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SUMMER PASTIMES - FISHING

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., June 28, 1872.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN.

The sea-faring habits of the great bulk of our population give rise to various peculiarities of character, thought and speech which are often interesting to an observant mind and at times highly amusing. The intermittent character of the employment furnished by the fisheries, which are prosecuted only during five or six months in the year, and allow long intervals of entire idleness, indisposes the people to steady, continuous work. They will toil tremendously for a time, or as they say for a "spell," and then they must have a rest. Hence a thorough-bred fisherman detests the plodding industry of the farm, and rarely are the two pursuits combined with success. The fisherman who can go to the spring seal-fishery and earn in a month or six weeks from £20 to £40, despises the slowly-earned gains obtained by delving with the spade, and is only thoroughly active and energetic when battling with the ice-floes, and when engaged in the excitements of the seal-hunt. On his return he loves to take his ease for four or five weeks in his own chimney-corner, or walking about the streets. The cod-fisher who rises with the dawn and returns by noon with two or three quintals of cod in his boat, has no relish for "grubbing" the soil and reclaiming wild land. His farm is the sea and to it he sticks. He believes in "luck" and is fond of "chancing it;" so that he has little forethought, and in his calculations is little troubled for the future. To the grim ocean, half friendly and half scowling and defiant, he looks for his bread. The supplying merchant furnishes his gear and gives him advances in food, and for the rest he trusts to the "luck" that the season may bring.

SEA PHRASES.

The speech of the fisherman is full of phrases derived from his everyday employments. To make an engagement for a term of service is "to ship" with Mr. So-and-so. Even servant girls are said to "ship for six months," when they engage with a mistress; a young man "ships" a sweetheart when they are affianced; and a church is said to have "shipped" a new parson,—or perhaps he is called the "skipper" of the church. The master of the house is invariably the "skipper," and the mistress is the "woman." "How's the woman?" is the usual way in which a man is asked regarding the health of his wife. Gaining an advantage over a man is called "getting to windward of him." "Mr. Blank is a terrible knowin' man—there's no gottin' to windward of him." Is a man prosperous?—he is said to be "making headway;" if the reverse, he is "going to leeward." To initiate any undertaking is described as "getting it under way;" and to live meanly and parsimoniously is "to go very near the wind." There is a world of meaning in the Newfoundland proverb,—the big fish eat the little ones." Thus curtly and pithily and with a sort of mournful cynicism, do they at times describe their own forlorn condition at the end of a fishing season, when in payment of their debts the whole proceeds of their toil go to the stores of the wealthy merchant, while they are half starving during winter. Of profitless talk it is said, in reproof, "words fill no nets." A dull plodding man, who succeeds in spite of natural deficiency by honest industry, is said to get on "by dint of stupidity and hard work"—a most expressive description.

FLAGS IN BURROW AND JOY.

Another peculiarity of our population, derived from their sea-faring habits, is inordinate fondness for flags. Every merchant has his flag flying on his storehouse or wharf, as though a state of active warfare existed; while at the principal harbours the approach of each vessel is signalled by a flag, be it schooner, brig, brigantine or ship. On Signal Hill, overlooking St. John's harbour, three masts are erected, and at times, when a number of vessels are approaching the port, these, with their yards, look like a draper's shop, with the various flags streaming in the wind. To master the code of this mode of telegraphing is no easy task; but the street gamins are perfect adepts in it. Flags, however, are utilised in other ways. When an important personage has "crossed the bourne from whence no traveller returns" the flags are hoisted half-mast; when a wedding takes place all the bunting in the place floats in the breeze. Big sealing guns, whose report is like that of a small cannon, are brought out and fired continuously and evidently afford the greatest delight on these joyous occasions; and in the "outports," as all places but St. John's are named, it is usual to catch the happy couple in a net, as they emerge from the church—a symbolic act perhaps, indicating that both are netted for life. In these outports too church-bells are few and far between, and the time for each service is indicated by hoisting on a pole a flag on which is emblazoned the mitre or the cross. Each school-house too has its flag-staff, and when the flag is hoisted the urchins are seen along the paths "creeping like snails unwillingly to school."

FIRING RO CKS.

Newfoundland is a rocky region for the most part, the surface of the ground being everywhere covered with stones of all sizes. The word "stones" however, is never used—the smallest pebble and the largest boulder being called a rock. Boys invariably speak of "firing rocks," but never of throwing stones. A servant was asked how she had been spending her time lately. Her reply was "why, I has been heavin' rocks out of them raisins for the best

part of an hour," so that stoning fruit is "heavin' rocks" in Newfoundland. So abundant are the rocks in some places and so scanty the soil, that suitable ground for the burial of the dead cannot be found, and amid huge boulders the graves are made by soil brought from a distance; or, where this is not possible, the coffin is laid upon the rock, above ground, and then walled in and covered. It is not very uncommon for a grave to be dug less in depth than the coffin. Of course this is true only of certain localities.

SCRIPTURE NAMES.

Among the primitive population of the "outports" there is a wonderful passion for choosing names for their children, taken from the Old Testament, and these at times the oddest and most uncommon they can select. Israels, Reubens, Daniels, Azariahs, and Isaiahs are plentiful as "rocks;" but it is rather startling to be introduced to Miss Lo-Ruhamah Tucker, or Miss Lo-Ammi Squires, or to be told that the little flaxen-headed girl you are trying to make friends with rejoices in the name borne by one of the daughters of the patriarch Job, Keren-Happuch, or that the baby's name is Jerusha. To those not quite familiar with Scripture names it may be well to say that the first two are to be found in Hosea I, 69 and 90. It is on record that one child was baptised Beer-sheba; entered in the marriage register in due time as Bath-sheba, but always called Bertha by her neighbours. A clergyman was once requested to baptize a child and to give it the name of Idgnia, and on investigation he found that Eugenia was intended. The same clergyman relates in a little book he published that once in beginning a service, in a private house, in one of the outports, a woman near him, intending no offensive familiarity, lifted up a corner of his surplice, and after examining it with finger and thumb, pronounced it aloud "a beautiful piece of stuff." Under similar circumstances he was startled on another occasion, in the middle of his sermon, by an old woman in the chimney corner calling out to some young ones, "My gracious, girls, I've forgot the loaf. Julia, go out to the next house and hang on the bake-pot." It must be understood that these events occurred in some of the primitive, outlying settlements, far from the centres of civilization, where the people seldom see a clergyman and are quite unaccustomed to the solemnities of religious assemblies. They welcome eagerly the rare visits of clergymen in these scattered hamlets. So cold is the weather in winter, and so wretched their houses that in order to keep the loaf from freezing at nights, it is the practice to wrap it in the blankets and take it to bed when retiring.

WEST COUNTRY PHRASES.

Our population is a mixed one, nearly half being descendants of Irish settlers, the rest English, most of them originally from Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Hampshire. The descendants of the latter retain many of the peculiarities of speech which still distinguish the peasants of Devonshire. They say "I's took no notice to she," that is, notice of her; "Did 'ee want any thing wi' I?" They speak of their "handses" and "posteses," and their cows being "abossed," and their bread "amade." They will say "Mebbe I's gown home." The parson is "parson;" and they ask him to "bide a spurt" with them. A "spell" is either a short continuance at labour or a time of rest. Short distances are, in common speech, measured as "spells," thus two "shoulder-spells" is the distance a man would ordinarily carry a burden on his shoulders, resting once in the midst. The word "obedience" is sometimes used for "obedience." Thus children are directed to "make their obediences," that is to bow or courtesy. The inhabitants of a settlement are called "liviers;" and if any district be uninhabited, there are said to be no "liviers" in it. An expressive phrase is used for indicating a fall in the temperature—"to-day is a jacket colder than yesterday." "How do times govern in St. John's?" is a common question which is answered by recounting the prices of fish, oil and provisions. "Praise the fair day at even" is a Scotch proverb which has its counterpart here, "Praise the bridge that carries you over." The folly of lazy shiftless expedients is well expressed by saying "he sits in one end of the tilt and burns the other." When admiration of a benevolent man is expressed he is described as "a terrible kind man;" or the weather is commended by saying "it's a shocking fine day." "Clever" with us means strong or large; "a clever man" is a large stout man; a "clever baby" is a hearty big baby. A singular use of the word "accommodation" is common. A person of bad repute is said to have a "very bad accommodation;" probably a corruption of "recommendation."

With all their local peculiarities and primitive superstitions and customs, our fishing population have many sterling qualities of head and heart; and all they want to put them on a level with corresponding classes in other countries, more advanced in the arts of civilised life, is education. No one could live among them without liking them. In simplicity of character, warmth of heart, kindness and hospitality they are unsurpassed.

MASONIC CELEBRATION AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

The most imposing masonic demonstration ever witnessed in New Brunswick took place recently on the occasion of the fraternal visit of the Springfield (Mass., U. S.) Commandery of Knights Templar to their brethren of the same ancient and chivalric order encamped in the city of St. John. The Springfield fraters numbered over seventy, and were accompanied by a very efficiently and gorgeously got up band. They came via Bangor by special train, arriving at the Carleton terminus at 10 p.m. on Tuesday the 11th ult. The Commanderies in St. John, numbering about one hundred knights in full uniform, with a corps of torch bearers and the band of the 62nd Battalion, turned out to welcome them. The Americans marched in fine style, their very effective uniforms and military bearing produced quite an imposing appearance. The scene at the reception was well got up, and did credit to the managers. After the usual ceremonies were concluded, the whole party marched to the ferry-boat, crossed the harbour, and proceeded to the Victoria Hotel. The gallant Americans were then left by their companions in arms. The streets on the whole line of march were lined with spectators who cheered loudly.

On the following day at 2 p.m. the St. John and Union de Molay encampments, with band and banners, marched to the Victoria, where they were received by their foreign fraters

drawn up in line in front of that magnificent hostelry. This is the scene portrayed by our artist. All the encampments then marched to Indian Town, went on board the steamer "Rothsay" and made an excursion up the St. John river. Ladies were tolerated by the gallant knights on this occasion, and a substantial repast spread for the sustenance of the excursionists. The moon was well on her travels when the aquatic "merry making" was got through and Indian Town sighted.

The following morning at cock-crow the martial strains of the American band roused the slumberers in the vicinity of the Victoria, and before 6 a.m. the noble knights of Springfield were making for their home at 30 miles an hour.

Great credit is due to those who had the affair in charge: everything was done with precision and in good style. The uniforms appeared to be quite new and very becoming. An observer could not fail to be impressed with the respectability, earnestness, and intelligence of the body of gentlemen who had the honour to represent the encampments of either Springfield or St. John.

Our sketch represents a portion of German Street. The building with a rounding roof once did duty as No. 5 engine house. The old grammar school and portion of the German Street Wesleyan Church are visible. All these small buildings must soon give way to imposing edifices of the modern school. The increasing trade of St. John demands the change.

K. J. R.

THE CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS.

In a former issue (Vol. V, No. 24) we gave an illustration of a scene in a miners' camp at the Eureka Silver Mines, near the town of Hope, on the Fraser River. In this number we illustrate camp life at the gold mines of Cariboo, the scene of the great rush in 1862.

The first discovery of gold in the Fraser River district was made in 1858. The metal was very fine and flaky in character, but it gradually became coarser the higher the pioneers ascended the stream. Exploration was encouraged, and the following year coarse gold was found on the Quesnelle, a tributary of the Fraser, some 300 miles inland. In 1860 and 1861 further rich deposits of coarse gold were found in Cariboo.

The main feature of the Cariboo country is the great range of mountains from 5,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea-level, whence numerous "creeks" descend into the Fraser. The gold is found both in the creeks and in the banks. The bed-rock is most irregular, sometimes appearing near the surface, often from 20 to 50 feet below it. It is usually a bluish slate, covered by a deposit of blue clay. Streaks of yellow clay are also found which are sometimes very rich. Cariboo gold is generally mixed with quartz.

The following statements respecting the Cariboo diggings, condensed from a pamphlet published with the sanction of the Government in 1864, may be found interesting.

In the early part of the season of 1861, the most important creek in Cariboo was Antler, which yielded at one time at the lowest \$10,000 a day. On one claim \$1,000 were taken out of the ditches, as the result of a day's work. Later in the season Williams Creek wholly eclipsed even Antler. One claim, Steele's, gave on one day 400 oz., the total obtained on its area of 80 feet by 25, being \$105,000. In 1861 gold was found on Williams Creek only in six claims, but now the valley is taken up for six miles, both in the creek and in the hill side. In 1861 the only mining was in surface diggings. The mining of 1862 assumed a new character, and shaft sinking, drifting, and tunnelling are now vigorously prosecuted. A system of mining which, unlike the former, can be carried on throughout the entire year. In the summer of 1862, the highest amount taken out by any company in twenty-four hours was \$9,670; this was in Cunningham's claim, which averaged nearly \$2,000 a day during the whole season. On several days 52 lbs. were taken out. The Bishop of Columbia witnessed 600 oz. taken out on a claim in one day. Adam's claim yielded to each of its three partners \$10,000 clear of expenses. In Barker's claim eight partners realized \$7,000 each. It is believed that on this creek in 1862 155 claims paid expenses, which would average \$2,000 each, making a total of \$310,000, and about an equal amount was cleared. The entire yield of the creek for the season may accordingly be estimated at \$620,000. A new part of the creek (below the canon) hitherto unprospected, was found to pay as richly as the famous claims above the canon, and \$500,000 were taken out of three claims, between October and January, 1862; in attestation of which 150 lbs. of gold were brought to Lilloet on the 21st of February. Later in the spring of 1863 Dillon's claim gave the extraordinary yield of 102 lbs. in one day, or about \$26,000.

FASHIONS.—SUMMER HATS.

The summer hats of which illustrations are given on another page, are made, some of straw, and others of tulle. The trimming materials consist of lace, tulle bands, ribbon, feathers, and flowers. A trimming that is much admired is made of ribbon in two shades of a colour; as light and dark brown, light and dark green, &c. Another favourite style is to trim with ribbon of two different colours, as, for instance, brown and pink, brown and blue, &c. The hats numbered 5 and 6 in the illustration are made of Swiss muslin and figured batiste, and are especially intended for garden use.

Fig. 1.—Maize-Coloured Crêpe Hat. The hat has a narrow velvet piping round its outer edge. The trimming consists of a crêpe puff, with plaits of the same, maize-coloured corded ribbon, black ostrich feather and a spray of flowers.

Fig. 2 is a gray crêpe bonnet intended for the use of elderly ladies. The trimming consists of pleated strips and bows of black velvet, with a gray ostrich feather of two shades, light and dark. The hat is trimmed inside with gray crêpe ribbon.

Fig. 3.—White English Straw Hat, trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon and feather to match. Under the rim a ruching of brown ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Black Crêpe Hat with trimming of black corded silk edging, bias strips, pleated strips and rolls of black corded silk. Bridle of black corded silk; with rolls of the same, and black crêpe ruching inside the bonnet. A jet agrafe on one side.

Fig. 5.—Garden Hat in white Swiss muslin. The shape should be covered with white Swiss muslin, three strips of the material being carried round the brim in plaits, as shown

In the illustration. The border of the brim is edged with a pleating of muslin 1/4 inch wide. A strip of white muslin 3/4 in. wide, with pinked edges, is wound round the crown and falls behind. In front a spray of *marguerites*.

Fig. 6.—White and Lilac Garden Hat. This is made of white figured batiste, edged round the brim both over and under, with a box-pleated *ruche* of the same. Round the crown is a plated strip of batiste, edged with narrow lace; and over this again a rolled strip of lilac batiste which ties in a bow at the back. The *ruche* on the upper border of the brim is edged with fine lace, the other being merely pinked.

Fig. 7.—Black Figured Tulle Bonnet for elderly ladies. The bonnet is edged on its outer border with black corded silk, and trimmed with rolls of the same. Bridle of figured tulle and lace, with two strips of the same falling down the back of the head. Black grograin ribbon bows, with long ends, and black ostrich feathers complete the trimming.

Fig. 8.—White Horsehair Bonnet with broad ribbons and bow of pink corded silk, and spray of roses: the end of the bow edged with pink silk fringe.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet for Elderly Ladies. This bonnet is made of blue *crêpe*, trimmed with rolls and gathered strips of lilac corded silk, black lace, black tulle, and elder-blossoms. The bridle is made to match, and trimmed with lace.

Fig. 10.—This bonnet is of Brussels straw, with trimming of green ribbon in two shades, dark and light, black lace and green feather. Black figured tulle veil with narrow lace edging.

NEW PARISIAN BONNETS.

The new Mantilla bonnets which are worn with so much success by the *élite* of the Parisian *beau monde* are of one large single piece of real lace, edged entirely round with the same. This is placed on a high foundation shape, with the edge of the lace falling over the forehead, and a bunch of roses placed rather high up on the left side of the shape. The two ends, which are each fully a yard wide, and about a yard and a quarter in length, are then loosely brought forward and fastened with a flower in front of the dress; or, better still, one end is left to fall unrestrained over the shoulders, whilst the other is brought forward and carried round the figure, being finally thrown over the opposite shoulder. This bonnet, worn with a long dress, such as are at present coming into fashion, will be one of the greatest successes known for some years; especially for carriage wear, theatres, concerts or balls at the sea-side, and watering-places. A high Spanish comb is *de rigueur* with this bonnet, without which the mantilla cannot be kept in place, and would lose much of its speciality. As an instance of the coming vogue of the mantilla there is not a *parapluie*, *coiffeur*, or brush-maker who does not exhibit Spanish combs in his shop windows, some of which are in tortoise-shell, some in imitation, and some in jet. A fan is also an indispensable appendage to a "Mantilla." I have already seen some substitutes for the "Mantilla," consisting of long and wide scarf lace veils, edged round with lace, which are thrown over the ordinary bonnet and hat with very pretty effect, although, of course, without the *cachet* of the real "Mantilla." These veils, however, will no doubt be much worn by ladies who may not be able to invest in the original article, which, being of real lace, is somewhat expensive. But this is not the only fashionable bonnet of the season, far from it; for I do not remember a year more prolific in bonnet "creations" as this year. It seems as if fashion were taking its revenge for having stood still so long, so varied are its changes, which, indeed, it is almost impossible to follow month by month, hence I will only note the most important changes, and those most likely to become permanently in favour. There are two more bonnets, however, which I must name to you—the "Mousquetaire" and the "Juive." The "Mousquetaire" is made of chip and of a shape falling low behind on the hair. It is trimmed with a feather of two shades, half a yard in length, and also with a ribbon fall of 27 in. long, the ribbon itself being 12 in. in width. A loop of the same ribbon hangs half a yard at back. This bonnet is also a very great success, and needs only to be seen to be bought, in spite of the cost, which, owing to the expensive ribbon and feather, is necessarily rather high. The "Juive," however, is less expensive than either of the former, and is likewise very stylish. This consists of a *torse* of black and blue or black and pink *crêpe*, being rolled round the bonnet with a bandeau of coloured velvet in front, from which falls a row of black lace in front, and from which proceeds a long feather, which falls over the hair at back. This bonnet is very stylish and becoming, but for the sake of my English readers, who may not like to appear first in either of these three lovely novelties, I will mention a little bonnet of more quiet pretensions, yet pretty and tasteful. It is of black lace, with loops and streamers of black ribbed ribbon at back, with strings to match; and for trimming, a wreath of foliage round the crown, fringed all round with drooping cherries.

COSTUMES.

Respecting other portions of the toilette, the blouse still carries the highest honours of the season; it is also a very convenient and economical style of dress, for with three blouses, say a black, a white, and an unbleached one, with a few different-coloured skirts, there is scope to make a good appearance at the most exacting watering-places (and it is there where the most elegant and extravagant summer dresses are seen—there, indeed, that many fashions first see light.) There are three kinds of blouses, the *Princesse* blouse, which is perfectly straight; the *Louis XV.* blouse, which is puffed at back; and the *Russian* blouse, which is made a *la paysan*, with shoulder pieces, and drawn round the waist with a chiselled silver belt *moyen âge*. The materials of which these blouses are made are: Grenadine, striped Algerian mouzain, and very light cashmere, and are trimmed either with fringe or rich lace. Some of these blouses, according to the lace with which they are trimmed, cost from £20 to £100. Still there are very pretty blouses in flowered foulard, cretonne, and muslin, which look as well as their greater rivals, and are more suitable to English taste. White muslin blouses also look very charming over coloured skirts, and as these need only a trimming of a fluted frill of the same material, the expense is most trifling, especially as they can be easily manufactured at home with the aid of a good paper pattern, such as can now be obtained at almost every fashion journal office.

The make of tunics at present is open in front, like the old

pelisse, so as to show the entire front of the under dress; and now that I have told you what is the fashion, I will continue my chronicle by whispering to you some rumoured changes for the future, the principal one being that very shortly tunics will entirely cease to be worn, but in their stead the skirt will be trimmed up to the waist with a series of little flounces. I have already seen some of these flounced dresses, and very charming they were. On one skirt I counted no less than thirty flounces, which, being muslin, were plainly hemmed, whilst silk flounces are pinked out. Another innovation, reminding us of the pictures of the ladies at the beginning of the century, is that nearly all the bodies of muslin dresses are made low, over which, however, a *fichu Lamballe* of white muslin is worn as a substitute for the high body. The sleeves are wide and open, and are also trimmed to the top with little flounces to match the skirt; and this I think is one of the greatest novelties yet known even to our head *artistes des modes*. I have, however, one more little novelty to note, which is a simple little costume, suitable for the races or the promenade at a fashionable water-place. It is called the "Chantilly," and was first worn by the Countess of Paris. It consists of a black velvet waistcoat, forming coat, and buttoned with steel buttons. Over this is worn a little paletot of a light, white woollen material, fastened in front with a single button, in order to show the under waistcoat. The skirt is of black silk, without any trimming, over which a white tucked-up tunic is worn to match the paletot; a plain hem is the only trimming of the tunic. Change the black under waistcoat and skirt for colours, and various costumes may be effected. The Countess of Paris's costume was of grey; waistcoat, paletot, and tunic to match. In conclusion, I would advise all my readers to have as few dresses as possible, for the fashions change so rapidly that dresses become old-fashioned from year to year. Thus expensive silks, excepting for the very wealthy, are not advisable just at present, at least not until fashion has made some kind of definite stand, which will no doubt be long dresses without upper tunics. In the meantime, it is *à la blouse!* though in a few months it may be *La blouse est morte!* Travelling dresses or excursion costumes are generally made of a blue, grey, or unbleached material, light in texture, and waterproofed; the latter is essential. The best form is a skirt, trimmed with braid, a blouse to match and a movable cape, with dainty hood in case of shower, which cape may or may not be worn according to circumstances and the weather. Striped or sprigged linen collars and sleeves are always worn for travelling, with a foulard cravat round the neck, kid boots, with tops to match colour of dress; Swedish gloves, high up the wrists, without buttons; and a walking-stick umbrella-parasol; plain straw hat, with gauze scarf.

THE LATE MARSHAL VAILLANT.

Another of the old school of French soldiers, an officer of Bonaparte, and a veteran of the Grande Armée, has passed to his rest. On the 5th ult., Marshal Vaillant, after a long and eventful life, died at the age of 82, and was buried a few days after at his birth-place, the quaint old Burgundian city of Dijon.

The Marshal was born on the 6th December, 1790, in the midst of the turbulence and agitation excited by the recent events in Paris, when the unaccustomed vigour and boldness of the men of the *Tiers-Etat* were filling the hearts of the nobility with indignation and alarm, and kindling in the breasts of the people a spark which a few more years should see fanned into a flame.

After having completed his studies at the Polytechnic and the military school at Metz, young Vaillant made his *début* in the career he had chosen as a lieutenant in an engineer corps at the siege of Dantzic. He subsequently received his captaincy, and after the fatal Russian campaign received the (then) much coveted cross of the Legion of Honour, in return for his services and the bravery he displayed during the time that elapsed between the victory of the Moskowa and the terrible passage of the Beresina. In the campaigns that followed he greatly distinguished himself, having especially won the commendations of his superiors by his untiring energy during the preparations for the defence of Paris in the spring of 1814. On the return from Elba, Captain Vaillant again attached himself to the cause of his old leader, and took part, with great credit to himself, in the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. Under the different *régimes* which followed the exile of Buonaparte he took part in most of the important military operations. In 1830 he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and attached to the Algerian expedition. In 1832 he was present at the siege of Antwerp, and in 1841 was entrusted with the direction of the works of fortification then being carried on on the right bank of the Seine. Two years later he was appointed lieutenant-general, and was present in that capacity at the siege of Rome in 1850. The following year he received his marshal's staff.

During the Crimean war, Marshal Vaillant occupied the responsible position of Minister of War; which, one of his French biographers says, "he filled in such a manner as to make us regret that he did not still occupy it sixteen years later." During the Italian war he was raised to the rank of Major-General. In 1869 the marshal recommenced ministerial life, and was in turn appointed Grand Marshal of the Palace, Minister of Fine Arts, Minister of the Imperial Household, Count of the Empire, and member of the Privy Council. After the ill-fated fourth of September he remained in Paris, and on one occasion the old soldier barely escaped falling a victim to the pot-valiant fury of that hyena-like, whipped-currish rabble known as the Parisian mob.

Marshal Vaillant was a simple, unpretending man, possessing an exterior and manners that can hardly be called prepossessing, but which concealed a generous, kindly nature. In his public capacity he exhibited no ordinary talents. As a soldier he was brave, cautious and self-possessed, and his ministerial career shows him to have been gifted with energy, common-sense, and administrative capacity of no mean order.

A distinguished English journalist announces in his columns that he has positively received the following request:—"Sir,—I should feel much honoured by having your autograph for my album; if you deem the request unwarranted on my part, pray pardon me, but, at the same time, send the refusal in your own handwriting, and with your own signature, that I may know the refusal is authentic."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

An exchange notices that an English lady was recently compelled to pay \$20 as damages for having given a good "character" to a servant when she knew the girl did not deserve it. It seems to us that this is a little manoeuvre to which ladies wishing to get rid of bad servants not unfrequently have recourse. The consequence is a general outcry against the incurable viciousness of servants generally. If housekeepers would only make it a rule never to engage a servant without a written "character" from her last employer, they would have—if aided by a stringent law applicable to cases such as that cited—comparatively small cause for complaint.

We always note with pleasure any advance in the commerce and industries of Canada, and it was therefore with great satisfaction that we recently read in a Quebec paper of the establishment of a new industry in the ancient capital. The undertaking referred to is the preparation of tinned meats, soups, and sardines, in which a well known wine firm is about to engage. The sardines, for which we have hitherto been entirely dependent on French manufacturers, are, we understand, to be found in abundance in the river Ouelle, in the county of Kamouraska, at which place the whole business of preserving these dainty little fish is carried on, the tins in which they are put up being forwarded from Quebec.

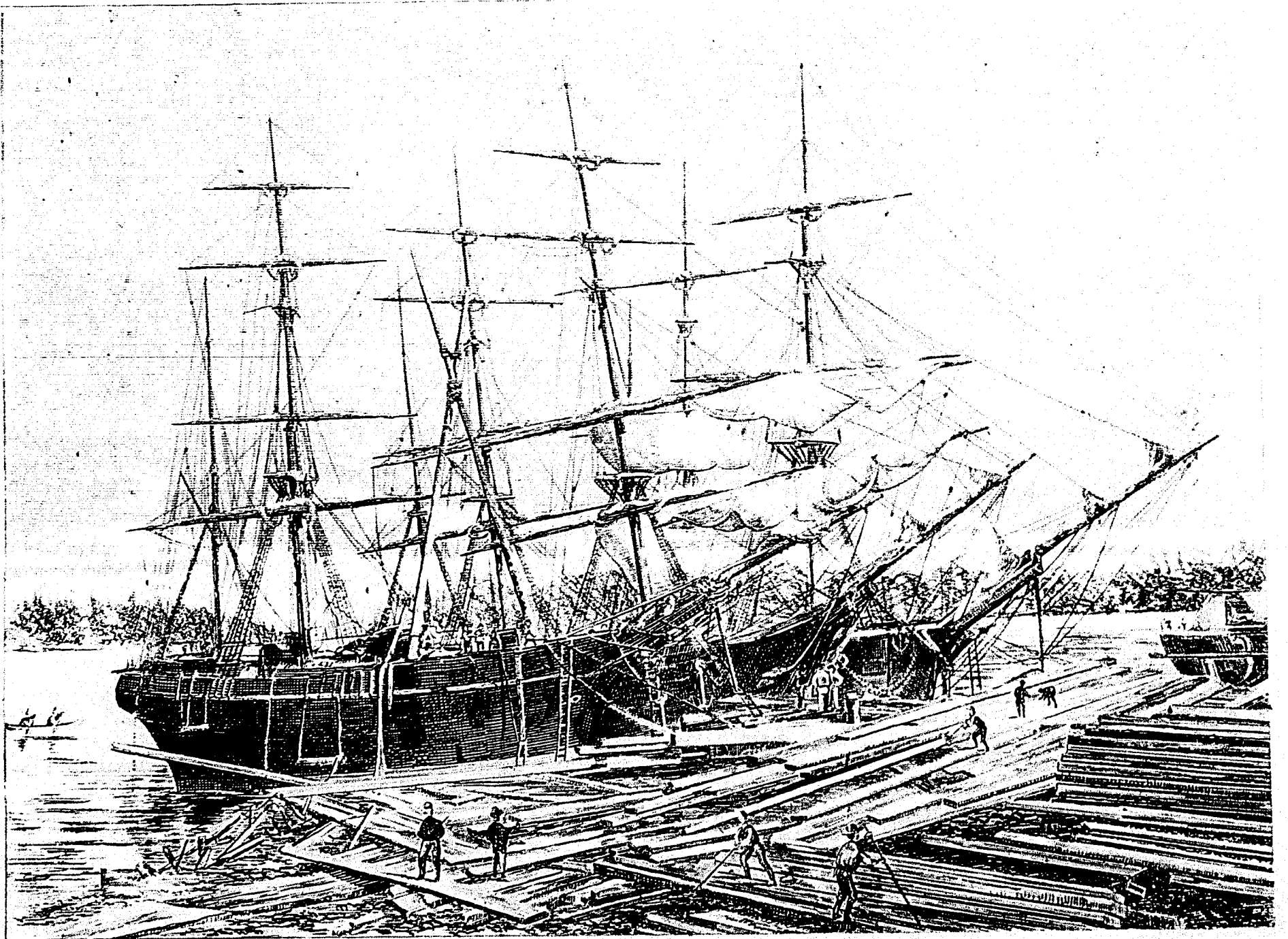
It has always been an attribute of the British soldier, and one in which he takes no small pride, that he never knows when he is beaten. Still, *il y a fuyots et fuyots*. And there is a vast difference between the man whose courage and spirit refuse to allow that he is beaten, and compel him to strive even against long odds, so long as life is left in him—and he who, after having ignobly shirked the battle-field, *reliet non bene parmula*, crows and brags that he never was beaten, forgetting the while that he never gave his enemy a fair chance of bestowing a decent thrashing upon him. A case in point is given in the following anecdote, the truth of which is guaranteed by several of the leading Swiss papers: A Swiss statesman was listening to the conversation of some French officers in a café at Nice. One of them said that the greatest mistake made was that 80,000 men had been sent to occupy Switzerland, as they might have been employed to better advantage elsewhere. The Swiss observed that the 80,000 French had been pushed into Switzerland, and interned there. One of the officers replied, "Do you really believe that fable, and that 80,000 French could have been interned against their will?"

There is so much said, and so little done about the sanitary condition of Montreal that one feels tempted to adapt Sydney Smith's theory for the prevention of railroad accidents and express a wish that some three or four Aldermen and Counsellors might fall victims to the poisonous gases which pervade the atmosphere of the city. We might perhaps be able, without much loss, to spare half-a-dozen, to be divided between typhoid, cholera and small-pox, and when these had done their work and the survivors in the Council had been thoroughly alarmed—for their own safety, of course—we might feel pretty well assured that some steps would be taken to render the city a little more healthy and a little less uninhabitable. We are led to give expression to these vindictive remarks by the perusal of some statistics published by the New York Board of Health, relative to the death-rate in some of the larger cities of Europe and of this continent. In them we find that London, with a population of 3,214,797, has a death-rate of 24 per 1,000, the same as that of Brooklyn. New Orleans has the comparatively low figure, 27.58, and is just topped by New York with 28. Vienna comes next with 29.8. But no great city, if we except Liverpool (31.1), comes near Montreal, with its 31.5. An exchange quoting these figures says:—"Montreal has every facility for taking care of itself—for making itself a clean, handsome, healthy city. The figures given above will probably excite inquiry and lead to improvement." "Excite inquiry and lead to improvement!" We have been hoping for this for a long time. But so often have our hopes been deferred that we turn from the subject with a sick heart.

Mr. Allen Tibbits must be a wonderful man. For our own sakes we are compelled to give utterance to the wish that there may be few living like him. In a letter to the *Coldwater Republican* he says:—"I am now in my 65th year. I never swore an oath or took a chew of tobacco; never smoked a whole cigar; I never bought or sold a drink of whiskey or brandy for myself; I never had or carried a pistol; I never made a kite or played a game of marbles; I never sung a song or played a game of checkers; I never played a game of billiards or croquet; I never played a game of cards. In a travel of over 100,000 miles by public conveyances, I never met with an accident or was a moment too late when it depended on my own exertion. I never skated a rod or struck a man a blow of my fist. I can repeat more of the Bible than any other man living, of whom I have any knowledge. I have given instructions to over two hundred thousand pupils. I am the only person alive who composed the first church in this city and county. I have given away more real estate to this city than all its other inhabitants. I preached for 15 years, and travelled more than 500 miles attending funerals, and all the salary I ever received was a pound of tea worth 75 cents; and yet in all that time I made money. These hands of mine ministered to my necessities. I was raised a farmer in the State of New York, and only a very common school education. (?) I have repeatedly walked 24 miles to church. I can read the *Republican* without glasses. I am possessed of a competency gained by my own industry." Without wishing to be uncharitable, and with all due deference to Mr. Tibbits' immaculate moral whiteness, we beg to remind him that a similar boast was said, a few hundred years ago, to have been made by a prototype of his, who, nevertheless, came to a bad end. Of him it is related that he stood and prayed with himself: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are,—extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."



THE LATE MARSHAL VAILLANT



BRITISH COLUMBIA.—SHIPPING AT BURRARD INLET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. WITHROW

to give the advantage of a good start. Only the English, hitherto so forward in the ranks of Arctic exploration, are now present in the enterprise; but the Royal Geographical Society are taking steps to press upon the Government the importance of an expedition to the North Pole by way of Smith's Sound.

WHARF AND SHIPPING AT MOODY, DIETZ AND NELSON'S MILL, BERRARD INLET, B. C.

The accompanying view represents the wharf at Moody, Dietz and Nelson's Mill, Berrard Inlet, British Columbia, with the barges "Hydra," "Montana" and "Henry Adderly" and the ship "Othello" loading for New Zealand, Shanghai, Melbourne and Calcutta, respectively. A partial view is also obtained of the Inlet, with the surrounding shores covered with standing timber. The lumber trade on the Pacific for the last two years has been languishing, but is now improving and mill-owners on Berrard Inlet expect for years to come to be kept fully employed at remunerative prices.

from Gothic towers, a portable house of nine rooms and kitchen, which is to be put up in the Seven Islands in 80° 38' northern latitude, the most northern point at which an expedition has ever ventured in these regions. Great importance is attached by Professor Nordenskiöld to the cargo of fifty reindeer which he will ship from Norway, together with the necessary fodder and a number of Lapps to attend them. The scientific merit from the proposed observations to be made will, it is expected, be exceedingly valuable. The chief object will, however, be in the spring of 1873, after pushing as far northwards as possible by vessel, to proceed by sledges drawn by reindeer in the direction of the Pole, and if possible to reach that point. In this attempt Professor Nordenskiöld casts to the winds Dr. Petermann's idea of an open ocean extending to the Pole. Lieut. Payer has expressed his opinion that Professor Nordenskiöld's idea of reaching the Pole by sledge is not to be thought of. The Swedes, however, place great confidence in the leader of the expedition, who is known to be an energetic and skilful man, well acquainted with the North Polar regions, whether he has already made no less than five voyages. Besides the two already mentioned, there are several other North Polar expeditions in preparation. Count Wilczok, who has

dition of the upper layer of the sea and other facts prove Dr. Petermann's theory regarding the Gulf Stream to be correct. If the scientific equipment of the little "Isbjorna," the yacht in which Lieut. Payer and Weyprecht undertook their expedition, had not compelled them to turn back, it would doubtless have been possible for them to have advanced much higher than 70° in a north-westerly direction.

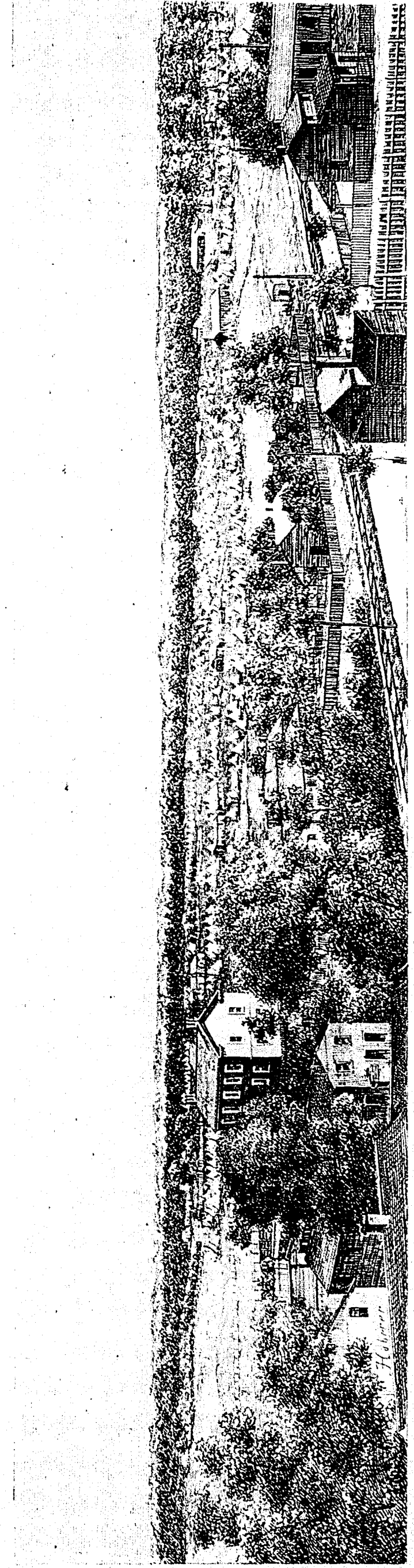
What unfortunately they could not accomplish at that voyage, it is hoped will be realized this year. Dr. Petermann, and the great majority of the German geographical societies, have given their entire support to the new Austrian expedition, which is to sail from Bremerhaven about the end of the present month, and which Dr. Petermann regards as the greatest event in the history of modern Arctic exploration.

The object of this Austrian expedition will be the further navigation of the ice-free sea which they met with last summer to the east and north, and the exploration of the Arctic Ocean to the north of Siberia. The plan of the voyage is as follows: The expedition being provisioned for a period of three years, the first winter is to be spent in Cape Ischeluskin, the most northern promontory of Asia. During the second summer, the exploration of the central Polar Ocean is to be continued,

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE.

Under this title the *Queen* recently gave a very interesting account of the results of a recent Polar expedition undertaken by Lieut. Payer, an officer in a Tyrolese Jäger Regiment, accompanied by Lieut. Weyprecht, of the Austrian navy. Lieutenant Payer has always applied himself with great earnestness to geographical studies, particularly to the problems appertaining to North Polar exploration. He had accompanied two German expeditions, which he undertook to pilot along the east coast of Greenland; but he was obliged to give up the attempt, for this proposed route between the east coast of Greenland and the west coast of Spitzbergen proved to be as impracticable as the one tried by explorers between the west coast of Greenland and North America, known as the North-West Passage.

Early last year the two explorers undertook, with exceptional courage, to explore the Polar Sea lying between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla in a small Norwegian yacht of ordinary build. Their bold venture met with a fair amount of success; and as the result was the discovery of an open



Right Wing. Queen's Own Cavalry. Left Wing. 30th, 4th, 8th, 12th, 24th, 30th, 40th, 48th, 50th, 54th, 60th, 66th, 70th, 74th, 78th, 84th, 90th, 96th, 100th, 104th, 108th, 112th, 116th, 120th, 124th, 128th, 132th, 136th, 140th, 144th, 148th, 152th, 156th, 160th, 164th, 168th, 172th, 176th, 180th, 184th, 188th, 192th, 196th, 200th, 204th, 208th, 212th, 216th, 220th, 224th, 228th, 232th, 236th, 240th, 244th, 248th, 252th, 256th, 260th, 264th, 268th, 272th, 276th, 280th, 284th, 288th, 292th, 296th, 300th, 304th, 308th, 312th, 316th, 320th, 324th, 328th, 332th, 336th, 340th, 344th, 348th, 352th, 356th, 360th, 364th, 368th, 372th, 376th, 380th, 384th, 388th, 392th, 396th, 400th, 404th, 408th, 412th, 416th, 420th, 424th, 428th, 432th, 436th, 440th, 444th, 448th, 452th, 456th, 460th, 464th, 468th, 472th, 476th, 480th, 484th, 488th, 492th, 496th, 500th, 504th, 508th, 512th, 516th, 520th, 524th, 528th, 532th, 536th, 540th, 544th, 548th, 552th, 556th, 560th, 564th, 568th, 572th, 576th, 580th, 584th, 588th, 592th, 596th, 600th, 604th, 608th, 612th, 616th, 620th, 624th, 628th, 632th, 636th, 640th, 644th, 648th, 652th, 656th, 660th, 664th, 668th, 672th, 676th, 680th, 684th, 688th, 692th, 696th, 700th, 704th, 708th, 712th, 716th, 720th, 724th, 728th, 732th, 736th, 740th, 744th, 748th, 752th, 756th, 760th, 764th, 768th, 772th, 776th, 780th, 784th, 788th, 792th, 796th, 800th, 804th, 808th, 812th, 816th, 820th, 824th, 828th, 832th, 836th, 840th, 844th, 848th, 852th, 856th, 860th, 864th, 868th, 872th, 876th, 880th, 884th, 888th, 892th, 896th, 900th, 904th, 908th, 912th, 916th, 920th, 924th, 928th, 932th, 936th, 940th, 944th, 948th, 952th, 956th, 960th, 964th, 968th, 972th, 976th, 980th, 984th, 988th, 992th, 996th, 1000th.

THE CAMP AT NIAGARA. From a photograph by Weyprecht.

Polar Sea or Polynia—which they consider will afford, under favourable conditions of ice and weather, an open way to the Pole—they are now on the point of setting sail at the head of an Austrian expedition, fitted out in the hope of solving the riddle concerning the North Polar Sea, which has during the last three hundred years cost the lives of so many brave seamen and undaunted explorers.

The famous geographer, Dr. Petermann, of Gotha, supports from scientific reasons the opinion that the easiest way to reach the Pole would be by the Polar Ocean stretching between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. It was hoped that a branch of the Gulf Stream, which flows from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of Europe, and confers such an exceptionally high temperature on part of the Norwegian coast, kept this portion of sea free from ice. Lieut. Weyprecht and Payer's expedition to Spitzbergen last year confirmed this assumption, and thus every prospect is supposed to be afforded of penetrating to the interior of the Polar basin. The Nova Zembla sea, explored to a certain extent by Lieut. Payer and Weyprecht, appears to be free from ice from about 75° north latitude to 50° east longitude. Though the year 1871 was very cold and unfavourable for observations, the temperate con-

dition of the upper layer of the sea and other facts prove Dr. Petermann's theory regarding the Gulf Stream to be correct. If the scientific equipment of the little "Isbjorna," the yacht in which Lieut. Payer and Weyprecht undertook their expedition, had not compelled them to turn back, it would doubtless have been possible for them to have advanced much higher than 70° in a north-westerly direction.

What unfortunately they could not accomplish at that voyage, it is hoped will be realized this year. Dr. Petermann, and the great majority of the German geographical societies, have given their entire support to the new Austrian expedition, which is to sail from Bremerhaven about the end of the present month, and which Dr. Petermann regards as the greatest event in the history of modern Arctic exploration.

and an effort made to reach the Pole. The second winter will be spent in the New Siberian island, and the third summer will be employed in reaching Behring Straits and an Asiatic or American haven. The Austrian expeditionary vessel is a three-masted schooner, 118ft long, 25ft broad, 12ft deep, provided with an effective engine of 95-horse power and coals for forty days.

Another North Polar expedition, under the control of Professor Nordenskiöld, is almost ready for sea, and Swedish geographers entertain great hopes of success for the new undertaking. This expedition will have on board besides Professor Nordenskiöld, Lieut. Palander, of the Swedish navy, who has already had some experience in Polar exploration, having accompanied the Swedish expedition of 1868; also a physician, a physicist, and several other *savans*, who will accompany the expedition in the summer, returning from Spitzbergen in the autumn, making in all with the crew twenty persons. The principal object of this expedition, which is not expected to return before the summer or autumn of 1873, is to reach the Pole from high latitudes, by means of sledges drawn by reindeer—an enterprise in which Dr. Petermann does not place much faith. The expedition will take with it

already given 30,000 florins to the Weyprecht-Payer expedition, has chartered a small vessel, and intends to accompany the Austrian vessel as far as the most northern coast of Nova Zembla, taking with him provisions for the larger vessel. Dr. Petermann also reports that two Norwegian vessels of the seal-fishing fleet will proceed, after the fishing season is over, in the direction taken by the Austrian expedition, and make explorations in the Siberian ice sea.

Finnee, too, is bestirring himself, and M. Gustave Lambert has issued a circular declaring his intention to voyage in the same direction as the Payer-Weyprecht expedition. Another French explorer proposes to expand the manner of journeying practised during the late war, and to get at the North Pole by way of balloon. He has not yet hit upon a plan of return, however, with the news of his discovery, if his gas gives out, as it is very doubtful how he would procure a fresh supply so very far north. The American expedition, under Messrs. Hall and Bersels, will proceed from the American side after wintering, and attempt to reach the Pole in the course of the present summer.

Thus the great international race for reaching the North Pole has again commenced in earnest, and America has certainly not a little to the soldierly bearing of the vol-

unteers, especially to the regularity and celerity of their movements in large bodies. The brief experience of the system should induce the Militia department to extend it—either to double the time of the annual muster, or to make the muster twice instead of once a year.

In the *Gazette* of the 3rd ult. there appeared the usual regulations for the annual drill for the year 1872-73, appointing camps to be held at Windsor, Niagara, Kingston, Prescott, St. Andrews, Laprairie, Sherbrooke, Beauharnois, Arthabaska, Point Lévis, Woodstock, N.B., Truro, N.S., and Aylesford Plains, N.S.; and further appointing drills of the different militia corps in Manitoba and British Columbia under the direction of the district officers.

The Niagara Division with which we have now more particularly to do, assembled on the 12th June on the Niagara frontier. It was composed of cavalry, field artillery, and three brigades of infantry, as follows:—Cavalry, comprising No. 1 Troop, the Governor-General's Body-guard, and the 2nd Regiment of Cavalry, eight troops. Artillery: the Toronto, Hamilton, and Welland Batteries. Infantry: the 1st Infantry Brigade, comprising the 2nd (Queen's Own) Rifles, the 10th Royals, the 12th (York) Battalion, the 13th ditto, and the 19th ditto; the 2nd Infantry Brigade, comprising the 20th Battalion, the 31st (Grey) ditto, the 34th (Ontario) ditto, the 35th (Simcoe Foresters) Battalion, the 36th (Peel) ditto; the 3rd Infantry Brigade, comprising the 37th (Haldimand) Battalion, the 38th (Brant) ditto, the 39th (Norfolk) ditto, the 44th (Welland) ditto, the 77th (Wentworth) ditto. The whole force, numbering 5,355 men, was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Durie.

The camp was formed in much the same manner and position as last year, the only alterations being in the case of the 10th Royals, and the 12th, York, Battalion, who were, this year, encamped on the north side of the common, near the town. Of the daily routine it is unnecessary to speak, as it has already been fully described in the daily journals. The first few days were judiciously set apart for the setting-up of company and battalion drill and rifle practice. The following week the troops were put to battalion and brigade drill, and the last week they were employed in division work. On Saturday the 22nd a grand divisional parade was held before the Adjutant-General, who visited the camp for the purpose, and a formal inspection was held on the following Tuesday. On the following day, the 26th, the troops began to return, and three days afterwards the camping ground resumed its old appearance.

The beautiful view of Camp Niagara which is here presented to our readers was executed by Mr. Wright, of Niagara, who has certainly displayed considerable artistic skill in his method of grouping the several district battalions. Photographs from the same negative can be procured from Mr. Wright at any time.

We hope soon to present our readers with some beautiful Niagara sketches from the pencil of the same artist.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1872.

SUNDAY,	July 14.—	Seventh Sunday after Trinity. Union between G. L. and An. G. L. F. M., 1858.
MONDAY,	" 15.—	St. Nicholas, Bp. War declared by France against England, 1778. French Cathedral, Montreal, opened, 1825.
TUESDAY,	" 16.—	Flight of Mahomet, 622. Phipps arrived before Quebec, 1694. Detroit taken, 1812. First through train from Montreal to Portland, 1853.
WEDNESDAY,	" 17.—	Acadians dispersed, 1755. Battle of Mackinac, 1812.
THURSDAY,	" 18.—	Papal Infallibility decreed, 1870.
FRIDAY,	" 19.—	Prevost Paraded, 1830.
SATURDAY,	" 20.—	St. Margaret, P. of M. First Capture of Quebec, 1694. First stone of Victoria Bridge laid, 1854. Announcement in the Imperial Parliament of the Abolition of the Purchase System, 1871.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 24th July, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	F.	S.	Sa.	M.	Tu.
July 3.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
4.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
5.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
6.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
7.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
8.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°
9.	83°	81°	81°	81°	81°	81°

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

THERE has lately been made one of those periodical outcries respecting the state of Canadian literature which, from time to time, arise and occupy a considerable amount of space in newspaper columns, and a wonderfully disproportionate amount of the attention of newspaper readers. On every side we hear cries that our literature is not what it ought to be. Now and then, in reading the papers, we stumble upon an indignant communication demanding why in the name of Heaven we have not a national literature of our own, and protesting against our inability to compete in the literary field with our neighbours across the line. Even in the course of conversation one too often hears—even from Canadians at times—a sweeping denunciation of Canadian writers as being utterly destitute of the first qualities necessary in the making of a successful author, and an impatient sneer at the hinted possibility of our country ever becoming rich in literary representatives.

Such a state of affairs could hardly be more discouraging. It is but an evil omen for the literary future of the country that aspiring authors, possessed of good parts and sound education, should be deterred from using their pens by the sneers and gloomy prognostications of

soured prophets of evil, with whom the fact of a work being Canadian is equivalent to a certainty of failure, while a foreign brand is an equally sure guarantee of success. And that these croakers, while doing their best to damage the literary status of the country, should actually venture to complain of the evil themselves are working is certainly surpassing belief. To them is due in great measure the primary cause of the comparative poverty of our national literature—want of support. No one can close his eyes to the fact that home literature is most insufficiently supported; that the literary career is too frequently looked down upon. Were there a sufficient demand, a supply would immediately be forthcoming. We have no lack of writers, both in prose and poetry, whose works would compare favourably with many of those issuing from British and American presses. More than that, we have some whose works are known and appreciated better abroad than in their own country, thus fully carrying out the moral of the old adage that a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and among his own kindred. Further still, we have actually writers amongst us—Canadians whose name and fame are known wherever the British language is spoken—whose parentage and birthright are utterly unknown to the great majority of general readers. Take an instance. How many of the many thousand Canadian readers of "The Dodge Club" and "Cord and Creese," are aware that the author of those popular works is a Canadian, living in a Canadian city, who has been unable to find a market in his own country, and has been compelled to send his works abroad because his countrymen will not support native talent? There seems to be among the class of readers coming under the denomination of "general," or "average," a rooted dislike to anything in the shape of native productions, and a proportionate attraction to the sensational and often immoral trash which comes flooding the country from over the line. What the ultimate cause of this antipathy to moral and instructive reading may be we have not now time to consider. It may be education. It may be vicious tastes. But whatever it is we are convinced of one thing, viz., that a certain portion of the press of the country is greatly to blame for fostering and tending this aversion to wholesome literature. Now and then we see in the columns of some patriotic journal an urgent, vigorous appeal to the people to support Canadian literature, but for every such appeal, for every single call upon the patriotism of the people in the matter, we find twenty invitations to support foreign talent, foreign enterprise, and too often foreign rubbish. Until this kind of thing has ceased, until on the one hand the croakers are all killed off, and on the other patriotism becomes more generally preferred to profit: until Canadians from Gaspe to Vancouver Island unite in advancing, each in his own way, the literary interests of the country, we may look in vain for the Golden Age of Canadian Literature.

Persons perusing the advertisement in the "Canadian Illustrated News Portfolio and Dominion Guide," just out, will please take notice that Dr. L. O. Thayer, Oculist and Artist, of Montreal, has changed his residence from the place indicated in the aforesaid "Guide" to No. 15 Phillips Square.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR JULY.—With this issue commences the fifth year and the ninth volume of this western literary production. Taking every thing into consideration, we often wonder how the publishers are enabled to constantly present so fresh a novelty in the literary world. True, occasionally dull things creep into its pages—the prose is tame, and the poetry indifferent, say the critics; but what periodical publication the world over is free from such criticism, now and then? Not one. The present number contains a variety of entertaining reading matter; and we find that such articles as "The Magney—Century Plant," "Coyote Canon," "A Fragment of Samoan History," "Twenty Hill Hollow," etc., fully sustain its character of devotion to "The Development of the Country," and by which it is recognized as the representative magazine of the Pacific States. The poem entitled "In Southern California" has the true ring of Joaquin Miller's style; and no one familiar with his "Songs of the Sierras" would have a doubt that it came from his pen. As a whole, this number is a very good one; and being the first issue of a new volume, we heartily endorse it as one of the most readable magazines published in the United States.

DIGBY RACES.—Our special correspondent in the Maritime Provinces, Mr. E. J. Russell, is about to forward us a sketch taken at the races at Digby, N. S., which we hope to be able to reproduce in our next number, or in that of the following week. As a splendid contest is anticipated the subject will be one of great interest.

Civilization is advancing at a headlong rate in Alabama, a party of Greenville gentlemen having signed a pledge not to use tobacco, in any shape or manner, during church services.

ORIGIN OF THE MASTIFF.—The mastiff was known to the Greeks as the *Molosian*, and it obtained this name from Molossis, a part of Epirus, opposite Corfu, whence at that early period the best sorts were obtained. Probably the breed was imported subsequently from Middle Asia, until it became distributed throughout Europe, and in unsettled times it was used in these islands as a terror to the thief; whence its name "Mase thefe," or, according to William Harrison (1586), "Master theefe." It was also called the Allan, or Alaunt, whilst a smaller and probably mongrelized species was known as the "Bandog," because it was generally used as a chained or banded yard-dog, confined to the vehicle it was intended to protect, precisely as carriers often use a dog at the present time. It has been asserted that the mastiff of Thibet (which has been assumed to be the origin of the present mastiff) is sculptured upon an Assyrian tomb, 640 B. C. The tomb is that of the son of Esar-haddon; but Darwin tells us in a note (after quoting the instance) that a gentleman conversant with the Thibetan mastiff says it is a different animal. The Assyrian dog, taken from a wild ass hunt in one of the bas-reliefs of Nineveh at the British Museum, is supposed by some to be the Thibet dog described by Marco Polo as of the size of asses. Probably this is the same animal as that to which Darwin refers; if so, it is precisely the mastiff of the present day, and in its action exactly represents Mr. Kingdon's "Barry," as I witnessed him, rampant and struggling with his master, at the Plymouth show of 1870. Oppian's war dogs are described as having light hazel eyes, a truncated muzzle, loose skin above the brows, great stature, and muscular legs. Their colour and the volume or quality of their coats we are not told. It seems, according to Colonel Hamilton Smith, that there was also a race of ochre-coloured dogs, with a dark muzzle, and also a blue or slate-coloured dog, called by Calvus the *Glaucus molossus*, which was also a broad-mouthed dog, as the mastiff ought to be. I have also seen an engraving from a tile dug up from the supposed ruins of Babylon, representing a genuine smooth mastiff led in a rope by a man armed with a short club. Probably a man of superior stature and strength would be selected to discipline such a monster; and supposing the keeper to be six feet high, this Titanic animal would be forty-eight inches high, and his limbs are represented as large or larger than the man's legs, the coil of rope round his neck being about the size of a ship's cable. All we know is that a race of mastiff or bulldog, or both, existed in this country before the arrival of the Romans; and that, according to the descriptions which reach us, they were like those of Central Asia, or such as are mentioned by Megasthenes, massive of limb, muscular, broad, large-headed, and with blunt muzzles. Like the bulldog, the mastiff has existed from time immemorial in this kingdom. In the days of Caesar, according to Strabo, the dogs of Britain were superior and well-known, coveted, exported, and doubtless used in their amphitheatrical combats. But they were also cherished by the Anglo-Saxons, and every two villains, as we find from Jesse, had to maintain one of these animals, the bounding hound, or Molossus, being used for chasing the larger animals. Some of the dogs employed to destroy the boats of the wolves which devastated the flocks may have been bred from an early period in the island, but, as I have already stated, I have little doubt that the mastiff, largely employed for this purpose, was an imported and highly valued dog, kept by the wealthy, and carefully and purely bred as an article of barter. Probably it was never very abundant, certainly not very common; and the colours were fawn, granite, grey, brindled, or barred, and occasionally either black, red, or even white. These colours are permitted at the present time, supposing that there is a black muzzle; but the granite—and, in painters' language, the cooler the colour the better—is the hue or stain which I should consider most meritorious. The vexed question whether the bulldog is derived from the mastiff, or vice versa, I shall not enter into. It can never be decided, but I will express my decided opinion that but for the existence of the bulldog the mastiff would never have been recovered. It is my belief that the breed was resuscitated by crossing the bulldog with the foreign bulldog, and I think that there are mastiff-breeders alive who could enlighten us if they would. The rapid increase and growing excellence of our mastiffs is to me one of the wonders of the dog world, recalling as I do the meagre materials which were at hand.—"The Dog" By Titone.

GAMBLING MADE USEFUL.—It is not often that a taste for gambling is so well regulated as seems to have been the case with the late Sir Henry Bulwer. The young man made his debut in 1827, when he was attached to the Berlin Embassy. Taking Paris in his way, he won there between six and seven thousand pounds at play. This he adroitly converted into the starting-point and foundation of his diplomatic fortunes. There was then a whist-playing set at Berlin, mustering principally at Prince Wittgenstein's, and including the leading personages of the Court. The high stakes (500 louis the rubber was not uncommon) kept the members of the English Embassy aloof, with the exception of Bulwer, who fearlessly risked his recently acquired capital. Although by no means a first-rate whist-player, he eventually came off a winner, and from the incidental gossip of princes and ambassadors at the card-table, he learnt a great deal about more important matters from which his official superiors were shut out.

The *Court Journal* has the following story on "the advantages of civilization"—A gentleman of rather a philosophic turn was arguing with a sportsman emphatically, hurriedly, and unpleasantly in his garden as to the possibility of even introducing civilization into the treatment of animals, and that it should be profitable and agreeable to them. They were passing near a tree where there was a bird's nest, when the sportsman took the philosopher's snuff-box from his hand, not to apply any of its contents to his nose, as expected, but emptied its contents into the bird's nest, saying, "I wonder how the old bird will take to the introduction of 'civilization!'"

During the Puritan period, the great golden altar candlesticks of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, were sold to the authorities of Ghent Cathedral. Since that time the English Cathedral has used some very handsome ones, but not so peculiarly associated with the Cathedral. The authorities of Ghent have offered to return the English Church the ancient candlesticks on condition that they receive an equivalent return.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Earl of Portsmouth has the honour of being the collateral representative of Sir Isaac Newton, and he has generously offered to the University of Cambridge, through the Duke of Devonshire (Chancellor of the University), all the papers of Sir Isaac relating to scientific subjects which his lordship has inherited.

A SUPPOSED FREAK OF NATURE.—A Vicksburg paper furnishes the following as a freak of nature. The item is having a very general circulation through the newspapers:—"Upon a spot where had been buried a soldier who fell at Champion Hill, who was buried in his blood, grew a peach tree that had reached maturity, while its roots steeped themselves in the martyr's blood.

An exchange says:—"A new plan for concentrating and softening the light of gas jets has just been invented. The half of a hollow glass globe filled with water is suspended under the flame. It is said to give a soft, steady, mellow light, quite agreeable to the eyes, and protecting the head from the heat of the flame."

It may not be generally known to our readers that snake-poison is used for medicinal purposes in these days, and that under the name of "Crotalus Horridus," the poison of the rattlesnake is utilised in homoeopathic pharmacy.

A NOVELTY IN BANK-NOTE PAPER.—A Berlin lithographer of the name of Gustavus Schwartzwald is said to have discovered a method of preparing paper for bank-notes which it is impossible to imitate.

A champion itemizer, whose imagination and conscience are both of India-rubber elasticity, sends a sheep story from Colorado, in which he tests the credulity of his readers by asking them to believe that the flocks of that territory carry about their pastures on their backs.

VARIETIES.

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A wretched old bachelor says: "After all a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world; it is a perfect honeycomb—full of cells."

The hair of a camel weighs about ten pounds and sells for more than one hundred dollars, which shows that it was not only in the days of Mohammed that the animal bore a great prophet.

A youth seeing a young woman shedding tears over something in her lap, concluding it was a book, asked if it was Bulwer's last production which had affected her so acutely.

John McMasters, of Peoria, never drinks and never goes home drunk, but he has an odd, eccentric way of beating his wife sometimes. The other night he piled up all her clothes in a heap and burned them, for which she did not care, because she knew she must have something to wear here below, and was glad to have that something new; nevertheless she brought an action against him, and he made his appearance in the Police Court.

A good anecdote is told of a house painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a flagellation.

In reference to Anna Dickinson's story of her one insult, which consisted in a man's pressing her foot in a railroad car, and not stopping when she threatened to complain to the conductor, the Chicago Post says: "Anna didn't tell all the story. The man repeated the insult, and Anna called the conductor, who heard the statements of both parties.

A Lafayette lover seated himself on a barrel turned on its side, while serenading his heart's mistress. In his ecstasy he rolled the barrel over, slammed his guitar against a shutter in his efforts to regain his balance, and disappeared in the cistern.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad man of Philadelphia, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came one Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to. "Yes." "You receive your pay regularly?" "Yes." "Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

AN ARTFUL DOGGER.—A few years ago, a butcher of Caen bought a calf of a cattle jobber in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to elench the bargain, and the butcher jocosely observed, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into town in broad daylight, and to pass the octroi, or customs barrier, publicly, without paying.

Over a year ago, some English artists of acknowledged ability combined, under the superintendence of the painter-poet, William Morris, to prepare designs for the internal decoration and furnishing of houses.

The cultivation of flax is receiving considerably more attention of late years than formerly, particularly in the western and north-western counties. The Huron Expositor thus refers to a particularly fine specimen:—"Mr. Barnett Burns, of Lot 18, 1st Concession, McKillop, showed us on Tuesday last a few stalks of flax which measured three feet four and a-half inches.

The Galaxy, the Ladies' fashionable newspaper of New York, 6th May, says:—"It has been very noticeable since the introduction of that Italian preparation, the Concentrated Water of Tivoli or Bath of Beauty, that in society or at the theatres the toilets of our Ladies have been vastly improved.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bob, Mobile.—Wrong in both cases. Nothing prevents Black from moving his Bishop after White's second move in Problem No. 50. Below you will find the correct solution to Problem No. 51.

A game played recently in the Montreal Chess Club. SCOTCH GAMBIT.

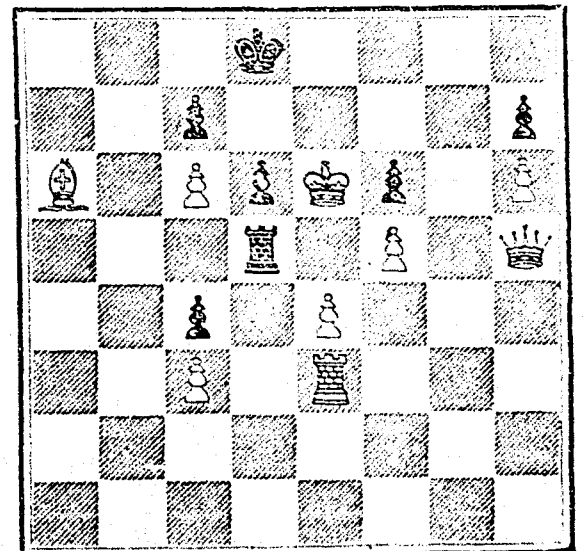
- White. Attack. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. B. to B. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. to K. 5th (b) 7. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 8. Kt. takes P. 9. B. takes Kt. 10. Castles. 11. B. to K. 3rd 12. P. takes B. 13. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 14. P. to K. B. 4th 15. P. to K. B. 5th 16. B. takes Kt. 17. Q. to K. B. 3rd 18. P. to Q. R. 4th 19. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 20. P. to Q. Kt. 5th 21. Kt. to Q. 2nd 22. P. takes P. en pass. 23. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd (d) 24. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th 25. P. to K. 6th 26. K. R. to Q. B. sq. 27. P. takes B. 28. Q. R. takes P. 29. K. R. to Q. B. 7th (c) 30. R. takes P. ch. 31. R. takes Q. ch. 32. Q. to Q. B. 5rd (f) 33. P. to K. R. 3rd 34. Q. to Q. 2nd 35. P. to K. Kt. 3rd (g) 36. Q. to Q. B. 3rd 37. Q. to Q. B. 2nd 38. P. to K. R. 4th 39. P. takes P. 40. Q. to Q. sq. ch.

- Black. Defence. P. to K. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. takes P. (a) B. to B. 4th K. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to Q. 4th Kt. to Q. 5th B. to Q. 2nd B. takes B. (e) Castles. B. takes Kt. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th P. to K. B. 3rd Kt. to K. 3rd Kt. to Kt. 4th P. takes B. Q. to Q. 2nd Q. R. to K. sq. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd B. to Kt. 2nd P. to Q. B. 4th B. takes P. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd B. to Q. R. 3rd Q. to Q. sq. B. takes Kt. Q. R. takes K. P. Q. R. to K. 5th Q. to K. B. 3rd Q. takes P. K. takes R. R. to K. B. 3rd K. to R. 3rd R. takes B. P. K. to Kt. 3rd R. to K. B. 3rd K. R. to K. 3rd P. takes P. K. to R. 4th K. takes P.

PROBLEM No. 51

By Green Horn.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 51.

- White. 1. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. ch. 2. Q. takes Kt. 3. Kt. mates. Black. B. takes Kt. Any move.

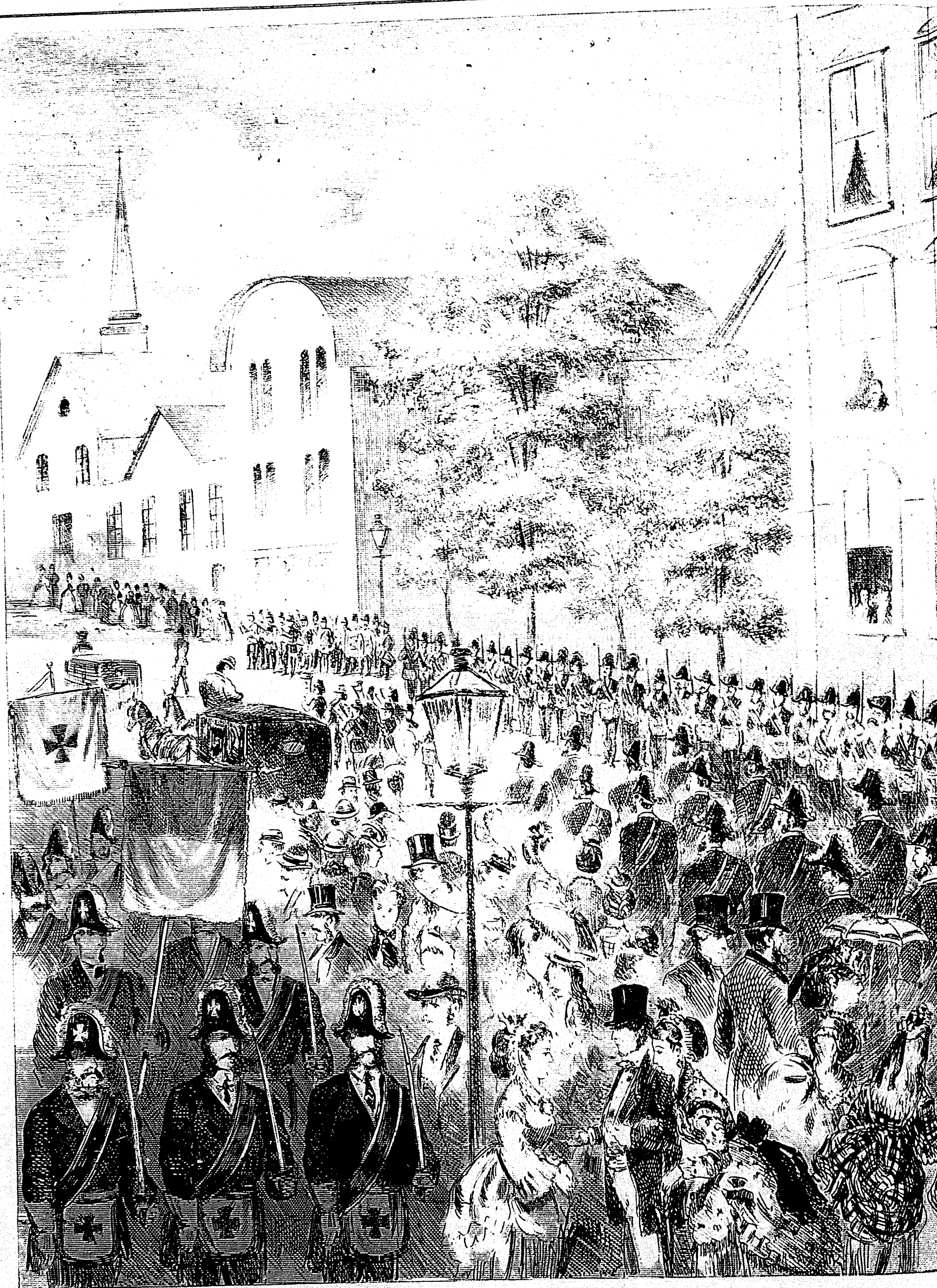
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 50.

- White. 1. Q. to K. B. 4th 2. Kt. mates. Black. R. takes Q. (a)

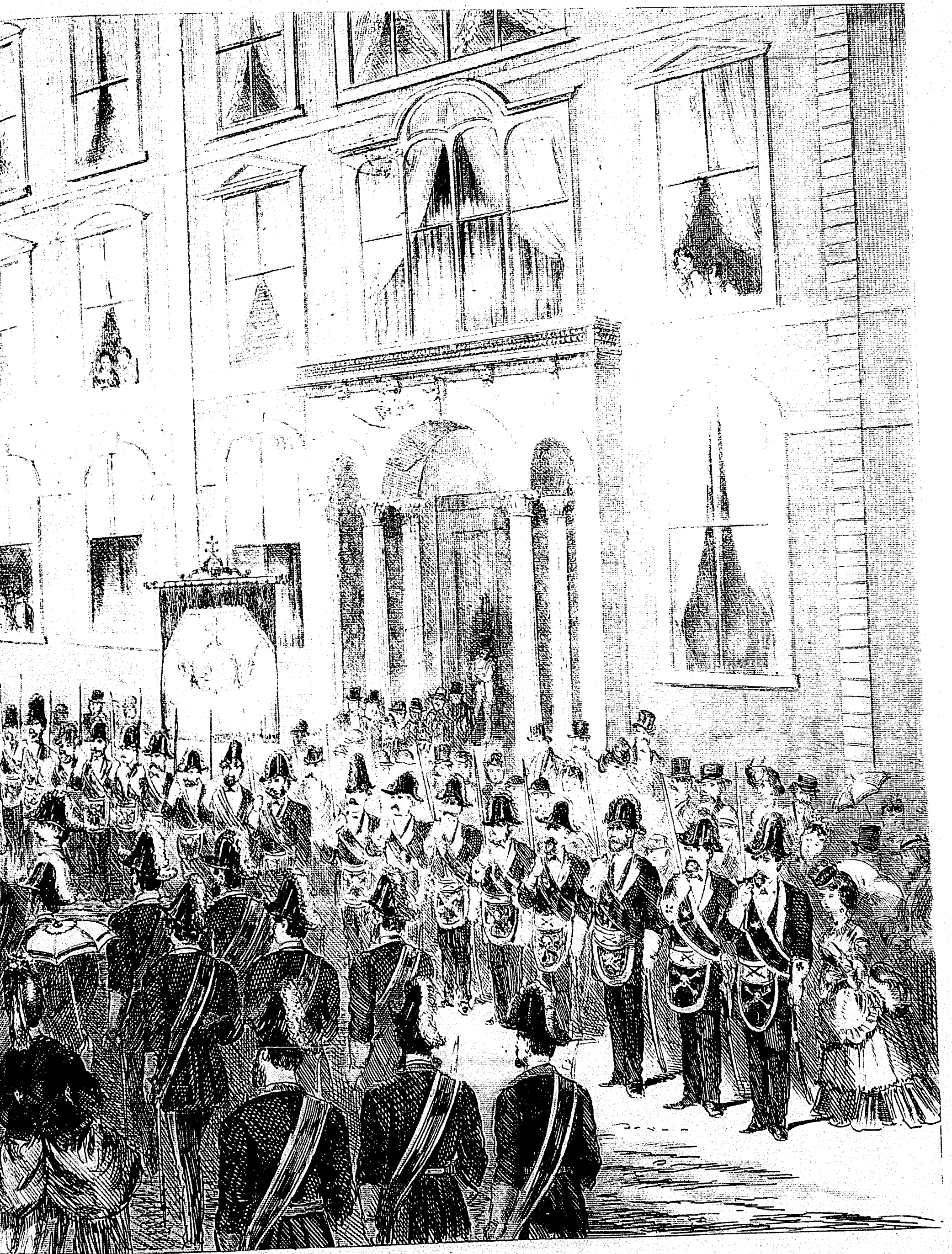
(a) Should Black play R. takes P., Q. takes R., mates; if any other move, Q. to K. 3rd

MARRIAGE.

At Brussels, on the 18th ult., M. de Brigny, Seigneur de Pavrook, Russia, to Lucie, daughter of the late Theo. Doucet, of Montreal.



MASONIC CELEBRATION IN S



T. JOHN, N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

POOR ISABEL.



Under the shining moon, like some fair spirit sleeping,
Upon a bed of moss her nightly watches keeping,
Sat Isabel.
The night dew gleamed upon the flowers
That sleeping waited sunny hours,
Which soon should chase their griefs away,
And cheer them with the welcome ray
They love so well.

Under the shining moon, her own sad griefs bewailing,
Sighing her heart away in sorrow unavailing,
Sat Isabel:
Like glittering pearls her teardrops fell
Upon her snowy breast, whose swell
Revealed a grief she dared not name:
A grief,—the secret of her shame.
Oh! sad to tell.

Under the shining moon, alone and melancholy,
Bathed in a flood of light, so mild, so calm and holy,
Sat Isabel:
Her long bright hair neglected lay
Toss'd by the breeze like golden spray
Playing around a marble shore,
Whence sound of life comes never more,
Save sorrow's knell.

Under the shining moon, where once her arms entwined
The neck of him she loved, who proved, alas! unkind,
Sat Isabel:
On him her whole existence hung,
For him she wept, for him she sung:
Her virgin heart so pure and sweet,
She laid at her betrayer's feet,
She loved and fell.

Under the shining moon, where nightly sits the raven,
Perched on a rough-hewn stone, where some hand has graven
Sat Isabel:
No more I see that fair form sleeping,
Her self and secret safe in keeping,
Are waiting 'neath that mossy cover,
All vain regrets and heartaches over,
Sweet maid, farewell.

Montreal.

JOHN HARTLEY.

KITES AND PIGEONS.

Part II.

(From London Society.)

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

TINSELL CASTLE had dined. The ladies were in the drawing-room; the gentlemen were discussing politics over old port and new filberts. Colonel Tippits had made several efforts to throw off a score or two of his choicest platitudes; but he had found Mr. Thornton a stiff and uncompromising opponent.

The dining-room opened conveniently upon a conservatory; and old Pigeon was the first to avail himself of the Colonel's permission to go outside and have a cigar prior to joining the ladies in the drawing-room.

Old Pigeon was heartily tired of Society. The Colonel might have heard him saying so as he tried to light a cigar in a shady corner of the lawn. It was a fine, clear moonlight night, the weather almost as warm as July.

"I'm blown if I ain't precious sick of this," grumbled old Pigeon. "What with Colonel's speeches and Tommy a-losing that bet of a cool two hundred, as the Colonel called it—well, I says, says I, 'Let us go outside and smoke a quiet cigar.' Says Mr. Thornton, 'We must join the ladies.' 'By all means,' I says, and I slips out; and I only wish I was in the train a-going back to London."

"Hullo, governor! you've come out for a breather, eh?" said Tom Pigeon, with a half-burnt cigar in his mouth, and the ashes of it on his waistcoat. "Well, how do you like being in Society and in a castle?"

"Well, Tommy," said old Pigeon, "if I may be allowed to give my opinion, I'd sooner be at the Elephant and Castle, having a quiet pipe."

"Ah, governor," said Tom. "You are too old to get out of vulgar habits; you'll never alter."

"I don't want to," said the old man.

"I feel a bit of a squeamishness here," said Tom, laying his hand on his heart, "a sort of a no-howish feeling. Thornton says it is a regular out-and-out society pain—a sort of a fashionable pain—a twinge of the blazzy, Kite calls it."

"I don't like that Kite, Tommy," said the old man. "He ain't no good."

"Oh, he is not a bad sort," said Tom.

"He knows you was a-going to lose that bet," said the old man, pushing his penknife through the end of his cigar, and wishing he had a pipe.

"Never mind the bet, father," said Tom. "It will come right if you will only be a little careful; but what with your

talking of giving an inch and taking an ell, your Tooiey Street joke, and the Paris fashions, you do make it hard for a fellow to keep his equilibrium."

"What's that, Tommy?"

"Never mind what it is, dear old boy. It is not much I ask—sink the shop, and consider our new positions."

"Why, Tommy, there's a petticoat! It's that pretty little girl, the companion," said old Pigeon.

Tom intercepted the young lady. She had a basket of flowers in her hand.

"Why, Jessie," he said, familiarly and heartlessly, "I thought you were inside yonder."

"Sir," said Jessie, "allow me to pass."

"How distant we are," said Tom. "Where have you been?"

"To say good-bye to my father, you mean, unkind thing," said Jessie.

"Gone on a journey, has he?" Tom asked, trying to maintain an air of nonchalant indifference.

"Yes. Allow me to pass, sir."

"Those are pretty flowers. Are they out of the Colonel's garden?"

"They are the last flowers from the farm which my father is leaving for ever. There! Now I hope you are satisfied," said Jessie, beginning to cry.

"Tom, you are a brute!" the old man exclaimed.

"Don't be angry, Jessie," said Tom.

"Angry? Pooh!" said Jessie, between crying and sobbing. "I would scorn to be angry with such a person as you."

"Person!" said Tom. "Ain't I as good as anybody else?"

"Write to me and say you are coming to see me, and then never to come near me; and when you see me accidentally dare not speak to me because Colonel Tippits says it is contrary to the rules of society to pay attention to a companion. Tom Pigeon, you are a donkey and a cruel man."

Tom put out his hand to take Jessie's arm.

"If you touch me I'll scream," said Jessie. "I have said what I wished to say, and now I am going inside there, as you call it."

Jessie swept by Tom and his father, as she spoke.

"Very well," said Tom, sticking his glass in his eye. "Depart, Miss Miller, depart!"

"Oh, you silly, stupid, stuck-up, ungrateful thing!" she said, scornfully turning round to fire off this last volley as she entered the Castle.

"That's one for you, Tommy," said old Pigeon.

"Yas, yas," said Tom, staring at the door, which Jessie had closed behind her, "yas, that's my secret, governor, that pert party in petticoats. I said I would show you my secret. Before destiny called us to fame; before we vowed to go into Society, I loved that young woman. Yas, governor, your son was in love, and coming down here to pay a clandestine visit to his sweetheart, when you asked me to accompany you in the same direction."

"Lor!" said the old man. "What a curious thing!"

"The Colonel says," continued Tom, "if a young gent of fashion was to marry a companion, it would be death to him."

"You don't say so, Tommy!" exclaimed old Pigeon.

"Death," said Tom, solemnly. "But say no more about it; here comes Mr. Thornton, who is a real swell, bred and born."

"I am sent to bring in the Pigeons," said Mr. Thornton. "Messieurs the Pigeons, come in and be plucked. We are going to play loo."

"Now, none of your larks, Thornton," said Tom. "Larks, d'y'see?—play upon the word."

"Never mind playing upon the word, sir," said Thornton. "Come and be played upon."

"Mr. Thornton, let me ask you a question—won't detain you a moment. Have you a peculiar pain here" (pointing to the region of the heart)—"a sort of a dull kind of a pain?"

"No; can't say that I have," Mr. Thornton replied.

"How long have you been in Society?" asked Tom, pathetically.

"Well, I hardly know—always," said Mr. Thornton, ejaculating, inwardly, "Poor, miserable Pigeon!"

"Ah, then you have got used to it—most extraordinary thing!" said Tom.

"You will get used to it also," said Thornton. "Eels get used to skinning, pigeons to plucking."

"Now look here," exclaimed Tom, letting his eye-glass fall, and throwing aside a fresh-lighted cigar, "I don't like that sort of remark. You know the rules of Society better than I do, and perhaps you are within those rules now, otherwise, Mr. Thornton, I would punch your head—I would, 'pon my soul! so there!"

"Bravo, Pigeon!" said Thornton, coolly patting the little fellow's back. "Give me your hand, Pigeon. I had no idea you were so plucky; we will be staunch friends."

Thornton took Tom's hand in his big, manly palm, and shook old Pigeon's son and heir until his teeth chattered.

"That's right," said the old man, "that's right. I hate quarrelling."

"And I hate humbug," said Tom. "Onward and above-board, is my sentiment; and a man with a hundred thousand at his banker's is not going to stand anybody's humbug—that's the way to say it."

"Quite right," said Mr. Thornton, planting himself between the two Pigeons, and taking an arm of each, "quite right. You are in the way to get a splendid lesson on humbug. Come along, gentlemen, come along."

CHAPTER VII.

A STORM IN SOCIETY.

If this were a drama instead of a mere story the last chapter would have been called, in the technical language of the practical dramatist, a carpenter's scene. It would have given reasonable time for the next act, a return to the drawing-room—an interior with which the reader is already acquainted.

Let the faithful historian present the scene as though the equally faithful reader sat by his side in the first row of the stalls and saw it.

Miss Tippits sits at the piano, with her foot on the soft pedal, playing a new set of waltzes *pianissimo*, that no one may be disturbed by the music, and, also, that her mistakes may be less noticeable than they would be under the influence of the *forte* pedal. She is bending her head sentimentally to

the music, as if her soul were communing with the spirit of the sublime composer (a bandmaster in one of the line regiments), or the less ethereal part of her nature were threading the figures of the dreamy waltz in the arms of Mr. Tom Pigeon, Mr. Thornton, or whosoever else may be destined to call her his own.

At a card table, placed in the furthest corner of the room, sit Kite and the Rector of Fullpark, playing a harmless game of cribbage. Down near the footlights are Miss Austin, the Colonel, and several guests seated upon ottomans, and lollying in easy chairs, talking in a miscellaneous fashion upon a variety of questions, the whole of which the Colonel vainly endeavours to turn to political account, being invariably interrupted just as he is about to rehearse his hustings speech.

Presently there enter from the carpenter's scene—or, rather, speaking as historian, not as dramatist—from the garden, where that interesting incident of the last chapter has just taken place—presently, I say, there enter Mr. Thornton, Mr. Pigeon senior, and Mr. Pigeon junior. As they appear, it suddenly occurs to the Colonel to ask Miss Tippits to sing "that little song."

"Do, my dear Clementina, sing that little song," says the Colonel.

"Papa, dear, don't ask me," says Miss Tippits.

"Yes; do sing," say several voices all at once.

"Do oblige us," says Mr. Tom Pigeon.

"Then Jessie must accompany me," says Miss Tippits, taking up a bundle of music, and beginning to search for "that little song."

"Where is Jessie Miller?" says the Colonel, looking round the room, and searching every corner through his eye-glass.

No one answers the question; but Jessie glides out of some unsuspected corner, and takes her seat at the piano to play the accompaniment to the song which Miss Clementina Tippits was practising when this story opened.

"Generous creature to allow little Miller to accompany her—to share the honours of the evening—eh?" says the Colonel, in a low voice, to Tom.

"Yas, yas," Tom replies.

While the song is being sung and the accompaniment is being played, the Colonel, listening attentively to both all the time, motions Tom Pigeon to a card table, at which both seat themselves, opposite Kite and a solicitor of Inglenook, who has taken the rector's place.

Everybody applauds the song, and the card players cut for deal.

Old Pigeon thereupon remarks that his son Tom sings a good song.

"Mr. Pigeon junior is engaged," says the Colonel.

"But you have not commenced the game," says Thornton; "let us have Mr. Pigeon's song first."

"O yes, certainly," say several voices.

"Yas," says Tom, "anything to oblige, as Mr. Ketch said."

"You must not tell us what Mr. Ketch said," remarks Thornton, with his thoughts in the famous Pickwickian scene.

"Two persons, who had recently been to a London theatre—laugh very much at Thornton's mild joke."

"Is it the wish of the company that I should sing?" asks Tom.

"Vulgar person," says the Rector, aside to his neighbour.

"Certainly," says Mr. Thornton; "we are waiting."

"And so are we," says Kite, with the faintest indication of a wink at the Inglenook lawyer, who is shuffling a pack of cards, and mentally calculating the amount that may be dragged out of a young, vulgar, wealthy cockney in two hours.

"Perhaps it would not be out of the rules of Society if the companion," says old Pigeon, "was just to—(imitates, in dumb show, the act of playing an accompaniment on the piano).

"Look after the governor," says Tom to Mr. Thornton; "I'm afraid the wine is getting into his head."

"Certainly," says the Colonel. "Miss Jessie Miller, will you kindly accompany Mr. Pigeon's song?"

Jessie says nothing, but sits down, determined to accompany him in half a dozen keys.

"Miss Jessie Miller will oblige," says old Pigeon, in a maudlin way, half aloud; "number ninety in the books."

"Governor, governor," remonstrates young Pigeon in an aside whisper, "will you or won't you?"

"What do you wish me to play?" asks Jessie, when Tom walks up to the piano.

"Don't be so hard on me," Tom says, quietly.

"I don't know it," says Jessie.

"This is the tune," says Tom, in desperation, humming a few bars of an impossible melody.

Jessie follows him on the instrument, and then asks if he is ready.

"Yes," he says he is; and in evidence thereof he breaks out into the following new and original ballad:—

"A toast! To our darlings at home—
Our wives and children dear;
Here's a health to those that we love,
Let us drink the toast with a cheer!"

"If I might be allowed," says Tom, "I would ask ladies and gentlemen to join in the chorus."

"Very good," says the Colonel, smiling; "charming—so very natural."

"We will take the lead from you, Mr. Pigeon," says Thornton; whereupon Tom repeats the last verse as a chorus, and the Colonel's guests think it a very humorous thing to "join in," which they do quite pleasantly.

Tom continues the song with renewed vigour, his father nodding and beating time to the tune.

"When the world is frowning and dark,
And friends grow fickle and cold;
Her fond smile shall brighten the clouds,
And tinge them with colours of gold."

"Admirable sentiment, charming moral," says the Colonel, inviting old Pigeon, by an easy gesture, to join the card table, to which Mr. Pigeon senior responds.

Everybody intimates that the song has charmed them very much. Mr. Tippits takes Tom's arm, compliments him upon his vocal powers, and conducts him to the card tables, where cutting in and cutting out goes on at once to the evident satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

"Happy pair the Pigeons," says Mr. Thornton to Miss

Tippits, who is rolling her languishing eyes at a young curate, supposed to have great influence with the bishop.

"Yes, very," says Miss Tippits.
"Eccentric," continues Mr. Thornton, "very odd there should be a Kite in the same company."
Thornton glances at the card tables as he makes the remark.

"I do not think it at all singular," says Miss Tippits; "there is a Mr. Green and also a Miss White here."

"Yes, true, true," says Thornton; "you do not object to the name of Pigeon now, Miss Tippits."

"You are always facetious, Mr. Thornton. I suppose Miss Austin does not object to the name of Thornton," says Miss Tippits, withdrawing her eyes from the curate and rolling them upon Mr. Thornton.

"She has just done me the honour to say that she does not," replies Thornton, accepting the optical charge with remarkable coolness.

Miss Austin, who has been discussing the relative powers of Browning and Tennyson with a gentleman (he has heard "The Brook" sung at a Penny Reading, and been advised to get up "How they Brought the Good News to Ghent"), comes to Miss Tippits's ottoman at this moment, and asks her friends what Harry is so earnest about.

"About you," says Miss Tippits; "he was asking me to be one of the bridesmaids."

"Harry!" exclaims Miss Austin, in a pretty confusion.

Thornton is rather taken aback at the unexpected smartness of Miss Tippits.

"I congratulate you both," says that lady, with as little asperity as she can put into her voice.

Miss Austin bows. Mr. Thornton is about to make a suitable reply when the conversation is interrupted by high words at one of the card tables.

"Hollo! what is this!" says Mr. Thornton, "a storm in Society!"

"I saw you do it," says young Pigeon, in loud angry tones, "you are a cheat."

He is addressing Kite, who rises from the table.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," remonstrates the Colonel, in his blindest manner.

The whole company rise from their seats in various parts of the room.

"An infernal cheat!" exclaims Pigeon.

"Before ladies, too," says the Colonel, attempting to take Tom's arm.

"You son of a tailor," shouts Kite, beginning a withering reply to Tom, who immediately upsets the table, and seizing Kite by the throat, gasps out, "Ladies or no ladies—tailors or no tailors—you shall give up that card!"

The ladies hurriedly leave the room; the gentlemen throng round Pigeon and Kite, just in time to see Mr. Pigeon, junior, fling his adversary, and pull out of Kite's coat-pocket an ace of spades.

Tableau and end of scene to turbulent music.

CHAPTER VIII.
AFTER THE STORM.

In one of his "Roundabout Papers," or somewhere else, Thackeray promised to write a story that should be all dialogue. He never did it. The idea has borne fruit in this poor narrative of Tom Pigeon's expedition into Society. I have eschewed description. I leave the actors in this little drama to play their own parts in their own way. The reader has formed her own idea (I say *her* own idea for what *he* is capable of such a formation) of the character, manner, and appearance of every individual visitor at Tinsell Castle. She also knows exactly what would be said about the disgraceful scene at the Castle. It is not necessary to tell her how the few good people who had been got there by misrepresentations concerning whom they would meet, considered themselves insulted and defamed. She knows all about persons of the Tippits character, who try to thrust themselves into Society. She has never met them of course, but she has heard of them and read of them in books. The Pigeons are mysteries to her perhaps, but she can easily imagine what sort of a figure Mr. Shoddy, who made her last riding-habit, would cut with a house in Belgrave Square, and a vulgar son dreaming of Society. Why should I, the humble reporter of these few insignificant scenes, in the insignificant lives of the Kites and Pigeons, trespass upon the intellectual and indulgent reader with my own views? The very thought is presumptuous. I return to the dialogue, with an humble apology, for this almost unpardonable reference to my own existence. I will only venture to say that we are back again in the drawing-room of Tinsell Castle on the day after the storm. Kite and Mr. Thornton are in the room.

"I assure you," says Kite, "it was quite a mistake—I assure you, on my honour."

"Appearances were against you," says Thornton.

"By all that is good I swear to you it was a mistake; you must prevent scandal, Mr. Thornton, or the Colonel's chances of election for Inglenook are at an end."

"I don't think there is any danger of Tippits ever being a member of parliament even for Inglenook," says Thornton.

"You are wrong, sir, believe me," says Kite; "but, no matter, whether right or wrong, sir, you must use your influence with Mr. Pigeon, pray do, sir, he respects you."

"You called him a son of a tailor," says Thornton.

"I did not mean it personally, it was only figurative, just as you say a son of a gun; I meant no harm, Mr. Thornton, I assure you; the term might even be construed into one of endearment."

At this moment there enters Mr. Thomas Pigeon, at sight of whom there disappears with almost miraculous rapidity his old friend Kite. Young Pigeon has been going about the house, asking nearly every person he meets, if he experiences any pain in the region of the heart. Mr. Thomas Pigeon has had a severe and continuous attack of that peculiarly uncomfortable pain, which he was told on the previous day belonged to Society. It had attacked him most seriously on hearing that Miss Jessie Miller had made up her mind to leave the Castle; and more particularly since she had met him on the stairs and insisted upon cutting him dead. The pain had been so intense during the morning, that Tom began to wonder whether his father was not quite right in attributing it to what he was pleased to call this new-fangled humbug of being in Society, and doing everything that you didn't want to do and pretending that you liked it. Tom had been closeted with Colonel Tippits; he had also had a serious conversation with

Mr. Thornton; Miss Miller had looked prettier than ever she had done as if only for the purpose of cutting him; his father had solemnly warned him that he was being swindled, bought and sold, and made mincemeat of; so that altogether Mr. Pigeon, junior, may be said to have had anything but a lively time of it during the last twenty four hours.

"Ah, Mr. Thornton," he said, on entering the drawing-room, from which Kite had just disappeared, "how are you, sir—how are you?"

"Well, thank you, very well," said Thornton, thrusting his hands into the pockets of a loose morning coat, and surveying the odd figure of the ambitious young merchant tailor, formerly of Bond Street.

"Got no pain here?" Tom asked, ruefully planting his left hand upon that part of his light waistcoat which covered his heart.

"No, no," said Thornton, laughing.

"Ah, I have—a confounded pain, sir!" said Tom. "I don't think being in Society, as you call it, is good for me."

"Society! My poor, dear young friend, you have never been there yet. But is there no other reason for your heart-ache? I saw you watching that pretty Jessie Miller this morning, when you were dressing. I saw you, sir; I saw you looking out at your bed-room window."

"Well, I did not say that you did not see me."

"Don't be angry."

"I am not angry."

"You are blushing, then."

"I beg your pardon, I am not," Tom said, turning his head away from Mr. Thornton, and trying to hide his face behind his eye-glass.

"Mr. Kite is anxious to have your forgiveness, said Thornton, considerably changing the subject; "he declares that the whole thing was a mistake; he vows it, upon his honour."

"Upon what?"

"His honour."

"Don't like the guarantee. The Colonel assured me he had kicked the brute out of doors."

"He may have done so," said Thornton; "but Kite is one of those persons who, being kicked out at the front door, come in at the back."

"Why, he had the audacity to call me the—"

"Yes, yes," said Thornton, before Tom could finish the sentence, "he says that was not meant personally; in fact, that it was more in the light of a term of endearment, just as you say a son of a gun—do you see?"

"Yes, yes," said Tom, promptly, and with evident relief, "very good; I thought that was all he meant, after all. He is a clever fellow."

"You knew him, then, before you met him down here?"

"Slightly, yes, yes," said Tom, plucking up his collar and his courage at the same time. "I gave him a wunner, eh? It astonished him rather, and the Castle too. By Jove! I almost forgave him for falling so cleanly when I hit out from the shoulder. It was as good as a play."

"Yes, no doubt," said Mr. Thornton. "Now look here, Mr. Pigeon, junior, I know all about that pain of yours. You don't care for Miss Tippits. Don't frown, my friend, don't frown. You would rather be out of the bargain. Forgive Kite; he is no worse than his friends, between ourselves. Let us go into the garden and have a chat."

Mr. Thornton had a way of making people do what he wished, and he found no difficulty in persuading Mr. Pigeon to act upon some very wholesome advice which he gave him under a tree on Colonel Tippits's lawn.

Meanwhile, Mr. Theophilus Pigeon had encountered Miss Jessie Miller in the breakfast-room, and had, in the frankest way possible, obtruded himself upon her confidence. He admired her morning dress; he expressed his great regret that Miss Miller was going to leave the Castle; he candidly told her that he neither cared for the Castle nor its society, and he was sure in his heart of hearts that his son Tom was of the same opinion.

"I don't want to hear anything about your son Tom," said Jessie, impatiently stamping her pretty right foot upon a full-blown rose in the Brussels carpet.

"Ah, you once thought differently," said old Pigeon, coaxingly.

"Perhaps I did."

"You liked him once."

"Perhaps I did."

"Why don't you now?"

"Because he doesn't care for me."

"How do you know he don't?"

"What a silly question, begging your pardon. It would not be right to care for a poor farmer's daughter now he's in society."

Jessie emphasised the last two words, and tossed up her head with an air of defiance and contempt.

"Hang society! blow society!" said old Pigeon. "Don't be angry with me, Miss Jessie, because I love you already as a father might, and I want to know all about this affair between you and Tom. How long have you known my son?"

"A year," said Jessie, looking upon the ground and sighing.

"He came to the hotel with father from the Cattle Show, and we all went to the theatre."

"The sly dog! I remember him saying he had met some very nice people at the show."

"And he came and had tea with us," continued Jessie; "and we have written to each other ever since; and the other day my father had to leave the farm, because he lost his money horse-racing."

"Oh, that was it," said old Pigeon; "and the Colonel was your father's landlord. Between ourselves, Miss Jessie, I don't think much of this Mister Colonel. What do you say?"

"Nothing," said Jessie.

"You are mum, as they say."

"Yes."

"Jessie! Jessie!" called the unmistakable voice of Miss Tippits at this period of the conversation; "where are you?"

"But if Tommy was to ask you to be his wife?" said old Pigeon, hurriedly, determined to make the most of his time.

"Tommy!" exclaimed Jessie, snapping her pretty fingers, "I would not have him if his hair was hung with diamonds."

Then saying:

"I am coming, Miss Tippits," she darted out of the room, and left old Pigeon to his own reflections.

"Not if his hair was hung with diamonds!" said old Pigeon, looking at the door which Jessie banged as she fled; "that's one for Tommy."

It is impossible to say how many times Mr. Pigeon would have repeated Jessie's words had he not been interrupted by Colonel Tippits, who, having searched the house for his friend, had found him at last, mentally staggering under the startling rebuff of Miss Jessie Miller.

"My dear Mr. Pigeon," said the Colonel, in his loud pompous voice, "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pigeon; "well, if you repeat the same exercise to-morrow you'll have to go further afield to look for me."

"Why, sir, why?" asked the Colonel.

"Cos I means to cut this, sir, if not to-day, by the first train in the morning. I'm too plain a man for this sort of thing. I've never been in a castle before."

"Every Englishman's home is his castle," said the Colonel, majestically.

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Pigeon, senior; "every Englishman's home is not a castle, sir, begging your pardon; and a good thing too, Colonel. But we will not argue the point; let us come to business. About that mortgage; I'm willing to renew it, as you know, but on one condition."

"Name it," said the Colonel, promptly, prepared to concede much.

"You must let my son off this bargain, sir, about Miss Tippits."

The Colonel started and looked fixedly at old Pigeon.

"It's very kind of you," said Mr. Pigeon, undaunted—"it's very kind, and a great honour—we know that; but it's a mistake altogether. We Pigeons are only humble birds; and it's like mating one of us to a pheasant, or a peacock, or a no-strich—it ain't natural Colonel; and it will never do."

While the Colonel is endeavouring to explain to Mr. Pigeon that the intermarrying of the middle with the upper classes of society is acknowledged to be an important element in the social system, let us look in upon Miss Tippits, and Mr. Kite, who are playing out an interesting little scene in the library.

"I have told you before," says Miss Tippits, "that your suit is hopeless in both cases. I decline your hand again, as I have previously done. You know my reasons."

"That contemptible Pigeon is one of your reasons," says Kite.

"You had my answer before I ever heard of or saw Mr. Tom Pigeon," says Miss Tippits; "and I will not stay in the room, sir, to hear papa's guests spoken of with rudeness."

"Stay, stay, Clementina!" says Kite, seizing her hand.

"You cannot hope to have last night's affair overlooked," continues Miss Tippits, allowing Mr. Kite to retain her hand, as though his ecstatic seizure of it were a very ordinary occurrence.

"It was quite accidental that mistake of the card—on my honour. Miss Tippits, once for all I now lay my life and fortune at your feet. For three long years I have loved you; it is only that passion which has induced me to work and slave, day and night, in your father's political interest. It is now impossible that he can do without me."

"That is no concern of mine," says Miss Tippits.

"It is—it is, Clementina! Let us be a happy family; say what your heart prompts you to say—that you do not love this Pigeon—that you will now reward the love and faithful service of a true, devoted heart!"

Miss Tippits, looking into the garden, sees Tom Pigeon and Jessie in close conversation: she knows that Thornton is beyond her reach. Taking her cue from Fate, without a moment's hesitation, she returns Kite's pressure of her hand.

"There is some one coming, Mr. Kite," she says; "take me into the drawing-room."

Kite at once takes the blooming husband-hunter under his arm, kisses her fat and rosy fingers, and disappears with her just as the Colonel and old Pigeon enter the room.

"We shall be alone here, sir," says the Colonel. "Pray be seated."

"Thank you, Colonel!" says old Pigeon, determined not to be influenced by the largest possible amount of politeness.

"Now, Mr. Pigeon, you do not surely mean to say you are serious?" begins the Colonel.

"I am, sir."

"Think of the honour and the position which your son would obtain by such a marriage."

A knock at the door interrupts the Colonel's speech.

"Confound the people! why cannot they leave us alone? Come in!" he exclaims.

"It is only me," says Tom Pigeon, entering and looking at his father with a peculiarly satisfied smile.

"We were just talking about you, Tommy," says old Pigeon.

"Yes; I know all about it," says Tom. "It's all right. I've got rid of that infernal pain I had—got rid of it and all other pains too. Don't be surprised, Colonel; nothing ought to surprise nobody in these days. Now look here—I'm plain and aboveboard, father, and I ain't up to this kind of life; and, what's more, without meaning to be offensive, you've been playing a sort of come-into-my-parlour-said-the-spider game, and—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I do not understand you."

"No; but you will," says Tom.

"I do," says old Pigeon. "My dear boy, you have come to your senses, that's it—ain't it?"

"Right you are, governor," says Tom.

"I await an explanation," says the Colonel, taking up a dignified position upon the hearth-rug and looking as calmly as he could, first at Tom, and then at old Pigeon.

"If you will come into the drawing-room, where several friends are now assembled, and request the presence of Miss Tippits and Mr. Kite, I shall give you a full and complete explanation," says Tom, taking his father's arm and leading the astonished old man from the room.

We leave him standing in the doorway and telling the Colonel that "No offence is intended, Colonel Tippits—only we all means business, and that business is to be settled at once, sir, with all respect, in the drawing-room of this noble Castle."

The prompter—who, in this case, is the story-teller—proceeds to ring up the drawing-room scene accordingly.

CHAPTER IX.

AND LAST.

The change which had come over Tom Pigeon during the last few hours was almost as remarkable as the transformation

(Continued on Page 30.)

UNFORTUNATE STATUES.

It would be difficult to decide which position is the more unpleasant, that of a statue in England or that of a statue in Ireland. In England statues are exposed to universal pity and ridicule, but it is very seldom that, as in the case of the famous Leicester-square statue, they are subjected to violence; indeed, there are few more evident tokens of the good nature of the English as a nation than the forbearance displayed towards the many offensive memorials which disgrace our squares and public places. In Ireland, on the other hand, the existence of a statue is in constant peril, and the attempts made in Dublin a few days ago to blow up the plaster cast of the Prince Consort's statue and also the statue of Lord Carlisle plainly show that no statue is safe in that impulsive country, and that as regards security and comfort there is little to choose between the condition of a statue and that of a landlord. Perhaps no statue in the world has ever led such a miserable existence as the equestrian statue of King William III. on College-green, Dublin. On the 27th of June, 1710, his sword and martial baton were taken away from him, and three students of Trinity College were for this offence sentenced to suffer six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £100 each, and after being carried to College-green to stand before the statue for half an hour with this inscription on their breasts:—"I stand here for defacing the statue of our glorious deliverer, the late King William." In consideration, however, of their expulsion from college and loss of health by imprisonment, their fine was reduced to 5s., and they were excused making any public amends to the statue. Four years later the statue again lost his baton, and notwithstanding the offer of a reward of £100, the offender escaped detection. In 1798 the editor of the *Liverpool Magazine* attempted in the darkness of night to file off the statue's head, happily without success. In 1807 the statue was painted black during the 4th of November, with a mixture of grease



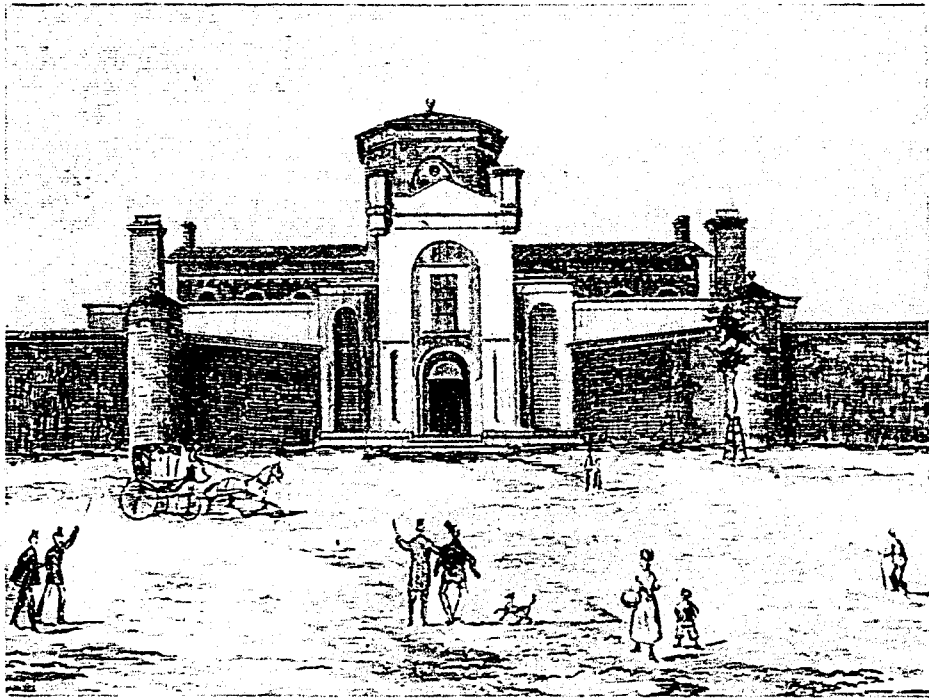
THE FIRST CHURCH ERECTED IN CANADA, ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

and tar, and in April, 1836, the unhappy statue one night "went off" with a loud explosion. It is evident that Ireland is not yet fit to be entrusted with statues, and it becomes a question whether Government would not act wisely in removing all public statues from Dublin and depositing them for security in Leicester-square until the healing process has received further development.

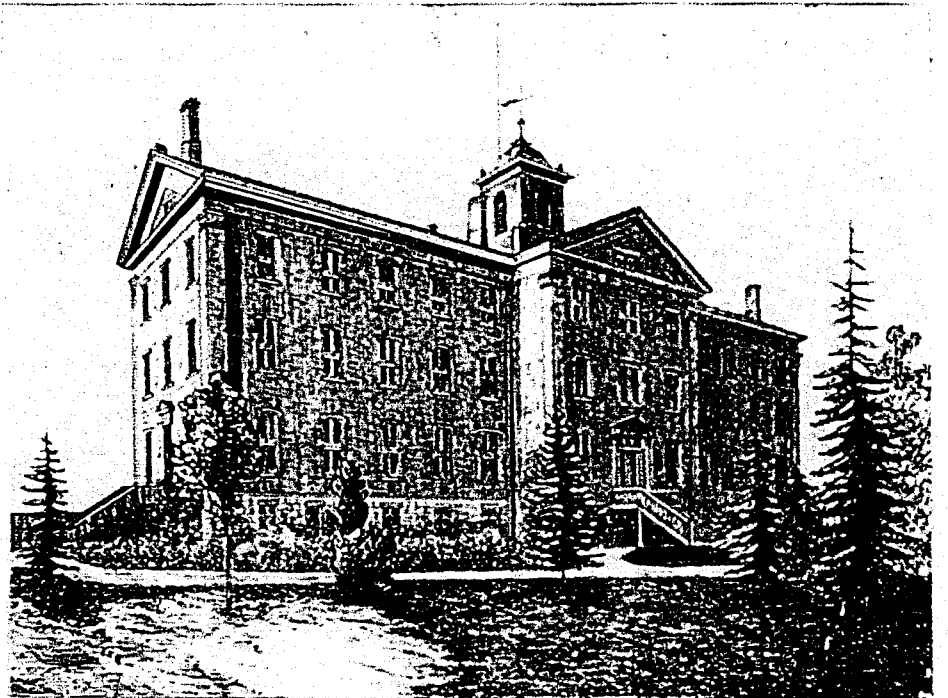
HOW THE LATE LORD BELMONT MADE TREATIES.—One of the last letters of the deceased diplomatist, dated the 17th of February, 1872, has a melancholy interest for us in the present conjuncture of affairs. Speaking of the unfortunate phraseology of the Treaty of Washington, and remarking that it was a marvel to him how the negotiators of the Treaty could have introduced into such a document the term "growing out of"—a term which would hardly occur to any one but a market-gardener—Lord Dalhousie continues:—"As to the comeliness displayed to American statesmen, when I had to make a treaty with them, I took the trouble of going over all their own treaties, and in important passages I only used such words as they had used in the sense in which they had used them. Then, when they began their usual disputes about their interpretation, I quoted their own authority. All their own newspapers acknowledged I was right, and that I had outwitted Clayton, who died, they said, in consequence."

It is said that during the month of May upwards of 25,000 buffaloes were killed on the Western plains, south of the Kansas Pacific-railroad, for the sake of their hides alone which are worth but \$5 each.

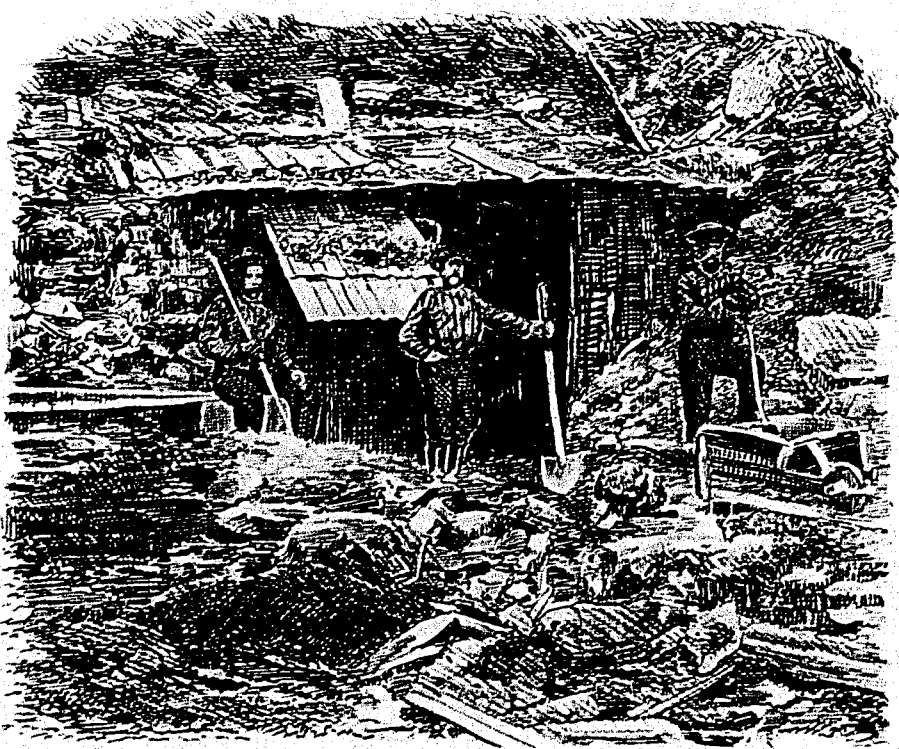
The authorities of California have engaged a professional arboriculturist at a salary of \$15,000 per year to attend to the setting out of forest trees in different parts of the State.



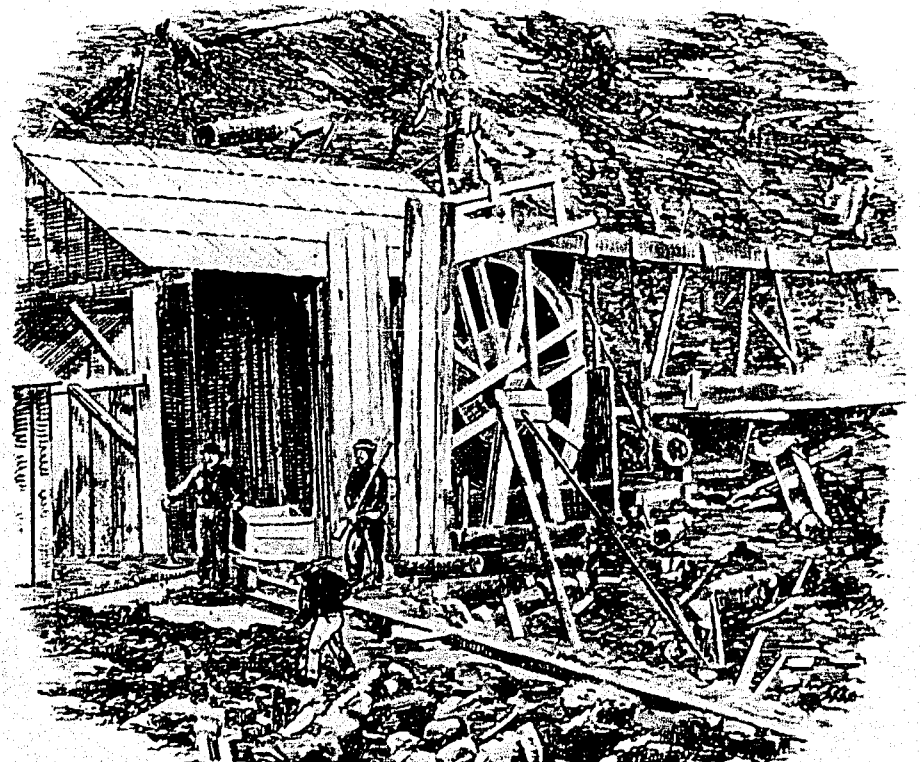
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA.



BAPTIST CANADIAN INSTITUTE, WOOD-BUCK, ONT.



MINERS CABIN, CARIBOO GOLD DIGGINGS.



MINING WHEEL, CARIBOO GOLD DIGGINGS.



Fig. 1. Large Bonnet for Elderly Ladies



Fig. 2. White Cloth Hat



Fig. 3. White Ribbon Straw Hat



Fig. 4. White Net Goggles Hat



Fig. 5. Black Crepe Bonnet



Fig. 6. Fanned Ribbon Goggles Hat



Fig. 7. Lilac Crepe Bonnet for Elderly Ladies



Fig. 8. Bonnet for Elderly Ladies with Black Embroidered Trim



Fig. 9. Bonnet in White Horsehair



Fig. 10. Hat in Brussels Straw

SUMMER FASHIONS: HATS AND BONNETS

of that extraordinary creature which would "split" in presence of Kingsley's wonderful water baby. Mr. Thornton had been talking to Tom about a variety of subjects, and the Colonel, unfortunately for himself, had explained to his expected son-in-law the reason why he was enabled to give Miss Tippits so handsome a dowry. Moreover, Tom had met Jessie Miller in a shady walk outside the lawn, and had there and then confessed himself an ass and a coward. Miss Austin had followed this up by a judicious word or two concerning Mr. Thornton's expectations and the Society which Tom might yet see if he played a manly part, as he had been advised to do, at the Castle, on this last day of his father's visit; for old Pigeon had packed up, and was determined to go to London without further delay. Tom must indeed have been a booby if the events of the previous four-and-twenty hours had not convinced him of the excellence of Mr. Thornton's advice to break the Tippits bandage, and be free. Besides, Thornton had placed such excellent cards in his hands, that the most unskilful player in the world's game could not fail to make every trick. Tom was, therefore, master of the situation when the family and guests assembled in the drawing-room.

"Now let me arrange your places," said Tom, when all were assembled. "It is not much I ask, Colonel, and I have nothing to say or do that can be objectionable, you know."

The Colonel said Mr. Pigeon had only to say what he wished to secure his utmost desires at Tinsell Castle.

"Ah, Kite! I did not see you for the moment," exclaimed Tom, rushing up to Kite and shaking him by the hand. "We are going to have a family and general explanation—just as they do at the theatres you know, Kite. Now look here, Kite, and Miss Tippits, will you kindly sit here, on this ottoman? There—thank you—that will be excellent."

Old Pigeon looked on in amazement.

"And, Mr. Thornton, will you sit here on my left—thank you, near Miss Austin—yes, that will do capitally. Miss Miller, you shall sit near me; and Mr. Theophilus Pigeon, you shall sit where you please."

"Thank you, Tommy," said old Pigeon.

"This is very amusing—very," said the Colonel, somewhat contemptuously.

"Glad you think so," said Tom, taking the eye-glass from his neck and putting it in his pocket. "Colonel Tippits, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Thornton has done me the honour to allow me to be his spokesman on this interesting and important occasion; Miss Austin ditto; likewise Miss Jessie. Kite, shall I speak for you?"

"Tom Pigeon, you are a good fellow at heart—I will trust you," said Kite; "though I am not clear about what you mean."

"Shall I add your name, Miss Tippits," said Tom; "may I represent your interests in the family settlement? The cards are all in my hands; and, as I am about to retire from Society, I know what I am doing. Yes or no: it is not much I ask?"

"I shall remain a spectator, sir," said Miss Tippits.

"Very good," said Tom. "Colonel, what can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the Colonel, "as head of this establishment, and in the capacity of—"

"Yes, yes," said Tom, interrupting the speaker; "we know all that, and we intend to come to the hustings to hear you speak. Meanwhile capital, you know—capital must have its due weight. The Pigeons will foreclose, unless—you know what I mean."

"I submit, for the present, at all events," said the Colonel. "Mr. Thornton's solicitor and a friend are at the Green Dragon. They are not quite satisfied with Colonel Tippits's papers in the matter of Miss Austin's guardianship. Put that little matter right, Colonel, and the lady shall settle her present annuity upon you."

"How dare you, sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, rising to his feet and confronting Tom, his face scarlet with indignation and fear.

"Don't interrupt, Colonel," said Tom, nodding at Thornton, to reassure that gentleman, who seemed, for the moment, to fear that Tom was not playing his cards discreetly.

"Your conduct, sir, is disgraceful," said the Colonel.

"No; quite a mistake. Not mine," said Tom. "Pray be calm; it is all for your own good, I assure you."

The Colonel walked about the room impatiently, and old Pigeon did nothing but stare at his son.

"Miss Tippits," continued Tom, "finding that she really does not care for Tom Pigeon, who is only a tailor's son, and not in Society—"

"Well done, Tommy; I knew your heart was in the right place," said old Pigeon, unable to remain quiet any longer.

"As I was saying," continued Tom, "before Mr. Pigeon senior interrupted me, Miss Tippits, having reconsidered the state of her affections, accepts one thousand a year, which I shall settle upon her, and with it the hand of my old friend, Charley Kite."

"Bless you, Pigeon! Bless you!" exclaimed Kite, looking a world of admiration at Miss Tippits, and everlasting gratitude at Tom.

"The Colonel, wishing to be at peace with all men," went on the calm dispenser of Fate, "restores Mr. Miller to his farm; and Thomas Pigeon, selfishly desirous of being happy for life, asks Jessie Miller, before this noble company, if she will have old Pigeon's harum-scarem son for better or for worse, &c., with an understanding that going into Society is not his game in future."

Then turning to the young lady on his right, Tom, raising his voice, said: "Jessie, I love you, and confess it."

"Don't be foolish, Tom," was all Jessie said in reply.

"I will not be foolish any more," said Tom. "But I put the question now, once for all: 'Will you, or won't you?'"

"I will," said Jessie, blushing and looking steadfastly upon the floor.

"Hooray!" exclaimed old Pigeon. "Hooray! and many of them!"

"Don't anticipate events," said Tom, looking at his father and waving his hand for silence. "Is it agreed, Colonel Tippits? Mortgage renewed for any length of time you like. A thousand a year for Miss Tippits—Mrs. Kite I hope to say ere long. No lawsuit about Miss Austin's property, and a splendid present from old Pigeon into the bargain. Miss Austin's annuity, you know, settled on yourself. Everybody happy, and no troublesome consciences, eh? No opposition at Inglenook?"

"You tempt me, Mr. Pigeon—my instincts are naturally

social and liberal," said the Colonel, who had been carefully calculating his chances in a law-suit, and the inconvenience of foreclosing the mortgage on Tinsell Castle.

"Say yes," said Tom.

The Colonel crossed over to old Pigeon. "How much?" he said, in a loud whisper.

Mr. Pigeon senior took the Colonel, and whispered something in his ear.

"I knew I should settle it, Mr. Thornton," said Tom; "it has all come as it ought; we are all sorted as right as ninepence, just like a play, and it might be called *Birds of a Feather!* Here, for instance, here are we the humble but happy Pigeons—"

"Tailor birds," whispered Thornton to Miss Austin.

"Did anyone speak?" asked Tom, immediately. "Yes or no? It is not much I ask. To proceed, as I was saying—here we are, the Pigeons, the Kites, and—"

"The love birds," said Thornton.

"I shall call you the magpies, presently," said Tom, laughing and shaking his fist at Thornton. "Shall I go on or not?"

"Hear him, hear him!" exclaimed the Colonel: "that is what I shall demand for my honourable opponents on the hustings."

"Hustings!" exclaimed young Pigeon. "Happy thought! This is the only hustings worth appearing upon; you ladies and gentlemen the only electors worth appealing to! Ladies and gentlemen, free and independent—"

"I protest!" said the Colonel. "I only have a right to make an election speech here."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will only say, Vote for the Pigeons!" said Tom.

"And the Kites," said Miss Tippits's intended.

"That will do," said old Pigeon, "Let us all shake hands, and be friends!"

"With all my heart," said the Colonel. "I don't know what I lose by the transaction, but this is the happiest day of my life."

"And mine," said Kite, kissing Miss Tippits.

"And mine," said Tom, putting his arm round Jessie.

"And mine," said Thornton, pressing Miss Austin's hand.

"And mine," said old Pigeon, taking both the Colonel's hands in his, and shaking them until the two old boys were quite red in the face.

If this were really a play (instead of being just like one, as Tom Pigeon puts it), the whole of the company would waltz prettily to the time of Tom Pigeon's chorus, and the curtain would go down amidst, I hope, a round of applause. But not being a play, the story ends with the explanation that the Pigeons did not leave the Castle until after the celebration of a triple wedding at Inglenook, the gorgeous celebration of which obtained for the Colonel so much *kudos* that his election for the borough is a matter of dead certainty. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pigeon are at the present moment on their wedding tour at Margate; Mr. and Mrs. Thornton are similarly engaged at Nice; Mr. and Mrs. Kite are amusing themselves at Hamburg; old Pigeon is having a quite pipe in his favourite bar parlour; and Col. Tippits is only waiting for that peculiar combination of parties which is to bring about the next general election.

THE END.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE CENTURY PLANT.

What the bamboo is to the Chinaman, and something more, the maguey was to the ancient Aztec, and is to his descendants to the present day. Every day of the year, every hour of the day, he comes in contact with it in some shape. In more than a hundred forms he has utilized it and made it contribute to his sustenance and comfort; it is the prime necessity of his simple life. It is bread, and drink, and raiment to him; he is born upon it, cradled in it, fed upon it, clothed with it, dies upon it, and is buried in it. No other plant which grows upon earth is put to so great a variety of uses; and he knows them all.

On the table-land of Mexico one is never out of sight of it. It forms an impenetrable hedge, before which man and beast alike must turn back, around every field, and in many whole districts it is cultivated in vast fields, hundreds of thousands of plants being seen in a single plantation—ten acres of maguey to one of corn, and ten of corn to any thing else, being cultivated over a section of a country larger than New England.

The maguey is propagated from suckers, of which each old plant throws off a number every year. It flourishes on all soils, but is said to do best upon rather poor, clayey lands, or on hill-sides among old lava. It will grow thriftily where hardly anything else can be produced, is not affected by the long drought of summer, and will withstand a heavy frost, and even a degree of cold sufficient to form ice an inch in thickness, without injury. A more hardy plant, or one more easily propagated or cultivated, is not known in the world. It is planted out in rows about ten feet apart, and, for one or two seasons, maize or wheat may be grown upon the same ground. After that, the land is used for grazing purposes, neither cattle nor sheep ever attacking the maguey, however hard pressed by hunger. The long, thick, lance-shaped leaves, of a pale, bluish-green colour, each terminating in a sharp, stiff spine, or thorn, come up from the centre of the plant in a solid cone, detaching themselves one by one, and falling outward until the whole plant has taken something the shape of a pine-tree cone, the points of the leaves at the base standing out in a circle from six to twelve feet in diameter, and the point of the roll of leaves in the centre being perhaps six or eight feet in height. The Mexicans estimate the cost of a maguey plant in the field when arrived at maturity—reckoning the cost of planting and subsequent labour, interest, and use of land—at fifty cents, and its value for all purposes at \$5. It will be seen that a field containing 100,000 of these plants at maturity represents \$500,000, and there are many such in the country. Until it reaches maturity, it can be applied to no use, and the plantation is wholly unproductive of revenue.

But then it yields its various products quickly, and is removed to make room for a sucker which it has thrown off to take its place and go through the same routine. After the summer rains have ceased—say in October or November—the maguey, which has reached the proper stage of development, swells up in the centre, and, in place of the upright roll of leaves, a head like that of a Flemish cabbage shows itself.

This head quickly takes the form of a gigantic asparagus-sprout six to twelve inches in diameter, and shoots up into the air with amazing rapidity—say at the rate of from six inches to one foot per day—until the height of fifteen to thirty feet is attained, when from three to fifteen hundred or two thousand pale, greenish-white blossoms are developed, and the maguey has entered upon the last stage of its existence. From that hour it fades and droops, and soon withers away and dies.—*Overland Monthly for July.*

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still, names have what might be termed a quality of average association, which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sybil suggests softness and fineness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seem to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful in many tongues, has lost such savour as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching hoydenhood. Pauline is lackadaisical, pretentious and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and sterling to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy rather than discernment. Alice is what circumstances may make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation. Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity, and nothing can render her otherwise. Stiffness, self-consciousness, and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance.

Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate, and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what she imitates. When the average man seeks for a wife, despising romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatterbrain is Fanny, whom trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from heaven to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes, and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much-proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit. Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself. In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louise has a spice of affection, but is engaging at first and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Madeleine is shown in the strictest conventionality. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

Maud affects Tennyson and tears, muslin of the whitest and misery of the blackest sort. She is a distillation of simper, silliness, and sentimentalism. Miriam, Penelope, Cordelia, and Rachel need to be stately, calm, and self-sustained—admired by many, esteemed by all, and beloved by one. Phoebe and Phillis are not urbane in mind or manners. They are prominent figures in a landscape filled with farms and farm-houses, and commend themselves warmly to the swain credulous enough to believe that God the first garden made and the first city Cain. The heart of gallantry does not throb at mention of Susannah, who rises to the fancy with milk and water eyes, unsuapely mouth, and an ill-fitting gown; but it beats wildly to the sweet syllables of Viola's name, and awaits with eager expectancy the regal presence of Zenobia, too lofty to be lightly loved.—*Galaxy.*

Berlin puts down her strikes with a high hand. Proprietors of engineering factories have not only resolved to stand out for a day of ten hours instead of eight, with a fixed rate of wages, but add to their determination on this point a decision not to employ for two months any workmen now on strike. Indeed, all seeking employment will be required to produce a certificate of discharge from their last place.

The Concentrated Water of Tivoli is specially recommended for Ladies. It imparts a peach-like bloom to the features, and emits a most fragrant perfume. For invalids the Concentrated Water of Tivoli is invaluable. Business men will find this *Bath* a great boon. Its invigorating powers are immense, after which it produces a calm soothing effect, very grateful to the man of business during the sultry summer months. Price \$1.00 per case, being 4 cents per bath. Sold by all druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada. Sole Consignees in Canada and United States, Gordon & Co., Manufacturing and Wholesale Chemists of Glasgow and London. Branch Depôt, 32 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal. 5-25 d

How THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopœia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e

HORACE GREELEY'S DREAM.

I dream of a beautiful time
When the world shall happy be;
When elephants and hyacints
Shall blossom on every tree.

I dream of a great republic,
Whose people shall all go West.
Sow plums and reap tomatoes
In the land they love the best.

I'm weary of seeing the cabbage,
Handle the rake and hoe;
I'm weary of watching and waiting
For the grasshopper bush to grow.

Oh, sweet were the vanished hours
When I wandered alone the glen,
And wreathed my brow with tomatoes
Or plucked the ripened hen.

But gone are the days of my childhood,
And manhood's dreams are mine.
Yet I long for the bygone hours
As I sit 'neath this turkey vine.

N. E. M. G.

HALLUCINATIONS.

Hyacinthe Langlois, an intimate friend of
Taine, relates that that celebrated actor
formed him that when he came on the stage
he was able by force of will to make his large
and brilliant auditory disappear, and to substitute
skeletons in their place.

ence? This difficulty, however, vanishes on
reflection. The image of a body impressed on
the retina—no matter in what way that im-
pression has originated—must necessarily, in
obedience to the laws of vision, be perceived as
an object apparently external.

Mr. Herbert Barry, in his new book on Rus-
sia, has the following:—The universal corrup-
tion of the officials under the old regime was
one of the greatest curses of the nation. Two
of the ministers of the Emperor Nicholas were
notorious for their peculations. The Czar re-
ceived many hints, but took no notice of them.



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An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN, in Quebec to ALLANS, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tf

CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.

GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY MAY 20, 1872.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M. MAIL TRAIN at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M. THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Connections made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c. Freight loaded with despatch, AND NO TRANSHIPMENT WHEN IN CAR LOADS.

H. ABBOTT, Manager.

Brockville, 16th May, 1872.

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to

D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 11th Day of June, 1872.

PRESENT.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Sec. of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Silver I-let, Lake Superior, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, under the survey of the Port of Sault Ste. Marie.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Salmon River, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Port of Hillsborough.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Militia and Defence, and under and in virtue of the provisions of the 12th and 13th Sections of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 40, intitled: "An Act respecting the Militia and Defence of the Dominion of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the County of Soulanges, one of the Regimental Divisions in Military District No. 6, established by Order in Council, of the 1st day of October, 1868, be divided into two Regimental Divisions, to be known as the 1st and 2nd Regimental Divisions of Soulanges respectively, and that such first Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Joseph de Soulanges, St. Clet and St. Ignace du Coteau du Lac and the Village of Soulanges, and that such Second Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Polycarpe, St. Telephore, and St. Zotique, and the Village of Coteau Landing.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the authority conferred by the 12th article of the 123rd Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Horses and Mules or other pack animals bringing provisions or other merchandise from the United States Territory across the Southern Boundary of the Province of British Columbia, be admitted without payment of duty on Bonds being given in an amount equal to double the duty on the animals brought in and conditioned for the due exportation thereof within a period of three months from the date of their entry into such Province, or the payment of the duties upon due entry before the expiration of that delay.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 21st Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, and under the provisions of the 58th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 12, intitled: "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following rate of toll be, and the same is hereby imposed and authorized to be levied and collected on Timber passing through the Government Slide on the River Dumoine, that is to say:

On Red and White Pine Timber fifteen cents per piece.

W. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

ATTRACTIONS TO TOURISTS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GULF HOUSE, GASPÉ BASIN, newly opened by WILLIAM BAKER.

The beautiful scenery and pleasant and invigorating atmosphere,—trout-fishing, boat sailing, sea-bathing. The trip has a charm of novelty, and at the same time is one of the most inviting. Try it; reached either way, via Steamers from Quebec, or by Railroad from Bangor, Me., to St. Johns and Shediac, N. B. Fresh Salmon daily, &c. Charges strictly moderate. 5-25 i

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