics."

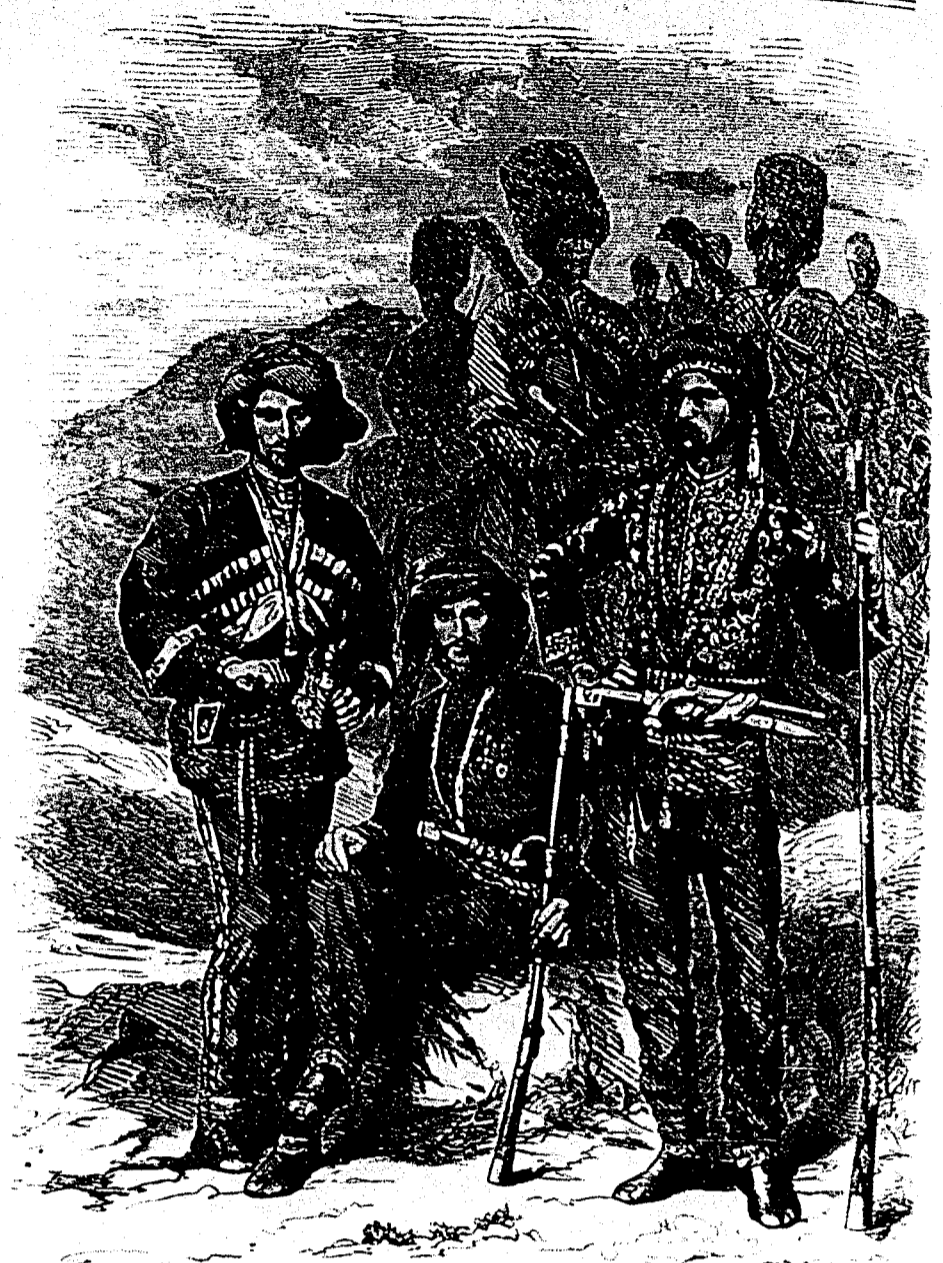
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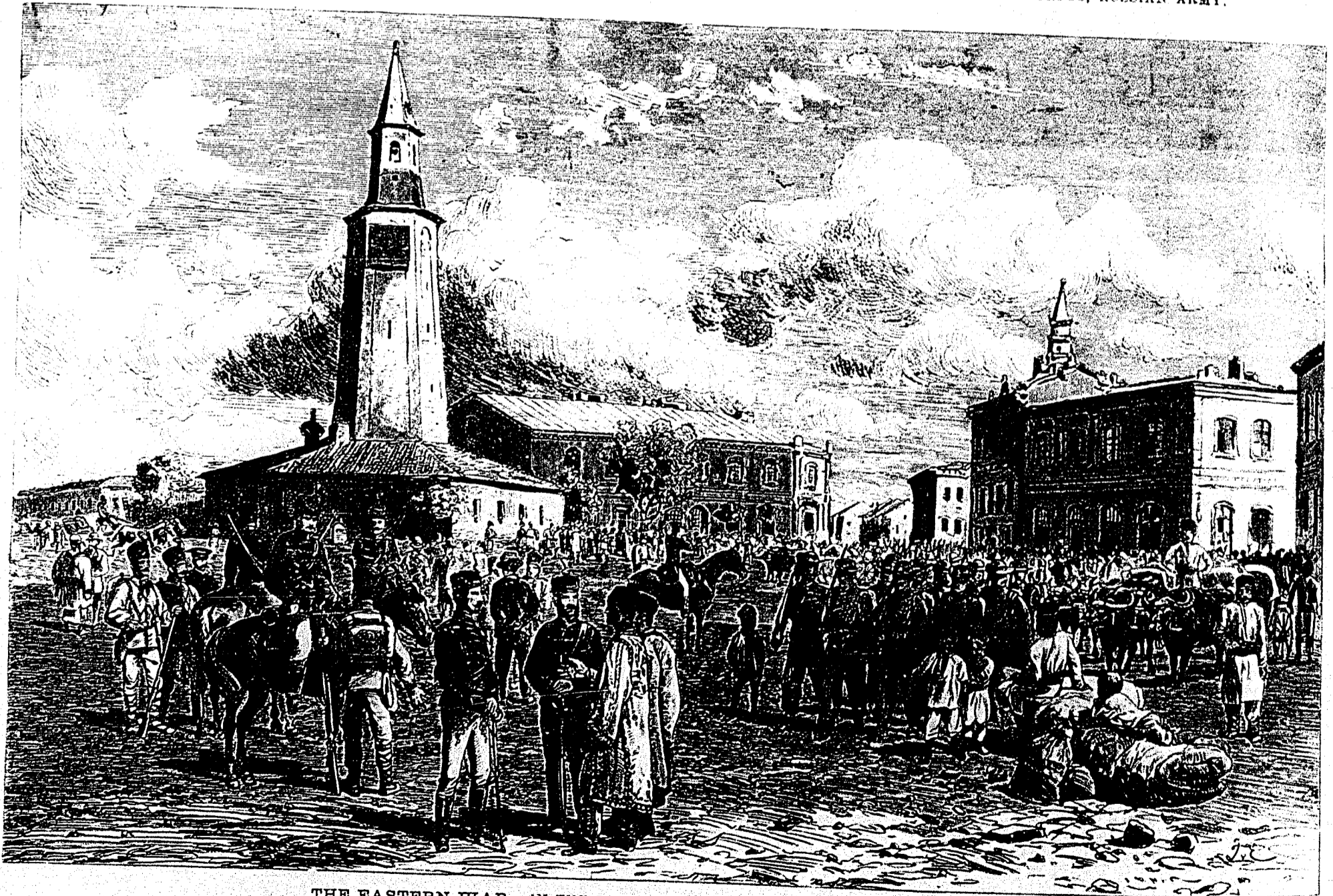
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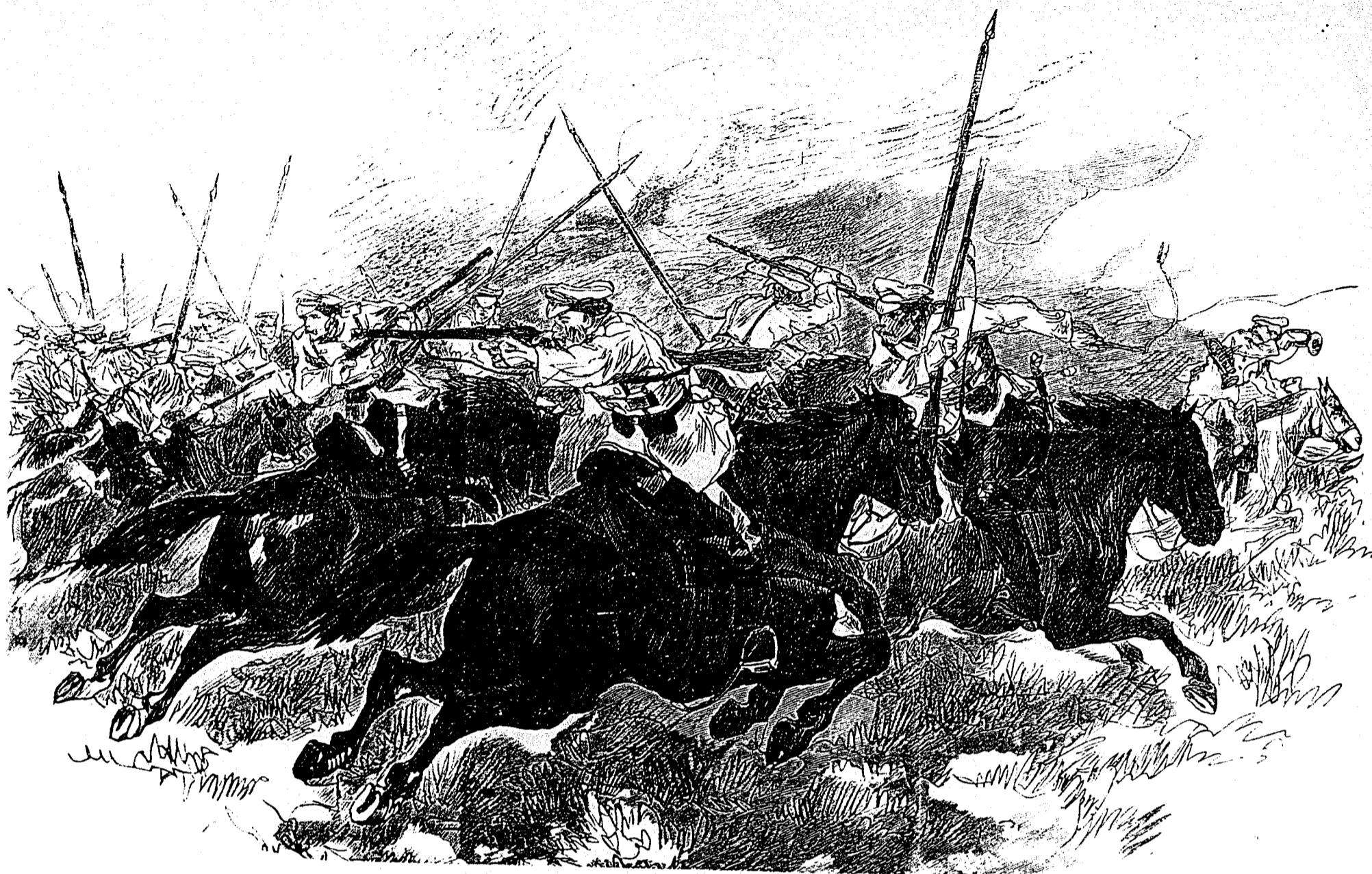
THE EASTERN WAR.—KURDS OF ASIA MINOR, TURKISH ARMY.



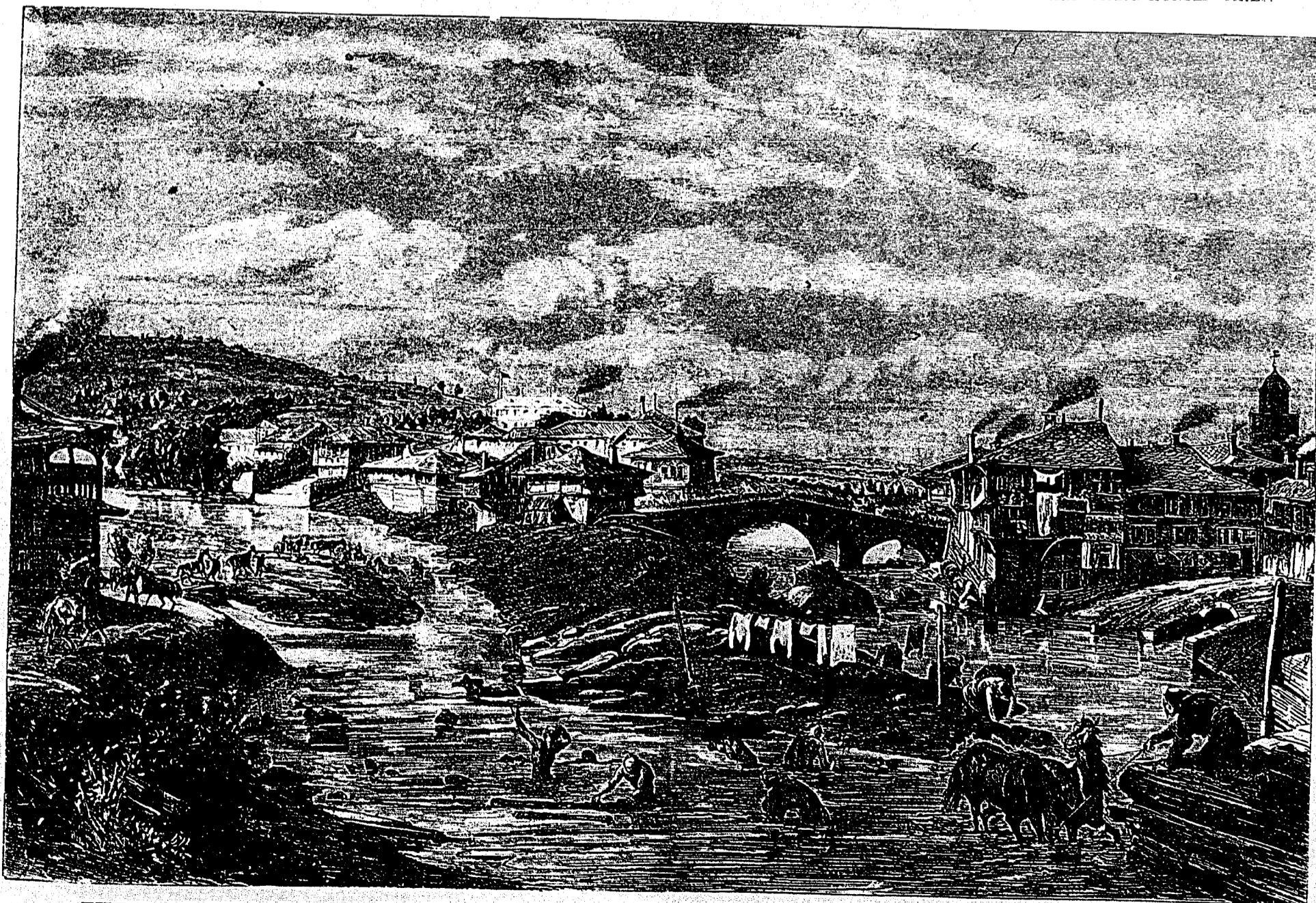
GEORGIANS OF THE CAUCASUS, RUSSIAN ARMY.



THE EASTERN WAR.—IN THE BALKANS. THE TURKISH FORTRESS OF SABROWA.



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE COSSACKS RETREATING AT SALINA AND FIRING WITH THEIR HEADS TURNED TOWARD THEIR HORSES' TAILS.



THE EASTERN WAR.—GIURGEVO ON THE DANUBE, THE POINT FROM WHICH THE RUSSIANS SHELLLED AND DESTROYED RUTSCHUK.

RECONCILIATION.

(Horace Odes, Lib. III., 9.)
TO WILLA.

Adair
As long to thee as I was pleasing,
And no youth more lov'd than I—
Was wont to steal thy sweetest kisses,
Or cherished glances from thine eye.
Then I lived my life of love;
Then I sought my hopes in joy.

Willia
As long as thou no love obeying
From another's lips but mine,
And the beauty of sweet Nuaith,
Did not then thy love entwine.
Willia lived her life of love;
Willia's hopes shone with joy.

Adair
With softened sound and skilful lyre
Me the Grecian maid commands:
For whom I had not dread to die,
Were her soul but in my hands.

Willia
The youthful Cyril now inflames me,
With the flame of mutual fire;
Shall my heart with ceaseless beating,
Harken not to his desire?
To love him as my soul could love;
To die with him as my soul could die.

Adair
What! Willia, if our love breaks forth,
And heart to heart should speak the same,
That of Chath be discarded,
And slighted Willa received again,
Wouldst thou love me as before,
Wouldst thou greet me as of yore?

Willia
Though he be fairer than the dawn,
Thou more trivial than lovely leaves,
To thee in life, to thee in death,
My soul still fondly cleaves.

Quebec.

J. A. D.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACORNS AND ACORN-CUPS.

One afternoon, a day or two later, Rollo had begged for a walk in the woods; proposing that they should "begin to get acquainted with each other." The trees were beginning to shew crimson and gold and brown and purple, and the October light wove all hues into one regal drapery for nature, not richer than it was harmonious. The warm air was spicy; pines and hemlocks gave out resinous sweetness, and ferns and lichens and mosses and other wild things lent their wild flavour. It was rare in the Chickaree woods that day. Fallen leaves rustled under foot, squirrels chattered in the branches, partridges whirled away. Down through the shadow and the light they went, those two, talking irregularly of all sorts of things. Rollo was skilled in all wild wood lore and very fond of it. He could talk deliciously on this theme, and he did; telling Wych Hazel about trees and woodwork and hunter's sports and experiences, and then of lichens and the rocks they grew on.

Into the depths of the ravine they plunged, and then over a ridge into another; away from paths and roads and the possibility of wheels and riders. Then Rollo found a mossy dry bank where Wych Hazel might sit down and rest, with her back against the stem of a red oak. He roved about gathering acorns under the wide spreading boughs of the tree, and finally came and threw himself down at her feet.

"This is pleasant," he said, looking along the brown slope, brown with mosses and fallen leaves, on which the wonderful light came so richly and so tenderly. "This is pleasant! Is the sense of possession a strong one with you?"

"I love my woods—dearly! I never had much else—that was my own—to care about." "I believe it is strong in me. I can enjoy other people's—but I think I like them better when they are my own. I fancy it is a man's weakness."

"What did you mean by 'beginning to get acquainted'?" said Hazel, from under the protecting shadow of her broad hat, and with her mind so full of unanswered questions that it seemed as if some of them must come out, even if they did get her into difficulties. "I thought you knew me pretty thoroughly."

He rolled himself over on the bank, so that he could look up at her comfortably, and answered laughing.

"What did you think about me?"

"O I knew about you," said Hazel.

"How long ago?"

"Different things at different times. Mr. Rollo,"—with a little blush and hesitation,— "will you tell me how you knew the size of my finger?"

"Let me look at it." And he took the little hand, tried the ring up and down the finger, kissed it, and finally let it go.

"It fits"—was all his remark.

If that is the way you are always ready to help me!—Hazel thought. But as no such idea could venture out, and as the next question that stood ready was altogether too much "in line," a squirrel up in the tree had it all to him-

self for a few minutes. Rollo waited for the next question to come, but as it tarried he remarked quietly,

"You may remember, I had a glove of yours in my possession."

"You. Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up. I have often done that for ladies' gloves;—but I never kept one before."

"You picked it up?" Hazel repeated slowly. "I never lose my gloves. And you are not one of those silly people who steal them. Where did you pick it up, Mr. Rollo?"

A sort of shadow crossed his face, as he answered, "One night—in the woods—where it was a mere little point of light in the gloom."

"O!" she said eagerly, looking up,— "did you? that night? I remember. And you kept it. Then, Mr. Rollo?" The soft, surprised intonation of the last three words left them anything but incoherent.

"Well?"—said he smiling.

"I wish I had known you had it. That glove gave me a great deal of trouble."

"Why?"

"I was so much afraid it had got into the wrong hands. But when was this done?" she said, eyes and words going back to the ring again. "Not since—the other day?"

"Hardly! No. It was done last winter." And Rollo's eyes flashed and laughed at her, a kind of soft lightning. Hazel laughed the least bit too, in return; but then her head went down as low as it gracefully could, and under the shadow of her broad hat she questioned.— "Had she betrayed herself then, to him? What had she said? what had she done, that night? Her face rested on her hand in the very attitude of perplexity.

"Come," said Rollo, "you are finding out a good deal about me that you did not know before. You had better go on."

"Did you buy up the whole Hollow?" said Hazel abruptly. "All the way from the mills up to Gyda's—Mrs. Boerrsen's—cottage?"

"No," said Rollo, with a somewhat surprised recognition of the change; "not yet. I have obtained possession only of the mills which were held by Morton himself. Those are the two cotton mills, and one of the woollen mills, which had lately reverted to him from the closing of the lease term and the inability of the former lessee to make any agreement for a new one. Further down the Hollow below me, lie the woollen mills of Paul Charteris."

"And there is nothing above you yet, but the water and the land?"

"No. Nor like to be. The head of the valley is owned by Gov. Powder; and he has neither means nor inclination to do anything with it. It would be better for me to own it, though. Why, Hazel?"—with a smile.

"Why had you better own it?"

"I want to get control of the whole Hollow as fast as I can; and then, I want to keep the control."

"Well, but why don't you then?" said Hazel. "What is the use of waiting?"

"I am not ready to build more mills yet. And there are other reasons, Hazel. Mr. Falkirk thinks I am jeopardizing my money. I do not think so, nor intend it. I believe in the long run I shall prosper. But for the present, and for awhile, I shall be at a disadvantage, it may be; because I am paying larger wages and receiving less profits than my neighbours, and I must keep capital free to bear me and my workmen out through the time of trial—if it is to come. I mean never to have so much capital embarked in the mills, that I should have nothing to carry my hands and myself through a dead calm. You see—" Rollo continued with a smile,— "being a careful navigator, I mean to carry the wind in my pocket."

Hazel followed his words with attentive eyes as well as ears, and then went off into a brown study, with her chin on her hand.

"Well," said Rollo, "what is all this catechism for?"

"It is good practice," she said, coming out of her abstraction with a laugh. "I suppose you never knew before that there are two sides to a catechism?"

"Go on," said Rollo. "This is the beginning."

"Beginning—of what?"

"My catechism."

"It is the end of it, for the present. But it seems to me, Mr. Rollo,—that is, I know it seems to you that I am talking great nonsense," said Hazel breaking off again. "Do you live up at Mrs. Boerrsen's all the time?"

"For the most part—except when I take a run down to my old home. But yes, I live at Gyda's."

Unspoken questions came up in her eyes, but the words came not, and the eyes themselves went down to the crimson leaf she was thoughtfully drawing through her fingers. Rollo was silent too. Half sitting half lying on the leafy slope, he was busying himself with gathering together all the acorns and acorn-cups within his reach, examining them carefully one by one, and yet with a face that grew grave and became abstracted. More time passed than he knew probably, and Hazel had leisure to come out of her own abstractions and wonder at his. He did not look as if he remembered her presence; and yet a sensible woman has no objection to such indications in a man's face—even a man that loves her,—as Hazel saw now; the grave purpose, the manly power, the thoughtful reserve. When at last he spoke and looked up, he was grave still.

"Have you any idea what you are to expect, Hazel?"

"Expect!"—Then rather slowly, "I believe I am not given to expectations."

Then he smiled, but went on, "Do you remember our talk that evening, last winter?"

"Of course."

"Then you know in what service I have taken a commission?"

"I know."

The quiet reserved voice seemed suddenly to lose its flexibility, and the crimson leaf came fluttering down from between her fingers.

"Are you content, Hazel? This fact will make my life more or less what people call singular."

"But you were always called that," she said without looking at him.

"Was I? It will be in another way now, Wych. How will you like it?"

"It? your life?—very well, I suppose. If I like you,—" she answered frankly, though in the same deliberate, abstracted way.

"But a soldier must obey orders, and has no choice. Are you content to go with me, upon such conditions?"

She turned upon him with eyes that seemed half inquiry, half surprise, her colour flitting back and forth in its vivid way. Then she rose suddenly to her feet, and setting her back against the tree and dropping her folded hands, stood looking down at him.

"Will you tell me exactly what you mean?" she said.

He rose too and stood beside her.

"It would never do for me to go one way, and my wife another."

From under the shield of her drooping hat Hazel answered, "Suppose you have to meet that difficulty? Suppose I should say I am not content?"

"I will tell you, when you have said it."

"No," she said,— "before. I am not content with anything till you do."

"I should know in that case I had something to do, Hazel."

"That is waiving the question."

"No, for that something would be—to make you willing."

She unclasped her hands, putting them behind the tree.

"How, Mr. Rollo?"

"I suppose"—demurely,— "I should use my influence."

"Twenty questions!" said Hazel. "If I were not content, it would show that you had not much influence to use."

"Are you content, Hazel?"

"How are you going to be singular?" she said abruptly.

"It's my turn"—said he smiling, "Hazel, are you content?"

"But you always ask such—unreasonable—questions."

"Give me a reasonable answer."

"I am never anything but reasonable," she said; "it is you. You want to know if I am content to have you true to yourself,—that is about the point is it not? I think, on the whole, I am."

"Will you help me?"

"So far as I can. But remember that may not be very far."

"I want your help a dozen ways at this moment."

"Would you like to specify just a few?"

"You will see, as soon as you begin to get the run of what I am doing. I want council—I want cooperation. I want you to set me upon some of the woman's work that a man does not readily find out for himself. I am going to take you off to the Hollow as soon as you are quite strong enough."

"I should think you would prefer to have me set myself upon the 'woman's work,'" said Wych Hazel.

He smiled provokingly and observed that there was enough for her and him too.

"Well," said Hazel, with a postponement in her voice.

"Well, what?"

"There is no 'what' in sight at present, Mr. Rollo."

"I shall have to give you lessons severely! Look at that acorn—Don't you like acorns?"

"Very much. Best I think, in the spring when they are struggling into life,—shooting up and shooting down,—showing their possibilities. They are lovely then, with their little crumpled pink leaves."

"That's the next stage. I want to make my life like that acorn as it is now, full rounded to its utmost fruitage. So many lives are like these empty cups—with the fruit all lost."

Hazel balanced one of the cups on the tip of her finger, thoughtfully. "I suppose they are," she said. "Good for nothing but to look at."

"Do you think such lives good to look at?"

"Sometimes pretty to look at. Just as this cup is, till you remember that it is empty."

"Hazel, did you study that lesson I gave you last winter?"

"I have studied it. Yes."

"And the result?"

Looking down at the olive moss tufts at her feet she answered slowly,

"I am not—quite—sure."

"You can talk just as well if you are resting," said Rollo; and he pulled her down to her place again, and threw himself on the bank beside her. "Now go on," he said, "and tell me about it."

But 'all about it' was a great deal. As the fireside musings, the long night watches, the fears and questionings and perplexities came up

one by one and flung their shadows over her face, Hazel answered.

"No, I cannot do that."

"I am the very person to help your perplexities."

"But that is assuming that you know what they are!"

"Never mind. You will find that it is true. What makes the confusion, Wych?"

The voice was a temptation; a manly and clear, and thrilled through with a hidden tenderness in the last words. Rollo was not studying her face, but piling up his acorns on the ground between them.

"Everything helped make it."

"Yes. Well?"

"It was not 'well' at all," said Hazel. "I do not like tangles. And this was unmitigated. I could not pull out one single smooth thread, and present it for your inspection, Mr. Rollo."

"Unpractical," said Rollo. "Make some statement of what you do know."

"Statements are not precisely in my line," said Hazel. "And I not the least in the habit of telling all I know."

"Hitherto."

Hazel did not immediately answer. She sat watching the heap of acorns and the hand that was arranging them, a quiet smile upon her lips. What had she said to Josephine about "diamonds from a hand that you do not love"?—whereas even acorns, from a hand that—

With a sudden scarlet flush she turned away, and bending down on the other side, began to gather mosses on her own account.

"Come, Hazel," said her companion—"the tangle has got to be encountered, and I think we shall go into it most safely together."

"I could not tell you," she said, "and you could not tell me. Nobody but oneself can disentangle 'why' and 'whether' and 'what'."

Rollo cast a quick glance up at her, which probably brought him all the intelligence he wanted; for he only remarked audaciously that she "would know better some day."

"I could not make you understand, Mr. Rollo. And unless you understood, you would just think there could not be room in my head for a single spark of sense."

"You don't know what I think of your head. Well—if you see a little shoot of confidence in me starting up in your mind, encourage it, Hazel!"

"I shall never see it, Mr. Rollo."

"Nor encourage it, of course. Well—I am in a bad way."

"Things pass the acorn stage, you know," she said, laughing a little.

"Yes. Do you remember my having once had the honour to remark to you, that I objected to be treated as an old guardian?"

"No," said Hazel,— "you asked me if I expected to do it. But perhaps that meant the same thing in those days."

"Perhaps it did. What do you think of it in these days?"

Hazel made a sudden transition.

"Will you like to come and go chestnutting in these woods, Mr. Rollo? The Powders all say that I promised them such a day, though I am sure I do not remember it."

"I don't remember it," said Rollo lazily.

"As you were not here when I am said to have made the promise, I do not see how you should. But it is needful I should ask you, or Mr. Falkirk will ask—as he did before on your non-appearance—if you have offended me."

"Is the day fixed?"

"No. But they say I have promised."

"Then there's no help for it, I know. Hazel—when you and I had a ride home in the dark one night, a year ago, did I misunderstand you then?"

Silence, instant and deep. Hazel took some time to frame her answer.

"What did you understand?"

The supreme flash of Rollo's eyes were instantly hidden by the lowered eyelids; and there was no laughter even in his voice as he answered,

"We understand each other now."

They took their way home again through the glowing woodland and warm, still air, slowly and lingeringly. Near the house, Dane asked when Wych Hazel would go to the Hollow?

"The first day I can. Perhaps I had better wait one day more."

"To-day is Friday. Yes, and I cannot be here to-morrow, either."

"It is one of your busy days?"

"One of my busy days and nights. It is my Exhibition evening. I cannot come here Sunday, either, Hazel. Monday you will be fit for a ride; and we will lunch with Gyda."

"I was invited to go to the Reading Saturday night!" said Hazel with a half laugh, "and I refused."

"You had better. Don't you come, to complicate matters."

"What should I complicate?—I am the most straightforward person going."

"I am getting too much distinguished society. But I want to talk to you about that institution, Hazel. I have a great deal to talk to you about. It is very singular that you have nothing to say to me."

Arrived at the house, Dane lingered awhile in the red room, surveying its pretty tokens of pretty life, where among other things the two little Catskill sketches in dainty wooden frames hung upon the walls; but he refused an invitation to stay and dine with Mr. Falkirk.

"I cannot. Wych, I must get to the Hollow before the mills are closed."

She gave him a grave, wistful look, but said nothing.

"I shall open a shorter cut, across the fields, between here and the Hollow. It might save four or five miles. Gov. Powder owns some of the ground, the Kingslands, and I think one or two more have the rest. I can easily manage it. Twelve miles is too far between you and me," he added smiling.

"Yes."

He stood looking at her; perhaps considering what the proper distance would be, or rather not to be; and also probably thinking that it was too soon to trouble her with that question, for he presently came forward silently to bid her good-bye, and was off.

Miss Wych was still for a few minutes, till the last hoof beat had died away, and then began slowly to mount the stairs. And as the tired little feet went on, one step at a time, of a sudden she burst forth into one of her scraps of song—the first for many a long day. Apparently her talk with Josephine the other day, was still running in her head, for these were the words that came:

"His very tread has a music in't.
As he comes up the stair."

"I wonder what sort of stair-carpet they have in that part of Scotland!" she said to herself. And then suddenly realizing how very full-fledged her thoughts had become, Hazel blushed furiously, all alone as she was, and rushed up the remaining stairs so fast that there was nothing for it but to drop into the nearest chair and take a lecture from Mrs. Bywank before she was able to get ready for Mr. Falkirk and dinner.

The most remarkable thing about Miss Kennedy's dress lately, was that her fingers were so loaded with rings that the very glare would have hindered Mr. Falkirk's distinguishing any particular splendour.

CHAPTER V.

ROLLO'S EXPERIMENT.

When people are just in the position, newly assumed, of these two, sixty hours of absence, it will be allowed, is a long time; and between Friday evening and Monday morning Dane could not make it shorter. Therefore nobody will be surprised that he made his appearance Monday morning in the breakfast room.

"You are early," said Mr. Falkirk with an accent of some surprise, as he dropped his napkin and rose to take his guest's hand. Rollo picked up the napkin.

"It was necessary, if I meant to catch you at breakfast."

"Wouldn't after breakfast do?"

"Well, no. I wanted a cup of coffee; and though no doubt my friend Mrs. Bywank would have supplied me later, I should have had to take it alone."

"That is a very sensible way to get one's morning coffee," returned the growler.

"You do not seem to act upon your principles."

"I have a charge on my mind, you see. My coffee, if Gotham gave it to me, would always be flavoured with something worse than grounds. So I come here to get it clear. Have you brought business?"

"Not for you, sir, to-day."

"Enough of your own in the Hollow by this time, haven't you?"

"Not so much but that I mean to have more."

"More business?"

"If I can." Then he asked Hazel how she did?

Hazel recollected in time that it would not be true to say that she felt "more like herself" to-day, and changed that form of reply into a demure "Pretty well, I think."

"Nobility, I think," Mr. Falkirk echoed. "Nobody but one who has tried it can tell what it is to have the care of a witch. I have been trying for a week, Rollo, to discover when we are to go to town, and whether I am expected to secure a house; and it is past my power to find out the one or the other."

"You do not like Chickaree?" Rollo inquired with matter-of-fact composure.

"She don't, in winter." It is to be remarked that the elder guardian, completely thrown off his suspicions by the course of the past winter and summer, supposed himself indulging in safe pleasantries with the only one almost with whom he could venture there.

"My dear Mr. Falkirk!—how can you say I dislike what I have never tried?" said Miss Wych.

"Can you inform me distinctly, Miss Hazel, whether you wish to try it?"

"Distinct information rather comes in the way of those vague desires which are supposed to beset me, sir."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hazel; I never supposed any such thing."

"Well, sir—I do not see why October need worry itself about December."

"I do not see why it should," chimed in Rollo lazily.

"Does it not, down in your Hollow?"

"Not at all."

"What more work are you wishing for there?"

"I am thinking—by and by—of building another mill."

"Another mill!"—Mr. Falkirk's surprise was evidently more than it was polite to show.—

"You have not ground room, have you?"

"Not at present. I hope to be able to secure it. There is room, in the valley."

"Then you expect your ventures to succeed?"

"Or I should not think of enlarging them."

"But Charteris and others are underselling you now."

"Yes."

"And they will."

"While they are able."

"And what under heaven is the use and purpose of it all?" exclaimed Mr. Falkirk testily.

"I beg your pardon—I know I am not your guardian—but what are you aiming to do?"

"Not to ruin myself. To do that would spoil my plan. There are several thousand people living in that Hollow, Mr. Falkirk."

"I suppose so."

"Do you know how they are living?"

"No. What business is it of mine?"

"Miss Kennedy is going this morning to see what business it is of mine."

Mr. Falkirk pushed himself away from the table and presently left the room. The others mounted without delay and set off.

"When have you been on Jeannie before?"

Rollo asked, when they had got quit of the Chickaree woods and were indulging in a good trot along the level country road.

"Not since the end of last November,—the day before I went to town."

"My little Wych!" said Rollo, riding close up alongside, "what sort of a year has this been?"

"Very mixed up. Part of the winter was pleasant."

"The summer?"

"I suppose that was pleasant too—only I did not enjoy it."

"Why didn't you come home?"

"The old story," she said, laughing and colouring, "I did not want to come. Mr. Falkirk thinks I never have any other reason to give."

"Might be a very good reason to give Mr. Falkirk. Now, do you know what you are going to look at?"

"Mill people and mill work."

"In detail; but in general you are going to see what my friend Mrs. Powder calls 'my experiment.' A problem of life-work, if you will; the question being, what can be done with fifteen hundred human beings accustomed only to poverty and hard work, to bring them to their nearest attainment of happy and useful living."

"Fifteen hundred unhappy people!" Hazel repeated. "I should think everybody would be trying experiments."

"You rode through the place once. You remember how they looked. Tell me what you would have tried first?"

"I remember. But I hardly knew what it meant, then." There was a little emphasis upon the last word.

"Go on, and say what would occur to you to do."

"Ah, you will only laugh and call me unpractical," said Hazel, smiling; "but the first thing I should do, Mr. Rollo, would be to beautify the places where they live. I believe it does people good to be—just a little—smothered in roses."

"I believe in roses; but they were not the first thing I set about. For two reasons; they take time, and also they have to be in a certain degree prepared for. The old dwellings could not be beautified; I had to build new ones; but also, Hazel, and this is a more important thing, the desire for something better than the people knew, had to be excited. Roses are not a substitute for bread,—to the uncultured mind," he added, smiling; "and men that are ground in the dust of poverty need first of all to get ambition enough to raise their heads and wash their faces. The very first thing I did, was to make the pay sufficient for decent living. That gave them from the beginning some confidence in me, too."

"Yes, of course. Oh! that I knew you had done. I heard of it last winter."

"Then in that connection there is another thing. I am beginning now to make the pay as far as it is possible follow the work done, instead of the time. I had to wait a good while before attempting this, because I could trust nobody to tell me or advise me, and before I could be competent to form my own judgment in the matter I had a great deal of study to do. And practice," he added, smiling. "As far as practicable, I will have the pay dependent on the quantity and quality of the work. This stimulates effort and ministers to the sense of character, and also obviates several troublesome questions which are apt to come up now and then between employers and employed. The people are not enlightened enough to like any change which they do not immediately feel for the better; but they will come into it, for they must; and then they will like it."

Hazel looked amazed. "It not that last clause an addition to the old code?" she said. "The first two sound natural."

Rollo smiled a little, but vouchsafed no further notice. "Now," he went on, "to pursue your plan, I am building new cottages; and I shall leave the rose-planting to you."

"In-doors and out.—Do you know, Mr. Rollo, I should think you had done the very best possible preparatory work by getting it into the people's heads that somebody cared whether they had roses, or clean faces, or anything else. And there I can speak from experience."

"What sort of experience?"

"Because I never had anybody to care," said Hazel. "So I know how it feels."

"Never had anybody to care—what?" said Dane, riding close up alongside and looking earnestly for the answer.

"What I did, or how I dressed, or what be-

came of me generally," said Hazel. "O I suppose Mr. Falkirk cared, but he never shewed it in any way to do me a bit of good. There was no one I could please, and no one I could displease; and so while people thought I had everything, I used to feel all alone, and thought I had nothing."

Rollo was silent and grave.

"I knew—very soon—that you cared," she said, with the pretty soft fall of eyes and voice.

"I mean, cared for my sake."

"Very soon?" said Rollo. "How soon, you Wych?"

"Other people were thinking of what I was, and you of what you thought I ought to be; and it was very easy to feel the difference."

"When?" said Rollo, scarce controlling a smile, "When did you see it first, I mean?"

"I think you began to criticise me almost as soon as I got here."

"And then, Hazel, how long was it before you began to forgive me?"

"O there was no forgiveness in question," she said, passing his words with a blush. "The criticising shewed a little bit of real interest. And that is what I had been as hungry for, as your mill people for more tangible things. But I did not mean that I thought—I did not think about it at all. Not much."

"Not at all—not much," said Rollo. "No. Only a little. I understand. And what should I have got for my pains, if I had pressed the final question a year ago?"

"I did not think a little," said Hazel, looking flushed and downcast, "only when you made me. And when people talked."

Rollo enjoyed the sight a minute or two, and then proposed a run. He kept it a very gentle run, however, and when they came to a talking pace again resumed the subject of the mills."

"How much have you thought about it?" he asked. "What next would you propose?"

"Does your increase of wages let the children stay at home when they are sick? and the little ones when they are well?"

"I admit no children under twelve nor employ any families that send their little children to other mills. That was one of the first steps I took; to settle that. The other thing is somewhat less easy to manage. I cannot make a rule. There would be endless shaming. The only way is to keep a careful supervision myself, and send home any child manifestly unfit for work. In such a case I keep on the wages for one week; at the end of that time the child comes, or doesn't come. If the latter, I know something is very much amiss, and look after the case accordingly. And this matter, as yet, I can trust to nobody but myself."

"You can trust me," said Hazel. "In such matters women's eyes are surer than men's."

"At twelve miles distance?" said he smiling.

"You are going to open a short cut. And even twelve miles, upon Jeannie, is not much."

Rollo rode a few yards in silence.

"She is your property, of course you know?"

"Thank you, Mr. Rollo!" Hazel said softly. She was smoothing out some locks of Jeannie's mane, which the wind and the run had tossed out of place.

"Take care!" said her companion. "I shall not take thanks from you in that shape. Here is the Hollow. I am glad Charteris is at this end."

The banks of the dell had risen up about them and the mill buildings began to appear. Paul Charteris' woollen mills came first, brown and dismal as such things are apt to look, surrounded with the struggling settlement of poor cottages. It was a glorious October day; fair overhead and glowing over all the earth; if atmosphere and colouring could have put a blessing upon misery, the houses of Mill Hollow would have owned the blessing. But the clear golden light shewed the bare walls, the barren ground, the dingy, forlorn hopelessness of everything, in the full blank nakedness of the facts.

Slowly the riders walked their horses now, looking at it slowly. Slowly passed one mill after another with its straggling tenements for toil and discontent. Getting beyond these, and higher up the valley, new signs began to appear. Mills are mills indeed, and own no kindred with beauty. But along the slopes of the Hollow, behind and between the mill buildings, were tokens of life. Numbers of new cottages were risen, and rising, on the upper slopes of the banks, the new village even flowing over the crest of the hill upon the level land above. Most were of gray stone; some were frame houses painted white; each one that was finished having a space of ground enclosed within a little paling fence. You could see the indications of change everywhere. Here some of the old huts were taken down, leaving room for new erections; there, certain old rubbish heaps had disappeared; the people they met seemed to wear a different air and to step more alertly. Further up the valley and close upon the roadway Hazel could see a building going up which was clearly no mill cottage; it was much too large. The cottages indeed were of different sizes, to suit different families and different tastes; this however was another affair. Low stone walls of considerable extent were getting a roof put on; the windows were large and many; yet it had hardly the look of a church. Builders and teamsters at work over all this part of the valley.

The bright eyes had been very intent, the tokens of excitement in either cheek growing deeper and more defined; clearly, for Wych Hazel, Morton Hollow had changed names. But absorbed in her scrutiny she had given

neither word nor look to anything but the Hollow.

Now she suddenly turned to her companion.

"What is that for?" she said. "A church?"

"Not exactly. But given better wages and houses to live in—what is the next step you would take in dealing with a very ignorant community, whom you wished to raise to a higher level?"

"Teach them, I suppose. Then is that your reading-room, Mr. Rollo?"

"Hitherto—I will show you where I read," he said, suddenly breaking off. And dismounting, he came to Wych Hazel and took her down, ordering the horses forward to the bend. They went then to the door of one of the mills near at hand and Rollo whistled. The door opening, they were admitted to a great, long, low room, at the back of which bales were stowed from floor to ceiling. A large space was more or less filled with bales standing about; evidently on the move, either to be hoisted away for use or stowed up like the rest for keeping.

"Here is my place," said Rollo. "When Saturday night comes, all is made snug as the deck of a frigate; this part of the floor is cleared and supplied with benches; I have lamps hung from the rafters, and yonder I stand on a cotton bale. Do you know what I do it for?—not mount a cotton bale, I mean, but what for I have gone into the whole thing?"

"I suppose I know," said Hazel. "To identify yourself, in a sort, with the people, and to give them good amusements, and to entice them on."

"All that. And to keep them out of gin shops. Saturday night is pay time. With his pockets full of money, what can a poor rascal do but ruin himself with beer, if he knows nothing better? I am following an English example in the endeavour to save them. I provide coffee and buns, at cost prices; and then I manage to give them entertainment, with a spice of instruction, till too late in the night to allow of any foolery at the other places. I think I am succeeding pretty well; the popularity of my readings has been steadily on the increase. By and by I am going to vary the programme with microscopic and other exhibitions,—as soon as the people are ready for it, and I am ready."

Miss Wych walked over to a prostrate bale, and mounting upon it took a general survey of the room, ending with its owner and a flash of fun.

"Now," she said, "I am you, and you are the audience. Would they come to a regular night-school, do you think? And whereabouts in the Hollow do you intend to place a cotton bale for me?"

"What will you do from it?"

"Something so different from what you do, that unless we run on different evenings, one of us will draw empty houses," said Hazel, softly stepping along the cotton-bale from end to end.

"Where does Miss Powder sit?"—this with a sudden pause at one end of the bale.

"Where she will never sit again," said Rollo. "She was here Saturday night with a party. I had wind of it before, and notified my people that it would be a German night. So it was."

Hazel laughed. "And she went home to study German!—Very dangerous conduct, Mr. Rollo! Suppose I had come with the party?"

Rollo was here interrupted by a question of business. When it was despatched, he came up to Wych Hazel's perch and jumped her down.

"You must come away," he said; "it's too cold here for you. What is in your mind, Hazel? What will you do, if I give you a bale? and where will you have it? Go on, and tell me what is in your head?"

The wistful look came back again, humble and sweet. Clearly, however well Hazel thought of her power to take care of herself, she was less sure about taking care of other people. "I doubt if I am fit for any such elevation yet," she said. "But I suppose there are some things I could teach the children. And I might be a Visiting Committee—to go about in the houses and find out the women's wants and troubles, and clear some of them away. I know at least how people ought not to live."

(To be continued.)

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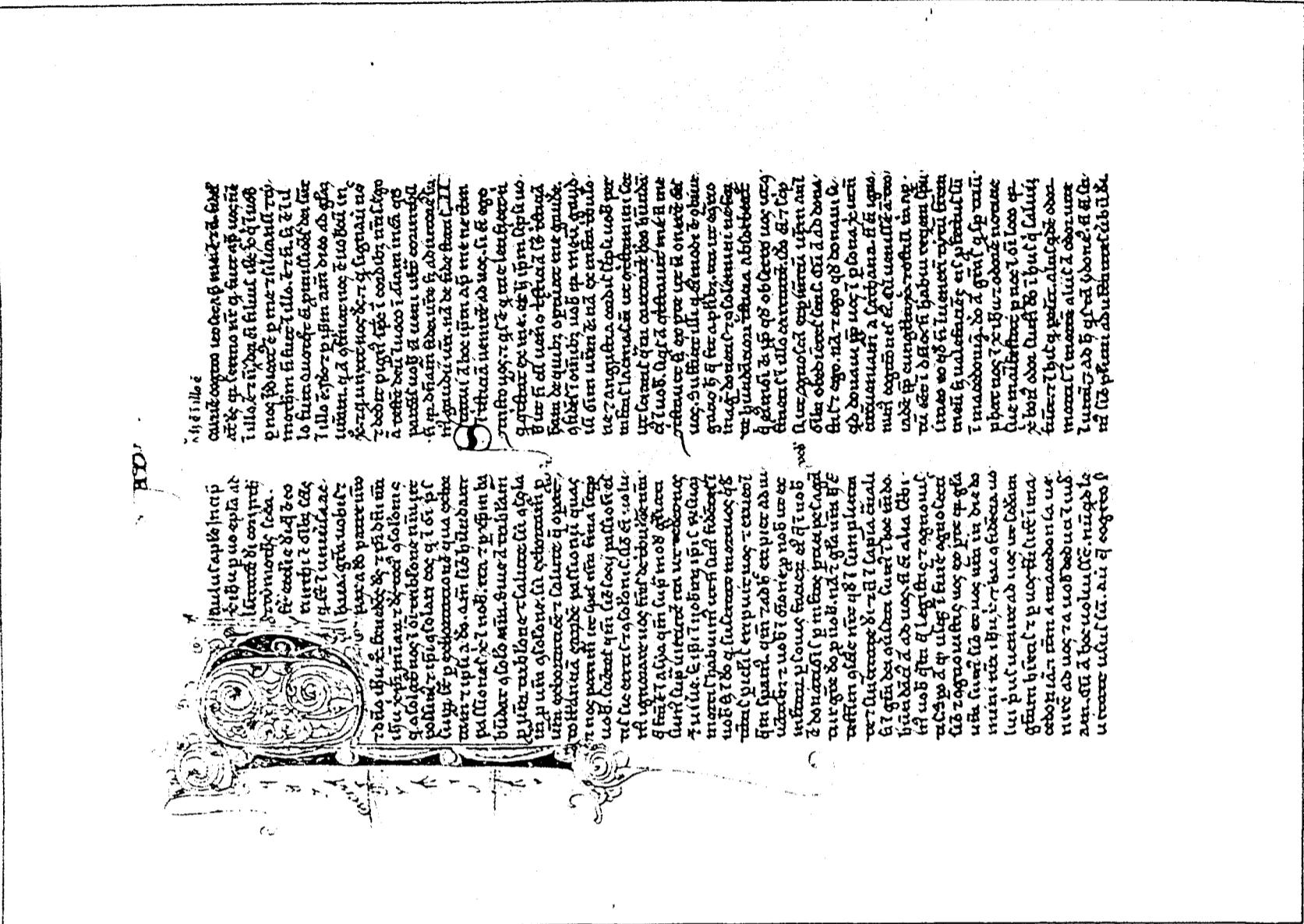
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MONTRÉAL. — THE CANTON CELEBRATION.

Sionis. **A**men. **E**t cum opitula-
 tione illa meruit et seruis fugi-
 sitatem. et persecuentium vabi-
 duntur. **D**os possitis et destruo-
 corporum. **I**lle carbas. et antiquis ho-
 stis machinamenta superare.
Amen. **Q**uo sicut illa fragili-
 sexu diuile visa est certamina.
 die. et post certame de hostibus
 triumphare: ita **D**os i hac mor-
 talitate diuites dulcatis et au-
 tiqua hostem deumcat et ad ce-
 lestia regna peruenit. **A**men.
Quod ipse etc. **B**enedictio **D**ni.
Virginis non maritae.

Deus qui sacris virginibus
 ceteris fructus celestia
 confert premia: vobis meritesa-
 tte virginis. **A.** cum suprema be-
 nedictione conferat diuina gau-
 dia. **A**men. **E**t sicut fuit **D**igo

A PAGE FROM A ROMAN PONTIFICAL, WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED ON FINE VELLUM IN THE 13TH CENTURY.



A PAGE FROM A NEW TESTAMENT, WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED ON FINE VELLUM BY A GERMAN SCRIBE ABOUT 1250.

MONTREAL.—THE CAXTON CELEBRATION

PARABOLA

Incipit prologus sancti ihonon. presbiteri i parabolas salomonis. ungat epistola quos iungit sacerdotium: immo carta non diuidat: quos xpi uedit amor. Comentariorum in osee. amos. et zacharia malachia. quoque psalmis. Scripsisse: si licuisset pre ualitudine. Mittitis solacia sumptuum: notarios nros et librarios sustentatis: ut uobis potissimum nrm desudet ingenium. Et ecce ex latere freques turba diuisa posterum: quasi aut equum sic me uobis elurietibus alijs laborare: aut in ratione dati et accepti. cuius preter uos obnoxii sum. Itaque longa egrotatione fractus. ne penitus hoc anno reciderem. et apud uos mutus essem. ridui opus nomini uro consecraui. interpretatione uidelicet triu salomonis uoluminum: masloth qd hebrai pabolam. uulgata editio pibia uocat: et ierem. que grece eccliasten. latine originatorum possumus dicere: sirasim. qd i lingua nram uetit canticum caricoy. Fertur et panaretos. ihu filij sirach liber: et alij pseudographus. qui sapientia salomonis inscribit. Quorū priorē hebraicum reperit. nō eccliasticu ut apud latinos: sed pabolam pnotatū. Cui iudicē erāt eccliastes. et canticū canticoy: ut similitudinē salomonis. nō solū numero librorū: sed etiā materiae genere coequaret. Secundus apud hebreos nullus est: quia et ipse filius grecam eloquentiā redoleret: et nōnulli scriptorū ueterū hūc esse iudei filionis affirmāt. Sicut ergo iudith et thobie et machabeoy libros. legit quidē eos ecclia. sed inter canonicas scripturas nō recipit: sic et hec duo uolumina legat ad edificationē plebis: nō ad auctoritatem eccliasticoy dogmatū dēstruendam.

Si cui sane septuaginta interpretum magis editio placet: habet eā a nobis olim emēdatā. Neq; enī noua sic uelim? ut uetera destruiam? Et tamē cū diligentissime legerit. sciat magis nra scripta intelligi: que nō in recū uas rāsula coacuerit: sed statim de prelo purissime emēdata teste: suū sapere seruauerit. Incipit parabole salomonis.



Parabole salomonis filij dauid regis isrl: ad sciendā sapientiam et disciplinā: ad intelligendā uerba prudentie et suscipiendā eruditionē doctrine: iusticiā et iudiciū et equitatē: ut detur paruulij astutia: et adolescenti sciētia et intellectus. Audiēs sapiēs sapiētior erit: et intelligēs gubernaciā possidebit. An aduertat parabolam et interpretationem: uerba sapientū et enigmata eoy. Timor dñi principiū sapiētie. Sapientiam atq; doctrinam stultā despiciūt. Audi fili mi disciplinā p̄ris tui et ne dimittas legem nr̄is tue: ut addatur gracia capiti tuo: et torques collo tuo. Fili mi si te laudauerint potōres: ne acquiescas eis. Si dixerit uerū nobiscū: insidiemur sāguini. abscondam⁹ tēdulas ora insontem frustra. deglutiamus eū sicut infertus uiuentē et integrum. quasi descendētē in lacū: omnē p̄ciosā substantiā reperiem⁹. implebim⁹ domus nr̄as spolijs. sortem mitte nobiscum. marsupijū sit utrum omnium nr̄um: fili mi ne ambules cū eis. Prohibe pedem tuū a semitis eoy. Pedes enī illoy ad malū currūt: et festināt ut effundant sāguinem. Frustra autem iacit rete ante oculos p̄natorū. Ipi q; conuasa sāguinē suū insidiantur: et

endā eruditionē doctrine: iusticiā et iudiciū et equitatē: ut detur paruulij astutia: et adolescenti sciētia et intellectus. Audiēs sapiēs sapiētior erit: et intelligēs gubernaciā possidebit. An aduertat parabolam et interpretationem: uerba sapientū et enigmata eoy. Timor dñi principiū sapiētie. Sapientiam atq; doctrinam stultā despiciūt. Audi fili mi disciplinā p̄ris tui et ne dimittas legem nr̄is tue: ut addatur gracia capiti tuo: et torques collo tuo. Fili mi si te laudauerint potōres: ne acquiescas eis. Si dixerit uerū nobiscū: insidiemur sāguini. abscondam⁹ tēdulas ora insontem frustra. deglutiamus eū sicut infertus uiuentē et integrum. quasi descendētē in lacū: omnē p̄ciosā substantiā reperiem⁹. implebim⁹ domus nr̄as spolijs. sortem mitte nobiscum. marsupijū sit utrum omnium nr̄um: fili mi ne ambules cū eis. Prohibe pedem tuū a semitis eoy. Pedes enī illoy ad malū currūt: et festināt ut effundant sāguinem. Frustra autem iacit rete ante oculos p̄natorū. Ipi q; conuasa sāguinē suū insidiantur: et

A FAIR FACE IN A YELLOW CHARIOT.

A bachelor still young and well-to-do is for obvious reasons an object of the deepest interest to his friends of the opposite sex.

And his heart! What a priceless jewel that was for some sweet maiden to win and wear!

Only he would not settle down. He meant to have his fling first; and probably it was his habit of throwing himself about that made him so difficult to catch.

After making hot love for a week during wet weather in the country house, papa and mamma heard that he had broken his leg in two places, or that typhoid fever had laid him low.

He was absent after this for two or three years; but presently, wearying of the constant wandering to and fro, he returned, and took up the threads of his old life.

"Looks like it!" thought Lord Featherstone, as he tried to make his way through the serried ranks upon the stairs in a certain mansion in Grosvenor Square.

A crush of this kind is especially favorable for the minute observation of one's fellow creatures. Half a minute was enough to solve the mystery of Mrs. Chromer's yellow hair, and of the complexion people said was like milk.

It was quite a new face to him: the face of a girl still fresh, and seemingly unaccustomed to the town. A merry, piquante face, with small but perfect features, violet eyes, and a laughing mouth, showing often the whitest teeth.

Quite an hour elapsed before he caught Tommy Cutler, who knew all the world, and then, going to where he had last seen the girl, they found she had disappeared.

Some day or two after he was in Hyde Park. He had been riding on at a sharp canter, which increased, as he left the more frequented parts of the Row, to a hand-gallop.

"By Jove! That face again!" Yes, the girl he had seen but a few nights since; the fair fresh young face which had taken his fancy by storm.

But where had she come from; who could she be? He was determined to find out this time. The carriage would doubtless travel by the conventional route, across the Serpentine Bridge, and back to the crowded Drive.

What could have brought this young lady so far out of town? Business, pleasure, or mere desire for change of air and scene?

Riding slowly to and fro, Featherstone waited while the time slipped by. The chariot, which had gone no further than a neighboring "public," returned, and drew up in front of the cottage.

Now, for the first time, Featherstone became aware that the coachman had been drinking, and was almost too unsteady to sit upon his box.

The coachman's erratic course soon proved that there was some ground for these forebodings.

Very soon too the coachman attracted attention and much derisive chaff. "Where's that garden-rake?" "Who put you on the box, Mr. Bottleswapper?"

It was really time to interfere. Featherstone rode up rapidly.

"You're not fit to drive! You're endangering this young lady's life. Here," he turned to the ubiquitous "Bobby," "I'll give this fellow into custody. Take him, carriage and all. My name is Lord Featherstone."

"And pray what is to become of me?" said a small voice, a little tremulous in its tones, but not without asperity. "Am I to be given into custody too?"

"A thousand apologies. My interference would have been unpardonable but for the gravity of the situation. If you will but tell me what you wish—"

"To go home of course, as soon as possible. My aunt will be in terror."

"I certainly shall not wait hours. I must walk—or find another coachman. O Gregory," she looked reproachfully at the old reprobate, "the last time you promised to take the pledge; and yet now—"

"O Miss Kate," he spluttered out, as if quite alive to the enormity of his sins, "the brew was good, and I'd so long to wait—"

"If I make so bold," said S 1,002, "there's good livery stables at the Chequers. You might put the carriage up, or get another driver there."

The chariot was conveyed thither in safety. Featherstone dismounted, then helped the young lady to descend.

"I trust you will have no more contretemps." He spoke gravely. "This new coachman is sober, but he is of course an utter stranger."

There was a shade of misgiving in his voice, which had the desired effect.

"Dear, dear, suppose he too should play some trick. I ought not to have come alone. Aunt said so. What shall I do now?"

"Only too thankfully. But it would be trespassing too much upon your good nature. You have been so kind already."

"My horse has gone lame in two legs." It was a wonder he hadn't developed nautical laminitis and farcy.

"Then I shall be doing you a service really?" she cried, with animation. "Distinctly."

Then they got in together and drove off. For a time neither spoke. Featherstone felt upon his good behavior; he was disposed to be as deferential as to a royal princess.

"Do you think he knows where to take us?" she asked. "Not unless you've told him."

"How should I? To London, I suppose." "That's a wide address," and she laughed aloud. "No, Kensington Square; that's where we live, Lord Featherstone."

"You know my name, then?" "Artful young person, why did not she confess this sooner?"

"Of course; I heard you tell the policeman." "That's well; now may I know yours?" "Kiss."

Good heavens! Featherstone was near saying, "Kiss? Kiss whom? Kiss her?" "Kiss Legh; that's my name. It's short—"

"And sweet." Featherstone could not check himself. "Short," she went on, seemingly unconscious, "for Keziah. We come of an old Quaker stock on the borders, between Shropshire and Montgomeryshire. My father and mother are dead; all my people are dead. I went to school in France, and now I've come to London to be finished."

She prattled on now, frank, fluent, and unaffected. "And how do you like it?"

"What! London?" "No; being finished."

"I haven't got to the end yet. That'll be when I'm married. But there is not much chance of that, yet a while."

"Why not?" asked Featherstone highly amused. "I don't like anybody well enough."

"Perhaps nobody's asked you?" "You are quite a stranger, Lord Featherstone, and you have no right to ask me such questions."

"Well, I won't; we'll talk about something different. We're getting into the streets. Do you know this part of London? It's called Kentish Town, because it's in Middlesex."

"I'm not well up in London geography. It's my first visit to town."

"He's taking us through the Park!" cried Featherstone, in some consternation. "Yes; why not? I am glad of it. It's pleasanter than the streets."

"O, if you prefer it. Only—"

He was thinking that it was now well on in the afternoon, and the Park would be crammed. For the girl's sake it would be better they should not be seen thus publicly together, and alone. For his own sake; few men like to be carted round the Drive in a carriage, least of all in such an antiquated conveyance as this old yellow chariot with its high springs.

"We'll go out at Hyde Park Corner then."

"No, no; I love the Drive best. Perhaps the Princess will be out; and I like to see the other people, and you can tell me who they all are."

Like a martyr he succumbed. It was best to put a good face on the matter. Before night it would be all over London that Beau Featherstone had turned into a chaperon for country cousins, or that he had been taken captive by a fair face in a yellow "shay."

As he walked homewards, full of these thoughts, he ran up against Tommy Cutler near the Albert Hall.

"Hallo! been to Kensington square?" Featherstone visibly shuddered. Tommy Cutler knew all about it, then, already.

"Saw you in the Park, my lord. Understand now why you were so keen the other night about flaxen hair and bright-blue eyes, and only seventeen."

"Don't be an ass!" cried Featherstone angrily. "Here, hanson!" and his lordship drove on to Brooks's.

"Here is Featherstone himself," said a man, in a bay-window; "we'll ask him. I say they're betting five to four you've started a yellow chariot, and were seen in it in the Park."

"Did you pick it up Japan?" "Is it the coach Noah drove home in when he landed from the ark?"

Featherstone abruptly left the room. The story was evidently on the wing. More serious was the next onslaught.

"You ought not to have done it, Featherstone," said old Mr. Primrose, who had been his father's friend, and presumed therefore to give the son advice. "You have compromised the girl seriously; and she is such an absolute child."

"Excuse me; I am not called upon to give an account to you of all my actions."

"You ought not, I repeat, to have appeared with her thus publicly. It was bad enough to take her down to Richmond, but to put your arm round her waist openly in the Park—"

"Really, Mr. Primrose!" Featherstone's face flushed, but he restrained himself. He knew gossip grew like a rank weed, and he wished to root up this scandal at once and kill it outright.

"I may as well tell you at once; that young lady is about to become my wife."

"Featherstone, I beg your pardon, and I give you joy. I knew something of these Leghs; not overwealthy, but charming people. I am heartily glad to think this girl has done so well and so soon. Is it to be announced at once?"

"Well, not exactly at once," said Featherstone, thinking perhaps it would be as well to consult the young lady herself. Of course she would say "Yes;" but as a matter of form he ought to ask her.—(To be continued.)

"SURVIVAL OF FITTEST."

The ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Every year new remedies are brought before the public, and are soon rapidly discarded as their sale rapidly decreases. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the first test. If they "are tried and found wanting" in the merits which they claim to possess, no amount of advertising will make them popular. Of all the remedies ever introduced to the public, none are so popular as Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Their sale has steadily increased each year, and wholesale druggists assert that the present demand for them is greater than ever before. If you would patronize medicines scientifically prepared use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is alternative, or blood-cleansing and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than the mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130 received.

J. W. S.—Many thanks. You will perceive that we have taken advantage of your communications. Your solution of Problem No. 129 is correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 129 received. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Your compositions are always acceptable.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Problem received; many thanks.

J. B., Montreal.—Check on the first move in a problem is objected to by many, but some very good positions begin with a discovered check, as we will show in a future column.

An International Correspondence Chess Match between Great Britain and the United States has been for some time in the course of arrangement, and very soon will be in active operation. It is likely that in a few days we may be enabled to give the names of the players selected on both sides, and some of the conditions of the match. In the meantime let us rejoice that such an opportunity presents itself to test the strength of the players on both sides of the Atlantic.

The games being by correspondence each player will have no difficulty in exerting his full ability to maintain his country's credit, and no careless moves need be anticipated. Pending the contest, much excitement will exist and editors of Chess Columns both here and across the Atlantic will be glad to publish the score should it be allowed, as one and another of the games are terminated.

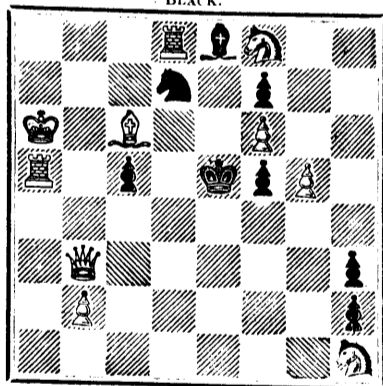
The match between Blackburne and Zukertort should, according to the latest intelligence, be either in the course of play or finished. We shall be anxious to publish the results.

Since writing the above we have received the intelligence that Mr. Blackburne has won the first game in his contest with Mr. Zukertort.

We are anxious again to call attention to the approaching Congress and Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association at Quebec on the 21st of August next, and the following days. We trust that there will be such a gathering at the ancient capital as will prove that Canada is not falling behind other places in its estimation of the scientific game of Chess.

The programme will be issued in a few days, if it has not already made its appearance, and it is to be hoped that subscriptions from clubs and members of the Association have already afforded the means of fixing the prizes to be competed for on a scale equal, if not superior to that which regulated them on former occasions. Funds have not yet been obtained to secure a Canadian trophy, as proposed by the Secretary, D. C. Mackenzie, Esq., in a letter which appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the 19th of May last, but there is every reason to believe that the measure, which is an excellent one, if not carried out this year will be so far advanced, that it will be effectively made use of at the next Tournament of the Association.

PROBLEM No. 132. By Mr. C. M. BAXTER, Dundee, Scotland. This problem gained a prize in the Lebanon Herald's Tourney, U.S.



White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 189TH.

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

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. W. A.) BLACK.—(Mr. J. W.)

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

And the game was finally drawn.

NOTES.

(a) Kt to K B 5 seems much better calculated to keep up the attack. The move leads to an exchange of Queens.

(b) Black is now out of his difficulties.

CHES IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 190TH.

Played recently between Mr. Mason and Dr. S.—; the former giving the odds of the Queen's Rook.

(From the American Chess Journal.)

Remove White's Queen's Rook.

- 1. P to K 4
2. P to Q 4
3. P takes B P
4. Q to R 5 (ch)
5. B to Kt 5 (ch)
6. Kt to Q B 3
7. B to Q B 4
8. B to K 6 (ch)
9. P to Q 5 (ch)
10. Kt to R 4 (ch)
11. B to Q 2 (ch)
12. Q to K 2
13. P to Q Kt 3 (ch)
14. B to B 3
15. B to R sq
16. P to B 3 (dis. ch)
17. Kt to B 3
18. Castles.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 130.

The Rook in this Problem should have been printed White instead of Black.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B 2 (dis. ch.)
2. Kt takes B
3. P to K B 4 mate
BLACK. 1. P covers
2. P takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 128.

- WHITE. 1. R takes Kt
2. R checks at K B 5
3. Q to K R 8 (ch)
4. Q takes R mate
BLACK. 1. B to K 3 (best)
2. B takes R
3. R covers

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 129.

- WHITE. Kt at K B 8
R at K R 8
B at Q R 3
Kt at Q 3
Pawns at K B 3
K R 4 to Q Kt 2
BLACK. K at K B 4
Pawns at K 3
K B 5 and
K R 4

White to play and mate in three moves.



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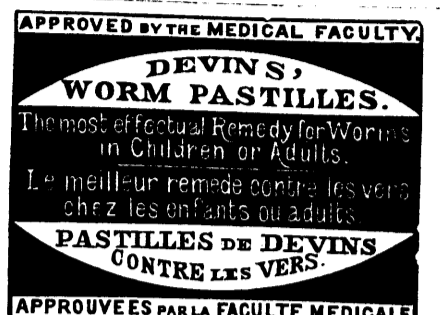
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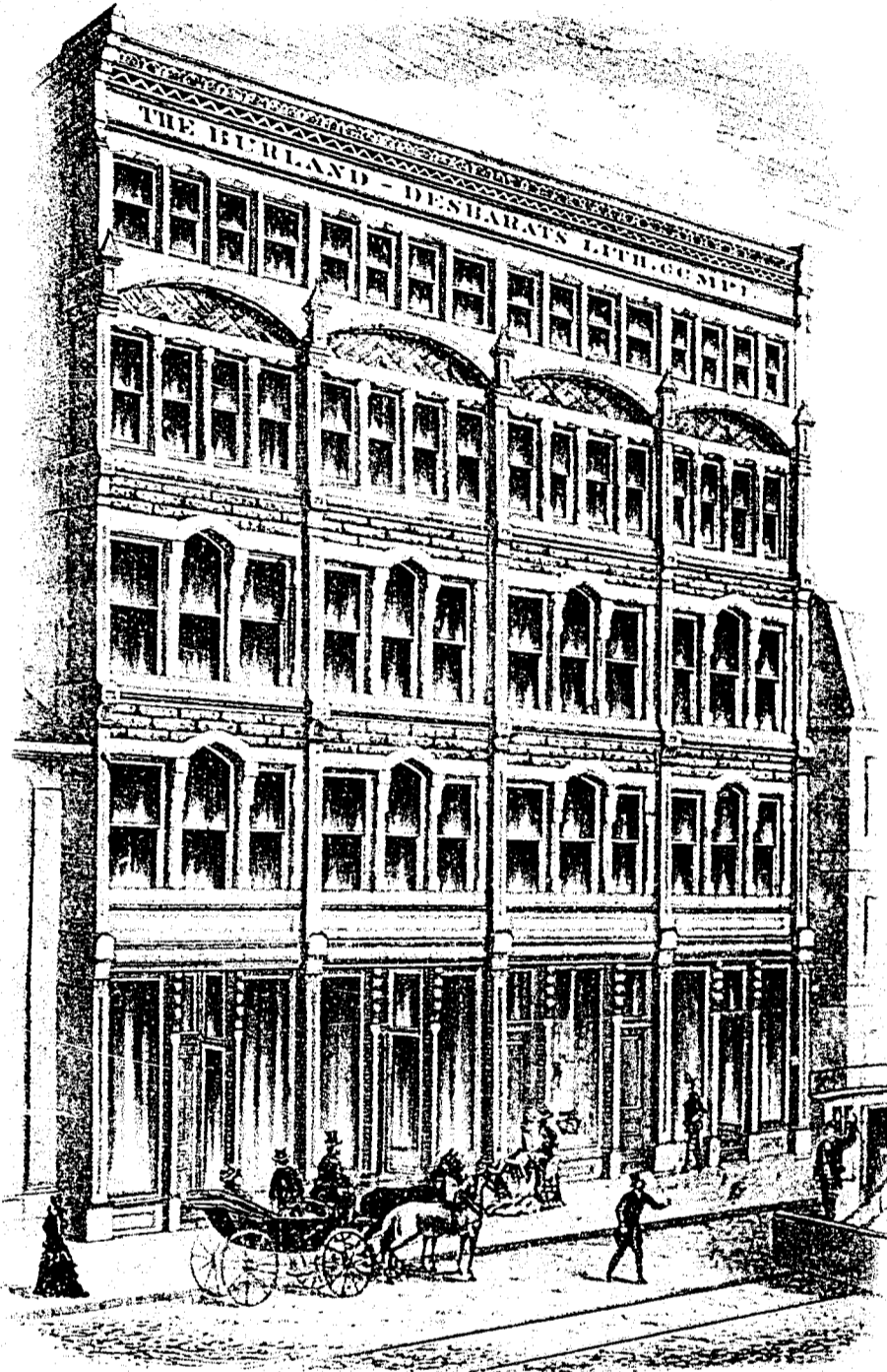
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