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# Wholesale News

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H. M. VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPRESS OF INDIA, &c., &c., &c.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 27th May, 1876.

### THE SOFTAS.

The excitement caused by the Salonica outrage has not abated. A party of Softas parade the streets of Stamboul, crying, "Down with the Grand Vizier!" The dedication of the new English Church, which had been arranged for, has been indefinitely postponed at the request of the British Ambassador, who had consulted the Minister of Police on the possible consequences of the ceremony. The Softas have been dissatisfied with the Government ever since the trouble of January and the acceptance of Count ANBRASSY'S note, which evinced a disposition to place all religious denominations on an equal footing. The first alarm felt was occasioned by a well-founded report that Softas, and Mussulman roughs who are ruled by them, were buying revolvers, daggers, and other weapons. The Christians have resorted to similar precautions. A letter from Constantinople, under date of the 12th inst., says the excitement during the last three days has amounted to a panic. The demand for weapons, both by Softas and Christians, is so great that most of the shops in Stamboul have sold out all their stock. The Softas—that is, all persons attached to the mosques in any capacity whatever—are practically masters of the situation. They number about 10,000 persons, and their influence over the Proletariat is supreme. They utter threats against the Sultan, his Ministers, and sometimes against the Christians. Although quiet now, they profess to be friends to the latter. Last week, a great number of them went to the palace and demanded the dismissals of the Grand Vizier, MAHMOUD NEDIM PASHA, the CHELBU-UL-ISLAM, and the Minister of War. The Sultan resisted for an hour, but the clamor of the mob finally induced him to demand the resignation of MAHMOUD NEDIM PASHA, the Grand Vizier. The scene was most riotous and disorderly. Constantinople contains only 1,600 regular soldiers, the remainder being redifs and recruits. The Turkish officers openly admit their inability to control the latter in case of an outbreak, and it is generally believed they would obey the Softas. Mobs of Softas have paraded the streets lately, demanding the dismissal of MAHMOUD NEDIM PASHA, whom they accuse of being under Russian influence. Threats have been made against Christians generally, and two or three murders have occurred, which the police are doing their utmost to hush up. Constantinople, in fact, is in revolution. The Softas are not satisfied with the appointment of MEHMET RUSHDI as Grand Vizier, and clamor for MIDHAT PASHA. They want MEHMET RUSHDI as President of the nation's Parliament. A large number of Softas at the Bajazet Mosque would not allow the prayer for the Sultan to be read the other day. On the 10th inst., Prof. BONAMY PRICE and wife narrowly escaped the vio-

lence of the mob while visiting a mosque. If a struggle should take place, as everybody is dreading, between the native Christians and the Mussulmans, the Christians would prove victorious provided the troops did not aid the mob. But in a general rising of Mohammedans, the large colonies of European subjects in Constantinople and along the Bosphorus would be in greater danger than the native Christian, because their wealth would constitute an additional stimulus to the religious zeal of the Turkish rabble. This danger the respective Ambassadors provided against as far as the means at their disposal allowed. All the despatch boats are kept under steam. A plan of joint action had been agreed upon. The foreign Consuls met to devise means for the mutual defence of their subjects. All foreign steamers in port have steam up. The streets of Pera are patrolled by a band of Austrian Croats. A deputation of Englishmen called Minister ELLIOT'S attention to the exceptional danger of the English colony and asked his assistance. The latter admitted the danger to all Christians, and that the English was the least protected colony. He invited the whole community, in case of any outbreak, to seek shelter at the Embassy. He also promised to telegraph to the British Foreign Office what had occurred, and to represent the urgency of the position.

### A FLOATING MONSTER.

Almost simultaneously with the triumphant return of the Prince of Wales from India, we receive intelligence of the successful launch of the *Inflexible*, the most powerful naval vessel afloat. The event is of importance as evincing the determination of Britain to maintain her supremacy of the seas, at all hazards and at what ever cost. This great ironclad carries four 81-ton guns, in turrets, which are protected by iron armour 18 inches in thickness. These giant guns, being moved by hydraulic machinery, can be manipulated with more ease than guns one-quarter their weight by former arrangements; while the turrets, being moved by the same all-powerful agency, can either perform one whole revolution in a minute, or else move so slowly that the eye could not detect it. The main body of the ship is protected by two coatings of armour, each 12 inches thick, with massive bulks of oak between. Should, therefore, a shot succeed in penetrating the first 12 inches of iron, it would have to pass through the oak, and, thus deadened, find before it another wall of iron as thick as the first, through which it must go before it would be within the vessel. But even did the shot succeed in entering her most vital part, it does not follow she should sink, because she is divided into so many watertight compartments that several might be filled and yet the *Inflexible* remain afloat. Having engines of the most approved construction driving twin screws, she can be handled with the utmost certainty and delicacy, while, notwithstanding her enormous armour and armament, she has a less draught of water than the *Devastation*, which is 15 feet shorter and 13 feet less beam. The Italian Government have in course of construction at Castellamare and Spezzia two war-ships—the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*—which will mount guns of 100 tons each, while those carried by the *Inflexible* will weigh but 81 tons, but their turrets will be armoured with 10 inch plates, those of the *Inflexible* being 18 inches thick. It would appear, therefore, that the Italian ships will possess no very considerable advantage over the *Inflexible*. The guns of the latter ship are quite competent to give a good account of even 22-inch armour, and as a gun of less than 100 tons is sufficiently powerful to cope with the 18-inch turrets of the *Inflexible*, it would appear that the Italian Government have adopted weapons of unnecessary weight. For the present, at least, it remains to be proved that the additional weight of Sir W. ARMSTRONG'S guns will secure a considerable augmentation in their efficiency. It must not be forgotten

that as the distance of the gun from the mark increases so does the difficulty of hitting the target. If an 80-ton gun can punch 18 inches of iron a mile, while a mile is the maximum range at which a turret can be hit with anything like certainty, it is clear that nothing would be gained by the adoption of a gun which would punch 18 inches of armour at a mile and a half. The power of punching an armourplate is one thing; the power of hitting the plate is quite another; and it would appear that, unless plates much thicker than 18 inches are to be used, the 80-ton gun is equal in power to any other gun, no matter how much heavier, that can be produced, and that not a little is gained by keeping a gun as light as possible. There is no reason to conclude that the *Inflexible* is really less powerful than the *Dandolo*, albeit the latter will carry heavier guns and thicker armour.

### BRITISH LOYALTY.

The magnificent reception tendered to the Prince of Wales in London, on his return from India, is further proof, if such were needed, of the deep-rooted loyalty of the whole British nation to the Throne. The memorable event took place on the 19th inst., and is said to have realized all expectations.

The Prince, accompanied by the Princess and members of the Royal Families, arrived at Guildhall soon after seven o'clock after a triumphant progress through streets crowded with spectators, who cheered enthusiastically as the carriages passed. The masses of people around Guildhall were immense. The venerable building and pavilion adjoining, erected for the occasion, were splendidly illuminated. There was great cheering as the Prince alighted and passed into the reception room. After receiving the address of the Corporation, the Prince was escorted by the Lord Mayor to the Main Hall, where he sat down to a banquet with about 500 of the most distinguished persons of the Kingdom. The decorations of the hall were rich and tasteful, the company brilliant, including MR. DISRAELI and the members of the Government, with all the great officers of State, and the banquet was excellent. After the cloth was removed, a few toasts were given, the responses were short, and were preceded and followed by music.

The Lord Mayor proposed the health of His Royal Highness. The Prince, replying, returned thanks. He instanced the warmth of his reception in India as evidence of India's loyalty to England. Other speeches made warmly expressed happiness at the safe return of the Prince, and loyalty and devotion to the Queen and Royal Family. At the conclusion of the dinner a grand ball began; at its height 5,000 guests must have been present. The floor of the main hall, with that of the new library, and a temporary pavilion adjoining, were scarcely able to accommodate the assemblage. The festivities were kept up to a late hour, the Prince retiring long before they were concluded. Thousands of people remained around the building until daylight, eager to catch a glimpse of the scene or of the guests as they departed.

### THE ROYAL TITLES BILL AND THE COLONIES.

In the House of Lords, May 3d, Lord SELBORNE called attention to the terms of the recent Royal Proclamation, and interrogated Her Majesty's Ministers as to its operation and effect. The Lord Chancellor replied, in general, but satisfactory terms.

In the House of Commons, Sir HENRY JAMES asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, at the time the Royal Titles Bill was in Committee, it was the intention of the Government not to advise Her Majesty to take the title of Empress to be borne in the country, and whether the Proclamation rendered it a title of a local character to be borne in India. In reply, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that it was the intention of the

Government to advise that the title of Empress should be of a local character to be borne in India; but there were circumstances under which it was necessary for the Queen to acknowledge herself in England and to allow others to acknowledge her as Empress of India.

Mr. O. MORGAN asked the Attorney-General whether the Royal Proclamation of the 28th April requires that in future the additional title of Empress of India must be used in proclamations, writs, charters, commissions, and other like instruments issued by the Governors or Supreme Courts of colonies. Of course he alluded to cases in which the full title of the Queen was at present used.

The Attorney-General in answer stated that the addition of the word "Empress" in the use of the Royal title is only required in instruments having operation in the colonies of the United Kingdom in cases where it is necessary at present to make use of the full and complete title of Her Majesty. As to whether it is in strictness necessary to employ the complete title of Her Majesty in proclamations or in any charters or commissions, if any, issued by the Governors of colonies, or any writs the form of which is prescribed by charter, it may perhaps be necessary to employ the full title. In respect to instruments where it will be necessary, it will be within the competence of the authorities issuing them to decide whether the addition of the word "Empress" can be used.

### THE SOUTH HONORS THE QUEEN.

A remarkable expression of public opinion in regard to the Queen comes to us from the Southern States. A grand celebration of her birthday is to be held this year at Petersburg, in Virginia. A regular organisation has been formed, having a President, several vice-presidents, Executive Committee, and the usual officers. There appear to be several British Associations in the State of Virginia and they are to meet this year at Petersburg, special arrangements having been made with the railways and the hotels for the accommodation of visitors. The address of the Committee says amongst other things:—The Centennial year affords a splendid opportunity for international courtesies, and the British celebration in Petersburg will historically and appropriately mark the glorious brotherhood, which in the nineteenth century has been established among the English speaking nations. Virginia welcomes British settlers with open arms, and sees in the work of colonization since the war a great and enduring means of recuperation. Virginians love the Old Country as the dear old home of their ancestors—the birthplace of civil and religious liberty—the mother of free nations—and deeply revere those noble virtues and womanly graces which have made the reign of Queen Victoria so conspicuous. The celebration to which we invite you will, undoubtedly, be characterised by the heartiness and enthusiasm which spring from warm sympathies. We therefore ask you one and all to join us in honouring the birthday of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and in adding one more link to the golden chain of affection which binds together the citizens of the United States and the British people.

We are pleased to find that the press throughout the country has written approvingly of the sermon "The Hard Things of the Bible," by Rev. JAMES ROY, M. A. of this city, thus confirming the views which we unreservedly expressed on the subject. The *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, characterizes it as a no ordinary sermon which will amply repay careful perusal and serious study. "It grapples in a masterly manner with questions of great current interest, which must be met, sooner or later, by all intelligent Christians. Sermons are generally dull reading; but Mr. Roy's thoughtful and eloquent discourse is the farthest remove from dullness. It is evidently the work of a mind that has wrestled

with the great religious problems of which he speaks. It is a powerful and timely plea for rational Christian liberty of thought, which, from its force and vigor, must have no small influence in moulding public opinion. It would not be creditable to Canadian intelligence, if it should not be widely read." The Evening Telegraph, of Toronto, says:—"After an attentive perusal we can honestly say of it—which is more than could with truth be said of all published sermons—that it is interesting throughout, and that it is well worth the trouble and expense involved in its publication."

We take pleasure in calling attention to a letter from Mr. A. L. LIGHT, C. E., on the subject of the former Northern Colonization Railway and Mr. LEGG'S connecting therewith.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

LONDON, May 6.—It is said that Mr. Gladstone proposes to visit the plains of Troy during the coming autumn, in order to explore the site of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann.

Gen. Kirkham, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Abyssinia, was originally a steward in the Peninsular and Oriental service, then a volunteer under Col. Gordon in China; wounded severely there, he went home and was employed in the Commissary Department of the British army in the Abyssinian war. At the overthrow of King Theodoros he offered his services to King Johannes, and now, as supreme commander, he is leading the royal troops against the Egyptians.

That truth is often stranger than fiction is once more exemplified by the formation of the "Bible Earth League of Christians," under the leadership of a Mr. Fitzgerald, who purpose to upset the Newtonian system by proving that the earth is flat. The promoter pleads that "the work of surveys and obtaining other incontrovertible proof that the earth is not a rotating revolving globe, will be necessarily expensive, and can only be effected by liberal contributions of Christians." The Bible Earth Monthly will cost six shillings yearly, payable in advance.

It is reported that the Copyright Commission has decided not to raise the question of International Copyright at all; and on the other side of the water there seems little chance of the subject's engaging the attention of the American nation this year.

The London Tavern has been bought, and is to be pulled down, and a bank built on its site. The people who delight in the traffic in charity votes will have, therefore, to go elsewhere. Meanwhile the Charity Organization is pressing them so hard that their pet system may perhaps not long survive the tavern.

An elaborate monument has been erected at the Chatham Dockyard to commemorate the French prisoners of war who died there in the early part of the century. The monument bears this inscription: "Here are gathered together the remains of many brave soldiers and sailors who, having once seen the foe and afterwards the captives of England, now find rest in her soil, remembering no more the amonities of war or their sorrows in imprisonment. They were deprived of the consolation of closing their eyes among the countrymen they loved, but they have been laid in an honorable grave by a nation which knows how to respect valor and to sympathize with misfortune."

Lord Inchiquin's Irish Peagee Bill, which was recently introduced in the House of Lords, after much cutting down, promises soon to become a law. Its most important provision is that abolishing the power of creating any more peers of Ireland. Less than two years ago some British noblemen regarded this proposition as an interference with the royal prerogative, but now it has passed in the House of Lords unanimously. There are now one hundred Irish peers, twenty-eight of whom besides four spiritual peers are elected by their associates to sit in the British Upper House. Lord Inchiquin proposes to increase the number of representative temporal peers to thirty-two, and to provide for a representation of the Liberal minority by cumulative voting, or in some other way. As the Lord Chancellor, however, is opposed to this minority representation scheme, it will probably be stricken out of the bill. Another clause of the bill, enabling Irish peers to sit for Irish constituencies in the House of Commons, will probably be passed.

The critic of the London Times thinks that Syvestre's painting of "Loensta trying upon a slave in the presence of Nero the poison which is to kill Britannicus" will probably receive the grand medal of the French Salon. He says of it: "Loensta, bronzed, aged, with black hair tied up in tresses; Nero with pensive countenance, low forehead, cruel mouth, unfeelingly regarding the athletic slave who lies shrieking at their feet; a masterly and severe conception of brilliant light thrown upon warm colors. This is the most discussed and the least discussable picture in the Exhibition. Half the French journals who criticise the Exhibition call it a chef d'œuvre, the other half, a horror. The former err on the side of enthusiasm, the latter on that of injustice. It is a great painting which

promises a great painter. A friend whom I met disliked the familiarity it depicted between Loensta and Nero. This, it seems to me, is a perfectly correct feature. They are two monsters united by crime, in the committal of one of those actions which sever all distinctions of rank."

THE FREE LANCE.

The late city editor of the late Sun is an Englishman and a humorist. I accosted him the other day.

"Well, now that your paper is dead, you will return to your allegiance."

"Never a bit," said he, rubbing the palm of his left hand with the fat point of the forefinger of his right. "I remain an Irishman still. I belong to the subburst!"

Two newspaper men were speaking of a fellow reporter.

"I wonder where is he now?"

"Why, in Philadelphia, to be sure. Nosing around for news."

"Oh, I see. He's at the Seicentennial."

X— is a horse fancier, up town somewhere. He has fine stables. He is always trading, training and trying horses.

Y— is a young man of no vices whatever, but his weakness is the quotation of French words.

Looking over in X—'s yard the other day, he saw that gentleman busily engaged exercising his horses.

"You have a penchant for horses, Mr. X—, I see."

"A what?"

"A penchant for horses."

"No, sir, I haven't got a pawshop for horses, nothing of the sort," and he walked off to the other end of the yard in high dudgeon.

Lennoxville must have long legs. It has just ordered 500 feet of hose.

The best water privilege in Canada is for sale gratis at Coaticook. A house stuck in the middle of the river.

A good clip into Township life is given by the following remark actually made to Rev. A. B., prince of gentlemen and Christians. "Ah, Sir, I did so enjoy that funeral. Somehow, we'd never been to one for a good spell. And says I to John, 'John, I never let you let me miss another funeral so long as we live here.'"

The word "Pantokaleidoscopopolis coffee-maker" appeared in an advertisement in a local paper not 100 miles from Waterloo. Since then, all the lexicons in town, one and a half in number, have been worn into dog's ears with the following etymological results. Pants, trousers; Galile, to telescope; Neck-race, a dimm'd moist unpleasant body; Polly, a city; Kophinus, a tea-caddy, and Moko to make.

The most striking feature at the opening of the Centennial was the mile-long procession of successful State criminals, headed by Belknap and Tweed, and of pardoned murderers, headed by Stokes. After the singing of Whittier's Hymn, a prominent official warmly shook hands with them.

At last 'tis over, Ellis-mere;

The balls are done, the balls deserted.

High life is desolate and drear.

Where late we sponged and layed and dined.

Here, in my small room's low recess.

My foetal-spirit pipes and tresses.

To think of Amy's soft caress.

And of our love-day's gains and losses.

Ah, me! 'Twas only yesterday.

The house with blossoms rich was laden.

And sweetly rung the roundelay.

From lips of rosy, large-eyed maiden;

Now, like a dull bird safely caged.

Behind her prison bars she's sighing.

What wonder I should be enraged.

And through those prison bars be prying.

The pundit says that love's a myth.

And other foolish thoughts advances;

Poor me—I have no patience with

The girl who throws away her chances.

Spring tide is the time for love.

And not for eating cheese and fishes.

O Ellis-mere! my sweet, my dove,

Come bravely here and out my dishes.

They swim all smooth in sweetest oil.

They're piping hot with Love's French mustard.

I have luscious comfits for your toil.

And rolls of cake and paste and custard.

My heart is baked and steams for you.

O bite it, it is stuffed with truffles.

Reject those cold plates crowned with rue.

The cloying syrups and soda muffs.

I will not give up my cigar.

I will not cease to thrum your praises.

I still will pledge you at the bar

In wine that love's cold ghost upraises.

No Lent for me, if I may not

Regale my heart with dreams of beauty.

And feed my mind with thoughts begot

Of thee and love's perennial duty.

LACLEDÉ.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT.

St. Catherines, Ont., became a city on the 1st of May, and by proclamation it was made a holiday and given up to general rejoicing by the citizens. St. Catherines, within a few years, has grown very rapidly and at the present time may be classed as one of the most enterprising places in Ontario. It numbers about twelve thousand inhabitants, and the city has many elegant private residences, broad, beautiful streets and substantial business blocks.

REVIEW

St. NICHOLAS for June bring a full budget of attractions to the many thousand boys and girls who watch so eagerly for each month's issue. It begins with an interesting account by Susan Coolidge of the life and achievements of Jeanne D'Arc; and then comes the second installment of Mr. Aldrich's fascinating story, with thirty-three of Mr. Hopkin's irresistible silhouette pictures! A charming "talk" by H. H. on "The Expression of Rooms;" a beautiful little verse by Mrs. Dodge, a funny picture, and a story quite as funny, follow each other in quick succession; and we are treated next to an article entitled "A Frog and His Neighbours," describing simply, and with the aid of fifteen pictures, all the curious changes of frog-life from the hatching of the egg to the dignity of "Mr. Frog grown up."

"The Old Saw Mill" is a fresh and natural story, and "The Coming Army of Voters" an encouraging picture. Celia Thaxter contributes a true story of the wonderful flight of a canary, and the installment of "The Boy Emigrants" is as interesting as any of the previous ones, which were so very interesting that out of sheer respect for the children's demands, as the editors state, there is given in the present number a sketch and portrait of the author, Mr. Brooks.

As for poetry, the pages fairly ring with it. There is "See, Saw, Majorie Law," with a sweet little picture by Addie Ledyard; "The Four Little Imps" by Joel Stary, with a comical illustration showing every one of them; "A June Morning Lesson," with a dainty border drawing; and some fine verses entitled "Mabel's Maids."

In SCRIBNER for June Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's description of some "Old Landmarks in Philadelphia" is accompanied by over thirty illustrations. "How America was Named" is another illustrated historical paper, in which is shown the origin of the false claims put forth in behalf of Vesputci. Clarence Cook's fifth paper on furniture and decoration is illustrated with pictures of dining-tables, the "last sweet thing in corners," chairs, candelabras, &c. Charles Barnard describes a number of recent "Experiments in Co-operation," chiefly manufactures and stores. "Union College" is the one selected from the educational series this month, Harvard being announced for July. The serials are continued, and there is a story by G. P. Lathrop, entitled "The Love of a Hundred Years;" "Pilgrims and Puritans," by Tryon Edwards; "Two Poems of Collins," by E. S. Nadai, and "Charlotte Cushman," by John D. Stockton, complete the list or prose. There are poetical contributions from Kate Putnam Osgood, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H., and several others. In the Editorial Departments, Dr. Holland writes of "Advertising Shame," "The Literary Class," and "A New Departure;" "The Old Cabinet" deals with "Reading and Writing" and the "Academy Exhibition;" "Home and Society" contains some suggestions to strangers about "How to See New York," and Mr. Quinn's timely "Rural Topics;" and "Bric-à-Brac" has among other attractions some clever dialect by Irwin Russell, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar."

THE GALAXY for June has contributions from Justin McCarthy, Gail Hamilton, Prof. Van de Warker, J. H. Siddons, and other clever writers. Prof. Siddons tells from his personal experience as an editor in India and London a number of entertaining anecdotes, under the head of "Souvenirs of a Man of Letters." General Custer gives a thrilling personal narration of the Battle of Bull Run; and Captain Colman, who went to Brazil with Agassiz, describes a visit to Rio de Janeiro and the interior of Brazil, seasoned with a sketch of Brazilian character and the Portuguese and Brazilian dynasty. The number contains the usual quantum of poetry and two uncommonly good widow stories. The editorial departments are as excellent as usual. In the "Scientific Miscellany" Prof. Church shows how profitable an investment Alaska has proven itself to be, and in "Nebula" the editor, apropos of the return to silver, discourses upon the philology of fractional currency which has left the colloquial term "stamps" as an historical record of the days of war when the sticky postage stamps of various denomination constituted the only available small change.

WHAT TO ENJOY MOST.

We have wonderful power over ourselves. We can train ourselves to enjoy anything, from living upon a pilaster, like S. S. Skylights (or some such name), down to chewing tobacco, like Mr. President Grant.

Our happiness ought to arise mainly from the play of our affections. But with most of us it depends, alas! in the main, on the use of our five senses.

Now we share these five senses in common with most of the other animals. Even fishes hear, and moles have eyes. Are, then, the pleasures derived from each of these five senses all alike animal and alike sensual? No; some senses yield very little pleasure to brutes, and some yield pleasure to man alone. This is in the law: "In the exact order in which the senses become less rudimentary and able to appreciate more qualities in what they are exercised upon; in the order in which their bodily organs are more curiously and wonderfully made; in the order in which they become more subject to scientific investigation; and resulting laws—in that exact order they become less shared in by the brutes and more enjoyable to man." And in this exact order,

curiously enough, they are found to be less appreciated by the uncultured and barbarous among men, and deserving of more cultivation and appreciation by you and me.

The subject is fraught with the deepest interest, both in the way of knowledge, and also that one important thing in our lives,

SELF-MANAGEMENT.

Let us take the senses in order, beginning with the lowest and most brutish.

Touch is the most rudimentary. Looking to niceness of touch in Laura Bridgman, in the blind generally, in jewellers, &c., we should, at first sight, pronounce it capable of more education. But it is comparatively capable of very little, as we shall see further on. It recognizes merely heat and cold, hard and soft.

TASTE

yields the greatest pleasure in the life of the ordinary brute and the ordinary man. Brutalized men recognize very few and very coarse tastes in their viands. The very degraded appreciate only the sense of touch as food passes down the gullet, like the Greek who wished he was a giraffe, that he might have six feet of swallow to feel his food with, forgetting that this exposed him also to "six foot o' sore throat." The highest intellectual life, the world over, is led by men who derive a very great amount of pleasure, twice a day at least, from having the sense of taste nicely, yea, even artistically, ministered unto. "What are you crying for?" said the Parisian to his daughter, who had just lost her mother, "haven't you three meals a day?" And those who talk of "blighted hopes and broken hearts" must find their flow of grief diverted awhile when they ask for the pepper or complain of the absence of mustard. In a false civilization like that of Imperial Rome, the pleasures of the palate are made the great end of life—so much so that they used to take emetics and enjoy (?) two meals a day. In a crude civilization, like that of Yankeeedom, we have the chew of tobacco, the salt herring of the saloon bar, and the spasmodic soothing of the throat with alcoholic fire.

SMELL

yields but little pleasure to the animals. Cats seem to like the smell of valerian. A battle was once gained by knowing that elephants were driven half-crazy by the smell of camels. Horses, it is said, pine amid the reek of a pigsty. The poor seem often to lack the sense of smell. On the other hand very few men of deep minds seem to care much for the pounce box or the perfuming of their handkerchiefs. The sense of smell seems incapable of education. We have heard, indeed, of a scent-organ, by touching the different keys of which, different perfumes, in melodies and even harmonies of colour, were let forth on the astonished air so as to play a tune on a man's nose. But we never saw it.

Scents have never been divided into orders and sub-orders, and would seem to have been counted only at the old Roman Colonia, sacred to the Eaux and the Ughs! of Cologne.

"Cologne's a town of martyrs' bones,  
And pavements flagged with murderous stones,  
It is a place of dirty wenchies,  
And celebrated for its stenchies.  
A man, who in that city dwells,  
Counts five-and-thirty different smells,  
All well-defined and separate stinks."

And again:—

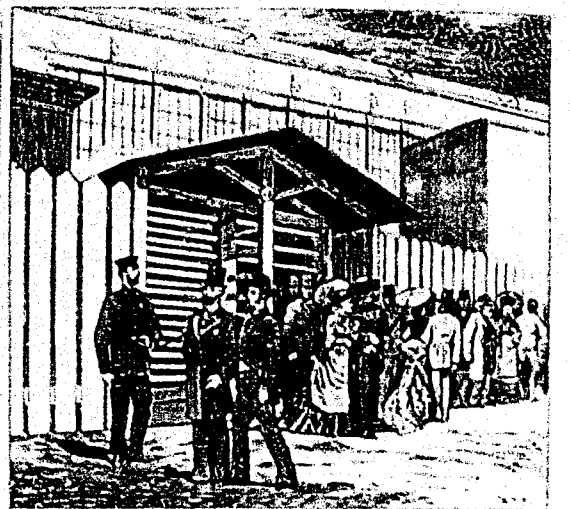
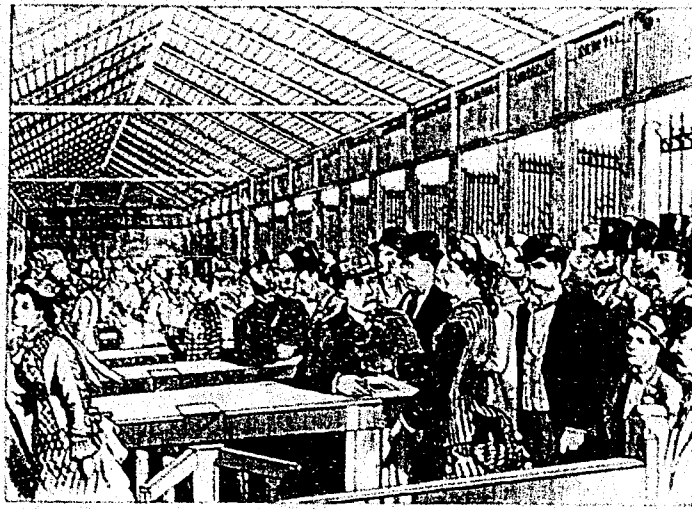
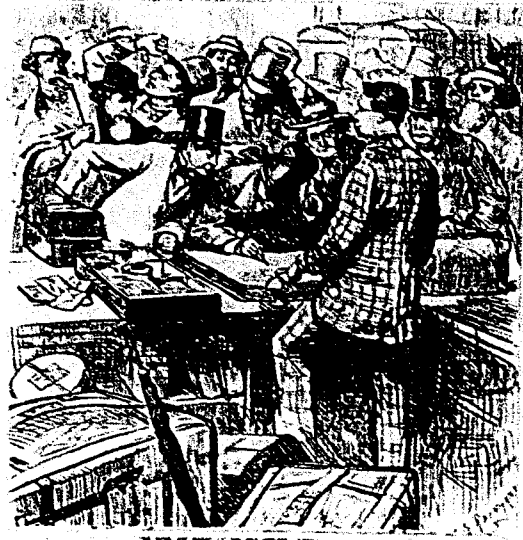
"The river Rhine, as is well known,  
Washes the city of Cologne;  
But tell me, O ye powers Divine!  
What power on earth can wash the Rhine!"

The eye and the ear are the senses we must laboriously train ourselves to enjoy. Choose the highest pleasures, and custom will make them the most enjoyable. F. C. E.

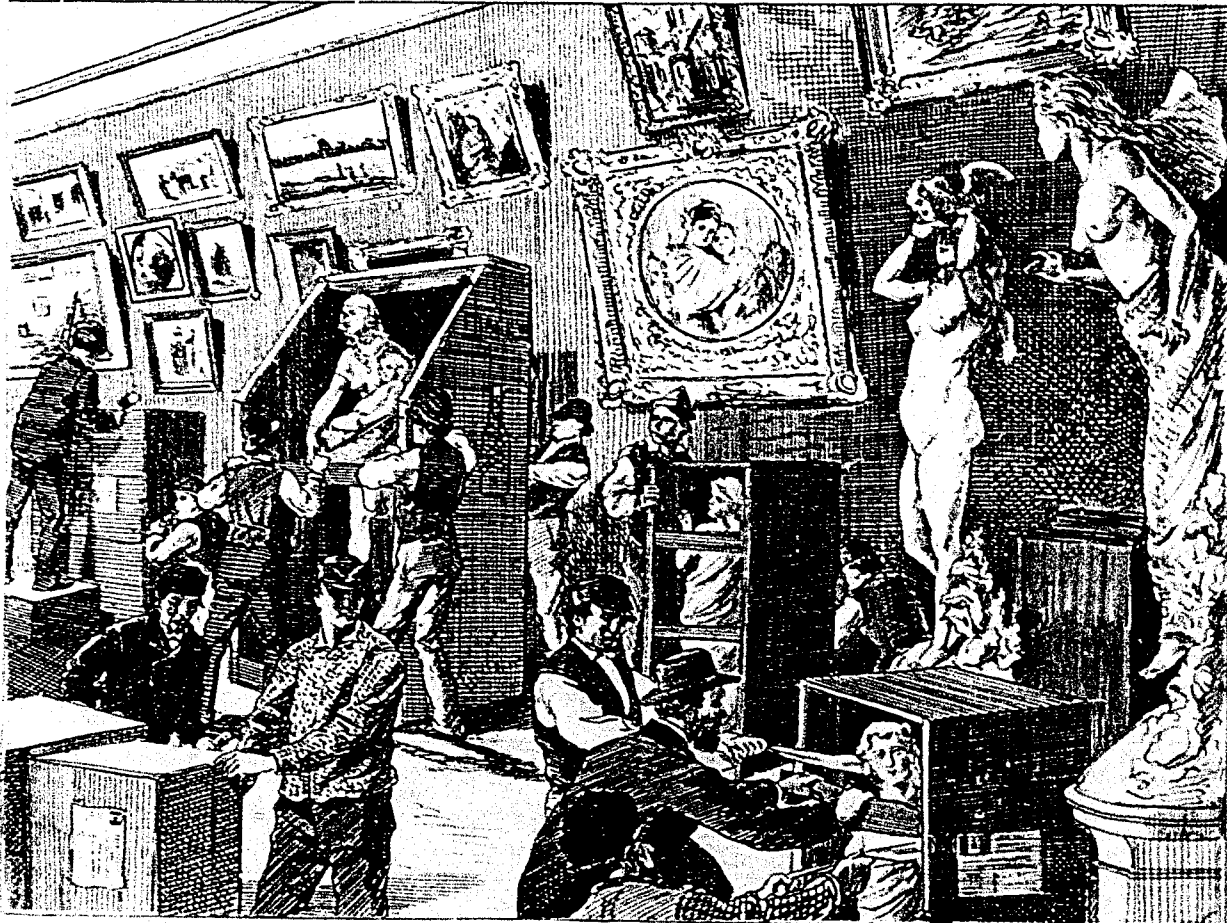
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

MARSHAL NEY.

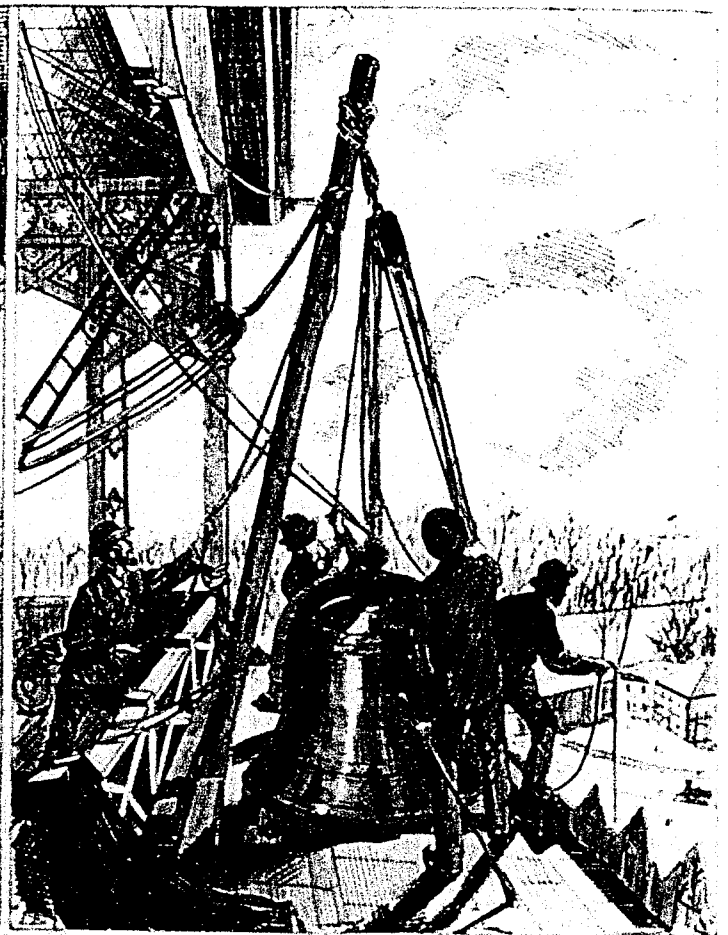
We published an article, last week, concerning the supposed identity of Marshal Ney with a man who died peacefully in South Carolina, years after the alleged execution of the "bravest of the brave." This recalls a letter published in the New York Round Table of November 28, 1865. The writer argued Ney's identity with a captain in General Wayne's army—an American—who was dismissed the service by Washington because he challenged Wayne on account of an alleged insult. This officer—Michael Rodolph by name—was a brave and able soldier, as fiery and dashing as Napoleon's pet Marshal. After his discharge he settled in Maryland, became a tobacco planter, and engaged in the West India trade. Suddenly leaving home because of some domestic infelicity, he set sail in his trading sloop and was never seen on American soil again. The Minister to France during the Directory, Mr. Pinckney, being present at a military review in the Champ de Mars, recognized the officer in command, Kleber's Adjutant-General, Ney, to be Michael Rodolph. Returning to America he told friends of Rodolph that the latter was an officer of high rank in the revolutionary army. Rodolph's descendants, afterward resident near Brunswick, Ga., always considered Rodolph and Ney identical. Ney when on trial for his life was charged with being a foreigner, but denied it, maintaining that he was a Frenchman. The fact that young Count Ney, for some years a French charge at Rio de Janeiro, while on a tour in the United States visited the Rodolphs in Georgia seem to give some colour to this theory. Be that as it may, there are some curious parallels that are hard to explain away, except by identity. "Was Ney an American?"



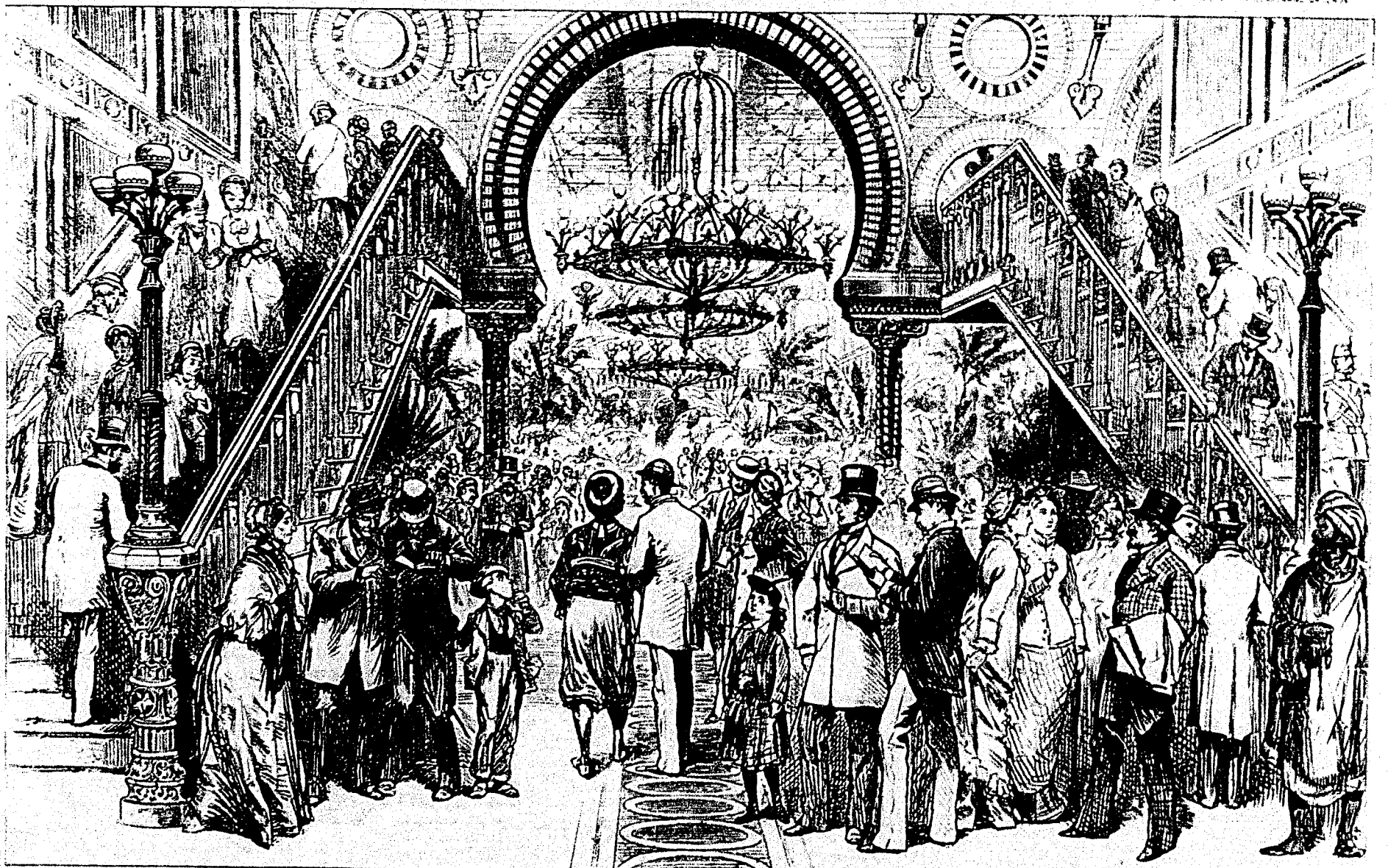
ENTRANCE AND EXIT GATES AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION



THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION—UNPACKING STATUARY IN THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF THE ANNEX TO MEMORIAL HALL

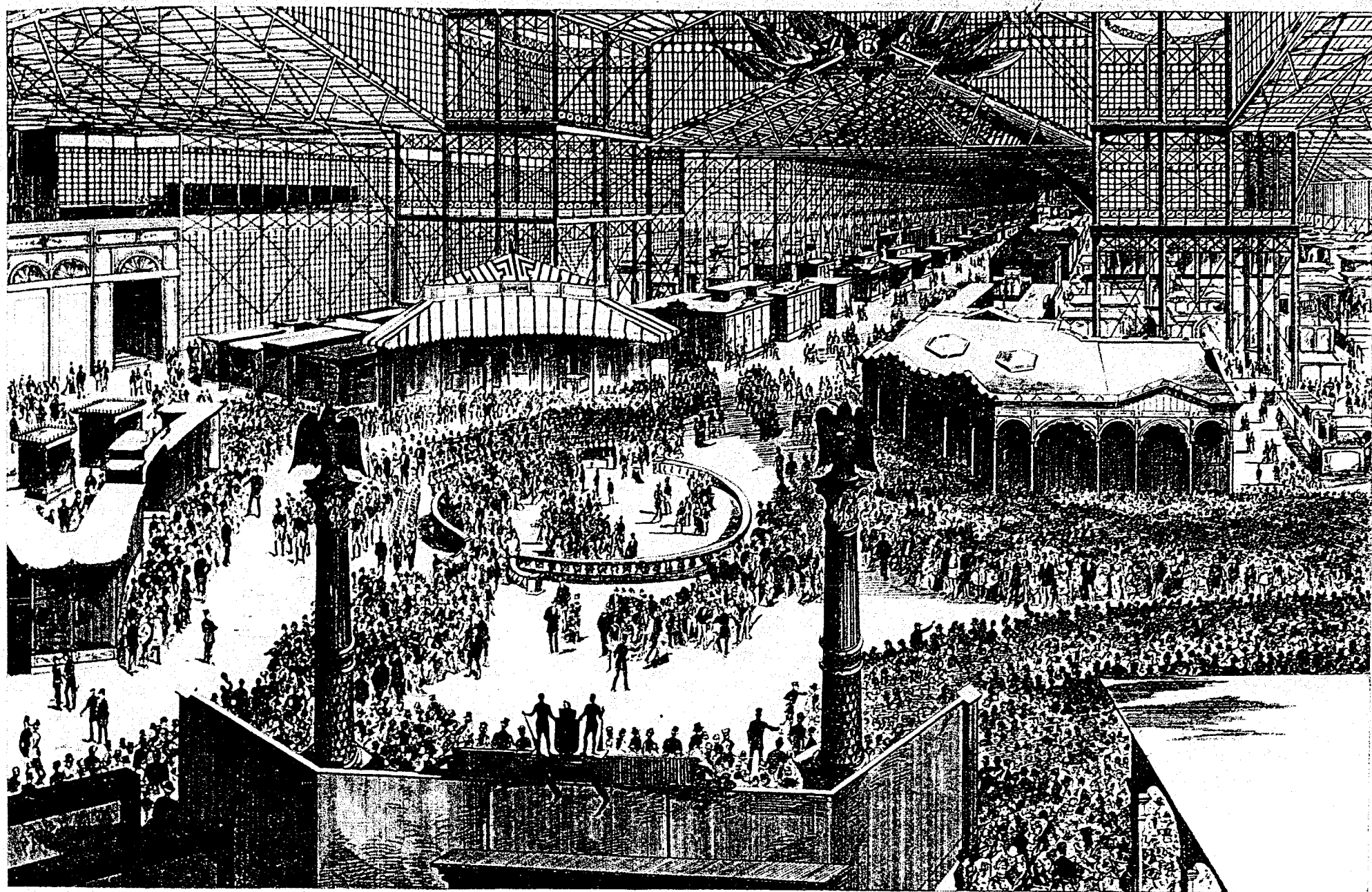


RAISING A CHandelier IN THE NORTHWEST TOWER OF MAIN HALL, AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

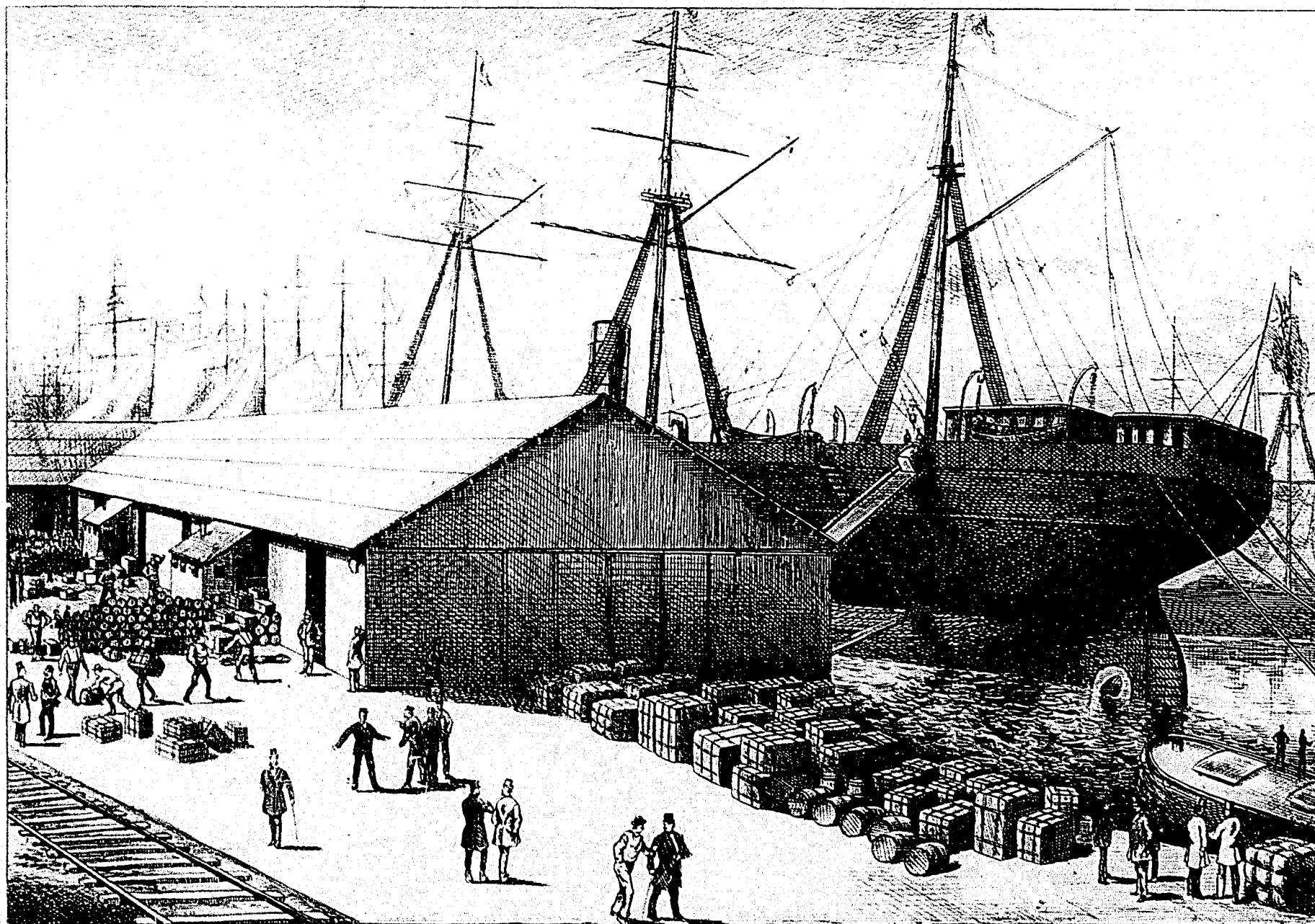


HORTICULTURAL HALL—THE GRAND ENTRANCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE CENTENNIAL :—SKETCHES AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



THE CENTENNIAL:—OPENING CEREMONIES,



MONTREAL:—FIRST ARRIVAL FROM SEA; UNLOADING OF THE POLYNESTAN AT THE ALLAN WHARF.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## THE KING.

When evening's cooling hand is on the brow  
And rest, the toil-bought gerdon, calms the  
soul,  
Then high the rhythmic waves of Memory  
roll  
And float their "then" above the sunken  
"now"  
While sailing o'er that stately sea speeds Love,  
The regal one. He is no sightless child,  
But lo! his thought is with the eagle wild,  
Sweet as the nightingale, pure as the dove.  
He comes not conquering, nor to hold in  
thrall;  
For willing gates swing open to his feet  
And when he comes, a hush, his step to  
greet,  
As of a great assembly thrills on all.  
That heart is richly blessed at whose door  
His welcome boat-keel grates upon the shore.  
W. D. L.

## ETHEL WYATT.

It was in the early part of last summer that, after an absence of several years, I paid a visit to the romantic village of Cheriton, in the vicinity of Folkestone. The season was unusually beautiful, the first flush of summer having passed over the landscape.

The English Channel, on whose verge stands the village, lay like a mighty sheet of silver glowing beneath the glorious sun; the air was alive with the music of the birds; the shout of the husbandman was heard in the fields; the laugh of the happy urchins, as they gambolled over the verdant plain, rang merrily on the ear.

All nature appeared to have awakened from a long and heavy slumber, forgetting its wintry dreams, and to smile in renewed strength and beauty in the presence of a beneficent Creator.

Close to the beach, and at a short distance from the village, are the ruins of one of the earliest places of worship, erected by our Saxon fathers, and where the moss-grown and dilapidated gravestones yet bear the names of some of these singular beings.

This little graveyard was always a favourite resort of mine, and every day would I find myself wandering among the homes of its departed; or for hours would I sit and watch the sun, sinking in his glory, till the crescent moon and her train of stars ascended the blue vault of heaven.

It was in one of these solitary rambles I had seated myself upon a little hillock, and was listening to the solemn voice of the ocean as it broke in wreaths of foam upon the golden beach, when the sound of a footstep fell upon my ear.

Looking round, I saw the figure of a man approach, and kneel upon a new-made grave. For some time he continued in that position, and, when he arose, the moon, which was shining brightly, revealed to me a face which, although greatly changed by the hand of grief, was remembered by me.

The time, the place, and so singular a meeting after so long a separation, for a moment kept us silent; but on my speaking his name, the feelings of our boyhood came full upon us, and we welcomed each other with delight.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged, I ventured to refer to the scene which I had just witnessed.

"Ah!" said he, with a languid smile, "it is indeed a melancholy sight to see me thus; but that grave conceals all that ever truly gave hope or happiness to my existence."

"And who is its inmate?" I inquired.

"Ethel Wyatt," he answered, in a voice trembling with emotion.

The name was familiar to me. Ethel Wyatt I had once known as the most beautiful girl in the village; and I remember that when I left it to mingle in the throng of the cities, my friend Cecil Chester was considered as her betrothed. For years I had been absent, while new scenes and strange faces had almost obliterated from "the tablet of my memory" the village beauty. Remembering the past, and beholding the present grief of Cecil, I concluded that he was now mourning for his recent loss. His narration, however, soon gave a different aspect to my supposition.

From his statement, it appeared that Ethel, immediately after her betrothal to Cecil, was summoned to London, to take possession of a handsome property bequeathed to her by a rich relation. Young, artless, and beautiful, she soon became the magnet of attraction. To a village girl, unacquainted with fashionable society, the pleasing addresses of the gay, and the many amusements which abound in a metropolis, burst upon her like the enchanted gardens of Aladdin; and her native cottage, with its snowy walls embowered among roses and honeysuckles, was remembered by her with a feeling akin to disgust, when contrasted with the costly apartments of which she was now mistress, and even Cecil Chester she determined to forget for a man of fashion.

Poor Cecil, whose whole existence was wrapped up in her, began to surmise the worst; letter after letter he had addressed to her, but to none of them had she deigned to return an answer. At length, unable longer to endure the agony of suspense, he resolved to behold Ethel, and win from her own lips her true determination.

It was a summer's day when he entered London, and having secured apartments, he retired to devise the most prudent means of beholding his love. He seated himself at the window, which commanded a side view of the Thames Embankment. The heat was intense, and not

a semblance of shade presented itself. Here and there rose the young and undeveloped saplings, whose leaves hung scorched and dusty in the bright blaze of a July sun, lacking the rich and verdant beauty which marks the native denizens of the woods and plains.

Although the scene was novel to Cecil, he could not but regard it with disgust; and his heart leaped back to the sweet sounds of the purling brooks—the green and flower-enamelled sward—the cool, dark, and silent recesses of the forest—where nature reigned in all its purity—where he had sported in the joyousness of boyhood, and every object was familiar to him as a household god.

He thought too, of Ethel—his own blue-eyed and blushing maiden; and he trembled as he fancied perhaps she had forgotten the home of her childhood—the playmates of her youth—perhaps forgotten him.

As he sat thus ruminating, a splendid barouche was advancing; in it were a lady and gentleman. By some secret sympathy, Cecil's attention became riveted upon them; nearer and nearer they approached; his heart beat quick and heavily—his respiration almost ceased; he grasped the sill of the window; he could not be mistaken—it was she—Ethel Wyatt—his own betrothed, in playful dalliance with a fashionable stranger. He essayed to rise, with a resolution of following; but strength failed him, and he fell back into his chair.

When he recovered from his bewilderment, he felt that all he loved was lost to him for ever, yet he determined once again to behold her—to confront her, and remind her of her promise. Accordingly, that evening he repaired to her house. It was situated in one of the most fashionable streets of the west; and as he stood before it, the remembrance of former scenes came fresh upon him, and he stood hesitating whether or not to enter the magnificent mansion, or to retrace his steps at once back to his native home, and seek in its placid bosom a balm to his stricken spirit.

While he stood thus irresolute, the sound of music, and the tones of a voice but too familiar, fell clearly on his ear. His resolution was taken, and ascending the steps, with a trembling hand he rang the bell. A servant, neat as a popinjay, appeared, and demanded his business.

"It is with your mistress," said Cecil; "say that a gentleman desires to speak to her."

The servant was confounded as his peremptory tone.

"You understand me?" asked Cecil.

"Certainly," replied the man of waiting.

"If you have a card, I shall be happy to convey it to Miss Wyatt."

"Say that Mr. Chester waits the convenience of Miss Wyatt for an interview."

The lacquey bowed, and ushering Chester into an apartment, departed on his mission.

Miss Wyatt was seated at the piano as the servant entered—a perfumed and tastefully-dressed exquisite was hanging over her, who, to prevent the songstress from being interrupted, placed his finger on his lip, betokening silence; the docile creature at once comprehended his meaning, and stood mute and motionless.

When Miss Wyatt had finished—"Now, James, your business?" said the man of fashion, who appeared to assume an authority in the mansion.

"Mr. Chester desires to see you, ma'am."

Ellen sprang to her feet; the blood forsook her cheek, and with difficulty she articulated, "Who?"

"Mr. Chester," repeated the servant.

But for the assistance of the man of fashion should would have fallen. In an instant, however, she recovered her fortitude, and curtseying to her companion—"You must think me a silly creature," she said; "but this is an old and once-esteemed acquaintance, and the suddenness of his visit has so confounded me that my nerves—the weather—the—"

The Honourable Tom Timkins gently led her to the sofa; and tendering her a superbly chased smelling-bottle, the delicate sensibilities of the new-made lady were soon restored to their wonted calmness.

"Will you admit him to your presence, my dear Miss Wyatt?" said Mr. Timkins; "or shall he call again?"

"Yes—no—that is—"

And with a strong effort she desired the attendant to tell Mr. Chester to walk up.

When the country lover entered the magnificent apartment its brilliancy for a moment bewildered him, and he paused at its threshold, unconscious how to deport himself.

It was a high and spacious room, almost lined throughout with mirrors, in which every object was ten times multiplied. The hangings were of the most delicate fawn colour, and inlaid with the most ingenious devices.

The furniture was of the most costly workmanship. A table of the purest marble stood in the centre, on which lay innumerable gems of art; while in various corners, vases filled with the freshest flowers diffused their fragrance upon the evening breeze, as it swept through the apartment; the whole presenting a strange contrast to the simple and quiet home of Esther's girlhood.

In a deep recess the lady of the mansion was seated, attended by the exquisite Timkins; and it was only as she affectedly exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Chester, how are you?" that Cecil recognised her presence.

"Ethel!" he faintly said, and, extending his hand, crossed towards her; but, instead of receiving him with warmth and joy, she only lazily presented the little finger of her left hand.

Cecil was struck speechless; he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, so great was the change in her appearance and manner; and he stood gazing upon her with a look of vacancy.

"Will you be seated, sir?" said Timkins, pointing to a chair.

"No, sir," responded Cecil, his faculties reculties returning to him, and his heart bursting with indignation at the callous behaviour of Ethel. "I wish, sir, to speak with this lady alone, if your presence can be conveniently dispensed with!"

"My presence—speak with this lady—alone—Miss Wyatt!" The dandy looked bewildered, and appealingly glanced at Ethel for information as to what he was to do.

"You will excuse me, dear Mr. Timkins, for a short space," she said, in her blandest tones. "I will not keep you long in suspense."

"As you desire it, my dear Miss Wyatt, certainly—your wishes are a law." And the creature of fashion leisurely lounged out of the room.

A dead pause ensued. At length, Cecil broke the silence.

"You have not forgotten me, madam, I perceive, although you have forgotten the terms on which we were accustomed to meet."

She spoke not, but would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to have escaped his presence.

He continued—"When last we met, Ethel—Miss Wyatt, I should have said—we bound ourselves solemnly to become man and wife. That vow you seem to have forgotten. Yet I will not reproach you; if you are willing to renounce the home of your youth, and the man of your betrothment, be it so. For my own part, Ethel, I release you from your vow; but, as sure as there is a hereafter, the anger of the Almighty will overtake you!"

He rushed from the apartment; and Ethel remained for some moments in a state of stupefaction.

Shortly after, despite the warning of Cecil, Ethel became the wife of the Hon. Tom Timkins; who, having dissipated her fortune, after two years sank into the grave, a miserable debauchee. In the meantime, the parents of Ethel also died; and she was thus left a young and giddy widow, without the means to gratify her extravagance. By degrees she slowly dwindled into the most ordinary circumstances. Those who had been the companions of her wealthy days now shrank from her presence, and the sneer of the proud and the heartless met her at every turn. In the hours of remorse she recalled the parting words of Cecil Chester; whilst the discarded lover, from the moment of his separation from Ethel, became an altered man, and sought in the consolation of books repose from the fire which glowed at his heart, or quitting his couch at midnight, rambled along the beach, solitary and sad.

Two years after this, in the autumn of 1870, he was sojourning in the western part of the great metropolis, with a kind family, to whom he was distantly related. They had heard of his melancholy, and persuaded him to visit them, in the hope that a change of scene and associates would restore him to his former state of mind and body. He went into society occasionally, and among the families to whom he was introduced was one by the name of Hastings—a name which he had often heard Ethel mention in their days of happiness, but which now made no particular impression upon his mind, more than serving to call up anew her memory.

One evening he had been invited to a party at their hospitable mansion, and in the course of conversation, he chanced to mention the name of his native village. Mrs. Hastings, one of the most eloquent of the party, all at once became silent; while his kind friend took the first opportunity to change the tenour of the discourse, and withdraw him from the apartment.

"My dear Chester," said he, "perhaps you are not aware that the same cause which has so ruined your peace has to a great extent wounded that of this worthy family."

"How mean you?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Ethel Wyatt is distantly related to them," answered his friend, "and is at this moment subsisting on their bounty."

"What!" exclaimed Cecil; "the young and beautiful Ethel Wyatt reduced to poverty? How—when—where did this occur?"

"But recently."

"And where is she? Injured as I have been by her, I can yet forgive—relieve her!"

"Not so, my dear Chester. Her poverty is no crime in the estimation of her kinfolk. But come, let us return to the parlour."

Chester saw by his look that some great error had been committed by Ethel, and for a moment felt paralyzed, when, suddenly recovering his presence of mind, "But what!" he exclaimed, grasping his arm. "Tell me the truth—keep me not in suspense! It is agonizing!"

"Nay, my good Chester; force me not to an avowal."

In one moment he appeared to live his life over again—"his boyhood's home," father, mother, and, above all, Ethel Wyatt stood before him.

The scenes of his childhood—the pretty, rose-lipped, blue-eyed girl, wandering with him, hand in hand, among the woods and valleys; that young girl bursting into maidenhood, and the virgin coyness first betraying itself; then that deep and holy attachment; that night, too, when he received her consent; then her callous behaviour to him in the pride of her plentitude and fortune—all came before him with the vividness of reality.

This prediction was but too true.

And now her hopes lighted—a dependent upon the charitable pittance of another—an outcast from society—a thing to be pointed at by the finger of scorn.

That night, on his return home, he found sleep impossible. Conjecture was busy with him—a thousand resolutions were formed, and as quickly broken. Finally, however, he resolved to carry her back to her native village, to afford her a shelter, to protect her as far as the rules of propriety would permit, and with his little means to aid her future days, and assuage her sorrows.

With the dawn he stood beside the couch of his relative. He imparted to him his resolution, and implored him to afford him a clue to her residence. This he would not do. The only information he received respecting her was, that she resided in the neighbourhood, under the close inspection of the Worthington family.

For days did he devise all means and methods to discover her, but in vain. Yet he felt a consolation to know that he was near her—that perhaps in his wanderings he passed the very home that contained his once-loved treasure; and thus from day to day did he while away his weary hours, till the golden autumn had given place to the winter, and a check was put upon his wanderings.

The winter had far advanced, and, as is usual in most towns and cities, a round of parties was kept up among the inhabitants who were friendly to one another. One evening, the dance was at its height. The bell of a neighbouring church told that the hour of midnight had arrived. But what to them was the flight of time? Light hearts and loving ones were bound in the rosy garlands of pleasure; so "old scythe and hour-glass" might travel on,—he could not mar their festivity.

The music ceased, and the dancers were retiring to their places, when a young female, fancifully attired, stood in the midst of them; her attenuated figure was trembling with the bitter blast, through which, by the dampness of her clothing, it was evident she must have passed.

Death-like silence pervaded the whole assembly—all eyes were fastened upon her; but to no one was she apparently known. She looked around her with a vacant stare; and in a melancholy voice, sighed, "Where is he?—I know he is here."

Chester grasped for breath. It was Ethel Wyatt? That pale and trembling figure was the once beautiful creature—the idol of his affection.

"Ethel, dear Ethel!" he exclaimed. A loud ejaculation burst from the erring one, and the next moment she lay senseless on the floor.

The company gathered around her, while Cecil rushed towards her, and raising her from the ground, clasped her closely to his bosom. He could recollect no more till the next morning, when he awoke to sensibility in his own apartment, with his kind friends gathered round him.

"Where is Ethel?" was his first exclamation. They looked at each other in inexplicable silence. He repeated the question. Still were they silent. He asked again. His friend spoke not, but pointed to the sky. Chester divined that Ethel was no more.

A kind of supernatural strength now took possession of him. He seemed at once to have recovered all his energies, and in a cool and deliberate manner gave directions that the body should be conveyed to Cheriton, the place of her birth.

Alone he followed, and, with a few friends, saw the last rites bestowed upon it.

In that grave, where I beheld him kneeling, she slumbered, and nightly he came to breathe his orisons; for although she had wronged him in life, in death they might be united.

The autumn following I visited Cheriton. The first inhabitant I inquired for was Chester.

"He is dead, sir," was the answer I received.

"And buried, I trust, with—"

"Ethel Wyatt, sir," said my informant, anticipating my words. "It was his last request, and faithfully was it obeyed."

That very night I visited the graveyard. The moon was casting its holy radiance on all around. A new grave-stone caught my gaze. I approached it, and found it to contain this inscription:—

"Here lie the Bodies of

ETHEL WYATT

and

CECIL CHESTER."

## LITERARY.

MR. J. B. FARJEON, author of "Grif," etc., will edit the "Savage Club Papers" this year.

THE school children of America pay annually \$50,000,000 for school books. It is said the publishers pocket \$32,000,000 of it.

THE English New Testament Revision Committee have struck out as spurious the last seven verses of the last chapter of St. Mark. They have also struck out, as being a false interpolation, a verse in one of the Epistles which is frequently quoted as a proof of the doctrine of the Trinity.

## ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE population of Ottawa is 25,214.

THE population of Kingston is estimated at 16,000.

FARMERS' Granges are increasing in New Brunswick.

A FAST train is spoken of between Toronto and Montreal, doing the distance in eight hours.

A SPIRE is to be built on the St. James Church, Montreal, 266 feet high, being the highest in the Dominion.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

**THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.**—Our dancing days.

"A LASS I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

WHEN parents yield up their daughters in marriage they do it with miss-givings.

"If you are not careful, wife, I shall lose my temper."—"Well, I shall not help you to find it if you do."

"You may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word."—"I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

WHEN she struck him over the head with a tin dipper for trying to kiss her, he called it the "tintinnabulation of the bells."

A LADY sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard; but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

A KALAMAZOO woman being told, while in church, that a decree of divorce had been granted her, began to sing at the top of her voice, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

"Tom," said a Yankee girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

A YANKEE advertising for a wife says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

The girl who put a square patch on a pair of pantaloons may not be so accomplished as one who can embroider and work green worsted dogs on blue ground, but she will be more useful at the head of a large family.

SOMEbody asked a young lady the other evening if she didn't think the serial literature of the country was at its best just now. She said she did, decidedly; there were the loveliest patterns in *Hesper's Bazar* she had ever seen.

THERE is a lady living in Richmond, Ind., who was married when twelve years of age. When fifteen years old she was the mother of two children, and when thirty her children numbered ten. Eight of her children are now living.

FOUR madams about to get into carriage to small box in the house door—"Now, Freddie, are you not going to kiss me?" Freddie—"I haven't time to come down, mamma." (To footman)—"John, you kiss madams for me." (To beau.)

Two tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow in Westchester County, and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a bloody nose and a black eye. "Did you get anything, Jack?" "Yes," growled the sufferer, "I've got the widow's night."

Mrs. DIPPER to Jonesy, who is deeply indebted in arrears for board—"Mr. Jones, won't you step into the parlor for a moment? I wish to speak with you." "Really, Mrs. Dipper, I should like to accommodate you, but what will the boarders say at seeing us alone? Oh no, excuse me."

From a Sunday evening, when the soul is lifted on the wings of faith, and a holy calm broods over all nature, what tender regret comes with the thought that the kindling wood must be split and the tubs got up from the cellar, so that washing may begin at five o'clock Monday morning.

A SHARPER old man on James street watched his daughter very closely Sunday night, to prevent her from getting out to meet an objectionable beau, and when she sang "Hold the fort, for I am coming," he never suspected that it was a signal waving still for that same depraved youth to wait for her at the corner.

WE were amused at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation at hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

AN absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said: "Well, you want my daughter; what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her," replied the other, looking up vacantly, "Oh, I'll give her a pull." "Take her," replied the father.

IN a horse car, the other day, an old lady seated opposite a sharp-looking gentleman kept her eyes on him a long time, and finally asked, "Mister, are you a pickpocket?" "Why, no, madam; I'm a tradesman," he answered. "Is that so?" she sighed. "Well, I'm awfully disappointed. I wanted to try and see if I could reform you."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he answered, "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

A WITNESS was under examination in a Toronto court in the case of an unpaid account, when the Judge put the question to him, "What is your occupation?" The witness did not seem to understand the meaning of the word "occu-

pation," and answered with "Eh?" The Judge—"What do you do for a living?" Witness—"Oh, my wife's a dressmaker."

THREE years ago he accompanied her home. She held a small parcel in her hand. "Let me carry it darling," he said softly, relieving her of the three-ounce package; "your little hands were never made to work." They are married now. They are going home from a shopping excursion. "Please take this pair of lard, John," she says, wearily; "it's heavier than lead." "Oh, I guess you're good for it," he responds, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets and shuffling lazily along. Three years.

ONE morning during the recent very cold weather, a little girl positively refused to get up and be washed. Her aunt, who follows the modern mode of dealing with children, and considers that they should always be argued with, but never made to do as they are bid, in vain exhausted her eloquence in describing the excellence of purification, for the infant logician fairly confuted her by this ingenious antithesis: "Aunt Mary, you do as you like, and let me do as I like. You like to be clean and cold, I like to be warm and dirty."

THERE is one thing on which a husband and wife never have and never can agree, and that is on what constitutes a well beaten carpet. When the article is clean it's a man's impression that it should be removed, and he is allowed to wash up and quietly retire. But a woman's appetite for carpet-beating is never appeased while a man has a whole muscle in his body. And if he waited until she voluntarily gave the signal to stop he might beat away until he dropped down dead. It is directly owing to his superior strength of mind that the civilized world is not a widow this day.

GRAND weddings they have in Mississippi! At the last one we are told that the bride was exquisitely attired in heavy white gros-grain silk with trailing wreaths of stary jasmine and milky myrtle blossoms, as delicately perfect as if fashioned by the fairy hand of nature. Over the white splendor of the silk, toning its gloss into a glimmer, dashed boony waves of illusion, as if the sea of happiness that stretched out at her feet had flung up visible white spray to bless her bridal garments. Crowded with her bridal coronet, half hidden in the lacy folds of her wedding veil, this young lady reminded one of a radiant star in a veil of mist. Music!

AMONG many new and pretty changes is the Alexandra costume. Although not so elaborate as many, it is both stylish and becoming for washing or other spring materials. It consists of jacket, bodice, and tunic, which answer well over a skirt with the pleat in the back and three rows of narrow kilted bonness. The jacket is tight, and rather deep in the back and front. The side-piece has a reverse, and the basque of the back is filled in with a kilting which has a very pretty effect. There is a round collar on the neck, and the cuff on the sleeve is also kilted. The tunic is square in front and drawn rather deep from the back, and forms two deep points neatly at the bottom of the skirt. The Beatrix costume for young ladies up to sixteen or seventeen is much worn. It has a polonaise front reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, is square at the back, with a very full sash, has a close sleeve with a trimming down the back, a large round collar, now so fashionable, and square pocket finished with a bow. This dress is fashionable for holland or striped material, trimmed with band of a plain colour. The skirt is often made of plain material without trimming, and looks well. The Princess dress is also greatly in vogue for young ladies. It is plain, with a large bow at the back, a little below the waist; and the front is ornamented with buttons or bows and a pointed pocket. The dress, in any light material, is both stylish and useful for young ladies. The small Ella mantle is much used to complete the costume, and is often made of the same material as the dress. It is a round cape, with the exception of the back, which has two pieces let in, narrow at the end, forming tabs at the waist. This style is much worn in black cashmere trimmed with lace or feather trimming, and is also well adapted for young ladies.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

THERE are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasures of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity and loving-kindness are sunbeams of the soul.

EXERTION, whether called labour, recreation, or amusement, is essential to health; and, as the body was made for labour, work is its natural and honourable duty. An idle man or woman is a discredit to the race, and unusually liable to fall into disease, while an industrious person adds to the wealth of the country, and is more likely to be healthy and happy.

"NOW" AND "THEN."—"Now" is a syllable constantly ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." No—this will never answer. "Now" is ours, "Then" may never be.

**THE HEROISM OF THRIFT.**—There is really something heroic in the self denial which feeds, clothes, and educates a family on perhaps twenty-five shillings a week, and has a shilling over at the end. Such thrift implies the most constant and watchful care, and admirable carelessness of all the mere decorations and playthings of existence. It implies one of the rarest qualities in the world, a steady view of life, a clear estimate of its genuine value, a complete refusal of its temptations. Consider, on the other side, the shiftless melancholy of an afflicted person with a competence of £3,000 a year who lately wrote to a contemporary to complain that, that though he had no children, did not bet, did not buy china, did not give many dinners, did not take a moor, he could not make both ends meet.

**FORTITUDE IN WOMEN.**—It is in the display of the domestic virtues and affections that the loveliest attributes and qualities of women are more especially developed. Social life is the peculiar sphere of her exertions, and that in which her tenderest anxieties and strongest energies are educed. But, when circumstances lift her out of that homely and circumscribed field of action, when she is called upon to endure difficulties and privations, and to submit to unwonted trials and severe hardships; then it is that an equivalent but surprising fortitude of soul is displayed; then it is that an astonishing, and sometimes even surpassing, heroism and courage are constantly evinced by the sex whose general weaknesses are proverbial; and when men are almost ready to yield to despair, and to succumb under accumulated misfortunes, frequently will their tender and delicate female companions unwittingly reproach them by the display of superior fortitude, and effectually encourage them to renewed exertion, with consolatory sympathy, and lessening their sufferings by a voluntary participation in them.

**SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE.**—In love there must be trust. Love without trust is no love at all, and there should be a stout resolution taken against frets, jealousies, and exactingness. The old Latin grammar proverb, that the "ire of lovers is the reintegration of love," is a dangerous one; for, if true once, each successive reintegration will be slighter and slighter. In fact, most of the stock sayings about lovers are founded on the uncertain, wayward, petulant creature that the "very woman" was before she was educated and self-restrained. The carress and squabbles and reconciliations here meant are like those of a couple of children always quarrelling, yet who cannot play apart, not those of beings in earnest. Fretful complaints of supposed neglect—nay, of real neglect—are not the way to keep affection.

One proverb is indeed eminently and exceptionally true—namely, that on love's blindness. Some time or other, either before or after marriage, part at least of the dimness will be removed, and the parties will have to perceive that they must make the best of one another, instead of finding absolute and adoring perfection, ready to have only one will between them.

Now, a real engagement, though not ratified as betrothal, ought to be a sort of marriage of the spirits, the gaining to each of the "angel friend to share in everlasting rest," and, therefore, the entering on it should not be lightly made, far less should it be lightly abandoned. That it is not irrevocable is, indeed, well; since there may be cases where the comprehension of each other was imperfect, or where some unhappy change has come over one or other, and to persist would be the greater evil; but even then there is a broken pledge, and the one who is disloyal has much to answer for. Once engaged, a girl has need to take care that her spirits and love of notice do not betray her into looks and words disloyal to her lover and unfair to other men. She may be secure in her own heartfelt allegiance to him; but to toy with him is not only unsafe, but wrong.

**THE GLEANER.**

A NUMBER of carrier pigeons have been placed on the lighthouse off Harwich, England, in order to train them for regular communication with the port.

—LIEUT. CAMERON is to be invited to a special meeting of the French Geographical Society of Paris, called for the purpose of making his merits appreciated in France.

A poor shoemaker at Niort, in France, is the father of forty-five children, all of whom are still living. Each of his three successive wives presented him with fifteen children.

At the recent annual meeting of the Baptist Union, at the Bloomsbury Chapel, London, it was reported that \$30,000,000 had been raised last year on the part of this organization in England.

According to a French statistician, more than a thousand people have perished by fires in theatres from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present date, while the pecuniary loss by the same class of conflagrations amounts to about sixty million dollars.

WHEN a "big speech" is to be made you will find in front of Mr. Disraeli a hamper of what ordinary people understand to be brandy and soda; and of Mr. Gladstone a number of little phials containing various liquids, recourse to which is had during the night; while Mr. Bright himself admits on occasions a little rivulet of claret into his "spats" of eloquence; and yet, are we far beyond the days of Byron with his gin, Pitt and Dundas with their port, Sheridan with his sherry, and Charles Towns-

hend with that inspiring beverage which made his chief, indeed his only, famous effort be known as "the champagne speech."

THERE is no ambition, or even avarice, that can ever make a Turk a man of business. There is no such thing as a Mussulman banker, or even money-changer, in Constantinople. Banking establishments, without an exception, have their quarters in Galata, and are exclusively in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, and Jewish or Christian Franks; and the hundreds of exchange offices, mere holes in some lurking corners, to be found at every step at the shop doors, or underneath the shop windows of every crowded street on either side of the Karaken bridge, where men with greasy red caps, or tattered black or yellow turbans, are perpetually rattling their copper coins from hand to hand to attract the attention of the passers-by, are kept either by Jews on their own account or by low-caste Turks, who only superintend the business, leaving the actual transactions to smart Jewish or Armenian accountants.

DEPUYTREN was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished. One day, as he entered his house, he found installed in the ante-room an old priest, who had long been waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" growled Dupuytren. "I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woollen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumour. Dupuytren looked at it. "You'll have to die with that," he coolly remarked. "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat, "and am much obliged to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death-sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said: "Come to-morrow, at eight o'clock, to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month's time the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from R--- in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "It is for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bethought him of the good priest, and wrote to him. He came at once, and Dupuytren received from him the "last consolation," and died in his arms.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

REINSTEIN'S new opera, "Nero," will be heard first at the Imperial Opera House, at Berlin.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, according to the Minneapolis *Tribune*, is the son of a journeyman tailor in that place.

THE Paris papers announce that Patti is studying the rôle of Adia, which she will sing next autumn at the "Ballets."

THE young Norwegian dramatist, Thomas Krog Thoresen, died at Christiania, after a prolonged illness, on April 9.

ANNA DICKINSON'S four stage dresses cost \$2,000 in cash. If she fails as an actress it will take her about eighty-seven years, working at \$2 per week, to pay for the dresses alone.

ERNEST BLUM, author of "Rose Michel," is about to produce another piece at the Porte-Saint Martin, and next winter the Comédie Française will bring out a great play by Octave Feuillet and Henry de Bornier.

VERDI insists on twenty francs for his autograph-likeness from the wives and daughters of admiring Parisian citizens; ladies of quality the favorite composer charges double. The whole amount of his gatherings goes to his poor native village in Italy.

The original manuscript music of *Norman*, Bellini's *chef d'œuvre*, has recently been discovered in the archives of the principal theatre at Ragusa, in Bellini's own handwriting. The Museum of Ragusa has purchased the manuscript for 2,000*fr.*

WHEN Charlotte Cushman played *Mrs. Haller* in a Southern city, many years ago, she was horrified at the last act at beholding two veritable little darkies led on the stage as her children. The audience did not manifest emotions either of division or displeasure.

**ROUND THE WORLD.**

THE Emperor of Russia is now in Berlin.

PRUSSIA has commenced proceedings for the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne.

THE Oxford University Boat Club has decided not to send a crew to America.

THE Queen's Birthday is to be celebrated by the British residents of Petersburg, Va.

THE Prince of Wales reached London on the 11th inst., and met with a popular welcome there and at Portsmouth.

THE towns on the coast of Dahomey will not be bombarded, but a blockade will be instituted, commencing July 1st.

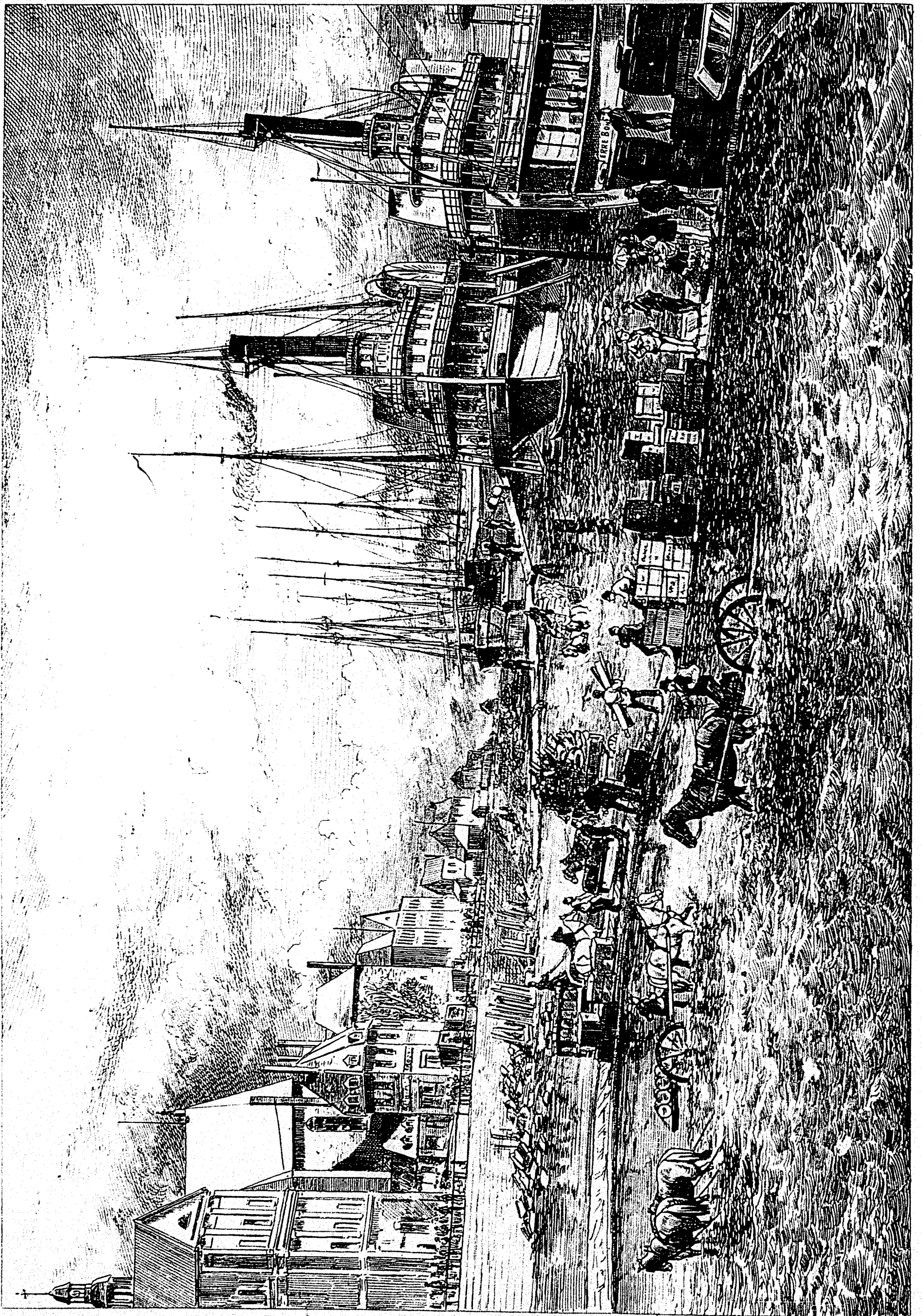
SIX persons, so far, all of the lowest class, have been executed for complicity in the murder of the consuls at Salonica.

THE British Resident at Zanzibar has negotiated a treaty with the Sultan providing for the entire abolition of the slave trade under stringent rules.

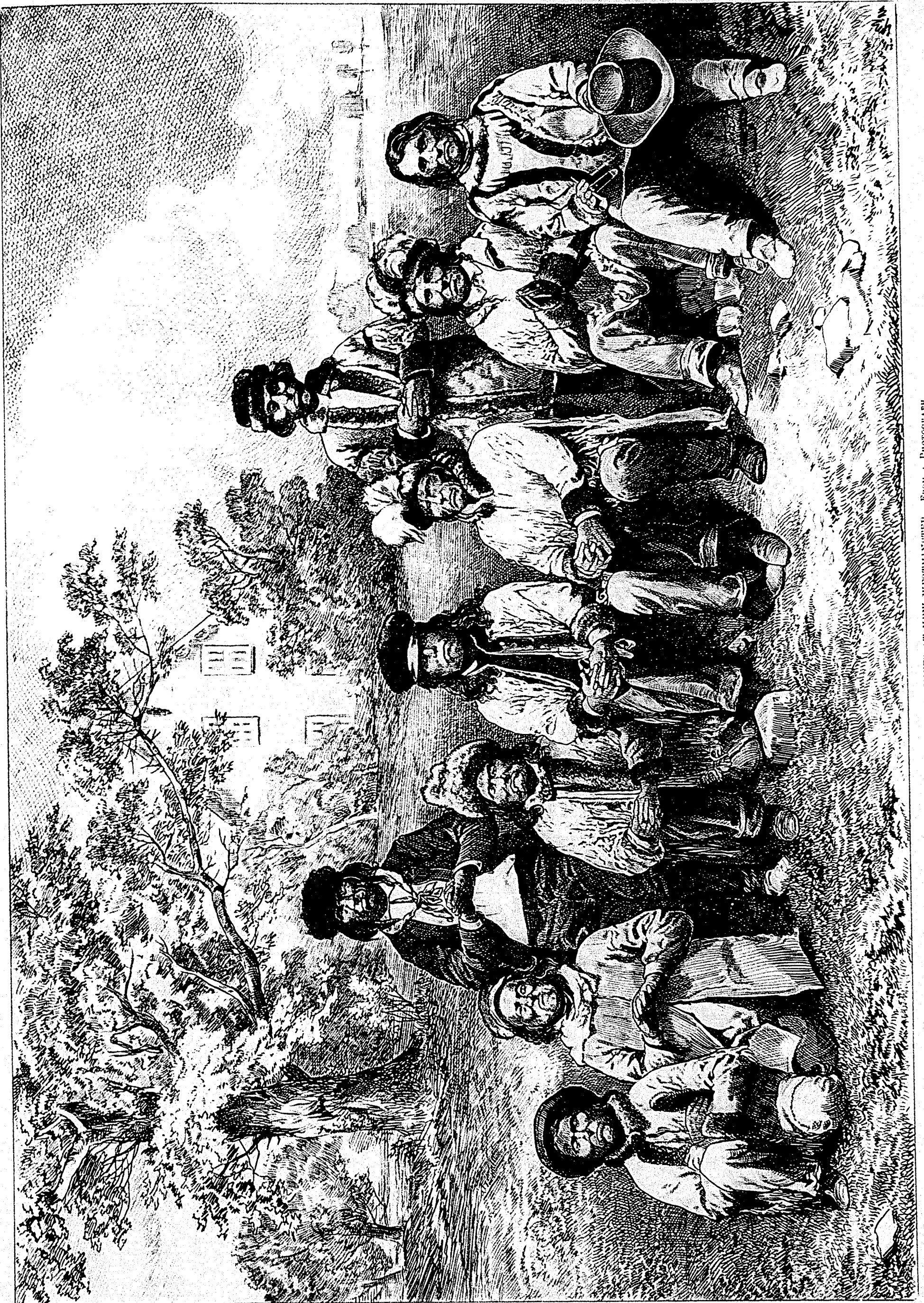
Sir Henry James' motion declaring that the proclamation of "Empress of India" did not fulfil the pledges given at the passage of the Titles Bill was defeated by a majority of 108.

THE foreign consuls at Constantinople fear an outbreak, and are uniting and arming men to protect the lives and interests of their countrymen residing in the Turkish capital.





MONTREAL: SKETCHES ON THE STEAMBOAT PIERS DURING THE SPRING FLOODS.



BRITISH COLUMBIA :—INDIAN CHIEFS AT NEW WESTMINSTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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## OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

## THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

## BOOK II.

## THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

## XVI.

## BRAIDING ST. CATHERINE'S TRESSES.

(Continued.)

After supper the table was cleared, a large basin of maple syrup was produced, and after it was sufficiently boiled, the two friends began drawing the coils of taffy, with the assistance of Eugene, and under the eyes of Sieur Sarpy, who sat at the table sipping his wine and enjoying the amusement of the young people. Zulma's spirits had completely revived; and she was in high feather, enlivening the occasion by songs, and anecdote and banter, while she bustled around the table playing tricks upon her brother, and teasing the gentle Pauline. Now and then she would stop suddenly as if to listen, and her face would assume an expression of disappointed expectancy, but the shadow would disappear as rapidly as it came. Pauline was less boisterous and talkative. She was, however, in the pleasantest state of mind, as if for this one evening, at least, she had unburdened herself of the cares which had weighed her down during the past eventful days. Eugene, like all schoolboys escaped from the master's eye, was perfectly ridiculous in his wild gambols, and inconsequential talk, but his nonsense gave zest to the merriment precisely because it was suggestive of that freedom with which the horrid front of war and the constant spectacle of armed men in the neighborhood afforded so sad a contrast.

An hour had been spent in this pastime, when Zulma again checked herself in the conversation, and as she turned her eyes to the window, they flashed with a ray of exultation. Her long waiting had not been in vain. The weary day would still have an agreeable ending. She was certain that she heard the music of sleigh bells, and she knew who it was that had come. A moment later, there was a rap at the door of the dining-room, and Cary Singleton stood on the threshold. Zulma went rapidly forward to meet him, receiving him with a cordiality and enthusiasm which she had never previously manifested. After the formal introduction was made, Cary excused himself for calling so late in the evening.

"Better late than never," exclaimed Zulma with an earnest indiscretion which she tried to turn off by a laugh, but which the rapid wandering of her great blue eyes showed that she was ashamed of.

Singleton bowed low, but there was no responsive smile upon his lip.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said he, "but a little more and I should perhaps never have returned here."

There was a general expression of surprise.

The young officer explained that a forward movement of the American army was about to take place, and that he had received orders that very afternoon to abandon his quarters.

"The order was peremptory," he added, "and I should have had to obey it without delay, but fortunately the snowstorm came on with such violence towards evening that our departure was postponed till to-morrow morning. The opportunity I regarded as providential and seized it to make what perhaps may be my last visit."

The light went out of Zulma's eyes and she bowed her head. Her father broke the perplexing silence by saying cheerily:

"I trust this will not be your last visit, sir. Indeed, I feel certain that we shall see each other again. If in the varying fortunes of war, you should ever need my help, only let me know and you shall have it."

Zulma looked up and there was that imploring tenderness in her eyes which gave Cary to understand that she too, in the hour of need, would fly to his assistance.

While this conversation was going on, Pauline sat a little in the background. She said not a word, but her eyes were full of tears. Cary, as he glanced around, to relieve himself of the melancholy of the moment, noticed her emotion and was strangely touched by it. He knew well who she was, as Zulma had often mentioned her name to him, explaining the embarrassing situation which the war had created for herself and family, and the relations in which she stood towards Roderick Hardinge. These marks of silent sympathy from one of the besieged in Quebec, and one who was tenderly attached to a leading British officer, moved him profoundly, and, from that moment, he took steps to enlarge his acquaintance with Pauline. By degrees the conversation turned into a more cheerful channel, and the anxieties of the morrow being temporarily forgotten, as young hearts will forget and are blest in forgetting, the evening passed agreeably on, and Cary had abundant opportunity of enjoying the society of Pauline. His manner and his words proved how much he was impressed with the charms of her person, and the beauty of her character, and the admiration which he expressed was reciprocated by

Pauline in those half advances and still more eloquent reticences which are the delicious secret of loving women. Zulma was so little disconcerted by this mutual good understanding, that she openly favored it, being unable to conceal her delight that her own two best friends should be friends together. Far seeing girl as she was, she was rejoiced that, on the eve of separation and the consequent resumption of hostilities, the young Continental officer should have made the acquaintance of one who might perhaps be his savior if the storm of war whirled him torn and bleeding within the walls of the beleaguered city. Divine instinct of woman! How often it stands in good stead the headlong rashness of man amid the wildering strokes of fate!

Genuine gaiety resumed its sway and the work of taffy-making was taken up again. Cary was fed with choice tidbits until he was fairly satiated and had to beg for quarter. Then, taking up a large roll of the *tire*, Zulma twisted it into a series of elegant and intricate plaits. The long coil flashed like a beautiful brazen serpent, as she held it up to the light, and set it beside her own golden hair.

"These are Saint Catherine's tresses!" she cried. "Who will wear them, you or I, Pauline?"

And the sally was greeted by the loud laughter of all the company, except Cary who did not understand its significance. When it was explained to him that she would wear the mystical tresses who was destined to remain an old maid, he smiled as he murmured to himself:

"I will see to that!"

## XVII.

## PAR NOBILE.

The evening had come to an end. Midnight had sounded and Cary Singleton had to take his departure. The whole family accompanied him to the outer door where his sleigh was in waiting. The last words of farewell still lingered on the faltering lips of the two young women, as they stood in the embrasure of the entrance, when, through the deep darkness and the pelting of the storm, Zulma noticed a shadow leaning against the wall of the house, at a few feet from her. She at once, in a loud voice, challenged it to come forward. It did so. By the feeble light of the passage she saw before her a strange, uncouth figure, wrapped in a wild-cat coat, and covered with a huge cap of fox-skin. The form was bent and the face was that of an old man, but the eyes flashed like stars. The man stood on snow-shoes, and he carried a long staff in his hand.

Pauline shrank behind Zulma as she saw the apparition, and murmured:

"It is Batoche!"

"Yes, child, that is my name," said the old man, "and I am come to fetch you."

"To fetch her?" asked Zulma with a tone of authority.

"Yes, at her father's request."

"Come in and explain what you mean."

"No. It is unnecessary. Besides, the night is too far advanced. We must return together at once."

A few hurried words revealed Batoche's mission. The Bastonnais were on the forward march again. Quebec would be invested within a few hours. Large reinforcements would enable the Americans to make the blockade complete. Pauline's father had attempted to leave the town for the purpose of bringing back his daughter. The guard refused him leave. Batoche, who was within Quebec, escaped from it, promising his friend to fulfil his wishes. If Pauline tarried she would not be allowed within the gates. Father and child would be separated. There was no time to lose. A resolution had to be made. Would Pauline come?

Lamentations and condolences were out of the question. It needed only a few words of consultation to decide upon following the old man's instructions. Cary avowed that the information given concerning military movements was correct, and offered to escort Pauline securely through the American lines. A further hardship was the parting of Sieur Sarpy and Zulma from Eugene, under the circumstances, but they made the sacrifice bravely and the youth, it is only fair to say, acted his part with pluck. He had brought Pauline out; he would take her back. If Zulma had followed her own impulses, she would have accompanied her brother and friend till she had seen them safe within the walls, but she was obliged to renounce this pleasure in consideration of her aged father.

Batoche declined a seat in either sleigh. He returned on snow-shoes as he had gone; and so feet was his march, through the by-ways and short paths of the country which he knew so well, that he reached the appointed destination ahead of the party.

It was after six o'clock and the dawn was just breaking, when the sleighs came within sight of the gates. Cary Singleton approached as near as he durst, when he stopped to take leave of his fair charge. Batoche walked directly up to the

entry where, after a brief parley, he returned accompanied by a single man.

"Pauline!" exclaimed the new comer, as he stood beside her. "I have been anxiously waiting for you. Come in to the town at once."

She bent down to him and whispered something in his ear. He turned and, smiling, bowed profoundly to the American officer who returned the salute.

Cary Singleton and Roderick Hardinge had met a second time.

A moment after, the whole party had disappeared and the snow covered their tracks.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

## OUR LACROSSE TEAM IN BRITAIN.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.—THE GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND—UNDER THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S—MOVEMENTS OF THE TEAM.

LONDON, May 3.—Here I am in the world's great capital, after an absence of five years, and find but few alterations, Temple Bar still standing, and Northumberland House knocked down, but I must be regular in my story. To get here, I had to cross the Atlantic, and I will now tell you all about my travels. Dr. Beers and myself departed from Bonaventure Station on the night of the 14th ult., amidst the cheers and good wishes of the Team and a number of other friends, who kindly gathered at the depot to wish us "God speed." Our journey to Portland was almost uneventful, but very comfortable, thanks to the kindness of the Manager of the Pullman Car, who put the bridal compartment at our service. At Danville Junction, some few miles from Portland, we stopped for dinner, and owing to the dilatoriness of the young lady at Clarke's Restaurant, in giving the change of half a sovereign, we lost our train. Fortunately, however, another one started about ten minutes after, bringing us into Portland almost immediately after our own train. Arriving on board the steamer, we found a large number of ladies on deck who were bidding good-bye to Judge Waterman, ex-Judge of the Probate Court at Portland, who was starting on a pleasure tour prior to settling down to business, and Mr. Pourteous, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway at Portland, who was leaving for Liverpool on the Company's business. However, time passed on and the bell rang for clearing the ship of non-passengers, and amidst firing of guns, cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the "Prussian" slipped from her moorings and stood out into the harbour "homeward bound." As we started, a few minutes before 4 o'clock p. m., the passengers were quickly summoned to dinner, and we met for the first time. As I took my seat I thought to myself, "How long will it be till we all meet once more at table?" Alas, signs and tokens were plentiful, a slight motion of the vessel was distinctly felt, and one after the other the younger ladies, and even some gentlemen, retired from the table, until, at the conclusion, our originally small number was woefully diminished, and it was not till the fourth day out that we again met at table. As I have stated, the number of passengers was small, and they were also varied; but on the whole we were a very jolly party who met in the smoking-room on the deck, and discussed this world's affairs. The weather for the first thirty hours was clear and bright, but on the Sunday evening, we entered a thick fog, and minute-and-a-half-fog-whistles were the order of things for the next three days and nights, during which life was monotonous, one dull routine varied by a sardine supper and toddy at ten each night, and a little singing. For amusement we were "hard up," so as one passenger was sick longer than any one else, we indicted him for a misdemeanor and tried him before Judge Waterman and a jury of four passengers. The prisoner was, of course, convicted, though ably defended, and the Judge pointing out that were it not for the prisoner's youth and his having been recommended to mercy by the jury he must have been sentenced to be hanged at the yard arm, he would only sentence him to "hang by the ship till the end of the voyage, and in the meanwhile to mend the error of his ways." By this, your readers will perceive that Judge Waterman, although not a young man, yet entered into our amusements, and proved himself an invaluable aid throughout the passage. The day after the trial, that is, Thursday, April 21st, 1876, the first number of "The Swell of the Ocean," a daily paper, devoted to the amusement of the passengers, made its appearance and was hailed with delight by all, especially the ladies, and on the next day it was published with an original illustration comprising pencil portraits of the Editor, the ship Doctor, and two of the passengers, and this paper was continued each day with a new illustration till the last day of the passage. Of course, only one copy of each number was published, and that one was hung up in the saloon, and towards afternoon it generally went the round of the ship. Taken all in all, the paper was a big success and was certainly a feature in sea-voyage, being, I believe, the first illustrated daily paper ever published on the Atlantic, or any other ocean. It occupied five pages of ruled foolscap, closely written daily and comprised contributions from a number of passengers, many of them being of very witty, though purely local nature. After passing through the fog, we caught a fine breeze astern and bowled along under full sail and steam till nearly in sight of land when the wind changed, and we necessarily lost speed. On the afternoon after leaving the fog, we sighted a large steamer running at almost

an isosceles angle with us, but as she was heavily laden and we sailed faster than she did, we got ahead, and she passed across our stern at the distance of about half a mile, rather a close shave in the broad Atlantic, but fortunately it was day-light. On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 26th, the tenth day out, we saw land, and at 1 o'clock a. m., of Wednesday, arrived at Moville, where Dr. Beers landed to meet me again, with the Team, about the 24th or 25th of May at Newcastle on Tyne. The voyage was continued and we arrived in dock at Liverpool, without further incident, (other than being detained a few hours at the Bar at the mouth of the Mersey), shortly after midnight, on Wednesday. The majority of the passengers preferring to remain on board all night, we turned in for our last sleep in a bunk for some months, and landed at 7 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 28th. I drove at once to the North Western Hotel, and having read my letters awaiting me there, set to work to make arrangements for the reception of the Lacrosse Teams when they visit Liverpool in June next. I met with kind receptions everywhere, and though nothing definite was done, yet the ball is set rolling with every prospect of reaching the foot of the hill considerably increased in size. Finding my presence was necessary in London, I left Liverpool, Friday afternoon at 4 p. m. arriving in London at 9:15 sharp on time. Having taken a most comfortable room at Mrs. Johnstone's Hotel, 9 Salisbury Street, Strand, and revived exhausted nature with a most satisfactory meal, I sallied out for a walk, and after visiting Trafalgar and Leicester Squares, returned along the Strand, passed under Temple Bar, leaving the Temple Bar on my right hand, descended Fleet Street, mounted Ludgate Hill, and after an absence of five years, stood once more at midnight contemplating the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. I "contemplated" for about three quarters of an hour, reviewing my life since last I had stood on that spot, and then walked away, feeling if I could live those five years over again how different they would be. (Perhaps not, however. *Quia Sabe?*) I must go back here, to say a few words concerning the journey from Liverpool to London. It was my first glimpse of this year's spring. Such green grass, such hedges, lightly covered with green, as if with an hour's fall of green snow, such trees surrounded with a halo of green; such cottages, many with ivy on their walls, many with a green tinge on their thatched roofs, and many again, still more beautiful, buried amid trees laden with pure white blossoms. And then as we journeyed on, a shower of rain fell and was followed by a glorious English sunset. Old Sol hidden behind a bank of black thundery-looking clouds, sent down on the earth a glory such as that the Lord must have sent down on the Shepherds the night his Son was born at Bethlehem. And then again, just before sinking into his bed, he rose above the cloud and kissed the earth good-night, with a warm invigorating life-giving kiss.

And now, once more to business. On Saturday morning, I went to Wandsworth to see Dr. Archer who has been most active in advancing the interest of the Team in and about London, and having fully posted myself on the condition of affairs, accepted an invitation to meet the "Thames Hare and Hounds" Club that afternoon, on Wimbledon Common, where they intended playing a game of Lacrosse. Before starting, however, we were joined by Mr. H. C. Joseph, of Montreal, one of the Team who had just arrived from Paris, and he too went with us to the Common and joined in the game. We found some twenty young fellows assembled, and sides having been chosen, they went to work and played eight games in something under three hours. I was fairly surprised by the skill showed by many of the players (who have only practised some twenty times), and have no doubt but that before the close of the season they will be only little inferior to our own Canadian Team. After the game we adjourned to the "King's Head" Roehampton, where we sat down to a plentiful repast to which ample justice was done. After the cloth had been removed, one of the members rose and proposed success to the Canadian Lacrosse Team in a most complimentary speech, which was replied to by Mr. Joseph in a neat and appropriate manner. That finished last week. This week has been devoted to business with the result that the Teams play at Hurlingham before the Prince of Wales, on Saturday, 3rd June, at the Oval on Monday, the 5th, at Hurlingham on Saturday the 10th, and Lord's on Saturday the 17th, other dates left open. I will be able to write further by next mail when most of the arrangements will be completed.

C. W. M.

## HUMOROUS.

THE letter "O" is called the most charitable of all the alphabet, because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

THE other day a Black Hills stage-driver undertook to horsewhip his passengers into getting out and pushing up hill, but the gold-seekers held a Coroner's inquest and found that he died of pneumonia.

A HOTEL in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bedrooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the centre of the room, to avoid staining the bed linen, walls, and furniture with blood."

A SET of false teeth that belonged to George Washington has been sent to Philadelphia, and will be exhibited at the Centennial. A patriotic citizen says he was very much relieved when he saw them, because if George had upset while crossing the Delaware he could have hung on to the bottom of the boat by such teeth as those, until the nation had had time to turn out to his rescue.

EMPRESS VICTORIA.  
REVIVAL OF AN OLD TITLE.

Her Majesty is not the first English Sovereign who has received the title of Empress. The only daughter of Henry I. married the Roman Emperor at Mentz, A. D., 1140, and was afterwards called the Empress Maud. Upon the decease of Henry I. Maud returned to England, and Stebbing, Somerset Herald, in his work on "The Genealogy of the English Royal Line" (1797,) states that the nobility swore fealty to her as an Empress. She was previously called "Lady of the English," which would not be a bad title in the present day. On her epitaph she is described as "Caesaris Uxor"—the wife of Caesar. Empress was not, at that date, considered a title which ought not to be borne by an English Sovereign. Her son, called Henry Fitz-Empress, son of the Empress, ascended the throne of England as Henry II. Other members of the royal line have borne the imperial title. In A. D. 1257, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was crowned King of the Romans, and wrote himself "Ever Augustus." Upon his seal there are the words "Semper Augustus." His epitaph (translated) speaking of his imperial dignity, says:—

"By which the eagle in his shield he wore,  
And scorned the lion which he bore before."

The eagle may be found, however, upon more than one royal coat of arms. Boutell writes, "the eagle of four Emperors charged in relief upon the early shield in the north choir aisle of Westminster Abbey has a single head, and is not crowned." Edmund Plantagenet, K. G., Duke of York, A. D. 1402, who was buried at King's Langley, Herts, displays an imperial eagle upon his arms with two heads, but not crowned. The Crown of England is always described as an imperial crown: "Imperially crowned—i. e., surmounted by the Crown of England." The royal arms display "a lion, statant, guardant, or imperially crowned." Gwiltin says that King George's achievement of arms was "charged with imperial crown of Charlemaign;" and at the coronation the king "is crowned with an imperial crown." The first who used such a crown was Henry III. Other authorities seem to say that an Empress need not be crowned, or go through the ceremony of coronation upon obtaining that dignity.

There might be a titular Empress. But perhaps the strongest statement upon the point to be found in any authority is that of W. Segar, Norway King of Arms, in his work printed at London, A. D. 1692, lib. 4, cap. 6, "Of Queens and if she be a queen of three entire kingdoms (as our soueraine is) she may assume the title of an emperesse." Three kingdoms are now included in the phrase Great Britain, and if such was the opinion of a herald at that date, how much more so now when the vast realm of India has been added to the crown. It is admitted that emperor originally meant a general. De Lolme, "Constitution of England," writing of the prerogatives of the monarch, says, "He is, in right of his crown, the generalissime of all sea or land forces whatever"—that is, he is emperor in the original Roman sense.

It is not by any means a title indicative of subservient liberty, as has been fallaciously stated, for consuls and pro-consuls in the time of the republic were called imperators when in command of an army. But the most extraordinary misrepresentation which has been made is that Julius Caesar lost his life the moment he called himself an Emperor, as if there was a particular hatred on the part of the Romans to that title. The fact is well known, that it was not imperator, but rex, that the Romans hated and feared. It was the title of rex that they abolished; it was when Julius Caesar was saluted rex that the tribune tore the tiber from his statue. And a bitter epigram was made upon Brutus to the effect that he was as much a king (under a specious title) as the man he had slain. It was not till a very late period that the emperors dared to assume the name of king. Selden says of king or emperor, "of which in the older times plainly the first was the superior, and that of emperor denoted only a general." An independent king was an emperor, and a queen was empress. "But withal as rex sometimes and justly denotes the Emperor, so rexina did the Empress."

Selden is full of evidence that the monarchs of Britain from the very earliest time either actually called themselves Emperors or were Emperors in point of fact. Chap. II. of the second edition, 1631, says, "The title of emperor given to the kings of England." Again, "The Kings of England or Great Britain have also justly used it (the title of Emperor,) and that from ancient ages." King Edgar called himself Emperor of the sea as well as of the land. He calls himself King of Kings in a charter of A. D. 974, and in another is as explicit as words can be, "Ego Edgar Basileus Anglorum et Imperator Regum Insularum." Canute claimed the same authority. Edward I. was held to have imperial rights over the sea as well the land, and this was admitted by those "strangers (the French) who, being next neighbours to the sea, had most reason to quarrel with." William II., though he did not directly use the title of Emperor, yet laid claim to the substance of it. Under Henry VIII., "The whole Parliament so conceived, and so expressed themselves that by divers and sundry old authentic histories and chronicles it is manifestly declared and expressed that this Realm of England is an Empire, and so hath been accepted in the World, governed by one supreme head and king having the dignitie and royal estate of the Imperiall crown of the same, and the King's power is, so called Imperiall in another act of

the same Parliament. And the Crown of England, in other Parliaments of later times, is titled the Imperiall Crown; the Kings of England being also in the expresse words of an Irish Parliament titled Kings and Emperors of the Realme of England, and of the land of Ireland." Elizabeth's use of the imperial title has been frequently mentioned.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Before entering into the details of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, it is well to take a graphic view of its prospects. And lest we should be charged with partiality, we shall reproduce the opinion of the New York Sun, which exactly coincides with our own:—The problem of the relative merits of the four great Exhibitions continues still to preoccupy the mind of the public. You hear on every step the question, "How does our Exhibition compare with those of London, Paris and Vienna?" The answers given differ according to the nationality of the respondent. Americans think that Philadelphia makes not only a greater display, but a superior one in every respect. The Europeans think that while the American Exhibition has been conceived and carried out on a larger scale, it is deficient in system, completeness and refinement in the arrangement of details. Lots of space and material have been wasted, and comparatively little attention has been paid to the artistic and ornamental aspect of the show. Somehow or other the Philadelphia Exhibition lacks the irresistible prestige of its European forerunners.

The truth lies, probably, half way between these two extreme opinions. There is no doubt that this Exhibition is the largest ever produced, as there is also no doubt that in some of its features it is the most complete. The Machinery Department, for instance, has nowhere been half as perfect as it is here. The industry and enterprise of the New World have also nowhere been displayed as fully as they are here. On the other hand, there are countries like Russia, Turkey, Greece, and the East of Europe generally, which are not represented at all yet, and which formed conspicuous features in the Exhibition of Vienna. There are also one or two great branches of art left here in surprising neglect. Take, for instance, the art of navigation. With the exception of the various industries connected with steamship building, all of which are amply represented in Machinery Hall, there is but little to be seen referring to Maritime pursuits. With a country like this, the art of navigation is of such paramount importance that it would certainly have deserved a special building at least as large as that devoted to women's work or to the culture of flowers. In France they have special maritime exhibitions every five or six years. They are of immense interest and benefit to the country, and comprise everything that could be imagined in connection with the sea, from specimens of fishes and sea plants in aquaria up to the finest instruments used in navigation. Neither has any attempt been made to bring together everything connected with the preservation of public health. This is an immense domain of human activity. Sciences like medicine, chemistry, physiology, surgery; arts like those upon which are based the improvement of hospitals, the making of surgical instruments, the preparation of medicines, and so on, are surely important enough to deserve a special display.

Several more instances of a want of system and organization might be given here, all of them tending to show why the Philadelphia Exhibition will always preserve the character of a gigantic advertising fair, rather than that of an international and humanitarian museum, which it should have possessed.

Another question which seems greatly to preoccupy the public is whether the Exhibition will prove a success in a financial sense. This is more difficult to answer. The probabilities are that it will not, for with the single exception of the first London Exhibition, none has paid. At Paris the stockholders did not lose money, but the Government and the city of Paris lost several millions of subsidy. Here the expenses are larger and the income likely to be smaller, especially if the Sunday opening question is not favorably settled. The highest figure which the number of paying visitors has reached yet is 76,000 on the opening day, and it fell as low as 16,000 on Friday last. The newspapers, in their patriotic efforts to sustain the great undertaking, greatly exaggerate the figures of the daily attendance. There are, it is said, 30,000 people daily on the grounds with free passes, constituting as they do the body of exhibitors and their attendants, of workmen engaged on the grounds, and of various official and private individuals connected with the institution. The newspaper reports invariably add these 30,000 to the number of visitors; but the treasury clerks obtain a much more correct figure in counting the fifty-cent stamps and silver pieces paid at the turnstile.

My own estimate, based on what I consider to be tolerably reliable facts and anticipations, is that the best paying daily average cannot be expected to exceed 25,000 admissions, or \$12,500 for every day during six months, exclusive of Sunday. That would give a total of about \$2,000,000; and they want \$8,000,000 to cover their expenses. Should they throw the gates open on Sundays they may have some \$40,000 or \$50,000,000 a week more, which would make another million in six months. But the most sanguine anticipations should not place the total sum of possible receipts above \$3,000,000. "Let

us have no illusions, gentlemen," as the old Metemich used to say.

The sad, yet undeniable fact, is that all hope of having foreigners come over to visit the Exhibition must be abandoned. In Paris, in Vienna, in London, travellers from all parts of the globe came to pay their contribution toward the funds expended, yet the concerns proved still a failure financially. Here everything is to be paid by the Americans themselves. I do not believe that there are, all in all, half a dozen European travellers to-day at Philadelphia who come for the sake of visiting the United States and its Exhibition. There are many thousand foreigners here, but they are all exhibitors or people in some other way connected with the Exhibition, and they have all come with a view to make money, not to spend it. The most that the Quaker City can expect to get out of them is the cost of their board and lodging.

In an undertaking like this it is much more easy to talk of a sum like \$8,000,000 than to bring it together. It means not less than a contribution of about twenty cents a head on every inhabitant of the United States, including the Indians on the plains, the babes in the cradles, the criminals in jail, the sailors at sea, the paupers in the almshouses, the invalids in the hospitals, and no end of other human beings, none of whom would contribute one cent to the great exhibition even if it had been a still more beautiful, still more patriotic, and still more useful undertaking.

Nevertheless, though it is almost impossible to expect the expense to be covered, it is highly desirable that a noble venture of this sort should entail as little loss as possible, and in so far the Sunday opening question becomes exceedingly important. The advocates of the opening are afraid to bring forward the financial argument too strongly. They do not want to expose themselves to the rebuke that money considerations have more weight with them than the preservation of religious observances. They accordingly press principally upon the more convenient argument of the workmen being engaged all the week and standing in need of healthy and elevating recreation on Sunday. They try to demonstrate to their opponents that to give an uneducated man a chance to admire the products of human genius is only another way of making him worship the Creator of the Universe. They also say that the Exhibition will keep thousands of poor men away from the gin mills on Sunday. All this is very true and very correct; and the anti-Sunday opening party must understand it all perfectly well; but they oppose the opening on quite different motives of a purely party and caste nature, as Sabatarians invariably do both in England and in this country. In the present instance the great obstacle is said to be Gen. Hawley. The General is at the head of the anti-opening party among the Commissioners over whom he presides.

Anyhow, the public sentiment in favor of the opening is growing very strong indeed, and there can be but little doubt that in a few weeks Gen. Hawley and his partisans will be defeated. On Saturday there was a mass meeting, at which most influential men expressed themselves in favor of the opening. The clergy of all denominations seem to be in favor of it, with the exception of the Methodists and the Baptists, if I am not mistaken.

The most curious point about the matter is that all the churches of Philadelphia cannot seat more than 40,000 people, and according to the last census there are some \$15,000 in the venerable city. What are, then, the 776,000 who cannot get admission to any church to do, if they don't feel disposed to stay at home all day long? And then the foreigners who are already here and those who are expected to arrive, why should they be condemned to imprisonment for one day out of every seven? They don't drive the Sabatarians to the theatre or the ball room on Sundays when he is in Europe. Would it, then, not be a duty of courtesy for the Sabatarians not to drive the foreigner where he does not want to go, and not to deprive him of the innocent recreation he is in want of?

GENTLEMEN'S RIDING COSTUME

The question is so frequently asked, at this season of the year as to what is most correct for a gentleman's riding dress, that we give the following particulars for the information of our readers who desire to be à la mode.

The coat should be a single-breasted morning coat, made from an Oxford melton, of medium weight; cut rather long in the waist, and short in the skirt in proportion, to button one button rather high, with a short roll, and moderately well cut away in front. Pockets under flaps on the hips; an outside breast pocket, made with a welt, and an outside ticket-pocket in the waist seam. Skirts lined with the same cloth, and edges double-stitched. The seams may also be lapped and double-stitched. The sleeves should fit rather close, and be shaped to the arm, and finished with a vent and two holes and buttons at the wrist. Waistcoat from the same cloth as the coat, cut single-breasted, without a collar, to button high, and of good length, with vents at the sides; to set easy on the hips. Trousers from a soft shade of drab or gray Bedford cord, to fit moderately close in the legs; half an inch extra length, and with a slight spring to fall over the boot, and secured with straps and buttons at the buttons. They should be made to fit easy in the seat. Whip-cords, in various shades, and Bliss'

chipping-Norton Tweeds are also specially adapted for and make excellent riding trousers; but there is no material so suitable for the saddle as the Belford cord.

An English standing collar, and Stanley scarf, with a white polka spot on an indigo ground, worn with a horse-shoe scarf-pin, or one of Cook's crystals, nicely mounted, is the most appropriate neck-wear.

Dent's soft make of dog-skin gloves, with ribbed backs, are the best; or his chevette glove, for summer wear.

A silk hat should be worn for park riding, or a felt "Derby" on the road or in the country.

The Oxford melton is preferable for coat and vest, as it shows dust less than any other color. Diagonals and worsted cloths, of all kinds, are specially objectionable, for their retaining the dust so much. English Venetians (a smooth-finished, small-twilled cloth) is a good deal used on the other side, especially for elderly gentlemen. HENRY PROUSE COOPER.

SCIENTIFIC.

A writer in the English Mechanic suggests the use of a dew-point thermometer as a means of determining whether a house is sufficiently free from moisture to be inhabited.

The rice paper plant of China, with palmate leaves, is being cultivated as a door-yard adornment in the warm parts of that country. It is from the pith of this plant that the Chinese make a sort of drawing paper.

Two French officers assert the discovery of the site of the famous lake into which the treasures stolen from the Temple of Delphi by the Teucosae warriors were thrown, locating the spot just beneath the alluvium of the Garonne, near Toulouse.

AFTER several years of patient waiting, the plated table fork which had been swallowed by a young man in Paris has been successfully extracted from his stomach by Surgeon Lagné. It was removed by making an incision in the stomach. At a recent meeting of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, both the fork and the patient, perfectly cured, were present. The surgeon states that the lesson to be drawn from his success is the possibility of acting directly on cancered stomachs by incisions.

SOME Arabs, digging among the ruins of the great Temple of Karnak, Egypt, in January last, came upon a sandstone idol buried in the debris, inside of which was the sculptured figure of a female hippopotamus in green basalt. The monument, including the slab, is three feet high, and is admirably carved and polished. A long inscription in hieroglyphics runs along the back, and another is cut on the slab in front of the figure. The inscription contains the names of Psammetichus I. and his Queen and daughter, and also of a hitherto unknown king.

The greatest curiosity among the Prince of Wales' Eastern collection of animals is the parrot which the Prince got at Ceylon. It is of a beautiful deep lemon colour, without bar or spot of any kind whatever. On board ship the four tailless dogs proved to be most impudent, unrepentant, sagacious scavengers and marauders. They prowled about the cages of the tigers, and stole their food in the clearest possible way, one of them making believe to get at one bone, and so calling off the tiger's attention, while his confederate snatched a morsel from under its tail.

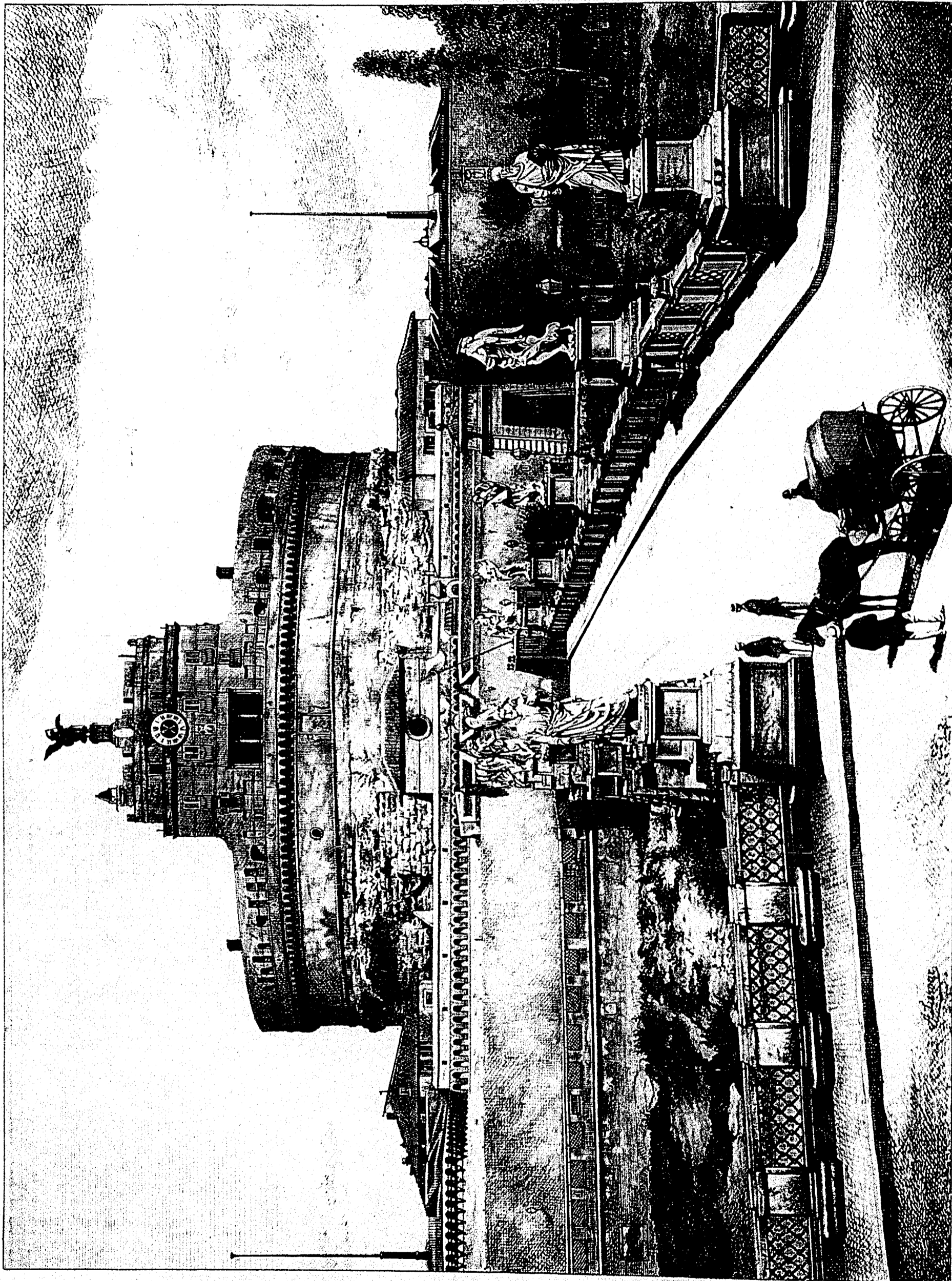
MR. CORVIN, of London, in his valuable pamphlet on hydrophobia, endorses the theory of Dr. Thompson, according to which it is a vulgar error that patients in hydrophobia are mad. They are not mad; there is no such thing as madness connected with the disease. The Duke of Richmond, who, while Governor-General of Canada, was bitten by a rabid fox, and suffered from the most violent paroxysms, which ended in death, had sufficient fortitude and self-control in the intervals to give all necessary directions for the conduct of public business and the settlements of his own private affairs.

AN invention has just been successfully applied in Liverpool to the printing machine, by means of which newspapers may be printed upon an unbroken roll of paper without the necessity of previously stereotyping the pages and moulding them to the shape of the cylinders to which they are affixed. The details of the process have not been communicated, further than that the type itself is fixed on to the cylinders referred to, but with the exception that it has been yet found impracticable to apply the automatic folder process to the machine, the plan is fully successful. The advantage of the invention is this, while giving the highest rate of speed, it will save the cost of stereotyping, which, except in the case of very large impressions, is otherwise unnecessary.

The origin of the name of the kangaroo is thus described in a recent work by Mr. Frank Backland. When Captain Cook first discovered Australia, he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding a dead animal in his hand. The captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and, finding on receiving it that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name. "What do you call this 'ere animal?" said the sailor to the naked native. The native shook his head and answered, "Muk-garoo," which means, in Australian jargon, "I don't understand." When the sailor returned to the ship the captain said, "Well, and what's the name of the animal?" The sailor replied, "Please, sir, the black party says it's a kangaroo."

A WRITER for the Scientific Farmer, who professes to know all about it, says that according to the temperature required for the healthy growth of different plants, they may be divided into two classes, namely, those that grow at an average temperature of 50 degrees, that is, ranging from 40 to 60 degrees, and those that require a higher temperature, an average of 60 degrees, ranging from 50 to 70 degrees. This first class will include geraniums, carnations, centaurias, camellias, anemones, abutilons, callas, sweet alyssum, English ivies, sunflax, nigella, hyacinths, primulas, stevias, petunias, verbenas, lobelias, and roses. In the second class are begonias, bouvardias, ephyphias, cacti, fuchsias, gloxinias, German ivies, heliotropes, pinks, zonalas, and roses. Roses are included in both lists, as they will succeed under either condition.

DR. FERRIER recommends a novel cure for cold in the head, which he has tried with excellent effect in his own and other cases. It is the inhalation of trinitrate of bismuth in the form of snuff. The formula which he found the most suitable combination of the ingredients of the snuff is as follows: Hydrochlorate of morphia, two grains; acacia powder, two drachms; trinitrate of bismuth, six drachms. Of this mixture from one quarter to one-half may be taken as snuff in the course of the twenty-four hours. After a few sniffs of the powder—which causes scarcely any perceptible sensation, and should be sniffed up forcibly, so as to carry it well into the nostrils—a perceptible amelioration of the symptoms ensues, and in the course of a few hours, the powder being inhaled from time to time, all the symptoms may have entirely disappeared.



ROME:—CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIG. 10.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 1.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Wm. D. Camp

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NORTHERN COLONIZATION RAILWAY.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Light, the distinguished Government Engineer of the Province of Quebec:—

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

QUEBEC, 16th May, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—On my return here from the United States, after an absence of some time, my attention was called to an article that appeared in your issue of the 6th inst., referring to the Quebec Railway system, wherein mention was made of certain sweeping changes for the better that had been made on the works, since they came under Government control.

I hasten to say that these remarks do not apply to the Northern Colonization Railway. In my official report on this road, made to the Government in the autumn of 1874, as Government Engineer, I had very little fault to find with it, and that little was immediately proposed to be rectified, in the frankest manner, by Mr. Legge, the eminent Chief Engineer, and Mr. Duncan McDonald, the well-known contractor.

These objections, after all, were mere differences of opinion, to which one man had probably just as much right as the other—and had nothing whatever to do with any intention of putting in inferior work. They consisted mainly of the question of the true height the rail level should be above the natural surface, in a snowy region. The depth culverts should be founded, to avoid action of frost, and the best kind of hydraulic cement.

On this work the "best steel rails and iron bridges—an enlarged grading—substantial foundations—larger and safer masonry—and the abolition of several dangerous draw-bridges," had been already adopted, and to a great extent carried out in a generally satisfactory manner, at the time of my visit. By the insertion of this correction you will simply do justice to the many professional gentlemen who have hitherto conducted in a praiseworthy manner this great Provincial work.

And much oblige,  
Yours very faithfully,  
A. L. LIGHT.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

PARIS, May 5th.—Political discussions now wax so furious in Parisian private circles that several hostesses have determined to taboo all party questions at their receptions. Accordingly, instead of the ordinary formula, "dancing," on the cards of invitation, the guests find the intimation "politics prohibited."

A Salon des Refusés will be opened next week for the exhibition of those works excluded from the official Salon.

Paris has rarely been so crowded with foreign visitors as at present. All the hotels are thronged to the very garrets, and it is impossible to secure a table at any of the restaurants.

The casting of the gigantic bronze statue of Liberty, to be erected at the entrance of New York harbor, has recently been begun here. Some idea of its dimensions may be conveyed by the fact that the shoulders are more than twelve metres broad, and the head seven metres high from the chin to the top. The legs measure several metres in circumference. A man can easily ensconce himself in many of the folds of the drapery: and the light which the statue holds in its hand is such that two persons can walk round it and pass each other, or take a chair and sit down.

A curious discovery has lately been made in the Louvre of an authentic portrait of the celebrated Flemish anatomist, Vesalius, painted by Jan van Calcar, who designed many of the anatomical figures in the works of Vesalius. It represents the learned professor at about the age of twenty-six.

The largest and one of the finest pictures in the Salon this year, is the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, when the people took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him. It would have been dangerous in the extreme for an artist of ordinary calibre to represent the central figure of this enormous canvas riding on a young ass; but M. Gustave Doré has invested the human representative of the Godhead with such simple dignity as to make it the natural resting place to which the eye of the spectator, after wandering about the divers types of many costumed beings that fill up the gigantic picture to its uttermost limits, instinctively returns for relief and renewed admiration. M. Doré has here proved himself to be, not only an inventive designer and a true poet, but also a great colorist.

Le Petit Journal of this city says that Mr. Stewart, the richest American "industrial," should have left to the Luxembourg Museum the picture by Meissonier, which he bought last year for 300,000 francs.

At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a communication was received from M. Fliche on the fauna and flora of the peat beds of Champagne. Among the animals the remains of which have been found in these beds are the badger, otter, beaver, pig, stag, swan, &c. Insects are represented by various beetles, and molluscs by the helix, planorbis, Lymnaea, &c. The vegetable kingdom is represented by the elm, walnut tree, oak, willow, box, juniper, fir and pine, fern, and various kinds of hyphum (moss). The traces left by man are numerous: ashes, cinders, half-burned logs, pottery, carved bone, flint implements, and bits of bronze and iron.

SPRING FASHIONS.

The fashion plate this week is an exceedingly tasty one, amounting to a work of art. The first picture represents a mourning dress, the peculiarity of which is the plissé sleeve, the wide ribbon sash loosely folded under the bodice, and the mandarin parasol. The second figure is a magnificent costume with armless overdress wrought out of pea-green tulle. The rich garniture of lace and the folds of bowed faille are particularly effective. The third picture is a dark or brown plaid costume of no special feature beyond the ease which it imparts to the wearer. The fourth figure represents a toilet of French lawn with rich plissé trimmings, and the fifth is remarkable for the rich velvet borders of its jacket, sleeves and double-rowed skirt. In both these plates, the hats are worthy of attention, one with its garland of wild flowers, the other with its floating ostrich plume. The sixth and seventh figures show the promenade suits of two girls, one a child, the other full grown. The armless jacket of the latter with its fluted plaits is very pretty. The eighth is a seated figure under the oak tree, whose peculiarity is a net-work cape. The ninth is a particularly rich costume where the train is almost of extravagant dimensions for walking purposes. The tenth is much more compact and alert, the overskirt being of the well-known Princess pattern.

AN ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN.

We wonder if Sir John A. Macdonald remembers anything of the following anecdote, related of him by Miss Grundy (Austine Smeade). Writing from Washington, and speaking of one of its public institutions, she says:—"The building will always possess an interest for those who appreciate historical associations, since it was there the Joint High Commission held its meetings and the famous Treaty of Washington was discussed and signed. Apropos of that signing, I am reminded of a conversation I had a few days after the signatures were affixed, with Sir John Macdonald. I asked him if the scene was dramatic on the occasion, and he said it was highly so. "The Commissioners," he said, "marched in, weighted down with their responsibilities and the cutlets—"

"Cutlets?" I interrupted, interrogatively. "Or second joints, as you call them," he continued, composedly, "followed by the pages bearing sealing-wax candles, &c."

"Do tell me," I pleaded, "who was First Lord of the Sealing Wax."

"I won't tell you that," he answered, "but I will tell you one thing. One of the High Joints had no seal to use with his signature, so he took out a five-cent piece and sealed with that, and he showed his sense by so doing—don't you think so?"

I asked if the eagle was present on the occasion, and being informed that he was not, I insisted that the treaty was not valid without the blessing of the national bird. I think I must have talked spread-eagle considerably, for after a time, when Sir John was saying he wished to see all the lions and the lionesses in Washington, he interrupted himself with "I beg your pardon; I suppose you say eagles and eagleses." I told him we always did.

DOMESTIC.

HALF-PAY PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped suet; the same of grated bread-crumbs, currants, raisins, and flour; to these add two tablespoonfuls of treacle and half a pint of milk, all of which must be well mixed together, and boiled in a mould for three and a half hours. Serve with wine or brandy sauce.

VEAL CHEESE.—Obtain a shoulder of veal; take out the bone, cut the meat into small pieces, add just water enough to cover it; stew until tender; take out all pieces of gristle; mince it fine, and return to the liquor it was boiled in; then add one pound of cold boiled pork chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of pepper and mace, some sweet herbs, and two well-beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish, with a plate on the top, and bake one hour. To be eaten cold.

DYSPEPSIA.—This disease has been called the "curse of America," the "go ahead impatient Yankee," has not time to eat his meals properly, and so crams the food into his stomach in a condition impossible to digest. One or two of WINGATE'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS, dissolved in the mouth after eating, will soon relieve this distressing complaint. They can be carried in the vest pocket, and are always ready for use.

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The liver is the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work; and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands,

tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of their great resolvents. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

"Claude, a child about three years old, was greatly afflicted with sores on his legs and feet, so that he could not wear his shoes and stockings. Had tried many remedies ineffectually. At last we tried the Golden Medical Discovery, and in about three weeks he was entirely cured his sores were all healed, and health much improved.

Respectfully yours, J. W. BOYER,  
Vermillion, Edgar Co., Ill.; Jan. 29th, 1875."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 70, received. Correct.

H. L. Y., Mount Forest, Ontario.—The Problem for Young Players No. 51, appeared some years ago, in the "Chess Player's Chronicle," from which work the mistake of five moves for four was copied. In the solution given last January, for move 3rd read B to K B 8th. Your solution, however, is very neat.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 71 received. Correct. We have, also, to acknowledge receipt of letter and problems. Many thanks.

The Chess world has lost one of its great friends in the death of Lord Lyttleton, who, for many years, was known for the interest he took in all that related to Chess and its votaries. He was a man of scholarly attainments, a friend to the progress of science and art, and inherited a large share of the literary taste of his family. He was not considered to be a brilliant player, but he did his best to make the game popular, was connected with the chief Chess resorts of England, and associated with the noted players of the day. At one time, he was President of the St. George's Chess Club, and recently, we find his name mentioned among those who took part in the management of the British Chess Association, and, also, of the Counties' Chess Association.

The latest intelligence from the other side of the Atlantic with reference to the Divan Tournament is to the effect that Mr. Blackburne will, very probably, win the first prize, and Mr. Zukertort, the second. The score stood, a short time ago, as follows:—

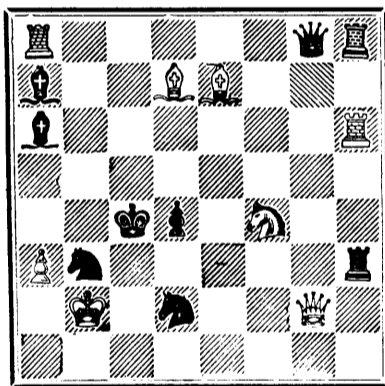
Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Zukertort 6 1/2, Blackburne 7, Potter 3 1/2, Macdonnell 4 1/2, Jausens 3 1/2, Minchin 1.

In our next number we hope to be able to give the final result. We are indebted to Land and Water for the above particulars.

PROBLEM No. 73.

By S. H. THOMAS.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

The two following games were played recently, in London, Eng., between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort in the Divan Tournament.

GAME 99TH.

(SCOTCH GAMBIT.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Herr Zukertort.)

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

NOTES.

(a) Mr. Pulling's variation, 4 Q to R 5 has been recently revived, and is now the fashionable defence to this phase of the Scotch Gambit. (b) If this exchange is the best reply to Black's last move, 4. Kt to K B 3 may be held to be a safe defence. (c) White might here have obtained three minor pieces for his Queen, but in this position the objections to such an exchange are obvious enough. (d) The attack White gains by the advance of these Pawns is but a shallow one, and at the scene of the contest most good judges pronounced it to be premature. (e) Mr. Blackburne appears to feel that his strength lies in assault. This solitary Rook is designed for a sacrifice which the precision of the adversary's play

rendered afterwards inadvisable, and meanwhile the Queen's Rook and Bishop are idle spectators of the mêlée. (f) If White now attempts to carry out his design, R takes P, followed by Q to R 4 (ch) and B to R 6. Black foils it by Q to B 4, threatening mate, &c. (g) "A little bit of Morphy," for which neither Mr. Blackburne nor "the gallery" was prepared. On the instant that the unfortunate Rook was released from Mr. Blackburne's hand, it was pounced upon by Herr Zukertort, who had clearly previously considered that move as a contingent rejoinder to the sally of his Bishop.

GAME 100TH.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE.—(Herr Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Mr. Blackburne.)

- 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to K B 4, 4. P to Q 3, 5. P takes K P, 6. P takes Kt, 7. P takes P, 8. B to Q 2, 9. Kt to B 3, 10. B to K 2, 11. P to Q B 3, 12. P to Q 4, 13. B takes B, 14. P takes Kt, 15. K R to B sq, 16. R to Q Kt sq, 17. Q to Q B 2, 18. Q to Q Kt 2 (c), 19. B takes R, 20. K to Q sq, 21. R to K sq.

And White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) The old continuation, 4 P takes K P, producing a situation closely resembling one which springs from the Philidor's defence, has been discarded by the best players. (b) The unsoundness of this sacrifice is sufficiently demonstrated in the course of the game. (c) A blunder which loses the game off hand. If he had played 18. R to Kt 3, the attack would have been foiled. (d) Very finely conceived, and quite in Mr. Blackburne's dashing style.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 71.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q Kt sq, 2. Mates acc. BLACK. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 70.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q 3, 2. P takes P, 3. K to K 3, 4. K takes R, 5. R mates. BLACK. 1. P takes P (best), 2. R to Q 3 (ch) (best), 3. R to Q 6 (ch) (best), 4. P Queens.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 71.

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

White to play and mate in three moves.

ROYAL CANADIAN BANK. DIVIDEND No. 19.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND at the rate of THREE PER CENT.

for the broken half-year ending on the 10th May proximo, has been declared on the Capital Stock of this Bank, and will, on the 1st day of JUNE, be payable to THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, in pursuance of the terms of the Act of Incorporation.

The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th May, and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, for the purpose of electing Directors and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Offices now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at TWELVE O'CLOCK, Noon.

By order of the Board.

THOS. MCCRAKEN, Cashier.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of SEVEN PER CENT.

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

THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FIFTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock P. M.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS, General Manager.

Montreal, 26th April, 1876. 13-19-5-119

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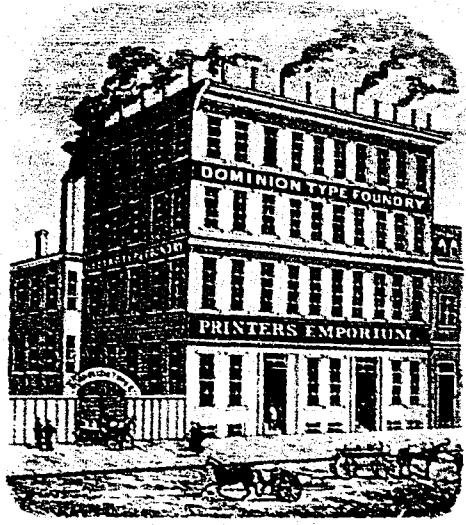
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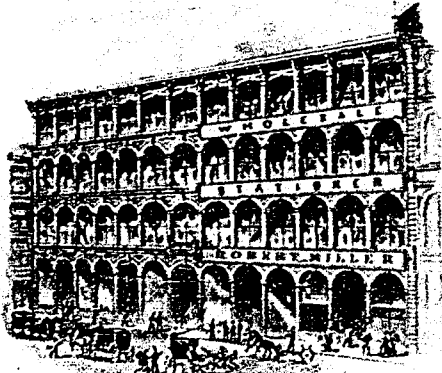
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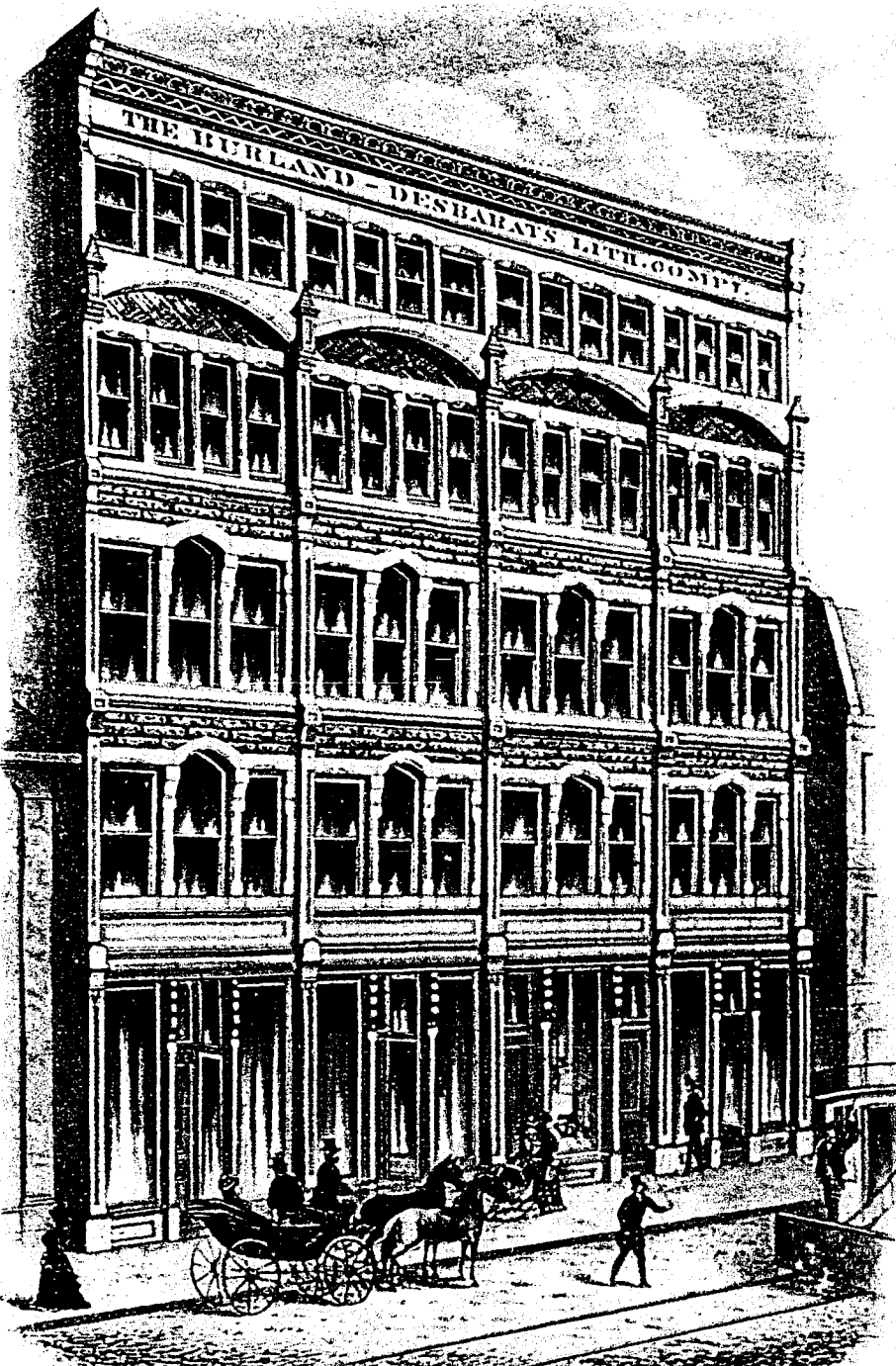
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