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Illustrated News

Vol. XI.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

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

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 243.



THE LATE HON. JOHN CRAWFORD, Lieut. Governor of Ontario.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER, TORONTO.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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Next week's issue of the

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain views of THE STATE FUNERAL of the late

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO, from sketches by our special artist in Toronto; a view of

McGill College, Montreal,

with portraits of Chancellor Day, Principal Dawson, and of the founder, James McGill; together with other interesting illustrations.

NEWS DEALERS please send in orders early.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 22nd, 1875.

OUR PREMIUM CHROMO.

The BURLAND-DESBARATS Company have the pleasure to announce to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and to the public generally that, pursuant to the intention which they declared on assuming the management of the paper, they are employing every means to place it on the most satisfactory basis and to make it the best family journal in Canada. Their efforts have hitherto met with satisfactory encouragement from the public, but to stimulate this patronage still more, they have decided on issuing a premium Chromo, entitled the YOUNG FISHERMAN after a painting by the celebrated English artist W. M. Wyllie, which in design and execution will vie with any production of the kind ever published in America. The subject is one of popular interest, and will be finished in the highest style of art. This premium Chromo will be forwarded *only* to the following classes of subscribers:

1st. To all new subscribers paying for one year in advance.

2nd. To all subscribers now on the books whose current subscription is paid.

3rd. To all subscribers in arrears who will pay up arrears, and current subscription, prior to the 1st July next.

This Chromo, whose market value can be ascertained by reference to

the certificate of Messrs. PELL and SCOTT, given below, is therefore worth more than a year's subscription to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and hence, those who comply with the conditions, on receiving the Chromo, really receive the paper for one year *gratis*. This is an inducement almost unprecedented in the annals of Canadian journalism.

The company are using every means to get rid entirely of the system of *long credit* which has been allowed to creep into Canada, and to introduce the healthy and mutually satisfactory system of prepayment. *A year's subscription is a trifle to each individual, but it is of the utmost importance to the publisher to receive it promptly, as it enables him better to conduct the paper.* If subscriptions fall in arrears, he loses by the delay as well as by the additional expense of collecting. The cash system is the best, and in order to stimulate it, the PREMIUM CHROMO is offered. All the money coming in from arrears as well as from paid-down subscriptions will be immediately turned into the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in order to improve it still more, and elevate it to the highest standard of pictorial and literary excellence. Let our friends throughout the country lend us a helping hand, give our agents and canvassers their hearty assistance, and promote the circulation of the paper to the extent of at least one additional subscriber for each name already on our lists.

The following certificate from the two best known and largest dealers in works of art in Montreal, whose judgment in such matters is authoritative, speaks for itself:

We have examined the painting entitled "THE YOUNG FISHERMAN," intended to be "chromoed" as a premium plate by the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, for the subscribers to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and find it, both in conception and execution, a work of genuine merit. We certify that when reproduced in chromo according to the express intention of the Company, its commercial value will be, from five to six dollars, no subject in Prang's published lists, of similar character and size, being sold at less than six dollars.

A. J. PELL,
WM. SCOTT.

Montreal, May, 1875.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

A couple of weeks ago, we published a cartoon in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, representing the annoyance of Sir HUGH ALLAN at the atrocious attacks of the London *Times* upon Canadian credit. We are pleased to know that the peculiarly droll and sarcastic form under which we pictured the idea has met with the approbation of the country. In our present issue, we offer a second cartoon, expressive of the castigation which the same hostile journal has just received at the hands of the gallant Knight, and we feel certain that it will meet with equal commendation from our friends. What suggested the conceit was the perusal of a pamphlet, received by the last mail from SIR HUGH, in which he has collected the main points of the whole controversy. Among the many services which Sir HUGH ALLAN

has rendered his country—and he ranks high among her benefactors—there is perhaps none so timely and which will prove more far reaching than his defence of Canadian credit in the matter of public works.

It is impossible within the limits of an article to go over all the points of this important controversy. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a mere summary of the leading branches. Two charges were made—one, that Canadian Railways have been built by foreigners, while other colonies have built their own, raising the necessary capital on bonds; the other, that in Canada not even cheap railways will pay. The conclusion drawn was that foreign capitalists should no longer embark in them.

SIR HUGH answers both propositions. He explains how Canadian lines are built. A certain amount of capital is raised in Canada, either by subscriptions, by municipal bonus, by government subsidies, or by all three. And the balance is raised upon bonds. Just, as the *Times* says, other colonies raise their capital. No Canadian Railway, except the Canada Southern, has ever been assisted to any extent by foreign capital. And Canada has made railways of its own, larger than the government of any other other colonial dependency, and is now engaged upon similar railways, as national undertakings.

As to the second point, that even cheap railways will not pay in Canada, he states that the amount to be earned by the Grand Trunk Railway, would constitute a dividend on the entire debt proposed to be incurred by the Northern Colonization Railway; the extreme limit of whose borrowing powers on its first mortgage bonds is £770,000, or above £5,630, per mile. But in reality the net earnings per mile of the Grand Trunk Railway during the past year would pay interest at the rate of 8 1-7 per cent. upon the extreme amount of first mortgage debt which the Northern Colonization can create.

The entire argument of the opponents of Canadian enterprise seems to hinge on this assumed fundamental principle, that no project, however valuable, shall be allowed a hearing, till the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways become profitable investments. It is precisely against the attempt to establish that principle that SIR HUGH so ably contends.

One paragraph of his reasoning is very terse and comprehensive:

"These two great English companies have spent enormous sums in the struggle for the traffic of the Erie Peninsula, and for the carriage of the produce of the Western United States. They are competing for this traffic with American railways, by which they are over-matched in distance, in cost, and in economy of management. And while they are pounding their railway and rolling stock to pieces in this contest, for inadequate remuneration, they are neglecting to cultivate the local traffic, which is always carried at a profit.

Again, there is a superabundance of carrying power in the extreme west of Canada, where the traffic is large; the Grand Trunk is alone in the extreme east, but has very little traffic there; and its carrying power has been created at a cost per mile, far exceeding that of any other railway in America. Because these railways, under this combination of adverse circumstances, do not pay; therefore another railway, dissimilarly and more advantageously placed, in all of these respects, will not pay either! The mere statement of such a line of argument sufficiently destroys its weight."

On one particular point we are furnished with a schedule of very useful information. The assertion was made that as the Great Western, running through the wealthiest part of Canada does not pay, no railway running through any part of Canada can pay. As SIR HUGH observes, this is another instance of an assertion literally true being made the sponsor for a conclusion entirely erroneous.

It is quite correct to say that the part of Canada through which the Great Western runs is the wealthiest part of Canada;

but to appreciate that fact, it is necessary also to consider by how many railways that part of Canada is served. The results of an examination of this question are striking, and may be thus stated:—

That part of Canada through which the Great Western lines run, known as the Erie Peninsula, contains by the census, a population of.....	1,030,409
It is traversed by railways of the aggregate length of.....	2,184 miles.
Average of population to the mile.	472
The entire remainder of Canada, exclusive of the North West and British Columbia, contains of population, say.....	2,650,000
It is traversed by railways of the aggregate length of, say.....	1,816 miles.
Average of population to the mile.....	1,459

Thus the Erie peninsula has one mile of railway for every 472 people. The rest of Canada one mile of railway for 1,459 people.

Let us press the comparison a little further:—

Great Britain and Ireland have an aggregate length of Railway of...	16,082 miles.
The population is.....	31,688,000
Or an average per mile of Railway of.....	1,908
The United States have an aggregate length of Railway of.....	66,491 miles.
Their population is.....	38,500,000
Or an average per mile of Railway of.....	594
The Erie Peninsula, containing the Great Western and neighbouring lines, has an average per mile of Railway of.....	472
The rest of Canada has an average per mile of Railway of.....	1,459

The Erie Peninsula has, therefore, a larger proportion of the mileage of railways to population by one-fifth, than the United States; it has more than three times the proportion of mileage to population of the remainder of Canada; it has more than four times the proportion of mileage to population of Great Britain and Ireland.

There are many other points in the pamphlet to which we should like to have space and time to refer, because no general subject appears to us of more vital interest than this which affects the very foundations of Canadian prosperity. To railway men, contractors, financiers and politicians we should advise the purchase and study of the pamphlet.

FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

We have just received the text of a long speech lately delivered by M. GAMBETTA to the democracy of Belleville, on the subject of the Constitutional laws and the advantages which the Democratic party may derive from the regular application of the institutions organized by the French Assembly. The speech has excited a great of attention in France and, indeed, throughout Europe, as well it might, both on account of the position of the speaker, and of the doctrines of moderation which he set forth.

The key note of the oration was that by the Constitution of February 25th, a regular Government was established, Republican in name as well as in form, and that it is the duty of even the Radical Democracy to support it, as the best under the circumstances. Having won the applause of his audience for this proposition, M. GAMBETTA descended to particulars and stated that the nomination of the President of the Republic by the two Chambers was one of the best conquests of the Republican spirit. Henceforth as the powers of the President no longer emanate from universal suffrage, none will think of treating the First Magistrate, the guardian and the servant of the law as superior or anterior to the representatives who make the law. The President will no longer be a sort of Lieutenant-General of an Empire or a Monarchy. Speaking of the Senate—a name which he would like to have replaced by Grand Council—M. GAMBETTA described it as a legal institution of the country and to be respected as the anchor of safety on which the vessel of the State is to rest.

The mere declaration of such moderate sentiments by M. GAMBETTA is of itself a noteworthy event, but their acceptance

and approval by the wild working men of Belleville, is a more remarkable incident still. When they were told that they must regard the act of the 25th February as a starting point, a first step towards the progressive and peaceful realization of the ideas of political and social justice which form the ideal of the Republican party, they cheered to the echo and pledged themselves to that sensible line of conduct. It is to be hoped that in the days of confusion and peril they will remain true to their promise.

The Scilly Islands on which the unfortunate "Schiller" was wrecked, form a small circular group about thirty-five miles southwest of Lands End. There are perhaps 110 of these Islands many of them being merely huge rocks. Six of them are inhabited: St. Mary's and St. Agnes on the east, and Tresee, Bryer, St. Martin's and Samson, further North. The rest of the group are low islands, with abrupt sides, and are separated by shallow channels. Bishop Rock, with its light-house, and the edge of Retarnere reef (on which the "Schiller" struck) are a mile to the south of St. Agnes Island, and with the exception of Poi Bank, on the southern edge of the group. The lighthouse on Bishop Rock, a tall, conspicuous structure, is half a mile from the scene of the wreck; and at St. Mary's Island, to the north, there is another lighthouse 138 feet high. Nearly every shoal in this group has its legend of wreck. An English admiral, with nine ships of the line, was wrecked here, and 2,000 men perished; and in later years the "Thames" and the "Duro" went to pieces on the same ledges, with terrible loss of life.

The excise duties collected on a gallon of spirits in Great Britain are ten shillings a gallon, or more than three times those imposed in the United States. The revenue derived by Great Britain in the year ended March 31, 1874, was \$73,000,000 from British spirits, \$26,000,000 from foreign liquors, \$9,000,000 from foreign wines, and \$38,000,000 from malt liquors. In the fiscal year 1874, the United States received \$41,000,000 from the gallon tax on spirits, \$9,000,000 from malt liquors, and \$8,000,000 from customs duties on foreign wines and liquors. From 1864 to 1874, the British revenue from excise duties on spirits increased more than fifty per cent. without any change whatever in the tax per gallon. In the fiscal year 1870 the United States derived a revenue from spirits of \$55,581,599, including license fees, and though the tax was raised to seventy cents a gallon August 1, 1872, the Internal Revenue Office has never succeeded in matching its receipts for 1870 under the fifty cent tax.

The Times says:—There could hardly be a more critical situation than existed in Berlin upon the arrival of the Emperor of Russia. The German Government may declare a hostile movement was never officially entertained, but a few days since there was serious danger that warlike counsels would prevail. We may suppose Prince Gortschakoff courteously expressed a determination to treat as an enemy the first State disturbing the peace. In spite of England's attitude of reserve, we believe the Government thought it a national duty in the recent crisis to express its opinion very decisively in regard to the maintenance of peace. The communication was amicably received and a most satisfactory reply returned. France has expressed acknowledgement of England's friendly attitude.

The youth O'Connor who, on the day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, attempted to shoot the Queen, was arrested again on the 5th inst. The Queen was holding a drawing room at Buckingham Palace, and O'Connor was found standing in the same place on the front railings, from which he on a former

occasion pointed a pistol at the Queen. The arrest was quietly made, and O'Connor sent to the Asylum by order of Sir Thos. Henry, Chief Magistrate at Bow street Police Court, on the certificate of two physicians that the prisoner was subject to both suicidal and homicidal impulses.

In the French Assembly, a resolution was passed that no further elections be ordered for members of the Assembly until the general elections for the new Chamber are held. This action leaves the vacant seats in the present Assembly unfilled for the remainder of the season.

The pilgrims from Mayence, waited on the Pope and congratulated him on the occasion of the 83rd anniversary of his birth. The Pope replied with feeling to their congratulations. He praised the German clergy and exhorted them to steadfastness.

Le Volonté Nationale, the organ of Prince Napoleon, in a leading article declares that if the Prince Imperial should die, Prince Napoleon would never claim the throne. The principle of hereditary succession is dead.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

XI.

On the twenty-second September, Col. French, with McLeod, Briscoe, Novitt and the guide Leveille left us for Fort Benton. The Colonel was to catch up with us on the road to Wood Mountains. They took four carts with them.

After moving along for several days, we found ourselves on the banks of Milk River the bed of which was perfectly dry. We next moved to the Boundary Line and Wild Horse Lake, and camped near a marsh south of it. There we found good water and grass in abundance. Here we decided upon awaiting the return of Colonel French, a determination which was justified by the fair weather we enjoyed and the number of ducks and wild geese affording us plenty of sport on the lake. The men employed their spare hours in thoroughly bathing and the extermination of vermin, the latter operation being carried out by the aid of juniper oil.

On the twenty-ninth, the Commissioners arrived accompanied by an American guide and Leveille, a nephew of our old guide, originally from Seel and a man of some means. He had been in the North-West for twenty years. Nineteen horses were bought for the Force from the Americans at Fort Benton. We also got provisions in the shape of potatoes, syrup, &c.

On the 1st October, we moved ten miles to the west of Milk River, finding water in pools and good feed. At this point Col. French killed the last buffalo at noon halt.

On the 2nd, we moved twenty-three miles before dining and camped on the bank of a small spring fed by springs. Here a terrific fire took place on the prairie, affording us a sublime spectacle.

On the 10th, we travelled to Lake Margon, a nice large sheet of pure water. The food in the environs, however, was scanty. At this point another of our prairie experiences was repeated. A stampede of horses took place, causing a great deal of annoyance and fatigue.

On the next day, we crossed White Mud River where Sioux were encamped. Twenty-three lodges of them were encamped about nine miles on the east side. Col. French asked Doctor Kittson to accompany him to Wood Mountains while D and E Troop took a short cut to Cripple Camp. The Colonel, Dr. Kittson and myself with servants and guides arrived at Cripple Camp early in the morning of the seventh October. We found the boys and horses in fine condition.

On the 9th, we camped once more along the shores of Old Wife's Lake, from which we struck the trail to Lake Qu'Appelle. This point now celebrated for the treaty concluded there between the Indians and the Canadian authorities, was reached at length on the 15th. The spot is also memorable, because it is there that I separated from my companions after a long journey of five months. Our mission was over, the Force had accomplished the duty for which it had been sent out, and was about to be distributed in different quarters. I therefore resolved on returning to Canada. "Home, Sweet Home!"

I take this occasion to repeat to Col. French, Dr. Kittson and the officers and men of the Force my acknowledgments of the uniform kindness which I received at their hands throughout the entire march. I must express also my sense of respect for them as men and for the worthy manner in which they performed the arduous duties imposed upon them by Government.

With a number of half-breeds for companions and guides, I bade adieu to the Force at Qu'Ap-

pelle and reached Fort Pelly on the 21st October. On the 28th, I arrived at Fort Ellice and on the 5th November, at Fort Garry. I tarried some days at the latter place, and took a great many notes of certain things I observed there, but I do not care to publish them just now. With regard to Fort Garry itself, the place and its surroundings have been amply described in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS often and even quite recently.

On the 24th November, I found myself once more at Fort Dufferin where the headquarters of the Force were already established. A few days more and I was at length secure in my little cabinet, finding very little change in the six months of absence. My trip has been worth a great deal to me, in health, experience and knowledge. I would not exchange it for many a more pretentious voyage.

BOILER INSPECTION.

A correspondent writes to us a long letter, from which we make the following extracts. We can be critical, amusing and imaginative—and we may be all these and yet deal with the actual interests of the people.

My own son lately stood upon the floor of his office in this city, while the boiler, in the basement below that office, "collapsed," as the papers expressed it. Those people (the proprietors) had been warned again and again of the danger of their old 9 or 10 years boiler, and told it was unsafe. They got their voluntary mock inspection, and paid the usual small fee. This, which had taken place but a short time before was nothing but the snare it commonly is. But you will be moved when I tell you, that the reason that boiler did not shatter the whole establishment of proprietors, clerks and printers, and carry misery and desolation into a hundred homes, and shock the best feelings of a great city for a fortnight, was, that it (the boiler) had been worn so thin by long use, that the restraining pressure yielded, having only force enough from the exploding steam to quietly throw down a part of the containing walls which surrounded the boiler. A large sum was lost through having to transfer the press work on such short notice.

In another establishment I know of, (not a printer's) any one about the place who may happen to be disengaged is allowed to run the engine, and in some of these places the steam gauges are constantly allowed to be dumb through disrepair. Now, is there not a case for legislation here? and may not the hope of legislation be greatly furthered by fruitful literary statements of what is needed? My space will not allow me to touch upon the other classes of dangers to-day, but this question of a Boiler Inspection Law for these establishments and a law for certifying the fitness of the engineers entrusted with the working of engines on shore, is, I think you will admit, a matter of great urgency.

Since the disastrous burning of the steamer "Montreal" awakened the public attention, we have had regulations for our river boats in Canada which have given the country an honorable reputation abroad, and have been gratifying to the self-respect of every true citizen. Why cannot we do as much for shore operations? Your influential journal may become a great help in a really popular movement, and one which no man dare gainsay the value of, and I leave the matter in your hands with much confidence.

RHYMES OF BATTLE.

There is probably no one general subject that has given inspiration to so much powerful poetic effort as that of war and battle. A ponderous volume might be filled with the best poetry in the English language upon this theme, and it would be a volume replete with vivid coloring, with striking similes, and with stirring pictures.

Shakespeare abounds in effects of this kind. Among the most spirited are the lines commencing—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends—once more!"

and ending with the ringing battle-cry.

—upon this charge
Cry—Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!"

Macbeth stirs the blood of the coldest with the shout,

"Hang out your banners!—on the outward walls,
The cry is still they come!"

And the battle of Bosworth is fought out in fiery language in "Richard III."

In two lines of a familiar poem by Motherwell there is a metaphor which I believe cannot be excelled:

"A charge—a charge! an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand!"

Sir Walter Scott excelled in this class of poetical composition; and I am inclined to think the battle pieces in "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" the very best products of his muse.

How wonderfully expressive of the silent march of a great host are these four lines from the latter:

"No cymbal clashed—no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread and armors' clang,
That sulken march was dumb."

Macaulay is not generally held in high esteem as a poet; but few have done better in this particular line than he in his "Battle of Ivry," commencing—

"O how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the armies of the league drawn up in proud array."

and in which he has immortalized "the white plume of Navarre."

Campbell ranks very high in battle-poetry, his best specimen being the "Battle of the Baltic." It is a poem which fairly glows with the intense spirit of the sea-fight, and its merits are so uniform that it is difficult to select any lines as superior to others. The following is a good sample:

"Hearts of oak! our captains cried,
When each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spreads a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun."

Byron's muse never soared to a loftier height than in his splendid stanzas on the Battle of Waterloo; he certainly wrote nothing which became familiar to so many people as did these remarkable verses. How startling is this, no matter where you read it:

"And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the armor drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While thronged the citizen with terror dumb,
Or whispered with white lips—the foe—they come!—
they come!"

America seems to me to be lacking in this particular poetical product. We have a few good examples—notably those capital verses by an American whose name has escaped me, beginning:

"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not."

George H. Baker has done some passable things in verse on some of the encounters of the late war. Longfellow made an attempt in his poem on the sea-fight in Hampton Roads, but with no marked success. General Halpine's poem on the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg contains an excellent description of a battle, and "Sheridan's Ride," by T. B. Reade is known all over the continent; but the yards of magazine poetry begotten of the war very little has outlived the month of its production. It appears to me that this is comparatively a new field in American poetical literature, and that great successes are possible in it in the future.

Even so slight a reference as this to this treasuring subject would be wotfully lacking without some mention of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." There are thousands upon thousands of people who know Tennyson only by this magnificent poem, which seems vocal with the hoot-beats of galloping squadrons, the clang of sabres, and the roar of cannon.

VARIETIES.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has taken two shares in the company formed for promoting a high school for girls at Oxford.

THE Anglo-French betting establishments in Paris having been closed the agents now carry on their business in a quiet way in private clubs.

PROF. BRUGSET, during an expedition to Sinai, has found nine hitherto unknown portions of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, the oldest extant MS. of the New Testament. Something for the sensational preachers to make capital upon.

A NEW article of diet is promised from India. It is a weed called "moumunda," the seed of which makes an excellent kind of wheat. It has been officially reported upon, and said to contain as much nutriment as peas or beans. Good for the horses, perhaps.

AN Antwerp chemist has recently discovered that the vapour of chloroform will not only extinguish the flame of petroleum vapour very speedily, but will even destroy its explosive and combustible properties, if mixed with it. This discovery may prove capable of practicable application in the prevention of fires.

IS the French navy matters are rather circumlocutory. When a ship is fitted out for sea, her provisions are calculated by the day; when she returns home any of the provisions remaining are not taken back by the authorities, nor are they allowed to be sold for the benefit of the crew, still less are they given to the poor—they are sunk in the sea according to the regulations.

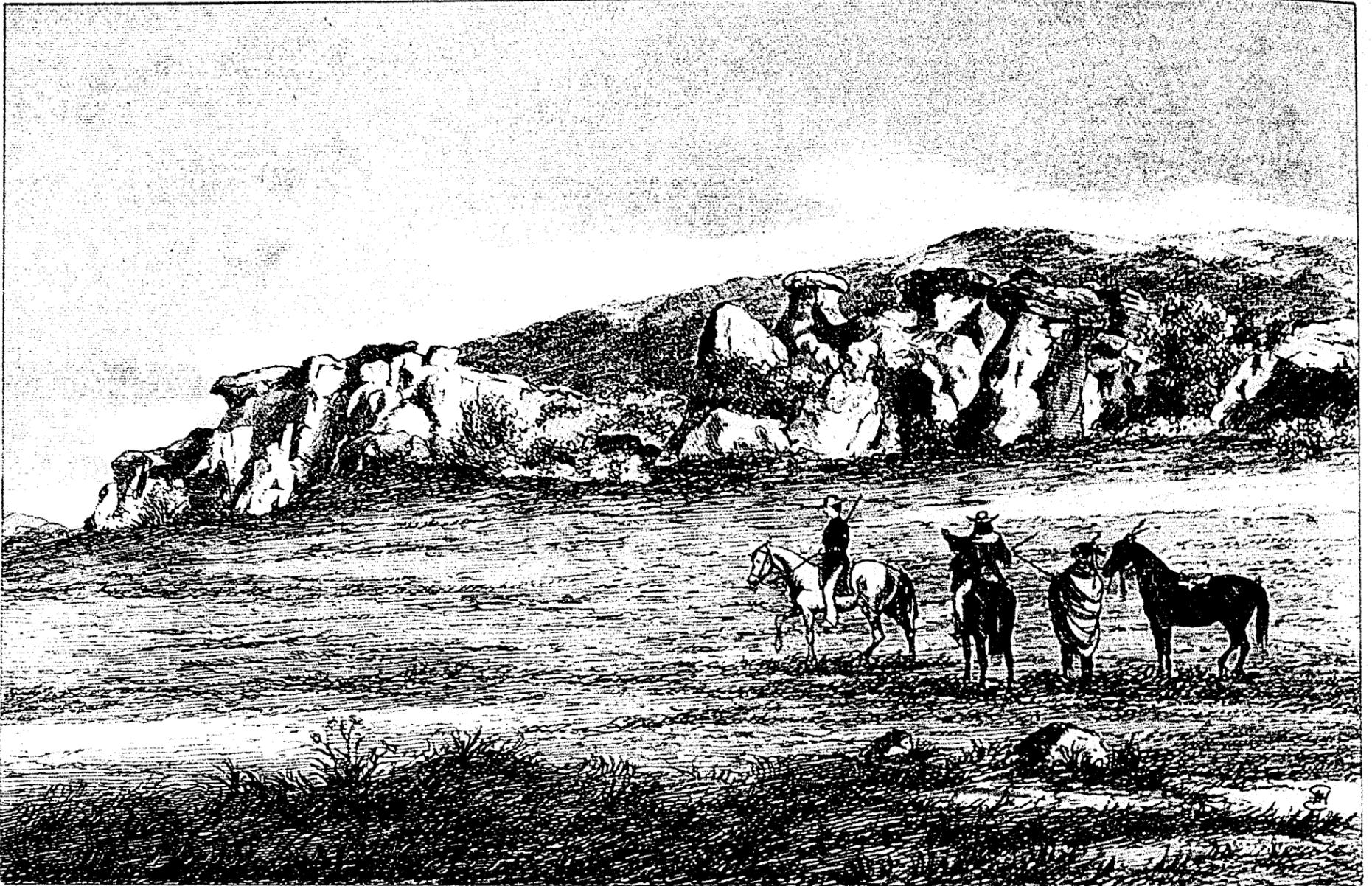
JOURNALISTIC statistics in the United States show that during the past year \$1,600,000 were lost in newspaper enterprises. Agent JOURNALISM, the *New York Herald* is stated to cost \$523 per annum, or \$180,000.00 yearly. The daily expenses of the *Tribune* amount to \$200,000 of the *New York Times* to \$200,000, and of the *World* from \$140 to \$160. 57 women are now editing journals in the States.

THE body of the murdered President of Spain, Marshal Prim, still lies above ground in its coffin at Athens, awaiting the final destination. All around it lie the wreaths and floral crowns that the late King and others placed on the coffin, and strange to say that coffin is still open. An occasional correspondent says he saw the lid raised a few days ago, and the face exhibited scarcely the least perceptible traces of decay.

AN old lady, ninety years of age, very wealthy and full of wit, died recently at Fontainebleau in France. Her will contained this provision:—"I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oaken chest in my boudoir. The key of the chest will be found under the mattress of my bed." The heirs were much disturbed, for they foresaw a material diminution of their share of the property. The fortunate and expectant physician at length arrived. The notary delivered to him the key of the chest. It was opened, and found to contain solely all the drugs and poisons still intact which the worthy physician had given his patient for twenty years back!

CIRCULATING libraries were originated by Mr. Samuel Fancourt, of the West of England, and originally a pastor of a Dissenting congregation. When he came to London and published his scheme, he asked a guinea a year for the subscription. He was a very honest, clever man, but, like many other originators, did not succeed. He settled at last at the corner of one of the streets in the Strand, where, outplanned by a variety of imitators, and entangled with a variety of speculations, this poor man, who may be said to have first circulated knowledge amongst us, sank under a load of debt, unmerited reproach, and a failure of his faculties, brought on by the decay of age, precipitated by misfortunes. His library became the property of creditors, and he returned in poverty to Hoxton Square, where some of his brethren relieved his necessities till the close of his life, in his ninetieth year, in 1768.

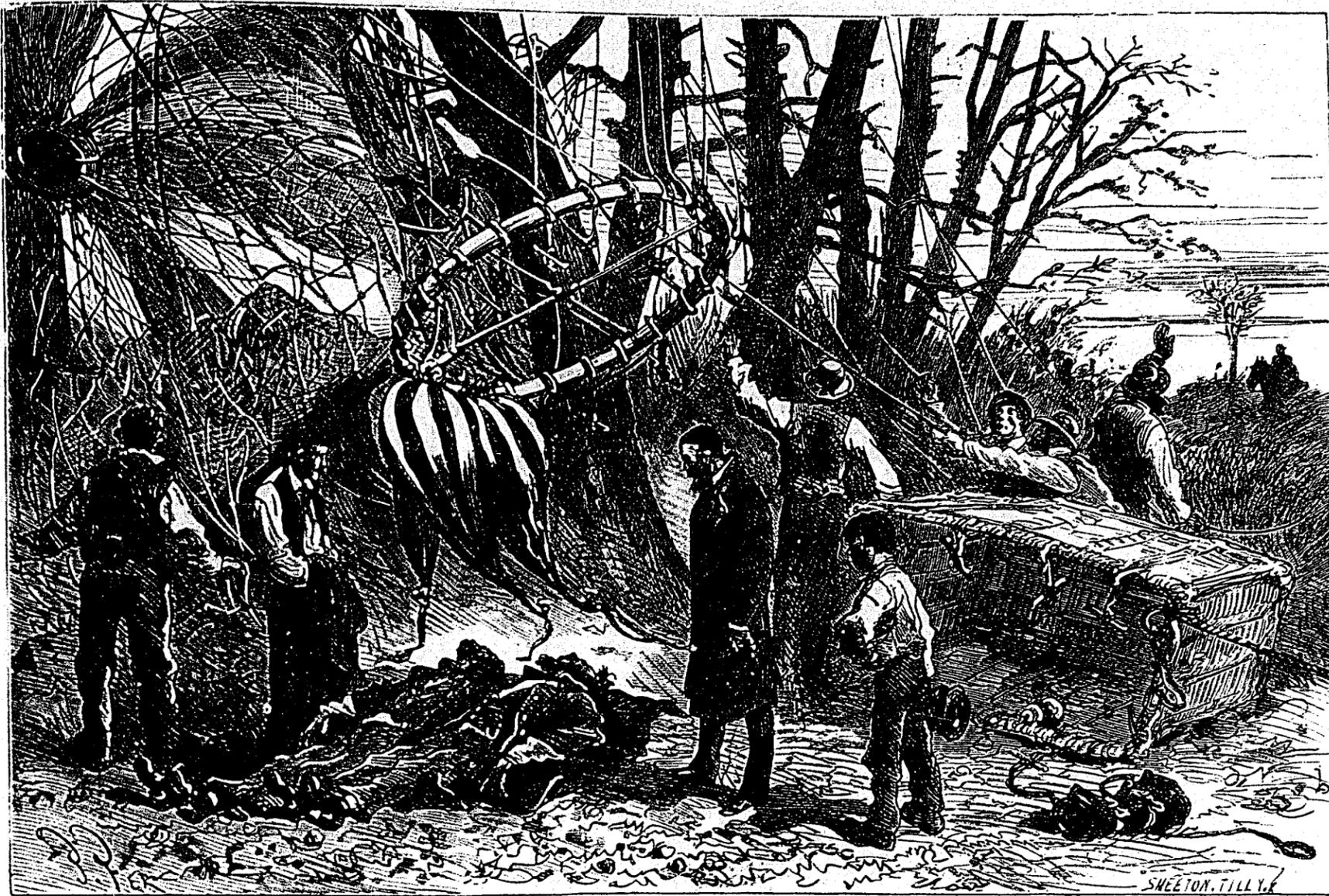
SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:



SANDSTONE ROCKS IN DEAD HORSE VALLEY.



POLICE VISITING TRADERS CARTS.



FRANCE :—FATAL DESCENT OF THE BALLOON ZENITH.



REMOVAL OF THE BODIES OF THE DEAD AERONAUTS TO THE CHABENET RAILWAY STATION.

FLY-FISHING.

June flowers are blooming,
And swallows are skimming,
And insects are humming,
And fish 's are swimming.

Mark yonder the swirl
Just under a snarl
Of roots, where that girl
Picks shells from the marl.

'Tis a trout, a two-pounder!
See him leap! what a wonder!
But the girl—oh, confound her!
Waves the willows asunder;

And dabbling with splashes,
Among the wet bushes,
A skiff she unlashes,
And from the bank pushes,

Up and down by the willows,
To and fro on the shallows,
Everywhere with her shrill "Ohs!"
She follows the swallows.

The trouts hear the rumpus
Kicked up by this grampus;
She's managed to stump us
And sadly to damp us.

Good by to the river,
Put the rod in its cover;
From such girls us deliver!
Our fishing is over.

C. D. S.

[The above is probably the last little poem written by the late lamented Charles Dawson Shanley. It was penned in Florida.]

NEXT DOOR.

"What, Clara, absolutely cross on the first anniversary of our wedding-day!"

"Cross, Chris?—no! But vexed. Why, it was the most charming bouquet in the world you sent me on our wedding morning, and now, to-day, not, a flower!"

"What a dear little tiresome woman you are!" he said. "Who could have supposed you wanted a bouquet to remind you of your nuptial day? But there—you shall not be disappointed. I will dash down to Covent Garden in a cab, and I shall be back before your mother and father are here—or, at all events, long before your mamma has exhausted her budget of complaints as to my shameful conduct towards you."

"Oh, whatever mamma says, dear Chris, it is all for the best."

"No doubt; but I am bound to say that her remarks rarely result in delight."

Clara Nasmyth was perfectly happy in the thought that Chris had hurried off to town to purchase her bouquet, and she was convincing herself that, despite her mother's peculiar hints and innuendoes, she must be one of the happiest women in the world, when her pleasant thoughts were intercepted by the astounding sight she beheld, which was nothing less than a red-haired and gentlemanly-looking man, carrying his hat in his hand, while his head was bare except for his mane-like hair, and who dashed up to the house-door, and sounded a complete alarm.

In a few moments, a frightened servant entered the room, holding tight on to the door, as she said: "If you please, ma'am, the gentleman says he is quite wretched himself, and wishes to make you so!"

"He must be mad!"

"Whether he is or not, ma'am, he has got master's hat in his hands—I saw him take it myself; and there he is, raging and—"

"Your master's hat! Send him up immediately."

Evidently the visitor did not require pressing, for apparently he ran up the stairs, four at a time, and presented himself, panting and puffing, before the astonished lady.

"It is no use denying it," said he. "I'm the Welsh baritone, Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, and I'll have his very existence."

At this point, Mrs. Nasmyth came to the conclusion she was not the happiest woman in the world.

"Is this his hat?" he demanded; and, before she could reply, he asked another question, "It is mine!"

Which it certainly was not, for, putting it on, it covered him up to the very chin, and the wonderful baritone appeared completely extinguished.

Not that he was, however, for, under those highly disadvantageous circumstances, he said, as though speaking from under a feather bed, "His life or mine!"

It was at this moment that, Clara's mamma arriving, and entering her son-in-law's drawing-room, she saw a strange form, struggling with a hat which had gone on with perfect ease, but which now appeared to refuse to be removed, except under pressure of more force than the sufferer appeared to be master of.

But even the world must come to an end at last, and so there was a finish to this amazing visitor's gymnastics, and suddenly out shot his head, now red to the very tip of his chin, and again the mystic words were heard, "His life or mine!"

At this moment the dignified voice of Mrs. Crane was heard demanding to know what all this masquerading might mean.

"Is this M. Nasmyth's hat?" he asked. "No, 1, Magnolia Terrace?"

"It is," said Clara Nasmyth, in a tragic tone.

"What—what has happened?"

"I should know nothing about it, but as only he and I were there, and consequently but two hats—for she is unmarried—and I have not got my own, for I was not master of myself at the moment—I appeal to you—"

"Be good enough to appeal to me, if you please," said Mrs. Crane, prepared already to be-

lieve the very worst of the mysterious son-in-law.

"Where do you suppose he is at this moment?" said the stranger.

Mrs. Crane looked solemnly at her daughter, who tremblingly said, "Gone to Covent Garden, to buy me a bouquet."

"Indeed!" observed the intruder; "then he has very much mistaken the way; for, upon my word of honour as Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, at the present moment he is next door round the corner, singing duets with the only woman I ever adored—the Signora Peltano."

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Crane; and immediately put on her bonnet and prepared for the worst.

"And here am I stopping about," shrieked the red-haired vocalist, "while he is singing tenor duets with the only woman I ever adored! Good morning."

He was about to fly down the stairs again, when he shot back, and replied, "Tell him," said he, "that when a man puts his name and address inside his hat, he had better be careful where he goes with it. Once more good morning."

And he dashed out of the house, leaving the door open behind him.

"Is it Bedlam?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"I don't know," replied Clara.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, who made it her boast she had never been foiled in the whole course of her natural career; "this is a new house, and therefore the walls are not so thick but that, if he is there, I can hear his voice through the brickwork. So here is to begin!"

But in vain she sounded the walls like a doctor with a stethoscope; not a murmur could she hear coming from next door round the corner.

She was still busily doing her best to obtain an attack of neuralgia, by dabbing her left cheek over the drawing-room paper, when a vehicle rattled up to the door, a knock was heard at it, and immediately afterwards in came Chris with no catastrophe apparent in his hat, and with the handsomest bouquet even Covent Garden can produce, held in his hand.

Clara Nasmyth was joyfully puzzled; Mrs. Crane was most deplorably sorry—was absolutely disappointed.

By this time he had put his hat upon a table, and had turned with his present towards his young and new trembling wife.

Mrs. Crane immediately held a review of the hat. Strange, there was nothing mysterious in it.

Meanwhile, seeing his darling really in tribulation, Chris Nasmyth laid his flowers on one side, and hurriedly approached her.

"Clara," he said, "surely you are not angry with me? I have not been gone an hour, and I have bought you the most charming bouquet I could find for love or money. Why where is it?"

"Mr. Nasmyth," said Mrs. Crane, looking her son-in-law calmly in the face, "I have cast it forth."

"Cast it forth?"

She pointed to the window.

"It fortunately fell in a dust-cart," said she, "and it is gone for ever!"

Then she suddenly added, "And here the party is again, and apparently with his own hat!"

Once more the knocker of No. 1, Magnolia Terrace, awakend the echoes of that neighbourhood, and again the Welsh baritone swooped into the room.

And upon seeing amazed M. Nasmyth, he unburdened himself of a husky exclamation, which Mrs. Crane has since said "shook her for life" so some good was done, Mrs. Crane being truly a dreadful person.

"Where is it?" shrieked the singer.

"Where's what?" asked Nasmyth.

"The bowpot! On the honour of the Welsh baritone, in his native mountains—on the sword of Hain Cymrig Blanklies, if I don't find the bowpot, some one shall suffer for it!"

"I," said Mrs. Crane, "have cast it forth. The window, sir."

For some minutes the Welshman looked at Mrs. Crane as though about to send her after what he was pleased to call the bowpot.

But suddenly thinking better of it, he turned to Chris, and he said, "Sir, when, ten minutes since, I saw ye in the portico with my hat, and me with yours, the man was being tempted to part with the bowpot he was bringing to the house, and you got it! You're a bad man!"

At this point, Mrs. Crane, quite satisfied that he was in the wrong, dropped stiffly into a chair, shut up her eyelids, and went off into a perfectly silent fit.

"Have it I must!" said the baritone, apparently trying to tear out all his red hair by the roots; "for she says never will she see me, except with it!"

It was now that Clara, finding life a tragedy indeed, dropped on her knees before her loved mamma, called upon her for protection, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Crane came to herself at a blow, gave her daughter one kiss of resignation and then went back into a deadlier fit than before.

"I think," muttered Chris, biting his thumb,—"I think if I were to catch him up quick, I could give him a throw he would not get over for a fortnight."

Here, once again, the knocker shook up the whole of the house, and the parlour-maid once again presented herself; but over the threshold she would not pass, and held out a letter like a bait at the end of a fishing rod.

"Answer wanted to-night," said she, at which Mrs. Crane raised a cautious eyelid.

Bewildered, Chris opened the letter, and the next moment he shouted the cabalistic words, "Two hundred pounds!"

Mrs. Crane looked furtively up, and took no more notice of her daughter than though she had been in the moon.

"Who hasn't two hundred pounds?" shouted the Welshman. "But where's the bowpot?" and he flourished a slip of paper he had taken from his pocket.

At this moment in walked Mr. Crane smiling like the most amiable man he was, and carrying a most elegant bouquet, which by the way, he had bought of a grinning dustman for a shilling.

Instantly the pride of Cymrig and Chris Nasmyth had pounced upon the new-comer with one accord.

"Spare him!" shouted Mrs. Crane, who really did think there was danger.

Chris was the conqueror, and swung the triumphant bouquet high above his head.

"Oh, for two hundred pounds!" shouted he.

"Here ye are, ye big fool!" said the baritone.

"Don't I tell you here it is?"

And then this is what Mrs. Crane saw done. Her son-in-law leapt at the piece of paper the Welsh gentleman was flaunting, dashed it in amongst the flowers, handed the whole to Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, and said, "Next door, with very best compliments."

"On the honour of a Welsh baritone, I will," he said; "and without any exhibition of mere polite behaviour, away the Welsh singer went."

"And now," said Mrs. Crane, "I think, Mr. Crane, that you and I, and our daughter, will take our departure; for I, for one, have had enough of Bedlam for one day."

"But my dear," cried Mr. Crane, who was the mildest man (up to a point) in the world, "I have just come."

"Then you are ready to go. Come, Clara, my child, come home! The house may be damp, but you will find warmth here—here!" Mrs. Crane struck her noble bosom heavily.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Crane, who had not yet reached the point, "why should Clara go home when she is at home?"

"Mr. C—" said his wife, "you are a candidate for Earlwood!"

And here Mr. Crane got past his point; and, dashing his fist down on the table, he looked at his wife, and said, "You're another!"

In one moment Mrs. Crane gave way.

"Then," said she, "I think I may as well take off my bonnet."

Which she was proceeding to do, when she became fixed and rigid, as she saw the red-headed vocalist once more rush into the room, and without knocking at the front door, which had been yawning open for some minutes; and, dashing up to her son-in-law, exclaimed, "You are the nearest and dearest friend I have in the world, and have done me a great service, on my word and honour as the Welsh baritone, Hain Cymrig Clanklies! Pray, give me your hand?"

"He's right," said Mrs. Crane; "for I am a candidate for Earlwood Asylum. I feel so in the back of my head."

"I'm to be hers, and she is to be mine, and she'll give no more lessons to amateur idiots; so shake hands again, my dear friend, for such you are, on the honour of St. David of Wales!"

"Oh, Chris, Chris!" wept the disconsolate young wife, "what—what does it all mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Chris, tugging at his hair; "why, that henceforth I'll have no more miserable secrets! Your bothering mother has so prompted you to be jealous, that I was afraid to tell you I've been studying the 'Trovatore,' and singing the part with the Signora Peltano, who is stopping next door, and who is coming out at the opera. This morning the time slipped away so fast I could not go to Covent Garden, so I bribed a man in livery, who was coming up the steps as I was leaving the house next door, to let me have the bouquet he was carrying, and I jumped into a cab that was passing, that you might fancy I had driven up to town. As for this wild lunatic of a Welsh mountaineer, I don't know him from Adam! He was coming out as I entered the house; and he scowled at me when I was leaving next door; and, directly he appeared, tore my hat out of my hand, rushed past me, and—that is all except that I was very much surprised to find I had got my own hat, after all."

"Yes, by St. David of Wales! said Cymrig. "He is my dearest friend, and speaks the truth as easily as the lady who lives at the bottom of the well! This is just how it was, indeed: The signora felt herself insulted by the opera manager, and I sent word to him never would she sing a note in his house until he sent her a note of apology and two hundred pounds in notes of the Bank of England, stuck up in a bowpot. But he only put the apology in the flowers, and I went with the notes, which was a check, and all the same. Yet, before I can explain myself, I am turned out because my dearest friend here came for his lesson, and I took his hat. Then, ye see, the lessee of the opera sent the bowpot by this livery-servant, and my dear friend here buys it. Then the signora thinks the money is in the bowpot, when it was in my waistcoat pocket, near my heart, and naturally she makes a bit of a stir. Now I and the bowpot cam' here together, and my dearest friend shouts for two hundred pounds. I hand it over; he sticks it in his bowpot; he gives the bowpot to me; I give it to her; and we are all friends round St. Paul's; and she'll marry me, and I'll send the check back, and I'll ask ye all to thv wedding. Shake hands!"

By this time Clara was quite repentant, and promised never to be jealous again.

And even Mrs. Crane was nobly magnanimous,

for she offered her son-in-law her hand royally, and she said, "Christopher, I forgive you from the very bottom of my poor worn heart!"

And after that it is clear there is nothing more to be said.

THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY.

We are glad to hear that Professor Edgar A. Robbins of whose system of teaching Harmony we gave an account some weeks ago, has met with good success in his visit to the principal cities of Ontario. Many teachers of public schools have gone through the course, and qualified themselves to spread the knowledge of this valuable method. We are convinced that introduced into schools, colleges and convents, it will give pupils a clearer and more comprehensive foundation of musical education than any other system. Professor Robbins intends visiting Montreal again this summer, and hence will proceed to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MAY 10.—The Czar of Russia arrived at Berlin and was most enthusiastically received by the Emperor and the populace generally.

The Massachusetts Legislature has appropriated half a million dollars towards the representation of the State at the Philadelphia Centennial.

In his speech at the opening of the Buenos Ayres Chambers the President proposed amnesty for all offenders in the late insurrection.

Chief Justice Draper gave judgment in the West Toronto Local election case, sustaining the election of Mr. Bell, and ordering the petitioner to pay costs.

The London Telegraph referring to the meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Germany, owns that the continental situation wears the very gravest aspect and that the future peace of Europe will be practically solved by the results of that meeting.

A deputation of authors waited upon Mr. Disraeli, in reference to international copyright. Mr. Edward Jenkins spoke in behalf of the deputation. The Premier promised that the Government would endeavor to remove the vexations and annoyances now existing.

MAY 11.—The total number of those lost by the sinking of the steamer Cadiz is 65.

A trotting race for a purse of \$20,000 was won at San Francisco by Edington.

Twenty-four more mail bags have been landed from the Schiller, containing New Zealand and New York mails.

The Mark Lane Express says the late rain has done immense good to the crops, almost counteracting the lateness of the season.

The Bill for the preservation of the peace in Ireland passed its third reading in the English House of Commons last night.

The Great Northern Handicap run at the York Spring Meeting yesterday, was won by Clearwell, Freeman second, and Escort third.

MAY 12.—The Carlists and Alfonsists have been exchanging prisoners.

The Japanese Government have ceded to Russia the portion of the island of Saghalien belonging to Japan.

In his address to the Centre Toronto electors, Mr. John Macdonald says he will exercise his private judgment on all political questions, and on this understanding only will he consent to run for Parliament.

A resolution was brought up in the French Assembly, disapproving of the mail contracts made by the Government with transatlantic steamship companies. It was understood that the Government would shortly settle the matter.

The North German Gazette says Germany's relations with France were never more satisfactory since the war than now. The Provincial Correspondence declares Germany can rely on union with a powerful neighbor to repress any schemes for disturbing the peace of Europe.

MAY 14.—Lieutenant-Governor Crawford died at 10:46 last night.

A delegation of pilgrims waited on the Pope yesterday and congratulated him on the attainment of the 83rd anniversary of his birth.

The Emperor of Russia is entirely convinced of the conciliatory disposition which exists at Berlin and assures the maintenance of peace in Europe.

The inhabitants of Sydney, New South Wales, have urged the Home Government to annex New Guinea. Extensive floods prevail in Victoria.

A decree was issued yesterday, by Judge Blatchford, on application of first mortgage bondholders, for the sale at auction of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Charles L. Lawrence, extradited from Ireland for forgery, has arrived in New York and been lodged in jail, pending the trial. There are over 100 indictments against him.

The youth O'Connor, who, some time ago, tried to shoot the Queen, made another attempt on the 5th inst.; but was promptly arrested and conveyed in a lunatic asylum.

The election of Dr. Haney, the Liberal member for Monck in the Local Legislature, has been voided for bribery of agents. The petition against the Conservative, Local, member for South Ontario—Mr. Brown—has been dismissed with costs against the petitioner.

MAY 14.—South Australia has 204,000 tons of surplus to export.

The gauge of the Intercolonial road will be changed on the 18th and 19th of June.

Captain Boyton will make another attempt to cross the English channel on the 25th.

A Paris despatch says the ex-Empress Eugenie refuses to accept any compromise of her claims upon the civil list.

The election of Mr. William Barber, M.P.P., or Halton has been voided for personal bribery, with costs against the respondent, who is disqualified for running again for seven years.

The divers employed at the scene of the wreck of the "Schiller" report that the vessel's bottom was literally torn off by the rocks. No specie has yet been recovered, and no cargo could be seen.

ARTISTIC.

THE South Kensington Museum has acquired two more casts of the famous bronze works from Hildesheim Cathedral—namely, the font and a curious pillar. The pillar is the workmanship of Bishop Bernard, of Hildesheim, who died in the 11th century.

A COMMITTEE, at the head of which is Mr. Disraeli, has been formed for the purpose of erecting by public subscription a monument over the grave of Lord Byron. Hucknall Yorkard Church, where hitherto there has been no memorial of the poet.

A MEDAL will be struck commemorative of the celebration of the O'Connell Centenary in August next, the obverse containing a representation of the O'Connell monument, as modeled by the late J. H. Foley, R. A., and the reverse a profile head of the Champion of Emancipation.

A NEW feature in connection with the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will be the publication of a collection of photographs in album form of several of the most important works of leading artists, by the Fine Art Publishing Company. The volume is expected to be ready in the course of May.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

SELF IMPORTANCE.—When a person feels disposed to over-estimate his own importance, let him remember that mankind got along very well before his birth, and in all probability they will get along very well after his death.

A SWEET LAUGH.—A woman has no more bewitching grace than a sweet laugh. It leaps from the heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in an exhilarating spring.

SECRET MARRIAGES.—A woman should never consent to be married secretly. She should distrust a man who has any reason to shroud in darkness the act which in his own estimation should be the crowning glory of his life.

NO ONE PERFECT.—One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for much weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

PARENTS.—The parental character must be highly respected. There will be no domestic blessing without this. There will be no real prosperity at home without this. Parents must occupy their appropriate place; they are the heads of families, and they must be regarded as such. There must be no neglect; no disrespect must be shown there. There must be no contempt of their authority, no indisposition to render obedience. Children must value and honour their parents; else, instead of having a blessing throughout life, they will be sure to have a curse.

NATURAL BEAUTY.—All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and, in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called intellectual beauty. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasures? How many young men can be found, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in the long, dull evenings of winter, to haunts of intemperance and bad society.

DESPONDENCY.—What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of His creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Never despond, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be gilded by sunshine, we must not, for mere momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY.—All of worth or value must be gained by labour. It is not till the painter has toiled long years, and time after time seen his efforts fruitless, that he pours on canvas a soul-stirring picture. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" are the words of inspiration. Providence knew that for man to live happily and enjoy his blessings he must know what they cost.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy." How expressive! Beyond the trials and temptations that beset the earnest toiler, lies the goal. Many a rough path he must travel, many a hardship endure, before his reward. "Excelsior" is the motto of all who mean to excel. They must toil on, regardless of Pleasure's haunts, and with all of their might aim higher. The pleasures of this world and those of a seeker after immortality are not congenial; and he who would enjoy both can reap no rich reward. We must deny ourselves many things if we would become wise in this world or in the next. If we meet with many difficulties in our way to a cultivated mind, we are to remember that it is our Alps we are crossing, and sooner or later Italy will appear.

The young student, whether in learning or moral excellence, is to apt to fall into the grievous error that he can gain the highest distinctions as a scholar or gentleman, and yet chime in with all the sinful pleasures of life. But Providence has so organized things in this mundane sphere that "no cross, no crown," is our universal law. Labour is the motor that moves the world, and they who rest in harvest must mourn in winter.

Napoleon defied the Alpine steeps, and pressed with determination on, and he gained Italy. So we must surmount every obstacle, and count as

naught hardships if we would gain the reward. Could all those who have sent down to posterity their immortal names be assembled together, they would point us to the hill of science, and warn us not to rely upon genius alone to exalt us, but to press over the difficulties that are abundant to the reward.

THE GLEANER.

The Prussian Government has ordered a reduction in wages of miners in all the Crown Mines; and, at the same time, prolonged the hours of labour. What a pleasant thing it is to be under a paternal Government.

So frightened are the Germans of the Colorado beetle, that it has been suggested to hang up descriptions of the beetle on all ships, with a request that any specimens met with may be at once destroyed.

There is at present at the Paris Mint a great glut of gold. There is also a great abundance of silver, and it can almost be said that the metal taken out of the country by the payment of the war indemnity has completely re-entered France.

An inch on a man's nose is proverbially of some account, and M. Derrisart, of Paris, is likely to know of exactly what account. His nose has taken to growing lately, and grew half an inch in eight days. He is at the Hotel Dieu, in Paris, and all the surgeons in France are rushing thither to see him.

A curious velocipede accident occurred lately during the representation of *Genevieve de Brabant*. The velocipede, which figures in one of the processions, missed its course, came into collision with the prompter's box, then rolled over the lights into the orchestra, smashing two fiddles, and injuring three musicians. And there were spectators who *bisè* this scene.

A curious suggestion is made by Dr. Otto Oesterlen, in a treatise on the human hair lately published in Germany, to the effect that some poisons, such as arsenic, for example, may be detected in the hair of persons to whom they have been long administered as medicine or otherwise. A verification of this view would be important in its medico-legal bearings.

Baron de Bourguignon, whose daughter is god-daughter of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte of Mexico, lately saw the Emperor of Austria at Pola, and asked him what news he had of his sister-in-law. Francis Joseph replied, that he had no hope whatever of her recovery, and expected that death would soon release her from her sufferings.

Electric "armoured" cables are to be experimented with on board the torpedo school-ship *Vernon* at Portsmouth in connection with torpedoes laid down for harbour defence. Should these invulnerable cables prove a success as a means of connecting torpedoes with the shore, the value of these machines for defensive purposes will be considerably increased.

Poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, and they do all possible things to keep of the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness.

The manuscript of an unpublished novel by Balzac has been found by the family of De Surville, with whom Laure de Balzac, the novelist's sister, was connected by marriage. If there be any truth in the rumour—and nearly all Balzac's biographers have asserted that he left several relics—the newly-discovered romance is a realistic story of Parisian industry, probably appertaining to the *César Birotteau* series.

Before Mr. Sergeant Ballantine left Bombay he was presented with an address by 1,800 natives, who thanked him for his effort to secure justice to the Guicowar. They also gave him a shawl as a token of gratitude. A Sanscrit ode was sent to him by the "Rajkote Association for the promotion of Arya Sanaja," in which he was told that "the word 'Ballantine,' according to Sanscrit, signifies a person possessing mighty strength."

Theodore Gaza said he could witness all the books in the world made into a pile to be burned, and would only rescue one—Plutarch—from the flames. Bacon was of opinion that if you took all the books in existence, you would find them to be only Aristotle, Plato, Euclid, and Ptolemy. Melancthon classed his library under the letter "P," he wished only Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, &c. Archbishop Huet maintained that, excepting historical works, all that had been written since the origin of the world might be contained in ten folio volumes, if the matter had only to be once recorded. Diderot boasted that were he obliged to sell his library, he would keep only Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Richardson.

People often hear of Victor Emmanuel being present at banquets, but no one has ever witnessed the King of Italy eating, save his intimate friends. The reason is said to be this: he has an enormous pair of moustaches—"wild cats" as they are called—each seven inches long. Now it is next to morally impossible to partake of soup, &c., with these impediments, so when his Majesty eats he does so alone, a valet passing under his chin, a thin napkin, which keeps his moustaches in a vertical position towards his temples, instead of the usual horizontal manner. This could not be attempted in public, as ridiculous kills, so Victor Emmanuel enjoys his repasts in private, and sits at banquets leaning on the hilt of his sword.

AMATORY DESIGNS.

A writer in *All the Year Round*, speaking of specimens of the ceramic art, says: "Plates, jugs, or deep saucers, called 'amatorii,' were offered by a cavalier to his lady-love, painted with her name, with the complimentary addition, *Diva or Bella*—as *Cecilia Bella*—*Giulia Diva*. These portraits are less interesting as memorials of dead and gone loves and vows, fragile as the material upon which they are recorded, than as exact records of the costume of the day. Wide latitude seems to have prevailed. One young lady, *Minerva Bella*, at the bottom of a plate, has her hair in multitudinous plaits, and wears a handsome dress with a "low body," while the beautiful *Cecilia*, smiling on a jug, wears her wealth of yellow hair in a few ringlets, looking like a "front," and rolled up in an enormous mass behind as big as the head altogether, and confined by a green ribbon. This young lady, by no means unlovely, is also dressed in a "low body," from which springs the mysterious covering known in America as an "illusion waist," surmounted by a lace ruff, closing round the throat. The lady's name is generally written on a scroll, often oddly disposed. At the South Kensington Museum will be found at the bottom of a dark blue and yellow plateau a picture of a lady who is clearly endeavoring to read her own name on the curly scroll before her. The contraction adopted by the artist has evidently puzzled the fair *Susanna*, who is trying to hunt up the wandering letters. *Svana Bella*, another lady, on a plate of ruby and gold lustre, is looking rather gloomily at the motto inscribed on a ribbon, curling about in front of her. "He who steers his bark well is always in port," may be a sententious maxim, but it has little of the dash of the amorous cavalier. Sometimes, in place of the lady's portrait, was adopted a humbler decoration, somewhat after what I may call the "Valentine" style of art—such as two hands clasped over a fire, and above them a heart pierced with darts. A beautiful specimen of this kind of amatory dish is at South Kensington. The male hand is adorned with a thumb ring, the female with two rings on the second and two on the fourth finger. The heart above them is in ruby lustre, transfixing with three arrows (why three?), and underneath is a fire, the flames in yellow lustre. The border is of rays in golden lustre, between which are flowers in ruby on a white ground, with pale-greyish blue outlines and shading. This may have been an engagement or betrothal plate. At the British Museum are several of these amatories. On one of these *Cupid* is riding on a stick, on another the god is mounted on a bird—the first is a specimen of Gubbio ware, of which middle-aged china-maniacs will recollect a large quantity was bought for the museum at the sale of the Bernard collection. Very much after *St. Valentine* is a design mentioned by *Marryat*, "a heart transfixing with a sword and an arrow, over a burning flame, bedewed by tears falling from two eyes placed above," also these, "a greyhound with a heart in its mouth," and the two following mentioned by *Passeri*. One of these is signed by the famous *Maestro Giorgio Andreoli*—a female head—having beneath *Daniella Diva* and above a wounded heart, with "Oime!" These dishes were not presented empty, but filled with fruit or flowers. Now that a passion has sprung up for costly valentines, perhaps we may live to see this pretty Italian custom revived. It would at least afford the artists of the nineteenth century an opportunity of doing something original, if only in the way of amatory designs.

LA TRIBUNA.

Charles Warren Stoddard describes the *Uffizi* Palace, Florence, and says of the *Tribuna*: It is octagonal; it is hung with dull crimson satin, and adorned with mother of pearl. The sumptuous shrine was erected at a cost of \$100,000, and yet it is no larger than a lady's boudoir. As you open the door you come face to face with the "Venus de Medici," a smallish figure, so delicate in outline and so graceful in pose that one is almost unconscious of its nudity. How different this charming Venus is from the gross, heavy-limbed, vulgar statues that are assembled in the Museum at Naples, where they stand in rows ogling one another with blank eyes. How different this unaffected modesty from the obtruding nakedness of the "Hermaphrodite," reclining in an adjoining saloon. The Venus has on her right hand that famous group, the "Wrestlers," tied up in a double-bow knot of monstrous muscles; on her left the "Knife-grinder" crouches with the lithe grace of a panther. The "Satyr," with his tinkling cymbals, is here also, and the "Apollino," who seems satisfied with himself and all the world. Most of the Apollos look as if they were sufficiently conscious of their own physical perfection, and they would doubtless feel badly treated if it were the custom to drape them. These statues, the imperishable relics of an age that has almost passed out of mind, stand in a circle in front of the pictures that line the walls of the *Tribuna*. It is a pity that *Titian*, *Van Dyke*, *Michael Angelo*, *Raphael*, *Correggio*, and the other masters should be forced to take a back seat in the *Tribuna*, for even color such as theirs seems cold after the fleshy marbles have seized and pierced one's soul, as they are sure to do the moment the *Tribuna* is entered. The art treasures of the world seem to suffer somewhat in comparison with the supreme excellence of the works that are thronged in this little pantheon, and the fame of the crowning glories of creative genius seems to radiate from this shrine as light from the solar centre.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

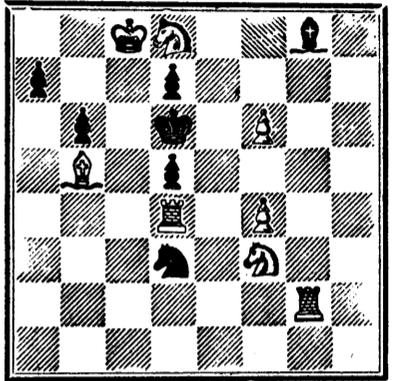
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chess appears to be gaining favour in many parts of the civilized world, although widely apart. The *Australian* reports the close of a match which has excited much interest in that distant land, where, some years ago, cricket, that noble English game, strongly took root. An increase in the interest of Chess in England is plainly evidenced by the fact that the Cambridge Chess Club now numbers over a hundred members.

We should like to know what chance there is of having a good gathering of Canadian Chess players at the next meeting of our Canadian Chess Association to be held in Ottawa this year. We are inclined to believe that Canada will not be behindhand in this matter.

PROBLEM No. 20.

From an English Periodical.—By G. J. Slater.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 18.*
- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K B 7th | 1. R checks |
| 2. Q takes R [ch] | 2. K takes Q or (A) |
| 3. B to K R 2 mate | |
| (A) | 2. K to B 3rd |
| 3. Q to B 5 mate | |
-
- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. B to K B 7th | 1. R to Q Kt 4th |
| 2. K to Q 8th | 2. any move. |
| 3. Q mates | |
-
- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. | 1. K to B 2nd |
| 2. Q takes Kt (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q to Q 8th mate | |
-
- | | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1. | 1. Kt moves |
| 2. Q to K 6th (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q mates | |
- Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 16.*
- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q R takes Q B P | 1. Q takes Kt cr (A) |
| 2. Q R to Q B 6 ch | 2. K to K 4th |
| 3. K R to K 7th mate | |
| (A) | 1. B takes Q R |
2. P to K 5th mate
Black may postpone checkmate by playing the R to Q B sq Ed.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 18.

By M. D'Orville.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K R sq | K at K B 2nd |
| Q at Q B 8th | Q at K 2nd |
| Kt at K 6th | Kt at K R sq |
| Kt at K Kt 4th | Kt at K R 2nd |
| P to K 5th | |
- White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 25th.

The following interesting correspondence game has just been concluded between the clubs of Bristol and Cambridge University. It forms one of a match of two, both of which were won by Cambridge.

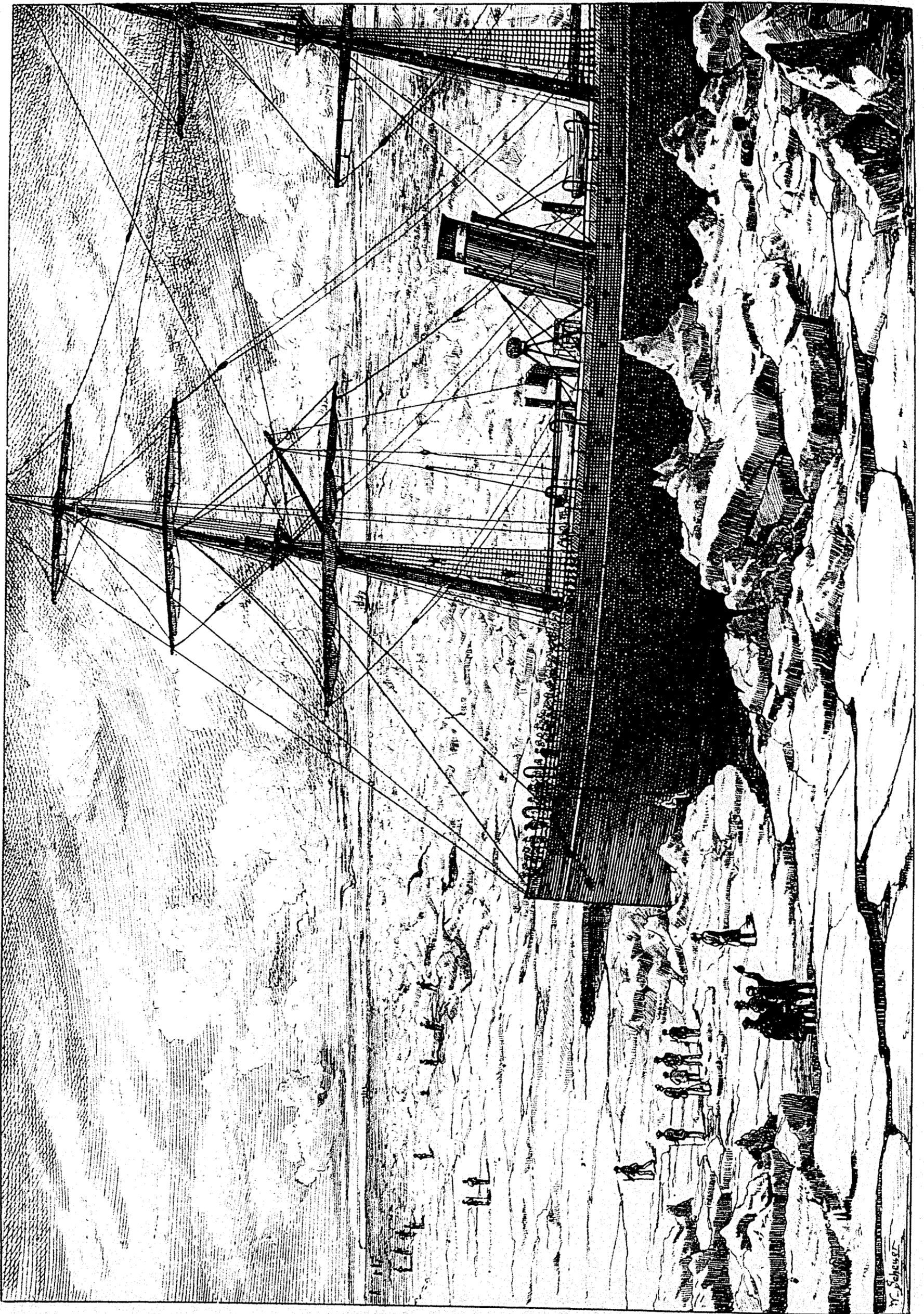
(Ruy Lopez.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE.—(Cambridge.) | BLACK.—(Bristol.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to K B 3rd |
| 5. Castles | Kt takes P [a] |
| 6. P to Q 4th (b) | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 7. B to Q Kt 3rd | P to Q 4th |
| 8. P takes P | B to K 3rd |
| 9. B to K 3rd | B to K 2nd (c) |
| 10. P to Q B 3rd | Castles |
| 11. Q to Q 3rd | P to K B 4th [d] |
| 12. P takes P [en passant] | B takes P |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Kt takes Kt |
| 14. Q takes Kt | Kt to K 4th [e] |
| 15. Kt takes Kt | B takes Kt |
| 16. P to K B 4th | B to K B 3rd |
| 17. P to K Kt 4th | R to Q B sq |
| 18. P to K B 5th | B to K B 2nd |
| 19. P to K Kt 5th | B to K 2nd |
| 20. Q to K Kt 2nd | P to Q B 4th |
| 21. P to K B 6th | B to Q 3rd |
| 22. P takes P | R to K sq [f] |
| 23. P to K Kt 6th | Q B takes P |
| 24. B to K R 6th | |

And Black resigns [g].

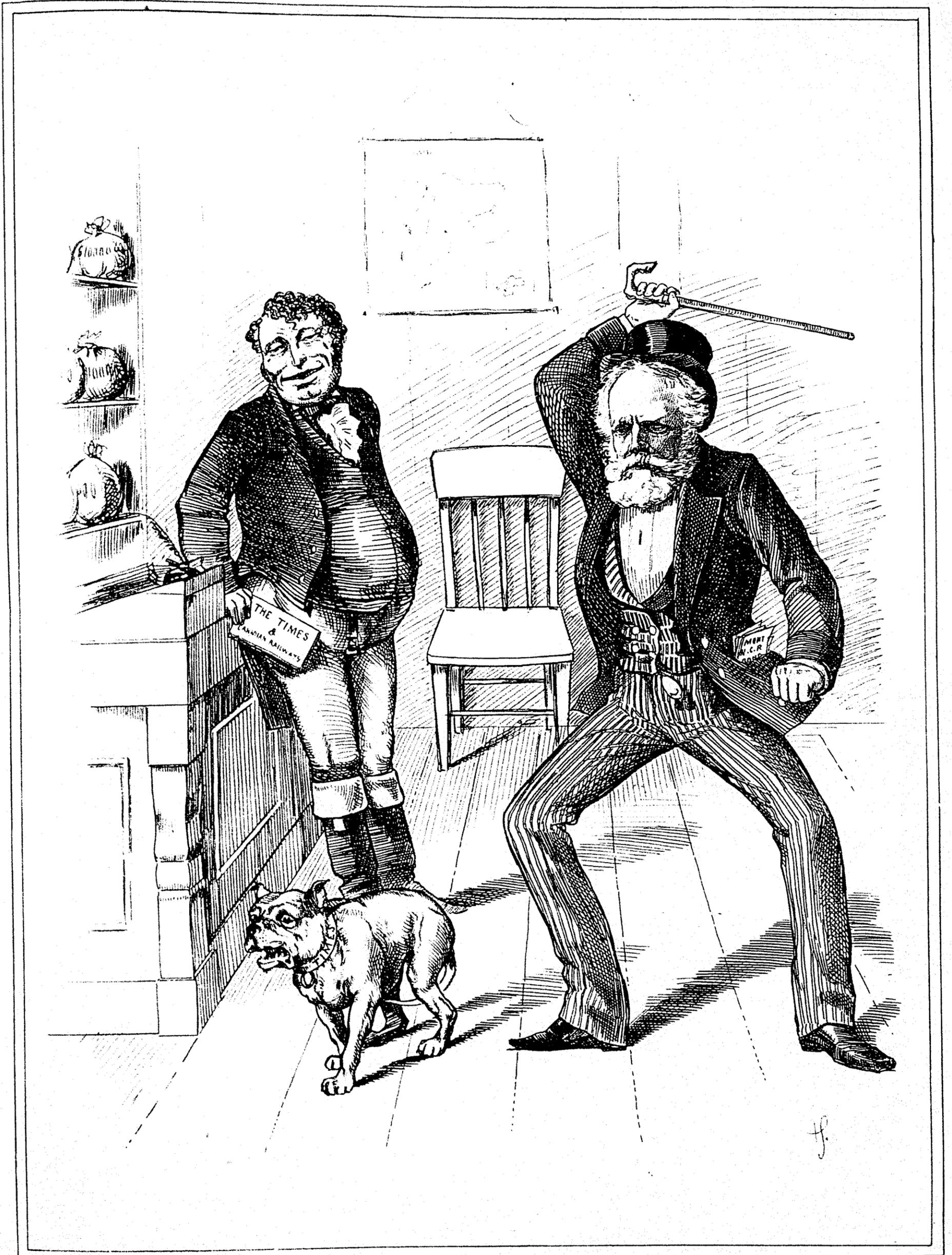
NOTES.

- [a] It is a moot point whether this or B to K second is the best move here. Herr Steinitz prefers taking the Pawn, but it is hardly certain that his preference rests upon sufficient grounds.
- [b] Decidedly weak. Black can now, if he choose, obtain the better position. 6 R to K sq, is White's proper play.
- [c] There can be little doubt that at this stage the second players have a freer and more effective development of their pieces, their Bishops being especially well-placed. Perhaps, however, it would have been better at this stage to have moved Kt to R fourth, with the view of taking off the Bishop. It is generally a disaster for White to lose his K B in the opening.
- [d] Black are making little use of their chances. This advance is very inferior to Kt to Q R fourth.
- [e] Involving immediate trouble. White have now nothing to do but march on with their Pawns.
- [f] Taking the Pawn would have been better.
- [g] A little examination will show that there is no resource.



THE S. S. POLYNESIAN BEING BOUND. FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

W. Schaefer



SIR HUGH ALLAN, AND THE LONDON TIMES.

SIR HUGH :—Excuse me, MR. BULL, if I administer a slight rebuke to this ill-tempered animal ; it will do him good.
MR. BULL :—With all my heart, SIR HUGH ; I rather enjoy it.
(Vide SIR HUGH ALLAN'S Pamphlet recently published in answer to "The Times.")

NOTHING TO DO.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBELL.

A strip of snowiest linen
Half braided and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of threadless needle
Piercing the pattern through;
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her
Blossoms of every hue:
Delicate, odoriferous roses—
The rarest that ever grew;
The vase stands ready, while the sweet little lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as if it would open
At "The Miller's Daughter" for you;
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true;
The harp stands ready—still the sweet little lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind sweep and flutter—
The door wide open flew;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew;
Blushing, already the sweet little lady
Forgets she has nothing to do!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CRAWFORD.

We publish to-day a fine portrait of the late Hon. John Crawford, Lieut. Governor of Ontario whose death took place on the evening of the 13th inst. The deceased was the second son of the late Hon. George Crawford, Senator, and was born in the year, 1817, at Manor Hamilton, Cavan, Ireland. He received his education in Toronto, entered the legal profession, and was called to the Bar in 1839, attaining the rank of Queen's Counsel in 1867. In the general election of 1861 he ran successfully for East Toronto against the Hon. George Brown, who had represented the Division for the four previous years. He sat in the old Canadian Parliament till the general election of 1863, when he was himself defeated by Mr. A. M. Smith. He remained out of public life till the first Dominion election, which took place in 1867, when he contested South Leeds successfully against the Hon. A. N. Richards. At the general election of 1872 he voluntarily retired from South Leeds and sought successfully a new constituency in West Toronto which he represented up to the 5th of November 1873, when he was created the second Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. He was President of the Toronto and Nipissing railway at its inception; was President of the Royal Canadian Bank until he accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship; was President of the Canada Car Co. up to the same period; and was Director of several Building and Savings Societies. He was also Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Battalion Toronto Militia.

The *Mail* says of him: "He filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor, the highest official position in the Province, with infinite credit to himself. Though in his time a politician whose views were well known and settled, he forgot party in the Parliament Buildings and Government House, and aided his Ministers to the utmost of his ability in conducting public affairs." The *Liberal* adds: "The course he has pursued since his elevation to the Lieut.-Governorship has tended very much to raise him, in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and the regret occasioned by his untimely death will be just as sincere on the part of those who were once his political foes, as of those who have looked upon him as one of themselves."

THE FATAL BALLOON ASCENT.

On the 15th of April, the *Zenith* started from the Vilette Gas Works, carrying namely, M. Gaston Tissandier, a well-known aeronaut and editor of the journal *La Nature*, Captain Sivel, a naval officer, who had previously made 151 ascents, and M. Croce-Spinelli, the author of several valuable treatises on aerial navigation. All went well for the first hour and a-half, but in ten minutes, at the altitude of 3½ miles above the earth, the aeronauts began to be distressed, their hands were frozen, and breathing became difficult. Their spirits, however, did not flag; after inhaling a little oxygen they felt better, Captain Sivel threw out some ballast, and the balloon mounted still higher. Suddenly all three became powerless, and fell senseless, M. Tissandier retaining consciousness to the height of a little over five miles. It was then just 1:30 p.m. At 2:3 p.m., M. Tissandier and his companions regained their senses, found the balloon to be rapidly descending, and in order to stay the descent M. Croce-Spinelli threw out quantities of ballast, and an instrument termed the *aspirateur*, which weighed 80 pounds. The balloon once more ascended, and again the occupants became unconscious. At 3:15 p.m., M. Tissandier regained his senses, found the balloon to be descending at a frightful speed, and his two companions lying dead at the bottom of the car, their faces being black and their mouths covered with blood. Rousing himself with difficulty, M. Tissandier managed to cut the anchor adrift, opened the gas valve and after bumping on the earth for some time the balloon was finally caught and held by a tree, the place of descent being Ciron, a village in the Department of Indre. In a letter to the President of the Aerial Navigation Office, M. Tissandier has most graphically described the voyage and his sufferings,

stating that he almost went mad when he discovered his companions to be dead. The cause of the catastrophe is mainly attributed to M. Croce-Spinelli having thrown over so heavy a weight as the *aspirateur*, an error which he doubtlessly committed through loss of presence of mind. The car was sufficiently large to accommodate twelve persons, and was fitted as a complete laboratory, with every kind of instrument likely to be wanted, including numerous thermometers, barometers, Davy lamps, and respiratory apparatuses to enable the aeronauts to breathe in the higher altitudes. As we have mentioned, the highest altitude noticed by M. Tissandier was about 5½ miles, but the sealed barometers which have been sent to the Aerial Society will give the highest point reached. It may be remarked that Mr. Coxwell in his famous ascent with Mr. Glaisher attained an altitude of over 7 miles, and then possessed just sufficient strength to open the gas valve with his teeth. Captain Sivel was thirty-eight years of age, and though a widower has left a little girl. M. Croce-Spinelli, who was only thirty-one, was the sole support of his aged father. Curiously enough, M. Tissandier, the survivor, was the oldest and least robust of the three.

THE POLYNESIAN ICE-BOUND.

The SS. "Polynesian", from Liverpool to Quebec on 15th April, experienced much difficulty in reaching her destination. After a good run to Merville, she left there at 6 p.m., on Friday the 16th, did well for two days, but had head winds afterwards. On the 23rd saw some very large icebergs and went as far south as 42° to avoid danger. On Sunday afternoon, the 25th, the western end of Newfoundland was sighted, and a canon fired at Port on Basque, to signal arrival in Canadian waters. Cape Ray was seen afterwards, passed at good speed and with a fair wind, and the passengers were looking forward to being in Quebec by Tuesday evening, but about 10 o'clock very heavy gulf ice was encountered. At noon on Tuesday the log showed only 37 miles run in the previous 24 hours and no further progress could be made. Nothing but an immense field of heavy unbroken ice could be seen from the mast head. On examining the screw one blade was found to be broken off and another damaged, rendering extreme caution necessary to avoid total disability. The vessel lay drifting with the ice until noon on Thursday May 6th. The ice was still very thick, but much broken, after several stoppages clear water was reached about 7 o'clock. Several fields of ice, and a heavy fog in the St. Lawrence was afterwards met with, and Quebec reached Sunday morning the 9th May, 24 days from Liverpool.

While imprisoned in the Gulf ice numerous devices were adopted by the passengers to kill time. Many ventured on the ice for miles, but all who did so had to pay the penalty of being "ducked" before being hauled on the ship again, causing much laughter on the part of the hundreds looking on, but probably a different feeling among the unfortunate sufferers. (See Illustration.) Two lads, passengers on the steerage, at dusk were found to be several miles from the ship, and it was thought that a break in the sea had cut them off. A rescue party of two officers of the ship and several sailors left about half past seven with lanterns, ropes, ladders and life buoys and returned about half past twelve having successfully accomplished their purpose, after several narrow escapes and much danger. A liberal subscription was subsequently raised among the cabin passengers for the benefit of the gallant rescue party.

Two steamships supposed to be the "Dominion" and "Lake Champlain" could be seen in the distance also fast in the sea.

T. W. B.
SS. "Polynesian" 9th May 1875.

"SANS GENE."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Those who imagine that women are only capable of distinguishing themselves in the arts of peace, and that while displacing men in medicine and at the bar they will be obliged to leave military pursuits to the coarser sex, should read the account of women who have served in the French Army, published in a recent number of the *Revue Illustrée des Deux Mondes*. The most remarkable of these heroines were Therese Sutter, who distinguished not more for bravery than for her freedom of speech, received from the First Consul the flattering nickname of "Sans-gène." The volubility and emphasis with which she "apostrophized" Napoleon at the siege of Toulon made such an impression on the great chief that he reminded her of it years afterwards, when he was Emperor and she still a dragoon. Indeed the ready command of invective for which Therese Sutter was famous throughout her career would seem to suggest that nature had intended her to wear the robe of the advocate rather than the uniform of the soldier. But she was as skilful and daring in the use of the sword as in that of her own sharp tongue; for which reason, when the Committee of Public Safety published a decree banishing women from the armies of the republic, a special exception was made in favor of Therese. After five years' service she retired from the army with a pension of 200 francs, but the monotony of a peaceful existence told severely on her. She became once more a dragoon, and from 1805 to 1810 served with her regiment in Spain. In 1810 she was taken prisoner by guerillas and sent to Lisbon, whence she made her way back, through England, to France. She was present at Waterloo, and did not retire for good until after the Restoration.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)
WISPS FROM BEECHWOOD.

BY F. E. K.

You will find the subject of this short discourse, dear readers, in the first chapter of the book of May, on the first sunny mound or mossy bank you encounter in your spring wanderings. 'Tis violets. Nay smile not at so simple a test. Think you that that tiny flower has naught to unchain our thoughts? Look at the delicate stem: those tiny velvet leaves with their rare rich coloring. See'st thou not God's finger there; and, in those quivering golden tipped petals behold His handiwork. Aye, and like a magician it casts a charm over our hearts, till the immortal spirit is drawn nearer to the maker of all. Who has not, when the winter has passed and taken away its icy arms, the chill and snow, and warm sunshine and gentle winds try to reign in their first spring wandering, when budding grasses and leaves have scarcely started, has not beheld looking up at his feet a little eyed violet? And as it casts a smiling glance at you, have you not gazed upon the sweet wonderful beauty of the flower, and your lips quivered, your eyes filled, and your heart strained with grateful emotions, all awakened by that frail flower? Ah! yes, little violet, many are the drops of happiness folded in thy tiny cups! many the words of instruction given in thy mute language. Who has not seen a little child escaped from watchfulness, creep out and rest its curly head on the cool sweet grass, and, as it plays with the bright mosses, it beholds a roving violet and as it pulls apart the delicate leaves, the wondering glances almost express the child's thought, its spirit waking up to enquire for the mother of such beauty. Again, why that rising blush on the maiden's cheek, why the glad sparkle in her eye. 'Tis only a little bunch of violets which she clasps so tightly, but, we were not permitted to read the note accompanying them. She only knows whose hand culled those flowers, each blossom whispers some loving word. Yes, Cupid knows well the value of violets, and often chooses them for arrows. The air is hot and oppressive in the sick room, and fever is burning the brow of the moaning invalid, the lips are parched and feverish, and how long seem the weary days and nights. The door is pushed gently open and a kind hand lays on the pillow a cluster of sweet dewy violets, sent with the thoughtful love of a friend. And are not those violets cherished, do they not speak to the sick one, of bright sunshine, of cool retreats, of refreshing winds, grassy fields, and singing birds, how they cheer the hours, and give new hope of life and health.

But shall I dwell longer on these little sunny spirits? Have I not said enough to wake us all to love, and thank God for violets.

THE FASHIONS.

FIGURE 1.—Costume with body and striped tunic of azure blue with blue and brown squares. The opening of the tunic is closed with a sack under which the skirt can be tucked up. Collette and sleeves of smooth material.

FIGURE 2.—Costume with train. Woollen stuff either of light or of dark colour. The sleeves can be bordered with a narrow trimming of squares.

FIGURE 3.—Summer-mantle for little girls. Material, grey light stuff, such as used for summer-dress, with grey taffetas and buttons covered with the same.

FIGURE 4.—Costume with coat tunic. Grey woollen stuff of both sombre and light hues. Trimmings of corresponding material with squares.

FIGURE 5.—Costume with tunic and stand-up collar. Material, grey and black woollen stuff. It makes an excellent promenade dress.

MODE DRESSES.

A Paris correspondent writes: The Bon Marché has recently had an exhibition of mode dresses. The vast show-rooms of the silk department presented the curious and novel spectacle of a procession of gorgeously attired though headless dames. Some of these toilets were excessively pretty, while others were rather too showy for perfect good taste. In this category must be placed a brilliant dress of poppy-red silk, trimmed with scarfs and drapery of white surah. An olive-green dress trimmed with folds of plaid in white and olive green was very striking. A tunic and saque in ecru lace over a richly trimmed skirt of palest rose-pink, and caught up behind with large pale pink bows, was one of the prettiest dresses exhibited. Some of these toilets were finished out to the minutest details, even to the sun-umbrella suspended by a chain from the waist-belt. The most daring combination of color I have yet seen is a scarf of deep poppy-red worn with a dark plum-colored satin. The effect, though startling was admirable, but in mingling two such showy and widely contrasting colors the utmost care is necessary in selecting the tints that exactly correspond in tone.

Moderate rates of premiums, so balanced as to meet contingencies, fair appreciation of damages, prompt settlement of incurred losses, entire independence from any rating of risks; such are the advantages, the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, relies upon, to secure part of the insuring business of the commercial community.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes: When in town, M. Hugo usually receives on Thursday evening. He lives *au troisième*, in an elegant apartment on the Boulevard de Clichy. An unpretending servant admits the visitors from the landing into a small antechamber, thence into a neat room where bottles and glasses, destined for simple refreshments, are spread on the table; and thence, pushing aside the tapestry, into the main *salon*, where the old gentleman sits on a comfortable fauteuil. An elderly lady, of charming manners, who is a friend of the family, usually assists at the receptions, and, with the traditional French grace, soon makes the foreign visitor quite at home. During the evening there is quite a distinguished company of poets, authors, artists, deputies to the Assembly, and beautiful ladies, and by half-past eleven or twelve the reception is over. Hugo rose with difficulty to greet us, but after he had been talking a few minutes I saw with pleasure that there was very little trace of age in his voice or his face. Now and then he lifted his head with that majestic frown which has been so well portrayed in some of his portraits, and then he seemed scarcely forty. It is the custom at the receptions among French visitors, and especially those of his own guild, to address him as "Dear Master," to which he has become so wont that when addressed as M. Hugo he is almost inclined to stare. I found him as usual much interested in American affairs; anxious and willing to undertake a journey, which, unlike most Frenchmen, he does not at all fear on account of sea-sickness, and which he would certainly do were he not, in his own words, "such an old man, with so much to do!" He sighed wearily as he said this, doubtless regretting, as all regret, when they arrive at old age, that life is so short and art so long. He did not seem fully aware of the extent of his American reputation, and was evidently pleased when the universal recognition which he has received was explained to him. That which he seemed to take most interest in was a few words about Harper's Ferry and Charlestown in West Virginia, places of which he begged me to give him a minute account. He also asked me a good deal concerning John Brown and his family, and then entered with much interest into a discussion among the deputies and some few journalists on the condition of affairs in the Southern States, and Louisiana more especially. I asked him if he had intended that the work on "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" should be a trilogy, as had been intimated, or whether the number which has already appeared was complete in itself. He answered that he had merely intended to paint the great year of history, and said modestly, "In the first volume I have endeavoured to give some idea of the civil war in '93; perhaps I may take up other phases, if I have time; but each volume will in any case be complete in itself."

LITERARY.

MISS CUNNINGHAM, the sole surviving sister of Allan Cunningham, died lately, at the age of eighty-two.

DARWIN has finished his work on "Insectivorous Plants," and the manuscript is in the printer's hands.

THE ex-Tycoon of Japan has contributed 2,000 yen and 1,000 works, consisting of many thousands of volumes, towards the formation of a national library.

A METRICAL translation will shortly be published of the poem entitled "The Demon," one of the chief productions of the celebrated Russian poet, Lermontof.

A FRENCH translation, in verse, of Goethe's "Faust" is about to appear from the pen of M. Marc-Monnier, the witty author of the "Théâtre des Marionnettes."

VICTOR HUGO has left Paris to spend a few weeks at Guernsey where he will put the finishing touch to a new volume of poems entitled "Les Francs et les Germains."

THE satire "New Paganism," by Dryden Minor, has appeared. The poem is marked by great vigour, and is full of pointed and happy lines. The lash is laid on unsparringly, and toleration is evidently not the failing of the Roman Catholic writer.

IN collecting materials for the life of John Locke, on which he has been engaged for some time past, R. Fox-Bourne has come across several of the philosopher's indited writings. They deal chiefly with free thought in religion, and will probably be included in the biography which is about to appear.

GEORGE HERWEGH, the poet, whose political songs had once stirred the German nation, died at Baden-Baden lately. During the German Revolution, when Friedrich Hecker, Gustav Von Struve, Karl Blind, and others, raised the democratic banner, Herwegh also appeared for a short time with a revolutionary legion in the Black Forest.

EVERY historical student will be glad to hear that the English Government now employs an agent in Rome to collect materials for English history from the secret archives of the Vatican. When the request was first made to the Pope to permit the investigation, his Holiness liberally promised every assistance in his power. Owing to the exertions made by Cardinal Manning on his recent visit to Rome, Protestant England owes a privilege never before enjoyed by any nation to a Roman Catholic dignitary.

HOLMES'S "Authorship of Shakespere," with an appendix of nearly one hundred pages, is about to be reprinted. Judge Holmes's book is the most weighty presentation of the argument for Bacon on the question of authorship which has yet appeared, and it is full of curious information interesting to all in whatever sense the question is looked upon. The appendix contains, besides such confirmatory matter, an interesting correspondence between Judge Holmes and Mr. Spedding, the English editor of Bacon's works. This is the more noteworthy since Mr. Spedding strongly combats Bacon's claims and presents a clear summary of the argument against them.

TIMOTHEE TRIMM.

In M. Napoléon (or Léo) Lespés, better known as Timothée Trimm, Parisian journalism has lost not indeed a great writer, but one of extraordinary sprightliness and versatility. M. Lespés also possessed that rare gift which consists in choosing subjects to hit the popular taste, or rather in taking advantage of the topics which every day brings forth but which few writers are diligent enough diurnally to master. He was a devotee of *actualités*. During ten years he performed the task, of which newspaper writers alone can comprehend the difficulty, of writing regularly every morning a *chronique* three columns long on the leading events of the day: and, what is more, he did this in such wise as to make of these *chroniques* the most attractive feature of his paper. Where lay his secret?—for erudition he had none. He borrowed enormously from books of reference, anecdotal dictionaries and files of deceased newspapers; but no body ever accused him of plagiarism, because he served up the fruits of his hasty reading with a garnishing of remarks all his own; and though he had a wondrous knack for eking out his "copy" by means of large type, short lines, and broad spaces, he could by no means be called a "penny-a-liner," for he never dragged in phrases for the mere sake of padding. His style was conversational, pungent, and funny. He always went straight to the point, arrested the reader's attention at the first line, and carried him on easily to a finish, which always seemed to come too soon. Timothée Trimm was born at Bouchain in 1815, enlisted at twenty, and after carrying the knapsack for seven years, climbed into literature by its steepest side. He had no patrons, and, as he ruefully confessed it, not quite orthography enough to commend his contributions to editors at first sight. He ate "mad cow," as they say over the Channel; became reporter, runner, editorial drudge; but by keeping his wits about him, gradually picked up the education which he had lacked, and in due time was enabled to write short tales and sketches, one of which, containing a compliment to some personage connected with wine-growing, procured him a present of a bottle of Johannisberg, which proved the most important gift he ever received in his life. One should have heard him tell the story of this wondrous bottle, which came to him covered with cobwebs, and pasted certificates proving the many princely cellars through which it had passed. It was so glorious a bottle that Léo Lespés hired a square foot of cellar to keep it in, and there it lay for three years, its owner dreaming of it with emotion, and resolving it should never be profaned by a corkscrew till he became a millionaire—a prospect then more than remote. One day, however, poverty having knocked hard at the journalist's door, and there being absolutely nothing in his pockets to buy dinner with, he bethought him of his bottle, fancying that its golden liquor might perhaps send sunny thoughts into his head, and inspire him with one of those "ideas" which make the fortune of an author. Not without great reluctance was the precious flask brought up, and with a pathetic sigh the cork was drawn; but, lo! no sooner had the wine touched Lespés' lips than he recognized it as having become vapid from age and not worth a rap. The silent anguish of the half-hour that followed this discovery was fearful; but, for all this, the wine, bad as it was, begot the "idea" that Lespés was seeking. Gently pouring back the contents of his glass into the bottle, the journalist replaced the cork, collected the chips of sealing wax, melted them and spread them over the top, which he then carefully rubbed in the cinders of the grate; and, all this done, he sat down and wrote as follows to the poet Lamartine, then, 1848, Minister for Foreign Affairs:—
Citizen,—Your last manifesto to the Foreign Powers, couched in terms of the most exalted patriotism, has filled my heart with admiring emotion. I am but a poor journalist, but I cannot resist the temptation of offering you the only treasure in my possession—the accompanying bottle of wine, which I am told was made to enliven the tables of those who wear crowns of gold or laurel." Lamartine invited Léo Lespés to dinner, and graciously told him that his Johannisberg was the most delicious he had ever tasted. Soon afterwards the poet gave the journalist a more practical proof of his gratitude, in the shape of an appointment to go and report on the condition of a distressed wine-growing district in Burgundy. This put Léo Lespés' foot in the stirrup, and from this time he cantered on briskly enough to fortune and success till he met with Moise Millaud, the founder of the *Petit Journal*, who selected him to write the *chroniques* above-mentioned at a salary of £2,000 a year. By-and-by M. Dalloy, of the *Petit Moniteur*, came, and outbid M. Millaud by offering Timothée Trimm £4,000. The war and siege of Paris put an end to this engagement, and also indirectly brought about the death of Timothée Trimm, by subjecting him to dietary privations, which developed the germs of a disease from which he was beginning to suffer.
In personal appearance, tastes, and manners, Timothée Trimm was a thorough Bohemian—fat, jolly, and bluff, with a laugh that filled a room and seemed to clear the air around him. At the full tide of his fortunes he wore a velvet coat and waistcoat, very loud pantaloons, scarlet satin neckties, and a profusion of massive jewellery. He was a prodigious eater and a refined gourmet, sharing his high gastronomic reputation with M.M. Charles Monselet and Eugène Chavette, who both happily survive him. He was also as recklessly generous a spendthrift as Alexandre Dumas, and, even when money flowed prosperously towards him, continually found himself in

straits, from which he was often found to emerge by devices which stamped him as a practical joker of rare order. A tradesman having long-dunned him for a bill, Lespés one day wrote in dejected terms appointing an interview for the morrow, and mysteriously promising that payment should be effected "at no matter what sacrifice of personal dignity." The tradesman on calling at the hour fixed found Lespés sitting in a room stripped of its furniture, and clad in nothing but a pair of bathing drawers. "I have parted with my most indispensable garments to do honour to my obligations," said Lespés, handing him a heap of bank-notes, "and now all I ask is that you give me your arm for a walk down the Boulevards in order to prove that you think me an honest man."

A NEW PICTURE.

Anne Brewster writes to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* from Rome: The celebrated Roman painter, Vannutelli, has just finished a superb picture for Governor Morgan, of New York. I hope his Excellency will allow it to be placed in the Centennial Art Exposition. Some years ago Vannutelli sent a picture to the Paris Exposition which resembled this one of Governor Morgan's. It made a great talk and great reputation for the artist. The Princess Mathilde bought it. The name of the picture is "Un Intrigue sotto de Procurative"—an intrigue during the period of the Venetian republic. Governor Morgan's picture is larger and more effective than the one owned by the Princess Mathilde; it gives more of the architecture of the beautiful Venetian palace, and the whole of the fine Judgment Column, as it is called. The scene represents a gay Venetian crowd of the Sei Cento period, passing in and out, or standing in groups under the palace arcades. Some are masked, as was the custom of the day, and the costumes are those superb ones of that epoch in Venice. At some distance from the crowd, on the left, is a person who stands apart. He is the tragic tone in the picture. He is in a black domino and mask, and is watching a gayly dressed, handsome young woman, who is also masked, and who, accompanied by a female friend or companion, is passing out from one of the centre arcades. A dashing young Venetian gallant has started to follow after her, and is trying to attract her attention. The *gentile veneziana mascherata* is aware of his intention, and she falters in her step, although her back is turned from him. The two are evidently persons of note, for several men and women in different parts of the crowd are observing them. The *domino nero* is either a jealous lover or a watchful husband; his dark disguise and position are at once mysterious and dramatic. But the great merit of the picture lies in its coloring and action. The brilliant crowd is moving visibly before you; you hear the rustling of the silk brocades and the soft flapping of feathers; the slight jangle of the cavaliers' small swords and ornaments, and the rich roll of velvet draperies, luxurious stuffs, flashing jewels, gold embroideries, vivid colors flash out on the canvas. The historical pigeons are there also, sweeping up in pairs in swift flight one chasing the other across the beautiful arcades; others huddled together down on the stones in a soft, feathery, fiery mass nuturing and cooing over some of them. Then delicious violet-gray plumage forms a refreshing harmony when united with the rich colors of the costumes of the human crowd. The whole scene is full of life and light and joy; transparent, exquisite coloring; free grouping; masterly execution. You forget the small space of canvas in front of you; you seem to be in the broad Piazza with the fine historical arcades in front of you, and the gay, pleasure-loving crowd is passing to and fro before you—the crowd which was painted by the Veronese, the Palama, Bassano, Tintoretto, Pordenone, and the great master of them all Titian. The gay crimson velvet-draped woman may be Lucrezia Borgia; but we must not think any harm of her now, since Gregorovius has rehabilitated her; she never was a sinner, or at least after she was a Ferrara Duchess; she was a model woman, according to the German historian's story. Whoever the pretty coquette in the picture may be, she is just the sort of woman one imagines when one reads of the "happy blondes of Paul Veronese." The *Domino Noir*, too, is a necessary accessory; he gives the picture just the requisite dash of jealousy and mystery.

FASHIONS CHANGES.

A Paris correspondent says: Fashion has crept into even the minutest details of a lady's toilet, and it is decreed that the simple Balbriggan stocking, whose claims to attention were merely its fineness, its durability, and its elasticity, is to be replaced by a crowd of new inventions in the hosiery line. The counter devoted to stockings in the large shops here is now as radiant with color as is that which is given up to ribbons and neckties. Striped, embroidered, open-worked, blue, pink, yellow, violet, scarlet, every shade, in short, save white. The long line of shelves looks like the *avant garde* of a bodiless *corps de ballet*. It is the mode now to wear a stocking that matches the dress; thus if the toilet be in two shades the stocking is striped to correspond. The last style in embroidered stockings is to have a garland winding round and round the leg. Stockings which are half dark and half light should have the foot and ankle of the darker shade. They are usually made in different shades of the same color, but sometimes a contrast is used; thus the lower part may be of pearl grey and the upper of peach

color. In stripes scarlet and peach color, violet and lilac, black and pink, and other pretty contrasting shades are worn. The open-worked stockings are fine as lace, and in as delicate and dainty patterns. To better display all this luxury of hosiery ladies' boots are now cut across the front to simulate straps, and slippers are held in place by three straps adorned with buckles or with bows. The pointed American shape is beginning to replace the broad, square toe, up to this time adopted for ladies' boots by French shoemakers. Handkerchiefs are coming into vogue again as visible portions of a lady's toilet. The corner is suffered to peep out from the little side pocket or the escarcella; it may be either of batiste or of foulard, with a colored hem or with colored blocks at the corners, and marked with a fac-simile of the wearer's signature or else with her arms or monogram. The latest style for full dresses is of finest cambric, edged with five rows of narrow Valenciennes, or else richly embroidered and bordered with a single row of wide Valenciennes put on like a flounce. In parasols the latest mode decrees a black silk covering, lined with pink, blue, or straw color to suit the costume; at one side a single spray of flowers is embroidered, which must match the flowers on the wearer's bonnet. White parasols, all purely, spotlessly white, both handle and covering, are sometimes seen. Others are embroidered with stars of brownish steel, which new tint is called Sphinx color. These new ornaments glitter very effectively in the sunshine. In letter-paper the monogram has been replaced by the tiny devices stamped on the left-hand corner of the sheet, and each having its special signification. Thus, a carrier-pigeon means answer quickly; a swallow, return; a fly, do not count on me; a key, I expect you; an opened envelope, the secret is discovered; an imp stirring a boiling saucepan, I renounce love, &c. If this style becomes a general one stationers will be forced to sell a card of explanation with each quire of paper.

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

The United States Bureau of Statistics, getting its information from reliable sources, furnishes the following interesting facts and figures on the above subject:
The aggregate population of the earth is 1,391,032,000, Asia being the most populous section, and containing 798,000,900; while Europe has 300,500,000; Africa, 203,000,000; America, 84,500,000, and Australia and Polynesia, 4,500,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71,000,000; the German Empire, 41,000,000; France, 36,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 32,000,000; Italy, nearly 27,000,000; Spain, 16,500,000, and Turkey, nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed over 5,000,000 each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000; Hindostan, with 240,000,000; Japan, 33,000,000; the East India Island, 30,500,000; Burman, Siam and farther India nearly 26,000,000; Turkey, 13,500,000, and Russia, 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian Islands, at 2,763,500 New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa, the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central Africa region, 39,000,000; South Africa, 20,250,000; the Gala country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000; Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000, and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America, two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000; Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British Provinces, 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at 52,000,000, and of South America 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West Indies have over 4,000,000, and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000. According to these tables, London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, whilst Philadelphia, 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870) is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China) 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Peking, 1,300,000; Tschantschau fu, 1,000,000; Hangtaifu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Sangnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 884,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hankau 800,000; Tschintufu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio Yeddo, 674,447, and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are: St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 594,936; Liverpool, 493,405, and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

SPRING FASHIONS.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* says: We have all got neuralgia in our shoulders from wearing spring clothes, and many new dresses are supplemented across the backs by porous plasters, and next to a vest front a mustard poultice is generally most worn. Young ladies alternate between a necklace for street wear and a flannel rag for the house. Diamonds are worn in the ears with much affect abroad, but a lock of cotton and a little roast onion is the usual adornment at home. Pearl powder is applied to the shoulders for full dress, but camphorated oil and hartshorn liniment are considered very pretty also by the sufferers. I notice silk stockings, with colored clockings, are the things for low-lashed shoes, but pairs of hot mustard water and warm bricks are also much worn on the feet.

THE MODERN ATHENIAN.

A recent traveller in Greece writes thus of the modern Athens:—"The modern Athenian of today reminds one far more of the ancient Athenian than the Roman of to-day does of his progenitor. He is vivacious, polite, independent, proud of his origin, and full of aspiration. The people which moulded its independence in such furnaces as the Greeks passed through half a century ago has a future as well as a past. Since that time Athens has grown from 10,000 to 45,000. All newer houses are substantial and fresh in appearance, built of limestone or Pentelic marble. The king's palace is located with the true Athenian genius for site-choosing, so as to crown the highest spot in the city—hills, of course, excepted. Back of and around it is the royal park, a thick forest-grove, intertwined with paths undergrown with red and white roses, and ever voiceful with the singing of the nightingale. Quite possibly a few more years of the sway of Periclean memory will restore to the street corners of Athens the dialect of Thucydides, only wearing the harness and drawing the vehicle of nineteenth century thought. The leadership of this remembered past is also seen in the revival of art. Not that they have yet achieved much, even in copy, and less in creation. They have been too busy hedging about their liberties, resurrecting their commerce, perfecting their schools, and dreaming out railway schemes. Like the crafty Ulysses of old, they are first practical, then sentimental. So with the present Athens. But it sacredly guards the Acropolis and its other ruins, and is just beginning to sculpture and paint for itself. There remains the same ether halting every beauty, and inviting it where it is not; the same climate, rainless from June to October, and bathing the spirit in a ceaseless soft delirium; the same deep wealth of whiteness in the side of marble-ribbed Pentelicon.

HUMOROUS.

WHY is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.
A man lately sent his wife, wrapped up in her baby, from York to London.
A YOUNG lady who had no time to spare in making garments for the poor, has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.
THERE is a man in New York whose memory is so short that it only reaches his knees. In consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.
WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.
A CALIFORNIAN'S matrimonial advertisement winds up as follows:—"Fortune no object, but should require the gal's relations to deposit £300 with me, as security for her good behaviour."
WHEN Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The new opera by Signor Lucca Fumagelli, "Luigi XI." has been successfully produced in Florence. Signor Pellegrini's new opera, "Soomburga," has also met with favour at Brescia.
MR. MAPLESON, having already secured a promise from Signor Verdi, has applied to M. Gounod and to M. Ambroise Thomas, to compose operas for the New National Opera House to be erected on the Thames Embankment for the season of 1876.
The directors of the Mozart Institution of Salzburg are about to publish a complete and uniform edition of the great composer's works, including all which exist at present only in manuscript. The edition is to be uniform with those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.
"MARTHA" alone, of all of Flotow's operas, excepting "Stradella" and "L'Ombre," has survived to the present day. "Martha" was composed for and sung by Anna Zerr, one of the most extraordinary voices with three full octaves; Therese Schwartz, a splendid actress, with a rich contralto; the tenor Erl, and Carl Fornes, who was then in the prime of his career.

REPRINTS OF STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

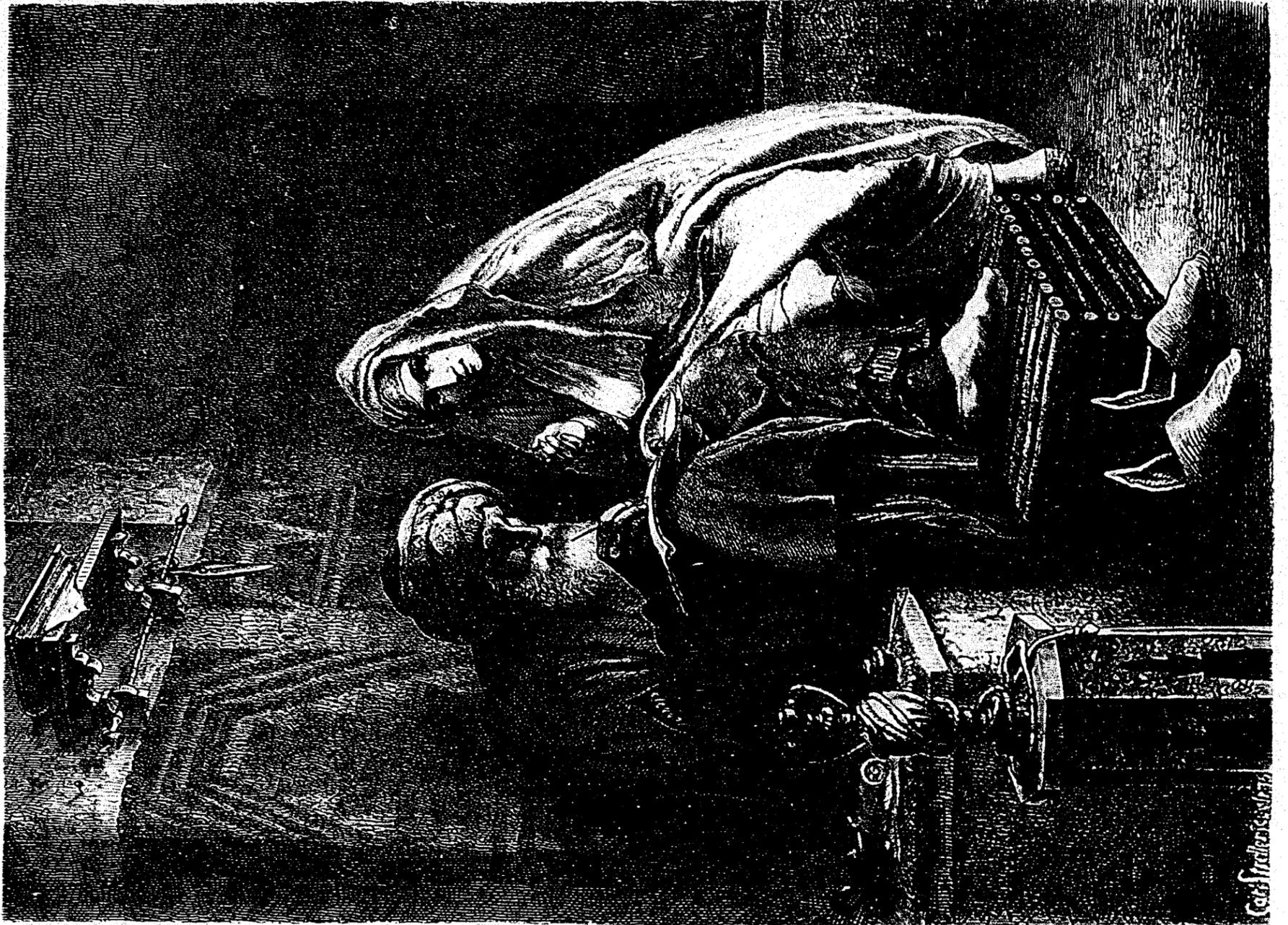
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THE TUNISIAN PUBLIC LETTER WRITER.



THE LUNCH



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.



FIG.

THE FASHIONS.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

VI

The old town-hall, with its bell-tower, its large open windows under the clock, its arched entrance, through which the villages poured one after the other, sounded from top to bottom like a drum. At a distance it resembled an ant's hill. The Baraquins passed before the people from Lutzelbourg; they were between the old cistern and the grand staircase. Maitre Jean, Valentine, my father, and myself walked in front; but the others, those from Vilschberg, not having given all their votes, we had to wait on the steps some time; how every man's heart beat then when he reflected on what he was about to do! Behind us, under the old elms, after the cries of "Vive notre bon roi!" I heard a clear voice, a voice we all recognised, that of little Margaret Chauvel, who was crying, like the almanack-sellers—

"What is the Third Estate? by M. l'Abbé Siéyes; buy What is the Third Estate? Assemblies of the Bailiwicks, of Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans; who will buy The Assemblies of the Bailiwicks?"

I turned to Maitre Jean and said, "Do you hear little Margaret?"

"Yes, I have heard her a long time," said he. "What good people these Chauvels are! They may well boast of having done good to their country. You should go and tell Margaret to send her father here. He cannot be far off; he will be pleased to hear himself named."

Elbowing my way, I pushed through the crowd to the top of the steps of the town-hall, and I perceived Margaret selling her books, with her basket on a bench in the place under the elms. One can hardly fancy anything like the little rogue, catching the peasants by the sleeve, and talking to them in German and French. Her sale was at its height; and for the first time the brightness of her black eyes astonished me, in spite of the thousand other ideas which occupied my mind. I stepped down towards the bench, and as I went up Margaret caught me by the jacket, crying—

"Sir! sir! What is the Third Estate? Just look at What is the Third Estate? of M. Abbé Siéyes, for six liards."

Then I spoke to her.

"Don't you recognise me, Margaret?"

"Why it is Michel!" said she, letting me go and laughing.

She wiped the perspiration which ran down her brown cheeks, and threw her long black hair all loose on the back of her neck. We were both surprised to find ourselves there.

"How you do work, Margaret! what pains you are taking!" said I.

"Yes," said she, "this is the great day—we must go on selling," and pointing to the bottom of her petticoat, and to her little feet, covered with mud, "Look what a state I am in; we have walked since six yesterday evening; we came from Luneville with fifty dozen of the Third Estate, and we have been selling them all the morning till now! Look here, we have only ten or twelve dozen left."

She looked quite proud of it, and I still held her hand in surprise.

"And where is your father?" said I.

"I don't know; somewhere in the town—about the inns. We shall sell every one of these Third Estates. I am sure he has already sold all his copies."

Then suddenly drawing her little hand back—"Go," said she, "the Baraquins are going into the Hôtel de Ville."

"But I am not twenty-five, Margaret, and I have no vote."

"It is all the same; we are losing time chattering here."

And then she began selling again,

"Here, gentlemen, the Third Estate, the Third Estate."

I went away astonished. I had always seen Margaret by her father's side, and now she appeared quite another person. I wondered at her courage. I thought to myself, "She would get out of a scrape better than you, Michel."

And even in the crowd, on the balcony, after having rejoined Maitre Jean, I kept thinking of it.

"Well?" said he, as soon as I reached him. "Margaret is by herself in the square; her father is somewhere in the town with his books."

At that moment we were going down from the balcony into the great corridor, which led to the prévôt's audience-hall. The Baraquins' turn had come; and as it was necessary to vote out loud, before entering the hall, we could easily hear the voting.

"Maitre Jean Leroux! Mathurin Chauvel! Maitre Jean Leroux! Mathurin Chauvel! Maitre Jean Leroux! Chauvel!"

Maitre Jean, with a very red face, said to me—

"What a pity Chauvel is not here! how pleased he would be!"

I turned round and saw Chauvel behind me, quite astonished at what he heard.

"You have done this?" said he to Maitre Jean.

"Yes," said the godfather, very well pleased.

"From you I am not surprised at this," said Chauvel, shaking hands with him; "I have known so long what you are. What surprises and delights me is to hear Catholics name a Calvinist. The people are laying aside their old superstitions; they will gain the day!"

We moved gently forward, and we turned two by two to enter the great hall. Directly afterwards, above the crowd, with their hats off, we perceived M. the Prévôt Schneider, in a black coat, edged with white, a cap in his hand, and a sword by his side. The echevins and syndics in black coats, a black scarf round the neck, were sitting one step lower. Behind, against the wall, was the large crucifix.

That is all I can remember.

The names of Jean Leroux and Mathurin Chauvel followed like the beat of a clock. The first who said "Nicolas Letumier and Chauvel," was Maitre Jean himself. He was recognised in consequence, and the prévôt smiled. The second who voted for Jean Leroux and Letumier was Chauvel; he was consequently recognised also; but M. le Prévôt had known him for a long while, and he did not smile at his name. The lieutenant, Desjardins, indeed, whispered to him as he leaned over to him.

I had already turned to the right, having no vote to give. Chauvel, Maitre Jean, and myself left together; he had much trouble in getting through the crowd again; and even down below, instead of passing out by the place where the voters from Mittelbronn were just arriving, we went out by the back, under the old market. There Chauvel left us directly saying—

"This evening we will talk it over at the Baraques."

He had still some little books to sell. Maitre Jean and I went thoughtfully home alone. The crowd dispersed; they seemed very tired, but pleased nevertheless. Some had had a glass too much, and sang and danced along the road. My father and Valentine came home later. We might have hunted a long time for them without finding them.

That same evening after supper, Chauvel and his daughter came as usual. Chauvel had a great bundle of paper in his pocket; it consisted of the speeches made by the prévôt and his lieutenant the morning before the elections in the town-hall; and the the procès-verbaux of the clergy, the nobility, and the third estate. The speeches were very good, and as Maitre Jean wondered how men could speak to us so well, and treat us always so ill, Chauvel, said, smiling—

"In future words and deeds must correspond. These gentlemen see the people are the stronger, and they take off their hats to them; but the people must be cognisant of their strength, and make use of it; then everything will be as justice wills it."

XII.

I must now mention a circumstance which affects me still when I think of it. It is the happiness of my life.

I must inform you that in this month of April, those of our province who had been named to draw up the memorial of our complaints and grievances met at the bailiwick of Lixheim. They were lodged in the inn; Maitre Jean and Chauvel left every Monday morning, and only returned the following Saturday evening; this lasted three weeks.

You may guess how the mountain was in motion all this time. The cries and disputes over the abolition of the poll and salt tax, of the militia; on the vote by individual or according to rank, and thousands of other things which had never been thought of; crowds of Alsations and Lorrainers filled the inn; they drank, struck the tables with their fists, and quarrelled like wolves; you would think they were going to throttle one another, and yet they were all of the same mind, like all the laboring class; they wanted what we wanted; without that what fights we should have seen! Valentine and I worked at the forge opposite the house; we mended the carts and shod the horses of all the passers-by; sometimes I tried an argument with Valentine, who thought all was lost if the seigneurs and bishops had the worst of it; I tried to convince him but he was such a good fellow that I did not like to annoy him; his only resource was to talk about a hut he had in the wood behind the Roche-Plate, where he caught tomcats; he had also traps in the heather, and snares in the runs, with leave from the inspector, M. Claude Coudray, to whom, from time to time, in return, he carried a string of fieldfares or other birds. This is what touched him most in the midst of this approaching confusion; he only thought about his decoy-birds, and used to cry to me—

"The building time is coming, Michel, and after the nests, the catching them with a call; then the flight of fieldfares, which settle in Alsace when the grasses are ripe; the year promises well, and if the fine weather lasts we shall catch plenty."

His long face grew longer still; he smiled, showing his toothless gums, his eyes became rounder; he seemed to see the fieldfares hanging by the neck in his snares; and he pulled the

hair out of all the horses' tails as they went by to make his springer. I was always thinking about the great affairs of the bailiwick, but mostly about the abolition of the militia, for I had to draw in September, and that concerned me more than anything else.

But something else occurred.

For some time, when I went home in the evening, I found mother Letumier and her daughter spinning with my mother, by the side of my father, Marceline, and little Etienne, who were plating baskets; they were quite at home there, and would stay till ten. These Letumiers were people well off for that period; they had some freehold property, and their daughter Annette, a tall fair girl, with hair rather inclining to red, but fresh and white, was a good creature. I often saw her going and coming past the forge with a small bucket under her arm, as if she was going to fetch water from the fountain; she would look round with a tender air; she had on a short petticoat and red linen corset, with shoulder-straps, and her arms bare up to the elbows.

I saw this without noticing or suspecting anything. In the evening, while watching her spinning, I may have said something gay or trifling, such as boys say to girls in all respect, as is very natural, without thinking more about it.

But one day my mother said—

"Look here, Michel, you had better go and dance to-morrow at the Rondinet de la Clogne, and put on your velvet jacket, your red waistcoat, and your silver heart."

I wondered and asked her why, but she only smiled, and said, looking at my father—

"You will see."

My father was plating very thoughtfully; he said to me—

"The Letumiers are rich; you might as well dance with their daughter; she would be a good match."

It put me out to hear this. I did not dislike the girl, but I never once yet thought of marrying. At last, through curiosity or folly, or because I wanted to please my father, I answered—

"As you will, but I am too young to marry, and I have not drawn for the militia."

"Well," said my mother, "it will cost you nothing to go there, and that may please people. It is only a civility after all."

So I answered—

"Very well."

And the following Sunday, after vespers, I set off. I go down the hill thinking these things over and wondering what I was about.

At that time old Paquette, widow of Dieudonné Bernel, kept the inn of the Clogne at Lutzelbourg, a little to the left of the wooden bridge; and behind, where the garden now is, at the foot of the slope, they used to dance under the yoke elm hedges. There were plenty of people, for the curé Christopher was not like so many other curés; he did not choose to see or hear anything, not even Jean Kat's clarionette. The drunk a small Alsatian wine and ate fried fish.

So I go down the street and go up the stair at the bottom of the court, looking at the boys and girls dancing about on the terrace; just as I reached the first arbours Mother Letumier cried—

"This way, Michel, this way."

Pretty Annette was there; when she saw me she became very red. I took her by the arm and asked her to waltz with me. She cried—

"Oh, M. Michel!" looked up and followed me.

Girls have been the same in all times, before as after the Revolution; they always like one man better than another.

"Well, I waltzed with her four or five times, I cannot exactly say how often, and they laughed. Mother Letumier seemed pleased, Annette was very red, and kept looking down. Of course we did not talk politics; we joked, we drank, and ate a cake together. I thought to myself—

"Mother will be satisfied; they will compliment her on her boy."

Towards evening, about six, I had enough of it; and without thinking of anything, I went into the street, and turned towards the pine-wood to cut across by the rocks.

It was very warm for the time of year, everything was green and in flower—violets, whortleberries, and strawberry-plants spread over and covered the path with verdure. One would have thought it the month of June. I remember these things as if it were yesterday, yet I am a few years older than I was then—yes, indeed!

At last, once over the rocks on the level, I reach the high road, whence you can see the roofs of the Baraques, and two or three hundred paces before me I see a little girl, white with dust, carrying a heavy square basket over her shoulder, who walked and walked. I said to myself—

"That must be Margaret! Yes, it is!"

And I walk faster—I run.

"Stop! Is that you, Margaret?"

She turned round, showing me her brown face shining with perspiration, her hair falling over her cheeks, her bright eyes; she began to laugh, and said—

"Oh, Michel! what a lucky meeting!"

I looked at the thick strap which seemed cutting into her shoulder; I was quite astonished, and ill at ease.

"Why, you look tired, said she. "Have you been far?"

"No, I come from Lutzelbourg, where I have been dancing."

"Ah, yes," said she walking on, "I come from Dabo. I have been all over the district. I have sold plenty of Third Estates down there. I got there just as the parish deputies met. The day before yesterday I was in Lixheim in Lorraine."

"Are you made of iron?" asked I as I walked along with her.

"Not quite of iron; all the same, I am rather tired; but the great blow has been struck, do you see; it keeps moving!"

She laughed, but was tired, for as she got near the little wall which inclosed Furst's old orchard she rested her basket on it, and said—

"Let us talk a little, Michel, and take breath."

I took her basket and put it on the top of the wall, saying, as I did so—

"Yes, let us breathe a while, Margaret; yours is a harder occupation than ours."

"Yes, but we are getting on," said she, with the same voice and look as her father's; "we may say we have made some progress. We have already recovered our ancient rights, and now we are going to ask for others. Everything must be granted—everything. All must be equalised; the taxes must be the same for all; every one must be free to succeed if he has the courage to work, and then we must be free—there!"

She looked at me. I was lost in admiration. I thought to myself—

"What are we in comparison with people like these? What have we either done or suffered for our country?"

Then glancing at me, she continued—

"Yes; that is how it is. Now the memorials are nearly finished, we shall sell thousands of them. In the meantime, I travel about alone. We have only this trade to live by, and I must work for us both now, while father is working for us all. I, yesterday, took him twelve livres; that will make up his weeks' account. I gained fifteen; since then I have earned four; now I have seven livres left. I shall go and see him the day after to-morrow; that will do, and while the States-General are in session we shall sell all that goes on—to the third estate I mean. We shall not give ground now—no! Intellect must advance; everything must be known. Let the people teach themselves. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, Margaret," said I; "you talk like your father. I could almost cry."

She was at that moment seated on the wall by the side of her basket. The sun had just set; the sky in the distance, in the direction of Mittelbronn, was like gold, veined with red, and the pale and bluish moon, free from clouds, was rising on the left above the old ruins of the Castle of Lutzelbourg. I looked at Margaret, who had ceased speaking, and who was looking at these things with her eyes raised. I continued watching her; she had her elbow on her basket, and I did not take my eyes off her. She noticed it, and said—

"Ah, I am covered with dust, am I not?"

Without answering her question, I asked her—

"How old are you?"

"On Easter Sunday, in a fortnight, I shall be sixteen. How old are you?"

"I am more than eighteen."

"Yes, you are strong enough," said she, springing from the wall and throwing the strap over the shoulder. "Help me. That's it!"

When I only lifted the basket I felt how terribly heavy it was, and said—

"It is too heavy for you, Margaret. You had better let me carry it for you."

She walked on stooping, glanced at me, smiled, and said—

"When one works to recover one's rights, nothing is too heavy, and have them we will."

I had no answer to make. I felt uncomfortable. I was filled with admiration for Chauvel and his daughter.

Margaret seemed tired no longer.

We had just reached Baraques. I accompanied Margaret to her door. It was dark. She took the great key from her pocket, and said as she went in—

"Another day gone. Good night, Michel." And I wished her good night.

When I got home, father and mother were there, waiting for me. They looked at me.

"Well?" said my mother.

"Well, we danced together."

"And then?"

"Then I came home."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"You did not wait for them?"

"No."

"And you have said nothing?"

"What would you have me say?"

Then she lost her temper and began to cry.

(To be continued.)

BIRTH.

In Montreal, on the 12th May instant, Mrs. C. D. Thériault, of a son.

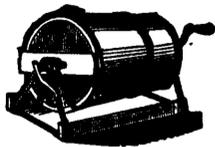
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The closed Head saves ice enough in one season to pay for the machine.

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C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manfr. 506 COMMERCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA 11-21-8-153

PROVIDENT MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY.

NOTICE!!!

The Directors of this Society have determined to make a NEW ISSUE OF STOCK on the following basis:

- 1. The Shares to represent \$200 each.
2. The Entrance Fee is 10 cents per share.
3. The Subscription 10 cents per share per week.
4. Members may hold from five to thirty shares on one account.

The Subscription Book is now open at the Office of the undersigned.

No. 5 COURT OFFICES, UNION BUILDINGS, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., And on MONDAY EVENING, from 7 to 9, at UNION HALL, (PERRY'S), 712 1/2 CRAIG ST.

W. TURNER, Sec.-Treas. May 14th, 1875. 11-21-2-154

BLACK DIAMOND COAL.

The undersigned is prepared to contract for the delivery of this Celebrated Coal,

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F. W. HENSHAW, GENERAL AGENT.

OFFICE NOVA SCOTIA COAL CO., 6 Hospital Street. 11-21-6-155



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An active and intelligent CANVASER for the advertising in L'OPINION PUBLIQUE. This paper has THREE TIMES the circulation of any other French Paper in Canada, and should command an extensive patronage among English as well as French Business Houses. Party applying must have good references, speak English and French fluently, and possess a good address.

Apply to GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM EVERETT CHESTER, of Montreal, Builder, An Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, in the room devoted to insolvency proceedings, on Monday, the 31st day of May instant, at ten o'clock forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee.

DAVID J. CRAIG, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 8th May, 1875. 11-20-2-151.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of WILLIAM TATTERSALL, of the City of Montreal, Builder, An Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 144, Nazareth Street, Montreal, on Monday, the 31st day of May instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee.

DAVID J. CRAIG, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 8th May, 1875. 11-20-2-152.

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c. 181 St James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-7

L. J. FORGET, STOCK AND SHARE BROKER, 104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Bank Building.) 11-19-52-146.

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BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADINGS, MEMORANDA, BUSINESS CARDS, SHOW CARDS, PRICE LISTS, BILLS OF LADING, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, CIRCULARS, &c., produced to order, at short notice, and moderate prices, from stone or type. Special designs engraved and kept for use of customers requiring them.

We can suit you in Time, Style, and Price.

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BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT.

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

TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY of JUNE NEXT.

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

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock p.m.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 23rd April, 1875. 11-18-7-138.

Metropolitan Bank

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid up capital Stock of the Bank has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this City on and after TUESDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

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

The Annual General Meeting

of the SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the BANK on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon.

By order of the Board.

A. S. HINCKS, Cashier. Montreal, April 28th, 1875. 11-19-4-141

La Banque Jacques Cartier.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Four per Cent.

on the paid up Capital of La Banque Jacques Cartier has been declared for the current half year, and will be payable at the Bank on and after the FIRST day of JUNE next.

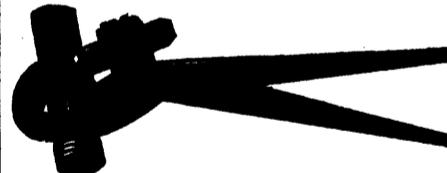
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

H. COTTÉ, Cashier. Montreal, 29th April, 1875. 11-19-4-142

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This is the most convenient tool ever used about an Engine, Locomotive, Machine Shop, by Steam, Gas and Water Fitters, or in any place where Bolts, Nuts, Stud or Pipe are used.

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OTTAWA, KINGSTON, AND LONDON DEBENTURES,

\$180,600, SIX AND SEVEN PER CENTS.

Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO., Montreal, are authorized to receive, on or before the 2nd day of June next, Tenders for \$180,600 of Debentures of the Cities of Ottawa, Kingston and London, Ont.

Tenders may be for any portion of the above Debentures, from \$100 upwards, and are to be at a rate per dollar, to which will be added accrued interest up to date of payment.

Ottawa Debentures \$35,000.—These bear date 1st March, 1872, and mature 1st November, 1891. Principal and Interest are payable in Ottawa—the interest, at 6 per cent, half-yearly, on 1st March and 1st November.

The population of the City is now 24,253. Its debt, excluding the Water Works Liability, which is itself reproductive, is \$735,806. Against this there are, all absolutely liable for the payment of these debentures, assessed property \$11,574,495; Corporation property, excluding Water Works, \$233,099, and the Sinking Fund for the above debt, already amounting to \$189,197.

Kingston Debentures, \$75,900.—These bear date 31st December, 1872, but mature annually, as per schedule, in different amounts, from 1879 to 1901. Principal and Interest are payable in Kingston—the interest semi-annually at 6 p. c., on the first days of January and July. The Interest Coupons, payable 1st July next, are attached.

The total debt of Kingston is \$470,000, and the assessed value of property, all of which is absolutely liable for the payment of these Debentures, is \$5,168,490.

In cases of more than one tender for the same Debenture or Debentures, preference will be given to the highest tender, and Debentures of similar amount, or less, of the next nearest dates of maturity, will be allotted to the tenderers in order, unless in their tenders they mention a preference for other Debentures.

London Debentures \$69,700.—These are all twenty year Debentures, maturing, as per schedule, chiefly on 1st June, 1895. Principal and Interest are payable, the interest half-yearly, chiefly at 7 p. c., in London, Ont.

The population of London is 18,413, and, with its suburbs, is nearly 30,000. Its debts amount to \$1,097,937, but, besides a total assessed value of property, amounting to \$5,092,660, and real property, belonging to the Corporation, to a very large amount within the City, all of which is absolutely liable for this debt, the Corporation holds First and Second Mortgage Bonds, and other interests in the London and Port Stanley Railway, amounting to \$1,111,529, from which an annual revenue is derived, under the lease to the Great Western Railway.

All of these Debentures form securities of the very highest character. To indicate the esteem in which Canadian Municipal Securities are held in England, it may be mentioned that Ottawa six per cent. Debentures sold, on 23rd April last, on the London Stock Exchange, at 7 per cent. Premium.

The awards will be made to the highest tenderers, to whom advice will be promptly sent; but the right is reserved to reject any proposals, and to allot a portion only of any bid. The Debentures will be ready for delivery immediately after the awards.

Payments to be exchanged at Montreal for the Debentures, may be made through the Bank of Montreal. Detailed Schedule of the Debentures, with form of tender, can be obtained at the different Branches and Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, or from Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO., Montreal.

Montreal, May 13th, 1875.

11-21-2-156

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Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings,

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PETER HIGGINGS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 11-9-52-103

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JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS,

211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-98.

JUST received a large Stock of reversible CLOTHES

HORSES, light, strong and compact. Also on hand, Bunnell's WASHING MACHINE, Bailey's CLOTHES WRINGERS, Mrs. Pott's SAD IRONS, &c. MEILLEUR & CO., 526 Craig, near Bleury Street. 11-4-52-87.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, J. Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

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MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED

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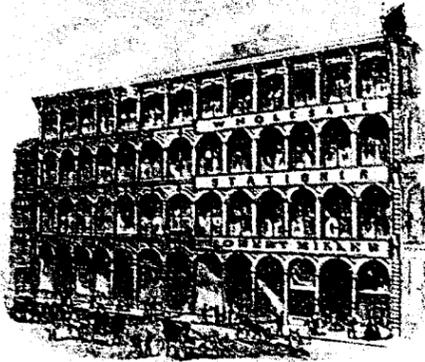
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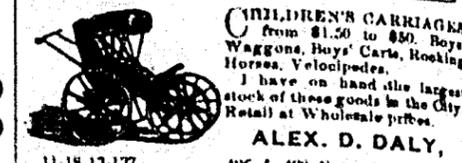


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