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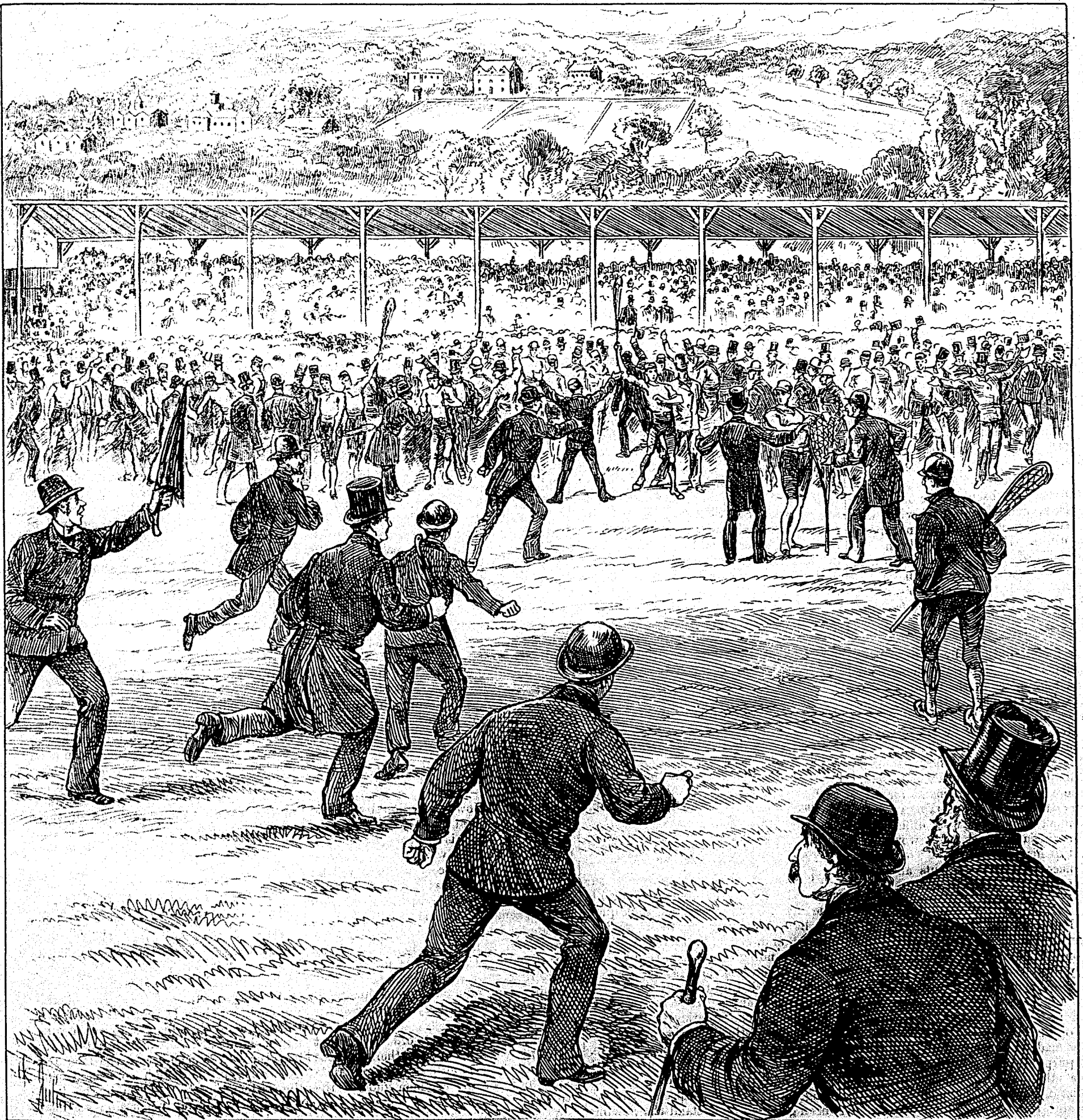
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Wholesale News

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"GAME!"—SCENE ON THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE GROUNDS AT THE TERMINATION OF THE GREAT MATCH BETWEEN THE SHAMROCK & TORONTO CLUBS.

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

October 10th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 62°	54°	58°	Mon.. 67°	48°	57° 5
Tues. 56°	44°	50°	Tues. 72°	54°	63°
Wed.. 57°	45°	51°	Wed.. 62°	45°	53° 5
Thur. 55°	40°	47° 5	Thur.. 74°	48°	61°
Fri... 53°	38°	46° 5	Fri... 77°	50°	68°
Sat... 61°	45°	53°	Sat... 71°	43°	70°
Sun... 66°	46°	56°	Sun... 71°	54°	62° 5

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LETTER PRESS.—The Week.—The Eastern Crisis.—A New Rugby and a New Colony.—The Literary Movement.—Golf, a Royal and Ancient Game.—March O'er the Ice.—Tried.—British Canada to L. H. Frechette.—Grades of Intellect.—Echoes from London.—Echoes from Paris.—Foot Notes.—Heath and Home.—The Gleaner.—White Wings (continued).—History of the Week.—Our Illustrations.—Varieties.—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, October 16, 1880.

THE WEEK.

It is now decided that there shall be no Fall session of Parliament.

THE Franco-Canadian Credit Foncier scheme has been duly gazetted in Paris, and the offices will be opened in this Province early in January.

QUEBEC has taken the initiative in defence of the velocipede. The Recorder of that city has decided that bicycles have the same right to the road as other vehicles.

GARIBALDI has been at one of his old tricks again, making mischief when and where least expected, and for no appreciable cause. He has long been the spoiled child of Italy, and seems to take pleasure in showing it. "Good heart, but bad head," was what MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO said of him. *Cuor d'oro, ma testa di bufaloro.*

It is now admitted by Conservative organs that several important changes are about to take place in the Cabinet. Sir CHARLES TUPPER may retire and take a position on the Pacific Railway Syndicate. Hon. Mr. BABY will accept a vacant Judgeship for the Three Rivers district. Mr. DALY, of Halifax, is spoken of as Sir CHARLES TUPPER'S successor, while there are several claimants for Mr. BABY'S portfolio. If Mr. CHAPLEAU had not so much important work unfinished in the Provincial Cabinet, there would be no doubt of his selection, as he is entitled to the place both by his talents and his years of service to his party.

THE dinner to the Canadian poet, M. FRECHETTE, was in every respect a successful one, reflecting the highest credit on every one concerned in it. Every feature connected therewith was satisfactory, not the least being the meeting together of men of all creeds, origins and political opinions. Several leading Conservatives made it a pleasant duty to be present, purposely as a protest against the miserable attempts of a "certain press," to ostracize a man of talent, only because he entertains different opinions in politics. Ultra-toryism will no more be tolerated

by the rank and file of the Conservative party, than will Radicalism by the best section of the Liberals.

WE should not wonder to hear of a crisis in Ireland before many days are over. Mr. FORSTER, the Chief Secretary, has already officially declared that, however, they might regret it, the Government were quite prepared to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, if it was found absolutely necessary to do so. If the Turkish question should unfortunately lead to complications involving the active interference of Great Britain, the situation in Ireland would acquire an exceptionally serious importance. It has been stated that Mr. PARNELL would make a visit to America, but we hardly credit this, unless he did so purposely to avoid continuing the agitation in Ireland. In that case, his change of base would be particularly significant.

WE are glad to learn that the annual report of the Montreal Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Association of the Province of Quebec is about to make its appearance. These reports are extremely valuable for reference and should be as widely circulated as possible. The Society is one of our oldest institutions—being now in the 34th year of its existence—but it was not until about five years ago that it took the splendid development which it now enjoys. The paying membership is 748, and the number of entries at the last Exhibition, which we illustrated a few weeks ago, was 13,602, or an increase of 300 on last year. The Society comes after Boston as the largest of its kind in America. It is well officered and strenuous efforts are going to be made to push it on still further.

WE would call attention to the double-page illustration representing the fishing adventures of Their Royal Highnesses Princess LOUISE and Prince LEOPOLD in the gulf districts. Apart from the subject itself which is interesting, the pictures will be welcomed by the numerous friends of Mr. GEORGE STEPHEN whom they concern very intimately. In this connection we cannot do better than to cite the following from the London *World*:—"Mrs. GEORGE STEPHEN, the wife of the President of the Bank of Montreal, whom I remember spending the early part of the season with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S family, with whom she is connected, has received a letter from the Queen, thanking her for her care of Prince LEOPOLD during his illness in Canada. Prince LEOPOLD and the Princess LOUISE were staying, for the salmon-fishing, with Mr. and Mrs. STEPHEN at their summer cottage on the Metapedia, when the accident I spoke of at the time occurred to the Prince. Accompanying the letter was an oil portrait of Her Majesty. I have known a number of men who have visited Montreal, either on their way to shoot on the prairies, to fish in the St. Lawrence, or to serve in the garrison which once made Montreal such a charming place, speak of the unvarying hospitality and general desire to render things pleasant that have served to make Mrs. STEPHEN so popular in Canada."

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

From week to week we have kept our readers advised of the progress of events in the East. The interest of such questions lies frequently in their gradual evolution, and, hence, to arrive at a proper understanding of ultimate results, it is necessary to have made a serial study of the causes that led up to it.

Two circumstances give a serious character to the present situation in European Turkey—the obstinacy of the Sultan, and the want of concert among the Powers. The Sultan is naturally a weak, undecided man, of good intentions, but of a procrastinating nature. It is suspected that he has been given to understand that, owing to hesitancy and lack of harmony between

them, he need fear no direct hostilities from the Powers, who would be only too glad to have a plausible pretext for withdrawing from an awkward position. We should not be prepared to doubt the existence of such an intrigue, notwithstanding its extreme perfidy even so far as the Porte is concerned. On the other hand, it is well known and indeed quite natural that a threatening pressure is being made on the Sultan from the Turks themselves. A plan of assassination even has been discovered. The Monarch is regarded by his people as the main obstacle to the proclamation and success of a Holy War to drive the gjaours out of Turkey. It is no wonder that influences like these, although coming from diametrically different sources, should steel the heart of the Sultan to the point of declaring that he would rather abdicate than yield to the wishes of the Powers.

Hitherto the Powers have not acted in unison. France really has no heart in the business, and has as much as said so. Germany is not a great deal more cordial, but the Kaiser has interfered to give the Porte an extension of time. The rival interests of Austria and Russia in the Balkan Peninsula neutralises their action, or rather strip it of any character of disinterestedness. On England mainly has the burden fallen of carrying through the operations, and naturally the responsibility is embarrassing, considering the attitude of the present Government toward this whole Eastern Question. But whoever is in power must maintain the prestige of the nation; hence there is no fear that Old England will back down. Of course, actual warfare will be stayed until the last extremity and preliminary action, characteristic of the Manchester school, will be attempted—the blockade of Turkish ports and the sequestration of Turkish revenue. Measures will be taken—this is the scheme—to seize the custom houses of the Turkish Empire, in the hope of reducing the Sultan to financial extremities. The objection to this novel mode of warfare would be the damage inflicted upon the creditors of Turkey throughout Europe, who have suffered enough already, but this might be obviated by an international guarantee of the interest on the Turkish bonds.

We still hope, however, that a simpler and more proper solution may be reached. This is the surrender of Dulcigno. Thus, at least, would a truce be effected which is the furthest limit to that ultimate solution of the Turkish Question which must necessarily soon come to pass. For after this Montenegrin difficulty, will necessarily loom up the Greek boundary problem, to be succeeded by something else, until the whole Ottoman Empire is involved. It appears clear that the end of the century will not see a Sultan at Constantinople, and it is perhaps the vision of this inevitable downfall which nerves the shrewdest and most determined Turkish statesmen to make a bold stand while they conserve the remnants of a powerful military organization.

GOLF A ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

Golf (Goff, Gowff) may literally be said to be in Scotland a game of immemorial antiquity. There is evidence that early in the 15th century it was popular in such a sense as it can scarcely at this day claim to be, and the obvious inference is that the origin lies very much further back, perhaps, in some pre-historic period. Indeed, so popular had it become that the Legislature found it necessary to fulminate repeated statutes against it, as unprofitable, interfering with the more important accomplishment of archery, and thus tending to impair the military efficiency of the people.

In April, 1491, it was ordained "that in na place of the realm there be usit Fute-ball, Golfo, or either sic unprofitable sportis but for the common gude of the realm."

A century later we find it sufficiently obvious that such statutes had been little

respected, and that the game continued to be as popular as before. It was not, however, Scottish valor that was imperilled, but a much more serious matter, Scottish piety.

In 1604 ROBERT ROBERTSON and others "were convicted of profaning the Lord's Sabbath, by absenting themselves from the hearing of the Word and playing at the Gouf on the North Inch Perth in time of preaching."

It is found that on the 4th of April, 1603, King JAMES VI. appointed Wm. MAYNE "bower burges of Edinburgh during all the dayis of his lyfytyme club-maker to his Hioness." It would appear that the Golf balls of national manufacture were not up to the mark, and the golfers of the day were unpatriotic enough to import them from Holland.

Prince HENRY, eldest son of James VI., often engaged in the game.

MARY, Queen of Scots, her adversaries affirmed, as an instance of her indifference to DARNLEY'S fate, a few days after his murder "was seen playing Golf and Pall-mall in the fields besides Seton."

The great MONTROSE we find in May, 1628, ere "the troubles" began, "hard at Golf on the Links of St. Andrew." In the following year, returning from Edinburgh, he carries a day at Leith, expending 10s., "for two golf balls, my Lord going to the golf there."

CHARLES 1st was so passionately fond of the game that it is said that he practised it at Newcastle during his confinement there, and it was whilst engaged at Golf on the Links of Leith that that ill-fated monarch first received intelligence of the Irish rebellion in 1642. The evil tidings affected CHARLES so deeply that he instantly broke up the match and drove to Holyrood.

The DUKE OF YORK, afterwards JAMES II., was frequently to be seen on the green, "ANDREW DICKSON" acting as "fore-cadie," to announce where the balls fell.

Sir HENRY RAEBURN, although he worked hard in his studio all the other days of the week, devoted the Saturday to the practice of Golf.

ALEXANDER MCKELLAR, "The Cock o' the Green," rendered famous by KAY in his etchings, spent his life on Bruntonfield Links, Edinburgh, playing by himself when unable to procure an opponent, and was not unfrequently found practising "putting" at the "short holes" by lamplight. His golf-hating wife, annoyed by his all-absorbing passion, on one occasion carried his dinner and his nightcap to the Links, but MCKELLAR, blind to the satire, good-humouredly observed to his better-half that she "could wait if she likit till the game was done, but at present he had no time for refreshments."

Scotland, which though probably not the birthplace, is yet the chosen home of Golf, may well be proud of the ancient game, by the spell of which king and cobbler alike are held captive, and although her hardy sons, in search of fame or fortune, carry their favorite game south, east and west, "far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam," still they never forget their native greens, and gladly return—many after doing the State good service—to the happy golfing grounds of their youth, where every "hole" seems eloquent with the recollections of famous "puts" and glorious "drives."

A NEW COLONY AND NEW SOCIETY.

One of the noticeable Colonization schemes of the day is that of Mr. THOS. HUGHES, M.P., in the State of Tennessee, entitled "Rugby." Mr. HUGHES, as everybody knows, is the author of that charming book, "School Days at Rugby," and it is not more than his due to say that he has made his mark in English letters. He has also been a member of the House of Commons, and although connected with the aristocratic school of Rugby, he is of a decidedly Liberal persuasion and has been known to be the correspondent of a New York newspaper. He has now led

an English colony of decidedly the better class to make a settlement in the eastern part of Tennessee, on, it appears, a spur of the Alleghanies. This colony is highly theoretic in its institution. It is not Communistic, but it is co-operative, and an attempt is made to found an improved status of society. These ambitious designs have been all very well heralded in the newspapers; and now we have a report in speeches telegraphed at great length, of what may be called the installation of the new society at new "Rugby." This is curiously called a special English society, and Mr. HUGHES goes so far in his opening speech as to say that it is not exclusively English, in that others who are not English, if they have sympathy with the objects of the society, and are willing to become fellow workers, may join. We say "curiously called English," because it seems to be studiously kept out of view that these people before they can exercise any right of citizenship in their new home, if indeed they can hold their land, must first become citizens of the United States, which can only be done by the process of taking two oaths prescribed by the United States law;—one, of intention to become a United States citizen, and the other, at the end of five years' residence, to establish that the conditions of such intention have been fulfilled. Now the United States' oath of intention to become a citizen, and also that declaring the conditions fulfilled, are quite special, and in fact remarkable, among instruments of this nature. These oaths are not confined to simple declarations of fealty and allegiance, but they are couched in terms of extreme offensiveness and distrust of all foreign nations. The Englishman who takes them is bound to swear that he renounces his national birthright, under his former allegiance, and that, in case of war, he will become the enemy of Queen Victoria. This is, at least, a tough thing for very intensely English people to do, however much the pill may be gilt by glittering generalities, in the really eloquent words of Mr. HUGHES, about cosmopolitan notions, and the family unity of the great branches of the English speaking race. The swearing of new fealty or allegiance one would think would amply suffice for this happy family idea, but an oath of renunciation of one's national birthright cuts deeper than that. The stern requirements of these oaths, are not put prominently forward in the immigration propagandism of our neighbours, in the United Kingdom. They are in fact, judiciously concealed, and any traveller in England will find it very difficult to get in any United States consular office a copy of these oaths. The Liberal Mr. HUGHES and his friends, however, seem to have got bravely over all difficulties of this nature, and many of the great men of the neighbourhood seem to have gathered to do honour to the inauguration of the colony. Mr. HUGHES speaks lovingly of the beauty of the site, and dwells, as we have before said, on the specially English nature of the community. The site may be beautiful, but we are afraid that the English part of the arrangement will prove to be like the apples of the Dead Sea, goodly to the sight, but sand in the mouth. Even in religion, Mr. HUGHES is going to carry out his commission, or at least, the spirit of co-operation, as all the sects are to worship in one common church. If their Christian charity shall be found to be equal to bearing the strain of all the claims and all the pretensions of each of the sects, we will say there should be a mark made in white for that colony. But it is as respects the composition of the society that Mr. HUGHES is most eloquent, and here we can only quote his own words:—"Our aim and hope are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies; not that artificial class which goes by those grand names, both in Europe and here, the joint product of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members who live (as we hope most, if not all of

them, will to some extent) by the labour of their own hands, will be of such strain and culture, that they shall be able to meet a Princess in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate "tower of Rugby in the new world." The flavour of this is much too fine to spoil by a single comment!

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT.

We have been set an example in the banquet offered to M. FRECHETTE, last week, which we ought to make it our pride to follow as soon and as often as possible. We offer dinners to statesmen, politicians, successful business men and diverse public benefactors, but the purely literary man is overlooked, as if his influence in the community and on the destinies of our common country were too slight to be deserving of recognition. Our French friends have different ideas. They are not only fond of literature, but they prize it and know how to reward it whenever opportunity offers. There is the example of M. FRECHETTE. He was banqueted last Thursday in a manner that would have done honour to the Governor-General. And yet in what character did he appear? Not as a lawyer, for, we believe, he is out of practice. Not as a politician, for he has withdrawn from the political arena. He appeared as a poet, pure and simple. His poems are not numerous, but they are good—so good that they were deemed worthy of the Grand Prix Monthyon awarded by the French Academy. Mindful of the honour conferred upon themselves and upon the country by this distinction, his friends at once conceived the design of expressing their acknowledgment in a suitable public manner. No sooner had the poet returned from Paris, where he felt it incumbent on himself to go in person to receive the laurel crown, than they organized this banquet. While the French naturally took the initiative, the English cordially joined them, so that the assembly became really a national one. Judges, lawyers, physicians, members of Parliament and the press, business men of different grades, met together around the festive board, and representatives of each of these classes were chosen to pay a tribute to genuine literary worth. The banquet was a memorable one, and many things were uttered thereat which must go a great way toward encouraging the literary movement among us. Among these utterances perhaps the most striking, because the most practical, was that of Lieut.-Col. OUMET, M.P. for Laval, who said that M. FRECHETTE had done more to make Canada known in France and to attract emigration from that country than all the agents put together. And he said true.

Dr. JOHNSON declared long ago that a nation is best illustrated by its authors, and it is time that the Dominion should awaken to the blessings of that truism. While all else is thriving among us, and we are on the rising wave of general prosperity, we should not neglect one of the most important factors of national vitality—the development of native literature. This can be done by the cultivation of literary taste and the encouragement of literary men. The talent we have in abundance; the sources of inspiration we plentifully enjoy in the natural beauties of our landscape, in the grand traditions of our history, in the peculiarities of our heterogeneous society, and in the aspirations of our young national life. Let the proper impulse be given, let it be understood that the new sphere is open, let the legitimate reward of appreciation be set before eager eyes, and Canadian literature will soon take a forward step that will astonish even ourselves.

Our French countrymen are already in the field and taking advantage of the propitious movement, as the following interesting notes will show:—

M. FRECHETTE himself, who has already wooed the dramatic as well as the lyric

muse, is at work upon a new play entitled: "The Heroine of Chateauguay." We incline to the belief that this gentleman's "Papineau," represented in mid-summer, owed most of its success to political effects, and we shall be glad to find that his forthcoming work depends rather on genuine literary merit.

Hon. M. MARCHAND, late Crown Lands Commissioner for this Province, is on the point of putting forward a drama upon which he has been busy for a long time. M. MARCHAND has the instinct of the stage, especially for situations of light comedy, and we expect his next work to be a contribution to genuine Canadian literature.

M. BENJAMIN SULTE has just published a new volume of songs, which we briefly review this week, and continues his researches in the history of Three Rivers.

A new edition of GARNEAU'S "History of Canada" is announced, with notes and additions from the responsible pen of his son, M. ALFRED GARNEAU, of Ottawa. This is a noble work which deserves to live, and if shorn of certain appreciations natural enough at the time it was written, but modified now in the light of subsequent events, may be made worthy of acceptance by readers of every class.

The famous antiquarian and specialist, Abbé TANGUY, is rapidly pushing forward the second volume of his invaluable work on the Genealogy of Canadian Families. After studying the archives of nearly every parish in Lower Canada, he has gone to St. Louis and other points of the Mississippi Valley to trace out the origin of Canadian settlers there, and has done the same for the Acadians of Nova Scotia.

Mr. OSCAR DUNN, author of a thoughtful work entitled "Ten Years of Journalism," and M. PASCAL POIRIER, an Acadian litterateur, are busy on philological labours.

Judge ROUTHIER and Abbé CASGRAIN have in hand books of travel, and the *Revue Canadienne*, a monthly literary periodical, is about to resume publication.

As we all must earn our bread and butter, we all rejoice at the actual commercial and financial "boom," but to those who seek for the food of the mind, these evidences of literary revival will be doubly welcome.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

TRIP TO MANITOBA, OR ROUGHING IT ON THE LINE. By Miss Fitzgibbon.

We are glad to see that Belford, Rose & Co. of Toronto, have brought out a Canadian edition of this lively book. Miss Fitzgibbon is a granddaughter of Mrs. Moodie, whose name is justly dear to all lovers of Canadian literature, and seems to have inherited no inconsiderable portion of the family talent. In 1876 she accompanied the wife of one of the chief engineers of the C. P. R. survey to Manitoba, and gives a lively account of her journey to Winnipeg, her residence in that city for some months, her journey to the residence on Lake Deception out "on the line," a year's residence in the wilderness, and a return journey full of adventures by boat and field. The story is an interesting one, and is made still more so by the rapid changes going on in our prairie province, as showing the advance made and the difficulties under which the first pioneers of civilization laboured. We hope Miss Fitzgibbon will meet with such encouragement as to induce her to again send forth another venture into the literary world.

THE FRONTIER SCHOOLMASTER: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TEACHER, &c. By C. Thomas. Montreal: John Lovell & Son, 120, pp. 465.

This a good and useful book, written in a pleasant style and conveying a great deal of information in regard to the hardships and other adventures of school teaching in the Eastern Townships. The author is already favourably known to the public as having written, some years ago, a history of Shefford County. His experiences in the American war, whether real or fictitious, form an interesting episode to the march of the story. There is also a vein of quiet humor in the portraiture of the oddities of several of the pupils. The construction of the romance displays considerable ability, and the interest of the reader is sustained throughout. As a mere novel, therefore, we can recommend it very highly to the public. But the book has other and more substantial merits which make it particularly useful to teachers and to all those who give attention to our educational system. Some of its concluding chapters contain an essay on the management of our public schools that is full of valuable suggestions and timely criticism. On this subject Mr. Thomas is calm and temperate, but quite plain-spoken. The mate-

rial appearance of the work is handsome, and reflects credit on the eminent publishers from whence it emanates.

CHANTS NOUVEAUX. Par Benjamin Sulte. Ottawa, 160. pp. 68.

M. Sulte is the most national of French Canadian poets, and this new work of his still further justifies that reputation. We had occasion a few years ago to review in the most favourable spirit Mr. Sulte's first volume of poems, entitled "Les Laurentiennes," and we are glad to meet him again in the enjoyment of all his old lyric force and fire. The jovial and genial phase of his poetic character is likewise well sustained, and particularly displayed in those poems of the present volume included under "Impromptus." There are some thirty pieces in all, making a handsome little volume, which we heartily recommend to all those of our readers who take the interest which they should take in French Canadian literature. We would call special attention to "Crémazie," "Chateauguay," "Rallions Nous," and "La Cloche." As a specimen of the gayer poems we may cite "Son Petit Nom."

Pourquoi l'appelons-nous Titite?
C'est banal et de mauvais ton,
Dit-on.

A la nommer tout nous invite,
Jean, Jeannette, Jeanneton.

Jeanne Parent est un nom grave—
Que les grand'mères portaient bien,
Et rien.

Ne saurait y mettre d'entrave,
Si l'enfant le voulait pour sien.

Jeannette a pour moi plus de charmes,
Ce dit l'autre est coquet.

Tout prêt
Pour ceux qui lui rendront les armes
Car elle aura plus d'un attrait.

Jeanneton est un peu rustique;
Son père emploiera sans façon
Ce nom?

Sa mère aura la Jeanne antique
Et Jeannette... un joli garçon.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 4.—Large quantities of arms are being imported into Ireland for distribution to the agitators.—The international syndicate signed the documents in Paris yesterday providing for the construction of the Panama Canal.—A serious accident occurred at the Roman Catholic Church at Manchester, on Sunday, through one of the galleries giving way. Several persons were killed.—The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs yesterday handed to the Ambassadors the Sultan's latest scheme for a settlement of the Eastern Question.—Mr. Parnell's deliverances at the Cork demonstration, on Thursday, do not appear to have been perfectly satisfactory to the advocates of armed revolution as a means of redeeming Ireland's grievances.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5.—The triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States opens in New York to-day.—Bismarck has recommended the Legislature to sanction the modifications proposed by the Belgian Government in shipping dues at Antwerp.—The Italian Government is preparing a circular reviving the Jesuit decrees, on account of the large number of French Jesuits who have recently taken refuge in Italy.—News from the Russian camp at Kuldja says hostilities will have to be suspended during the winter, on account of the snow. Negotiations are to be re-opened with the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Minister.—The Emperor of Germany has sent an autograph letter to the Queen, protesting against unduly forcing the Porte to comply with the wishes of the Powers, and especially against the disembarkation of troops.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6.—It is proposed to blockade the Dardanelles as a means of coercion against the Sultan.—It is said that the European Powers have agreed to lend Montenegro pecuniary assistance.—Lord Beaconsfield has returned 20 per cent. of their rents for the past year to his Huguenot tenants.—The British forces in Ireland are to be re-inforced, as soon as the Commander-in-Chief has any available troops.—The convention of the associated merchants and shippers of the United States opened in Boston yesterday.—Unusual floods have been experienced in the northern and midland counties of England, caused by the recent heavy rains.—The French Government has been formally notified of the Vatican's intention to recall the Papal Nuncio in case of the enforcement of the Jesuit decrees.

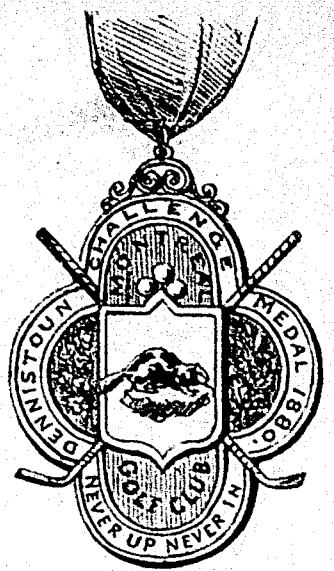
THURSDAY, Oct. 7.—There are rumours that the Powers are giving encouragement to the deposition of the Sultan.—Reports come from Zanzibar of caravans being attacked and several English officers killed.—Three British steamships—the *Stag*, *Robina* and *Benalla*, have been wrecked at St. Michaels, Azores.—The cricket match at Philadelphia between twelve Englishmen and twelve Americans resulted in a draw. The Americans made 98 and 86 in their two innings; the Englishmen scoring 130 in their first innings and 15 for five wickets in their second innings.—A number of leading Irish landowners proceeded in a deputation to the Castle, at Dublin, yesterday, and had an interview with the Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Forster, who promised that if the law was not sufficiently strong to deal with the present crisis in Ireland, other measures would be promptly taken by the Government.

FRIDAY, Oct. 8.—King Humbert has arrested Garibaldi's son-in-law, imprisoned at Genoa.—An appeal has been sent to the home authorities for reinforcements for South Africa.—Some fifty persons were killed in a terrible colliery accident which occurred near Breslau yesterday.—The Albanian Catholic tribes have joined Riza Pasha's standard. All the Powers have agreed to England's proposed coercive measures.—The detectives have "located" one of the gang supposed to have been implicated in the dynamite plot on the London and North-western Railway.—A Constantinople despatch says the Sheiks from all the Moslem centres are gathering at the Sultan's palace, urging him to proclaim a religious war and call on his people to drive the Christians from Turkish soil.—Russia refused to re-open negotiations with the Chinese Government concerning the boundary of their Asiatic possessions, but has sent an ultimatum demanding that the treaty negotiated with Chung How, then Chinese Minister, be carried out, and in the event of this being refused, the Russian fleet will take active measures to obtain redress.

SATURDAY, Oct. 9.—Destitute Christians, exiled from Montenegro, are taking refuge at Scutari.—It is asserted that no syndicate has been yet formed to build the Panama Canal.—The Porte is expected to surrender Dulcigno at once, but adheres to the other demands.—The Chinese are preparing a plan for the re-organization of their army on the Prussian system.—The rumour that the French fleet was to be withdrawn from the combined squadron is contradicted.



A Stymy.



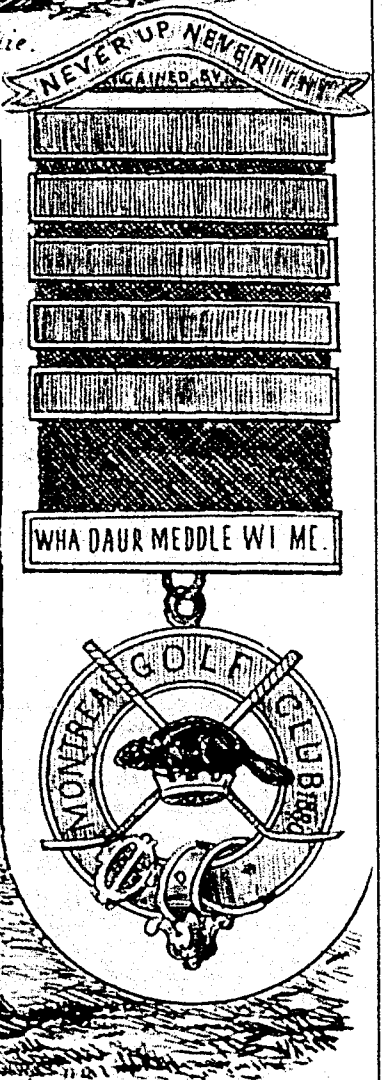
Dennistown Scratch Medal.



The Fore Caddie.



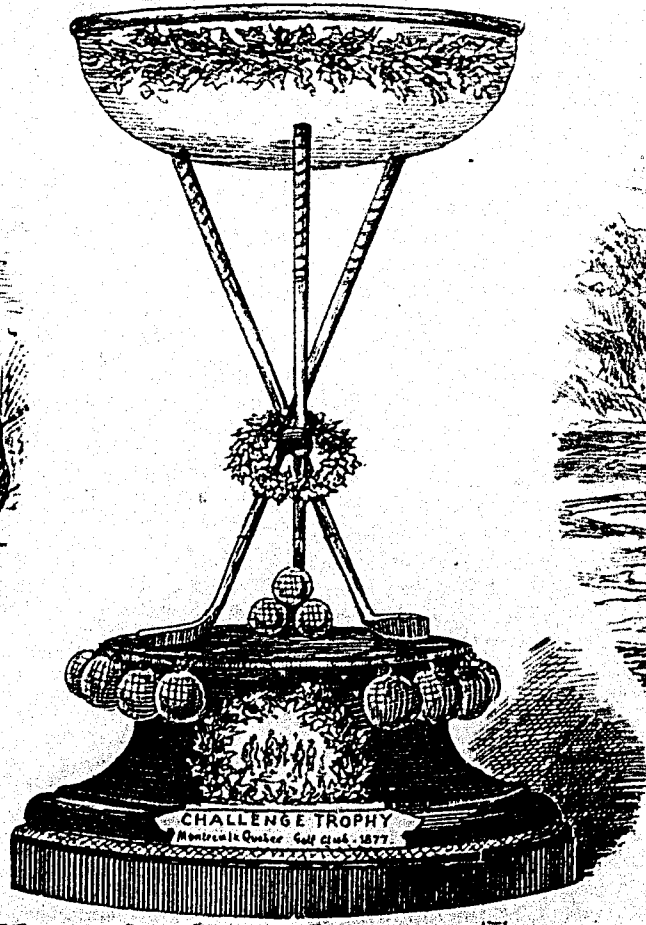
Putting out.



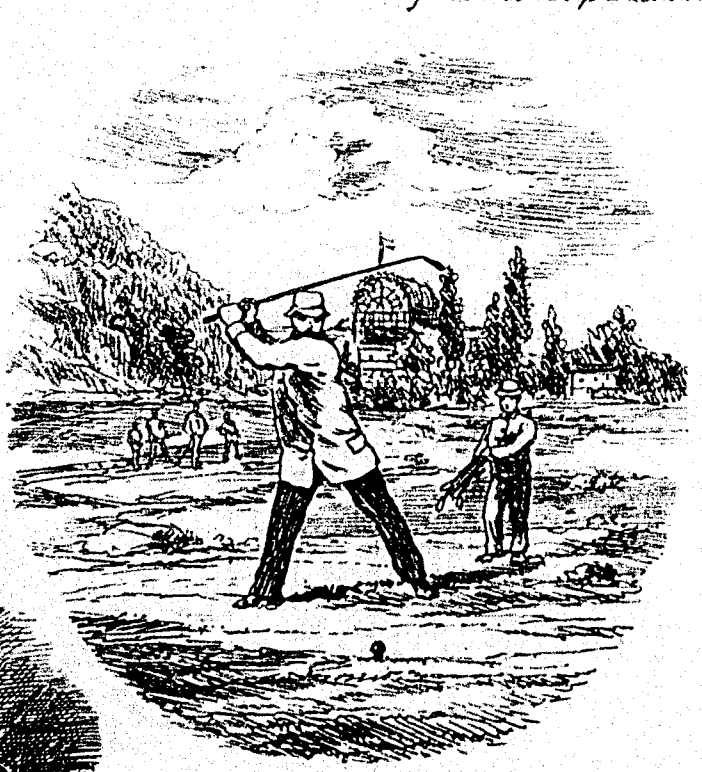
Sidley Handicap Medal.



Driving the Quarry hole.

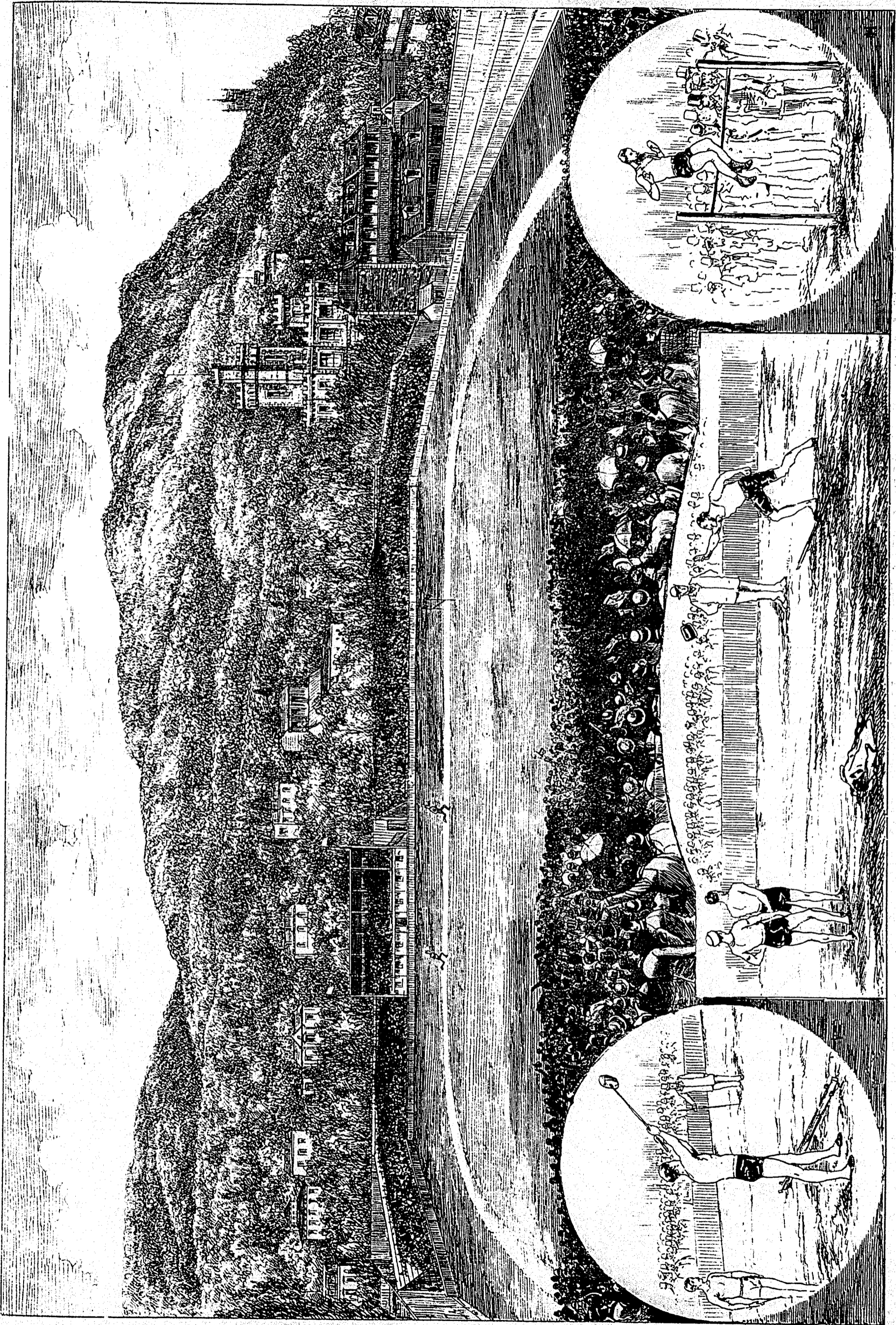


Montreal & Quebec Challenge Trophy.



Driving.

THE GOLF MATCH BETWEEN THE QUEBEC AND MONTREAL CLUBS, ON FLETCHER'S FIELD, MONTREAL.



THE ANNUAL GAMES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

IN MEMORIAM.

What envious angel snatched thy perfect soul
To clasp the love it gave to all on earth!
Thy soul—as pure as when God gave it birth,
That surely now hath reached its blessed goal.

Dowered with love that must have been divine,
Living within the shadow of man's sphere,
And crowned with perfect deeds still lingering here,
Where their remembrance may forever shine!

Thy lovely life still beautifies the place,
Transfigures with its light my narrow dreams,
When in the awe-struck silence, faintly gleams
The sad, pure memory of thy angel face.

The hour of tribulation comes to all,
And trouble hovers like a bat at night;
Spirit in Heaven, may thy unswerving light
Upon my darkness like a blessing fall!

Immortal love that claims its heritage,
Where saints may worship lowly at thy feet;
In ecstasy I scan thy presence sweet,
A mortal thought upon dim memory's page.

Before dull care had blurred my mental sight,
Or charged existence with its sharp, cold pain,
The sweetness of thy vision could sustain
And nourish life, as plants thrive in the light.

The fruitless branches of the weary years,
Are scathed with lightning from misfortune's skies,
Yet peace may come with hallowed memories,
To still regret and unavailing tears.

Thy love could never compass earthly dreams
Or reach the hollow ear of a worldliness,
And so it lay concealed, in time to bless
And glorify another world than ours!

Montreal.

ISIDORE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DULCIGNO.—Although Dulcigno, pronounced like an Italian word, has been made very prominent lately by despatches from the East, it is quite probable that many newspaper readers scarcely remember to have heard of it until the recent trouble between the Albanians and the Porte. Dulcigno is playing a much more conspicuous part than it is entitled to by any importance of its own. Its momentary fame is accidental, like the fame of so many insignificant points that have been the scene of military operations and military movements. Philipp, Blenheim, Leuthen, Actium, Wagram, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Bosworth, Antietam, Pittsburg Landing and Woerth, are notable examples. Dulcigno an inconsiderable town and seaport of European Turkey, Province of Albania, is situated on the shore of the Adriatic, fifteen miles southwest of Scutari. The inhabitants were long notorious for piracy, but are now comparatively law-abiding, being mostly occupied in the oil and coasting trade. It is the seat of a Catholic Bishop, and has a population of some seven thousand, about half of whom are Turks. It was anciently known as Oleinium, and the Turks call it Olgone. It is perched on Cape Kadilie, a rocky peninsula. It might be made a very strong place, and would at any time be hard to take, if vigorously defended. When the present Turkish Montenegrin-Albanian flurry shall have passed Dulcigno will sink into its former obscurity, like some Western politician, who has managed, for the hour, to draw the eyes of the nation to his rampant garrulity.

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.—Thanks to the excellent arrangements made for the convenience of both spectators and competitors, the competitions for the annual games of the Montreal Lacrosse Club passed off most successfully. Large crowds were attracted to the club ground, the grand stand being about three parts occupied, and not less than two thousand persons must have been present. The band of the Victoria Rifles was in attendance, and performed during the afternoon at intervals. It is impossible for us to go over all the scores in detail, and we must confine ourselves to those competitions of which we give illustrations.

The two mile run was very interesting, owing to a division of opinion as to whether Geo. Maclaine, of Montreal L. C., would be able to beat H. Fredericks (N. Y.), but the two first laps decided it in Maclaine's favor, a long distance being left between himself and his antagonist at the finish, though in the earlier part of the race he had not been able to get away from him. Maclaine's time was 10m. 38s.

Throwing the 56 lbs. Weight.—J. A. Fullerton gained the first prize in this contest, with a throw of 21 feet 10 inches, G. H. Woods coming next with 21 ft. 6 in.

Throwing the Hammer.—First prize, James A. Fullerton (Montreal), distance 84 ft. 6 in.; second, G. H. Wood (Montreal), distance 75 ft. 2 in.

Running High Jump.—Two only competed—Jas. McGillivray (Montreal), scoring 4 ft. 11 inches, and J. A. Fullerton only one inch below that height.

The whole games were an unqualified success, reflecting the greatest credit on our association, which is one of the prides of this city—the Montreal Lacrosse Club.

GOLF.—The semi-annual match between the Quebec and Montreal Golf Clubs, took place on the Montreal Links on Saturday last. There was a very good attendance, and unusual interest manifested in the game. The game was for the Challenge Trophy, which is competed for every spring and fall, and which is the eighth time it has been played for, having been won by the Quebecers five times and the Montrealers three times. Throughout the entire

game the playing was very keen, as the result shows:

TWO ROUNDS, EIGHTEEN HOLES.

Montreal.	Score	Quebec.	Score
Cpt. Dennistoun	5	T. M. Scott
J. K. Oswald	1	H. S. Smith
E. Mann	5	P. McNaughton
D. D. Sidey	Even	Cpt. C. F. Smith	Even
J. Taylor	J. Roberts
R. Wemyss	W. A. Griffiths	3
C. J. Sidey	N. P. Sloane	1

Resulting in a victory for Montreal by 6.

The Trophy is the joint property of the two Clubs, and has been won by Montreal Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1877; Quebec Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1877; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1878; Montreal Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1878; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1879; Quebec Golf Club, at Montreal, Fall, 1879; Quebec Golf Club, at Quebec, Spring, 1880; Montreal Golf Club at Montreal, Fall, 1880. When the game was finished the members of the Club and a few guests lunched in a very commodious tent. Among those present, in addition to the players, being Mr. Thomas White, M.P., Colonel Dyde, Aldermen Donovan, Hood, Grenier and McCord, James Stewart, John Hope, Richard Wulff, W. R. Elmenhorst, and Mr. Laidlaw, of London, Ont. When the inner man had been satisfied, the President, Mr. Dennistoun, gave the usual loyal toasts, Col. Dyde responding to that of the "Army, Navy and Volunteers." Mr. John Taylor, Vice-Chairman, gave "The members of the Quebec Club," which was very heartily received, and to which Captain Smith replied. Other toasts, including the "Press," were proposed, and in course responded to. After luncheon the following four games were played:—2 rounds, 18 holes.

J. K. Oswald	H. S. Smith
Rev. Canon	Even	G. Drummond	Even
Ellegood	T. M. Scott	1
Capt. Dennistoun	J. G. Sidey	5
Capt. Smith	C. C. Foster	Even
W. P. Sloane	Even	W. A. Griffiths
W. F. Carter	John Taylor
D. D. Sidey	4	J. Roberts
P. McNaughton		

A GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SEA MONSTERS.—Lord Archibald Campbell, the brother of Lord Lorne, who went home on the steamship "Peruvian" a month ago, was fortunate to see some rare nautical sport on the 7th of September. He writes to the *Scotsman*: "When fairly outside Belle Isle Island (lat. 51.55 N., long. 54.51 W.), with icebergs of no great size on either bow and fairly in the Arctic current and the 'Teutonia' on our starboard bow, the first officer told me he had seen twice a large 'thresher' fish leap clean out of the water not far from our bows. We kept a close watch near about where we had last seen the fish; nor had we long to wait, and for the next ten minutes to a quarter of an hour we watched a most tremendous fight between this fish and a large whale which, evidently attacked also from below by sword-fish, was ineffectually trying to 'sound' and do all in its mighty power to get away, but there was no escape. The thresher, an enormous fish—reckoned by the first officer and head engineer at thirty feet in length—kept continually lashing the whale with its powerful tail, and, as if not satisfied that those stunning blows had 'told,' threw itself in the air with enormous leaps, landing on the whale with the most resounding 'whacks.' The sublime and the ludicrous were strangely blended in these attacks; the passengers and crew were all gathered at the bulwarks, fascinated by the gigantic fight. The whale turned in its agony almost belly uppermost, casting itself about in all directions, but there was no escape. It never got deep below the surface, which was churned by its mighty efforts into a seething mass of foam. The combatants went right in the teeth of the wind and sea then running. We saw the whale in a regular 'flurry' often, and when our straining eyes last saw them they were as hard at it as ever, and it was the opinion of most on board that the whale was fast sickening. The whole of the under part of the whale was white, and I hope some one will give me some information as to its species. From the tip of the tail to the jaw it was as if painted white—a leaden color above. There were many on board who had sailed the Atlantic for upwards of thirty years, but had never seen such a fight. It took place, so to speak, close to both vessels, the fight raging between our ship and the 'Teutonia.'"

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD IN CANADA.—H.R.H. Prince Leopold arrived at Quebec on the 23rd May, after a pleasant passage of ten days in the Allan steamer *Sardinian*. H.R.H. Princess Louise and the Governor-General came on board to welcome the Prince. After spending a few days at the Citadel, he started on a tour, accompanied by the Princess, Lord Lorne, and a numerous suite, to visit Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Chicago, and Milwaukee; returning by rail to Kingston, to embark in a steamer to go down the St. Lawrence, passing the Thousand Islands, and shooting the various rapids. Quebec was reached on the 12th June, where, after a most delightful week spent at the citadel, news came that the salmon were beginning to ascend the rivers. Thereupon the Prince, Princess, and suite started off for a pretty fishing house on the river Metapedia, as the guests of George Stephen, Esq., the President of the Bank of Montreal, and one of the most respected men in Canada. It was situated at Causapsal, about two hundred miles from Quebec.

A large fleet of birch-bark canoes was provided, and each of the party furnished with a canoe and two Indians of the Micmac tribe to propel it. Every morning and evening the members of the party started each for his or her appointed salmon pool. Some of these were situated amidst the most wild and lovely scenery it is possible to imagine. But alas! it was not a good salmon year; the fish were very scarce, and the river clear and low. This was partly owing to the large quantity of ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to the increased number of nets at the mouth of the river. Only a few fish of about 35 lbs. were killed.

After a week their Royal Highnesses and suites left with regret the hospitable roof of their delightful host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen, and went to fish in the river Cascapedia, which belongs to the Governor-General. This is said to be the best salmon river in the world, the fish averaging 26 lbs. weight, and as many as fifty-two have been killed in a week by one rod. The Governor-General caused an excellent fishing house to be built and some tents to be pitched. The Prince, Princess, and her ladies preferred the novelty of living in tents, which were made most comfortable, the floors being covered with branches of the sweet-scented balsam pine. The fishing on the river was not at all what it had been in previous years, but still some splendid fish were killed. Prince Leopold killed amongst others one of 34 lbs. weight, the Governor-General one of 30 lbs., the Princess Louise one of 26 lbs., and each of the suite killed several big salmon and great numbers of sea trout weighing 4 lbs., and which afforded excellent sport. But sometimes a hundred salmon were counted in the pools, and the whole party would return from fishing without having had a single rise; this was owing to the clear and low state of the river from want of rain. Amongst the remarkable things that occurred was the catching of a trout, which after being played for some time was lost, but a mouse which the trout had previously swallowed was found on the hook; also the killing with the gaff of a blind salmon, weighing 33 lbs., whilst it was ascending a rapid. This fish had lost its sight in the nets at the mouth of the river.

1. Represents H.R.H. Prince Leopold and two gentlemen of his suite starting from the Governor-General's camp on the Cascapedia River to embark in their respective canoes to fish.
 2. A picturesque corner of the river where some very large fish were killed.
 3. The desolate-looking railway station of Causapsal, surrounded by burnt forests, and situated on the Metapedia River, on the line connecting Halifax and Quebec.
 4. Fishing-house and encampment belonging to George Stephen, Esq., at Causapsal, on the Metapedia River, by whom Their Royal Highnesses and suite were entertained.
 5. Prince Leopold and some of his suite going in their birch-bark canoes to their appointed salmon pools to fish; each canoe being paddled by two Indians of the Micmac tribe.
 6. The Princess Louise fishing in the Ledge Pool, where Her Royal Highness killed some large salmon.
 7. The Governor-General's new fishing hut and encampment. The house is very commodious, and well constructed of varnished pinewood; the tents of blue and white canvas had a pretty effect in the landscape.
 8. Making a fire to create a smoke; this is called in Canada "smudge," and is very necessary to keep off the mosquitoes, black flies, &c., which in the evening and after rain render life almost insupportable without a "smudge."
 9. Is a pretty view of the Cascapedia River from the Governor-General's fishing-house.
 10. H.R.H. Prince Leopold killing salmon in Sheddon's Pool.
 11. Reilly is a settler, whose house is well situated at La Fourche, the junction of the Causapsal River with the Metapedia, and a famous place for salmon.
 12. Shows the type of house of the settlers on the banks of the Cascapedia—they are mostly French Canadians.
- For the sketches and the descriptive matter we beg to make an acknowledgment to the *London Graphic*.

FOOT NOTES.

FOLLOWING in the wake of several of its contemporaries the *Daily Telegraph* is just migrating to new offices. The *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Chronicle* have all during the last few years removed into palatial edifices, but the *Telegraph* is determined to outshine them all in the magnificence of its buildings. Its proprietors have erected a large and very handsome set of offices on the south side of Fleet street, opposite Peterborough Court, and thither all the books and departments, except the composing and machining branches have been removed. In addition to this a number of shops stretching eastward from the old offices have been bought up, and the whole block is to be pulled down and a magnificent new building erected upon the site at a cost of £160,000. The *Daily Telegraph* will then have the most imposing premises and the largest frontage on Fleet street.

SOMETHING LIKE A CRADLE.—The cradle in which is rocked the infant Princess of Spain, is made of polished ebony, inlaid with silver; its form is that of an open shell, the curtains are of silver gauze, enamelled with white velvet flowers, the coverlet of white satin, on which are em-

broidered in brilliant colours the arms of Spain. One lady *grandesse* of Spain stands at the foot of the cradle during the royal infant's slumber to watch the precise moment of her awakening; another *grandesse* stands at the head, armed with a huge feather fan to chase away the flies, who, by the way, are no respecter of persons, and would alight as freely on the royal baby's nose as on the beggar's bald head. The Royal Spanish crown, which in silver gilt hangs in front of the cradle, is the work of Froment, the great Parisian goldsmith. The cost of the cradle, without the hangings of five lace and the garniture of marabout feathers which surround it, is estimated at seven thousand francs.

A NORWEGIAN POET.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet and novelist, who has just arrived in America, is not yet forty-eight years old, and is much younger in faith and feeling. Among his works are "Arne," "A Happy Lad," and the "Fisher Maiden," the last of which has been translated into German and English, and is considered by many critics his best production. At twenty-four Bjornson went to Copenhagen, where he studied Immanuel Baggesen, Gottlob Oehlenschlaeger, and other Danish writers of eminence. Two or three years later he wrote his "Tynneve Sallbakken," something after the manner of Auerbach, and a faithful and picturesque portraiture of the scenes and people of the Norwegian Alps. Bjornson has written for the theatre, and his pieces have achieved popularity, his tragedy, "Marie Stuart," being considered his strongest work. He was an intimate friend of the late Ole Bull, and, like the violinist, he is a passionate lover of liberty and of democratic forms of government.

DELESSEPS.—Madame de Lesseps is, with her octave of young people, at La Chesnaye, in Touraine. They are remarkably fine boys and girls, and are brought up exactly alike. M. de Lesseps encourages them to run about without shoes or stockings. The ordinary "rig-up" of a youthful de Lesseps is a nether garment, a short pair of drawers, and a loose woollen dress, which keeps the body warm and does not fatigue the wearer or impede muscular action. Legs, arms, and shoulders are bare, and out of doors the head is kept uncovered when exposure to the summer's sun is not to be feared. The mother is easy-going, lovable, and loving; the father is for developing personal initiative in his boys and girls, and does not scold them when they risk their limbs. That Providence which watches over hardy go-ahead children has so far taken care of them by land and by water—to which they take like ducklings—on horseback, and in the gymnasium. In the schoolroom there is, however, strict discipline, but Mlle. Fernande continues to have pretty much her own way in everything. She has the easy freedom, grace, irrepressible joyousness, and quick ways of a young spaniel; speaks many languages and dialects, picked up in the valley of the Nile and on board *mesagerie* steamers.

LITTRÉ.—M. Littré, says M. Claretie in *Le Temps*, is about to resume his benedictine labours at Mesnil-le-Roi, and to build up his own monument. M. Littré lives a solitary life. In each of his writings he speaks with admirable serenity of soul of that end which he does not desire nor yet fear, and which, in spite of his great age, is probably yet far distant. Littré, who is the most eminent of living Positivists, was once described in an old way by Madame de Pierrefosse, the niece of Lamartine, as a saint who does not believe in God. At Paris his working room is severe in appearance, and the only ornament is a stone of the Bastille hung up on the wall. At Mesnil his house is that of a peasant, except that it is full of books. He makes his garden and grafts his roses himself. His work-table is near his bed, and he has only a few steps to make in order to reach it. If he is tired he pores over some ancient text or translates Dante into old French verse. Littré has all the physical courage and all the brain force of a man of the eighteenth century. His Doctor is M. Augros, of Maisons-Lafite, who rides over to see him at Mesnil. But Littré has no need of a doctor; he knows all the secrets of life, and incessantly takes advantage of what life he has still in him. His wife, who is a very pious woman, watches over him faithfully, and when she returns from church she finds him, perhaps, writing an article for the *Revue Positiviste*. Littré, most liberal of men, finds it right that his wife should believe if she can; Madame Littré, on her side, never tries to combat her husband's doubts.

We call the attention of our philanthropic readers in this city to the bazaar for the benefit of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and of St. Bridget's Refuge, which opens at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday, Oct. 14th. On the approach of winter charity suggests the need of providing for the wants of the poor and the forsaken.

CURE OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; and I know of a number of others who have been cured of drinking by it." From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH CANADA TO MR. LOUIS H. FRECHETTE.

O, gifted son of our dear land and thine,
We joy with thee on this joyous day,
And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
A modest wreath of our own simple bay.
Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
Pride of the brave and theme of poet's song.
They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
Breton and Norman, too? North, south and west
Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
Here, re-united, one great race to be.

JOHN KEADRE.

GRADES OF INTELLECT.

I might take many a text for the few remarks which I am about to make, but in a late number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS I read a statement which will suit me as well as any. The writer said, incidentally, that Kepler was the greatest genius of modern times. If this assertion could be proved to be correct, it would help to settle a question which I have often revolved in my mind. Is there any trustworthy measure of intellectual capacity, and, if so, how are we to apply it? The assumption of Kepler's admirer is in accordance with the popular method of solving the problem. A person has a taste for astronomical studies, and it is soothing to his self-esteem to believe that the greatest of modern men of genius was an astronomer. I am far from finding fault with the writer in question, and quite as far from attempting to detract from the honour due to the illustrious Kepler. The selection of such a chief from among the crowd of celebrities does credit, indeed, to the chooser. But I would like to hear the opinions of a hundred persons, chosen at random from our 4,000,000 inhabitants, as to the same primacy. If one had time to prosecute the inquiry in that way, it would be of some value to know who of the great ones of the earth has the highest niche in the universal Temple of Fame, though the majority of votes in that case could hardly be taken as evidence of supreme merit.

If phrenology were admitted to a recognized rank among the sciences the method adopted by its professors to ascertain a man's intellectual worth would be quite reasonable. The values of his various bumps having been added together, the total would express his grade. But here occurs a difficulty even on the phrenological hypothesis. The same grade may be reached in an infinite variety of ways. For instance, number, imagination, language, order, are all regarded as equivalents, and two men, one with a great deal, the other with a minimum of any of these faculties, may attain the same final figure. By the same standard a Newton or a Shakespeare might be placed on a par with some very common-place man of well-balanced head, but with no gift of genius setting him in advance of his fellows. We can avoid this difficulty by attaching an arbitrary value to each mental faculty. Instead of making one figure the maximum for all, we would then assign definite figure values to each. But this is really the great *crux* of the whole question. For what values of that kind would be universally admitted? Every one sets a value of his own on every mental gift. One person will regard analysis as high, another will under-rate it. One class of mind makes little of imagination, another over-estimates it, and so on with all the rest. We would have, in the first place, then, to appoint a committee of valuation, composed of representatives of civilization and general culture. The selection of the membership would not, indeed, be easy, and their decisions might fail to win general recognition, even if they ever came to a compromise among themselves. Then it just occurs to me that it would be hardly fair to subject all the intellectual leaders of the world since the beginning to the arbitration of a few nineteenth century fellows. I fear, therefore, that this plan also, must be dismissed as impracticable.

But how would it do if the committee, instead of having the power of deciding, were only allowed to gather the decisions of all the ages on the subject? They would, then, have to consult all the great libraries of the world in order to ascertain and compare the fragments of all the great writers on the faculties which go to make the general, the artist, the naturalist, the poet, the merchant, the theologian, the politician, the orator and whatever else a man of ability may become. This, also, would be a Herculean labour, and would require many years to complete. And, even then, we might still be left in uncertainty, and most people would choose to judge for themselves. After all, although we may believe that there is really a scale of intellect, from that of the idiot to that of an Aristotle or a Shakespeare, we must allow that it is very hard to reach a universal agreement as to what it is. Every one seems to form such a scale out of his own consciousness and to apply it to the rest of mankind.

But a scale thus formed must almost necessarily be largely due to prejudice; and this is just the element in our calculation of peoples' "grades," whether intellectual or moral, that we should try to eliminate. As we have seen, by the phrenological method, the same sum total of value may be reached in many different ways; and it is so in reality. If it were otherwise, a division of intellectual (in which we had, also, perhaps, better include moral) excellence, would be impossible. Nature has given to every one his own range of faculties, and each generally in such proportion as to draw most usefulness from that which predominates. It is true that train-

ing and circumstances sometimes defeat nature's obvious plan, by cultivating the servant at the expense of the master talent. But, even then, the master will take occasional opportunities of asserting a dominion which has never been absolutely abdicated. The danger, indeed, is not so often of its being enslaved as of its being tyrannical, and making mere serfs of those inferior powers which are glad enough to yield it allegiance. It must be remembered, also, that the constitution of some minds is republican or oligarchical rather than kingly or imperial. We constantly meet with people in whom the faculties are so blended that it is only by choice that precedence is given to any one of them. In others, several peers seem to reign on equal terms. Again, of all these classes of mentality, with their infinite varieties, there are only a few to whom can be justly accorded the distinction of genius, or even of talent. For, in judging a mind, its prominent characteristic must be contrasted, not only with the kindred qualities which it surpasses, but with the some characteristics in other minds. A child in whose mental system the ability to discern melody and harmony is the special mark, will, if his gift be duly developed, understand music better than anything else. But to be a musician of talent, not to say genius, his power in that respect must surpass that of the generality of other minds. So, in like manner, with constructiveness, comparison, language, or any other intellectual endowment. It has been made by some a question whether, on the whole, the world does not concede too much to these great one-sided minds; whether a fair balance of faculties, though its worth may be less conspicuous, may not be more useful for the purposes of human life. There is no reason to trouble one's self on this point, however. Men or women of genius have not yet become so many as to be nuisances and the world could not well have done without them. If all men had been evenly-balanced, we would be still practically in the world of Herodotus, not to go further back. We can well afford to yield them all the gratitude they claim, and some of them, in their sad life-times, had little of it to solace them.

It is with the unjust and prejudiced worshippers of the "noble few" that we are tempted to lose patience—those who ignore all kinds of talent but that with which they feel or fancy that they are endowed themselves—whose scale of intellect is constructed on the narrow model of their own. These are the physiologists who would do away with theology and metaphysics; the clergymen who speak with pretended scorn and absurd fear of science; the mathematicians who would abolish poetry, because it "proves nothing"; the men of business who see no use in any culture that has not a money value; the literary men who have no sympathy with the naturalist or the engineer; the savants who condemn as waste of time the study of classics. I have by no means exhausted my list. I have chosen well-known instances of a habit of thought which pervades, like a mist, the whole realm of mental endeavour, and hides from those who are its slaves some of the noblest work that is done under the sun. But how is it to be got the better of? By the cultivation of the gift of sympathy. That is the cure for all mental narrowness, for narrowness is a disease that springs out of selfishness. The more we extend the horizon of our interests, the more attention we give to what pleases others, the more we try to understand their ambitions and to feel the joy of their triumphs, the nearer we shall come to a recognition of that bond which connects all high endeavour, even the most diverse. We are all tempted to exaggerate the importance of those gifts and of those spheres of duty to which we have been called, or in which our lot has been cast, and it may be that this temptation originates in that permissible delight in the "gifts of the gods" which leads enthusiastic souls to "magnify their office." But we should make our self-complacency compatible with neighbourly duty and broad culture; and such a culture the age in which we live especially demands. Just as the progress of knowledge and new methods of research have created the need for minuter sub-division of its branches than what were formerly in vogue, so much the more ought we constantly to remind ourselves that all these branches belong to the same venerable tree. Not only so, but we ought never to forget that, thus belonging, they are inter-dependent, and that any injury inflicted on one, though it may for a time give a more turgid importance to its flattered neighbour, eventually detracts from the beauty and strength of the whole. How each of us may apply the rule of charity, forbearance and sympathy, which I have tried to make plain—though "seeking to be brief, I have become obscure," I fear—it is not for me to say. If we recall another rule, however, more precious in its kindly wisdom than even gold, though golden it is named, and throwing aside our petty scales and measures, make it the basis of all our valuations of others and the things that pertain to them, we may find that our own gifts and graces, so far from being thereby lessened, will, on the contrary, be assured a more hearty development and bear fruit of manifold increase.

THERE is a new kerchief called dogaresse, because it is made of Venice point. It is almost as large as a shawl and when it is tied negligently and fastened by a knot of flowers and then drawn back under the arm and tied again, the effect is elegant enough for the bride of the Doge herself.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

GLASS beetles and butterflies are among the ornaments for ladies' dress this year.

GREGORIAN tunes are making headway. Another Gregorian Festival is to be held next month in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Guild of St. Luke's holds its annual service on October 18, and the London Gregorian Choral Association promise to sing the service. The difficulty is to get organists to accompany Gregorians. These also are being trained. On the 30th of the same month, a service fully Gregorian is to be held in Westminster Abbey.

THE Queen has shown a deep personal interest in the progress of the negotiations between the great Powers respecting the Eastern Question. Copies of all despatches have been regularly transmitted to Balmoral from the Foreign Office. From the moment the proposal of a naval demonstration received definite shape until the present time, the Queen has been fully advised at every stage of the business. The consideration shown the Porte in allowing action to be delayed so long was probably due to the earnest desire manifested by the Queen to afford the Sultan every possible opportunity for keeping faith with Europe.

ABOUT as novel a suggestion as has come before the civic dignitaries for some time was urged in a communication to them "to place seats in the populous thoroughfares of the city for the accommodation of persons waiting for omnibuses." Considering that the pavements are not half wide enough in these said populous thoroughfares for the foot traffic, the idea is something extraordinary. Perhaps it is desired that foot passengers should be turned into the road to take their chance amongst the vehicular traffic, but a very curious spectacle would be presented by a row of seats down Cheapside, and what would the tradesmen say.

DEER regret was felt at the announcement of the death of Mr. G. F. Grace, which occurred at Basingstoke recently. The name of Grace is and will remain a famous one. On the Clifton Downs, as on the cricket grounds throughout the country, by far the most familiar form is the huge one of "W.G." and he it is whose prowess with the bat and skill in trundling "the leather" have made the name of Grace so famous. Yet, only a few years back, Gloucestershire, so far as cricket was concerned, was almost unknown. Now, the breezy downs have acquired celebrity for a race of cricketers as wonderful almost as the giants supposed to have lived in a past age.

THE *Figaro*, under the heading of "Carnet d'un Mondain," announces that the Prince and Princess of Wales will spend a fortnight in France during the autumn, and adds, "the visit of the Princess of Wales will certainly have a great influence on the winter modes. The Princess," it added, "has a thorough personal style of dress. It is of a characteristic simplicity, and a severity altogether royal." Frenchmen have for a long time copied Englishmen in their dress without owning that soft impeachment; but times will have changed if French ladies confess to following the lead of an English lady—even a Princess of Wales.

MR. GLADSTONE recently paid a visit to Messrs. Spencer, Turner & Boldero's establishment in Lisson Grove. His object was to see a lady in the employ of the firm, who is said to be *protégée* of Her Majesty, and in whom Mrs. Gladstone takes an interest. He strode into the establishment and inquired for the department he wanted, and was civilly directed to go straight on and take such and such a turning, and ascend this and the other staircase; but no one recognized him. Ultimately he found the lady he wanted, and after a few moments conversation, retired as quietly and as unceremoniously as he arrived. When he had gone the name of the visitor ran round the establishment, and then the young men to whom he had spoken suddenly remembered that they had seen that "strange man's face in *Punch*."

THE Lyceum Theatre presented a brilliant spectacle lately. The stalls were crowded with celebrities of the dramatic, literary, and legal world. Mr. Edmund Clarke, M.P., Sergeant Ballantine, Mr. Sala, Mr. Burnand, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Henry Neville, and a host of others were to be seen; but the great attraction before the curtain was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who had actually to hide herself behind her curtain. No sooner did she venture to peep out than hundreds of *doguettes* were levelled at her from every part of the house, as the whisper "There she is!" went up from those who seemed to make it their duty to watch her box. As for Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, he was followed as he moved. The bride and bridegroom expectant divided with Mr. Irving's two sons the honour of being stared at. The eldest is so like his father that, when dressed as Hamlet, he seems like a miniature edition of him.

A PEDAGOGIC museum has been formed by the objects appertaining to public instruction, which after figuring in 1878 at the Champ-de-Mars, were presented to France by the foreign nations. It might be thought that at all times of the year, this museum should be open during the school vacation, when pupils and teachers are at leisure to visit it; but it is closed until the return from the seaside of the manager.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

DOCTOR G. is one of the most fervent apostles of Materialism. In recalling certain souvenirs of his youth, he began an anecdote in the most natural tone in the world, in these words:—"At that time I was in love with an agglomeration of molecules called Ernestine."

A FACETIOUS contemporary suggests that the Musée des Souverains should be replaced by a Musée Bourgeois, wherein the people would be admitted to gaze on the cast-off garments and old clothes of illustrious French statesmen, carefully classed and catalogued, but without any preference to flag or party prejudice. Thus, in lieu of the little leaden virgins of Louis XI. and of Madame du Barry's fan, the eye would lovingly rest upon such soul-inspiring heirlooms as old Lafayette's walking stick, Royer-Collard's velvet waistcoat, Berryer's blue dress-coat, M. Thiers' nut-brown surtout, Dupin's thick-nailed shoes, M. Guizot's high cravat, M. Rouher's low skull-cap, Garnier-Pagès' legendary shirt-collar, M. Gambetta's aronaucal pelisse, Saint-Marc-Girardin's learned-cut frock-coat, M. Floquet's hat, M. Andrieux's pearl-coloured gloves, Victor Hugo's képi or military cap, and M. Jules Grévy's gaiters.

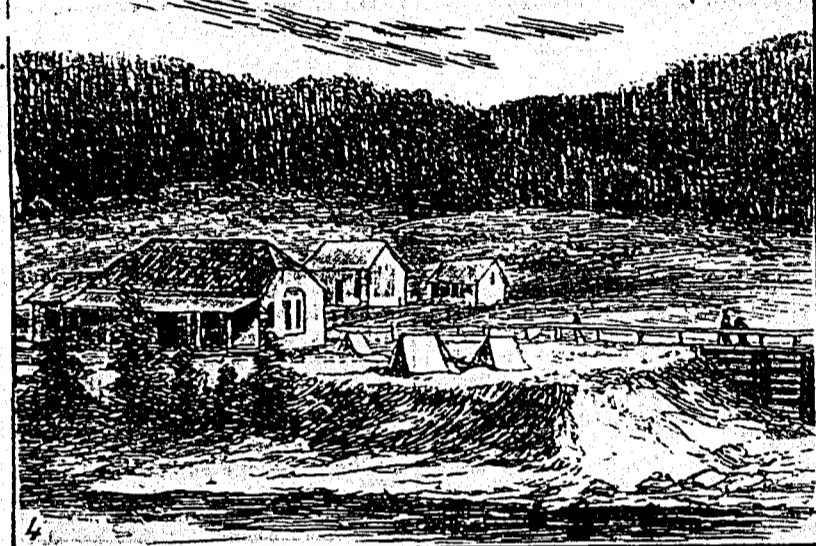
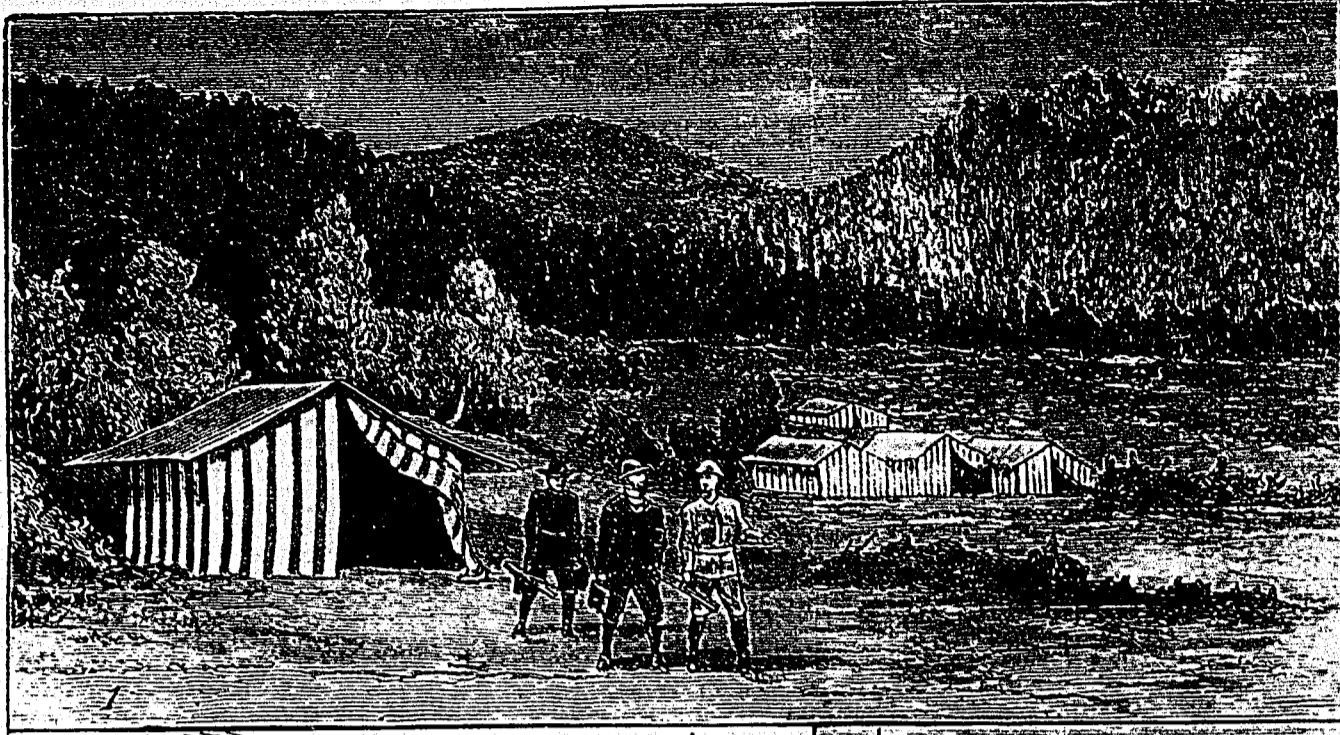
THE Maison de Blanc has inaugurated the shooting season with fresh damasks for table linen. They are embroidered with silk; the designs are old Persian. A modern one is decorated with peacocks in three shades of paeon silk. The birds dear to Juno strut over lovely terraces, over which trail Japanese apple blossoms. It is, of course, very wicked to imitate the fashions of the wicked Roman emperors; but such rich house linen as that now provided for the present generation is no invention of our century. Heliogabalus used a golden cloth table napkin, and his successor, A. Severus, had his streaked with yellow, while Tremalchion would use nothing but soft lamb's wool. When Heliogabalus became tired of gold cloth—it was, however, soft and supple—he used painted silk on which the peacocks of our days spread artistic tails. The feathers and plumes of the season are mostly taken from common poultry yards but dyed, dipped, and, shaped in roses as they are, no cock or hen of an ordinary intelligence—not even those bred by dukes and lords—would be able to recognize their own plumage. Ostrich plumes are mixed stands of two or more colours, or they are shaded from dark to very light in one gamut of graduating shades.

Lieut-General Sir Henry Ponsonby, K. C. B., has written to a Mr. Thomas Ward to explain the circumstances under which Her Majesty occasionally forwards £3 on the birth of triplets. The Queen "sometimes gives £3 to the mothers of three children at birth, but only when the children all survive long enough to cause expense, and the parents are respectable but too poor to meet the unforeseen demands for providing for them at once without some little assistance." Mrs. Ward has had five children within twelve months, and seven in two years—twice twins, and triplets!

THE employment of the leisure hours of royalty has always been a subject of interesting study to the world. Louis Seize passed his vacant hours in forging locks and bolts; Marie Antoinette carried the art of *parfilage* to great perfection; Victoria has studied every art wherewith to beguile the time of repose from the anxieties of state. Her Majesty paints, embroiders, plays the piano, and spins, which last amusement was a favorite one during a whole winter season. The Princess Imperial of Germany is a first-rate artist, and both paints and etches with considerable skill, but Queen Olga, of Greece is devoted to—cooking! and, as was to be expected, cookery has become so fashionable in Athens, that it is considered a far more elegant accomplishment than any of the fine arts, and the young lady who can "toss up" an omelet, or "give a cold beef stake the taste of ragoo," according to the old song, is regarded with far more admiration than one who can sing or play, or paint or embroider, with the greatest skill. Queen Olga's kitchen, fitted with every appurtenance necessary to the practice of the culinary art in its highest perfection, is one of the wonders of the city.

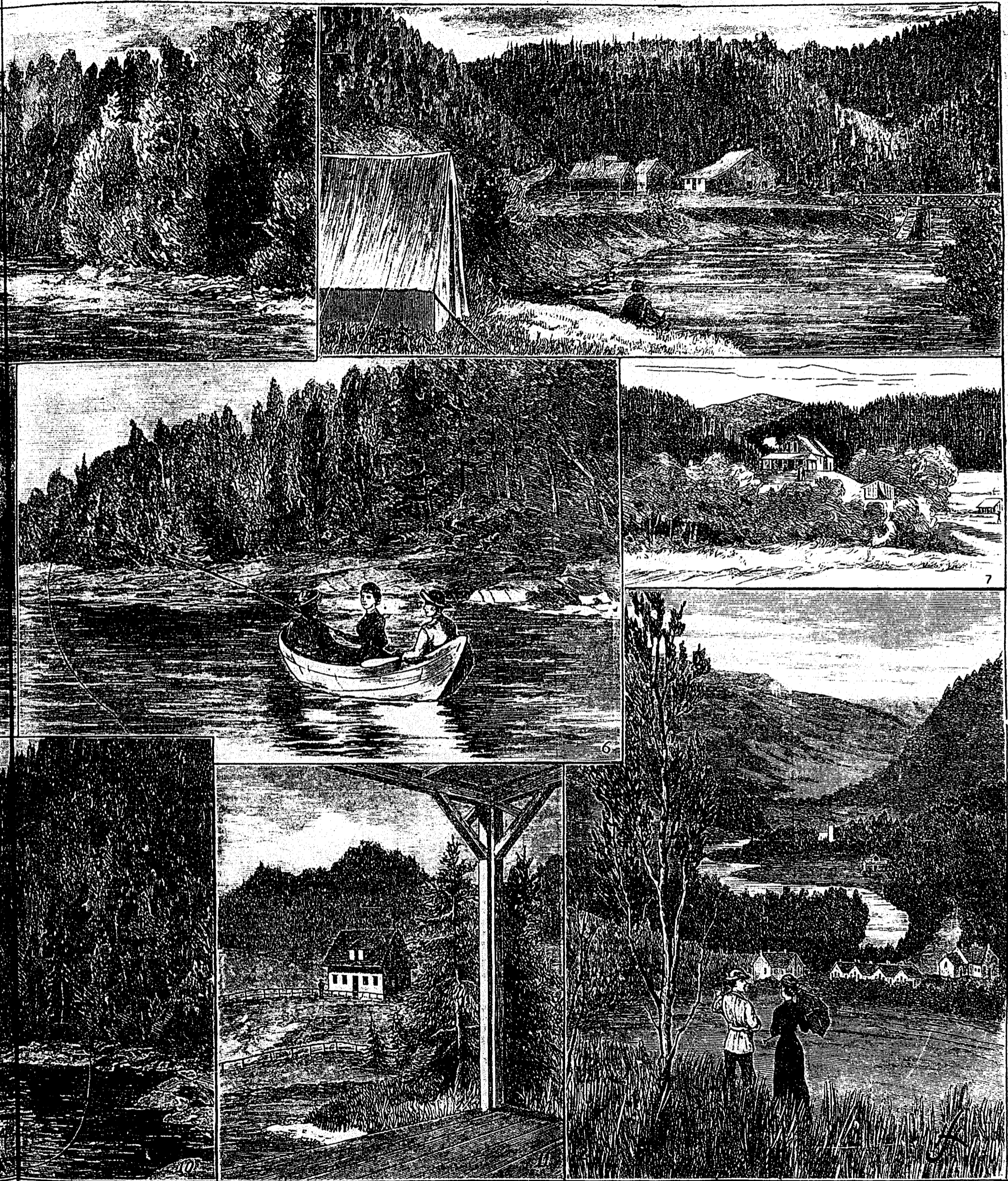
DR. TANNER'S FAST.

(To the Editor of the *Daily News*.)—Sir,—In your interesting *résumé* of the financial result accruing to Dr. Tanner you mention a present of 20,000 dols. from Liebig and Co., and this information having given rise to many inquiries to my company, will you allow me to state the firm mentioned of Liebig and Co., has no connection whatever with this company, which would have no earthly reason to reward Dr. Tanner, but on the contrary, would be disposed to depreciate to the utmost all similar attempts of fasting, which would necessarily lead to a reduction of the consumption of our extract of meat. The fact that the consumption of our extract has increased ten-fold since the existence of this company would seem to prove that the public by no means intend following Dr. Tanner's example—I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES ROTTER, Secretary.—Liebig's Extract of Meat Company (Limited).—43, Mark-lane, E. C.; London, Sept. 11.—*Daily News*.



1. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FISHING CAMP ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—2. UP THE CASCAPEDIA.—3. THE CAUSAPSCAL RAILWAY
 THE LEDGE POOL.—4. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FISHING HOUSE ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—5. MAKING UP A "S"
 6. THE PRINCE KILLING A THIRTY-FOUR POUND SALMON IN SHEDDON'S POOL

THE CANADIAN FISHING TOUR OF THE



STATION.—4. FISHING HOUSE ON THE METAPEDIA.—5. ON THE WAY TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.—6. THE PRINCESS FISHING AS
 "SUDGE" AT THE CAUSAPSCAL.—7. VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FISHING HOUSE ON THE GASCAPEDIA.—
 8.—9. REILLY'S HOUSE AT LA FOURCHE.—10. SETTLERS' HOUSES ON THE GASCAPEDIA.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "In Silk Attire;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "Kilmenny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Ferguson, and The Maid of Killeena;" "MacLeod of Darr;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONLY A HEADACHE.

Stornoway Harbour, indeed! The weather was laughing at us. The glass had steadily fallen, until it had got about as low as it could go with decency; and yet this morning was more beautiful, and bright, and calm, than ever. Were we to be forever confined in this remote Loch of the Burying-Place?

"Angus! Angus! where are you!" the Admiral calls out, as she comes up on deck.

"Here I am," cries out a voice, in return, from the cross-trees.

She raises her head, and perceives the ruddy-faced doctor hanging on by the ratlines.

"Where is the fine sailing weather you were to bring us—eh?"

"I have been looking for it," he replies, as he comes down the rigging; "and there is not a breath anywhere."

"Very well," she says, promptly: "I'll tell you what you must do. You must get everybody who can handle a gun into the gig, and go away up to the head of the loch there, and shoot every living thing you can see. Do you understand? We are on the brink of starvation! We are perishing! Do you want us to boil tarred rope into soup?"

"No," he says, humbly.

"Very well. Away you go. If you can't bring us any wind to take us into a civilized place, you must provide us with food. Is that clear enough?"

Here Captain John comes aft, touching his hat.

"Good-morning, mem. I was never seeing the like of this weather, mem."

"I don't want to see any more of it," she says, sharply. "Did you bring us in here because there was a convenient place to bury us in? Do you know that we are dying of starvation?"

"Oh, no, mem!" says Captain John, with a grin, but looking rather concerned all the same.

However, her attention is quickly called away by the sound of oars. She turns and regards this small boat approaching the yacht; and the more she looks, the more do her eyes fill with astonishment.

"Well, I declare!" she says. "This is about the coolest thing I have seen for ages."

For it is Miss Mary Avon who is rowing the dingy back to the yacht; and her only companion is the Youth, who is contentedly seated in the stern with his gun laid across his knees.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," she says, with the most gracious sarcasm. "Pray don't exert yourself too much. Severe exercise before breakfast is very dangerous."

The Youth lays hold of the rope; there is a fine blush on his handsome face.

"It is Miss Avon's fault," he says, "she would not let me row."

"I suppose she expected you to shoot. Where are the duck, and the snipe, and the golden plover? Hand them up."

"If you want to see anything in the shape of game about this coast you had better wait till next Sunday," says he, somewhat gloomily.

However, after breakfast, we set out for the shallow head of the loch; and things do not turn out so badly after all. For we have only left the yacht some few minutes when there is a sudden whirling of wings—a call of "duck! duck!"—and the doctor, who is at the bow, and and who is the only one who is ready, fires a snap shot at the birds. Much to everybody's amazement, one drops, and instantly dives. Then begins an exciting chase. The *hiorlinn* is sent careering with a vengeance; the men strain every muscle; and then another cry directs attention to the point at which the duck has re-appeared. It is but for a second. Though he cannot fly, he can swim like a fish; and from time to time, as the hard pulling enables us to overtake him, we can see him shooting this way or that through the clear water. Then he bobs his head up, some thirty or forty yards off; and there is another snap shot—the charge rattling on the water the fifth part of an instant after he disappears.

"Dear me!" says the Laird; "that bird will cost us ten shillings in cartridges!"

But at last he is bagged. A chance shot happens to catch him before he dives; he is stretched on the water, with his black webbed feet in the air; and a swoop of Captain John's arm brings him dripping into the gig. And then our natural history is put to the test. This is no gay-plumaged sheldrake, or blue-necked mallard, or saw-toothed merganser. It is a broad-billed duck, of a sooty black and gray; we begin to regret our expenditure of cartridges; experiments on the flavour of unknown sea-birds are rarely satisfactory. But Captain John's voice is authoritative and definite. "It is a fine bird," he says. And Master Fred has already marked him for his own.

Then among the shallows at the head of the loch there is many a wild pull after broods of flappers, and random firing at the circling curlew. The air is filled with the calling of the birds; and each successive shot rattles away with its echo among the silent hills. What is the result of all this noise and scramble? Not much, indeed; for right in the middle of it we are attracted by a strange appearance in the south. The dark line beyond the yacht; is it a breeze coming up the loch? Instantly the chase after mergansers ceases; cartridges are taken out; the two or three birds we have got are put out of the way; and the Laird, taking the tiller-ropes, sits proud and erect. Away go the four oars with the precision of machinery; and the long sweep sends the gig ahead at a sweeping pace. Behold! behold! the dark blue on the water widening! Is it a race between the wind and the gig as to which will reach the *White Dove* first?

"Give me your oar, Fred!" says the doctor, who is at the bow.

There is but a momentary pause. Again the shapely boat swings along; and with the measured beat of the oars comes the old familiar chorus:

"Cheerily, and all together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!
Soon the flowing breeze will blow:
We'll show the snowy canvas on her—
Ho, ho, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!
Wafted by the breeze of morn,
We'll quaff the joyous horn together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!"

"We'll beat! we'll beat!" cries the Laird, in great delight. "Give it to her, boys! Not one halfpenny worth o' that wind will we lose!"

The bow cleaves the blue water; the foam hisses away from her rudder. It is a race of the North against the South. Then the chorus again—

"Ho, ho, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ho, clansmen!"

Hurrah! hurrah! As the gig is run along-side, and guns and birds handed up, that spreading blue has not quite reached the yacht; there is no appreciable stir of the lazy ensign. But there is little time to be lost. The amateurs swing the gig to the davits, while the men are getting in the slack of the anchor chain; the women are incontinently bundled below, to be out of the way of flapping sheets. Then, all hands at the halyards! And by the time the great white wings are beginning to spread, the breeze stirs the still air around us; and the peak sways gently this way and that; and they who are hard at work at the windlass are no doubt grateful for this cool blowing from the south. Then there is a cessation of noise; we become vaguely aware that we are moving. At last the *White Dove* has spread her wings; her head is turned towards the south. Good-bye! you lonely loch, with the silent shores and the silent tombs—a hundred farewells to you, wherever we may be going!

And slowly we beat down the loch, against this light southerly breeze. But as we get further and further into the open, surely there is something in the air and in the appearance of the southern sky that suggests that the glass has not been falling for nothing. The sea is smooth; but there is a strange gloom ahead of us; and beyond the islands that we visited yesterday nothing is visible but a wan and sultry glare. Then, afar, we can hear a noise as of the approach of some storm; but perhaps it is only the low sound of the swirling of the tides round the shores. Presently another sound attracts attention—a murmured hissing, and it comes nearer and nearer; dark spots, about the size of a threepenny-piece, appear on the white decks. The women have scarcely time to send below for their sun-shades when the slight shower passes by—the decks are not even left damp. Then further and further we creep away toward the south; but where we expected to catch some far glimpse of the Irish coast—the blue line of Rathlin or the Antrim cliffs—there is only that dim, sultry haze.

Then another sound—a dull *lop! lop!*—in the distance; and the stragglers who have remained below after luncheon are hastily summoned on deck. And there, far away in the haze, we can dimly descry the successive curved forms of a school of dolphins, racing each other, and springing twenty or thirty feet in the air before they come down with that heavy thud on the water. Those of us who have watched the beautiful lithe fish racing and chasing by the side of an Atlantic vessel, would fain have been somewhat nearer; but we can only see the dim forms springing into the haze. Then the dull pistol shots in the south slowly cease, and we are left alone on the low murmuring sea.

"But where is Mary!" says the Laird, suddenly becoming aware of the absence of his chief companion.

"Oh, she is in the saloon," says his hostess, quickly and anxiously. "She is doing something to one of her water-colours. I suppose we must not disturb her."

"No, no; certainly not," returns the Laird, lightly. And then he adds, with a smile which is meant to be very significant: "There is never any harm in hard work. Let her go on; she will have a fine collection of sketches before she leaves the *White Dove*."

But our Queen Tita does not respond to that careless joke. There is a curious, constrained look on her face; and she quite peremptorily negatives a suggestion of the Youth that he should go below for the draught-board. Then one of us perceives that Angus Sutherland is not on deck.

Has the opportunity come at last, then, for the clearing away of all secret troubles? What end is there to be to this momentous interview? Is it Stornoway Harbour? Is our frank-eyed young doctor to come up with a silent wonder and joy on his face—a message that needs no speech—a message that only says, "About with the yacht, and let us run away to the northern seas and Stornoway!" The friend of these two young people can hardly conceal her anxiety. She has got hold of the case of an opera-glass, and opens and shuts it quickly and aimlessly. Then there is a step on the companion-way; she does not look; she only knows that Angus Sutherland comes on deck, and then goes forward to the bow of the gig, and stands by himself, and looks out to sea.

There is silence on board; for a low rumble of thunder has been heard once or twice, and we are listening. The mountains of Jura are dark now, and the sultry mist in the south is deeper in its gloom. This condition of the atmosphere produces a vague sense of something about to happen, which is in itself uncomfortable; one would almost like to see a flash of lightning, or hear the thunderous advance of a storm breaking in upon the oppressive calm.

The Laird goes forward to Angus Sutherland.

"Well, doctor, what think ye of the weather now?"

The younger man starts and turns round, and for a second looks at the Laird as if he had not quite comprehended the question.

"Oh yes," he says, "you are quite right. It does look as if we were going to have a dirty night."

And with that he turns to the sea again.

"Ay," say the Laird, sententiously. "I am glad we are in a boat we need have no fear of—none. Keep her away from the shore, and we are all right. But—but I suppose you will get into some harbour to-night, after all!"

"It does not matter," he says, absently; and then he goes away up to the bow. He is alone there; for the men have gone below for dinner—with the exception of John of Skye, who is at the helm.

Presently the special friend of the young man puts aside that opera-glass case, and walks timidly forward to the bow of the yacht. She regards him somewhat anxiously; but his face is turned away from her—looking over to the gloomy Jura hills.

"Angus," she says, briskly, "are we not going very near Jura, if it is West Loch Tarbert we are making for?"

He turned to her then, and she saw by his face that something had happened.

"You have spoken to her, Angus?" she said, in a low voice; and her earnest, kind eyes regarded the young man as if to anticipate his answer.

"Yes."

For a second or so he seemed disinclined to say any more; but presently he added, scarcely looking at her,

"I am sorry that I must leave you the first time we get near land."

"Oh, Angus!"

It was almost a cry, uttered in that low, piteous voice. Then he looked at her.

"You have been so kind to me," said he, so that no one should hear. "It is only a misfortune. But I wish I had never seen the *White Dove*."

"Oh, Angus, don't say that!"

"It is my own fault. I should never have come from Edinburgh. I know that. I knew I was hazarding everything. And she is not to blame—"

He could say no more, for one or two of the men now came up from the fore-castle. His hostess left him, and went aft, with a hurt and indignant look on her face. When the Laird asked why Miss Mary did not come on deck, she said, "I don't know," with an air which said she had ceased to take any further care in Mary Avon's actions. And at dinner what heed did she pay to the fact that Mary Avon was rather white, and silent, and pained-looking? She had been disappointed. She had not expected the friend of her bosom to act in this heartless manner. And as for Howard Smith, she treated that young gentleman with a cold courtesy which rather astonished him.

After dinner, when the men-folk had gone on deck, and when she was preparing to go too, a timid, appealing hand was laid on her arm.

"I would like to speak to you," said the low voice of Mary Avon.

Then she turned—only for a second.

"I think I know enough of what has happened, Mary," said she; "and it would not be right for me to intermeddle. Young people are the best judges of their own affairs."

The appealing hand was withdrawn; the girl retired to the saloon, and sat down alone.

But here, on deck, an eager council of war was being held; and Angus Sutherland was as busy as any one with the extended chart—the soundings barely visible in the waning light—and proposals and counter-proposals were being freely bandied about. Night was coming on; dirty-looking weather seemed to be coming up from the south; and the mouth of West Loch Tarbert is narrow and shallow in parts, and studded with rocks—a nasty place to enter in the dark. Moreover, when should we get there, beating against this south-easterly wind? What if we were to put her head round, and run for some improvised harbour among the small islands under the shadow of the Jura hills, and wait there for daylight to show us across the Sound?

There was but one dissident. Angus Sutherland seemed oddly anxious to get to West Loch Tarbert. He would himself take the helm all night, if only the men would take their turn at the look-out, one at a time. He was sure he could make the channel, if we reached the mouth of the loch before daylight. What! with nothing shallower on the chart than four fathoms! How could there be any danger!

But the more prudent counsels of John of Skye at length prevail, and there is a call to the men forward to stand by. Then down goes the helm; her head slews round with a rattling of blocks and corlages; the sheets of the head-sails are belayed to leeward; and then, with the boom away over the starboard davits, we are running free before this freshening breeze.

But the night is dark as we cautiously creep in under the vast shadows of the Jura hills. Fortunately in here the wind is light; the *White Dove* seems to feel her way through the gloom. All eyes are on the look-out; and there is a general shout as we nearly run on a buoy set to mark a sunken ship. But we glide by in safety; and in due course of time the roar of the anchor chain tells us that we are snug for the night.

"But where is Miss Mary!" says the Laird, in the cheerfully lit saloon. He looks around him in an uncomfortable and unsettled way. The saloon is not the saloon when Mary Avon is out of it; here is her chair, next to his as usual, but it is vacant. How are we to spend the last happy hour of chatting and joking without the pleased, bright face, and the timid, gentle, shy, dark eyes?

"Mary has gone to her cabin," says her hostess. "I suppose she has a headache."

She supposes the girl has a headache, and has not asked! And can it be really Mary Avon that she is speaking of in that cold, hurt, offended way?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE DARK.

And then the next morning the Laird is infinitely distressed.

"What! not better yet!" he says. "Dear me! I wish I could be a woman for awhile, to take some tea in to her, and read to her, and coax her into better spirits. What a bad headache it must be!"

But this generous sympathy on the part of one who is little more than an acquaintance touches the heart of Mary Avon's particular friend. She reproaches herself for her cruelty. She not only gets the tea, and takes it into the cabin, but she adopts a dominating tone, and declares that until the young lady begins her breakfast she will not leave the place. And then she looks at the timid, worn face; and her hand is placed gently on the hand of her friend, and she says, in a lower voice:

"Mary, don't think I am angry. I am only a little bit disappointed. But I don't blame you; you could not help it. It is a pity; that is all."

The girl's face remains rather sad; but she is quite self-possessed.

"You will let me go away," she says, looking down, "when we get to some harbour?"

"There is no need," says her friend, regarding her. "Angus will leave us to-day, as soon as we get across to Cantyre."

"Oh!" she said, quickly, and looking up with a brief appeal in her eyes. "I hope not. Why should he go away? I must go; I would rather go."

"Oh, no, Mary," her friend said. "If there is any 'must' in the matter, it is on his side; for you know his time is very valuable, and you must have guessed why he has already far exceeded what he proposed to himself as his holiday. No, no, Mary; let us forget what has happened as soon as we can, and make the best of the rest of our sailing. The Laird would have a fit, if you seriously threatened to go. And I am sure you are not to blame."

So she kissed her on the cheek, by way of reconciliation, and left. And she told the Laird that Mary had been dutiful, and had taken some breakfast, and would be up on deck in course of time.

Meanwhile, those who had gone on deck had found the *White Dove* lying in a dead calm, some three miles away from her anchorage of the previous night; her sails hanging limp, a scorching sun on the white decks, and a glare of light coming from the blue sky and the glassy blue sea.

"Well, Angus," says his hostess, very merrily—for she does not wish to let the others guess the reason of his sudden departure—"you see the weather does not approve of your leaving

us. What has become of your thunder-storm? Where is the gale from the south, John?"

"I was never seeing the like of this weather, mem," said the boarded skipper. Then he added, anxiously, "And iss Dr. Sutherland himself going away from the yat?"

"He would like to," she says; "but how is he ever to see land again if you banish the wind so?"

"But it will no' be like this long," says Captain John, eagerly; for he appears to think that Dr. Sutherland has got tired of the fine weather. "Oh, no, mem, I will answer for it. If Dr. Sutherland will wait another day, or two days, I am sure there will be plenty of wind. And we can lie in West Loch Tarbert for one day, or two days—"

"And starve!" she says, abruptly.

But now it appears that one or two of the men had heard of a mysterious village lying somewhere inland from the mouth of the loch; and from a comparison of these vague rumours we gather that we may not be so far from civilization after all. Perhaps we may once again behold loaf bread. Visions of cutlets, fowls, grouse, and hares arise. We shall once more hear some echo of the distant world, if perchance there be in the place a worn and ancient newspaper.

"Ay," said the Laird, hastily. "I would like to see a Glasgow newspaper. I'm thinking they must have got the steam fire-engine by now; and fine games the bairns will have when they begin to practice with it, skelping about in the water. It would be a grand thing to try it in the public garden when we get it; it would keep the shrubs and the borders fine and wet—eh?"

"And it would be quite as interesting as any plaster fountain," says his hostess, encouragingly.

"As handsome every bit," says the Laird, laughing heartily at his play of imagination, "as any bit laddie done up in stucco, standing on one leg, and holding up a pipe! It's a utilitarian age, ma'am—a utilitarian age; we will have, instead of a fountain, a steam fire-engine—very good! very good!—and the bodies who are always crying out against expenditure on decoration will be disappointed for once."

The Laird has at last discovered the whereabouts of the mysterious village on the Admiralty chart.

"But what newspaper will we get in a place hidden away like that!—out of the reach of all communication with the world. They'll be a century behind, mark my words. It is when ye live within a reasonable distance of a great centre of civilization, like Glasgow, that ye feel the life of it stirring your own place too; and ye must keep up with the times; ye must be moving. Conservative as I am, there is no superstitious obstinacy about me; moving—moving—that's the word. The more important the matter in the interest of the public, the more necessary is it that we should have an impartial mind. If ye show me a new sort of asphalt, do ye think I would not examine it, just because I recommended Jamieson and MacGregor's patent?"

He appealed boldly to his hostess.

"Oh, certainly; certainly you would!" she says, with an earnestness that might have made Jamieson and MacGregor quail.

"For three weeks," says the Laird, solemnly, "I was on that committee, until it seemed that my breakfast, and my dinner, and my supper every day was nothing but tar smoke. What with the experiments without and within, I was just filled with tar smoke. And would ye believe it, ma'am, one of the Radical newspapers went as far as to say that there were secret influences at work when Jamieson and MacGregor was decided on. My friends said, 'Prosecute the man for libel.' But I said, 'No; let the poor creature alone; he has got to earn his living!'"

"That was very wise of you, sir," says his hostess.

"Bless me! If a man in public life were to heed everything that's said about him," observes the Laird, with a fine air of unconcern, "what would become of his time? No, no; that is not the principle on which a public man should found his life. Do your best for your fellow-creatures, and let the squabblers say what they like. As ah say, the poor wretches have to earn their living."

Here Mary Avon appeared, somewhat pale and tired-looking; and the Laird instantly went to console with her, and to get her a deck chair, and what not. At the same moment, too, our young doctor came along—perhaps with a brave desire to put an end to her embarrassment at once—and shook hands with her, and said, "Good-morning; I hope your headache is better." Her hand was trembling as it fell away from his; and her "Yes, thank you," was almost inaudible. Then she sat down, and the Laird resumed his discourse.

"I was once taken," said he, "by a fellow-commissioner of mine to a sort of singing-place, or music hall, in Glasgow."

"What?"

"They wanted to have some such place in Strathgovan," continued the Laird, paying no heed, "and I was asked to go and see what sort of entertainment was provided in such places. It was a sorrowful sight, ma'am—a sorrowful sight; the wretched creatures on the stage laughing at their own songs, and the people not laughing at all, but given over to tobacco-smoking, and whisky, and talking amongst themselves. No glint of humour—stupid, senseless stuff. But there was one young man sung a

song that had a better sound in it—I cannot remember the words, but I sometimes think there was common-sense in them; it was about minding your own business, and doing your own work, and letting fools say or think of ye what they please. Ay, I think there was something in that young man; though I doubt, by the look of his eyes, but he was a drinker."

He turned to Mary Avon, who had been content to be a mute and unobserved listener.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he, brightly, "and the headache is going! And are ye looking forward to getting letters and newspapers when we get back to the world? There is a post-office at that village of Clachan, John?"

"Oh ay, sir!" said John. "There will be a post-office."

The Laird looked up at him reproachfully.

"But why cannot ye learn the English pronunciation, man? What's the necessity for ye to say *post-offices*? Cannot ye pronounce the plain English—*post-office*?"

"I am not very good at the English, sir," said Captain John, with a grin.

"Ye'll never learn younger."

Then he went to Mary Avon, and suggested that a walk up and down the deck might do her headache good; and when she rose he put her hand on his arm.

"Now," said he, as they started off, "I do not like headaches in young people; they are not natural. And ye may think I am very inquisitive, but it is the privilege of old men to be talkative and inquisitive, and I am going to ask you a question."

There was certainly no effort at keeping a secret on the part of the Laird; every one might have heard these two talking as they quietly walked up and down.

"I am going to ask ye, plump and plain, if ye are not anxious about going to London, and worrying yourself about the selling of your pictures. There, now; answer me that."

"Not very much, sir," she says, in a low voice.

"Listen to me," he said, speaking in a remarkably emphatic way. "If that is on your mind, dismiss it. I tell you what: I will undertake, on my own responsibility, that every painting in oil, and every sketch in oil, and every water-colour drawing, and every sketch in water-colour, that ye have on board this yacht, will be sold within one fortnight of your leaving the yacht. Do ye understand that?"

"You are very kind, sir."

"I am not bletherin'," said he: "no man ever knew me draw back from my word. So put that anxiety away from your mind altogether, and let us have no more troubles. I could sell—I could sell four times as many for ye in a fortnight. Bless ye, lassie, ye do not know the people in the west of Scotland yet—ye'll know them better by and by. If there's one thing they understand better than another, it is a good picture; and they are ready to put their hand in their pocket. Oh! they Edinburgh bodies are very fine creatures—they have what they believe to be an elegant society in Edinburgh—and they talk a great deal about pictures; but do they put their hand in their pocket? Ask Tom Galbraith. Ask him where he gets three-fourths of his income. He lives in Edinburgh, but he gets his income from the west of Scotland. Tom's a wise lad. He knows how to feather his nest. And when he has become independent of the picture-dealers, then he'll go to London, and fight the men there on their own ground."

"I should like to see some of Mr. Galbraith's work," she said, "before I return to England."

"You will have plenty of leisure to look at them by and by," replied the Laird, quite simply. "I have some of Tom's very best things at Denny-mains."

It was not until the cool of the afternoon that a light breeze sprang up to fill the sails of the *White Dove*, and press her gently on toward the coast of Cantyre. By this time every one on board knew that Angus Sutherland was leaving, and leaving for good.

"I hope ye will come and see me at Denny-mains, Dr. Sutherland," said the Laird, good-naturedly. "When ye happen to be in Scotland, I have a neighbour there ye would be glad to meet—a man who could talk to ye on yer own subjects—Mr. Stoney."

Our doctor paid but little heed. He was silent and distraught. His eyes had an absent and heavy look in them.

"A most distinguished man," the Laird continued. "I am told his reputation in England is just as great as it is in this country. A very distinguished man indeed. He read a paper before the British Association not many years ago."

"About what—do you remember?" said the other at last.

"H'm!" said the Laird, apparently puzzling his memory. "Ye see, a man in my position has so much to do with the practical business of life that perhaps he does not pay just attention to the speculations of others. But Mr. Stoney is a remarkable man; I am astonished ye should have forgotten what the paper was about. A most able man, and a fine, logical mind; it is just beautiful to hear him point out the close fitness between the charges in the major proposition in the Simple case and the averments and extracts in the minor. Ye would be greatly delighted and instructed by him, doctor. And there's another thing."

Here the Laird looked slyly at Mary Avon.

"There's a young leddy here who has a secret of mine; and I'm thinking she has not said much about it. But I will make a public con-

fession now; it has been on my mind for some time back that I might buy a screw yacht."

The Laird looked triumphantly around; he had forgotten that it was a very open secret.

"And wouldn't it be a strange thing if this very party, just as we are sitting now, were to be up at this very spot next year, on board that yacht—wouldn't that be a strange thing?"

"It would be a jolly pleasant thing," said the Youth.

"You are very kind to include me in the invitation," said Angus Sutherland; "but I doubt whether I shall ever be in Scotland again. My father is a very old man now; that is the only thing that would call me north. But I think I could get on better with my own work by going abroad for some years—to Naples, probably. I have to go to Italy before long, anyway."

He spoke in a matter of fact way; we did not doubt that he might pursue his researches better in Naples.

It was in the dusk of the evening that we slowly sailed into West Loch Tarbert—past a series of rocks and islands on which, as we were given to understand, seals were more abundant than limpets. But whereas the last haunt of the seals we had visited had introduced us to a solitary and desolate loch, with sterile shores and lonely ruins, this loch, so far as we could see, was a cheerful and inhabited place, with one or two houses shining palely white amid the dark woods. And when we had come to anchor and sent ashore, although there were no provisions to be got, the men returned with all the necessary information for Angus Sutherland. By getting up very early next morning, and walking a certain distance, he would catch a certain coach which would take him on to Tarbert, on Loch Fyne, in time to catch the steamer.

And so that night, before we turned in to our respective cabins, the doctor bade us all formally good-bye; and Mary Avon among the rest. No one could have noticed the least difference in her manner.

But in the middle of the night, in the ladies' cabin, a sound of stifled sobbing. And the other woman goes over to the berth of her companion, and bends her head down, and whispers:

"Mary, why are you crying? Tell me."

She cannot speak for a time: her whole frame is shaken with the bitter sobs. And then she says, in a low, trembling, broken voice:

"He has not forgiven me. I saw it in his face."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOME TRUTHS.—Unfaithfulness, evasion of duty, sloth, and self-indulgence are everywhere the loss of happiness, and nowhere more surely than in the family. They are largely caused in the home-circle by the unfair depreciation so frequently cast upon the share of labour that belongs to the wife and mother. Work that is undervalued or condemned is seldom done in the best manner, and so long as we measure the worth of labour only by the money that it will bring we cannot expect to see the best possibilities of the family life realized.

TRUE LOVE.—Friendship of a sublimated sort is what love becomes after a year or so of marriage, and he who is friendly to the very depths of his soul enters into this state happily, and is ready for all the delights that follow. But a man who is capable of nothing but that fleeting affection which ever pursues a new object, and cares for no woman when she is won, hates the domestic ties and becomes detestable in consequence. It is the man who would die for his friend and for whom his friend would die who makes a miraculously happy wife of the woman to whom he scarcely knew how to make love when he courted her.

ROSY CHEEKS.—The simple practice of washing with cold soft water and rubbing the cheeks briskly with a soft rough towel as a daily habit will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the cheek is sustained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have very little action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. The simple friction of the cheeks will do much to satisfy fair readers who may take the hint.

JUDGMENT, ACTIVITY.—In business life two things are essential to success—first, sound judgment; second, activity. In all departments we find a greater deficiency in judgment than in other requisites. Long familiarity in a given department does not necessarily produce it, though this will undoubtedly aid and strengthen it. Only by reliance on oneself, and feeling individually responsible for the results of action founded on one's own efforts, can the fact be established of good or bad judgment. Men who have the capacity to comprehend the whole question presented to them, to properly weigh not only the side of success, but of failure, and who understand the importance of right thinking, are the ones who succeed, and, whether they get credit for having good judgment or not, they certainly exercise it.

GOOD CONVERSATION.—Good conversation is flowing and natural. It is neither heavy nor frivolous; it is learned without pedantry, lively

without noise, polished without equivocation; it is made up neither of lectures nor of epigrams. Those who really converse reason without arguing, joke without punning, skilfully unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious railery and severe morality. They speak of everything in order that every one may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-bye and are treated with rapidity. Precision leads to elegance, each one giving his opinion and supporting it with a few words. No one attacks wantonly another's opinion, no one supports his own obstinately. All discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off when dispute would begin; every one gains information, every one recreates himself, and all go away contented; nay, the sage himself may carry away from what he has heard matter worthy of meditation.

BASHFULNESS.—Most girls find a bashful lover very wearisome and irritating. He adds nothing to the attractions of society; he is invariably quiet when he should speak, and constantly makes mortifying blunders. Worse than all, he hasn't the courage to declare his love, though his heart is full of affection. His tongue is tied; and, instead of really enjoying the society of her of whom he is enamoured, her presence renders him uneasy and unhappy, with the consciousness that he is not appearing to the best advantage and the fear that he is losing his chances of winning the object of his desire by the wretched show he is making of himself. He retires from the interview depressed and mortified, and, much as he longs to see the loved one again, the remembrance of his previous bashfulness and awkwardness, which, perhaps, he exaggerates, will keep him from her side. What to do with such a fellow? It is not easy to manage him; but as bashfulness is only a form of self-consciousness, a girl should try to make him forget himself, and, by the exercise of tact, draw from him the story he is anxious to tell.

THE GLEANER.

AYOUB KHAN is raising a new army at Herat.

OFFENBACH, the French composer, died in Paris yesterday.

THE Sultan of Turkey is reported to be suffering from an attack of paralysis.

CARDINAL MANNING's health is causing much anxiety to his friends.

AN Alexandria despatch reports the rising of the River Nile progressing satisfactorily.

THE report of the Czar's marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki is confirmed.

THE Hungarian budget shows a deficit of upwards of twenty-five million florins.

M. BASTIEN LESSAGE's *Journe d'Arc* has been purchased by an American for 20,000 francs.

THE St. John, N.B., *Sun* suggests that the centenary of the landing of the Loyalists be celebrated in 1883 by the holding of a Dominion Exhibition in the city of St. John.

LITERARY.

THE Duke of Marlborough has abandoned the idea of having the Sunderland Library sold by auction.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Syra to raise funds for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron at Missolonghi.

PROF. G. MASPERO has returned to Paris, bringing with him from the museums of Italy a rich treasure of unedited inscriptions, &c., for his projected *History of Ancient Egypt*.

A NEW novel, illustrative of modern English life and manners, by Mr. George MacDonald, entitled "Mary Marston," is to be published shortly.

A GREEK manuscript of one of the Gospels, written in letters of silver on purple vellum has, says *Notes and Queries*, recently been discovered in Calabria. The discoverers claim that it is the earliest surviving illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, and assign it to the latter part of the fifth or beginning of the sixth centuries.

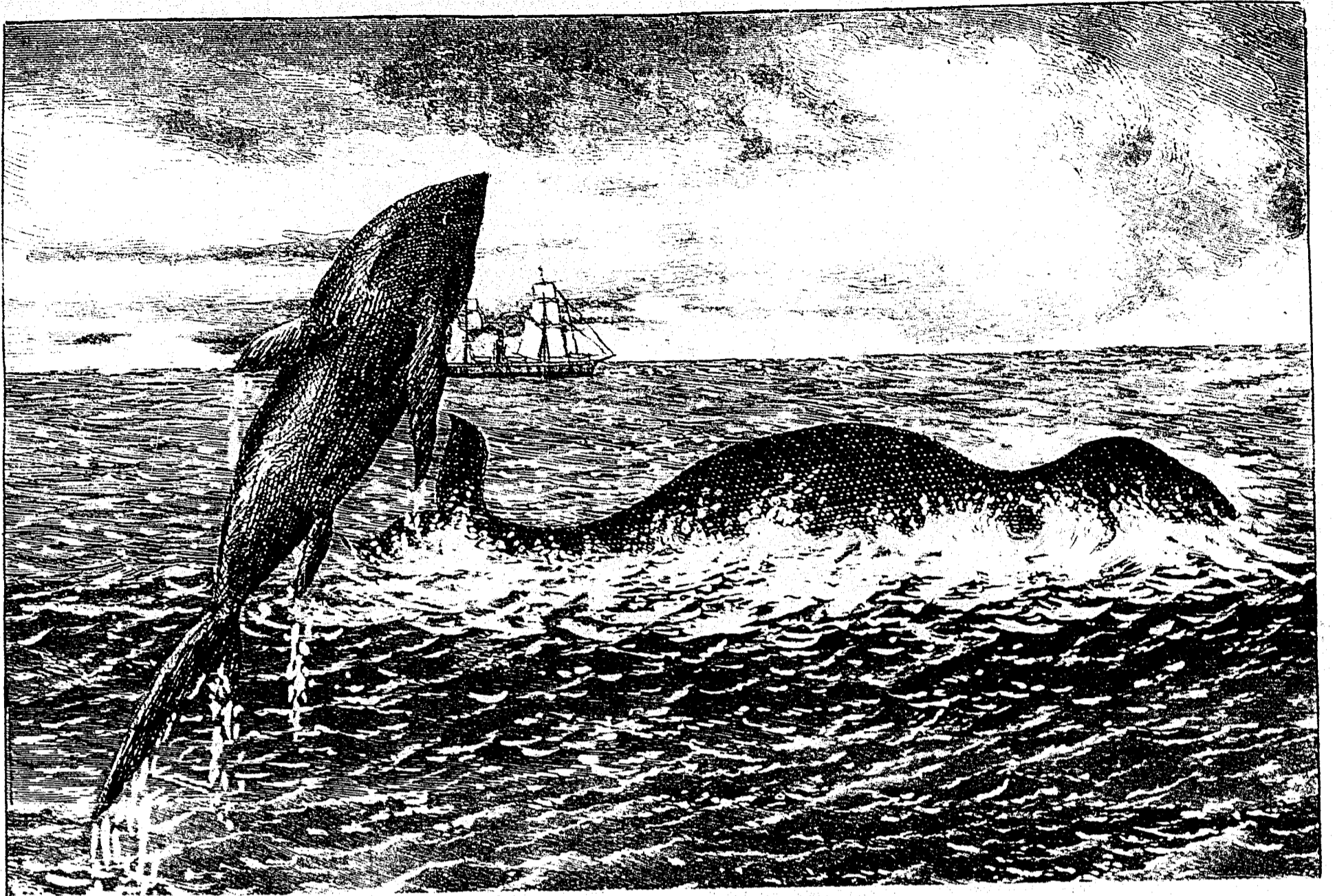
LE Comte Riant has just discovered the long-lost Chronicle of Philip of Navarre, which, under the title of *Gestes des Chiprois*, contains the history of Cyprus from 1131 to 1309. The MS. of this Chronicle is from the hand of a prisoner named Jehan Le Miège, who finished it in 1343.

WILL be published next month *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P. The volume will unite the characters of history and of biography, and will be on one hand the picture of a most critical and eventful period in our annals, and on the other it will be drawn from the point of view of the individual who is the hero of the book.

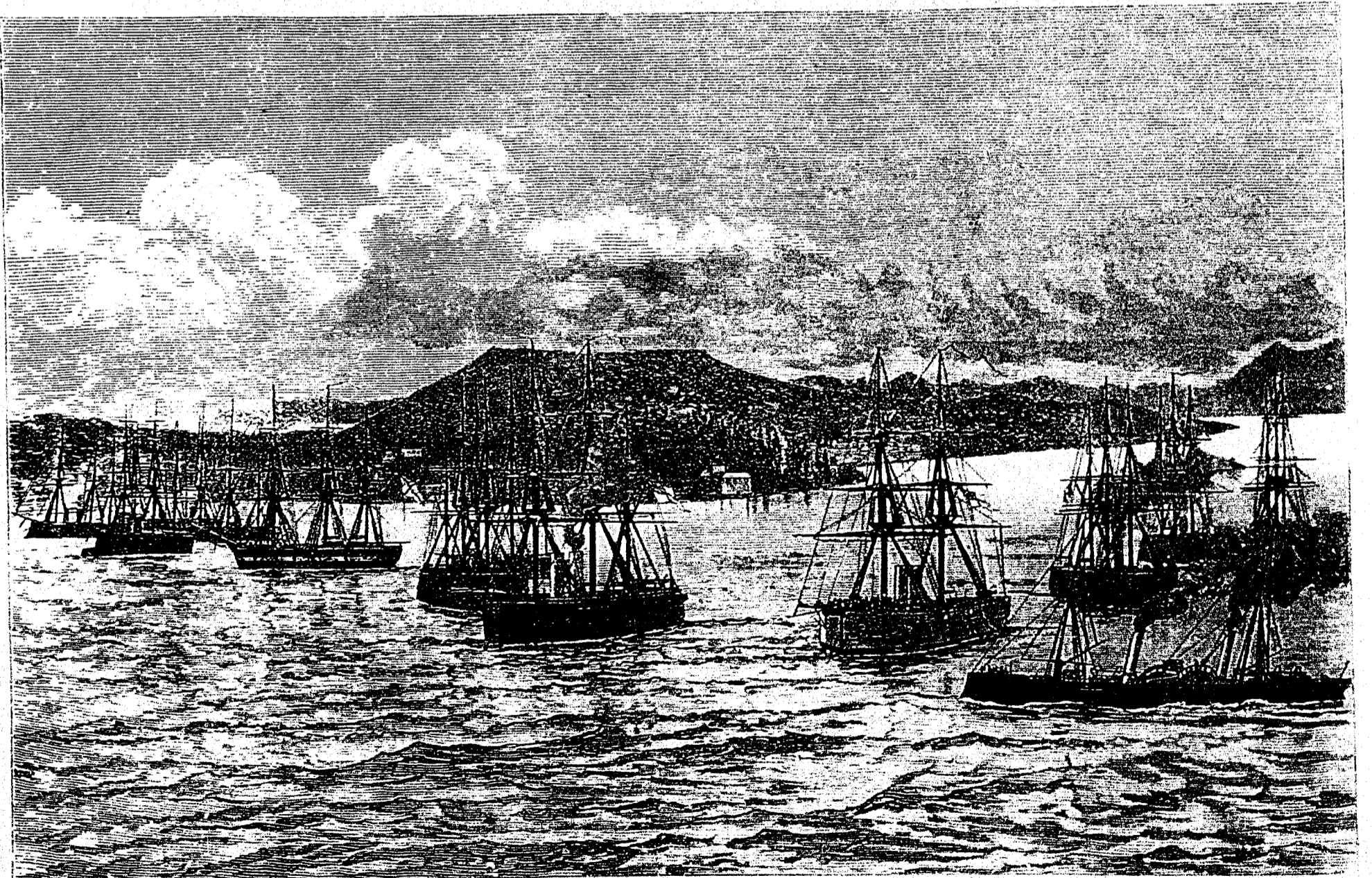
THE Front Gate—It was night. The sable goddess stretched her leaden sceptre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still swinging on the old front gate. He had placed his arm around her graceful waist, and drew her closer to his throbbing breast to protect her from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong, manly shoulder, and the love-light was shining in her lustrous eyes as bright as the head-light of a locomotive. He looked earnestly in the eyes, and passionately murmured; "Jemima, is your folks had a mess of spring peas yet?"

NOT A BEVERAGE.

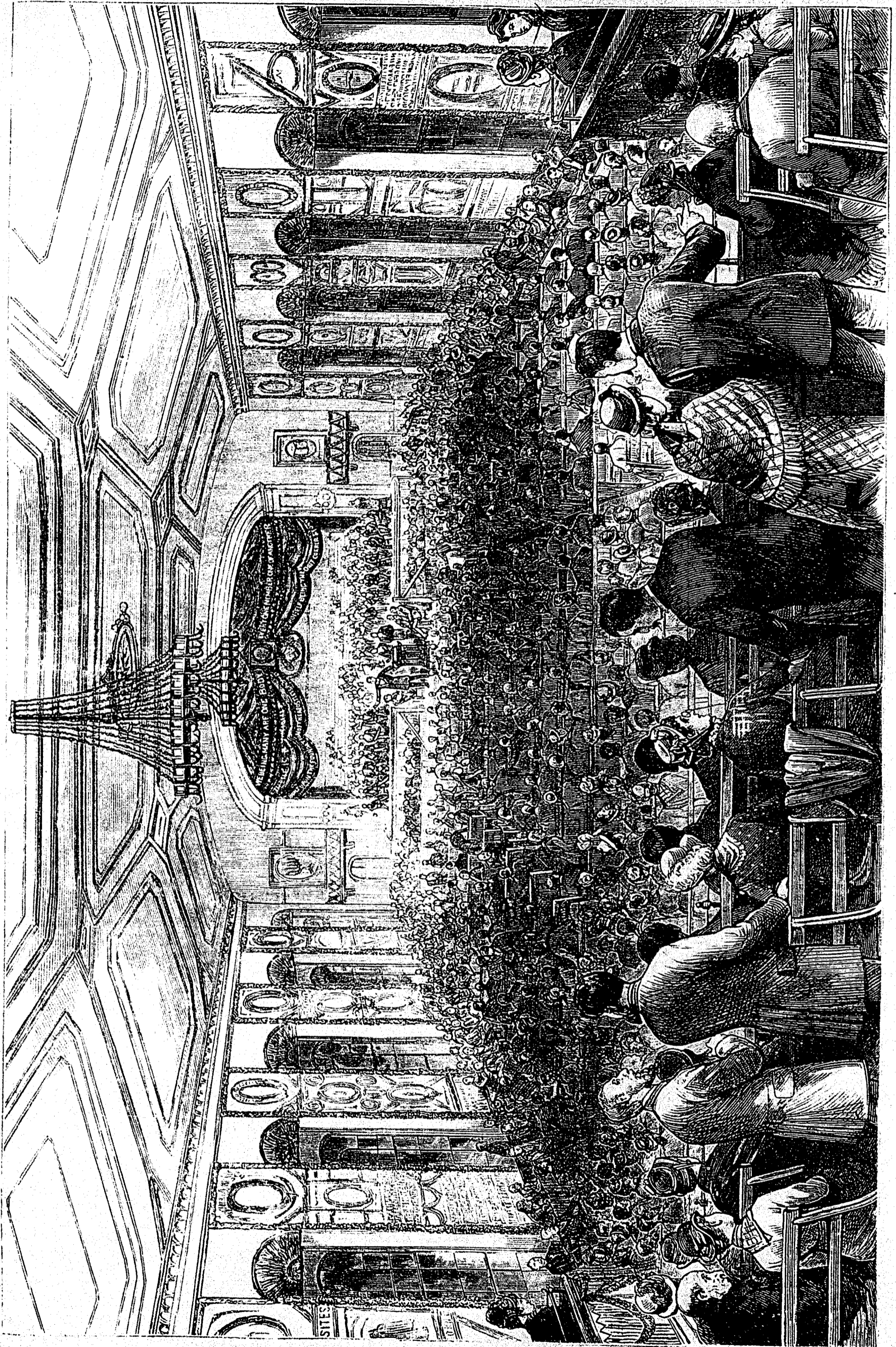
"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them." Rochester *Evening Express* on Hop Bitters.



AN ENCOUNTER AT SEA BETWEEN TWO MARINE MONSTERS.



Custoza, Palestro, flagship (Austrian). Svetlana (Russian). Victoria (German). Alexandra, flagship (English). Téméraire (English). Roma (Italian). Helicon, Admiral Seymour's tender (English).
 THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AGAINST TURKEY: THE INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON IN THE BAY OF GRAVOSA.



THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE CHARGE O'ER THE ICE.

On the 23rd of February, 1813, McDonnell, of the Glengarry Fencibles, led his men across the river from Prescott and captured Ogdensburg. He had been in the habit of drilling the men on the ice for some time before the assault, consequently the enemy allowed him to approach quite near before they offered any resistance.

As we tramped o'er the ice,
Hard at work at our drill,
To the front in a trice
Rushed the Colonel at will,
Pointing up the hill,
Where the enemy's flag—
A tattered old rag—
Hung like a bag
On its staff.
With a grim ringing laugh,
He said: "Boys, we will go
Across the broad stream
And that glacier of snow,
And before the lads know,
As they doze and they dream,
What a trick we are at,
We will jerk out of that
You dirty old rag.
And hoist up the flag
Of our own bonny land!"
At the word of command
Then our lines wheeled about,
And we choked back a shout
As we rushed on our way.
I could hear the waves play
With a dash
And a splash,
And expected to crash
Through the thin creaking ice
Right into the flood.
But I clung like a vice
To my well beloved gun,
And the turbulent blood
Through my veins did run
With a feverish might.
Each comrade's face,
That I there could trace
On my left and right,
Was rigid and white,
But not with affright;
With wild eyes ablaze,
And with lips set tight
Did they fiercely gaze
For the coming fight.
Thus on did we glide,
Slip, jump, and slide
Past gaping holes
Where the seething waves
Invited our souls
Unto watery graves.
Then we reached the shore,
And we climbed the steep,
While the cannons' roar,
Both loud and deep,
Re-echoed around.
O'er the snowy ground
We plunged and ran,
And the fight began.
Then man after man
Fell into the snow,
And the crimson flow
Of his life-blood sank,
Smoking and hot,
A burning spot.
In the crystal bank,
Then the din grew wild,
And the smoke grew thick,
And we fastly fled
On the double-quick
Around a bend
To our journey's end,
Where a blighting flame
O'er our pathway came.
As we rushed pell-mell
Right into—Well
I reeled and fell
In the gateway then
Mid heaps of men
With my arm shot through,
And naught I knew
Of the conflict more,
Till I saw our flag
Had supplanted the rag,
That the flag-staff bore,
And the fight was o'er.

Stayer, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

TRIED.

Lisle Mercur went home early this evening. Little Pet had said good-bye, after dinner, with heavy eyes that followed him all the way to the bank, and kept reminding him of some they had once closed in death in that same household.

Willie was buried just three years ago tomorrow. The father went lightly up the stairs, straight on his way to the nursery. As he turned at the head of the staircase Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing-room door into the blaze of the hall lights, elegantly arrayed for an evening party. She paused in surprise at seeing her husband home so early. Pretty and piquant as she stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite dispelled the stern expression on his lips, and the reproach in his tones died down to simple surprise, as he asked: "Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes. Why not?" she inquired, in her fluttering, girlish way.

"Your baby, dear," the husband said, in a sad, reproving style.

"Pshaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell; and Lette will sit by her. She says the child is fond of her, and begs of me to go and enjoy myself. She is thoughtful of me," the young wife added, casting a reproachful glance at the earnest face, looking with sure, disappointed inquiry into hers. "She says I must not shut myself up like a nun."

"Do you think your French maid cares more for you than I do, Fanny?"

The small hands worked uneasily, opening and shutting her fan. She was always lost when this strong man's love spoke to her in this twofold unappealable way. So she ignorantly pushed aside the steady hand that would have guided her into beautiful womanhood, and said the least bit peevishly: "Come, Lisle, don't be always making me solemn. Say good-night and kiss me and tell me to go and be happy."

The husband bent over and kissed the red lips held up coaxingly to his, and encircling the slight waist for a moment with his arm, said in his deep, sad way: "Go and be happy, Fanny."

She glided down the stairs and sprang into the carriage waiting for her at the door, but could not shake off the strange feeling that her husband's manner had inspired, until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's. Lisle Mercur watched her graceful, retreating figure until it went out of sight. As the front door closed after her he turned heavily, with the great want his beautiful wife so lightly comprehended, and walked to the nursery door. It stood slightly ajar. A little querulous voice kept repeating:

"No, no; Pet wants Flynn."

"Sh! sh! Lette's here. Lette's better than Flynn."

Pet turned on the pillow and looked at the fussy French girl with childish incredulity.

"Pet wants Flynn."

Lette was becoming annoyed at the child's persistency, and pushed back her chair impatiently.

Mr. Mercur was about to open the door and go in, when he heard a rustle at the foot of Pet's bed, and a pale, weary-faced woman glided in from a room adjoining the nursery, and stooped over the restless child. Her lips touched the hot cheek, and two fat arms went around her neck, like love-chains from an angel's heart. Pet was quiet now. She needed no hushing. The touch of Flynn's cool hand was always enough for her. Lette went bustling stidly through the door at the foot of the crib. After a while Flynn unlocked the fingers clasped about her neck and holding them in her own, sat down by the bedside and looked at the head nestled on the dainty pillow. Her white illegible face was partially turned toward the hall door where Lisle Mercur stood with a father's pardonable curiosity. He always regarded his young sister's governess as a calm, gentle woman, with soul enough for her position. To-night he caught a glimpse of something more. That strange power toward which childhood leaps instinctively, watched, unslumbering, self-guard in her steady gaze, thrilled in the low, sure utterance of her conscious words; asserted itself in her lightest touch. Lisle saw why his child wanted Flynn. She was one of those women who, when one once knows them, breathe poetry to the very elements, even though they shrink from talking or singing it. To such, it must not go through many hands, all dabbling at its freshness. So she took to this fair child, and whispered her sweet thoughts to her. And they grew so quietly and naturally together, that even the clear-sighted father never knew of the union until the night when accident showed him Pet's companionship. And his pretty wife flashed back in his face the truth that as for spiritual communion he was alone.

Pet lay so still he thought she must be falling asleep. Then he heard her say, softly,

"Mamma's gone, Flynn."

Flynn smiled.

"Mamma was pretty."

"Mamma was very pretty," Flynn said.

"Why didn't God make Flynn prettier?"

"God knew," Flynn said, reverently; and the child raised her eyes as she did in prayer. They came back brightly again.

"Mamma wore beautiful flowers!"

"Where?" asked Flynn.

"Here." And the little hands went together over Pet's bosom.

"Pet's Flynn's flower."

The sweet face brightened with a mischievous smile.

"Wear yours where mamma wears hers."

Flynn understood. She gathered the little form up in her arms, and pressed it close to her loving woman's heart. This bud she was nurturing would open one day into Flynn's beautiful blossom—not mamma's.

So thought papa as he walked outside the door, while the pale governess walked the nursery floor with the burden on her breast, and at last laid it down sleeping on the bed. Then he went back to his room and waited for mamma. She came home long after midnight and slept late into the morning. When she met her husband at dinner she said in her childish way, quite exultingly, "I knew Pet would be well enough off. Lette said she was quiet and slept well."

The father thought of weary feet going to and fro in the nursery, and the low lullaby hummed softly in his baby's ear. Thinking of the subtle music of this woman's voice, he forgot what mamma was saying, or that she was there. So no revelation was made.

Mrs. Mercur grew feverishly fond of excitement and party-going. Her husband's remonstrances were unheeded; and at last, growing weary of her weak accusations and insinuating comparisons of his conduct and Lette's, he gave up the attempt of restraining her, until he saw that her health was rapidly giving way. Then he pleaded with her, gently but earnestly. She laughed at his fears, and turned to the pleasures she was madly pursuing with renewed eagerness. Duty urged him to more decided action. He led her to her mirror one morning after a night of dissipation, and bade her confront the sunken cheeks and glassy eyes staring back in her face like a solemn warning. She gazed for a moment like one transfixed, and the truth fastened slowly on her unwilling consciousness. She could not bear it. She turned fiercely toward him, and, with a wild gesture, almost shrieked: "Stop your idle prating. I will live while I do live."

The end of her race was reached at last, and she lay down to die. It was a grim place she was verging on. The phantoms and shadows were all passed. The real chasm, the genuine gloom, were just outside. Should she go back, seeking

aid of the pleasure-hunters, through this place they had led her to? Ah! they were cheerless guides now.

"I am dying, Lisle," she whispered hoarsely. He gathered her cold hands in his warm ones, but he could not remove the chill.

"I am dying, Lisle!" she shrieked, piteously. He bowed his head over her pillow till his lips touched her damp forehead; but they had no comfort for her here.

"Help me, my husband!"

He could have helped her once. He could only turn, in his deep distress, and groan now. A quick thought flashed through him hopefully.

"Shall I call Flynn?"

The dying eyes looked up imploringly. She came white and marble-like, as she who lay there in her agony would be soon. Lisle could not see the hope which he longed to read, if there were hope of life in his wife, the lids lay down so heavily on her eyes.

Fanny turned to her, with a wild plea in every lineament of her suffering face.

"Help me, Flynn!"

"God must do that," said a firm, sustaining voice, close in her failing ear.

"Where is He?" gasped the whitening lips.

"Here, Fanny, closer than I can come to you."

"If I could see Him! if I could feel Him!" she cried, clinging, as if reaching out in the dark.

"Call Him as you call me. Ask Him to help you as you ask me. He loves better than I. Fanny. He can go further than I. He is right here. Can't you see him—can't you feel Him?" said the low voice, in tones that thrilled one with the consciousness of an invisible presence.

The look of terror went from the ghastly face, and the faint shadow of a coming smile paused on the dying lips that only had breath to say:

"Y—e—s."

She was gone where they could do no more for her.

Lisle Mercur left Pet with Flynn, and went abroad. Two years passed, and he did not return. Then came a letter, saying he would sail in two days more, in the *Solitaire*.

Toward the close of summer, just at twilight one evening, they two sat alone in the window-seat of the library, looking at the old lighthouse far up the beach on the Rocky Point.

"It looks ugly—don't it, Flynn?"

"Yes," said Flynn, thoughtfully. "It looks lonely and bare and grim in the daylight; but how was it last night?"

Pet remembered how the storm raged and the sea roared all night, and how she clung to Flynn, wild with fear lest they should all, home, sea and winds, be whirled together in terrible destruction. Then, shining in through the chamber window, gleamed that solitary light from the old tower, and Flynn said: "Look, child, what is it like!"

"Like a star of hope, isn't it, Flynn?"

Flynn said, "Yes," and hoped it might be such to those at sea. She did not whisper the dreadful fear she had in her heart—that a vessel, homeward bound, might go down at dismal night. She soothed the little head that might be fatherless, and wove that in her prayers.

Later in the evening came a messenger saying that the *Solitaire* had foundered in the storm the night before, and it was reliably reported that all on board had perished. Almost within sight of home! Flynn had learned to fear cruel tidings. So no one knew how she felt. The servants gathered, whispering, in the hall. She went out, and bade them disperse, in a husky voice, until Pet was asleep. The lamps were not lighted, and they could not see her pallid face.

She took the child to her chamber and sat beside her until she was asleep. Then she moved like a statue down the stairs into the presence of the cowering servants, who were waiting, as if by instinct, for her commands.

"We will have no lights to-night," she said in a voice that thrilled through darkness. "Let all retire and the house be quiet; tomorrow will be soon enough." There was no need to say for what it would be soon enough, and they went from her presence awe-stricken and oppressed with gloom. When they were all gone she went back to the window-seat in the library, where she had been sitting with Pet, and, kneeling down, buried her face in the cushions. The murmur of the waves breaking softly on the beach came in at the open window.

Lisle Mercur had sailed a week in advance of the *Solitaire*, contrary to his expectations when he wrote. When the news of that vessel's wreck reached his family he was already impatiently moving toward home. It was still comparatively early in the evening when he alighted from the coach in front of his own house. Surprised at finding it closed and dark, he went around toward the back part of the premises, intending to arouse one of the servants. As he passed the library window he observed that it was open, and, springing to the low balcony, he was going in when something suddenly arrested his attention. Stooping over to examine more closely, he was startled by the sight of a human face half-buried in the crimson cushions. Just then the moon came from under a cloud and shone full upon the object, at which he stood gazing with deep perplexity. He saw now that it was Flynn, half kneeling, half reclining, as if she had fallen asleep in the midst of prayer.

He called her softly by name, but she did not

move. Then he spoke in a louder voice, almost roughly, but there came no response. He grew alarmed. The strong man shook like an aspen. He raised her head reverently and tenderly, and laid it against his bosom, smoothing back the wavy, ruffled hair and gazing fondly into the face he had looked upon ignorantly, unappreciatingly, times without number. How precious it seemed to him then, as he groaned aloud: "Great God! have I come back for this?" He thought she was dead—that a now and deeper desolation than he had yet known was upon him.

As he gazed the nostrils slowly dilated, the thin lips parted, and those dark mysterious eyes opened full on his. The sea breeze, the murmur of the waves, were not strange to her; the moonlight coming in at the open window, all this was natural, but this face with its passionate energy, this breast against which she was held so tightly—what did it mean? She would see what it meant; so she made a strong effort, and sat upright. She had passed through a great agony, and she had dreamed a short, sweet dream. It was over now, and she must go back to her self-sustenance. In a moment of mutual silence she called up her old habit of calmness, and said as firmly as her weakness would permit her to:

"We feared you were drowned."

"I knew you would, and hurried home on that account."

"The servants are horror-stricken, but, thank heaven, Pet is spared what I feared she must know soon."

"Flynn—the pale face turned so that the moonlight would not strike it so broadly—'did any one else grieve for me?'"

She trembled visibly, and tried to say something verging close on propriety.

"Spare me this, Flynn," he said, pleading.

"Come down from this distance at which I have viewed you, and tell me for once what I ask."

"How far would you have me come?" she asked, with a quiet significance that he understood at once.

"Not beyond the borders of female delicacy. I forgot in the intensity of the moment that I had not met you there with a broad avowal of my love—love such as men seldom give to women, Flynn."

She looked at him as if to comprehend his meaning, and said, musingly: "I have wandered so long I am lost now."

"Come home, Flynn," he said, reaching out his arms to her. "Lay your head where it lay helplessly a moment since. Trust me. Be mine."

Her head dropped where it was to rest henceforth.

"Tell me why you knelt here like one dead?"

"For you," she said, shivering. "I thought you were dead."

"Then you loved me?"

"Oh, Lisle!" The fervour of her words thrilled through his soul.

"How long has this been, Flynn?"

"Since I came here as your sister's governess."

He started suddenly.

"Before Fanny?"

"Yes," said a voice, tinged with long-borne sorrow.

"Flynn, Flynn, you have suffered!"

She smiled a smile born of deep, soul struggles.

"It has not been in vain." The mask was all off now. Lisle Mercur saw the loving, purified character shining through the face he held to his lips.

"You shall suffer no more alone, darling."

SINCE that part of Paris which is built over the Catacombs shows signs of dropping in, not a few persons visit the ancient quarries out of which living Paris has been built, and where dead Paris is interred—as evidenced by over two millions of skulls, and stacks of femurs, tibia, and fibula. Eighty-nine steps bring the visitor and his lantern twenty-two yards below the sewage and gas pipes of the capital. The pillars supporting the vault are rather in marl than in rock, and crumble very easily.

THE Emperor of Germany has appointed the fifteenth of October next as the date for the ceremonious consecration and opening of the lately-finished Cologne Cathedral, when his majesty and most of the members of his house, together with other distinguished persons, will honor the occasion by their presence. The date selected is the birthday of Frederick William IV., the emperor's deceased brother, to whose piety and love of art was due the resumption of the architectural labors which were so auspiciously brought to an end about a month ago.

THE feat performed of old by "the amorous boy Leander" is no longer considered marvelous. The difficulties of Leander's passage are not to be measured by the absolute distance between the two shores, which is about three kilometres. The stream is swift and the waters are chill at all times of the year. The low average temperature of the Black Sea is but slightly raised in the Sea of Marmora; this surface warmth hardly affects the Straits of the Dardanelles, where the current mixes the waters of all depths together. The passage has been accomplished scores of times by Americans and Englishmen since Lord Byron undertook to dispel the illusion of its great difficulties. The time required by a good swimmer is generally a few minutes less than an hour.

VARIETIES.

A NEW plan for facilitating the small savings of the poor has been originated by the British postmaster-general.

THE BOSTON CELEBRATION.—The seventeenth of September was a gala day for Boston—the celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city.

The day of the celebration was fair and brilliant, and the principal thoroughfares of Boston were crowded from morning till night by citizens and visitors.

The statue of John Winthrop had been placed in position and uncovered without ceremony the previous afternoon. It represents the Governor clad in ancient garb, standing with his right hand holding the roll of the colony charter.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. E. D. W. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 296.

On Saturday evening, the 2nd inst., the annual meeting of the Montreal Chess Club was held in the chess-room at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street.

Previously, however, to the passing of the latter resolution, a member of the Quebec Chess Club, who was present, was asked to give what he considered to be the views of that body on the subject.

In recording the foregoing particulars, we must not forget to add that the past year of the Montreal Chess Club has been a satisfactory one.

These advantages (for such they should be esteemed) are due to the efficient manner in which the Secretary's duties have been performed by J. Henderson, Esq., and he has, we are sure, the thanks of the entire club on that account.

Since writing the above we learn that an intimation of the contemplated telegraphic tourney between the players of the two Provinces has been most cordially received by the Quebec Club.

The London Sporting and Dramatic News of Sept. 11, referring to the report (which we fear is an unfounded one) that Captain Mackenzie is to have a weekly chess column in the New York Herald, has these pleasant words: "We are very pleased to learn that it is contemplated to open a chess column in the New York Herald under the editorship of Captain Mackenzie."

PROBLEM No. 298. By J. W. Abbott. BLACK. Chessboard diagram showing a chess problem.

WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves. GAME 427TH.

Played in England, some time ago, between the Revd. J. Croker and Mr. A. E. Studd. The former gave the odds of pawn and move.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

- White.—(Mr. A. E. Studd.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. Kt to B 3, 4. P to K R 3, 5. P to Q R 3, 6. B to B 4 (ch), 7. P to Q 2, 8. B to K Kt 5, 9. Kt to Q 5, 10. B takes Kt, 11. B to Kt 3, 12. Kt to R 2, 13. B to R 4, 14. Kt to K 4, 15. Kt takes Kt, 16. Q to B 3, 17. Q to Kt 4, 18. Q takes Q (ch), 19. Castles (Q R), 20. B to B 4, 21. P to Q Kt 4, 22. B to R 2, 23. B to K 7, 24. B takes P, 25. K P takes P, 26. B to Kt sq.

And White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) The termination is very pretty, and White cannot avoid the threatened mate in four moves, except by the sacrifice of a piece.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 296.

- White. 1. Q to Q Kt 2, 2. Q to Q Kt 6, 3. Q mates. Black. 1. K to Q 4, 2. K to B 5.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 294.

- WHITE. 1. Q takes P, 2. Mates nec. BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 295.

- White. K at Q sq, Q at Q 2, Kt at Q 6. Black. K at K Kt sq, Q at Q R 6, R at Q sq, R at Q R sq, Pawns at K R 2 and K Kt 2.

White to play and mate in seven moves.

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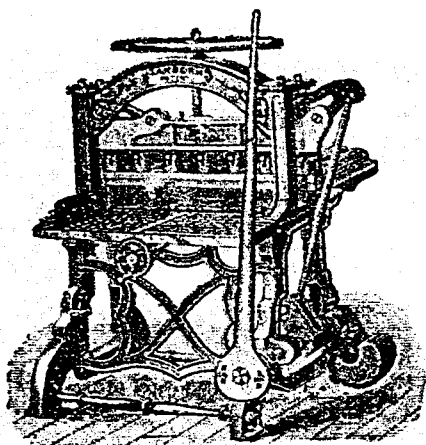
"Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

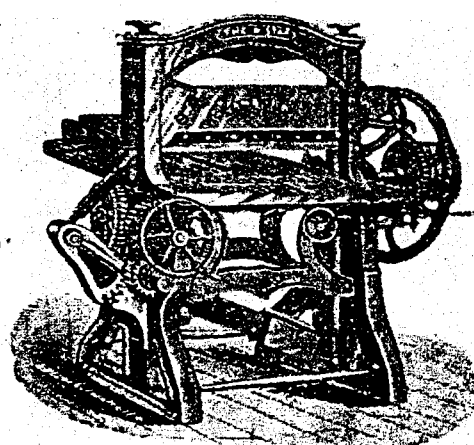
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW Times Building, NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our **BEST RATES.**

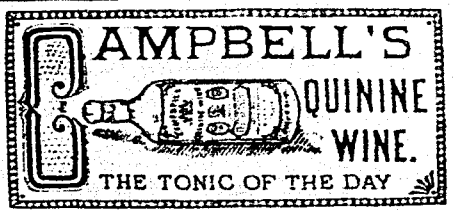
BOOK BINDERS'
PRINTERS' and
PAPER BOX
MACHINERY MAKERS'
NEW YORK, 28 Beekman St.
CHICAGO, 77 Monroe St.
GEO. H. SANBORN,
Standard Machinery Co.



THE GEM,
30 inch, 32 inch.



THE STAR,
30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 44 inch, 48 inch.



ROBERT MILLER,
BOOKBINDER
AND
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
15 Victoria Square, Montreal.



The "AIMEE" and "LOTTA"—The newest styles out in Ladies' Walking Hats, price \$1.50 and \$1.75, two cases to hat. Also, the "Cigarette" and "Tourist" at reduced prices. Tam O'Shaunters and Scotch Caps, a full line in stock.

R. W. COWAN & CO.'S,
CORNER OF
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Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
Solely by **ALL DRUGGISTS**

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

Lea & Perrins

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

To be obtained of
52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL, MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.



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

CAUTION.

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