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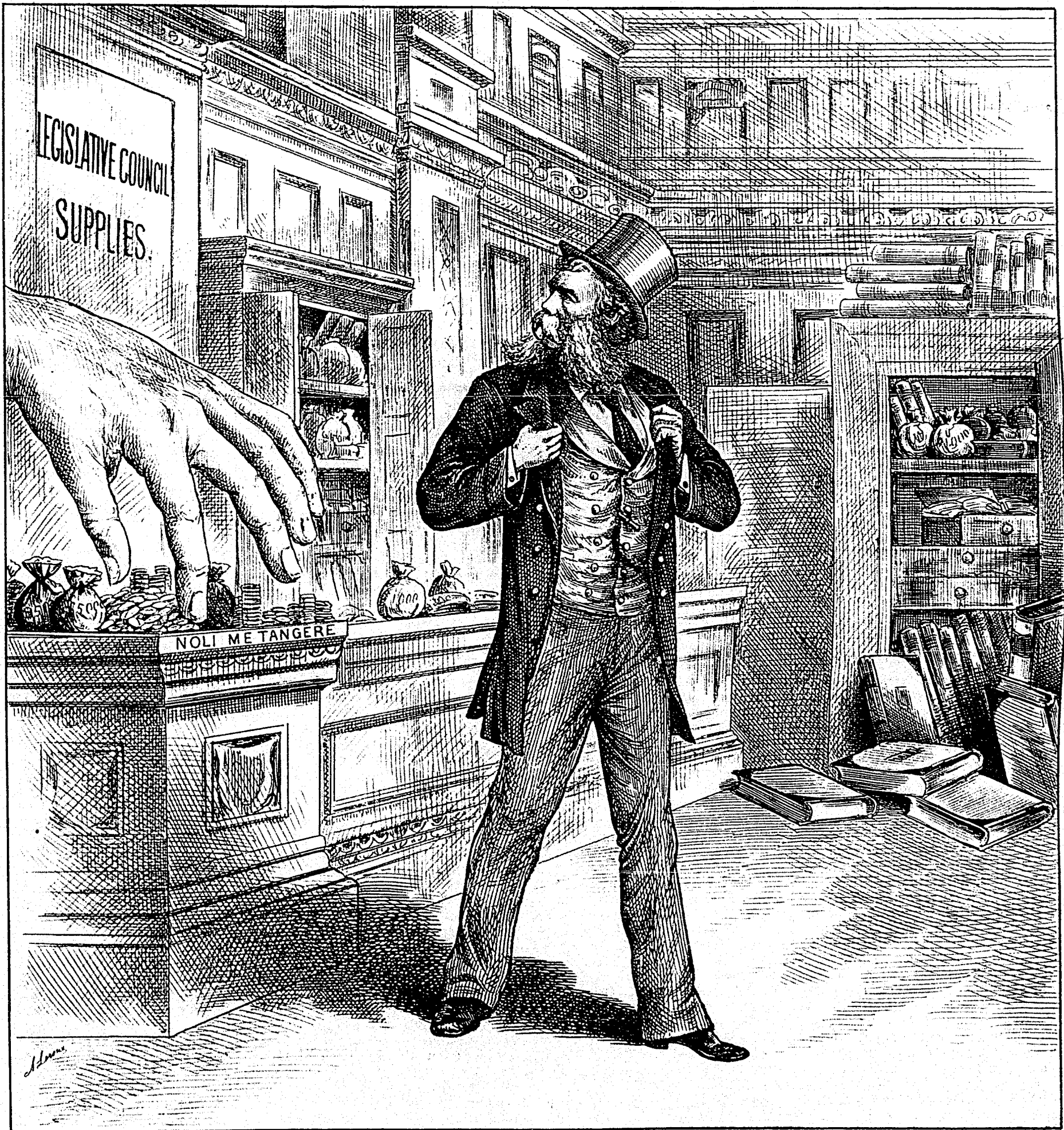
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# AMERICAN Illustrated News

VOL. XX.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

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



THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

Mr. JOLY. — Keep your old supplies. We can do without them for the next two months if you can. Especially as we remain in power.

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

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

## OUR NEW STORY.

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

### MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

## NOTICE.

We publish to-day several sketches connected with the opening of the great Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition at Toronto, such as the Main Building, a Key to the Buildings and Grounds, the Agricultural Hall and the Machinery Hall. We present also a few arches erected in honour of the Vice-Regal visit. Next week we shall give sketches of

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION BY 6,000 CHILDREN.

THE LACROSSE, CRICKET AND CALEDONIAN GAMES.

THE MILITARY REVIEW.

THE GRAND CITIZENS' BALL.

## TEMPERATURE.

As observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

### THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 7th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 84°	64°	74°	Mon. 79°	67°	73°
Tues. 80°	65°	72.5°	Tues. 79°	70°	74.5°
Wed. 78°	69°	69°	Wed. 78°	69°	73.5°
Thur. 76°	61°	69.5°	Thur. 77°	64°	70.5°
Frid. 71°	58°	64.5°	Frid. 76°	65°	70.5°
Sat. 71°	53°	62°	Sat. 75°	64°	69.5°
Sun. 71°	57°	64°	Sun. 71°	54°	62.5°

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 13, 1879.

### THE QUEBEC DEADLOCK.

In whatever light one views the events which are now taking place at Quebec, they would wear the appearance of a farce if it were not for their melancholy side. In the first place, the Legislative Council tell the Lieut.-Governor (that is, the Crown) that they have no confidence in his Ministers, and, therefore, they kick out the Supply Bill, in order to induce His Honour to surround himself with a new set of Constitutional advisers. Now, it is not of the slightest consequence in the eye of the Constitution whether the Legislative Council has confidence in the Ministry or not, and yet, in the face of this fact, these indignant gentlemen tell the Governor that the whole machinery of the Civil Government must be brought to a stop, that public obligations incurred must not be paid, and that the salaries of officials must be withheld until His Honour takes a step which they have not the slightest title to ask him to do. Passing over the minor incidents which, however, of themselves are worth notice in connection with the events to which they relate, we have next the remarkable intelligence that the leader of the Legislative Assembly has advised that body to adjourn for two months, in order to give, as announced, the country and all parties concerned leisure to reflect upon the situation. The Assembly has accepted the advice and adjourned accord-

ingly. Thus the dead-lock is made hard and fast for two months. The Legislative Council is left in a ridiculous position, high and dry—unable to do anything except to follow suit of the Assembly, and it actually does adjourn for one week, in order, we suppose, in its turn, to gain a little time for reflection. The situation would be intensely ridiculous if it were not that the public interests are bleeding, and the whole machinery of the Government at a stand-still.

According to the Opposition, the sins of Mr. JOLY's Ministry are of the most heinous hue, and it would appear from the address passed by the Legislative Council that the majority of that House is very strongly impressed with this belief. But if one were to admit that this is the fact, it would not in the slightest justify that body in stepping outside of its legitimate functions, and using the forms of the Constitution to do an act which is in itself, in its essence, intensely unconstitutional. There cannot be any doubt about this point.

There is a further view: The whole proceedings of the session at Quebec have exhibited a prolonged faction fight. The very fact of twenty-two Want of Confidence motions being moved in the House of Assembly during one session and rejected one after another, by extremely narrow majorities, arising from almost evenly-balanced parties, is, in itself, in the eyes of an impartial bystander, a sign of evil omen. Such a fact could not have happened, had there been the presence of sufficient of that "moderation and practical sagacity," by the aid of which alone, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH told the Australians in a well-matured Imperial despatch, the system of responsible Government can be carried on. But perhaps it is almost in vain to look for this, when there is on one side an angry opposition almost as large as the party in power, and on the other, a party in power exasperated by the taunts, if not insults, of the party in opposition, and thus made doubly determined, at all costs, to maintain their position. These warm feelings, moreover, arising from the exasperations caused by the dismissal of a Ministry in the flush of its power by Mr. LETELLIER, and the dismissal in his turn of that Lieut.-Governor by the influence of the party which came in power in the Dominion Parliament after the elections in September last, are too hard and fast to be easily allayed.

The Conservative party will probably find itself injured by the false step of the Legislative Council, and it is not easy to see how the position is to be retrieved. It is said on one side that Mr. JOLY should resign and make way for a coalition Government; but this he does not seem disposed to do; and it would be difficult for His Honour to force him, upon the strength of the essentially unconstitutional advice of the Legislative Council, backed by their using the forms of the Constitution to stop the means by which the Government is carried on. It is not difficult to see that if His Honour should try to force him, by the LETELLIER mode, we should have another complication and agitation which would not be promotive of the welfare of the Province. Or, if the Premier were to ask for, and His Honour were to grant, the expensive device of a dissolution, it would probably lead to very exasperated elections with very doubtful result; and, if granted before the Supply Bill were passed, would simply make confusion worse confounded. The easiest and simplest way out of the difficulty would be for the majority of the Council to retrace the very false step they have taken, and leave the sins which Mr. JOLY and his colleagues have committed to constitutional methods and the *Nemesis*, which time is always sure to bring to political sinners to find them out.

There is another reflection which all these events suggest, and that is the extreme danger of placing in the hands of men who have not been trained in the school of moderation, or in those personal responsibilities which are conspicuous in

the statesmen of the Mother Country, the anomalous forms of the British Constitution. We have had one series of illustrations from the dismissal of the DELBOUCHERVILLE Ministry to the present dead-lock, and one may begin to doubt whether these forms are applicable to a small Province. For it does appear to be a melancholy fact that we gain in exasperation in the exact proportion that we narrow the area of importance of the political sphere.

It is to be observed that the stopping of the Supply Bill by the Legislative Council of Victoria, in Australia, arose from objection to some of their provisions, which is quite a different and minor thing to refusing to vote supplies from general want of confidence in the Ministry.

### A DEFENCE.

Mr. JOHN BRIGHT has written a private letter which has appeared in the *New York Herald*, the object of which appears to be to puff that enterprising paper because it has thrown cold water (without, however, affecting a cure) on what Mr. BRIGHT calls "the protectionist malady," which afflicts the United States and Canada. He finds this very bad; but he lives in hopes there must be some day a cure. One can hardly expect Mr. BRIGHT to be accurate, when, pen in hand, he has such a subject as this to rush at; but it is yet not correct, as he alleges in his letter, that the effect of the new Canadian tariff is specially to exclude British manufactures. We are quite aware that this has been attempted to be shown by influential party papers, for party purposes, in Canada; but his own great experience ought to have led Mr. BRIGHT to receive utterances of this nature with many grains of salt. It is, on the contrary, indubitably true, as Sir LEONARD TILLEY set forth in a communication to a Manchester paper, and as was shown in Canada during the debates, that the effect of the Tariff is to touch very lightly British manufactures regarded as a whole, and more especially in a comparison with its effects on the manufactures of our immediate neighbours, whose whole course of commercial legislation has been so offensively hostile to Canada, while the practice of their manufacturers has been in exact keeping with their legislation. So much for the facts on this head. Mr. BRIGHT next wrote that it was "impudent" to ask for the Imperial guarantee for a Canadian railway, while we excluded by our legislation English manufactures. Here it unfortunately happens that Mr. BRIGHT's acquaintance with the facts is very greatly at fault. He evidently knows nothing about the projected Canadian railway, or the reasons why it should be built. He does not seem at all to understand those Imperial material interests on which alone the guarantee was asked, or rather on which it was determined to ask it, for we are inclined to think from the information received that it has not yet been formally asked. Mr. BRIGHT further sets forth in this letter that the Canadian legislation, if persisted in, will lead to the separation of Canada from the Empire. If he had had the modesty to add to this the words, "in my opinion," the statement would have been strictly correct. But it fortunately happens that the word of any one man, however wise and powerful (and we are inclined to think there is a limit to both these attributes as regards Mr. BRIGHT), is a very weak thing to set against the sentiment of a whole people. This sort of sentiment may appear to be a vain or even a spurious thing in the eyes of a simple political economist; but it is nevertheless one of those potent political influences which guide the destiny of nations. Mr. BRIGHT may indulge in sharp, splenetic carping; but the Dominion of Canada will yet go on in her career of progress, and great population and political forces, sufficiently powerful to give a bent to a great civilization, will cluster around it long after Mr. BRIGHT's hostile utterances shall have passed away as a mere cloud of fog in the presence of the sun's rays.

### THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

We have made it our business for several months past to place such facts and statistics before our readers as, in our mind, pointed to a gradual change for the better in our financial and commercial prospects. We have been thus attentive because we regard no subject as of so much general interest at the present time as that time. Today, in place of any further remarks of our own, we take pleasure in reproducing an extract from the *Herald*, an old and experienced authority in such matters:—

"It is long since it has been in the power of Canadian journals to speak in congratulatory terms on the aspect of financial matters, but we think we are justified in doing so to-day. We have for some time past mentioned that there were indications of amendment in the condition of the finance and commerce of the country, but have refrained from jumping too hastily at the conclusion that bottom had been touched, and that we were again moving upward. But matters now strongly point to an improved state of affairs. The 4th of September is always regarded as a critical test of merchants' ability to pay their indebtedness, and enquiry at the banks shows that though there was a very large amount of paper maturing to-day, engagements have generally been satisfactorily met; in fact, it is not putting it in too strong a light to say that bankers' expectations have been more than realized. We think we may say that the turn has come, and under a regime of prudence, the necessity for which has been so strongly impressed upon all by the events of the past, we need not anticipate any retrogression from the upward step which has been taken." In its weekly review of the state of trade, the same journal says:—"There is now no doubt that there is more activity in trade than has been noticeable for some time, and though the movement is not on a large scale, yet there is a turn for the better in many lines, both in the demand and in the prices obtainable, which causes the mercantile community to look forward with greater confidence to the future. Trade generally is on a healthier footing than it was during the period just prior to the setting in of the long continued depression, and it now remains for both merchants and manufacturers to avoid the excesses of the past and prevent a repetition of the disease which has so stubbornly resisted treatment and whose cure has been a matter of time and only brought about by natural causes. Supply must be regulated by demand, and over-trading and rash speculation can only lead to subsequent ruin, while prudence in avoidance of undue risk and shortened credits, both by wholesale and retail firms, will, we trust, before long place the trade of the Dominion again on a satisfactory basis."

### MAJOR CAVAGNARI.

Major PIERRE LOUIS NAPOLEON CAVAGNARI, C.S.I., who had been the Chief Political officer of the Afghan from the time of his rebuff at Ali Musjid, on September 21st last, down to the signing and sealing of the late treaty, was of Corsican origin. His grandfather was private secretary to NAPOLEON THE FIRST, his grandmother was a Frenchwoman. His father, General ADOLPHE CAVAGNARI, served in the French army, and became secretary to Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE. His mother, however, was an Irish lady, the daughter of Mr. HUGH LYMES-MONTGOMERY, of Belhavel, County Leitrim, and his education has been almost entirely English, as he passed his early days in Christ's Hospital, and subsequently became one of the East India Company's direct cadets. A man of powerful energy, great geniality and personal courage, young CAVAGNARI speedily rose to distinction as one of our best frontier officers, acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the habits and temperament of the frontier tribes than almost any other officer living, and ultimately was nominated Deputy-Commissioner of Kohat, where he conducted

numerous negotiations between the Imperial Government and the ever unruly Afridi tribes. When it was decided to despatch a mission to Cabul under Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN last autumn, Major CAVAGNARI was attached to the staff. Major CAVAGNARI throughout the campaign has been with General Sir JAMES BROWNE. In the negotiations with YAKOOB KHAN he was officially nominated the Viceroy's Plenipotentiary. It is difficult to do justice to the way the negotiations have been conducted by Major CAVAGNARI. He was made a Companion of the Star of India last year. His death, which took place in the Cabul massacre just telegraphed, is most opportune.

The London *Athenium* announces a rather astounding recent invention, which, if what is said of it be true, will supersede the use of coal and wood for heating and cooking purposes. The correspondent who has seen it avers that it makes an instantaneous and perpetual fire of two substances exhaustless in nature, costing not one-tenth of our ordinary fuel, and causing no smoke, dust or trouble. The stove is a part of the invention, which can be regulated to boil milk for a baby or roast an ox at pleasure. It is said to be a perpetual and economical source of fuel and heat for all purposes. The inventor of this everlasting fire is Mr. BOURBONNEL of Dijon, a lion and tiger slayer by occupation. The account states that he accidentally discovered the two universal fire substances some six years ago, and has been ever since inventing and perfecting his stove, which he has patented, and this timely substitute for wood and coal is now ready to revolutionize fuel and amaze the world.

The telegrams announce that Sir JOHN and Lady MACDONALD have gone to Hughenden to visit Lord BEACONSFIELD. It is undoubtedly an honor for the Canadian Minister to receive this courtesy from the remarkable man who is the Prime Minister of the Empire. Some writers have attempted to show that there is a resemblance between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir JOHN MACDONALD in many particulars, but those who have watched the political careers of both, and personally listened to the speeches of both, will fail to see any very striking resemblance. The visit may enable the Minister of the Empire to obtain from the Minister of the Dominion many facts that may be useful to him, and these, his whole career has shown, will fall upon sympathetic ears.

HOW PARLIAMENT IS PROROGUED.

I translate the following from a correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* as a matter of curiosity. I want to know whether it is authentic, and doubtless there are many persons in Canada who will inform me whether it is or not. I am aware that the ceremonial of investiture in the Order of the Garter has retained many of the French formulas, but did not know that old French phrases were still used in the prorogation of Parliament. Here is the account:—

At half-past two, the House of Commons being still sitting, the usher of the Chamber strikes three times at the door of the lobby. This door being opened, the Sergeant-at-arms announces in a ringing voice:—

"The Usher of the Black Rod!"

Captain Sir W. Knollys, the Usher in question, approaches the bar and summons the Speaker and "Her Majesty's Faithful Commons" to follow him to the House of Lords to receive communication of the Queen's Message.

Fourthly, the House forms in procession, headed by the Speaker in wig and black robes, Captain Gossitt, Sergeant-at-arms, bearing the golden mace, Sir Erskine May, First Secretary, holding the Speaker's train, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the other Ministers of the Crown.

After crossing the long lobby which leads to the House of Lords, the procession stops at the door. The Sergeant-at-arms enters alone, and announces to the Lords:—

"The Commons!"

Then the members stream into the Chamber after the Speaker who takes up a position on a platform. Behind him the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other Ministers take their stand. Opposite, under the Royal dais, the Lord Chancellor occupies the traditional woolsack. At his side are the four Royal Commissioners appointed, in the absence of the Queen, to pro-

rogate Parliament—the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Beauchamp, the Earl of Hardwicke and Lord Skelmersdale. These five personages wear the three-cornered hat and red robe lined with ermine. On the entrance of the Speaker, the five Commissioners bow three times with their hats, in automatic measure, and the Sergeant-at-arms sets down his mace before them on a table covered with a red carpet. Then the First Secretary, addressing the Speaker, pronounces three times, in French, the ancient formula:—

"La Reine remercie ses feaux sujets et accepte leur bienveillance."

The Speaker bows, and the Secretary adds:—

"Ainsy la Reine le veult."

Meantime the Second Secretary has taken up a voluminous parcel of parchments which comprises the bills passed during the session and which he reads to the House. As the title of each is called, the First Secretary bows profoundly and repeats each time:—

"La Reine le veult."

The ceremony terminates by the reading of the Royal Message, and the Lords retire after shaking hands with the Lord Chancellor.

The same correspondent, writing of the Ministerial whitebait dinner at the Ship's Hotel, Greenwich, which is the prelude of the prorogation, relates the following pleasing anecdote:—

It was in the days of Palmerston and the Cabinet was going to Greenwich for the traditional banquet. Lord Palmerston was walking up and down the deck of the little steamer, when a gust of wind carried off his hat—the legendary white hat which the noble lord always wore.

On arriving at Greenwich all the batters of the place were applied to, but it was impossible to find a white hat, and the old Premier had to make up his mind to don a black hat. As he entered the banquet hall one of the wits of the company exclaimed:—

"God! Here's the Ministry in mourning."

The joke passed around and was enjoyed, but Lord Palmerston, who was very superstitious, attributed the downfall of his Cabinet, which happened several months later, to the loss of his favorite plug.

J. L.

EPIHEMERIDES.

Whatever else Montreal may lack, it cannot complain of any dearth of associations devoted to the pursuit of athletic exercises and out-door pastimes. Our cricket, lacrosse and snow-shoe clubs have acquired and now maintain a supremacy which is not disputed, and I fancy that these have done as much as any other institutions to keep the name of the metropolitan city of Canada before the eyes of the public, not only of the Dominion, but of the United States as well. Among these amusements, however, I have often wondered that bicycling was not included, notwithstanding that the velociped-craze was quite rampant among us some years ago. It was, therefore, a pleasure to read in the last number of the *American Bicycling Journal* that a club was founded in this city on Dec. 2, 1878. The particulars are as follows:—

MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

Entrance fee—Five dollars.

Subscription—Two and a half dollars per annum.

Club colors—Silver and blue.

Club badge—Silver "Beaver" brooch and M. B. C. in monogram.

Uniform—Dark blue.

Head Quarters—Montreal.

President, (not yet elected): Captain, Charles J. Sibley; Secretary and Treasurer, Horace S. Tibbs, P.O. Box, 1733, Montreal, Canada.

It is strange, however, that, so far as I can ascertain, the Montreal public have never been acquainted with the formation of this club. The summer has passed and the Double-wheel has not been seen on our thoroughfares or turnpikes in a single instance. Will Mr. Horace S. Tibbs inform us if the club still exists, and whether it is the intention to carry it on?

I have received the prospectus of the Fourth Annual Meeting for the Amateur Championship of America, to be held on Saturday, September 27th, on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, at Mott Haven, New York. The programme—or program, as some will write it, *instar* telegram, &c.—is very full and varied, and the prizes are well worthy of competition.

A gold championship medal will be given to the winner in each contest, and to each member of the winning tug of war team. A silver medal of merit to the winner of second place, and a bronze medal of merit to the winner of third place. A prize of the value of \$200 has been presented to the Association by the Hon. Hubert O. Thompson, to be awarded to the best general athlete. The mode of deciding the title will be as follows: A winner in each contest will be entitled to five points, the second man three points, and the third man one point. The competitor making the largest number of points to be declared the winner. A handsome stand of colours will also be presented to the club or college making the largest number of points in the same manner as provided for in the general athlete prize, except that no club or college shall score in the team tug of war more than five, three and one points, for the first, second and third place.

To the communication which I received is appended a list of the Amateur Champions of America, among whom I am proud to find several Canadians. I here transcribe them that their fame may travel over the whole Dominion to the farthest nooks and corners into which the NEWS penetrates. There is first Harold Lamb, of Toronto, who figures twice in 1876, as the Champion of the One-half Mile Race in 2 min. 20 sec., and of the One Mile Run in 4 min. 58 sec. Many a steed could not do as much. In 1877, Charles C. McIvor was proclaimed champion of the 100 yards, run in 10½ sec. Mr. Cuzner, whose given name does not appear on the record, stands first in America at putting the shot, 37 feet 10 inches. This athlete belongs to the McGill University Club, and his feat was performed at the McGill University games, Oct. 24, 1878.

Mr. Grant de Longueuil, whose grandmother was ennobled as Baroness Longueuil by Louis XIV. of France, and who is the possessor of the Longueuil estates, to which the title of nobility is attached, was lately in Ottawa to interview the Dominion Government regarding the resurrection of the title. I do not know what success attended the gentleman's mission, but the motive which prompted him is altogether worthy of commendation. Titles of nobility on this democratic continent have not and cannot have the significance with which they are invested among the old aristocratic nations, but as memorials or reminders they admirably fulfil a mission which ought never to be neglected in a progressive land. Their historical aspect is their principal feature. There were several French families of noble origin which distinguished themselves in the annals of Canada, and the De Longueuils were among them. Singularly enough, too, the scions of this house who particularly signalized their career, were born in New France and, if I am not mistaken, in the ancient village which bears their name, opposite this city. There were seven or nine brothers of them, I forget which. Three of their number became famous sailors and colonizers. One founded the city of New Orleans, another that of Mobile, and still another that of Galveston. The LeMoines also belong to the same family, but I cannot retrace the relationship. My friend, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, "the Irving of Canada," as Col. Strange once named him, might, perhaps, kindly furnish the information.

The wheel of time brings on many changes and curious *rapprochements*. On the 24th May, 1878, the Barlow Greys, a militia company of St. Albans, Vermont, came on to Montreal, with their arms, having obtained the ready consent of the authorities at Ottawa, to take part in the celebration of Her Most Gracious Majesty's birthday. On the 4th of the ensuing July, the 5th Fusiliers of this city returned the visit and participated at St. Albans in the festivities attending the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. On the 24th May, of this year, the 18th Regiment of the New York State Militia repeated the courtesy, and their presence in Montreal was deservedly regarded as an international event of the most interesting description, enhanced, as it was, by the presence of a daughter of the Queen. But, perhaps, it may be regarded as not more significant than the late meeting of the British and French squadrons under the cliff of Cape Diamond a couple of weeks ago. Since the era of the Conquest, now over a hundred years ago, the fleets of France and England had never come together under such auspicious circumstances. The thunder of their mutual salutes is said to have shaken the very foundations of historic old Quebec, and we may well believe that the echoes of those guns stirred the hearts of the people there as they were never stirred before.

I was asked the other day to open a column of Notes and Queries in the NEWS. The attempt was made twice before, but it failed each time from want of proper encouragement. It is not altogether amusing for a man, however unselfish or zealous he may be, to be obliged to answer his own questions from week to week. However, I am not indisposed to make a third attempt, provided eight or ten persons, who take an interest in our antiquities, pledge themselves to give me their assistance either in propounding queries or in answering such as may be propounded. A decade or a dozen of us, with a mutual understanding, could throw a great deal of light on the intricacies of our Canadian history and geography, at the same time that we should afford one another much intellectual recreation. The field is a comparatively untrodden one. Later, prizes might be offered as an inducement to widen the sphere of our researches. If my friends will come forward I am at their disposal, but otherwise I must respectfully decline undertaking so arduous a task absolutely single-handed.

A. STEELE PENN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, nosh, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Sample boxes of one dozen 10 cents in stamps. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.

THE LATE GEORGE TOLLEY.

We have the extreme regret of announcing to-day the death by drowning of Mr. George Tolley, the Special Correspondent of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in Ontario, and well known in this city, for years, as editor of the *Star*. Pending the memoir and portrait of our lamented friend which we shall publish in our next number, we give the few details which have reached us of the sad accident. It appears that about 9.30 p.m. of Saturday, the 6th inst., Mr. Tolley started from Brockville for Kingston in a skiff, about 18 feet long with 5 feet beam. He persuaded the captain of the propeller *Persia*, who at first objected, to tow him up. A rope about 30 feet long was attached to his skiff from the stern of the *Persia*. Mr. Tolley's friends tried to persuade him to go aboard of the *Persia*, but he said he would be all right in his skiff. About 11 p.m. his boat was found opposite Brockville filled with water, with his umbrella and an oar. His hat was found on Sunday at Picken's Point, one mile east of Brockville, but no tidings of him have been received. His body is being searched for. It appears he had a rope tied to the front seat of his boat which caused the skiff to steer badly and filled with water while swerving, and the unfortunate man washed or jerked over. The pilot of the *Persia* as soon as he missed Mr. Tolley, immediately cut the rope in hopes that the boat would be of some help to him. The accident must have happened a mile or two west of Brockville.

THEATRE ROYAL.

For several long months we have been without any musical or dramatic entertainment of any kind, and it is therefore a pleasure to be able to announce that the theatrical season has opened under the most favourable auspices. The Theatre Royal, splendidly renovated by its enterprising proprietor, has taken the lead, and last Monday began its series of performances by the introduction of Haverley's Juvenile Pinafore Company. They are a charming troupe, and their success was assured from the first. We invite all our friends to assist at these representations, which continue during the week, with matinees on Wednesday and Friday, to which children should be brought. The list of attractions presented by the Theatre Royal for the season is a brilliant one and promises well, especially as the times are brightening and our people will be able to afford themselves more than usual amusement. Mr. J. B. Sparrow is at the head of the management, and he knows exactly what will best please the Montreal public. We are pleased also that he has secured the assistance of our friend Mr. Honier, late of the *National*, who has much experience of the stage and will be able to rally the French population that are naturally fond of the theatre.

CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.—How it ripples across the fields and echoes along the hill-side, as musical as the distant church bells pealing over the grassy meadows, where the brown village darlings are gathering butter-cups.

There are no sounds so sweet to the mother's ear, except perhaps, the first lisping of an infant's prayer. Children's laughter! how dull is the home wherein its music once joyously echoed, but now is heard no more! How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep, their pattering feet are silent! How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth! Take even those poor prematurely aged little ones bred in the gutter, cramped in uncouthly homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you will find that the child nature is not entirely crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out as wild and free as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh then; too soon, alas! they will find cause enough to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out in gladsome peal, and reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

ARTISTIC.

It is said that the late Charles Landseer left 10,000*l.* to the Royal Academy.

RABELAIS is to have a statue at Chinon (Inde et Loire).

The French government purchased at the Salon sixty-three paintings and thirty-one works of sculpture.

The Dutch are bitten by the mania for restoration. The church of St. Lawrence at Rotterdam is in the hands of the Philistines.

A BRONZE statue of Cervantes, by Professor Carlo Nicoli, of Carrara, has been shipped to Alcalá de Henares, the great Spaniard's birth-place, where it will be erected.

The son of the late Charles Fechter is said to be a clever young man, who is devoting himself to the law instead of the stage. His sister, Mlle. Marie Fechter, the *prima donna*, is described as an excellent young woman, who has been carefully brought up by her mother, and who has many dramatic gifts. She is pretty, slender and graceful, with sparkling black eyes and delicate features.

## REV. ISAAC MURRAY, D.D.

Dr. Murray was born at Pictou, N.S., 24th March, 1824. He was educated successively at Pictou Academy, West River Seminary, and Princeton University, New Jersey. He was licensed by West River Presbytery, May, 1849, and received three separate calls from congregations in Prince Edward Island. He accepted that of Cavendish to which he was inducted at the beginning of 1850, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. John Geddie. He laboured in this congregation for nearly 28 years. He then accepted a call to New London, where he remained 17 months. He is now in charge of the Prince Street Presbyterian Church in Charlotte-town.

Dr. Murray has always taken a foremost part in every movement which has had for its object intellectual or moral improvement. He was member of the Provincial Board of Education for 12 years, and during the greater part of that time was chief examiner of candidates for Teachers' Licenses, and succeeded Judge Hensly as Chairman of that Board.

He took a leading part in all questions of general interest, and helped considerably to establish and maintain a system of free and unsectarian schools in the Province. He is without doubt one of the most vigorous, effective and learned ministers in the Maritime Provinces.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

A PLEA FOR QUIET GIRLS.—The quiet girl, an observant critic remarks, is generally worth studying, and will frequently astonish those who pretend to understand her, by rising to heights, when she is summoned thither, which are unapproachable to her complacent and courted critics. Yet it may happen that quiet girls of the best type may lack the wit, the adaptability to that which they have no sympathy, the glibness, and that unlimited faith in

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 315.



REV. ISAAC MURRAY, D.D.

themselves which must be possessed by those who desire to attract the notice of the more shallow portion of society, who believe in noisy girls. All quiet girls are not endowed with genius and the virtues, for some are simply fools who would be noisy enough if they could find anything to say. But we protest against the habit which prevails of slighting quiet girls and speaking ill of them before they have been fairly tried, and of paying sickening homage to the conceited chatter-boxes of little moral sense and principle. While noisy damsels will often turn out to be gaudy impostors, many quiet ones will amply repay the time, trouble and love which any one may bestow upon them.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time on some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We are too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise?

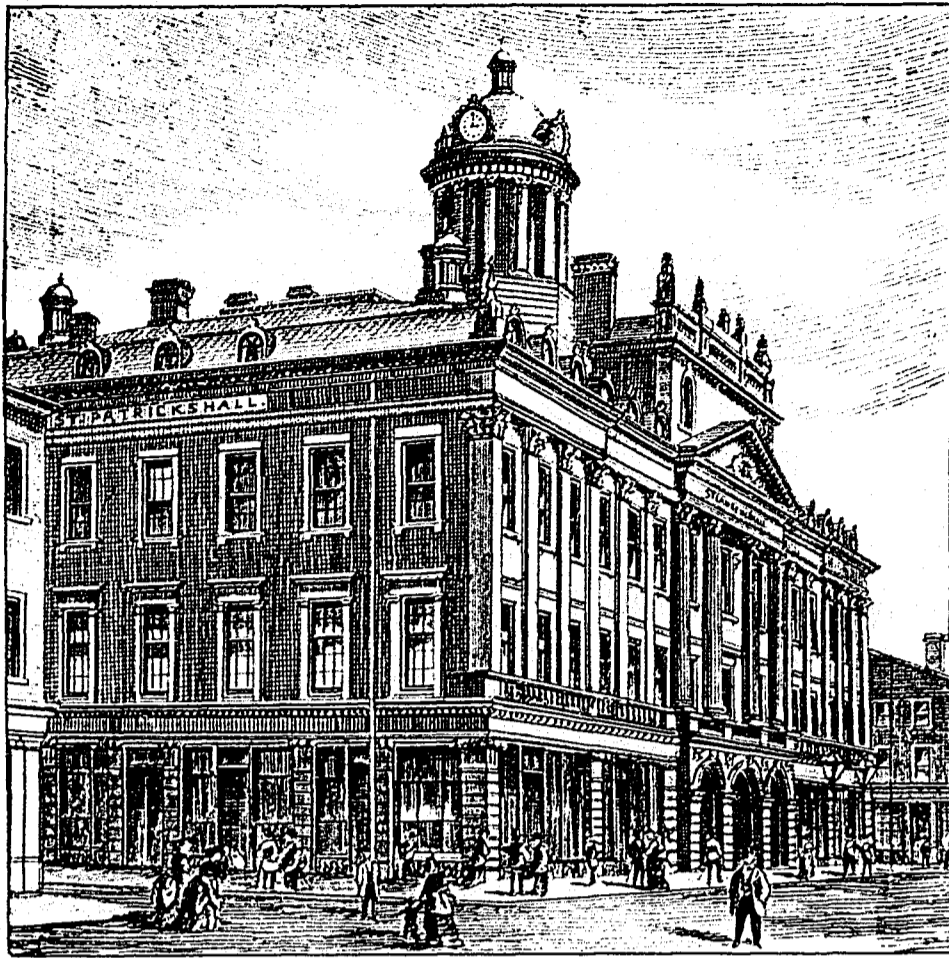


TORONTO.—THE POST OFFICE.

VARIETIES.

**CARLYLE.**—Mr. Carlyle has small hope of permanent recovery, though he may linger on for weeks. His thoughts, it is reported, have already been fixed upon the ultimate end of his illness, and he has expressed a wish that he should be buried as quietly as possible in the choir of the old cathedral at Haddington, where he laid his wife twelve years ago. Carlyle's appreciation of her he inscribed upon her tombstone. "In her bright existence," he said, "she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility or capacity of discernment and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1865, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out." Carlyle left on this tombstone space only for his own name and the date of his death.

**THE LITTLE DUCHESS.**—Outsiders know little of the Duchess of Edinburgh, though her extreme cleverness and many accomplishments are quite famous. Not long ago a young gentleman of Oxford fame, who was invited to tea at Clarence House, was almost put to shame by his hostess's brilliant knowledge of his special studies, and he declared he had some difficulty in responding to her eager inquiries, which showed so perfect a comprehension of intricate questions of science and philosophy. The Duchess is a very loving and capable mother, and looks positively pretty surrounded by her children, who have all inherited her redundant good health. Her perfect physique, by the way, is one of her boasts over English women, who, in spite of their reputation for strength, have nearly always some ailment. "I wonder how many English women could do what I am doing!" she remarked to a friend calling upon her

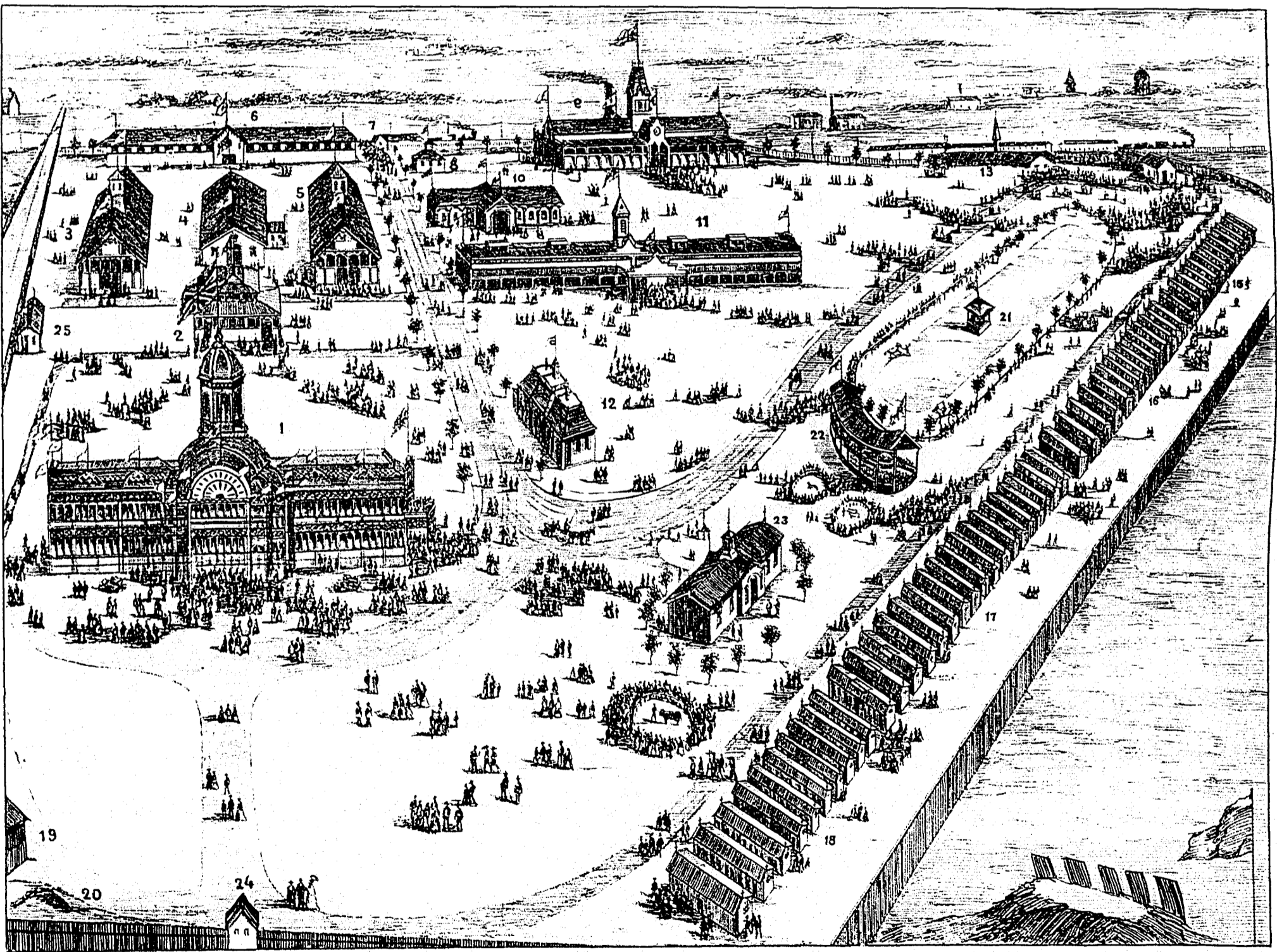


TORONTO.—MARKET BUILDING AND ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

three weeks after a severe illness, when the Duchess appeared in blooming health, ready to entertain a dinner party.

**A WONDERING FRENCHMAN.**—Louis Blanc told this story in a speech at Troyes recently: "Two Yankees visited me in the Palace of Versailles the other morning. As the Chamber of Deputies had not begun to sit, I showed them into the chamber. They asked which was Gambetta's seat. I showed it to them. They went up to it, solemnly, deliberately, gravely, with pursed-up lips, observing, concentrated eyes, looking like men ordered by government to fulfil an important public duty, and one of them sat in it. When he rose, the other took his place. The first again sat in it. He was followed by the second. I looked on in dumb astonishment; for the life of me I could not make out what they were after. One of the Yankees said to me: 'Please show us your seat.' Puzzled as a man could be, I was all eager attention to see what they would do to my seat. I walked to it and said: 'Here is my place.' They made no reply. One sat in it; then the other; he yielded the seat to the first, who in turn gave it to the second. All this was done in silence, gravely, solemnly, like gymnasts performing some feat. Each drew from his roundabout a memorandum book, and wrote in it: 'Versailles. Chamber of Deputies. Sat in the seat of the Hons. Gambetta and Louis Blanc, deputies.'"

**ENGLISHMEN** are probably aware that, at the present moment, they are denied the right of holding real estate, not only in New York, but several other States of the Union; and that to the British flag the coasting trade of America is entirely debarred. Yet it is to England that America always applies for aid in the development of her natural resources, the construction of her railways, and, latterly, for assistance in the reduction of interest on her national debt, and with what pecuniary loss to that country, thousands of wretched and penniless people in Great Britain can this day testify.



TORONTO.—KEY TO THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

- |                             |   |                              |                         |  |
|-----------------------------|---|------------------------------|-------------------------|--|
| 1. Main Building.           | 6. Carriages.                           | 11. Agricultural Implements. | 16. Horses.             | 21. Judges' Stand (Horse Ring).              |
| 2. Dairy.                   | 7. Great Western Railway Ticket Office. | 12. Association Offices.     | 17. Cattle.             | 22. Grand Stand.                             |
| 3. Agricultural Hall.       | 8. Hatching House (Chickens).           | 13. Poultry.                 | 18. Sheep.              | 23. Police and Department of Public Comfort. |
| 4. Restaurant with Kitchen. | 9. Machinery Hall.                      | 14. Strachan Avenue Lodge.   | 19. Pioneers' Log Huts. | 24. Wharf Station and Office (Comfort).      |
| 5. Horticultural Hall.      | 10. Stoves.                             | 15. Pigs.                    | 20. Cairn.              | 25. Dufferin Avenue Lodge.                   |

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

(From the Italian of Giacomo Leopardi.)

BY JOHN READE.

O silent Moon that with a grace so queenly
Movest athwart the sky,
Rising at thy appointed hour serenely
Above these wastes, whose saddening gloom
Thou dost a while illumine.

An old man, hoary and infirm,
His limbs half-fetted and bare his feet,
With burdens bowed his feeble form,
O'er hills and valleys travels fleet
Sharp rocks and sinking sand and briars:

To trouble man is born,
His very birth brings risk of death,
And with his earliest breath
He feels pain's cruel scorn.
His parents try to assuage
The sorrow of life's heritage:

Ah, yes! I feel, celestial wanderer,
So pensive-seeming in thy fields of air,
That thou must understand our earthly lot,
Our sorrow for what is, our sighs for what is not:

Oh when I gaze on thee,
Above this desert plain,
Conterminous with thy far-off domain,
Moving so silently
After my flocks and me.

O happy flock, resting without a thought
Of evil to befall,
How much I envy thy untroubled lot,
From human worries free
And pain and misery.

The title in the Italian is "Canto Notturno di
un Pastore Asiatico," but I thought that what I have
substituted would be more in congruity with the style
and tenor of the poem, especially in an English dress.

Thou liest on the herbage in the shade,
So graceful and content;
And thus thy days are spent
From budding time till leaves begin to fade.

And yet, I cannot tell for what I yearn,
Nor, haply, ought I to complain,
But this I know, O flock, so seeming blest,
That I feel ever such a strange unrest
That joy can seldom in my bosom reign.

Ah me! I fear my thought
Wanders from truth, considering thus the lot
Of others; for, indeed, it seems to me
That, in whatever form or state it be,

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT TORONTO.

Pending our full representation of the Vice-
Regal festivities at Toronto in the NEWS of next
week, we publish to-day an account of the recep-
tion of the Governor General and the Princess

Every thoroughfare in the southern part of
the city was literally packed with moving
humanity soon after 9 o'clock on that morning.
An hour before the time the Vice-Regal train
was due, thousands of country people and citi-
zens flocked to the great centre of attraction,

At eleven o'clock the special train bearing the
distinguished visitors steamed up the Esplanade,
which was lined with an applauding multitude,
and stopped, amid deafening cheers, at the foot
of Lorne street, where the members of the Coun-
cil and the School Board with Lieut.-Colonel

- Police Force.
Band of the Queen's Own.
Firemen.
National Societies.
Members of the Corporation.
Heads of Departments.
The Sheriff.
His Worship the Mayor and Chairman of the
Reception Committee and City Clerk.
Escort.
His Excellency and Her Royal Highness and all
members of the Suite.

- His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor.
Remainder of the Escort.
Members of the Ontario Government.
Members of the High School Board.
Members of the Public School Board.
Members of the Separate School Board.
Citizens in Carriages.

As the procession wended its way along
Front, Yonge and Gerrard streets to the Gar-
dens, immense crowds lined the streets, which
were handsomely decorated, while the windows
were alive with faces. At the Gardens the cari-
ages containing the Vice-Regal party and the
Lieutenant-Governor, with the one in which
were the Mayor, Ald. McMurrick and the City
Clerk, entered the grounds, which were jammed,

On the completion of the ceremony at the
Horticultural Gardens, the Governor-General and
Princess Louise, accompanied by the mem-
bers of the Corporation and the escort, drove
along Gerrard, Jarvis and King streets to the
eastern entrance of the Exhibition Grounds.

THE ILLUMINATION.

The illumination on Friday surpassed any-
thing that could possibly have been expected
and met with warm praise from Their Excel-
lencies, who drove through the city during the
evening, and wherever they were recognized,

of illuminations was the Normal School building
and grounds, which were illuminated under the
special direction of Dr. May. On the ground
were erected two large arches, covered with
evergreens, encircled by white, opaque gas
globes, and two smaller arches. There were
also four large arches on the grounds composed

VI-REGAL RECEPTION AT ST. MARTIN'S JUNCTION.

On their late return from Quebec to Ottawa
the Vice-Regal party were officially received, in
the most creditable manner, at St. Martin's
Junction on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. The
Reeve presented an address, to which His Ex-
cellency replied in both English and French.

V. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

A fortnight ago the Young Irishmen's Liter-
ary and Benefit Association went down to
Quebec on a trip which had been postponed
owing to the riots. The ancient city was reached
on Sunday morning at six o'clock, when the
Society fell into line and, headed by the City
Band, under the leadership of Mr. E. Lavigne,

AN HISTORICAL SWORD.

An important historical point will soon be settled. Did Prince
Louis Napoleon wear his great-uncle's sword at the Cape?
The sword that he did wear has been returned to Lord Chelmsford, and is no doubt
now on its way to England. Bishop Colenso brought this about. When the two Zulu mes-
sengers, Infunzi and Ukisimane, were at Pietermaritzburg in the early part of June, the Bishop
of Natal asked General Chiffood's permission to forward through them a message to Cetewayo,
requesting him to send in the Prince's sword. The General replied that, whatever his personal
feelings might be, he was under orders which would prevent him from allowing the Bishop to
see the messengers. In the meanwhile Mr. F. E. Colenso had, without his father's knowledge,
employed his native servant to communicate on the subject with the two Zulus; and they readily
promised that on their return to Chundi they would ask the King to deliver up the sword
without delay. The messengers kept their promise, and on June 4 Cetewayo sent messengers
to Lord Chelmsford with the sword, and a letter explaining that he returned it because he under-
stood that it belonged to an English Prince.

NOTICE.

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

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

A YACHTING INCIDENT.

I.

A bright day in August; abundance of sunshine to awaken the lake into smiles; a fair wind blowing, just enough to sport gaily with the tresses escaped from the circumferences of jaunty head-coverings. Laughter and song mingle together as we skim along the water, in which the worthy Captain of our yacht does not join, however, his mind being busy with other matters, possibly with certain gloomy-looking clouds that skirt the western sky. The Fairy Queen skims along like a thing of life; the sunshine is very bright and the wind blows refreshment from the shore of Clear Point, now fast fading from sight. A day for pleasure with no thought of care. We are a party of congenial spirits. That young gent lying forward there, of a literary and musical turn of mind, has just retired to rest himself after amusing the company with a number of "Pinafore" airs, making his best hit when he informs his friends, eyeing the ladies particularly, that he is called—

"Little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, Though he could never tell why."

The Captain finds time to say, "Nor could anybody else tell why," being a little grumpy, perhaps, at the sentiment of a former song, in which the musical gent asserted that he was the Captain of the Fairy Queen, the company endorsing the sentiment by exclaiming, "And a right good Captain, too."

That heavy individual, forward, is the Captain's right-hand man, is a trifle this side of two hundred, is very useful whenever ballast is required at any particular end, and at present greatly terrifies the musical gent, who is extended at full length, by hopping about hither and thither quite recklessly, and apparently quite indifferent to the consequences of his planting his feet upon the aforesaid gent. That interesting-looking young lady, gazing pensively into the water, who at times seems oblivious to all around, wrapped in a mist of melancholy pondering and again enveloping all with smiles and wit, is from Montreal. Rumour whispers that though still young, and in the fulness of her charms, yet over her the grim clouds of care and sorrow have been hanging for many a day. To none has she confided the secret of her sorrow but to that lady near her, who has reached that middle and happy wayside in life, where the glory of youth is not forgotten, where the gloom of darkening shadows is not yet seen, and where the wisdom that comes of experience has been secured. The truth of this latter statement Hope Grange has often verified. Her truest friend and most faithful friend she has always found Mrs. De Warrenne to be.

Five years had gone since Hope Grange had parted from one she loved. Fair visions of future felicity had she painted before her delighted fancy; delightful dreams had enveloped her in their soft and silken gossamer; her sky had been one vast expanse of unclouded blue, and her sun beamed happiness upon her; but black shadows had bedimmed and obscured all, and life seemed weary. He who was hers, Harold Grey, had one lovely day received intelligence from England which rendered a journey thither imperative, and one week afterward he was on board the good steamer *Sardanapalus* bounding on the far-away sea. The disaster which befell that ill-fated vessel is too fresh in the mind of the reader to require description. Within a few miles of the French coast, in the English Channel, with scarcely a moment's warning, the treacherous ship went down. Who that has witnessed a shipwreck can forget! Struggling strength, gasping weakness, timorous shrieking, silent despair—all combine to make the most terrible of earthly disasters. Harold Grey, strong, muscular, was among the survivors. After ten hours' struggle with the cruel deep, he was picked up more dead than alive by some poor fisherman. Long and dangerously ill was he; and even after returning health his difficulties continued. By manful determination, however, he succeeded in overcoming them all; crossed to England, arranged his affairs satisfactorily, found a fortune secured to him, and then returned to his old home in the West, eagerly anticipating the reunion with her from whom he had been long parted. Imagine his dismay when he found the old mansion deserted; Hope Grange no longer there; "Gone East," he was told; nothing else could he learn, and eastward he wearily turned his face.

II.

We must not forget the *Fairy Queen*. Onward she sped. Around her the swallows flew, kissing the water and darting upwards, towards the sun again. Brightly gleamed the sunshine and freshly blew the breeze, and the towers of the village church of B— began to appear in view. But a few miles from the village where the party intended to land, the wind began to drop, the sails to flap idly, and the yacht no longer crested the waters with foam. Recourse was had to the oars, and late in the afternoon the party landed. After spending an hour viewing the quaint old village, its ancient church, its gloomy churchyard, its cats and dogs, which eyed us curiously as denizens from a remote sphere, to be watched, not trusted, we returned to the *Fairy Queen*, and found, greatly to our joy, that a fresh breeze was blowing homeward and that a speedy jour-

ney across the lake was probable. To one at least, the fate that prevented the realization of our expectations, at that moment, must ever be thought of with thankfulness. On what apparently trifling circumstances does the future depend! Happiness, misery, wealth, poverty—a fate as fickle as the wind seems to waft them to us. So afterwards thought Hope Grange.

Pretty Louisa Waller, sitting near the Captain, says, looking towards the horizon: "Do you not think the wind is getting stronger?"

"Yes," replies the Captain; "rather strong for our purpose. Look!" he suddenly exclaimed; "look at those white caps yonder. Drop the mainsail and out with the anchor. Quick!"

Scarcely had the command been executed when the squall came down, striking the gallant yacht violently and lashing the waves about her boisterously. With much difficulty the jib was got in, and the party then breathed more freely. All had been considerably alarmed. Mrs. De Warrenne was pale, but calm. Hope Grange looked upon the scene with a sort of delight, it seemed, while Louisa Waller, and Ada, her sister, rendered no inconsiderable assistance in the manipulations so suddenly demanded. "Does the anchor hold?" inquired the Captain. "Dragging a little," was the reply. "How now?" "Steady." Heavily was the stout little craft tossed about by the angry waves. The day was fast drawing to a close; the wind was high; ominous clouds still hung over; it grew cold, and we were far from home. What was to be done? Soon we found the wind dying away somewhat, and before long, to our surprise, left us in complete calm. Our danger was thus removed, but our prospects of getting home that night were remote enough. "What light is that moving yonder?" suddenly inquired Ada. "A steamer!" all exclaimed. Nearer and nearer it came; we had no lights, and we began to fear that we should be run down. A sail, however, was hoisted, and apparently was seen, for the steamer turned aside some distance away. Looking through the glass the Captain announced that none but the pilot was visible, except one tall figure pacing up and down the deck. That danger over, it was proposed to drag at the weary oars and attempt to reach Clear Point that evening. This endeavour, however, after a short trial proved so unavailing, that the proposal of Mrs. De Warrenne to row back to the village of B—, only a few miles distant, and thence telegraph to our friends to relieve their anxiety, was adopted, and at eleven o'clock at night we again, a weary company, stepped ashore.

III.

We landed right beside the large steamer which had passed us as we lay anchored. Its lights were out and the prospect gloomy. To add to our discomfort it began to rain, and, after securing our yacht, we hastened to throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the Captain of the steamer. That gallant officer kindly placed his cabin at our disposal, we preferring that arrangement to any other. Soon we found ourselves spread out in different directions on the floor, various articles being brought into service as pillows and wraps. The stoutest of our party, with a small companion, Billy by name, secured a piece of canvas from the yacht, and was soon snoring in unconscious bliss. A modest youth, brother of Miss Louisa, Edmund by name, ensconced himself in the wheel-house, and the rest distributed themselves in various positions and attitudes. But sleep was out of the question. The exciting events of the day kept us nearly all awake, although for a time there was a semblance of slumber. Sudden laughter and commotion as some ludicrous incident suggested itself to the mind of any one in particular were frequent, and at each disturbance, Edmund in the wheel-house growled and grunted as a tired and sleepy denizen has a right to. Presently all were startled by a sudden scream from the youth called Billy, followed by the announcement that a spider was endeavouring to effect a passage through his oral orifice. Another growl from the young man in the wheel-house; quiet reigns again for a time. Soon, however, our weighty companion grows restless; finally arises and amid the protests of all, who do not relish the danger of being trampled upon, seeks more complete comfort. More growls from the wheel-house. Somebody then proposes a general promenade on deck, and as they start for the purpose, the youth in the wheel-house swiftly rushes out and deposits himself as far away as possible from the maddening crowd.

The promenading party soon adjourn to the pier and the sounds of swiftly moving feet and merry laughter seem to indicate the advent of Terpsichore. Hope Grange and Mrs. De Warrenne alone are in the cabin. The continuous uproar has evidently aroused the slumbers of some one, for a tall figure is seen to pop his head out of an apartment, is heard to mutter something and then pop his head back again. Evidently, however, his mind is not yet at rest, for a moment after out pops the head again, and this time surveys the group of two quite steadily. The group of two are about to withdraw, when back goes the head again, to re-appear in about five minutes, together with the other appendages incidental to the human frame. Evidently he is somewhat excited, for he swiftly advances to the group of two, speaks earnestly to Hope Grange, places her hands in his own, and—but we must not describe too minutely. The tall figure is none other than that of

Harold Grey. When the promenading party returned they were spectators of an interesting tableau. Daylight soon revealed our whereabouts, and it was on all hands deemed highly expedient to adjourn to the nearest hotel. No difficulty attended the accomplishment of this, and a breakfast party of weary but happy voyagers were seen partaking of the bounties of mine host. Afterwards we joyfully embarked for home. The warm sunshine, the blue sky, the gleaming waters, the warbling birds again accompanied us, and when the church bells of a certain town pealed their merriest chime, and the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were awakened by our musical friend, no one was found to regret the squall that so nearly sent us to our reckoning, followed as it was by events so auspicious.

R. S. W.

Montreal, Sept.

STREET CATCHES IN PARIS.

I.

The chanson is dead, says the Parisian; the joyous couplet is a thing of the past. The newspapers at the present day do not publish even verses, because it is no longer "dans le mouvement." When we come to ask what is "in the movement," we find people shouting to the air of *Fahrbach's polka*, "Tout à la joie!"

Ah! quel chic a C'pantalou-à, ah! ah! ah! Quand on le verni Chacun dira, ah! ah! ah!

This is in the movement now. Last year it was:

Le marchand d'vin au coin, N'est pas encore fermé.

Previously to that Mr. Libert and others were applauded with frantic enthusiasm as they nightly pronounced, to a catching musical phrase, some rhythmic eccentricity relating to a "Beau Camélia," the "Amant d'Amélie," the "Canne à Canada," "Madame Lenglué," or "La Fille à Bastien."

To be just, it must be admitted that equally stupid things were sung years and years ago. With very few exceptions the popular refrains that have successively been dinned into the ears of the Parisians are as stupid and idiotic as the "Pantalou de Casimir." They have been neither the result of a political event, nor a satire, much less a moral. The refrain *à la mode* is born nobody knows how or where. Generally it is a commonplace or absurd couplet, or a single line that has had the good fortune to be linked to taking music. Somebody sings it; then somebody else learns it; then suddenly everybody knows it; it is played on all the barrel-organs; strummed on all the pianos; and then, after having worried Paris, surprised the provinces, raised a smile from the proverbially splenetic English and provoked the joy of Yankees, one fine day, this air, this refrain, this *scie*, which nobody knows in full, disappears, without leaving any trace behind it, and gives place to another refrain which will have the privilege of amusing the most witty nation in the world while the caprice lasts, and which, like its predecessor, will, in its turn, sink into oblivion.

A retrospective review of the different songs that were in fashion during the fifty years between Louis Philippe and the foundation of the present republic would alone form an interesting comparative study of the popular taste. Sometimes this taste becomes ennobled and purified, and consecrates a high and chivalric refrain like—

Mourir pour la patrie, C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

which had such success in 1848, but generally this taste shows its decadence and degradation by patronizing such absurdities as—

J'ai un pied qui r'mue Et l'autre qui ne va guère; J'ai un pied qui r'mue Et l'autre qui ne va plus.

II.

On the very morrow of the revolution of 1830 it was in vain that attempts were made to popularize patriotic songs. The favorite song in those days was still the romance, when suddenly the comic *chansonnette* came like a revelation upon the Parisians. It was just what the gay and witty inhabitants of the centre of the universe wanted. The song in which the genus of lyric effusion was created was the "Bons Gendarmes:"

Il y avait un fois cinq, six gendarmes Qu'avait des bons rhums de cerveau. Ils s'en vont chez des épiciers Pour avoir de la bonne réglisse. Qu'étaient pas sucrés du tout. Puis il leur dit: Sucez moi ça. Vous m'en direz des bons nouvelles.

Gendarmes and pompiers appear to have been good material for comic songs. Thirty years later we shall meet them again, only one of them will have been promoted brigadier. Still the romance held its ground for some time yet. Our worthy editor will not allow me space to quote the first lines even of half the sentimentalities that used to delight the Parisians; there is one, however, a charming improvisation

by Alfred de Musset, "l'Andalouse," which one hears sometimes even now:

Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone Une Andalouse au teint bruni. Pâle comme un beau soir d'automne? C'est ma maîtresse, ma femme, La Marquessa d'Amélie. J'ai fait bien des chansons pour elle, Je me suis battu bien souvent, Bien souvent j'ai fait sentinelle Pour voir le coin de sa prunelle, Quand son rideau tremblait au vent.

About 1837 somebody invented patois songs, and Paris was inundated with the sayings and doings of Norman and Picard peasants. Then, passing over languishing romances and musical absurdities, we come to "Les Etudiants," in 1845. The words of this song were insignificant, but the refrain was a "trouvaille." It ran:—"Et youp, youp, youp, la la la la!" This meaningless expression singularly amused the Parisians and was as popular as "Ohé! Lambert!" was under the empire, or as "Ah! ah! ah!" at the present moment.

III.

From February 23 to June 23, 1848, Paris echoed night and day with "Mourir pour la Patrie," in alternation with the "Marsellaise" and the "Chant du Départ," the following verse of which was modulated with especial care:

Le peuple souverain ain ain s'avance.

Any peaceful citizen who was a light sleeper had to resign himself and wait until Messieurs les Patriotes had finished their trio of songs. Then the *voyous* used to promenade the streets at nightfall, ordering the citizens to illuminate their windows, and singing: "Des lampions! Des lampions!" After the days of June the Parisians relapsed into the tearful and low comic style. They sang Alfred de Musset's "Mimi Pinson," "Le Docteur Isambart," which has been intercalated in the "Voyage dans la Lune" under the title of "Les Charlatans," and a quantity of romances, until 1854, when the rage was "Pandore ou les deux Gendarmes:"

Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche, Chevauchent le long d'un sentier: L'un portait la sardine blanche, L'autre le jaune saupiquet. Le premier dit, d'un ton sonore: "Le temps est beau pour la saison." "Brigadier, répouit Pandore, Brigadier, vous avez raison."

The success of this song was immense, and "Pandore" has remained a type like "Jocrisse" or "Cadet-Roussel." Another immense success was "Le Sire de Fraumbois," which Mr. Charles Nisard has called a *chef d'œuvre* of burlesque. It ran thus:

Avait pris femme le sire de Fraumbois, (bis) La prit trop jeune, bientôt s'en repentit. (bis) Partit en guerre pour tuer ses ennemis, (bis) Revint de guerre après sept ans et d'mi. (bis)

There were about twenty verses of this calibre with this morality:

De cette histoire, la moral' la voici: (bis) A jeune femme, il faut jeune mari. (bis)

This song obtained, perhaps, not a small portion of its colossal success from the fact that people imagined that they saw in it allusions to the emperor and empress. Where the allusion lay nobody knew. But still the times were ticklish, and allusions were in the air. People felt a want of allusions, and the "Sire de Fraumbois" filled that want just as well as "Ohé Lambert."

In the year 1867 the comic song, as sung at the *cafés* concerts, attained its apogee. Theresa was invited to the Tuileries, and charmed her audience with the "Femme à Barbe," "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur," and the rest of her repertory. Mr. Offenbach, too, was in his glory.

Le roi barbu qui s'avance, Bu qui s'avance. (bis)

If you asked any one if he had seen *La Belle Hélène*, he was bound to reply:

Bu qui s'avance, Bu qui s'avance;

and by that token was recognizable by those who had seen *La Belle Hélène*.

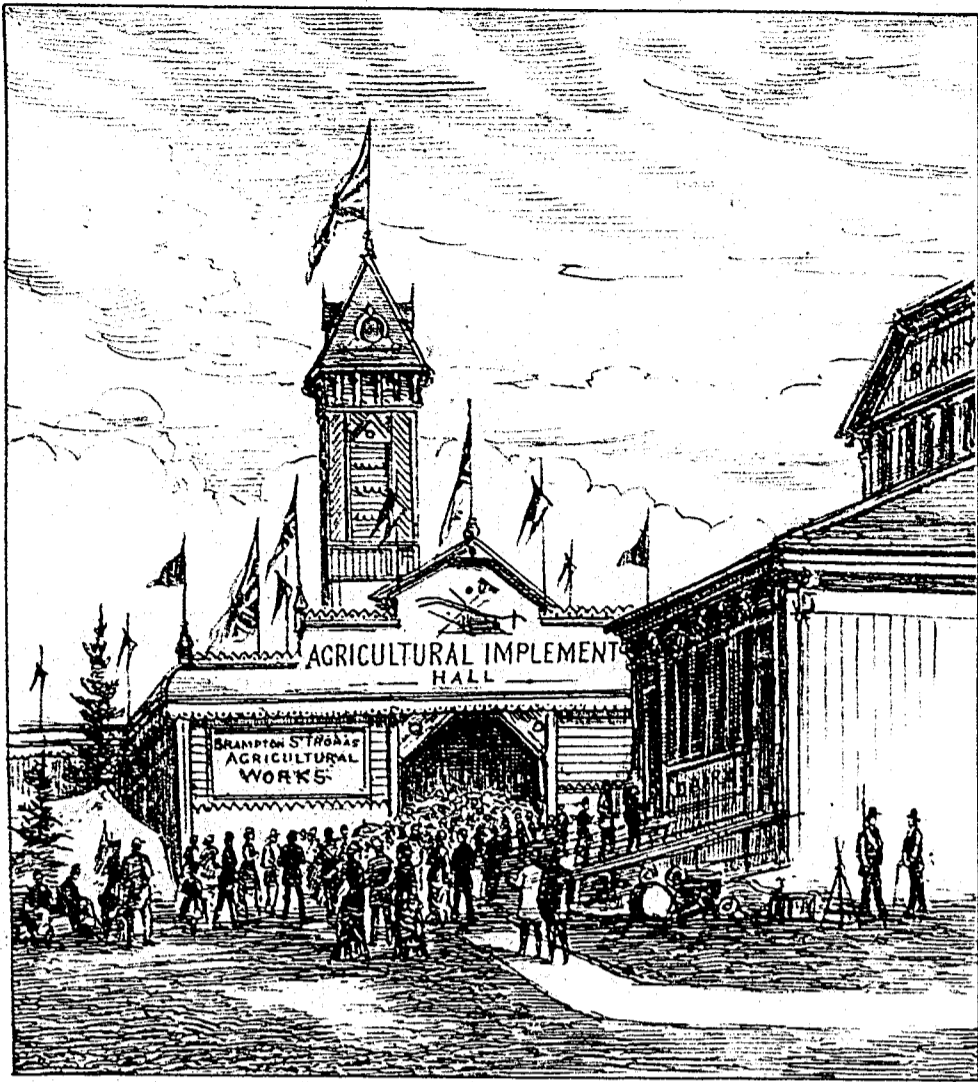
I must stop somewhere. As I have said before, of popular refrain and *scies* there is no end; they mean nothing, and yet are sometimes appropriate and useful for conversational purposes, for instance, . . . Well! . . .

Ah! zut alors, Si ta sucour est malade. . . .

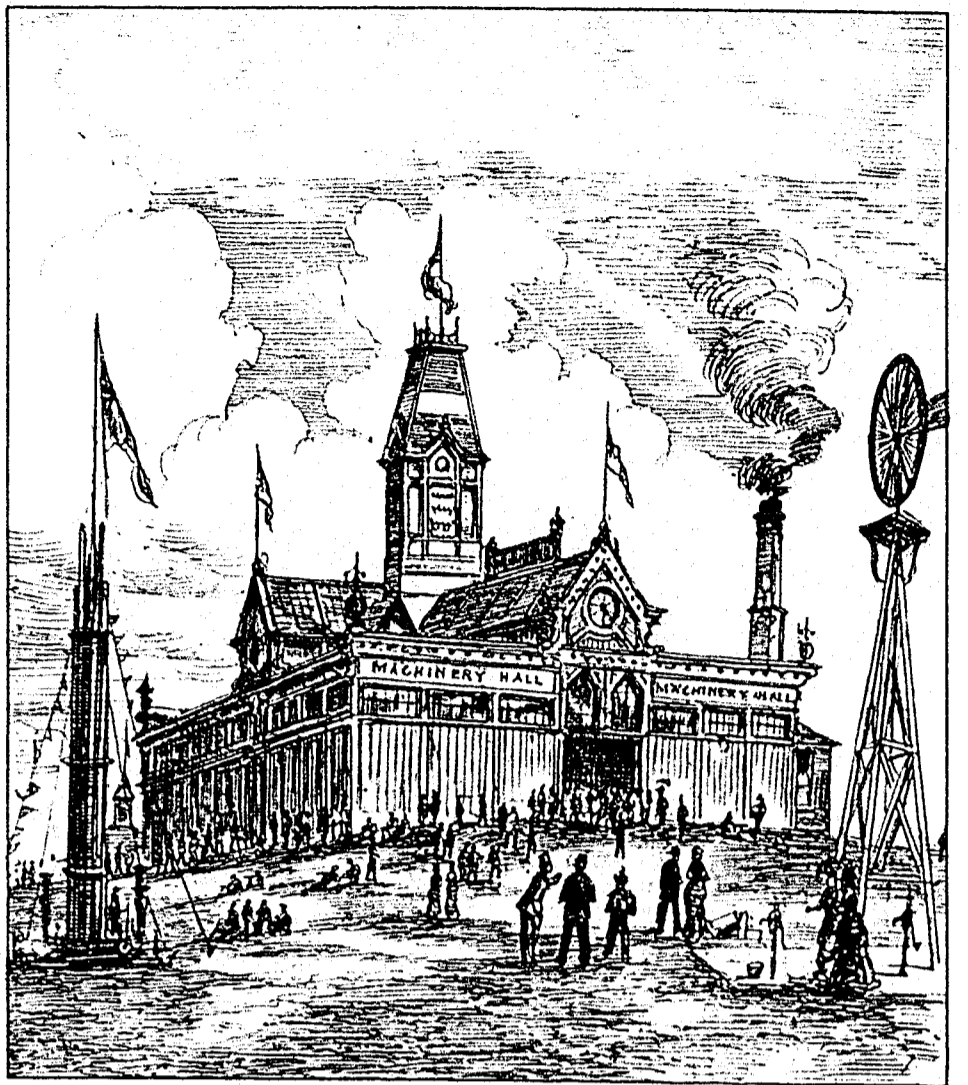
CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

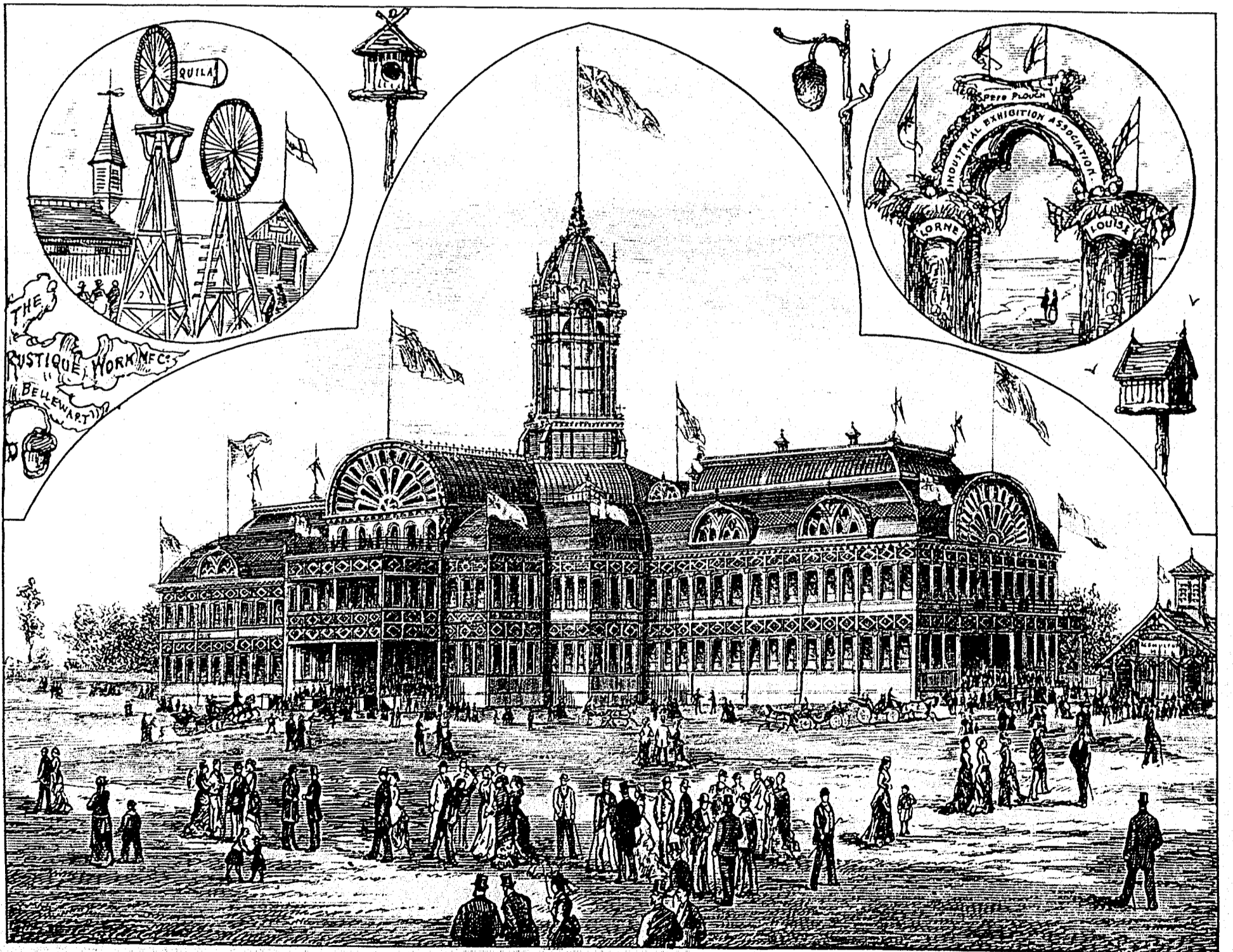




AGRICULTURAL HALL.

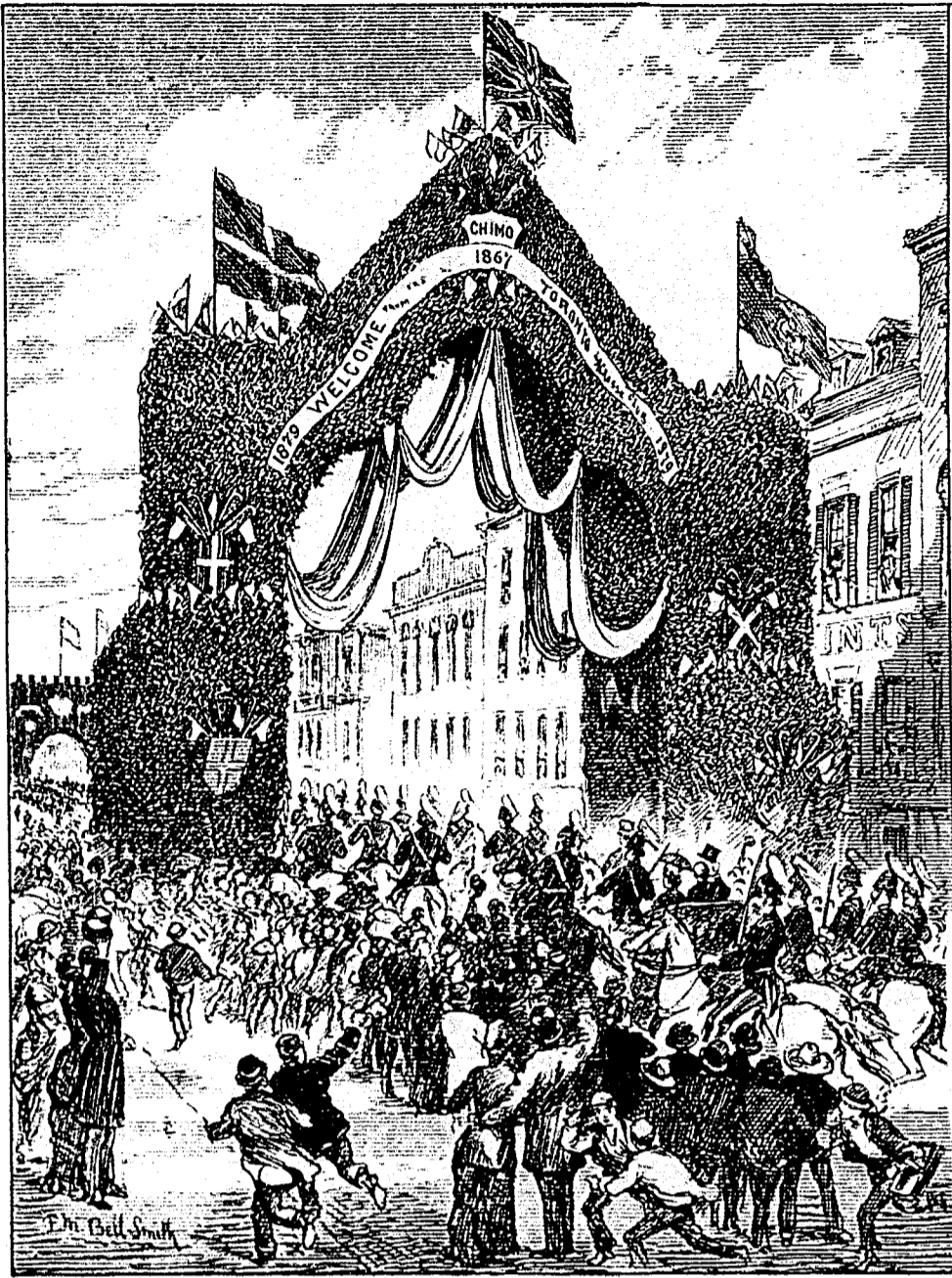


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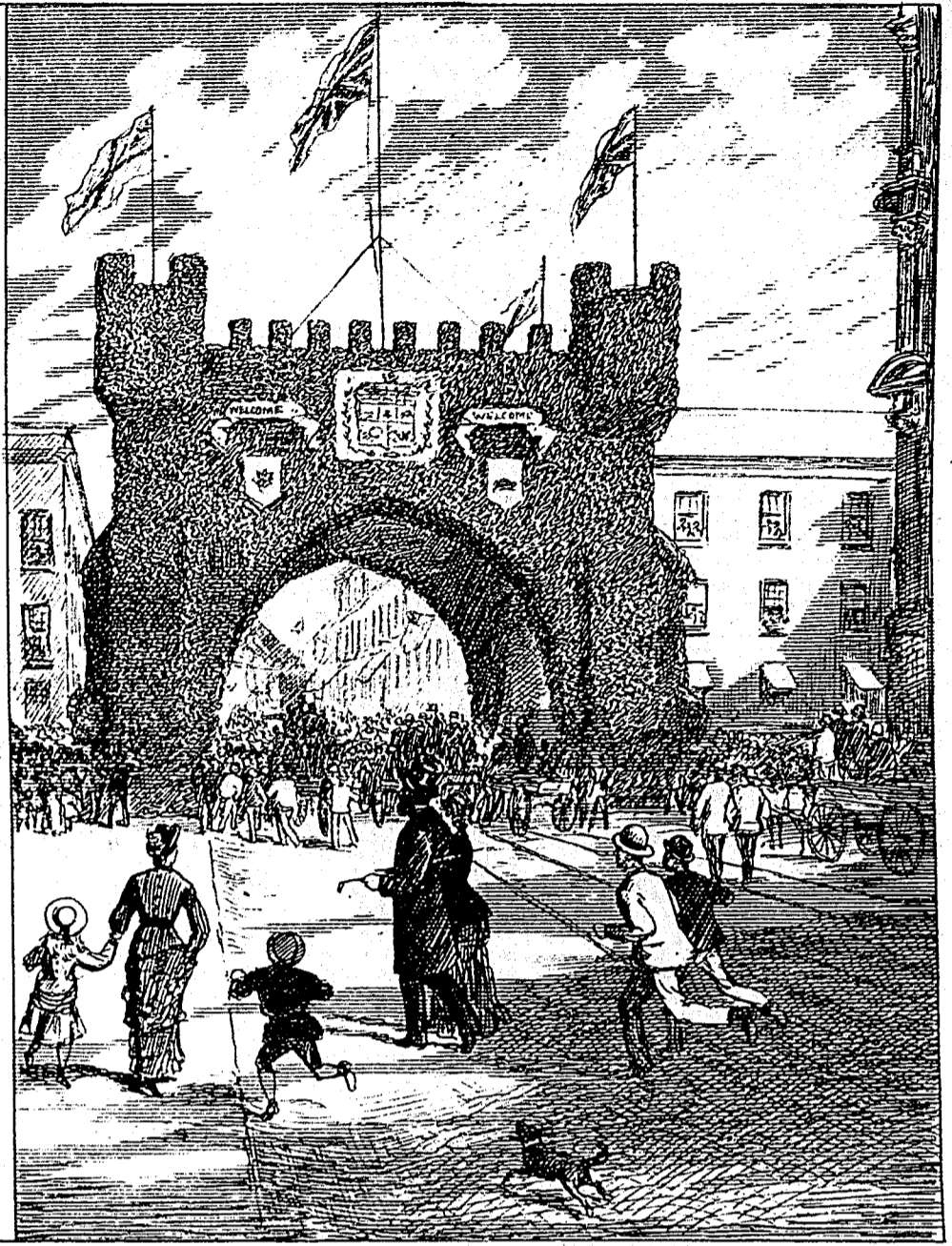


THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

TORONTO.—THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

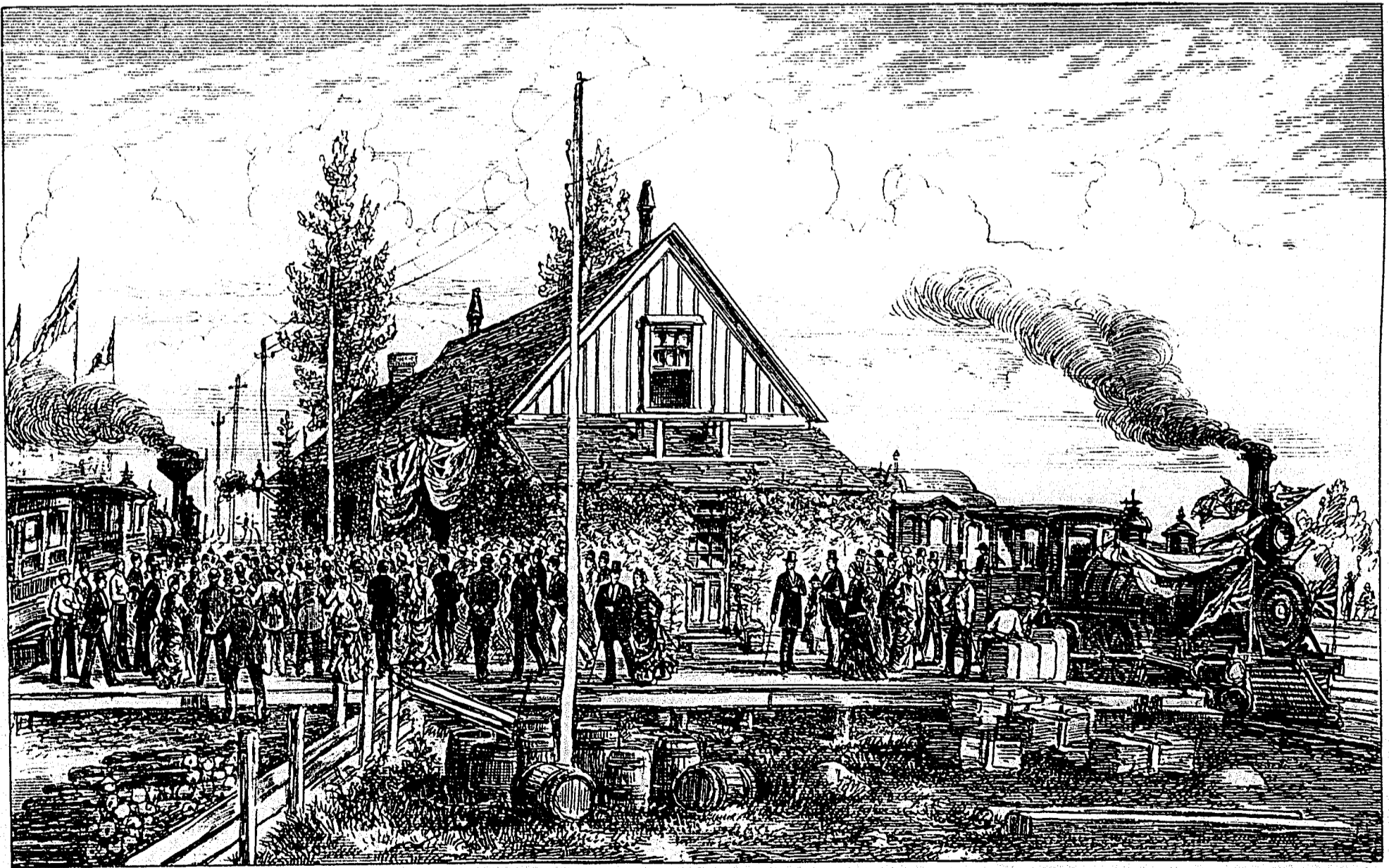


LACROSSE CLUB ARCH, KING STREET.



ARCH AT CORNER OF KING AND YONGE STREETS.

TORONTO.—THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION.



RECEPTION OF THE VICE-REGAL PARTY AT ST. MARTIN'S JUNCTION, Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

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## MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &amp;c.

Book III.

TWO BLACKS DO NOT MAKE ONE WHITE.

XIV.

MIMI NURSES ME.

I did not rise the next morning. I was far too ill. My left shoulder and arm were swollen and a high fever consumed me. My mother, who, of course, knew of my return by my hat on the hall rack and the key in my chamber door, had not thought of calling me till late in the forenoon, under the impression that I needed a protracted repose. Neither had I thought of summoning her, lest I should startle her by the announcement of my indisposition. But when at length she did rap at my door, I was glad to give her admittance, for my sufferings were on the increase.

Her quick eye at once divined my condition. "You are sick, my son," she said: "why didn't you call me?"

"I am not well, indeed, mamma, though I hope it is not much."

And I told her in a few words what had happened to my shoulder the day before.

She became very pale and immediately rang for the servant, whom she sent with a message to the doctor to come without delay. In the interval she undid the bandages and was in the act of bathing the wound when the doctor entered the room.

"Halloo!" exclaimed the old family physician, the famous Dr. J.— "What is this? A knife or dagger cut? What row have you been in, Carey, my boy?"

How much good a doctor's off-hand chaffing can do! When you think yourself dead and he bustles about you with a jest and a laugh, you forthwith come to life again. It was the case with me here. I had not liked the swelling of the arm and shoulder at all. The suspicion of poison had flashed upon me, and, of course, I knew that if the negro's blade was poisoned, the virus was in the channels of my blood by this time.

I answered the doctor, with a ghastly smile, that I had indeed been in a row, and I gave him as much of the story of the wound as he needed to know.

"Nothing much the matter with the cut itself," said the doctor. "It is hardly more than flesh deep. But it is the whole system that has gone wrong. Clock run down, my boy. Blood thin, but hot. Too much study, may be—or too much cerebral excitement of some kind or other, followed by bodily exhaustion. Love, perhaps, eh, Carey?" added the dear old fellow, with a wink, as he sidled off to the window to spit out a piece of tobacco.

I suppose I could not blush, for the fever was too strong on me, but I certainly felt hotter than before. I smiled, too, being pleased with the thought that as the doctor could hit so well at the cause of the malady, he would be able to meet the malady itself as easily. Then the physician, forgetting all about rue, sat down and had a long talk on poetry, philosophy, politics, as was his wont. It was only when on the point of departing that he left a simple prescription for the dressing of my wound and internal treatment.

"You'll be laid up for about two or three weeks, Carey, but don't fret any. I'll come to see you every day, and when the fever goes down a bit there'll be no objection to your receiving your friends. For to-day and to-morrow you had better keep dark a little."

The fever did not abate so soon as the doctor had expected. For nine days—why do these fevers always go in novenas?—it went on gradually increasing in violence.

In the forenoon of the third day my mother came into my room with a more than usually smiling countenance. Seeing that I was resting easier after a good long nap, the first words she said were:

"Do you know who is down stairs, Carey?" I brightened directly and smiled in my turn. But being ashamed to betray myself too openly, I answered that I could not guess.

"Why, no other than Mimi Raymond, my dear."

My countenance fell just a little, as I replied:

"Mimi Raymond! Impossible. When did she return?"

"She returned night before last, it seems. Last night she heard of your sickness, and though hardly rested from her long voyage, has come to see you."

Reader, you have not forgotten Mimi Raymond. If you have, be sure that I had not. After her accident at the Little Fork, when I had the happiness of rescuing her out of a watery grave, she was a long time recovering from the nervous shock she had then experienced. In the course of that autumn, upon her removal from Valmont to the city, I visited her several times

and she frequently came up to the college to see me. I was then much concerned to find her failing in health. As the winter drew on, the physicians advised a change of scene and her family undertook a voyage to Europe for her sake. I was glad to see her go, being persuaded that travel would restore her to her usual strength and spirits. But for some reason or other, she did not fancy the trip. I remember that our last interview was marked on her part with ill-concealed reluctance and regret, and it was only after a reiterated promise from me that I would correspond with her, that she took heart to bid me good-bye. Her letters from Cincinnati, Pittsburg and New York were very despondent, but when she reached the other side, a decided change for the better took place. In all her correspondence, however, whether grave or gay, she always referred to myself with the greatest kindness, inquiring into my studies, advising me to take care of my health and describing the brilliant destiny that was reserved for me. She never failed, too, to allude to her obligation to me, protesting that her gratitude to her hero, as she loved to call me, would end only with her life. During the whole winter and spring I answered her letters faithfully, with the usual warmth and cordiality of my nature, and I was so fortunate as to please and interest her, for she declared, more than once, that of all the letters which she received from home, mine were the most welcome. Dating from the early summer, however, my correspondence had slackened. Indeed, for nearly three months I had written nothing in answer to two or three long letters from her. I can attribute this neglect to no loss of consideration for my beautiful cousin, but simply to that unaccountable laziness which seizes every one now and then in the matter of letter-writing, and partly, too, to my studies preparatory to the final examination, as well as to the exceptional circumstances in which I had found myself placed during these several weeks. I had had no intimation that Mimi was to return home so soon, but as she had returned, and was come purposely to see me, I was delighted, and requested my mamma to bring her up at once.

Why did my heart throb so when I heard her step on the stair? Why did my head turn so rapidly on the pillow when I heard the door open? She entered on tip-toe with that grave look and manner which we naturally assume on penetrating into a sick-room. But the altered expression only served to give a more religious character to her incomparable beauty.

She had developed into a splendid woman. Her voyage had not only restored the roses to her cheek and the lustre to her eye, but it had given strength to her limbs and a graceful amplitude to her form. And her wealth of chestnut hair—mamma had made her lay aside her bonnet and shawl down stairs—was simply, yet artistically combed and her forehead was pure, bright and serene.

"Mimi," said I, holding out my arms, "how glad I am to see you!"

Her tears fell fast as she received my warm embrace.

"And I, Carey," she replied at length, "how I have longed to see you again! I heard last night that you were ill and I couldn't rest till I came to visit you."

Her presence did me a world of good. The fever seemed to give me a respite and I had a momentary accession of strength. She sat with me for a couple of hours, during which we went over together many of the incidents of past days, while she regaled me with a few episodes of her travel. In the course of the afternoon she came up stairs again and again, and her gentle manner and conversation both recreated and comforted me. When at length she took her leave, it was with the announcement that she would return on the morrow to take her quarters in the house and become my nurse during the remainder of my sickness. Vainly did I remonstrate against her subjecting herself to such a captivity after so long and fatiguing a voyage. She claimed it as her right; she declared it was her duty. My mamma was alone; she needed help. I, too, would require company, some one to prepare my medicines, see to my meals, talk to me, read to me, fan me when I slept. I yielded at last to her affectionate importunity, and we parted for the night.

The afternoon was drawing to a close now; a film of shadow was gathering in the room. Silence, the stillness of the sick chamber, than which there is no other so impressive, floated around me. I lay there as the subdued golden light of the setting sun illumined the western windows. I gazed upon the arabesques of the ceiling and the figures of the papered wall, eternal in their sameness. I listened to the click of the clock and the kitchen-girl's song in the garden, and like a dead weight on my heart, I felt what it is to be all alone in the world. Finally, lulled by the hushed solitude of the house, I closed my eyes, experiencing that peculiar buzzing sensation which we have

when we lie outstretched with closed eyes in the daylight. And soon I drifted into the land of dreams. Back to the fields of Valmont, to the spring in the glen, to the lanes fragrant with flowers, to the ravines impurpled with berries. Back to the shadowy woodlands, to the trim garden of Aunt Aurore, to the green orchard redolent of apple blooms. And amid those scenes, like the "fair spirit" for which Byron pined, I saw one whose face was the same as that of the beauty who had just left my side. To her messeemed that I knelt in adoration of her charms, her I followed with fascinated eyes, and though she toyed with my passion, yet, before the shadowy curtains closed over the blessed vision, I saw that she smiled upon me as only lovers can smile, and that the lambent flame in her eye told of a soft endearment throbbing in her heart. Ah! yes; I had loved Mimi Raymond, and I had told her so. She had treated me then as a foolish boy, but later, when I had proved myself man enough to risk my life for hers, she had spoken words of encouragement which had sent me away very happy indeed. Yes, I had loved her. And was she not loveable? Was she not beautiful? Was she not good? Was she not accomplished? And, furthermore, was she not my cousin, and did not this kindred blood furnish another link to the attachment that should draw our hearts together?

I had a restless night. The fever returned with redoubled force, and the next morning the doctor found me in a state of great prostration. He recommended quiet, silence and the avoidance of all emotion.

"Let Mimi come by all means," said he gaily, "only you must tell her what I have directed, and I am certain she will guide herself accordingly. You are lucky, you young rascal, in having such a nurse. If instead of the old women who serve in hospitals and elsewhere, I could find such pretty girls to nurse my patients, I would be very easy about their recovery."

With that punctuality which is an unerring character of love's worship, Mimi made her appearance at ten. She was not fashionably arrayed as the day before; she had laid aside her visiting robes, but was dressed, instead, in a pink calico gown of simple pattern. A snowy little collar about her neck; a grey linen apron tied with ribbons around her waist completed her outfit. No need to add that her hair was perfectly arranged, so that if she had been called suddenly to step into a ball room she would not have been obliged to touch her head-dress.

She glided into the room noiselessly, accepted with a sweet smile the pressure of my hand and the welcome of my lips, inquired how I felt, took a turn about the room to arrange glasses, phials, spoons, powders and other objects intended for my use, and then took her seat in an arm-chair near my bedside.

I need not describe the routine of the days which passed thus. Up to the ninth day, I required a great deal of nursing and Mimi found her office no sinecure. But her kindness and solicitude increased with the occasions which demanded their exercise. She anticipated my slightest wish; had everything ready at hand for the precise moment when it was wanted. Fifty times in the day I asked to have my burning pillow turned or exchanged, and as often she bent over me to perform the service. How pleasant the touch of those fingers in my hair; how gentle that breath passing over my face!

On the tenth day the doctor declared that the fever was effectually checked.

"But you must not go yet, Mimi," he added, "your impatient young patient will have to remain here awhile yet till he is thoroughly recruited."

"Impatient, doctor?" said my mamma, laughing. "Why, I think Carey has been a model of patience all the time. Has he not, Mimi?"

Mimi bore willing testimony to my good qualities.

"Well, that is not such a wonder," rejoined the humorous physician. "So would I be patient under the circumstances."

And he looked at Mimi with a knowing smile.

When he was gone I said to Mimi: "He is always a wag, is the old doctor. But I wonder if he means what he says?"

"How so, Carey?"

"That I am down for two or three weeks more."

"I hope so," said Mimi, looking steadily at me.

"Why, Mimi?"

"Because then I will be able to nurse you still."

XV.

CLIP DE THEATRE.

The next day was Sunday. Mimi had gone to church. I was alone with my mother. I seized the opportunity to communicate to her a project which had occupied my mind for several days previous.

"Mamma," said I, "I presume Ory knows nothing of my illness."

"I am pretty certain of it, my son. They live so solitary at The Quarries."

"Don't you think she ought to be informed of it?"

"I never thought of it, my dear. I daresay, if you wish it, that it might be done."

"My sickness, you see, has partially grown out of my wound."

"Yes."

"And that being the case, Ory and her father might take it hard if I kept them in ignorance of it. They regard themselves as responsible for my health, and they were both particularly sensitive about it when my wound reopened the other day."

"Precisely so. And now I think of it, Ory might look upon it as a mark of want of confidence aimed directly at herself, if you passed through a long period of sickness without so much as apprising her of your state of health during all that time."

"Not for the world, mamma dear, would I cause the girl the shadow of pain. If I did not mention the matter before it was because I expected only a few days of illness, spite of the doctor's quizzing. But now that I am only too conscious that I have a long interval of convalescence before me, I really think that, with your permission, a message should be dispatched to The Quarries."

"Very well, Carey; I am quite willing. For my part, I shall be delighted to see Ory and even her father if he chose to come."

"Oh! I have no idea that M. Paladine will come. The work of explanation and of reconciliation has not progressed far enough yet. He is a singular old man, as you know—a marvellous compound of good and bad. But he will send Ory in hot haste, I am sure, and that will be quite enough for me."

My mother smiled and looked pleased.

"And, mamma, I have another object in view in summoning Ory hither."

"What is it, dear?"

"I want her to meet Mimi."

My mamma was somewhat taken by surprise, and set herself to reflecting.

"Will there be any objection, do you think? I would like the two to make acquaintance, as I hold they ought to be friends for my sake."

"I do not see any real objection," said my mamma, at length. "The Raymonds and the Paladines have been and are still, I believe, total strangers, but, then, the Paladines have been strangers with nearly everybody; and, anyhow, the estrangement has nothing to do with the difficulties of our family. Your father always thought well of M. Paladine, was once his intimate friend, and even after his marriage into our family, continued to live on terms of good fellowship with him. So that altogether, I see no objection to letting the girls meet under my roof. How they will take the meeting, and whether they will sympathize together, is another matter, which of course rests entirely with themselves."

"I'll answer for that," said I, laughing.

My mother laughed, too, but said nothing. I shrewdly suspected at the time that she had her doubts about something or other which to her mind was probably well defined, but which a masculine mind would be slow to seize.

"Will you write?" said she, rising to go down.

"I prefer you would write, mamma, if you please."

"With pleasure. I will send Sam at once with a note to Ory."

"Thank you—and, mamma?"

"Well?"

"Say nothing about it to Mimi."

"You are going to be theatrical, Carey. You want to mount a little scene, eh?"

"That is just possible. But I set one condition."

"Namely?"

"That you be present."

"Come, come," said she, going off. "I see I shall have to humor you to the last. Make haste and get well, Carey, or you will be hopelessly spoiled."

XVI.

THE MEETING OF MIMI AND ORY.

I was not mistaken. My message brought Ory to me at once. I heard the sound of wheels on the street; I noticed that they stopped at our door; the wire vibrated in the hall; the sound of voices came to me from the vestibule. My mamma was receiving Ory.

Mimi was seated at my side, reading her missal. Hawthorne has drawn the sketch of a female sewing—a *genre* picture which deserves to be detached and inserted in every collection of literary master-pieces. To me the spectacle of a handsome woman reading—not a novel, for that is suggestive of listlessness or untidiness—but her Bible or her prayers, is something more fascinating still. It elevates our thoughts by fixing them on her spiritual nature, manifested in this instance by an exercise of the intelligence joined to a lifting up of the heart. I gazed upon Mimi and never had I seen her so beautiful.

A low rap at the door. I trembled on my pillow. Mimi arose, half closed her book and answered in a low voice:

"Come in."

Mamma entered, leading Ory by the hand. She looked about her like a frightened bird. I, too, was hurried at her costume. I had always seen her in white; now she was dressed in deep black. My mother broke the awkwardness of the pause which ensued, by pointing to me and exclaiming in a cheerful voice:

"Here is our invalid. He don't look very ill, does he?"

"Yes, Ory, here I am. How kind of you to come so soon!" I added, holding out my hand.

She approached the bed and placed her hand in mine. Her fine eyes were dim with tears.

"Oh! but you do look ill, Carey. How much you must have suffered in the last ten

days! Why did you not let me know of it? I feared all this, and told papa more than once that I was certain you were ill again. Are you a little easier now? Is the fever gone? Is your shoulder better?"

I assured her that the crisis was past; that now I was on the way of a speedy recovery and all I needed was rest.

Mimi and mamma stood aloof during this colloquy. When it was ended and I felt assured that Ory had rallied from her first emotion, I said:

"Allow me, Ory, to introduce you to my cousin Mimi."

"Miss Paladine—Miss Raymond."

"Miss Raymond—Miss Paladine."

They both bowed to each other with the perfect grace and courtesy of accomplished women of the world. In a parlor I could not have asked for more; in my sick chamber it was not enough. I said, propping myself up on my pillow:

"I beg of you both as a special favor to give each other the kiss of true friendship, a hearty French *accolade*, after which there can possibly be no ceremony between you."

I did not wonder to find that my words were hardly understood of Ory. Her life of solitude in the perpetual shadow of popular disfavor which overshadowed her home was all-sufficient to make her shy and timid in society. It was therefore to be expected that this should add to her embarrassment. But not so with Mimi. She was accustomed to the world, prepared for every eventuality, and I felt sure that though she might wonder at the abruptness of my invitation, she would find the way of happily meeting it. In this expectation I was not deceived.

With an easy motion and radiant countenance, she advanced to Ory, put her arms around her neck, kissed her on both cheeks, and exclaimed:

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Paladine, and I hope we shall be fast friends. Carey is good security, don't you think?"

Ory had no sooner seen these proofs of frank sympathy than she underwent a transformation. Her ardent, loving nature immediately displayed itself. She returned the embrace and answered:

"Thank you, Miss Raymond, for your kind advances. I shall be only too proud to call you my friend. Friendship is so sweet to those who have been nearly deprived of it through life. Carey's pledge is sufficient and I gladly accept it."

My mamma applauded softly with her hands and said:

"Bravo, my children. This is a genuine Creole meeting. It reminds me of the old time when our people were all heart and no affectation. Be friends, my dears; you are worthy of each other. I am proud that you have met in my house."

I counted this as among the happiest moments of my life.

The afternoon passed most agreeably; and how could it be otherwise? No time was given to after-thoughts of any kind, and the conversation went on without ever flagging. The first thing, of course, was a detailed history of my illness for the benefit of Ory. But when once that topic was exhausted, a variety of subjects was taken up, all of them, too, quite removed from the conventionalism and the inanity of drawing-room interviews. At the close of the afternoon, Ory and Mimi had got well used to each other. It was altogether likely that when they met again they would take up the broken thread of their first meeting without any further formality than a kiss and a smile of welcome recognition.

When Ory rose to take her leave she promised me that she would return on the following day. She did not offer her fuller services as I was already so well provided for, but she would make a daily call in order to satisfy her own anxiety and furnish a daily report to her no less anxious father. And she asked to be allowed to bring me some little refreshments of her own making.

"I know," she said, "that his mamma furnishes him everything, and that his cousin administers to him faithfully; still I think he will not refuse an additional treat from The Quarries."

"Oh!" said Mimi, with mirth, "you may trust him for that. He is already showing symptoms of a voracious appetite. If you bring him anything, Miss Paladine, you will have to undertake the further task of feeding him. It will be as much as the two of us can do to set him up again."

Notwithstanding this sally, Ory could not altogether conceal her emotion as she held my hand, on the eve of departure. And when she was gone, I observed that Mimi was more silent and thoughtful than was her wont. After attending to me a moment, she retired and remained away much longer than usual. On her return she helped me to a glass of lemonade; then, as the light was waning, sat at the farthest window and resumed her missal.

XVII.

A BOX OF CHAMBERTIN.

It will surprise no one to hear that under such exceptional treatment I made rapid strides to health. The old doctor himself wondered at my speedy recuperation. In revenge for the march I was thus stealing on him he rained down his sarcasms and jokes on me. He said

it was a burning shame that such a worthless muff should keep two pretty girls at his service. The rules of the art required that I should have a course of steak, mutton chops, small-beer and port wine. And yet here I was thriving on sweets. He called me Grand Turk, Pasha with two tails, Mormon, bigamist and what not. Finally one morning he announced that Arabes had declared war against Sardanapalus.

"Take up your bed and walk," said he. "Get out of this or I will give you such a top dressing as you never had before."

In a word, within less than a fortnight I was well, and the doctor ordered me to quit the house and take abundant exercise.

But a few days before this happy consummation, Ory, in making her usual visit, brought me a letter from her father. It read thus:

"DEAR CAREY,—I am delighted to hear that you are now nearly well. As soon as you can venture out I trust you will come to see me. I shall expect you. My gladioles are in full flower since you were here; my dahlias, chrysanthemums and zinnias make a splendid show. My garden is finer in August, this year, than ever I remember seeing it. I send you a dozen of chambertin, by Ory, this morning. It is the wine of heroes. Napoleon fancied it above all others. And then it is a relic, besides. I bottled it twenty years ago, the year of my marriage. Now that the doctor has ordered baths for you, I am pleased to see that he does not favor tepid baths, fit only for invalids; make a fierce use of rough towels and the flesh-brush. There is nothing like these to harden the chest to marble and make the lungs sound, clear and free like a tight drum. It is the secret of Tom Benton's wonderful vitality. All the events of the past two months have been a dreadful ordeal, of which your illness is the culmination. I hope you will come out of it stronger, healthier, better every way. Trials such as these are the touchstone of superior minds."

"I released Nain this morning under the promise that he would stop his Voudou nonsense for six months. He could not, at the risk of his life, pledge himself to more. But that is enough. In that time I have reason to believe that many things will be settled. We shall then have nothing further to dread from this devilry. I had not seen the fellow since he was locked up. I spoke to him of you. Just as I expected, he said he had no grievance against you personally, but that he was forced by a superior power and motive he could not resist to attempt your life. This point, which is the heart of the whole mystery, will be the subject of explanations of me when I see you next. I told him, too, that he owed it solely to you that he was not shipped to Louisiana. This moved him very much. He said it was above his comprehension; that he could never be sufficiently grateful and that he would willingly give his life for you. I am going to put him to work again, but for the present he shall not leave the limits of the farm. He knows I will have an eye on him, and that will be check enough."

"Another thing. Ory has frequently spoken to me of a Miss Raymond whom she meets at your mamma's house. She comes of good stock. I knew her parents once, though I have not met her father—say for ten years. I thank you and your mother for having procured such a companion for my daughter. It is one conquest more. The good work is going on. Happy days are dawning for my old age."

"See, now! I have been writing this, smoking a delicious cigar the while and forgot all about sending you some. Ory will have to open her parcel once more and admit a box of my choicest Paladines. Don't mind the doctor. Smoke three times a day, at least, some twenty minutes after each meal. Smoke slowly, artistically, *de gustando*. The Shah of Persia sits three hours three times a day over his chibouk. Come to me as soon as you can."

"Yours truly,  
"PALADINE."

XVIII.

MY TOAST.

There was still another pleasure in store for Ory. On the same day my two foster-sisters arrived, the one from Valmont, where, as will be remembered, she had been staying with her first-born; the other from Cape Girardeau, where she had spent the summer with some friends. I suspect that it was my good mamma who had managed this very pleasant meeting. If so, she must have been abundantly rewarded. My sisters were of course delighted to see Mimi for the first time since their return from Europe, but it was chiefly to Ory that they expressed their hearty sympathy and friendship. They dispensed with all introduction. On seeing her they flew to her neck, overwhelmed her with caresses and continued during the rest of her stay to treat her with the utmost kindness.

If M. Paladine had seen this, how his poor old heart would have warmed! Yes, truly, the work of reconciliation was making rapid progress. Ory was destined to be the good angel of pardon.

We all dined together *en famille*. Mamma had made a feast of it. Opening one of M. Paladine's bottles of Chambertin, I offered a toast:

"The union of all Creoles."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

M. FRANCESCHINI PIETRI is in Paris collecting letters and other documents written by or concerning the late Prince Imperial, with the view of compiling a "Mémorial du Cap," after the fashion of the "Mémorial de Ste. Hélène," by Las Casas.

MR. A. MATTISON is engaged upon the libretto of a new opera, the subject of which has been furnished by the Maharajah Duleep Singh. It is founded upon an Indian legend, and the Maharajah, who is an accomplished musician, intends to write the music of it himself.

A MACHINE has been invented for dealing cards. The pack is placed in a sort of box from which only one card can issue at a time, expelled by two wheels, which can be turned by the thumb with considerable rapidity. This apparatus, it is said, completely prevents all kinds of cheating.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., whose articles in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Fallacies about Home Rule," attracted considerable attention, is about to follow it up with a second contribution on "The Irish in England." Opinions may differ as to the propriety of most of Mr. O'Connor Power's speeches in Parliament, but he is admitted on all hands to be a very able man.

AMONG the new French linen fashions are coloured tablecloths, to throw up in greater distinctness and relief the ornamental dishes, and glasses, and vases which now adorn the dinner table. Among these tablecloth patterns is one entirely floral, in water lilies, rushes and waving masses, inclining toward the centre of the cloth and drooping down; toward the border are roses, jasmines, violets, etc.

THERE is talk of celebrating next year in Bavaria a centenary of which few parallels can be produced out of the history of the world. In 1180 the Duchy of Bavaria was first conferred on a member of the house of Wittelsbach. Seven hundred years have passed since that date, and during all that period the princes of the house of Wittelsbach have ruled over Bavaria without a break. No other reigning house in Europe can produce an instance of similar uninterrupted rule.

FLEET street is not to be left without a reminder of the glories of Temple Bar. Innovating aldermen have allowed it to be taken down, and are going to re-erect it some day somewhere; but a publican of Fleet-street has rushed to the front to commemorate Christopher Wren's work. On an iron bracket of goodly dimensions this history-loving victualler is having fixed a great gilt model of the Bar, fitted with coloured glass, which when lit up, will present to the spectator's eyes a brilliant spectacle.

THE new street from Gray's Inn to that part of Holborn which runs close to the Italian church in Hatton-garden is rapidly progressing. The Italian church, which is not directly under the control of Cardinal Manning, representing as it does the political Italian Catholic party which will not submit to the Ultramontanes, of which, of course, the Cardinal is one, is still in a very poor condition, the outside looking more like a barn than anything else, and one of the principal entries being directly under a huge bell.

THERE has been a great deal of speculation as to the authorship of a clever political pamphlet called *Five Years of Tory Rule*, and signed "Nemesis," recently issued by Hodder and Stoughton. Everybody in the lobby has been guessing at the author, and the other night, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was mentioned as the most likely person. Its success has been great, for one candidate alone has ordered several thousand copies for distribution in a London constituency. Mr. Adam has thanked the author. But nobody knew who the author was. It is now attributed to Mr. E. Robbins, a Launceston man, Secretary of the Press Association.

BAGSHOT Park, the new residence of the Duke of Connaught, was the other day the scene of a useful experiment—the merits of a new potato-planting machine were tested, and found to be highly satisfactory. The mechanism is of an extremely simple nature. There is a round hopper placed upon two wheels, from the axle of which an endless chain, formed of a series of cups, passes up through the hopper—each taking a potato as it passes through. The form of the cup holding the potato is very clever, and in a great measure accounts for the success of the machine. There were at the trial a very few blanks detected, the seed being dropped with satisfactory regularity and precision. These machines are made in several sizes—to plant one, two, or three drills at a time.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MARY ANDERSON recently celebrated her twentieth birthday.

MR. MAPLESON'S artists, the complete list of whom is not yet announced, will sail for New York about the middle of September.

RICHARD WAGNER is reported to have informed his friends that Parsifal cannot be represented at Bayreuth next summer. No reasons are given for this announcement.

MANAGER MAPLESON was fairly driven from the stage on the occasion of his recent benefit by a well-directed fire of bouquets, eighty-nine of these shots being aimed at him from the boxes.

MR. IRVING is the owner of David Garrick's ring; the crown which Edmund Kean wore in "Richard III.;" Charles Kean's prompt book of "Louis XI.;" and Edmund Kean's "Hamlet" sword.

FROM Paris it is announced that Mme. Christine Nilsson has been engaged by M. Vanorbeil for the grand opera—season of 1880 and 1881—her services having in the meantime been secured for Madrid in the coming winter, and for London during the coming season.

A RECENT London *Figaro* is responsible for the following startling announcement: "Mlle. Ilma Di Murka is expected in London to-morrow. Her proposed *pièce de résistance* in London is 'Grandfather's Clock,' in four languages, to-wit: English, Italian, French and Hungarian."

THE statement that Oye will bring Patti to this country this season, does not emanate from the immemorial well at whose bottom truth lies. It is authoritatively declared that the fair Adeline will not come hither. During the coming autumn and winter she will warble in Vienna, possibly in Russia, and certainly in Paris.

CHARLES FECHTER left in manuscript two acts of a play entitled *Napoleon and Josephine*, in which he intended to act. The rest of the play is missing, and it is believed that it was not finished. A New York journalist has taken it in hand to finish, and he says that the drift of the plot, which is historical, is so well defined in what has been written that the idea can be worked out. The male part is robust, aggressive, and brilliant. It is suited to Mr. John McCullough, who, it is said, will appear in it.

A PHILANTHROPIC gentleman living at Reigate has written Mr. Mapleson, the operatic manager, a letter, stating to the effect that the factory girls in "Carmen" looked pale from constant labour in the cigarette factory, and that he should be happy to give them a day in the country. He stated that, as most of them were apparently very young, his daughter would receive them, give them third-class tickets, a substantial dinner and a day in the fresh air. Mr. Mapleson replied, in effect, that the girls on a stage, though apparently working in a factory, were really not so, and he explained that few or any of them could really make cigarettes. In short, it was but a stage illusion, and the "girls" were really the tolerably mature ladies of his chorus. Since then no more has been heard from Reigate.

LITERARY.

It is denied that the Marquis of Lorne is engaged on a book about Canada.

"PSYCHE" is the name of Dr. George MacDonald's forthcoming dramatic story.

MR. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE will soon accumulate the material for a new book in his charming reminiscences of the distinguished men whom he intimately knew.

McMILLAN & Co. have just published a volume of John Bright's public addresses. So good are they as pieces of composition that the *Athenaeum* says they may almost be called studies in oratory, and that they resemble the masterpieces of the orators of Greece and Rome.

SAMUEL W. SMALL, the "Old Si" of the *Atlanta Constitution*, when in France last summer, hauled an unknown fat woman from before a moving train. The old lady did the other day, Mr. Small not being present to save her life, and by her will leaves him £5,000.

MR. BANCROFT, the historian, will be 79 the 3rd day of next October. He is said to spend his time at Newport in writing fresh chapters of his history, in cultivating roses, in taking daily horseback rides, and in encouraging pretty misses to address him, the venerable cavalier, by the endearing name of "George."

THE new city of Pipestone, Pipestone county, Minn., named a street "Longfellow," and in return got a letter from Longfellow, the poet, in which he says: "I wish it were in my power to accept your kind invitation to visit you, but that is impossible for many reasons. I am afraid I shall never look with mortal eyes on the great Red Pipestone quarry."

IT is possible that Mr. Richard H. Dana will undertake a memoir of his father when certain plans for a work on international law, which will keep him abroad for a year or two, have been sufficiently advanced for him to take a vacation to do it. It is to be hoped that his father's lectures on Shakespeare, for which the public have patiently waited at least a quarter of a century, may be issued during the fall or winter. They are all ready for publication.

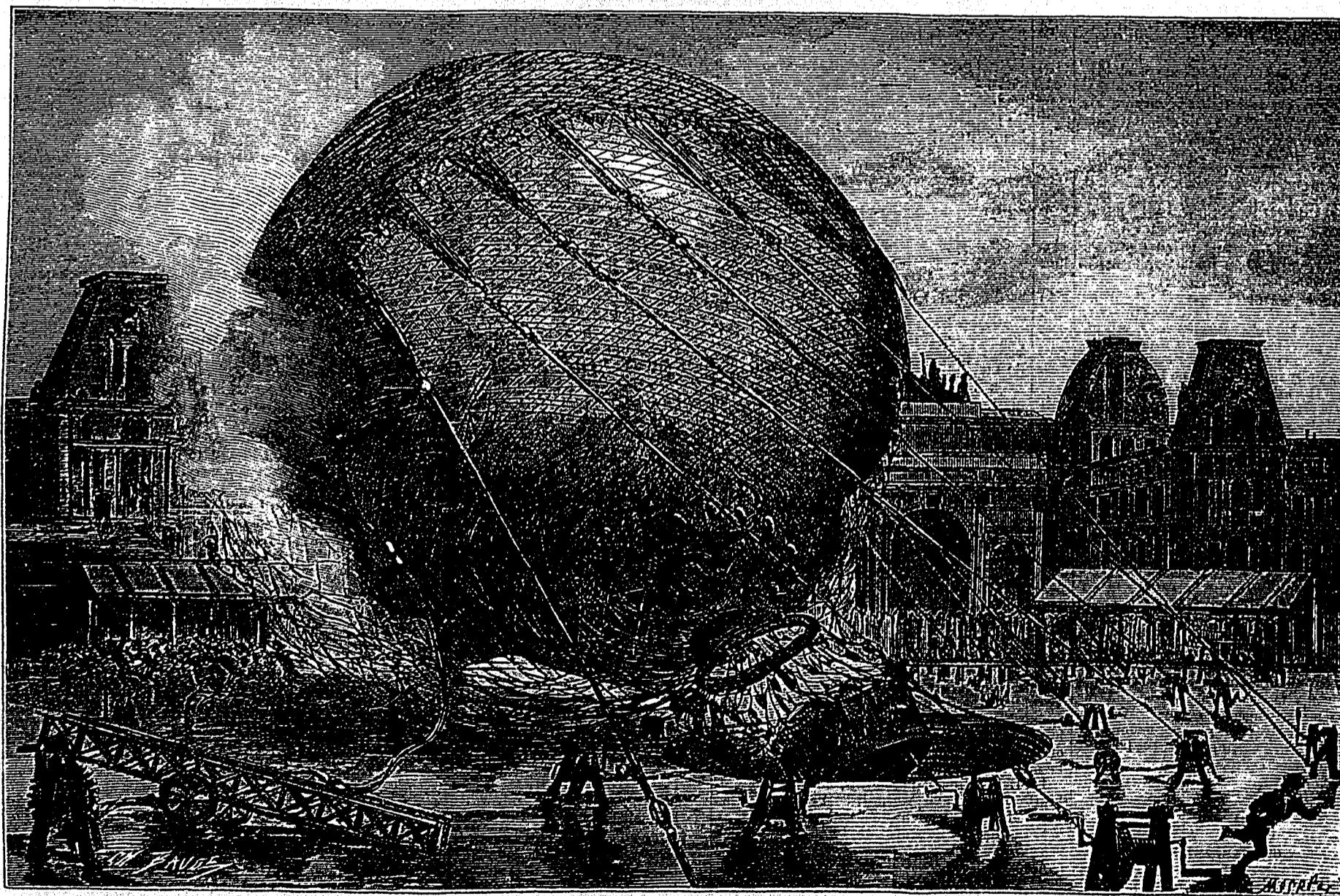
"HAVE you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" Hawthorne wrote. "They precisely suit my taste: solid and substantial, written on strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of."

A CARD.

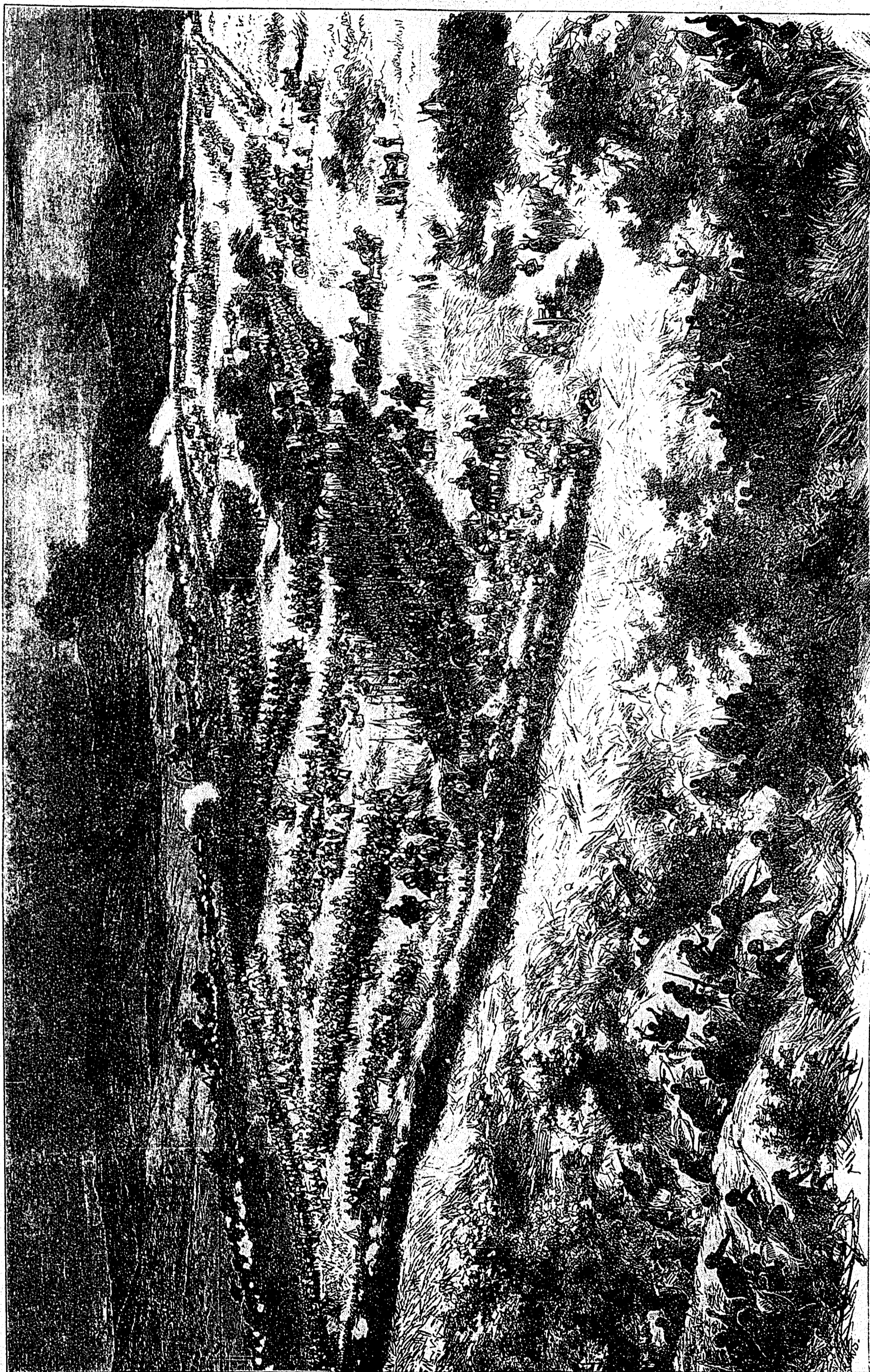
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN,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



MAJOR CAVAGNARI, C.S.I.  
BRITISH AMBASSADOR MASSACRED AT CABUL.



PARIS.—DESTRUCTION OF THE GIANT CAPTIVE BALLOON.



THE ZULU WAR.—THE GREAT VICTORY OF ULUNDI.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

When winds are round you sighing,
And autumn leaves are flying,
And gentle dowers are dying,
Remember me.

When care has left its furrow
Upon your brow, and sorrow
Hath made you hate the morrow,
Remember me.

When friends no more are cheery,
And hearts grow faint and weary,
And life seems cold and dreary,
Remember me.

When angels watch are keeping,
While in the grave I'm sleeping,
And dearest friends are weeping,
No more for me;

Then think when Death was sealing
My lips, I spoke with feeling
These words—my love revealing :
Remember me.

Paris, Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

VIVISECTION AND THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Vivisection is an unpleasant subject to discuss, for it includes the use of exceedingly hard words, and justifies, in the opinion of some, a fusillade of reproaches directed mercilessly at all who may think that the lower animals were created for the service of the higher ones, and that in the interests of the latter the former are required to undergo suffering and death.

The Right Reverend Dr. Magee, the learned and eloquent Bishop of Peterborough, is a prelate who is not only respected for his zeal, but also for his genuine manliness of character. In the debate in the House of Lords the Bishop made a speech, and as he took science and the higher order of created bodies more particularly under his protection, his speech was criticised with more freedom than favour. For he suddenly found himself assailed as "a fool," "a brute," "a savage," "an incarnate devil," one "over whose damnation no recording angel will ever shed a tear."

The serious objectors having had their say, it was supposed that the subject was cushioned and set at rest. Nothing of the kind. Lampons and squibs were to be set off, and as Dr. Magee is not only an Irish divine but an Irish humourist, it was deemed apparently fair that he should—so to speak—be stewed in his own sauce, and be complimented with a dish of railleury daintily compounded of "Extracts of Lover."

THE PLEA OF THE MUTE.

Air: "Ochone, Widows Machree!"

Doctor Magee, would ye murder and drown;
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
Faith, it doesn't agree with your clerical gown,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
Plaze, alter your toue,
And just lave us alone;
'Tis the heart of a stone
In your bosom must be;
Are you growing as hard
As Paul Bert and Bernard?
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Doctor Magee, it's the summer won't come,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
While the brutes that can talk torture those that are dumb,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Sure the dog and the hare
Are worth somebody's care,
And the birds of the air
Have their feelings, ye see;
And the mate little fish,
Tho' they can't spake, they wish,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

III.

Doctor Magee, it's at home we'd begin,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
Ere we'd be rebuking mankind for its sin,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
Just remember who said
That the hairs of your head
Are all counted in bed,
When in comfort ye'd be,
But he cares, I've heard tell,
For the sparrows as well,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

IV.

And how do you know, that's for leading the blind,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
That ye're free to torment for the good of mankind?
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
"Och, what's in a name,"
Says you; "it's the same
As killing my game
For my dinner or tea."
It's yourself know—that's flat—
Beter logic than that;
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

V.

Then, take our advice, Mr. Bishop Magee,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
And do by your dumb bastes as it's done by ye'd be,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!
A fine mess ye've made
Of your manliness—trade;
Bishops shouldn't parade
Science notions, ye see;
Sure the flock that ye teach
Won't forget your last spache,
Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Ottawa.

F. T.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters and papers received. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 232.

W. F., Montreal.—The position shall be looked over.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 236.

We have just seen the regulations adopted by the Committee of the Canadian Chess Association for the conduct of the Annual Tournament which is to be carried on during the time of the Chess Congress about to take place at Ottawa.

These regulations are sixteen in number, and appear to be so carefully drawn up as to be in every way likely to meet all ordinary matters calculated to lead to difficulties; and we have every reason to anticipate that the approaching contest will be of a very harmonious and satisfactory character.

We learn that a large attendance of amateurs is expected, and that every important club in the Dominion will be represented by prominent players. We have no doubt of the determination of these gentlemen to do their best to maintain the honour of the community of chess lovers to which they may respectively belong, and as we see from the regulations that each player must play one game with each of the other players, the competitor who may succeed in making the largest score will have reason to be proud of his achievement.

We have received the August number of the Chess-players' Chronicle, which, as usual, contains a fund of valuable chess matter. In answer to a question in notices to correspondents which we find directed especially to ourselves, we may say that we always anticipate with pleasure the appearance of this excellently conducted Chess periodical, and that the other subject alluded to shall receive immediate attention.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

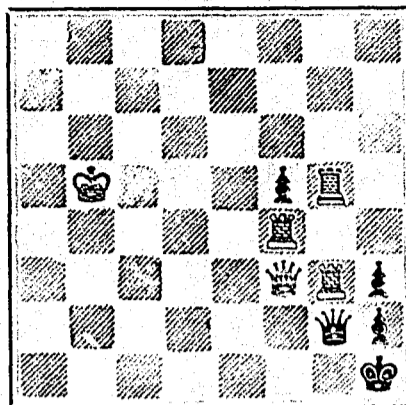
Table with columns: British players, American players, Games played, Dr., W. wins, A. wins. Lists names like Copping, Palmer, Nash, E. Palmer, Monk, Philip, Parker, Ranken, Brewer, Woods, Chatto, Stevens, Latta, Stranger, Hood, Williams, Heath, Costes, Gossip, Waight and their opponents and game counts.

The above is the score after two years play. The games have been conducted quietly, and no dispute has marred the match. Seven games should be added to the total recorded, these having terminated on the death of two players sometime ago. The leader of the American team has been asked to collect the games (52), and it has been suggested to him that he divide these games among five American umpires, who will give their opinion upon them, and send them to the Hartford Times Office, with the verdict. The games will then, if the suggestion be adopted, be mailed to this country, along with the verdict, which in turn will be revised. If confirmed, well and good; if not then those games that there may be a difference of opinion upon will be re-examined, or some arrangement made respecting them. We have no doubt the match will be terminated in the same good manner in which it was begun and carried on.—Argus and Express.

PROBLEM No. 241.

By SAMUEL LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 367TH.

(From Illustrated London News.)

A game played between Mr. Blackburne and the Rev. Mr. Emsshaw.

(Queen's Kt Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to K B 4, 4. Kt to B 3, 5. P to K R 4, 6. Kt to K Kt 5, 7. Kt takes B P, 8. B to B 4 (ch)
BLACK.—(Mr. Emsshaw.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. P to K Kt 4, 5. P to Kt 5, 6. P to K R 3, 7. K takes Kt, 8. P to Q 4

It is the peculiar fortune or misfortune of this opening to be frequently transformed into the semblance of another. Here we have a position arising in a well-known variation of the Allgauer gambit similar in every respect save that each player has his Q Kt in the field.

- 9. Kt takes P, 10. Castles, 11. P to Q 4, 12. Q takes B, 13. B takes P, 14. P takes Kt, 15. P takes P, 16. K to R sq, 17. Kt takes Kt, 18. B to R 2, 19. R to K R 2, 20. Kt to Q 5

Of course he should have played 10 P to Q 4 before castling. The move in the text is an oversight that, occurring to any ordinary player, would have deprived the game of all interest; but in Mr. Blackburne's case the loss of his Q for two minor pieces serves as a spur to his ingenuity, and the resource of his defence is as admirable as it is instructive.

- 21. Kt to B 4 (ch), 22. R takes R, 23. R to K B 2, 24. Q R to K sq, 10. B to B 4 (ch), 11. B takes P (ch), 12. Kt takes Q, 13. Kt to B 6 (ch), 14. Q takes P, 15. Q takes P (ch), 16. Kt to B 3, 17. Kt to R 6 (ch), 18. B takes B, 19. K to K 3, 20. Q R to K B sq

The coup joué. White threatened to win the Q by 21. Kt to B 4 (ch), and if, to avoid this loss, Black had captured the Kt with the B, his K would soon have been exposed to the combined action of the adverse R. This would not count for much in the long run, but it would give White some chances.

- 21. R takes Kt, 22. R to K Kt sq, 23. B to Q Kt 4, 24. Q to K R 5, 25. Q to K R 5

Good enough to win; but he might also have played 23. B to K 7, and announced mate in three moves.

White Resigned.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA. GAME 367TH.

The following quaint little odds game was played November 13, 1878, between two members of the Adelaide Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. T. Elliott.) BLACK.—(Mr. H. Harbeck.) (Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.)

- 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. P to K 5, 1. Kt to Q B 3, 2. P to Q 4

If White win the Q P by Q to R 5 (ch) Black exchanges Q's, and then takes Q P with Kt, &c.

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

This looks risky. If P be taken now or next time Black returns with Q to R 4, which seems potent enough.

A powerful move. 9. Q to R 4, 10. B to K Kt 5, 11. Kt to R 4 (weak), 12. B has his opponent at his mercy.

Black has his opponent at his mercy. 12. B takes K Kt, 13. Kt to B 3, 14. B takes Kt, 15. B takes B, 16. B takes B, 17. Q takes K P (ch), 18. Q takes Kt (ch), 19. Q takes Q P (ch), 20. K takes R (mate)

Young players should take a lesson from this move. If Black had delayed his counter attack by taking the B White might have defended himself. By the text move White is deprived of all resources.

And White resigns; for if he play P to B 3 he will be mated in two; if Kt to B 3 he will be mated in three; if R to K B Black can flush thus:—

- 17. R to K B, 18. Kt to Q B 2, 19. Kt to K 3, 20. P takes Q, 17. B to Q Kt 5, 18. Q takes K P (ch), 19. Q takes Kt (ch), 20. R takes R (mate)

SOLI TIONNS

Solution of Problem No. 39

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K Kt 6, 2. B to K Kt 7, 3. Q or Kt mates, 2. Kt to B 4 (ch), 3. Q mates, 2. Q to K B 4, 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. Kt to K R 4 (a), 2. Anything, (a) 1. B takes Kt (b), 2. K moves, (b) 1. K to K 7, 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 237.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Kt 4 (ch. by dlc.), 2. R to R 7 (ch), 3. Kt to B 2 mate. BLACK. 1. K to R 8, 2. P takes R

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 238

- WHITE. K at Q 8, R at K B sq, B at Q sq, Kt at Q B 4, Kt at Q B 6, Pawn at Q 2. BLACK. K at K 5, Pawn at Q 6

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

- J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa. REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal. DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont. S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal. F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski. F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa. S. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto. GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal. BARRY DANE, Montreal. MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa. JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal. J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto. W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa. J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec. CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto. MRS. LEPROHON, Montreal. H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec. HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa. HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal. REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal. JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal. MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal. LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa. GEORGE STEWART, Jr., Esq., Quebec. F. C. SUMICHRAST, Esq., Halifax. FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa. THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P. REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto. COMTE DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

**THE Burland-Desbarats Lith. Company (LIMITED.)**

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held on MONDAY, the FIFTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER, 1879, at the office of the Company, in Bleury street, at the hour of FOUR o'clock P.M., for the purpose of authorizing and approving the action of the Board of Directors of the Company in applying to the Governor General in Council to incorporate the Company under the Act 40 Viet. Chap. 43, entitled "An Act to amend the law respecting the incorporation of Joint Stock Companies by Letters Patent," under the name, style and title of "Burland Lithographic Company (limited)."

(By order),  
F. B. DAKIN, Secretary.  
Montreal, Sept. 1st, 1879.



**SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, the 10th DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the works to be done, can be seen at this office and at the Resident Engineer's office at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, the 27th DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Twenty per cent, only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order,  
F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Railways and Canals, 7 Ottawa, 29th August, 1879.

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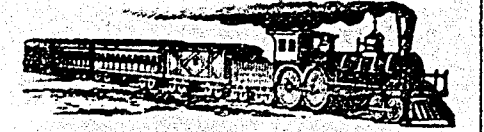
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Dalhousie	8.22 "
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Newcastle	11.40 "
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St. John	6.00 "
Halifax	10.35 "

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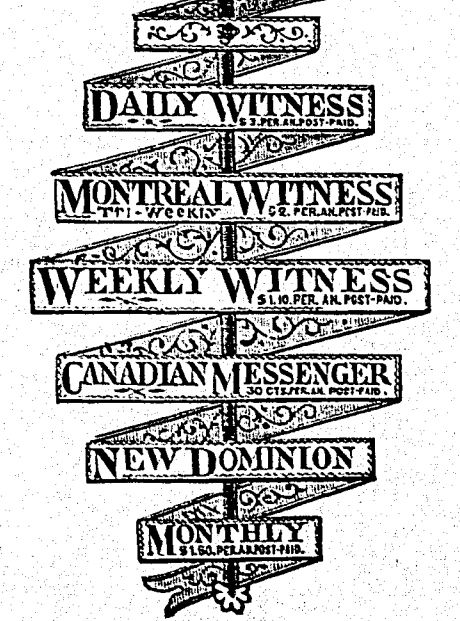
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