

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



BKrupa

MONTREAL.—A SKETCH ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Canadian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 5th.
SS. "Nestorian," (Allan) Halifax, from Liverpool, about Aug. 5th.
SS. "Mississippi," (Dominion) Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 9th.
SS. "Circassian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 10th.
SS. "Thames," (Temperley) Quebec, from London, about Aug. 12th.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 10.— <i>Ninth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
MONDAY, " 11.— <i>Montreal:</i> Meeting of Shareholders Royal Canadian Insurance Co.
TUESDAY, " 12.— <i>Montreal:</i> Provincial Rifle Match. Quebec: SS. "Nyanza" for London.
WEDNESDAY, " 13.— <i>Kingston, Ont.:</i> Entertainment to Knights Templars of Washington. Quebec: SS. "Memphis" for Liverpool.
THURSDAY, " 14.— <i>Quebec:</i> SS. "Phenician" for Glasgow. <i>Sackville, N.B.:</i> Mount Allison Institution tennis.
FRIDAY, " 15.— <i>Assumption B. V. M.</i>
SATURDAY, " 16.— <i>Hamilton, Ont.:</i> Rowing Club Regatta. Quebec: SS. "Sarmatian" for Liverpool.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, '73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication." Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

POSTAGE ON THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

The rates on newspapers for Foreign Countries in Europe are, it should be remembered, based on a scale of weight beginning "not exceeding 2 oz."—from 2 to 4 oz.—"4 to 6 oz." and so on. Now a single copy of the *Canadian Illustrated News* exceeds 2 ounces, weighing indeed, with its wrapper, nearly 3 oz. It thus becomes subject to two rates of postage when mailed for countries in Europe. The proper postage, to be prepaid by stamp, is therefore now given for the following:

FOREIGN COUNTRIES:

Bavaria, Denmark, Frankfurt, Greece, Hanover, Hesse, Italy, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden, all six cents; Belgium and Portugal, 12 cents;—and France, 8 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES, (VIA ENGLAND.)

Cape of Good Hope, 4 cents; Ceylon, 6 cents; India, 6 cents; Malta, 4 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES, (VIA THE UNITED STATES.)

Australian Colonies, 4 cents; Bermuda, 4 cents; Brazil, 4 cents; Cuba, 4 cents; Hong Kong, 4 cents; Japan, 4 cents; West Indies, (British), 6 cents.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

The announcement of the betrothal of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia has given rise to a belief, more especially in this country and on the continent of Europe, in an approaching strengthening of the relations at present existing between Great Britain and Russia. It is supposed that the natural consequence of such an alliance must be a closer union of the two peoples. On the strength of this surmise, for which there is no good ground whatever, several enthusiastic journals have been congratulating the people on the accession of power and security thus guaranteed to the United Kingdom. Now, in fact such rejoicings are utterly out of place. The day is long past when dynastic alliances possessed any political significance. Self-interest and self-interest alone, guides the policy of a great power in this age. Time and time again have examples occurred where nations allied by royal marriages have found themselves arrayed against one another. But in none of these cases did any dynastic alliance possess any influence either to prevent war or to hasten its conclusion. Already at the beginning of the century we find Austria joining the coalition of Powers against the First Napoleon, whose consort was an Austrian princess. In the Schleswig-Holstein war everyone knows what the two such alliances existing at the time amounted to. On the one side the Danish Royal Family, and on the other the Prussian Royal Family, both connected by marriage with the reigning House in Great Britain. Again in the subsequent campaign between Prussia and Austria the Queen's

son-in-law held a command in the army which despoiled her cousin of Hanover of his crown and estates. Similar alliances did not prevent the sweeping away of the small Italian States in forming the Kingdom of Italy. As a matter of political interest, therefore, the approaching marriage of the second son of the Queen possesses absolutely no significance. Still it will undoubtedly have the effect of giving rise to a better feeling than has hitherto existed between England and Russia. The two peoples will necessarily have a new interest in each other, and this, even if it does not succeed in healing the soreness caused by the Crimean war will at least be a point gained. Beyond this the only true cause for congratulation that exists is the fact that the union is one of choice and not of policy, and all classes must join in a wish that the married life of the betrothed pair may be a long and a happy one.

Whether Canada has or has not been disgraced by another Credit Mobilier piece of jobbery, it is certain that she has been signally humiliated at Vienna. The editor of one of the Western city papers, who is now on a tour through Europe, writes home that the sole specimen of Canadian industry exhibited at the World's Fair is a sample of tannin oil. In an obscure corner of the Colonial Court, he tells us, stands a wooden box, about a foot square, covered with chocolate-coloured chintz, upon which are displayed two bottles labelled "Miller's Tannin Oil," which are backed by two small pieces of scraggy-looking leather, supposed to be exhibitiv of the effects of the preparation. And this is all there is to give visitors at the Exposition an idea of the wealth and resources of one of the finest countries in the world. One would naturally have imagined that such an opportunity of advertising the country among the thousands of people daily flocking to Vienna would not have been lightly let go by; that every possible effort would have been made to set off to the best advantage the attractions we have to offer to the intending emigrant. Instead of this the utmost apathy has been displayed. A chance, such as occurs but once in many years, of drawing settlers to our shores, has been most reprehensibly neglected: and all on the pitiful score of expense. Yet the few thousand dollars that would have been necessary to enable us to make a good appearance would have been repaid tenfold before many seasons had passed. Of what use is it to maintain an expensive staff of emigration agents in Europe unless their efforts are to be seconded from home? In strange contrast to our action in this matter is the course adopted by the Australian colonies, always our rivals in the encouragement of immigration. All of these are fully represented at Vienna, New South Wales especially; while Canada hangs her diminished head in a corner. Of course the result will be an increased immigration list to Australia, while, thanks to our petty parsimony, we can do nothing but to look on and indulge in bitter but unavailing self-reproach at our incredible shortsightedness. The mischief is done now, but it is to be hoped that in the future we shall profit by our experience.

SPANISH affairs appear to be going from bad to worse. While the Carlists are gradually extending their influence in the North, the Republic is threatened with still greater danger from the South. All along the line of the Mediterranean a flame of socialist rebellion is breaking out, which threatens unless vigorous measures are taken for its immediate suppression to envelope the whole country. At several places, notably at Alcoy and Seville, scenes have been enacted which carry us back to the worst days of the French Revolution and of the reign of the Paris Commune. Life and property are alike disregarded. A wholesale massacre is followed by a destruction of property on an immense scale. It is to be regretted that proper steps were not taken in time to prevent such outbreaks as have occurred. And it must be confessed that the Government has shown a pitiable want of energy in making no preparation for what seemed an inevitable evil. It was well known that the working-classes in the principal manufacturing towns are deeply imbued with the spirit of Socialism, and it was only to be expected that they would profit by any Carlist successes in the North to make a counter-movement in the opposite direction. All along, the action of the authorities has been lamentably weak, and it is not surprising, considering the lame manner in which affairs have been conducted of late that disaffection is spreading on all sides. Were a man like Prim at the head of affairs a change for the better would soon be manifest. As it is, the Republic, hedged in between monarchy among the hills and anarchy along the coast, with disaffection at head-quarters, is in a bad strait.

A movement has recently been set on foot in England for the benefit of the working-classes, which is decidedly worthy of imitation in this country. There are now being established in some of the larger parishes, in connection with the churches, clubs for the accommodation of the working-classes, which though coming under the church influence, are, in a great measure, independent. The object of these institutions is to inaugurate a system of church and club life in conjunction. The idea was, we believe, first carried out in connection with a well known church in the north of London, though in a manner somewhat different to that which it is now proposed to follow. In that case the club was thrown open to men and

women alike. The rooms were provided with all the best newspapers and periodicals, refreshments, including beer for the men and tea for their wives, were obtainable at low rates, and while everything was done to procure the comfort of the members, all precautions were taken to ensure order and quiet. The men brought their pipes and the women their work. Of course the concession in the matter of beer and tobacco created no little sensation at the time, and there were not wanting those who predicted the speedy demoralization of the club. The experiment, however, proved thoroughly successful, and fully justified the most sanguine expectations of the movers in the matter. It was found that the men, being allowed the same privileges as at their own homes, gladly availed themselves of the advantages offered, and the result was a considerable falling off in the receipts of the dram-shops in the neighbourhood, and a consequent diminution in the number of cases of drunkenness. The system so happily inaugurated is now to be extended to other parishes, in some cases with slight modification, and will doubtless be productive of the best results.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The *Canadian Antiquarian* is one of the most welcome guests at our table, though its visits are few and far between. We trust the proprietors will receive such hearty support as will enable them to publish monthly instead of quarterly, as at present. The current number contains much valuable information relating to the past history of the country. It opens with a paper on a queer Quebec coin, the origin and history of which appears to be veiled in mystery. The paper is not so satisfactory as might be wished, but as it is to be continued we look for further revelations in a future number. Two most interesting articles on Montreal in time gone by are Stanley Bagg's "Visit from the Oldest Inhabitant," and T. S. Brown's paper, "The Harbour of Montreal in 1818 and in 1872." The latter of these gives one an admirable idea of the growth of the commerce of the city within the last fifty-five years. Canadian matters are also treated on in the following: "High Prices of Provisions in the Early Part of the Eighteenth Century," "The Kebeka Liberata Medal," (struck to celebrate the failure of Phipps' attack on Quebec), "Military Organization of the Province of Quebec in 1759," and the "Burning of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, 1659." All of these are excellent articles and are supplemented by an obituary of the late Dr. Anderson, and a variety of selections of historical, antiquarian, and numismatical interest.

The *Oceana* contains three papers of local interest: No. 1, of Stephen Powers' "California Indians," descriptive of the legendary, history, organization and mode of life of the Yocut Indians of the San Joaquin; an account of recent explorations in the Great Tuolumne Canon; and a brief sketch of the history and resources of the province of La Frontera, in Lower California. An anonymous author begins a story of mining-life in the well-known style of Bret Harte, and Charles Warren Stoddard contributes one of those pleasant, seductive pictures of life in the Sandwich Islands, of which the reader, be he a mortal of taste and appreciation, never wearies. "Sons of Fortune," is a remarkable paper on adventures in general, and on the fortunes of Casanova, as narrated by himself, in particular. Peter Toft's appreciation of the London Art Exhibitions of 1871, is well worth perusal, and contains towards its close some sensible remarks over which the members of certain rival artistic societies would do well to ponder. We recommend "Proclivity" to the attention of those individuals who employ their misspent energies in assailing the moderate use of tobacco, liquor, and animal food. They will find therein convincing proof of the instability of the basis upon which they build one of their pet arguments. "Number 119," a mysterious, but on the whole unsatisfactory story of the spiritualistic type, and "White as Wool," a pleasant narrative with an unfortunately chosen title, complete the department of fiction. We cannot allow Louise M. Southwick's "Harvest," a poem of great beauty and real merit, to pass unnoticed. In the poetical department all the magazines have been unusually fortunate this month, but "Harvest" is second to none of the August productions.

Religious Intelligence.

SYNODS, CONVENTIONS, &c.—The Baptist Convention for the Lower Provinces meets at Windsor, N. S., on the 2nd inst. A Convention of Sunday-School Teachers for the Maritime Provinces will be held at Charlottetown from the 14th to the 17th instant.

NEW CHURCHES.—The Wesleyan Methodists of New Edinburgh are about to erect a place of worship.—The Rev. W. W. Edwards, Wesleyan Minister at Wallaceburg, Co. Kent, Ont., is endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a new church in that town.—A new Presbyterian Church is about to be built in Hamilton for the convenience of the inhabitants of the east end.—A Presbyterian Church has been opened at Digby, Ont., N. S.—A Free Will, open Commandment Baptist Church is about to be organized at Halifax, N. S.

CLERICAL NEWS.—The following appointments and inductions have taken place:—The Rev. James Anderson, of Wallace, N. S., to St. James Church (Presbyterian), Newswater, N. B.; Rev. Mr. Stinson, of Pembroke, Ont., curate of St. Patrick's Parish, Ottawa; Rev. Dr. Mark, to West End Wesleyan Church, Ottawa; Rev. James Rosborough, to the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation of Musquodovolt Harbour, N. S.; Messrs. German and Wright (Wesleyan) were ordained at Kingston last week for missionary service in Manitoba; Rev. Mr. Ackmann (Methodist), to the Upham Circuit, N. B.

GENERAL.—No one of the many institutions of the United States is more practical than the Tabernacle Lay College, organized by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Its object is the preparation of laymen who are engaged in active business pursuits for Christian work. Its exercises have consisted of lectures by distinguished divines, training in extempore speaking, in Biblical knowledge, &c. Several hundred students have been in constant attendance, and the experiment has proved an entire success. It will reopen in October. The Rev. Rouben Jaffray, D.D., a leading Baptist clergyman of Cincinnati, and also well-known as an educator, will assume the charge. The success of the Tabernacle College will no doubt inspire others to repeat the experiment.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORELEI.

(From the German of Heine.)

I know not what it presages
That I so mournful be:
A tale of the by-gone days
Is ever haunting me.

The air is cool, and it darkles,
And gently flows the Rhine:
The crest of the mountain sparkles
In the evening sunshine.

High on the promontory
Sate a maiden wondrous fair,
Her gems were a golden glory,
She combed her golden hair.

She combed with a comb of gold, and
Warbled a lay thereby,
A song which hath a hold and
Magical melody.

The boatman out from the sedges
Is thrilled by its notes of lore:
He sees not the rocky ledges,
He sees only the maid above.

I believe that at length the surges
Swallowed boatman and boat,
And that this with singing of dirges,
The Lorelei hath wrought.

JOHN LESLIE, Esq.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

II.

Later in life, when his imagination showed signs of occasional torpor, Dumas, who did not wish to grow old, affixed his great name to whatever was put under his hand. In an hour, he would make a play out of a German novel, and a novel out of an English play.

Thus, in one day, he wrote a story, "Catherine Blum," from a drama of Iffland, and then composed a play adapted to the French public, out of the German drama itself.

He had recourse to all sorts of artifices to maintain his reputation of rapid composition. A German writer had made a piece out of "Jane Eyre." Dumas also had intended to construct a drama out of this novel, but in the end contented himself with revising the German play. Jenneval, at that time performing an engagement at Marseilles, wrote to Dumas asking of him, in the name of the manager, a new and unpublished piece. The latter made answer:

"I demand eight days to write the most emotional drama which I have ever composed."

A week later, Dumas was at Marseilles. He assembled the artists for the reading of his play. After the first act, Jenneval took him by the arm, led him away from the company, and said:

"DEAR MASTER,—I will not conceal from you that I have already acted that role at Brussels, where the German drama was translated, three or four years ago."

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Dumas, who had already forgotten whence he had derived his work. "Well, my dear Jenneval, you have just doomed 'Jane Eyre' to death, but for a long time back I have been thinking over a very striking play. I ask you eight days to write it in."

The following day, the Marseilles papers announced that the great, the illustrious Dumas, had shut himself up into his room to write a new piece, which he would read to the actors within eight days. Dumas had given orders that no one should disturb him under any pretext. But, instead of writing the drama in question, he simply addressed the following note to his secretary:

"DEAR CHILD:

"On receipt of this letter, go to the first story of the pavilion in the back of the garden.

"In that story there are two rooms: one large, the other small.

"Enter the small one.

"You will see three tables there: one of oak; the second of walnut; the third of palisandre.

"In the oak table there is a drawer on either side; open the one on the right.

"You will find in it a play in five acts, entitled 'Les Gardes Forestiers.'

"Armed with this drama, you will start for Marseilles, where I expect you at once.

"Not a word of all this, neither at Paris nor elsewhere.

"A. DUMAS."

The Secretary followed these instructions to the letter, and, a few days after, the following appeared in the Marseilles papers:

"It is well known that Mr. Alexandre Dumas had demanded eight days wherein to write a new drama for the Gymnase, and numerous wagers were made for and against this *tour de force*. It appeared impossible that a dramatic author could, within a week, write a play in five acts, and notwithstanding all that has been said of Alexandre Dumas' marvellous fecundity, it was open to doubt whether so short an interval were sufficient to the redemption of his promise. Well, it is only *two* days to-day that Alexandre Dumas shut himself up in his room, and he has just apprized the Manager that he will be ready, to-morrow, to read his new piece to the actors."

The next day, Dumas read *Les Gardes Forestiers* which the faithful Secretary had brought from Paris. It was mostly the want of money which drove him to these tricks.

Dumas was a genius in cookery, as well as in literature. The anecdotes on this head are numerous, curious and amusing. We shall give only one, and that illustrative rather of his conviviality than of his cooking.

Twenty years ago, Montjoye was a caricaturist of the first order; he was later a distinguished playwright. But secret troubles brought on his downfall and he retired to Varennes-Saint-Maur in search of solitude and silence. There he found Alexandre Dumas. Neither had known the other before; now they became fast friends.

Montjoye went regularly every day to Dumas' and sat down at a table, before a glass, filled to the brim with the poisoned tears of the green muse. He remained there long hours, drinking and smoking in silence. Sometimes, the secretaries

would take their flight; then Dumas and Montjoye remained alone in presence of each other.

Dumas who was not very fond of writing when he was not sufficiently surrounded by friends, would soon throw down his pen and exclaim:

"Montjoye!"

"Master?"

"Let me ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"How many glasses of absinth have you taken to day?"

"This is my second glass."

"You must then have a ravenous appetite."

"No."

"Bah!"

"I will be hungry only after the sixth glass."

"Well, Montjoye, do you know one thing?"

"No," would Montjoye reply mechanically, being used to this despotism of dialogue.

"It is one o'clock, is it not?"

"Half-past one."

"At a glass of absinth per hour, it will be half-past five, before you are hungry."

"Certainly."

"You have therefore four hours before you and I have four hours before me."

"Well!"

"Well, don't you see what I am coming to?"

"Not yet."

"To this: I am going to cook you a dinner."

And Alexandre Dumas did as he said. He put on an apron; he went to the yard where he twisted the necks of the chickens; he went into the kitchen-garden, where he gathered vegetables; he lighted the fire; he sliced out the butter; he looked for the flour; he culled the parsley; he set out the pots and pans; he threw in the salt by the handful; he stirred, he tasted, till he achieved a culinary masterpiece.

Just at the hour indicated, while Montjoye was finishing his sixth glass of absinth, Dumas came in, punctual and triumphant, exclaiming:

"Dinner is ready!"

For six months, Dumas spent three and four days of each week doing the cooking for Montjoye.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CORSETS—FROM A PHYSIOLOGICAL POINT.

Having seen two articles on the subject of tight-lacing in recent numbers of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, one fanciful and partly approving of the custom and the other condemning the corsets strongly, but without other than general reasons, it has occurred to me that a few words on the subject from a physiological point of view would not be entirely amiss.

It will be readily admitted by any one acquainted with the wonderful mechanism of the human body that absolute non-interference with its workings and an absence of all restriction were best; but civilization and climatic influences have necessitated the use of clothing, which more or less impede the freedom of action and exert pressure. These evils are not likely to be entirely abandoned, and if it can be shown how the greatest pressure can be employed with a minimum of evil, the result will not be an unimportant one. Of all articles of dress the corset has been the most absurd; but despite its condemnation by royal edict and medical dicta it still flourishes wherever fashionable woman lives.

To properly understand the evils produced by the corset, it is requisite to have a knowledge of the human anatomy and the functions of the vital organs. The pressure exerted by this article of dress extends over portions of the thorax and abdomen. The first cavity contains the lungs invested by the pleura and the pericardium with the heart enclosed. The abdomen contains the liver, stomach, intestines, spleen, gall bladder, &c. Though the pressure of the corset extends over a considerable portion of these two cavities, the greatest restriction is exerted on the waist proper, or on the meridian of the trunk drawn through a point half way between the hip and lowest rib, beneath which we find the stomach, a part of the right lobe of the liver, a portion of the lesser intestines, and to a small extent the pericardium or heart bag. The first result of the pressure is the lessening of the capacity of the stomach and a consequent decreased desire for food and, as a result, insufficient nourishment and the fashionable weakness found with ladies of great tenuity of figure. The expansion of the lower portion of the lungs is to a slight degree restricted by the upward pressure of the liver, and as a consequence greater work is thrown on the upper portion, which accounts for the difference between the panting of ladies after exertion and the deep breathing of men under similar circumstances. The loss of appetite, the lessened desire and capacity for food is the first great evil attributable to tight corsets. This decreased desire to eat has by some writers been attributed to the lessening of the organic oxidation by the contraction of the lungs. I feel inclined to dispute this; but even suppose that some portion of the declining desire for food be placed to this account, there can be no doubt the main cause is the lessening of the capacity of the stomach. This may be proved by the fact that the desire to eat is immediately decreased by tightly lacing the corset or wearing a belt drawn very tight around the waist. Our hunters of the North-West are aware of this, and when the dinner hour approaches without the chance of a dinner, they tighten in their belts a point or two, and fast with greater ease till supper.

The pressure on the liver is liable to produce torpid action of that organ, and this and the diminished quantity of food produce that feeling of lassitude which is so frequent with women as compared with men. This is an evil, no doubt; but not as serious as those writers would have us believe who state that the lungs are so impeded that consumption (phthisis) must result, and that the delicate mechanism of the uterus is greatly deranged.

The chief danger arises from badly-made corsets, which exert an undue pressure across the chest and over the lower portion of the abdomen. Ladies have the remedy against the greater evils in their own hands. Let the measure of the chest be taken at its full inflation and the size around the abdomen, over the hips, when fairly expanded, and these measurements being observed, considerable pressure may be exerted at the waist proper with a minimum of evil.

It is a hopeless task to persuade ladies to abandon their corsets altogether. As long as a small waist is admired—and, notwithstanding æsthetic essays on classic beauty of contour,

a small waist is admired—any evils will be submitted to to produce the desired delicacy of form. Under such circumstances it is the duty of the medical man and the physiologist to show how the desired end can be accomplished with the least amount of injury to health, and this can be accomplished by properly fitting corsets, which shall only confine the waist, leaving the chest and lower abdomen free from undue restriction.

Scraps.

There are 10,000 Mormons in the British Isles. The Sultan of Zanzibar will visit England this year. The Shah has given in his adhesion to the rules of the Geneva Convention.

Russia only owns 193 newspapers. Her neighbour, Germany, claims 2,300.

The United States Government will send a competent officer of the Signal Department with the *Daily Graphic* Transatlantic Expedition for the purpose of taking scientific observations.

In his work on the atmosphere, M. Flammarion draws attention to a peculiarity in the habits of our large towns which every one must have noticed. The wealthy classes have a pronounced tendency to emigrate westward, leaving the eastern districts for the labouring populations. This remark applies not only to Paris, but to most great cities—London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Turin, Liège, Toulouse, Montpellier, Caen, and even Pompeii.

Duelling in the 19th century is not without its difficulties, and even Frenchmen sometimes are at a loss for a quiet spot where they may settle their "little affair" undisturbed by the police. Thus, about six months ago, says the *Paris Figaro*, two very Parisians, quarrelling over the colour of a lady's chignon, duly adjourned with their swords to the Belgian frontier. Barely had they crossed weapons when the police came down upon them. The duellists then went over to England, and arranged to meet near Swetenham, but were stopped by the inevitable police. Again they went to Belgium, and again they were arrested, and finally returning to Paris, succeeded in having it out in the Vincennes Wood, the result of all this travelling being a simple wound in the sword hand.

The Belgian Government has recently ordered securely locked letter-boxes to be placed in all the insane asylums of the country, public or private, in positions where they will be easily accessible to all the inmates. They are designed, says the *London Medical Record*, to allow complaints and suggestions to be made to the authorities in a way independent of any of the officers or attendants. No one connected with the institution can have access to them. They are in charge of the Procureur du Roi of the district, and the letters which they contain are taken to him weekly for examination. The complaints made are investigated, and if any one assert that he is sane, he is ordered to be examined by medical experts. Abuses are corrected. The system exerts a wholesome influence, and tends to secure management in all its details.

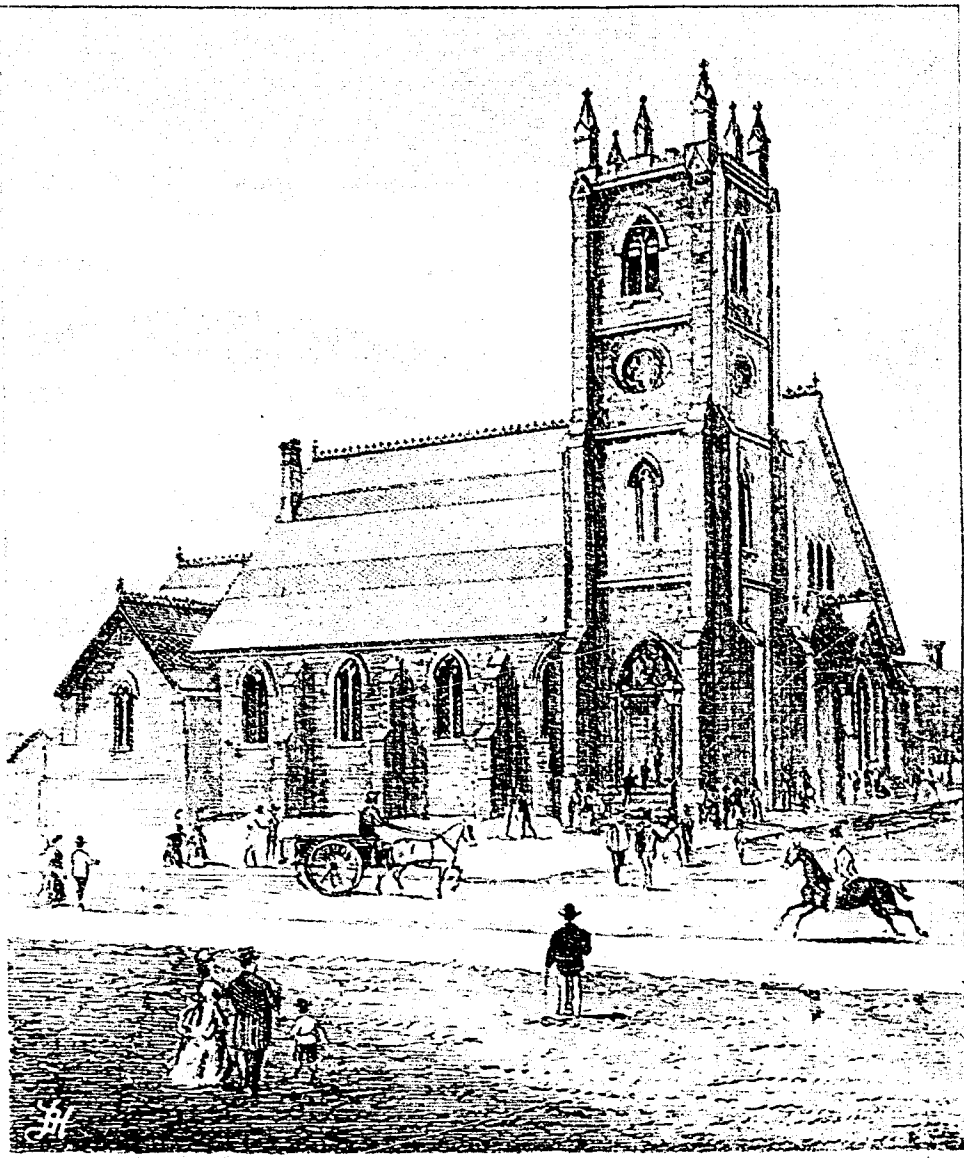
THE MARKET PRICE OF SERMONS IN ENGLAND.—AS AN INDEX to the market we give the following, taken from amongst other pious announcements in one of the English Church papers:—Sermons.—Good, sound sermons by an experienced clergyman, adapted to the Church's year. Subscriptions, 15s. 6d. per quarter. Single for any Sunday, 15 stamps. S. P. G., Confirmation, Hospital, &c., 2s. 6d. each. Clergy only.—Address, &c. Sermons.—Sound, Practical, and Original. Edited by an Oxford graduate. Strictly confined to the clergy. MSS. for the season and S. P. G. (2s. 6d.) now ready. A specimen, 1s. 6d. Address, &c. Sermons.—Earnest, Original, Practical upon the Sunday Gospels, Epistles, and Old Testament Lessons, by an experienced Priest. Specimens free on approval to Clergymen. Sermon for an Assize, Volunteer Corps, &c. Strict confidence. N.B.—These Sermons have been highly commended by many eminent and earnest clergymen.—Address, &c.

Famous folk have strange appeals made to them. Mrs. Sturmy was a victim to innumerable "requests," and for a time kept a record of quotations from them. The following are specimens:—"A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he now being well and preaching as usual."—"The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses."—"To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a pain in the back of the neck."—"To prepare the memoir of a celebrated preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant."—"Desired to assist a servant-man, not very well able to read, in learning the Sunday-school lessons, and to write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time."—"A monody for the loss of a second wife, entitled by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first."

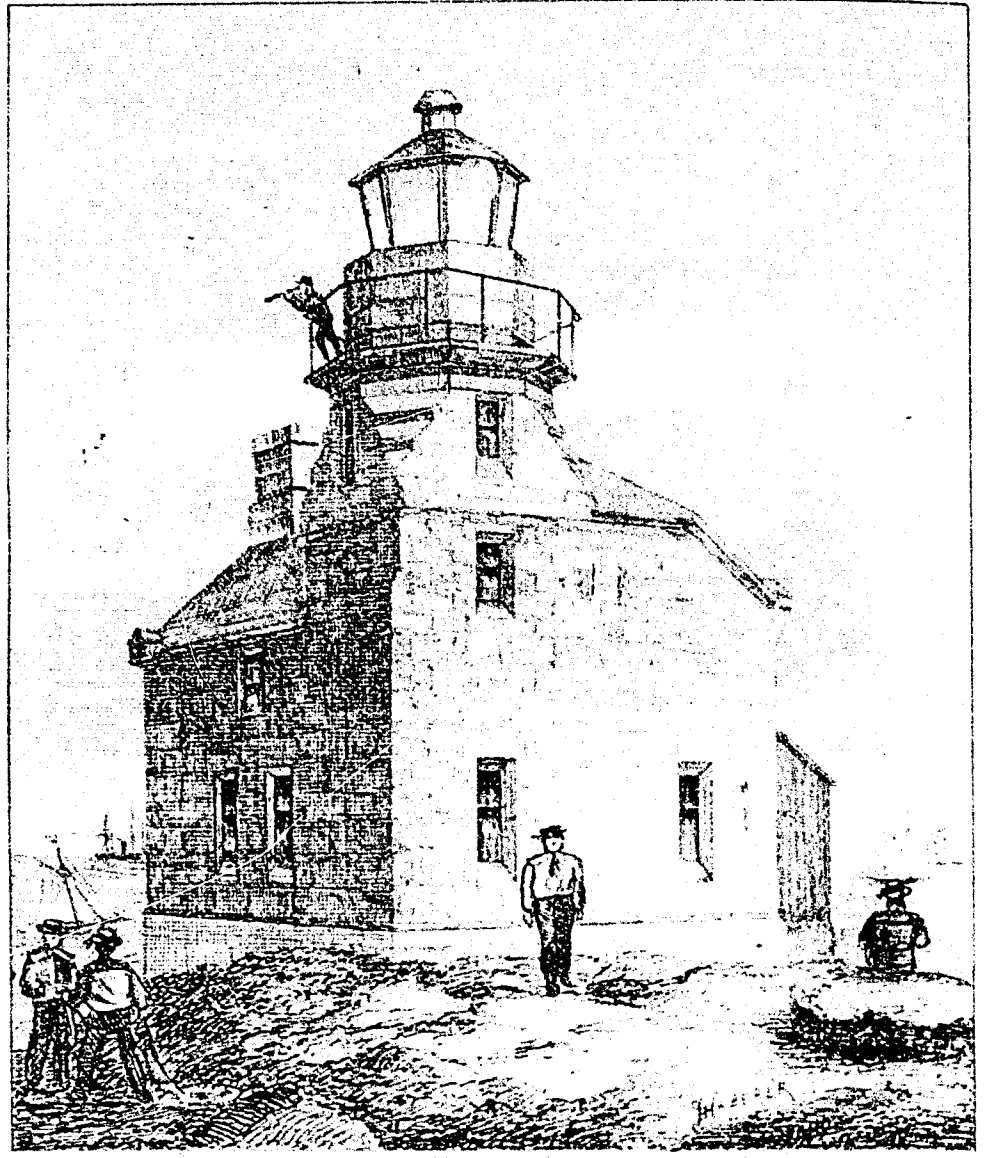
A Paris correspondent writes to a contemporary: You should bid your countrymen and countrywomen who go to the French plays in London to remark the "trick of singularity," as *Melville* would say, of the "inevitably," the dandy of the dictionary. You should remark the infinite trouble which he takes to omit his 'S's, which he drops as officiously as some Londoners do their 'H's. Do not fail to mark his exclamation when the soldiers enter the ball-room in the *Fille de Mme. Angot* as he draws out "petit" for "petite," and his persistence all through the admirable chorus of conspirators, "peuke blonde" for "peuke," &c. The Parisiennes of the present day have invented a language which they call "Javanese." They place "av" before every vowel. Thus they said that we should have a shower at the races this afternoon. A "shavovaver" they called a shower, and races "ravavaves." I listened to people on the race-course just now, who were talking this language with amazing rapidity, and though unintelligible to the uninitiated, they have attained a perfection in the art perplexing to all but themselves.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* speaks as follows of a curious superstition: Householders who are laying in their stock of coal for the winter will do well to study the moon, which is believed, in some quarters, to exercise no small influence on fuel stacked or stored at certain seasons. The *Skye* correspondent of the *Cornish Telegraph* mentions that, during the fortnight which began on the 10th of last month, the people of *Skye* were busy stacking their peats and securing their winter firing, being anxious to complete the operation while the moon was waning. During the fortnight commencing on the 24th of June, when the moon was crescent, no real *Skye*man would stack his peats for any consideration, believing that unless stacked under a waning moon the peat will give neither light nor heat when burned. "A power of smoke" is all that can be expected from peats stacked under a crescent moon. In *Skye* the crescent is called "fas," and the wane "tarradh," and under these two terms the moon not only exercises a great influence over peats, but also over many other things. In some parts of the Highlands, sheep, pigs, and cows are only killed in the "fas," as meat made in the "tarradh" is supposed to be good for nothing but "shrinking" when in the pot.

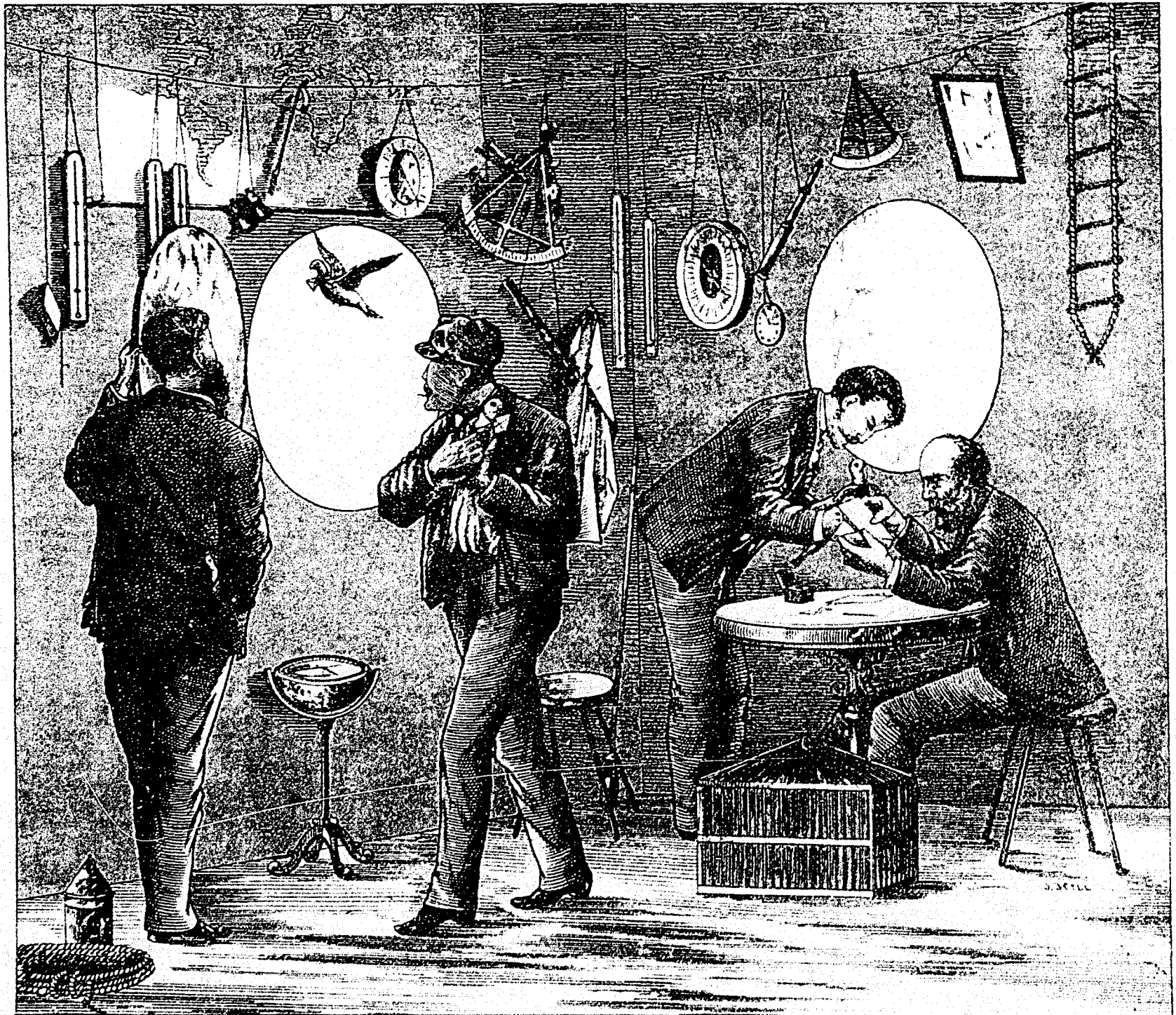
No Family should be without Colby's PILLS.



HAMILTON.—ALL SAINTS CHURCH.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—NEW LIGHT-HOUSE AT ROSE BLANCHE.



THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.—DISPATCHING CARRIER PIGEONS WITH LETTERS FROM THE BALLOON TO "THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.



IN THE STYRIAN ALPINE HUT.

IN THE AUSTRIAN DAIRY.



AT THE CARINTHIAN BEER HALL.

AT THE SWISS CONDITOREI.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ONE IDEA.

You know him by his wily eyes.
Whose light is never truly clear:
The look that tries to seem so wise.
His anxious face—his hollow leer—
Perchance his name you may surmise.
It is my friend of one idea.

He never has much time to spare.
But every day of all the year
Is filled with tasks that none may share.
But which are never in arrears:
For he's possessed of patience rare,
This busy man of one idea.

There is no haze about his mind.
That centres on one purpose clear:
Which yet is always strangely blind
To all that elevates us here:
For when you search its depths you find
It all endowed with one idea.

He shapes his course with steadfast power.
From dangerous rocks to safely steer:
He's calm in dread misfortune's hour.
Unswayed by either hope or fear:
For every feeling owes its dower
To one all-ruling, fixed idea.

He owns a vagrant friend or two:
He uses them to hold them dear.
He gives them less than what's their due
And yet he makes it more appear.
For he is only staunch and true
To one important, fixed idea.

He never sets his mental eye—
On things beyond his narrow sphere.
He laughs at tropes and sympathies.
And scorns the weakness of a tear:
For he is only wondrous wise
In carrying out his one idea.

He loves his comforts, ease and all.
That tend to liven or to cheer.
And if his aims are rather small.
They are to him supremely dear.
They never rise and so can't fall.
Compri ed within his one idea.

He reads the papers now and then.
And certain books he doth revere.
He studies all his fellow-men
For certain reasons which appear
Conclusive to his mind and ken:
Important for his one idea.

Those memories which touch the heart.
Those joys which nobler souls revere.
Which give new meanings to life's chart.
And makes its sternest duties dear.
Don't even form a little part
Of his important one idea.

It sways his life, it rules his days.
Where'er he is, it's ever near.
And in the busy city's ways.
It shines around him bold and clear.
In fact, it beautifies its haze.
This rainbow-tinted one idea.

To get the best of every man.
In all his dealings, close and near.
To buy as cheaply as he can.
And to return as well as dear.
This is his life-long aim and plan.
And constitutes this one idea.

ISIDORE G. ASHER.

LONDON, G. B., July 14, 1873.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

BEYOND THE HILLS.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

BEFORE is the sea—La Manche—the English Channel. Behind is the town of St. Brieux. And this is the little bay—one of the dearest, quietest nooks on all the coast of France. Down the path that leads through the heather to the beach comes a merry party of children. Nought could be fairer than the scene, nought more joyous than their rippling laughter.

What a pretty group they form as they gather, some seated, some standing on that grassy bank, holly-crowned, which slopes so gently down to the sandy shore! What artist could paint that buoyant beauty, that happy unconsciousness, that simple, godlike contentment with themselves, with each other, with all around them? What poet could set in fitting frame of words their dreams, their fancies, their enjoyment, their enthusiasm? What fiction-writer could picture forth in true colours their romance, their humour, their philosophy, their aspirations? What man or woman has preserved intact and pure from worldly touch the glories, the celestial gems, the wealth and the wonder of childhood? What man or woman can again enter the temple where the Lord of light and life and love first revealed himself, can feel again the splendour which glitters in its lofty vault, the beauty and tenderness with which its aisles are carpeted, the radiant stateliness of its wreathed pillars, the awe, the marvel, the magnificence of its glowing altar? What man or woman can more than dimly remember the perfection, the harmony, the multitudinous delight of that paradise through which flowed the streams of their early years, can recall distinctly the plumage and the music of the birds, the ever-varying tints of tree and flower, the balmy breath of its breezes, the majestic roll of its rivers, the grand poise of its circling seas? Alas! even if we were not blinded by the dust and deafened by the din raised by clamorous crowds of commonplace necessities, our eyes are dazzled, in all attempts at recovery or return, by the flaming sword which jealously guards that happy land from the intrusion of those who have once left its limits.

Therefore, bright children of beautiful France, of romantic Brittany, we wish you joy and bid you to be happy while you may, dreaming not of the future, but glorying in your own sweet fancies. Laugh gaily as you sit or stand, in picturesque ease, in presence of the sea,—image of the endless sameness of Nature, image of the wild caprices of restless Destiny. Cling close together in your simple, sweet affection, before the waves come which are to separate you, before the storm bursts which shall drive you hither and thither with pitiless rage, before from your own hearts arise temptations which may lead you to sorrow, to shame, to despair, to death.

Yes, they laugh, they are gay, and, Heaven be praised, they hear no gipsy warning, there is no cloud on their joy.

II.

Children are seldom democrats. They instinctively choose a king or a queen. Of the little group before us there is one who takes the lead—a boy of about thirteen years, shapely, erect, with brown clustering curls forming a fitting crown to a head which might suggest that of the youthful Apollo. His face it is no exaggeration to call beautiful, though some might think his complexion too dark. His eyes are sweet and dreamy, though they can kindle into fire which is sometimes dangerous. His forehead is broad and higher at the temples than at the centre. His nose is slightly aquiline and his mouth, which, though full, is well-formed, betokens gentleness, firmness and energy. In one word, it is a noble face—noble by its beauty, its sympathy, its command.

That boy is Raymond de Chalney. There amid the trees are the towers of his father's *château*. There through all changes of King and Emperor and President have the De Chalneys ruled from immemorial time. There in their ancient fortress, whatever vicissitudes may have come upon the great world beyond the mountains and the sea, have the De Chalneys reigned, as sovereigns by divine right, over subjects who never faltered in their allegiance. There in these latter days, far away from a mongrel court, have the De Chalneys ruled in their ancestral halls, in proud unconsciousness of any new regime. And Raymond is the heir of the De Chalneys. Shall he, too, pass his days in primeval, isolated grandeur, a voluntary and happy exile from the vast, seething revolutionary world of France?

The little fellow of eleven who is so like and so unlike Raymond is his brother Rudolphe. He is a handsome boy, but grave for his years—grave even when he smiles. He might be a poet, or a philosopher or a priest in miniature. In mind he is more a St. Hubert than a Raymond, and, perhaps, the early loss of his dear, good mother may have caused that quiet air of tender melancholy by which he is distinguished.

As he sits beside his cousin Bernadotte St. Hubert one can see a more than family likeness between them, although Bernadotte is fairer in hair and complexion. She has the same sweet sadness on her lips, but there is an arch, coquettish playfulness in her blue eyes which is wanting in those of Rudolphe. Her long, light brown hair strays loosely down her shoulders, a toy for the amorous sea-breeze. In her sweet face there is more of the lily than of the rose, though the latter blooms becomingly beneath the zephyr of emotion. Her whole countenance will glow with animation at the narration of a heroic deed, or flash into indignant wrath at a tale of wrong.

That is her brother Louis who is making a chain of shells for little Leslie De Chalney. He is not unlike his sister in feature. It is the expression which makes the difference. There is nothing dreamy or romantic about Louis. He is the practical philosopher of the party—a boy of the nineteenth century, a sort of Breton Yankee, always inventing, discovering, experimenting, and, though by no means ill-natured, not at all deficient in his attention to the comfort and happiness of number one.

One other figure completes the group. It is that of a dark, dark-eyed girl, older than Bernadotte, of a beauty which might be characterized as oriental. There is an air of stateliness about her almost queenly, which, however, is gently modified, by her slight and graceful figure. She strikes one as a proud, impassioned nature, not without self-control, save when her affections have the mastery, and capable of repelling or attracting, according to her inclination. There is, certainly, an irresistible charm in her smile, but those eyes, are they not a little scornful? Perhaps, it is only fancy. Her name is Madeleine De Longueville.

III.

"Let us get the boat—there is a nice breeze and we can put up the sails," exclaimed Louis.

"Oh, yes," said Leslie, "the boat, the boat."

"Let us go to the cliff," said Madeleine, "there is such a fine view there! One can almost see to St. Malo or to Victor Hugo's island."

"I am quite happy where I am," said Bernadotte. "What do you say, Raymond?"

"I am happy if you are," said Raymond. "Suppose old Rudolphe gives us a story and then we may make a move, if any one wishes it. It is early in the afternoon yet."

"Oh yes, yes, a story," cried Leslie, "about knights and ladies and dragons and dungeons and battles and—"

"Bah!" said Louis, "who cares for such stories, you little goose! Those things never happened. I like travels and shipwrecks and adventures with tigers and buffaloes and savages. There's some fun in that. There's no such thing as a dragon, to begin with."

"Why don't you tell us a story yourself, Louis?" said Rudolphe.

"None of you would care about my stories," answered Louis, "but if you tell us one, I will be contented to listen. If Raymond promises to let us have a sail afterwards."

"Agreed," said Raymond.

"And I will leave out the dragons and speak only of men and women," said Rudolphe.

"Give us one of the old tales of Brittany," asked Bernadotte.

"I think you have heard them all. Did I ever tell you the story of the two Isults?"

"I never heard it," said Madeleine.

"Nor I," said Leslie, who may have forgotten.

Bernadotte had read it but she was too gracious to say so, and she signed to Louis to keep silence.

Then Rudolphe began:

"It is a long, time ago, so long that no one knows the date of it, that there lived in Cornwall, away over there, a king named Mark. His court was filled with beautiful ladies and brave and noble knights. Of all the knights none stood so high in the king's favour as Tristram, and he had no equal in the exercises of the tournament. But of all the ladies there was none that the king fancied for a wife, for he had heard that the king of Ireland (I cannot pronounce his name) had a daughter so lovely that there was nothing in all the world to compare her beauty to. So he sent Tristram over to Ireland to discover whether the report was true, and if it was, to ask the Irish king for his daughter's hand in his name. So

Tristram set forth on his journey, and, after many adventures and perils, arrived at the palace of Iscult's father. He found that the reports of Iscult's beauty were not exaggerated in the least. She was the fairest damsel he had ever seen, and the graces of her manners and the variety of her accomplishments were quite in keeping with her marvellous beauty. He made known to the king the object of his mission, and the king was perfectly satisfied to bestow his daughter's hand on so renowned and powerful a Sovereign as King Mark, of Cornwall. So, with as little delay as possible, for Tristram knew how impatient his royal master would be to know the result of his voyage, he and his lovely charge set sail for the Cornish coast. But, before they departed from Ireland, the queen, Iscult's mother, gave her daughter a philtre, (that is a drink which makes the person who takes it very fond of the person who gives it), telling her to give it to King Mark and that she would never lose his affections, come what would. But it so happened that on the voyage to Cornwall Iscult, whether knowingly or by mistake, gave some of this philtre to Tristram and partook of it herself. The consequence was, that they fell deeply in love with each other.

"And were married?" asked Madeleine.

"They were put into a dark dungeon?" ventured Leslie.

"They went to the bottom of the sea, of course," said Louis, "how could he look after things aboard ship if he was thinking all the time of his lady-love. And then when there arose a gale, she was frightened and he could not leave her and so—"

"No, you are all wrong."

"Oh, I recollect now," interrupted Louis, but, at a sign from Bernadotte, he allowed Rudolphe to continue.

"You are all wrong. They were neither married, nor imprisoned, nor drowned. But they had a great deal of unhappiness. Iscult was married to King Mark, although she loved Tristram. By-and-by the king found out that Tristram paid more than merely courtly attention to the queen and banished him from his kingdom.

It was then that Tristram, love-lorn and exiled, found a home in this beautiful land of Brittany, and met with the other Iscult, who was called Iscult of the White Hands. Iscult took pity on him and from pitying she came to love him, and he, pitying her and grateful for many kindnesses, married her. But his heart was still over the sea in Cornwall, and he could not content himself to remain long in Brittany. So he went back to Cornwall to see the Iscult that was not his wife and stayed there so long that poor Iscult of Brittany thought he would never come back. He also, became more renowned for valiant deeds than he had ever been before, and there were few knights even of the court of great King Arthur that could match him in skill and prowess. It was not till he was taken sick with weariness and wounds and took no more pleasure in life, that he thought of returning to Brittany to his fond wife. She was overjoyed to see him again, and nursed and tended him with as much care and kindness as if he had been the most faithful husband in the world. But even when he lay a-dying he thought not of his own true wife, but of her who had been the love and sorrow of his life, and had led his noble heart astray, and sent a messenger to Cornwall to try and persuade the queen to come over and see him. And she came and stayed with him, taking the place of his wife at his bedside—stayed with him till he died, and those who found him dead found her also dead with her hands clasped in his.

"Is that the end?" burst out Louis, with rather indignant air.

"Oh! what a pretty story, but how sad!" said Madeleine.

"And what became of the other Iscult?" asked Leslie.

"There is little more to tell," said Rudolphe, "the dead lovers were taken back again to Cornwall, where they were laid in one grave, I suppose, by King Mark's permission. But Iscult of the White Hands, of the loving, faithful heart, which is better, lived on for many years, giving all her love and care to her children, and when she died I am sure there was plenty of tears shed over her grave."

"Do you believe that part about the philtre, Raymond?" asked Bernadotte.

"I think love comes without philtres," said Raymond, with a slight flush.

"That was only invented to excuse him for doing what was wrong and dishonourable," said Louis boldly.

"But, perhaps, in any case, they could not help loving each other," suggested Madeleine. "She saw Tristram before she saw the king, who must have been an old dotard."

"Then why didn't they run away and get married when they had the ship all to themselves, and then they would have been man and wife in spite of everybody. I don't think he was a brave knight at all," said Louis, with more determination than ever.

"Well, we may all be proud that the good Iscult belonged to our own Brittany," said Bernadotte.

"Yes," rejoined Rudolphe, "I hope we will all be true to what is right, and never do what is mean. I think that is the point of the story, to Bretons at least."

"But we cannot tell how we may be influenced by circumstances," said Raymond.

"We always know when we are doing wrong," said his brother, "and if we are in difficulty or temptation we ought to pray to God to help us."

"That is true," said Bernadotte. "I hope none of us will be allowed to go wrong."

"But Raymond is right, too," said Madeleine, with flashing eyes. "A great deal depends upon circumstances, and it seems to me some are born to be virtuous and happy and others to be wicked and miserable, and others, however good they may be, never gain happiness in this life. I believe in destiny."

"So do I," said Raymond, "though I hardly know what it is."

"What's the use in so much talk about nothing," said Louis. "The story's told, and now for the sail. Come, Leslie, let us lead the way."

"Let us sail to Cornwall," said Leslie.

"And let us have no love-philtres," said Louis.

And the boat was got ready, and the little party were soon aboard. We need not await their return. There is no fear of them in that voyage, for Louis is a good sailor, Rudolphe is prudent and Raymond is strong. Let us go up the little path through the heather, let us pass by castle and town, let us get away beyond the mountains into the cruel, treacherous world, for it is there that we must meet them again.

IV.

A crisis has arrived in the life of Rudolphe de Chalney. He loves and is loved in return, and yet he is unhappy because his generous heart tells him that his love is death to the happiness of another. That other is his brother Raymond. And so his whole noble nature is moved to its very depths and his soul is divided within him between the claims of brotherly affection and yearning for that sweetest solace save what cometh from above.

Slowly and gradually has the light dawned upon him which revealed to him his real feelings; slow has he been to discover that the heart which his brother prizes as his own leans with loving confidence upon his. What he was fain to call intellectual sympathy between Bernadotte and himself he now knows to be deep and tender love. It is hard to cast away this precious boon: it is hard to forget the bliss of union with one who is already united to him in such sweet fellowship. But can he rob Raymond, who has loved her so long of what he regards and has some right to regard as his possession? Shall he win this prize, even with her own consent, by what he cannot but regard as dishonour, though he has used no wilful deceit? Ever since their childhood Raymond and Bernadotte have been destined for each other and shall he bring reproach on her as well as himself by thwarting the wishes of both their families? No! Never! He will see Bernadotte no more. None shall ever know of his love and she—may forget him and her heart turn to Raymond and be comforted. And in the years to come will she not bless him for his resolve?

Away far in the East, between the frowning mountains of Corea and the sea which brings no help, the sun is looking down on a scene at the thought of which men's hearts may tremble, but the angels of Heaven may rejoice. It is a scene of massacre, a scene of Christian heroism, worthy of the blessed prince of Christian faith. The victims are bound and the fires are kindled, and in a little while, amid the yells of savage hatred, amid the expectant chorus of the heavenly host, the soul of Rudolphe de Chalney, priest and martyr, has passed away to its rest and its reward.

V.

A young man is standing at the door of a pretty villa in suburban Paris. He has rung very softly and there is some delay in giving him admittance. There are in front of the house preparations for the deadening of noise which imply that a member of the household is dangerously ill. The young man is aware of this, and though impatient to enter, he waits long before he repeats his summons. At last the door is opened, and a pale-faced girl admits him. She utters no word and he needs no directions as he is well acquainted with the family.

He has come too late. It is the house of death. The dear heart that made it all it was to him has ceased to beat. Every face he sees is silent, awful evidence of desolation.

That still figure, that white face, those closed eyes and hushed lips, are all that remains of Bernadotte St. Hubert. Well were it for Raymond de Chalney if he, too, slumbered in the same deep slumber by her side!

VI.

Satory! It has become a name of horror. We think of it as we think of the axe, the "maiden" or the guillotine. A name synonymous with vengeance, though sometimes, also, no doubt, with justice.

A cold, raw morning. The soldiers' fingers are numb as they handle their muskets. Some of them curse with impatience and wish their work was over.

There are not many spectators. It is not the hour for crowds. Only a few workmen here and there who have lingered on their way to their day's work in the expectation of seeing the execution.

At last the three criminals are conducted to the ground. They are set in their places. They show no fear as they hear the preparations of the firing party. One of them is tall and young and noble-looking. He makes no demonstration; but his companions are rather noisy in their bravery. His soul is far away from where he stands—far away in a quiet scene where the murmuring waves wash the shores of a little Breton bay.

How came he there? God knows. Partly by treachery, partly by his own chivalrous impetuosity—the victim of destiny, the prey of ruthless war. He bears a heart as pure, as true, as patriotic as many a one who has fallen face to face with his country's foes. Yet he stands here to die the death of a dog.

The gaping crowd has departed. A veiled form in deep mourning bends over the corpse of Raymond de Chalney. She utters no cry, for her heart is broken. Its treasure has been torn from her and she is desolate. The veiled figure is that of Madeleine de Longueville.

VII.

It is a delightful afternoon in the month of August. Behind is St. Brieux, before is the sea, and the mountains are gathered round as of yore.

On that little grassy mound which slopes down to the shore stand a young man and a young woman. He is handsome and she is fair. They are lovers—they are man and wife. But on their brows, as they stand there and the wife leans on her husband's arm, there is the memory of great sorrows. Each knows what is in the other's heart without the feeble aid of words, and each instinctively refrains from speaking of the past.

"Let us go back, Louis."

"Yes, love; you are wearied."

Louis and Leslie are lord and lady of the old chateau of the De Chalneys. Of the happy group of children they are all that is left. "So runs the world away."

Our Illustrations.

A SKETCH ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

We have already on more than one occasion alluded to this island as a charming retreat from the heat and dust of the city. Until lately the place was tabooed, on account of the quantity of military stores on the island, but thanks to the generosity of the Hon. Mr. Langevin, permission to visit it is now easily obtainable, and picnics among its glades and

thickets are of frequent occurrence. Few even of the older citizens of Montreal were aware that such a lovely spot existed within a few rods of the city. Our sketch, copied from a photograph in the possession of a gentleman in this city, gives a good idea of the beauties of its bocages.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, HAMILTON.

This edifice which was bequeathed to the congregation by the Hon. Samuel Mills, was dedicated to the divine service on Sunday, the 20th inst., by the Lord Bishop of Toronto. The building stands on the corner of King and Queen Streets, and forms a remarkable architectural ornament in that part of the city. The entire cost of the structure will, it is estimated, reach somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$25,000. Of the exterior appearance of the building a very good idea is given by the illustration. The interior has been ornamented with great taste, under the supervision of Mr. Chadwick, of Toronto, and the general effect is very pleasing and harmonious. All the windows are stained. The chancel is painted a light rose, with a star-sprinkled azure ceiling. The organ stands on one side of the chancel, and thus the architectural abomination of an organ-loft is done away with. Over the apse-window, side and front chancel arches, and the altar, are scrolls bearing appropriate texts. The pulpit and reading desk are in the body of the building, and the chancel is seated for the accommodation of the choir, which will be surplused. A congregation of six hundred persons can be easily accommodated with seats.

LIGHT-HOUSE AT ROSE BLANCHE, NEWF.

This is one of the many light-houses recently erected on the Newfoundland coast. The structure is of granite, and is built after the design of the Inspector, Mr. J. T. Nevill. A similar building has been put up on Pullin Island, Greenpond, on the north coast. In addition to the light-houses the Imperial Government has made arrangements for the construction of a steam fog alarm at Cape Race, the machinery for which is being prepared at St. John, N. B. The alarm will be in operation before the close of the year.

We again borrow from the New York *Daily Graphic*, a picture illustrative of life on

THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON.

At definite intervals during the voyage, carrier pigeons will be let loose from the car, with messages attached round the neck, under the wing, or to the middle tail feather. It is considered certain that, as long as the least speck of land is visible, the birds will fly with unerring instinct to the place on Housatonic Bay, Connecticut, where they are now training, and from whence telegrams will be promptly despatched to this office for publication. The picture also gives a very good idea as to the arrangements in the interior of the car, and the mode of life of the daring voyagers.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

Scattered about the park which surrounds the Vienna Industrial Palace are a number of restaurants, cafés, beer and wine saloons, which are got up in styles and fashions professing to represent the majority of European nationalities. Unlike the establishments of a similar character at the Paris exhibition of 1867, they rarely seek to delude their guests with any so-called national dishes or condiments peculiar to the country to which they claim to be affiliated. To compensate in a measure for this shortcoming the proprietors of these establishments make a point of dressing up their servants in picturesque attire—for instance, as Russian moujiks, Hungarian Magyars, Styrian chamois hunters, or Alsatian demoiselles, though some of them are born Viennese. Singularly enough, the visitors are quite ready, in general, to enter into this deception, as they take especial delight in being served with the conventional "schnitzel" or the habitual glass of beer, by these buxom damsels, in gay-coloured, if rather short, petticoats, neatly-fitting boots, elaborate head-gear, and a liberal display of cheap jewellery, the majority of whom have, in all probability, never once set foot in the countries to which they are supposed to belong. In the case of the occupants of the various strange-looking houses, cottages, and huts which have been constructed and furnished after precise models, and chiefly by the Imperial Government itself, the system is very different. The attendants in these all really belong to the districts they profess to have come from, and are delighted with any guests who are able to address them in their own rude patois. This is especially the case with the milkmaids attached to the Austrian dairy, and the old woman and her two daughters who occupy the Styrian Alpine hut. The Swiss eating-house, or "conditorei," and the Carinthian Hall, which has been erected as a temple for the German worship of the beery Bacchus, are shown in two other sketches.

THE ROOMS, WOLFE'S COVE, QUEBEC.

This spot, rendered historic by the advance of General Wolfe upon Quebec, is now the scene of one of the largest lumbering establishments in Quebec. The property formerly belonged to Messrs. A. Gilmour & Co., and was purchased some five years ago by the present owner, John Roche, Esq., who has largely extended and improved it. It now consists of a large steam saw mill, with a capacity of fully 1000 logs per 24 hours, dock and grid-iron for repairing ships, and the necessary appendages for carrying on a first-class lumbering business. The large ship "Pride of England" and the steamships "France" and "Vicksburg," underwent repairs at this establishment last year. The booms shown in the illustration contain at present nearly 30,000 saw-logs, to be manufactured into deals during the present season. There is also a second boom for receiving square timber, such as oak, elm, pine, etc. Six deep water wharves for loading purposes run in front of the cove.

Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Louis P. Vallée, Quebec.

On page 92 is an illustration of the cortège, on the arrival of THE SHAH IN PARIS, passing the Place de l'Étoile. The Arc-de-Triomphe, as shown in the illustration was magnificently decorated for the occasion.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

The incident of Spanish history depicted by Mr. Long in his painting exhibited last year at the Royal Academy is suggested by the treatise of Dr. Sancho de Moncada, Professor of Theology in the University of Toledo about two hundred and fifty years ago, upon the expulsion of the gypsies from that kingdom. The learned and orthodox professor, whose treatise on this subject forms part of a series of letters addressed by him to King Philip III., upon the forms and administrative measures to be preferred for the restoration of

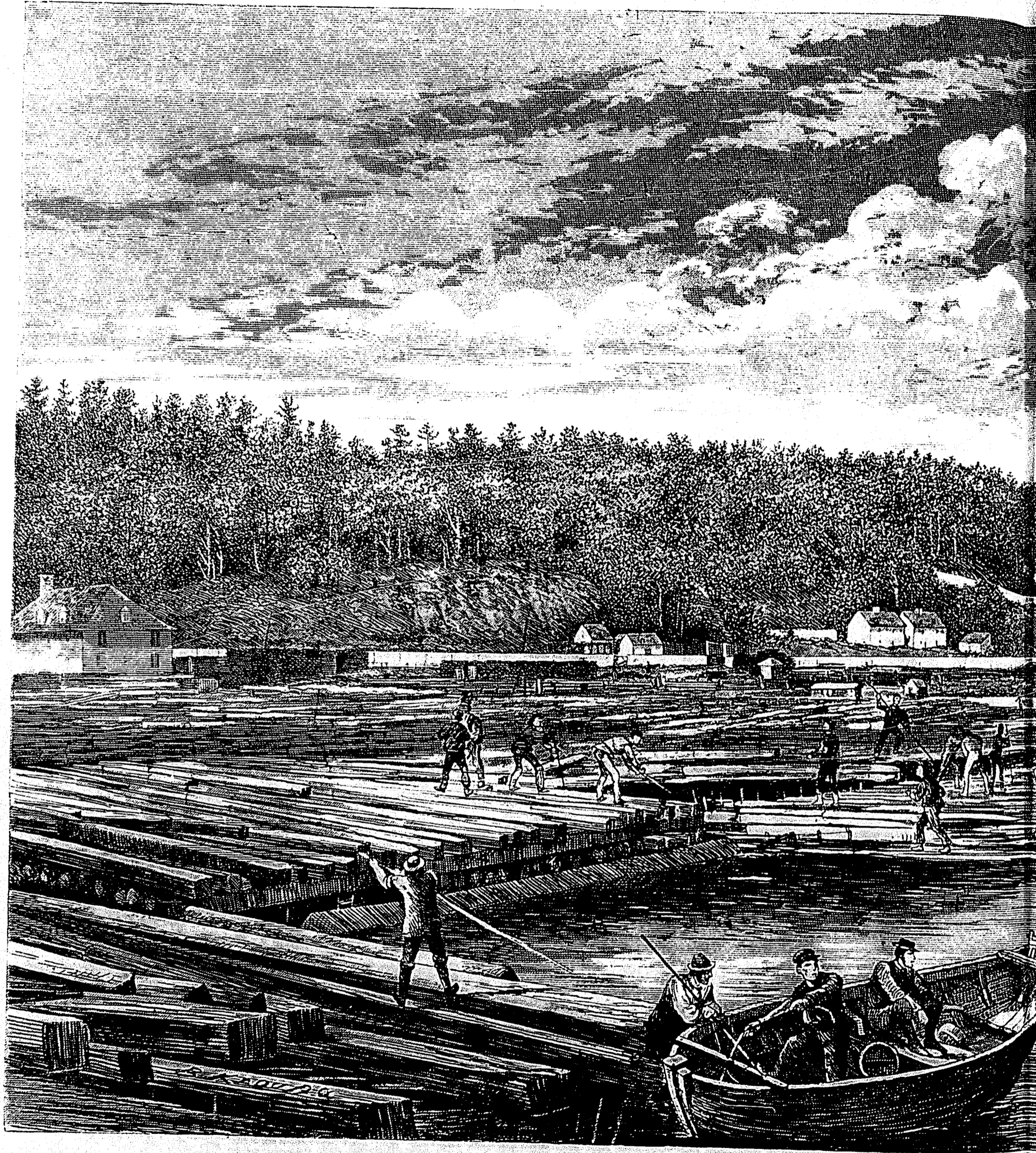
the Commonwealth to its former prosperity, has no pity for those objects of an inhuman persecution. He denounces the poor gypsies as the most pernicious enemies of a Christian State, much worse than the Moors, of whom more than half a million were driven into exile during this King's reign. He recites the wise laws, as he esteems them, which were enacted in the preceding century by the Emperor Charles V. and King Philip II., condemning these vagabond people to be seized, wherever they appeared in Spain, and consigned to slavery for life, at the disposal of any loyal Spaniard who chose to arrest and bind them. But, in the opinion of Dr. Sancho, they ought all to be immediately put to death, for which he propounds five excellent reasons: first, because they are spies and traitors; secondly, because they are idle, wandering about the country; thirdly, because they are thieves; fourthly, because they are enchanters; but fifthly, and this, he says, is "the most urgent reason," because they are reputed heretics, who by the law of Spain ought not to live. The repeated instances of less severe procedure against this ever "incorrigible" race of strangers, in the Dominions of His Most Catholic Majesty, are referred to by Moncada with entire approval; but he exhorts the King to cut them off with a more unsparing hand. What his Majesty hath righteously done to the Moriscos let him do also to the Gitanos—men, women, and children—suffering none such to exist within the realm. This is the tenor of Dr. Sancho de Moncada's publication, dated 1619, which is quoted by Mr. Long in the Academy catalogue; but we do not find, in Moncada's unconscious testimony to the cruel bigotry of his age, any particulars of the interview of a party of suppliant gypsies with a Prince disposed to clemency, a Prelate insisting upon rigorous execution of the law, and an amiable Princess coming behind her husband to intercede for the destitute families of the oppressed race. These are manifestly the chief actors in Mr. Long's dramatic picture, which commands our attention both for the interest of its subject and the animated expression of its figures. The old man who kneels foremost of the gypsy train has a pair of shears and other implements of his trade hung at his side, from which he seems to be a worker in filigree. The Spanish gypsies were not all mere idle vagabonds, as Dr. Sancho would have us believe, but were often the skilful craftsmen of arts unknown to ordinary folk. George Eliot's fine romantic and dramatic poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," may be read with advantage in the light of Mr. Long's fine work of pictorial art.

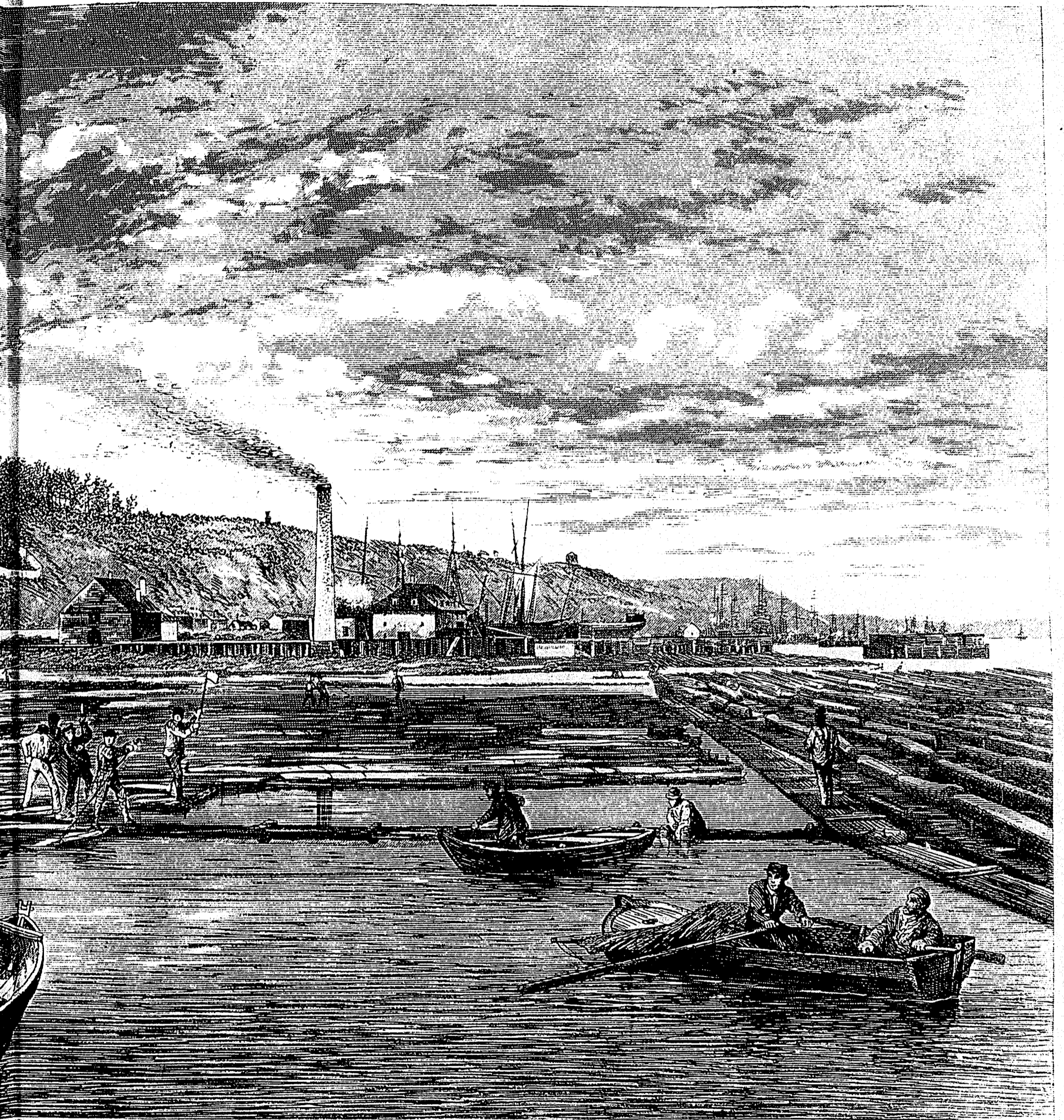
Roundabout Notes.

M. Decroix is certainly a devotee to the cause of science. Few persons, I imagine, would care to dispute the title with him, especially on taking into consideration the price he has paid for it. Some people, perhaps, would in addition bestow upon him an unavailing epithet and liken him to a certain domestic animal noted for the delicacy of its flesh and the indelicacy of its personal habits. Minds are so differently constituted that what is moral food to the one is poison to another. Thus is it with our M. Decroix. *Laudatur hic; culpatur ab illis.* I have no hesitation in admitting that in his case I side with the fault-finders. A great admirer of the eternal fitness of things, I find it difficult to go out of my way to lavish admiration on a man who makes a brute of himself either for the sake of notoriety or of the advancement of science. Therefore I have no encomia to pronounce on M. Decroix and his scientific friends who recently assembled around the festive board for the purpose of feasting off the flesh of horses dead from glanders, of cows from the pest, and of an ass that had fallen a victim to hydrophobia. I never had much sympathy with James Greenwood, the Amateur Casual, who went through all the horrors of the casual ward of a London work-house in order to give the public a plain, unvarnished statement of the real state of affairs in these metropolitan refuges. It was a noble thing to do, no doubt; but I find it impossible to go into raptures over it. In reading the account of his experiences, if ever a spark of admiration kindles within me it is totally extinguished when I get to the description of that horrible bath through which he had to pass—of the consistency of pea-soup and of a considerably darker tinge. That always finishes me. But even Mr. Greenwood's bath is not so bad as M. Decroix's banquet.

Who has not stopped at Mugby Junction and reviled the uneatable fare for which he has to pay an unconscionable figure? Who does not know the gutta-percha steaks, the greasy chops, the flabby sections of sickly-looking fish, the bean-flour coffee, and currant-leaf tea which are furnished as refreshments by the keepers of the wayside halting places along our iron roads. It seems to be a point of scrupulous honour or etiquette with these villainous Bonifaces of the railway eating-rooms to give you the very worst for your money. Plenty they do set before you, I am bound to confess, but this is done out of a spirit of mere aggravation tempered with economy. They know well enough that in the ten minutes at your disposal for the despatch of breakfast, dinner, or supper, as it may be, it is impossible for you to consume anything like the value of the fifty cent piece you pay for the meal. By the time you have settled down to the fare before you, after a lively skirmish with a handmaid who persists in bringing coffee when you ask for tea, and a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with your *cis-a-cis* over the bread, or the sugar—it is always the one or the other—the baleful cry "all aboard" rings in your ear, you rush off to your car while the host, who has just pocketed your coin, busies himself with setting aside for the benefit of the next batch of wayfarers your dearly-bought but scarcely touched victuals. I have often wondered for how many sets of travellers a single of these rail-road meals suffices, but I am not sufficiently curious to examine into the matter closely. I am in a blissful state of ignorance at present, so I leave the task of investigation to enquirers of the practical stamp; such, for instance, as M. Decroix. I notice, however, and this is what led me into these remarks, that on some of the American railroads these Barmecide feasts are things of the past. On these lines the interior man is as carefully attended to as the exterior, with a result that is doubtless as gratifying to the travelling public as to the shareholders.

LIXON.





WOLFE'S COVE.

AN AUGUST SUNRISE.

As waits with worshipping awe a Parsee, facing
The eastern skies,
Till his god come: so stand I, mute and gazing
To watch him rise.

Ah! see upon the dim horizon's margin
A pearly glow,
Where, fused with night, a kindling faint and argent
Soars from below.

It quickens, widens, and ascending ever,
Sends javelins on:
And plants on ebon mount and dusky river
Its gonfalon.

A shining climeter is fired in heaven:
On it the word
In mystic characters of fire engraven:
"Allah the Lord!"

On some far beach long rosy surges, breaking,
Bear sails of gold,
Which dip and fly, their airy streamers shaking,
Fold after fold.

Not Goleos' nor Idalius' buried bier,
Rised by time,
Fuse with such hues as tint with magic liquor
Yon cup sublime.

The foam of falls, the light in eyes when dying,
The sheen of shells,
Aurora's footprint shall surpass, dawning
All lustre else.

With burnished rods of gold, day's heralds clearing,
And making room,
Proclaim to earth and heaven his swift appearing,
Whose less is doon.

They hang their banderoles on azure highlands
And cloudy knolls:
While a dim music thrills the attentive silence,
As on it rolls.

The small birds hear it, and in slumberous dreaming
Begin to sing,
Till Nature feels the pulsing glory streaming
Through everything.

The vernal earth stirs: and the gentle breezes,
Which are its breath,
Lift from its heart the stupor that releases
From night-long death.

Kneel ye in homage: swing your censors, flowers!
In welcoming,
To him who is your sovereign and ours:
For, lo! the King!

T. G. A. in *Old and New*.

THE BEAVER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

(By our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

In no part of British North America are beavers more abundant than in Newfoundland. Fully one third of the surface of the Island is occupied by ponds; and in the great basin of the interior, these lakelets, with the brooks which run into them, are largely inhabited by beavers. In many places they have never been disturbed, as the interior is still, to a great extent, a *terra incognita*; but a number of Mic-Mac Indians, from Nova Scotia, have long been in the habit of visiting Newfoundland annually for the purpose of hunting and trapping beavers. These Indians have their regular hunting grounds, and along these tracks beavers are now becoming scarce; but in the solitudes of the interior, yet uninvaded by the white or red man, they are still plentiful, the brooks and lakes being their haunts.

The favourite food of the beaver is the bark of the birch tree and the dwarf willow. They also subsist on what the Indians call "beaver root," being the large roots of the white water lily, which they detach in pieces from amongst the mud, at the bottom of the ponds. To obtain their food they cut down the birch trees by gnawing through the trunks, about two or three feet above the ground, and thus causing them to fall. Trees, fifteen inches in diameter, are often brought down in this way, and when felled, the branches are gnawed off, and the whole divided into portable lengths.

The sagacity of the beavers, as displayed in the construction of their houses and dams, has long been the subject of admiration. In this island their houses are built of water-logged sticks, placed horizontally in the water. They have always two or more entrances, and a small chamber with a little grass for the beaver to lie on. The top of the house is constructed very thick, to guard against attacks by animals. Mud and roots are used to make the house solid; but no mud is seen from the outside, as the top is covered with loose sticks left there by the beaver after taking the bark off. The summer houses are generally about four feet in height, and about six in diameter on the outside; but the winter houses here are of much larger dimensions. Some of these are found about the lakes of the interior, twelve, or even fourteen, feet in diameter, (outside measurement) and at least six or seven feet high. The inside diameter is probably not more than five or six feet, so solid are the walls and roof, although no mud is visible from the outside. The large houses often hold from eight to twelve, or even, though rarely, sixteen beavers. Their summer houses are not only smaller than the winter abodes, but more slightly built. They are generally situated near the mouth of the brook, as the food of the beavers during the summer months consists, in a great measure, of the stems and roots of the pond lily, or beaver root. In the fall of the year, the beavers generally migrate up stream to a more favourable situation for procuring a supply of winter food; and as soon as the house is rebuilt or repaired, these industrious animals are very assiduous in cutting down small birch and willow, on the bark of which they subsist in winter. Although birch trees as large as a man's thigh are frequently cut down, the beavers appear only to make use of the smaller branches, which are cut into suitable lengths and carried to the house, around which they are sunk by means of mud or stones, to be used as food after the brook is frozen over. Until this takes place the beavers feed on the land, or on browse, collected on the top of the house. Every house appears to have two passages from the exterior to the interior, which our settlers call "angles." While the winter house is building, the beavers frequently live in a deep hole in the bank,—this domicile *pro tem*, is called a "hovel." When completed, the house has two flats:—the bottom one is on a level with the water; the top one is used to sleep in, and has communication with the water through the bottom. The top one has also direct com-

munication with the land. The chief entrance of the winter house is about three feet under the surface of the water in the lake. If placed nearer the surface than this, it would be frozen up from the outside, during the severity of the winter, and a stop put to ingress and egress into and out of the lake. In summer the beavers can travel up and down the brooks, swim round the lake, go into the woods in search of food, and return to their houses to rest. In winter, on the other hand, the whole surface of the country, land and water, being sealed under ice and snow, instinct teaches these animals to collect a supply of food in an accessible spot, underneath the water. It is easier for them, as no doubt they reason, to build a house close to where a winter-stock of food is to be procured, than to carry this to the house occupied in the summer, around which much of the food has probably been consumed. A family, which consists generally of two old, and two, three or four young, will commence early in September to build a house for the winter, and soon after to collect a stock of provisions. They fell tree after tree, by gnawing the trunks; then divide the branches into portable pieces, carry them one by one to the margin of the lake, swim with them to near the front entrance, then dive and deposit them at the bottom. If the piece is inclined to float, they stick one end in the mud and even lay stones upon it. In October and November, by the time the lakes are frozen over, and snow covers the ground, the house is completed, and the winter's stock of birch wood, with the bark on, is placed around the entrance. The beavers are now "at home," and their winter entertainments commence. In their snug retirement they have but to dive through to the bottom of the lake and bring up a dinner of birch. When one piece is stripped of the bark they carry it out and bring in another. Thus the winter is spent, and when the ice disappears in the spring, hundreds of pieces of wood, stripped of the bark, may be seen floating near the winter house.

Mr. Hearne, one of the most acute observers of the habits of the beaver, remarks that "it is a great piece of policy in these animals to cover the outside of their houses every fall with fresh mud, and as late as possible in the autumn, even when the frost becomes pretty severe, as by this means it soon freezes as hard as stone, and prevents their common enemy, the wolverine, from disturbing them during the winter; and as they are frequently seen to walk over their work, and sometimes to give it a flap with their tail, particularly when plunging into the water, this has, without doubt, given rise to the vulgar opinion that they used their tails as a trowel, with which they plaster their houses; whereas that flapping of the tail is no more than a custom which they always preserve, even when they become tame and domestic, and more particularly so when they are startled."

The dams constructed by the beavers are, in some respects, even more remarkable than their houses, and seem to discover at least the rudiments of reason in these wonderful creatures. When they find a brook having their favourite birch trees growing plentifully along its margin, they will construct a dam across it so as to form an artificial pond, on the margin of which they build their houses. Or when they fix on some eligible site for a house, on the borders of a lake, or on an island or rock in the lake, they go to work just as an engineer often does in constructing water-works to supply a town, and will dam the natural outlet of the lake, so as to raise its level and bring the water more deeply around the site of their dwelling. When constructing a dam across a stream they generally choose a bend in the stream, with high and clayey banks, and commence by felling a large tree that will reach across the water; or they fell a tree on each side of the water, so as to meet in the centre. They then float sticks from six to four feet long down to the dam, and lay them horizontally, filling in the spaces with roots, tufts of grass, leaves, and clay or mud. The branches of the first tree are the perpendicular supports, almost all the remaining sticks being placed horizontally and cross-wise; the action of the water, by bringing down mud, gravel, or fallen leaves, strengthens the dam by making a sloping bank against it; and the willow sticks of which it is composed sending forth their roots and shoots, the dam in course of time becomes a fixture bound together as strongly as well could be. The winter floods almost invariably destroy the upper part of the dam, which is reconstructed afresh every year. The shape of the dam is almost always semicircular, with the crown of the arch down stream, thus reversing the order of things; but this seems to be in consequence of the heads of the first or principal trees being floated down stream when they are first thrown into the water. Marvellous ingenuity is shown in making the tree fall in its proper position. It is not uncommon to see three or four beavers piloting a large tree down stream, and when approaching its destination, they shove it into the eddies inshore.

In trapping beaver our settlers use strong iron traps, such as those employed in catching foxes. These traps have a strong spring at each end, and are fastened with a chain from four to six feet long to a pole which is stuck in the bottom of the water, as far out as the chain will allow, so that the beaver, when he feels the trap, may run into deep water, and as he gets tired, the weight of the trap taking him down, he drowns. A beaver when trapped never tries to get to land, but makes a dive for the deepest water, and should the water be shallower than four feet, he will, in a short time, amputate his foot so as to relieve himself. He always takes his foot off at a joint, and draws the sinews out of his shoulder, instead of biting them through. The Mic-Mac Indians have another method of taking the beaver. They remove part of the dam, and conceal themselves afterwards on the lee side of the brook, near the house, or near the dam, until the beavers come out to repair the broken dam, when they are easily shot. Another method is to find out the passages leading to the house and effectually stop them by driving stakes into the mud at the opening of each, which effectually cuts off the retreat of the beavers; the house is then chopped open at the top and the inmates are either shot or knocked on the head with a tomahawk.

It would seem that the beavers, in some instances, get to suspect the design of setting traps, for they have been frequently known to cause the trap to snap on closely pressing a short stick on the pan. The following anecdote, however, still more strikingly illustrates the sagacity of the beaver. It is related by Robert Brown, Esq., F.R.G.S. "In a creek about four miles above the mouth of Quesnelle River, in British Columbia, some miners broke down a dam, in the course of the operation for making a ditch, at the same time erecting a wheel to force up the water. Beavers abounded on this stream, and found themselves much inconvenienced by these proceedings. Accordingly it is said that in order to stop the

wheel, the beavers placed a stick between the flappers, in such a way as to stop the revolutions of the wheel. This was so continually repeated, night after night, and was so artfully performed as to preclude the possibility of its being accidental."

In the good old days of trapping, beaver fur sold for a guinea a pound. Then it was not difficult for some of the few settlers along our shores to make money—however dishonest the practice. It was only necessary to take four or five gallons of rum, at a dollar a gallon, adulterate it with one-third water, and carry it into the country to the wigwams of the Indians, who would gladly exchange the skin of an old beaver, worth nearly two guineas, for a pint of "fire-water." Happily the Indians are wiser now, and bring their fur to St. John's for sale, though the price is not a fourth of what it once was. Instances have been known of a single Indian taking in one season no less than two hundred weight of beaver fur. As skins weigh only from one and a-half to two pounds each, it must have taken nearly two hundred beavers to produce this weight of fur.

DRYING AND COLOURING NATURAL FLOWERS.

Natural flowers may be beautifully coloured with the aid of a little liquid ammonia—obtainable at any druggists—and will retain their unnatural appearance for two or three hours. To do this, insert the flower in the tube of a glass funnel in such a manner that the rim of the funnel projects an inch above the flower. A few drops of ammonia are dropped on a plate, and the funnel containing the flower is inverted over it; in a few minutes the most beautiful change of colour takes place. Nearly all blue, violet, and light carmine flowers are changed to a magnificent Schweinfurt green. Dark carmine red pinks are coloured black, the carmine flowers of *Lichnis coronata* become dark violet, while all white flowers turn sulphur-yellow. Variegated flowers show the most striking changes of colour, the white petals turning yellow, and the red petals on the same flowers green. If red fuchsias with white calices are treated with ammonia, the calix becomes yellow, and the red part green and blue. After the change of colour has taken place, put the flowers at once into fresh water, and they will retain their beautiful colours from two to four hours, according to the amount of ammonia taken up. Gradually, however, their former colours return, the green leaves passing through blue to the original colour, without wilting. Lovers of flowers can in this way produce, as it were by magic, a flora which does not exist in Nature.

If the ammonia be allowed to act on the flowers for one or two hours, they acquire a permanent dirty chamois colour, without wilting or losing shape, even when dried. Asters, which have no odour, acquire a sweet aromatic odour as soon as saturated with ammonia.

To give blue, violet, or red asters a beautiful red colour, so that they can be dried to be used in winter for wreaths, it has heretofore been customary to immerse them in, or sprinkle them with, dilute nitric acid. This method did not produce very perfect flowers, because the wax in the petals of the flower prevented the acid attacking them equally. This produces irregularity in colour, and when dry the form of the flower is also irregular, so that many of them are wasted, being unfit for use. These disadvantages are overcome by using hydrochloric acid vapours. Any wooden box can be used for the purpose. The box should first be provided with strings on which to hang the asters, and a piece of glass inserted on opposite sides of the box to watch the change of colour. Then suspend the asters by pairs or double pairs, with the stems tied together, and in such a manner that the flowers hang down. On the bottom of the box are placed one or two plates of ordinary hydrochloric acid, according to the size of the box and number of flowers, and the box is closed. Small flowers are evenly coloured in two hours, larger ones require four to six hours' exposure to the acid. Red and blue asters become carmine red without injury to their form. It is necessary to examine the box from time to time, and to remove the flowers as soon as the change of colour is completed.

After being removed from the box, the flowers are suspended in a similar manner in an airy but shaded room to dry. When dry, they are preserved in a dark dry place.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments were gazetted last week:—Hon. John W. Ritchie, of the city of Halifax, at present a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, is to be Judge in Equity of that Court, *vice* Archibald appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Robert Patterson Jellett, of Belleville, Ont., to be Judge of the County Court of the County of Prince Edward, *vice* Macarow deceased.

Thomas Appleby Lazier, of Belleville, to be Junior Judge of the County Court of the County of Hastings.

Henry Edward Steele, of the city of Ottawa, to be Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for Canada, *vice* Langevin resigned.

NEW BOOKS.

FOODS. By Edward Smith, M. D., L.L.B., F.R.S., etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. cloth. Price \$1.50.

This is the third volume of the Messrs. Appleton's International Scientific Series, of which we had occasion to speak when noticing Professor Tyndall's "Forms of Water." Both that work and its successor met with ample success, which will, we have no doubt, also greet the present volume. In its pages Dr. Smith gives us a mass of valuable information respecting the composition, properties, and value of various articles of food, together with tables and diagrams showing the results of experiments conducted for the purpose of observing the effects produced upon the system by certain meats and drinks. There are also numerous illustrations of various vegetable products, etc., etc. Such a book as this must prove extremely useful, not only as a hand-book for medical students and professional *chefs de cuisine*, but especially as diffusing knowledge of a class of which too little is generally known. This is indeed the main object of the publishers in issuing the series. If the coming numbers deserve as well as those that have already appeared, they will have to be congratulated in the success of their enterprise.

Chess.

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

INTELLIGENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Kingston Chess Club Mr. Baker, the Secretary, resigned, and Mr. Robert T. Burns was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The Club meet for play on Monday and Friday evenings in the Mechanics Institute. Chess players visiting the city are cordially invited to attend.

A well-contested game played recently in Montreal. Two Knights' Defense.

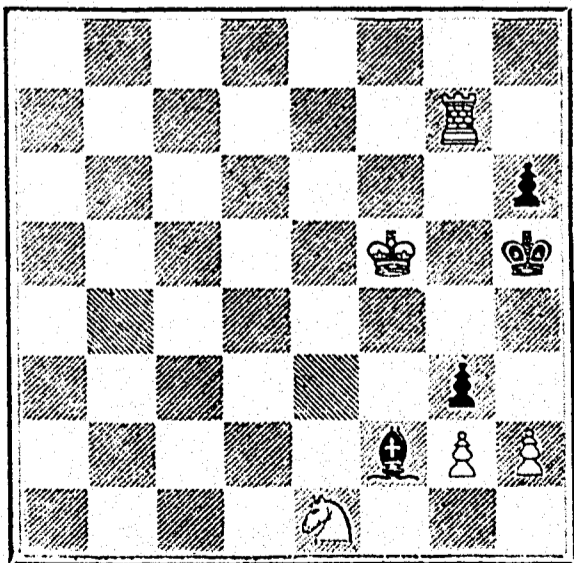
- White. 1. P. to Kt. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 5. P. takes P. 6. B. ch. 7. P. takes P. 8. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 9. R. to R. 4th. 10. P. to Q. 3rd. 11. Castles. 12. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 13. Q. Kt. to R. 4th. 14. N. takes Kt. 15. Kt. takes B. 16. Q. to K. R. 5th. 17. B. to Q. 2nd. 18. B. to Kt. 3rd ch. 19. P. to Q. B. 3rd (c). 20. Q. R. to Q. 21. P. to K. B. 3rd. 22. Q. to R. 4th. (c) 23. Q. to K. 24. R. to B. 2nd. 25. B. to Q. B. 26. K. to R. 27. P. to Q. 4th. 28. P. takes P. 29. Q. to Q. Kt. 4th (c). 30. R. takes R. (d) 31. Q. R. to Q. 2nd. 32. R. takes R. ch. 33. K. takes B. 34. K. to B. 35. B. to O. B. 2nd. 36. K. to K. 37. B. to Kt. 2nd White might have played Kt. to B. 6th ch. 38. P. to K. 5th, although very tempting, would hardly have resulted in such a decisive attack as the move made. 39. Offering a Pawn in order to get his Rook into play. 40. Taking the Pawn would have been a very questionable advantage. 41. Necessary, to prevent the Queen's being hemmed in. 42. R. to Q. 3rd seems preferable. 43. Q. takes B. would have been useless.

CHARLES XII. AT BENDER.

After the battle of Pultowa the Swedish King was fain to seek refuge in the dominions of the Sultan, where he established a sort of permanent camp, with a few hundred followers, on a little island in the Dniester, not far from the town of Bender. After they had thus afforded him shelter for three years and a-half, the Turks, seeing no chance of conquering Russia by his means, as they had hoped to do, and now fearful of offending that power, were desirous of getting rid of the king and his restless scheming. Indeed, many of his own followers were no less desirous that he should break up his quarters, anxious as most of them were to revisit their native land. Charles XII., however, after repeated promises to leave, still seemed loath to depart, and to expedite his movements, the Sultan sent a number of troops to compel the immediate evacuation of the island. During the siege which followed, an incident occurred which may be interesting to our chess readers. Charles beguiled the period of his exile by means of drills and chess, and used frequently to play with Christian Albert Grothusen, at the favourite game. Whilst engaged one day towards the close of January, 1713, the game had advanced to the stage represented in the diagram (Problem No. 92) and Charles, playing the white men, had announced "mate in three moves." Scarcely had he uttered these words when a bullet, shattering one of the windows, ended his flight by dashing from the board the White Knight. Grothusen leaped from his chair, but the king, with the utmost coolness and self-possession, begged him to replace the Knight and work out the mate, observing that it was pretty enough. But before Grothusen could find the piece, Charles had examined the changed position, and said, with a smile, "We do not need the Knight; I can give it you, and still mate in four moves." Who could believe it? The monarch had but just made this announcement when a second bullet flew through the room, across the chess-board, and the White Pawn at the Rook's second shared the fate of the Knight, and in a moment lay shivered to atoms on the floor. Grothusen turned pale, but mindful of Charles's irony, kept his seat. "You have our good friends the Turks with you," said the king; "it can scarcely be expected that I should contend against such odds; but let me see if my game is not good enough to allow me to dispense with that unlucky Pawn. I have it!" he shouted, with a laugh that might have been heard beyond the entrenchments. "I have it. I feel great pleasure, Grothusen, in informing you that there is undoubtedly a mate in six moves." Nor would Charles permit his adversary to leave the apartment until he had solved the Problems, which we now request our readers to study and solve also.

PROBLEM No. 92.

BLACK.



WHITE.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 90.

- White. 1. Q. to K. B. 6th. 2. Q. or R. mates. Black. Any move.

Music and the Drama.

Wachtel is engaged for the season of 1871-75 for German and Italian opera in the United States under the management of Carl Rosa.

The Black Crook Company, who were playing recently in Toronto, appeared three nights last week in London, Ont.

Mdme. Patti has taken a villa near Paris for the autumn, previous to going to Russia.

The French Government has put down the Grand Opera in its budget for 800,000 francs.

Sir Julius Benedict is about to begin work on a new oratorio. Verdi is preparing a cantata to inaugurate the monument at Turin in favour.

Mme. Nilsson will have as colleagues in her next autumn tour to the American States, Mmes. Torriani, Mares, and Cary; M. Capoul, Signori Campanini, Bonfratelli, Del Puente, Manetti, and M. Maurel, with Signor Muzio conductor. Messrs. Maurice and Max Strakosch, the directors of the tour, have secured the right of representation of Wagner's "Lohengrin," Verdi's "Aida," and the "Mignon" and "Amleto" of M. Ambroise Thomas. Herr Max Maretzek has engaged as his stars Mme. Pauline Lucca, Mme. Murska, and Signor Tambrilli.

The principal singers engaged for the Birmingham Musical Festival during the last week in August will be Mmes. Tietjens, Albani, and Lemmens, sopranos; Mmes. Patey, Trebelli-Bettini, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Vernon Rigby, and Cummings, tenors; and Mr. Stantley and Signor Foli, basses. Mr. Simpson will be the organist, and Sir Michael Costa the conductor.

DEPRIVITY OF A COMMONPLACE PERSON.—For instance I go to the opera. Being a commonplace person, I like a little variety in the way of musical entertainments, and I dare confess the heinous crime to this unapproachable page I am fond of Offenbach. I can, it is true, appreciate and thoroughly enjoy a fine rendition of any of the works of Mozart or Meyerbeer, or of that grandest of all operas—Beethoven's "Fidelio," and I like Verdi and Donizetti, and have a profound admiration for Gounod. But I must own that I am a little tired of "Trovatore" and "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Linda di Chamounix." The first nine hundred times that I heard "Il Trovatore" I liked it; but the nine hundredth time occurred about six years ago, and since then I have grown tired of it. And, as to the great works of the great masters, we so seldom have artists capable of interpreting them that murder most unnatural is generally presented to my ears whenever "Les Huguenots" or "Don Giovanni" is placed upon the boards. I declare to you that I would rather hear "Barbe Bleue" or "La Perichole" well sung than "Les Huguenots" more vilely murdered than ever they were in the St. Bartholomew. I state unhesitatingly that I would rather hear Aimee in "La Grande Duchesse" than Madame Levielli in "Lucrecia Borgia," and Juteau in "Les Cent Vierges" is far more agreeable than Abugned in "L'Africaine."

Frederic Robinson was playing at the St. John (N.B.) Dramatic Lyceum last week. "Romeo and Juliet," "The School for Scandal," and "Henry Dunbar" were among the pieces in which he appeared.

The "Black Crook" had another run last week in Toronto. This week the company appeared at Brantford, Hamilton, and London.

At the Theatre Royal last week Ben de Bar appeared in "Toodles," "Jack Sheppard," "The Lancashire Lass," etc., etc. on Monday Mr. J. M. Ward and Winnetta Montague opened with "The Winning Hand."

"The Fanny Herring Dramatic Company" have been on a tour through the principal towns on the E. & N. A. Railway between St. John and Halifax.

Miss Carlotta Leclercq will be seen on the New York stage, next season, as "Mercy Merrick" in "The New Magdalen."

From the programme of a monster concert, in the Vienna Exhibition, we learn that forty-eight of the best pianists in the capital are to play on twenty-four pianofortes; the chief pieces to be the "Tannhauser" March and the "Semiramide" overture.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska is in Vienna, whence, after a short stay, she will proceed to the States. Mdme. Nilsson and Miss Neilson leave for this continent in September.

M. Gounod is busily engaged upon the music of "Jeanne d'Arc," intended to be produced at the Paris Gaite in the early winter.

A new contralto, Mdme. Leavington, will shortly make her debut at the Paris Opera in "Le Prophete."

The Cavour monument at Turin will be inaugurated by a grand musical festival in October.

A new comic opera, "Royal Champagne," has been produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris.

The French Minister of War is about to establish a musical academy for the army, to which the men in each regiment who may show any special talent for music will be sent.

A grand musical festival was held at Innspruck, in the Tyrol, on the 25th and 26th of June.

The following is the latest London theatrical gossip:—The Haymarket closed on the 12th ult., and the Prince of Wales last Saturday. Her Majesty's Opera closed on the 19th, and the Royal Italian Opera on the 26th. At the former place the performances consisted of "Le Nozze di Figaro," 12th, with Mdlle. Torriani as Susanna; 14th, "Semiramide"; 15th, benefit and last appearance for the season of Mdlle Nilsson, "Faust"; 17th, the "Huguenots." At the Royal Italian "Les Diamants de la Couronne" was repeated on the 11th; "Le Nozze di Figaro" on the 12th; 14th, "Don Giovanni"; 15th, "Les Diamants" again; 16th, "Der Freischutz" for the first time, with M. Faure as Caspar, and Mdlle d'Angert as Agata; 17th, "Rigolletto."

Mdlle. Adellina Patti took her benefit on the 24th, and Mdlle. Albani on the 25th ult. at the Royal Italian Opera.

The programme of the Hereford Musical Festival, which commences on the 9th of September, will include, for the Cathedral performances, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul," Handel's "Messiah," "Jephtha" (compressed), and sixth Chaudos Anthem, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," and part of the "Consecration of Sound Symphony," and a new oratorio by Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, entitled "Hagar." At the evening concerts, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, quartettes by Mendelssohn, Haydn and Beethoven, and a good allowance of classical music in various styles will be introduced.

A large sale of property, formerly belonging to Signor Mario and Mdme. Grisi, was recently held in London. The great tenor's silver-gilt cigar case, bearing his monogram, realised £5. A walking cane with gold top was sold for £7 7s; and among the choicest articles disposed of were a silver casket with watch and inkstand, £31; a gold laurel wreath with inscriptions, £19 10s.; a pierced and chased chain of silver-gilt with a medal of admission to the Duke of York's bagnio, £9 5s.; a large tankard and cover, engraved with scrolls and horses, and inscribed "Mario," and weighing 63 oz. 5 dwt., 9s. per ounce; a pair of small busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, weighing 7 oz. 15 dwt., 27s. per ounce; a large fluted cup and cover of silver-gilt, chased with ornaments in relief, the cover surmounted by a figure, and inscribed "A. Mario, Roi des Artistes, les Administrateurs de son talent divin, St. Petersburg, 25 Fevrier, 1869," weighing 100 oz. 15 dwt., 9s. 6d. per ounce; a beaker and cover, embossed with

portraits in chased scroll borders, the cover embossed with children, heads, and fruits, and surmounted by a double eagle, weighing 23 oz. 10 dwt., 27s. 6d. per ounce; and a Russian tea service, a charmingly artistic piece of work in silver-gilt, with views in medallions and ornaments in niello work, weight, 71 oz. 10 dwt., 19s. 4d. per ounce.

Art and Literature.

The minor works of the late Mr. Grote, including several unpublished pieces, are to be printed in London.

Karl Blind has published, at Berlin, some essays under the title of "Notes on the Republican parties in England," from the time of the Commonwealth.

A new fac-simile of the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare's plays, under the direct supervision of Mr. Howard Staunton, will be shortly issued. The fac-simile is a reproduction of the splendid copy in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House.

Among the latest publications in Germany is a "History of the German Struggles for Unity up to its Realization, 1815-71," by Herr K. Klupfel.

During his stay in England the Shah gave a sitting to Mr. George G. Adams, the sculptor.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is about to bring out a work on the Higher Schools and Universities of Germany.

M. de Lesseps is a candidate for the place in the French Academy, vacant by the death of the late M. de Verneuil.

M. Littré's great "Dictionnaire de la Langue Francaise" is being re-issued, in a hundred and ten weekly parts, at a franc each. The work is, of course, stereotyped, and the publishers are right in trying to extend its circulation as widely as possible.

The Paris Figaro is nothing if not "smart," and its efforts to that end frequently lead it into most elaborate and egregious blunders. And so it happened that the Shah was highly amused at seeing a copy of the Figaro the other morning, containing on the front page a long letter in Persian characters. The writing was perfectly correct, but, unfortunately, it had been reproduced by photography, and all the letters were reversed. His Majesty and his suite all laughed heartily at this oversight.

An altar-piece, believed to be by Murillo, and which was said to have been painted by the great artist for the Capuchin monks of Cadiz, was sold in London last week for 1,200 guineas.

M. Puget, a pupil of M. Victor Massé, has taken the first prize for the "Grand Prix de Rome."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—There is little home news of any importance. Meetings to protest against the prorogation of the House on its assembling on the 13th have been held in several places. A Royal commission has finally been issued to enquire into the Pacific Railway charges. The Governor-General and Lady Dufferin have been spending a few days at Halifax. They go thence to St. John, N. B.

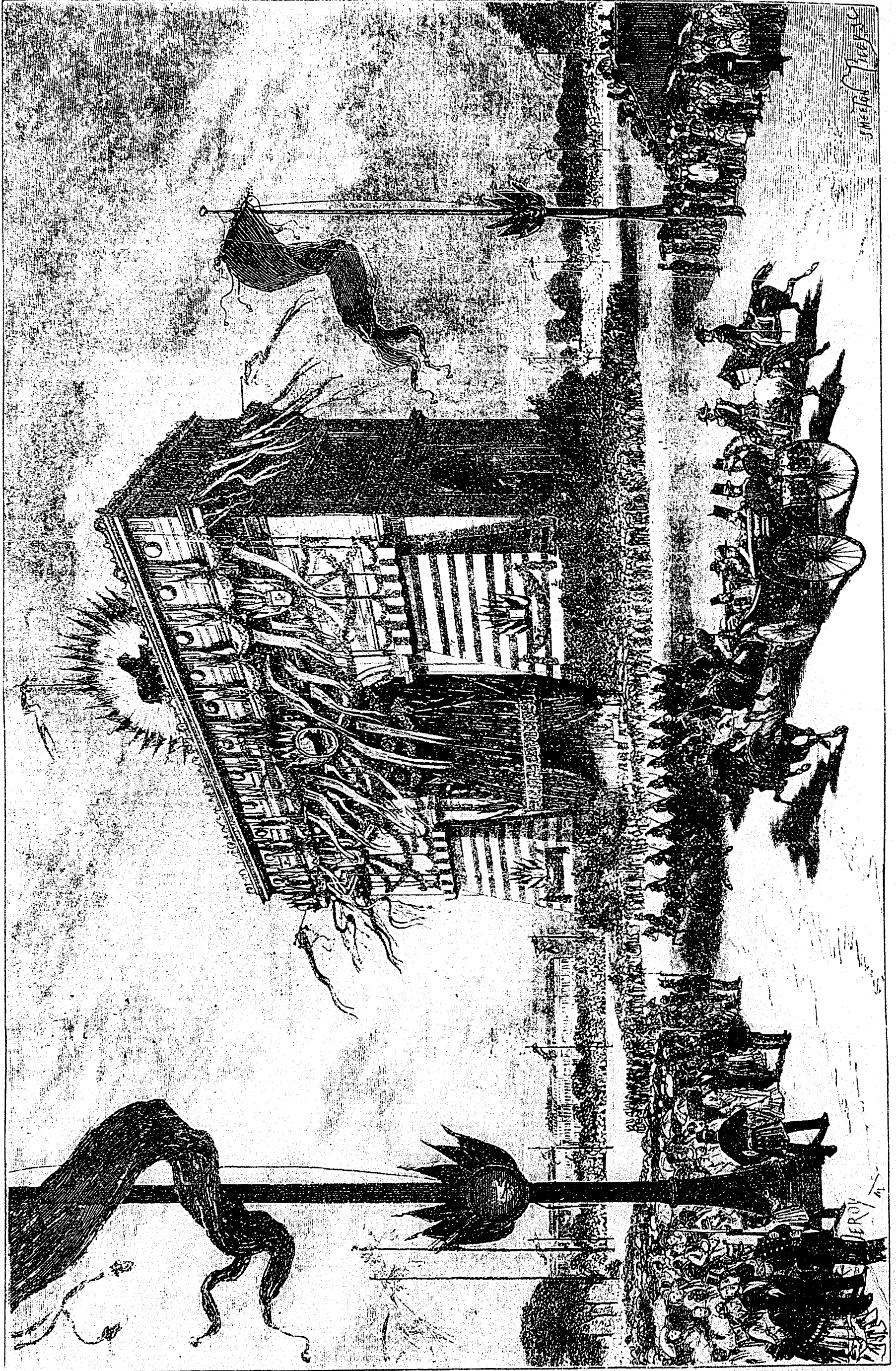
UNITED STATES.—Cholera has reappeared at Columbus, O., and is prevalent at Jonesboro', Tenn., Poplar Bluff, Mo., and Evansville, Ind. With the exception of Lagrange, the State of Kentucky is entirely free from it. At the Liberal Republican Convention held at Columbus, O., last week, a platform was adopted, declaring that both Republican and Democratic parties have outlived the issues in which they had their origin and have outlived their usefulness, and a new organization of parties is demanded in the interests of public welfare. Twenty-three blocks were destroyed by a fire at Portland, Oregon, on Saturday.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The bill granting an annuity of £25,000 to the Duke of Edinburgh on his marriage, has passed its third reading with very slight opposition. There have been heavy rains in the neighbourhood of London; elsewhere the weather has been fine and favourable to the crops. The Tichborne trial was again adjourned last week until Tuesday, in consequence of the continued illness of one of the jurors. The trial of Bidwell and his accomplices in the Bank of England frauds will begin on the 18th instant in the Old Bailey. It is rumoured to-day that all the accused will plead guilty. Twelve persons were instantly killed, and thirty wounded by an accident on Saturday near Wigan. In reply to a question put by a member of the House of Commons as to the probability of the Carlists being recognised as belligerents, Viscount Enfield, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Department, replied that the Carlists were undoubtedly gaining ground, but matters were not in a state to entitle them to belligerent rights.

FRANCE.—One hundred members of the Assembly have sent an address to the Pope, assuring him of their continued devotion. The Extreme Left has resolved to form a Vigilance Committee, which is to sit after each meeting of the Permanent Committee of the Assembly and during the recess. The treaties of commerce with Great Britain and Belgium, concluded by the Duke de Broglie, have been approved. It is commonly reported that Marshal MacMahon will retain the Presidency of the Republic but six months longer, when he will resign and return to the command of the army. It is considered certain that the Republican form of Government will be succeeded by a Monarchy, and it is deemed essential that Marshal MacMahon, who possesses great influence with the army, should be in command on the occasion of the change. Nancy and Belfort were evacuated last week by the German troops, who burned all their goods that could not be carried off. The inhabitants of both cities remained in their houses while the Germans were leaving. Disturbances are reported at Raon l'Etape, in the Department of the Vosges. The sub-Prefect was beaten by the mob, who cried, "Vive Thiers!" and "Vive Gambetta!" During the evacuation of the Vosges by the Germans there were cries of "Vive la Commune."

GERMANY.—The German Government disavows the responsibility for the seizure of the Spanish steamer "Vigilant," and calls upon Captain Werner, commanding the German man-of-war which effected the capture, to account for his proceedings. A proposal emanating from the Government, has been made that the status and treatment of the insurgent Spanish vessels be decided at an International Congress. It is probable that an interview will take place at an early date, at Frankfort, between the King of Belgium and the Emperor of Germany.

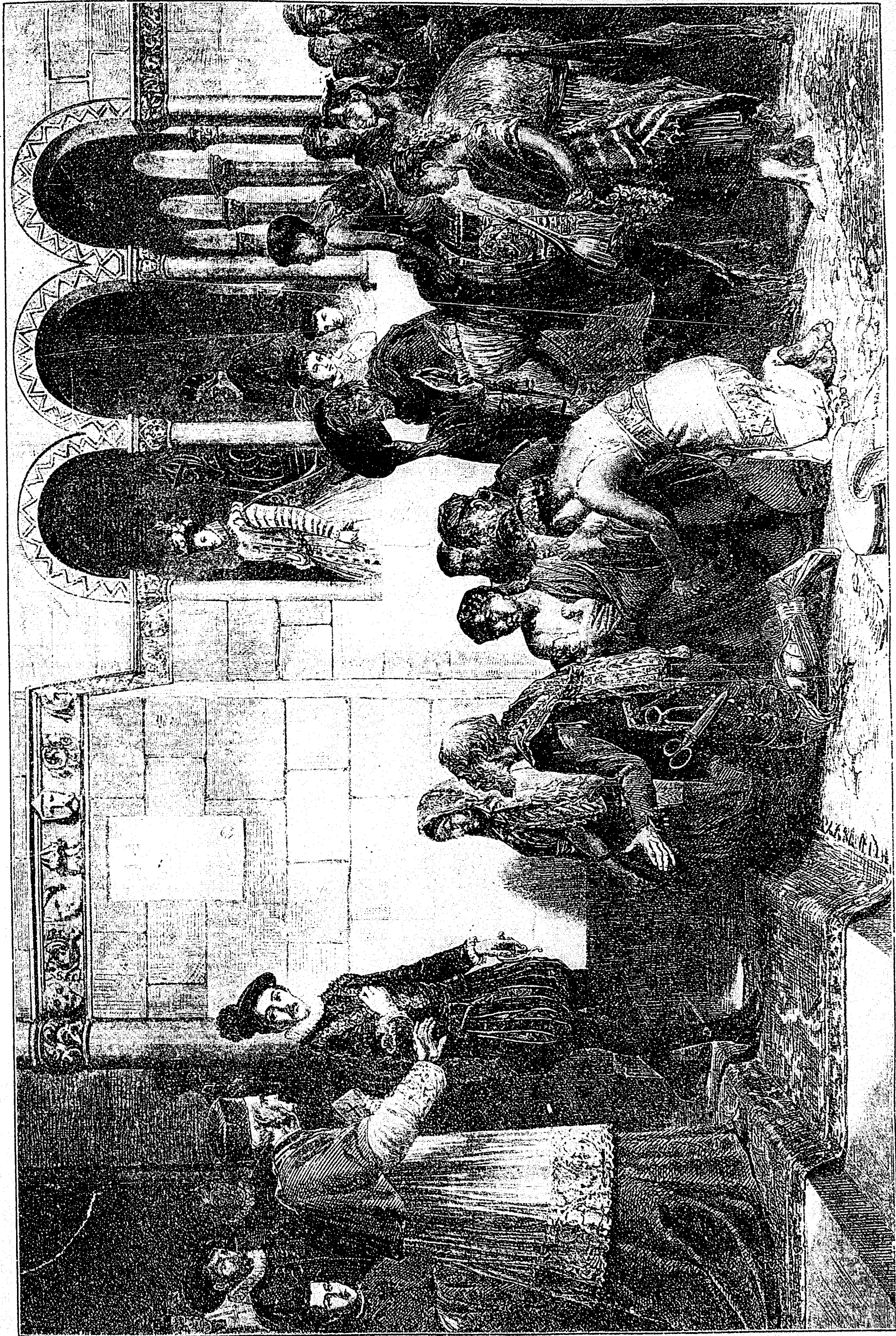
AUSTRIA.—A despatch from Vienna states that in the suburbs of that city there have been in one day as many as 200 cases of cholera and thirty deaths. The Shah arrived in the capital on Saturday, and was received by the Emperor, and conducted over the exhibition. A fire occurred last week in the Exposition building, by which the Alsace and Lorraine peasant dwelling-house was destroyed. The Agricultural Department Aunex was threatened with destruction, but was saved by the energy of the firemen.



THE SHAH'S VISIT TO PARIS—ARRIVAL OF THE CORTEGE ON THE PLACE DE L'ETOILE.

SHEPHERD

LEROY



THE SUPPLICANTS.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. LONG

RUSSIA.—It is probable that an expedition will be sent to chastise the Turkoman tribes. Forty thousand slaves have been set free in Khiva.

TURKEY.—The Sultan has ordered his council to devise a scheme for the thorough re-organization of the army, and has also contracted for the immediate manufacture of 500 Krupp guns. In reference to this report the Turkish Minister in New York says he sees therein no evidence of a warlike intention. As other European governments are keeping the peace it behooves the Porte to act with equal wisdom for the very purpose of securing peace. The Turkish Government has every reason to desire peace.

SPAIN.—The siege of Berga and the blockade of Bilbao have been raised. The Carlists have been defeated at Mareda, near Pampeluna, near Malaga, and at Valencia. On the other hand Don Carlos has captured Estella, in Navarre, with the entire garrison, and has entered Biscay. At Cadiz the Republicans still hold out, and the insurgents have opened fire on the arsenal. At Seville the insurgents have set fire to the city in different parts by means of petroleum; and at Carthagena a Provisional Directory has been proclaimed. All communication is at an end between Madrid and the towns of Andalusia. In Catalonia Don Alfonso and Saballos have ordered a levy en masse. In that Province and in Navarre the Carlists are steadily increasing in number, but in the south many have abandoned the cause in consequence of excesses committed by the insurgents. At Granada the insurgents offer to surrender. The insurgents holding the Government men-of-war made an attack on Almeria, upon the refusal of the citizens to furnish a contribution of 500,000 pesetas, but on attempting to disembark were repulsed. They then sailed to Malaga, where upon their arrival the leader, General Contreras, was seized and held as a hostage by the commanders of the English, French, and German squadrons. Six thousand Madrid workmen of all classes propose to constitute the municipal government of the town, and maintain order. Bills have been introduced in the Cortes authorizing the prosecution of deputies who vote against the measures adopted by that body, and providing for the separation of Church and State. A scheme is also under consideration for dividing the country into forty-nine cantons, and it is probable that the new constitution will be amended to that effect. It has further been resolved to proceed immediately with the consideration of bills providing for a new loan, the national armaments, and the suppression of right of pardon by the President.

CUBA.—The Carlists are at work clandestinely in Havana. Insurrections have been discovered crisscrossing many persons of position. Advice from Santiago de Cuba report the desertion of numerous volunteers to the Cuban cause. An entire regiment has gone over, owing to the ravages of yellow fever. All the shipping in the harbour has been sent off to the Isle of Pines. The Havana Commission sent by the Captain-General to the Insurgents, has returned, after an interview with Céspedes, who firmly refused to enter into any negotiations. Several engagements have taken place lately near Puerto Principe with the Insurgents. The town of Yareza was attacked recently by a Cuban force of 300. After a fight of several hours they were repulsed. They set fire to several houses.

CHINA.—In answer to the demands of the European and American representatives for the revision of the Treaties of 1858, the Chinese Prime Minister replies that nothing can be done until the young Emperor assumes complete sovereign power. The demands include the extension of trade in the interior, opening of new ports, navigation of rivers by steam, the construction of railroads and telegraph lines, together with modifications in the tariff, &c.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

NEW BONNETS.

The Parisian *modistes* have introduced a new bonnet, called the MacMahon Capeline, which is quite a success. It is made of straw, and its rather wide brim is bell-like in form, but in no part does it touch the hair. The inside is lined with velvet. At the sides the brim commences to be turned up, and is gradually raised, until at the back it is upright. A scarf of English crêpe surrounds the crown, is tied in a graceful bow, intermingling with a ribbon bow; the crêpe and silk ends falling low at the back. At the side there is a ribbon bow and bouquet of flowers upon it. The MacMahon Capeline is more or less dressy, according to the straw and the colour composing it. In maroon or chestnut-brown it is very ladylike, lined with velvet to match, and a bouquet of field flowers mixed with oaks at the side. In peach-coloured crêpe, lined with black velvet, and a bouquet of pink and cerise carnations at the side, it is exceedingly dressy. The crêpe, called in Paris "crêpe Anglais," should be the material used; it is much less successful if made either of gauze or crêpe lisse, two fabrics of which we are beginning to tire.

Another coquettish hat likewise come into vogue is called the Columbine, and is intended especially for wearing at watering-places and in the country. It is made of Leghorn straw; the crown is low, and its flap brim is turned up at the sides and fastened up with either a bouquet of flowers or a large rose, and with pink and blue ribbons. And lastly, there is the *capote-toquet* of crêpe lisse, with a wing at the side; it is called the *capote-bibi*, when it is made of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The Persian hat is of rice straw, and takes the form of an extinguisher, with a bouquet at the top of the head, and ruche of either crêpe or gauze round the brim.

FASHION FOLLIES.

Says a writer in the London *Figaro*, in a sensible article on the fashion follies of the present day: "I think that among the foremost rights of woman stands the right to look as lovely as possible. And you must pardon me if I say, most emphatically, that at the present day you are all making yourselves as ugly as ever you can. No one can tell whether you have graceful figures or not, you are so bedizened with countless frills, doupces and papiers. No one knows whether you walk well or ill, as you insist on having the heel of one boot made shorter than the other, in order to affect lameness. No one can admire your hair, as it is impossible to tell whether it is yours or somebody else's. Sometimes it is hard to find out whether your faces are pretty or no, as you strain spotted veils tightly over them. The young men become alarmed when they see you so amazingly bedecked and trimmed up; and inwardly vow to remain bachelors. Who can blame them? A wife who wishes always to be fashionable, becomes an expensive luxury. Let each one of you have a fashion of your own. Let all of you be like a gallery of beautiful pictures, every one

being different in colour and design. The present notions of dress are simply abominable. Even morning costumes are held to be incomplete if they are not loaded with flouncing and trimming. I prefer a clean cotton dress, with clean collar and cuffs, and a knot of ribbon, to all the embroidered, gossamer picquets that ever were made or thought of. It is cheap, neat, pretty—is washed easily, and, after washing, looks new. More than this, it is cool and comfortable for summer wear. Good taste and a little management in the arrangement and putting-on of a dress, however plain it may be, is the principal thing required."

Love of Finery in Women.

In a review of "How to Dress on £15 a Year," the *Athenæum* says: "Lord Lytton says, in one of his novels, that a woman rarely thinks another woman ugly who is thoroughly well dressed; Miss Austen says, in 'Northanger Abbey,' if we remember right, 'that woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone,' and both remarks are true and subtle. Women recognize the value of materials and think of the money they must have cost; but the result in the one case is something that is a pleasure to look at, and in the other a mild feeling of envy is excited at the sight of feminine treasures on which such fair beholder desires the opportunity of exercising her own genius. It is not the things themselves, but the possibilities they offer, which excite an imaginative love of finery in a woman. To dress well, to be agreeable to look at, is clearly one of the social duties laid upon women; but the problem is how to do so by practising thought, foresight, contrivance, and economy. Instead of idly following the whim of the moment, regardless of expense or of the means of paying for what is bought."

A Secret for Ladies.

Oatmeal is good for something besides food. All young ladies who desire white hands will please hearken. It is only necessary to sleep in a pair of boxing-gloves, and for a bath, oatmeal is excellent. If economically inclined, and country bred, it can be fed to the horses and cattle as an oatmeal mash, after being used. That will be, hereafter, one of the "advantages of the country." Oatmeal contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. To make the hands soft and white, one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wet bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country, confessed that she had a great deal of housework to do, and kept them white as any lady's by wearing bran mittens every night. The pastes and poultices for the face owe most of their efficacy to their moisture, which dissolves the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to become tender and delicate. Oatmeal paste is as efficacious as anything, though less agreeable than the pastes made with the white of egg, alum, and rose water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the egg keeps it sufficiently soft, and the rose water perfumes the mixture and makes the cure not so hard.

The Gait of Ladies.

"Art thee in pain, my dear, and can I assist thee?" once tenderly inquired a simple-minded Quaker lady of a fashionably-dressed damsel who was making her way along a crowded promenade almost bent double in the style lately *de rigueur*. One of the journals to which the ladies look for instruction in the fashion announces a welcome change in the fashionable gait. It will no longer be necessary that beauty should assume the bowed appearance which excited the solicitude of the good Quakers. She may now, after long eclipse, assert herself

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,

And most divinely fair.

But she is still carefully to avoid a perfectly natural gait. It appears that the skirt of the day is to cling very closely round the feet, and that to increase this clinging appearance many ladies are taking to walk as though their feet were tied together. This promises to afford the public some amusement, for, as in the former case, the fashionable habit will, no doubt, spread through all classes of society. Now, although a very fine lady, who enjoys the privilege of being carefully supported to her carriage, need scarcely walk at all, this new device in carriage will be extremely unfavourable to run from a fire or to catch sight of the Shah.

A New Dress Material.

It is very unfair to suspect ladies who complain of the extravagance of fashions (says the *London Globe*) which they nevertheless feel themselves obliged at any expense to follow, of being just a little insincere? If such a suspicion is unjust, now is the time to express it frankly, because there is at this moment an admirable opportunity for showing it to be unfounded. The queens of fashion in Rome are preparing costumes that fill the milliners with despair. Course sheets are being bought to cut into ponzaines, and "traliccio," which, under a high-sounding name, means nothing more magnificent than mattress-ticking, is being made up into dresses trimmed with innumerable metal buttons. The cause of this singular rage for tearing beds to pieces in order to turn bed-clothes into day-dresses seems to be a caprice of the Princess Margherita, who bought a piece of blue and white striped ticking for her summer dress—a proceeding which has set everybody else wild to follow so illustrious an example. The idea savours of genius in respect of the infinite number of its possible developments. A bed-curtain, for instance, trimmed with its brass rings, would be quite as long, and perhaps quite as graceful, as many trains that have already dragged their passing hour. It is curious to observe, however, how invariably extremes meet. A squaw has hitherto been regarded as eccentric for looking upon a blanket as the height of the mode, and perhaps by next season a fine lady will be "not fit to be seen" unless she is dressed in a counterpane.

Fun.

The manner of restraining the playful impetuosity of Southern gentlemen while at church is very graceful and picturesque. Not with calm and toid words does a Texas preacher rebuke an unduly gamesome flock. No; the worthy man to whom specially we refer, stopped his sermon the other day, raised a convenient rife, and observed warmly in a spirit of love, "William Dello, sit down or I'll make it painful for you." The slightly obstreperous William immediately took this mild hint, and sat down to the quiet enjoyment of his Christian privileges.

The Madison *Courier* tells this of a revenue officer who was sent into the illicit whiskey distilling district in Kentucky. He knew illicit distilling was going on, but he could get no basis to work from. Coming to an Irishman who was tolerably drunk, the officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "My man, do you want to make ten dollars?" "Is it ten dollars?" said Pat, "sure and I do." "Then," said the officer, "show me a private still." "I'll do the same; follow me, yer Honour." The officer followed across lots and fields to the camp of a company of soldiers that had been sent there to aid the revenue officers. The soldiers were in line—dress parade. "Do you see that red-headed man?" asked Pat, pointing to one of the soldiers. "Yes," replied the officer. "He is," said Pat, "my brother. He's been in the service twelve years. He'll be a corporal after a while,

but he is 'a private still.'" "Ten dollars gone, and no illicit whiskey found," moralized the officer as he wended his way back to his hotel.

On the evening of Hook's arrival at the Oxford University, he joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishops" of egg-dip having been discussed, songs amatory and bacchanalian having been sung with full choruses, and altogether the jocularly having begun to pass the limit of becoming mirth, the Proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the "freshman"—fresh in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this university?" "No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully. "Pray, sir, are you?" "A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve and said, "You see this, sir?" "Ab," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "Yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid a yard for the article?" The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand, and, muttering something about supposing it was a mistake, he effected a retreat amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions.

The London *Athenæum* tells the following story: Mr. Brown, let us call him, the proprietor of, shall we say, the *Kitchen Spooner*, was dissatisfied with his novelist, Mr. Jones, and told him so. Jones was then half-way through a romance which appeared in weekly driplets, but Brown gave him notice to quit at once, and added that he had engaged Mr. Robinson to go on and complete the story. Jones accepted the warning, but remarked that, as he had sufficient manuscript copy to supply the chapters for the next number, they had better be "set up," after which Mr. Robinson might take up the thread of the story and get to the end of it. Brown consented and went down to his "suburban retreat," whither was forwarded to him the next number of the *Spooner*, with Jones's chapters, from which Robinson was to continue the narrative. If Brown possessed true critical faculty, he must have admired the inventive power of his own hired writer, and have doubted whether Robinson would be equal to the present emergency. In short, Jones, having collected every living personage and animal he had named in the novel, put them all on board of a ship bound for America, and sent the whole of them—ship, freight, and passengers—down to the very bottom of the Atlantic, never to be brought up again. The words "To be continued," at the close of the chapter, formed a challenge to the ingenuity of Robinson, which he was ill qualified to accept, and, accordingly, the story remains somewhere unfinished, and as forgotten as the author who stopped, and the writer who could not set it going again.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to sit him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back; the hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the ear, to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head, and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Danbury News*.

The Danbury *News* Man says, when the train draws up at Stamford, five minutes for refreshments. It is easy to distinguish the experienced traveller from the rest. He has already got out on the platform, and is either on the bottom step or close enough to it. Just as soon as the speed of the train becomes less than he can make, he springs off and dashes madly for the saloon door, through it, and up to the counter, giving his order for coffee while moving, and snatching up the right article the first time. He knows just how much time is required to make five minutes, and when it is expired, he is out on the platform, picking his teeth and talking about real estate. Alas, for the inexperienced traveller, such is not his record. He is inside the car when his stops, with twenty persons ahead of him. He jumps down on the platform in time to see the mass surging into the door, and then it suddenly strikes him that he may be too late, and under this inspiration he throws himself into the struggling gang. He doesn't reach the table. He and the other inexperienced travellers form the outside line, and shout their order through the openings, and receive what is handed to them with thankfulness and what dexterity they can muster. Such a man will perspire, and choke, and paw, and jaw during the entire five minutes, and in that time may get down two-thirds of a sandwich, one-third of a piece of eustard pie, and more or less of the coffee, and then get out of the door just in time to catch hold of the car rail, and be pulled on by the brakeman. And when he has reached his seat and is scraping the rest of that pie from his boot, and drawing cold air into his throat to allay the pain of the scald, he will think up things about the keeper of that restaurant that would make the hair on a saw-horse stand on an end.

Mr. Sothern, while on his way to California, where he is now playing a brilliant engagement, was tendered the sole use of the Directors' car. He found upon entering it, however, that it was already occupied by a stalwart stranger, who refused to vacate, despite the polite requests of both "Lord Dunderbary" and the conductor. The stranger spoke as follows:—"If either of you bother me any longer, I'll knock your heads together, and pitch you out of the car. It's only going twenty-five miles an hour, and it won't hurt you much." Sothern (coolly taking his coat off)—"Come, this is getting interesting. Conductor, sit down, and do a gentle smoke while I endeavour to bring our large friend to his senses." Conductor sits and smokes. Gloomy stranger rises, glares, and makes a rush at Sothern, hitting him a heavy blow on the mouth. "There, that settles the matter," says the stranger. "Not quite," replies Sothern, and playfully giving him one, two, three on the eyes, nose, and mouth, close with him, and with one wrestling "cross buttock" sends him spinning over the rail at the end of the car. The alarm is given, and the train stops. The mysterious stranger is picked up insensible, bleeding at the nose, ears, and mouth. Sothern relinquishes the private car to him. A doctor on the train attends to him, and says, "A compound fracture." He still lies in extreme danger; but the verdict of every one is, "Served him right." The stranger's name is James Lawson, and he resides at Peoria.

SHARP AND KEEN" WAS THE OLD Sheffield motto, but it does not apply literally to much of the cutlery made now—days for export. Celebrated makers have used good stuff and made fortunes by charging high prices. Our success consists in using the finest steel, finishing equal to the best, and selling at moderate prices. The

" ROBERT WILKES & CO."

brand is now acknowledged to be the best and the cheapest goods in use, either for Family or Hotel purposes. IVORY PINED TABLE AND DESSERT KNIVES, INDIAN, BONE, TABLE AND DESERT KNIVES, STAG CARVERS, SCALA-TANG KNIVES AND FORKS, BUTCHER KNIVES, STEEL, POCKET KNIVES, PEN KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c. To be had of all dealers.

ROBERT WILKES,
Sole Wholesale Agent.

Montreal and Toronto.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB.

ANNUAL ROWING REGATTA.

THE ANNUAL ROWING RACES of this Club will take place on **SATURDAY, 30th August.**

When the following Prizes will be offered for competition

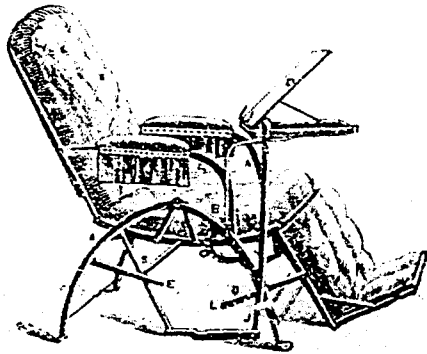
- Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prize: A Cup presented by the President, open to members of the Club only. Entrance fee, \$5.
- Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prize: 1st, \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$10.
- Double Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prize: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.
- Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prize: \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.
- Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prize: Cup or Medal. Entrance fee, \$5.

The above Races, which are open to all, will be subject to the Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be had on application.

Entries must be made with the undersigned before 10 a.m. on WEDNESDAY, 27th August.

S. KINNEAR,
Hon. Secretary.

WILSON'S



ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.

THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE!

An ingenious piece of mechanism, which can be arranged in

THIRTY POSITIONS.

and converted into an Invalid's Parlor, Librarian, Reading, Writing, Reclining, Smoking, Stroller's, Physician's, and Dentist's Chair, or a Lounge, Bed and Child's Cradle and Swing.

Circulars with explanatory diagrams sent free on application. Orders by mail, or otherwise, receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery.

THE WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.,
Sole Manufacturers,
245 St. James St., Montreal.
P. O. Drawer 22. 027-14 22

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst Pains
In from 1 to 20 Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

- INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
- CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
- SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
- PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
- HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
- CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
- HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
- NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
- COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

JNO. RADWAY & CO.,
439 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

6-17 22



THE MARCH PART.—PLEASE DROP YOUR EYE ON THE DRUM-MAJOR AND THE LITTLE TOOTSY-FOOTRIES WITH THE DRUMS



LOVE IN THE CAMP.—THE CAPTAIN BRINGS HER YOUNG MAN ROUND. HE FEELS TIMID.

WHAT WE MAY (AND OUGHT TO) SEE IN CAMP SOME OF THESE DAYS.



A SURREPTITIOUS WHIFF.



GENERAL UTILITY.

Scene—Hotel Stables, North of Ireland.

CAPTAIN.—"Hullo, Pat! What the deuce are you doing to the old mare?"
PAT.—"Well, you see, Capt'in, our old black hearse horse went lame yesterday that was wanted for Squire Doherty's funeral, so I'm paintin' up the ould grey for the service. You see her body won't show, by reason o' the housin's, and I'll have to wash her clane ag'in for Miss McGinnety's weddin' on the morrow!"

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

ONE OR TWO FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVERS, and One expert CHROMOLITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST can find permanent employment at the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Applicants must exhibit specimens and references. Address:

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
PUBLISHER.

7-5-11

MONTREAL.

NOVEL WATCH-KEY CHARM, PAPER Cutter, Envelope Opener, and Nail Cleaner—four in one. Sells at sight by Agents—boys and girls—everywhere. Charm sent to fit any watch on receipt of watch-boy and 25 cents. Special terms to Agents. CITY NOVELTY CO'Y., Drawer 217, Buffalo, N. Y. 027-22 22

DR. BESSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
5 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL.

7-22 22

**MACORQUODALE BROTHERS,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
(RIDDELL'S BUILDING),
31 & 33 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.**

"The handsomest Studio and finest light in Ontario."
os 7-23m.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch.
Sent free. Address S. P. KLEISER,
7-20 2202 P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.

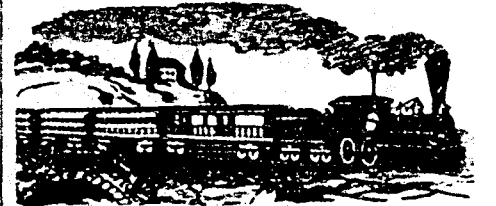
GRAY'S

Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

**BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT,
ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC.**
(Delicious flavour.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally.
For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle.
Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
7-12 2002 MONTREAL.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8:50 p.m.

- Trains will connect
- At Painswick with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations.
- At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.
- At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
- At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent
Railway Offices,
Montreal, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-11

TELEGRAPHY.

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES desiring to qualify for the numerous situations which will soon be offered on the several Telegraph Lines, are invited to attend at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, No. 75 St. James Street. The mode of instruction followed in this Institute has received the approval of the highest authorities in the country, and the best proof we can offer is that all the new situations filled within the last two or three years have been so filled by pupils from this Institute. As to the success of the method followed here, read the following testimony:

"COOKSHIRE, 21st December, 1872.
"To Mr. MORGAN, Proprietor of the Dominion Telegraph Institute:

SIR,—I hereby certify that only eight weeks' study and practice in the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE has enabled me to receive messages at the rate of 23 words a minute, and that I consider the mode of instruction followed as excellent.

"Yours, etc., "S. J. OSGOOD."

The regular course is three months; but, as will be seen by the above testimony, intelligent persons can qualify in much less time. Proficient pupils have the advantage of practicing on a regular line, and of being placed on a large circuit.

The terms for the course is THIRTY DOLLARS. The use of the instruments included. All the accessories of the school are new and complete.

J. V. MORGAN,
Proprietor,
8-38 f 75 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Verdennes, 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,
4-12 11 146, ST. JAMES STREET.

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5:30 a.m., arriving at MONTREAL at 9:10 a.m.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5:15 p.m. arriving at Richmond at 9 p.m.

C. J. Brydges,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS
1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street,
Montreal.